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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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Among the "Editorial Brevities" in the editorial columns of the *Bulletin*, appears the following cowardly and brutal attack upon the Federal judges of California: "Collector "Magone, of New York, will send back to their point of em-"barkation a lot of Arabs who are at Castle Garden. There "is no *habeas corpus* business about the case. *There is not* "*money enough in it.*" This is a most vile calumny, and one which should subject its author, and whomever else is responsible for its utterance, to a criminal indictment for libel, and punishment by incarceration at hard labor. If it means anything, its true interpretation insinuates the charge of corruption against Lorenzo Sawyer, Ogden Hoffman, George M. Sabin, of Nevada, and Erskine Ross, of Los Angeles, all of whom have been engaged in what is known as the Chinese *habeas corpus* cases, and all of whom have united in an explanation of the law and a statement of facts which fully relieve them from the assaults which are presumed to originate in the custom-house under the collectorship of John S. Hager, and which are whooped up for some dishonest purpose by the *Examiner*, *Chronicle*, *Call*, *Post*, and *Bulletin*. The *Bulletin* is the most persistent, malicious, and cowardly in its manner of attack, as indicated by the editorial note quoted above. That the Chinese are entitled upon arrival to sue out writs of *habeas corpus*, and to a hearing and decision under them, has been decided by the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. John S. Hager, now Collector of the Port—who practiced law something like a quarter of a century ago, and who once performed the duties of an obscure judicial position—undertakes to set up his opinion against that of the Supreme Court of the United States and all the Federal judges of the Pacific Coast. He holds that no Chinese is entitled to land without a certificate, although he may have been a former resident and although he may be entitled to land under the provisions of the treaty as construed by the Supreme Court of the United States. Overruling the decision of the Circuit and District Courts, Mr. Hager denies the jurisdiction of the courts to issue writs of *habeas corpus*, and, acting upon his own interpretation of the treaty, he sends large numbers of Chinese to apply to the judges for authority to land. Collector Hager has also refused to land Chinese born in the United States, thus overruling the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. It appears to us that Mr. Collector Hager, in ignorance of the law, and with an obstinacy that marks his character, has presumed, in this matter of admitting Chinese, to exercise an authority that does not belong to him either by virtue of his legal learning or his official position. We find his motive for this extraordinary conduct in his desire to pander to a prejudice against the Chinese, and by the practices of a demagogue to achieve further political distinction. Whether he and his subordinates have stirred the San Francisco journals to this cowardly war upon the judges we have no means of proving, but what we think we are not called upon to prove. In November, 1880, there were in the country twelve thousand seven hundred and twenty-six Chinese who returned to China before the passage of the Restriction Acts. All these, together with Chinese born in the country, were entitled to return to the United States. To these persons, Collector Hager arbitrarily denied their legal right to return to the country. He drove them to the courts for the justice he denied them, and when he had embarrassed the tribunals and swamped the clerks' offices, fire is opened upon the judges; instead of aiding them, he does all that an intriguing Democratic politician can do to embarrass the whole judicial machinery, and if he does not set his dogs upon the judges, he does not help to call them off when he hears the yelpings of the pack. Judge Hager's name very often appears in the newspapers, and frequently in alliance with the enemy of the courts, frequently in alliance with party demagogues who are endeavoring to make party capital at the cost of Republican judges, and always in accord with sensational, anti-Chinese politics. There are nearly eight thousand more Chinese entitled to return to California, all of whom Mr. Collector Hager will compel to sue out legal process to entitle them to land, and he will remain silent while the judges are being assaulted by a corrupt press, instigated to cowardly attacks by suggestive hints that come with suggestive falsehoods from the San Francisco Custom-House. The precautions taken by Judges Sawyer, Hoffman, Sabin, and Ross to ascertain the facts in each particular case have been told by them in a letter directed to Congressman Morrow. The personal, professional, and official character of these judges, and of each of them, place them above harm from ambitious political demagogues and sensational journalists, and the lesser pack of smaller politicians who bark at their heels. Judge Hoffman has, for nearly forty years, filled his office and discharged its duties without insinuation from the meanest mind that he was other than honest, learned, and honorable. There has been no judge upon this continent to whom the temptation of judicial indirection has been more strongly presented, and there is no judge in the world whose ermine is more stainless and whose honor is more unsullied than Ogden Hoffman. Lorenzo Sawyer has held judicial position for a lifetime; he is now, in a short time, entitled to retire from his judicial position with a full salaried pension; he has been city and county attorney of San Francisco; for two terms discharged the duties of a district judge; he has been Justice of our Supreme Court, and for nearly twenty years occupied the bench of the United States Circuit Court for the Ninth District. During all that time no man has dared to question his legal learning, and no man has been base enough to throw doubt over the integrity of his entire character. George M. Sabin, District Judge of Nevada, and Judge Ross, of the Southern District of California, though younger men, less known, and in judicial position for a shorter period, bear irreproachable and unassailable reputations. All of these gentlemen have operated together in the Chinese cases; all are united in bearing testimony to the necessity of the writ of *habeas corpus*, and to the methods of its treatment. It has been interpreted by the Supreme Court of the United States, by the Circuit Court of the Ninth District, and by the District Courts of Northern and Southern California, Oregon, and Nevada, and there is not a well-informed and honest-minded gentleman in the three States named, who is not persuaded that these judges are above the suspicion of committing an intentional wrong. There is not a knave in the land—from the proprietor of the *Bulletin* to the meanest Democrat who, in envious realization of personal and moral inferiority to the Caucasian, shouts that "the Chinese must go"—who does not know that this editorial comment of the *Bulletin* is a malicious and cowardly libel. The editor, newspaper proprietor, office-holder, or office-seeker who will, for selfish and dishonorable purpose, unjustly assail the judiciary, is tearing down the temple and destroying the altar that holds and protects the most sacred privileges of a republican government. If our courts sell justice for money, or our judges are guilty of betraying the trusts reposed in them, there is no longer security for property, life, or liberty in the State. If the press lies about them, and if any politician aids in this direction, both should be held up to infamy and indignant scorn. There is no more political capital to be made out of the further agitation of the Chinese question. It is an old, wormy, mouldy, political chestnut, which only alien politicians can take pleasure in chewing. The more the question of Chinese immigration is agitated, the oftener will the question be asked that Governor Waterman insinuated—whether an industrious, decent, law-abiding Chinese laborer, who can not vote, and never strikes nor riots, is not a more desirable member of the community than an ignorant, gin-drinking, foreign-born loafer who won't work, and will riot and strike and vote as often as the opportunity presents itself? We suggest to Judge Hager and his political associates that there is no political capital to be made in this direction. The Chinese Restriction Act is working very satisfactorily. There may be infractions of the law and evasions of it, as we believe there have been, but the burden of accusation in this direction has been laid upon Custom-House officials and not upon the courts. Chinese may reach our State by way of Oregon, Washington Territory, Mexico, or Central America, and for this, neither judges nor Federal officials are responsible. So far as this is concerned, the figures presented by Judge Hoffman in a recent charge delivered to the grand jury in June last, show that the working of the Restriction Act is operating to reduce the number of Chinese in California. He says: "By a "recent quite authentic publication it appears that since the "passage of this act (1882) the number of persons who "have departed has been forty-six thousand six hundred "and eighty-seven; the number of persons who have "arrived has been twenty-five thousand four hundred and "seventeen, leaving an excess of departures over arrivals, in "the past five years, of twenty-three thousand two hundred "and seven. Of the total number landed up to April 1, "1887, there have been landed by custom officers twenty-"four thousand one hundred and fifty-four; by the United "States courts, one thousand four hundred and eighty-two." The six months succeeding the date of this publication have witnessed a continuous diminution in the number of Chinese. It is estimated that some ten thousand have gone East, about five thousand died, and some five thousand more departed without certificates, so it is probable that not less than forty-five thousand Chinese have been disposed of by the Restriction Act and the operation of natural causes

since the law was passed. It is not impossible that the State will feel more embarrassment than relief at the Chinese exodus and that the fruit-growing and farming community already wish them back.

Some months ago, in crossing the new Western State of Colorado and in stopping for a day at Denver, the most agreeable and beautiful of America's mountain cities, we met and made the acquaintance of Mr. E. O. Wolcott, at the the Denver bar a leading lawyer, and in Colorado a rising man. He reminded us of our John B. Felton—the same genial manner, the same hearty exuberance of spirits, the same broad expansiveness of humor, the same wealth of diction and love of story; boon companion at the banquet, unrivalled conversationalist; and most kindly do we recall the fact that he at times could listen. We were told, and we knew it without the telling, that he was learned in a broader field than law; that he was gifted with an eloquence that would adorn a forum wider than the bar; a few hours' acquaintance reconciled us to the confidential prophecies of his Denver admirers that the time was not distant when he would be pushed to that higher and broader plain when he should divide with our greatest statesmen the honors and the responsibilities of public life. It was the object of our tour to place our finger upon the pulse of the public, and see whether it beat with the throb of American sentiments. It was our pleasure to observe whether, within the breasts of our rising and our public men, there existed enough of the love and pride of country; enough of the courage to dare to think that Americans born had the right to rule their native land, and, having the courage so to think, would have the boldness and the daring to assert and defend American principles against all comers. Such a man we thought we observed in Mr. Wolcott, a man proud of his puritan blood and New England ancestry, proud of birth from a longer line that comes down from an English family, Protestant in religion, and fearless in the declaration of principles that has made England great and honored, and not himself ashamed that on his family line there hung a clergyman or two. This is the race, and this the genealogical tree which bears the best American fruit, and gives assurance of a career that will never tempt its soldiers to bow their heads or refuse to bare their breasts to any assault that may imperil American institutions, or place in jeopardy the liberty of American citizens. Now we hear—and with gladness—that this young gentleman has, and at a single bound, leaped into national fame. Once every year, on the 22d of December, on Puritans' day, the sons of Puritan sires meet in New York at a banquet to celebrate the landing of the *Mayflower* Folk on Plymouth Rock. This occasion brings together men of national reputation. Last year, Mr. Henry W. Brady, of Georgia, delivered an oration that stamped him as a man of genius, and the whole broad land echoed with his sentiments in reference to the newly constructed South. This year the orator of the occasion was Mr. Wolcott, of Colorado, who, in eloquent words, portrayed the present condition of that great West that lies on this western side of the Mississippi River; the growing, splendid West that is building great States on the summit and slopes of the Rocky Mountains, and in which types of American civilization and American manhood are to challenge to a race for greatness the eastern shores of the Atlantic. Mr. Wolcott had the courage to say to the East that it was living in ignorant unmindfulness of this vast and splendid empire which New England men and New England thought were developing and moulding; that Puritanism, transplanted to the broad prairies, the rich valleys, and the fertile hillsides of the unbounded West, was developing into a grander, and a broader, and a more generous civilization than characterized the hardy shrub that fought for life amid the rugged hills and shallow soil of New England; that here religion looked forth upon humanity with a gentler and more kindly face; that here the stern rules of Puritanism and the severe moral codes relaxed somewhat their hardness and their rigid inflexibility; and he might have said that the politicians and statesmen of the day must begin to consider that all the best and highest interests of the American Republic are not to be much longer chained to the manufacturing and commercial East, and that in the enactment of laws they must look out upon broader fields than are fenced by New England cobbles. In every line of his splendid and eloquent effort there is breathed the loftiest patriotism and the purest of American sentiments. We give his concluding words, regretting that we have not room to print the whole:

From New England has come the great, the overwhelming influence in molding and controlling Western thought. But Puritanism in the West has been expanded and liberalized. "New England thrift," says Mr. Wolcott, "though a hardy plant, becomes considerably modified when transplanted to the loam of the prairies; the penny becomes the dime before it reaches the other ocean; Ruth would find rich gleaning among our Western sheaves, and the palm of forehandedness opens sometimes too freely under the wasteful example which nature sets all over our broad plains; but because the New England ancestor was acquisitive, his Western descendant secures, first of all, his own home. The austere and serious views of life which our forefathers cherished have given way to a kindlier charity, and we put more hope and more interrogation points into our theology than our fathers did; but the old Puritan teachings, softened by the years and by brighter and freer skies, still keep our homes Christian and our home-life pure. And more, far more than all else, the blood which flows in our veins, the blood of the sturdy New Englanders who fought and conquered for an idea, quickened and kindled by the civil war, has imbued and impregnated Western men with a patriotism that overrides and transcends all other emotions. Pioneers in a new land, laying deep the foundation of the young commonwealths, they turn the furrows in a virgin soil, and from the seed which they plant, there grows, renewed and strengthened with each succeeding year, an undying devotion to republican institutions, which shall nourish their children and their children's children forever."

Perhaps it is not surprising that in the State of Colorado which is being most fully and thoroughly organized an American party, that is a part of the national movement that is now being worked into practical shape for effective political effort. Perhaps such reverberations as these from the shores of the Pacific, the Rocky Mountains, and the broad prairies of the West may serve in time, and that not distant, to arouse the sleeping, drowsy East, and South, and Middle land to the necessity of patriotic action in repelling foreign aggressions, and in defense of our native land.

The Railroad Commission which was appointed under a recent law of a Democratic Congress, to enable a Democratic President to make Democratic politics out of all railroads that had received aid from the general government, has made a double-headed report. As it was in Republican times and under a Republican administration that certain Republican citizens conceived the idea of a transcontinental railroad, uniting the Atlantic with the Pacific States, and as it was a war measure for the transportation of troops for the suppression of the slave-holders' rebellion, and for the more perfect union of States, it was hoped and believed that somewhere in the complications of legislation for its construction, or in the expenditure of the vast sums demanded for its completion, there might be found a mare's-nest which would give to the Republican administration that aided it, and to the Republican party under whose direction the work was carried on, some cause of scandal, and as one of the gentlemen whose name had been prominently connected with this great work was being named for the Presidential office it was hoped it might cook his political goose, and render his nomination impossible. The reports are now prepared for submission to Congress; both are unfair, and give false coloring to the questions under consideration, and false importance to minor incidents of the investigation. Pattison's minority report is simply scandalous. It is the production of a malignant and biased mind that lacks ability to hurt where it has the disposition to destroy. So far as the Central Pacific road is concerned, it can afford to whistle at the whole affair. Its corporation is organized under the laws of California; it has entered into contracts with the general government, and has complied with every engagement it has entered into; it has had differences of opinion as to the force and interpretation of some of the laws enacted concerning it, and as to some of the contracts entered into by it, and in all of these cases has facilitated their submission to the proper legal tribunals, and in all cases, and without delay, submitted itself to the decree, and in all cases performed whatever requirement has been demanded of it by the courts. The Central Pacific Railroad Company holds to the government of the United States the relation of creditor for obligations not yet due, and with no proof of fraud in the creation of that relation, or default in that of creditor, or proof of any desire or intention to void its obligations. The company asserts the existence of large equitable demands against the general government, which, if allowed, will go very far toward balancing down and adjusting the financial accounts existing between them. It was the intention that this commission should, in a fair and impartial manner, have made full investigation of all existing equities; it was supposed that it was composed of intelligent, unbiased, and honorable men; men who could recognize and adjust, upon some broad and equitable plan, entanglements that had grown out of the construction of a transcontinental railroad over a strange territory, demanding the exercise of great engineering capacity, the use of great faculties, courage, and practical financial skill; who could suggest some plan of adjustment that would be generous for a government of great wealth and great strength that had been efficiently assisted by honorable men in time of a great national crisis. These gentlemen have demonstrated that they possessed no qualifications of the kind suggested; that they were governed by none other than the meaner motives that prompt men to hunt for something wrong. Perhaps they have found it; but, in the hands of President Cleveland, and of a Congress not every member of which sacrifices all generous emotions for political and party advancement, we shall not doubt that the equities that enter into the settlement with these railroad builders will be fully and fairly considered. It has been the fashion, these later years, for politicians to propitiate the masses of the more ignorant voters by pandering to their jealousies and inciting their resentments against property-owners and successful business men. In the indulgence of this demagogy, railroad men and railroad enterprises have suffered largely, as have all other capitalists who have expended brains in the promotion of works for the public good. Labor agitators and political adventurers have succeeded in stirring large sections of the more unintelligent and unreflecting masses to an indulgence in the belief that all advancements and all successes attained, by what they consider as the capital class, is secured at their cost. While the very reverse of this proposition is true, no man can rise from comparative poverty to the possession of abnormal wealth without carrying up and along with him to a more independent and prosperous position, a mass of other folk. This is illustrated in California, and is especially illustrated in the case of fortunes acquired by the railroad builders and the mine-workers; we do not mean gamblers in railroad or mining stocks. Governor Stanford, Charles Crocker, and their associates, have accumulated large fortunes, but they have accomplished a great work, which has been of immense service to the general government; have developed and opened up a vast empire for civilization; have enriched thousands of persons, and made valuable vast territories that were comparatively valueless. They have brought portions of our country within the convenience of practical transportation, and given value to lands that were valueless before; they have employed many thousands of laborers, not one of whom has been deprived of a dollar that he has honestly earned; they to-day carry on their pay-rolls more than fifteen thousand workingmen, to whom they are paying rates of wages higher than the average elsewhere enjoyed. The Bonanza firm that opened up the famous silver mines of Nevada and put into circulation more than one hundred millions of gold and silver, are not to be estimated with the stock-gamblers of Wall or Pine Streets, and whether Mr. Flood builds fine mansions in town or country, or fine commercial buildings in San Francisco, the labor class gets the benefit of every dollar that he expends. Every elegant dwelling that is constructed, and every article of bronze, or chiseled marble, or embroidered tapestry, every production of the loom or pencil, every exquisite work, or art, or skill, that adorns and enriches the home of the wealthy, is the product of labor. Would the world have been more prosperous, and the laboring-man's condition happier, if Messrs. Flood and Mackay had left the mineral deposits of Mount Davidson hidden in its secret depths, or if Messrs. Stanford and Crocker had been content to enjoy their wealth in lesser effort, and had not had the courage to stake their fortunes and their lives on the accomplishment of a great national highway to cross the continent and connect the oceans? Would the laborers have been more happy? Would the country have been more prosperous? The truth is, that wealth can not be enjoyed by an individual or corporation in a lawful manner, without contributing to the prosperity and happiness of the community in which it is employed. Mr. Flood and Mr. Charles Crocker, with their combined wealth in double-eagles, stored in the vaults of the Nevada Bank, could not use it for the purchase of a suit of clothes, or for it obtain a bed, or a crust of bread till they had attacked the pile for distribution among tailors, upholsterers, and bakers; every time they move, one of their otherwise useless dollars begins to wear, and somebody gets the benefit of its circulation; every private mansion, from curbstone to roof-tree, comes from labor alone, and can only be maintained by labor; no private equipage or private palace-car turns a wheel till compensated labor gives it impulse; the choicest painting that adorns the gallery of art is but cotton drilling and noxious pigments, till transformed by elaborate labor directed by genius. The independent laborer, who earns good wages and knows how to enjoy the fruits of his labor need not envy the rich. The rich man carries nothing with him to the hereafter more than the poor man, and it requires only a little modicum of sense and a little reflection to convince the contented toiler that the men who carry upon their souls the burden of accumulated millions are not the happiest men on this earth, nor do they have the best assurance of a happy immortality when they have reached the other side of the needle's eye. When Governor Stanford was interviewed after his first information concerning the commissioners' report, he was found sitting in his comfortable arm-chair taking his ease at his inn, looking out upon the streets to observe pedestrians worrying with a rainy day. We happened to be present when Mr. Charles Crocker was first advised of a hostile report by the railroad commission, and if it gave him any annoyance he has a happy faculty of hiding its expression, for he did not indicate it by shedding a feather, so we suppose we need not volunteer any advice, or expend any sympathy for the directors or stockholders of the Central Pacific Railroad Company, till the time comes when it shall be compelled to lock horns with the government in the adjustment of certain financial complications which will not for some years yet mature into financial obligations.

There is no sentiment to which Americans are so keenly alive as that which prompts them to watch and guard the free schools from the assaults of the Roman Catholic priesthood and their allies, the Pope's Democratic Irish. There has recently, at Boston Highlands and in the Church of our Lady of Perpetual Help, been delivered a lecture against our common schools by the Reverend F. T. McCarthy, a member of the Society of Jesus—a Jesuit—in which he declares that the State has no right to interfere in the education of children; that it belongs exclusively to the priest and parent to determine whether, and how, and to what extent the child

should be instructed. The right to educate children—says this childless bachelor priest—is inalienable, and the parent can not surrender it or be deprived of it by any authority except that of God, represented by his thick-necked clergy. Let us suppose—says the Reverend McCarthy—that the State is hostile to religion, or more dreadful still, that it is hostile to the Roman Catholic Church and to those who profess its dogmas and submit to its doctrines, how can it educate children? Our reply to this, and all similar conundrums, is that it is the duty of the State to supply instruction in all essential branches of education; and it is the privilege of parents and Roman Catholic priests to stuff all the dogmatical nonsense into boys and girls that their brains will hold, after they have been fortified with necessary learning, and their craniums filled with rational information, and they have been educated how to exercise their reasoning faculties in the direction of determining for themselves the amount of grain in the stack of ecclesiastical straw that is served out to them by Roman priests and bigoted parents for their intellectual provender. The reverend bigot whom we criticise is a reverend calumniator as well. He styles the free-school system "a national fraud," and misrepresents both its history and its instructions, and prophesies the day of its destruction under the combined attack of eight millions of Roman Catholics, who are hostile to it, and who are increasing in numbers and in power; and this, says the Roman Jesuit, "is the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church, that parents may not send their children to godless schools," and then our lecturer quotes from another Jesuit—a work by Father Conolley: The sacred Congregation of the Inquisition "instructs," only think of it, a set of Italian priests at Rome, "*instructs*" the bishops of the United States how Americans shall educate their children, and what kind of schools shall be established in the United States of America. Roman Catholic children must be prohibited from attending any other than parochial schools under penalty of punishment in an eternal hell, for lack of those sacred mummeries which are called the last solemn sacraments of religion, and which, according to an absurd and blasphemous superstition, are indispensable to eternal salvation. This, says the Reverend McCarthy, is the teaching of the church from the Pope, and the Pope is infallible. We are quite willing that the church should hold and teach such doctrines as it pleases about eternal punishment, and its application to parents in order to compel them to send their children to monks' or nuns' schools to be educated in saying their prayers and ave marias, and in being taught their genuflexions, but we are not quite willing to remain silent when an ignorant, childless Irish peasant clothes himself in priestly garments, and undertakes in his ignorance and bigotry to interfere with the system of public education in the United States of America; we are not willing to allow even an infallible Pope or an Italian Inquisition to meddle with what does not concern them or their foreign church. Every observing person of intelligence must note that the Papal Church is now attacking our schools along the entire line, and is opening up its ecclesiastical fusilade along an extended battle front. The American people and the Protestant Church must put their battle-armor on to do service for the free schools, behind which our free institutions are massed for protection. When the non-sectarian schools are destroyed, and in their place parochial schools are established, we shall have established a church more powerful than the State. Church property will be exempt from taxation, our streets will be thronged with proud priests and greasy monks, the church will draw its charities and its support from the public treasury, will intermeddle with and control the public affairs of the country, and we shall be compelled to call upon the American party to do what has been done in all civilized countries, viz.: drive the Jesuits out of it, and secularize all the property acquired by them. Our suggestion to the Church of Rome is that it go slow, and not undertake to raise the whirlwind till it thinks itself strong enough to control it.

The lumber-mill owners of Oregon and Washington Territory, the lumber-dealers of San Francisco—the men who have monopolized forests, and cornered the retail trade; who have, by a conspiracy as unlawful as it is immoral, placed themselves in position to plunder every farmer who would build a house, barn, or fence, every inhabitant of city or village who would erect for himself a home, and every mechanic who would make a box, and every fruit-grower who would use one—have united in a petition to Congress praying that this infant conspiracy be not throttled by removing the tax of two dollars per thousand feet upon lumber. This lumber conspiracy imposes an unnecessary tax of from four dollars to eight dollars a thousand upon the lumber sold in California, and in the presence of the inexhaustible forests in British Columbia and of perishing forests in California, we see no very good reason why Congress should aid these malefactors in lumber to the extent of a two-dollars-per-thousand-foot tariff. Perhaps this kind of legislation may protect Maine and Michigan, but it is a wrong to consumers of lumber in California, and as there are about one hundred consumers to one producer, we should be glad if we had free trade in this article. The same opinion is entertained by us in reference to coal and iron. We look upon sheep as a public enemy, and would be glad to see every one—not properly herded in an enclosed field that belongs to their owner—manufactured into immediate mutton. They do more damage to our forestry, and in scattering noxious weeds over our plain and valley, than they are worth. There are two sides to this tariff controversy, and it is only one side that is being heard by petition, and that is the one that is united in some manufacturing industry to extort money from a disunited and inharmonious consuming constituency by excessive and burdensome taxation to protect and encourage what they style their "infant" enterprise. We think it about time that the American manufacturer should stop pleading the baby act, and stop invoking government protection for "infant" industries and take his chances with a tariff that is for revenue. There should be no special laws for anybody that do not contribute to the general good.

European m[illegible]s, though quiet for the moment, are significant. The event of the week was the warming up of the dead bones at the Vatican, by means of a spectacular celebration, which the curiosity-mongers of the world must have attended in force, judging from the fact that the vast nave of St. Peter's was thronged from vestibule to chancel, presumably by the fortunate sight-seers who held genuine tickets for the show, and, doubtless, much to the discomfiture of the less fortunate dupes who had paid good money for bogus tickets, thirty thousand of which are said to have been put upon the market; a piece of wickedness which was providentially discovered in time to avert all sacrilegious squabbling over gate-money, by a resort to the issuance of new tickets; a method of settlement satisfying, doubtless, to every one concerned except the holders of the original stock. Ecclesiastical Rome has never been deficient in worldly acumen when the *crumena* was at stake; and if a somewhat venerable showman's dodge was aired upon this occasion, it must be remembered that the end justifies the means in all ecclesiastical matters. As to the spectacle itself, the ceremonial observances which took place within the walls of the grandest product of architectural genius which the modern world has sired, must have struck the beholders as empty, frivolous, fruitless, and unmeaning, when brought face to face with the bright and beneficent light of human progress, which mocks at such mummeries in every spot of the broad earth which lies out of reach of the grasping and ruthless hand of political Rome. There was a time when the Roman Pontiff, swelling with pride and circumstanced with pomp, borne aloft upon the shoulders of the *sediarii*, with vergers and lictors preceding him, and with archbishops, bishops, and princes bringing up the rear, could, unchallenged, pronounce his benediction upon the ignorant multitudes that scarce knew their right hand from their left. But the days of the great Gregories and Alexanders have passed, and what was then an august, imposing, and in a measure, æsthetic ceremonial—instinct also with meaning, because in those days the Roman Pontiff was a power—has degenerated into an ecclesiastical circus, with admission at so much per head. Who can not see through the knock-kneed attempt to curry favor with the powers that be, and temporize with all in turn, which is rendered so patent by the wearing, at the late ceremonial, of the triple crown, presented by Emperor William of Germany, and the rings presented by the Arch-Dukes of Austria; and by the using, for the ministration of the Eucharist, the golden service presented by Queen Victoria, of England? A bid for support like this, we repeat, argues weakness of knee. Spain, *par excellence* the Catholic nation of the world, took a back seat, so to speak, at this politico-ecclesiastical jubilee. Far greater would be the joy in Rome over the lost sheep of Germany and England, should they repent and return to the fold, than that which exists now over the good sheep of Spain that need no repentance. How his Holiness will trim his sails in the Anglo-Hibernian question remains to be seen. He could no doubt be perfectly happy with either nationality, were t'other dear charmer away. Meanwhile Monsignor Persico, who has been doing Ireland in the papal interest, threatens to come out in a book. Gladstone is hovering about the Vatican, like a moth in the vicinity of a candle. Norfolk has buttoned up his frock-coat, made his conventional bow, and returned to England with the consciousness of having accomplished a great political feat. King Humbert of Italy very sensibly remarks that the best contradiction of the story that the Pope has no freedom in Rome, is furnished by the perfect freedom accorded him in these jubilee demonstrations. There is no doubt of one thing, namely, that the late spectacle, theatrically considered, has been a paying piece for the thrifty Catholic Church.

A collector of old pottery and similar curiosities, on a recent trip in Sweden and Norway, secured many valuable specimens of Oriental art. They had been brought to the country by the old Swedish East India Company over a hundred years ago, and drifted into the homes of the peasantry, and to other places, where they had been handed down from one generation to another.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Free-Trade or Protection.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The leading daily papers of this city—the *Call*, *Chronicle* and *Bulletin*—are doing the State some mischief by their comments on the tariff. There is no city in the United States in which the subject is discussed with so little intelligence and such imperfect information. The writers in these journals are evidently persons who have grown old in the belief that protection is a cardinal article of republican faith, and that it is in a measure disloyal to question it. They treat the facts with lofty scorn, and their intellects are too torpid to investigate theories. Hence they go on, day after day, serving out doses of antediluvian drivel on protection and free-trade, and they create the impression at the East that we are ignoramuses who are capable of doubting the circulation of the blood, or the rotation of the earth. It is no wonder that, with such a press to represent us, the East should laugh at our opinions, and that speaker Carlisle should have no decent places on committees for Californian members.

So far as we can judge, the reforms in the tariff which the President recommends are not calculated to injure California, and are calculated to do it good.

He proposes to put raw materials on the free list. This would include lumber, wool, and coal. Let us consider them each separately.

Raw lumber now pays a duty of two dollars per thousand feet. Our supply of the article comes from the northern counties in this State, Oregon and Washington. A small quantity is imported from British Columbia, and it is quite possible that, were the duty taken off, this quantity would be increased. Against so fearful a prospect the lumbermen of this coast have lifted up their voices in indignant protest. But let us look into the matter. There are two or three thousand people all told, interested in lumbering between the Canadian and the Mexican border. There are a million people more or less interested in house and barn building, and the various industries in manufactured lumber. Mills are taxed to their utmost, and the lumbermen have managed to put up the price of lumber from four to eight dollars per thousand feet within the past few months. Which is fairer, to help the lumbermen to bleed builders, and so check the progress of building, or to help builders to get their lumber as cheaply as they can? Which course will help California most effectively? There is an active demand for manufactured lumber from South America, Australia, China, and the Pacific Islands; had we best help this trade by cheapening raw lumber, or retard it by maintaining a protective duty on logs for the benefit of a few saw-mills?

The fuss that is being made over the wool duty reminds one of the proverb, "Great cry and little wool." Sheep-raising is decaying in this State as fast as it can, simply because land is becoming too valuable to be appropriated to sheep-pasture. Ten years ago we raised fifty-five million pounds of wool in California; in 1885, we raised forty million pounds; in 1887, about thirty-one million five hundred and six-four thousand pounds. Sheep are a curse to any country which can be put to any better use than pasture. The sheep which are driven across the valley from the Sierra foothills to the Coast Range once or twice a year exhaust twice as much land as it takes to feed them. They are a nuisance, and if, as is claimed, putting wool on the free list would be fatal to the sheep industry in this State, it would be the happiest thing that could happen. But the change would operate in precisely the other way. The coarse short-staple wool of California can only be used for the cheaper grades of carpets and rugs; to be woven into cloth it requires to be mixed with fine long-staple English, French, or Australian wools. These now pay a duty of ten and twenty cents per pound, and the manufacturer has to pay this tax in addition to the market value of the foreign wool he uses. It follows, of course, that he can afford to pay so much the less for his domestic wool. The present wool duty thus really comes out of the pocket of the sheep-raiser in California, Colorado, Michigan, Ohio, and Texas.

Turning to the coal duty, we find that this is a sheer tax on the California consumer without benefit to any one. Last year, we consumed one million one hundred and thirteen thousand eight hundred and seventy-eight tons of coal, of all grades. Of this quantity, five hundred and twenty thousand tons came from British Columbia, Australia, and Great Britain, and paid seventy-five cents a ton duty, or three hundred and ninety thousand dollars. The duty did not help the coal mines of Washington Territory, for when the recent corner put up the price to fourteen dollars a ton in this city, the Carbon Hill and Seattle miners declared that their output was as large as they could make it, and, of course, it does not promote the sale of such inferior coals as those of Green River and Mount Diablo. It is simply a naked tax.

It thus appears that the repeal of the duty on lumber, wool, and coal, would not be detrimental, but would be advantageous to this State, and that the editors who talk of Cleveland making war on our industries are simply gabbling about what they don't understand. The same persons chatter about the ruinous effect of a repeal of the duty on fruit, green and dried. As to green fruit, we already take from Mexico and the islands all they have to spare, and the duty doesn't cut the smallest figure in the trade. We shouldn't buy a pound more if the duty were taken off, nor would our growers sell a pound less. Colonel Forsythe, of Fresno, declares that if the duty on raisins is taken off, he will turn Republican. The loss of Colonel Forsythe's allegiance would, doubtless, be fatal to the Democracy; but the threat may not be conclusive with Congress. This country consumes about fifty-two million pounds of raisins each year; of these, fourteen million pounds, or thereabouts, come from California, and thirty-eight million pounds, or thereabouts, from Spain. The latter pays a duty of two cents a pound. But the raisin industry of California being really in its infancy—it is not over three years since the first shipments of consequence were made to the East—Eastern people have not got used to our raisins; most of them buy the Spanish raisins in preference. Hence Spanish London layers sell in New York at two dollars and seventy-five cents a box, while our California London layers, which are equally good, sell at two dollars and twenty-five cents. Thus the duty, which is forty cents a box, is paid by the consumer, and does not benefit California in the least. If the duty were taken off, Spanish raisins might sell for two dollars and thirty-five cents instead of two dollars and seventy five cents, as at present; but there is no reason for supposing that California raisins would sell for any more than they do now. In fact, as we improve in our processes of drying raisins, we shall probably drive the Spaniards out of the Eastern market, duty or no duty. What the price of our product will be, will then depend, not on the tariff, but on Eastern consumption and Western production. It is now reckoned that the cost to the Fresno grower is one dollar a box, free on board; the freight to New York is thirty-three cents; net cost in New York, one dollar and thirty-three cents; present price per box, two dollars and twenty-five cents; profit to Fresno grower, eighty-seven cents per box. And yet Colonel Forsythe is going to turn Republican!

The iron question must keep for another day. B.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 4, 1888.

Instantaneous photography is no longer a question to be determined by study and experiment, but has assumed the place of an accomplished and familiar fact. One of the most interesting achievements in this direction, as described in a London paper, originated in the question as to whether the upper part of the wheel of a vehicle, when in motion, travels faster than the lower part. In determining this matter by instantaneous photography, the artist took the photograph of an omnibus wheel *en route*, and in this photograph, while the lower ends of the spokes immediately adjacent to the ground are not perceptibly unsharpened by the motion, the tops of the upper spokes show an angular motion corresponding to about ten degrees. The photograph in this case most sucessfully expresses the fact that the wheel it represents is in rapid motion.

A gang of Iowa counterfeiters are making cast-iron dollars. They are heavily plated with silver, stand the test of acid, are good weight, and are detected only by the ring.

PRAYING HIM OUT.

The Woeful Experience of a Penitent in Purgatory.

I died on the first of December, two years ago.

My life had been tolerably smooth; I had acquired an income of twenty-five thousand francs by selling tailors' trimmings; I retired from business in 1840, and passed in my checks at the age of seventy-seven years. A green old age to wind up at. I have no idea of complaining of my fate.

In my will I left everything to Pauline Flachat, who had been in my employ for forty-five years, and during my last illness made a devoted nurse.

Just as I was breathing my last, I heard Pauline say to me:

"Never fear, Monsieur Adolphe, I will have five hundred masses said for the repose of your soul."

"I never should have dreamed of asking it of you, but since you propose it, I accept; it it does no good it can't do any harm."

And so saying, I departed for the other world, not without some anxiety, I confess. I was not afraid of going to hell. I had always lived like an honest man—but like an honest man whose pace had been, if not fast, at least brisk in his youth, and didn't specially repent of it in old age; so little that, in fact, I expected a taste of purgatory.

I was not mistaken. I stopped off midway between Hell and Paradise—the station was Purgatory. An official received me.

"Name, please?"

"Adolphe Robineau."

"Your calling?"

"Retired merchant."

"Your address?"

"Paris, No. 32 Notre-Dame-de-Lorette Street, first floor."

"Very well," said he; and then added, after consulting a big register, "Your record is not bad, there is nothing very serious charged against you; you will not be with us long. Have you any references?"

"References? Gracious, no! I don't believe I have. But there are going to be five hundred masses said for the repose of my soul."

"Oh! In that case you needn't worry," replied the inspector, "that's more than you need. Two hundred and fifty masses would make you all right. Pass on, sir, pass on."

So here I am in Purgatory. It isn't half bad; a peaceful, routine existence; not too hot, not too cold; quite a decent table; something like life in a country town. An official journal comes out every morning, and publishes the court news about Paradise; that is the great event of the day, as you might imagine.

On earth, in the meantime, my interests were getting on. Pauline had gone at once to the parish church, and a vicar had undertaken my five hundred masses for a consideration of five hundred francs.

"Have it pushed forward as quickly as possible, please, Monsieur le Vicaire," said Pauline, "for if the poor, dear man should be detained in Purgatory, just fancy!"

"Give yourself no uneasiness, madam," answered the vicar, "we shall employ the utmost dispatch."

Pauline paid down the five hundred francs, took a receipt, and went away with a light heart.

I am bound to say that the vicar set himself honestly at the task, and for twenty-five days, every morning at half-past eight, till a quarter to nine, I had my mass. The inspector entered it to my credit at once, for the Purgatory business office keeps its accounts with the most detailed exactitude. But alas! at the end of twenty-five days, came a sudden interruption in the progress of my masses. The cause of the interruption was as follows: There are still, philosophy notwithstanding, many pious souls in Paris, so many that the priests of the capital are overrun with orders. There are only about eighteen hundred priests in Paris, and they are asked for ten or twelve thousand masses a day; with the best will in the world it is impossible for them to supply the demand.

Luckily a clever man brought his wits to bear upon the situation and said to himself: "There is a glut of masses in the great centres, and on the other hand, a dearth in the country, so that a lot of excellent village curés stand twirling their thumbs in idleness for three-quarters of the year. What is the result? An ecclesiastic of a Parisian diocese receives twenty sous to say a mass, and finds no time to say it; if the priest is honest he returns the twenty sous; that much is lost to the church, and the deceased is out on his own account; if the priest is not honest, he keeps the twenty sous and says no mass; the deceased gets no prayers; churchly honor is seriously compromised."

Reasoning thus profoundly, the clever man sought the overworked priest and said to him:

"You received twenty sous to say a mass for Mr. Chapotin's soul, and you have not the time to say a mass for Mr. Chapotin's soul."

"Correctly stated," the priest replied.

"Very well, I have found the means for getting the mass said for Mr. Chapotin's soul, and we shall all three of us make something out of it, you, myself and Chapotin—who to all appearances is languishing miserably in Purgatory. You have received twenty sous—keep five, that will be your little profit; give me fifteen; I keep five for my share, and undertake to find excellent country priests who will be delighted to say ten-cent masses."

In this way was established the Purgatorial Mass Celebration Agency; its founders proceeded upon a principle which assuredly offended neither morality nor religion. But in its application, alas! How beset with fraud and mismanagement!

It appears that I departed the world in the dull season, so the priest who assumed my five hundred masses had no other orders on hand; but all at once masses came pouring in on him, masses marked "Rush!" Highly connected masses, masses for a senator, masses for a star actress, masses for a philosopher. There were masses in the batch worth a hundred sous, masses at ten francs, boom prices in fact; mine were only twenty-sou masses.

My priest, who was a high-minded man, said to himself: "I shall never get through these masses alone; I must send the Robineau masses over to the Agency."

No sooner said than done. The Agency took my masses—four hundred and seventy-five remained to be said—and divided them up as follows among different country priests:

To the curé of Mimizans-sur-Boisse (Indre-et-Loire)	75
To the curé of Ptéandière (Ille-et-Vilaine)	18
To the curé of Olivette-in-Payaçon (Hautes-Pyrénées)	40
To the curé of Barentin-les-Fontaines (Isère)	13
To the curé of Boustasson (Vaucluse)	84
To the curé of St. John of Coconnas (Haute-Garonne)	245
Total	475

The reason that the curé of St. John of Coconnas was so munificently treated in the distribution was because he took masses for four sous.

Of course, I was overjoyed at at this arrangement.

"With all his zeal," I said to myself, "the worthy parish priest could have said only one mass a day, whereas now, with six priests harnessed to my masses, things will fly. I shall be prayed for at once in Touraine, Brittany, Gascony, Dauphiny, Provence, and Languedoc; I shall soon see the gates of Paradise wide open before me."

Eight or ten days after the Agency took charge of my four hundred and seventy-five masses, I met the inspector:

"Your affairs are going on splendidly," he said to me. "We get three or four masses for you every day."

"Three or four?" I echoed. "Six ought to come for me every day."

"I beg your pardon; I repeat that we only receive three or four."

The inspector spoke the truth, unfortunately, and this was what was being done with my wretched masses.

The curés of Pétandière, of Barentin-les-Fontaines, and of Olivette-in-Payaçon, all three conducted themselves like worthy clergymen. They counted me out their respective masses with irreproachable regularity and promptness. The curé of Olivette was even a little too prompt; it appeared that his masses only lasted a very brief fifteen minutes; still I make no complaint—the masses were valid.

Very different, unluckily, was the conduct of the three other priests upon whom it devolved to get me out of purgatory.

I am bound to admit that Abbé Tricoche, curé of Mimizans-sur-Boisse, was an excellent man; but the poor man had rheumatism that kept him chained to an arm-chair nine months out of the twelve, and prevented him from setting foot outside the door. I was a perpetual remorse to Abbé Tricoche, and every morning, in spite of his twinges, he would say, "I simply must go and say a Robineau mass to-day." But his courage was beyond his strength. He would fall back in his chair, crying, "I can not, I can not. Instead of a mass I will say a little prayer for Robineau's soul."

He said the little prayer, he even said it with a good deal of fervor and piety, but it was no use; little prayers don't count; only masses count.

Abbé Chamblin, curé of Boustasson, had neither gout nor rheumatism. Ardent, tireless, and impassioned, he belonged to the church militant; he was ceaselessly warring against the Protestants of Vauchese, and struggled manfully to convert to Catholicism the Lutherans of Apt. Add to this the honor of being correspondent for the *Catholic World;* he sent letters upon letters to Louis Veuillot, its editor, and, as Abbé Chamblin had some talent, his letters were generally printed in the paper.

In the midst of these proud combats for the church and the faith, Abbé Chamblin left my poor masses in suspense; he had eighty-four of them to say for me, and he had not been at all backward about gathering in the forty-two francs the Agency sent him. Abbé Chamblin had two or three thousand masses pending in the same way as mine; there were, at least, a hundred of us in Purgatory keeping a watchful eye on the church at Boustasson, and never did we see anything for us come out of it, worse luck!

Abbé Chamblin said to himself, from time to time:

"Seems to me I have a lot of masses to say for those poor souls in Purgatory; but a fine article in the *World* will be far more pleasing to the Lord and far more useful to the faith than an obscure mass said in a village church."

Thereupon, instead of praying toward my release, Abbé Chamblin would write to Editor Veuillot.

Still, at magnificent distances of time, I do snatch a mass from Abbé Tricoche and a mass from Abbé Chamblin; but never, never, oh, never, have I managed to twist the shortest kind of mass out of Abbé Marbouillon, curé of St. John of Coconnas, and yet he had two hundred and forty-five to say for the good of my soul. Abbé Marbouillon is the one who takes masses for four sous. Ah! He might just as well call it one sou, considering what he does! He accepts them from everybody, and on all sides, with the firm resolve never to say them; the consequence is, that at this moment the curé of St. John of Coconnas is fifty-seven thousand eight hundred and twenty-four masses behind with the souls in Purgatory.

In short, I have been dead two years and over; now, two years and over have I vegetated here in purgatory; two years and over have I waited for Paradise. I went to see the inspector yesterday, the one who told me I should make such a short stay in Purgatory.

"You are forgetting me," I said to him.

"What can we do?" he replied; "we felt kindly toward you, but you announced five hundred masses, and we have only received a hundred and fifty. I am persuaded that two hundred, or two hundred and fifty, would have been enough, but a hundred and fifty is too few; it doesn't balance your debits."

So that's the way, for the lack of a hundred masses, I shall very probably lose Paradise—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Ludovic Halévy.*

Justice Jaunasch, of Kalamazoo, Mich., has a parrot that he wouldn't sell for its weight in silver. On five different occasions has this intelligent bird saved the house from being burglarized. The last time was on a recent night. The burglar got the door unfastened, but when he opened it, the parrot asked, in a stern and harsh voice, "Hello, there! What's the matter?" The burglar didn't answer, but fell over himself in his desperate effort to get away.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Prize-Fight.

Hammer and tongs! What have we here?
Let us approach, but not too near.
Two men standing breast to breast,
Head erect and arching chest;
Shoulders square and hands hard clenched,
And both their faces a trifle blenched.
Their lips are set in a smile so grim,
And sturdily set each muscular limb.
Round them circles a ring of rope.
Over them hangs the heavens' blue cope.
Why do they glare at each other so?
What! you really then don't know?
This is a prize-fight, gentle sir!
This is what makes the papers stir.
Talk of your ocean telegraph!
'Tisn't so great an event by half,
As when two young men lusty and tall,
With nothing between them of hate or wrongs,
Come together to batter and maul,
Come to fight till one shall fall—
Hammer and tongs!

Round about is a bestial crowd,
Heavily-jawed and beetle browed;
Concave faces, trampled in
As if with the iron hoof of sin;
Blasphemies dripping from off their lips,
Pistols bulging behind their hips;
Hands accustomed to deal the cards,
Or strike with the cowardly knuckle-guards.
Who are these ruffianly fellows, you say,
That taint the breath of this autumn day?
These are "the Fancy," gentle sir.
The Fancy? What are they to *her?*
Oh, 'tis their fancy to look at a fight,
To see men struggle, and gouge, and bite.
Bloody noses and bunged-up eyes—
These are the things the Fancy prize.
And so they get men, lusty and tall,
With nothing between them of hate or wrongs,
To come together to batter and maul,
To come and fight till one shall fall—
Hammer and tongs!

Grandly the autumn forests shine,
Red as the gold in an Indian mine!
A dreamy mist, a vapory smoke,
Hangs round the patches of evergreen oak.
Over the broad lake shines the sun,
Striking the upland fields of maize
That glow through the soft October haze.
Nature is tracing with languid hand
Lessons of peace over lake and land.
Ay! yet this is the tranquil spot
Chosen by bully, assassin, and sot
To pit two young men, lusty and tall,
With nothing between them of hate or wrongs,
One with the other, to batter and maul,
To tussle and fight till one shall fall—
Hammer and tongs!

Their faces are rich with a healthy hue,
Their eyes are clear, and bright, and blue;
Every muscle is clean and fine,
And their blood is pure as the purest wine.
It is a pleasure their limbs to scan—
Splendid types of the animal man,
Splendid types of that human grace,
The noblest that God has willed to trace,
Brought to this by science and art;
Trained, and nourished, and kept apart;
Cunningly fed on the wholesomest food,
Carefully watched in every mood;
Brought to this state, so noble and proud,
To savagely tussle before a crowd—
To dim the light of the eyes so clear,
To mash the face to a bloody smear,
To maim, deface, and kill, if they can,
The glory of all creation—Man!
This the task of those, lusty and tall,
With nothing between them of hate or wrongs—
To bruise and wrestle, and batter and maul,
And fight till one or the other shall fall—
Hammer and tongs!

With feet firm planted upon the sand,
Face to face at "the scratch" they stand.
Feinting first—a blow—a guard!
Then some hitting, heavy and hard.
The round fist falls with a horrible thud;
Wherever it falls comes a spout of blood!
Blow after blow, fall after fall,
For twenty minutes they tussle and maul.
The lips of the one are a gory gash,
The other's are knocked to eternal smash!
The bold, bright eyes are bloody and dim,
And, staggering, shivers each stalwart limb.
Faces glowing with stupid wrath,
Hard breaths breathed through a bloody froth;
Blind and faint, they rain their blows
On cheeks like jelly and shapeless nose;
While the concave faces around the rope
Darken with panic or light with hope,
Till one fierce brute, with a terrible blow,
Lays the other poor animal low.
Are these the forms so noble and proud,
That, kinglike, towered above the crowd?
Where are the faces so healthy and fresh?
There! those illegible masses of flesh!
Thus we see men lusty and tall,
Who, with nothing between them of hate or wrongs
Will bruise and batter, and tussle and maul,
And fight till one or the other shall fall—
Hammer and tongs!

Trainers, backers, and betters all—
Who teach young men to tussle and maul,
And spend their muscle, and blood, and life,
Given for good, in a loathsome strife—
I know what the Devil will do for you,
You pistolling, bullying, cowardly crew!
He'll light up his furnaces red and blue,
And treat you all to a roast and stew;
Oh, he'll do you up, and he'll do you brown,
On pitchforks cleft into mighty prongs,
While chuckling fiends your agonies crown
By stirring you up and keeping you down
With hammer and tongs!

—*Fitz-James O'Brien.*

A five-dollar bill was recently received at the Washington redemption bureau from Palmer, Mass., having attached to it a statement that it had been exposed to contagious disease, and, although fumigated, had better receive careful handling. When the young woman who received it read the warning, she dropped the bill with a scream which brought fifty other young women in the division crowding around her.

THE DUKES OF ENGLAND.

"Cockaigne" discusses Some of Great Britain's Hereditary Rulers.

"Parisina's" most interesting account of the French dukes, lately published in the *Argonaut*, has suggested a short inquiry into the dukes of England, who, compared in number with the dukes of France, make a poor showing. The dukes of Great Britain are of two grand classes: Royal dukes, and dukes who are not royal. By royal dukes are meant born princes who are created dukes by the sovereign. Thus, the Prince of Wales is Duke of Cornwall; Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh; Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught; and Prince George, Duke of Cambridge. This title of duke, conferred upon them by the queen, gives them a seat in the House of Lords. In the House of Lords there are separate benches for the different grades of nobility, used at ceremonials, just as there are the government, (or ministerial) and the opposition benches on opposite sides of the chamber, as in the House of Commons. Between the two opposing political sides there are what are known as "cross-benches," and on these the royal dukes sit when in the House—not a very frequent occurrence, I am constrained to say. Princes are supposed to be above politics. At all events, it is thought advisable for them to play a neutral part in public—that is to say, it is deemed more politic for them to have no politics.

Of the royal dukes just mentioned, the first is the Duke of Cornwall, who is better known as the Prince of Wales. He is in England, at present, and in residence at Sandringham, his country-house in Norfolk. Wherever he is there is one round and continuation of gaiety and amusement. At Sandringham he leads the life of a model English country gentleman. He hunts, shoots pheasants, goes to balls, and gives them; rides, drives, skates—when the ice will bear—and looks over his estate now and then. He has theatrical companies down from the leading London theatres to play in his private theatre, rigged up for the occasion in the picture-gallery or ball-room. At one time, Henry Irving and Ellen Terry go down and do a lot of drama for the edification of the Norfolk nobility, gentry, and country bumpkins who are invited; at another, Charles Wyndham takes his whole company along, and gives the prince and princess, and their friends, a specimen of his comedy talent in "David Garrick," or some light and frothy play of the sort. The Prince of Wales is forty-seven years of age. The next royal duke is the Duke of Edinburgh, known until 1866 as Prince Alfred. He is the sailor-prince, having entered the Royal Navy as a midshipman about the year 1858. Now, at the age of forty-three, or after about twenty-nine years of so-called "service" he is a vice-admiral, and in command of the Mediterranean squadron, one of the pet positions in the navy. Edinburgh is the handsomest of Victoria's sons. That wouldn't be saying very much for him, I fear. But he really is a very good-looking man. His expression is a bit stony and Turk-like perhaps, but his features are sufficiently classical in profile to give him a place of honor among the handsome men of the nation. He is said to be close-fisted and miserly, having an almost Hebraic fondness for money. When a youngster in the navy, he used to sell his mother's photographs and autographs to his shipmates! He is married to the sister of the Czar of Russia, and has five children, the eldest of whom was born within nine months after marriage. After Edinburgh comes the Duke of Connaught, known until 1874 as Prince Arthur. The duke is the soldier-boy of the family. He has seen actual service nowhere, except during the first Egyptian campaign, when he was carefully kept out of harm's way, by order of his mamma. Natural, perhaps, but not princely. His other military experiences consist of barrack and camp-life in time of peace, intermixed with full-uniform lévees at the Duke of Cambridge's, and reviews and sham-fights, amid pipe-clay and blank-cartridges, at the Aldershot Hills and in the Long Valley. Connaught would be fairly good-looking but for his prominent, beakish nose. He has a nice, trim figure on horseback, and his uniform fits him like a Jouvin's glove. He is married to a daughter of the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, whose name is famous as a leader in the Franco-German war; has three children, and has grown very bald, notwithstanding the fact that his age is but thirty-seven.

Last of all comes the Duke of Cambridge. He is a duke by succession—not creation—having succeeded his father as second duke in 1850. He is a man of sixty-eight, and for many years has been the "Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief" (as it is here called) of the British Army; and displays what little military aptitude—it would be farcical to use the term genius in connection with his name—he possesses by Germanizing the army in every way he can. He is a pompous, over-fed, puffed-up parade-general in the full sense of the term, and will swear himself hoarse over a crooked shoulder-belt or a dingy button on a uniform. He has had rather a shady reputation for courage ever since the Crimea, to which last of England's wars he went as an officer of the Guards. From a princely, royal-ducal standpoint he is unmarried. But as a matter of fact he has a couple of sons in the army and navy, middle-aged men named Fitz-George, the fruit of a morganatic marriage, that convenient form of legal adultery permissible to princes by the laws of the land. The duke in facial appearance resemble a ferocious Bengal tiger more than anything I can think of. But the ferocity, tested by its results, is that of a very tame, caged, zoölogical-garden sort of tiger, who depends more upon its keepers for protection than its own teeth and claws. By-the-bye there is a Duke of Cumberland also. But no one ever hears of him. He is a son of the last King of Hanover, and, like Cambridge, is a "Dutchman." He is married to a sister of the Princess of Wales, is forty-three years of age, and lives abroad. The royal dukes are entitled to the letters H. R. H. (His Royal Highness) prefixed to their title. All are Knights of the Garter, as, what are called, extra knights; the regular knights being limited to twenty-four, and consisting wholly of English peers, not one of whom is below the rank of earl. This gives them the right to K. G. as a suffix.

Now for the dukes proper, for, somehow, one never seems to count these princes who, at best, are but dependent national puppets. The dukes who are not "royal"—the dukes proper, as I put it—consist of English dukes, Scotch dukes, and Irish dukes. Only the English dukes (as such) have seats in the House of Lords. But a Scotch duke may be also an English marquis, earl, viscount, or baron. If so, he sits in the lords as the marquis, earl, viscount, or baron so-and-so, though known to the world as the duke of something or somewhere else. Thus, the Scotch Duke of Argyll sits in the House of Lords as the English Baron Sundridge, and votes so. The Irish Duke of Abercorn sits and votes as the English marquis of the same name. There are twenty-one English dukes who sit upon the ducal benches in the House of Lords. Of these, taking them alphabetically, the Duke of Beaufort comes first. He is what may be turned a "fast" man, having kept up his dandyism and foppish ways since forty-odd years ago, when he was one of the young bucks about town. He is sixty-two now, and a favorite pal of the Prince of Wales, in whose "set" he is a bright particular star. He is said to have been a firm friend of Connie Gilcrist, the Gaiety enslaver, ever since she went upon the stage. Badminton, his famous country-seat, gives a name to a drink, a game, and the recently published library of sports, wherein the Prince of Wales comes in for a deal of buttering up. The Duke of Bedford is a coarse-faced old man of sixty-eight. He is mean, grasping, and tyrannical, if his recent behavior in connection with Covent Garden be any index. He is the head of the Russells—that being the family name—and owns an immense district in London. The Duke of Brandon is that ineffable arch-blackguard of the peerage, better known as the Duke of Hamilton, which title is Scotch. The duke's exploits in his early youth, some twenty years ago (he is now but forty-two), are too recent to be classed as historical. He and the scapegrace Marquis of Hastings were contemporaries in their career of vice and wickedness, and both went through princely fortunes and estates in a few years. Hamilton is now comparatively quieted down. He is a great, fat, coarse, red-haired, red-whiskered, and red-faced animal, and looks about as much like an ideal duke as a Flemish cart-horse does like an Arab steed. He is married to a daughter of the Duke of Manchester.

Next comes the Duke of Buckingham. He is known as a "poor" duke—meaning by that, that he is not overburdened with money. He has been glad to accept some lucrative office from the government, and has lately been one of the provincial governors of India at a good salary. He is now the Chairman of Committee (or Sub-Lord Chancellor) of the House of Lords, his pay being two thousand five hundred a year, a mere pittance in the eyes of a duke who *is* a duke. The Duke of Cleveland one doesn't hear much about. He is an old man well up in the eighties. The Duke of Devonshire is, perhaps, more famous as the father of the Marquis of Hartington than for anything else. He is an enormously rich man, his places, Chatsworth and Haddon, being among the grandest and most beautiful in England. He owns a lot of Irish property, and is also the owner of the fashionable sea-side resort, Eastbourne. He is a "senior wrangler," having taken the highest mathematical honors which the University of Cambridge can bestow. He is eighty-one years old. The Duke of Grafton is an old-fashioned old army-officer, who, as Lord Augustus Fitzroy, was at one time an equerry, or lord-in-waiting to the queen. He is chiefly distinguished as the father of the Earl of Easton, who distinguished himself by marrying a celebrated courtesan named Kate Cross, and, when he tired of her, by trying, unsuccessfully, to get a divorce. The Duke of Leeds is an aristocratic nobody (if one can so speak of a duke). One never hears of him, and I understand he is very poor. The Duke of Manchester is pretty well known in America, where he has gone in for buying up cattle-ranches in Colorado, Texas, etc. He is a shrewd business-man, and "poor for a duke." The scandal which so unblushingly connects the name of his duchess with that of Lord Hartington doesn't seem to reach his ears. At all events, he doesn't appear to mind if he does. The last time I saw him he was fat and hearty. He is sixty-four, and is noted as the father of Viscount Mandeville, who married Miss Consuela Iznaga, of New York.

The Duke of Marlborough has a reputation such as I don't suppose any peer — going down through Huntley, Aylesford, Ailsbury, Shrewsbury, Lonsdale, St. Leonards, Cairns, etc.—possesses in England to-day. He is an unblushing blackguard. I don't believe the fellow knows what shame means. You have lately had him in the States, where I was sorry to see that nice people ran after him. In England he is cut, and he knows it. It is not only his adulteries that bar him; one thing I think should be shaken before his eyes on every possible occasion, he is a wife-beater. He gave his wife a blow, on one occasion, just before her confinement, and the child when born bore the mark. He is a nice chap to publish manifestoes about the American press! I don't think any American, who saw him, could have been particularly struck with his "dukishness." A little, dissipated-looking man, with a weakened physique, portly face, heavy black-encircled eyes, a scrubby mustache, and a bald head; he looked to me, the last time I saw him, more like an absinthe-drinking French "*garçon*" than anything else. He is the elder brother of Lord Randolph Churchill. The Duke of Newcastle is a man of but three-and-twenty. He leads a quiet life with his mother at Clumber, and has, I believe, but one leg. The Duke of Norfolk is one of the best specimens of a nobleman the House of Peers can produce. He is a small, dark man, with a long black beard and mustache, and a pronounced boyish lisp when he talks. He is the premier duke of England, and enormously rich, having much of his property in Sheffield. He is a religious man, and a staunch Romanist. The Duke of Northumberland is a dull old man of seventy-seven. He is another enormously rich duke, and is eminently respectable in his dullness. His family name is Percy, and he is the nominal descendant of the famous "Hotspur." However, it is only through a female line—considered a flaw in England—that he can claim the Percy name, his real name being Smithson, from which plebeian cognomen he was relieved by act of Parliament.

We now come to the Duke of Portland. He is a nice young man of thirty, a bachelor, and consequently much run after by the mammas of marriageable daughters. He is very rich, and belongs to the Prince of Wales's set in a mild way. I believe he is much liked by the ladies. The Duke of Richmond is noted especially as the possessor of Goodwood Park, where the Goodwood races are run every summer, and where he invites the Prince and Princess of Wales to stay during the race week, and meet a select company of "Tummy's" own especial pets and pals. He now and then speaks in the House of Lords, and was Lord Salisbury's Secretary for Scotland in his first ministry.

There are six more English dukes, Rutland, St. Albans, Somerset, Sutherland, Wellington, and Westminster to notice; as well as five Scotch—Argyll, Athole, Buccleuch, Montrose, and Roxburghe, with two Irish—Abercorn and Leinster. But I shall have to defer their discussion to another letter.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, December 9, 1887.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sarah Bernhardt is wearing mourning for her lately deceased panther-kitten Tigrette.

A real-estate dealer in St. Paul, who does not want his name given just yet, professes to have twenty-five thousand dollars belonging to the Queen of the Sandwich Islands to invest in Minneapolis real estate.

Newspaper men in Germany have to be very careful about punctuation. The *Hofer Tageblatt*, a short time ago, said a decoration had been conferred upon Count von Holstein. By an oversight an exclamation-point, instead of a period, appeared at the end of the sentence, and for this the authorities seized the whole issue, and instituted a suit against the editor for atrocious libel.

The house of Jacob Orth, an aged German soldier, living in Davenport, Ia., was burned recently, and among the articles consumed was a medal which he had received from the Grand Duke Ludwig I. for services in the wars against Napoleon. The loss of the medal troubled Mr. Orth greatly, and he wrote to Kaiser Wilhelm about it. A few days ago he received from the emperor a handsome gold medal bearing the grand duke's likeness.

The Grand Collar of the Legion of Honor which was made for M. Grévy seven years ago, has been presented to M. Carnot. Previous to the making of it only three of these Grand Collars had been in existence. One of them was worn by the First Napoleon, and another was in possession of the Murat family. There was a third, but for years it has been lost sight of. A sensation was produced when it was seen round the neck of the Emperor of Austria during his visit to Paris in 1867. This collar had been given by the First Napoleon to his father-in-law, Francis I, when he married the Archduchess Maria Louisa.

Among the peculiar incidents that the artist W. P. Frith tells, in his autobiography, about the immense number of people whose portraits had to be included, is this about Sumner, Bishop of Winchester. He seemed, though nearly eighty years old, to be so hale and hearty, that Frith was tempted to ask if he been specially careful about exercise or diet, and the bishop's reply was: "I have eaten of whatever good things were put before me, and I have drunk a bottle of port wine every day since I was a boy. The only precaution I have taken has been in the quality of the wine; for, unless it was old and good, I would have none of it."

The Paris newspapers continue to poke fun at the artistic Salon revelations. The most astounding item of intelligence brought to light is that not only will M. Benjamin Constant receive the medal of honor this year, but, also, that next season no medal will be given, and that the honor will go to M. Flameng. This cut-and-dried way of distributing French glory is amusing all Paris. M. Vibert is hauled over the coals because he sells his works to the tune of one hundred thousand francs, as if any one would buy them if they were not worth it. Cabanel, Henner, Bouguereau, and even the idolized Meissonnier come in for their share of the vituperation.

A Russian count, who lives in Paris, has contributed an article to the *Deutsche Revue*, in which this anecdote of Gambetta is related: One day the count took a walk with Gambetta, when the latter accidentally soiled his boots. He called on a street porter and put his foot on his stool, and the porter cleaned it. But, when Gambetta offered to pay him for it, the porter refused to accept it, but kissed the handle of his brush, and said it should henceforth be a valuable relic, for it had had the honor of polishing the boots of *le héros de France*. Gambetta appeared to be deeply moved by this homage. He shook the man's hand, and invited him to a neighboring tavern, where the three drank a bottle of wine together. Then Gambetta gave the porter a pipe, and bade him good-bye.

The opening of the Spanish Parliament by the infant king and his mother, the queen-regent, was a most interesting spectacle. The infant king was dressed in white, with a white bonnet, the latter being removed upon his being seated on the throne, to the right of Queen Christina, whose black dress, only relieved by a tiara and a collar of diamonds, formed a striking contrast to the mass of gold-color covering the house and lighting up the tribunes. While the queen read the speech from the throne in clear, audible tones, without the slightest signs of the nervousness attributed to her, the young king surveyed the scene with complete composure, fixing his attention alternately upon the assemblage and upon the queen. When the reading of the document was completed, his majesty showed a wish to be among the first to leave, but being taken in the queen's arms he remained perfectly quiet.

Every American of the fair sex, who has visited the French metropolis is acquainted with the mammoth emporium known as the "Bon Marché," which is in the very heart of the aristocratic Faubourg St. Germain. This immense establishment, which transacts over fifty million dollars of business per annum, and employs a staff of no less than four thousand on the premises alone, was founded thirty-five years ago on the most humble scale by a young couple of the name of Boucicaut. Aristide, the husband, was a salesman in a dingy little dry-goods store in the Rue du Bac, while his wife, an illiterate peasant girl, the widow of a laundryman, was an assistant in the same shop. M. Boucicaut and his only son died within a few months of each other, about ten years ago, and Mme. Boucicaut, expired recently at the age of sixty-three, leaving a fortune estimated at over forty million dollars. She first made Aristide Boucicaut's acquaintance in the little shop, where they were both employed. For ten long years when she had reached the age of twenty-eight, the couple decided to marry and their employer fortunately, old and anxious to retire, made over his store to them on moderate terms. In a short time the business had grown to such an extent that it become necessary to purchase the next house on the right hand side, then that on the left, and subsequently, one by one, all the adjoining houses, until at length M. and Mme. Boucicaut owned the whole block. This they demolished some fifteen years ago, and on its site stands the magnificent and vast Bon Marché Building. M. and Mme. Boucicaut determined to make every effort to keep their employees in their service, and to interest them in the welfare of the business. Every employee of the establishment received a percentage of the profits of his special department. A large club-house has been built for the male employees which contains a perfectly equipped fencing hall and gymnasium, a swimming-bath, billiard-room, library and reading-rooms, besides a restaurant where refreshments are to be obtained at almost cost price. The female assistants have a large building devoted to their own exclusive use, in which they reside, and which is almost as well provided with comforts and amusements as the club-house of the men. Besides this a pension fund exists, to which Mme. Boucicaut about eighteen months ago presented a round sum of four million francs, in addition to a couple of millions of francs which she had given a few years previously for the same purpose. Mme. Boucicaut when her husband and son died, ten years ago, transformed the whole business into a joint stock company, presenting to each one of the three hundred principal and senior members of her staff fifty thousand francs worth of stock, she herself retaining the balance of the shares, and as such the casting vote and power of veto. The Bon Marché is therefore a thorough little republic by itself. Its army of about ten or fifteen thousand employees, all told, are governed by a kind of parliament consisting of the three hundred shareholders and copartners above mentioned.

NEW YORK GOSSIP.

"Iris" discusses Christmas, Berry Wall's Marriage, and Josef Hofman.

The Christmas flurry is upon New York. No one has time to think of anything but the engrossing problem how a present costing fifty cents can be made to look as if it cost five dollars. The originator of the popular Tiffany-box hoax very nearly succeeded in accomplishing this. Hero-worshiping New York has since canonized him. His name is now bracketted with Henry Bergh's and Anthony Comstock's.

For a week past the town has been in a ferment. Softening of the brain is much in vogue among that select and exclusive community who have brains to soften; an extravagance, *en passant*, which the New Yorker, despite his notoriously luxurious habits, is inclined to deny himself.

Christmas in New York is getting beyond a joke. The magnificence of the presents, given and expected, makes the season of goodwill toward men a melancholy festival to all but the "bloated bondholder." In theory, your goodwill may riot sumptuously in Puritan and La France roses galore for that rare and radiant maiden, known among the vulgar as your Best Girl—but in practice you must content yourself with a few modest Bon Silenes, or a bunch of carnations, which, when you come to pay your Christmas call, have shrunk to the vanishing point of insignificance beside the funereal but costly floral tribute of your Hated Rival. Even reduced to the prosaic limits of one's immediate family, you may be perfectly sure that those gorgeous suspenders you worked for Uncle John, which display the peculiarity of parting amidships the first time they are worn, will be completely cast in the shade by the repoussé silver shaving-mug offered at the avuncular shrine by your cousin Maria. Hand-made presents are out of style. Dear gazelles, in these luxurious days, would much rather have a small souvenir from Tiffany's than the prettiest hand-made gift one could offer. That type of dear gazelle which values the handiwork of a friend is as *passé* and old-style as tea-roses, French-heeled shoes, Fanny Davenport, "Il Trovatore," the great, original and only chorus-girl, an American accent, the Best Man farce, as amusingly portrayed by an illustrious son of Southern chivalry, Anthony Comstock's blushes, and all the other fossils of the Tertiary period of American history.

Beside the Christmas rush, there are a thousand and one other things to occupy the Eastern mind. Washington, staggered by the romantic elopement of its pet belle, is just recovering its breath, when New York bobs up serenely with a rival sensation—the marriage of Berry Wall. All dudedom has sprinkled ashes on its head, and the cry "the king is dead!" has had no answering "long live the king!" In fact, half New York is agitated as to the choosing of a new sovereign to fill the throne of Berry Rex, Dei Gratia. Berry Rex's career is ended. A married dude is the rarest kind of a bird. They come sometimes, like three-legged chickens, or pig-faced babies; but, of course, they are regarded by the family as blots on the scutcheon, and kept out of sight in secluded *caches*.

Another engrossing topic is little Josef Hofmann. He and "Siegried" are dividing the attention of the musical world. Which has created the most excitement it would be hard to say—the honors are easy. The young Mozart and "Le Petit Liszt" furores are being repeated over this astounding child. Visitors have been denied access to the boy's apartments, as the little fellow has been bored to death by enthusiastic ladies, who have smothered him with kisses, and snipped off locks of his hair till his head looks moth-eaten. He is ten, but looks younger, with a bright, child face, a delicious dimple in his chin, and the most bewitchingly ingenuous, unaffected, and childish manners. His wonderful playing is obviously not the result of laborious cultivation. He is the pupil of *Le Bon Dieu*. Music flows from beneath his fingers in "profuse strains of unpremeditated art." It would seem as if the veil through which the average being catches vague glimpses of the thoughts of the great dead masters was lifted in this child's mind. It is as natural for him to see, understand, and interpret their tremendous fancies as it is for the ordinary child to roll his hoop or throw his ball. He is, of course, compared with Mozart, and is said to lack the creative genius of the author of "Don Giovanni," who, at the same age, had composed, with brilliant results. Josef has also composed, but without evincing such marked originality. His memory is prodigious, his execution marvelous. At one of the first concerts the "Suwanee River"—new to him—was given him as a theme. His improvisations on the tender old melody brought tears to the eyes of the audience. Through crashing chords and thunderous rumblings in the bass, silvery runs, showers of bird-like notes, slow, solemn cadences, and brilliant, dashing trills, the melody crept in and out; now lost, now stealing shyly out to dart suddenly away again, now boldly breaking away in a brilliant waltz movement, then pealing forth in stately chords. Under the child's magic touch the river became a reality—with slow, languid pulses it slid seaward between low banks, rippled over mossy stones, glided smooth and lazy into the sun, dashed headlong under a bridge, to sparkle over a pebbly reach, gurgle under grassy banks, its brown surface flecked with quivering sun-spots and fallen leaves, and so lapsed tranquilly onward to the sea.

The large orchestra which assists Josef bow before him as a creature from another sphere. Some nights ago, during the execution of a caprice of Mozart's, the little fellow suddenly fell to improvising. The orchestra were forced to stop, and with breathless pride watched their idol, as with head thrown back and eyes dreamily staring he added his own fancies to those of his master.

Talking of matters musical, the excitement over "Siegfried" is yet high. Extra performances have been given, at each of which Herr Siedl has been called before the curtain and received quite an ovation. The piece has been set regardless of expense, and the passionate romance and picturesque beauty of the story have been preserved and enforced by the appropriateness of each singer to his rôle. Siegfried is a wild, beautiful youth; Mimi, a hideous dwarf; Wotan, statuesque, magnificent, majestic, a god about to fall, but yet a god; Brynhilda, a savage, glorious, warrior-maiden.

What would our fathers, brought up on the mellow tunefulness of Donizetti and Bellini, say to this strange, grand performance? "Siegfried" is undoubedtly the heaviest of all the Wagner music-dramas so far produced at the Metropolitan. That the two tremendously long first acts should pass without the appearance of a woman struck some of the most determined American-Wagnerites as a little too severe. Moreover, those who have been charmed by the incident and romantic adventure of "Lohengrin" and "Tannhauser" complain of a lack of both in "Siegfried," the plot of which is simplicity itself. In the first act—the cavern of Mimi—Siegfried forges the sword Balmung; in the second—the forest—he kills Fafnir, the dragon; finds the ring and the Helm and follows the forest bird to Brynhilda; in the third, meets and overcomes Wotan, penetrates the fiery circle, and wakes Brynhilda from her enchanted sleep. This is the entire action of an opera the performance of which occupies four hours and a quarter. Siegfried, Mimi, and Wotan divide the first act. The cavern, which fills the stage, is hewn from the living rock, jagged points of which project from the roof and sides. It is lit only by the flickering glow from the forge, and a pale, green twilight, which filters coldly through the cavern's mouth from the forest beyond. This combination of the warm and cold lights is highly artistic, and one of Wagner's—as great an artist as musician—peculiar methods of producing certain atmospheric affects. The youthful Siegfried, child of the dead Siegmund and Sieglinde, here secluded from the world, has been nurtured by Mimi, the dwarf. Herr Alvary as Siegfried has placed himself in the first rank among the younger Wagnerians. I believe I have mentioned before his extraordinary success in costumes. His Siegfried is highly creditable histrionically and vocally—but as far as personal appearance it is absolute perfection. We have the hero of the Niebelungenlied before us in the flesh—a beautiful, barbaric boy clad in skins, with thongs twisted round his legs, and a silver bugle hung at his side. His tangled, golden curls fall on his shoulders, one of which is bare, and rudely hammered golden bracelets clasp his arms. So may the young David have looked when he came down out of the hills. At his entrance, leading by a chain the bear he has tamed, the "sword motive" rises from a chaos of orchestral evolutions, throbs with a mysterious premonition for a few bars, and then gradually dies away amid thunderous harmonies. The scene which follows is long, tempestuous, and unearthly. The warring elements in the souls of Mimi and his foster child find interpretation in the mighty voice of the orchestra, where their savage emotions meet and do battle. The steady, inexorable march onward of the right, the young, the new, finding its first vent in the solemn throb of the bellows song and the splendid triumph of the forging song, is massive and grand beyond all description. In the second act, in contrast with all that has gone before, comes the *Waldweben*. Anything more delicately, poetically sylvan and vernal than these whisperings of the summer forest has never been conceived by the mind of man. Sunbeams trickling through leaves flicker and tremble over all the stage, and on the figure of Siegfried, who lies in a reverie at the foot of a tree. Around him the leaves murmur and twinkle in the sun, the insects hum, a stream trickles, and in the midst the voice of the forest bird rises pure and clear, singing of Brynhilda. The vision of Brynhilda sleeping beneath her shield and helmet, the long, passionate kiss with which Siegfried awakes her, and the first rich, tender notes of the Valkyrie's voice, are something that those who have heard and seen will never forget.

IRIS.

NEW YORK, December 24, 1887.

Any one can prove the rotary motion of the earth on its axis by a simple experiment, for making which an educational journal of Frankfort, Germany, gives the following directions: "Take a good-sized bowl, fill it nearly full of water, and place it upon the floor of a room which is not exposed to shaking or jarring from the street. Sprinkle over the surface of the water a coating of lycopodium powder—a white substance which is sometimes used for purposes of the toilet, and which can be obtained at almost any apothecary's. Then, upon the surface of this coating of powder, make, with powdered charcoal, a straight black line, say an inch or two inches in length. Having made this little black mark with the charcoal powder on the surface of the contents of th bowl, lay down upon the floor, close to the bowl, a stick or some other straight object, so that it shall be exactly parallel with the mark. If the line happens to be parallel with a crack in the floor, or with any stationary object in the the room, this will serve as well. Leave the bowl undisturbed for a few hours, and then observe the position of the black mark with reference to the object that it was parallel with. It will be found to have moved about, and to have moved from east to west—that is to say, in that direction opposite to that of the movement of the earth on its axis. The earth, in simply revolving, has carried the water and everything else in the bowl around with it, but the powder on the surface has been left behind a little. The line will always be found to have moved from east to west, which is perfectly good proof that everything else has moved the other way."

A party of gentlemen in Minneapolis, the other evening, were discussing the personal dangers they had incurred. Several stories were told, with varying degrees of modesty and bravado, when the demure and pretty wife of the host claimed attention. "My experience," said she, "was only a dream, yet I think you will agree with me that, from a woman's standpoint, the situation was more thrilling than any you have experienced. I dreamed that I was taking a sleigh-ride, unaccompanied. I was driving down Park Avenue at a rapid rate, when my horse, taking fright at some object by the roadside, bolted and ran. At the same instant I discovered a mouse in the bottom of the sleigh. I have a mortal terror of all manner of rodents, as have most women. The horse was running so fast that I dared not leap out, and it was all I could do to keep him in the road. The mouse came nearer. I was too much frightened to scream. I thought I should die. The mouse came nearer still. I could stand it no longer, so I awoke. Now it is all over—perhaps it is a woman's curiosity—I have often wished I had remained asleep a little while longer, just to see how the adventure would have turned out. It was one of the few disappointments of my life that I didn't."

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Some acrobats are fresh, and somersault (circus-tickets go with this).—*Puck.*

A curbstone Gould. *Lady*—"Bub, what you charge for cleaning off the sidewalk." *Boy*—"I won't charge anything if you'll pay me in advance."—*Waterbury.*

Westward the star of culture takes its way. Chicago young ladies now exclaim: "rodents!" when they wish to make use of the satirical sentiment, "rats!"—*Puck.*

Jones—"Strange thing, Mirandy; every time you draw a breath somebody dies." *Mrs. Jones*—"Well, I ain't going to stop breathing on that account."—*Texas Siftings.*

"Is your father a Christian?" asked the Sunday-school superintendent. "He—used to be," said the little boy, with some uncertainty, "but I think he's a good deal out of practice now."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Overheard at the fair in the Old London Street. A lady addressing another to whom she has just been presented—"You are English, are you not?" "No, I'm not English. I have a cold."—*Town Topics.*

Dr. Bigbill—"You may thank your stars, sir, that physicians in these days don't bleed patients afflicted with your malady as they used to." *Patient* (dubiously)—"I'm not so sure that they don't, doctor."—*Detroit Free Press.*

She (just through playing)—"I fear, Mr. Sniggles, my music is too poor to give you enjoyment." *He* (assuringly)—Oh, indeed! I do enjoy it. It does not take much to please me in the line of music, you know."—*Judge.*

Midnight — Smith reads door-plate: "Lemme see — S-m-i-t-h—why, I wonder what Smith that is (hic)?" Voice from above—"Is that you, sir, at home at last?" "(Hic) I know what Smith that is now (hic)—it's this Smith (hic)!"—*Puck.*

"Yes," said the Chicago man, "literature's on the grand boom out our way. We've just caught on to your man Stockton, and we've got two or three literary societies discussing the question: 'Which was it, the Monkey or the Parrot?'"—*Puck.*

"What are you making such faces for?" said Mr. M'Gilder to Mr. Dago; "there ain't anything the matter with that cigar I gave you, is there?" "No, I guess not, Flip," replied his friend. "Do I stay here, or do I go out in the yard to die?"—*Puck.*

"You don't quite seem to like the picture," the artist said, meekly, "I wasn't quite satisfied with it myself. A little lacking in distance, isn't it?" "Ya-as," growled the critic. "I guess that's what's the matter. 'Bout five miles would help it a heap."—*Puck.*

A (writing)—"How many g's in aggregate?" *B* (supposing the query refers to the first syllable only)—"Two." *C* (who is nothing if not accurate in computation)—"No; three." *B* (seeing the point)—"Yes, altogether." *C* (still particular)—"No, not all together."—*Boston Transcript.*

Miss Prude (aged forty, going to bed)—"Somebody's under my bed! My goodness! Can it be Fido? Fido! Fido! (She holds out her hand under the bed, and the wise burglar licks it.) Oh! all right! It is Fido." Retires, reassured, and sleeps through the burglary.—*French Exchange.*

Mistress (to cook)—"Why, Bridget, what in the world are you doing?" *Bridget*—"Shure it's the dochter thot tould me Oi must take oiron fer me blood, an' Oi'm thryin' to melt down the poker, bad cess to it!" *Mistress*—"But, gracious, Bridget, you can't drink hot melted iron!" *Bridget*—"Thin Oi'll lave it till it cools."—*New York Sun.*

The occasional contributor dropped into the sanctum wearily. Seated at the desk was a beetle-browed tramp printer. "Are you the mule editor?" softly inquired the visiting contributor. "Nay," answered the apparition, poising a proof-slip in his delicately discolored digits. "I am the calf editor; do you wish to be edited?"—*Washington Hatchet.*

At the Boston Art Club: *Miss Betts* (of Racine, Wisconsin)—"I should like to meet your friend, Mr. Paynter, but I wouldn't introduce him to mamma, for the world. She's so apt to make *faux pas*, you know." *Mamma* (catching the last words, but not the drift)—"Is he in town? Let's go to-night. I would miss seeing the young Adam and his trained elephants for anything."—*Tid-Bits.*

They are in the shoe-store. Mr. Man has bought for himself a pair of comfortable Arctics, and Mrs. Man has fitted her feet with the sweetest thing in handsome shoes the artist in leather could design. "How much do I owe you?" asks Mr. Man. "Eleven dollars and a quarter," smilingly says the diplomatic clerk; "two dollars for the lady's shoes, and nine and a quarter for your Arctics, sir." And his salary is raised, for he has gained for the house a steadfast customer.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Distinguished foreigner—"Those men across the street seem to be attracting a great deal of attention." *American*—"Yes; the one on the right is Mr. O'Shaunessy, the great American pugilist." *Distinguished foreigner*—"And the one on the left?" *American*—"That is Mr. Mulhooly, the great English pugilist." *Distinguished foreigner*—"I see. Who are the other two?" *American*—"One of them is Mr. Mulcahey, the noted feather-weight Canadian, and the other is Mr. McMoriarty, the Australian heavy-weight."—*Puck.*

"Good-bye!" he said, brokenly, and his frame shook with emotion. "Good-bye, and may heaven bless you! Remember, Miss Smith, that although I can not win your love, I shall always be your devoted friend; and if at any time I can be of service to you, you will have but to command me. I leave for Australia to-night. Good-bye!" "I am sorry, Mr. Gerridge," said Miss Smith, in a low tone of voice, "to have been the means of driving you so far from home; but since you are so kind as to offer your service, I will ask you to mail a letter for me on your way to the train."—*Puck.*

VANITY FAIR.

During all the long period that the hoop had part and lot in costume, it had to bear up against a series of ably-directed and well-sustained assaults on all sides. The decrees issued against it by kings and emperors, in different countries, afford curious reading in view of the failure which attended them, for whether it was intended to limit the inconvenient size of the hoop, or to keep it within bounds of occasion, no attention whatever appears to have been paid to any regulations, or ordinance, or proclamation, and the hoop went on its accustomed way without regard to any man's behest, and careless of complainings. What rulers failed to effect, earnest men—preachers and satirists—still endeavored to accomplish, and, it must be said, quite as unavailingly. The hoop was proof against ridicule and indifferent to reproach. When in its first stage, known in England as the vardingal, or farthingale, Bishop Latimer, preaching at Grimsthorpe in 1552 upon the Nativity, was very severe upon these roundabouts, as he called them, which the devil, in all cunning, had invented as an instrument of pride. Taking considerable liberties with history, he represented the damsels of Bethlehem as going gay in bracelets and these foolish vardingals, and the Virgin Mother, chief among women, as contented with modest and plainer apparel. "I think," said the preacher, "Mary had not much fine linen; she was not trimmed up as our women be nowadays. I think, indeed, Mary had never a vardingal; for she used no such superfluities as our fine damsels do nowadays; for, in the old times, women were content with honest and single garments."

Disregarding now the picturesque literature of the earlier hoops, the times are reached when, after a period of neglect, the "bewitching round" again appeared in costume. Sir Roger de Coverley mentioned the "new-fashioned petticoat" in 1711, but this is not to say that the great hoops which made a lady walk as if she were in a go-cart were introduced at that date. The years of the eighteenth century were younger than that when the satirists again had such an excellent opportunity of being funny at the expense of fashion. It was in 1711 that a pamphlet was published entitled "The Farthingale Reviewed; or More Work for the Cooper. A Panegyrick on the late but most admirable invention of the Hooped Petticoat," a tedious essay in rhyme, commencing:

> "There's scarce a bard that writ in former time
> Had e'er so great, so bright a theme for rhyme;
> The *Mantua* swain, if living, would confess
> Ours more surprising than his Tyrian dress,
> And Ovid's mistress, in her loose attire,
> Would cease to charm his eyes or fan Love's fire.
> Were he at *Bath* and had these coats in view,
> He'd write his *Metamorphosis* anew;
> Delia, fresh-hooped, would o'er his heart prevail,
> To leave Corinna and her tawdry veil.
> Hear, great Apollo! and my genius guide,
> To sing this glorious miracle of pride."

It can not be said that the appeal to the gods was very successful; beyond twitting ladies with diverting to their petticoats the elaborate attention they formerly bestowed on the high-towering head-dresess which had then been worn, the poem is dull indeed, and, in some other respects, not well suited to modern readers.

From the time of its revival the hoop had a merry reign, and change ran riot in the shape and size of it. A lady resembled first a huge bell, then a dish-cover, then she seemed to be rising from a great drum, next as if she stood in a butter-churn, to which George Colman compares the hoop when he says that at times it expanded from such dimensions to the circumference of three hogsheads. All the essayists held high revelry over the vagaries of the petticoat. Particularly did Mr. Isaac Bickerstaff, in 1709, have one brought up before him for trial, and gleefully relates how the garment—if hoops can fairly be considered as apparel—had to be hoisted up to the ceiling to show its proportions, and then formed "a very splendid and ample canopy" over the court assembled, covering it "with a silken rotunda, in its form not unlike the cupola of St. Paul's." After running a long course of changes, but with popularity undiminished—perhaps stimulated by all this pother, the hoop took on a new shape about 1745, expanding on either hand, so that a lady in the very newest fashion was like nothing else so much as a drummer in a cavalry band with skirts about him. It was at this stage in its history that a pamphlet was issued with the following title: "The Enormous Abomination of the Hoop-Petticoat as the Fashion now is and has been for about these Two Years Fully Displayed: In Some Reflexions upon it Humbly Offered to the Consideration of both Sexes, especially the Female. By A. W., Esq., London: Printed for William Russell at the Golden Ball, near St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet Street, 1745" And the form then fashionable is necessary to be remembered as its pages are conned. As the author say: "Suppose the Fine Lady *coming into a room*, the *graceful Manner* of doing which was formerly reckon'd no small part of *Female Education*, and Good Breeding. First enters wriggling, and sideling, and edging in by degrees, Two yards and a half of Hoop, for as yet you see nothing else. Some time after appears the Inhabitant of the garment herself; not with a full face, but in Profile; the Face being turn'd to, or from the Company, as they happen to be situated. Next, in due time again, follows Two yards and a half of *Hoop* more. And now her whole Person, with all its appurtenances, is actually arriv'd, fully and completely in the room: where we are in the next place to consider her. She *sits down:* if it be upon a Couch or Squab, though the Couch or Squab be five yards long, her *Hoop* takes up every Inch of it from one end to the other. If upon a Chair, 'tis the same thing in effect: only the *Hoop* is suspended in the air, without anything else to rest upon. But now enter Two, or Three, or Four more with Cooperage of equal dimensions. Upon their sitting down, too, *Inseguitur stridorque strepitusque.* The Ladies need not check at the *Latin;* they shall have it in *English*—The *Rustling* and *Crush* of Silk and Silver, and the Crash and Crack of Whalebone, immediately ensues. The *Hoops and Petticoats*, when contracted and muddled up into a heap, make, if possible, a more awkward and ungainly Show, than when they were free, and unconfined. They rise and sink into such hideous wrinkles; into such *Mountains* and *Vallies*, into such a variety of uncouth, irregular Shapes; as exceed all the descriptions of Painting or Poetry. For myself, I will not pretend to enter into the details of them; but appeal to the eyes and judgment of all who see them. It is nevertheless to be observed, That whoever of any Three happens to sit in the middle, has her Hoop on each side toss'd up at least a foot higher than before; in which Attitude, she looks like a Higgler-woman, that sells Apples or Cabbages, sitting on horse-back between Two Panniers; only the Higgler's Panniers are well enough shap'd; *These* the ugliest that can possibly be contriv'd, or imagin'd. Such is the *exquisite Taste* and *Fancy* of the *Fair Sex* in this *refin'd* Age, so fam'd for Elegancy and Politeness." The miseries of crinoline, still well within memory, will acquit this sketch of any suspicion of overcoloring in respect of the inconveniences which were patiently endured by women in the cause of fashion; and as regards what will seem to be an incredible expansion of skirt, it is a matter easily proved that a circumference of five yards was often exceeded by those who were not to be balked of going more bulky than ordinary.

We may never again be threatened with hoops "eight yards wide," such as a ballad of 1753 is righteously severe upon, but so long as eccentricity with some passes for beauty, there will be revivals, more or less complete, of the hoop and the crinoline. Robert Chambers shows how Edinburgh society suffered, within his memory, under the tyranny of hoops. In the morning a lady put on a "pocket hoop," resembling a pair of small panniers. For occasions, not quite full dress, there was to be worn a bell-hoop—a petticoat-frame in shape like a bell—made of cane or rope! For full state there was provided a hoop so monstrous that "people saw half of it enter the room before the wearer." This, the matter-of-fact chronicler goes on to say, was found "inconvenient." So inconvenient was it that in the narrow passages and entries of Edinburgh Old Town, "ladies tilted them up and carried them under their arms; in case of this happening, there was a show petticoat below." This happy audacity has been denied to women of later days, although there were times when it would have relieved perplexity and spared much annoyance. So long as these facts remain, or John Leech's drawings are remembered, surely the shapeless horrors of crinoline should be impossible of renewal.—*Woman's World.*

A neat and charming bath-gown is made from a large double shawl of very soft wool, a deep, dull red, with stripes of bluish gray. The fringes of the shawl are left on all around, and it is made in princesse shape, lined throughout with thin, red silk. Another is of pale violet-color, than which nothing is more becoming to a blonde skin. They are loose from the throat, the fringed edges turning back upon themselves, and are fastened hastily upon leaving the bath with cord and tassel, which ties them at throat and waist, and are the handiest of all fastenings that are meant to be used in a hurry. There are bath-gowns made of Turkish towelling that are much cheaper, and do not need to be lined. They come in all sorts of deep, rich shades, and are made full and loose, with a wide hem at the bottom, flowing sleeves, and cotton cords and tassels of the same shade. There are many of them decorated with a hood. A charming one is of soft, dull blue, having a pointed hood in the back, finished with a big tassel of blue and gray cotton, the cords at neck and waist being twisted of blue and gray.

A woman, who is actively concerned in charity work in New York city, and who has visited literally thousands of families in the tenement-houses, talks interestingly upon many phases of her experience. She says the portraits on the bed-room walls and on the bureaus of young working-girls are all photographs of pretty actresses—or so nearly all that the exceptions are remarkable. Rarely has she seen pictures of actors. She accounts for this strange popularity of the stage beauties with their own sex, and this unlooked-for slight upon the male fraternity in this wise; a picture of a pretty actress represents the acme of feminine charms in beauty, grace, fashionable attire, luxury, ease, success, and popularity. The possession and posting up of pictures of a professional beauty are expressions of mild idolatry—the worship of everything desired by or possible to the sex. To a poor, unknown, hard-working girl, there is the same consolation and comfort in looking at and reflecting upon such a portrait as there is to a poor working-boy in reading the life of Benjamin Franklin, or Abraham Lincoln, or Commodore Vanderbilt. It is a visible actual mark to strive for with the boy, while to a young woman hope springs up anew when she sees how pretty and successful women—whom she fancies like herself because they are women—may be in certain cases. She looks at the picture of a pretty actress as a pious French woman studies a saint's picture, devoutly. But this missionary lady says that she has found that this worship of success in the weaker sex leads some of these girls to spend hours of their spare time in trying to look like the pictures. They will spend a whole Sunday afternoon in letting down their tresses to do them up anew in the style in which actresses wear their hair, taking one picture, and then another, and then still another to copy from, the looking-glass always before them, with the photograph in one corner of it, or underneath it.

"La Tosca" is to work three changes in feminine dress, it is said. It is to shorten the frock waist, and this seems to indicate that Sardou has Orleanist tendencies; it is to bring back the long, embroidered scarf, and to restore ermine, without the little tail spots, to favor. If it shorten the waist even a little, it will put an end to the present fashion of wearing it much too tight; and the scarf and the ermine are harmless, at the worst, and each is becoming to some persons.

In an old book, published in Paris in 1807, are particulars of the Empress Josephine's toilet. Four to six times a day did she change her dress, and she never twice assumed any plain gown. Her weekly allowance of stockings was four dozen of silk in summer, and in the winter two dozen of French silk hose and three dozen of the finest English cotton stockings. As for gloves and shoes, Mme. Bonaparte used up three dozen pairs a week, and she never wore any stockings that had been washed, nor donned more than once the same pair of gloves or shoes. The lace frills of her chemises cost ten dollars apiece. Every three months she exchanged her diamonds and other jewels, or had them newly set, according to the mutations of fashion; and four times a year her plate, china, furniture, tapestry hangings, and carpets were renewed. She had thirty-six horses in her private stable, and her Master of the Horse was empowered to dispose of twelve steeds once a month, and replace them by animals of a fashionable hue. Once a month, too, all the domestics in Josephine's household received fresh liveries, and every thirty days her wardrobe was divided among her maids of honor. Of these toilets the court lady had four, with an equal number of sets of jewelry—one for the Tuileries, one for St. Cloud, one for Malmaison, and one for traveling. By touching certain springs she could command for her bath what perfumes her caprice required to mix with the water, the reservoirs always containing twelve thousand francs, worth of the finest odors. By touching other springs a whole gallery of pictures and prints of a gay and vivacious character made its appearance, and when she wished to leave her bath she had but to touch a bell, when, by a mechanical contrivance, she was lifted into an elegant moderately warmed and perfumed bed, where she was nicely dried. Then, by another mechanical contrivance, she was lifted on to a splendid elastic sofa, which glided into the adjoining boudoir.

In olden times it was considered the privilege of the bridegroom's friends to pull the garter from the blushing bride's knee, immediately after the wedding ceremony, and the man who was lucky enough to obtain it was looked upon with envy by his fellows. In those days garters were frequently adorned with precious stones, but this custom also fell into disuse, and the garter sank into insignificance, until now fashion has again decreed that it shall come into prominence once more. Garters of the most costly and extravagant style are now all the go, and the windows of the leading jewelers in Paris are gorgeous with displays of unique and costly designs of garters and garter-buckles. The fashion was revived some time ago, and the responsibility for it is laid at the door of ex-Queen Isabella of Spain. That lady has been one of the leaders of fashion since she gave up the business of running a government, and the news that she had given an order to a prominent jeweler in Paris for a pair of garters so studded with diamonds as to conceal the ribbons, set all the fashionable ladies agog. Immediately afterward they flooded the jewelers with orders as elaborate as their purses could afford, and now the garter-fever is all about. A *Sun* reporter called upon the leading jewelers recently, to ascertain the latest and newest styles. At Tiffany's, the manager said that orders for garters had been recently received which would rival in expense those reported to have been given by the European ladies. A number, he said, had been filled at a cost exceeding fifteen hundred dollars a pair. A great many garters had been sold for one thousand dollars, and a few for double that amount. He showed the reporter fifty different styles which he selected at random from the large stock. Some were quite moderate in price, but all were beautiful. "We have all sorts of customers for them," he said, "from tottering patriarchs to bashful young bridegrooms. Among the purchasers are many persons prominent in society. Some of the orders have entailed upon us a great deal of trouble and work, as we have had to employ special artists to get up the designs required. The old style of dividing a pair of garters is gaining ground again among betrothed couples. The young lady wears one and her sweetheart the other. The latter wears his, I believe, upon the arm." The garters are made with gold or silver buckles, and decorated to suit, or sometimes they are made of metal altogether. The ornamentation consists in engraving, filagree work, and precious stones. Diamonds, rubies, and sapphires are the favorites, but pearls, emeralds, and the golden topaz are also used frequently. Appropriate mottoes, ciphers understood by the giver and his lady love only, and declarations of love are among the inscriptions, which are often emblazoned with gems. One of the most beautiful and most expensive of those shown the reporter, was so cunningly made that the words of adoration were unnoticeable because of the sparkle of the diamonds unless closely scrutinized. The portrait of the lover is among the designs. Antique coins, appropriately set, with inscriptions on the reverse side, and laughable but artistic reproductions of insects are not uncommon. The most royal of all the designs seen by the reporter was made of small blocks of the purest gold, bound together by links of flexible gold. The links allowed the garter to be stretched to fit. Each block was a half-inch square and a quarter-inch thick. The lower side was smooth, with pretty bevelled edges. The top was worked into a mass of crusted gold, and contained three brilliant gems of largest size and purest water—a diamond, a ruby, and a sapphire. There were just a dozen blocks, and the links that connected them were sufficiently large to fill out the required length. Where the ends of the garter fastened together, a smooth shield of gold bore the monogram of the owner set in diamonds. This garter struck the topmost notch of beauty and artistic effect. It was also the most expensive the reporter saw. Crests set in diamonds are among the orders received from the select few who are supposed to be the leaders of New York society. The oldest and most unique affair is, however, the "Campanile bell." This is cut out of a block of gold. The tongue is frequently formed of a large gem. The gold is sufficiently hard to give out a distinct and clear tinkle when the bell is jostled. The idea is that the ring of the bell can be heard when the wearer moves about, and that will make it apparent to the initiated that she has on one of those costly garters, without her having to explain. The Gorham Manufacturing Company make a specialty of producing novel designs in garters in silver. Their business has become so large in this respect lately, the manager said, that they have fitted up a small room in the rear of the establishment where ladies can try them on. Silver serpents, with diamond eyes, are favorite designs in flexible metal. A specialty in buckles is to have different colors with silk elastic to match. In this metal also the [illegible] very high, orders as high as twelve hundred dollars a pair being nothing uncommon.

THE MAN IN BROWN.

A Tale Told by the Skeleton in the Cupboard.

The question of a man's responsibility to society for offenses committed against his own family is a burning one in New York at present. In the greatest of metropolitan clubs, three members, high in standing, are under the ban for gross and flagrant dishonesty. One is but partially stained, it is believed. The others are no better than common thieves, although their social station and their family connections have so far preserved them from the stripes. With the cases of General William Cutting and of Jerome B. Hill about to find their way into the open chronicle of New York's great club scandals, there is another story that is none the less worth telling, because it has never been openly told before.

In that section of Fifth Avenue where trade has commenced to rub shoulders with fashion most impudently, stands a brown-stone mansion. Brown-stone mansions are not so uncommon on Fifth Avenue that this fact alone should distinguish any special house from its neighbors, but there is that about this house itself that performs the office most effectively. Its closed blinds, which are never by any chance ajar; its weedy door-yard, where the grass runs to seed in summer and the snow lies piled in winter; the marks of inattention about the unswept steps and the unburnished door-metal, combine to give it a special physiognomy in which one may read its character. It is in houses such as this that rich men live without the refining or embellishing influence of female companionship, served by servants, to whom the master's negligence communicates itself until it becomes a sort of dry-rot that affects the roof that shelters them as well as themselves.

If, knowing this house familiarly, you were to meet its master in the street for the first time, you would know him. Whether his house has come to look like him or he to look like his house, I shall not attempt to decide. In as much as man built of flesh and sinew and bone can resemble a pile of masonry, mortar, and timber, the resemblance exists. He is a brown man, to begin with. His hair and whiskers, which are weedy in their growth, are kept that tint by dye, which you may see him sometimes applying to them out of a little bottle when his reflection in the convenient mirror afforded by a plate-glass shop-window arouses a suspicion in him that his juvenility needs reinforcement. His clothes are brown. There is a faint shade of umber in the pallor of his sunken face, in which his hazel-brown eyes sparkle liké a cat's under bushy brown brows. And above all, he carries with him the same air of neglect that would make a more cheaply dressed man look seedy, but which lends to him, as it does to his house, the suggestion of subtle and pervading decay.

At a certain hour every afternoon this man appears on Broadway. He comes into view suddenly, as if he had taken form out of the air, or been shot up through a trap from below the foundations of the town. The person does not exist, within my knowledge at least, who has ever seen him start from anywhere upon his daily promenade. I have myself stood at a street corner watching the crowd, with a clear view of it for blocks up and down, and been sure that he was no part of it, when all at once, there he was before me, walking with one shoulder a little higher than the other, and a slight shuffle to his steps, as if the dry-rot had commenced to palsy his feet, and his right hand in his pocket where he keeps his bottle of hair-dye. In this style he shambles up from Union Square to Delmonico's, blinking his stealthy eyes at the women's faces as they pass, and I have noted that the younger and fresher a pretty face is, the keener and crueler is the sparkle in his eyes, and the hungrier the parting of the dry brown lips, which his sly tongue moistens constantly.

Wherever he may begin his afternoon round, he ends it at his own door. He ends it, too, with the same prestidigitatorial swiftness that marks his coming. I have noted him from the club-window, and have seen him as I went by, standing on his doorstep, with his face leering covertly at the street, and in the flashing of a glance have lost him. It was as if a gust of wind had blown him through his keyhole, or the firm stone had parted to engulf him. I have never seen him make a movement to open the door himself; I have never seen the door open or shut. All that I have seen is that he was there, and was not there, between the drawing of two breaths. Perhaps the brown old man-servant, who watches at the grilled basement-window like a prisoner behind the bars, may have something to do with it. At any rate it is done.

When the gaslight attracts to Broadway its usual nightly crowd, he is there again. He passes through Delmonico's like a phantom; speaking to no one, and recognizing no one, and being spoken to or recognized by none. The strong glare of the electric lights gives a new grotesqueness to his mocking face, and what with this, and with his warped figure and curious gait, he reminds one of some satyr translated from the groves of fable to New York, and invested in the livery of the time. The youngsters about the tables in the café view him with, perhaps, not unnatural curiosity, though they must know him well enough by this time, and tell many stories about him which, doubtless, do not suffer by the license of the imagination. The most eloquent and significant story that I know about him is one in which I saw him act his part, with my own eyes.

It was after the theatre. I was crossing Madison Square on my way from the Lyceum to supper. The night was keen, and white with moonlight which, aided by the electric lights, made a glare intenser than that of day. Huddling on the benches in the Park, some homeless creatures, men and women, were stealing a scrap of broken rest from the vigilance of the guardians of the peace. In the open space around the fountain I saw my man in brown, walking at his usual gait. The shadows of the trees made a wall of blackness all around him. He stopped, and I saw that a man had emerged from the blackness and accosted him. When I came upon them, so close in passing that I might have touched either with my hand, I noted that there was an amazing resemblance between the two, that left no doubt as to their relationship. They must be brothers, and, with almost equal certainty, twins; but while the one bore all the marks of abundance about him, the other was branded by the abjectest poverty. This man had been speaking in a loud and angry voice, and as I came up with them, the other admonished him with a warning "Ssh!"

"Why should I hush?" cried the shabby man; "I have nothing to be ashamed of. I did not rob my brother of his money, and his wife, and child, and send him to the devil, did I?"

He had raised his voice, as I passed on, with an evident intention to have it reach my ears. The man in brown said something which I did not catch, and the other called to me to stop. I kept on my way, of course, and an hour later saw the brown man climbing the steps of the brown house, while a squalid shadow of himself skulked at the nearest corner, watching him with a white fury in its face and a red anger in its eye, that meant murder as plainly as if the word had been branded on the frowning brow.

For some weeks thereafter I rarely saw the man in brown, and I saw him daily, without this menacing familiar. As he shambled along, his sordid other self limped close behind him. Neither seemed to give any attention to the other, nor did the man in brown betray any special annoyance at the dogged pursuit of which he was made the object. But he did not ogle the women as unctuously as had been his wont, and there was a wicked spark in the hazel-brown eyes that could be easily translated to mean trouble. That the little drama would have found a tragic climax, I had begun to feel sure, when, one afternoon, fate stepped in to prevent it. The brown man's shadow, in the middle of his chase, fell in a fit. He foamed at the mouth, and writhed in convulsions, and howled incoherent curses till the police carried him off to a hospital, where, two days later, he died. The newspapers announced it in a paragraph, stating that he had been the black sheep of an old Knickerbocker family; that he had been cast off by his relatives, and had served a long term in State Prison for forgery. The man in brown paid for his funeral, and, no doubt, viewed it as a rare bargain; for several days there was a visible elation about his face and manner, and he appeared to pursue his daily routine of existence with a renewed zest.

Then a dark change came over him. Was it because, in the dim solitude of his sealed-up house, some spectre that he would not have, had come to haunt him? It looked so. He prolonged his excursions about the streets far beyond his usual hours. He commenced them earlier, and dragged them to such wearisome extremes that you would sometimes see him taking a coach late at night, worn out by his uneasy tramp. His old man-servant began to follow him about, as if the necessity of some supervising watchfulness had declared itself, and he would now and then break out in snatches of disjointed speech, and emphasize them with odd and unreasonably violent gestures that made even the people longest accustomed to his appearance stare in wonder.

A week ago I sat in the parlor of one of our big club-houses, with a friend. Quite a crowd had filtered into the room from dinner, until it was well filled with lounging and chatting groups. A little bustle in the hall did not attract any attention, and the hum of conversation was unbroken when the man in brown appeared in the parlor doorway. Behind him I could see the servants of the house gathered in a group and watching him curiously. He stood for a second on the threshold, and then came in. In a flash the placid flow of small talk was silenced. One old member growled in a voice audible throughout the room "Well, I'm d—d!" and the man in brown saluted him by name. He made no answer, but stared stonily at the visitor. So did the others to whom the man in brown nodded or spoke as he shambled down the room. At the farther end he passed out through the doorway leading into the dining-room, and such a buzzing filled the air at once as made ample amends for the stupefaction that had preceded it. There are members of this club who are not saints, by any means. Among them are hard livers, desperate gamesters, men of unclean lives, and those at whose doors grave charges of dishonesty and dishonor lie. What must be the offence of this man, then, when, upon his first visit to the club for years, the whole club cuts him dead?

It is a gloomy story indeed; the story of a family feud that cut in both directions, like a two-edged sword—the story of one brother envying the other his share of their patrimony and robbing him of it, by strictly legal means, and casting his plundered victim out to live in misery and to die in despair. Superfluously enriched at the expense of the family honor, the wealth which his brother's life-blood stains has brought the man in brown only the cold comfort of possession. In grasping it he has relinquished all the ties of love and friendship, and all the esteem and favor of old associates. Like the stolen jewel of the Oriental story, the prize of his crime has been his crime's avenger. It has imposed upon him the pariah's mark, which warns men back and infects its own splendor with a corroding poison.

I noticed yesterday, that an expressman was unloading some trunks, beplastered with steamship labels, at the door of the brown-stone mansion on the Avenue. My morning paper tells me that the wife of the man in brown, who was the wife of that brother dead a few weeks back in the public madhouse, has been hastily summoned home from years of residence in Europe, and the family doctors are in mysterious council. There, outside my window as I write, the man in brown goes by with his lips working and one hand quivering its fingers at the bitter air as if to clutch something and hold it fast. The only physician who can quench the fire burning under those shaggy, brown-dyed brows is the universal master of all ills, who administers but one prescription. Be the decision of the family doctors what it may, it is to this supreme arbiter of their craft that they must finally appeal.

NEW YORK, December 29, 1887. ALFRED TRUMBLE.

An old Roman fire-place, with the ashes and chimney well preserved, was unearthed at the market-place, Mayence, recently. The pipes were earthenware, and fitted exactly into one another. A monumental stone bearing the inscription, "Leg. XIII., G. E. M.," found close by, was nearly twenty-two inches long by nearly twelve inches broad.

A woman, in order to decide whether her canaries had eyes for color, placed in their cages two bathing-cups, one of white-ware, the other of pink glass. The birds looked at the two cups critically for an instant, and then both fluttered into the colored one, and since that won't bathe in any other.

THE LATEST VERSE.

Pepita.

Up in her balcony where
Vines through the lattices run
Spilling a scent on the air,
Setting a screen to the sun,
Fair as the morning is fair,
Sweet as a blossom is sweet,
Dwells in her rosy retreat
Pepita.

Often a glimpse of her face
When the wind rustles the vine
Parting the leaves for a space
Gladdens this window of mine—
Pink in its leafy embrace,
Pink as the morning is pink,
Sweet as a blossom I think
Pepita.

I who dwell over the way
Watch where Pepita is bid—
Safe from the glare of the day
Like an eye under its lid:
Over and over I say—
Name like the song of a bird,
Melody shut in a word—
"Pepita."

Look where the little leaves stir!
Look, the green curtains are drawn!
There in a blossomy blur
Breaks a diminutive dawn—
Dawn and the pink face of her—
Name like a lisp of the south,
Fit for a rose's small mouth—
Pepita!

—*Frank Dempster Sherman in January Century.*

The Old Man and Jim.

Old man never had much to say—
'Ceptin' to Jim—
And Jim was the wildest boy he had—
And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Never heerd him speak but once
Er twice in my life—and first time was
When the army broke out, and Jim he went,
The Old man backin' him, fer three months—
And all 'at I heerd the Old man say
Was, jes' as we turned to start away—
"Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Peared-like, he was more satisfied
Jes' *lookin'* at Jim
And likin' him all to hisse'f-like, see?—
'Cause he was jes' wrapped up in him!
And over and over I mind the day
The Old man come and stood round in the way
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim—
And down at the deepot a-heerin' him say—
"Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Never was nothin' about the farm
Disting'ished Jim;—
Neighbors all ust to wonder why
The Old man 'peared wrapped up in him:
But when Cap. Biggler, he writ back
'At Jim was the bravest boy we had
In the whole dern regiment, white er black,
And his fightin' good as his farmin' bad—
'At he had led, with a bullet clean
Bored through his thigh, and carried the flag
Through the bloodiest battle you ever seen—
The Old man wound up a letter to him
'At Cap. read to us, 'at said—"Tell Jim
Good-bye;
And take keer of hisse'f."

Jim come back jes' long enough
To take the whim
'At he'd like to go back in the calvery—
And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him!—
Jim 'lowed 'at he'd had sich luck afore,
Guessed he'd tackle her three years more.
And the Old man give him a colt he'd raised
And follered him over to Camp Ben Wade,
And laid around fer a week er so,
Watchin' Jim on dress-parade—
Tel finally he rid away,
And last he heerd was the Old man say—
"Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Tuk the papers, the Old man did,
A-watchin' fer Jim—
Fully believin' he'd make his mark
Some way—jes' wrapped up in him!—
And many a time the word 'u'd come
'At stirred him up like the tap of a drum—
At Petersburg, fer instance, where
Jim rid right into their cannons there,
And tuk 'em, and p'inted 'em t'other way,
And socked it home to the boys in gray,
As they skooted fer timber, and on and on—
Jim a lieutenant and one arm gone,
And the Old man's words in his mind all day—
"Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

Think of a private, now, perhaps,
We'll say like Jim,
'At's clumb clean up to the shoulder-straps—
And the Old man jes' wrapped up in him!
Think of him—with the war plum' through,
And the glorious old Red-White-and-Blue
A-laughin' the news down over Jim
And the Old man, bendin' over him—
The surgeon turnin' away with tears
'At hadn't leaked fer years and years—;
As the hand of the dyin' boy clung to
His father's, the old voice in his ears—
"Well; good-bye, Jim:
Take keer of yourse'f!"

—*James Whitcomb Riley in January Century.*

La Californie.

An arid place: I would not call it fair:
Low-lying marshes dappled with the sea;
A raised white road that stretches endlessly
Across the sunshine in a lilac glare.

One liquid shadow marks the only house,
Sun-smitten, white, below the causeway-edge,
Screened from the sea-winds with a broken hedge
Of straggling cypress rearing dusty boughs.

Naught else; save only where the wind breaks through
Those Indian reeds that end the sun-baked plains,
Divides the yellow thicket of the canes,
And dazzles with an endless breadth of blue.

Sea, marsh, and sun: 'tis something less than fair;
Yet, ah! my dear, we were so happy there.

—*A. Mary F. Robinson in the Woman's World.*

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

White & Allen have purchased the plates of "The Thompson Street Poker Club," and expect to issue it in new dress next summer.

During the recent French crisis, the circulation of the Paris *Petit Journal* ran up to over one million one hundred thousand copies daily.

Professor de Filippe, whose "Simplified Method of Acquiring the Spanish Language," recently published by the Bancroft Company, has been very successful, is now preparing a similar work on the French language.

The Trollope family, of England, have written two hundred and twenty-five books, as follows: Mrs. Trollope, Sr., one hundred and fifteen; Anthony Trollope, one hundred; Adolphus Trollope, fifty; Mrs. Theodore Trollope, ten.

Algernon Charles Swinburne has broken forth again. This time he uses satire as his weapon. The January number of the *Nineteenth Century* will have an article from his pen entitled "Dethroning Tennyson." It will relate how a crazy woman devoted years to proving that Tennyson's poems were written by Darwin.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish shortly a novel by J. V. Pritchard, entitled "An Unlaid Ghost: a study in metempsychosis." It is based upon the Platonic theory of the transmigration of the soul. In Part I. it gives a graphic picture of the misspent life of Poppæa Sabina, Nero's empress, and then imagines that her recreant soul returns to earth and takes up its abode in a French woman of the present day.

When Mr. Lowell had corrected the proofs of "The Biglow Papers," his publishers told him that one or two pages had been left blank, which it was necessary to fill; so he wrote "The Courtin'," and sent it to the printers. Those intelligent gentlemen set up as many verses as they needed and—threw the rest away! The poem made a great hit as it stood; and it was years before the author put his hand to it again and finished it.

The last part of the series of thirty photogravures after American pictures, with text by Alfred Trumble, which the Scribners are publishing by subscription, is passing through the press. This is the most ambitious attempt of its kind ever made in New York city. It was begun by the photogravure firm of Handy, Scott & Co, with the co-operation of the artists represented in it. The inability of this house to circulate the work led to its transfer to the Scribners, whose subscription system speedily secured for it a large sale.

Lippincott's Magazine announces that its Monthly Gossip "will henceforth be an editorial department, in which information will be volunteered upon any literary, scientific, or miscellaneous topic of general interest, and queries upon such topics will be answered. Queries from all sources are invited, and every effort will be made to answer them fully and entertainingly. But it is requested that correspondents will refrain from sending queries to which sufficient answers may be found in such familiar books of reference as Brewer's 'Reader's Handbook,' Brewer's 'Phrase and Fable,' Bartlett's 'Familiar Quotations,' Wheeler's 'Noted Names of Fiction,' 'Lippincott's 'Biographical Dictionary,' Chambers's and other encyclopedias, classical dictionaries, etc."

There has been a lively correspondence in the London *Standard* over the Thackeray-Brookfield letters recently printed in *Scribner's Magazine*. Commenting upon it, the *Pall Mall Gazette* says: "Thackeray left the copyright of all his letters, published and unpublished, to Mr. George Smith. In spite of this, Mrs. Brookfield offered for a high price to Messrs. Scribner a series of letters of which, though the possession was hers, the right of publication was Mr. Smith's. Messrs. Scribner bought the letters, published them, and presumably made a handsome profit out of the sharp practice." To publish a series of letters purchased from the owner for the avowed purpose of publication (says the *Critic*), is not called "sharp practice" on this side of the Atlantic, even by the sternest advocates of international copyright.

Mr. Edgar Van Evertsen Saltus is a New Yorker, of a family that reaches back to the days of the early Dutch colonists, and is twenty-nine years of age. He received his early education at St. Paul's school, at Concord, N. H., and completed it in France and Germany. He is a Doctor of Philosophy of the University of Heidelberg. For a number of years Mr. Saltus was a casual contributor to the press, of verse and prose. His admiration for Balzac led him to the publication of a monograph on the great Frenchman. Then came "The Philosophy of Disenchantment," followed by "The Anatomy of Nagation" and crowned by "Mr. Incoul's Misadventure." The Balzac was produced in 1884. Previous to that time, except in literary circles, its author was unknown. In the summer of the present year he was one of the most widely talked of writers of our day.

Writing in the January *Lippincott's* on "The Browning Craze," Edgar Fawcett says: "The spirit of American culture has always been an imitative one, and not seldom to a snobbish degree. It was quite in the order of things that the 'Browning Craze' should rise in London, flow a westerly course, and empty into Chicago. But it submerged Boston on its way—or at least partially so. I have no doubt that in both cities the societies which have been its offspring possess many intelligent and sincere members. But it is very improbable that all these members are either intelligent or sincere. One might confidently assert that a great many of them are clouded by dullness and tinctured with toadyism. It does not require much brains for anybody to perceive that the assumption of a certain taste will produce the appearance of exclusiveness on the part of such an assumer. The jargon of the art-schools, for example, is easily caught, and at almost any exhibition of foreign paintings you will discover that some picture which the general public would turn from as unpardonably quaint, rococo, or audacious will attract a little coterie of fervid adorers. Perhaps a few of these may honestly believe that the painter in question is a towering genius; but the majority are yearning to anoint his locks with spikenard and myrrh solely because he is considered 'caviare to the general,' above the vulgar herd, *et hoc genus omne*. The 'Craze' which Browning has succeeded in rousing is one of those inexplicable drifts of literary fashion that mark, both here and in England, our strange passing century. But in England it is not their first similar mistake. They crowned and then discrowned poor Sidney Dobell; they raved over and then flouted Alexander Smith; they lifted Gerald Massey upon a lyric pedestal only to hurl him downward a little later. For us Americans to catch this curious fever is far less excusable, and a good deal of fatuous, cringing anglomania is at the bottom of it. To-day we are devoutly imitating British perversity in our genuflection before a very ordinary Russian novelist named Tolstoi, and both writing and speaking of that sketchy, padded, interminable tale, 'Anna Karénina,' as if it were really a classic masterpiece."

Some Magazines.

In the January *Harper's* the first article is about "The Adoration of the Magi," by the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke. Engravings of various famous pictures on the subject are given. "The Italian Chamber of Deputies" is an instructive historical sketch of the present popular branch of the Italian Legislature, by J. S. Farrer, illustrated by twenty portraits of prominent deputies. They are not handsome. Amélie Rives tells a story of life south of the Potomac in "Virginia of Virginia." "In Far Lochâber," by William Black is begun. "Modern French Sculpture," by Theodore Child, is illustrated by drawings from photographs. Under the heading "The Tariff. [For Revenue Only]" Henry Watterson sets forth the views of the Free-trade reformer in this country. "The Share of America in Westminster Abbey" is by Archdeacon Farrar, the cuts of tombs, windows, and busts are engraved from photographs. The departments, as usual, are interesting.

The January *Century's* articles embrace an authoritative account of the formation of Lincoln's Cabinet in the history by the President's private secretaries, with many unpublished letters; Mr. Kennan's startling record of personal investigations of "Russian Provincial Prisons;" Professor Atwater's paper on the "Pecuniary Economy of Food;" an illustrated article on "The Catacombs of Rome" by the Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff; a biographical sketch of John Gilbert, with portraits by J. W. Alexander; a critique and personal sketch of John Ruskin by Mr. Stillman, with a portrait for the frontispiece of the number; "An Elk-Hunt on the Plains" by Schwatka, with drawings by the younger Inness; "The Upper Missouri and the great Falls" by E. V. Smalley (illustrated); contributions by Cable, Eggleston, and Stockton (a sequel to "Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine;") letters on Industrial Education in the public schools from superintendents who have tried it; a play by Mark Twain entitled "Meisterschaft" which strikes us as rather heavy humor; Cleland on the Piedmont Exposition; on "Hawthorne's Loyalty," etc.; poems contributed by James Whitcomb Riley, Langdon Mitchell, John W. Chadwick, Charles G. Roberts, William H. Hayne, Robert Burns Wilson, William Young, Charles H. Webb, Walter Learned, Frank D. Sherman, and others.

New Publications.

Plutarch's Lives of Agesilaus, Pompey, and Phocion are issued in the National Library of Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"Later Lyrics," by Julia Ward Howe, comprising poems of the war, lyrics of the street, parables, poems of study and experience, and "Her Verses," a lyrical romance, has been published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

"Elocution for Advanced Pupils," by John Murray, is a sensible and practical text-book for the guidance and education of elocutionists who are mechanically good readers but inartistic. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.; price, $1.00.

A new "Life of Washington" has been issued. It is the work of Virginia F. Townsend, and while it brings up nothing new, its claim to originality lies in the fact that in it the Father of His Country is viewed from the woman's standpoint, and, consequently, his domestic life in Virginia is made more prominent. Published by the Worthington Company, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"The Colonel's Money," by Lucy C. Lillie, is a fairly interesting story for children. It follows the fortunes of a little New England girl to whom a distant English relative leaves his money, and who goes across the ocean to obtain her inheritance, meeting with the small adventures and mildly pleasurable excitements peculiar to heroines of fiction. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company; price, $1.00.

"The Stories of the Magicians" is a book containing three Oriental tales, retold by the Rev. Alfred J. Churchill, for young readers. The tales are prose versions of Southey's "Thalaba the Destroyer," and "The Curse of Kehama," and a new and simplified telling of "The Story of Rustem," condensed from Firdausi's "Book of the Kings." The stories are curiously illustrated with reproductions of drawings taken from Persian and Indian manuscripts in the British Museum. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

"Frontier Stories" is the title given to a new volume of Bret Harte's short stories of life on the borders of civilization. The contents are: "Flip, a California Romance," "Found at Blazing Star," "In the Carquinez Woods," "At the Mission of San Carmel," "A Blue Grass Penelope," "Left Out on Lone Star Mountain," and "A Ship of Forty-Nine," comprising some of Bret Harte's best productions of the last five years. Most of these stories have appeared in the *Argonaut*, and all have been noticed here. This makes Volume VI. of the Author's Complete Edition of his works. Those having the others should secure it.

"Ran Away from the Dutch, or Borneo from South to North," by M. T. H. Perelaer, late of the Dutch Indian Service, has been translated into English by Maurice Blok and adapted by A. P. Mendes. It is a curious and exciting story, narrating the adventures of four deserters from the Dutch service—two Swiss, a Belgian, and a native—who cross Borneo from south to north, passing through the country of hostile Dyaks who are known by the expressive name of head-hunters, meeting with innumerable and incredible hardships and adventures, and finally arriving safely in the English possessions. The book is illustrated. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $2.25.

"A Magnificent Plebeian," by Julia Magruder, is a novel for boarding-school misses. Helen Mayne, the heroine, is not a half-bad sort of girl, but she is very young and ingenuous. She falls in love with a man who has been the builder of his own fortunes, being attracted at first by the faultless fit of his dress-coat, the mystery of the initial in his signature, "V. Vernon," and his apparent indifference to the charms of the female sex. There is a lot of sentimental twaddle in the book, and the pair are eventually mated, despite the existence of a cousin who aspires to Helen's hand and, being Vernon's law partner, is able to complicate the story somewhat. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia of Knowledge and Language" is the title of a new work which aims to fill the places of both dictionary and encyclopedia. It gives the pronounciation, derivation, various spellings, and full meanings of all words which can justly claim a place in the English language; and its historical, biographical, scientific, economic, and other articles, many of them illustrated, which are prepared under the direction of competent specialists, contain a vast amount of information, without the cumbering details of the larger works. It is the publisher's intention to issue one volume each month until the completion. The first volume, from A to America, containing six hundred and thirty pages of closely printed matter, is of convenient size and tastefully bound. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

A valuable reference work for the study, and a curious book to glance through, is "Sobriquets and Nicknames," by A. R. Frey. Its object is to give the *sobriquets* which have been bestowed upon the world's great men and women, wherever possible relating the story, or circumstances in which it originated, sometimes briefly and again at considerable length. The longest article, on the Man in the Iron Mask, occupies over twenty-five pages, in which more than a score of theories as to the mysterious mask's identity are discussed. The book is in two parts, the first and larger being a list of *sobriquets* arranged alphabetically, with full details as to identity, origin, etc.; and the second is an alphabetical list of the true names of famous persons, giving the dates of their birth and death, together with their nicknames. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.

"Pre-Glacial Man and the Aryan Race," by Lorenzo Burge, is a "history of creation and of the birthplace and wanderings of man in Central Asia, from B. C. 32,500 to B. C. 8,000, with a history of the Aryan race, commencing B. C. 15,000, their rise and progress, and the promulgation of the first revelation; their spiritual decline and the destruction of the nation, B. C. 4,705; the inroad of the Turanians and the scattering of the race, B. C. 4,304, as deciphered from a very ancient document. Also an exposition of the law governing the formation and duration of the glacial period, and a record of its effects on man, and on the configuration of the globe. A chapter on the deluge, its cause, locality, and extent; and an account of the 'Oannes Myth.'" The material of the book is drawn from a wide variety of sources, including Genesis, scientific theories, and the author's inner consciousness. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Nollekens made a portrait bust of Dr. Samuel Johnson, which is known as a strong and characteristic likeness, although it represents the doctor not in his wig, but with a flowing head of hair, which he never wore. Johnson protested against figuring in such guise, but Nollekens refused to change it, alleging, among other reasons, that "he had paid a man eighteen pence to sit for the hair, and he was not going to that expense for nothing."

A Philadelphia lawyer was appointed solicitor for a a certain business house in that city. At the end of the year he was asked to send in his account, which he did by lumping everything, simply saying, "So and So, Dr. to Professional Services, $2 000." The manager was a great stickler for form, and sent back the account, asking for an itemized statement. The lawyer did as requested, and at the bottom tacked on the following: "To preparing itemized statement, $100." After a murmur of horror and astonishment, it was paid.

At a recent dinner in England, where the champagne flowed in almost excessive flood, the evening was well advanced, when a benignant old gentleman arose to propose a toast. He spoke with entire fluency; but somehow he said exactly the opposite of what he meant. "I feel," said he, "that for a plain country squire like myself to address this learned company, is indeed to cast pearls before swine." Never was so successful a speech made. He could get no farther for many minutes. The swine applauded vociferously, and as though they would never cease.

In the South Kensington Museum, London, there is an enormous skeleton of a mastodon from Benton County, Mo. This summer when Congressman O'Neill, of that State, was over, he was wandering around the museum lonesome enough to kill, and worn out looking at so many strange things. Finally he ran across the mastodon. His eye rested upon the inscription and a wonderful light came into his face: "By thunder, John," he exclaimed rapturously to his companion, "look at that! Just look at it once!" His companion, an Englishman, looked with more or less indifference. "I see it," he said with provoking coolness. "But, man, look at that inscription; it comes from Missouri!" continued the Congressman enthusiastically. "Old Missouri! My State, man! And it's the biggest d—d thing in the whole museum!"

Count Stackleberg was the minister of Catherine II. in Poland. M. von Thugut, being sent to that country by the Emperor Leopold, when he was to have his audience of Poniatowski, was introduced into a salon, when, seeing a man gravely seated, and surrounded by Polish lords respectfully standing before him, he took him for the king, and began his complimentary speech. It was Stackleberg, who was in no hurry to set him right. Thugut, informed of his mistake, was vexed and ashamed. In the evening, being at cards with Stackleberg and the king, he played a card, saying: "The king of clubs!" "You are wrong!" said the king, "it is the knave!" The Austrian embassador, pretending to have been mistaken, answered, slapping his forehead: "Ah! sire, pardon me, this is the second time to-day I have taken a knave for a king."

Mr. James Payn, the novelist (says the *Critic*) is the editor of *The Cornhill Magazine*, and adjoining his sanctum in Waterloo Place is the office of a medical and surgical journal. One day his door was cautiously opened by a pale-faced and long-haired person, who in answer to his interrogative glance said slowly and dubiously: "I have brought you a little thing about Sarcoma and Carcinoma." "I am sorry to say, sir," replied Mr. Payn, blandly, "that we have all the poetry on hand that we can use at present." The visitor did not withdraw, however. "Poetry!" he exclaimed—"this is not poetry! It is an essay for the medical journal on two tumors—Sarcoma and Carcinoma." "I beg your pardon," the editor said, unruffled by his mistake. "I thought they were Italian lovers." The long-haired gentleman was a medical professor, who had blundered into the wrong office.

A gentleman once sent a picture to Poole, the painter, asking him to sign it. Although the purchaser had been assured that the work was Poole's own, no name could be found on it. The artist looked at the picture, and said: "Tell the person who sent this thing for me to sign that it is not my work. I never saw it before, and hope I shall never see it again." The irate owner then sought out the man who had sold it, and together they went to the artist. "Do you think you would know your own handwriting, sir?" said the dealer. "Suppose I should," answered Poole. "Then do me the favor to cast your eye on that," showing a receipt. Poole read it, and paused. "Yes," said he, "that's my receipt, sure enough." Again he looked at the picture long and steadily. "I can't for the life of me recollect it," said he; "but I do remember painting a small picture of 'Lear and Cordelia' in the year ——. I painted it on a piece of panel, made from the wood of an old, worn-out piano, and if that is the one, you will find a small knot in the wood at the back." The picture was reversed, and lo! there was the knot.

An Irishman over the age of fourscore and ten, who by strict economy had accumulated a modest fortune, and was about to die, called in the parish priest and the family lawyer to make his last will and testament. The wife, a grasping, covetous old party, was also in the room. The preliminaries of the will having been concluded, it became necessary to inquire about the debts owing to the estate. Among these were several of importance of which the old lady had been in ignorance, but was nevertheless pleased to find so much ready money would be forthcoming after the funeral. "Now, then," said the lawyer, "state explicitly the amount owed you by your friends." "Timothy Brown," replied the old man, "owes me fifty pounds; John Casey owes me thirty-seven pounds; and——" "Good! good!" ejaculated the prospective widow; "rational to the last!" "Luke Bowen owes me forty pounds," resumed the old man. "Rational to the last!" put in the eager old lady again. "To Michael Liffey I owe two hundred pounds." "Ah!" exclaimed the old woman. "*hear him rave!*"—*Harper's.*

It used to be said that Turner sometimes painted the whole of his pictures during varnishing days. This was absurd; but he did sometimes make great changes in them after they were hung, and that to the serious injury of their neighbors. In one of the Royal Academy exhibitions a long, narrow, delicately colored picture by David Roberts, "A View of Edinburgh," was placed next to Turner's "Masaniello and the Fisherman's Ring." When first placed on the wall Masaniello's queer figure was relieved by a pale gray sky, the whole effect being almost as gray and quiet as Roberts's picture. Turner was a very man, with a large head, and a face usually much muffled "to protect it from the draughts" for which the rooms were celebrated. Both he and Roberts stood upon boxes, and worked silently at their respective pictures. If there was no great change in the aspect of "Edinburgh," there was no doubt whatever that "Masaniello" was rapidly undergoing a treatment which was very damaging to its neighbor without a compensating improvement to itself. The gray sky had become an intense blue, and was every instant becoming so blue that even Italy could scarcely be credited with it. Roberts moved uneasily on his box stool. Then, with a sidelong look at Turner's picture, he said in the broadest Scotch. "You are making that varra blue." Turner said nothing, but added more and more ultra-marine. This was too much. "I'll just tell ye what it is, Turner, you re playing the deevil with my picture, with that sky—ye never saw such a sky as that!" Turner moved his muffler on one side, looked down at Roberts and said. "You attend to your business and leave me to attend to mine." And to this hour "Masaniello" remains—now in the cellars of the National Gallery—with the bluest sky ever seen in a picture and never seen out of one.

SOCIETY.

At the Hotel del Monte.

A large number of society people made the new Hotel del Monte their abiding place during the holidays. The pleasures enjoyed there in the past, were repeated by the guests with the exception of swimming, as the tanks are not yet open. There were drives during the day, visits to the maze, the bowling alley and the beach, and a match game of baseball between amateurs on Monday afternoon. The evenings of Saturday and Monday were devoted to dancing in the spacious ball-room to Ballenberg's music. In this pleasant way the few days and evenings preceding and following the advent of the New Year were agreeably passed. Most of the guests have returned to the city.

Among those who passed the holidays there were: Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Low, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hammond, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Haines, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Spalding, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Roe, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Walkington, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Downing, General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Maynard, Mr. and Mrs. S. Hort, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames, Dr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard, Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mrs. Volney Spalding, Mrs. William Ward, Mrs. M. D. Wyatt, Mrs. Eugene Casserly, Mrs. A. J. Le Breton, Mrs. F. L. Arnold, Mrs. Robert Sherwood, Mrs. Grayrigge, Mrs. L. Hopkins, Mrs. Milton S. Latham, Mrs. C. V. Gummer, Mrs. Frank Latham, Mrs. M. Cheesman, Mrs. A. J. Pope, Mrs. K. MacDonough, Mrs. D. J. Tallant, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Fair, Miss Minnie Mizner, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Lizzie Sinton, Miss Maggie Kittle, Miss M. Eldridge, Miss Daisy Casserley, Miss Griffing, Miss Bloodgood, of New York, Miss Ida Moody, Miss C. K. Miller, Miss Annie Miller, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Minnie Houghton Miss Bessie Hooker, Miss Jennie Waters, Miss Virginia Hanchett, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss May E. Pope, Miss Flora Low, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss MacDonough, Miss Ida Burn, Miss Maud Burn, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Miss Nickerson, Miss Nettie Tubbs, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Anne Tallant, Miss Jennie Tallant, Miss Maud O'Connor, Mr. Charles Crocker, Mr. William R. Sherwood, Mr. Robert R. Grayson, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. B. C. Truman, Mr. E. F. Green, Mr. Montgomery Mather, Mr. J. L. Preston, Mr. J. Tobin, Mr. F. Reis, Jr., Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. A. Casserly, Mr. Cutler Paire, Mr. Charles O. Alexander, Mr. J. D. Sherwood, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. W. A. Powning, Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. James G. Eastland, Mr. P. L. Sherwood, Mr. Herbert J. Carolan, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Jr., Mr. H. E. Hall, Mr. E. J. de Pue, Mr. A. Taylor, Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. J. MacDonough, Mr. H. MacDonough, Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Frank Carolan, Mr. Alfred Tubbs, Mr. Austin, Tubbs, and many others.

Bachelors' Cotillion Club.

The german given last night at B'nai B'rith Hall by the members of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club was one of the most successful in the annals of the club. It was called "The Army German," as it was led by Lieutenant William H. Bean U. S. A., who was ably assisted at times by his fellow officers. The hall was prettily decorated with the national colors, pendants of fancy bunting, and other accessories. The first figure was commenced at half-past nine o'clock with Ballenberg's band providing the music. Lieutenant Bean had Miss May E. Pope as his partner, and guided the participants through a series of attractive and intricate figures which were greatly admired. There were quite a number present who had not attended the previous germans, and to them particularly the affair was a source of much delight. Dancing stopped precisely at midnight, and then a bounteous wine supper was served in the dining-hall on the lower floor, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion.

The Bandmann New Year Party.

Mrs. J. Bandmann and Miss Bandmann entertained a few friends very pleasantly on New Year's eve at their residence, 514 Lombard Street. The early part of the evening was devoted to dancing, and a few minutes before the advent of the New Year all were seated at a bounteously provided table, and a delicious supper was enjoyed as 1888 was ushered in.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Bandmann, Mrs. H. Albert Mau, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Mau, Miss Bandmann, Miss Carrie Platt, Miss Ottilia F. Mau, Miss Alice Mau, Miss Mollie Hanlon, Miss Emelie Hanlon, Miss Grace Maynard, Miss Hubbard, Mr. Charles J. Bandmann, Lieutenant L. P. Brant, U. S. A., Mr. Frank Unger, Mr. George B. Knowles, Jr., Mr. Percy Rothwell, Mr. Robert B. Woodward, Mr. Charles H. Jackson, Mr. Frank D. Willey, Mr. Merguire, and others.

Movements and Whereabouts.

General W. H. Dimond, and Miss E Dimond returned from Menlo Park last Monday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Miss Inez Shorb, of San Gabriel, will remain here until March.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee has returned from Chico, accompanied by Mrs. Henry Reed, whom she has been visiting. They are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Albert E Castle has returned to San Diego after a fortnight's visit here.

Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson returned from Del Monte early in the week.

Miss Julia Peyton, of Santa Cruz, has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Hall McAllister.

Miss Georgie Grayson, Miss Lena Brigham, Miss Ralston, Mr. W. C. Ralston, and Mr. R. R. Grayson, passed the holidays at the Hotel Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Hovey will not return from New York until March.

Mr. Charles F. Mullins and Signor Enrico Campobello returned to the city on Tuesday from a trip through Sonoma County.

General Walter Turnbull returned from Berlin last Saturday after an absence of about four months. Mrs. and Miss Turnbull are still in Germany.

Mrs. Yzaga departed for New York last Wednesday, after a visit here of several months.

Colonel B. O. Carr, of St. Helena, was in the city a few days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Wickersham and Miss May Wickersham, of Petaluma, have been stopping at the Grand Hotel for several days.

Dr. E. George went to Los Angeles early in the week, and will reside there permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., and Miss Jennie de la Montanya have returned from a visit to Judge and Mrs. F. E. Spencer at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum are passing the winter in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Collier, of St. Louis, arrived here last Tuesday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Rideout, of Marysville, are passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs were in the city several days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Greenbaum and Miss Levy will start for Europe next Tuesday. They will return to San Francisco in about six months.

Miss Marie Dillon will visit friends in San José next week.

Peter J. Donahue is visiting his sister, Mrs. Burke, [illegible]

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. W. Frank Goad will give a matinée tea next Saturday, at her home on Washington Street.

Mrs. William H. Howard will give a fancy-dress ball and german at her residence, Wednesday evening, January 18th. All who attend must appear in fancy dress.

The next assembly has been postponed until the latter part of the month.

The wedding of Miss Ottilia F. Mau and Mr. Charles J. Bandmann will take place at half-past eight o'clock next Wednesday evening, at the first Presbyterian Church on Van Ness Avenue. Miss Alice Mau, Miss Julia Mau, and Miss Bandmann will be the bridesmaids. A reception will follow at the residence of Mrs. H. Albert Mau, 2324 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. William T. Wallace will give a reception at her residence, 799 Van Ness Avenue, next Thursday evening, in honor of her daughter, Miss Marguerite Wallace. Only the young friends of Miss Wallace will be present.

The marriage of Emily Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Chapman, to Frederick Yates, took place on Saturday, December 31st, at St. Paul's Church, San Rafael.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Joran Concert.

The Misses Lula, Pauline and Elise Joran, who have been absent in Australia during the past year, gave a concert at Irving Hall last night with the assistance of Miss Ella Lark-Aldini, soprano, and a string quartet. The attendance was gratifying and appreciative, and the programme was one well calculated to display the ability of the participants. The selections were as follows:

Duo (for two pianos) Polonaise ..... Saint-Saens
(First time in San Francisco.)
Lula and Pauline.

Aria, "Caro Nome" (Rigoletto) ..... Verdi
Miss Ella Aldini.

Violin Solo (Suite in F)
(a) Praeludium .....
(b) Romanza ..... } F. Reis
(c) Scherzo .....
Pauline.

Piano Solo
(a) "Tarantelle" .....
(b) Polonaise (C sharp, minor ..... } Chopin
(c) "Elfinspiel" ..... Heyman
Elise.

Serenade (voice, violin, and two pianos) ..... Gounod
Miss Aldini and the Misses Joran.

Duo (for two pianos) Rondo op. 73 ..... Chopin
Elise and Pauline.

Song—"I Love Thee So" ..... Sir Wm. Robinson
(Governor of South Australia.)
Miss Ella Aldini.
(Composed expressly for Miss Aldini.)

Piano Solo, Scherzo B flat, minor ..... Chopin
Lula.

Violin Solo, "Zigeunerweisen" ..... Sarasate
Pauline.

Piano, Andante and Finale from the concerto in G minor ..... Mendelssohn
Elsie, assisted by Misses Lula and Pauline, and String Quartet.

An operatic concert will be given at Saratoga Hall, next Friday evening, by Miss Alice Canning, a pupil of Mme. Inez Fabbri-Mueller. An interesting programme will be presented.

Mr. Henry Heyman's next chamber music recital will be given at Pioneer Hall, on Thursday evening, January 26th.

Miss Sarah D. Hamlin, having received a large number of new views from Paris and London, will give two illustrated lectures at Irving Hall. "The Land of Shakespeare" will be the subject for Monday matinee, January 16th, and Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, January 17th and 18th. "Switzerland, through Savoy and the Oberland" will be given on the following Monday afternoon and on Wednesday and Friday evenings.

Euston Station, in London, England, is lighted by a new light which is believed to possess many advantages. Ordinary coal gas, mixed in about the proportion of one to eight of common air, is supplied under the usual gas-service pressure to burners over which are placed caps of platinum-wire gauze. The mixture, when lighted, burns without flame around the cap, which is raised to a brilliant white-heat by the combustion. The light is perfectly steady, there being no flame, it is said; is obtained with a given consumption of gas as by the old system. Twenty burners replace fifty of the old kind, and light a platform nine hundred feet in length.

The revelations of the microscope promise to add largely to our knowledge of the inhabitants of Egypt of three or four thousand years ago, by informing us as to the kinds of food in use at that time. The material which forms on the teeth, known commonly as tartar, is composed partly of the portions of the food consumed, and this deposit was removed from the teeth of mummies and microscopically examined, revealing in many instances what the food of the person had been.

Starting the New Year.

On this joyous, festive day good resolutions are made that are often never fulfilled. But every lady who is resolved to preserve in all its loveliness the graceful form nature has endowed her with, will never fail to do so by wearing Freud's celebrated corsets. The fame of these unrivaled goods is world-wide. Ladies should remember the only place to secure the best-fitting corsets especially adapted to every form Freud's Corset House, No. 742 and 744 Market Street and 10 and 12 Grant Avenue. Beware of imitations. Catalogues sent free on application. Address mail orders, Freud & Son, 742 and 744 Market Street. Make no mistake.

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Monday, January 9, 1888,
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SUB-DIVISION NO. 1
—OF THE—
PALERMO
CITRUS TRACT,
FIVE MILES SOUTH OF OROVILLE,
In the Heart of the
CITRUS BELT
Butte County, California.

"A REGION UPON WHICH NATURE HAS LAVISHED HER CHOICEST GIFTS IN THE WAY OF CLIMATE, SOIL, AND LANDSCAPE BEAUTY."

2,000 ACRES

In Subdivions of 1, 2, 3, 5, 10, and 20 Acre Lots, and Building Lots

—IN THE TOWN OF—
PALERMO,

Located near the centre of the Tract, on the line of the Northern California Railroad.

On Monday, January 9, 1888, at 9 A. M., we will open the sale of acre lots in subdivision No. 1 of Palermo Citrus Tract, and of building lots in the new town of Palermo, which lies in nearly the centre of the property and is located directly on the line of the Northern California Railroad. The entire subdivision, including the town site, is almost perfectly level, and with the exception of a portion which is covered by giant live and white oaks is all clear. The soil is a rich red and black gravelly loam, and is adapted to the culture of the orange, lemon, pomegranate, fig, plum, peach, pear, apple, olive, grape, and almost every citrus and deciduous fruit known. The celebrated Wheeler exhibit at the late Citrus Fair in Oroville, and now at our office, was all produced on land adjoining the Palermo Citrus Tract.

UNPRECEDENTED INDUCEMENTS.

This initial offering of valuable property in the Northern Citrus Belt brings with it some novel and extraordinary inducements.

FIRST—Our terms on acre lots will be 25 per cent. cash, with the balance payable in from one to four years, at the option of the purchaser.

SECOND—Purchasers can secure their choice of lots by paying a deposit of ten (10) per cent of the purchase money on and after Monday, January 9, 1888, and can have thirty days to examine property. If they find we have in any way misrepresented it their deposit will be returned and traveling expenses refunded.

THIRD—As an inducement to plant trees and vines, and otherwise improve the property, we offer to all those who will do so before July, 1889,

FREE WATER

For irrigating purposes for four (4) years from that date. The Feather River and Ophir Canal, which is now supplying the principal orange groves and gardens in and around Oroville, is being extended on the Palermo Citrus Tract, and water will be thoroughly distributed over the tract within the next few months. Irrigation is not necessary, however, except to citrus fruits and late vegetables. Splendid well-water is obtainable at from fifteen to forty feet.

FOURTH—In the new town of Palermo the avenues, which are broad and spacious, will all be uniformly leveled off and symmetrically graded; as speedily as possible water will be piped throughout the town; a depot will be built there within sixty days, and a handsome hotel will be erected shortly thereafter.

FIFTH—The terms of sale on the town lots will be one-half cash, balance in one or two years, at purchasers' option.

5, 10, and 20 acre lots, with water-rights, at $75 per acre.

Palermo Lots, $50 to $200 each; size, 50x150.

Lots in even-numbered blocks only will be sold in San Francisco. Odd-numbered blocks will be offered in Oroville, and no lots will be sold before Monday, January 9, 1888, at 9 o'clock A. M.

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Further particulars of

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IN AN ART GALLERY.

Mr. Clubman (who knows all about it)—This Verboeckhoven is simply atrocious!

Mr. Knobstick (who wishes he did know all about it)—It does seem rather-er-well, really, not quite up to the mark, you know.

Mr. Clubman—Why, it is vile, my dear fellow; positively vile. The veriest tyro in art ought to see that!

Mr Knobstick—Oh, yes, indeed!

Mr. Clubman—Now, this little canvas is not so bad!

Mr. Knobstick—So very natural, you know.

Mr. Clubman (patronizingly)—Natural, my dear boy, but not nature.

Mr. Knobstick—Oh, possibly, possibly!

Mr. Clubman—You never really saw grass and sky look like that grass and sky.

Mr. Knobstick—Now that you speak of it, I am not sure that I have, you know.

Mr. Clubman—Of course you haven't; the picture has delicacy and finish, but fidelity to nature—Bah!

Mr. Knobstick—I quite agree with you. This is a rather odd bit.

Mr. Clubman—Very odd; the lights, though, are managed very well—yes, really, very well.

Mr. Knobstick—It quite takes my fancy.

Mr. Clubman—Oh, it is a very faulty canvas otherwise—full of glaring errors.

Mr. Knobstick—Oh, here is a Gérôme!

Mr. Clubman—Yes, not at his best; a fairish composition only. I tell you, my dear boy, the majority of paintings are overrated—there is nothing in them.

* * * * * * *

Miss Facetious—What's this?—"After the Ball!" She looks as if she were sorry she went.

Young Mr. Funnyman (her escort)—Oh, no; she's sorry she came home so soon.

Miss Facetious—What an uncomfortable attitude—and she's rumpling her dress awfully!

Young Mr. Funnyman—Oh, well, she doesn't mind that, you know; it's the end of the season.

Miss Facetious—Here's "A Misty Morning in Rome."

Young Mr. Funnyman—I call that a regular London fog.

Miss Facetious—Yes, indeed! Do let us go on; it will take the curl out of my feathers.

* * * * * * *

Miss Penelope (a young woman with catalogue and magnifying-glass "doing" the collection)—Look at the detail of that woman's dress. Isn't it wonderful!

Admiring female friend—Wonderful!

Miss Penelope (after a few moments' absorbing contemplation)—Kæmmerer paints deliciously!

Admiring female friend—Exquisitely!

Miss Penelope—Will you look at this perspective—the depth of it?—why, it is superb!

Admiring female friend—Oh, isn't it?

Miss Penelope—Marvelous! marvelous! The picture, as a whole, though, lacks sentiment.

Admiring female friend—Yes, I think so.

Miss Penelope (pettishly)—Look at those stupid people, standing so close to that Fortuny!

Admiring female friend—Such ignorance!

Miss Penelope—Why, it's a perfect daub near by!

Admiring female friend—Of course!

Miss Penelope—Oh, here's another Bierstadt!

Admiring female friend—Oh, yes; how very fine!

Miss Penelope—Ye-es; but his pictures are so very similar—all painted from the same recipe.

Admiring female friend—That may be so.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Hopeless (before Detaille)—This is quite pretty, Mabel, a sort of battle-scene, isn't it?

Mabel (her daughter)—It seems to be, mamma.

Mrs Hopeless—Who did it?

Mabel (reading name on frame)—It's some unpronounceable name—French, I think, mamma.

Mrs. Hopeless—Oh, never mind, my dear. I really don't care. I don't like so many figures in a picture, anyhow; it's too confusing.

* * * * * * *

First Artist (who manufactures pictures by the dozen for dealers)—Good gracious, man; look at those flesh tints!

Second Artist (who does the same)—Frightful—mixed with putty, I should say!

First Artist—Horrible, horrible! I can't see how a painter can let such work leave his easel.

Second Artist—Nor I. But the so-called great artist is not apt to be the conscientious one.

First Artist—True, indeed! This Troyon here lacks detail.

Second Artist—Oh, yes—and breadth!

First Artist—Do look at the gaping crowd before that huge canvas over there!

Second Artist—I see. That's what discourages true art—the utter want of discrimination in the public.

First Artist—Oh, give it size and color, and it is satisfied.

Second Artist—Look at this landscape—the critics laud it to the skies.

First Artist—Where it ought to be—it is a mass of faults.

Second Artist—A wretched composition throughout.

First Artist—And here—this outrageous chaos of color.

Second Artist—My dear fellow, that was intended to hang in an unlighted gallery.

First Artist—Altogether a miserable collection.

Second Artist—Yes—let's go; why didn't the fellow, with his money, buy something worth showing?—*Philip H Welch in Puck.*

"Good-day, Mrs. Brown; how is your husband this morning?" asked one woman of another whose husband was ill. "Well, I think he's some better," was the reply, "He set up some yesterday and had a little appetite. He ate three or four biscuits and some cold meat, and some baked squash and a little corn-bread with a cup of coffee; I think by to-morrow he'll be able to swaller something substantial."—*Ex.*

Brown—"You're a lucky dog, Robinson. So you married a girl worth half a million dollars in her own right?" *Robinson* (rather more sadly than the circumstances seem to warrant)—"Yes." *Brown*—"You ought to put up the drinks." *Robinson*—"All right, old man. Just wait while I run into the house and see if I can get a dollar."—*Life.*

THE BROWN DWARF OF RÜGEN.

By John Greenleaf Whittier.

The pleasant isle of Rügen looks the Baltic water o'er,
To the silver-sanded beaches of the Pomeranian shore;

And in the town of Rambin a little boy and maid
Plucked the meadow-flowers together and in the sea-surf played.

Alike were they in beauty if not in their degree:
He was the Amptman's first-born, the miller's child was she.

Now of old the isle of Rügen was full of Dwarfs and Trolls,
The brown-faced little Earth-men, the people without souls;

And, for every man and woman in Rügen's island found
Walking in air and sunshine, a Troll was under-ground.

It chanced the little maiden, one morning, strolled away
Among the haunted Nine Hills, where the elves and goblins play.

That day, in barley-fields below, the harvesters had known
Of evil voices in the air, and heard the small horns blown.

She came not back; the search for her in field and wood was vain:
They cried her east, they cried her west, but she came not again.

"She's down among the brown dwarfs," said the dream-wives wise and old.
And prayers were made, and masses said, and Rambin's church-bell tolled.

Five years her father mourned her; and then John Deitrich said:
"I will find my little playmate, be she alive or dead."

He watched among the Nine Hills, he heard the Brown Dwarfs sing,
And saw them dance by moonlight merrily in a ring.

And when their gay-robed leader tossed up his cap of red,
Young Deitrich caught it as it fell—and thrust it on his head.

The troll came crouching at his feet and wept for lack of it.
"Oh, give me back my magic cap, for your great head unfit!"

"Nay," Deitrich said; "the Dwarf who throws his charmèd cap away,
Must serve its finder at his will, and for his folly pay.

"You stole my pretty Lisbeth, and hid her in the earth;
And you shall ope the door of glass and let me lead her forth."

"She will not come; she's one of us; she's mine!" the Brown Dwarf said;
"The day is set, the cake is baked, to-morrow we shall wed."

"The fell fiend fetch thee!" Deitrich cried, "and keep thy foul tongue still.
Quick! open, to thy evil world, the glass door of the hill!"

The Dwarf obeyed; and youth and Troll down the long stair-way passed,
And saw in dim and sunless light a country strange and vast.

Weird, rich, and wonderful, he saw the elfin under-land—
Its palaces of precious stones, its streets of golden sand.

He came into a banquet-hall with tables richly spread,
Where a young maiden served to him the red wine and the bread.

How fair she seemed among the Trolls so ugly and so wild!
Yet pale and very sorrowful, like one who never smiled!

Her low, sweet voice, her gold-brown hair, her tender blue eyes seemed
Like something he had seen elsewhere or something he had dreamed.

He looked; he clasped her in his arms; he knew the long-lost one;
"Oh Lisbeth! See thy playmate—I am the Amptman's son!"

She leaned her fair head on his breast, and through her sobs she spoke:
"Oh, take me from this evil place, and from the elfin folk!

"And let me tread the grass-green fields and smell the flowers again,
And feel the soft wind on my cheek and hear the dropping rain!

"And oh, to hear the singing bird, the rustling of the tree,
The lowing cows, the bleat of sheep, the voices of the sea;

"And oh, upon my father's knee to sit beside the door,
And hear the bell of vespers ring in Rambin church once more!"

He kissed her cheek, he kissed her lips; the Brown Dwarf groaned to see,
And tore his tangled hair and ground his long teeth angrily.

But Deitrich said: "For five long years this tender Christian maid
Has served you in your evil world and well must she be paid!

"Haste!—hither bring me precious gems, the richest in your store;
Then when we pass the gate of glass, you'll take your cap once more."

No choice was left the baffled Troll, and, murmuring, he obeyed,
And filled the pockets of the youth and apron of the maid.

They left the dreadful under-land and passed the gate of glass;
They felt the sunshine's warm caress, they trod the soft, green grass,
And when, beneath, they saw the Dwarf stretch up to them his brown
And crooked claw-like fingers, they tossed his red cap down.

Oh, never shone so bright a sun, was never sky so blue,
As hand in hand they homeward walked the pleasant meadows through!

And never sang the birds so sweet in Rambin's woods before,
And never washed the waves so soft along the Baltic shore;

And when beneath his door-yard trees the father met his child,
The bells rung out their merriest peal, the folks with joy ran wild.

And soon from Rambin's holy church the twain came forth as one,
The Amptman kissed a daughter, the miller blest a son.

John Deitrich's fame went far and wide, and nurse and maid crooned o'er
Their cradle song: "Sleep on, sleep well the Trolls shall come no more!"

For in the haunted Nine Hills he set a cross of stone;
An Elf and Brown Dwarf sought in vain a door where door was none.

The tower he built in Rambin, fair Rügen's pride and boast,
Looked o'er the Baltic water to the Pomeranian coast;

And, for his worth ennobled, and rich beyond compare,
Count Deitrich and his lovely bride dwelt long and happy there.

—*St. Nicholas.*

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MR. LOUIS SCHMIDT,
Organist of Temple Emanuel and Unitarian Church, has resumed instructions on the Piano, Organ, and in Harmony. Residence, 810 Leavenworth Street.

MR. ALFRED J. KELLEHER,
Teacher of vocal music, desires to announce that he will resume teaching January 3. Information regarding instruction by classes may be had by writing, or calling, to 2324 CLAY STREET, San Francisco. (California Street car to Webster Street.)

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For further information, address
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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE (for)	From January 1, 1888.	ARRIVE (from)
8 00 A.	..Calistoga and Napa..............	10.10 A.
4 00 P.	.. " " "	6.10 P.
8.30 A.	..Colfax, via Livermore	5.40 P.
3.30 P.	..Galt, via Martinez...............	11.10 A.
9.30 A	C. Haywards and Niles............C	12.40 P.
10.30 A.	.. " " "	3.40 P.
5 30 P.	C. " " " C	8.40 P.
*6.00 A.	C Haywards.................. C	*8.10 A.
12.00 M.	C. " C	2.40 P.
8.co A.	..Ione, via Livermore..............	5.40 P.
4.00 P.	..Knight's Landing................	10.10 A.
*4.30 P.	..Livermore and Pleasanton.........	*8.40 A.
7.30 A.	..LosAngeles, Deming, El Paso, & East	6.40 P.
3.30 P.	..Los Angeles and Mojave	11 10 A.
†3 30 P.	..Milton...........................	*5 40 P.
7.00 A.	..Ogden and East..................	8 10 A.
5 00 P.	.. " " "	10.40 A.
8 00 A.	..Red Bluff, via Marysville	5.40 P.
8 00 A.	..Redding via Willows..............	6.10 P.
7 00 A.	..Sacramento, via Benicia..........	8.10 A.
8.00 A.	.. " via Benicia	6.10 P.
8 00 A.	.. " via Livermore.... ...	5 40 P.
5 00 P.	.. " via Benicia...........	10.40 A.
4.00 P.	.. " via Benicia...........	10.10 A.
6 30 P.	.. " via Benicia...........	7.40 A.
*1 00 P.	..Sacramento River Steamers........	*6.00 A.
8.00 A.	..San Jose.........................	*3.40 P.
‡10 30 A.	.. "	‡3.40 P.
12.00 M.	.. " C	8.40 P.
3.00 P.	.. "	9.40 A.
*4 30 P.	.. "	....
3.30 P.	..Santa Barbara....................	11.10 A.
8.00 A.	..Stockton, via Livermore..........	5.40 P.
3.30 P.	.. " via Martinez............	11 10 A.
6.00 P.	..Siskiyou and Portland............	7.40 A.

A for morning. P for afternoon.
Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only. † Saturdays excepted.
C—Take ferry train and change cars at East Oakland.

From San Francisco, daily.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00.

To 23D AVENUE, EAST OAKLAND—Same as "To East Oakland" until 6.30 P.M. inclusive, also at 9.00 P.M.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, *2.30, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 9.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., 7.00, 12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, ‡2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, ‡2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—Same as "To Berkeley.'

To San Francisco, daily.

From FRUIT VALE—6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50, 9.20, *10.19, 4.20, 4.50, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.47, 9.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.22, 5.52, *6.22, ‡9.14, *3.22.

From 23D AVENUE, EAST OAKLAND—6.55, 7.25, 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55, 10.25, 10.55, 11.25, 11.55, 12.25, 12.55, 1.25, 1.55, 2.25, 2.55, 3.25, 3.55, 4.25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55 6.25, 6.55, 7.50, 9.53.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.57, 8.57, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—7 minutes later than from East Oakland.

From ALAMEDA—*5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, ‡2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00.

From BERKELEY—*5.25, 5.55, *6.25, 6.55, *7.25, 7.55, *8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55, ‡10.25, 10.55, ‡11.25, 11.55, ‡12.25, 12.55, ‡1.25, 1.55, ‡2.25, 2.55, 3.25, 3.55, 4.25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6.55, 7.55, 8.55, 9.55, 10.55.

From WEST BERKELEY—Same as "From Berkeley.

Creek Route.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

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2.15 P. M. (except Sunday), Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, New Almaden, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ, and Boulder Creek.

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TO OAKLAND AND ALAMEDA, DAILY.

§6 15, §6 45, §7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9 45, 10.15, 10 45 11.15, 11.45 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4 15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11 30 P.M.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From Fourteenth and Franklin Sts., Oakland —§5.45, §6.15, §6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 P. M.

From High Street, Alameda—§5.31, §6.01, §6.31, 7.01, 7.31, 8.01, 8.31, 9.01, 9.31, 10.01, 10.31, 11 01, 11.31 A. M., 12.01, 12.31, 1.01, 1.31, 2.01, 2.31, 3.01, 3.31, 4.01 4.31, 5.01, 5.31, 6.01, 6.31, 7.16, 8.16, 9.16, 10.16, 11.01 P. M.

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NORTHERN DIVISION SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

TIME SCHEDULE.

LEAVE S. F.	In effect January 1, 1888.	ARRIVE S. F.
12.01 P.	.....Cemetery and San Mateo.....	2.30 P.
† 7.00 A. 8.30 A. 10.30 A. * 3.30 P. 4.30 P. * 5.10 P. 6.30 P. ‡11.45 P.	.....San Mateo, Redwood, and... ....Menlo Park....... ...	6.40 A. * 8.00 A. 9.03 A. *10.02 A. † 3 30 P. 4.36 P. 6.40 P. ‡ 7.50 P.
8.30 A. 10.30 A. * 3.30 P. 4.30 P.	....Santa Clara, San Jose, and.... ......Principal Way Stations......	9.03 A. *10.02 A 4.36 P. 6.40 P.
10.30 A.	....Almaden and Way Stations....	4.36 P.
8.30 A. * 3.30 P.	.....Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville..... ...... Salinas, and Monterey	*10.02 A. 6.40 P.
8.30 A. * 3.30 P.	.....Hollister and Tres Pinos.....	*10.02 A. †6.40 P.
8.30 A. * 3.30 P.	....Watsonville, Aptos, Soquel.... ....(Capitola), and Santa Cruz. ..	*10.02 A. 6.40 P.
8.30 A.	..Soledad, Paso Robles, Templeton. (San Luis Obispo), and Way Stations	6.40 P

A.—Morning. P.—Afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
† Theatre train, Saturdays only.

Nearly all rail line to SAN LUIS OBISPO; only 24 miles staging from Templeton; time from S. F. 12 hours. Through rate, $8.50.

Round-trip tickets to Lick Observatory (Mt. Hamilton). Rate, $5.50.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—SOLD SUNDAY MORNING; good for return same day.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street Valencia Street Station, No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel, and Rotunda, Baldwin Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Monday, October 17, 1887, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUCELITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A.M., 3.25, 4.50, 6.10, P.M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A.M., 1.30, 3.15, 5.15, P.M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P.M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A.M., 3.25, 4.55 P.M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A.M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 3.15, 5.15 P.M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45, 6.25 P.M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUCELITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days) —6.45, 8.20, 10.00, 11.45 A.M, 4.05, 5.30 P.M.
Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A.M., 12.45, 2.15, 4.00, 6.00, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30, 7.05 P.M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11.00 A.M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Ingram's and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Ingram's at 6.30 A.M., arrives at San Francisco at 12.15 P.M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howards, 3.50; Ingram's, $4.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Ingram's daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

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General Offices 327 Pine Street.

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Oceanic.....................	**Wednesday, Jan. 11**
Gaelic........................	**Wednesday, Feb. 1**
Belgic.........................	**Tuesday, Feb. 21**
San Pablo....................	**Tuesday, Mar. 13**
Oceanic......................	**Tuesday, April 3**
Gaelic........................	**Saturday, April 21**
Belgic.........................	**Saturday, May 12**
San Pablo....................	**Saturday, June 2**
Oceanic......................	**Thursday, June 21**

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For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, Tuesday, at 9 A. M.—CITY OF CHESTER.

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Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, For the half-year ending December 31, 1887, the Board of Directors of the German Savings and Loan Society has declared a dividend at the rate of four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum, on term deposits, and three and three-fourths (3¾) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, and payable on and after the 3rd day of January, 1888.

By order. GEO. LETTE, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, northwest corner Powell and Eddy Streets,—For the half year ending December 31st, 1887, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and three-fourths (3¾) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after January 3d, 1888.

VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

People have latterly contracted a habit of fleeing from the holidays.

It is, perhaps, in Italy alone that the birthday of the Christ-child still retains any religious significance. It is not written that the little Italians hang up their stockings, or that they are driven to distraction on Christmas morning with trying to choose between the good things that Kriss Kringle has brought them. They have no Kriss Kringle, poor little fragments of a romantic race, but they are taken to church to see the little wax *bambino* laid out in his manger cradle. Then they are stuffed with sweetmeats until their little stomachs revolt quite as they do in other countries, though Italian confectionery, at its best, is really the best confectionery in the world.

Of course, every one's stomach is in revolt at Christmas-tide. The man, woman, or child who gets through the holidays without a symptom of indigestion must have had a dull time of it. Indigestion may not be exactly one of the pleasures of the season, but it is one of the concomitants, and no good Christmas Christian has a right to shirk it.

Perhaps the German Christmas is the one which has crept into our American life most thoroughly. Christmas in France means little more than midnight mass. Christmas in England means home-gatherings, house-parties, church-decorations, mistletoe-boughs and their consequences, yule-logs, roast beef, and plum-puddings all a-fire. But Christmas in Germany and America means Kriss Kringle and his sled full of joys.

It was not so in the beginning. The New England Puritans turned a cold shoulder upon a festival which seemed to belong exclusively to the Scarlet Woman—though its merriest celebration originated in Protestant Germany—and chose Thanksgiving Day for their great feast.

The Dutchmen of Manhattan also ignored the Christmas-tide—it was never quite known why, but possibly because they were Dutchmen, and not Germans—and chose the first day of the New Year to celebrate.

And have we not all read time and again how the Van Ruyters and Stuyvesants, the Schermerhorns and the Van Spuyten Teufels, in their snuff-colored knickerbockers, their gray home-spun hose, their buckled shoes, and their broad-brimmed hats, went waddling about the island to make their annual visits upon each other? And how in solemn but eloquent silence they smoked their long pipes together, only stopping between puffs to say "Happy New Year," and then waddled home again?

New York loves to stand by its Dutch traditions, and for a hundred years and more it scrupulously called on New Year's Day. But the sudden growth of large fortunes threw society into circles, and brought about the decay of old friendships.

Calling fell first into comparative disuse, and latterly has become very bad form. A man may wish a world of women a "Happy New Year" by mail on his neatly engrossed visiting-card—and a very convenient and happy method it is of letting people know that they are in their friends' minds—when he would not be seen upon the threshold of the door for a king's ransom.

Fashion has laid a high hand, indeed, upon the old holidays. New York has been trying for three years now to frown upon Christmas, but Christmas is as dear as home to those who have been in the habit of celebrating it, and it will take fashion a long time to frown it out of existence. But New Year's Day has been radically changed. If it is no longer the day of visits, in New York it has become the day of gifts, and the Continental bonbonnière is the established gift.

As all the world knows, the bonbonnière is the conventional New Year's present for all Frenchmen, all Russians and Italians who have lived in Paris, and for the Jewish part of Germany. New Yorkers, who pride themselves on their English habits, cross the channel for this one day.

But they have, also, set up a custom of their own, which is, at the beginning of the holidays, to bolt precipitately from home to a watering-place. In the beginning, these excursions took something of the form of a picnic, and were called "January parties." But since it has become the accepted thing, the landlords make ready for them, and there is no more picnic about it.

And what the New Yorkers do is the gospel of etiquette, and therefore do San Franciscans also bolt precipitately from home when the holidays come.

But then they have Del Monte to bolt to, and every one who could get a room in time, went to celebrate the rising of the beautiful Del Monte from the ashes in which malice and vandalism had laid it low. And every one was so glad to see the place again, with its towers, and gables, and wide-spreading, hospitable verandas, so very like its old self, that the cries of "Happy New Year" seemed to ring with greater cheer and cordiality than ever in the familiar corridors. For nothing is new in them but the material. The old atmosphere is there. And, indeed, Del Monte is a pleasant place in which to begin a new year.

La Patti has been singing in Paris again, for the third time since the memorable night when she sang "Faust" with Nicolini with more fervor than it had ever been sung before, and next morning both were missing from the French capital.

Once, since, she has sung in a private charity concert; once for a brief concert season at the Eden Theatre, when her merry heart almost broke in her beloved Paris, because the Catholic *haute noblesse* remained away; and this time again for charity. It was for the benefit of the French Hospital in London, and La Patti had the pleasure of remitting to that institution ten thousand francs for ten minutes' warbling. Furthermore, she conquered her Paris once again. The papers have burst forth into long paragraphs of reminiscences. They tell of the time when she came, a little, plain, dark, American girl, and occupied a single furnished room in a humble neighborhood, till her trio of friends could put down the cabal that was formed against her. These three friends were M. Paul Daru, M. le Baron Imbert de St. Arnaud, and the Marquis de Caux. They tell of her gradual promotion to the Hôtel Mario, a beautiful house, whose decoration was of musical instruments, among them a rare collection of Stradivarius violins.

From that she went to a palace in the Champs-Elysées, next door to that now occupied by the eccentric James Gordon Bennett; from that to the magnificent hotel of Arsène Houssaye—or, as the [illegible] sometimes put it, of the old rake Ob[illegible] Houssaye—and from that to the inherited home [illegible] Marquis de Caux.

They tell of her long lease of love, admiration, idolatry in Paris; of the splendor of her unexampled triumphs in Russia; of the glories of her salon; of Paris all a-quiver over every night of her singing at Les Italiens.

They foretell that her coming South American tour will be the triumph of her wonderful life, and that in preparation therefor she has abandoned Felix and Rodriguez, who have dressed her for years, and gone to the couturières of Sarah Bernhardt, who have made her less modish and more artistic-looking than she ever was in her life; and announces, gravely, that the transportation of her trunks will cost two thousand dollars. They find a tinge of English accent in her French and Italian, exactly as they found it twenty years ago, and still think it adorable—in Patti. They declare her voice to be its golden marvel of limpidity and flexibility, and her *riante, naïve* face to be as beautiful and infantine as ever, but they find just a trace of melancholy in her smile.

What could Patti be melancholy about? And yet the Frenchmen say that there is a shadow, a vague something like that which steals across a queen when she feels the weight of her diadem upon her brow, and yet has an almost unconscious terror that she is about to forfeit it.

But it will be many a long day before Patti ceases to sing. Her health is perfect, her care is perfect, and her voice is unimpaired. "What a life!" cries one of these Parisians; "it is like the dream of a princess in 'A Thousand and One Nights.' A life passed among flowers, and singing an eternal duet of love to the ringing applause of an idolatrous crowd!" And yet there is a faint, faint regret sobbing through all the praise, and adulation, and joy in her return. And no one mentions in the very remotest way that there exists, or ever has existed, such a being as Ernesto Nicolini.

Ernesto Nicolini, by the way, was a cook, they say, before he was a singer. And it is nothing to his discredit, for a good cook is an artist, and as great a benefactor of his kind as a doctor. It is said to be due to his thorough knowledge of the rules of diet that he has been able to preserve Patti's voice, health, and beauty in such perfect condition that at forty-four she sings and looks like a woman under thirty.

Nicolini comes from the south of France, where the cooking is the best in the world. Indeed, a distinguished San Francisco physician, who, like all really scientific men, believes as much in the value of diet as in the effect of drugs, says plainly that if we would all learn to cook as the Bordelais do, torpidity of the liver, which is at the root of half the sickness in San Francisco, would practically disappear. As every one knows, there are a thousand-and-one refinements of cooking in Bordeaux which have never penetrated beyond that famous vine district, but the good cooking goes through all grades of life, and the humblest workman in Bordeaux sits down to a midday *ragout* which is as succulent and savory a mess as, in the north, they set before a king.

Fine eating is every day becoming more and more an art, and the world is beginning to look upon food as the great factor it is, in the formation of health, strength, and character.

Those articles in the *Century* by Professor Atwater will probably never reach the people they are intended for. To say truth, there is a good deal of protein and potential energy, and carbohydrate in them for any one, but it is to be hoped that the good sense in them will trickle through the scientific verbiage and reach somebody to do good. After all, it is all in the cooking. Distracted housewives daily confront the butcher with perplexed countenance, wring their hands, and cry hopelessly "what can I have for dinner?"

There are only four articles to choose between, after all—beef, mutton, poultry, and game.

The trick of making them palatable all lies in the cooking. So says our own doctor, so says Lee Meriwether, the flippant collector of labor statistics, so says Professor Atwater, so say we all of us.

Cooking is creeping very largely into literature. When "As in a Looking-Glass" first came out, it was maintained by many that so graphic a picture of the conscience of an adventuress could not have been made by any but a woman. They must have been superficial readers indeed who thought so.

The author is a man who has not only read his Brillat Savarin thoroughly, but has a palate of his own. Furthermore, he keeps up with the times in his wine-drinking, for, when he first began to write, his characters all drank Pommery Sec, while in his later books they have all taken to Perrier-Jouët.

Leaving out countless inexplicit allusions to various eating-houses in London and its environs, to breakfasts at Bignon's in Paris, dinners at the Café Riche or the Continentale, and supper at the Café Anglais, leaving out all the brandy-and-sodas, the tea-and-toasts, the coffee-and-pistolets, and the solitary champagne-pints with which his people are given to regaling themselves, here are a few eating and drinking quotations from Phillips's better known books:

"A final Neapolitan ice, with its essential adjuncts of wafer and still champagne."

"A pint of Perrier Jouet and a plate of dry biscuits."

"The nectarine is the very finest fruit in the world, but it comes late in the season."

"Nectarines, a fruit which I hold to be a direct product of the Garden of Eden itself."

"I had satisfactorily discussed my *déjeuner* (I purposely abstain from saying 'breakfast' which, to my mind, always suggests half-past eight in the morning, weak tea, and mildewey eggs and bacon). I had trifled with a *côtelette à la réforme*, spoken to half a bottle of Château Lafite, and pecked at an *omelette aux fines herbes*. I had just tested by experience how many sips it takes to drain a cup of black coffee when you flavor it with a dash of cognac, and in how many puffs it is possible to reduce one of Laferme's cigarettes to a small heap of ashes."

"He showed us how to make tea in the Russian fashion, and to drink it with little slices of lemon instead of cream and sugar. He rallied Mrs. Fortescue on her weakness for an occasional cigarette. He told us how Russia is the only country in the world where you get champagne, because it forestalls for years in advance the entire yield of the champagne district; the only country in the world where fresh caviare is to be procured, and the only country where you get genuine tea, because Russian tea is brought overland by caravan, and so does not lose its aroma in the course of a sea voyage."

"He asked permission to feel my pulse, and then inquired whether I had ever tasted rum. I replied truthfully that I was only familiar with it by the smell. 'Then, madam,' said he, 'try a little internally, and as hot as you can take it. It is a powerful soporific, and will send you to sleep at once. And as the aroma lingers in the breath, you had better let me put you up some musk lozenges.'"

"I had my first basin of turtle soup and am bound to say I liked it, although I have since been told that I ought to have found it intensely unpleasant, as you find your first oyster, your first olive, medlar, caviare on toast, really high woodcock, strongly devilled kidneys, or if you are of the other sex, your first attempt at tobacco. After it I had some marvellous little tartlets, about the size of half a crown, which I saw the gentleman round me eat by the dozen, saying, when they had finished, 'eight,' 'fourteen' or 'five-and-twenty,' as the case might be. I am not exaggerating, for these little tartlets seem to be rather the subtle aroma of pastry than the solid reality of it. To seriously talk of 'eating' them would be out of the question. And then I am almost ashamed to say I had a small glass of punch. I had heard Mr. Bulbrooke mention Birch's punch with affection. It is extremely delicious."

"Althaus ate snail,—they were very fine snails, with the purple bands beautifully marked upon their shells—and lectured us learnedly on their history, telling us how they were brought in by the Romans, who were the best judges of eating and drinking in the world at their time, and who so esteemed the edible snail that they carried him with them wherever they planted a new colony. Then he waxed eloquent in praise of crayfish *à la Bordelaise*, and amused us both immensely by pointing out that the lobster, with its exquisitely clean and white flesh, never kills its own meal, but is a scavenger, a 'picker-up of unconsidered trifles,' by no means cleanly or particular in its tastes. It seemed—I speak with all reverence—as if we had come upon a stream of culinary revelation hitherto unsuspected. 'And yet,' said he, 'after all, I am a simple man. Give me a pickled herring and some rye bread, if the rye is not spurred, or a pork chop and some sauerkraut which you can smell all the street off, and I enjoy a banquet fit for Olympus.'"

"He had arranged a little banquet that might have satisfied the censorship of Bignon himself—hot-house fruits, prawns, potted meats, champagne in ice, quaint sweetmeats, and in the centre of the small table an ingenious fountain that spirted up a tiny jet of rose-water into a basin filled with cut flowers. It is a solemn fact, but not to my mind at all a painful or even an unpleasant one, that women, especially the kind of women whom men like and who deserve that men should like them, are as fond of the nice things of this world as is an Eton school-boy, or even an ecclesiastical dignitary of high position. Men always celebrate a big occasion with a big feed. When they make a *coup* they usually invite their friends to dinner. But a big dinner for itself, and without an occasion to give it sufficient reason, bores them. At the best clubs in London, men who can afford themselves every luxury habitually dine off a little soup and fish, the joint of the hour, with mashed potatoes and a pint of wine. If my Lord Steyne or Mr. Goldmore, the banker, were to go into one of his clubs and order himself a dinner of four or five courses, the waiters would have mentioned the matter to one another, and would all wonder whether anything had gone wrong with him. But a woman is *gourmet* by her very nature. Adam would never have wanted anything better than a plain potato. It was Eve who beguiled him with a Ribston pippin."

"A sort of French 'breakfast in bed'—a little bottle of champagne, potted meats, Devonshire cream, and dainty biscuits of various kinds."

"The bill of fare displayed a fullacquaintance with Saratoga; for it included hot boiled lobster—a dish practically unknown in England—and also baked oysters."

"'Too much beer ain't good for a young gentleman. Try this.' And he produced a quaint Dutch flagon of blue glass, with a neck like that of a stork. It was a genuine Amsterdam curaçao."

"He did not care twopence for company if he had a tender beefsteak, with new or mashed potatoes, and a little greens—asparagus or spinach for choice—a bottle of sound port, and a ripe Stilton."

"Dine at a roadside inn off roast fowl and potatoes and apple tart, and other such rural fare."

"It was one of the institutions of the house that a pint or so of fresh milk should be brought first thing each morning to the chamber of each guest."

"A brisk trot to Richmond with a canter in the park will fit you admirably afterward for a plain dinner, not at the Star and Garter, which is practically closed in October, but a certain good old-fashioned house down in the town, where you can get a beefsteak with mashed potatoes and onions and a pickled walnut, with a bottle of sound port and a good cigar."

"A Perigord pie and a glass of Chablis—excellent things, which may be safely recommended by the youngest of physicians to the most anxious of patients whose system required support, or, for the matter of that, to anybody whose taste is sufficiently cultured to appreciate flavors so delicate as those of the truffle, and a wine which, after all, differs little, except as a matter of curiosity, from Château Yquem."

"I have seen here in Dieppe and eaten the sword-fish, the great sea-lamprey, and once or twice the fresh anchovy. Shade of Brillat Savarin! the fresh anchovy, daintily grilled over charcoal, and served *à la blanchille Anglaise*."

"Content is an adjunct to happiness, and improves it, as vinegar, chopped mint, and lump sugar improve spring lamb, although spring lamb in itself is a very admirable thing, and one mentioned with tenderness by every Brillat Savarin."

"Dined? Of course we did," returns my Briton; "but I'm devilish hungry all the same. Feel like a pound of steak and baked potatoes. What say you, lovey?" "I think I might eat something, if I tried," answers the bride; "these foreign dinners are so unsatisfactory."

"I order, as usual, with discrimination; but I think they are a little surprised at my asking for half a bottle of *Moulin-à-vent* for myself, inasmuch as *they* are going to wash down their meal *à l'Anglaise* with tea. I have chosen a favorite soup of mine—*croûte au pot*."

"There were strange potted meats, and different kinds of wines in small flasks, and hot-house fruit; and there were hot partridge and cold grouse, with peaches, and apricots, and grapes in great clusters. My reader must not put me down as a gourmand. Pray let him understand once and for all that I regard a well-prepared meal as I do a well-prepared party or any other well-prepared arrangement. It is a work of art. A cook who is the master of his profession is in my mind a higher artist than the gentleman who paints the blue boar for the sign-board of the village inn."

"From a stoppered bottle on the mantelpiece she poured a few drops of a bright red fluid into a small tumbler of water from a carafe which was standing neck-deep in a bowl of ice. The liquid at first was green, of the deepest emerald, then it shifted through all the prismatic hues of the opal, and then it turned a bright ruby red. She handed it to me and motioned me to drink it. It could not have been wine, of course, but it tasted to me like wine of some very rich and rare vintage. There was the aroma of the grape in it."

"We had oysters, spring soup, *sole au vin blanc*, *cutlets à la Soubise*, a partridge, salad, an omelette, rice pudding, grapes, and Parmesan biscuits. The only wine was still hock, which made its appearance with the oysters, and after it thoroughly-iced champagne of '68 Perrier-Jouët."

"His highest ambitions had never risen beyond partridges and venison when they were in season, spring asparagus, new potatoes, a bottle of port wine, and then a strong glass of rum and water, and a clay pipe."

"One of the dishes in front of me was a pyramid of preserved fruit in cut glass, and it was ornamented with stuffed humming-birds poised upon their wings."

"Curries and anchovy toast, and other such things, with cigars and strong waters."

"Tea taken immediately before bed upsets the nerves and produces sleeplessness unless it be qualified. With the aid of a dainty silver tea-kettle and its proper adjuncts, a scale of drinks can be concocted, commencing with hot port wine and water, and ending with just that amount of cognac which doctors who know their profession are all agreed is often necessary after a tiring day for a married lady, and occasionally advisable, under her permission and if mixed by herself, for even unmarried ladies who, after the day's excitement, are feeling a peg too low, and need a sound night's rest to restore the roses to their cheek next morning."

"He lit a briar-wood pipe, moistening it with some Atholbrose which the butler had especially recommended. Atholbrose is made in this wise. Upon virgin honeycombs you pour, according to their amount, the oldest French brandy and the most unpalatable Scotch whisky in equal proportions. You allow this goodly mixture to stand for days in a large pippin, and in a cool place, and it is then strained and ready for drinking. Epicures drop into the jug, by way of imparting artistic finish, a small fragment of the honeycomb itself."

"Lord St. Austell had a good cook and a good butler. He regarded the day's dinner as one of the responsibilities attaching to his wealth, and a duty, or rather a courtesy, due to his guests. In this view his *chef*, his butler, and his head-gardener fully concurred. A dinner at such a table is not a thing to be forgotten. Marcia, ignorant of the difference between *bisque d'écrevisse* and *tortue claire*, and who had never seen in her life red mullet or lamprey, capercalzie or woodcock, except to wonder at them in shops, was fairly bewildered."

"I take a glass of claret at lunch, three at dinner, and my usual whisky and water before I go to bed. The gout has not worried me as yet."

"Slowly and sedately, as becomes a gentleman of his age and position, he recruited himself with a brown-bread biscuit and two or three glasses of Madeira."

"A glass of brandy and water and a rusk with some devilled caviare."

"Ices, hot-house fruit, aërated waters in siphons, and some bottles, among which I recognized a little squat bottle fashioned like a flask, with a handle to it, containing hock of a rare vintage."

"The cookery may be in the stereotyped style of the English country inn, but it is not at all bad. There is fairly good clear soup, an excellent fowl, a neatly prepared omelette, some pears, and some really good champagne."

"Mrs. Fortescue produced champagne. 'Quite harmless, my dear,' she observed, 'it properly qualified.' And she filled up the tumblers with seltzer from a gazogene."

"He would work on with a cup of coffee, heated over a spirit lamp, and a biscuit, and perhaps a repetition of the frugal meal after midday, until his clock struck six. Then he would sally out to a *gasthaus* and dine off bacon and sauerkraut, or sausage and fried cabbage, with a great bock of lager, and perhaps one or two more."

"There were freshly caught trout with melted butter, a pair of broiled chickens with vegetables, an apple pie with clotted cream, and some cheese and salad."

"'I scalded a bowl of milk, and made some fresh clotted cream in the most approved Devonshire fashion. I procured a young duckling, and some early potatoes not much larger than big walnuts.'"

"The dinner is of true Scotch type. Salmon, grouse, cutlets of roe venison, and all that infinite variety of strange dishes that so bewilder a visitor to the Highlands. The claret would be magnificent if I could only get at it."

"Hot salmon, cutlets, cold grouse, beet-root salad, a cabinet pudding, claret, champagne, and some quaint old Dutch bottles in a quaint Dutch basket."

"The wine, of which they did not know the name, was I may mention, *Barolo*. It is a coarse, vigorous kind of Burgundy, and some people like it. The bread was fresh, and fairly good. The cheese was of goat's milk, with a flavor of heather in it."

"After dinner we had a crown bowl of rack punch."

"Then I solemnly and in silence enjoyed an excellent dinner and a bottle of burgundy."

"Breakfasted off fresh fish, fruit, and ices."

"It was a pleasure to dine off the joint and a pint of claret."

"Told the hostess to boil me the largest sole she could get, and to send it up with parsley and melted butter."

"Drew me an immense glass of old ale, cutting a bountiful sandwich from a cold haunch of venison."

"A small glass of brandy and curaçao would restore his nerves."

"Running riot like a school-girl with a cup of chocolate, some superb grapes thickly covered with their own bloom, and some little marvels of French confectionery."

"A glass of champagne and milk."

"A cutlet and a pint of claret."

"Dry toast and a couple of red herrings."

"A pint of champagne and a biscuit."

"A cup of tea with cognac in it."

"I declined further galantine, or mayonnaise, or champagne cup."

"*Café-au-lait* and *pistolet au beurre*."

"Ices and a little fruit, and a harmless pint of claret with a syphon of soda-water."

"Ices and a huge cluster of hot-house grapes."

"Dine off bacon and broad-beans, with a treacle dumpling to follow."

"A steak and a pint of stout."

"A good English mutton-cutlet and a glass of champagne."

"Champagne and a small sandwich of partridge."

"Spring soup, eels, a mutton-cutlet, a couple of spring chickens, with mushrooms and pastry."

"When roused in the morning to inquire whether I would have tea, or brandy and soda, I virtuously chose the tea."

"I daresay they will welcome a little genuine brandy and a bottle or so of claret. All their own stuff is vile; even their tobacco, which ought to be good, is worse than *caporal*. But we shall get fish and fruit, and poultry and eggs, and butter and milk, and we shall hardly want more, except ice, with which we must somehow manage to dispense. As for soda, there is the gazogene and any amount of charging powders."

"Bread-fruit, bananas, custard-apples, fresh guava, and other little things as unseen and unknown in Europe as the Southern Cross itself."

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STAGE GOSSIP

The Boston Howard Athenæum Company has arranged new specialties for next week at the Bush Street Theatre.

"Ranch 10" is announced to follow "The Romany Rye" at the Alcazar, with Osbourne, Stockwell, and the members of the stock company in the cast.

James O'Neil has determined to put "Monte Cristo" aside for the remainder of his season at the Baldwin. Next week "An American King," a play new to this city, will be given.

"A Trip to the Moon," at the Tivoli, is by far the nearest approach to the Christmas spectacle that we have, and has been largely patronized by holiday amusement-seekers in consequence. It will be continued for another week.

The panorama of the Battles of Lookout Mountain and Chattanooga, with Generals Grant and Bragg and other famous personages in prominent positions, is still attracting many visitors to the New Panorama Building, at the corner of Market and Tenth Streets.

The Lyceum Company which has recently shot up into almost the top place among New York companies, will come out here for a short season. The repertory of the company includes "The Wife," "Featherbrain" — an adaptation of the French "Tête de Linotte"—and a new play from a Russian source.

The Kiralfy troupe will revive "Around the World in Eighty Days" at the California, next week. As compared with "Dolores," the play gives less opportunity to the actors and more to the dancers—in both respects being anything but an advisable change. It is, moreover, a chestnut of the oldest brand. Decidedly, this is Kiralfy's off year.

Some New Yorkers have been giving theatre-parties in lieu of small holiday gifts, during the past holiday week; but not through motives of economy. One man took forty friends to see "The Wife" at the Lyceum, another took seventy, and a third bought three hundred tickets. The last mentioned purchaser, however, was a schoolmaster, who took that method of providing enjoyment for his charges. But the first two were genuine theatre-parties, and with the little etceteras of supper, cab-hire, etc., the expense must have mounted to a tidy sum.

Hunting the Bear.

The great chiefs, Freeze-Out, No-Flies-on-Him, Busted-Straight, and Stuck-in-the-Mud, go hunting for meat. With the unerring sagacity for which the red man is famous they follow a trail in the snow. "It is the trail of a bear," said No-Flies-on-him, observing that animal itself in the middle distance. Freeze-Out and Busted-Straight stopped. "This trail is getting too darned fresh," they remarked in their simple, untutored way

The bear lay asleep, but it was easy to see that trouble was bruin. "We will lasso him," said Stick-in-the-Mud, as they stole softly up.

"This is indeed a happy bit of noose," laughed No Flies-on-Him, as the skillfully thrown rope settled. "We do it as we were taut," said Stick-in the-Mud, tightening the other lasso.

"Do not Kickapoo Indian," smilingly observed Busted Straight, as the now annoyed bear raised his right foot. "It is a co'd day when I get left," said Freeze-Out, slipping the knot on the other.

"Why is it said that we worship bears?" said No-Flies-on-Him, as they journeyed homeward with glee. "Because we tote 'em," replied Stick-in-the-Mud.

"We are going to have a storm," said Busted-Straight, as they rested from their labors within the lodge. "Why do you think so?" asked Freeze-Out. "Because a black squaw'll come up in ten minutes," said the great chief. "But we will build a fire and keep our wigwam," he added.—*New York World.*

The Worst Crime of All.

"We had a tough time of getting him away from the mob," said one of the officers, as they dragged their bruised and tattered prisoner into the station-house and slammed the door in the face of the infuriated throng that surged against the railings and clamored loudly for vengeance.

"Kill him! lynch him! get a rope!" yelled the people; and then the policemen charged upon them with drawn clubs, and they sullenly dispersed.

"It's lucky we came along in time," continued the officer who made the arrest, as he gazed sadly at a huge rent in his uniform; "another minute and they wou'd have had the life clubbed out of him; and I don't blame them either, for a man who'd do what he did, would rob a church."

"What's the charge?" asked the sergeant, as the trembling, pallid culprit was arraigned in front of him.

"Dropping Philadelphia papers in one of them hospital boxes," was the reply."—*Puck.*

A pleasant-looking elderly man occupied a cross-seat alone in a New York Third Avenue elevated train recently. The car was nearly full, and when a well-dressed girl, accompanied by an equally well-dressed young man, boarded the train at Twenty-Third Street, there were no seats left together, and the young woman took possession of the one beside the elderly man, and her escort found a vacancy opposite. They did not seem pleased at the separation, and the elderly man, noticing this, turned to the girl beside him and courteously said: "If you wish your friend with you, I am perfectly willing to change places with him." Without a word of thanks, the young woman leaned toward her companion, and called: "Come over here, Charley, he is willing to change." The kindly expression faded from the elderly man's face, and he said, coldly, "Your friend can keep his seat, young woman. 'He' has concluded to stay where he is"

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FOR 1888.

Up to the beginning of the year 1886, the *Argonaut* had always refrained from clubbing arrangements with other periodicals. But shortly prior to that time several advantageous offers from other publishers induced the *Argonaut* to begin such arrangements with the year 1886. During the past two years we have added to the list, and the result has been so satisfactory, both to the other publishers as well as ourselves, that we again increase the list for the year 1888. We now place before the public a list of THIRTY ONE PERIODICALS which can be taken at clubbing rates with the *Argonaut*. By arrangements with the publishers we are enabled to offer these periodicals at the very lowest rates. Each of the periodicals we have selected is one of the finest of its class.

By special arrangements with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office:

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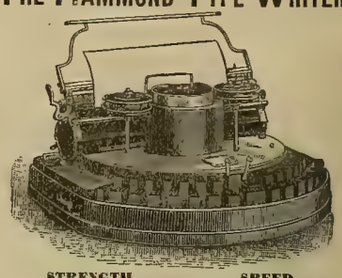

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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There are books in running brooks, there are sermons in stones, but when there is frost in the grass and damp on the ground, and one is confined to his house of a cold and dreary Sunday, he can find a source of pious reflection and deep philosophy in contemplating the scaffold which society has erected for the punishment and regeneration of the wicked who commit murders. If there were not too many books, and time in infinite duration was not too brief to read what are already written, a very amusing and instructive one could be edited from the San Francisco journals containing comical descriptions of gallows-scenes that have occurred, are occurring, and will continue to occur in San Francisco so long as crime, sentimentality, and religious enthusiasm continue to exist. The last that has occurred is that of E. B. Sutton, at the county jail in Oakland, for the murder of his neighbor, one Martin, for permitting his stock to trespass upon Sutton's land. It is not, we think, quite certain that Martin did not deserve killing, nor that Sutton did not take reasonable precautions to obviate the necessity of the extreme to which he was finally compelled to resort. Sutton had impounded the Martin horses and hogs, had tied tin-cans to their tails, and Martin had burned seventeen bags of Sutton's barley, or, "if old Martin had not done the work himself, being too cowardly and currish, he, after the *modus operandi* of *foreign residents*, had procured it to be done." From this account it would seem that there existed a war of races. Sutton—judging from his name—was Yankee-born, while Martin was presumably Irish; at all events Sutton deliberately killed the old man Martin and then drove the cattle over to his late residence, and informed Mrs. Richards, his sister, that "there was a dead herder on his place." Sutton then went to his own house, watered his horses, got his lunch, and walked back to where the body lay, and "stood round" till the sheriff came and took him to the Livermore jail. From this point of time the interest commences. Presumably the first in at the death were the lawyers, who got drunk, neglected his case, and sold him out—this is Sutton's statement in his last dying words; the judge and jury were improperly influenced by the crocodile tears of the "she-devil" Mrs. Martin; witnesses committed black perjury, upon all of whom, and the people of Alameda, he invokes a bitter retribution. Curiously enough, he compliments the governor for his firmness in refusing him a pardon, and the district attorney for his zeal in prosecution, and the sheriff and his gentlemanly deputies for their kindness to him during confinement, then "deliberately wiped his nose"—for further particulars of the execution see the *Examiner*, *Chronicle*, *Call*, *Alta*, and *Bulletin*—stepped back upon the trap, and was most atrociously and barbarously mangled in his fall; his head was so torn from his body that the surgeons rejected it as an anatomical gift. Boys had climbed telegraph-poles, reporters of the press and other curious folk had been invited to witness the execution, and the mangled carcass was exposed for a day at the morgue. All the incidents of his imprisonment, and how he lived, and how he died "game," are told in all the leading papers of the city; telegraphed across the continent, for similar news to be telegraphed in exchange; how Harris, the tailor, measured him for a suit of clothes to be executed in; what he said to Harris and what Harris said to him; what the jailor said to him on the morning of his execution, when he replied that he "felt as kinky as a bed-bug, and never better"; and how Sheriff Hale had admonished him, in delivering his dying speech, to "temper his remarks with reason," because of the feelings of sympathetic friends," and how he replied that "sympathy was cheap"; and then the prisoner told an anecdote of Daniel Webster which, we are sorry to say, the *Examiner* does not reproduce; and then Mrs. McNeil, of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, turns up to read and pray with him, and, we presume, to induce him to take the temperance pledge, and give the world one example of a temperance reformer that did not backslide; and Mrs. McNeil read from the Scriptures that portion of the Gospel of St. John beginning, "In my Father's house there are many mansions," and promised Sutton his choice if he would consent to pray with her, but Sutton refused to pay any rent in advance, or to compromise upon any terms; she demanded him to pray for forgiveness in killing Martin; this he indignantly refused. Then Mrs. McNeil proposed that he "lump" his sins, big and little, and ask forgiveness for the lot, and this he refused; and when she presented the awful alternative of heaven on one side and hell upon the other, Sutton replied, somewhat ungallantly, "Pshaw, that is child's play." When Mrs. McNeil, in her last desperate effort, offered him a place with his mother and friends among the golden palms, with golden harps and stools, on the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, or a place in hell with Martin and the devil, he deliberately chose the place of eternal torment, with the avowed purpose of "pitching Martin further into the fire." During this time, Mr. C. A. Dorman, an evangelist, was hanging round in the hope that he might have an opportunity to worry this unrepentant soul into some anxiety for his welfare in a future state in which he did not believe. And then Doctors Woolsey and Crowley were admitted to torture him with the useless ceremony of "recording his pulse," till Sutton must have felt a positive relief when, strapped and bound, he was escorted up the scaffold-steps to address the three hundred vulgar spectators whom a morbid curiosity had gathered to witness the last scene of this brave man's dying agony—this man who was not patient enough to endure the persecutions and, perhaps, imagined wrongs of an ill-natured neighbor for more than fourteen years. It is a cruel code that subjects a prisoner, awaiting his death, to submit himself to the annoyance of curious strangers, superserviceable and sentimental women, evangelists, priests, doctors, and then sends him, botched and mangled, to eternity in the presence of hundreds of curious spectators. Press-reporters, and a mob of boys upon telegraph-poles, tree-tops, house-roofs, yelling slang, and cat-calling. It may be very wicked that Sutton should have murdered the man who for near twenty years had acted toward him as an unfriendly neighbor, trespassed upon him with his cattle, hogs, and horses, robbed him of barley, and endeavored to burn his house. Perhaps Martin did not do these things, but Sutton thought he did, and for them killed him, then went voluntarily to Livermore jail, and calmly awaited his trial, conviction, sentence, and death. He had committed a crime, and while awaiting its penalty had the right of immunity from the annoyance of obtrusive women, priests, or doctors, unless he invited their ministrations. If Sutton believed there was for him no future state, he required no preparation for it; if he thought there was no hell for his torture, he had no right to be tortured while living by its threatened terrors. If he disbelieved in the existence of a personal God, or that he could not change the divine decrees that been recorded before time existed, by prayer, he had a right to be exempted from the well-meant annoyance of a kind-hearted woman who had the presumption to think that her invocations could alter the plan of the divine creation, and change the eternal destiny of an immortal soul. All these hanging-scenes are indecent. To a man like Sutton, who had his own views and his own religious convictions, and who went to his death like a brave man; not like a scoffer, but like one who fearlessly trusts himself to abide the plan that providence had marked out, and accept the results that are offered as rewards or penalties for this world's acts, the incidents of Friday's brutal—accidental—mutilation, and the cruel annoyances that preceded it, seem very dreadful. This hanging is not dissimilar to scores that have preceded it. Wrangling of religious bigots to see which shall have the privilege of the soul-saving part of the exhibition; women, old and young, indulging their sensibilities in absurd displays, fruits, and flowers, and feasts of good things, leading often to a morbid, nasty love that is willing to sacrifice itself in an indecent and unconsummated marriage; the giving of the last sacraments of religion; the formal acceptance of the repentant hypocrite, by solemn ceremonies, into the church; all these things are on constant exhibition ere the gallows does its work; and what is the most remarkable fact in this curious condition of things, is that the more desperate the murderous act, the more notorious the criminal, the higher is the enthusiasm for his conversion, and for the saving of his most precious soul. One case will suffice to illustrate the folly of this kind of thing: A good working woman, a decent person, a virtuous wife, had somewhat aroused the passionate resentment of a worthless, brutal, drunken husband, and while she was eating a meal in a Merchant Street chop-house, he entered, and coming behind her, seized a carving-knife and killed her by cutting her throat; for the cowardly crime he was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. Around him women hovered, priests prayed, and finally, on the scaffold, it was announced that he had "experienced religion," had "found Jesus," had "made his peace with God," and was about to die in the "assurance of a happy immortality." He mounted the gallows to make his dying speech, and with a face all aglow with the assurance of a happy future with angels in singing hosannas to the Lord, announced that his only sorrow and regret was that in that state of bliss to which he was going he could not expect to meet his poor murdered wife, who had been cut off in her sins with no opportunity for repentance, and who by reason thereof would be compelled to expend an eternity with lost

spirits, in that place where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched; and the wretch died with a smile on his hypocrite face, and his vile carcass was cared for by a Christian burial, with the ceremonials of a Christian Church.

The Knights of Labor are petering out, they are Saint Petering out, in fact. The Pope has never sent them his blessing; Cardinal Taschereau has caused to be read in all the Papal Churches of Canada a letter strongly advising the faithful not to enroll themselves in the society; if enrolled, to withdraw. The society is overwhelmingly in debt; its labor palace in Broad Street, Philadelphia, is to be sold; its president is in failing health, and, like a sick gentleman or preacher with the bronchitis, must go South for recuperation. What ought to have been the grandest and most serviceable organization of this labor age has proved a disgraceful fizzle, and is now likely, as in Chicago, to be turned over to the Anarchists, for them to use for the destruction of organized society, and for the establishment of an order devoted to misrule, mob-violence, and dynamite. With the destruction of this misguided and misdirected band of misled and duped idiots the cowardly boycott will disappear, and we may reasonably hope that personal liberty, rights of property, and the law will find themselves back once more upon a firm and solid standing-ground. No national party will from this time forth have courage to give the Knights of Labor any recognition as a political force, and party platforms will not be required to give to labor any rights not in accordance with law and the common-sense rules that govern labor-contracts. We shall, we hope, hear no more of labor-strikes, and that the voice of the labor demagogue will no longer be heard in the land. Good-bye, Pat Reddy for governor; good-bye, Sullivan for judge; good-bye all the mob of noisy politicians who have vexed the public ear with their loquacious clamor and with their imbecile and flatulent arrogance We have Dr. O'Donnell and his ungrammatical vulgarity and profanity still disporting itself upon that part of the sand-lot unfenced, and him we would preserve as a specimen and reminder of the political vermin that, for a time, threatened to crawl over us and infest our public places.

Senator William M. Stewart, of Nevada, has delivered in the Senate of the United States a brave speech. It is a generous effort in the right direction, and we are glad it comes from the West, for it is from the West that the country must look for all that is broad and practical in politics. It is in the West that the South must be first made to feel that the civil war has left no embittered resentments; that the war has ended, and that the country is prepared to bury unpleasant recollections. The confirmation of Mr. Lamar as Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States is demanded by the spirit of the times. His rejection would be an injustice; it would seem to breathe new life into the dead past, and bring up issues that are better forgotten. Mr. Lamar has been a rebel; he has warred against the life of the Union; he aided the slave-holders in a strife that had better have never been begun; but it was begun, it is a part of the history of the country, it has passed, the Union has been reconstructed, the Southern States are again in line, they are working in harmony with the North and West. Slavery is abolished, negroes are enfranchised, and by the adoption of amendments to the Constitution the nation is reorganized, endowed with new life, the South has entered upon a career of material development, and to attempt now to deny its leaders and representative men the enjoyment of an office for which they are qualified, would be an ungracious and impolitic act. Mr. Lamar has accepted the results of the civil war, and, we believe, without any reserve. He has filled an honorable position in the Senate of the United States; he has occupied and honorably discharged the duties of a Cabinet minister; he enjoys the confidence of the President of the United States, he is highly esteemed by his fellow-senators, and he possess integrity and learning to qualify him for the highest judicial position. He will give dignity to the office, and we known of no good reason why he should not be confirmed, and that without delay. We hope no senator of the West will withhold from him, and the Southern people whom he represents, his vote. We congratulate our senator from Nevada for his prompt and manly recognition of the claims of the senator, and hope that before this article shall be read, the name of L. Q. C. Lamar will be enrolled among that of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States.

The city of Boston is the model city of the commonwealth of Massachusetts, the home of American culture, the intellectual "Hub" of the universe. It has a Roman Catholic Irish mayor by the name of O'Brien, and a Roman Catholic board of aldermen. This model municipality punishes evangelists by fine and imprisonment for reading the Scriptures upon Boston Common. Its citizens subscribe money to purchase a ten-thousand-dollar-belt of gold and precious stones for the champion slogger, John L. Sullivan, and it is presented at a public slogging entertainment, authorized by an unanimous vote of the upper branch of the city government, and in the presence of Mayor O'Brien and most of the members of the city government of the city of Boston. At the public meeting for the presentation of the belt, thanks were returned to the mayor and board of aldermen for their generous recognition of the manly art; this was moved by Mr. Pat Sheedy, seconded by Harry McGlennen, and applauded by Mayor O'Brien from his private box. Councilman Whall complimented the pugilists, and aided Pat Sheedy to buckle the diamond belt about the paunch of the slogger. Sullivan, the slogger, returned thanks for his splendid ovation from the blue-bloods of Boston, bowed himself out, and re-entered for a bout with Mike Donovan. The mayor shook hands with the plug-uglies. Denny Kelly and old Bill Busby, two other Irish, took part in the shindy. The bloody-nose tournament was witnessed by Deuer, from the mayor's office, Councilman Desmond, Johnny Driscoll, Billy Murphy, Carl O'Brien, the mayor's son, and Aldermen Sullivan, Carroll, Regan, Maguire, Leary, McNeary, and about two hundred other representatives of the civic dignity of Boston, politicians, and statesmen of its slums. Buffalo Bill is licensed to exhibit his cowboy circus in Boston on Sunday. It is easier in Boston for the Pope's Democratic Irish to get a license to sell rum, than for an American Protestant clergyman to obtain leave to read a chapter from the New Testament on Sunday upon the Common, and the reason is apparent; the Pope's Democratic Irish hold the balance of political power in Boston, and exercise it in the direction of Papacy; its mayor is an Irish Romanist, so is the superintendent of Boston Common, while the chairman of the committee on public grounds is an Irish rum-seller; the police are fast becoming Irish; seven-elevenths of the population of Boston are foreigners by birth or parentage; three-fourths of the inmates of the State Prison of Massachusetts are foreigners; four-fifths of the paupers and criminals in the public institutions of Boston are foreigners. The liberty-loving, rum-selling, Democratic, Irish Romanists have the control of the city of the Puritans. "The men of Massachusetts" are Pope's Irish, and these men deny to English descendants the use of Fanueil Hall—the cradle of liberty—for the purpose of celebrating the Jubilee of Her Majesty the Queen of England, who have filled with dignity and womanly honor for fifty years the great Protestant English throne. Had a mob of Irish priests and politicians desired the use of Fanueil Hall to jubilate his Pontifical Holiness, or whoop up a non-rent-paying, dynamitic, Irish mendicant begging for coin, it would have been accorded most cheerfully. The O'Briens, Driscolls, Pat Sheedys, Desmonds, Murphys, Regans, Sullivans, McGuires, Learys, McNearys, and the rest of the litter would have tumbled over each other in haste to wallow at the feet of the Pope, or humble themselves in obedience to the mandates of the Roman Church. What percentage of native-born Yankees would hog-wallow with the Irish to get their votes, we can not at this distance calculate, but if Boston has as many cowards as San Francisco, enough to keep the metropolis of New England in subjection to the Pope's Democratic Irish for an indefinite period. There will come the day, we think, when there will be organized an American party in New England that will have the sense to see, and the courage to resist, the organization of a political party whose first object of existence is to destroy individual liberty in a Republican government, and upon its ruins to erect a political party that shall owe its first and highest allegiance to the Roman Catholic Church, and that, in fixing the relation of church and state, shall assign to the state the second place.

Some time ago a gentleman published in the Eastern journals that he had a large tract of land in Florida which he offered in reasonable subdivisions to any Irish family dispossessed of their holding in Ireland, giving them title and possession without any charge for the land. This offer remained open for some months, and no one made inquiry concerning the same, or sought to obtain it for use. During all these years in which Ireland has been suffering the land-hunger, the most fertile and desirable of public lands have been offered for preëmption and homestead without cost, and during that period there has been no nationality that has to so limited an extent as the Irish, availed themselves of the privilege of acquiring free lands. We have seen in San Francisco labor strikes in which the Irish, in common with other nationalities, have refused work that paid them two dollars and twenty-five cents per day. Men who pave streets, an unskilled employment, demand some three and a half dollars per day, the hod carrier three dollars, and the brick mason four and a half dollars, and all other skilled artisans are equally well compensated. There has never been a procession of political labor agitators in our streets, parading with banners demanding "work or bread," a majority of whom were not smoking Chinese-made cigars, wearing Chinese-laundried shirts, and who, when the line of march was halted, did not break to the nearest corner-grocery for beer or gin. We know there is poverty and suffering in the country, but it is attributable more to accident, disease, idleness, and intemperance than to the lack of opportunity to labor. Men get drunk and murder their wives, in San Francisco, who might have comfortable homes if they were temperate, economical, and industrious. In a recent number of the *Nation*, the following proposition—vouched for as genuine by the editor—was presented to Father McGlynn and Henry George to relieve members of their Anti-Poverty Society from suffering. It reads as follows:

GENTLEMEN: I am one of several executors who have about determined to abandon to the State eight thousand acres of land. This land is not situated in the wilds of Alaska, nor in the deserts of Arizona, but lies within the State of New York. It is indeed, within eighty miles of the State Capital, within ten miles of the terminus of the Adirondack Railroad, and only two miles from the highway which leads to the summer resort known as the Blue Mountain Lake. It is, moreover, bisected by the Hudson River, and if you will turn to any school atlas and find the point where the Hudson and Indian Rivers meet, you will be able to place the land, for that point is very nearly the centre of the tract.

I am informed that you are deeply interested in the suppression of poverty. The object is most commendable, and has my entire sympathy. I am also informed that you hold that the evil of extreme poverty is caused by the accumulation of land in the hands of too few individuals, and that to exterminate poverty it is necessary that we distribute lands among those who do not now possess them.

Here, then, is your opportunity. The owners will convey this tract to you for a trifling, almost nominal, consideration, say for ten cents an acre. Undoubtedly in the city of New York you can readily raise so paltry a sum for so commendable a purpose. All that will then remain for you to do will be to remove a thousand or two of the idle and unhappy to this field of immediate independence and future wealth—if wealth be not an objectionable term.

In making this move, your protégés will have all the advantages that our forefathers possessed when they settled New England, Virginia, or Kentucky, and a hundred more besides The soil and climate are similar to those of Massachusetts and Vermont; fuel can be had for the chopping; the woods are full of game; besides the Hudson and Indian Rivers, are numerous streams, and lakes, and ponds; and beyond their purchase the settlers will have the great Adirondack forest at their back for hunting-grounds. Undoubtedly for a year or two they can subsist on fish and game, as the first settlers did of old. When they float logs and timber down the river to Glens Falls, they will find saw-mills and canals ready made. I will guarantee that they will be neither tomahawked, nor scalped, nor tortured, nor burned, not even shot by Indians. If the Anti-Poverty Society sees fit to send them supplies, those supplies will not be transported in a leaky vessel by a four months' voyage, but can be carried in a few hours, and dumped at North Creek, the terminus of the road, and within an hour or two of the proposed settlement. Should they have conscientious scruples against patronizing the railroads and steamboats of great capitalists, or should they prefer to travel by the primitive means of the first settlers, they can take sloop to Albany, and then by four or five or, at most, six days of easy marches, over excellent roads, reach their promised land at little cost, and with no peril. When they arrive there, they will find no capitalist to absorb their earnings, and no policeman to restrict their liberty; speech will be as free as the deer, and may be as incessant as the brooks.

In short, here is your opportunity—and theirs. The scheme contains every advantage that was ever set before the men who conquered nature and laid the foundations of this Western empire, and, as I said before, a hundred more. It will also enable you to demonstrate that the distribution of land will exterminate poverty. Respectfully, etc.,

C. C. N.

WASHINGTON, November, 1887.

Now if this land was in Connemarra, Connaught, or Clare, and belonged to a Protestant Englishman, and was rented in sections to an Irish peasant, he would neither pay rent nor yield possession, except after a scrimmage with the sheriff's deputies, the throwing of scalding water, vitriol, and brick-bats. To English charlatans and humbugs who pretend sympathy with the oppressed and persecuted Irish peasant, to the Papal priests, the Irish politicians, and the Democratic politicians in America, we present these facts: "Free lands of fruitful soils offered in America to the Irish exile who flees from the persecution of the Irish landlord, and no takers." Ireland would be depopulated of its Papal population if America had enough positions on the police and on the board of public works to offer every man a place, provided the place was in one of our great cities, where they could be in the vicinity of a gin-mill and Roman Church. This offer of land, which we reprint to-day, will be derided and scoffed at, and there will be no Irish who apply for it. Only a few years ago, Bishop Ireland undertook to colonize a band of Irish in the Northwest, and it was a signal failure, for even Roman church-bells and masses will not compensate for want of alcoholic drink and the chance of a social interchange of shillelahs.

With especial delight we hail with approval the manly encounter, at fisticuffs, between the scions of our American nobility, at Washington. Sons of American senators! blue-bloods of the sunny Southland! True chivalry comes to the front, stripping to the buff, donning kid gloves, the true weapons of the manly art, disdaining shield and helmet, battle-axe and sword, arena of belted knight, audience of fair women, and field of cloth of gold, our gallant sons of gallant sires meet in a barn, at Mount Pleasant; Ned Donnelly, a retired bruiser, held the bottle; Garland drew first claret from the battered nob of Jones; Jones kept cool under punishment, and, in the third round, planted telling blows on the gob of Garland; in the fifth round, Garland succumbant and Jones triumphant; both men borne to their cab and taken home. The cause, a lady—not of princely house or castle born, but better than of royal blood or ducal home—she was fair; her sire, a Democratic office-holder; her home, a first-class hotel; herself, the prize of this encounter. To Jones, the winner, falls the privilege of dressing in gorgeous apparel this beautiful society damsel; furnishing her with gloves, full-buttoned to her charming throat, her feet and limbs with silken stockings to her royal garters, gem-clasped with Orient pearls. Happy, happy Jones, to have secured a shrine upon which he may sacrifice his salary; a goddess to whom he may bring the offerings of his life. Here he may lay down his jewels, his perfumes, and his coin; here he may pour out libations of sweet Roderer, yellow-sealed Mumm, and white-capped Moët and Chandon; and so long as the money and the devotion lasts, happy Jones shall be smiled upon.

But look out, Jones, there are other rounds outside the barn, where you must yet encounter other antagonists than Garland; there are other conflicts, to be fought without gloves. Perhaps Mrs. Jones's mother may come to the house when the first baby is born, and stay there; perhaps Mrs. Jones's father may borrow your money when the Republicans come back to power, and he is out of office and in a second-class boarding-house, sparring the world for coin and gin; perhaps you may have a set-to with the dentist over Mrs. Jones's teeth, and be brought into collision with Mrs. Jones's milliners and dress-makers, as she fights to hold on to the ragged edge of genteel society by her eye-lids. It is a long, and desperate, and doubtful contest upon which Mrs. Jones is entering, when she leaps the barrier of matrimony, and finds herself in the skirmish-line of a conflict that never ends till her girls are married and the granddaughters provided for. And now, friend Jones, let us advise you strip again for a longer and a fiercer conflict than Garland gave you. If you had won your bride from the old plantation where, with an instinct that is home-bred, she had learned what her grandmother, and perhaps her mother, was compelled to know; something of industry, house-work, and economy; something that contributes to aid and encourage in that fierce battle of life which the husband must encounter, instead of from a fashionable hotel; if you had taken her from a simple country life instead of from elegant society, you had found, perhaps not a nobler or better wife, but one who could have been content with a more modest launching, a more inconspicuous married life, a more domestic, tranquil voyage, and one who had given you a better companionship than is usual to attend the struggle which occurs in fashionable, genteel, Washington society. One more word, dear Jones—excuse our familiarity, your name seems to relieve us from the reproach of invading private life—take our advice and go slow. You are only a boy, deeply in love and profoundly in earnest, but married life is an immense responsibility which involves the happiness and welfare of yourself and Mrs. Jones, and perhaps a long line of future Joneses. Ice-cream with two spoons does not convey an adequate idea of the real duties and responsibilities of the yoked existence. It is a corned-beef-and-cabbage career that is stretching before yourself and Mrs. Jones, in which you will be compelled to work. A few weeks after the wedding-ceremony, Mrs. Jones will find herself against the wall, seeing only young girls in the german; and in a little while more she will be in the nursery; and then she must go to Europe to educate the children; and now, Jones, look to it that you do not get sour, do not hold Mrs. Jones responsible for bills, or babies, or for her early education, or for the organization of society upon a false basis. You will get this *Argonaut* in time to be warned, in time to back out if you lack nerve and resolution to enter upon a career that will be a failure just to the extent that there is any nonsense in it. Back out, and let this beautiful girl whom you would persuade to leave society, parents, and home, to take her destiny with you alone, take the other or some other fellow; her heart will not break, and it won't make very much difference to her if she loses all the senators' sons in Washington; all the gilded moths that are now burning their wings in the light of blazing chandeliers at the nation's capital, and in their place secures the life-companionship of some brave, stout, honest-hearted gentleman, who does not play billiards, drink gin, gamble, hold office, and who is not afraid to be sober, industrious, economical, and to pursue some honorable and legitimate employment. If the event occurs, the *Argonaut* will expect cards.

In a recent volume, entitled "The Catholics and Education," published by the *Catholic World*, the following is expressed as the sentiment of the Church of Rome in reference to education. The idea is simply this: Keep the great mass of the people in ignorance, so that they will obediently and blindly follow their priests, and piously, reverently, and with unquestioning faith believe every absurd and blasphemous dogma which an ambitious and mercenary hierarchy may put forward for the attainment and exercise of both civil and ecclesiastical power. The author of this book would gladly return to the dark and ignorant middle ages, when the church, enjoying great power, exercised it to keep mankind in ignorance and superstitious darkness, persecuted heretics, and filled the earth with blood and terror:

The present system of education saps the foundation of the Catholic religion. We ourselves as Catholics are as decidedly in favor of education as any other class of citizens, and want it as thorough and extensive as possible, if the quality suits us. The education of the leaders is of far greater importance than the education of those that are to be led. Some men are born to be leaders, and the rest are born to be led. The best state of society is that in which the few are well educated and lead, and the many are trained to obedience, content to do what they are told, and be docile and teachable. In extending education we only bring presumption, pretension, conceit, indocility, and incapacity to the surface. For the great mass of the people the education needed is not secular education, which simply sharpens the intellect and generates pride and presumption. The peasantry of old Catholic countries two centuries ago were better educated than the great body of American people to-day. Good officers, with an able general at their head, can make an efficient army out of almost any material. That there is nothing on earth really worthy of admiration except the Catholic Church, the spotless Bride of the Son of God, the Queen of the World, for whose sake the nations have been created, and for whose glory and triumph alone time is prolonged, and the endless web of events woven on its loom.

THE KNOCK ALPHABET.

How Russian Prisoners talk from Cell to Cell.

The hardships, humiliations, and pretty miseries innumerable of life in a Russian provincial prison are alleviated to some extent by the possibility of secret communication between prisoners who occupy adjacent cells (writes George Kennan in the *Century.*) Although such intercommunication is strictly forbidden by law, it prevails to a greater or less extent in all the prisons of the empire, with the single exception, perhaps, of the castle of Schlüsselburg. Every possible measure of prevention has been tried again and again by the prison authorities, but the ingenuity, patience, and persistence of the political prisoners have triumphed over all difficulties, and have virtually set official prohibition at defiance.

The talented Russian novelist X——, who has been twice exiled to Siberia, and half a dozen times imprisoned, told me last summer that when he was arrested for the first time he had never even heard of the "knock alphabet;" and that when, during the second day of his imprisonment, he noticed a faint tapping on the other side of the wall, he regarded it merely as an indication that the adjoining cell was occupied, and gave it no particular attention. As the knocking continued, however, and as the faint taps seemed to be definitely segregated into groups by brief intervals of silence, he became convinced that his unknown neighbor was endeavoring to communicate with him. Upon what principle or plan the knocks were grouped he did not know, but he conjectured that the number of taps between two "rests" might correspond with the serial number of a letter in the alphabet—one knock standing for "a," two for "b," three for "c," and so on up to twenty-six for "z." Upon putting this conjecture to the test, he was delighted to find that the knocks resolved themselves into the letters "D-o-y-o-u-u-n-d-e-r-s-t-a-n-d?" He replied with forty-nine knocks, so grouped and spaced as to make "Y-e-s;" but long before he had finished this short word he became mournfully conscious that, at the rate of forty-nine knocks for every three letters, he and his unknown correspondent would not be able to exchange more than half a dozen ideas a week. The invisible prisoner on the other side of the wall, however, began at once another long series of knocks, which extended to two hundred and ninety-six, and which, when translated, made the words "Teach you better way—listen!" Mr. X—— then heard one loud tap near the corner of the cell, followed by a sound of scratching, which proceeded from that point toward the door at about the height of a man's head, as if the unknown were drawing a long horizontal line with some hard substance on the other side of the wall. After a brief interva of silence there came two staccato taps and the noise made by the scratching of a second line, parallel with the first one but a little lower down. When seven of these invisible lines had been drawn under one another about a foot apart, with a group of knocks at the beginning of each one to denote its number, the unseen artist went back to one knock, and proceeded to draw six perpendicular lines crossing the first series at right angles, so as to make a huge audible checker-board. As soon as Mr. X—— heard this invisible diagram, and before the unknown instructor had finished knocking out the words, "Put alphabet in squares," the quick-witted pupil had scratched upon the floor of his cell a reduced copy of the audible tracing, and was numbering its lines and columns. His diagram when finished looked like this:

	1	2	3	4	5
1	a	b	c	d	e
2	f	g	h	i	j
3	k	l	m	n	o
4	p	q	r	s	t
5	u	v	w	x	y
6	z				

After giving Mr. X—— time to construct the figure, the unknown prisoner began another series of knocks, so grouped and spaced as to indicate the lines and columns in which the required letters were to be found. Five knocks, followed by three knocks, meant that the equivalent letter would be found at the intersection of the fifth line and third column; two knocks, followed by one knock, indicated letter "f," at the intersection of line two and column one; and five knocks, followed by four knocks, meant letter "x," at the intersection of line five, column four. The first question asked by the unknown was 53 23 35 11 43 15 55 35 51: "Who are you?" The prisoners then exchanged brief biographies, and Mr. X—— discovered that he had learned his a b c's and taken his first lesson in prison telegraphy from a common criminal—a burglar, if I remember rightly—who was awaiting exile to Siberia.

The cipher in the form above shown is an extremely simple one; but it reduces from 351 to 157 the number of knocks necessary to represent the English alphabet, and it is susceptible of variation and complication to an almost unlimited extent. The letters of the alphabet, for example, may be arranged in the square in twenty-four different symmetrical ways, and every such alphabetical scheme can be combined with two variations in the order of the figures and four in their arrangement, making 192 different ciphers. This, however, is only the beginning of the varied and complex system of secret intercommunication which the political prisoners have built up on the corner-stone of the lettered square. By combining an understood key-word with the alphabetical checker-board, they have made a number-cipher which seems to be absolutely inscrutable.

Suppose that the message to be put into cipher is "Nicolas arrested," and that the understood key-word is "prison." The letters of the key-word are first written under the letters of the message as many times as may be necessary to fill out the space. The numerical equivalents of the two series of letters are then found in the lettered and numbered square, and are added together to make a new series:

N	i	c	h	o	l	a	s	a	r	r	e	s	t	e	d
P	r	i	s	o	n	p	r	i	s	o	n	p	r	i	s
34	24	13	23	35	32	11	44	11	43	43	15	44	45	15	14
41	43	24	44	35	34	41	43	24	44	35	34	41	43	24	44

75 67 37 67 70 66 52 87 35 87 78 49 85 88 39 58

The last series constitutes the cipher, and its peculiar merit is that the same number never stands twice for the same letter. "A" in "Nicholas" is represented by "52"; "a" in "arrested" is represented by "35"; the number "67," in the cipher message, stands in one place for "i" and in another for "h." In deciphering the cryptogram, the numerical equivalents of the letters of the key-word are, of course, to be subtracted from the cipher-numbers, and then the letters which correspond with the figures of the remainder are to be sought in the alphabetical square.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Couple of Experts on the Tariff.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Mr. Charles N. Felton, Member of Congress from the Fifth District of California, is reported as having declared that if the East puts California's products on the free list, he will vote to put iron there, too. There is a good deal of human nature in the threat. The only wonder is, that Mr. Felton, who is reputed to be clear-headed, should have waited for wool and lumber to be assailed, before demanding that iron be placed on the free list. It would seem that his business was to inquire whether it was the interest of his State and his district to have iron free or taxed; if he found that their interest required free iron, he should have demanded it without worrying about wool and lumber.

And he might easily have satisfied himself what his constituents' interest requires. This State may be said to produce no iron. There is a furnace at Clipper Gap, which is sometimes in blast; some nine hundred tons of its ore reached market in this city in 1887. There is a furnace at Port Townsend, in Washington Territory, which was in blast for a few weeks in 1887, and shipped a few tons of metal to this city. With these exceptions, and with the further exception of twelve hundred and seventy-five tons imported from Pennsylvania, all the iron consumed in San Francisco in 1887 came from abroad in the shape of scraps, or pig iron, or steel bars. We imported from England nine thousand four hundred and thirty tons, and from the foreign world generally, twenty-four thousand six hundred and forty-one tons of scrap iron. The latter paid a duty of fifty-five and eighty-six hundredths per cent; the duty on the former varied, according to the form in which the iron was imported, from forty-one to sixty-five per cent. If we reckon that the average duty paid on the whole was fifty per cent. we paid in duties on iron in 1887 the sum of five hundred and eleven thousand and sixty-five dollars. The sum was a clean tax on Californians. It did not benefit any one in this State by one cent. It may have helped iron-miners in Pennsylvania, but it certainly came out of us. It did not enable the Clipper Gap furnaces to run continuously, nor the Oregon Iron Company to blow in, nor the Puget Sound Company to remain in blast. It was a bold steal; and it was Mr. Felton's constituents who were robbed.

There is an iron ship in course of construction in the district which Mr. Felton represents; another has been contracted for; both are for the government Both are to be built of steel, which the Union Iron Works have to buy at the East. The maker of the steel adds the duty—forty-five per cent.—to the cost of his goods, and the Union Iron Works have to pay the charge. Messrs. Cramp & Co., who are neighbors and allies of the Pennsylvania steel-maker, object to contracts for cruisers going to California bidders, and claim that they are so far from the place where the steel is made that they can not compete honestly. If the duty were removed, the Union Iron Works would save the forty-five per cent. they now pay by way of bonus to the Pennsylvania steel-maker, and having the advantage of a climate in which workmen never lose a day by reason of the weather, they could underbid the Eastern ship-builders every time. Would this be a benefit or a detriment to Mr. Felton's constituents? Need he have waited till wool was attacked before demanding a reform which might make San Francisco the great ship-building port of the Pacific? Does he represent California, or Pennsylvania?

The Southern Pacific Company has either under contract or in contemplation extensions amounting to two thousand miles of road. These extensions are urgently needed for the development of the State. They will, when completed, bring us thousands of new settlers; they will extend the area of fruit and wine land; they will be dollars in our pockets. Yet the company moves very slowly in the work of construction, because the steel rails cost so much more than they need. The company has to buy them in England, the Eastern rail-makers having more contracts than they can fill; and the duty is seventeen dollars a ton. In order that the Pennsylvania makers of steel rails shall get rich, California has to do without necessary railroad extensions; and it is a member from California who declares that he will only assail the duty on iron and steel by way of reprisal. Again we ask, does Charles N. Felton represent California, or Pennsylvania?

Here is another Californian who wants to subordinate Californian interests to Eastern interests. Mr. Robert Barton, of Fresno, a level-headed, solid man, liberates his soul as follows to a Chicago paper:

"Free trade for California means the destruction of all our important industries. Placing raisins, for example, on the free list, will ruin the raisin industry of my State. Wool-growing is another important industry with us, and I fear that, if Cleveland's policy prevails, the wine imposts will be next attacked."

The fact is, that there is not a single industry in California that would not be benefited by free trade, however it might be with some artificially sustained industries in Ohio and Pennsylvania. Mr. Barton is a raisin-grower; he must know that Spanish raisins are selling in New York at two and one-quarter cents a pound above California raisins, though the duty is only two cents a pound. If Mr. Barton can make money, and he knows that he is making money, by growing raisins to sell at two and one quarter cents below the price of Spanish raisins, he certainly would not be badly ruined if he had to sell at two cents below that price. In fact, the duty is an injury to the Fresno grower. It tempts him to rely on it for profit instead of relying on the quality of his goods; whereas, if he had no protection, he would produce an article that would soon drive his European rival out of the market.

It is pitiful to hear a man of Mr. Barton's standing saying that he "fears the wine imposts will presently be attacked." He does not fear anything of the kind. No one has ever proposed to put wine on the free list. It is a most legitimate object of taxation, and so admitted by professors of every school of economy. But if Mr. Barton implies that California owes any thanks to the United States for an alleged protection of her wine interest by the tariff, he does not understand the subject. The removal of the duty on wine—if so unwise a step were attempted—would not burst the wine interest of this State by a pint bottle. We are selling the East about six million five hundred thousand gallons of wine a year; and we should not sell a gallon less if French wines were admitted free. Why? Because Europe has no overplus of wine, and can not lay down in New York a wine equal to our Zinfandel or our Riesling for forty cents a gallon, which is all we ever get. All the foreign wine imported into the United States is only about half as much as California sends to the East.

The only way in which we can understand Mr. Barton's extraordinary vagaries is by supposing that he got rattled in th[illegible] [illegible]ent on the Canadian Pacific, when he rolled down into [illegible] his hat. It must have been his head he lost.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 11, 1888.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

A Story Found Among the Pompeian Papyri.

[During the excavations made in the presence of the King of Naples, in 1815, a fresco of singular beauty was discovered, representing a group of nymphs with their eyes turned toward a central figure. Behind the latter a youthful Love, bending gracefully at her ear, appeared to be whispering some mystery.

The sprightly, eager pose of the little whisperer, the delightful drawing of the nymphs, and even the dazzling colors, that seventeen centuries had left undimmed, attracted every artist and every connoisseur.

Of course, the Italian imagination hastened to discover an explanation and a history for the incomparable picture. Every day brought forth a new theory, but all lacked the essential character of probability.

The story of the mysterious fresco was not destined to everlasting secrecy, however. In 1836 one of the papyri, now so admirably deciphered by the system of Collini, on being opened, displayed to the astonished view the fresco in miniature at the top of the first part of the manuscript. The rest of the papyrus contained the present story, of which the fresco was undoubtedly an illustration—a story that we give with all the mutilations which the fragile nature of the half-calcined paper makes inevitable. The largest hiatus occurs just at the beginning; it still defies the erudition of all the Italian schools.]

"Oh, Callias! I am weary of the world."

"You are mistaken, Sempronius; you are weary of everything except the world."

"I know what I am saying, Callias, and I am in earnest. But how can I make you believe anything—you, a skeptic by profession, an Athenian wit, a moth that flits from flower to flower through all the gardens of human folly—how can you believe in a profound distaste for all the earth contains? You are an epicurean animal."

"No, my melancholy philosopher, I am a true epicurean, tender in friendship and love for the pleasure there is in both. I am only cruel to my poor country-houses, and this hour my deepest perplexity is whether to go to-morrow to my villa on the Tiber, or pass my languid days in my grotto at Sunium while this voluptuous, pestilential dog-star is in the ascendant."

The star Sirius flung its splendor along the bay of Naples. The young Roman gazed passionately at the scene, and sighed, rather than said:

"Oh, that my mere wish could shake off the earth and send me soaring to the very empyrean!"

As he spoke, he unconsciously drew from its sheath a little dagger whose blade glanced in the light of the setting sun. Callias sprang up, and the sound of his laugh brought the young enthusiast back to the present.

"A man looks at knives like that for just two reasons," said the scoffer, "love or vengeance. To conquer a mistress or get rid of a wife. That's the whole story. But what should throw Sempronius into such gloom? You, notoriously the most admired and envied of men, vowed to luxury, the Graces, and the fairest women of the province! What cruel beauty ventures to resist your innumerable charms?"

Sempronius only answered languidly, "Jests, Callias, that I disdain to parry. Do you see that toiling slave over there? I would change places with the wretch to-day, for verily there can not breathe under heaven a more unhappy being than your friend Sempronius whom all the world unites to smile upon."

Here the slaves coming to announce supper cut short his complaint.

"I follow a different plan from you Romans," said the Greek, Callias, as they reclined at the table. As he spoke, he pointed with smiling satisfaction to the paintings that adorned the apartment. "You place your pictures in the strongest light and the most frequented room. I have mine in this place, never lighted except by the setting sun. I treat them like heart friends, only meeting them far from the day's tumult, and supping thus in their gracious companionship."

Despite his soul-sickness, Sempronius looked and admired. His friend's fancy about lighting the paintings came out strangely as regarded one, a masterpiece by Alcamenes of Ionia. It was Olympus, the scene described by Homer where Venus in the assembly of the immortals comes to implore Jupiter to send victory to the Trojan arms. With the prodigality of luxury that sacrifices mounds of riches and treasures of genius to a moment's gratification, but that gratification supreme, the glorious work could be seen and comprehended just as the sun touched the horizon. The two friends prepared for the fleeting but supreme enjoyment as a pyramid of light slowly rose and spread over the painting. All the upper part was in darkness when the light first fell upon the rugged foot of the mountain. Then it crept up among the vines and olives of the slope. Then the region of the immortals was lapped in a golden air. The jeweled thrones of the different deities flashed. The moving ray seemed to impart life to the figures. In the centre was one last form seemingly veiled by a cloud, which seemed to melt under the glowing kiss of the growing light. The form was Venus bending suppliant before the father of the gods. Her attitude was that of mingled nobility and meekness, but her face, her indescribable face, was love and nothing but love. Callias gave its charms the vain glance of a collector, but the young Sempronius gave a cry, buried his head in the folds of his robe, and flung himself down before the painting, panting with adoration.

When he rose day was done; the painting was enveloped in darkness, vanished as by enchantment.

* * * * * * *

"So you mean to wander over the world, chasing the nameless wonder of a dream? My young and ardent friend, take my advice, and leave such peregrinations to the geographers. Return to Rome; tell your excellent uncle that you are quite ready to marry his daughter's fortune; tell him that you are an obedient son, and have no idea of going counter to your worthy father's wishes. Then, having sacrificed to filial duty, and given a wedding that will be the talk of Rome for twenty-four hours, get on your helmet, if you still feel like traveling, and go and fight the Parthians or eclipse the fame of Alexander—be buried in a mausoleum in India, in which later generations of barbarians will hang the crane above your illustrious bones."

Callias spoke mockingly, but a glance at his friend made him repent his jest.

"I have confided to you alone the hopeless misery of my soul," cried the excitable Roman. "I have told you that the barbarous resolution of my family to bind me in a matter that, of all the affairs of life calls for the greatest liberty of choice, inspired me with a precocious aversion for the being to whom I was to sacrifice my reason, my heart, and my will. Our insane betrothal in childhood gave us each such an invincible hatred for the other, that we separated at once, never to meet again."

"The resolve of two spoiled children," said Callias, this time taking pains to speak seriously. "Why should it control maturer years? Your cousin is no longer a child. She may be as lovely as Hebe and joyous as Flora. Have you never felt any curiosity about her since your terrible nursery divorce?"

"She?" cried Sempronius; "the instrument of my parents' tyranny? None whatever. I was sent to Greece to be educated. My career in the army threw me upon the frontiers of Pannonia. Since then I have lived in Asia Minor. I have never seen Rome; but a word will explain all I have seen," here Sempronius paused; "I have seen the being who will fill the void in my soul forever. It was at a banquet given to the officers of the legion by the pro-consul Septimius, on our arrival at Ephesus. A sumptuous galaday ended with a play given in the palace gardens, and acted by those dedicated to the service of the temple. The drama was like some of Ovid's, a fable on the power of love. The little god appeared under a hundred different forms—warrior, poet, musician, king, or traveling merchant with stores of jewels and rich stuffs, all to conquer the heart of a beautiful girl. And what a conquest she would have been, the one upon whom the young enchanter practiced all his arts. I have never seen any one, never imagined any one so beautiful. There, before me, lived and moved incarnate the Venus of the waves, or Pandora, stooping from Olympus. My fate was sealed forever. The conviction pierced my soul, vividly as only truth's own shafts. I trembled in every limb, as the great magician of our passions spead every net, showed every lure to entrap this loveliest woman in the world. She resisted them all. But one stratagem remained. In the last scene of all, the quiet of a luxurious garden, a youth, in the garb of an Ionian shepherd, offered her neither pomp nor worldly glory, but just a heart brimming with love, faith, and honor. If she had resisted then, she would have been more or less than mortal. She was neither, she was a woman—true as nature, touched by the sweet impulses of nature. I had triumphed in her resistance, now I triumphed in her submission. I saw with joy that her beauty was not the beauty of a statue. My face flushed as the rosy color stole into hers. A tear fell from her eyes, my own were wet. With a sigh and a smile she admitted the power of the heart over the heart, and with silent tears of joy let herself fall upon the breast of the Ionian. Then, in a thunder-clap, the whole scene lifted like a flying cloud, and instead of the simple garden we saw the immortal meads of Idalia. The Ionian shepherd was Love himself, back in his first form; delightful, powerful, sportive, and kingly. The young god, wafted on his purple wings, flew to the arms of the fair mortal, and crowned her with amaranths in the presence of the nymphs, as a symbol of her metamorphosis into an immortal dweller in the groves of Love's Isle."

"And so," said Callias, with cold eyes, his satirical temperament leaving him untouched by emotion, "you have fallen in love with one of the dancers of the temple. The heart's ice melts readily under those good Asiatic skies; I fancy she will take very kindly to a second rehearsal with you in the rôle of the Ionian shepherd."

Sempronius's hand flew to his dagger.

"Evil Greek!" he cried; "the stars above us are not farther removed than my idol from the unhallowed breath of suspicion. I never saw her again. All my researches were in vain. Only your hateful mockery could cause you to forget that those priestess are as sacred as the vestals of the Capitol. She was one of the maidens of the altar."

Callias soothed his friend's indignation.

"Why have you not attempted to find this mirror of perfection?" he asked. "Have you never offered to marry her?"

"Find her!" cried the Roman; "this is the second year I have spent in searching through Asia, Greece, and Italy, impelled by unconquerable hope. She has left the temple. I could almost believe that she has floated up to heaven. But if I found her, what could I do? My father, on his deathbed, left me the choice of his blessing or his curse, according as I did or did not marry my cousin, Euphrosyne. Wealth I can disdain, and tyranny despise; but I can not trample on the dying commands of a father. His voice from the tomb summons me to obey."

"Then forget this other girl," said his amiable adviser.

The Roman slowly lifted his large black eyes filled with scorn.

"Forget her!" he cried, "I have no more power to forget her than to lose consciousness that I am alive. Everything compels me to remember her—music, light, stars, soft evening sounds, roses, the clouds, all that touches my heart means her and her only. You saw my agitation that evening at your villa. The Venus of that Olympus was the living idol of my thoughts. I would have given all I possess to have that picture and die. But even as I gazed the spirit of my father seemed to speak from the gathering gloom, and I fell forward in terror and dismay."

Callias regarded him with more of compassion than he ever accorded a human being. Then suddenly a thought struck him, lighting up his whole face. He smiled, seemed about to speak, restrained the words as if he wished to weigh their meaning, made a few disordered strides up and down the hall, and at last threw himself on an ivory couch in shouts of laughter.

"Have you lost your senses?" cried Sempronius.

"By Mercury, I think so," said the Greek; "this is the strangest adventure of my life that I can recall. Listen." But as the Roman drew near to give heed, a slave entered to announce that a trireme from Rome had touched at Piræus, and had brought letters for both friends.

Callias retired to read his precious documents from the queen of cities, Sempronius fell into a revery, fanned by the airs of a Grecian twilight.

While he gave the reins to his exalted imagination, Callias, having read his letters, returned with an air of mingled pleasure and pain.

"You are free," he said, abruptly; "read this letter from your relative, Catullus. He says that your cousin, Euphrosyne, is dead. In the delirium of a malarial fever she flung herself into the Tiber. Her body was found a week before this letter started. Catullus describes the funeral ceremony most minutely, and is evidently very proud of having been invited to it."

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"And now," said Callias, "for Ephesus."

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The night was gloriously beautiful; the trireme floated from the harbor, leaving a long furrow of light behind.

The two friends stood on the deck watching the shore-lights wane and the moon rise. The Parthenon stood out pale, solemn, and solitary against the sky. When a little temple on Sunium's marbled steep came in sight the sailors lighted up the shrine of Pallas Athena on the deck, and began their evening hymn to the tutelary goddess of Attica. This reminded Callias of supper, and he went below to order a repast worthy an imperial trireme, while Sempronius, wrapped in his military mantle, watched the flashing topaz constellation of Taurus overhead.

As the echoes of the hymn died away, a slender, rosy flame rose from the promontory, trembled a moment above the temple, and wavered up to heaven. The sailors fell upon their faces and received the signal as the favorable response of the goddess. All felt that it was an auspicious augury for their voyage to Asiatic shores.

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The priest of Diana resisted all the eloquence of the two friends who insisted upon seeing the priestess of the sanctuary. Callias offered him a purse filled with Thracian gold. The hierophant had no sooner touched it than he flung it upon the ground as if stung by an asp, turned and fled. Sempronius, dismayed at seeing his last hope leaving him, ran after the priest and clutched at his robe. The hand that had been laid upon the incorruptible minister of Diana was adorned with a magnificent emerald. His eyes fastened upon it, he turned. The gem mysteriously glided upon his finger. Without a word he drew a key from beneath his purple robe and opening a low door, almost invisible in the massive carvings, noiselessly ushered the two friends into the depths of the temple.

The temple of Diana of Ephesus was the most celebrated place of devotion in the world. Callias was thrilled to find himself within its famous walls, from which kings were barred and which contained more treasures than many empires. The day's worship was done. The colossal bronze doors were closed upon the populace. All was night, silence and solitude. The dying fires of the great sacrificial altar lit up such an unmeasured and inconceivable wealth of gold and precious stones, alabaster and ivory, Indian and Tyrian embroideries, and matchless architecture, that even the cold and blasé Callias exclaimed with rapture.

The Roman, wrapped in his own thoughts, heard only the harps and flutes whose accords swelled from the distant halls, as he might have listened to the choirs of Elysium.

The priest now turned into a deeper and more secret passage. Sempronius followed, but Callias drew him back. The pale light of a lamp showed that he had half drawn his sword, with an unmistakable expression. The Greek was evidently familiar with Asiatic faith. The place might be a mere pit where strangers were killed and robbed; Sempronius smiled as if the present and future were alike indifferent to him, and plunged into the darkness. The Greek paused; then, wholly drawing his sword, slowly followed his ardent companion. The passage was long and tortuous; at last it ended in a descent and the light wholly failed. They reached a small door; the priest's voice was heard whispering:

"You must wait here till I come."

With these words he disappeared.

"Now," said Callias, "we have only what we deserve, and we can never give the world the warning of our stupendous folly; for that priest will think we have had quite enough glory already, without the addition of relating the marvels of our escape. What a shame that we didn't follow my impulse and make daylight shine through the fellow before he led us here to die like dogs."

Sempronius vowed the priest was honest. An hour passed, then another, and he did not return. Callias endeavored to find his way back, but after a few random steps he found the passage obstructed by huge blocks of stone.

"The treachery is patent," he cried. "These are catacombs and we shall join the other phantoms, and walk here forever. Exquisite imbecility! Not to know that the priest would no more dare to betray the secrets of his temple than face a naked sword! But he certainly got out of the difficulty in the most superior manner. At present our occupation is reduced to wandering around here till we fall into some pit, or quietly doubling up on some of these stones to die of hunger!"

His friend's mind was naturally more elevated, purer, and already mounted higher.

"Callias," he said, "your injurious philosophy makes you distrust everything, even yourself. As for me, I have not so much that is attractive to me in the world, as to be reduced to despair by this trap. Of course, the priest is a rogue. I might have known that a man who sells himself for a ring would not hesitate to betray his corrupters. He has left us here to die, but death is a brave man's last resource. Stand up, and at least let us not yield our lives without a struggle."

The Greek had a noble soul. The cant of the man of the world fell from him. He grasped his friend's hand with genuine feeling. "Forward!" he cried. Sempronius went first; but the way was beset with momently increasing obstacles. At last it was impossible to take another step.

"Now," cried the Greek, in a tone of mingled irony and despair, "the experiment is complete. What is the use of breaking our bones in climbing over rocks that only take us nearer the bowels of the earth? Come, take and hold this sword, and do me the last service a Roman can for his best friend."

Sempronius took the sword in silence and broke it under his heel. The blade striking the stones made a few sparks, and by their fleeting light they perceived that they were in the midst of a huge crypt whence branched several corridors in different directions. They entered upon the one which seemed to lead the farthest and end in the outer air.

"I am not a patient man, my friend," said Callias. "I will follow you once more, but if this only leads to more tombs I insist upon being allowed to rest from my labors in my own fashion."

"I only ask for another instant," cried the Roman, firmly. "Afterward you may be my guide to the everlasting sleep where the wretched forget and are forgotten."

As he finished speaking, a faint cry, followed by hurried footsteps, fell upon their ears. They paused. A ray of light trembled in the far recesses of the labyrinth, and both rushed toward it. The light struggled through the cracks of a narrow door. Sempronius looked, gave a cry, and rushed into the hall. A woman stood with pinioned arms before a lighted altar, whereon lay a knife. The priest who had betrayed the two friends, regarded the human victim with the fixed eye of cruelty. A group of spectres with melancholy gaze and long murky garments, looked on at the deed of blood. When Sempronius appeared, the woman raised her eyes and rushed toward him. The priest seized the knife and endeavored to plunge it into her breast, but the terrible blow was destined never to fall. Callias still held the fragment of his sword, and plunged it to the hilt in the body of the murderer. He fell with a groan, and expired at their feet. All the spectres drew swords. In a flash all was conflict, uproar, carnage.

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The trireme entered the Piræus, and Callias wished his friend to remain in Greece, but Sempronius, wounded in body, and broken-hearted, begged to be taken to Italy to die, and be buried with his ancestors. Callias forgot all his philosophy as he stood by the noble youth's bedside and heard him rave in the delirium of passion and despair.

"The victim stands by my couch each night," said the Roman, "addressing those monsters with compassionate words. I knew her at once in the labyrinth, changed and dishevelled as she was. She was the first, she will be the last love of my life. Tell me all you know about her; tell me once more, and yet again, that I may die hearing of her."

Callias would then spend an hour repeating that the fair priestess had chanced to see him at the pro-consul's banquet; had loved him with involuntary passion unknown to herself and to him; but finally her secret escaped her, and she was marked for the vengeance of the goddess as a recreant priestess. Her simple wish to leave the temple was an unpardonable crime. The vengeance of the divinity was considered incomplete unless the object of her love was also sacrificed; which explained the priest's willingness to introduce them into the shrine; he had trapped them to make them expiatory victims, and was reserving them for the sacred knife. After the combat in the sacrificial hall, they had been captured, thrown into a dungeon, delivered without knowing how, and seeking refuge in the palace of the pro-consul, the latter had hurried them out of Asia. The priestess had probably perished.

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Sempronius lay on a couch of ivory set with pearls; his curtains were of Persian silk; the silver statue of a nymph poured a slender stream of perfumed water from a crystal urn into a Parian basin; the floor of the room was strewn with roses. But the delicate profusion of patrician luxury was lost upon him. His thoughts were in Ephesus, in the cavern where he had seen that exquisite form of beauty trembling before the destruction of a fanatic's knife.

Callias abruptly entered and asked, in his usual tone, how the invalid was doing under the care of the new physician who had come to save him from his obstinacy and firm intention of dying.

Sempronius smiled sadly, and taking his friend's hand, said, in a voice full of feeling:

"Callias, I think I am as free as any one from superstition, but there is something more than human in this strange leech. Outlandish as his accent and Ethiopian countenance are, he has the gift of reading human nature with a resistless skill. He knows my thoughts, and is master of the secrets of nature. I almost tremble in his presence at the thought that I am in the hands of a being superior to my mortal faculties."

"Oh, he dabbles in magic, does he?" said Callias with disdain.

"I have no secrets from you, Callias," said Sempronius. "I have implored him to show me the vision of Ephesus once more before I die!"

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Sempronius entered the hall first. All was dark; but Callias carried a little lamp under a fold of his robe, and murmured:

"This is rather like our old adventure in the labyrinth; but I confess I have some curiosity to see how your Ethopian, who is such a master of magic, will manage his spirits."

As he spoke, a pale blue flame rose and settled in the centre of the ceiling. They then saw that they were in a vast circular hall. Sounds of instruments were softly audible near them, and seemed to issue from the ground beneath their feet. A vapor rose suddenly before their eyes, floating from right to left, over the walls of the apartment, and finally rested above their heads.

A voice that seemed to come from the depths of the cloud, asked them what they most wished to see.

Sempronius, trembling, pronounced the words: "The priestess of Ephesus."

Luscious music rolled through the air. One wall of the chamber seemed to disappear, and open on the sea at sunset.

"The Piræus!" cried Callias, and pointed to the trireme, outward bound.

The scene changed to Ionia and the burning skies of Asia. Two manly figures, a Greek and an Italian appeared under the cypresses that ring the temple of Diana. A third figure joined them, led them away, and all were lost in darkness.

A line of light now crept along the ground, and the two spectators recognized the vaults where they had been deserted by the priest; soon a distant hall appeared, the victim, the priest, and the gloomy circle of attendants.

Sempronius gave a cry as the beautiful victim knelt for mercy. He tried to spring toward her, but was held back by his friend, and fell fainting in his arms.

When he opened his eyes the scene was changed; a green and a flowery garden spread the luxuriance of Oriental vegetation before his eyes. The landscape was animated by living figures; a group of nymphs were dancing to the sound of instruments they held in their hands, and when the circle parted, a throne of moss and flowers was seen. On the throne sat a young queen in rustic garb, her eyes bent upon the ground, while a young Love whispered his enchantments in her ear; the scene at the pro-consul's banquet appeared a second time before the astonished eyes of Sempronius.

His impulse was irresistible; he sprang toward the vision; but this time it was not a sprite of air. A woman, a real woman, sighing, blushing, beautiful, fell into his arms, agitated and tearful! The priestess, the magician, and Euphrosyne were one and the same person!

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"Gaze on my happiness, incredulous one!" said Sempronius, with an adoring look at his wife, who held their fair child in her arms.

"The event seems to argue that there is such a thing," said the Greek, "but I will say this: Find me a girl, cousin, whom I shall first hate without knowing; who shall love me with a romantic affection, as Euphrosyne loved you, without even knowing whether you were worth a sigh; who shall flee from her country and pass for dead in order to give me complete liberty to play the fool to my heart's content; who shall become a priestess, and after saving me from the claws of a villainous confederacy of murderous monks, shall open the doors of my prison, follow me across the sea, sacrifice for me her woman's vanity sufficiently to masquerade as a negress and a witch, in order to save me; who shall be a thousand times a greater witch by the power of her eyes, who shall throw herself into my arms, and then ——"

"Then," said Sempronius, his eyes sparkling with joy, "then, like me, you will marry the idol of your heart."

"Yes, yes, charming, I'm sure," said Callias, setting his mouth with a comically grave air, "but as she was your betrothed in the first place, why in the name of Love and Venus, put yourself to so much trouble?"—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Charles Baudelaire by Annie Lake Townsend.*

PHYSICIANS IN ENGLAND.

"Cockaigne" discusses why They are not Admitted to "High Society."

It has long been in my mind to say something about the way in which doctors are treated in high English society; the estimation in which the profession of medicine and surgery is there held, together with a few observations thereon. Now, to start with—by high English society I mean just what I say. I don't mean English society merely—not rich society, nor fashionable society, nor well-to-do society, nor respectable society—for doctors have the entrée to these—but *high* society, and by high society, I mean the highest in the land, viz: the society of the nobility and aristocracy. Without fear of contradiction I assert that doctors and surgeons do not occupy a lofty social position in England, and as such they do not go into—are not received on anything at all approaching equal terms by—aristocratic society.

I am quite aware that Sir William Gull and Sir William Jenner are invited to Marlborough House by the Prince of Wales. But this actually proves my case. They are the two exceptions that I am able to name, out of the whole medical and surgical profession who are so honored. And why are they picked out? Because they are not only his regularly constituted and appointed physicians, but they attended the prince during his long and serious illness from typhoid fever in 1871. Sir William Gull, before this, was plain and simple Dr. Gull, a great and famous London physician, it is true; but titleless. Sir William Jenner had gained his baronetcy in '68, and Dr. Gull (if anything, the cleverer man of the two) worked on, content with M. D. and F. R. C. S. after his name, without the addition of "Bart." But his untiring attention to the prince, his zeal, his wonderful and novel expedients, and his success, under providence, in bringing his royal highness through and past the crisis of the fearful malady, won him not only the titular recognition which he soon after got, but gained for him the lasting gratitude and regard of not only the Prince of Wales himself, but the queen, and every member of the royal family. Besides attending him as a physician, Sir William Gull is said to have stayed with the prince night and day, nursing him like a hospital nurse, and ever present and ready to suggest and apply some new and startling remedy as some fresh turn of the disease called for exceptional treatment. One of these novel experiments, I have heard, was this: At one of the most critical periods, he ordered a sheep to be killed, and had its warm and reeking skin bound round the naked body of the sinking and unconscious prince. Who would not feel grateful to such a man? But the fact that he and Sir William Jenner, and a few others perhaps, such as Sir Edward Sieve-King, Sir James Paget, Sir Prescott Hewett, or Sir Henry Acland (Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford University) are received by the queen and Prince of Wales *on occasion*, or even on equal terms with the nobility, does not let in the entire profession to partake of or to profit by the distinction. As I say, these exceptions prove the rule to be the other way.

It is difficult quite to understand why this peculiar exclusiveness should exist and be kept up. I have conversed with members of the aristocracy about it; and while some regretted that it should be so—were open-minded enough to do that—others could only shrug their shoulders and say "doctors are not gentlemen"—meaning by that, in birth. Of course, I don't agree with this view—my own idea of gentlemen not in the least being dependent on birth—but, unfortunately, when you apply the reason, and look at things as the aristocracy do themselves, you will, I am afraid, find they are right. I myself know of but one member of the aristocracy who has studied medicine and become a doctor. That is the Earl of Carnarvon's brother, the Honorable Alan Herbert. He is a physician; but he does not practice in England. He lives in Paris, and practices his profession there. He is, I have understood, a very clever doctor, "which proves," I tell the aristocrats, much to their disgust, "that other members of the English nobility may be the mental and intellectual equals of the inferior classes." Dr. Herbert's living out of England rather agrees with what I say. He knew he would be looked down upon, and he did not wish to insult a profession more noble than any birth-right class, by living among people who would bear with him merely on account of his title of Honorable. Of course, there will be many people out of England who will hardly credit what I say. I expect it. If they want to be convinced by black and white, I say, get Debrett's "Peerage," and read through the collateral branches, which include (with the landed gentry itself) the bulk, or, at all events, a fair proportion, of the "gentle-born" of England. Scan carefully and see how many doctors, *i. e., M. D.'s.* you will find. There will be thousands of clergymen, hundreds of barristers, but, I venture to say, not a single physician or surgeon.

It is a curious thing that doctors are never raised to the peerage. Why, no one seems able to say. No one knows. It is one of those unaccountable, blindly acquiesced in customs which abound in England. They are always made baronets, or knights, both of which confer the dignity of "Sir," but no title of nobility. I believe that the nearest approach to the conferring of a peerage upon a doctor was achieved in 1800, when George III. created the husband of the heiress of Sir Hans Sloane (who I believe was a doctor and an enormously rich man) Viscount Chelsea and Earl Cadogan. I may not be exactly right in this; but at all events it is my impression that a despised doctor and the money and property of a despised doctor were the means of creating the Viscountcy of Chelsea and Earldom of Cadogan. I don't suppose any member of the present Cadogan family would invite a doctor to dinner, much less marry one. The prejudice of the aristocracy against marriage with people below them is fast fading away, if but money enough be thrown into the opposite scale. It is surprising how a prejudice will vanish from the mind of the average aristocrat if you "put money in his purse." I shouldn't be surprised to hear any day of a rich doctor getting an earl's daughter, at least. As it is, not long ago, a daughter of the Earl of Ashburnham married a *grandson* of the famous court physician Dr. Holland, who was made a baronet in 1853. Another grandson is Sir Henry Holland, the Vice-President of the Council in Lord Salisbury's ministry. I also know another lady of title who now and then asks her family physician to dine with her, and he, a clever, hard-working man of brains, doubtless regards it as a great honor. I don't think he gets asked to dinner by his other aristocratic patients, and he probably recognizes the difference and consequently places an undue value on what he is forced to consider a condescension. It is curious how the most brainy, strong-minded men, and radical thinkers and talkers, are flattered by any attention from a person of rank or title. It is very queer, but I am afraid it is true. Few men are proof against the subtle influence of titles. Give Labouchère, or Bradlaugh, or Chamberlain, or even John Bright a title to-morrow, and see if they wouldn't accept it. A great many people are in the habit of giving Gladstone great credit and honor for not accepting a peerage long ago. Now, why hasn't he? Is it because he despises and looks down upon what he is so fond of conferring as a great reward on others? Is it because in his grand estimate of mankind a title cuts no figure? Is it, in short, because he considers *Mr.* Gladstone a far higher, nobler designation than lord, or earl, or marquis? Is it not because he can not bear to leave the House of Commons and his innumerable opportunities to jaw there? Besides, as Mr. Gladstone in the Commons he fills a place by himself, whereas in the Lords he would be, by creation, junior to every one of his grade there. Disraeli often and long refused a peerage. *He* was loth to go up-stairs and waste his eloquence upon the drowsy peers. But like Cæsar's refusal of a crown, the handwave of rejection became fainter each time. I have no doubt that the doctors can stand it. With a little fortitude and self-reliance, they can manage to "get along" without a peer among them for the present. Yet it would be an honor that the profession richly deserves to elevate one to the House of Lords. I know it is an empty, useless thing that no wise man should care about. But it *means* recognition of merit by one's queen and country, and as such it should not be withheld from the medical profession any more than from lawyers. Still, I believe, he will be a brave prime minister who makes the first doctor a lord. When one thinks of such men as Sir William Gull, Sir William Jenner, Sir James Paget, Sir Joseph Fayrer, Sir Prescott Hewett, Sir Edward Sieve-King, Sir Oscar Clayton, Sir George Burrows, Sir Joseph Lister (who owes his baronetcy to his discovery of carbolic acid), Richard Quain, Arthur Earre, Wilson Fox, George Rees, John Fowe, George Pollock, Hewlings Jackson, William Playfair, and dozens of others less known to fame, and compares them with the Lonsdales and the Huntleys, the Ailesburys and the Marlboroughs, the Cairns and the St. Leonards, already seated upon the various benches of the hereditary chamber, one is apt to consider it a greater honor to be excluded from such company. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, December 16, 1887.

I happened to be witness to an accident a few days ago (says a writer in the Boston *Post*) which gave an interesting exhibition of two or three phases of human nature. The car was so well filled that several women were left standing, holding on to the straps. One of these women, failing to attract the notice of the conductor at the place where she wished to be set down, herself reached for the bell-rope, and of course pulled the cord of the register. The clang of the gong, carrying in its tone a semblance of nickels dropping from his own pocket into the treasury of the company, startled the conductor out of his self-possession, and he dashed inside, upbraiding the careless passenger, representing himself as injured, and demanding repayment as a condition of stopping the car. But the recording angel, as I may be permitted to call the woman, was quick to comprehend the advantage of her position, and when the conductor insisted upon reimbursement because "he would have to pay it," reached again for the cord with an expression of wrathful scorn: "Well, then, pay that! and that! and that!" as she quickly "rang in" three more fares for the astounded man. "There, now!" she ejaculated with satisfaction, as she made her way to the platform.

THE SOCIETY ARTIST.

A Reception in Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's Fashionable Atelier.

Having come, through the favor of the post-office, into receipt of the statement, engrossed by the art of the engraver on ragged-edged, double-weight Whatman paper, that Mr. Cheviott Sniggery would be pleased to have the favor of my company at his reception at No. 4444 Broadway, yesterday, I took the freak upon me to grant to Mr. Cheviott Sniggery the pleasure that he so politely craved. I did not know Mr. Cheviott Sniggery personally, though I had dim memories of him as an elegant young man, with a flat head, on which the central parting of his hair made a mathematically straight line as if drawn with pale pink chalk, with a single eye-glass, and an English accent of the rarest quality. Why Mr. Cheviott Sniggery should experience any special desire for my society I could not comprehend. How Mr. Cheviott Sniggery should be aware, indeed, of the existence of such a person as myself, was not exactly clear to me. Perhaps it was as much to satisfy myself upon these points, now that I come to anaylze it, as to do any special honor to Mr. Cheviott Sniggery, that I found my way yesterday afternoon to 4444 Broadway.

It was evident, as I approached the door of the studio building which bears the symmetrical number given on Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's card, that Mr. Cheviott Sniggery was going to enjoy the pleasure of quite an amount of society that afternoon, and of good society, too. Society was coming in carriages, with coachmen in bearskin capes and cockaded hats, and being set down on the sidewalk with a vast deal of rattling, and banging, and clattering of hoofs, and clashing of nickel-plated and gilded harness-chains, to the gaping edification of a shivering street-mob kept in order by two gigantic policemen. An individual with large hands and feet, and a very large and shiny hat on a very small head, that seemed all jaw and mustache, who appeared to be on familiar terms with both the representatives of the constituted authorities, and who consequently enjoyed the awful admiration of the crowd, remarked, as I came up:

"Is it a funeral, or a wedding, Mike?"

"Faith!" replied one of the officers, "nayther. It's wan av them arthists givin' a deseption to his frinds."

Anyone familiar with the works of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery—for Mr. Cheviott Sniggery is, I should explain, an artist, or what passes in society for such—will, no doubt appreciate the accuracy of this specification. The inquirer, pursuing his quest for knowledge, asked:

"Is he a fine artist, Mike?"

"Faith," returned Mike as before, and with equal felicitousness of expression, "he's wan av thim society arthists, don't ye know. Now then, ye vagabones (to an excited small boy), kape yer brogues off the carpet."

There was a strip of carpet laid from the door of 4444 Broadway to the curbstone, to protect society's soles from the soil of the vulgar flagstones. There was a canopy over it to protect society's crowns from possible violence from the rude elements. There were two colored persons to open the storm-doors of 4444 Broadway, so that society should not taint its gloved hands by contact with them, and on every landing up the two long flight of stairs, there were rich Oriental rugs for society to rest its weary feet upon while it gathered its second wind. As I went up the stairs, along with the Gylttedges, and Munnybagges, and the Hyflyerrs, and the Baugguppe-Bolisters, and the rest, I must confess that I experienced a certain thrill of pride, and that my anticipatory admiration of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery rose at least fifty per cent.

But when we gained the topmost landing, and found the treasures of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's studio overrunning the public passage like the stock of a holiday shop; when, I say, we landed amid an overflow of the splendors of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's *atelier*, which transformed the hallway into a cross between a Paris bric-à-brac booth and a London cigar divan, then did the whole magnificence of the occasion commence to dawn upon us.

"Gad!" gasped young Caddson, of the Knickerbocker Club, who had climbed up ahead of me, along with the Busster girls; "Chevoy's laid in a fresh stock of wubbish. Wondaw what went Syphaw taxes him faw it, anyhow?" And from the laugh that Caddson got, it was evident that society found some meaning to his not flagrantly lucid or brilliant ebullition.

Society was in full fig and fine feathers on the stairs and above the stairs, as in the street itself. In the decorated corridor, society lounged upon rug-covered sofas; it leaned against walls hung with faded tapestries of Flanders and Italy; it stood about and gossiped about nothing, as only society can; while through the open door of the studio came the sweet tinkle of a mandolin and the chiming clatter of teacups. Society smoked cigarettes in the hallway, while within society sipped tea; and it may be of interest to make note of the fact that among the social brigade that guarded Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's approaches was one fair Amazon, whose manipulation of the nicotine cylinder would have been an object lesson for Mrs. Langtry in the first act of "As in a Looking-Glass."

"It's that Fyrregylte girl," says the elder Miss Munnybagge, who wears glasses and belongs to the Nineteenth Century Club; "bold creature! such vulgarity!"

Whereupon she and her sister commence a critical survey of the assembled company through quizzing glasses, with gilt handles crusted with the highest-colored stones in the market, and honor one and all of us with the metallic stare of as many millions as are supposed to constitute the Munnybagge capital.

"That dear Mrs. Sniggery!" cry the Busster girls, who always speak together; "she has not grown a day older, has she?"

"Hum!" replies Caddson; "she cawn't, don't chew know. Haw son is an awtist, don't chew know. All the waw matewials on hand, don't chew know."

"Plenty of raw material to work on, too," says Miss Celia Squawker, whose wit shares the sharpness of her nose, and then we all laugh again.

Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's mother and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's aunt received for the gifted scion of the Sniggery house. Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's mother received in crimson velvet and a red bosom, and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's aunt in yellow satin and a bust to match. Posted at the studio-door, these stately and, in the matter of toilets, unsecretive ladies extended to society the word of welcome and the couple-of-dozen-button gloved hand of hospitality. And it must be admitted that society endured the vast and billowy revelations of tissue and tint that Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's mother and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's aunt had unveiled for them with a fortitude and a resignation that could only come of a long course of Metropolitan Opera House on first nights. Exactly why Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's mother and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's aunt should have burst into the glory of full toilet, while every one else wore tailor-made gowns and furred coats, did not appear. Perhaps it was to give significant expression of their stand on the vexed question of the nude in art, that is just now agitating all walks of local society, including Mr. Anthony Comstock's. If it was, the eloquence of their voiceless proclamation of principles was certainly most convincing.

With society guarding his ante-chamber, and dignity, comparatively unadorned, doing sentry duty at his door, Mr. Cheviott Sniggery, within the precincts of his artistic shrine, twangled the mandolin and decanted tea for society, in alternating devotions to the duty of the day. Animate and inanimate society was fully represented in Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's studio. It must be confessed that the counterfeit presentments of society as presented by Mr. Cheviott Sniggery among the decorations of his walls, did not appeal as vividly or vitally to the critical eye as the originals upon the floor. The young ladies with pink and white complexions, and the older ladies with pinker and whiter complexions, on Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's canvasses, did, so to speak, an artistic injustice to their living selves, in that they were so much cleaner, and pinker, and whiter. But they were all handsomely framed, and varnished, till they might have done duty as mirrors, and when you take into consideration the fact that frames and varnish have often more influence on the sale of pictures than art, you will not, I am sure, wonder at being told that Mr. Cheviott Sniggery is one of the most popular and prosperous portrait-painters in or out of society in New York.

Besides, the quality of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's art is quite on a par with his patrons' appreciation of it. The conventions of criticism received small honor from the company assembled at Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's reception. In a general way, society might as well have been commending doll babies or pet dogs as the production of a glowing palette and an inspired brush. The rattle of small talk was a mixture of gossip and scandal, with dashes at the pictures now and then, wondrously bewildering to a mind not familiar with the intimate usages of that exalted society which Mr. Cheviott Sniggery adorns, if he does not altogether embellish it.

"And did you really, Mr. Sniggery," this from Miss Squawker, "paint that picture of dear Mrs. Van Swiller in those nasty, greasy colors that smell so? Who would believe it possible!"

"Well, my deah Miss Celia," observes little Snobley, whose ancestry began in a candle-factory in Greenpoint. "it is not altogethew inappwopwiate, you know, faw the Van's got theiah little pile in pawk, didn't they?"

"Dweadful aws that Snobley," says Coddson, whose whole existence is devoted to out-doing Snobley in trousers and cravat. "Cawnt tell the diffawence between a cwomo and a theatwical postaw, by Gad! And heah him set up faw a cwitic, by Gad!"

"Fine color in that head of Mother Sniggery there," remarks a critical old clubman, through the vapor of his tea, "but rather painty."

"Ah! But remember the original, you dear old cynic," from a dowager, herself not innocent of an application of the arts to personal embellishment.

"They haven't been seen anywhere this season, and I read in *Town Topics* this week," Backbyte drops his voice, and sets a scandal afloat in an undertone.

"The story is quite true, my dear," says the elder Miss Munnybagge seriously to the younger ditto; the Munnybagge girls never converse with any one who does not rate as high financially as themselves. "They are really not worth more than a million, and it may be even less, for all we know."

And so it goes; the fashions, the people we know, the things we think we know, the rags and scraps of scandal that the winds of rumor blow about the town, with the sharp twangle of the mandolin punctuating it all, and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery making tea in the samovar by the gallon, and Mr. Chevoitt Sniggery's mother, and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's aunt growing more high-colored and billowy at the door, and becoming so moist in their arduous efforts at hospitality that they commence to shine as if they had been varnished like the rest of the works of art which they stand sponsors for, and looking—good, elderly souls—a deal happier at saying good-bye to us than at giving us good-day.

When he is not enjoying the pleasure of society's company in his studio, and society is not enjoying the pleasure of his company in its drawing-rooms, Mr. Cheviott Sniggery paints society, in the most fetching of velvet studio-jackets, and with pastilles perfuming the air as they smoulder in Japanese incense burners and censers that have swung, if the dealers who sold them are to be believed, in the storied aisles of Notre Dame and of St. Peter's. The social obligations of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery do not allow him much time for purely artistic pursuits, for what with his own popularity and the necessity of a constant competition for society's favor with his rival, Tommy Popgun, Mr. Cheviott Sniggery is a busy man. The fact that Tommy Popgun not only paints society, but also models society in clay, gives him a certain advantage over Mr. Cheviott Sniggery, but this is offset by the fact that Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's mother and Mr. Cheviott Sniggery's aunt are ever ready to leap into the breach in his behalf, even if they have to do it half-dressed. Tommy Popgun has won a certain consideration, too, for his graceful activity and tried staying powers in the german, but he has not yet been able to master the mandolin or to brew tea of the requisite subtlety of flavor; so that, when the account comes to be balanced, it will doubtless be found that Mr. Cheviott Sniggery is at least a neck, or, perhaps, two necks and two busts ahead of him in the race, with a teapot and a mandolin to hear from.

What disposition society makes of the portraits Mr. Cheviott Sniggery and Tommy Popgun make of it, no mortal outside the confidence of the sitters themselves has ever been able to discover. Owing to the prejudices of the juries of admission, not to say their professional jealousies, the works of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery and his rival do not appear in any of our Academy exhibitions. Neither do they share with the gems of Corot and Millett, of Meissonier, Bougereau, Bonnat, and the rest of the modern masters, the honors of society's walls. Perhaps, like the famous portrait of Mrs. Mackay, they are suspended in the more sacred precincts of society's house. Perhaps they are added to society's treasures in the safe deposit vaults as being quite too precious for ordinary use. At any rate, if you should wish to view them, you must get Mr. Cheviott Sniggery to request the pleasure of your company, and seek them in the home of their first being and the atmosphere which inspired them.

When I emerged, from the intoxicating atmosphere of the superior world in which the art of Mr. Cheviott Sniggery is pampered, into the street again, I ran plump into a man in a thin overcoat buttoned to his throat, whom the fierce January blast was blowing before it like a leaf. When he turned to reciprocate my apologies, I recognized him, and he me. "By Jove, old boy!" said he, with his teeth chattering a tune on their own account; "hope I didn't hurt you—I'm in a deuce of a hurry. Got to get a sketch into *Scribner's* to pay my studio-rent." But, as he is only a man of talent, it is, probably, no wonder that he walks, to save car-fare, and makes one overcoat serve him the year round.

NEW YORK, January 4, 1888. ALFRED TRUMBLE.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Douglas Grant, brother of the famous beauty, Miss Adele Grant, has been appointed a messenger in the Navy Department at Washington, at a salary of eight hundred and twenty dollars a year.

M. Boswell-Blowitz has been telling stories about M. de Freycinet, against whom he has a great grudge. One is that the French statesman has three sets of visiting cards; one for democrats, inscribed "Freycinet"; one for democratic snobs, "De Freycinet"; and one for aristocrats, "M. de Freycinet."

It was thought that everything had been said about the heroine of Dumas's *Dame aux Camélias*, Alphonsine Plessis. But an inhabitant of the Orne Department, M. Roman Vienne, who knew the French Camille, never had read Dumas's celebrated book until a few months ago. He found Jules Janin's preface so full of errors, he says, that he at once sat down and wrote a new life of this modern Manon, and the volume has just been published.

Miss Mary L. Seymour, who has one of the largest type-writing and stenographic establishments in New York, says that women make better type-writers than men, and quite as good stenographers. She thinks there are at least a thousand women-stenographers and type-writers in New York city, and the best of them earn from fifteen to thirty dollars a week. One young woman who graduated from Miss Seymour's office is now earning two thousand five hundred dollars a year with a law firm, but her case is exceptional.

The New York *World* says: "Major Rathbone, United States Consul-General at Paris, has gained great popularity at the French capital. By a strange coincidence he and United States Minister McLane are both graduates of West Point, entered the same regiment after graduation, and now find themselves, after twenty years of separation, colleagues in Paris. They both married Southern women. Major Rathbone entertains handsomely in Paris, and has shown a great deal of social tact since he began his consulship."

Speaking of Colonel Nicholas Smith, the professional beauty and high-priced "best man," George Alfred Townsend says: "Colonel Smith is a great deal disliked by ugly men, because he is very handsome. For my part I like to see an American Apollo, since they are quite rare. A man who can sit before me, and in his form, color, contrasts, and gestures never violate any sense of art, is such a rare being in my house, and block, and city, that I am disposed to believe that there are also lines of grace in his character."

Gladstone is a great linguist. When James G. Blaine was recently presented to President Carnot, of France, the services of an interpreter were required to make conversation possible. Mr. Gladstone, however, talked French glibly to an interviewer a few days ago, and responded in Italian to a demonstration in his honor at Florence. If he should go to Athens, he could chat with the natives in modern Greek. He could address the students of a German university in their mother-tongue, or read to them from the Latin and Greek classics. Gladstone's tongue is not alone eloquent—it is highly cultured.

It has just leaked out that the dinner which Dr. Evans, the famous American dentist, gave to Mr. Blaine and Minister McLane, at his Parisian home recently, was the cause of an unpleasant episode. Mr. Blaine was placed at the right hand of the host, while Mr. McLane was on the left. The minister felt that his position as the representative of the United States Government entitled him to the seat of honor. He left the house as soon as the dinner was ended. The following day, Dr. Evans received a note from Mr. McLane, in which the writer said that he did not attend the dinner "to be insulted."

International politics at Constantinople are somewhat complicated by the fact that all the embassadors of the great powers are married to very remarkable and strong-minded women, who, however, in each case, are of a different nationality that of their husbands. Thus from the wife of Baron Calice, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, is an English lady; Mme. de Radowitz, the wife of the German Envoy, is a Russian princess; Lady White, the wife of the British Plenipotentiary, is a German, while Baroness Blanc, the wife of the Italian Ambassador, is an American. It may be added that every one of these ladies pursues a line of policy on behalf of the land of her birth, and as such opposed to that of her husband.

The deceased bull-fighter, Frascuelo, shared with Dagartjo the honorary title of "First sword of the kingdom of Aragon and Castile;" in other words, the champion toréro of Spain. He had at least the satisfaction of killing his bull at the same instant that he received the fatal thrust himself. He leaves an immense fortune. His regular fee for every event in which he took part was eight hundred pounds sterling, and the presents which he received on each occasion may be estimated at at least as much more. Frascuelo was in the habit of saying that the bull-fighter's trade was one of the very safest in the world. The "trick" had first to be learned, of course; but once mastered, there was really nothing to fear—always provided, he used to add, that the bull had never "performed" before, experience soon rendering these animals almost as wily as the toréros themselves. The bull which killed Frascuelo had, it seems, appeared in public at least once before.

The facility with which W. J. Florence wears a single eye-glass, as big as a silver dollar, often starts his friends on a round of joking remarks. It is not an affectation of English style with him, but a custom he began when playing juvenile parts in his early stage days. "It used to be a mighty hard job in those days," he said, recently, "to keep the glass in place. I had no wrinkles then, and no fat on the cheek. I used to stick my glass in with mucilage about ten minutes before my call, and then stand up by the gaslight to have the mucilage dry and stick. Of course, that side of my face being heated, gave me a blooming cheek on one side, and left the other cheek normal. It looked to the audience like a clever make-up, and was a great hit, but all the time it was the result of drying the mucilage. It is easy enough now that I have wrinkles to keep the glass in place, and, let me tell you, it is ever so much more convenient and comfortable than the double eye-glasses with the frame that squeezes your nose, or the spectacles with bows that run back of your ears, and scratch your head, and muss your hair."

VANITY FAIR.

A singular revolution (says a London correspondent of the *Sun*) has taken place in the spirit of English society—one which would have been deemed impossible a few years ago. It has crept on stealthily, but steadily, within the last two or three seasons, and in its irresistible onward course has become to-day a fact. The fresh, unsophisticated, hearty and hardy, fêted and petted "Meess" whom the continental maidens envied and wondered at; the free, unfettered being who danced and flirted in London, rode, played tennis, skated, rowed, decorated parish churches, and flirted in the country with a host of devoted young men, is now as lonely and deserted as the most severely chaperoned French *ingenué*, and far less courted than the appie-faced German *fräulein*. The English girls have been compelled to abdicate before the invasion of married women, The arrogant matrons of the present day carry all before them, suffer no division of their sovereignty, monopolize the attentions of the other sex, and, secure in the proud consciousness of their power, banish into inglorious obscurity the poor forlorn girls, who, if barely tolerated at any nice ball or swell entertainment, have to accept the rôle of wall-flowers and watch the faithless cavaliers fluttering like moths around their successful rivals. The very few girls who hold their own, nowadays, and carry sharp, aggressive warfare into the enemy's camp are invariably Americans. They owe their triumphs to the fact that they generally possess as much, if not more, aplomb and independence than most married women, and that the Prince of Wales, recognizing and appreciating these natural gifts, has set the example of open admiration, while he has never yet condescended to distinguish in the same fashion any one of his unwedded compatriots. He has indulged freely and publicly in unabashed flirtations. He has revolutionized the former austere code of conjugal etiquette. He is never seen at the New Club, the races, the regattas, the theatre, except in the society of two of the ladies he delights for the time being to honor, and who are even more delighted to be so honored by him, transient as their influence may be. Young, handsome, rich, they bask in the sunshine of his presence, and lavish on him in excess their blandishments, smiles, and glances. It is from him that a society woman, English or foreign, receives the baptism of fashion. He has created the professional beauty and brought her into life and notoriety, as much in Nice and Cannes as in London. On the Riviera, his royal highness intimates where it is his wish to spend the evening, sometimes in one villa, sometimes in another. A party is made up at his suggestion, men and women assemble, an employee from the Casino brings the implements of his craft, the roulette or *rouge-et-noir* is made up, some youth, rich and foolish, is asked by the royal guest to hold the bank, and when he has lost some eight or ten thousand francs the séance is raised. The prince is lucky at these gatherings, and the married women always find some one among their admirers to help them out of their losses. What would girls do in such company? They certainly are not wanted.

Imre Kiralfy recently read a letter from Miss Mary Show, Modjeska's leading lady, in which she denounced stage tights. Miss Show wrote that the best of physicians state that women who wear tights constantly for four months become victims of an incipient disease. The use of tights for a year or more makes them invalids, and, though they go on with their parts, they are subjected at periods to the most intense suffering. "With all respect to the lady, whom I have not had the honor to meet, it is simply ridiculous," said Mr. Kiralfy. "A good answer to your estimable correspondent would be that one of my greatest troubles is losing my girls through marriage. They are much sought after, marry well, and my only consolation is in their husbands' assurances that they make the best of wives and housekeepers. Ballet-girls all live to a good age. Marie Taglioni, the greatest of dancers, was seventy or eighty, I forget which. There was Fanny Eelsler, who died an aged lady, and there are many more. I can tell you truthfully that during the nineteen years I have had my company in this country, I have never had a case of sickness among them of any kind. I can't say that I particularly admire flesh tights. I think a prettier effect is gotten in some of the soft, delicate shades of silk. I suppose Miss Show means all kinds of tights. She is mistaken; they are not injurious, and they do not stop the circulation. When I ran the 'Fall of Babylon' last summer at St. George's, Staten Island, I had three hundred and fifty young women in tights, in the open air, and all experienced the best of health. My première, Miss Qualitz, is another example of the fact that tights do not injure women. Her mother was a German actress, her father a clown in a circus. She has all the best qualities of both. After six years' training in tights she is now one of the liveliest and prettiest dancers at eighteen I ever saw. I tell you, tights are absolutely a necessity. Even women in full-dress upon the stage have to wear them."

"We have had an adventure," said a Washington lady, in entering the parlor of her friend, with a look of pleased excitement," (writes Kate Field in the *Independent.*) "We went to call on Mrs. Lamont. At the door we asked if she lived there, and the servant said: '*Mais oui, Madame,*' and added something which he thought was English but it wasn't, and so, not very clear. We deposited our cards in his big tray, and sallied into the drawing-room, stumbling, of course, because it was fashionably dark. A flight of gentlemen—nothing else expresses it, they rose so simultaneously—made the air still more obscure, and then our hostess appeared to us. Noticing it was not Mrs. Lamont, I supposed it was someone receiving for her, and that she would say so; but she shook hands with us cordially, speaking English with a smooth accent that I at once knew was Spanish, and as I saw better in the darkness, I observed her beautiful dark eyes and eyebrows; the gentlemen also, now perched on chairs rather remote from us, were all talking in some foreign language. 'There is some mistake here,' said I, as we sat down, and my friend said so, and then the lady, in the same pleasant voice, said: 'Madame Lamont is living since several months on I Street.' We have been out of the world several months, so that explains our mistake in a city of hegiras like Washington. 'But where are we?' said I, as curious to know as if I had fainted and returned to consciousness. 'It is the Cheelleean minister,' said the lady, in a voice that caressed your ear, it was so sweet, and clear, and high-bred in its tones, and still with perfect graciousness of manner. We apologized as well as we could, and the lady received it sweetly, and we retired, no doubt to the joy of the gentlemen, who I am certain, all flew back again, as near the sofa where she had been sitting as their chairs could get. But you do not seem struck with the real point of my story. It was her graciousness of manner through it all. We were precipitated upon her, two strange women, we did not have time to mention our names, and she would have known no more if we had, and yet she was as cordial as if we were already acquainted. I sat down by her on the sofa, without thinking, in my earnest endeavor to see who it was; how did she know but I wanted to pick her pocket?" "I wonder if she had heard the story about Mrs. Fish," said the lady to whom this recital was being poured out by the heroine of the tale. "Mrs. Fish, as wife of the Secretary of State, was one of the leaders in society here. She was aristocratic by nature and education, but she made it a sacred duty to return every call that was paid her; every card in her basket, that had a name and a number on it, was honored in its turn One day her fine coachman had a great deal of difficulty in discovering a certain address given him by Mrs. Fish. They drove up one street and down another, then they wandered to the outskirts of the city and back again; finally, in a narrow side-street, in front of a dingy little shop which had dwelling-rooms over it, the carriage stopped. Mrs. Fish bravely got out. It was the street and number of her card. Washington expects people to do their duty; the lady of the house was at her wash-tub in a back-room. But they say that Mrs. Fish made a friend of her. As she followed her visitor to the door, the woman said: 'I wanted to see you, Mrs. Fish, but I hadn't ought to have left that card.'"

It is permissible now for ladies to appear in the streets with cats. They must be shaggy, long haired Angora cats, as big as fat pugs, and costing more than a thousand ordinary back-yard cats would fetch. They are decked with collars and carried in the arms, because no matter how aristocratic and costly a cat is, it will not suffer itself to be led by a string.

Vanloo, Boucher, Lancret, Gravelot, and Goupy lent the lustre of their art to the fans of their day, and it was Vien, the first painter of the household of Louis XV., who designed that celebrated fan, presented to Marie Antoinette by the city of Dieppe, on the birth of the ill-fated Dauphin, which Balzac qualified as "the handsomest and most celebrated in the world." Such fans recall a thousand gay gatherings of fashion, in which, as years rolled by, they have played their part. They are associated with beauty, art, and love. Leonore d'Este declared her passion by kissing her fan and throwing it to Tasso. Titian immortalized one of curious shape made in open-work parchment, decorated with priceless Venetian lace. In Louis XIV.'s time, the Eventaillistes had their rights secured by a charter of incorporation, and Mme. de Pompadour possessed a fan with a lace mount which cost six thousand pounds sterling, and took nine years to make each section, besides the embroidery being decorated with a medallion bearing a masterpiece of miniature painting. The most fashionable fans now are revivals of antique models.

A writer in the Washington *Critic* says: "Young ladies in 'society' sometimes do queer things, but seldom does one venture on such a remarkably bold line of action as one young person did in this city while at a dinner-party not many months ago. During a lull in the conversation, she quietly remarked to the young gentleman who took her in to dinner: 'Let me see your pocket-book.' Not knowing what to make of such a peculiar request, the young man quietly produced his pocket-book, and handed it to her. She took it, calmly opened it, and took out a roll of bills amounting to two hundred dollars—all the money it contained. Then saying to her victim, 'I will buy me a ring to-morrow,' she as calmly handed back the empty leather case to him, and put the money in her own pocket. The man preferred to lose the money rather than press his claim for it upon her relatives, and submitted to what was simply a piece of bare-faced robbery. But he won't escort that young woman to another dinner-table, even if he lives to be as old as George Washington's favorite body-servant." The story is a very pretty one. But the Washington young man should not carry around so large a boodle. The attempt might be made on society young men in many other cities with less alarming results.

Mr. Cox, in his "Diversions of a Diplomat," confirms the assertion of other recent visitors to Constantinople, that there, at least, the harem, whatever it may once have been, has, during the last quarter of a century, undergone many innovations. Not long ago, one hundred and fifty of the women of the seraglio were vaccinated by an Italian surgeon. The eunuchs managed this by stationing the operator in front of a large screen, through a hole in which the patient thrust her arm. Moreover, while formerly the particular apartment occupied by a given lady of the imperial harem was known only to the Sultan and the chief of the eunuchs, this knowledge is now shared with the physicians attached to the household. According to another report mentioned by Mr. Cox, each *cadina*, and we presume also each odalisque, "enjoys the luxury of a visiting-card, which she affixes on the outer door of her apartment."

These reflections on tight lacing are by Oscar Wilde: Miss Leffler-Arnim's statement, in a lecture delivered recently at St. Saviour's Hospital, that "she had heard of instances where ladies were so determined not to exceed the fashionable measurement that they had actually held on to a cross-bar while their maids fastened the fifteen-inch corset," has excited a good deal of incredulity, but there is nothing really improbable in it. From the sixteenth century to our own day there is hardly any form of torture that has not been inflicted on girls, and endured by women, in obedience to the dictates of an unreasonable and monstrous fashion. "In order to obtain a real Spanish figure," says Montaigne, "what a Gehenna of suffering will not women endure, drawn in and compressed by great *coches* entering the flesh; nay, sometimes they even die thereof!" "A few days after my arrival at school," Mrs. Somerville tells us in her memoirs, "although perfectly straight and well made, I was enclosed in stiff stays, with a steel busk in front; while above my frock, bands drew my shoulders back till the shoulder-blades met. Then a steel rod with a semicircle, which went under my chin, was clasped to the steel busk in my stays. In this constrained state I and most of the younger girls had to prepare our lessons;" and in the life of Miss Edgeworth we read that, being sent to a certain fashionable establishment, "she underwent all the usual tortures of back-boards, iron collars, and dumbs, and also (because she was a very tiny person) the unusual one of being hung by the neck to draw out the muscles and increase the growth," a signal failure in her case. Indeed, instances of absolute mutilation and misery are so common in the past that it is unnecessary to multiply them; but it is really sad to think that in our own day a civilized woman can hang on to a cross-bar while her maid laces her waist into a fifteen-inch circle. To begin with, the waist is not a circle at all, but an oval; nor can there be any greater error than to imagine that an unnaturally small waist gives an air of grace, or even of slightness to the whole figure. Its effect, as a rule, is simply to exaggerate the width of the shoulders and the hips; and those whose figures possess that stateliness which is called stoutness by the vulgar, convert what is a quality into a defect by yielding to the silly edicts of fashion on the subject of tight-lacing. The fashionable English waist, also, is not merely far too small, and consequently quite out of proportion to the rest of the figure, but it is worn far too low down. I use the expression "worn" advisedly, for a waist nowadays seem to be regarded as an article of apparel to be put on when and where one likes. A long waist always implies shortness of the lower limbs, and from the artistic point of view has the effect of diminishing the height; and I am glad to see that many of the most charming women in Paris are returning to the idea of the Directoire style of dress.

Concerning a Paris first night, George W. Smalley thus writes to the New York *Tribune:* "Few toilettes were brilliant, or even fresh. Fewer women were in full-dress. Even in two of the stage-boxes there were ladies in morning costume, as they commonly, or often, are on ordinary nights. In the balcony, bonnets were worn universally. A French-woman has long since made up her mind that she can not uncover her head inside a theatre, except in a box. What seemed odd was that some of these bonneted ladies were in low gowns; not ball-gowns, but cut square at the neck; one or two of them sleeveless. As for the men, they were for the most part in what here passes for evening dress; with black neck-ties. Perhaps it is because Frenchwomen dress well, that Frenchmen dress so badly. What has befallen the French tailor that he can not, or that most of them can not, construct an evening suit? Half the men looked as if they had hired their dress-coats for the evening, so ill-fitting were these difficult garments. Waistcoats were so cut as to show as little as possible of shirts, not always so clean that you cared to see more of them The neckties were mostly of that order of architecture known as grotesque; sometimes a mere rag; sometimes flaunting in elaborate black bows, and hiding half the narrow expanse of shirt which the slit in the waistcoat permitted to be seen."

Silk stockings are woven in England, France, and in this country. Many of the stockings sold as French are made in America on French silk-looms. All the cheaper stockings in market are of American make, and many of the best stockings too. Good American stockings of pure silk are worth two dollars and twenty-five cents a pair; still better stockings of domestic make, unweighted in the dye, are three dollars and fifty cents. There is no special economy in buying American goods, as the fifty per cent. of import duty is more than covered by the high price of labor in this country. The next grade of silk stockings to pure silk are the spun silk. These are made of the short silk of the cocoon, which is usually mixed with a certain small percentage of cotton in the yarn to give it body. The third grade of silk stockings are known to merchants as the plaited silk. These are simply a cotton stocking with a silk face, and they can be easily recognized by turning them inside out, when the most casual observer will see they are cotton. Black silk stockings are considerably cheaper than colors, because black stockings are purchased in large quantities, and there are more failures in dye, or what are termed "seconds," among colored stockings, especially among those dyed in fine evening tints. It is a little singular that ingrain hosiery, or stockings in the yarn, are not in use in England or on the Continent; there is no demand for them. Such hosiery is made only to supply the orders of merchants in this country. There is really no advantage in such hosiery, and the dyed hose are finally taking the place in this country of the ingrain stocking, though merchants still keep the latter to supply fastidious customers. A longer stocking is made abroad for the American market than for home trade. It is well for the purchaser of hosiery to beware of all black stockings that are not purchased of old, trustworthy houses, as the most powerful nitrate of silver dyes are now being used to make fast colors which will not crock, but which are, of course, injurious to the health, and also tend to rot the fabric. Some of the best hosiery in the market are coal-oil dyed; this gives the stocking a heavy, rather unpleasant odor, but this soon passes away, and this dye tends to preserve rather than to destroy the fabric. The most luxurious underwear is of white silk. Refined women do not use the various tints and colors shown in silk garments, and the most exclusive stores do not keep them in stock, unless as display goods. The only place in which an undervest of tinted silk is worn is with evening dresses, when a silk undervest, cut pointed back and front, is worn to match the evening dress in color. Silk underwear is nearly as warm as wool, and not irritating to the flesh, as wool often is; it is much warmer than merino, or cotton and wool, underwear. Union suits are shown in heavy and medium weights, and there are soft, luxurious, jersey-fitting vests of ivory white silk which do not increase the size of the figure.

IN A FRENCH CHATEAU.

An American girl sketches the Home Life of a Family in Touraine.

When my dear old aunt sent a royal message bidding me to her château for a visit of undetermined length, I truly believe she did so with actual fear and trembling, for her idea of what an American girl really was, was so limited that she probably expected me to eat with my fingers, dance a war-dance in the center of the drawing-room, and carry a bowie-knife in my belt!

You see, I had just landed, she knew me only by reputation, and although she dreaded the consequences of a visit from me, her dear, hospitable heart could not let me come to her native land and remain a stranger to her home. So she sent her *dame de compagnie* all the way to Paris to meet me and fetch me to her.

I had been equipped in the daintiest dresses possible, and not wishing to appear different from most French girls, had procured a maid to wait upon me at the modest sum of ten dollars per month. I was sure of my French—that I had learned when a child—and although my ways might have been a little less reserved than those of a French girl of the same age, I was not timid at the prospect of facing a whole regiment of new relations all ready to pull me to pieces.

My aunt, Mme. la Comtesse de Dampierre, won my heart by her queenly and gracious manner; and her sweet, womanly reception made me feel at once that my life would indeed be a happy one under her roof.

How any traveler can visit France and pass by Touraine is a mystery to me; my first glimpse of it showed me how deserving it was of the name of "The Garden of France." One estate joins the other without boundary-line of any kind, one park extends into another without even a wire railing, and it is one succession of beautiful gardens from end to end. Château Mousseau, my aunt's summer and autumn residence, is just twelve miles from that queer little village of Montiesor, and it was here I found my cousin Emil awaiting me and my attendant. A drive of an hour gave me the first sight of the towers and turrets of Le Mousseau. Passing through massive iron gates, winding up an avenue of grand old trees, skirting farm after farm under the most perfect cultivation, I saw before me what I then thought must be the most perfect home in the world: A château built in the Louis XIV. style, surrounded by a park and gardens of eight hundred acres, under the care of gardeners who might well be called artists, so perfectly had they laid out the whole. If the exterior enchanted me, what word is left for the interior? The walls, ceiling, and floors of the antechamber, which I first entered, were in those beautiful wood finishings seen only at the old Château de Fontainebleau; the walls, however, were covered with antique tapestry, which took away the cold look and gave it the warm appearance so often wanting in French houses. A large chimney-place, reaching to the ceiling and filled high in cold weather with huge burning logs, added greatly to the charm of this hall. In the center stood a very handsome Henry IV. table, on which were rare plants and flowers; in every corner of the antechamber high-backed antique chairs found ample room, and, to complete its beauty, at the far end was an immense glass-door, through which I could see the grand old park, extending as far as the eye could reach.

From the hall, through a portièred doorway, I was taken into the salon, or drawing-room. This apartment deserves a few words of description; it was furnished in Louis Quatorze style, and rendered more homelike by odd fancy chairs, small reading-tables, work-tables, lamp-tables, fine statuary, a piano, flowers everywhere, beautiful paintings, and to crown all, a fireplace so large that the chimney-seats would hold the whole family. From this room one passed into the dining-hall, which took up the entire side of one of the pavilions. It was all in richly carved wood and hung in Italian tapestry; one hundred people could be seated at table in this sumptuous hall. The room corresponding to this in the opposite pavilion was the ball-room, copied exactly from the one Henry IV. built for Diane de Poitiers at Fontainebleau. On the same floor was the library, an ideal room, with the four walls lined with books; easy-chairs, and lounges placed in cosy nooks, writing-tables, and tête-à tête corners behind high screens, and over all a pervading quietness and peace that this room alone in all the château possessed. The billiard and smoking-rooms, and a cosy retreat for those inclined to "solitude à deux," were also on this floor. The bed-rooms, of which there were untold numbers on the second and third floors, were all most perfect in every detail.

My own particular sanctum was one of the four tower rooms of the château—the walls draped in light-blue soft silk, all the furniture, curtains, and bed even, being of the same. The dressing-room opened off one side of the room. From my windows I could overlook the main entrance and the prettiest bit of garden in the world.

The morning after my arrival I heard a loud ring at the lodge-gate, and looking from my window, saw the old country postman trudging up the long avenue to the château. The Mosseau letter-bag handed over to the superb Monsieur François, the head-butler, the old man goes to the great kitchen, where the cook sets before him a hearty breakfast, which I need not add he does ample justice to, while he delights a large audience composed of cooks and scullions, maids and valets, grooms and house-servants, with his gossip of the many châteaux he has taken in on his rounds.

My letters were brought me with my morning coffee by my maid Celine. I soon became Frenchwoman enough to take my first bite in bed, to have my bran bath prepared for me, my shoes drawn on by my little maid, my nails manicured each morning, and to read my home budget of news while my hair was being dressed.

None of the family or guests met before the *déjeûner à la fourchette* at twelve o'clock, which is a delightful custom, leaving you free to read, or write, or to enjoy the comfort of a longer morning's doze if you feel so inclined. Later in the day it was rare that you could be by yourself, which makes one fully appreciate these quiet early hours.

Being "une Américaine," I was allowed many more privileges than the French girls, and at first some of the mammas looked at me rather askance, but they soon understood it all, and were amused at a young girl of eighteen being so much at home in the presence of gentlemen. Their own daughters, though bright, pleasant, and often beautiful girls, were never allowed to speak to a man without being spoken to, and their amusements were entirely among themselves. For instance, after dinner, I was allowed to serve the coffee and liqueurs to the gentlemen present, and talk and laugh with them as our girls do at home, and, if a pleasant evening, to walk with them on the veranda in sight of the drawing-room windows. I was also allowed to have any gentleman light my candle at night, and to take my hand for a moment when saying "good night." This candle lighting is a curious custom; on the centre-table in the hall are placed as many candles as there are guests; the candles are in queer candlesticks, looking like soda-water glasses and stands. A gentleman lights a married lady's candle, the young girls each others'.

The daily life at Le Mousseau was most delightful, and you dear American sisters, who know so little of French home-life, would open your eyes at the affection in families in France, and wonder how it is that our own households are often not so united. Such deference to old people; such undemonstrative devotion between man and wife; such unselfishness between brother and sister—all this is no fable, but a reality most beautiful to witness.

My aunt is a strict Catholic, and her children follow in the same belief. In the most secluded part of the park was built a little chapel, in which vespers were held every day at five o'clock. The resident priest—or abbé, as he is called—officiated, and men, women, and children from all parts of the estate came to kneel at this daily service.

If, in the evenings, no outsiders but the château party were together, one of the gentlemen would take a book and read aloud for an hour, while the ladies worked or merely listened. There was always music of an evening; billiards, and often a game of cards, helped to pass the hours away. But this quiet enjoyment was rarely ours, for generally the house was filled with gay people who turned things topsy-turvy. Games of hide-and-seek, "chasse à papier," dancing, and singing made the halls echo with joyful sounds. There are no people in the world so fun-loving as the French. Men of fifty enter in with boys of fifteen, and their country life is one continual round of gaiety from June to December.

Afternoon tea is yet to become popular with the French in the country; but in its place, at four o'clock each afternoon, a "gouté," or light lunch, is served, in whichever room the hostess may indicate. It is brought in by the servants on large silver trays, and placed on a table near her chair. It consists of fruit, cake, wine, "sirops," bread, butter, and cheese, preserves, and sometimes chocolate. Nearly every member of the château party partake of this collation; it is almost a necessity, for from twelve o'clock in the morning until seven or eight at night is a long time to fast. A dressing-bell was always rung at Le Mousseau an hour before dinner, and every one appeared in full dress for that meal, which was the event of the day. French people are good livers, and they can prolong a good dinner longer, I believe, than any other people in the world. The gentlemen do not sit over their wine and cigars after dinner, as in England, they always accompany the ladies to the drawing-room, and after the coffee is served, those inclined for a smoke retire, for a *short* time only, to the smoking-room. But even this is not often done, as Frenchmen are not great smokers, and they believe it is the height of rudeness to leave the ladies to entertain themselves.

When looking back upon a week full of uninterrupted gaiety, I have often wondered what would become of French men and women could they not laugh and sing from morning till night. Even among the poorer classes, after a week of hard work, they so turn Sunday into a day of overflowing merriment that they forget the hardships of the preceding six days.

The French delight in seeking pleasure, and I never realized this so fully as when we used to drive two and three hours to a dinner, followed by a ball, and return home at between three and four o'clock in the morning. A large family coach was the conveyance we used on these occasions, and when returning home, feeling ourselves in safe hands, we would each settle in our corner and doze until the ring at the porter's lodge would bring us back from the land of Nod.

I can hardly remember one quiet day at Château Mousseau. Although I was there over three months, not an hour passed without its own particular pastime. It was either a drive, visit, or dinner; a ball, hunt, or call; musicale, or picnic.

One charming and to me novel amusement was playing dairymaid. My cousin Ida had a little dairy built expressly for her off the large one, and here we would go two and three times a week, dressed in short skirts, blouse-waists, and large aprons, to make butter and cream-cheese, which our good friends insisted was far better than any other ever turned out by human hands.

Americans walking through the streets of Paris have often remarked that French children never seem to play as American ones do. I only wish those who so pitied the Parisian little ones could have taken a peep into the day-nursery and play-room at Château Mousseau. There never could have existed after that any doubt as to the enjoyment of French children. All the beautiful toys that money could buy were scattered all over the rooms, from doll-houses of ten rooms to boys' rocking-horses very nearly life-size, and here my little cousins and their toddling friends would hold court without reproach or restraint from any one.

Unless friends' children are asked for, they never come to table or in the drawing-room, but their parents do not, by any means, leave them to the care of servants alone. I know many French mothers who always sit with their little ones at their meals, see them to bed, and during the day often assist at their lessons.

No home of the better class of French people is without the abbé to instruct the boys, and the governess for the girls; and a novel experience to me was the manner in which these functionaries were treated in French homes. They ate at table with the family, no matter how formal or grand the entertainment, and both abbé and governess mingled quietly in the salon after dinner with the guests, treated with kindness by every one.

My little cousin's tutor was one of the most interesting men I ever met, not young, but a man who had traveled the world over in his vocation as priest; he spoke fluently seven languages, and was full of anecdote and repartee.

The well-trained servants were a continual source of admiration to me. Everything seemed to move on noiseless wheels. There were sixteen servants in the house, without counting the grooms and gardeners, and yet I never heard a loud word, never noticed a rebuke, and never heard the shortcomings of servants made a subject of salon conversation. And yet, I know my aunt, with her retinue of twenty-five, must have had much to contend with.

The political state of France was quite frequently a dinner topic, in which the ladies took not only a lively interest but a most intelligent one. I was among Legitimists, and though I believe in my own republic, sitting, as I did, for nine months within the hearing of brilliant and intellectual men with well-balanced minds, I grew to be thoroughly a Legitimist myself in regard to the government of France.

CHATEAU MOUSSEAU. L'AMERICAINE.

OLD FAVORITES.

Saint Peray.

When to any saint I pray,
It shall be to Saint Peray.
He alone, of all the brood,
Ever did me any good:
Many I have tried that are
Humbugs in the calendar.

On the Atlantic, faint and sick,
Once I pray'd Saint Dominick:
He was holy (sure), and wise—
Was't not he that did devise
Auto-da-fès and rosaries?
But for one in my condition
This good saint was no physician.

Next, in pleasant Normandie,
I made a prayer to Saint Denis,
In the great cathedral where
All the ancient kings repose;
But how I was swindled there
At the "Golden Fleece"—he knows!

In my wanderings vague and various
Reaching Naples—as I lay
Watching Vesuvius from the bay,
I besought Saint Januarius.
But I was a fool to try him—
Nought I said could liquefy him;
And I swear he did me wrong,
Keeping me shut up so long
In that pest-house, with obscene
Jews and Greeks and things unclean:
What need had I of quarantine?

In Sicily at least a score,
In Spain about as many more,
And in Rome almost as many
As the loves of Don Giovanni,
Did I pray to—sans reply:
Devil take the tribe, said I.

Worn with travel, tired and lame,
To Assissi's walls I came:
Sad, and full of home-sick fancies,
I address'd me to Saint Francis;
But the beggar never did
Anything as he was bid,
Never gave me aught—but fleas:
Plenty had I at Assise.

But in Province, near Vaucluse,
Hard by the Rhone, I found a Saint
Gifted with a wondrous juice
Potent for the worst complaint!
'Twas at Avignon that first,
In the witching time of thirst,
To my brain the knowledge came
Of this blessed Catholic's name,
Forty miles of dust that day
Made me welcome Saint Peray.

Though till then I had not heard
Aught about him, ere a third
Of a litre pass'd my lips,
All saints else were in eclipse:
For his gentle spirit glided
With such magic into mine
That methought such bliss as I did
Poet never drew from wine.

Rest he gave me, and refection,
Chasten'd hopes, calm retrospection,
Softened images of sorrow,
Bright forebodings for the morrow,
Charity for what is pass'd,
Faith in something good at last.

Now, why should any almanack
The name of this good creature lack?
Or wherefore should the breviary
Omit a Saint so sage and merry?
The Pope himself should grant a day
Especially to Saint Peray.
But, since no day hath been appointed
On purpose by the Lord's Anointed,
Let us not wait! We'll do him right.
Send round your bottles, Hal! and set your night!

—*Thomas William Parsons.*

The following cases of seeing in the dark are well authenticated: Dr. Seiler relates that a clergyman was one pitch dark night attacked by a couple of foot-pads. One of them dealt him so violent a blow on the right eye, that, owing to the surexcitation of the optic nerve, he was enabled to identify his assailants and bring them to justice. Suetonius, speaking of the Emperor Tiberius, says: "The expression of his face was noble; he had very large eyes with which, strange to say, he was able to see at night and in the dark, though only for a short time, and immediately on waking out of sleep; they afterwards grew dim again." Cumenius relates the case of a young fiddler who received a sudden blow on his right eye by the snapping of one of the strings of his instrument. He suffered great pain, and on awaking the following night the bed-room appeared lighted up, and he could distinctly trace the pattern of the wall-paper; on closing his right eye, all was dark again; on reopening it, he saw as before.

A French physician, rather demonstrative in his materialistic philosophy, has had the following inscription made upon the tomb-stone of his wife: "Here is deposited the matter of which Mrs. ——, wife of Dr. Z ——, was composed. Deprived of its principle of life October 20, 1887."

THE NEW YEAR IN GOTHAM.

"Iris" tells how the Modern Knickerbockers enjoy their Festal Day.

The custom of calling, on New Year, is dead, buried, and a monument erected over its grave. It has now become a matter of history. The rising, and even the risen, generation speak of it as a contemporary of crinolines, "pot-lid" hats, and other absurdities of fashion. There are a few who still adhere to it, as some old gentlemen will persist in wearing stocks and white duck trousers; but they are as gray and antiquated as their stately old houses, which present dun, conservative fronts to the sunny sides of rich, silent, forgotten squares. The great, gay world would laugh its votary to scorn who attired herself in her richest and spread her table with her best, or who even hung a basket on her door-handle, for the wandering visitor. After all, it is not to be regretted that this fashion has retired into the realms of antiquity. A little of it was sociable, but a good deal of it —and New Yorkers are celebrated for running custom to the ground—was too sociable, too oppressively friendly, for the most gregarious of his sex.

To the man, it was a red-letter day of the deepest dye. In the first place, there were all his cherished lady-friends—the *World* forgive us!—who had dined and wined him for a year past. Then there were his dancing acquaintances—those sweet, gay girls, creatures of all time and every age, who have the sweetest looks, the softest voices, the tenderest glances, the lightest feet in all the world, nymph-like, soulless, lovely things, made for a quick, breathless whirl in the dance, a laugh and a broken whisper in a corner, a warm, soft hand-pressure behind a fan, a stolen kiss under the palms in the conservatory—the perfection of girls to know, to love, to forget, but the very deuce to converse with for an hour. And even worse than this, there are the girls who have come in from the country—the girl from Podunk, you met last summer at Pigtucket. At Pigtucket you found her very nice; but when the little bit of pasteboard arrives for you, with inscribed thereon "the sweetest name that ever love waxed weary of," you forget how nice you thought her during those Pigtucket days, sitting on the beach under a scarlet parasol, reading Bret Harte; you only remember that, in moments of forgetfulness, she said "I want to know," and that across the bridge of her dear nose there were freckles. The dark girl from Kalamazoo, who wrote you up in the papers afterward, also comes into town for New Year's, and forwards a fierce, business-like card. The dark fire of her glance, the enchanting bitterness of her tongue, are all forgotten now; you only remember what she said about you in the paper, and fear that if you don't go to see her she may say something worse. Besides these there is the girl who lives at One Hundred and Eighty-Fifth Street, who must be called on because she has a high temper, which is wont to rise if her satellites don't revolve around her with careful regularity; and the girl in Washington Square, whose blood is as blue as her eyes, and who holds in her elegantly taper fingers the key to the gates of that social paradise where the Knickerbocker lion gambols with the old Continental lamb.

Besides, too, you must remember that though the sage saith "a contented mind is a continual feast," a continual feast in these effete days is conducive to anything but a contented mind—indeed a more discontented mind, and body too, than that possessed by the ordinary man after a round of New Year calls, is something which the erstwhile prevalence of this social custom makes it unnecessary to describe. Sociability and the laws of hospitality make it necessary that you eat at every house, and at some drink. Suppose therefore you call at twenty-five houses—twenty-five chicken salads and boned turkeys multiplied by, let us be on the safe side and say, ten cups of kindness—twenty-five horses in your hansom where, when you started, there was but one, and a twenty-five horse-power headache the next morning. After this mingled sociability and hospitality, Tadmor in the wilderness presents heretofore unsuspected charms to that gay, beautiful, radiant, elusive creature, the man who pays New Year calls.

Studied from the feminine point of view, New Year's calls are a bit better, but only a little bit. You see an immense number of men, who say the same things an immense number of times. You shake hands and say "I'm so glad to see you—Happy New Year," with empressé warmth, until that bewitching smile of welcome which plays about your lips becomes a cast-iron grin which grows to your face, and, like Banquo's ghost, will not down. If you happen to have a best man, who of course hastes to see you, you never can speak to him that some skittish little two-year-old, all agog with his new silk hat and his orange gloves, doesn't come sidling up, and plunge into the conversation with the happy insouciance of youth. But the great feminine drawback to New Year's calls is the conversation. Some women used to read up the papers for weeks beforehand. Some used to buy books of wit and humor, and learn funny stories which they would drag into the conversation with such laborious effect that the stories were as heavy as the first cake of the young bride. Energetic ones would start out, crammed to the muzzle with all kinds of witticisms and pet subjects, which they fired off with deadly aim at the first man, thus using up all their ammunition while the fray was yet in its infancy. A few improvident ones went unprepared, and strange to say, generally got on best—there was a gentle, bovine placidity about them which encouraged the exhausted enemy to discharge a feeble volley of spent commonplaces.

I knew two girls once—bright girls too, who were not afraid of the large-waisted, bangless, bustleless graduates of the Harvard Annex, and could talk pre-adamite man, and spectrum analysis, and hypnotism, and all kinds of wonderful, weird things—who used to grow thin and pale as New Year drew on. They found studying up a subject of no use. No man was concentrated enough to talk on a subject, and no man stayed long enough to enter into an argument or discussion. Something light, and yet engrossing, to be asked and answered over a hand-shake, to be tossed lightly about while the guests loitered over coffee and biscuit, to be fired off with electric suddeness in the palpitating pause which follows the New Year's greetings—this was the kind of subject they determined to find. They finally decided on a question—original, interesting, involving argument, and, delicious thought! perhaps quarrel, opening vistas of conversation, and yet not taxing the seething brain:

"What is a Creole?"

It was an immense and instantaneous success. The originality of ideas displayed in the various answers was amazing, and exceeded their fondest expectations. Every man gave a different answer. Before the day was over, the two hostesses were hopelessly at sea as to whether a Creole was a negro from Africa; a descendant of the Buccaneers, born in Jamaica; the name of a tribe of Indians infesting Florida in the days of Ponce de Leon; the seventh degree of color between the negro and the white; a native of northern South America; a French woman born in New Orleans; or the old Louisianian name for a robber on the high seas.

The way, par excellence, to spend the New Year in these gay and fashionable days, is to spend it in some large house in the country, filled with a jovial house-party. This is to be in the vanguard of fashion. House-parties of from fifteen to thirty people leave New York a few days before Christmas, returning after New Year's. The interim is spent in sleighing, tobogganing, and skating during the day, and in the evening, in dancing, flirting, telling ghost-stories round the great, open, hall fire-place, impromptu tableaux, and charades, a fancy-dress party, and a dance, to which the whole available neighborhood is bidden. The hostess, of course, must exercise discretion in the issuing of her invitations. No girl suspected of an *affair* is asked without her man; no man, dangling in the wake of a brilliant and flirtatious married woman, is asked without his married woman; no débutante, who is too slow, no old stager who is too fast, is honored with an invitation; no beardless, round-eyed boy-about-town, who is stupid and blasé, no dear chappie suspected of overstepping that singularly situated line of honor drawn by the modern man of society, is bidden to the feast. Everyone must have his or her special recommendation. The *femme du monde*, well-dressed and beautiful, furnishes a room with her radiant presence, better than all the golden leathers of Cordova, or tapestries of the Brothers Gobelin. Her devoted slave, with parted hair, and an eye-glass screwed into his eye-socket, can tell a ghost-story to freeze your blood, and, over the walnuts and the wine, murmur bon-mots as readily as one of Bulwer's heroes. The bud, blushing, and well-bred, has an ancestor who signed the Declaration, and a bank-account as long as her pedigree; the chappie, in his English clothes, and little, pointed, patent-leather boots, can tell the greatest lot of funny stories, can play and sing to the banjo, and has a cousin married to an English earl; the tall, *passé*, elegant girl, with the grand air and the lorgnon, is extremely clever, and quite celebrated for saying cutting, smart little things about people, which make other people laugh; the boy of eighteen, of good family, small means, and ugly face, is deliciously good-natured, dances with the wall-flowers at all the parties, gets the dowager's supper, returns calls, and is not above taking the children out coasting. In the scheme of creation of house-parties, there is no fifth wheel under the wagon, each integral portion of the great whole has its little part to do, and does it.

Sing, oh, Muse, of the approaching wrath of Langtry and Potter! The coming of spring this year will not be marked with its accustomed ethereal mildness. Instead, there will be blood on the face of the moon, for then will the demi-goddesses, Langtry and Potter, engage in a great Homeric combat. "Anthony and Cleopatra" is the bone of contention. Last autumn the Lily cherished the idea of appearing this winter as the Serpent of Old Nile. Mr. Coghlan, however, wrote a play for the Lily which pleased her still better, and the Serpent of Old Nile has retired till the spring. Now, however, Mrs. Langtry and Mr. Coghlan, being estranged by one of those slight unpleasantnesses which will occur in the best-regulated companies, the Serpent of Old Nile is about to be revived, and in the early spring will dazzle the metropolis. But in the interval, what has happened? Mrs. Potter has also cast a covetous eye on "Anthony and Cleopatra." She, too, would be Cleopatra, in the spring, and personate, with many many writhings, the lurid experiences of the subtle Egyptian. This is the present state of affairs; what the spring will bring forth remains a horrible mystery. "Anthony and Cleopatra" seems to have suddenly enjoyed a great boom. Mme. Modjeska, also on the trail of something new, talks of producing it, with herself as Cleopatra. She will probably make a success of it—for, without absolute genius, she is a painstaking and finished artist. What the rivals will do with the part, it is awful to think. Mrs. Potter will be lissome, acrobatic, hysterical, serpentine, skinny; Mrs. Langtry—who, after all, is the most respectable-looking, modern of women—will be large, placid, bovine. It is to be hoped that death caused by the bite of an asp is not of the same violent, lively, energetic, vivacious sort as death caused by taking—is it chloral, or arsenic, or strychnine? Turning hand-springs and pigeon-wings round the stage in the agonies of dissolution is more appropriate for Lena Despard than for the awful majesty of Egypt. IRIS.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, January 1, 1888.

Not one in a hundred of the people who travel on railroad trains understand how the pressure of air is used to apply the brakes to a train. When the air-brake was first invented, the air was turned into the cylinder under each car when the car was to be stopped, and the pressure was exerted to force the brakes up against the wheels. But at the present day, the brakes are held against the wheels by springs, and the air is turned into the cylinders to push the brakes away from the wheels as long as the train is in motion. When it is desired to stop the train, the air is let out, and then the springs apply the brakes, and stop the train. This last method of using air-pressure has great advantages over the old way on the score of safety. Whenever an accident happens to a train, one of the first effects it is apt to have, is to rupture the air-pipes leading from the engine to the cylinders under the cars; and that of itself stops the train instantly. It is very important for everybody to understand this matter, because a child five years old can stop a train in thirty seconds, from any car in the train, if he simply understands how. There is a sort of rope projecting from the toilet-room of every car. That connects with the air-pipes under the train. If you catch hold of it, and give it a little jerk, it will stop the train before it has gone two hundred yards.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Early morning caller—"Where is your auntie, Alice?" *Alice*—"She is up-stairs in her nightey, looking over the baluster."—*Life.*

Uncle Bilibab (who has unwisely sampled the side-dish of Rocquefort cheese)—"By gum! That butter ain't in no trance!"—*Judge.*

Which is preferable after all, the polite, accomplished, bogus English lord, or the genuine English lord who acts like a bore?—*Puck.*

A horrid grind: The business the dentist does, with that thing that goes b-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r—been there, eh? Wah, wah, wah, wah, wah!—*Puck.*

Jimpson—"I'm gawing to Europe next week. Can I do anything faw you ovaw theah, deah boy?" *Gimpson*—"No, going's enough, thanks."—*Town Topics.*

The average club-man cares very little about music. If he can only strike the key of the door with reasonable accuracy he is content.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Artist—"Where are you going to take dinner?" *Author*—"Oh, I'm not particular. Wherever you do." *Artist*—"Well, I was going to take it with you."—*Judge.*

Henry George (trying to call into a hole)—"Who the mischief is in there?" *Voice*—"It's me." *Henry George*—"Who's 'me'?" *Voice*—"Martin Irons."—*New York Sun.*

Stranger (to Washington guide)—"Are they blasting rocks near the Capitol?" *Guide*—"No, sir; the noise you hear is the bursting of the Presidential booms."—*New York Sun.*

Lush (gazing at automatic weighing-machine)—"Gosh—hic—twelve o'clock. Guess'll g'ome." *Young America* (in the background)—"Say, boss, drop in a nickel and weigh yer load."—*Judge.*

An ambiguous compliment: "If you use my mixture once," said a patent-medicine man, "I'm sure you will never use any other." "No," was the reply, "I don't suppose I ever would."—*Judge.*

Timid young suitor (who has won consent of papa)—"And now may I ask you, sir, whether—ah—whether your daughter has any domestic accomplishments?" *Papa* (sarcastically)—"Yes, sir; she sometimes knits her brow."—*Detriot Free Press.*

"Wose, deah, tell me—ah—did you make a memowandam of the—ah—wemark I made to you when I was here befoah?" "No, Charlie, I didn't." "That's dweadful, 'cause, don't yer know, I cawn't wecollect myself whether I pwoposed to you or Clawa."—*Whitehall Times.*

Dubious: *Miss Charity Ball*—"How is it, cap'n, you missed the chance of Veloutine Fay? You see she is sitting there disengaged." *Captain Foxpaw* (of the Guards)—"Ah, really—you know, she's such a ripper at dancing and I'm such a duffer I hadn't the cheek to ask her."—*Puck.*

Miss Breezy (of Chicago, to young Mr. Wabash)—"Did you have a pleasant visit in Boston, Mr. Wabash?" *Mr. Wabash*—"Well, yes, rather." *Miss Breezy*—"You found your time fully occupied, I imagine?" *Mr. Wabash*—"Yes, indeed! I spend about half of it studying the dictionary."—*Puck.*

"I see by the papers that there is a great deal of gambling on ocean steamers," remarked Mrs. Buggs "Yes," replied her husband: "and there is more of it in winter than summer." "That seems queer. There isn't so much passenger-traffic then." "No; but there are more cold decks."—*Puck.*

Twigley—"Haw, Wigley, a word with you—(whispering), don't you know you're making a dweadful exhibition of yourself? You've only half-dwessed!" *Wigley* (amazed)—"But I don't see anything the mattah, deah boy." *Twigley*—"Why, you must be cwazy! You've left your walking-stick at home." Wigley faints.—*Puck.*

At a Harvard assembly: *Ellicott, '89*—"Don't look now, Miss Laker; but here comes our pet quarter-back." *Miss Laker* (of Duluth, who never played foot-ball, dresses modestly, and thinks her partner is referring to the approaching lady)—"If that's only a quarter of it, she must have an awfully long back, Mr. Ellicott."—*Judge.*

Young Husband (who thinks of reforming)—"Jennie, my dear, I know you have been grieved and pained for a long time on account of my absence from home every evening. I'm going to turn over a new leaf and begin to-night." *Young Wife*—"Oh, Edwin, you don't know how happy you have made me. Cousin Jack wants me to go to the theatre with him to-night, and you can take care of the baby."—*New Haven News.*

Teacher—"Class in physiology, stand up. Bodkins, how do you distinguish organic from inorganic matter?" *Bodkins* (glibly, having committed the answer to memory)—"In the organic world every individual springs from some parent, while inorganic substances are formed by chemical laws." *Teacher*—"Very good. Give an example of an inorganic substance" *Bodkins* (usually slow at these things, but for once inspired)—"An orphan."—*Life.*

The telephone, it is said, is not making much progress in Russia. And no wonder; fancy a man going to the 'phone and yelling: "Hel-lo! Is that you. Dvisostkivchsmartvoiczski?" "No. It's Zollemschouskaffirnockenstiffsgowoff. Who's speaking?" "Sezlmochocwiertrjuaksmzyskischokemoff. I want to know if Xliferomanskeffiskillmajuwchzvastowsksweibierki is still stopping with Dvisostkivchsmartvoiczski." Such nomenclature over the telephone would tie the wire full of knots, and twist the enunciator all out of shape. Until the kinks are ironed out of the R[illegible] the telephone will not be an overwhelming s[illegible] nd of the Czar.—*Calcutta Times.*

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

William Black's novel, "The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat," is just beginning its course in the *Illustrated London News*.

The second volume of Henry Charles Lea's "History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages" is ready for immediate publication, and the third and last volume will follow in a few weeks.

T. Y. Crowell & Co. announce an authorized translation, by Mr. N. H. Dole, of "Maximina," a new novel by Armando Palacio Valdés, whose "Marta y María" ("The Marquis of Peñalta") was received with much favor.

"The Tailor-Made Girl" is the humorously suggestive title of a collection of the cleverest of Philip H. Welch's society dialogues which have appeared in *Puck*, and which, with the accompanying illustrations, the Scribners have in hand for early publication.

William J. Arkell's recent purchase of sixty shares of *Judge* stock made him sole proprietor of that excellent humorous paper; but he has sold a one-fifth interest, represented by twenty shares of stock to his chief artist, Bernhard Gillam. The eighty shares still held by Mr. Arkell cost him within a shade of eighty thousand dollars.

The *Journalist* says: *Scribner's Magazine* is about to add a "Bric-à-Brac" department of lighter verse and illustrations. It will be scattered among the advertising pages, a good thing for both advertiser and reader. Messrs. Frost, Atwood, and other first-class artists will contribute sketches, and the literary matter will be fully up to the high standard of the magazine.

R. Caton Woodville, who undoubtedly stands in the front rank of English draughtsmen, has been spending several months in Morocco with the British mission to the sultan. His pictures of the North African life in the *Illustrated London News* are very interesting, many of them showing scenes which the ordinary traveler would not see, such as "A Visit to the Harem" in the current issue.

Sir James F. Stephen and Leslie Stephen have undertaken to write a biography of the late Sir James Stephen, a well-known contributor to the *Edinburgh Review* during the editorship of Macvey Napier. Stephen was well acquainted with Brougham, Carlyle, Macaulay, Charles Greville, Sir Henry Taylor, and Hannah More. If his correspondence has any of the interest of Napier's, it will be of large literary value.

Edmund Gosse has selected as the "best three books for young men," according to his view of the matter, Shakespeare, Boswell, and Macaulay's "Essays." Archdeacon Farrar has taken a hand in the controversy, and selected as the best three, Dante, Shakespeare, and Milton, and as the second best three, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, and the "Imitatio Christi," the one list being entirely poetical, and the other entirely religious.

Alexander Filippini, who was has been the right-hand man of the Delmonicos for more than a score of years, has written a book of over six hundred pages on cookery, marketing, table-dressing, etc., which Charles L. Webster & Co. will publish. Menus for purses of all lengths, recipes for over one hundred soups, and the menu which the *chef* laid before the Prince of Wales on one occasion, are among the features of the work.

The recent discussion between M. Coquelin and Mr. Irving seems to have inspired the series of articles on the "Anatomy of Acting" which Mr William Archer begins in the January *Longman's*. It is based on the answers to a histrionic catechism sent to the leading actors and actresses of Great Britain and the United States—among others, Miss Mary Anderson, Mrs. Bancroft, Mrs. Kendal, Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Miss Genevieve Ward, and Mr Wilson Barrett.

W. Clark Russell says that the idea of becoming a writer first struck him on a ship off Cape Horn. He was then a sailor, and had a little difference with the captain, and consequently was living down below on bread and water. There was nothing to do down there, so he managed to get hold of a copy of "Lalla Rookh," and as he read, he thought there was nothing to prevent him from writing poetry. He produced a failure, of course, but the effort started him in the direction of literature.

"Here are some of the engravings that were cut by the popular novelist, Frank R. Stockton, when he was working as an engraver in Broadway," said a friend of his recently, while he opened some copies of the *Boudoir*, which was published in New York city in 1868, and for which Mrs. Stockton was one of the writers. "In these copies of the *Boudoir*, I see some of the productions of his wife, the 'Letters of Betsey Dunn,' which were written by Mrs. Stockton before her husband's pen had brought him fame and fortune."

M. Guy de Maupassant has begun in the *Nouvelle Revue*, of Paris, a new novel, called "Pierre et Jean," which is in his best vein, and as yet there is nothing nasty in it. Some of the younger writers, who have been sinners after Zola's own heart, have been set to thinking by the severe lessons which Zola has received since the publication of "La Terre." This book has been tabooed almost everywhere. None of the railway book-stalls in France is allowed to sell it, and several foreign governments have forbidden its sale within their territory.

There is a prospect that Talleyrand's memoirs will appear this year. The papers are ready for the printer but the period of delay—twenty years—does not expire until May. The original manuscript is in England. There is a copy which M. Bacourt, secretary of the duke, left to M. Andral, a barrister, and to M. Chatelain, a notary, while M. Andral has made a private copy for safety. The memoirs, together with which will be published the correspondence of the Duc de Talleyrand, will form about eleven volumes. The publication will, of course, depend upon the Duc de Sagan, the chief representative of the Talleyrand family, whose leave must be granted before any decision be taken by the executors respecting the publication.

News by private letter from a leading Paris publisher gives information that Zola is believed to be on the verge of insanity, if not already over it. This need not surprise us. Zola's course has not been that of a mentally sound man from the beginning. Baudelaire, who also rioted in carrion, had more than a tinge of madness in his nature. The fumes of letridity, forever unrelieved by fresher breathing, must have a disorganizing effect upon the brain. No one could grovel deeper in uncleanness than Theophile Gautier. He once wrote a sonnet for private circulation to prove that unutterable obscenity could be expressed without the use of an indelicate word. But Gautier lived among clean things, at least a part of the time, and he died sane, as probable Zola will not.

Miss Frances Courtenay Baylor is the daughter of an old Virginia family of English strain. She was born near Fayetteville, Arkansas, and spent most of her childhood between San Antonio and New Orleans, in which region her father, an army officer, was for a time stationed. She was educated altogether at home by her mother and her aunt, and was, indeed, born and bred and has lived among books, and book-lovers all her days. When the war ended she went abroad with her mother and remained several years in England and on the Continent. She visited England again in '73 and then made the studies which she used in her first novel. Since '76 she has lived in Virginia in a [illegible] old home near Winchester. Seeking relief from the uneventful country life, the girl began to "make pot hooks"—first in [illegible] called "Petruchio Lamed." Then she contributed papers, under her brother's name, to divers newspapers, and finally stepped into the magazine world with an article for *Lippincott's*. She had no literary friends or connections from whom to seek information, and was obliged to go to a bookseller for the address of the magazine. Work for the *Atlantic* and the *Princeton Review* followed, and presently a second book, a story of rustic life in the Virginia mountains. Her latest publication, "Juan and Juanita," is a pretty little story of adventure for children.

Some Magazines.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for January opens with a paper on the tariff question, entitled "Governmental Interference with Production and Distribution," by David A. Wells; another article on a timely topic is Appleton Morgan's "Railroads and Trade-Centres." In "Evolution and Religious Thought," Professor Joseph Le Conte discusses the modification of theological ideas by new discoveries of science. J. Hughlings Jackson writes of "The Psychology of Joking," and other articles are: "Glimpses of Life along a Coral Reef," by Francis H. Herrick; "Race and Language," by Horatio Hale; "Science and the Bishops," by Professor Huxley; "The Outcome of the Granger Movement," by C. W. Pierson; "Climate of the Lake Region," by Bela Hubbard; "English Phonology," by Theodore H. Kellogg; "The Monkeys of Dutch Guiana," by August Kappler; and the departments.

New Publications.

"Miser Farebrother," a novel by B. L. Farjeon, and "Thrift," by Samuel Smiles, have been published in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York. For sale by the booksellers; price, 25 and 20 cents, respectively.

Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale," with Robert Greene's novel, "Pandosto; or, The Triumph of Time" (1588), is the latest issue of the National Library published by Cassell & Co., New York. For sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

The fifth part of "Spanish Simplified," Professor Augustin Knoflach's method of self instruction in the Spanish language, with the key to the preceding part, has been issued by A. Knoflach, New York. For sale by Joseph A. Hofmann; price, 10 cents.

"A Garland for Girls" is the title Louisa M. Alcott has given a book containing seven of her short stories. They are bright little tales, characterized by the same delightful qualities that have made Miss Alcott's books popular with more than one generation of readers. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by the Bancroft Company; price, $1 25.

"Bacon and Shakespeare in the Sonnets," by H. L. Hosmer, is still another volume added to the already large library which has grown out of the controversy as to the authorship of the plays commonly attributed to Shakespeare. The writer has taken the sonnets separately and discussed them, furnishing a key which certainly fits his interpretation most ingeniously. Published and for sale by the Bancroft Company, San Francisco.

The popular plantation song, "My Old Kentucky Home," by Stephen Collins Foster, has been made the subject of a number of pretty illustrations by Copeland, which, printed on heavy, gilt-edged paper, and handsomely bound, makes a very presentable "gift book." The frontispiece is a portrait of the author, and the music of the song is given. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"The Fortunes of the Faradays," by Amanda M. Douglas, is a story intended for young girls. The Faradays are a family of a mother and three daughters, and their fortunes are not sufficiently varied or novel to excite the reader unduly; but there is nothing objectionable in the story, and probably there are many girls who will find it interesting. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co; price, $1 50.

"Grape Culture and Wine-Making in California," by George Husmann, is a practical manual for the grape-grower and wine-maker. It treats of the subject exhaustively in all its branches, and admirably combines practical and theoretical knowledge. The text is supplemented with a number of cuts, showing varieties of seeds and cuttings, modes of grafting and planting, wine-making apparatus, etc. Published by Payot, Upham & Co, San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers.

The first volume of "The Publications of the Lick Observatory" has been prepared under the direction of President Edward S. Holden, the director of the observatory, and published by the State printer. As the first of what will undoubtedly be a valuable series of papers, it contains elaborate descriptions of the observatory, its advantages of position, its varied and curious scientific apparatus, and the work it is expected to do; besides this, there are a few papers by workers at the observatory. The book is finely printed and bound, and there are several maps, diagrams, and other cuts.

"Judith Carson; or, Which was the Heiress?" is the title of a novel by the Rev. Doctor W. H. Platt, formerly rector of Grace Church in this city. It is the story of a woman's life, but though that life is full of change and incident, the chief interest lies in following the development of her character. We first see her at the exercises attending her graduation from school. She is then a brilliant girl, who has no faith, no religion but her own judgment; and the author's aim has been to show in his story the legitimate results of such skepticism. Published by E. R. Andrews, Rochester, N. Y.; for sale by William Doxey; price, $1 00.

"Ireland," by the Hon. Emily Lawless, has been added to the list of Stories of the Nations already published. It covers the entire period of Irish history from the legends of the primeval inhabitants before the Scoto-Celtic invasion down to the present condition of the home-rule question, dealing more with the rulers, internal wars, invasions, and prominent personages than with the development of the people. Some additions to Miss Lawless's work have been made by Mrs. Arthur Bronson. The book is illustrated and indexed. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.; price, $1.50.

There have been an unusual number of good books of personal reminiscence published in the past year or two, but not one of them is better than W. P. Frith's "Autobiography and Reminiscences." Mr. Frith was a very Boswell for jotting down anecdotes, and his book has not a dull page in it. A Royal Academician, he met a large share of the prominent personages in the artistic and literary world of London, during nearly three generations, and his anecdotes and modest, kindly criticisms often show a new phase of some famous man's character, and always entertain the reader. A photogravure portrait serves as a frontispiece. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"April Hopes," Mr. Howells's new story, being completed in the magazine, is now printed in book form. It contains less plot than any of his previous productions, barely enough to keep the reader's interest alive; in fact, one reads on and on, vaguely enjoying the skill with which Mr. Howells dissects a lot of commonplace people, and wondering why he has considered their very ordinary thoughts, actions, and speech worthy of preservation in type. There is a love episode which trickles its tiny stream through the four hundred and eighty-odd pages of the book, and love episodes are always either amusing or touching, according to the reader's temperament and the condition of his or her affections; but while one admires the accuracy of Mr. Howells's mental camera, one can not but wish that it had been directed to some phase of life more worthy of his abilities. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Bernal Osborne had delighted the House of Commons by one of his brilliant speeches, and soon after met an artist, one of whose pictures he warmly commended. The painter returned the compliment in kind, eulogizing the orator's speech. "I'll tell you what," said Mr. Osborne, "I'll exchange my tongue for your *palette!*"

Prince Jerome, on returning from his tour among the posts of France, called upon the President, Louis Napoleon, to inform him of the ovations he had received, and to present him with the bill of expenses for the expedition. The President refused to pay it, observing to his uncle that he had given him already more than two millions of francs and an income of three hundred thousand, and that he could do no more. Jerome was chagrined, and said to the President: "You have nothing of the emperor about you!" "You are mistaken," replied the President, calmly, "I have his family about me!"

From Perugia, Pecci, the present Pope, was sent as nuncio to Brussels, where he won golden opinions from everybody. He used to attend the evening parties of Charles Lever, and met, among others, the late Archbishop Whately, "with whom," according to Mr. Oldcastle, "he made great friends." Mr. Oldcastle gives also an example of the nuncio's ready wit. At a dinner-party a nobleman asked him to admire "a lovely Venus" on the lid of a snuff-box, expecting to amuse the company at the expense of the nuncio. "Charming!" said Monsignor Pecci, quietly returning the box," "is it a portrait of madame la marquise?"

William Wirt, who held the office of Attorney-General for twelve years, under two Presidents, a much longer term than that of any other incumbent of the office, and who was witty, as well as wise and eloquent, tells in one of his letters of a pun which he had greatly enjoyed: "There is a gentleman in —— who is otherwise very handsome, but with the misfortune of having a nose without a bridge—a mere abortive proboscis. C—— was remarking in company, one day, the noble expression of his countenance. 'Oh, but that unfortunate nose!' said a lady. 'Nose!' replied C——; 'if it had a bridge, it would be very passable.'"

When Signor Ernesto Rossi, the actor, went to an evening party at Count d'Adlerberg's, in St. Petersburg, he left in the vestibule a fur cloak so splendid that the footman made sure that the visitor was a count, at least, and announced "Count Ernesto Rossi." Count d'Adlerberg cut him short when he endeavored to explain the mistake, saying: "True artists are more than counts; they are princes and kings. *Asseyes-vous, Altesse.*" Catching only the last words, the ladies in the room, thinking they were in presence of a royal personage, all rose and courtesied at once. And so confusion was worse confounded—to the huge delight of Count d'Adlerberg, whose compliment was thus so literally interpreted.

Sir Francis Burdett began his public life as a violently patriotic man, and afterwards fell into habits of thought and speech quite different from those of his youth. He once went so far as to say, at the conclusion of a speech in Parliament, that "of all the cant in the world, the cant of patriotism was the most intolerable, not to say disgusting." Lord John Russell rose to reply, and after endeavoring to overthrow the other speaker's arguments, thus concluded: "There is one thing, however, in which I entirely agree with the honorable gentleman. I think with him that the cant of patriotism is intolerable and even, to use his own expression, 'disgusting'; but I venture to say that there is something ever more intolerable and disgusting, and that is the *recant* of patriotism."

A very amusing circumstance in connection with the late Mrs. Somerville's acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott arose out of the childish inquisitiveness of Woronzow Greig, Mrs Somerville's little boy. During the time Mrs. Somerville was visiting Abbotsford, the Waverley Novels were appearing, and were creating a great sensation; yet even Scott's intimate friends did not know that he was the author; he enjoyed keeping the affair a mystery. But little Woronzow discovered what he was about. One day when Mrs. Somerville was talking about a novel that had just been published, Woronzow said, "I knew all these stories long ago, for Mr. Scott writes on the dinner-table; when he has finished, he puts the green cloth with the papers in a corner of the dining-room, and when he goes out, Charlie Scott and I read the stories."

When the Austrian Cæsars are to be buried, their bodies are carried by the shortest way from the Burg, the Imperial palace, to the crypt of the Capuchins. When the master of the ceremonies has arrived with the imperial corpse, he knocks with his staff on the closed door, and demands admission. "Who is there?" asks the guardian from within, but without opening the door. "His majesty, the most high and mighty Emperor of Austria, King of Hungary," etc. The voice from within replies, "I know no such man." The master of the ceremonies knocks a second time. "Who is there?" the guardian again asks. "The Emperor of Austria." "I do not know him," says the guardian. The master of the ceremonies knocks a third time, and is again asked, "Who is there?" "Our brother, Francis," answers the imperial official. At this humble confession of the simple humanity of the dead Cæsar, the bolts are immediately withdrawn, and the corpse is admitted.

An army surgeon was one night annoyed by the coughing of the sentry outside his tent. Unable to sleep, he decided that something must be done for the man, and so compounded him a strong and very disagreeable dose of medicine. Then, going out, he ordered the man to take it. The sentry refused, at first politely, and afterward angrily and emphatically; but the surgeon sternly insisted upon his rights, and the man was finally induced to swallow the compound. The result was evidently satisfactory. The sound of coughing ceased in the camp, and the surgeon went to sleep in the consciousness of having done a good deed. The next morning, he was summoned by the officer in command, who said to him, "How is this, sir? I hear serious complaints about you, in relation to the sentries. One of them has reported that, in the middle of the night, you came out of your tent, and abused him in the most dreadful manner. He says you made him swallow a drink which must have been poison." The guard had been relieved while the surgeon was compounding his mixture, and he had cured the wrong man.

Major Dougherty, of Lexington, Ky., tells of a young Kentuckian named Offatt and an adventure Mr. Offat had with his brother-in-law. He had a notion to forbid this brother-in-law to come to town while he was there. One day in conversation with Major Dougherty at a store-door, Offatt said: "Pardon me, major, I want to speak to my brother-in-law for a moment," and, seizing a double-barrelled shot-gun from the corner, he stepped quietly into the street and riddled his brother-in-law for his disobedience. He returned without a word, leaving the dying man on the sidewalk, and was surprised that the major didn't seem to feel like resuming their conversation where it had been interrupted. This same Offat, who was the black sheep of a good family, told a friend who expostulated with him: "So help me Gawd, sah, I nevah killed a niggah in my life, 'ceptin' I war in liquor!" At that time he had five notches on his stick, each of them figuring for a corpse he had made. Another Kentucky story is told by ex-Mayor Walsh, of Hot Springs, Ark. He struck up a pleasant traveling acquaintance with a fellow-passenger on a Kentucky railroad. As the train slacked up at a way-station, his new acquaintance said: "Excuse me, but you'd better move to one side, hadn't you? I see a man on the platform I may have a little trouble with, and you're just in line for a shot." Mayor Walsh moved, the shooting began, and when the train steamed away in a few moments, the man on the platform was still there, and not likely to leave it except feet foremost.

SOCIETY.

The Bandmann-Mau Wedding.

The First Presbyterian Church on Van Ness Avenue contained a large and fashionable assemblage, last Wednesday evening, when the wedding of Miss Ottilia F. Mau and Mr. Charles Julius Bandmann was celebrated. The bride, who is the daughter of Mrs. H. Albert Mau, is possessed of rare beauty and has a large circle of friends. The groom is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Julius Bandmann, and is deservedly popular with his many friends. About four hundred invitations had been issued for the wedding, and about one hundred and twenty-five of the guests had also received special cards for the reception. Festooned beneath the arched roof of the sacred edifice, and softening the appearance of the beams and pillars, were arrangements of evergreens in tasteful profusion, while clustered around the chancel were potted palms and ferns, in pretty relief. An arch of smilax, studded with bright blossoms, and hung with a wedding bell of chrysanthemums and orange blossoms, stood before the altar. When the church was filled with guests and the lights turned up, the scene was an attractive one. Organ voluntaries were played previous to the arrival of the bridal party, which occurred at a quarter to nine o'clock, and then the joyous notes of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" burst forth. At the head of the party were two of the ushers, Mr. Percy Rothwell and Mr. William Gage, with the remaining usher, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, marching alone behind them. Then came the three bridesmaids in the same triangular order. They were Miss Alice Mau, a sister of the bride, Miss A. F. Bandmann, and Miss Jennie Martel. The maid of honor, Miss Julia Mau, another sister of the bride, came next alone, and after her were the bride and her uncle, Mr. Herman J. Sadler, who gave her away. They were met at the chancel by the groom and his best man, Mr. Frank S. Hicks, and the minister, Rev. Robert Mackenzie, D. D. The ushers formed at the right, the bridesmaids at the left, and the remainder of the party stood under and near the arch. The toilets of the young ladies in the bridal party were as follows:

The bride, a beautiful blonde, looked charming in a rich costume of white faille Française, made with a long, sweeping train. Deep flounces of Duchesse and point d'Alençon lace draped the front of the skirt, and were caught up with little lilies of the valley and fleurs d'oranger. The corsage was cut V-shaped back and front and trimmed with point lace in cascades, while the bodice was made pointed with long sleeves which were finished with lace. Gracefully draped from her golden-colored coiffure, which was dressed *à la Garçon*, was a long, flowing veil of white silk moleine, held by a spray of orange blossoms, and extending in curves and ripples to the end of the very long train. Her slippers were of white satin, her gloves of white undressed kid, and her hand-bouquet of lilies of the valley, encompassed by bands of white gros grain. No jewels were required to enhance the beauty of this costume.

Miss Julia Mau, the maid of honor, looked pretty in a dancing length toilet of white cashmere and surah silk, made with a high cut bodice and short sleeves. The jupon of surah was laid in plain folds, and the skirt of cashmere was bouffant. The bodice was made *à l' Infanta* and finished at the back with a large bow of satin-edged white gros grain. Her hair was arranged in curls, and ornamented with white silk ribbons. Long white undressed kid gloves were worn, and she carried a bouquet of fragrant jasmines tied with white silk ribbons.

Miss Alice Mau, Miss Bandmann, and Miss Jennie Martel, the trio of pretty bridesmaids, were all attired alike in becoming costumes of pink corded silk made with a demi-train *à l' Anglaise*. The full skirts were completely covered with a filmy overdress of silk lace, and were looped up at the right side with pink ostrich feathers. The corsage was cut décolleté without sleeves, and long gloves of pink undressed kid extended almost to the shoulders, where at the left side was a little pom-pom of pink ostrich feathers. Their hand bouquets were of long-stemmed La France roses, tied with pink silk ribbons. The coiffures were arranged high, in accordance with the style of the costumes, which were exceedingly attractive.

While a faint symphony was played on the organ the marriage service was impressively read, and the responses were made clearly and distinctly. The double ring service, after the German custom, was also performed, and at the conclusion of the ceremony the maid of honor lifted the bridal veil above the radiant face of the bride, and to the music of the wedding march the party proceeded to the carriages awaiting them at the entrance. They were driven to the residence of Mrs. H. Albert Mau, 2324 Pacific Avenue, where the reception was held, and were followed soon after by the specially invited guests.

The wide carriage drive which encircles the spacious lawn fronting the residence was illuminated with hundreds of gayly colored Japanese lanterns, which made the scene quite picturesque. Every apartment in the house was devoted to the comfort and pleasure of the guests. On the second floor were the dressing rooms where coats and wraps were laid aside, and one of the chambers contained the wedding presents. They comprised elegant gold and silver ware, rare paintings, bronzes and busts in colored relief, jewels, chiffonieres, and bibelots without number. The main salon and music room on the first floor were used for dancing and entertaining, and were decorated in quiet taste. Facing the bay-window was a nuptial arch of glossy smilax and the lace curtains were dotted with fern sprays which stood out like silhouettes against the white background. Dwarf ferns ornamented the niches at either side, while the Ionic columns at the sides of the center of the room, and the arch which spans the frescoed ceiling were wound around and festooned with smilax and bright buds, a sphere of chrysanthemums being pendent from the centre. The chandeliers and pictures were hung with smilax and flowers, and the doorways were trimmed similarly. In front of the grate in the music room was a mass of large green and glossy leaves, interspersed with flowers here and there, and before this were several baskets of La France roses and other lovely flowers. On the marble mantel were vases of exotics, and draperies of smilax embellished the golden-bordered mirror.

As the guests entered the parlor, they extended their congratulations to the happy couple, and then promenaded, danced to Ballenberg's music, inspected the presents, or sought quiet corners and conversed. The conservatory adjoining the music-room was a favorite spot, being cool and dimly lighted, and the tête-à-tête seats seemed to be greatly appreciated. About eleven o'clock, supper was announced, and several apartments were reserved for its enjoyment. The repast was elaborate in ever way. Mr. and Mrs. Bandmann departed for the Palace Hotel at midnight, and were showered with rice. The bride threw her bouquet to the guests as she left. The festivities were continued afterward for two hours. One particularly pleasant feature of the reception was the costuming of the ladies, all of whom appeared in new toilets of elaborate design and rich materials.

Mr. and Mrs. Bandmann left for a tour of the southern part of the State on Thursday, and will be away two weeks. Upon their return, they will reside with Mrs. Mau for awhile.

The Wallace Reception.

Just before the first of the new year, Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace issued a some two hundred invitations to their friends to attend a reception given in honor of their daughter, Miss Marguerite Wallace. There were but few regrets, and those present at their residence, 729 Van Ness Avenue, last Thursday evening, will ever remember the event as one notable in the annals of society. There was a large number of exceedingly pretty girls in attendance, a sprinkling of army and navy officers, and many civilians, all bent upon making the evening one of thorough enjoyment. Snowy white canvas covered the floors of all of the apartments in the first story, and each of them was appropriately decorated. There were sprays of emerald-tinted ferns in profusion set against the curtains, and by the doors and windows, with smilax in graceful festoons arranged here and there. Pretty draperies of red silk, with a net of silken cords gave their beauty to the commodious salon, while the shades of pink and gold were noticed in the drawing-rooms. Under the brilliant glare of the gaslight this tasteful decoration harmonized with the elegant toilets that the ladies had donned in honor of the occasion. The guests were fashionably late, and as a consequence dancing did not commence until ten o'clock. Ballenberg's full orchestra, however, provided such delightful music that but few could resist it, and in the pleasures of innumerable waltzes and five-step polkas the hours previous to midnight were most agreeably passed. Then supper was announced, and the rooms on the second floor were soon thronged with guests who were refreshed with a bounteous repast. The various hot and cold courses were washed down with a liberal supply of wine, and all went as merry as a marriage bell. It was after three o'clock when the last guests departed, and that all were pleased with their evening's enjoyment was quite evident.

Those invited were: Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mr. and Mrs. John Bonner, Lieutenant and Mrs. C. L. Best, Jr., U. S. A., Admiral and Mrs. Belknap, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. Morton Cheesman, Mr. and Mrs. H. McLean Martin, Consul and Mme. A. Carrey, Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Decker, Captain and Mrs. R. S. Floyd, Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Hager, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs R. M. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Heathcote, General and Mrs. Chauncey McKeever, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Nougues, Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Pixley, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. I. Lawrence Poole, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Pomeroy, Lieutenant and Mrs. Price, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, Colonel and Mrs. William Shafter, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Crittenden Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Wise, Mrs. D. Atherton, Mrs. D. D. Colton, Mrs. Milton S. Latham, Mrs. Charles McLaughlin, Mrs. John McMullin, Mrs. Susie Williams, Miss Bettie Ashe, Miss Millie Ashe, Miss Lina Ashe, Miss Florence Atherton, Miss Nina Adams, Miss Maud Badlam, Miss Mahan, Miss Julia Bissell, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Lina Blanding, Miss Dora Boardman, Misses Tompkins, Miss Jessie Bowie, Miss Bessie Bowie, Miss Fannie Friedlander, Miss May Friedlander, Misses Brooks, Miss Bradley, Misses Brummagim, Misses Burnett, Miss Vollmer, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Carrey, Misses Callaghan, Misses Clarke, Miss Alice Decker, Misses Darr, Miss Donahoo, Miss Maud Estee, Miss Fair, Miss Jennie Flood, Miss May Findley, Miss Edith Findley, Misses Forbes, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Belle Garber, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Rita Haggin, Misses Hamilton, Miss Allie Hawes, Miss Holladay, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Bessie Hooker, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Miss Mamie Hyde, Miss Jennie Hopkins, Miss Maud Howard, Miss Babette Howard, Miss Jennie Hobbs, Miss Rose Finley, Miss Kate Jarboe, Miss Flora Low, Miss Clara Luning, Miss Lake, Miss Marshall, Misses Maynard, Misses Murphy, Miss Minnie Mizner, Miss McDowell, Miss McKee, Miss May Ives, Misses Morgan, Misses McKeever, Miss Phelan Miss Lucy Otis, Miss Helen Otis, Miss Perrin, Miss May E. Pope, Miss Page, Miss Emelita Ralston, Miss Belle Reis, Miss Claire Ralston, Miss Selby, Miss Mary Shafter, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Ada Sullivan, Miss Belle Sullivan, Misses Smith, Miss Maud Shirley, Miss Smedburg, Miss Nettie Schmidell, Miss Pearl Voorhies, Misses Thornton, Miss Leslie Van Ness, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Willcox, Miss Bertha Willcox, Miss Emilie Maxwell, Miss Oreña, Miss Mollie O'Sullivan, Messrs. Ashe, Mr. Bergin, Mr. Bissell, Mr. S. H. Boardman, Mr. A. St. J. Bowie, Mr. T. Cary Friendlander, Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., Paymaster Barton, U. S. A., Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. A. E Castle, Mr. W. B. Chapman, Mr. H. J. Crocker, Lieutenant Gilbert P. Cotton, U. S. A., Mr. Robert Coleman, Mr. Warren D. Clark, Mr. D. Y. Campbell, Mr. G. F. Davidson, Dr. C. W. Deane, U. S. N., Mr. J. H. Deering, Mr. F. P. Deering, Captain J. W. Dillenback, U. S. A., Mr. J. A. Donohoe, Mr. J. Wallace F. Diss, Mr. J. E. de Ruyter, Mr. P. J. Donahue, Colonel I. De Russy, U. S. A., Lieutenant Dunning, U. S. N., Lieutenant McGinnis, U. S. N., Lieutenant Bell, U. S. N., Captain Burnett, U. S. N., Mr. J. G. Fair, Jr., Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Mr. E. M. Fry, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Gulich, Mr. Augustus Smith, Mr. Dixwell Hewitt, Mr. F. S. Hicks, Mr. William Hicks, Mr. Alexander Hamilton, General R. P. Hammond, Mr. E. B. Holladay, Mr. H. E. Hall, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Robert Hooker, Mr. Alfred Holman, Mr. G. H. Howard, Mr. W. R. Hearst, Mr. J. N. H. Irwin, Mr. Paul Jarboe, Mr. Brooks Jones, Mr. G. J. Kinsey, Mr. J. M. Kilgariff, Mr. E. J. Le Breton, Mr. Arthur Lee, Mr. F. B. Lake, Lieutenant E. Van C. Lucas, U. S. A., Mr. F. Marshall, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. Edgar Mizner, Mr. D. T. Murphy, Mr. H. B. McDowell, Mr. McKee, Mr. M. Hall McAllister, Mr. G. T. Marye, Mr. McLarend, Lieutenant T. B. Mott, U. S. A., Mr. H. D. Melone, General P. W. Murphy, Mr. E. Morgan, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. Walter Newhall, Lieutenant R. H. Noble, Dr. Ernest Norfleet, U. S. N., Lieutenant J. P. Oyster, U. S. A., Mr. James Otis, Mr. Stafford Parker, Mr. Warren Payne, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, Mr. Henry Pierce, Mr. George Pope, Mr. Arthur Page, Mr. J. Mailliard, Mr. H. G. Platt, Mr. W. C. Ralston, Mr. C. Reis, Mr. F. Reis, Mr. John Reis, Lieutenant I. E. Runcie, U. S. A., Mr. Selby, Mr. J. Right, Mr. E. Rhodes, Mr. Arthur Shattuck, Mr. George Shreve, Lieutenant Oscar Straub, U. S. A., Mr. Collin M. Smith, Lieutenant Strother, U. S. A., Messrs. Sherwood, Mr. E. Skelton, Mr. Arthur Stuart, Messrs. Smith, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. H. L. Tevis, Mr. Carter Tevis, Mr. H. I. Thornton, Mr. J. W. Twiggs, Captain Tisdale, U. S. A., Lieutenant Tripp, U. S. A., Mr. A. T. Vogelsang, Mr. Van Stuytevant, Mr. R. P. Ashe, Mr. C. L. Weller, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. F. P. Wilson, Mr. R. B. Woodward, Lieutenant F. L. Winn, U. S. A., Judge Ogden Hoffman, Mr. Charles Mayne, General T. B. Van Buren, Mr. William Matthews, Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, Mr. Oreña, Mr. C. O'Sullivan, and others.

The Walkington Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Walkington entertained a number of their friends delightfully last Thursday evening, at their new residence, 308 Haight Street. The affair was intended as an informal house-warming, and in its informality was its chief pleasure. There were just sufficient present to comfortably fill the spacious parlors, and to each and every one the reception was a source of pleasure. Dainty decorations of choice flowers, foliage, and silken draperies embellished the rooms, and pretty toilets gave additional color to the surroundings. Dancing was, of course, the principal pleasure of the evening, and it was enjoyed until a late hour, with an intermission at midnight for refreshments.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Walkington, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Rice, General and Mrs. Cutting, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Page, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Le Count, Mr. and Mrs. J. McElroy, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Howland, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Chute, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Stone, Mr. and Mrs. J. McCord, Mrs. King, Miss Ella Nightingale, Miss Minnie Nightingale, Miss Georgie Nightingale, Miss Maude Shepherd, Miss Nellie Boyd, Miss Ella Le Count, Miss Susie Le Count, Miss Anita Plum, Miss Lulu Plum, Miss Maud Lissak, Miss Madeline Lissak, Miss Maggie Mueller, Miss Bessie Mosgrove, Miss Jennie McCollum, Miss Lily Snodgrass, Miss Goodall, Miss Conroy, Miss Lillie Pendleton, Miss Edith Bunker, Miss Ella Bunker, Miss Adèle Burckess, Miss Jennie Bowland, Miss Emma Gately, Miss Mamie Gately, Misses Albrecht, Dr. John Nightingale, Mr. Joseph Nightingale, Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., Mr. George H. Jackson, Mr. Arthur Painter, Mr. William H. Stinson, Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, Mr. Julian Sonntag, Mr. Frank Drew, Mr. C. Plum, Mr. Sherman Blake, Dr. Alfred Blake, Mr. Rothwell Hyde, Mr. William Mosgrove, Mr. R. F. Pratt, Mr. Frank Thompson, Mr. Howard Thompson, and many others.

The Tay Reception

At the residence of Mrs. George H. Tay, 1105 Leavenworth Street, her daughters, the Misses Jennie, Irene, and Hattie Tay, gave a delightful "Twelfth Night" reception last Friday evening. Appropriate games were played during the evening, handsome prizes being awarded to the successful contestants. Dancing, varied by vocal and instrumental music, also helped to make the hours pass pleasantly, and a dainty collation was served before midnight, soon after which the party came to an end.

Among those present were: Mrs. George H. Tay, Misses Jennie, Irene, and Hattie Tay, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Etta Tracy, Mrs. Sadie Moulton, Mrs. Bessie Brown, Miss Nettie Hamilton, Miss Grace Hamilton, Miss Fannie Danforth, Miss May Miller, Miss Effie Johnson, Miss Rodgers, Mr. Frank Swain, Mr. Charles Leonard, Mr. Fred Johnson, Mr. Rothwell Hyde, Mr. Frank Unger, Mr. John N. Featherston, Mr. Edward Danforth, Mr. Charles Boardman, Mr. Hatch, and several other.

Movements and Whereabouts

General and Mrs. Anson McCook, of Arizona, have been passing a few weeks pleasantly at the Palace Hotel, and intend remaining here several weeks more.

The Misses Naglee have returned to San José from a visit to the Misses Caduc in Oakland.

Mr. Edward Barron and family, of Mayfield, are passing the winter at the Baldwin Hotel.

Colonel and Mrs. Horace D. Ranlett are traveling in the Eastern States, and will visit all of the prominent cities before returning.

Miss Angela Morrison, of San José, is the guest of Miss Phelan.

Mr. John E. De Ruyter has returned from a visit to Mr. Joseph Donahoe, Jr., at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Brown are located at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. William M. Lent has returned from his Eastern visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence returned to San José on Monday, after a pleasant visit here to Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan.

Mr. Jerome Hart left for the East this week. He will be absent about two months.

Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San José, will come to the city next Friday, to visit friends for a few days.

Mr. Frank S Hicks is in the city from Los Angeles, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. M. H. de Young went to San José on Tuesday for a brief visit. She was accompanied by Miss Belle Cohn, who has returned to school there.

Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer has returned to the city after an enjoyable visit to her sister, Mrs. Dr. Crampton in Mobile, Ala., and is at her home, 916 Jones Street.

Miss Emelie Kirketerp is visiting friends in New York city.

Miss Kate Dillon went to San José early in the week to act as one of the bridesmaids at Miss Emmie Yoell's wedding. She will remain there another week. Her sister, Miss Marie Dillon, went there Wednesday, and will probably return home to-day.

Mr. Samuel Shreve returned from Mountain View on Tuesday.

Mrs. Charles Crocker is still the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, in New York city.

Miss Mattie Gibbs has been visiting Miss Margaret Jones at San José during the week.

Mr. W. J. Adams and family, of Menlo Park, are occupying the former residence of Captain and Mrs. W. B. Collier on Franklin Street.

Mrs. Lucy Arnold, of Sacramento, has been visiting Mrs. Charles G. Hooker.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Montague are passing the winter in New York city.

Miss Tulita Z. Wilcox and Miss Charlotte E. Bermingham will go to Mare Island, the first of the week, to visit Mrs. J. B. Coghlan.

Notes and Gossip

Mrs. William H. Howard will give a fancy dress ball at her residence next Wednesday evening. A cotillion will be a prominent feature of the affair.

The members of the Reliance Club gave a very pleasant party last Monday evening at Saratoga Social Hall. The attendance was quite large, and dancing was enjoyed until midnight to Ballenberg's music.

Mr. W. Frank Goad will give a high-tea this afternoon at her home on Washington Street in honor of Miss Ella Goad.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller are receiving their friends on Thursday evenings during this month at the residence of Mr. and Mrs M. P. Jones on Pine Street.

Dr. and Mrs. Martin Regensburger, *née* Stege, will receive on Wednesdays at 1916 Webster Street.

A dance will be given by Mrs. Robert Sherwood on Friday evening, February 3d.

Among the many patronesses of the performance of "Richelieu" to be given next Thursday evening at the Grand Opera House, are the following well-known ladies: Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Charles Crocker, and Mrs. Charles D. Barrows. The cast will include, Mr. John I Housman, Mr. Paul Davis, Mr. W. H. Hallett, Mr. R. M. Hotaling, Mr. F. J. Murasky, Mr. Nichols, Mr. E. B. McCormack.

The Bachelors' Cotillion Club will give its next german at B'nai B'rith Hall, next Friday evening.

By authority of the managers, it is announced that the next "assembly" will be held at Pioneer Hall, on Wednesday evening, January 25th.

The members of the German Club will give their final cotillion of the season immediately after the close of Lent.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Canning Concert.

Miss Alice Canning, a pupil of Mme. Inez Fabbri-Müller, was the recipient of a complimentary benefit last night at Saratoga Hall which was attended by many of her friends and admirers. The programme embraced the following selections, all of which were well executed:

Duo Fifth Sonata F major, Beethoven, (for Piano and Violin) Mrs. May L. Heimburger, Professor Charles Goffrie; Page Aria "Les Huguenots," Meyerbeer, Miss Alice Canning; Piano Solo "Tarantelle de la Muette," Liszt, Mr. Edward Heimburger; Romanze "Non è ver" (by request) T. Mattei, Jacob Müller; Aria "Lucia," Donizetti, Miss Mary Hagan; Violin Soli, *(a)* Spanish Dances, Sarasate, *(b)* Valse de Concert, Musin, Professor Charles Goffrie; Trio "Rose of Peru," R. Mulder, Miss M. Hagan, Miss A. Canning, Jacob Müller; Piano Solo, Sonata op. 26, Beethoven, Mr. Edward Heimburger; Grand Scene Second Act, "Freischutz" (in costume) Weber, Agathe, Miss M. Hagan, Annchen, Miss A. Canning.

The Hermann Brandt String Quartet will give its next chamber-music recital at Irving Hall next Friday evening, assisted by Miss Ella S. Partridge, pianist.

Mr. Henry Heyman's next concert will take place at Pioneer Hall, on Friday evening, January 27th.

Miss Hamlin's lectures, which she will illustrate with a large number of new views from London and Paris, have been announced to take place at Irving Hall, as follows: "The Land of Shakespeare," on Monday afternoon, January 16, and on the following Tuesday and Wednesday evenings; and "Switzerland, through Savoy and the Oberland," on Monday afternoon, January 23, and on the following Wednesday and Friday evenings.

Mr. Theodore Wores gave an exhibition of his collection of paintings of Japan last Wednesday evening, in the rooms of the Art Association, 430 Pine Street. Quite a number of admirers of art were present, and passed the evening pleasantly in inspecting the portrayals of life and scenes in the empire of the Mikado.

A Tremendous Downpour.

The recent heavy rainfall gladdens the hearts of all. The great reductions in prices at Freud's Corset House also brings joy to all ladies. Now is the time to secure the best corsets in the world at the very lowest cost. Our extensive stock of every style of corsets renders us able to give every lady a perfect fit This is the only place where every possible figure can be suited. Remember Freud's Corset House is at 742 and 744 Market Street and 10 and 12 Grant Avenue. Make no mistake. Catalogues sent free on application. Address mail orders, Freud & Son, 742 and 744 Market Street.

A Muddy Complexion.

Makes even a woman of faultless features almost ugly, but the use of Rachel's Enamel Bloom will make her beautiful For sale by all druggists.

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER.

A PRACTICAL BUSINESS WOMAN EXPRESSES AN OPINION.

What Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer Thinks of This Charming Actress and Society Belle.

[*From the New York Times.*]

The reporter found Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer at her office, 52 and 54 Park Place, and politely asked if she would give her opinion of Mrs. James Brown Potter's talents, etc., as an actress. Mrs. Ayer had seen Mrs. Potter at her first appearance in New York and had concluded that she was bound to make a great success on the stage for several reason. "Mrs. Potter," said Mrs. Ayer, "is young and beautiful, has marked talent, is in earnest, is a universal favorite, and one of the idols of New York society. "I am told," said Mrs. Ayer, "that Mrs. Astor and several of her friends visited Mrs. Potter in her dressing-room on her first night at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and any one could see that the audience was composed of the very *crème de la crème* of society. Mrs. Potter's success is only another instance going to prove that American women can go out into the world and, upon their own resources, take up the struggle and succeed as well as most men. When I first announced my intention to go into business, my friends were very much concerned — everybody predicted sure failure and did everything in the world to persuade me to take a position as governess or companion, or some other such position as is usually sought by women who have to support themselves, but having two daughters to educate I felt that I would be unable to do them justice on any salary that I could earn, and determined to branch right out into business (like a man), and the results prove that my judgment was correct—my success has been unprecedented. I have had a hard fight, and am now victorious. Manufacturers of the vile cosmetics which cause women who use them to look like whitewashed or painted *demi-mondaines* tried to create the impression that the Recamier Preparations were of the same character as theirs, but I soon overcame this false idea.

"When women who knew me were assured that I really obtained the recipe from the relative of the famous Julie Recamier, and that I had used it myself and given it to my friends for years they were ready to use it also. Then strangers who had never heard of me, after reading my advertisements and inquiring into my character, were also converts, and to-day I really believe there is no woman of refinement in this country who does not use some of the Recamier Preparations constantly. All women are learning the importance of taking care of the skin; they know how horribly disgusting blackheads, pimples, freckles, and liver-spots are; they know that their mirrors reflect these horrible imperfections in all their hideousness, and they realize what the effect must be on other persons—particularly husbands and lovers—that very persons above all others that a good, true woman wants to charm and hold captive, and the very persons above all others who can't stand or tolerate any suggestion of uncleanliness or impurity. To give you some idea of the demand for the Recamier Preparations, I have just made a special contract with Messrs. B. Altman & Co to put up for them Recamier Powder in fifty-cent boxes. Their sales of all the Recamier Preparations are immense, and are so important that they have a special saleswoman for them alone.

"Now, take my tonic, Vita Nuova. Druggists tell me that the sale of that is simply phenomenal, yet it should sell largely. It is made after the prescription of my physician —one of the most eminent in New York, a man who receives twenty dollars for an office prescription, and to show that it is not a nauseous dose, but pleasant to take, and that its effects are promptly felt, I advertised last Sunday that any man or woman who was fatigued or suffering from dyspepsia, mental or nervous exhaustion could get a dose of Vita Nuova gratis by applying at my up-town office (27 Union Square) at any hour of the day, and do you know that the persons who availed themselves of this offer have averaged over two hundred per day, and include merchants and ladies who have been shopping, and a good many invalids. I intend to continue this offer indefinitely, as my saleswoman tells me that a great many most miserable people have returned for a second or third dose, and all have expressed themselves as benefited, and many wished they had the money to buy it in quantities. Many ladies also go and take a dose, feeling tired or faint, and it really takes the place of a lunch, as it is so invigorating and strengthening that one dose will enable a person to do a day's work without food. Of course, this has increased the sales of Vita Nuova more than four-fold, so you see it is a somewhat charitable act and a fine advertisement combined.

"Every druggist and fancy-goods dealer now keeps all the Recamier Preparations and Vita Nuova, and owing to the popularity of the preparations and the competition to sell them, and in endeavoring to make a run on other goods through them, they have cut the prices until, in many instances, they are selling them at retail for actually less money than they pay for them at wholesale. Many unscrupulous dealers attempt to substitute an inferior or unknown article for them, but the public understand this, and refuse all substitutes for the Recamier Preparations and Vita Nuova (New Life)"

MR. & MRS. H. J. STEWART,
TEACHERS OF MUSIC,

Lessons in Pianoforte, Singing, Organ and Harmony.
1513 Hyde Street, (near Jackson).

THEODORE WORES'
COLLECTION OF PAINTINGS
-OF-
JAPANESE SUBJECTS.

Will be on Exhibition at

THE SAN FRANCISCO ART ASSOCIATION,
430 Pine Street,
Thursday, January 12th to Saturday, January 21st, inclusive,

From 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.,

—AND—

Thursday and Saturday Evenings,

From 8 to 10 P. M.

ADMISSION, ... 25 CENTS.

The proceeds will be for the Benefit of the San Francisco Art Association.

The Bancroft Company

USE CRANE'S PAPER, EXTRA SUPERFINE QUALITY FOR ALL WEDDING ORDERS, RECEPTION AND VISITING CARDS

721 MARKET

VOCES POPULI.

Scene—An Italian restaurant, anywhere in the metropolis. Only a few of the small dining-tables are occupied as scene opens. Near the buffet is a small lift communicating with the kitchen, and by the lift a speaking-tube.

Enter an Adorer with his Adored; he leads the way down the centre of the room, flushed and jubilant. He has not been long engaged, and this is the very first time he has dined with her like this.

Adorer (beaming) Where would you like to sit, Pussy?

Pussy (a fine young woman, but past the kitten stage) Oh, it's all the same to me!

Adorer (catching an aggrieved note in her tone)—Why you don't really think I'd have kept you waiting if I could help it? There's always extra work on foreign post nights! [Pussy turns away and arranges hat before mirror.] Waiter! [A waiter who has been reading the *Globe* in the corner presents himself with menu.] What shall we have to begin with, eh, Pussy?

(The waiter, conceiving himself appealed to, disclaims the responsibility with a shrug, and privately reflects that these stiff Englishmen can be strangely familiar at times.)

Pussy—Oh, I don't feel as if I cared much about anything now.

Adorer—Well, I've ordered vermicelli and *sole au gratin*. Now, you must try and think what you'd like to follow. (Tentatively.) A cutlet?

Pussy (with infinite contempt for such want of originality)—A cutlet! The idea!

Adorer (abashed)—I thought perhaps—but look down the list. [Pussy glances down it with eyes which she tries to render uninterested.] *Vol au vent à l'Herbaliste*—that looks as if it would be rather good. Shall we try that.

Pussy—You may if you like—I shan't touch it myself.

Adorer—Well, look here, then, *Rognons sautés Venetienne*—kidneys, you know; you like kidneys.

Pussy (icily)—Do I? I was not aware of it.

Adorer—Come—it's for you to say. [Reads from the list.] *Chateaubriand Bordelaise*, Jugged Hare and Jelly, Salmi of Partridge. [Pussy, who is still suffering from offended dignity, repudiates all these suggestions with scorn and contumely.] Don't like any of them? Well [helplessly] can't you think of anything you would like?

Pussy—Nothing—except—[with decision]—a cutlet.

Adorer (relieved by this condescension)—The very thing (Tenderly.) We will both have cutlets.

Waiter (who has been waiting in dignified submission)—Two porzion cutlet, verri well—enni pottidoes?

Pussy—(sharply)—Potted what?

Adorer (to waiter)—Yes. [To Pussy aside in the same breath] Potatoes, darling. [The waiter suspects he is being trifled with.] Do you prefer them *sautés*, fried, or in chips—or what?

Pussy (with the lofty indifference of an ethereal nature)—I'm sure I don't care how they're done!

Adorer—Then—potato chips, waiter.

Pussy (as waiter departs)—Not for me. I'll have mine *sautés!*

Adorer (when they are alone, leaning across the table)—I've been looking forward to this all day.

Pussy (unsympathetically)—Didn't you have any lunch, then?

Adorer—I don't mean to the dinner—but to having you to talk with, quite alone by our two selves.

Pussy (who has her dignity to consider)—Oh, I dare say. I wish you'd do something for me, Joshua.

Adorer (fervently)—Only tell me what it is, darling?

Pussy—It's only to get me that *Graphic*. I'm sure that gentleman over there has done with it.

(The Adorer fetches it with a lengthening face, Pussy retires behind the *Graphic*, leaving him outside in solitude. At length he asserts himself by fetching *Punch*, which he happens to have seen, from an adjoining table. A bachelor, dining lonely and unloved on the opposite side of the room, watches them with growing sense of consolation.)

(At the Speaking-Tube.)

Waiter—*Una voce poco fa maccaroni!* (At least, it sounds something like this. A little cupboard arrives by the lift containing a dish which the waiter hastens to receive. The new arrival is apparently of a disappointing nature; he returns in indignantly and rushes back to tube) *La ci darem la mano curri rabbito Gorgonzola!*

A Voice (from bottom of lift, argumentatively)—*Batti, batti; la donna e mobile risotto Milanaise.*

Waiter (losing his temper)—*Altro! Sul campo della gloria vermicelli!*

The Voice (ironically)—*Parla tele d'amor o cari flor multigatawni?*

Waiter (scathingly)—*Salve di mora casta e pura entrecote sauce piquante creme a l'orange cotelettes pommes sautes basta presto!* (Corks up tube with the air of a man who has had the best of it.)—*Punch.*

Books that Have Helped Me.

I have been asked by a friend to give him a list of books that have helped me. I do not know if he is aware of the fact, but in the course of a very short career I have enjoyed an exceedingly varied experience. In all the professions, from that of a youthful Napoleon of bankruptcy, up to the one which now claims me as an honored member, I have plied my energies—in all save one. I have yet to lay siege to such honors as the pulpit affords, and until I can combine in my person the graceful agility of a Talmage with the composite eloquence of Robert G. Ingersoll, Roscoe Conkling, George Francis Train, and the Reverend Adirondack Murray, I shall content myself with a pulpit on the outside of the church.

Having followed, then, so many professions, it is no easy task to enumerate the books that have helped me. Indeed, it were far easier to make a list of those which have not helped me. To please a friend, however, I will do what I can.

To begin, as a student in college, the books which helped me most were the literal translations of the classics, published by the lamented Bohn, of London. It was a particularly frigid day when I could not easily overcome a Latin or Greek poet astride of his Pegasus by mounting the pony of collegiate fame.

Upon leaving college during the time that I was trying to forget all I knew so as to fit myself for a business career, I followed the profession of the butterfly of fashion. My only books were the looks of tailor made girls, and some of the folly which occasionally crops out in my writings may be directly attributed to my devotion to these volumes.

In Wall Street, being an ambitious youth, the goal at which I strove was the Young Napoleonship of finance, and by the aid of such books as "How to Be Rich though Poor," "From the Bucket-Shop to the Stock Exchange, by a Millionaire," "How I Made my Pile," "Ten Thousand a Week, or The Autobiography of Peter Penniless: Born without a Cent, Died with Liabilities amounting to Ten Millions," I got there. Guided by such invaluable textbooks I managed to lose all I had and several hundreds of thousands more in a little less than six months. The books which helped me most in the ensuing six months were my ledger, cash, and day-books, which mysteriously disappeared the day after my assignment.

Next I turned my attention to the law. This step was not entirely a voluntary one, but as I was able to prove an alibi—for the account-books—I had no cause to regret it. In the pursuit of my legal studies I derived more profit from "The Comic Blackstone" than from any other, although when my law library, consisting of the Civil Code in words of one syllable, a scrap-book of clippings from the *Mail and Express* on the career of David Dudley Field, and an Interlinear Parsons on Contracts was sold at auction, the scrap-book brought some few dollars more than any of the others, due, possibly, to the fact that a third or fourth cousin by marriage of the great lawyer, wished the book to place on his parlor-table.

Passing rapidly over the ensuing years of my life, and coming down to the present day, I find that in the pursuit of a literary career, the books which are most helpful to me are Seventeenth Century Jest-Books, Records of the Civil War, Webster's Dictionary, a three-months' commutation-book on the Hudson River Railroad, the Directory, a book of quotations, and the check-books of such publishers as see fit to invest their capital in the delicate phantasms of my facile, though stub pen, which periodically see the light of day.

I think my friend can derive all the assistance he needs from the list I have given him; but, in closing, I can not but call attention to one book which has afforded me in all my professions the greatest possible satisfaction; a volume which has a larger circulation than the aggregate sale of Plutarch's Lives, Pilgrim's Progress, and Leaves from the Highlands; a book which Robert Louis Stevenson, H. Rider Haggard, John Ruskin, the late Sylvanus Cobb, W. D. Howells, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox would unanimously admit has given them more actual, lasting satisfaction than all the libraries of past, present, and future ages together can give. That book is the Pocket-book! It is the one book in my library that I do not care to lend.—*Carlyle Smith.*

One Field of Usefulness.

"Is there no hope for him?" asked the woman, wringing her her hands, as the doctor came out of the room where her husband lay wavering between life and death.

"Yes, he will live," replied the medical man, "but he was fearfully crushed by the falling timbers, and he will be such a cripple that I fear there will be but little comfort for him in life."

"Must he lose an arm, doctor?" asked the poor woman.

"Both arms, madam, and at least one of his feet. It will leave him utterly helpless and unable to work at his regular trade or do anything else, I fear."

"But the terrible bruise on his lower jaw and the gash at the corner of his mouth—how are they?"

"Oh, they are unimportant. The bruise is really nothing, and the gash will soon heal—I may say his mouth is all right even now."

"Thank heaven for that!" returned the woman as her countenance lit up with returning hope. "I am so glad—there is one field of usefulness left open for the poor, dear man, even if he is left such a terrible cripple!"

"You surprise me, madam; what can your husband possibly do?"

"Do?" echoed the woman, as she arose and began to bustle about; "do? Well, I can tell you in short order. You say his mouth is all right; well, he can become a prize-fighter, and, perhaps, win the world's championship!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Letter to Barnum.

FAIRFIELD, CONN.

P. T. BARNUM, ESQ.—*Dear Sir:* We have a large soiled Asiatic elephant visiting us now, which we suspect belongs to you. His skin is a misfit, and he keeps moving his trunk from side to side, nervously. If you have missed an elephant answering to this description, please come up and take him away, as we have no use for him. An elephant on a place so small as ours is more of a trouble than a convenience.

I have endeavored to frighten him away, but he does not seem at all timid, and my wife and I, assisted by our hired man, tried to push him out of the yard, but our efforts were unavailing. He has made our home his own now, for some days, and he has become quite *de trop.*

We do not mind him so much in the day-time, for he then basks mostly on the lawn and plays with the children (to whom he has greatly endeared himself), but at night he comes up and lays his head on our piazza, and his deep and stertorous breathing keeps my wife awake.

I feel as though I were entitled to some compensation for his keep. He is a large, though not fastidious, eater, and he has destroyed some of my plants by treading on them; and he also leaned against our wood-house. My neighbor—who is something of a wag—says I have a lien on his trunk for the amount of his board; but that, of course, is only pleasantry.

Your immediate attention will oblige

SIMEON FORD.

—*Puck.*

THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST

FOR 1888.

Up to the beginning of the year 1886, the *Argonaut* had always refrained from clubbing arrangements with other periodicals. But shortly prior to that time several advantageous offers from other publishers induced the *Argonaut* to begin such arrangements with the year 1886. During the past two years we have added to the list, and the result has been so satisfactory, both to the other publishers as well as ourselves, that we again increase the list for the year 1888. We now place before the public a list of THIRTY-ONE PERIODICALS which can be taken at clubbing rates with the *Argonaut.* By arrangements with the publishers we are enabled to offer these periodicals at the very lowest rates. Each of the periodicals we have selected is one of the finest of its class.

By special arrangements with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office:

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail	$7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail	6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	5.90
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail	6.00
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail.	6.20
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One year, by Mail.	6.50
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail.	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail.	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Young People for One Year, by Mail	5.00
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail	4 50
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail	4 50
The Argonaut the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World, One Year, by Mail	5.50
The Argonaut and Wide-Awake for One Year, by Mail	5.50
The Argonaut and the English Illustrated Magazine for One Year, by Mail	4.75
The Argonaut and the Atlantic Monthly for One Year, by Mail	6.70
The Argonaut and Outing for One Year, by Mail	5.75
The Argonaut and Forest and Stream for One Year, by Mail	6.50
The Argonaut and Judge for One Year, by Mail	6.70
The Argonaut and the New York Spirit of the Times for One Year, by Mail	8.00
The Argonaut and the Nineteenth Century (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	7.25
The Argonaut and the Contemporary Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.	7.25
The Argonaut and the Fortnightly Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	7.25
The Argonaut and the Westminster Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.	7.00
The Argonaut and the Edinburgh Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail.	6 20
The Argonaut and the Quarterly Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	6.20
The Argonaut and the Scottish Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	6.20
The Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.	6.20
The Argonaut and the Critic for One Year, by Mail	5.00
The Argonaut and Life for One Year, by Mail	7.25
The Argonaut and the Youth's Companion for One Year, by Mail	4.75
The Argonaut and Puck for One Year, by Mail	7.25

Postmasters and other agents will understand that these rates are clubbing rates, and for subscribers only. We can allow no commissions on these rates.

This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco. In that city the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.

Educational.

H. B. PASMORE, Teacher of Vocal Music and Harmony, will resume tuition at his new residence, 1426 Washington Street, near Hyde, on August 1st. Mr. Pasmore studied in London with William Shakespeare, of the Royal Academy, and in Leipsic with S. Jadassohn. Harmony lessons in classes and by mail. Text book, Torek and Pasmore's translation of Jadassohn's Manual

MR. LOUIS SCHMIDT,
Organist of Temple Emanuel and Unitarian Church, has resumed instructions on the Piano, Organ, and in Harmony. Residence, 810 Leavenworth Street.

MR. ALFRED J. KELLEHER,
Teacher of vocal music, desires to announce that he will resume teaching January 3. Information regarding instruction by classes may be had by writing, or calling, to 2324 CLAY STREET, San Francisco. (California Street car to Webster Street.)

VAN NESS SEMINARY,
RALSTON HOUSE,
1222 Pine Street, - San Francisco, Cal.
(near Leavenworth, between Sutter and California.)
Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children. A few vacancies in the Senior, Junior, Preparatory, Primary, and Kindergarten Departments.
MRS. S. B. GAMBLE, MISS EMILY EDMUNDS, } Principals.
Spring Term commences January 9th, 1888.

ZEITSKA INSTITUTE,
922 POST STREET.
French, German, and English Day and Boarding Scho for young ladies and children. KINDERGARTEN. Physical Culture a specialty. Winter term begins Jan. 5th
MISS MARY LAKE, MME. B. ZISKA, A. M., } Principals.

FIELD SEMINARY FOR YOUNG LADIES
1825 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland, Cal.
Address MRS. R. G. KNOX, Proprietor, or MISS FRANCES A. DEAN, Principal.
The next session will begin Wednesday, January 4, 1888.

MEISTERSCHAFT
SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES.
324 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Spanish, French, German and Italian thoroughly and and rapidly taught by Dr. Rosenthal's celebrated "Meisterschaft System." Classes and private lessons. New classes in each language now forming. For circulars or information apply to **CHAS. H. SYKES, Principal.**

Educational Institution for Boys on
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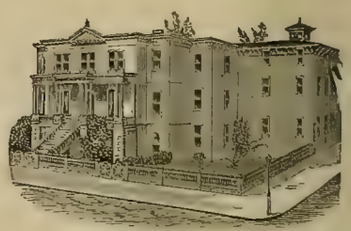
SAN MATEO, CAL.
CLASSICAL SCHOOL.
Under Military Discipline.
Special Attention and Advantages for fitting Boys for a Scientific or Classical Course.
REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER,
Principal.
TWENTY-TWO YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL WORK.
Easter Term will open January 5th, 1888.

IRVING INSTITUTE.



A SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.
The next session will begin Monday, January 9th, 1888. For catalogue or information address the Principal, REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A. M., 1036 Valencia Street, San Francisco, Cal.

DE FILIPPE'S (ESTAB'D 1871) ACADEMY OF LANGUAGES 320 POST ST.
PROF. DE FILIPPE, graduate of the Academies of Paris and Madrid, continues to give personal instruction in Spanish and French, by his easy, practical method, saving months of study. "UNIQUE" method of acquiring foreign languages, where students have not the opportunity to practice. Fine library and foreign periodicals free to scholars. Apply from 10 to 11 A. M., 3 to 5, or 8 to 9 P. M.

NAPA LADIES' SEMINARY,
NAPA CITY, CAL.
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG LADIES.
The next term will begin Monday, Jan. 9, 1888.
English is taught by High School, Normal School, and University students.
The Principal is pleased to announce that the position of Musical Director will be filled by HARRISON MILLARD, the distinguished composer and professor of New York city, so well known throughout the country, by his fine musical compositions. Mlle. Millard, his daughter, will take the department of French.
For further information, address
MISS K. V. DARLING, Principal.

Transportation--Rail.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE (for)	From January 1, 1888.	ARRIVE (from)
8 00 A.	..Calistoga and Napa	10.10 A.
4 00 P.	.. " " "	6.10 P.
8.30 A.	..Colfax, via Livermore	5 40 P.
3.30 P.	..Galt, via Martinez	11.10 A.
9.30 A	C..Haywards and Niles	12.40 P.
10 30 A.	.. " " "	3.40 P.
5 30 P.	C " " "	8.40 P.
*6 00 A.	C Haywards	*8.10 A.
12.00 M.	C..	2.40 P.
8.00 A.	..Ione, via Livermore	5.40 P.
4.00 P.	..Knight's Landing	10.10 A.
*4.30 P.	..Livermore and Pleasanton	*8.40 A.
7 30 A.	..LosAngeles,Deming,El Paso,&East	6 40 P.
3.30 P.	..Los Angeles and Mojave	11 10 A.
‡3 30 P.	..Milton	*5 40 P.
7 00 A.	..Ogden and East	8 10 A.
5 00 P.	.. " " "	10.40 A.
8 00 A.	..Red Bluff, via Marysville	5.40 P.
8 00 A.	..Redding via Willows	6.10 P.
7 00 A.	..Sacramento, via Benicia	8.10 A.
8 00 A.	.. " via Benicia	6.10 P.
8 02 A.	.. " via Livermore	5 40 P.
5 00 P.	.. " via Benicia	10.40 A.
4.00 P.	.. " via Benicia	10.10 A.
6 30 P.	.. " via Benicia	7.40 A.
*1 00 P.	..Sacramento River Steamers	*6.00 A.
8.00 A.	..San Jose	*3.40 P.
‡10.30 A.	.. "	‡3.40 P.
12.00 M.	.. " C	8.40 P.
3.00 P.	.. "	9.40 A.
*4.30 P.	.. "	.....
3.30 P.	..Santa Barbara	11.10 A.
8.00 A.	..Stockton, via Livermore	5.40 P.
3.30 P.	.. " viaMartinez	11 10 A.
6.00 P.	..Siskiyou and Portland	7.40 A.

A for morning. P for afternoon.
Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only. † Saturdays excepted.
C—Take ferry train and change cars at East Oakland.

From San Francisco, daily.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00.

To 23D AVENUE, EAST OAKLAND—Same as "To East Oakland" until 6.00 P.M. inclusive, also at 7.00, 8.00, 10.00 P.M.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 8.00, 10.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A.M., *2.00, 6.30, 12.00 P.M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, ‡2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, ‡2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—Same as "To Berkeley.'

To San Francisco, daily.

From FRUIT VALE—6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50, 9.20, *10.19, *2.49, 4.20, 4.50, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 8.50, 10.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.27, 5.51, ‡9.15, *2.38, *3.15.

From 23D AVENUE, EAST OAKLAND—6.55, 7.25, 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55, 10.25, 10.55, 11.25, 11.55, 12.25, 12.55, 1.25, 1.55, 2.25, 2.55, 3.25, 3.55, 4.25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55 6.25, 6.55, 7.55, 8 55, 10.53.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—7 minutes later than from East Oakland.

From ALAMEDA—*5.25, 5 55, *6.25, 6.55, *7.25, 7.55, *8 25, 8.55, 9 25, 9.55, ‡10.25, 10.55, ‡11 25, 11.55, ‡12.25, 12.55, ‡1.25, 1.55, 12.25, 2.55, 3.25, 3.55, 4.25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6.55, 7.55, 8 55, 9.55, 10.55.

From BERKELEY—*5.25, 5.55, *6.25, 6.55, *7.25, 7.55, *8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55, ‡10.25, 10.55, ‡11.25, 11.55, ‡12.25, 12.55, ‡1.25, 1.55, ‡2.25, 2.55, 3.25, 3.55, 4.25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6.55, 7.55, 8.55, 9.55, 10.55.

From WEST BERKELEY—Same as "From Berkeley.

Creek Route.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by Lick Observatory.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY,
SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

Passenger Trains leave Station, foot of Market Street, south side at

4.00 A. M., (Sundays only, Hunter's train to San Jose, stopping at all way stations, returning arrives in San Francisco, 7.20 P M.

8.15 A. M., daily, for Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso. Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all Way Stations.

2.15 P. M. (except Sunday), Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, New Almaden, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ, and Boulder Creek.

4.15 P. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and intermediate points.

85 Excursions to SANTA CRUZ and BOULDER CREEK, on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, to return on MONDAY inclusive.

$1.75 to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return, Sundays only.

LOCAL FERRY TRAINS.

TO OAKLAND AND ALAMEDA, DAILY.

§6 15, §6 45, §7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9 45, 10.15, 10 45 11.15, 11.45 A. M., 12 15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4 15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 P.M.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From Fourteenth and Franklin Sts., Oakland—§5.45, §6.15, §6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 P. M.

From High Street, Alameda—§5.31, §6.01, §6.31 7.01, 7.31, 8.01, 8.31, 9.01, 9.31, 10.01, 10.31, 11 01, 11.31 A. M., 12 01, 12.31, 1.01, 1.31, 2.01, 2 31, 3.01, 3.31, 4.01 4.31, 5.01, 5 31, 6.01, 6 31, 7.16, 8.16, 9.16, 10.16, 11.01 P. M.
§ Sundays excepted.

TICKET OFFICES, 613 Market Street, under Grand Hotel, and Rotunda, Baldwin Hotel. San Francisco.

L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. W. T. FITZGERALD, Gen. Frt. & Pass. Agt.
S. P. C. Ry. Div. S. P. C. Ry. Div.

Transportation--Rail.

NORTHERN DIVISION
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

TIME SCHEDULE.

LEAVE S. F.	In effect January 1, 1888	ARRIVE S. F.
12.01 P.	.....Cemetery and San Mateo	2.30 P.
† 7.00 A.	.....San Mateo, Redwood, and ....Menlo Park	6.40 A.
8.30 A.		* 8.00 A.
10.30 A.		9.03 A.
* 3.30 P.		*10.02 A.
4.30 P.		† 3 30 P.
* 5.10 P.		4.36 P.
6.30 P.		6.40 P.
‡11.45 P.		‡ 7.50 P.
8.30 A.	....Santa Clara, San Jose, and ....Principal Way Stations	9.03 A
10.30 A.		*10.02 A
* 3.30 P.		4.36 P.
4.30 P.		6.40 P.
10.30 A.	....Almaden and Way Stations	4.36 P.
8.30 A.	.....Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville	*10.02 A.
* 3.30 P.	..... Salinas, and Monterey	6.40 P.
8.30 A.	.....Hollister and Tres Pinos	*10.02 A.
* 3.30 P.		†6.40 P.
8.30 A.	....Watsonville, Aptos, Soquel	*10.02 A.
* 3.30 P.	....(Capitola), and Santa Cruz	6.40 P.
8.30 A.	..Soledad, Paso Robles, Templeton. (San Luis Obispo), and Way Stations	6.40 P

A.—Morning. P.—Afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
† Theatre train, Saturdays only.

Nearly all rail line to SAN LUIS OBISPO; only 24 miles staging from Templeton; time from S. F. 12 hours. Through rate, $8.50.

Round-trip tickets to Lick Observatory (Mt. Hamilton). Rate, $5.50.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—SOLD SUNDAY MORNING; good for return same day.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street Valencia Street Station, No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel, and Rotunda, Baldwin Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SAUSELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Monday, October 17, 1887, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUCELITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A.M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6.10, P.M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A.M., 1.30, 3.15, 5.15, P.M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P.M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A.M., 3.25, 4.55 P.M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A.M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 3.15, 5.15 P.M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45, 6.25 P.M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUCELITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.20, 10.00, 11.45 A.M, 4.05, 5.30 P.M.
Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A.M., 12.45, 2.15, 4.00, 6.00, P.M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30, 7.05 P.M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11.00 A.M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Ingram's and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Ingram's at 6.30 A.M., arrives at San Francisco at 12.15 P.M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howards, 3.50; Ingram's, $4.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Ingram's daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices 327 Pine Street.

ALASKA
COMMERCIAL COMPANY,

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN FURS.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St., and 3 Pine St., San Francisco,

Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

THE BANCROFT COMPANY,
History Building, San Francisco.

PACIFIC COAST AGENTS FOR
HENRY F. MILLER & SONS' PIANOS.
The first choice of the great artists.

Insurance.

H. M. NEWHALL & CO
Office, 309, 311 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Agents for Growers and Manufacturers, Charterers of Vessels for all Trades,
Agents for the Mexican Phosphate and Sulphur Co.'s Products,

GENERAL INSURANCE AGENTS.

Have correspondents in all the chief cities of the United States, Europe, Australia, India, China, and the principal Islands of the Pacific; purchase goods and sell California products in those countries.

GENERAL AGENTS OF THE PACIFIC COAST FOR

National Assurance Co. of Ireland,
Capital $5,000,000
Atlas Assurance Company of London
Capital $6,000,000.
Boylston Ins. Co. of Boston, Mass,
Capital and Surplus $716.809.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.,
No. 216 Sansome Street,
East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

Capital (Paid up in Gold) $300,000 00
Assets, Jan. 1, 1884 ..... 759,475 13

PRESIDENT ..... J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT ..... J. N. L SHEPARD.
SECRETARY ..... CHARLES R. STORY.

London Assurance Corporation
Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720.
Northern Assurance Company
Of London. Established 1836.
Queen Insurance Company
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.
Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.
Of Hartford, Conn.
ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.
WM. MACDONALD, Ass't Manager.
S. E. corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

ANGLO-NEVADA
ASSURANCE CORPORATION
OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
FIRE AND MARINE.
CAPITAL, - - - - $2,000,000
OFFICE ..... **410 PINE STREET**

Bankers, The Nevada Bank of San Francisco.

Transportation--Ocean.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf corner First and Brannan Streets at **2 o'clock P. M.** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai

Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1888.
Gaelic	**Wednesday, Feb. 1**
Belgic	**Tuesday, Feb. 21**
San Pablo	**Tuesday, Mar. 13**
Oceanic	**Tuesday, April 3**
Gaelic	**Saturday, April 21**
Belgic	**Saturday, May 12**
San Pablo	**Saturday, June 2**
Oceanic	**Thursday, June 21**

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No. 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
G. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA
AND WAY PORTS:
Colima, ... **Wednesday, Jan. 25, at 10 A. M.**
For ports of call, see Guide.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:
City of Rio de Janerio..Jan. 21, 1888, at 2 P. M.
City of New York, .Saturday, Feb. 11, at 2 P. M.
Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For freight or passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.
WILLIAMS. DIMOND & CO. Gen. Agents.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

The steamers MEXICO and UMATILLA direct for VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, at 9 A. M., every Friday.

The steamer MEXICO sailing Every other Friday at 9 A. M. connects at Port Townsend with the steamers IDAHO and ANCON for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, about every second day.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, Tuesday, at 9 A. M.—CITY OF CHESTER.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., near Pine.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

Banks.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital **$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD ..... President.
THOMAS BROWN ..... Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR ..... Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents in all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available in all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.
BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus **$4,000,000**

DIRECTORS:

LLOYD TEVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Pres't. Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker.
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, For the half-year ending December 31, 1887, the Board of Directors of the German Savings and Loan Society has declared a dividend at the rate of four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum, on term deposits, and three and three-fourths (3¾) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, and payable on and after the 3rd day of January, 1888.
By order. GEO. LETTE, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, northwest corner Powell and Eddy Streets,—For the half year ending December 31st, 1887, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and three-fourths (3¾) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after January 3d, 1888.
VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

Hotels.

PALACE HOTEL,
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.
C. H. LIVINGSTON, Manager.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city.

FINEST CLIMATE IN THE WORLD!

PARAISO SPRINGS,
MONTEREY COUNTY, CAL.
THE CARLSBAD OF AMERICA.
New Management. New Improvements.

The most beautiful, most invigorating, most easy of access of all mineral spring resorts. 1,500 feet above the sea level. Take San Jose cars 8:30 morning, and arrive at Springs at 3.30 P. M. **J. G. FOSTER, Proprietor.**
Telegraph, Express and Post Offices.

STORAGE
For Furniture, Pianos and other goods. Advances made.
J. M. PIERCE, 735 Market Street.

BOUND VOLUMES
OF THE
ARGONAUT.

VOLUMES I TO XXI, INCLUSIVE.

Any one can be accommodated with the Bound Volumes from the commencement by applying at the Business Office No. 213 Grant Avenue (Dupont Street).

GAS FIXTURES, MANTELS, GRATES, TILES. NEW STORE THOMAS DAY & CO. 222 SUTTER

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Going along Bond Street, one bright spring day, in London—and, on a bright spring day, as all the world knows, Bond Street is full of alluring things—we came suddenly across a huge, ungainly sign, which read:

MR. WHISTLER'S LAST ARRANGEMENT IN BROWNS AND YELLOWS.

Admission, - - 1 shilling.

To have been perfectly consistent, and to have sustained the "tone of his arrangement," Mr. Whistler ought to have gone into the bronze coinage of the realm for this admission price; but the most hyper-æsthetic of men will break down on a little thing like that. The golden sight, however, was well worth the silver shilling.

A thin, melancholy-looking young man, who might have been "arranged" by Mr. Whistler himself, lifted a heavy yellow portière to give us admission to the charmed room. His pale, yellow skin—it would have been called sallow outside of art—may have been one of the artistic intentions of the great painter, but it looked very much like bile, and he spoke in a husky, cream-colored whisper.

All this was so very effective that, by the time we were ushered into the mystic room, the strange, sudden light of it, and the queer yellow trappings made us feel as if we had become suddenly entangled in the wings of a huge yellow butterfly.

The pale-cream walls of the room were windowless. The light all came from a great skylight overhead, and that had been tempered by a lightly festooned canopy of pale-yellow India silk, which fluttered lazily with every breath of air.

The seats were camp-stools of light bamboo, across which had been stretched a pale-yellow silk belting, with a canvas grain in it. There was a little willow sofa upon which were tossed some pale-yellow silk cushions, and a little three-legged bamboo table in the centre. Upon the table stood a piece of odd yellow pottery, containing a handful of little blossoms not unlike brown-eyed Susans. They were yellow, spattered with little brown flecks, and they were crisp and fresh as with the dew of morning, but they gave forth no fragrance. The frames of the pictures were of plain wood, gilded. There was no carving, no molding, no polish. The grain of the wood was plainly visible through the gilt, which shaded up and down the scale but was generally the palest gold. The pictures—there were at least a hundred of them, and there was not a canvas among them more than twelve inches long—were all in browns and yellows.

The general effect was indescribably airy, light, and charming.

The particular effect—well, there be some people who can translate the canvases of Whistler (Mr. Whistler, as the English scrupulously call him), and like his work, after they have found out what it means. We were not so fortunate.

We have had some art in San Francisco, but we have never yet had an art critic, and we have had very few connoisseurs. The spurious ones have afforded us a great deal of amusement, but they have not taught us in the very least what we shall do when we stand before a rebus in color like this.

The wild, untrained judgment of the westernmost West falls helpless before the last London fad. We knew in our souls that, as good Americans, we ought to be condemnatory. It is the proper thing, nowadays, to be very much bored by a European trip, and to find everything over there stale, flat, and unprofitable; to swear by the bones of Lucullus that there is nothing, to eat on the European continent; and to moan that we have been pillaged and plundered, and have received nothing in return but discomfort.

Above all, one should be pessimistic over pictures. It always seems that a man must know something about a thing when he condemns it, and, nine times out of ten, it is done just to produce this impression. But if you are born with a large natural capacity for enjoyment, and good things keep cropping up in your way, even in Europe, what are you going to do? It is true that all the cheap writers take a humorous view of Europe since Mark Twain, and that all travelers who are not in the Prince of Wales's set are bored ineffably; and yet truth must be told—this fluttering, flighty, airy-looking room of Whistler's was superlatively pretty.

The pictures may have perplexed us a trifle. There was one little thing that looked to me like a flight of butterflies alarmed at the approach of a golden-haired girl, in a brown gauze dress, coming down a path through a nasturtium hedge. But my companion, after a long and careful examination, pronounced it to be a little sorrel pony, scampering through a field of ripe waving wheat.

There was another that looked to me like the last of the canaries singing his last summer song, upon the brown bough of a tree whose leaves had yellowed in the autumn sun to a thousand shades. But my companion investigated it as closely as she had done the other, and to her eye there seemed to be a tall, handsome French summer fashion-plate, a Trouville person most like, walking upon a beach of yel- [illegible] in a gown as yellow as the Princess of [illegible] yachting-costume last August at Cowes, and tilting a most luxurious sun-shade of écru lace against a brilliant yellow sunset, which was casting some premature shadows upon some great brown rocks in the background.

We had some score of differences of interpretation like this, and we were also told that we had not, in any one case, hit upon the idea which Mr. Whistler himself had determined upon for that particular picture. But, as the old man keeps reiterating of the battle of Blenheim in the poem, "It was a famous victory," or, as the pipe of the irrepressible shepherd keeps coming up through the thunder-storm in that marvellous piano transcription that once was thrilling, so the idea would keep reiterating itself, "how very, very pretty it is, mysteries and all."

It may not have been the pictures. After all, it was not the pictures but Mr. Whistler's "last arrangement," that had tempted and lured us in from commonplaceness of the daylight in Bond Street. And Mr. Whistler may, or may not, be a great artist—have that as you like—but he has the prettiest knack in the world at "arrangement."

And why should pictures, which are intrinsically such beautiful things—sometimes—be left to their own cold, naked merit?

I am sure it is very much better to be put into an "atmosphere" to enjoy, as Theodore Wores, for example, puts you in an Oriental atmosphere to enjoy his most unique and beautiful group of Japanese pictures.

The lobby looks as gay as a tea-house on a festival night, with its swinging lamps and waving plants. And there are Japanese warriors, in their wonderful suits of linked mail, and a calm-eyed god to give you welcome. The Japanese are upon very chummy terms with their gods, and wear their religion jauntily and comfortably. Quite often one will see an outdoor bronze god lifting himself up against the sky in all the peace of Nirvana.

There are two of these in the beautiful Uyeno Park, but they are not very handsome gods, and perhaps they are snubbed just a little for their lack of beauty.

The Japanese, with whom beauty is a more deeply seated religion than any other feeling they possess, look with their greatest pride upon the Daibutsu at Kamakura, though there is a bigger god than he somewhere in the south, but none so smooth and handsome, none so perfect with the spirit of Buddha.

Theodore Wores's little carved wooden god sits up there with the dignity befitting an idol worn by the batteries of many hundreds of years of prayers, for it is plain to see that he is an old fellow, and that they must have let him come out of Japan very reluctantly. The Japanese are beginning to love their own relics passing well.

Everything is upon such a toy scale in Japan that even the two little houses do not seem ridiculously small, but might be the tail-end of a little village.

And then, the pictures themselves, set here in the midst of their familiars, breathe so freshly the open-air life of Japan, that one feels almost to have been transplanted there on a bright day, when the lotus and the plum-trees were in bloom.

But leave the pictures to the critics, technically; their sharp eyes may discover something to put the scalpel in. Every one else finds unequivocal pleasure in them. The charm of the pretty, easy, comfortable, philosophical life, with the love of beauty and sentiment at the root of it, is in the pictures, and affects you with its spell.

Love still lives in Japan, and maidens are still wooed as they are no longer in the West, and young fancies lightly turn to thoughts of it when the plum-trees are in the richness of their bloom.

Perhaps some such thought is stirring the breasts of these two moon-eyed beauties who have stopped to read one of the poems in the plum orchard.

It is nothing more than an apostrophe to the beauty of the pink grove, whose fragrance, the writer sighs, has fallen on his sleeve, and whenever he lifts it to his nose—alas! the courtliest Japanese do not ignore the infantile use of the sleeve—the fragrance it has caught will breathe for him again that happy moment in the plum orchard.

The making of poetry is still one of the accomplishments of a polite education in Japan, quite as much as drawing, or singing, or playing the *koto*, or the *samsiu*.

Only it is not yet necessary that a poet's heart should gush in the corner of a newspaper. He hangs his verses on the trees, like Orlando in the forest of Arden, and he who runs may read.

It is even yet a custom among gentlemen of the old school to meet occasionally for a bout at verse-making, just as our old gentlemen meet to take a hand at cards.

Rhymes and such mere flippancies are not at all necessary in this art. They sit upon their heels around the brazen *hibachi*, smoke their tiny pipes, and sip their tiny drinks.

A subject is given, as in the old days of improvisation in Italy, and they all go into the throes of composition. Now and then one will speak, to give voice to a beautiful sentiment. If it be superlatively good, his companions will give him that strange applause which, in our theatres, is so like hissing.

But, however beautiful the sentiment may be, when it comes to poetry-making it must be expressed with the true poetic quality, or it is not accepted with enthusiasm.

And, as it is this very poetic quality which has made Alfred, Lord Tennyson, the greatest of word poets, perhaps these Japanese gentlemen of the old school are not so far behind in civilization, after all.

A lot of pessimists have always been trying to write down that a successful man is not a happy one. But it seems to be always the people who are not successful who say this.

The others find the taste of it very sweet in their mouths—as why should they not, after long and earnest effort?

Alfred Cellier, the composer of "Dorothy," the new English opera, is a man who has been as well known in the art-world of London, these ten years past, as Gilbert's temper, or Sir Arthur Sullivan's rehearsal baton.

But he is of those who give, give ever, and the greatest musicians in London have not hesitated to make use of this inexhaustible spring of musical knowledge, inspiration, and willingness. It never occurred to him to set any greater money value upon himself than that of an efficient orchestra-leader, and he has been tossing off songs, staves, phrases, and original musical ideas galore, and been content with a hearty "thank you."

But all the time there has been floating through his head a fixed thought, which was the revival of the English school. And none worshipped at other shrines more faithfully than London itself in the season.

And its glees, and madrigals, and choruses rang and rang in his head, and they seemed to him beautiful and characteristic. Now and then they would leak out of his fingers when he was given a manuscript to touch up, and we have lilted a score of Alfred Cellier's ideas in "Patience," in "The Pirates," and even in "The Mikado."

And, one day, the desire to write came upon him, and he wrote "Dorothy," and with the doing of the deed a sudden access of reason and business sense came to him, and he arranged it in some way that it was his own sole possession.

And "Dorothy," fitly mounted and well sung, is said to be one of the prettiest things that can be imagined. They have been singing it away to the English these twelve months, and to the Australians these six months, and they both vow that they have not had half enough of it. And New York is humming it these six months, too, and, all differences having been patched up, we shall have it at the Baldwin Theatre within a fortnight with Wm. T. Carleton's troupe.

And Alfred Cellier? Well, he is scampering over the world, collecting the beautiful shekels that kindly little Dorothy has made for him. He passed through here on his way to Australia within a month, and he is as lovable as ever, say the boys, and quite unspoiled.

His fast-growing bank account is a matter of perpetual astonishment to him, and he is naïvely willing at any moment to give its actual figures to an old friend, and confesses frankly that the taste of success is sweet in his mouth. One likes to see such a man succeed. Indeed, such is prejudice, it almost makes one like "Dorothy" beforehand.

With the bite of the cold weather, and we have had just nip enough to guess what it may be like in the East, begin to come in the reports of those unhappy women who earn the bitter bread they eat by doing slop-shop work at starvation prices.

Indeed, not long ago, a reporter on one of our dailies found sewing women working at starvation prices even here in San Francisco, our blessed San Francisco, where it is our boast that a foot never goes bare and a stomach never goes empty.

Twenty-four hours away from us by rail, there stretches the smiling southland of our State.

Every shine of the sun is a kiss, and every breath of the west wind brings vigor and vitality with it. One lives in the frangrance of orange and magnolia blossoms, and a rill of water as narrow as the ribbon on a lady's dress will cause a bower to grow as beautiful as the garden of the enchanter. One may dip in the laughing sea from year's end to year's end, and the vines hang heavy, and the orange trees sink beneath their juicy yellow burden, nine months of the year.

And homes by the hundred, by the thousand, by the hundred thousand, are springing up there, but their mistresses wring their hands in desperation.

Any of those unhappy woman who write that three dollars and sixty cents is the most that they can earn in a week, will be welcomed in these homes of Southern California. They will have food, shelter, comfort, climate, and health for nothing. They will have twenty dollars a month for their crudest attempts, twenty-five if they know anything at all, and anything they like to ask if they are skillful.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"A Trip to the Moon" will be continued at the Tivoli until further notice.

"René" will be given at the Bush Street Theatre next week by William Redmond and Mrs. Thomas Barry, supported by their own company.

Toy-balloons are now given to the children who visit the Panorama of the Battle of Vicksburg, at the Panorama Building on Eddy and Mason Streets, on Saturdays.

Lillie Post, who used to sing here half-a-dozen years ago, and who went East with Emelie Melville, has grown to be a great favorite in New York. She is now in the Carleton Company, which opens at the Baldwin next week.

Alice Vincent, who looked so particularly stunning when the Carletons were last here, is no longer a member of the company; but it can boast of very pretty women in Lilly Post, Fanny Rice, Clara Wisdom, and Rose Beaudet.

Charles Drew, Jay Taylor, Herman Ehrendt, and J. K. Murray, are the principal men of the Carleton Company, besides the handsome William himself. Murray is a young baritone who made a brief appearance in this city with a company which sang "The Mikado" at the California, when Carleton was last here.

The Carleton Opera Company will commence their engagement at the Baldwin on Monday evening, presenting "The Merry War." "Nanon" and "Erminie" will follow, and these three operas will divide up the first week. General Spinola, in "The Merry War," was Carleton's original creation in this country. Alfred Cellier's romantic comedy opera, "Dorothy," will be produced on the second Monday night.

A decided novelty is on the tapis for production at the California a week from next Monday. It is Jefferson, Taylor, & Nugent's realistic drama, "A Dark Secret," with all the "aquatic realisms"—in other words, the large tank of real water—that rendered the piece a sensation in New York. The California stock company return to the theatre on that date, and will remain for some time. Besides Lewis Morrison and the former members, the company will include Miss Annie Major as leading lady, and Frank Carlyle.

CCCCLXVI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, January 15, 1888.

Okra and Tomato Soup.
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PINEAPPLE ICE.—Take a can of pineapple, pour the juice into a bowl, chop and mash the pineapple and press it through a fine colander, add one quart of water, mix with the juice poured off the pineapple; sweeten very sweet, and freeze as you do in cream. The juice of a lemon may be added.

A LUCKY MAN.

William Leslie wins a Five-Thousand-Dollar Louisiana Lottery Prize.

The last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery has rendered at least one San Franciscan happy, and he is William Leslie, who resides with his family at 2505 California Street. He had the good fortune to hold a one-tenth ticket in the second capital prize of fifty thousand dollars, his share being five thousand dollars, the money being drawn through the agency of Wells, Fargo & Co. on November 22d.

A reporter yesterday called upon Mr. Leslie, who is employed in the type-casting department of Palmer & Rey's type foundry, at 407 Sansome Street, and requested him to explain the circumstances that attended his good fortune.

"Well, sir," said he with a smile, "I bought my ticket from a fellow-laborer of mine just two days before the drawing, paying him one dollar for it. I do not generally invest in lottery-tickets, and when I bought this one that won five thousand dollars I had no idea of the good fortune that awaited me. Imagine my astonishment when, upon picking up the *Chronicle*, the day after the drawing, I saw that my ticket, 69 368, had won a prize. My investment was a good one, and I have no reason to complain."

"What will you do with your money?" asked the reporter.

"I don't know yet, though I expect to go into business for myself at an early day."

Mr. Leslie is about thirty-five years of age, an industrious workman, and is well liked by all who know him. His good stroke of fortune has not yet completely turned his head, and doubtless will not. Though earning a good salary as type-caster, it is likely that with his new-found wealth he will engage in mercantile pursuits, for which he has a great liking.—*San Francisco Chronicle, Nov. 30.*

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The English in America are just beginning to awake to a realization of their folly in not becoming naturalized as American citizens. It is quite time they should consider this question and act as their interest and duty dictate. It is estimated that in the United States there are five hundred thousand adult Englishmen entitled, under our naturalization laws, to enrollment as citizens, who have neglected to become such. There is a strong and unanswerable argument that might be used to influence Englishmen to this step, entirely independent of their duty to the institutions, government, and people of this country—a patriotic argument addressed to them as subjects of their queen; a selfish one as presented to themselves individually. Recent events have demonstrated the necessity of a new departure upon the part of Englishmen resident with their families, and carrying on business in the United States. We appeal to this class as one of high intelligence, not accustomed to shirk its responsibilities whenever they present themselves as duties. We have among us a body of citizens, numerous and wealthy, engaging in all the avocations of business as bankers, insurance-men, merchants, ship-owners, manufacturers, mine-operators, land-owners, and professional men; men of high intelligence, holding honorable positions, educating their children at our schools, their families on terms of social intercourse with ours, growing rich and prosperous in their avocations, yet performing none of the duties incident to citizenship. Their legal differences are adjudicated in our courts, yet they perform no jury duty; society is endangered, but the Englishmen may not be summoned as *posse commitatus* to preserve the peace; if the country is threatened by war, or invaded by an enemy, they clasp their gripsacks, and depart with their money-bags till the danger has passed. Our courts are invoked to settle their estates and distribute to their heirs the accumulations of their lives; yet during their long residence they take no more interest in our political affairs than the Chinese, who are not permitted to enjoy the privilege of citizenship. The Englishman who comes to the United States with the purpose of continued residence and with the object of engaging in business avocations, and who deliberately determines that he will not take upon himself the responsibilities and duties incident to residence and citizenship, ought not to be permitted to engage in any money-making avocation, nor to send his children to our free schools, nor to remain as a resident in the country; he ought not to be permitted to acquire landed property, and in event of his death every dollar acquired by him in any industrial or commercial pursuit should be escheated to the State. His body should be cremated, and as an act of international courtesy his ashes should be held, subject to return at the call and expense of his mourning relatives. This kind of Englishman is a worse citizen, and less patiently to be endured, than the most ignorant and riotous of the political, ballot-box-stuffing, Democratic, Pope's Irish. There may be hope that in time the Irishman will cease to be Celt, and by intermarriage his children may become Saxon or Teuton; that in time he may cease to be a Roman Catholic, or if he remains such, emancipate himself from allowing his priest or his religion to influence him in politics; he may in time give up rum and politics as a profession, and give himself more devotedly to the minding of his own business. In time the Irishman's descendants may become merged in the great American people. The Englishman holds himself aloof from citizenship in America, because of an offensive pride that makes him assume the greater dignity of being a British subject. The time has gone by in this world's history when an American is expected patiently to endure the assumption of airs by Englishmen. Their country is older than the United States of America; we once owed political allegiance to England; we have inherited her civilization, her laws, and her language—when this is said it is all that can be said. Our national history has for an hundred years suffered nothing in diplomacy, statemanship, or on the battle-field, in comparison with the Empire of Great Britain. We can to-day arm, equip, and provide for more soldiers in war than she can; give us the preparation of months, and we can arm our shores with stronger guns, and guard them with a stronger fleet of ironclads than England possesses; we have a larger population by scores of millions; we are better educated, and have more money. In our national treasury there is a surplus, in theirs a tape-worm. Our national credit is better than England's; our resources exceed hers; she has a populous empire in India whose inhabitants she must guard and feed; we have an unoccupied empire more extensive, as the heritage of our coming generations; government is stronger, laws better enforced, the ownership of private property better secured under our constitution than under the laws of England; we can hang anarchists at Chicago, and her majesty's writ is inoperative in three-fifths of Ireland. England is in the midst of enemies with traditional wrongs to avenge, and she must sleep upon her arms; we have no standing army, no great constabulary, no navy, no enemies to fear. We occupy a continent in its breadth, fringed on the north by Canada, which when ripe will drop into our mouth if we open our jaws. Our business men, in intelligence, deportment, cleanliness of dress, and personal politeness, are superior to the average English noblemen who visit us, while our women of all classes, in modesty, intelligence, wit, beauty, and deportment, are not excelled by those of the highest English rank. In law we may compare our higher judges with those of England for legal learning and for integrity. Our literature does not suffer in comparison with hers, and we know of nothing to justify the Englishmen's insolence toward Americans other than the fact that we were once their colony. This conceit we thought we had thrashed out of them, and if we have not, we plead the Statute of Limitations in bar of its further manifestation toward us. In most friendly conclusion, we say it is the duty of English subjects who come to the United States to stay and do business, either to become American citizens or to sell out and go "home" quick.

The Jesuit fathers have recently been engaged in celebrating a "triduum"—whatever that may be—at Saint Ignatius Church. Certain Jesuits who are supposed to have died as martyrs in the time of Henry the Eighth, of England, are undergoing the s ewhat protracted process of canonization. Father Sasia has . livered, it is said, some very instructive and interesting lec.ures concerning the persecution of Roman Catholics in the age of Henry and Elizabeth. This is a mine of interesting research, and we commend the learned Jesuit father to work it to its profoundest depths; lest he should find a "horse" in the vein, and the lead "pinch" out and lose itself in "porphyry" or "country" rock, or lest he might fear that the assays might not justify the working of the Catholic persecution "level," we commend him to follow those "dips and angles" that lead in the direction of Protestant persecution by the bloodhounds of that church in the support and defence of which he has abandoned his personal independence of life, and devoted himself to poverty and to the slavery of the cross. We commend him to explain the relations of the Roman Catholic Church to the world's progress in civilization, material prosperity, science, and literature. If there had been no revolt against ecclesiastical power, in what condition would be the inhabitants of earth to-day? Would they, or would they not, be slaves to a powerful church organization, held in bondage by ignorance, bigotry, superstition, and poverty? Let this learned and eloquent Jesuit inform us of the history of the Protestant martyrs, that lon line of illustrious men and devoted, godly women who ated their lives on burning fagots in fearful tortures, and in cruel imprisonments; give us the church history in connection with the Lollards, Waldenses, Huguenots, Albigenses; the barbarous massacre of Waldensian women and children in the Alpine valleys of Piedmont, the confiscation of their homes and property, and their enforced exile from their native land; the relentless and bloody persecution of the Albigenses by an army of fierce French warriors employed by the unscrupulous and vindictive Roman Church, whereby the most cultured and charming people of the fairest portion of France were destroyed, and its rich valleys made desolate by fire and sword; give us the history of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew; the death of Admiral Coligny, with the best and bravest of the Protestant nobility and gentry of France, betrayed to their death by the invitation of a treacherous Roman Catholic monarch to witness the marriage of his sister with Henry, King of Navarre; tell us who tolled the bell that rang in the bloody massacre of thirty thousand Protestant martyrs, and then tell us how the news was accepted by His Holiness at Rome, how a Te Deum was sung by his order, how the bells of the Castle of San Angelo rang out their joyful chimes for a threatening heresy subdued by murder, and a medal was struck in bronze to commemorate the joyful event; give us the history of the revocation of the edict of Nantes. Tell us, most reverend and holy father, of the history of the long and bloody persecutions of the Hussites in Bavaria, and the burning of John Huss, their leader, and Jerome of Prague, his disciple; of the bloody Inquisition that was established by the Papal Church, and flourished under the cruel Torquemada in Spain; flourished in Italy, and in Rome, where the smoke of burning martyrs, ascending from funeral pyres, mingled with the smoke of incense from Roman altars; and while you are in the history of Henry the Eighth, and Elizabeth, give us the cruel acts of bloody Mary, and how two hundred and eighty-eight persons suffered death in her reign l of

their dissent from the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. Tell us concerning the persecutions of Protestants in the Netherlands during the reign of Charles the Fifth, in which fifty thousand persons lost their lives. Go through the entire history of your church, and as you turn each bloody leaf, give us the full account of its religious wars, its persecutions, its deaths by imprisonment, torture, and secret assassination; how kings and statesmen have been sent to their graves by the bloody Ravaillacs of the church, and you will be compelled to agree with John Rogers, the Quaker statistician, that fifty, and perhaps seventy, millions have gone to the grave through papal persecution. These are our Protestant martyrs. They all became saints when their lives departed on battle-fields, when their severed heads fell from scaffolds, when their weary lives went out in dreary prison cells, when from the stake, among burning fagots, their souls ascended with their prayers. It does not take us good, zealous Protestants three hundred years to convert good men and good women who died for their conscience and their faith, into saints. We have no money to pay priests for their beatification; we are not compelled to employ an attorney to represent the devil in their canonization; we just whoop them up to the throne of God, and entrust the divine justice to take care of them and reward them for the deeds done in the body.

Marvelous are the marvels of California. We had supposed them all exhausted, and that there was nothing more to excite our surprise or challenge our admiration. In the very heart of the great desert of Colorado—which the Southern Pacific Railroad traverses—there is anoas is called Indio, which, in our opinion, is the sanitarium of earth. We believe, and from personal investigation, that for certain invalids there is no spot on this planet so favorable. Consumption is a dreadful terror, a disease which, so far as we know, there has, as yet, been discovered nothing to arrest, nothing to alleviate, nothing to cure. When the Angel Azrael casts this shadow of his wing upon the mortal form, it has been the trumpet-call of death which there is no other mode of answering than by personal response to the summons. Whether this death-angel will ever be able to spread his wings across the sands of the Colorado, shut out its pure breezes from the Gulf of California, taint the purity of the air, hide the eternal sunshine, moisten its atmosphere with damps, or impregnate its soil with poisons, we do not know. So far, he has never hovered over this spot of beauty, and if ever, by some ingenious device, he should find a mode of shooting down an occasional fatal dart among those who have diseases of the throat or lungs, or who have suffered from gout, rheumatism, or heart disease, we have not the least doubt that somewhere in the adjacent mountains of the San Bernardino or San Jacinto will be found the life-preserving spring, with its healing waters, which Ponce de Leon did not find only because he sought it in Florida, and not in California. This curious spot, some five miles in width and twenty-five in length, is at a depression of from zero to two hundred and fifty feet below the level of the sea. Its soil is a mixture of humus, fine shells, and sand, capable of producing anything that can be raised in a tropical climate; it was once either the bed of a fresh-water lake, or an arm of the sea, cut off from the Gulf of California by accumulating sands, and made dry by evaporation of its waters. On either side lofty mountain ranges lift their summits to the clouds, filled with summer streams from melting snows, while the valley is supplied by artesian wells easily and cheaply bored. Along the San Bernardino foot-hills are abundant springs and, in the mountains, small, fertile, and delightful valleys, abounding in lofty date-palms—we believe the only date-palm groves upon the North American Continent. One grove, within sight of the railway-station at Indio, is said to number a thousand trees. The location, as indicated by its productions, is thoroughly tropical; the pineapple and the banana grow luxuriously; grapes produce four crops in a season from the same vine; cotton of long fibre grows luxuriantly. There seems to be no reason why the Hermosillo orange—which is the best on our continent—should not be raised to perfection. Whether tobacco equalling that of the Viulta Abaho, in Cuba, can be produced will depend, we fancy, on whether such perfection is attainable in a climate absolutely destitute of all moisture, for in this region it never rains and is never visited by fogs or dew. The temperature is exceedingly high during the three summer months, June, July, and August; but the climate is so dry that it is not as oppressive and unendurable as in other localities less warm. Laborers work in the salt-fields during the entire year; the nights are cool during the summer. Dr. Stewart summarizes the locality as a health-resort, by saying: "Here is eternal sunshine, with a temperature always pleasant, climate salubrious, soil rich and dry—rain is an unknown factor—pure oxygen, dense atmosphere, and good water. What more can any one ask?" This location is to be improved, this season, by the erection of hotels. A town is already located; a modern sanitarium building is in process of erection, under the management of Dr. Ainsworth, of Riverside, by a syndicate of wealthy gentleman, among whom we have the names of Mr. Requa, of Piedmont, Mr. A. N. Towne, A. D. Sharon, Charles Shaw, of San Francisco, Mr. Bliss, of Nevada, C. E. Green, and others. Artesian wells are being bored on every side; orange groves and vineyards, gardens and nurseries are being exploited in all directions. The coming year will give more accurate knowledge of the curious region than is now possessed by any one. What is now partly speculative will be demonstrated by actual experiment. We do most sincerely hope this place may realize its promises, for we are convinced that great wrongs have been inflicted upon suffering humanity by the unreliable representations of California as a health-resort. Eastern physicians who send their patients to our coast to die, and speculative land-boomers who invite them to die here, that they may reap the profits of their burial, are accountable for innumerable cruel and painful deaths. It is proper that every reader who peruses this article should know that the writer is not a physician, and has no technical knowledge of the subject he discusses beyond that of the ordinary business-man. They may also be informed that it is written in no other interest than that of the public good.

In last Sunday's *Examiner* is contained a most interesting account of the explorations in Arizona. Not far from Prescott, the capital of the Territory, there have been discovered and unearthed the ruins of cities long since buried which furnish evidence of the existence of a numerous race of people living, in comfortable dwellings; understanding how to manufacture pottery and how to make and use ovens for the cooking of food; having a religion, with rites and ceremonies, requiring commodious temples and pyres for cremating the dead; with dams and irrigating canals of a useful, practical character, adapted to the cultivation of their lands. On either side of what is now called "Salt" River, and within a distance of twenty miles, the ruins of seven cities have been found, which, from the dimensions and character of their dwellings, indicate a population of not less than two hundred thousand people. In each of these ruined cities are the remains of a great temple. It is not improbable that these are the seven ruins that form the basis of the story of the mythical cities of Cibola, which stirred the cupidity and enterprise of that race of early Spanish miscreants whom greed and superstition, avarice and religion sent throughout the New World, searching for treasures of gold and jewels to steal, and souls to save by murder in sight of the cross. While these ruins are exceedingly interesting and add further proofs to the accumulated evidence of the existence of ancient races upon this continent, we do not accept with favor the idea that there is any very strong evidence of the fact that this race of people existed six or ten thousand years ago. This suggestion seems to us speculative and fanciful, for these temples, dwellings, ovens, walls, and irrigating canals are not so widely dissimilar to the same things now observable among the Zuñi Indians, and at the Pueblo villages, as to make probable any other hypothesis than that they are the works of the same people in a more prosperous era of their existence. The whole work of exploring these ruins is most credible to the persons engaged in the labor, and it evidences newspaper enterprise in the right direction for the *Examiner* to give the results to the reading public. To aid in such work as this, some of the surplus money that now encumbers our treasury and embarrasses the administration of our government might be very profitably expended.

There is no question under consideration by the American people at this time so important as that involving the right of Chinese to immigrate to this country. No honest and intelligent mind can deny the danger that impends from this source over the perpetuity of our Republican institutions, the existence of our civilization, and the prosperity of our entire country. The existing restriction laws are found to be inoperative, and the danger that threatens is constantly increasing. If the port of San Francisco were the only door open to this menacing invasion it might be successfully guarded, but this is not so—the locust is winged and flies across the American border from every direction; every port of the Pacific Ocean invites the incursion of the Asiatic horde, and every day that the Congress of the United States delays in passing an absolutely restrictive law, or proceeding to the negotiation of a treaty, not only with the Chinese but with the English Government, increases this danger and renders the solution of the Chinese question more difficult. It is from British-Chinese ports that the Chinese are coming in the greatest numbers, and if the Canadian Government shall repeal or modify existing laws in reference to Chinese immigration—which it is probable they will do this winter—there will be no barrier to an immense and overwhelming invasion. This question is now engaging the attention of Congress. Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, and Senator Stewart, of Nevada, are making a stout fight to secure legislation of the most restrictive character; in this they will be aided by all the members of the Pacific Coast delegation. Senator Mitchell has made an exhaustive speech upon the subject in the Senate of the United States. It is not clearly demonstrated, as yet, how Republican and Democratic members will ally themselves, but should a party division occur upon this question, the presidential election will turn upon it, and the party that by its resolutions and its presidential candidate does not take the anti-Chinese position will meet with deserved and inevitable defeat. It is more important a thousand times than the question of free trade. The question is not local and is not confined to the Pacific Coast; it is national, and addresses itself to every American laborer and business-man in the nation; it addresses itself to every citizen who professes the Christian faith, or who is interested in maintaining our national existence and republican form of government. Chinese immigration must be arrested, although it should involve the United States in a war with the Kingdom of Great Britain and the Empire of China.

The London journals are authority for the statement that Cardinal Manning has written the Pope to the effect that any opposition to Gladstone on the part of the Vatican would produce among Irish and English Catholics a dissatisfaction that would lead to serious results. If this is true, and we do not discredit it, two thoughts suggest themselves: *first*, the waning power of the Roman Hierarchy; and *second*, the growing independence of the Roman Catholic Church in Great Britain and Ireland. Two ideas in one, and proving the decadence of the civil authority of the Pontiff of Rome. Had such an impudent message been sent to Rome by any primate of the church in the time of Hildebrand, the great Gregory, or Innocent, his greater successor, or Boniface the Eighth, there would have gone up from Westminster the smell of flesh overroasted and burning hair. One of the most promising indications of this age is in the fact that from the Irish—the strongest Roman Catholic people on earth, more devoted and more loyal to Rome than the people of Italy or Spain—there is manifest a determination that the Italian bishop shall have no voice in the political affairs of Ireland; that patriotism has a firmer hold on the Irish mind than the dogmas of the Papal faith; that home-rule and Irish nationality are of more consequence to Irishmen than allegiance to ecclesiastical power, though apostolic and infallible.

The exposure of Madame Blavatsky as a Russian spy, and Colonel Olcott, as her psycologized dupe, must be interesting reading to their numerous following of theosophical idiots in America. We have had three gentlemen of more than average standing in San Francisco who have fallen under the influence of this fantastic and altogether absurd delusion. We have no patience with anybody, however learned or honest they may assume to be, who claim the ability, under any conditions, to draw aside the veil that at death drops between this and a future state. We may have sympathy for their diseased imagination and pity for their imbecile condition. When these emotions are exhausted, there is left only contempt for their folly or indignation at their knavery. San Francisco is full of Spiritualists.

Mr. W. Jesser Coope, a highly respectable Englishman representing a private syndicate of London merchants, writes to the London *Times* and says that in the vicinity of Delago Bay on the east coast of Africa, a country belonging to Portugal, there is in the interior the richest gold-field that has ever been discovered in the world. It extends from the twenty-second to the sixteenth degree of south latitude, and excels anything of the kind discovered in modern times, not excepting Ballarat and California. The Transvaal goldfields, now so much talked about, are only the fringe of this deposit. He advises the English Government to negotiate the purchase of this territory from the Portuguese Government. Mr. Coope estimates the value of this gold-bearing belt at tens of millions of pounds sterling.

Mr. Sub-Treasurer Brooks, of San Francisco, has custody of more than fifty million dollars of government money. He is compelled to give exorbitant bonds, covering some millions. The treasurer must be a man of some ability, and the office is one of most serious care and vast responsibility, and the salary is less than five hundred dollars per month. An effort, and we hope a successful one, is to be made during this Congress to raise it to that amount, for Mr. Brooks is, in our judgment, fairly entitled to the salary of six thousand dollars per annum for the care of safely keeping and safely disbursing so many millions of government funds.

The striking bakers, cooks, and scullions threaten to establish bakeries and restaurants unless the proprietors yield to their demands. This recalls the rickety old omnibus line set up on Post Street in opposition to the railroad. It survived about one month on mendicancy, and ended in a swindle.

Even in the Chancery Court (writes James Payn from London) there is often fun to be found. Last week it had its ballet. The performers were but marionettes, it is true, but there was a *soupçon* of impropriety about it which seems to have delighted both bench and bar. The case involved a patent in dancing dolls, and the solicitor's table being cleared for the purpose, one of them was wound up and performed its part to perfection. She was afterward presented to the judge, who, having regarded her with much attention, and perhaps a sigh of reminiscence, handed her to the registrar of the court with instructions "not to hurt her."

COMMUNICATIONS.

Gentle Shepherd, tell me Why?

EDITORS ARGONAUT; Hon. Thomas L. Thompson, member of Congress from the First Congressional District of California, states to a *Chronicle* correspondent that he personally approves of the President's tariff message, but that having pledged himself to the convention which nominated him to defend the protective duty on wool, he proposes to abide by the pledge. Just how far a Congressman should surrender his conscience to the keeping of his constituents is a question of ethics. It would seem that he should be something more than a mouthpiece of a small party of politicians assembled in convention, who are not so well informed as he is or ought to be. He is sent to Congress to do the best he can for his people, according to his lights, and it is no defence for him, if he blunders, that he blundered in company with the local politicians of his district. The true doctrine on the question was laid down by Frank Hurd, of the Cleveland District of Ohio, in the forty-ninth Congress. The Democrats of his district required him to vote for protective duties on wool. He read the communication in the House, and said: "Mr. Speaker, if every Democrat in Ohio should go down on his knees to beg me to do what I know to be wrong—to make the poor man's winter coat, and the poor woman's blanket dearer, in order to enrich woolen manufacturers—I would rather be dead on this floor than comply with the request."

The true question which Mr. Thompson should put to himself as an honest man is not what do the politicians of the First Congressional District demand, but which is best for the people of that district, and of the State of California—protected wool, or free wool?

To answer this question, the people of the district, and the State, must be divided into two classes—those who are interested in wool-growing, and those who are not. The former number all told, not over three thousand persons in the whole State, while the latter are not less than one million one hundred thousand. It is surely unfair that one million one hundred thousand persons should be taxed for the benefit of three thousand. The one million one hundred thousand consumers of woolen goods, clothing, blankets, flannels, shawls, shirts, underwear, hats, knit-goods, etc., now pay from sixty to eighty-eight per cent. more than they should for the goods they use, through a delusion on the part of the sheep-growers and woolen manufacturers that a protective duty helps them. Mark you, this addition to the normal value of the goods does not go into the public treasury. It goes into the pockets of the manufacturers. The total amount of foreign woolen goods imported into this country bears a very small proportion to the amount consumed. In 1887, our total importations of woolen goods only amounted to forty-four million two hundred and thirty-five thousand two hundred and forty-four dollars. We imported about one thousand five hundred pairs of blankets, all told; we consumed about two million pairs. We imported two hundred and nineteen thousand three hundred and thirty-four pounds of flannel; we consumed about eighty million pounds. But the price of the two million pairs of domestic blankets and of the eighty million pounds of domestic flannel was regulated by the cost of the imported article, laid down here; the consumer paid the import duty on the home product, but its amount went to the manufacturer instead of the treasury. Does Mr. Thompson think it fair that the one million one hundred thousand people of California should be subjected to this tax, for the benefit of a particular industry employing three thousand persons?

If he should reply that his pledges to the one thousand five hundred or two thousand persons who are interested in sheep-raising in Humboldt, Mendocino, and Sonoma Counties leave him no liberty of action, the question will then arise whether he is doing the best for them in opposing free wool. He will find, if he studies the trade tables, that the tariff has had very little to do with the price of wool in this country; indeed, that wool has oftener declined when the tariff was high, and advanced when it was low, than it has worked the other way. During the twenty years 1847–66, inclusive, the duty on wool was moderate; under the Walker tariff it was thirty per cent.; from 1857 to 1861, the cheap grades were free, and under the Morrill tariff, which was dictated by the manufacturers, the duty was twenty-five to thirty per cent. Now let us look at the average price of wool in Boston for those twenty years:

Years.	Average Price.	Years.	Average Price.
1847	47 cents.	1857	55 cents
1848	40 "	1858	53 "
1849	30 "	1859	45 "
1850	45 "	1860	59 "
1851	47 "	1861	54 "
1852	45 "	1862	44 "
1853	59 "	1863	47 "
1854	49 "	1864	52 "
1855	46 "	1865	45 "
1856	55 "	1866	46 "

The highest prices touched in these years were realized in 1860, when low grade wool, such as we grow, was free, and in 1853, when the duty was thirty per cent.

In 1865, the wool-growers, seeing the manufacturers grow rich out of the tariff, insisted on their share of the spoil, and they forced the combined industrial monopolies, in 1867, to give them a wool tariff, which raised the duty to fifty or sixty per cent. The result was remarkable. Wool fell from forty-seven cents in 1866 to forty-six cents in 1867, and to forty-two cents in 1868; and the wool clip of the States east of the river valleys fell year by year in amount from 1868 to 1881. In 1868, it was one hundred and fifty million pounds; in 1880, it was one hundred and forty-eight million. But for the increased production of California, Colorado, and other States and Territories west of the rivers, the United States clip would have declined steadily for thirteen years after the passage of the Act which the wool-growers deemed indispensable for the encouragement of their industry.

In 1872, the wool duty was reduced five per cent., and the price rose for the first time on record to sixty cents a pound. There is no reason for supposing that the advance was caused by the reduction of the duty; it was a coincidence due to other causes. In 1883, a further reduction of five per cent. in the duty took place, and this time, the price fell to forty-three cents, not because of the change in the tariff, but because the manufacturers had glutted the market and there was no demand for raw wool.

The thing works in a circle. The only market for the wool clip is the woolen-mill. When the woolen-mill is crippled, it can not buy wool except at a decline, and the sheep-raiser suffers. When the United States resolutely resolved after the war to maintain a war-tariff in order to enrich the friends of Mr. Blaine and Mr. Sherman, the profits of woolen manufacturing were so obvious that every one went into the business. The consequence was that it was overdone. Mills were erected with a capacity to use six hundred million pounds of wool a year. The consumption of woolen goods is not over four hundred million pounds. Hence, mill-owners who had run on full time found themselves loaded with a stock of unsaleable goods; while their shrewder rivals let their machinery lie idle for four months in the year. Of course, this meant dull markets for wool—say ten cents for San Joaquin fleeces, and fifteen cents for Humboldt. Both wool-grower and woolen-spinner, blinded by greed, tumbled into the same pit.

It will strike the average Californian that Mr. Thompson might have thought a little more of the permanent interests of California, and a little less of the fifteen hundred shepherds who seem to own him. Of the thirty-one million pounds of wool grown in this State, we use about three million pounds. These are consumed by nine mills, only one of which, the Pioneer Mill of this city, is of any size. They have sixty "sets" in all, the Pioneer having thirty-six. They send a few blankets and a few pieces of flannel to the East; the rest of their goods they have to sell on this coast. It goes without saying, that a couple of million people can not consume any large amount of woolen goods in addition to their European cassimeres and dress goods. The consequence is that woolen spinning in this State is not an unmixed joy. But right in front of us lie Japan, which consumes one million five hundred thousand dollars a year of British woolens, and China, which consumes five millions dollars of the same; and south of us is Mexico, which consumes one million dollars worth, besides what it takes from Germany and France. If the tariff were out of the way, we might be supplying these goods; our proximity to the markets would offset the difference in the cost of labor. Does it ever occur to Mr. Thompson that if he helped to open this trade, he might cover himself with even more glory than he will win by truckling to the gentle shepherds of the First District? B.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 25, 1888.

P. S.—I really do not see that there is anything in the letter of your correspondent, "Protection," which requires a reply. He intimates that I am "a free trade mugwump and an anglomaniac." Well, what if I am? What does it matter? Who cares? If he can show cause why the tariff should not be reformed, I will answer him; but your space and my time are too valuable to be wasted on personalities. B.

American Protection the Depopluation of Ireland.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The endeavor to set back the world's clock is both fatuous and futile. The march of events is apt to discredit the most plausible political juggler attempting the trick. Here, to-day, are the stage-managers of party politics furbishing up their threadbare properties, preparing their scenic effects, and drilling their companies for a mock battle on the question of free trade. The gags that were current a century ago are all to be faithfully reproduced. The weak bantling industries that were carefully fostered by the "dollars of the daddies" have now become sturdy champions, fit to challenge the world. But they are to be trotted out as still tied to Columbia's apron-strings, still timid, weak, and dependent. Out, too, come the old bug-bears, notably the cheap-labor bugbear: our manufacturers can not compete with foreign factories because labor here obtains excessive remuneration. For argument's sake, grant this. The question, then, very nearly touches the platform of the American party. Do Americans wish the depopulation of European countries? Protect home products to increase laborer's gains, and what results? Simply, that you bring the laborer from his native land to eat your home produce (as he ate before) and to share the big wages. It is not the oppression in his native land that, as a rule, brings the Irishman or German to America. It is the future dollar. If an immense immigration is still desirable, by all means let protection be the watchword. If the American party platform be correct, free trade furthers its fulfillment. Communication is so easy and cheap between all parts of the world that a laborer can traverse half the globe about as quickly as he could pass from one New England State to another in the days of "the daddies." And it is untrue to represent free trade as a one-sided question. It is as gratifying to us to have Great Britain receive our products duty free, as it is to tax all products received from her. We all enjoy the old game, "Heads I win, tails you lose." Truly yours, EDWARD BERWICK.

A Letter from an Old-Line Whig.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your issue of the seventh instant contained an argument of a wool man on the tariff; that of the fourteenth, one on the iron interests.

I can remember the depression of the country in 1837. This continued until 1840, when the Whigs elected Harrison president. He was inaugurated on the fourth of March, 1841. The Congress of 1841–42 passed a measure for the protection of our industries. Before this time, a farmer was unable to get one dollar cash for his crops, but took everything out in trade. As a balloon rises from the ground when the ropes are cut, so the country sprang from its condition of stagnation. In the campaign of 1844, the Democratic slogan in Pennsylvania was "Polk, Dallas, and the tariff of '42." Polk carried Pennsylvania by three hundred majority. That was enough for the State. It has since steadily voted against the Democrats. But the result: The farmers cut off the heads of the sheep, sold the pelts, boiling them down and extracting the tallow, and fed the meat to the hogs. The discovery of gold in California, with the Mexican War, carried the country over for a few years. In 1850, the writer rode from Lake Erie to Philadelphia on horseback. Nearly every blast furnace was closed; some of the miners had gone to California, others to Illinois where they were raising corn and selling it for fuel at six cents a bushel, as it was cheaper than coal. The Crimean War, in 1854, tided the country along, but in 1857 we got down to bed-rock. The whole country was bankrupt. In 1860, under James Buchanan and the Democracy, the government was so poor that it could not pay current expenses. It borrowed money at fifteen per cent. discount. There is not ability in the Democratic party to properly manage the country. The last advice of the great ballot-box-stuffer, Sam. Tilden, saint of the Democratic party, was to fortify the sea-ports. As the only show for Grover & Company is to make a showing of economy, they refuse to carry out his last will and testament. How little and contemptible are all this little crowd of humbugs and frauds, who stepped into the shoes of Sherman, Blaine, and the balance of these superb men who carried the country through the war inaugurated by those fellows for the destruction of the land they were unable to rule! They opposed every measure they now carry out in spite of themselves. Thank God, the Senate is Republican! WHIG.

California's Fruit Industries and the Tariff.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 19, 1888.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have read with interest the communication from "B." in your issue of January 14th, on the tariff problem, and must disagree with his statement, "that there is not a single industry in California that would not be benefited by free trade, however it might be with some artificially sustained industries in Ohio and Pennsylvania."

I now purpose giving some figures as to the production of various articles grown in the State of California in 1887, to show just what pecuniary loss the growers would meet by these articles being placed on the free list:

Articles.	Production.	Duty.
Sun-dried Grapes	600,000 lb.	$4,800.00
Dried Plums and Prunes	3,700,000 "	37,000.00
Raisins, 800,000 boxes, or.	16,000,000 "	320,000.00
Dried Apricots	5,000,000 "	50,000.00
Almonds	500,000 "	25,000.00
Walnuts	1,500,000 "	75,000.00
Oranges and Lemons	750,000 boxes,	300,000.00
		$811,800 00

In other words, in these few articles alone we find a loss to the growers of this State of eight hundred and eleven thousand and eight hundred dollars, should these articles be placed upon the free list and the growers forced to compete with European cheap labor. But it must be remembered that these industries are comparatively in their infancy. It was only in 1881 that California was producing less than one hundred thousand boxes of raisins. From my knowledge of the business and a conservative estimate of the situation, I should say that in 1890, two years hence, the production in California of the following four articles alone will be about as follows: (I also give the loss to the grower should these articles be placed upon the free list.)

Articles.	Production in 1890.	Loss.
Raisins	2,000,000 boxes,	$800,000.00
Dried Prunes and Plums	6,000,000 lb.	60,000.00
Walnuts and Almonds	5,000,000 "	250,000.00
		$1,110,000.00

or, by 1890, an annual loss to the State of one million and eleven hundred thousand dollars.

A portion of the present surplus, which seems to trouble the free traders so much, could be profitably employed out here. The city of San Francisco stands third among the cities of the Union in import receipts, being the third greatest point in revenue that our government has. We have a custom-house that is a disgrace to the city—would be a disgrace to a town of twenty thousand inhabitants. At least two million dollars could be employed there. It is not necessary to dwell on our post-office. At least one million five hundred thousand dollars could be employed there. There are lying in the sub-treasury vaults in San Francisco to-day forty or fifty million dollars in coin, protected by a rattle-trap, antiquated fortification at Fort Point and some half-manned batteries at Alcatraz. San Francisco harbor could find employment for ten million dollars, without affording the slightest chance for a charge of extravagance. Instead of that, it is proposed to attack the industries of the State. We are denied post-office and custom-house facilities, and our harbors are left unprotected. Not content with that it is proposed to diminish the income of the producers of the State by one million dollars or more per annum. It is well-known that raisins or dried fruits can not be produced in California in competition with foreign countries, where the fruit is manipulated by a peasantry that will live on a franc a day. If we are prepared to reduce the wages of our laboring population to a point that will admit of a competition with the notoriously indigent and shiftless peasantry of Spain, Italy, Greece, and Asia Minor, we can do without the duty.

The complaint has been that, as matters now are, the manufacturers are protected, and that our present tariff has afforded but little protection to the grower, or agriculturist, on whose shoulders most of the alleged evil effects of protection lodge; yet the few articles on the list affording protection to the interests of the farmer and orchardist are the ones that seem to be singled out for an attack. Why Californians, with interests here, can view with indifference the present state of the issue is more than I can conceive. Figures and facts that I have given above can be relied on, and I believe in ten years from now, instead of the annual loss being one million dollars per annum, it will be five to seven times the amount. Yours very truly, FRANK S. JOHNSON.

P. S.—The figures giving quantities are taken from Geo. W. Meade's annual review, except on apricots and prunes, on which I am obliged to disagree with him. F. S. J.

As to Transubstantiation.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I write you this to say that I was edified and interested by your editorial of last Saturday, relating to the very broad and comprehensive review of Professor Ranke's "History of the Popes," by Lord Macaulay. Your treatment of the subject was broadly searching, and perhaps the entire question acquires interest through a familiarity with the very able review to which it referred. I write this to offer a suggestion, which I think has not before been presented, and which arises upon a reading of Macaulay's review of Ranke's "History of the Popes," from which I quote as follows:

> But when we reflect that Sir Thomas More was ready to die for the doctrine of transubstantiation, we can not but feel some doubt whether the doctrine of transubstantiation may not triumph over all opposition. . . . . He had all information on the subject that we have, or that, while the world lasts, any human being will have. The text: 'This is my body' was in his New Testament as it is in ours. The absurdity of the literal interpretation was as great in the sixteenth century as it is now. . . . . We are therefore unable to understand why what Sir Thomas More believed concerning transubstantiation may not be believed to the end of time by men equal in ability and honesty to Sir Thomas More.

These are strong statements, but they are obviously erroneous. It is not true that Sir Thomas More "had all the information on the subject that we have, or that, while the world lasts, any human being will have," because the whole question of transubstantiation is one which may be resolved by the exact sciences. It is a question simply of transmutation of substance. To simply state this controversy, which has raged for centuries between the Protestant and Catholic worlds, it may be rendered thus:

The Catholic believes that the bread and the wine, prior to the invocation of the priest, are simply bread and wine, that they contain the material elements of bread and wine, and nothing more; but that, by reason of the invocation of the priest, their substances are transmuted; that, whereas the bread was bread with the chemical components of bread, and the wine simply wine with the chemical components of wine, they have now become in substance, not in symbol, the body and the blood of our Lord and Savior; that an absolute chemical change has been wrought in the substance, that all the ultimate elements entering into the composition of bread and wine have ceased to be found there, and the chemical elements necessary to constitute the flesh and blood have usurped their place; that this transition is actual and absolute.

The Protestant position is that the bread and the wine are the symbols of the body and the blood of the Savior; that when they are eaten or drunk, they have, to the votary, the subjective value which would have existed had the body and blood of the Savior been partaken of. They rely upon the statement that the breaking of the bread and drinking of the wine at the Last Supper, and concerning which the commandment or injunction was given: "As often as ye meet, do this in remembrance of me," has a symbolical sense only—that the bread stands *for the body* of the Savior, that the wine stands *for His blood*, and that they do not, under any circumstances, or at any time, or by any miraculous transmutation, become the things they stand for, but retain and maintain their symbolical significance.

The issue thus joined raises a question, not of speculative theology, but within the realm of the exact sciences; and the determination of the facts may be reduced to the realm of absolutely ascertained knowledge. Take bread from a loaf and wine from a bottle, let them be analyzed, and the chemical results recorded; take another slice of bread from the same loaf, another glass of wine from the same bottle, and let the invocation or incantation of the priest be performed, then hand this to the chemist for analysis. If, indeed, the substances have changed: if the identity between the first glass of wine from the same bottle, and the first piece of bread from the same loaf, and the second piece of bread and second glass from the same bottle of wine, is lost or destroyed, then the doctrine of material transition of substances, from which comes the word "transubstantiation," will have been chemically and scientifically established; or, make a further test: let the wine before it is blessed, or before the real presence is invoked, be poisoned, then let the invocation, blessing, or incantation be said or performed; and, if the wine which was poisoned has so far changed its substance, that it has become as innocuous as the blood of the Savior would be, again would the doctrine of transubstantion have found a specific, scientific, well-ascertained confirmation.

It also occurs to me that this would constitute a splendid test of faith as to the doctrine of transmutation of substance, for if the wine were poisoned, and the priests, bishops, cardinals, or popes could be found who believed in the doctrine of transubstantiation so firmly that they would drink of the poisoned wine after the invocation for the real presence, and if, indeed, after so partaking, no physical harm resulted, again the doctrine of transubstantiarion would have achieved a complete triumph.

In brief, this whole question as to whether wine ceases to be wine and becomes blood is not one about which theologians have any right to dispute, but one which it appears to me to be eminently proper to refer to eminent chemists for determination. If, in answer to this, it be said that the wine remains wine, but that the real presence is in that wine and may not be detected chemically, then it appears to me that the Protestant position is conceded and established, because what the Protestant has contended for is the spiritual or subjective value of the symbolical character of the bread and the wine, as *standing for*, not being and becoming the body and blood of the Savior. What the Catholic has for centuries contended was the doctrine of actual change of the absolute material, transmutation of one substance into another. I have ventured to present the thought for such consideration or elaboration as it may appear to deserve at your hands, and beg leave to subscribe myself, Yours very truly, M.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 23. 1888.

The important rôles which cavalry and artillery play in the art of modern warfare make it interesting to know the total number of animals which the leading countries of the world can throw into the field of battle. Here, according to the latest statistics, is the list: Russia, 21,570,000 horses; America, 9,500,000; the Argentine Republic, 4,000,000; Austria, 3,500,000; Germany, 3,350,000; France, 2,800,000 horses and 300,000 mules; England, 2,790,000 horses; Canada, 2,624,000; Spain, 680,000 horses and 2,300,000 mules; Italy, 2,000,000 horses; Belgium, 383,000; Denmark, 316,000; Australia, 301,000; Holland, 125,000, and Portugal, 88,000 horses and 50,000 mules. It will be remarked that Russia heads the list by an enormous majority.

A writer in *Science* comes to the conclusion that, as a result of his investigations, "it seems idle to discuss further the influence of forests upon rainfall from the economic point of view, as it is evidently too slight to be of the least practical importance. Man has not yet invented a method of controlling rainfall."

A LONE STAR BO-PEEP.

By Howard Seely.

II.

The following morning, as Judge Natchez, who comprehended under one large hat-brim so much of the professional ability of Concho County, turned his face homeward, there was an air of dejection about his bearing, and a flavor of delinquency in the swift canter into which he at once lashed his unambitious pony. It is very likely that this gloomy exterior was the outcome of certain reverses, professional and pecuniary, that the gentleman had recently sustained. Notwithstanding copious draughts of that inspiration which, according to Miss Natchez, "pop" was wont to imbibe, his earnest eloquence in behalf of his client was unappreciated, and Bill Darcy had been sentenced to be hung. And the legal gentleman's efforts to drown his chagrin in the enticements of "Mexican monte," during the previous evening, or more precisely, to "even up with the Almighty," as he profanely remarked, on sitting down to the deal board, had unfortunately resulted in the loss of his retainer and counsel fee, consisting of the sum of twenty-five dollars cash and a diamond pin—his client's title to this last article being entirely limited to the ostentatious wearing of the gem.

Presently he chanced upon a black-browed Hercules, lying listlessly upon the prairie, and gazing with a scowl at some very fine cattle grazing in a fertile hollow. The man was attired in the unmistakable clothes of his calling. There were the heavy, wide, leathern leggings extending to the waist, giving the wearer, when erect, the appearance of walking in an immense mail-bag. There were the knee-boots, with heels so extravagantly high, and placed at such an absurd angle, that a parisienne in the day of Louis Quinze would have screamed with delight, and cheerfully acquiesced in so admirable a contrivance for destroying the eye-sight. This gentleman avoided any such tendency by living in the saddle. When he decided to walk—which he rarely did—he strongly personified in gait that inelegant bird, the goose. It was the American cow-boy, *par excellence*, with a certain smartness of exterior, which suggested the approving criticism of the fair.

What was there in the sight of those magnificent cattle to occasion that scowl? It was simply a question of "cow-brands." He was in despair of any possible method by which that "wine-glass" label could be converted with the assistance of a red-hot iron into his own suspiciously involved trade-mark. This is Mr. Rube Smart, "cow-puncher."

Intuitively recognizing a sympathetic spirit, the judge checked his horse.

"H-h-howdy!" the "stone-fences," rather than the judge, remarked. The man, recognizing the bibulousness of his salute, raised his eyes in surly inquiry, and replied, "Howdy!"

"Bo-oo-'ful mornin'!"

The man shrugged his shoulders, and ungraciously accepted the weather's serenity. The peculiarly rocky character of the judge's cups had not communicated their insensibility to his perceptions. He was conscious of a lack of spontaneity in the dialogue.

"Wash up? Wash lates' newsh fro' Washington?" he queried, with judicial concern, and, I grieve to say, with occasional Texan-judicial articulation.

"Bill Darcy's sentenced ter swing," said the cow-boy. The peculiar quality of ironical exaggeration by which the judge's inadequate defense was rendered a national matter, was keenly felt by its recipient through his spirituous disguise. His effusiveness was quenched.

"Wash feller 'shpec' 'shgot five mur'hers an' dead nigger 'ghin 'm?" he retorted.

"Judge," said his gloomy auditor, with affected concern, "I reckon you'd better pull yer freight fer hum; this sun's a heap too hot fer yer head, and I don't reckon ther's room enough roun' here fer ye. I'd recommen' yer ter put right smart o' water on that law-box o' your'n when yer git thar. What's more," he continued, "thet Penelope"—he alluded to Miss Natchez as though she suggested antelope, with the attributes of which he was unquestionably more familiar—"thet Penelope o' your'n needs yer protectin' care. I seen her, yesterday, totin' a fine-haired feller up to yer ranch. Looked kinder caved in, blank him!" he concluded, with a lowering look. The judge did not inquire into the origin of his friend's profanity. He was oppressed with graver personal misgivings.

"I reckon thar's whar my whisky's been junein'!" Apparently sobered by the gravity of this decision, he wheeled his horse and rode off without thanking his informant.

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When Mr. Faye Howe first opened his blood-shot blue eyes on the morning after his sanitary debauch, a demoralized sensation of dull pain oppressed his bewildered consciousness. He lay perfectly still, overwhelmed with the idea that the present colossal proportions of his cranium required all the space of Penelope's airy boudoir for their accommodation, and that the slightest change of position would release a throbbing engine in his skull and involve its very sensitive walls in crushing ruin. By what species of inspiration he had engineered his gigantic head-piece through the narrow doorway was a problem beyond the present available resources of his whisky-steeped intellect. He was still feebly pondering upon the impossibilities of this achievement, when Penelope dawned upon him through the portal, so ambitiously transformed from the Bohemian toilet of yesterday that failure of recognition by him, in his present shattered condition, might have been pardonable. She was consistently feminine in her attire, but extravagantly arrayed in finery of a faded and filmy texture. Nevertheless, a certain witchery about the *tout ensemble*, and an agreeable odor of buffalo-clover, with which her hair and antiquated corsage were adorned, made their impression upon Howe, who yielded her the homage of a sex more appreciative of effect than detail in matters of dress. He was not without glimpses of the damsel's possibilities in appropriate attire.

"Howdy?" she said, in a sprightly tone. "How ye makin' out?" with a sympathy of manner which her grammar would scarcely convey.

Howe thanked her, and exhibited a diffidence about expatiating upon his sensations, feeling a man's incapacity to do the subject complete justice without the assistance of profane rhetoric. He ventured, however, to photograph his hygienic degradation by facial pantomime.

"Prezackly!" she exclaimed, with demure eyelashes, but mentally charmed by the contrast between his silence and her sire's unhallowed inspirations after indiscreet libations to Silenus. She displayed at once a savory bowl and large spoon, which she had hitherto held behind her.

"I reckoned ye'd be just naturally starved arter yesterday," she said, "so I jes' killed a pullet and made ye some chicken broth. Yer hand's better, Mr. Howe. Tell ye, honey, ye had a clus call—sure 'nuff."

Forthwith a prairie Hebe began to minister to the famished capacity of a blonde Bacchus.

Meanwhile, her respected parent, having struck a most uncompromising homeward beeline since his last cheerful information, was just rising the divide which overlooked his ranch. As he crossed the string of water-holes which formed the line of the creek, he was instantly cognizant of the fact that, although the qualifications of the day for pasturage were admirable, his sheep were still imprisoned in their primitive brush-pen, and were solacing their appetities on the haystack which he had prudently provided against the advent of dreaded "Northers." This being the last link in the chain of misfortunes which had lately oppressed him, he at once entered into hearty and blasphemous rivalry of the much-afflicted Job, who, I cheerfully submit, was fairly successful in exhausting the poetic possibilities of profanity.

It is with reluctance that I refrain from transcribing this Homeric indulgence in epithet. For I certainly appreciate how necessary it is to the interpretation of character, and to the portrayal of an exceptional felicity of expression. I concede, however, for the reader's enlightenment, that he threw grave and unsanctified doubts on the origin of himself and Penelope, and in a surprisingly short space of time involved his entire genealogical line in unquestionable discredit, making all this contingent upon certain conditions of which he had present ocular proof.

After which charming effort he executed a wild war-dance in his stirrups in evidence of an exhausted vocabulary, took out a large, black plug of tobacco and bit off a triangular quarter of it, and then charged headlong upon his abode.

But on the present occasion, whatever verbal collation he had reserved for Mr. Faye Howe he was apparently prevented from offering to his notice, partly by his instant recognition of his familiar features, and partly by that apparent interest in his daughter which he detected in the gentleman's face as he entered the room. He recognized in him a very good client; he was aware of his plethoric bank-account. This was the first occasion on which the Northerner had honored his legal adviser by visiting him at his own abode; and the father's imaginative temperament and fond parental heart were at once inspired with air-castle tendencies for the possible future of Miss Penelope.

His greeting, therefore, although subdued in utterance, was earnest and genuine. I may as well acquaint the reader, at this point, with the fact that the gentleman was of unquestionable birth and breeding. He was the son of a former governor of the State of Virginia, and Penelope's mother had been a lady of patrician beauty and social attraction; but the war, that comprehensive apology for much Southern shamelessness of destitution, was here sincere. The feebler feminine nature despaired and died; the stronger masculine one survived and accepted alcoholic consolation. When, therefore, the degenerate gentleman of a once golden age learned of the narrow escape of his guest, and the heroic treatment extended by his daughter, his pale, intellectual, and still handsome features expressed both parental pride and sympathetic solicitude.

"Penelope will bring you around in a day or two," he said cheerfully; "make yourself perfectly at home and as comfortable as you can under the circumstances. Meanwhile, you say you have certain matters of business"—the critical reader observes that the judge had that easy adaptability which enabled him to vary his dialect to suit his auditor, and his present utterance gave evidence of the recollection of social privileges, once enjoyed and by no means forgotten—"we can consider them at our leisure."

To which Howe—a Northerner, remember, and notwithstanding his serious invalidism, replied:

"Why not now? It's the old matter—that dispute about water-privileges between Smart and myself. The season is dry, and there is barely enough for my six thousand sheep. He insists upon watering his cattle on my range."

"Is thet all?" said the legal gentleman, relapsing into border slang immediately, and giving fiery advice which, hitherto, he had seldom followed. "Is thet all? Wal, I've looked up thet matter, an' yer 'files' is all straight; give him 'notice to quit;' ef he don't bluff, shove half a dozen cartridges inter yer Winchester, freeze ter yer water-hole, and stand off him and his cussed cattle."

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A fortnight of the halcyon weather of a Texan spring had passed away—days of sunshine, of fragrance, of bird-song—the blossoming of Nature's heart in earth, and air, and sky—days uneventful, but, ah me! full of a certain novel and blissful fascination for Miss Natchez. She was leaning dejectedly over the narrow railing of the ranch, her drooping eye-lashes giving her face a quaint suggestion of heavy mourning. There had been no abatement of the glad weather; the air was tremulous with the melody of rival mocking-birds which flickered in black and white plumes from tree to tree, and filled the embowering live oaks with their delirious ventriloquism. Her cause of grief was entirely subjective; the sunshine of Mr. Faye Howe's presence had faded from her horizon.

There had been hours of Arcadian colloquy, of equestrian companionship, of pastoral sheep-tending and sheep-seeking with this Lone Star Bo-peep. There had even been sentimental moments of generous rivalry, devoted to the perforation of tin tomato-cans at ten paces with the "six-shooter." It would seem that the "abomination of desolation" was left as the result of this target-practice.

Howbeit, although at times given to reverie and a day-dreaming that was new to her, she was full of a certain energy attributable, perhaps, to the awakening spring. But the judge, who was himself a victim of the "dumb-ager," and, on days consecrated to mental communion and suppressed "shakes," had an invalid's acute perceptions, "allowed thet he never reckoned the spring fever so obstrep'rous."

A sudden conviction of the untidiness of the ranch oppressed her, and by incessant practice in the hurling of missiles, she removed its encircling débris to a point too remote for ocular disapprobation.

Then she lost her apparent taste for veiling her sex in masculine raiment. With the aid of some old fashion-plates and an ingenuity with her needle at which the sterner sex stands aghast, she accomplished *toilettes outré* but effective, from relics of her mother's finery, religiously preserved by her father. The judge had his failings; he had also his ideals. Notwithstanding great powers of fascination for a proverbially confiding sex, he never found it in his heart, nor in his wildest dreams believed it possible, to duplicate Mrs. Natchez.

Her dress-making over, Penelope developed marvels of cleanliness, and entered upon a campaign against her luxuriant but tangled mane. She possessed among her treasures a cracked and bilious mirror. Before this mendacious detractor she passed unlimited time in the industrious combing and effective arrangement of her raven tresses. It is interesting, as an instance of the intuition of woman, that she merely pursued the man-demoralizing tactics of the famous Lorelei, of whose entirely poetic existence she was blissfully in ignorance.

Finally, having carefully prepared the sinews of feminine warfare in the formal manner above described, she drew the picture of the unfortunately fashionable young lady from the humiliation of the chimney, affixed it to a tree with a small "bowie," and being geographically prevented from annihilation of the lady by pure personal charm, engaged in vindictive and unerring target-practice upon it with a more effective but no more remorseless weapon.

But I think it was in her treatment of the owl that she most palpably acknowledged the presence of Cupid. She possessed a small menagerie of native pets, with which her hitherto undeveloped affections had been content. In small wooden cages she had immured at various stages of adolescence, a dove, a mocking-bird, a prairie-dog, a diminutive jackass-rabbit. A somewhat lively fancy in the detection of resemblances had impelled her to baptize these captives with the titles of certain of her many admiring suitors. She shared the Homeric fascinations of the model wife of Ulysses. The dove and the mocking-bird were cow-men of mild and languishing sentimentality in feminine matters—Nature's carpet-knights—the one given to playing cooing ballads on horseback with a cracked guitar, and the other offensive through a servile semblance of devotion, at spasmodic intervals, on a reedy accordion. The marmot was Mr. James Wily, the gambler; the jack-rabbit was Mr. Rube Smart, the "cow-puncher."

But the owl!—the owl was nameless, typical of that evasive silence which woman preserves in amatory matters of a serious complexion. Howbeit, the desperate devotion with which she sacrificed before this silent, feathered altar might have encouraged the ancient Pythagoras in his doctrine of metempsychosis.

One morning, an accommodating teamster jumped down from his box-seat in his "prairie-schooner," and deposited in her trembling fingers a *billet-doux;* she devoured its contents with eager eyes. It was simply an invitation to a ball to take place that evening at Eden, but it was from Howe, and its effect was alarming.

She became earnestly grave, and set about appalling formalities; she filled the clothes-boiler of the ranch, and heated it to a dangerous temperature; she removed all the interior furnishings of her father's tent, tightened its cords, and rendered it nearly opaque; she deposited within it her most elaborate *toilette* and an ambitious wash-tub. Then taking her "six-shooter," she chastely retreated within its precincts, and tied down the canvas opening from within. This modern Diana recognized the efficiency of powder and ball against a possible Actæon. When she reappeared, the effect was dazzling in the extreme.

That the ball was held in a vacant store owned by Jim Wily; that it was illuminated by an unpardonable extravagance in tallow-dips, perched upon laths tacked to empty shelves; that the *élite* of Eden danced in full equipment, but in the affluence of "boiled shirts"; and that the social substratum, from every available window and loop-hole, availed themselves of a view of the festivities in which they were not invited to participate, but which they endeavored to cloud by the diabolical tobacco-smoke under which they veiled their slighted feelings, is a matter of memory among the inhabitants of the frontier town. But how Miss Penelope Natchez was its pervading charm, how she outshone in her bewildering appearance the much betoileted fair; how she compelled admiration by flatly refusing to dance with Jim Wily, while not hesitating to grace his entertainment with the effulgence of her presence; how she danced square dances with all her many admirers, but how there was a tendency to monotony in waltzing with Mr. Faye Howe, was reported at great length by the ornate editor of the Eden *Advertiser*, whose extravagant periods afforded significant evidence of the height to which a single privileged quadrille had exalted him. We have lost our copy of this gifted sheet, or we could not forbear transcribing. But while Penelope and Faye were approximating to a condition of plastic infatuation at this crowning social event of the frontier season there were two who departed with far different feelings: Mr. Jim Wily in expressive indignation, and Mr. Rube Smart in the embrace of the "green-eyed monster."

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The relations of Mr. Howe and Mr. Smart were necessarily belligerent. The former's apparent progress in the affections of Miss Natchez effectually settled that. Throughout the long dry season Rube's stock drank the water of the Northern gentleman's "range" by the hogshead; at first under his armed surveillance; afterward, with the familiar effrontery of habit. At last, when a further continuance of this would have left his own woolly flocks to famish, He laid aside his customary caution, filled the magazine of his "Winchester," and getting the "first drop" upon his persistent foe, coolly assured him of speedy conversion into a human colander if he did not desist *instanter*. There was

steely glitter in Howe's usually mild blue eye, aside from the advantage of his attitude, which was convincing. Mr. Rube Smart accepted the resistlessness of the gentleman's logic. He quietly withdrew.

This did not prevent him, however, from emptying his own carbine and "six-shooter" on occasional dark nights into the crowded sheep-pens of the Northerner. The dastardly cowardice of this act was apparently visited with retribution, for Rube's stock—few in number and mostly acquired by conversion, both literal and legal—died by tens and scores. His encounter with the Northerner had sufficiently convinced him that open combat was not the most efficient method for revenge.

Assisted by Jim Wily, who still rankled, and by Texan rum of phenomenally bad quality, he developed a scheme worthy of the brain from which it emanated and the liquor by which it was inspired. Briefly, his plan was to "pop the question" to Miss Penelope, and in the event of her probable refusal, to pop her very charming person into a covered buggy, and forcibly elope. It is hardly necessary to say that all this was to be done in the absence of her father. Mr. Jim Wily kindly offered to accommodate his friend with the necessary vehicle. He was not aware that Howe, during the entire summer, had maintained a brave fight against feminine fascinations; notwithstanding a hermit's isolation, and the absolute cessation of epistolary hostilities from the fashionably dressed young lady. He did not know either, that the poor little namesake of the illustrious exemplar of Greek conjugal fidelity was in despair of ever hearing from the faithless Howe again, and destitute of any consolation save her owl, now arrived at muscular maturity, and apparently anxious to emulate the gentleman by flying away.

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The early fall was at hand, and the rain, so long withheld, charged impatiently upon the exhausted earth, with a fury that left a misty haze in the air, like the ghost of a fierce engagement. Amid the violent storm, which had prevailed intermittently for five days, Judge Natchez, returning from the settlement of a local dispute in a neighboring town, received the news of the cow-boy's designs upon his daughter from a transient guest of Jim Wiley, who had overheard a conversation through the sheeting partition of his primitive sleeping apartment. A Texan hotel is an ambitious rival of the famous Whispering Gallery.

There was no outburst of profanity on this occasion. He received the details of the plot in that silence which makes intense emotion so awe-inspiring; but the sorry mount of the judge soon realized that he had never before experienced the possibilities of flagellation nor his own powers to overcome space. In the height of this mad ride, he saw through the encircling mists a buggy, achieving a very comfortable rate of speed along the trail-road between himself and his next neighbor, and proceeding in the direction of the ranch. His face paled; the line of his jaw showed through the tense skin; his knees smote the sides of his horse; but slipping his right arm free from the sleeve of his "slicker," he drew a self-cocking Colt's revolver—the gift of a grateful client—and rode on to intercept him with the sternness of fate.

Rube Smart—for he it was—seeing the judge, and recognizing him immediately, reined in his horse with his left hand, and, leaning out of the buggy, allowed his right to drop mechanically to his hip. The gesture indicated the locality of a weapon—not a self-cocker, but equally speedy in the gentleman's hands. He had long ago filed the notches in the tumbler of the lock, and was wont to discharge it by the mere leverage of his powerful thumb upon the hammer.

A rent in the "slicker" of the horseman disclosed his masked design. Frontier etiquette recognizes no distinction between the drawing of a weapon and its actual discharge; the one implies the other. There were two almost simultaneous reports from within hand-shaking distance. A frantic horse, riderless, and with leaping stirrups, dashed wildly away in the direction of the ranch. A buggy, from the spinning wheels of which the water flew, went careering madly over the water-soaked prairie. The avenging father and his victim lay *dead*, with the rain pelting upon their ghastly faces.

And even at that moment, Penelope, awaiting anxiously at the window her sire's return, marveled how much the coursing drops upon the pane resembled tears.

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About the time of the occurrence of the tragedy, Mr. Faye Howe—seated at the stove of the hospitable Macpherson, a genial Scot whose store was at once post-office and general base of supplies for the town of Eden—was engaged in contemplation of his steaming boots, and in cynical meditation upon the inconstancy of woman. The ring of native Texans around this red-hot dispenser of comfort was practical in its lamentations over the danger of "rises" in the water-holes and creeks. At each lull in the conversation, the expectorant hiss of the assailed stove seemed at once to deride and threaten their fears.

Mr. Howe was feeling classical on this occasion; he was silent, and supported his own experience with the riper judgment of Virgil—"Varium et mutabile femina!" The immediate predisposing cause of so much mental communion and this Latin summary was probably the receipt, that morning, of the wedding-cards of the young lady who has occupied photographic prominence in these pages. Not that Mr. Howe was particularly sensitive to the somewhat marked flavor of the lady's social etiquette, but because he reflected with pardonable disparagement upon the apparent readiness with which she had hitherto acknowledged, in notes of superlative perfume and tinted paper, certain gifts of jewelry which his prodigal generosity had in time past felt called upon to tender. It was, perhaps, the epistolary reflection which led him to dwell with gratified contrast upon the apparent sincerity of Miss Penelope's attachment. Howe was thoroughly conscious of certain *billets-doux*, which—albeit ungrammatical and crippled in orthography—were genuine and unperfumed. A lack of self-prejudice in personal matters made him execrate himself for failure to acknowledge these gratuitous pledges. After this condemnatory introspection he walked to the window. Outside it was raining heavily.

As he stood gazing out at the pouring rain, he was struck by the attitude of resigned fatalism exhibited by his patient steed. The gentleman was conscious of entertaining a peculiar sentiment for this animal. It was not affection, for Howe was singular in this, that he had never been able to love anything which did not first exhibit toward him marked evidence of attachment. Whatever "Oscar" was, he was not demonstrative. He had been first attracted to him by that stern practicality which obtains in matters of horse-flesh—his record for speed and endurance. The mustang had been victor in many a prairie "scrub-race," and his fame as a swimmer of unfordable rivers had gone abroad through the country. Later, Howe had come to respect him for his keen instincts. Entering the State with Northern enterprise and that lack of woodcraft proverbial of a "tender-foot," a carelessness in riding over his boundless "range" had often compelled him to resort to a compass situated in that long head, to prevent passing the night on the bald prairie. Then, a philosophical submission to the inevitable, a stolid patience of misfortune, withal, a serene indifference of fate had compelled respect. He fancifully believed that the horse reciprocated the sentiment, and that he had faith in his master besides. This had induced him on one occasion to record a vehement oath that death alone should part them.

As the gentleman dwelt upon an equine courage that was almost manly, and accepted his suggestion of dripping boot-leather, he was appalled at the sarcasm of calling him "Oscar Wilde." Why was it? He distinctly saw the animal raise his head and look him full in the face.

A man, pale with excitement, at this moment ran into the store, and announced that he just found Judge Natchez and Rube Smart lying dead upon the prairie. The door slammed violently. Mr. Howe was gone.

As he loosened the lariat of his mustang, he was prompted to look again into his intelligent eyes. What was it he saw there? Who knows! Yet, as he settled himself in his Mexican saddle, he felt that sublime consciousness of the privileged equestrian—that horse and master were in accord.

That ride through flying mud, through splashing water, over the wet prairie! Here and there swollen pools along the way had overflowed the trail in blank and treacherous sheets through which his horse dashed with the fury of an angry billow, leaving the track of their fierce progress outlined in flying spray and hurrying curves of bubble and foam. At times the yielding soil of the beaten track forced him to break his way amid chaparral and copse, and through thin files of mesquite and live oak, standing like storm-beaten sentinels in silent gray, the panting of his laboring steed, the cadence of plunging hoof-beats swept by unchallenged. As he rode on without whip or spur, and felt the resistless energy of those grand muscles playing like an engine beneath him, he was filled with admiration for his noble horse.

His watch told him that the obscured sun was but "an hour high" as he passed the pecan motte and the dismantled cow-pen lying hidden within its depths. The line of water-holes that he had formerly known was brimming with water, and nature's chalices seemed eager to burst their emerald cups and overflow the intervening space. He thought of the ranch at the junction of the two creeks—so negligently placed. He thought of the orphaned Penelope. He might yet be too late!

Just as he descended the gaunt divide which sloped gently down to the now visible dwelling, he heard a noise before him. He knew it instinctively and caught his breath; the line of water-holes was a foaming creek. Only to his horse's knees as he dashed through it, but he was aware of the danger in those latitudes, and shuddered as he galloped up the little rise and into the live oak clump. Throwing his mustang's bridle over a neighboring post, he ran to the door of the ranch. He knocked. No reply. He knocked again—louder. Silence still. With frontier politeness he turned the knob and entered the young lady's bed-chamber.

The room was twilight dim. Penelope had thrown herself upon the bed and lay asleep. As he entered she opened her eyes wearily, and rose with a sudden flush.

"Why, Faye!" was all she said.

He took the little brown hands in both his own.

"The creeks are rising, dear; I have come to save you!"

She ran to the window and cast a startled look without; she threw open the door and saw the long flats about the smaller "branches" submerged and threatening; she came back to him with a pallor in her face that Howe had never seen there before. He smiled reassuringly.

"Do not despair," he said. "My sorrel is outside. Are you ready?"

"One moment!" the girl answered, grasping the sombrero, dusty with neglect, and an old rubber-coat of her father's. She threw them on hastily, and ran out into the storm. Howe was left in the little room.

Penelope ran to her little cages; she freed the dove and the mocking-bird, which availed themselves of the privilege. Hesitating a second, she finally drew the confining barriers for the prairie-dog and jack-rabbit; they cowered in their open prisons. Catching up the full-plumaged owl, the faithful little arms attempted to carry him to the horse. The ungrateful wretch fluttered fiercely, broke from her tender clasp, and flapped heavily away. She returned to Howe, who was waiting in the saddle.

He turned his heavy box-stirrup outward a little and reached his right hand to her. Penelope put a trusting little foot on his; she mounted behind him. Two confiding arms were thrown around him. I wot the behavior of the gentleman was in marked contrast to that of the fugitive owl; he displayed no disposition to escape that gentle pressure. Thus they rode out in the brief Southern twilight.

As they descended the slight rise, his heart sank as he saw the larger creek; it was running with the fierceness of a turbulent river—the current setting with the trend of its valley bed, and, therefore, not always in the middle of the stream. The roaring waters were plunging up the slight declivity *foot by foot!* He glanced back—the lesser branch and its encircling flats were moving rapidly, the tremendous volume of water cutting them off in the rear. The only chance of permanent safety Faye Howe knew was in the great divide, stretching before him dimly like a despairing hope. Something of the desperation of the coming struggle was in him, as he turned in his saddle.

"Little one," he said, throwing a strong arm around her in the gathering twilight, "it is far, far worse than I thought. Your father has not returned. Look at me, darling! He *never* will, he never *can*. Shall it be mine to take a wife with me to the other side?"

He felt the pretty brown arms tighten their clasp; a little head sank upon his shoulder. There came to his listening ear a whisper fragrant with its memories of buffalo clover:

"Faye, I reckon so."

He had not hitherto detected the latent poetry of this peculiar Texan idiom.

"Oscar," who had halted upon the sloping declivity as sternly as if carved in stone, immediately shivered and gave a loud snort; it struck both ominously. Howe leaned forward over his strong neck and patted the animal's ear, very much as an operator taps his telegraphic key. It was an old familiar gesture, understood between them both. The mustang sprang forward and was soon breasting the hurrying flood, but sinking deeper than when the water first swirled around him. Howe disengaged himself from his stirrups, and, whispering to Penelope, slipped from the saddle, swinging off by the girth. She took his place.

And now the rushing, turbulent river began to bring down on its current fragments of creek-margin and grassy débris. A snake swam past them in tortuous fright. Small sticks of timber drifted sideways with the boiling flood, or shot swiftly past, flying like darts, end-on. The raw-hide bound cow-pen was breaking up and giving way. Swimming thus on his horse's left, holding on by the saddle-girth, and shielding with his own body the tender limbs of her who was to be his bride, Howe shuddered as he thought of the great pecans. At that instant he heard a loud crash up the creek; his fears were prophetic.

Already under the lee of the great divide, he was feeling a rising joy in his heart, when he noticed an uneasy movement of his mustang's head. He strained his eyes through the gloom, but could see nothing. Just as he felt his horse's fore-feet strike the submerged prairie-bottom, a dark, ominous shape, swinging irresistibly with the current on a fulcrum caused by the resisting bank, struck the brave head of the noble steed with the force of a thunderbolt. The stricken neck bowed mutely before the great destroyer, and with a single convulsive sigh the doomed animal yielded up his life. The trunk of a huge pecan that had caught in a side eddy drifted slowly past and out into the rush of the whirling creek, like some black and sullen leviathan. The eternal decree of fate was done! But Penelope and Faye, left thus in the rapidly shoaling water, were saved. The North and South clasped hands at last.

Every quarter of the globe is ransacked for the materials—animal, vegetable, and mineral—employed in the manufacture of the colors one finds in a paint-box. From the cochineal insect are obtained the gorgeous carmines, as well as the crimson, scarlet, and purple lakes. Sephia is the inky fluid discharged by the cuttle-fish, to render the water opaque for its own concealment when attacked. Ivory-black and bone-black are made out of ivory chips. The exquisite Prussian blue is got by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonate. It was discovered by an accident. In the vegetable kingdom are included the lakes, derived from roots, barks, and gums. Blue-black is from the charcoal of the vine stalk. Lamp-black is soot from certain resinous substances. From the madder-plant, which grows in Hindostan, is manufactured Turkey red. Gamboge comes from the yellow sap of a tree, which the natives of Siam catch in cocoanut-shells. Raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Sienna, Italy. When burned, it is burned sienna. Raw umber is an earth from Umbria, and is also burned. To these vegetable pigments may probably be added Indian ink, which is said to be made from burnt camphor. The Chinese, who alone can produce it, will not reveal the secret of its composition. Mastic—the base of the varnish so-called—is from the gum of the mastic-tree, indigenous to the Grecian Archipelago. Bistre is the soot of wood-ashes. Of real ultramarine but little is found in the market. It is obtained from the precious lapis lazuli, and commands a fabulous price. Chinese white is zinc. Scarlet is iodide of mercury, and cinnabar, or native vermilion, is from quicksilver ore. Luckily for the health of small children, the water-colors in the cheap boxes usually bought for them have little or no relation, chemically, to the real pigments they are intended to counterfeit.

The first thing which the traveler should do in Russian railway restaurants (writes Isabel F. Hapgood in the *Independent*), is to possess himself of one of the big bills-of-fare which lean against the candelabra on the tables. This the waiter will prevent if possible, even going so far as to take it from one's hand and to tell one in German that it is not intended for use. A strategic movement toward the table at the end of the room, whereon are set out divers viands with prices attached, will divert his attention until the card is secured. The hungry traveler should then (if he be ignorant of Russian) point boldly to the first article on the bill-of-fare, which is marked "one ruble." He will then received an excellent four-course dinner for fifty cents. If he can be kept from seeing the bill-of-fare or the show table—and the waiter will place him with his back to the latter—he will have to pay nearly as much for one dish as for the whole four courses, and the waiter will add about one-fifth as a gift to himself. The man's German suddenly fails him when the time for an explanation arrives, and one tries to make him understand that, no matter how long Russian words may be, it can not possibly require four lines of fine print to express "roast chicken."

S. L. Barrett, an electrician, was sentenced to jail in Houston, Texas, for a period of twenty days for using a pistol in the county court-house. While in jail he invented an instrument that he calls a micro-detecter. While in working position it will warn a jailor if prisoners are attempting to escape by sawing, filing, or using any other adroit means. It was tested by a number of citizens, they posting themselves in a front room in the back part of the prison, with doors closed. A clock was put in motion. Every click could be distinctly heard in the room. A saw was used gently on the bars, and produced a loud, sawing noise. The instrument is worked by electricity on a single wire, the various noises of the cells coming over it distinctly.

DONA SOL AS A MOTHER-IN-LAW.

"Parisina" discusses the Marriage of Maurice Bernhardt.

Sarah Bernhardt has played many parts on and off the stage, but it was the first time last Thursday that she appeared in the new character of mother-in-law. The word is crude when applied to so diaphanous and charming a being as Sarah, and *belle mère* suits her much better, while *belle-maman* is better still.

The announcement of the marriage of Maurice Bernhardt took the public by surprise. Though we, who are behind the scenes, knew that some love passages had passed between the two young students at Julian's, and that Terka Jablonowska was a frequent visitor in Sarah's *bijou* mansion in the Boulevard Pereire—even we were not by any means sure that the little romance would end in a wedding. No one ever imagines, here, that a marriage can be brought about solely and entirely by the wishes of the two principally concerned in the matter, and a third party is—with more or less reason—always supposed to have a hand in it. In this case, report hits upon Sarah Bernhardt; not *our* Sarah, not La Tosca, but her niece and god-child, the daughter of her sister Jeanne, who is an art student at Julian's, too, and a fellow-pupil of Terka Jablonowska's. The two girls, sitting side by side and drawing from the same model, would naturally get very friendly, "mon cousin Maurice" being a theme on which *la petite Sarah* (I call her so to distinguish her from the great Sarah, though it ill-suits her superb physique) would be likely to be very eloquent. And when acquaintance had ripened into a warmer feeling on the side of Maurice, what more easy than to use "Cousin Sarah" as postman for the transmission of *billets-doux?* Perhaps—for M. Julian does not encourage intimacies between his male and female pupils—attention to the cousin was accepted as an excuse for hanging about doorways at the hour when pencil and brush are put away and the girls sally forth into the crowded thoroughfares of the Rue Vivienne.

"Who is Terka Jablonowska?"

This is the question that every one was asking his neighbor when the marriage was announced—a very little time before it took place, according to the strictest Parisian etiquette.

"Who is Princesse Louisa Jablonowska?"

The second question was easier to answer than the first, for many reasons, Mme. Jablonowska being by no means unknown in Paris society; respect for truth obliges me to add, society of the second or third-rate order. Not *demi-monde* exactly, something betwixt and between; society in which appearances are kept up, and in which a lover is not precisely tolerated, but winked at. She was a very beautiful woman, and still is a handsome one—tall, of commanding presence, though somewhat too stout and massive. At one time it was said the Emperor Napoleon III. was much struck by the charms of the Princesse Lucca—she, at that epoch, chose the more euphonious Polish rendering of Louisa. This may, or may not be. What there is much less uncertainty about is the admiration of King Victor Emmanuel for the then fair Lucca, whose husband—for there was a husband in the case—held an office in the royal palace of Turin.

And who is Terka? Well, I am coming to that. The most kindly disposed of chatterboxes declare her to be a daughter of *il regalantuomo.* In these easy going days the bar sinister is rather an advantage than otherwise, especially when it traverses a royal escutcheon. But our little Terka does not seem to have any right to this questionable distinction, and popular voice ascribes to her quite a different parentage. As far as I can find out, the popular voice, for once, is not in error.

An elderly bachelor of my acquaintance, who has been on visiting terms with the Princesse Jablonowska for twenty years, assures me on his word of honor that fifteen years since she had no daughter—not the semblance of one, but that the child of her *femme de chambre*, little Thérèse, had the run of her apartments and was treated with great kindness by her mother's mistress. That this Thérèse should have been adopted by her childless patroness seems as natural as the transformation of "Thérèse" into "Princesse Terka"; one step up the social ladder leading to another.

This is not sufficient for the busy-bodies. It is much too trite, too ordinary a story altogether. So Terka is only Thérèse; *eh bien, et après?* Were Princesse Jablonowska a matron of stern morals and unblemished reputation, it would have been delightful to have picked a hole in her reputation. Of course, the child was hers, but could not be owned as such until death had kindly taken Prince Jablonowski out of the world and left his widow free to acknowledge a bastard daughter. But the princess is not a matron of stern morals, and so the accusation loses all its point.

This is the story, which you may believe or not, as you like. When Lucca Jablonowska was living in Turin, and passed in Turin society as the mistress of the king, she was ambitious of attaining that ascendency over her royal lover that should place her in the position of *reine de la main gauche*, perhaps even on the throne itself, should the obnoxious Jablonowski come to an untimely end. A child of whom the king was father might be instrumental in bringing about this wished-for *dénouement.* Unfortunately, maternity is a lottery in which the princess drew a blank; so she bethought herself of a strategem. Her *femme de chambre* was soon to become a mother. What more easy than to simulate an interesting condition, and then palm off the hireling's infant as her own and that of the king? Victor Emmanuel was not a man easily caught with chaff; he either disbelieved the tale, or did not care to believe it. Anyhow, the princess, when she returned to Paris, never alluded to a possible relationship between herself and the little Thérèse, until a few years since, when Thérèse blossomed forth into Terka and obtained the prefix of "princesse," administered with a generous open-handedness worthy of a better cause.

Poland is a good way off, and no one has leisure or interest in learning how far the Jablonowski's are entitled to put a crown on their cards and assume the princely title. It may be all right, I daresay it is; but our breaths were positively taken away when we received the invitations to the wedding, and found one of them was in the name of "Son Altesse la Princesse Jablonowska"—the reader will note that the Polish change of gender is maintained here for Polish names. Quite a voluminous packet did these invitations present; four separate sheets of parchment, the double announcement of the marriage, the entrance ticket to the church, and a card for Sarah's "at home" after the ceremony.

Speculation is a charming employment, and having speculated about Terka, why not go on doing so with respect to Maurice? Who, in a word, is this Maurice who bears his mother's maiden name? No one admires Sarah as an actress more than myself; the woman is as charming as the *artiste* is clever—supremely charming—so charming that she disarms scandal, which is about the biggest victory a woman is capable of gaining over her sex. I might, doubtless, have been inclined to pass over this knotty point in silence. That I do not do so is the fault of the Parisian press. The papers have not been content with singing the praises of Sarah as a tragedian, a comedian, a painter, sculptor, benefactress of the poor, indulgent mistress to her servants (who certainly repay her by putting what they can in their pockets), hostess, and friend; but they must also speak of her as having the bump of maternity finely developed. Now, this is too much. Do you think it was hard for her to drive over to her boy's school every half holiday, and spend an hour chatting with him and listening to his prattle; especially when she was the cynosure of the whole playground, and paterfamilias, come to see his boy, followed her every movement with admiring glances, and when, above all, she performed the journey in a brougham comfortably warmed in winter and in a victoria in summer? If she went in an omnibus, or on foot, battling with the elements, then there might be some merit in the performance. And were Sarah's lovers so intensely enthralling that she could not spare an afternoon away from them now and then for little Maurice?

They say "he is a wise child who knows his own father." Is Maurice ignorant of the name of the man to whom he owes his existence? Society has never troubled itself much about the matter—why, it would be difficult to say. People who always know everything, used to declare without hesitation, that he was the child of a Russian prince, and this solution was currently accepted by the majority until, some years since, when Sarah came financially to grief, it was discovered that the house in the Avenue de Villiers could not be sold for the benefit of the creditors because she held it in trust for Maurice, who was not then of age. Now, it was generally understood that this mansion was the present of the late Prince de Ligne. Of course, idle tongues were not long in putting two and two together, and whereas the myth of the Russian prince was persevered in by some, others immediately decided in their minds that the young fellow was the illegitimate son of the very noble Prince de Ligne, (whose sister is Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld) and illegitimate brother of the present Prince de Ligne, who married the duchess's daughter, and of Prince Ernest de Ligne, who was united a short time since to Mlle. de Brissac. Pure Faubourg St. Germain blood this, and, even with the bar sinister, bluer than that of Thérèse—a serving-maid's child, for all her adopted mother's pretensions.

Maurice Bernhardt is between twenty-four and twenty-five years old, though he looks younger. He is not strikingly like his mother, though he has her long, slightly aquiline nose and her complexion; for Sarah is a *brune*, despite her fair tresses of to-day and the delicate rose-petal tint of her skin. Remembering what the Prince de Ligne looked like when he plighted his troth at the altar to Mlle. de la Rochefoucauld, I am quite ready to admit a general similarity between the two; the same long, narrow head, the same rather high shoulders and height—not much, perhaps, to found a genealogy upon.

Of course, you know that Maurice was promoted into a full-blown theatrical director by his lady mother, at an age when most French mothers guard their sons most carefully from the temptations of the *coulisses.* She saw no harm in them, bless you! And there were friends to praise her pretty little motherly ways with the big youth, who had learnt to drink champagne before he was breeched, and who at eighteen was hand and glove with his mother's lovers, and had a mistress of his own, I daresay. Then he did his year of military service, and bethought him of apprenticing himself to another trade, having lost his mother's money as well as his own at the Porte St. Martin; and, having a neat little talent with his pencil, determined to be an artist. When Sarah returned from her American tour, she found her son installed in a pretty little house, situated in the Boulevard Berthier—a wide thoroughfare, planted with trees, which lies within the fortifications—with a studio and lots of *bibelots*, as a fashionable young devotee of the brush should, three doors off from Sargent and Duez. It is here that Maurice and Terka are honeymooning, having preferred the sure comforts of home to the uncertain benefits of a wedding tour. Perhaps Terka's somewhat nomadic existence with the princess has inclined her toward rest; besides, she is thoroughly in love with her husband, and accepts Sarah's many kindnesses with gratitude. "Bonne Maman" is a near neighbor of the young couple.

It was not my good fortune to be present at any informal meeting between the two elder ladies, Sarah and the Princesse Jablonowska. I daresay they treat each other with marked, cold courtesy. The comedian outshines "Son Altesse" in most things, including tact. The latter has already been foolish enough to confide to several of her dearest friends that she feels the misalliance keenly, while the said friends, behind her back, declare it is an unlooked-for piece of good fortune for *la petite Terka.* If this comes to Sarah's ears, I doubt not there will be wigs on the green. Both, however, agreed that it would be much more *chic* to have the wedding at midnight, and the curé of their parish church refusing this unlooked-for request, they asked the favor of an audience of the Archbishop of Paris. But the princess displayed her mature charms and Sarah pleaded with her "golden" voice to no effect. Mgr. Richard was obdurate; weddings are seldom, if ever, solemnized at midnight here, and then only when the parties married are bent on privacy (as in the case of widows who ought still to be wearing weeds for their late husband); and the archbishop did not see any good reason for complying with the two ladies' request. He put it as well as he could, and—after all, monseignors are but human—was, I have no doubt, by no means ill-pleased to see Sarah for once a supplicant at his feet.

So the wedding took place yesterday in broad daylight, and Sarah had no reason to regret that it was so. She looked, as many said, young enough and pretty enough to be half her real age, and as she walked up the aisle in the wake of the youthful Terka and the commanding form of Princesse Jablonowska, leaning on her son's arm, she might have been the bride herself. I have seen Terka look better than she did on that day. She is a nice little thing, with a pleasant face and dainty figure; but white does not suit her, and white satin and lace, though it cost four thousand dollars, are not always becoming. And the pageant of a French wedding is always tedious; in the case of Maurice Bernhardt and Princesse Terka it was like an act of a Porte St. Martin play transferred to the Chapel of St. Honoré.

PARIS, January 3, 1888. PARISINA.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Desert of the South.

Southward, ever southward,
Wend our steps along,
Lightened by the burden
Of an Arab song.

O'er the plain that stretches
Far as eye can see,
In the dazzling sunlight,
Bare of rock or tree.

Nothing but the sunlight
And the cloudless sky,
Or a solemn camel
Slowly passing by.

Glorious is the sunlight
Of the Southern land,
As it burns and reddens
In the yellow sands,

Till we seem to wander,
'Mid the noontide heat,
Through a molten river
Underneath our feet.

Life and joy and freedom,
All are ours to-day,
As we gallop forward
On our Southern way;

Life that never greets us
In our Northern home;
Freedom such as cometh
But to those who roam.

Surely life is joyous
As we ride along,
Listening to the burden
Of an Arab song. —*Anon.*

Through the Metidja to Abd-el-Kadr.

As I ride, as I ride,
With a full heart for my guide,
So its tide rocks my side,
As I ride, as I ride,
That, as I were double-eyed,
He, in whom our Tribes confide,
Is descried, ways untried,
As I ride, as I rid

As I ride, as I ride
To our Chief and his Allied,
Who dares chide my heart's pride
As I ride, as I ride?
Or are witnesses denied—
Through the desert waste and wide
Do I glide unespied
As I ride, as I ride?

As I ride, as I ride,
When an inner voice has cried,
The sands slide, nor abide
(As I ride, as I ride)
O'er each visioned homicide
That came vaunting (has he lied?)
To reside—where he died,
As I ride, as I ride.

As I ride, as I ride,
Ne'er has spur my swift horse plied,
Yet his hide, streaked and pied,
As I ride, as I ride,
Shows where sweat has sprung and dried,
—Zebra-footed, ostrich-thighed—
How has vied stride with stride
As I ride, as I ride!

As I ride, as I ride,
Could I loose what Fate has tied,
Ere I pried, she should hide
(As I ride, as I ride)
All that's meant me—satisfied
When the Prophet and the Bride
Stop veins I'd have subside
As I ride, as I ride! —*Robert Browning.*

A Stirrup Song.

To horse and away
While the brave bugles blow!
To horse and away
'Mid the sleet and the snow!
But hold, ere to saddle we merrily spring,
Let us clasp hands together and cheerily sing,
A health to the open foe!
Come weal or come woe,
A health to the open foe!

Who lurks in the covert
Of him pray beware,
Who lurks in the covert
Lies hid with a snare;
A death-blow in darkness you take at his hand,
The traitor who sneaks like a snake through the land;
A scoff for the cunning foe!
Come weal or come woe,
A scoff to the cunning foe!

But a fair field before us,
A bold and true knight,
Who stands straight before us,
With eyes all alight
With the courage that reigns in the chivalrous heart,
Of him we will sing as we gaily depart.
A health to the open foe!
Come weal or come woe,
A health to the open foe!

The stirrup cup's empty,
To horse and away!
The stirrup cup's empty,
And fast falls the day,
But as we fly on through the perilous night,
We will sing like the birds at the coming of light,
A health to the open foe!
Come weal or come woe,
A health to the open foe!
—*John W. Ryan.*

VANITY FAIR.

Prince Albert Victor bids fair to prove himself a chip of the old block, with little of the *bonhomie*, good nature, and ease which have excused so many of his father's indiscretions, (writes a *Sun* correspondent.) Cold, ungracious almost, in society, he has yet succumbed to the advances of fair matrons who have undertaken to conquer his shy awkwardness. Rumor has been busy with his entanglements, and some of his travels have not been unconnected with a mandate from high quarters in the hope of freeing him. Following suit come the prince's set, the countless battalions of the wealthy unemployed, who copy their leader in every button of his waistcoat, in the length of his cuffs, the seams on his gloves, the colors of his overcoat, the width of his lapels, the size of his gardenias. Little wonder that one and all, the lordling and the guardsman, the dashing parvenu and the enriched commoner, should scorn to look at a girl—to dance, ride, or walk with her—when married women only are noticed by their chief. From the bachelors' balls the girls are excluded; each one makes himself the follower of some fashionable lady, takes her to the stalls, expects a seat in her carriage, invites her to a dinner at the Bristol or a supper after the play, and, more frequently than not, receives the confidence of her monetary embarrassments and the commission to pay her bills, which she not less frequently forgets to refund afterward. Little transactions of that sort, which at a more Arcadian period were confined to a class not exactly of the first quality, are now so common that they excite neither comment nor observation, valuable presents are offered and accepted, and certain social services have their quoted price. Country houses where girls are invited are voted slow. They damp the familiar *sans gêne* of kettledrum and billiard-room tête-à-têtes. The society papers giving the list of house-parties, at county balls, meets, or battues, rarely ever record the name of a girl, however pretty and amiable she may be, and she is never seen at any dinner-party. The immediate consequence of this new state of things is that men well qualified to do so, by their age, fortune, and position, do not marry.

Some ineffectual efforts have been made to counteract the disastrous effect of these ungodly alliances. Older women, past the age of attracting men on their own account, have generously hailed a counter-movement in favor of young girls. They give what are called in Paris "white balls," ask no matrons, however young, beyond the necessary chaperons, and taboo all the young men who have too unblushingly affixed themselves to married ladies; but it is a melancholy fact that the female element remains far in excess of the male, and that not even the fascinations of an excellent band, a sumptuous supper, unstinted champagne, and a fair proportion of very acceptable *dots* will lure the bachelors from their haunts. Hence has arisen in the bosom of the British maiden an inordinate desire for prompt matrimony, and never, perhaps, have there been so many hasty, foolish, and improvident marriages as now. Girls positively throw themselves away on the first man they can bring to a proposal, with the sole object of emerging from their humiliating desertion and asserting themselves in the enfranchisement of the wedded state. Engagements are rashly made, broken, entered upon afresh, with reckless rapidity; the time of courtship is prudently shortened, and the final knot tied with an absolute disregard of all conditions of happiness. The shamefacedness of the captured bridegroom contrasts with the triumphant assurance of the bride, and well may he look discomfited, for when the brief honeymoon is over he must relinquish his wife for good and all, never be seen escorting her in her walks and drives, carefully absent himself from her drawing-room, her box at the opera, and her "at homes," and even have the good taste to dine occasionally at his club when she gives a dinner-party. Widows, who once enjoyed an enviable supremacy, are no longer at a premium, under the new dispensation. The attentions they receive are less ostensibly tendered, and, as it were, under protest by the unattached who scent the possibility of danger to their liberty, unless they feel themselves ironclad against temptation. The salons of widows are the haven of refuge of the neglected husbands. There they congregate on neutral ground, deriving what comfort they can from the fact that they are shielded by the absent wife from further matrimonial pursuits, and sometimes they hear of that sweet helpmate's triumphs and conquests, or even of her whereabouts. But for the poor British virgins there is no such land of Canaan, and when the *Lancet and Medical Journal*—edited by their common enemy, Man—will have irrevocably established that lawn-tennis is fatal to their health and ruinous to their figures, the melancholy phalanx will be driven from the only field on which the conquering, monopolizing, exclusive, all-absorbing clique of married women has not as yet successfully routed them.

A most extraordinary bridesmaid's costume was worn at a London wedding, the other day. The bridesmaids were children and were arrayed in black velvet frocks, red hose, and black shoes, red cloaks and red three-cornered hats trimmed with black velvet, and they carried red bouquets tied with black and red ribbons. "Red and black be the foul fiendys colours." The bride must have looked like Marguerite surrounded by mocking imps.

There is a barber-shop in New York city on a busy, popular thoroughfare, that is run entirely by women and for the benefit of that sex. It rose as a result of the necessity which every woman finds herself under, of cutting her bang, or having it cut, every two or three weeks. The woman who wears a curled bang can manage to do this for herself periodically, but those who wear the little smooth, pointed fringe on the forehead, which is known as the Russian bang, are forced to apply to some one skilled in tonsorial duties, who can shorten that appendage without utterly destroying its shape, for all the beauty it possesses depends on the exactitude of its outline. Then there are women who have thin or greasy hair, requiring constant shampooing, and those whose hair is prone to split at the ends, making it necessary to clip or scorch them. The skillful attendants in this women's barber-shop undertake to relieve their customers of all anxiety and exertion regarding their heads. There are two neat parlors with a double row of mirrors and the regular barber chairs. There are counters at the end of each room where brushes and combs can be purchased, and regular customers usually supply themselves, and then retain their purchase for their own use. Women come in, sit down, are wrapped in a big white cover, the hairpins are removed and dropped in a little case on the back of the chair provided for that purpose, and the shampooing, scorching, or trimming is quickly and skillfully done. It is surprising to find, by inquiry, how many women there are who wear short hair; this barber-shop alone counts over a hundred among its customers. Most of them have curly hair, and leave it long enough to show what its inclination is, while the straight-haired ones have a somewhat closer clip, though never as close as that of the ordinary man. Then there are women who are trying the powers of some one of the hair-restorers that this shop, like all others of its kind, keeps on hand, and come once or twice a week to have it applied in the effort to evade gray hairs, or keep hold of those they have and are afraid of losing. The attendants are mostly girls from twenty to twenty-five, neat and well dressed, with big white aprons covering their quiet colored frocks, and their own hair is a beautiful example of what neatness and care will do for a woman's head.

Bulwer's "Pelham" became so popular immediately after its publication as to change the fashion of gentlemen's coats. In those days, gentlemen, wore for evening dress, coats of brown, or green, or blue, according to their fancy. In the novel, Lady Francis Pelham says, in a letter to her son: "Apropos of the complexion, I did not like that blue coat you wore when I last saw you. You look best in black—which is a great compliment; for people must be very distinguished in appearance to do so." Every gentleman who read "Pelham" took to himself the "great compliment," and from that day black has been the color for gentlemen's full dress.

A new cult in Boston this season (writes a correspondent) will be seen by a limited number of ladies in the best society, in the shape of a "tight class." The pupils are to dress in tights, and, of course, will be placed under the eye only of their teacher, a young lady who is known there and in New York as a trainer of the voice and body. Her idea in starting the "tight class" is that, as the whole body is but an instrument of the mind, every part and member needs to be trained in the most perfect freedom, and the first thing to do is to remove the trammels. She has brought her own body into a state of ease and suppleness of movement that not one woman in a thousand has, and can "throw herself" with the agility almost of a professional acrobat. That her ideas contain the germ of a physical growth that would make the women of the present day the peers of the Grecian woman of old is believed by her friends and pupils.

An extremely delicate case came before the justice of the peace at Tulle, in France, the other day. One of the beauties of the town ordered a pair of stays, but as they did not fit she refused them. Thereupon the *corsetier* brought an action for payment. The judge, having heard both sides, rose majestically to his feet, and, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, pronounced the following gem of a judgment: "Whereas the point at issue is whether the corset in question does or does not fit; whereas, to settle this question, it would be necessary to have the said corset before us, and it has not been produced in court; whereas, even if it were produced, it would have to be tried on in our presence; and, whereas, even then, to decide whether it fitted the lady or not, we should need special talents and faculties which are not within our sphere—for these reasons, we proclaim ourselves incompetent to settle the difference, and therefore dismiss the case."

A writer in the Philadelphia *Press* dilates at some length on absurd fashions of long ago times, particularly in regard to the fashion of head-dresses. She says that some of those which have been worn are so irresistibly ludicrous that it does not seem possible that they could have been assumed in sober earnest as a proper headgear. Of course, the very first meaning of a covering placed over the hair was a shield from heat and cold. The element of beauty came in afterwards. What was becoming grew to be the important consideration, but it was not until the desire to be conspicuous became strong that absurdities began to crop out. It was about the time or a little after the days of the Plantagenets that head-dresses made their appearance. These were small, like crowns or caps, and many times extremely becoming, but later every trace of beauty was lost. Only imagine great stiff horns affixed to the caul, which in itself was homely, hiding as it did every trace of the hair, but with its appendages forming a monstrosity! At first the horns were made of wire, to which a short veil was attached, but finally exact imitations of bull's horns were worn, so that, as one writer quaintly observes, "a crowd of ladies really did look like a herd of cattle." In some places horns were worn three feet high. Another fashion was to affix wires to the cap upon which a gauze veil could be spread out in the form of wings. These were so wide that the wearer could not walk straight forward through a doorway which was even moderately narrow. In France these winged head-dresses preceded the "hennins," or the two-horned affairs, which were introduced by the wife of Charles VI. because the former had fallen under the ban of the clergy, but they never reached the immense size of those which pleased the English taste. Another monstrosity of the latter part of the seventeenth century was what was called a "commode." This was made of a series of rows of stiff lace, plaited full and placed one above another, rising up like a crest from the forehead to more than the length of the face. This was, when kept of medium height, far more becoming than the wings or horns, but it was the exaggeration that was so hideous. The arrangement of the hair, too, was subjected to various vagaries. The simplest style was when it was worn long and floating like a veil around the shoulders, as it was in the fifteenth century both in France and England. False locks were intermingled with the true, if the latter were not sufficiently luxuriant, and it was brought low upon the forehead, almost to the eyes, then carried back over the ears, and allowed to fall to the shoulders or below, with the ends curled. In France, fashion decreed that the hair should be white or bright yellow, and though they could not change the color so effectually as at the present day, yet it was done, or else the natural tresses were covered by a wig. Marguerite de Valois, who wedded the King of Navarre, had magnificent black hair, but she usually hid it with a light wig, made, it is said, of the long locks shorn from the heads of her fair-haired pages, whom she selected for that purpose. In 1780, the heads of the women appeared monstrous in size through the style of hair dressing. In many of Sir Joshua Reynolds' portraits of that time the hair rose two feet above the face, drawn over rolls stuffed with tow, with curls pinned on all sides, and added to all this, yards of ribbon, ropes of beads and "models in glass, of ships, horses and chariots, caterpillars, and litters of pigs and many more things." It does not seem possible that such absurdities could have been indulged in. In France, about this time, Queen Marie Antoinette invented what was called the herrison, or hedgehog style of dressing the hair. "Imagine," says one writer, "a porcupine lying on the top of the head, that is to say, a bush of hair frizzed from the points to the roots, very high and without powder, and encircled by a ribbon that kept this horrible tangle in its place."

A Turkish or Russian bath is cleansing and healthy and one of the best means for improving the complexion and softening the skin. New York women have become very fond of these baths, and many of them take at least one bath every week throughout the year, coming up to town from a neighboring resort during the summer. There is no more delightful way of getting rid of the hottest hours of the day than to pass them in a Russian bath. Some women bathe to get fat, and some to get thin, and they all succeed in attaining their object. After the bath, many are rubbed with vaseline in preference to alcohol, or with sweet oil, that being the most fashionable ungent at present. It is the correct thing to use it on the face at night, after having bathed it in very hot water, as the surest destroyer of wrinkles. And those who care for neither vaseline nor oil take their own perfumes to the bath, and are rubbed down with them.

Ladies, who in matters of dress are apt to consider a breach of the tenth commandment a venial offense, may be excused if they feel a little envious of the wardrobe which Mme. Patti is about to take with her to South America. It is contained in forty-four enormous stage-trunks, a number which, considering the natural weakness of women for such impedimenta, and the fact that the exigencies of opera often demand a frequent change of costume, is perhaps not altogether excessive. The three dresses for "La Traviata" alone cost nearly one thousand pounds sterling. The fees of a modern operatic prima donna are high, and the axiom must always be borne in mind that in feminine eyes the costumes and the jewels worn by the leading artist are by no means the least interesting feature of the stage show. Mme. Patti, accordingly, takes to Buenos Ayres no fewer than sixty principal robes, each, we are assured, a masterpiece of the art. During her recent flying visit to Paris, Mme. Patti was occupied during two whole days in trying these dresses on, and it is easy to believe that they were two days of consummate and unalloyed happiness.

A Paris journalist recently published an inquiry into the smoking habits of Parisian ladies, and some of his facts are extremely curious. There are three establishments in Paris solely devoted to the manufacture of ladies' cigarettes, and they do a roaring trade. These cigarettes, for the most part, contain a *soupçon* of opium, so that the cigarette-smoking Parisienne doubly narcotizes herself. Perfume also is freely used, and the writer declares that he saw whole bales of delicate Turkish tobacco stewing in liquid scent. "The fragrance of the Turkey leaf is not good enough for them," he indignantly protests; "they must need add this mephitic essence of roses, or carnations, or heliotrope." This journalist rages against the use of tobacco by Parisiennes, not because the habit is unfeminine, but because tobacco blackens the teeth of its votaries.

It is often somewhat shocking to people of middle age, or past that period (says *Harper's Bazar*), to observe the nonchalance with which many of the young ladies of the present day speak of their engagements of marriage. Not only is it the want of delicacy that strikes one, but a want of respect toward the engagement, a treatment of it as if it were the lightest of affairs, without especial significance unless one pleased, an arrangement for lunch, a rendezvous at a reception, not nearly so serious, indeed, as a dinner engagement, which is something that must be kept, but a part of the frivolities of life, entered into half in prank and frolic, continued as long as agreeable, and broken as lightly as a bubble a child blows from a pipe. The manner, too, in which these engagements are formed is a source of surprise and shock, again, to the reputable middle-aged woman—the total levity and want of sentiment, the young man's purse having more to do with the solidarity of the enterprise than virtue or personal charm; genial manners, good dancing, and pleasant temper being enough for the temporary arrangement, and the temporary arrangement being tolerably well understood to be only for the season, terminable, like various other copartnerships, at the will of either party. But equally is it a matter of pain and trouble to the astonished observer to notice the manner in which the engagements are broken, letters returned all but a tell-tale few, some gifts returned and some retained; a little romance, a little sentiment, and the way is clear for the next aspirant. And then the affair is spoken of as coolly and openly as any event of yesterday's dinner, or of last night's ball—such and such a thing happened when this young person was engaged to So-and-so; or no, was it then, or when she and young This-and-that were so *épris* with each other? The whole affair of the engagement is a glove that has been dropped, a flower that has faded, a story that is told. In this good, middle-aged lady's day, when a young lady broke her engagement, or had it broken for her, she went into retirement for a season, like a young widow, and did not br[illegible] as if she had done no more than promise to go t[illegible] and had then thought better of it.

MY LORD AND LADY'S CHRISTMAS.

"Cockaigne" writes of Servants' Balls and Tradesmen's Bills.

The ideal English Christmas, as it rests in the mind of the foreigner, is, I take it, the Christmas of the middle classes. The roast-beef and plum-pudding, the punch and the mistletoe, the joviality and hilarity, which mark in song and story the British festival, pertain to the Christmastide of Brown, Jones, and Robinson, rather than to that of the nobility and gentry. To begin with, Christmas is a holiday time, and for that reason—were there no other—the workers of the nation hail it with joy and gladness. The nobility and gentry have one long, perpetual holiday from one year's end to the other. Christmas is the same to them, in that respect, as every day from the first of January to the last of December. Indeed, to a great degree the nobility and gentry, and the upper classes generally, except in so far as the religious ceremonies of the day are observed, abstain from marking Christmas in any special manner, and rather hold aloof from joining in any festivities, save as gracious patrons for the benefit of those beneath them. The nobility and gentry are, in short, the givers of the means and opportunities for those of lesser degree to enjoy themselves.

I don't think you will find many of the upper classes who regard Christmas—divested, of course, of its religious aspect—otherwise than as a bore. To them it is a season of subscriptions, Christmas-boxes, tips, tenant entertainments, servants' balls, and bills. For a couple of weeks, if not longer, they live with their hands in their pockets and their check-books spread open before them. Not only do their annual subscriptions to hospitals, "homes," schools, and every conceivable charity fall due, but extra donations are then expected of them. There are Christmas dinners to give to the inmates of work-houses, jails, prisons, and infirmaries; Christmas-trees to provide for the village school-children, coal-clubs and clothing-clubs to assist, and flannel petticoats to buy for the old women. The tenantry must be given a dinner, and the servants a ball. Servants' balls are an institution strictly limited to England, I imagine. They are always given at Christmas time. They take place in country-houses, where the nobility and gentry always are at Christmas. Not only do the servants of the house take part in them, but the master and mistress, the family, and whatever guests (with their servants) may be staying in the house. The invitations, however, are confined to the servants of the different neighboring country-houses. The master and mistress, and their sons and daughters, dance with the maids and men-servants, and so do the guests. They only stay an hour or two, it is true; but while they do stay, the dancing goes on promiscuously, the master of the house leading the housekeeper, or his wife's maid, through the mazes of a country dance, and the mistress contenting herself with a quadrille with the groom of the chamber, or a lancers with the butler, while the young masters, home from Oxford or Cambridge, Eton or Harrow, induct the pretty, white-capped housemaids into the mysteries of the waltz and polka. It is a curious mixture, and has an odd look when one thinks of the respectful distance at which English servants are kept on all other occasions. I remember once hearing of a lady complaining of her fatigue the morning after one of these servants' balls.

"Bradford" (her butler), she said, with a weary sigh, "wouldn't give me any rest. He was after me for every set."

Christmas-boxes cover an immense field. I do not allude to presents given in the family—a custom among the upper classes in England by no means so common as people suppose—but to those bestowed upon the outside world. Christmas-boxes of this sort are usually given upon "Boxing Day"—the day after Christmas (except, of course, when Christmas falls on a Saturday, the following Monday then being Boxing Day. This is the real meaning of Boxing Day—*i. e.*, the day for giving Christmas-boxes. Christmas-boxes on Boxing Day are asked for by the hoping recipients, and there is one continual stream of applicants from early morning at every gentleman's door. The messenger of every tradesman with whom you deal expects a Christmas-box for fetching your orders and executing the same for one year. These include the "young men" and "boys" of your butcher, grocer, wine-merchant, tailor, stationer, green-grocer, draper, and dozens of others. Then there are the chimney-sweeps, and the lamp-lighters, and the postmen, and the policemen, and the firemen (who, perhaps, haven't had over a couple of fires to put out during the whole year), the choir-boys of the cathedral or church which you attend, and the carol-singers. But the carol-singers don't wait till Boxing Day. You have them every night for a week before Christmas, boys and men, most of them howling discordantly under your windows. I don't suppose there ever was a custom more abused and more taken advantage of to exact money from long-suffering and patient ladies and gentlemen during the money-scattering season of Christmastide in England, than this one of carol-singing. Some of the carol-singers do sing fairly well, and their voices sound prettily enough out on the frosty air under the pale-green moon. But you get such a surfeit of them, and all expect to be paid, and few are disappointed. Some have the delicacy and decency to ring and ask permission to sing before they begin, but the majority start in without, and treat you to "Good King Wenceslaus looked down," or "Good Shepherds watched," winding up with

> God bless here,
> Merry, Merry Christmas,
> And a Happy New Year.

before you know where you are.

Another offset to Christmas cheer among the aristocracy is—Christmas bills. Annual, or, at all events, quarterly, credits are the rule with the nobility and gentry as customers. If a tradesman gives credit for a year, his day of payments is always Christmas—or, rather, more properly speaking, his time for payment is at Christmas-time. At any rate, whether he gets paid or not, he sends his bill in at Christmas. If the credit be a quarterly one, the bill comes in at Christmas, just the same. It is true it is smaller than a [illegible] bill, but in it comes, no matter for that. There are [illegible]tated quarterly pay-days for bills in England. These [illegible] "Lady Day," in the latter part of March; "Midsummer," in the latter part of June; Michaelmas, in the latter part of September, and Christmas. Each of these quarter-days has its bills, but Christmas has a double share. Not only are there the quarter's bills, but the year's bills. There is an inundation of blue envelopes by every post for a week or more.

A bill is always known in England by a blue envelope. Some tradesmen, it is true, go in for the swagger of white envelopes; but the rule is the other way. Another thing about English bills. They are always sent *under cover* to a gentleman's or lady's house, either by post or private messenger and *left*. There is never a loud-voiced, impertinent "collector" standing outside or in the hall waiting to be paid. These bills are generally paid within a week or so (if not let run on for another quarter) by check, "crossed," if the tradesman have a banker and the payer knows it. I am not aware if the custom of "crossing" bank-checks is in vogue in America. I believe it is strictly an English custom, its object being that the check can only be paid to the payee through his banker, and is therefore valueless in the hands of any one else. With all these bills coming in and looked for, is there any wonder that the Christmas of the British nobility and gentry should be clouded by an atmosphere of monetary depression?

To people who pay ready money, as is the rule with the middle classes, the spirit-dampening effect of bills at Christmas is unknown. They are the happy, jovial, hilarious roast-beef and plum-pudding eaters and Christmas-punch drinkers. They it is who kiss under the mistletoe, and sing songs of mirth and good-fellowship. They have no bills to put aside for the nonce, only to stare them in the face on the morrow. They pay as they go.

The system of long credits, upon which the aristocracy deal with London tradesmen, is one too firmly established to be eradicated all in a minute. The aristocracy like it, and the tradesmen like it—when they *know* they will eventually be paid. It is so easy to order what you want without bothering to think what it costs; there is no arranging and counting out dirty money for every little trifle you need. And then (think the tradesmen) prices are seldom asked, and many more things are ordered than would be, had they to be paid for at once. Again, who is to remember after one, two, three, or four years—or even more—what they ordered? How many extra suits of clothes than a customer had can go into the tailor's bill after a four or five years' credit? How many additional dozens of champagne into the wine-merchant's? Such things are possible. The great coöperation stores have done and are doing much to abolish the credit system and get people to pay ready money for what they buy. But in doing so there is a wheel within a wheel, so far as the aristocracy are concerned. Abolition of the credit system, or, rather, dealing with the stores, would mean the abolition of the tradesman. With tradesmen would go the shops, and with the shops the rentals which flow into the aristocracy's pockets. When the aristocracy go to the coöperative stores, and pay ready money, it takes so much profit away from their tenants, the tradespeople. Of course, if the tradespeople would adopt a ready-money system they might protect themselves so far. But the fact is, the aristocracy can't pay ready money. They must have credit. Their rents and debentures are only paid to them four times (sometimes but twice) a year, and in the meantime they must live. The comparative cheapness of an article got for ready money is of little or no consequence to them, especially when they don't happen to have the ready money to pay. And so the credit system goes on, and will go on as long as there is an interested aristocracy and a willing body of tradespeople to keep it up. For the sake of a proper, genuinely "merry" observance of Christmas by the upper classes, it is a pity that some means can not be devised to stop bills coming in at that period of the year. Tenants' entertainments, servants' balls, Christmas boxes, tips, and subscriptions to charities fade into insignificance before a towering pile of bills.

The sending of Christmas cards has become a settled custom in England now. Almost everybody sends somebody else cards, and gets them in return. People whom you never see from one year's end to the other, send you Christmas cards. If it were limited to such people, it would serve the purpose for which cards were doubtless originally intended. But they now ebb and flow between the members of a family who live together and see each other every day; and, what is worse, in the estimation of the recipients, they take the place of what used to be presents—real, tangible, useful presents that cost some money—instead of a gaudy chromo of flowers or birds in some impossible vase or nondescript tree, with a lot of sentimental, rubbishy verses underneath. Still, there are Christmas cards and Christmas cards—and when they appeal in serious, though none the less happy language, to the heart, and awaken the dormant sentiments applicable to the joyful season, they play a useful part and are in no sense to be looked down upon.

This Christmas season has been blessed with the most beautiful weather. Cold, clear, frosty, bright, healthy weather, with a crisp air tingling one's ears, and a hard, dry ground under foot. The holidays extended from Saturday night (Christmas Eve) to the Wednesday morning following, and have been thoroughly enjoyed by workers, who understand and appreciate the value of so lengthened and consecutive a holiday.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, December 30, 1887.

The watch without hands, which has recently been brought before the public, is simply a watch with ordinary wheelwork, in which the intermediate teeth are wanting, and which gear every minute and hour only. The contrivance, though admitted to possess some inconveniencies, is, on the other hand, claimed to present some genuine advantages over the ordinary make. Thus, the construction not only allows the reading to be accurate, but also permits of estimating the time that separates each passing minute. There is not only an optical signal given, but also an acoustic one, since at every change of figure the ear perceives a slight sound, and consequently it becomes needless for one to examine his watch in order to measure a given interval of time—a feature of special value to engineers, physicians, officers, travelers, and observers. The experimenter knows exactly when a minute begins and ends.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the neurologist, who is also a novelist, recently refused five hundred dollars offered him for an article, on learning that it was intended to float a magazine devoted to the advertisement of a proprietary medicine.

"Richard Harris, died February 13, 1877, of delirium tremens, aged forty-one years." This is the inscription which an Atchison (Kan.) woman had carved upon her late husband's tombstone—a shaft of granite, about which is wound, from base to apex, the image of a snake as large as a man's arm.

The Crown Princess of Austria presented her husband, Prince Rudolf, with a complete outfit of geometrical instruments as a New Year's gift. The case of walnut, inlaid with silver, which held the instruments, also contained a pretty letter from the princess, trusting that their lives would "henceforth be happier."

The wife of Eugène Clémenceau, the French journalist and politician, is the daughter of a wealthy New York merchant. Clémenceau met her when he was eking out a small income by teaching French in New York. At first the father objected, but when he found that the lovers were determined and there was nothing against the young man, he relented.

It is interesting to learn that scraps from Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, "The Mikado," have been sung before the great bronze image of Buddha, at Kamakura, Japan. Colonel George P. Bissell, of Hartford, Conn., and a party of friends, stood last summer before this famous statue, and, as the natives gathered around and set up a great clatter, the Americans broke out as one man in the well-known chorus, "Here's a how d'ye do." The Japanese were awed by the song, and thought it was offered as an invocation to Buddha.

A Vassar girl says that a gentleman visiting at the college, then and now a trustee of Vassar, once occupied one of the guest chambers, and when he went to bed he left his shoes outside the door as if he were in a hotel. Some of the girls who were up at an early hour saw the boots, and thought it would be a good joke to "do the bootblack act" themselves. They did, and when they returned the shoes, they stuck in each a handsome bouquet of flowers. The trustee was half abashed and altogether surprised when he realized how he had been honored. Tradition tells his name as that of Benson J. Lossing, the historian.

Signor Crispi's only passion is said to be politics. He neglects literature, and knows the names of the most famous authors and poets only from hearsay. At the theatre he goes to sleep whenever he is obliged to accompany his family, but as soon as he enters the Chamber of Deputies he is a different man. On the platform he stands straight as an arrow, his fist tightly clinched, and his voice grows loud as thunder. His speeches are caustic, nervous, trenchant, not always fluent, but enlivened at every point by logical hits and conclusions, which unveil his thoughts and show him as he is. He admired Garibaldi very much, and has taken great pains to collect all Garibaldi's arms, which are preserved as sacred objects in a room in the ministerial palace.

Napoleon Bonaparte, when First Consul, was one day amusing himself on the banks of the miniature lake at Malmaison by throwing stones in the water near a boatful of ladies who were with Josephine. The ladies were dressed in rather expensive summer toilets, and, as the stone-throwing of the magnate caused them great annoyance, they protested. Napoleon, however, continued his amusement, when a little boy, four years old, who had been looking on, ran up to him, and said: "You brute of a First Consul, will you leave off tormenting the ladies?" The consul stopped as if stupefied, and, on seeing the boy, burst out laughing. The youthful knight-errant was young Sadi Carnot, uncle of the present French President, who had accompanied his father, Napoleon's Minister of War, to Malmaison.

On the twenty-sixth of November the Czarina celebrated her birthday—the fortieth. The Czar made the fact memorable by presenting to his wife a necklace composed of forty emeralds. In order to collect forty stones of blameless perfection and sufficient size, Russian agents have been engaged for nine months in traveling to all the great European cities, in search of emeralds. The Czar's purpose had to be kept a profound secret, since, if it had been known that so great a potentate was in want of so many emeralds, the price would have risen to a prodigious height. "The Czarina," says a St. Petersburg correspondent, "although she possesses a more splendid collection of jewels than any other European sovereign, was so delighted at this unexpected addition to them that she danced around the salon like a child, with the necklace in her hand."

The latest aspirant to the leadership of a salon in Paris is Mme. Buloz, wife of the well-known director of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. She lives in a splendid mansion, in the Rue de l'Universite, which is a part of the great establishment in which the *Revue* is edited and published. The mansion is well fitted to the purposes of great social gatherings, and the host of literary and artistic men and women M. Buloz has attracted to himself provides a brilliant attendance at all of Mme. Buloz's receptions. Indeed, in literary and artistic importance, they far surpass anything Mme. Adam ever got up. Mme. Buloz inherits a large share of the intellectual power of her father, the famous surgeon, M. Richet, and is well-versed in the literature of all countries. She is also, probably, the finest amateur pianist in Paris. It is to be doubted, however, if her salon succeeds permanently. The aristocrats of Paris stubbornly refuse to lend themselves to any social gatherings under the Republic, and the politicians of the Republic are not, as a rule, such as would adorn a salon.

M. Alexander Dumas, *fils*, relates that he lived, thirty years ago, in the Rue de Boulogne, now the Rue Ballu, in a little house which was afterward tenanted successively by Francisque Sarcey, Edmond About, and Paul de Cassagnac. There were in it an infinitesimal dining-room, a drawing-room of the same dimensions, and a garden wherein two cats might have a chance of swinging one another. On the first floor there was a bedroom about the size of a large bandbox, and several other holes which were also designated by the landlord and the concierge as "chambres." His father, the Alexander the Great of fiction, used to visit him in this place, and when dining with him on one hot July evening, facetiously told him to open the door of the *salle à manger* so as to air the garden. M. Dumas says that he was quite happy in this limited space for a period of six years, because he had health, work, success, and freedom. He used to work from six o'clock in the morning until four or five o'clock in the evening, and when inspiration refused to come, he simply sat at one of his windows, stared at passers-by, and when there was nobody about, contemplated the opposite wall.

Yesterday from my window I saw M. and Mme. Mielvacque walking in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, just at the point where, a few months ago, Señorita Martinez de Campos was "abducted" by M. Mielvacque, alias Vicomte de Garbœuf de Lacour (writes a *World* correspondent from Paris). To-day there is no Vicomte, no De Garbœuf, no De Lacour. Plain M. Mielvacque has married the divorced wife of Count San Antonio, now Duc de la Torre, and the bride's fortune, although seriously compromised, is still estimated at one million dollars. In spite of the obstacles thrown in their way, M. Mielvacque and Señorita de Campos were married a few days ago at St. George's, London, in the presence of many witnesses. By the marriage contract the husband renounces all right to his wife's property, and from an allowance of six thousand dollars per year he must pay all household expenses. It will be remembered that the excuse given by Señorita de Campos for her "abduction" was the tyranny of the duenna and her husband, the coachman. In her own house Señorita de Campos was but a slave, and often when the coachman returned in a state of intoxication, at three o'clock in the morning, perhaps, has she been compelled to order him a supper. To-day Mme. Mielvacque trembles no longer before duenna and coachman. She has returned to Paris determined to struggle against her enemies, and make them regret their audacity of the past few months.

A FRENCH MERRY-MAKING.

"L'Americaine" describes a Garden Festival at Chateau d'Aiguesvives.

For weeks past we had been preparing for the garden festival that took place at the château park yesterday. The village expressman had been constantly employed for days in bringing box after box as it arrived by the Paris train; the village carpenter and his assistants had been called upon to erect picturesque booths here and there throughout the grounds; the village baker had received orders for bread enough to feed a regiment, and even the village butcher and candlestick-maker had had their work to do. In the château, we had all been engaged in making gayly colored banners and flags for part of the decoration, and I was told that, in the kitchens, such cooking was going on as would fairly make me marvel. This fête is the event of the season, taking place each year at this château, and for miles around poor and rich are invited to attend.

The morning broke fair for our festivities, and as I walked slowly through château and park, inspecting the completed labor of many days, I was quite bewildered by all the loveliness before me. Such a lavish expenditure of money I had never seen; not a thing seemed lacking to add to the enjoyment of the day, and I wondered what other people in the wide world would do so much for their poor neighbors, as well as their rich ones, as these generous-hearted friends of mine did.

Château d' Aiguesvives is in itself a most picturesque old place, and well worthy a few words of description. Hundreds of years ago it was a monastery, belonging to an order of good friars long since extinct. It is built of stone, in a rambling pile of no particular architectural style, which is, moreover, completely concealed by the ivy that has been allowed to clamber to the highest turret. One wing lies in total ruin, and had not the main building been patched and propped up from time to time, I hardly think my friends, the De Montpolis, would find it so inhabitable. The park is the most beautiful I have ever seen; the deer run in it at will, and have become so tame that they will come and stand near the front portico, looking at us with their great, wistful eyes as if they would gladly understand our mode of life.

A few hundred yards from the castle is what to me is the most interesting part of the château domain—a chapel, half in ruins, the roof remaining only over the altar, as if it would shelter that portion alone from wind and rain; the pillars that once supported the dome are overgrown with the climbing wild rose and honeysuckle-vine; the wooded floor has been entirely worn away, leaving now a carpet of green sward; the chancel railing, which is of beautifully carved stone, is fast crumbling away, and the altar is now merely a bank of moss and ferns. I would gladly devote more time to the description of Château d' Aiguesvives, but there is so much to tell of yesterday's merry-makings that I must hasten on.

At the early hour of ten in the morning, the driveway to the castle was lined with carriages of all sorts and descriptions, from the finest English four-in-hand coach to a village dump-cart filled with a jolly-faced farmer, his buxom wife, and five or six children. This was a day when no superiority of position or birth was to draw a line; all were to mingle together, and for once the great lady would wait upon the poor peasant-woman.

The château guests were received in the large banqueting-hall, once the refectory of the old monks. The greetings of the day having been exchanged, each party wandered off into the grounds or through the château, which was thrown open to all. A most laughable sight was the manner in which the farmers and village folk would peep into each apartment, as if looking on a king's throne, and with hushed step and lowered voices, hurry out into the park, where, under the blue heavens, they again felt at home.

Under an arbor of grape-vines were placed long tables, sufficient to seat the hundred and fifty or two hundred guests expected, and from twelve o'clock until six all were at liberty to partake of the good things under which the tables fairly groaned. Another place in the park was set aside for games, such as archery, croquet, and ball; still another place was laid out as a ball-room for the peasants, with a band of village musicians to pipe for them to their hearts' content.

As one wandered through the avenues of grand old trees, one came across pretty little booths scattered here and there in different picturesque styles and attended by some of the ladies from the château party, where you could procure a cup of chocolate from a charming woman in the *chocolatière* costume, a glass of punch from a lovely bacchante, ices and cakes from little girls dressed in costumes of soft, fluffy swan's-down, and at other booths one could purchase, for love, a smart cap, a dress of bright calico, an apron, or a pair of shoes even. It is needless to say that these last booths were only for the poorer classes, and each guest who felt so inclined was allowed his or her choice of any one article. There was also a toy-booth where the children clustered round like bees about the hive, not only to see, and receive a toy, but to gaze in mute admiration on the little lady who was dressed as a beautiful fairy-queen, with a jeweled crown on her little golden head and a wand in her tiny hands, who dispensed the gifts with a truly royal air. This was mine host's little daughter, an heiress to many broad lands, and one day destined to be a most beautiful woman.

Yesterday was one round of joyous fun. Old and young acted as if they had been let out for a grand holiday, and, indeed, they wore such happy holiday faces that the saddest heart must have beat in unison with theirs. I saw quite old men enter into the most spirited games of tag, and mothers with grown daughters romped with their children as if they had just left the school-room themselves.

In all the world where can one find such a perfect hostess as a true Frenchwoman? There is an indescribable something about her that puts you at once at your ease, and if you have only just met her you feel that she has taken an interest in you at once, and that henceforth you will be more to her than a mere caller at her home. As a stranger in a strange land, I have been treated with the most unlimited cordiality and hospitality, and although a young girl and unaccustomed to French ways, I have never met a person who has smiled at a mistake, or who has not been willing to assist me. Between young ladies there does not exist that rivalry to be found among young people of other nations. A Frenchman never laughs if you commit the grossest blunder, and in the most charming manner in the world will tell you how to correct the error another time.

I, being an American, was quite a curiosity to most of the people, for though they have seen hundreds of America's fair daughters on the streets of their capital, they have rarely, if ever, had one as a guest at their firesides. It is strange how few Americans ever see beyond the gilded palings of real French houses—certainly there are Americans who, like myself, are related to French families, and in that way have the *entrée* to their homes, and again, I know there are a certain class of Americans abroad who boast of their friends among the aristocrats in the city of cities, when, in reality, they would be wiser to keep silent about such friends, if they only knew how the true-blue blood of France frowns upon these very same people. We are, unfortunately, too ready to bow down before titles, we Americans, and often are taken in by a fair-sounding name, without questioning by what right the owner may prefix prince, count, or marquis to his name.

But I am, indeed, wandering from my subject. To return to the fête: Under a wide-spreading oak tree was placed a large wheel of fortune with its presiding goddess, the lovely Marquise de Brillac, who is so celebrated for her sparkling wit and unrivaled taste in dress. There was a continual stream of gay people on this spot, and I must confess it was the most attractive place on the grounds, for *la belle marquise* outdid herself in brilliant repartee and lively anecdote.

There was also a gypsy's tent, with all its accessories, even to the camp-fire, and here was to be found a fortune-teller of no mean repute; Madame de Portalaise, a piquante little Spanish lady who had married a Frenchman, had kindly offered her services as sibyl for this occasion, and she did her part to perfection, insisting upon having her hand crossed with a silver piece, which she placed in a box by her side for the poor children, and, indeed, the poor children received the money with a generous addition from the fair fortune teller's own purse.

At six o'clock, just as a quiet had settled over the gay rattle for the first time, a bell rang out through the sweet evening air from the chapel belfrey. The sound brought all together, and we gathered near the entrance to the ruined chapel. A hush rested over all, and it seemed as if even the birds had ceased their song to listen to an old man in priest's habit who stood in the archway of the church door. He raised his hand and each head was bowed low, and then in a clear and penetrating voice he declared that he was a missionary just returning from distant lands, and on his way homeward had passed by Château d'Aiguesvives, remembering that at this season of the year many good people came together for a festival of merry-making. He then gave his name. I was none the wiser, but from the glad shout that rose from every throat there, I realized that he must be at least well-known to these people by reputation. He said he would gladly bestow a blessing on all the children present, and that on such holy ground as he now stood it would surely be more sacred. Each mother eagerly came forward with her little ones, and presently the old ruin was filled with a motley crowd. The old priest stepped behind the altar railing, and every one kneeled on the soft, green carpet of grass, the last rays of the setting sun sending a rosy glow over all. Never in my life have I felt more impressed by any sight.

The good man's blessing rolled over our heads in solemn and beautiful words, seeming a fitting ending for such a happy day. As each party hurried off to their homes, some on foot to the village, other on horseback or in carriages to châteaux or cottages many miles distant, the host and hostess were made happy by the many grateful words that reached them from a class of people who love their rich masters and do not begrudge them their happier lots or more prosperous fortunes. L'AMERICAINE.

CHATEAU D'AIGUESVIVES.

At the Chatelet Theatre, in Paris, there is an imperative rule that no man shall be admitted to the foyer unless wearing a hat, either of the "stovepipe" or "derby" style. The other evening two Chinamen, attachés of the Chinese Embassy, went there in their national dress. Between the acts they tried to go with the crowd into the foyer. But the gendarme at the door stopped them. They could not understand a word of French, nor he of Chinese. But they understood the musket with which he barred their path. For a minute they stood there, vainly chattering in the choicest dialect of Pekin. Then a volunteer interpreter came up and explained to them that their caps were objected to. If they wanted to enter the foyer they must put on stovepipe hats. But they had none, they said; and, moreover, these caps were worn by everybody at home. They were in China what the stovepipe hat was in France. So they argued, and at last prevailed upon the guard to let them pass. He ought to have insisted upon their procuring stovepipe hats. Chinamen dressed in full Chinese costume and crowned with stovepipe hats would have been a spectacle for gods and men to gaze at.

They have a peculiar way of clipping the hunting-horses in Gloucestershire. They clip the horse's body only, and leave the legs covered with hair. The country has a great deal of limestone, and it was found that where the legs of the horses were clipped the gritty mud soon made their legs sore. This fashion gave the horses, however, a very peculiar appearance. The clipping of a bright bay gives him in the first place a mouse-color. The leaving of the hair upon the horses' legs gave them the appearance of having on high boots. To see a mouse-colored horse with high, reddish boots on, bearing on his back a vociferous rider, coming at a great stride across the green downs, is certainly a novelty to a stranger.

Mutual organizations to insure against epidemics are being established in some of the large manufactories of Sheffield, England. Each workman contributes two or two and one-half per cent. of his wages, and in return is guaranteed a payment equal to his average wages should he be obliged to quit work on account of any epidemic in his family. The proprietors of the manufactories have charge of the funds.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Veterans of the ball-room: *Miss Amity Bleecker* (without a partner, to Miss Ann Fulton, ditto)—"What a pity the war carried off so many men!"—*Puck.*

Miss Ella—"I hear by your friends that you are a heaven born genius, Mr. Smith." *Mr. Smith*—"Oh, no, they flatter me. I was born in Jersey."—*Town Topics.*

She—"Excuse me, sir, I did not catch your name." *French Visitor*—"Octave, Mademoiselle, Octave——" *She*—"In the piano business?"—*Town Topics.*

Spagenvogel (arrested, in a conciliatory vein)—"Long life fer dot Pope!" *Officer Tobin*—"Thot's tin days exthry fr youse, me bye. It's an Orangeman yure talkin' to!"—*Puck.*

"If this here is the College of Heraldry," said a Chicagoish gentleman, as he entered, "I want a crest with three feathers onto it, suthin' like that man Ike Deane has on his trade-mark."—*Puck.*

As soon as the German Crown Prince was "given up" by the doctors he began to grow better. This shows that the doctors can cure a man if they only go about it in the right way.—*Chicago Times.*

Customer—"Hang it all, man! what are you about? Leave go of my nose!" *Barber* (somewhat under the influence)—"Lave go! Be jabers an' if I did now I should fall down."—*Harper's Weekly.*

Hotel porter (to countryman)—"See here, sir, don't you see that notice?" *Countryman*—"Yes, 'gentlemen will not spit on the floor.' I ain't spittin' on the floor, mister; I'm spittin' agin the wall."—*Epoch.*

A Pole named Hentzlstezski recently settled a few miles from Binghampton. From the jagged appearance of his name, we should take him to be a section of a barbed-wire fence rather than a pole.—*Norristown Herald.*

Miss Ethel—"And so you are really engaged to Mr. Sampson, Clara?" *Miss Clara* (blushing)—"Yes, it all happened last evening, Ethel." *Miss Ethel*—"What a blessing leap year is, dear!"—*New York Sun.*

Young Mr. Sissy (to his pretty cousin)—"I am in search of of a wife, Maud, and I wish you tell me the best way to go about it." *Pretty cousin* (thoughtfully)—"Well, Charley, I think you had better consult some matrimonial bureau."—*Puck.*

"I heard sister Clara say that she dreamt of you, last night, Mr. Inskip," said little Evelyn, with an air of conveying a secret. "Did she tell your mother so?" whispered Flitterly Inskip, tumultuously. "No-o—she told the doctor."—*Puck.*

Mother—"Well, my boy, how did the Sunday-school go to-day?" *Son*—"Oh, pretty well. Next Sunday, teacher wants the boys to bring boxing-gloves. She says all the ministers recommend sparring as a means of grace."—*Lowell Citizen.*

Guest (to hotel clerk)—"I've met that gentleman who just went out before somewhere. His face is very familiar, but to save my life I can't call his name. *Clerk*—"His name is Smith; he is one of the officials at Auburn Prison. Your bill is four dollars, sir."—*New York Sun.*

Wife—"Is my husband very sick?" *Doctor*—"Oh, no. I have prescribed bi-carbonate of soda every fifteen minutes, a little sherry and seltzer every half hour, and by the way, put a *live* dog in his room, and the cat if you have one; then he'll be all right." [Exit.] *Wife*—"What a curious prescription!"—*Town Topics.*

Hostess (at Christmas gathering)—"Gentleman, here's Mr. Haycroft says he'll make a fourth, if you want a rubber. The young men are all dancing." *Mr. H.* (Suffolk farmer)—"Oh, I shall be moost happy, tha's a game I al'ays wanted to l'arn." [The host, and old Deuceace, and Captain Poyntz looked rather blank.]—*Punch.*

Miss McCusker (of Cincinnati)—"I'm *so* glad to see you, dear. And just in time for the party, too." *Miss Hinkley* (of New York)—"I'm afraid I'm too tired to dissipate much." *Miss McCusker*—"This isn't dissipation, *chère amie.* Papa's invited several people you'll like to go over to the factory and see them pack pork to-morrow."—*Tid Bits.*

Photograper (to sitter)—"I saw you at church last Sunday, Miss Smith." *Sitter*—"Oh, did you?" *Photographer*—"Yes, and also your friend, Miss Brown—if you could raise your chin a trifle, thanks—and what an atrocious-looking hat she had on. [After a pause.] There, Miss Smith, it is over, and I think we have caught a very pleasant expression."—*New York Sun.*

Jones (who finds his friend Smith gazing into the window of a millinery store)—"Hullo, old man! Admiring the styles?" *Smith*—"Not exactly. Hear the hand-organ at the corner?" *Jones*—"Yes." *Smith*—"Well, look in at the window now." *Jones*—"I'm looking." *Smith*—"See all the hats?" *Jones*—"Certainly." *Smith*—"Ain't it like being in the theatre?"—*Boston Courier.*

First beggar—"Why didn't you tackle that lady? She might have given you something." *Second beggar*—"I let her go because I understand my business better than you do. I never ask a woman for anything when she is alone; but when two women are together you can get money from both, because each one is afraid the other will think her stingy if she refuses. This profession has to be studied, just like any other, if you expect to make it a success."—*Texas Siftings.*

"Maria," said Mr. Wipedunks, as he came in and threw a folded document on the table, "I have just insured my life for five thousand dollars in your favor. There is the policy." "Thank you, Bilkerson," said Mrs. Wipedunks; "I hope it may be many years before it will be of any use to me, if ever." "It will be of much use to you if you wish to marry again," he growled; "with five thousand dollars in cash you can pick out almost any fool you like." "Bilkerson," she replied, affectionately, "I think I will want a change next time."—*Chicago Tribune.*

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them with out solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

In consequence of his Siberian papers in the *Century*, George Kennan has been put on the black-list at all the Russian custom-houses, and will not not be allowed to enter the country again.

The Authors' Club, of New York city, has at last admitted sweetness and light to its ranks in the shape of a woman. It has just elected Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe to an honorary membership.

The Public Printer at Washington is now at work on the twenty-first volume of "The Records of the Rebellion," which is in two parts and brings the history down to the end of the Stone River campaign, ending with December 31, 1862.

On Christmas Day one hundred copies of "A Few Poems of Many Years," by the Rev. Samuel Longfellow, the brother and biographer of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, were distributed among the author's friends, the edition having been a private one.

It is stated that *Outing* has again changed hands, Mr. Poultney Bigelow having ceased to have an editorial or business connection with it, and a controlling interest having been purchased by J. H. Worman, the proprietor of the *Saratogian* of Saratoga.

Edward Everett Hale and his son have about completed their work on the second volume of their history of Franklin's career in France. It will probably be issued before spring by Roberts Brothers. The first volume of this history scarcely realized the expectations that had been formed of it.

Two new feuilletons by Emile Richebourg and Xavier de Montepin are announced by the *Petit Journal* of Paris, and the sums paid for them help to fortify the common statements as to the profitableness of this kind of literary work in France. Each of these writers will receive for his story, according to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, something above the sum of ten thousand dollars.

The Bancroft autobiography, announced in London, is to be the work of both Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, and it is likely to be ready for the public in March. Another foreign autobiography of interest is that of Signor Minghetti, the Italian statesman, which is promised for early issue. It was found among the papers of Minghetti, and its existence appears not to have been known previously.

Robert Louis Stevenson is engaged on two novels in his retreat on the Saranac River. One bears the rather extensive title of "The Master of Ballantrae: the Full Account of the Strange Manner of His Life and Death; Edited from the Papers of the Late Ephraim MacKellar, late Steward of the Durrisdeer Estate." The other, which is nearly finished, is called "Harry Shovel: A Romance of the Peninsular War."

Guy de Maupassant wants the Paris *Figaro* to pay him ten thousand francs damages for publishing a mutilated copy of the preface of his latest novel. In this preface Guy kindly gave the public his theories on novel-writing. He claims that the *Figaro* should have printed his views entire, and should have made no alterations in the essay. But just how he could have been injured in this way to the extent of ten thousand francs is hard to comprehend. His novels, not his views on novel-writing, affect his reputation.

Thomas Adolphus Trollope tells of an instance of swift composition in his own career that is, perhaps, unrivaled since Johnson wrote "Rasselas" in three days. His wife being ill and ordered away from Florence by her physician, Trollope, who was in sad need of funds, wrote a two-volume novel of the usual size in twenty-four days, taking one holiday from the middle of the twenty-four. The manual labor of copying over six hundred post-octavo pages of manuscript was no small part of the feat. The novel, "Beppo, the Conscript, was better than some of his others.

A new weekly publication will, it is said, shortly make its appearance in Chicago under the charge of Messrs. De Koven and Smith. Each contribution is to bear the writer's signature. When the *Rambler*, a bright little humorous weekly of which Mr. Smith was editor, died, two years ago, he declared that he was tired of trying to establish a literary paper in Chicago; but having recruited his energies, financial and otherwise, with the success of his and De Koven's comic opera, "The Begum," he is going back to the field again, to labor shoulder and shoulder with Eugene Field in the amelioration of Chicago's intellectual status.

Mr. George P. Upton has in preparation a sequel to his "Standard Cantatas." His "Standard Symphonies," which will appear in the fall, will include the nine of Beethoven, the six most popular of Haydn, the three great ones of Mozart, all of Mendelssohn's and Schumann's, two of Schubert's, two of Gade's, four of Brahms's, a liberal representation from the modern romantic school, and representative symphonic poems such as Liszt's and Saint-Saëns's—the best of them to be accompanied by musical illustrations. It is possible a fifth volume may be added to the series, devoted to suites, overtures, and miscellaneous orchestral compositions, in the course of another year.

The "Affaire Clémenceau" of the younger Dumas is based on truth. The mother of Iza was the Countess Bibikoff, and the famous ball was given at Laufantin's, a celebrated St. Simonien, where the countess arrived with her daughter dressed as a page. The later was a striking, almost a startling, beauty. Dumas fell madly in love with her there. Then the mother and daughter lived on the Quai des Lunettes. In the book it is called the Quai de L'Horloge. Dumas wrote to the daughter during some six months, and when he wanted to get back his letters, the mother asked for coin. The sculptor of the wife is reputed to be Prader. At any rate, the basis of the novel is an actual occurrence in the artistic circles of Paris life.

M. Dumas has recently explained why he does not write his memoirs. He has often been asked the question, and the answer he now makes appears in the Christmas number of the *Révue Illustré*. "I do not write my memoirs," he says, "because a man can not write his own memoirs without writing those of others, or without hiding from his own life that which the reader ought most to know. Those of whom I should have to write would rather that I were silent, and I have no desire to write about myself. The laurels of Jean Jacques and of Casanova do not prevent me from sleeping soundly at night—on the contrary. It is, however, permitted to draw episodes from one's personal souvenirs, which time has formed into a whole, to which nothing more is to be joined, which form one more lesson on the absurdities of human life, and which can no longer hurt or do injustice to anybody."

Some Magazines.

The *Writer* for January, the first number of the second volume, contains an article entitled "The Stranger in New York," by F. R. Burton, which gives valuable advice to inexperienced pilgrims to the Mecca of journalism; and the other articles are fairly good.

The January *Lippincott's* is chiefly notable for the fact that all the contents are contributed by women. "The Spell of Home," after the manner of E. Werner, by Mrs. A. L. Wister, is the complete novel of the number. In the magazine proper, Belva A. Lockwood writes of "Efforts to Become a Lawyer;" an unknown contributor makes a plea for "Our Old Maids" under the new order of things; Agnes Repplier has a paper on "Modern Word-Parsimony;" Charlotte L. Adams describes "Life at a Working-Woman's Home;" Amélie Rives contributes a story of ancient Athens, entitled "The Man of the Golden Fillet;" and there are verses by Helen Gray Cone, Sarah M. B. Piatt, Edith M. Thomas, and Ella Wheeler-Wilcox.

The February *Overland* contains articles on "Around San Diego Bay," by T. S. Van Dyke, illustrated from photographs and sketches; on "Azariah Smith's Diary in 1847 and 1848," by John S. Hittell; on "Commercial Union between the United States and Canada," by John Hamilton Gray; on "The Women of Japan," by Helen H. S. Thompson; and on "Emancipation of Massachusetts," by F. B. Perkins. Installments are given of General O. O. Howard's papers on the Indian War; and of "The Barzeiton Experiment," by Rebecca Rogers; and there are the usual sketches, verses, and book reviews.

In the *Atlantic* for February, a crisis is reached in the story by E. H. House, entitled "Yone Santo: A Child of Japan," several characteristic chapters are added by Charles Egbert Craddock to her "Despot of Broomsedge Cove," and the serial story by Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. Aldrich, "The Second Son," is concluded. Among the prose articles those on "The Medea of Euripides," by William C. Lawton, and on "The Marriage Celebration in Europe," by Frank Gaylord Cook, are prominent. George Parsons Lathrop contributes an interesting critical article on George Meredith," and James Breck Perkins an essay on "Madame Necker." A bird-sketch, entitled "The Blue-Jay," is furnished by Olive Thorne Miller. This number of the *Atlantic* is notable on account of the poetical contributions which it contains, among them: "Endymion," a poem of five pages by James Russell Lowell, which he himself describes as "A Mystical Comment on Titan's 'Sacred and Profane Love'"; "The Gifts of the Fates" by Paul Hermes, and briefer poems by George E. Woodberry, T. B. Aldrich, and Bliss Carman.

"The Crime of Micah Rood," by Elia W. Peattie, in the January *Cosmopolitan*, illustrates a curious literary phenomenon. Seventeen years ago, John Hay printed a story entitled "The Blood Seedling" in *Lippincott's*; it was a notable story, and was widely read. As has happened with other stories, in its voyage through the journalistic sea it was "boiled down" by a process of editorial elimination until finally it went the rounds of the newspapers as a paragraph of a score or so of lines. In this form it was seen by a writer who recognized its possibilities, and constructed from it a story almost as long and nearly, if not quite, as good as Mr. Hay's original. It must not be supposed that Mrs. Peattie has "appropriated" Hay's production wittingly; for she declares that she had not seen Hay's story before she had written "The Crime of Micah Rood," and there are internal evidence that go to substantiate her assertion. The January *Cosmopolitan* contains also "Clubs and Club Life in Paris," by Edward King; "Have Ghosts been Seen?" by Richard A. Proctor, and other stories, sketches, and verses.

New Publications.

"The Diary of Samuel Pepys"—June to October, 1667—is the latest issue of Cassell's National Library. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"The School Album" is a collection of songs for day schools, arranged by H. W. Fairbank. Published by S. R. Winchell & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, 30 cents.

"Mediums and their Dupes," by Bradley Shaw, is an explanation of a number of the manifestations with which spiritualists favor the public. Published and for sale by Waldteufel, San Francisco; price, 25 cents.

"The Sunset Route" is a guide-book giving information concerning the places of interest along the Sunset Route from New Orleans to San Francisco. Published by Atwell & Co., San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

At the celebration of the centennial of Columbia College, last year, an address was delivered by George L. Taylor on "The Progress of Learning." This address, which is in verse, has been published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"The Home of Ramona" is a collection of blue-print photographs of the scenes amid which the incidents in Mrs. Jackson's novel, "Ramona," are supposed to have taken place. Descriptive text is interspersed for the purpose of identifying the scenes. Published and for sale by Charles F. Lummis & Co., Los Angeles; price, $1.50.

The first of a series to be entitled "English Classics for School Reading" is "Tales of Chivalry," a series of selections from the writings of Sir Walter Scott, illustrative of the manners and spirit of the Middle Ages. The selections are edited with notes by William J. Rolfe. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

The second and third volumes of "Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia" continue the all-comprehensive work of giving information on every possible subject. It is a combination of a dictionary and a cyclopedia, and the convenient size of the volumes and the clearness of the type render it a valuable book of reference. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 65 cents per volume.

Those who are acquainted with the earlier productions of Samuel Smiles—and who has not, at least, dipped into "Thrift," "Self-Help," and "Character"?—will welcome his latest production, "Life and Labor." Retaining the same anecdotal style that made it predecessors so readable, it gives much information and advice, driven home by a number of pat illustrations and strong examples. The book is primarily addressed to brain-workers, but that term is now so comprehensive that all readers may find much to interest and instruct them in its perusal. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

"An Operetta in Profile," by Czeika, is a quasi-humorous account of the attempted production of an operetta in a small country town. The narrator, a young lady, projects the performance of the operetta as a scheme to assist herself in her matrimonial ambitions. Of course, the usual difficulties are encountered, and everything seems to conspire to overthrow her plans. However, it all comes right in the end, in spite of the failure of the operetta. The book is abundantly padded, and in style suggests one of those disagreeable young ladies who, having consumed, but not assimilated, a miscellaneous mass of literature, pose as wittily sarcastic members of society. The humor in the book is long drawn out, and, therefore, often tiresome. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.; price, $1.00.

The reminiscences of a man whose life has been a long span of intellectual activity, and whose mellow geniality tinges all that he says with a pleasant humor, are always entertaining. And this entertainment is increased when the narrator has come intimately into contact with the private lives of those with whom we have become familiar through their public acts. These charms are enhanced in "What I Remember," a volume of reminiscences by Thomas A. Trollope, by the graceful, chatty style in which anecdote and comment are interwoven. The book well repays perusal, both for its vivid pictures of the life of the last generation which has passed away except in a few rare instances, and for the pleasure of being taken into the intimate life of one whose judgments are mellowed by so long an experience. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

The general interest in questions of naval architecture and armament which has been created by discussion of the defects of our navy, has given rise to a demand for accurate information on the subject, more accessible and less technical than that found in government reports and professional papers. This demand is well met by "Modern Ships of War," in the preparation of which Sir Edward J. Reed, M. P., constructor in the British Navy, and Edward Simpson, Rear Admiral, and J. D. Jerrold Kelley, lieutenant, in our own navy, have worked in collaboration. The book contains quite complete descriptions of the navies of the European powers and of the United States, besides a mass of information on the construction of war vessels and their equipment which can not fail to be of value in the present discussion. The book is copiously illustrated with cuts and various sections of war vessels, diagrams of modern naval weapons, etc. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Moritz Saphir, the witty Austrian journalist, was once standing in a crowded theatre. Some one leaned on his back, thrusting his head over his shoulder. Saphir drew out his handkerchief and wiped the man's nose violently. The latter started back. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Saphir, "I thought it was mine."

A young Boston maiden, visiting in Washington, asked a prominent congressman, whom she had met at a reception, if he was "fond of Carlyle." As the congressman had been snubbed in the make-up of the committees, the answer he made the startled girl was both emphatic and unconventional. "Ah, you prefer Emerson," she remarked, with an effort to appear at her ease, "but won't you please take me to mamma at once!"

In his youth, the late Charles Darwin was passionately moved by music. He often spoke of a peculiar sensation of coldness or shivering in his back on hearing beautiful music, and an old friend quotes a remark made on the occasion of their hearing a fine anthem. At the end of an exceedingly impressive part, he turned to his friend, asking seriously, and with a deep sigh: "How's your backbone?"

The recent death of Dean Scott, of Liddell and Scott fame, recalls an old anecdote of Dean Liddell, told by the old boys of the Blue Coat School (Christ's Hospital), London. Sometimes a boy would construe a passage differently from Dr. Liddell's interpretation, giving "Liddell and Scott" as his authority. The lexicon being produced and the boy's appeal thus sustained, the learned doctor would invariably exclaim: "Dear! dear! what can Mr. Scott have been thinking about?"

A great, but rather indiscreet admirer of Canon Knox-Little's oratory was extolling the same to a certain very eloquent prelate of Irish extraction, and ended with the ill-advised remark, "Yes, my lord, Knox-Little is the greatest preacher in the English Church." "Do you think so, indeed?" "Oh, I see," replied the angry enthusiast, "your lordship thinks, perhaps, he's *Vox et præterea nihil!*" "Not at all," replied the witty bishop; "I should rather say, *Knox et præterea Little.*"

Justice Lamar, as is well known, is a very absent-minded man. A few days ago he boarded a "bob-tail" street-car in Washington, in company with his friend, Senator Cockrell, of Mississippi. The ex-secretary walked dreamily up to the box, and dropped a quarter through the slit. "Why, Lamar!" exclaimed the senator, "what are you doing? You put a quarter in the box." "Why, so I did," replied Mr. Lamar, "and I knew the fare was only five cents." And thereupon he slipped a nickel into the box, thus paying thirty cents for his ride.

Thomas Adolphus Trollope says in his autobiography: "I remember a very elegant lady who, having overheard my present wife mention the fact that a recently published book of mine had been placed in the 'Index Expurgatorius,' asked her, with the intention of being extremely polite and complimentary, whether her (my wife's) books had been put in the 'Index.' And when the latter modestly replied that she had not written anything that could merit such a distinction, her interlocutor, patting her on the shoulder with a kindly and patronizing air, said, 'Oh, my dear, I am sure they will be placed there. They certainly ought to be.'"

When the Corean embassy came to this country, three years ago, they were invited to luncheon at General Hancock's, on Governor's Island, where a review was given in their honor. They were haunted by the fear that the review was merely a trap to murder them, and when each one was taken by an officer, arm and arm, they turned a sickly green. They escaped alive from this part of it, though; but going to luncheon at General Hancock's quarters, the general happening to take up a large and very dangerous-looking carving-knife, and beginning to "whop" it violently on a file, the Coreans made a break for the door, whence yelling and screaming they were hauled back by the officers. They did not recover their self-possession until they were landed on the dock at New York again.

Sheridan Knowles once wanted a certain book and could not get it. A friend advised him to try a circulating library. This advice Knowles took, to the extent of paying a three months' subscription at a library of which the proprietors were Saunders & Ottley, and then went into the country, where he staid three months without drawing a book. Returning to town he called for the book, and was informed that his subscription had expired. At this he was very furious. He had paid a guinea, he said, and had nothing to show for the outlay. Referred by the clerk to one of the proprietors, he denounced the affair as "a confounded swindle." The proprietor then asked him if he intended to be personal. "No," replied Knowles, "on the contrary, if you are Saunders, d—n Ottley, and if you are Ottley, d—n Saunders."

An amusing incident occurred at the Fifth Avenue Theatre recently. It was between the acts, when the audience was just recovering from the horrible fascination of Robert Louis Stevenson's play. Suddenly a man was seen to lean over the balcony rail and clutch wildly at a silk hat which had fallen from its perch upon the plush-covered rail. He was unsuccessful, and he sank back into his seat, aghast with alarm lest the heavy hat should strike some lady. But it didn't. Directly below him sat a fat man with a perfectly bald cranium. Bang! went the hat upon it. The rebound sent the stove-pipe up again several feet, and then it settled, finally, squarely upon the fat man's head. The victim was too astonished to move, but sat still, waiting, no doubt, for a fatal catastrophe, until an usher stepped up to him and observed: "I beg your pardon, sir, but will you kindly remove your hat?"

When the late Professor Moses Stuart Phelps was a student at New Haven, he one morning took a walk with Professor Newton, who lived in the world of mathematics. Professor Newton, according to his usual habit, began the discussion of an abtruse problem. As he went deeper and deeper, Mr. Phelps's mind wandered farther and farther from what was being said. At last, his attention was recalled by his companion's remark. "Which, you see, gives us 'x.'" "Does it?" asked Mr. Phelps, thinking that, in common politeness, he ought to say something. "Why, doesn't it?" excitedly exclaimed the professor, alarmed at the possibility that a flaw had been detected in his calculations. Quickly his mind ran back over his work. There had, indeed, been a mistake. "You are right, Mr. Phelps; you are right!" he shouted. "It doesn't give us 'x'; it gives us 'y.'" From that hour, he looked upon Mr. Phelps as a mathematical prodigy. He was the first man who ever caught the professor tripping.

At Inkermann, one of the most stubbornly fought battles of the Crimean War, a young officer, who had learned at Eton not much from books but a good deal from its sports, was surrounded and made prisoner. While going to the rear in charge of two stalwart Russians, he looked at their long coats and said to himself: "They can't run." Watching his opportunity, he knocked one soldier head over heels, threw the other, by a wrestler's trick, into the mud, and took to his heels. Before his guardians were on their legs and could fire, he had got over a good piece of ground. A Russian lancer made at him; he ran as if leading an Eton foot-race, and cleared a good-sized fence. The lancer cleared it after him, and with lance fixed pressed the fugitive hard. A swollen brook, running fiercely, barred his way. It was seventeen feet wide, but the old Etonian had won the "long jump" when at school, having cleared nineteen feet over Chalvey ditch. He now jumped the brook; the lancer refused to follow, and the young officer ran back into the English lines.

SOCIETY.

The Assembly.

The second and last "assembly" of the season was held at Pioneer Hall, last Wednesday evening, and resulted most successfully. Over four hundred invitations were issued, and about two hundred and fifty were represented in person, which caused the hall to be comfortably filled. The decorations were neat and in quiet taste, comprising long sprays of ferns which trimmed the wall draperies and festoons of smilax that were traced from one end of the hall to the other. A collection of ferns, palms, and other potted plants on the stage completed the embellishment. The guests were late, as usual, in arriving, and it was almost half-past ten o'clock before the dancing commenced. After that, however, everything progressed smoothly, and dancing was kept up until one o'clock, when supper was announced. The lower hall was devoted to this feature of the evening, and was decorated profusely with evergreens and bunches of brakes. The supper was greatly enjoyed, and at its conclusion dancing was resumed until after three o'clock.

Much of the success of the ball is due to the untiring efforts of the committee of arrangements, comprising: Mr. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., and Mr. M. Hall McAllister.

The patronesses of the "assembly" were: Mrs. C. L. Ashe, Mrs. William T. Coleman, Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mrs. J. S. Hager, Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, Mrs. John R. Jarboe, Mrs. F. F. Low, Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. A. M. Parrott, and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Carroll McAfee, Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigne, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, Captain and Mr. W. H. Taylor, Mr. and James A. Robinson, General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Heathcote, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs W. T. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton C. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Ashe, Mr. and Mrs. William Barber, Mr. and Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Captain and Mrs. Eagan, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mrs. Eugene Casserly, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. Morton Cheesman, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. C. L. Ashe, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Hunter, of Kentucky, Miss Pearl Voorhies, Miss Julia Peyton, Miss Fair, Miss Daisy Casserly, Miss Fannie Doyle, Miss Maud Howard, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Minnie Corbitt, Miss Nellie Corbitt, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Julia Tompkins, Miss Susie Tompkins, Miss Lucy Otis, Miss Helen Otis, Miss M. B. West, Miss Mary Bowen, Miss Alice Barber, Miss Macdonough, Miss Lina Blanding, Miss Lina Ashe, Miss Millie Ashe, Miss Bettie Ashe, Miss Inez Shorb, Miss Gwin, Miss Eagan, Miss Smedburg, Mr. John E de Ruyter, Mr. M. Hall McAllister, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., Mr. Carter Tevis, Mr. A. Casserly, Mr. John C. Doyle, Jr., Mr. John Parrott, Mr. Arthur Page, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Winfield S. Jones, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. Herbert Carolan, Mr. S. Boardman, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. E. N. Bee, Mr. Robert Hooker, Mr. Macdonough, Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, Mr. Jerome B. Lincoln, Mr. William S. Barnes, Mr. Wilfrid B. Chapman, Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., Dr. C. W. Deane, U. S. N., Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Mr. Paul Jarboe, Mr. Fred B. Lake, Lieutenant E. W. Van C. Lucas, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. P. Peck, U. S. A., Mr. James Otis, Mr. William R. Sherwood, Mr. Bert Sherwood, Lieutenant Oscar I. Straub, U. S. A., Lieutenant L. H. Strong, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. L. Winn, U. S. A., Mr. A. C. Smith, Mr. Alfred A. Wheeler, Mr. Collin M. Smith, and others.

The Stetson Dinner-Party.

A charming dinner-party was given, last Thursday evening, by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, at their residence on Van Ness Avenue, in honor of Mrs. Le Favor, wife of Lieutenant F. H. Le Favor, U. S. N., who is now in the West Indies. Covers were laid for fourteen at a table that was very prettily decorated. A velvety mass of maidens-hair ferns ornamented the centre, and diverging from it to each plate was a wide ribbon of silk. Extending to each lady's plate was an apple-green ribbon ending in a large bow-knot which was afterward pinned to the corsage, and to the gentlemen's plates were lavender-colored ribbons with a boutonnière of heliotrope and ferns at the end. Thus the colors alternated, making an exquisite effect. Handsome name cards were also provided, each ornamented with the family monogram. An elaborate menu was served, and a couple of hours were delightfully passed at the table, followed by conversation and music in the drawing-room.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, Mrs. F. H. Le Favor, Miss Stetson, Miss Fannie Crocker, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Ida Palache, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Mr. Albert L. Stetson, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. Harry Houghton, and Mr. Joseph M. Quay.

The Voorhies High Tea.

Mrs. A. H. Voorhies gave a pleasant high tea last Saturday afternoon, at her residence, 2310 Clay Street. A large number of her friends called during the hours devoted to the reception, and all were delightfully entertained. The hostess was assisted in receiving by her daughter, Miss Marie Voorhies, and by Miss Gertrude Hyde, Miss Clara Luning, Miss Josephine Hale, Miss Alice Scott, Miss Lulu Holladay, and Miss Belle Reis.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Goad, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Coleman, Mrs. John McMullin, Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke, Mrs. W. T. Wallace, Mrs. C. L. Ashe, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. Chauncey McKeever, Mrs. Alexander Boyd, Mrs. M. S. Latham, Miss Fair, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Fannie Crocker, Miss Phelan, Miss Dulce Bolado, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Miss Maud Howard, Miss Bugbee, Miss Clarke, Miss Julia Bissell, Miss Gwin, Miss Inez Shorb, Miss Allie Hawes, Miss McKeever, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. William Sherwood, Mr. Harry Tevis, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. George T. Marye, Mr. Bert Sherwood, Mr. George D. Boyd, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. Ferd Reis, Mr. Rogers, and others.

Events in Washington.

There are quite a number of San Franciscans in Washington, D. C., at present, and they are adding much to the gayeties of social life there. The following excerpts from the *Star* will give some idea of recent entertainments there:

Senator and Mrs. Stanford entertained a party at a handsome dinner, recently, in honor of Mrs. Grant, their guest. Covers were laid for sixteen. The centre of the table was covered with a scarf of yellow satin edged with green plush, the satin being embroidered in deep blue. On this was placed a silver bowl filled with American Beauty roses and white lilacs. The tall silver candelabra, with white tapers, were set in mats of coleus leaves in many colors. Knots of these brilliant leaves were placed at the corners of the table. The dinner cards were hand-painted in water colors, with pictures of the native flowers of California. That of Mrs. Grant had a snow plant, and that designed for Mrs Newman had the rose of Sharon upon it. From the chandelier overhead streamed long lines of red, white, and blue ribbons that were caught in the candelabra. Mrs. Stanford received her guests in a princesse dress of black velvet enriched with Honiton lace. Senator Stanford took Mrs. Grant out to dinner, and she was accorded the seat of honor. Senator J. P. Jones escorted Mrs. Romero; Dr. J. P. Newman, Mrs. Washington McLean; General E. F. Beale, Mrs. Rucker; Minister Romero took out Mrs. Stanford; Admiral Porter, Mrs. Stewart; General Rucker, Mrs. Newman, and Senator Stewart was paired with Mrs. J. P. Jones.

Senator and Mrs. Hearst gave an elegant reception and ball last week to introduce Miss Anthony, a tall, handsome blonde. The rooms were tastefully decorated with roses, annunciation baskets, and bowls of roses, and draped with liberty silks in soft and dainty blue, pink, and cream colors. The musicians were stationed in the butler's pantry upstairs, the dining-room was given up for dancing, and the supper was laid in the senator's offices down-stairs. The tower-room and the library had cozy nooks for conversationalists and those resting after dancing. Senator and Mrs. Hearst were assisted in receiving by Miss Anthony, the débutante; Mrs. Anthony, Miss Van Ness, and Miss Butterfield, of San Francisco, and Miss Nickerson, of St. Louis. Mrs. Hearst wore an exquisite toilet of French faille, trained, and trimmed with yellow passementerie, low pointed bodice, and diamonds. Miss Anthony wore a simple dress of white, embroidered tulle, with sash and ribbon, trimmed with moire ribbons. She held a bouquet of Puritan roses. Mrs. Anthony wore trained black velvet, trimmed with old Venetian point lace. Miss Van Ness wore white point d'esprit, trimmed with moire ribbons and snow-balls. Miss Butterfield wore green tulle, Pompadour corsage, and carried La France roses. Miss Nickerson wore yellow crêpe and satin, and carried Jacqueminot roses.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Hon. Romualdo Pacheco arrived here from New Mexico on Tuesday, after an absence of several months. Mrs. Pacheco and Miss Mabel Pacheco are in New York city.

Miss Ella Jennings has removed to 1804 Sutter Street.

Mrs. George Atherton, and Mrs. Minnie B. Unger are occupying a handsome flat together, in New York city.

Mr. George Le Roy is expected to arrive here soon from Paris.

Mrs. John McMullin and Mrs. Susie Williams, who are now visiting in Tulare County, will soon go to Los Angeles.

Miss Belle Smith has gone to Virginia, Nev., to visit friends.

Dr. E. George will leave to-day for Los Angeles.

Miss Grace M. Spencer returned to San José last Sunday, after a brief visit to her sister, Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill anticipate a trip to Europe in about two months.

Mrs. H. N. Cook and her little daughter, Miss Ethel, will make a trip to Europe in the spring.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Chadbourne, and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jaynes passed last week at the Long Beach Hotel, Southern California.

Miss Aileen Ivers returned to the city last Sunday, after a visit of several months to her sister, Mrs. William G. Irwin, in Honolulu. She is stopping with her mother at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bandmann, *née* Mau, have returned from their Southern trip.

Misses Norma and Hattie Ryland, of San José, have been passing several days at the Occidental Hotel this week.

Mrs. Henry E. Bothin has been passing several weeks in Southern California.

Colonel E. A. Belcher went to Sacramento this week, and will be away about a fortnight.

Mr. Joseph P. Stanley departed for his cattle range in New Mexico, on Thursday.

Mr. Bert Pearson will go to Idaho soon on a business trip.

Miss May Wickersham, of Petaluma, is the guest of Miss Maud Badlam.

Notes and Gossip

Miss Ella Goad will give a dancing party to her young friends, next Wednesday evening, at her home on Washington Street.

The Misses Beaver entertained a large number of friends pleasantly, last Saturday afternoon, at a high tea which they gave at their residence on Taylor Street. The parlors were handsomely decorated, and the hours were devoted to conversation, music, and the service of light refreshments.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis will give a reception in honor of Mrs. Armden and Miss Voorhies, of Kentucky, on Tuesday evening, February 7th, at their residence on Taylor Street.

A reception will be given by Mrs. Robert Sherwood, next Friday evening, at her residence on California Street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Mullins have issued invittations for a reception to be held at their residence, 1809 Gough Street, next Thursday evening.

The Misses Nightingale will give an "at home," next Tuesday evening, at their residence 200 Haight Street.

The wedding of Miss Belle Sullivan and Lieutenant James A. Turner, U. S. N., will take place in the first week in April. Lieutenant Turner is now stationed with the U. S. steamer *Pinta* at Sitka, Alaska, and will not return to the city until the latter part of March.

Mrs. William M. Stewart and Mrs. R. C. Hooker gave a brilliant reception last week in Washington, D. C., and were assisted in receiving by Mrs. Stuart Taylor and Miss Brooks, of this city.

Mrs. E. J. Bowen will give a high tea, this afternoon, at her residence, 2018 Franklin Street.

The Misses Jessie, Rose, and Isabel Sherwood will give a large dancing party at their residence, 1357 Post Street, on Thursday evening, February 9th.

The marriage of Miss Nettie Schmiedell and Mr. George H. Howard will take place soon after the close of the Lenten season, and not on February 2d, as has been announced in other papers.

Many of the guests at Miss Marguerite Wallace's début reception made their party calls on Thursday evening, and passed the hours pleasantly in dancing.

The Misses Sherwood held an informal reception on Thursday evening, at their residence on Post Street, when about forty of their friends were delightfully entertained. In addition to dancing and a collation, there were vocal and instrumental selections of much merit rendered by the Misses Sherwood, Miss Taaffe, Miss Ada E. Weigel, Mr. J. C. Dunphy, Mr. Hellman, and others.

The bachelor officers at the Presidio gave an enjoyable hop, last night, in honor of the naval officers in the harbor. Dancing was participated in by the many present in the hop-room, and refreshments were served. The pleasant affair ended about midnight.

Mrs. H. L. Tatum entertained a number of ladies at luncheon on Wednesday last. The appointments were perfect, and an elegant menu was enjoyed by those present.

Preparations for the Mardi Gras bal masque at the Art Association's rooms are progressing well, and everything points to an unqualified success. Many new features will be introduced, and some unique costumes are being devised.

The last german of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club will not be a fancy-dress ball as has been previously announced, owing to the fact that it might in some way conflict with the Mardi Gras bal masque at the rooms of the Art Association. Several new figures will be introduced and calcuim lights will brighten them. The german will be held at B'nai B'rith Hall on Friday evening, February 10th.

Army and Navy News.

Lieutenant Lang, R. E., has returned to Victoria, B. C., after a pleasant visit here and in the Southern counties.

Lieutenant Walter W. R. Fisher, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, owing to illness.

Lieutenant Robert H. Anderson, Jr., Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two month's leave of absence.

Colonel Albert Barnitz, U. S. A., retired, is passing the winter here in company with his family.

Lieutenant John A. Towers, First Artillery, U. S. A., has gone to Fort Bidwell, California, on official business.

Lieutenant-Colonel Robert P. Hughes, U. S. A., has been paying a visit to Benicia Barracks.

The collection of French and German paintings imported by S. and G. Gump, which is on exhibition at the Art Association's Rooms, will be sold at auction next Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, at half-past seven o'clock.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Marchetti Concert.

A goodly audience was assembled at Irving Hall, last Monday evening, to listen to the concert given by Signorina Luisa Marchetti, prima donna soprano assoluto. She was assisted by the following local artists: Mrs. E. Westwater, contralto; Mr. Hubert Fortescue, tenor; Signor R. Rosselli, baritone; Herr Karl Formes, basso; Signor F. Dellepiane, pianist; Mr. Noah Brandt, violinist; and Mr. Charles Goffrie, violinist. The programme was an interesting one, comprising the annexed selections:

Sonata—Piano and Violin (First Movement) ..... Beethoven
Mr. Noah Brandt, and Signor F. Dellepiane.
Tenor Solo—"Love's Request" ..... Gabriel
Mr. Hubert M. Fortescue.
Soprano Solo—Rondo—"La Somnambula" ..... Bellini
Signorina Luisa Marchetti.
Violin Solo—"Fantasie Caprice" ..... Vieuxtemps
Mr. Noah Brandt.
Contralto Solo—"O' mio Fernando" ..... Donizetti
Mrs. Eunice Westwater.
Bass Solo—"Madamina" ("Don Giovanni") ..... Mozart
Herr Carl Formes.
Accompanist, Signor F. Dellepiane.
Violin Solo—Second Air Varié ..... Vieuxtemps
Professor Charles Goffrie.
Soprano Solo—Recit. and Cavatina ("Linda di Chamounix") ..... Donizetti
Signorina Luisa Marchetti.
Baritone Solo—"Dio Possente" ("Faust") ..... Gounod
Signor R. Rosselli.
Bass Solo—"Non piu andrai" ("Le Nozze di Figaro") ..... Mozart
Herr Carl Formes.
Soprano Solo—"Il Bacio" ..... Arditi
(With variations composed expressly for Signorina Luisa Marchetti by the author.)
Signorina Luisa Marchetti.
Tenor Solo—"The Bell" ..... Watson
Mr. Hubert Fortescue.

Teachers' Mutual Aid Society.

A musical and literary entertainment was given last night at Odd Fellows' Hall, for the benefit of the San Francisco Teachers' Mutual Aid Society, under the auspices of the Oakland Harmonic Society, of which Mr. D. P. Hughes is musical director and Mr. C. M. Reynolds accompanist, assisted by Mr. Fred Emerson Brooks, Mr. Abe Sundland, Mr. Ivanhoff Lennep, and Mr. J. H. Rosewald. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

Madrigal—"My Bonny Lass She Smileth" (A. D. 1595) ..... Morley
Oakland Harmonic Society.
Piano Solo—(*a.* Fugue ..... Rheinberger; *b.* Minuet ..... Bizet; *c.* Ermani ..... Liszt)
Mr. Abe Sundland.
Baritone Solo—Cavatina, "Figaro," Barbeire ..... Rossini
Mr. H. H. Lawrence, Jr.
Soprano Solo—"Should He Upbraid" ..... Bishop
Mrs. Lincoln Brooks.
Zither Solo—Fantasie, "Rosenzauber" ..... Original
Mr. Ivanhoff Lennep.
Chorus—"Hymn to Music" ..... Dudley Buck
Oakland Harmonic Society.
Violin Solo—"Souvenir du Bosphor" ..... Vieuxtemps
Mr. J. H. Rosewald.
Recitation—"Barnyard Melodies" ..... Original
Mr. Fred Emerson Brooks.
Piano Solo—(*a.* Study in Thirds ..... Chopin; *b.* Valse Caprice ..... Liszt; *c.* Spain ..... Moskowski)
Mr. Abe Sundland.
Contralto Solo—(*a.* "The Maiden's Prayer," M. Helmund; *b.* "God Guard Thee" ..... Nessler)
Miss Mary Barnard.
Four Part Song—"Sweet and Low" (a lullaby) .... Barnby
Oakland Harmonic Society.
Bass Solo ..... Selected
Mr. George C. Carleton.
Recitation—"Shall Bess Come Hame?" ..... Original
Mr. Fred Emerson Brooks.
Solo and Chorus—"Haste Thee, Nymph" ..... Handel
Oakland Harmonic Society.

The Mansfeldt Concert.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt commenced his fourth series of concerts last Tuesday evening, at Irving Hall, and was greeted by a large audience. The programme included several attractive numbers, and all were well given. The selections were as follows:

Trio, Piano, Violin, and 'Cello ..... Reissiger
(*a*) Andante. (*b*) Scherzo. (*c*) Rondo.
Miss Ina Lawson, piano; Miss Susie Blair, violin; Mr. Theodore Mansfeldt, 'cello.
Song—Leggiero ..... Arditi
Miss Josephine Burke.
Piano Solos—(*a*) Nocturne, B flat minor ..... Chopin; (*b*) Prelude, G minor ..... Bach; (*c*) "Rigoletto" ..... Liszt
Mrs. Albert Elkus.
'Cello Solo, Andante cantabile ..... Popper
Mr. Theodore Mansfeldt.
Piano Solos—(*a*) Nocturne ..... Chopin; (*b*) "Mephisto Waltz" ..... Liszt; (*c*) "Storm March" ..... Liszt
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.
Trio, Piano, Violin, and 'Cello ..... Reissiger
(*a*) Moderato. (*b*) Scherzo. (*c*) Finale.
Miss Julia Newman, piano; Miss Susie Blair, violin, Mr. Theodore Mansfeldt, 'cello.
Song—"To the Woods" ..... Wekerlin
Miss Josephine Burke.
Piano Quartet, "Awakening of the Lion" ..... de Kontski
Miss Julia Newman, Miss Minnie Newman, Miss Henrietta Kahn, and Miss Lillie Stern.

The remainder of the concerts will be held on Tuesday evenings of the following dates: February 14th and 28th, and March 13th, and 27th.

Henry Heyman's Recital.

Mr. Henry Heyman gave his third chamber-music recital of the second season last night at Pioneer Hall. He was ably assisted by Miss Cecelia Adler, soprano, and Miss Jessie Gregg, pianiste, in addition to the usual string quartet. A fashionable audience was present, and all of the selections were favorably received. The programme was as follows:

Quartet, op. 44, No. 1 ..... Mendelssohn
Vocal—"Voi che Sapete" ..... Mozart
Quartet—"Andante" (first time) ..... J. von Beliczay
Piano Soli (first time) ..... Ph. Scharwenka
Two Songs ..... Schumann
Quintet, op. 70, piano and strings (first time, ... Jadassohn

A testimonial concert will be given at B'nai B'rith Hall, next Monday evening, by Mme. Louise Pyk, who will have the assistance of some of our best local talent in presenting an excellent programme. A large and fashionable audience is expected.

The German crown princess was taking a walk, the other day, near San Remo, when she saw two boys who had fallen into the road from a high garden wall and had injured their heads. The princess asked her attendants to carry the boys to a neighboring villa, and meanwhile went herself for a physician. Before departing she gave each of the boys a few francs, to the great consternation of the police-captain, who expects that there will be falls from garden-walls now every time the princess takes a walk.

In Breslau, Germany, a chimney fifty-four feet in height has been constructed entirely of solid blocks of paper firmly compressed together, the blocks being placed carefully one on the top of the other, and joined together with a special cement. The chimney is non-inflammable, and, by the nature of the material, quite secure from lightning.

— EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

Making Ends Meet.

To make ends meet is happiness. So to make a corset fit perfectly and set perfect on the form without discomfort and distortion is the greatest happiness for ladies. Nothing can injure the wearer more than a poor fitting corset. Much suffering can be avoided by using the proper corsets. Ladies, remember that Freud's Corset House, Nos. 742 and 744 Market St., and 10 and 12 Grant Avenue, is the only place where every lady can obtain the best corsets adapted to each individual form. Beware of imitators. Catalogues sent free on application. Address mail orders Freud & Son, 742 and 744 Market Street. Make no mistake.

The Lucky Man.

As was announced in last week's *Era*, the sum of $5,000 was won in Benicia at the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. As the holder of the lucky ticket kept the good news to himself, hundreds of people have been giving their leisure time in trying to ferret out the fortunate person. On Thursday noon, Mr. L. C. Atwood, our City Treasurer, and Manager of the Western Union Telegraph office, of this place, quietly informed the astonished public that he was the holder of the coupon of ticket 8,180, which won the prize of $100,000, in the December drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, one-twentieth part of the ticket, or $5,000 having been received from Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express in hard twenty-dollar gold-pieces on Thursday evening. A few moments after its arrival Mr. Atwood accompanied by express agent Durner repaired to his home, and presented the money to his wife as a Christmas gift. This was her first news of the happy Christmas in store for her; both herself and husband have taken the matter very coolly. Of the many hundreds of dollars paid out in Benicia for lottery tickets monthly, at last good fortune has visited the home of one deserving family who thoroughly appreciate the gift, and will surely make the best of use of it. The unanimous verdict is "I am glad of it, as a more deserving family could not have been favored." The New Year begins its career in this home under brighter and happier auspices than they could have dreamed for. The lucky ticket was the fifth one ever purchased by Mr. Atwood.—*Benicia* (Cal.) *New Era*, January 4th.

Art Notes.

Almost a new era in the art-life of California is marked by the exhibition of such a collection of paintings as has covered the walls of the Art Association Rooms, 430 Pine Street, during the past week. It has caused more stir among local artists and aroused more enthusiasm among art patrons than any similar exhibition ever held in this city. The works have been selected by Messrs. S. and G. Gump during their recent trip to Europe, and comprise some prize-winners of the Paris Salon as well as excellent examples of the Munich and Italian schools. Among the many paintings that catch and retain one's eye, "Entering the Convent," by Jeanne Rongier, is, perhaps, the most notable. It received the third class medal at the Salon of 1887, and has been made familiar the world over by careful reproduction in the *Illustrated London News*, *Harper's Bazar*, and the Paris *Monde Illustré*. In technique and coloring, in composition and subject, it is a model work of its kind; and it should certainly be bought in by some philanthropist for presentation to a public institution before it is snapped up by some wealthy connoisseur and hidden in his private gallery. "The Duke's Visit to a Village Tavern," by Cesare Detti, is another notable picture. Detti was a pupil of Fortuny, and is one of the best painters of this brilliant school. There is a rich tone about it which makes it a splendid example of his style. "The Life-Boat," by George Haquette, is another gem. Haquette's pictures have received medals at half-a-dozen famous exhibitions, including the Salon and the Triennial Exhibit at Amiens in 1887; and Messrs. Gump have been most fortunate in seeing "The Life-Boat," as it is the only one of his paintings that has been offered in this country, except those sold by Knoedler & Co., of New York. Müller Lingke's "The Marriage Contract" is still another famous canvas. This exquisite picture was purchased at the Munich Academy of Art, where it was rightly considered equal to the work of Defregger, under whom Müller Lingke studied. "Salomé" is the only example of Edouard Richter's work in this city, except one in the possession of Mr. Irving M. Scott, and is a beautiful thing in its warm tints, its effective lights and shades, and its fine drawing. But if one attempted to describe all that one admires in this collection, one would have to include almost everything. There are landscapes of all kinds, marine scenes in mild and stormy weather, *genre* pieces showing the prince's palace and the peasant's cot, portraits, historical and legendary pictures, and representations of a thousand forms of life and thought. Even a list of the artists would fill much space. Of the modern French school, there are fine specimens of Jeanne Rongier, Bonnefay, D'Acosta, Pecrus, Grandjean, Richter, Rozier, Gavarni, Haquette, and others; of the Munich school, Homborg, Hotner, Schroder, Kleechas, Müller Lingke, Olason, Eisermann, Hacker, Paul Wagner, and their confrères; and besides these, some few good artists of other schools are represented. This collection will be sold at the Art Association Rooms, at auction, on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday of next week, the sale commencing at half-past seven, under the direction of Easton, Eldridge & Co., auctioneers.

Saint Mark's.

The first proofs of Otto Bacher's Etchings have arrived. W. K. Vickery, 108 Grant Avenue.

The Cold Weather

has had a terrible effect on the complexions of the few San Francisco belles who do not use Rachel's Enamel Bloom as a protection. For sale by all druggists.

—COLONIAL HOUSES.—FOR PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS be sure to favor us with a call. B. McDougall & Son, architects, 330 Pine Street, San Francisco.

— STEELE'S Palace Drug Store.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN

A LETTER FROM LONDON.

War Talk and the New American Club.

This is the twenty-sixth of December, 1887. There are heavy war-clouds hanging over Europe, in spite of what is being circulated to the contrary by the easy-going. Let us look at the situation, and see if it does not look so; let us see what they are saying and doing across the channel. Undoubtedly the original or rather the radical issue is what Russia and Austria "are going to do about it." Their bone of contention is not a new-fangled affair, but one of long standing; they are like duellists who wish to keep up their honor, the honor and fame of their armies, and the minute one knocks the chip off the other one's shoulder, away they'll go.

The reports of the Czar's operations in Poland are to-day verified. There are two hundred thousand men massed along the Vistula; pontoons are being carried down that river for the transportation of troops. Barracks are being erected on a large scale for the accommodation of these troops, and the expense incurred is enormous and can mean only "business." Austria, of course, is making a counter movement in Galicia, where she is busily engaged in mobilizing her entire forces. There have been heavy falls on the Vienna Exchange, and the combined Austro-Hungarian premiers are at present in consultation with Franz Joseph.

King Milan of Servia said to his parliament on Sunday last: "The present moment is fraught with danger to Europe. Should a conflict ever break out between German and Slavonic ideas, Servia should be only a spectator, for though Servian individuality can not be Germanized, it might be Slavonicized, and then it would disappear." As the ministry is slavophile, the king must think the contest very near. Prince William, of Germany, who is placed in the most trying position at present, said to his soldiers at Potsdam, "Hussars, since last year, when we celebrated the Christmas festival here together, the times have changed, and have become serious. We are standing before, perhaps, an uncertain future, and it behooves us to think of the device on our helmets: '*With God, for king and fatherland!*'" It seems to be the prevailing idea in America that it is to be a war of rulers; that the Czar and the emperors have it in their hands, like Cato of old (though under somewhat different circumstances), to say to each other, "Behold, we give you war or peace. Which will you have?" This does not seem to be the truth, however, for it is the Pan-Slavists who are urging the Czar on, and even, perhaps, threatening him. It is the Hungarians who are urging upon their emperor the necessity of preparation. It is the *people* of Germany who, moved by intolerable fear of what may occur when Prince Bismarck passes away, are urging him to seize any opportunity. The Slav cloud and the German cloud are swinging nearer together, and though we may talk of this monarch's folly and that monarch's intrigue, the explosion will be very like some operation of nature. These are the sentiments of thinking Englishmen in this most trying hour. John Bull, for the most part, is at present sleeping over his Christmas plum-pudding, and, in any case, is not fully aroused to the situation until the last moment. Even Mr. Gladstone, in his speech to-day at Dover, touched not at all on this great question of the day, but contented himself with talking about himself and Ireland. But from all appearances, John Bull has one of his eyes open enough to see a little something; his army is having a new suit of red, and brass buttons, and a new gun; and I do not doubt the navy is being carefully inspected. They have sent Randolph Churchill to St. Petersburg to find out "what the devil the Czar is up to," and he will find it out, too, and probably keep it quiet until he gets back.

London is very dreary at this season, and particularly cold. Everybody who can goes into the country for Christmas, where family gatherings are indulged in, and everything connected with London and affairs of the outside world is, for the time, forgotten. It is curious to an American, how Englishmen drop their business as soon as they leave their offices. In a club one never hears business discussed; and at home such things as the office and what is going on there are never mentioned.

The new American Club here is a success, beyond doubt. It is gotten up by Englishmen who have been the recipients of hospitality from Americans in North and South America, and the Indies. It is not advertised in the least, and is, on the contrary, so quiet and secluded in this world of clubs that many Americans pass through London town without knowing of its existence. The committee is composed mostly of Englishmen; Sir Edward Thornton is chairman. A man must be introduced by a member of the club, or by the directors of some club in America with whom the committee are in communication. Any member of the Union or Pacific Clubs in San Francisco, for instance, can come up for election without being introduced. The spirit of the club is very conservative. There are about three hundred members, of whom two hundred are resident here, including Americans and English, and one hundred are Americans who are supernumeraries, and live on the continent or in America. It is an excellent idea, having a club for Americans here, as it will give the right kind of Americans a place to come to, where they can play American billiards, get an American drink (they know nothing about mixed drinks in England), and eat an American dinner. The English clubs here are too crowded altogether. Think of the Constitutional Club with six thousand members, and as many more on the waiting list! What is an American to do, or other foreigner, no matter how distinguished? There is simply no room for him; he would be in the way if he were to put up for a week, and would feel most uncomfortable. One good thing about English clubs, however, is the fact that a member may invite the same friend to dinner, or any meal, as often as he likes, every day in the year; although he can't take him into all the rooms. When they are crowded it would be well nigh impossible to do so.

The Americans and the English men will be glad to see any American gentlemen who come here, and are either known or come introduced, and it is to be hoped that they will be induced to stay longer in London than they are wont to do, by reason of its proving a sort of home for them. The Englishmen have started the ball "a-rolling"; it is for the Americans to follow them up, and make the club a continued success.

I remain, my dear Isis, for the present, yours frostily, (with the thermometer at fifteen degrees Fahrenheit.) QUINTILIAN.

21 HALLMOON STREET, LONDON, W.

[illegible]dren of Bogota carry their own chairs to [illegible] as well as their own pens and ink.

LES MISÈRABLES.

Young Mrs. Ennui—Why, Jeannette, I thought you were still abroad!

Young Mrs. Blasé—I was, until I sailed a fortnight ago.

Young Mrs. Ennui—What brought you home?

Young Mrs Blasé—I really don't know.

Young Mrs Ennui—There's absolutely nothing in New York.

Young Mrs Blasé—There was nothing in London or Paris, and we spent last winter in the Riviera.

Young Mrs. Ennui—What *is* one to do?

Young Mrs Blasé—I really don't know.

Young Mrs. Ennui—There are no new fashions in dinners or gowns.

Young Mrs Blasé—I've been presented, and I've owned a Japanese spaniel at least a month.

Young Mrs. Ennui—And I had a white and gold room last season.

Young Mrs. Blasé—I brought home an Indian ayah for the children.

Young Mrs. Ennui—Do you find her interesting?

Young Mrs. Blasé—Rather picturesque, you know. The children are afraid of her.

Young Mrs. Ennui—Are they, indeed?

Young Mrs Blasé—Yes; I have a French *bonne* besides.

Young Mrs. Ennui—I had a Chinese page at Newport this summer.

Young Mrs Blasé—Yes; did you bring him to New York?

Young Mrs Ennui—Oh, no, indeed! Why, I had him two months!

Young Mrs. Blasé—So long as that?

Young Mrs. Ennui—Yes. I suppose the children are well?

Young Mrs. Blasé—Oh, yes, I believe so; I saw them at dessert last night.

Young Mrs. Ennui—You know Fido died last summer?

Young Mrs. Blasé—How sad!

Young Mrs. Ennui—Yes; I had three doctors.

Young Mrs. Blasé—What *was* the trouble?

Young Mrs Ennui—Some heart affection, I think. The doctors suggested he might have eaten something that disagreed with him.

Young Mrs. Blasé—Physicians are so unsympathetic. Why, Babette had an *attaque de nerfs* the other day, and Dr. Blunt called it fits.

Young Mrs. Ennui—So distressing!

Young Mrs. Blasé—Yes; I shall never employ him again.

Young Mrs Ennui—We buried Fido on the ocean lawn.

Young Mrs. Blasé—My poor Arabella!

Young Mrs Ennui—Yes; I sent lovely mourning cards to all his little dog friends.

Young Mrs. Blasé—How sweet!

Young Mrs Ennui—They were very unique. We draped his basket in white; black seemed so sombre for the dear little fellow.

Young Mrs. Blasé—Of course!

Young Mrs Ennui—And I had a fac-simile of his head cut in onyx for a seal, and used it in lavender wax on all my letters for a fortnight. Poor little Fido!

Young Mrs. Blasé—Oh, that was really touching!

Young Mrs. Ennui—It was all very interesting.

Young Mrs. Blasé—Oh, it must have been! If Babette should die, I should use pale-blue wax; her skin is so pink the combination would be quite Frenchy.

Young Mrs. Ennui—Yes, indeed!

Young Mrs. Blasé—I think I must go now. Where do you show to-night?

Young Mrs Ennui—I really don't know. My maid keeps my tablets to lay out the gowns.

Young Mrs. Blasé—Well, I shall be there, I presume.

Young Mrs. Ennui—Yes; it would be a boon not to be asked somewhere.

Young Mrs. Blasé—I'm positively desperate for a new emotion.

Young Mrs. Ennui—I think seriously of putting a marble-top table in my boudoir.

Young Mrs. Blasé—That would be startling. What can I do?

Young Mrs. Ennui—You might use gilt-edged visiting-cards

Young Mrs. Blasé—I believe I will. Fancy being actually harrowed!

Young Mrs. Ennui—I have not asked after Mr. Blasé.

Young Mrs. Blasé—He is *en voyage;* the steamer must be due now.

Young Mrs. Ennui—He did not come with you, then?

Young Mrs. Blasé—Oh, dear, no. We should have bored one another to death!

Young Mrs Ennui—I know. I met Mr. Ennui out one night last week, and he proposed a trip to California by special car.

Young Mrs. Blasé—It would have been horribly tiresome.

Young Mrs. Ennui—Yes, indeed! I said: "Why, Harold, I should have to see you every day for a whole week!"

Young Mrs. Blasé—Oh, it is all so very fatiguing!

—*Philip H. Welch in Puck*

Reward.

One thousand dollars will be paid for each and every grain of poisonous substance found in Wisdom's Robertine—for beautifying and preserving the complexion, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, and all blemishes and roughness of the skin. Used and endorsed by the élite of society and the stage. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle. White and flesh. E. W. Joy, Agent, San Francisco.

— SANTA CRUZ SUBURBAN AND SEASIDE BUILDING Sites, still at reasonable prices. Also Vineyards, Orchards, and Fruit lands totally independent of irrigation. In a climate of the very happiest medium, surrounded by exquisite scenery. Illustrated price list free. Address, Exchange & Mart, Santa Cruz, California.

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THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST

FOR 1888.

Up to the beginning of the year 1886, the *Argonaut* had always refrained from clubbing arrangements with other periodicals. But shortly prior to that time several advantageous offers from other publishers induced the *Argonaut* to begin such arrangements with the year 1886. During the past two years we have added to the list, and the result has been so satisfactory, both to the other publishers as well as ourselves, that we again increase the list for the year 1888. We now place before the public a list of THIRTY-ONE PERIODICALS which can be taken at clubbing rates with the *Argonaut*. By arrangements with the publishers we are enabled to offer these periodicals at the very lowest rates. Each of the periodicals we have selected is one of the finest of its class.

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the *Argonaut* for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail	**$7.00**
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail	**6.00**
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	**5.90**
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail	**6.00**
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One year, by Mail	**6.50**
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and Harper's Young People for One Year, by Mail	**5.00**
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail	**4.50**
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail	**4.50**
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World, One Year, by Mail	**5.50**
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The Argonaut and the English Illustrated Magazine for One Year, by Mail	**4.75**
The Argonaut and the Atlantic Monthly for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and Outing for One Year, by Mail	**5.75**
The Argonaut and Forest and Stream for One Year, by Mail	**6.50**
The Argonaut and Judge for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and the New York Spirit of the Times for One Year, by Mail	**8.00**
The Argonaut and the Nineteenth Century (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and the Contemporary Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and the Fortnightly Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and the Westminster Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.00**
The Argonaut and the Edinburgh Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and the Quarterly Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and the Scottish Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and the Critic for One Year, by Mail	**5.90**
The Argonaut and Life for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and the Youth's Companion for One Year, by Mail	**4.75**
The Argonaut and Puck for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**

This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.

Educational.

H. B. PASMORE, Teacher of Vocal Music and Harmony, will resume tuition at his new residence, 1426 Washington Street, near Hyde, on August 1st. Mr. Pasmore studied in London with William Shakespeare, of the Royal Academy, and in Leipsic with S. Jadassohn. Harmony lessons in classes and by mail. Text book, Torek and Pasmore's translation of Jadassohn's Manual

MR. & MRS. H. J. STEWART,
TEACHERS OF MUSIC,
Lessons in Pianoforte, Singing, Organ and Harmony.
1513 Hyde Street, (near Jackson).

MR. ALFRED J. KELLEHER,

Teacher of vocal music, desires to announce that he will resume teaching January 3. Information regarding instruction by classes may be had by writing, or calling, to 2324 CLAY STREET, San Francisco. (California Street car to Webster Street.)

LOUIS SCHMIDT,
Organist of First Unitarian Church and Temple Emanu-El,
Teacher of Piano, Organ, and Harmony, 810 Leavenworth Street, S. F.

SIGNOR ROSELLI, Teacher of Vocal Music. Pupils prepared for the Operatic and Concert Stage. SPECIAL STUDIES.—The Medium Register (for acquiring tone and compass). Teaching-room in the warerooms of F. W. Spencer & Co., 725 Market Street. Address, 202 Ellis Street.

ZEITSKA INSTITUTE,
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French, German, and English Day and Boarding Scho for young ladies and children. KINDERGARTEN. Physical Culture a specialty. Winter term begins Jan. 5th
MISS MARY LAKE, MME. B. ZISKA, A. M., } Principals.

VAN NESS SEMINARY,
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1222 Pine Street, - San Francisco, Cal.
(near Leavenworth, between Sutter and California.)
Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children. A few vacancies in the Senior, Junior, Preparatory, Primary, and Kindergarten Departments.
MRS. S. B. GAMBLE, MISS EMILY EDMUNDS, } Principals.
Spring Term commences January 9th, 1888.

MEISTERSCHAFT
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324 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Spanish, French, German and Italian thoroughly and and rapidly taught by Dr. Rosenthal's celebrated "Meisterschaft System." Classes and private lessons. New classes in each language now forming. For circulars or information apply to **CHAS. H. SYKES, Principal.**

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Special Attention and Advantages for fitting Boys for a Scientific or Classical Course.
REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER,
Principal.
TWENTY-TWO YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL WORK.
Easter Term will open January 5th, 1888.

IRVING INSTITUTE.

A SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.
The next session will begin Monday, January 9th, 1888. For catalogue or information address the Principal, REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A. M., 1036 Valencia Street, San Francisco, Cal.

NAPA LADIES' SEMINARY,
NAPA CITY, CAL.
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS AND YOUNG LADIES.
The next term will begin Monday, Jan. 9, 1888.
English is taught by High School, Normal School, and University students.
The Principal is pleased to announce that the position of Musical Director will be filled by HARRISON MILLARD, the distinguished composer and professor of New York city, so well known throughout the country, by his fine musical compositions. Mlle. Millard, his daughter, will take the department of French,
For further information, address
MISS K. V. DARLING, Principal.

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FRANK B. HARDEN,
822 Sixteenth Street, - - Oakland, Cal.

Transportation--Rail.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO

LEAVE (for)	From January 1, 1888.	ARRIVE (from)
8 00 A.	Calistoga and Napa	10.10 A.
4 00 P.	" " "	6.10 P.
8.30 A.	Colfax, via Livermore	5.40 P.
3.30 P.	Galt, via Martinez	11.10 A.
9.30 A	c. Haywards and Niles c	12.40 P.
10.30 A.	" " "	3.40 P.
5 30 P.	c. " " " c	8.40 P.
*6.00 A.	c Haywards c	*8.10 A.
12.00 M.	c. " c	2.40 P.
8.00 A.	Ione, via Livermore	5.40 P.
4.00 P.	Knight's Landing	10.10 A.
*4.30 P.	Livermore and Pleasanton	*8.40 A.
7.30 A.	LosAngeles, Deming, El Paso, & East	6.40 P.
3.30 P.	Los Angeles and Mojave	11.10 A.
‡3.30 P.	Milton	*5 40 P.
7.00 A.	Ogden and East	8.10 A.
5 00 P.	" " "	10.40 A.
8.00 A.	Red Bluff, via Marysville	5.40 P.
8 00 A.	Redding via Willows	6.10 P.
7 00 A.	Sacramento, via Benicia	8.10 A.
8.00 A.	" via Benicia	6.10 P.
8.00 A.	" " via Livermore	5.40 P.
5 00 P.	" via Benicia	10.40 A.
4.00 P.	" via Benicia	10.10 A.
6.30 P.	" via Benicia	7.40 A.
*1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	*6.00 A.
8.00 A.	San Jose	*3.40 P.
‡10.30 A.	" "	‡3.40 P.
12.00 M.	" " c	8.40 P.
3.00 P.	" "	9.40 A.
*4.30 P.	" "	.....
3.30 P.	Santa Barbara	11.10 A.
8.00 A.	Stockton, via Livermore	5.40 P.
3.30 P.	" " via Martinez	11.10 A.
6.00 P.	Siskiyou and Portland	7.40 A.

A for morning. P for afternoon.
Sundays excepted. ‡Sundays only. †Saturdays excepted.
C—Take ferry train and change cars at East Oakland.

From San Francisco, daily.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00.

To 23D AVENUE, EAST OAKLAND—Same as "To East Oakland" until 6.00 P.M. inclusive, also at 7.00, 8.00, 10.00 P.M.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 8.00, 10.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., *2.00, 6.30, 12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, ‡2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, ‡2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—Same as "To Berkeley.'

To San Francisco, daily.

From FRUIT VALE—6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50, 9.20, *10.19, *2.49, 4.20, 4.50, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 8.50, 10.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.21, 5.51, ‡9.15, *2.38, *3.15.

From 23D AVENUE, EAST OAKLAND—6.55, 7.25, 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55, 10.25, 10.55, 11.25, 11.55, 12.25, 12.55, 1.25, 1.55, 2.25, 2.55, 3.25, 3.55, 4.25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55 6.25, 6.55, 7.55, 8.55, 10.53.

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—7 minutes later than from East Oakland.

From ALAMEDA—*5.25, 5.55, *6.25, 6.55, *7.25, 7.55, *8.25, 8.55, 9 25, 9.55, ‡10.25, 10.55, ‡11.25, 11.55, ‡12.25, 12.55, ‡1.25, 1.55, ‡2.25, 2.55, 3.25, 3.55, 4.25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6.55, 7.55, 8 55, 9.55, 10.55.

From BERKELEY—*5.25, 5.55, *6.25, 6.55, *7.25, 7.55, *8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55, ‡10.25, 10.55, ‡11.25, 11.55, ‡12.25, 12.55, ‡1.25, 1.55, ‡2.25, 2.55, 3.25, 3.55, 4.25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6.55, 7.55, 8.55, 9.55, 10.55.

rom WEST BERKELEY—Same as "From Berkeley.

Creek Route.

From SAN FRANCISCO—*7.15, 9.15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5.15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by Lick Observatory.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY,

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

Passenger Trains leave Station, foot of Market Street, south side at

4.00 A. M., (Sundays only, Hunter's train to San Jose, stopping at all way stations, returning arrives in San Francisco, 7.20 P. M.

8.15 A. M., daily, for Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all Way Stations.

2.15 P. M. (except Sunday), Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, New Almaden, Los Gatos. and all stations to SANTA CRUZ. and Boulder Creek.

4.15 P. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and intermediate points.

$5 Excursions to SANTA CRUZ and BOULDER CREEK, on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, to return on MONDAY inclusive.

$1.75 to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return, Sundays only.

LOCAL FERRY TRAINS.

TO OAKLAND AND ALAMEDA, DAILY.

§6 15, §6 45, §7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9 45, 10.15, 10 45 11.15, 11.45 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 P.M.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From Fourteenth and Franklin Sts., Oakland—§5.45, §6.15, §6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 P. M.

From High Street, Alameda—§5.31, §6.01, §6.31, 7.01, 7.31, 8.01, 8.31, 9.01, 9.31, 10.01, 10.31, 11 01, 11.31 A. M., 12.01, 12.31, 1.01, 1.31, 2.01, 2.31, 3.01, 3.31, 4.01 4.31, 5.01, 5.31, 6.01, 6.31, 7.16, 8.16, 9.16, 10.16, 11.01 P. M.

§ Sundays excepted.

TICKET OFFICES, 613 Market Street, under Grand Hotel, and Rotunda, Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco.

L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. S. P. C. Ry. Div.
W. T. FITZGERALD, Gen. Frt & Pass. Agt. S. P. C. Ry. Div.

Transportation--Rail.

NORTHERN DIVISION
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

TIME SCHEDULE.

LEAVE S. F.	In effect January 1, 1888.	ARRIVE S. F.
12.01 P.	.....Cemetery and San Mateo.....	2.30 P.
† 7.00 A.	.....San Mateo, Redwood, and... ..... Menlo Park.....	6.40 A.
8.30 A.		* 8.00 A.
10.30 A.		9.03 A.
* 3.30 P.		*10.02 A.
4.30 P.		† 3.30 P.
5.10 P.		4.36 P.
6.30 P.		6.40 P.
‡11.45 P.		‡ 7.50 P.
8.30 A.	....Santa Clara, San Jose, and.... .....Principal Way Stations.....	9.03 A.
10.30 A.		*10.02 A.
* 3.30 P.		4.36 P.
4.30 P.		6.40 P.
10.30 A.	....Almaden and Way Stations....	4.36 P.
8.30 A.	.....Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville.....	*10.02 A.
* 3.30 P.	..... Salinas, and Monterey	6.40 P.
8.30 A.	.....Hollister and Tres Pinos.....	*10.02 A.
* 3.30 P.		†6.40 P.
8.30 A.	....Watsonville, Aptos, Soquel....	*10.02 A.
* 3.30 P.	....(Capitola), and Santa Cruz. ..	6.40 P.
8.30 A.	..Soledad, Paso Robles, Templeton. (San Luis Obispo), and Way Stations	6.40 P

A.—Morning. P.—Afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. † Sundays only.
† Theatre train, Saturdays only.

Nearly all rail line to SAN LUIS OBISPO; only 24 miles staging from Templeton; time from S. F. 12 hours. Through rate, $8.50.

Round-trip tickets to Lick Observatory (Mt. Hamilton). Rate, $5.50.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—SOLD SUNDAY MORNING; good for return same day.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street Valencia Street Station, No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel, and Rotunda, Baldwin Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Monday, October 17, 1887, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUCELITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A.M., 3.25, 4.50, 6.10, P.M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A.M., 1.30, 3.15, 5.15, P.M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P.M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A.M., 3.25, 4.55 P.M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A.M., 12.00 M., 1.30, 3.15, 5.15 P.M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45, 6.25 P.M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUCELITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.20, 10.00, 11.45 A.M, 4.05, 5.30 P.M.
Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A.M., 12.45, 2.15, 4.00, 6.00, P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30, 7.05 P.M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11.00 A.M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Ingram's and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Ingram's at 6.30 A.M., arrives at San Francisco at 12.15 P.M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howards, 3.50; Ingram's, $4.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Ingram's daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen'l Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

General Offices 327 Pine Street.

A Decisive Step.

His chum came in and found him slipping a lock of hair into an envelope—not furtively or surreptitiously or hurriedly; but just jabbing it under cover in a calm, business-like way.

"Hello!" said the visitor, "what's up?"

"Nothing," he answered. "I'm only sending back Miss Hamilton-Highlow's hair, that's all."

"Engagement off again?"

"Yep."

"How many times does this make?"

"Five. It's final this time, though, one way or the other."

"Does she say so?"

"Oh, she always says it's final. *I'm* fixing things just now. It's off forever, or cards out before Lent!"

"How do you do it?"

"Little scheme of my own. You know the color of her hair, don't you?"

"Sorter brown, isn't it?"

"Warm brown, with a little raw umber in it."

"Well?"

"Well, this sample of hair I'm doing up is red—good, regular standard red. I tell you, we're going to get down to hard-pan emotion this trip. She'll know whether she loves me or not; and if she does, she'll walk me in by the ear and go gunning for white horses."—*Puck.*

An Energetic Widow.

"So the sad event has taken place?" said a friend, in a sympathetic tone of voice, to the wife of a great American pugilist, who had passed away.

"Yes, poor Mike died last night."

"It is all so sad," continued the friend; "so very sad! Just as the arrangements were being made for his great fight with the English champion, too."

"Oh, well," replied the widow, brightening up a little, "as far as that is concerned, his death won't make any difference. You know I always wrote all his challenges, anyhow; so this morning I wrote up one to the Englishman that will make his teeth chatter when he reads it, and just as you came in I was writing a piece for the papers in which Mike says that if it's necessary for the credit of our country he'll take the British lion itself right by the tail, and pound it round the sharp edge of Bunker Hill monument till it roars for mercy. Oh, in the coming fight the public won't notice my husband's being dead at all."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A precious stone of much interest is an opaque white hydrophane discovered in Colorado. The finder has named it "magic stone," because, as usual with this mineral, it possesses the property of becoming absolutely transparent if water is dropped slowly on it from one to three minutes. It is so porous that it will absorb its own weight of water. It quickly recovers its opacity. The finder suggests that the stone be used for seals, rings, and scarf pins, as by reason of its opacity it would completely conceal portraits, mottoes, or mementoes, which could be brought to view when desired by the application of a little water.

A young fellow has got into trouble in London for inventing the following dodge, which certainly combines originality and simplicity in a very uncommon degree. Being good-looking, and of very pleasant manners, he has been accustomed to persuade the drivers of parcel-delivery vans to give him a lift when on their rounds. He never stole anything, but took the opportunity of substituting his own address for that on any package which seemed likely to contain valuables. It was naturally delivered in due course, and the cost of transit paid without a murmur.

It is thought that Cape Cod is being eaten up by the sea, and in time will disappear. "The Provincetown *Advocate* says that "less than one hundred years have passed since a lighthouse was placed here by the Government. The original purchase included a plot of land ten acres in extent. At the present time this inclosure embraces barely six acres. On a point just north of the Marine Station at Highland Light, the face of the bluff has moved inland two hundred feet in the past five years."

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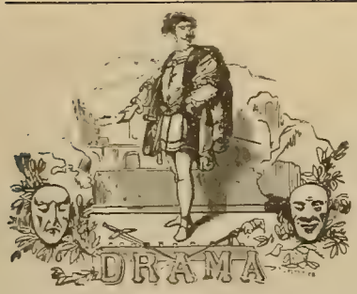

"Dorothy" is a pretty little English bubble of dainty, pleasant music, which falls so lightly and smoothly on the ear that you do not quite know how much you are enjoying until it has ceased.

It has an air of its own, and is like nothing else on the stage in music, but there is a breath of the old English comedies throughout its simple string of action. We thought we had come direct upon our old friends, Martha and Nancy, once again, but it was only another pair of fine ladies masquerading. Fine ladies are so much alike that it is not strange they should be taken for one another, even in an opera. And when, presently, the scene shifted and we went to Chanticleer Hall, why, then Martha and Nancy faded into thin air, and behold! we were with the Hardcastles of Oliver Goldsmith, with the graceless nephew spurning the match that had been made for him with his pretty cousin, for love of an humbler pair of bright eyes, and another pair of lovers dangling in the background to keep them company.

Then came the expansive Priscilla, but she belongs at the Manor Farm, of Dingley Dell, in the "Pickwick Papers," and the amorous Lurcher is suspiciously like Mr. Alfred Jingle.

But these are only haunting fancies out of the well-known pages of English literature. Country-life in the tight little island is not an easy thing to ring changes upon. It is all alike, from Land's End to John o' Groats.

Set it all back a hundred years, to give it color and background, and we have Corydon and Phyllis in the fields, and the comfortable squire in the Hall, and lo! the story is half told. Give each lass a lover, pepper the way with a little difficulty, and they will sing their way to a finale.

The finale in each operatic case is that number which the composer suspects will be the popular one. The composer hit it in this case, in so far as the first production in San Francisco is concerned. The singing honors fell to Mr. Murray, who, as Squire Bantam, made every one welcome to Chanticleer Hall in a good song, with an alluring refrain and a good, long, ringing note in it.

It is the most spirited number of them all, with the exception of the tally-ho chorus, which is lively enough to make one perfectly willing to get up at four o'clock and go a-hunting, when a southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim it a hunting morning.

It is true that a stickler might find that the huntsmen come in rather hard upon the hour of retiring, and it would scarcely seem to have been twelve of the clock when the pink-coats entered. But it was a wild night in Chanticleer Hall, what with the mazes of the gavotte, the bogus burglary, and the amours of Priscilla and the sheriff's officer, and the gray dawn came before it was expected.

Where but in a purely English opera could such an interruption come at such an hour?

In a French opera, a set of gendarmes might have popped in to arrest somebody; in German opera, some wandering troops might seek shelter at a critical stage of the story. But what English household would not be willing to be waked at four in the morning by huntsmen and hounds?

The pride of the London production is a pack of fox-hounds, who face the footlights with all the unconsciousness of genius and are the darlings of gallery, pit, and stalls. It is half the sight of them, clustering about the keeper, that gives the bright tally-ho chorus eight and ten recalls of a night. We had three ourselves without any hounds to put us in humor, and that is a great deal for our frigid first-night house.

An artist would better sing a new opera to a walrus, a polar bear, and an Alaskan seal, seated in solemn council on a Nova Zembla iceberg, and expect an encouraging round of applause, than sing to San Francisco bathed in gaslight and swathed in furs—on a first night.

We had almost had a pack of hounds of our own, by the way, at the Baldwin, but the only breed of dog that could be got together in large numbers was the English pug, and the impresario was reluctantly obliged to forego this bit of stage-mounting and let the opera stand upon its musical merits.

As a piece of music, there is not much tinkle to "Dorothy." There is scarcely an air that can be readily caught at first hearing. There is not a phrase of it that haunts you, and drives you mad next day because the rest of it will not come to you. But it is good music, it is good material. They talk of dignity and simplicity in the opera itself, and the music of "Dorothy" is the very best brand of musical dignity.

If there is any of good punch, it is all in the blend, the concerted numbers are much more successful than the single numbers. Wilder's appropriated song at the threshold of his lady's chamber is pitched just one key too high for Mr. Carleton's voice, a thing which could easily be remedied, since he has the scene to himself, and Sherwood sings sweetly enough of his complete surrender to the rustic maid; but, for some reason, the solo does not go. Four old crones—there must be crones in an English village, or the village could not go on—have a pretty little number to be sung after the manner of the old man in "Faust," which is practically a solo, but they give it so lifelessly that it does not go for half what it is worth.

Everything, therefore, depends upon the *brio* of the ensemble music. And there is plenty of that. "Dorothy" sounds so rural, so quaint, so old-fashioned, so pastoral, that one pre-fancies a little stream of light, lazy, lapping music which shall run chiefly to a string of pretty little ballads.

But before you can say Jack Robinson, if you desire to do so, the inevitable peasants' chorus becomes a merry madrigal, runs from that into a jovial drinking song, halts for awhile in the heavily accented measures of the comedian's song as a change from the patter song, whirls you into a waltz, and carries you irresistibly to a merry finale.

The second act is full of ringing numbers, including the gavotte, which is scarcely accented enough for that stately measure, and the tally-ho.

Mr. Drew and Miss Clara Wisdom introduce some comedy, which is not at all of the impressionist school, but takes very well. Miss Wisdom, who is, without doubt, the best marcher on the stage, always sacrifices herself as ruthlessly upon the altar of make-up in her comedy as Drew himself, and helps much to send "Dorothy" spinning along as merrily as it does.

For the rest, "Dorothy" does not do much for any one in particular.

It is prettily costumed, bright, cheery, and characteristic. One tingles with mild pleasure all the time it is going on; but it is rather as a brilliant generality that it is remembered than for its component parts. It is dainty, smooth, flowing, and should be played with gossamer lightness. As it stands, it is a pretty thing—thus given, it would be a gem.

"A Dark Secret" is a most delicious melodrama. Generally the fifth act in any drama or melodrama is devoted to a general cleaning up of affairs, the ravelling of all mysteries, and the revelation of all secrets. But "A Dark Secret" is no such conventional affair as that at all. You come away quite as much in the dark as you went, and quite as much as you remained throughout the action of the drama. There is an insidious fascination in it, too, like the "15 14" puzzle. You feel inclined to go back and try to work it out again. The mystery is all the more fascinating in that the author feigns to take you into his confidence from the very first. Naturally, a murder is the ground-work of a melodrama. There was never a good one built upon thinner tissue, except the "Two Orphans," and that, of course, is the pink and pearl of melodramas, and is barred out of the comparison.

The beauty of the "Dark Secret" murder is that it is made to appear to be a suicide. With the wonders of the Benhayon case still fresh in our mind—and there is nothing more marvelous and complex than the Benhayon case in the very inflammation of fiction—this had a peculiar interest for us, but, alas, it remains as unexplained as the Benhayon case itself. There is wickedness enough afoot and to spare, for we have two villains and a villainess. But, although the brave young woman, who does not seem to be a blood relation of any one in particular, is constantly confronting the second villain with the most convincing proofs, and roots up the mystery of every one's past with the accuracy of a diamond drill, nothing comes of it all.

Thus is the spectator moved to go back again and see if he hasn't missed something. Perhaps, after all, this sustained mystery is but a clever trick of the author. We all know, from the very first, that a man was murdered who appeared to have committed suicide, and we all know who instigated the murder, who committed it, and just why; but we never find out how he got into and out of the victim's room without detection.

Then the love-stories are a little mixed. One young woman's lover—and that, the leading lady's—is popped over in the very first act, without giving us so much as a look at him. And, whether she goes forlorn and unwedded to the end of her days, or whether she rewards the apparent devotion of the tall young man in the white flannels and Tam O'Shanter, the deponent sayeth not. By all the laws and regulations of a well-appointed drama, that handsome young leading man—he will be an actor, one of these days, in society plays—should have a few love-passages with the unhappy girl whose young life stands between an unscrupulous villain and a fortune. It is true they clasp hands in the last act, and all promises well; but there is nothing to lead up to it.

Now one likes one's melodrama, just as one likes one's life, dashed with a little love, and "A Dark Secret" would never be the fascinating thing it is if they had not filled up this lack with plenty of water. For water is the most beautiful thing in the world.

No Kohinoor that ever flashed a thousand million rays upon a woman's bosom in the glitter of the lamplights flashed half the beauty of an artesian well, leaping, sparkling, dancing, giving in the sunlight.

There is something of motherhood in the bounty of its giving, in its free, spontaneous leap from the very heart of the earth, in the glad haste with which it rushes away in streams to pour itself down the parched throat of the arid land and give itself again to humanity, in fruit, and grain, and flower. There is something fascinating, too, in the thought that the power of man brought it up from the buried sea. No fountain that ever sprang in the oasis of a desert seemed half such a marvel as the stream that flowed from the rock of Horeb when Moses smote it with his rod.

There is a little fountain somewhere, possibly in London, with a wonderful alto-relievo, in bronze, of this biblical scene. Perhaps, if it were in marble, it would be better known. Architectural poets, time out of mind, have loved to put the best that was in them in the beautiful fountains of the Old World. Every one knows the fountains of Rome, of Nuremberg, of Versailles, the Tuileries, and the Place de la Concorde.

But this one is hidden in the sombre, crooked city that looks so dark and shabby, yet, has such wonders of art and beauty hid within its walls and yards.

Moses, a venerable patriarch, modelled with the idea of the Michael Angelo Moses, stands with his rod yet upon the rock, but his head bowed reverently as he looks upon the heaven-sent stream that trickles down to his feet. By his side stands a young mother, holding a bowl of the beautiful water to her baby's parched mouth, and one can read the mighty thirst of Israel in the panel.

The greatest wonder of wonderful California is in the high white spray of her Yosemite Falls, and the natural marvel of America is the mighty rush of water at Niagara.

All the myths of America cluster about the beautiful shores of the Hudson River.

All the romance of Germany has been cradled in the mists of the storied Rhine.

All the bloody terrors of French history have washed themselves in the gruesome waters of the Seine.

All the gamut of English life—and a long gamut it is—from the rough bargemen, down among the docks below the tower, to the gilded young nobleman, sculling at his summer lawn's edge on the quiet stream up Hampton way, is run upon the River Thames.

All of which, perhaps, has nothing whatever to do with the great tank at the California Theatre, which contains five thousand cubic feet of real water!!!

But, the people love water, and nothing has ever achieved a greater histrionic success than water. We have had it running in quiet brooks, buckets of it splashing in a way real enough to deceive a fish, in drowning scenes; we have had it playing over the most picturesque of mill wheels, and rippling in cascades in the moonlight—and all to the stormiest and most genuine applause. But we never had a lot of water before. We never had anything so really wet as this. We never in our wildest melodramatic dreams foresaw that a time would come when there would be water enough on the stage to float boating-parties, racing-shells, and a launch—which smells vilely of coal oil, it is true, but is otherwise quite a little beauty.

And the quiet river in the moonlight, with the church in the foreground on its shore and the comfort-breathing farm-house up at the edge of the grassy hill, was as pretty a scenic picture as one could ask.

And then we had Petersen. Petersen, a real oarsman—with a great, bulging, brawny muscle, a pair of long arms queerly set in the sockets, that look as if they could row you to Australia, and the race. We did not quite see how professionals and amateurs came to be so inextricably mixed, or why, in such a regatta, Martin Brooke should wear the dark blue of England's greatest alma mater, and Stephen Norton, the villain, the light blue of her rival.

Indeed, we were not, at first, quite sure whether Stephen were a villain or no. Lewis Morrison is a favorite with audiences, and villainy sat so jauntily upon him that they declined at first to accept it as such. When the dire truth became unmistakable, we were sorry, but when he threw a struggling heroine into the real wet water, there could no longer be a doubt on record.

And Petersen brought with him a large constituency from the purlieus of the water edge, who hailed him with loud acclaim as the Cæsar of the oar and cheered him till the rafters rang again. All this, to the manifest embarrassment, yet gratification, of Mr. Petersen, and to the unqualified delight of rapturous audiences.

And then we had the race. Mr. Petersen must have taken as much as half a stroke in full view of the audience. The limits of the stage prevented his taking a whole one, but the half one was very thrilling.

It is true that we were also a little mixed about it. There was also a construction of doubt when the *jeune premier*, who by all the laws and canons should have been off rescuing the *ingénue* from something or other, jumped in after her. But the story went to the demnition bow-wows, and no one cared a rap for it, when the great truth became evident that the girl was really swimming. Then we had the hero's dive to criticise, and sometimes, they say, he goes in as straight as an arrow, and sometimes makes a bad bumper, so that the variations can give the audience a mighty thrill of suspense.

But when they both came before the curtain, wringing wet, and little streams of water began wiggling from their clothes down to the footlights, why then it was the apotheosis of realism. Our delight knew no bounds, and it became definitely settled that "A Dark Secret" was a success.

BETSY B.

A meeting of the American State Central Committee will be held at American Alliance Hall, No. 209 Grant Avenue, Wednesday, February 22nd, at eight o'clock P. M., for the purpose of inaugurating measures for a complete and thorough organization of the State and a vigorous campaign. Every member is earnestly requested to be present.

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Milloecker's comic opera, "The Village Coquette," is being sung at the Tivoli.

Haverly's Great Minstrel Company will be at the Bush Street Theatre, next week.

"The Silver King" will be given at the Alcazar by the Osbourne and Stockwell Company, next week.

It may be a comfort to those who shudder over the nightly plunge of Mr. Carlyle and Miss Mayor to know that the water is heated to a temperature of seventy degrees.

A company of amateurs, whose names are not announced, will play "The Professor" at the Grand Opera House on Tuesday evening, January 31st, for the benefit of the church of "Notre Dame des Victoires."

Miss Hamlin continues to take her friends to the pleasantest nooks in Europe for fifty cents. She shows more on her stereopticon in half an hour than a traveler without a talent for sight-seeing can find in Europe in a month with the biggest field-glass on the continent.

The Carleton troupe announce next week as their last at the Baldwin, and have decided on the following programme: Monday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings, "The Mikado;" Tuesday and Friday evenings, and Saturday matinée, "Erminie;" and Wednesday evening, "Dorothy."

There are many English allusions in "A Dark Secret" which were quite a go in London, but fell flat in San Francisco. Among them is the speech about Lindley Murray, which nightly confuses the gallery. They are unable to place him, but have about settled that he is an English oarsman, with whose record they are unfamiliar.

Madame Louise Pyk, the Swedish singer who made such a delightful impression at the Innes concerts, has been much admired by the fashionable ladies of the city, and they have tendered her a concert to take place under their auspices at B'nai B'rith Hall, on Monday evening, January 30th. Madame Pyk will be assisted by some of the best musical talent of the city.

The first performance of "Dorothy" at the Baldwin, on Monday night, was a very wonder of first performances in the matter of smoothness, finish, and certainty. The Carleton troupe had never sung "Dorothy" before. Considering how much greater musical difficulties are than those of an ordinary dramatic performance, the dramatists would do well to learn from this the full value of rehearsal.

J. B. Jeffreys, of Chicago, has issued his "Annual Theatrical Guide and Directory." It is a most invaluable book to any one connected in any way with theatres, and has much information for the general traveling public. If half the "hints" in the first part of the book were acted upon, joy and peace would reign in Thalia, and Barnum's happy family would be nothing compared to the happy theatrical family.

Miss Bella Pateman played the part of May Joyce in "A Dark Secret" for many months in London, but finally became so weary of getting a nightly wetting that she thew up the part and a very handsome salary, to accept a rôle in another theatre, less remunerative but less disagreeable. Miss Adeline Stanhope, once leading lady at the California, played the part in America, but found the extra salary ample compensation for the wetting.

Miss Lily Post was obliged to retire from the stage a year or two ago, being threatened with loss of voice. Her voice itself has come back to her in better form than it was before the threat, being generally fuller, clearer, and stronger than ever before. She breaks off short occasionally, perhaps even frequently, on a high note, and that is bad enough, but it is not half as objectionable as her articulation. Can not Miss Post be encouraged to pronounce the sibillant?

The amateurs who played "Richelieu" so successfully recently, at the Grand Opera House, have been asked to repeat their performance for another charity. They are sufficiently good actors to be able to dictate their own terms, and will only agree to play upon the guaranty of a full house, which is quite right. There is no reason why such really good actors as Mr. Hotaling, Mr. Hallett, and their confrères should play to empty benches, even for sweet charity's sake. There is no reason why professionals should play for charity at all. It is the province of amateurs, and talented amateurs have a perfect right to know their own value.

CCCCLXVIII.—**Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, January 29, 1888.**

Onion Soup with Cheese.
Boiled Salmon, Tartare Sauce.
Broiled Chicken. Fried Potatoes.
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Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Carrot Salad.
Baked Almond Pudding.
Fruits.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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"Blaine's friend Manley" is the shape in which he has precipitated himself into the political arena. It is no reproach to say that we never heard of the chairman of the Republican State Central Committee of Maine, because we are compelled to acknowledge that we do not know the name of the chairman of the State Central Committee of either the Republican or Democratic parties of California. But we know who runs them; we know the shadows behind the throne; we know Buckley, and we know Higgins; but Augusta is far East, and Maine is so far away from California, that we never heard of Mr. Manley, the chairman of Maine's Republican committee, the "friend of Mr. Blaine," till Mr. Blaine was no longer a Presidential candidate. We have known Mr. Blaine as a candidate for the Presidential office for many long years; we have attended three national conventions in which he has been an aspirant for the Presidency, and in his interest; we have made many speeches for him, and we would pity the worst enemy we have, if he was compelled to read all we have ever written in eulogy of Mr. Blaine, and in favor of his Presidential aspirations, but we never heard of Mr. Manley till he assumed the character of resurrectionist, and took upon himself the task of rolling the stone from the door of the sepulchre where it had been placed by the "ROMAN" soldiers who were charged to guard the body after they had crucified it. His name is "Joseph," and he is called "Joe" down in Maine, and around Augusta, where he is familiarly known, but his true and honored appellation is "Hon. Joseph H. Manley, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee of Maine," P. O. address, Augusta, and nearest friend of the Maine statesman. If this "friend" Joseph is not a vain and garrulous humbug, who is thrusting himself into the circle of mourners under the idea that Mr. Blaine's political decease is only a local funeral, at which no one not living at Augusta, in Maine, has the right to cry, then the national friends of Mr. Blaine, who are known as such, who have his confidence and are entitled to it, such men as Senator Hale, Whitelaw Reid, William Walter Phelps, and others, had better muzzle the mouth of this country oracle, and let the party dogs have a chance to bark. This small statesman of Augusta makes Mr. Blaine to appear a hypocrite in his attitude toward his political associates, and to be brooding over the purpose of a deep and treacherous revenge against his party. According to this man Manley, of whom no one ever heard outside the village of Augusta, the letter was written months ago, after "consultation with old and trusted friends"—"all the plans of campaign and outlines of policy" had been the subject of discussion and consideration among a few trusted confidants at "Augusta." The letter was "decided upon months ago, and before he went abroad," and the secret preserved at "Augusta," by a signal from "Augusta," the letter was forwarded to the chairman of the Republican National Committee for publication. Now there comes from "Augusta" the information that the letter is a deliberately prearranged trick on the part of Mr. Blaine and his friends to deceive the Republican party; that it is a trap sprung from "Augusta" to catch the Presidential nomination by a fraudulent and unworthy trick. That information is being gathered, pigeon-holed, and tabulated at "Augusta" to be transmitted abroad for Mr. Blaine's study, and if the little joker is successfully located under the right thimble, Mr. Blaine *will consent to be the next Republican nominee, but if the issue looks doubtful this letter will be followed by another in which his declination will be made with no uncertain sound.*" This letter, says Mr. Manley in his interview with the *World*, "is not to be considered final by any means," and "Mr. Blaine will take the nomination if offered him by the national convention," and this oracular rot Mr. Manley, of Augusta, emphasizes by the declaration that he is Mr. Blaine's friend and confidential correspondent, his counselor, trusted with his plans and policy. We do not believe it; we do not think so ill of James G. Blaine as to believe he would give the secrets of his soul to this garrulous, vain, and absurd country politician. Mr. Blaine enrolls among his friends the most intellectual, loyal, and trusted gentlemen of the country, and it would be passing all conceptions of political idiocy to believe that any confidences could have been deposited by him in this leaky pumpkin-strainer of Augusta, Maine. If Mr. Manley is to be believed, if the New York *World's* interview with him is not a base forgery, then Mr. James G. Blaine is a treasonable conspirator against the Republican party, for this is the utterance which goes forth from Mr. Manley as to Mr. Blaine's intentions regarding his future political course: "If for any "reason Mr. Blaine's name is not put before the convention, "he will name the man who in all likelihood will receive the "nomination. He will see to it that certain prominent Republi-"can lights are extinguished, and he will take the stump vigor-"ously in aid of the man whom his influence has named." It was, says Mr. Joe Manley, Blaine's call that sent the Republican convention to Chicago, and "so it will be the unseen finger of the Maine statesman that will point out the next color-bearer of the Republican hosts in June." Again we repeat that we do not believe this vain and empty-headed swash-buckler of village politics has authority to speak for the statesman, over whose political decline none but partisan antagonists and personal enemies allow themselves openly to rejoice. Mr. Joe Manley enjoys the accidental position of prominence incident to a personal acquaintance with Mr. Blaine, his residence at Augusta, and his chairmanship of a Republican State committee, whereby he became the medium of communication from Mr. Blaine to the national authority of his party. If Mr. Blaine holds any near relation to Mr. Joe Manley, or if Mr. Manley has told the truth, Mr. Blaine owes an explanation to party friends that it will take him a lifetime to make. If he must be nominated himself, or himself name the candidate, and if in miscarriage of that programme he will devote himself to the "extinguishment" of prominent Republicans, then he is guilty of a treasonable conspiracy against his party, the just punishment of which would be his political death. We no longer trust Mr. Blaine; we no longer have confidence in his loyalty to that principle of our commonwealth which provides that there shall be no connection between church and state in this republic; we no longer look upon him as an American statesman who has the courage to resist the machinations and intrigues of a Jesuitical conspiracy to share the civil administration of this government with an alien hierarchy, that recognizes an infallible priest as possessing an authority in civil affairs in the United States entitled to recognition and respect. We should not vote for Mr. Blaine were he to be nominated, and since he is not to be the Presidential candidate, we acknowledge in him no such authority of party dictatorship as shall authorize him alone to choose the candidate. If the Republican party is to come together once more, as in the times when Lincoln, Grant, and Arthur were the standard-bearers, it must be in recognition of the fact that not one man, nor a clique of conspiring partisans in the interest of one man, can be permitted to rule conventions and name candidates, altogether independent of the intelligent rank and file that is relied upon to do the work of electing them. These remarks apply as well to the weaving spiders of both political parties in California as to national politics. There is a growing revolt in this State that is assuming the proportions of an efficient and organized rebellion. It has no perfected organization, no leaders, no journals, no settled plan of compaign; but it is composed of the intelligence, wealth, patriotic purpose, the youthful energy, the matured counsel of the best citizens of the States; it has courage and honesty of purpose; it numbers a majority of the Republican party, and a large and honorable minority in the Democratic party; it admits to its roll of membership all good citizens who are loyal, law-abiding, and order-loving, without reference to their place of birth, their religious sentiments, or their party convictions; it is a holy alliance of decent citizens; it is a protest against Irish boss rule; it is the American party of California.

That the new fisheries treaty submitted by the joint commission is presumptively right, is proved by the fact that all the interested parties complain of it as one-sided and unfair. The Canadian and Yankee fishermen are none of them pleased; the Canadian politicians are not satisfied; Senator Fry, of Maine, is disgruntled beyond reconciliation, and the New York *Tribune* is not pleased because the senator from Maine is not. The Irish do not like it because one of the parties to negotiate the treaty was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain an English anti-home-ruler. The Republicans, who can see no good in any thing accomplished by a Democratic administration, see no good in the treaty. Democrats who are opposed to the renomination of President Cleveland do not like it. Here is an amount of disgruntlement that may delay, perhaps defeat, the ratification of the treaty in our Federal Senate. It is, however, possible that there may be found in that honorable body enough gentlemen who think that all the fish that swim in Canadian water, and all the fishermen that navigate the coast and fish-banks, and all the demagogues, newspapers, politicians, and Irishmen who would keep this small controversy alive, are not worth considering as against the desirability of preserving peace between the British Empire and the United States of America. The party or the statesmen in the United States who would unleash the war hounds for a contest with the smaller English-speaking nation would merit and receive the execrations of an intelligent and humane world. We have had one narrow escape from a war with England. America would at one time have been justified in making bonfires, and lighting up the midnight moonless seas with the conflagration of England's burning ships, destroyed by the fierce

to avenge the unparalleled wrongs of the *Alabama*, and punishing the insolence of her aristocratic and plutocratic classes, but that has passed. England has apologized and paid for the piratic spoliations of its unlicensed cruisers. That controversy we have settled, and by its settlement we have demonstrated that there can be no other differences that may not be adjusted by peaceful arbitration. No nation ever perpetrated a greater outrage or practiced a greater wrong upon another than did England upon America when she allowed the *Alabama*, the *Florida*, and the *Shenandoah* to destroy American commerce, plunder American ships, and steal American chronometers in aid of the institution of slavery, which her superior classes had hypocritically inveighed against from the time her mercenary and inhuman policy had imposed it upon her colonies. If Americans could condone so great and indefensible an infamy as this effort of Palmerston, Gladstone, Lord John Russell, and the other leading statesmen of England, to destroy and dismember the American Union; and after its failure, after the Government of the United States had demonstrated its ability to chastise England for the outrage, and its disposition to do so, it was a marvellous exhibition of national generosity to accept England's apology and her paltry three and three-fourths millions of pounds sterling in settlement. It illustrates that any national misunderstanding may be composed without war. To her majesty the queen, and to the most noble Prince Consort, and to her great middle and working classes, may the nobility, gentry, and aristocracy of England give thanks that their commerce has not been chased from the oceans and seas that girt her; that she has not been dismembered of the provinces that still hold to her a qualified allegiance, and that she is not left a desolate pawn-broker upon her island, in the midst of a savagery that would invade and despoil her. We are glad to hope that this fish treaty will be accepted by the governing authority of both nations as a final settlement of the last real controversy that can ever occur between these two English-speaking nations. We know there is a tendency on the part of timid persons to think the United States is unable to cope with England, or any one of the great continental powers of Europe, because she has no army, no navy, and no coast defenses of importance; we know how defenseless is the city of San Francisco, and how easy of invasion its harbors, and how flimsy its pasteboard forts and chicken-house fortifications; we know that any one armor-plated ship of war such as England, Germany, Italy, and France possess, could, from a safe distance, bombard and destroy the city of San Francisco, and we have no doubt that a fleet of iron-clads could invade any American harbor, and burn any American coast town. What then? Suppose San Francisco and New York were bombarded? What of it? Is the nation conquered? Was any nation ever conquered unless the invading army could penetrate its interior? In our judgment, England could not march its armies to a safe encampment beyond the reach of its guns, and a war raveling our edges and burning our coast towns would only be the beginning of a controversy that would never end till avenged. Let America pay her national debt and she will establish a national credit that will make her invincible in arms. The United States of America is marching forward to shch a place in the world's civilization that she can not only settle all her own national misunderstandings without resorting to war, but can compel the adjustment of controversies between other nations in some peaceful mode. If we embodied in our own person the national authority, we would multiply our vessels till their bellying sails whitened every sea, but no vessel should carry other guns than for the purpose of salute. Gentlemen never find personal arms necessary for their safety in strange places and among strange people; ministers and diplomats in foreign courts are not armed or armor-clad; and our observation justifies the opinion that any sober person, who minds his own business and keeps a civil tongue in his head, is safer than the noisy bully who parades his prowess and coaxes his courage by a display of arms which, as a rule, he lacks courage to use in time to save him the thrashing he has deserved. The rule of safety, for the individual, is the law of national security. We would increase the army till we had the skeleton of a national force that should, in time of invasion, supply intelligent organization to the last man capable of the performance of military duty, and we would have this provisional force composed only of native-born Americans, and with a compensation and character that would make enlistment in it the prize of the bravest and best born. If any country played the bully upon the high seas, we would demand apology, and, if it was not made, we would exhaust the national surplus, the national credit, and the individual wealth of the last citizen till we had built and purchased, equipped and armed, enough vessels to sweep the sea of its last wrecked and floating spar. If a hostile army invaded our soil, we would summon to its defense the last man capable of bearing arms, and fight him in its defense till the invader had been repulsed. The unarmed condition would keep us civil, and, in our judgment, indefinitely postpone the [illegible] armed conflict. We have no doubt the fisheries controversy may be regarded as settled, and we have no doubt it will be accepted as a satisfactory adjustment by every American citizen who does not think his soul's salvation imperiled if he does not have fish to eat on Fridays.

Mayor Hewitt, of New York, must be a man of wondrous independence of opinion. Every now and then he gives the public a specimen of courageous utterance that is very refreshing in these times of demagogy and political cowardice. His last exhibition is in his defense of "trusts," against which it is just now the fashion of the politicians and the newspapers ignorantly to declaim. It is right, of course, for labor to strike; for coal-miners in the middle of winter to leave their work, and thus leave the coal-consuming families to freeze or pay exorbitant prices; to let the coal-consuming manufacturing industries be suspended, and their business ruined; it is right for engineers to leave their trains upon the track, and let the transportation suffer and lie idle till some fancied grievance is arranged; it is right to boycott some thriving industry, like that which bakes and cooks, till terms are made with some greasy, garlic-breathed alien, and he is given more money for gin and more leisure to spend it in; it is right to tie up street-cars, insult women, and explode dynamite beneath dummies to increase the wages of labor. But for capital to combine, to form into legal corporations, to secure itself by organization against the organization of hostile and vicious labor, is a crime. The American press has broken out into a new clamor, because capital has been compelled—in self-defense—to invoke the law of self-preservation, and combine under the law for its safety. If individuals may form trade unions, labor guilds, and combine to maintain the price of their labor, why may not railroad and steamship companies, and corporations engaged in the production of oil, gas, or water, or in the manufacture of iron, boots, or agricultural implements, unite for the purpose of conducting their business? The uniform result of trusts, says Mr. Hewitt, is to lower the cost of articles produced for the public, and he says manufacturers have always made joint arrangements of a pooling kind before these later trusts came into notice. The mayor of New York makes a distinction between the crime of "forestalling," the cornering of the necessaries of life, and the aggregation of capital for lessening the cost of producing manufactured articles. This newspaper and political talk about "trusts" is the clatter of shallow demagogy and the nonsense of a mercenary and rattle-brained press. The politician thinks to gain the votes and the favor of an unthinking rabble, and the newspapers look for profit as they float down the drifting current. The savings banks of San Francisco aggregate some sixty millions of dollars. Does any one doubt the depositor's legal right to place his money in the trust of a responsible corporation, and under the intelligent direction of honest men, rather than to hoard or invest it at his individual risk? Which is better, for the Spring Valley Water-works to bring, in tunnels, dams, and iron-pipes, the clear waters of the distant mountain streams, or for everybody to go down to the mountains of Santa Cruz, with bucket, jar, and can, to bring their own, or to dig wells, and, with pump and bucket, obtain from the sewage-soaked soil of our city its unclean waters? Why not walk to the Golden Gate Park or ocean beach on Sunday or ride on velocipedes, instead of paying the railroad folk five cents for a comfortable, expeditious, and easy ride? Why not swim or row across the bay to Oakland, instead of compounding for a month of transits in swift and luxurious steamers for three dollars? Destroy the various corporate trusts that have been organized, in these later days, for the convenience of the community, and a most disastrous blow would be struck, a most fatal stab, at the comfort of the poor and the prosperity of the whole. Government, under whose protection we live and hold our properties and educate our children, is a trust; nine-tenths of business and wealth is managed through corporate trusts, and it seems most strange that we should find ourselves complimenting the mayor of a great city, like that of New York, for courage in speaking an honest word for legal institutions, without the aid of which the business of the metropolis, its vast commerce and its great industries, could not be carried on, and would be involved in the chaos that precedes ruinous destruction. Mr. Hewitt is sometimes mentioned for the Presidency. It would be a happy day for this republic if the time would speedily come when its executive administration could be entrusted to some intelligent chief who has the courage at all times resolutely to declare the truth.

At a very enthusiastic meeting of our Milesian fellow-citizens, to determine how most effectually to milk the Irish for St. Patrick's celebration, it was determined to divide the city into ten districts, and strip them. At this meeting, the *Chronicle* informs us, Robert Ferral, Esq., was called upon to address his fellow-citizens, which he did "fluently." The Irish are "fluent" orators, and Robert is beautifully "fluent." He is also accredited with having spoken "patriotically." His themes were St. Patrick and Irish home-rule. He drew a beautiful and touching simile about driving nails into the British coffin; he eulogized the new Irish trinity, "Gladstone, Parnell, and O'Brien"; he twisted the lion's tail, and, doubtless, berated in fluent Saxon the bloody Balfour who persecuted the Irish martyrs, but just where the patriotism comes in is not so apparent. Perhaps "patriotism" in the mouth of an Irish Roman Catholic adopted American citizen means love of Ireland, hatred of England, veneration for St. Patrick, loyalty to the Pope. Judge Ferrall concluded his patriotic and "fluent" remarks by quoting Parnell's words: "*Ireland is worth fighting for and living in, and all the hosts of hell can not drive us out.*" Very Irish this, on the part of an orator, and in the presence of an audience every one of whom have emigrated from Ireland, and thereby, for themselves, determined that Ireland is *not* worth fighting for, and *not* worth living in, and that the hosts of hell have succeeded in driving every mother's son of them out of it. How happy we should be if all these "fluent" sons of St. Patrick, all these paddys of the Pope, would return to Ireland, live in it, fight for it, and beat the devil when he ever again attempts to drive them back to America.

The irreconcilable breach that has occurred between Henry George and Dr. McGlynn, which leaves the doctor and his associates afloat upon the high sea of politics, clinging to a labor-party, anti-poverty, independent raft, and which has cast the little philosopher and his associates high and dry upon the Democratic shore, has disclosed some of the secret operations of the Anti-Poverty Society. For the Rev. Dr. McGlynn we can but feel a certain respect. We are compelled to remember that he is of Irish birth; that he has all the national prejudices and impulses that belong to that race; that he is, by education, family, and race traditions, a Roman Catholic; that he is a priest of that faith, and has for a lifetime devoted himself to priestly duties, which he seems to have conscientiously and honorably discharged. The *Argonaut*, following the teachings of Cavour of Italy, Gladstone of England, Bismarck of Germany, and the hosts of modern statesmen in nearly all the great states of Europe, notably of France, has deprecated the hierarchical influence of the Church of Rome in American politics. Simply this and nothing more; when, therefore, a gentleman and scholar, a man of unquestioned sincerity of observation from the interior of the Roman Catholic Church, bears testimony to the political working of what he calls the "ecclesiastical machine," we hail it as indisputable evidence of the fact charged by us, viz: the existence of the "Roman machine," and its working in our political affairs. Mr. George, in an editorial bearing his signature, gives testimony to Dr. McGlynn' hostility to the "machines:"

> I am not to be understood as questioning motives, and especially the motives of a man for whom I have so sincere a respect as I have for Dr. McGlynn. He has no bias toward protectionism, and no special love either for Mr. Blaine, or for the Republican party. He is a free trader, with clear convictions of the absurdity and impolicy of protection, and was a political friend and efficient supporter of Mr. Cleveland in his first election. What is mainly influencing him, as was obvious from his remarks in this conversation, is his not unnatural hostility toward the "ecclesiastical machine," which he seems to think is identified, in our cities at least, with the Democratic party, and his belief that a Presidential campaign during which, in at least the four states named, means might be found to hold meetings and keep speakers traveling, would afford a good opportunity to preach the doctrine of the "land for the people."

In an address put forth by the George wing of the Anti-Poverty Society, signed by William T. Crosdale, Louis F. Post, and J. W. Sullivan—the wing to which our Judge McGuire belongs, say of themselves and their associates that "they share Dr. McGlynn's resentment against the shameful alliance between the Democratic and ecclesiastical machine in the city of New York, but that this is not sufficient to make them assist the Republicans to put a President in the White House." Thus we have the testimony of Henry George and Dr. McGlynn, of both wings of the Anti-Poverty Society, not only that the Roman Church does intermeddle in our political affairs, but that there exists a *shameful alliance* between this most vile ecclesiastical machine and the Democratic party. If this is true, and if the *Argonaut* needed any justification for its course, it is found in this testimony, dragged out from under the papal altar where Archbishop Corrigan and Mgr. Preston say masses and manufacture the divine presence, by this quarrel between a Roman Catholic priest and a Democratic politician. The existance of an alliance between the Papal Church and the Democratic party is proved; a conspiracy between priests of Rome and chiefs of Tammany is proved; the loot and plunder of political stealings are found underlying the great white marble cathedral that has been erected on Fifth Avenue; these stealings and drippings of the public treasury are found in all the Roman Catholic charities of the city of New York; the officials of the municipal government, nominated by Tammany, elected by the ignorant papal masses under the direction of priests at the confessional, all prove, or tend to prove, that the influence of the Roman Catholic Church in America is dangerous to its political institutions, subversive of constitutional power, suggestive of union between church and state, threatening to our free-school system, and ultimately to result in an internecine religious war. What is done in New York is done in San Francisco. The same influences working in our Eastern communities are

working here among us. All of which justifies and will in time necessitate the organization of an American party that will embrace all Irish Catholics who hold to the principles advocated so courageously by Dr. McGlynn; all foreigners, Protestant or Romanist, who do not favor the ecclesiastical machine, nor acknowledge civil allegiance to the Pope, and all Americans who think they have a right to *help* govern the country in which they are born, and in the exercise of that right not to be interfered with by alien bullies, bosses, rock-rollers, or papal priests.

The *Argonaut* finds itself saying a great many pleasant things about Mr. President Cleveland—on the whole thinking rather kindly of him, and wondering how so good an executive could have come out of so mean a Nazareth as the Democracy. We wish he had not turned so many Republicans out of office, but we are surprised that he has kept so many in. We wish he had better kept his promises of civil service reform, but we are equally disappointed that he kept any of them when we consider the pressure of Democratic persistence and poverty. We feel just a little kinky about his permitting a revenue cutter to go out into the harbor of New York, with a papal flag, to bring in Mr. Gibbons, hot from the manufactory at Rome. This was an outrage to the protectionists of the country to permit the admission of ecclesiastical toggery free of duty, and it was an outrage to the Protestant sentiment of the nation to send a national ship to assist any ready-made clothing to be smuggled into the port of New York; yet we remember his vetoes of the ecclesiastical bills when governor of New York. We did criticise his jubilee gift to the Pope, of our Constitution, but when we ascertained that it was sent through the hands of a third person for the Pope to read, and only for the purpose of reminding His Holiness, the descendant of the apostolic fisherman, to mind his own business and not to meddle with the political affairs of a country in whose organic law there is no God, in whose schools there is no sectarianism, and in whose state there is no church, we thought the whole affair was, perhaps, intended as a sarcastic joke. President Cleveland is, to us, a puzzle, and, if he will excuse us for propounding to him a conundrum, we should, before we promise to change our politics and vote for him, like to know the meaning of the following somewhat emphatic declaration of the dangers of a second term; we should like to know if he feels strong enough to resist all the temptations that are likely to beset him in event of his nomination to a second term? Perhaps we have the right to ask the President whether his conscience acquits him of any mistakes in dispensing the patronage of the Presidential office; whether he has guarded against the allurements of power; whether he has resisted all temptations to retain his present place for another four years; whether he is not now looking to the aid of a horde of office-seekers with a party zeal born of benefits received and favors to come for his renomination? In a word, as we shall send to the President a copy of the *Argonaut* with this article marked, we beg him to reply for publication: "When we consider the patron-"age of this great office (of President), the allurements of "power, the temptation to retain place, once gained, and, more "than all, the availability a party finds in an incumbent whom "a horde of office-holders, with a zeal born of benefits re-"ceived and fostered by the hope of favors yet to come, "stand ready to aid with money and trained political service, "we recognize in the eligibility of the President for reëlection "a most serious danger to that calm, deliberate, and intelli-"gent political action which must characterize a government "by the people."

Mr. Samuel Randall, of Pennsylvania, is likely to make himself a political favorite of the Pacific Coast by showing a disposition to assist our delegates in their struggle for legislative benefits. He will not aid to remove the tariff upon our fruits, wines, and nuts, and he probably will give us free trade in lumber. We have some fourteen members of Congress as an available trading force, and the *Argonaut* is in favor of making the most of them, to protect and advance Pacific Coast interests. We agree with General Hancock in regarding the tariff as a local question. This may be questionable morals, but it is good politics, and we do not believe even in purgatory—after death.

The Hon. Roscoe Conkling is accredited with a very manly letter to a Republican club named after him, which has the ring of the time when we looked upon this gentleman as the first and bravest man in the Republican party. In the letter referred to, he says:

> It will be a great satisfaction if the club bearing my name shall contribute in any way to reinstate the organization whose wisdom and earnestness proved so useful during the most tragical and trying period of our history. To see that party again triumphant and united, worthy of itself and of its past, the brave and honest champion of the rights, welfare, and progress of sixty-three million people, is inspiration enough for all Republicans.

Mr. Conkling has a great many enemies whose hatred he has undeniably earned by his proud bearing and his somewhat imperious rule, but we are certain that all the honorable, intelligent, unselfish, and patriotic men of the Republican rank and file, who ask no office, seek no honors, and to whom demagogy is offensive, will be most glad to welcome Roscoe Conkling back to the leadership of the Republican party. But what would be better for the country and himself, we wish he would come back with the American harness on. We offer him a prouder chieftainship than he has ever held; we offer him the leadership of a grander army than ever kept step to music; we ask him to put himself upon a party platform, every line and word of which declares the highest principles of law, personal liberty, national union, and loyalty to the country that gave him birth; we offer him a standard to unfurl, under the folds of which will gather all that is good, and brave, and honest, and patriotic in an American commonwealth of sixty-three millions of people struggling to remain free.

General Master Workman Powderly, chief of the Knights of Labor, thinks it unchivalric, "mean, and dastardly" for one of the Brotherhood to take the place of another laboring man, made vacant by his going out on a strike. If it is "mean and dastardly" for one laborer to compete with another for work, or if it is dishonorable for one workman to step into a place made vacant by another retiring; if labor may not compete with labor, then why may not organizations of capital be effected to prevent capital from competing with capital; why may not syndicates be formed and trusts created on the same principle that justifies the formation of labor organizations and trade societies? If labor strikes, why not lock-outs? If boycotting is justifiable, which leaves grain to perish in the field through menace of murder, cattle to die from starvation, women to suffer in child-birth unattended, and men who desire the last consolations of religion to die and go to eternal hell for lack of priestly ministrations, then what may not capital do without paralleling the atrocities of labor? If labor on a strike may insult women; if a stalwart blackguard who toils may spit a mouthful of tobacco saliva into the face of a lady who insists upon her right to ride on the Sutter Street cars when boycotted; if dynamite may be exploded under cars laden with women and children in the public street; if greasy, alien dish-washers, and foreign cooks, with stink of garlic exuding from every pore, may parade in front of a restaurant to prevent women and girls from earning an honest livelihood by selling cakes and coffee, what may not associated capital do within the law to punish criminal combinations and cowardly conspiracies that are illogical, inhuman, and un-American? This goose-and-gander business of capital and labor must be served with a common sauce.

If we belonged to the Republican party as a working member in good and regular standing, we should criticise Mr. Edward F. Preston for his effort to induce the Irish to leave the Democracy and come over to the Republican ranks. It has always been a mistake, in our judgment, to admit the lower and more ignorant alien to membership in the Republican party at all. Religious bigotry can never work in harmony with intellectual liberty, nor the church slave in harness with the man of conscientious freedom. We have seen women in Germany plowing in yoke with a cow, and in Belgium harnessed with a dog to haul a cart, but we can not conceive how a party can prosper in a republican government that yokes ignorance with mental capacity, and harnesses mendicant adventurers—blinded by prejudice, led by priests, and swayed by politicians—to men who have intelligence to think for themselves and courage to act independently. All that is bad of alien immigration belongs of right to the Democratic party; all that is intelligent and honorable belongs to the American party, where the writer of this note would be glad to welcome them. Our advice to Mr. Preston is, that he go himself to the Democratic party, and take with him all the rag-tag and bob-tail that he calls "Irish-American" with him, and let all decent aliens that have become truly American come over to the American party, where they belong if they are entitled to remain in the country at all.

Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, has introduced into the Senate of the United States a bill to exclude the Chinese from coming to the United States for the purpose of residence, or for engaging in any business employment. The Mitchell bill is the one the people upon this side of the continent want. We are all united in favor of exclusion of the Chinese immigrant. We think we know more about this question than Eastern people. There is no politics in the matter, for members of all parties are united in opinion. If Sherman of Ohio, or Edmunds of Vermont, or Hawley of Connecticut, or Allison of Iowa, or Harrison of Indiana, or any other Republican senator from any other State, opposes this bill, or fails to give it earnest and active support, the electoral vote of California, Oregon, and Nevada will be cast against him in event of his becoming a candidate for the Presidency. This is intended as a threat. We warn these politicians, any one of them, all of them, and the party of which they are members and leaders, that there must be no trifling on the Chinese question, if the electoral votes of these three States are of any importance to them or the party to which they belong. We will divide on the tariff, but on the question of Chinese immigration we are simply solid. We will not argue the question. We know we are at the mercy of the East, its vast population, its stupid and cowardly press, its humbug politics, its demagogue politicians, and its sham statesmen, but all the same we have fourteen electoral votes, which we will cast against the candidate who betrays us, and in favor of the candidate who may be our friend, and if both are opposed to us on this question, we will largely abstain from voting, and let the devil and blind luck have the casting vote for President of the United States.

It is very difficult to get at the true state of affairs at San Remo, the actual condition of the Crown Prince of Germany being kept as secret as possible for obvious purposes. Judging merely from the character of the successive operations that have been performed upon the princely patient, growing as they do more severe and heroic in treatment as time progresses, one can not escape the conclusion that the encouraging bulletins that have been periodically issued since the inception of the malady, were based upon those intermittent rallies which strong natures make in their struggles to throw off disease, rather than upon any real subsidence of the disease itself. The comparatively simple, so to speak, operation of removing the epithelium of the growth that has gathered in the prince's throat, performed on several occasions by Sir Morell Mackenzie, has evidently not resulted in arresting, or even retarding, the development of that growth. In fact, the obstruction has increased to such an extent that tracheotomy has been resorted to, in order to save the patient from asphyxiation. This can but be classed as an expedient at the best, as it makes no attempt to strike at the root of the trouble, and the world will await with interest the next surgical *coup* on the part of the European specialists. The prince lacks little more than three years of a three-score term, and even the iron constitution of a Hohenzollern, with all its rugged tenacity of life, can not bear up continuously upon a liquid diet, and that is all that is possible at present. Still less is it likely, humanly speaking, that a system, under the combined strain of advancing years, and the debility consequent on prolonged sickness, would have strength to endure a crucial operation. The opinion, therefore, of the German specialists, who are said never to have anticipated any but a disastrous result from the outset, becomes all the more significant at the moment. And this leads, by a natural sequence, to a consideration of what might be the result if in the wise ordering of things it should so come about that the great German nation were left practically without a head; for should both Kaiser and Crown Prince be suddenly removed from the political stage, the burden of government would devolve upon a young and inexperienced army officer, whose talents, if he possesses any, have not hitherto been put to any practical test. This is one of the unknown quantities, politically speaking, which at present fill Europe with uneasiness. Hence the natural sympathy felt for the Crown Prince by other nationalities is not unmixed with a certain interested anxiety, not so much expressed as understood. The young heir-presumptive to the German throne is credited with impulsiveness. Military ardor is natural in youth. The German nation is just in a humor, at this moment, to respond to a sentiment of this sort, as was well exemplified the other day by the patriotic outburst in the Reichstag during Bismarck's speech. Deprived of the restraining influence of the cool heads and matured judgment of the older Hohenzollerns, Germany might be precipitated into war, a casualty which even the moral weight and trenchant authority of Bismarck himself might be powerless to avert, admitting that he cared to do so. It is not supposable that European statesmen are not fully awake to the contingencies we have outlined. It is rather upon just such a hypothesis as this that a series of otherwise meaningless concurrent events can be explained; such as the pushing forward of Russian troops to the frontiers of Galicia and Posen, without ostensible object, and in the dead of winter; the publication of the exact purport of the treaty between Germany and Austria; the parading of the tripartite alliance between Germany, Austria, and Italy; the apparently needless appearance of a British fleet in Mediterranean waters; the tightening of the bonds of relationship between France and Russia; the placing of immense loans upon the market; the speedy and thorough rearming of all European armies with the most improved weapons. If all these preparations are consistent with peace, and tend, as we are desired to believe, to the preservation of peace, where then shall we look for the signs of war? Each nation is eyeing the other, all like wary beasts of prey; each ready but each reluctant to begin the grapple. Should earlier pretext be wanting, the signal may yet be the accession of a youthful and inexperienced officer to the German throne.

In his private finances, King Humbert, of Italy, has long been following a policy of economy and retrenchment [illegible] to pay off his father's debts.

THE WITHERED HAND.

Being a Lawyer's Story of a Terrible Vengeance.

There was quite a crowd around Mr. Bermutier, the great criminal lawyer, as he discussed the mysterious Saint Cloud affair. For a month this inexplicable crime was the sensation of Paris. Nobody could make anything out of it.

Mr. Bermutier, with his back to the fire-place, arrayed proofs and cited different opinions, but drew no conclusion.

Several ladies had risen and drawn near him, and remained standing, with their eyes fixed upon the smoothly shaven mouth of the attorney, whence fell such weighty words. The women shivered, chilled by their inquisitive fright, by that insatiable hunger for the dreadful, which haunts their souls. One of them, paler than the rest, exclaimed :

"It is frightful. It approaches the supernatural. It will never be cleared up."

The great lawyer turned toward her :

"Yes, it will probably always remain a mystery," he said. "But the word supernatural, that you used, is hardly called for. The matter we are discussing is a cleverly devised, cleverly executed crime, so enveloped in darkness that we can not disentangle the impenetrable network of circumstances that surrounds it. But I confess that I was once called upon to follow a case which really seemed to have some hint of the fantastic about it. We were, in fact, compelled to give it up for want of data on which to proceed."

All the women cried with one voice :

"Oh, tell us about it!"

Mr. Bermutier smiled gravely, as a great criminal lawyer should smile, and continued :

"I do not myself admit that there can be any such thing as a superhuman agency. I should substitute the word 'inexplicable' for 'supernatural.'

"In the story I am going to tell, it was the surrounding or preparatory circumstances that impressed me. The facts were as follows : At the time I speak of, I was examining magistrate at Ajaccio. My business was principally the prosecution of cases of vendetta. In Corsica, as we all know, this sort of family vengeance has given rise to superbly dramatic, highly heroic incidents. For two years I heard of little beside the avenger of blood—the Corsican code that revenges murder on the person who commits it, or his descendants and relatives. I had seen old men, children, and distant cousins massacred ; my head was filled with such doings.

"I heard one day that an Englishman had rented a villa on the gulf for several years. He had a French servant, engaged at Marseilles, on his way to Ajaccio. Soon the whole place was taking an interest in this odd individual, who lived alone, and only went out to shoot or fish. He spoke to nobody, never came to town, and practiced shooting at a mark every morning for an hour or two.

"Stories began to be told about him. It was said that he was a man of high birth, who had fled his country for political reasons ; then rumor ran that he was in hiding on account of some dreadful crime he had committed, of which specially horrible details were given.

"As examining magistrate, I desired to obtain some trustworthy information about the man, but I could learn nothing. He gave Sir John Rowell as his name.

"I had him watched, but nothing suspicious about him was reported.

"Still as gossip about him grew more general and more extraordinary, I determined to see him for myself, and took to hunting in the neighborhood of his estate.

"The occasion presented itself upon my killing a partridge under the Englishman's very nose one day. My dog brought me the bird, which I at once presented to Sir John Rowell, apologizing for my intrusion. He was a large man with red hair and beard, tall and strong, a placid, polished Hercules. He had none of the so-called British stiffness, and thanked me in French, but with the decided accent of the other side of the Channel. Within the month we had chatted together five or six times.

"At last, one evening as I passed his gate, I saw him smoking a pipe, sitting astride a chair in his garden. I bowed, and he asked me to come in and drink a glass of beer. I did not wait to be urged. He received me with the scrupulous courtesy of the English, and began to praise France and Corsica.

"Then with the greatest precaution, masking my curiosity under the form of a deep interest in him, I asked a few questions about his life and his plans. He answered with unembarrassed frankness, told me he had traveled a great deal, in Africa, the Indies, and in America. He added, laughing :

"'Oh, yes! I've had a great many adventures.'

"I began to speak of hunting, and he gave me the most singular details of hippopotamus hunting, tiger and elephant hunting, and even gorilla hunting.

"I remarked that such animals were dangerous game.

"He smiled : 'Oh no! man is the worst.' Then he laughed outright, a big Englishman's laugh. 'I've hunted men a good deal, too,' he said. Then he spoke of weapons, and invited me into his house to show me different kinds of guns.

"His parlor was hung with black silk embroidered with gold. Great yellow flowers sprawled over the sombre material, as brilliant as fire. He announced that it was a Japanese stuff.

"But in the middle of the largest panel a strange thing caught my eye. On a square of red velvet there was a black object. I drew near ; it was a hand, a man's hand. Not a skeleton hand, white and clean, but a dried-up black hand, with yellow nails, starting muscles, and traces of blood that was like mud on the cleanly cut off bones, severed as with an ax near the middle of the forearm. Around the wrist an enormous iron chain, riveted and soldered to the uncleanly limb, fastened it to the wall by a staple strong enough to hold an elephant.

"I asked what it was. The Englishman coolly answered : "'That was my dearest foe. He came from America. That was cut off with a sword, and the skin scraped off with flint and dried in the sun for eight days. Pretty good for me, wasn't it?'

"I touched the remnant of humanity, which must have belonged to a Colossus. The immoderately long fingers were attached by enormous tendons, to which shreds of the skin still adhered. The hand was frightful to behold, flayed as it was ; it naturally suggested a barbarous revenge.

"'The man must have been very powerful,' said I.

"'Oh, yes,' said the Englishman, gently, 'but I was stronger than he was. I put that chain on it to hold it.'

"Thinking he was jesting, I said :

"'The chain is rather useless now. The hand won't get away.'

"Sir John replied, seriously : 'It's always wanting to get away. The chain is necessary.'

"I gave him a quick look, wondering whether he was a madman or a practical joker. But his face remained unmoved, calm, and kindly. I changed the subject, and examined his guns. I noticed, however, that three loaded revolvers lay in different places on the furniture, as if the man lived in constant fear of an attack.

"I called on him several times, and then went no more. Every one had grown accustomed to his presence, and consequently wholly indifferent to him.

"A whole year went by, when one morning my servant awakened me with the news that Sir John Rowell had been assassinated in the night. Half an hour later I entered the Englishman's house with two police officials. The French valet, frightened and overcome, was wringing his hands at the door. He was the man I first suspected, but he was innocent.

"The murderer was never discovered.

"Entering Sir John's drawing-room, I at once perceived his body lying stretched on the floor in the middle of the room. His coat was torn, one sleeve was wrenched off and hanging, everything gave evidence of a terrific struggle. The Englishman had been strangled to death. His black, swollen face expressed the most horrible fear ; he held something between his clenched teeth, and his throat was pierced with five bleeding holes as if made by iron points. A surgeon joined us, and examined the finger-marks in the flesh. He uttered the singular words :

"'I should say he had been strangled by a skeleton.'

"I felt the chills run down my back, and glanced up at the wall where I had seen the horrible flayed hand.

"It was there no longer! The chain hung broken.

"I bent over the corpse, and found in its teeth one of the fingers of the vanished hand, cut, or rather shaved off by the teeth just at the second joint.

"The inquest was held, but nothing was discovered. No door had been forced, no window opened, no furniture displaced. The two watch-dogs had not wakened.

"The servant's testimony was about as follows : For a month past his master had appeared troubled. He received a great many letters, which he burned as fast as they came. Often, picking up a riding-whip in a rage that approached insanity, he would lash the dried hand that was fastened to the wall, and which had been removed so mysteriously the night of the crime. He went to bed very late, locked himself in carefully, and always kept weapons close at hand. He would often speak out loud at night as if he were quarreling with some one. On the night in question, as it happened, he made no sound, and it was only when the servant came to open the windows that he discovered Sir John had been assassinated. He had no suspicions of anybody. I reported the whole matter to the proper authorities, and the island was minutely searched. Nothing came to light.

"Now, one night, three months after the crime, I had a frightful nightmare. I dreamed I saw the hand, the hideous hand, running like a scorpion, or a spider, up and down my walls and curtains. Three times I awoke, three times I went to sleep again, and three times I saw the fleshless horror crawl around my room, moving its fingers like legs. Next day the thing itself was brought to me. It had been found in the grave-yard on Sir John Rowell's tomb. He had been buried there because his family could not be traced.

"The hand lacked its first finger!

"That is the story, ladies. There is nothing more to it."

The terrified women were pale and trembling. One of them exclaimed :

"That is not a solution, nor an explanation. We shall none of us sleep to-night unless you tell what you think really took place."

The magistrate now smiled severely.

"Oh, I shall certainly spoil your terrible dreams, ladies," he replied; "I simply think that the legitimate owner of the hand was not dead at all, and that he came to get his severed hand back with the one he still possessed. But I certainly never discovered how he managed it. The whole thing was a vendetta."

One of the women murmured :

"I don't believe it was that way at all."

And the great lawyer, continuing to smile, concluded with :

"I warned you, you know, that my explanation would not suit you."—*Translated for the Argonaut, from the French of Guy de Maupassant, by Annie Lake Townsend.*

Four Kansas City real-estate dealers went out into the country the other day to inspect a bog which, in the spring, they intended to plat and put on the market as an "addition." As they sat on a log talking the matter over, a large wolf came and squatted down beside them, apparently approving their plans and wanting to be let into the syndicate.

The tigers were a little behind in India last year ; one thousand four hundred and sixty-four of them were killed by hunters, and they killed only about one thousand persons.

Pin statistics prove that each inhabitant of the United States consumes one pin per day. This makes necessary the daily manufacture of sixty millions of pins.

OLD FAVORITES.

Kallundborg Church.

"Tie stille, barn min!
Imorgen kommer Fin,
Fa'er din,
Og gi'er dig Esbern Snares øine og hjerte at lege med!"
—*Zealand Rhyme.*

"Build at Kallundborg by the sea
A church as stately as church may be,
And there shalt thou wed my daughter fair,"
Said the Lord of Nesvek to Esbern Snare.

And the Baron laughed. But Esbern said,
"Though I lose my soul, I will Helva wed!"
And off he strode, in his pride of will,
To the Troll who dwelt in Ulshoi hill.

"Build, O Troll, a church for me
At Kallundborg by the mighty sea ;
Build it stately, and build it fair,
Build it quickly," said Esbern Snare.

But the sly Dwarf said, "No work is wrought
By Trolls of the Hills, O man, for naught.
What wilt thou give for thy church so fair?"
"Set thy own price," quoth Esbern Snare.

"When Kallundborg church is builded well,
Thou must the name of its builder tell,
Or thy heart and thy eyes must be my boon."
"Build," said Esbern, "and build it soon."

By night and by day the Troll wrought on ;
He hewed the timbers, he piled the stone ;
But day by day, as the walls rose fair,
Darker and sadder grew Esbern Snare.

He listened by night, he watched by day,
He sought and thought, but he dared not pray ;
In vain he called on the Elle-maids shy,
And the Neck and the Nis gave no reply.

Of his evil bargain far and wide
A rumor ran through the country-side ;
And Helva of Nesvek, young and fair,
Prayed for the soul of Esbern Snare.

And now the church was wellnigh done ;
One pillar it lacked, and one alone ;
And the grim Troll muttered, "Fool thou art!
To-morrow gives me thy eyes and heart!"

By Kallundborg in black despair,
Through wood and meadow, walked Esbern Snare,
Till, worn and weary, the strong man sank
Under the birches on Ulshoi bank.

At his last day's work he heard the Troll
Hammer and delve in the quarry's hole ;
Before him the church stood large and fair ;
"I have builded my tomb," said Esbern Snare.

And he closed his eyes the sight to hide,
When he heard a light step at his side ;
"O Esbern Snare!" a sweet voice said,
"Would I might die now in thy stead!"

With a grasp by love and by fear made strong,
He held her fast, and he held her long ;
With the beating heart of a bird afeard,
She hid her face in his flame-red beard.

"O love!" he cried, "let me look to-day
In thine eyes ere mine are plucked away ;
Let me hold thee close, let me feel thy heart
Ere mine by the Troll is torn apart!

"I sinned, O Helva, for love of thee!
Pray that the Lord Christ pardon me!"
But fast as she prayed, and faster still,
Hammered the Troll in Ulshoi hill.

He knew, as he wrought, that a loving heart
Was somehow baffling his evil art ;
For more than spell of Elf or Troll
Is a maiden's prayer for her lover's soul.

And Esbern listened, and caught the sound
Of a Troll-wife singing underground ;
"To-morrow comes Fine, father thine ;
Lie still and hush thee, baby mine!

"Lie still, my darling! next sunrise
Thou'lt play with Esbern Snare's heart and eyes!"
"Ho! ho!" quoth Esbern, "is that your game?
Thanks to the Troll-wife, I know his name!"

The Troll he heard him, and hurried on
To Kallundborg church with the lacking stone.
"Too late, Gaffer Fine!" cried Esbern Snare ;
And Troll and pillar vanished in air!

That night the harvesters heard the sound
Of a woman sobbing under ground,
And the voice of the Hill-Troll loud with blame
Of the careless singer who told his name.

Of the Troll of the Church they sing the rune
By the Northern Sea in the harvest moon ;
And the fishers of Zealand hear him still
Scolding his wife in Ulshoi hill.

And seaward over its groves of birch
Still looks the tower of Kallundborg church,
Where, first at its altar, a wedded pair,
Stood Helva of Nesvek and Esbern Snare!
—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

A proof of the remarkable durability of Roman buildings was found in the resistance offered by the foundations of the pillars on which the bridge rested which led from the Roman settlement of Maguntia (modern Mainz) over the river to the right, or eastern bank of the Rhine. There were fourteen stumps of pillars under the water, resting upon piles surrounded by beds of stone, to prevent undermining by the current. The woodwork had been destroyed to a depth of not more than an inch or an inch and a half, and having been taken out and dried, it was found unusually hard, and well adapted to fine furniture. The expense of removing these pillars is fifteen thousand dollars, or nearly eleven hundred dollars each, on account of the great amount of time and labor that had to be spent on them.

The proposed iron bridge for the Hudson, at Hoboken, has a span of two thousand eight hundred and fifty feet, against one thousand five hundred feet in the Brooklyn bridge. It is a suspension bridge, with towers five hundred feet high, and should accommodate six railways.

FREE TRADE IN ENGLAND.

"Cockaigne" shows the Results of Great Britain's Policy.

The question of free trade *versus* protection is one attracting considerable attention on all sides. Gladstone and John Bright are vehement advocates of the former principle, and there are many people who take their ideas on all subjects blindly from one or the other of these two men who are all for it, and regard the day of its adoption as one of the brightest and most successfully progressive epochs in English history. It is, and always has been to me ever since I began to think at all upon the subject, a matter for much legitimate amazement, that people who favor the abolition of custom duties, as they are embraced in a national protective tariff, do not see that the discontinuance of custom duties on foreign importations means a necessarily proportionate increase in internal taxation. The support of the government must be derived from some source. The cost of the crown, the maintenance of law and justice, and the expense of a large standing army and navy must be borne and paid by some one. The money must come out of some pockets. It must come out of the pockets of the foreigner or of the subject. Protection obliges the foreigner to fork out; free trade, the subject. To me this is the whole controversy in a nutshell.

I can not imagine how any one can think twice about it, or hesitate a moment as to which principle he should be in favor of. To the English people, burdened as they now are with taxes, it ought to be a question susceptible of instantaneous decision. As it now is, the English list of dutiable articles is but a small one compared with the customs tariff of the United States. And the ease and comfort of getting through the British custom-house has been long apparent to the American traveler landing in England. You have no invoices or manifests to make out, sign, and swear to; no inducements for smuggling and perjury; no greasy, hungry, beetle-browed, red-mouthed political Irish inspectors to fee and tip in order to get your luggage passed without molestation, as is the case on arriving in New York; no farce of first having to swear to the non-dutiable character of your goods and chattels, and then having to undergo an overhauling as if either you hadn't sworn at all, or else that your oath wasn't worth the paper it was attested upon. I have often wondered why this course was followed by the United States custom-house authorities. Either accept your oath as true, or don't compel you to take it. Why swear you if they won't believe you? The whole thing is absurd, inconsistent, and illogical. When you arrive at a British port of entry—take Liverpool, as the most common landing-place of the American tourist—you are asked to "declare"—not *swear*—that you have neither tobacco, spirits, nor perfumery in your baggage. That is all the custom-house officers seem to care about, unless it be dynamite, and—thanks to the nefarious practices of the "freers of Ireland," who have come from America loaded down with the damnable compound—respectable and law-abiding American citizens of native birth are obliged to have their trunks, portmanteaus, and bags overhauled and examined, when otherwise they might pass through in the most informal manner. I should fancy, if you wanted to cure any American of sympathy with Parnell and his Irish patriots (who blow up innocent people), you could not do better than get them to land, after a long sea-voyage, at Liverpool with a lot of luggage nicely corded, locked, strapped, and covered, anxious to catch the earliest train for London, and avoid the trouble and additional expense of a night at a Liverpool hotel, and let the custom-house officials "go through them" for dynamite.

I have not by me, at this moment, a complete list of dutiable articles of foreign importation into England. That it is small in contrast to that in force in the United States, I feel confident. And not only are the dutiable articles fewer, but the rates are lower. Instead of decreasing or abolishing either, I would increase both, taking the American tariff as the standard. If any source of national revenue is to be reduced or discontinued, I say, let it be internal taxation. Let England pattern after the United States, and, in the cause of her tax-ridden people, let her adopt a protective tariff that will include almost everything that can come from abroad. The more revenue there is that comes from what comes into the country, the less revenue will be required from what is in the country. Compare English taxes with American. What would they be were free trade adopted? They are bad enough now, in all conscience. I have heard Americans growl about their taxes (which would be a deuced sight higher were there no custom duties to help), and I have wondered what they would do, did they live in England. Few people out of England have any idea of the vast amount of excise, stamp duties, and other rates and taxes which the crushed people of England have to pay every year.

For the benefit of Americans who are given to growling at having to pay income, real, and personal property taxes, let us take a few of the "tributes" which Englishmen have to yield for the support of their greatness. An admission to the degree of barrister costs fifty pounds. A solicitor has to pay twenty-five pounds. A doctor of medicine in Scotland is mulcted in the sum of ten pounds. People who use armorial bearings pay one guinea a year for the privilege. Arms put on a carriage cost two guineas a year. The stamp duty on a grant of arms from the Herald's College is ten pounds. So, anglomaniacs, beware! A doctor who becomes a "fellow" of a college of physicians pays twenty-five pounds for the honor. Every carriage must pay an annual license for the privilege of rolling over the "Queen's Highway." Four-wheeled carriages weighing four hundred-weight pay two guineas a year; two-wheelers, and those of four which weigh less than four hundred-weight, pay fifteen shillings. "Hackney" carriages pay fifteen shillings also. On every pack of playing cards there is a stamp duty of threepence. The tax on the commission of an army officer is one pound ten shillings. On a navy officer's, ten shillings. Dogs over six months old, except sheep or cattle dogs, and those used to guide blind people, pay an annual tax of seven shillings and sixpence. It costs ten shillings to get a license for a building for the performance of divine service! Game licenses cost three and two pounds according to duration. You can, however, get one to last for fourteen days for one pound. The right to use or carry a gun costs ten shillings a year. The habited private houses, of the value of twenty pounds a year, pay ninepence in the pound of the annual rent. Shops, public houses, farms, etc., pay sixpence in the pound. Letters-patent for inventions, etc., cost in the first instance eight pounds. Removals at the end of four, or seven, or eight years are granted on payment of fifty or one hundred pounds. These renewal fees can, however, be turned into annual fees from the fourth year of the patent, running from ten to twenty pounds a year. Incomes under one hundred and fifty pounds a year are exempt from income tax. If under four hundred a year, the tax is not chargeable on the first one hundred and twenty. The ordinary income tax is eightpence in the pound, though occupiers of farms pay but fourpence. Railways pay five pounds tax out of every hundred pounds profits they make from traffic. The English people are not supposed to be especially fond of "sweets," by which name "candy" is known in England; yet dealers in them have to pay an annual license of five guineas. Wine merchants pay ten guineas. Every voting paper must bear a one-penny stamp.

Every person who is so fortunate as to be left a legacy must pay toward the support of the "crown" so much of his good luck, except when the personalty does not exceed three hundred pounds sterling. So children or relations have to pay a "succession" tax on whatever they succeed or "come in" to. This legacy and succession tax varies in accordance with the degree of consanguinity to the last in possession, thus; children pay one per cent., and persons of distant blood (or utter strangers) pay ten per cent. This succession tax, or duty, is often a most burdensome one upon those who succeed to a title. Every male servant is taxed to his master at the rate of fifteen shillings a head. Grants of "honors" and "dignities" cost a lot of money. But no one can object to that, either those who get them or those who don't. If they were the only people taxed no one would have a right to complain. Now, for the benefit of such anglicized Americans as have taken up, or propose to take up, their residence in England, like for example Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mr. Martin, Mr. Henry White, Mr. John Bigelow, and others, as well as for the information of people in general who take an interest in such things, let me state that the letters-patent under the great seal, by which peerages are created and conferred, cost as follows: Duke, three hundred and fifty pounds; marquis, three hundred pounds; earl, two hundred and fifty pounds; viscount, two hundred pounds; baron, one hundred and fifty pounds; and patent of precedence, one hundred pounds. So, it will be seen—let rank sneer at money as much as it will—that without the ability to pay these taxes a man, however gifted intellectually, could not become a peer. A change of surname or arms in accordance with a will costs fifty pounds—if upon voluntary application, ten pounds. There is one thing to be said of the majority of these taxes and stamp duties, and that is, that they bear only upon the rich and well-to-do, who can best afford to pay them. There is a pronounced and active movement on foot at present to get the inhabited-house tax repealed so far as it affects and has to be borne by the tenant. A dwelling-house is a necessity, just as much as bread or water, and necessities should not be taxed. Of course, in every community there are local taxes or rates as they are generally called, such as "poor" rates, sanitary rates, urban (or city) rates, etc., too numerous to go into detail about. One must pay these wherever one lives. There are hundreds, I may say, of other duties, excises, and taxes, exacted from the people by the British government for its maintenance. But they are too numerous, and altogether too commonplace, to mention.

If with a protective tariff, which in 1886 brought in a revenue of upward of nineteen million of pounds, in custom duties, all these taxes are necessary, I ask what would they be without it? I wonder free traders themselves don't see this. The fact is: if free trade is established in England, the twenty millions lost to the revenue will either have to be made up from some other source, or else the expenses of the government will have to be reduced to conform to the shrinkage. Who are prepared to sacrifice themselves—the army, navy, judiciary, civil service, or the pensioners? Some one must suffer if the taxpayers don't. The bills must be footed, unless the bills are curtailed. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, February 3, 1888.

The State Railroad Commissioners, of Minnesota, issued orders that, "After January 1, 1888, each upper berth in any sleeping-car, run or operated upon any railroad in this State, shall remain closed whenever the berth beneath the same shall be occupied by a passenger, until such upper berth shall be needed for actual occupancy." If this brief order could be put in force all over the country, one of the meanest advantages taken of the traveling public by the sleeping-car companies would no longer have to be submitted to. In explanation of this order it may be stated that the aim of the sleeping-car companies (after charging, in addition to the regular railroad rate, as much for a sleeping accommodation as is charged for a room and board in our best hotels) is to make every passenger pay as much as can be extorted from him. Each "section" of a sleeping-car contains two "berths." If a passenger hires a lower berth and the one above him is not taken, the porters are compelled by the company, under severe penalty, to let down the upper berth when the lower one is made up, thus cutting off air and light, and boxing up the lower occupant as closely as possible. The object of this order is to compel the lower occupant to pay for the breathing room above him as well as his bed beneath.—*Nation.*

Owing to the craze for turquoises, stones that sold for one dollar a year ago are now worth twelve or fifteen dollars.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Minister—"Well, Bobby, what do you want to be when you grow up?" *Bobby* (suffering from parental discipline)—"An orphan."—*New York Sun.*

In the theatre: "But why do you weep? The acting is certainly not so touching." "Excuse me; I am bewailing the money I paid to come in."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

It is said that ten years ago Mr. Theodore Brown carved his name on the back of a cake of hotel toilet-soap, and recently came across it again. The letters were still legible.—*Puck.*

There is only one thing we know of that is worse than being called upon unexpectedly to make an after-dinner speech. That is to prepare an after-dinner speech and not be asked to deliver it.—*Life.*

Customer (at railroad restaurant)—"Here, boss, this coffee is cold?" *Proprietor*—"Yes, sir; you see the train stops only a few minutes, an' if the coffee was hot you wouldn't have time to drink it."—*Epoch.*

One of the contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly* has written a poem on Gibraltar, in which he very successfully rhymes "to-day" with "Africa." This is quite the literary sensation of the hour in Boston.—*Life.*

Exasperated wife—"What do you mean by coming home at this time in the morning?" *Convival husband*—"I'm very sorry, my dear, but it's not my fault. The fellers had all gone; didn't have any one to talk to."—*Ex.*

Deacon's wife (at a late breakfast Sunday morning)—"Will you have another cup of coffee, my dear?" *Deacon*—"No; I've barely time to get ready for church, and besides, a second cup of coffee keeps me awake."—*New York Sun.*

Customer—"Have you some good cheese, Mr. Butternut?" *Grocer*—"Yes, indeed; something rather loud?" *Customer*—"Not this time, Mr. Butternut; the doctor has ordered absolute quiet in the house on account of the sick baby."—*Judge.*

"Clara," said the old man, from the head of the stairs, "hasn't that young man gone yet?" "Your daughter isn't here, sir," feebly responded the young man; "she has just stepped into the kitchen to fill and trim the lamp."—*New York Sun.*

Young lady (to florist)—"I am very particular that only the freshest roses are used. Will you see to it personally, please?" *Florist*—"yes, miss. To what address shall I send the bouquet?" *Young lady*—"Just Billy, Murderers' Row, Tombs."—*New York Sun.*

Wife (on her husband's return from his office)—"I came across a lot of your old love-letters to-day, dear, in one of the trunks up-stairs. Ah, John, how you did love me!" *Husband*—"Yes, indeed. Is dinner ready? I'm as hungry as a tramp."—*Harper's Bazar.*

St. Peter (to applicant)—"You say you were an editorial writer on a New York newspaper?" *Applicant*—"Yes, sir." *St. Peter*—"Step into the elevator, please." *Applicant* (stepping into the elevator)—"How soon does it go up?" *St. Peter*—"It doesn't go up, it goes down."—*Epoch.*

Landlady—"Dinner is a little late to-night, Mr. Dumley. I sent Bridget out for a canvas-back, and she was gone a long time." *Dumley* (not sure that he isn't dreaming)—"Er—a canvas-back duck, Mrs. Hendricks?" *Landlady*—"No, a canvas-back ham. It's late in the season for game, Mr. Dumley."—*New York Sun.*

Tramp (to citizen, who has donated a nickel for a night's lodging)—"If you could give me one more nickel, sir, I can get a bed all to myself." *Citizen*—"No, I can't do that, but here is a suggestion: You ask the gentleman you are to sleep with for an additional nickel. He ought to be willing to give it gladly."—*New York Sun.*

Miss Chatty Lafite (showing her library to Boston friend)—"Yes, that's Browning. It's awfully good, I suppose; but I don't understand *all* of it. I like something lighter." *Boston friend*—"And you have Praed?" *Miss Lafite* (blushing a little)—"Yes, I have. But it didn't do any good." (Boston friend drops the subject.)—*Puck.*

Editor (to assistant)—"This story of Smith's is a very interesting one, and extremely well written; but I'm afraid it's too sensational. We can not be too careful to keep our columns clean and pure." *Assistant*—"How would it do to hold it for the Sunday edition?" *Editor*—"Well, yes, it might do for Sunday."—*Puck.*

Mrs. Dusenberry—"What nonsense these newspapers study out! Now here's a statement that widows are more likely to die than widowers." *Mr. Dusenberry*—"That's all bosh, my dear. The fact is that a man generally dies before his widow." *Mrs. Dusenberry*—"Is that really the case? How do you account for it?" *Mr. Dusenberry*—"I can't."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Amateur actor (rehearsing in his room)—"Approach thou like the Hyrcan tiger, the rugged Russian bear——" *Landlady* (entering)—"Mr. Thespius, I want to know once for all when you intend to pay the money you owe me?" "Well, er, call—call Saturday." [Continuing the rehearsal]—"Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves shall never tremble."—*Lincoln Journal.*

A scissors-grinder man was walking slowly down Main Street, ringing a merry ting-a-ling-ling chime on his bell, when a woman rushed to the front door, and asked in a breathless voice: "Do you grind scissors?" The man looked at her a moment and then meekly answered: "No; I black boots. My father is dead and I carry this grindstone around to conceal my trade. Umbrellas to mend! Ting-a-ling——"—*Derby News-Independent.*

LENTEN BRIDES.

"Iris" writes of February Weddings and the New York Amateurs.

There was a rush of marriages just before Lent. The South, old Point Comfort, Washington, the gorgeous Ponce de Leon in Florida, St. Augustine, and even frozen old Niagara, have been surfeited with bridal couples. February is snatching June's laurels. About one of the most charming, well-bred, and brilliant of these Lenten brides, I mind me of a story. I will a plain, unvarnished tale deliver, upon which the cynic may comment, if he wants. This young lady—of a good family, clever enough to write poems and have them published, good-looking enough as girls go—and all New York girls are good-looking—once went down to Washington to pay a visit. She was a great success, made many friends, and attracted such admirers as that home of diplomacy has to offer. One night she went to a very swell masquerade ball; the ladies wore dominos and masks, with fancy costumes beneath, the gentlemen were some in costume, some in evening-dress. Now a domino is, as the social luminary knows, one of the most deceptive garments. Venus and the "wash-lady" in dominos could not be told apart. The graceful outlines of Atlanta are as successfully concealed as the chunky ones of her cook. The only clew to identity is in the height and carriage. My heroine, in these two respects, resembled one of the "diplomatic" young ladies at that time sojourning in the capital. Presently an ardent admirer of the diplomatic young lady accosted her, only too evidently laboring under the belief that he addressed his heart's queen. The New Yorker, keenly alive to the dramatic elements of the situation, let him continue in his deception. She found it highly amusing, especially when he began to make love to her. Finally, however, when he made her an offer of his heart and hand, she grew somewhat alarmed, and, answering vaguely, withdrew. She buried this secret deep down in the depths of her inner consciousness—and repented? Not in the least. She slept till twelve the sleep of the just, put on her good clothes, and in high glee went to a young ladies' lunch-party. At the lunch-party—many of the lunchers she had never met before—she recounted her experiences at the masquerade, not neglecting to give the name of the unhappy swain, and the young lady for whom she was taken. She laughed hugely as she related the tale, the young man's protestations, and her own fear of detection. What the sensations were of the would-be lover and his rightful charmer, I will leave to the imagination. It is now the fashion in telling stories to leave out the end.

Still apropos of marriages—Lieutenant Bettina was married, some weeks since, to Miss Daisy Abbott, a pretty and charming American, and one of the heirs of the Lottimer estate. Lieutenant Bettina is an Italian *beau sabreur*, who has had American experiences. That by which he is chiefly known was his love-affair with the daughter of Mrs. Josephine Ayer. The love was on Lieutenant Bettina's side entirely, the young lady not reciprocating, and even avoiding her admirer, who was denied the house. The admirer—these Italians are famous lovers in real life, whatever they may be on the operatic boards—was not to be shaken off so easily. He haunted the Ayer mansion. The "lusty henchmen" of that wealthy house drove him away and refused him entrance, so he was forced to retire. He retired to the steps, and there sat him down, and, some malicious people do say, wailed like the unmusical banshee, filling the circumambient ether with his lamentations. But the wound is healed. "Men are men, the best sometimes forget," even those who weep on the front-steps. Has Senator Jones, of Florida, forgotten those lachrymose days in Detroit? Why certainly.

To finish thoroughly these matters matrimonial—another American has joined the European majority. Miss Leta Garner is betrothed to the Earl of Chesterfield. Miss Garner is heiress of five millions, is some nineteen or twenty years old, and is of course charming, as every heiress of five millions should be. Her childhood was overshadowed by a tragedy. When she was a child of some eight or nine years, her mother and father were lost on the yacht *Mohawk*, in New York Bay. The accident has become historic. The yacht, in sight of the whole fleet, suddenly was struck by a squall, capsized, and sunk like lead. Some few members of the large party escaped by a miracle. Mr. Garner was on deck, but rushed into the saloon to save his wife. As they flew for the stairway, some of the ballast, loosed by the shock, rolled upon the lady and pinned her down. The next instant a Niagara of water poured through the companion-way, and down went the *Mohawk* like a stone. Not five minutes after, the spot where she had sunk was covered with boats from the yachts in the harbor. Nautical New York had watched the tragedy, helpless and horrified. Of the Earl of Chesterfield one hears but little. He is the great-grandson of the gentleman who wrote the letters. If his manners are as polished and courtly as his celebrated progenitor's, Miss Garner can be proud of such a trophy of her bow and spear. But it would be rather a pleasant change if an American heiress would now and then bestow her charms and her fortune on a fellow countrymen. It's discouraging for the poor chaps. They are none of them bold enough to take the initiative, to step up and bravely claim their heiress if there is a live lord in the offing, and the worst of it is, that the heiresses rarely encourage them if the lord shows the faintest, palest inclinations to say "wilt thou be mine." Cornwallis at Yorktown, the *Alabama* Claims, and the wrongs of the Emma Mine owners are being avenged. Oh, for an American heiress who has the pluck to marry Mr. Smith of Podunk!

There is a play at the Standard, called "Paul Kauvar, or Anarchy," in which Mr. Robert Hilliard, present king of the dudes, plays a dual rôle, and has signed himself to everlasting fame as an unconscious comedian. In the first place, the play is such toweringly high tragedy that the least slip makes it low [illegible] of the most delicious, unpremeditated kind. Paul [illegible] one of these men who are bent upon being martyrs. [illegible] much rather be a martyr than not. He burns to be [illegible] for some one else; he longs to change clothes with some man who is going to be guillotined. He accomplished the latter feat once, but in spite of his most assiduous efforts he lives, and a cruel, unromantic fourth act makes him successful, and forces his girl and happiness upon him, reluctant though he be. But Robert Hilliard, and his dual rôle!—he is himself and his twin brother—General Delaroche and the Abbé St. Simon. As the abbé, he changes clothes with Paul Kauvar, and after a great deal of talking "goes to glory," pronounced "glow-ry." Having gone to glowry through the door in the flat, he returns presently as General Delaroche. He enters the door, and sees his childhood's friend, Guroc, and, rushing toward him, cries "Guroc—this is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure." On the night on which I saw him, however, his entrance was particularly enthusiastic. I will engage that seldom before had Guroc been greeted with so much warmth. "Guroc," cried the general, and stepped forward. Here his sword caught between his knees, and he was precipitated with passionate violence upon Guroc's manly bosom, where he murmured in smothered tones, "This is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure." Guroc didn't look as if he thought so. He drew the flushed general to his feet, and tenderly pushed up his hat, which had unkindly descended during that impassioned greeting over Mr. Hilliard's beautiful black eyes. By the way, that hat added lustre to the general's appearance. If Mr. Hilliard would wear it on the avenue, he would be acclaimed as king without one dissenting voice. It is three-cornered, large, snow-white, and is bound with white swansdown, and surmounted with a bunch of white plumes. When Mr. Hilliard is hard up he can rent it for a baby's hearse.

A great amateur performance, called "Contrast," including in the cast such gifted amateurs as Miss Elsie de Wolfe, Mrs. Fellows-Morgan, and Mr. Conrad is on the tapis. It is to be a notable event. Money to the amount of two thousand dollars is to be expended on its production, and the costumes are to be something fairly ravishing. The period—Louis XVI.—is rich in picturesque and becoming costumes, the performers are rich in stocks and first-mortgage bonds, so one is not amiss in expecting a great deal. The plot of "Contrast" is old. It treats of a rich and beautiful prima donna, courted, fêted, loved, admired, who has given up love for her art, and who, in the midst of every luxury and honor, secretly pines for the humbler, nobler joys of the domestic hearth. There is a great deal of love, of course, and a great many struggles—amateurs are besotted on struggles—between the lady's ambition and her love for some one—a prince, I believe. The air is thick with emotions; there will, of course, be a great deal of artistic sobbing done, hearts will be clutched, hair torn, etc. Amateurs are fond of these old traditions. They always stick to them, and you can not teach an old dog new tricks.

These particular amateurs are the cream of New York talent. Miss de Wolf—I have mentioned her before—is as devoted to the dramatic profession as though her bread and butter depended on it. She gives performances at all the suburbs—for charity—and has many sets of stage costumes. Those for Lady Teazle, one of her pet parts, are magnificent, and were made by Worth. Miss de Wolfe as an amateur gives better promise than Mrs. Potter did. But it is singular that one so rarely sees evidences of something more than a nice talent among the numerous amateurs who throng the drawing-room stage. Originality, not to mention the faintest inkling of creative genius, is an unknown quantity. Nine-tenths of the lady and gentlemen amateurs now in New York are poor imitators of all that is moss-grown and hoary on the stage. They soon acquire an ease of manner, but they seem to lack the essential talent of forming a conception of the characters they represent. They will study a sentence, and render a *bon mot*, or retort that strikes their fancy, quite charmingly and naturally. Occasionally they astonish by a note of nature, a gesture of dramatic passion and truth, but only occasionally. As a rule they study in this fragmentary manner; rely on their ability to give a certain sparkling wit, and slur the rest—dramatic unity seems beyond most of them. Instead of a concentrated focussing of all their study and ability on the part, the character, they squander it on a single remark here, a bright repartee there, a coquettish sally somewhere else.

NEW YORK, February 20, 1888. IRIS.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Mr. "B." and Frank S. Johnson on Protection.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have read the articles of Mr. "B." and have been very much interested with the able manner in which he handles the question of the tariff. He is right on the iron question to a certain extent, inasmuch as it costs the consumer just the duty extra; but, on the raisin question, he is wrong, as the prices of raisins and nuts are just increased the amount of tariff also, and I believe that raisins would decrease in price fully fifty cents per box, or two and one-half cents per pound if they were on the free list, and we may safely say that wool, lumber, sugar, and all other articles that pay duty—that come in competition with American products—would come down at once in price the amount of duty charged.

Who would this reduction effect? Of course only those who are directly interested in the production of each article and the manipulation of its price, and all us rich gentlemen like myself and Mr. Johnson. If the custom-house and internal revenue departments of the government were abolished, and we sold our productions where we could get the best prices and bought what we wanted where we could buy it the cheapest, the cheap labor of foreign countries could live at home, and the American laborer could follow such pursuits as would be profitable without protection, but would have to pay a direct tax to support the national government, which tax would amount to at least ten thousand dollars per year. Now, we have at least one thousand gentlemen in this State, and may be one hundred more in other States, raising raisins; we also have at least one hundred gentlemen who own large bands of sheep; we also have at least fifty gentlemen who own large timber interests, and probably ten other very respectable gentlemen who have large sugar interests in the Hawaiian Islands, whose sugar comes in free and whose interests would be ruined if sugar were put on the free list. We also have at least one hundred other gentlemen, who are very respectable, whom our robbed laboring class have a right to be proud of; these last hundred gentlemen possess at least five hundred millions of dollars worth of property, on which the taxes for the national government would be at least five millions of dollars per annum. Now, Mr. Editor, we must have two classes—the respectable accumulator and the ignorant producer. There are about five hundred of the better class, and about one million five hundred thousand of the rabble element in California, which must be kept in subjection, and I can see but one way to do it—that is, to tax them a little at a time so that they will not notice it, and there is no reason why they should not be taxed the same way for State and county government, and we must so impose this indirect tax that some gentleman can increase his wealth on such articles as will stand manipulation.

I have been an honest advocate of free trade for forty years, but in the last year I have found my mistake. A little over one year ago, I was poor, but I made a deal in stocks; I followed it up with a successful deal in land. I now own six thousand sheep; with tariff on wool, I can make at least three thousand dollars more than I can on free wool. I have ten thousand acres of very fine boxwood timber, which, with protection on lumber, is worth at least one hundred thousand dollars more to me than if the forests of British America were allowed to supply our lumber market. I have an interest in a vineyard of four hundred acres that will produce at least forty thousand boxes of raisins, which would sell for fifty cents per box. Loss, if raisins were on the free list, or a difference of twenty thousand dollars, or five thousand dollars to me individually. I will have at least two hundred tons of sugar from the islands, from which I would realize at least fifty dollars per ton less if sugar came in free from other countries. Therefore it makes a difference to me of at least twenty thousand dollars per year, whether we have free trade or protective tariff. These figures settle the question with me, I am for my own interest, and if wool, lumber, sugar, and raisins are put on the free list, I can tell the ignorant laboring classes conscientiously that the wages will come down, and especially on raisins. I have already applied to the Six Chinese Companies, for funds to assist in keeping the duty on raisins, as it will surely cut down the wages of the five thousand Chinaman who are working in the vineyards of the State.

In conclusion, I will say that indirect tax of any kind is in the interest of the rich man, and the proper way to keep the poor in subjection.

I belong to the respectable class, I am worth one million of dollars, and it costs me just the same to live as it did when I was poor, and my great ambition now is to build up an American aristocracy. I am of genuine Irish blood, but we have been for three generations in America, and I find it necessary to follow the example of many other American gentlemen by taking my daughter to Europe, explaining our wealth, and that we are living abroad, and therefore contribute nothing to support the government, and that our income is all clear gain when we will have no trouble to get some count, duke, or noble to marry my daughters, and in time become a branch of the nobility. I will instruct my son-in-law to buy all their clothing, etc., before they come over to this glorious country—which they can bring over free of duty—make their American visit once a year, collect their rents, then return to Europe, and have ignorant Americans to advocate protection in shape of tariff, so they can pay the expense of the government in time of peace for which they shall have the privilege of the ballot, and of being soldiers in case of war.

Hoping this article is not too long—it will surely suit the rich and respectable, and as it advocates protection it will suit the ignorant laboring men; I want to please everybody, and especially the poor man, and especially when I can make him happy working for my interest—having indorsed Mr. B., and Mr. Johnson, both, this communication will surely suit. Hoping that they will both see what tariff means in future, I remain most respectfully. FOR TARIFF.

Frank S. Johnson replies to "B."

EDITORS ARGONAUT: "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," and "B.," in his last communication in the *Argonaut*, gives palpable evidence of his critical condition. It is fair to presume that many years devoted to solving the problem of successful competition of American products with those of Spain, France, and the Mediterranean, would have given me some understanding of the subject: "B." shows the danger of one thinking he knows anything, no matter what may have been his opportunities for acquiring information. "B.'s" conclusions, however, might carry more weight if, in his effort to expose my ignorance, he did not show so plainly on his part an utter lack of knowledge of the situation. And yet such men as "B.," honest and earnest, no doubt, ask the people to accept and act upon their theoretical ideas, formed upon a superficial understanding of the real situation. "B.'s" free use of trade quotations and statistics, and happy style of expressing his ideas, might lead the casual reader to believe that he really knew what he was talking about—but he doesn't.

In his article of February 15th he credits me with saying that the price of California fruit in the East is made by deducting the amount of duty from the price of foreign fruit. I have never said this. I have claimed, and still insist, that California fruit sells at a comparative price to the foreign article; and that, if foreign fruit was admitted free, it would sell for less money, and California producers would, of course, have to meet this competition. "B." replied (I now use his own words, quoting from the *Argonaut* before me), "The tariff does not add a cent to the market value of our raisins. Nor, if it were repealed to-morrow, would they decline a cent."

To show what I mean, and what "B." utterly fails to comprehend, I will give an example of the practical working of the tariff in a way that I trust a child can understand.

Walnuts are worth in Europe	$	cents
Transatlantic freight and insurance to New York	1	"
Importers' profit, about seven per cent	.80	"
Duty	5	"
These nuts sell in New York for about	14.80	"
Or say	15	"
California nuts will sell for a corresponding price, or	15	"

Now let us take an example with the duties taken off:

Walnuts are worth in Europe	$	cents
Transatlantic freight and insurance to New York	1	"
Importers' profit, about seven per cent	.5	"
Nuts will sell in New York for about	9.5	"
California nuts will sell in competition, under free trade conditions at	9.5	"
Loss to grower by removal of duty	5.5	" per lb.

Can anything be clearer or more certain?

The quality of California raisins, nuts, and prunes, after years of careful working and grading, has been raised to about the standard and character of the foreign article, and these products sell in the Eastern States at practically the same price as the imported products. Furthermore, our raisins, nuts, and prunes are rapidly growing in favor, and if afforded proper protection, will displace the imported as rapidly as we are able to supply the demand.

Let us take another example of the practical effects of free trade on California raisins, and then apply the lesson to one of our principal growers here.

Say raisins are worth in Valencia	$1.40	per box
Transatlantic freight and insurance	.15	"
Importers' profit	.20	"
Duty	.40	"
	$2.15	
California raisins will then sell at corresponding figures, if the quality is the same, or say	$2 15	

Now let us place these raisins on the free list, as the Mills Bill reports, the raisins from Spain coming in here free:

Raisins cost in Valencia	$1.40
Transatlantic freight and insurance	.15
Importers' profit	.15
Or a cost of	$1 70 laid down.
California raisins will then sell for,	$1.70

or 40 cents a box less.

Now, for an object lesson for "B." Colonel William Forsyth, of Fresno, estimates that he will raise, on his vineyard of one hundred and thirty acres, forty thousand boxes of raisins next year. From the above examples, it will be seen that his loss, if raisins are placed on the free list, will be forty cents a box; sixteen thousand dollars on forty thousand boxes, or one hundred and twenty-five dollars per acre per year. Colonel Forsyth, a life-long Democrat, declares his intention of voting for the party's ticket that favors protection. Yet, when this great and growing industry appeals for protection, "B." retorts that the "tariff of the United States is not going to be fixed by peanut-stands, either here or there." Let "B." be assured, however, that this "peanut-stand" business, as he elegantly characterizes it, will grow in value, within ten years' time, if properly encouraged, to more than our present wheat crop; and, as an indication that the "peanut" interests of California are attracting some attention in the Eastern States, I would call "B.'s" attention to the resolution just passed by the New York Mercantile Exchanges, and also to the position lately assumed by Mr. Randall, who is now striving to have California productions eumінated from the Mills Bill.

The American working-man is more interested in the question of protection, in my opinion, than any of our manufacturers. His future depends upon protection. Twenty cents a day is good pay for the Italian agricultural laborer. His Spanish neighbor does not earn as much. These facts of themselves show the impossibility of the California raisin-packer, grape-raiser, or nut-grower, competing with the imported article, and how necessary protection is. Wages should be maintained, for on the maintenance of a high rate of wages depends the prosperity of a country; and the laborers' interests should be primarily considered, for, in these days of "trusts," the manufacturers have learned pretty effectually how to take care of themselves. Unfortunately for California, in marketing her productions she is forced to compete with the lowest grade of European labor; and, if all the articles of manufacture, and all the products of the soil of the United States, were of necessity to be placed upon the free list, the products of California should be the last to be attacked.

Let me give an extract from Jean's "English Supremacy" (Harper's Franklin Square Library, price twenty cents), a book that should be in the hands of every thinker at the present moment. Speaking of the common Italian laborer, he states: "Their wages are about one franc per day. They will walk forty or fifty miles with a view of engaging in the lowest and vilest work, such as rice-cleaning, in order to gain thirty francs (six dollars) by forty days' labor, in the heat of summer, provided only with the bread which they can carry or produce in the neighborhood. In Navarre the agriculturist is said to contend with every species of privation from the cradle to the grave. At ten years he already earns some small wages; at twelve he is regularly employed; at fifteen he undertakes the heaviest farm work. The men rise in summer at two, and in winter at four; in the former season they work from twelve to fourteen hours, and over. Girls take part in the field work at fourteen and fifteen. At night they catch frogs and fish in the marshes, and steal corn and wood." But this is not all of the painful picture. Let us go further: Jean says, "Whatever may be the hardship of the metayer, that of the ordinary agricultural laborer is infinitely worse." I will spare the reader further details, and close this quotation by saying that Jean's work is in the interest of free trade. It is the foregoing kind of competition that free trade will introduce to the California producer and agricultural laborer, and I will leave the reader to judge as to which state of affairs is preferable—the present under protection, or proposed free trade?

The London *Times* is one of the great exponents of free trade. To make good my claim that protection is the keystone of our present prosperity, and is strictly in the interest of the laboring class, I make the following extract from an editorial in the London *Times:* "The United States does not approach the question from the same point of view as ourselves. The object of their statesmen is not to secure the largest amount of wealth for the country generally, but to keep up, by whatever means, the standard of comfort among the laboring classes." The comment that Robert P. Porter, a standard authority, makes upon this, is, as the *Times* fails to comprehend, that "the high standard of comfort among the laboring classes will inevitably secure the largest amount of wealth to the country."

In my opinion, no higher praise can be given to the protective policy of this country than in the complaint of the London *Times* that our object seems to be to keep up, by whatever means, the standard of comfort for the laboring classes, and thus realizing the dream of good King Henry of Navarre.

I desire to call the attention of your readers to the fact that there are but two countries in the world that have pledged free trade—one, Great Britain, the leading advocate; and the other, Holland. Yet from Great Britain we hear ominous echoes of the new "fair trade" (limited protection) cry, while Holland is being deluged with an anti-free-trade sentiment. Holland and Belgium adjoin. Holland is pledged to free trade. In Amsterdam and Rotterdam, the tonnage receipts in 1846 were seven hundred and ninety-six thousand tons, and in 1881 two million five hundred and seventy thousand tons. In Antwerp, Belgium, where they have protection, in 1846 the tonnage receipts were three hundred and thirty thousand tons, and in 1881 two million nine hundred and thirty-eight thousand tons, showing a marked difference in favor of protection.

Porter says of free trade in Holland: "The injurious influence of free trade is making itself felt in a much higher degree than even its enemies could have imagined. Soon after its introduction, many branches of industry were entirely ruined, while those that were able to maintain their standing are tending to slow decay. The unfortunate operator has felt the vital consequences of free trade in the diminution of his wages."

Now for a few figures as to the relative position of England and the United States:

The Trafalgar Square raids of the unemployed in London are probably fresh in the mind of the reader. Let us glance at the forty-second annual report of the Registrar-General. We find that in Great Britain, in the year of his report, one out of every fifteen inhabitants died in a work-house; while in London, the wealthiest city in the world, one out of nine died in a work-house. There were six hundred thousand out-door paupers, and one hundred and ninety thousand in-door paupers. One out of every seven of England's population end their days as paupers. This is from the official record of the British government. I will leave "B." to get up the pauper statistics of the United States, as I have full belief in his talent to coujure up something. During the decade of 1870 to 1880, the *increase* in the annual value of trade and manufacture of the four chief countries of the world has been as follows:

United Kingdom	337,000,000	sterling.
France	144,000,000	"
Germany	267,000,000	"
United States	716,000,000	"

Following is a statement of the increase of exports per head of 1880 over 1869:

France	$1.92	per head
Germany	1.92	" "
Russia	1.92	" "
Belgium	2.80	" "
United Kingdom	1.40	" "
United States	8 60	" "

I commend the foregoing showing to "B." I will spare him any further statistics, for I am afraid these will prove indigestible.

In conclusion, I would state that it is a well known fact that, wherever England plants her colonies, the influence of her institutions and customs follow; yet to-day, we find her principal colonies, Canada, Australia, with the exception of one province, and other points, protective countries. Australia to-day is protective, and is the most prosperous country on the face of the earth.

The annual saving of the inhabitants per head of Europe is	£ 27	
" " " " " " " " " United States	77	
" " " " " " " " " Australia	135	

Australia has been fostered and built up by protection. Holland will soon be a protective country. France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Belgium, and Russia are increasing their tariff.

In this country we find a band of fanatics engaged in the free-trade cry. They unite with the dudes in their admiration of British institutions because "It's English, you know." We thus find these two intellectual representatives of American imbecility united in the common admiration of principles that are disregarded by almost every other nation in existence.

FRANK S. JOHNSON.

Sincerely, most sincerely do we hope that America's big Irish slogger John L. Sullivan, may be so beaten by Mitchell the Englishman that he will never disgrace and dishonor this country more by his unwelcome presence. Boston may slobber over him, the Prince of Wales may make him his companion and friend, plug-uglies and prize-fighters may run after him, if he should commit murder in the prize-ring some fool of a female would doubtless desire to marry him, and some humbug of a priest would endeavor to save his worthless soul if he has one. But all the same we look upon the prize-ring as a most vile institution, and a slogger as a most vile character. It is our conviction that Sullivan is a coward, and our impression that Mitchell will thrash him. Perhaps the wish is father to the thought. Our prize-ring bullies—thank God!—are never American, generally English or Irish.

VANITY FAIR.

The Tam O'Shanter hat is the popular headgear for young ladies in Washington, (says a correspondent), and I must say they only know how to wear it. I saw one made of sealskin that was very taking and nobby. Ben Butterworth's pretty daughter wears one with a distinction that is quite clannish. Ladies, children, and even the babies wear them here, and the last resemble little mushrooms, as their pink faces line these winter canopies. The roystering Tam has driven the toboggan cap back to its native fastnesses.

A Northern man who has recently visited Jackson, Miss., writes as follows: "Jackson has a street-car line running on a sort of go-as-you-please accommodation schedule. When I entered a car, the other day, I thought the residents of this pretty street deserving of better accommodation, but consequent development showed why it could not be. After depositing my nickel, and taking my seat, I asked the driver how long before he would start; he looked at the setting sun, and said: 'In a little while.' Presently two young ladies got in, sat down, and said to the driver: 'Jesse, we have no change; will pay you to-morrow; go ahead and hurry up; we are late for dinner.' And he let her go. At the second corner two more pretty young ladies got in. Conversation: 'Jesse, have you got change for a quarter?' 'No, Miss Georgie, haven't got a cent.' 'Very well; we will pay next time. What in the world did you stay down there so long for? We thought you would never start back.' The ladies got out at the terminus. I helped turn the car, and found Jesse very communicative. He said: 'I have a hard time pleasing those young ladies. Before they go down-town in the morning they send a colored girl out here, and make me wait until they get dressed; then when they come home they get mad if I don't start as soon as they get in.' Returning, one lady got in. Conversation: 'Jesse, can you change a dime?' 'No, Miss Mollie.' 'Well, I'll pay some other time.' Result of round trip, seven passengers, and only my ten cents in the box."

Chang Yen Hoon, the Chinese Minister to this country, is unconsciously responsible for the latest problem which has created debate in the social circles of Washington (says the *World*). There is no hostess at the Chinese Legation, and the ladies who have recently accepted Minister Hoon's hospitality are anxious to know whether they should pay "party calls" upon that gentleman and his secretaries. The importance of the question is not likely to be comprehended by those who have not had experience in the social conundrums which pertain to diplomatic entertainments; but even the uninitiated must see that, in this instance at least, a great principle is at stake. Does international courtesy ever require a woman to call or leave a card at the home of a man who is "keeping bachelor hall?" While it would never do to shock the sense of propriety possessed by Chang Yen Hoon and his assistants, it is difficult to determine which course to take in order to avoid this undesirable result. Will Hoon, and through him the Chinese nation, be amazed if the Washington ladies do not call at the legation? On the other hand, may not the Celestials be surprised if our American matrons invade precincts where no hostess reigns?

For the last three weeks, people in New York have been wondering how Mrs. Bradley Martin would carry out her enterprise of entertaining one hundred guests at dinner under her own roof without striking on the rocks of splurge and pretension on one side, or stranding iu the quicksands of confusion and fuss on the other. If there had been a dozen guests instead of a hundred the machinery could not have worked more smoothly. In the dressing-room each gentleman received a card, which not only gave the name of the lady whom he was to take in, but a diagram of the table at which the two were to sit, with their places indicated in colored ink. As the guests made their salutations to Mr. and Mrs. Martin in the library, they were requested to move either to the right or the left, according to the room in which their places had been designated. Thus the whole party was seated as if by magic, and without any of the searching for cards and locations, which is not uncommon at ordinary dinner-parties. Nor was a single false step made in arranging the guests; and in this rather difficult task Mrs. Martin showed no deficiency of diplomatic tact. Husbands and wives, almost without exception, were relegated to different rooms, and the right man was generally found to be in the right place in regard to his neighbors. If fault could be found with the entertainment, and it is always easier to censure than to praise, the guests and not the hostess must bear the blame, as the lavishness of jewels displayed by the married ladies was almost fatiguing to the eye. Because a woman has two or three complete sets and parures of precious stones, it is hardly in good taste for her to wear them all at the same time, any more than it would be to put on half-a-dozen Worth gowns, should she chance to be the fortunate possessor of them. On this occasion, however, jewel-boxes must have been emptied and their contents transferred to the hair, neck, arms, and waists of their owners, as several ladies wore tiara upon tiara on their heads and covered their necks and the fronts of their gowns with diamonds.

Dinner-parties are much the order of the day (writes Arlo Bates from Boston to the Providence *Journal*), and the soul of the hostess is vexed and tormented to discover something novel and pleasing whereby to give piquancy and freshness to the dinner-table. Two or three ingenious things done here lately are worth recording, as they may afford hints to those who entertain, and perhaps amusement to those who do not. Many of the things done are mere variations of old ideas, but it is not well to expect too much originality. The serving of mayonnaise in paper swans, boats, drums, and the like is pretty, and now provides talk, but it is not especially novel. There was, however, something more fresh than wholly dignified in the whimsical trick of sending one of the mechanical hopping rabbits down a long dinner-table with a basket of bonbons in his mouth. Nobody wanted to stop him him, and distribution, so far it was accomplished at all, took place by the scattering of sugar-plums which accompanied each of the absurd leaps of the toy. However, everybody laughed most consummedly, and that was, after all, the main thing. There is no end to the variety of forms in which ices come to the table. At a bachelor's dinner given here last week, the Roman punch was served in the form of cigarettes, the cigarettes accompanying in *papier maché* cases carefully imitating a glass of sherbet. Again, the ices were served made into boxes with movable lids, and, the covers being taken off, the boxes were found to contain candied fruits. Still again, at a dinner given recently by the wife of the president of a western railroad, who resides in Boston, the ices were moulded to simulate candlesticks, candles of water-ice standing in them with wicks dipped in wine. These were served with the wicks lighted, and the flame lasted long enough for the effect to be well appreciated. But the most novel dinner device of which I have heard recently, was a mould of wine-jelly, in the midst of which was set an electric-light. The dish had to be arranged on the table beforehand, but it was concealed by a big silver cover, which was in turn hidden by flowers so as to form a centre-piece. When the cover was removed, and the jelly, with its cluster of red and golden and purple fires was disclosed, the effect was quite tremendous. One lady, it is true, asked her escort if he didn't suppose the jelly would taste electrical, and another in eating it declared she felt as if she was swallowing a Leyden jar; but the device was really very pretty, as well as novel and striking.

Mrs. Cleveland no longer wears her hair in the style which so many young ladies have imitated from her, making it the fashion (says the Washington *Star*). She is very particular about the arrangement of her hair, and has excellent taste in selecting a style to suit her face. But in this she has an advantage over most women. With a fine-shaped head and good features, almost any style is becoming to her, and she adds a grace to it that makes it striking. The fashion she set, now termed *à la* Cleveland, was adopted by her at first more from necessity than as a matter of preference, as one of her school-girl freaks was to have her hair cut short, and her neck shaved behind, and the head arrangement in her pictures was the natural evolution from the short to the long. On all special occasions she has a regular hair-dresser arrange her locks; but ordinarily she leaves this to her maid. On all state occasions the "artist" is called in. At the last state dinner she had her hair arranged in a style that is entirely new here. All the long tresses were brought back and looped and curled again until her hair looked as if it were cut, and covered her head all over in short curls. "Mrs. Cleveland never wears her hair in a purely Grecian style, though her features would admit of it," the hair-dresser who arranged her hair for her wedding-toilet said to a *Star* reporter the other day. "She wears something near it, but not the Psyche knot. In fact, the perfect Psyche is worn hardly at all. It is too trying to be popular. But few have features regular enough for it. Those who do affect it generally insist upon having bangs, and in making other changes too, adapted to their features. Psyche's hair had a disposition to curl, and a few rings broke loose at the forehead when the hair was drawn back to the knot behind, but she had no bangs! The curls made just the least resistance against being drawn straight back, making the lines very graceful. But this style can not become common either on the street or in the evening. The most popular style for evening, this season, has been high."

Miss Sadie Martinot has signed the contract with Manager Aronson, of the Casino, over which she and he have been dickering for ten days past. Under this contract Miss Martinot will appear at the Casino during the first or second week of May, in Chassaigne's opera, "Nadji," occupying the position of leading prima donna at two hundred dollars a week. In looking over the book, and particularly in examining the costume plates, Miss Martinot discovered that she fancied the second rôle very much more than she did the first. As long as it remained the second and subsidiary rôle, however, she could not possibly take it. Then the first rôle of "Nadji" gave the name to the opera. Miss Martinot's nimble fancy jumped at once to a solution of the difficulty which would be entirely satisfactory. The librettist could certainly write the second rôle into the importance of a leading part, incidentally cutting down the first rôle as it stood originally, and the second rôle could be rechristened Nadji and the other names of the cast could be readjusted. Mr. Aronson was requested at once to have these necessary changes made, and the manager, who was at first inclined to look upon the actress as upon a child asking for the moon, finally agreed to humor his new acquisition. This settled the whole arrangement satisfactorily, so far as Miss Martinot was concerned, who is perfectly happy. She desired the change of parts just as much because she had fallen in love with the costumes of the character which Mr. Aronson did not intend for her as for any other reason. The costume plates provide for five changes of costume, and one of the costumes is that of a ballet-dancer, which, according to the tinted pictures, consisted of very short and very stiff white skirts, black silk tights and laced boots cut very high, a unique and startling combination, as may be imagined. This particular outfit delighted Miss Martinot's artistic soul to the full, and she proposes when she reaches Paris to give her personal attention to its manufacture. A great portion of the time she contemplates being absent in Europe, will be spent in Paris in consultation with Felix, who will make these five costumes at Miss Martinot's expense. Another of the costumes is a boy's dress, and there are two pretty short-skirted affairs and a superb evening costume. It is quite possible that the actress will give the Parisian photographers an opportunity to turn their cameras on her, done up in these abbrevi[illegible] tions of Felix, before she leaves the other side o[illegible] home.

IN FRENCH SOCIETY.

"Parisina" discusses Minor Points of Modern Etiquette in Paris.

There is something very strange and unfathomable in the working of fashion. I take the word in its broadest sense, and do not merely mean the changes of style in dress, but that curious ebb and flow with respect to all social matters, and the every-day existence of civilized man. It would be very difficult to perceive the exact amount of civilization which must be attained before humanity begins to think of substituting new things for old ones, and to feel a necessity for modifying the customs of those whom it has hitherto sufficed them to copy. The reader need not be afraid, I have no intention of attempting to write a learned essay on the subject, being content to consider things superficially, as the typical Parisian is wont to do.

No one, I suppose, will care to dispute the assertion that Parisians are in a high state of civilization. Yet, curiously enough, fashions are not so changeable as they are in London for instance, nor their sway of quite such a tyrannical order. A modern Rip Van Winkle would not find so much change in Paris as he finds elsewhere—I mean in the social conditions of the population—though he would find, heaven knows! change enough in the outward aspect of the city. It is wonderful how conservative Frenchmen and women are at bottom. Nevertheless, customs and habits get modified here as they do elsewhere, and a manual of good manners written, say twenty years ago, would no longer be a sure guide of action.

One thing we are devoutly thankful for is the disappearance of those stupendous bores, the persons—whether male or female—who consider it necessary to soft-solder you on the slightest provocation, and bombard you with compliments, which you felt—from the wholesale manner of their distribution to all—were anything but sincere. They were apt to provoke a most unpleasant sensation in the mind of the victim. Could it be possible that they overlaid a current of irony? But this was flattering to the flatterers, for no such idea could germinate behind their thick skulls. They rarely followed what they considered the fashion, and so it may still be at Brives-les-Gaillards or Fouillies-les-Oiès for aught I know to the contrary; the big towns are far ahead of the provinces in everything.

I don't mean to say that flattery has been ousted entirely from our social code, but it must be flattery of a discriminating order; a nice little compliment wrapped up in truth like a motto in a bonbon. Better a thousand times steer clear of flattery altogether, than fail to render it acceptable to the object for whom it is intended; complimentary language being full of shoals and quicksands to the uninitiated, I don't think it would be possible for any foreigner, however perfect a carpet-knight at home, to acquit himself creditably of so difficult a matter as a neatly turned compliment in a Parisian drawing-room. If he feels himself irresistibly drawn toward paying one (in which case it would not be mere flattery) he had best out with it plump; it will please, and *ce cher Iroquois* be forgiven.

In place of their old flowery language, Parisians have of late years adopted an off-hand manner (running to the extreme as is so often the case), a manner which they are kind enough to call English or American. Still, there are bounds which must never be over stepped, and a certain degree of formality is always demanded in the intercourse between the sexes before the world, whatever they may be behind the social scene. A Frenchman always bows on greeting a lady, even when he shakes hands with her. His bow may or may not be perfection, his "shake hand" is almost always awkward. To style it a "shake" at all is straining a point; the hand is taken and as quickly let go again as if it were of ice, and there were considerable fear of melting it. For some years it has been the vogue for the lady of the house to offer her hand to all comers—even quite young men—whom this piece of condescension sometimes embarrasses extremely, they having their thumbs neatly ensconced between the folds of their *gibus*. Having joined hands with their hostess, there is an end of it; the other ladies of their acquaintance who happen to be in the room do not get—nor expect—more than the bow simple.

Fashion, of course, regulates the manner of the bow. I remember the time when Frenchmen used to enter a room bent half double, and when a formal bow meant the doubling up of the body into as near an approach to a right angle as it was possible. The process was laborious. To hurry it would have led to a catastrophe. Later, the bow *à l'anglaise* came in. If the subject was blessed with a long neck, he managed with it as he had formerly done with his body; if nature had created this part of his person short and thick, his bow degenerate into a nod which, to avoid apoplexy, he had to get over as quickly as he could. Nowadays the body is bent once more, but not slowly as of yore, but rather fast. I have made inquiries of a young fellow well versed in such matters, and he thus describes the fashionable *salut* of a gentleman to a lady: "You walk rapidly toward your victim, and in taking the last step bend the knee a little forward, then the whole body from the middle, the spine slightly curved, so that for an instant the lady to whom you are making your obeisance has a view of the crown of your head." Now as most Frenchmen begin to get bald when they are out of the twenties, I must say this is a somewhat aggaevating circumstance. The fair Parisienne does not courtesy, as her grandmother used to do, on entering a room, but comes forward with a little undulatory motion, hurrying with pretty impetuousness in the direction of the hostess, and having exchanged a word with her, turns to greet any other lady she may happen to know, before taking a seat, which she does simply, without being invited thereunto with unnecessary phraseology as was formerly the fashion. Such roundabout phrases as "Madame! I beg you to give yourself the trouble to be seated," are no longer in use in good Parisian society. A comprehensive bend and nod to the gentlemen is thought sufficient, unless some very particular intimate is present, in which case he will have advanced toward her and paid his respects in due form.

When the door opens to admit a lady at an afternoon reception all the men in the immediate circle rise, which has a very formal look, and is awfully interrupting to conversations. Flirtation is impossible under the circumstances—under most circumstances in good society here. I fancy the best opportunity is provided during a dinner-party for those who do not dance. Except when seated at table, in the mazes of the waltz, or during the spasmodic intervals of rest in the course of a *cotillon*, there can be no whispering of soft nothings, no love-making, whether really ardent or *pour passer le temps*.

Social liberty is greater here than it used to be, at least outside the mighty Faubourg St. Germain, thanks in part to the American influx, but flirting is still an inadmissible thing. To begin with, French people can't even be brought to understand what it means. They will not see in it a harmless amusement, a pastime with no evil consequences. Without being a *roué*, a Frenchman would consider it so much breath and eloquence thrown away; he has always an ultimate end in view. If she with whom he flirts is free—a maid or widow—one would assume that marriage would be that end; in the case of a married woman, I am afraid the prize he promises himself is not conducive to the honor of the husband. Therefore, when a Frenchman talks of *le flirtage*, he means thereby something infinitely less frivolous and more dangerous than we do, and for a woman to condescend to allow herself to be flirted with, is to play with edged tools. They will put it all down to difference of temperament, if you argue the point with them—the men, I mean. We women don't talk of such things, of course.

The male guests at a dinner-party seldom take seats in the drawing-room during the stupid half-hour which precedes it, to avoid the necessity of rising on the entrance of each lady. It is not the custom to pair off the people according to rule. The host takes the principal lady, the hostess places her hand on the arm of the man she most wishes to honor; the rest are allowed to come in as they will, and they must sort themselves again at table, for each place is marked with a name. In days when French women considered it *bon ton* to be extremely abstemious, they used to put their gloves into one of their glasses—a proceeding which would now excite the greatest horror. They may refuse wine if they like, but they don't plug up the glass with kid. Indeed, I don't think an ordinary wine-glass would hold a modern ten-button pair of gloves. The host and hostess sit opposite each other in the middle of the table, with the principal guests on either hand of them. Precedence is generally arranged by age, except in official and military circles, when rank and grade are taken into first account. Perhaps it may be a somewhat superfluous remark, yet who knows. The San Franciscan who, being in Paris, has to entertain the chief of the state, must remember that his wife must give up her place at table to the President, and content herself with the one on his right; in the case of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, or even the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres, it is habitual for both host and hostess to play second fiddle, and in some ultra-Catholic sets a bishop would be honored equally with the President. In all cases, the servant in making the announcement of dinner would say, instead of "Madame est servie," "Monsieur le President"—or, "Son Altesse" or "Monseigneur"—"est servie."

When dinner is over, the gentlemen and ladies return to the drawing-room together. This sounds sociable. So it is, sometimes, when smoking is either tabooed altogether or not confined to the smoking-room. In the former instance, however, the ladies do not gain much, as the men, missing their cigars or cigarettes, are anything but amiable. The best of all arrangements is that which allows of smoking before ladies, but this is considered bohemian to a degree, and is only practiced in artistic sets, in the *demi-monde*, and at the houses of a few very fashionable and rather eccentric women of the world, who consider that their position places them above playing propriety. Nine times out of ten, the men step off to the smoking-room and the women are left to their own devices, to talk scandal or discuss *chiffons*.

Why, an American woman, obliged to conform to the prejudices of true, undiluted Parisian society, would bore herself to death in no time. Fancy being condemned to pass an entire evening on a sofa between two other ladies, or one of a row of female spectators at a private concert or dramatic entertainment, with all the black-coated ones relegated to another room, or playing the part of disconsolate wall-flowers out of ear-shot, the particular he who enjoys the privilege of exciting her interest, along with the rest. For my own part, I have not the slightest doubt that if Parisian society allowed freer intercourse between the sexes, it would be far healthier, and vice would not ride so rampant as it does now. Men need not have recourse to the *demi-monde*, or worse, for a little relaxation, and women would not be driven into dangerous *liaisons*, brought about, half the time, by reason of the difficulties that hedge them round, and the secret ways into which they are thrust.

In few matters has fashion changed more radically than in the esteem in which the army is held. Thirty years ago, Henri de Pène, whom they have just laid in his last resting-place, lampooned the "Subs" unmercifully. He got some bad sword-thrusts, it is true, for his reward, but the public took his part pretty generally. No one cared to have young officers in their houses, and even if they did not tear the ladies' dresses with their spurs, as he said, and eat more ices and drink more champagne than ought to have fallen to their share, they were not welcome guests—the uniform was discredited. Now, it is the open sesame to the most exclusive salon in the capital. All the young heiresses and daughters of the nobility are snapped up by the lieutenants and sub-lieutenants. A wedding without a good show of uniforms is a poor affair, and a bridegroom in a black coat looks half-ashamed of himself. It is their turn now. The dashing young cornets of hussars or chasseurs, the sous-lieutenants of génie and artillery. Vive l'armée! How they clink the spurs poor Henri de Pène derided! How knowingly and proudly they twist their budding mustaches, and how disdainfully they look down on the *Pékin nez* civilian. They may eat any number of ices now, and drink their fill of champagne, hostesses are only too glad to entertain them.

PARISINA.

PARIS, February 1, 1888.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mr. Labouchère says Mr. Ruskin always was a funny old gentleman, and the older he grows the funnier he becomes.

Representative Allen, of Massachusetts, is an amateur photographer, and keeps the house constantly in awe of his detective camera.

E. Heron Allen, the chirosophist, declined the appointment of interpreter at Castle Garden because his work was "not with gentlemen and officials and in an office, but down among the scum of all nations."

A Gilbert and Sullivan birthday book has been published in London, with this quotation at the date of Queen Victoria's nativity, May 24th: "For I am not so old, and I'm not so plain, and I'm quite prepared to marry again."

Wilkie Collins was asked, the other day, how he came by Count Fosco, the only fat villain in fiction, "He was an agglomeration," replied the novelist, "and I made him fat because a lady made the remark to me at a dinner-party that no novelist could make a really life-like fat villain."

The Boston *Herald* says that one the prettiest girls at the Vendome domino-party was "Miss May Brady, a daughter of Judge Brady, of New York, who, with her aunt, Mrs. Lydig, has been visiting in Boston for a week, staying at the Vendome. Miss Brady bears a strong resemblance to the beautiful Marchioness of Kildare. Miss Brady, during her visit in Boston, was the recipient of a good deal of attention in prominent social circles."

Mr. Theodore Child contributed to a late number of *Harper's Weekly* an exceeding interesting paper entitled "President Carnot at the Elysée Palace." Describing the personal appearance of the new president of the French Republic, Mr. Child says: "With all due respect to the new president, I should like to say that his general appearance reminds me of that of a lean crow. Like a dominie, he is all black and white—his face is white, his hair, beard, mustache, and clothes are black."

The Marchioness de Morès, who will some day be Duchess de Vallombrosa, was Miss Medora von Hoffmann, of New York. The report of her contemplated divorce is without foundation. She and the marquis have gone to India, intending to spend a year in hunting. The life of the marchioness in the far West has made her one of the best shots in the world, and her ambition at present is to be the first woman to kill a rhinoceros. The Prince of Wales has given M. and Mme. de Morès letters of introduction to all the rajahs and maharajahs, and their friendly relations with Lord Dufferin, the viceroy, will also add greatly to their sources of entertainment while in India. On his return, the marquis intends to engage in some colossal railroad scheme in America.

An amorous dwarf, named François, at the Winter Circus in Paris, has fallen head, ears, and body in love with a female pigmy, Virama, a Cingalese, who acts with him in the pantomime of "Ceylan." She is twenty-two years old, and, unluckily for her gallant, is married to a dwarf named Appoo, who is nearly twenty years her senior. François and Virama have amorous passages both on and off the stage, and the clandestine lover has given his lady a ring, which she wears on her big toe. Appoo, the lawful lord and master of the Lilliputian beauty, vows terrible things against the gallant, whom he watches with furious eyes. Consequently the circus authorities have made a kind of prisoner of Maitre François during the daytime. His every movement is observed, and he is accompanied by keepers in his walks abroad, so that by these means a probable duel between the rival mannikins, or, mayhap, a still more bloodthirsty quarrel, will be avoided.

"Two beautiful women" (says the New York *Tribune*) "are frequently to be seen in the marble-room of the Senate interviewing the statesmen whom they call from the senate chamber one by one. What they have to say is told in whispers with their lips very near to the senatorial ear. One of these ladies is in search of justice, while the other is seeking for vengeance. Both represent their absent husbands, who never appear, and both are from California. The first is endeavoring to have her husband—an ex-army officer, who was cashiered, restored to the rolls. The other beauty, with Titian-red hair and languishing eyes, is Mrs. LeBreton, of California, who is trying to defeat the confirmation of Major Rathbone, the consul-general to Paris, because, as she asserts, he did not treat her husband fairly. Mr. LeBreton never appears, and is said to care very little about the case, but his handsome wife seems to illustrate the truth of what Shakespeare says about 'a woman scorned.' Mr. Morgan, of Alabama, is her principal champion in the Senate, and he keeps the consideration of Major Rathbone's case postponed while Mrs. LeBreton is attempting to obtain pledges from senators, one by one, to vote against confirmation."

Dr. Henry Schliemann is a German by birth, but Greece is the home of his adoption. Mme. Schliemann is the daughter of an Athenian shopkeeper, but she has all the grace and bearing of a born queen. And, what is rare among her countrywomen of the present day, she possesses intellectual gifts of a high order. They have two children, and, according to the classic tastes of the father, the boy bears the name of Agamemnon, and the girl is called Andromache. The latter is seventeen years old, and exquisitely beautiful. Notwithstanding Dr. Schliemann's classic tastes and surroundings, he is very justly proud of being a citizen of the United States. He was a resident of California when that State was admitted into the Union, and thus became a citizen of the great republic. At the age of fifteen, he was placed in a counting-room in Germany, where he worked hard for a small salary, but managed to save money enough to buy books, which he read in moments snatched from sleep. In this way he mastered Greek. As a clerk he was just the reverse of Hogarth's Idle Apprentice, and his industry was rewarded by promotion and increase of salary, and in the course of time he became a partner in an indigo house. Having made a fortune in trade, he retired from business, and determined to carry out his life-long intention of excavating the ruins of Troy, employing three hundred men in the work. His success has not only given him a splendid reputation, but has greatly increased his fortune. The articles found in the ruins have proved of immense value to the historian and the archæologist, and have been sold for large sums to the great libraries and museums of the world. Dr. Schliemann's income is fifty thousand dollars a year, and he spends it with princely liberality. He is the leader of Athenian society, and entertains with royal magnificence.

The Prince of Monaco has followed the example of the Landgravine of Hesse, the Dukes of Nassau, the Grand Dukes of Baden, and the Princes of Waldeck-Pyrmont in making money out of a hell. His gambling concession to the Monaco Company and his share in the profits of the roulette tables bring him in, and have brought him in for years, an income that amounts, on an average, to six hundred pounds sterling a day. He is a widower, blind, keeps up no sort of style or state at his country-seat of Le Marchais, or at his hereditary palace of Monaco, and has but one son and a grandson to provide for. He does not spend five thousand pounds sterling a year. Well, when last winter earthquakes shook the Riviera, Monaco not escaping, the first thought of the prince and his partners was to keep their source of wealth up to its usual money-producing mark, so they caused telegrams to be sent to the newspapers everywhere to make believe that, as the earthquakes did not trouble Monaco, gamblers need not stay away in dread. It was only when the roulette tables were in full swing, that any thought was given to the victims of the earthquake, and means resorted to for clearing up shattered houses. A subscription was set on foot, which the prince was asked to head, and he led off with a sum of four hundred pounds sterling—less than a single day's income. He stipulated, moreover, that a half—namely two hundred pounds sterling—was to be spent at Mentone, on his own tenants there, a town which once was under his sway, and in which he still has valuable property. The sovereignty of Mentone he sold for one hundred and sixty thousand pounds sterling to Napoleon III.—a sum represented by a perpetual income from France, of eight thousand pounds sterling a year out of the three per cents. The Casino Company was not much more liberal than the blind old prince. It subscribed one thousand four hundred pounds sterling, which is less than a day's profit on one of the six roulette tables, and this is to be recouped (and more) by another table.

THEATRICAL JEALOUSIES.

How the Shrewd Manager turns Professional Rivalries to Account.

Some years ago, I was watching the play one evening from the "prompt" entrance, in one of the great theatres of this city. An actress of wide popularity as a star had been specially engaged to assist in the presentation of a new piece. In a rôle scarcely secondary in quality, and quite equal in importance to her own, the regular leading lady of the theatre figured. There was one scene between these women on which the whole sentiment of the play depended for its symmetrical developments. Under the author's idea, the star should have secured the entire affection and sympathy of the audience at this pivotal juncture, by a contrast of her assumed character with that of the leading lady. Instead, however, the scene fell flat. Whatever credit for mere acting it brought to any one, fell to the leading lady. The star, at its conclusion, came rushing into the wings, and burst into a mixed fury of sobbing and swearing, both of the most hysterically vigorous order, while the leading lady passed her with a sneering smile. She had resented being supplanted in her chief place in the company, by ruining the scene on which her rival's success depended, and, until the engagement of the latter ended, the battle was kept up with varying episodes, but an invariable bitterness.

"Queer creatures, my boy," said the smooth old stage-manager to me; "but it's a pity for the piece, isn't it?"

"Why do you allow it?" I asked, less in innocence than in the idle spirit with which one inquires into problems that have no solution.

"Why, my boy," said he, "do we allow water to flow and fire to burn?"

There is nothing new in this, to be sure. Since the theatre began, the men and the woman of the stage have been given to these professional jealousies. It seems to me, however, that during the past season or two we have had more of them than usual in this city, and they have assumed a publicity of expression beyond the common. Lately, indeed, they have been raging with all the bitterness of true civil war. There was a time when the process theatrically known as "queering a scene" was not, at least, patent to the audience. The subtle means adopted by the players to nullify each other's best efforts and rob them of their point did not advertise themselves to the public. It has got to be so common now, that even the gallery-boys comprehend and appreciate it, and the seasoned first-nighters and regular *habitués* of the play downstairs devote more of the chat of the *entr'acte* to it than to criticism of the play itself.

"Did you notice Rose's eye when she kissed Florence good-bye?" says Van Snort, of the Union Club, through the smoke of his cigarette in the lobby at Wallack's.

"Ah!" answers Weatherwax, of the Knickerbocker, "and the way in which Florence called Rose 'my own darling'! Wasn't it too devilish rich?"

It is the thing in fashionable circles, by the way, to know all actresses by their prefixes. The time was when it was *de rigueur* to talk of *the* Coghlan or *the* Girard as you would of a yacht or a locomotive. Now, they are Florence and Rose, and our Van Snorts and our Weatherwaxs toss the names about as deftly as if they had every privilege of intimacy or friendship to justify the liberty.

However, the rivalry between Rose and Florence ended, after some months of steady skirminishing and a good deal of adroit manœuvering, as every one anticipated it would. To the grotesque comedies it gave rise to behind the scenes, only a volume could do justice. Their last performances together, in a comedy in which one actress, as the she-villain of the play, carried the honors off from the other as the injured and sentimental heroine, were quite a farce of human nature. There was a feline suppleness of malice on both sides that no words could describe, and the hundred little ingenuities of ill-will that revealed themselves in the operations of voice and eye and gesture gave the play a piquancy by no means intrinsic to it, and added at least two weeks to its lease of life.

"Where shall we give our theatre-party, girls?" would ask Mrs. Bloobludde, on fashionable hospitality intent.

"Oh!" would cry the girls in chorus, "let's go to Wallack's."

"But, my dears, you've been there five times already, and must know the play by heart."

"Who cares for the play?" would the buds chorus again. "That isn't what we go to see, you dear, innocent darling, you."

Of course Mrs. Bloobludde knew what they went to see as well as themselves, and having performed her duty as a chaperon by formally filing her objection, she sent off to Tyson's to buy a row of seats, and the new version of "The Ladies' Battle" enjoyed a share of patronage "In the Fashion" itself would never have drawn.

At the German opera at the commencement of the season a prima donna who was already known to New York was supplemented with one whom New York had yet to learn to know. Within an hour after the rising of the curtain on the initial performance, all musical New York was aware that there was trouble on the stage. Venom blazed in the glances of the new singer, and cold disdain froze in the eyes of the old favorite. The audience spent more time telling each other how Nilsson had sat in her box and stared Sembrich out of tune, and how Patti had petrified Nilsson with the calm approbation of conscious superiority in the same house, than in listening to Selmann and to Marion; and to tell the truth, the chat of the auditorium was, in its fashion, fuller of interest for the worldly, than the melodious clamor of the stage. The vendetta reached its climax one night when the prima donna commenced to falter in the middle of her chief aria, and only recovered herself and carried the song through by a supreme effort. From my seat I could see in the wings the woman who set up for her rival, following her song in a score she had in her hand, artfully placed so that the woman on the stage could not avoid seeing her and noting her employment.

The positions of the singers at the Metropolitan were reversed from those of the actresses at Wallack's. In the latter theatre, the superior artist chafed under the artificial inferiority of her position to that of the manager's wife. In the former, the inferior singer chafed at the natural superiority of the better artist.

The origin of these feuds is often very curious and humorous. When Colonel Mapleson commenced his first season in this country, he had advertised Gerster extensively as his *prima donna assoluta*. Minnie Hauck was but a secondary attraction. Mme. Gerster, who is nothing if not capricious, was taken with a sudden and mysteriously vague illness, immediately upon a discussion with her manager as to the opening bill. The astute veteran of the Tower Hamlets returned to his office, where several of us were gathered in a congress of tobacco-smoke and musical reminiscences, and said, with a grim smile:

"Put up 'Carmen,' with Hauck and Del Puente."

"Carmen" was put up, and was the hit of years. With one bound Hauck became a newspaper favorite and a popular pet; and, in twenty-four hours, Gerster was well and ready to sing anything on demand. She did sing Amina and gave "La Sonnambula" quite a little run, but the gloss was taken off her début, and the wily colonel triumphed. The warfare between the singers, thus begun, lasted, and to this day Gerster, singing with a broken voice at concerts, experiences an influence of the old feud from the audiences that her and her rival's claims divided.

"What ails Ada Rehan to-night?" once remarked a lady in front of me at Daly's Theatre to her escort. "She seems quite out of sorts."

"Why, haven't you read it?" replied that person.

"Read what?"

"That Edith Kingdon is to be married to young George Gould."

Miss Kingdon was on the stage. The audience, which had read the rumor of her coming alliance with the millionaire's son, had eyes only for her, and the leading lady winced under the slight. The meek and demure diffidence of Miss Kingdon under the ordeal evidently did not mend matters, and if Miss Kingdon had not got married and retired to private life, she certainly would not have enjoyed any prolonged consideration at Mr. Daly's theatre. Even the school-room discipline which he exercises over his company could not have prevented the growth of a feud which must have resulted in an open campaign. They have happened before in Daly's companies, these skirmishes of the footlights, with their fusilades of vindictive glances and their broadsides of unconcealed hatred and scorn.

While the feminine element has been interested by the *comédie humaine* at the more pretentious play-houses, the men have entered heart and soul into the pitched battle that has for months been waging at the Casino.

"Wheah do you—aw—go to-night, Cub?" asks Mr. Cadley, over his appetizer of *absinthe frappé* at Delmonico's, and Mr. Cubleigh replies, between yawns, that he guesses he will go and see Polly Hall again. But, in effect, Cubleigh and Cadley and Snobson and Tuffboy and the rest of the dress-coated brigade do not go to to the Casino so much to see Polly Hall as to note the progress of the war there, and to gather in the café between the acts and discuss it over their points of beauty. They know "Erminie" by heart. They have counted Polly's diamonds and criticised her dresses till the subjects are stale. It is the cross-battle between Polly and her managers, and the rivals her managers provide for her, that really draws them into an idle interest in the place.

This special act of the metropolitan comedy presents the double complication of a professional-managerial feud behind the scenes. It commenced some time back, and took its rise, to all appearances, out of the fear on the part of the management that its prima donna would take advantage of her growing popularity by seceding from the company. In order to forefend this calamity an apparently organized system of detraction and rivalry was established. The press was directly or indirectly influenced in favor of any member of the company, excepting the chief singer, and rivalries and dissensions were encouraged in the company that were productive of curious results. The most disastrous disease known to the artist or the theatre is the "big head," and the surest way to save its prima donna from acquiring this dread malady, the management seemed to think, was to prevent her receiving any undue amount of praise that might produce the mental indigestion of which this baleful occipital distension is the result.

In pursuance of this philanthropic purpose a series of positive aggressions and collateral assaults were inaugurated, that would, undoubtedly, have broken down any actress less securely entrenched in popular favor. During all of last season and the commencement of this season the papers were filled with the most inordinate puffery of Miss Urquhart, and the least disguised detraction of Miss Hall. When, however, an attempt was made to run the Casino without the latter as an attraction, it proved a failure, and she had to be recalled. The dudes packed the Casino for her *rentrée*. Headed by the great and only Berry Wall himself, who emerged from his newly cultivated connubial privacy for the purpose, they drowned the rattle of the *claque* employed to signalize the *risqué* and decidedly vulgar performance of Miss Jansen. By the end of the second act, the *claque* had fallen into disorder, and retired. The Hall party held the field, and holds it still.

The affair is to be rated among such curiosities of the history of the stage as the O. P. riots in London, and the success of Dixey in "Adonis." Night after night the lobbies of the Casino present the aspect of a ball-room. What passes with us for a gilded youth packs there in enthusiastic swarms, and the rattling fire of conversation and of applauding palms alternate continually. The rest of the town attends the spectacle and enjoys both phases of it, and however the management may resent the criticisms its policy provokes, it can console itself by the cash it brings in.

The oddest feature of this fight is the manner in which Francis Wilson, the comedian, has been drawn into it. Next to Miss Hall, Mr. Wilson is undoubtedly the strongest card the Casino has to play. The popularity her *chic* manner, her beauty, her artistic cleverness have won for her, has been gained for him by the rollicking extravagance of his comedy. The pair have been worth a fortune to the theatre, and the same fear of losing the comedian prompts the management to a similar course with him to that adopted by it toward its prima donna. Thus, while Mr. Abbey has been trying ever since his theatre opened to preserve peace in his company, Mr. Aronson has been for a much longer time fomenting discord, in the line of managerial policy.

There is in this city a vulgar but very profitable weekly paper, whose employees are notorious for the good work they do, and the deadly hatred they bear each other. Some one asked the proprietor of this journal how he contrived to preserve the peace in his discordant establishment.

"I don't try," he replied. "I encourage them to fight. The more they fight each other the more faithful each will be to me."

It is a curious theory, but in some cases, as may be seen, it works quite well—at least for a time.

NEW YORK, February 20, 1888. ALFRED TRUMBLE.

The owners of some of the finest business blocks on the lake front of Chicago, are confronted just now with the startling possibility of having their buildings come suddenly about their ears. For several months, workmen have been sinking great shafts for the new water tunnel at the foot of Peck Court, on the lake shore. When they got to the depth of seventy-two feet they were stopped by quicksand. They sank another shaft two hundred feet away, and ran into the same formation. Efforts have since been made to drive the shafts through the quicksand, but the only result has been to make an immense excavation into which the earth and quicksand are falling all the time. The ground all around seems to be sinking. The Illinois Central track, which runs by the shaft, has to be shored up every time a train passes. Enough dirt, water, and sand, apparently, have already been taken out of the shaft to fill fifty such holes, and there are no indications that the bottom is anywhere this side of China. Up to the present time the surface of Michigan Avenue has not sunk perceptibly, but the depression is extending steadily in that direction. This is where the big buildings are, and one of them is the vast Auditorium building, in which the national conventions are intended to be held. The walls of this structure are very thick and ponderous. It is evident that quicksand underlies the ground on which it stands, and there are great fears that it will not be safe. Already the breakwater has felt the results of the sinking of the shaft, and about one hundred feet of it have sunk entirely out of sight.

The Musée Carnavalet in Paris is to be enriched with the busts of Lafarge and Mitouflet, two "little great men" of the reign of Louis XVI. Lafarge introduced "tontines" into France, and Mitouflet was his financial coadjutor. Lafarge floated his "tontines" in 1791, and although the state refused to coöperate with him, he obtained a success which is sufficient to make the mouths of contemporary lottery organizers and financial speculators water. In 1809, the part allotted in the "tontine" to each shareholder was fixed at six thousand francs by a government decree, and the remainder was totally appropriated by Napoleon I. for the urgent needs of his empire. There are, according to the authority quoted, ten persons now alive, the youngest of them being ninety-six years old, who enjoy, as survivors of the original subscribers to the "tontine," annuities of six thousand francs. Had there been no imperial decree of 1809, these persons would, at the present moment, be in the receipt of one hundred and fifty thousand francs per annum each. The capital accruing from the "tontine" amounts to thirty million francs, a sum which it is proposed to devote to the endowment of a pension fund for deserving persons. Thus Lafarge and Mitouflet will have deserved well of their country, and there is no reason why they should not be rescued from oblivion by being placed in the Carnavalet Museum.

An amusing incident happened at a recent meeting of the Associated Charities in Boston (writes Arlo Bates in the Providence *Journal*). A poor woman related how she had struggled in privation, finding the utmost difficulty in procuring work, and how she had at length come to the conclusion that death was better than life. She resolved to commit suicide, when it occurred to her that if she took her life, her body would be ignominiously hurried to a pauper burial. This took a keen hold of her woman's vanity, and the prospect was one by no means to be endured. She therefore set herself, with determined toil and patient thrift, to accumulate money enough to defray the expense of decent burial. When she had gathered, by little and little, the sum necessary, a sudden illumination of common sense came to her, and she concluded that on the whole it would be quite as well to live and enjoy the money, as to kill herself for the sake of being buried with it.

Professor Kirchoff of Halle, Germany, estimates that the language most spoken on the globe, for the last thousand years at least, is Chinese, for it is without doubt the only one which is talked by over four hundred millions of the human race. The next language most in use, but at a great distance behind Chinese, is Hindustani, spoken by over one hundred million. Then follows English (spoken by about one hundred million), Russian (over seventy million), German (over fifty-seven million), and Spanish (over forty-seven million).

In New Jersey, the law is that for killing deer out of season the sportsman is fined fifty dollars, which goes to the informer. The law is evaded, however, in the following manner: Two hunters go out together, they kill an equal number of deer, and then one informs on the other. By both doing this each one receives the other's fine, and they lose nothing.

London has four hundred and forty-four burying

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. but we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The copyright of Carlyle's earlier volumes expired recently, and within a week two London publishers produced cheap editions of "The French Revolution."

Walter Besant's new book, "Fifty Years Ago"—a history of Queen Victoria's reign—is ready for publication. It contains one hundred and fifty illustrations.

Max O'Rell has made an arrangement with Messrs. Cassell & Co., who have a book by him now in press. It is called "John Bull, Jr." and has an introduction by George Cary Eggleston.

The clever and interesting "Washington number" of the *Magazine of American History* has had a great success, the first edition being exhausted within a few days after its publication.

The author of "Lorna Doone" has just lost his wife after a brief illness. Mr. Blackmore lives at Yeddington, near London, where he owns one of the largest market-gardens in the kingdom.

Dr. J. M. Crawford, of Cincinnati, announces that he has translated the "Kalevala," the epic of the Finlanders, into English, and will soon publish the work in two volumes. It is said that Longfellow took the metre of Hiawatha from this poem.

Colonel Higginson says—in the *Independent*—that the literary tone of the United States is more serious, more original, and in its regard for external forms, more cultivated than that now prevailing in England. What will Mother Britannia say to that?

Mr. Henry R. Elliott, a New York journalist, will make a study in the March *Forum* of the leading American newspapers, showing what proportions of their space are given to religion, to crime, to literature, to art, to sport, to the markets, and to editorial comment.

Colonel Verestchagin's reminiscences of his home life in Russia, and his war experiences under Skobelof, have been translated into English by Miss Isabel Hapgood, and the translation will soon be published by Crowell. Colonel Verestchagin is the brother of the painter.

A few days ago, Mr. Berth, a young New Yorker, committed suicide in a hotel at St. Paul, Minn. The explanation given for his rash act is that constant study of pessimistic literature had affected his mind. Among his books was found a melancholy tale by Edgar Saltus, in which Berth had marked many depressing passages.

Those who are curious in regard to metempsychosis and subjects related thereto will be attracted by a book entitled "Reincarnation," written by Mr. E. D. Walker, of New York, and to be published in a few days by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. A new edition, at a reduced price, is just ready of Thomas Starr King's wise and brilliant lectures entitled "Substance and Show."

According to Dr. Murray, over one hundred thousand slips were sent in by readers for the Philological Society's Dictionary last year, forty thousand by one alone—Mr. N. Douglas. Part IV. is in proof as far as "Carbon." More good sub-editors are wanted, it is said, and "readers of modern novels and American authors, like Hawthorne and Lowell, whose promised readers in the United States have failed."

London boasts a successful female bookseller in the person of a Mrs. Bennett, whose sign swings at the corner of the New Turnstile, in High Holborn. Mrs. Bennett is the widow of a provincial bookseller, who left her with thirty pounds sterling at his death. She came to London and began business on a small scale, but has prospered, and now employs three young women assistants. Her specialty is rare and second-hand books.

That sumptuous magazine, *Les Lettres et Les Arts*, appears this year in two forms—a French and an English one. Except for the text, which is translated into English for English readers with the title made *Art and Letters*, the two are identical. Both are printed in Paris. Charles Scribner's Sons are the American publishers of this work. The art of magazine making has reached the highest point thus far attained in this periodical. No such magnificent enterprise was ever attempted before.

A little book small enough to slip into the smallest pocket, and containing the multiplication table with appropriate texts interspersed, has been printed by D. Lothrop Company, under the title of "The Caroline Herschel Handbook." Why Caroline Herschel, is thus explained on the first page, "Caroline Herschell, who discovered eight comets and continually minded the heavens for her brother, the great astronomer, said near the close of her long life, 'I never could remember the multiplication table, but was obliged to carry a copy of it always about me.'"

The third volume of the "Iconographic Encyclopaedia," illustrated with steel engravings and reproductions by photographs, has just been issued under the editorship of Professor Allen Marquand, of Princeton College, who has furnished the text on Ancient Art. The volume, which is the third of a series of fifteen, presents an historical treatment of sculpture and painting. Professor A. L. Frothingham has contributed the chapters on Early Christian and Mediaeval Art, and those on Modern Art have been given by S. G. W. Benjamin, former United States Minister to Turkey.

The Petersons, of Philadelphia, announce a translation of Zola's "La Terre," by George D. Cox, which they issue in style uniform with their edition of the same author's "Nana" and "L'Assommoir." They say: "La Terre (The Soil), by Emile Zola, has been specially prepared for the American public and so adapted that all can read it. This great novel, which is Zola's work and a masterpiece, has been stripped of all the objectionable matter which disfigures it in the French and prevents it from taking its proper rank—the highest." It is difficult to see how they can take out the objectionable parts.

New Publications.

A new translation of Bernardin de Saint-Pierre's "Paul and Virginia," by Clara Bell, has been published by William S. Gottsberger, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co., price, 25 cents.

The Eighth Annual Report of the Board of Railroad Commissioners of the State of California for 1887 has been prepared under the direction of the board and has been published by the State Printer, at Sacramento.

Percy Bysshe Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," with "Adonais," "The Cloud," "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," and "An Exhortation," is the latest issue of the National Library. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"Patience Preston, M. D.," by Mrs. A. F. Raffensperger, is founded on the mistakes and hardships which a young woman who has graduated from a medical college meets and overcomes in the pursuit of her chosen profession. Unfortunately the story stops when she marries and hangs out a new sign, "Patience Forster, M. D.," it might be interesting to learn something of the subsequent life of *Mr.* Patience Forster, M. D. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"What Shall We do with It?" is the title of a pamphlet in which the most important topics of the coming Presidential campaign, taxation and revenue, are discussed. It contains President Cleveland's recent message to congress in which he brought up the surplus, an interview with James G. Blaine as reported in the New York *Tribune*, and the articles on the subject contributed to recent numbers of *Harper's Magazine* by Henry Watterson and George F. Edmunds. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 25 cents.

The second part of "La Langue Française"—"Variétés Historiques et Littéraires"—by Paul Bercy, has been published. It contains twenty-five extracts from classic French writers—all in prose except some verses by Hugo, and two scenes from Molière and Racine, and these are in blank verse—each of which is followed by a series of questions on the grammar, etc., of certain passages. Published for the author by William R. Jenkins, New York; for sale by William Doxey.

"Esther, the Gentile," by Mrs. Mary W. Hudson, is a novel in which the iniquitous features of the Mormon religion are attacked. Esther is the daughter of a simple-minded farmer, who sells their quiet Eastern home, and takes her with him to Utah. There he is compelled by the church to marry again; and the subsequent events in his and her life and the incidents of their neighbors' serve to show up the horrors of plural marriage, and the tyranny and corruption of the church authorities in a most repulsive light. Published by J. K. Hudson, Topeka, Kan.; for sale by the booksellers.

"Gentle Breadwinners," by Catherine Owen, is an account of an indigent gentlewoman's effort to make a living for herself. The method adopted was to become a cook for especial and important occasions in the kitchens of the wealthy, and that the scheme was successful, even leading to matrimony, goes without saying. This little shade of a story serves as a vehicle for the introduction of a lot of recipes for various plain and fancy dishes, for the excellence of which Miss Owen's high fame should stand a sufficient sponsor. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co., price, $1.00.

The fifth volume of Alexander William Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea" has at length been published, twenty-five years after the publication of the first volume. The period of which this volume treats is from the morrow of Inkerman to the fall of Canrobert, and the sixth and last volume, bringing the account down to the death of Lord Raglan, is announced for early publication. This work, on which Mr. Kinglake has spent thirty years, is a labor of love, being a vindication of Lord Raglan, and as such is not so impartial as the historical student could wish; but there can be no question of its interest, nor of the tremendous research involved in its preparation. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Not many months ago, a Frenchman named Drumont startled Paris and, indeed, the reading world by the publication of a book called "La France Juive." It deplored the progress the Jews had made in all intellectual pursuits; showed how they had won honored positions in finance, statemanship, diplomacy, letters, the arts and sciences; and had even obtained a footing in the most exclusive society; and predicted their ultimate supremacy in the nation, with the corresponding subjugation of the old Gallic race. He gave credence to many surprising statements and accepted as history the flimsiest legends; but he had the courage of his convictions, and was not afraid to sign his name to his work. Now he has an American disciple, who has written a book called "The Original Mr. Jacobs." Its title shows the lower—as compared with Drumont's—method in which it attacks the Jews; and the author has, for one reason or another, neglected to give his utterance whatever weight it might gain from the publication of his name. But perhaps there was modesty and wisdom in this, for there is much more of "La France Juive" in its three hundred pages than of "The Original Mr. Jacobs." Published by the Minerva Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

A pleasant feature of the reaction against realism in fiction is the reappearance in elaborate new dress of several old favorites of the romantic school. Robert Louis Stevenson has given "The Vicomte de Bragelonne" a new start by his praises in a recent book of essays; and another of Dumas's novels has been given a new lease of life. "The Count of Monte Cristo" is too popular with a larger, if less critical, audience to need resuscitation by even such a writer as Stevenson. The hardships of Edmund Dantes, and the magnificence of the Count of Monte Cristo; the learning of the Abbé Faria and the immeasurable wealth of the Cardinal Spada; the villainy of Villefort, Danglars, and the others, and the count's implacable thirst for vengeance—all these are too well known in book and on the stage to need introduction. And such a story should have added to its intrinsic charm all the the attractions that luxurious book-making can lend. These "The Count of Monte Cristo" has obtained in the new Routledge edition; and in addition to them, each of the five volumes into which the story is divided—royal octavos of over three hundred pages each—contains about one hundred illustrations reproduced from the wood-cuts of the original French edition, drawn by G. Staal, J. A. Beauce, Janet Lange, and other eminent French artists of the time, reproducing the costumes and customs of the time, and helping to place the reader *en rapport* with events narrated. Published by George Routledge & Sons, New York; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.; price, $15.00.

Some Magazines.

In the March *Overland*, Irving M. Scott contributes a paper on "The Raising of the *Earl of Dalhousie*," with illustrations; President Horace Davis discusses "Shakespeare's Sonnets"; Charles J. King contributes "Reminiscences of Early Days in San Francisco"; F. L. Clarke discusses "The Political Revolution in the Hawaiian Islands"; and Herman Altschule has an article on "Exploring the Coast Range in 1850." In fiction there are the conclusion of Rebecca Rogers's "Barzeiton Experiment"; "A Story of Chances," by Louise Palmer Heaven; and the beginning of "K. G. C.—A Tale of Fort Alcatraz," by F. H. Upham. There are the usual sketches, verses, and excellent book reviews.

Harper's Magazine for March contains the following articles: "Modern Spanish Art," by Edward Bowen Prescott; "A Little Swiss Sojourn," by William Dean Howells, with illustrations by C. S. Reinhart; "In Far Lochaber," by William Black; "Studies of the Great West," by Charles Dudley Warner; "Canadian Voyageurs on the Saguenay," by C. H. Farnham; "Mere Pochette," by Sarah Orne Jewett; "In Sight of the Town of Cockermouth," a sonnet, by William Wordsworth, with illustrations by Alfred Parsons; "A Gipsy Fair in Surrey," by F. Anstey; "A New England Vagabond," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson; "A Visit to a Colonial Estate," by Frederick S. Daniel; "In the Red Room," by Lucy C. Lillie; "The Empress Eugenie and the Court of the Tuileries," by Anna L. Bicknell, with portrait; "The Indian Tribes of Indian Territory," by Anna Laurens Dawes; "Chess in America," by Henry Sedley, with portraits. The poetry includes: "Christening," by George Parsons Lathrop; "A Ditty to Dotty Dimple," by Charles Henry Webb; "The First Fire," by Julia C. R. Dorr. The departments are up to the usual plane of excellence.

In the *March Century*, "Russian State Prisoners," by George Kennan, makes further revelations of life in Russian prisons, "The Departure for Siberia," described by an exile, the touching story of the celebration of the Centennial Fourth of July 1876 by prisoners in the House of Detention at St. Petersburg, etc. "Some Pupils of Liszt," by Albert M. Bagby, gives biographical details and portraits of Eugene d'Albert, Friedheim, Fraulein Aus der Ohe, and other noted pupils. "Hercules—A Hero" by Helen Gray Cone, is a character sketch. "Salisbury Cathedral" is described by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, with illustrations by Joseph Pennell. "The Libby Prison Tunnel" is an illustrated article narrating the escape of one hundred and nine Union officers from Libby Prison by night through a fifty foot tunnel, dug with two broken chisels. Captain Moran, who tells the story, was among those who escaped. There is an article on "Bismarck," with two portraits. "The Graysons," by Edward Eggleston, is continued. "Immigration by Passports," by the Rev. Theodore T. Munger. Chapters of the Lincoln History, by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, describe the fall of Sumter and Mr. Lincoln's part in the affair which led to it, the call for seventy-five thousand men, etc. "The Home Ranch" describes cowboy life in the West, by Theodore Roosevelt, with nine pictures by Remington. "Franklin in France" discusses his home and host, by John Bigelow, with a reproduction by Victor Hugo, and other illustrations. The departments contain brief papers on "The Public School Problem," "Mind Training," "To the Deaf," etc. There are poems by C. P. Cranch, R. W. Gilder, and others, and the final chapters of George W. Cable's novelette, "Au Large."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Senator Beck, of Kentucky, once excused himself for not having listened to a speech delivered by some of his brethren who expected that amount of graciousness from him. "The fact is," said Mr. Beck, "I would often rather read a speech when it comes out in the *Record* than listen to it here in the stir and bustle of this room. I sit here in the tumult we keep up, and it goes in at one ear and out of the other." "Yes," said Mr. Vance, quickly, "there's nothing between to prevent."

At the Palmer House cafe recently, a waiter handed a patron a table d'hote bill. The gentleman didn't care for the card dinner, and selected what he wanted. "You doan' keer for de tab de te dinnah, then, sah?" said the waiter. "I told you what I wanted," returned the gentleman. "You want dat off de tab d te bill?" queried the darkey. "I don't care; I suppose so; any way so that I get it." "Well, sah," replied the waiter, "ef you want it off the tab d'ote you has to have it all; tab dote can't be selected from, sah; tab dote is French, and means de whole hog, sah."

Children are very annoying as beggars in the south of Italy; for half a dozen of them will sometimes cluster around a stranger, imploring him to give them something. One of the *St. Nicholas* artists traveling in Italy had a curious way of ridding himself of these youngsters. He carried a toy-watch which was a little out of order, and the hands of which, when it was wound up, would go round with a buzz, until it ran down. He would fix this in one eye like an eye-glass, and turn fiercely upon the importunate youngsters. The sight of this revolving and buzzing eye scared the little rascals, and they fled in every direction. They thought it was the "Evil Eye," of which they are very much afraid.

Mme. de Staël having said in her intense style, "I should like to be married in English, in a language in which vows are so faithfully kept," some one asked Frere, "What language, I wonder, was she married in?" "Broken English, I suppose," answered Frere. Canning and Frere were invited by a clerical friend to go and hear his first sermon. Being asked how they liked the discourse, Canning, to avoid saying it was uninteresting, replied, "I thought it rather short." "Ah," said the clergyman, "I am aware that it was short, but I was afraid if I made it longer of being tedious." He paused for an answer. "But you were tedious," replied Frere *sotto voce*.

At Eton (writes the Rev. Mr. Rodgers in the *St. James's Gazette*) of tuft-hunting, in the modern sense of the word, there was none. The noblemen had special places in chapel, but this made no difference. We were all boys together, in a genuine and honest English way. When we came back at the beginning of one half, there appeared at my dame's a smart boy dressed in a light-blue jacket, faced with velvet, white trousers and waistcoat, with a turned-down collar and frills. I spotted him, and at once put the questions: "What's your name?" and "Who's your father?" He replied, "I am Charles Stuart Vane, Viscount Seaham, and my father is the Marquis of Londonderry." Upon receipt of this information, I kicked him three times—once for Vane, once for Seaham, and once for Londonderry.

It is said of the selfish, that when one of them does make up his mind to an act of self-sacrifice, he does it thoroughly, and similarly it would seem that the Boers of the Transvaal, who are not famous for their politeness, when they are persuaded to make an apology perform the *amende honorable* with with great completeness. "I, the undersigned," writes one of them in the *African Patriot*, "retract, hereby, everything I have said against the eminent Mr. G. P. Bezuidenhowt, striking my mouth with the exclamation, 'You mendacious mouth, why do you lie so?' I declare further that I know nothing against the character of Mr. G. P. Bezuidenhowt. I call myself besides a genuine liar of the first-class. Signed, A. du Plessis, Witness: J. du Plessis, J. C. Holmes." "A genuine liar of the first-class" though but a free translation of *splendide mendax*, has fine effect and suggests some foreign order of knighthood.

A little boy dropped his drumstick into a well. In vain he entreated papa, mamma, the gardener, the footman, the coachman, the cook, the house-maids, to go down into the well to recover the drumstick. In this distress a brilliant expedient occurred to Master Tommy. He secretly carried off all the plate from the sideboard, and threw it down into the well. Great was the consternation when the plate was missed, and an active search for the robbers took place. In the midst of the alarm and confusion Master Tommy runs in out of breath, with the news that he had found the plate. "Where?" was the cry. "Down the well," replied Tommy. "I see it quite plain, shining at the bottom—spoons, ladles, bread-baskets, salvers, and all." The family hurried to the well, at the bottom of which, sure enough, the plate was seen. A ladder was procured, a servant descended, and the plate was brought up. Just before the last article was fished up, Master Tommy whispered to the servant: "John, I will thank you to bring up my drumstick when you go down for the soup-ladle."

Warren Preston was a little, withered, excitable old man, who used to practice law in Somerset County, Maine. At a late period in life, he became a spiritualist. He was seated within the bar at the Supreme Court, one day, during a trial involving the question whether or not a certain man was dead. In his peroration, one of the counsel said: "Yes, gentlemen of the jury, James Gould, of Brownville, is dead. For four long years the grass has been growing on his grave on the banks of the far-famed Niagara. For four long years the roar of that mighty cataract has resounded over his silent tomb; but there he lies; and there, gentlemen, he will lie, till the last trumpet, louder than ten thousand Niagaras, shall summon him from the grave." Preston jumped up as if he had an electric shock, and forgetting that he had no part in the trial he shouted: "'Tis false! 'tis false! 'tis false! 'tis false! Lie in the grave till the last trumpet sounds! It is nonsense, gentlemen of the jury, d—d nonsense!" The jury stared at the old man's tantrum in silence. The judge looked bewildered over his spectacles at the strange interruption. The audience in the court-room roared with laughter, but the distinguished advocate who had been making the peroration said a very wicked word.

A letter-carrier was taking the mail from a box one afternoon when he was hastily approached by a young man with an anxious face, who had evidently been running for some distance. "Here! Stop!" cried the young man, "there's a letter in that box that I want." "But you can't have it," said the postman. "Why, it's my own, I wrote it myself. It's addressed to——" "That makes no difference," interrupted the carrier; "the letter must now go the person to whom it is addressed." "Why, I—I—" the young man began, in a frightened and bewildered tone, "it *must* not go to—to—her. I made a mistake in addressing it. There! that's the letter—that one in the cream tinted envelope with the red seal. *Please* let me have it." "Can't do it," said the postman, firmly. "*I* wrote it. I can tell you every word that's in it. Great Scott, man! I wouldn't have that letter go for a thousand dollars. I just *must* have it back." "You can't get it from me," said the postman, with increased firmness; "you can go down to the office, if you want to, and see the postmaster or superintendent of mails. If they'd give it up, all right." A few moments later the distressed young man was closeted with the postmaster and stammering out, with a crimson face, that he had written a most interesting and important proposition in a letter to a young lady named Helen Souther, and a note, accepting an invitation to a party, to another young lady who also happened to be named Helen—Helen Wills. He had not the slightest desire to marry Miss Wills, but she would certainly read and perhaps accept, his proposal if he could not have it again and put it in the envelope that was now lying at home on his desk addressed to Miss Souther, but which contained the note not intended for her. The postmaster, having some discretionary power in the case and understanding how harrowing the young man's feelings must be, restored the letter to the writer, who went away saved from something too dreadful to think about.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wheaton, of Oakland, have been at Del Monte for a couple of weeks.

Mr. J. B. Stokes has returned from the East where he has been for the past three months.

Miss Ella Goad has returned from a pleasant visit to friends in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Dinsmore will leave next week for a trip to Honolulu.

Mrs. B. B. Cutter accompanied her daughter, Mrs. Downey Harvey, to Los Angeles when she returned last week.

Mr. Cutler Paige is enjoying a visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. Henry Redington, and Mr William Babcock left the city last Saturday to visit Los Angeles and San Diego.

Mr and Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., visited Byron Springs recently, and have returned greatly improved in health.

Mrs. Glass went to China on the last steamer to join her husband, Commodore Glass, U. S. N.

Miss Maud Estee has returned from a visit to Miss Georgie Ryder at San José.

Miss Emelie Kirketerp, who is visiting friends in New York city, will remain away a couple of months longer.

Miss Mattie Fowler has returned to her home near San José after an enjoyable visit here of about two months.

Miss Maud Badlam has gone East to remain a couple of months, and will visit friends in New York, Boston, and Washington, D. C.

Mr. L. L. Robinson has been passing a couple of weeks at Oroville.

Mr. Harry Babcock will leave for Honolulu next week.

Miss Mattie Gibbs has been paying a pleasant visit to friends in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Basil Heathcote will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder, who have been passing the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton, will soon leave for their home in Redwood City

Mr and Mrs. Denis Donohoe and Miss Rose Donohoe will reside at San Rafael during the summer season.

Miss Annie Dray has returned to Sacramento after a visit to Miss Phillips in East Oakland.

Mr. Frank J. Carolan has gone East on a brief business trip.

Mr. and Mrs. John C. Hays have returned to Visalia after an extended visit in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott and Miss Alice Scott were at San José recently.

Mr. James V. Coleman has returned from his trip to the Hawaiian Islands, and is at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs J. B. Coghlan, of Mare Island, has been visiting Miss Charlotte Bermingham.

Mr. Alfred T Tobin is sojourning at the Arlington Hotel in Santa Barbara.

Mrs Charles J Torbert is expected to return from New York in about a month.

Miss Bettie McMullin has been passing the week at Casa Blanca.

Mrs. Fred Birdsall and Miss Etta Birdsall, of Sacramento, will soon visit Southern California for a few weeks.

Miss Minnie Mizner, of Benicia, and Miss Flora Carroll, of Sacramento, were recently at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. George Stoneman has returned to Los Angeles after a pleasant visit here. Miss Catherine Stoneman is the guest of Miss Augustine Harasthy.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low went to Del Monte last Saturday, to pass a few days.

Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier and Miss Sophie McPherson intend to pass most of the coming season at their country home, near Clear Lake

Mrs. Charles L. Weller and Miss Laura Weller have gone East, with the intention of remaining away until the latter part of next summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson and Miss Stetson will leave soon, to pass a few weeks at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard returned from the Hotel del Monte early in the week.

Mrs. A. H Rutherford, Mrs. J. B. Wright, and Miss Virginia Hanchett expect to leave soon, to make a tour of Europe.

Mrs. D. J. Tallant and the Misses Jennie and Anne Tallant have been passing the week at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto and Miss Georgie Tabor, who have been passing the last three months in Central America, are expected to return home in a few weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin, *née* McMullin, and Miss Bettie McMullin have returned from their European tour Mrs. Perrin is at her residence on Clay Street, and Dr. Perrin is visiting Fresno.

Miss Fannie Crocker has been visiting her sister, Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, in Sacramento, during the past fortnight

Mr. Sydney Johns has gone to Victoria, B. C., on a business trip.

Mr. J. N. H. Irwin is passing a month at the Arkansas Hot Springs for the benefit of his health.

Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San José, entertained her sister Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., at her residence a few days this week.

Mr James D. Phelan has been confined to his residence during the past week by severe illness.

Mrs. W. B. C. Brown, of Sacramento, passed the early part of the week at the Palace Hotel.

Hon. Charles N. Felton is expected to return from Washington, D. C., in about three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Folger and Miss Bessie Folger, of Oakland, are passing a few weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Chaplain and Mrs. Winfield S. Scott and Miss Scott, of Angel Island, were guests at the Occidental Hotel, a few days this week.

Mr and Mrs. A. D. Hall are stopping at the Grand Hotel.

Hon. Fred Cox and Miss Cox, of Sacramento, have been passing the week here.

Miss Arcadia Spence, of San José, is the guest of Miss Ada Sullivan.

Senator and Mrs. A. Yell are at the Grand Hotel for a few weeks.

General and Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick have returned from Europe and are stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

Miss Maud Smith will soon visit Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Nickerson, of the Hotel Bella Vista, went to Seattle, W. T., this week to visit friends for about ten days.

Mr. S. F. Thorn, of the Grand Hotel, is now convalescent after his recent severe attack of acute rheumatism.

Hon. and Mrs. James M. Allen have moved into their beautiful new home at Menlo Park

Senator and Mrs Leland Stanford left Washington, D. C., last Wednesday for Florida

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene G. Davis are now residing at the Grand Hotel.

Mrs. S F. Thorn is visiting friends in Oakland.

Mrs. Colonel Dunkelberger, of Los Angeles, is passing a few days at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Clarence B. Thompson is permanently located at the Grand Hotel

Hon. Eugene J. Gregory, of Sacramento, has been passing the week in the city.

Miss Inez Shorb, who has been visiting Miss Gwin during the winter, returned to her home in San Gabriel last week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hendry will leave soon for an Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Munn are located at the Grand Hotel for the season.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. P. McG. McBean gave a pleasant progressive euchre party last Saturday evening at her residence on Pacific Avenue, in honor of Mrs. F. A. Le Favor. Beautiful prizes were awarded, and a dainty collation followed the game.

Major Ben. C. Truman entertained a number of Los Angeles ladies at the Hotel Arcadia, in Santa Monica last Saturday.

Baron Rogniat gave a superb luncheon at his residence in East Los Angeles, on Monday, February 20th. It was given in honor of Major Ben. C. Truman, to celebrate his return from Europe Among others present were: Hon. William Workman, Hon. T. E. Rowan, Mr. W. J. Broderick, Colonel Stewart, Mr. Daniel Freeman, and Mr. Walter Maxwell.

A Musicale in Berlin.

Cable dispatches to the New York and San Francisco press, dated Berlin, February 25th, report that Mrs Turnbull, wife of Major-General Walter Turnbull, of this city, recently gave a musicale in honor of Mr. William Cross, a young composer of Victoria, B. C. Among those present were: Mrs Jessie Wall, Misses Wall, and Miss Frankie Hart, of Oakland, Cal., Miss Ruth Turnbull, Mrs Morse and the Misses Morse, of Chicago, but formerly of San Rafael, Cal., Mrs. J. W. Preston, widow of the late president of the Chicago Board of Trade; Miss Preston, Mrs. J. H. Waterman, Mrs. M. M. Pritchard, Miss Pritchard (formerly of San Francisco) Mrs Scott, Mrs D. D. Bouvé, and Miss Fales, of Boston; Mr. George Santayne and Mr. H. Hilberts, of Harvard; Mr. Preston, of the University of Virginia; Mr. W. Waterman, of Harvard; Miss Burns and Miss Moore, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Carson, of Newburg, N. Y.; and Miss Winkeer, of Milwaukee The last four young ladies are traveling with Mrs Shiverick and are en route to Italy.

Army and Navy.

Captain W. S. Schenck, U. S. M. C., departed for Washington, D. C, last Sunday and will be away a couple of months.

Captain John F. Weston, U. S. A., of Los Angeles, has been in the city on a brief visit.

Lieutenant William P. Baker, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., is enjoying a two months' leave of absence.

Major C. A. Ernest, U. S. A., is in the city on a leave of absence from Fort Niobrara, Neb. He was formerly stationed at Angel Island, and has many friends in this city.

The retirement of Captain Eakin, U. S. A., has resulted in the promotion of Lieutenant John M. K. Davis, First Artillery, U. S. A., to the rank of captain, and carries him to Battery F at the Presidio.

Major Thomas McGregor, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Walla Walla, W T., and is on waiting orders at the Presidio.

Lieutenant George N Chase, Fourth Infantry, U S. A., aide-de-camp, has been granted one month's leave of absence

MUSICAL NOTES.

The first concert of the fourth season of the Oakland Harmonic Society will be given at the First M. E. Church, in Oakland, Thursday evening, March 8th. The soloists will be Madame Pyk, soprano; Mr. Ugo Talbo, tenor; and Mr. Hermann Brandt, violinist; and the chorus numbers will comprise Adolf Jensen's Cantata, "The Feast of Adonis," and works of Schubert, Pinsuti, and Eaton Fanning.

The Orchestral Union will give a testimonial concert at Odd Fellows' Hall next Wednesday evening, for the benefit of the Music and Instrument Fund. Mr. Hermann Brandt will direct the music, and the union will be assisted by Mme. Pyk, soprano; Mr Hugo Mansfeldt, pianist; and Mr. Clarke W. Reynolds, accompanist. Among the selections on the programme are: "Ocean thou Mighty Monster"; a concerto by Raff; an unfinished symphonie by Schubert, and Hungarian airs by Ernst.

A meeting of the Music Teachers' Association of California will be held at half-past two o'clock to-morrow afternoon Mr J. H. Rosewald will deliver an essay on "Humbuggery in Music," and musical selections of interest will be given.

The last concert of the Hermann Brandt String Quartet will be held at Irving Hall on Friday evening, March 16th. The quartet will be assisted by Miss Mary Barnard, vocalist, and Miss Alice Bacon, pianist.

ART NOTES.

The spring exhibition of the Art Association will open about the middle of April.

Mrs. Virgil Williams will have an exhibition and private sale of the pictures and sketches of her late husband at the rooms of the Art Association, between March 15th and 30th.

Miss Matilda Lotz, who left for the East a few weeks ago, has established a studio on Thirty-Second Street in New York city.

M. Straus has a studio in the new Flood Building on Market Street.

Happersburger is modeling a bust of a child.

R. D Yelland is busily engaged on orders at his studio in East Oakland.

Raschen is devoting all of his time to portraits and has several orders on hand

Emil Carlsen has sold his painting of lemons to the Pacific Club.

Brookes is painting a portrait of Mr. James D. Phelan.

Giffard has a beach scene at Morris & Kennedy's.

Julian Rix is still at his New Jersey home working hard, and paying an occasional visit to New York.

Wandesforde is meeting with good success in New York city.

The landscape of Rodriguez, recently exhibited at Morris & Kennedy's, was sold last Tuesday. Rodriguez has now a small river scene on exhibition at the same gallery.

Morris & Kennedy have in their gallery a large flower-piece, a study of brown, red, and yellow chrysanthemums, by Miss E. Williams; also a peach-blow vase containing the same flowers and clusters of them on the table, which is the work of Miss Alice Chittenden.

Henry Alexander, who is in New York, is devoting his entire attention to portrait work.

Charles P. Adams, a Denver artist, has opened a studio at 408 California Street. He has many sketches of Colorado and Mexican scenery, and two large landscapes showing the rugged and picturesque features of the Rocky Mountains.

William Keith has several landscapes in process of completion He delivered a lecture at the State University on Wednesday evening, giving an account of his experience in landscape painting.

Coulter has completed two companion pictures, giving glimpses of river life on the Thames by daylight and moonlight. A recent scene of his is that of an Italian fishing-boat on the bay. He is also laying in a picture of the French ram *Duguesne*.

Fred. Yates is now engaged on two portraits, those of Judge J. H. Boalt and Dr. Barkan. He has secured an adjoining room for the use of his rapidly increasing classes, and hereafter will devote Monday evenings to instruction in designing, for the benefit of those who can not attend in the daytime.

Mrs. Joseph Strong has returned from Los Angeles, and has opened a studio at No. 7 Montgomery Avenue. She is getting up a class, and has much to do in the way of miniature portraits, menu-cards, and work of that order. Mr. Strong recently sent her, from Honolulu, a sketch of the Volcano of Kilauea, from which his large picture was painted. There does not seem to be any ground for the statement which has been made that it is a copy of Tavernier's painting, for the two are entirely dissimilar

Narjot has completed his large painting representing the procession of the dragon in Chinatown, and has placed it in Morris & Kennedy's gallery for exhibition.

A. Nahl has removed his studio, class-rooms, and gallery of old masters to the History Building, and now makes no charge for admittance to the latter. His latest completed work, and one upon which he has been engaged for several years, is a representation, in black and white, of the warm springs at Carlsbad, with the crowds of health and pleasure-seekers. A crayon-opaque bust of Mrs. F. S. Chadbourne and a crayon drawing of a pretty Roumanian girl have recently been completed, and he is now engaged on a street scene in Metz.

Edward Deakin has his new studio in the Bancroft History Building Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop" has afforded him a new subject. It represents the old grandfather watching in the church where Little Nell is buried, and waiting patiently for her to return to him. Deakin also has under way a large picture showing the entrance to the chapel of Henry VIII. in Westminster Abbey.

Tom Hill is now located at 114 Powell Street, and has in his studio two uncompleted paintings, both Eastern subjects. One shows a boating-party out rowing on Lake George; the other, a party of anglers in one of the pretty nooks of the same lake. The Muir Glacier in Alaska covers a large canvas that Mr. Hill is busily engaged on. Mr Hill will leave, next month, for the Yosemite Valley, where he will sketch during the coming season

Miss Eva Withrow is comfortably located at 925 Pine Street, and has a picturesquely appointed studio. Her specialty, portraiture, occupies most of her time. She is now laying in, for the spring exhibition, a large ideal picture entitled "Easter Blossoms."

Chris. Jorgenson is quite busy with several water-color sketches

C. D. Robinson is preparing for his annual pilgrimage to the Yosemite Valley.

Heath is located permanently in San Diego, and is doing well.

It is reported on good authority that Jules Tavernier will be here some time this month.

A. C. Rodriguez is engaged on a landscape showing a portion of the bay with Marin County in the distance.

Stanton is at work on a figure-piece representing a Knight Templar on horseback, and has a couple of portraits under way

Charles Peters is working on a picture for the Paris salon. It shows worshipers at a country shrine under moonlight effects.

Roethe has returned from an extended tour of the State, and is located with Rodriguez at 209 Grant Avenue. He recently completed a sketch of a log-cabin interior, and is now working on pastel heads. He has a small pastel profile at Morris & Kennedy's, and an old woman's head painted in oil.

Theodore Wores has packed up his Japanese treasures, and will leave, to-day, for the East, where his pictures will be exhibited and he will open a studio. En route to New York, he will stop over in Arizona, to visit relatives, and in St. Louis and Chicago.

A rheumatic man near Wabash, Ind., cut a railway telegraph wire, and carried the end into his house in hopes of being able to take the stiffness out of his limbs, and was getting along nicely when one of Jay Gould's linemen swooped down on him and put a stop to it.

A Chicago man has invented a corset that will register hugs. He thinks there will be a great demand for them at the watering places this summer.

"Hogan's Flat," a song by W. H. Brockway, which Scanlan sings in "Shane-na-Lawn," has been printed and is for sale by A. Waldteufel, 737 Market Street.

California Ahead.

In many things our State in superior to any other land. Among these is the unrivaled grace and beauty of form of the ladies. Persons who have traveled the world over confess that the ladies of the Pacific Coast are unsurpassed in lovely exquisite figures. The reason for this is the almost universal wearing here of Freud's renowned corsets, the most perfect made. The wonderful popularity of these goods has given rise to imitations against which all are cautioned. These goods are only to be had at Freud's Corset House, Nos. 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Grant Avenue. Catalogue sent free. Address mail orders Freud & Son, 742 and 744 Market Street. Make no mistake.

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

HAND-MADE SHOES, $8.00.

P. F. McNulty

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15 New Montgomery Street.

Under Grand Hotel.

PERALTA PARK

THE VERITABLE EDEN OF THE BERKELEY LANDSCAPE.

A GEM WITH NATURE'S MOST EXQUISITE SETTING.

This beautiful tract is only four blocks from the railroad track, and is in the immediate neighborhood of the State University. The view from Peralta Park is one

Of Unparalleled Magnificence.

From the wooded slopes and green glades of this delightful spot is seen a

Superb Panorama of Land and Sea,

The GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND, and, still beyond,

The Blue Pacific Ocean

Meet the eyes with the ever coming and departing merchant fleet passing in and out the entrance to the great harbor.

Peralta Park is a spot which years ago was laid out in winding drives and

Long Shady Avenues

By artistic hands. For Villa Sites, there is not in the entire State a locality of such marvelously

Picturesque Combinations.

Behind it, rise the Berkeley hills, and sloping down to the bay, are the handsome residences of this quarter, with their gardens and orchards. It is like an old English park, with its broad glades, gentle declivities, tree-crowned knolls, patches of dense and romantic foliage, and through all

A Brawling Brook,

Leaping from rock to rock, and never dry, because fed from the springs in the hills above, adds to the beauty of the landscape.

BOVEE, TOY & CO.,

Are now offering Villa Sites from one third of an acre to four acres in extent in Peralta Park.

For photographic views and further information, apply at the office,

19 Montgomery Street,

TRADE FAIR AND SQUARE MARK

This Label is on the Best Ribbon Made.

THE GEM OF CALIFORNIA.

LARKSPUR

—THE—

HOME OF THE REDWOOD AND THE LAUREL,

—SITUATED IN—

ROSS VALLEY,

On the West line of the N. P. C. R. R., Marin County, California.

BUT 30 MINUTES' RIDE FROM SAN FRANCISCO, AND BUT 12 MILES DISTANT.

LOCATION.

This beautiful town site is on the west side of the North Pacific Coast Railroad in a gently rolling valley, surrounded on the north by Mount Tamalpais, on the south and west by ranges of hills, and on the east by the bay of San Francisco. The elevation above the sea, is about one hundred feet. It adjoins the beautiful country home of Frank M. Pixley, Esq., known as Owls Wood, which is located twelve miles from San Francisco, from where it can be reached by two lines of railroad within thirty minutes.

Situated as it is, its desirability as a site for suburban homes can be readily appreciated. The railroad affords frequent, rapid and cheap transportation.

CLIMATE.

The wonderful equability of the climate of Larkspur can not be surpassed. Surrounded as it is with high hills and Mount Tamalpais, it is completely sheltered from the bleak winds and ocean fogs. Statistics show that the temperature ranges from 44 degrees fahrenheit in winter, to 85 degrees in summer.

HEALTHFULNESS.

The head of a family must at once see and appreciate the fact that in order to rear his family in vigorous health, he must give them the advantages of exercise in the fresh country air, so as to expand the lungs, harden the muscles, and impart vigor and strength to the entire system, thus laying the foundation in childhood for a stronger constitution and the enjoyment of physical health and a longer life. The overworked man of business, whose brain is strained by the cares and trials of an active life in the city, can return to his home in the evening, crossing the bay of San Francisco, leaving the fogs and cold winds behind him, and spend the night in a pure atmosphere and be refreshed, thereby retaining his health To the delicate and feeble, the advantages of the climate of Larkspur must be apparent Uniform temperature, no extremes, no fogs, no bleak winds, no frosts, pure water, pure mountain air, combined with the salt breezes from the bay, must naturally impart strength, vigor, and health.

We are now offering for sale under direction of the AMERICAN LAND AND TRUST CO., lots and villa sites in this beautiful town, within the reach of all.

Sizes of lots, 50x100 to 100x250 feet in depth. Prices from $125 to $500 each. Terms, one-third cash, balance in 6 and 12 months, with interest at 7 per cent per annum on deferred payments.

TITLE PERFECT.

Ten per cent. will be added to present prices after first one hundred lots are sold.

It is contemplated by the owners of this beautiful property to build a large and modern hotel, water-works, etc., on this tract of land.

For further information, diagrams and maps, apply to

SHAINWALD, BUCKBEE, & Co.,

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San Rafael, Cal.

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USE CRANE'S PAPER, EXTRA SUPERFINE QUALITY FOR ALL WEDDING ORDERS, RECEPTION AND VISITING CARDS.

721 MARKET

SCIENCE AND DRAW-POKER.

Following the illustrious example of Professor Proctor, who has formulated the mathematical laws governing the phenomena of draw-poker, Sir William Thomson recently submitted a paper to the Royal Society, entitled, "The Correlation of Blind and Straddle," in which he claimed to have made the following discovery:

"In experimenting upon the effects of age upon the diversely stratified hands before the draw, I found: first, when the senior 'hand' consisted of one carboniferous stratum of deuces and one Devonian stratum of kings, with an intermediary and unprofitable substratum of detritus, consisting of one club or other refractory substance, the tendency to create an upheaval in the metallic deposits, and thereby cause an influx of fossil ivory toward the common centre, was greater than when said 'hand' was irregular in its formation. Second, I found that under the foregoing circumstances said 'hand' usually absorbed said metallic deposits and fossil ivory in great quantities."

Immediately upon these discoveries being announced, Professors Huxley, Tyndall, and Herbert Spencer were appointed a committee to investigate and report. The committee began its labors at eight P. M. Saturday, and at a quarter past eleven A. M. Sunday, Professer Huxley, chairman, wrote his report as follows:

"Royal Society, London, Dec. 4, 1887.

"Your committee, after arduous labor and great expense, find that, while the Thomson theory of the Elevation of Straddles, as contained in his paper, is correct in theory, it is sometimes disastrously fallacious in practice. One of the experiments tried by your committee was as follows:

"The senior hand controlled by me as chairman consisted, before the draw, of one stratum of ensanguined jacks, one stratum of queens, and one accidental diamond—almost as valuable a formation as that instanced by Professor Thomson. The sub-senior hand, engineered by Professor Tyndall, was nearly homogeneous with small spades, the exquisite continuity terminating at one end, however, in an unfortunate, measly heart. The junior hand, under the management of Herbert Spencer, consisted before the draw, as he states, of one thin stratum of deuces, with three substrata, consisting of what nearly approximated the mineral called 'kelter.'

"Tyndall and Spencer having entered, I followed the Thomson theory, elevating both the limit, which was fixed at ten pounds sterling. Professor Tyndall readily saw. Spencer hesitated a moment, but finally followed. To me, then, he dealt one substratum, Professor Tyndall one, and to himself three.

"Applying myself to the taxidermist's art, or removing the cuticle from my collection, I discovered that I now had triple strata of jacks, resting upon double strata of queens, quite filling my hand.

"Professor Tyndall examined his newly acquired stratum, and with evidences of suppressed emotion advanced fossil ivory to the value of two pounds sterling to the centre.

"Spencer smiled, took a panoramic view of his strata, covered the fossils with a like deposit, and to my secret delight added another to the extent of ten shillings. I promptly covered both deposits, topping them by an additional ten pounds sterling. Still further to my delight, Professor Tyndall elevated me in like ratio.

"I now naturally feared that Spencer would retire. So did Professor Tyndall, who half regretted his aggressive action. But to our mutual satisfaction Professor Spencer, after looking to see that none of his strata were loose or had got away, raised us a meek ten shillings.

"Merely to aid science, in pursuance of the Thomson theory, I again raised ten pounds sterling. Then began a contest which now seems a blurred and hideous dream. Professor Tyndall leaped over me, Spencer leaped over him, and I threw handsprings over both, until not only were my entire fossil collection, my portfolio of government paper, and checks for half my accumulations in the East India bank heaped on the pile, but Professor Tyndall's watch and eyeglasses, his new polariscope and collar buttons, his seal ring, silk undershirt, galvanometer, a mortgage on his house, and an order for seven months' salary, together with Spencer's goloshes and crush hat, an opal pin, and fur overcoat, all his ready money, seven pawn-tickets, a pass over the North-Western, his copyright on seven scientific works, and a new umbrella, with a silver dog onto it. Finally there was nothing left but our shirts and salvation, and I said I would call.

"I looked at Professor Tyndall, he looked at Spencer, and Spencer looked at me.

"I said I was sorry to bounce Professor Tyndall higher than when he was on the Matterhorn, but that——

"Here Professor Tyndall smiled and skinned out an ace flush.

"I laid down my jack-full, burst into tears, and began to count up the small change.

"Spencer checked me meekly, and inquired if I had any objections to coming off the roof a moment while he showed up his hand.

"I courteously, but firmly, replied that I had not.

"The horror of Professor Tyndall and myself can only be imagined when we saw Spencer deliberately pocket the bank-notes, then put my watch in his fob, try on Professor Tyndall's goloshes and overcoat, adjust my glasses to his nose and test them by running over his hand again, stuff the consols, bonds, mortgages, and deeds in his pocket, pass in the fossils to me to be cashed, and then, merrily humming a light and ribald song, skin out four deuces and a king.

"Your committee beg to state that the Thomson theory is a cold and pernicious fraud. In conclusion, I respectfully beg to withdraw my offer to make at my own expense an investigation of the theory of McCosh, of Princeton, that 'straights are absolute in jack-pots.' Professor Tyndall desires me to state that his failing health will prevent his equipping the proposed Alpine party. The party will equip itself or stay at home. Respectfully submitted,

"T. H. Huxley, F. R. S."

Accompanying was a minority report, as follows:

"The Thomson theory, in my opinion, is strikingly brilliant in its conclusions. Although apt to mislead the superficial observer, its finer reasonings are among the best of which we know. I beg to inclose my back dues for eighteen months to the Royal Society, with advance payment for two (2) months, and to state that I will gladly contribute fifty pounds sterling to aid the proposed classification of the monkeys of Madras. I have to-day decided to take a vacation for two years. Respectfully submitted, Herbert Spencer."

"P. S.—Should your honorable body desire [illegible] investigation into the same subject, I shall [illegible] serve on another committee. H. S."—*Ex.*

SOME LONDON ADS.

Old artificial teeth bought.—Persons wishing to receive full value should apply to the Manufacturing Dentists, Messrs. Browning, instead of to wardrobe buyers.—Chief Office, — &c.

Light landau; only used a few weeks by Lady Galway. Not soiled. Also Light Brougham (Major King's). At Royal Carriage Factory, 124, Long-acre.

Board and residence.—Double-bedded rooms for married couples. Excellent table; late dinner; grand piano; good society; fires; daily papers. B. G.

A music smith and engineer's shop and business in full work, with all plant and necessary utensils, for sale. Apply to Glover, &c.

Brewing.—There is a vacancy for a pupil in a country brewery, where he would obtain a thorough knowledge of brewing and the routine office work. Premium, 100 guineas for two years, half to be returned as salary in the second year. Youth direct from school preferred. One other pupil kept. Arrangements could be made to reside with proprietor if desired.

To builders.—Six carcases for sale, a bargain (freehold). Beautifully situated at Clacton-on-Sea.

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Nine capital weekly houses for sale, Stepney. Good paying tenants. Rental £280 16s. Ground-rent £36. Term about 56 years. Price £2,250.

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Lady Macfarren is ready to resume giving lessons at her residence, 7, Hamilton-terrace.

Lady ordered to Monte Carlo would be glad to join another lady going there also, and share expenses. References given and required. 69, Mildmay-road.

Taxation of silver plate.—In Parliament, Session 1888.—The assistance of members of parliament is earnestly invited, in order to secure the abolition of this impolitic tax, in April next.—Edward J. Watherston, 12, Pall-mall.

Home of rest for horses. President—The Duke of Portland (Master of the Horse). Bankers—Messrs. Coutts and Co., 59, Strand, W. C. Additional funds greatly needed.

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Augustin Willington, Esq. "Sudley," Bognor, will forward £10 to each competitor forming certain two words from "Aesvilper." Answers received until Feb. 1. Advertised Feb. 4. Fee 1s., P. O., or 2s., three trials, to above address. Profits to Children's Hospital—Last prize, "Geneva—Neva."

An easy word competition.—Eltas.—Form one word of five letters.—I will send 12s. on Saturday next to every one giving the right answer. Perfectly fair, genuine, and bona-fide. Scores of prizes have been sent. The answer is a word, or the inflection of a word, in Nuttall's Dic., and will be advertised. Three solutions allowed. Fee 1s. each solution.—G. C. Vincent, Little Gaddesden, Hemel Hempstead, The answer to "Arpes" is "Rapes." Prizes forwarded.

Where shall we dine? At Rudkin's Salutation Tavern, 17, Newgate-street. Table d'hôte. 1s. 6d. each, daily at two o'clock, and from five until eight. Menu This Day: Giblet and Macaroni Soups, Cod and Oyster Sauce, Whitebait, Boiled Fowls, and Pork, Mutton, Vienna Steaks, Vegetables, Cheese, Salad, &c.

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Church restoration.—Will all kind Readers have pity on us and send me a shilling towards the Restoration of St. Mary's, Rockbeare? We still want £60 very badly to make up the required amount. Please help us.—Any information gladly given, and donations most thankfully received by Miss Walsh, Rockbeare Court, Exeter.

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Emma to Jack.—Dearest, your letter received, the contents are impossible. You should have come yesterday, my anguish is acute. If you value my peace of mind, you will devote the whole of next Tuesday to me; let us spend a joyous day together and talk things over. Write instructions, pray don't disappoint. Shall look for letters Saturday and Monday. May I write? Say yes, and when. Remember, you have often said to me, "Mind you will have to love me always." I do love you fondly my darling one, don't do anything to destroy or impair that love. My desire is to be ever thine. Write lovingly.

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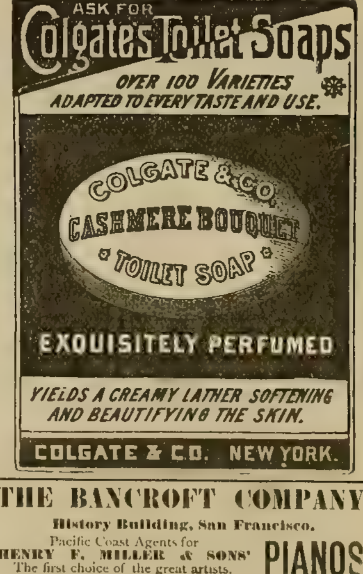

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LEAVE (for)	From February 5, 1888.	ARRIVE (from)
8.00 A.	..Calistoga and Napa	10.15 A.
4.00 P.	.. " " "	6.15 P.
9.00 A	..Collax.	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	..Galt, via Martinez.	10.15 A.
10.30 A.	..Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	.. " " "	*3.45 P.
5.30 P.	.. " " "	7.45 A.
9.00 A.	..Ione, via Livermore	5.45 P.
3.00 P.	..Knight's Landing	9.45 A.
*4.30 P.	..Livermore and Pleasanton	*8.45 A.
5.00 P.	..Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, & East	9.45 P.
9.30 A.	..Los Angeles and Mojave	12.15 P.
8.00 A.	..Martinez	6.15 P.
§4.00 P.	..Milton	*5.45 P.
8.30 A.	..Ogden and East	8.15 A.
4.30 P.	.. " " "	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	..Red Bluff, via Marysville	5.45 P.
7.00 A.	..Redding, via Willows	7.15 P.
7.00 A.	..Sacramento, via Benicia	7.15 P.
8.30 A.	.. " " via Benicia	8.15 A.
9.00 A.	.. " " via Livermore	5.45 P.
3 00 P.	.. " " via Benicia	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	.. " " via Benicia	10.45 A.
6.30 P.	.. " " via Benicia	7.45 A.
*1.00 P.	..Sacramento River Steamers	*6.00 A.
7.30 A.	..San José	*12.45 P.
9.00 A.	.. " "	*3.45 P.
3.00 P.	.. " "	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	.. " "	‡4.15 P.
9.30 A.	..Santa Barbara	12.15 P.
5.00 P.	.. " "	9 45 P.
9.00 A.	..Stockton, via Livermore	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	.. " via Martinez	10.15 A.
6.30 P.	..Siskiyou and Portland	7.45 A.

A for morning. P. for afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted.

From San Francisco, daily.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7 30, 8.00, 8.30. 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1 30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10 00, 11.00, 12.00.

To 23D AVENUE, EAST OAKLAND—Same as to "To East Oakland" until 6.00 P. M. inclusive, also at 7.00, 8.00, 10.00 P. M.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, 6.30, 7 00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., 3.30, 4 00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 8.00, 10.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., *2.00, 6 30, 12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7 00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9 30, 10 00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, ‡2.30, 3.00, 3 30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00.

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To WEST BERKELEY—Same as "To Berkeley."

To San Francisco, daily.

From FRUIT VALE—6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50, 9 20, *10.19, *2.49, 4.20, 4.50, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 8.50, 10.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5 21, 5.57, ‡9.15, *2.38, *3.15.

From 23D AVENUE, EAST OAKLAND—6.55, 7 25, 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9 25, 9.55, 10.25, 10.55, 11.25, 11.55, 12.25, 12 55, 1.25, 1.55, 2.25, 2.55, 3.25, 3.55, 4.25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6.55, 7.55, 8.55, 10.55

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7 00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5 30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 9.57, 10.57.

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From BERKELEY—*5.25, 5.55, *6 25, 6.55, *7.25, 7 55, *8.25, 8 55, 9.25, 9.55, ‡10.25, 10.55, ‡11.25, 11.55, ‡12.25, 12.55, ‡1.25, 1.55, ‡2.25, 2 55, 3.25, 3.55, 4 25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6 55, 7.55, 8 55, 9.55, 10.55.

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From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12 15, 2.15, 4.15.

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TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From Fourteenth and Franklin Sts., Oakland—§4.5.45, §6.15, §6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1 45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6 15, 6.46, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 P. M.

From High Street, Alameda—§5.31, §6.01, §6.31, 7.01, 7.31, 8.01, 8.31, 9.01, 9.31, 10.01, 10.31, 11.01, 11 31, A. M., 12.01, 12.31, 1.01, 1.31, 2.01, 2.31, 3 01, 3.31, 4.01, 4.31, 5.01, 5.31, 6.01, 6.31, 7.16, 8.16, 9.16, 10.16, 11.01 P. M.
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‡7.00 A.		6.40 A.
8.30 A.		*8.00 A.
10.30 A		9.03 A.
*3.30 P.	....San Mateo, Redwood, and...	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	.... Menlo Park	‡3.30 P.
*5.10 P.		4.36 P.
6.30 P.		6.40 P.
§11.45 P.		§7.50 P.
8.30 A.		9.03 A.
10.30 A.	....Santa Clara, San José, and....	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.	.....Principal Way Stations.	4.36 P.
4.30 P.		6.40 P.
10.30 A	....Almaden and Way Stations. ..	4.36 P.
8.30 A.	...Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville. ...	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.	.... . Salinas, and Monterey	6.40 P.
8.30 A.	.....Hollister and Tres Pinos.. ...	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.		‡6.40 P.
8.30 A.	.. .Watsonville, Aptos, Soquel ...	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.	.....(Capitola), and Santa Cruz ...	6.40 P.
8.30 A.	.Soledad, Paso Robles, Templeton. (San Luis Obispo) and Way Stations	6.40 P.

A.—Morning. P.—Afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.
§ Theatre train, Saturdays only.

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Commencing Monday, October, 17, 1887, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUCELITO and San RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.15 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.15 P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45, 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUCELITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.20, 10.00, 11.45 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 2.15, 4.00, 6.00 P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30, 7.05 P. M.
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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Princesse de Metternich candidly acknowledges herself to be one of the plainest women in Europe. Every one who has seen her frankly agrees with the noble lady. Her features are hard and masculine, her skin suppled and thick, her hair nothing in particular, and she has not so far as is known—that one bit of beauty with which every woman is said to be dowered.

Yet the Princesse de Metternich is the only woman who, within the last quarter of a century, has reigned as absolute queen of fashion in Europe. She had an exaggerated idea of the value of beauty, as many—as all women have, perhaps, who have been left out in its distribution. "I must do something with myself," she said, to her intimates when she was thrown into the great world of diplomacy, "and after a rigid examination of myself, I find that my one talent seems to consist in wearing my clothes well."

Eugénie fostered the love of extravagant dressing during the Empire, and sometimes invented. Since then, the Princess of Wales, Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Langtry, and a few others of lesser note have, from time to time, formulated a fashion, but no one has reigned as the absolute sovereign whose imperial edicts were obeyed in the world of dress, except the Princesse de Metternich. She really created the type of style as the complement to the type of beauty. For it rarely happens that a beautiful woman has much style or that a stylish woman has much beauty.

"One can not always command material," said the Princesse de Metternich, sagely, as she contemplated her hopeless features and her tall, gaunt frame; "one must do the best with what one has." And doing her best, she became the dictator of Europe.

It is probable that when Thomas Nast was first asked to lecture, he was alarmed at the idea of being obliged to talk. Talking is not his form of expression. Everything in the world presents itself to him in a set of lines. It is much easier for him to give an idea of his thought with a stroke of his arm and a touch of his brush, than if he were to put it into a yard of words.

Indeed, in his queer, little, hesitating way, for he always speaks with an unuttered apology, he invariably winds up with "I think I had better draw that for you," as if he had not been intending to do that all the time—as if his fingers were not itching for the touch of the brush.

It has come about that this hesitating delivery, which must have been an obstacle in the beginning, is rather an amusing feature of his brief address. He loses his place in a very extraordinary-looking manuscript in the most candid manner, and gravely tells the audience that he is in a scrape. He fishes himself out of it without any embarrassment, yet conveys the idea that he thinks himself several kinds of a goose for having attempted to talk, and flies to his cartoon with a relief which is naïve.

The warmth of his humor creeps into his speech, halting and uncertain as it is, and an audience in ten minutes finds itself upon very chummy terms with him.

He gets at them more nearly and more closely than if he were a fluent and glib speaker. Like the Princesse de Metternich, he has done wonders with such material as he had, and has become a characteristic lecturer without really having the art of speech.

He confides to his public every night the fact that his youthful ambition was to become a great historical painter. He says it in jest, but no doubt he tells the truth. People very seldom become in this life just what they wanted to become, and no one ever deliberately started out to be a humorist either with pen or pencil. The quality of humor is there, and circumstance may develop it, but humor is never the substance of a rosy dream, or the goal of a young ambition. And so, it was only by a chance that Thomas Nast set the world a laughing, and preached a powerful sermon at the same time.

The attraction of his lectures is to watch him at his work. His touch is so light, so quick, so sure. The paintings are rather tiresome. It is impossible to put on enough color in a lightning sketch without wearying the winters. The snow scene is a pretty picture, and the painting of Niagara Falls upside down is an ingenious trick, with De Soto discovering the Mississippi with his head in the mud at the river bottom, and his toes turned up to the stars, for an amusing interlude.

But it is in drawing, with its sharp, decisive, telling lines, that Nast is at his best.

There is something vague and impalpable about following a painting as it grows. Its effects are more nebulous, and the ways of producing them more far-fetched to the ordinary understanding. But every stroke in a drawing tells immediately, and therefore appeals more directly to a watching audience.

Some of the great painters could not draw, and as certainly, some of the great drawers could not paint. Fra Angelico will make you a Madonna who looks like a half closed jackknife, so far as form is concerned, but he will paint the heaven's beauty of mother love and purity in her face, and his most formless angels breathe the ecstasy of heaven.

Gustave Doré could draw the white, shining lights of paradise, and the black, fathomless depths of hell, but when he paint he has not the heart to soften the [illegible] of his wonderful lines, and so the paint looks [illegible] and meager on his canvas.

"Caricature," says Nast, "is the oldest form of art," and it is certainly the most appealing. To the victim it is the most maddening, to the observer the most amusing.

Strangely enough, Nast in his lecture does not caricature any public men of to-day. He repeats the old caricature of Ben. Butler, only to show how easily it is done. But the caricature itself is a thing of many years ago, and therefore offends no one.

A voice called out the other night "give us Grover Cleveland." Nast remarked, significantly enough, "you will have him," but though Grover has many asperities of person to tempt the caricaturist's pencil, he did not draw him.

Not, that is to say, with malice prepense. But he gave us a touch of Grover for all that.

He has a trick of commencing at the most unexpected parts of his pictures—with the head, the toes, the waistcoat buttons, perhaps, and gradually with his swift, sure strokes evolving an unexpected picture. And he has caught the salient points of everything he ever attempted—except the features of Thomas Nast. Singular to say, he seems to be perfectly unconscious of a certain pointedness of outline which is his distinguishing mark, and when he drew himself, armed cap-a-pie for his bed, with a good-night legend beside him, the house whispered involuntarily as he rounded out the face: "Grover Cleveland."

Caricature is the entire secret of Charles Hoyt's success as a farce-maker. He always announces boldly in his preface, that his play has no literary pretensions. He speaks truly, though he has culled his dialogue from the funny columns of the newspapers.

The world presents itself to Hoyt in types, even as it presents itself to the artist in lines. The types he sees are those of the homely, every-day world. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker—none of these gentry are too insignificant for his purpose. Like the caricaturist, he presents them with their prominent features exaggerated a trice, and lo! the world is set a-laughing, and Hoyt rakes in shekels upon shekels for the laugh.

Every man has a zenith to his glory, and perhaps Hoyt attained the summit of his arc in his plumber. Who shall say what was the name of the trifle that presented this autocrat of modern improvements to a laughing world? It is not easy to remember the name of Hoyt's farces, but no one ever forgets his types.

When the plumber dismantled the pretty home of an inexperienced young couple, left dire disorder in his wake, sent in a big bill, and yet failed to find the leak, Hoyt struck one of the deepest chords of modern life, and the fidelity of his *genre* studies became an acknowledged fact.

He has a faculty, too, of hitting upon the fad of the hour.

What could be more pertinent to the moment than a delayed train, whether it come from a snowdrift, a runaway, or a hole in the ground? That people amuse themselves at such times with song, and dance, and tale, and merriment goes without saying. But people, under such circumstances, are not always amused by a lot of trim and shapely girls in black stockings, and one can always count upon this black-stocking brigade with Hoyt.

The black stocking, through frequent repetition, has become one of his trademarks. His plays would not go without this swart hosiery.

Only lately, Oliver Wendell Holmes has written a word of counsel to writers, advising them never to be afraid to say a good thing over and over. Once saying does not reach every one in letters, and once doing does not reach every one in plays. Every comedian is provided with a gag to make his part go by frequent repetition, and Hoyt has given the black stockings *da capo* and *da capo*, till they are borne in upon us, and no one wants his farce without them.

> "Men may come, and men may go,
> But I go on forever,'

murmur the tank waters, placidly, as they lazily wash their wooden banks when disturbed by the movements of the little fleet, or by the terrific situations of the changing drama.

They are whipped from one continent to another, from one scene to another, from the green shores of Henley to the commercial banks of New York Bay, from New York Bay to the sad quiet of Sing Sing.

They are as changeless as the real rivers beside which the comedy and tragedy of life go on, and as unconscious of the hopes and fears that burn beside them. Twice within the history of the tank, an ambitious little actress, Miss Kathlyn Heron, has been summoned hastily to take some one's part at short notice. Miss Heron is a very pretty girl, with a very sweet voice, and will, no doubt, come to eminence one day on the stage. But her early souvenirs will always be watery ones, and she will have a feeling that she swam into public favor through the dark waters of the tank.

Mr. Frank Carlysle has supported the tank so long that he is conceiving a rank distaste for water, and longs very naturally to have his rival set aside.

They say he is a capital actor when not overshadowed by a tank, and, in "Escaped from Sing Sing," he shows something of his mettle. But the tank is like Crummles's tub and Infant Phenomenon. Every one must play up to, into, and around it. It is even suggested that the tank play in the "Faust" revival, but as there is more fire than water in that delectable drama, it does not seem easy to put it to use except as an extinguisher.

People are contentedly walking into line, fighting to get there in fact, to pay three dollars a seat for the Booth and Barrett engagement. No one will be defrauded of his money, for the attraction is well worth the price.

It has gradually come about that in theatres a scale of prices is being adjusted. It would be absurd to pay the same price to see Booth and Barrett together, as to see "A Hole in the Ground" or "His Natural Life." The great attractions, like Bernhardt and a few of her rank, command great prices, even as diamonds are more valuable than rhinestones.

But for platform performances the price is still one dollar, year in and year out, whether the entertainment be a pleasure or a bore.

As a rule, lecture and concert, they are not worth it.

At the theatres, people must pay for the accessories, for the lights, the scenes, the costumes, the immense force of men employed to produce effects.

But the platform is a bare, bold, cheerless, discouraging thing, and it requires a great deal to light it up and make it worth a dollar. Very few people are willing to expend that much money for a platform performance in any case, when for fifty cents they would willingly go and take their friends.

It is almost an unknown thing to see a crowded hall when the admission is one dollar.

Year after year, year after year, the local musicians in particular go on giving concerts at one dollar. No one goes. Why they give them no one can tell. There are hundreds, thousands, who would like to go to hear the music if the price were within the reach of the purse of the masses. But the dollar heads them off effectually.

There was but one man who ever gave a series of concerts, especially piano music, with any degree of success in San Francisco. He played to crowded houses from the first night to the last. His name was Gilder, and he charged twenty-five cents admission. He made money.

BETSY B.

A sailor who had been to a church service, where he heard some fine music, was afterward descanting upon an anthem which had given him great pleasure. A listening shipmate finally asked, "I say, Bill, what's a hanthem?" "What!" exclaimed Bill. "Do you mean to say you don't know what a hanthem is?" "Not me." "Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to tell yer, 'Ere, Bill, give me that 'andspike,' that would not be a hanthem. But if I was to say, 'Bill, Bill, Bill, give, give, give me, give me that, Bill, give me, give me that 'and, give me that 'and, 'andspike, spike, spike. Bill, give, me that, that, 'and, 'andspike, 'and, 'andspike, spike, spike, spike. Ah-men, ah-men. Billgivemethat'andspike, spike. Ahmen!' why, that would be a hanthem!"

A French inventor has applied the miniature electric incandescent lamp to watch-dials: the current being supplied by a small pocket-battery. The dial is of ground glass, and the lamp behind it lights it up; the effect being enhanced by a flat reflector. A key is included in the circuit to close the current when the light is required. It is obvious that there are circumstances in which such a device will be useful, and where it is inexpedient to strike a light to see the time—such places as mines, or in military operations. The apparatus is equally applicable to clocks.

These lines, copied from a tombstone in St. Brelade's church-yard, Island of Jersey, are worthy of being preserved in print:

> Weep for a seaman, honest and sincere,
> Not cast away, but brought to anchor here;
> Storms had o'erwhelmed him, but the conscious wave
> Repented, and resigned him to the grave.
> In harbor, safe from shipwreck now he lies,
> Till Time's last signal blazes through the skies.
> Refitted in a moment shall he be
> Sail from this port on an eternal sea!

Oars are coming into use in which the blade is made from the best sheet steel, highly tempered, and is alleged to be much stronger than the ordinary wooden one, and can not be broken without undue violence; the handle fits into a socket running nearly the whole length of the blade, and forming a backbone of great strength; and the oar, being much thinner in the blade than the wooden one, enters and leaves the water cleaner. The handles are made separately, of spruce or ash.

The country around Enon, Ga., is prolific with stories of buried treasures. It was in that vicinity that the Confederate treasure-train was captured while Jeff Davis was on his flight south. A hole eight feet long, four wide, and fifteen deep was found in the garden of a plantation just vacated by a colored family. It is firmly believed by the neighbors that the twenty-thousand-dollar gold-chest, which, it is claimed, was buried by some Federal soldier, had been taken from it.

The luck at Monte Carlo has been running heavily against the bank for some weeks, and all suicide engagements have been canceled until it changes. A Frenchman named Dumont has won one million francs, and quite a number have won over half a million.

Recent returns give the population of the Russian Empire as 108,787,235. European Russia has 81,725,185; the Vistula region, 7,960,304; Finland, 2,176,421; the Caucasus, 7,284,547; Siberia, 4,313,680; and Central Asia, 5,327,098.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Hoyt's "Hole in the Ground" will be continued at the Bush Street next week.

Annie Pixley is now on her way to this city. She will appear at the Baldwin after the Booth and Barrett engagement.

Manager Locke, who keeps bobbing up serenely with the pertinacity of a rubber ball in a fountain, has made arrangements to take his National Opera Company to Cuba.

Joseph R. Grismer and Miss Phœbe Davies have been taking a rest during the past few days, but they begin an engagement at the Alcazar next week, in "Called Back."

Lewis Morrison's "Faust," with new scenery and costumes, and no end of marvellous electrical effects, will be given at the California Theatre. The entire stock company, except the tank, will be in the cast.

Henry Irving uses in "Olivia" an old spinet which he picked up in an old curiosity-shop in London. It was made in 1745, and its quaint old music jangles most harmoniously in its old surroundings in the play.

Another San Francisco boy, Samuel Fleishman, has returned from his musical studies in Germany with a good record. He appeared at a concert in Berlin just before starting for his home, and the notices of his piano-playing were very flattering.

Heinrich Kohler, a pupil of Liszt, and himself a piano soloist well known in Europe, is now stopping at the Palace, on his way to Australia, and will give a series of concerts during his stay here, under the management of Marcus M. Henry.

Tennyson's brook is an evanescent thing compared to the run of "Erminie" at the New York Casino. Though some of the principal singers have been changed more than once, the little opera reached its seven-hundredth consecutive performance last Wednesday evening.

While Lawrence Barrett is with us some three thousand miles from his home, his daughter, Gertrude, a pretty girl of eighteen, has stolen away to England to visit her friend, Miss Mary Anderson—and, incidentally, they do say, to catch a glimpse of her fiancé, Joseph Anderson. The latter is a young man of twenty-five, and before he wore a beard bore a startling resemblance to his handsome sister.

Steele Mackaye's play, "Anarchy," which is now called "Paul Kauvar, or Anarchy," will be given at the California Theatre after "Faust." It was first tried in Buffalo, where the critics, including William Winter, went quite wild over it; and since it has been on at the Standard Theatre, its run has been one long success. The anarchy, by the way, is not of the Chicago variety, the scene being laid in France.

The Lyceum Theatre company, which includes Herbert Kelcey, Nelson Wheatcroft, W. J. Le Moyne, Henry Miller, Georgia Cayvan, and Louise Dillon, will travel in state on their way to this city for their summer engagement at the Baldwin. Their railway accommodations include drawing-room, dining-room, sleeping compartments, and a bath-room, and they will spend seven days on the way, resting at Niagara, Chicago, and Colorado Springs. "The Wife" has been such a success that it will probably run on till they start for this city in July; but San Francisco will want a larger repertoire than one play.

CCCCLXXIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, March 4, 1888.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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We are watching with profound interest the duel between England and Ireland—first, because it is of absorbing importance by reason of the intellectual athletes enlisted in the struggle; and, next, for the consequences involved in the outcome of the conflict. Upon this struggle depend interests of the greatest moment. The division of the British Kingdom and the triumph of independent nationality for Ireland would be the first downward step in the march of events leading to the final displacement of England from its present position of "first power" among the nations of Europe. Irish nationality, if reorganized, strikes a fatal blow at the prestige of British power, and carries with it the confiscation of landed estates in Ireland. An agrarian victory in Ireland means insecurity for property in England; means a long and disastrous struggle for the maintenance of property, order, and individual liberty. Whenever the time comes that these things are insecure in England, then they are insecure throughout the civilized world. The country that would be the first to feel the blow, and the first to succumb to it, would be the United States of America. Our institutions are not as strong as those of England. If England had universal suffrage clothing every adult male citizen with political power, it could not maintain its rights of individual ownership in land for a single generation. Whenever the time comes in a free republic that more of its citizens have nothing than have something, it follows, as a matter of course, that the majority, composed of the have-nothings, or those who have little, will legislate against those who have much. Then standing armies will count for nothing, for they will be composed of the discontented and rebellious element; then privileged and ruling classes will no longer exist, for their privileges will be legislated away, and authority be no longer intrusted to them. Give universal suffrage to England, and its Established Church, its House of Lords, its titled classes, its laws of primogeniture, its royal family will be swept away, and its crown lands, its royal castles, and its entailed estates will become the property of the proletariat; its parliament, whose membership is now composed of men of rank, property, intelligence, and patriotism, will be filled with impecunious demagogues and political adventurers; its magnificent navy, now dominating the ocean, protecting commerce, and bearing English supremacy to remotest seas; its splendid army, under command of its bravest sons; its diplomatic corps, with its gifted and brilliant men of experience and tact, would all be handed over to base-born and ignorant politicians. To bring its banking privileges, its railroads, its corporate interests within political control would be a work of speedy accomplishment; to subject its officials of all grades and its public employees of all kinds to the American rule, that "to the political victor belongs the spoils of patronage and place," would be an inevitable and immediate result. The United Kingdom has upon its lands vast liens, mortgages, settlements, annuities, trusts, and charges involving the support of many persons and the maintenance of many lives. If the owner may be deprived of his fee, all these securities will be swept away; and if lands can thus be divested of their values, it would follow, as a logical and natural consequence, that the English national debt would no longer be held sacred, and all the vast classes of people now living upon the funds would find their properties taken from them, and they would be swept into the vortex of struggling poverty and toil. This is the issue involved in the Irish struggle for home-rule and Irish nationality going on to-day in the Parliament of England. If Ireland, by the aid of English democracy, triumphs, then there will have been sown in England the seeds of future evils, which, in time, it will be compelled to harvest; if England succumbs to this socialistic and agrarian rebellion, the American Republic will be involved in kindred difficulties, and embroiled in immediate dangers. And yet there is no leading journal and no prominent statesman in America having the courage even to state these issues, because they are fearful of losing Irish patronage and Irish votes. The most serious peril which threatens American institutions is that of universal manhood suffrage, burdened by the right of trial by jury. Permitting the ignorant, the impecunious, and the vicious to exercise the elective privilege and the privilege of sitting upon juries to determine questions of property without reference to intelligence, moral responsibility, or property qualifications of the elector or juror, is a serious, if not fatal blunder. Under the leadership of Gladstone and his ultra-Radicals, in alliance with Irish politicians, the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is drifting in the same perilous direction.

We do not permit ourselves to doubt the result of this conflict; we have too great confidence in the intelligence and courage of the English to question the outcome of a struggle so important as we consider this to be; we have ever regarded England as the very citadel of law, and looked upon it and its institutions as the bulwark for the protection of the rights of property, and the preservation of the privileges of personal liberty. When these things can not be maintained in England, it is idle to dream of their long continuance in any other land within the limits of civilization. We do not doubt there are many things in Ireland that demand reform, but we do not believe that the basis of that movement is the necessity of confiscating the landed property and turning it over to the ownership of a peasant tenantry. The history of Ireland justifies the belief that in such an event the generations are few that would intervene between this and an exaggerated poverty resulting from an increased population. The history of Ireland has been a long, unbroken story of brutal savagery, rebellion, and unrest. An uninterrupted succession of calamities has pursued this unfortunate land since the day when the mythical St. Patrick put out the fires on the Druid altars upon the slope of the Hill of Chariots. It has been accursed of a church that fosters ignorance and superstition; it has been blighted by poverty, intemperance, overpopulation, idleness, and misthrift that results from the teachings of a priesthood that preys upon the industry of its people, and teaches that the divine mode of laying up treasures in heaven is to pay the hard earnings of daily toil into the hands of priests for the support of an idle and unprofitable mob of ecclesiastics. The Church of Papal Rome sits like the drunken Old Man of the Sea upon the shoulders of the Sailor Sinbad. Its curse to Leinster, Munster, and Connaught is illustrated by the prosperity of Ulster. In one extremity of Ireland there is intelligence, with comfortable homes, great thriving industries, well-cultivated farms, a prosperous and contented peasantry, a law-abiding and loyal people; in the other there is found lamentable ignorance, under the dominion of bigotry, suffering in dreadful cabins overflowing with under-fed, ill-clad, dirty children, brought up without other education than the catechism; poverty and want brood over the land, crime abounds under the teachings of demagogue politicians who live upon the agitation of the unhappy sufferers; priests and politicians are allied to promote agrarian anarchy and rebellion. Ireland is, indeed, beyond all compare with any other Christian land, a most "distressful country"; but the causes that promote its poverty are apparent upon the face, and traceable, all of them, to the church and priesthood which, under the policy of Rome, keep the Irish people in unenlightened poverty, that they will the more patiently submit to spoliation and pillage. If the three millions of Irish Roman Catholics could be placed in any suitable locality in America, Brazil, Australia, or Canada, under the influence and teaching of an intelligent and honest clergy, where there was no opportunity for whisky, and no subscriptions to Roman priests or Irish politicians, no Peter's pence or political tribute money extorted from them, they would, with their capacities for labor and their industry, become a prosperous people. It is in this direction that Ireland's troubles lie, and not in that of English injustice, Saxon tryanny, nor the inhumanity and extortion of Irish landlords. Protestantism is just and liberal, the Saxon race is generous and humane. The Irish people will never prosper so long as they remain under the dominion of the ecclesiastical power of the Roman hierarchy, and the Irish nation will never achieve separation from England until that condition of things passes away, and when it does, the fever of separation will have passed away. The placing of an intelligent, law-abiding, prosperous two millions of Protestant Ulster Irishmen under the dominion and political authority of three and a half million of ignorant and bigoted Romanists, influenced by priests and guided by political adventurers, will never be permitted so long as reason and sense control the English mind. The first act of an Irish Roman Catholic state would be the establishment of a system of Roman Catholic education; the next, confiscation of landed property, because it belongs mostly to English Protestant landlords. Chaos and confusion would prevail in any rule that Ireland could establish, because its people are incapable of self-government, and would be discontented and riotous if under the sway of the infallible Vice-Gerent of God himself. If the papal throne were transported from the banks of the Tiber to the banks of the Boyne, a decade would not pass before Irish political bosses would surround His Holiness, with themselves, in red-legged trousers, as cardinals, and Leo XIII., of blessed memory, would wish the original Peter had been drowned in the Sea of Galilee before he transmitted to him the triple crown of the fisherman.

But there is no immediate danger that Ireland will wrest itself from imperial domination, and step forth into the family of European States clothed in independent national

sun of Ireland's last excitement has reached the blaze of its zenith, and is now quietly going down the horizon of reaction. The home-rule business has culminated, and the "Grand Old Man," the "old Parliamentary hand" has returned subdued from his vacation trip to the continent. He opens the opposition debate on the queen's address, in Parliament, with a speech tempered to the roaring sweetness of a cooing dove; he no longer encourages the policy of last session that prevented and hindered all honest legislation; he compliments Mr. W. H. Smith, the leader of the opposition; he has discovered that the calm courage of the "bloody Balfour" carries with it the sympathy of England when he enforces the law in Ireland against guilty priests, politicians, and peasants alike, and has the nerve to snatch offending members of Parliament from the very shadows of Westminster, and drag them across the Irish channel to Irish courts for trial, and Irish jails for punishment. The splendid reception given to Lord Hartington and Sir Charles Goschen in Ireland's capital, demonstrated the significant fact that the intelligent, wealthy social classes of Ireland were loyal to their queen, and in sympathy with the imperial union. It was in marked contrast with the meeting of the labor masses, the priests, and politicians who made a showing of unwashed mugs at the later reception of the Earl of Ripon and John Morley. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach and Lord Beresford have not abandoned the Liberal Union party. The country has not been swept by the Separatists at bye-elections; on the contrary, the Union Liberals have pushed the fight wherever and whenever the challenge has been given them; the Home-Rule party is a mob without programme or organization. The riots of Trafalgar Square, encouraged by Gladstone, and aided by the trades unions, the unemployed, the roughs, and the demagogues, have been suppressed, and all the incipient riots in London have been squelched; Sir Alfred Blunt has been left in jail, while his Union Liberal opponent has been elected to Parliament. Mr. Gladstone has found that his endorsement of the Michellstown riots, and his assaults upon the Irish constabulary and the police of England, have not contributed to advance his popularity among intelligent and sensible Englishmen, nor has his demagogy found approval among the higher commercial and industrial classes. The Union Liberal party maintains its majority in Parliament. On the division upon the Parnell amendment to the queen's address, the government's majority was eighty-eight; in the division that occurred upon the payment of Chamberlain's expenses in America and Canada in adjusting the Fisheries treaty, the vote was three hundred and forty-four against sixty-eight—Gladstone voting with the government. The Land League has been crushed, the plan of campaign has lost its power, boycotting has been stamped out under the law. Parnell and Gladstone have indicated their willingness to permit Parliament to pursue its legitimate legislation; the Irish contingent has modified its tone of insolent opposition; order is being restored to England, and the danger of riotous and agrarian uprising has been crushed out under the influence of popular opinion and the restraining force of military and police regulations; Salisbury, Hartington, Balfour, Goschen, Lord Selborne, Lord Derby, The Duke of Argyle, Mr. Chamberlain, Colonel Sanderson, Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir Henry James, and other honorable members of the government have maintained the dignity of Parliament, and demonstrated their superior hold upon popular opinion over Gladstone, Morley, Harcourt, Trevelyan, Parnell, Dr. Tanner, and their rough-and-tumble associates of the Irish Parliamentary mob; broom-ranging Englishmen who have visited Ireland to encourage aggressive violence have been jailed for their crimes and denounced for their demagogy. England has passed the dangerous crisis, and under the leadership of John Bright, the noblest commoner of the realm, who carries with him the moral influence of the best and strongest men of the British Empire, and who is himself the representative of England's highest and grandest civilization, the nation is achieving a triumph that ought to give repose, for a time, against the intrigues of Irish politicians, Roman priests, and agrarian criminals. Cardinal Manning, with Archbishop Walsh, and their priestly confederates, have had but little sympathy from the Pope, while some of the higher prelates and the better class of Roman Catholics in England and Ireland have preserved their loyalty to the queen, and withheld their countenance to the principle of rebellion and the policy of separation. The successful suppression of this agrarian, political, and priestly rebellion ought to be a matter of congratulation to all honest and intelligent citizens of America, and ought to admonish them of the dangers that threaten American institutions from the same causes and the same class of dangerous citizens. The lesson it ought to teach and the moral it ought to inculcate is that Americans should be allowed to govern America without the interference of an alien church and an alien conspiracy.

The necessity of quarantine grounds and a quarantine station somewhere upon the Bay of San Francisco is more than a municipal question, it is more than a State question, it is national. Contagious diseases of the most alarming character are liable to come from the Oriental nations, where more than half the human race seem somehow to manage to live. It has been necessary in times past, is necessary now when the small-pox and ship-fever are among the crew and passengers of China steamers, and will, in the future, be imperative that we should be provided with appliances to prevent the spread of contagious diseases in our city, upon our coast, and throughout the nation. Hence, the expense attending the work should be borne by the city of San Francisco, the Pacific States, and the general government. The pest-house and the quarantine station should not be at the same location. The pest-house is for malignant, incurable, and offensive diseases. The quarantine grounds are for passengers in health, detained as a precaution against the spread of diseases, and, as a rule, with but few patients who may not be safely treated within quarantine grounds in a hospital provided for that purpose. The quarantine grounds should not be upon a rock or an island, for they ought to be extensive, with rich soil, and capable of being adorned with shrubs, flowers and trees, beautified, and made highly attractive. The Bay of San Francisco is large, and a quarantine ground may be designated anywhere along its shores, where its waters are navigable for ocean steamers, from Santa Clara to Benicia. Its location or improvement ought not to become a job to the board of health or the board of supervisors, nor ought any speculator or doctor to be afforded an opportunity to get itching fingers among the greenbacks appropriated for its construction. The government has seventeen thousand acres of splendid land at the Presidio, for which it has no better use than as a quarantine station, and there is no better place for its location. The main coast, from the ocean to Old Sausalito is, to the extent of twelve hundred acres, owned by the government and used by it for light-house, fog-station, and earth batteries; there are beautifully sheltered valleys upon the borders of the Golden Gate well adapted for health purposes, with picturesque hills surrounding them, uninhabited, unused, and unimproved; ships can land upon the entire shore. Angel Island, in San Francisco harbor, is mountainous, and contains six hundred acres of rich soil; it is well watered, margined with cosy nooks, large enough and plenty enough for a score of quarantine stations; it is of no use to the government, and abounds with quarries from which the most beautiful building in California, viz., the Bank of California, has been constructed. This island is a military station, where some few very gentlemanly military gentlemen, with very lady-like lady wives and daughters, and very prettily dressed children, live very comfortably and dance. The government has never had enough of interest to permit its military prisoners, under the direction of its very competent and idle officers, to plant trees upon it, or in any sense adorn and improve it. There is also Kershaw's island adjoining, between it and Sausalito; there is Point Tiburon on the main shore, with a beautiful and spacious valley leading up from Raccoon Straits; all of these properties are owned by the United States, are almost entirely unused and unoccupied, and any one of them would be available for a quarantine ground, convenient, and easily accessible. At any one of these places, with a generous appropriation, there could be provided quarters for strangers, and travelers, and returning citizens, to be confined without feeling that they were being treated as prisoners. There could be laid out ornamental grounds, flower-bordered paths; there could be furnished picturesque water views, with ornamental cottages, comfortable lounging seats, and the harbor of San Francisco would cease to be feared as a port of entry, where the tourist and wealthy passenger was liable to detention on a ship, foul and contagious, or on an island narrow and desolate, or in a hospital that is little better than a prison. San Francisco, the Pacific States, and the national government, combining in this work, ought to be rich enough, generous enough, and hospitable enough to provide such temporary accommodation to passing tourists and immigrants as will make them comfortable and protect the city, State, and nation from the dangers attending contagious diseases. As there is no necessity for unwise haste, our advice to the supervisors and health boards is, that they go slowly and cautiously till they can obtain the right place and secure for it a generous appropriation. One hundred thousand dollars is not half enough for the quarantine grounds and buildings that ought to be provided on the Bay of San Francisco.

Since writing the above, a great shame has come to San Francisco. Gentlemen and ladies, passengers by a quarantined steamer from China, having been placed for detention upon a ghastly make-shift river-steamer, destitute of furniture, accommodation, and comfort, it was wrecked and sunk in the harbor. After great peril, and at great risk, the passengers were rescued without the loss of any life. Ladies, in their night-robes, were hastily dragged from their beds to the wharf, in the midst of a merciless storm of pelting rain. The steamer, drifting out to the broad bay, was finally lariated by tugs, and, while being dragged to a safe anchorage, was overturned and sunk by a March wind not stronger than a frolicking breeze; the passengers had been rescued, but the baggage was all lost. Every passenger imprisoned on that nasty, little, unsafe, and uncomfortable flat-bottomed cribbage-board, ought to sue the city of San Francisco, the health board, the mayor and supervisors, the China steamship company, and the owners of the *Alice Garrett* for damages, and recover enough to establish quarantine accommodations, and present the money to a city, a coast, and a government too penurious to provide them.

One of the happy results of a Presidential election is, that the speculations preceding the convening of a national nominating convention disclose to the country such a wealth of Presidential candidates. From unknown places, as from Nazareth, the obscure village of Galilee, saviours are announced by wandering John the Baptists howling in the political wilderness. These John the Howlers are usually clothed in wild raiment, living on locusts, and wild honey, willing to howl and wait till these successful candidates can be declared king of the Jews, when they expect to enter one of the many mansions provided for them, willing to feed on crumbs among the dogs till the master comes. This sometimes pays, provided the master is not crucified at the convention between the thieves that surround him. The last discovery in this direction is R. A. Alger, of Michigan, and these are his qualifications for the Presidential office: He has been governor of Michigan; what he did as governor, what he accomplished, what original idea—if any—he ever conceived, or proposed, or carried out, it has not by anybody been deemed necessary to mention. But he is traveling in his private car, and it is named the "Detroit," and he has visited Pasadena, and he is engaged with others in a speculative absorption of our redwood timber forests. He owns a railroad in Michigan one hundred miles long, which carries his lumber. His son has married the daughter of Senator Chandler. He enlisted in the army; whether he served is not stated, or if so, whether in the commissary or quartermaster department does not appear. He is a successful lumber-man, whether a man of other acquirements than in a pecuniary direction, whether a man of education, of enlarged and generous view, or whether he is an uneducated, lucky ignoramus, seems not to have occurred to those who know to inform those who do not know. One great, magnificent fact seems to have swept away all other consideration, to have retired the questions of competency, availability, public service, education, history of early life, moral character, personal habits, intellectual qualifications, entirely into the background, and out of sight. "HE IS WORTH FROM TWO TO THREE MILLIONS!!!" This is what his neighbors in Michigan guess him at, and in event of his nomination by the Republican party, we presume his books and balance-sheets will be open to the public inspection, for when a candidate places his sole dependence upon one qualification there must be no mistake. What a mortification would it prove for the Republican party to find that the successor of Lincoln, the rail-splitter, Grant, the country tanner, Hayes, the moral agriculturist, Garfield, the Ohio farmer, Arthur, the attorney and politician, was a poor man. If the Democracy should persist in nominating the *ci-devant* sheriff of Erie County—a miserable pauper, who with all his opportunities as governor of New York and President of the United States is still a poor man—how they will be mortified when they see the proud gonfalon of the Republican party in the hands of a candidate who is truly rich.

The death angel has his merciless clutch upon the throat of the Crown Prince of Germany. Perhaps to-morrow, perhaps at a later day, but certainly at a not distant one, and this heir of empire who has not yet touched his splendid inheritance goes down to his narrow home in the silent valley unattended. Over him weep in anguish a devoted wife, and an aged father who, on the twenty-second of this month will, if he shall still live, find his ninety-first birthday celebrated wherever the German language is spoken; wherever the son of the fatherland has pushed his energy there will be heard well deserved eulogies of the achievements of an illustrious life, and the construction and consolidation of a magnificent empire. Germany with her public men spans a century. The emperor is his ninety-first year; Von Moltke came in with the opening dawn of the century; the Prince Bismarck, more imperial than his imperial master, was born in the year 1815. The dying Crown Prince is nearing his sixtieth year, and moves down among the silent shadows leaving an imperial son in the very prime and majesty of manhood; born of two royal lines, splendidly accomplished in all that adorns true manhood, in good health, with good habits, good principles, boasting that he is Hohenzollern and son of the Protestant house of Brandenburg fears only God; over him there is no danger that the darkening superstition of Papal Rome will cast a shadow. The last German Emperor has made his pilgrimage to Canossa, and will ever stand uncovered in the presence of the successor of Hildebrand, the Great Gregory. Prince William, the heir, is a Protestant; devoted, admiring pupil of Von Moltke and Bi

marck; not in love with his English grand-mother, or his English cousins; loves peace, and is willing to fight. The old emperor must soon depart, the Crown Prince may not hope to rule, and William the Prince Imperial, twenty-nine years of age, already affixes the imperial signature to imperial decrees. When Azrael has drawn the curtains of death across the threshold over which have passed emperor, empress, and Crown Prince, this proud descendant of Frederick the Great will become the imperial monarch of more than fifty millions of a race, than which there is none on earth endowed with stronger or better qualities. So far as human judgment can perceive, this change of rulers is coming to the Empire of Germany in a way not calculated to disturb the current of events. The sorrow that will attend the funeral pageant, while a nation mourns that the Emperor William is dead, will be broken by the joyful acclaim: long live the Emperor William! Over consolidated Germany another and a younger ruler will bear the sceptre and wear the diadem that is removed from a head crowned with years and honors. Long live Protestant Imperial Germany! Long live its new emperor when the old and honored monarch shall have closed his earthly career!

P. S.—The foregoing was hardly in type before the death of Emperor William was anounced by cable; under the premiership of Prince Bismarck no serious disturbance is expected to mark the change of rulers.

Mr. Assessor Nealon has appointed one hundred deputies, whom he hopes will be acceptable to the community, be kindly received, and every facility afforded them for entering dwellings and placing their value upon personal property. We print sixty-six names, all of whom are exotics; by their sound, fifty-one are Irish, six are German, five might be Jews, two might be Scotch, one is undoubtedly Italian, and there are beside the eighteen, who are presumably American, one or two who might belong to any nationality. We respectfully ask Mr. Nealon, who is of the Irish race and of Irish birth, and who, so far as we know, is both competent and honest in the discharge of his official duties, whether he thinks this a fair distribution of official patronage? There are, perhaps, forty-five thousand of the Irish race in San Francisco; there are forty thousand of the German; of other foreigners, perhaps ten thousand; there are *some* Americans. Presuming that the Irish are no better than other folk, no more deserving of office, no more competent, or honest, how does it happen that the Irish get more of the subordinate places than all other nationalities combined? How does it happen that men of American birth get so few? Will not Mr. Nealon inform us what percentage of these Irish are Roman Catholics? When he has truthfully given us the facts that are alone within his control, will he explain how it is that such things happen? And will he blame the *Argonaut* for thinking there is a race conspiracy existing in our municipal politics, in which religion is playing a secret and conspicuous part? All through the city hall, all through the city government, along the wharves, and in the Golden Gate Park the Irish are preferred to Germans, Jews, and men of all other nationalities, while it is almost impossible for an American to obtain any place, or any employment in the public service. The same is true in the less important places in the penitentiaries and asylums. Whenever a dollar is to be earned, a score of the Pope's Irish stand ready to grab it, and the officials of the State give them a preference over other aliens, and over the native-born. The same class that fill our jails, penitentiaries, and asylums, fill our public offices. Married men and honest men are set aside in order that young and profligate politicians may be maintained. This conspiracy will compel the formation of a formidable American party in time, and we think the time very near at hand. Now we ask our readers to read these names aloud, and listen. The list of deputies is as follows: John Casey, Ed. Pyne, James Martin, D. C. Herlihy, J. McCauley, W. E. Foley, Joseph McDonald, J. O'Dea, T. B. Mortee, I. Choyinski, Thomas Seerey, J. O'Connor, Richard O'Connor, D. Conniff, George McGinn, J. Linehan, James Mogan, John Holloran, James Farrell, William O'Brien, John Ryan, Philip Fay, William McCann, W. McCloskey, D. J. Leary, W. Farren, D. Larkey, H. Crummey, Thomas Campbell, P. Harrington, William Halpin, Charles Meehan, H. Zolver, James Hayes, H. Foutz, James Cronin, Phil. McGovern, E. McKittrick, James McHaffie, G. Winehill, Peter Keelly, John Burke, E. Lazar, John Powers, James Hough, M. Spinetti, Daniel Doody, Charles Kroop, S. Burke, H. Enkel, P. Keenan, A. Sheehy, R. Ivers, J. McM. Hanna, John Galvin, J. J. Murphy, John Sullivan, James Irwin, John Donohue, John Campbell, John Broderick, D. Lyons, F. McAuliffe, William Connolly, D. Myers, and T. Murry.

If the report is well founded that the Republicans of Washington are casting about them for political methods to throw the Presidential election into Congress, and the Republicans of Philadelphia are engineering for the nomination of Judge Gresham for the same purpose, it would indicate very limited confidence in Mr. Blaine's prophesy of an easy victory for the Republican who becomes the corner-stone of the party edifice, which position he so generously rejected. Perhaps they have not read Mr. John F. Swift's pamphlet, and were not informed how secure California was for the Republican nominee. Our suggestion—which we have worked out for the benefit of the unorganized American party, and which we loan to the disorganized Republican party—is this: Let the Republicans meet at Chicago, adopt their national platform, and pass a resolution to adjourn, with instructions that the party meet in State conventions, and that each State name its favorite son, its best and strongest man for Presidential candidate, with the most prominent Republicans of the State for electors. Let Maine meet at Augusta, and nominate Blaine; Vermont, Edmunds; New York, Chauncey M. Depew; Connecticut, Senator Hawley; New Jersey, William Walter Phelps; Ohio, John Sherman; Indiana, General Harrison; Illinois, Oglesby; Michigan, Alger; Iowa, Allison; and so on through the sweep of the possible Republican States to the Pacific Coast, where we will all unite under the banner of Leland Stanford, and give him the three States of California, Oregon, and Nevada. This—if the thing goes our way—gives an aggregate of Republican electors outnumbering those that Cleveland would receive. It might demoralize the Hill party in New York, the Randall party in Pennsylvania. Let these popular citizens, who are candidates, gather in the local enthusiasm. Where the prohibition sentiment prevails, let them become total abstainers, and drink buttermilk during the campaign. Where the American sentiment is strong, let them desist from attending the Jesuit Church, and refrain from open letters and pamphlets inviting the support of the Pope's Irish. Thus would an electoral college be convened more directly from the people. Such questions as local tariffs would incontinently thrust themselves into the foreground. Blaine might denounce England and vilify Chamberlain on the Fisheries treaty, and thereby please the Irish. Edmunds might favor the repeal of the internal revenue tax on whisky. Depew could accept a series of dinners all through New York, with convivial speeches, attended with happy results. Hawley and William Walter Phelps could still harp on their devotion to Blaine. John Sherman could in finance bid for the national bankers in Wall Street, and draw wool over the eyes of Ohio farmers heavy with protective duties. Harrison, Oglesby, Alger, and Allison could advocate such doctrines as suited their localities. To the coal and iron constituencies, high protective tariff; to the agricultural and labor masses, free trade; to the manufacturing and mechanical classes, such suggestions as might run with their interest; to the banking institutions, the squandering of the national surplus, so that they may have a national funded debt upon which to base their money-lending system; to intelligent men who are honest, the use of the accumulations in the national treasury for retiring a national debt of more than one thousand millions of dollars, for public buildings, national improvements, use of a navy, and coast defenses; Governor Stanford would oppose Chinese immigration and a duty upon our fruits, with appropriations for harbors, wharves, irrigation of dry land, and reclamation of swamp land. The proposition is simple, rational, practicable, and comes nearer to the original intention of the framers of the constitution in providing the Electoral College than the present one, which is liable to abuses and frauds, to which in one Presidential election their resort has been stoutly asserted, and not conclusively or successfully denied. We commend the Republican leaders to consider the plan suggested.

The little principality of Bulgaria is at present playing much the same part, in its relations to the various powers of Europe, as did the famous apple of discord among the goddesses of Olympus; and the question involved in the settlement of the political status of the little state would seem to be as much of an irritant to the European body politic as is the tenacious cockle-bur to the equine tail. A quite factitious importance has, within a short time past, attached itself to this little principality, which owes its unsought and unenviable notoriety not to any organic incapacity for self-government, for its governmental system is constitutional, elective, and satisfactory to the people at large; not to any intestine troubles, for it is not complaining of its executive, nor of the administration of its laws, and limits its desires mainly to being let alone; nor to any overplus of agricultural wealth, such as might make it a fair target for the rapacity of a stronger neighbor—for the Bulgarians, though thrifty and industrious, are anything but rich, nor are their undeveloped mineral and timber resources, considerable though these be, any better than those of many equally backward regions of the so-called civilized world. The swollen and strained importance which now attaches to Bulgaria, and makes the little Danubian principality an object of such solicitude to the great powers of Europe, is due solely to its location. The banks of the Danube, from its delta on the Black Sea to Belgrade, not to speak of its upper reaches towards Pesth and Buda, have witnessed strange feats of war, and conquest, and colonization, during the past two thousand years of the world's history; and the indications are that the same ground which, at the beginning of our era, reverberated to the long tramp of the Roman legionaries; which, a few hundred years afterward witnessed the rude and disorderly incursions of the hordes of Attila and Theodoric; and which, a thousand years later, after having been, meanwhile, the scene of innumerable conflicts between the barbarians from the North and the Greek emperors of the East, saw its Christian defenders give way before the shining scimitars of the turbaned hosts of Bajazet—the indications are that this same ground will again witness a conflict in which far greater numbers will engage, far vaster interests will be at stake, and weapons infinitely more deadly and effective will be employed. Viewed from the Russian standpoint, Bulgaria is the Ireland of the East, with the Turk in the rôle of the oppressor, Russia in that of the deliverer. But Bulgaria stolidly refuses to have a grievance. In the eyes of Austria, Russian occupation of Bulgaria means the Russianizing of the intermediate and neighboring Slavonian principalities of Roumania and Servia, and the consequent annihilation of the influence which Austria at present enjoys in that direction, besides the indefinite postponement or perhaps the final collapse of Austria's pet project—a sea-port on the Ægean. To Germany—that is to say, Prussia—the crippling of Austria means a loss of prestige to the Teutonic nation; that heterogeneous empire called Austria being half Teutonic; besides the necessity of exerting more frontier vigilance, as in case of Russian superiority those Slavonian frontier provinces which formerly acted as fenders, or buffers, against Russian aggression, would be rendered useless for that purpose. To Italy, Russian occupation of Bulgaria, which would be, of course, only one step toward the complete annexation of the whole Thracian peninsula, means the total extinction of Italian maritime influence in Mediterranean waters. Italy has a thousand miles of rich and easily assailable seaboard, which, in the event of unrestrained Russian access to the Mediterranean, would be at the mercy of any naval combination issuing from the ports of Toulon and a nearer Sebastopol, before which even its now powerful and swift ironclads would have no recourse but to strike their colors, for sooner or later it would necessarily come to that. England sees in the Russianizing of Bulgaria the appropriation of Constantinople, with the consequent loss of Egypt, along with the Suez Canal, and a general obstruction of all convenient approaches to India. Is it any wonder, then, that the Czar—or rather the war-party at St. Petersburg, for the "autocracy" of the Czar has long been simply a euphemism for the designs of a selfish and ambitious clique—makes a pretext of alleged misrule in Bulgaria, in order to take up an armed position in the Balkan peninsula, without going through the tedious preliminaries of reducing the intermediate provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia (now called the kingdom of Roumania), a proceeding which might be embarrassing in more ways than one? It must be remembered that this little kingdom, which fits into Southern Russia like a wedge, was created for the express purpose of staying the downward march of the bear; that on its throne, such as it is, sits a scion of the House of Hohenzollern; and that there is no such pretext to meddle with it as may be vamped up in the case of Bulgaria. There are now said to be seven hundred and fifty thousand Russian troops massed upon the south-eastern frontier of the empire. Moscow is being thoroughly victualed; ships are being built at Black Sea ports; and every nerve is being strained to raise money. It is a melancholy commentary on this boasted nineteenth century civilization, that this vast empire, covering one-fifth of the habitable globe, and abounding in vegetable and mineral resources, instead of employing its population in the exploitation and development of these resources, should prefer to decimate and impoverish it by wars of aggrandizement and ambition.

Abram S. Hewitt, Democratic mayor of the city of New York, son-in-law of Peter Cooper who founded the Cooper Institute, a man of high intelligence, great wealth, great independence of character, has had the courage to declare to a delegation of Irish Roman Catholics, who waited upon him with a request that he review the Irish Roman Catholic procession that was to parade on St. Patrick's Day, that he would not do it; that the seventeenth of March was not a legal holiday; he said, "I MAY BE A CANDIDATE NEXT FALL FOR "MAYOR OR FOR PRESIDENT, AND I MAY WANT VOTES, BUT "I WON'T GET DOWN TO THE LEVEL OF REVIEWING AN "IRISH PROCESSION EXCEPT I AM OFFICIALLY REQUIRED "TO DO SO." Thank God for a brave man! Thank God for one bold utterance from a person of national standing and reputation! Mr. Hewitt is a Democrat in the very centre and hot-bed of the Pope's Irish. Thank God that there is one man in America who is not ashamed of the country of his birth, and not afraid of the political Irish! We nominate him as the candidate of the American party for President of the United States. The world moves.

THE WAILING WOMAN.

"La Llorona," a Legend of Mexico.

It was three o'clock in the morning. The bells of the cathedral and the palace, far away, struck the hour, as we traversed a lonely, silent street toward the suburbs of Mexico. We had been keeping vigil with a wounded man, a compatriot of mine, and had overstayed our watch, for he was frantic with delirium, and we feared to transfer him to the care of the inexperienced and rather careless persons who should succeed us.

We walked on briskly, for it was long hours past the time when coaches and tram-cars had ceased plying. We were in San Cosme, and in front of the gallant, massive structure which the wife of ex-Marshal Bazaine has claimed from the government as an imperial gift to her traitorous husband. The façade of this edifice curves in in such fashion as to form an offset or alcove on the street, and before we reached it, I fancied I saw a woman's figure stealing along in its denser shadow, and I felt a thrill of compassion for her, as one of the poor children of the night. She was not to be seen when we came near the spot, but a moment later a piercing cry rang out near us—a long-drawn wail of suffering and horror.

I grasped the arm of my comrade. "Some woman is in distress—we must go to her rescue. We are both armed, thank heaven!"

But he threw his arm about me, and forced me forward at a quick pace that was almost a run; and so unexpected was the move that I had been pushed along some rods ere I could offer resistance.

"Come on! come on!" he whispered hoarsely, as I shook myself free from his clasp, "we must hasten! We must go on quickly!"

"I would not have believed you could desert a fellow-creature in trouble!" I cried with indignation, "and beyond all, a woman. It is not like you, Federico." For I had seen his courage tried by venomous serpents in *tierra caliente*, and in encounters with highwaymen in the Sierras, and I had heard of his coolness and daring in a combat with Apaches in Northern Chihuahua.

"Hush! hush!" he answered, panting. "You know not of what you speak. We abandon no mortal woman—the voice you hear is the cry of *La Llorona*. Look yonder at the *sereno!*"

We were near one of the points where a watchman stands all night in the middle of the thoroughfare, and, following my companion's gesture, I saw the officer, fallen upon his knees in the circle of light cast by his lantern; the great capuchin hood of his cape was pulled over his head, and every line of his figure betokened abject fear and horror. There was something uncanny in the sight, for the policemen of Mexico are not impressionable material. And through the silent, empty street those dreadful cries still went ringing wildly, surely sufficient motive for such a display of terror. The sound seemed to float away, and down a by-street toward the equestrian statue of Charles IV., growing fainter and fainter in the distance.

"Let us go," said my companion; "yes, I am *materialista*, and I sneer at spiritualism, and ghosts, and phantoms; but, nevertheless, I think there is not a man or woman in Mexico who would not tremble at the voice of *Luisa La Llorona*."

* * * * * * *

In the year of our Lord 1584, Luisa Haro was called the most beautiful girl in Mexico, and the most modest. Her father had brought her from Spain when she was ten years old, and, dying four years later, had left her utterly without kindred, so far as was known to herself or her neighbors. She was a clever needle-woman, and a maker of artificial flowers, and her skill found ready employment for churchly uses, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of such work done in the convents. She had her little home-nest in a lonely *callejuela*, or by-street, almost like an alley, in the shadow of the cloister-walls of one of the guilds that chiefly employed her, and here she lived, forlornly enough, indeed, as is the fate of a woman who dwells quite alone; but her days were virtuous and tranquil. Naught mattered it to her that the gallants came stealing at nightfall into that *rincon apartado*—that out-of-the-way corner, and tenanted the midnight darkness of its dusty, narrow passage. Her shutters were closed and barred ere the darkness gathered, and none of the delicate, scented fingers that tapped on those clumsy defenses ever sounded the "Open, Sesame!" to the girl they sheltered. Luisa was the despair of all the gay, dissolute blades of the vice-regal court of New Spain. Her neighbors in the lonely by-street were wont to point her out with a strange admixture of feelings, uncertain whether to respect and recommend her severe rectitude, or to disparage her, as one who is denied the natural passions and pleasant frailties of humanity.

But a change came about when the girl was something over twenty years old. It began to be whispered by the gossips of the neighborhood that the shutters of Luisa's window now creaked slightly open, and that her voice was heard at the crevice in converse with one who came not tentatively and doubting, but with the confident, assured step of a man who knows the welcome that awaits him. And soon it was told about, originated in one of the vague, indefinite ways in which such things do transpire, that this complacent wooer was Nuño, Marquis of Montes-Claros. So it was that Luisa assumed a new importance in the eyes of those about her, as will ever happen, under like conditions.

One night—a night when the dashing rain scourged the black walls of the cloister, to the mournful accompaniment of the moaning owls in the belfry—one of the parish goodmen was hastening home belated through the narrow *callejuela* where dwelt Luisa, when he saw in the space before him something that made him pause and tremble, for he was of the timid bourgeois class that carried no staunch Toledo blade nor slender, deadly rapier swung from the belt.

The night was dark, almost to palpability. No ray of light [illegible] into the *callejuela*, save the dim ray from the little lantern, swinging before the rude image of some saint in a niche near the tablet on the wall, at the entrance of the by-street where it opened with a blunt angle into a wider thoroughfare. That ray, falling through the weather-stained pane of the lantern, was dim and fitful, and almost seemed to make the darkness denser, and more concrete than the shapes that the honest wayfarer fancied he saw flitting along the wall. Now these might be some of the gallants that were always wrangling hereabouts for the sweet sake of Luisa, albeit there had been a notable falling-off in their attendance, since it was rumored she had finally hearkened to the voice of one of their number. Or—and the hair of the honest fellow bristled at the idea, for all the darkness—it might even be Don Nuño himself, and his worship, by all accounts, would not hesitate to spit like a curlew from the marshes one whom he might meet poaching on his preserves. So, fearing to be mistaken for a gallant, the honest citizen shrunk into himself, and flattened his portliness against the convent wall as best might be. And the vague shapes passed him by in silence, unperceiving.

He repented him of his timidity the next morning, and reviled himself for a fool and a coward, when the neighborhood thrilled to the news of the flight of Luisa Haro. Her door stood ajar, and the poor belongings of her stood undisturbed in order. All the evidence pointed to the fact that her flight was voluntary and deliberate, and the popular voice was unanimous in declaring that her comrade must be Nuño, Marquis of Montes-Claros. It was this pair, no doubt, whom the worthy goodman had seen stealing away through the darkness, and his repentance was keen that he had not followed them, to possess himself of that knowledge of their movements and destination that would have made him important among his fellows.

From that day, her old-time neighbors knew naught of Luisa Haro, save that some one whose affairs had taken him to the suburb of San Cosme brought back the story that he had seen her there, blooming and with sumptuous accessories, in the balcony of a splendid mansion that was known to belong to Montes-Claros.

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Six years after the flight of Luisa from her homely abode in the narrow *callejuela*, she sat in the luxurious home where Montes-Claros had placed her, brooding mournfully over her situation. The moonlight streamed through the open window, and illuminated her despondent figure. In face and form she was more beautiful than on the day she fled with Montes-Claros, but still was she not beautiful enough to keep the fickle fancy of the Spaniard. His attentions and his interest had gradually diminished, until the unhappy woman now had but too much reason to consider herself altogether deserted by him for whom she had given up all that is most dear to woman. She had lacked no material comfort, it is true, thus far, but this was little consolation to a woman whose thwarted affection was as strong and unaltered as when her passionate heart first poured out its ardent incense before her lover.

She had not seen Montes-Claros for a fortnight, and she was resolved to know the worst without further horror of suspense and anxiety. She rose, and carried the infant in her arms to an alcove, behind whose silken curtains lay two older children sleeping. She laid the little one beside its brothers. She shrouded herself in a long, dark, clinging mantle, left the house, and took her way to the central streets of the city.

She knew the family mansion of Montes-Claros, and shortly found herself before it. The windows of the façade were ablaze with light, and the alarmed watcher saw that the rooms were full of a festive throng. Nuño was there in the midst of his guests with his proud, affected mother, and beside them a young girl, tall and handsome, in bridal raiment.

The heart of Luisa sank like lead within her. She plucked by the sleeve a bystander, gazing like herself through the window. "Do you know, friend, who is the young lady beside the Señor Marqués?"

"Who should it be," laughed the man she questioned, "but his *novia*—the bride he wedded this morning at ten of the clock in the chapel of the Sagrario?"

No word answered Luisa, but neither made she outcry, only presently fell back from the window, and pushed her way to the open street through the eager crowd of on-lookers.

Slowly, mechanically she held her way, never hastening, never pausing, till she reached the house in San Cosme, and let herself in at its great arched entrance, and into her own chamber. An antique coffer stood there, an ancient cedar chest with Mauresque decoration, brought over from Spain by the family of Montes-Claros. In it Nuño had been wont to deposit, while he yet frequented the dwelling, such odds and ends as, fancying, he might buy on the way out thither, or matters in his possession at the moment that he found cumbrous.

Still under the spell of that awful, deadly quiet, Luisa opened the old chest, and took from it a dagger, a curious jeweled weapon, that Nuño had tossed down long months since, and forgotten, though its memory had lived in the fevered brain of the woman.

Still lighted only by the pallid, ghastly moonbeams, she went to the alcove where her little ones lay sleeping, and drew aside the curtains.

"Your father has forsaken us, my darling ones, and your mother would fain preserve you from the miseries that await you. To God I recommend your innocent spirits."

Then, one by one, slowly, surely, fatally, she thrust the dagger into the bosom of each tender little body.

Only when the blood welled darkly up, staining the white night raiment, did the wretched mother seem to realize her dreadful doing. She gazed a moment at the heart-rending vision, and then ran forth into the streets, uttering those frightful wails that for three hundred years have continued to echo in the streets of Mexico at varying hours and seasons—when the soul in penance can no longer endure its torture, so the devout say.

As the wailing woman ran that night, her cries aroused the city, and she was captured and recognized, when the dagger she still clutched, and her blood-stained raiment, told the tragic story, and gave the clue to discovery of her victims. There was no penalty for man's inhumanity to woman in the Mexico of those days, any more than in the present; and the poor, distracted instrument of crime paid all the temporal penalty in this case, while the actual murderer, in fact, rather gained popularity.

During her imprisonment and trial, Luisa maintained a helpless, hopeless silence. She failed and faded day by day, and when, at last, arrived the hour of execution, she was unable to walk up the steps of the scaffold, and, not from fright, but sheer weakness, she became senseless in the arms of her bearers. The execution proceeded, but the decree of the law was done on a corpse, for ere the halter touched her, Luisa Haro was lifeless.

And, however justice had miscarried in the hands of human authority, the retribution of heaven proved direct and active. For, on that very May day when the woman who had trusted him went to the doom of a felon, Nuño, Marquis of Montes-Claros, was buried, having died ere his honeymoon was over.

And now, centuries after, it is told that, whenever appears the Wailing Woman, the following morning sees the flowers on the tomb of Montes-Claros withered, seared, and the earth upon it dank and noisome, as if it were drenched and soaked with blood.

Y. H. ADDIS.

CITY OF MEXICO, March, 1888.

OLD FAVORITES.

Beau.

(Dedicated to the Modern "Heroic" School of Writers)

HON. PONDEROUS POLYLOQUENT, LOQUITUR.

That reminds me, dear sir, of a little occurence which happened
When I was a lad.
Ah, let me replenish your glass, sir. And if you'll permit me,
I shall be very glad
To recount it to you, for I venture to flatter myself that
It is other than bad.
You observe, at the side-table there, that majestic old darkey,
Well, that, sir, is Beau,
The hero who made himself famous upon that occasion,
A long time ago,
'Way back in Virginia—let's see, if my memory serves me,
In the year twenty-fo'.
'Twas in Albemarle County, Virginia, my father resided
Till the day that he died;
Well off in fine horses, and niggers, and arable acres,
And family pride;
Thomas Jefferson's friend; as a horseman, a swordsman, a Christian,
Was he known, far and wide.
This digression pray pardon. 'Twas there that he raised us together—
Old Beau there and me.
Though Beau was a nigger, and I was the son of his owner,
Not a tittle cared we;
We were simply two boys—we were friends—we were constant companions
In work or on spree.
Well, a cousin of mine, James Tottett, from Washington city,
Came over one year
To pay me a visit—a priggish young blue-blood and churlish,
With an arrogant sneer
For our "primitive" customs, and boasting his wondrous achievements
In tobacco and beer.
From the first, Beau conceived a dislike to James, "the town-tackey,"
Which he sought not to hide;
While James was accustomed to make him the butt of his banter,
And frequently tried
To goad him by taunts to a quarrel, to which the young darkey
Very seldom replied.
One Sabbath we went, with a lot of the neighboring youngsters—
Inclusive of Beau
And of James—to the river near by, our ultimate purpose
A-swimming to go.
Walking thither James ridiculed Beau more severely than usual
(If he could have done so.)
Now Beau was a wondrous musician on whistles and fiddles,
Which he made with his knife,
And the Christmas preceding my father had brought him from Richmond
A marvelous fife,
To perform upon which, to his friends' and his own delectation,
Was the pride of his life.
And upon this occasion his fife, from his pocket projecting,
In view of us all,
Was snatched at by James. Then they clinched. In the tussle ensuing,
Beau was rather too small:
James gave him a drubbing, and then put the fife in *his* pocket,
Thus concluding the brawl.
We continued our journey until we arrived at the river,
Our prime destination;
Our ablutions performed, our habiliments donned, 'twas suggested
That, for more recreation,
We proceed up the stream to the "Door of the Devil," which motion
Received approbation.
This Door of the Devil was then a notorious feature
In the river hard by,
Where the water dashed swirling beneath the steep bank excavated,
With a sough and a sigh;
And never again had aught swallowed down by its current
Been perceived by man's eye.
Arrived, we were gazing with wonder down at the white waters,
And with some superstition,
When, attempting to cast an unwieldly projectile into them,
James lost his position—
Falling in—in a trice sucked from sight—while we stood stark as statues,
In our helpless condition.
Great God! Not an atom of hope! Yet some one cried "Murder!"
In response to which call
Came a number of parties—among them were Beau and my father,
(Beau after the brawl
Having sulked in the rear)—and despair and a sickening horror
Filled the faces of all.
No hope; for the Door of the Devil never yields up its victims,
And none is so rash
As to forfeit his life in a futile endeavor to rescue,
Nor—Hold!—like a flash,
A figure darts through us—leaps over the bank—in an instant
Disappears with a splash.
It was Beau! There's a breeze of a murmur, and then a dead silence;
He can ne'er reappear:
This we know, even though he is one of the finest of divers
To be found far or near.
Thus we wait a full minute—another—*two heads above water!*
And from us a hearse cheer.
There's a fearful suspense—a grand struggle—and Beau, with his burden,
At last is ashore;
And the men rear him, dripping and bleeding, aloft on their shoulders,
With a thunderous roar.
And my father for once is profane, as he swears, "By Jehovah!
He is FREE, evermore!"
When James had recovered, he walked up to Beau, and he thanked him,
And assured him James Tottett
Was his friend from that forth, and he offered his hand, but Beau scorned it,
And muttered, "Dod rot it!
Do you think it war YOU I war after?" (his hand on his pocket)—
"'Twas my *pipe* and I got it!"

—*J. H. Robertson.*

THE JOCKEY CLUB SCANDAL.

"Cockaigne" gives some Information regarding the Two Principals.

The Jockey Club scandal—apart from the meeting of Parliament—is the great topic of public interest. All the facts, so far as they are yet publicly known, have, of course, been cabled to the United States, so that there is really nothing new to send by letter. Everybody knows that the difficulty is between the Earl of Durham and Sir George Chetwynd, and that it grew out of certain charges implicating Sir George in some crooked turf transactions, made by Lord Durham in a public speech. There has been a great deal of Bombastes Furioso correspondence between the earl and baronet on the subject, Lord Durham being seemingly anxious for some one to step on the tail of his coat, so that he could fight a duel. The earl's frantic desire for pistols and coffee for two has been painfully ludicrous. All the world knows that duelling is a discarded custom for settling disputes of honor in England, and that the law deals heavily with even the sender of a challenge. The Earl of Durham can not plead ignorance of the law from either a legal or moral point of view. Not only is he, in common with all men, of whatever rank or class, held to know the law; but he is one of those born law-makers which Chamberlaine, Bright, and Labouchère hope some day to see abolished in the destruction of the House of Lords as a legislative body, and a component part of the Imperial Parliament.

The decision of the Jockey Club, before whom the controversy was discussed on Tuesday last, being that Sir George Chetwynd must clear his name and character of the accusations made against them by the earl, by a libel suit against Lord Durham, it follows that the public are not done with the matter yet, and, indeed, that the real interest of the case is about to begin. In view of the prominent position which these two gentlemen are still to occupy in the topics of the day, it becomes a matter of interest to inquire who and what they are. The fact that one is an earl, and the other a baronet amounts to nothing, except that their social status is established presumptively thereby. There are upwards of two hundred and thirty gentlemen in the United Kingdom who bear the title of earl, either by right or by courtesy, and upwards of eight hundred and ninety gentlemen who possess the title of baronet. So that to say that a man is an earl or a baronet does not stamp him with a peculiarly distinctive mark, or afford much of a clue to his individuality. The Earl of Durham was born in 1855, and is consequently but thirty-three years old. He is an enormously rich peer, owning vast coal-mines of a most productive and profitable character. He came into the title in 1879 at the age of four-and-twenty, before which he was known as Viscount Lambton, holding the second title of his father (as is the custom among peers of high degree) by courtesy. He has dabbled a little in politics in a quiet way during the last few years, and is a firm Gladstonian Liberal. He has been a patron of the turf for several years.

His chief distinction in the eyes and minds of his countrymen consists of the rather questionable part he took about three years ago, in bringing a suit against his wife to nullify their marriage. The facts of the case may be fresh in the minds of some people, but I take it the majority have either forgotten all about them, or have never heard of them at all. A short résumé may therefore be of interest to the *Argonaut's* readers. I can not do better than give a short quotation from my letter at the time: In 1882, the Earl of Durham, who was then twenty-seven years old, met at the Ascot races a Miss Ethel Milner, who at the time was one of the acknowledged beauties of the day—not a public, professional, "Prince of Wales" beauty, such as Mrs. Langtry, or Miss Chamberlaine—but one whose face and figure were the theme and admiration of the highest private life that England can furnish. Of old family herself, being the grand-daughter of Sir William Milner, and of high connections by the marriage of her sisters, she went everywhere during the season, from the bachelors' ball to Marlborough House. But, though so beautiful and graceful as to dazzle the senses of London's *haut ton*, she was yet a shy, retiring girl, as *un*-self-asserting in her manners and conversation as she was pure in thought and delicate in action. She was a thoroughly religious girl, and as innocent-minded as a child—in fact, in years she was little more. Lord Durham was immediately struck by her great beauty. He followed her about. A man in his position, one of the great catches of the matrimonial mart, with rank, wealth, and title—if good looks did happen to be lacking—had no difficulty in meeting her where and when he liked. He soon made up his mind to propose to her. She had at the time another suitor, Lord Burghersh, the Earl of Westmoreland's eldest son, whom she told her sister she admired greatly, which, from a retiring girl like her, meant volumes from any one else. Of course, the great earl soon eclipsed the poor viscount. Compelled to take the world's view of it, as she saw it through her family's spectacles held before her eyes, she threw over Lord Burghersh and accepted the Earl of Durham.

No doubt the effort broke her heart. During the courtship—a cold, formal, polar-regions affair in English high life—Lord Durham said he found her shy and reticent with him, and was pleased to think it meant nothing in his disfavor. Her manner on receiving his proposal was cold and distant, while his ardent kiss and accompanying embrace were passively submitted to with no sign of reciprocity or pleasure. Most men of decent feeling, with other motives than those which spring from the mere sensual side of masculine nature, would have hesitated then and there, and read in the shrinking girl's eyes a repugnance which a coronet could not overcome. But Lord Durham's ineffable conceit would not let him see that he was secretly abhorred.

They were married in great style, and went away to spend the honeymoon. Soon, in letters to her sister, Mrs. Gerard, Lady Durham showed, in spite of herself, that something was making her very unhappy. They were not the letters of a bride—that is, the ideal bride. Friends, too, began to notice a change in her ways and manners. Always a reserved girl, she now became absolutely silent. Nothing seemed to interest her. Congenial society and company to her taste she could not find in the masculine and loud women, and rough, unmannerly, and slangy men of the fast, horsey, and "turf" type, who surrounded her husband. A subject for boorish and unfeeling chaff and quizzing from them, she was left to herself as soon as the earl was sated with her. Words fail when one tries to picture this pure, sensitive, frightened dove in the talons of this ravishing and unconscionable vulture. Tortured, chaffed, quizzed, laughed at, and *used* like a mistress, it would be wonderful if she did not give way under the strain. It became apparent that her poor, worn, tormented mind was affected, and a virtual separation between her and Lord Durham was the result.

What did Lord Durham do then? Show grief or regret for the pitiable condition into which his bestiality had put his wife? No, indeed. This titled Englishman, this belted earl, simply did not want her any more. Unable to make her plight a ground for divorce, and equally powerless to find in her chaste and sinless married life the faintest suspicion on which to hang a doubt, he filed his petition in the London Divorce Court asking—what do you suppose? Recollect we are considering the conduct of a gentleman and an English peer—to have his marriage declared a nullity, on the ground that Miss Milner was of unsound mind *at the time of the marriage*. Tired of the beauty which had won him, he sighed for other charms. The trial came on, before Sir James Hannen, the President of the Divorce Court, and one of England's most fearless judges; Sir Farrer Herschell, the Solicitor-General, now Lord Herschell and late Lord Chancellor, being Lord Durham's leading counsel, and Sir Henry James, the Attorney-General, representing "Miss Milner." The evidence brought against his wife by the earl was of the most absurd, flimsy character. His witnesses consisted chiefly of his servants and relatives. As proof of a weak mind, one of the house-maids swore that her "ladyship used four or five quires of note-paper every day," explaining, on cross-examination, that "a quire contains four or five sheets." The stud-groom complained that she "took no notice of the 'osses," unusual, perhaps, in these days of horse-talking, stable-flavored girls, but hardly an evidence of a weak mind in a woman. Quite the reverse, one would think. Then the earl himself swore to such infinitesimal facts as that she shrank from him in the carriage coming back from the marriage ceremony, and would not get out of the carriage first! In reply to his most groundless charges, it was proved that before her unfortunate marriage, Miss Milner was cheerful and agreeable, was a good amateur actress, and quite unlike what she afterward became, when her wedded experiences had shocked her into a statue.

Lord Durham's application was ignominously dismissed by Mr. Justice Hannen, and it is doubtful if he has held the same position, either in society or in the estimation of his friends and the public, since. Certainly if the serious and rather indirect charges against Sir George Chetwynd can not be supported in a more satisfactory manner by the Earl of Durham than those brought against his poor ill-used wife, Sir George has nothing to fear in beginning his libel suit. As a further identification of Lord Durham, it may be mentioned that his sister, Lady Beatrix Lambton, a great beauty in '78 and thereabouts, is married to the Honorable Sidney Herbert, who is a brother of that somewhat celebrated, though considerably *passée*, lady once known to fame as Gladys, Countess of Lonsdale, but now as Lady De Grey. So much for Lord Durham.

Sir George Chetwynd is a man of about forty, and of considerably larger experience on the turf than Lord Durham. He first drew public attention to himself, some years ago, by marrying the rapid-going widow of the scapegrace Marquis of Hastings, a lady who had previously—in a manner that became notorious in the papers at the time—jilted Mr. Chaplin (another great turf-man) in order to marry the wild marquis. She originally was Lady Florence Paget, a daughter of the Marquis of Anglesey, and related to the Captain Paget, formerly of the Scots Fusilier Guards, who distinguished himself chiefly by marrying Mrs. Paran-Stevens's daughter, some fifteen or twenty years ago, and becoming known to the world as "Minnie Stevens's husband." Sir George Chetwynd's latest public exploit was in Rotten Row, a couple of years ago, where he engaged in a lively bout at fisticuffs with no less a personage than the redoutable Earl of Lonsdale, of Violet Cameron fame. Several rumors were about at the time, as to the cause. It was said to have been a fight over Mrs. Langtry, initiated by Lord Lonsdale; but I never believed that version. Mrs. Langtry, even then, had grown too stale in England to justify any man in fighting for her, least of all such men as Sir George Chetwynd and Lord Lonsdale. That it was a woman, I do not think can admit of much doubt. But I do not think the woman was Mrs. Langtry.

One does not hear much of Lord Lonsdale, at present. He seems to be living quietly (for him) at his Carlton House Terrace residence in the West End. [Lord Lonsdale has just arrived in New York city.—ED.] But, of course, one never knows when the valiant De Bensuade will have him up again before the police magistrates for maltreating him in some way or other. Lady Lonsdale has gone to the Riviera—or somewhere abroad—with some friends. Of course, every one knows the Lowther strain is not inclined to walk a very straight line, but I fancy it would not have been so pronounced in the present earl if he had married differently—a woman with strong character, who would rule him—a woman like Lady Randolph Churchill, for instance, who, it is said, has had so much to do in making "Randy-Pandy" what he is.

LONDON, February 10, 1888. COCKAIGNE.

The latest London novelty is the utilization of the drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot machine to the purposes of insurance. A company has been organized, to be known as the Automatic Accident Insurance Box Company, and its object is stated to be "to provide the public with a ready means of obtaining an insurance for twenty-four hours against death arising from accidents of every description by simply placing a penny in the slot of a box."

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Lady (to post-office clerk)—"Will this letter go?" *Clerk*—"Yes, Mrs. Gallagher."—*Town Topics.*

"What kind of tobacco is this?" asked the customer; "long cut or fine cut?" "Connecticut," replied the dealer.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Wife—"George, do the American Indians always travel in single file?" *Husband*—"I never saw but one, and he did."—*Harper's Bazar.*

It is a notable fact that however cleanly seamen may be on the water they have a decided dislike to being washed ashore.—*Boston Transcript.*

Many a man who remains "at the office" till late at night to balance his books, finds considerable difficulty in balancing himself on his way home.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Passenger (on street-car, alarmed)—"Madam, do you feel a fit coming on?" *Madam* (haughtily)—"No, sir; I'm trying to find my pocket."—*Christian Register.*

The public takes kindly to plays which have water-tank scenes. There is always a hope that bad actors will be drowned in them some night.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Kittie—"Oh, Fannie, Joe proposed to me last night." *Fannie*—"No; you don't say. Did he do it nicely?" *Kittie*—"Yes—no—I don't know. I'm no expert."—*Washington Critic.*

Mrs. A.—"I wonder what caused the inflammation in the poor Crown Prince's throat?" *Mrs. B.*—"You forget that he has been speaking German for over forty years."—*Town Topics.*

"Just think, Laura, what happiness! Here is a proposal from the wealthy owner of an immense menagerie, and he assures me that he is in want of nothing more but me!"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

"That, my dear," young Mr. Haighcede remarked to his bride, as he pointed to the majestic form of the bronze Liberty—"that is the famous statue of Jersey lightning the world."—*Puck.*

A gentleman, who recently retired from business, has succeeded in winding up all his affairs successfully, with the exception of his Waterbury watch. He is at work on that now, taking only twenty minutes for meals.—*Epoch.*

Mr. Fitz Percy (who has been trying to render the tenor of all the hymns to the dismay of all the neighboring pews)—"I don't sing, Miss Flora." *Miss Flora*—"Oh, yes, Mr. Fitz Percy, you *do* sing; but you oughtn't to."—*Judge.*

Mary—"George, if I die, promise me one thing." *George*—"What is it, Mary." *Mary*—"That you will marry Emma Wilkins." *George*—"Why, I thought you hated her, Mary." *Mary*—"I do, George. I want to get even with her."—*Life.*

"Whisky is fearful stuff, young man," he said, warningly. "Some of it is, sir," responded the young man, tendering his bottle; "but just try a nip at that. It'll make your hair curl." "Good!" said the old man, smacking his lips.—*New York Sun.*

Landlady (whose attention has been distracted for a moment)—"Why, where is Mr. Dumley? I thought he was carving the duck!" *Mr. Dumley* (from under the table)—"It's all right, Mrs. Hendricks; I'm after the duck."—*New York Sun.*

"George, I didn't know you were going away on a hunt." "I haven't thought of going, Naomi. Why?" "I inferred from a remark papa made this morning that you were." "What did he say?" "He said you were loaded for bear last night."—*Lincoln Journal.*

Captain Hoffman—"Well, I am surprised to see you here; I had no idea you were interested in this wedding." *Miss Flirtiby*—"Neither am I; but you see I'm going to get married myself next week. I'm up in the lines, but rather rusty in the business, you know."—*Puck.*

President (of life-insurance company)—"Now, I've caught you, you rascal! Drop that jewelry or I'll blow your brains out!" *Impudent burglar*—"Yer dassent! I've got my life insured in your company fur five thousand dollars, and it will be cheaper to let me go—see?"—*Judge.*

"Come and dine with me to-day, Grindstone," said Kiljordan, "the bill of fare will just suit you. Calves' brains is the principal dish." "I'll come, Kiljordan," said Grindstone, "in order that you may have one man at the table who can eat calves' brains without making a cannibal of himself."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Just think, darling, a week ago we were utter strangers, and now we are engaged!" "Ah, yes, Mr. De Hobson, dear, it was a case of love at first sight." "Mr. De Hobson? Why don't you call me by my first name, darling?" "Because, precious," the girl replied, shyly, "I don't know what it is."—*New York Sun.*

In the pocket of a man found frozen to death in the last Dakota blizzard was an article cut from a newspaper, signed by the dead man's own name, giving five infallible indications that the winter would be warm and open, with not enough snow in Dakota to cover the wheat. Life would have been a burden to him anyhow, after his prophecy had blown out its cylinder-heads.—*Burdette.*

She had been rhapsodizing about Browning for nearly an hour to young Mr. Waldo, and as she sat there in the flickering firelight, shading her eyes with one shapely hand, he thought he had never seen a fairer picture. She was about to go on, when her little brother opened the door. "Penelope," he said, "can't I have some of them cold beans you put to eat after Mr. Waldo goes home?"—*New York Sun.*

ART IN NEW YORK.

"Iris" describes the Treasures of the Spencer Collection.

In these luxurious days—days of the millionaire, the bonanza king, the railway prince, and the Wall Street potentate—days of Fifth Avenue palaces, private racing-stables, mammoth steam-yachts, Scotch moors, Worth outfits, Orloff horses, no rich man's house is complete without its picture-gallery. By this, one does not mean a series of oil paintings, more or less like chromos, in the purchase of which the virtuoso has followed his own budding taste, and decked his walls, according to his fancy, with lurid landscapes, female beauty, as understood by Alfred Stevens, and the like, or homely, domestic scenes, peasants, children, mothers, babies, "Cotter's Saturday Nights," and the joys of home-life. The day, too, is past for the virtuoso to collect a gallery of old masters like Mr. Potiphar and his "Giddo"—to return from Italy laden with the spoils of the abnormally industrious brushes of Guido, Carlo Dolce, Raphael, and the rest. Wonderful originals, owned by decayed great families, who, in straits for money, and hearing that the Signor American was looking for an original Domenichino, would, at a terrible sacrifice, part with this gem, for which all the connoisseurs in Europe had been clamoring. Then the Signor American—rather overpowered by the great honor—was taken into a dim interior, and shown a wondrous dark canvas, with a face suggested here, and a leg issuing from obscurity there, and a bodyless hand groping out somewhere else. At which secretive square of darkness the connoisseurs, who accompanied him, reverently gazed in awed admiration, and the Signor American, shamed in his soul because there was not one thrill in him, bought the picture from the great decayed family at the great demanded sacrifice, and returned, not exactly in triumph, but here again feeling that he ought to be triumphant. Had he not had concessions made in his favor by a great, though decayed family?

But we have changed all this. Oh, we are progressing! The rich American of to-day knows something of art—a good deal of modern French art, which is his favorite—and when making his purchases takes care to consult the taste of some connoisseur whose judgment is respected the world over. Many of these moneyed picture-collectors—without the instincts which make the critic—know who are the great artists, and buy their pictures by the names signed in the corner.

But to continue. The Spencer collection, to be sold at auction this week, and now on exhibition on Fifth Avenue, is the finest private collection ever exhibited in New York. It is confined to the modern French schools with but few exceptions—the Barbizon realists, with their passionate sympathy with the sad realities of peasant-life, and their close intimacy with nature in her simplest, most pastoral, most terrible, and most unfriendly moods; the smaller works of Meissonier, vital as the most fiery conceptions of the impressionists, admirably broad and incomparably detailed; of Boldini, with their exquisite fineness and vivacity, their captivating triviality; the sombre sincerity of Jules Breton's studies of peasants; the luscious coloring of Diaz's figure-paintings, the savage grandeur of his landscapes; the cold fidelity of Gérôme; the spring-like exuberance and freshness, the softened blaze of Corot's pastoral landscapes and cloud-flecked skies—all were there to rejoice the heart and feast the eyes of the art-lover.

The most notable pictures in the collection are Millet's. Few of us knew that Millet, before he retired to the bosom of the Barbizon school, before he resolved on the nobler task of depicting with a too terrible sincerity the endless toils, the fierce struggle for existence of the peasant—that Millet was the poet of painters. It seems hardly possible that the author of "The Man with the Hoe"—a picture of savage degradation—could have harbored dreams of nymphs and goddesses, could have loved classical purity and beauty as Keats did, could ever have been light-hearted enough to conceive and recall to life the members of "old Olympus's faded hierarchy." The Millet of those days painted for love of pure art alone. He painted for the intellect, the cultivated love of the beautiful; he wanted to rejoice and refresh the eye with gazing on absolute perfection, not stir the heart to pity and perplexity.

There were four examples of this early classic period of his in the collection. Looking at them, one could not help wondering whether it was, after all, nobler to espouse the cause of the degraded and oppressed, to depict it with a fidelity that would rouse the hardest heart to sympathy, or whether the ideal, the poetic, the beautiful, was not the artist's proper sphere. The "Sleeping Woman" made one wish Millet had kept to his original style. This nude is the perfection of flesh-painting. She lies asleep on white draperies, her back turned toward you, her head buried in the pillow, and her arms drawn up and clasped round her forehead. She is life, flesh and blood. She breathes the long, soft breath of sleep, and if you laid your hand on her, she would be warm. Here are softness, richness, depth, warmth incomparable. There are more of this kind—"After the Bath," and a beautiful, lounging "Diana Reposing," her attitude the height of sumptuous languor, with a wealth of subdued color on her reclining figure, and a richly gorgeous background of melting green. And after watching her in her lazy, harmonious, idyllic beauty, one goes into the ante-room and studies an engraving of "The Man with the Hoe," and "The Woman Spinning," and wonders again which is best. Millet himself condemned his earlier works. Millet, the dreamer of splendid Greek visions, the seer of idylls, tender, lovely, unreal, was scorned as a purposeless trifler by Millet, the peasant's faithful advocate, the stern delineator of existing miseries, who could pierce the heart of Dives when the burning eloquence of a Mirabeau would have glanced off.

Of Rousseau—another light of the Barbizon school—there are seven or eight canvases in this exhibition. There is one—"Sunset in a Wood"—very famous, and most wonderful. The canvas, a small one, is almost black. In the middle the darkness breaks into a low tracery of interlaced black boughs. Through these, glowing like a fire, rich scarlet, orange, shines the blaze of the sunset, brilliant as a jewel. In the dark foreground there is the suggestion of a still stream winding a little, and on its black and shiny surface the orange-glow strikes an answering gleam. "The Cottage at Berri"—Rousseau again—is a harmony in green. The little cottage is buried in verdure; summer and moisture, soft breezes and a gentle sun, have combined to produce such a mossy depth and richness of color.

Near this is a Troyon, to my thinking the gem of the exhibition. It is an atmospheric triumph. The picture is only a great oak, and behind a vista of smaller trees, grouped and massed with an effect of dense foliage, a storm is coming; its keen, damp breath is in the air. The clouds have the sullen, lowering look of clouds before thunder; there is a grey gleam in the sky. The wind has come, and is rushing through the old oak. In the centre it is all blown apart, and bows and creaks, every leaf dancing wildly, and all among them a frantic rustling, as the great wind pours through them. In the next second there will be the triumphant rush of the rain, the flash, the thunder, and the storm. To look at this picture on a hot day would make you cool.

There are two Corots—one the famous "Ville d'Avray." It is impossible—unless among the glib-tongued art critics—to describe the effect produced by these pictures. I suppose they could tell just where Corot's magic lies. Corot was a sort of an artistic Cowper, without the insanity, but with the same exquisite sensibility. Here is peace, far from the strife of the world. Here is summer—not blazing, breathless, brazen summer, such as Jules Breton can paint, and make you gasp and perspire to look at, but summer, soft as a baby's cheek, languid as Millet's "Diana," with the freshness of spring and the balmy mildness of June in the breeze. What higher bliss could there be than to lie under one of those shivering, silvery basket-willows and look up at the sky? Such a sky! with drifting flakes of cloud and patches of blue, the sky of a poet's summer day. There are cows standing knee-deep in the glassy pool, and every now and then they lazily brush off a fly with nose or tail, and move in the water with a faint splash, and on the hillsides the shadows of the clouds float idly by, slow, purposeless, leaving as little impression as your vague, delicious dreams.

Knaus is well represented. There is a study of "Sleeping Swine at Evening"—a strange subject for the most perfect delineator of child-life—wonderfully soft and cool, and full of the coming dusk. And there is the "Head of a Brunette," one of those tender-eyed German girls, shy and soft as a windflower, whose ideal is to be madly in love, and who generally realizes it. She has the sweetest, frankest eyes in all the world. If German girls look like that, it is no wonder German men are the most domestic in Europe. Frenchmen's frailties are to be excused, if Louise Abbema's "Une Parisienne" is a type of the charming French woman. The Herr Professor Knaus, who is head of the Munich Art School, is said to be lazy, and will only occasionally, in answer to piteous appeals, produce one of these almost priceless master-pieces.

Meissonier is represented by two single figure-pieces—very small. His "Flemish Standard-Bearer" is Meissonier at his best—a charming harmony of browns, yellows, and cool grays. The little standard-bearer—he is not eight inches high—is, you feel, a terrible fellow—a fire-eater. Such dignity! Such manly self-respect! I think in disposition he is a little like Denys of Burgundy. He is instinct with vitality; his weather-beaten face, rough and red, is full of stern courage, with a dash of the devil to relieve it; his eyes, as they meet yours, have a twinkle and a flash combined. What despair such pictures as these must carry to the struggling artist! By what secret does the master make this little square of canvas throb with vitality, thrill with the heart-beats of a daring soldier. Here is a man full of thoughts, rages, loves, and what not, made out of a piece of canvas, some colors, brushes, and—a brain! Prometheus did not do more. I am inclined to think Meissonier is at his best in these single-figure pieces. His figures massed lose individual vitality in the interest of depicting a great event, a stirring moment—the individual is merged in the general effect. Your interest in a picture portraying an exciting event centres in the event, not the individuals, and the artist's does the same thing.

New York, February 28, 1888. Iris.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Shakespeare-Bacon Controversy.

Editors Argonaut: Did Bacon write the plays which bear Shakespeare's name? That he did not write "Julius Cæsar" seems to me certain.

The play of "Julius Cæsar" first made its appearance in print in the Folio of 1623, although probably produced on the stage some years before. In the second scene of the first act, according to this folio, enters "Cæsar, Antony for the course, Calpurnia, Portia, *Decius*, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Caska, a soothsayer, etc. At the meeting of the conspirators in scene first of act second, this *Decius* again appears, and is welcomed by Cassius as "*Decius* Brutus." It is this *Decius* who then volunteers to persuade Cæsar to come to the senate, the place appointed for his assassination, for, as he says: "I can give his humor the true bent, and I will bring him to the capitol." In accordance with his promise, he waits on Cæsar, in the second scene of this act, who greets him with "Here's *Decius* Brutus." The latter then prevails on Cæsar by flattery, and by ridicule of Calpurnia's dreams, to go to the senate, and the assassination follows.

Now, all histories of the conspiracy extant in Bacon and Shakespeare's time, and since, concur in demonstrating that no such person as *Decius* Brutus had any part in the conspiracy, or in the assassination. *Decius* Brutus was a consul of Rome in the year 325 B. C.—*three centuries before the events portrayed in the drama*. The only Brutus connected with the death of Cæsar, except the leader, Marcus Junius Brutus, was *Decimus Brutus*. Plutarch, from whose biographies the play is largely drawn, speaks of this *Decimus* Brutus as being the one who induced Cæsar to go to the place appointed for his slaughter.

But not only did the authentic narrations of this, the greatest event of Roman history, thus refer to *Decimus* Brutus as being the person who was engaged in the plot, but *Bacon himself knew such to be the fact*, for, in his "Essay on Friendship," published in 1612, he refers to it in the following language: "With Julius Cæsar, *Decimus* Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And *this was the man* that had power with him to draw him forth to his death. For when Cæsar would have discharged the senate, in regard of some ill presages, and especially a dream of Calpurnia's, *this man* lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream."

It is simply incredible that Bacon, with this knowledge, could have committed so great an anachronism as to place *Decius* Brutus in the conspiracy when he had been dead more than two hundred years.

The difficulty is immeasurably increased, however, when we consider Ignatius Donnelly's theory, as presented by him over his signature in recent numbers of the *North American Review*. That theory is that the Folio of 1623 was carefully revised by Bacon himself to such an extent that the alleged cipher words were so arranged, on each page, in accordance with some rule as to italics and hyphenated and bracketed words, as to work out a systematic and accurate revelation of Bacon's authorship of the plays.

Bearing in mind that the play of "Julius Cæsar" first appeared in that folio, and that it was revised by Bacon with so much scrutiny as would be involved in Donnelly's theory, it would have been simply impossible that so gross an error could have been overlooked, particularly as the events narrated in the play are otherwise historically correct and are almost a reproduction of the narrative of Plutarch.

The truth is, that Plutarch's Lives were translated into English by Stephens, in 1572, and in the first edition the translator made the mistake of using the name of *Decius* instead of *Decimus*. Shakespeare, doubtless, drew his play from that translation. Bacon, however, who could read Plutarch in the original was not so deceived, as already shown.

If the play of "Julius Cæsar" was not written by Bacon, and the play first appeared in the Folio of 1623, and that folio was so severely scrutinized by Bacon, as it is claimed to have been by Donnelly, upon what theory can it be pretended that Bacon inserted Shakespeare's play of "Julius Cæsar" with other plays written by himself, and prepared a cipher representing himself as the author of *all* of them? Must it not follow, on Donnelly's own theory, that either all the plays contained in the folio were Bacon's, or that none of them were?

San Francisco, February, 1888. William M. Pierson.

A Reply to Mr. Johnson.

Editors Argonaut: I am glad that you opened your columns to a discussion on protection, because, when many persons think of the same subject, with the sincere desire to arrive at the truth, the discussion may tend to evolve it.

In your last issue, Mr. Johnson commences his argument with, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." Pope wrote, "A little *learning* is a dangerous thing," but never mind that. He may find that much knowledge is a dangerous thing, for he may have proved too much. The only safe position is to have no knowledge at all. That is my case, so far as raisins are concerned; but whether I know anything of figures I will leave to you.

By the figures of Mr. Johnson I learn that the United States Government receives forty cents duty per box, and that the consumers pay forty-five cents per box more than they would if the article were on the free list, and as the duty is two cents per pound, and a box weighs twenty pounds, the actual loss to the consumer is five cents on twenty pounds, equal to *one-quarter cent per pound*, or *twelve and one-half per cent.* on the duty collected.

Thus, if the raisin-makers were allowed to draw on the treasury direct for two cents per pound on every pound of raisins produced in the United States, by way of a bonus, instead of the two cents secured to them by the protective tariff, the operation would yield a profit to the people of the United States of just twelve and one-half per cent.

Assuming the total consumption of raisins at two million boxes (it may be more or less), the government or the people (the two in this country being to a great extent identical), receives forty cents per box.	$800,000
(I do not deduct the product of raisins in the United States, because the makers are supposed to receive the equivalent of the duty), less one per cent. cost of collection...	8,000
	$792,000
Less loss of interest for money lying idle in the treasury (three per cent)	23,760
Net receipts by the people..	$768,240
The people pay, according to Mr Johnson, forty-five cents per box more for raisins than they would if they were on the free list, which, on the same assumed quantity of two million boxes at forty-five cents, equals $900,000.	
The people pay	900,000
Net receipts..	768,240
Loss	$131,760

So that the fund left to the American people for other commodities is decreased by one hundred and thirty-one thousand seven hundred and sixty dollars. They must either buy that much less of raisins, or that much less of other commodities, or have that much less savings per year. I always knew the tariff was a vicious measure from an economical point of view, but did not realize how bad it was until I read Mr. Johnson's article.

I do not know whether Mr. Forsyth will vote for protection on raisins or not, but if he can raise forty thousand boxes on one hundred and thirty acres of land, I have a notion that he can and will exist as a grower of raisins, without asking for charity from his fellow-citizens in the guise of protection. Mr. Johnson does not state what it costs to raise raisins in California. I am informed that it costs for labor twenty dollars per ton, exclusive of cases, or one cent per pound. How much less can it cost per ton in Spain? Cases are probably cheaper here than in Spain, the productiveness of the soil greater, the cost of handling less. Then taking the price at what raisins would sell when on the free list at Mr. Johnson's figure of one dollar and seventy cents per box, or eight and a half cents per pound, it would give Mr. Forsyth a gross income of sixty-eight thousand dollars, from which to pay eight thousand dollars for labor, (freight, cases, and other incidentals, at whatever estimate you may put on them.)

If this can really be done on one hundred and thirty acres of land, and we have Mr. Johnson's word for it, there will be other people who will manufacture raisins in California, even after they are put on the free list.

It was the boast of Americans in former days, "that they could beat creation;" the people of California are taught to believe that they can not compete with any foreigner, be he Chinese or European, without assistance, and every argument culminates in the fear of pauper labor! Is there less pauper labor in India than in Spain, and yet the California wheat-grower competes with India and holds his own. Is pauper labor really cheaper than labor in America?

When Professor Davidson returned from India, he stated that Lesseps had found the labor of Egypt, which was furnished by the Khedive free of charge except food, so dear, that he discharged the fellahs and got European navvies to do the work. Few people realize how small the percentage of actual manual labor is, on the total value of most articles, so that this bugbear of pauper labor generally disappears upon close examination; but all those who rely upon the State or nation for assistance in their calling, place themselves in the same category as the paupers in England.

Mr. Atkinson, perhaps the best expert on wages in America, shows that high wages in America are frequently cheaper, considering quantity and quality of work, than low wages in any part of the world. California, as a State, gains nothing by protection. If we take the amount of duty on our products (when they are benefited) as a credit, and charge ourselves with the enhanced price of the articles we use—coal, iron, steel, and a thousand and one things—the balance will be *millions* against us.

The wonder to me is that merchants in *a seaport* should be opposed to foreign commerce, because protection means obstruction of foreign trade.

Mr. Johnson's illustrations are not apt; pauperism in England, whatever it be to-day, has immensely decreased since the inauguration of her free-trade policy; protection may obstruct, but can not increase *exports*. Antwerp, I understand, is a free port, and does an immense transit business with Central Europe. Obstruction of foreign trade can never be *the* cause of increase of foreign tonnage. This letter is too long already, I close though I have a good deal more to say on the subject.

Yours respectfully, H. H.

San Francisco, March 7, 1888.

When vessels or timbers sink to great depths in the ocean, the pressure is so great that the water is by this means forced into the pores, and the wood becomes too heavy to rise again.

VANITY FAIR.

The ceremony of presentation at the Italian court (writes a Roman correspondent) is far more graceful and less onerous than that which takes place in London. The Italian presentation takes place at a reasonable time of the night—*i. e.*, ten o'clock—and though low-necked dresses are *de rigueur*, there is no sumptuary law to regulate the degree of lowness, nor are trains obligatory. All the ladies about to be presented, with the gentlemen in attendance on them, sat round the reception-room which was lighted with, it seemed to me, thousands of candles; they were arranged according to their various nationalities, and talked at their ease. Suddenly there came a hush in the farther end of the room—all sprang to their feet, and we saw that the queen had entered, and was beginning her round. The mistress of ceremonies, the Marchioness Villamarina, read each name from the list, and presented the owner to her majesty, who spoke a few pleasant words to each person, bowed slightly, and passed on. On being presented, the ladies courtesied and the gentlemen bowed profoundly. The queen looked charming in a pale-green and silver costume, and fulfilled her office most graciously. She is very quick and intelligent, and generally manages to say something apt and to the point to each person. The queen had addressed some question to an American lady, who, either through nervousness or because she could not understand the foreign accent, hesitated in replying. Her daughter, standing by her, answered in her stead. "I spoke to your mother, mademoiselle," said Queen Margaret, and passed on without a word more to either of them. Another compatriot went to the other extreme, and was so nervous that her knees shook under her, and she could not find voice to answer at all when addressed. Having completed the round, her majesty dropped a magnificent sweeping courtesy to the whole room (her courtesy is famous, and inimitable by any one in the court), and went into the next apartment where were all the unattached gentlemen. The king ought by right to receive them, but such ceremonies are irksome to him, and he passes them on to his wife. The latter left the ladies of her suite at the door, and repeated the ceremony of the first room, accompanied by the gentlemen of the king's household only. She then retired, and we were free to go to supper or home.

There are a round dozen things that you can never get a lady to plead guilty of, be she old or young: That she laces tight, that her shoes are too small, that she is tired at a ball, that she uses anything but powder, that it takes her long to dress, that she has kept you waiting, that she blushed when you mentioned a particular gentleman's name, that she says what she doesn't mean, that she is fond of scandal, that she ever flirted, that she can not keep a secret, that she is—in love.

One of the stories which has been current in social circles at Washington lately, is in regard to the remarkable make-up of a well-known young society woman. The mould in which she had been cast by an unkind fate was unsatisfactory alike to herself and parents, who finally concluded to try the effects of foreign travel for her. After a long absence abroad the family returned, and, to the astonishment of all who had previously known her, the daughter was completely metamorphosed. From a tall, angular girl, she had become not only well-rounded, but buxom, with a noticeable broadening of the shoulders. After a while it leaked out that that while in Paris the girl had been taken to a model-maker, who, in consideration of a large sum, agreed to construct a wire figure of the desired proportions, which was ingeniously made to open down the back, and was of such fine, soft material that its presence would fail to be detected save by the keenest scrutiny. This wire cage necessitates, with evening dress, a band of velvet, or collar of some description, and as long as worn, effectually precludes the idea of décolleté gowns on the part of the wearer.

Some pioneer in the matter of full dress for gentlemen proposes to do away with the waistcoat of the dress-suit entirely, substituting therefor a sash, or "Kummerbund," of black silk, which encircles the waist like a bandage. Its practical recommendation is, more comfort in warm weather, but its chief recommendation is novelty. This sash is to be brought out for a run this summer at the fashionable hotels. What its success will be we can tell more about later. For the present, it answers the requirements of a curiosity.

In Paris, bustles are running into all sorts of whimsical developments, and, after seeming to decrease are more aggressively prominent than ever. As nothing is now sacred, the most novel tournure is named as a recommendation for Lent wear, *la tournure aux ailes d'ange*. In its profile outline the part of the skirt which is made to adapt itself to this contrivance resembles the wings given by painters and sculptors to full-grown angels, with this difference, that instead of sprouting from shoulder-blades, they shoot out from below the waist. It is impossible to think seriously of anything in heaven above or on the earth beneath, when one sees a bustle so provokingly nonsensical—and piquant. The bustle had its origin away back, seven or eight years ago, at the Théâtre du Châtelet, when "Les Mille et une Nuits" was on there. There were, in that extravaganza, two princesses whom an old witch had metamorphosed into a pair of turkeys. When re-transformed into their original forms they retained some of the turkey nature, which mostly showed itself in their bustles. The Princess Bien-Truffée was so comically delicious as to soften the heart of an ill-tempered mysogynist sultan, and get him to dismiss the rest of his seraglio. The Princess Belle-à-voir rivaled with her in the pretty drollery of her get-up. The immediate consequence was a struggle between the "tailor-made" style of corsage, which moulded the whole *galbe*, and the Bien-Truffée or Belle-à-voir tournure. Both were given fair trials, and after a long fight, in which there were victories won and defeats sustained on both sides, the large and eccentric bustle has conquered. The bustle compels attention, and, if smartly got up, amuses the eye. It creates a prejudice in favor of the wearer, by putting persons of the other sex in good humor with her, however unacquainted they may be with her. One wishes to see her face, and if it is at all nice-looking it makes a conquest. In these high-pressure times we like amusement rather than high æsthetics, and the woman who amuses most carries away the greatest number of admirers. English beauties don't understand this. The French and the American ones do, and hence the success of Paris actresses and New York belles, and still more of American misses from the Western States.

There is no place where well-to-do widows have so good a chance of advantageously investing their incomes in the purchase of husbands as at a French military ball. The French officer is not particular as to personal charms or family. He is a good fellow, knows how to make a little money go a long way, how to avoid debt, and has showy qualities, which women like. There is no more domestic man, when he has a chance of domesticity. Money and a good reputation will secure a capital match. Both are *de rigueur*. A subaltern has to get his colonel's consent; and no matter how high the officer, he is unable to marry without the leave of the War Minister. There is a regular inquiry office at the War Office for investigating the antecedents of ladies whose names are sent up by officers desiring to become their husbands. No marriage is possible unless there is a dowry of at least two hundred and fifty dollars a year. If there be a shady past, and it is found out, the promising officer is "blown up." The regiment is looked upon as a family, and officers and wives treat each other as if they were all blood relations.

"I wonder" (writes a fashionable milliner in the London *World*) "whether the confirmed wearer of the conventional sleeveless ball-dress ever reflects on the fact that arms which look white early in the evening get crimson with exercise? From the shoulder to the elbow is a most treacherous part of a woman's arm. With heat it sometimes turns as crimson as her cheeks. It is not beautiful then, particularly when she is dressed in white. This only happens with plump beauties; with a slender woman that part of the arm is generally much too thin. I am sure we must be a decaying race, for except in rare cases dress is now a means of hiding defects rather than of setting off beauty."

Tea-gowns would seem to gain favor more and more. At country-house parties they are universally worn at tea-time. After a long walk in the lanes, or even after a long drive, it is delightful to cast off heavy woolen dresses, with thick boots, and don the easy, soft, flowing tea-gowns, which are at the same time becoming. In London they are the fashion for home dinner wear, and probably this is why they are made at all events to appear to fit more closely than they originally did. It is not considered that they are in good style if in any way they suggest a dressing-gown or wrapper; and they are nearly all trimmed now with the costly tinsel gallons, in which the metal gives just a sufficient feeling of metallic origin to assert itself without glitter, subduing and mellowing the tints. Very wonderful tea-gowns appear on the stage, but perhaps the most splendid of all is that worn by Mrs. Bernard Beere in "As in a Looking-Glass," principally composed of red crêpe, which swathes the limbs in most graceful fashion. She tears it open in the death scene, showing a white-silk vest beneath, invisible before. Red tea-gowns are worn much, but save for the embroidery upon them, there is no admixture of color.

Wrist watches, which are now so entirely the fashion in London, are very little worn as yet in America. Made in every form, from the plain leather strap to the magnificent bracelet, where the face of the watch is encircled by precious stones, they are both ornamental and convenient. Novelties are even being introduced in the shape of purses, pocket-books, sticks, and umbrellas containing diminutive time-keepers, and one jeweler, more daring than the rest, has manufactured some rings resembling signet rings, but having instead of a crest a tiny watch. It is scarcely likely, however, that these will ever become fashionable, as they must be extremely bulky and ponderous for wearing on the finger.

An attractive scarf-pin recently seen was a lily of moonstone, in the centre of which was set a small sapphire. A handsome scarf-pin recently seen was a large peacock feather of varicolored enamel, the eye of which was set with a deep colored sapphire. Three slender reed-pipes in oxidized silver, held together at top and bottom by heavy etched bands of the same material, is a recent idea in umbrella handles. Two horseshoes, one of silver and the other of gold, held on a riding whip of gold by means of the long lash, which wraps around them in several folds, is a recent design in brooches. A most appropriate pin for the present season is a large hunting-whip of oxidized silver, the lash of which is curved and caught in the centre of the handle with a handsomely etched hunting-horn. Ladies who wish to follow fashion's fickle footsteps can find nothing more appropriate to wear as a brooch this season than the oxidized silver-crab nets which have just been put on the market. The idea is an old one, but the novelty of a golden crab struggling in the meshes of the net has at once brought the brooch into favor. A unique scarf-pin is a miniature anvil, the top of which is of oxidized silver and the base of gold. A small hammer, with a head of oxidized silver and a handle of gold, has the appearance of resting on the anvil. A magnificent pendant recently seen consisted of a circlet of fourteen diamonds, from which hung by a string of small brilliants a large carbuncle, which, in turn, supported by a diamond string a perfect pear-shaped pearl. For genuine oddity nothing approaches a new pencil which is made of silver, and is an exact counterpart of a match. The head and sulphur at one end are faithfully reproduced with red and yellow enamel. A sliding button in one side pushes the pencil into view. One of the handsomest bracelets recently seen was a heavy driving-whip of gold, bent in a circle. The lash was cut to represent the braiding of the leather, and the handle, which was an inch and a half long, was set with diamonds. On the extreme end was fastened a large pearl. At the intersection of the handle and the lash was a jockey's cap, made of a large sapphire about half an inch in diameter and set in a rim and shade of diamonds. One of the handsomest of the new combination jewels is a dandelion, the top of which consists of over a hundred small brilliants projecting from a large ball of raw silk, by means of slender gold wires, which are competely hidden. The stem of the flower, which is about four inches long, is of green gold, in correct imitation of the genuine article.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, calls the attention of the administration to the case of John Fruischer, a native of France and naturalized citizen of the United States, who, upon visiting his relatives in France, was impressed into its military service. It raises the old question, whether the citizen of a foreign country, owing military service to that country under its laws, can, by unauthorized emigration therefrom, and becoming a citizen of the United States, be released from allegiance and military service to the government of the country in which he was born; whether he has acquired such a claim upon this country, or can justify it in demanding his release from his military duty and his return to America. Our government has asserted this claim in a feeble way, which has not borne fruit of consequence, for the reason that no foreign power has conceded the correctness of the doctrine. We should hope our government would not persist in pressing a proposition so manifestly incorrect, and so at variance with any rational international comity. Most of the European nations maintain a standing army, in which at a certain age, and for a specified time, every native-born male person must perform military duty. The young man who, without the consent of his government, leaves his native land to avoid this obligation of service, and voluntarily returns within its jurisdiction, clearly places himself within the operation of the military law. His becoming a citizen of the United States under such circumstances ought to cut no figure in the question, and the United States diplomatic service ought to go no further than to ascertain and report the facts when the protection of the flag is invoked. This would seem to be reasonable and just to all the interests affected. We may, perhaps, from the side of our American prejudice, be permitted to remark that we are not sufficiently interested in any Frenchman running away from his native land to escape military service to quarrel over him, or to declare war against the Republic of France for his recovery. We hope our friend the senator from Nevada will not plunge the country into war for John Fruischer, or any other Johnny Crapaud who may have hopped over to America to avoid *la gloire* of French military service.

The American Party of Oakland will hold a meeting at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, in Oakland, this (Saturday) evening. Its purpose is to ratify the nominations for municipal offices on the American ticket. The gentlemen who have been placed in nomination—Hon. J. West Martin, for mayor; Mr. E. S. Finch, for marshal; Mr. T. O. Crawford, for superintendent of schools; and Mr. W. W. Britton, for city attorney—are well and favorably known, and their fitness for the offices to which they have been nominated can not be questioned. The meeting will undoubtedly be one of the largest and most enthusiastic that Oakland has ever seen. Addresses will be made by Hon. P. D. Wigginton, Hon. J. West Martin, Rev. F. A. Horton, W. W. Britton, Esq., Dr. J. M. Young, and other eloquent speakers; music will be provided by two brass bands and a male quartet; the American Alliance will attend from this city in a body; and the pretty and patriotic wives and daughters of Oakland will grace the occasion with their presence, the gallery being especially reserved for them and their escorts.

The Democratic party of Oakland is organized for the municipal election with the following named gentlemen for its Central Committee: Patrick Murphy, Patrick Kehoe, Patrick Brophy, Martin McGowan, John Scanlon, Timothy B. Sheehan, J. English, Jeremiah McCarthy, Jeremiah Jordan, James Mulgrew, Jr., Secretary. H. C. McPike was chairman of the committee on resolutions; Robert M. Fitzgerald was chosen temporary chairman, and Colonel Irish did all the talking. Several gentlemen of American birth were pressed into the taking of nominations for city officers, a position never assigned them when there is the remotest possibility of an election. One candidate was taken from the American ticket for superintendent of common schools, and though Colonel Irish denounced him in his gravest and most sepulchral tones for holding to the principles advocated by the editors of the *Argonaut*, he was nominated by a vote of eighty-nine to thirty-five, with unterrified American war-whoops from the gallery. The world moves.

A dealer in second-hand clothes—one Samuel Lodenstein, formerly of Posen, and a member of the Brooklyn board of education—proposes the establishment of a bureau for supplying poor children with wearing apparel that they may attend school. Many children (says the amiable and philanthropic Samuel of Posen) are unable to attend school because their parents are too poor to furnish them proper clothing, and this can be remedied (says Mr. Lodenstein, of Brooklyn) by "*furnishing them with the shabby cast-off clothing of other people.*" Why not also provide these poor children with lunches of broken victuals, Mr. Samuel Lodenstein? If Mr. Lodenstein, of Poland, would desire to disgrace and dishonor our public school system, he could invent no surer method than by setting up this pauper bureau in connection with our free public schools. There is not a family in Brooklyn so poor or so lost to self-respect as to consent to this mode of their poverty.

MILESIA IN MANHATTAN.

The Irish Rule Over New York City.

I happened in at a court-room to-day, where a man was being tried for murder. He was an intelligent-looking, well-dressed, and entirely inoffensive appearing mulatto. Many reputable citizens testified to his good character. All the witnesses against him were of the lowest and most brutal Irish type. Several of them gave evidence of recent indulgence in liquor. The women were of the same order as the men, and both were equally squalid and filthy in person, and degraded in their ignorance and insensibility to reason. The court officers were all Irish, or had Irish names; the policemen concerned in the prisoner's arrest were all Irish but one; the prosecuting officer was Irish by origin or descent, and this Milesian cohort was banded together to hang a man whose original offense was that he was a negro. He had killed two Irishmen, it is true, but he had killed them only after they had undertaken to brain him with an iron bar, and to kick him to death. It was one of those horrible tenement-house tragedies that are only too common in this city, and in which one finds, in nine cases out of ten, that the participants are Irish by origin or direct descent.

Still, it is a typical case, and it is worth a brief summary. The mulatto, being a butler in a gentleman's family, married the chambermaid, a white girl. When his master gave up housekeeping, the butler set up as a barber. He took his wife to live in a tenement-house filled with Irish families, and for months the wretched pair led a dog's life at the hands of their neighbors. The women harried the wife, and the men bullied the husband. Alcoholism is an inseparable feature of tenement-house life in New York, and in proportion as the "growler" made its frequent daily journeys, the malevolence of the neighbors, whose delicate sensibilities were outraged at the marriage of a white woman to a negro, grew in intensity. At last, the champion brutes of the house, having been egged on to attempt the murder of the man with the offending skin, were shot by him in self-defense, and if hard swearing could hang him he would have been hanged. I noticed particularly, in this case, the strong bias of all the prosecuting officials and the official witnesses, with Irish names and affiliations, against the prisoner. The evidence of the only police officer who was not Irish, directly impeached the Irish officers as being guilty of perjury in their effort to make the case as black as possible against the prisoner. Fortunately for the interests of justice, the prevailing Milesianism had not infected the bench and the jury, and the mulatto was acquitted on the ground of self-defense.

Not long ago, a lady of my acquaintance had her pocket-book snatched from her in the street. The thief was a young Irishman, and he had a razor in his pocket, ready to slash any victim who should resist his assault upon her. The policeman who arrested him was Irish; the captain of the precinct where he was captured was Irish; he was committed for trial by an Irish police justice, and having pleaded guilty, he was mercifully awarded a short sentence in a reformatory by a judge with an Irish name. During the progress of this case I noticed the almost invariable Hibernianism of the major and minor officials the complainant had to deal with. From the judge on the bench down to the prisoner in the dock, one could trace a long descent of nationality. There were a couple of names about the court that were not aggressively Irish, but their owners were Irish all the same, and the prisoner enjoyed the benefit of the fact. The quality of mercy that was strained to the last degree of attenuation in the case of the poor mulatto who had dared to defend his life against a pack of brutes, was freely dispensed to a young scoundrel who traveled about with a razor in his pocket, ready to maim and disfigure women who objected to being robbed.

In the smoking-room of the club, one evening last fall, we were discussing the latest *morceau* from the Newport divorce courts, when young Muttynhedde walked in. Muttynhedde was radiant in clothes redolent of Piccadilly, and wearily carried the newest thing in English canes, a cross between a crow-bar and a weaver's beam. He had just come ashore, and was full of his trip. Happening to mention that he had visited Ireland on his way home, Chaffley, who is always drawing him out, asked him what had struck him most in that favored island.

"Well," replied Muttynhedde, in his inimitable tired-to-death manner, "there were a dayvil of a lot of Irishmen there. I thought they were all in New York."

Muttynhedde has been running the club on his reputation as a wit ever since that memorable evening. Of all the true words spoken in jest, his were, to my thinking, the most incontrovertible. That bitter satirist A. M. Soteldo, who got himself shot to death in Washington some years ago, once proposed in a paper he was stirring local society up in, to change the name of New York to New Cork, and proceeded to give a column of reasons in favor of the suggestion. This was fifteen years ago, and there were still a few independent Americans in public life in the city. To-day, as far as municipal affairs are concerned, they have almost entirely vanished. The rare examples of other origins that hold any authority, at least owe their places to the favor of the Irish, and are committed to the interests of that element of the population. Having occasion to visit one of the most important of the city departments the other day, I asked a man standing guard at the door to whom I would have to apply about my special business.

"Ye'd betther see Misther O'Rourke at the firrst desk," said he.

Mr. O'Rourke, who was reading the *Irish World*, finished the article that interested him and then told me:

"I guess McGinnis is the one you want to see."

McGinnis was in consultation with several compatriots, and it was some minutes before he could find time to remark to me:

"That's in Gilhooly's department."

This necessitated my inquiring my way from another door-keeper at an inner portal, who informed me, through amber expectorations at a five-gallon cuspidor ten feet away:

"Ye'll foind Misther Gilhooly at the next desk to Misther Gilligan, just beyant the little room where Misther Henessy's name is on the dure."

I finally transacted my business with a Mr. Feeny, and was shown out by a Mr. O'Connor, who gave me the address of a Mr. McSpedden, in another department, as the man most likely to assist in expediting my affair, because he was the brother-in-law of Commissioner O'Kelly, who had the supreme authority in these matters, having been appointed by the influence of Contractor McFadden, the boss of the Forty-Fourth Ward. In Mr. McSpedden's department I was received by a rich brogue, and forwarded by other brogues upon my way to the majestic brogue of the brother-in-law of the more majestic brogue who enjoyed the influential favor of the all-powerful brogue of the Forty-Fourth Ward.

I noticed, when I entered this department, a disconsolate-looking man, who appeared to be very busy copying figures into a book, at an uncomfortable desk in a dark corner. He was, apparently, the least prosperous and hardest-worked employee in the department. My business, oddly enough, brought me in contact with him—in search of some old entries in the books under his charge—and I found, to my great relief, that he did not speak English with a Milesian accent.

"You seem to be the only man in the department who isn't Irish," I remarked to him.

"Yes, worse luck to it," he replied. "But I'm expecting to have my head cut off every day."

I read in my evening paper yesterday, that T. Adolphus Livingston had handed in his resignation as second clerk in the Department of General Uselessness, and that one Terence Tullamore had been appointed, and the salary of the position raised from nine hundred dollars to fifteen hundred dollars a year; and that an assistant, named Galway, had been appointed, at nine hundred dollars, to aid Mr. Tullamore in the arduous duties of his office, which T. Adolphus Livingston had performed single and alone at the assistant's salary. But, perhaps, T. Adolphus Livingston's family, and the English language, had some influence in the matter of his salary.

I remember having had occasion, at one time, to use what is known as the City Library. This used to be a collection of books and newspaper-files belonging to the city, and kept in a room in the City Hall. It had once been a useful and curious collection, but, under years of mismanagement and neglect, it has now become a ruin. The office of City Librarian is a prize always given to some small politician. The only librarian who ever had any capacity was Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet, who, by some miracle, was once appointed to the post for a brief period. His successors have all been men who spent their days, with their feet on the tables, talking politics with the mysterious hangers-on of municipal politics, and exchanging chaff with the press reporters who congregate in one of the windows and wait to pick up items of city politics for their papers. The librarian, on the occasion I speak of, might have been named O'Mulligan, though he was not. When I made my descent on him for information, he handed me the keys of the book-cases and cheerfully bade me help myself. I could not find some old Manuals that had been there when I had gone through the library before, and I asked him for them.

"What's thim?" he replied. "Sure, I know nothing about thim things. You have the kays, haven't you?"

I hinted that it was somewhat in the line of his duty to know something about the business he was paid a salary for attending to.

"Faith," he responded, "I has me hands full enough wid the boys. Besoides, what cud I do wid thim things, whin I can't aven rade thim?"

In fact, as I afterward learned, this incumbent of the only bibliographical office in the city's gift could neither read nor write!

The Irish invasion reaches everywhere around us. The political leaders are Irish and their aides are Irish, and the Irish, in solid blocks of votes, sustain them in power. The distribution of offices is the Irishman's reward for political services. When you come in from Europe, Inspector Hoolahan checks your trunks at the barge office; when you go to pay your dog-tax, Clerk Gilligan takes your money; you are summoned for jury duty by Commissioner Feely; and, if you get in trouble with your creditors, are arrested by Deputy Dooley, and handed over to the care of Sheriff Tooley. Irish wardens preside over the city prisons, and Irish jailors obey their orders. At the hospitals and public asylums most of the doctors and attendants are Irish. I once had a servant, a respectable and steady Irishwoman, who married a bar-tender. This was ten years ago. To-day, the bar-tender is boss of his district, and helps to rule the town of which I am a humble, native citizen. My friend Van Snort suggests that, if this sort of thing keeps on increasing at the current ratio, the time is not far off when we shall have to become naturalized Irishmen in order to have the privilege of the ballot. Stranger things have happened, I am sure.

ALFRED TRUMBLE.

NEW YORK, February 28, 1888.

Recent researches by Professor Brown-Sequard demonstrate that a liquid obtained from the vapor of air from the lungs is so poisonous that a dose of twenty centigrammes (less than four grains) sufficed to kill a dog in about seven hours. From his researches the following conclusions may be adduced: 1—In respired air is found a volatile principle, most deadly in its effects, emanating from the lungs, and much more dangerous than the carbonic acid which is also met with in it; 2—Human breath, as well as that of animals, thus contains a poison which is most powerful; 3—The hygienic requirement of free ventilation, especially of sleeping-rooms, is well founded.

Give books, but do not lend. To lend a book is to bid it farewell forever. It is the law and the prophets. It is not in the least that the borrower does not intend to return it. He does intend to. There is not an act or thought of his life which is not entirely honorable, and he would never dream of defrauding or annoying any one. But there is a special fate that prevails over the borrowed book. It is under a spell. It is no more amenable to ordinary human laws. The moment it is lent it is enchanted, and forever it must so remain.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The astonishing statement is recorded that Justice Gray has drawn one thousand French novels from the Congressional Library since his accession to the supreme bench.

Mme. Brumidi, the model of the figure of Freedom in the fresco adorning the dome of the capitol, is the proprietor of a boarding-house in Washington, and is a handsome and stately woman.

Prince Bismarck took sixteen drinks of spirits while making his recent great speech. Lord Beaconsfield used to drink a bottle or two of champagne before an important oratorical effort.

Thomas F. Bayard is the only living man who was balloted for in the St. Louis convention in 1876. Tilden, Hendricks, Allen, Hancock, and Parker, all of whom had enthusiastic supporters for the nomination, are dead, and John Kelly and John Morrissey, who were prominent figures at the convention, have followed their chiefs.

Charles G. Leland, famous twenty-five years ago for his translation of Heine and his Hans Breitmann ballads, is still living in London, and is engaged in compiling a dictionary of American phrases, sayings, and slang. He asks especially for the origin of "Let her go, Gallagher," and any kind of eccentric expression that is really American.

Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes has been obliged to give up his old habit of answering personally all letters addressed to him. A printed note, which opens as follows, is now frequently received by his correspondents: "Doctor Holmes regrets that impaired eyesight and the large demands upon his time by distant and unknown friends, oblige him to contract his hitherto extended correspondence and to avail himself of an assistant in writing."

From "Records of Noble Families": Some of the members of the Barrymore family were known by names rather appropriate to their character. "Lord Barrymore, eldest of the family of Barry, ran a short career, and bore the nickname of 'Hellgate.' His brother, the Hon. Henry Barry, was club-footed, and dubbed 'Cripplegate,' while the Hon. and Rev. Augustus Barry, even less reputable than the two others, went by the name of 'Newgate,' owing to his frequent incarcerations. Their sister's ready and copious use of oaths obtained for her the sobriquet of 'Billingsgate.'"

Prince Oscar, the second son of the Scandinavian sovereign, who was twenty-eight years of age on the 15th of November, 1887, is about to marry a Miss Munck. He was well-known and a great favorite in Parisian society a few years ago, and especially a frequenter of the drawing-rooms of the Princess of Sågan, the Princess Brancovans, and Mme. Heine. Like all his brethren, he is of colossal stature. To marry the lady of his love Prince Oscar renounces all the prerogatives and privileges attached to his rank, and must henceforth style himself simply Prince Bernadotte. Miss Munck, who is two years his senior, was lady of honor to the wife of the heir apparent. She was what they would call in England a "professional beauty."

The marriage of Humbert and Marguerite, King and Queen of Italy, is said to have been one of inclination. Prince Charles of Roumania had proposed for the hand of the lovely Princess of Savoy. Her mother, the Duchess of Genoa, consulted King Victor Emmanuel before giving an answer. The king approved the proposal, and then informed his son, Humbert, of what had been done. The crown prince said he should regret the success of Prince Charles, as he himself wished to marry Marguerite. King and son went straightway to the duchess's palace. Victor Emmanuel entertained the mother, while Humbert led Marguerite to a window-recess, and asked her to accept him as her husband. She said, "I will," whereupon he led her back to her mother, from whom he formally solicited her daughter's hand. The duchess was astonished, but she had the self-possession to say, "God bless you, my children!" The whole affair was concluded within ten minutes.

Several months ago the Prince of Wales was surprised by receiving from the village of Brookline, Mass., a superb clock. It was a most beautiful piece of workmanship, and it now adorns one of the rooms at Marlborough House. This present came from an anonymous American admirer. When the clock was received at Marlborough House, in the package was also a letter which said that the gift was a "humble token of gratitude for the prince's kindness and courtesy in picking up the cane of a cripple." The prince has been very much exercised over this peculiar present and epistle. He has vainly sought to recall to mind such an act as is described in the letter. During the jubilee year there were a great many public ceremonials, and he faintly recalls passing through a line of spectators at one of the ceremonials last spring and noticing a lame gentleman who, in his embarrassment in attempting to get out of the way of the prince, dropped his cane. Of course, the natural thing for him was to pick it up, restore it to its owner, and pass on. The prince has vainly sought to find out the name of the giver of the present so that he might suitably acknowledge it.

Some interesting autograph letters were brought to the hammer last week in Paris. There were two in the lot from the Empress Eugenie, and both amorous. One was evidently an intercepted *billet-doux*, and probably to Prince Napoleon, when he was ambassador to Madrid, and she and he were carrying on a fast flirtation. The style of the Empress's letters is generally pasty. No idea is clearly brought out, and she shows in them ignorance of all rules of punctuation and orthography. Prosper Merimée knew the poverty of her style, and dictated those she wrote to the emperor before he made her an offer of marriage. The second love-letter sold at the Salle Sylvestre was to Martinez Rosas, and dated October 3, 1847. She had come from Brighton to Bayonne with her mother, and thus writes: "Everything looks sad because you are not with us. If it is so now, what will it be later? Formerly I would have sent you a lot of kisses. Now I send you this: [Here there is a heart drawn with pen and ink.] The world is so evil-minded that it has always something to say." The expression, "The world is so evil-minded," etc., is even more commonplace in French than in any possible English translation. What is remarkable in the letters is an incapacity to bring out logical sequence. Poor Eugenie had a *tête de linotte*, truly. Although Merimée took a paternal interest in her, and was not fond of pedantic women, he used to sigh at her brainlessness, and regret that she was not more a blue-stocking and less of a belle after she was exalted to the most brilliant position in the world.

Although not yet forty-five years old, M. de Munkacsy, because of his wonderful experiences, has already existed a lifetime. In the Hungarian village of Munkacsy lived a poor family named Lib. The youngest of twelve children was called Michel, and when this boy was only six years old he was an orphan and penniless. But little Miska, as he was called, had the good fortune to be adopted by his aunt, who was a rich widow. One day, a band of robbers coming from the Danube killed the servants, plundered the house, and, after having mortally wounded the aunt of Miska, departed with all her treasures. A second time was the boy an orphan and penniless, although but ten years old. An uncle, too poor to care for him, apprenticed Miska to a carpenter. For three years he slept in the stable, and ate with the poor workmen, all for a recompense of a few florins each year. At thirteen his condition improved a little, but fortunately, when he reached the age of sixteen, he was so ill that his uncle's house was his only shelter. During his convalescence, while still too weak to work, he tried to sketch, and by chance one of his sketches fell under the eyes of the artist Samosi, who was pleased enough to answer for Miska's future. But the youthful genius was obliged to struggle with a family entirely ignorant of art, and when he went to Buda-Pesth to continue his studies, one dollar each week was all the money he was allowed to live upon. His friends, however, were chosen among the highest in the country, and if he lacked money he had talent to pay for what he needed. He lived on bread and water, but wore the finest clothes, because he found a tailor willing to exchange his wares for portraits of himself, surrounded by his family. To-day this shopkeeper possesses at least twenty-five Munkacsys. When he left Buda-Pesth, Munkacsy went to Munich, Vienna, and then to Paris, and until 1870, when "The Last Day of a Condemned Man" was exhibited, the artist had but little reputation—but he was only twenty-six years old. In 1884 he married Mme. Cecile Papier Valerius, widow of Baron de Marsles, who had been Munkacsy's friend. For a wedding present the Emperor of Austria admitted him to the Hungarian nobility, and gave him for name that of the village in which he was born.

THE CROWN PRINCE.

By H. H. Boyesen.

Fifty-six years ago there appeared in the Prussian *State Journal* the following important announcement:

BERLIN, October 18, 1831.

This morning at ten o'clock, H. R. H., the Princess, spouse of H. R. H. Prince William of Prussia, Son of His Majesty, was, to the joy of H. M. and the whole Royal House, happily delivered of a prince in the new palace at Potsdam. This happy event was made known to the inhabitants of the city by the firing of cannon. The exalted mother, as well as the new-born prince, is doing extremely well.

Prince William of Prussia, to whom reference is made in this announcement, was the second son of King Frederic William III. and the beautiful Queen Louise, and accordingly not the first heir to the throne. His elder brother, Frederic William IV., who succeeded his father in 1840, was, however, childless, and there was thus a strong probability that the new-born prince, if his life was spared, would some day be called upon to ascend the throne. At all events, his education from his earliest years was framed with this end in view. He was subjected to a rigorous training. When he was ten years old, he was, according to family custom, appointed a second lieutenant in the Royal Guards, and was invested with the order of the Black Eagle. He had to shoulder his gun and go through the drill of an ordinary private, jump on one leg, run, bend forward and backward, etc., until he was ready to drop.

At the age of thirteen Prince Frederic William received a new tutor in the person of Professor Ernst Curtius, since famous as excavator of Olympia and historian of Greece. Besides the ordinary school branches he had to take lessons in music, singing, English, French, gymnastics, fencing, dancing, and horseback riding. There is also an old tradition in the Prussian royal family that every prince of the blood must learn a trade. The young prince selected the trade of a cabinet-maker, and became in a short time quite skillful in the handling of tools. Later he also took lessons in bookbinding, from which he derived much pleasure.

In the University of Bonn he devoted himself with much earnestness to the study of law, history, and political economy. When he was twenty-one years old, the prince's military calling compelled him to terminate his connection with the university, and the next two years were devoted to the active duties of an officer, and to the acquisition of practical familiarity with all the infinitesimal details of dress, drill, and discipline which singly seem insignificant, but which collectively make the Prussian Army the formidable engine of destruction which it is acknowledged to be.

In April, 1851, Prince Frederic William stepped for the first time on English soil, having accepted an invitation to attend the opening of the great Industrial World Exhibition in London. One result of the exhibition was his betrothal to Princess Victoria. It is obvious, from the very cool way in which the Prince Consort writes of the event to his friend, Baron Stockmar, that the match was not thought to be a very grand one, though, on the whole, quite satisfactory. Prussia was not the power in 1851 that it is now; and the house of Hohenzollern, now the most illustrious in Europe, was then judged by the pitiful policy of its two last representatives on the throne, who were content to play second fiddle to the Emperor Nicholas, of Russia. What appeared to reconcile the bride's father to the marriage, was his observation that the young people seemed to like each other; and that the young Hohenzollern had "honest eyes, and a frank and amiable disposition." It was not until 1855, however, that the engagement was made public; and the way it was received by the English press of that day would scarcely now be credited, if it were not a matter of history. The *Times*, particularly, distinguished itself by heaping coarse abuse upon the royal house of Prussia, which it declared to be a "miserable" one; and by requesting the English people to be prepared to see their princess return to their shores, in a not distant future, as a fugitive and an exile.

The wedding was postponed, on account of the extreme youth of the bride, until January 25, 1858. It took place in the chapel of St. James's Palace, London. After the ceremony, Queen Victoria embraced and kissed her daughter and son-in-law, and turned her cheek to the latter's father, who had respectfully stooped to kiss her hand. When the young couple embarked at Gravesend in the royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert*, there was an enormous concourse of people, who were wildly cheering, and even the river was covered for miles with boats, from which innumerable handkerchiefs waved a last good-bye to "the fair rose of England." Particularly amusing to the prince was the homely and disrespectful advice freely imparted by the sailors and Thames boatmen, who crowded about the royal yacht. "Be true to her now," one honest fellow called out. "Keep her well," another shouted. "God bless you for it," was the greeting of a third. The railroad journey from Brussels to Berlin was a triumphal progress, full of interesting incidents.

In 1863, two years after the succession of the present king to the throne of Prussia, the notorious order of June 1st was promulgated, practically abolishing the liberty of the press. It was Count Bismarck who signalized his accession to power by this arbitrary and oppressive measure; and the Crown Prince, who was at that time on a journey of inspection in East Prussia, took occasion, in a public address which he made to the citizens of Dantzic, to express his surprise and regret. The speech naturally made a sensation, and there was even talk of disciplining the heir to the throne, in accordance with the military code. But happily gentler counsel prevailed; although the prince, after having received a warning, declared that he could not change his opinion, nor apologize for what he had said. He placed his resignation of all his offices at the disposal of the king, and offered to take up his residence wherever the latter might desire. He was not the only one, at that time, who honestly believed that Bismarck's policy would imperil the very existence of the monarchy; and it was not until after the Schleswig-Holstein War in 1864 that public opinion began to discover that the aim and object of that policy was German unity.

In the Austrian War of 1866, the Crown Prince was for the first time intrusted with a prominent command in the field. He then held the rank of a general, and in the great battle of Königgratz, as the commander of the second army corps, arrived in the very nick of time, and saved the day for the Prussian arms. He had thus signally demonstrated his ability as a strategist and warrior, and when the Emperor of the French declared war against Germany in 1870, it was a foregone conclusion that Prince Frederic William was to play a conspicuous part. It need not be said that the Crown Prince showed the same traits, during this season of triumph and distress, that had always characterized him. When he was compelled to use the historic halls of the royal palace at Versailles as a hospital for the wounded, he had the walls and floors covered with canvas, and issued the strictest orders that the works of art must not be injured. And no one would suspect to-day, from the appearance of the palace at Versailles, that it housed a hostile army.

The reëstablishment of the German Empire in the throne-hall at Versailles, January 18, 1871, was the crowning result of the Franco-Prussian War. Besides becoming heir to the empire, the Crown Prince was raised to the highest rank attainable in the Prussian Army.

He became a field-marshal. His return to Berlin with his father, the emperor, was the occasion for the wildest rejoicing which the capital on the Spree has ever witnessed. Each year that has passed since has endeared him more and more to the German people.—*Cosmopolitan.*

IN AN OLD FRENCH TOWN.

"L'Americaine" visits a Turkish Home and an Ancient Dungeon.

Thousands of travelers who cross the wide ocean to visit the wonders of foreign lands often pass over the most interesting spots as seemingly unimportant, as they do not happen to be put down in the guide-book. All Americans, as well as English people, invariably carry about with them and religiously follow out the advice and directions of the renowned Baedeker and Murray, without once giving a thought to places which, though not mentioned by these books, are still of more than pleasing interest to all globe-trotters. It was my good fortune, not long ago, to visit the old town of Loches, which I am certain few Americans think of going out of their way to see; and still it is such a curious old town, clinging to all its ancient customs and traditions, that I know of no other place in France that will so well give travelers an idea of how the French of the middle classes lived some hundred years ago.

What will particularly excite the surprise of the stranger, and especially one just coming from the French capital, is the narrowness of the streets in the old town. The principal thoroughfare, where all the banks and dry-goods shops are to be found, is barely thirty feet in width, including the sidewalks, and these are oftentimes so contracted that two people can hardly walk comfortably together, and two couples meeting can only pass by one stepping off into the gutter. There is now a new part of Loches which is quite fashionable, and all this is changed; wide avenues invite the elegant turnouts of the millionaires who have their summer homes in the old town, or just on the outskirts, within a stone's throw of the grand old forest.

We rambled through many dark streets, made a few purchases in some dingy, old-fashioned shops, and now and then stopped to question some market-woman about the different sights. By the way, she always seemed delighted to answer fifty questions if we had cared to put them, and always, as you leave any one here in this quaint old place, they bid the "holy mother" bless you. Somehow, this custom touches me, although to the one who utters the blessing it has grown to be a mere form, which comes as glibly to his or her lips as "good-bye" or "good-day" comes to ours; still, there is a certain charm in it, and it certainly sounds sweet to the ear as it is lisped out by tiny children, spoken by a pretty maiden, or even hesitatingly drawled out by the aged.

We were invited to spend the afternoon at the home of M. and Mme. du Chastel in Loches, and my aunt, my cousin, and one or two others had driven over from Le Mousseau to accept their kind hospitality. After we had seen the first sights of the old town we asked our way to their house, leaving our visit to the Château de Loches for later in the day. M. du Chastel had married a Turkish lady of great wealth, and she had surrounded herself with all the possible associations of her own land by furnishing her house in Turkish style, and often, so it was said, dressed herself in the costume of her country.

This afternoon we were received by her in a room that fairly dazzled one by its gorgeous hangings, rich frescoing, beautiful and luxuriant divans and huge cushions, lovely *objets d'art*, the soft light that flooded the room through rose-tinted window-curtains, and a profusion of flowers and plants everywhere in the apartment. Some sweet, subtile perfume filled the room, filling one with a dreamy, fanciful sensation that was marvelously restful, and making one feel as if it would be sacrilege to speak above a whisper. As we entered, our hostess rose from a divan in a languid, graceful manner, greeted us cordially, and begged us to be seated. At first the absence of chairs was rather embarrassing, and we looked at each other in a hopeless sort of way, wondering if we were to sit on the floor, or throw ourselves down in one of those divans or huge piles of cushions that were scattered about here and there through the room. Mme. du Chastel saw our dilemma, and with a soft laugh explained to us that we were indeed to make ourselves comfortable among the cushions. We did so as gracefully as people can who are accustomed to straight-backed chairs, and much to our surprise we found that we were quite at our ease and thoroughly comfortable. I was rather disappointed, I must confess, to find that our hostess was dressed in European costume and was as much like a Parisian as any of my French friends, a certain languid manner and a slight accent being the only difference.

We were served by footmen in Turkish dress, with coffee, ices, small pastries, and the like, on little, low tables which were placed by our side. The gentlemen were offered a cigarette after this light repast, and I was slightly shocked to see our beautiful hostess invite them to smoke by lighting a cigarette for herself. But there was nothing vulgar in her manner as she did this, and the easy nonchalance with which she chatted to us while enjoying her home custom, and the calm manner in which her husband looked on and smiled approval, led me to believe that this was an every-day habit. An inspection of this beautiful and novel house followed, and as we wandered slowly from room to room, it was hard to realize that we were not hundreds of leagues away from *la belle France*, in the native land of our fair hostess; and when the time of our departure arrived it was almost like awaking from a pleasing dream, to step out of this enchanting home into the streets of the old French town.

We found there was sufficient time to call at Château Sans Sac before taking our way homeward. This château is just on the outskirts of the town, and had a particular interest to me, as I was told its châtelaine was an American. We drove up a long avenue of old trees, that met overhead, forming a perfect archway for us to drive through. As we turned a sudden point in the road a massive stone building rose before us, some parts of which had crumbled away to decay, the climbing ivy on one side trying to relieve the look of death that prevailed, while on the other the open windows, where a light breeze wafted the rich hangings in and out, showed that life still reached, at least, in this portion of the old mansion.

On the verandah stood the lady I was so desirous to meet, the Comtesse de Valasé, giving some order to her head-gardener. I was curious to know for what reason Château Sans Sac had been so strangely named, and, after we had been greeted by Mme. de Valasé with a true American hand-shake, and partaken of a glass of rare old wine and a biscuit, I expressed my wish, and, at the request of my aunt, Mme. de Valasé kindly solved the mystery of the queer name.

"This château," she said, "up to a few years ago, had been deserted, for nearly half a century, by the De Valasés. Some sad family trouble had driven them from Loches, their wealth had vanished by the aid of worthless sons, and their only remaining possession was this homestead, which they had abandoned, as they were unable to keep it up. Their name had gradually grown strange to the peasants, who once had honored them as masters; a mystery seemed to wrap this ruin of happier days, and soon the government would have claimed the land for an accumulation of unpaid taxes had not a young man appeared just in time to save the old castle. He took up his residence at the château, worked awhile at straightening up the overgrown and neglected garden, called his regained home Sans Sac, as he had taken possession of it without means or money, posted bills of sale on a portion of the land, and soon became known as one of the race of the long-forgotten De Valasés. He was successful in selling off part of his domain, made a few repairs in the castle, placed an old man to watch over it, and then disappeared again as suddenly as he had come.

"He went to America, was fortunate in placing his money well, became the partner of a well-to-do business-man, and shortly married his daughter. As soon as he contracted this alliance, the longing for his native soil grew very strong within him, and he and his young bride bade adieu to their friends in America and started for France. To-day, the present Comtesse de Valasé is that same American girl, and she is most happy in the old château of her husband's ancestors. The count delights in the name of Sans Sac, as it reminds him of hard times, and makes him grateful for the happy present."

Just time enough was left us to visit that terrible castle of Touraine, as some writer once called the fortress of Loches. It stands on a lofty eminence overlooking the town. From the battlements one can see the river Indre as it winds in and out of the wooded country that lies about the town. The fortress is a sombre pile of ancient stone and masonry, of great extent and vast strength. It was the favorite residence of Charles the Seventh, and of that superstitious tyrant, Louis the Eleventh, who first made it into a state prison. It is surrounded by walls, towers, and bulwarks, which crown a rock so inaccessible that the English, when invading France, always failed to storm it.

"In this castle," writes De Chesne, "there was an iron gate, terminating a long and gloomy passage hewn through the solid rock. For ages none dared to explore this corridor or open that mysterious gate, the bars of which had become a mass of rust. At length it was opened by order of a governor who had less superstition or more curiosity than his predecessors, and beyond it, hewn out of the rock on which the fortress stands, was found a square chamber wherein there was a man nearly *eight* feet tall, sitting upon a stone and leaning his head upon his hands as if asleep; but he dissolved into dust upon the air being admitted, all save the larger bones and skull, which were long preserved in the Church of Our Lady." But who the tall prisoner was, so long and so mysteriously confined there, there was neither trace nor record to show, though by some traditions he was supposed to be one of the lovers of Mary of Burgundy, most of whom were flayed alive about the time she was strangled by her husband, Louis the Tenth.

It was also in this castle that Louis the Eleventh kept the unfortunate Cardinal de la Balue, and that Louis the Twelfth held Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, torturing him daily until death released him from his misery. A large underground room was shown us, in which was kept every imaginable instrument of torture that the human mind can conceive. Our blood ran cold at the sight of thumb-screws, barred helmets, in which, in olden times, a live rat was put to gnaw the face of the unfortunate prisoner, stocks, the ducking-cage, and the terrible iron maiden, besides many others that fill one with horror at the mere recollection of them.

Our visit to the old fortress was most interesting, but we were glad to see the bright sunlight and breathe the fresh air after the stifling atmosphere of the long-closed rooms. I think none of us escaped vivid dreams that night, of eight-foot jailors who were coming to strangle us and throw us into one of the dreaded dungeons of the terrible castle of Tou

CHATEAU MOUSSEAU. L'AM

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"Modeste Mignon," the next volume in Miss Katharine Wormeley's series of translations from Balzac, will be published next month.

G. W. Dillingham will bring out an English version of Renan's "Abbess of Jouarre," and a dinner receipt-book called "Savories à la Mode."

Lady Colin Campbell has sent six private and "racy" diaries to a London publisher, which, it is anticipated, will create a sensation in London society.

D. Appleton & Co. will soon publish "A Nymph of the West," a novel by Howard Seely, the young author who made a reputation, two years ago, by his "Ranchman's Stories."

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth has had the gold pens with which her novels were written melted up and turned into two rings—one for each of her children. It is supposed that she will confine her story-telling hereafter to her grand-children.

The popularity of Mr. E. P. Roe's books still continues a marvel in literary circles. Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. announce the issue of the thirty-second thousand of "The Earth Trembled," a book which has not yet been six months on the market.

Mme. Hector Malot, wife of the celebrated French writer, has just published her first novel, "Folie d'Amour." The story is the study of the passion of an enthusiastic young girl for a celebrated musician. As a début, the book is remarkably clever.

Mr. H. Rider Haggard has written a "Suggested Prologue to a Dramatized Version of 'She,'" which appears in the current number of *Harper's Weekly*. The scene is laid in the ruined Temple of Truth, and the action takes place two thousand years before the date of the story.

Thomas Whittaker announces for publication in March "A Dictionary of Anecdote, Incident, and Illustrative Fact, especially gathered for the pulpit and the platform from all sources, and arranged with copious indices," which ought materially to economize the labor of preparing lectures, sermons, and addresses. The volume has already been issued in London.

A French version of Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," called "Le Petit Lord," by Eudoxie Dupuis, has recently been published in Paris with Mr. Birch's original illustrations. As the French law makes no distinction of persons, allowing copyright to a foreigner as to a native, it would be well for all writers of juvenile books to secure themselves in France.

Women booksellers in France are by no means rare. One of the largest booksellers in the city of Alsace is a well-educated and charming French lady, familiar with English and German literature. At Nantes, some years since, one of the leading bookseller's business was held by two elderly ladies, and very intelligent and obliging they were. It is not unusual, in France, to find a brother and sister in partnership, and over the shop door the two names "S. & Sœur."

A collection of the songs sung by the sailors of all nations at their work has been made by the daughter of the Russian Consul at Newcastle-on-Tyne. They are veritable sea-songs, and, in many cases, the words and music have never before been taken down until the work was done by this young lady. She made the round of the English seaports for the purpose, and got the sailors to sing to her. The collection is to be published by Kegan Paul under the captivating title of "The Music of the Waters."

The *Saturday Review* says concerning John Strange Winter's new book, "The Confessions of a Publisher," that the "special crimes revealed by this publisher are that, when he promised to publish a book at cost price, he really charged 'full retail prices,' and that he saddled an author with certain expenses for advertising, which he never paid in money, but swapped with other proprietors of magazines. For these practices he quotes 'the custom of the trade'; and, if it be the custom of the trade to lie and cheat, so much the worse for them. But it is probable, or rather certain, that the evil custom is practiced only by evil persons, and that we might as well call every author a plagiarist as every publisher a knave."

Says the *Saturday Review*: The popular novelist has many things to endure, including proposals like the following invitation. It was presented by the agent of an American insurance company to an English writer, of whom America may truly say that "piracy is the sincerest form of flattery": "DEAR SIR—I am authorized to secure an author to write a novel, by a very wealthy and powerful corporation. Said novel to bear the name of a large hotel they have built on the Pacific Coast, and the scene mainly to lay therein. To contain three hundred pages. Will you undertake this, and at what price? They will spend a large sum to give the novel a world-wide circulation. Let me hear from you at once. Yours truly, ———."

"People buy everything except books," said the author of "Queen Money." "They draw the line at that extravagance. Say a book costs a dollar, a dollar and a half, five dollars—nobody can afford such an outlay. They will wait six months to get a soiled copy from a library—will humiliate themselves to the last degree to borrow it—meanwhile, will spend ten, twenty, thirty, forty, a hundred, five hundred dollars for greenhouse plants or cut flowers; they will purchase trumpery dishes for tables and walls—adorn their own persons with dead birds, feathers, bits of tinsel, glass; they will eat, drink and be merry; take pains to gratify to the fullest every sordid, material, and sensual inclination they feel. But books! books are out of the question. Books, representing, as they do, not the material but the indestructible essence of human life and art, are not worth making a sacrifice for."

On the occasion of the removal of the New York State library to the new capitol at Albany, several assistants were needed to sort books and put them in place. Among those who were engaged, was a certain dignified elderly gentleman, who brought with him credentials of his literary ability from several leading citizens of Albany, who are prominent as Democratic politicians. He was engaged and set to work at once. The State librarian, who kept a shrewd outlook over his assistants, soon noticed that this man actually accomplished very little. He apparently avoided publicity, but kept busily at his work in dark recesses of the library, whence he would sometimes emerge, a candle in one hand, and in the other a long strip of paper to which he seemed in constant need of referring. Several days passed, and as there was no apparent progress in the elderly gentleman's work, it was decided to watch him. After a short period of watching, the State librarian appeared with the new assistant attired in his overcoat; he had been summarily dismissed. The mystery of his work was explained—the strip of paper he carried for reference contained the letters of the alphabet, for this "competent" gentleman, who had been recommended to assist in arranging the library of the State, could neither read nor write.

New Publications.

The seventh part of Professor Knoflach's "Spanish Simplified," with a key to the exercises in part six, has been published by Augustin Knoflach, New York; for sale by Joseph H. Hofmann; price, 10 cents.

"[illegible] a Girl," by Gertrude Forde, is a novel of life in Capri; a [illegible] man falling head over heels in love with a pretty peasant-[illegible] and deplorable results to both parties. Published in the [illegible] Library, by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by [illegible]ers; price, 30 cents.

"The Republic of the Future," by Anna Bowman Dodd, is the latest issue of Cassell's National Library. It is a book of the "Utopia" type, and was brought out last year; it is the first book by a living American writer to appear in the series. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"The Deemster," by Hall Caine, is a powerful story of a man's repentance and atonement in life for a great sin. The scene is laid in the Isle of Man and, apart from the interest of the story, the picture of Manx customs is most curious. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 50 cents.

"Dainty Deserts for Dainty Diners," by Nellie M. Littlehale, is a pamphlet containing about one hundred recipes for light desserts, from puddings, baked, iced, fruit, etc., through creams and custards, tarts, meringues, compotes, cakes, croquettes, and patties to ice-creams and waterices. Published by the Good Housekeeping Press, Springfield, Mass.; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.; price, 50 cents.

The fourth volume of Alden's "Manifold Cyclopedia of Knowledge and Language" has appeared. Its contents range from "Baptism" to "Bilberry," within which bounds it performs the offices of dictionary and encyclopedia. The compilation is the work of thorough specialists, and many of the articles are well illustrated. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

In "Monarchs I have Met," W. Beatty-Kingston, an English journalist, gives us his impressions of a number of European, Asiatic, and African rulers, including the late Emperor William, Francis Joseph, the Shah, Maximilian, the King and Queen of Roumania, three sultans, Pope Pius IX., Victor Emmanuel and Humbert, of Italy, two Khedives, and a number of lesser royalties. Mr. Beatty-Kingston's duties as a correspondent made him a spectator of, and often a participant in, many interesting events in which emperors, kings, their families, and their subjects took part, and he has made his recollections into an entertaining and instructive book. It is illustrated with a number of rather antiquated wood-cuts. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

The series of amusing sketches of ultra-fashionable life which Philip H. Welch has contributed to *Puck* have been collected and published in an oblong folio volume entitled "The Tailor-Made Girl." Mr. Welch has very cleverly hit off the foibles, vanities, shams, and even inanities and hypocrisies of certain high priests and priestesses of Vanity Fair. The names he has given his characters—Young Mr. Callow, Miss Débutante, Miss Thirdseason, Mrs. Bullion, Miss Gushington, Mrs. Married Flirt, etc.—indicate the fashion of his satirizing, and some of the sketches are "Echoes from the Boxes," "A Conjugal Caucus," "The Coming Generation," "Over an Ice," "The First Ball," and "Around the Mahogany." For Mr. Welch's text a series of equally good illustrations have been drawn by C. Jay Taylor, who gives us the counterfeit presentments of these earnest triflers as true to the life and as neatly done as is Mr. Welch's work. The book is artistically printed and bound. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.00.

"Paul Patoff," F. Marion Crawford's latest novel, is decidedly cosmopolitan in scene and characters; it takes the reader from Constantinople to the Black Forest, thence to a quiet country home in England; and back to the Bosphorus again; and the personages include an Englishwoman who has married a Russian, and merged her own national prejudices in those of her husband; her two sons, one of whom, always a spoiled child, is an officer in the Russian army, and the other, whom parental injustice has made hard and almost selfishly self-reliant, has made a career for himself in diplomacy; an American traveler who is equally at home and among his friends in Constantinople, the Tyrol, Thibet, Nevada, London, and any other habited part of the world; a Christianized Turk of Greek birth, in the Sultan's service; an Englishman of science, who is equally a man of the world; a typical English family, and an abundance of supernumeraries of varying nationality. Paul Patoff's brother, Alexander, having been lost—murdered or kidnapped—in Constantinople, Madame Patoff accuses Paul of having put away his elder brother and her favorite son. He does his best to obtain some trace of Alexander, but is unsuccessful, and, where before he had but his mother's blind injustice in her idolizing love of the elder son to bear, he now has to contend with the distrust and suspicion of all who know his story. He becomes hardened and almost reconciled, when he falls in love, and some words the girl lets fall send him off again to find the brother. Mr. Crawford here makes almost a sensational story of this detective work in the mazes of Constantinople; and it is somewhat of a shock to the reader that he continues the tale after Alexander is restored. But the reader's interest in the two brothers' rivalry, the girl's doubts between her two wooers, and the gradual development of Madam Patoff from simulated insanity to acute mania; the charm of the characters' conversation and of the author's clever generalities; and the vividness of his pictures of Oriental life make one grateful for the seeming "inartistic" construction of the tale. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.50.

Some Magazines.

The March *Forum* contains the following articles: "Our Political Prospects," by President Julius H. Seelye, of Amherst College; "The Recoil of Piracy," by Henry Holt; "Is Our Social Life Threatened?" by Bishop J. L. Spalding; "The Profitable Reading of Fiction," by Thomas Hardy; "What Shall the Public Schools Teach?" by Rev. C. H. Parkhurst; "Hindrances to Surplus Reduction," by William M. Springer; "Scotland To-day," by Professor John Stuart Blackie; "Who is Benefited by Protection?" by William R. Morrison; "Woman's Mental Status," by Rev. D. P. Livermore; "The Ratio of News," by Henry R. Elliot; "From Rome to Protestantism," by Professor E. J. V. Huiginn.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for March has the following table of contents: "The Economic Outlook—Present and Prospective," by Hon. David A. Wells; "New Chapters in the Warfare of Science," by Andrew Dickson White; "Underground Waters as Social Factors," by Professor G. A. Daubrée; "Glimpses at Darwin's Working Life," by William H. Larrabee; "The Indians of British Columbia," by Dr. Franz Boas; "Evolution: What It is not, and What It is"; "Weather Prognostics," by the Hon. Ralph Abercromby; "The Antechamber of Consciousness," by Francis Speir, Jr.; "Our Ice-Supply and Its Dangers," by T. Mitchell Prudden, M. D.; "Flamingoes at Home," by Henry A. Blake; "Curious Facts of Inheritance"; "Sketch of Henry Bradford Nason" (with portrait); and the usual departments.

The *North American Review* for March opens with a "symposium" on permanent Republican clubs. Among the symposiasts are Senator Edmunds, Senator Chandler, Henry Cabot Lodge, Governor Alger, of Michigan, John S. Wise, of Virginia, etc. M. D. Conway contributes a paper on "Judas Iscariot." "The President's Puzzle—the Surplus," is by Andrew Carnegie. John P. Irish contributes a defense of President Cleveland's recent message in an article, entitled "The Two Messages." Gail Hamilton's article on "The Lion's Side of the Liquor Question," is a study of life in Indian Territory. Murat Halstead protests against any "Increase of the Standing Army" of government employees. Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll discusses "Art and Morality," and Senator W. M. Stewart writes of "Contraction, and the Remedy." An anonymous writer contributes a very spirited *critique* of General Baldy Smith's "Genius of Battle."

Though Easter is still a fortnight away, the art stores and stationers' shops are already making generous displays of the artistic Easter cards published by L. Prang & Co., of Boston. The designs are all such as suit the season, consisting of landscapes and flower-pieces in which the Easter lily and the early spring flowers are most prominent; there are also figure pieces, showing pretty children and maidens. All these cards are inscribed with appropriate legends. The art novelties comprise panels, letters, "lace mounts," and satin prints in a variety of forms. These latter are exquisitely done in delicate hues, and are made up as book-marks, sachets, handkerchief cases, banners, etc. Besides these, there are a number of Easter booklets, making a variety of little Easter gifts, in which may be found something to suit all tastes.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Romilly has a characteristic anecdote of Jeremy Bentham. Sir Samuel Romilly once asked Bentham to dinner to meet a common friend (George Wilson) just returned from India. Bentham always hated a third person in company, and wrote in reply: "If nothing to say, why meet? If anything, why Wilson?"

When Mr. Labouchère first visited Ireland he was met, at landing, by a reporter, who began catechising him as to his views of this and his opinion of that. "Labby" looked at him a moment, and then said: "I don't know. We had a rough passage coming over, and I left all my views and opinions in a basin aboard the steamer."

At a committee meeting of the Literary Fund, Pollock heard a story of George Dyer, the friend of Lamb, who once, in a fit of absence of mind, walked out of Lamb's front door into the New River. He was, at one time, a Baptist minister, and while performing the rite of baptism by total immersion he fell into a reverie, and held an old woman under water until she was drowned.

Rosita Mauri one day, relating her former successes, described the curious custom that prevails in some Italian towns of showing admiration by throwing at the feet of the dancer doves tied up with ribbons. "And when there are no doves," she added, laughing, "they throw pigeons at you. In a week I had enough pigeons to stock a dove-cote." "And what did you do with so many?" "Why, we ate them!" Most unpoetic and unromantic!

At Mrs. Leo Hunter's the other evening (says *Town Topics*), one did not know which to admire most among the literary celebrities and the society women present, the collection of brains or the exhibition of busts. Professor Barnyard of Lumbago College, was expatiating over the men, saying to his neighbor who was reviewing the ladies: "We have here, Mr. Depew, quite a museum of lions." "It looks more to me," said the cheery Chauncey, "like a bare show."

Senator Frye tells a story about Mr. Evarts, which is worth repeating. Mr. Evarts, so his colleague says, is very dilatory. When a subject is committed to him in the Senate it is likely to remain committed for a long time. He is chairman of the Library Committee, which has not held a meeting this session, and is not likely to. Senator Hoar said to him one day: "Evarts, when you have a meeting of the Library Committee, I wish you would inform my executors." "Certainly," was the prompt response, "I should be delighted to inform your executors."

An army officer tells this story: "At the battle of Gettysburg, heavy fighting was going on at the front. The wounded in great numbers were being carried past us to the rear. At this moment when one's backbone needed all the bracing possible, I saw on a tree, some little distance from me, a paper which looked so much like a notice of a horse-race or a public sale that I left my position and rode up to read it. "Phansy my felinks," as Yellowplush says, when I read the following: '*Bodies of officers carefully embalmed and forwarded by early express to their friends for fifty dollars. N. B.—The bodies of privates at half-price.* ——— & ———, *Undertakers and Embalmers.*'"

A Mrs. Blank was spending the summer in the country (says the Boston *Courier*) and was very anxious to catch a certain train. As that event seemed, from the leisurely gait of the horse, extremely uncertain, she urged the country driver to make the beast go faster. The coachman plied whip and reins with no apparent effect, while the lady alternately examined her watch and encouraged the driver. At last, however, her patience became completely exhausted, and, espying a place in the tough hide of the stolid brute where the harness had chafed, she cried out vehemently: "Hit him on the raw, Mr. Casseboom! Hit him on the raw!" "Ma'am," responded Mr. Casseboom, with unmoved gravity, "I'm a savin' the raw till we come to the hill."

We had been, some of us, to a wedding-breakfast—there were such things in those days—and had breakfasted, and were returning to the Garrick Club (writes a gentleman from London), when, as we crossed Leicester Square, one of the party proposed that we should go into the Globe. We entered, and found that a gentleman, who at certain periods delivered an instructive geographical lecture, had just concluded, and we caught his final words: "If any lady or gentleman present would like to ask me a question, I shall be happy to answer them." Then from our ranks stepped forth H. C. I., suavest and most perfect of swells, and in his most mellifluous of tones, said he: "You are very good, sir; will you kindly tell me who cuts your hair?" Then he turned, and fled.

A half-witted fellow was traveling by railway for the first time. Having seated himself, he did not see the use of keeping a bit of cardboard, so he threw his ticket out of the window of the carriage. Consequently, at the station where the tickets were looked at, he had to pay. At his journey's end he had to acknowledge that he had been "done." A few weeks later some men in a railway carriage saw this same man laughing immoderately to himself in a corner of the compartment. They inquired the reason of his merriment. He replied by telling them what he had suffered on his first railway journey. "But," concluded he, triumphantly, "I've done 'em this time." "Well, what have you done?" asked his companions. "Why," replied he, "I've taken a return ticket, and I ain't a-going back again!"

Rufus Choate once wanted five hundred dollars, and applied to Daniel Webster for it. Mr. Webster said: "No, I haven't that amount, but I will get it for you, Choate." Mr. Choate having expressed his pleasure at such a proposition, Mr. Webster said: "Draw a note; I'll endorse it, and bring you the money." Then, while Mr. Choate was making out the note, a new idea seemed to occur to Mr. Webster, and he said: "While you are about it, Choate, make it a thousand. A thousand is as easy to get as five hundred. I'll take the other five hundred myself." So the note was drawn for one thousand dollars. Mr. Webster took his cane, and, walking down Pennsylvania Avenue to Corcoran & Riggs's banking-house, entered, and saluted Mr. Corcoran with a dignified "Good-morning." "Good-morning, Mr. Secretary," Mr. Corcoran responded; "what can I do for you this morning?" "A little favor for my friend Choate," said Mr. Webster. He then produced the note, and Mr. Corcoran readily agreed to cash it. Mr. Webster had the gold laid out in two equal parts, and putting the parts into separate pockets, returned to Mr. Choate to divide the proceeds of this successful financial operation.

The Hindoo, as well as the Frenchman, is evidently able to keep his face straight when a foreigner ruthlessly murders his language. The author of "Daily Life and Work in India" says that he once heard a gentleman, at dinner, ask the native servant for a tumbler of water. At least, he attempted to make the request, but in reality asked the servant to put him in the glass. The man poured the water without the suspicion of a smile. Perhaps, however, such forbearance may also be accounted for by the fact, stated by the same author, that there is no humor in a Bengali. All orders to native servants must be literally given, for in that manner they will be received. Doubtless the servant in the preceding anecdote would have attempted crowding his master into a tumbler, had the feat been possible. A missionary once took a country-lad as a servant, when going out on a boating journey. As there are no lavatories on board these country boats, one's ablutions have to be performed in a very simple manner, an ordinary bucket serving as a wash-bowl. The boy was ordered to bring some water, and in doing so, happened to spill a little on the floor. "Why don't you throw it all over me?" asked the missionary, jocosely. "Aha," said the lad, and immediately, to his master's astonishment, took up the pail and emptied it over that gentleman's head. The boy could not possibly understand the humor in the speech, and was astonished to find that words are not always used to express the same idea.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker will go to New York before long to visit Mr and Mrs. Charles B Alexander, and will remain until July, when the entire party will come to this city.

Miss Gertrude Hyde has returned from an enjoyable visit to her sister in Los Angeles.

Mrs. C. McLaughlin and Miss May Ives are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr Arthur Castle has returned from a prolonged Eastern visit.

Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier and Miss Sophie McPherson will pass the summer at their ranch, near Clear Lake.

Mrs. Frank Johnson has left the city. to make a tour of Europe.

Misses Lena and Millie Ashe have been visiting friends at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs Nickerson will return from Seattle in a few days

Mr. Albert Dakin Gihon has been visiting Mr. H. S. Dexter at his county-seat. "La Cantera," near Calistoga.

Mrs. N. P Perrine and Miss Florence Perrine, of Fruit Vale, have gone to Santa Barbara, where they will remain during the next six months.

Miss Maud Younger, who is now in New York, will pay a visit to Europe before returning to this city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels have rented a cottage at San Rafael for the summer season.

Miss Flora Low has been passing the last two weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr Alexander Badlam and Miss Maud Badlam are in New York city.

Mr. John Landers and his daughter, Miss Helen Landers, have gone East on a short trip.

Miss Coleman, of Grass Valley, is the guest of the Misses Cohen at Fruitvale.

Mrs. John McMullin and Miss Susie Williams have returned from Los Angeles, where they have been for several weeks. to see Mrs. E. B Perrin, who has been quite ill since her return from Europe.

Miss Kate Conway has been visiting Mrs Rudolph B. Spence at San José.

Miss Bessie Shreve is visiting friends at Los Angeles.

Mrs William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl. of San Mateo, were in the city recently on a visit.

Mrs. C. H. Dinsmore went East last week to visit relatives.

Mrs. Charles J. Torbert and Miss Mollie Torbert are expected to return soon from New York.

Miss Anderson has returned to Santa Barbara after a pleasant visit to Mrs. Robert Sherwood.

Judge F. E. Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer came up from San José yesterday to remain until next Monday.

Mr. John W. Mackay has gone to El Paso de Robles Hot Springs to recuperate his health.

Mrs Maria Coleman is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill came up from Madrone on Monday, and passed the week at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. E. H. Woods and Miss Kate Treat were in Naples, Italy, when last heard from.

Miss Etta Birdsall came down from Sacramento on Thursday to visit friends here.

Mr. and Mrs N. J. Brittan, of Redwood City, have been passing the last few days at the Palace Hotel.

Misses Annie and Kittie Hope are now occupying their new residence, 1124 Gough Street.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell gave a charming lunch-party recently as a compliment to Miss Anderson, of Santa Barbara, who has been visiting here. Beautiful decorations and dainty souvenirs were features of the delightful affair, and a sumptuous menu made it all the more pleasant. The others present were: Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Charles Peters. Mrs. Alfred Poett. Miss Nettie Schmiedell, Miss Mattie Peters, Miss Edith Findley, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Minnie Houghton, and Miss Babette Howard.

In honor of Miss Marquand, of New York, a delightful dinner-party was given at the Occidental Hotel, last week, by Mrs. William B. Collier, and the hours at the table were passed very pleasantly. Among the others present were: Miss Barrett, of New York, Miss Sophie McPherson, Lieutenant T. Bentley Mott, U. S. A., Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Davidson, and Mr. A W. Smith, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John Maillard, *née* Page, have named Friday as their day at home.

Mrs. Charles Crocker gave an elaborate lunch-party to eight ladies, last week, at her home on California Street.

Captain John W. Dillenback, U. S. A., gave an elaborate lunch-party at the Presidio, a week ago yesterday, which proved delightful in every particular. His guests were: Miss Alice Decker, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Clara Taylor, Miss May E. Pope, Miss Nettie Tubbs, Lieutenant William H Bean, U S. A, Lieutenant F. A. Peck, U. S. A., Lieutenant L. E. Faison, U. S. A., Lieutenant Gilbert P. Cotton, U. S. A., Lieutenant Joseph Oyster, U S. A., and Lieutenant E. W. Van C. Lucas, U. S. A.

On Thursday, of this week, Miss Mamie Barker, of this city, was married to Mr. Frederick A. Weed, of Potsdam, N. Y. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. C. D. Salfield, 2417 California Street, and the Rev. W. H. Scudder was the officiating clergyman.

Talks on Art.

A series of "Talks on Art by the Artists" is being given, under the auspices of the Longfellow Memorial Association, at the State University, Berkeley. The third lecture will be given on Wednesday afternoon, March 14, by Fred Yates. His subject will be "Early Italian Painting" The two talks already given, by Theodore Wores and William Keith, brought together large audiences, who listened with delight to their thoughts on "Japanese Art" and on "Landscape Painting." A cordial invitation is extended to the public to attend these lectures. Persons from San Francisco should leave on the two o'clock boat.

The Booth-Barrett First Night.

The first appearance this season of Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett last Monday evening, brought together a large audience to witness the performance of "Julius Cæsar." It was a brilliant audience in one sense but not in others, for there was not that elaborate degree of dress noticed that usually characterizes notable first nights. The gentlemen were more punctilious in this respect than the ladies.

Among those present were: Mr. C. Fenkhausen, Mr. J. Rothschild, Mr. J. Schweitzer, Mr. Ben Pechheimer, Mr. Joseph Levy, Miss Maria Levy, Miss Rebecca Levy, Mrs. Arnold Goldsmith, Mr. and Mrs. Sol J Levy, Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht, Mr. and Mrs. Abe Hecht, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Levy, Mr. David A. Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Louis P. Weill, Mr. and Mrs Max Brooks, Mr. Maurice Reinstein, Miss Lilly Reinstein, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schwartz, Mr. H. M. Levy and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Siedenberg, Mr. H. I. Kowalsky, Mr. and Mrs. S. Ostroski, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Block, Miss Miriam Choyinsky, Mrs Slessinger, Miss Levy, Mrs. Neustadter, Mr. W. Walters, Mrs. C Oppenheimer, Mr. F. A. Frank, Mr. J. Weill, Mr. Charles Weill, Mr. Charles Ackerman, Mrs. I. Sachs, Mr Russian Cornassi, Mr Dave Eiseman, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Levy, Mr Joseph Levy, Mrs. Hyman Joseph, Mrs. Henry Schwartz, Mrs. M. E. Lippman, Dr. Julius Rosenstirn, Mr. J. H. Schoenwald, Mr. J. Neustadter, Miss Julia Levy, Mr. K. C. Levy, Mr. and Mrs. Moses Gunst, Mr and Mrs. Carlton C. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. C A. Spreckels, Mr and Mrs. Charles H. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Austin, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Payne, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mr and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. George L. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Bissell, Mr and Mrs. Hans Kohler, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Reis, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jackson, Mr and Mrs. Montgomery Godley, Mr. and Mrs. T. I. Bergin, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Bunker, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Low, Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson, Colonel and Mrs. David Wilder, Mr. and Mrs. Eli J. Hutchinson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Bandmann, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Payne, Mr. and Miss Pillsbury, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Mrs. Grayrigge, Mrs. H. G. Jones, of Portland, Or., Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. E. B. Crocker, Mrs. Amy Crocker, Mrs. John McMullin, Mrs. Susie Williams, Mrs. Timothy Paige, Mrs. Louis F Monteagle, Mrs N. Flood, Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Nettie Schmiedell, Miss Matie Peters, Miss Fair, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Miss Durbrow, Miss Maud Smith, Miss Jennie Hopkins, Miss Kittie Nolan, Miss Annie Hope, Miss Ada Sullivan, Miss Belle Sullivan, Miss Arcadia Spence, Miss Anna Buckbee, Miss Belle Reis, Miss May Reis, Miss Ethel Beaver, Miss Belle Grant, Miss Jennie Dunphy, Miss Georgie Grayson, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Misses Hamilton, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Clara Taylor, Miss Daisy Ainsworth, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Miss Adèle Martel, Miss Jennie Martel, Miss Emma Will, Miss Mattie Gibbs, Miss Grace Bradley, Miss Anderson, Miss Maggie Kittle, Miss Julia Bissell, Miss May Miller, Miss Ella Nightingale, Miss Minnie Nightingale, Miss Bandmann, Miss Carrie Platt, Misses Price, Miss Agnes Burgin, General W. H. L. Barnes, Captain William H. Taylor, Baron J. H. von Schroeder, Mr. James C. Dunphy, Mr. Robert R. Grayson, Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. Spencer C. Buckbee, Mr. Christian Froelich, Jr., Mr. Warren D. Clark, Mr. Edward Schmiedell, Mr William S Blair, Mr. John W. Taylor, Mr. Robert B. Woodward, Mr Charles W. Grant, Lieutenant E. W. Van C. Lucas, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. E. Peck, U.S. A., Mr. Charles Van Studdiford, of St. Louis, Mr. Frank Unger, Mr. Walter Maxwell, Mr John N Featherston, Mr. George A. Pope, Mr Alexander Hamilton, Mr. Paul Jarboe, Mr. T. T Dargie, Mr Bert Sherwood, Mr. Frank D Madison, Hon. William T. Wallace, Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. Walter McGavin, Lieutenant L P. Brant, U. S A., Mr. Wilfrid B Chapman, Mr. William H. Sherwood, Mr. N. G. Kittle, Mr James G. Fair, Jr., Mr. J. Fred. Burgin, Jr., Mr. Charles S. Neal, Mr. Harry Veuve, Mr. Samuel M. Fabian, Mr. E. W. Townsend, Dr John Nightingale. Mr. W. E. Stewart, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. W. R. Melville, Mr. Harry Holbrook, Mr. Richard R. Wallace, Mr. Arthur Price, Major S. Hasbrouck, U. S. A. Mr. Richard Sherwood, and others.

The occupants of the proscenium boxes included: Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard. Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mr and Mrs. R. D. Girvin. Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs M. Deane, Miss Mamie Deane, Mr. John Deane, Mr and Mrs J. B. Haggin, Mrs Arnsden, Miss Pearl Voorhies, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Baldwin, Mrs. A. A Bennett, Miss L. Rossette, Mrs. William Wise. of Virginia, Mrs. George D Roberts, Miss Lulu Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Hall. Mr. William Jackson, and others.

In the mezzanine boxes were noticed: Dr. and Mrs. M. Herzstein, Mrs. William H. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs Drury Melone, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Hastings, Mr and Mrs. Jerome, and others.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Orchestral Union.

The Orchestral Union gave a concert at Odd Fellows' Hall last Wednesday evening, in aid of the music and instrument fund of the union. The orchestra had the able assistance of Mme. Louise Pyk, soprano; Mr Hugo Mansfeldt, pianist; Mr. Hermann Brandt, violinist; and Mr. Clarke W. Reynolds, accompanist. A large and attentive audience enjoyed the following programme:

Overture, "Merry Wives" ..... Nicolai
Scena, "Oberon" ..... Weber
"Ocean Thou Mighty Monster"
Mme. Louise Pyk
With Orchestral Accompaniment.
Music of the Spheres. ..... Rubinstein
Concerto "Andante and Allegro" ..... Raff
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.
Symphonie (unfinished) ..... Schubert
I. Allegro Moderat *II.* Andante Con moto.
Recitative and Aria, "Creation" ..... Haydn
With Verdure Clad
Madame Louise Pyk.
Air Hongroise ..... Ernst
Mr. Hermann Brandt.
Reminiscences, "Tannhäuser" ..... Wagner

The Campobello Concert.

Signor Enrico Campobello gave the first of a series of concerts, last night at Byron Mauzy's concert-rooms, in the Union Club Building The talent of the evening comprised: Mme. Fleissner-Lewis, soprano; the Misses Lula, Pauline, and Elise Joran, pianists and violinists; Mr. James Owen, tenor; and Signor Campobello, baritone, and two pupils of the latter, Mr. C F. Mullins and Mr. Bokee. The Programme was quite long, and included the following numbers:

Duo for two pianos, (Polacca) ..... Saint-Saëns
Misses Lula and Pauline Joran.
Grand Air, "Sorgete" (Mahomet II) ..... Rossini
Signor Campobello.
Violin solo, "Ballade and Polonaise" ..... Vieuxtemps
Miss Pauline Joran.
Cavatina, "Come vorrei saper" (Faust) ..... Gounod
Mme. Fleissner-Lewis.
Piano solo { "Tarantelle" / "Polonaise" } ..... Chopin
"Elfinspiel" ..... Heyman
Miss Elise Joran.
Duet, "Pronta io son" (Don Pasquale) ..... Donizetti
Mme. Fleissner-Lewis and Signor Campobello
Trio, "Te sol quest 'anima" (Attila). ..... Verdi
Mme Fleissner-Lewis, J. Owens, and Signor Campobello.
Piano solo, "L'invitation a la valse" ..... Weber-Tausig
Miss Lula Joran.
Ballads, (*a*) "In the Gloaming" ..... Lady Arthur Hill
(Written expressly for Signor Campobello and sung by him at all the great concerts throughout England)
(*b*) "Leaving yet Loving" ..... Marzials
Signor Campobello.
Violin solo, "Gipsy Dances" ..... Sarasate
Miss Pauline Joran.
Ballad, "Let me dream again" ..... Sullivan
Mme Fleissner-Lewis.
Aria, "M'Appari" (Martha) ..... Flotow
Mr. James Owens.
Concerto with second piano, (*1*) "Andante" / (*2*) "Finale" } .. Mendelssohn
Misses Elise and Lula Joran.
"Bella siccome un Angelo" ..... Donizetti
Mr. C. F Mullins.
"Se il rigor" ..... Halevy
Mr. Bokee.

The Handel and Haydn Society will give its next concert at Metropolitan Hall, next Tuesday evening.

The Hermann Brandt String Quartet will give its last concert of the series, next Friday evening, at Irving Hall Miss Mary A. Barnard, vocalist, and Miss Alice M Bacon, pianist, will assist

M. Gray & Co. have just published "My Mandolinata," a pretty Spanish serenade, composed by Mr. John Donigan and dedicated to Mrs. A D. Sharon. It is for the voice and piano, and is also published with a mandolin obligato.

Army and Navy.

Paymaster and Mrs. W. W Barry, U. S. N., and Chaplain Frank Thompson, U. S. N, of Mare Island, passed several days at the Occidental Hotel this week

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOgraphic gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Both Blew.

They went to see the city,
Two of the rural class;
And one blew in his money,
And one blew out the gas.
The one who blew the gas out
Was buried yesterday,
Dead was the other also—
Dead broke, that is to say.
—*Boston Courier.*

A Contrast.

I ain't one of them cultured folk
From Beacon Hill, you know,
But when it comes to solid style
You bet I make a show.
Now, Sally Perkins think she's some,
Since she got Doctor Green,
But we burn gas in our house,
And she burns kerosene

She ain't got no such style as I.
You'd see that at a glance.
Why, all my things are made by Worth,
And come from Paris, France.
Now, Sally dresses awful plain—
Some folks would call it mean—
And we burn gas to our house.
While she burns kerosene.

These di'mond ear-rings I have on
Are twice as big as her'n,
And flash out like a house afire
Whichever way I turn.
Sometimes I see her look at them
While envy turns her green,
Well—we burn gas to our house.
And she burns kerosene.

Now, folks do say that Doctor Green
Has got dead loads of cash;
But Sally ain't at all like me.
She'd never cut no dash
Among the swells at big hotels
She never would be seen,
Why, we burn gas to our house,
And she burns kerosene.

Sometimes I rather pity Sal,
Because she is so slow,
And I lives awful quiet like,
And never makes no show.
But Sally ain't a bit like me,
That's plainly to be seen,
And we burn gas to our house,
While she burns kerosene.
—*Somerville Journal.*

A Divorce Complaint.

The undersigned, in modest tone
Announces to his wife who's gone,
With deep regret and short discourse,
His application for divorce.

Before the Court of Common Pleas
He's filed a statement of his case,
And charges his Sophronia dear
With conduct very strange and queer.

To speak quite plain, he says that she
Is guilty of adultery;
That not content with one man's charms,
She folds whole townships in her arms.

In gross neglect of duty she
Is worse than Madam Xanthippe,
And makes his dome from sill to spire
Almost as hot as Hades' fire.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-six
She hitched herself to Edward Wicks,
And, leaving plaintiff quite alone,
She sloped with Ed to parts unknown.

Complainant mourns, alas! alack!
But mourns for fear that she'll come back;
And, therefore, to Judge Tuttle's gone
To cut the knot that made them one.

At next November term of court
Sophronia will please report;
Or, in default of doing so,
Petitioner will not be slow
To ask Judge Tuttle to cut the chain
And make this prisoner free again.
—*Copied from the records of Portage County, Ohio.*

At the Reception.

Little Wilhelmina, she went last Wednesday night
To shake hands with the President along with the *ee-light*
And Algernon escorted her, alas! they did not know
That ev'ry one invited was not strictly *com ed fo.*
They tarried in their carriage from the hour of eight till ten,
Two blocks from the Columbia 'mid a horde of gibing men.
They lingered out of patience in the turmoil and the din;
For it's very aggravating when you can't
get
in.

She knew her neck was prettier than any other maid's,
And so she wore her dress cut low to show her shoulder
blades.
She realized it was not well her throat too much to deck,
That she might win, as jockeys say, if only "by a neck."
And so her throat and chest were shown in all their snowy
white,
And the demon of Pneumonia, he laughed to see the sight.
Oh, hasten, Wilhelmina, the performance will begin,
And you'll surely catch bronchitis if you can't
get
in.

When finally her vehicle was drawn up to the curb,
She found the chilling night wind calculated to perturb.
A crowd of shivering women, all decolleté in their dress,
Awaited in the vestibule in chilliest distress,
With lovely necks and arms all unprotected from the breeze,
The dowagers and débutantes began to wheeze and sneeze
Now, remember, Wilhelmina, though a low neck is no sin,
That the rheumatic will nab you, if you can't
get
in.
—*Chicago Herald.*

"Glad We're Here."

That is what all the ladies say. In no other place in the world have the ladies better facilities for improving and retaining, in all its graceful loveliness, the divine form nature has endowed them with. The credit for this is due to the great Freud's Corset House, which is the largest and finest corset emporium in the world. There may be found in endless variety the best corsets made. Remember this establishment is at Nos. 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Grant Avenue. Beware of imitators. Catalogues sent free. Address mail orders, Freud & Son, 742 and 744 Market Street. Make no mistake.

A Leading Social Event.

One of the most prominent social affairs of last week was the reception given by the proprietor of the *Examiner*, and which was attended by hundreds of well-known ladies and gentlemen. The event was of double importance, as it furnished the largest order for supper from the Maison Riche which the magnificent establishment has served outside of its own walls. By the way, lovers of artistic work should not fail to visit this restaurant so handsomely fitted up in Parisian style, and so centrally located on the corner of Geary Street and Grant Avenue.

The American Party in Oakland.

J. WEST MARTIN

The nominee for Mayor, should undoubtedly be elected, for when last in office he was the most efficient Mayor Oakland ever had, and richly deserves the votes of the people, irrespective of party.

T. O CRAWFORD

Has received the nomination for superintendent of schools of the American and Democratic parties, and if elected, his twenty years experience will make him a very capable and efficient officer.

WILLIAM WARD BRITTON

The subject of these lines, who has received the unanimous nomination of the American Party of Oakland for the office of City Attorney, was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1858. He is a graduate of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., and was admitted to the bar in 1880. Mr. Britton has lived in the third ward continuously during his residence in the city, surrounded by an interesting family. He is a tax-payer and also Secretary of the Fourteenth Street R. R. Company, and the Oakland and Piedmont Land Company, and there is no one within its borders more enthusiastic in promoting the ultimate destiny of Oakland. The father of Mr. Britton, was an old Forty-niner, a lawyer of prominence and a member of San Francisco's first Board of Aldermen. Mr. Britton has been an earnest promoter of the American Party since its formation. If elected, however, the community will have the services of an honest, fearless and independent officer.

ED. S FINCH

A very popular young man, has received the nomination for City Marshal, and well deserves the support of all parties.

Furnished Drawing Rooms To Let.

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THE THOMPSON STREET POKER CLUB.

Tooter Williams's Game.

Last Saturday evening Mr. Tooter Williams presented himself at the room of the Thompson Street Poker Club forty minutes before the hour appointed for services. Mr. Williams entered the building humming a merry tune he had acquired the evening before in the lofty coon-heaven at the Casino, tripped lightly up the six flights of stairs, removed the yellow glove from his right hand, and rapped thrice upon the cracked panel of the janitor's door. The response was a simultaneous opening of the door, and a furious onslaught upon Mr. Williams's right trouser leg by a valorous poodle, which served the building as a burglar-alarm.

Mr. Williams waited till the poodle's teeth were firmly set in the cloth, and then, by a dexterous backward fillip of his leg, projected the dog upward and backward over the baluster, whence he descended to the middle of the staircase with a dull thud and a sharp yell, and thence rolled noisily to the landing below.

Accomplishing this defense of his person, Mr. Williams bowed affably to the janitor, and, slipping a quarter into that functionary's hand, requested that the club-room should be opened, lighted, and aired, and that he should be given a new pack of cards with which to amuse himself at solitaire until the other gentlemen should arrive.

Ascertaining that the poodle's back was not broken, although his spirit was, the janitor opened the room, lighted the lamp, produced the cards, and left Mr. Williams to himself.

Mr. Williams's game of solitaire was somewhat peculiar. For a moment he continued the Casino tune, but after the door closed he ceased being musical, listened, stepped softly over and bolted the door, and then chuckled:

"If I doan' pblize dad campmeetin' moke ternite! —jumpin' Gabril!—I'll jess—jess kyarve de stuffin' outen ole Smif."

Then Mr. Williams placed the lamp upon the table, carefully removed the cover from the cards, sorted out the aces, kings, queens, and jacks, placed them face downward, and drew out a stylographic pen. Then he chuckled again.

"Ef I doan' lay out ole Glass Eye on de fuss jacker!"

Then, with rapid skill, Mr. Williams did as follows: On the right-hand corner of the back of each jack he placed a dot. On the back of each queen, in a similar place, he placed two dots, upon the kings three dots, and upon the aces four dots. The dots were small, and ingeniously immersed in the scroll work, but they were all there. Meanwhile, Mr. Williams chuckled, and once he remarked:

"Sufferin' Ebenezer! jess lemme at dat gospil peddler!"

With these words, and with various sniffs, snorts, and chuckles, all menacing the peace and financial prosperity of the Rev. Thankful Smith, Mr. Williams put art touches to the court cards as described.

Once he stopped to listen, but seemed satisfied that no intrusion was threatening, and resumed his labors. Had Mr. Williams used his eyes as sharply as his ears, he might not have chuckled so serenely, for the powerful kerosene ray, which was projected through the key-hole of the door, was reflected back in a curious manner.

This phenomenon, had Mr. Williams investigated it, would have been exposed as the result of the application of the janitor's eye to that orifice. By means of this stealthy proceeding he was enabled to see exactly what Mr. Williams was doing, and report the same to the Rev. Thankful Smith, whose goloshes made his ascent by the stairs almost noiseless, and who appeared on the scene in time to see Mr. Williams dot the last jack, and hear him make the last threat recorded above.

After relieving the janitor at the key-hole for a moment, the Rev. Mr. Smith tip-toed into that official's room, where the poodle was still whining under the bed, and a brief conversation in whispers ensued. A moment later the janitor strode heavily across the hall, and knocked at the door of the club-room. Mr. Williams opened the door, with a yawn.

"Clar' to goodness, I done jess felled ter sleep," he said, "'n I doan' speck I'll play no solitary ter-night, 'ceptin' wif a glasser beer, 'n I'll go out 'n histe in one."

"Yezzah," said the janitor.

"Yar am de pack," said Mr. Williams, "'n yo see de papah's on it same ez befo'!"

"Yezzah."

"Dey'll call fer a new pack wen de luck's gittin' too bilious for some squealer, 'n den yo' bring in dis yar pack."

"Yezzah."

"I m a-goin' out ter woke mysef up wif a beer, bud doan' tole de boys dad I've been yar."

"Nozah."

"Funny 'bout dat dawg rollin' down-steps. Speck he done heer a cat," said Mr. Williams, affably, as he left.

"Yezzah."

A minute later Mr. Williams was gone. Two minutes later, at the same table, by the same lamp, sat the Rev. Thankful Smith, running over the pack with his practiced eye. Hard by stood the janitor, obsequiously ready to bring the great man anything he wanted, from a growler of beer to a fire-extinguisher.

"Dis-am a fine pack," soliloquized the reverend gentleman, "but it pears to me dat de flies hez been monkeyin' wif de big kyards. Hez yo' got a razzer?" he inquired of the janitor.

"Yezzah," was the respectful response.

"Bring me de razzer, 'n bring me de pen 'n deink," said the Rev. Mr. Smith.

The janitor brought the articles required. The Rev. Mr. Smith was plunged in profound thought a moment. Then, with admirable delicacy and the razor, he scraped three dots from the back of each ace and added three to the back of each jack. The aces now had one dot, the kings three, the queens two, and the jacks four, which was but a slight variation from Mr. Williams's method of decoration. The Rev. Mr. Smith then carefully replaced the pack in its original paper and returned it to the janitor, to whom he said:

"Wen Tooter arsts fer de new pack, fetch her in. Wen de han am doled, touch off dat messinger buzz-box in yo' room 'n call de perlice 'n de Kyoroner, 'n yo'll see de bagges' middle-weight scrap of de season."

* * * * * * *

One hour later the game was in full blast. The Rev. Thankful Smith presided, assisted, as usual, by [illegible] Anderson, Mr. Cyanide Whiffles, Pro[illegible] Brick, and Mr. Gus. Johnson. At 9:30 precisely the door opened and Mr. Tooter Williams blew gayly in.

"Ah, there, genlemen," he exclaimed. "Keep her bilin'. Gimme tree stacks—dar's de boodle—whad's de limmick—I'ze jess kem from Hoboken 'n I'm a gointer playum high." Chatting thus affably, Mr. Williams flung himself out of his ulster and into a chair, drew forth a huge wad of bills, shoved over nine dollars for chips, lighted a cigar, blew a cloud into Professor Brick's weak eyes, propped his wet feet against Elder Jubilee Anderson's new trousers, expectorated in Mr. Cyanide Whiffles's hat, which had inadvertently been placed on the floor, and which he pretended to mistake for a cuspidor, raised the Rev. Thankful Smith out of the first pot, and having thus made himself agreeable to the entire company, leaned back with a joyous smile, and burst once more into a snatch of the Casino song.

* * * * * * *

At 10:30 Mr. Williams was eight dollars and sixty-five cents behind, having imprudently selected as the proper time to play a kelter a moment when the Rev. Thankful Smith was sitting behind three sad, but powerful queens; and then he hammered on the kerosene-can which served the club as a bell, summoned the janitor, and demanded a new pack of cards.

It may be remarked that it was Mr. Williams's deal, and also a buck jack-pot.

The pack was brought, and Mr. Williams proceeded to deal, giving the Rev. Thankful Smith three cards with one speck on the back of each, and himself four with three specks on the back of each. Meantime the janitor's eye shone brilliantly through the key-hole, and Mr. Cyanide Whiffles was in a congestive chill of excitement.

The Rev. Thankful Smith opened the pot with a burst of blue chips, got raised by Mr. Williams, made the raise good, and got another card with one speck on it in the draw. Mr. Williams stood pat. There was war in the eyes of both. Mr. Gus Johnson swooned with emotion, Professor Brick got near the window so as to be handy to the fire escape in case of murder, the janitor's eye glittered more brightly at the key-hole, and Elder Jubilee Anderson breathed like a distant fog-horn. After the draw the betting was resumed.

* * * * * * *

At 12.30 A. M., Mr. Tooter Williams stood on the Brooklyn Bridge, wrestling feebly with Mr. Gus Johnson.

"Lemme jump 'n be de fuss snoozencide ob de seasin," he yelled. "Leggo my gyarment!"

"No, Toot," remonstrated Mr. Johnson, "cummerlong home, 'n I'll sot up de beer 'n a hot sassenger sangwidge."

"I done loss tree hunded 'n steen dollahs," said Mr. Williams, "'n wanter die."

"No, Toot; de wattah's coldah dan beeswax," pleaded Mr. Johnson.

"I hed fo' kinks," said Mr. Williams, "'n I doled him fo' jacks, 'n dey tuns out ter be bullicks," yelled Mr. Williams, capering with woe.

"Yezzah," said Mr. Johnson. "Bud sitch am life in large cities."

"'N I loss my boodle 'n my watch 'n my ulcer," moaned Mr. Williams, "'n I'm gointer trow myse'f inter de soak." Here he attempted to climb the rail. Mr. Johnson held the coat-tail a moment, but then reflected that it would be impolite to restrain Mr. Williams further, and so let go.

From his coign upon the rail, Mr. Williams surveyed the railway bed beneath, through whose interstices appeared the blackness of the river.

"I hain't got no frens 'n dar's no use livin' broke," he exclaimed, lingering to afford Mr. Johnson a chance to take a fresh hold.

"Dat's so," said Mr. Johnson, gloomily prepared for the worst, and taking out his watch to time Mr. Williams's descent.

Mr. Williams paused. "Gus," he said, "Ise got haffer mind to go back 'n take one mo' shy at de game."

Mr. Johnson reluctantly put up the watch, and Mr. Williams got down. They walked back in silence to the end of the bridge.

"Gus," said Mr. Williams, "ef yo' heddn't holt onter me, I'd a gone 'n done it."

"I—I done leggo," gloomily responded Mr. Johnson.

"Gus," continued Mr. Williams, not noticing the interruption, "jess gimme dat glasser beer 'n sassenger sangwidge ter warm me up, 'n I'll go 'n do it."

"Yo' will, sho'?" eagerly but half doubtingly exclaimed Mr. Johnson.

"Sho'ly," asseverated Mr. Williams. "Jess settum up twicet, so's I'll die warm'n happy, 'n den, Gus, I'll borry a silvah plunk dollar, so's ter sink me deepah, 'n bid yo' good-by, 'n go 'n do it."

Mr Johnson had his doubts, but led his way toward the saloon, determined to see his brother member safely and happily through.

The coroner has been notified, but as yet no crape hangs upon the club-door.—*Henry Guy Carleton in New York World.*

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4.00 P.	" " "	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	Colfax	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	Galt, via Martinez	10.15 A.
10.30 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	" " "	*3.45 P.
5.30 P.	" " "	7.45 A.
9.00 A.	Ione, via Livermore	5.45 P.
3.00 P.	Knight's Landing	9.45 A.
*4.30 P.	Livermore and Pleasanton	*8.45 A.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, & East	9.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles and Mojave	12.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez	6.15 P.
§4.00 P.	Milton	*3.45 P.
8.30 A.	Ogden and East	8.15 A.
4.30 P.	" " "	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	Red Bluff, via Marysville	5.45 P.
7.00 A.	Redding, via Willows	7.15 P.
7.00 A.	Sacramento, via Benicia	7.15 P.
8.30 A.	" via Benicia	8.15 A.
9.00 A.	" via Livermore	5.45 P.
3 00 P.	" via Benicia	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	" via Benicia	10.45 A.
6.30 P.	" via Benicia	7.45 A.
*1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	*6.00 A.
7.30 A.	San José	*12.45 P.
9.00 A.	"	*3.45 P.
3.00 P.	"	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	"	‡4.15 P.
9.30 A.	Santa Barbara	12.15 P.
5.00 P.	"	9 45 P.
9.00 A.	Stockton, via Livermore	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	" via Martinez	10.15 A.
6.30 P.	Siskiyou and Portland	7.45 A.

A for morning. P. for afternoon.
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From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7 00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00. 9.30, 10.00. 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00. 2.30, 3.00, 3.30. 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 9.57, 10.57.

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From BERKELEY—*5.25, 5.55, *6 25, 6.55, *7.25, 7 55, *8.25, 8 55, 9.25, 9.55, ‡10.25, 10.55, ‡11.25, 11.55, ‡12.25, 12.55, ‡1.25, 1.55, ‡2.25, 2 55, 3.25, 3.55, 4 25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6.55, 7.55, 8 55, 9.55, 10.55.

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§6.15, §6.45, §7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8 45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3 45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.30, 8 30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 P. M.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From Fourteenth and Franklin Sts., Oakland—§4.5.45, §6.15, §6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.46, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 P. M.

From High Street, Alameda—§5.31, §6.01, §6.31, 7.01, 7.31, 8.01, 8.31, 9 01, 9.31, 10.01, 10.31, 11.01, 11 31, A. M., 12.01, 12.31, 1.01, 1.31, 2.01, 2.31, 3.01, 3.31, 4.01, 4.31, 5.01, 5.31, 6.01, 6.31, 7.16, 8.16, 9.16, 10.16, 11.01 P. M.
§ Sundays excepted.

TICKET OFFICES, 613 Market Street, under Grand Hotel, and Rotunda of Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco.

L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. W. T. FITZGERALD, Gen. Frt. & Pass. Agt.
S. P. C. Ry. Div. S. P. C. Ry. Div.

Transportation--Rail.

NORTHERN DIVISION
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
TIME SCHEDULE.

LEAVE S. F.	In effect March 1, 1888.	ARRIVE S. F.
12.01 P.	Cemetery and San Mateo	2.30 P.
‡7.00 A.	San Mateo, Redwood, and Menlo Park	6.40 A.
8.30 A.		*3.00 A.
10.30 A		9.03 A.
*3.30 P.		*10.02 A.
4.30 P.		‡3.30 P.
*5.10 P.		4.36 P.
6.30 P.		6.40 P.
§11.45 P.		§7.50 P.
8.30 A.	Santa Clara, San José, and Principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
10.30 A.		*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.		4.36 P.
4.30 P.		6.40 P.
10.30 A	Almaden and Way Stations	4.36 P.
8.30 A.	Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas, and Monterey	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.		6.40 P.
8.30 A.	Hollister and Tres Pinos	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.		‡6.40 P.
8.30 A.	Watsonville, Aptos, Soquel (Capitola), and Santa Cruz	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P		6.40 P.
8.30 A.	Soledad, Paso Robles, Templeton. (San Luis Obispo) and Way Stations	6.40 P.

A.—Morning. P.—Afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.
§ Theatre train, Saturdays only.

Nearly all rail line to SAN LUIS OBISPO; only 24 miles staging from Templeton; time from San Francisco 12 hours. Through rate, $8.50.

Round-trip tickets to Lick Observatory (Mt. Hamilton). Rate, $5.50.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—SOLD SUNDAY MORNING; good for return same day.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot. Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel, and Rotunda of Baldwin Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt Agt

SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Monday, October, 17, 1887, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUCELITO and San RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.15 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—3.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3 15, 5.15 P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45, 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUCELITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.20, 10.00, 11.45 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 2.15, 4.00, 6.00 P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30, 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11.00 A. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Ingram's and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Ingram's at 6.30 A. M., arrives at San Francisco 12.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2 00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Ingram's, $4.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Ingram's daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

Barney Baldwin is the most cheerful person imaginable for a man who has a broken neck to carry about, and looks upon his trouble somewhat in the light of a huge joke on the medical profession. Mr. Baldwin, who is about thirty-five years of age, nearly six feet tall, was standing on the caboose of a freight train which was moving out of the yard, just a year ago, when the engine of another freight train switching in the yard, struck it and knocked him off. The engine and six cars went over him, and when he was picked up it was found that both his legs had been broken, the left near his knee, and his arm at the elbow joint. The ash-pan of the engine broke five of his ribs, and broke in two the sixth cervical vertebræ in his neck, and disjointed the fifth and sixth. He lay unconscious for thirty-six hours, and was blind for fourteen days. Two entire vertebræ were removed from his neck. For one hundred and twenty-seven days he lay on a water mattress, and was in bed five months and seventeen days altogether. Before he was injured he weighed two hundred and ten pounds, now he weighs only one hundred and thirty-eight. He had never been a drinking man, and at the time he was hurt had some little money laid away. "If it hadn't been for that, I wouldn't a-been here to tell ye about myself to-day." His head is supported on his shoulders by Dr. Charles Sayre's jury-mast, which consists of a back-plate of steel, to which is riveted a long hook-shaped rod that passes out from under his coat-collar up over his head, and from which straps pass around his ears and under his chin, thus holding his head free and in a normal position. This arrangement is absolutely necessary, as one or two inches of his spinal cord are entirely unprotected by bone. At the time the mask was placed on his head, his body was put in a plaster-of-paris jacket, which he wore for six months, when it was removed and replaced by "everlasting" corsets. "Four months after I was injured," he said, recently, "I began to kind o' wake up. I didn't feel very bright and didn't know much what was goin' on. Kind o' dazed like. Since then I've been gettin' better right along. I suppose I was kind o' silly before I begun to come to life again," and he smiled as much as the straps of his mask would allow him. "I can't see yet any too well, and I can't write at all. This is a great annoyance. Then again I have to sleep sittin' up, and it ain't the most comfortable way either." Once he tried it lying down, he said, but the pressure on his unprotected spinal cord brought on unconsciousness immediately. At first, when he began to get well he never slept, but sank into a kind of trance in which he knew what was going on about him, and could tell it to his friends when he came back to consciousness. Since he has been on the road to convalescence he has been examined by many leading men of the medical profession. He said he had sued the railroad at whose hands he received his injuries, for one hundred thousand dollars, and obtained a judgment against it for seventy-five thousand dollars. The railroad offered him forty thousand dollars as a compromise, but he would not take it. He never removes his mast, shaves with what he calls a "lawn mower," and says that "smokin' helps him." He displayed a gold watch somewhat dented, and said that at the time of the accident it had been driven into his body, and he had thought he had lost it. "They cut it out, though, seventeen hours afterward, and it was still goin'."

Insurance.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.,
No. 216 Sansome Street,
East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

Capital (Paid up in Gold) **$300,000 00**
Assets, Jan. 1, 1884 ..... **759,475 13**

PRESIDENT ..... J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT ..... J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY ..... CHARLES R. STORY.

London Assurance Corporation
Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720.
Northern Assurance Company
Of London. Established 1836.
Queen Insurance Company
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.
Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.
Of Hartford, Conn.
ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.
WM. MACDONALD, Ass't Manager.
South-east corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

ANGLO-NEVADA ASSURANCE CORPORATION

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
FIRE AND MARINE.
CAPITAL, - - - - $2,000,000
OFFICE ..... **410 PINE STREET.**

Bankers, The Nevada Bank of San Francisco.

Hotels.

PALACE HOTEL,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

C. H. LIVINGSTON, Manager.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city.

FINEST CLIMATE IN THE WORLD!

PARAISO SPRINGS,

MONTEREY COUNTY, CAL.

THE CARLSBAD OF AMERICA.

New Management. New Improvements.

The most beautiful, most invigorating, most easy of access of all mineral spring resorts; 1,500 feet above the sea level. Take San José cars 8:30 A. M., and arrive at Springs at 3:30 P. M. **J. F. FOSTER, Proprietor.**
Telegraph, Express, and Post-Offices.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St., and 3 Pine St., San Francisco.

Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

STORAGE For Furniture, Pianos, and other goods. ADVANCES MADE.
J. M. PIERCE, 735 Market Street.

M. Allemand, the lessee of three of the largest of the Parisian music-halls, is about to try the experiment of treating his patrons to a better class of songs than those with which the frequenters of the café concerts have so long been familiar. He has asked M. Jean Richepin and three or four other versifiers to write the words, and if they respond, the vocal part of the entertainment will also be elevated.

The Empress of Austria, alarmed at her increasing embonpoint, has taken the advice of her physicians to go in for plenty of exercise. Any day may be witnessed, at the Castle of Godolo, a sight, awe-inspiring or comical, according to the opinions of the spectators, of a stout, elderly empress fencing with a demure young archduchess, Marie Valerie by name.

A writer in the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* tells of a Minnesota clergyman who was announced to preach a few Sundays ago on "The Influence of Men's Ideas of God on their Liver."

People don't really kiss the Pope's toe. The Pope's foot is encased in a silk stocking, which is again encased in a dainty slipper embroidered with a cross, which the pilgrim touches with his lips.

Banks.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital **$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD ..... President.
THOMAS BROWN ..... Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR. ..... Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus **$4,000,000**

DIRECTORS:

LLOYD TEVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Pres't. Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker.
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

Transportation--Ocean.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY,
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at **2 o'clock P. M.** for
YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong.	1888.
San Pablo		**Tuesday, March 13**
Oceanic		**Tuesday, April 3**
Gaelic		**Saturday, April 21**
Belgic		**Saturday, May 12**
San Pablo		**Saturday, June 2**
Oceanic		**Thursday, June 21**

Round-trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
G. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA
Colima ..... **Thursday, March 15, at 10 A. M.**

Taking freight and passengers direct to Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, La Libertad, and Panama, and via Acapulco for all other Mexican and Central American ports.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:
City of Sydney ..... **March 24, at 2 P. M.**
City of Rio de Janeiro ..... **April 12, at 2 P. M.**
City of New York ..... **Tuesday, May 1, at 2 P. M.**

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.
GEO H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

The steamers MEXICO and UMATILLA direct for VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports at 9 A. M., every Friday.

The steamer MEXICO sailing every other Friday at A. M. connects at Port Townsend with the steamers IDAHO and ANCON for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, about every second day.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, Tuesday, at 9 A. M.—CITY OF CHESTER.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, at 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., near Pine.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.
No 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

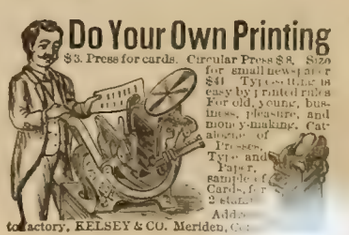
HAND-MADE SHOES, $8.00.

P. F. McNulty

FROM THOMAS', LONDON.

15 New Montgomery Street.

Under Grand Hotel.



Travelers tell us that archæological lecturers go about with the earnest tourist in Rome, and, standing on the thick-lying dust of centuries, tell him of the wonders that the years have buried beneath them. He rebuilds the temples and columns in the ruined forums and palaces, sets up the fallen statues, and peoples the Colosseum.

The tourist feels very near to the greatest empire the world has known as he goes wandering through the dark walks in the palace of the Cæsars, or shields himself from the passionate Italian sun in the shadow of the huge arches of the Baths of Caracalla. There is an intoxication in this breath of the centuries which makes people love Rome to madness. The most phlegmatic traveler that ever was bored by the unAmericanness of Old Europe will warm to interest when he speaks of Rome.

Yet the traveler can walk its sanctified streets, day after day, with his red Baedeker under his arm and his archæological lecturer by his side, and he will not touch Cæsar's Rome so nearly as we have done within the week in one of those "states yet unborn," whereof the prophetic Cassius spoke.

Surely we must have walked its marble-lined streets in very truth, for the spell of it was upon us all long after leaving the theatre, and it did not seem that it could have been a mimic thing.

Sometimes a thing comes home to you with a burst of conviction that you ought to have been knowing it all your life, and so it was with "Julius Cæsar." There were the bones there of something that had always been familiar to us, but so filled out with flesh, and color, and life, and vitality, that it took on a new seeming, and we felt that we had never known it before. There had always been much of sound, and fury, and dramatization in the great tragedy, but here its action moved like reality and its men spoke like human beings.

The noble Brutus, more than all, moved us to marvel that we had never known him before. He has hitherto been a tall and commanding Roman senator—it is the tradition of the theatre to give the part to large, round men—and there has always been something admirable in the moderation of his temper and the slow dignity of his speech.

It is true that, when we went to Shakespeare in the closet, we found he had made Brutus the hero of his play, even though it dealt of Julius Cæsar, the most picturesque and wonderful personage in all history, and in the reading there was a strength and sweetness in the character of the great republican that the actor had always failed to give.

But the infallible artistic instinct of Edwin Booth went direct to the heart of him, and he gives us a man palpitating with life, and pain, and truth. Nothing could be clearer than the ardent, unambitious patriotism of Brutus, a man born to be a leader, yet pure of heart as a little child. It is only as side-lights that Shakespeare has sketched in the little touches which show him to be a fond husband, a kind master, the best of friends. Above it all, the ardor of his patriotism burns like a flame, white and unalloyed.

And through it all the warm humanity of his nature gleams like a gold thread in the fabric, so that even in the moment of conspiracy and resolve, he wishes they could come at Cæsar's spirit without shedding of his blood.

It was one of the ironies of the real things of this life, our little books of history tell us, that of the three-and-twenty wounds that pierced Cæsar's body, that of Brutus was the bloodiest and most cruel. For in the confusion of the attack, Brutus stabbed him in the groin, and a horror flashed from eye to eye between the two men as Cæsar spoke the famous words, "Et tu, Brute!"

One can read the rush of a thousand feelings in Edwin Booth's face as he plucks his steel away, the whole soul of the gentle-hearted Brutus wrought to the highest pitch of his sacrifice. It gives the key to his entire character.

What a wonderful art is this, that a man can plant another soul in his bosom, and put another man before us in the flesh who has been dust in a lost grave these two thousand years.

And it is all so quiet, so simple, that one wonders how it has come about. Or rather one does not wonder. The strength, and sweetness, and purity of the nature of Brutus sink into the soul as the play moves on, and we only wonder, when coming to his senses, after the lights are turned out, can this have been an acted thing?

For it seems if we had come in actual contact with one of the rare, sweet natures which it has been the good fortune of most of us to meet with at some time in our lives, even though they are sometimes not recognized till death has taken them away. They may not be so strong, so great, as the noble Brutus, whose one weakness was pride in his great ancestors, but it is a beautiful thing to meet with, and know a good man with a sweet, beautiful nature.

It is like the breathing of clear air in high places, like the smell of the sod turned over to one accustomed to live in bricks and mortar, like the freshness of the morning air after a heated night of revelry.

When Brutus and Cassius came on together they did indeed, as the critic said, look more like two noble Romans than like Booth and Barrett. Each seemed to have sunken his own identity completely in the part, and the quiet key of everything in the production enhanced the reality of it all.

Marc Anthony said later, in his quick impressive way, when the body of the noble Brutus lay at his feet, "the others did that they did in envy of great Cæsar," but he did Cassius signal wrong. Cassius was a patriot, too, but quick, splenetic, and hot of judgment. It was easy to touch his passions upon the raw, and moderation was a virtue unknown to him. This is the man that Lawrence Barrett gave us acquaintance with, a long time ago, and if there were any finishing touches to put to his masterpiece, he has put them now. Cassius is more of a politician than Brutus, and knows his man well, when he promise Anthony, even over the body of Cæsar, that he shall have as much voice as any man in the distribution of office. Brutus is, in reality, the leader of the republicans, but it is Cassius who is the spokesman, and whose rush to action spurs the conspirators on.

They are wonderful foils to each other in the parts, these two actors, or rather, they are not foils at all, but their two several talents do combine so harmoniously that these two great portraits stand out like life from the canvas of time.

Edwin Booth has always been reputed to be something of a cloud-walker, with an unconscious disregard for such mere trivialities as mountings and support. But Lawrence Barrett knows well the lust of the modern eye, understands the full value of *mise-en-scène*, and has a fine taste with which to give finish to his fancies. He has ruled the old-time mouthing, and roaring, and ranting out of "Julius Cæsar." Everything has been brought to the quiet key which dominates Edwin Booth's art, and even to the simplicity which is the characteristic of his greatness.

The mountings have none of that excessive, garish splendor which distract the mind from the noble text. They are only fitting and appropriate. The palms of Phillippi are as simple as scene-painting can make them, but with a peculiar Italian light thrown over them to make them real. The Senate Chamber copies the great French picture, and if the forum were not a little too palpably painted, it could almost set us down in Rome.

Some one said that the stately figures of the senators in their togas exp'ained the purity of the Roman patriot. A man could not deliberately commit a crime in a dress like that, which required so much dignity and repose of manner to carry well.

Cæsar's only crime was ambition, but that is a crime which a well-dressed toga can cover gracefully. Furthermore, he wears the scarlet, and perhaps it inflamed his fancy. *En passant*, Mr. John Lane played Cæsar with all the skill of a trained actor and with some fine touches, and if there were some flavor of the Cæsar wanting, it was, perhaps, a matter of personality and not a lack of skill. Cæsar is killed so soon that there is not much room for portraiture, and his manner was notoriously gentle.

To return to the Roman costume: Marc Anthony's, to be a little flippant, is something like that of a Kiralfy ballet-girl. Not to put too fine a point upon it, Anthony is always very leggy, and quite ready, so far as costume goes, to do anything undignified and un-Roman.

He became a grand scamp afterward, as we all know, perhaps from not having been sufficiently fettered in his youth, but it is easy to understand that Cæsar would like to have just such men about him.

He is young, virile, impetuous, with that strong love for the man in power which powerful men seem to find a need of. He has a magnetic eloquence more appealing than finished oratory, and a certain rude force is his strength—just such a man Mr. Buckley makes of him. His oration is a masterpiece of eloquence, but he does not speak it for the music of the words.

Mr. Buckley is still unconscious of the existence of many final letters, and slurs his dissyllables cruelly, but as Marc Anthony disclaims the power of fine speech, the fault does not harm him as it might in another rôle. He is, at all events, in such deep, warm earnest that he carries the mob, the gallery, and the house with him, and a triple call seems to make him very happy indeed.

One of the most exquisite scenes in the play is that where Brutus, in his orchard, meditates the death of Cæsar.

To him in his Gethsemane comes his wife Portia, a woman whom we see only in the half-light for a few moments, and of whose speech we hear not more than a hundred words. Yet, how deeply is her mental portrait chiseled into the understanding, and how thoroughly we feel the strength of the woman who, being proud to be the daughter of Cato and the wife of Brutus, feels herself to be stronger than her sex, "being so fathered and so husbanded."

Miss Gale gives this little scene most delicately and beautifully.

Indeed, everything is so really well done, everything is so practically managed in the practical part, everything is so intellectually clear in the poetical part, that it is a wonder and a delight from beginning to end.

In the moderation and dignity of it all, the spectator sits spell-bound rather than gives way to extravagant encomium. And yet it does seem that if it took five thousand years to produce a Shakespeare, it has taken three hundred to learn to read his "Julius Cæsar" between the lines, and get at the kernel of humanity that is in them under the tragic strut. Betsy B.

CCCCLXXIV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, March 11, 1888.

Oyster Soup.
Broiled Squabs. Fried Potatoes.
Asparagus. Mushrooms
Beef à la Mode
Cucumber Salad.
Rhubarb Pies. Dutch Cream.

Dutch Cream.—Six tablespoonfuls of sifted sugar; six tablespoonfuls of water; six tablespoonfuls of vin ordinaire or other red wine; six whole eggs well beaten; juice and grated rind of one lemon. Beat well together, cook à bain-marie, and serve ice cold.

It is always interesting to become acquainted with the infancy of a literature, and possibly coming generations may treasure, as rare curiosities, the following specimens of American-English. They are quoted from manuscripts received by the Chicago *News*, in answer to its announcement of prizes to be given for the best Christmas stories written by school-children: "Lelia, without a moment's hesitation or cowardly contemplation, proceeded to turn a graceful somersault on the long-suffering lounge." (Lelia, by the way, was a young lady of nineteen.) "Cora Brown was fortunately the possessor of a birthday, for she was the daughter of rich friends." "By this time, a cloud was gathering o'er Mrs. Delaney, which grew large as years went by, and that cloud was full of grasshoppers." "I will remark, to satisfy the reader, that these years were spent amid the cloudy sorrows and sunshiny joys by which everybody's childhood is interspersed." "In the year 1779 Mrs. R—— was given a very fine sewing-machine." "As she entered the room, a cold, damp smell met her sight."

A remarkable case of woman's vengeance has just been disclosed in Paris. A young artist, who is comparatively well-known, lived for a time with a milliner, who, for some months, has been dying of consumption. During her illness, a female friend of hers used to visit her and sit by her bedside. The patient soon perceived that an intrigue was on foot between her lover and the friend. Accordingly, she raised herself suddenly in bed one evening while the pair were talking near her, and pushed a petroleum lamp on them. The flames caught the dress of the hated rival, and she was burned almost to death. When the neighbors came, the dying woman told them that she had fully intended to set the room on fire, so that she, her lover, and her rival might perish in the flames.

The success of the high license system is very well illustrated in Chicago, where, during the year 1881, the receipts from licenses were one hundred and eighty-two thousand two hundred and twenty-six dollars and forty cents, with a fee of fifty dollars, while in 1887, with a fee of five hundred dollars, the receipts were one million nine hundred and seventy-two thousand six hundred and twenty-one dollars and seventeen cents. In the latter year there were no unlicensed places, while in the former there were an almost unlimited number. In 1882, there was one saloon for one hundred and two persons, while in 1887, there was only one in every two hundred and twenty-eight.

Some one has been at the trouble to estimate the weight of the diamonds which have been excavated from the African diamond fields in the last few years to the estimated value of two hundred millions of dollars, and have made it out to be six and a half tons. Diamond cutting, until lately, was done almost exclusively in Amsterdam, but recently the English cutters have beaten the Dutch, in some notable prize instances. It is said that here in the United States cut diamonds are taken up at the yearly rate of fifteen millions of dollars.

By means of recent experiments made in the manufacture of rifles, as many as one hundred and twenty barrels can now be rolled in an hour by one machine. They are straightened cold and bored with corresponding speed, and even the rifling is done automatically so that one man tending six machines can turn out sixty or seventy barrels per day. With the old rifling machine twenty barrels was about the limit of one day's work; but the improved machines attend to everything after being once started, and, when the rifling is completed, ring a bell to call the attention of the workman.

The construction of a perfect pendulum has been accomplished, it is announced, by suspending a lead shot by a single fibre of cocoon silk in a vacuum produced by means of a Sprengel pump. The shot, one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, weighs one-third of a gram, is suspended by a two-foot fibre, and is placed in a tube three quarters of an inch internal diameter. It has a vibrational range of one-fourth inch on each side of mid-position, the vacuum being equivalent to one-tenth of a millionth of an atmosphere.

In the opinion of some competent judges, says the New York *Tribune*, photographic processes are to supplant etchings as a means of reproduction. This has already gone so far that in Paris several clever etchers have taken up work upon photogravure or similar plates, and in London the Print Sellers' Association, which has formally recognized photogravures, despite the complaints of Professor Herkomer, reports a rapid increase in the sale of photographic prints.

In one of the London hospitals a woman recently died from the effect of tight lacing, her practice having been so to constrict her body as to be hardly able to breathe, and it was owing to the impossibility of proper expansion of the lungs that syncope had been produced and finally death.

It has been suggested that many failed to hear Thomas Nast's lectures owing to the admission fee—one dollar—being too high for their purses. If this be so, it would not be a bad idea for the great caricaturist to deliver his lectures again at a lower price—say, fifty cents.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"Chispa" will be given at the Alcazar next week by Joseph R. Grismer and Miss Phœbe Davies, assisted by the Osbourne-Stockwell Company.

Strauss's comic opera, "Prince Methusalem," though not new in this city, has pleased the Tivoli audiences, and will be continued next week.

The author of "The Hole in the Ground" modestly disclaims any desire to wrest the laurels from Shakespeare, but he is running the divine William pretty close in the favor of the *hoi polloi*, and the ticket-speculator is reaping a small fortune at the Bush Street Theatre. The "Hole in the Ground" will be continued for another week.

New York is having one of its recurrent spasms of morality over "La Tosca," as played by Fanny Davenport at the Broadway Theatre. Miss Davenport is so shrewd a woman of business that she is gravely suspected of having incited the critics to this moral outbreak. The consequence of the condemnation has been the usual effect—crowded houses.

The Booth and Barrett programme for next week is as follows: Monday and Friday evenings, "Othello," with Booth as Iago, and Barrett as Othello; Tuesday and Thursday evenings and Saturday matinée, "The Merchant of Venice"; Wednesday evening, "Othello," with Booth as Othello, and Barrett as Iago; Saturday evening, "Macbeth."

Every one's sympathy is with Mrs. Langtry in the war which the spunky beauty is about to wage against the officious municipality of New York. She was pursued with something like persecution in the fence matter, and, for the first time in a very long time, the tide having latterly set against her, the sympathy is with the Lily. She is in trouble just now over the death of her father, but the next flash of her temper is awaited with deep interest.

Miss Stella Chase Ainsworth, who wanted to make her début as Nancy Sykes, but was persuaded out of it by sensible friends, has been playing the part with considerable success at the Oakland Theatre. The time for that kind of thing is past, however, and the sketchy Dickens's dramatizations become less and less satisfactory as plays, as he recedes into the past, and his people are temporarily less familiar than they were. Miss Ainsworth's talent will find its best play in a stock company.

Miss Annie Major has made a distinct hit as Marguerite, and Mr. Frank Carlisle a distinct failure as Faust, at the California. The stage is becoming so severely classified into schools, that it seems impossible for a man to do anything out of his own especial school. Aside from Miss Major's Marguerite, "Faust" is not so successfully put on as it was at the Baldwin Theatre, even with the increased stage facilities of the California. Faust himself is a very important personage in the play, and Mr. Henry Miller so cleverly grasped his poetical side, that a merely handsome young man, with a modern society voice and manner, does not replace him.

Steele Mackay's sensational play "Anarchy; or Paul Kauvar" will be produced at the California Theatre next Monday night. Mr. Julian Mitchell, who mounted the play in New York, is superintending the rehearsals, and it is quite seriously announced that the mob scenes—in which two hundred people take part—and tableaux will be perfect. It has come to such a pass in the theatre that we must now have our mobs trained like ballets. One of the features of the New York success is a male professional beauty, and as they have one on hand at the California, there is no reason why the Monday night opening should not rival the original production.

Sybil Sanderson, upon the occasion of her début, sang the first night at The Hague, and the second night in Amsterdam. She received four hundred dollars for each performance, and is in great glee over her first "wages." The opera was "Manon Lescaut," which Minnie Hauck sang in San Francisco. Mme. Hauck is a great artist, but being too mature and too superabundant for this part, she did not make a hit. Massenet, the composer, gave to Miss Sybil Sanderson, for a Christmas present, the score of "Manon," bound in white vellum, and with the young singer's name written across the volume in gold in fac simile of the composer's hand-writing.

Annie Pixley, who, by her numerous photographs, appears to be the same plump and pleasing person that she always was, has been very successful since she left San Francisco. After two or three seasons, she made an extended tour of Europe, and there accumulated a wardrobe and some diamonds. She makes herself known as a distinctively Californian actress, and has always patronized home produce. Her chief successes have been in plays by the California authors, Clay Greene and Archie Gunther. She opens at the Baldwin in "The Deacon's Daughter," the play which Gunther had ready for her when she returned from Europe, and with which she has made a lot of money.

Abbey and Grau do not know how to handle things in a small way. As soon as it became evident that Coquelin, with all his art, was not going to succeed in America, they cast about for a grand *coup* to make, and they have made it. Hading and Damala, two of the most popular idols of the French stage, are to come with him, and triumph is assured. The network of the law, which so entangled the fair Jane Hading that for a time she could neither play in France nor out of it, has been mysteriously removed by American influence, and her hated husband, from whom she can not get a divorce, has been brought to business terms. To crown it all, Sarah Bernhardt is dancing mad. Hading is her rival, Damala is her husband, and Coquelin is her *bête noire*. For once, we Americans will profit by this state of affairs. One company will follow hard upon the other, and in the supreme fierceness of their rivalry we shall get the best that is in any of them.

Rider Haggard's imagination did not soar far from the reality when he described a fountain of fire in the midst of a flowing river. At one place in the Indian gas-field, the surplus gas from a gas-well is carried off by a three-inch pipe and turned into the river; when the full pressure of the gas is turned into the pipe, the waters of the river are thrown to a height of from thirty to fifty feet, and fall back through the immense flame made by the burning gas. The varied hues imparted to the falling water give it the appearance of a true fountain of fire.

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RANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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The recent vote, in the Parliament of England, to abolish the ouse of Lords, is very significant. One hundred and sixty-ree votes, of which eighty-eight are Irish, would not of itself e so suggestive of danger to the hereditary and titled branch the English Government, but accompanied with the state-ent that, in the minority, were recorded the names of Glad-one, Sir William Vernon Harcourt, John Morley, and other ominent men of the opposition, it indicates that the question as become one of party. When the House of Lords shall, act of Parliament, be dispensed with as a part of the En-ish Constitution, there will go tumbling down with it the Es-blished Church, the laws of primogeniture and entail, and any of the time-honored traditions and institutions so long eld in reverence by Englishmen—institutions that, whatever e democrats in a republican form of government may think them, have, in a large degree, contributed to the fame of ngland, its greatness at home, and its prestige among the na-ons of Europe. When the English House of Lords and the hurch of England shall no longer exist, the next movement will be to sweep aside the throne and royal family, and in their place erect a republic. Republics are becoming fashionable. The influence of the American Republic is being felt throughout the civilized world. Ranking second in population, first in wealth and credit, first in all the arts of peace, first in progress and prosperity, having stood the test of a great civil war, and been able to return the disbanded soldiers of two great armies to the industrial walks of life, surviving the conflict without feeling the necessity of maintaining a standing army—it is not surprising that France should seek to imitate our example, nor that the ablest men of the age should begin to consider whether that which has been successfully accomplished in America may not be essayed by older and apparently stronger governments in Europe. If we may maintain a government, with a Senate representing the sovereignty of States; an elective House of Representatives, with payment of mileage and salaries; a President with a term of four years and compensation of two hundred thousand dollars; a cabinet of constitutional advisers to the President, appointed by him, confirmed by the Senate, and holding office at the executive pleasure; giving to this central government the great leading powers incident to the national organization, with authority to make treaties, declare war, to control the army and navy, to manage the postal department, to coin money; with judicial tribunals alone authorized to interpret constitutional laws, relegating all local questions to sovereign States, supreme within their jurisdiction and within the scope of powers conceded to them by the organic law—it will not be surprising if the opposition party should ask itself whether the same experiment may not be worth trial in England. That the Irish should cast their votes to dissolve the House of Lords is most natural; that Gladstone and his Liberals, seeing no chance of return to political power along the road of agrarianism, crime, and social disorder, should do the same thing, is not altogether unnatural. Gladstone has foreshadowed his political intentions by a series of political acts, covering some years of his later life; they stand out like mile-stones in the path of his public career, upon every one of which is scored his approach to a republican form of government. Could the Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland have been disunited, and Ireland, with an independent parliament, clothed with power to legislate in all local matters, leaving to the imperial Parliament imperial matters, there would have followed a similar parliament for Scotland and for Wales, with county and municipal governments for England, having authority over local matters, leaving to the Parliament of England a representative character, not unlike that of the Congress of the United States of America. To this English Parliament there might have been admitted representatives from the great dependent States of India, and from the great provinces of Canada, New South Wales, and Australia. Such a scheme of empire might challenge the attention of great and loyal-minded men in England, without subjecting them to the charge of lacking intelligence or patriotism. We can quite well understand that the "plain people" of England may grow weary of bearing the burdens incident to a royal family and an hereditary House of Lords; weary of pensioning royal princes and princesses, with their princely progenies; weary of paying pensions, conferring titles, honors, and privileges upon every official who has served his country in war, civil place, or diplomatic or judicial service. Still, we may not anticipate a very sudden overturning of lords temporal and spiritual, nor a very sudden uprooting of institutions that are imbedded in the very soil of England's institutions. There is probably not one of the honorable commoners of England whose name is recorded as supporting Mr. Labouchère's resolution, who would not gladly enroll his name in the peerage of Great Britain and take his seat in the House of Lords, confident and willing that it should last his time. If we were so English and so radical that we would gladly see the whole splendid structure of English empire tumble into the chaos and confusion of democracy, we should be compelled to consider that all great reforms come to England with slow and deliberate pace; we would be compelled to remember how long it was before a Jew could sit in Parliament, and how tedious was the passage of the bill of Catholic emancipation; how the corn laws and free trade dragged their slow length through fierce and bitter Parliamentary struggles; how the act authorizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister lingered, and still lingers, till the bride who waited expectant for the sister's funeral baked meats to furnish forth her marriage-feast, grew to weazened maidenhood and wrinkled age, and still in weazened wrinkles waits.

Among the other time-honored traditions of Great Britain, there is none more intimately connected with the material prosperity of the nation and the comfort of the leisure classes than that of the national debt. This debt, amounting to something more than three thousand millions of dollars—so large that the payment of its principal has, long years since, been abandoned as hopeless—is the dependence of the well-to-do classes, not only of England, but of Europe. An income derived from the "funds" is the one investment that in this whole world has been regarded as most secure. An income from British "consols"—short for consolidated debt—has been regarded as of more certain and permanent character than any other, and upon its interest—at three per cent. per annum—that vast class of independent people throughout the United Kingdom have depended for their incomes. The bonded debt of the United States has borne a larger rate of interest, but it is not enduring, and is, therefore, unavailable for long trusts. This bonded debt is now reduced below one thousand millions, with a large and growing surplus for its payment before maturity, thus giving the bonds something of an uncertain and speculative value. Now comes in the Right Honorable George Goschen, Chancelor of the English Exchequer and Member of the Cabinet, proposing to reduce the interest on certain new three-per-cent. consols to two and three-quarters for fifteen years, and after that to two per cent. This strikes consternation to those persons having their fortunes invested in the funds, because it reduces their incomes one-third. This proposed action of the chancelor is regarded as the first step in the reduction of England's entire debt from three to two per cent. The curious and somewhat startling fact accompanying the introduction of the proposed measure is, that although a government bill, it meets the assent of Gladstone, and has received his endorsement, thus making its passage absolutely secure. A more severe blow than this, or one more far-reaching in its consequences, could not be aimed at what Mr. Gladstone denominates the "classes" in England. The House of Lords may be dissolved, and the hereditary nobility deprived of their legislative power, but even the class affected will receive the assault with indifference. The House of Lords is playing too subordinate a part in English affairs to render it a matter of very serious consequence whether it retires now or later. To disestablish the English Church, and, like the Catholic Church in Ireland, the Free Kirk in Scotland, or anybody's meeting-house in America, to render it entirely free of the State, and drag the itching paws of its clergy and its primates from the public treasury, would not disturb anybody but the class which is living upon these funds, and dependent upon them for its maintenance. The clergy of the Church of England doing the best service are the poorest paid; those who are deepest in the treasure-chest are the most idle and the most ornamental. How much the Archbishop of Canterbury, primate of all England, gets for living in the Palace of Lambeth, and acting as figure-head for an institution that is not indispensable, we do not know; but we venture to guess, more than all the apostles had, when, by the divine command, they took their staffs in hand and went forth to preach the gospel to all the world. The non-conformists are doing good and faithful service in the vineyard of the Lord, and they get nothing from the State; though Englishmen may be touched in their pride when the noble lords are taken down a peg; touched in their religious sentiment when they are compelled to pay their own passage to kingdom-come, it is as nothing compared to touching their pockets, and depriving them of one-third their incomes. It seems as though our English relatives were catching it all around, and would, in time, be compelled to sweep away their proud, an[illegible] honorable traditions, all their royal and aristocratic in[illegible]

and come down to the rough-and-tumble scramble of democratic government, where the nimblest catch, and the strongest keep.

But in the midst of all this confusion of events, threatened European war, Parliamentary struggle with Ireland, dissolving House of Lords, a crumbling church, diminishing rents, vanishing tithes, with incomes fading out, land tenures losing their value, England has achieved one great victory, a triumph compensating for the mortification of an hundred defeats. Mitchell, the English half-gentleman shoulder-striker, has thrashed Sullivan, the great slogger of Ireland, and by artful dodges, and well-planted blows in the belly of the bully, knocked the wind and conceit out of him. By some curious accident of sarcastic irony, this discrowned champion of modern sloggers has been attributed to America as one of its productions. All of the United States disclaim the undesirable distinction, except Boston. Boston is proud of him, has adopted him, set him up in a gin-mill, given him a public display of his brutal accomplishments, presented him with a jeweled belt, and now that Mitchell has rolled him in the yellow mud of French soil, and pummeled his belly, and thrashed him, we hope he will be returned to Boston, and become an alderman in its Pope's Irish government, a deacon in one of its Puritan meeting-houses, or a lecturer on Joseph Cook's off Mondays. We rejoice at the discomfiture of this gross mountain of meat and muscle, because he has wounded our pride of country by falsely claiming to be an American. There never was an American professional slogger; there is not a State in the American Union where these contests are not declared to be criminal. Had this been an English-Irish fight we should have hoped that it would be fought to a finish, and that both would have been whipped, and seized by the French police, and sent to hard labor for life at the honest work of breaking stones or picking oakum.

The Oakland election conveys a moral. It demonstrates the existence of an American party; it illustrates the kind of people who compose it, and shows how its vote may be cast to exert a healthful and controlling influence in American politics. Oakland is a city casting nearly six thousand votes; it is a community of superior character, of high intelligence; it is equal to any in the State, and in advance of most, and, beyond comparison, in advance of that of San Francisco. Of these six thousand votes, one thousand are in sympathy with the American party. At the recent election, there were cast for Mr. West Martin, for mayor, eight hundred and fifty-six votes. Mr. West Martin is a man of wealth, is a banker, is regent of the University of California, is a Democrat, has been mayor of Oakland, and is a gentleman. He did not desire to be a candidate, and shrank from the election, as all gentlemen shrink from being brought in contact with politics. That he waived his personal feelings, and consented to permit the use of his name for the office of mayor of Oakland, by the thousand honorable men who compose the American party in the County of Alameda, is greatly to his credit as an American citizen. Of the eight hundred and fifty-six gentlemen who voted for Mr. West Martin, it is presumable that a majority are, or were, Republicans. The Republican candidate, a most excellent gentleman, has been beaten, and the Democratic candidate, who is also a most excellent citizen, is elected by a meagre plurality of eighty-seven votes. This demonstrates that, in the city of Oakland, the American party holds the balance of political power. It has been demonstrated in San Francisco that the American party holds the controlling authority, and the last State election gave proof of the fact that no candidate was strong enough on any ticket to flaunt his opinions in opposition to the American sentiment. Governor Waterman was on horseback on Washington's Birthday, with his aids in brass buttons and bullion, while Mr. Swift was compelled to view the pageant on foot, because the candidate for lieutenant-governor had the sense to conciliate the American sentiment by keeping his mouth shut, while the Republican candidate for governor endeavored to conciliate the Pope's Irish by blarneying them for their loyalty and good citizenship. There is, probably, not a township in California, certainly not a village of importance, or a city, where the American party can not decide, as between Republicans and Democrats, which shall win at the polls. Would it not be better if the American party, instead of putting an independent ticket in the field, should wait until both the Democratic and Republican organizations have held their nominating conventions, and then choose from both tickets their best candidates? This would compel the other parties to bid for American support; this course would retire the Irish and the alien bosses and politicians to the background, and would leave to Americans the direction of political affairs by reason of their holding the balance of political power. This won in the gubernatorial election, and will win every time. This policy makes the vote of the American party an important element, and gives it the opportunity of exercising a controlling influence in the politics of the country. When the next election is held in San Francisco, if the American party runs a "straight" and independent ticket, it will throw the municipal election into the hands of the Democratic party, and all its enthusiasm will be expended to aid Mr. Christopher Buckley to run his Democratic machine successfully. If Buckley does not succeed, Higgins will. In any result, the Irish fall on top, and the municipal affairs will be run in the interest of an Irish boss, and the offices will be divided among the Irish, with just enough Germans and Jews to take off the curse of Rome. No American—unless he be a base-born slave of the Irish ring, or a pimp and bottle-holder to an Irish boss—will get a taste at the flesh-pots, or a bite off the seven loaves, or a smell at the small tom-cods of office. Let the American party in San Francisco and in every town in the State organize, form clubs, and then let them patiently wait till the two political parties have presented their tickets; from these tickets select the best men and compose an American ticket of Democrats and Republicans; there are good men in both parties, and each party will be compelled to nominate its best men in the hope of indorsement by the American party. This policy is sensible, and if the American party is honest, it compasses the object it professes to desire. Nothing is more illogical or absurd than for the better men who compose the American party to draw themselves aside, run a straight ticket, sulk in a corner, and thus allow the political thieves and bandits to fight among themselves for the spoils and loot of office. There are good men and good citizens in the Democratic and Republican parties, but they are at the mercy of primary rogues and convention thieves, and unless the American party shall pursue the course we suggest, no aid is rendered the honest men and gentlemen who are fighting within the ranks of their respective parties for political reform. The *Argonaut* will adhere to this course of policy, and it will make no alliance, even with the American party, that shall embarrass it in advising its friends to put themselves in position where their political influence will not be felt. If the American party managers—for already the party is strong enough to disclose the existence of small politicians—shall insist upon taking this bit in their mouth and bucking, the *Argonaut* will pursue the even tenor of the way worked out for itself, and present for the next municipal election in San Francisco an *Argonaut* ticket, with candidates selected from other tickets, and when there is no clean, true American presented, will leave a blank, or nominate a candidate to be sacrificed. And there is no better time than now to say, that under our definition of the term "American" it embraces all honest and intelligent citizens, of whatever nationality, religion, or color, who are loyal to the constitution, laws, and government of the United States. If the American party, through its clubs, or such organization as it may assume, will elect delegates, hold a municipal convention, nominate candidates from both parties, and be governed by a sensible and practicable policy, which shall give promise of accomplishing results, we will go with it, and follow it, and do its work; but if the young and sometimes rattle-brained young gentlemen, with more tongue than brains, shall insist upon navigating the ship their way, without consulting older, and abler, and more disinterested men, we will take to our life-preserver, and endeavor to make the shore without the aid of these inexperienced navigators in the broken waters of the troubled sea of politics.

If it is possible, which we do not believe, that there has been, in Germany, a conspiracy against the new emperor and empress, and an attempt considered to prevent their peaceful accession to the crown and empire left vacant by the decease of the Emperor William, it is in the highest degree shameful. If the grandson of the dead emperor, and the son of the living one, has taken any part in this disloyal and unfilial conspiracy, it ought to consign his name to infamy, and disqualify him from ever accepting the imperial diadem. We know there is in Berlin and throughout Germany, an anti-English feeling. It is rumored, and we presume truthfully, that the present Crown Prince does not entertain kindly feelings toward his English cousins, or toward the English Government; but that he does not love his mother, and honor his father, and would conspire against their elevation to the throne, is unnatural and ungenerous, and ought not to be credited on any other evidence less strong than proof of holy writ. Whatever this present emperor and empress may do, or this Crown Prince attempt to do, there is no gainsaying the fact that Bismarck is royal family and heir expectant of Germany; he holds in his hands its destiny, aided by Von Moltke, a patriotic army and a loyal people; he bears the weight of its imperial burden upon his shoulders, and should he stand away from the pillars of the temple his genius has reared, the whole brave fabric of the German Empire would tumble to its foundations. We are a little surprised at the attitude of the German Verein in San Francisco, and we understand it represents the order throughout the nation—it refused to raise its flag at half-mast at the death of the Emperor William, and will take no part in mourning ceremonies for his decease. We are not at all advocates of the doctrine *de mortuis nil nisi bonum.* We are opposed to all shams, and there is none more contemptible and hypocritical than that which wreaths the human countenance in sadness, clothes the person in mourning, and lifts the national emblem half-mast high, when in the heart there is no sorrow and no regret at the death of a bad man, or bad ruler, or personal enemy. Around the grave even of an enemy, there may be a compunctious throb that one should have warred with the poor mouldering handful of earth; but if the heart puts forth no sound, the tongue at least may remain silent, and the head remain uncovered in the presence of the monarch to whose decree all must finally bow. If there be Germans in this American land who are not in political sympathy with the dead emperor, we can not find an argument convincing enough for us to blame them if they do not unite in a ceremonial which is so largely political as this is intended to be. The Turners of our city, and the Turners of the nation, are too intelligent and too good Americans for us to criticise unkindly, until we know all the motives that prompt them to withhold honors from their late emperor.

We wonder if all Republicans in California feel as confident of electing a Republican President as Messrs. Estee and Swift, or as certain of the electoral vote of California as these gentlemen, or whether they are as sincere in their prophecies as they profess to be. Sometimes we wonder whether Messrs. Estee and Swift know as much about the politics of California as they think they do. Their political experience is a large one, for they have been aspirants for all the offices in the gift of their party, and have led it to its two most memorable defeats. Their only successful campaign was when they acted together as lieutenants to the Dolly Varden success, which made the Hon. Newton Booth governor and United States senator. We concede that their opinions are disinterested, as neither gentleman has the least personal interest depending upon success or defeat. Whether California is Republican or Democratic hinges upon the character of the recent immigration in the southern part of the State, and whether that vote is not more Prohibition than Republican is an open question. The very marked resolve of Mr. Higgins, and other Republican leaders, that the American party shall not take seats in their Republican two-wheeled village-cart may bear fruit. There are in Oakland eight hundred and fifty-six gentlemen who cast their ballots in the air, and elected a Democratic mayor of the city of Oakland. The independent Republicans of the city of Sacramento united with the opposition, and elected an entire Democratic ticket. It was the protest of honest men indignant at the frauds, crimes, and independence of Republican bosses. The foxes are abroad in the party grain-fields of California with fire-brands tied to their tails, and there is danger that if the same bosses who run towns, villages, and country precincts shall control the coming State convention, there will be trouble. The Democracy will suffer less than the Republican party. Cleveland will be the Democratic Presidential nominee with an united party. Whoever is nominated at Chicago will find his first labor to heal party divisions in the Republican party. Whether Mr. Cleveland has made a political mistake in his free trade utterances, we do not know. That he is attempting to secure fourteen Pacific Coast electoral votes by his Chinese treaty is apparent; this is no longer a Chinese, but an English question, a conflict between England and the United States—whether there should be open Chinese immigration between Hong Kong and Victoria, and a free importation of opium into British-American ports, to be smuggled into the United States, might give the Pacific States to the party which has been most favorable to excluding the Chinese. Just the shadow of a war-cloud upon the political horizon would be a very grateful shade under which the Democrats might fight a very hot campaign. It might in this State turn the Blaine Democrats back to Cleveland. A change of less than fifteen hundred votes in the three Pacific States would have given their fourteen electoral votes to Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Cleveland was then an unknown quantity—a political experiment—and running against the strongest and most popular candidate the Republican party could name. Perhaps Mr. Estee, Mr. Swift, Mr. Higgins, and other eminent party leaders, will do well to recast their figures and reconsider their prophecies. Perhaps it would be well if they would entertain the proposition to put up their two-wheeled village-cart and restore the old and more roomy party omnibus. In State politics, even with the two-wheeled vehicle, Mr. Estee and Mr. Swift have been compelled to foot it. Let them reflect that there are a good many persons who have not altogether forgotten that they were once Republicans; who have rendered honest services in the past, and though, by the most stupid and insolent conduct of party bosses, they have been driven out of the party in State and municipal politics, and, by the party managers, been treated like spotted carriage-dogs, they are no longer willing to run under the cart while professional bosses drive. The Republican party must recognize the existence of the American sentiment, change its atti-

ude toward men who are honest and intelligent, who love their country and its institutions better than a political machine run in the interest of alien bosses and professional politicans, or it will never win another national victory.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Tariff Bill and its Critics.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The bill reported by the Committee of Ways and Means for the reform of the tariff has now been two weeks before the public, and everybody has had an opportunity of making up his mind how it would affect California, if it became a law. It is not too much to say, that no measure equally beneficial to this State has been proposed since the admission of California to the Union.

It designs to place wool upon the free list, which will have the double effect of giving wool-growers in this State a home market for their product, and of saving them the cost of transportation of nine-tenths of that product to Boston, which has eaten up its value in the past; and of enabling woolen spinners to procure Australian wool at a price which will eventually build up a great woolen manufacturing industry on this coast, for supplying the markets of Japan, China, the islands, South America, Central America and Mexico—now monopolized by England and Germany. It proposes to reduce the duty on iron and steel, which is now paid by Californians to enrich Pennsylvania. The reduction is just so much money in our pockets, and just so much progress toward the time when we shall not only manufacture all the iron and steel wares we consume, but shall have a surplus for export to the countries bordering on the Pacific. It proposes to put lumber on the free list, which will cheapen building and fencing throughout the State, and will emancipate us from the despotism of the little ring of lumber monopolists who have grown rich by exacting from consumers extortionate prices for boards and other forms of lumber. It designs to repeal the tax on gunny-bags, which has pressed so heavily on wheat and barley growers; it aims to relieve manufacturing industry of the tolls it has paid in the past, in the shape of duties on chemicals; it proposes to cheapen the poor man's coat, and the poor woman's blanket, by reducing the duty on woolen goods; it designs to relieve California of the monstrous tax on earthenware and pottery, which the people of this State have paid for the benefit of Trenton, N. J., and New Liverpool, Ohio; it aims to cheapen railroad building by reducing the duty on steel rails from seventeen to eleven dollars, and to that extent, frees California from the domination of the steel-rail trust; it proposes to relieve the fruit and fish canning industry of California of the burden that industry has borne in the shape of a thirty per cent. duty on tin plates—a boon which such houses as William T. Coleman & Co. would do themselves credit by acknowledging.

On the other hand, this wise and beneficent measure could not, if it became a law, inflict the least injury on any interest in this State. The writers who profess to see danger in the repeal of the duty on fruit, olive oil, and quicksilver, probably mean well; but they are ignorant of the facts. I have shown in former letters that the repeal of the duty on fruit would not diminish our fruit crop by a pound, nor reduce its price by a cent. Both the one and the other are, and always have been, independent of the tariff. Our best olive oil commands a higher price now than the Lucca oil. It never needed any protection except against fools, who made bad oil, and fancied the tariff would help them to sell it. Ask Elwood Cooper, who can not begin to supply the demand for his oil, at the enormous prices he is forced to charge, whether he wants any protection; ask the Alameda growers of French prunes, who cannot begin to supply the demand for their choice prunes, whether they want protection. As to quicksilver, we are exporters of the article, not importers. The idea of a duty on quicksilver makes people laugh at Almaden.

It is a melancholy commentary on the decreptitude into which the once powerful and intelligent press of this coast has fallen, that this excellent measure of reform should have elicited nothing but abuse from the newspapers of San Francisco. I shall not be expected to answer the Boeotian platitudes with which certain leading daily papers have discussed the subject. If, indeed, I refer to one journal, the *Evening Bulletin*, it is only because of the high reputation which it has borne in the past, and because of the universal respect with which Mr. George K. Fitch is regarded, for the purity of his private character, and for the acknowledged honesty of his purposes. Were it not that he has in times gone by done more than any other journalist to mold public opinion, and that his utterances are still more influential than those of any other publicist on the coast, I would have passed over his articles on the tariff in the silence which seems their most appropriate reply.

It is, evidently, the opinion of the *Bulletin* that the higher the taxation, the greater the prosperity. Customs duties are taxes which are paid by the whole community; the higher they are, the more the community is taxed; the lower they are, the lighter the burden which people bear for the support of the government. When the *Bulletin* groans that the Mills Bill reduces customs duties thirty-three per cent., it is deploring that which it has been the aim of statesmen all over the world to accomplish. It is as if some municipal reformer should discover that our city government could be carried on with a fifty-cent limit to taxation, and the venerable editor of the *Bulletin* should tear his hair because the limit was reduced from his favorite dollar.

Starting out with the idea that the one thing needful for Californians is to get themselves taxed as heavily as possible for the benefit of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and New England, the *Bulletin* likens tariff reform to the advance of Lee's army on Gettysburg. The analogy is not apparent to the naked eye; but a writer who declares that nothing but the existing customs duty on wheat prevents importations of Russian wheat into New York, will not be suspected of lucidity of reasoning. It is difficult to say what might have happened in California if Lee had won the battle of Gettysburg. But it is not at all difficult to perceive what will happen to the manufacturing industry of California, if the tariff be not reformed. To say that the development of woolen manufactures and hardware manufactures in this State would be as disastrous as a Confederate victory might have proved in 1863, is like saying that a correct knowledge of political economy would prove fatal to the business of the *Bulletin*.

When that journal says that if the Mills tariff became a law, many employers of labor in this State would not be able to pay for labor over twenty-five to forty cents a day, it does itself injustice. It surely knows better. It must know that wages are higher here than in any State in the Union, not in the smallest degree by reason of the tariff, but because the uses for labor in California are so many and so varied, that the moderate influx of labor from the East, and from natural increase, is insufficient to supply the demand. Wages will fall in this State when the supply of laborers equals or surpasses the demand, when the inquiry for farm-hands in orchards and vineyards is checked, when building is suspended, when railroad construction is arrested, when the settlement of new land is stopped, when industry becomes paralyzed and commerce grows dull, when all the infinite number of labor-consuming enterprises now in progress and in contemplation are brought to a full stop. So far from having a tendency to cause any of these results, the passage of the Mills tariff would work in precisely the other way. Cheaper iron, cheaper lumber, cheaper raw materials of all kinds, would stimulate instead of depressing industry, would stiffen instead of lowering wages. The *Bulletin's* other comments on the tariff have, indeed, raised a doubt whether its editor still retained the full vigor of his intellect, but we can not be ignorant of this.

It is painful to witness a gentleman with so many claims on public admiration as Mr. Fitch possesses, condescending to stoop to foster the grass ignorance which induces workmen to regard a protective tariff as the mainstay of wages. He must know, though they do not, that in this country high protection and low wages have ever gone hand in hand. The only State in which able-bodied men work for less than a dollar a day is protected Pennsylvania. In what State is a man obliged to put his twelve-year-old son to work to help provide the family meal? Protected Pennsylvania. In what State do employers import Hungarians and Poles to take the bread out of the mouths of native workmen? Protected Pennsylvania. In what State are workmen always striking for a bare subsistence? Protected Pennsylvania. In what State did workmen, maddened by the sight of their starving wives and children, resort to arson and murder to assert their sight to bread? Protected Pennsylvania. Which of all the States of the Union presents the most striking contrasts between bloated millionaires and howling paupers? It is again protected Pennsylvania, and he who believes that protective duties help wages, and that their repeal would lower wages, had better go there and judge for himself.

Whether the Mills Bill can become a law is very doubtful. The chances are that it will not. Congress is probably not yet educated up to the point of passing it. Forty years ago, when a debate covering a quarter of a century had educated the American people in the great truths of political economy, the tariff question was better understood than it is now. The more absorbing questions raised by the war, obliterated the knowledge of fiscal questions which they possessed. Since the war, a prodigious development of prosperity, caused by war issues of paper money, and by the extension of agriculture, industry, and commerce over a fertile continent, has confused many minds. People connect the prosperity with the tariff, and can not easily discern that the former grew, not by reason of, but in spite of the latter. The nation is fairly well off, and conservative minds are afraid of change. It may thus take a few years more to convince people that taxation is an evil, necessary, of course, but still an evil, and not a blessing. But the end is certain, unless Americans have taken permanent leave of their wits. B.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 14, 1888.

P. S.—I observe that my esteemed critic, Mr. Johnson, continues to confute me and put me to shame. He adheres firmly to the faith that he can lift himself up by the seat of his breeches. All I can say is this: If he proposes to perform the feat in public, may I be there to see.

PRACTICAL TEMPERANCE REFORM.

How the Internal Revenue Tax may become a Temperance Agent.

The following address was delivered by Charles A. Wetmore, of the State Viticultural Commission, before the Sixth Annual State Viticultural Convention:

A very large number of intelligent Americans are, at the present time, earnestly engaged in attempting, by means of municipal, State, and national legislation, to restrict or suppress the evils arising from intemperate habits in the use of fermented and distilled beverages. In addition to the popular benefits expected to be derived from legislative acts, much reform is also in progress through social influence and education. The many phases of this reform movement are familiar to all.

Vine-growers, to the extent of their interest in the profits of wine and brandy production, are financially concerned in the results of such popular agitation. To the extent that there is any real good in their industry, they are justified in resisting aggressive attacks and in promoting their own cause; but is it not equally true that—to the extent that any public evil is encouraged directly or indirectly through their agency or alliance—vine-growers, as patriotic citizens, should arise above the consideration of private interests and take some part in reform movements? Is there no place for the vine-producing classes in the councils of those who would, by legitimate means, suppress, or diminish, the encouragements toward intemperance?

At some future time I expect to discuss the problems involved in these questions fully, and especially to distinguish between those various tendencies toward intemperate habits, influenced by race predispositions, national customs, wealth and poverty, and, more particularly, industrial pride of character, developed through mental discipline or family ties. In this paper I shall be content to make some leading statements without argument, trusting to public recognition of the same, and then to show briefly wherein the private interests of vine-growers are consistent with active coöperation in certain phases of the temperance reform movement.

The experience of the world demonstrates that where pure, light-fermented beverages, such as wine and beer, are produced plentifully and distributed at prices within the reach of the poorest classes of the people, there, even without any legislative control or restriction, except such as is imposed by a high rate of taxation upon distilled spirits, the least intemperance is observed. Experience equally shows that, in proportion as light-fermented beverages become dear to the purchasers, scarce, or otherwise restricted in use, and distilled spirits become relatively cheaper, or more accessible, evils of intemperate habits become more pronounced. It is for these reasons that we have repeatedly claimed that wine is a temperance agent. It is to be understood, however, that we mean wine used rationally, as a part of regular meals, and not wine used as a tipple, or as an accompaniment of other tipples.

We should not pretend that, apart from its rational use, wine can not be used intemperately; nor that, for all ages and constitutions, it is equally beneficial as a daily beverage; nor do we pretend to make the same claims for sweet and fortified wines, such as port, sherry, angelica, etc., and wine spirits or brandy, as we do for natural wine, the simple result of fermented grape-juice. Yet, while we may admit that wine, and especially fortified wines and wine spirits, are, more or less, involved in the results of intemperance, we can still assert that intemperance is a rare fault among those who use wine habitually at the family table.

Our claim that wine is a temperance agent must, therefore, be limited to those circumstances which permit its use freely at the table. It can not be used by the poor, if it is not easily accessible and cheap. It is not cheap in any country far from the place of production.

No country consumes largely of the beverage of another country, unless they have been reduced largely in bulk, and made as cheap and safe for trade to handle as possible, as is the case with distillation; and by drying, curing, packing, etc., as is the case with tea and coffee. In other words, the drinks of the people are home brewed, all others being exceptional luxuries, or the possessions only of the wealthy. In this sense, so far as the wine product of California is concerned, our Eastern States must be treated nearly as foreign countries. Wine can never become the national drink of the United States, although that result may be approximated through the aid of Eastern vineyards, and use of condensed must for fermentation in each consuming centre. Large classes of people may, however, look toward our vineyards for their daily beverages, and this, together with beer, may permit us in future to say that the national drink is a light, fermented beverage. Wine and beer, hand in hand, may preach a temperance reform, provided that their friends do not shrink from their responsibilities as citizens, in applying all legitimate remedies for popular habits of intemperance caused by other agencies and irrational customs.

What measures then, can we, as wine-growers, heartily support, and what benefit may it be to our private interests to support them?

First of all, not only to protect our own wines from competition with cheap imitations and from loss of custom through the popular use of cheap distilled spirits; but, also, as good citizens, to prevent the popular, habitual use of spirits from encouraging intemperance, we should demand that a heavy tax be continuously imposed on distillates. In this we should have no opposition, except from the distilling industry and its purveyors, for no one will pretend, as we do, for wine, that whisky, brandy, rum, gin, and other compounds of distilled spirits, are in any way temperance agents, or that they are for any habitual use beneficial or defensible. While it is true that, to a very great extent—in all countries where wine and beer are cheap and popular—the desire for ardent spirits is lost, yet to people of irregular habits and unsound minds everywhere, cheap whisky, brandy, and other spirits are constant pitfalls. In all countries where the rational and temperate use of wine, or even beer, is habitual and popular with the masses, heavy taxes are imposed upon spirits, and to the extent that their cost is increased their popular use is discouraged. France, which drinks the most wine, is the most temperate country of Europe, heavily taxes spirits, and to prevent their disguised use in mixtures of wine, imposes extra taxes for every degree of alcohol found in wine above a rational limit. Fortified wines are unpopular in France, because they are unprofitable. The essence of all laws, efficiently controlling popular habits, is in making it unprofitable to cater to such habits, and the means to that end is taxation. When our people learn that taxation may be frequently resorted to with justice for other purposes than "revenue only," our government may learn that the constitution of the country has invested it not only with power to defend itself, but also to preserve its character and self-respect. The easiest way to suppress adulteration and cheating imitations, is to tax all profit out of them, but until the right of the law-maker to use the taxing-power for purposes other than "revenue only" is generally recognized, many needed reforms must be neglected.

Distilled spirits as beverages in this country are too cheap. The internal revenue tax should be raised sufficiently high to prevent their common use. A tax of three dollars per gallon would not make them too dear for medicines, or as luxuries for the occasional use of those who think they find good in them.

Distilled spirits are so cheap that compounded liquors can be made in imitation of wine, and sold at so low a rate that genuine wines can not compete, except at a loss to the producer. It is because artificial wines can be made with cheap alcohol at from twenty-five to thirty cents a gallon, that our dealers can drive them out only by paying so much less for pure wines in California, as it must cost them to move and transport them to the competing market. I believe that any one would admit without hesitation that, if artificial wines could not be made for less than fifty cents per gallon, good, sound California wines would not be sold by our producers for less than thirty-five cents per gallon, which would mean affluence for the wine-grower in place of present anxiety. I believe, also, that none will pretend that an increase on the tax on spirits would not increase the cost of artificial wines, especially if all such fraudulent importations as fruit-juice, preserved in alcohol, were likewise taxed. I pause on these two propositions, and ask for earnest assent, or such dispute as may bring forth the necessary evidence to sustain them.

The price of alcohol controls the price of ordinary wines!

Is there any room for doubt as to the interests of the vine-grower in opposing any reduction in the tax on ordinary spirits? or, as to his interest in case there should be an increase of the tax?

No concession can be made to the vine-grower, by reducing the tax on brandy, which would compensate him for the loss that would be sustained if the tax on grain spirits were also reduced. No advantage could be gained by a reduction of tax on spirits, brandy equally included, except through increased consumption of all spirits, which would, according to our pronounced principles, be a step toward intemperance and away from wine as a popular beverage. There could not be an increased demand for brandy by reason of such reduction, without for the same reason, a proportionately increased demand for whisky. Such a result we could not encourage; better let the phylloxera eat up our vines.

A reduction of the tax would no doubt increase the sales of all spirits, brandy included; but, even then, where would be the profit? Ordinary wines would be still further depressed in value by the decreased cost of artificial wines, and this fact, reacting on the wines offered for distillation at bankrupt prices, would depress the price of brandy. In such a plight it would be all loss to the vine-grower, loss of pride in the hope of a wine market, loss of fortune, and loss of self-respect.

When the internal revenue tax is reduced on spirits, make no delay in uprooting all wine grapes, which do not produce high-classed costly wines, beyond competition with ordinary products, and prepare to watch the rapid growth of the prohibition sentiment.

I believe, as it is, alcohol being so cheap, that we are in imminent danger of absolute prohibition, all the good there is in our industry being lost sight of in the face of so much that is bad entangled with us; and I further believe that if the internal revenue tax on spirits were raised to three dollars per gallon, and other legislation perfected to prevent compounding, or at least to encourage the genuine producer to mature his goods by age, the danger of prohibition would be passed, and all popular evils of intemperance might be controlled by municipal ordinance and State laws. Of course, the duty on import would need to be modified in accordance with the advance in internal revenue taxes.

I do not think that it is difficult to make it plain to the wine-maker that with a tax of three dollars per gallon on spirits, the benefits of the tariff duty on wine might inure to his benefit and enable him to perfect his products in accordance with his pride in their quality. Were it not for cheap alcohol our wine-makers would now be receiving at least fifty cents a gallon for good, sound, ordinary clarets, instead of fifteen and twenty cents. It is only because of cheap alcohol that we are now selling wine by car-load lots in New York, at a price less than the duty itself, and are forced to study the chances in foreign markets, or to condense our musts, so as to save the cost of transportation.

This paper is, however, not intended so much to show how to increase the profits of viticulture as it is to demonstrate that the wine-maker may take part in popular reforms against intemperance without abandoning his occupation. I know from a wide experience among our producers, that my purpose will awaken a livelier interest than the public will generally at first suppose. I know that we have many among us who would willingly give up their vineyards rather than use their influence against genuine and legitimate efforts to promote the public welfare.

Heretofore the contest for reform has been mostly with the sole idea of absolute prohibition, no distinction being made in behalf of what is good, or at least what is in a public sense not positively evil in the industries attacked. For this reason many truly public-spirited temperance advocates have been tongue-tied. Lately, however, practical temperance reform has taken a new departure, the first step in the new movement being the so-called "high license" system for restricting saloons. The popularity of this system is beyond dispute, and demonstrates that the real temperance party of the United States is far more formidable than prohibition.

High license advocates, however, are in need of a better governing principle. Their line of argument is weaker than their cause, and their plans are therefore not as comprehensive as their attempted reform.

I do not know whether the ideas I have to express on this subject have the merit of originality or not, but whether I am the first to publicly agitate the true underlying principle of governmental restriction for the prevention of public intemperance, or not, I feel that it is untried ground when I undertake to enlist the sympathies of wine makers for this movement.

The weakness of high license, as now understood, would be made manifest at once if Congress should pass any one of the contemplated laws looking toward a large reduction in the tax on spirits, or the entire abolition of all tax. With whisky at twenty cents a gallon, retailed easily at ten cents a bottle, it would avail the high license reformers very little even if they increased the tax on saloons correspondingly. Whisky by the bottle, and by the jug, and by the barrel, would be the order of the day. If the States should undertake to reimpose through licenses the taxes remitted by Congress, there would be to destroy all the little good that is now accomplished through the bonding system. All taxes would necessarily be immediate in operation, and no distiller could afford to mature old whiskies, or brandies. The country would be at the mercy of compounded, new alcohol, with no such partially redeeming feature of the trade as we have now through bonding. Indeed, it is foolish to suppose that the State government could, or would, attempt to reimpose the taxes to the fullest extent of the present levy by the general government. While staying the leak at the spigot, the country would be flooded with intemperance from the bung-hole.

This is the situation that the extreme prohibition advocates foresee, when they now petition Congress to remove all taxes from spirits. They well know that the evil resulting from such policy would soon cause a senseless reaction in favor of prohibition, which might be carried with a rush by a constitutional amendment, requiring the approval of only two-thirds of the States of the Union. How much harm might be done by such a violent proceeding it is difficult to estimate. It is not so much the wrong that would be done to individual interests, as the demoralization of people in their ideas of justice and wise government, that would be deplored.

Let the high-license advocates perfect their plan of action after a careful investigation of rational as well as the irrational uses of fermented and distilled beverages, and comprehend within their scheme the National Congress, and they will accomplish a grand victory. I will ask them to imagine the results that would surely follow an increase of the internal revenue tax on spirits to three dollars a gallon. With one stroke, nearly all they are contending for by municipal ordinances, would be accomplished, and the work left for local control would be easy of execution. With a tax of three dollars, the retail price of spirits would cut off the ten-cent drink at the bar, and close the business of catering with whisky or brandy to the ordinary drunkard. The ordinary saloon would be forced to deal mainly with malt liquors, and with reasonable high license, the mischievous "hole in the wall" would be less numerous. I shall not undertake now to enumerate the many other good results that would follow, when the "poor man's drink" ceased to be ardent spirits, nor how city life "under the gas-light" would be refined. The subject is very suggestive, and as such, I intend to present it to this convention.

With a tax of three dollars a gallon on spirits, the difference in cost between fine old liquors kept in bond and new alcohols, such as are now mostly used by compounders, would be relatively less; cheap trade being cut off, the popular demand would be limited to supplying more critical customers. The "two-bit" drink does not make many drunkards; yet it is cheap enough to satisfy all rational demands for ardent spirits.

From a "revenue standpoint" the increase of tax, if sufficient to cut off the trade in cheap drinks, would decrease the revenues; if not sufficiently high, it would increase the revenue. At the present time there is a demand for a decrease of revenue; this may better be accomplished by raising the tax to three dollars on spirits than by lowering it to fifty cents.

I would have all alcohol used in the arts free of tax, the law providing for the same giving security against fraud. This reduction alone, is sufficient to reduce our revenues at least from fifteen millions to twenty millions of dollars.

As to high license, as now in vogue, I see no reason why wine-makers should quarrel with it, if exception is made in favor of the restaurant and hotel where no saloon is kept. It would be difficult, of course, to obtain candid opinion on this part of the subject from most wine-dealers, as they are, generally, also dealers in spirits, and have a large demand made on them by their customers, the saloon-keepers, for assistance in resisting municipal reforms. I am sure, however, that I shall not meet much opposition within this convention for saying that the vast and increasing number of saloons, and method of conducting many of them, are recognized as public evils; that public resorts, solely devoted to drinking, are indefensible as places of amusement, recreation, or personal gratification, and are excusable only, because they seem to indicate some popular want not otherwise well supplied; that they are public resorts, properly coming within the scope of laws providing for public surveillance, discipline, and restriction, and that no one would be harmed if there were only ten, where now a hundred exist.

I am not desirous of cheap notoriety through railing at saloons indiscriminately. It is just as legitimate an occupation to measure out a glass of wine or beer to a temperate or rational customer, as it is to sell ice-cold soda-water at a drug-store, or ice-cream in a ladies' saloon parlor. It is the excess of irrational patronage, indicated by the number of saloons and the vastness of their aggregate profits, so poorly invested, on the one hand, and the debasing character of many of them, on the other hand, that constitute the saloon question a vexed public problem. Places of public resort, for the convenience of the stranger, the idler, the weary and careworn, and the poor, who have no adequate facilities for social intercourse, or relaxation, are public necessities. The saloon is the main outgrowth of this want, but it is so constituted as to pervert, rather than to satisfy, a natural and innocent desire. Its proper substitute should be the aim of reformers, rather than its simple suppression. In Paris we see a cheerful substitute in the café, and its counterpart in the cabaret. In San Francisco we see a hint of a growing substitute in the Tivoli, the Orpheum, and other places, where liquid refreshments and cigars are only the incidental, and not the chief attractions. What a world of good would be done, if the public squares in San Francisco were covered with pavilions, where, at least, three nights in the week, instrumental concerts of the finest music were given at public expense! What a reform, if all saloons were open to the full view of the street, and all back-rooms rigidly closed! There is a way, I believe, of reforming saloons, without suppressing them entirely.

No lady is offended, in any respectable restaurant, because wine or beer is served to those who demand it. No gentleman should be offended because the ladies are opposed to the existence of institutions where husbands will not admit their wives. These opposite conditions show that it is not the sale of wine that makes the saloon disreputable: no! it is not the wine or liquor, but the fact that the place is devoted to irrational gratification of morbid desires, best suited by seclusion from the public gaze. Place the saloon under the public gaze, and it will speedily take on the manners of the reputable café.

Vine-growers will know that such possible reform can not come too quickly to please them. My own purpose is accomplished if I have made any suggestion which may lead to hastening a good result through the public spirit of our industry. If there is good in our industry, we should not fear to defend it, and demand protection of law. If there is an evil in any part of it, we should recollect the sage advice of the great Christian teacher: "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee." For it were better to suffer the loss of what we can not respect and defend, than to see our glorious viticulture cast into the hell that prohibitionists are preparing for it.

The principles discussed in the foregoing address of Mr. Wetmore were unanimously indorsed, on the following day, by the State Viticultural Commission; resolutions opposing reduction of tax on spirits, and even favoring an increase of tax, were passed, and subsequently approved, by the State convention, and the policy outlined has, thereby, through the action of the wine-makers, become the policy of the State. The license advocates have gained a powerful ally.—ED.

WAS HE A COWARD?

In society they called him "Adonis Querne." His name was Viscount Gontran Joseph de Querne.

An orphan and master of a large fortune, he made quite a figure, as they say. He had style, readiness enough to appear witty, a certain natural grace, a proud, well-bred bearing, a fierce moustache, and a gentle eye—the combination women like.

He was invited everywhere, was in demand as a partner in the german, and inspired men with the smiling unfriendliness that a strong face usually begets. He was suspected of a few love affairs that go to make a bachelor interesting. He was happy, calm and self-satisfied, known to be an expert swordsman, and a good shot.

"If I ever fight a duel," he used to say, "I shall choose pistols. I shall be sure then of killing my man."

One evening he went to the theatre with two ladies and their husbands, and after the play invited them to go to Tortoni's for an ice. When they had been seated there a few minutes, he observed that a gentleman at a neighboring table was keeping his eyes obstinately fixed on one of the ladies of De Querne's party. She seemed troubled and uncomfortable, and held her head down. Finally she said to her husband:

"That man is staring at me. I don't know him, do you?"

The husband, who had seen nothing, looked up, but said at once, "No, not at all."

The young wife continued, half smiling and half annoyed:

"It's very provoking; that individual spoils my ice for me."

Her husband shrugged his shoulders: "Pshaw! Pay no attention to him. If we took notice of every loafer we met there'd be no end to it."

But the viscount rose abruptly.

He would not permit a strange man to spoil an ice of his offering. The insult was to him, since it was by his invitation that his friends were in the café. The thing devolved upon him to settle.

He approached the man, and said to him:

"Sir, I can not tolerate your manner of staring at these ladies. I beg you will desist."

The other replied:

"Do you want to make a row about it?"

The viscount set his teeth, and continued: "Be careful, sir, or you will provoke me beyond bounds."

The man answered by a single word, a vile name that rang from one end of the café to the other, and had the effect of a spring on every one at the tables.

Every one turned round, the three waiters spun on their heels like tops, the two *dames du comptoir* jumped and then leaned forward to see, and a great silence fell. Then all at once a sharp sound cut the air. The viscount had struck his adversary in the face. Everybody rose to interfere. The two men exchanged cards.

* * * * * * *

When the viscount reached home he walked up and down his room, too agitated to reflect. The single idea of a duel hovered in his mind, but without awakening the smallest emotion. He had done as he ought; shown himself as he wished to be. He would be talked about, approved, congratulated.

He repeated aloud, as we often speak when the mind is wrought up, "What a brute that man was!"

Then he sat down to think. In the morning he must find his seconds. Who should they be? Men of position and standing! He finally chose the Marquis de la Tour-Noire and Colonel Bourdin, a great lord and a soldier; their names would look well in the newspapers. He felt thirsty and drank three glasses of water, one after the other; then he began to walk up and down again. He felt very determined. If he showed himself bold and resolute, insisted on rigorous conditions, and demanded a serious duel, a duel to the death, probably his adversary would withdraw and apologize.

He took up the card he had drawn from his pocket and thrown on the table, and read it, as he had already read it at a glance in the café, and in the cab coming home, by the light of every street-lamp:

George Lamil,
51 Moncey Street.

Nothing more.

He examined the way the letters followed each other: George Lamil! Who was he? What did he do? Why had he stared at the woman? How revolting that a stranger, an unknown man, should trouble the course of your existence suddenly, because he chose to look insolently at a woman. The viscount repeated aloud:

"What a brute!"

Then he stood motionless awhile, in a sort of trance, his eyes fixed on the card. Rage was awakening in him against this piece of pasteboard, a rage mingled with hate and with a strange feeling of uneasiness. The whole affair was idiotic! He took an open pen-knife and stuck it into the printed name, as if he were stabbing somebody.

So he was going to fight a duel! Should he choose swords or pistols, for he considered himself the insulted person. With swords he ran less risk, but by choosing pistols he had the chance of making his adversary withdraw. A duel with swords is rarely fatal—mutual prudence keeps the combatants too far apart. With pistols he seriously hazarded his life; but he might also get off with all the honors of the situation and without any meeting.

He spoke aloud:

"I must be firm. He will be frightened."

The sound of his voice made him shiver, and he glanced round. He felt very nervous. He drank another glass of water, undressed, and went to bed.

In bed, with the lights out, he closed his eyes and began to think:

"I have all day to-morrow to attend to things. I must go sleep now so as to have my head clear."

The coverings seemed oppressive, he could not fall asleep. He turned over and over, lying five minutes on his back, then on his right side, then on his left.

He felt thirsty again. He rose to get a drink. Then a genuine anxiety seized him:

"Am I afraid?"

Why did his heart beat so wildly at all the familiar sounds in the room? When the clock was going to strike, the little click of the spring made him start, and he was obliged to open his mouth to breathe for several seconds after, he felt so oppressed. He began to reason with himself on the possibility of such a thing:

"Am I afraid?"

No, assuredly he could not be afraid when he had just announced himself resolved to push the thing to extremity, when he had such a determination to fight. But he was so deeply moved that he said to himself:

"Can one be afraid in spite of one's self?"

And the doubt grew upon him—an anxiety, a dread; if a force stronger than his will overcame him, what should he do? He would go to the place of meeting, because he willed to appear there. But if he trembled? If he lost consciousness? And he thought of his position, his reputation, and his name.

He felt a compelling wish to see his own face in the mirror. He lighted a candle. When he saw his reflection in the polished glass he hardly recognized it, it was like one he had never seen. His eyes looked enormous, and he was pale; he was certainly very pale.

He stood there before the mirror. He even looked at his tongue to see if he were feverish, and all at once the thought shot through him:

"Day after to-morrow, at this time, I may be dead."

And his heart began to beat furiously again.

"Day after to-morrow this, that I see in the glass, may be no more. I am here, I look at myself, I feel that I am alive, and in twenty-four hours I may be laid on that bed dead, my eyes closed, cold, inanimate, ended!"

He went back toward his bed, and could see himself stretched out on his back on the very sheets he had just left. His face had fallen in like a dead man's, and his hands were leaden as if they would never move again.

He hated his bed, and in order not to see it, went into his smoking-room. He mechanically lighted a cigar, and began to walk about. He felt chilled, and was about to ring for his servant, but he paused, with his hand raised above the bell:

"The fellow will see I am afraid."

He did not ring, he built a fire himself. His hands trembled a little with a nervous recoil when they touched anything. His mind wandered; his confused thoughts began to grow fleeting, broken off, and painful; fumes clouded his mind as if he had been drinking.

He repeated continually:

"What shall I do? What will become of me?"

His whole body vibrated, shaken by chills; he rose, and going to the window, opened the curtains. Day was breaking—a summer day. The flushed sky warmed the roofs and walls of the city. A long beam of light, like a caress from the rising sun, wrapped the awaking world, and with the light swiftly, and almost with the pain of a shock, hope sprang up in the viscount's heart! What a fool he was, to be overcome with fear before anything was decided, before his seconds had seen George Lamil's, before he even knew whether there would really be a duel.

He dressed, and left the house with a firm step. He repeated to himself, as he walked:

"I must be very decided. I must prove that I am not afraid."

His seconds, the marquis and the colonel, consented to act, shook hands with him, and discussed the conditions.

The colonel asked, "You are in earnest about the character of the duel itself?"

The viscount replied: "Thoroughly in earnest."

The marquis added: "You insist upon pistols?"

"Yes."

"Leave us to settle the rest."

The viscount pronounced with dry, jerky articulation: "Twenty paces, at the word of command, raising the weapon instead of lowering it. Shots exchanged till there is a serious wound."

The colonel remarked that they were excellent conditions, the viscount was a good shot, and all the chances were on his side.

Then they went away, the viscount returned home to wait for them. His agitation, which had lessened for a time, now increased every moment. He could feel that chill running along his arms, his legs, his chest, shaking his whole body. He could not sit still. There was not a trace of moisture in his mouth, and he continually made a little clacking sound with his tongue as if to limber his palate.

He wished to breakfast, but could not eat. Then he thought drinking would give him courage, so he sent for a bottle of brandy, and drank six small glasses in succession. A burning heat rushed over him, accompanied by giddiness.

"I have it now," he thought, "this is the thing!"

But at the end of an hour he had emptied the bottle, and his agitation had become intolerable. He felt an insane desire to roll on the ground, to scream, to tear something with his teeth.

A jingling at the bell so excited him that he had not the strength to rise and receive his seconds.

He did not even dare to speak to them, for fear they would guess all from his altered voice.

The colonel spoke: "Everything is settled according to your own conditions. At first your adversary claimed the privileges of the offended person, but he yielded almost immediately and accepted everything. His seconds are two army officers."

The viscount said, "Thank you."

The marquis added: "Excuse us if we only come in to go directly away, but we have a thousand things to arrange. We must have a good surgeon, as the duel goes on till there is a serious wound, and you know cold lead is no joke. We must find a place for the meeting near some dwelling, where the wounded man may be carried, if necessary, and so on. At least we have two or three hours to do it in."

Again the viscount said, "Thank you."

The colonel asked: "Are you all right? Not shaky?"

"Not at all, thank you."

The two men went away.

* * * * * * *

When he was alone again, he believed he was going mad. The servant had lighted the lamps, so he sat down at the table to write letters. Having traced "This is my will" at the top of the page, he sprang up and walked down the room, feeling himself incapable of writing two ideas, of taking any resolve, or deciding upon anything.

What was it all? He was to fight a duel—he wished it, it was his settled intention; and yet he knew, in spite of every effort of his will, every assertion of his mind, that he was not going to have the necessary strength even to go to the place of meeting. He tried to fancy the duel, his own attitude, and his opponent's bearing.

From time to time his teeth chattered in his head. He took up Châteauvillard's dueling code, and tried to read it. Then he asked himself:

"Has my adversary practiced in shooting-galleries? Is he known? Has he reputation? How could I find out?"

He remembered Baron de Vaux's book on noted shots with the pistol, and went through it from beginning to end. George Lamil was not mentioned. But if the man was not an expert, he would not have accepted at once that dangerous weapon under mortal conditions.

He opened a case of pistols, took one out, and stood up as if to fire, raising his arm. He trembled from head to foot, and the barrel wavered in every direction.

Then he said: "The thing is impossible. I can not fight a duel like this."

He examined the little black hole in the end of the barrel, that spits out death, and thought of disgrace, whispers in clubs, sneers in society, women's contempt, allusions in the newspapers, insults from cowards.

He kept examining the weapon and, pressing back the trigger, suddenly saw a cap under it like a little red flame. Through neglect the pistol had been put away loaded. It gave him a confused, inexplicable pleasure.

If he could not stand up before that man with calm, unblenching front, he would be lost, branded, outcast. He was not capable of assuming or keeping that impassive front, he knew it, he felt it. But he must be a brave man, because he wished to fight a duel! He must be brave since—the thought did not even shape itself clearly in his mind; he opened his mouth, put the barrel of the pistol down his throat, and pulled the trigger.

When his valet rushed in, attracted by the report, he found him dead, lying on his back. The blood had splashed the white paper on the table, and made a great red blot under the four words:

"This is my will."—*Translated for the Argonaut, from the French of Guy de Maupassant, by Annie Lake Townsend.*

Zola, who has undertaken to write about nearly every class of the laboring people of Paris, says of the milliners: "The ranks of modistes are largely recruited from the schoolmistresses who can not find pupils, daughters of theatrical people who shrink from exposing their children to the perils and trials of life on the stage, and girls whose parents have come down in the world. Never does a Parisian milliner allow herself to be called an *ouvrière*. She is, on the contrary, a demoiselle, and the very poorest of these demoiselles would die rather than cross the street like a work-girl, that is to say, without hat and gloves. In some great millinery houses, dignity is so much thought of, that the staircase leading to the modiste's room is often marked 'les Escalier des Artistes.' The apprentice milliner who has paid a premium, is allowed to sew wire around hats, and to work on old models, while the charity apprentice picks up pins from the floor of the work-room, runs errands, and carries parcels and bonnet-boxes all over Paris. After two years' apprenticeship, the modiste becomes an *appréteuse*, and earns about ten dollars a month, eagerly awaiting the time of her elevation to the position of trimmer. These trimmers are the swells of the profession. They are to be met with everywhere, looking for hints. They are at the first nights of the new plays, scanning with close attention the audience and the actresses. They attend fashionable weddings at the Madeleine, and even hunt in the book shops on the quays, getting suggestions from old-fashioned prints. Not so well paid, but also important are the sellers, who have to possess a great deal of tact, and if they can speak English, and wait on English and American customers, they get as much as six hundred dollars a year. Milliners are divided into two classes, those in shops and those in private rooms or apartments. The shop-keeping bonnet-maker is not a creator of fashions, and frequently sends her most aristocratic-looking assistant in the guise of a customer to the private rooms of leading milliners, in order to ask for and get hints from the novelties of the season. Sometimes the trick is discovered, and vengeance is taken in many ways peculiar to the inventive female mind. Once, when one of these fore-women was detected by a fashionable Mme. Mantalini, she locked her up in a closet, and kept her there on bread and water until her crestfallen mistress came to claim her."

While everybody (in Florida) is justly boasting of Florida's climate, it is not deemed necessary to tell the stranger that the residents of Jacksonville, for the past two months, have been afflicted with the "Dengue fever," which seems to baffle all inquiries as to cause, and all efforts to check its spread. The fever, which is common enough in the South, is not dangerous except when it chances to turn into typhoid, but it will prostrate the strongest man in two or three days, and cause him to feel as if he had been in a sick bed for six months. The disease is more commonly known as "break-bone fever."

FRENCH HOME LIFE.

"L'Americaine" introduces Candy-Pulling and Pop-Corn in France.

Not long ago, I happened to hear an American remark that he could not believe that any real happiness existed in families over here, for they were not even united by that blessed word "home," which in our country is the very key-note of all our best feelings. I know it is customary to say that the French have no word for home, but they have the abiding fact, nevertheless. Is it not a most serious thing that there are so few permanent homesteads among us? In France, despite the missing word, there is the important fact that home life does exist, although we Americans have been led to believe the contrary, and in it there is a sacredness and tender care which too frequently are not to be found in our bustling country, where every man is in anxious haste to change his house for a better one.

There is a nearness, an intimacy, a habit of friendship among people over here, for which we in America have but little time as yet. Here all little observances are kept up; for instance, the seat at the table is always reserved for the old friend who comes without an invitation, the same room in the château, or city mansion, is always kept in readiness for the dear friend who may arrive at any moment. Then the coupé or victoria is sent one day out of each week to some friend who can not, perhaps, afford to keep her own carriage and horses, and who in this manner is given a little pleasure without the slightest inconvenience to her more fortunate friend. The box at the theatre is often sent to another *amie d'enfance*, who is thereby enabled to take her fair daughters to see the play that otherwise would have only been known through the criticisms in the newspapers.

The reason that so few Americans are unconscious of the true home life of the French people is, that they are seldom, if ever, admitted into it. These people cling to old ties, they dread to make new friends, and they guard their home circle as the most sacred thing in their existence. For this reason the privileged one who enters into this home circle feels as if some great compliment had been paid him. Surely it is an honor to be bidden into the well-guarded circle, to be a part of it and free of its intimacies. There is, doubtless, something most attractive about open doors and general welcomes, but the choicer life and true friendships can not be so nurtured. I think that in America we need more care in guarding the *entrée* to our homes, but when it is given we need more heartiness and depth of feeling, whether as guest or as entertainer.

Just now the château party here at Le Mousseau has dwindled down to the home circle, and I am enabled to understand fully how close and united this circle can be. It has been my good fortune to cross the mystic boundary-line of French home-life, not only in my own relatives' families, but also in those of several friends. I am glad to know that I have been mistaken, and I am glad to tell others that they are laboring under a delusion when they believe that French people have no home life. Where will you find any more devoted fathers than here?—fathers who enter into their sons' studies, pleasures, and ambitions; where will more devoted mothers grace homes; where can children be seen who are more deferential, as well-mannered, and as devoted as here?

Of course, as in all lands, there is the opposite of the story, and we know of people who live only for the world, poor moths hovering over the flame of society. Here, as in other places, can be found desolate firesides to which the father never comes back, which the mother may have deserted for another, and where only a few wretched hearts may cluster round to make up the miserable and broken circle. There is no home, I suppose, without its skeleton in the closet, and I do not mean to convey the idea that French homes are better, as a class, than our own, but only to dispel the illusion that *no* home life exists over here.

Our return to Paris is drawing very near now. My aunt has already sent word to her concierge to uncover the furniture, to call in a charwoman, and put all in perfect readiness for the return of the family a few days hence. How to fill up the last few days of our stay in Touraine was now of great importance to us. I had seen all the sights, visited every château of any note, hunted, boated, danced, and dined to my heart's content, so at last my aunt decided to let me plan one evening to suit myself, while she, in the meanwhile, would arrange her annual farewell fête to her many tenants, laborers, and dependents. This generally consisted of a large dinner and a ball, and before the clock would strike midnight a huge bag would be carried into the room, containing a small gift for each one present; this would end the festivities. The good-byes would be said, and, with an "à l'année prochaine," each guest would take his leave.

So I was to have the planning of one evening. I took my cousin into my confidence, and we sent out about fifty invitations for an American *soirée* at Château Mousseau. I had thought of a candy-pull, soap-bubbles, and pop-corn, as novelties over here, but how to overcome my aunt's scruples of not allowing any one to enter the kitchen I hardly knew. And when I feared the amusements I was anxious to introduce would appear rather outlandish to her taste, and it was with quite a feeling of timidity that I broached the subject to her. Imagine my delight when she gave me permission to turn the château topsy-turvey if I liked, and to do and order everything just in my own way.

With the assistance of my maid and the housekeeper, we turned out some very long bib-aprons and some white paper cook's caps. I studied my recipe-book for sugar-candy, until I felt certain that not even Huyler would be able to equal it when finished. We sent to Paris for pop-corn and poppers, gave fair warning to the *chef* that we would invade his kitchen for a few hours, and when the evening of our entertainment arrived everything was in complete readiness for our expected guests. When the caps and aprons were brought into the drawing-room, and I requested each guest to don the queer attire, they all immediately saw that some fun was on the *tapis*, and, being French people, did not need any urging to enter into the sport.

My cousin and I led the way to the kitchen, while a band of village musicians played a *potpourri* of national airs in the lower hall. No doubt every one has read of a French kitchen, so it will be easy to picture to yourself an immense room, with tiled floor, walls, and ceiling; at one end, the huge, open fire-place, where an ox might easily be roasted whole; the large range, running the length of the opposite side of the room; highly polished wood-presses, containing china and glassware; the hundreds of hooks about the walls, on which hang the shining brass *casseroles*, pans, and kettles; a large table in the centre of the room; another, with marble-top for rolling out pastry, in one corner; plenty of comfortable, high-backed, old-fashioned chairs, with a bit of bright carpet near each one; the *chef* in his snowy white apron and cap, bottle-green trousers, with yellow stripe, and white flannel blouse laced with yellow; the scullery maids, in their neat attire, standing at respectful distance, with wide open, astonished eyes, at this invasion of their domain by the great ladies from above stairs—and this was the exact picture we had before us as we entered this temple of the culinary art.

Very soon a dozen or so pots were on the fire, filled with the ingredients for sugar candy. Each guest was armed with a huge spoon, and each, in turn, was to stir the mixture—twenty minutes of the greatest anxiety, while waiting to ascertain if the candy was not ready to take off the fire—and I am certain half of it was consumed in trying it in cups of cold water. Then the great boiling, brown mass was poured out on the marble-top table, and left to cool. Next came the division of it into pieces large enough for two persons to pull together. Of course there was an amount of mirth and much amusement, as this was an entirely new thing to these people, and they all seemed to enjoy it hugely. At first the stuff pulled most beautifully, and I was just congratulating myself on the success of my much-studied recipe, when, picture to yourself my utter dismay, the candy refused to pull any longer, slowly turned back to pure sugar, and fell from the hands in soft, doughy lumps. Alas! alas! how true is the old saying, that too many cooks spoil the candy—broth, I mean.

Naturally, I never heard the last of my famous American candy, and I was only too glad to turn to the more certain success of popped corn. This was, indeed, a novelty to my French friends. A large bed of coals had been left in the open fire-place, and, armed with long-handled poppers, as many as could gather around the hearth, sat down and began to pop. Soon heaping pans of salted corn were carried up-stairs, and we all adjourned to the library, and sat down to enjoy it. Such amusing tales as were told over the corn would fill a volume to relate; every one seemed desirous of surpassing his neighbor in anecdote and joke, and the old room fairly reëchoed with laughter.

As soon as the corn had been devoured, we brought in a large, red quilt, laid it on the floor, placed chairs about it, presented each one of our guests with a pretty bowl and gaily decorated pipe, wherewith to make soap-bubbles, for which prizes were to be given, for the smallest as well as the largest bubble. Judges were appointed, and soon all were diligently engaged in the comical pastime. The room was shortly filled with these floating little air-castles, and I am certain few children ever enjoyed making soap-bubbles more than these grown-up people, many of whom had become satiated with the amusements of *le grand monde*, and were only too happy to be brought back to their childhood days by such a little trip into babyland.

At midnight, supper was announced. The table had been laid under a canopy of American flags in the dining-hall. At each plate was a small flag with the date, and a pretty motto for each guest. As many American dishes as could be thought of by a French cook were placed upon the table. I was amused to see corned beef and a small plate of cabbage; mince-pies had arrived that day from an American pastry-cook's in Paris, with some golden-brown doughnuts, the sight of which made me quite homesick for the moment. Some beautiful canned fruit, all the way from California, made my friends open their eyes in amazement at the size of such peaches and pears. There was also some California port wine on the table, sent me by an American friend on the continent, which they all pronounced excellent. The little supper was very successful, and, although surrounded by French people on all sides and six thousand miles away from my native land, I was so forcibly carried home by the sight of the few familiar dishes that had been placed before me, that I almost forgot, for a moment, that a great ocean rolled between me and the land of my birth.

This will end my more than happy sojourn in the "Garden of France," and I only wish that some of my American friends could enjoy the hospitalities of the same charming people over here, whom it has been my good fortune to meet. Paris, the city of cities, is my next destination; so forward to fields and pastures new, where promises of many good things await me for the next few months. L'AMERICAINE.

CHATEAU MOUSSEAU.

We have received a lengthy "poem," with the usual remarks concerning the appreciative circle of friends to whom it had been read. The poet kindly prefaced the "poem" with this paragraph:

The following poem was written by a well-known Clergyman of —— —— to a friend in the East. Its beautiful description of an ideal home and natural scenery, and its profound and original ideas on life and destiny, are well worth pondering over. It contains some rare starting-points for thought.—EDITORS ARGONAUT.

The poem we omit.

An excellent woman in North Wales, not being pleased with having the walls of her town placarded over with bills representing one of her own sex in a condition of extreme undress, expressed her disapprobation by tearing the placards down with her parasol. The theatrical agent had her sued for damages, and she paid five dollars into court, and considered that adequate compensation.

STARR KING.

An Eulogium upon him by Edward Everett Hale.

We notice that the owner of the new block of buildings on Geary Street, which is now being erected on the lot of the old Starr King Church, has named the block "The Starr King Block." We like this. It is a graceful recognition of the association of the name of Starr King with the spot where his patriotism and eloquence were a power in the land. We copy an article from the Boston *Advertiser*, showing that in his former home at the East, Starr King's memory is ever bright and green, and as the anniversary of his death comes round, free expression is there given of the loveliness of his character, and the thorough appeciation of the large service he had done to his country. We regret that the old church in San Francisco should have been sold. We have thought, without fully reviewing any of the causes which induced the sale, that a supreme effort should have been made to retain a building which had become hallowed from the associations connected with it. Now, while a new church is being constructed to commemorate the name and preserve the traditions of the old Starr King Church, and a monument is to be erected to keep his memory green, the following eloquent eulogium pronounced at a memorial service in Boston, by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, will not be out of place. Dr. Hale said:

It is twenty-four years to-day since the telegraph announced the wretched news of the death of Thomas Starr King. No man had more friends in Boston. It was during the struggle of the civil war, and he had given his energy to the preservation of the Union, his wonderful eloquence and strong power of logic taking him where no selfish politician could go. I am not sure that he is not remembered more as a man of letters than as a leader of men, when men needed a leader.

Mr. King was born in the city of New York, December 16, 1824. He was prevented from entering Harvard College by the sudden death of his father. He prepared himself for his profession in the midst of diligent work as a teacher, and preached for the first time in 1845. He was minister of the Hollis Street Church for twelve years. No man in New England, since Everett, ever displayed such oratorical ability so young.

When accused of ridiculing the mountains, he said he would visit them, and no one should ever again be able to tell him that he did not know what he was talking about. He went, and found, indeed, that he did not know what he was talking about. The grandeur of the mountains and the beauty of the forests now fed the sacred thirst that was within him, which he had been ever conscious of, but never knew how to satisfy before. He found that he had all that goes to the making up of a woodman. In all that has been written and said about him since he died, not enough attention has been given to his wonderful knowledge of books. Once he had read a book, it was his. One of his strongest controversial sermons, in which passages were quoted from the works of numerous writers, was written in a room in an inn at Albany, with no other book before him than his ever-present Bible.

When he was offered a position as preacher of the First Unitarian Church in San Francisco, he did not want to go, and refused again and again. He loved New England, and this change would involve a separation from the world of his friends, such as the same change now does not in the least imply. In 1859, when I was in London, I had a letter from him, in which he told me he had declined it all, and wrote with real satisfaction that the matter was ended. Before January of the next year the leading advisors of the Unitarian Church had so urged him to reconsider his answer, on the simple score of duty to mankind, that he agreed to go out in that new service; and in March he went, by the Panama route. At that time the storm was beginning which broke out a year afterward in the rebellion. As it proved, his work there was to speak for the loyalty of the new-born State, and to secure that loyalty for the nation. Within a year Sumter was fired on and the Union threatened; from that moment his subject was always loyalty. He won the hearts and converted the understandings of the immense audiences which came everywhere to listen to him.

I said of him, immediately after his death: "Within a little time he had won the personal regard of thousands and thousands of men and women, who feel that they owe him all that is worth anything in their lives. He has risen in public reputation as an eloquent speaker, a keen philosopher, a patriot wider than all party, and a theologian higher than all bigotry, to a position and influence which belong to no religious body, but to the world.

In this city he was first, perhaps, reputed as a brilliant orator, than as the careful student and clear thinker and teacher which he was. But by the time Boston lost him, Boston knew how to prize him. When the best advisers of the religious communion, which he loved and illustrated, determined that their time had come to send the first man to the great duty of organizing and confirming the religious sentiment of the Pacific Coast, there was no question who that first man was, and he was ready for that duty, as he was always ready for any.

In California, the variety and extent of his work have been almost inconceivable. That he saved California to this Union by the eagerness with which he flung himself into the matured work of her loyal men, and brought every religious sanction to their aid, is a remark often made on the highest authority. Since the war began, the continued existence of the United States Sanitary Commission, has, as it has proved, depended upon those princely gifts of this Golden State, which, in the order of Providence, he guided into the treasury of that commission. In the midst of such services to mankind, as if for the pastime of his life, he encouraged his own congregation in the building of a large and magnificent church, for which he furnished the outlines of the plans. A letter before us calls it the most beautiful church in America. The dedication of that church, under every circumstance of hope and prosperity, is but just now announced to us. From such successes this faithful servant is lifted to higher service.

In three years' time he had earned the position of the first citizen of California. He had earned it by doing his duty. He had earned it, as it happened, by that matchless oratory which he, strangely enough, was the only man who did not appreciate. I remember walking home with him one evening from the vestry of our church, in which he had spoken such words as I had never heard spoken anywhere else. He was silent for a little while, and then he said: "I never will do it; I never will try to do it again." I was surprised, and I said: "Try what?" Said he, "I never will try to speak extemporaneously again."

His wife told me that when he died, the heavenly look on his face took the smile of an exquisite curiosity almost gratified. It was as if he said, "Now I shall know."

We shall preserve a memorial of him in the window, which we are to place yonder, with which we complete this church. On the Pacific shore they will build a monument of marble and of bronze to preserve his memory. Not these outward memorials only, shall speak to us of the larger life which he is now living. The eleven disciples stood looking up into the sky as if their Master were there. But he appeared, and said, "Why stand ye looking up into heaven? I will return to you in your hearts, I will return to you in memory, I will return to you in life." This is the lesson he taught us. We recall every loved memory of his life, and we do not know how to stop when we are doing so. We must live in that memory; we must be quickened by that same spirit that we may enter into that same reward.

Recently, at Genoa, in the presence of the special and royal delegate Pavesi, the chest was opened in which was preserved the celebrated violin of Nicolo Paganini. The instrument is in excellent preservation, and the veteran Italian violinist, Camillo Sivori, after having tuned it, played several pieces of music, arousing the admiration of all present. Afterward, Paganini's violin was deposited in a case covered by a glass lid

"LA TOSCA."

"Iris" describes Fanny Davenport's Dresses and Sardou's Play.

Fanny Davenport's opening of the Broadway Theatre in "La Tosca" has been the sensation of the week. A new play of Sardou's and a new theatre combined, were novelties that attracted even sated New York. Moreover, the costumes—already familiar through the medium of Bernhardt's photographs, which are flooding the town—are subjects of special interest, it being circulated in high places that desperate efforts are to be made to reintroduce the style of the First Empire. The gifted lady who has already made a fortune out of "Fédora" is, they say, going to repeat the trick with "La Tosca." She undoubtedly shows great improvement, less ranting, more art, less posing, more nature. "La Tosca" is a true Bernhardt play. It was written for the great Sarah's peculiar talents, and abounds in fierce situations, flaming rages, lurid loves, passionate hates, unbridled jealousies. La Tosca would never have blushed unseen, no matter how deserted was the desert. She is one of those people who make dramas and are invaluable to the playwright, but who, in real life, would have been simply insupportable. As the wife of her Mario, she would have led him a dog's life, never had a pretty servant in the house, and broken the plates over his head every time she got into a temper. She is one of those beautiful, lithe, gifted, female tigers, so dear to the hearts of Sardou and Dumas *fils*. She is Fédora's first cousin, Théodora's aunt, cousin-german to Camille, and sister to the unpleasant Françillon. They are all of a piece, these charming tigers—paw of velvet, claw of steel.

The plot of "La Tosca" is full of love, murder, revenge, jealousy, despair, hatred, suicide, etc. One man kills himself; item, one woman throws herself into the Tiber; item, another man is shot; item, La Tosca, before she throws herself into the Tiber, stabs and kills Scarpia, an old reprobate, who deceives her; item, Mario is tortured, and groans and howls dreadfully. This, with a few love scenes, rages, and unpleasant episodes, makes up the play. It is exceedingly dramatic, highly unnatural, and extremely exciting. Events crowd on each others' heels, storm succeeds storm; you are swept onward like a cyclone, by the whirling intensity of the ever multiplying horrors. Why, before they were all killed, did not they all die of nervous prostration? Italians in the early nineteenth century must have had nerves of steel, sinews of iron, to survive not only Napoleon's campaign, but little private campaigns of their own, got up on the spur of the moment and acted with as much fury as the great battles raging at Marengo and Arcola.

Of course, Fanny Davenport, clever though she be, can not fill a part designed for the great Sarah. She is like Oliver Wendell Holmes, when asked to fill Rufus Choate's place at the Dartmouth College commencement. "I can not fill Mr. Choate's place," said the ever-genial O. W. H., "but I'll go and rattle round in it." Fanny rattles round in Sarah's part, but she does not rattle as much as she did in "Fédora." Now and then, she seems to expand to the exigencies of the occasion, and fits quite snugly. Her furies of rage and jealousy are better than they used to be. She does not give one the idea that she used to in "Fédora," that she was taxed to the utmost extent to cope with the situation. She seems now to have more reserve force, and it is much more comfortable for the audience. In the scene in "Fédora" where she bars Loris's way, in that popular, spread-eagle attitude, one always had a feeling that things were stretched to the utmost, and something *must* give sooner or later.

Of course the dressing is of the greatest importance, and Fanny Davenport has always dressed well, in a lurid, stagey way. She has still, without the reality, the consciousness of her old beauty, and that, too, helps her to wear her clothes with an air. She is not fat in the least—no fat woman would dare to wear the empire dress—and in her long, limp, scant skirts, is as statuesque as one can well imagine. The first dress—copied from Bernhardt's—was made in this country, and is a credit to its creator. It is pink crêpe over a pink silk slip. It is all in one piece, the narrow, straight skirt being fulled on to the little bodice—the tiniest affair—and the waist up almost under the arms. On the bottom of the skirts are three little frills, caught up at intervals in the now favorite festoons, with bunches of moss-rose buds embroidered on the skirt; the transparent slip has the same bunches embroidered all over it. There is a large hat with a bunch of black feathers in the front, and the gloves are long and loose, and come to the shoulder. A dark-green crêpe scarf, with heavy embroidery at either end, some three yards long and one wide, is hung loosely over the arms, and in one hand the singer carries a tall cane, with a *repoussé* gold top. Pink silk sandal-slippers and green silk stockings finish this costume, which I have described so minutely in order to show what is now the rage in Paris, and what American milliners and dress-makers are doing their best to introduce in the gilded ball-rooms of fashionable New York. It is a question whether they will be successful. No bustles, no corsets, no heavy weights of many-folded draperies to drag about like a penance, is certainly alluring. But then, this is a fashion made only for the young and slender, and there are fat social luminaries as well as thin ones. In the Bible the thin kine triumphed. It remains to be seen, in this repetition of history, which will be victorious. At present, the betting is in favor of the fat kine.

The sale of the Spencer collection of paintings, which I described last week, is said to have been the most successful sale of pictures ever held in New York. The whole collection realized two hundred and eighty-four thousand dollars, a profit, according to those who ought to know, of some sixty thousand dollars. The most popular pictures—fetching from nineteen to twenty-two thousand dollars—were the larger Troyon, a pastoral study of sheep and cows returning from the pasture at evening, and said to be the finest example of that master ever exhibited in this country; "The Snake Charmer," by Gérôme, a large canvas, with a wonderfully painted stretch of tiled wall, and some admirably drawn and coldly painted figures sitting on the floor; and Jules Breton's "Le Soir," the largest canvas in the exhibition. The Corots, to the surprise of many, realized only ten thousand dollars apiece—a low price for the works of this most popular master. The Millets varied from three to six and seven thousand dollars, and the Rousseaus brought similar prices. The bidding was very brisk, emissaries from the Vanderbilts, the Astors, and many other rich collectors being commissioned to secure particular favorites at any cost. Picture-dealers and art-lovers have long had their envious eyes on this collection, the beauties of which have been noised abroad for some time past.

The quietness of Lent is upon the town, and society has welcomed the rest it gives with the joy of utter exhaustion. New York women are very particular about Lenten observances. Most of the young girls, whose life of wild gaiety and luxurious ease, mingled, has caused a good many sarcastic things to be said and written about them, go to church every day through Lent, and could not be more pious if they were Italian Roman Catholics. They also devote a good deal of time to charity. Incompatible as it may seem with their butterfly careers, many of these cherished beauties have a small list of pensioners, whom they look after and whose wants they supply from their own private purse. The New York girl is not all made of tulle, and lace, and frivolities, as some of her detractors would have us believe. On a church holiday, Thanksgiving, Christmas, Easter Day, this is what she does: She takes the closed carriage and her maid, and puts on her inconspicuous tailor-made suit, and her English walking-hat. She is a person of a good deal of delicacy, and does not wish to crush her pensioners by the glory of her, in her braided Parisian gown and her Russian furs. She never patronizes, for, mark you, she is, as a rule, a lady. Then she takes a large hamper for each pensioner. The hampers contain some good, cold meat, a roast, a pair of chickens, a turkey, a few bottles of beer, some potatoes, a goodly measure of flour, some of those long, browned loaves of French bread, a pot or two of jam, and a large plain cake. With these, some inside with her and the maid, some wedged under the footman's feet, they start out. Arrived at the slums, the footman takes in the hamper, and the girl goes in to each place and has some conversation with the inmates. She knows all the children's names, and asks after their various ailments. And this is quite a piece of work, for they are all more or less ailing, and to remember that Johnnie has the cough, and Tommie the chilblains, and Molly is croupy, and Sarah rheumatic, is an effort of memory, which many luxurious people would think of twice before attempting. Sometimes she gives the children little trifles, dresses a doll for one of the girls, or presents one of the ailing boys with a linen scrap-book, made by one of her own bored little sisters, thankful for such occupation. After a little talk with the mother, or rather after sitting and listening to the mother orate on her trials and the children's weaknesses, the Lady Bountiful wends on her charitable way, sometimes, it is true, meeting with grumblings and ingratitude; sometimes greeted with thanks so effusive that they suggest potations pottle deep, to celebrate the holy day, but, in every case bringing some pleasure with her, leaving some happiness behind her. Of course, care is taken that she is never allowed near contagion. The maid keeps her eye upon all the ailing children, and reports a suspicious case, and my lady sends her own physician to attend to it, and give the victim a chance to struggle back into an existence it would probably be thankful to discard.

In this fashion the reformed butterfly spends her Lent, listening to her pensioners, spending pious afternoons in the shadow of the church, taking long strolls up the avenue with her fox-terrier toddling along beside her. And in this new phase of her existence she grows more charming than ever. A still higher touch of refinement is added to her enchanting personality, and the chappies feel that life is not all a delusion when they meet her clear, serene eyes. IRIS.

NEW YORK, March 5, 1888.

A Grateful Traveler.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 8, 1888.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have traveled round the world, likewise have crossed the Arctic circle as well as the Antarctic, and have actually discovered a *real gentleman*. Where do you think? In San Francisco!

I had occasion, this morning, to visit your custom-house, to obtain a permit to land my dog. On entering the custom-house chamber, I spoke to a party whom I surmised was connected with the customs. I told him my business, and he at once conducted me to the various officials, passed my papers through the proper routine; and when, on leaving, I found he was a custom-house agent or broker, I naturally inquired his charge. He begged I would accept his attention as *his* courtesy to a visitor to San Francisco; and, would you believe it, he would not accept any remuneration.

In the course of our conversation concerning America, I made the remark that when I reflected on America having struggled and obtained her freedom from the English about one hundred years ago, I was astounded that she should now be rapidly and voluntarily surrendering herself to the Irish. He replied: "It is true it may *appear* so, but you should read our *Argonaut*, a most excellent paper, expressing our views here."

Now, I would desire to convey to this gentleman a *suitable* mark of my appreciation of his amiable civility to a stranger, and therefore enclose you five dollars as a subscription to your paper, begging you will have the goodness to send your issues *to him*. I understood him to say his name was Wolcott. "Honor to whom honor is due," for San Francisco must prosper, when she possesses citizens who thus privately and disinterestedly strive to create such a favorable impression of her characteristics.

I am now leaving by the steamship *Alameda* for New Zealand, so when he hears of this letter, he will doubtless look toward the Golden Gate, and then *an American* will be heartily wishing *an Englishman bon voyage*. Yours truly, J. M.

[In accordance with the foregoing note, the *Argonaut* has been forwarded to Mr. Charles P. Wolcott, 520 Battery Street, whom we take to be the gentleman meant.—ED.]

At some recent balls in New York there have been marvels of electric lighting. An accumulator, or storage battery, has been placed temporarily on the premises, from which wires have been run all over the house. Lights peeped out of the rare exotics and plants in the conservatory, in the halls, on the stairways, and in the salon. They twinkled even in the table-bouquets and ornaments.

VANITY FAIR.

No woman in the world wears so many jewels as the Czarina. Even her sister, who, when she comes to the English throne, will wear the Kohinoor, will not have such jewels, or wear so many of them at one time. The Russian crown jewels are something simply fabulous. It is to be doubted whether any one outside of that country has any definite conception of the extent of the Romanoff possessions in the way of precious stones. The Russians still retain their old barbaric love of splendor, and when the empress shows herself she is a vision of unmatched gorgeousness. She is one of the few monarchs who still make a practice of wearing a crown on great occasions. Most of the European queens and empresses content themselves with a tiara, and even Queen Victoria, on the occasion of her jubilee levées, wore only diamond tiaras. Mrs. Astor used to wear a very handsome one of the same sort. But the Czarina wears a real crown. There are several she uses, but the favorite one is that made and worn by the great Elizabeth of Russia, and which is loaded with gems of great price. The pearls alone are said to be valued at something like eighty thousand rubles. When the empress danced, the other night, with the Austrian Embassador, causing the significant fact to be flashed around the world, over mountains and under oceans, before morning, she was arrayed in a fashion of which Solomon never dreamed nor Balkis ever saw. On her head was the Elizabethan crown. Her gown was of very heavy white watered silk, with a white velvet train, embroidered heavily in gold and hung about all the edges with gold balls. The front of the gown was ornamented with ropes of linked pink coral, set in diamonds and fastened at intervals to the dress. The necklace she wore contained over a thousand stones, and reached nearly from neck to waist—a mass of rubies, sapphires, and diamonds—a veritable breast-plate of gems. Besides this, she wore on her breast about half of her orders—she has over forty in all—and they too were flashing with precious stones. Her rings, bracelets, and ear-rings were all equally magnificent, and when she danced it was like the northern lights in a misty sky, a myriad flashing rays of all hues, glittering and changing with every movement. Yet the Czarina, when she goes back to her early home in Denmark, is absolutely simple in her costumes, wearing, for the most part, print frocks in the morning, and a plain straw hat, with merely a ribbon around it, for her walks and drives. As the Danish princess, she had no jewels, and very few of even the simplest gowns, for the royal house of Denmark is poor, and neither she nor the Princess of Wales knew anything of luxury until they married.

The very latest occupation for young women who have been delicately reared, but who are compelled by changes in the mill-wheel of life to earn a livelihood, is to clean bric-à-brac in the great mansions of New York. They are called bric-à-brac cleaners, and have brushes made expressly for their duties. Not every young woman can become expert at the business. It requires a delicate touch, the greatest care in handling the treasures, and the knowledge how tastefully to arrange the dainty ornaments in a way that is most pleasing to the owners. The work is refined, and just such as a refined young women would like. Speaking of occupations for young women, it may be said that there is now a generous contingent of them employed as "gray-hair pullers." What the red flannel garment is to the round-eyed, short-horned bull, the first indications of silvery hair are to some fashionable women. It is then that the "gray-hair puller" is sent for, and from that time until society is called upon to notice for a moment the death of the fashionable one, the "gray-hair puller" is with her at certain intervals, charging so much an hour for extracting what many think is the halo and glory of a woman's matronly days.

A writer in the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, Mrs. Virginia G. Ellard, makes this plea for the establishment in America of a modified form of the French salon: "Every year we see, developing on the part of our men, a desire to seek their own amusements in clubs of various kinds, independent of female influence. The mutual social recreations, once thought necessary, they now vote as tiresome and tedious, so that the case seems inevitable that as far as amusement is concerned in the future, men and women will each go their way, one into the vortex of frivolity and fashion, and the other to the delights of club-life. The salon seems the best and most effective method for mental assimilation between the sexes, and affords to them a field which could have no intellectual limitations. We would see our women with quicker and brighter brains from the discipline. Social life would mean something broader and deeper than heretofore, for we all know that social influences do much toward obliterating or fostering intellectual attainments in a woman. It is only in America that the claims of the young have ever been acknowledged as social leaders, but the absurdity of this custom seems to be gradually dawning upon the older generation, whose knowledge, gained by travel and more extensive culture, must gradually regulate social matters on a more natural and sensible basis. The establishment of the salon will accomplish much toward teaching the girl of the period, veneration and respect for the woman of matured thought and judgment, of mental breadth and experience. These alone should possess the privilege of gathering around themselves the best and most intellectual elements of society, and by their influence in molding and regulating opinion, curtail the reign of the flippant, inexperienced, and slangy young woman of the day." But all these things and other points being granted, there remains one difficulty unconsidered. Historically, at least, the salon has been the result of the powerful and attractive personality of some single and exceptionally gifted woman. In order to have a salon it is necessary to have a Madame de Staël, a Madame Mohl, a Madame Adam. One can not in cold blood resolve to have a salon, because no amount of resolution will bestow the needed gifts and establish the essential conditions.

A CHASE FOR PLEASURE.

"Parisina" tells her Adventures at Three Public Balls in a Night.

I made up my mind to go to the ball given by the prefect and municipal council last night.

When once a woman is in full evening array she may as well put in an appearance at two or three places as one. President Carnot was dining at President Royer's, and a reception was to be held, after the repast, at the Luxembourg Palace.

"Cocher! *au Sénat!*" This, as we took our seats in the vehicle we had chartered for the occasion. A certain gravity and solemnity always pervades the festivities at the Senate House—the long suite of rooms hung with crimson and gold, and the crowd of black coats, relieved only here and there by a feminine costume. President Carnot, who has smiled so persistently on society during the last few weeks, wore his wooden countenance, which the photographers have reproduced with such unanimity, and Mme. Carnot looked more than a little bored. There was no doubt politics had been the principal subject of conversation throughout the repast, and it is doubtful whether they are the best thing for the digestion. We had not been in the rooms a quarter of an hour when a flutter among the occupants of the drawing-room reserved for the official magnates prepared us for the speedy departure of the Chef de l'Etat, whose carriage had been ordered for ten o'clock. Remembering the brilliant festivities in store for us elsewhere, we were not long in following his example. Decidedly, M. Le Royer's hospitality is of the slow, heavy order. *Allons! en route* for the Hôtel de Ville.

A dazzling blaze of gas from the façade of the huge pile serves as a beacon—if one were needed—to guide our jehu on his way. Before we reach the river the police are eager to get us to take our place in the line—the almost interminable line of cabs that extends for half a mile on this side of the Seine, and doubtless quite as far, if not farther, on the other. French people are wonderfully patient in a *queue;* they always respect the prior rights of those ahead, and look upon the preservation of their places in the line as a right that none shall deprive them of. For our part, we are rich in having in our hands the magic bit of cardboard that permits us to scorn lines and *sergos*—even municipal guards, prancing on cumbrous chargers—and drive across the bridge, though not unchallenged, into the wide, open space of the place, whose bright asphalt surface shines with the damp of a long day of soft rain under the glare of the gas. A few guests, less blessed with patience than their fellows, may be seen wending their way on foot; even ladies, with petticoats carefully gathered up out of harm's way. My Anglo-Saxon sympathy goes with them. Can anything be more irksome than to spend a couple of hours inside a cab which only advances ten yards every three or four minutes.

Once inside the building, we, in common with the rest, must wait our turn, for though there are twenty different *vestiaires*, there is a dense crowd before each, and our attendant squires have a very bad time of it before they can manage to stow away our wraps in security. Once this is accomplished, we join the stream of humanity that is making for the foot of the staircase. We stand in serried columns ten deep, and advance a step at a time; now our feet touch the first stair. Eureka! Five minutes more, and we are crushing up, heedless already of tumbled finery. A sigh of satisfaction. Here we are in the vestibule, and there before us is the grand staircase with its double row of Gardes de Paris, immovable, statuesque, the light from above shining on their gilded helmets. Forward with the current, up, up, we go; what a-getting upstairs! I feel that, should I fall, those behind would press on over my prostrate body. Fortunately, I do not so much as trip, and I thank the stars for the absence of a train or any such incumbrance. Ah! here we are, in a second vestibule, decorated with trophies of flags which deft and extremely radical fingers have so arranged that the blue and white are concealed almost entirely from view, the red alone peeping from beneath green palms.

Now for the municipal council and M. Pouhelle—for the prefect decidedly plays second fiddle nowadays, his name not so much as figuring on the invitation-card, whereas, in the old Haussmann time, and even later, the councilors were his very humble servants to command. Then the prefect inhabited a grand suite of apartments in the Hôtel de Ville; now he must live on, on sufferance, at the Louvre, the dread of the curators of the museum, who seem to think the prefectoral household a permanent danger, a sort of resident Guy Fawkes whom it is advisable to get rid of as soon as possible.

The present king of the city is Abel Hovelacque, a republican of the Robespierre order, if I mistake not. The first time I met Abel, I was struck with this similarity to the dread Maximilian of the Terror. He is rather above the middle height of Frenchmen, dark, sallow to biliousness, thin; his features are good, his manner somewhat stiff and reserved. I could almost imagine him signing death-warrants with a sigh and a tear in his eye, and going home afterward to his wife and children to dine *en famille* with the conviction of an unpleasant duty duly fulfilled. For Abel Hovelacque has no small vices. He is an exemplary husband and father, and the circle in which he moves belongs to the upper *bourgeoisie;* the man who preaches socialism, who would vote for the Commune any day, and send the aristocrats and clergy to the Roquette the next, has a staff of servants, and everything orderly and comfortable about him in his own home, brings up his children strictly, and exacts implicit obedience and every show of respect from his servants. Some people will tell you the president of the municipal council has no convictions, that he is simply a man of inordinate ambitions. History has not yet determined what was the mainspring of Robespierre's actions, and the present generation is equally uncertain about Abel Hovelacque.

In the meantime, he is bowing to us and greeting us with the best apology for a smile at his command. Ex-president Mesurier, the sworn enemy of the priesthood, stands next him—by trade a wig-maker, a slippery-looking customer. Bouteillier, infinitely less dangerous, might play the gentlemanly villain in a melodrama with success, he has the physiognomy suitable to the character, whereas another of his colleagues, who also occupies a prominent position in the group, might pose for Marat, the white cravat looking strangely out of place round that full throat—the red kerchief of the Tribune would be infinitely more in keeping.

A very short time is afforded us to examine the different faces before us, for those behind are pushing on, and we are finally landed in the Galerie des Fêtes, already full to overflowing, and every seat occupied. At last we have a moment to look about us, and our first feeling is one of astonishment to find what queer company we are in. After my experiences of last night, I shall never say the French are the best-dressed people on the face of the earth. Heavens! what sights some of the women were! Who could have made those hideous gowns, the skimpy petticoats of papery satin, garnished with wisps of tulle, the dingy cashmeres dragging lamentably, the cotton lace, the tawdry brocades, trimmed with still more tawdry plush, the bodices laced askew at the back, with *décolletage* all awry, the nodding plumes of rose-pink and harsh blue, the flowers that seem to be made in paper, the gaudy necklaces of glass beads, the ill-fitting gloves, the soiled satin shoes, the garish paper fans, and general unfittedness of everything and every one to the splendid ball-room, lighted with a thousand Edison burners. The orchestra is playing a delicious waltz, to which many hundred couples are bobbing around, with little regard to time and still less of grace. The men are, if possible, worse than the women, small in stature, red-faced, perspiring at every pore, loud-voiced, and awkward. A few rather *distingué*-looking fellows, with immaculate shirt-fronts, seem to belong to another world, and are swamped in a sea of vulgarity. Half an hour in the ball-room is more than enough. A divan in an adjoining gallery happening to be vacant, I am glad to sit down out of the way of indiscriminate elbows and the already Senegalian temperature of the bigger room.

Without being more than commonly mischievous, it was amusing to watch the human streams passing and repassing. There were men in frock-coats and soft felt hats, which they did not deem it requisite to remove; a whole bevy of schoolboys in uniform; middle-aged women in high, black silk-gowns and stupendous watch-chains, younger ones in brown woolen stuffs; a sprinkling of 'Arrys in gray shooting-jackets and loud cravats; and, as a set-off to them, here and there a courtly official with a well-dressed lady on his arm. M. Alphand, for instance, the municipal landscape-gardener, escorting his truly Parisian daughter-in-law; Hérédia, the ex-minister of public works; Engineer Haag, the promoter of the metropolitan railway scheme; some officers and military cadets in full uniform; and last, though not least, some of my colleagues of the American and English press. One of them informs me there is any amount of fun going on at another end of the building, so we retrace our steps to the top of the stair-case, discover a second ball-room, with a second orchestra, and more dancers—somewhat more refined than those we left in the Song Gallery, we think. And finally, after passing long, endless passages and through many rooms, we come to the head of a broad, square staircase, the balustrades of which are hedged with camellias in full bloom. Down here we go, and a charming sight greets us—an exquisite garden, full of tulips and bright blossoms laid out in the hall, and presided over by an equestrian statue in bronze of a medieval man-at-arms, holding a lighted torch. Then more passages, a gallery of stained glass, at the end of which is the Brasseries, where Democratic beer is served to the Democratic guests of the municipality. I only peep in, the smell of the foaming *bocks* is overpowering; another open door discloses a smoking-room tenanted by some four or five hundred smokers sitting about in picturesque if unconventional attitudes. I fly before the cloud of tobacco smoke that issues therefrom. Truly this is Liberty Hall, hardly the place for a lady. We turn our backs on the beer and tobacco, and crossing the council chamber—where some rather heavy looking old men and old women have found a temporary refuge—join another stream, and are borne forward in an opposite direction guided by the crash of military music.

In a central covered court the band of the Municipal Guards is playing in the midst of a sea of heads, as seen from the gallery, courage failing us to descend and mingle in the fray. For one wild moment we contemplate ascending again, and trying to get some of the fourteen thousand sandwiches, and one of the three thousand bottles of champagne that we are told have been provided, with other things in equal profusion, for the buffets. But one glance at the eager faces and struggling multitude around the tables was enough; we turned and fled.

The reader will hardly be surprised to hear that by this time I had seen enough, and was ready to depart—a thing sooner said than done. The human tide was still flowing in, and the Salle St. Jean was a compact mass of ladies in the centre, and of men storming the vestiaires. How to get back the wraps we had deposited there became a problem by no means easy to solve, for if we were now all eagerness to be gone, the new arrivals were quite as eager to rid themselves of their incumbrances. It was a meeting of forces, and sharp was the tussle on all sides. At last, tired out, every shred of patience exhausted, and with many muttered complaints of bad management, we finally issued from the portals fully equipped.

It was early yet to go home—hardly one o'clock. What was to be done? Should we finish the evening at the Continental, where the officers of the Reserve were giving a grand ball in aid of an orphanage, or should we look in at the Bal de l'Opéra? A mask and domino are easily procured, and within half an hour after we had been doing battle at the Hôtel de Ville, we were calmly mounting the grand staircase at the opera. *Les temps sont changés*, alas! The palmy days of masquerade are over. Society still patronizes the masked ball in a half-hearted sort of way, but the brightness has departed from it, the gaiety has evaporated, and a cynical viciousness of speech has taken the place of the *mot pour rire*, of the quibs and gibes that kept the gallery in a roar. When not whispering to the facile dames who throng the foyer, the men walk about like mutes at a funeral. PARISINA.

PARIS, February 12, 1888.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How do you feel this morning, grandmama?" "I don't know, child. The doctor has not come yet."—*Life.*

Because we pronounce "would" wood, it does not follow that we pronounce "Gould" good.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Mamma (reading)—"And the Lord called Samuel——" *Tommy* (a young American)—"What did he hold?"—*Life.*

A Chicago journal used to rhyme Goethe with teeth, until the Renaissance set in, since when it rhymes it with dirty.—*Life.*

No man ever forgave a woman for knowing more than he, and the more the knowledge the greater the indignation.—*Puck.*

"Mamma," said a little Dakota boy, as he came into the parlor, "where is papa?" "He is crawling up the chimney, dear, to see what kind of a day it is."—*Epoch.*

"I hear that you are engaged, Mamie?" "It is true." "Then mother was right." "What about?" "That you would be engaged before leap year was over."—*Boston Courier.*

Miss Sangbleu (indignantly)—"Waiter, you've got your thumb in my soup!" *Green waiter* (assuringly)—"No matter, miss; it isn't hot enough to burn me."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Blobson (the morning after the club banquet)—"Well, Dumpsey, how did you come out last night?" *Dumpsey*—"Give us a hard one. Ask me how I got in."—*Burlington Free Press.*

If Shakespeare had only known about the Baconian cipher when he wrote his plays, there can be no doubt but that he could have made them fit a great deal better than they do.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Stranger (in orchestra chair to neighbor)—"Excuse me, sir, but why do you weep? There is nothing of a pathetic nature in the play." *Neighbor*—"No, sir; but my wife is very, very sick."—*New York Sun.*

At the Philadelphia station. *She*—"I don't see why they're always poking fun at Philadelphia. See all these people. There is lots going on." *He*—"Going on—yes, to New York and Washington."—*Life.*

First flirt—"That handsome man is an acquaintance of yours, I see." *Second flirt*—"Yes, I have known him for some time." "Is he married or unmarried?" "He's a drummer."—*Omaha World.*

A seventeenth ward school-teacher recently asked her class the question: "What is a pilot?" The smart boy answered: "It is a lot where they grow pie-plant," and was sent to the foot of the class.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

Collector (for the heathen)—"Is Mr. Jones at home?" *Mrs. Jones*—"He is down in the cellar trying to fix the furnace. It won't draw. Shall I call him up?" *Collector* (hurriedly)—"Oh, no. I'll call some other time."—*Boston Courier.*

Boy—"Please, your holiness, there's a lady down-stairs as would like to see you." *The Pope*—"Who is she, my lad?" *Boy*—"Queen Victoria, your reverence." *The Pope*—"Tell her I am not at home. One can not be too careful in leap year."—*Life.*

Don't worry because other people don't manage their business just as you think they ought to. Nine chances out of ten the reason they don't is, that they are worrying because you don't manage your business as they think you should.—*Somerville Journal.*

"Do you not think, Miss Smith," he pleaded, "that in time you might learn to love me?" "Possibly," the girl replied. "If you could render me a statement of what you are worth, Mr. Jones, I might learn to love you. I'm very quick at figures."—*New York Sun.*

"You shouldn't have taken 'No' for an answer so readily, Charley," said his more experienced friend; "don't you understand that a girl's 'no' often means 'yes'?" "She didn't say 'No,' Jack," responded Charley, utterly without hope, "she said 'Naw.'"—*New York Sun.*

"No," she said, as she leaned back in the *fauteuil* and let her jeweled fingers toy idly with her lace-edged mouchoir: "I can not account for Clarence Bangle's remarkable success with the girls. He is not young; he is not handsome; he is not rich. His intelligence is of a low and groveling order, and he is never borne aloft on the wings of poesy and romance. *Mais il y arrive tout de même.*"—*Puck.*

"Miss Clara," he said, "can I speak with your father a moment before I go?" "Certainly, Mr. Sampson," replied the girl, blushing, and, with a wildly throbbing heart, she sought the old man. "Oh, papa," she began, later, as the front-door closed, "what did Mr. Sampson want?" "I'm his landlord, you know. I let him his bachelor apartments, and he wants another three years' lease."—*New York Sun.*

"The wife for me," he said, "is the old-fashioned girl—the girl who makes a good housewife—who has been brought up to sew, and to cook, and to wash, and to iron—the kind of girl that they used to have before girls went in for fashionable flummery, and accomplishments, and things." "Yes," said she, "I understand. Well, my ideal of a husband is also of the old-fashioned sort. I want one who will shovel snow, put in coal, split kindlings, put up stoves, dig garden-beds, beat carpets—and do all the things that husbands used to do before they went in for silk hats, and clubs, and four-in-hands, and things." There was a thick, glutinous silence for a few moments, while he pondered deeply and broadly. "I wonder," he said, at last, "exactly how much of an ass I am." "I wonder," she echoed, with a speculative expression in her eyes.—*Puck.*

AT LOBSTER JACK'S.

Some of the Queer Eating Houses where Swell New Yorkers Resort.

An invitation to a supper at Lobster Jack's having a promise of novelty about it, and being, like all good New Yorkers, fond of anything that savors of a new sensation, I accepted it. I have just come from Lobster Jack's. The dust-men are thundering through the street, and there is a promise of morning in the sky, seen through my window. But like the shipwrecked sailor who had eaten his brother, and so invited a perpetual filial dyspepsia on himself, I can not rest. The memory of Lobster Jack's, or perhaps the substance of the supper at Lobster Jack's, weighs upon my conscience and forbids repose. It is better to sit up and write about Lobster Jack than to lie down and dream about him, so I shall sit and write.

Lobster Jack's is in a marine neighborhood. It is sandwiched between a ship-chandlery and a junk-ship. The water in the gutters smells like bilge, and the most striking characteristic of the circumambient air is tar. There is a marine look about Lobster Jack's itself. A battered old figure-head does duty as a post, between the door and the window. The roof above the single story, whose edge you can touch with your hand from the sidewalk, is crowned with the carved sternpiece from an old packet-ship. To starboard and port of this decoration a green and a red lantern swing from short poles, inviting the vagrant navigator to collision with the entrance below. The window at Lobster Jack's is divided into two small and square compartments, and the glass opening of the door is small and square, like the stern ports of a ship. Altogether, the belated mariner would not need be far advanced in the imaginative and receptive condition produced by Fourth Ward grog to imagine Lobster Jack's one of the navies he is most familiar with, and to embark for a voyage quite as he might ship at one of the near-by wharves for California or the Cape.

There is nothing about the exterior of Lobster Jack's to denote its commercial mission. The little windows are hung with muslin curtains, through which the yellow light of oil lamps glow. On the sternpiece is the inscription, in what were once gilt letters :

LOBSTER JACK
OF
ALLPORTS, EVERYWHERE.

The suggestion of a ship, which the exterior of Lobster Jack's conveys, becomes a certainty when you have opened the door. The floor is sunk three feet below the sidewalk level, and the steps by which you go down to it are like a companion-way. The low roof is supported by deck-beams, and there is a row of lockers along each wall, with what might be berths behind them, but which are used for the repose of ale and spirit casks, instead of mariners. There is no bar, but a row of pewter mugs hangs along the top of each row of berths, and in a swinging rack from the ceiling is a generous stock of tumblers. Down the middle of the room goes a long cabin table, at which all sit on wooden stools, and in the middle of it is a big pewter bowl filled with black shag tobacco and pipes. Two openings in the rear wall give upon a pantry and a galley respectively. In one are shelves loaded with canned provisions, barrels, and festoons of salt fish. In the other is a big ship's stove. Add to these details an all-pervading aroma of salted cod, cheese, tar, and tobacco, and you have Lobster Jack's as closely as I can paint it for you in black and white.

Lobster Jack himself is a large and greasy man, with commensurate development of hands and feet, and a stomach that matches them, and a very small head with a youthful expression. He performs the duties of host and cook with equal deliberateness and gravity, and is reputed, by the habitués of the place, to sleep in one of the bunks when the establishment is closed for the few hours of the early morning that witness the extinguishment of its lanterns.

I found a choice assemblage from the clubs gathered about his board. There were dress-suits among them and clothes from Poole, and the array of style was being surveyed in silent wonder by a number of amphibious characters seated on the lockers, each with a pipe in his mouth and a pot of ale or a tumbler of spirits beside him. An enormous old cat, with most of its hairs scalded off, so that it looked like a clumsily shaved poodle, circulated among the guests, industriously endeavoring to rub the little that was left of its fur off upon their legs.

From a barrel Lobster Jack extracted a huge, live lobster, which he proceeded, in spite of its athletic protests, to broil upon the coals of the big stove. He broiled lobsters and we ate them on the bare table, with Burton ale to wash them down, until the floor was knee-deep in shells, and the old cat had got tired of foraging among the remnants of the feast and was having a nightmare in a corner. One by one the amphibious characters had silently departed, each leaving the amount of his score in the place he had occupied. Only one remained, and, as he appeared to be embarrassed, one of our party asked him what was the matter. He replied in a husky voice, which appeared to have its origin in the profounder depths of his person :

"Dum it! I ain't got the right change."

"Never mind," said a club-man, "I'll pay it for you."

"I don't want nobody to pay nothing," retorted the husky voice, with additional huskiness. "But I ain't got the right change."

He showed a silver half-dollar, and then it came out that Lobster Jack never made change for any of his regular customers. Each must provide the proper sum in small money and leave it beside his pot. The suggestion that he might take another drink, and so bring his score up to the size of his coin, appeared to strike the husky man as an inspiration. He promptly drew a mug of ale, and saying, "My regards, gents," drank it, and went away contented. The silent and contemplative character of all the company, excepting ourselves, had so struck me, that when we were settling our score—each man paying his own shot, for it appeared that there was an iron rule against treating at Lobster Jack's—I remarked upon it to our host. He pointed, in mute reply, to a placard on the wall, which bore the inscription :

Smoke and drink
Makes people think;
Keep quiet and give your neighbor a chance.

"There's nothing like discipline aboard ship," said Lobster Jack, as he showed us to the door. "Look out for the ladder, gents, and close the hatchway. It's blowing up dirty weather."

Lobster Jack's is a type of the sort of thing a good many free-living New Yorkers go in for, for the purpose of varying the monotony of metropolitan life. It is a sort of protest against the ornate civilization represented by damask table-cloths and French waiters. Not a mile from Lobster Jack's is another haunt where we go to eat beefsteak in chunks, with our fingers for forks, sitting around on cracker-boxes and soap-cases, in a banqueting-hall walled in with spirit-casks. Uncle Miller's is not, I think, quite as dirty as Lobster Jack's. It is not as near the waterside, and it smells rather of stale ale and pickled pig's feet than of cheese and tar. But it offers the same facility for the cultivation of first-class indigestion, and just as Lobster Jack immolates the protesting crustacean before your hungry eyes, so Uncle Miller, at his big, hot stove, prepares the primitive feast as a part of the programme. Beefsteak and brandy is the bill of fare here, and both are of the best; and the amount of steak an otherwise respectable man will gorge on occasions, and the quantity of spirits he will absorb, would quite deprive me of any respect on the score of veracity were I to attempt to record it here.

For many years there flourished in the purlieus of Thames Street, down-town, a rookery called Old Tom's. It was a dingy little brick house, dating from the commencement of the century at least, and the cobwebs that mantled the ceiling could not have been disturbed since the house was built. They depended, in a dense cloud, almost to the level of the guest's head, loaded with dry dust, and little fungi born of the exhalations of liquor. The place was dark at mid-day, and so crowded up with liquor casks that there was scarcely room in it for half a dozen tables. Yet for years it throve famously. One went there to eat Welsh rarebits for lunch, moistened with old ale, and topped off with a go of gin drawn from the cask; but one might have chops, and steaks, and kidneys in equally savory excellence, and pay for them at the price of the swellest restaurant down-town. I have seen some famous literary and social gatherings at Old Tom's. Its draperies of cobweb were waved by many a gust of witticism. It was the place to which all notable newcomers in Bohemia had to be taken, on arrival in town, and no man's experience of New York was complete without acquaintanceship with Old Tom's. One evil day a super-critical customer remarked to the proprietor :

"Why don't you clean the place up, Tom? It will look ever so much nicer, and be more convenient for your customers."

So the cobwebs were cleared away, and New York no longer haunted old Tom's. Without its picturesque emblems of age, and its unconventional items of inconvenience, it was merely a dingy, not to say squalid chop-house, full of by no means appetizing smells that the cobwebs had absorbed.

In the days when Delmonico ran a branch at Broadway and Chambers Street, there was, a couple of blocks off, in Duane Street, a public house called, popularly, Cobweb Hall. It was a big, dingy place, with a vast, battered old bar, and a back room, low and dimly lighted, where one might sit at tables and drink hot whisky from huge jorums and eat pork-pies, the twin specialties of the house. The back-door opened on a court, among a lot of warehouses, and was convenient for the carters, who drove the trucks of the district, so that you might see the drivers of trucks, and the men for whose interest trucks were driven, rubbing shoulders under the cobwebs that powdered their dust impartially on both. Meetings that began with a bottle of wine at Delmonico's would be adjourned for hot Lochnagar and pork-pies at Cobweb Hall, and for many years we patronized it, as we patronized Old Tom's, because we got a certain amount of sensual gratification from it, unalloyed by the necessity of being precise in our manners or choice in our company.

At different times, the fickle fancy of the town-idlers has brought profit to a number of places of this sort. There was a little oyster-cellar, over on the North River, where we used to resort for late-at-night roasts out of the shell. The place was a mile away from anywhere where men cared to be at night. It had to be reached through dirty streets, beset by gangs of toughs ready to commit murder for the price of a can of beer. But its besetting inconveniences and perils only added zest to its enjoyment, and the feasts of roasted oysters and boiled mussels that it served up were beyond number. Nothing in the way of polite English could do justice to the filth and the smells of the place. To me it always had a reek like a rat-pit. The walls were black with grime. The sanded floor was worn into holes. The tables were of pine, besmeared with grease. But the oysters were certainly the best that one could get anywhere in New York.

Coming out from a fine dinner, a couple of weeks ago, my friend Cadley, who has a mania for surprises, suggested that we should go to Casey the Piper's for supper. We went in full dress, in coaches, to a dingy tavern among a lot of tenement-houses, in a district full of car-stables and lumber-yards. There, a half-drunken Irishman played upon the bagpipe while we ate Stilton cheese, which we ourselves roasted on skewers at a red-hot stove, and drank Mountain Dew neat like cordial. All around us car-drivers, street-laborers, and tramps boozed, and smoked, and played cards or dominos. And Cadley and his friends were happy, because they were out for an airing, getting the smell of La France roses and violets blown off of them by hot gusts from the sewers of life.

ALFRED TRUMBLE.

NEW YORK, March 5, 1888.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Baby King Alfonso XIII. is suffering from epilepsy, an hereditary disease in his mother's family, the Hapsburgs.

Edward L. Burlingame, editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, is a son of Anson Burlingame, once a congressman from Massachusetts, and later Minister to China.

Senator Palmer, of Michigan, has the reputation of being the finest linguist in the upper House of Congress. He can make a speech in English, French, or Spanish.

Marion Hartranft, a New York girl, who is the possessor of a head of fiery red hair, has applied for an injunction to restrain a publisher from printing or selling a song sheet, entitled "Red-headed Girl and White Horse Songster."

The Princess of Wales is again suffering from an attack of deafness. She is now compelled to use an ear-trumpet, a necessity which she very unwillingly submits to. The King of Greece, the Princess of Wales's brother, is troubled with a like deafness, although the king's case is worse. It has been said of him that he could not hear a cannon roar without an ear-trumpet.

Lady Archibald Campbell, the patron of the "pastoral players" at Coombe, is described as something of an original in taste, dress, and manner. She is tall, fair, slender, and exceedingly graceful. She is a spiritualist, and devoted to all sorts of mysticism; unconventional in her ideas and conversation, and altogether a very interesting woman. She has written in the *Nineteenth Century*, and is a favorite at Marlborough House.

"Bertie" Stopford, the London milliner, is the Hon. Albert Stopford, a half-brother of Lord Courtoun. In business, he is M. Felix, of Felix & Rouy's, St. George's Place, Hyde Park. He has had plenty of distinguished patronage, and some from the theatres, which pays much better. He dressed Lady Monckton for "The Red Lamp," and has dressed some ballets. He understands buying in Paris very well, and no wonder, for the Comtesse de Paris takes him about with her when she goes shopping. The Comtesse de Paris is considered one of the best-dressed women in Europe.

P. T. Barnum says that if he is nominated for the Presidency he will not decline the honor, and he thinks that he is peculiarly well fixed for stumping the country in his own behalf. "Our average daily crowd," says this irrepressible showman, "is twenty thousand, and the season lasts six months. Is there any candidate who can talk to a crowd like that under his own tent, and make his boom pay expenses?" Mr. Barnum fears that he has passed the limitation of candidates in years, but he is physically sound. He is very abstemious in his habits, and takes good care of himself. As a rule, he is in bed by ten o'clock, and the bulk of his business is transacted before noon. After lunch he takes a two hours' nap, and then goes out for a drive or a visit.

The regular allowance of the Prince of Wales, by Parliament, is forty thousand pounds sterling a year, to which must be added ten thousand pounds sterling more, which is annually allowed to the princess. He receives a further annual income of sixty thousand to seventy thousand pounds sterling from the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, which is his by birthright. His income, in round numbers, is about five hundred thousand dollars a year. He spends every penny of it, and is often reported as being in debt. The prince is in his forty-eighth year. He is scarcely five feet seven, and has become quite stout. He must weigh fully one hundred and eighty pounds. He dresses neatly, but plainly. It can not be said that he is now a leader of fashion. The leadership has passed to his son, Prince Albert Victor.

Prince Oscar of Sweden, and his fiancée, Miss Ebba Munck, are passionately fond of both sailing and skating. It was upon the ice that the two first met, and most of their love-making has taken place, flying side by side over the frozen plains, on steel runners. Of course, the laws of Sweden forbidding marriage with a subject, the king and queen opposed their son's fancy for the new lady-in-waiting; finally the prince, by giving up all claim to the throne, resigning his State allowance, and all royal privileges and emoluments, secured a consent to his marriage. All that is left is his barren title, which his children will not inherit; his position as admiral in the fleet which was fairly won during his long naval service, and a very small private fortune. His wife, however, has money enough for both, and they have gone to Bournemouth, England, in company with the queen, where their marriage will be celebrated quietly March 15th.

M. Henri Rochefort's first duel occurred while he was living with his parents, and was devoting the leisure which he could spare from his office-work to the composition of the theatrical notices for "Charivari." His literary fortune was yet to be made. A remark contained in one of his articles gave bitter offense to the editor of the *Gaulois*, which was then a small and insignificant print. This gentleman, whose name was Delvaille, at once sent a couple of friends to M. Rochefort, who, on his side, accepted the challenge; but what was to be done? The affair was to come off on the following day, and Rochefort had never handled a sword in his life. Paul Veron got a man, who had served as sergeant-major in the Zouaves, to give him a lesson; but when he arrived on the ground the next morning, Rochefort had completely forgotten all the hints which he had received. He held his sword anyhow, made no attempt to defend himself, and in the first pass sustained a scratch on the ribs.

Kate Greenaway's father was a wood-engraver of no mean merit, and to this day Mr. Greenaway's work may be seen from time to time in the *Illustrated London News*. Mr. Greenaway took a great and constant interest in the art proclivities of his daughter, and ultimately she was sent to Heatherly's, a training school for artists. Later Miss Greenaway studied at South Kensington. But it was from work conceived and carried out at Heatherly's that she made her first popular hit. At the black and white exhibition at the Dudley gallery, in 1872–73, Miss Kate Greenaway exhibited a series of designs. On a private view-day these were secured by the editor of the *People's Magazine*, and shortly afterward they were engraved and given to the public through the pages of the serial. Thus, at almost a youthful age, Miss Greenaway appeared in print. But this particular editor was not the only person attracted by these early drawings of Miss Greenaway. Just at this time the card valentine fever had set in, and one of the pioneers in such matters, Mr. Marcus Ward, at once set Miss Greenaway to work, and she continued for years, during her upward progress, as a constant contributor, season by season, to Marcus Ward's Christmas and New Year's cards.

Since M. Floquet became president of the chamber, there have been no official relations between the Russian embassy and the third highest officer in the French government. At all the diplomatic dinners given by M. Floquet, the Russian ambassador was conspicuous by his absence. The Czar had never forgiven M. Floquet's *faute de jeunesse* in crying, "*Viva la Pologne, Monsieur!*" at the Emperor Alexander II., when that sovereign was Napoleon's guest in 1867. When a Floquet ministry became the only possible one, it was necessary, before its accession to office, to remove this misunderstanding, so that the good relations with Russia might not be changed. M. Floquet, therefore, through M. Flourens, made *amende honorable* to M. de Morenheim for his political freak, and the Czar authorized his ambassador at Paris to accept M. Floquet's invitation to dinner. Baron de Morenheim, who has been the means of restoring M. Floquet to the good graces of his imperial master, succeeded Prince Orloff as ambassador at Paris a few years ago. He is a man of about fifty-five years of age, and bears a striking resemblance to Offenbach. His family is of Austrian origin, and since their removal to Russia, during Catherine's reign, all the male members have been in the diplomatic service. M. de Morenheim, like most of the Russian nobles, knows several languages. His tastes are decidedly literary, and his weakness is French poetry. M. de Morenheim is not very partial to the modern dramatists, and he rarely allows his two young daughters to attend the theatre. He said a bright thing about Sardou the other day: "'Fédora' and 'La Tosca' are pieces run in a uniform mould, and written for a special actress. Sardou has been a dramatic author, but to-day he is simply the Worth of Sarah Bernhardt!"

"FLANEUR" ON THE WING.

He tells how Irish, English, and French Hosts care for the Stranger.

Among the most impressive personages of the century is the English member of Parliament, who has been raised to his excellent position from the ranks of the working men.

In a railway carriage in which I sat, some time ago, one of these members entered, with the impressiveness of a prime minister setting out on a journey to a hostile power. He had a large, expansive, and flabby face, which would not have been unpleasant to look upon, were it not that he thought it necessary to wear a scowl of seething magnificence as a habitual thing.

Americans are so accustomed to meet members of Congress, of Assemblies, or Senates, and such like, that they are not particularly impressed by the mystic letters "M. P." which follow the names of a goodly number of politicians in England.

The average British member of Parliament does not allow a stranger to look upon him in a spirit of flippancy and indifference. The gentleman who entered my train wore a palpably cheap ulster, which had been embellished by an enormous fur collar, modeled after the fashion of that worn at present by Lord Randolph Churchill, the Marquis of Salisbury, and the other lions of the English political world. The member's wife accompanied him, and she wore a muff and boa of similar fur. The newcomers seated themselves after a good deal of trouble, disposed of their robes, coats, shawls, luncheon-baskets, valises, Gladstone-bags, boxes, and umbrellas, and then the wife rubbed her small and rather blue nose sharply, and said "Willyum, I fear it is going to be very cold."

"How?" roared the member, in a voice that could doubtless be heard from one end of the House of Commons to the other, if the speaker ever permitted it.

"I said it was cold," said the wife, timidly.

"Aye," shouted the member. Then he sat back in his seat, leaned his elbow on the window, placed two fingers against his brow, and became the picture of Thought.

He looked at me in a distant way for a time, and suggested fiercely: "Perhaps you would like to look at the morning paper?"

"No, thank you," I said. "I have been reading since breakfast, there is nothing but politics to be found in the daily press now."

"No?" he said, with forensic amazement. "What would you wish to find?"

"News."

"There are no news in England unconnected with politics; we make the news, it falls upon our shoulders, and we accept it as one of the burdens of public life. It is more or less a cross"—he passed his hand wearily over his expansive and vacant-looking brow—"but we submit to it along with various other discomforts which invariably accompany men who give themselves up to their country. English?"

"American."

"Ah! I have a cousin in America—he is in Kanz-ass. We who stayed behind have had to shoulder the burden, you know. He went away."

"What burden?" I asked.

"Politics," answered the member, solemnly.

He then proceeded, in a dogmatic and methodical way, to explain to me the terrific struggle he had been engaged in with insular prejudices, coupled with socialistic tendencies, and how he and a select few had fought the conflict to the bitter end. In the course of an hour, I found out that he was referring to home-rule, and one would have thought that he had stood in the breach of a mighty battle until he had vanquished that measure by the pure force of moral and invincible courage.

As he continued to talk, I realized how easily Charles Dickens fell into error in describing American types in "Martin Chuzzlewit," for nothing that the great English novelist ever wrote about American politicians is half so grotesque as the silly and ignorant posings of the member who traveled with me that day to Dublin.

He handed me his card before we crossed the Irish Channel. It was typical of the man—of prodigious impressiveness, with gilded edges, and the name in capital letters, followed by the words "Member of Parliament," written out in full.

Rather a sharp contrast to the boredom of this trip, was the journey I took a day later from Dublin to Tullamore. It proved to be the luncheon time of a fellow-traveler on the train. He was an Irish barrister, with a face that looked like an ingenious and healthful combination of old Burgundy and raw beefsteak. His little gray eyes twinkled, and he bobbed his head amiably to us with the courtesy that one meets everywhere in Ireland.

The train had barely started when I heard a discreet cough, and turning, found that the little gray eyes of my fellow-traveler were upon me.

"Sir," he said, pleasantly, "I hope you will join me in a bite."

I thanked him, and he whisked a huge bundle on the seat between us, and rapidly cut the strings.

"I have traveled a good deal," said he, "and have got into the habit of always eating in the train. It is the easiest method of whiling the time away, for it does not tire your eyesight as reading does, and you arrive at your journey's end refreshed and invigorated, instead of being fagged out."

He smiled with the amiability of an old friend. The bundle when opened displayed a remarkably tempting luncheon. Every thing was put up in a novel way in little wooden boxes, that were doubtless very cheap. There was a small bottle of sherry, which the little barrister at once poured into two glasses, and, after we had swallowed it, he produced a quart-bottle of champagne, and blew the cork out of the window with a snap that could be heard half the length of the train. There was no resisting his hospitality, for he announced at the outset that he would rather starve than eat alone, and he was so thoroughly sincere and cordial that any man in the world would have eaten, no matter how thoroughly destitute of appetite he might have been.

After the luncheon, which was stretched over about an hour's time, including the incidental smoking of many cigarettes, the Irishman lowered the window, and out went glasses, bottles, wooden boxes, napkins, and all, until not a vestige of the repast remained. This portion of the proceeding filled me with admiration.

"For years," said the barrister, "I lugged a luncheon-basket around. Most absurd thing in the world to do. Bottles cost nothing, for you have to buy them when you buy the wine. The little boxes in which the food was packed were included in the price of the luncheon. The glasses cost t'pence, and there's the entire loss. It's a devilish sight less than the porter's tip. The whole thing is off my hands and in my stomach. That's proper."

By this time we had arrived at Tullamore, and I found my time thoroughly my own. There was no waste of valuable hours over an inn luncheon.

The plan of my traveling companion is a good one for this country. It is, of course, far behind the age of America. They not only do not know how to travel in Great Britain, but if an American attempts to explain our own luxurious system of dining and sleeping cars, with all the comforts of heat and light, he is looked upon as a brilliantly imaginative liar.

Traveling in winter is vastly different from traveling in summer on this side of the water.

This is a letter of odds and ends, and I skip without a tremor to an antique and well-worn subject. My own experience may add to the general hot-headed mass of opinions concerning the British landlady. The man who goes trustfully and innocently into lodgings in London is apt to come out a Solon and a Shylock rolled in one. The ability of the landlady to pile up extras is simply phenomenal. I stopped three days in chambers in Park Lane recently. The rosy-cheeked and gray-haired woman who took me in—in more ways than one, by the way—said that the rent of the chambers would be a guinea a day.

"Too much," I said, shortly.

"Oh, very well, sir," she said, with a gentle and friendly smile, "we'll say two pounds for th' three days."

I agreed, and at the end of the three days I received the following bill (with the amounts changed to our currency):

December 24th,	Coals	$ .62
	Candles	.25
	Lunch	1.75
	Towels	.12
	Messenger	.50
	Papers (daily) and ink	.12
	Attendance	.25
December 25th,	Coffee	.50
	Bath	.50
	Hot Water (shaving)	.12
	Lunch	1.75
	Coals	.62
	Coals	.25
	Towels	.12
	Cleaning Material	.50
	Washing (bed and bath linen)	.50
	Paperer	.06
	Attendance	.25
	Candles	.25
December 26th,	Coffee	.50
	Bath	.50
	Hot Water (shaving)	.12
	Lunch	1.75
	Dinner	2.25
	Extra Service for Dinner	.12
	Coals	.56
	Candles	.50
	Daily Papers	.06
	Attendance	.25
		$15.58
	Rent	10.00
		$25.58

This sum included lodgings and four meals. I sent for the landlady, and she came into the room with the air of a suffering martyr. After I had thanked her for permitting me to breathe without charging for it, I asked her to explain the four charges on December 25th:

Bath	.50
Towels	.12
Cleaning Materials	.50
Washing Bed and Bath Linen	.50
	$1.62

"I 'opes," she said, sadly, "I may be permitted to gain my living?"

"You ought to gain a very good one at this rate. There's a stationary tub in my bedroom with hot and cold running water, and the linen is precisely the same as when I arrived."

"Still, I 'as to 'eat the water," she said, defiantly, "an' th' linen 'll 'ave t' be washed at th' hend of th' week."

"What do you mean by cleaning materials?"

"Doin' up th' chambers."

"What's the charge for attendance, then?"

"Answerin' th' bell."

"Where is the bell? I've not been able to find it."

She rushed over to the side of the chimney-piece, but the bell-rope was not there. It had been torn down some time before by my unfortunate predecessor. Of course, I paid the bill—there was no way out of it. At the door, the porter remembered that he had blacked my boots, and the housemaids smiled on me with large and financial smiles. The bother of it all is what makes life in London tiresome. So many tips are expected and, indeed, demanded, that the traveler gets to a point of nervous expectancy, and feels lonesome when not shelling out small coin.

Paris is not much better, but there is an element of humor there in the lies the servants tell about their expenditures. I had an apartment once on the Boulevard Haussmann. The concierge—to whom that mighty tyrant in America, the janitor of an apartment-house, is a cringing craven—presented a bill every week that would stagger a Rothschild. He was half Prussian, and spoke French that I candidly believe was as bad as my own. We occasionally understood each other, however. He always entered suavely, followed by my servant, who was unquestionably "in" with him on all steals, and who suffered more than any of us in these weekly encounters in an effort to serve two masters.

"I see," I would observe, on beginning the bill, "that you have charged me for gas for five months, and I've only been here two weeks."

"My God! It can not be! Yes, it is. It is the bill of the dissolute countess who was here before, and who did not pay, and now it has slipped into your bill!"

"Ye-es. Well, well, I'll pay just one-tenth of that, because two weeks is one-tenth of five months."

"But, sapristi—this can not be," he would howl, with a sudden realization of the mistake, "it is more by the week than by the month."

"Well, that's what I pay, nevertheless. It may teach you something. Here you charge twenty francs for that case of ginger ale from the Chatham."

"That, sir, is what I paid."

"But I paid for it at the Chatham myself."

"What a rascally hotel to charge twice."

"And here is a charge of six francs for the London telegram I received yesterday."

"The boy demanded it, and my servant paid that you might not be wakened early in the morning."

"The telegram was paid for in London."

"Was it, indeed," indifferently. "It is not of consequence. If the stupid servant girl paid for it she must lose the money.'

"Here you charge me for extra wood, and you know it was the wood you used to fry lard in my kitchen the day I went to Versailles. When I came home the place was uninhabitable."

"It was fatally necessary, for an odor had risen from the plumbing next door, and the only thing to drive it out of your rooms was the smell of lard. But I have not charged for the lard."

This sort of thing would go on till we were all fagged out, and then I'd compromise on about fifty per cent, and lie down for an hour's rest. BLAKELY HALL.

LONDON, February, 1888.

A young lady, who had just returned from a far Southern tour, was narrating her experiences away down in Dixie to a reporter. "The funniest thing that happened upon the whole trip," she said, "was while traveling through Alabama. We had just passed a little town in the heart of the cotton district, when my attention was called to one end of the coach, where I noticed several passengers standing around a boy about twelve years old. He was yelling vociferously, with his hand poked into one eye. A lady, whom I took to be his mother, was doing all in her power to quiet him. Between yells, he managed to explain the cause of his mishap. He said that he was looking out of the window when a boy, who was standing near the track, in a field, as the train was passing, picked up a rock and threw it at him. The stone struck the window-pane, shattering it, and a piece of glass cut a painful gash under the young tourist's eye. In a few minutes every passenger in the coach was offering some suggestion, and interfering with those who were trying to bind up the wound. The conductor came upon the scene about this time. Upon learning the situation, he immediately stopped the train, and began backing it to the place where the deed was done. As the train had been going at a rapid rate, it was several miles from the scene of action. The lad who threw the stone was standing near the track with his hands in his pockets, doubtless wondering why the train was coming back, but when the cars stopped within a few feet of him, he must have guessed the reason, for he immediately grasped his hat in his hand, and started like a race-horse across the muddy fields. In a few minutes all the male passengers on the train were in hot pursuit, and all the females were at the windows, watching the chase. Over fences and across fields the little boy and his pursuers ran. Finally a hill hid the race from our view. For nearly half an hour we waited in suspense the result of the chase. The first man to make his appearance was a drummer, who explained that, after chasing the young miscreant about a mile, they came to a broad, shallow creek, which the boy plunged through without hesitation, but the passengers, not desirous of getting wet, decided to discontinue the pursuit. It was the most ridiculous thing I ever witnessed. Just imagine about thirty or forty great, big, grown men running after a little twelve-year-old boy as hard as they could tear. Another half-hour was spent in waiting for the scattered passengers to get back to the train, and finally we resumed our journey south."

A somewhat curious duel took place a few days ago at Kicheneff, the capital of the important Russian province of Bessarabia. A gentleman of the name of Paul Usakoff quarreled with Prince Temariafi about some trivial matter at the "Nobles Club," and finally determined to settle their differences by a duel. On the following morning they met with their seconds and a surgeon on the outskirts of the city, and exchanged three shots apiece, without doing any injury to one another. On the following day they again met, at the club, and after a short conversation began to quarrel afresh with increased vigor. Growing more and more excited the dispute at length degenerated into a regular kicking and fisticuff struggle. The prince, who all along had been the aggressor, was in the act of receiving a sound and well-deserved thrashing, when suddenly the thin varnish of civilization gave way, and all his innate and national barbarism getting the upper hand, he flew with a yell at M. Usakoff, and, catching the latter's lower lip between his teeth, bit it completely off. It is needless to add that that terminated the fight. M. Usakoff is still confined to his bed, hopelessly disfigured for life, while his nether lip is deposited as a kind of corpus delicti at the police court, where the case will be tried when M. Usakoff is able to leave his bed. Meanwhile the prince swaggers about the town, and the Nobles Club is exceedingly proud of his "feat."

Although the cheapest rate for which board can be got in the big, new hotel in Florida—the Ponce de Leon—is eight dollars a day, and an extra particular bridegroom can obtain a bridal suite there at two thousand dollars a week, the hotel was packed on the first of the month.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. If the "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Miss Amelie Rives's short stories are to be collected in a volume which will be published shortly by the Harpers.

It is stated by the Boston *Saturday Evening Gazette* that Mr. Dixey is writing an article on the stage for *Harper's*.

The interesting announcement is made that an early number of the *North American Review* will contain an article by Mr. Gladstone on the religious opinions of Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.

The English copyright of Charlotte Brontë's "Shirley" will run out next year. So will those of "David Copperfield," "Adam Bede," and "Alton Locke." That of "Vanity Fair" runs out this year.

The second volume of Thomas Stevens's "Around the World on a Bicycle" is in preparation by the Scribners for early publication. This part covers the bicyclist's journey from Teheran to New York.

With its March number, the *Forum* enters upon its fifth volume. Within the past year the circulation of this magazine is said to have doubled—a statement which is certainly creditable to the appetite of the American people for good magazine reading.

A work, entitled "Society in Rome under the Cæsars," is about to be brought out by the Scribners. It is said to present the best picture ever given of the entire state of society, its religious beliefs, morality, government, literature, and the daily life, habits, and amusements of all classes of people under the first Cæsars. It is thus made to reflect the general moral and social life of the Romans in the first part of the imperial epoch.

A Philadelphia newspaper man recently wrote to "Mark Twain," asking him if he would look over a serio-humorous skit, submitted to him in manuscript, and give a candid opinion as to its merit. Mr. Clemens answered, as follows: "Certainly; send it right along. And be sure to put it between a couple of shingles, or sawed-off boards, or a couple of grindstones, or anything to keep it flat. The man that rolls a manuscript ought to go to the devil—and will."

Mr. John Bartlett, of Cambridge, has in press "A New and Complete Concordance or Verbal Index to the Words, Phrases, and Passages in the Dramatic Works of Shakespeare." Specimen pages show the exhaustive character of the work. Each word will be given in its various uses, and there will be presented a thorough index to the thoughts of Shakespeare. The passages will be given, moreover, in such complete form that in most cases it will be found unnecessary to consult the plays themselves. Mr. Bartlett has adopted the text of the plays as edited by Clark and Wright, and published in an edition known as the Globe Edition. The completed work will contain about one thousand six hundred pages.

The Mercantile Library of San Francisco is not the only one which is in the dumps. A Philadelphia gentleman seems to be greatly disappointed at the way in which the Mercantile Library of that city is losing ground. "This institution," he wrote, "has been steadily running down in membership for several years, until now, with some one hundred and sixty thousand volumes, there are less than half as many members as there were fifteen years ago. The directors contend that the day of proprietary libraries has gone by, in consequence of the steadily growing call for free libraries." As to the New York Mercantile Library, it is simply sharing the experience of about all subscription libraries throughout the country. This is easy to explain. First and foremost, the advent of free libraries; secondly, the era of cheap literature, in which may be included the newspapers, especially the Sunday papers, the magazines, and other periodicals. When one considers the enormous amount of matter of every kind furnished to the public in these forms, he will not wonder at the comparative neglect shown by many people toward subscription libraries.

New Publications.

Mrs. Alexander's sixteenth novel, "A Life Interest," has just been published in the Leisure Moment series by Henry Holt & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 30 cents.

"Home Again," a novel by George Macdonald, has been published as Nos. 39 to 41 of the New York Novelist. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 6 cents.

Walter Besant's latest novel, "Herr Paulus: His Rise, his Greatness, and his Fall," has been published in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 35 cents.

Shakespeare's tragedy of "King Lear," with a critical introduction by Professor Henry Morley, is the latest issue of the National Library. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"St. George and the Dragon" and "Kensington Junior," two excellent and entertaining stories of boys, by Margaret Sidney, have been published in a single volume by D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

"Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius," which has been given a place in several of the lists of the best one hundred books, translated by George Long, with a biographical sketch of the moralizing emperor and a discussion of his philosophy, has been published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Leon Roch," a romance by B. Perez Galdós, has been translated into English by Clara Bell. It tells a story of dramatic scenes and strong passions, and gives an interesting picture of society in Madrid at the present day. Published in two volumes by William S. Gottsberger, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents per volume.

"Slips of Tongue and Pen," by J. H. Long, M. A., LL. B., is a little book containing chapters on common errors, grammatical points, suggestions for composition, synonyms, words often confused, objectionable words and phrases, and notes on punctuation. The directions and instructions are concise and clear, and cover many points where almost any one makes a slip now and then. The usefulness of the book is greatly increased by a thorough index. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey.

Georg Ebers, learned as he is learned and scholarly in his archæological lore, as he is charming in his novels, has written a biography of his master and friend, Richard Lepsius, and now his "Life of Richard Lepsius" has been translated from the German by Zoe Dana Underhill. It follows the career of the famous Egyptologist in his public achievements and his private life as well, and in appendixes are given two reports by Lepsius and a complete list of his works. Published by William S. Gottsberger, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

A "Life of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet" has been written and published on the centennial anniversary of his birth by his son, Edward Minor Gallaudet. The life of the founder of deaf-mute instruction in America has an interest not only for those who are in any way connected with the cause of deaf-mutes, but also for all promoters of education and benevolent effort; and the average reader will learn much from this record of Dr. Gallaudet's progress in his then untried field of philanthropy. A portrait of Dr. Gallaudet serves as a frontispiece. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A New Poet" is stamped upon the cover of a mouse-colored book, and are contained the "Poems of Lorenzo Sosso." Mr. Sosso, though Italian is his mother-tongue, has a considerable command over the English language—sufficient, indeed, to make rhymes where less venturesome poets would be daunted at the outset by the seeming impossibility of the task—and the poems show, in many respects, a freedom from conventional restraint and the trammeling canons of rhetoric, grammar, orthoepy, and orthography, which is generally accepted as an accompaniment of genius. Published by the West End Printing and Publishing House, San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers.

"Sara Crewe; or What Happened at Miss Minchin's" is another child's story by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, whose "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been so remarkably and deservedly successful. Sara Crewe is a little waif who has been left at Miss Minchin's select seminary for young ladies by her father, at whose suicide, on account of financial losses, she is left without relatives and with no other home. The recital of the hardships she endures, her goodness of heart in all her misery, the mysterious benefactions she is made the recipient of, and her final rescue by the Indian gentleman, is very pathetic, and will interest the parents as well as the children for whom it was written. It is illustrated from drawings by R. B. Birch. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.00.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We see by the journals of Monday, that Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, Democratic mayor of New York, son-in-law of Peter Cooper, and the bravest man in all the broad Republic, the only man of national reputation who refuses to review an Irish procession on St. Patrick's Day, in order to secure Irish votes, also refuses to place the municipal flag of the city of New York at half-mast in honor of the dead German Emperor. We forbear comment because the act is done by Mr. Hewitt; had we been mayor of New York, we should half-mast the flag upon the death of any of the great European rulers, except the Pope. For the great papal monarch we should have tolled all the bells whose ropes are pulled by a papal sexton, but we would not lower the banner of the stars one-half inch if the Pope of Rome, the Greek Metropolitan, the Primate of all England, the chief Rabbi of Jerusalem, and all the ecclesiastics of all the churches on earth should die. A free church in a free State may pray and chime its bells, but it should not touch with its sanctimonious fingers nor clutch with its ecclesiastical grip one fold of the banner of the blue.

When Mayor Hewitt entered upon the discharge of his official duties as mayor of the city of New York, he wisely determined that the American flag should alone be displayed from the staff of the city hall, and that, to the extent of his authority, he would discourage the display of all foreign flags in the street processions, and in all displays and parades. The death of the Emperor of Germany and the ceremonies naturally attendant upon his decease, falling at the same time as the Irish political and religious ceremony that takes place on the seventeenth of March, has afforded him an opportunity to enforce his resolution without seeming hostility to either nationality; that is, no further hostility than is involved in preserving the public buildings of an American city for the sole display of the American flag, and in maintaining the ascendancy of the national banner over that of any foreign country or foreign church. This American doctrine will commend itself to every adopted citizen who is loyal to the country, and who, in his treasonable and bigoted soul, does not acknowledge allegiance to any foreign prince, potentate, or power, either civil or ecclesiastical. We are sorry that the execution of this resolve should occur at a time when it may wound German sensibilities. We thank God that the time has come in one American city, when an American official has the courage to drive all influence of Irish nationality and all devices of the Papal Church out of the public view upon American soil.

The forces of Papal Ireland have won a fight in the skirmish line over the Democratic mayor of the city of New York. The Irish aldermen have passed a resolution through the board compelling the mayor to raise the Irish flag over the city-hall while an alien procession, bearing the emblems and devices of the Church of Rome, and the flag of Ireland, goes tramping by. It is a religious and political triumph; Papal Rome over republican America, the Irish faction over the Democratic party. These are the victories that precede defeat. Such triumphs as this will, in time, educate American sentiment to organized resistance. There are enough honorable men in the Democratic party to make a respectable rebellion. The San Francisco *Examiner* almost convinces us that it is becoming independent, for in its Wednesday's issue it had the courage to say editorially, and at the head of its columns, that "the alderman who would snub Mayor Hewitt by ordering the Irish flag to be raised over the city hall on St. Patrick's Day, is probably a native American," and in the same article: "No ensign but the stars and stripes should float over any public building in the United States." There is not a Republican paper in California which will have the courage to endorse that sentiment without some truckling compliment to the Irish. We thank the *Examiner*.

The election in Sacramento has taught this lesson, viz: That when business men, honest men, and gentlemen boldly combine and courageously act against bosses, gamblers, blackguards, dishonest tricksters, and the pocket-stripping panel-thieves of politics, the criminals can be cleaned out. As we are informed of the situation at the capital city, Republican blackguards ran the primaries by fraud, by polluting the ballot-box—the one offense in a republican government to which the death penalty should be affixed. Against the nominees of this Republican conspiracy—all of whom were presumably rogues—honest men and decent citizens united, guarded the polls, and elected the Democratic ticket. This was a manly thing for Sacramento Republicans to do, and teaches a valuable lesson in practical politics. It is said that a large number of Republican roughs were sent from San Francisco to aid in the consummation of this wrong. We know that the roughs were sent, and by the "rough" political bosses of our city. We acquit the respectable Republican leaders of so vile a charge. There is, in this city, a mob of blackguards, ready to do any dirty political work for any master for hire; they were hired for Sacramento. The Democratic ticket was overwhelmingly elected, and it is simply a triumph of decent citizens over criminals.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is related of the ex-President of the New York Press Club, John C. Hennessey, who is a devout Catholic, that on a fast day recently, he went into the club restaurant and called for boiled salmon. "We have no salmon to-day; only steak, roast beef, and some game," said the waiter. "Well," said John, meekly, "you may bring me a steak, but God knows I asked for fish."

One day, Charles Baudelaire came to Maxime du Camp's rooms with his close-cropped hair dyed green. Du Camp affected not to notice it. Baudelaire did all he could to direct attention to it, and finally, as his friend persisted in not noticing it, he burst out: "Don't you see anything strange about me to-day?" Du Camp answered: "Not at all; lots of people have green hair." Baudelaire left at once, disgusted.

When Sheridan first brought out his comedy, "The School for Scandal," Chesterfield, himself a dramatist, being present with his children, checked them whenever they laughed. Sheridan, hearing of this, wrote to Chesterfield that he thought it mean in him not to let the children laugh, because he (Sheridan) was present at his (Chesterfield's) tragedy a few nights before, and laughed at it all the way through.

Lord Erskine, when Chief Justice of England, presided once at the Chelmsford assizes, when a case of breach of promise of marriage was tried before him, in which Miss Tickell was plaintiff. The counsel was a pompous young man named Stanton, who opened the case with solemn emphasis, thus: "Tickell, the plaintiff, my lord—" when Erskine drvly interrupted him with: "Oh, tickle her yourself, Mr. Stanton; it would be unbecoming in my position."

A well-known showman, who once ran a newspaper in a Pennsylvania town, tells a story, which will amuse the printers. He hired a big colored person to do chores about the office, and, on one occasion, directed him to move a form from one place to another. The darkey promptly put it on his head, and just as promptly his head went through, and there was a terrible mess of "pi." To his employer, he thus reported: "Boss, I done spilled that type, but I saved the frame."

A Scotch story is that of a diminutive drummer, in a local brass band, who was in the habit, when out parading with his comrades, of walking by sound and not by sight, owing to his drum being so high that he was unable to see over it. The band, on Saturday afternoons, paraded usually in one direction, but, the other day, the leader thought he would change the route a little, and turned down a by-street. The drummer, unaware of this movement, kept on his accustomed way, drumming as hard as ever he could. By-and-bye, after finishing his part, and not hearing the others, he stopped, and, pushing his drum to one side, he looked to see what was the matter. His astonishment may be imagined at finding that he was alone. "Hae!" he cried to some bystanders, "has ony o' ye seen a band hereaboot?"

There is a story told in the French war office, to the effect that for ten years a soldier was stationed in the passage leading to the minister's private apartments, with orders not to let the people touch the walls. But no one seemed to understand why this was done. Now, a new minister of an inquisitive turn of mind determined to find out the explanation of a circumstance that his fifty predecessors had never remarked. But no one could give him any light, not even the chief clerks, nor subordinates who had been in service half a century. But a certain doorkeeper, an old fellow with a good memory, recollected that on a certain occasion a soldier was placed there because the walls had been painted, and the minister's wife had got a spot on her dress. The paint had dried, but the sentinel had been left.

A New York merchant, who does an extensive commission business in Cuba, had been entertaining a wealthy citizen of Havana for several days. On a recent Saturday the Cuban and his wife were to sail for home. At the last moment, the merchant thought it would be the proper thing to send some flowers to his departing friends on board the ship. So he hastily despatched an office-boy to a florist's to purchase some flowers. "Get about twenty-five dollars' worth, and I will leave the selection to you," were his instructions to the boy, after telling why he wanted the flowers. He then accompanied his friends to the steamer, and just as "all ashore" was cried, the office-boy rushed up the gang-plank carrying two broken columns—one bore the inscription: "We mourn your loss," and the other, "Gone to another shore."

Alfred de Musset, the French poet, cordially hated dogs. When a candidate for the Academy, he called upon a prominent member, as custom required. At the gate of the château, an ugly and dirty dog received him most affectionately, and insisted on preceding him into the drawing-room. The academician entered, and, in due course, invited M. de Musset to the dining-room, whither they went, with the dog at their heels. Seizing his opportunity, the animal placed his muddy paws upon the spotless cloth, and stole a choice bit of meat. "The wretch wants shooting," was De Musset's muttered thought, but he politely said: "You are fond of dogs, I see." "Fond of them!" retorted the host, "I hate them." "But this animal here?" queried De Musset. "I have only tolerated it because I thought it yours." "Mine!" cried the other, "only the thought that it was yours kept me from killing it!"

Mr. William M. Laffan, of the New York *Sun*, has a glass eye (says the *Journalist*.) It is a very accurate match to the other, and is hardly noticeable. One evening in the long ago, when O'Donovan, the sculptor, and Laffan were both gay young Bohemians, they met for the first time, and finding each other charming companions, with similar tastes for art and literature, they proceeded to drink to better acquaintance. One drink followed another until, at one bar where they stopped for a night-cap, the dispenser of liquid intimacy measured out their whisky in a medicine graduate glass. This struck O'Donovan as a peculiarly weird proceeding, and he looked at Laffan to see the effect upon him. To his horror, there was a fly crawling around on Laffan's eye-ball. O'Donovan rubbed his eyes, and looked again. There was the fly wandering around the iris and over the pupil, and Laffan calmly enduring it without winking. O'Donovan gazed for a moment to make sure, and then, with a yell of terror, dashed out into the street, and sought his boarding-house, where he took to his bed, and awaited the advent of the "del. trem."

The following story (says the *Texas Siftings*) is told of General Harney, when he was in command at Camp Verde, Texas. He was an intensely dignified officer, and if there was one thing he detested more than another, it was undignified haste. One evening, just as he was about to hold dress parade, he perceived that he had forgotten his handkerchief, and as the weather was very hot, he said to his orderly: "Go to my quarters, quick, and bring my handkerchief." The orderly touched his cap and started for the quarters, several hundred yards distant. After he had proceeded a short distance, remembering that there was no time to lose, he broke into a trot. "See that d——d scoundrel running as if the Indians were after him. If there is any thing I hate, it is to see a soldier running, instead of marching properly. Here, my man," continued Harney, to another soldier, "go after that man and tell him to walk, d——n him!" The second soldier started after the first, but as the first kept on running, the second one saw his only chance to deliver the message was to hurry up, so he, too, broke into a run. To say that Harney swore is to use a mild expression. "Here, sergeant, go after that man and tell him if he don't stop running I'll hang him up by the thumbs." The sergeant started out on a brisk walk, but as his predecessor had a good start, he, too, began to run as hard as he could. "If all the three scoundrels ain't running like jackrabbits!" ejaculated Harney. "I'll show 'em," and tucking his sword under his arm, he started in pursuit as fast as he could run, but suddenly remembering his dignity, he came to a halt, and walked stiffly back to the place where the dress parade was to come off.

Transportation--Rail.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE (for)	From February 5, 1888.	ARRIVE (from)
8.00 A.	Calistoga and Napa	10.15 A.
4.00 P.	" " "	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	Colfax	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	Galt, via Martinez	10.15 A.
10.30 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	" " "	*3.45 P.
5.30 P.	" " "	7.45 A.
9.00 A.	Ione, via Livermore	5.45 P.
3.00 P.	Knight's Landing	9.45 A.
*4.30 P.	Livermore and Pleasanton	*8.45 A.
5.00 P.	Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, & East	9.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles and Mojave	12.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez	6.15 P.
§4.00 P.	Milton	*5.45 P.
8.30 A.	Ogden and East	8.15 A.
4.30 P.	" " "	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	Red Bluff, via Marysville	5.45 P.
7.00 A.	Redding, via Willows	7.15 P.
7.00 A.	Sacramento, via Benicia	7.15 P.
8.30 A.	" via Benicia	8.15 A.
9.00 A.	" via Livermore	5.45 P.
3.00 P.	" via Benicia	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	" via Benicia	10.45 A.
6.30 P.	" via Benicia	7.45 A.
*1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	*6.00 A.
7.30 A.	San José	*12.45 P.
9.00 A.	"	*3.45 P.
3.00 P.	"	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	"	‡4.15 P.
9.30 A.	Santa Barbara	12.15 P.
5.00 P.	"	9.45 P.
9.00 A.	Stockton, via Livermore	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	" via Martinez	10.15 A.
6.30 P.	Siskiyou and Portland	7.45 A.

A for morning. P. for afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted.

From San Francisco, daily.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7 30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1 30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.03, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10 00, 11.00, 12.00.

To 23D AVENUE, EAST OAKLAND—Same as to "To East Oakland" until 6.00 P. M. inclusive, also at 7.00, 8.00, 10.00 P. M.

To FRUIT VALE—*6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, A. M., 3.30, 4 00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 8.00, 10.00.

To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30 A. M., *2.00, 6.30, 12.00 P. M.

To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7 00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9 30, 10 00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, ‡2.30, 3 00, 3 30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00 12.00.

To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11 30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, ‡2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6 30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00.

To WEST BERKELEY—Same as "To Berkeley."

To San Francisco, daily.

From FRUIT VALE—6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50, 9 20, *10.19, *2.49, 4.20, 4.50, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 8.50, 10.50.

From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5 21, 5.51, ‡9.15, *2.33, *3.15.

From 23D AVENUE, EAST OAKLAND—6.55, 7 25, 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9 25, 9.55, 10.25, 10.55, 11.25, 11.55, 12.25, 12.55, 1.25, 1.55, 2.25, 2.55, 3.25, 3.55, 4.25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6.55, 7.55, 8.55, 10.53

From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7 00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 9.57, 10.57.

From BROADWAY, Oakland—7 minutes later than from East Oakland.

From ALAMEDA—*5.25, 5.55, *6.25, 6.55, *7.25, 7.55, *8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55, ‡10 25, 10.55, ‡11.25, 11.55, ‡12.25, 12 55, ‡1.25, 1.55, ‡2.25, 2.55, 3.25, 3.55, 4.25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6.55, 7.55, 8 55, 9.55, 10.55

From BERKELEY—*5,25, 5.55, *6 25, 6.55, *7.25, 7 55, *8.25, 8 55, 9.25, 9.55, ‡10.25, 10.55, ‡11.25, 11.55, ‡12.25, 12.55, ‡1.25, 1.55, ‡2.25, 2 55, 3.25, 3.55, 4 25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6 55, 7.55, 8 55, 9.55, 10.55.

From WEST BERKELEY—Same as "From Berkeley."

Creek Route.

From SAN FRANCISCO.—*7.15, 9 15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5 15.

From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12 15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by Lick Observatory.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY,

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

Passenger Trains leave Station, foot of Market Street, south side at

4.00 A. M., (Sundays only.) Hunter's train to San José, stopping at all way stations; returning, arrives in San Francisco, 7.20 P. M.

8.15 A. M., daily, for Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all way stations.

2.15 P. M., (except Sunday), Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, New Almaden, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ, and Boulder Creek.

4.15 P. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and intermediate points.

$5 Excursions to SANTA CRUZ and BOULDER CREEK, on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, to return on MONDAY inclusive

$1.75 to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return, Sundays only.

LOCAL FERRY TRAINS.

TO OAKLAND AND ALAMEDA, DAILY.

$6.15, $6.45, $7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8 45, 9.15, 9.45, 10 15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3 45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.30, 8 30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 P. M.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From Fourteenth and Franklin Sts., Oakland—$4.5.45, $6.15, $6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6 15, 6.46, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 P. M.

From High Street, Alameda—$5.31, $6.01, $6.31, 7.01, 7.31, 8.01, 8.31, 9.01, 9.31, 10.01, 10.31, 11.01, 11 31, A M., 12.01, 12.31, 1.01, 1.31, 2.01, 2.31, 3.01, 3.31, 4.01, 4.31, 5.01, 5.31, 6.01, 6.31, 7.16, 8.16, 9.16, 10.16, 11.01 P. M.
§ Sundays excepted.

TICKET OFFICES, 613 Market Street, under Grand Hotel, and Rotunda of Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco.

L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. S. P. C. Ry. Div.
W. T. FITZGERALD, Gen. Frt. & Pass. Agt. S. P. C. Ry. Div.

Transportation--Rail.

NORTHERN DIVISION
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

TIME SCHEDULE.

LEAVE S. F.	In effect March 1, 1888.	ARRIVE S. F.
12.01 P.	Cemetery and San Mateo	2.30 P.
‡7.00 A.		6.40 A.
8.30 A.		*8.00 A.
10.30 A.		9.03 A.
*4.30 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	Menlo Park	‡3.39 P.
*5.10 P.		4.36 P.
6.30 P.		6.40 P.
§11.45 P.		§7.50 P.
8.30 A.		9.03 A.
10.30 A.	Santa Clara, San José, and	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.	Principal Way Stations	4.36 P.
4.30 P.		6.40 P.
10.30 A.	Almaden and Way Stations	4.36 P.
8.30 A.	Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville,	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.	Salinas, and Monterey	6.40 P.
8.30 A.	Hollister and Tres Pinos	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.		‡6.40 P.
8.30 A.	Watsonville, Aptos, Soquel	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.	(Capitola), and Santa Cruz	6.40 P.
8.30 A.	Soledad, Paso Robles, Templeton, (San Luis Obispo) and Way Stations	6.40 P.

A.—Morning. P.—Afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.
§ Theatre train, Saturdays only.

Nearly all rail line to SAN LUIS OBISPO; only 24 miles staging from Templeton; time from San Francisco 12 hours. Through rate, $8.50.

Round-trip tickets to Lick Observatory (Mt. Hamilton). Rate, $5.50.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—SOLD SUNDAY MORNING; good for return same day.

FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.

TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel, and Rotunda of Baldwin Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt Agt

SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Monday, October, 17, 1887, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUCELITO and San RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.15 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3 15, 5.15 P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45, 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUCELITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.20, 10.00, 11.45 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 2.25, 4.00, 6.00 P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30, 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11.00 A. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Ingram's and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Ingram's at 6.30 A. M., arrives at San Francisco 12.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2 00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Ingram's, $4.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Ingram's daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

Insurance.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.,
No. 216 Sansome Street,
East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

Capital (Paid up in Gold) $300,000 00
Assets, Jan. 1, 1884 ..... 759,475 13

PRESIDENT ..... J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT ..... J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY ..... CHARLES R. STORY.

London Assurance Corporation
Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720.
Northern Assurance Company
Of London. Established 1836.
Queen Insurance Company
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.
Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.
Of Hartford, Conn.
ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.
WM. MACDONALD, Ass't Manager.
South-east corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

ANGLO-NEVADA ASSURANCE CORPORATION

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
FIRE AND MARINE.
CAPITAL, - - - - $2,000,000
OFFICE ..... **410 PINE STREET.**

Bankers, The Nevada Bank of San Francisco.

Hotels.

PALACE HOTEL,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

C. H. LIVINGSTON, Manager.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city.

FINEST CLIMATE IN THE WORLD!

PARAISO SPRINGS,

MONTEREY COUNTY, CAL.

THE CARLSBAD OF AMERICA.

New Management. New Improvements.

The most beautiful, most invigorating, most easy of access of all mineral spring resorts; 1,500 feet above the sea level. Take San José cars 8:30 A. M., and arrive at Springs at 3:30 P. M.

J. F. FOSTER, Proprietor.
Telegraph, Express, and Post-Offices.

H. B. WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St., and 3 Pine St., San Francisco.

Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

STORAGE For Furniture, Pianos, and other goods. ADVANCES MADE.
J. M. PIERCE, 735 Market Street.

Banks.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital **$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD ..... President.
THOMAS BROWN ..... Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR. ..... Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus **$4,000,000**

DIRECTORS:

LLOYD TEVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Pres't. Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker.
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

Transportation--Ocean.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY,
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at **2 o'clock P. M.** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1888.
San Pablo	**Saturday, March 24**
Oceanic	**Tuesday, April 3**
Gaelic	**Saturday, April 21**
Belgic	**Saturday, May 12**
San Pablo	**Saturday, June 2**
Oceanic	**Thursday, June 21**

Round-trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
G. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA

San Blas ..... **Saturday, March 24, at 4 P. M.**

Taking freight and passengers direct for Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, Coriente, Punta Arenas, and Panama.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:

City of Peking ... **Saturday, March 17, at 2 P. M.**
City of Sydney ..... **March 24, at 2 P. M.**
City of Rio de Janeiro ..... **April 12, at 2 P. M.**
City of New York ..... **Tuesday, May 1, at 2 P. M.**

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.
GEO H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

The steamers MEXICO and UMATILLA direct for VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports at 9 A. M., every Friday.

The steamer MEXICO sailing every other Friday at A. M. connects at Port Townsend with the steamers IDAHO and ANCON for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, about every second day.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, Tuesday, at 9 A. M.—CITY OF CHESTER.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, at 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., near Pine.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
No 10 Market Street, San Francisco.

SURE CURE DISCOVERED FOR
CATARRH
Lauderbach's German Catarrh Remedy.
Price $1. Samples free at Druggists. Mailed for five 2c stamps.
THOUSANDS CURED since the discovery of this method of treatment. Every mail brings letters from grateful persons CURED. B. S. LAUDERBACH & CO., Newark, N. J., U.S.A.

PALERMO!

THE GEM COLONY OF THE NORTHERN CITRUS BELT.

The Largest Orange Grove in the State is at Palermo! One Hundred and Seventy Acres Planted in the Choicest Varieties of Florida Trees!

Palermo lies five miles south of Oroville, on the Northern California Railroad, and in the heart of the Citrus Belt. Surrounding the townsite are 2,000 acres of the choicest fruit lands sub-divided into 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 15, and 20 acre lots, which are offered with water piped to each, the FREE use of which is given for FOUR years, at prices ranging from $60 to $100 per acre, according to the distance from the depot; OVER ONE-THIRD OF WHICH ARE ALREADY SOLD. Palermo is the natural home of all Citrus and Deciduous Fruits Improvements of the most substantial and permanent character are already being made. Although the colony is little more than a month old, it now boasts of the largest orange grove in the State, and a number of buildings are to be erected immediately, including a handsome hotel. The land is offered on a long credit, only ONE-FOURTH being cash, the balance payable on or before FOUR years, with interest at 7 per cent. per annum Palermo is the property of the

PALERMO LAND AND WATER COMPANY,

DIRECTORS { HON. GEORGE C. PERKINS, D. K. PERKINS, HENRY WISE, C. W. MCAFEE, A. S. BALDWIN.

General Agents: McAFEE BROTHERS, 10 Montgomery Street, S. F.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR.

CARMEL SOAP is made only from sweet Olive Oil, by a Mission Society in Palestine, being **absolutely pure** and possessing the emollient properties of Olive Oil, it is unsurpassed for the Toilet and Bath, and superior to all other soaps for the Teeth and Hair.

It is the only perfectly safe soap for invalids.

If your druggist or grocer does not keep it, send 25 cents for sample cake to the importers, 52 Cedar Street, New York.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. Edgar A. Mi[illegible], of [illegible], passed several days, this week, at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sperry, of Stockton, have been passing the week at the [illegible] Hotel.

Mr. Henry W. Re[illegible] and Mr. Harry Babcock have returned from a Southern trip.

Miss May Wickersham, of Petaluma, is in the city on a visit to friends.

General W. H. L. Barnes has gone to Lincoln, Neb., on a business trip.

Hon. and Mrs. H. Richardson, of Wisconsin, are guests at the Grand Hotel.

Mrs. J. H. Jewett, who has been confined to her apartments in the Grand Hotel since last December, is now convalescent.

Mrs. A. G. Booth has made arrangements to pass most of the summer at "Laura Hill," her beautiful home in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. S. F. [illegible] is confined to her home with a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism.

Mrs. E. P. Buckingham is now residing at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Lyons, of Sacramento, are in the city on a visit.

Mr. I. G. Merchant has gone to El Paso de Robles Hot Springs for his health.

General and Mrs. J. W. Montgomery are located at the Grand Hotel.

Mrs. Volney Spalding, Mr. and Mrs. Gillig, Miss Lizzie Sinton, and Mr. Harry Gillig passed several days at Byron Springs, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Denis Donohoe and Miss Rose Donohoe will pass the summer at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Nickerson and the Misses Nickerson will leave, next month, to pass the season at Sausalito.

Mrs. Lansing and Mr. Gerritt Lansing will reside at Fruitvale during the coming season.

Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence, of San José, was in the city a few days this week.

Mrs. Charles McCreery, of Sacramento, visited friends in San José recently.

Miss Angela Morrison, of San José, who has been passing a few weeks with friends at the Palace Hotel, returned home last week, greatly improved in health.

Miss Naglee, of San José, was the guest of Mrs. George Page, in San Rafael, a few days last week.

Mr. J. N. Porter, of Durango, Cal., is visiting his family, in San José.

Miss Norma Ryland, of San José, is in the city on a visit.

Mrs. Major Hawley, of San José, will soon visit friends at Angel Island.

Mr. W. G. Bayre, of Yokohama, Japan, is passing a month at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson will leave, soon, for a two months' tour of the Southern and Eastern States.

Mrs. William H. Crocker has returned from a visit to her mother, Mrs. S. W. Sperry, in Stockton.

Miss Grace M. Spencer came up from San José, yesterday, to hear Booth and Barrett, and will return home to-morrow.

Miss Anna Hobbs is passing a few weeks pleasantly in visiting relatives at Santa Barbara.

General W. H. Dimond, Mr. S. M. Shortridge, and Colonel E. A. Belcher have moved to the Dirigo Club, 322 Geary Street, and will make it their permanent home.

Mrs. George W. Van Deusen, of the Presidio, has gone to Fort Klamath, Or., to visit her mother, who is quite ill.

Mr. Burke Holladay is now convalescent after his recent severe illness.

Mrs. John McMullin is visiting Mrs. William T. Wallace.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McLean Martin are occupying their cottage on Beach Hill at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Cosmo Morgan, of Los Angeles, is in the city on a visit.

Hon. Romualdo Pacheco is in the City of Mexico, Mrs. Pacheco is in New York city, and Miss Mabel Pacheco is visiting Mrs. Johnson at Piedras Negras in Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. David Spence, of San José, who have been passing the winter in this city, have returned home.

Mrs. William H. Blackwell, *née* Holladay, is expected here soon on a visit to her relatives.

Miss Joie McCabe will pass most of the summer at Del Monte.

Colonel and Mrs. William Macdonald have removed from Van Ness Avenue to their new home, 2219 Scott Street.

General and Mrs. Chauncey McKeever and the Misses Helen and Elsie McKeever have been passing a couple of weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Maud Yerrington, of Virginia, Nev., is the guest of Miss Mamie Burling at her home, 1618 Washington Street.

Mrs. F. F. Low, Miss Flora Low, Mrs. D. J. Tallant, and the Misses Jennie and Anne Tallant are passing the Lenten season at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Edith McAllister has arrived in New York after an extended absence in Europe, and is expected here soon.

Mrs. Charles McLaughlin and Miss May Ives are expected back from New York in about three weeks.

Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Mrs. R. D. Girvin have decided to indefinitely postpone their European trip.

Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto and Miss Georgie Tabor, who have been passing the last six months in Central America, are expected here to-morrow on the steamer *San Blas*. Mr. Pinto will not return until next month.

Miss Bessie Shreve has returned from a pleasant visit to friends in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Nickerson returned to the Hotel Bella Vista last Saturday after a short visit at Seattle.

Miss Virginia Hanchett has been visiting Mrs. J. B. Wright at Sacramento.

Miss Minnie Mizner, of Benicia, is in the city on a visit to friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry May are located at the Palace Hotel for the present.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Hastings are entertaining Mrs. Jerome, *née* Hastings, of New York.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton will pass the month of June in the Yosemite Valley and later in the season will go to Alaska.

Consul and Mrs. J. Simpson will leave next month for a trip to their native country, Denmark, and expect to remain there several months. They will afterward visit Paris and the Southern part of France.

Senator George Hearst, who is now in New York city, contemplates a trip to Mexico.

Mrs. A. L. [illegible] and Miss Stevenson, of Sacramento, were guests at the Occidental Hotel this week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. [illegible], of Redwood City, have been passing several days at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] Hunnewell, of Boston, are at the Palace Hotel, having returned, last Thursday, from a trip in the country.

Mrs. Charles M. Keeney, Miss Ethel Keeney, and Miss [illegible] are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible], of [illegible], have been passing the latter part of the week at the Palace Hotel.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. [illegible] entertained Mr. Edwin [illegible] and Mr. [illegible] Barrett last Sunday evening, at their home on Harrison Street.

Mr. and Mrs. [illegible] gave a delightful dinner party last Sunday evening [illegible].

[illegible]

Army and Navy.

[illegible] J. A. Bell, U. S. N., of Mare Island, was in [illegible] the early part of the week.

[illegible] Carter P. [illegible], Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., [illegible] granted two months' leave of absence, to take effect [illegible] April 15th.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Brandt String Quartet.

The sixth and last chamber music recital of the second season given by the Hermann Brandt String Quartet, took place last night at Irving Hall. The quartet comprised: Mr. Hermann Brandt and Mr. Henry Siering, violins; Mr. Louis M. Ritzau, viola; and Mr. Theodore Mansfeldt, 'cello; they were assisted by Miss Mary E. Barnard, soprano; Miss Alice M. Bacon, pianist, and Mr. Clarke W. Reynolds, accompanist. The attendance was quite large, and the following programme was presented:

Schubert, Quartet D minor, Op. posth. . . . .
First Movement. Allegro.
Song, *a* "Oh that we two were maying" . . . . Tuckerman
b "Das Ring ein" . . . . Chopin
Miss Mary E. Barnard.
Rubinstein, Sonata for Piano and Violin.
I. Moderato [illegible]. *II.* Scherzo.
II. Andante con variazioni. *IV.* Finale.
Miss Alice M. Bacon and Mr. Hermann Brandt.
S. Bach, Air. . . . .
Cherubini, Scherzo, Allegretto Moderato . . .
Song, Aria—"Delilah" from Samson . . . . St. Saëns
Miss Mary E. Barnard.
Antoni Bazzini, Quartet D minor, Op. 75
I. Allegro appassionata *III.* Gavotte (intermezzo) Allegretto
II. Andante con moto *IV.* Quasi Presto.

The Handel and Haydn Society.

The members of the Handel and Haydn Society gave their third concert of the season, last Tuesday evening, at Metropolitan Hall. In addition to the chorus of one hundred and fifty voices, there were the following soloists; Mme. Louise Pyk, Mrs. T. J. Curtis, Mrs. Collins, Mr. Hermann Brandt, Mr. Augustus Thornton, and Mr. Anderson. The accompanist was Mrs. H. J. Stewart, and the conductor was Mr. H. J. Stewart. All of the participants met with a hearty welcome from the large audience, and their efforts were rewarded by much applause. The programme was as follows:

Mendelssohn's Cantata, op. 46—"Come Let us Sing" (Psalm 95)
Solo and Chorus . . . . "O come, let us worship"
Mrs. Anderson.
Solo and Chorus . . . . "Come, let us sing"
Mrs. T. J. Curtis.
Chorus (Canon) . . . . "For the Lord is a Mighty God"
Duet. "In His hands are all the corners of the earth"
Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Collins.
Solo and Chorus. . . . . "For His is the sea"
Mr. Anderson.
Solo and Chorus,
"Henceforth, when ye hear His voice entreating"
Mr. Anderson.
Chorus—"A calm Sea and a prosperous Voyage" . . Beethoven
"The Jewel Song" (from Faust) . . . . Gounod
Mme. Louise Pyk.
Part Songs— { "Tell me, Flora" } { "A Spring Song" } . . . . Pinsuti
Violin Solo—"Il Trillo del Diavolo" . . . . Tartini
Mr. Hermann Brandt.
Recit and Aria—"Sperate O figlia" (Nabuco). . . . . Verdi
Mr. Augustus Thornton.
Chorus—"Radiant Sister of the Day" . . Rosalind F. Ellicott
(a) "Vea Soên" . . . . Kjerulf
(b) "Til mit Hjertes Dionning" . . . . Bacher
Mme. Louise Pyk.
Polonaise and Chorus—"Noble Chief" . . . . Glinka
(From the Opera "Life for the Czar.")

A musical monologue entitled "Fashions in Music" will be given by Mr. Harrison Millard, the composer and vocalist, next Wednesday evening at Irving Hall. He will have the assistance of Mr. Clarke W. Reynolds as accompanist. In addition to songs by other noted composers, he will sing his own compositions entitled: "If I were a Knight," "Dear Little Heart," "When the Tide Comes In," and "Viva L'America."

A "musical evening" took place at Byron Mauzy's piano warerooms, in the Union Club building, last Thursday evening. An excellent programme of eight numbers was rendered by E. F. Weithe, Miss Lotta Rodgers, Miss Cathie Coursen, Miss Nellie Joseph, Miss Rebecca Rosenthal, Miss Ellen Coursen, Mr. H. Clay Wysham, Mr. R. O. Bokee, and Mr. Joseph Roeckel.

The Orpheus Instrumental Club, of Oakland, will give its third concert of the second series next Thursday evening at the First Congregational Church, under the direction of Professor J. H. Rosewald. The orchestra will be assisted by Miss Mary E. Barnard, Mr. J. H. Rosewald, and Herr Heinrich Köhler the eminent pianist of London who has just arrived from Australia.

Herr Heinrich Köhler, a pianist of some European reputation, who has been giving concerts in the Antipodes, is stopping in San Francisco on his way to Mexico and South America, and will give a concert at Irving Hall, on Friday evening, March 23rd. He will be assisted by Professor J. H. Rosewald, violinist, and Miss Mary E. Barnard, vocalist.

CCCCLXXV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons—Sunday, March 18, 1888.

Mulligatawny Soup.
Lobster Croquettes.
Veal Cutlets Breaded. Sweet Potatoes.
Green Peas. Celery.
Roast Chicken.
Cauliflower Slaw.
Orange Ice. Walnut Cake.
Fruits and Nuts.

CAULIFLOWER SLAW.—Cut some cold-boiled cauliflower into small flowers, and pour over the following sauce: The yolks of two eggs, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, two tablespoonfuls thick cream, two tablespoonfuls of the best vinegar. Beat eggs, butter and vinegar together, with pepper and salt to taste, then heat in a small saucepan, stirring all the time; do not let it boil; when smooth and thick remove from the fire, pour into a bowl, and set in a cool place; when cool, beat in the cream, pour over the cauliflower, and toss with two silver forks.

France, England and Germany.

The progress of these great nations is interesting to study. There is one industry that is carried on to perfection in these countries that is of special interest to ladies—the manufacture of corsets. The wonderful exactness and exquisite shapes now produced, leave nothing to be desired. It seems as if further improvements were impossible. The celebrated Freud's Corset House, 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Grant Avenue, is the only place where these unrivaled goods are to be obtained. The great reputation of this establishment has created imitators against whom the public are warned. Address mail orders, Freud & Son, 742 and 744 Market Street. Make no mistake in our address.

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From the wooded slopes and green glades of this delightful spot is seen a

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The GOLDEN GATE, SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND, and, still beyond,

The Blue Pacific Ocean

Meet the eyes with the ever coming and departing merchant fleet passing in and out the entrance to the great harbor.

Peralta Park is a spot which years ago was laid out in winding drives and

Long Shady Avenues

By artistic hands. For Villa Sites, there is not in the entire State a locality of such marvelously

Picturesque Combinations.

Behind it, rise the Berkeley hills, and sloping down to the bay, are the handsome residences of this quarter, with their gardens and orchards. It is like an old English park, with its broad glades, gentle declivities, tree-crowned knolls, patches of dense and romantic foliage, and through all

A Brawling Brook.

Leaping from rock to rock, and never dry, because fed from the springs in the hills above, adds to the beauty of the landscape.

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STATEMENT OF

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1887.

ASSETS, - - - - - - $118,806,851.88

INSURANCE AND ANNUITY ACCOUNT.

	No.	Amount.		No.	Amount.
Policies and Annuities in force Jan. 1st, 1887.	129,927	$393,809,202 88	Policies and Annuities in force Jan. 1st, 1888.	140,943	$427,628,932 51
Risks Assumed	22,305	69,457,468 37	Risks Terminated	11,289	35,637,738 74
	152,232	$463,266,671 25		152,232	$463,266,671 25

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Balance from last account	$104,718,734 31	By Endowments, Purchased Insurances, Dividends, Annuities, and Death Claims	$14,128,423 60
" Premiums	17,110,901 62	" Commissions, Commutations, Taxes, and all other expenses	3,649,514 49
" Interest, Rents, and Premium on Securities sold	6,009,020 84	" Balance to new account	110,061,718 68
	$127,839,656 77		$127,839,656 77

BALANCE SHEET.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Reserve for Policies in force and for risks terminated	$112,430,096 00	By Bonds secured by Mortgages on Real Estate	$49,615,268 06
" Prmiums received in advance	82,314 36	" United States and other Bonds	43,439,877 81
" Surplus at four per cent	6,294,441 52	" Real Estate and Loans on Collaterals	20,159,173 37
		" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	2,619,362 66
		" Interest accrued, Premiums deferred and in transit and Sundries	2,973,169 98
	$118,806,851 88		$118,806,851 88

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

Year.	Risks Assumed.	Risks Outstanding.	Surplus.
1884	$34,681,420	$351,789,285	$4,743,771
1885	46,507,139	368,981,441	5,012,634
1886	56,832,719	393,809,203	5,643,568
1887	69,457,468	427,628,933	6,294,442

ROBERT A. GRANNIS, Vice-President.

ISAAC F. LLOYD, Second Vice-President. WILLIAM J. EASTON, Secretary.

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AT THE PLAY.

The Ballad of the Hat.

One evening at the theatre
A maid before me sat,
Whose gentle brow was shaded
By an elephantine hat

A plume upon it nodded,
The flaring brim was wide,
And bristling bits of various birds
Stuck out on every side.

It towered above the footlights,
Aggressively and loud;
The actors were invisible;
The play was in a cloud.

I could not see the stage at all,
And scarcely heard the star,
Whose voice came round that awful hat,
An echo from afar.

Between the acts she turned her head:
Her face was fair to see,
And, innocent of all offense,
She dropped a smile to me.

I knew her then. O cruel Fate!
My heart went pit-a-pat;
I would have loved that maiden, but—
I could not love her hat.

And now two lives are blighted,
Forever stale and flat;
For over both there grimly falls
The shadow of the hat. —*Life.*

Night and Morning.

If you saw her on the street,
You would say
Fairer damsels you may meet
Ev'ry day.
She is all of thirty-eight,
And her figure's nothing great,
While her raiment's out of date
And too gay.

She is somewhat commonplace
In her talk,
And there's very little grace
In her walk;
Then her intellect is weak,
And her language is unique!
There is powder on her cheek
Made of chalk.

But upon the stage at night,
I opine,
She's a being beauteous, bright,
And divine;
For she wears a tinsel crown,
An abbreviated gown;
And the swellest swells in town
Buy her wine. —*Anon.*

Separation.

I sit and wait the curtain's rise, and watch the sea of faces
That sparkles into laughing waves beneath the chandelier;
I see the variegated craft towed safely to their places,
By busy little ushers, gliding swiftly far and near.

I hear the buzz of voices, and the cry of him who sells us
"*Librettos of the opera!*"—the swishing of the fans—
The rustle of the programmes, and the manager who tells us
With deprecating bow, the dismal failure of his plans.

The orchestra begins to wheeze an antiquated medley—
The curtain rises with a hitch—the hero rolls his eyes—
The chorus gambols through its part—the flaring gas burns redly,
As in a blaze of colored light the villain falls and dies.

I gaze upon the funny man—but dreamily and sadly—
My laugh is forced and hollow, for I have a grief, to-wit:
While virtue is triumphant, and the villain faring badly,
I'm *solus* near the *roof*, and *She's* with Johnson in the pit! —*Puck.*

The Maid of Melodrama.

I love Romantic Drama, and I love the Curdling Muse;
I dote on low-born damsels, their beauty and their woes;
And the high-faluting language that the characters all use,
Especially the virtuous, who tramples on their toes.
But the Maid of Melodrama has ever been my pet,
Because she's persecuted and always full of grief;
I've sorrowed with her, pitied her, until my cheeks were wet—
The troubles that I've shared with her is passing all belief.

Still I have often wandered, when I've watched her patient face,
That she, the lowly peasant, *sans* money, and *sans* food,
Should wear such fetching petticoats of most expensive lace,
And daintest of bonnets—when in despondent mood,
That her hose should be so silken, and have such striking clocks,
Her little feet encompassed in pink and high-heeled shoes,
With quite the latest fashion in abbreviated frocks,
In which she spurns the villain whene'er the scoundrel woos.

And though she can not pay her rent and has to leave her home,
Displays her charming figure in the tightest style of stays;
And dressed in all this finery, through London streets she'll roam,
In really artless innocence of all its wicked ways.
Through five dreary acts she does it—I've seen her o'er and o'er,
Triumphant in adversity, her grammar most correct;
Her sentiments the loftiest, which, somehow, always score;
Without the smallest effort she secures the best effect

And the villain fumes and mutters, and uses naughty words;
Though he always says "She shall be Mine!" it never comes to pass.
For the simple village maid, who, *ad nauseam*, sings of birds,
Is rescued by the hero, who calls her bravest lass!
The drama then ends happily, the hero proves an Earl,
Whom his enemies forgive, in speeches dull, if sane,
And weds the village maiden, the poor, persecuted girl.
It's strange these things don't happen except upon the stage. —*Town Topics*

Pasteur's plan for exterminating rabbits in Wales by giving them the cholera has been tried near Rheims, and, it is said, has proved successful, after guns and ferrets had failed. Broth, full of the microbes of chicken cholera, was poured on a truss of hay which was accessible to the rabbits. The next day nineteen dead rabbits were found, and two days later twelve more; and not a living rabbit has since been seen there.

After having regularly struck the hours for five hundred and nine years, the old clock of St. Quentin's, in Mayence, has got out of order and is being repaired. After the repairs are made, it is confidently expected that it will do its duty for five more centuries.

It is said that at a railroad crossing near the depot in Adrian, Mich., is a big sign with these words: "Prepare to meet thy God."

A facetious man in Howell, Mich., put overalls on a mare he owns, had its picture taken, and sent it to Anthony Comstock.

— THE NEW YORK MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE Company is one of the wealthiest corporations in the United States, and one of the best managed, as is shown by the tabular statement of its transactions during the year 1887, which is printed in another column. Its assets now foot up nearly a tenth of the total amount of our national debt, it has paid out in policies more than twice that amount, and the policies in force at the beginning of this year amount to more than four hundred and twenty-seven millions of dollars, while the risks terminated amounted to over thirty-five millions. The advantages the New York Mutual can offer to persons desiring insurance are perfect security and low rates, for their capital is enormous and their business, being on such a great scale, can be transacted more economically.

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HEALTHFULNESS. The head of a family must at once see and appreciate the fact that in order to rear his family in vigorous health, he must give them the advantages of exercise in the fresh country air, so as to expand the lungs, harden the muscles, and impart vigor and strength to the entire system, thus laying the foundation in childhood for a stronger constitution and the enjoyment of physical health and a longer life. The overworked man of business, whose brain is strained by the cares and trials of an active life in the city, can return to his home in the evening, crossing the bay of San Francisco, leaving the fogs and cold winds behind him, and spend the night in a pure atmosphere and be refreshed, thereby retaining his health. To the delicate and feeble, the advantages of the climate of

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FOR 1888.

Up to the beginning of the year 1886, the *Argonaut* had always refrained from clubbing arrangements with other periodicals. But shortly prior to that time several advantageous offers from other publishers induced the *Argonaut* to begin such arrangements with the year 1886. During the past two years we have added to the list, and the results have been so satisfactory, both to the other publishers as well as ourselves, that we again increase the list for the year 1888. We now place before the public a list of THIRTY-ONE PERIODICALS which can be taken at clubbing rates with the *Argonaut*. By arrangements with the publishers we are enabled to offer these periodicals at the very lowest rates. Each of the periodicals we have selected is one of the finest of its class.

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the *Argonaut* for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail	$7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail	6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	5.90
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail	6.00
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail	6.20
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One year, by Mail	6.50
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail	6.70
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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St. Patrick's day passed off splendidly, and just as the *Argonaut* desired. When we began, some ten years ago, in our modest way, to suggest that it would be more becoming to celebrate this anniversary of Ireland's patron saint by meeting in churches for mass and religious ceremonial, in some great theatre for literary exercise, and in banquet hall for convivial wassail, rather than to have a tatterdemalion parade, with marshal, aids, and imitation cavalry on sorry Rosinantes; ancient Hibernians in ancient and tattered livery; priests and politicians in open barouches; freckle-faced boys of parochial schools, and along the kerb-stone a dreary mass of male and female mugs, we were somewhat blamed by the more interested and ignorant of the Irish, and it was most wrongly assumed that the *Argonaut* was prejudiced against the celebration of the presumed birthday of Ireland's adopted patron saint. This misconception of our views deeply wounded our feelings, and not till on Saturday last did we feel emancipated from the burden of this unjust suspicion. The day was more than usually calm and bright; the air was soft and balmy; nature, who usually scowled and shed tears upon the Irish in parade, smiled as she saw them kneeling around their altars, and meeting for eloquent speech and merry song in the Grand Opera House, and gathered for feast of fun and frolic, meat and wine, in banquet halls, and for merriment in dancing and music at social gatherings. It was a rational display of religious and patriotic sentiment on the part of a people with whom none who differ from them in religion, or politics, or place of birth, can have any right to find fault. None was offended by their church emblems; none offended by having a flag that represents no nationality flaunted in their faces; business was not interfered with, nor the streets crowded with a shamrock procession on a day that was not and never will in America become a national holiday. The Irish did just what they had the right to do, they kept their religion and their politics for once out of sight. The Irish are wonderful people for having vice-presidents at their meetings; every time there is a home-rule gathering, or any anti-English demonstration, or an Irish demonstration of any kind, the same set of citizens are made to do duty as statuary on their platforms. All the prominent Irish, every priest and monk that wears a gown, and every Democratic politician that holds an office, every coward demagogue that is presumed to want an Irish vote is compelled to see his name in print as a vice-president even if he does not sit upon the platform, or consent to the use of his name in print. At the Grand Opera House meeting, on Saturday, were two hundred and twenty-two vice-presidents, of whom forty-nine were office and ex-office-holders, thirty-three were priests, and, of the remainder, fully nine-tenths were politicians. In the entire list we recognize but seventeen names that can not be identified with any political aspirations, men who have not held office, or been candidates for office; these are, of course, exclusive of the priests. We are sorry that our American candidate for mayor felt it necessary to perform the unpleasant duty of participating in this politico-religious celebration of the Irish saint, lest, in event of his ambition for a higher office, he may run counter to men of unrelenting prejudice against the Irish and unforgiving memories of any act that seems to pander to them. We hope the better sense of the Irish themselves will realize, in time, that their demand of political service from public men and men in public station injures their cause, and works ruin to the friends from whom they exact it. If the Irish who are Catholics would keep their priests, and their religious dogmas, and their church ceremonials to themselves and within their church edifices, and keep the whole business out of politics, there should be no active resentments in operation against them. If the Irish choose to favor home-rule and an independent parliament for Ireland, to hate England, and vote the Democratic ticket, let them do so in a more rational way than by calling public meetings to raise money for the election of Irish members of Parliament, and in a less criminal manner than by the use of dynamite, and, in calling their meetings, let them cease to resort to the offensive custom of using the names of officials and prominent citizens for vice-presidents, who are ashamed of the false predicament in which they are placed, yet who know, if they refuse, they will be punished by the active resentment of the Irish at the ballot-box. This display of vice-presidential names at Irish meetings of men in public station is a fraud, and is resorted to by the Irish as a menace to keep these men in alliance with them. The Republican party has had the courage to break loose from this tyranny; the Democratic party will do so in a short time. The Germans have, as a rule, given the Irish to understand that they will not longer stand this nonsense. Mayor Hewitt, of the city of New York, has had the courage to snub this Irish insolence, and thousands of Democrats all over the nation will take courage from his example and follow it. If things move on at this rate much longer, the Pope's Democratic Irish will find themselves without political allies or friends. It was a serious undertaking for the *Argonaut* to endeavor to reform all the abuses of Popery and Irishery, but we have succeeded so far and so well, that we will not take our hand from the plow, or look back until no Pope's priest shall be called upon to do duty at an Irish political meeting as platform statuary, and until the name of Protestant German, Israelite, or citizen of foreign birth, or any native-born citizen shall not be used, except by his approval and consent.

We note, with surprise and incredulity, the news statement that the daughter of Queen Victoria, and now Empress of Germany, while at San Remo, in wifely attendance upon her husband the Crown Prince, feared for him lest his life should be destroyed by poison; that, she prepared his food with her own hands; that she tasted it before she allowed him to partake of it; that she maintains the same personal vigilance and care over him in Berlin as while at San Remo; that there is a bitterness in German political circles against the English party, amounting to a conspiracy; that, for safety, the German physicians have all been dismissed from their attendance upon the emperor; that for safety, as well as convenience, Sir Morell Mackenzie, the English physician, has been assigned apartments on the same floor and adjoining those of the emperor; that, until this arrangement was made, the palace was so filled with spies and informers that free and unreserved communication in the palace was impossible; and we read that, on one occasion, the empress held an audience with the English surgeon in the open garden—the month was March, and the weather inclement We do not accredit these things, nor any part of them; we do not believe that secret murder, armed with the stiletto and the poison-cup, can exist in this, the nineteenth century, nor walk the corridors of a royal German palace; we do not believe that this class of crime has survived the midnight age, nor been transferred from Spain and Italy to the German Empire; we believe the time has gone by when political ends are accomplished or accomplishable by such infernal means. If this condition of things were possible in Germany, and while the dead monarch lies in state before his burial, it discloses a phase of political affairs in that empire that ought to bring red blood to the cheek of every honest German. More likely this is all in the imagination of sensational news reporters, endeavoring to satisfy the diseased appetites of criminal journals, rivaling each other in the production of sensational lies. The death of the emperor at the advanced age of ninety-one years is not a matter of very profound political regret, for it has been understood that, for some years, he has been intellectually incapable of the performance of any serious public duty; he could go dressed to his palace window; receive the homage of the crowds assembled *unter den linden;* he could ride on horseback, or in his royal coach, on occasions of military reviews or public display, and could look wise when diplomatic affairs were explained for his aproval, or state papers presented for his signature; beyond this, he must have relied upon the wise counselors whom he had drawn around him. Had Germany depended upon the emperor, unaided by Prince Bismarck, Von Moltke, Von Roon, and other able men in military and civil councils, in financial and diplomatic service, Germany would not to-day have been an empire at peace with all the states comprising it, dictating peace to the colossus of the north, and holding in its firm grasp the leash of all the fighting war-hounds of Europe. With this imperial daughter of England's empress-queen, all good men and good women will sympathize, and with her all will rejoice that her husband has, by her wifely care, been nursed beyond the emperor's death, that upon her brow may repose, for a time at least, the imperial diadem of the German Empire. Further news details come from Berlin informing us that the English physician is restrained from visiting public places, or being seen in the streets, for fear of mob violence; that the feeling is very pronounced against the English; that the Crown Prince has had an angry interview with the Prince of Wales, his mother's brother; that he has treated his mother with insolence, and angrily refused her his arm, but compelled her to walk behind him. If the future Emperor of Germany is a man of this character, it will be a misfortune to that empire when the present ruler shall die and give over to so unmanly and unnatural a person the imperial control of the German Empire. We recall the name of no successful ruler, nor of any great man who has ever made an impression upon the age in which he lived, who has been unmindful of his duty to his mother. The civilization of Germany, and of the age, and of universal humanity, would pronounce such an emperor unworthy to rule, and no human beings can control an European state in this nineteenth century who does not command the respect of some part of his fellow-men. We are dispo[illegible]

all these reports as false creations, or gross exaggerations, for political effect. If this coming Frederick the Great hates the English and the Jews, he should not hate his mother.

The Eastern railroad strikes have raised a new question, and one that concerns both the government and people. The mail carriage is entirely arrested on certain roads, the companies are unable to transmit the mails except by running special trains for their carriage, and that they are unable to do, except at ruinous expense, and the department has no authority to allow extra compensation. Postmaster Dickinson has suggested as a compromise that both sides should, from motives of good citizenship and patriotism, permit the roads to perform this service. The engineers consent, but the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Company refuses to assent, because it says, and truthfully, that it can not afford it. Mr. Postmaster Dickinson urges the contract of the road to carry mails, and talks about the sovereign prerogative of eminent domain being handed over to the roads, the vast public aid given them, and the enforcement of the law against railroad companies, to compel them to the performance of their contract. He also compliments the engineers and firemen of the roads for their willingness to comply with his request. All this is the empty talk of a cross-road village politician. If a strike is to be permitted to arrest the transportation business of a transcontinental line, like the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé road, permit freight to lie upon side-tracks, perishable freight to be destroyed, passengers to be inconvenienced, and the entire business of the line to be interrupted, the entire profits to be destroyed, resulting in financial embarrassment to the company, repudiation of its bonded interest, and suspension of its dividends on stock, carrying loss and distress to thousands of innocent persons, and confusion to the entire business of the country, why not allow the mail to be involved in the catastrophe? If passengers and merchandise must seek other lines for accommodation, why not letters? Labor strikes can never be restrained, or arrested, if in the manner suggested by Postmaster Dickinson the government is to be exempted from their operation. Mr. Dickinson knows, if he knows anything, that a railroad can not afford to run one or two cars a day each way over its road to carry the United States mail without great cost; the whole organization of the company must be kept at very nearly its maximum expense in order to transmit mail matter, which in this instance finds the opportunity of transmission over parallel roads that are not interrupted. When cabinet officers shall cease from pandering to labor strikers, when statesmen shall have the courage to legislate, and the executive officers of general, State, and municipal governments shall have the courage to enforce the law against all kinds of labor conspiracies that step beyond the boundary lines of law, there will be an end of these arbitrary and disastrous proceedings, and not till then. Nothing can be plainer than the right of any person for any cause to abandon a labor which he has not entered into a contract to perform; but it is equally plain that when he conspires to induce others to unite with him in deserting an employment to which they are bound, when he resorts to threats or violence to prevent his place being filled by another, when he kills engines or destroys property, he commits a crime for which he should be punished. Let the law be executed, and the evil will be reformed. Labor and capital, employer and employed have a mutuality of interest that soon regulates itself, if the law is enforced. There is nothing more sacred in a contract for carrying the United States mail than in any transaction that involves an obligation to transport merchandise or passengers. Better have a letter miscarry than a train of fruit to perish, better letters lost than to imprison men and women at some desert side-track on a transcontinental railway.

When sober history shall record the details of the contest now being waged by the political authorities at Washington against the builders of the first transcontinental railroad, the reader will wonder and rub his eyes, that so great injustice should have been done to men deserving of so much. When Messrs. Stanford, Huntington, Edward and Charles Crocker, and Mark Hopkins called into consultation with them Theodore P. Judah, as engineer, to consider the proposition of connecting the coast of the Pacific with the valley of the Mississippi, the scheme was regarded by prudent minds as the wild and impracticable venture of crazed enthusiasts. Between the higher slopes of the eastern Sierras, and the borders of the great valley that divided the continent, there was but a broad expanse of uninhabited and seemingly valueless domain. Over this grand and measureless expanse the Indian and the buffalo roamed; it was the skirmish-ground of the adventurous fur-trader; across its great sea of grassy plains the earlier immigrant to California had found his way in prairie schooners—armed and provisioned for a four-months' journey he braved savages, confronted dangers, and endured hardships, and when, after long years of residence, he would visit his Eastern home, it was by perilous voyage through two oceans and across other lands, for there was no road across the continent. There were no great cities in the valley of the Platte; Nevada had not disclosed its silver wealth; Colorado had but a sparse population; Kansas and Nebraska were but beginning to feel the inspiration of settlement; the overland wagon-route was a dreary drag through deserts and over mountains; the pony express carried only letters, written on thinnest paper, to spare the weight; California was further from New York then than now from Moscow, Madrid, or Constantinople. To build a railroad that should o'erleap the Sierras and the Rocky Mountains, and span the great American desert, was an inspired thought. What dreamer first dreamed it, it is not important to consider. To the persons named is due the honor of its accomplishment. The Government of the United States, threatened with civil war and in danger of division, loaned its credit. It was an effort at self-defense; it was an appeal to the patriotism of private citizens, who had formed a private enterprise, to come to the rescue of the imperiled Union. The company responded to this call of patriotism, entered into a contract with the Government of the United States—represented by its Congress—completed the road years before it agreed to—years before it was supposed possible of accomplishment—giving millions of increased wealth to the country, exploring and developing a new empire "broader than Cæsar conquered for Rome," saved more millions to the government in the transportation of mails and war material than the whole amount of credit loaned, and that without costing the government one dollar, without dodging one item of the many and important obligations assumed, for to-day the company has not an obligation or a debt matured which it has not paid, and it is nearly ten years before it will be in default of any liability to the government. This road has been of incalculable benefit to the nation and the State of California. It has been one of the great instruments to preserve the Union; and the men who built it have done more to put down the rebellion, and bind the nation in the indissoluble bonds of peace, than any equal number of military men or statesmen who were charged with the responsibility of suppressing the civil war and reconstructing the union of States. The building of this road has done everything for California; it has brought us into the Republic, and made of a distant, isolated colonial possession an integral and attractive part of the great national family; it has added millions in value to our landed possessions; it discovered and developed Nevada. The same company has been the main-spring of almost every legitimate and honorable enterprise in our State. It has given our people cheap and comfortable ferries, lines of street-cars carrying passengers to and from their homes to their places of business—fifteen miles by steam and cable for three dollars per month; it has developed the great interior valleys of the State, disclosing and opening up to the world Piedmonts, Lombardys, Switzer valleys, and fruitful mountain slopes for the homes of more millions of people than composed the population of the United States of America at the time the project of building a road across the Sierras was first determined. The Central Pacific Company, or the same six persons, under the association of other corporate names, has builded the longest railroad in the world. This company, by its splendid enterprise and untiring effort, has not only united the valley of the Mississippi with the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, but connected us with Oregon, Washington Territory, and the British possessions of the north, with Mexico in the southern peninsula, with Guaymas on the Pacific Coast, with Central Mexico and its capital city by connections which its southern road has made possible. Lower California, Arizona, and New Mexico have been brought into commercial and social relations with the Pacific Coast. These gentlemen, with their enterprise, their energy, their courage, and their success, made possible every other railroad on this coast that has followed where they had the boldness to blaze the way. Now they are cornered in a committee-room, at Washington, to answer the vilest charges that blackmailers, demagogues, railroad wreckers, business rivals, unprincipled politicians, and unscrupulous and sensational newspapers can urge against them. Of the six who conceived the herculean labor of crossing the Sierras by steam and rail, three have joined the innumerable caravan—their labors ended. Stanford, Charles Crocker, and Huntington are left to combat this fierce attack in the halls of the national capital, where they are compelled to justify themselves from assaults involving their characters, their motives, and the integrity of their conduct. We are glad that they have the courage to stand up before the nation's Congress and repel the charges preferred against them; we are proud of our Californians, that they have not dodged this conflict, nor sought to avoid it. Governor Stanford—now a Senator of the United States—has made, not a speech eloquent in words, but a statement unanswerable for its eloquence of facts, in explanation of the entire business connected with the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad and its connection with the Congress of the United States. He has demonstrated the character of the contest entered into between his company and the government, and explained to the honorable committee of the Senate, charged with the investigation, the equities that exist between the company and the government. From this committee, and from any unfriendly action that may be had, the surviving members of the Central Pacific Company will appeal to the people of the United States for a vindication of all their business relations with Congress, in the construction of the first interoceanic road. The surviving members of this company have outlived—or better—lived down all the bitter prejudices that have been stirred against them; they have corrected their mistakes; the company has developed its policy; it is still pursuing its work of advancing the material interest of the Pacific Coast and its legitimate connections, a policy that is making our State more attractive than any other in the nation, and is destined to make this harbor the emporium of a magnificent and extended commerce, and this metropolis one of the greatest and wealthiest cities of the American continent. The issue presented in this controversy is stated by Mr. Creed Haymond to the committee, and in presence of Governor Stanford, and by his consent, and the approval of all the members of the company, as follows. It is a frank, open, and manly acceptance of the challenge flung the company by all its calumniating and vituperative business rivals and political enemies. Standing in the open forum of the nation, in the presence of its sixty-three millions of intelligent jurors, this company says of itself: "The "directors of the Central Pacific Railroad Company have "faithfully performed, at the time and place mentioned in the "law, every obligation they ever undertook to perform toward "the United States. On the other hand, the Government of "the United States has not performed one single obligation "which it undertook, but has from the year 1864, down to the "present time, with a reckless disregard of the rights of this "company, which would have disgraced a private contractor, "failed and refused to perform in the manner in which it "covenanted to do, any of its obligations. The directors of "the company have never done one single act which they "would not repeat under the same circumstances. They "can account, and are now ready and willing to account, and "challenge the United States to meet them before any judicial "tribunal now organized, or which may hereafter be organized, "for all of their actions, not only under the laws which govern "the relations between trustee and trustor, but they are willing "to waive every statute of limitation, and take that account "under the stricter law which governs the relations between "guardian and ward. They are willing to meet the Govern-"ment of the United States, and to answer not only that they "have administered the estate fairly and to the interests of the "ward, but they have gone further, and have protected their "property to the extent of their power against the improvi-"dence of the government." We give the speech of Governor Stanford to the special committee of the Senate, as presenting in a plain manner the issues on trial between the company and Congress—issues which every intelligent business-man in the country ought to understand. We have not the space to print the very exhaustive and eloquent argument of Mr. Creed Haymond, the solicitor of the company. The entire history of this examination will appear, doubtless, in pamphlet form. Governor Stanford spoke, in his address to the members of the committee, as follows:

In the year 1860, a few gentleman living in California met together, and, as a result of this meeting, concluded to have a preliminary survey made over the Sierra Nevada Mountains to see if it was possible to build a railroad across them. Civil engineers had declared that it was practicable to build a road over these mountains. The result of that exploration was that we determined that a road could be built, and we formally organized a company in 1861.

Having that purpose in view, knowing there was no way to reach the great interior country except by wagon teams, we came to the conclusion—and so said in talking it over—that if a vessel could start from San Francisco, sail around Cape Horn, and reach that great basin, we would not be justified in building a road over the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Or, if a vessel could start from any port on the Atlantic side and sail around Cape Horn, we could not afford to build a road; but we knew that could not be done, and the only competitors of the railroad would be the mule and ox-teams then used. Therefore, we should be able to ask a price for transportation which would justify the construction of the road, if it could be built at all.

At that time the exploration had shown that, in all probability, Nevada, Idaho, Montana, and Utah were rich mineral countries, and we thought that in itself would give us a good deal of business for the road. As the result turned out, it justified those expectations, and the road over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, without any competing line of railroad, would to-day be a grand piece of property. We commenced to build the road under the laws of the State of California, and prior to the passage of the Act of 1864 we had constructed thirty-one miles of railroad, and had material enough on hand to complete fifty miles of road, but we had great trouble and litigation, and were not then able to go beyond that thirty-one miles within our means.

In 1864, the act of Congress was passed—the act under which the road was constructed. That immediately gave credit to the company, and we were able to dispose of our own first-mortgage bonds before the time when we could receive the government bonds. The government loaned to the company its credit. It did not give it money, it gave it credit, and that credit is ours to-day. The entire amount given by the government, or loaned by the government, was twenty-seven million eight hundred and sixty-five thousand six hundred and eighty dollars. That was the loan, and that is all the company received from the government, except the lands, the most of which it has been unable to dispose of up to the present time. The company were authorized to issue their own first-mortgage bonds for an amount equal to the government bonds. These bonds of the government were sold for gold. They were currency bonds, to be redeemable, and were sold at about seventy-two cents on the dollar, or, in gross, we received for that twenty-seven million eight hundred and sixty-five thousand six hundred and eighty dollars the sum of twenty million four hundred and forty-eight thousand four hundred and sixty-six dollars and seventy-five cents. All this money, and all the money that the company received from its first mortgage bonds, went into the construction of the road between Sacramento and Ogden. We sold the bonds for twenty million four hundred and forty-eight thousand four hundred and sixty-six dollars and seventy cents.

We were authorized by law to issue our first-mortgage bonds equal to the amount which the government loaned, on which we realized just about the same amount of money that we did from the government bonds.

Senator Davis—And that money all went into the construction of the railroad?

Mr Stanford—Yes.

Chairman—The whole forty million dollars?

Mr Stanford—Yes, every cent of it, and more besides. Of course, you have heard the wild stories, which have been circulated, that we made one hundred million dollars or more, and that it was made at the expense of the government. I never have been able myself to understand how you could make much more out of a thing than there is in it. The road was built, and the government only parted with twenty-seven million dollars and some odd of its bonds, and we realized much less by the construction of that road. In connection with the Union Pacific Rail-

way, the possibilities of that country were demonstrated. It opened up the development of a country greater in extent than that conquered by Cæsar in Europe, and all at a very small expense, so small that, from the time of the completion of the road in 1869 up to 1876, at which time the contract required that the road should be completed, the government saved during that time more money than it had loaned the company, the road being completed seven years ahead of the contract time

I do not take into consideration, at all, what the government saved by the building of the road as regards the stopping of Indian wars. I do not say anything about that I am speaking simply of the transportation of the government and the amount saved, according to the government's own reports.

All this is in the testimony, proven clearly and indisputably. The Pacific Railroad Commission has published all that testimony, and have submitted it to you; not only has the government made this important saving, but, practically, the whole country was developed by the building of the road, and the advantages in that way to the government can not be fully estimated. The construction of this road also demonstrated the possibility of constructing other railroads across the continent. Before this road was built it was generally supposed there was no coal along its line. Geologists had stated that the country was one where coal could not be expected to be found, and that was supposed to be one of the difficulties in operating the road. I don't know that, to-day, except for the discovery of coal along the line, the road could be maintained for commercial purposes; but the discovery of these coal beds helped the road at once. Large beds of coal were developed upon the line of the Union Pacific, which made the operation of the road practicable, and permitted great profits, and the road was a success. It was earning money largely, and could have paid off the government loan without difficulty had not its business been diverted; but, as soon as there was a competing line of railroad, it not only divided the business, but rates were reduced. The value of the road through this barren country, without competition, was such that the company could fix substantially its own rates, according to its own judgment of what it should charge to transact its business.

Senator Davis—What competing line do you refer to?

Mr. Stanford—The first competing line was the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé, which connected with the Southern Pacific Road at Deming. As soon as that was done, there was a competing line which divided the business and cut down the rates. Then the Northern Pacific Road was built, and the Short Line of the Union Pacific Company up into Idaho and Montana toward Oregon, that took from the Central Pacific Railway a very large portion of its best business, because that road ran from the East Most of the supplies of that country came from the East originally, but before that time they were bought at San Francisco, and then had to be carried back on our line into Idaho, Montana, Washington Territory, and Oregon There are now, perhaps, seven hundred thousand people, all of whom, when we commenced building, we expected to supply, and did supply for a time, but the construction by the Union Pacific Railroad of that line, brought supplies for all that section of the country from the East, and the Central Pacific Road was cut off from that source of revenue. Our whole population in California west of the Rocky Mountains did not, at that time, exceed one million five hundred thousand people. That affected the Central Pacific Road seriously Now, then, we say that, while we do not deny that the government had a right, in its discretion, to aid other lines of road, it was not expected at the time we entered into the contract with the government that other lines of road would be built, and they were built very slowly. At last, in 1864, the government provided for aid to the Northern Pacific lines. That was after we had entered into our contract with the government. However, the contract with the government was entered into under the Act of 1862, and we built the road under that act and the Amendatory Act of 1864; but we say this, that if the government has derived such great benefit from the construction of this road, which has developed its country and has given it facilities of transportation such as were hardly supposed possible—for it was not thought that this road could be operated as it has been operated—this constitutes an equitable proposition entitled to great consideration.

The first forty miles of the road were completed with our own means; we had iron enough to build fifty miles, entirely from our own means. We do not complain that the government has aided other railroads, but we do say that it is a consideration to be considered by the government in settling with us that their aiding other roads diverted business from us to the extent, which is shown in the testimony, of many millions of dollars. The injuries we received through competition, which cut down our rates, can hardly be estimated. We were making money very rapidly, and were preparing a sinking fund by which to pay off this government loan before that competition commenced, and before the Thurman Act was passed

We felt the Montana business going entirely from us, and even the Union Pacific Road, by constructing through its influence a line from Ogden, U. T., up toward Montana, stopped the business that usually came from the East, and it does not go over our road at all now. While we rendered a great deal better service, the government has never paid the rates for carrying the mails that it used to pay to the stage lines. It paid to Wells, Fargo & Co. one million seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars per annum for carrying the mails, with a maximum not to exceed one thousand pounds. As soon as our railroad was completed they required us to construct a special car, according to the directions of the government, to carry eighteen tons of mail-matter and two messengers. They had that car under their contract, whether they filled it or not with mail-matter. Oftentimes, when the Chinese, Japanese, and Australian mails are being sent across the road an extra car is required. I have known of two extra cars being used to carry the mails across the continent, and yet the government has never paid to this company quite a million dollars per annum for that service, although it was paying the large sum I mention to Wells, Fargo & Co.

The contract provided that the maximum amount should not exceed one thousand pounds. Now, the reports all show that the Central Pacific Road has lived up to its contracts in every respect. Neither the government nor the people of the country, in the construction of this road, have ever been disappointed in a single expectation. It was not supposed that the time allotted, which was until 1876, to build the road, was sufficient at the time of the passage of the bill, and it was so stated in Congress, but the reply was that if more was required it could be given. It has been proven that the fact that we built the road so rapidly and at such extraordinary cost, is not to be considered by the government. I think that fact should be considered, as I have said that when we commenced to build this road we thought the local business and absence of competition, would unable us to charge substantially what we considered a fair price, and that the only competition would be that of ox and mule teams. At the time of the passage of the Act of 1864, the Union Pacific Road had made no progress whatever. The country from the summit of the Rocky Mountains through to Salt Lake was believed to be almost impassable, and it was thought it would take a long time to construct that part of the road. However, we proceeded with confidence, thinking that we should be able to reach Salt Lake before the Union Pacific Road could possibly do so, but with the surveys which were made it was ascertained that the difficulties had been exaggerated; that, in fact, there were no great difficulties at all in constructing the road from Omaha to Salt Lake. The Union Pacific Road then sent over their engineers to see what kind of a country we had to go through When they got over the Sierra Nevada, and saw what we were doing, saw the difficulties to be encountered there, they went home and reported that we could not possibly pass the Sierra Nevada as early as we did by at least two years. Then it was that they concluded to push on the building. By the construction of the Union Pacific Road we did actually lose the greater portion of that trade, except that immediately upon our line of road. Now, consider that at the beginning we intended to build a road over the Sierra Nevada Mountains, because we could have no connection by water, and no competition of any kind, except that of mules and ox teams. But when the Union Pacific Road started and was liable to come in on us, we saw that it would be worse competition than to have had a vessel go round by Cape Horn, and it was a work of necessity, the act of Congress allowing the two roads to build from opposite directions. It was not voluntary on our part, and we were compelled to make sacrifices in order to meet the Union Pacific Road in Utah. With the Union Pacific Road that was not the case. The extraordinary efforts they made were voluntary, and were made for the purpose of securing as much of the line as they could for themselves. There is a wide difference, therefore, between the two companies and the circumstances surrounding them in that respect.

Senator Hearst—You spoke a while ago of your end of the line, the Pacific end of the line, coming up to Utah and capturing the trade mostly of Washington Territory, Idaho, and Montana How much of that trade was cut off by the Utah Northern and the Utah Southern Roads?

Mr. Stanford—Everything, so far as supplies were concerned, which naturally started from this side to go west That was all lost to us. Aside from the competition caused by these competing lines of railroad, we should have had established our sinking fund; and except for the interference by the Thurman Bill it would have been ample to pay our obligations, and up to the present time we have met every obligation. There has never been a claim against the Central Pacific which has not been promptly discharged. Every department of the government can certify that they have never had occasion to find fault with us in a single instance in that respect, and the government has received all the benefits it expected, and a great deal more. The agreement between the Central Pacific Railroad Company and the government constituted a contract. Each party to the contract covenanted to perform certain things. All those things which the government agreed to give the company, were to become the property of the company that built and maintained the road, held it subject to certain governmental uses, paid to the government five per cent. of the net proceeds, and allowed the government to retain one-half the value of the charges for government transportation It fully performed its contract. If the company had given to charity all it received from the government, or had sunk it in the ocean, either would have been the right of the company as far as its relations with the government were concerned. All the government had the legal or moral right to claim was that the company should perform the obligations of the contract. That it has done. From the day of the organization of the Central Pacific Railroad Company down to this year, it has performed every obligation, public or private, which it ever undertook to perform. In regard to the savings of the government, it can easily be shown that the difference between what has actually been paid out for this much better service, and what they were paying out on an average from 1850 to the present time, is seven million dollars a year that they have saved; and when you consider the benefit in the development of the country it has caused, it is impossible to overrate it. Beside this, we saved to the government in all other cases It submitted to a discount in parting with its bonds, except to these railroads, and in their case the government has demanded the face of their paper, and are collecting six per cent interest upon it, so that at the date of the maturity of the bonds, if we are called upon to pay, we shall pay twenty million dollars to the government for that which we never had one penny. That is the six per cent. interest on the seven million dollars, the difference between the value of the bonds the government loaned us and the amount we realized. At the end of thirty years, the date of maturity of the bonds, this will amount to about twenty million dollars.

The chairman—And you have realized as much from the bonds as the United States did from the bonds it sold directly for its own benefit?

Mr. Stanford—We realized more, because we held on to them as long as we could. We had faith in the ultimate success of our government in the war, and we hypothecated those bonds, and in that way got a much better price than we otherwise should. We did not sell any bonds at forty cents on the dollar, but one time the currency was down so low that it took three dollars in currency to buy one dollar in gold, and you know all our business over there was done on a gold basis. Then the cost of our supplies was enormous. We had two engines on the road that cost us sixty-five thousand dollars, which could be placed there to-day for fourteen thousand dollars. It order to push this road forward rapidly, we had a great deal of the iron sent across the isthmus, and we had to pay sixty dollars a ton for that. The war risks were very great, insurance was very high, and we had to meet all of them. Thus, our road cost, no doubt, fully double what it would cost had it been built before or subsequent to the war, and built in the manner contractors would ordinarily build a road, but it was not optional with us. We had to build it in that way or lose what we had invested, and therefore we made the sacrifice.

Senator Butler—When do your bonds mature?

Mr. Stanford—In about ten years from the present time. Now we are here, not because we are derelict of our obligations to the government, but because, as the evidence shows, our business has fallen off very much, owing to the reasons I have stated, and the probability is that we shall be unable to meet our obligations at maturity. It was anticipated that the government business would alone pay more than the interest. That would save the interest, and pay a large amount in addition. In all the debates in Congress you will observe that they discuss this question. They said: "We are paying out eight million dollars annually for transportation west of the Missouri river, and the laws of 1862 and 1864, required that one-half of the amount due us on account of transportation, should go to our credit with the government, and the other half we were to receive in cash." They said: "We have been paying out eight million dollars; one-half of that will be employed to protect the government, and the company will have the other four million dollars, and can make that amount of money." As matters turned out, the government has paid out less than one million dollars, and that did not pay the interest on the bonds. The government in that respect was disappointed, but it was owing to the fact that the great benefit expected by the railroad company in doing the government business was not realized, although the government has had the service performed at a rate cheaper than ever before. The government has lost nothing by reason of that fact. On the contrary, it has been the gainer, because, had the business been paid for at that same rate, it would have put into our treasury four million dollars a year, and we should have had that amount to our credit to settle this indebtedness. But contemplate, for a moment, the condition of that country when we first went into it. In the eighteen hundred miles from the Missouri to the Sierra Nevada, there was not a navigable water-course There was no settlement, except that of the Mormons in Utah. The government has had opened for settlement all that country, and if we pay these bonds at maturity, the government will enjoy all these great benefits, without having expended a dollar in money. It is enjoying those benefits now, and will for all time to come. You are all more or less acquainted with the history of these times. It was considered a very doubtful enterprise when first initiated, so much so, that in California, until the end of 1864, no one would have anything to do with it. It was regarded as a hazardous enterprise, and to such an extent that, in San Francisco, all the stock for which we could get subscriptions amounted to ten shares, valued at one thousand dollars. At Sacramento some stock was subscribed for, caused by the local feeling and pride existing there, and they were willing to do something, but in San Francisco, but ten shares of stock were subscribed for, and that subscription was made by a foreigner, a Frenchman. Nobody had any confidence in it It was a most reckless enterprise. I have been led to say much more than I had expected to when I began, but I wanted to show you the circumstances under which we commenced to build that road. It was with the idea that we were not to have competition; that we would command country which would probably develop, and if we could get over the mountains at all, that the enterprise would be a great success, and the subsequent history of that line shows that in this respect we should have made no mistake. And the reason the fortune of the road now is not ample security to the government arises entirely from the fact that by the government's own acts competing lines have been constructed, and the business injured to such an extent that it is doubtful if we have the ability to pay. Of course, it was never supposed that the railroad would pay off the bonds at maturity. I do not know of any railroad in the country which pays its bonded indebtedness, except by issuing new bonds, and that is the way we expected to do, because the government bonds and the first-mortgage bonds mature at the same time As it is, we have our private sinking fund, and it is now between nine and ten million dollars. Gradually it will take care of these first-mortgage bonds, and every dollar that goes into that fund adds so much to the advantages the government has.

The chairman—That sinking fund you will take care of yourselves?

Mr Stanford—Yes, sir; and I want to impress upon you the facts that before these roads came in competition with the business we were then doing, we were able to pay dividends, and we would have been able to pay off the government debts so far that we would have had no difficulty in renewing a loan to meet it, and were ourselves providing a sinking fund for that purpose. When the government passed what is known as the Thurman Bill, and took the management of the sinking fund and the payment of the debt out of our hands, we could not make the provision required, and also have another fund, and it is not our fault that we do not make that sinking fund. As things have turned out, we could not have carried out the terms of that sinking fund, but according to the earning capacity of the road at that time it would not have been any trouble at all.

Senator Butler—What do you mean by your "private sinking fund?" The fund to take care of your bonds?

Mr Stanford—I mean the fund the railroad company set apart to meet its obligations—obligations that are prior liens to that of the government. But the Thurman Bill provided a sinking fund, which I call the public fund.

The chairman—What was the effect of that Thurman Bill sinking fund?

Mr. Stanford—It disappointed its promoters. The mode of investing the fund was a failure, and even if the business had not fallen off by reason of competing lines, this defect in the bill rendered it worse than useless.

That fund has not accumulated The Secretary of the Treasury has invested the money which the company has paid under the Thurman Act in government bonds, and paid an average premium therefor of thirty-four per-cent. There has been paid in by the Central Pacific Company, under the Thurman Act, three million one hundred and sixty-eight thousand six hundred dollars. The loss on which, in interest and premiums, up to August, 1887, was one million six hundred and twelve thousand nine hundred and sixty-six dollars. In fact, all the interest on the fund has been lost, and for all practical purposes there is less money in that sinking fund than the amount paid in by the company by over five hundred thousand dollars.

The chairman—That is on account of the purchase of bonds at high prices?

Mr. Stanford—Yes; the government bought these bonds at a premium of one hundred and forty cents. They took the money that we paid in to buy these bonds at maturity; they will only pay off the debt at the rate of one hundred cents on the dollar, so that there is about six hundred thousand dollars of value to us less in that fund than we have put into it

Senator Butler—By reason of these high premiums?

Senator Stanford—Exactly. For a long time during the construction of the road we borrowed all the money necessary on our own credit. We used the first-mortgage bonds and the government bonds as collateral, feeling confident at the time that they would not depreciate in value. We held them as long as possible, and when we could not help ourselves we sold them, and we sold our first-mortgage bonds. We realized seventy-two cents on the dollar for each class of bonds, but there was a time when we sold our bonds and realized only a little more than forty cents on the dollar.

Senator Hiscock—You mean in gold?

Mr. Stanford—Yes; that is the kind of money we used in constructing the road. As I have said, the government itself submitted to the sacrifice of its bonds in every case except in dealing with the Pacific railroads They alone had to take those bonds and suffered the loss, and they are now drawing six per cent. In all other cases, the government sold their bonds in the market for what they could get, and in every instance lost the discount themselves. Now, it seems to me that the magnificent results which have been attained by the government, should fairly be taken into consideration in dealing with these questions That point I will not argue. The counsel will present all those things to you; but my object in addressing you now was to disabuse your minds of the popular notion that the Central Pacific Road had not lived up to its obligations, that it has made large amounts of money at the expense of the government; whereas, the fact is, it has never made a dollar for all practical purposes, and all the value that the company has had, and whatever of wealth it has gathered, has come from its own creation, Every dollar of the government bonds, and every dollar of the first-mortgage bonds, went into the construction of the road, and that has developed the country and created values, and for a time this road was very valuable. It was earning largely in excess of the requirements of a fund necessary to meet the government debt and its own first-mortgage bonds The stock was selling at a high price, and nobody anticipated the disaster that afterward befell it in consequence of the construction of these competing lines of railroad. It is said that we issued a large amount of stock due. We did, but it affected nobody but the stockholders. If the stock of the Central Pacific Road were to-day gathered in, and all, excepting seven shares, were destroyed, it would not make any difference to the government, or any one else in the world, except to the stockholders themselves The value of the property does not depend on the number of shares that are outstanding. They are mere evidences of title, and nobody is, or can be, interested in them, except the stockholders and me Stockholders are not complaining. The testimony will show that we built other railroads We did; we built about six thousand miles of railroad to help level up the country, but we did not do it at the expense of the government. We did not do it at anybody's expense but our own, realized from our own resources. For instance, we planned a railroad, and we concluded to issue so much stock and so many bonds. We had a perfect right to do that. Now, who was wronged by that? Nobody It was of no consequence to anybody in the world The great public were interested in having railroads, but it made no difference about the stock issued, or who issued it, provided the railroad was built, except to the stockholders. We built, as I say, about six thousand miles of railroad in that way, and transportation is, consequently, cheap all through that country.

Senator Hearst—Speaking of equities, the loan that the government granted to give you a foundation and a credit by which you were able to do this work at the start, you admit is an equity from the government, at least?

Mr Stanford—Of course. As I have said, and as is well known, the government paid out nothing. Their loan was the credit which they gave us. If they had paid out the money, the debt we owe would not be so much. In other words, if they would have parted with twenty-seven million dollars, it would have been worth a great deal more than we received, and, up to this time, they have been having the benefits of the roads without paying anything but the payment of interest. The principal is in their own pockets. The interest they required us to pay back. If the government never gets another dollar back, it will have saved over two hundred million dollars, against what it is now paying for the service, prior to the construction of this road How much value it has been to the government to have eighteen hundred miles of country developed, I shall not undertake to say, but the population has grown, other railroads have been built, and all this is a consequence of the construction of this road. I do not believe that one of the other lines of road would have been built through that country to-day, if this road had not been a pioneer and shown the possibility of its being done. With double the land grant, the Southern Pacific, the Atlantic and Pacific, and the Northern Pacific have been pushed forward, but the impulse came from the construction of our road. The Northern Pacific Road, running through a magnificent section of the country, with twice the land grant that the Central Pacific had, only completed its road in 1883, while we completed our road in 1869, during a part of which time the government bonds and the first-mortgage bonds, together, did not equal the face value of either one All these results have followed from the construction of the road. The early construction of the Central Pacific Road was a matter compulsory on the part of the company, and the sacrifices it made, or was compelled to make, in order to preserve that which had already been expended upon the road. But I don't care to go into that matter further I have stated substantially all that I desire, which is, that we have made no money at the expense of the government; that all we derived from the government went into the construction of the road, as can be easily ascertained; and these vague and uncertain stories—that the company has made money at the expense of the government—have no foundation, except in the wild rumors started some years ago. Instead of the projectors having made money at the expense of the government, it was made entirely out of values which were created by the company, and because we developed an empire.

Last winter Congress passed an act directing commissioners to inquire into certain equities between this company and the government. That act said they should examine and ascertain how much more it cost the company to give the use of this railroad to the government seven years earlier than the contract required. It said they should ascertain what sacrifices were made by the country on the bonds which were loaned and what discounts paid. It said they should ascertain the amount of business which was diverted from the road by reason of the construction of other roads. Congress demanded an inquiry into these equities. In reading the report of the commission one would suppose this question of equities originated entirely with the company, and that it had no foundation because the equities did not really exist. That is fairly to be implied from what they have said. The contrary is the case. Congress specified the equities, admitted their existence and directed the inquiry. Our Mr. Haymond will discuss all these things more carefully. There is a great deal to be said about them. It is the history of a great work from the conception, and can not be disposed of in a few minutes, and my object was simply to place the company in a fair attitude at this time so that you might consider the case without prejudice. If we to-day had the business that we fairly had a right to anticipate, and that we once enjoyed, there would have been no occasion for this investigation. We should have been able to pay the debt in full. But, as it is now, we think that we are fairly entitled to have the equities considered. Instead of a strong creditor, who will reap all the advantages which we supposed we would reap from this contract and more, now the government has a debtor to deal with. The question is, whether it will be as just as individuals dealing with one another would be under the same circumstances. The money to meet all these equities has been saved to the government already many times over. It has saved the difference between what it would pay out and what it has actually paid out, amounting to over two hundred million dollars, and it has obtained advantages in other ways which I am going to describe. Even the land grant it gave us has doubled the price of every alternate section, so that the government has actually given us nothing in that direction. The land was worth nothing before the railroad was built, and now it is worth a great deal.

The chairman—So that the government did not help you in the building of the road?

Mr. Stanford—They helped to give us credit.

The chairman—But they did not furnish you money?

Mr. Stanford—No, not during that time. We have sold some of these lands, but the government has not been very liberal with us even in that respect. There is a popular impression that we have neglected to take out land patents so as to avoid taxation. There has never been a time since our road was completed, that we had not money to pay for surveys, but we have not, as a rule, sold lands granted to the road between Ogden and Sacramento until we had them ourselves. The settlers go in and occupy them, and when the time comes that we obtain a patent from the government, we convey to those people at the credited prices, without reference to any improvements that have been made, so that we have saved nothing in the way of taxes on these lands, and besides we have suffered, no doubt, a very large amount—our land agent estimates it at five million dollars—by not having those patents issued to us by the land department at the time when we had money there to pay for the survey. I do not think we have had a single patent issue for three years. We have demanded patents from the beginning, and the government has refused to comply with its contract. The law provided that as soon as the line of the road was definitely fixed, the government should cause all the granted lands to be surveyed The surveys have not yet been made. The other roads across the continent, passing through a better country, have sold their lands in advance of the surveys, but in our case we have not been able to get the money for the lands, because the lands have not been patented to us. Now, if we are required to pay this debt by arbitrary requirements, the burden will fall chiefly upon the people of Utah and Nevada. They can not very well escape using the road. The other business upon which we anticipated making large profits to enable us to meet our obligations to the government, has been substantially destroyed by the acts of the government itself. The government has had all the advantages it anticipated and much more. Its lands along the line of the road have doubled in value, and if the bonds are paid at maturity, it will not have cost the government one cent for the construction of this road. In closing, I desire to say to the committee, that every statement I have made to-day, or that is contained in my testimony, as given before the commission, is supported by other evidence, given before the committee; so that there has been, and can be, no contradiction. If Congress will allow the company the equities fairly due it, they may want to modify the terms of payment considerably. I was doubtful whether to ask, in this, if any arrangement had been made for the payment of balances that might be found due. The first thing is to ascertain what is due, and I want a court. I don't care whether you take the present existing court, or whether it is appointed; but I want a full, thorough, and impartial examination of all matters in controversy. There have been so many rumors in regard to this whole subject, and so many loose statements, that a court should investigate it, in order to satisfy everybody as to what is fair between the company and the government. That there are equities, Congress itself has recognized, by directing the commissioners to make inquiries into them.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Tariff Tinkers.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: You have a tariff tinker who signs "B;" who writes with an assurance of having probed this problem to the very bottom.

He says it will put wool on the free list, which will have the double effect of "giving wool-growers in this State a home-market for their product." I suppose they have no home-market for their product now, according to "B," but the manufacturers must buy cheap Australian wool. How amazingly that will help the wool-growers in this State. He—"B"—reminds me of the fellow who could sell his cake and eat it. Forty years ago, the tariff-tinkers, who were the ancestors of "B," tried the same thing. But the wool-growers amputated the heads of their sheep, took off the skins, sold them to the tanners, boiled down the meat, extracted the tallow, and fed the meat to the hogs. What an amazing effect it will have on the wool-growers to bring in Australian wool at one-half the price of California wool! How it will increase the value of California wool, and help the wool-growers of California!

And then he talks so wisely about iron, which we ought to make here, when we have only a little iron ore, and small quantities of dear coal.

Let me give one illustration of the wisdom of this Solomon:

"According to the New York *Financier*, the Belgian iron-masters, who are competing so successfully with England, even for England's home-trade, are preparing to strike for the American trade. The Belgian iron-master pays his rollers about fifty-four cents a day, his blast furnace-men about forty-three cents, while his puddlers get about five dollars a week. With these wages, he hopes to make inroads into America in spite of the duty."

It would be well for one-idea "B." to look at several sides of this question.

In 1842, when the Whigs inaugurated the tariff, the country was wretchedly poor. No farmer could get anything but "trade" for his crops—oats fifteen cents a bushel, wheat fifty cents, corn thirty cents, butter eight cents, eggs six cents a dozen. In 1846, the tariff measures were repealed by the casting vote of George M. Dallas, who was elected with the Democratic slogan of "Polk, Dallas, and the tariff of '42." "B." seems to think that Polk, Dallas, and those chaps knew a heap more about the tariff than we who saw the terrible results of the tariff of 1846, in the last years of the administration of James Buchanan, when the government was obliged to borrow money to pay its current expenses. In 1857, the writer was interested in a little cutlery manufactory in New York. The tariff tinkers, in 1857, shut us up. From 1842 to 1846, American industries were protected. When the war broke out, the tariff was again inaugurated. What bosh to say that the stupendous and extraordinary ability of the country to pay war expenses and the debt since, was not due to the protection of our industries.

God have mercy on the country when the tariff tinkers get [illegible]

SAN FRANCISCO, March 12, 1888.

A MODERN PROTEUS.

Some Account of a Mysterious Gift of Personation.

BY ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

It is now little more than a week ago since a company of gentlemen were sitting and talking in a certain room in a certain club—I am not at liberty to say which—in this city. The company numbered some eight or ten persons, three of whom were strangers. I forget how the conversation turned upon the mysterious and occult—I think, however, now that I consider the whole matter calmly, that the subject was led up to, with a definite purpose, by one of the gentlemen present, who had, as it turned out, a very definite object in doing so. At any rate, the topic is one possessing a certain charm for the average human mind, and each of the company was contributing his quotum of information, or idea, to the general fund.

"Now, take your theosophists," said Robson; "if one can only credit what they claim, they must be possessed of powers which ought to make them masters of any situation, either for good or evil. But what have they done, practically, in either direction?"

"But then," objected Harding, "one of the conditions of their acquiring control over matter, it must be remembered, is a course of training which practically robs them of the desire to use that control."

"And," put in Thurman, "this course of training is said to so elevate the moral and intellectual nature, as to render an adept incapable of doing an evil action."

"Madam Blavatsky," remarked the cynical Cook, "is, I suppose, a case in point. I am of opinion, for one, that all of her miracles were well-arranged and preconcerted tricks."

"Whatever may be the case with Madam Blavatsky, gentlemen," put in one of the strangers who had been introduced as a Mr. Wharncliffe, "I do not think that any one who has visited India, and seen the performances of the native jugglers, can apply the same strictures to them. I have myself been witness of some most strange and unaccountable feats in that mysterious country."

The speaker was a tall, dark, fine-looking, bearded man, of perhaps forty or thereabouts, on whose skin tropical suns had evidently done their work, of a rather grave and serious aspect, and distinguished air. Beyond these features, which are not so rare as to be extraordinary among polished and traveled gentlemen of any country in the world, there was another, which at once withdrew him from the conventional type I have depicted. That was the eye. It was an eye with a bright, black, dazzling pupil, which would have served to render its owner singular in any company. It was an eye, too, that seemed to lack, when I first saw it, what I shall term soul, and depth, and calm. Not that it was forbidding, but, on the contrary, attractive, and the longer I looked at it, the more pleasant and attractive did it seem to become.

"My friend, Mr. Wharncliffe, here," explained Harding, who had introduced him, himself a member of a large mercantile house, "is recently from the East, and can give us, I doubt not, some interesting points on the occult from his own personal experience."

The stranger waved his hand deprecatingly, and assured us that his knowledge was confined merely to what he had seen. He was not prepared, he said, to philosophize upon causes.

"You have, all of you," he went on, "doubtless read of—perhaps some of you have seen—those feats, or tricks of legerdemain, performed commonly by Hindoo jugglers of the better sort; such as planting a seed in a flower-pot, wherefrom rises a plant before your eyes; producing bowls of water, when there was apparently no possible place of concealment for objects of such dimensions; and all this with no stage paraphernalia, such as our modern conjurors, who imitate these tricks, have ready to their hand, but simply upon the open ground, the spectators standing round. But, perhaps, the most marvelous of these tricks, or deceptions," he proceeded, "is that in which the juggler plants a wooden pole in the soil, up which he successively sends a cat, a monkey, and several other small animals, each of which disappears on reaching the top—vanishes, so to speak, into thin air. Not a vestige of them is afterward seen."

"May it not be," suggested some one, "that this miraculous effect is produced by exerting some sort of influence, akin to mesmeric, upon the eyes of the spectators? That the juggler really sends no animals at all up his pole, but merely makes the spectators think he does."

"Just like that power," remarked some one else, "with which some mediæval necromancers were supposed to have been gifted. Scott uses it, if I remember right, in his 'Lay of the Last Minstrel'—the *glamour*, I think it was called. The Lady of Branksome sends some one she does not wish to be recognized from the castle—or was it the hobgoblin, Gilpin?—but anyhow, as he passes the warder at the gate, he casts the 'glamour' over him, and the warder avers that nothing passed the gate but 'a wisp of hay.'"

"But admitting the possibility of the existence of such a power," said a materialistic doctor, who was present, "upon what form of matter would it be exerted? On the rays of light before they reached the retina, so as to cause them to project a false picture there? or on the substance of the retina itself? or on the optic nerve, so as to cause it to transmit a false message to the brain? or upon neither light rays, nor retina, nor optic nerve, but upon the brain itself, causing it thereby to substitute an image of its own creation, as in the case of a lunatic, or of some one else's creation, as in the case of a mesmerized subject, for the true image which it was physically incapable of perceiving?"

"The latter, I think, would be the most reasonable solution of the problem," observed Harding, "always admitting, as you say, that the power exists."

"If it does not exist," objected another, "what are we to think of the scores of independent witnesses—gentlemen of unimpeachable veracity—who testify to the vagaries of the Hindoo and his pole? We can not believe them all to have been duped by some cunning trick of legerdemain, for those who have given accounts of it were mostly men fully alive to the possibilities of the juggler's art. Equally difficult is it to comprehend by what power a simultaneous, and precisely similar, hallucination could be produced, upon say a score of spectators, by some extraordinary psychic influence. True, hallucinations of this very nature may be produced, or are said to be produced, upon a whole squad of mesmerized subjects at once. But the witnesses of the Hindoo's feats were not mesmerized. They were matter-of-fact, every-day people, in full possession of their sober senses, at any rate upon every other point but this. Were they, then, put under the mesmeric influence of the Hindoo in this single and solitary particular? And, if such were the case, is it reasonable to suppose that any one possessed of such a mysterious and valuable power, would not turn it to better account than in picking up chance coins as a wandering juggler? I confess I do not see my way clear to accepting this view of the question yet."

"I think, gentlemen, I can give a little reminiscence which may, perhaps, serve to throw some light upon this matter," said a voice in somewhat diffident, hesitating tones, which were more noticeable as they broke the pause which had succeeded the argument of the last speaker.

I turned like the rest to see who had spoken, as the voice was unfamiliar. It was a middle-sized, gray-haired, and gray-whiskered old gentleman, with a benevolent aspect, who beamed modestly at us through his spectacles, and like Harding's friend, Wharncliffe, had been brought to the club that evening by one of the members, I forget which, and introduced to us as Mr. Johnson, a retired merchant, who had come to California with the object of securing a home for himself and family in his later days.

"I hardly know, gentlemen, whether I am justified," resumed Mr. Johnson, with an apologetic air, "in taking part in the discussion of a subject of which I know so little, and have myself no personal experience. What I purpose telling you, if you will allow me, are the experiences of another, and you must judge for yourselves as to what they are worth. I should not, in fact, have intruded them at all upon your notice, had they not seemed to me to be peculiarly apposite to the present discussion. If you care to hear them, I shall be proud to serve you, and I can confidently assure you that the recital will not take long."

We encouragingly gave assent to Mr. Johnson, who thereupon told the following story:

The scene of my part of the experience, gentlemen, if it can be called a part at all, was laid in the celebrated prison of Auburn, which is, as you are aware, one of the principal reformatories of New York State. I have for a considerable time past held, and in fact still hold contracts, for supplying a certain line of commodities to the prison, and as my business naturally took me there upon occasion, I as naturally became acquainted with many of the officials connected with the institution.

About five or six months ago, while there to transact some business, which I found would entail my waiting for an hour or two, owing to the absence of the person it was necessary for me to see, and while I was sauntering around to kill time, I fell into conversation with Captain Coulter, the well-known detective officer, who proposed that we should make a tour of the prison, he volunteering to be guide. While I flatter myself that I have no taste for spectacles of misery, yet having nothing better to do, I gladly availed myself of the kind offer of my able mentor, and an able mentor he proved himself to be.

We passed through gallery after gallery, till we arrived at a portion where the securities seemed to be extra strong. The structure of the cells, fortified as they were by all the skill that can be brought to bear upon steel and iron, seemed to offer an impassable barrier to the criminals confined within, however daring and ingenious they might be. The cells situated in that part of the building, my guide explained, were reserved for the most dangerous and desperate class of criminals.

At length we paused before one of the most forbidding of the sepulchre-like tenements, and the captain asked me to look through the little square orifice in the door, which seemed to serve at once for the passage of food, air, and light to the wretched prisoners inside. I did so, and crouching in a corner I beheld a grey and repulsive-looking old man, his hair and beard long, unkempt, and straggling. He took not the least notice of our presence, though he must have been, I think, aware of it. I was unprepared, however, for the—as I thought—heartless conduct of my guide, the more so, as he had spoken kindly and sympathetically to many of the prisoners we had passed, to some of whom, I am almost sure, I observed him passing money, though so quietly that it could scarcely be perceived. Unaccustomed as I am to the use of slang language, and averse as I am to being the medium of its delivery, even in recounting it, truth compels me to say that upon this occasion Captain Coulter, after stepping up to the orifice before referred to, and actually making mouths at the poor, cowering wretch within, said:

"Come, brace up, old man. None of these fakes. You can't play it on me. Why can't you give us something better than that? Make yourself Jay Gould, or Russell Sage, for instance. Have some style about you."

I confess I was shocked at this heartless tirade against an old and defenseless prisoner, who, however, took not the least notice of us, and presently we passed on.

"That," said the detective, "is the most dangerous, the most elusive, and most inexplicable criminal that it ever has been my good or bad luck to come across. I saw you were surprised at the way I treated him, but if you knew about him what I know, you wouldn't think so."

I became interested to know what could have given this apparently innocuous old man such distinction in the detective's eyes, and upon our return to the officers' quarters, as I had still some time to spare, I reverted to the subject, and questioned my friend regarding him, and what he had done to make him such an object of official aversion, and to necessitate his subjection to such rigorous treatment.

"What has he done?" returned the captain, testily; "the question should rather be, what has he not done? The Lord only knows what unknown villainies, with his peculiar powers and his peculiar opportunities for mischief, that man, if he can be called a man, has perpetrated. His is the most extraordinary and incomprehensible case that has ever come under my notice," he continued, shaking his head. "Nobody can make head or tail of it. No one really believes *me*, when I tell them what has come under my notice. They imagine that *I* am laboring under a delusion, and had it not been for a piece of peculiar good fortune, and, I may add, some very hard and close work of my own——" ["You see, gentlemen," remarked Mr. Johnson, parenthetically, "the whole affair impressed me so much, that having naturally a good memory, and my friends being pleased to credit me with being something of a *raconteur*, I am enabled to give you the story pretty much as Captain Coulter gave it me"]—"the fellow never would have been brought to justice at all. Even when I had him 'dead to rights,' as we call it, he would have escaped, if I had not nailed him by a ruse. Would *you* believe it, if I told you," here, the captain sunk his voice almost to a whisper, and spoke slowly and impressively, at the same time looking me straight in the eyes, "would *you* believe that that old man you saw in the felon's cell is no more old than I am—at least, such is my firm conviction—and I am only forty-five? Would *you* believe that that man possesses the miraculous faculty of changing his appearance at will, not by a clever manipulation of disguises like your ordinary cracksman, or even like some members of my own profession, but by some mysterious power which seems to be innate in him? Would *you* believe that that grey and decrepit old man, if he were once outside his cell, could and would walk coolly and easily out of jail, under the noses of the wardens and officers of the prison; yes, even under my own nose, did I not possess an infallible mode of detecting him and compelling him to resume his natural form. Yes, sir, he could walk out of that prison in the semblance of the warden himself if he so desired—at least, that is my firm conviction, though, unfortunately, it is nobody else's. Well, I hope they will not find out its truth some day to their cost."

I did not know, gentlemen, what to make of these words. Here was one of the most astute members of the metropolitan detective force, a man whose reputation and whose deeds put him at the head of his profession, giving expression to a theory so utterly at variance with common sense, that I did not know what to think.

"He would have to be a very skillful actor and possess something of a wardrobe to do such a thing," I at last ventured to say.

"That is what they all say," returned the captain, impatiently. "That is the way they all account for this man's powers—if, in fact, they give him credit for any; for there are many members of the police, and many reputable citizens outside, who still consider him a victim of mistaken identity; and, as I said before, had it not been for the direct testimony I was able to produce, together with my own unimpeachable reputation, this incomprehensible villain would never have been convicted."

"But what did he do?" I asked; "what was the charge against him? and of what crime is he now convicted?"

"Grand larceny," returned my friend, "and, thanks to me, he has got the full extent of the law. His time will not be out for a good many years yet, and, by that time, I hope to be able to restrain him in confinement by some means or other, by convincing the public of his true nature. He will, at any rate, be kept under surveillance."

"But surely," I said, "what he is enduring now is very rigorous treatment for such a comparatively simple offense as grand larceny."

"My only object is to prevent his escape," explained the captain. "Apart from his being subjected to such confinement, his treatment in the matter of everything else is on a par with that of criminals of his own class. I have been the means of putting him where he is, and consider that I was perfectly justified in doing so."

I shuddered to think of the misery in store for any one who might be so unfortunate as to incur the displeasure of Captain Coulter, and wondered whether, after all, the prisoner I had seen might not owe his wretched condition to some delusion on the part of the great detective himself; the brightest minds, it is said, are sometimes subject to such.

"But the best thing I can do is to give you a brief history of the case," continued the captain, "and then you can judge for yourself. Something over a year ago, I received a letter from old Mr. Chisholm, senior partner of the well-known banking-house of Chisholm, Moffat & Co., requesting me to call upon him immediately, and, as it was after banking hours when I received the dispatch, I concluded to call at his house. I found the old gentleman in a very perturbed state of mind. He told me that his bank had been robbed that forenoon in a very mysterious manner. He had stepped out, as was his custom, about eleven o'clock, and while he was absent, a person got up to resemble himself, had used this disguise to secure a considerable sum of money. It was Mr. Chisholm's custom to leave the bank at eleven o'clock, and to be gone for about half an hour. So methodical was he in this respect that the clerks were surprised when, scarcely two minutes after he had left, he returned, and walking to his private office, immediately summoned his confidential clerk by bell. He then told him to bring him five thousand dollars in gold, in two bags. The clerk returned with the money, which Mr. Chisholm then put in his coat-tail pockets, a bag in each pocket, and immediately left the bank. Though the proceeding was somewhat unusual, and though Mr. Chisholm had forgotten to leave a memorandum of the sum drawn, nothing more was thought of it. He again returned at his customary hour, and it was not until the day's balance was being made up that the teller reminded him of the morning's incident. To say that Mr. Chisholm and the clerks were surprised is to give no expression to the general state of feeling, Mr. Chisholm affirming that he had not returned to the bank, as was stated, and had drawn no money that day, while the clerks were as positive that he had; two of them averring they had seen him receive the money and put it in his pocket. It then dawned upon him that he had been

everly personated that his clerks had all been deceived, and is became more apparent, as his personator was said by his onfidential clerk to have spoken in low and unusual tones, riefly ordering the money to be brought, and evidently had ot dared to write a receipt for it, as his writing would, of ourse, have at once exposed the deception that was being racticed. Hence, my peremptory summons and the banker's erturbation. There certainly was not much to go upon ward working up a case, but I told him I would do what I ould, and we walked together down the hallway toward the ont-door."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

AT THE FRENCH CAPITAL.

L'Americaine" writes of a Fashionable Hotel, Fires, and Cafes.

As we stepped from the cramped little railroad *coupé* out to the large bustling depot, and thence into the open street of e great metropolis, where a carriage awaited us, I was deghted though tired by my long journey, when I was told there as quite a drive from the station to my aunt's house. True, is was not my first sight of Paris, but I had been for so any months shut in among green hills, that I was glad to ast my eyes on paved streets, stores, and hurrying, busy ople. The morning we arrived was bright and sunshiny. unshine surely belongs to Paris. It is a city made for brightss; it has, in my mind, no natural relation to anything else. s clean, airy, open squares, its splendid avenues, its tossing, immering fountains, its gardens and trees, its statues and elisks, were all bathed in clear, glad light as if in welcome us.

On our way home, we passed through the Place de la Conrde, where the obelisk of Luxor stands in its slender might beauty. How difficult to remember that the guillotine once ood on this very spot, when this grand square was called the ace of the Revolution, and noble and beautiful heads fell wn into the horrible basket, and blood streamed instead of e now sparkling waters! The Champs Elysées stretches ay from here in long green aisles, exactly opposite what was ce the Place of the Tuileries, now leveled to the ground, and ly a memory of its grandeur. It is said that Napoleon used sit at his window in the great palace and look straight out to e Arc de Triomphe, little dreaming then how his beauti- Paris would change after his death.

It was delightful to be back in the gay capital once ore, and our carriage stopped only too soon at a high oden gate, which might well have been the entrance to some rmelite convent, so repellent did it appear. The coachman nped from his seat to ring the porter's bell, the doors were ng hastily back, and we drove into a court-yard and up to e steps of an old French house four stories high, under the de-spreading *marquise* or awning. It had a most dismal pearance to me, after the light and sunshine in the streets. ere all seemed quiet and gloom, there was a feeling that by me unseen force all noise, bustle, and excitement were suppssed; and I will confess that my first impression of the extior of my aunt's home was far from pleasing. I longed t get back into the wide avenues, full of apparently happy ople.

As the door was opened to admit us by a pompous *huissier* all his regimentals, and I caught a glimpse of the interior the house, I could hardly repress an exclamation of surprise the contrast to the exterior. We first entered a spacious anteamber, which seemed a bower of flowers. A high stand of e and beautiful plants stood in the centre of the hall, each rner was banked high with them, and here and there re *jardinières* filled with pots of bright blossoms. As so v French houses have gardens attached to them, the house elf is turned into a garden, the plants being renewed each ek by a man whose business it is to see that the flowers are tered and cared for each morning. From the ante-chamr we entered the drawing-room, and here, indeed, I lost any sire to return to the gay outside world. This room beggars description—it was the most perfect combination of comt, beauty, and art. I found all the other apartments in the el in keeping with the first room; reception-room, library, ing-room, and billiard-room, all were gems in themselves. Private homes in France are not so called, but the word ôtel" is used instead, which, I think, has had much to do h the general idea that real homes and home-life do not ex- I admit that the word "hôtel" sounds cold and formal, I think it a pity that French people have not been able, by s time, to coin a word of their own, equivalent to our ome."

With marvelous rapidity we all fell into the train of city life ain, and the woods, châteaux, and parks of fair Touraine m far back in the past. As at Le Mousseau, the family do all meet together here before the twelve o'clock breakfast, some do not even leave their boudoirs before that hour, I generally manage to get a good, long walk before the *euner à la fourchette*, and once or twice have even done e shopping, accompanied by my maid. Three times a ek my cousin, her brother, and I, with the groom, take an ly morning ride in the Bois, but of this some other time.

My first visit to Paris had been only a flying one, so there s everything for me to enjoy now. Once or twice, at nine en o'clock in the evening, we have driven up and down the levards to see the gay, gas-lighted world of out-of-door is, and it seems to me that all Paris is always out of doors. ery one has heard or read of how the people here sit out on broad sidewalks in front of the different cafés at little, round les, eating ices and cakes, drinking light wines and syrups, ling and chatting over the news and gossip of the day in the nination of thousands of lights. After the soft-shaded ps and candle-light of your own homes and the low, pleasmurmur of voices, all this immense glitter, life, and noise ak upon you a hundred times more vividly, and impress stranger, at least, that this must be, indeed, another world n the one he has just left behind his own door. All is mo-, to which there seems no end; along miles of grand thorhfares, across bridges, past tall, dark towers, down the Rue de Rivoli, and up and down the boulevards is one continuous stream of human beings. You could hardly imagine, seeing this gay scene for the first time, that it was not some feast or grand fête; you would never grasp the idea that this thing could go on night after night, week after week, year after year! Night in Paris seems to hide all poverty, care, grief, or distress. As soon as the gas is lit in the streets, every house seems to pour out its contents of gay people, who throng the avenues, cafés, theatres, and public gardens. Evening seems the hour for their real life to begin, that of merry-making and enjoyment. I believe them to be the most light-hearted people in the world, and it needs only a peep at their great city to confirm this idea.

Amid the most terrible tragedies, scenes of horror and carnage, the French character will preserve its indifference, its taste for jest and song. The working-man is paid according to the labor he performs, and, strange to say, although there may be a large family at home, you will often see a group of men standing idly by their work, laughing and joking, without a thought that each *bon mot* diminishes their pay just so much. This class is far from an industrious one, and they will gladly take any opportunity to leave their work undone; an excuse to run and help at a fire—for in Paris every one passing along the street at the time of a conflagration, no matter how small, is called into service, gentleman or hod-carrier, it is all the same—or a band of music passing through an avenue at some distance. Anything and everything is claimed by these men as a good chance to avoid a few moments' labor.

Speaking of people being called upon to help at fires here, reminds me of the experience of an American friend of ours who had lately landed in France. He was invited to attend a fashionable dinner-party, and, while passing down his street to procure a cab at the corner, he was suddenly seized by an excited Frenchman, a large bucket was thrust into his unwilling hands, and he was commanded to hurry to the nearest pump and fetch water to help extinguish the fire at Madam Blank's. Here he was, in evening-dress, light kids, and high hat, and only fifteen minutes in which to reach his destination. He knew a fire meant ruin to his clothes as well as to his dinner. There was only one thing for him to do, and he did it. He placed his bucket on the ground, and took to his heels, while a chorus of small boys cheered him lustily all the way down the street, and the Frenchman screeched insulting words after him. He says he never walks the streets now without the fear of being impressed forcibly to put out a fire, and he keeps his weather-eye open for any signs of smoke or flames.

Without getting "guide-booky," it is rather difficult for me to tell of the many different sights that delighted me during the first few days of my visit in the capital. It is such a world of things and life! It does not lie in my power to do credit, in this brief letter, to all the beautiful sights that it was my good fortune to enjoy.

But there is one visit that I would gladly let others enjoy as I did, and that was to the spot of all others that Marie Antoinette loved the best during her ill-starred and sad life in France. After leaving Versailles and the great court-yard, whither the populace streamed from Paris to mob their king and queen in their own palace, where dreadful faces were uplifted to those windows, and horrid voices shouted hateful cries, when they called the poor, beautiful queen out to insult her and then murdered her faithful guards, and at last permitted their gentle monarch to return to the Tuileries and take up his abode again among his "dear children"—after leaving the court-yard, with this terrible picture freshly printed on your mind, to come upon the little quiet Trianon, is like taking a draught of fresh, pure water after a dusty, heating drive. This place had always had a certain charm to me for its associations with that beautiful queen of long ago, and when I saw it for the first time I lost none of this feeling. You approach the little Trianon through an avenue called the Alley of the Two Trianons; from this alley you pass through a gate-way, and are immediately lost in a lovely wilderness where the guide leaves you to roam at will. Deep glades of green, with rockeries here and there, water tumbling into cascades, little unexpected nooks and corners, which you feel certain no one else but yourself could have found, little bridges and dark pools, bridle-paths which are often so intricate that it is easy to lose one's self, tiny pavilions and rustic seats, the ground a smooth carpet of green sward—all this combined, making such a delightful picture that it is no wonder you imagine yourself in some little buried paradise. You lose sight of sentinels and guides, and you find here just what the poor king and queen most longed for—rest, quiet, and freedom from the pomps and care of the world.

Suddenly, as you wander in through the picturesque park, you come upon a house, dark, low, rustic, with overhanging gallery and latticed windows, and you know this is Marie Antoinette's Swiss cottage. Near by is a stagnant stream, where a water-wheel still stands, overgrown with vines and branches which climb into the casements of Louis's mill. Then you go on a bit, and come to the dairy, through the windows of which you can see the same tables whereon the fair queen and her ladies molded butter and skimmed cream, and over all is the prevading hush and quiet which reminds you so of death; and you remember with quite a start that "the pretty lady," who once reigned here, "has been dead a long time."

We passed on through a flowery pathway shaded by tall trees, and came once more upon parterres blazing with garden bloom, fountains, and white statues, and the "sun king's" pleasure palace, the great Versailles, and so we came back into the world again, out of the dim, delicious dream of the past. We passed through the iron gates as if they had been the gates of sleep, and found ourselves outside, awake, and our carriage awaiting us.

L'AMERICAINE.

PARIS.

According to Mr. Labouchère, Osman Digna, the leader of the desert Arabs, has been killed six times, fatally wounded three times, severely wounded four times, troops totally dispersed nine times, permanently discouraged three times, escaped once.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A Pittsburgh artist is painting Mrs. Cleveland's portrait in water-colors. This is another victory for the prohibitionists.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

Chollie—"But don't you think they're a little—er—loud, Isaacsens?" *Isaacsens*—"Lout! Lout! Dad was der budy of dose clodings. Dey shpeak right out for demselfes."—*Life.*

Robinson—"How about that note I hold of yours, Brown? I've had it so long that whiskers are beginning to grow on it." *Brown*—"Why don't you get it shaved then?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Young physician (pompously)—"Yes, I've called at Mr. Brown's three times a day for a week. He is a sick man, Miss Smith." *Miss Smith*—"He must be by this time."—*The Epoch.*

"I see a buttonless shirt advertised here, John," said a wife, looking up from a paper; "what kind of a shirt is that?" "Just like mine," was the reply. And the wife resumed her reading.—*New York Graphic.*

Miss Gushington—"Do you not find Dr. Smalltalk entertaining? He is such a mimic." *Mr. Sneerington* (who detests the doctor)—"I have often noticed that the doctor takes people off cleverly."—*Town Topics.*

Mr. Knickerbocker (showing some art treasures to Mrs. Newrich)—"This is a Schreyer, as you see—a recent addition. And this is the arms of our family, painted on vellum." *Mrs. Newrich*—"How exceedingly pretty! Your own design?"—*Puck.*

"Well, for my part," said Fenderson, "I don't think much of your smart women. If other men want to marry them it is no affair of mine; but none of them for me, thank you. I don't want a wife that knows more than I do." "And so," remarked Fogg, "you remain single."—*Boston Transcript.*

Young housekeeper (to butcher)—"What is the price of mutton?" *Butcher*—"Fourteen cents, mum." *Young housekeeper*—"And lamb?" *Butcher*—"Eighteen cents, mum." *Young housekeeper* (surprised)—"Is it possible? Why, a lamb isn't more than half the size of a—er—mutton?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Customer (on Chatham Street)—"Four dollars seems a high price for that suit, Mr. Isaacstein." *Mr. Isaacstein* (in a low, thrilling whisper)—"My frent, dot vas a six-tollar suit, made for Mr. Russell Sage mit Vall Street. It fitted dot shentlemans too qu-vick across der pack. You dake him for four tollar."—*Tid-Bits.*

He was assisting her on with her glove. It had already taken him five minutes, and he was trembling in every limb. "Perhaps, Mr. Smith," she suggested, "if I should remove my engagement ring you would find less difficulty." This proved, indeed, to be the case, and Mr. Smith's trembling limbs resumed their normal nervy condition.—*New York Sun.*

Barber (to customer)—"Don't you want a bottle of my Paradise Hair Elixir?" *Customer*—"No. I see you've got a parrot in the window; can it talk?" *Barber* (proudly)—"Oh, yes, sir; I wouldn't take big money for that bird." (To parrot)—"Polly, brace up and say something." *Polly* (bracing up with some dignity)—"Shoot the Elixir!"—*New York Sun.*

Lawyer Snap (of counsel for defendant, whose case looks doubtful, because the jury don't seem to enthuse when his witnesses testify)—"Are you acquainted with any of the jury?" *Witness* (an honest man)—"Yes, sir. I know more than half of them." *Lawyer Snap*—"I should think it strange, very strange, if you didn't know more than all of them put together."—*Judge.*

"My beloved brethren," announced a preacher from his pulpit, "on Sabbath morning next a collection will be taken up for our blessed Fiji mission." "Amen," rang fervently through the congregation. "And I would add," went on the preacher, impressively, "that amens, however resonant and sincere, make but little rattle in the contribution-box. Let us unite in prayer."—*New York Sun.*

In a newspaper office: *Telegraph editor* (to managing editor)—"Big flood. Two thousand people drowned." *Managing editor*—"Good. Give it a head that would frighten a saint. Where's the flood?" *T. E.*—"In China." *M. E.* (crestfallen)—"How many did you say were drowned?" *T. E.*—"Two thousand." *M. E.*—"Amounts to nothing. Throw it away."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Two men were discussing the coal strike and coal prices, when one of them said, earnestly: "Now, see here. Don't ever kick so hard. Things may be a good deal worse than they are now. Why, out at Los Angeles, coal is thirty-five dollars a ton. You may have to pay that here if this strike goes on." "I don't know but we do now," said the other, "when we get a full ton."—*Buffalo News.*

Deacon (to country minister)—"I thought it best to order a sign to be hung in the vestibule of the church, Mr. Goodman." *Country minister*—"A very good idea, deacon; a very good idea. I've often thought myself that 'Welcome, stranger,' or something of that sort would be appropriate. What sign did you select?" *Deacon*—"Well—er—I ordered, 'Keep your eye on your overcoat.'"—*New York Sun.*

"Yes, gentlemen," said the colonel, as he returned his glass to the counter, "the true soldier is never averse to discipline. No matter how objectionable orders from a superior officer may be, they must be obeyed promptly, and without question. The true soldier never——" "Pa," said the colonel's little boy, opening the door, "ma says to come home right away." "Gentlemen," said the colonel, "good-day."—*New Y*

THE WILSON TRIAL.

"Parisina" gives some Account of the Principal Actors in it.

"Comparisons are odious," saith the proverbial philosopher. Yet am I tempted to compare the career of bad boy Wilson with that of good child Carnot. We have now arrived at the moral of the tale. Carnot, the model of all the virtues, having trodden in the paths of righteousness from his earliest infancy, finds himself rich in honors, the inhabitant of a palace, the chief of a great people. Daniel's plotting and lying, on the other hand, have all turned against himself; he has lost money, honor, reputation, when he thought to gain so much, and is, finally, landed in the prisoner's dock.

Whatever may be the result of this week's communing—and we shall have the verdict of the court in four days' time—Wilson's public career is over; there is no doubt of that. Some people think he will get six months, others are equally certain he will be acquitted. Long before these lines appear in print the question will have been decided one way or another. Poor Daniel!—six months' seclusion in a house of detention, or merely social annihilation, and the family party at the Trocadéro. Not a pleasant outlook, anyway.

Dear reader, when you read "Sandford and Merton," were your sympathies always with Harry? Did you not sometimes ask your juvenile self if Sandford was not a little dull, and take a kind of awful delight in the misdeeds of Tommy Merton? I confess I did. Naturally, one looks up to the Harrys of this world, and tries to shape his course after their patterns, but we keep a warm corner in our hearts for the erring Tommies; they amuse and interest us.

I must say I was most anxious to see how Wilson would look and comport himself before his accusers. But it was not to be. I would have suffered much heat, crowd, everything, if I could have insinuated myself into the court by fair means, or foul. Unhappily, the Tenth Chamber of the Correctional Tribunal was closed against the softer sex; there was no appeal, the fiat had gone forth—the ladies were shut out. I could only bide my time, and see the people as they came in and out, crossing and recrossing the Salle des Pas Perdus. Once I caught a glimpse of Daniel Wilson, as they allowed him to pass through the private door reserved for the witnesses—it was quite by chance. He looked years older than when I saw him last; thinner, bent, his eyes were cast down, his hand seemed to tremble as it stroked his long, fair beard—an habitual trick of his. Next day I learned he had had a fainting fit. Poor Tommy! Before the court, however, he plucked up his courage, and put a bold face on the matter. Not too bold a face, that would have been overacting the part. He just looked calm and composed, and busied himself taking voluminous notes, until the time came for him to be questioned in his turn, when he rose, looking just as he used to do at the chamber, only he was careful not to catch any one's eye.

Long before the trial was over I had come, in common with others, who have known Wilson well, to the conclusion that he is an honest man. Yes, you may stare. I repeat an honest man—according to his light. That is, honest as the world goes, and no worse than his neighbors, he would tell you. I have not the slightest doubt but that Wilson thoroughly believes himself—even admitting him to be guilty to the extent they accuse him of—to be a grievously injured man. The fact is, he is incapable of defining the delicate shades between absolute bribery and corruption, and the debatable land of favoritism. I daresay he says, "Why are they all so hard upon me? what have I done? In return for a recommendation, or a turn of favor, I got them to subscribe to one or other of my numerous newspapers, to take shares in this or that undertaking. Where's the harm? If I had been in a position to need their help I should have got it in return for my good offices in their behalf. But I was not. All I wanted was money to extend my political influence, and when it was forthcoming, I pocketed it without compunction. Another man would have paid himself in credit, a soldier would have received promotion, an author a seat in the academy, a man-about-town dinners; I wanted none of these commodities, I only wanted money."

The trial shows us Wilson in a very different light to what we had before regarded him. We thought him, in a certain sense, a worse boy than he was; we imagined him spending half his time in the *coulisses*, and running up bills at Bignons; whereas, in reality, he was sitting in his offices at the Elysée and spinning web after web for catching foolish flies. He got them to walk up into his parlor, and when they were there, he dangled bits of red ribbon before their eyes, which so delighted and enchanted them, that they signed cheques and promises to pay innumerable. Of course, he had his little fling out-of-doors, too, but that was quite a secondary affair, and even while he was supping with Mlle. Chôse, he was thinking of the silly flies who would be turning up next morning.

Maitre Lenté is one of the shining lights of the French bar, and if Wilson is acquitted he will owe it in great part to his advocate. He knew, none better, that it would never do to attempt to whitewash his client entirely. Far better paint him in questionable colors; there would then be some chance of his obtaining credence. This is how the eminent barrister describes Daniel. "Active, enterprising, ambitious; having conquered at an early age an important political position which his marriage improved, desirous of holding this position, and of increasing his influence. Then," says Master Lenté, "his passion for the press. Passion! why it was a madness. M. Wilson has told you that he founded all these newspapers in the interest of the government from a feeling of patriotism. Well, so he did, partly, but there was a strong mixture of personal interest, too—of ambition." The wily advocate even admits that his client was greedy of money where his newspapers were concerned.

Twenty-two thousand briefs were disinterred in Spider Daniel's parlor. All the letters he ever received were classed and arranged in pigeon-holes. He had a passion, also, for order. In some cases private signs were used. It appears that the subscribers to one or many of his journals had a peculiar mark. If he dealt in large sums, when practicable, he did not disdain small ones. Mme. Rattazzi introduced eighteen solicitors, and nine of them subscribed for three months to the *Moniteur de l'Exposition*, at a cost of six francs apiece!

As you know, our naughty Tommy is not alone inculpated in this affair. There are three other culprits beside the Rattazzi woman. He and she are at large on bail, and therefore, sit together—a promiscuity that does not seem to disturb Daniel Wilson as it would a man of finer perceptions; during a temporary lull in the proceedings, he was seen to offer her some lozenges for her throat. She had adopted a lackadaisical manner, peculiarly provoking to the court, and spoke as if each word was to be her last; the old fox knows what she is about, however, and has managed to excite general commiseration with her lachrymose ways. It is wonderful how women—even the least recommendable—can get over men if only they are clever enough. There is the Limouzin, for instance, at large, publishing her infamous pamphlets, when she ought to be at St. Lazare prison. When I hear the men hawking about "Mme. Limouzin's Opinion on the Political Situations," or her "Latest Disclosures," I think a whipping at the cart's tail would do her good, and feel quite sorry that the time has gone by for such summary methods of punishment.

Of the three men, Dubreuil, Ribaudeau, and Hébert, one—that is Ribaudeau—alone appeals to our sympathies. Dubreuil is a clown; Hébert a mere tool. You will remember Ribaudeau is the principal *accusé*, and that before matters had gone so far as to render the impeachment of Wilson necessary, he alone appeared before the tribunal. A man with one idea, that of screening his chief, and taking all the blame on his own shoulders is, indeed, a wonderful phenomenon in these days of recriminations and selfish absorbtion. Surely, such fidelity will meet with its recompense. Be this as it may, Ribaudeau deserves our respect, however culpable he may be in the matter of the decorations and other illicit traffic carried on at the Elysée. Physically, he is a fine fellow, well set up, tall, broad in chest, and energetic; slow and careful in his ennunciation, weighing his answers well—no fear of finding him tripping! The word has been passed to Hébert—a poor, embarrassed, common little man—to follow the lead of Ribaudeau, which he does hesitatingly, without connection. The President had long since taken his measure, and his interrogation is a mere matter of form.

Most trials of this sort have their comic side. The Limouzin's face and appearance, her airs and superannuated graces, provided it in the Caffarel affair. This time it is Dubreuil who sets them all laughing. He is the type *par excellence* of the ex-*gamin de Paris*. Having little to risk, he can afford to make fun of the court, which he does with exquisite impertinence and some wit. It has suited this good-humored adventurer to assume, at different times, the title of viscount, and to divide the homely Dubreuil into the more aristocratic Du Breuil; but, as he himself explained to the President, he was "not prejudiced in favor of a title—especially before the tribunal." In reply to the further assertion that he had already suffered two condemnations, he was humorously indignant, having succeeded in getting off without imprisonment. "What can it matter to you?" he boldly queried, when asked whether he was not living with a woman who was not his wife—one who had borne him a child; "it is a terrible bore to be catechised in this way!" Then the judge put it to the prisoner—he could not be a nobleman since they had made inquiries and found that his father was a laborer, an honest laborer; whereas the *soi-disant* viscount had always been a lazy fellow. "You have no right to listen to what people say; every one lies, more or less. This is all lying about the decorations; no one ever bought or sold decorations. I will just tell you how it all came about." And then he launched forth into an amusing account of his acquaintance with M. Crespin de la Jeannierè—one of those whom the Wilson band is accused of having tried to mulct of a hundred thousand francs. "I told him it was a shame he hadn't got the red ribbon; that if he were only a Republican and patronized by the Jews, it would be easy enough. I introduced him to Hébert and Ribaudeau. I never saw M. Wilson until we met in the magistrate's private room—and how should I? I am a monarchist, and dead against Grévy and Wilson, too." Whereupon, he quoted a Latin author, and is pulled up for contempt of court. "Of course, I told M. Crespin that it was not enough to deserve the Legion of Honor, he must make a sacrifice and subscribe to something patronized by Republicans. . . . Do as they used to do under the Empire," I said to him; "be liberal with your money, let them have a hundred—two hundred—thousand francs; renounce Crespin, and act as De la Jeannierè only, *noblesse oblige!* But you see, gentlemen, he wouldn't take my advice; and that day he was Crespin short, for he stuck at a paltry five thousand." This sally threw every one into fits of laughter.

Oh, Tommy, you had sunk very low when you made use of such men as this Dubreuil!

I should tire the reader out if I reported here the incidents of this long trial. Yet, such as it was, we Parisians have followed it, day after day, with breathless interest. Only we are hungering for the final act. Once Wilson and his confederates are disposed of, perhaps, we shall be able to think of something else. In the meantime, it is impossible. M. Grèvy is almost as much forgotten as if he never occupied the box-seat on the Char de l'Etat. But Wilson is still the observed of all observers. As I told you, we have all a weakness for naughty boys—their naughtiness helps us to think well of ourselves; nothing is so irksome in this world as obligatory admiration. Poor Sandford, your virtues pall—they do more, they impress us with a poor idea of our own, which so seldom will bear comparison with those of the Harry who every one exalts and praises, till we are dying to pick a hole in his coat, and, being unable to discover a rent anywhere in the immaculate broadcloth, retire discomfited and not a little wearied and disheartened. PARISINA.

PARIS, February 27, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Every now and again something extraordinary in the way of trouble in the socio-economical or political line turns up, which leaves past experience in the shade, and demonstrates that the world is turning after all, in spite of the rural philosopher, whose vision is bounded by the horizon of his own narrow hopes and dreams, and can distinguish nothing beyond that bounded visual limit. On this side of the Atlantic it is some industrial strike, like that recent one of the engineers upon our Eastern railroad lines, which opens our eyes to the true state of things, and shows how shadowy is the dividing line between capital and labor; and demonstrates that they must lock hand in hand, for the common good of both, or else both must go by the board, anarchy supervene, and general misrule be the consequence. On the other side of the ocean we see strange shapes looming up, as if some vast phantasmal Demogorgon were already at work, and like a spectre shaking his first at the useless and incompetent forms which at present assume to direct the political issues of their several states. This diatribe is actuated by a recent dispatch from Russia, which says that seventeen thousand copies of a circular, purporting to have been issued by the Governor of Saratoff, have been distributed throughout that province, stating that during a tour of inspection in 1887 the governor observed everywhere destitution and ruin among the people, and requesting the people to express an opinion as to whether the destitution was caused by economic conditions, or whether the social life of the people is the root of the evil. The dispatch goes on to state that the Moscow *Gazette* suspects the circular is a forgery, but if it is genuine, it asks whether this is the beginning of universal suffrage in Russia. This is by no means unimportant at the present moment. It shows which way the drift of opinion is turning. If, in a vast empire like Russia, the cause of the destitution and misery which afflict one of its richest and most fertile provinces is found to lie, not in the economic conditions of the country, but in the rottenness of the social scheme which governs its population, it is time for that country to pause and think, and consider whether it is not high time to change a mode of government so unsatisfactory to its people, and so fraught with peril to its nationality. It must be remembered that this province of Saratoff, though it is only one of the fifty provinces of European Russia, and though it is only of average extent, is yet as large as Holland, Belgium, and Denmark combined. It has an area of thirty-two thousand five hundred square miles—the equivalent of Ireland. It spreads for hundreds of miles along the banks of the Volga, just where that river trends eastward toward the Caspian. Its capital contains nearly one hundred thousand people; its whole population, by the last census, lacked little of two millions. It is a manufacturing centre, and Russian manufactures are protected. It is, therefore, not a little serious when a question, such as we have referred to, arises, and when it is brought home to social conditions—for that, after all, is what the subject amounts to. The inference is, that it is very doubtful whether the twentieth century will not burst upon Europe with as fiery a glare as the nineteenth.

Mayor Hewitt of New York justifies his action in refusing to raise the flag of Ireland over the city hall, to honor a passing parade, given in memoriam of a dead Irish saint, and says "that no flag but an American flag has any right to float from any public building in the city of New York." Mayor Hewitt is undoubtedly right when he says this struggle of the Roman Catholic Irish for political power in the United States, and the anxiety of candidates for the Irish vote, has reached the danger line. Those Republicans who have criticised this journal for tolling the danger-bell of alien and papal aggression, will please to remember that General Lafayette was the first to strike the alarm in America, General Grant followed General Lafayette, the *Argonaut* followed in the track of General Grant, and now comes this brave, resolute, Democratic mayor of Irish New York, and says the danger line is reached and must not be passed.

The chief of police of the city of Chicago has prevented the Rev. Justin Fulton, a Protestant clergyman, from delivering a lecture in that city, because he feared it would create a Catholic riot. Yet in Chicago, everybody, even anarchists, are permitted to speak where, and when, and upon what subject they please, and there is no danger of Protestants raising a mob to riot around them. When Englishmen in Boston can not celebrate the jubilee of their queen in Fanueil Hall, and Protestant clergyman can not be allowed to lecture in Chicago to a congregation of ladies and gentlemen for fear of offending Irish Papists, it is time for Americans to open their eyes to observe what is going on around them.

Reports from Guanajuato, Mexico, say that George Fay, an Englishman, worth nine million dollars, is building a most tremendous palace, quite worthy of the pronounced crank that he appears to be. It will be nine stories high, have hanging gardens, after the traditional Babylonic style, have telephone, telegraph instruments, and electric lights in every room, and a broad terrace leading from every window. The walls are to be of asbestos brick and paper, and the whole absurd structure will be supported by iron columns of immense girth and height.

The treatment of sewage by electricity is to receive a practical test at the Metropolitan (London) board of works' outfall, at Crossness. The electric current is said to have a wonderful disinfecting and purifying influence. The evolution of gas stirs up the liquid, the nascent oxygen is brought into rapid contact with the impurities and reduces them, precipitation is expedited, and the whole cleansed.

"Ouida," denying having permitted continual cigarette smoking at her table, writes "that as men are constituted nowadays they are not happy without smoking" she allows them a Turkish cigarette after the roast.

VANITY FAIR.

The ladies' orchestra has a lively rival in Paris in the shape of a ladies' *corps de ballet.* At a public, or mixed gathering, the ladies composing this Terpsichorean choir do not appear in regulation ballet costume, but they have—before a strictly female audience—donned the fleshings and gauze skirts and pirouetted about in the most approved fashion. It was the Duke de Morny—at the front of most aristocratic mischief—who first introduced amateur ballet-dancing into Paris. He gave a party at his country-house, and to entertain his guests, a pretty wild set, he and his four particular chums got themselves up as coryphees, and danced the ballet in pink tights, satin bodices, and gauze skirts, before the applauding visitors. That was the beginning of the rage. Supple young countesses and light-heeled duchesses took lessons in private from professionals, and practiced standing on their toes and kicking as high as their own coroneted heads. Finally, they formed a "corps" of such energetic spirits as had persisted in their studies, to the point where they were able to bound into the air and turn around twice before alighting, and at present the corps consists of some twenty young women, more than half of whom are titled. When they dance before an audience composed of both sexes, they wear a sleeveless bodice cut round and low, and the satin skirts are very full and do not reach to the ankle, displaying a silk stocking, a satin ballet-slipper, and a mass of muslin and lace. In this garb they dance many of the favorite ballet movements, and go through a great number of graceful evolutions. The Comtesse de Goutant is the leader—the *première danseuse*—ably seconded by the young Marquise d'Hervey de St. Denis, and the Comtesse d'Ailly, while on the roll of this light-footed chorus stand other names well-known to the *Almanach de Gotha.*

In the new club-house of the New York Club, there will be a large room lined around with lockers, in which members who do not occupy private apartments in the club-house may keep dress-suits. The inventor of that arrangement had a great head, and was doubtless a married man. There are wives who view with suspicion the putting on of dress-suits at home, when the avowed purpose of the husband's donning them is to "go down to the store and take account of stock," or "balance the books." To the husbands of such wives dress-suits in conveniently accessible lockers away from home will be a boon.

In England, some years ago, evening dresses were all, to a certain extent, made upon one pattern. The regulation low bodice, with or without trimming round the shoulders, was varied only by a little extra lowness, or the reverse, and by the absence or presence of the useful and pretty little edging of lace, or lisse, known technically as a tucker. This, with a piece of narrow ribbon or velvet run through it, served the purpose of drawing the upper part of the bodice closely round the shoulders. The courageous woman who first dispensed with it created a small storm in the social tea-cup. Those who most strongly disapproved were among the first to follow her lead, and now there are quite as many bodices made without the tucker as there are with it. To have appeared in a high bodice at a dinner-party or a ball in those days, would have been almost an insult to one's hostess, unless the excuse were offered of ill-health, or an unusually bad cold. But, by degrees, a few sensible women inaugurated the era of square-cut bodices, made high to the neck at the back, and cut away in front. To wear a "square" or a "V" became quite correct and orthodox. Possessors of thin arms were no longer obliged by the dictates of fashion to exhibit them any further than the elbow, for the square-shaped bodice was then always accompanied by half-long sleeves. Only recently has it become customary to display the whole arm, while partially covering the shoulders. There is now no reason why any woman should wear the low bodice, unless she moves in court circles, where the conservatism of the queen, in matters of dress, still makes the inartistic and trying low bodice indispensable. Save at drawing-rooms and state balls, the square or wholly high dress is quite permissible, and the beautiful forms of drapery adapted from the Greek, that are now to be seen at every fashionable assembly, lend further encouragement to a sensible and hygienic style of evening dress.

At the evening receptions, when the President and his wife receive together, Mrs. Cleveland makes it her business to keep the procession moving, and right gracefully does she dispatch all who come. Her plan is to spring forward the moment a hand is released by the President, and seizing it with a smile that is almost a laugh, she gently but swiftly brings the entranced caller toward her, shaking the hand as she does so. When the happy proprietor of the shaken hand has been cared for, he or she finds himself or herself swept a pace or two beyond the gracious hostess, and then he or she walks off with a jumping heart and a quickened step.

Miss Adèle Grant, the famous beauty, has always been fond of the Récamier style of costume, and is one of the very first to adopt the tendency toward the fashions of the Directoire, given by Sardou's play of "La Tosca," and the costumes worn by Sarah Bernhardt and Fanny Davenport in the part. The first night of Miss Grant's appearance at the Newport Casino, last summer, she wore a dress that hinted strongly of the pictures of the famous French beauty, Récamier, whom she is said to resemble. She was gowned in a white-trained India silk, without tournure or trimming of any kind, falling in straight folds from the belt of the rather short, décolleté waist. She wore no ornament or jewel of any description, save a bit of white ribbon twisted into her dark hair, which was coiled in a Grecian knot at the back of her head. Again, at the opening night of the season at the Metropolitan Opera House, Miss Grant appeared in a similar short-waisted costume of pale pink crêpe, a broad ribbon of pale olive-green velvet being about her waist, and tied in long floating loops in front. But a costume, recently made for her in Paris, and worn at an afternoon tea, has created a veritable furor among her admirers, and among all the women who have seen it. As she entered, Miss Grant removed a long Directoire cloak of dark tan plush, and lined throughout with dull orange. It had the high, flaring Directoire collar, and was clasped at the throat with bronze clasps. When this was removed, it revealed a combination of Gobelin blue and chamois color, in thick, smooth cloth. The skirt is of pale chamois-colored cloth, pinked out in long Van Dykes about the bottom of the front breadth. These fall over a hem of the same chamois-colored cloth. A redingote of Gobelin blue bengaline, with huge Directoire revers and V collar of plush, of the same color, covers all the back and sides of the skirt. It opens wide over the front of the skirt, the sides being laid back and revealing the lining of Gobelin blue surah. The waistcoat is of chamois cloth. It falls from under a broad Directoire belt of blue plush, in two pinked-out Van Dykes on the chamois skirt. These match the Van Dykes at the bottom of the same. Small gold buttons fasten the waistcoat over a fine lace guimpe and collar. There is also at the throat a big, white-lace bow, fastened by a tiny diamond pin. The big buttons on the redingote are antiques, being ivory, old and yellow, set in silver. The bonnet is a Directoire shape, with a long pointed brim over the forehead. It is of Gobelin blue velvet, with a lining of chamois velvet, braided with gold. The big bows and cluster of feathers that adorn the front are in effects of blue, gold, and chamois.

It is singular to contrast the growing splendor and prodigality of the dress of one sex in this nineteenth century with the sobriety of the dress of the other sex, which has shrunk into a grim uniformity of black kerseymere. The laws of nature are reversed, if it be true, as Mr. Darwin teaches, that the male bird owes the hues of his plumage and the beauty of his form to his desire to please the hens and obtain the honor of natural selection. In modern society it is the hens who carry the gay feathers. Shall we say, with the same motives, and with equal success? There was a time when the dress of men were alike wasteful, extravagant, and inexpedient; when they was costly stuffs, rich embroidery, lace, jewels; when at the Court of France the Duke of Buckingham shook off diamonds, and the maids of honor went on their knees to pick them up and appropriate them; when the folds of a cravat and the embroidery of a waistcoat were subjects of earnest attention to the masculine mind. Those days are over. Men's dress is simple, suitable, inexpensive.

A welcome novelty in the way of news comes from St. Petersburg, in the shape of an announcement that sledge races have been organized in the Russian capital, in which ladies of the aristocracy are to be the drivers. Each fair Amazon will have her own colors, which will distinguish, not only her own costume, but her sleigh and the harness of her horse. The competitors must be not less than twenty years of age, and not over forty. Ladies of the *bourgeoisie* will not be permitted to take part in the competition. The prizes are to be diamonds, which have been offered by the empress, the Jockey Club, and other fashionable bodies in St. Petersburg. There is nothing surprising in this novel idea being developed on the Neva, for Russian ladies have always been *très émancipées*, and continually startle, if they delight, the cities of the West and South of Europe by the independence, the originality, and the fascination of their social conduct. The races will be a lovely sight. The dazzling snow, the shining steeds, the polished and glittering harness, the beautiful drivers, the "smart" costumes. Imagine the start, the progress, the rattling pace, nearing the goal, the intense rivalry, the joys and pangs of energetic anxiety, the moment of victory, the triumph of the fair victor, and finally the diamonds. They are welcome to a woman from it matters not whom, and it matters not when. But imagine the joy of winning a tiara, or a necklace, or a stomacher of diamonds in a sledge race—winning them from every other woman between twenty and forty, and the diamonds the gift of the Czarina herself. But to the excitement of driving and competing is to be added the still greater excitement of dress; and no one would dream of asking women, "Is life worth living?" who had ever listened to them deliberating in solemn conclave over the color, composition, and make of a gown.

In Paris, the latest fad in footwear is little, low bottines of patent leather, stitched with yellow thread; over the dainty yellow stockings are buttoned little gaiters of dark green cloth—the buttons on the outside of the ankles. The low shoes are all the rage in Paris, and bid fair to run the high buttoned-boots and the English laced-shoes off the feet of the pretty butterflies of fashion. They are sharply pointed at the toe.

Among accepted novelties must be mentioned the now general fashion of much silver bric-à-brac upon the tables. To each guest a tiny silver salt-cellar, of a different shape to each cover. This is in the shape of a marmite, this of a sauce-pan, that of a shell. Also at small, familiar dinners, to each guest is a little butter dish, also of silver, in a fanciful shape, and a tiny knife thereto—an excellent addition to the table when oysters are served, and pretty withal, also appetizing with the ice-spangled pat of yellow butter in the silver shell. Still at the *diner intime*, in front of the host, the mustard pot, the pepper mill. Yonder a silver pickle-jar. The table should resemble a children's feast. Lilliputian trifles everywhere. Candles are much used now, with tinted shades, in silver candlesticks. At grand dinner-parties, the most luxury possible is the order of the day. It is in these lean years a matter of serious consideration the giving of a fashionable dinner-party, the expenses being enormous. Including wines, flowers, and the indispensable orchestra, it is safe to assert that a fashionable dinner of twenty or thirty covers, in a good house, costs the entertainers a minimum of twenty dollars a head. Candelabra of silver or gold are much used. It is the object to have as much light as possible. Rare and *recherché* flowers and fruits are sought for, at no matter what expense. It is indifferent whether the flowers be beautiful or the fruits of pleasant savor, provided they be costly and unique. Hors d'œuvres are now almost invariably served in the Russian way. No dinner begins well nowadays which is not preceded by caviar, smoked salmon, and Russian cordials. The host must also play the rôle of Monte Cristo, and there must be at least one unique and rare dish on the menu—a sterlet, a bustard, a cuissot of bear, a rôti de cerf. Foie-gras should be served on luminous ice, either in slices on a large block, or in rounds on a pyramid of illuminated ice. The ice is white, or tinted *au choix*, and is of beautiful effect. As to the menu-cards, no present novelties are to be noticed. At good houses the menu is printed on rough-edged paper, the guest's name being written in illuminated text at the right-hand corner. In the important matter of decorations, a novelty exists in the garlands looping from the central chandelier round the candelabra. The garlands should be made of greenery with costly blooms, and tied with bows of various colored silks at intervals. To complete this style of decoration, a large epergne, full of growing flowers, should be placed before the hostess. The "unique" style is to place one most costly flower before each guest, each flower to be different of its kind, and each to be placed in a unique and costly *bouquetière*. At one house the sole decoration was a single orchid, of priceless value, in a little Venetian glass, standing in the centre of the table.

The young women of Boston are planning a most unique entertainment, that is to take place immediately after Easter. It is called a Rose Ball, and the peculiarity of it is that no men are to be present. A ball without men has generally been held heretofore as a sort of "Hamlet" with the Prince of Denmark left out; but since the era of women's dinners and women's luncheons, the sex have discovered they can have a great deal of fun without the assistance of the lords of creation. And this ball, it must be remembered, is to be given in Massachusetts, where men are at a premium; so probably this is an experiment to discover if balls can not be carried on without their assistance. At all events, this is the plan of it: All the women are to be unmarried. As there are no men present, chaperones will naturally be unnecessary. Fifty is the number to be invited, and of these, twenty-five assume the masculine character, wearing with their tulle ball-skirts a satin coat and waiscoat, a high collar, and stiffly starched shirt-front. This may sound tame, but on the occasion when the same thing was tried before, the affair proved as larky as the most frivolous could have asked. The dancing went on with energy to all sorts of hours, the supper was most hilarious, and it is said the knowledge of the ethics of flirtation in conservatories, displayed by the young persons in the satin waistcoats, was something that caused the other young ladies to become very much astonished indeed—or to say so.

I recently received a clipping (writes Isabel F. Hapgood, from St. Petersburg,) which had been copied into a Boston paper from the New York *World*, to the effect that Russian customs were to be very fashionable in New York and Boston this winter. It then proceeded to state what the customs were. There were only ten or twelve gross errors in the space of three inches. One of the errors therein contained was about the *samovär*. I notice that even Mr. Howells, in his "Five O'clock Tea," falls into the mistake of supposing that tea is drawn from the *samovär*. *Samovär* means, literally, *self-boiler;* it is the hot-water machine only, and the tea is made, as in America, in tea-pots. Ladies can continue to use not only their china tea-pots, but their dainty china cups. Glasses are chiefly seen in railway stations and restaurants. When used in private families—as they are to some extent—they are frequently provided with silver holders. Glasses are almost universal in Poland, I understand. Cream is quite as much used in tea as lemon. One Russian fashion seems to have escaped notice, the practice of drinking sweetmeats in tea. Of course, no cream can then be used. Any soft sweetmeat will do, except something with many seeds, like raspberry jam. Strawberry preserves are excellent for this purpose. The "Russian tea-gown of trailing white silk, bordered with dark fur," referred to in the article, seems not to have been previously heard of here. And the "large bow of red ribbon" with which the apron of the peasant dress is caught up on the left side, is also an invention. The peasant wears her apron straight up and down. Twenty-five years ago, I am told, Russian ladies and gentlemen of the highest society, sometimes patriotically wore the costume in the country. But it is rare now in any class. I know one gentleman who wears the dress at home; on ordinary occasions, his dark trousers are tucked into his boots, and his blouse of *kumatch* (a red cotton material like Turkey red, but prettier) confined with a fancy girdle. On extraordinary occasions, he wears loose, scarlet, satin trousers, tucked into his boots, and a primrose silk blouse with red buttons, red satin gussets under the loose sleeves, and a scarlet satin girdle. I offer this as a suggestion for the men who expect to frequent the remarkable "Russian" teas in New York and Boston this season. They might also practice kissing the hands of ladies whom they respect greatly, and receiving in return a kiss on their eyebrow, the forehead, or their bald spot, as it happened. N. B.—Not allowed with young, pretty, unmarried girls. But it is a graceful fashion which is still practiced here by gentlemen of the old school. "The music of Dvorak, and other Russian composers, is being extensively practiced," says the article. Dvorak is a Bohemian, and his music is ditto. Russian coachmen and footmen do not wear "fur gloves to their elbows," nor "conical hats." With a few exceptions (the palace and ambassadors' lackeys) the footmen dress as in America. The gaudy affair with red, yellow, or black pompons and horsetails, which is known in America as "a Russian sleigh," is a pure invention. The only one ever seen here belonged to an American minister, or consul, several years ago, and was known to the town as "the American sleigh."

SOMETHING TO STARE AT.

New York's Raging Mania for Street Sights.

I was coming through Twenty-Third Street this afternoon, from the Jersey Ferry, in a street-car. It was comfortably filled with the usual crowd one meets in a cross-town car of an afternoon. There was a young couple from Wayback, who were evidently on their wedding tour, and did not care who knew it; a tall man, who looked as if his skin was made of leather, had grass growing in the dusty seams of his coat, and sat staring at the sign "Beware of Pickpockets," with open eyes and mouth; several male individuals, of no personal interest whatever, and a dozen women, singly or in couples, who had come to town to shop, and who glared with grim disfavor at the woman with the baby, who persisted in standing on the seat and screaming to have the window opened, till it was opened, when it promptly howled to have it shut. When the car rattled under the elevated railroad at Ninth Avenue, the proprietor of this infantile attraction said, in a cajoling tone:

"S'sh, baby! Look at the house, that's a little dear."

"There it is," remarked one of the shopping women.

"George, George!" cried the bride. "Look, look! The house that stands back from the street."

The leathery person removed his eyes from the sign, and remarked, in open confidence, to himself: "Wull, I swow." The nonentities woke up to a show of living interest, and all the shoppers began to talk at once. Even the driver became so interested in the common subject of discussion, that, in order to snatch a passing glimpse of it, he nearly ran over a blind beggar, whom he cursed most dreadfully for the next half-block for getting in the way.

It was only a brick house, standing a couple of yards back, on the north side of the street, behind four brick posts, from which a fence had recently been torn down. But there was a crowd on the sidewalk, staring at it, and another crowd across the street, staring at it, and no one who came or went by it failed to halt and favor it with a comprehensive glance. I remember being in a provincial city in England, where an awful murder had been committed in a handsome house, and the whole town was wont to turn out, daily, to view the scene of the tragedy, while the nine-days' wonder of it was fresh. It has been a great deal longer than this prescribed period since Mrs. Langtry leased the Beach-Grant house, and settled down to live in it, but the curious now gather in thicker and more attentive swarms to do it ocular honor than ever. The constant notoriety the actress contrives to get through the newspapers no doubt contributes largely to bring this result about. The bride from Wayback and the grass-grown pilgrim from Podunk are as familiar with the house in Twenty-Third Street, by the proxy of print, as the neighbors who daily pass it by. But, above all, I have noticed that in this city it takes less to arouse popular curiosity, and a smaller subject to keep it alive, than the freest license of the imagination would lead one to believe.

On one of the bleakest days this winter, a little mob of boys gathered in Broadway, in view of my window. Almost before I had noticed them, they were lost in a crowd of idle men. Within two minutes the rabble was so dense that wagons had to turn aside to avoid running it down, and a street blockade was imminent, when, evidently with its curiosity appeased, the gathering began to disperse. Then I saw a man in a suit of tarpaulins, covered with mud, standing at an uncovered sewer-hole. All that it had required to bring something like five hundred people to a halt, at the busiest hour of the day, on the busiest street in the busiest city of the Western Continent, was a dirty fellow's descent into a hole in the ground.

In a street through which I pass daily, some old buildings were recently torn down. A plank causeway was built over the sidewalk while the cellar was being excavated. Foul weather or fair, this bridge would be packed with idlers, until one had often to take the other side of the way, in despair of forcing a passage. There was nothing to be seen at best but a lot of Irishmen and Italians digging dirt, and weary cart-horses hauling it away. In wet weather the work was suspended. But in the wettest weather, when the rain was pouring in pailfuls, the bridge would still have its unresting force collected, in a triple rank of wide-eyed stupidity, immersed in the absorbing employment of looking at some muddy puddles down in a pit. One streaming morning, when the icy rain was freezing as it fell, I asked a man whose overcoat had been turned into a sheet of mail by the congealing down-pour, what he was looking at so earnestly. He replied, in a hoarse and awful tone of voice, nodding at the pit the while:

"They're diggin' a sullar."

"Well," said I, "what if they are?"

"It's too wet for 'em to work," he responded irrelevantly, but solemnly.

It was not too wet for him to remain on guard over the deserted digging though, and thus I left him, one of many who were gradually stiffening into icy petrifaction for the pleasure of doing nothing, or not being called upon to think while they were doing it.

I have a friend of the clubs—as mad a wag as ever lived when the humor of his before-dinner absinthe is upon him. We were crossing a public square, one balmy evening last spring; six o'clock had just been screeched at us by every factory whistle within hearing, and the sidewalks were a-swarm.

"I'll lay you the dinners," said my *farceur*, "that I can create a riot here inside of five minutes."

He stopped at the public drinking-fountain, and took up the tin-cup that was chained to it. The passers-by stared a little to see so elegant a gentleman stop to drink at a common fount of cheap refreshment. Several halted, after going on a few paces, to look back. He filled the cup deliberately. The waiting several had become a score. He raised the cup slowly toward his lips. The score grew to fifty. Suddenly he dashed the water into the basin and filled the cup again, only to again empty it untouched. By this time we were encircled by so many people that they could not be counted, and I could hear such observations and inquiries all around us, as:

"He'll drink it this time."

"Bet you the drinks he don't."

"Must be dirty."

"What is it?"

"Maybe the cup leaks."

"He must be some crank."

"What ails him, anyhow?"

"Maybe common water isn't good enough for him."

There was also addressed to him, through this running fire of comment, many more or less friendly and disinterested suggestions and instructions, like—

"Wrench the cup out," from a motherly fat woman, poking her umbrella at him.

"Have a stick in it," by a man with a shiny black hat and a shiny red nose.

"Tell the waiter to open another bottle."

This sally, which proceeded from a young man in cross-barred trousers, with a very large and massive cane, which he carried like a yard-stick, was hailed with such applause that a park policeman found himself called upon to interfere; whereupon my friend hurled the cup into the basin with an expression of the face indicative of great disgust and loathing, and shoved his way out of the crowd as quickly as he could. We could hear the roar of voices and the sharp rapping of the policeman's club when we turned into the restaurant, a block and more away; and I learned by the papers, next day, that the shiny red nose and the shiny black hat slept in a station-house cell on a general charge of disorderly conduct and the utterance of murderous threats against some person or persons unknown.

It is the same crowd that inspects the sewer hole into which a shiny man descends, the cellar excavation where the men are not working because it is wet weather, the house Mrs. Langtry lives in, or the man at the fountain. This same crowd will invest a shop-window where a pasteboard cobbler is stitching at a paper shoe under the propulsion of the heat from a gas-jet, or gather under a three-ton safe that is being hoisted up to a tenth-story window by a rope that may be rotten and machinery that may be on the point of giving way, for all the thought they give to it, or pack a street where some roofers have left a tar-pot boiling while they have sat down on a doorstep to eat their dinner. The quality and quantity of amusement an average New York street-idler can extract from an hour's stare at an untended tar-pot will, no doubt, ever remain a mystery to you and me. But such as it is, he extracts it, and is, to all appearances, quite satisfied with his bargain.

You must not suppose that the class which succumbs to this peculiar instinct, or whatever else you may choose to call it, is composed of the chronically useless or unemployed, either. Indeed, the tramp and the professional do-nothing are far too considerate of their own comfort to go out of their way to look at anything, or, indeed, to look at anything at all, if the operation involved any form of or hint at laboriousness. There are grave men of business who can not resist the fascination of a telegraph lineman climbing a pole; and active spirits, hurrying to the bank or warehouse, who must halt to supervise the raising of a fallen house, or watch two sparrows fighting in the gutter. In the middle of one of the recent flurries in Wall Street, I was coming out of the Exchange when some one said:

"Hello! There's a balloon!"

High up in the air a fire-balloon, that had been launched from some housetop, was floating sedately along, and the runners in the street, bent on missions that might mean fortune or ruin, stopped short, and the shoutings of the curb-stone brokers ceased, while every one watched the wretched toy drift out of sight. After the same fashion, ten thousand men and women, of various growths and stations, closed Broadway up one blustrous morning to follow the career of an umbrella, which the gale had snatched from its owner's hands, and lodged up among the telegraph wires, where its cover was soon ripped to tatters, and its frame left sprawling like a huge spider in its web. And under the same influence you may, any Sunday you choose to walk up Fifth Avenue, see the Vanderbilt mansions besieged by goggling sightseers, who do not criticise the architecture or exchange views about the inmates, but who simply gape and gaze, for lack of something else to do, just as they will, the next time there is a hanging at the Tombs, surround the prison, and eye it as if its massive walls were of transparent glass.

You may tell by the assemblage outside any court-house in New York when a trial is going on inside. You may tell by the loiterers about a station-house when an arrest has been made. Not one of a hundred among the loungers will have the slightest personal interest in the event itself. Most of them could not inform you who is being tried, or for what offense the recent arrest was made. There has been an alarm of fire, and the engine-house is empty. Only the man in charge loafs at the door. The place offers no more exciting sight than an empty stable, yet there are nearly as many looking at it as you would find at the fire itself. Do they know where the fire is? No. Do they know whether there is any fire at all? No. Are they waiting for the engine to come back in order to find out? Oh! no. They are only just waiting, don't you know.

Here is a mob collected around the open grating of an untenanted store. The place is tightly sealed. Out of the cellar-way that the grating covers wafts a chill and moldy odor, like that of a sepulchre. A hundred little boys, and girls, and grown women and men inhale this atmosphere of disuse and decay as if it were the most precious incense ever offered to the gods. All eyes are turned upon the cellar grating, and you ask the nearest small boy what is the matter.

"A lady dropped a penny down there," he replies.

And he is on his belly on the grating yelling "I see it! There it is!" and the momentous news is passing from mouth to mouth before you get out of the crush.

NEW YORK, March 14, 1888. ALFRED TRUMBLE.

OLD FAVORITES.

Gentle Alice Brown.

It was a robber's daughter, and her name was Alice Brown,
Her father was the terror of a small Italian town;
Her mother was a foolish, weak, but amiable old thing;
But it isn't of her parents that I'm going for to sing.

As Alice was a-sitting at her window-sill one day,
A beautiful young gentleman he chanced to pass that way;
She cast her eyes upon him, and he looked so good and true,
That she thought, "I could be happy with a gentleman like you!"

And every morning passed her house that cream of gentlemen,
She knew she might expect him at a quarter unto ten;
A sorter in the custom-house it was his daily road
(The custom-house was fifteen minutes' walk from her abode).

But Alice was a pious girl, who knew it wasn't wise
To look at strange young sorters with expressive purple eyes;
So she sought the village priest to whom her family confessed,
The priest by whom their little sins were carefully assessed.

"Oh, holy father," Alice said "'twould grieve you, would it not,
To discover that I was a most disreputable lot?
Of all unhappy sinners I'm the most unhappy one!"
The padre said, "Whatever have you been and gone and done?"

"I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy from its dad,
I've assisted dear papa in cutting up a little lad,
I've planned a little burglary and forged a little cheque,
And slain a little baby for the coral on its neck!"

The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and dropped a silent tear,
And said, "You mustn't judge yourself too heavily, my dear:
It's wrong to murder babies, little corals for to fleece;
But sins like these one expiates at half-a-crown apiece.

"Girls will be girls—you're very young, and flighty in your mind;
Old heads upon young shoulders we must not expect to find:
We mustn't be too hard upon these little girlish tricks—
Let's see—five crimes at half-a-crown—exactly twelve-and-six."

"Oh, father," little Alice cried, "your kindness makes me weep,
You do these little things for me so singularly cheap—
Your thoughtful liberality I never can forget;
But, oh! there is another crime I haven't mentioned yet!

"A pleasant-looking gentleman, with pretty purple eyes,
I've noticed at my window, as I've sat a-catching flies;
He passes by it every day as certain as can be—
I blush to say I've winked at him, and he has winked at me!"

"For shame!" said Father Paul, "my erring daughter! On my word
This is the most distressing news that I have ever heard.
Why, naughty girl, your excellent papa has pledged your hand
To a promising young robber, the lieutenant of his band!

"This dreadful piece of news will pain your worthy parents so
They are the most remunerative customers I know;
For many, many years they've kept starvation from my doors:
I never knew so criminal a family as yours!

"The common country folk in this insipid neighborhood
Have nothing to confess, they're so ridiculously good;
And if you marry any one respectable at all,
Why, you'll reform, and what will then become of Father Paul?"

The worthy priest, he up and drew his cowl upon his crown,
And started off in haste to tell the news to Robber Brown—
To tell him how his daughter, who was now for marriage fit,
Had winked upon a sorter, who reciprocated it.

Good Robber Brown he muffled up his anger pretty well;
He said, "I have a notion, and that notion I will tell;
I will nab this gay young sorter, terrify him into fits,
And get my gentle wife to chop him into little bits.

"I've studied human nature, and I know a thing or two:
Though a girl may fondly love a living gent, as many do—
A feeling of disgust upon her senses there will fall
When she looks upon his body chopped particularly small."

He traced that gallant sorter to a still suburban square;
He watched his opportunity, and seized him unaware;
He took a life-preserver and he hit him on the head,
And Mrs. Brown dissected him before she went to bed.

And pretty little Alice grew more settled in her mind,
She never more was guilty of a weakness of the kind,
Until at length good Robber Brown bestowed her pretty hand
On the promising young robber, the lieutenant of his band.

—*W. S. Gilbert.*

Fabian, a New York elocutionist, and the Humphrey Street church people of New Haven are "out." When Fabian mounted the platform the other evening to deliver a humorous lecture, a boy, apparently from a telegraph office, came forward and handed him what was apparently a dispatch. He nervously broke the seal, and, unfolding the paper, thrust his hand to his head in a dramatic way, as if the contents were very bad news. Gradually he grew pale, and his eyes glassy; he staggered, and reached out for support. Some of the female portion of the audience became so excited by the news he had evidently received that they became hysterical. Finally, Fabian stepped forward, and in a voice filled with emotion, said: "My friends, I have received very bad news. You will excuse my seeming illness, but perhaps the message will explain it. With your consent I will read it." Amid the whispered sympathies of his hearers he continued:

CHICAGO, February 22.

TO EDWARD FABIAN: Fannie's illness has taken a fatal turn. There is no hope. One foot is already in the grave, and we hope to get the cemetery enlarged so that she may get the other one in to-morrow.

Then he braced up, and laughed loudly to assist his audience in quickly appreciating the point of the joke. But the audience did not laugh, and they gave Fabian a cool reception during the remainder of the evening.

Mr. W. P. Trent, of Johns Hopkins University, in his lecture to the workingmen of South Baltimore, showed that many of the features of modern industrial and social life were in full vigor in ancient Greece and Rome. There were tenement houses in Athens, with several families in one house. There were corners in the iron market and in the olive-oil industry, brought about just as corners are managed now. There was a slave insurance office, by which an owner, on the payment of one dollar and thirty cents a year, could be insured against his slaves running away.

AN ARISTOCRATIC "SCRAP."

"Cockaigne" describes Lord Howard de Walden's "Knock-out."

The sensation of the hour is another fisticuff among the aristocracy. The facts are being slowly brought out before one of the metropolitan police courts, day after day, and the case is by no means ended yet. From what has already come out in evidence, it appears that Lord Howard de Walden has been the recipient of a sound and not otherwise than deserved thrashing at the hands of his brother-in-law, Major Kildare Burrows, of the Eleventh Hussars. Both gentlemen are swells. Lord Howard de Walden (or Lord Howard, as he is commonly called, the "de Walden" being dropped in conversation) possesses one of the oldest peerages extant. The barony was created and the title conferred on the first Lord Howard by Queen Elizabeth in 1597, so that if ever one had a right to look for *noblesse oblige* among the British nobility, one would expect to find it sticking out all over Lord Howard de Walden. When one complains of the goings on of the nobility, from time to time, one is so frequently met by:

"Oh, but what can you expect?" with a shrug and a grimace. "His father was a green-grocer, or a tailor, or something dreadfully low like that."

Or else:

"Gladstone (or Salisbury) made him a peer only the day before yesterday. You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

Such exculpatory replies bubble forth from the aristocratic mouth like froth from a soda-bottle in July, whenever the name Lord St. Leonards or Lord Cairns (Lord Garmoyle that was) is mentioned, and their playful games casually referred to. Unfortunately the same plaster won't fit Lord Huntley, Lord Lonsdale, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Aylesbury, and others. They were not "made peers the day before yesterday," nor were their "fathers either green-grocers, tailors, or something dreadfully low." The marquisate of Lord Huntley only post-dates in creation the barony of Lord Howard de Walden by two years, it having been created in 1599, also by the virgin queen. So that Lord Howard de Walden has plenty of congenial companions, as well in as out of the House of Lords.

It seems that Lord Howard, who is now a tender youth of fifty-seven summers, was, in 1876, married to a Miss Blanche Holden, an heiress, and Major Kildare Burrows married her sister. Although Major Burrows can not lay claim to such noble distinction and high rank as Lord Howard de Walden, his position as a field-officer of such a crack cavalry corps as the Eleventh Hussars gives him a status to be envied by army officers of less "smart" cavalry regiments, and of line infantry battalions. The Eleventh Hussars is one of those regiments whose shattered forces in the Crimea went to make up the daring "Six Hundred" who rode in the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. They had been in command of the famous Earl of Cardigan, and he led the charge in person. I remember, when a boy, seeing Lord Cardigan at a review. It was just before the regiment sailed for the Crimea, and he was in command of the Eleventh Hussars there. I never saw such a rider. His horsemanship was simply perfect. He rode as if part of his horse, and conveyed to one's mind the idea of a centaur. The Eleventh was a crack cavalry regiment then. The charge at Balaclava only added to its laurels. It goes without saying that Major Burrows could not have been in that charge. But its honor and glory still cling to the regiment, and give its officers an *éclat* in society not possessed by some other corps. The uniform of the Eleventh, too, is peculiar to itself. It is the only hussar regiment in the army which wears crimson breeches. All the others wear blue. Just as the Sixteenth Lancers is the only *red* lancer regiment in the service, all the other lancers wearing blue.

But about the row. It seems that Lord Howard and his wife don't get on together as married people ought. He lives in one of the swellest streets in the far West End—Eaton Place—and from very good indications is given to drink. Lady Howard had been paying a visit to the Duke of Portland, and his mamma, Lady Bolsover, at Welbeck Abbey. Lord Howard went for a "time" of his own to Brighton. On arriving at home—*i. e.* at Eaton Place—the other evening, he was informed that his wife was dangerously ill up-stairs with *peritonitis* (the result of drink, it has been hinted and denied), and that he must not attempt to go and see her, or enter her room, as her dislike of him was such that the sight of him would be fraught with much danger to her. All and every kind of noise should be carefully avoided for the same reason. Among the distinguished people who visited Lord Howard's house, and urged quiet on his part, was no less a person than the very sweet and proper Duke of Portland. One can not help thinking—beast and all as Lord Howard may be—that this dear, darling dukeling, for whom there are more penniless daughters of match-making mothers crying to-day in England than, perhaps, for any other "star eligible," might have been at better work than interfering between husband and wife. At all events, Lord Howard was persuaded to take a room in the Grosvenor Hotel and sleep there.

Major Burrows's wife was also at Lord Howard's house, having come to nurse her sister, and it appears that Lord Howard was very rude to her. He says he did not know who she was! His wife's sister! A night or so after this, Lord Howard had been out dining, and, on driving to his house in Eaton Place, found Major Burrows walking up and down the pavement, smoking. He got out of the hansom and asked the major in. The major and he then sat talking and smoking in the dining-room, and drinking whisky and water, until well into the morning. What exactly occurred then is not very clear. We have only Lord Howard's word for it, and from what has been said and suggested he must have been rather "full." Two bottles of whisky during one night has been laid to his credit. At all events, he says that Major Burrows wanted to go up stairs and see his wife, and he (Lord Howard) offered to light him up with a pair of candles. Thereupon Major Burrows knocked him down and beat him about the face and head until he was nearly insensible. He managed, at last, to get the dining-room window open and call a policeman; and then gave Major Burrows (who went back to promenading outside) in charge for assault.

It is difficult to reconcile Major Burrows's action with a desire to protect Lady Howard from intrusion on the part of her husband, for fear of excitement, and so forth. The noise and disturbance of the amateur "knock-out" in the dining-room below must have been of rather an alarming character for a woman in her condition. Altogether, from whichever side you look at it, it has a most unsavory look—and not altogether unlike an Irish free fight, which generally ensues upon a stranger attempting to keep peace between husband and wife. The Duke of Portland is a connection, it is true, of Lord Howard, the latter's mother having been a daughter of a previous duke. Lord Howard is an ex-officer of the Fourth Hussars, by no means so "swagger" as the Eleventh. "There is nothing like settling disputes with our fists—it is nature's way"—say the opponents of dueling. No doubt dueling is wrong; but is pummeling each other and blacking eyes, right? The fact is, the sentiment of *noblesse oblige* is fast oozing out of the British aristocracy. Another twenty years won't see a vestige of it left.

Lord Lonsdale has been up again before a magistrate's court. This time he was only a witness. Poor little De Bensuade took it into his head he would go and see Mrs. de B., who lives in a smart villa out in St. John's Wood, that especial nest of soiled doves of every degree, but especially those whose gilt cages are the property and provision of noblemen, young and old. He couldn't get in, so he broke a window and forced his way. For this damage he was arrested on complaint of the fair and long-legged Violet, and thought he would relieve the monotony of the police court by subpœnaing Lord Lonsdale as a witness. What on earth Lord Lonsdale had to do with his breaking the window, except in a remote degree, does not appear. But Lord Lonsdale came, all the same, and answered with great coarseness and indifference as to his "relations" with Violet Cameron. A most direct and pointed question was, however, objected to, and the objection sustained. Seeing that Lord Lonsdale has a wife of his own, his disregard of the marital relation in others is all the more reprehensible. The intellectual and refined-faced earl testified that he had paid De Bensuade seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling for his wife—his answer was equivalent to that. If one despises the seller, who is after all only a little low-bred Jew, what must one think of the buyer, who is an English earl with grand estates, enormous income, a long family line, and a seat in the House of Lords? Which is really the worse?

The magistrate decided that De Bensuade had no right to go to his wife's home, as it was her separate property, and that he was a trespasser. Fancy this law run out to its end! What becomes of the marriage relation? All a married woman has to do is to get a house, for which she pays with her separate money, and go and live in it. This will work a virtual divorce, for her husband has no right to follow her there!

LONDON, February 24, 1888. COCKAIGNE.

An old-fashioned Yankee, of Quaker stock, who ran a small shoe-factory in a Massachusetts town, indulged in a theory that nothing could pry out of his mind, that a moral wrong was somehow perpetrated upon the community at large if a woman were allowed to earn above a stipulated sum each week. As his help was paid by the piece, and he had to keep tally in the main with current prices, he found this rather hard to manage at times. The swiftness of one young woman especially troubled him greatly. She would persist in running financially ahead of others. At last he made a special cut-down in prices, and told her why he did it. She gave him a baleful glance, tightened her lips, and went on working. By Saturday night next, despite the cut-down, she made ten cents above the week before. Another week went by, when he cut her down still more. The damsel still proved game and rose to the occasion. After a week or more, the Quaker conscience grew "scared" and he asked her what she meant. "It means," said the girl, "that you may keep on, and I'll keep on, till you have a corpse on your hands in this work-room, for I'm grit and you can't conquer me!" The race ended there, and the girl was allowed normal pay.

An extraordinary trick is reported to have lately been performed at Laval by two youthful thieves, who are well-known to the police in the north of France. They first forged letters of recommendation from high personages—ecclesiastical and lay—and then attired themselves as Franciscan nuns. Their success in collecting funds was so great that it emboldened them to go to a convent in the town for free lodgings and food. They were received by the mother-superior of the establishment, who invited them to return to her convent after they had done their collection for the day. In the meantime, however, their conduct in the town, which was altogether unworthy of monks, not to say nuns, excited suspicion, and a wily police official watched them. When the rascals repaired to the convent at nightfall, they were ushered into the refectory for their dinners as they expected, but were surprised to find themselves confronted there by two tall *gendarmes*, who speedily arrested the pseudo-nuns and conveyed them to jail.

After ducks and 'gators the tourist, in Florida, finds most pleasure in hearing the natives talk climate—particularly California climate. The Floridian, notably the Jacksonville species, in speaking of the resident of the Golden State, will always frankly and fearlessly "let him know that hatred without end or intermission is between us two." All Florida loves a good hater, and all Floridians are apparently seeking to gain forever the affection of their follow-resident of the Land of Flowers by showing how they detest California, and everything in it. The natives, it may be candidly admitted, hate that which they often fear, for California has in the past unquestionably injured the Land of Flowers.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The oldest British peer is Viscount Eversley, who is ninety-three years old, and the youngest is the Duke of Albany, ninety years his junior.

The royal and imperial families of Greece, Denmark, and Russia speak English at their firesides. The Queen of England speaks German in her home circle, while her daughter, the new Empress of Germany, converses in English at the fireside in Berlin.

A young author whose books, though brilliant, do not reach a large circulation, recently asked the writer of "Mr. Potter of Texas" how he was satisfied with the sales of that book. "Oh, very well," answered Mr. Gunter; "I've sold a couple of tons of it."

¶ If any one doubts the continuance of Madame Patti's popularity, she has only to point to her receipts for six nights of song in Madrid. In round numbers, the sum reached one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or thirty thousand pounds sterling—so the cabled reports say. This is the first time in her life that she has celebrated the anniversary of her birth in her native city.

Prince Henry of Battenberg, while hunting with hounds in the Isle of Wight recently, fell from his horse and dislocated both his arms and his shoulder-blade. This is the second painful fall which the prince has suffered during the last two months, and the queen has therefore forbidden his taking part in fox-hunting hereafter. The prince has the distinction of being a remarkably poor rider.

The Empress of Austria gives the strongest denial to the assertion recently made by eminent physicians, both in this country and in Europe, concerning the efficacy of cocaine as a remedy for seasickness. She declares that, notwithstanding the fact that her medical attendants administered it to her in large doses, during her recent yachting trip to Corfu, she suffered more from seasickness than on any previous occasion.

Mazzantini, the noted Spanish bull-fighter, now in Mexico, is a man of fine education, having been graduated with honors a few years ago from a college in Rome. He was for a time the private secretary of one of the confidential advisers of King Amadeus of Spain. He is a first-class telegraph operator, was successful as a railroad man, is a good singer, and has no rival as the best bull-fighter in the world—and yet he is only twenty-eight years old.

The pension of two thousand dollars which has been granted Mrs. Hancock is, with the house just presented to her, all that she has in the world. She has, however, no one dependent on her, and can, with good management, live comfortably on that. General Hancock was a man who never could say "no," when asked for money, so he died without having saved a penny. General Logan's widow, who has just been awarded a pension of a like amount, has about sixty thousand dollars well invested, and occasionally adds a few dollars to her income by her pen.

The Queen Regent of Spain suffers great private griefs. Her son, the infant king, is seriously ill; some say hopelessly. He is a victim of epilepsy, a disease that has attacked many members of his mother's family. The malady was developed in him about a year ago, and it has been steadily growing more serious. The physicians in attendance take a grave view of the case, and express doubts of his surviving more than a few years. His death would be both personally and politically a most serious blow to his mother, and would, perhaps, result in her abdication. Her other two children, the Infantas Mercedes and Maria Theresa, would, of course, be in the line of succession. But they are afflicted with scrofula, and have poor prospects of ever growing up to womanhood.

Alexandre Dumas seldom entertains on a large scale in his delightful hotel in the Avenue de Villiers, but when he does open his doors to Parisian society he invariably makes his "at home" one of the most talked-about social functions of the season. Already all Paris is growing excited about the next soirée to be given by the author of "Le Demi Monde" and "La Dame aux Camélias." M. Dumas has promised to make the occasion memorable by presenting to his guests, during the evening, a new one-act play, not only written by himself, but written in a single night. The story goes that he sat down to his desk one evening at eight o'clock, after an abnormally light dinner, and that by a little before half-past two he had completed the little piece alluded to, having smoked twenty-nine cigarettes, and drank eight cups of black coffee while engaged in writing it.

Prince Henry, the Emperor Frederick's second son, smokes his pipe in the English fashion, and smokes it morning, noon, and night. You could meet him, when he was at San Remo, strolling about after breakfast, with a well-colored English short clay, or cutty. In the afternoon, he made just this sacrifice to fashion—he changed the clay for a brier-root. It is related of him in San Remo that, going to church one Sunday afternoon, he started with his prayer-book under his arm and his brier-root well alight in his mouth. A young English friend of his, who was staying at San Remo, ventured on a mild remonstrance. "My dear boy," said the young English dandy, "you are not going to church with that thing in your mouth?" Prince Henry took the pipe out of his mouth, and looked at it. "I beg your pardon, old fellow," he said; "I forgot it was Sunday." He ran back home with the brier-root, and reappeared with a meerschaum.

Since the days of George Sand, says the *St. James's Gazette*, the operatic tenor has invariably been regarded as a romantic personage. The career of M. Bernard, the new tenor of the Paris Opera, bears out the tradition to the full. Two years ago he was a working carpenter in Toulon; now he struts upon the stage of the Grand Opera. He was discovered in a properly romantic fashion, also. M. Hartmann, the musical publisher, was passing along the streets of Toulon, and heard Bernard caroling gleefully as he worked at his bench. Struck with the singular beauty of the singer's voice, M. Hartmann made inquiries on the spot, and engaged his newly found tenor to appear in the "Herodiade," which at the time was in rehearsal at Toulon. Since then, M. Bernard has studied at Naples and Milan, and has made good his lack of musical knowledge. When first engaged by M. Hartmann, he confessed that he did not know a single note of music.

There is current among the peasants of Bavaria a legend that the long life of Kaiser Wilhelm was due to a mysterious philter, of which his imperial majesty alone possessed the secret. How the emperor obtained the magic beverage is not known. It was said to be a kind of spirit which, if it did not give him immortality, would enable him to live many years more, and supply him with sufficient bodily and mental power to retain the government of his vast empire in his own hands. The legend, furthermore, states that the German sovereign condescended to make a present of a few drops of the charmed liquid to Marshal Moltke and Prince Bismarck, hence also their respectable age; but, strange to say, he declined to give any of it to the Crown Prince, because he feared his heir would make use of his health, restored by the philter, to force him to abdicate. Several crowned heads have, it appears, applied to the emperor for his wonderful secret, but in vain. The Czar, in particular, prayed for some of the spirit, and it was the refusal of the Kaiser to oblige him which was the real cause of the present conflict between Russia and Germany.

By a curious coincidence, M. Crespin de Vidouville, as he was called, brother of M. Crespin de la Jeanniere, who is connected with "L'Affaire Wilson," has just died. He was for many years the life and the soul of the mercenary carnivals of Mardi-Gras and the *mi-carême*. His were the gorgeous cavalcades which used to sweep along the boulevards with triumphal cars, mediæval knights on horseback, thin-legged troubadours, sylphs in spangles, dandies of the Directoire, and fat oxen tricked out in gay ribbons. All these were engaged diligently in advertising M. Crespin's big, universal provision establishment for the working classes, on the Boulevard Barbes. Crespin was a philanthropist, who had risen to wealth from toil and poverty. He enabled working-men to furnish their own rooms on the small-payment system. When he became wealthy he used to delight in showing his friends the little box in which he carried cheap jewelry and gimcracks when he tramped about Paris as a poor hawker. He caught cold on his way to Algiers, whither his doctors had sent him for rest and sunshine, and it is also thought that his brother's connection with the "Wilson affair" weighed on his mind. In his way he was as great a public benefactor as Mme. Boucicaut.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mme. Patti is said to be now engaged on her autobiography, which is likely to be published at an early day in London and Paris.

Miss Amelie Rives's first novel will appear in the April *Lippincott*, together with a portrait of the author. The story bears the title of "The Quick or the Dead."

Cassell & Company have ready a life of the late Emperor of Germany, by Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent. The early chapters have been in type several weeks.

J. K. Bangs, who has been connected with *Life* as associate editor for several years, retires this week from that post. Frank M. White, of the *Commercial Advertiser* staff, will occupy his vacant chair. Another new man in the same office is James S. Metcalfe, who takes the place of Dramatic Reporter Cohen (Alan Dale).

A version in Flemish of Mr. William Black's novel, "In Silk Attire," has been prepared for the stage, and will be produced next month in Antwerp, Bruges, and Ghent, and subsequently in Brussels. The adapter is M. François Gittens, whose play, founded on Byron's "Parisina," was recently produced with success at Antwerp.

"The Early Days of Mormonism," by J. H. Kennedy, which the Scribners will publish immediately, contains, among other illustrations, a portrait of Joseph Smith, Jr., the founder of Mormonism, and a photograph, reproduced from the court records, of a bank-bill, issued fifty-one years ago by the Kirtland Safety Society Bank, of which Smith was the treasurer.

Two papers on "The Belles of Old Philadelphia," by Miss Charlotte Adams, American editor of the *Magazine of Art*, will appear in the *American Magazine* for April and May. They will be illustrated with numerous portraits seen at the recent historical loan collection in Philadelphia. Miss Adams has had access to the family documents of several of the oldest families of the Quaker City, and the articles are likely to attract considerable attention.

Sidney Luska's novel, "Mrs. Peixada," published by Cassell & Company, New York, has been translated into French by the Countess Dillon, a daughter of that Lord Graham who became famous through his championship in England of the cause of Louis Napoleon. The story will run as a serial through the *Journal des Débats*, the chief literary paper of Paris, and will then be issued in book-form. Notwithstanding the absence of international copyright, the American author is to receive a handsome compensation.

Simultaneously with Macmillan's series of lives of English statesmen, comes the beginning of W. H. Allen & Co.'s "Statesmen Series," to be edited by Mr. Lloyd C. Sanders. The first volume, "Beaconsfield," by Mr. T. E. Kebbel, is now ready, and among those to follow are "O'Connell," by Mr. J. A. Hamilton, "Gambetta," by Mr. F. A. Marzials, "Gortchakoff," by Mr. Charles Marvin, and the "Prince Consort," by Miss Yonge. The editor will himself write the life of "Palmerston," already handled in an earlier and still-born series by the late Anthony Trollope, who was always as ready to prepare the biography of Cæsar, Cicero, Thackeray, or Palmerston as he was to turn out a novel, or a book of travels.

"The Great Cryptogram," Mr. Donnelly's thousand-page volume, will be issued on the first of May. The delay in publication is thus explained by the author: "I can not dip into this text, at any point, with any of the primal root-numbers, without unearthing a story which coheres perfectly with the narrative told by the other numbers. And this has been one cause of the delay in publishing my book. I have been tempted to go on and on, working out the marvelous tale; and I have heaps of fragments which I have not now time to put into shape for publication. I have been like Aladdin in the garden—I turn from one jewel-laden tree to another, scarce knowing which to plunder, while my publishers are calling down the mouth of the cave for me to hurry up."

This pleasant little story, concerning the most delightful of doctors, is told by the Boston *Transcript*: A young Southern lady found beside her at a Boston dinner-party, an old gentleman who wanted to know how she passed the time in the country with her old father. "Well—we read," answered mademoiselle. "What do you read?" "Chiefly 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.'" "Don't you get very tired of it?" "Oh, no. When we get to the end, we simply turn back to the beginning." The old gentleman chuckled, and made a remark implying that the "Autocrat" was no great thing among books—and mademoiselle was rather surprised at his disparaging air. After dinner, she demanded of her hostess the name of the very unappreciative old gentleman, and was told it was Dr. Holmes.

The *Overland* for April opens with an illustrated article by Francis E. Sheldon on "Pioneer Illustration in California." William L. Merry writes about "San Francisco Commerce, Past, Present, and Future"; R. G. Sneath of "Dairying in California," and W. R. Hearst of "Pacific Coast Journalism." Other articles are: "The Great Basin," by Israel C. Russell, and "A Western Ambassador at Constantinople," by John Martin Vincent. In fiction there are several new chapters of F. K. Upham's "K. G. C.—A Tale of Fort Alcatraz," and three short stories: "Llewellyn's Speculation," by George K. Andrews; "Haunted," by A. G. Tassin; and "The Artist's Testament," by Clarence Stairly. There are verses by Ina D. Coolbrith, A. E. Alaben, Katharine Royce, G. L. Blood, and Charles Howard Shinn, and excellent reviews of recent novels.

To facilitate the study of the four foreign languages, officially taught in France (English, German, Spanish, and Italian), a new semi-monthly has made its appearance in Paris this year, under the title of *Les Langues Étrangères*. Each number contains selected writings in the languages named; but there are four editions of the paper, a much larger proportion of English being given in the one called "Lectures Anglaises" than in any of the other three, of German in the one called "Lectures Allemandes," and of Spanish and Italian in the other two. In a specimen number, Calypso's grief on the departure of Ulysses is given in French and the four other languages; and in English we have the first number of the *Spectator*, Byron's "Epitaph on Joseph Blackett," a paragraph from Chalmers's "Life of Cowper," "John Gilpin," and Lord Lyttelton's "Speech on the Repeal of the Jew Bill." The publication of *Les Langues Étrangères* would doubtless contribute to the popularization of the study of foreign languages which has been noted in France since the establishment of the Republic. The new review is published at 47 Rue Madame, at fifteen francs a year.

A. C. Gunter went to New York from California several years ago, armed with two or three plays and the plots for many more. The first he succeeded in getting produced was "Two Nights in Rome," and this met with some favor and has ever since been played more or less regularly. Mr. Gunter has written several other plays, some of which have been fairly remunerative. Then Mr. Gunter turned his attention to novel-writing. A reporter met him the other day at a bookstore, where he was inquiring about the sale of his second book, "Mr. Potter of Texas." "How did you get any one to publish your first novel, Mr. Gunter?" inquired the reporter. "I didn't and couldn't. I sent it to half a dozen, and they wouldn't have it at any price, or even as a gift. Then I made up my mind I would publish 'Mr. Barnes of New York' for myself. To do so cost me about one thousand dollars for the first edition. For two or three months the sale dragged along slowly. I didn't advertise it much, and I depended on reviews, and the recommendations of those who read it. Suddenly the sale took a spurt, and it has been going ever since till the sale has passed one hundred thousand. When my second book was announced, I didn't spend more than one hundred dollars in advertising it. Orders began to pour in. The first edition was sixty thousand—and that was not enough to fill the orders before it was off the press. It is better than playwriting, but still I love the old craft. I have a drama made from my first novel, but though I have had several offers for it, none was altogether satisfactory. The heroine will need a rather peculiar style of actress."

Of all the various devices which the ingenuity of bookmakers has yet hit upon for titles, none has been more widely used, or more successful, than a terse, apt, suggestive quotation. Shakespeare has, of course, been most frequently drawn upon. Mr. Howells found in "Hamlet" his titles for the "Undiscovered Country" and "A Counterfeit Presentment," while "Othello" gave him his "Foregone Conclusion," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "A Woman's Reason," and Jacques in "As You Like It," "A Modern Instance." To the same source also went Katherine King for "The Bubble Reputation," and Thomas Hardy for "Under the Greenwood Tree." In Harry Hotspur's reservation in "Henry IV.," A. S. Hardy found his piquant title "But Yet a Woman." From "King John" came, no doubt, the suggestion for Hawthorne's "Twice-Told Tales," while the "Table Talk" of Jessica and Lorenzo has served Leigh Hunt, Coleridge, and many another beside. It was "Hamlet" again, that gave Mrs. Alexander "Her Dearest Foe." Shylock's passionate cry has been caught in "My Ducats and My Daughter," and the "Primrose Path," in which Mrs. Oliphant led her readers, was first pointed out by poor Ophelia's hand. Mary Cecil Hay chose "Bid Me Discourse" from "Venus and Adonis," and Rice and Besant first found "The Seamy Side" in Emilia's indignant protest. From "Othello" also came Rhoda Broughton's "Not Wisely But Too Well," and this same author finds a characteristic title to bestow on one of those heroines of hers who "thrill and throb and clutch and hunger" in a line from the "Ancient Mariner" "Red as a Rose Is She." From the same poem comes Jessie Fothergill's "One of Three," and for one of her best-known novels, Rhoda Broughton transposes the opening words of an old English poem, "Sweetheart, Good-bye." For their titles, "Love Me Little, Love Me Long" and "He That Will Not When He May," Reade and Mrs. Oliphant are both indebted to Heywood, and Miss Braddon in "Love Finds Out the Way" recalls an English poem published early in the seventeenth century. Two of Tennyson's "fair women," "rare, pale Margaret," and "airy, fairy Lilian," stand as sponsors to as many of the Duchess's lurid productions, while another writer has chosen as a title a line from one of the exquisite songs in "The Princess," "We Kissed Again With Tears." From Father Prout's "Bells of Shandon" comes, no doubt, Black's "Shandon Bells," from Gray's "Elegy" Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd." "He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune" wrote Lord Bacon, which delightful bit of Baconian philosophy appears to advantage in an anonymous novel called "Hostages to Fortune." Scriptural quotations and allusions have often been most happily employed, as in Mrs. Godfrey's "Unspotted from the World," Rhoda Broughton's "Cometh Up as a Flower," Edgar Fawcett's "Tinkling Cymbals," and Mary Cecil Hay's "Reaping the Whirlwind"; while the prayer-book appears in Rice and Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." Many of the old songs have also proved full of happy inspiration. From Burns have been taken "Coming Through the Rye," by Helen Mather. "My Heart's in the Highlands," by Maria Grant, and "The Wooing O't," by Mrs. Oliphant. Another sweet old Scottish ballad is utilized in "In Silk Attire," and from the quaint Christmas carol, centuries old, an unknown English writer christens his book "Let Nothing You Dismay." "Look Before You Leap" and "A Long Lane," two delightful English stories, suggest at once their origin, as do the titles taken from the old songs, "The Wearing of the Green," "Sweet Nelly, My Heart's Delight," and "'Twas in Trafalgar's Bay." Surely it was Longfellow's maid of "eyes so soft and brown" who gave Lockhart his title "Fair to See." In "I Have Lived and Loved," Mrs. Forester has only translated the "Ich habe gelebt und geliebt" of Schiller, and was not Mrs. Cashel-Hoey thinking of Whittier's "saddest words of tongue or pen" when she wrote on her title page "What Might Have Been"?

New Publications.

"Seven Discourses on Art," by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is the latest issue of the National Library. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"Home Again," George Macdonald's latest novel, has been published in a paper-covered duodecimo volume by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 50 cents.

The latest issue of Harper's Franklin Square Library is "A Life of Emperor William" printed in the newspaper form which Harper's *Bazar* and *Weekly* have made familiar, with several illustrations. Published by Harper and Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"The Story of Antony Grace," by G. Manville Fenn, follows the career of the narrator from the time when he is left a penniless orphan at an early age, through hardship, struggle, and varying success, until he reaches man's estate, competence, and honor. There are a large number of characters, several of them possessed of strong individuality, and three love affairs add to the interest; combining to make a very readable, though somewhat long story. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 50 cents.

"Uncle Sam at Home," by Harold Brydges, is an amusing account of the American people, modeled on "Max O'Rell's" books, and written by an Englishman who has resided here long enough to obtain a good general knowledge of our characteristics and a consequent admiration of the American people. Among the topics discussed are American girls, Anglomania, cities and social sets, the enterprising reporter, the profession of politics, etc. The book is prettily illustrated with little cuts, from designs by McVickar and others, which add much to its entertaining quality. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.25.

A curious book is that entitled "California Three Hundred and Fifty Years Ago; or Manuelo's Narrative." It purports to be a translation of an ancient manuscript, written in a mingling of Portuguese and Spanish, with a few words resembling the Californian Indian tongue scattered here and there, describing the adventures of a Spanish sailor, in the neighborhood of what is now San Francisco, and the lower part of the State, some fifty years before Sir Francis Drake's visit; the sailor finally reached Acapulco and narrated his experiences to a Dominican friar, who wrote them out and took the manuscript to Spain, where it lay unheeded and unmolested for more than three centuries. Published by Samuel Carson & Co., San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers.

"The *World* Almanac for 1888" has reached a second edition, and deserves to be sent to press many times more, for in its two hundred and fifty pages it contains more information, regarding the political, commercial, agricultural, industrial, and even social condition of the United States, and of the world in general, than any single book of its kind which we have seen. In addition to the range of contents to which almanacs are generally restricted, picking at random from the alphabetical index one finds such headings as: "Acts of XLIX. Congress"; "Anarchism, the Party Platforms on"; "Base-ball Records"; "Blair Appropriation Bill"; "Cincinnati Society of the"; "Failures in Business, Statistics of"; "Hammer Throwing, the Record of"; "Ireland, Home Rule, Party Platforms on"; "Protection, Whom it Protects"; "Volapuk"; "Wind Signals," etc. Published by the New York *World*, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

A fifth edition of "California as It Is," revised up to January, 1888, has been published. Other books of this character have all become obsolete under the changed conditions resulting in all parts of the State, from the sudden and tremendous influx of investors and settlers in the past two or three years, and the consequent value of this work to owners and prospective owners of country real estate, and to all who would know something of the present state of development of California, can not well be overestimated. In brief, its contents are: descriptions of each county in the State with memoranda of the progress of each in agricultural, horticultural, mining, and other industries up to the present year; a sketch of early California; and a number of articles of general interest including information concerning government and State lands. The book contains a large map of California and Nevada, showing all the railroads in the State. Published by the San Francisco Call Company, San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late General A. A. Humphrey's profanity, under excitement, was as well-known as his military ability. Upon one occasion he rode out to inspect the erection of certain earthworks, whose construction he had ordered, and seeing one which he disapproved of, he said hastily, to the lieutenant in command, "Who in hell put that earthwork there?" "I did, general," said the subordinate. "Well, you're a d—d fool," said the general. "Sir, you are no gentleman," said the insulted. To which Humphreys responded, hotter than ever, "I may be no gentleman, but I'm a d—d good engineer."

At the entrance to the National Museum, in Washington, is a large stone sarcophagus, which was brought to this country some years ago from Egypt, and presented to the Smithsonian Institution. The other day one of the excursionists from Northern New York, entering the building, stopped to look at it. Turning to the man who checks umbrellas and canes, she said: "What is that great stone affair?" "That's a sarcophagus, ma'am," he answered. "Where did it come from?" "From Egypt, ma'am." "What do they use it for?" "To spit in, mostly, ma'am," replied the faithful public servant.

A strange experience of the pocket-picking world occurred some twenty years ago. It was at Naples. People generally in those days carried silk pocket-handkerchiefs instead of the scraps of muslin which are affected nowaday. An American then at Naples, from whom five silk pocket-handkerchiefs were abstracted in as many days, sewed strongly into the interior of his pocket a large fish-hook. The result which he anticipated followed. The thief's hand was caught, and the American, turning sharply, seized him by the wrist and held him in a grasp like a vise till he could hand him over to a gendarme. But within a fortnight that American was stabbed to the heart as he was going home one night from the theatre.

In Montargis we heard (says Elizabeth Pennell, the tricycler), for the first time, the story of the lady tricycler, afterward repeated at almost every stage of our journey. The landlady served it to us with the dessert. Only a few days before, it seemed, two gentlemen arrived, each riding a velocipede, and each wearing long stockings and short pantaloons, like Monsieur. "Show these gentlemen to No. 14," she said to the chambermaid. "Take these towels up to *ces messieurs* in No. 14," she said, to the chambermaid, a few minutes later. "When the dinner-bell rang there came down from No. 14, not two gentlemen, but a gentleman and a lady; and, if we would believe it, the lady had on a black-silk dress. And the next morning, my faith, two gentlemen rode away.",

It is told on good authority of Lord Palmerston, that when he was made a Knight of the Garter he strongly objected to what, in vulgar circles, is termed the "garnish" (the official fees, which are very heavy). "Is it absolutely necessary," he inquired of the king-at-arms who brought him his little account, "to pay these fees?" "Really, my lord, I have never heard such an inquiry," was the dignified rejoinder. "Perhaps not, but I wish to know whether these charges can be enforced by law." "I believe not." "Very good; then I shall not pay them." "Then I, on my part, shall certainly decline to hang your lordship's banner over your stall in St. George's Chapel," returned the indignant herald. "All right; as I never go to chapel, either at Windsor or anywhere else, that will not matter to me in the least. I shall not pay these fees." And he never did.

I dropped into Youman's down-town hat-store last week to have my hat ironed (says a writer in *Town Topics*). A gentleman having just purchased a silk hat, one of the clerks had taken it to the inner room to have it shaped to his head. While he stood bareheaded awaiting his tile, another gentleman entered, and, mistaking him for one of the clerks, said, as he handed him his hat—which was an old one: "Want to have it ironed." The gentleman accepted the situation humorously, and taking the hat to the back office, called out: "Just iron that, please!" Presently his new hat was brought out to him, and while he was adjusting it, customer number two came up briskly and said, "You need not try it on. It looks all right. Give it to me." "Well, my good man," was the somewhat sarcastic retort, "I don't mind being mistaken for a hat clerk, but when it comes to giving up my new hat for that old campaigner I have just passed in, the line has got to be drawn."

A New York gentleman (says *Truth*) recently gave a dinner, and informed his guests that he had a new set of porcelain just received from Paris, and of which he promised them a glance after the coffee. As soon as the table was cleared, the butler handed a collection of soup-plates, dinner, and dessert-plates to the waiting guests. He had just completed the round when, as if by preconcerted action, the entire table burst into a roar of uncontrolled laughter. The host was astonished, and glanced from one to another in amazement until, when some one of the number pointed to the crest emblazoned in rich colors beneath the glare, and, under the beautiful drawing of the crest itself, there stood forth upon an artistic scroll the words, "This is my crest." An explanation, of course, was the only way out of it, and it seems that when the sketch for the bearing was sent to Paris, he wrote this phrase beneath to indicate its use, and the conscientious Frenchman, ignorant of the English meaning, transcribed the letter as a legend.

A quartermaster was once notified by the proper accounting officers at Washington, that his accounts, filed for approval, had been found incorrect. He had issued to the commissioned officers of his command three lead pencils in excess of the number to which they were entitled. His credit was disallowed to that extent, and his *pay was stopped* till the discrepancy should be satisfactorily explained. At another time a captain, almostly constantly on the move, had failed to account for a hatchet which had been issued to him, and was notified that unless he made proper returns, his pay would be stopped. Now, what had become of the hatchet the captain did not know, and, of course, could not tell. So he wrote back, asking the price of the article, and announcing his willingness to remit the required amount. To this he received the reply that "the department had no hatchets to sell." Whereupon he bought one at the nearest hardware store, and forwarded it to the quartermaster-general, with a letter expressing his regret that the government was so short, and concluding with the hope that affairs would go on smoothly, now that the missing hatchet was replaced.

Bishop Luscombe arrived one day at Paddington, and could not find his luggage. He called a porter to find it for him, telling him the name to be read on the articles. The man, very busy with other people, answered hurriedly, "you must go to hell for your luggage." Now Luscombe, who was a somewhat pompous and very bishoppy man, was dreadfully shocked, and felt, as he said, as if the porter had struck him in the face. In extreme indignation he demanded where he could speak with any of the authorities, and was told that "the board" was then sitting up stairs. So to the board-room the bishop went straightway, and announcing himself, made his complaint. The chairman, professing his regret that such offense should have been given, said he feared the man must have been drunk, but that he should be immediately summoned to give an account of his conduct. So the porter, in great trepidation, appeared in a few minutes before the august tribunal of "the board." "Well, sir," said he, in reply to the chairman's indignant questioning, "what could I do? I was werry busy at the time. So when the gentleman says as his name was Luscombe, I could do no better than tell him to go to h'ell for his luggage, and he'd have found it there all right!" "Oh! I see," said the chairman; "it is a case of misplaced aspirate! We have spaces on the wall marked with the letters of the alphabet, and you would have found your luggage at the letter L. You will see that the man meant no offense. I am very sorry you should have been so scandalized, but though we succeed, I hope, in making our porters civil to our customers, it would be hopeless, I fear, to attempt to make them say L correctly."

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It was during the tornado of the first Patti engagement in San Francisco that the gallery first began to be invaded by people from that delectable section, the north side of Market Street.

Since then, it has been quite a matter of custom for light-pursed patricians to mingle with the *hoi polloi* on big nights.

It is to the credit of the gallery, that it has been in nowise abashed by this invasion. The new people, men and women, are made welcome to the lofty and unfamiliar regions into which stress of circumstance has driven them, but they must abide by the unwritten laws of the place. Good-fellowship prevails, and if a man wants to speak his mind to his neighbor, a formal introduction is not necessary.

Perhaps the most thorough *esprit de corps* exists in the putting down of nuisances. We all are familiar with the cry "Put him out! Put him out!" and judging by the scuffle which follows, he generally is put out.

Since the invasion of the "upper classes," there is a new cry in the gallery: "Take off that hat!"

Aye, even so. The hat, the tall, defiant, dauntless, insolent, vulgar hat has lowered its proud crest before the gallery, and before the gallery alone.

There is not a woman in the land dare disobey that mandate in the gallery.

She may turn a deaf ear to protest, prayer, entreaty. Artists will sharpen their pencils in vain, writers will waste their ink; even the men will stay away from the theatre—the most terrible thing that could happen to the tallest-hatted women, for they only go to the theatre for the sake of the lark—but still they remain with dauntless front—and covered.

Managers may shudder and wish they dared, but they do not dare. The gallery boy alone has cut the gordian-knot of the discomfort of this decade. He says, "Take off that hat!" and without any parley, off it goes.

And the women who are willing to go up in the gallery, or even the balcony, to hear Patti sing, or Shakespeare filtered through the trained minds of Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett, are not made of commonest stuff.

A very bright woman of California, returning some time since from a European tour, asked, in all seriousness, "Who's on top this winter?" and was not at all surprised to hear a name perfectly unknown to her. That is the way we manage things in California. Every dog has his day, and these people are not "on top" just now.

Coming down by stories and up by prices, the balcony habitués have not the courage of the gallery boys.

A group of ladies, who went last week into the balcony, resolved to be considerate, and removed their hats. They were rewarded by being stared at by the members of their own sex as escapes from Bedlam.

Most of the men in the vicinity did not observe the sacrifice at all. Those who did resolved, in one or two instances, to profit by the shining example, and addressed the big-hatted persons in front of them, with the greatest deference, it is true, but still with a request that they remove the obnoxious hats.

The ladies simply snorted a defiant, indignant "no!" Snorted is not a pretty word, but it is here peculiarly apt and fitting. Even beautiful creatures, who wear tall hats, can snort.

A word in your ear, good gentlemen. Never betray me to my sex, but next time you ask a favor like this of a woman, don't ask it with deference. Borrow a leaf from the book of the gallery boy. There is a threat in his cheery "Take off that hat!" that he will himself expeditiously remove it, if she does not. Besides, a woman always obeys more cheerfully when she feels herself to be just a little bit bullied.

Further down-stairs, no one dares say a word at all.

But as even the laziest club-man likes sometimes to go to the theatre, there has been a species of mild revolt.

The first night is no longer the night. Fashion is in a chaotic state upon the subject, and has not yet selected its special evening. When this is done, let no one be surprised at a series of theatre-parties composed entirely of brutes of men, who intend to sit through the entire play, bolt upright, with their tallest, shiniest, most aggressive tiles on.

Every one has his own bit of the morning paper, which he reads first.

Cecilia, who is eastward-bound, follows the strike down to its last detail with fascinated attention. Jack, who is in the shipping, studies the arrivals from infected ports, and blazes away at the quarantine laws, with singular ardor, every morning of his life.

Flora, who has a great deal of housewifely pride, together with a most small income, reads the "Wanted" column, with a never-fading hope that somewhere, somehow, somewhen, she will find a fifty-dollar cook to come to her for thirty dollars a mouth.

The week's news in her department has driven her almost mad. The Vanderbilts are a thorn in her side. "I don't mind Mrs. Vanderbilt's twenty-five thousand a year for dresses," she says, "although the papers print the item over and over again, as if it were something wonderful. I don't mind the ten thousand a year that Vanderbilt gives his *chef*. I make no doubt the man is worth it. What I grudge him is a cook who can get up small dinners well; a cook who boasts he can serve a dinner of two *plats* so deliciously well that it would not do to affront them with a third. I have been looking for a small-dinner cook for ten years to suit my circumstances, and lo! it takes a Vanderbilt to get one."

Then there is the endless charm of the theatre notices, and the well-spun-out material of the infrequent society column for the many, and the heavy editorial for the few.

There is the court-room sensation of the hour for the sensation lovers, and the detailed accounts of hanging, murder, and suicide for the gentlest, mildest-minded men that ever read a horror, but could not bear to look on one.

My own especial bit of the paper, before I can look upon my coffee, is the bulletin from the Emperor Frederick.

By now, every one knows the curious fluctuations of the fearful disease which has fastened upon the throat of the new Emperor of Germany. The world hung too long upon the daily news from Mount MacGregor not to know them well.

By a coincidence, or rather, perhaps, from a something in the pathology of men doomed to suffer in this way, they have, one and all, a fortitude, a power of endurance, which challenges the admiration as well as the pity of those who know their suffering.

I crossed the ocean, not long ago, with an English general of renown, who had come home from the Soudan covered with glory, and honor, and with the Victoria cross to wear upon his breast. In the very peal of his triumphs, he became conscious that a malignant disease was fastening itself upon him. His physicians pronounced it incurable cancer of the throat, and warned him that his doom would come soon.

His resolve was soon taken. He had faced death in the battle-field, but he would not face the long, wearing grief of an invalid wife, and a delicate daughter, nor should they see him suffer the hopeless agonies of the months of life that lay before him.

He told them that he was coming to America to hunt buffalo. There are English people who still believe that the plains are full of buffalo.

His speech was already affected when he gave his last yearning look at the shores of his English home, but his family suspected nothing. He died, some few months after, up in the New Hampshire hills, among strangers.

General Grant *would* not die till he had written *finis* to his monumental book, though its every page was punctuated with exquisite pain. And Fritz would not die till he had made his ambitious but devoted Victoria empress, if it were only for an hour.

Is there any one who did not wish that she would touch the crown when it fluttered almost out of her grasp, during the few fateful hours when the aged Emperor of Germany and his son were shadowed at one time by Azrael's wing, and the death-angel seemed not to know which to choose?

Empress Victoria was not very popular once, either in Germany, or out of it.

These Hohenzollerns all seemed so mighty, and so strong, and so distant, six months ago, that people only saw them across their ermine and their purple. And Her Majesty the Queen of England is such a sagacious old lady that when she applied to the old emperor to make proper maintenance for her daughter, in the very first stages of the illness of Frederick, these royalties all seemed very well able to take care of themselves.

But Victoria, the younger, grew to be the most pathetic figure in Europe, as her fate darkened around her, and there was not any one, perhaps, except the court clique of Berlin, who did not hope to see the imperial diadem rest upon her ambitious head, if only for an hour.

When the Hohenzollerns began to crumble and succumb to human fate, and this faithful wife, grown old and haggard with watching her beloved husband, sick unto death, suspecting spies, treason, and trickery, with the Iron Chancellor against her, and her own son lurked in the almost open enmity of the great man, wept in the open garden, the only spot in all the royal household at San Remo safe from eavesdroppers—why, then, the current turned, and the world wept with her. For the first time the royal Germans seemed *gemüthlich*.

And, as their little interior home-squabbles keep coming out, day by day, they really seem quite human, and their affairs are as interesting as last week's gossip.

What could be better than the Empress Victoria asking her big brother to give her eldest son a dressing down for his impertinence? Perhaps the Prince of Wales would have been more successful with the Crown Prince if he had not himself been hastily summoned to receive a little scolding at home from the majesty of England, who is rather gifted that way.

But though she is the most selfish and arrogant woman under the sun, and the prince stands her broadsides of attack very good-humoredly, she never dares to go just too far. There is a touch of touch-me-not-ness about this easy-going royal gentleman, which routs even the queen.

Furthermore, since the prophecies have all failed to come true, since William did not live to be ninety-six, as the seers foretold, since Frederick, by the grace of God, is Emperor of Germany, though the soothsayers promised that he would never wear the crown, it begins to look as if Wales, too, might come into his own.

And Victoria, who has a very inbred regard for a king, even though he be to come after her, shudders a little at the near prospect, and tries to keep her temper. And so the squabbles of these too-much intermarried families—as witness Wilhelm's shriveled arm and shapeless stump—are wafted to us daily over the wires.

And there is a sigh every day for Frederick the Peaceful, as he waits; but, otherwise, it is rather pleasant to trifle with the destinies of Europe over one's breakfast.

The mob, being the *piece de résistance* in Steele Mackaye's rather tumultuous but most interesting play of "Paul Kauvar," deserves, and receives, the greatest amount of attention.

But one must wait a long while for it. Meantime, one gets one's French politics sadly tangled. It is the duty of every good American to be a good Republican, and such, for practical purposes, the hero has been made to be. But he is, at the same time, so shifting and unstable, that we never could accept him in the world as a hero, if it were not for the supreme sacrifice he makes, when by reason of the somewhat go-as-you-please arrangements of the big prison, he takes the place of another man on the way to the guillotine.

One naturally becomes a Royalist in reading of the Reign of Terror. None of the fictionists but Charles Dickens ever made one feel the real swelling of the great sea of wrongs and centuries of indignation that broke against the guillotine, and spent the terror of its force in the great place, which now smiles up to the sun with its marbles and its flashing fountains, one of the most beautiful, and truly, one of the most peaceful spots in all the world.

Paul Kauvar does not fit well into the play, even with all his high-sounding sentiments, and with Mr. Frank Carlisle to make him interesting.

One likes better the aristocratic Diane, who knows her own mind very thoroughly, and announces it now and then with dynamic force, and with the letting down of a suit of bright, brown hair, which is well worth the showing. Diane threatens to join the *sans-culottes*, and does it in a voice of thunder, in a significant tableau, and in a grass-green dress, which all have their weight in their general melodramatic effect. And Miss Mayer is one of the best of melodramatic actresses, despite a certain fixedness of facial expression.

But it was the mob that we went to see—the rehearsed mob—and sure enough, when it came it was very like that snarling, blood-thirsty band, who desolated La Vendée a hundred years ago. Mobs are changeless things from century to century. They still skulk, and hover, and try to get behind each other, for even in the fierceness of attack, each member of a mob tries to put some one safely in front of him. There is always a spokesman or two, who also retires safely into the thick of his following so soon as he has boldly spoken a word or two.

In all of this, the mob was certainly well rehearsed. And, when a handful of soldiers turned upon them with leveled guns, the mob took fright as promptly as a very real mob would do, and everybody laughed. There is always a lot of laughter amid the terrors of mob rule.

T. Adolphus Trollope, in his garrulous, but often interesting autobiography, relates that, during the stormy political times of 1835, in France, a much-dreaded mob was scattered by the use of a powerful fire-engine:

"The heroes of the *drapeau rouge* had boasted they would stand against any charge of soldiery. Perhaps they would have done so. But the helter-skelter that ensued on the first well-directed jet of cold water from the pipe of a fire-engine, furnished Paris with laughter for days afterward."

But this mob of the Reign of Terror had the bit in its teeth, and really, that dark, fierce, young leader, and the young woman—with the Phrygian cap—in the foreground, were so like the horrible, real thing, that they put a stamp upon the well-rehearsed mob, and seemed to be looking at us through the lurid lights of the last century.

Some slangs are a long time coming around our way. The "Jay" slang in particular, which is an old word in the East, has never penetrated San Francisco to any extent.

The complaint of "the stranger" that he "had struck a Jay town, and stopped at a Jay hotel, where two Jay old maids played all night on a Jay piano," appealed to the East as being in a humorous way quite as graphic a picture as Balzac's unsavory description of a second-class boarding-house.

At first its humor did not permeate the San Francisco intelligence, but within a fortnight, the word has crept successfully into the language, and even the schoolboys use it in their moments of more impetuous description.

Shakespeare, who stands accountant for a great many sins of language, backs its users up. For the gentle Imogen instills some gall into her grief when learning of her lord's unfaithfulness, and cries bitterly. "Some Jay of Italy hath betrayed him."

During the Booth and Barrett season, a number of men have been tempted from their firesides, who rarely leave that cosy corner.

They are the closest students of Shakespeare, and though they may translate a mystic passage to you till it be clear as running water, the Shakespeare of the theatre perplexes them sadly.

They do not seem ever to have heard of Colley Cibber and his kind, and always take the grand bard to the foot of the letter. Upon a fixed principle they disagree with the readings of the actor, and are as bewildered by scenery, accessory, and action, as if Shakespeare were being done in a strange language. They are much given to bringing "pocket Shakespeares" to the theatre, which seems a particularly absurd thing to do when the actor is playing in the language of his hearers, and their faces are a study when the text is modified a shade, or the action switches a little to suit the construction of the modern stage.

"Vandalism, vandalism," their every feature seems to protest, as they hurriedly turn the leaves to find where the thread is taken up. But the search is always as hopeless as the task of a blue Baptist trying to find the place in an Episcopalian prayer-book.

Good newspaper men say that a man writes best of, and observes best, that country which is not his own. Perhaps it was this doctrine that made the success of Bartley Campbell as a playwright. He never wrote of any country that he could really have known very much about.

He made a Southern play before he had ever crossed Mason and Dixon's line, wrote a Russian play or two, while Russia was the fad, and dashed in "My Geraldine" merely as a touch of cosmopolitan fancy, and because he wished to have an Irish play in his collection.

It is as good as most of them, better than many of them. No one knows whether it is like Ireland; but it is like Boucicault, which is very much more necessary, and so it goes very well.

There are one or two singing men who smack of the minstrel stage, a singing soubrette who breathes the air of the concert platform, the typical villain of Irish melodrama, and Mrs. Dion Boucicault herself.

Old New York theatre-goers like to tell of the time when Agnes Robertson, a bonnie Scotch lassie, as dainty and delicate as a Dresden-china Shepherdess, played the first Colleen Bawn.

That was a long, long time ago. Only the pathos of her story makes her interesting now. It seems sad enough that a woman should be condemned to the footlights, so long after the glamour has faded out of them, when she should be sitting in her arm-chair by her fireside, surrounded by her large family of children, who are scattered instead to the world's end.

And so "My Geraldine" would not be a very good performance but that it has a personal interest, a thing which often invades the impersonal theatre.

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TO THE MAN WHO PUNS.

Pitiable Sir: Of all the men in the world who labor under a misconception as to their own position in the community, you are the most unfortunate; for the oftener you are told that you are a nuisance to your neighbors and a weariness to the spirit of mankind, the more you think you are accomplishing your object in life, and succeeding as what is called an "inveterate punster."

It will be my humble and probably futile endeavor to make you understand that there can be no such thing as success in your chosen avocation, and that the more you succeed, according to your own ideas of success, the more nearly you approach a total failure, as a man and as a humorist.

To do this, I must first explain to you what it is that you are doing, and how it was that you came to do it. I shall begin with the latter revelation.

Your tribe has, of course, existed from time immemorial. Your prototypes, in all probability, desecrated the primitive forms of speech. But the particular branch of the monkey family to which you belong—the American species—would, we think, have been extinct long ago had it not been for the unhappy inspiration of a troupe of comedians who came to this country some twenty odd years ago, under the leadership of Miss Lydia Thompson. They brought with them a peculiar form of the British drama called the "burlesque." This was a metrical composition which relied for its humor chiefly upon puns and similar verbal equivocalities. Observing that these efforts were not regarded by the American public as either ingenious or pleasing, one of the comedians hit on the expedient of pretending to fall in a faint when a particularly painful piece of idiocy was uttered. When six comedians stood in a row, and all simultaneously fainted and fell in a row like nine-pins, an indulgent audience laughed at the spectacle, and thus brought upon the country the infliction of your existence.

For it is solely and entirely upon this piece of "stage business" that you live to-day. Any human being who is not afflicted with paralysis of the vocal organs can make a pun. "Brown" being the name of a man and also the name of a color, it is easy enough for you or for any one else to say: "Here comes Mr. *Brown* in a *crown* study." No intellect can be conceived of so base and abject that it can not perceive that if the wind *blew* it might make a person *blue*. To say that a man who writes with his *feet* does a great *feat*, it is not necessary that you should not have a tail.

But it is not every man who is willing so far to forget his self-respect that he will accompany his pun with contortions; will put his hands before his face or over his head, and in various ways convey to the rational citizens about him the idea that he expects to sustain physical assault for having wasted time in showing that he knows that "brown" has two meanings, or that "feet" and "feat" are identical in sound. Even the comedians who invented these gymnastics were paid to do it.

You are not, as you know, in any danger of bodily castigation. The worst that can happen to you is this: your friends learn to look upon you with a sort of contemptuous pity, born of nausea and irritation.

They forgive you, perhaps, just as they might forgive you if you fell into the habit of getting tipsy, or gave up washing yourself. But if you think that they recognize any difference, save of degree, between those various forms of offensiveness, you are greatly mistaken.

This truth, I am sorry to admit, they can not well convey to you. If they see you taking to liquor, or going about with a dirty face, remonstrance is at once their privilege and their duty. But the usages of society do not, as yet, allow them to say to you: "If you persist in acting like a monkey in a cage, you must quit our company." Their condemnation must be applied only to the verbal combination which you have, in your own phrase, "perpetrated." And the more severe this condemnation is, the more you think it is a "perpetration," and—Heaven help you!—you think that a "perpetration" is something funny.

But if I have awakened in your mind any glimmering light on the subject, I shall feel that I have not wasted my own time, and that I may possibly have kept you from wasting the time of others. Yours for peace, G. Lang.

—*Puck*.

Science Notes and News contained, a short time since, the suggestion of electric lighting from the air—using wind-mills for the motor. In Dakota, where the artesian wells have such a pressure as to warrant the belief that it is due to gas—since there are no known water supplies capable of furnishing the necessary head—it is purposed to utilize water for the same purpose. An electric-light plant is about to be put in at Yankton, to supply five hundred incandescent and twenty-five heavy arc-lights, requiring about forty-horse power. The power is expected to be supplied by an artesian well now flowing, and if the experiment is successful, another well will be bored, and the capacity of the light plant doubled.

Central Europe has still some immense tracts of uncleared forest lands. In some Austrian provinces, such as Croatia and Slavonia, the proportion of woodland to the population is so great, that if it were divided among the inhabitants, nearly two acres would fall to the lot of each person. In the three principal wood-producing districts there are nearly four million acres of forests, the yearly increase of which is valued at more than two million five hundred thousand dollars. The export of wood is a large item in Austrian trade.

In Baltimore: *Mr. La Troab*—"Of course, Miss Cabot, you can't expect, as a stranger, to realize, all at once, that this is the most exclusive city on the American continent." *Miss Cabot* (of Boston)—"But I'm not an entire stranger, Mr. La Troab. You must remember that my father was a member of the Massachusetts regiment you entertained so handsomely in 1861."—*Tid Bits*.

In the chemical laboratory: "Professor, what has become of Appleton? Wasn't he studying with the class last year?" "Ah, yes; Appleton—poor fellow! A fine student, but absent-minded in the use of chemicals—very. That discoloration on the ceiling—notice it?" "Yes." "That's him."—*Tid Bits*.

"I am glad I learned to sew on buttons when I was a bachelor," observed Fangle. "Why?" asked [illegible]. "I find the accomplishment so useful, now [illegible] married."—*Puck*.

It was at the dinner table (says the Boston *Herald*). The head of the house has a passion for preserving, filing, and indexing every letter that comes to him, and has accumulated an immense mass of correspondence. His wife believes that when a letter has been read the best thing to do is to destroy it. The conversation turned on the relative merit of the two systems, and a lady guest related that she knew of a gentleman recently deceased, in a neighboring city, who left instructions that his correspondence should be buried with him. "They actually had to have a coffin made on purpose, so as to make room for the letters," she said. "Great Scott, father," exclaimed the son and heir, "they'd have to bury you in a freight car!"

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LEAVE (for)	From March 20, 1888.	ARRIVE (from)
8.00 A.	..Calistoga and Napa	10.15 A.
4.00 P.	" "	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	..Colfax	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	..Gait, via Martinez	10.15 A.
10.30 A.	..Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	" " "	*3.45 P.
5.30 P.	" " "	7.45 A.
9.00 A.	..Ione via Livermore	5.45 P.
3.00 P.	Knight's Landing	9.45 A.
*4.30 P.	.Livermore and Pleasanton	*9.45 A.
5.00 P.	.Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, & East	9.45 P.
9.30 A.	..Los Angeles and Mojave	12.15 P.
3.00 A.	.Martinez	6.15 P.
§4.00 P.	.Merced	*5.45 P.
2.30 A.	.Ogden and East	8.15 A.
4.30 P.	" "	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	.Red Bluff, via Marysville	5.45 P.
7.00 A.	..Redding, via Willows	7.15 P.
7.00 A.	Sacramento, via Benicia	7.15 P.
8.30 A.	" via Benicia	8.15 A.
9.00 A.	" via Livermore	5.45 P.
3.00 P.	" via Benicia	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	" via Benicia	10.45 A.
6.30 P.	" via Benicia	7.45 A.
*1.00 P.	..Sacramento River Steamers	*6.00 A.
7.30 A.	..San José	*12.45 P.
9.00 A.	"	*3.45 P.
3.00 P.	"	9.45 A.
*4.30 P.	"	‡4.15 P.
9.30 A.	..Santa Barbara	12.15 P.
5.00 P.	"	9.45 P.
9.00 A.	.Stockton, via Livermore	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	" via Martinez	10.15 A.
6.30 P.	..Siskiyou and Portland	7.45 A.

A for morning. P. for afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted.

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To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00.
To FRUIT VALE (via East Oakland)—Same as "To East Oakland" until 6.30 P. M. inclusive, also at 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 P. M.
To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*3.30, *12.00, 7.00, 12.00.
To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *5.30, 7.00, *7.35, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, ‡2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00.
To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, ‡2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00.
To WEST BERKELEY—Same as "To Berkeley."

To San Francisco, daily.

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From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5.21, 5.51, ‡9.20, *12.55, *2.10.
From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 9.55, 10.55.
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From BERKELEY—*5.25, 5.55, *6.25, 6.55, *7.25, 7.55, *8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55, ‡10.25, 10.55, ‡11.25, 11.55, ‡12.25, 12.55, ‡1.25, 1.55, ‡2.25, 2.55, 3.25, 3.55, 4.25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6.55, 7.55, 8.55, 9.55, 10.55.
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From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12.15, 2.15, 4.15.

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8.15 A. M., daily, for Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSÉ, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all way stations.
2.15 P. M., except Sundays, Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnews, Santa Clara, SAN JOSÉ, New Almaden, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ, and Boulder Creek.
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TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From Fourteenth and Franklin Sts., Oakland—§5.35, §6.05, §6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.46, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 P. M.
From High Street, Alameda—§5.21, §6.01, §6.31, 7.01, 7.31, 8.01, §8.31, 9.01, 9.31, 10.01, 10.31, 11.01, 11.31, A. M., 12.01, 12.31, 1.01, 1.31, 2.01, 2.31, 3.01, 3.31, 4.01, 4.31, 5.01, 5.31, 6.01, 6.31, 7.16, 8.16, 9.16, 10.16, 11.01 P. M.
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TIME SCHEDULE.

LEAVE S. F.	In effect March 1, 1888.	ARRIVE S. F.
12.00 P.	....Cemetery and San Mateo	2.30 P.
‡7.00 A.		7.40 A.
8.30 A.		*9.00 A.
11.30 A.		9.03 A.
*3.30 P.	....San Mateo, Redwood, and	*12.02 A.
4.30 P.	.....Menlo Park	‡11.30 P.
*5.10 P.		4.30 P.
6.30 P.		9.40 P.
§11.45 P.		§7.50 P.
8.30 A.	...Santa Clara, San José, and	9.03 A.
10.30 A.	.....Principal Way Stations	*12.02 A.
*3.30 P.		4.30 P.
4.30 P.		9.40 P.
10.30 A.	....Almaden and Way Stations	4.36 P.
8.30 A.	.....Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville	*12.02 A.
*3.30 P.	..... Salinas, and Monterey	6.40 P.
8.30 A.	.....Hollister and Tres Pinos	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.		‡6.40 P.
8.30 A.	....Watsonville, Aptos, Soquel	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.	...(Capitola), and Santa Cruz	6.40 P.
8.30 A.	.Soledad, Paso Robles, Templeton, (San Luis Obispo) and Way Stations	6.40 P.

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Commencing Monday, October, 17, 1887, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUCELITO and San RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.15 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays,—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.15 P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45, 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip

From SAUCELITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.20, 10.00, 11.45 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays,—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12.45, 2.15, 4.00, 6.00 P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30, 7.05 P. M.
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C. H. LIVINGSTON, Manager.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city.

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The most beautiful, most invigorating, most easy of access of all mineral spring resorts; 1,500 feet above the sea level. Take San José cars 8:30 A. M., and arrive at Springs at 3:30 P. M. **J. F. FOSTER, Proprietor.**
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No. 216 Sansome Street,
East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

Capital (Paid up in Gold) $300,000 00
Assets, Jan. 1, 1884 ..... 759,475 13

PRESIDENT ..... J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT ..... J. N. L. SHEPARD.
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Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720.
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FIRE AND MARINE.

CAPITAL, - - - - $2,000,000
OFFICE ..... 410 PINE STREET.

Bankers, The Nevada Bank of San Francisco.

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TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST CO.
Office, 206 Sansome Street.

CAPITAL PAID UP - - $250,000

Absentee owners, persons unacquainted with the transaction of business and corporations, such as religious and charitable institutions, will find this company a safe and convenient agent for managing investments. In its

TRUST DEPARTMENT

It manages estates. It collects interest, dividends, and rent.
It remits income promptly to absentee owners.
It buys and sells for its clients government bonds, approved securities and real estate
It acts as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver, Depositary, and Attorney.
It registers and transfers stock, pays dividends, etc., for railroads and other corporations.
It negotiates and issues loans on the San Francisco market.
It undertakes the business of trustee for loans of approved corporations, and is authorized by law to act as trustee in every capacity in which an individual can act.

TITLE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.

In this department the company combines the business of searcher and attorney, and gives an absolute guaranty of title up to the full value of the property, if the title is found to be good. If title is found defective and uninsurable, the total charge is but ten dollars.

Transportation--Ocean.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY,
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at **2 o'clock P. M.** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong.	1888.
San Pablo	.....	**Saturday, March 24**
Oceanic	.....	**Saturday, April 7**
Gaelic	.....	**Saturday, April 21**
Belgic	.....	**Saturday, May 12**
San Pablo	.....	**Saturday, June 2**
Oceanic	.....	**Thursday, June 21**

Round-trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
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T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
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FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA
San Blas ..... Saturday, March 26, at 4 P. M.

Taking freight and passengers direct to Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, Corinto, Punta Arenas, and Panama.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:

City of Sydney ..... March 31, at 2 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro ..... April 14, at 2 P. M.
City of New York ..... Tuesday, May 1, at 2 P. M.
City of Peking ..... Wednesday, May 23, at 2 P. M.

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.
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PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

The steamers MEXICO and UMATILLA direct for VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports, every Friday at 9 A. M.

The steamer MEXICO sailing every other Friday at 9 A. M., connecting at Port Townsend with the steamers IDAHO and ANCON for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, connecting with the O. R. & N. Co. every Saturday.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, about every [illegible]

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HUMBOLDT Bay, [illegible]

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, at 9 A. M.

For COOS BAY, [illegible] at 9 A. M.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO.
No. 10 [illegible]

THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1888

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the *Argonaut* for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail $7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail 6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail 5.90
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail 6.00
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail 6.20
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One year, by Mail 6.50
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail 6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail 6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Young People for One Year, by Mail 5.00
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail 4.50
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail 4.50
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World, One Year, by Mail 5.50
The Argonaut and Wide-Awake for One Year, by Mail 5.50
The Argonaut and the English Illustrated Magazine for One Year, by Mail 4.75
The Argonaut and the Atlantic Monthly for One Year, by Mail 6.70
The Argonaut and Outing for One Year, by Mail 5.75
The Argonaut and Forest and Stream for One Year, by Mail 6.50
The Argonaut and Judge for One Year, by Mail 6.70
The Argonaut and the New York Spirit of the Times for One Year, by Mail 8.00
The Argonaut and the Nineteenth Century (monthly) for One Year, by Mail 7.25
The Argonaut and the Contemporary Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail 7.25
The Argonaut and the Fortnightly Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail 7.25
The Argonaut and the Westminster Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail 7.00
The Argonaut and the Edinburgh Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail 6.20
The Argonaut and the Quarterly Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail 6.20
The Argonaut and the Scottish Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail 6.20
The Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (monthly) for One Year, by Mail 6.20
The Argonaut and the Critic for One Year, by Mail 5.90
The Argonaut and Life for One Year, by Mail 7.25
The Argonaut and Puck for One Year, by Mail 7.2

This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. Fred Otis has returned from a trip to New Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson have gone East via the Southern route. They will be away a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. H H Sherwood have gone to Santa Barbara to remain several weeks. They were accompanied by Miss Anderson, of that city, who has been visiting Mrs. Grayrigge

Miss Gertrude Hughes intends passing considerable of the summer with friends in Sausalito

Mr. and Mrs. I. Lawrence Poole have decided to make San Rafael their home during the summer months.

Mrs. Susie William, who has been the guest of the Misses Rountree for several weeks, has gone to Tulare to visit Mrs. John Hays

Miss Belle Wallace, of Napa City, has been visiting Mrs. William T. Wallace for a couple of weeks.

Miss Edith McAllister is expected here in a couple of weeks.

Miss Grace M. Spencer returned to San José last Sunday after a brief visit here.

Mrs. C. C. Yemans, of Detroit, is the guest of Mrs. D. J. Staples after a sojourn of two months in Southern California, including a visit to her son Doctor H. W. Yemans at San Diego

Mrs William H. Shafter and Miss Mary Shafter, of Angel Island, are visiting friends in the East.

Miss Anna Hubbs is visiting relatives at Santa Barbara.

Mrs George W. Van Deusen, of the Presidio, is visiting her mother, at Fort Klamath, Or.

General and Mrs. Chauncey McKeever and the Misses Elsie and Helen McKeever have returned from an enjoyable sojourn at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto and Miss Georgie Tabor have returned to the city, after a five months' visit to Central America.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury is a guest at the Hotel del Coronado on Coronado Beach.

Miss Gertie Yoell returned to San José, last Monday, after a short visit to her sister in Oakland.

Mr. George R Shreve has gone to Los Angeles, and will return soon with his sister, Miss Bessie Shreve, who has been there for several weeks.

Mr. William Corbitt and the Misses Corbitt, who have been passing the winter at the Palace Hotel, will leave for their country home, at San Mateo, in a fortnight, where they will reside during the summer season, as usual.

Mrs Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, and Miss Birdie Fair will depart for the Eastern States in about a week, and expect to be away all of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Findley and the Misses Mamie and Edith Findley are passing a few weeks at the Occidental Hotel, preparatory to making Sausalito their home for the summer.

Mr. Charles G. Hooker and the Misses Jennie and Bessie Hooker are enjoying San Diego's balmy climate for a couple of weeks

Mr. Osgood Hooker has returned from a trip through Southern California.

Mrs. Amy Crocker has been entertaining Miss Bessie Crouch, of Sacramento, at her residence on Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. Henry B. Alvord will depart about July 1st for a tour of the world

Mrs. James R. Garniss has returned from a prolonged visit in the Eastern States

Mrs. George Atherton is the guest of friends in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. O F. Willey is convalescent after her recent severe illness.

Mrs. A. A. Porter contemplates a tour of Europe during the summer.

Mrs. Adam Grant, who is visiting friends in San Diego, is expected back next week.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze returned to the city on Monday, after quite a visit to Del Monte.

Mr. Fred W. Sharon and Mr. Francis G Newlands are in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker returned from Sacramento last Tuesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, passed a few days at the Palace Hotel this week.

Mr. Lloyd Tevis is making a visit to the Eastern States.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and Mrs. J. B. Wright will leave for New York city the latter part of next month, and about the middle of May will sail for Europe to visit the various points of interest there. They will pass considerable of the time at the Carlsbad Springs, and expect to be away about four months

General and Mrs. W. H. Dimond and the Misses Dimond have returned to their country residence at Menlo Park.

Mrs. John R. Foster, of Portland, Or., is visiting Mrs. Anna M. Lathrop at her residence, 2101 Van Ness Avenue.

The Misses Marguerite and Marie Bucknall are visiting friends in Napa Valley.

Notes and Gossip.

A concert was given in Vallejo last week by Mrs. Carl Jungen and Mrs. J. W. Philip for the benefit of the sufferers from the explosion of the steamer *Julia*. These ladies were assisted by the popular singer, Mr. Wm. H. Keith, Jr. The proceeds amounted to four hundred and fifty dollars, which sum was distributed at once to the most destitute.

A pleasant progressive euchre-party was given by Miss Dora Boardman at her home, 1750 Franklin Street, last week, as a compliment to Miss Pearl Voorhies and Miss Hunter, of Kentucky. Handsome prizes made the contest exciting, and a delicious supper contributed no little to the enjoyment of the affair Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Lina Blanding, Miss Pearl Voorhies, Miss Hunter, Miss Alice Decker, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Flora Low, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Miss Julia Bissell, Miss Julia Tompkins, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Rita Haggin, Miss Helen Otis, Miss Mamie Elliott, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Susie Tompkins, Miss Millie Ashe, Miss Leslie Van Ness, Dr. Cunningham Deane, U. S. N., Lieutenant L. H. Strother, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. A. Tripp, U. S. A., Mr. Samuel Boardman, Mr. Robert L. Sherwood. Mr. Herbert Carolan, Mr. Harry L. Tevis, Mr Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Arthur Lee, Mr. A. C. Smith, Mr. Colin M. Smith, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. H. M Bissell, and Mr. Ferd Reis

Miss Nellie Smedberg gave a charming lunch-party at her home, 1611 Larkin Street, a week ago yesterday. Exquisite taste was displayed in the decorations which comprised pretty draperies and blossoms Narrow ribbons of pink, green, and red were festooned among clusters of peach-blossoms that adorned the chandelier, while along the centre of the table were arrangements of spring green and pale pink crêpe, with peach-blossoms and Japanese prune-blossoms caught in the folds and strewn carelessly near by. Masses of peach-blossoms and a drapery of pink crêpe brightened the side-board, and on the buffet were a pale green willow basket and a large tea-pot, both filled with blossoms The favors were sprays of candie fruit tied with pink and green ribbons, on which the name of the guest was painted. The young ladies passed the afternoon delightfully. Those present were: Miss Nellie Smedberg, Miss Ella Good, Miss Hunter, Miss Pearl Voorhies, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Helen Otis, Miss Mamie Elliott, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Claire Ralston, Miss Emelie Hager, Miss Susie Tompkins, Miss Julia Tompkins, Miss Raymond, and Miss Howard.

The Rutherford "Progressive Dinner."

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford entertained sixteen friends at a "progressive dinner-party" last Wednesday evening which she gave at her residence, 1165 Bush Street. The appointments were in perfect taste, and the novelty of the party gave it an additional charm The large, round dining table was covered with a cloth of cherry-colored surah in the centre of which reposed a mass of white ox heart cherry blossoms. From this diverged three ribbons of lemon, red, and pale green silk upon each of which the word "progressive" was inscribed in letters of gold. Covers were laid for sixteen, and at each plate was a crescent formed of maiden's hair ferns and madrone berries of a delicate lemon color The favors were exceedingly pretty being in the form of a spray of candied pears and pear blossoms tied together with cords of green and white silk, and upon the glossy green leaves the name of the guest and the date was lettered in gold. The guests were seated at seven o'clock, and as each course was ended the gentlemen would arise, and each would take the seat vacated by the next gentleman seated to the right Thus at the end of the eight courses the gentlemen had made the tour of the table and were in their original positions. The menu was elaborate, and in its enjoyment several hours were delightfully passed.

Army and Navy.

Cpptain C. M. Shoonmaker, U. S. N., will leave here next Tuesday, by steamer, to take command of the *Vandalia*

Lieutenant William J. Hannam, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Ranger*, and ordered to duty on the Pacific station.

Colonel Alexander J Perry, U. S. A., has been making an official visit to Los Angeles

Lieutenant Richardson Clover, U S. N., has been ordered to the *Pensacola*, which will soon proceed to Aspinwall, with officers and a crew for the *Omaha*

Lieutenant W. C. Turner, U S. M. C., who has been stationed at Mare Island for some time, has been ordered to the command of the marine guard on the *Omaha* at Aspinwall.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Orpheus Instrumental Club.

The Orpheus Instrumental Club, of Oakland, gave its third concert of the second series, last Thursday evening, at the First Congregational Church in Oakland. The orchestra was assisted by Miss Mary E. Barnard, soprano; Mr. J. H. Rosewald, violin; Herr Heinrich Köhler, piano; and Mr. Clarke W. Reynolds, accompanist. The following excellent programme was presented, and afforded considerable enjoyment to the large audience:

Overture ..... Auber
Piano Solo—*(a)* "Gondoliera" ..... Liszt
(b) "Tarantelle" ..... Nicode
Herr Heinrich Kohler
(First appearance in America.)
Aria—"Leggero Invisible" ..... Arditi
Miss Mary E. Barnard.
Selections from "Faust" ..... Gounod
Violin Solo—"Fantasie du Salon" ..... Vieuxtemps
Mr. J. H. Rosewald
Intermezzo—"Fleurette" ..... Thorne
Ballad—*(a)* "Dreams" ..... Strelezki
(b) "The Sybil" ..... Puzzi
Miss Mary E. Barnard.
Piano Solo—*(a)* "Nocturne" ..... Chopin
(b) "Hungarian Rhapsody" ..... Liszt
Herr Heinrich Kohler.
Serenade ..... Haydn
(String Orchestra.)
Messrs Gollischon, Stewart, Carlton, Sandford, Marx, Gutterson, and Kebe.
Virginia Polonaise ..... Thurby
(Clarionett Solo.)
Mr. Thomas Ernst and Orchestra.

The Kohler Concert.

Herr Heinrich Köhler, a solo pianist, who is now on a tour of the world, gave his first concert in America, last night, at Irving Hall. An attentive audience was present, and an excellent programme was provided. Mr. J. H. Rosewald, violinist, and Miss Mary E. Barnard, vocalist, assisted in the execution of the following selections:

(a) Prelude and Etude ..... Hummel
(b) Menuet ..... Haydn
(c) Finale from the first Concerto ..... Mendelssohn
Aria ("L'Amour") ..... Saint-Saens
Miss Mary E. Barnard.
Violin Solo .....
Mr. J. H. Rosewald.
(a) Scherzo } ..... Chopin
(b) Nocturne }
(c) Tarantella ..... Nicode
Concerto in E flat (No. 5) ..... Beethoven
(Second and third movement.)
Songs—*(a)* "Resolution" ..... Lassen
(b) "Hark, Hark" ..... Schubert
Miss Mary E. Barnard.
Violin Solo .....
(a) Etude ..... Chopin
(b) Caprice ..... Rubinstein
(c) Gondoliera } ..... Liszt
(d) Hungarian Rhapsody }

ART NOTES.

The paintings, sketches, and studies of the late Virgil Williams have been on exhibition during the past week at the rooms of the Art Association, 430 Pine Street, and have attracted a large number of visitors and several purchasers. Mr. Williams was the former instructor at the School of Design, and a well-known and talented artist, whose untimely demise has been the cause of putting this collection on exhibition, with the idea of disposing of it at a private sale. There are one hundred and sixty-five pictures in all, including about a dozen water-color sketches by Mrs. Williams The prices of the pictures range from three hundred dollars down to twenty dollars, the majority being catalogued at low figures. Among the most notable are the following: "Mt. St. Helena at Sunset," one hundred and fifty dollars; a landscape in the San Gabriel Valley, two hundred dollars; "The Old, Old Story," three hundred dollars; a landscape at Knight's Valley, two hundred and fifty dollars; "The Fisherman's Family," two hundred dollars; "The Morning Call," two hundred dollars; a scene in Chinatown, two hundred dollars; an Italian Girl," two hundred dollars. There are a dozen Yosemite sketches, studies of grouse, snipe, doves, and quail, "The Old Shrine," an Italian study, a dozen sketches near the Geyser Road and in Knight's Valley, "Feeding the Doves," sketches in Maine and the Napa Valley, Indians cooking in the San Gabriel Valley, "Gathering Plums at Sunset," "Gathering Peaches in the Morning," "Fishermen Mending their Nets at Capri," "Berkeley Oaks," study for a threshing scene on the Roman Campagna, head of an Italian boy, "The Fisherman's Family," studies of "Old Josh," "Old Squire," and the head of a fox, about thirty sketches near San Gabriel, "The Golden Gate at Sunset," Italian figures, studies of an old mission church, hunting scenes, sketch of Tom Hill's oak, "Near our Home," "Il Madrono," "A New England Kitchen," "Old Home in Nantucket," "Maine in Autumn," Chinese wash-house, an Italian girl, and many others. In their entirety they ably illustrate the versatile talent of Virgil Williams. The exhibition will continue until next Saturday, and the gallery will be open to visitors from nine until five o'clock each day.

The spring exhibition of the Art Association will open on Tuesday April 17th, and a large number of paintings and sketches are promised

W. A. Coulter will have an exhibition of his sketches and paintings at the Art Association, from April 2d to April 5th, inclusive, and the entire collection will be sold without reserve. "The Hartford nearing her Haven of Rest" will be the particular attraction.

Lucky Ladies.

To draw the capital prize is luck that comes to only one out of many thousands who invest. But everybody can win a capital prize in good health, comfort and beauty of form by wearing Freud's celebrated corsets. To secure these blessings is better than a fortune of money. Ladies who wear Freud's corsets are characterized by their healthy and graceful appearance. The wonderful reputation of these goods has created imitators against whom the public are warned. Freud's Corset House, 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Grant Avenue, is the depot for best and cheapest corsets in the world. Address mail orders, Freud & Son, 742 and 744 Market Street. Make no mistake.

Easter Lilies

Are not comparable in beauty with the lilies and roses on the cheeks of ladies who use Rachel's Enamel Bloom. For sale by all druggists.

— TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

FREE EXCURSION

MERCED

COMPLETION OF THE

CROCKER AND HUFFMAN CANAL

Twenty-Seven Miles in Length; Capable of Irrigating 1000 Square Miles

GRAND CREDIT SALE AT AUCTION

3,000 CHOICE BUSINESS AND RESIDENCE LOTS 3,000

Sale without Reserve in the Fountain City of Merced

BY ORDER OF THE

PACIFIC IMPROVEMENT COMPANY

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

BRIGGS, FERGUSSON & CO.

DAYS OF SALE

Tuesday, Apr. 10th, Wednesday, Apr. 11th, Thursday, Apr. 12th 1888

Sale Begins on Tuesday, at 1 o'clock P. M., and on Wednesday and Thursday at 10 o'clock A. M.

TERMS OF SALE

One-fourth cash; balance in three equal payments, due in six, twelve, and eighteen months, with interest at the low rate of 8 per cent. per annum. A deposit of ten per cent. will be required on the fall of the hammer; balance of cash payment to be made at the El Capitan Hotel, Merced, at the close of each day's sale, when contracts will be issued.

TITLE PERFECT. Deeds at Purchaser's Expense.

Special arrangements have been made by the Merced Board of Trade, for the Accommodation of all Excursionists, Regardless of Number.

LAKE YOSEMITE

Only 5 miles from Merced, is a square mile of water 30 feet deep, to be stocked with Fish, Steam Yachts, Sailing Yachts, Gondolas, Row Boats, Floating Islands for Music, Refreshments, etc., etc.

UNEQUALED WATER SUPPLY. The Crocker and Huffman Canal, costing $1,500,000, with abundance of pure water, supplies the City of Merced.

Water from the YOSEMITE FALLS with ninety feet pressure at MERCED

The Future Manufacturing City. FOUNTAINS SEVENTY FEET HIGH

POWER AT NOMINAL COST. Flour Mills, Woolen Mills, Sash Factories, Machine Shops, and other

MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENTS are in immediate contemplation.

BUILDINGS TO BE ERECTED with large rooms supplied with power for all purposes.

POWERFUL TURBINES for manufacturing purposes. All waste water from Fountains and Turbines conducted into Irrigation Canals.

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS, Lights, Motor Power all produced by this economical and powerful Water Pressure.

TEN MAGNIFICENT COLONIES surround the future Fountain and Manufacturing City

IN THE THERMAL BELT only five miles distant.

FLOWING ARTESIAN WELLS at a depth of 160 feet.

NATURAL GAS only 400 feet from the surface.

RAISIN VINEYARDS, ORCHARDS, from 5 to 20 acres on installments.

ORANGE GROVES from 1 to 10 acres on installments, all adjacent to the CROCKER & HUFFMAN CANAL.

FREE EXCURSION

TO AND FROM MERCED TO PURCHASERS

EXCURSION TICKETS are sold good on all Regular Trains as follows

APRIL 9th and 10th, Limited to April 15th for return trip

All Tickets will be issued with a coupon attached, showing the amount paid; one coupon will be received from each purchaser as a credit on FIRST PAYMENT

Excursion Rates made known upon application at the Southern Pacific Company's Depot Office

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THE HIGHEST GRADE CHAMPAGNE IN THE WORLD

"CARTE BLANCHE," (White Label) A Magnificent Rich Wine.

"GRAND VIN SEC," (Brown Label) Perfection of a Dry Wine.

See that every Bottle bears the private label of MACONDRAY & CO., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest, and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in cans.

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NEW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

THE FINEST OF DRY WINES

DEUTZ & GELDERMANN'S

GRAND VIN D'AY

GOLD LACK SEC

CHAMPAGNE,

In Magnums, Quarts, and Pints.

CHARLES MEINECKE & CO.,

Sole Agents, 314 Sacramento St., S. F.

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—OF THE—

LAND AND NAVAL

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KREELING BROS. ..... PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.

First Time at This House, and Until Further Notice, Gilbert & Sullivan's Master Production, entitled,

PATIENCE,

OR BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE!

The cast includes Misses Belle Thorne, Carrie Godfrey, Kate Marchi, Freddie Stockmeyer, Georgie Grouard; Messrs. Stanly Felch, Robert Evans, M. Cornell, Henry Norman, and A. Messmer. In Active Preparation—BENVENUTA.

OUR POPULAR PRICES, 25 and 50 cents.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

STAGE GAGGING.

By a Gagger.

When interviewed, recently, on the above subject, Nat Goodwin had this to say to a reporter

"What is a gag?

"There seems to be some misconception as to what a gag really is. It is not a piece of stage business, as some people seem to suppose. When I interrupt the burlesque love scene in the third act of 'Turned Up' by going to the bust, which stands on a pedestal upon the stage, and turn the face away so that the tender incidents of the scene may not be witnessed even by those eyes carved in stone, that is a bit of stage business, and there is no other word or phrase to describe it. A gag is a speech, and it is a speech introduced among the lines of the play, usually by a player, but, at all events, by somebody other than the author. A gag, in other words, is a speech which does not appear in the original manuscript.

"The word is a coinage, of course, but how or by whom it was coined is a secret locked up in the bosom of the past. It is an old word, and I know it has been in use for at least a hundred years. It was certainly familiar to the players of the time of Goldsmith, Coleman, Keefe, and Sheridan, and there was the same talk about the advantages and disadvantages, the propriety and impropriety, of gags then as there is now.

"Gags are usually spontaneous, and uttered by the actor on the spur of the moment. The idea that any player shuts himself up in a room and evolves them gradually and laboriously, or tosses on his couch at night elaborately concocting them, is absurd. Gags cooked up in this way would, as a general thing, be of no use. The gags that catch on, are living now, and have passed into current speech, are the product of the moment. When they are good, and the audience accepts them with favor and with a satisfactory tribute of applause and laughter, naturally they are retained. The prompter stands with his prompt-book in the wings and makes a note of all such speeches and expressions, and gradually they are incorporated into the original manuscript. After this fashion the original manuscript of most plays grows day by day and month by month, and it is marvelous how considerable this growth is, and how, after a while, because of the consistency and the coherency of these additions, the gags can not be distinguished from the author's speeches. I remember that one time after we had been playing 'Hobbies' for two or three seasons, a rehearsal was called for the purpose of introducing some new members into the company and getting them up in their parts. We got stuck somehow or other, and a reference to the original manuscript was found necessary. I need scarcely say that we were considerably surprised to find that the gags which had been introduced into the play, and were then an integral part of it, covered seventeen pages of foolscap paper, which is almost the amount of space covered by an act of ordinary length.

"Some of the best and brightest lines in the old comedies, and the ones which catch the audiences to-day, and compel the longest and heartiest laughter, are gags. They have grown so naturally out of the original situations and the author's dialogue, that they seem to be part of the work. In fact, the lines of the author and the gags of the players can not possibly be separated. It would be very interesting, if it were possible to do so, to compare the manuscript of 'London Assurance,' which was submitted to Charles Matthews, with the acting version of that comedy to-day. 'London Assurance' was practically made on the boards. Boucicault's manuscript was simply a framework, which succeeding generations of players rounded and gagged into its present proportions. Few people in an audience to-day understand that many of Bob Acres's brightest speeches in 'The Rivals' are gags, and I should not at all be surprised to know that a number of lines of Shakespeare, which are extensively quoted now, were the contributions of the players of the time who appeared in his dramas, or possibly of Shakespeare himself after the dramas were produced, and are also gags in every proper sense of the word. Look at Colley Cibber's version of 'Richard III.,' which is simply Shakespeare's tragedy abundantly gagged, and the gags, among which is to be counted 'A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!' are the most familiar quotations from it.

"Most of my most successful gags have come to me wholly without premeditation on my part. I remember that when I first produced 'Hobbies' in San Francisco the audience was particularly cold, and I did not seem to be able to stir them up at all. I got mad at length, and determined to make a break. Thomas Burns, who is with me now, was then a member of my company. The point in the play was finally reached where he said:

"'I will see you later.'

"'Not if I see you first,' I replied, instantly.

"That caught the audience. I had no reason to complain of coldness after that. They laughed if I winked my eye, and when I got off a good line they went into spasms. This gag has gone into common use, but it was entirely original with me.

"It was in 'Hobbies' that I originated two other gags, which have lived through these seven or eight years, and promise to become permanently popular. When the fairy in ballet costume came on the stage, it fell to the lot of one of the players to allude to her abbreviated skirts, and to remark that they were very short. One night I retorted:

"'Yes, they come high, but we must have them.'

"That gag not only went with the audience, but it has continued on its way ever since. But, really, the most successful gag, I think, that I ever uttered, was in explanation of the ballet-girl's appearance on the scene. One night, when the usual query was made as to where she came from, I explained, on the impulse of the moment, that the door was open and she blew in. When I first got that off I heard, I think, the heartiest laughter I ever heard within theatre walls.

"I believe in judicious gagging. Injudicious gagging is always fatal."

It is interesting to annex to this a comment on Nat Goodwin by "Nym Crinkle." The comment was not made on the foregoing, but was incidental to a criticism:

"Nothing can be so cheap and nasty, when it wants to be, as the Goodwin school, that stops in the middle of a line to speak to somebody in the box; that has its hale fellows on the front seat, and flings its asides to them; that makes jokes on the actresses, and guys the author, and jibes the manager, and, like the end-man in a minstrel show, always betrays its pet amusement by making every joke circle round a pack of cards."

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French Artichoke Salad.
German Custard.

BAKED LEG OF MUTTON WITH ANCHOVIES AND HAM.—Pound your gigot, lard it with six cloves of garlic salted and sprinkled with pepper, and with strips of lean ham; put your gigot in a saucepan with a quart of good bouillon, add salt, pepper, a bay leaf, nutmeg, a bordeaux glassful of brandy, cook on a gentle fire. Make an anchovy butter; pound a dozen anchovies (from which you have removed the stones) in a paste, and mix with six ounces of fresh butter. It should be made the moment the gigot is cooked. Take your gigot out of the saucepan for a moment, let your sauce boil up; skim it, and pour it in the saucepan with your anchovy butter; return your gigot to the saucepan, and let it set on hot coals until you are ready to serve; dress your gigot on a dish and pour over the sauce.

GERMAN CUSTARD.—Make a custard as usual, adding half an ounce of sweet almonds, blanched, roasted, and pounded to a paste, and half an ounce of pinenuts, or peanuts, blanched, roasted, and pounded; also a small quantity of candied citron, cut into the thinnest possible slips; cook the custard as usual, and set it on the ice for some hours before using.

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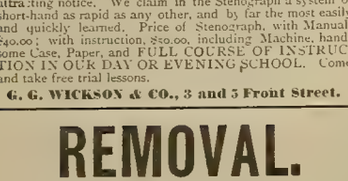

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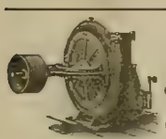

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RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1887.

ASSETS, - - - - - - - $118,806,851.88

INSURANCE AND ANNUITY ACCOUNT.

	No.	Amount.		No.	Amount.
Policies and Annuities in force Jan. 1st, 1887.	129,927	$393,809,202 88	Policies and Annuities in force Jan. 1st, 1888	140,943	$427,628,932 51
Risks Assumed	22,305	69,457,468 37	Risks Terminated	11,289	35,037,738 74
	152,232	$463,266,671 25		152,232	$463,266,671 25

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Balance from last account	$104,718,734 31	By Endowments, Purchased Insurances, Dividends, Annuities, and Death Claims	$14,128,423 60
" Premiums	17,110,501 62	" Commissions, Commutations, Taxes, and all other expenses	3,649,514 49
" Interest, Rents, and Premium on Securities sold	6,009,020 84	" Balance to new account	110,051,718 68
	$127,839,656 77		$127,839,656 77

BALANCE SHEET.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Reserve for Policies in force and for risks terminated	$112,430,096 00	By Bonds secured by Mortgages on Real Estate	$49,615,268 05
" Premiums received in advance	82,314 36	" United States and other Bonds	43,439,877 81
" Surplus at four per cent	6,294,441 52	" Real Estate and Loans on Collaterals	20,159,173 37
		" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	2,619,362 66
		" Interest accrued, Premiums deferred and in transit and Sundries	2,973,169 98
	$118,806,851 88		$118,806,851 88

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

Year.	Risks Assumed.	Risks Outstanding.	Surplus.
1884	$34,681,420	$351,789,285	$4,743,771
1885	46,507,139	368,981,441	5,012,634
1886	56,832,719	393,839,203	5,643,568
1887	69,457,468	427,628,933	6,294,442

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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In presumption, doubtless, that the editor of the *Argonaut* is a leader in the American party, this journal is constantly in receipt of communications, asking such questions as these: "What is the American party doing?" "What is its policy in reference to municipal and State politics?" and "What course will it pursue in reference to national and Presidential affairs?" We might answer these, and similar conundrums, by saying that, so far as our information extends, there is no American party; there is a wide-spread American sentiment permeating all parties, enveloping the entire country like a cloud, gathering here and there at storm centres, and threatening to burst, sometimes dropping a few great drops, and occasionally a hail-stone or two—the wind blowing steadily and strongly in one direction, accompanied by the muttering sound of thunder and the sharp, zigzag flashes of lightning, indicates the possibility of a storm. There are elements in the political horizon of hurricanes, cyclones, and blizzards which, it is not improbable, may burst into destructive force when least expected. But there is no present sufficient organization of this sentiment that justifies it in the adoption of a party name. When the party is old enough to submit to discipline, it will be time enough to choose party leaders and party organs; for the present, it is in a sort of go-as-you-please condition, and no man in the nation is authorized to speak for it as leader, and no newspaper has any rightful authority to announce itself its organ. And yet, the object of the American party is well known, its principles well defined, and its policy well understood. The object of this party is to bring the political and civil administration of the United States of America under the control of American citizens, and the word "American," as used in this sense, does not mean any Roman Catholic Irishman, or any other alien, or native-born Papist, who thinks that the Pope, or any of his priests, or the Church of Rome—as a church—has any right of participation in the affairs of the American Republic. It does not embrace any elector who is of the opinion that the flag of any nation other than the American, or the flag, or emblem, or painted device of any church, has the right, under any circumstances, or at any time, to float above an American public edifice, or from the mast of an American ship, or at the head of any military procession on American soil. It does not cover any person who conspires against the American school-house, or who introduces foreign politics for agitation in this country. Whether the American party ought in localities to attempt anything more than to exercise the balance of power is still a matter of discussion. As an individual, we give our influence for this line of conduct, as we think more can be accomplished in that way than by running an independent ticket. As for national politics—there being no national American party, and no possibility of organizing one for this coming Presidential election—those persons who are disposed to Americanism must await the action of the Republican and the Democratic parties, and when platforms and candidates are presented cast their votes for the one that comes nearest to a promise of repealing the naturalization laws, reforming the laws governing immigration, in a word, vote for the candidate and party that give the best promise of the reforms demanded by the American party. When we are personally asked, why not remain in and work out reforms in the Republican party, our answer is personal and, therefore, unimportant. We have been driven from the party by Irish bosses, and an Irish mob has invaded our precinct, taken possession of our club, driven our neighbors out of their own hall, and sent delegates to State and county conventions to represent, not the Republican party, but a band of vulgar bullies, who have invaded the precinct in which the editor of this journal has lived ever since there was a Republican party. These invading bullies have not as a rule been either citizens, or Republicans, or residents of the precinct, nor are they men of good morals or property; they are the hired bullies of professional politicians under the direction of a boss who makes politics his business, and lives off the loot and plunder of office. The Republican party in State convention, in event of a contested seat over delegates, invariably decides for the invading force of ruffians. Republicans in State convention, Republican candidates for office, Republicans in dispensing the patronage of office, always favor the blackguards, and if an opportunity is presented to decide against an American, and in favor of a Roman Catholic Irishman who belongs body, soul, and breeches to the Pope, the Irishman gets the favor, and the American is snubbed. There is not a Republican club, or county committee, or political party organization, or State convention, that for its life dares to say one word, in platform or resolution, that shall endanger the loss of an alien vote. The Republican party in this State is in contemptible and cowardly subservience to a mob of political mercenaries, under the leadership of unworthy bosses, and there is not a gentleman in its ranks, who aspires to the position of leader, who dares to deny, over his own signature, the truth of the assertions herein set forth. Therefore, when the editor of this journal is asked why he does not remain and work out his reforms in the Republican party, he answers that it is because he has been driven from it by blackguards, and that these blackguards are upheld and sustained by the Republican party; and yet, in the coming Presidential election, the *Argonaut* desires to have such a Republican candidate, and such a Republican platform, as shall merit and receive its support. There are thousands of gentlemen and business men, men of property and intelligence, in this State, wanting no office and asking no political favors, who are, and for many years have been, acting with the Republican party; they have expended labor and money to sustain the party, and so long as the civil war lasted, so long as the Southern States were to be reconstructed, and so long as any important sectional question remained unsettled, they adhered to the fortunes of the Republican party. The party went into minority by the election of Cleveland, and during his administration the country has not suffered. After twenty-four years there had grown up among Republican leaders such irreconcilable antagonism, that it was found no longer possible to unite upon any candidate for the Presidential office, and it was discovered, after the last election had gone by, that Mr. Blaine had been in union with the Clan-na-Gael, and other alien political organizations, for their support—a support that presumes a bargain; and the conviction is general, that there can be no bargain with the political Irish, nor with Papal Rome, consistent with patriotism. Mr. Blaine, with keen political intelligence, saw the improbability of his nomination, and the impossibility of his election, and withdrew from the defeat which would have been to him political death, with not the chance of any political resurrection. All other party leaders are encouraged to contest for the nomination by the withdrawal of Mr. Blaine. Never did a national political party have so many candidates for the Presidential office as has the Republican party now; there has, usually, been some confessed leader, who like Saul, stood head and shoulders above his fellows. Webster, Clay, Seward, Douglas, Lincoln, Grant, and Blaine were conspicuous enough in party ranks either to carry off the nomination, or compel the discontents to mass their combined forces in opposition. Now there is, in the Republican ranks, an almost dead level of political mediocrity for Presidential choice. Edmunds, Sherman, Evarts, Depew, Conkling, Hiscock, Lincoln, Foraker, Harrison, Gresham, Allison, Childs, Sheridan, Alger, are only in part the names deemed available for the Republican Presidential nomination, and the choice of no one of the number gives guarantee of an united party. The issue that is alone prominent, viz., tariff or free trade, is not unanimously accepted by any wing of the party, nor in any section of the country. No political act of Mr. Cleveland, no act of the Democratic administration, has given any especial offense to the general voting mass of citizens, and, so far, there is no slogan for the campaign. The only certain thing ahead is Cleveland's nomination by the Democracy, while there can be no guess at the probable candidate of the Republican party. Hence, it seems to us unwise for the unorganized American party to say, at this time, what it ought to do, or, at this time, to compel either its Democratic or Republican members to withdraw from the national party organizations with which they have been in friendly alliance. These gentlemen may justify their course to each other by saying, and saying most truthfully, "We can better carry out our principles, and better serve the American party, by retaining position in our old political organizations, answering roll-call in our party ranks with our old comrades, than by standing out in a helpless and hopeless minority to accomplish nothing." In State and municipal politics we can avail ourselves of the political machinery of the other parties to make our influence felt as a balance of power; in the choice of a President we can have to choose only between the candidates that have the national party machinery to present the names for an electoral college, and it is not unlikely that, in that attitude, Americans, with American opinions and the courage of their convictions, may compel both the Democratic and the Republican parties to give attention to the signs of the times, and note the portents of a storm in the political heavens.

Puck has an illustration of a lean and hungry sow entering the United States Treasury through its window in 1865, and coming out through the door in 1887, with eighty million dollars for pensions. The fat and monstrous swine is vomiting great streams of gold. The Pension Act is a mystery to us, and Mr. Vest, of Missouri, describes the debate up-

auction, at which both parties are bidding for the vote of the Grand Army of the Republic. The G. A. R. is something like the G. O. M. of the English Parliament—just a little overreaching; depending is Gladstone, we fear, on the popularity achieved in his earlier days; depending is this Grand Army of the Republic, we fear, upon the popularity and glory of its fighting sons. We do not quite understand how it is that now, two decades after the war is ended, the pension-roll is on the increase. Perhaps, like the Pioneer Association of this city, whose sons are eligible for admission to Mr. Lick's bounty, the pension-roll is so desirable a place that sons and sons-in-law are being born to furnish our politicians an opportunity to demonstrate their patriotism and gratitude, by voting away a grateful people's money. The pension-roll seems, at all events, to roll on, and like the snow-ball, to gather in size and momentum as it advances. We are not grumbling, for there is, perhaps, no better mode of distributing the surplus than by giving it to the men who were on the army rolls during the civil war; but we do not just quite understand to what distance down the branch of the genealogical tree dependent relatives are to be permitted to hang. We suppose everybody who was enlisted under an inducement of eight hundred dollars bounty, and every man who served in the commissary or quartermaster's department, or who served as teamster, hospital steward, or officer's servant, who was honorably discharged, and every soldier who served an hundred days, and every one who never served at all, and those who skedaddled on the field of battle, and those who served as clerks and paymasters at Washington, who never saw a battle-field or smelled burning powder, are entitled to pensions. We are not questioning the right of any soldier to receive a pension who was wounded on field of battle, or who lost his health from toil, or languished in hospitals, or carried to his home the seeds of disease, to reap a harvest of future sufferings. The man who risks his life in the service of his country, and comes from the ranks of war maimed and bruised, his health shattered, and his strength impaired, has the unquestioned right to aid and support from the treasury of the nation whose life he has contributed to save; and if he has a wife and little ones dependent upon him, they must share the bounty he has honorably earned. This is the great principle that prompts the pension system—it comes from the gratitude of the nation. But if the Grand Army of the Republic has become a political organization, and the votes of its members are to be sold at auction for pecuniary rewards, granted in the form of pensions, then it is time that the tax-paying people cry "halt!" We have looked upon some of the bloodiest battles of our civil war; we have seen heroes plunge into the hell and carnival of strife, to come out dead upon stretchers, to come wounded from the field, to be tossed upon the surgeon's table for amputation; able-bodied, splendid young men, torn and bleeding, we have seen them writhing in hot fever and disease in the hospitals; we have seen them dead on the fields of victory and defeat, mutilated with great shot from artillery, pierced with minie-balls, crushed beneath their dead and dying steeds; we have seen the hasty interment in trenches, the quick prayer that consigned dead soldiers to a hasty, careless burial; we have seen, in stately monument of bronze and marble, the costly honors to heroes, from a grateful country; in the quiet Northern village church-yard we have seen the sepulchres that mark the resting-place of obscure, but illustrious dead, and in our national cemeteries, long lines of graves with marble stones, to mark that beneath them lay all that was mortal of unknown and unrecognized heroes, who had offered their lives a willing sacrifice on the country's altar. These men loved life, as in earlier days we loved ours; they had left homes dear to them, and loved ones most precious; and as we saw them stripping for battle, and leap over the breast-works into the skirmish-line of death, we thought then, and think now, that for the dead there are no monuments too costly, and for the surviving no rewards too great. But if, in our brief glimpse of the war, we saw heroism, courage, devotion, and sacrifice, we saw, also, cowardice, speculation, and treachery; we saw aliens who, in careless ignorance of the causes that led to the war, and brutal indifference to the result, sold themselves to take its chances for a bounty; we saw these men in long lines of prisoners, detected in skulking, and in skedaddling from duty and from peril; we saw tens of thousands who, although enlisted, never saw an hour of military service in the ranks that fought; we saw, in all sorts of employment, men in and about the fighting ranks, that were better paid than those who remained at home in field or shop, and who were in no greater danger than those who continued in civil life; and when we contemplate the abuse of the pension service, we think it a reproach that the names of heroes, and the names of those who have not deserved well of their country, stand side by side in this roll of fame. When we look upon the grand parades and great gatherings of the Grand Army of the Republic, we see men whose achievements are inscribed upon the battle-roll of an honest and hard-won fame; we see beside them, keeping tramp to holiday music, out-eating and out-drinking them at banquets, out-talking them on all public occasions, and out-manœuvring them in all contests for office, a set of adventurers and vagrants for whom it demands all our credulity and all our patriotism to believe they could have in any better way deserved a pension than by dying for it. Among those whom we personally know as active politicians in the Grand Army of the Republic, who eat beans around camp-fires that blaze more brightly and more frequently about election time, and who are more willing to work in the political than in the harvest field, there are some of whom even the honorable discharge, the medal of the corps, and the emblem of the division, scarce convince us that they are any more patriotic, or any more deserving, or any better entitled to support from the treasury than other men who for many reasons did not enter the army. We wish the pension bureau could have divided this army, and rewarded as they deserved those who merited the gratitude of posterity for a union preserved, and left the bounty bummers and skedaddlers to have skirmished for a living unaided by government; we wish from the ranks of the Grand Army there could be driven out those who never deserved a place in it, and from their breasts and button-holes be taken the insignia of honors they never won. Perhaps our motives will not be too much questioned, nor ourself be too severely censured, if we hint to the grand officials of the Grand Army of the Republic, that there are some things going on in the organization that will of necessity require change, or it will be suspected that all within their ranks are not above suspicion, and that outside their military order there are some people comparable with some of them in some of the virtues deemed essential to good citizenship.

There is no person who has given to the Chinese question intelligent consideration who does not appreciate that it is a many-sided proposition. In the earlier days of California the Chinese were welcomed to our State by men of all nationalities and members of all parties. On the fourth day of July, 1851, the Chinese formed a prominent and attractive feature in our parade; upon the celebration that was given to welcome California into the sisterhood of States, they composed an impressive part of the pageant. When Mr. Anson Burlingame visited San Francisco, after negotiating his treaty with China, he was given a splendid banquet under the patronage of leading merchants and gentlemen of San Francisco. The Hon. Henry Haight, then Governor of California, presided. The leading clergy and professional men of the city sanctioned the occasion by their presence. There was in the earlier years of California no opposition to Chinese immigration. Clergymen of all denominations hailed their advent as an opportunity to teach the Christian religion, and send it abroad throughout the Oriental nations. Merchants saw Oriental commerce piling our wharves with bales of silks and spices, receiving in exchange our flour and merchandise. The Chinese were to reclaim our marsh lands, irrigate our waterless plains, and to our agricultural products add tea and rice; their cheap labor was to be the solution of many an industrial problem then regarded as difficult. The dream of a transcontinental railroad was to have been realized by the aid of Chinese laborers, and was by them largely aided in its construction; then came a reaction which controlled all political parties, affected all conditions of society, and in religious, commercial, agricultural, labor, and financial classes there was an almost unanimous sentiment in favor of restricting Chinese immigration. The lower and baser element of society, moved by demagogues, were incited to riot, and under Kearney and O'Donnell, and their Irish associates, there was danger of serious and destructive agitation. The riotous element was not confined to San Francisco, but extended to our rural districts, and spread to Nevada, Colorado, Oregon, and Washington Territory. The better classes, respecting the laws that gave protection to the Chinese, and not forgetting that they were among us by invitation of international treaties, had the humanity and the courage to protect the Chinese from the Irish. Out of these agitations came a city government to San Francisco, and resulting from them a change of constitution to California. A State election to give expression to Chinese sentiment resulted in an almost unanimous expression in favor of excluding the Chinese from immigration. What in the early days was regarded as a local prejudice soon became national; all the State and territorial conventions of the Pacific Coast, both the national parties in national conventions, were in harmony. Then followed the special commission to China to revise the Burlingame Treaty. The history of that miserable failure, in which the Washington commission was outwitted and played upon by the sharp and subtle Chinese, and the befuddled treaty with which it came home, we need not consider. The courts and custom officials have been worrying with its tangled intricacies and endeavoring to unravel its complications vainly ever since. In the meantime the nation is beginning to comprehend the importance of the Chinese question, and to understand that its effects are not to be confined to the Pacific Coast, nor to the labor class, and that it is something more than a riot between Irish and Chinese; that it is a national question, affecting the civilization, prosperity, and welfare of the American people. Even to the ordinary trained and prejudiced mind of the female Sunday-school teacher and senator of New England, the conviction is penetrating that there is danger in longer leaving these Oriental gates ajar; that even the Yankee nation is not so all-fired smart that it can resist the invasion of an empire swarming with four hundred millions of people, a people capable of catching and drying their own cod-fish, manufacturing their own nutmegs, and in most respects the equal and in many the superior of the boastful Saxon race; a nation that for four thousand years has demonstrated its capacity of government, and illustrated the durability of its peculiar civilization; that has a philosophy older than the Christian religion, the fruits of which may not always be compared with disadvantage to the precepts of Confucius. In recognition of the political and material importance of this question, and perhaps having in view the fourteen electoral votes of the Pacific Coast, the administration of President Cleveland has quietly and successfully negotiated a new treaty with the Imperial Government of China, through its embassador at Washington, which recognizes that the Chinese labor class may be entirely excluded from immigrating to this country, or residing here for the purpose of pursuing any industry which requires not brains, or skill, or technical training, but only muscle and physical strength. This treaty is an attempt to restrain and substantially prevent the immigration of the Chinese labor class, and while it provides, in exceptional cases, for the return within a limited period of those Chinese who, having gained a residence under existing treaties, may have returned to their native land, it endeavors—and honestly, we think—to guard the treaty from a violation of its provisions. Whether a departing Chinaman can provide himself with a spurious wife and family, or a fictitious property of the value of one thousand dollars, or in his place, and upon a certificate that is recorded only among our custom records, and bearing only a name and a number, can outwit our legal tribunals, and successfully steal a residence in the country, must be hereafter demonstrated. We think the treaty measurably secure against this danger, and if honestly interpreted by judges broad-minded enough not to lose their brains in technicalities, that it will serve to arrest labor immigrants from all Chinese ports. Immigration from English ports presents another line of discussion; between England and America there should be no difficulty in negotiating a satisfactory treaty. Of course, we see that this treaty negotiated by Mr. Bayard, Secretary of State and now sent to the Senate, with the approval of President Cleveland, will become the subject of criticism by politicians and political editors as they may think its ratification or rejection will affect the Presidential election. The reciprocity treaty with England, and the fishery adjustment with Canada will, doubtless, be hung up till the Presidential result is known. An attentive perusal of the terms of the Chinese treaty, and careful consideration of them, has persuaded us that this treaty ought to be ratified in the Senate of the United States without serious delay, and that if any hindrances are thrown in its way for the purposes of political effect, the party responsible for these hindrances, or for the defeat of the treaty, will necessarily and deservedly suffer from its action. This treaty is, in our opinion, an honest effort on the part of the administration to give relief from an immeasurable evil, and it ought not to be hindered in its passage or defeated by reason of any results of a political character that may possibly hinge upon its passage or rejection. The Chinese question is not a party question; it has never been in this State, and can never become one in the nation. There is only one Eastern statesman of national reputation who had the sense early to realize the importance of restricting Chinese immigration, and he is not a candidate for the Presidential nomination of the Republican party, to which he belongs. Republican senators will do well if they refuse to open up the Chinese question to a consideration of the position they have taken since it first presented itself for their consideration and action. Overhauling the Congressional records will disclose some ugly votes, exposing their authors to most severe criticisms, if the Chinese question shall become an issue in the Presidential campaign.

The following prize conundrums are presented in a most profound editorial in Monday's edition of the *Chronicle*: "the country demands the nomination of Blaine, has the party or have its leaders, any right to set themselves up in opposition to the popular will?" "Is it not the privilege of the people to name their candidate, and is it not disloyalty to the people to seek to force another nomination upon them?" "Suppose that the Republican National Convention, responsive to the will of the people who creates it, should nominate Blaine by acclamation, what would be the result? Would the Mugwumps have any reason for declining to support him?" "Would ultra-conservative Republicans, who objected to Blaine in 18[illegible] because he was too much of a politician and too persist-

a seeker after the nomination, make the same objection if now the nomination comes unsought, and not only wholly unsought, but against his express wish?" "If the people should demand that he be the standard-bearer, has he the right to decline, or would an *unwilling consent* obtained from him warrant a Republican in sulking to his tent while the battle was raging?" We enter ourselves for all the prizes, by answering all the riddles. The country will not demand his nomination, and if it does, anybody, who is not a party slave, has the right to vote against Blaine, or stay at home and not vote at all. It is not the custom of the people, nor their privilege, to have any voice in a national convention, nor could they have it if they desired. The programme is laid out at Washington, and it always is by political bosses and party senators. Delegates are elected in the different States by politicians and office-holders, and the only way for the people to exercise any influence, or have any say in electing a President, is by choosing between the party candidates for President. This is an answer to two questions. If Mr. Blaine should win a nomination by acclamation, the result would be that every other candidate would think himself defeated by a trick, the party would be divided, and Blaine would be worse defeated than before. Mugwumps declined to support him before, and will decline the second time, and find plenty of reasons now that they did not know existed when he was a candidate. If Republicans were ultra-conservative enough to object to Blaine, because he was too much of a politician, and too persistent an office-seeker in 1884, they will have the same objection now that he has intrigued and plotted for another four years. If he is nominated, the "unsought nomination" will be so thin a dodge that everybody will see through it, and be disgusted with it, and won't have it. As Mr. Blaine will not be nominated against his wish, or with it, or nominated at all, not by acclamation or ballot, and as the people won't demand of him to be standard-bearer, nor give him a chance to decline, nor try to wring from him an unwilling consent, Republicans won't have any chance to sulk in their tents while the battle is raging, for Mr. Blaine will not be the candidate of the Republicans for President. Mr. Blaine does not desire the nomination; he knows he can not be elected; he knows that he made a secret bargain with the Irish wing of the Roman Church four years ago, and that unless he explains, and denies, and repudiates his sympathy with Rome and his bargain for Irish votes, that he can not be nominated, and if nominated, that he will be overwhelmingly and disastrously beaten. He can not and dare not write one line of explanation or denial in this direction. That this is the weak spot in Mr. Blaine's political armor, every Republican editor and party leader knows, and there is not one in the land who will have the courage to give the true reason why Mr. Blaine can never be President of the United States.

The declaration by Mayor Hewitt, of New York, that an Irish flag should not be raised over the city hall on St. Patrick's Day, or any other occasion, is one of those incidents that may possibly inaugurate great and important events. It may raise an issue in New York between Protestants and Papists. Hewitt may be the nominee of the American party, in that State, for governor. If that issue is ever made, the "no church and state" party will win. A governor elected upon such an issue might become the Presidential nominee of a triumphant national party, whose emblem is the American flag, whose platform is the American Constitution, and whose policy will be to put no more Romanists in the public schools and no more aliens in the army. The danger line must be recognized before it can be wiped out. With Father McGlynn at work within the Papal Church, and Abraham S. Hewitt within Democratic lines, and General Grant on the battlements of heaven, signaling danger; with new American journals being established all over the land; with Protestant pulpits speaking out in resistance of Papal aggression; with statesmen of both parties introducing laws and amendments of laws to restrain immigration and repeal naturalization laws, the *Argonaut* does not feel as lonesome as it did eleven years ago when, almost single-handed and alone, it raised its note of warning against the insolent combination of bigoted Papacy and ignorant Democracy to secure for an alien church and an ambitious hierarchy an undue influence in the political affairs of our country, an influence not justified by its organic law, the spirit of its republican institutions, or the genius of a liberty-loving people. And now we think we hear some timid, frightened, pale-faced soul, with blanched lips, whispering: "This means a religious war." We answer: "Yes; it means a religious war, waged to the finish, around the ballot-boxes of the Republic; it means to drag this conflict from the secret confessional, from the intrigue of Jesuit cloisters, from the conspiracy of political bosses in bar-rooms, out into the open of free discussion."

Along thousands of miles across a vast continent there runs a line that divides two great empires. From the Atlantic, stretching across the broad continent to the Pacific, sometimes through great gulfs and over broad lakes, sometimes through grassy plains, farms, hamlets, and villages, and sometimes through a dense, primeval forest, where wild beasts find their hiding-places, runs this line that separates the Dominion of Canada from the Republic of the United States. Inhabited by the same race, engaged in the same pursuits, speaking the same language, these people are by blood, lineage, tradition, and religion, born friends. Young men and maidens woo across the line and marry—for, between lovers, there are no political boundary lines. In social intercourse they are friendly, and in each other's community they find a local market for the exchange of their productions and the labor of their hands; between these friendly communities there are no political differences of opinion, no essential disagreements in reference to the mode of government for each, all living under constitutions and laws made by themselves, and every individual on either side the political line feels himself under the protection of laws having a common origin and enforced by the promptings of a common civilization. These people ought to be one people, ought to be under the same government, and ought to be permitted to enjoy all the privileges common to their locality; that an imaginary political line should divide them seems unnatural; that the fish that are produced in their streams, that swim their shores, and the worms that grow along their banks for bait, should divide these people and create antagonisms between them, seems absurd. Yet this is the case, and there has, within the century, grown up such diverse interests as the boundary question, the Fisheries controversy, the Fenian invasion, reciprocity and extradition treaties, and controversies as to what duties should be paid at the custom-houses which frown along their borders. In Canada, from Nova Scotia to Victoria, there is a broad sentiment in favor of annexation, and the wiping out of the political lines that divide a population in all other respects united in interest and social intercourse, and in America there is a manifest willingness to welcome this people to all the privileges we enjoy. It would seem to be rational for two such people as the English and the American, two such governments as England and the United States—represented the one in Parliament, the other in Congress—to devise some rational mode of permitting these people to come together. When we reflect how many difficulties have arisen upon the continent of Europe over boundary lines, how many wars have been waged to extend territory by conquest, it might be prudent to anticipate future dissensions, and prevent them by bringing the British possessions that lie north of us, and between us and Alaska, within the territorial domain of the United States. Whether England or America would most benefit by this friendly arrangement it would now be impossible to say; but the territory conceded, and that bordering the division line, would be vastly benefited, and their people be greatly advantaged, and war would never be likely to occur between the two great English-speaking nations of the world. Between the two an international treaty might be arranged to make war impossible upon the North American continent.

Complications seem to be on the increase in the unlucky German Empire. No sooner are we aware that the tenure of life of the new emperor is so precarious that no one can predict how soon he may succumb to the malady which has, practically, prostrated him, and is certainly sapping his strength, than a dispatch informs us that his son, the Crown Prince William, upon whom the eyes of the world are now fixed as, in the not very far distance, the successor to the imperial throne of Germany, is himself the inheritor of a family disease, which, though not of itself dangerous is, nevertheless, liable to develop insanity, as it actually did in the case of his grand-uncle, King Frederick William the Fourth, the elder brother of the lately deceased emperor. That the prince is handicapped by a physical deformity in the arm is a matter of notoriety, and the substance of what is now authoritatively stated, reached us some months ago in the shape of an unauthenticated rumor; but the present dispatch takes confirmation from the fact that a medical consultation has been held upon the matter, and that the prince has been advised, if the cares of the regency permit, to take a tour in the spring to Scotland or Norway. That political complications of a serious nature may result from this double and simultaneous incapacitation of the present and prospective heads of the German Empire, can be inferred from the fact that extraordinary powers have already been conferred upon the heir apparent, in the event of his father becoming still further incapacitated from performing the routine functions of government. How important the performance of these functions is thought to be, can be still further inferred from the very earnest solicitude of Bismarck in relation to the existing circumstances. So solicitous for the preservation of the *status quo* of the empire is this astute and intrepid chancellor, this bulwark of Prussian royalty, this faithful follower of the fortunes of the house of Hohenzollern, that he has taken every precaution to prevent such dangerous results as might ensue, were the legality of the executive called in question, through lack of the prescribed formalities in the issuance of documents, for instance, without the imperial sign-manual. The firm chancellor has had too hard a time already with the progressive and socialistic parties in parliament, and has taken part in too many bitterly fought parliamentary battles, not to be aware that a single slip at the present juncture would be the signal for the advance of his natural enemies, and that the fabric which it has been the work of a lifetime for him to build, might collapse like a house of cards, unless the utmost vigilance is exercised at this critical time. We are sorry for Germany in its present circumstances. There are breakers ahead, and the low mutterings of a tempest are not uncertainly heard behind, and it will take all the tact of the officers of the ship of state, and all the seamanship of the crew, to keep her off the lee-shore, which she is hugging all too closely. As if it was not enough that the prospective emperor—the present Prince William—will be beset with internal state difficulties, which only extreme prudence and caution can master, he is said to detest cordially his English cousins, and this dislike is vicariously visited upon the English nation. A more suicidal policy than this can not be imagined, and one is tempted to ask to what mysterious educational influence it can be attributed—for the personal knowledge of the prince upon this question can not fail to be extremely limited. The English and German nations, through kinship and territorial position, are natural allies. Their economic interests, with the exception, perhaps, of colonization, are diverse, and do not clash. England is the one hope on which Germany could rely in the event of being ground between the upper and nether mill-stones of France and Russia. Russia is already making a bid for an English alliance. French papers advocate such a tripartite alliance; for much as France hates England, it hates Germany more. In fact, it is not straining conclusions to say that at this moment England is the real arbiter of the European situation. Germany, with Austria, Italy, and England, need not fear the result of a conflict with France and Russia. Were the armaments of England thrown into the other scale, there can be no reasonable doubt that Germany would emerge from the conflict more sorely humbled and crippled than even France was eighteen years ago. Is it cynical to inquire into the mysterious course of training which has inculcated views into the coming German emperor, tending to split two homogeneous nations, for enmity, between which no sufficient cause can be assigned? It is Jesuitical in appearance, and it may be so in fact.

The great Trafalgar Square riots, which occurred in London on the thirteenth of November, as the result of which the government denied the use of the square for public speaking, and called out the police and Horse Guards to defend, was made the subject of Parliamentary inquiry, under a motion introduced by Mr. Bradlaugh. In the discussion of the riot history, Mr. Gladstone was charged with having encouraged and with having sympathized with the elements of disorder, and with having severely criticised the conduct of the police. On the division upon the amendment, which has been recently had in Parliament, there were three hundred and twenty-two votes for the government, and two hundred and seven for the opposition—a majority for the government, and against the Gladstone home-rule Irish, of one hundred and fifteen; on the motion itself, the full strength of the opposition being mustered, the government majority was ninety-two. On Parnell's amendment to the queen's address, the majority for the government was eighty-eight; on the vote to pay Chamberlain's expenses in the Fishery Commission, the only opposition vote was the Parnell Irish. The government, since the opening of the present session, holds its majority close up to its original strength of one hundred and one. It seems evident that the present Parliament will survive till its time for expiration by law occurs, which is some five years distant. Home-rule and an Irish Parliament must accommodate themselves to the circumstances; in the meantime the G. O. M. will be five years older. The gods are grinding this Irish grist exceeding slow but exceeding fine.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York makes its annual statement in our advertising columns. It is the best and strongest life insurance company doing legitimate business in the United States. Its cash assets of two hundred and fifty-eight million dollars are immediately available for the adjustment of losses, with a surplus of more than six million dollars for the payment of dividends. Mr. A. B. Forbes, the agent managing the business in San Francisco, is an old and honored merchant of the city of San Francisco, whose personal character gives assurance of the standing of the institution with which he is connected, and is a guarantee of its honorable management.

Among the many, almost too many, local charities, none is more deserving than that which is organized to prevent cruelty to children. This society will make an appeal to the humane this week for material aid to enable it to carry out its benevolent designs. In response to the circular, we hope there will be a generous response. The office is 604 Merchant Street, and Mr. Nathaniel Hunter is the active secretary and managing director.

A MODERN PROTEUS.

Some Account of a Mysterious Gift of Personation.

BY ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

II.

Just as I was leaving Mr. Chisholm's house [continued Captain Coulter], the drawing-room door opened, and a lady and gentleman came out, the former in out-door dress.

"My daughter, Captain Coulter; Captain Coulter, Mr. Morton—my prospective son-in-law," said the old man, as he introduced us.

The gentleman—Mr. Morton—was a fine-looking fellow, of five-and-thirty, or thereabouts, whom I knew well by sight, and also by reputation, as one of our young millionaires. I rather envied his position beside the banker's daughter, as besides being a bi or tri-millionairess (if I may be allowed the expression, as the banker's heiress), she was a very pretty girl of five-and-twenty, or so.

Well, I said "Good-bye," and walked down the street, considering the chances of discovering the thief. It was, certainly, a very pretty piece of work, and I came to the conclusion that the fellow who had done it was an expert in that particular line. Five thousand was not a particularly big haul, I reasoned, but it was about as much as could be conveniently carried away in the method pursued, without exciting suspicion; and I came to the conclusion that the thief would not be long content with this small sum—that class of gentry is extravagant—and that it would not be long before he again exercised his talents in the same way upon some other bank. I dismissed all idea of his appearing again at Chisholm, Moffat & Co.'s, that being the last place he would now be likely to visit.

When I considered the matter further, however, I saw how slim my chances were of catching my thief by watching the various banks. Even had I possessed an accurate description of him, there were just as many chances as there are banks in New York city, to one against my being at the identical bank he meant to operate on, at the time he entered it, supposing that I remained there during the business hours of a whole day. But when I considered that, in addition to this, I had no description to go upon, and that he could have no object in personating Mr. Chisholm again, I saw how useless it would be to watch aimlessly for him, besides entailing a heavy loss of valuable time. Still, I determined to chance a day or two on it, if only for Mr. Chisholm's satisfaction. He would personate, I argued, the president of a bank, as in Mr. Chisholm's case; probably, too, an old man, as he had already been successful in that rôle. So I cast about for a bank with a president of that description, and having selected one which seemed to possess the requisites, I awaited developments. For three days I watched the president go in and out; watched narrowly to see whether his exit would be followed by the entrance of any one else of similar appearance. Then I reasoned with myself how foolish I was, and, on the third day, I started about noon to Mr. Chisholm's house, as I heard he was somewhat indisposed, to tell him that our sole dependence must now be placed on the work of my deputies, two of whom I had put immediately on the case, with the faint clue of tracing the thief by a certain stamp on the bags in which the coin was put up.

As I neared the house, at a distance of, perhaps, three-quarters of a block, I saw Mr. Morton, the young lady's lover, emerge from the doorway, and descend the steps. He came toward me, and nodded as we passed each other.

I walked on in the direction of the house, which was a corner one, and as I neared it, saw a figure crossing the street, and evidently also making for the house. I mounted the steps and rang the bell, and just as the servant opened the door, I heard steps behind me. On turning, what was my astonishment to see Mr. Morton, whom I had passed upon the street about a minute before. Now I distinctly recollected looking down the street in the direction I had come, just before mounting the steps, and there was then no one within the distance of a block. I was morally certain that the gentleman beside me was the one I had seen crossing the street. This train of thought occupied but a second.

"You have made a quick return, Mr. Morton," I remarked, as he brushed past me, muttering something I did not catch.

Mr. Chisholm, the footman said, was not in, but would I wait? He was liable to return at any moment. I said that I would, and was shown into a little study, where I had had the interview with him before.

I am a man of quick perceptions—my profession has had something to do with making them so. I could not account for the reappearance of Mr. Morton. Could it be a brother? That must be it. And certainly a twin brother, by the remarkable resemblance. I was roused from my little reverie, by the sound of voices in rather an excited key. They came from the partition door which separated the study from the adjoining room.

"I tell you, Clara, it will be best for all parties," said a male voice, with a decided inflection.

"But, oh, Harry, it will break papa's heart," pleaded a female one.

The voices grew indistinct. I made up my mind that they were those of the gentleman who had just entered, and Mr. Chisholm's daughter. He was evidently trying to persuade her to do something, to which she was very averse. And she called him Harry—Henry, I knew, was Mr. Morton's name. Then it *was* the Mr. Morton I had met upon the street. But how—here the voices became distinct again.

"But why this sudden change of mind, Harry? When you left here, scarcely ten minutes ago, you were so loving, and so contented that we should wait till the day that had been fixed upon—and it is little more than a week, dearest!" cooed a dove-like voice, that a man must have been a brute to resist.

"Yes; but Clara," returned the male voice, in tones far more harsh and imperative than endearing, "it must be as I say. There are grave reasons for it, which I will explain later on. I will guarantee to satisfy your father later on of the necessity of the step. But not a word now. And Clara, remember that if we do not take this step now, it may be years, it may be never, that I can call you my own."

A passionate burst of sobs was all the answer to this.

Ha! thought I, it is an elopment they are planning. But what could be Morton's object? Was he in difficulties? And if he was, how could eloping with his lady-love help him? And what difference could a week make—for had not Miss Chisholm said that the day had been fixed for a week hence? There was some mystery which demanded explanation. There was something crooked evidently, which I then and there determined to straighten out.

Again the male voice became audible.

"It is now one o'clock, Clara. I shall go down to the bank and draw some money. I will return at two sharp. Have everything ready by that time. We must catch the afternoon express for Philadelphia. Good-bye, dearest," and the dialogue ended with what I thought a rather perfunctory kiss.

My mind was at once made up. Hastily scrawling a line to the banker, and leaving it on the table, I emerged from the door, just as Mr. Morton was crossing the street. At the corner he paused and raised his arm. He was evidently signaling for something. Half a block down the street to that by which I had come, stood a coupé with nobody on the box. I instantly grasped the situation. It was neck or nothing with me now, as there was not another vehicle in sight, and I was determined to see the play out. So, when Morton started to walk for that coupé, I followed him swiftly, and just as he reached it, ran the last few steps and came up puffing and blowing, opened the door with a "Sorry to detain you, sir, but a friend——" banged it to with a "Where to now, sir?" jumped on the box, and was whirling off to the city, before the poor driver, who had, doubtless, stepped in somewhere for a moment for a glass of beer, reappeared to realize his loss. We detectives are, sometimes, as free in the conversion of property as your veriest thief himself, when occasion calls for it, but then it is only temporary, you know; the owner finds his property at the central station in the morning, and gets well recouped for any loss he may have sustained by its appropriation.

Mr. Morton gave me the simple direction, "Wall Street," and when I reined up at the corner, got out and told me to wait till he returned, which he said would be in a few minutes. I pretended to acquiesce, but immediately gave the coupé in charge to a lounger, and followed him closely, though unseen. He sauntered leisurely along the street, finally taking a position where he could command a good view of the entrance to the Manhattan Bank. Presently he looked at his watch, and seemed to be growing impatient. After a minute or two, I saw his eyes light up, and, looking across the street, I saw the president of the bank—I knew him perfectly, by sight—leaving it in close conversation with another gentleman. I will not say what my thoughts were when I saw Mr. Morton, after a lapse of a minute or two, cross the street and enter the bank. I was unavoidably crowded back by the throng, but certainly did not enter the building more than five seconds behind him. I looked round, but he was not there. Had he escaped me? or—a strange suspicion floated across my mind. What if I had chanced, after all, upon the solution of the very mystery which I had given up in despair that morning? I kept my eyes fixed upon the door leading to the president's office, took up a position behind an angle of the counter, where I would not be seen from that direction, and waited. In about five minutes the door opened, and there issued from it a figure that I could have sworn was the president of the bank, whom I had seen pass down the street a few minutes before. The same style of clothes, the same hat, the same trim, close-cropped white beard and whiskers—all were there. I had evidently found my man. But the idea of finding this expert criminal in the millionaire Mr. Morton! Should I arrest him on the moment? I could easily have done so, but admiration for his admirable get-up deterred me. We detectives, you know, entertain a sincere admiration for criminals who know their business. We look upon crime as a profession; it can be raised even to the dignity of an art. We are the critics of that art, and, as critics, can not help admiring a thorough artist. I accordingly did not act on my first impulse; but knowing now that I had my man whenever I wanted him, I felt supremely easy on the outcome. A great load had been taken from my mind, and the cheerful smile with which I bustled up to the coupé, a few moments after my fare got there, was not forced but real. So was the deferential bow with which I greeted the fact that between the bank and the coupé, a distance of about half a block, he had, while walking, as thoroughly rechanged himself from the president of the Manhattan Bank to Mr. Morton, as he had originally done from Mr. Morton to the president of the Manhattan Bank. For it must be remembered I had not then even dreamed of the true nature of the transformation. There were sufficient points of dress resemblance between personator and personated, upon the present occasion, as to make, to my mind at that time, the personation possible.

After my fare had got in, I very gingerly steered my way through the thronged street, with the express purpose of gaining time to come across one of my co-workers, to whom I could give instructions on the case, there being none of them in sight when I started. Luckily, before I had gone a block, I espied one of my deputies, to whom I signaled, and who in ten seconds of whispered conversation knew all that was required.

Well, I made such good time on the drive back, that Mr. Morton was able to come within a very few minutes of keeping his appointment with Miss Chisholm at two o'clock. As I opened the door of the coupé for him, I stood so that he could not pass me without brushing against me, and I then became aware that at least *one* of his overcoat pockets was well loaded with something solid and heavy. I gave him a little the start, but reached the door and entered the house but little behind him. Mr. Chisholm was now at home, and to him I briefly explained as much as was necessary of the day's experiences. He heard me in amazement.

"Mr. Morton a bank robber!" he exclaimed. "Why the thing is preposterous. He does not need it. Besides, he banks with that very house."

"But the man closeted with your daughter at this moment," I replied, for his overcoat was hanging in the hall, and I knew very well where he was, "is not Mr. Morton at all."

At this moment the door of the drawing-room opened—Mr. Chisholm and I were standing in the hallway—and Mr. Morton and Miss Chisholm came out, the latter, as before, in street dress. Mr. Morton took his hat and overcoat from the rack and proceeded to put them on.

"Pardon me, Mr. Morton—" I began.

"Why, I paid you!" he said recognizing me as the cab-driver.

"Yes, but I am now in a different character," I said. "Don't you remember being introduced to me the other day as Captain Coulter of the detective police?"

His countenance fell, but he said:

"Well, sir, what of that?"

"Simply that I must detain you," I said, "on suspicion. There have been two bank robberies committed lately, one at the Manhattan Bank to-day, and the suspicion of having committed them unfortunately rests on you. No doubt you can clear yourself of it completely, but I must nevertheless detain you."

"Why, what is the meaning of all this, Mr. Chisholm?" exclaimed Morton, while Clara clung to his side. "Will you allow me to be insulted in your house, and in the presence of your daughter? I have just come from the Manhattan Bank, where I drew a considerable sum in gold. Here it is in my overcoat," slapping his pocket, "and for this I am to be accused of robbery!"

Of course, I had no proof of any crime having been committed, and was acting simply upon instinct, but just then the door bell rung, and to my satisfaction two officers entered, according to instructions, one of whom brought the news that the Manhattan Bank had actually paid five thousand dollars, a short while before, to some one personating the president, and the other, a warrant for the arrest of John Doe as the perpetrator of the crime.

Mr. Chisholm was thunderstruck. His daughter shrieked and fainted. But I was accustomed to such scenes, and left them to the care of the household, while I handcuffed Mr. Morton and bundled him into a hack, which took us swiftly to the central station. I may state parenthetically that two hours afterward, as I heard, Clara was in the arms of the real Mr. Morton, but does not to this day believe that he was not unjustly arrested and afterward released. She always regards me with aversion when we meet.

Well, to make a long story short, though the bank officials swore that the accused in court was not the man they paid the money to, they identified the sacks, and my direct testimony, and the fact that the money was found upon his person, of course, convicted him. Since his confinement he has thought fit to assume and preserve the shape in which we saw him in his cell to-day. And now [concluded Captain Coulter], I ask you whether I am justified or not in treating, as I do, a man who, should he escape, possesses such untold capabilities for mischief?

"Well, gentlemen," went on Mr. Johnson, addressing us, "it was scarcely a month after when I met my friend, the detective, on Broadway. He had a troubled look on his face, and as he shook my hand, said:

"Well, he has escaped."

"What! Morton?" said I.

"Yes, the fellow we called Morton. He never gave us any name. He cut through his cell door, strong as it was, and the rest was easy. Yes, he's at large. But I'll get him again."

"How?" I asked, curiously.

"I have one infallible sign to go by," replied the detective, impressively, "*his eye*. Under all his transformations he could never change *that*. I'll come across him yet."

During Mr. Johnson's recital of his experience in Auburn prison, our little party, which was lounging about on chairs in no fixed order, had been very attentive listeners; so attentive, in fact, that it had hardly noticed the advent of a messenger toward the conclusion, who delivered a large-sized envelope to the third stranger of the party. That gentleman, I noticed, simply took the envelope without a word, so engrossed was he, apparently, with the story, and put it in his pocket.

Just as Mr. Johnson concluded, however, and while there was the usual buzz and hum of approval which follows any story of any length, bad or good, two gentlemen got up simultaneously from their seats, stretched themselves, and sauntered towards the door, which was open, and led to the main apartments of the club. I did not, and I do not think any one else did, even notice who they were. One of the gentlemen got to the door, it seemed to me, a little before the other, closed it, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. This remarkable action had an electric effect upon the company. Every one sat rooted to the spot and looked at the door. Surprise was still further depicted upon their countenances when they looked round and observed that two of the strangers who had been introduced that evening were not now in the room, and that the gentleman who had just locked the door and put the key in his pocket was a well-known detective, and that the other was a well-known club-man whom I shall call Mr. Wharton. It was further observed that Mr. Wharncliffe, the gentleman from India, who had been introduced by Mr. Harding, had disappeared. It was unaccountable. Nobody had left the room, nobody had entered it but the messenger. Mr. Johnson broke the suspense by coolly taking off, first his spectacles, then his trim white beard and whiskers, and saying:

"Gentlemen, the story which I have just been telling you is so true, that you will presently have practical proof of it. I am not sure, however, that I would have made it so long, or, in fact, have told it at all, if I had not wished to gain time, so that my friend, Mr. Hogan, might receive the warrant for the arrest of the gentleman who stands near him at the door. Gentlemen, the facts are these: I am Captain Coulter, of the New York detective police force; that gentleman beside Mr

Hogan, is the man Morton, who recently escaped from Auburn penitentiary; I have traced him to this city, where he has been about a week; to-day one of your prominent banks was robbed of fifty thousand dollars, in the same way as in New York. I recognized Morton in Mr. Wharncliffe *by his eye.* I had no power to arrest him, so I effected that through your own police. I am simply here to secure the extradition, when you have done with him. The money was paid late in the afternoon, and taken away in a hack; Morton, as usual, successfully personating the president of the bank. Now he is, I suppose, personating some one else."

We had clustered excitedly to the door before Captain Coulter had finished speaking. There, beside the detective, stood the well-known Mr. Wharton, to whom, as I afterward learned, Wharncliffe had been introduced that day, protesting vigorously against his detention, and demanding to be told what all the trouble was about. We would all of us have taken oath that it was he, but Captain Coulter held otherwise.

"Look at his *eye!*" he said, as he slipped handcuffs on his wrists.

And, in truth, though Wharton's eye is clear and black, I never saw it with such an evil, dazzling glitter as I saw then. The process was perfectly legal, even if it had been Wharton, and so the club was treated to the spectacle of that popular and respected member being ignominiously conducted through its apartments, and down its stairs, handcuffed and unceremoniously bundled into a hack. When the real Wharton came in an hour afterward, he was the butt of the most annoying questions regarding his prison experience, and is a most mystified man yet.

As for Morton, he is now in the city prison, though no charge has been entered against him on the books, and but few know of the presence of so mysterious a character here. The reason that his name is not on the books is, that no one knows where he has concealed the fifty thousand dollars he obtained from the bank. There is a chance that he may be allowed to go free if he restores this money, and if so, Captain Coulter had better look sharp after him. As for the scientific diagnosis of his case, Doctor Martineaut and others—he is secreted, by the way, in the receiving hospital—are puzzling over it unceasingly. They have discovered that, so long as he is awake, he has power to appear in almost any human shape he desires, to all those within reach of his wonderful eye; but that when he is asleep, or under the influence of chloroform, he always looks the same, and that is the sinister, crafty character he is. One can hardly escape the conclusion that this mysterious gift of personation lies wholly and solely in some mysterious magnetic or mesmeric power, which affects the perceptive faculties of all brains that come within range of his influence, and moulds their perceptions so that they can only appreciate such forms as are imagined in his own brain, and projected upon theirs, through the rays that dart from his dominant eye and are received by their subjective ones. This, however, must be left to our future psychological science to elucidate.

TALK IN LONDON.

"Cockaigne" chats on Religious, Social, and Political Topics.

Although Parliament is in session, and the queen has set the ball of a very early premonitory season rolling by her first drawing-room, London is very dull, and there can be said to be very little going on. The Prince of Wales is away for his regular ante-spring jaunt on the continent, and his absence is more felt in town than that of any other one man—yes, ten men put together, and they the most prominent you can pick out. Lent, of course, makes a difference. Yet Lent is not observed as strictly in England as it is in the United States. I don't exactly mean by the church, but by individuals. I remember once being forcibly struck when staying at a clergyman's house on both Ash Wednesday and Good Friday, to see that the family ate meat without the slighest compunction. However, the queen and royal family set the example in a public disregard of Lent. The Prince of Wales was married in Lent, just five-and-twenty years ago, and greatly scandalized were the strict members of the church in consequence. Tomorrow week his royal highness is to celebrate his silver wedding, when there will be more festivities out of keeping with a proper observance of the church's great fast.

I don't think there can be much doubt as to the queen's religious views, and that they are decidedly "low church." When she is in Scotland she would as soon go to a Scotch Presbyterian "Kirk," as to a church of the faith, of which she is supposed to be the worldly head and "Defender"—sooner, in fact. One could not help admiring her for her independence of religious thought and action were she a private person, answerable to no one. But it becomes a question whether as the head and "Defender" of the established church, which does more than any other power of the country to keep her on the throne, she is justified in supporting, publicly, any nonconforming, dissenting sect. She has, of course, a perfect right to do as she wishes—as a woman; but as a queen, it is different, and as a queen are all her acts judged in England. I almost doubt if there be not some old-fashioned tories who would regard you with eyes of loyal abhorrence if you called her a woman.

In the monotony of Parliamentary debate wherein the "Irish Question" is again being talked into ribbons, there have been two incidents—one in the House of Lords, the other in the Commons—worthy of note. That in the Lords first: It was the formal taking of his seat on the earl's bench by the famous (put an *in* first, if you like) Earl Cairns, better known to the world as Viscount Garmoyle. Lady Cairns sat in the gallery, attired in a red velvet gown, and watched the interesting ceremony. What a fund of mental moralizing is suggested when one thinks of this scene. Sinking, for the nonce, every reflection arising out of the disgraceful career of this hereditary legislator, one needs go back but a few years to the induction of the first Earl Cairns, and compare it with that of the second, in order to get food for wholesome thought. The first earl was Hugh Cairns, a hard-headed, narrow-minded, low-born North of Ireland lawyer, who, by dint of hard work, considerable ability, and the possession of Lord Beaconsfield's favor, became attorney-general, and got knighted as Sir Hugh Cairns. Later on in 1868—as is generally the case when a vacancy occurs—Sir Hugh, as attorney-general, was elevated to the woolsack, and on becoming lord high chancellor, was raised to the peerage as Baron Cairns. His legal as well as political services gained for him from the wily Disraeli the further recognition of an earldom, and in 1878—or just ten years after his first peerage—he was created Viscount Garmoyle and Earl Cairns. It was the second title of his father which the present man held for several years, and by which he has achieved a world-wide reputation, fitting him for a place of honor beside his brother earls of Shrewsbury, Lonsdale, Durham, etc. Whatever one's ideas might be as to traits which go to make up great men, one can not but admit that the first Earl Cairns was, at least, a decent, properly conducted member of society, and a good and law-abiding, as he was a law-administering citizen. He—as far as in him lay—did credit and honor to the woolsack upon which he sat, and his name was a symbol of strict morality and undoubted respectability. To those peers present on the occasion of "Gumboil's" induction, who could remember, not four years ago, the serious, parchment-faced Belfast barrister—the maker of his own coronet and ermine, and a self-made, worthy old man—the sight of his successor must have caused many a sigh.

His marriage with the beautiful Miss Berens is, it is feared, not likely to be extraordinarily happy in its results. Her mamma saw her daughter a month after the wedding, and confided to a friend that she "couldn't get a word out of the child." No doubt the poor girl resents her sale to the libertine for a coronet and countess's title. The Berenses are well-known fortune and money-hunters. Mrs. Berens, herself, married for money an out-and-out snob—a wealthy tobacconist, I have heard he was. Mrs. Stewart, her mother, went in for the same sort of thing. A brother of Mrs. Berens, a clergyman, married a rich widow, and the celebrated Sir Herbert Stewart (another brother) married Lady Toomes, another rich widow. If she can get her other daughters off—and she has two left—as well as she did Lady Cairns, you may be sure she will, and will not stop to think whether they may become silent a month after marriage. I don't suppose there is a more clever, accomplished, charming, agreeable, and knowing woman of the world than Mrs. Berens. She was a beauty, too, and smokes cigarettes.

The other incident, decidedly different in character, took place in the House of Commons, and consisted of Gladstone incontinently sitting upon Mr. Henry Labouchère—figuratively, of course. "Labby," who is never himself unless attacking somebody or something, made one of his characteristic attacks, generally provocative of and resultant in more laughter than anything else, on the foreign policy of the government. He ended up his customary tirade, suggestive of a wasp in a bottle, with the statement that he believed Lord Salisbury would be willing to involve England in war in order to distract attention from his Irish policy. What the feelings of the erratic member for Northampton, and spasmodic editor of *Truth* must have been, when Gladstone got up, and upheld Lord Salisbury's foreign policy, can be better imagined than described. In the midst of a speech, which did the "Grand Old Man's" spirit of candor a deal of credit, and brought back to the minds of his hearers the days when his statesmanship was unquestioned, he said: "It has, unquestionably, been a matter of lively satisfaction for me to find that the course taken by Lord Salisbury upon more than one question, has been entirely in accordance with what I deem to be sound principles for the regulation of the foreign policy of this country." It is needless to say that the speech completely nonplussed Mr. Labouchère, or to assume that it was hailed with much delight by the Tory benches. Thanks to Gladstone's speech, Labouchère's attack, which was in the form of an amendment, proved a miserable *fiasco*, the amendment not having actually been put to vote.

Of course, it is impossible to say, to dream, to conjecture, or to guess, the motive of Mr. Gladstone in doing this. He is not the man to sacrifice a friend and partisan for nothing. To say that he really agrees with Lord Salisbury's foreign policy, or for any one to think he means it when he says so, would seem to be asking a great deal from blind credulity. Before the wretched Irish question arose, what else did he and Lord Salisbury have to abuse each other about, so much as the foreign policy of each? The question is, *when* did Lord Salisbury's foreign policy begin to suit the ideas of Mr. Gladstone? Lord Salisbury's foreign policy is the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield; and would that I had the time to ransack Hansard for thousands of Gladstonian attacks upon it. Again, if Lord Salisbury's foreign policy is so beautifully and delightfully in accord with Gladstone's ideas, why on earth has not Mr. Gladstone, when in office, ever applied these ideas to his own foreign policy, and not left himself open to continuous attack from Lord Salisbury and his party leaders, for his wretched foreign policy? That is what gets me, and makes me shut one eye and think, especially, when on a subsequent occasion, on the vote for the expenses of Mr. Chamberlain's fish mission to Washington, Mr. Gladstone has gone in for a magnanimous buttering-up of his former colleague, and present bitterest (except John Bright) political foe. Why this sudden magnanimity and fawning? Is it not—to use Labouchère's own words, in his criticism of Lord Salisbury—"to distract attention from *his* Irish policy?"

London, March 3, 1888. Cockaigne.

At a loan exhibition in Youngstown, O., among the attractions was a figure, purporting to be wax, of the Princess Marguerite of Italy. Much difference of opinion prevailed as to whether the figure was of wax, or flesh and blood, and bets aggregating five thousand dollars were made on that issue. To-night an exposure was made, and the figure was found to be a living woman. She is a native of Louisville, Ky., and has been engaged in the business of posing as a wax figure for many years, having appeared in different characters in nearly all the principal cities. Her name is Augusta Benedict. She belongs to a prominent Kentucky family.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"And, Johnny, what particular pleasure do you deny yourself during Lent?" *Johnny*—"I've stopped putting pennies in the box for the heathen."—*Life.*

Impecunious and embarrassed bridegroom (to wealthy bride)—"With this ring I thee wed, and—and—with all thy worldly goods I me endow!"—*Puck.*

Mrs. Klubmann—"Going away? You do not know how lonesome it is here evenings." *Mr. Klubmann*—"Yes, I do; that's the reason I'm going out."—*Puck.*

Charley (at the French ball)—"Hello, Gus; reporting the affair for your paper?" *Gus* (indignantly)—"No, shir! I'm—hic—here ash a gentleman."—*Tid-Bits.*

Flimsey—"I don't know how it is, but the smallest specimens of men invariably get the best wives." *Mrs. F.* (archly)—"Oh, you flatterer!"—*Boston Transcript.*

The man who can not sing, but thinks he can sing, and yet refrains from singing, is a good deal more worthy of a pension than a widow of the War of 1812.—*Somerville Journal.*

A New York man has invented a process for making railroad cars out of wood pulp; but it takes a Kansas cyclone to make wood pulp out of railroad cars.—*Kansas City Star.*

There is a genuine case of the office seeking the man in Kentucky. He is a country postmaster and has absconded with one hundred dollars' worth of stamps.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"Look at her waist! I notice that the ladies generally are wearing high-necked dresses this year." "Yes," said the old fox-hunter, "they seem to have been driven to cover at last."—*Life.*

Wife—"It would be an awful thing if that ceiling at Albany should fall, John." *Husband*—(something of a lobbyist)—"Yes; particularly if it should fall at night when the place is empty."—*Epoch.*

Tramp—"Excuse me, captain, can you spare a poor chap a dime? I am just dying for a drink." *Pedestrian* (severely)—"I never drink, sir." *Tramp* (stiffly)—"Did I ask you to drink with me, sir? Give me the dime and I'll drink alone."—*Drake's Magazine.*

"What do you do for cold feet, doctor?" The doctor, in thoughtful surprise: "Why, I'd go out into the snow barefoot, or sleep with my feet out of the window, I suppose. Why do you ask? What do you want cold feet for?"—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

Judge (to dude prisoner)—"What a shame for a well-dressed, gentlemanly fellow like you to be arrested for yelling on Fifth Avenue, at eleven o'clock at night! What is your profession?" *Dude*—"Howling swell." *Judge*—"Ten dollars."—*Tid-Bits.*

Mr. Job Lott (complacently)—"I've had quite a compliment to-day. A newspaper editor asked me for my photograph, to be published as one of the self-made men of our times." *Mrs. Lott* (a society leader)—"John, if you give it to him, I shall be mortified to death."—*Puck.*

"No, Fido," she said to her little dog, that was mutely suppliant, "one of these hot biscuits is as much as is good for you." "Can't I have another biscuit, mamma?" asked her little girl. "Certainly, dear," said the indulgent mother, "you can have as many as you want."—*Puck.*

First Wayback deacon (whispering)—"It's beginning to rain, and there are only two umbrellas in the vestibule." *Second Wayback deacon*—"Who brought them?" "Those two strangers in the back seat." "Hump! Back seats is no place for strangers. Show 'em into a front pew."—*Omaha World.*

Envious young man (speaking of favored rival)—"Yes, George is clever and handsome, but he is so abominably conceited." *Sharp young lady*—"But, Mr. Dumley, if *you* were handsome and clever, would not *you* be conceited?" (A few moments' reflection, followed by total collapse of Dumley).—*Harper's Bazar.*

First club-man (heatedly)—"All I have to say is, that I consider you a puppy." *Second ditto* (coolly)—"If that were the case, I could take the first prize at the dog-show, and that's more than you can say." *First club-man*—"How so?" *Second ditto*—"You lack the necessary pedigree and breeding."—*Harper's Bazar.*

In a newspaper office: [Man comes in, and says something. Everybody but a new reporter laughs loudly. Man goes out.] *New reporter* (to old reporter)—"Who is that chump that tries to be so witty?" *Old reporter*—"Why, he's the owner of the paper." [Man comes back again, and makes a remark. New reporter laughs uproariously.]—*Arkansas Traveler.*

Justice of peace—"Had you ever saw this man before?" *Witness*—"Yes." "Had he came before you had went?" "No." "Is them your eggs what you say was stole?" "Yes." "Would you have recognized them if you had seen them before they was brung here?" "Yes; I would have knowed them." "Speak grammatic, young man! It ain't proper to say 'have knowed'; you should say 'have knew.'"—*Philadelphia Call.*

"I say, Mister," he said to the bar-tender, "was the president of the whisky trust in here?" "A red complected gentleman, with a blue-black crescent under one eye?" "That's Jim." "Yes, sir; he said he was a funnel-shaped cloud from the great and growing West, and when he began to storm, I must nail things down." "I s'pose there was some dirty weather. Where did Jim go after the storm?" "I heard him say something about going to the doctors to have an ear sewed on."—*Life.*

"IRIS" ON SNOW-SHOES.

She Meets a Remarkable Woman who hails from California.

Nothing is talked of but the blizzard. We have never had a blizzard before in New York, and we are proud of our "first offense" in that line; for we never in our life did anything more thoroughly. Such a storm! People can talk of nothing else but the "great storm." The papers are full of horrors, of freezing families, and starving families lost under mountains of snow. As yet, the more distant suburbs are not accessible, and no one knows how much damage has been done. When people were frozen on door-steps and street corners in the city, what may not have happened in the country? New York is to-day a sight worth seeing. In the cross-streets, paths have been cut in the middle of the street, and on either side the snow walls rise, three, four, five, six feet high. Many of the drifts are over the head of a tall man. On the main thoroughfares the snow lies in huge mountains, under which steam-pipes have been inserted, and which, even as you watch, dwindle visibly, and the water spouts up along the sidewalk. Other snow heaps, already growing dingy, have had fires kindled on their summits, and as the elevated whirls one over the network of muddy streets, one sees these bon-fires, flashing tawdrily in the clear sunlight, from the top of snowy monuments. The New Yorkers themselves are still in a state of rather proud bewilderment. Round the largest drifts, with steam-pipes and bonfires uniting to dissolve them, crowds gather thickly—unemployed men in dingy hats and pointed boots, from which the water squelches, with an unctuous, squashing sound, every time they step; milliners' apprentices, hugging hat-boxes, and with their short skirts confessing hideously muddy ankles; a gentlemanly lounger or two, with the bottoms of his trousers turned up; a good sprinkling of well-dressed ladies in English walking-hats, bound with watered ribbon and with aigrette on one side, all holding their skirts up high, and exhibiting a wondrous glimpse of flabby, muddy, white embroidered skirts which, as they walk, slap against their ankles—all gaze, absorbed, open-mouthed, entranced, upon the sweating snow-mountain as it settles, oozing water from every crack and crevice.

Passing through town on the elevated, one saw a dozen evidences of the terrors of the storm. The cross-streets, especially those from the depots on West Street, were solid blocks of trucks. As the train flashed on, I saw a great truck, with its four splendid horses, hopelessly stuck, and all the other truck drivers, policemen, stray loungers, and energetic passers-by bent to the task of digging it out; while behind, as far down as the slender slip of shining river, stretched a vista of trucks, express-wagons, grocery-carts, hacks, hansoms—a melée of horses' heads tossed impatiently in the air, men's heads craning forward to see what chance there was of getting on—some angry, some lazy and laughing, some deeply interested, some indifferent; the heads of people—Western travelers, probably—thrust impatiently out of the hack windows and staring, with knit brows, onward at the arrested procession—all this seen in a second, flashed suddenly on one like a magic-lantern picture, between two brick walls.

From the houses between which the train threads its winding way, women, and children, and men, sometimes, gazed down into the seething, streaming street. They had not recovered from their bewilderment, and in consideration of the greatness of the occasion, were luxuriously loafing in the rich, warm sunlight. It was a gala day for them. Now one caught a glimpse of a woman with wild, rough hair, and her sleeves rolled up, leaning out over a sill on her red, bared elbows; a baby, with a gleaming, bald head, and a chubby fist stuck in his mouth, tucked in some mysterious way between his chest and the window-sill, where she kept it from falling out by leaning on it. Then two little children, filthy, ugly, with unkempt locks of white hair hanging over their ears, both indulging in the giddy joy of leaning as far out of the window as possible, and watching the burning mounds. Another woman, buxom and blonde, in a loose white jacket, and holding her baby on her hip in the crook of a stalwart arm; then a negro woman with a red bandana round her head, squeezing out of a tiny window under the leads of a crazy old red-brick house, once a mansion, now a negro tenement, held together with a few iron rods. On the gutter, below her window, are her tin pans, a bit of meat rolled in a piece of coarse, brown paper, a fragment of green beside it—laid in the snow to keep fresh, and a blackened sauce-pan, which has burnt a sizzling, black nest in the banked-up snow. There are foreign women, too, especially in the French quarter, called to their windows to see the swimming street, and rejoice in the sun. One has a rich, picturesque suggestion, as one sweeps past, of black eyes, and red lips parted, laughing over strong, white teeth; of sleek, black heads, and marvelous looped-up black braids; of the white, straight parting of inky tresses, as a head leans out over the sill, and the slow swinging of long, pendulous gold ear-rings; of a smooth, brown throat bent back from a scarlet kerchief, and the light striking the whites of clear, upturned eyes. All these watchers, rejoicing, wondering, gossiping, never done comparing experiences of the "great storm."

The storm itself was a wonderful sight. During the Monday and Tuesday I was staying at a country house, deep-buried in the interior of Staten Island, and for three days was snow-bound as an Arctic traveler in Lancashire Sound. On the Monday morning the house arose to the unexpected vision of a world left the night before, gray and still—of spectral whiteness, with a great wind howling, and a fine snow streaming down like a mist. It was not like an Eastern snow-storm. Instead of the great, still, woolly flakes, which fall slowly, whirling languidly down from a gray sky in an atmosphere of mild, still chilliness, there was a wild, howling rush of flakes, so numerous and fine that they were like a fog, whirled and tormented and distraught by a flying wind. It was a noisy storm, the wind fairly shrieked about the house, and as you watched, piled the snow in great, soft, white drifts, their edges folding over in smooth, crisp curves. The branched, gray trees on the lawn looked thin and ghostly through the mist of snow, and the melancholy Norway spruce loomed up like dim, cone-shaped shadows. Presently, you noticed that the fence had disappeared here and there, and the snow was forming over it in smooth mounds, from the summit of which the black top of one of the posts projected. It was simply delicious to sit cosily over a red fire of logs, with velvet portières drawn, the skye-terrier dreaming on the rug, and through the long glass window, the aisle of the conservatory stretching away between flowery banks of green, where the pink spray of the bigonia, the blossomed sweep of azalia bushes, the banks of maiden-hair, feathery and tremulous, the strangely shaped orchids bending like birds on their long stalks, the blood-like drops of crimson fuchsias bloomed undisturbed in an atmosphere of tropical heat, while outside the storm raged, and, peeping through the frosted window, one could see the drift creeping up and pressing on the pane.

The storm continued to rage all that night and most of the next day. On Wednesday it cleared in the morning. The roads were absolutely impassable. Communication with the outer world was not to be thought of. But the sun shone—the snow dazzled one's eyes like a summer sea, the air was crisp and exhilarating as champagne, and inspirited by the glory of the day, we put on snow-shoes and sallied forth.

The snow-shoe equipment requires a word: first, no superfluous petticoats are to be worn; then, no shoes. On your feet you wear two extra pairs of "snow-stockings"—heavily ribbed worsted stockings, such as men wear bicycling, and a pair of moccasins fastened round your ankle by a thong. Then a blanket coat, and any kind of hat or cap that suits—the capote of your coat, a "deer-stalker," a "Tam," a polo-cap, a seal-skin cap. We presented all varieties, from a red "Tam" through a capote and a seal-skin cap to a "deer-stalker," with the ear-laps tied under the wearer's chin. But the blanket coats were beauties—one pure white, with a skirt to the ankles and a border of pale-blue stripes—the whole soft as one of those California blankets, of which your State can justly boast.

The snow-shoes every one knows by sight; they fasten over the toe, and round the foot, with a thong. The walking was superb. The wind had packed the snow, so we hardly sank at all. With our great snow-shoes, pounding along, we walked over the fences and stood on the tops of huge drifts, gazing from the eminence on the regiment of men collected from the outlying farms to "dig us out." It was a curious sensation, watching them sometimes cutting through a drift six feet high, and leaving two straight, white walls with a roadway between like a cañon of snow.

In the course of our walk we met two men and one woman. The latter deserves especial mention for her intrepid spirit. She was dressed in a stylish costume, suitable for the theatre, a small bonnet adorned her head, and kid gloves her hands. We saw, as she painfully dragged her feet out of the snow, that she had on ordinary walking-boots. At every step she sunk to her knees, and then pulled her feet out with an effort, to which drawing teeth is a bagatelle, looking the while rather like a very high-stepping horse. At the sight of the snow-shoers, walking in the regulation Indian file, she paused and viewed us with deep interest, standing contentedly up to her knees in the snow, with her poor legs positively freezing. Finally her curiosity got the better of her, and she called out:

"Are those things snow-shoes?"

The file halted, and the leader answered. The lady was still more interested. Viewing the blanket-coats, she then said:

"And I suppose those are toboggan suits?"

We answered, and fell in with her. She further said that she was out for a walk "for pleasure," then lifted one foot from a cavernous hole, in a way that would have done her credit in the ballet, plunged it in again, sank, and drew out the other. She seemed perfectly comfortable, and appeared to be enjoying herself. We were puzzled until she told us she was a Californian and not used to snow. This explained it. A New York woman would have regarded such a walk as absolute and unmitigated misery. To the Californian's more exuberant vitality it was a racy experience, full of novelty and interest. We left her continuing joyfully on her way—soaked to her knees, but with a good color and in the highest spirits.

The next day the road was cut through, and communication opened. I returned from peace and the crystal stillness of the snow-bound country to the city and the overwhelming news that John L. had fallen from his high estate.

New York, March 17, 1888. Iris.

The death of Chief Justice Waite gives to Mr. President Cleveland the opportunity of appointing a Democratic Chief Justice. That the appointment will be from the President's party, is expected by all. It would be a graceful recognition of the civil service rule, and a deserved compliment to a distinguished jurist and eminent citizen, if his excellency would appoint Mr. Justice Field as Chief Justice, and in his place some younger man for Associate Justice. This, we believe, would be a departure from a long-established custom, as we recollect no instance in which an associate has been so honored. The propriety of changing this rule will be appreciated by every intelligent person. Mr. Justice Field is recognized as one of the greatest lawyers now writing opinions in the English language. He would adorn the highest legal tribunal in England. He has been a consistent Democrat through all the period of the reconstruction of the Union, and in his decisions demonstrated a fearless adherence to legal principles without, in any instance, having been charged with favoritism to any locality, or to the party of which he has been so prominent a member, and in whose history he has acted so distinguished a part. Judge Field is in the very prime of his intellectual vigor, and it would seem to be scarcely the thing to place over the heads of the able jurists, who have so many years so faithfully discharged the duties of their high office, a younger and less-experienced man. Such action, on the part of the President, would be a very graceful compliment to the Pacific Coast, and go far toward the healing of dissensions and the correction of political mistakes that have been not altogether creditable to those who have engaged in them in this State.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Rider Haggard is described as a slightly built, wiry-looking blonde, with a pale complexion and light blue eyes. He is said to be very much of a lion in London society, where, with "a vague manner of well-bred *ennui*, he listens to the fulsome allusions to his books."

Mlle. Zucchi, formerly leading ballet-dancer at the Eden Theatre, Paris, was recently married to Prince Basetchitkoff, and among the wedding presents were one hundred and twenty drinking-cups, each from a former admirer, and each fashioned like a dancing-slipper.

Inventor Edison proposes to present the first half-dozen perfected phonographs to the crowned heads of Europe. He will make the presentation address here, in America, and when the instruments are delivered, their royal recipients will have the pleasure of hearing the words of Mr. Edison through his wonderful machine.

Mrs. Patti Lyle Collins is employed by the government at Washington as a reader of "blind handwriting" in the dead-letter office. She is an expert at this business, and is paid a good salary. She claims to read every known language except Russian and Chinese. One thousand letters a day usually pass through her hands, but she only deals with the addresses.

In Kansas City they say that John James Ingalls owes his election to the United States Senate to an article which he wrote for a Western magazine. Somebody had called Ingalls "one of the codfish aristocracy." Thereupon, the sarcastic Ingalls wrote a magazine article entitled "The Catfish Aristocracy," which was so full of sarcasm that it made him famous in his State.

Mr. Ignatius Donnelly, the Shakespeare-Bacon-great-and-only-original-Cryptogram man, calls Mr. Lawrence Barrett "Larry Brannigan," and says that he has the stage marked off in squares like a checker-board, and stands on the same square at the same time every night, and says "A-a-h" in the same tone of voice. Mr. Barrett, it may be incidentally observed, has expressed opinions adverse to the Donnellian Baconism.

The old, four-story, brick-building, on Burling Slip, where Peter Cooper made his money, still bears his name on its sign-boards, the most conspicuous being labeled "Peter Cooper's Glue Factory." The interior of the building is as primitive in its arrangement as it was in Mr. Cooper's day. The rooms are partitioned off with rough, white-washed boards, and the office desks and their appointments are of the plainest, and date back to the time of their original owner.

London boasts many aristocratic milliners. "Mme. Valentine," of Mortimer Street, is Mrs. Charles Gurney, a sister of Mr. Val Prinsep, and formerly the reigning beauty in London society. She has, in turn, made dresses for several other noted belles, including two Americans, Miss Chamberlain and Miss Winslow. Another milliner, "Lierre," of Park Street, is Lady Granville Gordon, a particular friend of the Duchess of Teck. She personally waits on the customers at her shop.

The prices brought at the Escosura sale of bric-à-brac and furniture in New York have been a source of great surprise to experts in those matters, and to no one, probably, more than to Mr. Escosura himself. The bidders seemed to lose their heads, and if they wanted a thing they had to have it at any price. For example, an old lute, cracked by time, with its inlaying half gone, that could be of no use except as a bit of decoration for an artist's studio, sold for five hundred dollars.

The Rev. Mr. Candler, of Nashville, who preached a sensational sermon abusing all actors and opera-singers, and got smartly rebuked therefor by Miss Emma Abbott, sent a newspaper account of the incident to the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, asking him if Miss Abbott was truthful in declaring him to be one of her friends. Mr. Spurgeon, probably still rather grouty after his unsuccessful conflict with the Baptist Union, curtly replied that he did not know Miss Abbott, and had never even heard of her.

Various United States senators have managed to find fat places for their sons in the government employ. Senator Saulsbury's son is clerk of the Committee on Engrossed Bills. Senator Riddleberger's son is clerk of the Committee on Manufactures. Senator Ransom's son draws two thousand one hundred and sixty dollars a year as clerk of the Committee on Private Land Claims. President pro. tem. Ingalls has made his son his private secretary, at a handsome salary, paid by the government. J. P. Voorhees, son of Senator Voorhees, is clerk of the Senate Library Committee.

The departure of Dr. Bergmann from Berlin was so hurried that, in order to catch the direct express for Italy, he was obliged to drive to the station from the palace, where he had been summoned by the emperor, and he went off in full dress, white tie, and with several decorations on his coat—a pleasant attire for the long and cold journey from Berlin to Milan. The train was actually in motion when Dr. Bergmann's assistant rushed into the station with his case of instruments, which were literally thrown into the guard's van, and they were delivered to their anxious owner at the next station.

The Scotch estate of Mr. Bradley Martin covers sixty-five thousand acres of land, and is about fifteen miles from Inverness. It has a water-front on Loch Ness of nineteen miles. The deer forest includes twenty-eight thousand acres, and by the terms of his lease, Mr. Martin is allowed to kill seventy-five stags a season. They are killed by stalking, not driving, as the former is regarded as the more skillful way. The big house on the estate will hold fifty guests, and the list for the season is already made out. Mr. Martin has loaned a small house, near his own, to Lady Alfred Paget, who will fill it with guests, largely recruited from America.

A sensation was produced in the lobby of the House of Commons, the other night, says *Life*, of London, when Mr. Sidney Herbert was seen walking about with his hat on. At first sight it does not seem as if there were anything very remarkable in such a proceeding, but it happens that Mr. Sidney Herbert is a government whip, and that the whips are almost the only people who, in accordance with some unwritten law, do not wear their hats in the lobby. The rumor, of course, immediately went round that he had resigned, that great ministerial changes were contemplated, that Sir Henry Holland was about to vacate the Secretaryship for the Colonies in favor of Lord Randolph Churchill, and all kinds of other tales. It was subsequently discovered that Mr. Herbert's head-gear was due to a cold.

G. W. Smalley writes to the New York *Tribune*: The late emperor, the present emperor, and some of his most intimate advisers, and the empress gave and give Sir Morell Mackenzie their complete confidence. Almost everybody else is against him. Berlin, in hovel and palace alike, rages against him. They say that the German doctors would have saved the emperor. They believe he will die in Sir Morell's hands. Threats are heard. He could not walk up *unter den linden* without the certainty of being insulted, probably mobbed, and possibly killed. He has been warned. He knows that his German colleagues are not responsible for this state of things. Though they have differed professionally, they have remained on friendly terms personally. Sir Morell, meantime, continues quietly in attendance on the Kaiser. The emperor will not consent to his return to London.

A real, live British peer in America is John Contee Fairfax, M. D., of Northampton, Md. According to "Debrett's Peerage," he is the eleventh Baron Fairfax, and last year he received from the queen a formal invitation to be present, with his fellow-peers, at her jubilee in Westminster Abbey. This invitation he did not accept. He has now retired from the active practice of his profession, and lives a quiet, simple life on his farm. The dowager Baroness Fairfax, widow of the tenth baron, is living on a ranch in California. Numerous uncles, aunts, and cousins of Lord Fairfax are living in this country. Many of them took part in the rebellion, and one of them became a commodore in the United States Navy. It was Thomas, the sixth Baron Fairfax, who settled the family in this country. They are all descended from the famous Fernandino, second baron, who led the revolutionary forces, and defeated the king at Marston Moor; and from his son, Thomas, third baron, who commanded the cavalry at Marston Moor, and was in chief command at Naseby.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

It would be a curious outcome of the political situation if ayor Hewitt, of New York, should, by any possible acci- nt, become the nominee of the Democratic party for Presi- nt—and who knows what may be the outcome? Seven ndred delegates from all the States and Territories of the tion—nine-tenths of them Americans; seven-tenths of em having some knowledge of the insolence of alien bosses; e-tenths fearing the growing influence of the Roman priest- od, their interference in our political affairs, and realizing e danger of their attacks upon our free-school system; ree-tenths old-fashioned Southern Know-Nothings, who re- ember the time when the Irish had to take a back seat in litics. It is not probable that Hewitt could be nominated, cause he snubbed the Pope's Irish on the flag business, and fused to review a Paddy's procession on St. Patrick's Day. he Democracy would be afraid to antagonize the Irish ng. It would not antagonize them, for every Democratic ish mother's son of them would vote for Hewitt. The only igument the Irish respect is the argument of force; the only ay to beat anything into their heads is by the use of the illalah. There is not a Democratic Irishman in San Fran- sco who would not vote for Hewitt; there would be no her place for them to go. The Republican party would not ve them, and an Irishman would vote for the devil rather an not vote at all. Tammany and the New York County emocracy would go solid for the man who refused to place e green flag of Erin over the city hall in New York. Hewitt ould catch the vast American sentiment all over the nation; e American party in California would give him such a vote would surprise the more active leaders of the clerical tramontane wing of the Republican party, or, perhaps, we ight all be brought again into harmonious and friendly party lations by the nomination of a Republican candidate and e adoption of a Republican platform that should nominate better and a braver American than we think is Abram S. ewitt, of New York.

In view of the prominence which the completion of the anama Canal will give to the contiguous regions upon the orth coast of South America, the question of frontier delimi- tion, which is every day becoming graver between the Gov- nments of Great Britain and Venezuela, assumes a fresh nportance. General Guzman Blanco, President of the Re- ublic of Venezuela, is now making public complaint that for ore than forty years past the authorities in British Guiana, hich adjoins Venezuela on the east, have been encroaching upon termediate contested territory, in defiance of the agreement tered into in 1841 between the two governments, that said rritory should remain neutral. These encroachments have een carried further upon each occasion, but this third one, which supplemented by a demand of free commerce and navigation f the Orinoco, is the last straw to the enduring camel, and so resident Blanco complains, and asks that the controversy be bmitted to arbitration, as was once actually promised by ord Granville, when Minister of Foreign Affairs. Venezuela a country embracing an area of more than four hundred ousand square miles, or about equal to France and Germany ombined. It has a coast line, extending from the delta of the rinoco to the boundary of the United States of Colombia, of fteen hundred and eighty-four miles in length. Its population barely two millions. It is magnificently watered by the rinoco and its affluents, the main stream alone having a course f nearly two thousand miles, all within its confines. It is rich all the varied produce of tropical climes. It is not likely at England will pay much attention to the plaints of Presi- ent Blanco, or forego the opportunity to pick a quarrel which an only result in further annexation of territory, if there is e shadow of a pretext for doing so, or unless outside pres- ure, such as that of a rigid enforcement of the Monroe doc- rine, is brought to bear upon the matter.

As the time approaches for the choice of delegates to the Republican National Convention, at Chicago, it is apparent at there is no concerted party movement in this city. The elegates from San Francisco will be the selection of a very mall number of party managers. So far, there is every indi- ation that the Republican party of California will go into the residential contest altogether disunited, and with those in lead ho do not possess or deserve the party's confidence. The Democracy, so far as we can judge, will present an unbroken ont. The American party will not, probably, be provided ith a national organization, or Presidential candidate. The rohibition party will, doubtless, have both, and we shall not e surprised if it polls an unusually strong vote in both Cali- rnia and Oregon. We see no evidence of any other politi- al movement on this coast. Henry George has some friends the labor organizations, but they will mostly follow him to leveland. There is no Anti-Poverty, or McGlynn organiza- on, so far as we know, in this State. It is not known that overnor Stanford desires a Presidential nomination. Mr. laine has a strong following of old friends, who will gladly ee him receive the Republican nomination, candidate or no andidate. We hear the names of Chauncey Depew, of New ork, and Judge Gresham, of Indiana, more frequently and vorably named than any other for Republican candidates. o Democrat is mentioned but Cleveland.

We read in the *Examiner* of March 27th that because Mr. rnest A. Denicke, as member of the Turn Verein Society of an Francisco, advised that there should be no demonstration memory of Germany's dead Kaiser, and that no flag be alf-masted in honor of his memory, he has been boycotted his business. In the speech made by Mr. Denicke, he pro- laimed his allegiance to the American Republic and its institu- ions, and while he acknowledged the illustrious services of the mperor William to the German land, he did not accord to im all the virtues, nor admit that all the patriotism of the atherland was exemplified in his life, or buried with his mortal remains. For these sentiments, and the recalling of some questionable incidents in the eventful career of the deceased monarch, other Germans, not perhaps more loyal to the father- land, nor better American citizens than Mr. Denicke, have ac- cused him and his friends of being socialists, and have under- taken to boycott Fredericksburg beer, in the manufacture of which Mr. Denicke is manager. Now this is cowardly and un-German. Germans are, as a rule, brave, and as a rule, liberal. Boycotting is cowardly, and always contemptible, and is always attributable to some mean, base, and selfish motive. It is Irish and not German. Fredericksburg beer is the best beer in California, and in any German controversy the best beer will always win.

VANITY FAIR.

In going about Europe (writes a correspondent of the New York *World*), one becomes very soon convinced that the En- glish gentleman is much the best-dressed man on this side of the water. I have never seen a Frenchman, an Italian, or a German who patronized the tailors of his own country, who even approached remotely to being well dressed. Some of the Italian swells that I noticed at the stations, as I passed through, wore sienna-red overcoats, lined with light red, and ornamented with cheap muskrat collar and cuffs. Put under this a light check suit, striped shirt, and on the head a careless green, or brown, soft hat, and you have an idea of a swell of the smaller villages of Italy. In the larger towns it is not much better. The men have a tendency to flaming plaids and extraordinary checks, and have a perfect passion for wearing overcoats loaded down with the cheapest and meanest-looking fur known to the trade. Their clothes are nearly all ill-fitting, and badly made. The most picturesque are those who still adhere to the cloaks, which they wrap around them after the fashion of the conspirators in the opera. You very rarely see a high silk hat in Italy, and only occasionally a stiff Derby. The hat is generally a soft felt, similar in shape to that worn in the Far West of the United States, but it is generally more flaming in color. Dark green, and a terra-cotta red, are very common colors worn. Some of the spectators at the stations wore the most extraordinary fur-caps, made out of the fur of the cat, or the rabbit. They were shapeless and clumsy. The trim, tightly-rolled umbrella of England and the United States is unknown, except in the hands of a tourist. Even the most accomplished Italian gentleman thinks nothing of carry- ing a coarse, clumsy umbrella, which, when furled and tied up, is nearly a foot in diameter, and has a handle nearly equal in size to the centre-pole of a tent. The Italians have a huge umbrella, which is always carried by the common people, and sometimes by the higher classes. This umbrella, when un- furled, is fully five feet across. It is made of some strong, coarse material, and is always in some flaming color. You will see these umbrellas in pea-green, a bright, cold blue, pur- ple, and flame red. They are, also, carried by the black- frocked priests. They resemble very much, in shape and size, an artist's sketching umbrella. They are a protection against the cold rains of the winter and the blazing suns of the sum- mer.

There is something rather interesting in the way in which royalty, in comparatively modern days, has concerned itself with the size of women's skirts. Queen Elizabeth lent her sanction to the farthingale, which came into England during her reign, and probably from Spain, as its name is but the corruption of the Spanish *verdugado*. Queen Anne favored it, with slight modification, calling it her tub-petticoat. Under Louis the Fifteenth of France it was known as the *panier*, and although abolished by means of a beautiful actress, who showed the world what elegance and grace of form was with- out it, it was restored under the revels of Marie Antoinette. Shorn of some of its proportions in England, it was emphati- cally dismissed from favor there by the personal edict of George the Fourth; but it rose upon the world again, nearly a century later, under the auspices of the beautiful Empress Eugénie. Disappearing for a short season, we have it now disguised in the springs upholding the weight of the tailor costumes, which owe their success, apart from their own comfort, to the grace of the Princess Alexandra. Few other vehicles, or styles of dress, trace their origin so distinctly to the influence of thrones, and it would seem as if there were something of the aristocratic about the thing intrinsically, if we did not, on brief suburban journeys, so often see it serving democratic uses at last as a support for trailing vines, or as the only visible provender for tethered goats.

Mr. Worth recently remarked to a reporter: "I find that every country produces beautiful faces, graceful figures, and lovely dispositions, as well as their contraries. I suppose Russian ladies are the greatest dancers in the world; English women are justly proud of their perfect complexions; the French lead the world in real elegance, and the American ladies impress me by the easy way in which they wear gor- geous gowns. Nothing overwhelms them. You ask me if fab- ulous sums are sometimes paid for dresses. It is quite im- possible to make any estimates as to that. If you begin putting on gold thread, jewels, etc., of course there is no limit to the cost. Some years ago, a Peruvian heiress paid us one hundred and twenty thousand francs for a single gown—one hundred and eighteen thousand francs being the cost of the laces alone. A few weeks ago, we sold a cloak for forty- five thousand francs, of which forty-four thousand francs went for the fur. We count among our patrons the ladies of all the courts in the civilized world, that is all, with a single exception. Queen Victoria has never honored us with her patronage. The other day, a telegram came from the Em- press of Russia: 'Send me a dinner-dress.' Nothing more. We are left absolute freedom as to style and material. Not that the empress is indifferent in the matter of dress; quite the contrary. She will sometimes require that all the ladies' costumes, at a certain ball, shall be pink, or red, or blue. And her own toilets are always masterpieces of elegance. The point is that she trusts our judgment rather than her own."

"Renting articles for occasions," said a New York jeweler, "is a growing feature with us. It is hardly a regular business, but a number of the large houses are in it to an extent. They call it accommodating their friends, but they collect fees. It is not improbable that it will grow in this city to the proportions it has assumed in New York. There is a woman in that city in the business of renting jewelry who frequently lets out fifty thousand or seventy-five thousand dollars' worth of jewels in an evening. They blaze on their wearers' persons, and nobody knows they are only borrowed glitter. Who are the borrowers in this city? Mostly men. You would not think it. You would guess that feminine vanity was at the bottom of the business. But the male bird is the vainest, let me tell you. Besides, wo- men usually own more gems than men. The articles loaned are diamonds principally—studs, collar-buttons, rings, sleeve-but- tons, etc. Men want them for receptions, weddings, and dinners. Women borrow bracelets, and occasionally a necklace. Now, a magnificent necklace can be got up for three thousand five hundred, or four thousand dollars, that the non-professional observer will think worth ten thousand dollars. Fancy the feelings of a woman who wears such an article at a swell ball! She's happy, isn't she? Well, such an article has been rented several times this winter. Jewelers, of course, do not let these valuables to people they do not know. They exact security for the most expensive. Articles of vertu and bric-à-brac for adorning a room are often rented, also. All of these must be returned early the next morning."

"Winning a husband," said Verona Jarbeau recently, "is only a pleasure to a woman, but keeping him is a penance. That is not nicely put, but what I mean is, that more than two-thirds of the women who marry let their husbands slip through their fingers, because they are too lazy, too indifferent, or too ignorant to keep them. A girl wins a husband uncon- sciously. Ask any of your friends how they captured their other half, and they will tell you, frankly, 'I don't know.' A man's heart is ensnared by a pretty hand, nice teeth, a round, low voice, frank eyes, beautiful hair; by the way a girl walks, talks, plays, rides, puns; by her gifts, her smile, her amiability, good taste, generosity, or the very manner in which she greets, fascinates, or abuses him. She may not know how she won him, but if she doesn't know how to keep him, the best thing for her to do is to find out. There are many things we know by intuition; the rest have to be learned by experiment. Con- scious of her abilities and inabilities as a wife, a wise woman will learn how to keep a husband, just as she learns how to keep house, to make chicken croquettes, chocolate creams, bread, beds, or lemonade, and if she doesn't, why some siren, with the sunshine in her tresses and the perfume of wild olives about her, will secure for her a permanent vacation. A man loves to see his wife well-dressed. When she goes about in tatters, with big shoes, untidy skirts, soiled collar, and a halo of curl-papers, if he doesn't swear, he thinks it. I don't be- lieve in the economy of home toilets. I never take a dress that is done for and wear it in the house. When the life is gone out of it, it goes in the rag-bag. I make a duty of nice linen, with plenty of laces, and my house-gowns are not old, they are not wrappers, and they are not ugly. Another hobby of mine is my hair, which I will have as near the poet's con- ception of 'her fragrant tresses" as possible. Then I have a whole lot of little devices—I perfume my eyebrows and lips; keep my hands soft and cool, my teeth in good order, and I make my doctor prescribe for a sweet breath. But don't put that in the paper. I only tell you to give you an idea of the care required to keep a man in love with you. Men like to preach down extravagance, and style, and dress; but the woman who bangs her hair, powders the shine off her face, hides a blotch or scar under a piece of court-plaster, who wants pretty gloves and stockings, trim slippers, perfumes, balms, cold creams, finger-curls, and fancy notions to increase her charms, is the woman who is admired every time. Those long, lean, lank, common-sense women may gad about with their wholesome ugliness and cheap simplicity, but the proces- sion of men who follow is not a long one. If a man is fond of flattery, let him have it—not by the volume, but in crisp little verses. Hunt up poetry for his eyes; get things to rhyme with his fat, white hands; pick out all the big gods and little heroes of Troy and Rome, whose legs are not half as good, and whose backs were cambric by comparison. Laud his shapely head to the skies, and he will keep his hair cut; praise his shapely hands, and you solve the problem of unkept nails. Hunt the dictionary for words and synonyms, to give variety to your enthusiasm; if he has ambitions, or schemes, listen to him with open eyes of wonderment, and, no matter what the occasion is, never permit your knowledge to exceed his. Men despise a smart woman, but have no fault to find when her talent is large enough to appreciate his greatness. Another piece of wisdom, on the part of a wife, is the culti- vation of helplessness—she must be able to lift nothing heavier than a box of candy; know nothing about the management of an umbrella, a window, a knot, or a bundle, and just in pro- portion as she appeals to his strength, size, and greatness, just so large will her influence over him be. Men like to be looked up to, depended on, quoted, and referred to. That's the rea- son why a little woman marries three times to the one wedding of the tall, heroic lady. An ugly temper is a trial that few women are able to stand. The only cure is silence. You mustn't talk back. No, sentiment is just as injurious; you can't kiss a furious man—it only makes him worse. The thing to do is to keep still, let him cool, and let the matter drop. He will respect your sense, and come to terms on his own ac- cord. Don't make a sacrifice of yourself; have ideas of your own, and secrets, too, if you like. It is well not to be too tame. This thing of trying to rule a husband is all buncombe; it can't be done. You can coax most men, bribe some, and govern a very few; but that vulgar rubbing of the fur the right way wins every time."

LIFE IN PARIS.

"L'Americaine" discusses the Pleasures of the Parisienne.

Everything is delightful in this beautiful Paris, and life seems a continual round of pleasure, so much so, that the sight of a funeral passing along the streets, or the reading in the morning papers of some terrible crime, is the only shock that brings one back to earth again, after soaring for days amid the clouds of light-heartedness and oblivion, to any real earthly sorrow. Speaking of funerals, calls to my mind the curious custom of the French people of placing the coffin, containing the remains of some dear one, in the court-yard, or at the entrance to the house. The *porte-cochère* is draped in black, and a canopy of the same sombre cloth is placed over the casket, with high silver candlesticks, holding burning wax candles, on each side of the bier, and also at the foot. A silver urn, filled with holy water, is placed at the foot of the coffin, and each passer-by enters this hastily built mortuary chapel to repeat a short prayer for the soul of the departed one, to sprinkle a few drops of blessed water over the coffin in the sign of the cross, and to speak a few words to the good Sister of Mercy who watches, night and day, by the "still, silent one." The remains are left thus in this public place until the day of the funeral; and as the long line of carriages winds its way slowly out toward the great Perè la Chaise, as it passes by the hurrying workman on his way to his labor, or the gentleman of leisure taking his morning stroll, or the poor beggar on the street-corner, each and every one stops in his walk to lift his hat and to make the sign of the cross as the solemn procession passes by. Nowhere in the world have I seen such respect shown to the dead as here in this gay capital, where one would think there was not even *time* to die. The great lady and her cavalier will stop as soon, with lowered heads, as the poor, homely little funeral procession of some small child passes them on its way to its last resting-place in the Potter's Field, as they will halt before a hearse drawn by four horses and a line of carriages containing members of families among the *haute noblesse.*

There is another thing that I have been glad to notice over here, and that is, the generosity of the rich to the poor. I have never seen a beggar hold out his hand in vain; but then all mendicants, who can prove themselves truly unable to work or to procure employment, are licensed here, and you generally know that your copper cent, or *petite pièce blanche*, will not go far astray. I understand, though, that on New Year's Day any man, woman, or child, so inclined, can beg on the street-corners, and I am told you can not take a step without putting your hand in your pockets; and it is well to go with these well-lined, if one wishes to pave the road to paradise with the blessings received on that day.

It is so delightful to be able to take in all of the sights of Paris in a comfortable, easy way, and how I pity those poor Cook's tourists, and eager countrymen and women of mine, who fly into one *musée*, rush on to the next gallery, and thence to visit some celebrated corner of the great city put down in their guide-books, with a little red cross next it, meaning that this one particular spot must not be passed over, and so these poor globe-trotters hasten on from place to place, expecting to do Europe in about nine weeks, and to know it all thoroughly by the time they have reached their own homes once more. How utterly impossible it is to enjoy sight-seeing when one has to hurry over it! These poor people always have the appearance, to me, of being ever expectant of hearing a bell ring and a loud voice call to them; ten minutes for this gallery, five for the next, and ten seconds for the third. They have, all of them, hungry, eager faces, and one longs to bid them rest awhile in their prodigious undertaking of going the round of the world in eighty days.

I have of all things here mostly enjoyed our rides to the Bois de Boulogne, in the early mornings, when the world is not there—away out where the trees were so ruthlessly hewn down for the siege, among the lakes and châlets, the cascades and the grottoes, around the lofty sweep where the avenues command the valley views and the heights of Fort Valerien, and home again through pretty little Passy, with its villas and lovely gardens. Few ladies start from their homes on horse-back. They are generally driven out in closed carriages to the entrance to the Bois, where their horses have been previously taken by their grooms, and those who do not care to return through the city after their ride, find their coupés still awaiting them on their return at the gate of the park.

I find that French women, as a rule, take very little exercise, and this little is made as agreeable and as short as possible. They are naturally fond of comfort. A day of a Frenchwoman of fashion can easily be summed up in the following manner: at eight o'clock, the cup of *café au lait* in bed; at nine, the bran bath and a simple toilet made for the mass at her parish church—this is if she be religiously inclined; otherwise, she will not leave her room until the *déjeûner à la fourchette*, after which her coupé will most likely deposit her at her dress-maker's; thence to a fashionable pastry-cook's for a biscuit and a cup of chocolate, an ice, or even a small glass of some excellent wine; thence home again, to place herself under the skillful hands of her Abigail, whence she will appear equipped for a few calls, an afternoon concert or reception, or her own day at home. At four o'clock comes the daily drive to the Bois, generally in a victoria or a closed carriage, should the day be cool; at six, another toilet for the dinner, at seven—sometimes this may be only at eight, and then madame will find time for her correspondence, a few chapters in the latest novel, perhaps a short beauty-sleep, or a visit from her children, if she be so blessed, or a short conversation with her husband, to whom, at this late hour, she will unfold her evening plans—two hours at table, and thence to the opera or play. The late hours, after the drop of the curtain, up to the time of bidding good-night, are filled in different ways, according to the tastes and habits of madame. But the life I have just described, believe me, is only the every-day, butterfly existence of a woman of the world. I have written before of the domestic, lovable, and charming women of home-life.

Every afternoon, when there is not a large reception on hand, or some other social call, my aunt and I go regularly to the Bois at four o'clock. We fall into the interminable line of carriages on fashionable parade, we pass in review beautiful toilets, the made-up faces of some of the occupants of beautiful carriages, with the tops thrown back, and filled with costly flowers. We bow right and left to our many friends; we delight in the magnificent horses for a while, and then we order the coachman to drive into some quiet alley, where we alight, and take a brisk constitutional for half an hour or so. Then back to the ever-moving, changing line of humanity in the Allée des Acacias, which, of late years, has taken the place of the old-timed "tour du lac." Shortly before turning homeward, we pay our daily visit to the Swiss dairy, where only milk, black bread and butter, clabber and cream, crackers and cheese are sold. This is now one of the most fashionable resorts on the Bois, and you are always certain to meet with some good friend who will join you in your afternoon *goûté* of curds and whey.

On Sundays one rarely finds the *beau monde* at the Bois. This day is given up to strangers, country visitors, and a different class of society from that which claims the Faubourg Saint Germain as its rightful habitat. On this day one sees another side of Paris life; it is the favorite day of the week for servants' weddings, and the bridal tour is through the Bois. It is an amusing sight to see the bride in her white muslin dress and orange wreath, the bridesmaids in their gay dresses, the groom and groomsmen in their best coats, driving up and down the wide avenues, all laughing and happy, enjoying themselves like children let out from school. They have a grand breakfast or dinner at the Café du Cascade, or one of the other restaurants in the park, which lasts for hours, and the settling of the bill often takes every cent of the bride's and groom's savings of years past. They finish up with a dance, and the bridal tour is ended.

After our *goûté* at the dairy, we give the word to our coachman, and he wheels us instantly about through the seemingly hopeless double line of carriages; and we fall in with the returning stream. Back by the Arc de Triomphe, looking down the splendid slope of the Champs Elysées, one sees the finest sight of all the afternoon, the great mass of equipages, a sea whose waves are tossing manes, proud heads, the sparkle of rings and buckles, and all the rich mountings of the glittering harness and the roll of countless wheels. It is pleasant, after all the din, rush, and excitement of the day, to find ourselves in the cool shade again of the fair Champs Elysées, and the people sitting on the benches with their needle-work and knitting; the children at play in the pleasant walks behind them, or absorbed in watching a Punch and Judy show, look thoroughly happy and contented, and do not in the least seem to envy us our handsome equipages, dashing horses, pompous *cocher* and *valet de pied.*

I often wonder what Paris would be without its Champs Elysées. It is the play-ground for thousands of children, and the favorite promenade of all Parisians. Here the little children ride up and down the shaded avenues in pretty little goat wagons, which are hired by the hour, with a young postilion, for a franc, or twenty-five cents; here they make caves and castles out of the white sand, piled here and there for them to play in; for a few sous they can enjoy the great Guignol or Punch and Judy shows, and eat countless little cakes sold by the old "plaisir" man as they call him. At the little booths scattered here and there under the green trees, they can get a cup of pure milk, a glass of cool lemonade, and play for macarons at the little *rouge-et-noire* tables, and buy all the buckets, spades, and hoops their baby hearts could ever long for.

Here the *nounous*, in their long cloaks and white caps, crowned with yards and yards of ribbons, to match those worn by the baby they carry, walk up and down with majestic step, proud of their nurslings, and delight if any one will stop to see the little one's face, or to ask whose child it may be; and here men and women, children also in their way, "for hearts don't change much after all, men are only boys grown tall," will sit for hours amused in watching the continual string of carriages as they come and go to the Bois. Each chair costs two sous for the afternoon, and this sum is collected by women in neat, pretty dresses, white aprons, and caps, who give you a printed receipt for your money, and for an additional sou will bring you a little foot-stool, which is a great weakness with all French women—they will carry their own folding *tabouret* with them if they happen to be going anywhere where they fear the absence of the necessary little stool, and in cold weather the foot-warmer takes its place. L'AMERICAINE.

PARIS.

Sausages, cooked, or half raw, highly spiced, are an essential of German cookery. In order to prevent the Germans from exposing themselves to a number of bad diseases incidental to pork, the authorities insist upon the pigs being examined before being offered for sale. A peasant was arrested for evading this law, and upon being asked to explain, said that he had a most accurate method of determining the soundness of pork. The pastor of the district was always hungry, so the peasant always sent him the first sausage made from each pig slaughtered, and a week later called to inquire about his health. If it was all right, the pork went to the market, and examination fees were saved.

St. Petersburg is a paradise for theatrical managers. It is said that in one month thirty-four thousand two hundred and twenty persons visited the Russian opera, thirty-two thousand the Alexandrovna Theatre, twenty-two thousand nine hundred and seventy-two the circus, and seventeen thousand five hundred the Michael Theatre. The average attendance is about four thousand per night the year round.

Hansom cabs, containing dummy figures, representing a corpse, have paraded the streets of London as an advertisement of the management of the Princess's Theatre, where "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" was about to be played.

POEMS BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

Rouge Gagne.

The wheel is turned, the cards are laid;
The circle's drawn, the bets are made:
I stake my gold upon the red.

The rubies of the bosom mine,
The river of life, so swift divine,
In red all radiantly shine.

Upon the cards, like gouts of blood,
Lie dinted hearts, and diamonds good,
The red for faith and hardihood.

In red the sacred blushes start
On errand from a virgin heart,
To win its glorious counterpart.

The rose that makes the summer fair,
The velvet robe that sovereigns wear,
The red revealment could not spare.

And men who conquer deadly odds
By fields of ice, and raging floods,
Take the red passion from the gods.

Now, Love is red, and Wisdom pale,
But human hearts are faint and frail
Till Love meets Love, and bids it hail.

I see the chasm, yawning dread;
I see the flaming arch o'erhead:
I stake my life upon the red.

The Soul-Hunter.

Who hunts so late 'neath evening skies,
A smouldering love-brand in his eyes?
His locks outshame the black of night,
Its stars are duller than his sight
Who hunts so late, so dark.

A drooping mantle shrouds his form,
To shield him from the winter's storm.
Or is there something at his side,
That, with himself, he strives to hide,
Who hunts so late, so dark?

He hath such promise, silver sweet,
Such silken hands, such fiery feet,
That, where his look has charmed the prey,
His swift-winged passion forces way,
Who hunts so late, so dark.

Sure no one underneath the moon
Can whisper to so soft a tune:
The hours would flit from dusk to dawn
Lighter than dews upon the lawn
With him, so late, so dark.

But, should there break a day of need,
Those hands will try no valorous deed;
No help is in that sable crest,
Nor manhood in that hollow breast
That sighed so late, so dark.

O maiden! of the salt waves make
Thy sinless shroud, for God's dear sake;
Or to the flame commit thy bloom;
Or lock thee, living, in the tomb
So desolate and dark—

Before thou list one stolen word
Of him who lures thee like a bird.
He wanders with the Devil's bait,
For human souls he lies in wait,
Who hunts so late, so dark.

Outside the Party.

Thick throng the snow-flakes, the evening is dreary,
Glad rings the music in yonder gay hall;
On her who listens here, friendless and weary,
Heavier chill than the winter's doth fall.

At yon clear window, light-opened before me,
Glances the face I have worshiped so well:
There's the fine gentleman, grand in his glory;
There, the fair smile by whose sweetness I fell.

This is akin to him, shunned and forsaken,
That at my bosom sobs low, without bread;
Had not such pleading my marble heart shaken,
I had been quiet, long since, with the dead.

Oh! could I enter there, ghastly and squalid,
Stand in men's eyes with my spirit o'erborne,
Show them where roses bloomed, crushed now and pallid,
What he found innocent, leaving forlorn—

How the fair ladies would fail from their dances,
Trembling, aghast at my horrible tale!
How would he shrink from my words and my glances!
How would they shrink from him, swooning and pale!

This is the hair that was soft to enchain him;
Snakelike, it snarls on my beautiless brow:
These are the hands that were fond to detain him
With a sense-magic then, powerless now!

No; could I come, like a ghost, to affright him,
How should that heal my wound, silence my pain!
Had I the wrath of God's lightning to smite him,
That could not bring me my lost peace again.

Ne'er let him grieve while good fortunes betide him,
Ne'er count again the poor game lost of old;
When he comes forth, with his young bride beside him,
Here shall they find us both, dead in the cold.

Bargains.

He prest a ruby on her lips, whose burning blood shone through;
Twin sapphires bound above her eyes, to match their fiery blue;
And, where her hair was parted back, an opal gem he set—
Type of her changing countenance, where all delights were met.
"Will you surrender now," he said, "the ancient grudge you kee
Untiring and unuttered, like murder in the deep?"
"I thank you for the word," she said; "your gems are fair of for
But when did jewels bind the depths, or splendors still the storm?
There is no diamond in the mine, nor pearl beneath the wave,
There is no fretted coronet that soothes a princely grave,
There is nor fate nor empire in the wide infinity,
Can stand in grace and virtue with the gift you had from me."

A French bachelor advertised for a wife. A typographic error changed his age from thirty-seven to eighty-seven, but made no difference, for he received two hundred and fifty a plications from ladies ranging from the age of sixteen to sixt and all promising love and devotion for the rest of his exis ence.

A STORM-BEATEN BET.

Being Mr. Jack Mawley's Strange Adventure in a Curious Wager.

Nine persistent strokes of his clock awoke my esteemed but somewhat volatile young friend, Jack Mawley, on last Monday morning. Jack opened his eyes, shut them again, cursed the clock, and wondered what ailed it, anyhow. It had never before possessed, or at any rate, developed sufficient sonorousness to intrude itself upon his slumbers.

"I wonder," said Jack to himself, "if the infernal thing is training for a church bell." And then he opened his eyes again, and sat up in bed suddenly. "Egad!" said he, staring about him, "the place is as quiet as a grave-yard."

This was certainly not its normal condition. Mr. Mawley's bachelor apartment is in the Racquet Club, which, as everyone who knows anything about New York knows, overlooks Sixth Avenue. As a general thing, Sixth Avenue is one of the busiest streets in New York. What with the elevated railroad, the street cars, and the constant traffic of vehicles of all kinds, its noises are second only to those of Broadway. Jack, whom the musical chime of a French clock could recall from dreams of the Mitchell-Sullivan fight, with a spree in Paris for a wind-up, had grown so used to the echo of the town, which ordinarily subdued the noise of his time-keeper, that he could sleep through it for twenty-four hours at a stretch. It was its utter absence that made the clock so aggressive, and aroused the lethargic curiosity of Mr. Mawley to such a pitch that he jumped out of bed to find what the matter was.

All that he saw at first, when he pulled his curtain aside, was snow. The air was full of it, blowing and whirling in dense clouds. As his vision cleared, he noted that the house-tops his window overlooked were covered, and that the street was blocked. Next he saw that there was a train on the elevated road at a standstill, and looking up and down the street he saw other trains, also at a standstill, till they lost themselves in the storm. The platforms of the cars were packed with people, stamping their feet to keep warm, and the interiors of the cars were jammed. On the roadway below the elevated, the snow lay smooth and clean.

"Gad!" said Mr. Mawley, "the street-cars can't be running. What the dooce is up?"

He hurried on a bath-robe, threw a boot at his man's door to notify him to prepare the morning tub, and returned to the window in time to see a big wooden sign from some shop on the avenue sail by like a wind-wafted leaf. A few men, with their hats tied on, were struggling through knee-deep drifts in the street. All the shops in sight were closed. On the uptown track of the elevated, which was clear—the trains being all stalled on the down-track—three figures were crawling, on hands and knees, over the sleepers, toward the Twenty-Eighth Street station. One of the halted locomotives was exuding steam with a dismal wailing, which made a melancholy mixture with the howling of the gale.

"Bad day, sir," remarked his man, coming in just then, with an armful of towels.

"Gad!" responded Mr. Mawley, "it looks it."

"Regular blizzard, sir," added his other self, as he carried the towels into the bath-room, whither Mr. Mawley promptly followed him.

"Better have breakfast fetched in, sir," hinted his man, as, having rubbed him scarlet and got him in undress uniform, he prepared to shave him.

"I say, Figgs," replied Mr. Mawley, "that isn't half a bad idea, do you know."

Figgs gave the razor a final slap on the strop, and remarked:

"No, sir."

"But, hold on!" cried Mr. Mawley, so suddenly that it nearly cost him the tip of his left ear. "Isn't this Monday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then I've got to be at Del's at eleven, to settle with Snypes for that breakfast I owe him."

"Think Mr. Snypes will be there, sir?" asked Figgs, with a sly inflection on the name.

"He won't, if I know him," answered Mr. Mawley. "But to-day is the day, and the breakfast's ordered. If he isn't there, I'll eat his, too, and call it even."

Figgs completed the toilet without further comment, other than the monosyllabic replies exacted from him by his master's desultory remarks. In the meantime, Mr. Mawley noticed from the window, which he frequently visited, that several miles of telegraph wire had fallen in a tangle below, and that a great many people were getting out from the elevated cars upon the track. These people, he further noted, balanced themselves across the ties, like rope-walkers, handed, some money to a black man who stood at the top of a ladder, whose lower end rested in the street, and after throwing their bundles, umbrellas, or sticks into the snow, descended after them, some of them tumbling off on the way down, to vary the monotony of the programme. The whole scene was such a new sensation that it put Mr. Mawley in high good humor, and he wandered about the room and returned to the window again, as merrily as if he had not seen a glass of champagne or a decanter of brandy the night before.

"Gad," said he, at last, "do you know those fellows are having a lot of fun, Figgs?"

"Maybe they don't think so, sir," answered Figgs.

"Then," said Mr. Mawley, decisively, "they don't know what fun is."

"Shall I call a hansom, sir?" asked Figgs as he helped him on with his hooded ulster. "Leastwise, if I can get one."

"To go to Broadway?" cried Mr. Mawley; "well, I guess not, I want some fresh air myself."

He found that he was more than supplied with this commodity, the instant he set foot outside the club-house. The gale went by up the street leading to Broadway, full of unearthly noises, howls, screams, and long wailings intermingled. At the third step Mr. Mawley found himself knee deep in a snow-drift, with a whirlwind of stinging crystals peppering his face. He pulled the hood of his coat a little lower down over his eyes, and plunged blindly forward. After he had covered, as he supposed, quite half the distance to Broadway, he stopped for breath and a glance about him. To his amazement he was scarcely a dozen feet from his starting point. There was a long circle of foot-tracks, or rather leg-tracks in the snow, to denote the course he had made, and from the neighboring windows a choice variety of the fair sex had been viewing his progress with quite as much amusement as personal interest. Mr. Mawley laughed at himself, and swore at himself for an ass, and having gathered his second wind plunged forward once more, this time with his eyes at least partially open. Ten minutes later he was beating the snow off himself in the storm-door of the Delmonico Café.

Broadway was almost deserted. Only here and there a muffled figure battled with the drifts. In the block above where Mr. Mawley stood, a street-car was buried to the roof in a snow-bank. There was not another vehicle in sight, though several hack-drivers, covered with snow, were ranged in line under the portico of the St. James Hotel across the way. The storm, broken by the tall buildings at this point, was converted into whirlwinds that spun with incredible velocity, dragging great clouds of snow up with them, to be blown into dense showers by the upper currents of air.

Mr. Mawley chuckled as he absorbed these facts at his ease. "Gad!" he observed to himself, "if Snype shows his nose out to-day he'll land in the middle of next week," and thus comforting himself, he went into the café.

Only half a dozen tables were occupied, where all should at this hour have been full. The waiters held their posts like statues, and when Philippe, the commander-in-chief of the attendant army, came to meet and marshal the new guest to the place reserved for him, it was with an evident damper on his commonly mercurial spirits.

"What a day, Mr. Mawley, sir!" said Philippe.

"Quite a breezy spring morning, eh, Philippe?" retorted Mr. Mawley. "Of course Mr. Snype hasn't——"

He cut himself short, and Philippe shrugged his shoulders. There, at the appointed table, sat Snype, as ricketty, and spindly, and generally frail and unsubstantial as ever, with the small remnant of a Manhattan cocktail before him.

"Hello!" observed the feathery Snype, cheerfully; "got the call on you, see."

"How the dooce did you get here?" demanded his host; "I thought you were snowed-in up the avenue."

"Oh, no," replied Snype. "Fact is, we had little game at the club till after three o'clock. Then the weather was so bad that I put up there. Didn't want to disappoint you, you know. Lucky I stayed down-town, wasn't it?"

They had their breakfast, after which Mr. Mawley bethought him to ascertain how the stock-market stood. After he had spent ten minutes at the silent ticker, running the blank tape over his fingers, to and fro, some one informed him that the Exchange was closed.

"Closed!" cried Mr. Mawley. "What for?"

"Nobody can get down-town," replied his informant.

"Gad!" cried Mr. Mawley, "I'd get down-town if I had to."

"Go you the dinners you can't get down to the Exchange by six o'clock," retorted the other.

"It's a go," remarked Mr. Mawley. "Philippe!"

"Yes, sir."

"Get me a coach."

Philippe grinned, and the man who had proposed the wager, grinned.

"Can't be done, sir," said Philippe. "Mr. Jiggson offered fifty dollars for a coach at ten o'clock, sir, and couldn't get one."

"Telephone to the nearest stable, then."

"Telephone don't work, sir."

"Well," observed Mr. Mawley, determinedly, "I guess I can get over to the elevated."

"None of 'em running, sir."

"But some of the street-cars must be running."

"No, sir."

"All right," remarked Mr. Mawley. "Then I'll foot it."

"But," said his opponent, "how will I know that you have got down?"

"Oh, I'll fix that," said Mr. Mawley, "I'll telegraph you from the Astor House, don't you know?"

The other smiled, what, to a more suspicious nature than Mr. Mawley's, might have seemed a superfluously knowing smile, and expressed his acquiescence in this arrangement. He further suggested the propriety of Mr. Mawley's fortifying himself by a preliminary libation, which was accordingly commanded and partaken of. Then Philippe bundled and muffled the daring adventurer up until only his eyes and nose were visible, and, having filled his pockets with Perfectos and put one in his mouth, Mr. Mawley announced that he was ready. A slight delay was occasioned by Mr. Snype's declaration of an intention to accompany his friend and host, and as Mr. Snype was rendered resolute by something like a quart of alcohol in various disguises, it required some time to persuade him to relinquish his rash resolve. Consequently it was one o'clock when Mr. Mawley was finally free to set forth on his journey, followed by the cheers of the delegation which accompanied him as far as the door.

At 1:15 he was in the Hoffman House, nerving himself anew for the venture with a brandy cocktail. At 1:30 he was bargaining with a lonely hackman, whom he encountered crawling through the drifts at Twenty-Third Street, and who agreed, for fifteen dollars cash, in hand paid, to carry him to Wall Street. The hackman would probably have contracted to carry him to the North Pole quite as readily. He did take him as far as Union Square, where, with icicles fringing the horse and a foot of snow on the roof of the hack, he pulled up, and refused to go further. At two o'clock Mr. Mawley, having invigorated himself afresh at the Morton House bar, set out again, on foot.

He had the wind at his back, but the snow was so tormented by it, that he could only see his way by fitful blinks. Still, he did not live at the Racquet Club for nothing; and he, moreover, did not propose to follow up the loss of a breakfast to Snype with that of a dinner to some one else. "I might as well undertake to board the whole gang," he thought, as he started another Perfecto in the lee of a doorway. "I'll get there, if I have to creep on all fours."

He had very little company. Now and then he passed a hack or a wagon, painfully plowing along hub-deep. Most of the pedestrians he encountered had gunny-sacking, or wrapping-paper, tied around their legs, and did not look as if they bought their clothes of Poole. There was a promise of romance in the appearance of a woman at one stage of his walk, and when she fell, he gallantly aided her to her feet, though he had to climb through four feet of snow to get at her. But she proved to be of dark complexion and a menial race, in spite of which fact, he helped her along till she struck into a cross street and left him, with many thanks.

Once he got well started, however, the experience lost some of its terrors. Furious as was the wind and heavy as was the snow, it was not inordinately cold. The gale drifted the snow up on one side of the street, and left the other comparatively clear, and though the wind did play queer pranks with him, Mr. Mawley managed to reach the New York Hotel, in fair shape, by 2:30. There he laid in a double allowance of nerve, which carried him to the Grand Central Hotel, whence, at three o'clock, he took his departure anew. At 3:35, he was at the dry-goods district branch of Delmonico's, trying to warm up at a steamless radiator a frozen sparrow, which he had picked up in the snow. By this time Mr. Mawley had become unusually companionable, with a marked inclination to spirituous hospitality. He made several new acquaintances over the bar, and with one of them he set out to continue his journey.

They were no sooner out of doors than Mr. Mawley's new friend developed a violent desire to sit down and rest. Restrained in this, he expressed a fervent wish to assault Mr. Mawley, which he followed up by a wild burst of grief and despair, in the course of which he denounced himself as a base and depraved person, unworthy to live and be a burden on the world. As he had, by this time, become a burden on his companion, and as he seemed so grief-stricken at the prospect of protracting his existence, Mr. Mawley judged it but just to allow him to carry out his expressed yearning to lie down and die, and so left him with his feet sticking out of a snow-bank, into which he had precipitated himself in his final and most violent paroxysm of self-reproach. The delay incidental to this experience brought the hands of the clock to 4:12, when Mr. Mawley staggered in to the restaurant of the Astor House, and called to a porter to come and dig him out.

He found the bar-room of the hotel crammed, and speedily discovered friendly company, a portion of which volunteered, upon learning of his mission, to accompany him the rest of his journey. Accordingly, they set out, five strong, singing, "Spring, Spring, Beautiful Spring" in accents that rivaled the melody of the raging elements. At the first bar-room, by the way, they stopped to brace up, and, in deference to the hospitable ardor of each individual member of the party, they braced up five times. At the next hospice the same process was repeated, and at the next. By the time they reached Wall Street, and ploughed around the Stock Exchange, through the abandoned and deep-drifted streets, they saw quite a panorama of exchanges, and in their vivid vision each special exchange owned a blizzard of its own.

After losing three of their companions, Mr. Mawley and a bosom-friend, whose name he did not know, reeled in at the Astor House at 5:35 P. M. A tumbler of nervine, strong and hot, having steadied his hand for the task, Mr. Mawley repaired to the telegraph window, within which a young person was examining herself in a hand-glass, and wrote the following dispatch:

Astor House, New York, 5:45 P. M.

To Joseph Jibster,
Delmonico's, Broadway and Twenty-Sixth Street.
I will eat that dinner at seven to-morrow.

J. Mawley.

"Are you very particular to have this sent to-day, sir?" asked the young person at the instrument, sweetly.

"Certainly; at once," replied Mr. Mawley.

"Well, sir," said the young person, as sweetly as before, "you had better take it yourself, then, for none of the wires in the city have been working since morning."

Mr. Mawley occupied a cot in a bath-room at the hotel that night, after making the acquaintance of most of the inhabitants of Brooklyn and Jersey City, who were weather-bound under the same roof. He computes the loss imposed on New York by the blizzard, from its cost to himself, at close upon ninety-nine billion dollars, and thinks seriously of moving to Florida to live.

Alfred Trumble.

New York, March 17, 1888.

A party of soldiers in Paris were engaged in firing blank cartridges, when one of them, Carre, put a bullet into his rifle by mistake. When the word was given, Carre, who was in the rear rank, fired with the rest, and his bullet lodged in the head of a man in the front rank. The captain who was in charge dropped dead from heart disease, when he saw the soldier fall, and Carre endeavored to kill himself, but was prevented. The bullet was successfully extracted, and the man will probably recover.

Frank Moran, author of the article in the March *Century*, entitled "Colonel Rose's Tunnel at Libby Prison," has applied for the position of manager of the Libby Prison War Museum, to be formed in Chicago. Moran was a prisoner in Libby during the war, and was one of those who escaped through the tunnel, but who was afterward recaptured. It is well-nigh certain that he will obtain the position he seeks.

A traveling manager of a theatre company who intended playing "Paradise" in the south of France, and feared to shock fastidious matrons, and to remove prejudices, added to his play-bill that no anxiety need be felt by the most refined and moral, as Adam and Eve would appear in costumes.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Wills is said to have closely followed Cervantes's story in his adaptation of "Don Quixote"; but he has introduced several new features and has considerably elaborated the part to be played by Miss Ellen Terry.

Dr. Gardini, the husband of Mme. Gerster, has lately published in Italy a two-volume work on the United States. It has illustrations and maps. The order of the Crown of Italy has been conferred upon him in recognition of his literary feat.

M. Georges Ohnet's new novel, "Volont ," has reached—in Paris—in one week, its seventy-third edition. One English critic calls this popular work "A monument of stupendous platitude, an anthology of insipid commonplaces and prodigious snobbishness."

It is said that the elder Miss Bardesen in Mr. James's new *Atlantic* story, "The Aspern Papers," is the lady who, many years ago, was known as "Claire," the mistress of Byron and friend of Shelly's mistress—Mary Goodwin. She lived at Florence, where, accompanied by a niece, she had a secluded existence, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

The telegraph announces that John Ruskin has been placed in an asylum for the insane. This would move the writer (a non-Ruskinite) to greater emotion had he not for years been ostentatiously pitied by people who had read the ravings of Ruskin, and professed to understand them. It is probable that Ruskin's present mania is that he is the Holy Ghost. He has always believed that he was God the Father.

Lieutenant B. F. Handforth, of Chicago, is getting up a book which he claims will have the effect of abolishing the standing army of the United States, as he feels confident that he can a tale unfold that will convince every American citizen that the regular army must go. The regular navy will also receive some attention. If the book is at all like the circular which announces it, it can safely be said that it will contain original matter.

A Munich newspaper has resolved to refrain, in the future, from any indulgence in subjective art criticism. It will still continue to fill its columns with "objective" art reports and notices; but "kritik," it declares emphatically, is to cease. It begs all the artists and connoisseurs to help in the faithful execution of this novel departure, by supplying it with news from the studios, picture auctions, and all places where art is wrought or talked about. "We have found by bitter experience," says the Munich journal, "that the whole chapter of art criticism is a sort of torture chamber, not only for the criticised, but for the poor editors of all our papers."

The *Saturday Review* says, concerning John Strange Winter's new book, "The Confessions of a Publisher," that the "special crimes revealed by this publisher are, that when he promised to publish a book at cost price, he really charged 'full retail prices,' and that he saddled an author with certain expenses for advertising, which he never paid in money, but swapped with other proprietors of magazines. For these practices he quotes 'the custom of the trade'; and, if it be the custom of the trade to lie and cheat, so much the worse for them. But it is probable, or rather certain, that the evil custom is only practiced by evil persons, and that we might as well call every author a plagiarist as every publisher a knave."

In the daily and hourly hunt for "copy" (says the *Saturday Review*) a class of literary and journalistic mendicants has been evolved. He or she merely takes his pen, sits down quickly, and sends a lot of impertinent questions to persons whom he does not know, but whom most people have heard of. In an American magazine there is a quantity of material obtained by this ready and simple device. The stuff is called "The Preferences of Our Opera Singers," but, it must be allowed, has nothing in it to cause a blush. The "preferences" are not the love of the moth for the star, of the soprano for the tenor, but a list of the songs which singers like best to sing. The "writer," as a collector of these confessions has the easy confidence to style himself, "secured a series of letters from the leading artists of the operatic stage regarding their personal preferences for the music they have occasion to sing." Does this kind of bore never think of the trouble he gives his victims? Every human being whose name is occasionally printed, finds his breakfast-table littered every morning with notes from curious impertinents. "Excuse the liberty I take in asking whether you divide your hair down the middle. I am engaged on a volume of literary statistics to prove the connection between different forms of genius and different habits of dressing the hair. If you are totally bald, please say on what side hair (when any) was divided. A photograph will greatly oblige." This is a common kind of petition; so is the request to know what three books you consider the most valuable to a young man who has not time to read. Other idiots want to know whether the victim smokes when he is working, whether he is a devotee of total abstinence, etc., endlessly. The answers are published, and the anxious inquirer makes money out of the wasted time and temper of his fellow-creatures. Why do the fellow-creatures answer at all? it may be asked. For no good reason. Partly, they are good-natured, and do not care to say "No!" Partly, they are vain, and want to advertise themselves. Partly, they are timid, and know that the catechist may do them a bad turn in some journal of the gutter.

Selah Merrill writes in the Library *Magazine:* A few persons in different parts of the world are engaged in the work of gathering special collections of books, but there ought to be thousands engaged in it instead of dozens, as now. I do not refer to the collecting of books because of their age or binding, or to gratify any particular taste, whim or fancy of the collector, but to the making of collections that shall be of positive and very important service to the world. In an old bookstore in Germany I saw a large pile of books, and was told that they were to be sent to America, and that they all pertained to pearls and precious stones. The collector wished to collect everything that existed in any language on that particular subject. Such a collection will be invaluable—a kind of pearl of great price. I know a person who is collecting editions of Virgil—copies, reprints, illustrative essays, etc., which, as the collection approaches completeness, will be more and more valuable, not especially or solely to himself, but to the world. The reader can have no difficulty in understanding what I mean by collections that will be of service. We are getting farther and farther away from the time when printing began. Early printed books have nearly all gone to the paper mills, or to the dogs. Many books and pamphlets that were printed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it is now exceedingly difficult to find. To save the books that have been printed and still exist, and to collect others that are now being printed, or that may be printed on any given subject, and to have such books gathered into one place, are objects greatly to be desired. One need not choose Pearls, or Virgil. Let him select bibles, hymn-books, almanacs, American colleges, money, artesian wells—there are thousands of important subjects on which the world demands, from time to time, the fullest possible information, and when one comes to study such a subject, in order to impart such information, he naturally asks, "Where is the literature of this subject?" And the only reply that can be given is, generally speaking, "It has never been collected. It is scattered all over the civilized world." Persons object that they have not means for special collections, but every one who buys books will find, when he is fifty years old, that he has wasted a great deal of money on those that are, after all, of very little value. Suppose a large part of this money had been expended on a special collection. It is not so much the lack of means, as a lack of the necessary disposition. Newspapers, periodicals, and the town libraries furnish far more reading matter than one needs; so that one is not obliged to buy many books for [illegible]. As a rule, one's private library, however proud he may be of [illegible], is not of much value to the world, and has, in fact, very little money value, although it has cost, it may be, a large sum. Go to the auction-rooms, where the fine library of some "gentleman deceased" is being sold. Its owner prized beyond measure this little volume, and that one, and that one; he would not have parted with them for money. Now, half a dozen of these treasures are tied together in one bundle, and the lot sold for twenty-five cents. Miscellaneous collections are of very little use to the world, while special collections are invaluable. If young persons would commence the collecting of books, articles, pamphlets, etc., on any given subject, and follow it up for a period of years, they would be surprised at the results. It would be a far more noble and useful work than indulging the stamp-collecting mania.

New Publications.

W. D. Howells's novel "Indian Summer," has been published in the Paper Series by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"A History of the Early Part of the Reign of James the Second," by Charles James Fox, has been published in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"Property in Land: An Essay on the New Crusade,' by Henry Winn, another of the many confutations of the theories advanced, held by Henry George, as expressed in "Progress and Poverty,' has been published in the Questions of the Day Series by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 40 cents.

Captain R. Kelso Carter, who supported the theory of faith-cure in the *Century* a year ago, against Doctors Schauffler and Buckley, has prepared a new edition of his book on the subject, entitled "Divine Healing; or, The Atonement for Sin and Sickness." Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Church and State in the United States," by Philip Schaff, D.D., LL.D., is a consideration of the American idea of religious liberty and its practical effects, with quotations from official documents and expressions of opinion by prominent men. It is published as the fourth of the second volume of papers of the American Historical Association, by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.00.

The fourth volume of "Alden's Cyclopedia of Universal Literature" comprises eighty-eight famous writers of the world, from George W. Cable to McDonald Clarke, a forgotten American poet of the early part of the present century. The plan of the work is to give a short biography of the writer, a list of his productions, and extracts in prose and verse. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"La Neuvaine de Colette," a little story which first appeared without the writer's name, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and has since been republished in the French, in Paris, and this country, has been translated into English, and appears with the title "The Story of Colette. It is a charming little tale, gracefully written, and entirely free from the peculiar quality generally ascribed to French books. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 25 cents.

"The Biddy Club," by Griffith A. Nicholas, takes its name from a club of housekeepers who meet to discuss the "servant question." This book, in the form of a story, records the various trials these good ladies are subjected to, and also sets forth the methods adopted to obviate them, and the various degrees of success attained. In fact, it is a good housewife's manual on the management of servants. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.25.

"The Art of Investing" is a worthy little book, containing chapters on investing, speculating, and the character and values as securities of government bonds, State and municipal obligations, railroad mortgages and stocks, farm mortgages, mining stocks bridge, bonds, etc., with an appendix of securities. Much of the substance of the book has appeared in essays in the magazines with the author's name appended, but, for various reasons he now prefers to sign himself simply "A New York Broker." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey.

For the Eastern man or woman who contemplates visiting Southern California, and desiring merely a general idea of the country without the minute and detailed knowledge, as to land values, etc., such as "California as It Is" provides; the best guide-book, because the latest and most comprehensive, is "California of the South," by William Lindley, M. D., and J. P. Widney, A. M., M. D. This little book discusses the physical geography, climate, resources, routes of travel, and health resorts of the southern country, and there are additional chapters on comparative valuation of land and products, petroleum and asphaltum, orange culture, the public schools, "Ten Acres enough to Support a Family," and similar topics. The book is illustrated, and contains a climatic map of Southern California, a township map of Los Angeles County, and a map of the State. There is, of course, a strong bias for Southern California in the book. This is to be expected. But why do our friends of the south talk so much of a division of the State? Why waste so much wind and ink? The Constitution of the United States still prevails, even in Southern California. Let the separationists read article iv., section 3 of that document. Published by D, Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey.

"The Annual Statistician and Economist," is the new title of McCarty's "Statistician," which now appears considerably improved in many ways. The arrangement of the contents is more systematic and convenient, a number of new departments have been added, and the typography has been so modified as to make the work of using these pages less laborious to the eye. The book is now divided into four parts: "The United States," "The World," "The Practical," and "The Miscellany." The first two parts are devoted to the history, politics, sociology, and economy of the various nations and races of the world, all being carefully revised and brought down to date—even down to the accession of the Emperor Frederick the Third. In "The Practical" are tables of weights, measures, etc.; formulas for rapid calculation; information regarding strength of materials, artesian wells, interest tables, etc.; and in "The Miscellany" there is a record of the progress of science in the past year, a "list of superlatives"—such as the tallest building, the longest bridge; a list of inventions and discoveries; sporting records; and various odds and ends of all kinds. Indeed, the book seems ambitious of usurping the functions of the encyclopedia. Published by L. P. McCarty, San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers; price, cloth, $4.00; leather, $5.00.

Some Magazines.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for April contains the second part of Henry James's entertaining "Aspern Papers." An article on "English Faith in Art" is by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. A biographical critique, entitled "Ferdinand Lassalle," written by D. O. Kellogg, treats of that restless socialist's life and its influence in Germany and France. "The First Crisis of the American Revolution" is the title of an article by John Fiske. Frank Gaylord Cook writes on "The Marriage Celebration in the United States." Other prose articles are: an elaborate review of the new book of poems by Mr. James Russell Lowell, a review of the new "Life of Darwin," the usual book notices of the month, and short essays in the "Contributors' Club." "Turner's Old Téméraire," by James Russell Lowell, and three stanzas, entitled "Brownell," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, are the most striking pieces of verse.

Scribner's Magazine for April contains the following articles: "The Campaign of Waterloo," by John C. Ropes, with illustrations; "The Snowings of the Pine," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson; "The Centre of the Republic," by James Baldwin; "The Greek Vase," by William P. P. Longfellow, with illustrations; "The Shadow Chaser," by Henrietta Christian Wright; "The Town of the Holy Children," by Thomas A. Janvier; "A Dream," by Ellen Burroughs; "Gibraltar," by Henry M. Field, with illustrations; "A Happy Accident," by Sophie Radford de Meissner, with illustrations; "Toward Spring," by Edith M. Thomas; "Where shall We spend Our Summer?" by A. W. Greely, Chief Signal Officer, with two charts; "The Star to its Light," by George Parsons Lathrop; "Two Sonnets—To-day—To-night," by Graham R. Tomson; "Pulvis et Umbra," by Robert Louis Stevenson. The magazine contains a number of notable illustrated articles.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The late Duke of Rutland and Disraeli were enthusiastic enemies. When the latter returned from Berlin bearing "peace with honor," and made himself a Knight of the Garter, some one asked him why he did not also make himself a duke. "A duke!" exclaimed he; "make myself a duke? Why, Rutland's a duke!"

When the Austrian troops were occupying Florence, one of the white-coated officers had planted himself in the piazza in front of the Duomo, and was gazing at the tower, earnestly, lost in admiration of its perfect beauty. "*Si svita, signore*," said a little street urchin, coming up behind him—"It *unscrews*, sir!" As much as to say, "wouldn't you like just to take it off bodily and carry it away?"

Mr. Cyrus Foss, son of the eloquent and learned Bishop of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, was introduced to an eminent minister of that church, at a recent reception at Minneapolis. "Ah," said the minister, "you are the son of Bishop Foss, are you? I know him very well, and am glad to know you. I suppose you are going to be a minister, too?" "No, sir," replied the young man, promptly, "I am going to earn my living!"

In 1811, Captain Decatur, of the United States Navy, commanding the frigate *United States*, met Captain Carden, of the British Navy, commanding the *Macedonia*. It was just prior to the War of 1812, and while talking about the chances, Carden said to Decatur: "If you and I ever meet after hostilities are declared, I'll bet you a silk hat that the *Macedonia* will capture the *United States*." "I'll bet you a silk hat you don't," was the reply. The two frigates met on October 15, 1812, and after a bloody fight, the English flag was lowered. Decatur hastened on board the prize, and Carden tendered his sword. "D——n your sword, Carden!" said Decatur; "I bet you a silk hat, and as we're a long way from a hatter, I'll take the one you wear." The hat was given.

Mme. d'Henin used to tell the following anecdote: At one of those remarkable *omnium-gatherum* receptions at the Tuileries, she heard an American lady, to whom Louis Philippe was talking of his American recollections and of various persons he had known there, say to him, "Oh, sire, they all retain the most lively recollections of your majesty's sojourn among them, *and wish nothing more than that you should return among them again!*" The Duke of Orleans, who was standing behind the king, fairly burst into a guffaw. There was a story current in Rome, in the days of Pius the Ninth, which may be coupled with this as a good pendant. His holiness, when he had occupied the papal throne for a period considerably exceeding the legendary twenty-five years of St. Peter, was one day very affably asking an Englishman, who had been presented to him, whether he had seen everything in Rome most calculated to interest a stranger, and was answered: "Yes, indeed, your holiness, I think almost everything, except one which I confess I have been particularly anxious to witness—a conclave!"

A comical incident occurred, the other day, on the Polish frontier. A lady, who had been making purchases in the town of Kattowitz, with the express purpose of smuggling them into Poland, bought, among other items, an alarm-clock, at a watch-maker's. Thinking lightly of the matter, she even told the young watch-maker of her intention, and got him to ask his wife to tie the clock beneath what is now called a "figure-improver." The watch-maker, being fond of a joke, managed, while the lady was waiting for his wife, to set the alarm of the clock at the hour when the train was timed to be at the frontier station Sesnowice, and then handed it to be fastened beneath his customer's dress. Well content with her bargain, the lady went off, arrived at the frontier, and passed the customs easily; but just as she was again stepping into the railway carriage, an awful noise burst forth, which quickly caught the attention of the officers. The lady had to dismount amid the laughter of the by-standers, to disrobe, and to pay the fine of ten roubles for smuggling, while the tell-tale alarm was confiscated.

The courts of law have furnished us at various times with very witty and amusing remarks, lawyers and prisoners alike being guilty on this score. Doubtless, every one has heard of the Irishman who, in reply to the question, "Guilty, or not guilty?" said "he would like to hear the evidence before he would plead." Curran, the Irish advocate, on one occasion was out walking with a friend who was extremely punctilious in his conversation. The latter, hearing a person near him say curosity for curiosity, exclaimed: "How that man murders the English language!" "Not so bad as that," replied Curran; "he has only knocked an *i* out!" "Prisoner at the bar," said a judge, "is there anything you wish to say before sentence is passed upon you?" The prisoner looked toward the door, and remarked that he would like to say "Good evening, if it was agreeable to the company." Lord Cockburn's looks, tone, language, and manner were always such as to make one think that he believed every word he said. On one occasion, before he was raised to the bench, when defending a murderer, although he failed to convince the judge and jurymen of the innocence of his client, yet he convinced the murderer himself that he was innocent. Sentence of death was pronounced, and the day of execution fixed for, say, the twentieth of January. As Lord Cockburn was passing the condemned man, the latter seized him by the gown, saying, "I have not got justice, Mr. Cockburn—I have not got justice." To this, the advocate coolly replied: "Perhaps not; but you'll get it on the twentieth of January."

Seldom has the Chamber of Deputies been the scene of a more ludicrous occurrence than that of the other afternoon, of which the stately and dignified Mgr. Freppel was the unintentional hero. The budget of the Minister of Justice was under consideration. The bishop, who is one of the finest orators in the Chamber, ascended the tribune with a particularly grave and serious air, and began to speak of a great evil which the Bureau of Justice was tolerating. Without mentioning specifically what the evil was, he declared that it was an old abuse, which had been the source of untold scandal, which has brought sorrow in households, broken up families, and separated husbands and wives. Of late years, it has assumed greater proportions than ever, and yet the Bureau of Justice was lethargic. It made no attempt to suppress the evil. Nay, it even shrank from it. It seemed to fear even to mention the existence of the abuse, although the abuse was, daily, on every side, flaunted in the face of the public. "Every one," thundered Mgr. Freppel, "knows of its existence. Every one knows to what I refer. Let us not mince matters. Let us call things by their true names. The profligates who are guilty of this great sin may gloss it with what euphemistic phrases they please. I will have none of them. I call it by its true name. I call it——" At that moment a stentorian voice from among the Radical deputies shouted a word which regard for polite readers forbids one to record. It was a word of the slums, rather than of the salon. It set the ladies in the galleries to blushing and hiding their faces. It made every deputy jump as though a bomb had exploded. Yet it was the word which had been uppermost in many minds all the time Mgr. Freppel had been speaking. For, from the guarded and discreet manner of his speech, every one supposed he was referring to violations of the marriage vow, and of the seventh commandment. Indeed, it was to such that his language seemed unmistakably to point, and no wonder, for the air has of late been reeking with malodorous divorce suits and kindred scandals. But the bishop meant no such thing. On the contrary, he was struck with utter consternation when the expressive word was shouted at him. "The—the—the Chamber is in error!" he stammered; "the Chamber has not understood my meaning. The word I was about to utter was 'murder.' I have been referring to the abuse of the sword and pistol on the so-called field of honor." At this the whole Chamber burst into a roar of laughter, and the ladies in the galleries literally shrieked with delight, while the orator, confused, blushing, and stammering, beat a retreat from the tribune.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The theatres! Alas and alack, and out upon the day! and as many more lamentations as there are in good old Saxon.

Of course, every one saw the cartoon in last week's *Life*, which shows what the stage in New York is coming to. Edwin Booth, with his beautiful, classic countenance unmoved, is clad as Harlequin. Harlequin, by-the-way, used always to wear a mask, and the secret of his countenance was one of the mysteries of childhood. But they have bared his face in these grown-up days, and as the Harlequin face does not usually stand baring very well, it is only more illusion dispelled.

Edwin Harlequin Booth in the picture, with his well-known impregnable dignity undisturbed, is kissing the hand of Sarah Bernhardt, the Columbine. The agile Sarah, who can do almost anything but pirouette, is not attempting to poise upon her untrained toe, but stands flat-footed with her opposite heel, so to speak, well in air.

Hard upon the apex of this heel is the pale, petrified, student-like countenance of Lawrence Barrett, looking with the most signal disapproval and astonishment at the revel. His unbending front has not come down to buffoonery, even in a cartoon. Henry Irving is twirling a barrel upon a pair of excessively splay feet. Salvini is a clown, who has the *migraine* in its worst form, and Joe Jefferson is a comedian in a composite costume, of which a cap, which is a cross between a student's trencher-cap, a German forage-cap, and a Scotchman's Tam O' Shanter, is the principal feature.

A voluminous Psyche depending from the wings may or may not be John Gilbert, as a fairy queen.

In fact, the artist has permitted the likenesses to become very vague after the first four, and the unmistakable Sarah, alone, is traceable among the women. But the main idea of the picture is plain enough, New York is given over absolutely to the lust of the eye.

And what can we, a poor, little, remote, humble village of a place, hope for, if New York is going to pieces intellectually in the theatres?

This week we have at the Alcazar "The Field of Honor."

Some points about the Alcazar are so disagreeable that many people stay away in self-defense, but the theatre itself has a clientèle of its own. Joseph Grismer and Phœbe Davies are intelligent and popular, and Osbourne and Stockwell are two of the best actors upon their own stratum.

At the California Theatre, their run of luck has ceased with the introduction of a "Run of Luck."

At the Bush Street Theatre, the Irish drama does not successfully replace the every-day vagaries of Hoyt's farces. But these are only our lesser theatres. They are available, popular, and interesting to the multitude.

When they do something a peg above our expectations, we put a red mark against them in our books, and flock to them in crowds. And they do it quite often. And so, perhaps, we are quite as well off as New York, which must express its decadence in cartoons. But our one theatre, our one ewe lamb, our one entire and perfect chrysolite, our one everything that is unique, has given us a frightful drop within the week, from Booth and Barrett to the "Deacon's Daughter."

Of course one can not expect a regular theatrical diet of Booth and Barrett every day. Nor perhaps would our mental stomachs be equal to it.

But to come direct from "Julius Cæsar" and "Hamlet" one week, down to Squire Hiram Slimbergast being attacked by soap-suds, and the week's washing the next, is a drop.

"The Deacon's Daughter" must have been written in the days when its author was wont to sign himself modestly A. C. Gunther. Now that he has become Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunther, and is backed by those two well-known gentlemen, "Mr. Barnes of New York" and "Mr. Potter of Texas," one expects good work under his trade-mark. "The Deacon's Daughter" is not good work. Perhaps no one knows it better than this same Mr. Gunther, who said the other day that he had sold several tons of his last two books.

This is not only a good *mot*, but a naïve confession that he writes for the market.

Annie Pixley herself is one of those stars who take with a certain part of the audience immensely. She has not changed one whit since she went away. She was a pretty woman then—she is a pretty woman still. She had a fresh, bird-like, natural voice when she went away, with which she sang most execrably.

She still has a fresh, pretty voice; she still—except in the negro song—sings execrably.

She was always forced, stagey, and artificial; she is so still. She always had little bursts of naturalness flashing through this artificiality like glints of sunshine, and taking you captive for a moment in spite of yourself; she has them still.

In short, nothing is much changed, excepting her wardrobe. That is a very gorgeous thing, in a theatrical way, and if she would only do something in that very pretty "Little Duke" costume to justify her in putting it on at all, every one's conscience would be easier.

Still, for all, nothing drags in the performance. There is a merry song or two, a tag of timely wit now and then, and one or two faint outlines of character.

But it gives a very fair idea of the calibre of the entertainment to say that every one in the cast, from the star down, calls the temple of histrionic art—the theatre.

The world deals in such atomy information nowadays that they even blow thistle-down across the telegraph wire.

It was put among the vital statistics of the country, one day last week, that society was becoming so light and volatile in the East that it had become almost necessary to take rigorous measures to restore it, or, rather, to make a tangible thing of it.

The salon was suggested as the most available means.

There is a dry and crusty humor in the suggestion, for what New York woman, of any ambition, is not attempting a salon?

It is true that none of them has succeeded, but then the Frenchmen—among whom alone the salon, as an institution, has ever really had a success—maintain that it is a finely constructed machine, whose imperceptible wheel-work should be skillfully put together and kept agoing by continual care.

Perhaps these are Sainte Beuve's own words. A writer's words do drop into the mind sometimes, and stay there just as they came from the book. At all events, it was he that said that there are persons, perhaps, who imagine that to form a salon it is sufficient to be rich, to have a good cook, a comfortable house situated in a good neighborhood, a great desire to see people, and affability in receiving them.

It is unnecessary to say that there are thousands upon thousands of such people in America, and yet the salon in its purity does not exist.

Robert Ingersoll's house is a crush upon his reception night, at his home in New York. But the crush is only an oddly assorted pell-mell of people, who go to see the great atheist himself, because he is an interesting and conspicuous man. Having shaken hands with him, much as they do with the Clevelands in the White House, they depart.

But the salon proper does not consist of any one individual, even its general, but is the admitted haunt of many men of many minds.

Perhaps the Sunday-night receptions of Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet, come nearer the French standard, of which the Hotel Rambouillet was the germ, than anything else that we have in America. But even that is not the salon *pur et simple*.

It is not easy to say just what the salon *pur et simple* is. We all know what one is, and we all know what one is not. But even in these days of infinite wealth and resource, no one knows just how to go to work to make one.

Even Madame Adam, the beautiful Juliette Lambert of the French press, the only woman of the last decade or two who has attempted one, has failed. This, perhaps, partly because her salon was almost purely a political one—and politics are such shifting things in Paris that it could not last; partly, too, because she is a woman who knows too much.

A woman who knows too much, and shows it, is very aggressive to men.

The successful mistress of a salon—one says mistress naturally, for very few men have ever been able to organize a salon—may have tact, talent, keenness, penetration, a knowledge of human nature; but she must also have a penetrating sympathy which cleverly hides all these.

It is with this that she lures her people to her. It is with the fineness and imperceptibility of her strategy that she keeps them.

For, according to French authority, the perfect salon lasts with the life of its organizer. It is not the ephemeral thing of a brilliant season, to be remembered afterward by its disintegrated fragments. Its people grow old together, as Elizabeth and her court grew old, as Madame Récamier and Chateaubriand, and the others of the brilliant group, grew old together.

All the salons have been the beloved theme of French essay-writers; but the three that stand out most prominently are those of Madame Récamier and Madame Mohl in the nineteeth, and Madame Geoffrin in the eighteenth century.

Madame Mohl's was one of those heterogeneous places where all the world scrambled, and had a very good time indeed, certainly without a thought that the happy-go-lucky woman who presided was pulling unseen strings.

Madame Récamier's salon was rather more thoroughly weeded, a little more choice and select, a little finer in its type, a little graver in its pleasures.

Madame Geoffrin's salon lasted for thirty years, although she did not organize it until she was forty. But, although she was of plebeian birth, it was the resort of every man of distinction in Europe.

They tell us that she never left her beloved Paris, never made a journey in her life, till, at the age of sixty-seven, she went to Warsaw to visit the new King of Poland, who wrote to her: "Maman, I am king; come and see me on my throne."

The patriotic American who wishes to reform New York society should study the methods of Madame Geoffrin who ruled, for three decades, the largest and most important salon ever known.

It is something to know that she began by appealing to men through their stomachs, just as the women do now who can not organize a salon.

On every Monday she gave a dinner to artists, distinguished amateurs, and art patrons.

On every Wednesday she gave a dinner to men of letters.

Shrewd old Madame Geoffrin, never a woman was invited to one of them, except, upon rare occasions, Mademoiselle de l'Espinasse.

Afterward, when she was upon firm ground, she topped the night off with a little supper, to which a very few of the very cream of women were admitted.

But it does not transpire that women have figured very largely in the history of the salon, except as organizers. They were but sparsely dotted through the storied groups.

And so, in its pure state even, the salon may not come to the relief of the patriotic American's social perplexity. The object of society is the pleasant intermingling of men and women. But the men will not mingle.

The petted, pampered, luxurious daughters of fashion, with time and money upon their hands, have been obliged to fall back upon "women's luncheons," "women's teas," and at last, even a "woman's ball."

So there seems little chance for anything in America but a woman's salon.

Sometimes, when that cool, insolent young lady crosses the track just three inches from the dummy's nose, I have a rancorous, personal hatred for her. I am not sure that there is not murder in my heart, and that I wish the powerful thing would catch her in her saucy mood, if only she could be put together again—petty vanities and all.

I don't so much mind the dazed old woman who gets exactly into the middle of the track, and frantically wishes she were anywhere else in the world, but does not know just how to get there. I don't mind the small boy who skims across with a jeer at the engineer, and just saves his miserable little life by a hair's breadth. It is only the old Adam in him. I don't mind the young man who thinks he can make it, and finds out he can't, just in time to step back and set the engineer and his passengers off into one silent spasm of horror. He has, at least, the grace, in the midst of his temerity, to look startled, and frightened, and relieved, and apologetic.

I don't mind the old man who takes occasion to plunge into a brown study just as he comes upon a network of rails, and all the king's horses and all the king's men, all the ringing of bells and the screams of affrighted people, can not call him out of it till just at the critical moment, when the engineer pulls up, and he seems about to be dashed to fragments. This I take to be one of the privileges of age, none of which have grown rusty from disuse.

All of these have the grace to permit the consciousness of their danger to assert itself. It is the snug Miss who makes a point of passing unfluttered through the jaws of danger and affects indifference.

She is fond of getting in front of an ugly horse and making the driver pull up, without giving a glance to show that she is moved. She knows that she will not be run over. She always takes good care to skip out of the way of an old-fashioned horse-car coming around the corner. She knows well enough that the drivers of those cumbersome things have not a thought of life and limb, and trust to the weight and impetus of their clumsy turn-outs to keep the way clear.

It is only upon the men with a responsibility that she likes to air her graces. A man behind a fractious horse and the engineer of a dummy, on a windy day, are the favorite objects of her quiet insolence.

She will not accelerate her pace the shadow of a trifle, and she will not look conscious, though the bell be ringing danger and the engineer be growling strange things in his beard, to which we all breathe a hearty amen.

One does not quite want to see the dummy quite sweep her up, but what a satisfaction it would be to see her impenetrable calm broken up by having the iron monster give her just one tiny clap on the shoulder.

Some one who was probably a theorist, and not a governor, said once that the best way to govern people was to make them happy, and the best way to make them happy was to invent pleasures for them.

Some one made a million or two of people happy, some time ago, by inventing the bicycle. But this gave no pleasure to the skirted sex, and so some one else made them happy by inventing the tricycle.

At the present moment, three hundred thousand women in Great Britain use the tricycle as a thing of custom. At least fifty thousand women are wheeling in America.

Of these, there are numerous tricycles in Oakland, where they are put to very practical use. It is, therefore, gratifying to know that San Francisco, which is generally some years behind the times, has admitted the tricycle. There are no less than ten in the city. Of these, some six are in almost constant use. Of these six, four are generally in repair, and of these four, two are frequently ridden by women. We thus represent one twenty-five thousandth of the athleticism of the wheel-women of America. BETSY B.

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ART SALE

Of Fine Oil Paintings by W. A. COULTER, at the Art Association Rooms, 430 Pine Street, on Thursday evening, April 5th, at 7:30 o'clock.

Paintings will be on Exhibition from Tuesday till hour of sale, from 10 A. M. to 10 P. M.

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THE LARGEST INCOME.

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AT THE PLAY.

The curtain has just risen on "The Lady of Lyons." Miss Elsie Gennett and Miss Alice Tontine come in a leisurely way down the aisle, and with difficulty make their way into two seats in the very middle of a crowded row. They wear enormously high hats and carry boxes of candy.

Miss Gennett in a tone supposed to be low, but perfectly audible to all around her—There, I knew they'd begin before we could get here. But you wou'd go up to Weston's for chocolates.

Miss Tontine—But Weston's chocolates are so much better than those we get down-town. Besides, who cares for the first part of the play any way. I like to see it after they get really going.

Miss G.—Yes, that's what I think.

Miss T.—After they get to making love.

Miss G.—Yes, that's the best part.

Miss T.—Have some of these chocolates. I know they are better than yours.

Miss G. (munching)—Oh, ain't they just heavenly! I do love to go to the theatre.

Miss T.—Ain't that man that's playing Claude just too sweet for anything?

Miss G.—Yes, ain't he?

Miss T.—He makes believe he's a nobleman, and marries somebody.

Miss G.—Does he?

Miss T.—Yes; she doesn't know who he is, and when she finds out she feels awfully.

Miss G.—Does she?

Miss T.—Yes; I've seen it lots of times. I almost know it by heart. The place where he makes love to her is just too killing. I declare, I've almost a mind to fall in love myself sometimes, that part is so awfully sweet.

Miss G. (giggling)—How you do talk! The idea!

Miss T.—Wouldn't it be fun to have a man talk to you so sweet?

Miss G.—Oh, Alice, don't! I shall laugh right out loud!

Miss T.—And squeeze your hand!

Miss G.—Oh, do be still!

Miss T.—There, everybody is looking at you, you are laughing so.

There is a brief suspension of the conversation while the giggling is attended to. Then the young women straighten themselves up and endeavor, with frequent relapses, to restrain themselves.

Miss T.—You *must* keep still!

Miss G.—Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

Miss T.—I expect we shall be put out!

Miss G.—Oh, I shall die!

Gruff old gentleman behind (sotto voce)—Confounded giggling idiots!

Miss T.—There! Did you hear that?

Miss G.—Yes! Oh, wasn't it funny?

Miss T.—He must be just as mad!

Miss G.—Oh, awful!

They become speechless with mirth.

Miss T.—(after three minutes, during which the pair have alternately looked at the stage and at each other, bursting into fresh titterings whenever their eyes met)—There, I'm going to behave.

Miss G.—Have a caramel. It may keep you sober.

Miss T.—Ha-ha-ha!

Miss G.—Te-he-he!

Miss T.—Oh, do see that lovely creature kiss her hand.

Miss G.—Don't you wish you had a dress like that?

Miss T.—I don't think it's nearly so pretty as the dress May Maynard wore to the Leap Year ball. It's cut like it, all but that shirred piece on the side.

Miss G.—Don't you like that? I think it's lovely.

Miss T.—Don't you think it makes it kind of bunchy?

Miss G.—Well, sort o' bunchy.

Miss T.—May's had a bias piece put on with a piping round it, you know, and it hung beautifully.

Miss G.—What are you going to wear at——

Gruff old gentleman behind (leaning forward)—I beg your pardon, young ladies; your hats prevent my seeing anything, but would you kindly be quiet and let me hear a little?

There is a murmur of applause from those around. The two young women exchange glances of the most intense righteous indignation, and sitting bolt upright, are silent for nearly a moment and a half.

Miss G. (softly)—Brute!

Miss T. (louder)—Isn't he horrid?

Miss G. (louder still)—Ain't he awfully rude?

Miss T.—He hasn't any manners at all.

Miss G.—To speak to ladies that way!

Gruff old gentleman (sotto voce)—Good Lord! Are those ladies?

Young man beside him (in same tone)—Yes. Sales-ladies.

A pause.

Claude Melnotte (from stage)—

Nay, dearest, nay; if thou wouldst have me paint the home
To which, could love fulfill its vows, this hand should lead thee,
'Tis a lone vale——

Miss T.—There! This is the part I like best. I do think it is just too heavenly for anything.

Miss G.—Lean over. I want to whisper something.

Miss T.—What is it?

Miss G. (whispering)—Don't you wish—te-he-he!

Miss T.—Wish what?

Miss G.—Wish—Te-he-he!

Miss T.—Do stop laughing and say it.

Miss G.—Don't you wish you were—Oh! Te-he-he-he-he!

Miss T.—Elsie Gennett, if you don't stop, I'll shake you.

Miss G.—Don't you wish you were being hugged like that? Te-he-he-he!

Miss T.—Why, Elsie Gennett! Te-he-he-he!

Miss G. Te-he-he-he!

Miss T. Te-he! I m—Te-he! I'm ashamed of you! Te-he-he-he!

Miss G. (evidently struggling to regain her self-control)—But he is so sweet.

Miss T.—Ain't he?

Miss G.—Oh, perfectly lovely.

The gruff old gentleman at once abandons his seat, and goes, in a rage, to stand against the wall for the rest of the performance.

Miss T.—There, that act is done.

Miss G.—Isn't it fun to come to the theatre?

Miss T.—Yes; awful good fun.

Miss G.—Do you see that girl over there, with a yellow bird on her hat? Did you ever see anything so unbecoming?

Miss T.—Oh, I never dreamed of anything so horrid.

Miss G.—Doesn't it look seasick?

Miss T.—Oh, awfully!

Miss G.—There, now we must be still; the pathetic part is coming.

Miss T.—Oh, I think this part is perfectly lovely. It always makes me cry like anything. Are there any more caramels?

Miss G.—Yes, lots. Don't you think these chocolate creams are delicious?

Miss T.—Oh, heavenly.

Miss G.—When the orchestra goes that way, doesn't it make the cold shivers run all down your back?

Miss T.—Oh, yes; always. There, isn't that sweet!

Old Lady in front turning to glare upon the young women)—Will you be still?

Miss T.—Oh, my!

Miss G.—Te-he! hush! She'll hear you.

Miss T. Oh, no, she won't, she's too old. She must be deaf by this time.

Miss G.—How awfully funny you are!

Miss T.—Hush-sh-sh!

Miss G. Oh, you make me laugh so.

Miss T.—Now I am going to cry.

Tears and caramels are now, by an abrupt transition, indulged in for the rest of the play, with scraps of conversation, too much like that recorded to be worth setting down.

Miss T.—There! Isn't it funny, the caramels just held out until the end of the play.

Miss G.—Haven't you had an awfully good time?

Miss T.—Oh, heavenly!

And the recording angel sets down against the pair the anger and mental profanity of everybody who has been within ten seats of them during the afternoon.—*G. M. Gray in Boston Courier.*

— "Middle California Illustrated." A bird's-eye view of this happy medium region, climate, scenery, soil, and productions. Santa Cruz County just as you will find it when you get there. Free by mail, but carefully note address; Exchange and Mart Company, Santa Cruz, Cal.

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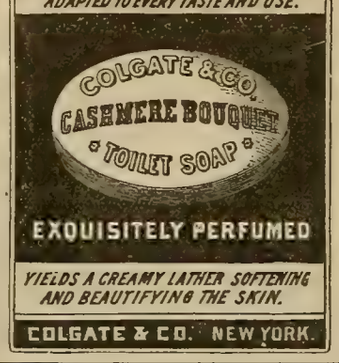

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8.00 A.	Calistoga and Napa	10.15 A.
4.00 P.	" " "	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	Colfax	5.45 P.
10.30 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	" " "	*3.45 P.
5.30 P.	" " "	7.45 A.
9.00 A.	Ione, via Livermore	5.45 P.
3.00 P.	Knight's Landing	9.45 A.
*4.30 P.	Live.more and Pleasanton	*8.45 A.
7.00 P.	Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, & East	9.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles and Mojave	12.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez	6.15 P.
§4.00 P.	Milton	*5.45 P.
8.30 A.	Ogden and East	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	" " "	12.45 P.
9.00 A.	Red Bluff, via Marysville	5.45 P.
7.00 A.	Redding, via Willows	7.15 P.
7.00 A.	Sacramento, via Benicia	7.15 P.
8.30 A.	" via Benicia	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	" via Livermore	5.45 P.
3 00 P.	" via Benicia	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	" via Benicia	12.45 P.
6.30 P.	" via Benicia	7.45 A.
*1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	*6.00 A.
7.30 A.	San José	*12.45 P.
9.00 A.	"	*3.45 P.
3.00 P.	"	9.45 A.
*4.30 P.	"	‡4.15 P.
9.30 A.	Santa Barbara	12.15 P.
7.00 P.	"	9 45 P.
9.00 A.	Stockton, via Livermore	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	" via Martinez	10.15 A.
6.30 P.	Siskiyou and Portland	7.45 A.

A for morning P. for afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted.

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To FRUIT VALE (via East Oakland)—Same as "To East Oakland" until 6.30 P. M. inclusive, also at 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 P. M.
To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30, *12.00, 7.00, 12.00.
To ALAMEDA—*6 00, *6.30, 7 00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9 30, 10 00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, ‡2.30, 3 00, 3 30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6 00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00.
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To WEST BERKELEY—Same as "To Berkeley."

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From WEST BERKELEY—Same as "From Berkeley."

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LOCAL FERRY TRAINS.

TO OAKLAND AND ALAMEDA, DAILY.

$6.15, $6.45, $7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8 45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3 45, 4.15, 4 45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.30, 8 30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 P. M.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From Fourteenth and Franklin Sts., Oakland—§4.5.45, §6.15, §6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.46, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 P. M.
From High Street, Alameda—§5.31, §6.01, §6.31, 7.01, 7.31, 8.01, 8.31, 9 01, 9.31, 10.01, 10.31, 11.01, 11 31, A. M., 12.01, 12.31, 1.01, 1.31, 2.01, 2.31, 3.01, 3.31, 4.01, 4.31, 5.01, 5.31, 6.01, 6.41, 7.16, 8.16, 9.16, 10.16, 11.01 P. M.
§ Sundays excepted.

TICKET OFFICES, 613 Market Street, under Grand Hotel, and Rotunda of Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco.
L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. W. T. FITZGERALD, Gen. Frt. & Pass. Agt.
S. P. C. Ry. Div. S. P. C. Ry. Div.

Transportation--Rail.

NORTHERN DIVISION
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
TIME SCHEDULE.

LEAVE S. F.	In effect March 1, 1888.	ARRIVE S. F.
12.01 P.	Cemetery and San Mateo	2.30 P.
‡7.00 A.		6.40 A.
8.30 A.		*8.00 A.
10.30 A		9.03 A.
*3.30 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	Menlo Park	‡3.30 P.
*5.10 P.		4.36 P.
6.30 P.		6.40 P.
§11.45 P.		§7.50 P.
8.30 A.		9.03 A.
10.30 A.	Santa Clara, San José, and	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.	Principal Way Stations	4.36 P.
4.30 P.		6.40 P.
10.30 A	Almaden and Way Stations	4.36 P.
8.30 A.	Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.	Salinas, and Monterey	6.40 P.
8.30 A.	Hollister and Tres Pinos	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.		‡6.40 P.
8.30 A.	Watsonville, Aptos, Soquel	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.	(Capitola), and Santa Cruz	6.40 P.
8.30 A.	Soledad, Paso Robles, Templeton, (San Luis Obispo) and Way Stations	6.40 P.

A.—Morning. P.—Afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.
§ Theatre train, Saturdays only.

Nearly all rail line to SAN LUIS OBISPO; only 24 miles staging from Templeton; time from San Francisco 12 hours. Through rate, $8.50.

Round-trip tickets to Lick Observatory (Mt. Hamilton). Rate, $5.50.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—SOLD SUNDAY MORNING; good for return same day.
FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.
TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel, and Rotunda of Baldwin Hotel.
A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt Agt

SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Monday, October, 17, 1887, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUCELITO and San RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—3.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.15 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3 15, 5.15 P M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45, 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUCELITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.20, 10.00, 11.45 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 2.15, 4.00, 6.00 P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30, 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11.00 A. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Ingram's and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Ingram's at 6.30 A. M., arrives at San Francisco 12.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2 00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Ingram's, $4.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Ingram's daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

Banks.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital **$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD ..... President.
THOMAS BROWN ..... Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR. ..... Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.
Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world.
Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus **$4,000,000**

DIRECTORS:

LLOYD TEVIS, President; JNO. J VALENTINE, Vice-Pres't. Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker.
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business

Hotels.

PALACE HOTEL,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

C. H. LIVINGSTON, Manager.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city.

FINEST CLIMATE IN THE WORLD!

PARAISO SPRINGS,

MONTEREY COUNTY, CAL.

THE CARLSBAD OF AMERICA.

New Management. New Improvements.

The most beautiful, most invigorating, most easy of access of all mineral spring resorts; 1,500 feet above the sea level. Take San José cars 8:30 A. M., and arrive at Springs at 3:30 P M.
J. F. FOSTER, Proprietor.
Telegraph, Express, and Post-Offices.

HAND-MADE SHOES, $8.00.

P. F. McNulty

FROM THOMAS', LONDON.

15 New Montgomery Street.
Under Grand Hotel.

THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1888

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the *Argonaut* for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail	**$7.00**
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail	**6.00**
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	**5.90**
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail	**6.00**
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One year, by Mail	**6.50**
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and Harper's Young People for One Year, by Mail	**5.00**
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail	**4 50**
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail	**4 50**
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World, One Year, by Mail	**5.50**
The Argonaut and Wide-Awake for One Year, by Mail	**5.50**
The Argonaut and the English Illustrated Magazine for One Year, by Mail	**4.75**
The Argonaut and the Atlantic Monthly for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and Outing for One Year, by Mail	**5.75**
The Argonaut and Forest and Stream for One Year, by Mail	**6.50**
The Argonaut and Judge for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and the New York Spirit of the Times for One Year, by Mail	**8.00**
The Argonaut and the Nineteenth Century (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and the Contemporary Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and the Fortnightly Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and the Westminster Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.00**
The Argonaut and the Edinburgh Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and the Quarterly Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and the Scottish Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and the Critic for One Year, by Mail	**5.90**
The Argonaut and Life for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and Puck for One Year, by Mail	**7.2**

This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.

Insurance.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.,

No. 216 Sansome Street,
East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

Capital (Paid up in Gold) **$300,000 00**
Assets, Jan. 1, 1884 ..... **759,475 13**

PRESIDENT ..... J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT ..... J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY ..... CHARLES R. STORY.

London Assurance Corporation
Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720.
Northern Assurance Company
Of London. Established 1836.
Queen Insurance Company
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.
Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.
Of Hartford, Conn.
ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.
WM MACDONALD, Asst Manager.
South-east corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

ANGLO-NEVADA

ASSURANCE CORPORATION

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FIRE AND MARINE.

CAPITAL, - - - - $2,000,000

OFFICE ..... **410 PINE STREET.**

Bankers, The Nevada Bank of San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA

TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST CO.

Office, 206 Sansome Street.

CAPITAL PAID UP - - $250,000

Absentee owners; persons unacquainted with the transaction of business and corporations, such as religious and charitable institutions, will find this company a safe and convenient agent for managing investments. In its

TRUST DEPARTMENT

It manages estates. It collects interest, dividends, and rent.
It remits income promptly to absentee owners.
It buys and sells for its clients government bonds, approved securities and real estate
It acts as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver, Depositary, and Attorney.
It registers and transfers stock, pays dividends, etc., for railroads and other corporations.
It negotiates and issues loans on the San Francisco market.
It undertakes the business of trustee for loans of approved corporations, and is authorized by law to act as trustee in every capacity in which an individual can act.

TITLE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.

In this department the company combines the business of searcher and attorney, and gives an absolute guaranty of title up to the full value of the property, if the title is found to be good. If title is found defective and uninsurable, the total charge is but ten dollars.

Transportation--Ocean.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY,

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at **2 o'clock P. M.** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong.	1888.
San Pablo	**Saturday,**	**March 24**
Oceanic	**Saturday,**	**April 7**
Gaelic	**Saturday,**	**April 21**
Belgic	**Saturday,**	**May 12**
San Pablo	**Saturday,**	**June 2**
Oceanic	**Thursday,**	**June 21**

Round-trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA

San Jose ..... **Thursday, April 5, at 10 A. M.**

Taking freight and passengers direct to Mazatlan, Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, Punta Arenas, and Panama.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:

City of Sydney	**March 31, at 2 P. M.**
City of Rio de Janeiro	**April 14, at 2 P. M.**
City of New York	**Tuesday, May 1, at 2 P. M.**
City of Peking	**Wednesday, May 23, at 2 P. M.**

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.
GEO H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

The steamers MEXICO and UMATILLA direct for VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND points at 9 A. M., every Friday.
The steamer MEXICO sailing every other Friday at A. M. connects at Port Townsend with the steamers IDAHO and ANCON for Alaska.
For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.
For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, about every second day.
For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, Tuesday, at 9 A. M.—CITY OF CHESTER.
For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., day, at 3 P. M.
TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY St.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., Gen. Agts.
No 10 Market Street, S. F.

MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mr. and Mrs. H M A Miller, who have been located at the Hotel Pleasanton since their marriage, have decided to reside in Oakland during the summer months

Mr. T. T. Dargie, of Oakland, has been in Los Angeles for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. James A Robinson, who have been passing the winter at the Palace Hotel, have returned to their villa at Redwood City.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Castle are visiting relatives in North Carolina, the former home of Mrs. Castle

Miss Flora Carroll, of Sacramento, and Miss Minnie Mizner, of Benicia, have been visiting Miss Ella Goad.

Mr and Mrs. Michael Castle will occupy apartments at the Palace Hotel in the future, as they have sold their residence on O'Farrell Street.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, who went to Santa Barbara with Miss Anderson, have returned to the city.

Mrs. Hall McAllister is entertaining Miss Julia Peyton of Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Bessie Thornton and the Misses May and Lucille Thornton will go to their country home near Oakland, this week, to remain during the summer months.

Mrs. F. A Le Favor, Miss Stetson, and Mr. Albert L. Stetson have returned from their trip to Southern California.

Mr. George Macondray is passing a month at the Atherton ranch, in Santa Clara County.

Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field are expected here in June, to remain until autumn. They will make a trip to Alaska in July.

Mr. and Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., will go to San José, this week, to attend Miss Mary Murphy's début reception, and will be the guests of Judge and Mrs. F. E. Spencer.

Mr. Cornelius O'Connor has been passing a couple of weeks at El Paso de Robles Hot Springs.

Miss Mattie Gibbs returned to the city, last week, after a pleasant visit to Mrs. Rudolph E. Spence, at San José.

Mr. George R. Shreve and Miss Bessie Shreve have returned from Los Angeles, where they were visiting friends.

Miss Jennie de la Montanya will go to San José this week to visit Miss Grace M. Spencer.

The Misses Susie and Julia Tompkins have returned to San Rafael after visiting friends here for some time

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Maynard, Mrs. A. L. Reid, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs Charles M. Plum, Mr Arthur Castle, Mr. James D. Phelan, the Misses Jennie and Bessie Hooker, and the Misses Carroll, of this city, were guests recently at the Hotel Coronado, Coronado Beach.

Colonel and Mrs. Horace D. Ranlett, of Oakland, have returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Miss Marie Voorhies has been visiting Miss Carrie Campbell in Oakland.

Captain and Mrs J. C. Ainsworth and Miss Daisy Ainsworth, of Oakland, are making an extended tour of the southern part of the State

Mr. and Mrs. J W Brown will move into their residence on Pine Street, this month, which has been tenanted for quite a long time by Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Hans Kohler have removed to 1014 Sutter Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Blackwell and Miss Lulu Holladay have been passing a few days at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. James de Fremery, of Oakland, will depart soon to make a tour of Europe.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, and Miss Birdie Fair will not leave for the East until about April 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Joaquin Bolado, Miss Dulce Bolado, and Mrs. Abrego have gone to the Hotel del Monte to remain several weeks, until Mrs Bolado fully recovers her health.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Tyler, of Philadelphia, are expected here soon with Mr. William Elkins, of that city.

Miss Lovell, daughter of Colonel B. S. Lovell, of Boston, is visiting Mrs. E. T Allen, at her residence, 2204 Jackson Street.

Mr. H. Seymour Manning has returned to the city after a visit to his relatives in the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill, of Madrone Station, passed several days at the Occidental Hotel during the past week

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington and Miss Huntington arrived from New York a few days ago, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, Jr (formerly Miss Nellie Smith, of Oakland) have arrived in Philadelphia, and are residing on Eighteenth Street, opposite that beautiful place, Rittenhouse Square. Mrs. Tower has been welcomed as a charming addition to society circles in the Quaker City.

Miss Clara Sutro is visiting friends in San Mateo.

Mrs. W. W. Wiggins and the Misses Jessie and Carrie Wiggins, of this city, will sail from New York to Havre on the next trip of the steamer *La Normandie*. They will make an extended tour of Europe, and return here in the fall.

Notes and Gossip.

The marriage of Miss Nettie Schmiedell, daughter of Mr and Mrs Henry Schmiedell, to Mr. George H. Howard, will take place on Wednesday evening, April 18th, at Trinity Episcopal Church. About eight hundred invitations will be issued for the ceremony. Miss Matie Peters will act as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Edith Findley, Miss Ida Palache, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Sallie Maynard, and Miss Babette Howard. Mr. Alfred Redington will assist the groom as best man, and the ushers will consist of Mr. Allan St. J Bowie, Mr. Robert J. Woods, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Fred Tallant, and Mr. George A Newhall. The church will be beautifully decorated, as will the Schmiedell residence on Post Street, where a reception will be held afterward from nine until twelve o'clock The invitations to this will be restricted to the young friends of the bride and groom, as the size of the house will not allow of too large an assemblage. On the day after the wedding the young couple will depart for a tour of Europe, expecting to be gone about three months, and upon their return will reside in this city.

Miss Kate Felton, daughter of the Hon. Charles N. Felton, will be married to Mr. William Elkins, of Philadelphia, on Wednesday, April 18th. The wedding will take place at the little chapel at Menlo Park at high noon, and will be witnessed by but a few intimate friends.

Mrs. David Bixler has issued invitations for a dancing party, which will take place next Friday evening, at her residence on the corner of Union and Pierce Streets.

The regular Saturday night hops at the Hotel del Monte have been commenced, and Ballenberg and Yanke go there every week to provide the music.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J Sullivan have issued invitations for the wedding of their sister, Miss Belle C. Sullivan, and Lieutenant James Ashley Turner, U. S. M. C., which will take place at eight o'clock Wednesday evening, April 4th, at their residence, on the corner of Oak and Webster Streets A reception, from nine until twelve o'clock, will follow the ceremony.

Miss Lulu Otis, daughter of Mrs. James Otis, will be united in marriage to Mr. M Hall McAllister, on Thursday evening, April 12th. The ceremony will be performed at the Church of the Advent.

Miss Edith Bunker, daughter of Mr and Mrs R F. Bunker, will be married to Dr. Adolph Kahn, on Tuesday evening, April 17th.

The California Lawn Tennis Club will open the spring season Saturday afternoon, April 7th, at its grounds, on the corner of Bush and Scott Streets. Interesting match games will be played and refreshments served The friends of the club are invited to attend.

The members of the Reliance Club will give their next party on Monday evening, April 9th, in upper Saratoga Hall

Mrs Charles Crocker gave an elegant lunch party, last Thursday, at her residence on California Street, covers being laid for twelve ladies. The table was ornate with a beautiful collection of golden hued butterflies and fruit blossoms, and the corsage bouquets were of assorted flowers, such as violets, pansies, roses, etc The menu was bonteous in every respect, and in its enjoyment a most delightful afternoon was passed

The Misses Lianne and May Friedlander gave a delightful lunch party at their residence, 1914 Clay Street, last Wednesday. About fifteen ladies were invited to partake of the repast which was served at a handsomely appointed table Among those present were Mrs A I Bowie, Miss Lianne Friedlander, Miss May Friedlander, Miss Bessie Bowie, Miss Jennie Flood, Miss Howard Miss Donahoe, Miss Julia Tompkins, and others

Miss Josie Masten, daughter of Mr and Mrs. N. K. Masten, of Oakland, will be married to Mr. Peter Dunne, of San José, Tuesday morning, April 3, at ten o'clock at the Catholic Church, on the corner of Grove Street and San Pablo Avenue, Rev. Father McSweeney, pastor. Mr. J. T Rucker, of San José, will be best man, and Miss Mamie Dunne, of San José, bridesmaid. A wedding breakfast will follow the ceremony, at the Masten residence, 1232 Madison Street, which will be attended by a few relatives and intimate friends The young couple will go to the Hotel del Monte in the afternoon, and make San Jose their future home.

Mrs. Tobin gave a charming dinner-party in the private parlors at the Maison Dorée, last Tuesday evening, to eight of her friends.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze will give a high tea at her residence, 1312 Sutter Street, next Tuesday afternoon from three until six o'clock.

Army and Navy.

Colonel William R. Shafter, First Infantry, U. S. A., of Angel Island, is enjoying a short leave of absence.

Lieutenant Frederick Marsh, U S A., of Alcatraz, is on duty at the West Point Military Academy.

Captain Douglas M. Scott, U. S. A., of Angel Island, is now on general recruiting service at Washington, D. C.

Captain Joseph P. Sanger, U. S. A., of Alcatraz, is on duty at the Head-quarters Division of the Atlantic.

Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturgis, Jr., U. S A., who has been East for some time on a leave of absence, is expected back soon His health is improving.

Lieutenant Everett E. Benjamin, U. S. A., of Angel Island, is at the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth, Kan.

Lieutenant John T Honeycut, U. S A., is at Rutger's College, New Brunswick, N. J.

Lieutenant John L. Chamberlain, U S. A., is absent from the Presidio on a sick leave.

Lieutenant Robert H. Patterson, U. S. A., is on general recruiting service in New York city.

Lieutenant Arthur Murray, U. S. A., is now acting judge advocate in the Department of the Missouri.

Lieutenant William P. Van Ness, U. S. A., is on duty at the Cornell University.

Lieutenant Tasker H. Bliss, U. S. A., is on detached service at the Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

Lieutenant John Pope, Jr, U. S A, is on detached service at Willett's Point, New York.

Lieutenant Charles J. Bailey, U. S. A., is at Fort Monroe, Va.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Mansfeldt Concert.

Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt gave a concert at Irving Hall Tuesday evening, March 27, which was well attended and proved quite interesting The programme was as follows:

Trio, Violin, 'Cello, and Piano.....Beethoven
Miss Susie Blair, Mr. Theodore Mansfeldt, Mr. Mansfeldt.

Grand Duc—"L'Eclair".....Wallace
Miss Mettie E. Frost and Mr. Mansfeldt

Song—"Venzano Waltz".....Arditi
Mrs. E. W Vivian.

Piano Solo—"In the Forest".....Liszt
Miss Lillie Stern.

'Cello Solo—"Fantasie Caprice".....Schubert
Mr. Theodore Mansfeldt

Piano Solos—(a) "At the Spring" } .....Liszt
(b) "Ernani" }
Mr. Abe Sundland.

Song—(a) "Les Fleurs des Alpes".....Wekerlin
(b) "In a March Night".....Taobert
Mrs E. W. Vivian.

Piano Concerto, G minor.....Mendelssohn
(With Orchestral accompaniment.)
Miss Jennie Tuttle.

Hungarian Fantasia (for two pianos).....Liszt
Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt and Mr Abe Sundland.

W. A. Coulter's exhibition and sale of his paintings and sketches will commence next Monday and continue until Thursday evening, at the rooms of the Art Association, 430 Pine Street.

Mr. C. A. Roads, who was, for a long time, chief clerk at the Grand Hotel, has been appointed local ticket agent of the Vanderbilt system of railways.

Virginia Dreher is to be married to a wealthy Englishman named Postelthwaite, in the early part of next month. Ten years ago she married a Mr. Dreher, a Kentuckian like herself, and when, six years ago, he died, she went on the stage to support herself and her little daughter. She first played in "The Hunchback" with John McCullough, but for the last five years she has been a valued member of Augustin Daly's company.

The Chatsworth disaster has already cost the Toledo, Peoria, and Western Railroad more than three hundred thousand dollars in damages, and there is another one hundred thousand dollars yet to pay. A new culvert, by which the accident would have been avoided, would have cost four hundred dollars.

The theatre programmes for the week ending April 7, are: At the Bladwin, "The Deacon's Daughter"; California, "A Run of Luck"; Bush Street, Hallen & Hart's Specialty Company; Alcazar, a new play by Charles H. Hoyt, "A Midnight Bell"; and at the Tivoli, "Patience."

Miss Hamlin will deliver her illustrated lecture on "The Land of Shakespeare" at Irving Hall, on Wednesday evening, April 4, for the benefit of the Church Orphanages, at San Mateo.

Ladies Beware!

To preserve in all its gracefulness and beauty the lovely figures nature has endowed you with, requires the greatest care in the selection of the proper corsets. Nothing will distort the form and injure the health of the wearer more than poor-fitting corsets. To obtain the best and cheapest corsets, all are advised to patronize the great Freud's Corset House, 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Grant Avenue. This is the only place where every lady can get the best corset adapted to her individual form. Beware of imitators. Address mail orders, Freud & Son, 742 and 744 Market Street. Make no mistake.

— Mrs. Wm. Irelan, Jr., has recently moved to 827 Post Street, and reopened her studio, for forming classes in Oil, Water-color and China Painting. Specialities in Silk and Bolting-cloth.

— Fine Photographs. The Pictures taken at the Elite Gallery with the new process are marvels of perfection, and all work is absolutely warranted. Call and see specimens, 838 Market Street.

— Colonial Houses.—For plans and specifications be sure to favor us with a call. B. McDougall & Son, architects, 330 Pine Street, San Francisco.

— Go to Bradley & Rulofson's New Photographic gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

— Dr. E. O. Cochrane, Dentist, 850 Market, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

Free Excursion

MERCED

COMPLETION OF THE

CROCKER AND HUFFMAN CANAL

Twenty-Seven Miles in Length; Capable of Irrigating 1000 Square Miles

GRAND CREDIT SALE AT AUCTION

3,000 CHOICE BUSINESS AND RESIDENCE LOTS 3,000

Sale without Reserve in the Fountain City of Merced

BY ORDER OF THE

PACIFIC IMPROVEMENT COMPANY

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

BRIGGS, FERGUSSON & CO.

DAYS OF SALE

Tuesday, Apr. 10th, Wednesday, Apr. 11th, Thursday, Apr. 12th 1888

Sale Begins on Tuesday, at 1 o'clock P. M., and on Wednesday and Thursday at 10 o'clock A. M.

TERMS OF SALE

One-fourth cash; balance in three equal payments, due in six, twelve, and eighteen months, with interest at the low rate of 8 per cent. per annum. A deposit of ten per cent. will be required on the fall of the hammer; balance of cash payment to be made at the El Capitan Hotel, Merced, at the close of each day's sale, when contracts will be issued.

TITLE PERFECT. Deeds at Purchaser's Expense.

Special arrangements have been made by the Merced Board of Trade, for the Accommodation of all Excursionists, Regardless of Number.

LAKE YOSEMITE

Only 5 miles from Merced, is a square mile of water 30 feet deep, to be stocked with Fish, Steam Yachts, Sailing Yachts, Gondolas, Row Boats, Floating Islands for Music, Refreshments, etc., etc.

UNEQUALED WATER SUPPLY. The Crocker and Huffman Canal, costing $1,500,000, with abundance of pure water, supplies the City of Merced.

Water from the YOSEMITE FALLS with ninety feet pressure at MERCED

The Future Manufacturing City. FOUNTAINS SEVENTY FEET HIGH

POWER AT NOMINAL COST. Flour Mills, Woolen Mills, Sash Factories, Machine Shops, and other

MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENTS are in immediate contemplation.

BUILDINGS TO BE ERECTED with large rooms supplied with power for all purposes.

POWERFUL TURBINES for manufacturing purposes. All waste water from Fountains and Turbines conducted into Irrigation Canals.

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS, Lights, Motor Power all produced by this economical and powerful Water Pressure.

TEN MAGNIFICENT COLONIES surround the future Fountain and Manufacturing City

IN THE THERMAL BELT only five miles distant.

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NATURAL GAS only 400 feet from the surface.

RAISIN VINEYARDS, ORCHARDS, from 5 to 20 acres on installments.

ORANGE GROVES from 1 to 10 acres on installments, all adjacent to the Crocker & Huffman Canal.

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TO AND FROM MERCED TO PURCHASERS

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All Tickets will be issued with a coupon attached, showing the amount paid; one coupon will be received from each purchaser as a credit on FIRST PAYMENT

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CHAMPAGNE,
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Standing Room Only! Second Week of Gilbert & Sullivan's Master Production, entitled,
PATIENCE,
OR BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE!
The cast includes, Misses Belle Thorne, Carrie Godfrey, Kate Marchi, Freddie Stockmeyer, Georgie Grouard; Messrs. Stanly Felch, Robert Evans, M Cornell, Henry Norman, and A. Messmer. In Active Preparation—BENVENUTA.
Thursday Evening, April 5th—Benefit of the SOCIETY OF TRUE FRIENDS.
OUR POPULAR PRICES, 25 and 50 cents.

WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK
Factory Ends at half price; one ounce in a box—all good Silk and good colors. Sent by mail on receipt of 40 cents. 100 Crazy Stitches in each package. Send Postal note or Stamps to THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO., 621 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. or 469 Broadway, New York.

STORAGE For Furniture, Pianos, and other goods. ADVANCES MADE.
J. M. PIERCE, 735 Market Street.

EASTER.

She Did Not Know the Text.

Some dainty quirls of satin,
Filigree and laces;
How chipper and how "pat" in
They look, those pretty faces.

The Macam, the Kingfisher,
The Osprey and the Loon,
Are out to take an airing
At the mat, this afternoon.

Ornithologically speaking
The collection is complete,
For ev'ry *rara avis* stuffed
You meet upon the street

The bells of Easter ringing,
Bring out the pretty bonnet,
With lots of defunct bipeds
All disarranged upon it.

The charming belle's a creature
Whose religion's second-handed
When the season of display's arrived
With Easter bonnets landed.

Now bowed in sham devotions
Within her cushioned pew,
She quivers with commotion
At her neighbor's hat in view.

Quite taken up with gazing,
So sorely she's perplexed,
If you ask her after services—
"My dear, what was the text?"

But question her on bonnets,
She'll answer, I declare—
Her heart's beyond religion,
But the little hat got there.
—*H. S. Keller in Judge.*

At Easter-Tide.

At Easter-tide, when lilies blow
And ope their chalices of snow,
I watch her, dainty clad and sweet,
Kneel in the church's calm retreat.
With fair young face bent meek and low
Above her book, while wondering grow
The violet eyes, as to and fro
They wander o'er each pew and seat
At Easter-tide.

Fair penitent! Too well I know
'Tis not the thought of sins that so
Disturbs that flower face petite;
It is because your glances meet
That bonnet in the second row
At Easter-tide.
—*E D P in Harper's Bazar.*

The Flirt's Easter Thoughts.

My conquests last season this Easter
I rejoice every time I recall;
On my charms there was many a feaster,
But I have outwitted them all.
Yet, despite every prompting of duty,
I fear that I might have been rash
If Tom had a little more beauty
Or Jack had a little more cash.

What though I am heartless and fickle,
A girl is a girl for all that!
When Love's touch commences to tickle
The coldest heart goes pit-a-pat,
A flirt is no match for sly Cupid,
Even this I am willing to say;
And had Clarence not acted so stupid
I am sure he had carried the day.

Papa is provoked I should tarry,
He wishes me off of his hands;
I'm afraid he will want me to marry
Some booby with titles and lands
How pa talks as though he'd dissect me!
"You have not a heart, as I live!"
Ah, well, then how can he expect me
To give what I have not to give?
—*James Jay O'Connell in Judge.*

Amy's Hat.

Of Amy's latest hat I sing,
The marvel fashion's mandate made;
The velvet soft, the jaunty wing,
And all the beauty there displayed.
A dream of lace, a satin fold,
A dash of silk of finest weft,
And, on the upturned brim, behold
The golden arrow Cupid left!
Oh, work of art! The sweetest thing
That e'er on woman's *coiffure* sat—
Enough to make a seraph sing—
A paragon, fair Amy's hat!

The quaint calash of long ago,
The pokes and hoods of other days,
Were, though adorned with frill and bow,
Less calculated to amaze;
And yet, methinks, our grand-dames grave,
Whose mien the Pilgrim church begat,
Howe'er demure they might behave,
Down in their hearts could not but rave
O'er lovely Amy's dainty hat!

The milliner had done her best;
Remained there one thing to attach—
Does not your mind at once suggest?
The loveliest girl on earth to match!
Need there is none to search earth through,
Nor seek in distant lands for that;
The one thing needful, *entre nous*—
Behold it, under Amy's hat!
—*Good Housekeeping.*

In Lent.

Fair Helen, who, a day or two
Ago, was twinkling in the german,
Now penance pays for thoughtless days
By list'ning to a prosy sermon.

With rapt face bowed, hid by a cloud
Of golden ringlets clust'ring round it,
Within her pew she listens to
The parson praise the book and pound it

The preacher talks of righteous walks,
Of holy living, holy dying;
Exhorts Mrs Nell to ponder well
Upon her sins and follies crying.

And I am sure the maid demure
Obeys, her chiefest sin recalling—
How young Jack France she led a dance,
And scorned him at her feet when falling.

The parson there uplifts a prayer;
Perhaps her thoughts are all upon it;
But I will lay what sum you say
She's dreaming of her Easter bonnet.
—*Eugene Field in Chicago News.*

So Sorry.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"For a new bonnet, sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"If you'll pay for the bonnet, sir," she said.

"I've twenty dollars, my pretty maid,"
"I'm afraid you can't go, Mr. Man," she said.
—*Palmer Journal.*

CCCCLXXVII.—Bill of Fare for Ten Persons—Easter Sunday, April 1, 1888.

Eastern Oysters.
Ox-tail Soup.
Fried Pompano.
Broiled Squabs. Potato Croquettes
Terrapin.
Green Peas. Asparagus.
Roman Punch.
Turkey Stuffed with Chestnuts.
Lettuce. French Dressing
Roquefort Cheese and Crackers.
Ice-Cream. Calf's-foot Jelly.
Kisses. Sponge Cake.
Fruits. Coffee.

CALF'S-FOOT JELLY.—Two calf's feet, cleaned carefully; two quarts of water; half a pint of wine, loaf sugar to taste; whites of two small eggs well-beaten, juice of half a lemon and the grated peel. Boil the calf's-feet in the water until it is reduced to one-half; strain and let the liquor stand for twelve hours; skim off the fat carefully, and remove the dregs; melt slowly in a porcelain or bell-metal kettle, add the seasoning, sugar, and whipped whites, boil fast for twelve minutes, skimming well; strain through a double flannel or felt jelly-bag, which must be suspended above a deep bowl; do not squeeze the bag, the slower the jelly strains the clearer it will be.

In answer to the request of a subscriber, we give the following recipes;

CHOCOLATE ICE-CREAM.—Three pints of milk and cream mixed; four tablespoonfuls of Baker's chocolate, grated and melted in a very little boiling water, a cup and a half of sugar, and a teaspoonful and a half of vanilla Heat a little of the milk in a double boiler, and when at the boiling point, stir in the chocolate, and let it boil for a few minutes; when cold, stir into the other ingredients and freeze. Enough for eight persons.

OYSTER SALAD.—Take fifty oysters; scald them in their liquor; let them remain until cold; drain and chop slightly; add some finely chopped celery. Dress with a rich mayonaise dressing. Surround your dish with lettuce leaves, put the oysters, celery, and dressing in the centre, and serve. Canned oysters may be used instead of fresh ones; these need not be scalded, but used as they come from the can.

Indian salad is a wild green, with circular leaves, which have in the centres small buds; it must be used before these buds open into tiny white flowers. It is dressed with French dressing, and when young is delicious.

The Equitable Life Company.

From the twenty-eighth annual statement of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, it appears that the amount of the new insurance written in 1887 was one hundred and thirty-eight million twenty-three thousand one hundred and five dollars, about twenty-seven millions in excess of the new business transacted in 1886. It is more than was ever before transacted by any life insurance company in the world. The Equitable policies become indisputable when three years in force, and all claims under them are paid immediately upon receipt of proofs of death.

Reward.

One thousand dollars will be paid for each and every grain of poisonous substance found in Wisdom's Robertine—for beautifying and preserving the complexion, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, and all blemishes and roughness of the skin. Used and endorsed by the élite of society and the stage. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle. White and flesh. E. W. Joy, Agent, San Francisco.

Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. *Sold only in boxes.*

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REAL ESTATE AND HOUSE BROKERS,
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THE BEST REGULATED OFFICE IN THIS city; men of experience having studied the wants of landlord and tenant for twenty years; reliable, prompt, and responsible in the management of real estate—renting, selling, and collecting, and taking full charge of property, at the lowest rates.

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Large Grounds and every convenience for accommodation of Patients. Address
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438 Bryant St, S. F. Office, 330 Sutter St. Hours, 1 to 3 P. M.

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THE GEM OF Larkspur CALIFORNIA.
THE HOME OF THE REDWOOD AND THE LAUREL, SITUATED IN
ROSS VALLEY
Between Sausalito and San Rafael, on the West line of the N. P. C. R. R., Marin County, California, but thirty minutes' ride from San Francisco, and but twelve miles distant.

Larkspur

This beautiful town site is on the west side of the North Pacific Coast Railroad in a gently rolling valley, surrounded on the north by Mount Tamalpais, on the south and west by ranges of hills, and on the east by the bay of San Francisco. The elevation above the sea, is about one hundred feet. It adjoins the beautiful country home of Frank M. Pixley, Esq., known as Owls Wood, which is located twelve miles from San Francisco, from where it can be reached by two lines of railroad within thirty minutes.

Situated as it is, its desirability as a site for suburban homes can be readily appreciated. The railroad affords frequent, rapid and cheap transportation.

CLIMATE. The wonderful equability of the climate of Larkspur cannot be surpassed. Surrounded as it is with high hills and Mount Tamalpais, it is completely sheltered from the bleak winds and ocean fogs. Statistics show that the temperature ranges from 44 degrees fahrenheit in winter, to 85 degrees in summer.

HEALTHFULNESS. The head of a family must at once see and appreciate the fact that in order to rear his family in vigorous health, he must give them the advantages of exercise in the fresh country air, so as to expand the lungs, harden the muscles, and impart vigor and strength to the entire system, thus laying the foundation in childhood for a stronger constitution and the enjoyment of physical health and a longer life. The overworked man of business, whose brain is strained by the cares and trials of an active life in the city, can return to his home in the evening, crossing the bay of San Francisco, leaving the fogs and cold winds behind him, and spend the night in a pure atmosphere and be refreshed, thereby retaining his health To the delicate and feeble, the advantages of the climate of

Larkspur

Must be apparent. Uniform temperature, no extremes, no fogs, no bleak winds, no frosts, pure water, pure mountain air, combined with the salt breezes from the bay, must naturally impart strength, vigor, and health. We are now offering for sale under direction of the AMERICAN LAND AND TRUST CO., lots and villa sites in this beautiful town, within the reach of all. Sizes of lots, 50x160 to 100x250 feet in depth. Prices from $125 to $300 each. Terms, one-third cash, balance in 6 and 12 months, with interest at 7 per cent. per annum on deferred payments. TITLE PERFECT.

Ten per cent. will be added to present prices after first one hundred lots are sold. It is contemplated by the owners of this beautiful property to build a large and modern hotel, water-works, etc., on this tract of land For further information, diagrams and maps, apply to

SHAINWALD, BUCKBEE & CO.,
Real Estate Agents, 407-409 Montgomery St., S. F.,
Or SHEARER & TUNSTEAD, San Rafael, Cal

THE DOMESTIC MONTHLY
FOR APRIL, 1888.

The April number of the *Domestic Monthly* contains one hundred illustrations of new spring costumes, bonnets, etc. This is the largest number of fashion designs ever given by any magazine in this country, and is noteworthy on this account. Every department of the toilet is given a great deal of space, and the magazine is a perfect guide to all the newest fashions of the spring season. The *Domestic* is, without question, the leading magazine for women, and its low price brings it within the reach of all. It is practical, helpful, devoted to household economy, and its hints and aids will save any woman fifty times its cost every month in the year. The magazine always contains a well-chosen variety of short stories, poems, etc., and various departments of foreign correspondence, gossip, etc., are in charge of well-known women. Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher has, for many years, conducted its Household Department. Published at 853 Broadway, New York, at $1.50 a year, with $1.00 worth of patterns to every subscriber.

Sample copies, 15 cents, at the Domestic office, 29 Post Street, S. F.

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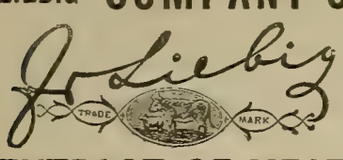

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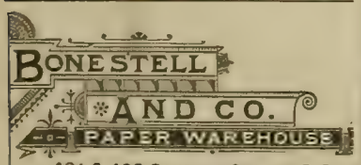

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STATEMENT OF
THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1887.

ASSETS, - - - - - - - $118,806,851.88

INSURANCE AND ANNUITY ACCOUNT.

	No.	Amount.		No.	Amount.
Policies and Annuities in force Jan. 1st, 1887. ...	129,927	$393,809,202 88	Policies and Annuities in force Jan. 1st, 1888 ...	140,943	$427,628,932 51
Risks Assumed ...	22,305	69,457,468 37	Risks Terminated ...	11,289	35,637,738 74
	152,232	$463,266,671 25		152,232	$463,266,671 25

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Balance from last account. ...	$104,718,734 31	By Endowments, Purchased Insurances, Dividends, Annuities, and Death Claims ...	$14,128,423 60
" Premiums ...	17,110,501 62	" Commissions, Commutations, Taxes, and all other expenses ...	3,649,514 49
" Interest, Rents, and Premium on Securities sold ...	6,009,020 84	" Balance to new account. ...	110,061,718 68
	$127,839,656 77		$127,839,656 77

BALANCE SHEET.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Reserve for Policies in force and for risks terminated ...	$112,430,096 00	By Bonds secured by Mortgages on Real Estate ...	$49,615,268 05
" Premiums received in advance ...	82,314 36	" United States and other Bonds ...	43,439,877 51
" Surplus at four per cent ...	6,294,441 52	" Real Estate and Loans on Collaterals ...	20,159,173 37
		" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest ...	2,619,362 66
		" Interest accrued, Premiums deferred and in transit and Sundries ...	2,973,169 98
	$118,806,851 88		$118,806,851 88

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct.

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual

Year.	Risks Assumed.	Risks Outstanding.	Surplus.
1884 ...	$34,681,420 ...	$351,789,285 ...	$4,743,771
1885 ...	46,507,139 ...	368,871,441 ...	5,012,634
1886 ...	56,832,719 ...	393,809,202 ...	5,643,568
1887 ...	69,457,468 ...	427,628,933 ...	6,294,442

ROBERT A. GRANNIS, Vice-President.

ISAAC F. LLOYD, Second Vice-President. WILLIAM J. EASTON, Secretary.

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RICHARD A. MCCURDY, PRESIDENT.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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That combination of moral wrecks and half-crazed idiots, who hang just over the borders of knavery and along the edges of irresponsibility, who are known as "Spiritualists," but who call themselves by all sorts of absurdly grotesque names, have been disappointed of a sensation at the temple where these immoral and destructive exhibitions have recently been made. When more homes shall have been wrecked, and more women shall have been dragged down from their respectable social positions, more families destroyed, more persons made lunatic, more crimes committed, and more deviltry accomplished in the name of this sham science, it will be time for the law to seize and punish the individuals who are making of this charlatanism a criminal industry. "Popular philosophy" is this business named by some of its adepts; it is esteemed as a "religion" by others, who yet linger reluctantly along the border-line between belief in the teachings of the Christian faith and open infidelity. Not content to give themselves the freedom of free-thinkers and the indulgence of an absolute denial of all Christian faith and precept, they make profession of retaining some lingering traces of belief in the immortality of the soul and of a future state, and not satisfied with the mysticism that hovers around departing souls and clouds the unknown land, they undertake to follow the spirits of the dead in their wanderings through the spirit realm; they undertake to solve the unsolvable riddle that has for all ages defied the wisdom of mortals; they undertake to draw aside the curtains that close around the tomb and lighten up the shadows of the unknown land that lies beyond the grave. If in this vain and blasphemous endeavor to expose the mysteries of the unknown, they did not violate all rules of common sense and murder all that was rational; if they did not commit the meanest and most vulgar of crimes; if they did not make of their tricks and jugglery, their ledgerdemain and lying devices, their slate-writing and cabinet tricks, their materialization and picture-drawing, their giving of advice in the mining and money market; if they did not foretell for coin and sell every trick they have skill to execute for gain; if their male leaders were not charlatans and frauds, swindlers and robbers, and their female mediums women of questionable virtue, the intelligent world might indulge itself in curious observance of the phenomenon, and the scientific world stop to consider what seems strange, because unexplained. But to this mixed mob of male and female nondescripts, who meet and hold their seances in dark and dirty rooms, who marshal their materialized spirits through sliding panels and out from cabinets constructed with all sorts of mechanical devices, and rarely done till the admission fee has been received, and never in the open light of day, what wonder is it that a rational world laughs at their pretension of "philosophy" and sneers at their claim of "religion"? The world could well afford to regard with disdain and contempt this last and most modern effort of charlatanism, if only the unwitted and unwise were engaged in it; but when it is found to be a convenient field of industry for the practice of criminal devices for robbing the credulous, the ignorant, and the simple, it becomes a matter of public concern and should interest governmental authority in devising laws to punish the knaves and protect the fools. We look about us and see no men, or women, of intellectual capacity, unblemished reputation, and high moral character, who have thrown over this widespread humbuggery the protection of their names; in the scientific world no high authority has permitted himself to give to modern spiritualism the sanction of his endorsement; no church, nor reputable branch of any church, has found in it anything to commend. The doctrines of Swedenborg and the belief of what is known as the "Christian Church" are tainted with none of the corruptions of this new phase of jugglery. So far as we can observe, among the men and women who are engaged in the business of giving seances, writing on slates or slips of paper communications from spirit-land, we find none whom we can absolve from mercenary considerations, who are not persons of weak or deranged intellect. There are honest and good men and women who style themselves "spiritualists," who are caught with the curious and inexplicable things that surround this domain of mystery, and because they can not understand the causes that give results which they have not the ability to explain, they are asked to believe that they are in intelligent intercourse with the spirits of the dead. In all the ages there has been no honest school of philosophy and no responsible individual having the audacity to claim a glimpse beyond the tomb; on its threshold the wisest men and the most gifted intellects have paused; beyond its portals science and philosophy have not presumed to endeavor to explore. The most profound and pious of early fathers and theologians have not dared to define the exact conditions of a future life. Confucius, Buddha, and Mahomet have only drawn upon their Oriental imaginations for conception of the heavenly habitation, and the delights attainable by the worshipers and followers of their faith. In honest differences of opinion, those who regard Christ as the Son of God, and look upon our scriptures, old and new, as the divinely inspired word, have accepted their teachings. It has been left to this later time, and to this mob of stupid, tangled, dishonest brains, to evolve a philosophy wiser than that of Plato, Socrates, or Bacon, a religion more rational than that of Buddha, Mahomet, or Christ. It has been left for two maiden ladies in the city of Rochester to knock their knees together or make their toe-joints crack in communication of intelligence from the spirits of the invisible world. These Fox sisters, swept away into the sea of matrimony, themselves forgotten, have left as the apostles of their faith men of feeble intellect and women of doubtful morals to play fantastic tricks of legerdemain in dark rooms, with lamps breathing the incense of bad-smelling kerosene. One night last week there stood in the street before the temple—not Solomon's, but Mayor Kalloch's—in San Francisco, not Jerusalem—seven hundred spiritualists—not disembodied spirits—but men in boots, and women in petticoats, to witness the marriage ceremony between one six years dead, and who has a living wife in Los Angeles, and a not very good-looking cranky old widow from the village, not Asylum, of Stockton. The temple only failed of the most elaborate decorations of flowers, bronzes and embroidered stuffs, because the upholsterers, merchants, and decorators had not sufficient confidence to cut fabrics, move merchandise, and pluck flowers till this materialized female from Stockton had deposited security in coin for the raw material; the bridal-rooms at the Palace Hotel were not sumptuously adorned, and the bedroom not converted into a poem of beauty, breathing rich perfumes, and the marriage-feast not set forth with hot and highly seasoned meats and sparkling champagnes, simply because the bride-elect from Stockton had no spiritual mint to coin materialized twenty-dollar pieces to pay for the cost thereof and the rent of rooms, and because spiritualism, though it may draw the dead from their golden stools and golden harps, has no means of drawing forth stones from the golden pavement to pawn with Uncles Harris or Franklin for means to celebrate a spiritual wedding or a spiritual debauch, and so the seven hundred spiritualists stood in the street, before the closed portals of Kalloch's temple, awaiting the opening of the doors for the approach of the bridegroom from the spirit land and the materialized widow from Stockton. With what pleasure must the host of glorified saints, as they stood on heaven's shining battlements, have looked down upon the pantaloons and petticoats of the seven hundred men and women, who changed foot as they rested themselves, while standing in the dark of a dirty street, to await the coming of the expectant bridegroom and the marriage ceremony in Kalloch's temple. Yet this is the kind of dismal rot; this, with verse from dead-poets; this, with communications from departed spirits written on the bottom of cracked slates and slips of paper, crinkled and creased; this, with nasty females dragged from secret cabinets, or hidden closets, to represent the materialized presence of some loved dead one; such as these, the scenes and tricks to impose upon the weak-minded and credulous to draw from them their money. This is the science and religion of modern spiritualism.

The death of the great Kaiser-King, the perilous illness of the former Crown Prince, and the unsatisfactory condition of the present Emperor of Germany have thrown that country's affairs into a condition of most interesting importance. The present unsettled condition of French politics contributes to the interest of the position. Archibald Forbes, one of the famous war correspondents of the London press, has very promptly contributed a valuable, though sketchy life of William of Germany. So valuable and timely is this succinct biography of the renowned monarch, and so reliable the historical epitome of his reign, that the London *Times*, in a review of the work, has appropriated its language and ideas to such an extent as to carry the conviction that the *Times's* article is from the pen of the war correspondent. From the two works we embody that part which demonstrates the influence of the Pope, the Church of Rome, and the Order of Jesus in the political affairs that led up to the great Franco-German war, and that ultimately defeated the conspiracy of Jesuits by withdrawing from the Papal throne the support of the French army, unseating the Emperor Napoleon, converting France from a military empire to a republic, and consolidating the loose band of German states, largely under the influence of the Church of Rome, to the grandest and most powerful Protestant power of Europe. The war waged by the great emperor, and his greater Minister of State, against the Church of Rome, in conspiracy with Jesuitry for civil and political power, was, on a grand scale and on a broad field, involving the fates of dynasties, empires, and millions of citizens, the same contest which the *Argonaut*, in its small way, has been waging here in San Francisco against the little squad of Italian Jesuit priests and Democratic Irish politicians, who are in conspiracy to steal municipal power and to overturn and destroy American school-houses in the city of San Francisco—a field of labor in which

weekly journal, though feebly edited, could accomplish great good, if behind it there was such piety as adorned the life of Germany's emperor and such courage as makes the life of Bismarck illustrious beyond that of any statesman now living. We will assume that our readers are generally intelligent upon the causes that led up to the war between Germany and France. The Spanish throne being vacant, the sceptre of Charles the Fifth had been offered to a Hohenzollern kinsman of the King of Prussia, and by him declined; the incident of the French Minister Benedetti, at Berlin, and his insulting demand upon the Prussian king that he must give guarantees that no member of his family should ever, or under any circumstance, accept the Spanish throne, are familiar to all readers of modern history. This insult was properly and promptly resented, and the French embassador driven from the royal palace and grounds of the indignant monarch, sent out of Berlin, and home to proclaim the war that had been prearranged and predetermined by France. The French people had long been looking for a quarrel with Prussia; French politicians, who hung around the clubs and cafés of the boulevards, the singing-gardens, and the theatres of Paris, where Frenchmen so delight to air their patriotism—as they are now doing about Boulanger—were anxious to test their strength with the Germans in arms; they did not know that the French army was but the tradition and echo of Napoleonic wars, and they did not know that the courage and discipline of the armies of Frederick the Great had been revived in the discipline and organization of the armies of William and his war minister, till in eight days Germany could put a million of men on the French frontier, armed with Krupp cannon and needle-guns. "Before the battle of Königgrätz, France had been unchallenged queen of the continent; but now a united Germany threatened to usurp her long, unquestioned sway, and she was determined to try conclusions with the parvenu rival of her fame and power. The fierce struggle that ensued had a most complicated origin, but it may be described as the resultant of two nearly equal forces emanating from the Tuileries and the Vatican. In the Vatican, the rapid growth of an enlightened Germany, under a Protestant ruler, had been watched with equal aversion and dread, and the occupant of St. Peter's chair, whose tottering throne was propped by French bayonets, naturally beheld in Catholic France his surest ally against a power whose victories in science and learning, in peace and in war, had given a rude, disintegrating shock to the fabric of his own temporal, if not spiritual sway. Quick to discern the signs of the times, the Jesuits devised an Œcumenical Council as a last desperate means of staving off their evil day, and it was by no mere chance that war against Prussia by France, and the doctrine of Papal infallibility—that is, war against the human mind by Rome—were simultaneously declared." The huge cataclysm that was destined to throw down one proud empire, and in its place build up another and more powerful one, to sweep one Catholic state down to the rank of a second-class power, and in its place elevate the German Protestant empire, the land of Luther and the home of Protestant electors, to become the first and strongest political power among the great states of modern civilization, may be attributable to the insane ambition of a Pope befuddled with the idea of Papal infallibility and a vain people crazed with the absurd idea that they had inherited the courage of the Frenchmen who achieved the glories of Marengo. Then followed the dismissal of Benedetti, a declaration of war, and with it stupendous and exciting days. "The insult offered to King William filled every German with patriotic rage, and the whole nation was thrilled with a deep and fierce content to think that the hour of final reckoning with its hereditary foe had at last come. Not a mere dynastic dispute, but a great and long-standing quarrel between two peoples, was about to be settled by mortal combat. In France itself, to use the words of M. Benedetti, the declaration of war was received with 'transports of enthusiasm,' and Paris burst into frenzied shouts of 'To the Rhine, to Berlin!' But, cruel irony of fate, the Rhine remained uncrossed by a single French soldier. Down swooped the hosts of the united fatherland upon the ill-prepared legions of the empire, and almost sooner than the bewildered world could take in the separate scenes of the unparalleled drama, the finest armies of warlike France had been crumpled up and scattered to the winds, her most formidable fortresses had been disposed of, her emperor, at the head of more than one hundred thousand men, had been captured and sent to Germany, and her capital lay stretched a suppliant at the feet of her conquerors, in irresistible gyves of engirdling fire and steel. Never had the world seen anything like it. Placing himself, with his seventy-three summers on his brow, at the head of the united German armies, the aged monarch coolly exposed himself in the very forefront of the fray; he was frequently under fire in the most sanguinary battles, and his presence never failed to inspire his troops with an enthusiasm which nothing could resist. Thus they bore him on from victory unto victory, from Mars-la-Tour to Gravelotte, Sedan, and Paris." Finally, on the 18th of January 1871, the Prussian king returned to Berlin emperor of united Germany, wearing the crown of Barbarossa and Charlemagne, sparkling with the reconquered gems of Alsace and Lorraine. The national aspirations of centuries had been realized. The policy of blood and iron of the Iron Chancellor had conquered, and William, Emperor of Germany, made his grand entry into Berlin, his capital, and paraded his troops *unter den Linden*, between miles of French cannon and mitrailleuse, captured by German soldiers in victory over French troops, in battles fought on French soil. The brave old monarch, his faithful Minister of State, Von Roon, and Von Moltke, who organized victory, the august Frederick Charles, the competent and valorous Crown Prince, who, under the gaze of his anxious parent, fought successfully the grand battle around Metz, taking captive the French emperor and one hundred thousand French troops, and enough of French cannon to build at Berlin a monumental pyramid of bronze to commemorate the valor of the German army and perpetuate the glory of the German land, found, upon their return to Germany with their victorious army, that they had another and more desperate foe to fight than Danes, or Austrians, or French. This was to be a war, not in the open, but one of cloister and cell; not with bold-browed warriors on horseback, but with cowled monks on their calloused knees; not to the roar of cannon and the music of battle hymns, by military bands, but to the murmur of prayers and the whispered lies of Jesuits, the intrigue of ultramontane politicians, who took their instructions not from Germany, but from Rome, not patriotic inspirations from their native land, but from a foreign soil, and priests intriguing for the ambition of an ecclesiastical power that would place an emperor in submission to a bishop, and a great empire with fifty millions of people in subordination to the ignorance and bigotry of an ecclesiastical and criminal conspiracy. "The Pope and the Jesuits had virtually declared war against the new German Empire. Before leaving Versailles the emperor had been waited upon by a Catholic deputation from Prussia, who vainly prayed him to use his new-won might in restoring the temporal power of the Pope, and the answer to his majesty's refusal was the appearance in the first imperial parliament of an entirely new faction, that of the centre or clericals, whose watchword was negation, whose banner was blazoned with the ancient war-cry of the Guelphs, and to whom the declaration of infallibility was a much more binding document than the new German constitution. The struggle that now broke out between church and state was not new. It was as old, as Bismarck said, as Agamemnon and the siege of Troy. It was nothing but the old contest for power between the Pope and the emperor, which raged all through the middle ages, dividing and deluging Germany with blood. It was the question whether in the civil *imperio* there should continue to exist an ecclesiastical *imperium;* in fact, it was the question between society and the syllabus. At first, the attitude of King William was a purely defensive one. True to the principles of religious tolerance which have ever been the boast of his family, he did not object to the newly propounded tenets of the Vatican being taught to the Catholic youth of Prussia, although these tenets were held to clash with the duties of civil allegiance. All he did was to protect from material harm (arising from ecclesiastical penalties) such of his subjects and servants as, from scruples of conscience, refused to teach and preach them. Above all things, the late emperor was an aggressive man. He, more than most military monarchs, ever acted on the sage advice of Polonius to his son, about 'entrance to a quarrel,' and especially so in his quarrel with the Pope. For he knew that to enter into a conflict with Pius the Ninth was to incur the risk of alienating the loyalty of about a third of his own subjects; and this might have very serious consequences at a time when the young empire was exposed to peril no less from jealous foes without than from explosive forces within. But, in addition to being a pacific monarch, the emperor was an exceedingly pious one. Before engaging in a struggle *à outrance* with a spiritual potentate, King William must have had political provocation of no ordinary kind, and that a sufficient *casus belli* did exist was convincingly shown him by the man who had made him ruler of a united and an enlightened Germany, and was firmly resolved that no alien and obscurantist usurper should ever share his imperial master's sway. As usual, therefore, the Emperor-King sent his foremost fighting man into the lists, and looked approvingly on while the latter rained showers of resounding blows on his Papal antagonist, who, however, showed marvelous powers of resistance and tenacity. It was, no doubt, quite natural for the emperor to believe that the policy of blood and iron which had unified Germany would, also, prevail against its Jesuit foes and ill-wishers; but, had he been less of a soldier, and, therefore, less familiar with the idea of force as the ultimate arbiter of disputes, he would probably have viewed with more misgiving the masterful means proposed by his chancellor to combat the encroachments of a church whose spiritual sway has been rather increased than otherwise by the destruction of its temporal power. But with Dr. Falk to draft his repressive measures, and Prince Bismarck to champion them, and willing majorities both in the Prussian and imperial parliament to pass them, and the public applause of enlightened Protestant countries, like England and America, to encourage him, he never doubted that the path of combat he had chosen was the right one. The publication of a correspondence between the Pope and the emperor added immensely to the popularity of the latter, if that, indeed, could be said of a sovereign who was already the idol of his people. There was only one voice which maligned him, and that was the voice of the infuriated Pope. But even the Catholic world was pained to see their spiritual chief, who claimed the virtues of infallible wisdom, so utterly incapable of controlling his own bad temper. His allocutions and his encyclicals were disfigured by the most abusive language toward the head of the German Empire, whose ambassador-designate he refused to receive; and at last the measure of his personal insults grew so full that the emperor was compelled to withdraw his representative at the Curia and break off further intercourse with a potentate who had gone the length of declaring certain Prussian statutes to be null and void, and denounced their sovereign executor as the 'rabid patron of force and fraud.' Whenever Rome thundered forth its anathemas and its insults, the Emperor-King quietly replied by acts and laws. At first, these were of a purely defensive character; but it was soon found that the safety and supremacy of the civil power could only be insured by carrying the war into the camp of the enemy. Within six years, or from 1872 to 1878, a formidable list of measures, generally known as the Falk, or May Laws, were enacted against the Catholic Church. Limits were imposed on the freedom of pulpit speech; the Jesuits were banished from the empire, and all other religious and non-Samaritan orders broken up; the education of the national youth and of the Catholic clergy was placed entirely under the supervision of the state; civil marriage was made compulsory, stringent forms were devised for testing the civil allegiance of the clergy before their appointment and, to crown all, heavy penalties, in the shape of fines, imprisonment, and banishment, were enacted against the transgressors of any of these laws. To a man, the Prussian bishops, who at Rome had opposed the doctrine of infallibility, but had soon afterward gone over, bag and baggage, to the Papal camp, now encouraged their clergy and flocks to resist these laws, taking refuge themselves in an attitude of *non possumus* and passive resistance. The consequence was that most of them were soon either living in exile, or in Prussian jails, while hundreds of parishes were left without priests. The May Laws were administered with relentless severity; Catholic society became disorganized, and sent up a wail of oppression; but still the stubborn folly of the Pope was met by the dignified firmness of the emperor, whose chancellor had vowed that his master, unlike his mediæval predecessor Henry the Fifth, 'would never go to Canossa.' How the Kulturkampf was subsequently modified, and how the death of Pius the Ninth, in the spring of 1878, led to better and more friendly relations with Pope Leo the Thirteenth; how Bismarck coquetted with the holy petticoat of the Vatican; how the Roman Church was, in part, restored the exercise of its powers; how and under what conditions bishops were reinstated, and orders allowed to return to their monkeries; how finally, the Pope was chosen to arbitrate some unimportant misunderstanding with Spain; how golden snuff-boxes and trinkets, and orders, and compliments were exchanged between the successor of St. Peter the Fisherman and the Emperor of Germany, and how in turn, for a suspension of the May Laws, the ultramontane politicians in the imperial parliament were instructed to support the measures of Bismarck for increase of the revenues, and the strengthening of the army, and the extension of the septimate law, are well-known to all intelligent readers. The contest is now ended. The Kaiser-King is dead. He died in the Protestant faith, and there is to be erected to his memory a great memorial monument, in the shape of a splendid Protestant cathedral at the capital of Germany's empire. The old emperor gives way, and in his place stands a new one, wearing the imperial diadem of his illustrious father, himself a Lutheran monarch, and his wife, the empress, the mother of his children, and the grandmother of a line of Protestant boys, herself the daughter of England's Christian queen, the sister of England's prospective king and emperor of India, with one hundred and fifty millions of subjects; the present emperor of Germany is a cousin to the Czar of all the Russias, a monarch wielding the sceptre of the Romanoffs, wearing the diadem of Peter, and standing at the head of the Greek Church, that embraces one hundred millions of worshipers. From the Protestant house of Denmark comes the King of Greece. In the conflict between Germany and France, the Church of Rome has lost the support of bayonets, and It has dissolved political allegiance between its state and the Church of Rome; the Pope sulks, a captive in his palace and church of the Vatican; France, whatever she may become, will never return in allegiance to Rome. As the result of this war, ci

zation is emancipated from the terror that attended the grim, old, fleshless, nerveless, bloodless skeleton of Rome; nations and people step proudly, boldly forth, with a conscious conviction that they are forever free. The victory of Protestant Germany over Papal Rome is the grandest victory that liberty has ever achieved. Pope Leo the Thirteenth may sulk till some new Pope has the sense to recognize that his dominion is a spiritual and not a temporal one; the Irish may fret for a time over home-rule, and plot the accomplishment of agrarian crimes in Ireland; the Pope's Democratic Irish in New York may marshal American politicians and cowards in their ranks, raise Irish flags over public buildings, and street processions of Ancient Hibernians, build parochial school-houses in San Francisco, and all the Italian and Irish priests sit with Mayor Pond as vice-president of an Irish jamboree on St. Patrick's Day, but all the same, the Roman Catholic Church will never become united in honest marriage with the American State, nor the gates of hell prevail against the American school-house. In the midst of such grand triumphs, and in keeping step to the march of such brilliant victories, the *Argonaut* can compose its tranquil soul in peace, unmoved by the knaves who jostle it, and undisturbed by the sneers and jeers of the small editors and politicians who surround it with the harmless din of their senseless and cowardly clamor.

One of the most alarming of political incidents occurred during the past week, at the Prohibition Convention, foreshadowing the strength and aggressive character of the temperance party. The convention got into a downright row; one delegate called another "a liar," canes were raised and fists clenched, till their madness reached such a state of danger that Mrs. Emily Pitt Stevens was compelled to denounce the affair as disgraceful, and threaten the delegates with a palm branch. The convention that can open with prayer and end up with a row is suggestive of that kind of Puritan fighting-force which Cromwell led. It will beat lager beer every time. Prayer and pluck are a good combination on the battle-field and in politics. The sword of Gideon and the prayers of Stonewall Jackson were a strong power in the rebellion. As the Hon. David Douglas said, in vigilance-committee times, "Look out for the damned Yankees when they take to carrying guns;" when temperance people get praying, fighting-mad, the corner grocery-store and the country gin-mill are in danger. All the same, the Prohibition party is playing directly into the hands of the Democracy. The abolition people did the same thing once; out of dead Whiggery there came the Republican organization and triumph over slavery. From the Prohibition agitation there may come an American party. All are willing that gin should be beaten by ginger beer, and it will be.

Governor Stanford has been again suggested in connection with the Presidential nomination by the Republicans. He takes the same position to-day that he has occupied from the beginning. He is not, and has not been, and will not become, a Presidential candidate, as candidacy is worked by such active politicians as Blaine, Sherman, and others, who plan campaigns and send pledged friends to the National Convention. Governor Stanford will not decline the nomination in a letter; he will make no political speeches in the Senate for political effect; he will pay no money for a literary bureau; he will send no partisan friends out to manipulate delegates to the convention; he will set up no journal to advocate his claims; but if he should be nominated by the National Republican Convention as its candidate for the exalted office of chief magistrate and executive of the nation, he will esteem the honor too great to be declined. This was the position taken by him in California, when in the earlier days he led the Republican forlorn hope for State treasurer, and later when he led the Republicans to their first victory as governor, and when he was chosen senator of the United States. The position does him honor, and his candidacy would honor the Republican national party.

The very unexpected majority in the Senate, which characterized the silver victory over the national bank, Wall Street, and government-bond ring, is looked upon as a knock-out to John Sherman; forty-three for the Beck amendment—championed by Senator Stewart, of Nevada, who charged in debate that the committee, headed by Sherman, were the instruments of a stock-jobbing conspiracy—to nineteen against. If Stewart is correct, then the vote discloses that Evarts, Hiscock, Hawley, and Edmunds are in the same boat with Sherman, and are, with him, disposed of as Presidential candidates. In a fight over money, between the financial aristocracy and the people, the people should win. If silver is good enough for small change for France, England, and Germany, we see no reason why it is not good enough for America.

Vermont politicians seem to have again revived the resentful memories of the Edmunds controversy with Blaine, and in State convention to have beaten the leader of the orange-hued stomachs, who, when the battle raged around the standard of the pine, sulked in his tent and let the dead body of his chieftain be dragged at the chariot-wheels of the Mugwumps. "Where was then our Douglas, when one blast upon his bugle-horn would have won the day?" asked the eloquent Mr. Gleed, chairman of the Vermont convention. He was snaring suckers with Roscoe Conkling in the Mohawk, near Utica, George William Curtis standing by, with his mouth filled with angle-worms for bait; lunch was wrapped in the New York *Nation* and in Ford's *Irish World*, which the Republican National Committee paid to circulate; St. John carried the drinks, Ben Butler whipped the stream, and thirty thousand good, stalwart Puritans and Round-heads sat on the banks and cooled their heels in the water. The same fishing-party is on duty again, ready to snare more suckers if they try again to run up stream against the political current.

Mr. Chauncey Depew is an avowed friend of Mr. Blaine, so is Mr. William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, so is Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of New York, and so are other distinguished and honorable gentlemen throughout the nation. These gentlemen ought to convene a star chamber and try Jo. Manley, of Maine, and Daggett, of Brooklyn, and others of that ilk, not for high treason, but for low trickery that proposes to nominate Mr. Blaine in spite of his apparent declination. The last device of small trickery, says a Mr. Senator Daggett, of Brooklyn, is for the Blaine conspirators to play the obstructive policy in convention, till the opportunity is presented for the silver-tongued, after-dinner orator from New York, to "swing the convention into the arms of Mr. Blaine." If this kind of politics can succeed, it will swing the Republican party into the arms of the Democracy, and Mr. Blaine over the battlements into that place where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth.

Mayor Pond's name is mentioned as candidate for Vice-President of the United States on the Democratic ticket. He made an excellent vice-president at the recent celebration in Metropolitan Temple, on St. Patrick's Day, and presided with dignity beside Archbishop Riordan, and the thirty-three other Roman Catholic priests who composed the platform statuary on that clerical occasion. The contest lies between him and William Coleman, with perhaps the ultimate development of a dark horse. The nomination of either gentleman would be deemed a great honor for California, and who can tell what State pride might not do in event of California being thus distinguished?

The Hon. Frank McCoppin passed through San Francisco on Thursday on his way to Washington, to which place he has been summoned by President Cleveland, to receive credentials and instructions as United States Commissioner to the International Exhibition at Melbourne. We congratulate Mr. McCoppin that he has consented to leave his elegant country home to represent this, his adopted State, in an exhibition that to an extent will contrast California with Australia, and we congratulate the President on the excellent choice he has made. We wish the commissioner a pleasant journey, and a good time in the discharge of his responsible and honorable trust.

Political commotions are like the movement of the waves. Ocean depths do not show surface agitations as do more shallow waters. There is immense movement in the Democratic ranks of California. Max Popper, of Pomerania, for president of the Democratic National Convention; Stephen J. White, the great North American Hibernian, for vice-president of the United States; Samuel Wilson for chief justice of the Supreme Court, and San Francisco for the next place of holding the National Convention. What is to become of Michael Tarpey and the other prominent democrats? We knew of a man drowned in a wash-bowl, by getting his head caught under the water-faucet.

The *Examiner* charges the *Bulletin* with being older and wiser than a crow, because it charges that the Democrats are behind the Prohibitionists in order to divert votes from the Republican candidate. Whether the *Bulletin* is as old or as wise as a crow we do not know; but we do think we know that the Democratic party has supplied the Prohibition party with campaign funds in a past election, and is prepared to do it again in the coming Presidential election.

An English analyst recently received twelve specimens of supposed butter, which he was to analyze to discover which were pure and which were oleomargarine. After taking what he wanted, he set the twelve plates in his laboratory. Next morning the butter had disappeared from ten, and on two it remained. These two were adulterated, and the others pure. Suspecting mice, he set out other plates, some containing pure and some adulterated in various degrees. Again the pure butter was cleared away, the slightly adulterated half-eaten, and the much adulterated only nibbled.

Until a few years ago, Kaiser Wilhelm exchanged photographs with every pretty woman whose acquaintance he made.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Voice from Minnesota.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Occasional opportunities are afforded me of reading the *Argonaut*, which is always more or less interesting, and at times amusing. Why you should so vigorously animadvert on what you are pleased to term the "Pope's Irish" passes comprehension. It is true that many Irish occupy offices of trust and profit under municipal governments in the United States; indeed, most of them in our larger cities are honored and conducted by Irishmen. It is admitted by the large majority of voters who direct and control affairs, that while communities such as Boston, New York, and San Francisco are not as free from corruption in their civic administration as is desirable, they compare favorably with European cities generally, and are vastly in advance of those of Russia. But let us admit that our civic affairs are in the hands of the "Pope's Irish"; that they control the elections in our larger cities; that they are our judges, that they occupy seats in our legislative bodies, and were it possible under the constitution, might aspire to Presidential honors—what, dear Mr. Editor, can be done about it? The "Pope's Irish," like other naturalized foreigners, are here to stay; we are American citizens by law; we are endowed under the constitution with the same rights and privileges as those to the manor born; we acquire real estate and personal property; many accumulate wealth, and in the State of Minnesota the recognized representatives of the Democratic party, named by acclamation as an advisory committee to the President, are Irishmen, Hon. P. H. Kelly and Hon. Michael Doran; surely the Irish character must possess an inherent ingredient of commendation. The large increase of foreign immigration landed upon our shores is, doubtless, a matter of solicitude, and may ultimately result in a necessary change of government. There is a lurking danger in the facility with which the ignorant foreign element participate in the elective franchise; all intelligent men appreciate this, and an effort will be, doubtless, made to remedy the evil.

Be assured, that no class of our naturalized citizens would more deplore the inability of the native to assimilate with the foreign element than the "Pope's Irish." No Christian man, or woman, can wish to eliminate from the material of this great nation the descendants of revolutionary sires, nor depreciate the benefits to humanity from the establishment of free and enlightened government. The immutable law of nature, however, seems to be the "survival of the fittest," and we can not annul it if we would. A MINNESOTA IRISHMAN.

MINNEAPOLIS, March 22, 1888.

English Church Revenues.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Agreeing, as I do, in the principles advocated in your paper, and glad, as I am, to see the truth with regard to English and Irish affairs so plainly and boldly set forth in your editorial articles, I must, nevertheless, ask to be allowed to take exception to a statement contained in the second leading article of your issue of the seventeenth instant.

You speak of the clergy of the English Church as receiving their incomes from the "public treasury"; this, I can assure you, is not the case, for, with the exceptions of army, navy, and prison chaplains, the clergy of the Church of England are *entirely supported* by endowments derivable from *property belonging to the church*, supplemented, in numerous instances, by the voluntary offerings of the congregations, where the endowments are too small to support the clergy of the several churches thus situated.

The property of the church never came from the state, and can not, therefore, be truly said to belong to it, any more than the estates of any of the nobility, or gentry, in the country. In one word, with the exception of the chaplains before referred to, *not one penny* of the taxation of the country goes to the support of the bishops and clergy of the English Church.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, too, is no mere "figure-head"; he is a very hard-working man, occupying a high and responsible position, with numerous calls upon his liberality; his income of fifteen thousand pounds sterling per annum (about seventy-five thousand dollars) is, all things considered, a very moderate one, especially when it is remembered that in rank and precedence he comes immediately after the princes of the blood, and is expected to maintain a large establishment to enable him to exercise the amount of hospitality to the bishops and clergy of the church which it has always been customary for the Primate of all England to dispense.

Trusting you will do me the favor to insert this communication, I remain, sir, Your faithful servant, J. K. KANE.

HELENA, MONTANA, March 27, 1888.

A correspondent of *Science*, who signs himself simply "W.," gives the following answer to the question, "Whether there is any practical method of learning to read a language without the use of a dictionary?" "The present writer has learned to read readily two languages without the use of either dictionary or grammar, and believes his method not only possible, but the better way, when a knowledge of the language, not its grammar, is the one desire. His plan has been to begin with some easy author, and follow the text closely while some one reads aloud an English or some other familiar translation. By following such a plan through a dozen or more books, one may then venture on some simple author, dispensing with both dictionary and translation as far as possible, and learning the meanings of the new words, as they appear, from the context. After having read twenty or thirty novels or similar works in this way, he should begin the study of the grammar, and will then be surprised to find that conjugations and declensions are no longer a task. After one has learned a language, a dictionary is very useful; but he certainly can never get a thorough and exact knowledge of words from English synonyms."

A well-known Paris scientist, Dr. Delaunay, has made some curious discoveries which show the connection between little and great things. To ascertain the qualities of an applicant cook he says it is sufficient to give her a plate to clean, a sauce to make, and watch how she moves her hand in either act. If she moves it from left to right, or in the direction of the hands of a watch, you may trust her; if the other way, she is certain to be stupid and incapable. The intelligence of people may also be gauged, the doctor further says, by asking them to make a circle on paper with a pencil, and noting in which direction the hand is moved. The good students in a mathematical class draw circles from left to right. The inferiority of the softer sex, as well as the male dunces, is shown by their drawing from right to left. Asylum patients do the same. In a word, says the doctor, centrifugal movements are characteristic of intelligence and higher development; centripetal are a mark of incomplete evolution. A person, as his faculties are developed, may even come to draw circles in a different way from what he did in his youth.

Engine No. 134, of the Third Avenue Elevated, in New York city, on which Engineer Samuel D. Towle was killed in a collision recently, has made regular trips since with a new man at the throttle and rosettes and bands of thick, black crêpe draped over its sides, roof, and smoke-stack. This mourning garb of his locomotive was the work of the new engineer, Towle's successor.

AN ARTIST'S SKELETON.

Being an Account of the Curious Influence of Pierre Giraud's Bones.

If you had met Julien on the day this story begins, you would have stopped to follow him with your eyes, so overflowing with youth and gaiety did he seem. He walked with a light and rapid step, as one would walk who was about to accomplish some long-cherished purpose, as if he already saw the mysterious end to which some great desire was drawing him. What was that desire? To meet some young woman? Not at all; he was simply going to the Ecole de Médicine to buy an articulated skeleton from the curator of the college. And it was the prospect of buying this charming object that made his eyes flash with pleasure and his whole being seem filled with joy.

Any one who has followed the course of the Ecole des Beaux Arts knows what the skeleton represents in the theories of art. It is the soul itself; it is at once the plan, the support, the mould, the type, the essence of human form and beauty. Not one of its lines, not one of its contours, but is developed in the exterior parts of the body; in the head particularly, where the muscles are so fine, and so closely applied to the bones of the cranium and face, that it seems to model all the features. If, some day, some one should conceive the happy idea of giving a ball at which all the guests would be obliged to leave all but their bones in the dressing-rooms, one would be surprised to see how little the company would be changed, and how obviously the pretty women would retain their advantages over the ugly.

For four years these ideas had been drummed into Julien's head by the professor of æsthetic osteology in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and Julien, fanatical about anything connected with his art, had decided that he must obtain an articulated skeleton as one of the indispensables of a well-equipped studio. And thus it was that, having raked together enough money to pay for this acquisition, he was hastening so joyfully to the shop where he expected to attain his object.

"Sir," said he to the proprietor, "I wish to obtain a skeleton."

"For demonstration, for anatomical study, to decorate a study, or for your office?"

"It is for my studio; I am an artist."

"Ah, then you want a choice article. You want it thin—skeletons, you know, are fat, or thin, as well as live men—and you want it of medium size and homogeneous—that is to say, all the bones must have belonged to the same individual. Hum," and the shop-keeper reflected. "Well, I haven't anything to suit you at present, and you must wait till a proper subject is ready. Here, I'll give you a card, and you can go to one of the janitors of the clinical hospital." And with that, he wrote a few words on a card, which he gave to Julien, and accompanied him to the door.

At the hospital his wants were soon explained; the man understood the business, in fact, he made quite a handsome addition to his monthly income by similar transactions.

"But I'm afraid I can not do anything for you, sir," he said. "I have not had a perfect skeleton for three weeks, and—but, let me see. I have it now. You shall have your skeleton in a few weeks."

"Why not now? I need it for my studies immediately."

"Well, sir, you see it's not ready. In fact, our man hasn't died yet; but he has consumption, and a few more days will finish him. He's just what you want, well-knit, though slenderly built—just the thing, in fact. Do you want to see him?"

The coolness of this proposition sent a cold shudder up and down Julien's back; but he stifled his qualms and said: "Is it possible to do so? Come along, then."

In a few minutes they entered the consumptives' ward, and stopped before bed No. 35.

"Well, Giraud," said the janitor, touching the sick man's arm, "how goes it? Better, eh?"

"Much better," replied the dying man. "I shall be cured soon, the sister says."

As he recollected that he had come there to barter for the dying man's bones, Julien almost fainted; but he nerved himself as the janitor whispered in his ear: "Magnificent, isn't he? Just what you want."

"I think," said Julien, mechanically, for he felt that he must say something, "I think he is a little too tall."

"Oh, no. Here, hold this," and the cold-blooded brute drew from his pocket a tape measure, and thrusting one end into Julien's hand, calmly measured the consumptive's length; "just five feet eight," he declared.

But Julien had not heard him. When he realized what he was doing, he hurried from the room, and started for his studio.

"Fool that I am!" he cried, "what have I done? How could I do such a thing! Oh, this is horrible!"

Arrived in his own house, he ate but little dinner, and his sleep was disturbed with sinister nightmares. But the morning's sun dissipated his vague fears, and by evening he was glad to receive a note from the man, who had his address, stating that he would soon send M. Julien the finest articulated skeleton in Paris.

Many weeks passed before the skeleton was finally his, however. Pierre Giraud took several days to die, and then his body was given to the students of the hospital for dissection. As they finished with each limb, the janitor carefully secured the bone, removed all shreds of flesh from it, and placed it where it would bleach in the sun. Then the pieces had to be sorted and articulated; but when it was finished it was a beautiful piece of mechanism.

One morning Julien returned late from a meeting of fellow students. It was after two when he reached his own door. Letting himself in, he ascended to his floor and opened the door. Suddenly his hair stood on end and the keys dropped from his hand, as he caught sight of a grinning skeleton leaning against the wall. In an instant he recovered himself, however, and proceeded to examine his new acquisition.

Between the thumb and forefinger of the skeleton's right hand he found the bill, with the following note scrawled beneath:

It is a very fine specimen, as you can see. The only defect is a slight depression in the third left rib, which seems to have been produced by the blow of some round body at some time prior to the man's death. But it is a little thing, and does not detract from the value of the skeleton.

Julien examined the mark, and saw that it was plainly visible; but, as the note said, it was of no consequence.

It was one of those windy days in which the constant movement of the clouds causes a fitful play of shadow, and the aspect of the grinning skull seemed to change incessantly; when the shadow of a passing cloud fell upon it, the hollows and crevices of the skull were softened as if by a veil of sadness; again, a sudden burst of light lit up the angles and edges of the eye-sockets, nose, and jaws, and made on the face grimaces to which the glistening white teeth replied with a hideous grin.

As Julien, fascinated by the ghoulish play, gazed at the spectral face, he saw develop there and grow distinct the traits of Pierre Giraud! Not death, nor dissecting, nor bleaching in corrosive liquors had been able to obliterate the individuality, the ineffaceable plan of lines and contours of the face, and Pierre Giraud himself, made eternal in what had been most memorable in his features, rose up before Julien, and seemed to say to him:

"Do you recognize me? It is I, Pierre Giraud! And yet, the Sister of Mercy told me that I should soon be cured——"

And as the fantastic lineaments of that face became precise, Julien seemed to see the expression of irony and menace increase in it.

As the days passed by, he grew quite fond of his silent model, and all went well with him for some time, and would have gone well forever, perhaps, if there had not been among the young men who frequented his studio a drunken fool. Of all the beasts that Providence, in its inscrutable designs, has left on this earth, there is none greater, or more execrable than a sot, and Sosthène Rouffinat, as this one was called, was a classic example of his kind. Sad as night at bottom, and almost always ill into the bargain, he emptied bottle after bottle to create the impression that his heart was an unquenchable source of good humor and gaiety. Vulgar, uncouth, and brutish in his tastes, he believed himself to be the most refined and witty man in Paris; it is unnecessary to add that he was a materialist, a realist, a radical, a skeptic, and utterly irreligious—all without knowing why, for he was as ignorant as an ass.

One evening, when several of Julien's friends had met in the studio, a strong punch was brewed. Among the company were Rouffinat and a pretty model, named Rosamonde.

Rouffinat, heated by the punch and brandy, became so coarse and boisterous that the others grew quiet and would not drink with him as often as he wished. Suddenly, noticing this, he began a long speech, reproaching them for their solemnity, and then turning toward the skeleton, cried:

"Death and damnation! Gentlemen, I shall put you all to shame. Venerable defunct, approach, that I may teach these lubbers how the ancients drink when a mortal requests the pleasure of a glass with them."

Going to the skeleton, he lifted it up, placed it in a chair, and presented to it a glass filled with brandy.

"Oho! old friend!" cried Rouffinat, after a moment of silence, "so, we refuse? That is not right! Well, you shall drink it all the same. A teetotal skeleton, eh? Come, come, swallow it down."

So saying, he opened the skeleton's jaws, and poured in the brandy, which flowed down over the skeleton's neck and thorax.

"What you are doing is absurd," cried Julien, "and it is abominable, too. Really, it is the remains of a man——"

"Ha! ha!" laughed Rouffinat, pretending to hold his sides for merriment. "Julien turned moralist, and preaching on the immortality of the soul!" And turning to the skeleton he added: "Well, we'll make ourselves comfortable during the sermon," and lighting a slip of paper, he thrust his pipe between the skeleton's teeth, and applied the light. The brandy with which the bones were soaked took fire, and a ghastly flame burst out, mounting to the face, descending on the neck, on the chest, and down the sides from rib to rib, enveloping the skeleton in a sheet of flickering, bluish flame, which gave it a supernatural appearance.

Dumb with horror, the spectators of the scene sat glued to their chairs; Rouffinat, paralyzed with terror, dropped into a chair and watched the flame as it paled and went out, after flickering around the skeleton's mouth a moment, as if some lost sigh of life, forgotten by death, had at last been exhaled forever.

Julien presently recovered his presence of mind, and putting the skeleton back in its place, said: "Once for all, I forbid you to try any more of your wretched jokes on this skeleton."

"But—" began Rouffinat.

"It is horrible!" cried Rosamonde.

"Bah!" said Rouffinat, turning toward her, "you who have posed as the Bride of Death, go and kiss the gentleman."

"If a kiss from my mouth could make him forget the insult he has received I would give it gladly."

"I dare you to."

"You dare me?"

"Yes, I dare you."

"Well, you shall see," and running to the skeleton, and standing up on tip-toe, she pressed her lips to the skeleton's shining rows of teeth.

But at contact with the bone, still hot from the flame which had burned it, she drew back with a terrified cry, and fell over backwards, dragging the skeleton, which fell full upon her, arms and limbs outstretched, as if it would return her caress!

Several hastened to lift her up, and when she was somewhat calmed, they all took their departure, leaving Julien alone with his skeleton. For the first time he covered it with a cloth, and all night he seemed to hear strange noises, to feel faint breaths of icy air upon his cheek.

Several days passed, and the skeleton, still covered with its mantle of gray cloth, seemed to have forgotten its malign influence over Julien. And an event now took place which seemed to insure him an immunity from future catastrophe.

His surprise was not less great than his joy, one evening, when he answered the bell himself, to find before him a lady, pretty as an angel, who said to him, with a smile:

"Sir, I have greatly admired your genius, and I come to ask if you will paint my portrait?" And as if she wished to cover herself with roses to appear more beautiful, she blushed charmingly.

Julien was so astonished, so enraptured, so delighted, he had such need of money, and the lady was so charming, that he could scarcely stammer out:

"If you will have the goodness to enter——"

And almost holding his arms about her lest she should fade away, or otherwise disappear, he conducted her to his studio and seated her on one of the great divans, whereon a dozen soldiers might comfortably pass a night.

From the very hour she entered the studio, everything went on swimmingly, for Julien was not less charming than the lady, and there was no reason why they should not be charmed with each other. And while Julien's brushes passed lightly over the canvas, love fluttered from his heart to hers, carrying and recarrying from one to the other messages of more and more interesting character.

Fortune at last seemed to favor Julien; not content with spreading roses in his path, she relieved him of the skeleton. One of his friends, having to make studies preparatory to a great composition, begged the use of the skeleton, promising to return it in a few days.

"With the greatest pleasure," said Julien. "Keep it as long as you like."

"Oh, I would not like to abuse your kindness."

"Well, then, keep it as long as possible."

"But——"

"The longer you keep it, the better I shall be pleased."

And the friend took the skeleton.

Julien at last felt that the chapter of his misfortunes was ended; Death was in full retreat before victorious Love.

Three days passed, days full of happiness for both of them. On the morning of the fourth, a porter, bearing a long object covered with a gray cloth, mounted Julien's stairs, knocked, and entering the room, deposited his burden.

"There's your skeleton, sir," said he, "which I have brought from M. Robert."

"But—I don't understand—I don't want it. Take it away," cried Julien.

"Well and good, sir. Where shall I take it?" And the porter was about to shoulder his burden again, when a hurried step was heard on the stair, and Robert, pale and disheveled, burst into the room.

"So," he said, as he saw the porter, "you have brought it. Well, there's something for you, and now go."

"Why, what is the matter?" said the perplexed Julien. "Why did you send back the skeleton?"

"Ah, my dear fellow," said Robert, after resting a moment to catch his breath; "isn't it terrible?"

"Terrible! Isn't what terrible?"

"What! You don't know?"

"No."

"Why, poor Rouffinat is mad; stark mad!"

"My God!"

"Yes," replied Robert. "When I borrowed your skeleton, it was for him. He dared not ask for it himself on account of the scene the other evening. I sent it to him. He said he wanted it for a study. And now what has happened? Did he want it merely to try some farcical idiocy at his ease? Probably; you know what a fool the poor fellow was. However that may be, last night, at about three o'clock, one of his neighbors, hearing cries, got up, forced the door, and entering the bedroom, found Rouffinat in bed, struggling with the skeleton and shrieking with horror. The supposition is that, in a spirit of bravado, he wagered with some other sot like himself that he would go to bed with the skeleton. Well, they sent for me; I went there, and there I found the commissionaire of police, a doctor, and four medical students, who were putting a straight-jacket on poor Rouffinat to take him to the Saint Anne Asylum. And that is why I brought back your skeleton."

"Oh, this is fearful, fearful," cried Julien. "You cursed skeleton! what evil genius ever put it in my head to——" But he did not finish. He heard a pull at the bell that he could not fail to recognize. It was that of the lady.

"Open the door while I conceal this," he said, hurriedly, to Robert.

And seizing the skeleton, he carried it toward a closet, in which he had shut it up since he commenced the lady's portrait.

As he closed the door of the closet, the lady entered. Julien not less shocked by Robert's tale than upset at the return of his sepulchral guest, remained involuntarily with his hand against the door, turning his startled face toward the lady. He did not notice that a bit of the skeleton's gray robe had caught in the crack of the door and was sticking out.

But the lady saw it; she had noticed Julien's perturbation. She saw that Robert stood for a moment agitated, embarrassed, and then bowing to her, fled precipitately, as if he did not wish to be present at an unpleasant scene. Immediately, imbued with a terrible suspicion, she paled, and with a trembling voice, which she vainly tried to make firm, said:

"What is it that you have just shut up in that closet with such haste?"

"In this closet? I? Oh, nothing, absolutely nothing, I assure you."

"How, nothing? But look—the dress is sticking out, a dress of gray cloth."

Julien had but one course to take. Opening the closet door, he said to the jealous beauty:

"I wished simply to save you the sight of an unpleasant object; but since you force me to it, there it is—a skeleton."

Ah, these young people! Anything sets them laughing; and she began to laugh as if she had lost her senses. After having begged Julien's pardon with all sorts of charming cajoleries, she suddenly became serious again, and said:

"I wish to see it."

In vain Julien protested, became angry, implored her; she wished to see it, and see it she must. The gray cloth being removed, the young woman and the skeleton stood face to face.

She looked at it for some time, with mingled curiosity and fright, going all around it; then, fixing her eyes on the face of the skeleton, she became thoughtful, her face paled a little.

"There, I told you it would frighten you," said Julien, noticing her pallor.

"Let me alone," she said, in a low tone.

Slowly raising her right hand, she pointed her finger at the third left rib of the skeleton, near the heart, and touched the circular depression which was imprinted there. Suddenly she uttered a cry, and sank into Julien's arms, murmuring: "It is he, my husband!"

She fell to sobbing hysterically, while Julien, as he inundated her with ether and cologne, kept saying:

"But madame, madame, it is impossible! I can prove that it is impossible! I know the skeleton, I tell you. I saw him in the hospital before he was dead."

By dint of repeating this double treatment, physical and mental, he gradually calmed her, and at last she said:

"Do you really think so?"

"I am certain, for I knew him in the flesh."

"And you know his name?"

"Certainly. He was called Pierre Giraud."

"Giraud! Oh, there can be no more doubt!" cried the lady, bursting into sobs. "Giraud! Oh, merciful heaven, I was sure of it! Why, the face was his, I recognized his teeth. And then the mark of the bullet!" And she continued to cry. Julien, stupefied, not knowing what to think, stood before her in the attitude of a condemned man. He felt that his happiness was fled forever.

The skeleton seemed to grin horridly; never had it had such a mocking and vindictive air.

"All is at an end," said the lady, trembling in every limb; "death and malediction are between us two. I was too wicked. The man whose bones you see here was in his youth one of the most brilliant gentlemen of Bologna; he was Prince Girawski. I was his wife. How could I—oh, I know not how—it was wrong, sinful—he discovered all, he provoked his rival, a duelist of infallible hand and utterly pitiless. By a miracle, the ball, which should have pierced his heart, buried itself in his rib. He recovered. And do you know what he did, the noble-hearted man? He gave me all his fortune—all. And being reduced to the most absolute poverty he departed for France, to live there by the proceeds of his labor. He took the name of Giraud. Learning that he was in a state bordering on misery and that his health was irrecoverably lost, I set myself to seek him out and secretly succor him; but at the end of a month I suddenly lost all trace of him. Ah, I have been cruelly punished, for I love you well. And now, farewell, forever farewell."

She rose, repulsing with her hand Julien, who in his desperation held out his arms as if to restrain her. She ran out of the room and hastened down the stairs, while Julien, leaning over the balusters, heard the sound of those adored steps, which he should never hear again, as it was lost in the windings of the stairs.

He returned to the studio, and let himself fall into a chair, with his head in his hand; he cried for his lost love. Then, springing up with the spur of a ferocious resolution, he pulled on his coat, shoved his hat on his head, and crossing his arms advanced toward the skeleton, which, with open hands, seemed still to rail at him.

"Now, Prince Girawski," said he, "it is between us two. Before three days have passed you will be where you should have been long ago—in the cemetery."

And he hurried from the room.

The undertaker to whom he applied, supposing that the matter involved the simple transportation of a corpse, replied that nothing was easier, and that he would take charge of the affair for two or three thousand francs. But when Julien explained that it was a skeleton which had come from the dissecting-table, the undertaker scratched his ear a moment and replied: "It is impossible. You can't bury a man twice, you know."

"How, twice!"

"He has been buried before. His bones have been left, but all that was taken from them in the course of the dissection has been collected, inhumed in his name, and registered in the cemetery with the date of his decease. To bury the skeleton it is necessary to make an entry with the proper officials; if the same entry, it will be evident that the body to which it belongs has been interred already; if under another entry, in the first place it will be a false entry, and in any case, you will be asked why you present the defunct for interment six months after his death. The best thing you can do is to stow it away in a corner, and think no more of it."

"What shall I do?" asked Julien, when he was back in his own rooms; "I can not keep it. I know that if this lasts another week I will join Rouffinat in the asylum."

He thought of giving the skeleton to a museum. They accepted it gladly, but asked him to keep it three months, as the galleries were being repaired. Finally, no longer knowing how to disembarrass himself of this spectre which threatened to remain with him inseparably all his life, he conceived the idea of consulting the old priest who had officiated at his first communion, and for whom he had preserved a profound respect.

The old priest, after having received him affectionately, as was his custom, listened with bended head, sighing from time to time, to Julien's recital.

"Listen, my son," said he, when it was ended. "If I were still as inflexible and zealous as I was when I left the seminary, I would have read you a sermon of four captions, and I would have tried hard to profit by your trouble to bring you back to the flock, for there is in your story, mind you, more than enough to make the flesh of the unbeliever creep with horror. But, skeptical and indifferent as you may be, you can not but recognize the fact that, beneath the material grossness of things, beyond the vanity of human understanding, there is a whole world of moral truths, as evident as the light of day, and yet not less impossible to demonstrate than the most intricate tenets of theology. Honor, virtue, justice, duty, and in a word, morality itself, are merely ideas and cannot be proved by reason; and yet they are the ideas that rule the world, and whoever runs counter to them is as a leaf before the wind. Respect for the remains of the dead is one of these ideas, and for having disregarded it, you see how you have suffered. I, who believe firmly that what you have endured has been inflicted on you as a punishment for your sin—I have no counsel to offer you, but that you give the deceased rest in Christian burial; it is, I think I may assert, the only means of establishing peace between his soul and yours."

"But how may it be done," asked Julien, "since the law will not allow of its being buried in a cemetery?"

"Well," replied the priest, after a moment's reflection, "we can arrange that. I have an old friend, the priest of a village near St. Germain. We can go to him—all three of us. We shall make a grave in the vestry garden, we shall pray there, we shall sprinkle holy water on it, and—you will be absolved."

Two days later, the skeleton, forever removed from the sorrows and strifes of this world, slept in consecrated ground in the old curé's garden, at the foot of a willow tree—at peace at last.—*Translated for the Argonaut, from the French of Eugene Mouton, by L. S. Vassault.*

THE END OF LENT.

"Iris" tells of the Country Cousin's Reign in My Lady's Mansion.

New York is almost as deserted in March as it is in August. The town is given over to the shop-girls, the poor relations, and the country cousins. The glittering carriage of Mrs. Van Dusenbury rattles down the avenue with Mrs. Van D.'s second cousin from Podunk, Sara Ann Smith, in a jersey jacket and a seal-skin cap, sitting in state where Mrs. Van D. is wont to lounge in splendid ease. For Mrs. Van D.'s high nose and cold, narrow eyes, peering near-sightedly through a *lorgnon*, we now have Sara Ann's apple-cheeked face, freckled nose, and round blue eyes, bright and goggling over everything she sees. When Mrs. Van D. stopped at Mailliard's, and rustled with the superb hauteur which marks the Van D. blood into that temple of extravagance, to exchange a few greenbacks for a sumptuous bonbonnière, Sara Ann will rattle merrily down to Huyler's, straggle in with her flabby skirts slapping on her heels, and there pledge potations pottle deep in sodawater, and squander a quarter on peppermints, which spicily impregnate the surrounding ether.

For Mrs. Van Dusenbury and her world are all away. They have all got delicate chests, or no appetites, or chronic colds, or rheumatism, and must go South to escape the bitter Northern blasts. So off they go—relays, schools, armies of them. Not a Southern-bound train but is full of them, with alligator bags and canvas hampers, great dressing-cases and well-rolled umbrellas, maid-servants and men-servants, foot-warmers and Russian furs. A good percentage of them stop at Point Comfort, there lolling by the "many-sounding sea," with the balmy breath of the ocean, warm from the Gulf Stream, blowing tenderly upon them, to recover at ease from the fatigues of a glittering season; there to eat oranges and oysters, to meet the Southern women and look askance at their brilliantly yellow locks, and to criticise with fine smiles of tolerant contempt their badly made clothes; to cultivate the *beau sabreur* at the fortress hard by, and stroll with him on gray, warm afternoons, over the moat, through the sallyport, and across the prim parade lawn, where the holly trees stand up stiff and prickly, and the "army ladies" watch from the casemates.

A large number of them drift farther south to Georgia, where they are much disillusioned by the chilliness and rawness of the sunny South; where they are frightened by the hollow-eyed invalids, who are wheeled out in bath-chairs on sunny days, and with rugs over their knees, and books held limply in their waxen veinous hands, sun themselves and brood gloomily in the warm, sheltered nooks. But most of these tourists, these hunters of fashion and comfort, speed away in the vestibule trains for Florida. Florida, until lately, has been under a cloud, as far as winter visitors were concerned. We never seemed to hear anything of that happy land, except that the orange crop had been nipped by an untimely frost, or that some English corporation had been swindled in a land deal. But now its day has come. Nobody is anybody who does not go to Florida in March. They have built a new hotel near Saint Augustine, a hotel which offers the attractions of being the only good one there, of charging from six to twelve dollars a day, and of enjoying the most fashionable patronage. Florida's fortune is made. The orange crop may fail as much as it likes, Florida can snap her fingers and point to her winter visitors.

President and Mrs. Cleveland were there for a space, and of course, all the Cleveland and "Little Frankie Folsom" monomaniacs rushed down to Saint Augustine, panting and breathless. There they could sit and watch the pretty Presidentess to their heart's content, and note, with eagle glance, the twist of her hair, the set of her bustle, the shape of her hands, the tone of her voice. And the really enterprising ones could write to the papers about her and tell some more of her characteristics to an insatiable public. That excitement had hardly died when the young Duke of Newcastle, traveling with his tutor, paid Saint Augustine a visit. This was the chance for the anglomaniacs. Down they came, horse, foot, and dragoons, with big English-checked clothes, and eye-glasses, and rubber bath-tubs. They swarmed over the hotel; the little duke, a small, sickly boy traveling for health and education, was almost suffocated with their attentions. They were strange hybrids, such as he had never seen before, and his tutor kept him sternly exclusive, so the dear chappies could only look and languish from afar.

With Easter they will all be back again. Sara Ann will return to Podunk, and Mrs. Van D., with her rustle and her *lorgnon*, be home again on Thursdays. Easter Day will see them all at church. The women will each wear a new suit and a new hat, with flowers in the front, for to go to church on Easter without something new on is bad luck for the rest of the year. The chappies will wear new gloves of such a noisy orange that they will interrupt the sermon, also new trousers, so wide that they rustle when the wind blows, and with a neat crease down each leg.

William K. Vanderbilt's Joseph is the latest fragment of gossip. He is undoubtedly a creature of continental reputation. William K. has captured him—with a bait of eight thousand a year. He is to be packed in cotton on the *Alva* and brought to New York, where Mr. Vanderbilt will inaugurate his first appearance in this great republic, by giving a series of banquets.

Cornelius Vanderbilt is also on the other side. It is he who has bought Lindenhof, one of the palaces of the erratic King of Bavaria, and a wonder, even in Europe. It is getting to be quite the thing for rich Americans to have European estates, on which they spend half the year. Mr. Bradley-Martin has a Scotch moor, where he invites large house-parties from New York, and they go, and shoot, and have charming times, and mingle with the aristocracy, and are very merry and fashionable. William K. Vanderbilt, before he went to the Mediterranean on the *Alva*, rented Lord Lovat's estate in the Highlands, entertained many Americans, and had a very delightful autumn. The Vanderbilts, when at home, live in great style. At dinner a footman stands behind the chair of each guest, and a butler superintends. Here is a happy field for Joseph.

In spite, however, of their fondness for fashion, they are one of the most notoriously charitable families in New York. A nobler charity than the Vanderbilt Hospital and Clinic was never conceived and executed. Mrs. Sloan, *née* Vanderbilt, endowed the Maternity Hospital, and a year before the plans were drawn, traveled in Europe with—in her train—an eminent physician and architect. Accompanied by her husband, the physician, and the architect, Mrs. Sloan visited all the most famous maternity hospitals in England, France, Germany, and Austria, so that, with the aid of the physician and the architect, plans were drawn, combining all the advantages of the most approved models. The hospital is now completed, and is as perfect as unlimited money, unlimited study, and unlimited patience and trouble can make it. This is a good deal better than giving great sums for charity, as most of the wealthy New Yorkers do. If you happen to be enormously rich, there is not much trouble in giving money away, or much credit, either. Miss Catherine Wolfe gave annually, in charity, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars. This sum was placed in the hands of Bishop Potter, who expended it as he thought best. But it was no trouble to Miss Wolfe. Mrs. Sloan's charity has involved much work, time, thought, care, and study, but has also given her what most rich people need, a purpose, an absorbing interest in life.

An entertainment will be given next week at the Metropolitan Opera House, instead of the annual Kermess, of which New York is, of course, dead tired. This entertainment, also trained by Professor Marwig, is called "Fashing Thursday in Venice," and is supposed to be the carnival at Venice. It is very "Kermessy." There are dances—Swedish, Venetian, Gypsy, and Greek, danced by men and girls in the national costumes—just as there are at every Kermess. The novelty is in the introduction, which has been tried at Orange with most brilliant success. The curtain rolls up and discovers the stage arranged like a young girl's bedroom, with a full-length mirror on one side. Into this sanctum enters the tutelary goddess—a young girl dressed as a Venetian, very pretty and graceful. She is dejected, for she is dying to go to the carnival, and has no one to go with. Very depressed she goes to the mirror and looks in, her image greets her there, sad, pretty, dying to go to the carnival. She illustrates—all in pantomime—her sad fix to the reflection. The reflection responds with similar gestures. Of course, this is all done with exquisite grace, in time to music, almost like a dance. Presently she takes off her things, removes her cap and cloak, unclasps her belt; the mirrored figure always following every movement. Then from outside come the sounds of the carnival, the shouting, laughter, and music. In despair the maiden gesticulates, implying to the excited reflection her mad desire to join the dance. She holds out her hands to the figure, and lo, the mirror bursts from top to bottom, and out steps the reflection, her fac-simile.

It was, of course, two girls—but when I saw them at Orange they were so well matched, so like each other, and the mirrored figure responded to the other's every movement with such absolute precision, that for some time every one was deceived, and thought they saw merely a pretty girl dancing before a mirror. Two obliging youths turn up from somewhere, and they go out to the carnival. The next scene discovers them, gorgeously arrayed, mounted upon thrones, and the carnival is danced before them. This all takes place on the stage, which is enormous, and gives free scope to the dancers. IRIS.

NEW YORK, March 26, 1888.

Miss Almeda Taft, of Sadorus, Ill., has a canary bird that snores. About two o'clock one morning last week its snores became so loud as to arouse the household. A search about the premises failed to reveal the cause of the noise until the sitting-room door was opened, when it was found to emanate from the bird-cage. The bird being awakened, the noise instantly ceased. The owner of the bird regards it now as a very musical canary, and the neighbors all declare they never heard the like of its snores, which become more pronounced with each succeeding day.

It is said that several congressmen obtained information of the decision of the Supreme Court in the Bell telephone case before it was announced, and that they used the "tip" to considerable advantage in speculating on the stock. One New England congressman had fifty thousand dollars up as margin, and his profits are said to be a most handsome

MARDI-GRAS IN PARIS.

"L'Americaine" writes of Street Scenes and a Fashionable Ball.

Every one is apt to think of foreign, or at any rate, of French servants, that they are cleaner, pleasanter, more easily satisfied, more amenable to reason, less boorish, and possessed of finer tact than any other domestics in the world. In some cases this is, indeed, true, though I can not help fancying that the difference lies a great deal in difference of locality, and that in going to live abroad we are prepared to leave many of our habits and prejudices behind, and to accept on foreign shores that which we should unhesitatingly reject within our own borders.

It is true that the general run of French servants have, many of them, that bright amiability (lip-service though it may be) which is so sympathetic, smooths away so many domestic difficulties, and recommends itself so pleasantly to a mistress's gratitude and recognition; but I have just begun to learn how all this is procured and paid for over here. From the prosperous *maître d'hôtel*, or butler, to the small "buttons" who runs your errands, they each and every one expect to be feed liberally, not alone by their masters, but by every inhabitant of the house, especially by the departing guest. They are all allowed a certain percentage on everything that comes into the house in the way of eatables or wines. Should madame put a stop to this thieving business of her servants, she would soon find it utterly impossible to keep a servant in her household, the smiles would turn to frowns, the great respect and obsequiousness to impertinence and non-compliance.

To be obliged to fee each hireling in the house you happen to be visiting is anything but agreeable, even not taking into consideration the large hole it makes in one's pin-money. Keep on paying, and you will have the most perfect service in all things; leave a public hotel, or private home, without handing your fees to each servant you pass—and you can rest assured you will pass a good many—and on your return you will find more than a difference in their demeanor toward you. That this custom should exist among the servants in private dwellings is a crying shame, and should be abolished.

While I am on the subject of servants, I may as well state that although wages are very moderate here—the finest *chef* or *cordon bleu* being procurable for forty dollars per month, maid for fifty francs, or ten dollars, and so on—the many things one has to furnish them make the price of hire go up to a surprising amount. For instance, you must furnish all your help with a *good* quality of red wine; pay for their washing, which, by the way, they often do themselves and pocket the money; give them all their aprons, caps, livery, or house dresses, beside making them a present of money four or five times a year outside of their wages. I find that French people, as a rule, get their female servants through convents, several of which have offices for this purpose attached. Here you will generally get a good servant. Their characters will be assured, good references given, and in case of sickness they can return to the sisters, and be nursed and cared for. In my aunt's home she never gives a thought to her servants. They are supervised, commanded, and directed by her housekeeper entirely, an excellent woman, who has been in the family for thirty years. We are sometimes surprised by seeing a new face among the retinue of domestics, but we hear no cause for the change, and otherwise we know of no difference below-stairs. The housekeeper pays all the servants, allows them their different holidays, and any complaint we might have to make of one or the other of the footmen, or maids, we make directly to her, and she adjusts everything in a most satisfactory manner, taking all the disagreeable part upon herself. A few days before a grand dinner, my aunt sends word to her *chef* to prepare a dinner on such and such a date for so many covers, and she can always be certain of finding every appointment of the table and dinner fit for a king. During this season of Lent and so-called fasting, I have often felt inclined to applaud the cook for his wonderful ingeniuty in being able to vary the menu each day without giving us any meats or game. My aunt is a very strict Catholic, and most rigid does she consider herself in all her observances of her religious duties. Dear woman, no doubt she honestly believes that she has been fasting for very nearly forty days. I have never enjoyed my meals more than during this season of abstemiousness, and candidly, I can not see where the privations and fastings come in.

Each morning, at six o'clock, I hear the family carriage drive away, taking my aunt and cousins to early mass; at five o'clock, vespers call all to church once more—and to this service I generally accompany them, to hear the beautiful music; ladies of *le grand monde* volunteer their services in the choir during Lent, and I have heard some beautiful voices at these twilight prayers. The chapels and churches are all very lovely at this season of the year, with their many lights. The perfect music, the flowers, the beautiful women, the half-light, and the peace and quiet that pervade all Roman Catholic temples—all this has a certain charm for me, a stranger to this church and accustomed to our own rather cold and bare churches. I have most thoroughly enjoyed this Lenten season in fair France, and I have lost much of my prejudice toward the religion of this country in seeing for myself how very different the educated Catholic is to the lower class, from whom we Protestants are too often apt to form our opinions of the Roman Catholic belief.

At the end of Lent only I have begun to contrast, in my mind, that night of the Mardi-Gras and the quiet that has followed it, for there has been undoubtedly some change in the gay society world. Balls, theatres, and receptions have been laid away on the shelf, one might say, to break forth from the chrysalis in which they have lain into the gorgeous butterfly a few weeks hence. Those only who have witnessed a like scene can appreciate the sight on the streets of Paris, on the afternoon and night of Mardi-Gras. All the theatres gave matinées, the public gardens were thronged with working-men and their families out for a holiday. Paris seemed given over to this class. In the evening, the boulevards were filled with rough crowds of pushing, hurrying people. Girls as *bouquetières*, lads dressed in female attire, rushed madly along, while every now and then a creature of doubtful sex, clothed in the mingled garments of a bull-fighter and a ballet-girl, hopped and skipped among the laughing mob. Men and women in scarlet dressing-gowns, in Neapolitan fisher garbs, and in other nondescript disguises, elicited a startled scream, and went on their way rejoicing. There were soldiers, sailors, and clowns, shabby, spangled harlequins, but no priests, no magistrates, nothing political or international; religion was respected, for a wonder, and French magistrates can not stand being laughed at in these days. I saw one thin man made up as Louise Michel, the protruding forehead and scant locks being skillfully portrayed.

The advertising side of the carnival was most grotesque; on one wagon, a huge bottle, surrounded with attendant nymphs, symbolized a liquor which is taken before dinner, while from another vehicle went forth the solemn announcement that shirts in thousands were awaiting those who would pay three francs ninety-five centimes for them. Lozenges, pills, wines, and candy all had their heralds, while a landau full of girls, with marvelously long hair, announced that with one bottle of the ointment which they had to sell, any bald head would in a few days sprout out into a capillary forest.

A hasty view of this mad crowd was quite sufficient for any of us, and the command to the coachman to turn the horses' heads homeward was gladly received by all of us. Besides our anxiety to get away from the noise and din in the streets, we were, most of us, in haste to return in good time to prepare for the grand masquerade ball at Baronne de Rochefoucault's that evening. We were not to leave the house until eleven o'clock, or after, but still our toilets needed great attention, and this was one of the few occasions that we had to resort to a professional *coiffeur*, instead of allowing our maids to dress our heads, and that meant much waiting. As we approached the hotel of the Baronne de Rochefoucault, the house seemed to be in a perfect blaze. The large square in front was illuminated by electric lights, making it all as bright as day. The neighboring thoroughfares appeared to be filled with numberless will-o'-the-wisps—the lamps of the carriages bringing fair burdens to this grand soirée. The streets close to the house were crowded with a large multitude of curious people, who were anxious to see as much of the gorgeous dresses as the wraps and cloaks would allow. The policemen told off to line the street often had considerable difficulty in keeping the curious back. Our carriage advanced at a snail's pace, finally halting at the main entrance, at which we alighted, whereupon our coachman took up his position in the long row of vehicles which were destined to wait until the ball should come to an end. We pushed our way through a crowd of people on the landing, and after some difficulty found our way to the dressing-rooms, where deft-handed maids, in the costumes worn by Abigails two hundred years ago, helped us off with our wraps and adjusted our dresses. I saw a number of hair-dressers in readiness to arrange any lady's hair which might become disarranged during the dance. There were also to be found in the dressing-rooms several costumers who were prepared, at a moment's notice, to provide a new dress for any one desiring to change her disguise during the evening.

On descending to the reception-room, we found our hostess without mask or domino, simply wearing the usual ball costume. As we saluted her, she asked us each in turn for our names, so that she might be able to recognize us under our disguises, during the evening, if she felt so inclined; but as she did not once leave her place throughout the entire evening, I felt convinced she wished to satisfy herself if we were the right people in the right place. From the reception-room we passed on to the ball-room, which reminded me of the celebrated Galerie des Glaces, at Versailles, and thence through suite after suite of the most sumptuous apartments I have ever seen outside of a royal palace. There were Turkish rooms and Italian rooms, Chinese rooms and Indian rooms—each quarter of the globe seemed to have been robbed of its most beautiful characteristics to decorate this perfect mansion. For those who did not care to dance the whole evening through, there was a mimic theatre, erected in one of the larger rooms, and here were represented, first a scene from some comedy, then a tableau vivant, then a one-act operetta, and so on; the curtain only fell to rise again on something equally pleasing.

The sight in the ball-room was one never to be forgotten. The costumes were beautiful, and the grand room, with its hundreds of lights and its artistic decorations, made a dazzling scene. Many notable personages in history were represented, flower-girls and gypsies, Spanish women, peasants, and princes danced together in happy oblivion to position or era. At two o'clock the signal for unmasking was given, and the looks of astonishment, disappointment, triumph, and pleasure that crossed the different faces as the little velvet masks were lifted, afforded much merriment. A magnificent supper was served at a late hour in rooms which had been turned into garden bowers, lit by hanging lamps and set with small tables. The menu cards were the work of a renowned artist, and the favors at each place were very pretty.

As we stepped into our carriage after a delightful evening, dawn had already awakened the birds in the squares, the milk carts were astir in the streets, and the bakers were depositing their loaves at the different doors throughout the city. At this early hour Paris seems fairer to me than at any other. The streets have been cleanly swept during the preceding night, the fountains sparkle in the rising sunlight, the workingmen and women, in their clean blouses and fresh dresses, hurry gaily along to their daily work. Nothing serves to remind one of the excitement, dust, and worry of the coming day. I always look with wonder at the sleepy-looking houses, and long to rouse the inhabitants, bidding them come out into the fresh, pure air of the early morning. If Frenchwomen would take brisk walks in the morning, and not stay abed as they all do, we would notice fresher complexions among them than we do now. They none of them have the fresh pink and white skins of the English or American women, and it is a great drawback to their beauty.

L'AMERICAINE.

PARIS.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever, if you are wise enough to let some other fellow marry her.—*Tid-Bits.*

Teacher—"In what battle was General Blank killed?" *Bright boy*—"His last one."—*Wheeling Intelligencer.*

Mamma—"And who dwelt in the Garden of Eden, Freddie?" *Freddie*—"Oh, I know; the Adamses!"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

First dude—"Aw—smoke—aw—Gawge?" *Second ditto*—"Aw—naw—aw—thanks. My fellaw—aw—smokes—aw—faw me."—*Town Topics.*

Guest—"Is this Mrs. Smith's house?" *Family butler* (hired for the occasion)—"I don't know, sir; but it's 590 Beacon Street."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Occasionally a post-office clerk licks so many stamps that he learns to speak Gum Arabic, and the knowledge sticks to him, too.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

Passenger—"You must do with a quarter this time, Augustus. I haven't anything less than a hundred-dollar-bill." *Palace-car porter*—"I can change it fo' you, sah."—*Judge.*

Professional gamblers have a great many superstitions. One of the most practical is, that if they deal the cards themselves they have a much better chance to win.—*Somerville Journal.*

"Look 'ere, Sal," yelled a Texas woman to her eldest girl, "don't bend over that well so fur! You'll fall in some day, and then we'll have to drink from the creek."—*Grand Rapids Herald.*

Popinjay—"Well, Blobson, you've made a pretty good thing out of the grocery business, haven't you?" *Blobson*—"Oh, yes, I've made a success of it in a small weigh."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Mrs. Yunkupple—"Why, Reggy, what do you mean by eating breakfast with your trousers turned up? It isn't raining." *Mr. Yunkupple*—"No, dear, but the coffee looks awfully muddy."—*Puck.*

Furor scribendi: *She*—"Henry!" *He*—"Horrors! Don't interrupt this inspiration. I am——" *She*—"My dear, I only wanted to say that you have dipped your pen into the coffee."—*Judge.*

Mr. Umpah (at the close of the ball)—"Dem togs yaint mine!" *Hat-check clerk*—"Caint help it; dey's all dat's lef'. If yo' hadn' been sech a hog ter darnse de las' darnce yo'd done git bettah s'lection."—*Judge.*

Old man (at the head of the stairs)—"Hasn't that young man gone yet, Clara?" *Daughter*—"No, papa; are we disturbing you?" *Old man*—"Yes; the silence down there is oppressive."—*New York Sun.*

Uneasy individual (who knows something is wrong)—"Don't you think it is close in this car?" *Seat mate*—"Fearful, my frent. Ohf it vas not fer dis packich ohf Limpurger, I dinks I vos suffogades."—*Puck.*

It is believed that the life of Job, of biblical fame, would have read quite differently if he had been snow-bound three days on the railroad in New Jersey, and had to pay one dollar for a twenty-cent pie.—*Norristown Herald.*

Countryman (at dessert)—"What d'ye call this stuff, waiter?" *Waiter*—"Blanc-mange, sir." *Countryman*—"I should say it was blank mange; it's blankety blank mange. Take away your mange and gimme pie."—*Life.*

Lieutenant Crisp (West Point, '87, at Fort Leavenworth)—Ready! Aim!! Fire!!!—well, why in blazes don't you black hounds obey orders? *Corporal Vemply*—"'Xcuse me, sah. You done fergot t' tell 'm t' loahd!"—*Tid-Bits.*

Ham-fatter—"I had a daisy part in the 'Dark Secret' Company." *Agent*—"Let's see. That's the play where they have the real water on the stage, ain't it? What part did you take?" *Ham-fatter*—"I played the tank."—*Tid-Bits.*

At dinner: "*Lady X.* (to Egyptian prince)—"Well, how do you like this country?" *Egyptian prince*—"I am delighted with everything; but especially with the flowers. Flowers are my passion." (Takes the celery and sniffs it ecstatically.)—*Tid-Bits.*

Gentlewoman (at intelligence office)—"Please tell the directress that a woman wishes to speak with her." *Lady friend*—"What made you say woman? Lady sounds so much nicer." *Gentlewoman*—"Do you think I want to be taken for a servant?"—*Ex.*

Miss de Peister is having her picture taken in her new ball-dress: *Photographer* (referring to picture)—"This is a better one, but a little over-exposed." *Papa de Peister* (referring to ball-dress)—"There, my dear! What did I tell you?"—*Columbia Spectator.*

Dudely Vanderclam—"Mith Bondclipper, I weally believe it ith the mission of woman to make fools of uth men." *Miss Bondclipper*—"Yes, and you have no idea, Mr. Vanderclam, how vexed we are to find that nature has so often forestalled us."—*Mocking-Bird.*

"I hope I don't disturb you, madame," he said, as he was squeezing past her to go out between the acts. "Not at all, sir," she answered, with a charming smile, "not at all. I am pleased to see you going out. My husband keeps the saloon nearest the theatre."—*Boston Courier.*

Mortgages are signed by two witnesses the same as last year, and are folded so as to fit the side coat-pocket. The back taxes are combed forward, and parted on the side nearest the mortgagee. In this climate, mortgages generally mature in the winter season.—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

"I aint a-going to be swindled any more by them gas companies," remarked a Detroit citizen, of more means than education. "I have just had the meteor taken out, and I'm going down to the eclectic works and order some of them uncandid lights put into my house."—*Electrical Review.*

Grocer—"You say that your wife, Uncle Rastus, supports the family by taking in washing?" *Uncle Rastus*—"Yes, sah." *Grocer*—"Well, don't you feel a little bit ashamed at times?" *Uncle Rastus*—"Shamed? No, sah; dere's nothin' degradin' 'bout takin' in washin'. Ise proud ob de ole 'ooman."—*New York Sun.*

"Who was that young man here last night?" asked a father of his only daughter. "Why, papa, that was my accepted lover." "Your lover, child. Why, I never saw him before! What does he do?" "Do, papa? Do?" she replied, in amazement. "He doesn't do anything; he has a government position."—*Tid-Bits.*

Mistress (to pretty servant)—"Well, Mary, how do you like your place, so far?" *Pretty servant*—"Very much, mum. I was told before I came that no wan could get along wid your husband, mum, but I think he is just splendid!" *Wanted*—"By a competent young girl, a place to do general housework, etc."—*Texas Siftings.*

Husband (to wife)—"I've been out half the day trying to collect money, and I'm mad enough to break the furniture. It beats all how some men will put off, and put off. A man who owes money and won't pay it, isn't fit to associate——" *Servant* (opening the door)—"The butcher, sorr, is down-stairs with his bill." *Husband*—"Tell him to call again."—*Life.*

Suggestions for a geographical cable code for American tourists: Mother has left for home—Marseilles. Were you acquainted with her?—Genoa. Charley is very ill—Carlsbad. He is no good—Homburg. She is my brother's daughter—Nice. It is important you should leave at once—Moscow. Mother is not here, but—Par is. Go to the devil—Berne.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

[Scene first, country school-room.] *Young lady teacher*—"Tommy, you had better go out and wash your face." (Scene second, the room two minutes and a half later.) *Young lady teacher*—"Tommy, you've washed your face pretty well, but you've not wiped it very nicely; your forehead is all wet." *Tommy* (loudly, being aggrieved at unappreciated efforts)—"Wiped it as high as my shirt 'ud reach!" Young lady teacher's attention is suddenly demanded elsewhere.—*Judge.*

VANITY FAIR.

A rumor that Mrs. Frank Leslie was to be married to Henry F. Gillig, of the American Exchange, sent a *Sun* reporter to her, who, during the interview, asked whether she received many offers of marriage. "Don't I, though?" rejoined Mrs. Leslie, vivaciously. "You'd be surprised to know how many. Why, I have to decline, on an average, two offers every day of my life. Sometimes great batches of them come in one mail. Everybody knows I'm a widow, and they apply from all over. Strangers, you know, most of them, and a good many, I suppose, are estimable men. Some ask for introductions to me, but most of them write. They all praise their own qualifications as husbands. Some of them come right down to a solid business basis in their proposals. Not long ago, a man wrote me stating that he was worth seventeen million dollars, and our marriage would be a good move for both. He enclosed a list of his securities, with references, by which I could prove his standing, if I chose. But," she added, drearily, "I have one answer for them all. It's a dreadful bore to have to answer them, and yet most of them I feel as if I ought to answer. One form suffices all." "I hope that answer is not a hard-hearted one, Mrs. Leslie," said the reporter. "Hard-hearted!" she exclaimed, quickly. "Indeed, it is not. Though I could think of none of the proposals, I consider myself, in almost all cases, honored by the men who make them. It is the greatest compliment a man can pay. And so, though the compliment be unwelcome to me, I can not but respect the feelings of the man who paid it. Now here, I'll show you the answer itself, and you can be your own judge of whether it is a hard-hearted one or not. I keep this handy," she said, laughing, as she drew a paper from a cubby-hole, "because I have to use it so often." This was what the reporter read on the paper: "SIR: An offer of marriage is always a compliment. At least, it is always intended as such, being the highest tribute of respect your sex can pay to mine. To me, this compliment comes oftener than to most women, for the simple reason that my occupation draws me into constant contact with men of science, literature, and art, as well as society and practical men of affairs. My life, however, is so full, so perfectly rounded, with its days of charming art work and earnest endeavor, and its evenings crowded full of pleasure and amusement, through the kindness of friends, that I have neither time nor thought of matrimony, and shall never marry unless a name be offered me higher niched in the temple of fame than that left me by my husband, of which I am a thousand times proud. And so, with many thanks for the honor you have done me, I beg to subscribe myself, what I shall probably be to the end—yours very truly, MRS. FRANK LESLIE."

There are people who maintain (says London *Truth*) that knee-breeches are vastly "becoming" and "comfortable." Now, as to "comfortable," that is stark absurdity, contrary to all experience and reason. The only way to make knee-breeches comfortable is to imitate the now almost extinct Irish peasant breeches-wearer, and habitually forget to button them at the knee. As to the much-abused steel-pen coat, it is not beautiful, certainly. But properly constructed, as our grandfathers wore it, made double-breasted, and to button across the chest, it is a remarkably good garment. For any kind of bodily work or exercise it is absolutely unrivaled. It has no useless skirts to flop about and impede the movements, and the pockets, well out of the way, are only inconvenient when you sit down. It is the best walking-coat ever devised, whereas the modern frock-coat is about the worst and most cumbersome.

A Washington man relates an amusing story apropos of the fatigue that a society girl has to undergo during the season. "There was Miss B——, just the girl for Washington to kill off in one season. And her mother knew it, and that knowledge is what saved the girl. The mother watched that girl—Chloe, I think she was called—all the winter, as an anxious nurse would watch a patient. She sent her aunt into society with her, and she did the heavy work at home. She kept everybody still, and compelled favorable and soothing conditions, so that Chloe could sleep till twelve. Then she lifted her up from bed, and carried her to the bath and bathed her, permitting the girl to make no exertion herself. She rubbed her with dry towels, clothed her, fed her with nourishing food, and in the afternoon made 'the grand rounds' as her escort. At five o'clock she brought her charge home, fed her, and put her carefully to bed, watching at her bedside. An hour before the time of setting out for the night's rounds she woke her, gave her a bath, and prepared her for the exertion. She kept that girl alive that winter by grooming her constantly, with exactly the same care that Sullivan's trainer bestows on him before a prize fight, or a jockey gives a race-horse, and in the spring, when everybody else was jaded out, and sick, and ready to drop, Chloe was as spry as a cricket, and captured the best offer of the season."

There was a time, not long ago, when it was considered quite as improper for a lady to turn her back upon a gentleman in a drawing-room as for an actor to turn his back upon the audience. All this has changed. It may almost be said that ladies now pay more attention to matters pertaining to the back than to the front of their toilets. The bustle, the skirt-drapery, and the back-hair are all important. Furthermore, the most fashionable women now have practically abandoned the décolleté feature, wearing gowns quite up to the Rose Cleveland neck-line in front, but down to the Lily Langtry line in the back. The effect is very odd, but as many women possess fair shoulders and backs, while few have attractive necks, the new feature is doubtless destined to attain popularity.

Says *Town Topics:* "If we are in half as bad a way morally as Dr. Morgan Dix says we are, it is high time New York was sent to join Sodom and Gomorrah in history. Happily, even the license to preach does not render the licensee infallible. No doubt we are a pretty bad lot. No doubt there are some of our women who drink more than they ought; and some who go to balls with less clothes on than they should have, and some men and women who have loose desires and girdles to match. Nevertheless, society might teach Dr. Dix a lesson or two in decency, if he had not, to all showing, arrived at that stage of thought in which men cease to learn unpalatable lessons, and are sand-blind to their own errors. For after all, society, even with the veneer of free speech and superficial cynicism, that it cultivates with a great affectation of gusto, is at heart decent enough. Its common fault is a vulgarity of thought and practice, which is born of want of culture and intellectual sympathies, not immorality, in the clerical sense. American society is still so rooted in the superstitions of social adolescence, that it is afraid of actual vice, however much it may pretend to enjoy it. The fear may proceed from hypocrisy, but it is there. Balzac says 'no person can be truly vicious who recognizes his own vices as faults.' This, so far, is the safeguard of New York society. It has not yet learned to view vice as a personal privilege, and so it is afraid of vice on its own account. The proof of the pudding is in the eating of it. Are the annals of New York's social life disfigured to any extent with domestic scandals, finally culminating in shameful divorce suits, during the progress of which all kinds of moral rottenness are turned up and exposed to public view? Have we any Lady Colin Campbell cases here? or Sir Charles Dilke affairs, the reading of whose details is bound to bring a blush even to the cheek of a man of the world? Really serious scandals, in the best circles of New York society, are actually few and far between. There is very little smoke, because there is very little fire. There have been family quarrels, and separations between men and women of society, but in nearly every case they have been unattended with scandal disgraceful enough to justify the maledictions of the church. The separations have come about because of incompatibility of temper, or from similar causes. Not long ago, Mrs. Ferdinand Yznaga went to California and secured a divorce from her husband, and there were neither criminations nor recriminations. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Stevens are separated, and so were Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Neilson before Mr. Neilson's death. But neither of these cases furnished any specially unsavory material for the gossip-mongers, hard as these strove to raise a sensation on them."

An up-town firm that sells walking-sticks says that the younger men about town are getting to carry canes of altogether different shapes and weights in winter and summer. The winter walking-stick should be heavy and stout, a support on slippery days, and in keeping with cape-coats, and other ponderous protections against the weather. Most canes, last winter, had handles three to four inches long, of horn, silver, or silver-plating. Lighter sticks, all of wood, polished at the handles, have come in for milder weather. Many canes, too, are now made straight, with silver or fancy tips, odd-shaped knobs of bone, ivory, and different colored hard woods. Silver heads are at a discount now, because of the cheap plate imitations with which unscrupulous makers have flooded the market. There are few novelties, of course, in the way of umbrellas. The tendency is to long umbrellas with fine, light frames, and nicely finished handles, so that on fair days they may be used as walking-sticks. London-made umbrellas are unusually light and trim. They are cheaper, too, if bought abroad. English and home-made ones bring about the same price. This varies with the value of the handle, and may run from eight to twenty dollars.

The safety bicycle seems to have solved the problem of the application of the bicycle to woman's use. There are now about five hundred women in Washington who ride tricycles. Already some of the more venturesome of the fair sex have appeared on the streets on ladies' bicycles, as they are called. The woman's bicycle is the same as the man's bicycle, with a modification which removes all obstructions between the seat and the pedals, so that a woman's dress can fall to her feet, as on a tricycle. On the safety bicycles for men, the frame is so constructed that there is a straight bar from the axle of the rear wheel to the post, to which the handle-bar is attached in front. Of course, such an arrangement offers an insuperable difficulty to a woman in her ordinary wearing apparel. The difficulty has been overcome by making this bar or backbone curve down and upward like a letter U. In general terms it may be said that the saddle is attached to a little post so as to arrange to bring it over the centre of the U-shaped frame. The pedals are attached to an axle at the bottom of the U. So when the lady is seated upon the bicycle, with her feet on the pedals, there is nothing to prevent her dress from falling in proper manner. The mount is made even more easily than on the masculine bicycle. Standing on the left side, with her hands upon the handle-bars, the woman puts her right foot through the U and upon the right pedal. Then she raises herself on the pedal to the saddle, the movement giving a start to the machine. If a rider gets into a bad or dangerous place, by putting the brake on, she can come to a standstill. The machine will then fall over to one side or the other, but the rider's feet are within a few inches of the ground, and by putting her foot out she can arrest her fall. A lady rider should be dressed plainly, in a costume of flannel, like an equestrienne habit, without, however, having the extra length of skirt. It should be made of flannel, or some material of a heavy texture that would fall or drape gracefully to the feet. She should have no bustle, and not be tied or strapped up to such an extent as to prevent the utmost freedom in the use of every muscle.

A new sort of fancy waistcoat has been put on the market this spring. It is made of soft, cottony material, fits snugly, and, unlike the orthodox white waistcoat, is never starched. The color and pattern are the same, however, and only a close inspection will show the difference. This new garment has several advantages over the old one. It can be rolled up and put in a valise; it fits much better and does not soil so easily. It never should be sent to the laundry, either. Any tailor will undertake to sponge it out when it begins to show the effects of dust and wear. Being something of a novelty yet, the tailors charge a slight advance on it—say twelve or thirteen dollars, while the other waistcoats cost from eight to ten dollars.

Some amateur photographers of Boston succeeded in producing photographs which are rather startling to the persons photographed, and not such as they care to have exhibited outside of limited circles. Having arranged his sitters, and taken the focus by gaslight, the operator turns out the gas. He has magnesium in powdered form on a shovel, and when he gets ready, without any signal, he touches a match to the magnesium, and at the same time removes the cap from his lens. The favorite way of trying this is on a group of the operator's friends, young men and young women of assorted relations. When developed, the picture usually shows that the group was not exactly ready to be taken, and the exposures of some of the figures, as caught in a state of suspended animation, are embarrassing to the victims and ludicrous to everybody else. In many cases there appears a sudden checked attempt to snatch a kiss in the dark, and in others nothing more pronounced than the movement of a hand and arm to steal around a willing waist, has been stopped by the abrupt flash. Some faces show an idiotic surprise at the sudden light, and others are caught in laughable positions to get themselves ready.

Concerning English railway carriages, the *St. James's Gazette* says: "Every time a woman is assaulted or annoyed on the railway, indignant inquirers want to know why the companies don't provide ladies' carriages. It appears that they do, and that the ladies won't use them. A woman, accompanied by one or more babies, may occasionally be decoyed into one of these refuges; but the unencumbered female, old or young, shuns them. It may have escaped notice hitherto, that the society of the other sex is not invariably distasteful to women. So far does this singular taste extend, that for one woman who travels in a ladies' compartment, five are willing to endure existence in a smoking-carriage—so the railway companies have been testifying, in reply to a board of trade circular. They show that when they do provide ladies' compartments, two-thirds of them remain empty. Therefore, we can hardly expect much development of this particular 'reform.'"

Many people suppose (writes Charles Dudley Warner in *Harper's*) that it is the easiest thing in the world to dine if you can get plenty to eat. This error is the foundation of much social misery. The world that never dines, and fancies it has a grievance justifying anarchy on that account, does not know how much misery it escapes. A great deal has been written about the art of dining. From time to time geniuses have appeared who knew how to compose a dinner; indeed, the art of doing it can be learned, as well as the art of cooking and serving it. It is often possible, also, under extraordinarily favorable conditions, to select a company congenial, and varied, and harmonious enough to dine together successfully. The tact for getting the right people together is perhaps rarer than the art of composing the dinner. But it exists. And an elegant table with a handsome and brilliant company about it is a common conjunction in this country. Instructions are not wanting as to the shape of the table and the size of the party; it is universally admitted that the number must be small. The big dinner-parties which are commonly made to pay off social debts are generally of the sort that one would rather contribute to in money than in personal attendance. When the dinner is treated as a means of discharging obligations, it loses all character, and becomes one of the social inflictions. While there is nothing in social intercourse so agreeable and inspiring as a dinner of the right sort, society has invented no infliction equal to a large dinner that does not "go," as the phrase is. Why it does not go when the viands are good and the company is bright, is one of the acknowledged mysteries. There need be no mystery about it. The social instinct and the social habit are wanting to a great many people of uncommon intelligence and cultivation—that sort of flexibility or adaptability that makes agreeable society. But this even does not account for the failure of so many promising dinners. The secret of this failure always is, that the conversation is not general. The sole object of the dinner is talk—at least in the United States, where "good eating" is pretty common, however it may be in England, whence come rumors occasionally of accomplished men who decline to be interrupted by the frivolity of talk upon the appearance of favorite dishes. And private talk at a table is not the sort that saves a dinner; however good it is, it always kills it. The chance of arrangement is that the people who would like to talk together are not neighbors; and if they are, they exhaust each other to weariness in an hour, at least of topics which can be talked about with the risk of being overheard. A duet to be agreeable must be, to a certain extent, confidential, and the dinner-table duet admits of little except generalities, and generalities between two have their limits of entertainment. Then there is the awful possibility that the neighbors at table may have nothing to say to each other; and in the best-selected company, one may sit beside a stupid man—that is, stupid, for the purpose of a tête-à-tête. But this is not the worst of it. No one can talk well without an audience; no one is stimulated to say bright things except by the attention, and questioning, and interest of other minds. There is little inspiration in side talk to one or two. Nobody ought to go to a dinner who is not a good listener, and if possible, an intelligent one. To listen with a show of intelligence is a great accomplishment. It is not absolutely essential that there should be a great talker or a number of good talkers at a dinner, if all are good listeners, and able to "chip in" a little to the general talk that springs up. For the success of the dinner does not necessarily depend upon the talk being brilliant, but it does depend upon its being general, upon keeping the ball rolling round the table.

ANGLOMANIACS IN ENGLAND.

"Cockaigne" describes some Blunders of the Would-be Briton.

In these days of anglomania, when nearly every American who comes to England, endeavors, from the moment he sets foot on British soil, to be mistaken for an Englishman, it is refreshing to find one who goes to the other extreme, and makes a point of letting the world know his nationality on every possible occasion that he imagines people are not aware of it already. As a matter of fact, I don't suppose there are any people so really difficult to copy with any degree of exactitude, or hope of non-detection, as are Englishmen and Americans. There is a distinct individuality, an unobliterable nationality about each. It does not consist of h-dropping, or h-adding; of the use of such words as "blarsted," "bloomink," "you know," "chappie," "awfully," "thanks," "by jove," "don't you know," "Oi say," "rather," "no fear," and "aw," any more in one case than it does of a nasal articulation, and the adoption in conversation of "why, certainly," "I should smile," "once in a while," "every time," "I guess," "give us a rest," "chestnut," and "wall, now," in the other. The stage Englishman, from Lord Dundreary down to every itinerant concert-hall singer who, in a huge check suit, sky-scraping collars, bushy whiskers, and a flaming fat face, conveys abroad his impressions of England, performs a screaming farce just as much as does the stage Yankee, from Asa Trenchard, Solon Shingle, Colonel Sellers, down to every tobacco-chewing, stick-whittling, "chin-whiskered," question-asking exponent of down-East character on the variety boards. Just as the English portrayers of American accent, speech, action, dress, manner, and language exaggerate, mistake, and fail to present "a full, true, and correct copy of the original," does the American portrayer of English characteristics do likewise. And off the stage, I contend it is no better; therefore, I assert that a satisfactory production of each other is beyond the mental capacity and ability of both Englishmen and Americans. It is true that off the stage one never sees the copy of an American attempted by Englishmen; but the rise and progress of anglomania shows that the imitation of Englishmen by Americans has, from their point of view, assumed the dignity and importance of both an art and a science in daily practice all over America and all over Europe, wherever the sole of the American foot finds lodgment.

Let me say—and I speak from considerable experience of the antics of anglomania—that so far as imposing on Englishmen is concerned, their efforts are quite futile. The average anglomaniac may survey himself in the glass with satisfaction as he contemplates his Poole-made suit, his Norfolk jacket, his covert coat, his knickerbockers, his yarn stockings, his dog-skin driving-gloves, his blackthorn walking-stick, his rimless eye-glass, his white "spats," and his gipsy-set rings; and may listen with delight to the sound of his own voice in conversation with a similarly anglicized countryman, as he drawls forth his "London accent"—both may revel in the fool's paradise of their imaginary, and only too willing expatriation, to their hearts' content, and fondly believe they are exactly "like Englishmen, you know." But never an Englishman will you find who mistakes them for other than they are. English-made clothes, a thousand voyages across the Atlantic in the mutual-admiration, mutual-deceiving atmosphere of a fashionably crowded Cunard steamer, Europeward in spring and homeward in autumn: or the fact that each one has "a sister married to an English earl" (that acme of the anglomaniac's ambition), can not, does not, make them in any sense English—to an Englishman.

To appear or wish to appear English, to a Frenchman or a German, is as absurd as it is frivolous. There is nothing in it. To a Frenchman, or a German, I will venture to say an Englishman appears as much like an American as an American does to them like an Englishman. Ask nine out of ten of the French and Germans you meet at Trouville, at Cannes, at Nice, at Monte Carlo—anywhere on the Riviera, or the Engadine, at Homburg, in Paris, Berlin, or Vienna, and see what they will tell you. Yet what American ever met an Englishman whom *he* ever mistook for an American? It is a wonder and a puzzle that so many educated, refined, and wealthy Americans can go in for the fad, and that they do not have more national pride in being thought and wishing to be thought Americans and nothing else. It is curious to me that they can not see that this national pride is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the very men they spend their time in wishing to resemble and in imitating. Why not let the imitation extend to national pride?

As I have frequently had occasion to remark, there are no people so attractive to Englishmen as are Americans. But they must be Americans, not painted and patched-up Englishmen. The charm that lies hid in every American, to English eyes (I except, of course, American heiresses, for we all know wherein *their* charm lies, not hid, but very apparent) consists in their Americanism. I wish I could make myself understood, and that any anglomaniac, either incipient or settled, premonitory or chronic, who may chance to read these words will at once "swear off" and become a good, sound American citizen, with American customs, habits, style of dress, and language. His efforts to become English are vain. He imposes on no one but himself. He thinks he is an Englishman, but he is only an anglomaniac—and an anglomaniac, pure and simple, he remains to the end of the chapter.

It is amusing sometimes to note the anglomaniac in England—I mean when he gets here. I am, and have been, thrown in contact with a few, now and then. I remember once—a summer or two ago it was—meeting a young lady from Chicago who was (or desired to be) so very English that she positively became, as is often the case, more English than the English themselves. Not content with *dahnce*, and *lahst* and *ahfter*, and *grahnt*, she "out-Heroded Herod" by calling "and" *ahnd*. It is these pronunciations which knock over the anglomaniac quicker than anything. There are so many of them, little, seemingly indifferent ones, that every English gentleman and lady knows full well, and is able to detect the absence or ignorance of in others, the moment they show them. So I say again: No use going in for fox-hunting; dressing yourself like the title-chromo of a London comic song; keeping a couple of bull-dogs; taking a cold bath every morning in a tub (and telling of it); parting your hair in the middle; carrying a bunch of keys on the end of a curb chain in your trousers pocket—in short, putting up your umbrellas in New York when it rains in London; if you don't know how to talk like an Englishman, use the same expressions for the same things he does, and pronounce your words within a hair's shade of the way he pronounces them. The only way you can do this is to *live* in England for a period of years, seeing, associating with, and talking to, *only* English people. One of your own countrymen, or women, you must not come within a hundred miles of. If you even hear the voice of an American through a telephone—good-bye! Begin all over again.

Now the question presents itself: is the game worth the candle? I leave it to people of common sense to answer. I recollect on one occasion meeting a gentleman from New York. He was a man of apparently large means, and was passing the summer in England, driving his four-in-hand coach about the country, with his wife and family, from place to place, instead of by the plebeian mode supplied by the ignominious railway. He was the fine, old English gentleman, "posting." Very nice and very picturesque, until one remembered that his grandfather kept a restaurant on Broadway when Washington Square was "way up town." His cleanly shaven chin and English "side whiskers" were modeled on John Bull, and his neat suit of gray tweed would have made Poole dance a jig. We were standing in the main street of one of the country towns, at the ancient hostelry of which he and his party had been spending the night, and a number of closely blanketed and hooded thoroughbreds in charge of grooms passed us.

"Hello!" said he, turning to me. "Is there a *track* near here?"

He had better have shut up his coach at once, after that, and gone home. With all his "English" he did not know that a race-course is never called a *track* in England.

But it did not stop or check his coaching career. A week or two after that a friend of mine told me he saw him driving his coach down Piccadilly, one of his daughters on the roof, performing vigorously upon the horn to the—I won't say admiration—but amusement of the people abroad in that fashionable thoroughfare. He was a great swell in New York, I heard, and lived on Madison Avenue, with plenty of money.

I recollect (some years ago now) being one of a party staying at a country house one winter where there was a young American gentleman. I will not give his name, for—if my memory serves me aright—he was from San Francisco, and I do not want to draw attention so directly to him, or to hurt his feelings, should it be drawn. He was a very nice young gentleman, indeed, and was in fact an agreeable surprise to one or two of the ladies who had never seen an American before, except at a distance, going up the Rhine, or on a Boulogne steamer. He was not exactly what, in these days, you would call an anglomaniac. He may have become a confirmed one by this. Most likely he has. But then he was such an immense admirer of everything English that he soon fell to adopting everything he could, and it did not take a very strong pair of spectacles to show you that nothing pleased him more than when one of the hitherto skeptical young ladies—deuced pretty English girls they were, both of them—said to him:

"I should never have taken you for an American, Mr. Blennerhassett."

At which he would simper and smile delightedly, and just check himself in time in replying:

"Honest?" (N. B.—"Honor bright" would be the proper "English.")

And when the other would say:

"Why, you are exactly like an Englishman, Mr. Blennerhassett!" in response to some long speech of his, wherein final *h's* and flat *a's* were studiously avoided, he would beam unutterable things again, and in the exuberance of his spirits have barely time to correct "For a fact?" into "Fancy!" before he gave it audible utterance.

He was very well-off, I believe, and not bad-looking, and he rather went in for being a "dog." That he was well-off was enough for the girls and their husband-seeking mammas, so Blennerhassett did not want for attention from the ladies. He was, in short, a lion. He was not, mind you, half a bad fellow if he had only stuck to his nationality, and would have been liked by the men a hundred-fold better had he left anglomania alone.

One night there was a big ball in the neighborhood and a large party was made up to go from our house. Among the party were Blennerhassett and the young ladies, on one of whom he had by this time grown decidedly sweet. His way of showing it was—if nothing more—unquestionably un-English. It is a pity some one did not tell him so. He would have stopped then. But the girl evidently liked it, it was such a novelty. Well, when we got to the ball, instead of going in altogether—as we do in England—Blennerhassett began bothering about whom he was to take in.

"I shawn't take in the old pahty," he said, meaning the lady unknown to him, who was matronizing the party and whom he saw looming up ahead, unattended. "I want a young 'un. Here," spying his young lady, following demurely after her chaperon, and sticking out his elbow, "may I have the pleasure?"

"Of what?" said the girl; "we can't dance here in the hall," and she hurried on after Lady ——.

"Why, I—I——" continued Blennerhassett, with his elbow crooked out like the handle of a vase, as we passed on, leaving him standing talking to himself in the passage, with a vacant expression of consciousness at having done some very *outré* thing, "I—I—I——"

How he and his young lady made it up—for I understand she subsequently became engaged to him—I do not know. It could certainly not have been by her assuring him he was "exactly like an Englishman."

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, March 9, 1888.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Cleveland, according to a Washington letter-writer, last summer tipped the scales at one hundred and seventy good, hard, solid pounds, and since that time she has been growing heavier every month.

The late Duke of Rutland had at Belvoir a "confession book," in which the Princess of Wales recorded that her favorite artist was Reubens, her favorite author Dickens, her favorite dish Yorkshire pudding, and her favorite ambition non-interference in other people's business.

Miss Ethel Ingalls, daughter of Senator Ingalls, who is writing letters from Washington to the New York *World*, is a handsome young woman, with blonde hair, dark, flashing eyes, and an intellectual countenance. She has a graceful figure, and is altogether a most striking girl in appearance.

Stenographer D. F. Murphy has been the reporter of the United States Senate for nearly forty years. He has reported Clay, Webster, and Cass, and later Sumner, Seward, and other famous senators. The Senate was first successfully reported by a stenographer in 1848; there had been attempts before that, but they were not satisfactory.

Felix O. C. Darley, the celebrated designer and illustrator, died suddenly last week, probably of heart disease, at his residence at Claymont, Del. Among the works illustrated by him were Washington Irving's "Rip Van Winkle" and "Sleepy Hollow," some of Fenimore Cooper's writings, and an edition of Shakespeare. He was engaged on an edition of Dickens's at the time of his death. He was a native of Philadelphia, aged sixty-six years.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Merrill, of Crawford County, Pa., are probably the oldest married pair in the country. They were married in 1813, and at the seventy-fifth anniversary of their wedding, lately celebrated, had fifteen children, ninety-four grandchildren, and thirty-five great-grandchildren present. There has never been a death in the family. Mrs. Merrill is ninety years old, and her husband ninety-seven, and they are both remarkably well-preserved.

M. Georges Ohnet, author of "Le Maitre de Forges," "Serge Panine," etc., used to be a lawyer, and then a journalist. He is a small, nervous man, talkative and petulant. For a short time in the winter he lives in Paris, but spends most of the year at his country seat at Abymes. "I am," he says, "the laziest of lazy people. I have only one pleasure, one ambition; and that is, to sit in the sun and do nothing." Yet he is a prolific and most successful author.

The present German empress is the fifth English princess who has held that rank. The others were: Edgyth, daughter of Edward the Elder, wife of Otto the First; Gunhild, daughter of Knut, wife of Henry the Third, of Germany; Matilda, the link between the Norman and Plantagenet dynasties, wife of Henry the Fifth, of Germany; and Isabella, daughter of King John, wife of Frederick the Second, the Wonder of the World. This last-named princess was a direct ancestor of the late Prince Consort of England, and, therefore, of the present German empress.

Dr. William S. Bryant, of Boston, completed his course at the Harvard Medical School last year. Young as he is, however, he has made a discovery in anatomy which has profoundly impressed the few scientists who have heard of it. He has found that in the portal veins of very young infants exist valves which disappear as the child grows in years. These valves are found in the portal veins of the lower animals, but science makes no mention of their existence in children. Dr. Bryant's discovery is important in that it offers one more proof of the truth of the evolution theory.

Congressman Herbert, of Alabama, had an amusing experience recently. His youngest daughter, who is at a Washington boarding-school, was entertaining two young lady friends from her home. One day the congressman called, and sent up word that he had come to take his daughter and "the young ladies from Alabama" to the matinée. Pretty soon Miss Herbert and a dozen bright girls, all from Alabama, came rushing down-stairs, exclaiming: "Oh, how perfectly lovely of you, Mr. Herbert, to take us all." The congressman made the best of the situation, and paid the bill gracefully.

Madame Minnie Hauk has been laid up for some weeks at her château near Bale, by a painful accident. During a severe January frost she was taking her daily "constitutional" near Schloessli Biningen, when, the pathways being slippery, she missed her footing and fell heavily to the ground, breaking a small blood-vessel in one of her legs. She was ordered by her doctors to maintain a recumbent position, not putting her foot to the ground at all, for many consecutive days, at the very time when she should have been fulfilling a lucrative engagement in Russia, whither she was to have traveled on January 25. Madame de Hesse-Wartegg's husband, by the way, has just received a valuable consular appointment.

If *Figaro*, *Gil Blas*, and other Paris papers are to be believed, Joseph, W. K. Vanderbilt's acquisition, is not a cook at all, does not hail from Bignon's aristocratic restaurant, but is simply *maitre d'hôtel* at Sylvain's. Sylvain's is the only first-class restaurant, except the bucolic Ledoyen's, in the Champs Elysées, where meals are served in the open air. Its proximity to the leading newspaper offices and the opera, as well as a low rate of prices—much lower than Bignon's, which is the most expensive place in Paris—make it a favorite resort for both journalists and singers. As one enters Sylvain's, he is met by the *maitre d'hôtel* in full dress, who bows to him with an inclination taken from the third figure of the lancers, and escorts him respectfully to a seat.

The French Governor-General of Cochin-China and his wife were recently invited to dine with the King of Cambodia. But on entering the royal residence, Mme. Constans was struck with the sight of a large, iron-barred cage in the court-yard, in which two young members of the royal family, loaded with chains, were imprisoned. They had been confined thus for two years. She inquired the cause, and was informed that one had been guilty of rebellion and the other of adultery. Her pity being aroused, she demanded the pardon of at least one of them as a royal favor. King Norodom, who piques himself occasionally on his gallantry, promised to grant the request. During the dinner that followed, an officer entered, and presented to Mme Constans, on a gold plate, the forgiveness of the prisoners, duly signed and sealed.

The romance of the London season, social and financial, is the story of Miss Cornwell, "the gold queen of Australia," or "Princess Midas," as they familiarly call her in "the city." She is a mining expert; she brought over the prospectus of her mine, which she called Midas, situated at Ballarat, and sold it in London, stocking it for one hundred thousand pounds sterling, and the capital was subscribed twice over. The famous nugget "Lady Brassey" and other great lumps of gold were taken out of this mine. They say in Australia, that Miss Cornwell has a second sight in the matter of gold discovery. Miss Cornwell is a lady of thirty-five, dresses very plainly, has no social ambition, but is as charming in society as she is powerful among the great money men of London. She wanted a newspaper, and gave five thousand pounds sterling for the *Sunday Times*. Mr. Phil Robinson, author of "My Indian Garden" and other books, and a former writer on the *Telegraph*, has edited it for her until his Australian engagements called him away, and he has now resigned in favor of Mr. Joseph Hatton.

President Carnot's wife is the daughter of a brilliant man, Dupont White, the translator of Stuart Mills's works into French. She speaks English with perfect fluency, and is much more fond of English than of French novels. George Eliot is her favorite, but Ouida and Miss Braddon she also likes. She has no son, which is a great grief to her, but for consolation has four pretty clever little daughters, whom she trains with great care. She is extremely fond of American women, and since her elevation to the Elysée has been careful to have the United States well represented by its female citizens at all her receptions. There are a number of important Frenchmen with American wives, among them M. Waddington, who has been ambassador to England for so long a time. His wife was a Miss King, of New York, the daughter of one of the Presidents of Columbia College. Clémenceau, to whom Sadi-Carnot owes in reality his election, married a Miss Mary Plummer, of Greenwich, Conn. Mme. Clémenceau is a great friend of the President's wife and, indeed, has become more French than the French, rarely appearing at any American house in Paris, with the exception of the United States Minister's.

THE RISE OF THE CHINNERY-GLEWS.

A Story of the Influence of Brass and Printers' Ink in Gotham.

Coming through the park this afternoon, from an hour's study of human nature, as exemplified in Mr. Crowley, I found quite a small gathering along the main drive. It has got to be the thing, I may as well mention, for aristocracy to lounge for an hour of an afternoon along the Central Park drive, if it does not feel like driving on its own account. They do it in London, don't you know. However, as I started out to remark, I suddenly walked into a decidedly swagger assemblage of pedestrians on Gentility Walk. The drive itself was, as usual, well filled, and the crowd had ample material for comment and criticism. That it availed itself of this I need not state, and its fluency of expression, pertinent and impertinent, reached its most eloquent development at the appearance of a dazzling flash of brass among the equipages on the macadam.

"It's Mrs. Chinnery-Glew's new chariot," cried a voice, and there followed a rattling chorus of "ahs," and "ohs," and titterings, with various observations relevant to the subject.

Meanwhile the chariot—caught in the press—went slowly by, with a pretty little woman simpering within. It was, certainly, a gorgeous vehicle, gleaming with varnish and brass, studded with brazen coronets, and as sumptuously appareled as the profit-hungry ingenuity of the coach-builder could compass. If it had been part of a circus parade, or of the opening procession at a masked ball, it would have been quite in place. On a public driveway, among the turnouts common to public driveways, it looked exactly what it was: a bid for notice and attention that no one could avoid taking up.

"There's a lot of brass about it," observed one of my neighbors.

"Well," said his companion, "it belongs to the Chinnery-Glews, you know."

The Chinnery-Glews have, in all faith, been dazzling New York with the glitter of brass for so long, that a good many people are so blunted by the prolonged ordeal as to commence to think the base metal real gold. The French wit remarked that next to being famous there was nothing so comforting as having some people to believe you were. The Chinnery-Glews have achieved the latter condition. It is a triumph of brass and type-metal. I think the Chinnery-Glews began to arrive at what passes with them for fame when the portrait of Mrs. Chinnery-Glew, by Ben Snorter, was shown at the National Academy. It was in a gorgeous frame, a frame resplendent with brass, in which Mrs. Chinnery-Glew, going up a staircase, attired in virgin white, looked quite lonely and suppressed. The art critics all made note of the portrait, for Ben Snorter is the most fashionable portraitist in the country, and a good many people commenced to ask who Mrs. Chinnery-Glew was. It had taken a long time to get people in this comfortably curious condition; but thanks to the painter and the gilder, they were there at last, and having got them there, it only remained for the Chinnery-Glews to keep them, which thus far, what with type-metal and brass, they have succeeded in doing.

When Mr. and Mrs. Chinnery-Glew came to New York, their chief capital was plenty of hope and reliance on themselves. Mr. Chinnery-Glew's ambition was to become a millionaire, and his wife's to become a leader of society, and each was sworn by a solemn pact to aid and further the aims of the other to the best of his or her ability.

"If I am a millionaire, my dear," said Mr. Chinnery-Glew, "I can help you on in society, you know."

"And if I get into society, my love," said Mrs. Chinnery-Glew, "I can help to make you a millionaire, you see."

"Very true," attested Mr. Chinnery-Glew.

And he changed his last hundred-dollar note that day for a box at the Academy of Music, which had, as yet, no rival uptown.

Being without capital to commence becoming a millionaire upon, Mr. Chinnery-Glew had to seek his capital somewhere, and so he went quite naturally into Wall Street. The business of being paid to use other people's money had had a fascination for him from his brief school-days. Mr. Chinnery-Glew opened his office on the street in the same week that Mrs. Chinnery-Glew gave her first reception. It cost them their last dollar to accomplish these ends. Few people came to the reception and fewer still to the office, but they did not despair.

"They must learn to come, my dear," said Mrs. Chinnery-Glew.

"They must be made to come, my pet," said Mr. Chinnery-Glew.

"But how can they be made to, my darling?" asked Mrs. Chinnery-Glew, who had become rather depressed at the size of the bills for the reception and the smallness of the return.

"We must begin," responded Mr. Chinnery-Glew, decisively, "by getting them used to us."

And he commenced without delay. He cultivated the press, and his private office was never closed to a reporter. He shared his lunch with the financial editors of the scurviest sheets on the street, and gave choice Delmonico dinners, when he was flush, to their journalistic betters. He spent all the time, when he was not busy in his office, in public places, and whenever Mrs. Chinnery-Glew went to the theatre, or gave a tea, he duly notified his good friends on Newspaper Row. The result was inevitable. People saw him in public, always well-dressed and débonnaire, and asked one another who he was, and the man who knows everybody was always ready to respond:

"Why, don't you know? That's Chinnery-Glew, the broker."

From hearing Mr. Chinnery-Glew's name and reading it in print, the public soon became, after a fashion, familiar with it. From reading of Mrs. Chinnery-Glew's alleged movements in society, they became impressed with the conviction that her husband must be a wealthy man to sustain such extravagances. So, while Mr. and Mrs. Chinnery-Glew dined on one course, with vegetables, and ate cold meat for breakfast at home, the star of their fortune rose till its beams gilded their humble roof-tree. Mr. Chinnery-Glew slowly but surely began to earn a living by handling other people's money.

This good luck came none too soon, for the Chinnery-Glews were suffocated with debt when it did arrive. But there is a contagion about popular confidence. As soon as the public found out that some one was giving his business to Mr. Chinnery-Glew, it experienced a devouring yearning to do so too, and business began to expand. The more it expanded, the more did Mr. Chinnery-Glew cultivate his good friends of the press, and the more did Mrs. Chinnery-Glew cultivate the good graces of society. While her husband extended his generosity to the reporters, she expended her pin-money in charity. She had the same dress-maker as the Vandergilts and the same *bottier* as the Castors. She patronized the florist who had the best trade on the avenue, and attended every church from Washington Square to Central Park, till the sextons knew her almost as well as they did the pew-owners. In due time, the Vandergilts, and Castors, and the rest began to ask the *modiste*, and the shoemaker, and the florist: "Who was that lady who has just gone out?" and the reply would always be: "That, madam, is Mrs. Chinnery-Glew, the wife of the great stock-broker. She is very charitable, I understand, and gives a great deal to the poor and the churches."

By the time the Chinnery-Glews had been a couple of years in New York, Mrs. Chinnery-Glew had made quite a little progress in society. She was invited out several times a month and some people came to her dinners. When she appeared in her box at the opera, or the play, people no longer asked who she was, but pointed her out, and she drove abroad in an equipage which, if it did not rival the present chariot, at least cost as much as their whole income for their first year in the metropolis. Mr. Chinnery-Glew was not getting on as rapidly in his ambitious flight at the golden pinnacle of his dreams, however. He handled a good deal of other people's money, it is true, and paid himself well for it, but it cost quite a pretty penny to keep his friends on the press in good humor, and Mrs. Chinnery-Glew's bills were not made of tissue paper. But nothing brought Mr. Chinnery-Glew to the surface as well as an emergency, and this was no exception to the rule. He failed!

We have the authority of no less distinguished a person than the late Bulwer-Lytton, *per* "Richelieu," for the assumption that in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail. Perhaps this is true, but in the bright lexicon of trade there certainly is such a word, and it means a good deal when judiciously interpreted. When Mr. Chinnery-Glew failed, he succeeded; for further particulars in regard to which apparent paradox I can confidently refer you to Mr. Chinnery-Glew's creditors.

After having failed, Mr. Chinnery-Glew ceased to be a broker, and became a banker. No one has yet been able to discover any special difference between the business done by broker Chinnery-Glew and banker Chinnery-Glew, but that, of course, is immaterial. The fact that Mr. Chinnery-Glew was a banker, was sufficient to secure an amount of public confidence denied him before, and though none of the people who had business with broker Chinnery-Glew, who failed, transferred their accounts, if they had any left, to banker Chinnery-Glew, there was an abundance of others to take their places. Moreover, the ingenuity of Mr. Chinnery-Glew was by no means inactive. One day he remarked to Mrs. Chinnery-Glew:

"My love, which of the churches that you attend has the largest and richest congregation?"

"Dr. James Gall's, my pet," responded Mrs. Chinnery-Glew.

"Well, then," said Mr. Chinnery-Glew, "we must rent a pew there."

"But it is very expensive, my darling," expostulated Mrs. Chinnery-Glew, who came from the Blue-glass region of Maintucky, and had begun to get rather nervous at the cost of living in New York, even with society in view.

"D——n the expense!" replied Mr. Chinnery-Glew; "we'll make the church pay it."

So Mr. and Mrs. Chinnery-Glew became members of Dr. Gall's church, and within a year Mrs. Chinnery-Glew was on visiting terms with all the ladies in the congregation, while Mr. Chinnery-Glew was buying stocks for their husbands, and gambling on margins for the very deacons. This was the substantial foundation for the fortunes of the Chinnery-Glews.

Mr. Chinnery-Glew had become a member of the Stock Exchange, and now he ceased to recognize any reporter, excepting those of the great morning papers. The rest were attended to by his cashier, who was instructed, however, to treat them with due consideration. For though Mr. Chinnery-Glew did not need them nearly as much as he had, he still appreciated the value of an advertisement. Even some of the people who read the *Police Gazette* have money to gamble in stocks with, and while banker Chinnery-Glew owed it to himself and his position to maintain his dignity as a financier and a member of Dr. Gall's congregation, there was no reason that his underlings should not take over, in his interest, the responsibilities of his humbler days.

When he had the congregation of Dr. Gall's church well in hand, and Mrs. Chinnery-Glew had actually got so far into society as to be on nodding terms with the Vandergilts, another inspiration struck Mr. Chinnery-Glew.

"You must make a list of your acquaintances, my love," he said, between the acts at Daly's, one evening, when they drew back in the shadow of their box. "Write them down in a book for me, as soon as you can."

"Very well, my dear," replied Mrs. Chinnery-Glew, and she gave him the book within the week.

Before another week was out, every one of the ladies whose names Mrs. Chinnery-Glew's fair and sparkling hand had inscribed upon paper, received a rose-tinted circular, printed in the prettiest of fac-simile, so that it could not be distinguished from an autograph letter except by an expert, and perfumed like a missive of love. This circular invited their attention to the writer's large facilities for making their fortunes in stock operations, pointed to his business relations with the flock of the famous Dr. Gall, and invited them to invest through him and be happy. It was couched in the Politest and Most Elegant of English (having been written, indeed, by a reporter who was given to poetry, when he had time to spare, and was sober enough to write), and was signed in a lovely round hand, "Very respectfully yours,

"H. Chinnery-Glew."

The success of this new departure exceeded even Mr. Chinnery-Glew's most sanguine expectations. Low as he rated the intelligence of the average man and woman, and high as he valued his own, he had not calculated on so complete a triumph. His business swelled to such proportions that he had to set up a branch office and make his cashier a partner to attend to it. He issued daily bulletins of the market and began to handle millions, even if they were not his own.

"My dear," said Mr. Chinnery-Glew, in reviewing the situation to his wife, "it is as successful even as my failure itself;" and any one conversant with the magnitude and character of Mr. Chinnery-Glew's failure will comprehend the meaning of this.

Mrs. Chinnery-Glew had, by this time, gained confidence in her husband as a man of resources—whether other people's or his own—and in herself, as his wife. So she took a header fairly into the social swim. She attends only the Metropolitan Opera House now, and since she paid Ben Snorter several times the amount of her first year's income in New York for the famous portrait, she gets into the papers without Mr. Chinnery-Glew's having to beg the reporters to put her in. Mr. Chinnery-Glew no longer gives lunches to reporters and dinners to editors. He entertains visiting noblemen at front windows at Delmonico's, associates only with solid men, and never nods to anybody under a millionaire. The rest, including his good friends of the press, he turns over to his partner. Indeed, he carries his exclusiveness so far that he recently refused to sell some street railway stock for an alderman.

"I have a reputation to preserve, sir," he said, severely. "But you may speak to Mr. Blank outside. If he chooses to assume the responsibility, it is his affair, not mine."

Mr. Chinnery-Glew's partner not being troubled with any inconvenient scruples in business, the stock was sold as per order.

Mr. Chinnery-Glew now drives a roaring trade at the old stand. He has patrons from every nook and corner of the land, and they are all members of society and communicants of the church. None of them have made fortunes yet, though they hope to. But they receive a daily circular from Mr. Chinnery-Glew, and that in itself is worth a fair price of admission. While Mr. Chinnery-Glew attends to the elect, his wicked partner takes the unregenerate in hand, and through the medium of branch agencies throughout the city gathers in the coppers and small change of the lame, the halt, the blind, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, and any one else, in brief, who has a dollar to waste and the folly to prompt its wasting.

Mr. Chinnery-Glew, in the furtherance of his business, has written a book—with the help of a reporter on the *Wall Street Daily Wolf*—and is contemplating the erection of a private stock exchange for the accommodation of his patrons. It will have a private pulpit, and be opened with prayer and closed with a doxology. Palm groves will nestle and song birds warble in its enchanted halls, and the gurgle of perfumed fountains will drown the aggressive rattle of the ticker. A special lunch of lemonade and pie will be served daily, and no pains or expense spared to make the visitor forget that he is losing money while he breathes its bewitched air.

Mr. Chinnery-Glew considers his private stock exchange the greatest effort of his life. The world will probably share his opinion when it gazes on its splendid mines; but as yet it is skeptical.

There are only two clouds on the horizon of the Chinnery-Glews. One is that vulgar and envious men characterize Mr. Chinnery-Glew's operations under the coarse term of a "bucket-shop game," and the other that Mrs. Chinnery-Glew has never yet been able, in spite of her dresses and diamonds, her music-room in green and silver at Oldport, her chariot from London, and her portrait by Ben Snorter, to get the Astors to invite her to dinner. Alfred Trumble.

New York, March 24, 1888.

For many years one of the sights and shames of Paris has been the cynical luxury of the so-called Baronne d'Ange, whose chocolate-colored villa, in the Rue St. Georges, and horses, carriages, footmen, and tigers have been pointed out to every stranger who has visited the capital. The baronne is dead. She was buried with all the pomp, splendor, music, and incense that the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette could give in exchange for money. Six months previous to her death she had bought herself a husband, who followed bare-headed behind the plumed and silver hearse, on which the remains rested beneath a mountain of flowers.

What looked like the largest, straightest, soundest, and longest walnut log ever floated down the Cumberland, reached Nashville, the other day. It belonged to a green-looking countryman, who gave good reasons why he must sell it immediately. It was such a fine log that, despite the owner's anxiety to sell, it fetched almost its apparent value. In due course of time it was taken out of the water, and proved to be a sycamore log with walnut bark tacked all over, it in the most artistic manner. The green countryman has not been seen since.

In some of the lower counties, down the Chesapeake Bay, oysters pass as current money, and in one town which boasts of a weekly newspaper, a large percentage of its readers pay their subscriptions to it in oysters; thus the editor receives from one hundred and fifty to two hundred bushels of oysters yearly, which he is forced to consume in his own family; and, as oysters are declared by the faculty to be most efficacious in producing and increasing brain power, it is to be hoped that the subscribers to that journal get good value for

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert has sent the libretto of a new comic opera to Sir Arthur Sullivan, at Monte Carlo. The subject is a society satire.

M. Sardou is credited with the idea of taking the "Odyssey" as the basis of an opera libretto, for which M. Massenet will write the score.

A book called "Plus d'Angleterre" ("The Last Days of England") is having a large sale in France. An English translation of it has just been made.

Mr. Clinton Scollard, the young poet of Clinton, N. Y., is in Egypt. After a short sojourn in the Nile region he will return to London (via Jerusalem, Damascus, and Constantinople), reaching there late in May, and returning home in June or July.

Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, the chief authority in England on Shakespearian subjects, puts a damper on the Stratford-on-Avon discovery of MSS. He declares that he examined the documents in question some time ago, and found they contained nothing of interest.

Dr. Carlo Gardini's work, entitled "Gli Stati Uniti d'America," is in two large volumes, with seventy-six illustrations. As a distinguished mark of recognition for the valuable work, the King of Italy has conferred on Dr. Gardini a brilliant decoration, the Order of the Crown of Italy.

Shakspeariana for February gives a list of all the "societies known to be engaged in reading Shakespeare." One of these meets "in a log-cabin in the woods of southern Minnesota, on cold stormy nights in winter, after the ranch work is done." The list numbers upward of one hundred and ten societies, Philadelphia supplying a large proportion of the names.

Sidney Luska is fortunate. His novel, "Mrs. Peixada," published by Cassell & Co., has not only received the compliment of translation into French, but the author is to be well paid by the Paris publisher. The translator is the Countess Dillon, "a daughter of that Lord Graham who became famous through his championship, in England, of the cause of Louis Napoleon." The story will run as a serial in the *Journal des Débats*, and then be issued in book-form.

Several of the promising new books now in the press of Ticknor & Co. are the following: "A Mexican Girl," a novel, by Frederick Thickstun; "Along the Shore," a volume of poems, by Mrs. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop; a revised edition of Mr. Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of London"; J. A. Goodwin's "Pilgrim Republic"; John Boyle O'Reilly's "Ethics of Boxing"; "Homestead Highways," by Herbert M. Sylvester, author of "Prose Pastorals"; and "Sketches Abroad," by J. A. Sweinfurth.

Henry Greville (Mme. Durand), in an interview in Paris on literary topics, explains Zola's misanthropic view of human nature in part by the hardships through which he went when he first came to Paris. His poverty was extreme. She narrates that he was once compelled to remain in bed a week, his clothes having been pawned, and he not having money to redeem them. For two years he hardly knew where his next meal was to come from; and this experience with the sin, the misery, and the degradation of Paris, has discolored his whole life.

It has already been noted that, in England, the authorship of "The Second Son" is credited wholly to Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. T. B. Aldrich's share in that production not being so much as named. It has been conjectured that the reason for this had something to do with copyright or the publisher's other business matters, but the latest *Literary Bulletin* of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the American publishers of the work, expresses surprise that the *St. James's Gazette*, in its review, should "quietly ignore Mr. Aldrich's part of the story, and assign 'The Second Son' a rank among the best of Mrs. Oliphant's books." There is obviously an opportunity here for an explanation.

There is no instance on record of an editor being executed or mutilated, in England, after 1688, but, until the peace of 1815, and, indeed, for some time after, his calling remained a highly precarious one. Cobbett left the country and retired to America, rather than face the danger of it. The brothers Hunt, so late as 1813, expiated an uncomplimentary article, on "The First Gentleman in Europe," by two years' imprisonment and a fine of one thousand pounds sterling. The very dangers, however, which beset the profession were a testimony to its power, and this power was, in its turn, strengthened and extended by the ability of the men who wrote either as editors or contributors. True it is that when a Defoe, a Swift, a "Junius," or some other great author was not writing, the press sank very rapidly to mere scurrility and abuse; but this, so far from diminishing, greatly enhanced the effect of powerful and thoughtful writing whenever it appeared.

Alphonse Daudet's "Trente Ans de Paris" exhibits a curious economy of material. It contains sixteen chapters. Five of these, under the general head, "Histoire de mes Livres," are accounts of the genesis of "Le Petit Chose," "Tartarin de Tarascon," "Lettres de mon Moulin," "Jack," and "Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné"—all of which, written originally for the *Nouvelle Revue*, have also appeared as prefaces of the stories in the library edition of M. Daudet's works, issued jointly by Dentu and Charpentier. Oddly enough, three other of these prefaces, including that of "Le Nabab," already printed in the *Nouvelle Revue*, are not to be found in "Trente Ans de Paris." The paper on Turgeneff is that written for the *Century*—with a single added paragraph; but the other *Century* paper, on Mistral, we seek here in vain. Another chapter, "Premier Habit," was published only a few months ago in the volume with "La Belle Nivernaise." An advertisement at the head of "Trente Ans" informs us that the first volume of M. Daudet's writing, which was published with frequent and ingenious illustration, "Tartarin sur les Alpes," has now attained a sale of one hundred and twenty thousand copies.

The appearance of the new weekly paper, *America*, is awaited with deep interest. People in the East are talking about it with even more curiosity than we hear expressed here, in the very city where the scheme originates and where it is expected to flourish. It is certain that *America* starts out with more dignity and with a better assured financial backing than any similar venture has enjoyed in this country. It has indulged in no boasting; on the contrary, it has seemed to avoid advertising its merits before those merits could be passed upon by the public; it has simply said to the best writers in the country: "We will pay you the most money for your best work"—and the best writers have shown their sagacity by responding favorably to this liberal business proposition. The first number of *America* will be issued April 7th, and will contain contributions from James Russell Lowell, Louise Chandler Moulton, Frank Stockton, Julian Hawthorne, Seth Low, Clement Scott, W. Clarke Russell, Joseph Howard, Jr., and Fred Perry Powers. The president of the *America* Publishing Company is Mr. Hobart Taylor, and associated with him in the editorial capacity are Mr. Slason Thompson, Mr. H. B. Smith, Mr. Reginald DeKoven, and Mr. Charles P. Bryan.—*Chicago News.*

A couple of months ago, a book made its appearance one morning on the news-stands of the elevated railroad, entitled "The Original Jacobs." It met with some sale, but by noon-time the book was ordered off the stands by the superintendent of the Manhattan News Company, who no doubt, had his attention called to the work by some incensed person who had read the volume on his way down-town, and had come to the conclusion that a wanton liberty had been taken with, and an unwarranted attack made upon his particular race. Further investigation, which might have originally been made, and thus have prevented all the subsequent trouble, showed that "The Original Jacobs" was a satirical attack upon the Jews, and that the author was Telemaque T. Timayenis, a Greek. It appears that a number of Hebrew patrons of the news company, and who are liberal advertising patrons of the same, had declared the book to be vituperative and unjust as to the Jews, and that if it was not withdrawn from sale they would take action that would have a decided effect upon the company. The book had been published anonymously by the Minerva Publishing Company. Soon after the book had been withdrawn from the stands, the publishing company issued a circular to the public asking it to come to its assistance against the uncalled-for action of the news company, by liberally purchasing the book, and thus attesting its approval of the sentiments expressed in the volume. It is yet to be learned that the public, to any considerable extent, responded to this appeal. The publishing company then began an action against the Manhattan News Company, claiming five thousand dollars damages. Mr. Timayenis was formerly an instructor of Greek and French at Harvard University. Beyond the incident of the suppression of the sale of the book, and the bringing of suit by the Minerva Publishing Company, there has been no special interest excited in the book to the general public.

New Publications.

The eighth portion of "The Diary of Samuel Pepys" (October, 1667, to March, 1668), which is to be followed by two more installments, has been published in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Judaism on the Social Question" is the title of a little book containing thirteen lectures by Rabbi H. Berkowitz on the socialistic problem. They are especially notable as being the first expression of opinion on this subject from the Jewish pulpit. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

A new edition of Archibald Forbes's "Life of Emperor William" has been published, three new chapters having been added to bring the sketch down to the end of William's life and reign. More extended notice of the book is made in the editorial columns. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.; price, $1.25.

"Letter to Elder Daughters," by Helen Ekin Starrett, is a collection of short essays intended for young women, married and unmarried. Its scope may be estimated from the chapter-headings, of which a few are: "The Ideal Family," "The Young Wife as a Homekeeper," "Scolding," "Domestic Service Problem," "Mothers-in-Law," and "Health for Women." Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 75 cents.

In the twenty-five years in which the Macmillans have been publishing the "Statesman's Year-Book" they have been increasing their facilities for obtaining accurate information regarding the political, social, and commercial conditions of the various countries of the world, and improving their manner of setting forth that information, until the "Statesman's Year-Book for 1888" is well-nigh perfect in its way. Of course, it makes no pretense of rivaling the local statistical almanacs of other countries than England, but in the completeness of its compilations regarding Great Britain and her dependencies, and in the thorough and well-proportioned articles on the other countries of the world, this book is unsurpassed. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $3.00

Alden's "Home Atlas of the World" is a very convenient reference atlas for home use. It is as large as it may be, without being unwieldy; it is light and inexpensive; the maps are sufficiently modern and clear for all ordinary purposes, though the plates from which they were printed are not new; it is comprehensive, consisting of one hundred and twelve pages of maps, chiefly full-page; and it is unencumbered with the pages of undoubtedly valuable, but as undoubtedly cumbersome statistics and general information which are frequently an unwelcome feature in books ostensibly intended for handy reference. Indeed, the only printed pages are the title-page, the list of maps, and an alphabetical list of over five thousand cities, towns, rivers, bridges, mountains, capes, etc., to each of which is appended its latitude and longitude, making its discovery on the map a matter of no difficulty. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Heart's-ease and Rue," James Russell Lowell's long-expected book of later poems, has at last been published. It is nearly twenty years since Lowell has brought out a book of his collected poems, and this "Heart's-ease and Rue" contains almost everything he has contributed to the magazines and other periodicals since that time, including, also, some epigrams and occasional verses. The book is divided into five parts: "Friendship," in which we find tributes and epistles to Agassiz, Holmes, Austin Dobson, Whittier, George William Curtis, and others less known to fame; in "Sentiment" the leading poem is "Endymion"—printed in the *Atlantic* a month or two ago—"Paolo to Francesca," and two-score more verses equally poetical in fancy and graceful and elegant in diction; "Fancy," "Humor and Satire," and "Epigrams" are the remaining three parts, and in each the reader may find poems which are models of their kind. A steel-plate portrait serves as a frontispiece. The book is printed as such a book deserves—in good type and good paper, tastefully and inexpensively bound. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.25.

Some Magazines.

The best of the eclectic magazines is the *Library Magazine*. The March number contains forty-seven articles, ranging through history, political economy, social topics, literature, and science; the list of contributors comprises such names as Frederick Schwatka, Algernon Charles Swinburne, James Payn, Halliwell-Phillips, Matthew Arnold, John Addington Symonds, Robert G. Ingersoll, and Henry Layard; the paper, typography, and general appearance are excellent; and the price (one dollar per year) is marvelously low. It is published by John B. Alden, New York.

The leading article in the *North American Review* for April is an account of the life of "The Hohenzollern Kaiser," written by the Hon. John A. Kasson. The series of articles on different forms of religion is continued, the contribution published in the present number bearing the title "Why am I a Moslem?" by Ibn Abbas. Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka presents the principles of international law concerned in "The Fur-seal Fishery Dispute." In an article on "The Burning of Columbia," Captain A. E. Wood, Fourth Cavalry, cites facts coming under his own cognizance, which prove that the fire was in progress before the Union troops had crossed the Congaree to enter the town. An account of the surprising development of electrical science in our time is given by Thomas Commerford Martin. To a series of articles on "Possible Presidents," is added one on General Sherman. Rossiter Jackson writes of "A Perilous Balance"—the balance of parties; and Duffield Osborne offers a "Defense of Pugilism." Finally, there is a symposium of eighteen contributors on "The President's Panacea;" the views of leading representatives of various industries here show how their several interests are likely to be affected by a change of the tariff laws.

In the April number of the *Century*, the first article, by Edward L. Wilson, is "From Dan to Beersheba." Theodore Roosevelt describes "The Round-up." "The American Inventors of the Telegraph" tells the inside story of the invention, especially bringing out the services rendered to the enterprise by Alfred Vail. Two articles of literary interest are Henry James's paper on Robert Louis Stevenson, with a sketch of Stevenson's very individual face by Alexander, and a brief essay by the Rev. T. T. Munger on "The Works of Elisha Mulford." There are new chapters of Dr. Eggleston's story of "The Graysons"; and James Lane Allen has a story of "Two Kentucky Gentlemen of the Old School." A paper by Simon Pease Cheney gives careful annotations of bird music. The present installment of the Life of Lincoln is on "The National Uprising." George Kennan's article is on the Russian Penal Code, the astonishing provisions of which are briefly explained. The poems of the number are by Edith M. Thomas, Thomas Nelson Page, and Emma Lazarus. "Memoranda of the Civil War" contains short articles on "The Opening of the Atlanta Campaign," by Colonel William C. P. Breckinridge; "Kershaw's Brigade at Fredericksburg," by General J. B. Kershaw; "The Last Victim of the War," by Judge W. M. Dickson; an unpublished letter by General Hooker on the Chancellorsville Campaign; and a note on the "Strength of the Confederate Army at Chickamauga."

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The following legend was told of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. He said, one day, to Alison, his secretary of embassy: "Damn your eyes, Mr. Alison! why was not that dispatch sent?" "Damn your excellency's eyes!" answered Alison, "it went this morning."

The late M. Riche, who was a Councillor of State during the Empire, was afflicted with an inordinate appetite. A friend called on him one evening just before it was time to start for the Tuileries, where M. Riche was invited to dine, and found him devouring a hearty meal. "But what does this mean?" asked the friend. "Oh, I am simply taking the edge off of my appetite, so that the emperor may not put me down for a glutton."

He was a Jew, an "'Ebrew Jew" who traveled for a big New York house, and sold small wares. Seated comfortably in the Pullman, he found beside him a rather sedate-looking gentleman, with whom he sought to converse, and after the manner of his kind, began by telling what goods he sold. "And you, my friend," he said, "vat ish your line?" "Brains," answered his sedate and would-be retiring companion. "Ah! brains, you say? That must be—nice. You garry no samples, eh?"

Some years ago, an old p'ay-goer went to see a popular drama, in which a very popular actor played a heroic part. He noticed that the popular actor not only shouted very loud, but kept on changing his key in an eccentric fashion. Shortly afterward, he met one of the supernumeraries, whom he happened to know, and they fell to discussing the play. "What did you think of Mr. So-and-So?" asked the super. "Magnificent!" replied the old play-goer, diplomatically; "but why does he shout in such different keys?" "Oh, don't you know the reason of that, sir?" answered the super. "That's to keep the men up to their work. When he changes his key, it's to show that the lime-light isn't on him!"

The actor Provost used to relate laughingly (says Coquelin) how one night, just as he was finishing a tirade in the rôle of Hippolyte, in "Phèdre," while the public was hanging on his lips, his memory suddenly failed him, precisely at the last two verses. It was impossible to slacken the movement in order to wait for the cue from the prompter. In a moment he seized the situation, and with a magnificent transport, without stopping to take breath, he ejaculated two Alexandrines in some *volapük* gibberish, which, of course, nobody understood; but, nevertheless, he was applauded uproariously, to such a degree did his gesture, his tone of voice, and in a word, the "movement," render the improvised language clear, eloquent, and impressive.

A camp-following "tourist" found himself caught in the railway station at Sedan during the engagement. Of course, he could not go out except at the risk of his life. So he amused himself within the innermost doors of the office. "Look here," he said to a friend, afterward, opening a small bag full of railway tickets, "I've got some souvenirs of Sedan." They were all marked "Sedan, September 1," and indicated an immense number of quite impossible journeys, such as that to Metz, as having been made on that day. While the storm was raging around, he had stamped all the tickets he could lay hands on with the date of the battle, till the ink gave out. "These will be curiosities," said he, adding, "and I've got money out of the pocket of a dead soldier; they say it's lucky." He showed some silver of which he had robbed a corpse.

A physician living in Philadelphia is noted for his extreme thinness, which is made more apparent by his height of six feet four inches. Several days ago, during his absence, a match-boy called at his house, was admitted, taken into the back office, and the doctor's wife bought some of his stock. The money was in a closet, in company with an articulated skeleton, which was disclosed as soon as the door was opened. The boy took one look at the grinning horror, and fled from the house, leaving both money and matches. This was related to the doctor, and several days afterward the same boy was seen passing the house. On the doctor's attention being called to the fact, he went to the door, and beckoned the lad to come to him. Holding his fingers to his nose in a very expressive, but vulgar manner, the match-boy shouted out: "Not much, you big old skelington! I knows yer, even if yer have got on yer clothes!"

Frith tells of Sothern's practical jokes, which were really cruel, and sometimes wantonly played on strangers, in such a way that the consequences were entirely beyond prevision and likely to cause real trouble. There is one instance of his sending an unsigned love-note to a strange lady in a box, couched in such terms as to imply great impropriety in the past; he saw the lady's husband capture the note from her unwilling hands, and the two leave the theatre in a manner that threatened a scene when they got home. Here is an equally unfeeling example: An old friend of Sothern's had recently lost his mother; Sothern dabbled in spiritualistic deception, and at a séance had the spirit of this man's mother announce herself and rap out that if her son would put his hand under the table, the hand of the dead would touch it. He did so; and Sothern, having dipped his naked toes in ice-water, touched his friend's hands with them, and "the victim turned pale, the tears started to his eyes, and he fell back sobbing in his chair." One is glad to learn that when the trick was afterward discovered, the "old friend" cut Sothern's acquaintance.

Lord Bacon, writing of "Fame," or what we call "report," or "rumor," illustrates the part it plays in war by the fact that Xerxes was speedily forced out of Greece by the rumor that the Greeks intended to break the bridge of boats he had thrown across the Hellespont. Archbishop Whately, commenting upon this and other effects produced by rumors, mentions the great influence of one report which preceded Bonaparte's return from Elba. When the return had been plotted, and just before it was executed, Napoleon's partisans went through France seeking land to purchase. When about to close the bargain for a field, they would ask to be shown the title. If they found, as they generally did, that the field was land which had been confiscated at the revolution, they broke off the negotiation at once. The title, they declared, was insecure, for the Bourbon Government of Louis XVII. did not recognize the legality of the act of confiscation. Their acts and words spread throughout France the rumor that the Bourbons meditated the resumption of all these lands—the chief part of France—to restore them to the former owners. The rumors, thus artfully started and spread abroad, caused thousands of peasant proprietors to welcome Napoleon's return, because thereby the downfall of the Bourbons would occur.

Once when we were in Ireland (writes T. Adolphus Trollope), there was an election of a member, for I forget what county or borough, and my brother Anthony and I went to the hustings. What were the party feelings, or the party colors, I utterly forget. It was merely for the fun of the thing that we went there. The fun, indeed, was fast and furious. The whole scene on the hustings, as well as around them, seemed to me one seething mass of senseless, but good-humored hustling and confusion. Suddenly, in the midst of the uproar, an ominous cracking was heard, and in the next minute the hustings swayed and came down with a crash, heaping together in a confused mass all the two or three hundreds of human beings who were on the huge platform. Some few were badly hurt. But my brother and I, being young and active, and tolerably stout fellows, soon extricated ourselves, regained our legs, and found that we were none the worse. Then we began to look to our neighbors. The first who came to hand was a priest, a little man, who was lying with two or three fellows on the top of him, horribly frightened, and roaring piteously for help. So Anthony took hold of one of his arms, and I of the other, and by main force dragged him from under the superincumbent mass of humanity. When we got him on his legs his gratitude was unbounded. "Tell me your names," he shouted, "and I'll pray for ye!" We told him laughingly that we were afraid it was no use, for we were heretics. "Tell me your names," he shouted again, "and I'll pray for ye all the more!"

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"The woman will not prosecute."

Those knowing judges of human nature, who see it in its worst and sometimes in its best form, around the police court, always say this, when a particularly bad case of wife-beater is brought in to them.

As a rule, their prophecy holds good.

A week rarely flies without leaving in its wake a tragedy or a half-tragedy in those purlieus of the town, where tragedy is a rank, fetid, and familiar thing, and grows like a noisome weed. Honest John Tompkins, coming home from his work with a large, empty stomach—this is almost invariably the *casus belli*—finds his deal-table dinnerless and his helpmeet stretched in a stupor upon the bed. He promptly proceeds to give her a good drubbing.

On ordinary days, this drubbing passes off very well. Mrs. Tompkins needs it, just as Squeers's boys needed brimstone and treacle. It is a something that is in the scheme of her life, and he "drees her weird," just as we all do. It clears the air in the household for some time to come.

Mr. Tompkins feels that he has acquitted himself of something which is expected of him, and perhaps struts just a little after the performance. He still goes dinnerless, but his rage clamors the quiet of his digestive organs, and he tops off with a half-holiday.

Little affairs of this kind are as common in the neighborhoods where they belong, as the "rags-bags-and-bottle man" or the enterprising young wagon-fruiterer, who goes about singing, with an ever-rising inflection, "Bananas! bananas! here's your nice, fresh bananas, picked in the Sandwich Islands this morning!"

No one takes any heed of it all. No one dares to. It is an old and well-known story, that both Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins will turn about and belabor the intruder so lustily, that he will cry them mercy.

But, on a keen, hungry day, when Mr. Tompkins needs his dinner more than usual, and Mrs. Tompkins is rather more vague and helpless than usual about the legs, arms, and eyes, Mr. Tompkins overdoes his task a trifle, and the newspapers teem with succulent paragraphs.

At these particular beatings, the less resistance Mrs. Tompkins offers, the madder Mr. Tompkins gets. He deals his sledge-hammer blows vaguely, blindly, powerfully, till the moaning woman is left senseless in a pool of blood, and the husband is borne off to prison.

"The beast!" cries society, when it reads the papers next morning. "The brute!" cries the yelping crowd at his heels, as he goes to prison; and even the hardened officer shudders, as he puts the blood-stained animal into his kennel, to await the issue before a charge is made.

Still the jail officials knowingly shake their heads, and say, "The woman will not prosecute."

And at home, where the bleeding woman lies, the neighbors rush in. In these neighborhoods they do not come in till the fracas is over—they are too well trained—and they lift the mangled creature, and put her fragments together again, and murmur pitying things over her insensible body. But they also murmur anathemas against the absent man. And the woman comes to her senses long enough to lift her battered, shapeless head, and say, "I deserved it. I don't blame him!"

What kind of stuff are women made of? The first man whimpered, as we all know, and it is not, perhaps, fair to throw it in his teeth, since his sex has ever since been ashamed of him. But even when they were leaving Paradise, Eve led the way, to shield her Adam from the full fire of the flaming sword, and she has been shielding him ever since.

Shakespeare, who never made a mistake in human nature, good or bad, makes Desdemona say upon her death-bed, when Emilia asks who did this? "Nobody. I, myself. Commend me to my kind lord."

Even learned commentators have said that this was false to nature. But, then, learned commentators never read the police-court reports, where there is more human nature in its nudity than in the most learned brain that ever promulgated truths. There was a coarse streak in Desdemona, though she was born the daughter of Brabantio, and she would certainly have figured some time as an uncomplaining witness in the police courts of the day had she been born a peg lower. The woman will not prosecute.

While the horror of the week is in its agitation, convocations of women, in snug drawing-rooms, and over luxurious luncheons, are bristling with indignation and telling what they would do if their husbands beat them. There is no subject upon which your ordinary woman is more eloquent—until she gets a beating. But, bless her heart, upon the subject of her husband's chief peccadillo, however deeply it may rankle in her soul, she is as dumb as an oyster. Touch her upon the raw, and she will close to silence, and shield the offender as Eve shielded Adam from the flaming sword.

And there is much more wife-beating outside John Tompkins's circle than the world wots of.

We were a group of brides together once in a large caravansary in San Francisco, when we learned a strange and terrible lesson.

A pale, delicate, and singularly interesting-looking woman, no longer young, but not yet old, had been noticed by all of us. Men prefer the luscious beauty of a Hebe or a Juno, but to women there is always an appeal and a beauty in an appearance of delicacy. She was not an invalid, as we found out, and there was no apparent reason for the inexplicable sadness which always hung over her. One day we learned her secret.

Standing in the hall, in a group—by accident, just opposite her door—a sudden silence fell upon us, for even the chatter of women gives out sometimes. The silence was broken by a curious sound, the dull thud of heavy blows falling upon a human body. The sufferer made no moan, no cry, no sigh, no anything to give a sign, but an instinct told us what was going on. We were petrified into a silence deeper and different to the light cessation of chatter which had fallen upon us. We slunk away, half uneasy for our own safety, not knowing but that the brute in his frenzy might attack us, and half in deference to the pride of the woman who endured this frightful indignity in this horrible silence.

Many and many a time afterward we heard him beat her—upon an average of twice a week, perhaps—and we planned many modes of going to the rescue; but we never dared one.

Sometimes we thought that if we burst in upon him in a body, we could so appal him with our indignation that he would shrink abashed, and never again lift his cowardly hand against her. But we never could find a leader. There was no one among us who dared be first to open the door.

Sometimes we thought of shrieking for help, but we thought of the pale, reproachful face of the woman who had guarded her secret so well, and again, we dared not.

At last, with the inconsistency of our sex, we grew to admire her for this very silence, and would not have had her break it for all the world.

She never did, poor lady! She was laid away in Lone Mountain, thinking that she held her cruel secret in her breast. And, perhaps, no one knows it but the group of frightened women who look askance at her lord as he walks triumphantly among men. He carries his head high, his name is good on 'Change, his bank accounts are long, his coffers are full, his social position indisputable.

Wife-beating is a difficult crime to punish. Socially, they will not unclub a man for it, since it is none of their business, and legally they do nothing, since "the woman will not prosecute."

None of their business! That is the truth that lies at the bottom of the whole affair. Men know so well what is none of their business, but women never do.

I resolved a long time ago that I never would speak civilly to a man who beat his wife or lived upon a woman's wage. I don't mind a man living upon his wife's fortune. There is nothing better a rich girl can do with her money than to invest it in getting a first-class husband. But to live upon her pitiful earnings, pitiful, however large they be, if a husband is to be supported with them, is quite another thing.

My virtuous indignation has, upon no less than five occasions, been roundly snubbed, and always by the woman.

I am now in the position of Joshua Whitcomb, after he had started in to "regulate the whole durned outfit," when Boston town met with his disapproval. I am not so indignant as I was.

Neither do I bristle with so many bristles at the indignation meetings of my *confrères*—if I may coin a word—on the wife-beating question. I have seen so many lovely women sink into defensive silence when this debate came up, that I am not so anxious to add a blow to their unknown sufferings with a word.

There are but two paths for the woman who has once been beaten by her husband.

It is an admitted thing that a horse which has once run away, a thief who has once stolen, a woman who has once broken the seventh commandment, and a husband who has once beaten his wife, will do the same thing again under the fire of temptation.

A woman, therefore, must either break the knot at once, face the world, and take care of herself, or submit to further beatings in honorable silence.

To many women, to most women, this is a desperate alternative. But since martyrdom is the fate of many women, it is for them to choose in which form they shall endure it, and the rest of it is none of our business.

This, always premising that the woman preserves silence. The woman who tells that her husband is a wife-beater, and then lives with him afterwards is, according to the unwritten code, beneath contempt, and deserves every blow she gets.

But honor to that poor rag of humanity down in Tar Flat, brutalized, debased, and sodden with liquor, who has tried to stand, mangled and shapeless though she be, between her guilty husband and the flaming sword of public opinion.

As for the brute who belabored her, however sore the extremity which drove him into his rage, one would like to see him with a chain and ball at his leg, working at the public roads, as malefactors used to do before criminals formed an aristocracy by themselves.

But there must be "some remnant of the angel still" in the faithful breasts of those spectres of the police court, "the women who will not prosecute."

There is a Scotch artist, Anderson by name, at the Palace Hotel, who has been selling pictures all over America with considerable success, and has brought what are left of them to San Francisco to dispose of.

He has a somewhat unique way of exhibiting them. The visitor is not permitted to stroll about and examine them at leisure, as with other collections, large or small. There is but one frame, a red cloth mystery, and some carefully arranged lights. Mr. Anderson himself puts the pictures in the frame, gives the visitor ample time to digest it, discusses it with him, and then puts in another.

The visitors all come away with a peculiar feeling of awe, as if they had been in Bluebeard's chamber, instead of looking at smiling, sunny landscapes.

"Well," they say, in that hazardous way, as if they did not dare a doubt, which so many people employ in speaking of pictures, "of course, I don't know anything about art, but it seems to me that the foliage of those trees is wonderfully like the real thing. Each separate and particular leaf seems to stand out to the eye," etc.

If this leaf stands out to the eye and the little wood looks like a real wood, why should not people say so, if they think so?

Zeuxis submitted his pictures often to the criticism of a little child, and yet he painted so well that his friend with the unpronounceable name stooped to lift a bunch of grapes that Zeuxis had painted to refresh himself with.

Every one has an opinion of anything that he sees, and will generally express it on all subjects, except those of music and pictures.

There has been much spurious art-cackle in San Francisco, of all cities in the world, by people who had never yet seen a good picture. But they fulminated their untrained opinions with a Gargantuesque self-possession which made people listen to them, and sometimes believe them.

Why, then, should not plain, every-day people express a plain, every-day opinion, without shuddering as if they were trespassing upon the holy of holies?

Mark Twain made name and fame by telling plumply what he thought of the old masters. He has changed his mind since, out of print, but it was immensely funny, as much because no one had ever dared do it before as for the intrinsic humor of the descriptions.

People all over the world, who had been longing to express themselves, took a poignant pleasure in seeing those pictures riddled which had called forth no emotion from them as they stood before the canvas.

If a canvas does not speak, why pretend it does?—and if it does, why not say so, without knowing whether one speaks by the canons of art?

It is true that some people are born with critical acumen strongly developed. It is true that the atmosphere of art develops the perceptions. But we need never be afraid to air our humble opinions before the real critics. They will quickly do us the honor of seizing upon one of our humble opinions and using it, if it be available. And we will learn something from them.

But don't be afraid of the deep, mysterious, technical humbugs. Every one of ordinary intelligence knows a little something, both of pictures and music.

And if we don't know as much on these subjects as Ruskin and Albert Wolff, that is no reason we should be mum altogether, is it? or premise our conversation with "I don't profess to know so-and-so." The fact is, we have been bullied by these art critics.

The *Argonaut* long ago suppressed all technical music and art criticism, because it was uninteresting to the general public, and contents itself with giving the actual news of the studios, and the musical circles. And artistic news is what people want in a journal, rather than artistic analysis.

A celebrated Munich paper has lately resolved upon the same course. The heart-burnings and feuds in which criticism involved the musicians and artists led the editor to think that he was doing more harm than good by small, local art criticism. He, therefore, cordially invites the entire fraternity to send in all the news they can, and promises that as no artist or musician really wants criticism, there shall be none, but their names shall be kept well before the public in non-committal paragraphs. Thus, every one is satisfied.

Politics, they say, make strange bed-fellows. But nothing brings the diverging classes so closely together as a bench show.

One not only finds names in odd conjunction in the newspapers, but also finds people in the pavilion chumming over their dogs, whom nothing on this side heaven but a dog could bring together.

The dogs, except to connoisseurs, look like the same old collection, from the noble mastiffs down to the puppy litters, around which the women and children cluster with inarticulate expressions of delight.

The Dachshunds, those queer, squatty creatures who follow the hunters over the mountains of Tyrol, as nimbly as greyhounds, they say, are comparatively new-comers in California, and the once rare staghounds are growing more numerous. But for the rest, the little skye-terriers, with their long bangs, and the fierce bull-terriers, wide-eyed and ugly, the popular fox-terrier, and the spurious St. Bernards, look to the untrained eye much as they did at the first bench show.

It is unpleasant to note that even the disgusting, shivery little black-and-tan is still extant.

But the people at the bench show are quite as interesting as the dogs. They all go a-visiting their unfortunate pets, for though they have gilded their bars and cushioned their beds, the pets languish in their confinement.

And each owner hangs over his or her special kennel, and pities and caresses the imprisoned one. But vanity of vanities, and all things are vanity, saith the preacher, and so the pampered pets must stand it.

And my Lady Loftus, whose carriage, with its gorgeous trappings, awaits her outside the door, all the live-long day, has dressed herself for the pavilion in her plainest French confection, but is *elegante* to the finger-tips.

That is she over there, in deep converse with Tommy the Butcher, and the argument has grown heated over the points of a pair of bull-dogs, which specimens of canine gentry are much affected by fine ladies nowadays. And to do her justice, my Lady Loftus holds her own right well, and knows the points as accurately as Tommy does.

And there is one of those unmistakable men, who have traveled the world over, and who have a full set of cosmopolitan tastes, standing in a proprietary way before the kennel of some strange-looking dogs, and giving an extempore dog lecture to a group of those wild, strange-looking men, to whom we all fly for help when our dogs need medicine or training. And the aristocracy and the *hoi polloi* are mixed up in the most inextricable manner, all over the floor. And if they are all just a trifle anxious over the prizes, they still have an air of being happy, and free, and equal. For a touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and every man loves his dog. And if there is anything this side of the terrible that levels all ranks, it is a bench show.

BETSY B.

Art Notes.

Mrs. Wm. Irelan, Jr., has recently moved to 827 Post Street, and reopened her studio, for forming classes in Oil, Water-color and China Painting. Specialties in Silk and Bolting-cloth.

The Secret of Beauty

Lies in the use of Rachel's Enamel Bloom, which imparts a perfect complexion and its use can not be detected. For sale by all druggists.

— "LARKSPUR" IS A TOWN IN MARIN COUNTY, as yet on paper and without a dwelling. It is on the narrow-gauge railroad and without a station. It is located on the site of what for a century has been known as "Corte Madera," where the early Spaniard and later Mexican cut wood and sawed lumber for the "Presidio." It is situate at the foot of Tamalpais—the beautiful mountain—and is by it sheltered from ocean winds. It has the most perfect climate of this region of the State. It lies on rolling hills of gentle acclivities, with rich soil, and overlooks the waters of the bay. It is fifty minutes by ferry and rail from San Francisco. Its lots are rapidly selling because they are cheap. It is near enough to San Francisco for convenient and comfortable residence; everybody ought to own a lot who purposes to do business in San Francisco and live in its vicinity. Every head of a family that does not procure a home for it, is, if not unfortunate, weak and incompetent. The person who refuses to purchase a homestead, having money in a savings bank, is a foolish citizen. There is money in suburban homes and more in the Marin County suburbs than in any other direction from San Francisco, which is rapidly becoming a great, rich and populous metropolitan and commercial city. Fifty lots have been sold at Larkspur, and a railroad station is to be constructed.

— THE PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP COMPANY has just issued a new pamphlet of sixty-odd pages, entitled, "All About Alaska." It gives full and interesting information in reference to that country, and the trip there and back; for any one who contemplates making the trip, the publication is quite a necessity. The following are among the principal items treated; the rates; time schedule; notice to shippers of freight; the best time to make the trip; a description of the country; what to take; where the steamers stop; testimonials from excursionists; extracts from different publications in regard to the trip; an article written by the late Hon. M. D. Ball, District Attorney of Alaska, treating fully of the country, the sights and scenes, etc., there. Also liberal extracts from Gov. Swineford's last annual report.

— "WHERE DO YOU GO THIS SUMMER?" IS THE fashionable question just now, and the fashionable answer is "to Santa Cruz." The best hotels in Santa Cruz are the Pope House and the Pacific Ocean House, both of them managed by Mr. Swift.

ABOUT BOOKS.

Owing to the over-production of cheap and trashy books, such as are sold at Bazaars and so-called "Publishers' Book-stores," many persons are led to believe that the sale for good books, by first class authors, has become very small. Our own experience proves the contrary. We have sold, within a comparatively short space of time, over

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AT A DINNER-PARTY.

IN THE HALL.

[Guest discovered removing coat and hat, which are taken by a man with a reproving eye, amidst a grieved silence].

Butler (to subordinates, in ghostly whisper)—Tell 'em they can send up as soon as they please—now.

The guest (to himself, on the stairs)—I am the last man then? Kept them all waiting, too, I shouldn't wonder . . . I don't care—they shouldn't ask a man to dine out the very evening he's been—[catching sight of himself in the mirror]. Jove! I mustn't go in looking like that, though—or they'll see what's the matter! [Assumes a jaunty smile].

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

Chorus of staring guests (in undertone)—Too bad, you know—can't understand it! . . . No one has any right to do this sort of thing—don't care who he is! . . . Generally so punctual here . . . I make it a rule—never wait over five minutes past the hour for any one . . . Quite right, too, etc.

Butler—Mr. St. John Brentwing.

[Enter last guest under concentrated glare from surrounding eyes, which he seems rather to enjoy than otherwise.]

Hostess (with implied reproach)—I began to be quite afraid something had happened to you.

[Mr. B. thinks that she is not far wrong and mumbles apologies.]

Butler (reappearing after a moment's pause outside the door)—Dinner is served.

Hostess (to Mr. B.)—Let me see—do you know Miss Flambowe?

Mr. B. (who has been rejected by the young lady in question that very afternoon)—I—ah—do know Miss Flambowe. [Adds—"at last!" to himself, bitterly, and feels better].

Hostess—Then I want you to take her in, please. You won't mind being close to the fire? [Mr. B. thinks he has been very close to the fire already].

A paternal old gentleman—A most charming young lady—I congratulate you, sir—char-ming!

Mr. B. (advancing to Miss Flambowe with elaborate indifference)—I believe I'm to take you in.

Miss F. (looking down, and hoping he does not mean to be "silly.")—I believe you are.

ON THE STAIRS.

Mr. B. (thinking he had better say something)—Have you been out at all to-day?

Miss F.—Only in the morning—such a wretched day, hasn't it been? [Wishes she had said something else.]

Mr. B.—Has it? Well, it was rather a dismal afternoon, now I come to think of it.

Miss F. (deciding to take this literally)—Oh, very—but, after all, one must expect a little unpleasantness just at this time of year, mustn't one?

Mr. B.—Oh, yes—you can get used to anything if you only make up your mind to it. [Thinks he is carrying it off rather well.]

AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

Miss F.—How prettily the table's arranged, isn't it?—though I never quite like to see flowers strewn carelessly about, do you? I mean, it seems such a pity, you know.

Mr. B. (with a feeble attempt to be cynical)—Oh, I don't suppose they mind much, after they're once plucked—sooner they get the end over, the better for them, I should think. [Is afraid he has gone too far.] Aren't you taking turbot? you should—it's capital. [Swallows some mouthfuls with an effort.]

Miss F.—I'm glad you're enjoying it. [She crumbles her bread.]

Mr. B.—I had no luncheon this morning, you see—and so—[lays down his knife and fork] that gives a fellow an appetite, you know. [To footman, who says, "sherry or 'ock, sir?"] Rock.

Miss F. (to herself)—I don't believe he minds a bit—and yet, he hasn't finished his fish, after all.

Mr. B. (in answer to his other neighbor)—Well, no, there isn't much doing just now. I've been meaning to get away for a long time—go abroad and rough it a bit, don't you know. [He has raised his voice unconsciously for benefit of Miss F.] Start next week at the latest, I hope.

Miss F. (absently, to her other neighbor, who is telling her a funny story about Sydney Smith)—How very interesting—and you saw that yourself? [The neighbor puts her down mentally as a pretty idiot.]

Miss F. (to Mr. B.)—Did I hear you say that you were going abroad just now—where did you think of going?

Mr. B. (who has only just thought of it)—Well, I shall run over to the Rockies and shoot grizzlies.

Miss F.—Do you think you could lower that candle-shade a little? Thanks. Shoot grizzlies? You will like that, won't you?

Mr. B.—Immensely. [To footman.] Champagne, please.

Miss F.—I suppose you have friends out there?

Mr. B.—I had a friend who went out some time ago.

Miss F.—And you are going to join him?

Mr. B. (carelessly)—Shouldn't be surprised if I did—sooner or later.

Miss F.—Is he settled out there, then?

Mr. B.—Settled? Oh, yes, he's settled.

Miss F.—And he likes the country?

Mr. B.—He wasn't there long enough to tell—fell down a cliff, or something, and was killed—out shooting, poor chap!

Miss F. (after playing with an entrée)—I hope you'll be careful.

Mr. B.—I? Oh, I shall be careful enough—one takes one's chance, you know. By the way, will you let me send you home a skin, if I have any luck with the grizzlies? . . . you'd rather I didn't? I suppose I oughtn't to have offered—I never know about these things—I must wait, then—till—till I hear news of you . . . were you looking for something?

Miss F.—Only a little water, please.

OVER THE CIGARETTES.

Host (to Mr. B.)—And how did you get on with that Miss Flambowe, eh, Brentwing? Nice girl, isn't she?

Mr. B.—Very. [Helps himself to salted almonds—which he does not like.

Host (confidentially)—Now that's a girl, now—a young fellow like you . . . chance for you . . . might do worse, eh?

Mr. B. (taking a cigarette and wishing his hand would not shake so confoundedly)—Well, you see, sir—as to that (laughs awkwardly), well, there are two sides to every question, aren't there?

Host—I tell you what, Brentwing, you young men are too selfish nowadays—you don't like to give up your clubs, and your chambers, and all your bachelor comforts—not if it's to marry the nicest girl in the world—that's what it is!

Mr. B. (laughing again, unsteadily)—That's about the truth of it, sir—we're a poor lot!

UP-STAIRS.

The hostess (to Miss F.)—And so you have met your neighbor before? He's quite a favorite of mine—only he shouldn't come so late to dinner. I hope you found him amusing?

Miss F.—Oh, extremely—he's going to America, he says, to—to shoot bears, or something.

Hostess—He never said a word about it to me. What can he want to rush off like that for?

Miss F.—He didn't tell me that. [She watches the door under her eyelashes, as the men enter. Mr. Brentwing engages in an animated conversation with a lively young lady at the other end of the room. The paternal old gentleman comes up and entertains Miss Flambowe with elderly attentions for the rest of the evening, which she appears to appreciate highly.]

IN THE HALL.

Mr. B. (who by the merest accident has taken his leave the moment after Miss F.)—Are they getting you a cab? [Coldly, to Miss F., whom he finds below].

Miss F.—It's outside—I'm only waiting for my maid. Good night—or I suppose I ought to say—good-bye?

Mr. B. (stuffily)—After this afternoon, I should imagine good-bye was the only thing to say.

Miss F.—And you couldn't manage to come to see me just once—before you go away to your bears? [Turns aside to arrange her hood].

Mr. B.—I could, of course—only I don't exactly see what the good of it would be!

Miss F.—Of course, you are the best judge of that—I only thought you might find it worth while, perhaps.

Mr. B.—Lucella! Do you mean . . . ?

Miss F. (as she gets into cab)—I mean that I don't always quite know what I do mean. Good night.

Mr. B. (soliloquizing on pavement)—If I do go she'll only make a fool of me again. . . . I won't give her the chance. . . . At least I'll think over it. [Walks home and thinks over it].—*Punch.*

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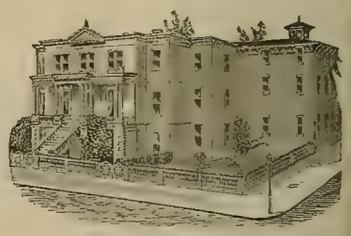

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4.00 P.	" " "	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	Colfax	5.45 P.
10.30 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	" " "	*3.45 P.
5.30 P.	" " "	7.45 A.
9.00 A.	Ione, via Livermore	5.45 P.
3.00 P.	Knight's Landing	9.45 A.
*4.30 P.	Livermore and Pleasanton	*9.45 A.
7.00 P.	Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, & East	9.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles and Mojave	12.15 P.
8.00 A.	Martinez	6.15 P.
§4.00 P.	Milton	*5.45 P.
8.30 A.	Ogden and East	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	" " "	12.45 P.
9.00 A.	Red Bluff, via Marysville	5.45 P.
7.00 A.	Redding, via Willows	7.15 P.
7.00 A.	Sacramento, via Benicia	7.15 P.
8.30 A.	" " via Benicia	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	" " via Livermore	5.45 P.
3 00 P.	" " via Benicia	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	" " via Benicia	12.45 P.
6:30 P.	" " via Benicia	7.45 A.
*1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	*6.00 A.
7.30 A.	San José	*12.45 P.
9.00 A.	" "	*3.45 P.
3.00 P.	" "	9.45 A.
*4.30 P.	" "	‡4.15 P.
9.30 A.	Santa Barbara	12.15 P.
7.00 P.	"	9 45 P.
9.00 A.	Stockton, via Livermore	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	" via Martinez	10.15 A.
6.30 P.	Siskiyou and Portland	7.45 A.

A for morning. P. for afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted.

From San Francisco, daily.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1 30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10 00, 11.00, 12.00.
To FRUIT VALE (via East Oakland)—Same as "To East Oakland" until 6.30 P. M. inclusive, also at 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 P. M.
To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30, *12.00, 7.00, 12.00.
To ALAMEDA—*6.00, *6.30, 7 00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9 30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, ‡2.30, 3.00, 3 30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00.
To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11 30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, ‡2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6 30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00.
To WEST BERKELEY—Same as "To Berkeley."

To San Francisco, daily.

From FRUIT VALE (via East Oakland)—6.25, 6.55, 7.25, 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55, 10 25, 10.55, 11.25, 11.55, 12.25, 12.55, 1.25, 1.55, 2.25, 2.55, 3.25, 3.55, 4.25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6.55, 7.50, 8 55, 9.53
From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5 21, 5.51, ‡9.20, *12.55, *3.20.
From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7 00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5 30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 9.58, 10.58.
From BROADWAY, Oakland—9 minutes later than from East Oakland.
From ALAMEDA—*5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, ‡2.30, 3.00, 3 30, 4 00, 4.30, 5.00, 5 30, 6.00, 6.30, 7 00, 8 00, 9.00, 10 00, 11.00.
From BERKELEY—*5.25, 5.55, *6 25, 6.55, *7.25, 7 55, *8.25, 8 55, 9.25, 9.55, ‡10.25, 10.55, ‡11.25, 11.55, ‡12.25, 12.55, ‡1.25, 1.55, ‡2.25, 2 55, 3.25, 3.55, 4 25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6.55, 7.55, 8 55, 9.55, 10.55.
From WEST BERKELEY—Same as "From Berkeley."

Creek Route.

From SAN FRANCISCO.—*7.15, 9 15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5 15.
From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12 15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted ‡ Sundays only.
"Standard Time" furnished by Lick Observatory.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY,

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

Passenger Trains leave Station, foot of Market Street, south side at

7.45 A. M., (Sundays Excursion train) to SAN JOSE, BOULDER CREEK, BIG TREES and SANTA CRUZ; returning, arrives in San Francisco, at 8.05 P. M.
8.15 A. M., daily, for Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all way stations.
2.15 P. M., (except Sunday), Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ, and Boulder Creek.
4.15 P. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, New Almaden, Los Gatos, and intermediate points.
85 Excursions to SANTA CRUZ and BOULDER CREEK, on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, to return on MONDAY inclusive
$1.75 to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return, Sundays only.
$3.00 to BOULDER CREEK, Big Trees and SANTA CRUZ and return, Sundays only.

LOCAL FERRY TRAINS.

TO OAKLAND AND ALAMEDA, DAILY.

§6.15, §6.45, §7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3 45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.30, 8 30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 P. M.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From Fourteenth and Franklin Sts., Oakland—§5.45, §6.15, §6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 P. M.
From High Street, Alameda—§5.31, §6.01, §6.31, 7.01, 7.31, 8.01, 8.31, 9 01, 9.31, 10.01, 10.31, 11.01, 11 31, A. M., 12.01, 12.31, 1.01, 1.31, 2.01, 2.31, 3 01, 3.31, 4.01, 4.31, 5.01, 5.31, 6.01, 6.31, 7.16, 8.16, 9.16, 10.16, 11.16 P. M.
§ Sundays excepted.

TICKET OFFICES, 613 Market Street, under Grand Hotel, and Rotunda of Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco.
L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. S. P. C. Ry. Div.
W. T. FITZGERALD, Gen. Frt & Pass. Agt. S. P. C. Ry. Div.

Transportation--Rail.

NORTHERN DIVISION
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
TIME SCHEDULE.

LEAVE S. F.	In effect April 1, 1888.	ARRIVE S. F.
12.01 P.	Cemetery and San Mateo	2.30 P.
‡7.00 A.		6.40 A.
8.30 A.		*8.00 A.
10.30 A.		9.03 A.
*3.30 P.	San Mateo, Redwood, and	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	Menlo Park	‡3.30 P.
*5.10 P.		4.36 P.
6.30 P.		6.40 P.
§11.45 P.		§7.50 P.
8.30 A.		9.03 A.
10.30 A.	Santa Clara, San José, and	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.	Principal Way Stations	4.36 P.
4.30 P.		6.40 P.
10.30 A.	Almaden and Way Stations	4.36 P.
8.30 A.	Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.	Salinas, and Monterey	6.40 P.
8.30 A.	Hollister and Tres Pinos	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.		‡6.40 P.
8.30 A.	Watsonville, Aptos, Soquel	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.	(Capitola), and Santa Cruz	6.40 P.
8.30 A.	Soledad, Paso Robles, Templeton. (San Luis Obispo) and Way Stations	6.40 P.

A.—Morning. P.—Afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.
§ Theatre train, Saturdays only.

Nearly all rail line to SAN LUIS OBISPO; only 24 miles staging from Templeton; time from San Francisco 12 hours. Through rate, $8.50.

Round-trip tickets to Lick Observatory (Mt. Hamilton). Rate, $5.50.

EXCURSION TICKETS.
FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—SOLD SUNDAY MORNING; good for return same day.
FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.
TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot. Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel, and Rotunda of Baldwin Hotel.
A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt Agt

SAUCELITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Monday, October, 17, 1887, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUCELITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.15 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.10, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.15 P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45, 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUCELITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.20, 10.00, 11.45 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 2.15, 4.00, 6.00 P. M.
Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30, 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.
11.00 A. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Ingram's and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Ingram's at 6.30 A. M., arrives at San Francisco 12.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.
Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2 00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50: Ingram's, $4.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.
Stages leave Ingram's daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

Banks.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital **$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD ..... President.
THOMAS BROWN ..... Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR. ..... Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.
Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world.
Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus **$4,694,805.04**

DIRECTORS:

LLOYD TEVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Pres't. Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eidridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker.
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

Hotels.

PALACE HOTEL,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

C. H. LIVINGSTON, Manager.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city.

FINEST CLIMATE IN THE WORLD!

PARAISO SPRINGS,

MONTEREY COUNTY, CAL.

THE CARLSBAD OF AMERICA.

New Management. New Improvements.

The most beautiful, most invigorating, most easy of access of all mineral spring resorts; 1,500 feet above the sea level. Take San José cars 8:30 A. M., and arrive at Springs at 3:30 P. M.
J. F. FOSTER, Proprietor.
Telegraph, Express, and Post-Offices.

HAND-MADE SHOES, $8.00.

P. F. McNulty

FROM THOMAS', LONDON.

15 New Montgomery Street.

Under Grand Hotel.

THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1888

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the *Argonaut* for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail	**$7.00**
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail	**6.00**
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	**5.90**
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail	**6.00**
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One year, by Mail	**6.50**
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and Harper's Young People for One Year, by Mail	**5.00**
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail	**4 50**
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail	**4 50**
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World, One Year, by Mail	**5.50**
The Argonaut and Wide-Awake for One Year, by Mail	**5.50**
The Argonaut and the English Illustrated Magazine for One Year, by Mail	**4.75**
The Argonaut and the Atlantic Monthly for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and Outing for One Year, by Mail	**5.75**
The Argonaut and Forest and Stream for One Year, by Mail	**6.50**
The Argonaut and Judge for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and the New York Spirit of the Times for One Year, by Mail	**8.00**
The Argonaut and the Nineteenth Century (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and the Contemporary Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and the Fortnightly Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and the Westminster Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.00**
The Argonaut and the Edinburgh Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and the Quarterly Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and the Scottish Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and the Critic for One Year, by Mail	**5.90**
The Argonaut and Life for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and Puck for One Year, by Mail	**7.2**

This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.

Insurance.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.,

No. 216 Sansome Street,

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

Capital (Paid up in Gold) **$300,000 00**
Assets, Jan. 1, 1884 ..... **759,475 13**

PRESIDENT ..... J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT ..... J. N. L. SHEPARD
SECRETARY ..... CHARLES R. STORY

London Assurance Corporation
Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720
Northern Assurance Company
Of London. Established 1836.
Queen Insurance Company
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.
Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.
Of Hartford, Conn.
ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.
WM. MACDONALD, Ass't Manager.
South-east corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

ANGLO-NEVADA ASSURANCE CORPORATION

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FIRE AND MARINE.

CAPITAL, - - - - $2,000,000

OFFICE ..... **410 PINE STREET.**

Bankers, The Nevada Bank of San Francisco.

Transportation--Ocean.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY,

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at **2 o'clock P. M.** for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong.	1888.
San Pablo	**Saturday, March 24**	
Oceanic	**Saturday, April 7**	
Gaelic	**Saturday, April 21**	
Belgic	**Saturday, May 12**	
San Pablo	**Saturday, June 2**	
Oceanic	**Thursday, June 21**	

Round-trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA

San Jose ..... **Thursday, April 5, at 10 A. M.**

Taking freight and passengers direct to Mazatlan, Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, Punta Arenas, and Panama.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:

City of Sydney ..... **March 31, at 2 P. M.**
City of Rio de Janeiro ..... **April 14, at 2 P. M.**
City of New York ..... **Tuesday, May 1, at 2 P. M.**
City of Peking ..... **Wednesday, May 23, at 2 P. M.**

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.
GEO H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:
The steamers MEXICO and UMATILLA direct for VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports at 9 A. M., every Friday.
The steamer MEXICO sailing every other Friday at A. M. connects at Port Townsend with the steamers IDAHO and ANCON for Alaska.
For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.
For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, about every second day.
For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, Tuesday, at 9 A. M.—CITY OF CHESTER.
For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, at 3 P. M.
TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., near Pine.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
No 10 Market Street, San Francisco

(Established 1854.)

GEORGE MORROW & CO.

DEALERS IN HAY AND GRAIN.

PRIVATE TRADE SOLICITED.

No. 39 Clay Street ..... San F

SOCIETY.

The Turner-Sullivan Wedding.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs Frank J. Sullivan, corner of Oak and Webster Streets, the wedding of their sister, Miss Belle C. Sullivan, and Lieutenant James Ashley Turner, U. S. M C., was solemnized Wednesday evening, April 4th It was one of the prettiest affairs of the kind that have taken place here for a long time, and the elaborate details were carried out most successfully. The bride, a handsome blonde, is well-known and popular in society circles Lieutenant Turner also has many friends here. He is stationed with the U. S. steamer *Pinta*, at Sitka, Alaska, where he has been for the past year, and will probably remain a couple of years longer. Several hundred invitations were issued for the wedding and reception, and the regrets were but few. The Sullivan mansion is well adapted to show the artistic taste of the decorator, and on this occasion Miss Bates introduced some unique fancies which, in combination with the rich furnishings, made the interior exceedingly attractive Green, in all of its daintiest shades—spring, pistache, Nile, etc., gave tone to the broad hallway, wherein sprays of mountain ferns were seen in set arrangements over the arches and doors, casements and pictures These ferns were confined in place by bow-knots and ribbons of green silk that harmonized delicately with them. The hat-rack and the mirror at the end of the hall were especially noticeable. The commodious salon at the left of the entrance was where the ceremony took place. The bay-window at the front was converted into a nuptial bower, backed by fern-sprays and with clouds of pale pink and blue gauze suspended overhead. The embrasure was fringed with ferns, and at the top were draperies of glittering silvered gauze sprayed with apple-blossoms. Just below this, and extending from side to side, was a lattice-work of Japanese bamboo, upon which a flight of snow-white doves rested amid blossoms and foliage. From each of the two chandeliers radiated streamers of pink and blue gauze, draped in soft folds, to the corners of the room and the arch that spans the ceiling, and they were festooned by clusters of apple-blossoms and ferns. Wreaths of pink roses and pink gauze were set against the face of the mantel mirror, and a large basket full of apple-blossoms hung at the rear doorway from draperies of blue and pink India silk. Ornamenting one of the Corinthian columns at the side of this room were two hanging-baskets of columbine, tied with narrow pink ribbons. All of the windows, doorways, and pictures were decorated with ferns, and baskets of spreading ferns hung at each window from bands of pink silk. The effect was extremely beautiful.

Crossing the hallway the double parlors were reached, and in those apartments all of the shades of yellow entered into the artistic combination of draperies and flowers Discs of pale yellow roses graced the mantel mirror in the front parlor, and were held in place by ribbons of shaded yellow silk, while near the bottom was a wreath of the same lovely roses. The curtains at the windows were fastened back with garlands of marigolds and ferns, and suspended in the wide doorway were three wreaths of marigolds linked together with yellow silk ribbons of varied shades. Wreaths of marigolds tied with deep yellow ribbons decorated the mirror in the library and also the book-cases and pictures, all of which were finished with sprays of fern. The dining-room proper was also beautified by clusters of ferns, and flowers, and pretty silk bow-knots and ribbons, with a table in one corner where two silver bowls were filled with punch and lemonade for the refreshment of the dancers. In addition to all of this there were many exquisite designs wrought of flowers, which had been sent as tokens to the bride, and were distributed with good effect wherever fancy dictated in the various apartments.

Quite a large number of friends had assembled at the early hour mentioned for the ceremony—eight o'clock—and with but a slight delay the bridal party made its appearance to the music of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" Leading the way were the two little nieces of the bride, Allie and Ada Sullivan, who were dressed respectively in blue India silk and white lace trimmed with pink ribbons, both cut décolleté. Then came Mr. and Mr. Rudolph B. Spence (*née* Sullivan), of San José, who were followed by the maid of honor, Miss Ada Sullivan, a sister of the bride Last in order appeared the fair bride and her brother, Mr. Charles Sullivan, who gave her away in the absence of her elder brother, Hon. F. J. Sullivan, who was unavoidably detained in Washington, D. C The groom and his best man, Mr. Edgar A. Mizner, met them at the bower with the Rev. Father Kenna, S. J., uncle of the bride, who tied the nuptial knot. Standing near them were several relatives notably: Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, Mrs. James Phelan, Miss Phelan, Miss Arcadia Spence, and others. The toilets of the ladies in the bridal party were elegant in the extreme.

The bride, a beautiful blonde, wore a most exquisite toilet, elegant in material and admirably made. It was the bijou of an elaborate trousseau comprising nearly fifty dresses. The bodice, skirt, and train were of cream-tinted faille Française, the corsage being cut square and filled in with cream-colored silk Chantilly lace. The front of the bodice was trimmed with this lace in regular plaitings that formed a shell pattern, which was brought up to the top of the shoulder, and ended in a Marie Stuart collar at the back. The sleeves extended to the elbow, being finished in a shell pattern, and met the long gloves of white undressed kid. A perfect V was formed on the right side and half of the front of the skirt by a pretty combination of the silk and lace, which were worked in together from the waist down to the base, where it met a fine knife-plaiting. At the left-hand side the drapery was caught up to form a demi-jupon, and the back was draped at the waist and ended in a long court train, which was daintily looped up here and there, and finished with a cordon of silk. Her coiffure was dressed high, in accordance with the style of the dress, with the cream-colored moleine veil arranged upon it in the form of a coronet, and then extending downward over the train like a cloud. Her slippers were of cream-colored silk, tied with little bow-knots, and her hand bouquet was of Niphetos roses, encompassed by wide white watered silk ribbons. Her ornaments were very costly, and comprised a diamond butterfly, which was caught in the lace at her bodice; a diamond and garnet butterfly in her hair; diamond and pearl bracelets, and diamond hooped ear-rings, the latter a present from her sister, Miss Ada Sullivan.

The maid of honor, Miss Ada Sullivan, looked charming in a costume of pale blue crêpe lisse, worked in seed pearls, and made over pale blue faille Française. The front of the skirt was draped in Oriental style to form a double jupon with festoons of pearls caught under the draperies and brought up at the hip. The back draperies were all of silk, and were finished with a heavy shirring and two little panniers of the embroidered crêpe lisse. The bodice of pale blue silk was trimmed with passementerie to match, and cut square in front and round at the back, with a drapery of the crêpe lisse at the front of the bodice, which was pointed back and front. The corsage was filled in with silvered gauze which was brought up to the right shoulder and over the back, where it was confined by a diamond pin A blue steel butterfly repposed at the front of the corsage, and strings of pearls encircled her neck Her hair was dressed high, with a crescent of pink crushed roses at the side, and her gloves were of pale blue undressed kid She carried a hand bouquet of Duchesse de Brabant roses.

Mrs Frank J. Sullivan wore a becoming robe of terra-cotta colored watered silk, with a Lederer front of striped silk netting. There was a wide sash of the silk at the side, ending in a cord ornament, which was trimmed with acorn drops Two revers extended down the front of the dress from the neck almost to the edge of the skirt, where they were loosened and ended with acorn ornament The sleeves were made half loose and extended a short distance below the elbows, where they they were faced with silk. Inside of this sleeve was a second one, which was shirred and finished with lace to match the dress. Her ornaments were beautiful diamonds.

Mrs Rudolph B. Spence wore a superb costume of black Marquise Duchesse lace, made with a court train and richly embroidered in gold and jewels in floral designs representing large roses and their foliage Her coiffure, which was dressed high, was ornamented with golden colored ostrich plumes, and the diademe set off her dress displayed a necklace of magnificent diamonds.

Mrs James Phelan wore a rich toilet of black velours de Lyon and Chantilly lace made with a court train. The bodice was elaborately jetted, and she wore a parure of brilliant diamond

Miss Phelan appeared in a tasteful costume of turquoise blue velvet, handsomely embroidered, and draped with gauze It was made dancing length and cut décolleté; ornaments, diamonds.

Miss Arcadia Spence appeared in a pretty Directoire costume of yellow Chinese crêpe, made over yellow faille Française. The skirt was lightly draped, and had a knot of black velvet caught at the right hand side in front. The Pompadour waist was trimmed with folds of the crêpe, and caught in the front and back with knots of black velvet. The sleeves were made short and puffed, with a tight band of velvet around them and a knot of velvet at the top. A black velvet girdle encircled her waist, and her gloves were of black undressed kid; ornaments, diamonds

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the happy couple were overwhelmed with congratulations and held a levée for a couple of hours Meanwhile more guests were constantly arriving, and by ten o'clock the residence was comfortably filled. Fallenberg's band played its liveliest music, and the polished floor in the salon made such a perfect dancing surface that almost every one joined in the pleasures of the waltz and five step polka The other apartments were canvased and used for promenading and chatting. A special feature was observed in the rear of the house, where a series of tents were placed, contiguous to the punch-room. At midnight, an elegant supper was served down-stairs in the large billiard-hall. The buffet was handsomely appointed with rich service, mounted trophies of the culinary art, and a centrepiece of white roses on a panel of blue plush. After supper the newly wedded couple departed for the Palace Hotel. The guests, however, remained and danced until daylight.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Turner received a number of valuable presents from their friends, comprising almost everything that good taste and the requirements of married life could suggest. They left the city by rail, on Thursday afternoon, for Portland, Or., en route to Alaska, as Lieutenant Turner's leave of absence was brief, making a longer stay here impossible.

The Dunne-Masten Wedding.

Miss Josephine R. Masten, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Masten, of Oakland, was united in marriage to Mr. Peter J. Dunne, of San José, on Tuesday morning, April 3d. The ceremony was performed at the Church of St Francis de Sales, in Oakland, which was beautifully decorated in honor of the occasion. Miss Mamie Dunne, sister of the groom, was the maid of honor, Mr. Joseph N. Masten, brother of the bride, was the groomsman, and Mr. Joseph Rucker, of San José, acted as best man.

The bride, a pretty blonde, was attired in a robe of white satin, en train, festooned with orange blossoms. The long vail was of white silk tulle, and her ornaments were diamonds and pearls

Miss Mamie Dunne appeared in a costume of cream-colored satin, neatly draped and made dancing length.

The marriage service was read by the Rev. Father McSweeney in the presence of a large number of friends of the contracting parties. A nuptial mass followed the ceremony, and at its conclusion the bridal party proceeded to Mr. Masten's residence on Madison Street, where, with a few relatives, an elaborate breakfast was enjoyed. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs Dunne left for the Hotel del Monte, and after remaining there a while will go to San Jose to reside. They received a large number of elegant presents

The Breeze High Tea.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze gave a high tea last Tuesday afternoon at her residence, 1312 Sutter Street, which was attended by nearly two hundred of her lady friends. In each of the apartments was a tasteful array of choice flowers in baskets, and a string orchestra played concert selections at intervals. Tea and other light refreshments were served as desired, and all who called passed the time in a most pleasant manner.

The McBean Dinner-Party.

Mrs. P. McG McBean gave a delightful dinner-party last Thursday evening, at her home on Pacific Avenue, in honor of some Eastern friends. Covers were laid for ten at a prettily decorated table which had a collection of luscious oranges as a centre piece. The favors were pieces of orange wood of odd shapes, with the names of the guests lettered upon them in gold. They were decorated with sprays of orange blossoms. A dainty menu was prepared, and the affair proved exceedingly pleasant.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. C. F. Mullins has returned from a trip to Los Angeles.

Judge and Mrs. O. P. Evans have gone to Los Angeles to sojourn among the orange groves for awhile

Miss Jennie Martel was recently the guest of Miss Nettie Hamilton at her home in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs R. D. Girvin have gone to New York en route to Europe, where they will remain several months.

Miss Fanny Elliott is in Detroit, Mich., visiting Governor and Mrs. Alger, who were here recently.

Mr Ricardo M. Pinto will not return from Central America until next month. Soon after his arrival, Mr. and Mrs. Pinto will go to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad and Miss Ella Goad will go to the Hotel del Monte on June 1st, to remain during the season.

Colonel Robert Tobin has gone to Southern California for the benefit of his health

Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer recently received news of the death of her sister, Mrs. O. L. Crampton, of Mobile, Ala., after a brief illness.

Mrs. Gonzales went down to Del Monte to stay a few days on Wednesday last. It is her present intention to go East on the first of May.

Mrs Thomas Finney and her sister Miss Scott, of New Orleans, who have been made recipients of many favors on the part of the leading Southern families of San Francisco during their stay here of nearly a year, have arrived safely in the Crescent City.

Mrs. Hopkins, of the Bella Vista, who has been exiling herself at Del Monte for the past two months, will leave for New York on or about the 19th instant

Mrs. Horace Davis is in Washington, D. C., on a visit to friends, and will go to East Boston soon, to see relatives there.

Mr. James C. Pennie, Jr., was in San José recently.

Mrs. C. F. Mullins has been visiting friends in San José for a week.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair will leave the city in June, to make another European tour.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry May and Mrs. Maria Coleman are now domiciled at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. James D. Safford and Miss Louisa Stebbins, of Springfield, Mass., are paying a visit to Mrs. Safford's father, General R. W. Kirkham, of Oakland.

Miss Kittie Nolan and the Misses Kittie and Annie Hope will leave for Santa Barbara the latter part of this month, to remain a couple of months, and in August will go to Lake Tahoe.

Miss Jessie Sherwood intends leaving for England in a couple of weeks, to remain during the summer.

Mrs. W. E. Dargie and Miss Annie Dargie, of Oakland, will go to Honolulu in a couple of weeks.

Mr. James C. Dunphy paid a brief visit to San José recently.

Miss Alice Decker has been the guest of Mrs Robert Curry, at Dixon, for about a week.

CCCCLXXVIII.—Bill of Fare—Sunday, April 8, 1888.

Oyster Soup.
Boiled Salmon. Potato Croquettes.
Breaded Veal Cutlets.
Mushrooms. String Beans
Roast Beef. Yorkshire Pudding.
Cucumber Salad.
Strawberries. Whipped Cream.
Orange Cake.

"742—744."

This is a lucky number for every lady who values health, comfort and beauty, and these blessings are to be attained at the celebrated Freud's Corset House, 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Grant Avenue. The corsets kept at this establishment are the best and cheapest in the world. Ladies who once wear them will have no others. Beware of imitators. Remember Freud's Corset House, 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Grant Avenue. Make no mistake.

FREE EXCURSION

MERCED

COMPLETION OF THE

CROCKER AND HUFFMAN CANAL

Twenty-Seven Miles in Length; Capable of Irrigating 1000 Square Miles

GRAND CREDIT SALE AT AUCTION

3,000 CHOICE BUSINESS AND RESIDENCE LOTS 3,000

Sale without Reserve in the Fountain City of Merced

BY ORDER OF THE

PACIFIC IMPROVEMENT COMPANY

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

BRIGGS, FERGUSSON & CO.

DAYS OF SALE

Tuesday, Apr. 10th, Wednesday, Apr. 11th, Thursday, Apr. 12th 1888

Sale Begins on Tuesday, at 1 o'clock P. M., and on Wednesday and Thursday at 10 o'clock A. M.

TERMS OF SALE

One-fourth cash; balance in three equal payments, due in six, twelve, and eighteen months, with interest at the low rate of 8 per cent. per annum. A deposit of ten per cent. will be required on the fall of the hammer; balance of cash payment to be made at the El Capitan Hotel, Merced, at the close of each day's sale, when contracts will be issued.

TITLE PERFECT. Deeds at Purchaser's Expense.

Special arrangements have been made by the Merced Board of Trade, for the Accommodation of all Excursionists, Regardless of Number.

LAKE YOSEMITE

Only 5 miles from Merced, is a square mile of water 30 feet deep, to be stocked with Fish, Steam Yachts, Sailing Yachts, Gondolas, Row Boats, Floating Islands for Music, Refreshments, etc., etc.

UNEQUALED WATER SUPPLY. The Crocker and Huffman Canal, costing $1,500,000, with abundance of pure water, supplies the City of Merced.

Water from the YOSEMITE FALLS with ninety feet pressure at MERCED

The Future Manufacturing City. FOUNTAINS SEVENTY FEET HIGH

POWER AT NOMINAL COST. Flour Mills, Woolen Mills, Sash Factories, Machine Shops, and other

MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENTS are in immediate contemplation.

BUILDINGS TO BE ERECTED with large rooms supplied with power for all purposes.

POWERFUL TURBINES for manufacturing purposes. All waste water from Fountains and Turbines conducted into Irrigation Canals.

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS, Lights, Motor Power all produced by this economical and powerful Water Pressure.

TEN MAGNIFICENT COLONIES surround the future Fountain and Manufacturing City

IN THE THERMAL BELT only five miles distant.

FLOWING ARTESIAN WELLS at a depth of 160 feet.

NATURAL GAS only 400 feet from the surface.

RAISIN VINEYARDS, ORCHARDS, from 5 to 20 acres on installments.

ORANGE GROVES from 1 to 10 acres on installments, all adjacent to the Crocker & Huffman Canal.

FREE EXCURSION

TO AND FROM MERCED TO PURCHASERS

EXCURSION TICKETS are sold good on all Regular Trains as follows

APRIL 9th and 10th, Limited to April 15th for return trip

All Tickets will be issued with a coupon attached, showing the amount paid; one coupon will be received from each purchaser as a credit on FIRST PAYMENT

Excursion Rates made known upon application at the Southern Pacific Company's Depot Office

For Maps, Catalogues and Full Particulars, Call upon or Address

BRIGGS, FERGUSSON & CO.

REAL ESTATE AUCTIONEERS

314 CALIFORNIA ST. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUIS ROEDERER CHAMPAGNE.

THE HIGHEST GRADE CHAMPAGNE IN THE WORLD

"CARTE BLANCHE," (White Label) A Magnificent Rich Wine.

"GRAND VIN SEC," (Brown Label) Perfection of a Dry Wine.

See that every Bottle bears the private label of MACONDRAY & CO., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

FULL WEIGHT PURE

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest, and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in cans.

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DEUTZ & GELDERMANN'S

GRAND VIN D'AY

GOLD LACK SEC

CHAMPAGNE,

In Magnums, Quarts, and Pints.

CHARLES MEINECKE & CO.,

Sole Agents, 314 Sacramento St., S. F.

THE PANORAMA

—OF THE—

LAND AND NAVAL

BATTLES OF VICKSBURG.

Painted at the suggestion of General Grant.

CORNER OF MASON AND EDDY STREETS.

Open Daily from 9 in the Morning to 11 at Night.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

KRELING BROS., ...PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.

Third and positively the last week.

Gilbert & Sullivan's Master Production, entitled,

PATIENCE,

OR BUNTHORNE'S BRIDE!

Attracting crowded houses nightly. Unequaled Cast. Superb scenery and appointments. Acknowledged by all to be the most unique and perfect performance of this opera ever given in San Francisco.

Thursday Evening, April 5th—Benefit of the SOCIETY OF TRUE FRIENDS.

NEXT WEEK .... BENVENUTA

OUR POPULAR PRICES, 25 and 50 cents.

WEBSTER

3000 more Words and nearly 2000 more Illustrations than any other American Dictionary.

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Authority in the Gov't Printing Office, and with the U. S. Supreme Court. It is recommended by the State Sup'ts of Schools in 36 States, and by leading College Pres'ts of U. S. and Canada.

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GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

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Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

NOTES AND GOSSIP.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Will for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Emma Georgina Will, to Mr. James Stewart, of London, England, which will take place at their residence, 806 Van Ness Avenue, on Wednesday evening, April 11th, at five o'clock. Miss Jennie Martel will act as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Marguerite Bucknall and Miss May Norton. Mr. Fred Will will be best man. A supper will follow the ceremony, at which only relatives and a few intimate friends will be present. From nine until twelve o'clock a reception will be held. On the following day the young couple will depart for a Southern trip.

At their residence in San José, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Murphy gave a large reception on Tuesday evening, April 3d, to celebrate the début in society of their daughter, Miss Mary Murphy. Two large, canvas-covered pavilions were erected on the grounds, and were illuminated by electric lights. One was used for a ball room, and the other for supper, and both were beautifully decorated. There were about four hundred guests, present all of whom enjoyed the affair greatly. Dancing was participated in until daylight, and the supper at midnight was very elaborate.

Mrs. D. D. Colton gave a charming dinner party at her residence on California Street, on Sunday evening, April 1st. Exquisite decorations brightened the table, and an elaborate menu was enjoyed by her twenty-four guests.

Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Masten, of Oakland, have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Emelia Carlota Masten and Mr. H. Seymour Manning, a well-known journalist, which will take place at their residence, 1232 Madison Street, on Wednesday evening, April 11th, at 8 o'clock. A reception will follow.

The wedding of Miss Edith Rising, of Virginia, Nev., and Mr. Hugh W. Vail, of Los Angeles, will take place at the home of the bride's parents, on Wednesday, April 18th. Owing to the recent death of Mr. Vail's father, it will be celebrated quietly, no invitations being issued.

Mr. Charles Dickens, son of the novelist, will give three readings at the First Congregational Church, under the auspices of the ladies in charge of the Children's Hospital, and for the benefit of that institution. The dates decided upon are: May 7th, 9th, and 11th.

An affair that certainly will prove enjoyable will be a Russian high-tea, to be given at the First Presbyterian Church, on Van Ness Avenue, next Saturday afternoon, from two until six o'clock. The D. D. Society has the matter in charge, and the coöperation of all the ladies of the church is assured. Twenty-five cents will be the price of admittance, and there will be no other expenses, as refreshments will be served free of charge, and there will be no articles offered for sale. A musical programme will be presented, and among the artists who will appear are: Miss Carrie Conner, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Miss Goeway, Miss Clark, Miss Lottie Clark, Miss Carrie Millzner, Miss Anita Boole, Mr. D. P. Hughes, and other well-known talent in vocal and instrumental selections.

At the wedding of Miss Lulu Otis and Mr. M. Hall McAllister, which will take place on Thursday evening, April 12th, at the Church of the Advent, the bridesmaids will be Miss Boardman, Miss Edith Forbes, Miss Susie Tompkins, Miss Alice Decker, and Miss Helen Otis.

Hon. Edmond Carrey, the accomplished and deservedly popular Consul of France for the Pacific Coast, left here this week for Paris, on a six months' leave of absence. Monday evening, April 2d, a dinner was given to M. Carrey at the Pacific Club, by Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, at which there were present, besides the consul, Mme and Mlle. Carrey, Mr. and Mrs. Henry MacLean Martin, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Miss Blanding, Miss Pillsbury, Judge Robert Y. Hayne, Mr. Wilfrid B. Chapman, and Mr. Horace G. Platt.

The young ladies of the Oakland Fruit and Flower Mission gave an enjoyable ball at Washington Hall, Thursday evening, April 5th, which was successful in every way.

The final sale of Edwin Deakin's oil paintings will take place during the afternoon and evening of Thursday, April 12th, at Irving Hall. The collection, which includes, besides "The New Vintage," a variety of mountain scenes, sketches of the old missions, etc., is now and will continue on free exhibition until after the sale.

HOLDING A LUCKY NUMBER

Enables a Good Man to Materially Increase His Stock.

On Main Street, Petaluma, opposite Odd Fellows' Block, a quiet, unpretentious gentleman merchant has for years passed the even tenor of his way—slowly but surely adding a little to his wealth from year to year. Learning that he was the lucky holder of one-tenth of ticket No. 33,442, which drew the first capital prize of $150,000 in the January drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery, we interviewed him on Wednesday last, to see what effect his suddenly acquired wealth would have on him.

We asked him if it was true that he had been paid the $15,000. He replied: "Yes, sir. Don't this look like it?" pointing to some large boxes of dry goods that he was assisting to unpack.

"Well, Mr. Schmidt, is there any danger of this suddenly acquired wealth turning your head?"

"No, sir. It might have made a fool of me if it had happened when I was a good deal younger than I am now. You see that I am using this money to increase my business, and the lucky turn was not only a great help to me, but it is a help to this community, in that it enables me to buy goods lower than before, by paying cash, and in this way it helps other people, for I will be able to sell goods a little cheaper."

"Do you patronize this Lottery as a regular business, Mr. Schmidt?"

"Oh, no, I buy a ticket occasionally. That man"—pointing to one who is in business nearly opposite him—"rather forced the ticket upon me. It was nearly time for the drawing to take place, and he had more tickets than he wished to carry, and to accommodate him I took the ticket. So far as I can learn, this was the only ticket in town that drew anything that month."

This is the first big haul that any of our people have made in the Louisiana State Lottery, and we are certainly glad that it happened in this instance, for it greatly assisted a deserving, honest man.—*Petaluma (Cal.) Argus, Feb. 4.*

— MY COUNTRY RESIDENCE AT CORTE MADERA, with comfortable farm-house of ten rooms, spacious carriage-house and stables, cottage-rooms for servants, substantially furnished, is for rent for the summer. Wood, hay, grain, fruit of every variety, chickens, eggs, vegetables, can be obtained of the superintendent on the place. Railroad station within a few rods of the residence. To the right tenant good terms will be offered. Twelve miles from San Francisco; time by ferry and rail, forty-five minutes. Enquire at *Argonaut* Office, Frank M. Pixley.

Miss Sarah D. Hamlin will give her new lecture on "Venice and the Bay of Naples," which she illustrates with a number of beautiful stereopticon views, at Irving Hall, on the evenings of Thursday and Friday, April 19 and 20, and on Friday afternoon at half-past three.

Throat Diseases commence with a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cents.

— EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

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REAL ESTATE AND HOUSE BROKERS

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422 MONTGOMERY STREET,

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THE BEST REGULATED OFFICE IN THIS city; men of experience having studied the wants of landlord and tenant for twenty years; reliable, prompt, and responsible in the management of real estate—renting, selling, and collecting, and taking full charge of property, at the lowest rates.

EDWIN DEAKIN'S

— FINAL —

ART SALE

BY AUCTION.

On Thursday, April 12th, 1888, at 12 o'clock noon, and 7:45 o'clock evening, we will sell by AUCTION, at IRVING HALL (Post Street, near Dupont), Edwin Deakin's collection of

OIL PAINTINGS,

Comprising OLD BUILDINGS, LANDSCAPES, MOUNTAIN LAKES, STUDIES of CALIFORNIA GRAPES, and RUSTIC SUBJECTS. Also, "THE NEW VINTAGE" by this Artist, for which he has refused two thousand dollars. Auction sale peremptory. Paintings now on free exhibition at Irving Hall, where catalogues can be obtained.

EASTON, ELDRIDGE & CO.,
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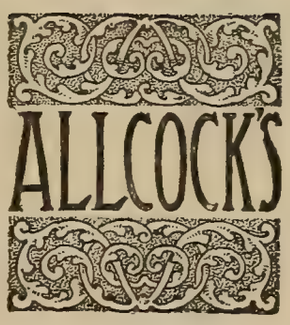

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They are invaluable in cases of Weak Back, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Pulmonary and Kidney Difficulties, Malaria, Dyspepsia, Heart, Spleen, Liver and Stomach Affections, Strains, and all Local Pains.

Beware of imitations. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

LOST BEAUTY FOUND.

A most precious treasure procured, regained, and preserved by the use of **Malvina Cream** and Lotion, and **Malvina Ichthyol Soap.** Freckles, Tan, Pimples, Moth Patches, and all other Discolorations or Eruptions of the Complexion or Skin positively removed and cured, or money refunded. Malvina Cream and Lotion, 50 cents each; Malvina Ichthyol Soap, 25 cents. Prepared by PROF. I. HUBERT, Vienna, Austria, and Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A. For sale by all druggists.

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REAL ESTATE AGENTS & GENERAL AUCTIONEERS
OFFICE & SALESROOM
618 MARKET ST. OPP. PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.

AT AUCTION.

TUESDAY,

TUESDAY.....APRIL 10, 1888

At 12 o'clock M., at Salesroom.

GOLDEN GATE PARK

LOTS!

— 23 —

CHOICE RESIDENCE LOTS.

THIS FINE PROPERTY FRONTS

HAIGHT, WALLER, SHRADER, AND PAGE STREETS.

IS ON ELEVATED GROUND,

—BUT ONE BLOCK FROM THE—

GOLDEN GATE PARK,

Is in the immediate vicinity of all objects of interest in the Park, and on the

HAIGHT ST. CABLE ROAD,

With an outlook of a cable on Oak Street.

Haight, Page, and Waller Streets graded and macadamized.

Lots all ready for building.

The great radical advance in real estate in all cities East is in the vicinity of the great Parks. San Francisco can not be an exception.

Large fortunes have been made East by purchasing property near the Parks and holding for a few years.

☞ Do not fail to Examine this Property.

☞ Take the Haight Street Cable Cars. Get off at Shrader Street.

EASTON, ELDRIDGE & CO.,
Auctioneers.

CALIFORNIA

TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST CO.

Office, 206 Sansome Street.

CAPITAL PAID UP - - $250,000

Absentee owners, persons unacquainted with the transaction of business and corporations, such as religious and charitable institutions, will find this company a safe and convenient agent for managing investments. In its

TRUST DEPARTMENT

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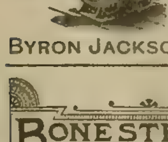

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STATEMENT OF

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. McCURDY, President.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1887.

ASSETS, - - - - - - - $118,806,851.88

INSURANCE AND ANNUITY ACCOUNT.

	No.	Amount.		No.	Amount.
Policies and Annuities in force Jan. 1st. 1887.	129,927	$393,809,202 88	Policies and Annuities in force Jan. 1st. 1888	140 943	$427,628,932 51
Risks Assumed.	22,305	69,457,468 37	Risks Terminated	11,289	35,637,738 74
	152,232	$463,266,671 25		152,232	$463,266,671 25

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Balance from last account.	$104,718,734 31	By Endowments, Purchased Insurances, Dividends, Annuities, and Death Claims	$14,128,423 60
" Premiums	17,110,901 62	" Commissions, Commutations, Taxes, and all other expenses	3,649,514 49
" Interest, Rents, and Premium on Securities sold	6,009,020 84	" Balance to new account.	110,061,718 68
	$127,839,656 77		$127,839,656 77

BALANCE SHEET.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Reserve for Policies in force and for risks terminated	$112,430,096 00	By Bonds secured by Mortgages on Real Estate	$49,615,268 05
" Prmiums received in advance	82,314 36	" United States and other Bonds	43,439,877 81
" Surplus at four per cent	6,294,441 52	" Real Estate and Loans on Collaterals	20,159,173 37
		" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	2,619,362 66
		" Interest accrued, Premiums deferred and in transit and Sundries	2,973,169 98
	$118,806,851 88		$118,806,851 88

I have carefully examined the foregoing statement and find the same to be correct

A. N. WATERHOUSE, Auditor.

From the Surplus above stated a dividend will be apportioned as usual.

Year.	Risks Assumed.	Risks Outstanding.	Surplus.
1884	$34,681,420	$351,789,285	$4,743,771
1885	46,507,139	368,981,441	5,012,634
1886	56,832,719	393,809,203	5,643,568
1887	69,457,468	427,628,933	6,294,442

ROBERT A. GRANNIS, Vice-President.

ISAAC F. LLOYD, Second Vice-President. WILLIAM J. EASTON, Secretary.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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A letter from Rome to a leading citizen of Indiana by an intimate personal and political friend of Mr. Blaine, says that Mr. Blaine is rapidly failing in health, and expresses the fear that he will not survive the year. The editor of the *Sentinel* vouches for the high character of the writer and his opportunities for knowing the actual condition of Mr. Blaine, and says there is no reason to question the absolute accuracy of his statements. And yet we hear from sources that seem reliable that Mr. Blaine is to be placed in nomination at Chicago by Mr. Chauncey Depew, and that an extensive organization exists to press his claims for the Presidency. There are many gentlemen at the East, in political circles, who are upon intimate personal relations with Mr. Blaine; they are undoubtedly in correspondence with him and know what is the condition of his health, and whether he is or is not a candidate for the Republican nomination. Is it not due to Mr. Blaine himself, and to themselves, and to those who are still Mr. Blaine's political friends, and to those who were once his advocates, but now in opposition to his nomination or election, that this vexatious and absurd mystery should be done away with? If Mr. Blaine is in health, and strength, and sound mind, he knows how to write a letter that will define his political position, without leaving the possibility of any misunderstanding by any intelligent person. If Mr. Blaine is not in health, and is so greatly depressed in spirits as to be indifferent to his own affairs, is it not the duty of these friends to withdraw his name from being used by politicians after he is incapable of looking out for his own interest? To us it seems a very shameful and indecent thing that there should be any doubt about the physical health or mental condition of James G. Blaine. It is equally disgraceful that his wishes should not be openly understood in reference to his political ambition. If he is well, there is nothing to be gained by this artful dodging. Mr. Blaine is at Rome, and, we presume, not in a cloister or under spiritual control; he is with his family and friends; he or they can communicate by telegraph or mail; if he is in health and not a candidate, let him say so; if he is sick and incompetent to write, let his wife say so, and withdraw him from the very questionable and not very reputable position in which he is being placed before the Republican party of the nation. If Mr. Chauncey Depew is to nominate Mr. Blaine at Chicago, and if this is but a trick to impose upon the convention in the interest of himself or some junta to which he belongs, it is better to know it now than to have it exposed after he shall be nominated and the facts drawn out in the heat of a spirited political campaign. Mr. Depew knows what is said of him in the journals, and if it is his desire to be well-esteemed by honorable men who do not enjoy his personal acquaintance, let him make his wishes known and define his political position, if he has any. There are Republicans here upon the frontier, and they have a right to be informed as to what action candidates and party leaders are taking. Their votes are being depended upon to elect a Republican President, and if any candidate is playing a false part, pretending to be sick when he is not, or pretending not to be a candidate when he is; or anybody is posturing as the friend of another when he is in fact intriguing for his own nomination, he must not be surprised, if his trick wins at a nominating convention, to have the conspiracy exposed and defeated at the election. There is no other or better way of uniting the Republican party, or of bringing its full fighting force to the ballot-box, than for its leaders to act openly and honestly—any other course than this will lead to disaster. We take the liberty of mentioning the following-named gentlemen as known to be the intimate and trusted personal and political friends of Mr. James G. Blaine, and to send them a copy of this article, marked, and ask of them to inform the public in their own way of the condition of Mr. Blaine's health, and whether he is or is not a candidate for the office of President of the United States: The Hon. Hannibal Hamblin, of Maine; the Hon. William P. Frye and Eugene Hale, United States Senators, of Maine; Mr. Whitelaw Reid, editor of the New York *Tribune*; the Hon. William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey. There are other gentlemen of national reputation, whose word would be gladly accepted in reference to these matters, and there are earnest Republicans here upon the Pacific Coast, and elsewhere throughout the nation, who feel and who have the right to feel that Mr. Blaine ought not to be longer held in this false and undignified position.

There are between ten and forty thousand Republican bolters in this State who, at different times, have, in State and municipal politics, refused to be bound by party rules, and have acted in open defiance of party discipline. Governor Bidwell, now in opposition, on one occasion headed a ticket for governor, and a division defeated his party. The Hon. Newton Booth was, on one occasion, known as a Dolly Varden, and was elected governor and was afterward senator. Mr. Estee, who supported Governor Booth, was nominated for governor, and enough "straight-outs" united with other bolters to defeat him. Mr. John F. Swift was also a supporter of the Dolly Varden independent movement, and was defeated as the candidate of the Republican party, when it came his turn for nomination, by the American bolters. Governor Stanford, now in the Senate of the United States, did not support Mr. Estee, the regular Republican nominee. About fourteen thousand Republicans abandoned Mr. Swift, and either stayed from the polls or united with the Americans in protest of boss rule. Yet the Republican leaders talk of punishing bolters, and insist upon driving every independent and honest man out of the party at the present Presidential election who will not submit to the lash and wear the harness that is buckled upon his galled back by the most unprincipled of alien adventurers and gin-mill rascals, who have the unlimited and unquestioned direction of the Republican organization in this State. One of the results of this mode of conducting political affairs is the organized existence of an American party which, in the last State election, secured every candidate that was elected upon the Republican ticket, and gave to California for its governor Mr. Waterman, an American, instead of Michael Tarpey, an Irishman, and placed upon the supreme bench a Republican judge in the place of a Jesuit Democrat. The Prohibition party has been called into existence, and its membership is composed, as is that of the American party, largely of Republicans, because of the low and immoral character of unprincipled bosses, who have usurped the leadership of the party and driven from its ranks every independent gentleman, and from its platform the recognition of every live, moral issue and every honest, American sentiment. If the Republican party fails in this State, it will be because it will not deserve success; it will be because it lacks courage, principle, and respectable leaders; it will be because it has not the moral honesty to encourage the advocacy of high moral principles or allow independent, intelligent, and honorable men participation in its councils. Why is General John Bidwell driven out of the Republican party to preside over a Prohibition convention, composed in large proportions of as good men as ever acted with any party? The answer is, because he can not, with self-respect, remain with the Republican organization; he was once beaten in a candidacy for governor by George C. Gorham, who, by the most shameful of political devices, had secured from San Francisco a solid delegation and from other counties all the political riff-raff that compose cliques around country courthouses. John Bidwell was laughed at and derided because he preferred to eat cherries rather than to drink gin, and because at his headquarters free liquors were not dispensed, and because his surroundings were cleaner, and because he breathed a purer political atmosphere than was agreeable to the gamblers, saloon-keepers, and political adventurers to whom the Republican party is now surrendered. There are thousands of John Bidwells in the temperance and in the American parties who are life-long and earnest Republicans, who would have remained in the Republican party if they could have done so, maintaining their self-respect and their principles. There are thousands of honorable and honest Democrats who would in State and municipal politics have allied themselves with the Republican party, if within its ranks they had not been jostled by blackguards and dominated by loafers. The *Argonaut* represents a class of citizens who are largely Republican, and who have enough intelligence to know what their rights are, and enough courage to assert them, and enough pride to resolve that they will not seek readmission to the party ranks unless they can return to the exercise of their just rights and to the enjoyment of their honest opinions. It would be well if the Republican party of California could bring back those of its early members who are operating with the American and Prohibition parties. The temperance people would have been content if the Republican party would have adopted some generous, liberal resolve to control the alcoholic curse, and shown a disposition to confine its traffic within some reasonable bounds. The members of the American party would have been content to remain within the Republican organization if it had had the courage to take one step along the road that did not lead to Rome, given some indication of a resolve to amend the immigration and naturalization laws, and not lie down and be trampled to death by an insolent, invading horde of alien politicians, under guidance of papal priests and the direction of party bosses. Whether it is worth the endeavor of the honest few who still retain some shadow of authority in the Republican party to make an effort in this direction, is for them, and not for us, to decide. The Republican party stands at the forks of the road, one of which leads to victory, the other leads to certain defeat. It is on the eve of a conflict, and whether it shall be Austerlitz or Waterloo depends upon whether it remains divided under the

of Irish bosses and gin, or whether it has the courage, in its councils of war, to choose honest leaders, and emblazon upon its banners honest American principles.

The entire Republican party press is beginning to realize the certainty of the renomination of Mr. Cleveland by the Democracy. This fact has been apparent for some months, and it has given his political opponents, both in official and in private station, the opportunity of criticism. The *Chronicle*, of San Francisco, echoes, in a faint way, the general tone of newspaper complaint, and says that "the friends and supporters of the President are in the constant habit of basing his claim to election upon the broad assertion that he has made a good President, and when requested to particularize, they fall back upon the general assertion and fail to answer, and only assert, with renewed earnestness, that Cleveland has made a good President." This is undoubtedly true, and it is one of those great facts that the Republican party must not lose sight of. It is, we think, true that Grover Cleveland *has* made a good President, and that the majority of the American people realize that fact is the strength of his political position. It is not the duty of his friends to particularize achievements contributing to his administrative success, but it is the duty of his opponents to point out in what respect he has erred. In our judgment, he has erred in endeavoring to minimize the importance of silver in our financial matters; he has erred in not having more persistently insisted upon using the growing surplus in the treasury toward the payment of the national debt. We should have a very mean opinion of the financial ability of an individual or corporation owing one thousand million dollars, with one hundred million dollars in its treasury, who could not find a way of paying it out in the direction of liquidating its debt, or of profitably using it in the business which had so successfully acquired it. If the debt can not be paid, the money can be used in a thousand ways for national defense, and national development, and buildings for national use; but if the President has erred in this direction, it is because of existing laws, passed by a Republican Congress; if the government has entangled itself with Wall Street, national banks, and holders of a bonded debt, President Cleveland can divide the responsibility of the entanglement with such men as McCulloch, and John Sherman, and other Republicans who have, for twenty-four years, been at the head of our national treasury. We think the President has committed a blunder in permitting a single idea so to pervade his message, and so to exclude every other thought, as to justify the belief that his mind was filled with free trade, and that every other principle of national policy was to bend to that. And this again is a proposition upon which the President can express only an individual opinion. Congress, as the law-making power, holds the control of this question. We think the President made a small mistake when he allowed a government steamer, under a government flag, to proceed to the outer New York harbor to meet a pair of priests, who were bringing from Rome a cardinal's hat to a Papal bishop at Baltimore, to make of him a cardinal of the Papal Church. We look upon the Pope as entitled to no more consideration, by the President of the United States, than any other good man in the exercise of religious functions, who has no connection with the American State, and no better right to be complimented by its executive officer than a dancing dervish, or a priest of the sacred elephant of Persia, or the white bull of India, or who is keeping the fires burning on altars to await the coming of Montezuma. As the United States of America has no official religion, and no official church, and no connection between church and state, its officers have no right to extend official courtesies or official compliments to any priests or spiritual embassadors from any part of the world. The President and his Roman Catholic Secretary of State have no other, or higher, or better authority to help Cardinal Gibbons to getting a new hat from Rome than Jake Lindo has to impound our dog Snyder because he does not wear around his faithful neck a rosary blessed by the Metropolitan of the Greek Church or the Archbishop of Canterbury. The President put his foot into another small hole when he sent the Constitution of the United States, handsomely bound, to Rome; devotion, bigotry, and demagogy had piled priceless jewels and costly works of art upon the steps of the Papal throne, and it was a mistake when the President of the United States placed our great, splendid republic, our proud, free, and enlightened commonwealth upon a level with the swine that are grunting and rooting around the rookery of this ancient superstition; it placed the covenant of liberty among the ignoble gifts that came from crowned tyrants and manacled slaves, and from people held in the bondage of ecclesiastical ignorance. And yet even this questionable act is responsive to the feelings of ten millions of our people, one million of whom can vote—and the President is more than human, he is Democratic. Aside from these blunders, he has made a pretty good President; we mean, of course, "pretty good" for a Democrat; "pretty good" when we consider how long the party had been out of power, and how hungry, gaunt, and greedy it had become. It is scriptural and natural for the lean kine to consume the fat. He has violated the spirit of the civil service law, but everybody knew he would, and if a Republican succeeds him, it will be violated again by the restoration of partisan Republicans to office. As we look around us at his appointments in California, they are an improvement upon the men displaced. When all is considered, when all the field is looked over, and when due allowance is made for all the embarrassments which have surrounded the executive office, it must, we think, be admitted by the intelligent and independent business men of the nation, those who want good government, and do not desire office, that Mr. Cleveland has made a pretty good President. It is very clear to us that for the Republican party to enter the Presidential contest with any assurance of success it must, when its nominating convention meets at Chicago, look outside of its inner circle of intriguing politicians for a candidate. The first requisite for a candidate should be his Americanism; he should be a fearless and broad-minded man, with courage enough to be proud of his native land, and generous enough to welcome to its enjoyments all of good character, sound mind, good health, and self-supporting capacity, who have an unquestioned loyalty to its constitution and laws. Such men we suppose Judge Gresham, of Indiana, and Mr. Chauncey Depew, of New York, and Governor Alger, of Michigan, to be; such a man we know is Governor Leland Stanford, of California. The qualities in demand for the Presidential office are not of the highest, but of the rarest quality. The President must be in his social and family relations of unblemished purity—for upon the family circle rest the foundations of our republic. There is no court in Europe and no throne around which the serpent of scandal has not crawled—this monster has never yet invaded our White House. The President may not be a great statesman, nor a brilliant orator, nor a learned lawyer, nor of finished deportment and elegant manners, nor a military hero, nor a genius in any respect, but he must be a man of broad mind, level head, kind heart, general intelligence, practical common sense, and judicial temperament; he must be devoid of bigotry, and free—while in office—from partisan prejudices. He must be honorable, honest, impartial, and unselfish beyond the challenge of any suspicion. He must have no political ambition beyond that of but once succeeding himself in his great office—that right he must earn by his honorable discharge of official duties during a first term. Whether rich or poor, cuts no figure. When the rich man makes good use of his wealth, he ought to be as dependable as a poor man, and ought to be as available for official position. A longer observance of Presidents in office makes us less partisan, for as we look back along the executive line, we note no conspicuous failure in the executive chair. James Buchanan made the nearest approach to crime, but after all, his acts, which contributed to the disastrous calamity of civil war, were a series of blunders, resulting from lack of judgment rather than lack of patriotism. Hayes was weak, and weakly consented to be placed in the Presidential chair by a bargain, which his opponent had, as we think, too much patriotism to attempt to set aside. Grant had virtues that led to mistakes; his ambition tempted him to a violation of a patriotic tradition, and he sought a third term; his love of country was never questioned, and his official integrity never doubted. If the story of President Cleveland's life was to be closed to-day, we think the American people would generously record that he has deserved well of his country, and that the future historian would inscribe it upon the pages of the nation's future history. The admission of so much may not unnerve the strength or relax the energy of any Republican to secure a better man to fill the Presidential position; one who will have greater courage in opposition to an alien church; one who will have the nerve to maintain revenue laws for the protection of American industries and American labor; the common sense to liquidate the national debt by paying out the treasury surplus for its cancellation; the prudence to strengthen our fortifications and develop our resources by the expenditure of moneys in the federal treasury; the wisdom to exclude Chinese immigration, and to reform the laws governing immigration from European countries; the prudence to maintain honorable peace with all nations, and do all such other things as shall conform to the dignity of the Presidential office, and contribute to the welfare of the American people.

The shadow of the great war, that was to have embroiled Europe in a bloody conflict, has passed away, and the great beasts, Russia, Germany, Austro-Hungary, France, Italy, Bulgaria, and Turkey, lie in their cages, with paws crossed, blinking in sleepy irresolution, awaiting the time when the first brute shall arouse himself, thirsting for blood. The time will probably come, and soon enough, when these things may occur between the crowned politicians of Europe, and the time is far enough distant when the people shall determine that the period has come when these fighting brutes must confine their struggles among themselves in some twenty-four-foot circle, with such weapons of destruction as may be provided by the rules of the international prize-ring. It would be a happy millennium of peace could humanity realize and enforce the sentiment of the old song:

"If I were King of France, or what's better, Pope of Rome,
I'd have no fighting men abroad, nor weeping maids at home;
All the world should be at peace, and if kings would show their might,
I'd have those who make the wars the only ones to fight."

Perhaps the time will come when the intelligent men of the rank and file, upon whom all the dangers, and all the perils, and all the burdens of war are imposed, shall have the courage to say to kings, their premiers and cabinets, their generals and their epauletted members of staff, their commissariats and army contractors, the Bourse and its mob of speculative bandits, and to all the vain-glorious idlers, to whom war is the opportunity of wealth and ambition, stand aside, or employ yourself as did Bruce, at Bannockburn, by personal encounters, till we, the soldiers, shall meet, discuss, arbitrate, and settle this misunderstanding, or at least inform ourselves for what we are to sacrifice our lives, leave our families impoverished, and our surviving countrymen to bear the burdens of unending taxation. It is not a question whether you, Napoleon, shall become Emperor of the French, or you, King William of Prussia, shall be made Emperor of Germany, or you, Boulanger, shall be made Dictator of France, or you, the Czar of all the Russias, be permitted to control the destinies of the Danubian Principalities; nor whether Schleswig-Holstein remains attached to Denmark, or Alsace or Lorraine shall belong to France; whether a Hohenzollern becomes King of Spain, or a Battenburg marries Victoria, Crown Princess, and resumes the crown of Bulgaria at the invitation of its people. Let us draw upon our imagination for the settlement, by arbitration, of the present difficulty between the Empress-mother of Germany, and the stern, old, grim-visaged man in the iron mask who upholds the German throne—a difficulty that bears with its solution the possibility of an European war; let us, instead of field of war, with its men in arms, its artillery and banners, its serried ranks of soldiers doomed to death, imagine a field of cloth of gold stretched out in some broad and beautiful Switzer valley, blazing with embroidered banners, waving in gentle breezes, with fair women and brave men met to determine whether Alexander, Prince of the "Royal House of Battenberg," shall have consent to wed Victoria, Crown Princess of the imperial family of Hohenzollern. On one side, the bride's father, in the blazing insignia of all his orders, supported by the frowning Bismarck and the grizzled, battle-scarred heroes of all the wars that had raised a Prussian king to be emperor of a consolidated Germany; beside him would stand Von Moltke and Von Roon, Prince Frederick Charles, the King of Saxony, Von der Tann, of the fighting Bavarian Corps, and all the illustrious ones who had aided to humiliate France, with them the great white Czar and his war ministers, the unspeakable Turk and his janizaries, and all the ambitious ones whose thrones, titles, rank, and honors depend upon successful wars. On the other side would stand the gentle, loving mother, the devoted wife, pale from a contest with the dark-winged angel of death over the sick bed of her husband, and from which she has not yet retired with victory achieved, and by her standing her aged mother, Queen of England and Empress of India, but wearing the prouder, loftier title of virtuous woman, devoted wife, good mother, and modest queen, and near them the young Prince Alexander, and by his side the blushing, expectant bride, and along down their ranks the wives, and mothers, and maidens of England and Germany who are to present to the soldiers of both lands the question whether this young man shall take this maiden for his wife, or all mad Europe plunge at each other's throats in the wild strife of war. With only soldiers, who are to engage in this carnival of blood, acting as arbiters, could there be any doubt of the result? And when the decision gave victory to the god of love, and Cupid bore the message to the blushing bride, along the serried ranks of petticoats, would it not raise an exultant cheer from the throat of every workingman and tax-payer, every honest yeoman and peasant, and from every woman, old or young, in all the nations who had thus escaped the perils and losses of a useless strife? This is a somewhat imaginative idea for settling this contest between this cross old Bluebeard of Germany and the three Victorias, who are intent upon consummating this love-match between Alexander and Victoria; the contest will not take place in just this way, but all the same, Bismarck will be unsaddled and rolled in the mud in this encounter, and all the stern maxims of policy and all the wise devices of diplomacy will be set at defiance. The contest is now going on, and though Bismarck may defer the nuptials for a time, he and all the crusty old curmudgeons who think there is dangerous statecraft between the marriage blankets of the nuptial bed, will be outwitted by women, and vanished by the higher

and better intelligence of the age; they should be laughed to derision in these amiable and better-tempered times. The necessity of providing a place where ambition, greed, and all the brutal passions could find an eternity for their indulgence, gave the first suggestion of a place of eternal torment, and all who favor unnecessary and unprovoked wars; all who, for unimportant questions of state policy, for extension of territory, preservation of dynasty; all who, for ambition, greed of gain, or lust of power, shall provoke such wars, have our most earnest and sincere prayer that they may repose their restless heads in the place prepared for the devil and all his angels.

The position of Governor Stanford in reference to the Presidency is at least dignified, and has the merit of being understood, and is the same to-day as it was before he became Senator of the United States. One of the things most attractive in the character of this gentleman is that he has not been spoiled by wealth nor political honors. He was the same amiable person when a merchant, and not wealthy; he was the same, when a private citizen, as when governor and senator, and will be the same, whether the highest honors of political place crown his ambition, or whether he shall again withdraw himself to private station. Governor Stanford was not a candidate for United States Senator, but said, "if the honor is tendered me, I shall not decline it; if the duty is imposed upon me, I shall not shirk it" He expended not the value of a box of cigars for election to the Senate of the United States—never was a member of that body more cleanly chosen. He says now, and has said to all his friends before: "I am not a candidate for the Presidential nomination; if it comes to me honorably and unsolicited, I shall esteem it a most distinguished honor, and shall not decline it. If defeated, I shall have received a compliment from many millions of the best of my fellow-citizens, and shall be content. If elected, so long as my office endures and my life is spared, the country will have my best endeavors for its honor and the welfare of all its people." Whether Governor Stanford may or may not be nominated, and if nominated, whether he will be elected, we are not the one to express an unbiased opinion. That he will have the delegates of all the States and Territories of the Pacific Coast in the national convention is most certain; that he would carry all these States in the contest at the polls is equally certain. Why he would not carry New York as well as Mr. Chauncey Depew, or receive as strong support in Ohio and at the South as Mr. John Sherman, or be as popular with loyal men in Northern States or as acceptable to honorable men in Southern States as any other Republican candidate, we do not know. That he would be available in New York, where he was born, and in Indiana, Connecticut, and New Jersey, we are quite confident. He was governor of a loyal State during the war; he did not fight rebels in the civil conflict, but he did fight the snows of winter and the storms; he did contend against and conquer the Sierra Nevada mountain range, and over its chasms and through its rock-ribbed sides carried the first great transcontinental railroad that united our States by indissoluble bands of steel in an imperishable Union. He has devoted his colossal wealth to an institution of learning for the benefit and within the reach of all; he has made the people of the land where he acquired his fortune the residuary legatees of his last estate. In every relation of life—husband, father, citizen, friend, employer of labor, manager of great properties, governor and senator—he has performed all his duties well. We express an almost universal sentiment in hoping that he may be nominated for and elected President of the United States.

There has been a great deal of talking done, and a great deal of nonsense retailed, about the relations which the Battenbergs bear to the royal families of Europe. The idea that it is a question of *mésalliance* that thwarts the prospective marriage between Prince Alexander and Princess Victoria, of Russia, is thoroughly well based, for aside from the political objection to the Battenberg nuptials, arising from the attitude of the Czar toward Prince Alexander during the latter's occupancy of the throne of Bulgaria, the social is a powerful one, regarded from an heraldic standpoint. The royal and princely houses of Europe, between which, theoretically speaking, marriage is admissible—for religious considerations also act as a civil bar to intermarriage—are thirty-nine in number, seventeen of which are petty German principalities, whose combined area would not more than equal that of one of the great southern counties of this State. The Battenberg family is, strictly speaking, a morganatic branch of the ducal house of Hesse-Darmstadt, the progenitor of the princes about whom all the fuss is made being an uncle of the present duke, the mother not being born in the purple, but Jain Julia, Princess of Battenberg, daughter of Maurice, comte de Haucke, late Minister of War to the Kingdom of Poland.

Mr. Herbert Spencer works three hours a day, dictating all his writings. His favorite recreation is found in playing billiards.

COMMUNICATIONS.

An Open Letter to Mr. Frank S. Johnson.

Editors Argonaut: It is, indeed, a privilege and a treat for a Californian, many miles from home and in a strange land, to read your columns from week to week, and to learn from them the progress that is being made throughout that great State, and what the people are doing and thinking about there. Among other interesting reading matter contained in the last few numbers of the *Argonaut*, there have been a series of letters upon the tariff question, and most entertaining as well as enlightening have been the efforts of Mr. Frank S. Johnson, on the one hand, to prove to the public the advantages of our protective tariff, both to labor and to capital; and of "B.," on the other hand, to prove that this tarift is in certain industries, if not in *all*, not a benefit, but rather a curse. Both these gentlemen have been equally in earnest, and which of them is right and which of them wrong on this question—whether, as applied to California fruit and other industries, the tariff *is or is not* a great benefit—I am not going to undertake to say. But on one point I see that Mr. Frank Johnson and "B." have come to exactly the same conclusion, the former takes the words out of the latter's mouth, and declares "that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." I am so forcibly struck with the truth of this statement in Mr. Johnson's letter in the *Argonaut* of March 3d, which has just reached me, that I can not resist the temptation to sit down, and say a few words on the subject. Mr. Johnson begins his letter by making the above statement, showing how "B.'s" own words "give evidence of his critical condition," and then goes on with his conclusive proofs that California fruit sells at a comparative price to the foreign article. This is all very well, and Mr. Johnson, being in the business, ought to know, perhaps, better than any one else—a theorist or a political economist would say that this was just the reason why he probably would *not know;* but as I lay claim to neither distinction, I must say I think he ought certainly to know all about it. But he has gone further than the mere statements of facts, as he sees them from his business standpoint, and when he has done with his figures and fruit statistics—which may be both correct and convincing—he has jumped at once into the broad discussion of political economy, and has aired his views on the subjects of labor, protection, free trade, etc., as applied to European countries; has shown, or attempted to show, the relations between labor and protection, and has set forth points which do not enter into the arguments, or even accord with the views of thinking protectionists. In fact, to any one, even the most untutored, it seems to me, it would be apparent that the latter half of his letter contained rash, unguarded, yes, even thoughtless statements. He says that, in his opinion, the American workingman is more interested in the question of protection than any of our manufacturers: "*His future depends on protection.*" To prove this he cites the condition of labor in other countries, which have no protective tariffs, and shows how badly off labor is in these countries compared with labor in the United States. In other words, he means that the protective tariff in the United States protects labor.

I am now, if you will allow me, going to address Mr. Johnson personally, as it is more convenient than to keep repeating his name.

Now, in this generation, sir, people are usually willing to accept anything clearly proven as a *fact;* and if you could have proved that a protective tariff protects labor in ours, or any other country, or that by reason of there being no such tariff in Italy or Spain labor is in its present low state in those countries, you would have made me, for one, believe your assertion. But you have conveniently overlooked the fact—I say fact, because it is accepted as a fact both by the thinking protectionists and "tariff reformers," I will not say free-trader—that protection is a form of taxation which falls equally on labor, which has to struggle to bear it, and on the capital which is enriched by it. Then you have gone on with the condition of labor in France and Europe (assuming that it is due to the absence of protection), and have quoted some misleading statements (I am going to get Mr. Jeans's book on your recommendation, I think it will be interesting, and I should imagine, from the little you have said of it, that the bad condition of labor in these countries was attributed to some other source than to free trade; however, in this I may be wrong). The laborer in Navarre does get up at two in the morning to go to work, at three in the summer time, I dare say; but that laborer goes at ten o'clock, when the sun comes out, and lies in the cool shade asleep until three, then works till sundown or later, perhaps; but in California, during harvest, do not men go to work at four A. M. and work all day, taking their noonday meal under a blazing sun and working until late in the evening? They get higher wages than the European laborer, and for very good reasons, which I will call your attention to in the form of questions, not statements, for statements are dangerous, and I think they will show you, if you think over them, that protection instead of protecting labor is a great burden to it, in which case you will begin to see that "the laborer's future does not depend on a protective tariff." Also, it ought to show you that it is dangerous to deal with only one side of a question when there are four or five sides—particularly when the side you take up is, in many people's minds, no side at all—and further, it should prove to your mind, more conclusively than ever, the great truth that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing."

Does not the California laborer do more and better work than the Italian in a given space of time? Does he not *require* more for his services when, in order to live, he must needs pay for his board and living, clothes, etc., not what they are actually worth, but plus the heavy indirect tax which protection imposes? A third, and a most important question, comes to my mind: Are not the wages of labor regulated by competition in the labor market; and is that competition not far greater in Navarre, and other European districts, by reason of the density of their population, than in a new country like America? I should say there were, at least, other causes besides these even for the low wages of European countries. For generations the lower classes have become, by custom, used to the simplest kind of food and raiment, and they are perfectly content without meat; they do not drink whisky and rum, which are expensive and harmful, but are content with their wine, which is cheap and harmless.

I should think that France, Italy, Germany, and England, and the other countries you mention, might well want to put on a protective tariff, now that they have taxed themselves internally up to their very eye-teeth, and are daily increasing their enormous armaments on land and sea.

The quotation from the London *Times* that you make use of, proves nothing to my mind. In order to substantiate your assertion that "protection is the key-stone of our present prosperity" you make this quotation from the London *Times:* "The United States does not approach the question from the same standpoint as ourselves. The object of their (the United States) statesmen is not to secure the largest amount of wealth to the country generally, but to keep up, by '*whatever means,*' the standard of comfort among the laboring classes." The comment of Mr. Porter on this, you say, is that "the *Times* fails to comprehend that a high standard of comfort among the laboring classes will inevitably secure the largest amount of wealth to a country." I can not see from the *Times* quotation, that it considers *protection* that "*means.*" Nor can I see that it fails to comprehend that a high standard of comfort among the laboring classes assures the greatest wealth to a country (which it certainly does). (Perhaps you did not quote enough out of that editorial, Mr. Johnson. I wish you would send me a copy of the *Times* in which it appeared.) Probably the very last reason in the world the *Times* would ascribe this high standard of living would be protection. Education, equality (social and political), open and cordial relations between labor and capital, and many other causes would come in first.

And now take Holland, where you say there is such depression, and where you think free trade is the cause of that depression.

This is probably the most thickly populated country in the world. The population is so dense and the competition in the labor-market so intense, that they are approaching a point where many will have to starve or emigrate. Would the adoption of a protective tariff better the situation? The inhabitants do not seem to be inclined to emigrate, but I venture to say that should a duty be imposed upon corn in Holland, one-third the population would have to clear out or die. You do not seem to know that the people who are crying "fair trade" in Great Britain (which you call a "free-trade" country, but which, in point of fact, is one only relatively speaking, and is, at present, groaning under the burden of inland revenue, to make up for what she does not impose on imports), are the *land owners*, and that they are putting this forward in the hope of bringing up land values by imposing a duty on corn and other produce.

Your figures showing the relative increase of trade in Great Britain, United States, Germany, and France, prove absolutely nothing, except the fact that Great Britain and these European countries have been developed up to nearly their maxium producing powers, while the United States, with her broad acres, marvelous undeveloped resources, comparatively small population, has only just begun to show what she can do. You must know that Great Britain was a protective country up to forty years ago, and that relative free trade is a comparatively new institution in that country. And now we are coming to the point where you have been most misled. (Figures, unless carefully handled are almost as dangerous as half knowledge). All this pauperism, here in England, you lay at the door of free trade it seems. I am writing in the library of the British Museum, with any amount of figures and statistics before me. I will give you as few as possible, taking them from Parliamentary reports, and showing the changes in numbers of paupers in England and Wales, for instance. Great Britain threw off protection in 1847, after Parliament repealed the corn laws in the previous year. Let us take things as they were in 1846, and compare them with last year, 1887, when the Trafalgar Square raid, "as you call that quiet meeting of the unemployed," occurred:

1846 (Great Britain a Protected Country.)

	Population.	Paupers.	
England and Wales	13,704,703.	1,145,697.	About 1 pauper to every 13 inhabitants.

1887 (Great Britain a "Free Trade" Country.)

	Population	Paupers	
England and Wales	25,991,725.	821,787.	About 1 pauper to every 31 inhabitants.

Here we see clearly that since Great Britain has become your "free trade" country, or more correctly speaking, since she has reduced her tariff, pauperism has decreased over one hundred and twenty-five per cent. If we were to take Ireland and Scotland into consideration, the figures might be a trifle lower, but not so much lower, because in Ireland a man who refuses good wages and prefers to live at the expense of his parish is not classed as a pauper.

The depression of the lower classes in Great Britain is due to something which has not the remotest connection with the laws of commerce. I will not go into that question, as I have not made myself sufficiently acquainted with the facts to do so; but this much I will say, that there is much talk here in high circles of checking the enormous influx into England of Italians, Polish Jews, and other European scum, which many people seem to think has much to do with the state of affairs. In mentioning the word Italian, I must add that you have classed Italy and France among those nations which are increasing their tariff. Perhaps you do not know that Italy is largely a protected country, and France too, for that matter, and they have the very strictest protective tariff laws. It is difficult to see how Italy can be a more protected country than she is already, and yet you show an instance of the depression of labor in European countries by citing the condition of the Italian laborer, who, you say, gets as low as twenty cents a day. On showing your letter to several Americans here, and signifying my intention to answer it, I was met with the remark that "it was not worth while." But I do not agree with them, I do not consider you hopeless by any means. You may even now—as you have learned that great lesson, "a little knowledge, etc."—go a step further, and learn that still greater lesson which I have always thought was a business man's great hobby—"find out the facts of the case before you even venture an opinion."

And now, Mr. Johnson, let me say in conclusion that I am looking at this tariff question from the same standpoint as yourself. I am a Californian, and all my interests and ties are there. I think it the most glorious country on the face of the earth, and regret every minute that I am away from it. So you see I am not looking at these questions from the standpoint of an outsider, but like yourself from one that is practical. I am engaged in the same business that you are, to some extent, and I should like to show you some day a few instances of the evils of our protective tariff right in our own line of business, which I daresay you never thought of. I am sorry you have said hard things about the advocates of tariff reform, not that it reflects on me, but it savors of the schoolboy to call the President of the United States a dude. Do not you think so yourself?

And now dear *Argonaut*, I trust I have neither intruded too much upon your time or space; hoping Mr. Johnson will appreciate my letter and take in good part what I have had to use plain language to make clear,

I remain yours, etc.

O. Shafter Howard.

The American Club, London, March 24, 1888.

Watch dials are now made by photography at a mere fraction of their former cost. They all used to be painted by hand. Now a hundred are made in the time formerly required to produce one, and each of the hundred is better than the one would have been. The dial is of copper, covered with enamel. Upon that they lay a sensitized coating of albumen and bichromate of potash. A large drawing, say twelve inches in diameter, of the design, figures, and dots that it is desired to put upon the dial, is photographed down to the required size, which makes it so very fine that whatever inaccuracies may have been in the drawing are almost beyond discovery by the microscope. The negative thus made is exposed to the light, in contact with the gelatine-coated watch-dial, from three to five minutes. Electric-light is just as good as sun-light. Where the light has acted, the gelatine is made insoluble. The dial is now inked over with common lithographic transfer ink. Next, with a clean sponge, moistened with a little gum-water, the ink and gelatine are wiped off the dial from all parts except where the light has acted, and to those it adheres, leaving the design in clear black upon the enameled plate. But that design would easily blur and rub off by wear. Another process is necessary to make it permanent. A metallic enamel-powder of any color desired—black, blue, red, green, or purple—is dusted upon the dial. It sticks to the inked portions, but nowhere else. Then the dial is put in the muffle and fired. The enamel powder melts into the white enamel base, and the work is complete. The Waltham Watch Company paid two thousand dollars for that process. By it they can turn out, for ten cents each, dials that in the old way of making would have cost one dollar apiece.

One of the most ancient of French titles has just become extinct by the death at Cairo of the Duc d'Aumont. He formerly belonged to the household of King Charles X. of France, and on the exile of his royal master, he left France for ever. In the latter part of the year 1830, he made his way to Egypt, and having purchased the magnificent palace and grounds of the old Turkish Pasha on the Island of Roda, in the Nile, just opposite Cairo, he transported his entire establishment thither, and from that time until his death, never left the Egyptian capital. Only on rare occasions would he consent to open his palace to a few intimate friends, who subsequently carried away with them visions of great luxury. The duke himself was a perfect monster of obesity, although a singularly dignified, courteous grand seigneur. Formerly a great sportsman, the carriage and mode of harnessing the horses inaugurated by him in 1826—known as the "attelage à la d'Aumont," and which is still used on semi-state occasions at the courts of Europe—bears his name to this day. Never having married, and having no near relatives, his whole wealth is bequeathed to the French Catholic establishments in Egypt, while his secretary and factotum, the only European of his *entourage*, [illegible] for a large legacy.

THE PRIEST'S BRIDGE.

A Legend of Mexico.

There can be little doubt that the holiest priest, the saintliest man, who ever lived in Mexico, was Juan de Nava. Indeed, it would be hard to find, in any clime or generation, under whatsoever conditions, a soul of greater purity and self-abnegation, a creature in whom the flesh and its concomitant evils and vanities were more completely subjugated by the domination of a serene and lofty spirit.

Juan de Nava was a man of gentle birth and breeding; his right to the title of Don was absolute and a heritage, not casual nor honorary. He had been reared in affluence, with every advantage of environment and culture existent in his day; and he had some years attained his majority when he embraced the priestly calling. He entered the clergy with calmness, deliberation, and system, as he was wont to apply these traits to every act and situation; and none ever knew what motives impelled him—whether strong religious convictions and irresistible spiritual promptings, or the residual bitterness of some worldly distress or disappointment. The fact remained, Juan de Nava made over all his worldly goods to the guild of his election when he was gowned in Salamanca, and devoted his life to the comforting of souls and the doing of charities. Simple, unassuming, retiring as he was, his fame spread apace, and for one of his numerous deeds of generous heroism he was decorated by the king with the Cross of Calatreva.

It was shortly after this that the whole city was unaffectedly heart-stricken by the news that the beloved priest had solicited, and after much protest and remonstrance, had obtained, from his ecclesiastical superiors, permission to go across the seas to the capital of New Spain. There was inevitably much conjecture as to the object or motive of such a departure. Some maintained that the priest, by nature modest, retiring, and self-depreciative, was shocked and abashed by the publicity and honors that had been laid upon him of late. Others, of the more romantic faction, asserted that he fled to Mexico to escape contact with one who had been chiefly concerned in his renunciation of the world and entrance to the priesthood. Still others, practical souls, expressed their belief that the good father was actuated solely by churchly zeal; and surely this opinion seemed to be justified by the existing conditions. The conquered Mexicans were neglected and abused, body and soul, by their conquerors, who looked upon them as so many chattels for profitable service. Moreover, from the clerical standpoint, an assignment to Mexico was looked upon as about the most undesirable of benefices, indeed, tantamount to an exile—a penalty. So that here, if anywhere in a world of sorrows, was a field of promise for missionary labor.

Juan de Nava crossed the ocean, and was lost to those who had known him, save when from time to time came back reports of his saintly life and zealous ministrations.

In Mexico it soon came to pass that this man was regarded as almost more than human. So holy was his life that all the prelates in Mexico, deans, canons, the *oidores* of the Inquisition, all the magnates confessed to him, and what slight curb was put upon their license was the result of his admonition. But with his spiritual ministrations ceased Juan de Nava's relations with the class which comprised his social equals. He lived with and for the poor and lowly, and dwelt among them. As his worldly goods had accrued to the church with his taking of orders, so he bestowed upon his wretched charges whatever reverted to him of fees or tithings, and very often he found himself without a penny toward provision for the morrow; and then this man, who had been the guest of royalty, turned his steps to the dwelling of some citizen, and asked for food like any mendicant, in all simplicity.

It was in great measure this poverty that determined his place of abode. The Spanish conquerors, having razed the Aztec city, filling up the canals with its débris, had marked out for themselves a district, outlined by a deep cutting called La Traza, the which was spanned by a few bridges leading to the outlying quarters where dwelt the Indian population, who, for fear of treachery or insurrection, were forbidden to remain within La Traza after certain hours of the evening. The good priest Juan de Nava lived beyond the Traza, among the Indians, who were his chief interest; this partly for the sake of the influence to be maintained by constant association, and partly because of his extreme poverty, which precluded his dwelling within the city. The passage of the bridge was open to him at all hours, and he came and went at midnight fearlessly, as he moved through the most disreputable and dangerous quarters of the city, which had by this time come to have a quite unenviable reputation. The lowest and most vicious of the people bent before him, and ran to kiss his hand as he passed among them, full of reverence for this spirit that shrank not from their most dreadful or revolting features.

And, save the light of his own charities and heroisms, there was no brightness in the life of Juan de Nava, till the day that Beatriz de Millan came to him. He stood in a miry street, admonishing with gentle severity an Indian who had been beating his donkey, when the child approached, a slender, delicate creature, and timidly asked an alms. The priest looked long in her face, as he questioned her. The story she told, if sad enough, was simple. She had lived in a great city, different from this, and less ugly. She had come in a great ship, and her mother had died on the water. Her father had been with her for a time here in Mexico, but one day he had gone away, and she had not been able to find him. Juan de Nava took the child by the hand, and led her to where simple, wholesome food was set before her, and when she had satisfied her bitter hunger, he took her across the Traza, to his own poor home, that should be hers thereafter.

There was somewhat of a change came into his life from this day. He spared himself no more than of old, but he varied his labors. He returned to his home at such hours as were most suitable for the hearing of lessons, and the training he gave to Beatriz was deep and thorough. And the hours of instruction concluded, Juan de Nava again bent his steps back to the teeming streets, overcrowded with a population of the most miserable of God's creatures, among whom he labored often until long past midnight. As may be supposed, as his adopted daughter grew toward womanhood, the good priest could but perceive that he must not leave her at home, alone and unprotected. Therefore, he increased his household by the addition of an aged woman, the mother of one of his confrères, who was but too happy to encounter such a refuge, and lend to Beatriz de Millan the protection of her presence.

The priest's adopted daughter grew up a noble woman. Not a lady of the vice-regal court could compare with her in beauty, yet she was modest and retiring as any mountain violet, as if she had lived in a world apart from that city of feverish loves and hates, ambitions, intrigues, and gallantries. She was more learned than most men, in those days of careless ignorance, yet skilled in all womanly knowledge. The nuns of a convent, where Juan de Nava was confessor, had taught her the cunning of their broideries and all manner of handiwork; and the simple fare and the ascetic care-taking of Juan de Nava's household was all the work of the maiden.

Withal, she was devout and pious. Her guardian had taught her that, while good works are of greater import than all the forms of observance, somewhat of the daily doing of offices is needful, if but for the sake of example. Therefore, she rose betimes, and went to hear early mass. She had long knelt at the altar of one of the minor churches, near the dwelling of her guardian; but the suburb grew disorderly, and more than once unseemly, drunken brawls had been brewed at the very door of the temple. Therefore, Juan de Nava bade his ward go rather to San Hipolito, somewhat farther within the city.

And there it was that Beatriz was first seen of Domingo Sarraza, "the religious rake," as the viceroy called him, in converse with the *oidor* Amasa. He was of noble birth, this *calaveron*, this young profligate of the first water, and wealthy as he was handsome. He spent his money in torrents, on every caprice, on every extravagance of luxury and ostentation. His was the most gorgeous paraphernalia of the annual festivals of *El Pendon*, and to say this implies, indeed, much. On these occasions, on the thirteenth of August of every year, the day of San Hipolito, *El Pendon*—the standard of Cortez—was carried in triumph, escorted by a great cavalcade of Spaniards, from the Palacio Municipal to the church of San Hipolito, in commemoration of the fact that on this date Cortez achieved the final capture of the Aztec city. And to shine preëminent in these processions was the ambition of every young Spaniard in Mexico, and each tried to outvie all others in the sumptuousness of his appointments. But, year after year, notwithstanding the efforts of his competitors, the palm for elegance and costliness fell to the share of Domingo Sarraza.

But not all his lavish expenditure nor his affectations of jovial good-fellowship could make the young man popular. It was not alone that he was a scoundrel of gross vices. That might have been overlooked, for the tastes of the day were not squeamish, and a reputation for gallantries and rakishness was then as now deemed a feather in the cap of a man, rather than otherwise. There was Diego de Fajardo, and Luis del Rio, Antonio Méndez Torres, and a score of others, the idols of the city, notwithstanding—perhaps, indeed, because of—their wild bouts and excesses. But Sarraza was not of them. There was a malignancy in his vices that repelled the others, happy-go-lucky young fellows that they were, and they shrank from his companionship. He got a good many disdainful names, too, from them—"the friar," "the pious one," and divers such pseudonyms, in consequence of his hypocritical zeal in churchly matters. In former days, his blasphemies had been so rank and blatant that it had been threatened that he should expiate them in the *hoguera*, the burning-place of the Inquisition, in front of San Diego, where now run the leafy walks of the pleasant Alameda. Such a menace from the holy office might well intimidate the bravest man in those days, and Domingo Sarraza was no hero. He hastened to feign a serious frame of mind, to pretend conversion and repentance, and to perform all the churchly offices, to avert the realization of the sinister prophecy. By day and by night he wore a cross on his bosom, and as regularly as the day rolled around, he attended mass like any devotee. It was this spurious piety, perhaps, that was most distasteful to those who should have been the associates of Sarraza, but it was not altogether cowardice that kept him in the path he followed, although this had been the original impelling motive. It was at church that the dames and damsels of Mexico assembled most freely, and in church or on the way thence or thither that they were most easy of access for the utterance of an initiative gallantry or the tendering of a tentative missive. By no means the fewest of Domingo Sarraza's adventures had befallen since he had adopted his new mode of life, and he grew, if such a thing were possible, daily more and more corrupt and evil, in view of the immunity he enjoyed, protected by his cloak of pious seeming.

Thus it was that when he saw Beatriz de Millan first at San Hipolito, his favorite field of prey, he lost no time in following the beautiful girl, in whose garb he recognized the stamp of obscurity and poverty. He was, indeed, somewhat abashed or startled when his quarry entered the abode of Juan de Nava. But his dismay was only momentary, and he found an extra zest in the thought of despoiling and defiling the hearth of the saintliest man in Mexico. From that day, Sarraza lived only for the conquest of Beatriz de Millan. It seemed to him, in the first instance, that the undertaking would be an easy one, in view of the youth of the girl, her extreme beauty, that argued vanity and facile inclination, beside the advanced age of her only protector, and her exposed situation in general.

But he had reasoned in ignorance of the character of the maiden. Good blood and noble coursed in the veins of Beatriz de Millan, and blood will tell, prate how we will of the equality of man. Moreover, she had not grown up under the fostering care of Juan de Nava without absorbing much of the stern and lofty integrity that characterized the man. Domingo Sarraza tried, in turn, each of the specious arts by which the social bird of prey seeks to possess himself of his victim, and he found each line of procedure equally ineffective. If Beatriz had raged, protested, shown indignation even, her persecutor would have found in such demonstration satisfaction, as indicative of possible alteration of sentiment in the future. But no hope or delusion was to be derived from her serene indifference, slightly tinged with repulsion, like the impersonal distaste felt for some loathsome creature, quite apart from her sphere of being. But this was the attitude, above all others, most calculated to sting Sarraza to frenzy, and stir in his heart a score of latent evil passions, that seethed and strained like a knot of intercoiled, writhing reptiles.

Recognizing in Beatriz the strength of her adopted father's teachings, he grew to include the priest in the rancor he felt against the maiden—a rancor that grew to deadly venomous hatred. But Juan de Nava, when he learned of the young debauchee's persecution, had taken care to surround Beatriz with more adequate safeguards than those of former days, that no foe might come near, to bring upon her unmerited calamity. But if the old man dreamed that he might become the object of Sarraza's vengeance, he took no measures to protect himself from violence, but went and came at all hours, wherever he could give aid, hope, or consolation to suffering humanity.

Thus it happened that he one night neared the bridge across the Traza, as the bells of the city towers sounded midnight, and saw, without apprehension, in the shadow, the indistinct shape of a man who leaned on the parapet. Juan de Nava drew near with the halting steps of age, and the man in the shadow, sinisterly muffled, moved forward to the footpath, seemingly to await the other.

Juan de Nava, accustomed to be hailed at all hours and in all places, in behalf of the dying or the distressed, paused and spoke to the silent figure: "The peace of God be with thee, son. Can I do aught to serve thee?"

"Ay!" Domingo Sarraza answered; "thou canst take thyself and thy prating hypocritic scruples where thou wilt interfere no more with the satisfaction of thy fellows, and the delights of youth and warm blood!" and with that he raised his arm and struck down swiftly, and there was a horrible sound of grating, as there crashed through bone and brain the point of his dagger, driven home so deeply that all the force of Sarraza could not withdraw it.

The old man fell like a log at the feet of his assassin.

Domingo Sarraza made a great effort to detach the dagger, and finding it futile, gathered in his arms the body, so little of a weight in its attenuation, and hurled it over the parapet into the canal beneath.

At home, Beatriz de Millan waited for her adopted father, who returned to her never again.

Never had Mexico been so excited and shaken as over the mysterious disappearance of Juan de Nava. There was no system of police, save the body of *serenos*—the night-watchmen—who were a shade worse than nothing, since they never dreamed of interfering in the nefarious transactions of night-birds whereas their lanterns often served as auxiliaries to evil-doers But volunteer searchers turned out by hundreds, and scoured every quarter where it was imagined the old man might have fallen alone, a victim of sudden illness. For it was not even remotely imagined that foul play could have touched him, beloved as he was by all, and known to all the city. But the waters of the canal were silent, and the echoes of the bridge and Domingo Sarraza, too, knew how to keep his guilty secret.

Thus the matter passed among the unfathomable mysteries. Beatriz de Millan, ever mourning over the unknown fate of the missing man, and left quite alone in the world, took the veil at Santa Teresa, though more than one home was open to her, for her own sake and the sake of Juan de Nava.

Years passed. The memory of the priest had become a son of legend of holiness, and his adopted daughter was forgotten. Domingo Sarraza lived, still kept his youthful semblance, and still continued to enact the anchorite in the churches—and the devil elsewhere. As of old, he was wont to seek new prey before the altar, and in the Sagrario, adjoining the cathedral he saw, one morning, a woman who awoke in him the instinct of pursuit and conquest more strongly than he had felt it for years past.

He saw not her face, for she was closely veiled; but the charming grace of her movements and the elegance of her figure gave for Domingo Sarraza the assurance of great beauty. He was flattered, too, by the continuity with which she cast upon him stolen glances that burned through the lace of her veiling, and the mystery of this behavior heightened the charm of her. He followed her out of the church, across the plaza, through the teeming streets, and before he knew his bearings, he found himself upon the bridge across the Traza where he had not set foot since the death of Juan de Nava.

The woman paused before him, and let him approach her.

"I dare not linger now," she murmured, "there are people coming, and I am in danger. I will meet you here at midnight. We will be safe when the bridge is deserted." And she glided on like a moving shadow, and was lost to his sight of Sarraza.

The man was filled with misgiving and terrors, but he was also bewitched by the nameless charm of the unknown woman. Thus it was that he found himself impelled, albeit, indeed, against his own volition, to keep the tryst upon the bridge at midnight.

The clocks were striking the hour as he reached the spot, for he had dallied, hoping that the lady might be before him, but the bridge was empty. The violence of the passion she had conceived for the mysterious woman held Sarraza spellbound, and he found a score of reasons to excuse her tardiness. Her rich but sober habit, which was almost the garb of mourning, had made him suspect that she might be a widow whose social position would constrain her to extreme precautions against the discovery of her levity. Again, he fancied her a married woman, and the inconvenient, unsuspected presence of her husband might account for her detention.

short, there was no resource but waiting, for Sarraza was madly impassioned of this last victim of his fascinations.

He leaned on the parapet of the bridge and looked down into the water. The ferns and water-plants on the margin, dimly discernible from the bridge in the ghostly moonlight, lent a more than common gloom to the sombre canal and its sluggish, heavy water, that already, at that day, served as a vehicle for the refuse of the quarter. The surface of the water and the depth of the cutting were full of sinister shadows and weird reflections.

As Domingo Sarraza gazed downward, it seemed to him that there arose from under the water a horrible sound, a dull and awful clamor. His soul beat and throbbed in horrified revolt against its bodily habitation, and his body sickened and shivered under the resistance of its tenant. His limbs trembled with faintness, his blood ceased flowing, his eyes were filled to bursting. A cold wind swept over him, he inhaled a sickening odor of dank mould and decay, a grasp as of bands or fingers of steel closed around his pulsing throat, the sky turned black before him, and uttering one great cry, that was answered by an infernal laugh of mockery, Domingo Sarraza reeled and fell on the causeway lifeless.

Some Indian hucksters, wending their way to the city market, stumbled over the body lying there, in the early morning, and fleeing affrighted, gave notice. The patrol was ordered out.

Stark and livid lay the corpse of Sarraza, and across it lay water-soaked bones—the bones of a skeleton, whose fleshless fingers were fastened on the throat of the dead man in a grip so firm that they could not be loosened. From the skull of that grisly horror projected the handle of an old and rusty dagger, firmly imbedded, that bore the name and arms of Domingo Sarraza, and wrapped about its waist was a rosary, on whose crucifix was dimly deciphered "Juan de Nava."

The canals are leveled full with the surrounding country, but this spot where two men met with violent deaths is still known as *Puente del Clerigo*—The Priest's Bridge.

Y. H. Addis.

City of Mexico, April, 1888.

OLD FAVORITES.

Molony's Lament.

O Tim, did you hear of thim Saxons,
And read what the peepers report?
They're goan to recall the Liftinint,
And shut up the Castle and Coort!
Our desolate counthry of Oireland,
They're bint, the blagyards, to desthroy,
And now having murdthered our counthry,
They're goin' to kill the Viceroy,
Dear boy;
'Twas he was our proide and our joy!

And will we no longer behould him,
Surrounding his carriage in throngs,
As he weaves his cocked-hat from the windies,
And smiles to his bould aid-de-congs?
I liked for to see the young haroes,
All shoining with sthripes and with stars,
A horsing about in the Phaynix,
And winking the girls in the cyars,
Like Mars,
A smokin' their poipes and cigyars.

Dear Mitchell exoiled to Bermudies,
Your beautiful oilids you'll ope,
And there'll be an abondance of croyin'
From O'Brine at the Keep of Good Hope,
When they read of this news in the peepers,
Acrass the Atlantical wave,
That the last of the Oirish Liftinints
Of the oisland of Seents has tuck lave.
God save
The Queen—she should betther behave.

And what's to become of poor Dame Sthreet,
And who'll ait the puffs and the tarts,
Whin the Coort of imparial splindor
From Doblin's sad city departs?
And who'll have the fiddlers and pipers,
When the deuce of a Coort there remains?
And where'll be the bucks and the ladies,
To hire the Coort-shuits and the thrains?
In sthrains,
It's thus that ould Erin complains!

There's Counsellor Flanagan's leedy
'Twas she in the Coort didn't fail,
And she wanted a plinty of popplin,
For her dthress, and her flounce, and her tail;
She bought it of Misthress O'Grady,
Eight shillings a yard tabinet,
But now that the Coort is concluded,
The divvle a yard will she get;
I bet,
Bedad, that she wears the old set.

There's Surgeon O'Toole and Miss Leary,
They'd daylings with Madam O'Riggs';
Each year at the dthrawing-room sayson,
They mounted the neatest of wigs.
When Spring, with its buds and its dasies,
Comes out in her beauty and bloom,
Thim tu'll never think of new jasies,
Becase there is no dthrawing-room,
For whom
They'd choose the expense to ashume.

There's Alderman Toad and his lady,
'Twas they gave the Clart and the Poort,
And the poine-apples, turbots, and lobsters,
To feast the Lord Liftinint's Coort.
But now that the quality's goin',
I warnt that the aiting will stop,
And you'll get at the Alderman's teeble
The divvil a bite or a dthrop,
Or chop;
And the butcher may shut up his shop.

Yes, the grooms and the ushers are goin',
And his Lordship, the dear honest man,
And the Duchess, his eemiable leedy,
And Corry, the bould Connellan,
And little Lord Hyde and the childthren,
And the Chewter and Governess tu;
And the servants are packing their boxes—
Oh, murther, but what shall I due
Without you?
O Meery, with ois of the blue.

—*William Makepeace Thackeray.*

FRENCH HOUSEKEEPING.

"L'Americaine" visits a Modest Household in a Quiet Corner.

A few days ago, at an early morning hour, my maid handed me a card whereon was neatly written, in a firm, lady's hand, a name perfectly unknown to me. Thinking it must be some dressmaker seeking my custom, no doubt having heard, through some source or other, that I was an American and ready to buy out all Paris, as so many of these French shop-people imagine all my countrymen and women are ready to do, I sent word for the person to be shown to my room.

I rose in surprise to find, instead of the expected trades-woman, a charming old lady, who advanced toward me with outstretched hands, calling me her dear child, and claiming my recognition. Suddenly, a long-forgotten year in my childhood came back to me, and I remembered, with a rush of happy memory, that the sweet-faced woman before me was none other than a dear old governess of mine, who had given me my first lessons in French over the sea in America, when I was still but a little child. Then, she was Mlle. Le Blanc, and now the name on her card was Mme. Menoir. She had heard of my arrival in Paris only a few days before, and now had come to carry me off to her "nest," as she called her little home in the Rue de Lille. "You have seen the life of the rich French people of the aristocracy," said she, "and now I want to show you a little of how we live who have to work for our living, so that you will be able to tell your American friends something of our class of society." My aunt's permission was readily granted me to visit my old preceptress, and I gladly followed her to take my first glimpse of another side of French life.

We walked a short distance to a cab-stand, where ten or fifteen smart, yellow-painted coupés, with coachmen in long, light coats and tall, white, oil-silk hats were always to be found from five in the morning until twelve at night. We took our cabby for a course, paid him in advance the one franc fifty centimes required, and an additional three sous for drink-money, or *pourboire*, as they call it. In a short time we reached a part of the great city I had never been in before. Small, narrow streets, great, towering houses, wholesale stores, at every turn, met my view. I felt lost in the changed atmosphere of business life. I had almost forgotten the bread-winners in this gay, careless life I had been living, among men and women of leisure; and after the open, airy squares, beautiful, wide avenues, and magnificent dwellings, I could hardly realize that one could live happily in these crowded, narrow thoroughfares.

At last we reached the Rue de Lille, a street a little better than the adjoining ones, and we stopped at the entrance to an immense building, where on the ground floor was a large wholesale bookstore. We passed through the wide *porte-cochère* and into a large court-yard, which was vastly different from what I expected to find behind the grim, gloomy entrance. Here all was fresh, airy, and pleasant. In the centre of the large court was a fountain, around which plants grew in great profusion; there was a large aviary in one part of the yard, and pots of palms and bright flowers placed here and there. From the court-yard opened off six doors, leading to the many rented apartments about the quadrangle. We took the door at the lower end of the yard, and although there was an elevator at hand, my old-fashioned friend, like many other French people, would not trust herself in this *casse-cou*, or break-neck machine, as she called it. So we trudged up flight after flight, resting on each landing to regain breath, and then climb higher, and so on till we reached the sixth story.

"Here we are at last," cried my breathless cicerone, "and it is far better to live high up, as you will find." The bell was immediately answered by a trim little maid in neat attire, snowy apron and cap, who curtsied low and threw open the door to the *salon*. Such a tiny place! No wonder it was called the "nest"—but such a little paradise of comfort and prettiness, birds and flowers, pictures, books, and music; a little English tea-table in one corner, *portières* at all the doors, polished floors, with bright rugs thrown here and there, and an occasional bear or tiger-skin to relieve the monotony. And then the view from the balcony! for the great advantage of climbing the seven flights of stairs, was, I found, the pleasure of having a gallery that ran the whole length of the little apartment, and my friend had converted this one into a veritable hanging garden. From this high perch one could look far out over the great city rolling at one's feet, and there was a wonderful quiet and resting there, away up beyond all the din and rush of the busy streets. I began to realize that it was pleasant after all to live far up beyond all the hurly-burly of the city.

"You will find things cramped here at first," my good old friend confided to me; "but after awhile you will understand how comfortable and cosy it is." The little maid-of-all-work presently asked me, with a deferential curtsy, if I would not like to inspect her kitchen, and no wonder she was proud of it—a tiny box of a place, but clean as wax, with the walls lined with bright casserolles and pans, the range polished so that one could almost see one's face in it, and tables and floors scrubbed to marvelous whiteness.

Madame's husband was a clerk in a large banking-house, and came home only in time for dinner, leaving early in the morning before I had opened my eyes—so my friend and I were free to amuse ourselves the entire day long. I went to market with her in the early morning, accompanied by Marie, the little maid, with a huge basket swung on her arm. This was, indeed, a novel experience for me. Imagine a long street lined on both sides with stands of meats, game, butter and eggs, cheeses, fruits and flowers, baskets of fish and vegetables, and all the table delicacies from behind which fat, kindly-faced peasant women and men call to you to look at this or to buy the other thing; cooks of high and low degree; now and then a lady followed by her footman, carrying pots of flowers; market-carts bringing fresh supplies; donkeys laden with baskets of vegetables—all a merry confusion of prosperous trade, and you will see the sights that greeted me in a French market-place. The successful French housekeeper pays as she gets. She lays aside, each month, just so much for each day's expenses, and never exceeds the amount. The street markets have no credit system, and some of the large groceries and butcher-shops collect on delivery. I visited the celebrated Felix Potin's establishment, where groceries and delicacies from all parts of the world can be found. I was pleased to see row upon row of California canned fruits, and, in conspicuous array, Yankee nutmeg-graters and corn-poppers, which seemed to excite the curiosity of their French patrons; for the nutmeg-grater, simple and useful little thing as it is, has only recently been known in the French kitchen.

We went up the river to St. Cloud in those little "mouches"—tiny steam-boats, that ply up and down continually with passengers, like river omnibuses. We made the tour of Paris on the "imperial," or top of the city 'buses. We shopped at the Bon Marché, and even took a glass of syrup and a cake at the free refreshment counter in that great emporium. We dined at restaurants hid away in little, dark streets, where, for ten or fifteen francs for a whole party, we were served with the most perfect dinners. We once or twice had a dainty *déjeuner* in the Palais Royal, sitting at the windows of one of the pretty little cafés that look out into the green and lovely court-yard, full of trees and fountains. M. Menoir took us, in the evenings, to the Café Horloge, or Les Ambassadeurs, on the Champs Elysées where, just out of curiosity, we looked in at the brilliantly lighted garden, with its rows of little tables and chairs, and the stage, whereon some broken-down opera-bouffe singer sang and danced to an audience of would-be fine lords and ladies, a few stranger sight-seers, like ourselves, and some noisy rakes of society, who applauded the faded prima-donna with sarcastic enthusiasm.

We went to charming literary soirées, where authors of note and poets of great merit received due appreciation. I learned to know how this class of French people care more for culture of mind and devote themselves more to improvement than their richer neighbors. They have a society of their own of well-read, bright, and charming men and women, all employed in a hand-to-hand struggle for existence, some with palette and brush, others with their pen. Then lecturers and professors add weight to the industrious host of workers, beside women who earn their daily bread by teaching the children of the *haute noblesse* and the more fortunate rich people of their own class. I felt entirely in a new world among these good people, and in one sense it was, indeed, another atmosphere. There every one was a staunch republican, proudly displaying the motto of liberty, fraternity, and equality. I found many more liberal-minded men and women among this class than I had expected—less bigotry in their religious views, more desire to see the world and acknowledge that there *was* something good outside of France.

I was taken to the Bourse, or stock exchange, that great money-market where I saw men made and ruined in a moment. Such frantic gestures, such loud voices, I never saw or heard. I never before fully realized what excitable people the French really are, until I saw them in this terrible theatre of action.

One evening a party of us went out toward the Arc de Triomphe, past the fortifications to Neuilly, a little village filled with colleges and schools from one end to the other of its quaint, old-fashioned boulevards. Here a fair was being held on one of the principal avenues. On each side of the street small booths were erected, wherein lion-tamers, and circus-clowns, wonderful freaks of nature, tiny men and women, the skeleton man, the fat woman, and the giant boy all waited, expecting to entice the innocent public into their lairs by the marvelous tales told of them by their heralds at the doors. Fortune-tellers sat on the steps of their caravans ready to lift for you the veil from futurity, asking in exchange the modest sum of two francs. Merry-go-rounds, filled with laughing boys and girls, spun round and round to the accompaniment of some ear-splitting music that made the night hideous. Brilliant stalls of ginger-bread and "sucre d'orge" took in penny after penny from delighted small children. Wax-works and peep-holes, through which could be seen every heard and unheard of crime in the calendar of vice, invited the curious sight-seer; *rouge et noir* tables, lotteries, and auctions added still more life to this most unique fête. The streets were lined with a dense crowd of people, some carrying *mirlitons*, or toot-horns, whistles, and drums, all trying their best to out-do the others in noise. I had never seen such a jumble of things and people, and I will confess I was thoroughly glad to leave the glaring lights and go back through the more quiet streets of the old town.

This fête is a yearly occurrence. It travels from city to city, from village to village, and is always welcomed with delight by a certain number of the inhabitants of each place. It is the thing to visit it once in a life-time, but I am confident I would flee from any place I thought it was coming to visit.

Paris. L'Americaine.

Curious is it to note how the power of the London papers, in relation to the counties, rose with the expansion of the railways, and declined as rapidly, with the rise of the electric telegraph. It is the latter discovery which has put an end to the London press setting the tone of political thought in the counties. The telegraph, by out-running the railway, enabled the provincial press to anticipate the London press in items of news, concerning which, so long as railways were the sole means of communication, the London press had anticipated them. Hence the rapid and enormous development of local papers in the great manufacturing centres and elsewhere. The British press, as an advertising and news-collecting agency, is, at the present moment, in the zenith of its greatness—one of the wonders of the world.

Dr. Dix's sermon is still the subject of discussion in New York. One lady, on being asked what she thought of it, replied: "I have not read it. I am not very particular, but I must draw the line somewhere, and I draw it at Dr. Dix—and Zola."

A TITLE-MARRYING FAMILY.

"Iris" writes of the Matrimonial Ventures of the Singers.

Another Miss Singer, of sewing-machine fame, is about to become the bride of a French noble. The Singer stock is booming. The family have a decided penchant for foreign titles. They have all married titled men, and those who could not manage to secure a gentleman with whom the title went, chromo-fashion, have married the men of their choice, and then bought any chance title which happened to be on hand at the time. This is what Mrs. Singer, the mother of Miss Winneretta and Miss Isabelle, did. It was as romantic as was possible, with a sewing-machine rampant in the background. Mrs. Singer, a widow, loved well an Italian tenor in the opera; the Italian tenor loved wisely and well Mrs. Singer. So they were married, and their bliss was without a cloud, as the fairy tales say, with one exception. This was not the usual fairy-tale exception, to which we are all so well used, it was quite an original form of exception—no title went with the Italian tenor. He was a complete and monumental success, with that one exception. But his wife was not daunted. They went to Italy on their wedding tour, and there found a rich crop of titles blooming beneath the blue Italian skies. For a consideration, the title of Duc de Campofelice was settled on the tenor and his descendants, and Mrs. Singer returned to that so-dear Paris, a duchess of the deepest dye.

Of her daughters, Miss Winneretta, an artist of no mean ability, married a prince—a sure-enough prince, whose title had been in the family for many generations, and she, it is to be presumed, has lived happily ever since. Now Miss Isabelle is about to take the fatal step, the captive of her bow and spear—or one might say of her ruffler, hemmer, and tucker—being the Duc de Cazes, a veritable noble of a sufficiently old and decayed family to need the support of the aforementioned hemmer and tucker. The wedding arrangements now in progress in Paris are an innovation, even for an international marriage. Miss Isabelle, who has much executive ability and coolness, is the dispenser of all the hospitalities to celebrate the wedding. Her little duke—they say that he is so little and she is so big that he can walk under her extended arm without ruffling his ducal crest—has nothing to do but to look pleased, as any man should do under such roseate circumstances. Miss Isabelle pays for the cards, the breakfast, and the traveling expenses of the honeymoon. It is not yet positively asserted that she pays for the gentleman's trousseau, but they say that she has made the settlements in a very gentlemanly, European manner, been most generous to her little duke, and altogether carried deep, delicious pleasure to his heart. Miss Isabelle is nothing if not common sense-able. How could her little duke make settlements with nothing to settle? Tommy Tucker and his cake were nothing to this problem, and as a European marriage in high life is robbed of half its prestige if there are no settlements, Miss Isabelle tranquilly decided she would make them herself. Being worth about a million and a half, she need not stint herself, and there is no reason why she should not be as happy as the princely Miss Winneretta and the ducal Mrs. Singer, or why the little duke should not find life as charming as does his brother-in-law, the prince, or his father-in-law, the Italian tenor.

That ill-fated organization, the National Opera Company, is again in existence. The leading artists have taken the company in hand, and on their own responsibility have announced a spring season of American opera at the old Academy. Last night was the opening night, and "Nero" was the attraction. The Academy was not full, and was, evidently, "papered." It was a dispiriting evening for these determined and diligent artists, and their outlook is not promising. It certainly seems hard that they should be so crushed by failure. Their salaries for last season are not half paid, and there is little hope they ever will be. The theatrical season is pretty well over, they can have no hope of engagements now, and after a winter of hard work, of struggles and earnest endeavors, they find themselves stranded in New York, their company at sixes and sevens, the public deaf to their melodious attempts to make money, and the summer—season of empty theatre and echoless opera-house—coming on apace.

The opera was fairly well given, but dragged. The chorus flatted persistently from end to end. The principal rôles were well taken, and now and then, especially after Vindex sings the beautiful Epithalamium, the applause was vociferous. The ballet was pretty, and one gentleman, attired in fleshings and a pair of red caleçons, with a harness round his body such as Cleopatra wears in Gérôme's picture, went through some remarkable antics with one of the dancers, who, as the curtain fell on a brilliant tableau, was last seen perched on his head. But in spite of earnest endeavor and conscientious effort, the evening did not promise well. "Nero" is too heavy for the season. In the spring, the young man's fancy is described as "turning lightly," and the young man is not alone in this respect. Every one's fancy turns lightly. We want elegant frivolities in the spring. The season is fresh, and airy, and light as a swallow flying backward from the south, and our amusements must correspond. We like light operas, and plays as airy as *soufflets*. Heavy music and ponderous choruses are all well and good in winter, when the thermometer is at zero, and one's furs are worn up round one's ears—but in the spring people like to revel in young radishes, and little, juicy, white leeks, and new lettuce, with heart firm and crisp and tightly up-curled, and asparagus, thick, and strong, and tender—and who cares a pin about roast-beef, or mutton, or potatoes? They do not suit the season. But it is, nevertheless, a great pity that this venture also seems a failure. If they would only give something more trifling and less serious, there would be some hope of success.

Apropos of matters theatrical, Miss Virginia Dreher, of Daly's Company—the handsome Southerner, with the big eyes and the soft voice—is to be married shortly to an Englishman, "rich and cultured," as the papers put it. Miss Dreher is a widow. She was left lonely and poor some years ago, with one child to support, and nothing to support it on. She went on the stage, was soon the subject of flattering criticism, was enlisted as a member of the Daly company, and has remained there ever since. Without the native talent and originality of the versatile Ada Rehan, she was a creditable actress, and an exceedingly pretty woman. In "The Taming of the Shrew" she was beautiful—a sort of Burne-Jones woman, with large, sad eyes, and a broad, low forehead. Nobody wondered that the lurid Katharine was left to rage by herself, and all the lovers fell before Bianca's tender glance. This year, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," she was still prettier in the most classic of Greek costumes, sternly correct in every line and fold, and nevertheless richly becoming. Bianca and Helena were too much for the rich and cultured Englishman. He laid his heart at Miss Dreher's feet, and they are to be married in the spring. Soon Ada Rehan will be the only female member of the original company left—the last leaf upon the tree in the spring. Virginia Dreher's little girl is some eight or nine years old, and is said to be as pretty as her mother.

All the most charming actresses seem to be marrying and retiring, leaving the boards desolate. Mrs. George Gould left a chasm in the profession which no one has filled. Miss Dreher will leave another, and Miss Annie Robe left a perfect gulch, which has yawned at all the old habitués of Wallack's, and made them feel wretched. Miss Robe's husband is also rich and cultured, but an American. His name is Griswold, and he rejoices in an income of thirty thousand dollars a year. To my thinking he captured the pearl of New York actresses. Miss Robe was bewitching. She had the sweetest, softest face in all the world, the most graceful and refined manners, relieved by a demure sort of coquetry, infinitely captivating. She never ranted, or tore her hair or her clothes in Mrs. Langtry's extravagant fashion, and she acted delightfully, without the fire of genius, which in the histrionic profession seems to be always allied with a deplorable moral laxity. IRIS.

NEW YORK, April 3, 1888.

Cambridge has a new undergraduate magazine, in the last number of which are some rather wicked parodies on divers modern poets. Here is one on Rossetti:

The lilies lie in my lady's bower
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost),
They faintly droop for a little hour;
My lady's head droops like a flower.

She took the porcelain in her hand
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost),
She poured; I drank at her command;
Drank deep, and now you understand!
(O weary mother, drive the cows to roost).

Browning is thus dealt with:

Tut! bah! We take as another case—
Pass the bills on the pills on the window-sill: notice the capsule.
(A sick man's fancy, no doubt, but I place
Reliance on trade-marks, sir)—so perhaps you'll
Excuse the digression—this cup which I hold
Light-poised—bah! it's spilt in the bed—well, let's on go—
Held Bohea and sugar, sir; if you were told
The sugar was salt, would the Bohea be Congo?

Old Mother Hubbard, or somebody else, recently went to a cupboard in the royal palace at Madrid and found the future King of Spain. Little Alphonso had been left in charge of his sisters, who deserted him after a time. The royal baby thereupon crawled into a cupboard, the door of which was afterwards closed by some one who did not know that the child was inside. Nurses, grooms, butlers, pages, scullions, soldiers, relatives, back-stair potentates and front-hall flunkies, grandeés, dons and doorkeepers searched the palace for his majesty. At last he was found, and the throbbing nerves of a great people were stilled by a sensation of joy.

A. C. Hobbs, of Bridgeport, a well-known Connecticut horseman, used to be better known as the "Yankee Lock Picker." He picked the famous Bramah lock at the World's Fair in London in 1852, in the presence of the queen and the Duke of Wellington. Bramah had offered two hundred guineas to any one who would pick his lock. That same year Mr. Hobbs opened a French lock in London in five minutes, and set it to a combination that baffled the maker himself. The improvements in locks in late years, particularly in this country, have revolutionized safe-making, and produced locks which even the Yankee lock-picker can not pick.

In his article on "Where to Spend the Summer," in *Scribner's* for April, General Greely, chief signal officer, makes a prophecy as to the hottest days in the year 1888. The Detroit *Journal*, taking the matter up, has offered a prize of five hundred dollars to the person guessing correctly, before June 1st, what the three days will be. General Greely immediately telegraphed his guess to the paper, in accord with his reasons in *Scribner's* for April.

In the stomach of a cow, butchered recently at Tuscaloosa, Ala., were forty-two nails and pieces of nails, four buttons, one brass safety-pin, one pin with black rubber head, one copper cent, three pieces of watch-chain—one piece six inches, one four inches, and the other one an inch long—three pieces of glass, one piece of oyster-shell, four pieces of brass wire, three small pieces of iron, three pieces of brass, and a piece of hoop-skirt.

Andrew J. Blackbird, an Indian chief at Harbor Springs, Mich., has written a book on the traditional history of the Ottawa and Chippewa tribes. It is written in the Indian tongue, and contains, beside its historical part, a complete system of grammar, in which the author says there are one thousand two hundred and forty-one forms of a single verb.

Like his master (writes Judge Tourgee, in his new novel, "Black Ice"), the American thoroughbred horse is fast becoming a distinct species. Like him, too, the best strains may come from his English prototype, but the air of the Western world has toughened his muscle, stimulated his nerve, and made him distinctive.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Why is a lover like a kernel of corn? Because he turns white when he pops.—*Freeman's Journal.*

Miss Bjonet—"What a lovely cemetery this is!" *Chelly*—"Ya—as. Wonder 't isn't patronized more."—*Life.*

It seems absurd to speak of a blind man's favorite color, and yet everybody has heard of blind-man's buff.—*Tid-Bits.*

Somebody asks, "Does it pay to be good?" It does when the business becomes fully established; but you've got to sink money in the start.—*Puck.*

Don't laugh when you see a woman trying to drive a horse. It may seem funny to you, but think how the poor horse must suffer.—*Somerville Journal.*

Warden (showing ladies through prison)—"Will you visit 'Murderers' Row' first?" *Ladies* (in chorus)—"Oh, no; we want to save that for the last."—*Life.*

Briggs is hurrying home, having been notified of the arrival of twins: *Newsboy*—"Extra *Sun*, Mister?" *Briggs* (bitterly)—"Yes; just my luck."—*Texas Siftings.*

He had been cremated: *Fair feminine friend*—"What have you in that urn on the mantel-piece, Jane—ashes of roses? *Widow*—"No, ashes of John."—*Judge.*

She (at the theatre)—"What a long, stagy stride Mr. Ham, the tragedian, has?" *He*—"Yes; I understand he has acquired that gait by traveling on every other tie."—*Epoch.*

A New York physician says that the guillotine is the most comfortable death. Every doctor should have one in his office, and thereby save his patients much suffering.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

Foreman (making up forms)—"Where shall I put this clipping of poetry?" *Editor*—"Who is it by?" *Foreman*—"Walt Whitman." *Editor*—"Put it in the Puzzle Department."—*Life.*

Closeboy (to Boutwell, to whom he has given a cigar from his private box)—"A man might smoke worse cigars than these, Boutwell." *Boutwell*—"Yes; he [puff] might, but would he [puff] dare?"—*Life.*

"Patrick, did Mr. Brown call?" "He did, sorr." "And did you give him an evasive answer?" "I did, sorr." "Well, what did you say?" "I axed him was his grandmother a monkey, sorr!"—*Life.*

The New York *Sun* has published a list of "Young Men Who Were Great." Should it ever publish a list of young men who think they are great, the paper manufacturers will have a boom.—*Lincoln Journal.*

Sales-gentleman—"Stockings? Yes, ma'am; what number do you wear?" *Customer*—"What number? Why two, of course! D'you take me for a centerpede or a one-legged veteran of the war?"—*Life.*

Mr. Upson Downes (seated by a stranger in car)—"What time is it by your watch, if you please?" *Stranger*—"I don't know." *Mr. Upson Downes*—"But you just looked at it." *Stranger*—"Yes; I only wanted to see if it was still there."—*Puck.*

"What can you tell me about Esau?" queried the pedagogue. "Esau," responded the youth, with the glib alacrity of one who feels himself, for once, on safe ground, "Esau was a writer of fables, who sold his copyright for a bottle of potash."—*Albany Express.*

Wife (who has had the foreign language "spasm")—"John, do you know I am getting on splendidly with my French? I am ready beginning to think in the language." *Husband* (interested in his paper)—"Is that so? Let me hear you think a little while in French."—*New York Sun.*

First cabby—"How's business wid yez, Bill?" *Second cabby*—"Shure an' its foine. Olive had big luck fer the pasht wake." *First cabby*—"Phat d'yez call big luck—dhrunken doods?" *Second cabby*—"Divil a bit [solemnly]—Dennis, oive me firsht ould leddy to run over fer sivin days!"—*Life.*

"Yes, these rooms are certainly very elegant, my dear," Mr. Gould remarked to his wife, on reaching his apartment at the great hotel at St. Augustine; "but"—and here he tried to move a chair toward the window—"I can't understand why they have screwed all the furniture to the floor!"—*New York Herald.*

Brown—"I was surprised to see you and your wife at the Caffay Restaurant, last night, Jinks. I thought you were keeping house." *Jinks*—"We are. We got a nice little top flat in Harlem, but every Monday night we dine out." *Brown*—"Why is that?" *Jinks*—"It's the first flat's night for corned beef and cabbage."—*New York Sun.*

Their wedding journey: *He* (impecunious gentleman of leisure)—"I was sorry at being called out yesterday, and leaving you to pay the minister. What did he ask you?" *She* (forty thousand dollars a year)—"He asked me who you were." *He*—"Well?" *She*—"And when I told him, he said he did not feel justified in charging me more than two dollars."—*Life.*

In miner's boarding-house: *First miner*—"Great Mulligan! what's Mike got that candle stuck in his ear for?" *Second miner*—"Oh! How long ye been over? That's an alarm candle—see? Mike's got to wake to go on th' four o'clock shift up in th' shaft; candle burns an inch an hour. Mike's made his calculations on it; w'en th' candle burns down to his ear it's four o'clock—see?"—*Judge.*

Old Mrs. Bentley—"Have you heerd how Mrs. Brown is gittin' on?" *Old Mr. Bentley*—"She was doin' very well, and although one lung is gone, the doctor said he thought she might live for some time; but las' week she ketched cold, which developed into pneumonia." *Old Mrs. Bentley* (with pensive hopefulness)—"Ah, well, if she's only got one lung she can't have it very bad."—*New York Sun.*

Teacher, having taught the class to read the word "rat," pauses before introducing the word "cat," for the following conversation: *Teacher*—"What can the rat do?" *Class*—"The rat can run." *Teacher*—"Could you catch him if he were running about this room?" *Class*—"No, ma'am." *Teacher*—"Tell me what it is that runs and jumps and can catch the rat?" *Very small boy*—"God!"—*Life.*

"May I venture to tell you the old, old story, Miss Maude?" he said tremulously; "the old, old, yet ever new, story of——" "Pardon me, Mr. Sampson, if I cause you pain," interrupted the girl, gently, "but, to me, the story you wish to tell is a chestnut." "A chestnut?" "Yes, Mr Sampson, I'm already engaged; but I will be a sister——" "It isn't as wormy as that one," murmured Mr. Sampson, feeling for his hat.—*Tid-Bits.*

Eastern lady (traveling in Montana)—"The idea of calling this the 'Wild West.' Why, I never saw such perfect politeness anywhere." *Native*—"We're allers perlite to ladies, marm." *Eastern lady*—"Oh, as for that, there is plenty of politeness everywhere, but I am referring to the men. Why, in New York the men behave horridly to one another, but here they all treat each other as delicately as gentlemen in a drawing-room." *Native*—"Yes, marm; it's safer."—*Omaha World.*

He (holding a skein of worsted while she winds)—"Do you notice how my hand trembles, Miss Julia?" *She* (shyly)—"Yes, Mr. Sampson." *He*—"And can not you divine the cause?" *She* (shyness increasing)—"N—no, Mr. Sampson." *He*—"Miss Julia, I have a confession to make. Will you hear it?" *She* (shyness becomes painful as she anticipates a proposal)—"If you like, Mr. Sampson." *He*—"I was out with some of the 'boys' last night, and it was two o'clock when I reached home."—*Ex.*

Mr. Huckle Berry—"When I marry, I don't want to marry a girl with her head full of Latin, and Greek, and French, and German—I don't want any girl who does embroidery, and china-painting, and fal-lals, and gim-cracks—I want a good, plain, old-fashioned girl, who does n't know more than is good for her, and who will attend to her household and see that her husband is properly fed for his money. But I'm hanged if I know where to look for such a girl nowadays." *Mr. Raseredge*—"Why don't you try an intelligence office?"—*Puck.*

VANITY FAIR.

Mlle. de la Ramée, better known as "Ouida," the novelist, has a long paper on the art of dining in Oscar Wilde's *Woman's World*, and she apparently goes out of her way to "dig" at Frith, the celebrated British artist. "Mr. Frith," writes "Ouida," "does me the honor to quote a dinner of mine. I ought, no doubt, to be flattered; but I can not but shudder at the thought that everybody who has ever dined or breakfasted with me anywhere may have treasured up the fact to bring it out in print long years afterward! Who shall venture to issue a card of invitation if it may entail on us unpermitted and undesired notice in some book, where we figure without our knowledge, perhaps utterly to our displeasure! Shall we ever offer an oyster to a guest, if we remember that he will reproduce that oyster to a gossip-loving public, and describe it (incorrectly) as accompanied by a cigarette? One asks people to breakfast and dinner as naturally and inconsequently as one asks the barometer how the weather goes. Shall this innocent, harmless, thoughtless act lead us to the pillory of a record in 'popular memoirs'? If this, indeed, is to be our doom, let us close our doors; let us dine alone; let us never dare to sign our name to a note of invitation, and let us burn every letter we possess from every friend who has, like ourselves, the fatal attraction of a name of which others can make use!" "Ouida" then continues on the subject of her article, writing, as might be expected, in the tone of a bored society woman: "It may be said that the dinner-party has killed the salon. The lateness of the 'society' dinner-hour makes men and women indisposed to go afterward where they can only listen or converse. The whole tenor of modern life makes people impatient of any form of entertainment where they are not very well fed. They are cynically critical of the goods provided for them, and if any one thing is amiss, that one thing is mercilessly noted and treasured up, and made game of in half a dozen other houses. There is neither hospitality, nor gratitude for hospitality, in our days. If the party be dull, or the menu a blunder, we are inexorably wrathful at our time having been wasted at such a failure, and we go away early and irritated, wondering why people will do things at all if they can not do them well. Unhappily women are, as a rule, the foes of good conversation; above all, of conversation which is impersonal. They want to flirt, or to hear news, or to be flattered and admired, and they dislike brilliant, intellectual discussions which go on to their exclusion."

Mr. Frith hits back at Ouida, making the *Pall Mall Gazette* the vantage ground for his arrows. "If Ouida," he begins, "had read my book—a condescension I had never imagined within the range of probability—she would have looked in vain for the 'oysters,' or for a single word about herself, to which morbid vanity could have objected. The half dozen words or so devoted to this lady are mainly appreciative of her genius, and if I could have conceived the condition of mind that would object to such homage, 'Ouida's' name would have been conspicuous by its absence from my autobiography, and I am sorry that I did not know of this supersensitiveness earlier, for it would have been easy to have expunged the obnoxious matter without destroying, or even, perhaps, injuring, the sale of the book. I am amused at the lofty tone in which the writer expresses her forgetfulness of my having ever dined with her at all. 'Ouida's' memory does not keep pace with the rest of her intellectual endowments. Perhaps she forgets that she sought my acquaintance, not I hers, for, much as I might have desired such an honor, my invincible modesty would have stood in my way. No doubt she has 'no recollection' of visiting at this house many times, and of having dined here once, if not oftener? 'Ouida' concludes her article with some extremely unpleasant taunts, in which the oysters appear again. 'Ouida' says she possesses what she calls the 'fatal attraction of a name,' and she warns all writers of memoirs not to use it as an attraction in their books without first receiving her consent. I do assure her that it did not occur to me that the celebrated name would have any effect as an attraction, and I certainly did not make use of it for that purpose.' How far the mere fact of describing a dinner-party can be called 'dragging one's living personality into a glare of publicity,' I do not presume to say. If the writer of 'Friendship' and 'In a Winter City' says I am guilty of so grave an offense, I must bow and express my regret that I did not use a transparent medium, through which the person to whom I wished to draw attention could have been easily recognized."

The Rev. Dr. Dix, in his Lenten lecture on the morals and moral tone of society, introduced a discussion to which contributions have since been made by Bishop Cleveland Coxe, of Western New York. Bishop Coxe, who writes in the *Chautauquan Magazine* of the "Decay of Public Morals," sees everywhere in this country, a loosening of the restraints of propriety and morality. The freedom of intercourse between the sexes, harmless enough in our "singularly primitive" village life as it has hitherto been, becomes dangerous license as the villages rapidly grow into considerable towns. He sadly compares the New York of his youth—"between the dates of A. D. 1820 and 1840"—and the degenerate New York of to-day. Bishop Coxe (says the New York *Sun*) was brought up as a strict Presbyterian, his father having been the Rev. Dr. Coxe, a noted Presbyterian pastor; and, therefore, it it probable that he knew very little of what was going on in the gay society of his youth. The influence of his early training upon the bishop is shown in his attributing to the introduction of the Italian opera, which occurred while he lived in New York, the most direful social consequences. "I can testify," he declares, "that far worse than was then predicted"—by his Presbyterian associates, of course—"have been the evils generated by that importation." But, as a matter of fact, and according to the opinion of more enlightened and artistic observers, the opera has been one of the most civilizing influences in New York. In 1820 New York was a town of something over one hundred thousand inhabitants, and in 1840 its population was only about one-fifth what it is now. Though, as he looks back at it, the New York of his youth seems to Bishop Coxe to have been a wonderful place, it really was only a very provincial sort of town; and as to its morals, they were probably below rather than above the present average. The women of society were as fond of dress then as they are now, and the fashions of their attire were not more modest, as Bishop Coxe would remember, if the Rev. Dr. Coxe had allowed him to go to the balls of the day. It is true that, as compared with the present time, there was no luxury, and the dress was simple and inexpensive, for there was almost no wealth, as we count wealth now. But there was just as much scandal, proportionately. Drunkenness was certainly more frequent, proportionately, for it was regarded with more indulgence by the society of the period. Our forefathers were hard drinkers, and when Whitefield came here to proclaim Methodism, he found New England especially in a sad state of moral degradation. There are also extant, journals of travel through the colonies, which tell a story of laxness, so far as regards moral restraints, which make even Bishop Coxe's and Dr. Dix's pictures of the society of to-day seem mild by comparison.

There is a story of a Washington Durand, who used to shower invitations on the whole town, and sent one to a secretary of legation, to whom he was entirely unknown. The secretary asked his chief whether, under the circumstances, he ought to accept it. The chief's answer was, "Certainly. In this country there are only two social distinctions—the rich and the poor. Durand is presumably rich, or he would not be giving a party, and he is, therefore, "in society."

The following paragraph, from *Galignani's Messenger*, tends to show that, in men's fashions, Paris is behind England and the United States: Mashers may expect some new fashions before long. The governing principle now is liberty and ease of movement. Now you may leave your morning-suit unbuttoned, and your waistcoat, which used to be so carefully hidden, is now given a chance to show itself. The reappearance of the waistcoat may lead our swells to make the most of a garment, which our forefathers used to so ornament with lace-work and embroidery of every kind, that it often cost a nice little sum of money. The cravat has imitated the waistcoat, and become more obtrusive than formerly. But the colors are quiet. Black and white mixed are the favorites. Cravats should be tied like a sailor's slip-knot, and the knot should be rather large. For full-dress, the white tie has quite dethroned, in France, at least, the black one. At the beginning of this winter, the style was to have the tie starched stiffly, the ends cut square, and to make the bow yourself. But so much starch rendered this a difficult matter. We soon got tired of this work, and so now a soft muslin cravat, that can be easily tied, is all the go. There is a drift toward discarding the opera-hat. It is pronounced dull in color and ugly in form. It never fits well, and is liable to be blown off by the wind in the streets. You see it no longer at dinner-parties. An ordinary silk hat, with a white lining, is now worn on these occasions. But the enemies of the opera-hat do not stop here. They wish to condemn it even at balls, except in the case of those who dance, for the silk hat might get sat upon, while the opera-hat is always safe under the owner's arm, or in his hand. Those who do not dance, say these determined innovators, must discard the opera-hat. At one of the grand balls, given this season by M. Bamberger, the rich banker, who lives at the Rond Point of the Champs Elysées, an effort was made to introduce this custom. But in a crowded ball-room, even if you do not dance, your silk hat would run the risk of getting brushed the wrong way, and so crushed that you would be ashamed to put it on to go home.

Our servants are fast learning European ways (writes "Brunswick," in the Boston *Gazette*), perhaps because so many of them are Europeans, and the commission business is almost as bad here as it is on the other side. Among coachmen here it has grown to alarming proportions. They insist upon a commission from the blacksmith, the carriage repairer, and the feed man. These worthy tradesmen can not afford to pay it out of their legitimate gains, so they tack it on the bill, and their patrons pay it. An acquaintance of mine asked the man who repaired his carriage if he did not think that he was charging a pretty good price. "Yes," replied the man, "I'm sure of it. But your coachman said if I didn't pay him five dollars he'd spoil the carriage, and say it was my bad work. That's the whole truth of the matter, and I'm bothered to death with these coachmen. It used to be that they were satisfied with twenty per cent., but now they want forty." I heard, the other day, of a blacksmith who had to go out of the business on account of a coachmen's boycott. He refused to pay the commissions, and they simply starved him out.

Harold Brydges, an Englishman, who has been traveling in the United States, has this to say of the American girl and her lord and master: "I have sometimes thought that American men are unable to appreciate the glorious girls of the republic. Engrossed in business pursuits, ever engaged in the mad race which has for prize the omnipotent greenback, the average American man is intellectually the inferior of the average woman. Of course, he is quick and clever at his business. But, in the gentle arts which make up the brightness of life, the American man is generally inferior to his sister or his wife. She can chat with you about anything, from the exorbitant charges of the English tailor in New York, to the evidence of the nebular hypothesis; and this, with a piquancy that is irresistibly attractive to a Briton. The brother, or husband, will 'talk shop,' if you understand it, or express a strong opinion on the last unnavigable addition to the American navy. But in art, music, literature, he is conspicuously deficient. This is probably a reason why journalists delight to ridicule the Boston girl; male readers buy the paper, and laugh at the absurd intellectuality of the women. As these same women are to be the mothers of future American men, we may confidently hope that the next generation will not despise mental activity in females, and may even encourage it in men."

The dance-loving Parisian women have decreed, in that mysterious conclave from which emanate the fashions ruling the civilized world, that as there is nothing more delightfully irresponsible to wear in a crush than short skirts, and nothing more dampening to high spirits than the care of a train on such occasions, curtailed petticoats are to be worn. The *grandes dames*, however, who are above fashion, are making a stand against this invasion of short skirts in the domain of gala gatherings, and refuse to lay aside the straight and ample-flowing train, the majestic grace of which can be supplied by no other fashion.

It is not only at Washington that the Chinese legation is subjected to the invasion of hordes of uninvited and discourteous guests. The residence of the Chinese minister at Madrid was not long ago the scene of a disgraceful scandal, which still forms the all-absorbing topic of discussion in the Spanish capital. The Oriental envoy had sent out invitations for a grand ball, to which several members of the royal family, the Cabinet, the diplomatic corps, and the most prominent personages of both the aristocratic and official society of Madrid were bidden. The entertainment was in full swing, when suddenly a whole band of Madrilene *gommeux*, or mashers, who had agreed that it would be an excellent practical joke to be present uninvited at the Chinese ball, made their appearance on the scene. The Eastern diplomats, who had but recently arrived in Spain, and were personally unacquainted with most of the persons present, received the young men in question with their customary affability and dignity, believing them to be invited guests. In a short time, however, the whole place was in an uproar. The young men regularly pillaged the supper-room, into which they had forced their way, and having been rendered more reckless than ever by the wine imbibed, conducted themselves in the most shameful manner. Bottles of champagne were poured on the furniture and on the carpets, ladies' dresses were torn, and their hair disarranged, and confusion reigned supreme, until the police were at length called in to remove the objectionable guests. When at length, however, order had been restored, and the principal guests had expressed their profound regret for the discourtesy to which their entertainers had been subjected, it was found that the cloak-room had likewise been visited by the young men, and that more than half of the overcoats and wraps had been hidden away in the most extraordinary of places. The Duke of Fernan Nuñez, formerly ambassador at Paris, found his valuable sables stuffed up the chimney, while the Minister of Foreign Affairs, unable to discover his furs, was forced to shield himself from the bitter cold by donning his footman's livery-coat.

The apartment which Worth denominates his *cuisine* has never been seen by more than one or two of his most favored customers, yet it is here in this very place that the fashions of the garments of the female world mostly have their birth. It has often been asked, "How are fashions started; who does it?" and to a certain well-known American, propounding a French translation of this phrase to the great dress-maker, he said, "Come with me, I will show you where and how fashions are made," and carried her through a passage, up a pair of stairs, and opened the door of what might be called the fashion-hatchery, but which Worth himself declares to be his kitchen. It was a good-sized room, well lighted, and contained eight large mirrors, so that the whole wall space between the windows was entirely covered with looking-glass. This was all its furniture except a table, a stool, and a big basket on three legs, filled to the brim with loose pins. With these tools and a pretty girl, Worth evolves his masterpieces. No dresses are made here, but when he wishes to study effect and make definite some vague conception floating through his brain, he calls for the girl hired for this purpose—and it is an absolute requisite that the woman applying for this position shall be pretty and graceful—and she promptly mounts the stool. There she stands for hours, clothed in the most perfect of corsets, of course, and a low-necked, short-sleeved waist of white China silk, with a plain, rather scant skirt of the same, which falls over a moderate-sized tournure. She stands motionless while the great dress-maker pins stuffs of all sorts upon her, trying effects and getting suggestions. Sometimes she is enveloped in clouds of tulle or vapory gauze, while the man-milliner works out his idea for a début-gown for a royal princess, or she stands amid sweeping folds of satin and velvet that will finally become the court-dress of a dowager duchess, or of the wife of an American pork-packer. When he has the mood for composing upon him, Worth is tireless, and sometimes exhausts three *poseuses* before he has satisfied himself. The girl will drop with fatigue, and is rapidly replaced by a fresh one, so that the work of composition may go on. After explaining all this, Worth told his American customer that it was in this studio of his that the fashions really had their birth. "I never force anything on the public," he said, "but I educate them. When I make up my mind to introduce a certain fashion I give myself three years' time to make it the rage. For example, for the last two years I have been introducing the fashions of the Pompadour, rococo styles. Look in the shop windows and see what the manufacturers are weaving and the tradesmen selling—are they not, for the greater part, Pompadour designs? Well, in one year more they will be the rage, and it will last for another twelve months or so, and then I shall slowly but certainly begin something new." While this conversation was going on there was an ante-room to the kitchen full of men, who waited upon the couturier to learn his views upon designs for fabrics, new dyes and shades. braids, galloons, tournure-steels, bustles, everything that is needed to make a costume, and his decisions were, in most cases, held to be final.

BOOKS IN ENGLAND.

"Cockaigne" discusses the Literary Tastes of Britain's Aristocrats.

The average English taste in literature is not of a very exalted character. I do not mean to say that England is not a literary nation, or that the English people do not encourage and support literature and literary men. I only mean that, take the average English lady or gentleman as you meet them, and you will not find their taste of a very high order, or their inclinations of a very deep description, when you come to talk of books. Not one out of ten cares to talk of books. They will regard you as a bore of the most potent kind if you broach the subject, and after a dozen or two monosyllabic replies to your remarks, yawn in your face if you continue it.

Unless they be people of pronounced literary tastes and predilections, they do not read much. As a rule, the upper classes are not buyers of books. Nearly every family subscribes to a circulating library, such as "Mudie's," and gets whatever books they do read in that way. According to the amount of their annual subscription, they have from one to a dozen books at a time sent to them, as the books come out—generally in the ponderous three-volume set so dear to the British publisher's heart—and they read them or not, as they choose. The books they thus have sent to them are of the librarian's selection, and go the round of families, one after another. Young ladies in England—and by young ladies, I do not mean simply young females—do not have the same untrammeled opportunities to read books of their own choosing as they have in America. Their mothers see carefully to that, and when the box of books comes down from London, examine the contents most cautiously before they allow the books in the hands of their daughters. Fathers, too, keep their weather-eye open. It is related of Rhoda Broughton that her first attempt at literature was made, and the book published, unknown to her parents. Her father was, if I mistake not, a country clergyman. One morning a box of books arrived from Mudie's. As usual, her father looked over the box before she was allowed to read them. He called his daughter to him, and said:

"You can read any of those books that you like—except one."

The exception was her own—"Not Wisely, but Too Well."

However, I do not think young ladies need much supervising nowadays. They do not want to read anything. Lawn-tennis has broken up whatever taste for reading they ever possessed. The average American will be surprised to find how little the average English lady or gentleman knows about Shakespeare. It is really surprising. Dickens, too, and Thackeray. Dickens, you will be told, never portrayed a "gentleman" in his novels, the reason being that "he didn't know how." Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Lytton, on the other hand, dealt in nothing else. So, where you may find a knowledge of "Pickwick" and "Nicholas Nickleby" hazy, you may discover an intimate acquaintance exhibited with "Coningsby" and "My Novel." Whyte-Melville is an immensely favorite writer with the upper circles. "He was a gentleman by birth, don't you know." You feel inclined to reply: "Yes, *mirabile dictu!* he was. One would not have expected it in so clever a writer." Whyte-Melville's sporting novels—and they all more or less "deal in horses"—are paragons of perfection. He was a keen sportsman and a great hunting man, and knew his subject down to the ground when he came to describe the hunting-field. But even Whyte-Melville has been cast in the shade, first by "Called Back," and then "The House on the Marsh"—especially the latter. It is a curious thing that the author of the "House on the Marsh" made an error, that—in the eyes of the aristocracy—would be unpardonable in a lady. Reed's mother is said to be "an earl's daughter," and yet is called throughout the book "Mrs. Reed." She should be "Lady Emily Jane (or whatever her Christian name was) Reed." A lady-born would have so written it. It does not matter much. It certainly did not interfere with the sale of the book.

Now we have Rider Haggard. I remember, shortly after the book came out, I was talking to a man who had never struck me as being a particularly well-read man, or one whom you would take as an authority on books. He seemed brimming over with literary enthusiasm and excitement. He had evidently been reading something and could not keep it to himself.

"Don't you ever read?" he asked me, suddenly.

"Yes; now and then," I replied, as soon as I got breath.

"I don't mean the papers," said he, "I mean books."

"I understand," said I.

"Because I can tell you of a topping good one. You should read it by all means. Have you?"

"I don't know," I replied. "Perhaps if you tell me the name, I could inform you with a degree of certainty."

"Eh?" He looked puzzled a moment. "Oh, yes, of course. It's 'King Solomon's Mines.' Read it?"

"No, I haven't."

"By jove, then you have a treat in store for you."

He was an average English gentleman, as I meet them, and a man nearer fifty than forty. To the best of my recollection it was the first and only time he ever mentioned a book in my hearing, and I was seeing him constantly. His idea of a "topping good book" was a trashy mess of rubbishy balderdash, such as a school-boy ought to be flogged for wasting his time in reading. I am happy to say I found it as much as I could do to get through a few chapters.

Perhaps, after all, one should not blame English readers too much. Anthony Trollope was enough to frighten people out of reading. His page after page of solid-banked family genealogy and mental analysis cured the British reader of too frantic a desire for novel reading. To begin one of Trollope's novels was like going to see a Chinese play. You had to keep at it for a month. The introduction of American literature of the short and easily read Bret Harte stamp has created a sort of revolution in the English literary world. But not half, ay, a quarter of the American stories published in London, are, I will wager, understood by English readers. Take Bret Harte, for instance. It has been found necessary to publish an explanatory preface to one of the editions of his stories—a sort of glossary, as it were—wherein the meaning of *corral* and *foot-hills*, and *riata* is explained. I wonder that American publishers of "Ouida's" and the "Duchess's" books don't do the same by them. It must be quite as much "Greek" to the American reader when "Ouida" talks of the "Rag" and the "Row," and makes her heroes say "Skittle!" and "No end fit." Stockton's "Rudder Grange" is another story whose points could not have been intelligible to one out of a hundred English readers. "Democracy" had a great sale in England. But I fancy it was more on account of its covert sneer at Republican institutions than from any literary merit in the book itself. Howells is rather liked. But one gets such doses of him in *Harper's Magazine*. It is either he or Amélie Rives. If it was not for *Harper's* illustrations, I don't think the magazine would be half so popular in England. It was a great piece of short-sightedness in *Harper's* to publish such a very weak production as Howells's "Five O'clock Tea" in their English edition. England is the home of Five O'clock Tea, and Howells' pen-picture of it, as copied in America, was most ludicrous to English eyes. If that was what he meant by calling it a "farce," the name was well-chosen. But one of the prettiest American stories published on this side for a long time was "One Summer," by Blanche Willis Howard.

But when one subscribes regularly to a magazine, one does not want a story by the same author in almost every number. I take in *Harper's* myself, and I consider it in many respects far in advance of any English magazine. But I am getting just a little bit weary of Howells. Considering that he "runs" the editor's study; has but just published the final chapters of that (so far as I could judge from the little I read of it) very commonplace "April Hopes," and is now doling out tid-bits of "A Swiss Sojourn," it seems rather overwhelming to be told that "A new novel by W. D. Howells will commence in an early number." One feels almost inclined to suggest that the title be changed from *Harper's* to *Howells's Magazine*.

The American cheap editions of current literature, such as the "Franklin Square," "Lakeside," etc., libraries, need imitation in England. I remember when Lord Beaconsfield's "Endymion" came out in 1880, the price for the three volumes was thirty shillings, or about seven dollars and a half. Shortly afterward a friend in America sent me by post a "Franklin Square" copy, which was published at fifteen cents. Of course, there is what is known as the railway edition of books, published in colored "boards," at two shillings a volume, or one and sixpence cash. These include many authors nowadays, and have put books, otherwise inaccessible, within the reach of many. Every American traveler, who has occasion to wait any time at railway stations in England, can not have failed to observe the flaming covers and backs of these books, which line the shelves of every "W. H. Smith & Son" book-stall in England. They are also sold by booksellers in towns. The military novels of James Grant used to be a prominent feature of the "Railway Library." But nowadays you can soar above that. I have seen of late—besides Whyte Melville and the "Duchess," represented by "The White Rose" and "Uncle John," and "Mrs. Geoffry," "Portia," and "Airy Fairy Lillian"—such books as "Through One Administration," by Mrs. Burnett, and "A Phyllis of the Sierras," by Bret Harte. Routledge has published a "Pocket Library"—neat, well-printed, strongly bound little books—at one shilling a piece. They include among them Bret Harte's poems, poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes, Washington Irving's Sketch-book, the Biglow Papers, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and other stories, such as "Tennessee's Partner," "Mr. Brown's Prodigal," "Notes by Flood and Field," "M'liss," "Miggles," and "Brown of Calaveras." They are wonderful little books at the price, especially as you can get them for ten pence, ready money, or about twenty cents each. After all, this is not so bad. Indeed, in some respects, it is preferable to the large, flat, and limber paper-books of the "Franklin Square Library," which look worn and dirty with one reading.

London, March 16, 1888. Cockaigne.

The refusal of the appeal of Lord Colin Campbell, son of the Duke of Argyll, to be released from the penalties of bankruptcy, which was caused by his inability to pay the costs of the divorce suit against his wife, leaves him permanently in a most unpleasant position. By the provisions of the Bankruptcy Act, Lord Colin Campbell is disqualified from sitting or voting in the House of Lords or on any committee thereof; being elected to, or sitting, or voting in the House of Commons or on any committee thereof; being appointed or acting as a justice of the peace; being elected or holding the office of mayor, alderman, or councillor; being elected or holding the office of guardian of the poor, overseer of the poor, member of a sanitary authority, or member of a school board, highway board, burial board, or select vestry. As a last resort, Lord Colin Campbell applied for leave to appeal to the House of Lords. After consideration, the court refused to grant this appeal.

In Paris, masters and mistresses, it is alleged by a correspondent, dreading the criticisms of the servants' hall, and desiring comfort in the dining-room, have dispensed with the service of waiters; instead, a miniature electric-railway is laid down on the dining-table and continued on the same level to the kitchen, through an aperture in the wall. Dishes come in, and after having made the round, go out on a sort of a small truck. The truck can be stopped anywhere, and does its work admirably, and any amount of art may be lavished on it to make it beautiful.

Officer Arguello, of the Los Angeles police, carries a lasso, and he finds it of great assistance in catching tramps who may desire to evade him and the jail which awaits the captured tramp in that city.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

M. Wilson, the soiled son-in-law of ex-President Grévy, of France, has gone to Brussels to establish a newspaper.

The King of Holland is regularly enrolled as a parliamentary elector, standing on the printed list as follows: "No. 4,609. Name—Of the Low Countries. Christian name—William III. Alexander Paul Frederick Louis. Occupation—King. Residence—Noordeinde, 68. Taxation—697fl. 17c."

Marie Regnault's effects were recently sold at auction in Paris. The basin in which Pranzini washed his hands brought fifteen dollars. A novel, "Le Joueur," which Marie was reading before her murder, brought twenty dollars (worth sixty-five cents), while an iron safe, bearing the marks of the murderer's fingers, brought eighty-five dollars.

According to the *Chicago Mail*, Mr. H. W. Seymour, the new editor of the *Herald* of that city, used to be telegraph editor of the *Chicago Times*, when that paper was notorious for its sensational head-lines, and it was he who put the caption "Jerked to Jesus" over the news of a hanging. But he did it only at Mr. Storey's dictation, and far from being proud of it, now regrets that he ever did such work.

The late Joseph W. Drexel, who was one of the most benevolent and broad-minded of men, left an estate, it is said, worth five million dollars. Mr. Drexel was a one-third owner of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, and his shares will now be divided between his brother and George W. Childs. He always had a fondness for newspaper men, and he demonstrated his friendship for a worthy member of the guild by making Mr. W. J. Arkell, of the Albany *Journal* and New York *Judge*, a co-executor with the widow.

Baron Alfred Tennyson, having retired from the poetical business, is about to start a new lease of public life as a god-father to baby colonies. A new English settlement is shortly to be established in the region of the Cape of Good Hope. It will be peopled by a number of selected families, taken from one of the southern counties of England. The first party starts in June next. The new settlement is to be called "Tennyson," after the poet-laureate, who for many years past has taken a great interest in the South African colonies.

The deceased emperor was a great chess-player. Von der Lasa, of Copenhagen, one of the first continental players, and quite equal in his younger days to Steinitz, Blackburn, and other masters, could not give him more than a pawn or two. The emperor rarely played after 1870, but could always beat Bismarck and Von Moltke; indeed, on one occasion, he played them both in consultation, and made a draw of it. He took much interest in the Berlin chess tournament, and was, in his younger days, a great student of four and five movers.

Forty or fifty members of the Pendennis Club, Louisville, Ky., have notified the directors that they intend resigning because W. R. Ray, a wealthy ward-politician and contractor, had been added to their membership. Ray has made half a million out of city contracts, and is intimately associated with a strong clique in city politics. He began on the police, and has gradually risen. His enemies say he can not read or write, and lacks breeding. For some time he has been taking his meals at the club and introducing his friends freely. Some of these are very offensive to the protesting members. His admission, it is claimed, was obtained by a trick.

Henry L. Levy, a young New Yorker not yet twenty years of age, was a Wall Street messenger boy a year ago. He had received a public-school education, and from his earliest years had shown a wonderful artistic talent. Last July Levy sailed for France, and became an art student. He aspired to a scholarship in l'Ecole des Beaux-Arts, the famous school supported by the French Government. His ambition seemed to his friends in this country to be ridiculous. Out of three hundred and forty aspirants, however, some of whom were mature artists, Levy not only stood among the eighty who were admitted to the school, but won first place over all competitors. He obtained the highest record for drawing from life. His success makes him an art pupil of the French Government till he is thirty.

The King of the Belgians has given the Sultan of Morocco a railroad. It has been laid in the park surrounding the imperial palace at Mequinez, and was lately opened with some pomp. The railway has been purposely laid with several sharp curves and steep gradients, by way of showing the Moors the wonderful things that steam can do. The saloon-carriage, of which, in addition to engine, tender, and guard's van, the rolling-stock consists, is elaborately decorated, and upholstered in a style which, although somewhat bizarre to the European eye, was thought to be suitable to the taste of a Moorish sultan. Muley Hassan did not dare to trust himself in the strange conveyance on the opening day, but he made some of his male relations and ministers take several trips and recount their experiences, which seemed to be thoroughly satisfactory.

The old King of the Netherlands is providing his little daughter, Princess Wilhelmine, with a very democratic and humane culture. Her mother is her principal teacher; she learns the pianoforte and horsemanship from Queen Emma. Her instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, and the modern languages is divided among a number of teachers, every one of whom is strictly charged by the king to treat her exactly as they would any other school-girl. Last week, as the queen and her daughter were driving in their sledge over the ice-fields between the palace and The Hague, they came upon a large group of children, who were merrily snow-balling one another. The princess asked her mother if she might join them. Consent was immediately given, and the royal sledge stood still for half an hour, while the future sovereign of the Netherlands was boisterously hitting, and being hit, by "nobody knows who."

For some years past a writer, whose signature was "Miranda," furnished sundry columns of feminine gossip every week to the London *Lady's Pictorial*, and now it comes as rather a shock to the readers of that paper to discover that "Miranda" was a male individual, and bore the name of Archibald M'Neill. Young girls, middle-aged girls, elderly girls—girls of all sorts, in fact—poured their confidences into "Miranda's" ear. They wrote asking him to expound dark points regarding stockings and frillings; they consulted him on cosmetics and hair washes, and things that would remove pimples; they took his opinion on the subject of trimmings for delicate garments which are worn in the silent watches of the night, and "Miranda" answered them all, and breathed soft confidences into the pink ear of the public. They all gave themselves away, under the impression that he was a woman, and he was not a woman after all. And now "Miranda" has come to a sudden end. It would have been all right, doubtless, if he had confined himself strictly to writing woman-items, but he went away to report the Smith-Kilrain prize-fight, and a day later his dead body was found in the Seine. The man who had so long dispensed sage advice on stockings, and corsets, and other articles of underclothing, had been robbed and strangled by some French ruffian.

Prince Bismarck goes to bed usually at two o'clock in the morning, and gets up at noon. In his bedroom a light is kept burning all the night, numbers of messages, often requiring his personal attention, being brought in during the night. In consideration of the late hours kept by the prince, supper is served late in the evening, and seldom finished before midnight. Besides the Princess Bismarck, Count and Countess Rantzau partake of almost every meal, regularly leaving the palace at 10:45 P. M., when a second-class cab always takes them home. Bismarck's birthday is always a great feast and holiday for the servants of the house. In the kitchen a barrel of wine is provided by Princess Bismarck, two bands are in attendance, and the servants' families appear on the scene. The prince comes down, talks with the guests, and distributes sweets among the children. The domestic police of the prince consist of a sergeant and eight constables. If the prince is away from home, four constables go with him, and four remain at the house, and all of them are entitled to arrest any suspicious person, be it at Berlin, at Friedrichsruhe, or at Varzin. It was at Varzin where Bismarck's large dog, Sultan, was poisoned. The princess declared at the time that she would make provision for life for any one who could point out the poisoner. Sultan was more intelligent than Tyras, but Tyras is more faithful of the two, and will take food out of the hand of any member of Prince Bismarck's family, but never from a servant, as one of the footmen has learned to his regret.

VARNISHING DAY.

The Year's Event in New York's Art World.

In a little vestibule, crushed under one corner of a miniature edition of the palace of the Doges, with the mud of Fourth Avenue to replace the waters of the Grand Canal, some men and women are reading a printed list of names posted up on a door. Each of the men and women bears a more or less battered tin paint-box—of the order that artists carry when they go sketching—and an anxious expression. As their eyes follow the alphabetical list down, one may note them light up or darken, as the case may be. If the former, the owner of the eyes draws himself or herself up right proudly, and marches past the door. If the latter, the eyes take their downcast departure, after scanning the list carefully again. It is an old enough comedy at this doorway, as we may infer when we read at the head of the roster this significant inscription:

LIST OF EXHIBITORS AT THE SIXTY-THIRD EXHIBITION NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

We go in by a narrow passage-way, whose open door is unguarded from the street. On one side, a big, open archway gives us a glimpse of a vast half-basement, where small flesh-and-blood figures, in every-day attire, are employed at easels and drawing-boards, delineating the symmetries and charms of large plaster-of-paris figures, in no clothes at all, or at least none to speak of. At the quick opening and closing of another door, we get a glance at an amphitheatre, where something that looks alive and is as innocent of tailor-shop adornment as any of the plaster deities near by, poses on a podium, surrounded by busy workers, at drawing-board and easel also. In the shadow beside this door, a venerable gentleman is talking earnestly to a young woman, who listens with bent head and a troubled look upon her pretty face.

"There are pleasanter lives than that of a model, my dear young woman," he is saying, gravely and kindly. "The work is harder than you think. But if you have made up your mind, I will give you the addresses of some artists who may use you. We are not in need of any fresh models here just now."

The young woman thanks him, and promises, briefly, to think it over, and hurries out, drawing her shabby wrap closer about her, as if something had given her a sudden chill. Perhaps that something was a clatter of voices, and of female voices: "Another model!" "Good gracious! the woods are full of them!" "And they all think they are Venuses de Medici," with a lance of laughter as cutting as a dagger stab.

The voices emanate from a poky, black, little room, like a coal-hole, where a bevy of young women, who might profitably trade their stock of charms for that of the subject of their criticism, are spicing with gossip a luncheon of sandwiches, and pickles, and cake, eaten out of fingers grimed with crayon and charcoal, and drinking tea, and coffee, and milk out of pocket-flasks. The young women seem to be mixed up with a great many frames of all sizes, whose pictures have their faces turned to the wall, and there is, indeed, a triple row of these all along the entry on either side, excepting where the doors interrupt their symmetrical adjustment. An elderly female, with a severe cast of countenance and false curls, has just picked out a frame enclosing the thrilling representation of a red cabbage on a kitchen-table, inscribed on the back, "A Jacqueminot Rose," and is carrying it away under her arm, with some sharp remark about "the old fools" rejecting her again. A young man in a shocking bad hat, who is rummaging among the frames that are left, eyes us malignantly as we pass him, and proffers a general observation to the effect that "these infernal dudes always have friends on the imbecile old jury." And as we go up the dark stairs, a fat man, with a foreign accent, comes bursting down like a bomb, exploding in sonorous curses of the fossilized swine who, by his passing declaration, would appear to have hung a picture by him somewhere where he objects to its being hung.

Nobody seems to pay any attention to these manifestations, from which we may again infer that they are too familiar to be of special interest. The idle students eat and drink, and the industrious students scratch and smudge, as if there were no such things in the world as spring exhibitions, juries of admission, and hanging committees. Like young bears, they have all their troubles before them. In a year or two more they, too, will be scanning lists at the door, and mayhap ventilating uncomplimentary opinions of their elders and betters in futile excuse of their own inefficiency.

In a dusky lobby, where we get a glimpse of the spring sunlight through a grilled gateway and glass doors, and where there are more men and women with paint-boxes, who eye us, in the absence of those insignia of their craft, with grave suspicion, an amiable, elderly female Cerberus guards a temporary wooden railing that shuts off broad marble stairs. She softens, on the presentatation of our credentials, and so we go up the staircase, into an atmosphere of oil, and varnish, and tobacco, suggestive of the studio, and a kaleidescopic variety of pictures, seen in full view and hinted at through doorways, amid a tangle of long step-ladders, and ropes, and banners of plush that the upholsterers are fastening up.

There are men upon ladders painting and varnishing, and men standing on chairs painting and varnishing, and men who can compass the same purpose from the commonplace level of the floor. There are also some women doing the same things, though only one of them has mounted to the altitude of a ladder, and she is being held there by an upholsterer, while she rubs varnish on a little picture whose subject is undistinguishable to the naked eye from the ground. The men all have cigars or cigarettes in their mouths, and the women who might, by the way, be better-looking and more stylish, all have paint-brushes in theirs, but this does not at all interfere with a running fire of comment and criticism that rattles through from gallery to gallery, and is fed by other men and women, who wander about, discharging random shots at the pictures as they pass.

"What are you varnishing your picture for, Miss Amatoore?" asks a white veteran, who is chewing on a dreadfully smelling cigar as if it was a stick of asparagus.

"It has dried in awfully," replies Miss Amatoore, who is an ethereal young thing of thirty-nine, in a blood-curdling raglan and a hairy tippet, which might be constructed of cats' tails.

"Well," says the veteran, "perhaps it's ashamed of itself and wishes to retire from view."

And he goes on, leaving Miss Amatoore to express her opinion to the effect that he is "a nasty old bear."

A pallid young man, with a Byronic collar and a watery eye, is seated on a divan, gloating with rapt admiration on a landscape in which all the colors of the palette have exploded, and which is hung as close to the skylight as circumstances permit. You need no cicerone to notify you that it is his own genius he is adoring, and that it is the first time he has had a picture hung in an exhibition. "The jealous old fools," he mutters; "they were afraid to hang it on the line. It would have knocked spots out of their chromos if they had."

"Nice little bit that, Smeere," says Dobb, in his famous olive-green velvet coat, with new binding, in tribute to the season.

"Stunning!" answers Smeere, who has a new hat, big-brimmed enough to use for an umbrella.

"Whose is it?"

"Mine," answers Smeere, modestly. "Have a cigarette?"

Old Skumble, who sells twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of pictures a year out of his studio, who dresses like a cab-driver, and has invented a religion of his own, is dancing about in front of a big frame with the agile grace of an ape on a hot plate. He has a big palette, besmeared with color, and flies at the canvas in the frame in a frenzy, smearing and scrubbing at it, backing off to look at it, running into a man here, slopping paint over a woman's dress there, and altogether comporting himself with that fine disdain for every one's rights but his own, upon which genius has a patent. His picture was a moonlight when he sent it in, and he concluded, upon second thought, that he would make a sunset of it, which he is now doing, to the reverent admiration of a circle of worshipers. What Moneybagge, who paid him five thousand dollars for the moonlight in his studio, and reluctantly consented to permit him to exhibit it, will have to say when he becomes aware of the transformation, will, doubtless, interest the recording angel. There is a legend that the great Turner used to take similar liberties with his works, and for a time it was quite the fashion for rising geniuses at the Royal Academy exhibitions to repaint their pictures after they were hung, because Turner did. Old Skumble has not quite set the fashion yet, but he has got so far toward doing so as to put a number of feeble-willed and imitative young fellows in the practice of coming in on varnishing day and fiddling over their canvases, till they quite ruin them. Little Verditer has been at work all day at the top of that ladder there, for instance, muddling up the sky of his "Marine Sunset: Coast of Nova Zembla," till it would puzzle a conjurer to tell whether it is a sand-storm in the Desert of Sahara or a Dakota blizzard.

Half the paintings in the corridor are sticky with fresh pigment, and you can not sit on one of the settees or divans without risking collision with a dirty paint-rag. "It's a d——d nuisance," says Cobalt, who is such a dandy that he is reputed to wear kid-gloves at the easel, and who, therefore, may be pardoned for resenting Skumble's chromatic liberties with his new Poole trousers; "they ought to hang the old crank in a gallery by himself." And dirty and hairy Bitumen, who hates Skumble because no one will buy Bitumen's pictures but the dealers in pot-boilers, concurs with his aristocratic brother, and adds the suggestion that they ought to make sure the rope wouldn't break, too. Bitumen is in an ugly mood, anyhow. He sent in seven canvases, and as if it were not bad enough for the jury to accept only six, they have hung these among so much better works that they look as grimy and forbidding as Bitumen himself.

"I think I'd better get out of art," says Bitumen, in the fervor of his injured feelings. "There's no place in art for me. They don't want me in art. What they want are people like those Orange-Chromes."

Perhaps, too, Bitumen is right. The Orange-Chromes are a loving couple, who paint bright and cheery pictures, when they are not playing with their baby, and the public like their pictures and snap them up on sight. Go get thee a wife, Bitumen, as Orange-Chrome has done. Get thee a tailor, and a barber, a bunch of Turkish-bath tickets, and maybe thine art will be helped by hers to new inspirations, and so not be as superfluous as it is.

The Orange-Chromes are a wiser pair than the Raw-Siennas. Mr. Orange-Chrome paints figures only, and Mrs. Orange-Chrome paints only landscapes. Critical comparisons that might possibly be odious can not, therefore, be made at their expense, and they are free to love, cherish, and admire each other without a taint of professional envy poisoning their connubiality. Not so the Raw-Siennas, both of whom paint figures. The critics are constantly extolling one at the expense of the other, and the iron of the scribbler's pen has entered their souls. While Mr. and Mrs. Orange-Chrome parade the galleries, side by side, and aid each other in imparting the completing lustre to their works out of a common tool-chest, the Raw-Siennas leave at least the length of a room between them, carry their separate paint-boxes and varnish-pots, and are only civil to each other when they come in and when they go away. It is even hinted in the studios—but, pshaw! Suppose Raw-Sienna was once a little attentive to Miss Patty Pink, the flower painter, and that there was in its day quite a flirtation between Mrs. Raw-Sienna and Jack Spratt, who goes in for cattle.

Through the great galleries, flooded with light from above, gay with the variegated adornments of their walls, and made vivacious by moving figures, we may note here and there solitary wanderers, like ourselves, who have note-books in their hands and parade airs of weary dignity. They seem to know every one and to be known by every one, but though they frequently exchange words with Dobb, and Smear, and the rest, there is in their intercourse none of that freedom and professional familiarity that one notes even in the contact of Bitumen and Skumble, much as one may detest the other.

"Skrawl will cut us up as usual, I suppose," says Ultramarine (Ultramarine takes a blue and pessimistic view of everything, you know); "well, I suppose we will have to grin and bear it as usual, too."

"I don't mind him so much," responds Indigo, "although he is an awful ass. He can't write English, and nobody reads him. But that fellow Skribble has a taking style. He's the chap that does the damage."

"There's Stabber, too," remarks Mastic, "and Slugger, of the *Sunday Foghorn*. How the deuce do those fellows get to be art-critics, anyhow?"

"Because they're fit for nothing else," says bitter Bitumen; "they can't paint, and they can't write. They know nothing of art, and nothing of literature. Therefore, they ought to be first-class critics."

They laugh so merrily at this excoriation of their pet aversions, that Stabber hears them, and makes a note of their names for special vengeance in to-morrow's paper. Stabber detests levity, especially when he fancies that it applies to himself. His forte is sarcasm, while Slugger's is assault and battery, and Skribble's and Skrawl's are the long dilution of flimsy phrases, that mean only words strung out for effect. A very different sort of critic is that dapper young gentleman in the shiny hat, whom every one is glad to see, and who fills the margin of his catalogue with pencil-marks, as he strolls and chats, and nods, and shakes hands at every step. This gentleman praises everything, in a weekly paper that nobody but the people whom he puffs reads, but the people whom he puffs do not care for that. They coddle him, and give him little sketches inscribed "to friend Taffeey, from the artist," and swear by him as the ideal art critic, whose double has yet to be born. Of the quality and acumen of Mr. Taffeey as a critic, we may judge as he passes, beset by friendly greetings.

"Seen my picture yet, Taff?"

"Chawming, dear boy! chawming!"

"What do you think of my landscape in the north room, Mr. Taffeey?"

"Lovely, my dear Miss Smudger! Lovely, indeed!"

"Do you like my still life, Taffeey?"

"Stunning, old man! stunning!"

Mr. Taffeey's capital consists chiefly in adjective, as you will observe. Miss Gussher, who does the art on the *Daily Waffle*, is his only rival in the trade. Here she comes, in a new Redfern gown, with ivory tablets to bear her precious notes and impressions. "Number 99" she writes, "a sweet bit. Number 107—a dainty tid-bit. Number 115—a delicious morsel." She might be writing of candy from Maillard's, or tarts from Purcell's, or——

Good gracious!

It was only little Verditer, who, having completely spoiled his "Marine Sunset: Coast of Nova Zembla," has tumbled down, ladder and all, and covered himself with what paint was left in his box.

"High art," sneers Stabber, "is evidently at a discount."

"It's about time Verditer took a tumble to himself," growls Bitumen.

Miss Gussher writes on her tablets "Number 222—'The Fall of Carthage,' by Green Verditer. A lovely *morceau*." She will have it in the *Waffle* to-morrow, and as the title will fit as well as any other, Verditer will not be the loser, at any rate.

NEW YORK, March 30, 1888. ALFRED TRUMBLE.

Though the funeral of the late Emperor William of Germany has been described at great length in the cable dispatches, the following extracts from a private letter, written by a San Francisco lady, under date of Berlin, March 15, may be read with interest:

We have all been quite excited since the emperor's death. We have been so curious to see how they would conduct the funeral. He was laid out in the Dom, but it was at risk of one's life to try to get in. We attempted it, put on all the black clothes we could rake up, and started out in a big snow-storm. The cars and busses were full, and we had to wait a long time. At last had a chance of standing outside, and found after all, we could not get near the church, or even the street. For blocks there were thousands of people standing, so we became discouraged and came home. On Thursday, we hunted up our passports, with the German seal on them, and thought we would try again. We presented the passports to the policeman, and he said we could not enter on them, they had nothing to do with the church of course we knew that. Then we walked to the other end of the line of policemen, and presented them again. He took them and said, "An American paper; I do not understand it, but will call an officer."

He was a good-looking young fellow, and we put on our most gracious manner, told several small stories, and finally he said, as we were Americans, he would let us in.

We had to pass three lines of policemen, and at last, got into line about half a mile from the dome, at five o'clock, and we entered at nine. We stood for four hours on a solid sheet of ice, but were fully repaid. It was a magnificent sight. The emperor was laid out in the centre of the church, surrounded by the guards, who stood as still as death. The floor was simply a carpet of flowers, and on a white satin couch the emperor reclined, as if simply sleeping. His crown and swords were placed by him.

We passed over a bridge built forty feet above him, so simply had a glimpse of the whole scene. The low music of the organ made it intensely impressive. I never expect to see anything like it again.

Friday, at twelve, the funeral was to take place. We stood from eleven until three in the Thiergarten, with snow above our shoe-tops, but it was a fine military display, and the music was grand. The decorations were beyond description. I believe they estimate the price of them at a million. The canopy over the front entrance of the dome was gold cloth and crimson velvet, supported by two gilt posts; on top of them were hundreds of black and white ostrich feathers, above them was a beautiful crown. The front of the building was covered with black velvet, embroidered with the German coat-of-arms, in gold. Before the church stood six candle-sticks, about six feet high, with imitation candles in them, out of which came beautiful colored lights. From the church to the Thiergarten stretched a row of pillars covered with black velvet; on the top of each was a copper urn filled with burning oil. In the centre of the "Linden" was an immense throne of black velvet, draped with ermine, surmounted by a crown, in the centre of which was an electric light. Every few steps were arches of old armor and war trophies. The lamp-posts were draped in crêpe, and the whole city lighted by gas in the middle of the day.

You can not imagine what a peculiar effect it produced. The long street was covered with boughs to prevent a sound. The hearse was drawn by six black horses. The coffin was crimson velvet, with gold ornaments. On top of it was the emperor's crown, and plumed helmet of gold. After the hearse walked the Crown Prince, Prince of Wales, Kings of Saxony and Roumania. The rest was what one sees at any military display. Bismarck and Von Moltke remained with the present emperor, who is very ill, in fact no one here believes he can live longer than a few weeks.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The next number of "Art and Letters" will present the text of the new play written by Sarah Bernhardt.

Max O'Rell's "John Bull, Jr.," has been on the market but a few days, yet every copy of the large first edition has been sold, and a still larger one is now in press.

Mr. Anstey's sketch in *Harper's*—"The Humors of a Minor Theatre"—is in text and illustration the most amusing thing in the current magazines. The humor of Mr. Barnard's drawings is delightful.

A new and popular American edition of the novels of George Meredith is to be started in April, beginning with the "Ordeal of Richard Feverel." There are acquired tastes—among them the liking for George Meredith.

Tourists will be glad to learn that Professor Loomis has revised his standard "Index Guide to Travel and Art Study in Europe," having rewritten a large part of it, and having brought the whole down to date. It will be published in a new and cheaper edition by the Scribners.

Miss Wormley has added to her translations from Balzac, which must be set down as among the most successful translations in the language, "Modeste Mignon," and will follow it with a version of "Peau de Chagrin," a title which it will be curious to see how she renders in English.

Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, who represents the old type of Southern story-writers, has written a new novel. She lives in Mobile, Alabama, in a house built with the proceeds of her literary work twenty years ago. Her library and conservatories are her chief sources of pleasure. Her collection of geraniums is very large and valuable.

Vizetelly, the London publisher, says that he counts it a bad week when the sale of his Zola translations falls below a thousand volumes. "Nana" sells by far the best, Mr. Vizetelly declaring that the sale up to the present time can have been little short of a hundred thousand. After Zola, Gaboriau, and De Boisgobey, the French author who sells best in England is Ohnet.

A New York "special correspondence bureau," which offers a "Gotham Letter" at fifty cents per week, sends out this naïve information to editors: "We shall be pleased to entertain any of your friends who may honor us with a call, and to send you personal interviews with prominent people from your district, who may be in the metropolis, for which we never make extra charge." Verily, "syndicate matter" must be a drug in the market.

George Routledge & Sons have in hand for publication Daudet's "Thirty Years in Paris," illustrated, published uniformly with the "Sapho" and "Tartarin" books, and three books which will be issued in uniform and somewhat similar styles: "Robert Helmont," by Daudet; "Madame Chrysantheme," by Pierre Loti (the *nom de plume* of Lieutenant Viand, of the French navy); and "François Le Champi," by George Sand. All will be fully illustrated.

Commenting on Miss Rives's story, "The Quick or the Dead?" in *Lippincott's, Life* says: It is well that the "exigencies of the plot" did not require more than two or three glimpses of New York life. They are unconsciously very funny—especially the conversation of two brilliant club-men and the brief account of a swell bachelor-dinner, given at three o'clock in the afternoon. It may be remarked that even at that unseasonable hour the young bloods were bombarding a picture of Washington with jam tarts. This is shockingly immoral!

James Parton is living in a quiet part of the picturesque old town of Newburyport. A writer in the *Boston Post* tells the story of how Parton, who was born in England sixty-six years ago, came to be the popular biographer of many eminent Americans: One day, while he was employed on the *New York Home Journal*, he dined at a restaurant with Mason Brothers, publishers, and the talk turned upon books. Parton happened to say, "what an interesting story could be made out of the life of Horace Greeley if a person could only get at the facts!" One of the publishers said, "why don't you do it?" The young man replied that it would require an expensive journey and a year of labor, and that he could not afford it. A few days later the firm agreed to advance the money requisite, and the book was thus assured. Parton went from house to house in New Hampshire and Vermont, making inquiries. Thirty thousand copies of the work were sold, which yielded the author two thousand dollars above the cost of production. "Upon that most insufficient capital," the author said, "I had the temerity to set up in business as a book-maker."

Miss Fletcher, the author of "Kismet" and other clever novels, has been abroad with her mother for fifteen years. Eugene Benson, painter and art critic, is her step-father, and the family are now living in Rome. Eugene L. Didier writes as follows about her: "She is tall and handsome, about twenty-eight years old, with large dark eyes that grow brilliant as she grows animated in conversation. She converses with great fluency, but in a rich musical voice that would lend a charm to the most commonplace conversation. But Miss Fletcher's conversation is far from commonplace; it is full of interest, for she has traveled, read, thought, and mingled in the most brilliant European society. The first result of her Oriental experience was 'Kismet,' the Nile novel, which, you will recall, attracted immediate attention by its fresh and interesting scenes, its charming narrative, and its graceful and picturesque style. It was the most successful novel of the year. But Miss Fletcher did not, like too many young authors, rush again into print immediately. She waited two years before publishing her next novel, 'Mirage,' the scenes of which were also laid in the East, but it did not have so great a success as 'Kismet.' In 'The Head of Medusa' the scene was shifted from the mysterious Orient to the fair land of Italy. Then followed 'Vestiglia' and 'Andromeda,' the scenes of both being also laid in Italy. Miss Fletcher told me that she preferred 'The Head of Medusa' to any of her other books, but in this opinion the public do not agree, for 'Kismet' is still the most popular of her novels. Miss Fletcher is not a professional author. Literature is only the ornament of her life, the occupation of her leisure hours, the useful and profitable employment of time snatched from the frivolities of Roman society." Miss Fletcher was once engaged to be married to the Earl of Lovelace, a grandson of Lord Byron, but the engagement was broken.

New Publications.

Part VIII. of "Spanish Simplified," by Professor Augustin Knoflach, with a key to the preceding part, has been published by the author, New York; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann; price, 10 cents.

"The Red Horse Claim," Mary Halleck Foote's charming story of life in an Idaho mining-camp, has been published in the Ticknor's Paper Series. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"London in 1731," by Don Manoel Gonzales, an interesting account of the English metropolis a century and a half ago, has been published in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"The Story of the City of New York," by Charles Burr Todd, is a brief survey of the causes which led to the founding of the city, and of the agencies which have combined to make it what it now is, giving a variety of domestic and picturesque details which add much to the interest of the book. It is illustrated with reproductions of old cuts and some new scenes, and is provided with a chronological list of events of importance. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.75.

"The Vicar of Wakefield" has been printed in the Knickerbocker Nuggets. The very pretty binding, clean typography, and convenient size of this little series are most appropriate to this chronicle of the fortunes and misfortunes of Goldsmith's vicar, and the little book is made more welcome still by the reproduction of Mulready's quaint and pretty illustrations. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.00.

"A Critical History of Sunday Legislation," by A. H. Lewis, D. D., is a review of the enactments of state, whereby the first day of the week was given a specially sacred character, from the time, fifteen centuries ago, when Constantine, then a heathen emperor of Rome, issued the first Sunday edict by virtue of his office of Pontifex Maximus, down to the latest enactments in the several States of the Union. The book is supplied with a full and convenient index. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey.

"A Girdle Round the Earth," by D. N. Richardson, is a fat volume, containing letters written home from foreign lands, during a tour of the world. The writer's itinerary took him to Japan by way of San Francisco, thence to China, Java, India, Palestine, Constantinople, Austria, Italy, Russia, Paris, England, and home. He saw all that the ordinary sightseer cares for, and much that is out of the ordinary line of travel, and he describes his adventures well. The last chapter discusses the expenses of travel. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $2.00.

A new, large-scale, sectional pocket-map of Southern California has recently been prepared by Rand, McNally & Co. It shows the counties of Santa Barbara, Ventura, Los Angeles, San Bernardino, and San Diego, giving all the cities, towns, streams, mountains, post-offices, railway stations, and railway extensions to date. The pocket-map of California and Nevada, which the same firm publish, is on a scale of eighteen miles to the inch, and is based on the latest government, State, and private surveys. Their new pocket Official Railway Map of the United States and Canada, on a scale of fifty-five miles to an inch, gives counties, railways, and principal towns to date; embraces British Columbia, Manitoba, and the line of the new Canadian Pacific Railway; and shows Key West and more than half of Mexico on the south. On each of these maps alphabetical tables of towns, rivers, stations, etc., are printed. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50, $1.00, and 50 cents, respectively.

"An Unlaid Ghost" has for its second title "a study of metempsychosis," and this, with a brief prologue, gives a key to the relation of the two tales which fill the book. In the first part are related the crimes of Poppæa Sabina, the Roman courtesan, who, to marry Nero—with the ultimate end of betraying his empire to Otho—causes the assassination of Nero's mother and her loyal friend, and has Nero's wife, Octavia, murdered; but when she has become empress, remorse for Octavia's death soon kills her. In the second story the heroine is a beautiful young French girl, who inspires in most men whom she meets a reckless passion, which brings heavy punishment on them and causes her to suffer suspicion, contumely, and injustice until she is almost driven from the straight and narrow path; eventually, however, she is united to the man whom she really loves. The stories are somewhat crudely written in certain respects, but the writer has treated the chief idea—punishment in this life for sins committed in an earlier existence—quite cleverly. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 50 cents.

Students of Shakespeare, and especially the adherents of Ignatius Donnelly, will welcome a reduced fac-simile of the famous First Folio of 1623. The Donnelly cipher may be tested by it, for the fac-simile is exact, even to the incorrect lettering of the pages; and it is difficult to over-estimate the value of this cheap edition of so rare and so important a book—a perfect copy is now valued at twenty-five hundred dollars—as that which is the sole authority for the texts of "The Tempest," "Macbeth," "Twelfth Night," "Measure for Measure," "Coriolanus," "Julius Cæsar," "Timon of Athens," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Cymbelline," "As You Like It," and "The Winter's Tale." Apropos of the First Folio, in nearly all the known copies there are many grease-spots on the pages. Steevens accounts as follows for these grease-spots: "It should seem that most of his readers were so chary of their time that, like Pistol, who gnaws his leek and swears all the while, they fed and studied at the same instant. I have repeatedly met with *thin flakes of pie-crust* between the leaves of our author. These unctuous fragments, remaining long in close confinement, communicated their grease to several pages deep on each side of them. It is easy enough to conceive how such accidents might happen; how Aunt Bridget's mastication might be disordered at the sudden entry of the ghost into the queen's closet, and how the half-chewed morsel dropped out of the gaping squire's mouth, when the visionary Banquo seated himself in the chair of Macbeth. . . . Most of the first folios now extant are known to have belonged to ancient families, resident in the country." There are frequently quite a number of small holes burned in the paper, as though a spark of tobacco from a pipe had fallen on the book. We know that the use of tobacco was very general at the time this book was printed. Tobacco-smoking was the latest fashion. Singular to say, there is not a single reference to the weed or to smoking in any of Shakespeare's works. Ben Jonson, however, makes copious references to it, and in uncomplimentary terms. King James issued in vain his famous counterblast, but the habit grew all the same, until in 1614 there were seven thousand vendors of Virginia and Trinidado in London. The smoking went on in shops, theatres, and even churches. A brief introduction has been written for this edition by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $2.50.

Some Magazines.

During the first three months of 1888, *Book Chat*, the valuable little guide to current literature published by Brentano, has indexed 524 new American and English works, reviewed 124 new books, indexed 3627 magazine articles contained in 799 periodicals, and noted 145 French, 115 German, 34 Spanish and 52 Italian books.

The April *Lippincott's* has for a frontispiece a portrait of Amélie Rives, who contributes the novel of the number, "The Quick or the Dead?" and who is described in "Some Days with Amélie Rives," by J. D. Hurrel. The fourth installment of Judge Tourgee's serial, "With Gauge and Swallow," tells a story of sleep-walking under the sub-title of "The Letter and Spirit." Joel Benton puts in a plea for "The Endowment of Genius," and Thomas Learning discusses "Western Investments for Eastern Capital." There are poems by Daniel L. Dawson and R. T. W. Duke, Jr.

The contents of the *Popular Science Monthly* for April are: "College Athletics and Physical Development," by Professor Eugene L. Richards; "The Struggle for Existence: A Programme," by Professor T. H. Huxley; "Forms and Failures of the Law," by Philip Snyder; "Hypnotism in Disease and Crime," by B. Binet and C. Féré; "Californian Dry-Winter Flowers," by Professor Byron D. Halsted; "The Family-Life of Fishes," by Karl Hennings; "A Paper of Candy," by William Sloane Kennedy; "The Earliest Plants," by Sir William Dawson; "Chinese Superstitions," by Adèle M. Fielde; "The Present Status of Mineralogy," by Professor F. W. Clarke; "The Uniformity of Social Phenomena," by F. X. von Neumann-Spallart; "The Chemistry of Underground Waters," by Professor G. A. Daubrée; "The Cause of Character;" "Sketch of David Ames Wells," and the usual departments.

In the April number of the *Forum*, John Foord maintains that Blaine could not carry New York this year or receive as large proportion of the votes in that pivotal State as he received in 1884. Henry Watterson, writing on the "Hysteria of Sectional Agitation," shows that the Union is stronger now than ever before. There are two articles that bear on the Roman Catholic Church. Professor Emile de Laveleye shows how powerful a factor the Pope is in European politics, and in British politics in particular; and Monsignor T. S. Preston writes specifically against Henry George's books. E. P. Roe explains the impracticability of most of the methods of social reform that have been suggested. Dr. Meredith Clymer explains the faith-cure and similar miraculous methods of healing; John D. Champlin, Jr., writes on "The Union of the English-Speaking Peoples"; Park Benjamin reviews the work done by Dr. William Gilbert, Queen Elizabeth's physician, in creating the modern science of electricity. A noteworthy article is an explanation by Dr. Brown-Sequard, of the location of the brain's various functions.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A friend meeting Sir George Rose one day in Lincoln's Inn Fields, with his left eye greatly swollen and inflamed, remonstrated with him, adding that he was surprised to see that Lady Rose should have let him go out of doors in such a condition. "Ah," replied Sir George, "I am out *jure mariti*" (my right eye).

Herr Von Bulow was conducting a concert rehearsal the other day, and some of the ladies got to whispering—about their dresses, dressmakers, etc., probably. Presently the maestro turned upon them, held the offenders for a moment with his glittering eye-glass, and thundered impressively: "Ladies, this is not a question of saving the capital, but of rehearsing." And there was a great calm.

A gentleman, talking with a young lady, said that he had failed to keep abreast of the scientific advance of the age. "For instance," he said, "I don't understand how the incandescent light, now used in some buildings and in railway cars, is procured." "Oh, it's very simple," said the lady, with the air of one who knows; "you just turn a little button over the lamp, and the light appears at once."

A traveler in an English omnibus was once puzzled by hearing the conductor ask, as he took a lady's fare, "Side Tot?" The lady evidently understood this peculiar sentence, replying, with no sign of surprise at its use, "This." The query was then addressed to a grave-looking, elderly gentleman, who evidently thinking, from its mysterious sound, that he was being lightly treated, roared indignantly, "*What?*" Then the conductor translated his question, which ran, "On which side of Tottenham Court Road did you get in?" He had not meant to be uncivil, but he had no idea of using eleven words when two would answer the purpose.

A case was being tried in the west of England, and at its termination the judge charged the jury, and they retired for consultation. Hour after hour passed, and no verdict was brought in. The judge's dinner-hour arrived, and he became hungry and impatient. Upon inquiry, he learned that one obstinate juryman was holding out against eleven. That he could not stand, and he ordered the twelve men to be brought before him. He told them that in his charge to them he had so plainly stated the case and the law that the verdict ought to be unanimous, and the man who permitted his individual opinion to weigh against the judgment of eleven men of wisdom was unfit and disqualified ever again to act in the capacity of juryman. At the end of this excited harangue a little squeaky voice came from one of the jury. He said: "Will your lordship allow me to say a word?" Permission being given, he added: "May it please your lordship, I am the only man on your side."

Pawlowski's "Reminiscences of Turgenieff" contain a very characteristic picture of Victor Hugo. The great French romance writer and the great Russian romance writer often met and were apparently good friends. But the latter, in his private intercourse with his other friends, did not conceal his dislike for the extraordinary assumptions of Victor Hugo, and satirized the egotism of the French poet. He said one day to Pawlowski, when they were talking about Victor Hugo: "It would be difficult to find a man of equal gifts whose mind is so limited and whose ignorance is so astounding. He understands no foreign language, and consequently has never read any foreign poet in the original. I was speaking with him once about German poetry, a theme which was peculiarly disagreeable to him." Hugo wanted to get rid of the subject, and tried dogmatically to stop all further discussion by the judicial sentence, "Goethe's best work is his 'Wallenstein.'" "Pardon me, Master," replied I, "'Wallenstein' is not by Goethe, it is by Schiller." "Well," said he, "that is all one. I have read neither Goethe nor Schiller, but I know 'Wallenstein' better than anybody who has learned it all by heart."

When Congressman Amos Cummings arrived in New York, after the war, he had a most excellent opportunity to be a tramp (says the *Journalist*). All he possessed, besides a job lot of ragged clothes on his back, was twenty cents' worth of postage-stamps, badly glued together. He wore a pair of battered cavalry boots, and about three-quarters of a pair of trousers. The place where the missing parts of the latter should have been was concealed by a sun-burned army overcoat. In this garb, he climbed up to Horace Greeley's editorial den, and asked Mr. Greeley for a job. He did not ask to be appointed to either the position of managing editor or foreman. He was willing to do anything. "No place for you," squeaked Mr. Greeley, without turning from his desk to look at the applicant; "don't you see I'm busy? G'way! Scat! Damn it!" "But I tell you I must have a job." Mr. Greeley turned around his revolving chair, and glaring at Cummings, said: "*Must!* For what reason, young man, do you say *must?*" "For this reason," replied Amos, turning his back on Mr. Greeley, lifting the drapery on his old blue overcoat, and exhibiting the vacant places, where the wild winds had whistled through his trousers. He got a job.

After the battle of Mars-la-Tour, the field was covered with the dead, and all available houses filled with the wounded. With great trouble a small room, in which stood a table, chair, and bed, was found for King William. Upon entering, he asked: "Where are Bismarck and Moltke?" "They have no place as yet," answered the adjutant, well knowing how necessary it was that they should have rest. "Then invite them to camp with me," was the reply, "but order the bed removed. The wounded can use it better than I; and bring us straw." It was done, and the three heroes rested, during the rainy night, upon the hay-covered floor. Never was a milder master than the emperor, as numerous instances prove. One evening he drove to the Victoria Theatre, in Berlin, accompanied only by his coachman and body-servant. The latter, believing himself certain of several hours, entered a restaurant near by. But the emperor returned very shortly. The carriage drove up to the door, but the body-servant did not appear. Ten minutes passed by before he was found drinking his glass of beer. Frightened half to death, he began to excuse himself, when he was interrupted by the monarch: "Nonsense! don't bother about it. You have often waited for me, now I have waited for you, and we are quits."

After the fighting around Spottsylvania court-house there was a lull. Wounded men streamed down a road in a straggling column, or tumbled into the angles of worm-fences, spread blankets from rail to rail, and rested beneath their shade. Down the road, the head of a column of troops came in sight, with a band playing stirring music. The men were neatly clad, and the officers, riding at their head, were mounted on prancing horses. "The heavy-artillery men from the fortifications around Washington," said a battle-stained private, as these fresh soldiers marched by, singing and talking. The volunteer infantry did not admire heavy-artillery men, believing that they had enlisted in that arm that they might fight behind breastworks, or safely garrison the fortifications of Washington. As the artillery men marched between the hedge-rows of wounded, they were derided. Men pointed to a shattered arm or a wounded leg, and shouted, jeeringly, "That's what you'll get in the woods!" In ironical tones others inquired, "Why, dearest, why did you leave your earthwork behind you?" The heavy-artillery men ceased singing, and marched gravely through the lines of wounded and dying. They entered the woods, formed their line of battle, and fought with steadiness and determination. The whole army honored them. "After Spottsylvania," wrote the author of "Recollections of a Private," from whose book we have condensed this narrative, "I never heard a word spoken against the heavy-artillery men whom Grant summoned from Washington to make good his losses in the Wilderness."

J. K. Bangs, who for several years has been associate editor of *Life*, has retired from that position and has been succeeded by Frank M. White. Mr. Bangs is ambitious to win a name for himself in serious literature.

SOCIETY.

The McAllister-Otis Wedding.

Almost every seat in the First Congregational Church was filled on Thursday evening, April 12th, when the wedding of Miss Lucy Macondray Otis, daughter of Mrs. James Otis, and Mr. Matthew Hall McAllister, nephew of Mr and Mrs. Hall McAllister, took place. It was a brilliant and fashionable assemblage, representing the friends of the two families, and was an evidence of the popularity of the young couple. The decorations of the church were confined to the chancel and were exceedingly picturesque. Beautiful plumes of pampas-grass and regularly formed sprays of fern were massed together around the tall altar-lights, rising upward to the organ-loft, where the railing was garlanded with Duchesse de Brabant and Triomphe de Luxembourg roses. From the centre of the railing hung a large wreath of La France roses tied with a bow-knot of wide pink ribbon, and the lectern below it was ornamented with festoons of delicate pink roses and pale green sprays of elm foliage. The crimson velvet prie-dieu was garlanded with pretty roses, and all around the chancel were set palms, ferns, calla-lilies, and a variety of potted plants. The decorations were quite striking, and were greatly admired.

The ushers were kept busy seating the guests until half-past eight o'clock, when Colonel Samuel D Mayer, the organist of the church, played the sweet notes of the "Bridal Chorus" from Lohengrin. Then the doors at the entrance were thrown wide open, and the bridal party marched down the central aisle Mr Harry Babcock, Mr. Charles Baldwin, Mr. George Davidson, and Mr. Robert Hooker, the four ushers, led the way followed by the brides-maids, Miss Alice Decker, Miss Susie Tompkins, Miss Edith Forbes, and Miss Dora Boardman Then came the maid of honor, Miss Helen Otis, and the bride, who was escorted by her brother, Mr. James Otis. They were met at the chancel by the groom and his best man, Mr. Jerome B. Lincoln.

The bride wore an elegant toilet of white faille Française, made with a court train, and trimmed with point lace. The bodice was cut high at the neck with long sleeves, and her gloves were of white undressed kid. A fleecy veil of white silk moleine fell gracefully from her coiffure over her dress and train, and she carried a bouquet of Niphetos roses tied with white satin ribbons

Miss Helen Otis appeared in a pretty costume of white tulle over white silk, made dancing length, and cut décolleté without sleeves. She carried Perle du Jardin roses, and wore gloves of white undressed kid.

The four bridesmaids were attired alike in toilets of pink silk, draped with pink tulle and made dancing length The corsage was décolleté, without sleeves, and the gloves were of tan-colored undressed kid. There were small pink bow-knots at each shoulder, and ribbon draperies of pink silk over the front of the skirt Their hand-bouquets were of La France roses, tied with pink ribbons.

The marriage rites of the Unitarian church were performed impressively by the Rev Horatio Stebbins, and when the ceremony was ended, a burst of melody issued from the organ, and to the music of the wedding-march the cortege filed out of the church, and entered carriages to be driven to the residence of Mrs. Otis, on the corner of Washington and Franklin Streets. Those who had received invitations to attend the reception, comprising only relatives and a few intimate friends, followed soon after. The reception lasted from nine o'clock until midnight, and was made enjoyable by the service of a sumptuous supper. Concert selections were played by the band, but there was no dancing. Mr. and Mrs. M. Hall McAllister received a liberal and elegant array of presents. They are passing the honeymoon in a trip through the Southern counties, and will occupy the former residence of Mr. and Mrs. I. Lawrence Poole when they return.

Among those at the reception were: Mrs. James Otis, Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mr and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. Faxon D. Atherton, Mr. and Mrs. John Maillard, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. William Barber, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Selby, Mrs. Irwin McDowell, Mrs. Barreda, Miss Helen Otis, Miss Alice Decker, Miss Edith Forbes, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Susie Tompkins, Misses McAllister, Miss McDowell, Miss Florence Atherton, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Julia Peyton, Miss Daisy Casserly, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Lina Blanding, Miss Jennie Flood, Miss Elliott, Miss Rita Haggin, Miss Nettie Tubbs, Miss Lucia Kittle, Misses Barber, Miss Cullen, Mr. James Otis, Mr. Fred Otis, Mr. James A. Donohoe, Mr. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. Fred B. Lake, Mr. Colin Smith, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Winfield S. Jones, Mr. Brooks Jones, Mr. Ward McAllister, Mr. Jerome B. Lincoln, Mr. Robert Hooker, Mr. George Davidson, Mr. Charles Baldwin, Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. Samuel Boardman, Mr. Harry Tevis, Mr. Hugh Tevis, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. A. Casserly, and the Messrs. Macondray.

The Pinto Angling-Party.

Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto gave a delightful progressive angling-party in honor of Mrs. W. E. Blackwell, of London, on Wednesday evening, April 11th, at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, 1801 Van Ness Avenue. About forty friends were invited to participate in the pleasures of the affair. Handsome prizes, comprising a match-case, a bronze fan, a fancy blotter, a scarf-pin, an exquisite vase, and a pretty candlestick, were awarded to the successful players, who were Miss Fanny Crocker, Mr. Chauncey Winslow, Miss McNeal, Mr. Harry Houghton, Mrs. W. E. Blackwell, and Mr. Everett N. Bee. The booby prizes were a set of bells and an ornamented whisk-broom, which were carried off by Miss Nellie Joliffe and Mr Percy Morgan. Supper and a few dances were enjoyed afterward.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Blackwell, Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto, Mrs. F. A. Le Favor, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Miss Eva Castle, Miss Blanche Castle, Miss Louise Holladay, Miss Smith, Miss Grace Bradley, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Lillie O'Connor, Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Stetson, Miss McNeal, Miss Allie Hawes, Miss Jessie Kaufmann, Mr. Chauncey Winslow, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. T. T Dargie, Mr. Percy Morgan, Mr. Harry Houghton, Mr. E. H. Dimond, Mr. H. Diamond, Mr. Cooper, Mr Albert Castle, Mr. William Sherwood, Mr. Allen, Mr. Burke Holladay, Mr. Frank D. Willey, Mr. Albert L. Stetson, Mr. Henry Stetson, and others.

The Manning-Masten Wedding.

A prominent wedding took place in Oakland, on Wednesday evening, April 11th, which was attended by a large number of the leading society people of this city and Oakland. The bride was Miss Emilia Carlota Masten, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N K. Masten, now of Oakland, but for many years residents at South Park in this city. She is a beautiful and accomplished young lady, and is extremely popular among a host of friends. The groom, Mr. Horatio Seymour Manning, is the son of Mr. and Mrs Nathaniel Manning, of New York. He has been identified with journalism here and in the East for several years, and is highly esteemed by his many friends and associates. About five hundred invitations were issued to the wedding, which was celebrated at the home of the bride's parents, 1232 Madison Street. The residence had been decked in gala attire in honor of the affair Japanese lanterns illuminated the entrance, and within all was brightness, and the perfume of flowers freighted the air. Branches of the apple-tree, rich with blossoms, adorned the entrance to the parlor, and a wreath of these blossoms hung in the centre, while draperies of silvered-gauze were worked among the foliage. Long sprays of fern ornamented the walls in the hall, and the newel-post and bannisters were garlanded with wild mustard, tied with pale yellow India silk. The beaded curtains in the alcove at the rear were outlined with glossy magnolia leaves, and a wreath of marigolds was suspended at the doorway from ribbons of yellow silk Draperies of yellow silk, delicate blossoms, wild-mustard, and ferns adorned the mirror in the hall with pretty effect. In the front parlor masses of ferns softened the bright light somewhat, and a nuptial canopy of fleecy white tulle gave its beauty to the scene. A wreath of apple-blossoms was suspended from it, and the bay-window was ornate with clusters of lovely roses. Baskets of Bon-Silene roses graced the folding-doors, and the rear parlor was made attractive by quantities of cherry-blossoms, roses, and orange-blossoms tastefully arranged. There were baskets and appropriate devices wrought of choice flowers set in available places, all combining most harmoniously with the set decoration.

At eight o'clock most of the guests were assembled, and all was in readiness for the ceremony. Ballenberg's band played the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" as the bridal party entered. There was neither best man nor groomsmen. The brides-maids were Miss Freddie Bours, of Stockton, Miss Mamie Masten, of Oakland, Miss Virginia Hanchett, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Miss Sally Maynard, and Miss Irene Schell, of San Francisco. The ceremony was impressively performed according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, while Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" was softly played, and the bride was given away by her father

The bride wore an elegant toilet of white faille Française, made with a long court train, and trimmed with rare point lace and Roman pearls. The corsage was cut décolleté, and long gloves of white undressed kid extended to her elbows. A veil of white silk moleine was confined to her coiffure with a diamond pin, and swept downward in graceful curves to the end of the train. Her hand bouquet was of orange blossoms and Perle du Jardin roses

The bridesmaids, a sextet of pretty girls, were all attired alike in costumes of white surah satin and Ottoman silk, cut décolleté and trimmed with Duchesse lace. They carried bouquets of exquisite roses.

Mrs. N. K Masten wore a rich toilet of silk shaded from Robin's egg tint to Gobelin blue, and trimmed with pearls and point lace.

After the ceremony, the happy couple received the congratulations of those present, and then music and dancing were enjoyed. Supper was served later in the evening, in the attic, which was profusely draped with flags and hung with lanterns. The departure of the newly married couple was accelerated by copious showers of rice. Those who remained passed the ensuing hours in a most delightful manner. Mr and Mrs. Manning have gone to New York by steamer, via Panama, and upon reaching their destination, will visit his relatives for a few weeks and then proceed to Baltimore, Md., where they will reside A large number of elegant and costly gifts were presented to them by their friends.

The Howard Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard gave an elaborate dinner-party at their residence on Washington Street, on Saturday evening, April 7th, in honor of Mr. George H. Howard and Miss Nettie Schmiedell Covers were laid for twenty-four at a beautifully decorated table, and an elegant menu was served. Handsome favors were presented to the guests as souvenirs of the affair.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. H Howard, Miss Nettie Schmiedell, Miss Matie Peters, Miss Babette Howard, Miss Sally Maynard, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Ida Palache, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Edith Findley, Mr. George H. Howard, Mr. Alfred Redington, Mr Fred W. Tallant, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Robert J. Woods, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, and Mr George A. Newhall.

The Stewart-Will Wedding.

A delightful home-wedding was that of Miss Emma Georgina Will and Mr. James Stewart, of London, England, who were united in the bonds of matrimony on Wednesday evening, April 11th, at the home of the bride's parents, 600 Van Ness Avenue. No detail was left unfinished that could have contributed further to the pleasures of the affair. The residence was beautifully decorated with a profusion of choice flowers. Particularly tasteful was the arrangement of the bay-window in the main parlor, where, from the gilded cornice, fell a drapery of silvered gauze just over the pendant wedding-bell of fragrant blossoms, while the gracefully draped portieres at either side were festooned with pink and yellow roses. There was a tripartite screen at the back which was covered with roses and their foliage. From the chandelier narrow ribbons of pistache-green silk extended over to the corners and the centre of the room like the meshes of a net. The central arch sustained a drapery of pale-pink tulle, and from the centre hung the monogram "S. W." wrought of rosebuds. The mirror was festooned with gauze and streamers of smilax, and on the mantel were draperies of pink silk and baskets of choice roses. Fern sprays and tinted draperies embellished the walls and pictures, and baskets full of exquisite flowers graced every available place. Draperies of blue silk and gauze adorned the library with charming effect, and in the dining-room the same effects were produced with red and blue. The hall was a symphony in the tints of lemon and orange. Silk ribbons and bands of gauze of these colors ornamented the walls in a dainty manner, and fern sprays were set at intervals in relief.

The ceremony was celebrated privately at five o'clock, in the presence of a few relatives and intimate friends. Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" announced the entrance of the bridal party, which was preceded by the groom and his best man, Mr. Fred Will, who awaited them at the bay-window. Miss Marguerite Bucknall and Miss May Norton, the bridesmaids, came first, followed by the maid of honor, Miss Jennie Martel, while the bride and her father came last.

The bride, a stately and beautiful blonde, was attired in a rich toilet of white faille Française, the front of which was draped with point Duchesse lace. The long train was made à la cour, and the high cut bodice and long sleeves were outlined with point lace. Her coiffure was dressed high and ornamented with a pompon of white ostrich tips, and from it fell a long veil of white tulle. She wore white undressed kid gloves, white silk slippers, and diamond ornaments, and carried a bouquet of white roses encompassed by white silk ribbons.

Miss Jennie Martel appeared in a becoming costume of pale-pink faille Française, made with a demi-train, and draped with pink, striped tulle. The corsage was cut décolleté without sleeves, and tan-colored gloves were worn. She carried a bouquet of La France roses, tied with moire ribbons.

Miss Bucknall and Miss Norton were attired similarly, in toilets of Nile-green moire and embroidered crêpe, made with demi-trains. The corsage was cut V-shaped without sleeves, and tan-colored gloves were worn Both carried bouquets of La France roses, tied with moire ribbons.

Mrs. F. A. Will wore an elegant toilet of royal purple velours de Lyon, made with a court-train, and having a front of lavender-colored satin covered with a deep flounce of Chantilly lace. It was trimmed with ostrich tips, and ostrich pompons were worn in the hair; ornaments, diamonds

Rev R. C. Foute officiated at the ceremony, after which an elaborate dinner was served in the large dining-hall on the lower floor. A couple of hours were pleasantly passed in discussing the viands and wines, and about nine o'clock, those who had been invited to attend the reception commenced to arrive. After congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Stewart they enjoyed dancing, admired the presents, and partook of the bounteous supper that had been provided. The early hours of morning had arrived before the guests thought of leaving, so well were they entertained. The presents received were of unusual elegance One from the groom to the bride was magnificent, comprising a large jewel-case, holding four diamond rings, two diamond bracelets, one diamond and sapphire bracelet of fifty stones, two sets of diamond earrings, two diamond pins, and a necklace of pearls. He gave the bridesmaids beautiful souvenir bracelets of gold set with turquoise and pearls. Mr. and Mrs. Stewart have gone on a tour of the southern part of the State, and will be away several week-.

The Tatum Tea.

A very delightful tea was given by Mrs. H. L. Tatum, on Saturday, April 7th, at her residence on Pacific Avenue, in honor of Mrs. F. A. Lancaster, of Chicago. The rooms were lighted with gas and most artistically decorated with roses and rare plants, but the feature of the floral display was the great variety and profusion of wild-flowers, for which this State is so famous at this season. Mrs. Tatum was assisted in receiving by several young matrons and a bevy of our young society belles, who made the hours from four to six o'clock pass most enjoyably to the numbers who called during that time.

The Flint-Scott Wedding.

A pretty wedding was celebrated at Angel Island on Wednesday, April 11th, when Miss Le Mire Scott, daughter of Chaplain Winfield Scott, U. S. A., was united in marriage to Mr. Edward Flint, of Oakland. The ceremony was performed at noon at the family residence, which was tastefully decorated with wild-flowers, ferns, and pretty blossoms. A conspicuous feature of the decoration was a beautiful floral wedding-bell, under which the young couple stood while the father of the bride feelingly read the marriage rites. The bride was attended by four maids: Miss Myra Scott, who was dressed in Nile green silk, Miss White, of New Orleans, in pink silk; Miss Carrie Gould, in blue silk; and Miss Carrie Griswold, in cream-colored silk

The bridal robe was of elegant white gros grain, made en train, and draped with white lace.

Previous to the ceremony, the regimental band, which was stationed outside of the residence, played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and afterward enlivened the occasion with concert selections. Refreshments were served about one o'clock, and later in the afternoon the bridal party and the guests came over to the city on the steamer. Mr. and Mrs. Flint received quite a number of rich presents. They have gone to Coronado Beach, to remain a couple of weeks, and upon their return, will reside at Mrs. Huddart's, on Hyde Street.

There were about fifty guests at the wedding, among whom were: Chaplain and Mrs. Winfield Scott, U. S. A., Mrs. Flint, of New York, Dr. and Mrs Hopkins, U. S. A., Lieutenant and Mrs. C. B. Vogdes, U. S. A., General and Mrs. O. O. Howard, U. S. A Captain and Mrs Heiner, U. S. A., Captain and Mrs. Markland, U. S. A., Lieutenant and Mrs. Barry, U. S. A., Lieutenant and Mrs Edmonds, U. S. A., Mrs. H. N Cook, Mrs. White, Mrs. Jones, Mrs Hawks, Miss Myra Scott, Miss White, Miss Howard, Miss Gould, Miss Griswold, Miss Wallace, Miss Flint, Lieutenant F. A. Tripp, U. S. A., Lieutenant Strother, U. S. A., Lieutenant Ferris, U. S. A., Colonel W. R. Shafter, U. S. A., and others.

The Coit Dinner-Party.

Mr. Griffith Coit gave a dinner-party, in the private dining-room at the Union Club, on Saturday evening, April 7th, in honor of Mr. Henry Morris, of Philadelphia, who is passing his honeymoon on this coast with his bride. The appointments of the table were in exquisite taste, and the menu was complete in every detail

Those present were: Mr. Griffith Coit, Mr. Henry Morris, Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. Christian Froelich, Jr., Mr. Alexander Hamilton, Mr. J. K. Orr, Mr. T. T Dargie, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. Edward F. Delger, Mr. Howland Coit, Mr. Smith, Dr. J. C. Foulkes, and Mr. George W. Spencer.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs Armden, Miss Hunter, and Miss Pearl Voorhies, of Kentucky, who have been the guests of Mrs. Lloyd Tevis during the winter season, will return to the East in a few days

Captain and Mrs. J. C Ainsworth, of Oakland, have gone to Tacoma, W. T., on a brief visit.

Miss Florence Coleman, of Grass Valley, is visiting Miss Florence Perine in Santa Barbara.

Mrs. John F. Swift and Mrs Lucy Arnold have returned from a visit to Mrs. Glover at Sacramento.

Mrs. John F. Miller and Mrs. Richardson Clover have returned from the East, and will pass considerable of the summer here and at their ranch in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Folger will leave Oakland in a few days for the East, where they will remain for about six months.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson are in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan, of Redwood City, were here, recently, on a visit.

Mr. H. M Yerrington, of Carson City, has been passing several days at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Catherine Stoneman, of Los Angeles, is in the city on a visit

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Elkins and Miss Elkins, of Philadelphia, are at the Palace Hotel

Miss Jennie Hobbs has returned from a visit to Mrs. Pray, at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. David Willcox and the Misses Willcox, of Oakland, will leave soon for an Eastern tour

Miss Alice Decker has returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. Robert Curry, at Dixon.

Miss Lulu Perry has been visiting friends in Napa.

Mme. Julie Rosewald will depart soon for a three months' visit to Europe.

Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., who has been visiting Mrs. F. E. Spencer, in San José, for a couple of weeks, will return home in a few days.

Mrs. Clinton E. Cushing and Miss Jessie Sherwood intend leaving here soon, to make a six months' tour of Europe.

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard is passing a few weeks in Santa Clara County.

Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San José, passed a few days here, recently, as the guest of Miss Jennie de la Montanya.

Mrs Brandon Mosley and Mr. and Mrs. William H. Magee leave San Francisco, April 15th, for Europe, returning in August. Miss Bessie Folger will accompany them as far as Chicago.

Mrs. H. S. de Fremery and family, accompanied by Miss Thornton, will leave Oakland on May 1st, for a three years' visit to Europe.

Lieutenant and Mrs. David A. Hall have gone to New York by steamer, via Panama.

Mrs. James Phelan is entertaining her sister, Miss Kelly, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs John McMullin is at her ranch, Casa Blanca.

Miss Mollie Wetherred is visiting friends in Chicago, and will soon go to New York and Boston.

Mrs. William Ashburner has gone to Washington, D. C., to remain a couple of months.

Consul and Mrs. J. Simpson are passing a few weeks at the Grand Hotel prior to their departure for Europe.

Mrs. William E. Blackwell has been visiting the Misses Morrison at San José.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs Jerome Lincoln gave a delightful dinner-party at their residence on Harrison Street on Saturday evening, April 7th.

A party of fourteen friends were pleasantly entertained at dinner on Wednesday evening, April 11th, by Mr. and Mrs R. C. Harrison at their home on Pine Street Baskets of exquisite roses comprised the decorations.

Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe celebrated the anniversary of her birthday recently by giving a dinner-party at her residence on Harrison Street.

The principal event in anticipation is the coming wedding of Miss Nettie Schmiedell and Mr. George H. Howard, which will take place at Trinity Church, on Wednesday evening, April 18th. After the ceremony, a reception will be held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, on Post Street, for which a limited number of invitations have been issued

Cards have been issued for the wedding of Miss Edith Bunker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs R. F Bunker, and Dr. Adolph J. Kahn, which will take place at the residence of the bride's parents, 620 Eddy Street, on Tuesday evening, April 17th. The ceremony will be private, and will be followed by a large reception.

The members of the Reliance Club gave their first party of the spring season at upper Saratoga Hall, on Monday evening, April 9th. The hall was comfortably filled, and dancing was enjoyed until midnight.

Mrs David Bixler gave an enjoyable reception on Friday evening, April 6th, at her residence on Pierce Street. It was given to introduce her niece, Miss Hyde, into society, and about one hundred young people were invited. The spacious parlors were handsomely decorated, the floors were canvassed for dancing, and the Presidio Band furnished excellent music. Dancing was the feature of the evening, and it was varied by the service of a bounteous supper at midnight

Mrs. Chauncey McKeever gave a lunch-party recently at her residence on California Street in honor of Mrs. Edwards, of New York. Among the others present were: Mrs Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mrs. William T. Coleman, and Mrs. Gordon Blanding.

Miss Kate Felton, daughter of the Hon. Charles N. Felton, will be married to Mr. William Elkins, of Philadelphia, at Menlo Park, on Wednesday, April 18th, at noon.

Army and Navy.

Captain Charles Alligood, U. S. A., has been ordered to duty at Ogden. His daughter, Miss Josephine Alligood, will accompany him.

Major Frank T. Bennett, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted an indefinite leave of absence, on account of disability.

Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., one of the most popular officers at the Presidio, has gone East on an extended leave of absence, and will return about July 1st.

Boulanger's Victory.

The overthrow of the French Cabinet does not alarm the ladies. For it is assured that whatever be the government of France the celebrated Freud's Corset House will import the best French Corsets in the world. Republic, empire, kingdom or dictatorship will not disturb our arrangements. Freud's is the only place where every lady can secure the best and cheapest corsets. Our great popularity has created imitators, against whom all are warned. There is but one Freud's Corset House, Nos. 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Grant Avenue. Parties in the country are cautioned that we have no agents. Address mail orders, Freud & Son, 742 and 744 Market Street. Make no mistake.

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No. 22 MONTGOMERY STREET.

BY ORDER OF REFEREE.

FIRST—Lot and improvements on west side of Dupont Street, 104½ feet south from Jackson Street, No. 927, fronting 21 feet by 100 feet deep to an alley-way leading to Jackson Street; producing a monthly rent of $[illegible]

SECOND—Lot and improvements on east side of Dupont Street, Nos. 918 and 920, fronting 29 feet by 90 feet deep to Washington Place, on which it fronts; producing a monthly rent of $344.50.

THIRD—Two-story and basement dwelling on north side of Filbert Street, 137½ feet east of Dupont Street; 17 feet 2 1-4 inches front by 137½ feet; house contains about 12 rooms and rents for $50 per month.

Diagram, catalogues, and full particulars at auctioneers' office

TERMS OF SALE.—Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid to the auctioneers at the time of sale, the balance upon confirmation of the sale by the Superior Court.

— ALSO —

NORTH POINT WAREHOUSE PROPERTY,

By Order of Referee.

Half Block of Land Bounded by Kearny, Francisco, and Bay Streets.

Fronting 275 feet on Kearny Street, 206 1-4 feet on Bay Street, and 200 1-4 feet on Francisco.

This property fronts immediately on the 200-foot highway forming the city front bulkhead, is level, streets and lot graded, solid rock foundation, and ready for building.

This is a rare chance to purchase such business property, as its kind is seldom offered at auction.

— ALSO —

Greater Part of Block of Land Bounded by Bay, Francisco, Kearny, and Dupont Streets.

Lot on northwest corner of Kearny and Francisco, fronting 206 1-4 feet on Kearny Street by 370.40 feet on Francisco Street, excepting therefrom one 1st on Kearny Street, 45 10x91 2-3 feet, and one lot on Francisco Street, 40x80 feet.

This property, together with the adjacent streets, is graded and nearly ready for building.

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CHRIST IN THE VATICAN.

At that time a man appeared at the great entrance to the Vatican. He was young, and his face, pale and thin, betrayed great sorrow and suffering. He wore a long mantle of white wool, the dress of the nomads of the desert, and from beneath the cape of the same, his hair fell long and waving. It was plain that he was poor and tired, but his eyes sparkled, and a sorrowful smile played on his lips.

As he was entering the great doorway, the gorgeously uniformed guards of the Pope, dressed in red and gold, looked at this strange individual, and one of them barred his way, saying in a gruff voice: "Hold on, stranger! This isn't the way to enter the palace of the great Pontiff." The pilgrim halted, and answered him in a voice full of sweetness, "I only came to see the presents the great kings of the world have sent to the vicar of Jesus Christ."

"Well," said one of the guards, "as I see that you come from some far-away country, I'll let you in, so that you may tell your people of the greatness and glory of our master."

And they allowed him to pass.

The traveler stepped up the marble stairs, and came to the great halls paved with mosaic; rare marbles, frescoed ceilings, immense paintings covered the walls on all sides. In that palace, itself as great as a city, he beheld great rooms, filled with treasures of all kinds, so that it looked like a great bazaar, greater than those of Suza, Babylonia, Cairo, Damascus, or Jerusalem. There were gifts of great value sent from all parts of the wide world; presents from kings, emperors, queens, princes, and others; rare jewels, golden vases filled with precious stones, piles of silks, velvets, and costly embroidered stuffs of all kinds, gold and diamonds everywhere.

The pilgrim looked with eager curiosity at all these treasures for a long while; his eyes sparkled with joy, and his face appeared to beam with triumph. "At last," he exclaimed, "men have become good, and the great give to the poor!" and turning to one of the splendidly dressed guards, he added, "what great benefits will be done with those vast treasures! the hungry will be fed, the naked will have dresses, and the shivering poor will be warmed. Ah, blessed be those paternal hearts! Yes, those who have plenty do give to them who have not; fraternity has come at last upon the earth, and the blessings of heaven."

While the stranger was speaking in this manner, the guards near him, looking at each other, whispered: "The poor fellow, he must be crazy."

But the pilgrim continued with warmth and animation: "Glory be to God, and blessed be the holy man by whose hand all these riches will be given to the poor and unfortunate!"

Then, turning and speaking to them, he asked: "And when will the distribution of all these treasures take place? I'd like to be there and see the poor made happy and contented."

"Why, man, you are dreaming," answered one of the guards to him. "All those things belong to our great Pontiff; to him alone, and he won't give any away!"

"To him alone!" exclaimed the stranger, excitedly; "for him, all of those jewels, and gold, and precious stones; all of those robes of silk, gold, and rich stuffs? Go and tell the Vicar of Jesus Christ that I am hungry and thirsty, and that my robes are all in rags, while he has here enough to feed and clothe hundreds of thousands of poor men like me."

The guardsman laughed loudly in his face.

The pilgrim folded his arms, and looking at one of the magnificent sacerdotal vestments of the Pope, embroidered all in gold, with precious stones, he continued:

"The Vicar of Jesus can not but be the father of the humble, the benefactor of the poor, the apostle of fraternity. But, alas! I see he lives in a marble palace, dressed in golden mantles, and surrounded by a court and gorgeous varlets, while I go barefooted." So saying, he tore the golden fringe from off the precious robes, and threw it on the ground, under his feet.

The guards fell upon him, and holding his sacrilegious hands, dragged him to a dungeon. And while they were taking him there, he kept on saying:

"They call themselves my disciples!" and his eyes gave forth sparks, as of lightning.

He was Jesus Christ.—*Translated from the Italian by G. T. de Zara.*

The "Kicker" Man.

There is no use in attempting to disguise the fact that certain rings and factions in this gulch have, for the last three months, made desperate attempts to ignore the existence of the *Kicker*. Having failed to frighten or bribe us, ostracism was their little game. They determined to freeze us out. We first became aware of this movement three months ago, when Mrs. Judge Gildersleeve gave her blow-out. At that time, we received the following card:

All Gentlemen Attending this Reception Will Be Expected to Wear a White Shirt.

The inference was as plain as the pimples on Mrs. Judge Gildersleeve's nose. They thought we hadn't a white shirt. They thought we'd attend with an army blanket thrown carelessly over our shoulders. The object was to let us know that Mrs. Judge Gildersleeve didn't look upon us as knowing what belonged to manners. It was all right. We didn't go. As to whether the Gildersleeve ring came out ahead, opinions differ. Our account of the party, headed "Gathering of Vultures," is still going the rounds of the press. In that article we proved Judge Gildersleeve to be an embezzler and a horse-thief, and we adduced positive evidence that Mrs. Judge was a broken down and played-out fortune-teller, who had been compelled to skip from St. Louis. The judge called at the *Kicker* office next day with a shot-gun, but when we brought out more letters—proofs that he had served time in three prisons, and that Mrs. Judge still had the work-house cut on her hair when she arrived in Arizona, the judge didn't shoot.

The Jackass Hill set next tried to make us sing small. They got mad because we weren't puffing them in every issue. Colonel Docker had two shillings' worth of repairs made to his mule harness, and the *Kicker* didn't notice it. Mrs. Professor Frothingham turned an old silk dress top-to-bottom, and the *Kicker* didn't come out with a notice that she had received another five hundred dollar dress from Worth. Major Hornblower put a porcelain door-knob on the front door of his adobe, and the *Kicker* didn't come out and set it as one of the enterprises bound to bring in new settlers and boom real estate. It was, therefore, determined to down us. Lily De Lisle, the red-headed daughter of the one-legged county clerk, made her début, and we were not invited to the blow-out. It was an action intended to break our heart, and we promptly countered. It was on our tip that the sheriff went up about ten o'clock that evening and gathered in two bigamists from New England, an embezzler from Ohio, and a fugitive from Chicago, all of whom were looked upon as the cream of society, and were airing their frills and scallops at the grand début.

We are here to stay. We put up our own shanty with our own hands. We board and lodge ourself, and we have not only got the cost of living down so fine, but are getting our white paper so cheap that we can make money on a list of thirty subscribers and three pages of dead ads. We are going to run the *Kicker* after our own style, whether it pleases the big bugs on Jackass Hill or the half-starved coyotes in Poverty Hollow. While we don't hanker after invitations to euchre parties and church socials, we don't propose to take a snub from any set. While we are willing to boom the town, we don't propose to sit up nights to let the outside world know that some citizen has added a bath-tub to his dug-out, or that some merchant has just received a fresh wad of bed-ticking.

There have been hints thrown out by the court-house ring that we are to be starved out. Try it on, gentlemen. We are now fifteen dollars ahead of the game, have paper enough on hand for ten weeks, and our living expenses last week footed up only sixty-seven cents. We came to stick.—*Arizona Kicker.*

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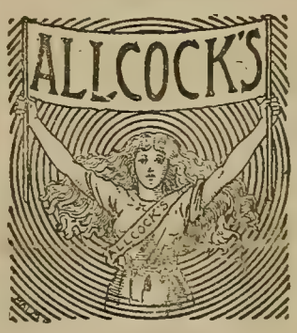

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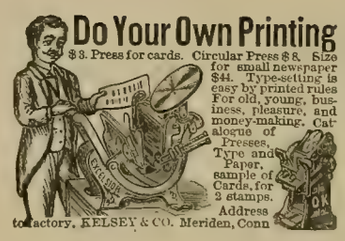

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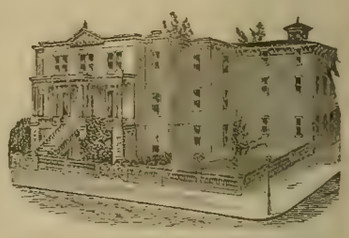

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LEAVE (for)	From April 1, 1888.	ARRIVE (from)
8.00 A.	Calistoga and Napa	10.15 A.
4.00 P.	" " "	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	Calistoga	5.45 P.
10.30 A.	Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	" " "	*3.45 P.
5.30 P.	" " "	7.45 A.
9.00 A.	Ione, via Livermore	5.45 P.
3.00 P.	Knight's Landing	9.45 A.
*4.30 P.	Livermore and Pleasanton	*3.45 A.
7.00 P.	Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, & East	9.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles and Mojave	12.15 P.
3.00 A.	Martinez	6.15 P.
§4.00 P.	Milton	*5.45 P.
6.30 A.	Ogden and East	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	" "	12.45 P.
9.00 A.	Red Bluff, via Marysville	5.45 P.
7.00 A.	Redding, via Willows	7.15 P.
7.00 A.	Sacramento, via Benicia	7.15 P.
8.30 A.	" " via Benicia	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	" " via Livermore	5.45 P.
3.00 P.	" " via Benicia	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	" " via Benicia	12.45 P.
6.30 P.	" " via Benicia	7.45 A.
*1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	*6.00 A.
7.30 A.	San José	*12.45 P.
9.00 A.	" "	*3.45 P.
3.00 P.	" "	9.45 A.
*4.30 P.	" "	‖4.15 P.
9.30 A.	Santa Barbara	12.15 P.
7.00 P.	" "	9 45 P.
9.00 A.	Stockton, via Livermore	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	" via Martinez	10.15 A.
6.30 P.	Siskiyou and Portland	7.45 A.

A for morning. P. for afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. ‖ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted.

From San Francisco, daily.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7 30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1 30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10 00, 11.00, 12.00.
To FRUIT VALE (via East Oakland)—Same as "To East Oakland" until 6.30 P. M. inclusive, also at 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 P. M.
To FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*9.30, *12.00, 7.00, 12.00.
To ALAMEDA—*6 00, *6.20, 7 00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9 30, 10.00, ‖10.30, 11.00, ‖11.30, 12.00, ‖12.30, 1.00, ‖1.30, 2.00, ‖2.30, 3 00, 3 30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6 00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00.
To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‖10.30, 11.00, ‖11 30, 12.00, ‖12.30, 1.00, ‖1.30, 2.00, ‖2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6 30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 12.00.
To WEST BERKELEY—Same as "To Berkeley."

To San Francisco, daily.

From FRUIT VALE (via East Oakland)—6.25, 6 55, 7.25, 7.55, 8.25, 8.55, 9.25, 9.55, 10 25, 10.55, 11.25, 11.55, 12.25, 12 55, 1.25, 1 55, 2.25, 2.55, 3.25, 3.55, 4.25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6.55, 7.50, 8 55, 9.55.
From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5 21, 5.51, ‖9.20, *12.55, *3.20.
From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7 00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5 30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9 00, 9.55, 10.55.
From BROADWAY, Oakland—9 minutes later than from East Oakland.
From ALAMEDA—*5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8 30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‖10.30, 11.00, ‖11.30, 12.00, ‖12.30, 1.00, ‖1.30, 2.00, ‖2.30, 3.00 3 30, 4 00, 4.30, 5.00, 5 30, 6.00, 6.35, 7 00, 8 00, 9.00, 10 00, 11.00.
From BERKELEY—*5.25, 5.55, *6 22, 6.55, *7.25, 7 55, *8.25, 8 55, 9.25, 9.55, ‖10.25, 10.55, ‖11.25, 11.55, ‖12.25, 12.55, ‖1.25, 1.55, ‖2.25, 2 55, 3.25, 3.55, 4 25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6 55, 7.55, 8 55, 9.55, 10.55.
From WEST BERKELEY—Same as "From Berkeley."

Creek Route.

From SAN FRANCISCO.—*7.15, 9 15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5 15.
From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12 15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted ‖ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by Lick Observatory.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY,

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

Passenger Trains leave Station, foot of Market Street, south side at

7.45 A. M., (Sundays Excursion train) to SAN JOSE, BOULDER CREEK, BIG TREES and SANTA CRUZ; returning, arrives in San Francisco, at 8.05 P. M.
8.15 A. M., daily, for Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all way stations.
2.15 P. M., (except Sundays), Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ, and Boulder Creek.
4.15 P. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, New Almaden, Los Gatos, and intermediate points.
$5 Excursions to SANTA CRUZ and BOULDER CREEK, on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, to return on MONDAY inclusive
$1.75 to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return, Sundays only.
$3.00 to BOULDER CREEK, Big Trees and SANTA CRUZ and return, Sundays only.

LOCAL FERRY TRAINS.

TO OAKLAND AND ALAMEDA, DAILY.

§6.15, §6.45, §7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3 45, 4.15, 4 45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.30, 8 30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 P. M.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From Fourteenth and Franklin Sts., Oakland—§5.45, §6.15, §6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 P. M.
From High Street, Alameda—§5.21, §6.01, §6.31, 7.01, 7.31, §8.01, §8 31, 9.01, 9 31, 10.01, 10.31, 11.01, 11 31, A. M., 12.01, 12.31, 1.01, 1.31, 2.01, 2.31, 3 01, 3.31, 4.01, 4.31, 5.01, 5.31, 6.01, 6.31, 7.10, 8.15, 9.16, 10.16, 11.16 P. M.
§ Sundays excepted.

TICKET OFFICES, 613 Market Street, under Grand Hotel, and Rotunda of Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco.
L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. W. T. FITZGERALD, Gen. Frt & Pass. Agt.
S. P. C. Ry. Div. S. P. C. Ry. Div.

Transportation--Rail.

NORTHERN DIVISION
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY
TIME SCHEDULE.

LEAVE S. F.	In effect April 1, 1888.	ARRIVE S. F.
12.01 P.	Cemetery and San Mateo	2.30 P.
‖7.00 A.	San Mateo, Redwood, and Menlo Park	6.40 A.
8.30 A.		*8.00 A.
10.30 A.		9.03 A.
*3.30 P.		*10.02 A.
4.30 P.		‖3.30 P.
*5.10 P.		4.36 P.
6.30 P.		6.40 P.
§11.45 P.		§7.50 P.
8.30 A.	Santa Clara, San José, and Principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
10.30 A.		*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.		4.36 P.
4.30 P.		6.40 P.
10.30 A	Almaden and Way Stations	4.36 P
8.30 A.	Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville, Salinas, and Monterey	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.		6.40 P.
8.30 A.	Hollister and Tres Pinos	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.		‖6.40 P.
8.30 A.	Watsonville, Aptos, Soquel (Capitola), and Santa Cruz	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P		6.40 P.
8.30 A.	Soledad, Paso Robles, Templeton, (San Luis Obispo) and Way Stations	6.40 P.

A.—Morning. P.—Afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. ‖ Sundays only.
§ Theatre train, Saturdays only.

Nearly all rail line to SAN LUIS OBISPO; only 24 miles staging from Templeton; time from San Francisco 12 hours. Through rate, $8.50.

Round-trip tickets to Lick Observatory (Mt. Hamilton) Rate, $5.50.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—SOLD SUNDAY MORNING; good for return same day.
FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.
TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel, and Rotunda of Baldwin Hotel.
A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt Agt

Banks.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital $3,000,000

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President.
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus $4,694,805.04

DIRECTORS:

LLOYD TEVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Pres't. Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker.
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

Transportation Rail.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 15, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3 25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9 00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6 40, 7.45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11 00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8 00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.45, 10 55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 2.45, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00 P M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.45 A. M.; 2 30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M. (Sundays)—6.45, 8.45, 10 00, 10.40 11.35 A. M.; 12 45, 1.30, 3 30, 4.45, 5 45, 6.45, 7.45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.45 P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.15 P. M.
3.25 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's).

EXCURSION TRAINS.

7.30 A. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 7.33 P. M.
8 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2 00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero (Ingram's), $4.00.
Saturday and Sunday Excursions—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2 50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero (Ingram's), $3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Ingram's daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

Hotels.

PALACE HOTEL,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

C. H. LIVINGSTON, Manager.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city.

FINEST CLIMATE IN THE WORLD!

PARAISO SPRINGS,

MONTEREY COUNTY, CAL.

THE CARLSBAD OF AMERICA.

New Management. New Improvements.

The most beautiful, most invigorating, most easy of access of all mineral spring resorts; 1,500 feet above the sea level. Take San José cars 8:30 A. M., and arrive at Springs at 3:30 P. M. **J. F. FOSTER, Proprietor.**
Telegraph, Express, and Post-Offices.

THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1888

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the *Argonaut* for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail	**$7.00**
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail	**6.00**
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	**5.90**
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail	**6.00**
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One year, by Mail	**6.50**
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and Harper's Young People for One Year, by Mail	**5.00**
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail	**4 50**
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail	**4.50**
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World, One Year, by Mail	**5.50**
The Argonaut and Wide-Awake for One Year, by Mail	**5.50**
The Argonaut and the English Illustrated Magazine for One Year, by Mail	**4.75**
The Argonaut and the Atlantic Monthly for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and Outing for One Year, by Mail	**5.75**
The Argonaut and Forest and Stream for One Year, by Mail	**6.50**
The Argonaut and Judge for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and the New York Spirit of the Times for One Year, by Mail	**8.00**
The Argonaut and the Nineteenth Century (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and the Contemporary Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and the Fortnightly Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and the Westminster Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.00**
The Argonaut and the Edinburgh Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and the Quarterly Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and the Scottish Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and the Critic for One Year, by Mail	**5.90**
The Argonaut and Life for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and Puck for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**

This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.

Insurance.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.,

No. 216 Sansome Street,

East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

Capital (Paid up in Gold) $300,000 00
Assets, Jan. 1, 1884 ..... 759,435 13

PRESIDENT .....J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT.....J. N. L. SHEPARD
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY

London Assurance Corporation
Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720
Northern Assurance Company
Of London. Established 1836.
Queen Insurance Company
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.
Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.
Of Hartford, Conn.
ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.
WM. MACDONALD, Ass't Manager.
South-east corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

ANGLO-NEVADA

ASSURANCE CORPORATION

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FIRE AND MARINE.

CAPITAL, - - - - $2,000,000

OFFICE.....410 PINE STREET.

Bankers, The Nevada Bank of San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA

TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST CO.

Office, 206 Sansome Street.

CAPITAL PAID UP - - $250,000

Absentee owners, persons unacquainted with the transaction of business and corporations, such as religious and charitable institutions, will find this company a safe and convenient agent for managing investments. In its

TRUST DEPARTMENT

It manages estates. It collects interest, dividends, and rent.
It remits income promptly to absentee owners.
It buys and sells for its clients government bonds, approved securities and real estate.
It acts as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver, Depositary, and Attorney.
It registers and transfers stock, pays dividends, etc., for railroads and other corporations.
It negotiates and issues loans on the San Francisco market.
It undertakes the business of trustee for loans of approved corporations, and is authorized by law to act as trustee in every capacity in which an individual can act.

TITLE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.

In this department the company combines the business of searcher and attorney, and gives an absolute guaranty of title up to the full value of the property, if the title is found to be good. If title is found defective and uninsurable, the total charge is but ten dollars.

Transportation--Ocean.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY,

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at **3 o'clock P. M.** for
YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong.	1888.
Gaelic		**Saturday, April 21**
Belgic		**Saturday, May 12**
San Pablo		**Saturday, June 2**
Oceanic		**Thursday, June 21**
Gaelic		**Wednesday, July 11**
Belgic		**Tuesday, July 31**
San Pablo		**Tuesday, August 21**
Oceanic		**Saturday, September 8**
Gaelic		**Saturday, September 29**
Belgic		**Thursday, October 18**
San Pablo		**Wednesday, November 7**
Oceanic		**Wednesday, November 28**
Gaelic		**Tuesday, December 18**

Excursion Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA

Granada .....Saturday, April 14, at 4 P. M.

Taking freight and passengers direct to Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, La Libertad, and Panama, and via Acapulco for all other Mexican and Central American ports

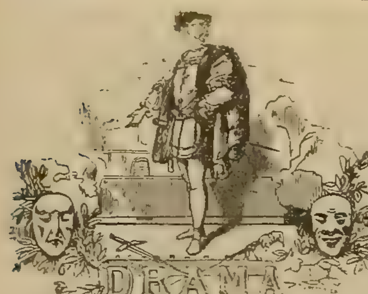
For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:

City of Rio de Janeiro..... April 14, at 3 P. M.
City of New York..... Tuesday, May 1, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Wednesday, May 23, at 3 P. M.
City of Sydney.....Tuesday, June 12, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:
The steamers MEXICO and UMATILLA direct for VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports at 9 A. M., every Friday.
The steamer MEXICO sailing every other Friday at A. M. connects at Port Townsend with the steamers IDAHO and ANCON for Alaska.
For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.
For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, about every second day.
For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, Tuesday, at 9 A. M.—City of [illegible]
For PORT ARENA, MENDOCINO [illegible] day, at 3 P. M.
TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 Montgomery [illegible]
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO. [illegible]
No 10 Market St.



Why did not little Annie Pixley come home to her own in "M'liss," that wild waif of the California mountains, whom she made so winning a long time ago? The player-folk are always doing such suicidal things when the golden ball seems to be in the very grasp of their hands.

Furthermore, in "M'liss" there is the aromatic breath of the Sierra pines, the rush of the golden Sierra rivers, and the romantic blaze of "early days." Already those early days have drifted into fable-land, though the forty-niners who lived in them have not all dropped off, and Bret Harte, who gave them a literature, is still dilettante, white of hair, but young of heart, in the fashionable Bohemia of London.

But Harte's literature was a pocket, like the golden one of which he writes in his little fragmentary gem, "M'liss." It was enormously rich while it lasted, and every one who has ever dropped a tear over "The Luck of Roaring Camp," or the outcasts of "Poker Flat," owes him a debt of endless gratitude, though his pen should dribble nonsense from now until the end of time.

It is time that it has lost its cunning, that one can feel the strain between the lines as he writes nowadays, the frantic biting of his pen-holder when the old rush of words will not come, the vain clutch of air for ideas and inspiration. This means loss to us and misery for him. But, though he pass his last days in dilettanteism alone, he can not go to his grave with the reputation of an idler. For he has peopled Calaveras, and Stanislaus, and all the foothill counties of the Sierras, so that one can not ride through their red-scarred sides without expecting to meet Tennessee's partner, or Yuba Bill, or Colonel Starbottle himself. And as one dashes into the little country towns on a hot summer day, the porch in front of the locust-shaded saloons is always cool and fresh-wetted. And if one does not look among the idlers lolling in the arm-chairs, one waits involuntarily to see the varnished boots of the speckless and irreproachable Mr. Jack Oakhurst step forth.

No one ever looked at Red Mountain without thinking of little M'liss and the schoolmaster coming down its rough sides, and wondering what became of her after.

Bret Harte himself has said that he never knew. Frank Stockton does not know whether it was the lady or the tiger that came forth, any more than his most puzzled reader knows. The problem came to him in one of those zigzag, lightning flashes of inspiration—which come to a writer sometimes—and he wrote it into a tale. More he never knew, and the more lady and tiger dinner-parties they give him, and the oftener the question is put, the more puzzled he becomes.

The mists of Red Mountain closed over Bret Harte's imagination while the elf-like M'liss was a little child of twelve.

But others, unable to leave her on the threshold of life like this, have taken up the broken thread and carrried it on, so that the play, as it now stands, is a combination of Bret Harte, G. B. Densmore, and Clay Greene.

There has been no vandal hand laid upon the nature of this daughter of the Sierras, nor has little Annie Pixley changed her from the wild, lawless, impetuous, perhaps vindictive, imp that Bret Harte drew.

But there is a false key in her art. Sometimes, just as she is delighting you with the dash and freedom of M'liss, there is a dissonance. There is something wrong in her pathos, and that something is the affectation that mars everything the moment Annie Pixley gets into her undeniably pretty clothes.

She would really be a charming little woman without it. She is a clever little woman even with it, objectionable as it is. She is pretty, and honest, and earnest, and works hard. She has a most invaluable shock of dark hair, real hair, hair that grows there. It plays an important part in "M'liss," and in these days of wigs it is well worth going to see.

There are several rather good things in "M'liss," one or two very good things, and one desperately bad thing.

Yuba Bill, for example, by might of lung, a certain long frontier-shamble in his movements, and the impetuous honesty of early days, is rather good. So, too, is the judge who pins his simple faith to the "statoots of Californy." As for the court scene itself it is quite a delicious bit of the expounding of the majesty of the law in those early times, when the law was held in great respect, but inspired little terror. Then, too, James Walters is a most excellent greaser as to make-up, and a good stage Italian as to speech. The Italian accent had a rather weird effect upon the Dago background, but it indicated to us that the young man could play an Italian part very well if the chance ever came to him, and so much was good.

But the schoolmaster was dire bad. There was but one thing to redeem him. His badness was amusing instead of inflammatory. He is given to the fine frenzy of elocution.

Although what manner of man the schoolmaster is, is but faintly shadowed in the sketch, the reader resolves that he is one of the very quiet, soft-mannered, unobtrusive young men. But this schoolmaster does not stop to make a psychologic study of the young man. He grapples the part, collar and elbow, and goes for it. His jaw alone does more work in an evening than a leading man of the quiet intensity-school accomplishes in a month.

After one has laughed long enough, however, one finds that this false note has taken much of the poetry out of pretty M'liss, and a just indignation begins to assert itself.

It is not right that a young man in the crude and immature state of this one should be put forward as the *jeune premier* of a dramatic company. The burden of every play, the root and branch of it, is love, still love. It is a bad business tactic to begin with.

The young schoolmaster of Miss Pixley's company does not really matter here nor there. He is a per[illegible]ble, would be even a handsome young man, with [illegible]matic polish. That he is splay, and awkward, [illegible] amusing, is only because he has been injudiciously put forward several years too soon. Two years ago Miss Minna Gale was as crude and unformed a tragic actress as one could find. Nor did there seem to be much possibility of the picturesque in her. But she has worked like a Trojan under the iron dictum of that martinet of rehearsers, Mr. Lawrence Barrett, until she is to-day one of the best Shakesperian young actresses on the stage. The very ungainliness which told against her has been transformed into a grace, and the eye follows her constantly with ever fresh delight.

Yet hundreds of people who were charmed with her a month ago, could not remember that they had ever seen her before.

All this was the result of downright hard work, and it is the result that an audience is entitled to in these intelligent days, not the formative process.

To return to our muttons, this is the day of leading men. It is not so much excessive talent that is required, as a person who will justify the rhapsodies of the female star. Female star is an odious expression, but what is one to say? Woman star has a hard, desperate sound, and lady star is worse.

At all events, the female stars, as theatrical matters are running nowadays, have all the hard work. It is only the duty of the leading man to permit himself to be madly loved in as quiet, finished, and fetching a manner as he can command.

The importance of having this well done is recognized by all successful managers.

Fanny Davenport, for example, is always, even in the fullest tide of a successful season, keeping her weather-eye out for a good leading-man. She is such an excellent judge of the article that a man's trade-mark is made the moment he is selected by her, and managers gobble him up before she can make a new contract.

The beautiful Adelaide Neilson was so long in finding a leading-man to suit her that she married him as soon as she got him, to keep him in the company, but left her money to another man when she died.

Blithe, merry little Aimée, who died the other day, with her unfailing jest upon her lips, did just the other way. She could not marry her leading man, the dark, mysterious Da Campo, because she already had a husband or two, but she left him her money instead, and the dark and mysterious is very well satisfied with the alternative.

Every one remembers him, a handsome, polished, well-dressed foreigner, with an accent which no one could locate. He had not at all the air of the *coulisses*, and was, indeed, suspected to be receiving his theatrical baptism in San Francisco. He was variously said to be a Mexican, a Spaniard, and a South American. He was a linguist, was reputed to be college-bred, and to have a most romantic history. But as nothing about him was ever determined, and not an item of the romantic history ever came out, the mystery of it was, perhaps, a clever business stroke. Aimée was a shrewd little Frenchwoman after all.

Her deathless spirit was unquenched, but she was withered, faded, and sick, and so it came about that the leading feature of little Aimée's last engagement was her mysterious leading-man.

Lotta, the most confirmed little celibate on the stage, is said to be about to marry her leading young man. And the one romance of her life was her love for the best Dick Swiveller that ever matched her Marchioness, and who died in the heyday of his youth.

But these are the romantic side-lights of life in the theatre.

It is as a business proposition that a leading man is a serious matter.

Lester Wallack and A. M. Palmer have long recognized this. With Henry Abbey, who manages a perfect constellation of female stars, it is the first business necessity. Not a woman who travels under his management—unless it be Patti, and tenors are unmanageable creatures—travels with an uninteresting leading-man.

When he sent the Langtry forth, undeniably crude, but also undeniably a woman of the great world, he sent with her Charles Coghlan, at that time considered the best leading-man in London, and beyond all others, the *elegant* of the English stage. And, little reason has San Francisco lately had to think it, all of these things Mr. Charles Coghlan once was.

Mary Anderson, with her long, classic lines, her deep, inflectionless voice, and a certain matter-of-factness which underlies her rich beauty, was even less easy to provide for. But Abbey found the poetical Forbes Robertson, a trifle lacking as to inches, perhaps, but with just that tinge of romance in his style which offset what she lacked, and made him her dramatic complement.

And Sarah! It is not easy to root an actor up in Paris who has a reputation there. Why should they come away from their beloved Paris, and its beloved theatre, to shine in a reflected light only, as actors shine in America. At home each is a component part of an harmonic whole, and each receives full credit for his little bit, however small it be.

And so Abbey, casting about, found this pale statuesque conservatory-graduate, Garnier. He was burning with tragic ambition, and he had just that monumental rigidity against which the passionate Sarah could batter with impunity. It would not do to give the vehement Bernhardt a putty lover against her great rôles. The great actors would not come, and so they chose a man who, for all the brevity of his stage record, looked as if he were a magazine of repressed power. Garnier was really a master-stroke in Sarah's engagement.

Coquelin, sailing airily along the Riviera and into the Levant, has made a large and magnificent collection of the coins of those countries, that lie along these shores, with a small and not remarkable company.

But when the great actor contemplated America, Abbey, true to his business-colors, recognized the leading man of the troupe to be an urgent American necessity. And so he sends Damala, the very man of men that all would wish to see.

And if Jane Hading is the leading lady, why that is a charming interlude, but the business stroke is Coquelin's leading-man.

And now we are to have pretty Mrs. Potter, our own American beauty, as dainty and graceful a bit of humanity, they say, as decks the stage. Of her artistic talent, anon. It is more than possible that it is greater than we had expected, since it has not appealed to the intellectual palate of Chicago.

Mrs. Potter is not under Henry Abbey's management, but she soon will be.

It was in contemplation that Mr. Kyrle Bellew, her leading man, should return to his dramatic home at Wallack's, and that Mrs. Potter should come to California supported by a stranger.

Mrs. Potter is still so new to the stage that this would have placed her at signal disadvantage. Even Modjeska, a wonderful stage manager, to whom the Romeo of the hour is a mere clothes-horse while she is putting him through his paces, is disconcerted by a change like this. A leading man may be a mere block of articulated wood to her, but she prefers the block to which she is accustomed.

Mr. Abbey may want to introduce Mrs. Potter to San Francisco again one day, and he will not have her first impressions disturbed through fault of his. So he sends Mr. Kyrle Bellew with her. And Mr. Kyrle Bellew is certainly a very handsome man, and is said to be a very good actor.

And so we may put on our Easter bonnets in peace, and go to see the lovely American on Monday night, at peace with herself in her familiar *entourage*.

BETSY B.

— MY COUNTRY RESIDENCE AT CORTE MADERA, with comfortable farm-house of ten rooms, spacious carriage-house and stables, cottage-rooms for servants, substantially furnished, is for rent for the summer. Wood, hay, grain, fruit of every variety, chickens, eggs, vegetables, can be obtained of the superintendent on the place. Railroad station within a few rods of the residence. To the right tenant good terms will be offered. Twelve miles from San Francisco; time by ferry and rail, forty-five minutes. Enquire at *Argonaut* Office, Frank M. Pixley.

— OVERHEARD—I AM SURPRISED AT YOUR NOT caring for Mrs. James Brown-Potter, but I do, I just dote on her; but I like Spaulding & Co., the Pioneer Carpet Beaters, the best of all, they clean and renovate carpets and do better dyeing and cleaning than any in the city. Address, 353 Tehama Street. Telephone 3040.

— THE COOL SEA-BREEZES OF SANTA CRUZ AND the delicious surf-bathing have already attracted many people, and Mr. E. J. Swift, the genial host of the Pope House and the Pacific Ocean House, has already a large number of apartments engaged for the summer.

GRAND EXCURSION!

— TO AND —

AUCTION SALE

— AT —

SUNOL!

Alameda County,

— WHERE —

BOVEE, TOY & CO.

— WILL SELL —

AT AUCTION,

— ON —

SATURDAY ....APRIL 21, 1888

On the Grounds, a Portion of the

THERMAL RANCHO,

IN VILLA LOTS AND SUBDIVISIONS,

Of 5, 10, and 20 Acres.

The Thermal Rancho is a beautiful section of the Sunol Glen, one of the most fertile and picturesque spots in the State, and is within thirty six miles of San Francisco, in the warm belt, where the vine and fig flourish, and a district where fogs and frost are unknown.

Thermal Rancho consists of hilly, rolling, and level land, with a southern exposure,

COMPLETELY SHELTERED

From the coast winds, and possesses a delightful and even temperature.

It commands a superb view of plain, wood, and water, and the neighborhood has long been esteemed as one of the most desirable summer resorts in the State. Here

THE ALAMEDA RIVER,

A broad, deep stream, courses through the Glen and Thermal Rancho.

There are large pools for bathing, while the river waters are always full of fish, and the thickets on its banks afford fine cover for game, making the vicinity a paradise for the angler and hunter.

For all pulmonary complaints the atmosphere of this section, because of its dry and bracing qualities, has been highly recommended and found most efficacious in very serious cases.

This picturesque and romantic locality is a delightful home for the business man of the city, on account of its accessibility, the rare beauty of its surroundings, and the great change of climate from San Francisco.

There is no better soil for the growth of fruit of every variety in the State, evidenced by the vineyards and olive groves on the property.

The town of

SUNOL,

Which the Thermal Rancho adjoins, has two good hotels, stores, etc., and its vicinity is ornamented by many handsome homes, with grounds in a high state of cultivation.

GRAND EXCURSION!

Will leave foot of Market Street for Sunol, on

Saturday, April 21, at 9 o'clock A. M.

Returning, will arrive in San Francisco at 6 P. M.

ROUND-TRIP TICKET, $1.25.

A Free Collation will be served on the ground. A Band of Music will accompany the excursionists.

TERMS OF SALE—One half cash, balance in three equal payments in six, twelve, and eighteen months, with interest on deferred payments at 8 per cent. per annum; 10 per cent. deposit required at time of sale, and balance of first payment to be made within ten days. Instruments of sale at purchasers' expense.

For further particulars, catalogues, tickets, etc., apply to the auctioneers,

BOVEE, TOY & CO.,
19 Montgomery Street.

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— TO AND —

AUCTION SALE

— IN —

VACAVILLE

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SOLANO COUNTY,

SATURDAY,

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1888,

WHERE WE WILL SELL

AT AUCTION

At 12:30 P. M., on the Premises,

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RANCHO,

FORMERLY THE BUTCHER FARM,

Adjoining the thriving town of

VACAVILLE!

60--60

CHOICE SMALL

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FROM 5 TO 25 ACRES.

A Free Collation will be Served on the Grounds.

TERMS—One-third cash, balance one and two years; interest 8 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually; 10 per cent. to be paid at time of purchase, which will be allowed on the one-third cash payment.

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$2--ROUND-TRIP TICKET--$2

FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

$1.25--ROUND-TRIP TICKET--$1.25

FROM SACRAMENTO.

A special first-class excursion train will leave the ferry, foot of Market Street, San Francisco, on Saturday morning, April 21, 1888, at 8 o'clock A. M., sharp. Fare from San Francisco to Vacaville and return, $2.00.

Excursion Train will leave Sacramento Saturday, April 21, 1888, at 7:25 A. M. Fare—Round trip to Vacaville and return, $1.25. Returning, excursion train leaves Vacaville at 5 P. M.

These special excursion tickets from San Francisco can be obtained at the office of Easton, Eldridge & Co. all day Friday, April [illegible], and on Saturday morning, April 21 (day of excursion), up to 7:30 A. M.; also, at the ferry, foot of Market Street, on Saturday, April 21, from our representative, and also on the train, also, at the office of the Southern Pacific Railroad, under the Grand Hotel, and at the ferry.

Tickets can be obtained to Sacramento at the office of the Southern Pacific Railroad. Office, at depot.

For maps, and catalogues, and further particulars apply to

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618 Market St., San Francisco.

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Friday, April 20th, 1888.

Afternoon admission, free. Evening, fifty cents.

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☞ Oranges prepared in all forms for sale, and served during afternoon and evening.

HEINRICH KÖHLER,

THE SOLO PIANIST,

Who is on a tour of the world, announces his second Recital here, on

Wednesday Evening, April 18th,

IN IRVING HALL,

Kindly assisted by Miss Carrie Miltzner, Soprano, and Mr. H. Clay Wysham, Flautist.

Tickets and seats at Kohler & Chase's Music House, 137 and 139 Post Street. Admission (reserved seat included), ONE DOLLAR. MARCUS M. HENRY, Business Director.

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BENVENUTA; or The Coral Cross,

As performed in Paris over 300 consecutive nights.

Costumes, Scenery, Properties, and Mis-en-scene taken from Models received directly from Paris. Grand Chorus and Orchestra.

Sunday evening, April 16th.....VIRGINIA

Reappearance of Mr. Ed. Stevens.

OUR POPULAR PRICES, 25 and 50 cents.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Patti is singing her way up the South American continent over a pathway lined with piastres.

Marie Van Zandt, who will never sing in Paris again, is coming to America next year, and will draw an American salary.

Mary Anderson refuses to be introduced to any one in London until they have first been pronounced upon by Cardinal Manning.

Sybil Sanderson's small-pox, paralysis, and scarlatina turns out to have been a mild attack of measles. She hopes to make a Paris début in October.

Patti celebrated her forty-fifth birthday in Madrid, in February, with a large dinner-party. It is the first time she has been in Madrid on that day since February, 1843.

Modjeska is coming to California to spend the summer at her lovely vineyard in Anaheim, but disclaims all idea of retiring from the stage. On the contrary, she wants a new play, and has asked the American dramatists to sharpen their pens.

"The Midnight Bell" is said to be not a very good Yankee play, but it is drawing crowds to the Alcazar, and the people act as if it were a looking-glass. Hoyt has not yet arrived at polish, but he hits the bull's-eye of human nature whenever he attempts.

After Mrs. Potter's engagement in San Francisco, she will take her summer vacation, and then go to Wallack's Theatre. It is assumed that this will be a trial engagement for the difficult position of leading lady at that house. Although this favorite theatre of the New Yorkers is to be given over to melodrama for a time, it is still the ultimate intention to make a fine stock-company theatre of it. What is needed there, as everywhere, is a fine stock of plays.

All the world has lately been flocking to the Tivoli to see "Patience," which they have been giving in really excellent style. The one drawback was, that the twenty love-sick maidens did not give evidence of employing a laundress as frequently as would be advisable. Numberless localisms were introduced, to the unequivocal delight of the audiences, who found no fault with the harmony of them. In fine, the run of "Patience" has had but one fault—it was too short.

The youngest of Lawrence Barrett's three daughters, who was born in California eighteen years ago, has an intense desire to go on the stage. Her father is reported to say that he would rather see her lying dead at his feet. The second daughter is engaged to Joe Anderson, a brother of Mary. Joe Anderson is an actor, in a small way, and it will not be strange if the second daughter also finds her way to the boards. They have been trained to know little of the theatre, but blood will tell.

Annie Pixley is in great grief over her non-success in San Francisco, and feels aggrieved in that her own city has not extended the same welcome to her that it gave to Emma Nevada. To begin with, an actress is a mere private individual, as compared with a prima-donna, and secondly, our city is a very capricious one. Emma Nevada herself shook the dust of it from her feet when she came back a second time, and vowed that she would never return. Lotta, who once loved San Francisco, and gave it its first fountain, has come back once or twice for the climate and for old affection's sake, but she has not played to us for years and never will again. So, too, says Annie Pixley.

Miss Hamlin will give her long-expected lecture "Venice and the Bay of Naples" next week at Irving Hall. It will be given on the evenings of Tuesday and Thursday, April 17th and 19th, and on the afternoon of Friday at 3:45. The views, mostly colored, are eighty or more in number, and embrace, beside the canals, palaces, bridges, some moonlight effects in Pompeii, the blue grotto of Capri, and several art reproductions. Among these are Giovanni da Bologna's bronze Mercury, which, as given in marble on the stereopticon, is singularly beautiful; Cabanel's "Venus Rising from the Sea," the celebrated Luxembourg picture, will also be presented as fitting peculiarly to a lecture on the Bride of the Sea.

CCCCLXXIX.—Bill of Fare—Sunday, April 15, 1888.

Bouillabaisse, New Orleans.
Broiled Chicken. Fried Potatoes.
Green Peas. Tomatoes.
Roast Lamb. Mint Sauce.
French Artichoke Salad.
Orange Ice Chocolate Cake.

BOUILLABAISSE, NEW ORLEANS.—Take several kinds of fish; skin, bone, and cut in pieces the size of an egg; mince an onion, a tiny piece of garlic, one large tomato, a few sprigs of parsley; put the whole in saucepan with half a tumbler of the finest olive-oil, a pinch of pepper, and one of mixed spice; when the onion is slightly colored, add the fish, salt to taste, and add an infinitesimally small piece powdered saffron, a glass of white wine, and sufficient boiling water to come up to, but not cover the fish; or add water in which clams have previously been boiled; this gives the bouillabaisse an exquisite flavor; let the bouillabaisse now boil fast for twenty minutes, or until the liquor is reduced one-fourth; then serve the fish in a very hot dish, and the liquor in another, over small, thick squares of light white bread, toasted on both sides.

SCALE BUG.

Killed at Last.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE. BERKELEY, April 7, 1888.

The Ongerth Grafting Compound Co., San Francisco: I take pleasure in stating that, both in my personal experience and in the somewhat extended trial it has had in the University orchard, your Insecticide Wash has proved very efficacious. When properly applied, it seems not only to kill quickly all living scale insects occurring here—I have had no experience with the white, or cottony scale—but, by its staying quality and continued action, to destroy many eggs that resist even strong alkali washes. I have also had extremely favorable accounts of its wide efficacy, from outside parties, in whose reliability I place full confidence.

Very respectfully, E. W. HILGARD.

The above Ongerth's Liquid Tree Protector for sale at Woodin & Little, 509 and 511 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. Send for special circulars and prices, on sample can.

— THE SCROLL IS A NEW STYLE OF PICTURE taken by Jones & Lotz at their Elite Gallery, 838 Market Street, and is one of the latest novelties in photography. Call and see specimens.

Art Notes.

Mrs. Wm. Irelan, Jr., has recently moved to 827 Post Street, and reopened her studio, for forming classes in Oil, Water-color and China Painting. Specialties in Silk and Bolting-cloth.

— AN UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTMENT is offered by the sale of business real-estate which will be conducted by Middleton & Sharon, at their offices, 22 Montgomery Street, on Monday, April 16, at noon. The property is such as must surely increase in value, and such of it as is unimproved could be made to bring in a large income at an outlay of very little money. The property is described at length in our advertising columns.

— GO TO SWAIN'S NEW DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

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MIDDLETON & SHARON,

Real Estate Auctioneers and Agents.

THURSDAY,

THURSDAY ..... APRIL 19, 1888,

At Salesrooms of MIDDLETON & SHARON, 22 Montgomery Street.

PEREMPTORY SALE

At 12 o'clock M.

Block 607, Western Addition, Fronting Golden Gate Park,

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BUSINESS AND RESIDENCE

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TERMS—These 38 lots as per diagram, are sold for cash. But we have made arrangements with the California Title Insurance and Trust Company for examination and insurance. A policy of insurance warranting the title to be issued to each purchaser for the full amount of the purchase price at the nominal rate of $10 for each lot. Mortgages, if desired, for half the purchase price, with interest at 7 per cent. per annum, will be taken by the German Savings Bank and others on the policies of insurance. The title is perfect, and the property has been in undisputed possession of Mr. Morton Cheesman more than thirteen years. He will pay the taxes for 1888-89.

N. B.—Ten per cent. of purchase to be paid on fall of the hammer; balance within ten days. Catalogues at office of auctioneers.

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Qualities: Rejuvenating, Preserving, Strengthening, Obliterates Wrinkles. Price per Bottle, 75 cents.

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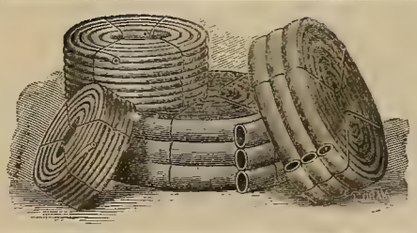

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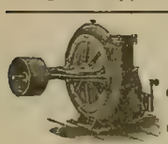

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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The following article, from the Boston *Globe*, indicates that our suggestion of a "new" plan for the election of a President by the Republican campaign is not new, and is not so "preposterous" as, at first glance, it seemed to those more modern partisans who never knew, or have forgotten, the original provisions of our Constitution, and the spirit that animated our fathers in its adoption. We reproduce the article that we may somewhat further elaborate the idea, and answer the only objection that its author, Mr. Nathan Church, has suggested against its practical working:

When Frank Pixley, of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, propounded his now famous "plan of campaign" for the Republicans, his proposal seemed too preposterous for discussion. But from the amount of talk it is creating, especially in the Far West, it would almost seem as if there might be something in it. Mr. Pixley has proposed a startlingly new departure in campaign methods. And yet, new as it seems, it is really only a reversion to the methods contemplated by the Constitution, and actually practiced in the earlier days of the republic. Mr. Pixley asks the Republican National Convention to adopt a strong platform and then adjourn without making any nomination. The Republicans of each State would, under this plan, nominate their strongest men for Presidential electors. In case the Republicans should elect a majority of the electors, these electors would meet in the electoral college and choose any Republican, whom they could agree upon, for President. The advantage of this plan to the Republicans would be two-fold. Having no candidate, they could not be placed on the defensive as to their candidate's past record. They could attack the record of the Democratic candidate, if they could find any weak place in it, without being subject to a similar attack in return. And again, as each Republican would be free fondly to imagine his own favorite the coming man, every Republican could work with the heartiest enthusiasm, and there would be no "soreheads" in the ranks. Mr. Pixley thinks that every Republican vote could be brought out by his plan, which would merely, in effect, postpone the nomination until after the election. There is one little difficulty, however, which Mr. Pixley does not seem to have taken into account. The voters are not rigidly divided into Republicans and Democrats. Before Mugwumps were heard of, there was always a floating vote; and always as this vote goes so goes the country. Would this floating vote be inclined to "buy a pig in a bag"?

The Republican party is strong in numbers, and holds a place in the history of the republic from which it could not be dislodged, if harmony could have been maintained among its leaders. Political jealousies, which amounted to irreconcilable personal animosities, had grown up among the more prominent of its politicians, till the recurrence of all the later national conventions exhibited scenes of jealous rivalries not at all conducive to the best interests of the Republican party. Passing the convention which resulted in the accident of Hayes's nomination, and the crime of his election, on to the memorable strife at Chicago between General Grant and James G. Blaine, which resulted in a bargain which made Garfield President and Blaine the premier of his administration; passing again the bloody incident of Garfield's assassination, reviewing the suggestion that his death was one of the fruits of partisan vindictiveness, we come to the final struggle at Chicago in 1884, which nominated Mr. Blaine for the Presidency, and sent him into the political contest to be betrayed in the house of his friends and deserted by party leaders who ought to have been true to him. Conkling sulked in his tent, Edmunds skulked from the battle-field, while Mugwumps and temperance men played him false, and Mr. Blaine was humiliated by defeat. Party jealousy and rivalry among candidates have not been permitted to abate since the last election, but on the contrary, Presidential candidates have increased to a number that is absolutely confusing. There is a present prospect that nearly every State in the Union will present a candidate at Chicago—New York, Ohio, Indiana, will each present more than one. Old quarrels revived and new ones inaugurated will make their appearance in the nominating convention, and out of a score of candidates for the leading place nineteen will retire sore in heart and wounded in their ambitious aspirations, carrying away their discontents, and showing their bleeding wounds to admirers and sympathizing friends. This begets apathy, and the result is a disastrous campaign. There is no intelligent person in the Republican party who doubts that if united the election of a Republican President is not assured. How then to secure this union of all contending forces, embracing the American wing, the temperance wing, and all other discontented fragments of a once harmonious party organization; how to bring out the Mugwump and civil service reserves, and make them do battle in the ranks on election day, is the one and only important prerequisite of victory. How to suspend all faction fights, postpone all side issues, and secure the best man for the executive. The mode proposed by us secures not only the harmonious coöperation of all who have ever been Republicans, but invites to participation in the old constitutional method of choosing a President all respectable Democrats, and invites to the organization the Southern States, and enables them to find an honorable opportunity to dissever their connection with the Democratic party, in whose house the old Southern Whig element has never felt at home. The national convention would be composed of delegates friendly to all the candidates; would pass a platform of broad and patriotic resolutions applicable to all the country; would be relieved from the necessity of holding in remembrance the utterances of any prominent candidate which might affect his availability. The convention adjourns, and in every State its best, and ablest, and most popular men are chosen for Presidential electors; personal jealousies are relegated to the background; rivalry among aspirants would, like soldiers upon the battle-field, display itself in strife of gallant deeds; the campaign would unloose the tongues of the eloquent, prompt activity among the toiling partisan, and unbutton the pockets of ambitious wealth; alliances in honor might be formed with independent parties; fair advantage might be taken of local interests. John Sherman and Foraker would fight side by side in Ohio, Harrison and Gresham in Indiana, Depew, Evarts, and Hiscock in New York, Blaine in Maine, Edmunds in Vermont, Stanford in California, Allison in Iowa, Alger in Michigan, would fight to their bended knees as did Spartacus, for the preservation of their political lives. Every statesman in the land, every man in whose bonnet the Presidential bee has ever buzzed, would enter the arena of conflict with helmet, shield, and coat of mail. It would be every Republican against one Democrat. It would be an united Republican strength against the one Democrat who had outmanœuvred all his political rivals in a national convention, packed with delegates bribed by office and promises of patronage. Hill in New York, Randall in Pennsylvania, and all the Dugald Dalgettys of the nation would be armed with letters of marque to launch their low, black schooners against the Democratic fleet. Members of the electoral college thus selected would be composed of the representative men of the nation, chosen in obedience to the requirements of the Constitution, and in harmony with the spirit of patriotism that characterized the period of our earlier national history. Statesmen, in whatever rank of public service, would be eligible for election to the executive office, and it would not be necessary, in canvassing their qualifications, to inquire whether they were not unavailable by reason of some honest declaration of public opinion or some bold act of patriotic service. It would not be necessary for the Presidential candidate to bargain for votes with any secret, disloyal, alien conspiracy, nor pander to the prejudices of an ignorant class in order to obtain the votes of the mob, nor to make promises of office in anticipation of nomination, nor bargain in any way. A President thus elected would be independent, would be placed above the temptation of any act unbecoming the dignity of his high office, for to every electoral college would be given the opportunity of investigation of all antecedents, acts of candidates, and selection of the fittest man for the responsible duties of the executive office.

On page sixteen of Sunday's *Chronicle* is an engraving of President Cleveland in apparent conversation with a wool-grower and his dog. The cartoon is not of importance; it is one of a series of cheap zincographs, badly designed and badly executed, and probably intended to explain the *Chronicle's* altogether incomprehensible editorials upon the questions of tariff and free trade. The peculiarity of this picture is, that it represents the President with a cross in his hand. We should think the figure intended for a caricature of His Holiness the Pope "walking down Broadway, with a plug-hat and Prince of Wales coat," as represented by Father McGlynn when he was in controversy with the infallible one over his opinions upon land taxation, and his right to vote for Blaine for President, and preside at Republican meetings held in opposition to Cleveland. This we can not think, because of the recent conversion of the proprietor of the *Chronicle* to Romanism. When struck down by the hand of an assassin he experienced, it is said, the danger of his situation, and made his peace with holy church, received the last sacred rites of its communion, confessed, we hope, all his sins, and became, what for the last three years the columns of the *Chronicle* have indicated its proprietor to be, viz., a good Papist, the very best kind of Papist—because a Jesuit in disguise. The *Chronicle* illustrates its kind of fearless freedom from Roman Church influence by an advocacy for the Presidency, through thick and thin, of Mr. Blaine, who is in health a Congregationalist, and devil a monk would be. As a political and party organ, the *Chronicle* is truly independent. Because its rival, the *Examiner*, has had the good sense to admit that Governor Stanford is held in honorable estimation by his fellow-citizens who know him, the *Chronicle* submits him to an insidious, most cowardly, and very Jesuitical slander. In doing this, the new organ of the Society of Jesus punishes the railroad company for refusing to advertise in its columns, keeps up an angry personal conflict that has outlived any popular controversy, and with most cowardly insinuation fixes upon Governor Stanford accusations touching his honor, involving the charges of misdemeanors, crimes, and official misconduct in the management of railroad affairs with the government. The *Chronicle* holds itself out as a Republican party or

the only journal so pretending in San Francisco, and yet it has the Jesuitry and the malice to declare that the Hon. Leland Stanford is unworthy of the Presidential nomination, because of dishonorable business entanglements with the government; that by reason thereof he is altogether unpopular and unavailable; and that "if the party took for its standard-bearer the head of an accused corporation it would not carry a single county in the State." Of course this assault comes from a source and is inspired by motives so well-known and so contemptible that they can have no influence and would not be worthy of notice except as they may be used by enemies of Governor Stanford, and to the prejudice of the Republican party. If the *Chronicle* does not abandon the Church of Rome and go back to the Synagogue, we shall despair of the Republican party in California. We shall watch its editorial and news colorings, and keep an eye out for cartoons representing President Cleveland walking down Broadway with a plug-hat, and bearing in his hand the emblem of the holy cross.

Poor, wretched, ignorant, priest-ridden Mexico dispatches a pilgrimage to Rome in palace-cars, under escort of an archbishop, of one hundred and sixty-five papists, bearing gifts of gold and precious stones valued at two hundred thousand dollars. Mexico has five millions of ignorant and starving peons, results of war by Spanish conquerors of the cross. The country is overwhelmed with debt; seven-tenths of its population are in poverty, ignorance, and superstition, lacking school-houses and education, lacking agricultural implements and industry, cursed with saint's days, *pulque*, Jesuit priests, and old rattle-bang churches, with altars vulgarly adorned with imitation Jesuses, cheap and tawdry ornamentation, and bad paintings, around which old roués say their prayers in Latin. A cross of gold filigree, studded with diamonds and opals worth eighty thousand dollars, taken from the poor Aztec toiling peon-slave to enrich the overflowing treasure-vaults of God's vice-gerent at Rome, expresses the relation of Popery to poverty, superstition, and ignorance in every country where, as in Mexico, it has gained authority over the minds and conscience of men. This is probably the last pilgrimage that Mexico will ever make to Rome, the last time that Montezuma will do penance at the Vatican, for Mexico is being emancipated from the monster that swept away her religion in a storm of blood and fire, and substituted for her simple faith a cruel bigotry, and for her peaceful chiefs a band of tyrant priests. Mexico has passed her period of church rule, and is beginning, under the leadership of intelligent and patriotic statesmen, to emancipate herself from the superstition that for three hundred years has made her the victim of Papal insolence, and her name the synonym of everything that was bad in government and morals. When this sister republic shall completely emancipate itself from Papistry, it will take an honorable and dignified position among the governments of the earth. It will reëstablish its credit, restore its people to independence, bring back prosperity and education, and free its citizens from superstition, idleness, aguardiente, profligacy, and crime. Mexico is making splendid progress in this direction. The government is establishing non-sectarian free schools, in which the dogmas of Rome find no countenance, and priests of Rome no place as teachers; a large portion of the stolen property of the church is secularized; church edifices taken for public use; convents and monasteries are closed; no clerical dress is permitted in the streets; church-bells are compelled to silence their clamorous tongues; no procession of the host moves along the highways, to which all are compelled to bow and uncover. Mexico is being lifted up to the higher plane of civilization; priestly rule and Jesuitry are being brought into subordination to the law; individual liberty is becoming recognized; enterprise is encouraging the development of its national wealth, and when its four thousand intriguing Jesuits shall have become subject to such an intelligent republican government as will in time result from free schools, and an independent press, and an emancipated conscience; when an aggressive and intolerant church shall be compelled to keep from meddlesome interference with political affairs, the Mexican Republic will take its position among the honorable governments of the earth, and between her citizens and our people there will exist friendly and profitable intercourse, and between the governments of the Republic of Mexico and the Republic of the United States be established friendly and honorable relations.

The French nation is again vindicating its old-time reputation for volatility by all of its recent actions, so far as General Boulanger is concerned. It is hard to arrive at a just idea as to how this dramatic warrior is regarded by the cooler heads of the young Gallic republic, but certain it is that he has captured the imaginations and emotions of the rank and file. There could be no greater proof positive of this fact than the result of the election held in the Department of the Nord, in the beginning of this week. The overwhelming majority of nearly one hundred thousand by which the popular favorite overtopped the opposition candidate, tells the tale in this respect. Neither was there any necessity for Boulanger to stand for this constituency at all in order to sit in the Assembly, as he had been already returned by one of the departments of Central France. His candidacy, in this instance, was plainly on a par with the very common electioneering dodge practiced in England, and resorted to, on occasion, by even such thorough parliamentarians as Gladstone himself, in which the mere end of securing a seat having been attained in some second or third-rate borough, and this all-important point put beyond a peradventure, the candidate is invited to stand for some more influential but less sure constituency, where success means added prestige for both candidate and party, and where defeat does no actual harm. This was exactly Boulanger's position the other day. The Department of the Nord is held to be the most influential of the eighty-six departments of France, next to the metropolis itself. It is rich in factories and manufactures; its agricultural wealth is great; its population can readily be estimated by the large vote of more than two hundred and fifty thousand which it polled. A more evident bid for a popular verdict by the party which thinks fit to use Boulanger as a figure-head at the moment could not have been made. A more palpable intention to make this bid successful, and the verdict favorable, than was shown by the means employed, could not have been evolved by the most unscrupulous politician of modern times. The passions of the populace were, by all accounts, inflamed by the usual bogus appeals to patriotism in the shape of martial music, and other clap-trap tricks of a cognate nature. There is a party which affects to see, in all this political engineering, the hand of the Bonapartists, Boulanger being put forward as a cat's-paw to pick Prince Victor Bonaparte's chestnuts out of the fire. Others see in it merely a sign that the present attitude of the government, both in its domestic and foreign relations, does not meet the approval of the nation at large. The proponent of a war of revenge, at the present moment, strikes a chord that vibrates in every Frenchman's heart. The young generation of peasantry that would now swell the ranks of the armies of France, knows war but as a tradition, retailed to it at tables and firesides, with all the patriotic warmth and prejudice natural to the seniors who took part in the German war of eighteen years ago. In view of the present popular ferment in both Germany and France, the smallest spark introduced into the magazine would be sufficient to produce as terrific an explosion as the world has yet witnessed. Boulanger may be that spark. It only needed a fervid imagination, on the part of Helena, to transform Bottom the Tailor, ears and all, into the perfection of manly beauty. The same spell seems to have been cast over the masses of the French nation, who can only see in Boulanger a reincarnation of the first Napoleon, whereas his rivals characterize him as a sort of wooden Bombastes Furioso, without the makings of either a statesman or a warrior.

To those Roman Catholic citizens of the United States, and all other Papists, who pretend that the Church of Rome is in harmony with our laws and in sympathy with republican institutions, and who pretend that they can remain loyal to the Government of the United States, while indulging in the belief and living in obedience to the dogmas of the Papal Hierarchy, and who pretend that they can be, at the same time, good Roman Catholics and good American citizens, we commend the perusal of the following extracts from the Panama *Star and Herald* of March 20 and 27, 1888:

TRANSLATION.

Law No. 30, of the twenty-fifth ultimo, amending the Civil Code and other laws, contains the following upon matrimony:

Art. 34. Matrimony contracted according to the rites of the Catholic Church annuls, *ipso jure*, any purely civil marriage that may have been celebrated before by the contracting parties with any other person.

Art. 35. The law recognizes the civil rights of the children conceived before the civil marriage shall have been annulled, according to the provisions of the preceding article.

Art. 36. The man, already civilly married, who marries another woman according to the rites of the Catholic Church, is obliged to support his first wife and his children by her, until she marries Catholicly.

Article Twelfth, of the recent arrangement effected in Rome, between the representative of Colombia and the Holy See, reads as follows:

Art. 12. In the universities, in the colleges, in the schools, and all educational establishments, public instruction and education will be organized and directed in conformity with the dogmas and teachings of the Roman Catholic religion. Religion will be one of the obligatory courses of study, and the pious practices of the Roman Catholic Church will be observed.

Article Fourteenth is very strict and binding in its provisions, as will be noted:

Art. 14. In the event that the system of religious and moral education—notwithstanding the orders and recommendations of the government—be not in consonance with Roman Catholic doctrines, then the diocesan will prohibit the professors or masters to continue to instruct the scholars.

Now we will not be accused of raking over dead embers, long buried, to revive old prejudices against the Papal Church by reprinting these laws of a sister and neighboring republic. These laws have been recently passed, and are now operative, and will continue to be enforced so long as the Government of Colombia remains under the control of Papists educated in schools where "the dogmas, and teachings, and pious practices of the Roman Catholic Church are observed." If the Papal Church will enact and enforce such laws in the Republic of Colombia in the nineteenth century, it will enact and enforce them in the Republic of the United States as soon as it gains the power and possesses the courage. There are no free non-sectarian schools in any place on this God's earth of ours where Papacy has dominion. There is no country where Papacy has held sway that the right of marriage by the civil law has been willingly conceded. How do our Roman Catholic readers defend the course of their church in reference to free schools and non-secular education, in face of the Colombian law which makes the dogmas, teachings, and practices of Papist priests obligatory? If there is any Romanist base and ignorant, and cowardly and un-American enough, to be willing to have Article Fourteenth enacted in California, allowing a Roman Catholic diocesan to "prohibit" the instruction of the children of Protestant and non-religious persons in other than Roman Catholic dogmas and practices, then we hope this article and all others that we have or shall continue to write upon the subject may offend them. And if there is any person, male or female, Romanist, Protestant, or irreligious, who thinks the marriage ceremony performed in Latin by priest, or monk, or Jesuit, of higher force or more binding obligation than if performed by a magistrate in accordance with law, we take the liberty of expressing the opinion that they are bigoted fools. Last year there was read from every Roman Catholic pulpit in this diocese an official letter, denouncing as immoral the marriage relation existing between Roman Catholics and non-Catholics. The letter was offensive and insulting, and will not, we hope, be repeated. There are Catholics and Roman Catholics; there are Catholics and Papists; there are honest people and knaves; there are intelligent people and fools; there are Catholics who mind their own business, keep their religion out of politics, enjoy their own religious opinions, give religious instruction to their own children, obey the laws, and in all respects demean themselves as good citizens; there are Papists who are ignorant, bigoted, meddlesome, aggressive, intolerant, and altogether insufferable, and this is the kind that criticise the marriage relation between Protestants, and take from them the education of their children. These Colombian laws are a complete answer in denial of the Jesuitical and lying pretext that the only thing the Papists are endeavoring to effect in this country is to use their share of public money to educate their share of the school children. The end kept steadily in view by the Roman Church in America is to destroy the American non-sectarian free-school system, and in its place to allow monks, nuns, Jesuit fathers, and Christian Brothers to teach Papal dogmas and "pious practices"; to teach the trumpery nonsense of church catechisms instead of science, literature, history, arithmetic, geography, and the common sense of a general English education.

The question which will, before long, become paramount in Germany, and throw all minor questions into the shade, is that which will decide which one of the two rival forces will thereafter rule the destinies of the German nation, the feudal and military—of which Bismarck is the type and exemplar—or the liberal faction in parliament, which has been withstanding the Iron Chancellor now for many years, a growing thorn in his side and a growing power in the land. It is a question which does not depend upon the life or death of the present emperor, who may be, before this goes to press, the past; nor even upon the life of Bismarck, though the longevity of the chancellor will assuredly conduce to the longevity of the idea he represents; nor upon the plans, successful or unsuccessful, of the Empress Victoria, who becomes a political nonentity so soon as she becomes a dowager, at the demise of the present emperor; nor altogether upon the genius, if there be any, military or diplomatic, of the coming emperor, whose accession to sovereign power the world now feels is but a question of limited time; but upon the sound sense and progressive ideas of the people at large, more particularly the business and bourgeois classes. It must be remembered that it is only a very few years, historically speaking, since the masses in Prussia, and the other German States, had any political representation, practically, in the councils of the nation. Power, authority, and office, the control of affairs civil and military, were in the hands of a privileged aristocracy, which administered them on the old feudal principle, and in their own interest. The Liberal, the Progressive, and the Socialistic parties in Parliament have made amazing headway in the past few years. They have already felt their strength in checking absolutism and introducing measures of reform. Should war again arise, patriotism would overcome all other scruples; the masses would, as usual, be decimated and weakened; the business classes impoverished, and in the event of success crowning the German arms, the aristocratic and military classes would again undoubtedly enter upon another term of power. Should fortune turn the other way, or should no wars supervene at all, the prestige of the dominant class would be weakened in either case, and the progressive party would gain such a leverage as might sound the final death-knell to feudalism in Central Europe.

A prominent figure passed from the political stage when Roscoe Conkling died. For although he has been out of active politics since 1881, his influence has none the less been

felt, notably in the campaign when Cleveland defeated Blaine. That, however, was probably the only instance in which Conkling emerged from his retirement since his quarrel with Garfield. That quarrel was a most unfortunate one. As in most quarrels, there were right and wrong on both sides. But, whatever may be the differences of opinion concerning Conkling's action then, there can be none concerning his conduct since. He accepted the condition of affairs; withdrew definitively from political life; took up the practice of his profession; set himself with energy to restoring his fortune, much impaired as it was by his devotion to politics. For no one can say aught against the honor or honesty of Roscoe Conkling. He did not look on public office as a dishonorable means to a pecuniary end. His hands were clean. His honor was stainless. He died a poor man.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Word to the Farmers and Workingmen.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: For the first time in many years the two political parties will go before the people this fall with a well-defined issue. For two decades Republican and Democrat have been convertible terms on this coast; there has been no more difference of principle between them than between tweedledum and tweedledee. Now, at last, citizens of California and Oregon will have the satisfaction of knowing that their ballot will mean something; for it will signify that he who casts it is either opposed to continuing war taxes, or in favor of maintaining them. That is a question which every citizen can decide for himself, without regard to his previous party affiliations. The platforms adopted by the Democrats in both States commit them to the support of the President's policy of revenue reform, and the Republican leaders are equally committed to the policy of protection. But the Republican rank and file are free to act according to their judgment. Nothing could be clearer or plainer than the issue; he who runs may read.

It is a mistake to suppose that this is a difficult problem, which it requires a knowledge of political economy to solve. It has always been the trick of the protectionists to envelop their creed in a cloud of paradoxes, which can not be dispelled without labor and ingenuity. Such persons as Pig Iron Kelley and George F. Edmunds discourse to us learnedly on home markets and diversified industries, until they wrap the whole subject in confusion, and the candid student gives it up in despair. But the question, whether the war tariff should be kept up or amended, is one which every laboring man can decide for himself without advice or reading. To the Californian, it is simply this—which would you rather do, pay out part of your earnings to enrich people in the East, or not?

Every man can bring it home to himself. He wears a woolen coat, his wife wears a woolen gown, and they both sleep under a woolen blanket. All these are supplied him by Eastern manufacturers, who charge him ninety per cent. more for his coat, fifty-four per cent. more for the gown, and eighty-two per cent. more for the blanket than the same articles would cost him if he was allowed to import them from Europe. This extra percentage comes out of his pocket and goes into the pocket of the Eastern man, and he is told, when he demurs, that he must help protect American industry. If he suggests that he also is an industrial, and that he does not see how American industry can be benefited by taxing one industrial for the benefit of another, he is told he is a pretender, bought with English gold.

He carries a jack-knife, keeps an axe to chop wood, cuts his meat with a table-knife, uses a spade to dig his garden, and fences his cow-patch with a wire fence. He has to pay fifty per cent. more for his jack-knife and his table-knife, forty-five per cent. more for his axe and spade, and thirty-seven per cent. more for his wire fence, than he would do if he could import them free. But then he is assured that he is supporting American industry, and that a proud consciousness of duty done should console him.

He eats his dinner off a plate for which he pays fifty-five per cent. more than its normal value, in order that the potteries of the East shall declare fat dividends; he drinks his water out of a glass which pays an extra forty-five per cent., which goes to the glass factory in Pennsylvania; he sees the sunlight through a window-pane for which he pays from sixty to ninety per cent. above its value, to enrich the same parties; the shirt which covers his back costs him fifty-five per cent., the handkerchief with which he blows his nose forty-nine per cent., and the socks which incase his tired feet forty per cent.; all for the profit of Eastern manufacturers, who are holding meetings to denounce tariff tinkers, and who declare with old Mr. Kelley that American industry is doomed if the manufacturers' clutch is unloosed from the throat of the Californian workman, and that we shall be paupers if a stop is put to the robbery of the poor for the benefit of the rich.

By-and-bye he loses his job, and goes out in search of work. He finds a company ready to build a railroad, but unable to do so because the steel rails cost seventeen dollars more here than abroad—the seventeen dollars going into the pocket of Pennsylvanians. He finds another company prepared to lay iron-pipes for conducting water, but the same difficulty stands in the way, and the company is not engaging new hands. He finds enterprise after enterprise blocked by the toll which the East levies on materials necessary for its prosecution. Perhaps he has a little house, to which he wants to build an extension, or may be a field which he would like to fence; he finds that the lumbermen have formed a trust of their own, and put up the price of boards four or five dollars a thousand, and that they hold a monopoly of the market in consequence of the duty which shuts out foreign lumber. The very coal-fire at which he cooks his dinner, and round which his children warm themselves, costs him a few cents a day more than it should in order that certain coal proprietors in Pennsylvania, who are rich already, shall grow richer still.

When the California farmer or California workman studies this war-tariff question, he can not, for the life of him, see where his profit comes in. He sees why the Pennsylvania and the New England manufacturer should stand up for a war tariff, for it may be dollars in their pockets. But where is his share of the swag? He does not get it on his wheat, for the price of that is regulated by supply and demand at Liverpool; nor on his barley, for the price of that is regulated by New York and Iowa; nor on his fruit, for that fluctuates without regard to the tariff, according to supply and demand at New York and Chicago; nor on his beans, for the tariff cuts no figure there either; nor even on his wool, for that was higher when the duty was lower, and it would net him more money if there were no duty at all. Wherever the tariff touches him, it cuts him. He has to pay duty on the gunny-sacks in which he sends his wheat to market, and the canner to whom he sells his fruit deducts so much for the duty he has to pay on the tin-plates consumed in the cans. Everything he wears or consumes, except his food, costs him more in consequence of the tarift; nothing that he produces nets him more money by reason of the tariff.

Yet Republican orators and Republican speakers think so meanly of his intelligence that they assure him that the tariff is the mainstay of wages on this coast—in other words, that the heavier the burden of taxation, the higher the price of labor. A farmer or laboring-man who can be deluded by such a sophism as this is probably past salvation. Men who know enough to earn their living, understand that the price of labor depends on the demand for it and the supply of it. Where there are more workmen than work, wages are low; where there is more work than workmen, they are high. Now, the effect of the reduction of the war tariff would be to stimulate manufacturing industry on this coast. With cheaper iron, and a more diversified supply of wool at a fair price, San Francisco would, in time, become one of the manufacturing centres of the world. It combines every requisite; a suitable climate, an enterprising people, ample capital, and right in front of us, markets which can consume more than we could produce if we had thrice the present population of the State. On all this great coast we have only one rolling-mill, and that a one-horse concern; we have nearly a dozen woolen factories, but they are all either bankrupt or expect to be. Reduce the duties, and mills and foundries would start up as fast as workmen could be got to man them, and we should inaugurate a competition with Great Britain for the markets of China and Japan, with the advantage of being six thousand miles nearer our customers. To such a competition there could be but one end. The American has never lost a market, unless his own laws handicapped him. How would wages be then, with a demand for labor larger than the Eastern influx could supply?

If the California farmer and laborer see their way to contributing, out of their surplus gains, a few score dollars every year to further enrich the millionaires of the East, then they should stand by the Republican party this fall. The act would be in curious taste; but there is no accounting for tastes. Millionaires are not commonly objects of charity. But Californians were ever liberal, and they may feel a sort of pride in throwing a few gold pieces to these protected industrials, who emphasize their plunder of the poor by assuring them that the robbery is committed in the interest of American industry. But if the Californian farmer and workingman think they can use the proceeds of their labor to more advantage at home; if they need every dollar they earn for the support of their families, for the extension of their farms, for the improvement of their holdings; if they see no more reason why they should be taxed for the benefit of Pennsylvania than that Pennsylvania should be taxed for their benefit; if they believe that the people of this coast are entitled to the full proceeds of their labor, undiminished by toll or tribute to others; if they have any longing to see their State prosperous and rich, with smiling vineyards and fat orchards, with crowded cities, and teeming factories affording work to every child in the State, and attracting fleets of steamers to carry their wares to foreign markets; then, in that case, they will vote the Democratic ticket this fall, simply and solely, because it symbolizes the abolition of war taxes, and the end of the era of the robbery of the many for the profit of the few—an era in which, as Mr. Mills said, a Republican Congress took off the tax on playing-cards in order to impose a duty of twenty per cent. on Bibles.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 18, 1888. B.

Mr. Johnson's Reply to Mr. Howard.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I had hoped that the discussion on the tariff was a thing of the past. Your columns have been deluged with so many free-trade articles by embryotic statesmen, who imagined they knew something of practical business, but succeeded in exposing so palpably their ignorance, that it was to be hoped their arguments were exhausted. If anything new, however, could have been said on the subject, Mr. Shafter Howard has been able to say it. I want to compliment the gentleman upon his letter. It has given me more argument for protection, and has convinced me more than ever of its absolute necessity, if we do not want to destroy the growing industries of this State; and while possibly Mr. Howard may have been aiming at a different effect, yet his interests, and those of his family, are so large in this State, that I am sure he will be glad to know he has succeeded, at a distance, in arousing renewed interest in this subject, and is able again to show us what this pauper competition means.

I quote from Mr. Howard's letter. In criticising my stand he says: "It would be apparent that the latter half of his letter contained rash, unguarded, yes, even thoughtless statements. He says that, in his opinion, the American workingman is more interested in the question of protection than any of our manufacturers. *His future depends on protection.* To prove this he cites the condition of labor in other countries which have no protective tariffs, and shows how badly off labor is in these countries compared with labor in the United States. In other words, he means that the protective tariff in the United States protects labor." Here is the issue between Mr. Howard and myself. Allow me to repeat what I have claimed, in other words, *that the protective tariff in the United States protects labor.*

I am now going to admit, for the sake of argument, all that Mr. Howard states as to the condition of labor in Europe, and will take his assertions as a basis of my argument on protection. I will go further, and I will also freely admit,

First (merely for the sake of argument), that protection in Europe does not protect, and I will show how it does in the United States, and I will also show, I think, to any unprejudiced thinker, that it is our salvation. I will admit,

Second (for the sake of argument), that the reason for the present beggarly wages and beggarly mode of life, that Mr. Howard states is the condition of the European laborer, is on account, as Mr. Howard states, "of oversupply in the labor market." I will also admit,

Third (as Mr. Howard states), that this beggarly laborer sleeps two-thirds of the day. I will admit,

Fourth (to use the exact words of Mr. Howard), that the reason for the low wages existing in European countries is, "that for generations the lower classes have become, by custom, used to the simplest kind of food and raiment, and they are perfectly content to do without meat." I thus admit the eloquent statement of facts, that the present condition of affairs in Europe is caused by the density of population, which has produced a low state of wages—so low, in point of fact, that the poor chattel of a laborer is reduced to the simplest kind of food and raiment, and has reached such an abject condition, that he is content to do without meat. (Right here I would suggest to Mr. Howard that one of the reasons why the laborer of Navarre is unable to work between ten and three o'clock, as stated by Mr. Howard, and is obliged to sleep that time is, possibly, because the quality and quantity of his food are of a nature not to permit of a fair day's work.) We thus find these poor chattels content to work for any wages that are doled out to them, forced to dress in rags, meat food an unknown factor in their lives, living in houses side by side with their family pig or cow, their raiment brief and abbreviated—all brought on by an overcrowded state of the labor market, by density of population, and a scarcity of work.

After admitting these facts, I would state that the only thing in the world to prevent our laborers from being dragged to the level of their European competitors is a protective duty so high that it will prevent the products of this pauper labor from entering into the United States at a figure that will necessitate a reduction of the wages of the laboring man here to that of his European competitor. I would further say to Mr. Howard, do as Mills suggests: take off from the price of candied and glacé fruits ten cents a pound; take the duty of five cents a pound off walnuts and almonds, or from raisins of twenty cents a box, and so on down the line, then, perhaps, in time, our laborers may become, in our efforts to compete, utter abject slaves, content with their condition, accepting uncomplainingly and unmurmuringly an utter absence of meat, content to work for twenty cents a day; and, perhaps, they will be glad, in time, to sleep from eleven to three, seeking oblivion.

In paragraph four of Mr. Howard's article he states, "Are not the wages of labor regulated by competition in the labor market; and is that competition not far greater in Navarre, and other European districts, by reason of the density of their population than in a new country like America?" I should say precisely so. It is because I recognize the fact that if we were a free-trade country we would be brought in competition with that country that produces the cheapest labor, and would, in time, force our workingmen down to the abject condition of that cheap labor, that I say *we must have protection.*

Our present tariff is but an effort in the same direction, and in a different form, as is the Chinese Restriction Act, which this State is so unanimously in favor of. It is an effort to protect the workingman from pauper competition, and can not be regarded in any other light. The moment we take off our present duties, we commence our first attack toward lowering the manhood and intelligence of the American wage-worker. We are a government of the people, for the people. The laboring classes are in the majority in point of number, and as long as they consent cheerfully to a republican form of government, so long will it stand; but so soon as life in a free republic is rendered ungrateful and oppressive, then we begin losing the assent and cordial approval of the majority, and then we begin to strike at our institutions.

The rich in this country have no reason to complain. They are afforded every protection, every opportunity—some people think too many opportunities, and to-day American institutions are upheld solely, in my mind, by the conservative feeling of the vast majority of wage-workers.

Our protective duties are levied now to bar cheap European labor from competition with our American workingmen, the same as the Chinese Restriction Act means and aims to protect us from the Chinese. The prosperity of this country is dependent upon the wages paid to the worker. Under the present system our workingmen are the most prosperous in the world, and it seems to me that the present Mills's effort is in an entirely wrong direction. Think over all I have written, Mr. Howard, and perhaps I may put this question before you in a new light. Several times in your letter it seems to me that you have nearly touched the key-note of the whole situation. You are in Europe, and can do your State a service. Visit the orange-groves of Sicily, the walnut and almond orchards of Spain, the raisin vineyards of Malaga, the currant fields of Zante, the olive plantations of Italy, study the laboring people, find out where and how they live, what wages are earned, tell us how the children are educated—all this may prove interesting, and I think will convert you to the protective side of this great question. I can imagine nothing more interesting to an average Californian, interested in this subject, than the actual experience of an intelligent observer in Europe among the competitive producing points on the continent, and I trust your hand, or some other, may shed additional light on this subject.

In conclusion (a personal matter) I request Mr. Howard to re-read my articles, and perhaps a closer perusal will convince him that I have not been guilty of the bad taste of "calling the President of the United States a dude" in any of my comunications.

Yours truly,
FRANK S. JOHNSON.

A Blacksmith on the Tariff.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In the last issue of the *Argonaut* you state, by implication, what you think have been the mistakes of Mr. Cleveland's administration of the Presidency. One of his shortcomings, according to your account, is that he has not applied the surplus in the treasury to payment of the public debt, and you say that any individual owing a debt would be a fool not to pay it as soon as possible, which, as an abstract proposition, is doubtless true. But you seem to lose sight of the fact that all of the debt that is due has been paid; hence, this administration can do nothing in the way of going into the market and buying up the indebtedness of the republic without a law authorizing it so to do. There is no such law, though the Secretary of the Treasury has asked for its passage. So it seems to me that mistake does not loom up very formidably.

The next sin implied against the President is, that he is an enemy of American industry and labor. You say that you hope his successor will have the nerve to maintain revenue laws for their protection. Now I, as one of the great army of American laborers, to wit, an American horse-shoer, would like an explanation of the process of helping the American workman by taxing him. Certainly we who work in unprotected industries outnumber the alleged protected ones at least fifteen to one. What can you call it but monstrous robbery, that the fifteen must have an average of forty-seven per cent. added to the cost of all the necessaries of life, except food, under the pretence of equalizing the difference in wages between the United States and Europe? In a word, the fifteen are robbed so that the manufacturer can pay high wages to the one; yet he does nothing of the kind, for there is absolute free trade in labor, and the manufacturer has the labor market of the world to buy in. There is no law that says to the mill or mine-owner "if you hire a foreign laborer you will have to put into the United States treasury forty-seven cents for every dollar you pay the laborer in wages;" but your tariff laws do say that very thing to the American laborer if he wants to buy a pair of blankets in a foreign market. Say the blankets are worth three dollars at the place of manufacture; you will be stood up at the port of entry for three dollars and nine cents more, making in all six dollars and nine cents your blankets will cost you; for the weavers of blankets in America must be protected from competition with the pauper labor of free-trade England. Do they get better wages than they would get in England? Go and ask the employees of the Pioneer Woolen Mills, who are largely composed of English; or better, take its pay-roll and compare it with that of a large establishment in Leeds, and see if the wages of the employees of the Pioneer Mill run from fifty-five to one hundred and three per cent. more than that of the wages of employees of the English mill. I think you will find that the advantages are in favor of English mill-hands, when you reckon the cost of living in the two countries, as the American has only about eleven per cent. the better of the Englishman on the face of their wages. But let us admit that the American manufacturer is a philanthropist, pure and simple, and runs a mill just for the purpose of showing what a truly good man he is He has so impressed himself upon the Congress of the republic that that wise body has, in days gone by, concluded that it would not do to throw any obstacle in the way of our philanthropist, for fear that he might get mad and refuse to give any portion of the plunder of which he is enabled by the damnable tariff laws to rob the American public.

Let us drop our woolen manufacturer and take a look at the lumberman. He is to be bankrupted if his steal—two dollars a thousand feet on weather-boarding and other lumber—is taken away. We hear the thrifty real-estate man say, "Why don't the working people save their money and buy themselves a house and lot?" The reason in most cases is, because the working man has nothing left by the time he has paid tribute to all the tariff pirates, who have license to demand it; consequently he has to rent, and the property-owner, owing to the lumber trust, can not build a house much under three times the amount it ought to cost. He naturally wants a generous interest on the money invested, so we have rents that eat up the renter.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you can show wherein the great mass of the American people are benefited by high taxes on the necessaries of life, I, in common with a great many other Americans, would like to have you do it. But I will tell you beforehand that you can not ring in the stale chestnut of the *Chronicle* economist, that tariff duties are not taxes, for I, in common with every man capable of reasoning from cause to effect, know that they are taxes, and very disagreeable taxes at that; for, as Colonel Manson very truly said, a man can not enter a store, or any place where the necessaries of life are for sale, without meeting the tax-gatherer. Nor will it do to tell us of the thousand and one industries that can not possibly be benefited by the protective tariff, that it saves us from competition with the pauper labor of Europe, for we know that it does nothing of the kind, because no pauper line of foreign steamships is going to take the horses of America over to Europe for the paupers over there to shoe them, nor will any streets be paved and cleaned, and brought over and laid down in competition with our street-pavers and cleaners; but the paupers, so-called, of all trades and callings will come over and enter into competition with us here at home, for there is no custom-house official who will say to them, "Stand and deliver fifty-five per cent. of your value," which, if the pauper was sound in wind and limb, would be five hundred and fifty dollars; for I have always heard the high protectionists assert that every male immigrant who is under thirty years of age, and physically sound, was worth one thousand dollars to the republic. If that be so, and the object of a high tariff is to protect labor, would not the object be made more sure of attainment by placing it on the labor and not on the product of labor?

Now, Mr. Editor, please give us light, and if you can prove any of the benefits claimed for protection, we will all join in the chorus and sing "great is protection, and Pig-Iron Kelly and Sam Randall are its two prophets, and Carlisle and Mills are enemies of their kind, for keeping so many of us poor when we could all be made rich by raising the tariff taxes." I hope, Mr. Editor, you will not consider it asking too much for you to comply with the foregoing request, for I believe that if it is possible to defend this villainy of robbing the many to enrich the few, and calling the robbery protection to American labor and industry, that you are the one man that can do it. All the others who have attempted it in the last four years have failed completely. Yours, in want of enlightenment,

M. LAYTON,
An American horse-shoer; one of Revolutionary stock.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., April 15, 1888.

A point in regard to Grand Army mortality is the fact that the death-rate of those who originally came from the country far exceeds that of the city men. It is generally supposed that a country life is conducive to health, but as far as the records of the War Department prove anything, the contrary is the case. When in the Army of the Potomac, Stoddard's Vermont Brigade, stalwart mountaineers, men of large size and great muscular development, were far more subject to disease than city boys, and died like sheep in the Chickahominy Swamps, while the death-rate among the city regiments was very low, comparatively. Since the close of the war, and especially during the last ten years, the surviv[illegible] the country regiments show a much higher mortality th[illegible] metropolitan troops, and sickness is much more freque[illegible]

THE JOHNSTOWN STAGE.

City of Rocks was losing its sharp outlines in the radiating heat of a July afternoon. The unbroken, gray sage-brush plain surrounding it had already lost its one outline, the horizon, and now merged itself in the distance of its own dustiness. The void between glaring plain and glaring sky was filled with hot silence. It was the silence of solitude undisturbed by humanity; for the only human habitation in the City of Rocks was the stage station, and that, in its square, uncompromising adaptation to its uses, seemed lonelier than the rough, but sometimes beautiful, and always fantastic, stone formations around it. Any one could see why this place was called City of Rocks. Its name fitted, as most frontier names fit, until they are subjected to the personal vanity or nicer sense of modesty of refined map-makers. But any one could not see why its unhewn, granite masses should rise so abruptly and unreasonably from the level, sage-brush desert. To an imaginative or cultivated mind there was something eerie about these castle turrets and cathedral spires, seen afar in an uninhabited land; and to such, an armed knight with lance in rest, charging across the plain, would not have been out of place. Such a person, necessarily a passenger on the Johnstown stage, with vague anticipations of a romance, would very likely question the stage-driver. The reply, without doubt, would be that this was an outcropping of the same ledge in which they had struck high-grade ore over in the Blue Gulch district. If the driver felt like talking, the additional fact might be extracted that the Indians called it "The seven houses where the witches laugh." This would sound promising, but the questioner would find that this was all there was of it. Indeed, it is more than probable that the questions of the imaginative and cultivated stranger would ere this have elicited from the driver the sole but pregnant fact that the Idaho and North-Western Stage Company paid him only to drive.

The Johnstown stage was due at City of Rocks at five o'clock. About that hour a man in a flannel shirt, dirty soldier-trousers tucked in his boots, and a slouch hat on the back of his bronzed, bearded, unkempt head, materialized in the obscurity of the doorway of the station-house, and shading his eyes with his hand, looked down the road. As he stood there, a cloud of dust became visible in the distance. It floated and wavered nearer and nearer, until the creaking and jingling of dry wood, leather, and metal, and the pounding of hoofs, were heard. Then, as the cloud approached the station, an apparition of two horses and a stage-coach was seen within it. The cloud stopped in front of the house, the dust settled, and the coach, coated inside and out with the white powder, was disclosed. The driver, looking like a miller, laid his whip on the roof and prepared to descend. The station-keeper, who, meanwhile, had stepped out into the road and silently commenced to unhook the traces, looked up for the first time. The next moment he dropped the trace with an exclamation of wonder, while his hand slowly but instinctively sought the revolver which hung in a belt loosely about his hips. For a few seconds he scrutinized the face of the man who was swinging himself down from the box, and then his look of surprise changed to one of recognition, his hand relaxed its hold on the pistol, and he said heartily, "Well, I'll be durned! Lieutenant, is that you? Why, what's come of Jim?"

"He was taken sick down by Shot-gun Creek and had to lay off at the milk-ranch," said the man addressed, taking off his hat and beating out the dust against his leg. He was tall and broad-shouldered, but slender, and was dressed in the same manner as the station-keeper, even to the revolver which hung about his hips. His voice and bearing, however, the only characteristics unaffected by the dust, betrayed a difference between them.

"Sick, nothing!" exclaimed the hostler, in a tone of disgust, taking out the straw which he held between his teeth and throwing it energetically on the ground. "That fellow's al'ays sick! I'm durned ef I don't b'lieve he's weakened sence Whistling Dick jumped his stage last month! He's yeard that the paymaster's sending his money up by express this trip to pay off the boys at the fort, and he's afeard he'll git jumped agin, durn him! That's w'at's the matter. It leaves me in a purty fix!" he continued. "Frank's out after stock, and there's no one yere but me. Who's goin' to take the stage on?"

"I'll take it on as far as Pack City, if you like," said the lieutenant. "The old man will find some one there to take Jim's place easy enough."

The station-keeper, without replying, mechanically resumed his duties of taking out the horses, and watched them meditatively as they walked slowly off to the stables. Then finally turning to the lieutenant, with the air of one whose mind is made up, he said: "By thunder, I guess that's the only thing we *kin* do. I can't leave yere. I wouldn't have a head of stock left by the time I got back. Them damned Injuns is gittin' worse and worse, not to mention the hoss-thieves and road-agents that's gittin' thicker'n fleas on a dog's back. It's sort o' crowdin' you, though, lieutenant, and I don't know what the old man'll say."

"He won't say thank you, at any rate," said the lieutenant.

"You kin gamble on that," said the hostler, approvingly. "Who's this Johnny-come-lately?" he added, as a passenger from the inside of the stage strolled toward them.

"Jim said he was a stock man," said the lieutenant; "he's billed for Pack City."

"Jim!" growled the hostler, contemptuously. "Jim's a stranger himself in these parts. How should he know?"

And when the traveler, an elderly man, joined them with a sociable remark that "it was purty tol'able warm," the hostler vented his scorn for Jim by ignoring him altogether and continuing his talk with the lieutenant about way-bills, express, mail, and other stage matters. But the passenger appearing in nowise affected by this lack of cordiality held his ground, and if he did not join in the conversation, listened to it so persistently that the hostler finally turned to him, and said rather sarcastically, "Stranger, is there anything I can do fer you?"

"Well, no, pard," replied the traveler, good-humoredly, "there's nothin' you kin do fer me, but I reckon you kin do somethin' fer thet lady inside, she's petered plumb out, and the kid's yelling like all possessed."

At this, the amateur driver walked over to the stage-door and looked in. There was the usual litter of mail-bags, and small bundles, and smell of dust and leather. Addressing the woman, who, in a long linen duster, and with a veil over her face, reclined limply in one corner, half holding a crying baby, the lieutenant said, "Supper station, madam."

This announcement producing no reply, he repeated it in a louder tone. The only result was an added force to the baby's cries.

"I reckon she's fainted," said the other passenger, appearing at his elbow with a cup of water, "try this yere."

The lieutenant got inside, followed by the old man, to whom he unceremoniously handed the baby. Taking out his pocket-flask he mixed a little whisky and water, and pushing the veil up from off the unconscious mouth, he succeeded in partially reviving the exhausted woman. "Now then," he said, in an authoritative tone, "you must come outside in the open air, and wash your face and hands; that will brace you up quicker than anything. Then when you have had some dinner you will be all right. We haven't much time," he added.

The woman obediently arose, but, cramped and worn out by the long day's ride, had to be assisted to the ground. She succeeded in walking over to the water-trough, and sitting down on its edge, silently took her baby. The lieutenant brought her a basin and towel, and left her to her toilet. Presently he returned and said, "Supper is ready."

"Thank you, I don't want any supper," was the reply.

As he heard her speak for the first time, the lieutenant looked at the shrouded form with surprise. The voice was low and trained, the voice of a gentlewoman. It startled him with a swift suggestion of perfumed lace and six-button kid gloves, of waltz music, yachting, and low, murmured words in dim conservatories. The recollection of the fried pork and beans awaiting them in the station, however, brought his mind back to the subject.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but you must eat something. You can't stage all day without eating."

Her back was turned toward him as she sat dabbling her hand in the water for the amusement of the baby, and he went around and stood in front of her to emphasize his remark. Her veil was still down, and she did not raise her head as she replied, in the even tones of a superior addressing an over-zealous inferior, "You are very kind, but I don't want anything."

The lieutenant was rather nettled at this; but, nevertheless, persisted. His interest was awakened. Besides, it would be very inconvenient to have her faint on the road. "I hope you won't think me obtrusive," he said, modulating his tone respectfully, "but you must have something. If you would prefer it, I will bring it out here."

Then she looked up half-resentfully, half-curiously, evidently thinking that this was a very odd stage-driver. At last she said: "You are giving yourself needless trouble, but as you insist upon it, I will take a cup of tea and a little milk for the baby."

If her purpose was to rid herself of his importunities, her request was very effective. Tea! Milk! The lieutenant returned to the station-house thoughtfully pulling his mustache. "Now," he said to himself, "that is like a woman! Why couldn't she ask for oysters and champagne, or something reasonable—but *tea! milk!*"

"Nate," he said, doubtfully, to the hostler, "you don't happen to have such a thing as—as *tea* about the house, do you?"

"Why not?" replied the station-keeper, promptly.

"Oh, I don't mean any sage-brush wash," rejoined the lieutenant, impatiently, "I'm talking about store tea."

"Well, that's what I'm talking about," said Nate; "a Chinaman gave some to Frank, the other day."

"Nate," said the lieutenant, drawing out his flask, "take a drink!"

And in a few minutes he was carrying out a cup of tea and some crackers to the water-trough, unconscious of the elaborate wink with which Nate, restored somewhat to good-humor by the unexpected drink, favored the elderly passenger. "He's hell!" said Nate, admiringly.

The lieutenant found the object of his solicitude as he had left her, enduring the discomfort of her condition with silent patience.

"You are very good," she said, more gently, but in the same even tone of a superior. Evidently this woman was accustomed to being waited on.

"I suppose that condensed milk will do for the baby," said the lieutenant; "have you anything to put it in?"

Yes, certainly, the baby had a bottle. But, alas! a search for the bottle revealed the fact that it must have been jolted out of the stage while the mother was unconscious.

"What shall I do!" she exclaimed, her fortitude suddenly forsaking her. "He won't drink out of a cup, and I am afraid he is hungry now." Evidently tears were gathering behind the veil, tears that she never would have shed for herself.

"Oh, I can fix that easy enough," said the stage-driving lieutenant, consolingly.

Quickly entering the house once more, for time was getting precious, and the beans were getting cold, he seized an empty beer-bottle, washed it out, filled it with a hot mixture of condensed milk, drove the cork in tight, pared the cork down to a convenient size, and pierced it with a saddler's awl; then tearing a piece of linen from his handkerchief, he padded the cork, and tied it securely.

"There," he said to the disconsolate mother, "I think that will work. I once raised a litter of puppies on no better one."

The lady, who had smiled rather hopelessly at this cumbrous device, anxiously watched the infant's attempts to manage it. The lieutenant, notwithstanding that the beans were getting cold, looked on with almost as much interest. An expression of contentment gradually stole over the baby's face. Evidently the bottle met with its entire approval. Then the mother gave the child a quick, delighted hug, and with a little, low laugh of relief, turned her veiled face to the driver and said, but this time her voice trembled: "You are so kind! How can I thank you?"

But he only replied with an amused smile, and instinctively, though carelessly, lifting his hat, he went back to his supper of cold pork and beans, while the eyes behind the veil followed him with a look of increasing surprise and curiosity.

The stage, when it left City of Rocks, was twenty minutes late. But the jack-rabbits, which laid back their ears and scudded at its approach, found it no mean rival that afternoon.

"I'll bet ten dollars he makes it up afore he gits to Stoney Creek, and not turn a hair!" said the station-keeper to himself. Then, after a further contemplation of the fast-receding cloud of dust, he added in a more reckless tone, "I'll bet ten dollars he makes it up afore he gits to Dick Day's ranch, and not turn a hair!" As no one accepted either of these generous propositions, he shook his head and remarked, confidentially, "There ain't many kin copper the lieutenant, now, if you year me!" and, disappearing in the gloom of the interior of the house, City of Rocks was left once more to the hot silence of its fantastic stones.

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The sun was setting behind Bald Butte as the Johnstown stage approached the five-mile grade which led down to Stoney Creek. The air was growing cool. The rabbits, looking like sage-bushes in motion, flitted about in the twilight. A colony of prairie-owls, posting themselves at intervals along the road, accompanied the intruding vehicle through their territory, the head of the line rising as the stage drew near, and gravely flying down to take station at the foot, until the danger departed, they solemnly withdrew. Down the grade the stage went, with the driver on the brake, and the horses trotting loosely in their harness, until, with a final jolt and lurch, they fetched up on the bank of Stoney Creek. The driver swung himself off the box, and taking an iron pail out of the boot, proceeded to water his horses. The elderly passenger emerged from the stage with a tin cup, and scooping up some of the bright, cold water from the noisy mountain stream, gallantly took it to the lady inside. Then, helping himself, he said to the driver, with a laugh:

"I jedge you've been making up time. Ye herded 'em along pretty lively down thet grade."

The lieutenant nodded his head. The position in which he found himself had responsibilities that discouraged sociability. Going to the other side of the stage he got out his overcoat and put it on. It was a garment made of rough, blue cloth, long and voluminous, with a cape that came to the waist. Quietly slipping his revolver from its holster, he put it in a narrow pocket in the lining of the coat. This pocket, apparently made for the purpose, dispensed with the ostentatious and cumbrous method of belting the pistol on outside. These preparations for the night completed, he mounted to his place, and made the usual, warning inquiry, "All set?"

"If you don't mind, pard," said the passenger, "I'll ride outside for a ways, and give the lady a chance to stretch."

"I don't mind," said the lieutenant, and the elderly stranger climbed laboriously to his side. The horses' hoofs splashed, and the stage wheels crunched their way through the stream, while the water fretted and foamed noisily about the wet felloes and through the cleaned spokes. Then hoofs and wheels came out on the soft bank, and the stage sped silently along the damp bottom land. Dark forms shaped themselves into cottonwood trees and alder bushes, and dissolved again into the darkness, while the fresh odor of the earth and growing things scented the cool night air.

"Have a drink?" said the passenger, sociably, drawing out a bottle.

"No, thank you," said the lieutenant, "I don't drink on the box."

"Right you are!" said his companion; "well, here's luck. You h'aint ben long on the line, I take it?"

"No," said the lieutenant.

"I was up in this section a couple o' years ago," continued the passenger, "and I kinder thought I didn't rec'lect your face. It's a fine country up yere, but it ain't as fine a country as some I've seen. Was you ever up around Sin-e-ah-qua-teen?"

No, the lieutenant had never been to Sin-e-ah-qua-teen.

"Well, sir," continued the passenger, enthusiastically, "that's a fine country, and a mighty curious one, too; the curiousest I ever seen. Me an' my pardner was in there one summer and found inions as big as my two fists, and the next day, when we struck up along the Pend'Oreille, we got into seven foot o' snow. When we got down into Kootenai, along Pack River, they was taking out a heap o' gold. Then we struck St. Mary's River, and, gentlemen! I never did see such a place for fish. All them rivers rise in lakes, and I was told by an old Hudson Bay man, that had been with the company nigh on to forty year, that they never had found no bottom to the lakes. And fish! Whew! I throw in a fly and I could see hundreds o' them fish, three and five pound big, jest race fer it. Me and my pardner staid there a week and had a right pleasant time, only fer a little talk that started and ended up in some right smart shooting. Six fellows got killed and a lot more wounded. They were gamblers mostly, and they made it up to go out six agin six at ten paces, with their revolvers. They didn't keer now I laid off in the bush and watched them. They started as quiet as I'd go out to cut rails, and stood up as straight as so many snipe. Them fellows had heaps of sand—I don't see ne'er a pistol-barrel shake. I could tell by their physiques that there was a woman at the bottom of it. There was some women along with the outfit; and I says to one of them afterwards, says I, 'We've got to bury these yere dead men. It seems sort o' rough that so many healthy fellows should go under of a sudden, now, don't it?' And she says, 'Yes; wo makes a power o' trouble sometimes.' And I'm durned ef I warn't right. Tho' I'll agree that there are times when wo powerful handy to have around. You don't happen to be married, do you?"

"No," said the lieutenant, beginning to be amused and entertained by his loquacious companion, "I'm not married."

The stage had commenced to ascend the grade on the other side of Stoney Creek. The road wound up through a cañon, or gulch, in the bottom of which was the dry bed of a winter torrent. It was a long, tedious pull to the top of the mesa, and the horses had to take their time to it. Notwithstanding that a thin line of light on the brow of a distant mountain signaled that the moon had risen, it was very dark in the cañon; so dark, that although the lieutenant kept peering ahead of the horses, he could see but little more than a bend of the winding road faintly defined by the denser obscurity on each side of it. The passenger himself, notwithstanding his steady flow of talk, seemed affected by the surrounding gloom, and maintained an alert gaze upon the side of the road.

"You see," he continued, "I had a wife myself once, so I know something about women. I picked her up in 'Frisco, and jest about six months after I lost thirty-five thousand dollars in the Frazer River excitement. Then I come up yere, and laid out a ranch on Mud River. But my wife, she got sick, and I spent all the money I had left in taking her down agin, and in doctoring. Well, sir, when she died, and I came back yere with the little fellows, I found my ranch gone plumb to the devil. Six inches of snow on the ground, and the little fellows barefoot, and not a dollar in my pocket, and nothing to eat. I was blue. I tell you, pard, if ever a man were blue, I was that man! I jest tuk off my hat and throwed it on the ground, and looked all around. But I didn't throw up no sponge. I tuk to splittin' rails, and inside of a month I sold 'em to the guv'ment at the Sahatlin Agency, and cleaned up a hundred dollars. I'm doin' tol'able well now, the country round my way's gittin' settled up. 'Pears like Oregon's spittin' all her webfeet into that section. I got my eye on some o' these yere immigrants, and I'll pick up another wife some day, a young un about sixteen, that I kin larn. I'm purty good on the physiog. I don't want no widows, they're larnt all ready to yer hand, but they know too damned much."

The lieutenant laughed, and spoke to his horses, which were showing a restive disinclination to proceed. They were almost at the top of the grade now. A clump of scrub-oaks at the head of the cañon was in sight. The shadows here were very dense by contrast with the moonlight, which lay in the open beyond. It was at these shadows that the horses were pricking their ears. The lieutenant cracked his whip over the unruly animals, but as he did so, he looked sharply in the direction of the oaks. Was not something moving there? Or was it the moonlight shadows playing their usual tricks on highly strung nerves? Then he remembered that there was a spring under those oaks, and that cattle were always around it; or, perhaps, a stray deer from the mountains might have come there to drink. His military training and frontier experience made him guard against unreasoning alarm. At the same time, the station-keeper's open secret that the paymaster's funds were aboard, flashed across his mind. It would never do for him, an army officer, to hand down Wells-Fargo's box to the first road-agent who asked for it. Professional pride, if naught else, forbade it. He said nothing to the man at his side, but under cover of his cape he slipped the lines and whip into his left hand, and with his right cocked the revolver in his pocket. The elderly passenger, notwithstanding that his eyes were also fastened on the clump of oaks, seemed quite unsuspicious, and continued to talk.

"I reckon I can git another wife easy enough. I know a fellow that come into that section, only a little while ago, without a dollar, and he married a right purty gal, only sixteen, and he's older than——"

A shrill whistle suddenly startled the silence of the night. The passenger on the box, almost without a pause, leaned over, and laying one hand on the lines with the other pointed a pistol at the driver's head, and said, but no longer in the accents of an uneducated person:

"Hold up your hands, lieutenant!" At the same instant, a man, with a masked face and holding a gun, appeared in the middle of the road, and stopped the horses.

The lieutenant turned pale, and stared in amazement at the man by his side.

"It's no use," said the elderly passenger, sternly. "We've got the drop on you! Be quick, or I'll——"

"Well," said the lieutenant, defeatedly, "you have got the drop on me, for a fact!" And drawing a long breath, he slowly raised his arms. But when his left elbow was as high as his shoulder, with his right hand he pressed the trigger of the revolver in his pocket.

There was a muffled report, a shriek, and a curse, followed by another report, then another, and another, confused and intermingled, the sharp crack of the rifle ringing out over the duller noise of the pistols. When the sounds ceased, the man in the road was crawling on his hands and knees toward the shadow of the oaks whence he had emerged. There was no one on the box but the lieutenant, and he was standing erect. The next moment he pitched head first over the dash-board on to the off-horse's back, and from there rolled on to the road. It needed but this to goad the frightened animals into a stampede, and with the lines under their heels, kicking and shying, they galloped out over the prairie.

It is not easy for two horses to run away with a Concord coach, especially after coming up Stoney Creek grade. And so, after the stage had lumbered and lurched at their heels for a half-mile or so, the horses came down to a trot, and then to a walk, and finally stood still, and gazed around, trembling, and ready for a second flight. The moment that the vehicle stopped, the veiled face of the lady passenger appeared at the door, and her terror-stricken voice cried, but almost inaudibly, "My God! what has happened?"

Aroused from a troubled sleep by the report of a pistol, followed by a man's shriek, more shots, curses, and groans, she had opened her eyes just in time to see a heavy body fall over the wheel and on to the ground. Then the stage had started forward, the wheel going over the thing on the ground with a sickening jolt. As the stage bounded on, she had been thrown violently to and fro, clinging convulsively to her baby, unable to realize what this grisly horror of the night might be. With shaking hands, she now unfastened the door, and stepping out, found herself alone in the awful silence and solitude of the night.

Hark! what was that? She tore her veil from her head, and with it came her hat. Great masses of black hair fell down her shoulders, and a white, young face shone out in the moonlight, lovely even in its terror. The noise was but the piping of an insect, but it sounded like a distant shriek. Then the wind stirred the dry buffalo grass, and it seemed to the panic-stricken woman as though it was the voices of men pursuing. Her hair arose, and all the blood in her body rallied in her heart. She would have fainted had it not been for the wailing of the dependent baby in her arms. What should she do? Her first impulse was to run from what might be behind her. But her feeble limbs failed at the sight of the wide plains and obstructing sage-brush. If she could but get upon the stage and drive. She went to the horses, and spoke to them. One of them whinnied in reply, and that encouraged her. She crept between them, talking to them all the time in trembling, beseeching tones, and got the lines out from beneath their hoofs. Then holding the reins and the baby in one arm, she scrambled on to the wheel, and from there to the driver's seat. Everything was so big, the lines, the seat, the brake, her little feet did not reach the dash-board, but rested on some sacks of barley that filled the forward boot. In this barley she made a nest for the baby. When she was ready to start, it was evident that she was not ignorant of driving. She held the lines and whip like the amateur drivers of the New York coaching clubs. The horses had been restive during these prolonged preparations, and they started off freely at her timorous word.

And now the distraction of driving and the sense of motion diminished her first ghastly horror, and replaced it with nervous excitement. She had no difficulty in finding the road, the horses took her back to it. When she reached it, however, she stopped to look around, and determine which way led to Pack City. It would be frightful to make a mistake, and drive back into that awful tragedy. She thought with a shudder of what might be there, dead or living, in the moon-lit road or in the blackness of the bushes. She wondered what had become of the driver. Was it his body that she had seen fall from the stage? He must be either dead or wounded; perhaps he was only wounded. She would send back help instantly from Pack City. But when she decided on the direction she still hesitated. The recollection of that tall, broad-shouldered young driver, who had been so kind and courteous to her, persisted in obtruding itself on her mind. Perhaps if he was only wounded he might be dying now for want of a little help. He had helped her in her need, he had helped her baby. In common humanity ought she not to go back to his assistance? Was it not cowardly to take the stage and desert him? Longing to go the other way and weeping hysterically, she finally turned the reluctant horses toward the cañon.

The moon had lit up the vicinity of the scrub oaks by the time the stage moved slowly back on the scene. All was silent and deserted. Suddenly the horses snorted and shied at a mass of blue cloth lying in the road. The woman turned the team to one side and drove it against some trees. Then taking her baby in her arms she crept down from her perch, and starting at every sound, stole her way to the prostrate form. It was the driver's face which she uncovered, as ghastly white as her own, and smirched with blood and dust. Then she slipped her hand under his coat and laid it over his heart. It was still beating. Hurriedly she searched his pockets for the flask that he had used in her service but a few hours before; it was her turn now. She lifted his head and poured the raw whisky generously down his throat. He responded with a groan and a gasp that frightened her anew, and then struggled to a sitting posture. "Water!" he cried, "for God's sake, water!" Then as she hesitated, he continued faintly, "my hat. There's a spring over there," and lay down with another groan.

Her fear was dispelled by the sound of his voice. She found the spring, and, filling his hat, let him drink, and bathed his face and head. He revived at this treatment, and, again sitting up took out his knife, and asked her to cut his sleeve off. "I am losing blood terribly from my arm," he explained. She bravely but tremblingly did as she was told. When she had cut away the soaked cloth and bared the massive arm, he helped her to improvise a tourniquet with his handkerchief and a piece of stick, and the bleeding was stopped. After a second dose of whisky and water he commenced to improve rapidly. She bound another cloth around his head. "The fellow with the rifle did that," he said. "That is what knocked me off the box. It is only a graze, but it was a mighty close call." Then he struggled to his feet and looking around saw the stage. "They didn't get the box, did they?" he cried eagerly.

"I don't know," she said, taking up her baby and hushing its cries. "I don't think so. The horses ran away."

"The horses ran away!" he said, staring wonderingly for the first time at the pretty, white face that was raised to his. "Well, but—why—how did the stage get back here?"

"I brought it back," she replied, lowering her head under his persistent gaze.

"You brought it back!" he exclaimed; "*you!*"

For a few minutes the wounded lieutenant looked down at the slight form of the woman who stood before him in the moonlight, veiled in her own long black hair. Then, as he realized what she had done, he took off his hat and dropped it in the road, having but one available arm, and offered her his hand. She placed hers frankly within it, and he raised the little gauntlet respectfully to his lips. "You are very brave," he said with considerable feeling; "I am glad to think that perhaps I owe you my life."

The Johnstown stage was later than ever that night when it drew up in front of Abe Goldstein's store, in Pack City. Simultaneously with its arrival the drinking and gambling saloons and other places of public resort suddenly became deserted. It was said that a woman had driven the stage in, and that a man with his head bandaged and his arm in a sling was sitting alongside of her, holding a baby. While Wells-Fargo's box and the mail-sacks were being taken out, for Goldstein's store was also the express and post-office, the story was briefly given to the crowd. Then a cheering, pistol-firing procession accompanied the stage down the street to the hotel. Here a dozen strong arms fairly lifted the woman from the box, while the baby was only rescued from its mob of volunteer bearded nurses by the energetic intervention of the muscular landlady. The lieutenant himself, after being enthusiastically asked to drink in the aggregate liquor enough to have stocked a wholesale whisky store, was put to bed and a messenger dispatched for the surgeon at the fort.

Meantime a little party of horsemen swiftly and silently rode out of the town in the direction whence the stage had come. The next day the lieutenant was informed that Whistling Dick had been found dead in the road at the head of Stoney Creek grade. A false grey beard had been picked up near the body, and was thoughtfully offered to the lieutenant as a memento. "We struck the other fellow's trail," said his informant, "in that clump of scrub-oak. He was wounded and there wasn't any trouble in following it. We finally corraled him down in Stoney Creek. But he was game and played that gun of his for all it was worth before we took him in. You never would have guessed, now, that it was Jim Gatesby himself, the company's new driver. But that's who it was, for a fact. I've heard since that the express folks kind of suspicioned him of standing in on that last robbery."

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One year has passed. Again the silent City of Rocks has lost its sharp outlines in the shimmering heat of a July afternoon. On the bench outside of the stage-house door, Nate, the station-keeper, is sitting, reading a month-old newspaper. On the edge of the water-trough opposite him, Frank, the helper, is mending a horse-collar. Presently Nate threw down the paper and said, "Well, I'll be durned!" Frank looked up inquiringly. Nate, rolling a cigarette from a piece of brown wrapping-paper, continued: "Ye rec'lect the old gen'l'man from the States wot went up the line about two months after Lieutenant Calverly laid out Whistling Dick and that smarty of a Jim Gatesby?"

Frank nodded his head. He was a man of few words.

"Ye rec'lect how many questions he asked about that little rumpus? Specially 'bout the lady with the kid, who showed such a heap o' sand? That old gen'l'man was her father."

"I knowed that," said Frank, in a tone that resented having his interest excited to no purpose.

"Of course ye knowed it," replied Nate, calmly. "Didn't he perk up his head like a grass-fed cayuse and tell ye so when he brought her down the line agin about two weeks afterward? Of course ye knowed it. Didn't he tell every mother's son all along the line that it was his daughter? Why, when he went out to the Sahatlin Agency and got her to give up teachin' the Injuns' kids and go back home with him, they tell me that he set up the drinks fer the whole durned town. But ye didn't year how it was that the lady ever come out into this country to teach *siwashes*, did ye? No! Well, then, the way of it was this. She bucked agin the old man in gittin' married. She 'lowed her jedgment laid over his, but it didn't pan out worth a durn. Her husband was no good, and when he found her father wasn't going to chip in to help 'em along, he went back on her. But she didn't go nosing 'round the old man to be tuk back. That warn't her style. She just got an appintment as school-teacher out yere, which was 'bout as fur away as she could git. But she hadn't no more'n gone when her husband passed in his checks in a railroad smash-up. Well, the old man didn't know where she were, till one day he came across a newspaper tellin' 'bout the stage being jumped out yere. Then he got on to her trail, and followed her up and tuk her home. P'raps ye rec'lect that about two months afterward the lieutenant went back to the States. Nat'rally. Well, I'm a sluice-robber ef him and she aint got married! Yes, sir, yere it is in the paper. They say the old man's richer than Blue Gulch, and give 'em a couple of hundred thousand to start on. And wot's more, among the weddin' presents they got was a solid silver tea-set with a 'scription on it, as how it was presented to Lieutenant and Mrs. George W. Calverly by Wells, Fargo & Company's Express, 'in grateful remembrance of their gallant defense of the Johnstown stage.'"

Robert Howe Fletcher.

San Francisco, April, 1888.

De Lesseps has spent four million dollars annually for pushing his schemes, by means of printers' ink, principally on the press of Paris. Of this the *Figaro* is said to have received yearly one hundred thousand dollars; the *Gaulois*, one hundred thousand dollars; the *Matin*, forty thousand dollars; the *Intransigeant*, ten thousand dollars; the *Justice*, five thousand dollars; the *Petit Journal*, two hundred thousand dollars, and other newspapers according to their estimated value.

Dr. James G. Hyndman, of the Ohio Medical College, says that a Catholic priest of Cincinnati came to him to be treated for throat trouble. The doctor advised him to let his beard grow. He did so, and the throat trouble ceased; but some of his superiors objected to the idea of a priest wearing a beard, and so he was obliged to lay his case before the authorities in Rome, with a detailed statement from the doctor, and then he was permitted to wear his whiskers.

A former citizen of Pinkneyville, Ill., has probably the largest grave in the world. He was down in his coal mine one day, and when in a remote gallery the roof caved in, and the waters of a subterranean stream flooded the mine, which was about ten acres in extent. It was impossible to recover the body, and the sons of the drowned mine-owner closed up the shaft and placed a headstone over their father's ten-acre grave.

Nightcaps as articles of dress, except in antiquated farces and amateur theatricals, have gone out of fashion. Their universal use by our forefathers and foremothers may, perhaps, be safely attributed to the fact, that in the good times, sleeping apartments were uncommonly draughty.

THE ENTERTAINING BRITON.

"Iris" on the Comparative Merits of English and American Men.

The popularity of young Englishmen in New York society remains unabated. From the Duke of Marlborough down to the lowest salaried clerk in an English branch-house, they are all the pets of society, and doors, barred against sons of the land, are flung wide before them. In "The Tender Recollections of Irene Magillicuddy," a clever satire on New York life by Lawrence Oliphant, there was some disclosing of secrets which New Yorkers did not like. Irene artlessly explains how American girls regarded English marriages as the apex of all style, the crown of feminine ambition. Each girl carried in her brain a list running "knight, baronet, baron, marquis, earl, duke," etc., and the one who came out nearest the top—why she was the cleverest, the admired of the multitude. Though this was, in the first place, exaggerated, and though time, which modifies all things, has somewhat clipped the soaring ambition of the American girl, yet there is truth and to spare in Irene's statement, more's the pity!

The young Englishmen in New York offer a variety of types. Some of them, especially those of a lower class at home, come like conquering heroes. They grumble at everything American, they complain with bitterness of the "trains" and the climate, the lack of good manners among the women, the ridiculous dressing of the men, the shoddyism, the absence of old families, and in their sleeves laugh complacently at the people who are running about like mad dogs, and straining every nerve to have them at dinner and dance. Not a few of these men are adventurers, who gull the simple New Yorker with confident ease. "My cousin, Sir Robert ——; my elder brother, who married the daughter of Lord ——," a man not in the swim can have no idea what a few such sentences, combined with a gentlemanly appearance, a chilly manner, a good supply of clothes, and cheek, can do here in New York among people who are neither dense nor inexperienced. The Newark bogus lord was an exaggerated type of this class, and so long as Americans lay themselves open to this sort of thing they will be fooled and then jeered at by the great family of bogus lords who make America their happy hunting grounds. It is rather surprising that so many bitter experiences have not taught our countrymen to be a little more judicious. But people who learn slowly generally learn thoroughly.

The better class of Englishmen who infest New York are generally very nice fellows, who stand their spoiling well. Excepting such men as the Duke of Marlborough, whose reception here was something to forget as soon as possible, they are generally talkative, unaffected, jolly fellows, with long legs, little brains, and manners either quietly dignified or boyishly ingenuous. They are better-looking than our men, and better-tempered. They are much more ignorant of our country than we of theirs. They all think to live on a ranch must be bliss, and that bears, buffaloes, mountain lions, antelopes, and prairie-hens circle before the door of the rancher's cabin, while he sits languidly in the doorway picking off the particularly plump young ones with his rifle. Their ignorance in business matters is something unbelievable. They are prey for the commonest swindler; but once they get swindled—as they always do in the first year—they become absurdly suspicious of every one, and begin to regard the honest man as Diogenes and Hamlet did. They are the most phlegmatic men on earth in their loves, the most obstinate in their hates. Their ideal is to be country gentlemen on large estates in England, and they hate the life of large cities. Could there be a man more opposed, at every point, to the average American?

And this is one of the secrets of their popularity over here. We like a change, and they are a change. The other secret of their popularity is that socially they are as superior to our men as our women are socially superior to their women. And it is socially that they are so much in demand. American men, as a class, do not shine in society. The reason for which is very simple—they have no time to learn to be entertaining. It is next to impossible for a man who has been hard at work in office all day, to sit down in the evening and entertain, with airy persiflage, some raw girl fresh from college, or some gay married woman full of airs, and graces, and nonsense. He is tired out, he is preoccupied, and he will remain so until he does not have to spend his entire day in the office. How can he entertain when he never reads anything but what can better him from a business point of view, when all his brains and energies are concentrated on the problem he has undertaken to solve? He may be, as far as conversation goes, a mute, inglorious Diderot, an undeveloped Sydney Smith; all that possible brilliancy has been focused on his business, at which he probably is a genius. He is like very successful literary people, who are notoriously the dullest people in the world to converse with. And why? Because all their brightest and most original thoughts are greedily garnered up to the minutest dropped seed, and are put into their next book, whence they dazzle the world.

Not so the young, itinerant Englishman. He is one of the leisure class, and has no business. He has gone through college, and now his work in life is to deck a crack regiment and be charming. He rarely has as much native brightness as the American, but with unlimited spare time one can do a good deal. He acquires all the habits of society, it soon becomes his nature to laugh, and talk, and look unutterable things in the easiest way imaginable. He is good company and a good listener, makes conversation with the skill of a practiced hand—one who honors the fell horror of dead silence, and is altogether a good all-round man from the society point of view.

A young girl, who has idled all day, and has nothing to do with herself but be charming, sweet, and clever, goes to a dinner. She is full of vitality, brimming over with conversation and fun; she longs for some one to laugh and joke with. She sits at dinner between an American and an Englishman, both young, agreeable, and good-looking. The American is, say, a lawyer, and has his first important case coming up to-morrow. He has consented to come this evening only at the earnest request of his hostess, who is his dear friend. He is worried, preoccupied, and tired. The young lady babbles joyously to him a rippling stream of charming commonplaces. He tries to be civil and make talkee-talkee, but it is constrained and forced, and his eyes, despite his efforts, stare vacantly at her smiling face. With the keen, instinctive perceptions of her sex she sees he is bored, though bravely battling against it. She is piqued, as who would not be, and turns to her neighbor. He is talkative, though reserved, listens with evident amusement to her sallies, thaws under her glances, becomes entertaining, and better still, is evidently enjoying to the full her wit and brilliancy. She thinks him the most delightful of men, and when she goes home, asks her mamma to have him to dinner.

But the scales are evenly balanced. The Englishman talks well and is entertaining, because the English girl talks badly and is heavy as an amateur's bread. A void existed, and all-providing nature created the necessary medium to fill it. Some one in society must talk, and if one party won't, why the other has to. Years of laboring in the vineyard have given the Englishman a glib proficiency, almost mechanical, and certainly marvelous. He can be as enthusiastic as his nature will permit before a pair of icy-blue eyes, of unsmiling, unresponsive, healthy red lips, which would chill an American to the marrow.

We, on our side, can proudly produce our dear, be-written, *ignis-fatuus* of an American girl. She can not only be enthusiastic, but can strike enthusiasm from a clod of mingled despondency and absent-mindedness, as Moses struck water from the rock. One can imagine her discoursing vivaciously to the Sphinx, quite unawed by its ponderous unresponsiveness, self-possessed and witty.

The Berkeley Lyceum Company—a company of amateur actors banded together, and ready to answer the call of the needy and give performances for charity—will give a performance of "The Taming of the Shrew" shortly, in which Mr. E. Fales Coward will be the Shrew. The members of the Berkeley Lyceum Company are all amateurs of tried talent and good family. Some of the young men are the cream of society, all of the young ladies. Mr. E. Fales Coward is one of the shining lights, and is a young actor of much promise. He is devoted to his adopted art, and really clever at it. He is a perfectly familiar figure from end to end of New York, and well-known in all the large suburbs, where, many a time and oft, he has acted for sweet charity's sake. Mr. Coward is young, but a more self-possessed young man it would be hard to find. He can do anything, take any part. I have seen him illuminate comedy, cope successfully with tragedy. As an old man he is charming, as a middle-aged one entrancing, as a young one irresistible. I am not prepared to say how he is as a woman, never having seen him assay that most difficult rôle. He can play the banjo and sing. If a hitch occurs between the acts, he will be only too happy to go before the curtain and recite, which he does delightfully and with unblushing front. He has felt the pulse of an audience so long that he knows precisely what piece to recite in each place. For Podunk he has comedy in reserve, and lithe and elegant, comes forward, and with admirable gesture and accent, recites "Ze Great Christofor Colombo," or "My Hunt." Then, at a more dignified suburb, he draws on Bret Harte—in his romantic moments. And in town, he sometimes ascends to the highest tragedy or most dramatic narrative—"The Last Confession," "Hervé Riel," or "Fra Giacomo." As a recitationist he is more successful than as an actor. To my thinking, he is unrivaled—among amateurs—in the former capacity.

New York, April 10, 1888. Iris.

The influence of the modern passenger elevator on rents in New York is curiously illustrated in some of the ten and twelve story apartment-houses uptown. The facility which they afford for reaching the floors far above the ground puts all the apartments practically on a level so far as the rents are concerned. Just as big figures are asked now for the seventh, eighth, and ninth stories as are asked for the apartments immediately off the street. In fact, some people prefer to get away above the noise and bustle of the neighboring thoroughfares, and some difficulty is experienced at times in renting the apartments below. The rents, however, vary among themselves to quite as great an extent as they used to. In one large apartment-house on Broadway the prices for the thirty-five or forty apartments in the house range from one thousand eight hundred to three thousand five hundred dollars a year. The apartments are graded, not at all as to size or height from the ground, but wholly with respect to the amount of light which the rooms receive in the day-time, and the views of the surrounding housetops to be obtained from the windows. The apartments which look out on the street are rated at the higher figures, and the apartments which command a cheerful view of the interior courts go at a cheaper price. These last apartments are, of course, better supplied with light, as they are nearer the sky. The landlords appreciate this fact, and the eighth, ninth, and tenth story inside apartments are higher-priced than those further down. This is selling God's sunlight with a vengeance.

Morand and Vacher, Frenchmen, were charged with the murder of Vetard, a watch-maker at Joigny, France. Josephine Martin, a girl, persisted that the accused were the men, and that she herself wrote to Vetard, to appoint a fictitious meeting with a former sweetheart in order to lure him to his doom. A four-year-old daughter of Josephine swore she saw the corpse in the room of her mother, but the accused denied their guilt. The French authorities adopted what is known as the "reconstitution of the crime." Morand and Vacher were taken to the house. The shutters were closed, candles were lighted, and a figure representing the murdered man was placed on the bed. Josephine Martin was then introduced with her child, and she proceeded to give her account of the crime, even imitating the gestures of the two prisoners. The prisoners denounced Josephine as a liar, and underwent the terrible ordeal with unmoved features.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

It doesn't make any difference how pretty a girl may be if she likes some other young man better.—*Somerville Journal.*

Artist—"What is the finest picture of still-life you have ever seen?" *Chicago girl*—"St. Louis."—*Duluth Paragrapher.*

Old lady (to railroad brakeman)—"How soon does this train start for Shacknack?" *Brakeman*—"Not for two hours yet, ma'am. Step lively, please."—*Life.*

"Have you seen Selina Dolaro's book?" "No, what is it?" "*Mes Amours*: a little volume of sixty-three sheets only." "Is it a weekly or a monthly?"—*New York Truth.*

She had worked the "I'll-be-a-sister-to-you" chestnut on him. "Thanks, Miss Smith," he said, groping blindly for his hat, "but I have two elder sisters already."—*Epoch.*

Young man (in a loud tone of voice)—"Aw—waiter, have you quail on toast?" *Waiter*—"Yes, sir." *Young man* (in a low tone of voice)—"Bring me some of the toast."—*Life.*

Riggly—"Smith did a queer thing to-day. He gave me a letter to mail, and made me promise not to read the address. *Quiggly*—"Ah! To whom was it addressed?"—*Town Topics.*

First lady—"Has your husband quit smoking yet?" *Second lady* (just returned from the Far West)—"Well, he ought to by this time; he's been dead six months."—*Washington Critic.*

First flirt—"That handsome man is an acquaintance of yours, I see." *Second flirt*—"Yes, I have known him for some time." "Is he married or unmarried?" "He's a drummer."—*Omaha World.*

Mrs. Bjones—"I hear that young Mr. Sissy is still in search of a wife." *Mrs. Jsmith*—"Why, I thought he was married!" *Mrs. Bjones*—"So he was. She's left him. She's the one he's in search of."—*Life.*

Examiner (to graduating medical student)—"If you should make a mistake and give a patient an overdose of tartar emetic, what would you do?" *Student*—"Try to buy up the coroner."—*Chicago Tribune.*

He was a base-ball player, and he asked a girl to marry him. "Out on first," she said, with a cold, rejective smile. "Don't flatter yourself," he replied, as he picked himself up, "it's out on third."—*Washington Critic.*

Solemn man—"No, sir, I never fish. I think it is decidedly wrong." *Chipinone*—"Don't like to be so cruel to the fish?" *Solemn man*—"No; I don't mind hurting the fish, but I think it is wrong to lie."—*Texas Colonel.*

Visitor—"Well, my little man, have you any brothers?" *Freddy*—"Yes, I have one, but my sister, Stella, has *two*." *Visitor*—"Why, how can that be? *Freddy* (in some astonishment)—"Me and my little brother, of course!"—*Grip.*

Shoe-dealer (to boy)—"Where are you going, James?" *James*—"Up to Mrs. Smith's, sir; she ordered a pair of No. 2 shoes sent." *Shoe-dealer*—"All right, James. You had better take along a pair of No. 3's also."—*New York Sun.*

Visitor (to convict)—"What are you in for, my friend?" *Convict*—"Burglary." *Visitor*—"Rob a bank?" *Convict*—"Excuse me, sir, but I have always made it a point never to discuss my private business affairs with strangers."—*New York Sun.*

"Did you ever go tobogganing, Mr. Winterwheat?" "No," said the old man, "but I once stepped into the elevator-well, and fell down four stories in three-tenths of a second. That is fast enough for me; I'm getting too old for much excitement."—*Burdette.*

Lecturer (on political economy)—"In France, gentlemen, the government practically owns the railroads —" *Student* (abruptly)—"Guess you're mistaken about that, professor." "Why, it's an established fact." "But Jay Gould's just been over there."—*Life.*

Don't waste your time talking spitefully to the station agent when you find that you have missed your train. Buy a pint of peanuts and scatter the shells all over the station floor. That is about the only way in which you can get even with the company.—*Somerville Journal.*

"Why did you strike the plaintiff?" was asked of a prisoner, in the police court, the other day. "Because he said I was no gentleman." "Well, are you a gentleman?" "I don't suppose I am, sir; but it made me mad to be told of it, all the same."—*Detroit Free Press.*

An esteemed contemporary suggests that it would be a grandly effective piece of magnanimity if Germany were to hand back Alsace and Lorraine to France. So it would. We strongly commend our brother to put a blue-pencil mark around the idea, and forward a copy of the paper to Mr. Bismarck.—*Toronto Grip.*

The waiter expostulates with the guest for summoning him by a snapping of the fingers, with the remark: "Are you calling for the dog, sir?" "Goodness," exclaimed the guest, "are you a mind-reader?" "Why do you ask?" inquired the waiter. "Why," returned the guest, "I was about to ask for sausage."—*Baltimore Herald.*

Indignant physician—"Man, what have you done? You sent my patient the wrong prescription, and it killed him." *Druggist* (a calm man, accustomed to abuse)—"Vhell, vhat vas der madder mit you? Last veek I send your odder patient der righd berscription, und dot killed him. How can somebody blease sooch a man?"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"Why, these are not the shoes I ordered!" exclaimed the lady of the house, with extreme vexation; "this is a pair of ten-dollar French kids. I can't afford such shoes as these." "Beg pardon, madam," said the messenger, respectfully; "but you've opened the wrong package. This five-dollar pair is yours. The other was ordered by the hired girl."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mr. Wabash (on urgent business from the West, to servant)—"Will you say to Mr. Gotham that Mr. Wabash, of Chicago, would like to see him as soon as possible?" *Servant*—"Yes, sir. (Returned.) He is just changing his linen, sir, and will be down at once." *Mr. Wabash*—"Very well. (Sotto voce.) Changing his linen, and this only Wednesday! Well—well!"—*Epoch.*

Mrs. Gossip—"Is that house alongside of you empty yet?" *Mrs. Gabb*—"No; a family moved in last week." "Nice folks?" "Nice? They're the trashiest kind of people; live from hand to mouth; buy things by the cent's worth, I guess." "La me!" "True as I'm sitting here. I've sent in a dozen times to borrow things, and they was out of 'em every time."—*Omaha World.*

Mr. Michael Van Flanigan, formerly of Chicago, having purchased a villa at Newport, has just had it furnished regardless of cost.—*Society Notes.* *Mr. B.* (furnisher and decorator)—"Now, sir, your house has the magnificence of an Oriental potentate, except, of course, the—er—seraglio." *Mrs. Michael Van Flanigan* (proudly, to her husband)—"Mike, dear, spare no expense, let us have one."—*Life.*

Western man (to fellow-passenger)—"I'm just from Yeurope." *Passenger*—"That so?" *Western man*—"Yes; took in the hull business—London, Paris, Liverpool—everything." *Passenger*—"London's a big town." *Western man*—"Yes; big, slow. Lacks git up an' git." *Passenger*—"You visited St. Paul's Cathedral, of course?" *Western man*—"No; I saw the buildin', but I didn't go inside. I am a Minneapolis man myself."—*New York Sun.*

"I don't know about that young Wabash, my dear," said Mr. Breezy of Chicago, to his beautiful daughter; "are you really interested in him?" "Papah, I adore him!" "I hear that he is somewhat fast," went on the old man, dubiously, "and I am very much afraid that your married life might not be happy." "Don't be foolish, papah," said the girl, twining her arms around his neck; "George is truly noble; and, besides, if he doesn't pan out well, it will be easy enough to obtain a divorce."—*New York Sun.*

VANITY FAIR.

The latter part of this month a dinner is to be given by a society lady of New York city, which is to eclipse, as far as the price per plate goes, anything of the kind ever known in society circles. The contract price for this dinner is one hundred and seventy-five dollars per plate. The most elaborate and expensive dinner recorded in New York's society annals of the past was given at Delmonico's old place, Fifth Avenue and Fourteenth Street, fifteen years ago, and was known as the "Swan Dinner." At this entertainment the tables were arranged about a miniature lake, in which live swans disported, the banks being draped to represent a beautifully kept park, with fountains, ferns, and rare plants, imported specially for the occasion. The dinner was given by a German banker named Luckemeyer, and it cost him ten thousand dollars to entertain his seventy guests, or nearly one hundred and forty-three dollars each. Another expensive entertainment was the Vanderbilt ball. Among the items which made the bill large in this instance was one for ten thousand cut roses, which cost one dollar each. The Bradley-Martin ball was one of the grandest affairs of the kind ever given in this city, and the ball given by Mrs. Astor, in 1883, was said to have cost a fabulous sum. The Newbold-Morris ball of last December was one that will go down in history as among the most elaborate, while the Livingston ball, a few days later, was an equally extravagant affair. The cost of each entertaiment has been placed as high as fifteen thousand dollars. The ball and dinner given on January 3d, under the direction of Ward McAllister, at Delmonico's, was an extremely elaborate affair, and cost five thousand dollars. The greatest expense entailed in getting up one of these elaborate feasts is caused by the decorations. These are mostly floral, and the ends of the earth are called upon to furnish rare products. The supper is also very expensive, as are the favors, which sometimes cost more than one hundred dollars each. The menus, the most costly of which are gems of the painter's art, frequently cost twenty-five dollars each. The floral decoration is often given into the hands of a leading florist, but frequently the caterer will do his own designing and decorating. The music costs one hundred dollars, and the stationery is a not inconsiderable item of expense, as the cards of invitation, which are now very elaborate in design, often being works of art, are prized as souvenirs. The extravagant dinner spoken of, which is to be given at the close of this month, is to be, according to the caterer who is to furnish it, a "tropical dinner"—that is, the floral decorations are to be all, or nearly all, tropical plants. For ferns, palms, ivy, mandarin trees, and other decorations he has sent to Florida and to Central and South America. For truffles he has sent to France, and strawberries, arranged in bouquets of five berries each, will cost seven dollars and fifty cents for the bunch. The table will be arranged about a miniature lake, in which palms, lilies, and ferns will appear to be growing, while tropical trees will rise from the banks amid miniature parterres of flowers. Small electric-lights with vari-colored globes will be arranged about the lake, and by an unique arrangement electricity will be introduced under the water of the improvised lake and caused to dance about in imitation of vari-colored fish. There will be a fountain in the centre of the lake, and a colored glass ball, lighted by electricity, will spurt up and down a jet of crystal water. There will be no cloth on the table, and each of the twenty courses to be served at the dinner will be placed before the guests on a natural palm-leaf. The wall and room decorations generally will be of smilax, ferns, ivy and palm, mandarin, banana, orange, and other trees. Hanging among them will be hundreds of very small colored electric-lights. The individual decorations of each plate will cost thirty dollars, while the favors will cost as much more, and the menus will be painted to order at ten dollars each. Roman punch will be served in oranges hanging on the natural trees, the pulp of the fruit having been deftly removed, so that the favored guests will pick their own fruit from the branches for the first time.

Mr. Edward Scott, in his "Dancing and Dancers," makes the following estimate of the distance actually waltzed over in an evening by a belle of the ball-room: "Do you, 'my fair and fragile reader,' think you would go six times round a moderate-sized ball-room, say, making a circuit of eighty yards, during a waltz? Yes; at least, even allowing for rest. That, then, is four hundred and eighty yards if you went in a line. But you are turning nearly all the time, say, on an average, once in each yard of onward progress, and the circumference of a circle is rather more than three times its diameter, which will bring each waltz to over three-quarters of a mile, or, at least, fourteen miles for the eighteen waltzes."

January 22, 1888, was Byron's centennial, but it passed with but comparatively little notice (says the *Art Age*). Yet people in our day and generation can remember when young folk raved over Byron; when they repeated his lines and copied both his cynicism and his rolling collars. The fashion of this world changes; his verse seems to have been relegated into the limbo of the past with his rolling collars. To-day, those who are mindful of the opinions of their neighbors wear high collars, and rave over—well, whose verses do they rave over? Certainly nobody is raved over as Byron was forty years ago. It was rather the fashion to quote poetry in that day. The romantic lover was expected to have verses on his tongue's end. As he appeared in novels, he was poetic to the last degree. Moonlight serenades were among the possibilities of a well-conducted courtship, and the novelists of that simple period would have us believe that gentlemen occasionally sang songs in a very informal way, without accompaniment, at the dinner-table. Poor Colonel Newcomb carried the practice into another generation, and quavered pathetically in "Wapping Old Stairs," a song which Mark Lemon's wife used to sing to him as he smoked and beat time with his pipe. Who would think of singing now without elaborate preparation, urgent solicitation, and artistic accompaniment? Even this is passing away, and our singing is more and more being done for us by professionals. Lovers no longer quote poetry, even in novels, and the serenade is so thoroughly a thing of the past that the younger generation are obliged to have the word explained to them. Perhaps it is because the poetry of Byron so belongs to a romantic and passionate past, that his centennial has thus been neglected. Byron was considered a very dreadful writer once, and his volume was carefully locked up where the younger folk could not get at it. A rather popular picture of a by-gone day represents several young girls, who have stolen into a library, and are excitedly peeping into a forbidden book, and the volume was generally supposed to be Byron's poems. Nobody warns against Byron now, though old-fashioned people may still consider his poems, as an erudite professor once remarked concerning a volume in the Persian tongue which he found in the public library at Boston, a very dangerous book to fall into the hands of the young. One could name a half-dozen novels which are so much worse than "Don Juan," and they are not hidden on top shelves either, that Byron as a forbidden volume has quite lost its savor.

Mrs. Hicks-Lord created a sensation at a Washington reception, the other evening, by appearing in an armor of jewels. Her famous two-hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar necklace encircled her throat. She wore a pair of ear-rings probably not equaled in this country. Her bodice was a perfect mass of jewels. Her gems glittered in the gaslight like rain-drops in the sun. The design of many of them was unique. One splendid spray represented a cluster of wild roses, five petals of each rose being five diamonds of similar size and shape. Another was a spray of fuchsias, formed of hundreds of small and large diamonds, about a dozen huge stars, and almost as many crescents. She also wore an open fan covered with diamonds in her hair. Each side of the fan shows fifteen raised plaits, and the whole is studded with diamonds, beautifully matched in color and size. The gems in the raised plaits are larger than those which enrich the depressed ones, and stones upon the comb range in size from one to five carats each. Mrs. Lord owns a fan of the finest white point d'Alençon, combining flowers, leaves, and lyres in a manner anything but conventional. The sticks are of white figures, enriched with gold ornamentations, the outer one being embellished with hearts, lyres, and other designs in gold of different colors. The fan is to be worn suspended from a chain of diamonds and pearls. Her salts-bottle is a dainty little piece of work in rich yellow gold. It hangs suspended by a gold chain, fastened to an ancient cameo brooch.

It is reported that Mr. St. Gaudens, the well-known sculptor, has lately been indulging his taste for the antique by giving a dinner conducted after the fashion of the ancient Greeks, to several of his æsthetic friends. The highly privileged guests of the occasion, clad in diaphanous white garments of fleecy texture, reclined on couches and sipped the rosy wine from goblets ornamented or "crowned" with flowers, in the orthodox Grecian manner, to the immense satisfaction and amusement of the attendant "slaves" whom, sad to say, the eminent sculptor had unaccountably omitted to antiquate in conformity with the surroundings. The entertainment proved such a success, though whether on account of the diaphanous draperies, or the couches, or the wine, is not stated, that there seems to be an imminent danger of a "Grecian" craze being added to the already lengthy list of social "fads." It is further rumored that another dinner—with the additional attraction that the presence of ladies, clad in similar antique raiment will afford—is shortly to follow. Untold and unimagined possibilities lie in the development of such a movement. If the form of the raiment constitutes the attraction, we are, perhaps, on the threshold of an inauguration of the long looked-for reform in dress. Thus clad in antique guise society men will no longer live in fear of being taken for waiters, and women will be freed from the onerous and much cried out against inflictions of tight skirts, bustles, stays, and the like. Truly, a consummation devoutly to be wished. But better than this, what vast opportunities for classes to enable our society dames to avoid social inanition would this last new departure bring out! Classes for draping—from the antique; classes for posing—*à l'ancienne;* classes for the new table etiquette, which would inevitably be required, as the uses of the every-day knife and fork were unknown to the ancients; classes, in short, endless and unending. The diaphanous character of the garments required, should Mr. Comstock not intervene, will probably limit the scope of the movement to the summer months. Further developments in this direction will be awaited with much interest.—*America.*

A traveler in Central America writes: "It was at a ball here that I discovered a novel use for the ordinary ladies' shoe polish. Nearly all the girls' dresses were stained black, or a scrubby brown, around the waist, back, and breast, or any place where they would touch a man while dancing with him. I asked a young German girl what caused the stains. She told me that the gentlemen blacked the gray-worn seams of their coats, or any other threadbare part, with ladies' shoe polish."

What an immense contrast there is (says *Harper's Bazar*) between the maidens of to-day and those of three or four previous generations! Where one dies to-day of too much study, twenty died day before yesterday, so to speak, of too thin slippers. The girls of to-day have eschewed those slippers, and with them the infantile short sleeves and low necks of the old daily wear; their walking-shoes are thick-soled as men's brogans; they use them vigorously, too, for they have learned that life and health are of more consequence than the admiration of chance men for a slender foot daintily shod; they do not allow their skirts to become draggled about their ankles, and they would as soon think of melting pearls in their drinking-cups, if they had them, as of sitting with wet feet, either being too costly an amusement. They wear flannels, too, at whose thickness their grandmothers and great-grandmothers would have shuddered, and without whose thickness they themselves would go shuddering. They bathe seven times, not to say three hundred and sixty-five times, more frequently and thoroughly than the departed damsels did; and they eat what they want, and not what some male individual, adoring the ethereal, thinks is about enough for them to eat and remain delicate. The dear departed ones believed that pretty pallor, and interesting peakedness, and pipe-stem belts were the chief requirements of a personal appearance; the modern girls believe that firm muscle, deep chests, free motion, and ruddy color are the only wear.

The following story is told by the Philadelphia *Press:* It was just before seven o'clock a few days since when the diners in a fashionable restaurant, in New York, lifted their eyes at the apparition of two extremely pretty girls at the door. Both were tall, and slender, and rosy, and both had flaxen yellow hair. They hesitated a minute and then timidly advanced toward a table, while the nearest waiter, anything but timidly, advanced toward them. "Pardon, ladies; against the rules of the house. No ladies unattended admitted at this time of day." "But—we came to get dinner," faltered one of the girls, only half-comprehending. "Don't serve dinner to women without men with them after dark," said the waiter, still more brusquely. His tone was audible throughout the room, and his manner equally unmistakable as he waved them back. The color flooded the cheeks of both as they stood irresolute, and then, a little dazed, retreated. "Come, now, I say, that's an outrage," exclaimed a young man who sat at one of the nearer tables. "Can't help it; it's orders," returned the waiter, whose attention was speedily diverted by the entrance of an athletic youth, with a lot of yellow jonquils in his hands. The ladies, two sisters, had been escorted to dinner by their brother, who had left them a block from the restaurant to get a couple of bouquets at a florist's, while they went in advance and preëmpted a table for the meal. The athletic youth laid down the jonquils, made one jump for the waiter, and accomplished a knock-out. Some of the fashionable diners applauded, but the fact remains that the waiter obeyed orders after all.

To show how prevalent anglomania has become in the East, it is only necessary to remark that the Appletons announce a book, entitled "'Good Form' in England," written by "an American, resident in the United Kingdom." In the preface he says: "The *raison d'être* of this book is to provide Americans—and especially those visiting England—with a concise, comprehensive, and comprehensible hand-book, which will give them all necessary information respecting 'how things are' in England. While it deals with subjects connected with all ranks and classes, it is particularly intended to be an exhibit and explanation of the ways, habits, customs and usages of what is known in England as 'high life.' Such being the society to which most American ladies and gentlemen have the *entrée*, it is [illegible] that [illegible] will be useful to them. It has, in fact, been the author's aim to keep as much as possible within the limits of what it is necessary for all ladies and gentlemen to know in good society, where, as a matter of fact, 'good form' has its sole and legitimate sway."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The contest between Bismarck and the Empress of Germany still goes on. If this English-born lady was in any way intermeddling with the class of political affairs that comes within the province of German statesmanship, we should not be as zealous for her success as we now are; but when a mother desires to intrust the happiness of her daughter to the care of a husband, and with the consent of the young lady's father, who happens to be Emperor of Germany, we raise our pen and shed our ink to approve and bless the nuptials. If the German Empire is not strong enough to stand this matrimonial alliance with a dethroned prince, its vast expenditures of blood and valor have been in vain. Boulanger and his braves of the Parisian boulevards should take notice how this Iron Prince trembles in his Pomeranian boots, lest the girl, her mother, and her grandmother should overturn his blood-cemented empire by marriage with the Battenberg. To us, this seems grotesque politics. The Emperor William plunged Germany into a war that shook Europe to its very foundation stones, because he would not pledge himself that a Hohenzollern would never accept the throne of Spain; he was right, and it served France aright that her emperor should be imprisoned, dethroned, and his empire destroyed for his unconscionable and egregious folly. If Bismarck drags Germany into a war over this paltry and insignificant incident, which is, at best, an insincere pretext to cover some ulterior design, Bismarck will deserve Napoleon's fate, and the Germans who support him will deserve a good, sound thrashing.

The judiciary of this State, and especially of this city, and enough of the auxiliary departments to control the administration of justice, are falling into the hands of an organized band of political criminals. Justice is for sale, and judicial decrees are to be bought for coin. Juries, grand and petit, are put up for the finding of indictments, or discharges from criminal offenses. Magistrates, judges, and a majority of the municipal officials of San Francisco, are subject to the unquestioned dictation of party bosses; gambling games, both banking and percentage, are openly run in San Francisco, paying a large part of their winnings to the criminal organization for the purpose of their protection against the law. Thousands of "lovers," whose names and disgraceful occupations are known to the police, live upon the wages of sin. Their female supporters are more than prostitutes, they are thieves. There is an evil condition of affairs that is not excelled in any community of equal number on the continent. The remedy is an easy one, and that is needed is the courageous and united action of intelligent and honest men. The Bar Association should take the [illegible] It will not, through cowardice.

IN A FRENCH PENSION.

"L'Americaine" writes of a Finishing School for American Girls.

There lingers in my memory a page in a delightful book wherein the author says that to learn a new language is to have a new life opened up to us; it is to know new people, to recognize new modes of thought, new attitudes of mind, new phases of character; it is to see things with larger, "other eyes," and to look at men and facts from another standpoint, to be, as it were, translated into another phase of being, and to learn many things hitherto undreamed of in our narrower philosophy. Upon the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, we may be very grateful for translators; but translators can by no means produce the same effect upon the mind as though we read the classics in the original. While acknowledging the large debt of gratitude we owe to the painstaking labor and love of translators, we have only to take some familiar passage from one of our own poets, and turn it into the very best prose of which we are capable, in order to appreciate how easily it is deprived of its charm, robbed of its rhythm, of the turn that enchanted us, of the delicacy of thought and expression that lay in the happy arrangement of the words—the spell is broken. As nearly as I can recall, the writer goes on to say that in every translation there is a discrepancy between the modes of thought and the method; we read with a sense of strangeness, and our minds do not jump with the matter. We feel, as it were, outside of our subject, and know that we should understand the man better if we could read him in his own tongue, and hear him discourse in a language that more exactly expresses his thoughts than our own can do. We catch the spirit instead of having to content ourselves with the letter only, and we are at one with the author in his work. The man who knows three languages is, as Mrs. Malaprop has it, "like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once."

As the song of a language can only be learned by living among the people who speak it, so also the soul of a language can only enter into you after you have sojourned long within the borders where it is spoken. This has come home to me, more and more, each day since I have been on foreign shores, and for this reason I am well-pleased with my country-people for crossing the wide ocean to learn a new language, instead of remaining at home to struggle over brain-torturing verbs and the many difficulties of a strange tongue with a teacher, no doubt conscientious and painstaking, but utterly powerless to convey to the most intelligent scholar the intricate terms, idioms, and expressions used alone by the foreigner in his own country. Nowadays, no young girl's education is considered complete without a year or two abroad. Of course, it goes without saying that these young ladies are blessed with rich parents, who can, without sacrifice, allow their daughters to be, as it were, gracefully polished off by a few months well-employed on the other side of the water. French schools are well-patronized by American and English girls, who, in six months over here in a good *pension*, will learn more than in six years in their own country.

As a rule, the American is the best linguist in the world, after the Russian, to whom all nations must indeed cede the palm in this line. But I am more than proud of my own countrymen and women, who with marvelous rapidity master the difficulties of the many tongues in lands through which their travels may cast them. An American woman can oftentimes so merge herself in the manners, customs, and exact accent and tone of voice used by a fashionable French woman of the world, that it will be difficult to recognize in her any other than a true Parisian. French people, as a rule, do not care to study foreign languages as we do; they take for granted that every one will speak French some day, if they do not do so at present, and they calmly sit and wait for the day when but one tongue will be heard throughout the entire world. I think the system of education over here is good, and although girls do not study mathematics as we do in America, they are none the worse for it, and make up for the lack of this branch in many others that will serve them better in the different places prepared for them in the great world.

I have but one fault to find in French schools here into which our American girls are brought to learn, not only the language of this country, but also something of the manners and customs of its people, and that is they do not meet with the *best* class of French girls—charming, intelligent, and well-mannered girls, it is true, frequent these establishments, but not the demoiselles of the *haute noblesse*. The sons and daughters of the aristocracy are educated in a different manner from the children of the commoner. The former have their preceptors at home, residing under the same roof, and attend *cours*, or lectures, each day. They are taught the fashionable accomplishments by tutors, who call at the homes of the young lords and ladies for a modest consideration of from five to ten dollars an hour. "Deportment" and dancing are taught them by well-known masters, who with wonderful skill manage to make goddesses of grace and princes of manly bearing of even the most ungainly and ungraceful. A French girl's education is continued, with few modifications, until she is married; her governess remaining with her up to the wedding day. Should a French child of the best society be without parents, then she will be given in charge of a convent until an eligible suitor is brought forward by a distant relation when she arrives at the marriageable age, but she will never be placed in a *pension* such as American girls are sent to.

At present I have a very dear friend in one of these *pensionats*, and through her I have been enabled to see much of the life and customs of a fashionable French boarding-school. My first visit to Mme. L.'s "Home School for Young Ladies" was a very pleasant experience. I found everything very different from our schools and colleges in America.

"Les Ruches," or the bee-hive, as the *pension* is suitably named, is situated in Passy, that pretty little suburb of Paris where so many lovely villas and beautiful gardens make the little, old-fashioned village a most charming place to walk through or to live in. The school stands apart from all other habitation, in a large open piece of ground fenced in by a high stone-wall, spiked at the top. Roses climb thickly among the spikes and almost hide the sharp points from view. From a perfect nest of green foliage the cupola of the main building and the slender spire of the school-chapel rise into the sky, like white fingers pointing toward heaven.

As I rang for the first time at the heavy iron gates, a small wicket fixed into it opened immediately, and the wrinkled visage of a very old woman appeared. In what I took for a suspicious tone of voice, she demanded my business, and looked at me curiously when I handed her my cards, both for the lady principal and my friend. Perhaps she was not accustomed to this little act of etiquette. I felt sorry for my poor friend, for I began to imagine this was equal to any convent régime I had ever heard of, and pictured to myself all kinds of strict rules behind this great high wall. But I was not left much time for soliloquy, for I was shortly admitted, and followed the old woman to the main building, through a long corridor, and into an elegantly furnished room whose windows commanded a fine view of the beautiful grounds. Here I caught a glimpse, through the trees, of numerous black-robed figures, with bright scarlet *capulets* or caps thrown over the head and shoulders, walking arm-in-arm through the long avenues. This was, no doubt, the hour for recreation, and I felt my call was well-timed. My friend joined me presently, and I found her looking far from subdued or worried by the severe rules of the school. She was dressed like the figures in the garden—all in black—but without the red cape; to my surprise I noticed that she wore black kid gloves, and a long black silk bib-apron covered her dress almost entirely—both parts of the uniform of the school, so she told me.

The lady-principal of the establishment came in in answer to my cards, which had been carried to her before Miss Parker had been allowed to see me. I found her a distinguished-looking woman of about fifty, with the air of a duchess, and the sweet, graceful cordiality of all her country-women. I thought at the time if she could only make all her pupils as charming as herself, her fortune would be secured for life. She kindly bade me make myself perfectly at home, and invited me to remain to dinner and stay the night with my friend if I liked. She is evidently fond of Americans, and my friend is, no doubt, a prime favorite.

I found inside the high walls none of the austere, rigid aspect of the entrance and outside. The young ladies, seventy in number, were almost all French girls of respectable and rich parents, but not of the *haute noblesse*. Twenty-five American and English girls were received as parlor-boarders; that is, they paid more, and were allowed the privilege of separate rooms and ate at Madam L.'s table—which, by the way, was served to perfection, and set with every dainty the markets could afford. By questioning some of the young French girls I learned that they were obliged to study very hard, all expecting to pass the highest examinations at the Hotel de Ville, which seemed the height of all their ambitions. They never left the school, excepting once a month for a day or so, on a visit to their parents, and the latter could see their children every Thursday, if they so desired, but were never allowed, except in case of sickness, to disturb them at their studies on any other week day. The grounds were considered large enough for the two hours' daily recreation, and the scholars never went outside the gate without their parents or some one sent to fetch them home, with written request from either father or mother.

The house was a large, rambling, old, stone building, with immense class-rooms, dormitories, refectories, salons, library, and music-rooms, dancing-hall, and gymnasium, beside a number of small, pretty bedrooms for the parlor boarders. The highest branches were taught by outside professors, who came in at certain hours each day; the ordinary studies were conducted by able teachers, residing in the establishment. There were no oral recitations whatever, so my friend told me; everything was written, from the most simple lesson in grammar to a difficult theme on some subject in deep science. Mme. L. believed in cultivating conversation, and three times a week the young ladies were invited to her own private salon, where she received them as if they were no longer school-girls, and the different accomplishments of each pupil were brought forward and encouraged. At each of these receptions certain girls would be selected each week to receive and do the honors with Mme. L., and in this manner, the art of entertaining was made a pleasant study.

Although Les Ruches was a Catholic school, the Protestant girls were never asked to attend mass, or observe any of the religious ceremonies. Their own devotions were directed morning and evening by an English lady, residing in the house, whose duty it was to teach the French girls the English language. There was a hospital, or infirmary, attached to the school, with two skilled nurses always in attendance in case of illness. A love of nature was grafted into all the scholars. Each was given a small plot of ground to cultivate according to her taste and desire, and the salons were filled constantly with lovely flowers, the product of these little gardens.

All the girls seemed happy and contented here, and although the rising hour was half-past five o'clock in the summer and six in the winter, and though half-past eight o'clock saw them all in bed, they all appeared to be perfectly satisfied with their surroundings. At seven o'clock in the morning, *café au lait* was served to them; at ten, small rolls and fruit were passed through the class-rooms as a light collation; at twelve, came the *déjeûner;* at four, bread and chocolate were again served, and at six, dinner was announced, for which meal the young ladies were requested to dress as if in their own homes, excepting that all the dresses had to be black, with a dash of red as the only color allowed to relieve the sombre tone of the costumes. Housekeeping, sewing, and cooking were also taught. I never before knew a school where each duty that a woman might be called upon to perform in her life was so well cultivated; if Les Ruches did not turn out perfect-mannered, accomplished, bright, useful, and charming women to fill their various places in the great world, it was, indeed, not the fault of the kind principal and her clever helpmates.

Paris. L'Americaine.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Anent the Wales silver-wedding, it is observed that the princess's eight bridesmaids of twenty-five years ago are all living, all married, and none divorced.

Mr. Labouchère says that the Prince Imperial of Russia is so weak, both mentally and physically, that in less exalted circles he would be regarded as being within measurable distance of congenital idiocy.

The late Vice-President Wheeler left thirty-five thousand dollars to charity and ten thousand dollars to his relatives, but when the lawyers get through with the pending contest, both charity and relatives are likely to come out minus.

F. C. Burnand, of London *Punch*, possesses remarkable skill as a ventriloquist. He was educated for a Jesuit priest, but his inclination to play practical jokes with the ventriloquial power under his control brought him into disfavor with his superiors.

Among prominent society girls of Washington who have become nuns within a comparatively recent period are Miss Febiger, daughter of Rear-Admiral Febiger; Miss Constance Edgar, Colonel Bonaparte's step-daughter; Miss Bertha Gerolt, daughter of a former German minister, and Miss Sands, daughter of Rear-Admiral Sands.

Giles Williams, a Wall Street broker of note, who died a fortnight ago, bought a square of ground years ago in the centre of Chicago. It cost him six hundred dollars. He sold it for forty thousand dollars, and was exceedingly proud of the bargain he drove. Chicago tax-lists show that the same property is worth eighteen million dollars now.

The illustrious Mme. Alboni says that in all her career she never faced an audience without being scared half out of her wits. Even now, having long retired from the public stage, though with her voice still as perfect as ever, she says she can not stand up to sing before a dozen friends in her own parlor without a fit of nervous trembling.

When the United States Senate is doing business under what is known as the five-minute rule, President Ingalls limits the time of the speakers, not by his watch, but by an ancient sand-glass which has been in use by the Senate for many years. As soon as a senator begins his speech the glass is set, and as soon as the sand has all run out, in just five minutes that is, down comes the president's gavel.

The death of Baroness Schleinitz, at the age of eighty-six, is announced at Vienna. When, in 1848, the late Emperor of Germany, then Prince William, had to fly from Berlin, the baroness saved his life by hiding him in her house, and lending him some of her husband's clothes, which enabled him to leave the town unnoticed. The emperor never forgot this incident, and remained gratefully attached to her, and the present emperor was also very fond of her.

King Humbert of Italy, has grown very gray of late. He is only forty-four, but he looks much older. Humbert is not a handsome man, nor does he look highly intellectual. But he has a face which one can not but like, and which clearly indicates that he is honest, dignified, and sensible. On formal public occasions King Humbert dons the uniform of a general, but he much prefers civilian dress and is something of an anglomaniac as regards his attire. His favorite recreation is in riding horseback through the parks of Rome.

Carroll Faunce is unknown to fame as a prize-fighter, but the way he Sullivanized three men, in New York recently, would have made Boston's pride bow to him. The men are truck-drivers, and the fight arose over a disputed right of way. It was alleged that Mr. Faunce had provoked his assailants. There was conflicting testimony on this point, but there was none as to the fact that there were three men against one, and that the one had come out on top. The men were pretty badly battered, but this did not serve to temper justice with mercy, for they were fined five dollars apiece.

It is said that business-suits are rapidly finding favor among senators and congressmen who heretofore confined themselves to black broadcloth, frock-coats, and low-cut waistcoats. Don Cameron, J. J. Ingalls, Senator Farwell, and Senator Edmunds wear cut-away coats and light-colored trousers, and others are following their example. The President prefers the frock-coat, but it is made of diagonal goods rather than plain black. Secretary Whitney has the reputation of being the best-dressed member of the cabinet. His clothes are made by a New York tailor, and are about the same style as one sees in the course of a stroll up Fifth Avenue.

A handsome, stoutly built young gentleman, of blonde physiognomy and pleasing address, is Frederic Remington, once a ranchman on the plains, now one of the most successful pen-and-ink artists in the country. Mr. Remington's sketches of horses are said, by brother artists, to have no superiors in spirit and execution. He is about twenty-five years old, and has made his artistic reputation in the *Harper's* and *Century* Company's publications within the last few years. It is to his experience in the West, where he took part in genuine round-ups, and saw the mustang and Texas steer upon their native prairie, that he must owe the life and accuracy of his sketches.

Senator Evarts's favorite amusement rests in his feet rather than in his hands, and he winds his long legs in and out like the india-rubber man of the circus. He is said to be able to twist one leg around the other three times and rest both feet flat on the floor, and this is his favorite attitude while listening to a good story, or thinking of an after-dinner speech. Evarts is one of the best after-dinner speakers in Congress, and he is one of the best story-tellers. He rarely remains in his seat for any length of time, and slides about through the Senate chairs from one brother Senator to the other, giving a word of wisdom here and a witty repartee there, and carrying good-nature with him wherever he goes.

A general, who was sent as a special envoy to the funeral of Emperor William, has written to his government that he was wonderstruck at the manner in which her royal and imperial majesty the Empress Augusta held on to her post. The military spirit, he said, extends itself at Berlin even to the court ladies, and braces up among them those who in other countries would reckon themselves invalids. The empress has the petrified rigidity of features of all the august and illustrious personages who, growing old with Emperor William, have survived him. She received in a darkened room, and wore the German widow's cap and double veil, the front part of which was thrown back. The arms of her chair project a little forward, and are arranged by means of an ingenious mechanism to rise to the level of her armpits when she stands, and thus hold her up. She stood supported in this way when receiving the ambassadors, special envoys, and princes who attended the funeral. The latter were legion. Every German reigning house, mediatized or other, sent a deputation of its scions.

The personal effects of Marie Regnault, the murdered mistress of Pranzini, have just been sold at public auction at the Hotel Drouot. There was a terrible crowd, including many ladies of fashion and aristocratic rank. All the effects of the dead woman were sold, including her clothing, and almost fabulous prices were paid. For example, a pair of blue silk corsets brought thirty-seven dollars. A trashy novel which she was reading just before she was killed, brought twenty-five dollars; the publisher's price of it is seventy-five cents. The blue silk stockings which she had on when she was killed, were purchased by a Russian countess for forty-three dollars. A basin in which Pranzini was said to have washed the blood from his hands after the murder, brought fifteen dollars. A chiffonier, on which are to be seen the marks of his bloody fingers, brought eighty-five dollars. A heavy coat of waterproof transparent varnish has been put over the finger-marks to prevent them from being obliterated. A pair of common silk garters brought five dollars each. One lady, a rich banker's wife, paid thirty-two dollars for a pink silk undervest, considerably worn, and at once stripped off the half-dozen buttons and sold them for two dollars apiece. A tooth-brush brought four dollars, and a shoe-buttoner three dollars, though neither cost over fifty cents new. A wife of a deputy wears a brooch containing a tiny gallows-noose made of Pranzini's hair, and another lady, a duchess, has set in a ring one of the handsome teeth for which the murderer was famous. She bribed the executioner to knock it out of his jaw for her as soon as he was dead. As is well known, the corpse of Pranzini was completely skinned, and the tanned hide made up into pocket-books, card-cases, and other souvenirs, which are highly prized.

THE FOUR HUNDRED.

Some Stinging Truths about New York Society.

If ever a few words created a mighty commotion in a big city, the statement attributed to Mr. Ward McAllister that there are only four hundred names eligible for enrollment in the list of first-class Society in New York, have done it. Of course, Mr. Ward McAllister never said anything of the sort, for he is not a fool. Nevertheless, the numerous class of hangers-on at the ragged edge of Society, who view Mr. Ward McAllister with no friendly eye, were only too ready to accept the attributed assertion and to regale their vengefulness upon it. Mr. Snobson, whom Mr. Ward McAllister has mercilessly snubbed since the time he got drunk at the Patriarch's ball, and made the general nuisance of himself we all know him capable of being, now publicly delivers it as his opinion that Mr. Ward McAllister is a "fossilized aws." Mrs. Tryhard, who, after three divorces, married a brain-softened Washington Square millionaire, and has been vainly trying to get into society on his name and money, since she laid him underground, has already given two afternoons in order to be able to tell every one she knows that Mr. Ward McAllister is undoubtedly an arrogant old idiot. "And I'm sure I ought to be a judge of idiots," says Mrs. Tryhard, a claim which, in view of her matrimonial and other experiences with the softer sex, no one is inclined to dispute. Miss Elsie de Guffe, the charming amateur actress, who plays Camille and Lady Teazle as well as Clara Morris, if her admirers are to be believed, and whom Mr. Ward McAllister has not got down on his invitation list for the winter dances, no longer wonders at his remissness. "The old fool does not know where Society begins and ends," says the fair successor to Mrs. James Jams Squatter, with that refined and sprightly wit which the cheap society reporters so dutifully chronicle in weekly type, "Ward's Island McAllister would be a better name for him."

So the thunder of denunciation rolls through the antechamber of Philistia, and every man and woman whose fists have been worn sore by vain hammering at the portals of Society, contribute to swell it. The newspapers print ponderous editorials on the subject, probably on the ground that as most of their readers are not included in Mr. Ward McAllister's alleged four hundred, it is their duty to stand by them. The press wits exhaust themselves in squibs upon the subject. The clubs have their say about it, and it rustles in the conversation of Delmonico's and Maillard's like a fresh scandal.

"Ged!" says Cubleigh, over his cups at the Lowcuss Club, "if this sawt of thing's gawing to be tolawated, don't chew know, where the dayvil will a fellow find himself, hay?"

It may be a toss-up in the minds of those who know him, whether Cubleigh will find himself in an inebriate asylum or a drunkard's grave. That he will ever be discovered in Society, with a big S, however, is not credible. But it is no effort of Mr. Ward McAllister's that will keep him out. There is old Guzzle, in the Banyan across the avenue. He looks down on Cubleigh with that supreme scorn that the Banyan men always display for those of the Lowcuss. His month's income exceeds that of Cubleigh for the year, and his annual bills at the Banyan would cover those of an average Lowcuss for his club life-time. Yet he is as far away from Society, with the big S, as Cubleigh, and for the same reason—a reason with which Mr. Ward McAllister has nothing whatever to do.

The fact is, that the remark attributed to Mr. Ward McAllister, but certainly not uttered by him in the meaning that has been given to it, is so near the truth that it is very cutting in its effect. It hits several thousands of people right between the eyes, and rouses the whole crew of pushers and crowders to protest in the same way that a nameless paragraph in a newspaper will bring down its game, because those to whom it applies will promptly and indignantly fit it to themselves. "It's such an insult," says Mamma Graball, weeping, when Papa Graball reads her the dreadful tale out of the paper, "and aimed directly at us. You remember, I wrote to him for cards for every Delmonico dance this season, and he never answered me once. That shows that he is no gentleman, in spite of his pretensions."

As Mr. Ward McAllister never heard of the Graballs, save through Mamma Graball's frantic appeals to him for the precious pasteboards at any price, it is rather unreasonable that he should be so personally construed. But the whole social family of which the Graballs are a type take the same view of the matter, and, no doubt, agree with Mamma Graball that, "if only for the sake of the dear girls," their papa ought to do something about it. What that something is, whether it should take the shape of a challenge to Mr. Ward McAllister, or an action for libel against him, does not yet appear to have been decided; but if some infuriated and socially hopeless parent should murder him on his way home some night, there are plenty of people in this town who would consider the act one of just retribution.

Only the utterance of a truth could provoke such acrimony as this. If Mr. Ward McAllister had really said that there were not many more than five hundred people in New York who enjoyed the *entrée* of Society with the big S, he would have uttered an exact fact. This is the reason the remark he is charged with having made has created such a hubbub. Mr. Ward McAllister, who is an astute gentleman, as well as a very good-natured and amiable one, is, however, too worldly-wise to invite the wholesale denunciation he must have known that such a publication of opinion would evoke, and the reporter who did the job for him deserves full credit for it. I remember a conversation that I once had with Mr. McAllister upon this very subject that may, in part at least, explain how the current story came into existence. We were talking about public balls, big and little ones, and Mr. McAllister said:

"To give a big ball in this city, and keep it at all decent in its personnel, without restricting it to a small clique of ultra-social importance, is easier than people think. It merely involves a scrutiny of names. You can safely count on about a third of the people you invite to a ball not coming. Take one of our most fashionable winter balls, for instance. There are, say, a hundred subscribers with seven invitations each. Thus seven hundred cards are issued, and only four hundred or so are presented. The rest of the recipients simply do not wish to use them."

Here, then, we have the select four hundred, about which such a hubbub is being kicked up.

In point of fact these fashionable winter balls are a standing temptation to some four thousand people, who would gladly enjoy them if they could, and would, moreover, pay almost any figure for the privilege. In the minds of these aspiring persons the *entrée* of a patriarch's dance means the *entrée* of Society with the big S. Once you get your invitation to the dance, they argue, Society will be ready to receive you with a warm and open hand. But this is far from the truth, as any observer must have noted. There are members of Society who, for personal or commercial ends, have, on occasions, extended to social inferiors these coveted favors. But their recipients have invaded the sacred precincts only to find themselves marked out for special seclusion, and have been glad to get out of water they soon learned to be too deep for them. The Charity Ball, for instance, is an annual event which is supposed to be very swell. Indeed, our best people patronize it. Being a public ball, given to raise money for charity, tickets are also sold at a high rate, and these are absorbed by persons ambitious of social notice, in the hope that they will be able to commence their fashionable regeneration through them. About all they do secure is the privilege of wandering around a public ball-room, too proud to hold any communion with one another, and ignored by those whom they hoped to rub shoulders with, wasting a night in dismal disappointment that leaves a lasting sting.

There are my friends, the Grateayres. Now, they have been to every charity ball for years, since the girls came out, and Bella Grateayres is—well, never mind just how old she must be. Papa Grateayres has even been able to secure cards for several cotillions, to which the family has gone in great state. And still Society is unaware of the existence of the Grateayres, as far as any special consideration of their claims to attention goes. They are not a whit better off socially than they were ten years ago, though they have conformed to every example Society has set them. They have received and given dinners and balls, and even had the luck to snap up a titled foreigner now and then. The girls have got up sewing-classes, and Mamma Grateayres figures as a patroness for every charity fair and benefit that she can buy her name a place in. Papa Grateayres has sedulously cultivated his manners and signed many a check for good works that happened to be in fashion, while he groaned at heart. But when Teddy Grateayres came up at the Whippersnapper Club, he was promptly black-balled, and the time Mamma Grateayres tried to speak to Mrs. Van Dunken-Devere, at the meeting of the United Dorcas Homes Committee, of which beneficent movement Mamma Grateayres was a patroness in virtue of one hundred dollars subscribed for tickets to the annual fair, she received a cut that she will never forget.

"We seem to be getting along very well, madam," said Mamma Grateayres, alluding, of course, to the charitable business the committee had in hand.

Mrs. Van Dunken-Devere put up her eye-glass, and replied:

"Indeed!"

"The homes," pursued Mamma Grateayres, "were never in better condition, nor our charges better taken care of."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Van Dunken-Devere, again. "Let me see—which of them have you in charge?"

To be confounded as a matron of a charity home, instead of a patroness, was a little too much for even Mamma Grateayres's philosophy. She resigned that afternoon, but the incident did not cure her of her hopes of Society. And I see that Teddy, in spite of his having been pilled at the Whippersnapper, is up at the St. Jackass Club, where society, with a big S, is even more devoutly adored. Balzac had a theory that one could do anything one wanted, if one only kept at it long enough. Upon this principle, the Grateayres ought certainly to get there.

Perhaps the stand they take in the matter of Mr. Ward McAllister may help them. While the Snobsons, and the Cubleighs, and the Tryhards, and the Graballs, and so on, are all denouncing Mr. McAllister as an indurated donkey, with extra long ears, the Grateayres affect to indorse his pretended averments to the letter. "Mr. McAllister is a little severe, perhaps," observed Mamma Grateayres to me, yesterday, "still, his position demands it. Ah! my dear friend, you know as well as I the duties Society imposes."

There are, no doubt, people who, hearing Mamma Grateayres in this strain, and who, hearing Papa Grateayres swearing that "Ward McAllister is a gentleman, sir. He knows what our Society needs," will be inclined to credit them with a position they would be but too happy to really occupy. Then, if they can only get one of the girls engaged to the editor of a daily paper, and get Teddy in at some club where he can lend of the superabundant family cash to aristocracy's needier and not over-scrupulous scions, the blissful time may come when, at Old Port, or Harem Springs, or the Sparkshire Hills, some one who is in Society, with the big S, may recognize them in public. If they ever get this far, I will back my friends the Grateayres for the rest. In the meantime, while there is life there is hope.

The publication of the now famous social four hundred statement has raised an interesting question in local Society. This question was put to me the other night by Van Snort at the club. You may know Van Snort—drunk all the time, but a real Knickerbocker, and never worked a stroke in his life.

"It's all very well to blackguard Ward McAllister," said Van, "but, damn me! what would we do without him, hey? what would we do without him?"

What "Hamlet" would be with Hamlet left out, New York Society would be without Mr. Ward McAllister. It is quite a number of years ago since Mr. McAllister took Society under his wing, and Society has grown so used to having him take care of it now that it certainly would be put to a pretty pass to get along without him. He does all the thinking, and most of the cutting and contriving necessary to keep the social wheel revolving during the season, and all that Society has to do is to pay the piper and to dance. Even in this regard Mr. Ward McAllister has a special gift, for he can extract more pleasure for a given number of Society people out of less money than any man ever known. While the Gradley-Spartons will spend ten thousand dollars to dine a hundred people in a bower of midwinter roses, and the Chinnery-Glews consider themselves called upon to build a new dining-room in order to properly feed a visiting nobleman, Mr. McAllister will take the never very generous subscriptions of one of the ball associations, and juggle it into a double ball-room at Delmonico's, with pretty decorations, two bands, and a supper any one could enjoy, and do all the work and carry all the annoyance of inviting the right people, and not inviting the wrong ones into the bargain. In brief, if ever any Society had a fairy godfather, devoted to beneficent watchfulness over its welfare, New York Society has it in Mr. Ward McAllister.

That Mr. Ward McAllister is a gentleman goes without saying. No man could hold the place he does and not be one. He is so thoroughly a gentleman that the bulk of the Society he has given his life up to might profitably adopt him for a model. That it does not is its misfortune as well as its fault.

As a lawyer Mr. Ward McAllister has never amounted to much. He has no special tastes in literature or the arts. He and his family live in quiet style in East Sixteenth Street, a once fashionable residence quarter now decidedly run to seed. But in social matters he is simply a tower of strength. He is a living encyclopedia of personal information, knowing every one already in the field, and ever ready to find out all about the new-comers, no matter how artfully obscured their origin may be. If he chose, he could write such a history of New York Society as has never been written of any city in the world. But he will never write it, for he knows that of all things which it does not pay a man to do in Society, telling the truth is the least profitable.

If for this reason alone, it would be safe to swear that he had never uttered the dreadful dictum that is just now setting by the ears that part of New York which wishes to have itself considered in the fashion; that dictum which is all the more dreadful because what it lacks in poetry it makes up in truth.

NEW YORK, April 7, 1888. ALFRED TRUMBLE.

Wolf von Schierbrand writes thus in the *Cosmopolitan:* It is strange that, although the Persians are all horsemen, they do not know how to ride, using the term in our sense. They will canter or gallop all day long without visible discomfort, but they will sit on their animals like monkeys, with their knees drawn up and with their reins clutched tight, and will fall off on the slightest provocation. When babies of three, they are already in the saddle, and they are in it all their lives; but they never receive any instruction, never know what a good, steady trot is, and never learn to keep firm on their horses' backs. And like them the Persian horses never receive any training. The gait they are easiest to ride—the gallop—is their natural one; and they will only quit that for a brief spell in order to rest a little. You can not get a trot out of a Persian horse unless you devote years and years of patient training to it. Then, again, they are all hard-mouthed, and most of them shy at any unusual object or noise. For all that, they have a good deal of native intelligence, and they are kind and affectionate. Kickers and biters are very rare among them. While in Arabia and Turkey mares are universally ridden, in Persia it is the stallions alone that serve this purpose. Geldings are unknown.

When the allies invaded France to destroy Napoleon's power, their most dreaded troops were the "Cossacks of the Don." They were plunderers rather than combatants, and the warning cry, "The Cossacks! the Cossacks! the Cossacks!" would startle French women into praying and wailing. But no piteous screaming of women availed against these robbers, who would ride their horses up the stairs of a house and straight into the drawing-room. It was not merely their eagerness to plunder that made these Cossacks keep their saddles when entering houses. Self-interest prevented them from hitching their horses outside; for their plunder was stowed on their horses' backs, and if separated from them, their comrades would rob them of their spoil.

A boy, suffering from an aggravated case of hiccoughs entered a Fulton Street market recently. "What's the matter?" said the market-man. "I—hic—got—hic—the—hic—hic—hiccoughs." "You have, eh? Where's that two-dollar bill that was on the desk when you went out this morning?" angrily inquired the butcher, for the boy had been in the market earlier. "I didn't see no two-dollar bill," answered the boy, who began to turn pale. "Let me see your pockets." The boy emptied his pockets, but there was no bill there. "I guess I must have been mistaken about that bill," said the market-man, with a smile. "How's your hiccoughs?" "They're gone," replied the boy. The cure had worked to a charm.

Something of a most unusual character in the publication of newspapers occurred in Buffalo, lately. Through the negligence of some workmen, an accident happened to the shafting over the press of the *Times*, rendering the machinery, for the time being, useless. The publisher of the *Times* accepted the tender made by the *Evening News* to furnish facilities for printing the *Times*. With the fast double press it was possible to print both papers on the same machine, at the same time, and from the same huge roller of paper. While the two papers were being printed, copies of the *Times* were delivered from one side of the press, and from the other side the press threw out the *News*.

A man in Winterville, Ga., broke the knob off his door, and not having another, used a coffin-handle instead. There is not a negro in the country that will open that door.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Macmillan & Co. will issue, in the early spring, fifty-cent paper editions of "Mr. Isaacs" and "Marzio's Crucifix," two of Mr. F. Marion Crawford's most popular and in some respects most interesting stories.

Aix-la-Chapelle possesses a newspaper museum, containing files or specimens of over seventeen thousand papers. The curiosity of the collection is the *Texas Dispatch*, No. 46, March 11, 1864, printed on wall-paper.

A. Oakey Hall, at one time district attorney, mayor, actor, editor of the *World* and *Truth* dailies, and of late resident in London, has accepted the call to be editor of the New York *Star* in the place of the late Mr. Dorsheimer.

If the international copyright matter reaches a successful issue, the cheap "Libraries" will find their occupation gone. Meanwhile they are printing works of more permanent value than novels. One firm is bringing out Rollin's "Ancient History" in installments.

There are curious coincidences in literature as in other things. "Louisa Pallant" is by no means a common name, yet it is the title of Mr. Henry James's latest tale in *Harper's Magazine*, and the name of a heroine of a story by Grant Allen in *Belgravia* for 1883.

Harold Frederic, the author of "Seth's Brother's Wife" and London correspondent of the New York *Times*, is soon to return to America. It is said that, on the strength of his first novel's success, he intends to devote himself to a literary, rather than a journalistic, career.

William D. Howells, in the "Editor's Study" in *Harper's Magazine*, modestly styles himself a "Mirror of Impartiality and Balance of Justice," and then he proceeds to commend to the public consideration Zola's "La Terre," which, in the same sentence, he pronounces "filthy and repulsive."

Messrs. Cassell & Co. are now giving the public the option of taking a portion of the capital of the company, in order to obtain a quotation on the Stock Exchange. The prospectus issued announces that the net profit made during the five years that have elapsed since the conversion into a limited company exceeds one million dollars.

The house in which Henry Adams does his literary work in Washington is situated directly opposite the mansion in which lived his two distinguished ancestors, the Presidents. It is related of Mr Adams that, when asked for his views of the Copyright Bill, which would prevent England from stealing his books, he remarked that he had been trying for years to induce England to steal his books.

The *Publishing World* is a new illustrated monthly, published in New York city, devoted to the gathering and diffusing of literary news. It contains reviews and notices of new books, lists of new publications, and publishers' announcements, and specimens of illustrations from the latest important books, thus representing both the artistic and literary sides of the publishing movement of the month.

Belford, Clarke & Co., of Chicago and New York, have opened a branch in San Francisco at 834 Market Street (the former quarters of the Publishers' Bookstore). This firm has lately invaded the field of lighter literature, and announce for early publication a number of works of fiction by well-known writers, including a novel by Edgar Saltus, which is just now discussed in New York in the same breath with "La Tosca" and Dr. Dix's sermon.

Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" were presented to Messrs. Longman on the mere condition that they would be brought out—so little did the author think of them. A small edition was printed which has since been bought up eagerly, and finding how popular they were likely to be the firm gave them back to Macaulay, then Mr. Macaulay. Longmans have published them ever since by arrangement; Lord Macaulay and his heirs made over three thousand pounds from these poems.

An "American Notes and Queries," similar in all essentials to the English periodical which has proved so invaluable to literary men and students, will be begun in Philadelphia, on May 5, 1888. The editors are Messrs William S. Walsh and Henry C. Walsh, and the place of publication, 619 Walnut Street. Special features of the periodical will be a series of prize questions. One thousand dollars will be divided among the successful competitors, the capital prize being five hundred dollars.

In his new work, "Homunculus," Robert Hamerling tells the story of a being which was called to life in the laboratory of a chemist. The epic is a satire on the present time and its tendencies, the emancipation of women, for instance, ending in their forming an army, whose commander-in-chief is constantly occupied in designing new and striking costumes for her soldiers. The *homunculus* further develops apes into men, and is for some time a billionaire; the poem derives its strength and beauty from the fact that its hero is incapable of feeling love.

The editor of the Tauchnitz collection, in his choice of American books, has always followed the English taste, and he rarely reprints an American book until after it has approved itself in London. Hence he has only now decided to include in the series General Wallace's "Ben Hur." But Mr. Marion Crawford's books appear in Leipzig almost as soon as they are issued in New York and London; the latest to figure on Baron Tauchnitz's catalogue being "Paul Patoff" and "Marzio's Crucifix." We may note, also, that French translations of "Marzio's Crucifix" and, oddly enough, of "An American Politician" have been published in Paris.

Lady Burton's expurgated edition of "The Thousand Nights and One Night" is now complete in six handsome volumes. The last of the copy for Sir Richard's five supplementary volumes of the "Nights" will be sent to England next week. His motto has been, for forty years, "without haste, without rest," and so soon as the "Nights" are ended, he will begin what must prove to be a work of remarkable interest—his autobiography. His life, detailed by himself, if his conversation affords the means of judging, must be as fascinating as a romance. Its scenes range from the jungles of India to the tropical swamps of South America, from the snows of Iceland to the mephitic marshes of Central and Western Africa.

The ancient documents lately found in the cobwebbed attic of Stratford Town Hall have been examined, and nothing concerning Shakespeare has been discovered. Among the old apprenticeship indentures, which constitute a large part of the collection, there are, it appears, some of Shakespeare's day, and one of these bears the signature of Richard Hathway, who may have been the Richard Hathway, or Hathaway, of Shottery, who possibly was the poet's father-in-law, if his name was Richard, which is not certain. Signatures of Thomas Greene, Julye Shawe, Thomas Quenney or Quiney, and some other persons more or less indirectly associated with the poet's history, have also been found, but unfortunately the documents to which they are affixed have no biographical significance.

W. H. Bishop, the novelist, became an author in an odd way. While living in Milwaukee as the part proprietor and editor of a newspaper, he was persuaded to write a story in competition for a prize of fifty dollars, offered by a local periodical, the owner of which was his warm personal friend. The central idea of this story, that of the continued existence to the present time, of one of the thirty pieces of silver for which Judas betrayed Christ, occurred to Mr. Bishop when silver came into use long after the war, and had lain in his mind for years. He read story to his partner, who liked it so much that he advised the author put it in an Eastern magazine before dropping it in the Milwaukee [illegible]. Mr. Bishop did so, and it was accepted by Mr. Howells, then the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Mr. G. R. Bishop, the author of "Exact Phonography," calls attention to the unique process by which his book was gotten up. There being no type characters to indicate his peculiar system of short-hand, Mr. Bishop had the pages set in large type at a printing establishment, the printer leaving dotted lines for the insertion of the short-hand characters. These characters were then inserted in the proof with a common steel pen and liquid india-ink. The pages were finally photographed, there being a reduction, in the process, of one-third on all the pages, and the book printed from process-plates. The idea was quite ingenious, and may prove useful in other directions, especially in the production of works on mechanical sciences, in which the drawing and reproduction of simple designs is often a serious consideration of expense.

The series of monographs on the famous writers of France, which are now in course of publication in Paris, will be reproduced here by A. C. McClurg & Co. The early volumes have been translated by Professor Melville B. Anderson. The series will be one of eminent value, for the work has been confided to some of the most distinguished living writers of France. Messrs. McClurg announce for immediate publication M. Gaston Boissier's "Madame de Sévigné"; E. Caro's "George Sand," and Albert Sarel's "Montesquieu" will soon follow. Other volumes of the series will be: "Voltaire," by Ferdinand Brunetiere; "Racine," by Anatole France; "Rosseau," by M, Cherbuliez; "Victor Cousin," by Jules Simon; "Lamartine," by M. de Pomairols; "Balzac," by Paul Bourget; "Musset," by Jules Lemaitre; "Sainte-Beuve," by M. Taine, and "Guizot," by G. Monod.

Zola is about to appear with a new book written especially for young girls. He calls it "Le Rêve." The quotations already given to the press are extremely poetical, and as ideal as "La Terre" was material. The dream is supposed to picture that supreme happiness which humanity seeks for beyond this earth. The heroine is Angelique Marie, a young girl, abandoned, without parents or friends, who is adopted by a family of embroiderers of priestly garments. Their house fits in the dark walls of the cathedral. The effects of the good example of honesty and of intelligent labor gradually change the primitive, rude, and vicious nature of the young girl, and she finally weds a young man who was destined to the priesthood. In short, the work is a psychological study of natural perversity changing almost to saintliness, and then womanhood coming to gild the noonday of the life. The city in Picardy is a fictitious construction of the author, but the descriptions are marvelous. He repairs the cathedral. He enters into all the detail of the working of chasubles as if his life had been devoted to their study, showing in every line that marvelous power of imaginative conception which, his vulgarity aside, make Zola one of the foremost writers of the age.

An antiquated conception about reading needs (writes a librarian in the *Epoch*) to be corrected—the idea that every book must be read through. At the present time it would be mathematically impossible for a man to read through a thousandth part of even the books worth reading; he must train himself to pick out of a book what he wants for his purpose at the time. In a hundred poems, which an author groups in a volume, there may be two or three that are specially good. Why should one read the ninety-seven poor ones in order to get at the three he values? Why should he read every article in a magazine or newspaper? It is rarely the case that a great reader—a man who knows the value of books and how to use them—ever reads a book through. A shrewd reader, trained in the valuable art of "skipping," will get the point of an author's argument in one-tenth of the time that it takes the man who reads through the whole book. When a man goes to a library he goes to a dictionary. He does not read his dictionary through; he gets what he wants; in getting what he wants he passes over much that is valuable, but it is not valuable to him at that time, and so he leaves it alone. The skillful reader makes a dictionary out of his library—he gets what he wants. He handles books, not to say, "I have read so many books," but to get inspiration, new ideas on the subject in which he is immediately interested, and he gets it where he can find it without needless dilution.

New Publications.

"Joyce," a novel by Mrs. Oliphant, has been published in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 35 cents.

Bishop Jewel's quaint "Apology of the Church of England," in the translation of Lady Ann Bacon, mother of the author of the "Novum Organum," has been published in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"David Poindexter's Disappearance, and Other Tales," by Julian Hawthorne, contains, beside the story mentioned in the title, "Ken's Mystery," "When Half-Gods Go, the Gods Arrive," "Set not thy Foot on Graves," and "My Friend Paton." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 50 cents.

The fifth volume of "Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia of Knowledge and Language" has been published, its contents ranging from "Bile" to "Brave." It is well up to the high standard set by the preceding volumes, and ably supports the publisher's claim that the work will be the best and cheapest combined encyclopedia and dictionary. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"First Steps with American and British Authors," by Albert F. Blaisdell, A. M., is a hand-book for young students, giving extracts from the best English and American writers, and making useful suggestions as to the best method of studying them, and so of arriving at a knowledge and appreciation of good English. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 55 cents.

"A Kiss for a Blow," by Henry C. Wright, a collection of stories for children, inculcating the principles of peace; "The Seven Little Sisters who Live on the Round Ball that Floats in the Air," by Jane Andrews; and "The Flower People," by Mrs. Horace Mann, are three books for children published in the Classics for Home and School Series, by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price 55 cents each.

"The Tariff: Protection versus Free Trade," by Abbot Kinney, is a pamphlet containing an exposition of the subject and discussion of the comparative merits of the two political dogmas involved in it. Two appendixes give "Drawback Rates, 1883," a list of articles of American manufacture which foreigners can purchase at less rates than Americans can; and a table of duties collected in 1883. For sale by William Doxey; price, 35 cents.

Ghosts, giants, pookas, demons, leprechawns, banshees, fairies, witches, widows, old maids, comely women, and other marvels of the Emerald Isle, are the stock-in-trade from which D. R. McAnally, Jr., has made up a book called "Irish Wonders." The writer has taken a lot of the legends and popular tales now current among the Irish peasantry, and giving each a brief introduction, has endeavored to set them forth just as they were told to him. Though the narratives are lacking in the vivid and humorous imagery which is so characteristic of Irish wit, the tales are generally amusing, and the illustrations by H. R. Heaton are very good. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $2.00.

Doctor Holmes's series of papers entitled "One Hundred Days in Europe," which was completed not long ago in the *Atlantic*, is even more welcome, if that be possible, in the modest green binding—with the emblematic device upon the cover, a winged urn, typical of Attic wisdom, to which a suggestion of humor is given by the pair of "specs" laid across its solemn front—in which all of Dr. Holmes's books have been published. From first page to last, from the introduction in which we have a glimpse of the London of William the Fourth, as the young medical student saw it fifty years ago, to the "Miscellaneous Observations," in which he likens his second trip to the *chasse-café* of his banquet of life, one feels that one is seeing all these sights, chatting familiarly with all these notables, and enjoying the flattering receptions tendered by the British public to our "Autocrat," as thoroughly as does this youthful, witty, and withal modest gentleman himself. The first half-dozen chapters, those which record Doctor Holmes's progress through Great Britain, are, perhaps, the best; but the notes on Paris and the summing-up of his notes and impressions will not lose their charm in more readings than one. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A story is told of a gen[illegible] and his wife, resident in Ireland, who were constantly pestered by a [illegible]ar-woman to whom they had been very generous. One morning, a[illegible] the accustomed hour, when the lady was getting into her carriage, the old woman began: "Agh! my lady, success to yer ladyship, and success to yer honor's honor, this morning, of all the days in the year, for sure didn't I drame last night that yer ladyship gave me a pound of tay, and yer honor gave me a pound of tobacco." "But, my good woman," said the general, "do you not know that dreams always go by the rule of contrary?" "Do they so, plase yer honor?" rejoined the old woman; "then it must be yer honor that will give me the tay and her ladyship that will give me the tobacco."

[Scene—Scotch railway-station. Ticket-collector, in making his collection, finds an old gentleman fumbling in his pockets for his ticket.] *Ticket-collector*—"Tickets, please!" *Old gentleman*—"I'm just lookin' for it." *Ticket-collector*—"Well, [illegible] look in again in a few minutes. See and have it ready then." The [illegible] collector returns shortly; but the old gentleman is still hunting for it. *Ticket-collector* (suddenly)—"Why you have it in your mou[illegible]!" *Old gentleman* (giving him the ticket)—"Oh, so I hae! [illegible] *Another gentleman in the carriage, as the train moves* [illegible] *gentleman*—"I'm afraid you're losing your memory, sir." *O[illegible] man*—"Nae fear o' that—nae fear o' that! The ticket was a f[illegible] uld, and I wis jist sookin' the date aff 't!" Tableau.

Once while the queen was sojourning at Balmoral, one of her ladies in waiting became greatly interested in the Scotch reel, and secured the services of one of the gillies to teach her how to execute it. She succeeded splendidly, and things were moving on delightfully when the matter came to the ears of her majesty. Greatly scandalized, the queen ordered the erring lady into her presence, and directed her to dance the Scotch reel for her benefit. The dance was promptly performed, and so perfectly, that her majesty was not only amused but greatly pleased, and turning to the dancer, said: "And now, what can I do for you?" "Give me Mr. Gladstone's head in a charger," was the prompt reply. "The charger," said her majesty, "I shall most gladly give, but Mr. Gladstone has already lost his head, so that it will be impossible for me to comply with that part of your request."

The best known story about Dorsheimer was one that he was fond of telling himself. He was noted always for having a pretty good opinion of himself, as well as for his large physical frame, which enabled him to tip the scales in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds. The story, as it was most commonly related, emanated from William R. Travers, with whom Dorsheimer used to spend much of the time at Newport. One day they were out driving together, and pulled up at a small hostelry where Travers was known but Dorsheimer was not. Mr. Travers got out of the vehicle and left Dorsheimer sitting there, and when he went into the hotel told the proprietor who his companion was. "Ah," said the hotel-keeper, "he is a much bigger man than I supposed he was," alluding to Dorsheimer's imposing physical proportions. "He's no b-b-bigger than he thinks he is," was Travers's reply.

"I had an amusing experience once when I was a boy," writes a young farmer. "I confess that I was pretty green at the time. I lived with my father upon a farm near Columbus, and used to haul wood into the city and sell it. One day I had entered town with my customary load, when, as I passed a large building, some one poked his head partly out of a window, and asked if the wood was for sale. I replied in the affirmative. 'Well, throw it over this fence,' came back from the upper window. The house was surrounded by a high wall, but I managed to pitch it over, and then went around to the front gate to get my pay. I could not get in; I hammered and called in vain, when some passer-by, attracted by my frantic efforts to gain an entrance, inquired what was the matter, and informed me that the building was the jail. One of the prisoners had played a joke upon me. I could not get my money or the wood back, and returned home with empty wagon and pockets."

Lord Castlereagh, when commanding, in early life, a militia regiment in Ireland, was stationed one night in a large, desolate country house, and his bed was at one end of a long, dilapidated room, while at the other extremity a great fire of wood and turf had been prepared within a huge, gaping, old-fashioned chimney. Waking in the middle of the night, he lay watching, from his pillow, the gradual darkening of the embers on the hearth, when suddenly they blazed up, and a naked child stepped from among them upon the floor. The figure advanced slowly toward Lord Castlereagh, rising in stature at every step, until, on coming within two or three paces of his bed, it had assumed the appearance of a ghastly giant, pale as death, with a bleeding wound on its brow, and eyes glaring with rage and despair. Lord Castlereagh leaped from his bed, and confronted the figure in an attitude of defiance. It retreated before him, diminishing in size, as it withdrew, in the same manner that it had previously shot up and expanded. He followed it, pace by pace, until the original child-like form disappeared among the embers. He then went back to his bed and was disturbed no more. This story Lord Castlereagh told with perfect gravity, at one of his wife's supper parties, in Paris, in 1815.

When Louis Philippe became king, the Parisian world was, of course, divided into Monarchists and Republicans, but the Monarchists were divided into "Parceque Bourbon," supporters of the existing regime, and "Quoique Bourbon," tolerators of it, thinking it better than the republic. But what made the streets and the boulevards peculiarly amusing to a stranger, was the circumstance that the Parisians all got themselves up with strict [illegible]dion to the recognized costume proper to their political party. Th[illegible] legitimist, the "Quoique Bourbon" *bourgeois* (very probably in the uniform of the then immensely popular National Guard), and the Republican in his appropriate, bandit-shaped hat and coat, with exaggeratedly large lapels, or draped picturesquely in the folds of a cloak, after a fashion borrowed from the other side of the Alps, were all distinguishable at a glance. It was then that deliciously graphic line, "Feignons a feindre a fin de mieux dissimuler" was applied to characterize the conspirator-like attitudes it pleased these gentlemen to assume. The truth was, that Paris was still very much afraid of them. I remember (writes Anthony Trollope) the infinite glee, and the outpouring of ridicule, which hailed the dispersion of a Republican "demonstration," at the Porte St. Martin, by cold water from a powerful fire-engine. The Conservatives of the Parisian world of 1835 were not "the stupid party." Both in their newspapers, and other ephemeral literature, and in the never-ending succession of current [illegible] and jokes, which circulated in the Parisian salons, they had the pull very decidedly. There was a parody on one of the Republican songs of the day, which had an immense vogue at that time. "On devrait planter le chêne," it ran, "pour l'arbre de la liberté" it will be remembered that planting "trees of liberty" was one of the common and more harmless "demonstrations" of the Republican party. "Ses glands murissent sans peine les cochons qui l'ont plante." And the burden of the original, which ran, "Mourir pour la patrie, c'est le sort le plus beau le plus digne d'envie," was sufficiently and very appositely caricatured by the slight change of "Mourir pour la patrie" into "Nourris par la patrie," etc. I remember an anecdote excellently illustrative of the time, which was current in the salons of the "Parceque Bourbon" society of the day. A certain duchess of the *vieille roche*, a dainty little woman, with exquisite manners, with the odor of the most aristocratic salons of the Quartier St. Germain, was, at one of Louis Philippe's Tuileries receptions, about to take from the tray, handed round by a servant, the last of the ices which it had contained, when a huge, outstretched hand, with its five wide-spread fingers, was protruded from behind over her shoulder, and the refreshment of which she was about to avail herself was seized by a big National Guard, with the exclamation, "Enfoncée, la petite mere!"

SOCIETY.

The Howard-Schmiedell Wedding.

There were between five and six hundred guests assembled in Trinity Church, on Wednesday evening, April 18th, to witness the wedding of Miss Nettie Schmiedell and Mr. George H. Howard. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, is a tall and bea[illegible] brunette, and since her entrée into society, she has wo[illegible] kept the esteem and admiration of a legion of frie[illegible]s. The groom, who is the son of the late Mr. George H. Howard, of San Mateo, is equally well-known, and is deservedly popular. About six hundred invitations to the wedding were issued a few weeks ago, and of these, about one hundred and fifty were accompanied by additional cards for the reception. The latter were necessarily limited, owing to the size of the Schmiedell residence, and were issued only to the relatives and young friends of the bride.

Trinity Church never looked more attractive than on the night of the wedding. Every chandelier was lighted, and the rays shed their brightness over a particularly pretty scene. The two central aisles were arched at the entrance to the nave; one with yellow Banksheir roses and wisteria, and the other with Gold of Ophir roses and the feathery, green foliage of the cork elm-tree. Suspended over the nave, in mid-air, were a dozen floral bells, seemingly ready to peal forth the nuptial chimes. Some w[illegible] of the customary shape, and the remainder were formed l[illegible]e the Roman ca[illegible]nellas. They were of solid colors, [illegible]d were wrought r[illegible]ively of marigolds, white pinks, iris, Ba[illegible]heir roses, orange-blossoms, etc. Orange-colored satin [illegible] were stretched across the aisles at the twelfth row of [illegible]he seats in front being reserved for the guests at the re[illegible]n. Gold, white, and green were the colors used in the [illegible]ellishment of the chancel, and the taste of the decorato[illegible] well-displayed in their arrangement. The chancel-rail [illegible]s thoroughly concealed by masses of yellow Banksheir roses at the left and marigolds at the right, with silk ribbons of orange, white, cream, and pink looped up and tied in bow-knots among the blossoms. La France and Gold of Ophir roses, closely matted, served as a mantle for the pulpit, and a bow-knot of pink silk hung loosely at the top. A small wreath of orange-blossoms hung at the lecturn, and the baptismal font was trimmed with calla-lilies, ferns, and bouvardias, which were seen behind the masses of foliage and golden bloom that framed the embrasure of the lighted recess. Acacia outlined the reredos, and there were festoons of this foliage suspended over the chancel and sustaining spheres and cubes of snow-balls. White Banksheir roses veiled the altar-rail on both sides of the central arch of bamboo, which was ornate with bridal wreath in full, rich blossoms. A ball of snow-balls was pendant from the apex, and hung above a beautiful white satin prie-dieu, which was embroidered in forget-me-nots and wild pink roses, and had the monogram "H.S." in the centre. It was tied by cords of silvered silk, with bullion tassels. At the rear was the altar, covered with elaborately embroidered, brocaded silk. Set in the centre of it was a large cross, with vases at either side full of Marechal Niel and Perle du Jardin roses. The Star of Bethlehem burned brightly above this against a background of terra-cotta-colored plush, and colored tapers in sconces and candelabra gave a further illumination to the charming scene. The decoration was the work of Charles M. Leopold.

While awaiting the marriage ceremony, the guests admired the decorations, listened to the organ voluntaries, conversed quietly, and watched those who were constantly arriving. The ushers had no sinecure, for at half-past eight o'clock the church was filled. The bridal party was promptly on hand, and the melodious "Lohengrin" music heralded their approach, merging into the pretty "Bridal Chorus" as half of the distance up the aisle had been accomplished. The ushers came first, in full dress with white waistcoats and wearing boutonnières of white rose-buds and souvenir pins, representing a four-leaved clover of pearls, upon their coat lapels. They marched two abreast, and were Mr. Mo[illegible]tford S. Wilson, Mr. Fred W. Tallant, Mr. Edward M[illegible]reenway, Mr Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. Robert J. Woods, and Mr. George A. Newhall. Next came the six bridesmaids: Miss Fanny Crocker, Miss Sally Maynard, Miss Ida Palache, Miss Babette Howard, Miss Edith Findley, and Miss Minnie Houghton. The maid of honor, Miss Matie Peters, followed them alone, preceding the charming bride, who was escorted by her father. In the chancel the party was met by the groom and his best man, Mr. Alfred Redington. The decorations formed a beautiful setting for this assemblage. Those occupying the preferred seats in front, of course, had an unobstructed view, and noticeable among them were: Mrs. Henry Schmiedell and her son, Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell, Mrs. M. E. Warren, grandmother of the bride, Mrs. Charles R. Peters, aunt of the bride, Mrs. Henry P. Bowie, of San Mateo, and Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard. The costumes worn by the ladies were elegant in the extreme.

The bride looked lovely in a beautiful robe of Blanc Ivoire faille Française, made with a long, sweeping train à la cour. The front of the skirt was veiled by a deep flounce of Duchesse and point d'Alençon lace, woven delicately together in handsome floriated designs, and a long spray of white lilacs, set with perfectly formed leaves, acted as a garniture from the waist down to the base, which was trimmed with narrow white silk ribbons in little loops over fine sprays of lilacs. The train was laid in soft folds, and was finished with a feathery ruching of the silk. The bodice met in deep points at the back and front, and the corsage was cut à la Vierge, being trimmed around the edges with rare point lace and adorned with a cluster of white lilacs. The sleeves of lace extended almost to the elbows, where they were met by gloves of white undressed kid. Her coiffure was arranged high, and a diamond pin glistered in the front and confined in place the long veil of white silk moleine, which fell in graceful curves and ripples to the end of the train. She carried an exquisite hand-bouquet of beautiful white orchids.

Miss Matie Peters, the maid of honor, wore a charming toilet of the Directoire style, made of white brocaded satin with a demi train. The petticoat front was richly embroidered in golden asters elaborately wrought. The right hand side of the pointed bodice was embroidered in golden asters, while the left side was of the plain brocade. The corsage was cut décolleté without sleeves, and was daintily edged with point lace. She wore long gloves of white undressed kid, and carried a bouquet of La France roses.

The sextet of pretty bridesmaids were attired in becoming toilets of a rich golden shade, and a description of one will answer for the others. The bodice was of Bouton d'Or satin, cut V-shaped back and front, and outlined with beautiful soft folds of figured point d'Esprit. It was made sleeveless, and at the left shoulder was a tiny bow-knot of satin. The skirt was made dancing length of point d'Esprit of the same tint as the bodice, and was loosely draped. At one side were full bow-knots of satin, and at the other were ribbon draperies. The slippers were of Bouton d'Or satin, and the gloves of light tan-colored undressed kid. The coiffure was dressed high, and a bouquet of Marechal Niel and Gold of Ophir roses was carried. The souvenirs for the bridesmaids were of miniature pansies, half of them made of pearls and the others of turquoise.

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell appeared in a superb toilet of Gobelin blue velvet, made with a long court train which was lined with heavy cream-colored satin. The tablier front was of cream-colored satin, richly embroidered in pink wild roses, golden wheat, and grasses, all combined harmoniously and ending at the base in large points which were deeply fringed with golden and cream-colored beads. A narrow triangular panel of velvet fell over the side from the waist beside a cascade of Duchesse lace, which extended downward, and along the lower portion of the jupe with the fringed points resting upon it. The pointed bodice of blue velvet was cut V-shaped back and front, and trimmed with Duchesse lace. The sleeves were finished with cuffs of lace at the elbow, where they met the gloves of cream-colored undressed kid. She carried a fan of mother-of-pearl and white ostrich feathers, and wore a magnificent parure of diamonds.

Mrs. M. E. Warren was attired in a rich costume of black moire antique, made with a court train. The front of the skirt was elaborately trimmed with jet passementerie, and the bodice with point lace. Her gloves were of white undressed kid, and her ornaments diamonds.

Mrs. Charles R. Peters wore an exquisite combination of pearl-gray moire antique and white satin, made with a court train. The tablier front was of white satin, brocaded artistically in silver hyacinths, and near the base at either side were fan-shaped plaitings of the gray silk. The pointed bodice was cut V-shaped at the corsage, and finished with folds of white satin, and the elbow sleeves were met by gloves of white undressed kid.

Mrs. Henry P. Bowie, of San Mateo, was attired in an elaborate costume from Raudnitz, of Paris. It was of cream-colored satin, entirely covered with cream-colored lace, and made with a court train. The front of the skirt was laid in soft diverging folds, and at the left side, falling from the waist, was a cordon of looped velvet of mignonette-green. The pointed bodice cut décolleté, and trimmed with point lace and mignonette-green velvet at the edges. In her coiffure she wore a reseda aigrette; her ornaments were diamonds, and she carried a large fan of cream-colored ostrich feathers.

Mrs. William H. Howard appeared in an exquisite costume of flame-colored velvet, made with a court train and trimmed with point de Venise lace. The corsage was cut décolleté, and cream-colored undressed kid gloves were worn. Her ornaments were diamonds.

The Episcopal marriage service was read by the Rev. Dr. Hiram W. Beers, while the tender notes of the "Venetian Love Song" echoed through the church, and the benediction was impressively pronounced by the Right Reverend Bishop William Ingraham Kip. Then Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played, and the party proceeded to their carriages at the entrance and were driven to Mr. Schmiedell's residence on the corner of Post and Leavenworth Streets. Here the wedding reception was held, and those who had been invited followed soon in the wake of the newly married couple.

It is seldom that such a brilliant scene is witnessed as was presented to view at the reception. Elegant toilets, pretty faces, and a wealth of floral decorations were all combined in a beautiful ensemble. Miss Bates had been given *carte blanche* in the matter of decorating, and the work was admirably done. Entering the wide hallway through an illuminated arch of canvas, the perfume of roses greeted one, and the eyes were charmed by the array of these flowers. Over the walls, pictures, placques, sconces, and other ornaments white roses of the Lady Banksheir variety fairly ran riot in garlands, festoons, and clusters. Giant ferns softened the corners and extended high up to the frescoed ceiling, while the window at the left was entirely draped with lavender-tinted wisteria which acted as a frame for a marble bust of Melpomene. Through this vista of roses a flight of snow-white doves was seen at the extreme end of the hall; some circling around the bannisters, which were garlanded with white roses, and others resting amid the meshes of bands of tulle which extended diagonally across the hall.

The commodious salon is practically divided into two apartments by an intervening arch. The first half was devoted to the lighter tints of yellow, while the deeper tones of this color were shown in the rear room. From the bay-window in front, extending forward to the central chandelier, was a representation of a jungle formed of long branches of green bamboo, prolific with foliage, among which draperies of white tulle and white silk-net were gracefully intermingled, with large clusters of snow-balls pandant here and there. The gilt-bordered mirror, the crimson portières at the window, and the mantel, with its onyx clock, bronze statuettes, and crystal candelabra, were framed and garlanded with hundreds of yellow Banksheir roses on their natural branches. From the arch hung a dozen oval clusters of Paris daisies from loops of silk and festoons of daisies, and the casement was decorated with sprays of silver acacia. On the étagère in the corner was a superb gold and Dresden china vase, from which issued tall fronds of tree-ferns, and in a Doulton-ware vase, close by, were clusters of white spirea blossoms. A portière of eucalyptus foliage, held back by bands of white tulle, was hung at one side of the main entrance, and close to it, pendant from the rod, was a huge wreath of white pinks, with a dove resting at the top. The rear part of the salon was decorated profusely with the foliage of the cork-elm tree, which clambered everywhere over the walls and pictures, and was brightened by wreaths and discs of marigolds. Among the silver ornaments on the mantel were wax-like roses laid loosely in dainty relief. In the reception-room, at the left of the hall, was a feast of roses; these lovely and fragrant flowers, in numerous varieties and hues, were garlanded, massed, and festooned about wherever deft fingers could place them. Descending the stairs, at the rear of the hall, the dining-rooms were reached, and they were set with tête-à-tête tables and an elaborately appointed buffet. The yellow blossoms of Spanish broom and laburnam, the greenish tones of ferns, and lavender tints of wisteria, were all tastefully combined in embellishing these apartments.

The happy couple received the felicitations of their friends as they stood beneath the canopy of bamboo. Ballenberg's band gave gayety to the scene by its excellent music, and a few dances were enjoyed before supper. A little before midnight the newly married couple departed for the Palace Hotel, leaving the guests to make the night merry with dancing, which they did to their heart's content. In one of the chambers on the second floor the presents were displayed. There were valuable bronzes, elaborate china, porcelain, and crystal ware, elegant sets of gold and silver service, rare jewels, beautiful pictures, and everything that refined taste could fancy as being appropriate for a wedding gift. And not alone was the bride remembered by these presents, for her friends from all parts of the country and the city sent her lovely flowers of every description, which were all shown in various parts of the house. Mr. and Mrs. Howard left the city on the following day for New York, en route to Europe, and will remain abroad about six months.

The Crocker Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker gave a large dinner-party last week, at their residence on California Street. Covers were laid for eighteen guests, and a bounteous menu was prepared for their enjoyment. Those invited were: Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Faull, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. David Brown, Mr. W. E. Brown, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, and Mr. T. Cary Friedlander.

The Elkins-Felton Wedding.

A notable but extremely quiet wedding took place on Wednesday, April 18th, at the little chapel in Menlo Park, where Miss Kate Felton, daughter of the Hon. Charles N. Felton, was united in marriage to Mr William Elkins, a prominent merchant of Philadelphia. A few intimate friends and relatives witnessed the ceremony. The chapel and the Felton residence were both beautifully decorated. A wedding breakfast was served at the latter after the ceremony. Th[illegible] presents, both in value and elegance, are said to surpass an[illegible] given to a bride on this coast. Mr. and Mrs. El[illegible] will go to their Eastern home in a few days.

The Kahn-Bunker Wedding.

Miss Edith Bunker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Bunker, was married to Dr. Adolph J. Kahn, at five o'clock on Tuesday evening, April 17th, at the residence of the bride's parents, 620 Eddy Street. The parlors were canvased and tastefully decorated with fragrant and beautiful flowers. A pretty bower of ferns, lilies, acacia, and roses occupied the bay-window, and there the ceremony was solemnized by the Rev John C. Holbrook, who had officiated at the wedding of the bride's parents twenty-nine years before. Only the family relatives were present.

The bride was handsomely attired in a costume of white faille Française, made with a court-train, and trimmed with pearls and Duchesse lace. A long veil of white tulle fell from her coiffure over the dress.

Miss Ella Bunker, the first bridesmaid, appeared in a toilet of white silk, combined with striped tulle shot with gold.

Miss Annie Crane, the other bridesmaid, wore a pretty toilet of pink silk, combined with tulle; ornaments, pearls.

After the ceremony an elaborate dinner was enjoyed, and at its conclusion, a reception was held until eight o'clock to the married friends of the young couple, which was followed by another reception until midnight, which was attended by their young friends. Dancing to Ballenberg's music made the hours pleasant, and a delicious supper was served. Dr and Mrs. Kahn received quite a number of presents. They left the city on Wednesday for a southern trip.

The Alvord High Tea.

Prominent among the recent events was the high tea given by Mrs. William Alvord, on Saturday afternoon, April 14th, in her parlors at the Palace Hotel. The most fragrant roses and other choice blossoms were used in beautifying the apartments, which were illuminated by gaslights, shaded lamps, and fairy lamps. About five hundred invitations were issued, and the steady stream of arriving and departing guests during the hours devoted to the reception gave evidence that almost all of them had been responded to in person. Mrs. Alvord was assisted in receiving by Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mrs Charles M. Keeney, and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman. Delicious refreshments were served to all as they were desired, and this portion of the entertainment was ably managed by Miss Lillie Jones, Miss Flora Low, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Virginia Thornton, and Miss Anne Tallant. The music played during the afternoon was a most delightful feature, especially the selections executed by Henry Heyman's string quartet, which gave "The Proposal" and "The Mill," by Raff, in a manner that pleased every one. It was fully seven o'clock before the last guest departed.

The Scott High Tea.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott, assisted by her daughter, Miss Scott, gave a very pleasant high tea on Thursday, April 19th, at her home, 507 Harrison Street. The hall and drawing-rooms were handsomely decorated with potted palms and ferns, roses, eschscholtzias, marigolds, and other bloom. A couple of hundred guests called between four and six o'clock, and were delightfully entertained. Refreshments were served at will, and musical selections were played at intervals.

Society at Honolulu.

The presence of three United States vessels and one English war-ship in Honolulu harbor, beside the arrival of many distinguished visitors from abroad, has tended to enliven society there since the close of the Lenten season. Dinner-parties and receptions have been the rule. The most important social event of the season was a breakfast, given by Mrs. W. G. Irwin, who is well-known for the elegance of her entertainments, to a distinguished party of guests. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Worner, the British Commissioner, Major Wodehouse and lady. Mrs. Worner is a daughter of Baron de Worms, principal Secretary of State for the colonies in the present Tory administration of England. A few days later, Sir William Wiseman entertained the same party at dinner on board H. B. M. ship *Caroline*. The men-of-war in harbor give weekly receptions, so that Honolulu is quite lively.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Theresa Fair has gone East with the intention of devoting the next four months to visiting the principal watering-places and summer resorts. She was accompanied by Miss Fair, Miss Birdie Fair, and Miss Belle Smith.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mrs. J. B. Wright, and Miss Virginia Hanchett will leave for Europe, via New York, in a few days. They will go direct to the Carlsbad Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant will occupy the residence of Mayor Bradford at San Rafael during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington and Miss Clara Huntington have been passing a fortnight at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. John Gillig, of Virginia, Nev., has gone to New York city to remain several weeks.

Mr and Mrs. Morris Newton and Miss Hobbs were at the Hotel del Monte recently.

Mr. C. H. Crocker has been passing a fortnight at Santa Barbara.

Mr. Frank J. Carolan has returned from an Eastern trip.

Mrs. Matthew Crooks and Mrs. Susie Gonzales have returned to the city after a protracted visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Major and Mrs McClung, Mr. and Mrs P. Mc. G. McBean, and Mr and Mrs George Moore will pass the summer season at Blithedale.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Henshaw, Miss May Tubbs, and Miss Emma Farrier, of Oakland, have left for a visit to the Eastern States.

Señor M. Y. Ferrer, Mr and Mrs. Chester Bonestell, and the Misses Eugenie, Carmelita, and Adèle Ferrer will pass June and July in Southern California.

Mrs J. Mervyn Donahue has returned from her Eastern trip.

Mrs James de la Montanya, Jr., has returned home after a pleasant visit to Mrs. F. E. Spencer at San José.

Mrs. Stuart M. Taylor, Mrs. John C. Faull, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Judge, and Miss Margaret Brooks arrived from the East recently. Mr. and Mrs. Judge will visit here for several months.

Mrs E. H. Woods and Miss Kate Treat were traveling in Egypt when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller have taken Mr. Henry Hutching's residence at 1156 Tenth Street, Oakland, for the summer.

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard has returned from a short visit to Santa Clara County.

Mr. Joseph Crockett, General Walter Turnbull, Major Ben. C. Truman and Colonel Forsythe were among the recent visitors at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Lugsden, Miss Flora Lugsden, Miss Nellie Wood and Mr. John Wood have returned from Europe, and are passing a few weeks at Pasadena.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke and the Misses Lottie and Edith Clarke will go to Coronado Beach next month for an extended visit.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young will pay a visit to Coronado Beach in May.

Mrs. James Brown Potter was a guest at the Hotel del Monte for a few days previous to her appearance at the Baldwin Theatre.

Mrs. Armsden, Miss Hunter and Miss Pearl Voorhies have returned to their home in Kentucky after having passed the winter here as the guests of Mrs Lloyd Tevis. They were the recipients of many social courtesies during their sojourn.

Mrs. David Bixler will leave in a few weeks for a tour of the Eastern States.

Miss Edith McAllister, who has been in Europe for four years studying music, has returned home.

Mr and Mrs Downey Harvey have returned to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Russell, Dr. and Mrs. Edward A. Younger, and Miss Jean Russell have gone to Alameda to remain during the summer months.

Mr William J. Dunphy and Mr. James C. Dunphy have gone to their ranch in Monterey County.

Mr. Henry C. Hyde and Miss Hyde, of San Rafael, have been passing a few days at the Palace Hotel.

Mme. Julie Rosewald will leave about June 1st, for a two months' visit to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Low and Miss Flora Low will pass the early part of the summer at Del Monte, and about the last of June will go to Alaska.

Miss Marguerite Bucknall will leave in a few days to visit Mrs. John P. Jones in Washington, D. C.

General and Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick have gone to their ranch in San Mateo County to remain several weeks.

Mrs. D. J. Tallant and the Misses Anne and Jennie Tallant will leave soon for an Eastern trip.

Mrs. F. G. Merchant and Miss E. C. King have gone to the Napa Soda Springs. Mr. F. G. Merchant is at El Paso de Robles Springs.

Mr and Mrs. Charles Crocker will leave for New York in about ten days to visit their daughter, Mrs. C. B. Alexander, who will return here with them in August.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad and Miss Ella Goad will pass the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, of Sacramento, are visiting Mrs. Clark W. Crocker.

Miss Florence Reid has returned from a three weeks' visit to her father's country residence in Yolo County.

Mrs. Lawrence Hopkins has returned from Del Monte and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, of Fruit Vale, passed a couple of days at the Palace Hotel recently.

Mayor E. B. Pond has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr and Mrs. N. J. Brittan, of Redwood City, were guests at the Palace Hotel for a few days recently.

Mrs D. J. Staples and Mrs. C. C. Yeamans, of Detroit, have returned from their trip through Central California, including a visit at the ranch of Dr. Thomas Flint in San Benito County.

Mr. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood will leave soon to visit the Carlsbad Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Seymour Manning, *née* Masten, will occupy the residence, 407 North Calhoun Street, in Baltimore.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. S. B. Gamble and Miss Edmunds gave a reception at the Van Ness Seminary, on Friday evening, April 13th.

The D. D. Society gave a pleasant Russian tea and musicale in the parlors of the First Presbyterian Church, on Saturday afternoon, April 14th.

The Entre Nous Club will give a dancing-party at the residence of Miss Carrie Campbell, in Oakland, on Tuesday evening, May 1st.

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis gave an elegant lunch-party at her home on Taylor Street, on Friday, April 13, in honor of Mrs. Armden, Miss Hunter, and Miss Pearl Voorhies.

Mrs. Joseph P. Hale recently gave a charming matinée tea in her apartments at the Occidental Hotel.

Dr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Cushing gave a pleasant dinner-party recently in honor of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Blackwell.

Mrs. J. B. Haggin gave a high tea on Saturday afternoon, April 14th, at her residence on Taylor Street. Dainty refreshments were served, and a string band played concert selections throughout the afternoon. About two hundred ladies called.

The members of the German Club have issued invitations for their final cotillion of the season, which will be held at Union Square Hall on Monday evening, April 30th. Mr. Chauncey M. St. John will lead, and is preparing a series of five new and novel figures. There will be a number of regular dances in addition. The cards call for attendance from half-past eight o'clock until midnight, when supper will be served.

The members of the Fortnightly Club met at the residence of Mrs. Lloyd Tevis on Thursday evening, April 19th.

Mrs. T. H. Hittell has issued cards for a dancing-party to be given at her residence, 808 Turk Street, on Friday evening, April 27th.

The ladies of Calvary Church will give a dinner there on Thursday evening, April 26th, from six to eight o'clock, the proceeds to be devoted to charity.

Miss Edith Rising, of Virginia, Nev., was married to Mr. Hugh W. Vail, of Nevada, on Wednesday, April 18th, at the home of the bride's parents.

Mrs. C. G. Hooker gave a pleasant lunch-party, last Thursday, at her residence, on Bush Street.

Mrs. Charles Crocker entertained a number of ladies at an elaborate luncheon last Thursday at her California Street residence.

Army and Navy.

Lieutenant J. R. Selfridge, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Independence*, and ordered home.

Colonel Rodney Smith, Assistant Paymaster-General, U. S. A., has been ordered to duty at New York city.

Lieutenant Edwin St. J. Greble, U. S. A., has gone to Los Angeles on official duty.

Lieutenant and Mrs. E. F. Qualtrough, U. S. N., were at the Palace Hotel a few days recently.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Kohler Concert.

Heinrich Kohler, solo pianist, gave a concert at Irving Hall on Wednesday evening, April 18th, which well attended. The following attractive programme was presented:

(a) Introduction and Polonaise.................H. Scholtz
(b) Fantasie in A major (op 13)...............Chopin
(c) March and Finale from the "Concertstuck" ....Weber-Bulow

Heinrich Kohler.

Aria from "Paul and Virginia"...............V. Masse

Miss Carrie Millzner.

Andante and Variations..........................Beethoven
From the Kreutzer—Sonata (op. 47).
(For Piano and the Boehm).

Messrs. Heinrich Kohler and H. Clay Wysham.

(a) Cadenza from the Concerto.....................Greig
(b) Cachoucha Caprice.............................Raff
(c) Tarantella (by request)........................Nicode

Heinrich Kohler.

Songs—(a) Dreaming..............................Strelezki
(b) Mazurka.......................................Chopin

Miss Carrie Millzner.

(a) Melodie.......................................Moszkowski
(b) Entr'acte and Bridal song (from Lohengrin). Wagner-Liszt
(c) Caprice (by request)...........................Rubinstein
(d) Hungarian Rhapsody (by request).................Liszt

Heinrich Kohler.

A concert will be given at Byron Mauzy's piano warerooms, in the Union Club Building, on Post Street, on Thursday evening, April 26th. An excellent programme of instrumental and vocal music has been prepared, and the list of performers includes several well-known names.

CCCCLXXX—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, April 22, 1888.

Clam Chowder.
Calf's Head à la Poulette.
String Beans. Sweet Potatoes. Baked Tomatoes.
Roast Duck, Apple Sauce
Cucumber Salad.
Cream Pie. Strawberries.

CALF'S HEAD A LA POULETTE.—Ask the butcher to chop the head in two, then remove the brains; place them in cold water for an hour, drain, and boil them in salted water for twenty minutes, then set them one side. Put the head in cold water, wash it well, let it remain in water one or two hours to draw out the blood; now cover it with hot water, season with pepper, salt, and mace; boil gently two hours and a half, and serve with the following sauce:

Beat up the yolks of two eggs with two gills of cream, containing a teaspoonful of flour rubbed free from lumps; whisk this gently into the warm butter; keep it quite warm until it thickens, but do not boil or it will curdle. Add the juice of a lemon, pour the sauce over the head, strew a little chopped parsley on top, and serve neatly garnished.

The A. S. Stevens Memorial Association has issued a circular, setting forth the steps taken and to be taken for the erection of a memorial to the late A. J. Stevens, Master Mechanic of the Southern Pacific Company. Two plans are proposed—a statue in Sacramento and a monument at his grave in Oakland—and sub-committees have been appointed to obtain expression of opinion regarding the two plans and to receive subscriptions for the purpose.

It may not be generally known that the month of March has a cake dedicated in its honor. Macaroons used to be called March-panes, from the medieval Latin, Martis-panes, "bread of March." Some say that the cakes were named after Marcus Apicius, the famous epicure; by another authority the cakes were made by the priests of Rome and sacred to the god Mars. The recipe for the making of macaroons is very old.

Princess Victoria and Prince Bismarck.

Advices from Berlin show that the marriage of Princess Victoria to Prince Battenberg is meeting great opposition from Bismarck. Whatever reasons may actuate Bismarck to oppose this match we will not consider. The ladies are more interested to know that no one opposes the wearing of Freud's celebrated corsets, the best and cheapest in the world. These unrivaled goods are only to be had at Freud's Corset House, Nos. 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Grant Avenue. Our wonderful popularity has given rise to imitators, against whom the public is warned. Beware of imposition. We have no connection with any other concern. Ladies in the country are cautioned that we have no agents. Address mail orders, Freud & Son, 742 and 744 Market Street. Make no mistake.

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A CARTE-DE-VISITE.

Scene, the drawing-room of Nathaniel Rivers, Esq. Time, 6:30 P. M. Enter Mr. Thomas Osborne, in evening dress, followed by Parks, a footman.

Mr. Osborne (walking toward fire-place)—It was here—right on this very spot—that it all happened. The dear girl; how quickly she understood me. It only took one minute or thereabout to make the happiest man alive out of the most utterly miserable one. Rather unpromising material, but an enchantress like Helen Rivers——

Parks—Beg pawden, sir; but whom shall I announce?

Mr. Osborne (surveying him critically)—Ah! I see that my father-in-law-elect has taken unto himself a new footman, who knows not Joseph. I must establish friendly relations. [Takes card from his case.] Take this to Miss Rivers, and——By the way, what's your name?

Parks—Parks, sir.

Mr. Osborne—Parks, eh? Very good name, indeed. There's a dollar for you, Parks. And I say, Parks, when you give this to Miss Rivers I don't mind if you smile a bit—indeed, I should rather like it. I think she will, too. Now, don't let me detain you, Parks. Fly! Vanish! Take a cab! Anything to annihilate time and space.

Parks (disappearing)—Yes, sir.

Mr. Osborne (seating himself comfortably)—To think that only yesterday I was ready to blow my brains out, and all because I thought Helen preferred that idiot Williston Wynant. It is almost impossible now to realize that I was fool enough to quarrel with him at the club. We even exchanged cards. Ha! Ha! The other men thought it was a dispute over whist. Then, in desperation, I rushed over here and was accepted, embraced by my future father-in-law, and invited to dinner for to-night all in a breath. Was there ever such luck? Poor Wynant. After all, he is a tremendously good fellow. Of course we won't fight now. I'll invite him to dinner. [Door opens.] My angel!

Parks (entering)—Not at 'ome.

Mr. Osborne—Not at what? Who isn't?

Parks (stolidly)—Not at 'ome.

Mr. Osborne—What infernal stupidity. See here! Did you give that card to Miss Rivers?

Parks—Yes, sir.

Mr. Osborne—Now you go back and ask her to repeat what she said. [Exit Parks.] What an intolerable fool that man is. A pleasant message to give an ardent lover. [Laughs uproariously.] Anybody else than myself might take it for a hint that she didn't care to see me. [Enter Parks.]

Mr. Osborne—Well?

Parks—Not at 'ome.

Mr. Osborne (with studied calmness)—Miss Rivers gave you that answer herself? And nothing else? Not even a smile, a blush? [Furiously.] What are you holding that door open for? I'm not ready to leave this house just yet, and you may tell her so. [Advances threateningly toward Parks, who retires precipitately.] What can it mean? [Staggers against the wall.] Helen and dinner lost at one blow. From purgatory to paradise, and back again to purgatory within twenty-four hours. To think that those lips, which, but yesterday, told me that she loved me with a love that should outlive the stars, and asked me to dinner, should to-day have only a cold "not at home" to say. Oh, heavens! [with renewed energy.] It is that villain Wynant. He has contrived to gain her ear, and poison her mind against me. With demoniacal cunning——

Parks (opening the door cautiously)—Mr. Wynant, sir——

Mr. Osborne (waving his stick frantically around and hereby destroying a valuable vase)—S'death fellow. [Parks vanishes.]

Mr. Osborne (sinking into a chair and covering his face with his hands)—The worst has come. He is even now in the house. He will gaze into her eyes, he will clasp her hand, he will take her down to dinner, my dinner——

First voice (in the hall)—Isn't it dreadful?

Second voice—Perfectly awful. Where is Parks?

First voice—He is telephoning for the patrol wagon. Don't speak so loud. He might break out.

Second voice—Parks says he must have been drinking absinthe. Poor Helen is almost in hysterics. Oh, why don't papa or some one come?

Mr. Osborne—This is too much. [Dashes savagely to the door and finds it locked.] So I'm locked in preparatory to being locked up. If I could once get my hands on him. Ah! the duel, the duel. I'll accept the challenge. I'll still his perjured tongue forever at exactly half-past eight o'clock to-morrow. Where is his card? I must send him word to that effect. [Empties card-case out on table. Looks nervously through the cards. Stops, hesitates, and then walks rapidly to the door.] Parks! I say, Parks!

Parks (from outside)—Yes, sir.

Mr. Osborne—Will you kindly let me see the card I gave you? [It is pushed cautiously through the keyhole. Mr. Osborne seizes it and reads.] "Mr. Williston Wynant, 'The Albion,'" and in pencil, "Pistols for two."

(After some minutes, Mr. Osborne begins to feel the silence in the room oppressive. He takes one of his own cards, scribbles a few words upon it, wraps it up in a ten-dollar bill, and pushes it through the keyhole. A minute or two is supposed to elapse.)

Parks (from folding doors, at back)—Dinner is served.

(There is the sound of hurrying feet and the rustle of drapery along the hall. The door opens slowly, Mr. Osborne turns around to his bliss, and the curtain falls.)—*Tid-Bits.*

Books that Have Helped.

Apropos of "Books that have Helped Me," the following theatrical list of plays and their new stars has been prepared:

"London Assurance".The Duke of Marlborough
"She Would and She Wouldn't". J. G. Blaine
"Lost in London".....J. R. Lowell
"Much Ado About Nothing"...W. D. Howells
"All's Well that Ends Well" Grover Cleveland
"School for Scandal"..... .....Union Club
"Measure for Measure".....Henry George
"Railroad of Love".....Mr. Arbuckle
"In the Fashion".....Berry Wall
"The Mighty Dollar".....Cornelius Vanderbilt
"She".....Belva Lockwood
" Dark Secret".....Inspector Byrnes
"A Run of Luck".....Augustin Daly
"Forget Me Not"....Lydia Pinkham
"The Highest Bidder".....'88's Débutantes
—*Life.*

A Self-Respecting Girl.

He had made his declaration of love, and it had been heard with a lowering of the fair head; with a blush on the soft cheek. But he could not help saying something to fill in, while he waited for her answer.

"When I say I have never loved till now," he said, "it is not an empty word. My lips have never touched the lips of any woman—except my mother's; my hand has never pressed a woman's hand; I do not dance, and my arm——"

A look of strange wonderment came over the beautiful face, and the deep eyes grew large as she listened.

"Is this true, George?" she asked, with hushed breath.

"It is," he answered; "it is literally true."

The look of wonderment merged into a glance of icy sternness as she rose to her full height and confronted him.

"Then, for heaven's sake, George," she said, "go somewhere and practice till you get a record."—*Puck.*

Matters of Importance.

"Miss Clara," he said, hesitatingly, "I want to speak with you upon a subject of great importance to me, and one which has been upon my mind for some time." The girl had told her mother that she thought this was surely the night, and in a low, shy tone, she bade him proceed. "I am thinking," he said, "of furnishing bachelor apartments in the Palmer Block, and I wish you would tell me the best place to buy carpets." The low, shy tone of voice gave way to one with a harsh business ring in it, as Miss Clara straightened herself up and said: "Certainly, Mr. Sampson, with pleasure. With ready cash, Messrs. Veneer, Hardwood & Co. certainly offer the choicest bargains; but as you, of course, will want to buy on the installment plan, paying, say, two dollars and a half a month, I would suggest that you look over the stock of Messrs. Threeply, Varnish & Co."—*New York Sun.*

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HIS RETIREMENT FROM THE FIELD OF ACTIVITY,
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Sh-h-h-h! Boom!! Ah-h-h-h-h!!!
—*Puck.*

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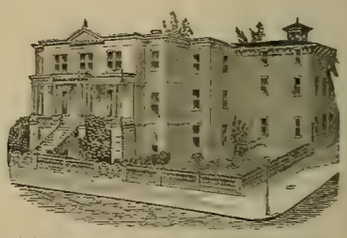

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4.00 P.	.. " " "	6.15 P.
9.00 A	..Colfax	5.45 P.
10.30 A.	..Haywards and Niles	2.25 P.
*12.00 M.	.. " " "	*3.45 P.
5.30 P.	.. " " "	7.45 A.
9.00 A.	..Ione, via Livermore	5.45 P.
3.00 P.	.. Knight's Landing	9.45 A.
*4.30 P.	.. Livermore and Pleasanton	*8.45 A.
7.00 P.	..Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, & East	9.45 P.
9.30 A.	..Los Angeles and Mojave	12.15 P.
8.00 A.	..Martinez	6.15 P.
§4.00 P.	..Milton	*5.45 P.
8.30 A.	..Ogden and East	10.45 A.
4.30 P.	.. " " "	12.45 P.
9.00 A.	..Red Bluff, via Marysville	5.45 P.
7.00 A.	..Redding, via Willows	7.15 P.
7.00 A.	..Sacramento, via Benicia	7.15 P.
8.30 A.	.. " via Benicia	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	.. " via Livermore	5.45 P.
3 00 P.	.. " via Benicia	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	.. " via Benicia	12.45 P.
6.30 P.	.. " via Benicia	7.45 A.
*1.00 P.	..Sacramento River Steamers	*6.00 A.
7.30 A.	..San José	*12.45 P.
9.00 A.	.. "	*3.45 P.
3.00 P.	.. "	9.45 A.
*4.30 P.	.. "	‡4.15 P.
9.30 A.	..Santa Barbara	12.15 P.
7.00 P.	.. "	9 45 P.
9.00 A.	..Stockton, via Livermore	5.45 P.
4.00 P.	.. " via Martinez	10.15 A.
6.30 P.	..Siskiyou and Portland	7.45 A.

A for morning. P. for afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted.

From San Francisco, daily.

To EAST OAKLAND—*6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7 30, 8.00, 8.30. 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1 30, 2.00. 2.30, 3.00, 3.30. 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00. 9.00, 10 00, 11.00. 12.00.
To FRUIT VALE (via East Oakland)—Same as "To East Oakland" until 6.30 P. M. inclusive. also at 8.00, 9.00, 11.00 P. M.
To FRUITVALE (via Alameda)—*9.30, *12.00, 7.00, 12.00.
To ALAMEDA—*6 00, *6.30, 7 00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9 30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, ‡2.30, 3.00, 3 30, 4.00.4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00. 12.00.
To BERKELEY—*6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00. 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11 30, 12.00, ‡12.30. 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, ‡2.30. 3.00, 3.30, 4.00. 4.30, 5.00. 5.30, 6.00, 6 30. 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00. 11.00, 12.00.
To WEST BERKELEY—Same as "To Berkeley."

To San Francisco, daily.

From FRUIT VALE (via East Oakland)—6.25, 6.55, 7.25. 7.55, 8.25. 8.55, 9.25, 9.55, 10 25, 10.55, 11.25, 11.55, 12.25, 12.55, 1.25, 1 55, 2.25, 2.55, 3.25, 3.55, 4.25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6.55, 7.50, 8 55, 9.53
From FRUIT VALE (via Alameda)—*5 21, 5.51, ‡9.20, *12 55, *3.20.
From EAST OAKLAND—*5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7 00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5 30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 8.00, 9.00, 9.55, 10.58.
From BROADWAY, Oakland—9 minutes later than from East Oakland.
From ALAMEDA—*5.30, 6.00, *6.30, 7.00, *7.30, 8.00, *8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, ‡10.30, 11.00, ‡11.30, 12.00, ‡12.30, 1.00, ‡1.30, 2.00, ‡2.30, 3.00, 3 30, 4 00, 4.30, 5.00, 5 30, 6.00, 6.30, 7 00, 8.00, 9 00, 10 00, 11.00.
From BERKELEY—*5.25, 5.55, *6 25, 6.55, *7.25, 7 55, *8.25, 8 55, 9.25, 9.55, ‡10.25, 10.55, ‡11.25, 11.55, ‡12.25, 12.55, ‡1.25, 1.55, ‡2.25, 2 55, 3.25, 3.55, 4 25, 4.55, 5.25, 5.55, 6.25, 6 55, 7.55, 8 55, 9.55, 10.55.
From WEST BERKELEY—Same as "From Berkeley."

Creek Route.

From SAN FRANCISCO.—*7.15, 9 15, 11.15, 1.15, 3.15, 5 15.
From OAKLAND—*6.15, 8.15, 10.15, 12 15, 2.15, 4.15.

* Sundays excepted ‡ Sundays only.

"Standard Time" furnished by Lick Observatory.

A. N. TOWNE, Gen. Manager. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY,

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

Passenger Trains leave Station, foot of Market Street, south side at

7.45 A. M., (Sundays Excursion train) to SAN JOSE, BOULDER CREEK, BIG TREES and SANTA CRUZ; returning, arrives in San Francisco, at 8.05 P. M.
8.15 A. M., daily, for Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, Wright's, Glenwood, Felton, Boulder Creek, Big Trees, SANTA CRUZ, and all way stations.
2.15 P. M., (except Sunday), Express; Mt. Eden, Alvarado, Newark, Centreville, Alviso, Agnew's, Santa Clara, SAN JOSE, Los Gatos, and all stations to SANTA CRUZ, and Boulder Creek.
4.15 P. M., daily, for SAN JOSE, New Almaden, Los Gatos, and intermediate points.
85 Excursions to SANTA CRUZ and BOULDER CREEK, on SATURDAYS and SUNDAYS, to return on MONDAY inclusive
$1.75 to SANTA CLARA and SAN JOSE and return, Sundays only.
$3.00 to BOULDER CREEK, Big Trees and SANTA CRUZ and return, Sundays only.

LOCAL FERRY TRAINS.

TO OAKLAND AND ALAMEDA, DAILY.

§6.15, §6.45, §7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3 45, 4.15, 4 45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.30. 8 30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 P. M.

TO SAN FRANCISCO, DAILY.

From Fourteenth and Franklin Sts., Oakland—§5.45, §6.15, §6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45 A. M., 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.30. 8.30, 9.30, 10.30, 11.30 P. M.
From High Street, Alameda—§5.31, §6.01, §6.31, 7.01, 7.31, 8.01, 8.31, 9 01, 9.31, 10.01, 10.31, 11.01, 11 31, A. M., 12.01, 12.31, 1.01, 1.31, 2.01, 2.31, 3 01, 3.31, 4.01, 4.31, 5.01, 5.31, 6.01, 6.31, 7.16, 8.16, 9.16, 10.16, 11.16 P. M.
§ Sundays excepted.

TICKET OFFICES, 613 Market Street, under Grand Hotel, and Rotunda of Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco.

L. FILLMORE, Superintendent. W. T. FITZGERALD, Gen. Frt & Pass. Agt.
S. P. C. Ry. Div. S P. C. Ry. Div.

Transportation--Rail.

NORTHERN DIVISION
SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
TIME SCHEDULE.

LEAVE S. F.	In effect April 1, 1888.	ARRIVE S. F.
12.01 P.	.....Cemetery and San Mateo	2.30 P.
‡7.00 A.	....San Mateo, Redwood, and ... Menlo Park	6.40 A.
8.30 A.		*8.00 A.
*3.30 P.		9.03 A.
4.30 P.		*10.02 A.
5.10 P.		‡3.30 P.
6.30 P.		4.36 P.
§11.45 P.		6.40 P.
		§7.50 P.
8.30 A.	....Santa Clara, San José, and ... Principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
10.30 A.		*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.		4.36 P.
4.30 P.		6.40 P.
10.30 A	....Almaden and Way Stations	4.36 P.
8.30 A.	..Gilroy, Pajaro, Castroville	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.	.... Salinas, and Monterey	6.40 P.
8.30 A.	.....Hollister and Tres Pinos	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.		‡6.40 P.
8.30 A.	...Watsonville, Aptos, Soquel	*10.02 A.
*3.30 P.	.....(Capitola), and Santa Cruz	6.40 P.
8.30 A.	.Soledad, Paso Robles, Templeton. (San Luis Obispo) and Way Stations	‡ P.

A.—Morning. P.—Afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. ‡ Sundays only.
§ Theatre train, Saturdays only.

Nearly all rail line to SAN LUIS OBISPO; only 24 miles staging from Templeton; time from San Francisco 12 hours. Through rate, $8.50.

Round-trip tickets to Lick Observatory (Mt. Hamilton). Rate, $5.50.

EXCURSION TICKETS.

FOR SUNDAYS ONLY—SOLD SUNDAY MORNING; good for return same day.
FOR SATURDAY, SUNDAY, AND MONDAY—Sold SATURDAY and SUNDAY only; good for return until following Monday, inclusive.
TICKET OFFICES—Passenger Depot, Townsend Street, Valencia Street Station, No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel, and Rotunda of Baldwin Hotel.

A. C. BASSETT, Superintendent. H. R. JUDAH, Asst. Pass. & Tkt Agt

Banks.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital $3,000,000

WILLIAM ALVORD ..... President.
THOMAS BROWN ..... Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR. ..... Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus $4,694,805.04

DIRECTORS:

LLOYD TEVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Pres't. Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker. J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eidridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker. H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business

Transportation Rail.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 15, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9 00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6 40, 7.45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11 00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8 00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.45, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 2.45, 4 00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00 P M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.45 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M. (Sundays)—6.45, 8.45, 10 00, 10.40 11.35 A. M.; 12 45, 1.30, 3 30, 4.45, 5 45, 6.45, 7.45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.45 P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.15 P. M.
3.25 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's).

EXCURSION TRAINS.

7.30 A. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 7.35 P. M.
8 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2 00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero (Ingram's), $4.00.
Saturday and Sunday Excursions—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2 50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero (Ingram's), $3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Ingram's daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

Hotels.

PALACE HOTEL,

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

C. H. LIVINGSTON, Manager.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. It is Fire and Earthquake-proof. It has Five Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, its broad balconies, its carriage-way, and its tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city.

FINEST CLIMATE IN THE WORLD!

PARAISO SPRINGS,

MONTEREY COUNTY, CAL.

THE CARLSBAD OF AMERICA.

New Management. New Improvements.

The most beautiful, most invigorating, most easy of access of all mineral spring resorts; 1,500 feet above the sea level. Take San José cars 8:30 A. M., and arrive at Springs at 3:30 P. M. **J. F. FOSTER, Proprietor.**

Telegraph, Express, and Post-Offices.

THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1888

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the *Argonaut* for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail	**$7.00**
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail	**6.00**
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	**5.90**
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail	**6.00**
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One year, by Mail	**6.50**
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and Harper's Young People for One Year, by Mail	**5.00**
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail	**4 50**
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail	**4 50**
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World, One Year, by Mail	**5.50**
The Argonaut and Wide-Awake for One Year, by Mail	**5.50**
The Argonaut and the English Illustrated Magazine for One Year, by Mail	**4.75**
The Argonaut and the Atlantic Monthly for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and Outing for One Year, by Mail	**5.75**
The Argonaut and Forest and Stream for One Year, by Mail	**6.50**
The Argonaut and Judge for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and the New York Spirit of the Times for One Year, by Mail	**8.00**
The Argonaut and the Nineteenth Century (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and the Contemporary Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and the Fortnightly Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and the Westminster Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.00**
The Argonaut and the Edinburgh Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	**6 20**
The Argonaut and the Quarterly Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and the Scottish Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and the Critic for One Year, by Mail	**5.90**
The Argonaut and Life for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and Puck for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**

This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.

Insurance.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.,
No. 216 Sansome Street,
East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

Capital (Paid up in Gold) $300,000 00
Assets, Jan. 1, 1884 ..... 759,475 13

PRESIDENT ..... J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT ..... J. N. L. SHEPARD
SECRETARY ..... CHARLES R. STORY

London Assurance Corporation
Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720
Northern Assurance Company
Of London. Established 1836.
Queen Insurance Company
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.
Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.
Of Hartford, Conn.
ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.
WM. MACDONALD, Ass't Manager.
South-east corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building). San Francisco.

ANGLO-NEVADA ASSURANCE CORPORATION

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FIRE AND MARINE.

CAPITAL, - - - - $2,000,000

OFFICE ..... 410 PINE STREET.

Bankers, The Nevada Bank of San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST CO.

Office, 206 Sansome Street.

CAPITAL PAID UP - - $250,000

Absentee owners, persons unacquainted with the transaction of business and corporations, such as religious and charitable institutions, will find this company a safe and convenient agent for managing investments. In its

TRUST DEPARTMENT

It manages estates. It collects interest, dividends, and rent.
It remits income promptly to absentee owners.
It buys and sells for its clients government bonds, approved securities and real estate.
It acts as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver, Depositary, and Attorney.
It registers and transfers stock, pays dividends, etc., for railroads and other corporations.
It negotiates and issues loans on the San Francisco market.
It undertakes the business of trustee for loans of approved corporations, and is authorized by law to act as trustee in every capacity in which an individual can act.

TITLE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.

In this department the company combines the business of searcher and attorney, and gives an absolute guaranty of title up to the full value of the property, if the title is found to be good. If title is found defective and uninsurable, the total charge is but ten dollars.

Transportation--Ocean.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at **10 o'clock A. M.** for
YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1888.
Gaelic	**Monday, April 23**
Belgic	**Saturday, May 12**
San Pablo	**Saturday, June 2**
Oceanic	**Thursday, June 21**
Gaelic	**Wednesday, July 11**
Belgic	**Tuesday, July 31**
San Pablo	**Tuesday, August 21**
Oceanic	**Saturday, September 8**
Gaelic	**Saturday, September 29**
Belgic	**Thursday, October 18**
San Pablo	**Wednesday, November 7**
Oceanic	**Wednesday, November 28**
Gaelic	**Tuesday, December 18**

Excursion Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA

Acapulco .....Wednesday, April 25, at 10 A. M.

Taking freight and passengers direct for Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, Corinto, Puntas Arenas and Panama.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:

City of New York. . Tuesday, May 1, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking . . Wednesday, May 23, at 3 P. M.
City of Sydney . . Tuesday, June 12, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro . . . . June 30, at 3 P. M.

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
For Freight or passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets
WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

The steamers MEXICO and UMATILLA direct for VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports at 9 A. M., every Friday.
The steamer MEXICO sailing every other Friday at 9 A. M. connects at Port Townsend with the steamers IDAHO and ANCON for Alaska.
For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.
For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, about every second day.
For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HUMBOLDT Humboldt Bay, Tuesday, at 9 A. M.—City [illegible]
For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO [illegible] day, at 3 P. M.
TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 Mont[illegible]
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., [illegible]
No 10 Market St.

Mrs. Potter is as pretty as a pink rose, a *bon silène*, perhaps, which is delicate rather than splendid. Mr. Kyrle Bellew is handsome and picturesque, and the two together "play tableaux," as the children say, with a pictorial genius which makes one like to look at them.

But, in order to see these beautiful pictures on Monday night, one was obliged also to see "Loyal Love."

"Loyal Love" is, without doubt, the worst play that has ever been perpetrated since the history of letters began to be. It is so direly, desperately, deliriously bad, that the rich and copious English language quite fails in words with which to set it forth.

A notable authority has said that one needs expletives with which to "plump one's speech." If any one can find an expletive which fits to the drivelling inanity of "Loyal Love," then he or she has the genius of language, and is a rival to the living Stevenson or the dead George Eliot. He or she would better begin writing, for thon reputation is assured.

The word *thon* is used advisedly. It is not yet in the language, it is only knocking at the door, where a distinguished philologist has put it to present its own claims. But it was necessary to find something outside of the insufficient English for a second, and French was too skirmishing, German too ponderous, Volapük too spluttery, Russian too slushy, Spanish and Italian too caressing, and Greek and Latin too dead.

Of course, men have the privilege of swearing, and swearing is a dialect of itself. It is but fair to say of the men that they went out after each act and availed themselves of their privilege, with a copious fluency and an airy freedom which made the lobby as blue as the grotto of Capri for some hours thereafter.

This is the inevitable effect of "Loyal Love." It is like some stupid people. It exasperates, maddens, infuriates to the last degree. There is a stupidity which is endurable, pitiable, even sympathetic. This last was that of Amelia Sedley Osborne Dobbins. Poor little fool! Every one who reads the great book scolds at her, but they also, now and then, weep with her. Then there is the marble-like stupidity of Lady Dumbello, which every one admires, more or less, in Lady Dumbello. It requires wealth and assured position to carry off this especial kind of stupidity very well. Then there are all the pitiable boys and girls in fiction, from Barnaby Rudge up or down, for whom a gentle tear is sure to well. And then come the real stupids—not the "daft bodies," as the Scotch gently call them, but those hopeless, impenetrable stupidities, not carrying any sign of warning, whom we meet with every day in real life. We hurl shafts of ideas at them, wondering whether they will clang against steel, or brass, or granite, or flint, or any of the hard things of which stupidity is supposed to be made, and lo! our shaft is lost to us and it is imbedded in putty.

Putty! That is what "Loyal Love" is made of. Not slush, as some irate man suggested, but putty. It is a tasteless, unfragrant, cohesive mass of putty.

Something seemed to be the matter with it beside bad acting, after the people had blundered, and mooned, and wandered through an act or two, when suddenly it transpired that it was in blank verse. It is in blank verse, the blankest verse that ever was perpetrated. It is all sound and fury, and signifieth nothing. There is not a word in it, from end to end, that is not beneath commonplace. There is not an idea in it, from end to end, at all.

There is the wraith of a plot made up of figments from "Amy Robsart," "Romeo and Juliet," "Richelieu," and what not else; but it is not as tangible as a cloud, and can not be seized upon.

The story, such as it is, is set in no-man's land. It might be Spain, since the hero and heroine are called Inez and Pedro, but they are ethereal lovers, like those in the tales which begin "once upon a time," and there is no more substance to their passion than to the loves of our childhood's fiction.

All kinds of dreadful things go on, from clandestine marriages and abductions to the poisoning, apparently, of a tun of wine, which the villain keeps on tap in the cellar of his donjon tower. But these terrible things take place while the orchestra is melancholily tooting during the *entr'actes*. When the curtain goes up, the people stand around, one by one, and tell, in dreary soliloquies, what has been done, what is doing, and what is going to be done.

The dreariest of these soliloquists, because the most lengthy and persistent, is the villain, whom every one briefly and unceremoniously calls Gonzales. No one even ventures upon a ceremonious *Don*, because that would give the frantic listener a premise, a something to clutch upon, in this wildly intangible play. He was promptly christened Machiavelli Baradas Gonzales by the audience, who were much disposed to guy him. Why? The young man was doing the very best he knew how, with all his might and main. If he has been violently launched forward five years in his career, instead of being left to study his way, it is due to the lack of acumen in his manager. Mr. Harry Miner announces somewhere, without a scruple, that the company has been selected by him, but he does not come to San Francisco to bear the brunt of his offense. If this company be a specimen of his selection, he need never come this way. He is not wanted. There is also a wild-eyed page in the cast, with a very brief tunic, and a shock of hair standing straight on end, as if in extreme surprise at the position in which he finds himself. He can not be more surprised than his audiences, poor fellow. He, too, will not be ready for such advancement for some years.

The first act rolled its dreary, meaningless length out, and still no Mrs. Potter. People stood around the comfortless and dismal throne of no-land, and talked acres of blank, blank verse about nothing. It is true no one knew what they were talking about, in which fact there was some balm, but the wait was unpleasant, and still no Mrs. Potter.

It is not safe to test the patience of an audience, even with a good play, till the second act. "Adrienne Lecouvreur," one of the best of plays, and always played by charming women, since none other dare attempt it, always leaves a haunting distaste in the mind. Being resolved, this distaste shows that it comes from the bad quarter of an hour that is spent in the beginning.

People went to see Mrs. Potter. San Francisco, in a chivalric impulse, had been determined to stand by the woman who has been systematically bullied ever since she set her foot upon the boards in London. Nothing had been definitely said, but one felt the impulse in the air. San Francisco is still rather in that mood, but the edge of its enthusiasm dulled in that most injudicious wait.

They gave her a warm enough greeting when she came at last, in the pretty picture of the rose-bank cottage, but they had become critical meantime.

If it all meant anything, if there had been any sense to hold it up, if there had been just one breath of poetry in them to warm the words, this scene at the cottage would have been exquisitely pretty.

Mrs. Potter, showering an apparently inexhaustible supply of rose-leaves about, as she explained matters to the wild-eyed page, was a picture. Mrs. Potter and Mr. Kyrle Bellew, making tableaux on the rose-bank, were a delight to the eye. Mrs. Potter, seated at her embroidery frame, with its well-assorted fringe of wools, made a beautiful study in color. Both of them, in the rich tints and quaint fashion of their garb, looked almost mediæval.

Almost, but not quite. Mrs. Potter, dress how she will, is not so much the typical American as she is the typical New Yorker.

You will find her in fiction, but not so much in the international novel as in the novel of New York proper. The international novelist is apt to go further west for his heroine. She presents more edges to his chisel than the New York girl.

But Mrs. Potter is that high-bred, slim, young Knickerbocker, whom Brander Matthews, Stimson, Helen Olney Kirke, and all the other purely New York novelists are trying to incorporate in their pages. True, she was not born there, but still she is the typical New Yorker.

To gravely criticise her as an actress in such a vapid creation as Inez, would be ridiculous. Therefore, it was only as Mrs. Potter that people regarded her and passed comment, not judgment, upon her.

Her beauty is undisputed. She is a woman's beauty rather than a man's, being of that pure, delicate, fragile type which appeals to women most strongly. Her hair is her crown of glory, as no less a person than St. Paul has said a woman's hair should be. It is that rich, vital, live hair, warm of color, and every individual hair seems to leap out from her head and assert itself. She has accomplished that artful looseness of knot which conceals the strength of its pinning, that is the study of the mode, but learned by few.

If the word "stylish" had not been debased to utter uselessness, it would be the word to apply to Mrs. Potter. But one must skirmish around it now, and say that she is original, characteristic, unique perhaps, and modish. All of which, the obnoxious word meant in its original form. Nowadays, people say instead, she has "good style." It is such a rare thing that it is worth going to a theatre to see. Many actresses have dash, uniqueness, daring, but have not the indefinable quality which marks Mrs. Potter's style.

She has an aptitude for the stage. Genius is as far above her as the north star, and her adaptability to the stage is not yet a talent.

But she likes the theatre. She likes to play a part. One can not help but see her genuine liking for it in the honesty and earnestness with which she goes through it. There is a girl-like, almost child-like, ingenuousness in her honest liking.

She has studied much, not with her brain, but with her ear and eye. She never plays from within, and therefore on the stage seems to lack intelligence. She has simply absorbed the drippings from the sanctuary.

She has absorbed a great many drippings in the process that she would better have left out. Her elocution, which was once her pride, has become surcharged with faults. Her j's have become ch's, and "joy" is "choy." Her d's have become t's, and "death" is "teth."

"Tybalt is Ted," she cries in the agony of the potion scene, and it sounds as if she were explaining some double identity of the Verona bully. These are faults gathered by the way and easily weeded out, since Mrs. Potter is naturally a good, clear speaker.

She is a winsome woman. One gets up a warm personal liking for her before she is ten minutes on the stage, and when she makes her worst breaks, involuntarily wishes she would not. People stayed to the end, aye! to the bitter end, of "Loyal Love." It must have been for her winsomeness. It could not have been for the play or the acting.

They stayed to the end of "Romeo and Juliet," too, unless they lived in Oakland. But then, although people always groan and moan a little over the sappiness of the atmosphere in the first part, they are sure to become interested in the old story when the tragic stop is turned full on.

Mr. Kyrle Bellew and Mrs. Potter played Romeo and Juliet with considerable abandon. In fact, abandon is one of Mrs. Potter's specialties. She gives to a part all that is in her, but alas, there is not in her the divine afflatus.

Her Juliet is a combination of many Juliets. It is young, beautiful, graceful, passionate, with an unreaching, simulated passion, and unsatisfactory.

Her mannerisms fit into it happily enough. One of these is her gait upon the stage. It seemed odd enough in the stately Inez. All Inzes should be stately. But when she goes loping, and cantering, and galloping around the stage as the impetuous Juliet, it seems all right. Now and then, when she gets a good start on, it looks as if she were going to make one of the zampillæ-rostation leaps into space or across the footlights. But her supple young muscles are under full Delsartian control, and she pulls up and melts into one pretty pose after another with all the security of a veteran.

Mrs. Potter has the stride for tragedy, whatever else may be lacking.

Perhaps it would not be too much to say that everything else is lacking.

Although her voice is strong and ringing, she lacks force, and although her face is pleasant to follow in its changes, she lacks expression. Truth to tell, she does not seem exactly to understand Shakespeare. Sometimes she will let a most pithy line go for nothing, and a moment after will give an excellent reading.

Much seems to have been drilled into her, but nothing to come from her own entity.

The whole production of "Romeo and Juliet" strikes one as a performance which, while it is pretty badly played, is yet played upon a most excellent model. Some one has supervised, who knows just how it should be done, and some three or four of the players have seen an excellent "Romeo and Juliet" somewhere.

Mr. Hart Conway, for example, brings absolutely nothing personal to the part. He has no ring in his voice, no dash in his presence, no feeling of humor and merriment; and yet, his Mercutio shows one to a hair just how it ought to be done, just how it ought to be read.

Indeed, Mrs. Potter's Juliet was very much in this kind. Technically it was really good. Like all novices, Mrs. Potter overdoes everything, even so simple a thing as listening. Like all novices with originality, she flies off erratically and insecurely at intervals, but in the main she adhered to technical instruction.

Artistically, of course, it altogether lacked the Promethean fire.

Mr. Kyrle Bellew is such a curious combination of frankness and insincerity, of affectation and an apparent desire to be natural, of vigor and effeminacy, that he is rather difficult to locate. He made more of the melancholy sentimentalities of Pedro than would seem to be in the stuff.

But his Romeo, though also played by the book, is a mass of contradictions. He remorselessly sacrificed his beauty, especially his remarkable hair, to make a dark Italian of himself; but his Romeo was the softest Romeo that ever sighed. Talk of skating on thin ice in "Loyal Love," the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet" just escaped a good hearty peal of laughter.

But give Mr. Kyrle Bellew somebody to kill, to attack, to fence, to stab at—let the opponent tower as high as he may—Mr. Kyrle Bellew will fly at him with an impetuosity that takes your breath away, and make mincemeat of him while you are saying "Jack Robinson."

Indeed, the huge and redoubtable Tybalt fell before we got to the Rob, and the noble County Paris bit the dust of the church-yard with equal promptness.

Mr. Bellew has something the air of a spoiled child of profuse flattery, and most of the faults, without many of the virtues, of the Irving School. He has some good traditions, and—like Mrs. Potter, most palpably his pupil—does not play from inner dictation, but from outward observation.

They both fly higher than their wings will carry them, being both out of place in tragedy.

Mrs. Potter has been the victim of much abuse, which she has not deserved. The current of the moment happened to set against her, and in a fatal hour, her affairs became amusing instead of interesting. Her actual going upon the stage is an affair which concerns no one but herself and her husband.

Now that she is there, her course upon it concerns all of us.

If she will drop into society drama, her beauty, her breeding, her refinement of taste, her style of dressing, the repression of her exuberance, and the general training which familiar and changing work upon the stage will give her, will make her one of the most charming women upon the boards.

She is not picturesque, her style is really too good for that; she is not quaint, or mediæval, or tragic, or any of the far-fetched things to which she aspires.

She is simply a very lovely New Yorker in the bloom of youth, with a pretty aptitude, which she may call a talent, if she likes, for the theatre. As such, she is an acquisition to the stage, even in her ambitious novitiate, and would be a loss should she take a fancy to leave it.

Furthermore, she has shown such redoubtable pluck, having taken the plunge, that even her stone-throwers must wish her well. As a burnt child dreads the fire, she should beware of original plays. But if "Loyal Love" could not kill her outright, she must be a kind of dramatic salamander, proof against playwrights.

Mrs. Potter's dresses, of which so much has been said, were artistically simple in "Loyal Love," nothing more.

In Juliet they were rich, beautiful, and striking, as were also those of Kyrle Bellew in both plays. And the colors were so cunningly blended that when the play became quite too awfully bad, one could sit and revel in them, and be not altogether miserable.

They say that is the true philosophy which finds the good in life and not the bad.

Go to see this beautiful twain in "Loyal Love," and you will have a very active exercise in this kind of philosophy.

Betsy B.

An English Fashion.

English influence in Germany, about which so much ado has been made of late, has also assumed reign in the drinking line among fashionable Berliners, in prescribing for them the brand of champagne used exclusively in English court circles, *i. e.*, Pommery Sec. Strange to say, in this instance, the dictatorship is accepted complacently with a will, for Pommery is now rapidly becoming the wine of the *élite* in Berlin, where it is yet to be as eagerly sought for as in the fashionable circles of England and America.

SCALE BUG.

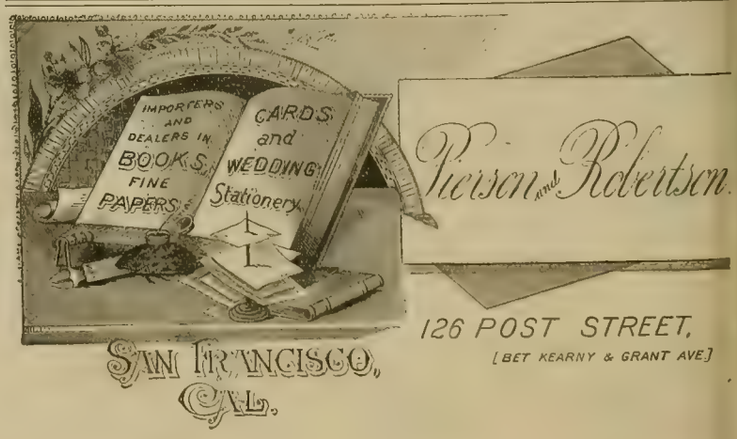
Killed by Ongerth's Liquid.

Berkeley, Cal., April 7, 1888.

Ongerth Grafting Compound Co.: Gentlemen—In answer to your inquiry concerning the efficiency of the Ongerth Wash for trees infested with scale insects, I would state that my observation, covering two years' use of it in the University orchard, convinces me that it is a most effective insecticide when well applied; that a film of it, such as is obtained by spraying, is sure death even to a closely armored scale, and that its effects are more lasting than any other material we have applied. So far as my observation goes I have not been able to detect any injury to bark or foliage from the use of it. Very respectfully,

E. J. Wickson,
Asst. Supt. Agricultural Grounds, Berkeley.

Woodin & Little, 509 and 511 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal. Sole agents for Ongerth's Liquid Tree Protector. Send for catalogue and full information.



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Monday evening, April 23d ..... VIRGINIA
Reappearance of Mr. Ed. Stevens.
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A DINNER AT DELMONICO'S.

Its Cost by the Card.

"Did you ever try the experiment of setting *table d hôte* dinners?" was asked of Delmonico's manager, the other day.

"No, sir. What would be the use? You see, we have our restaurant full as it is. So we need no other attraction."

"The dinners by the card pay you better?"

"Certainly. We would have to make a *table d'hôte* dinner as low as two dollars to have it an attraction. But that would not be the only trouble. It would be impossible to suit our class of customers with any selection we might make from the menu. Many of them have delicate stomachs; some are epicures; some want a heavy, hearty meal; all nationalities come here, with all kinds of tastes. We could never suit them with a *table d'hôte* card."

"It is the variety you have to keep, then, that makes your prices seem high to some people?"

"Exactly. Look at that dinner for to-day. There are two hundred and twenty-five different kinds of viands on the menu. There are nearly fifty dishes of various vegetables, and about seventy tons of dessert. But then, it is not the variety alone that costs. You must consider that we have to buy the very best in the market. That costs at least twenty-five per cent. more than the average marketing that could be called good quality. Then consider the service, the quality of the cooking, our rooms, what they are worth if rented, and our prices. Why, two people can come here and get a first-class dinner for less than two dollars apiece, if they know how to order. One need not buy the dishes that are out of season. Leave that to millionaires. One portion is a plenty for two people, unless they are prodigious eaters. Now, let us see. Put down these items:

	Cents.
Consommé soup	40
Boiled halibut	40
Roast yearling lamb, mint sauce	60
Lettuce salad	40
Bermuda potatoes	25
Stewed tomatoes	30
Two Charlotte Russe	60
Two water ices	60
Two cafés noirs	30
Total	$3 85

"Divide the cost between two, and it is less than two dollars apiece. Or you can vary it and make it still less, and by omitting a salad or one of the desserts get your oysters, and cigars, and something to tip the waiter out of the same money, two dollars apiece. This gives you a dinner of five courses, nine dishes.

"Now from the same menu, a man coming and dining alone, who wanted a dish of every course, and the costliest at that, with two or three kinds of wine, would find his bill something like twenty-five dollars. Here is what he would order:

Oysters	25
Bisque of crawfish, Victorien	60
Olives, 25c.; cucumbers, 50c.; celery, 40c.	1 15
Timbales, renaissance	1 00
Frost fish, Shrewsbury style	1 00
Braised turkey, Chevreuse	1 00
Squab, Monarch style	1 25
Canvas-back duck	4 00
Game pie	1 00
Asparagus, 75c.; artichoke, 75c.; potatoes, 25c.	1 75
Fried bananas, Madeira jelly	70
Ice-cream, 30c.; sorbet, 40c; cakes, 20c.; nuts, 25c.	1 15
Grapes, 40c.; oranges, 25c.	65
Brie cheese	30
Turkish coffee	20
Total	$16 00

"Add to this one dollar for a pint of claret, one dollar for white wine, three dollars and fifty cents for a bottle of champagne, fifty cents for cigars, fifty cents for brandy, and a tip to the waiter (who has earned it by this time) and the looks of twenty-five dollars have been spoiled. The gourmand's digestion has probably been spoiled, too. But not a few men go into Delmonico's with just such an idea of a dinner. They have come from abroad, from out West, or from back-country districts, have their pockets full of money, and want to 'see the whole bill.' They get it in headache the next morning. But they have a great story to tell to their friends, how they ate a bigger and costlier dinner than Jay Gould did, and made Baron Slimpurse, at the next table, turn a pistachio hue with envy. The same dinner that cost this man sixteen dollars, without wine, would be served to half a dozen people for five dollars apiece. That is the regular rate for upstairs dinners at Delmonico's."

At the Brunswick prices are generally about the same, but recently the rate was put up to six dollars on account of the high prices in the markets. Light wines are added to the menu for about two dollars a head, and for ten dollars a course of sauterne, claret, Burgundy, sherry, champagne, and liqueur will be added; only there will be a reasonable limit to the champagne. It is often the more satisfactory to let the champagne be ordered by the card, especially at college dinners and the like, as many of the graduates are not heavy drinkers, some not taking wine at all.

One of the costliest dinners given in New York is that of the New York Farmers—men like F. A. Havemeyer, Pierre Lorillard, August Belmont, and John Jay. They dine with twelve glasses by their plates, and their bill is twelve dollars apiece, though they are not heavy drinkers, as a rule. It is not every one, however, who chooses to pay for the variety and luxury involved in old port, Madeira, Amontillado, sherry, and champagne at four and five dollars a bottle.

At a grand dinner there are always additional expenses. Music may add from thirty to seventy-five or one hundred dollars. Flowers, especially if there are ladies present, will cost from two to five dollars per plate. Then the menus may be as elaborate as one's fancy and pocket-book dictate. Hand-painted menus range from one to five dollars, or more, apiece, if there is much work on them. A recent dinner, given by a prominent physician at the Brunswick, had, beside the painted emblems of the profession—scalpels, vials, etc.—a fac-simile in writing of each doctor's prescriptions. A menu like one of a recent dinner at the Union League, bound in silk plush with portraits, maps, coat-of-arms, etc, and decorated inside and out in water-colors, costs from ten to twenty-five dollars.

It is a curious fact that just twenty-four inches on the table is allowed to a man at a large and crowded dinner. Of course, more is given when there are few people.

"We do not care so much about selling wine as some think," said a Brunswick head-waiter; "the profit goes largely to the wine-merchant, not to the house. When we get four dollars a bottle for champagne we make about forty per cent. Out of that we must pay waiters, or 'corkage,' pay for broken bottles, spilled wine, and lots of other things that knock off the profits."

STAGE GOSSIP.

Frederick Ward will begin an engagement at the California Theatre, April 30th.

"The Woman Hater," with Roland Reed in the leading rôle, will be continued for another week at the Bush Street Theatre.

"Virginia," a new operetta, is announced to begin at the Tivoli, April 23d. Edwin Stevens and Miss Bella Thorne will make their reappearance.

Joseph Grismer and Phœbe Davies will put aside Hoyt's play, "A Midnight Bell," on April 22d, despite its three weeks' run, and "The Shaughraun" will be played in its stead.

Harrison Millard, composer of a number of popular songs, has become enamored of San Francisco, and has joined the ranks of singing-teachers in this city, devoting two days of each week to the purpose.

Rosina Vokes and her English-born company are drawing almost Daly audiences to Daly's Theatre, while the Daly Company are doing Boston and Philadelphia, preparatory to their flight to England, where their production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will teach the conservative Briton how Shakespeare's plays should be put upon the stage.

Charles Dickens, son of his father, and himself a *raconteur*, will visit this city on his tour, and arrangements have already been made by which he will give three readings from his father's books — the only readings in this city—at the First Congregational Church, on the evenings of May 7th, 9th, and 11th, under the auspices of the Hospital for Children and Training School for Nurses.

"The Mystery of a Hansom Cab" is the latest dramatic sensation in London. The name, a decidedly fetching one, is reminiscent of one of Robert Stevenson's stories in the "New Arabian Nights," but the play is said to be thoroughly original and clever in the bargain. It is played at the Princess's, Miss Grace Henderson's theatre, and cabs with live horses, real glass conservatories, and like marvels of realism are among its prominent features.

The Baldwin sadly needs the alterations which are to be made while the theatre is closed, next week and after. The crimson curtains are almost as cobwebbed and dusty as if they had hung there since the Divine William, whose portrait hangs above them, was on this earth, and Tojetti's handsome frescoing looks as if the large-limbed women and plump cherubs had not escaped the epidemics which were lately prevalent here. But soon they will have changed all that, and the Baldwin will again be the cosy and beautiful theatre it was.

The will of the late Emperor William shows that his accumulations were much smaller than had been generally credited. The total of his savings does not exceed fifty million marks, or two and a half millions sterling. The larger portion of his property the late emporer has left to increase the so-called "Crown Treasure," or general funds of the crown, established by King Frederick William III., the late emporer's father. The rest is to be divided between the Empress Augusta and the emperor's two children, that is, the Emperor Frederick and the Grand Duchess of Baden. The Castle of Babelsburg, at Potsdam and the palace at Coblentz are left to the Empress Augusta. In addition to these principal dispositions, he left numerous legacies.

The valued New York *Life* asserts that Chicago used to rhyme "Goethe" with "teeth" until the Renaissance set in, since which epoch it has rhymed it with "dirty." This is hardly fair. In a poem read recently before the Hyde Park Toboggan Slide Lyceum, the following couplet occurred:

"Until, at last, John Wolfgang Goethe
Was gathered home, upward of eighty."
—*Chicago News.*

The Union Club, of Denver, Col., are going to ask Congress to grant an appropriation for building mountain reservoirs, in which the water which comes down from the mountain sides can be stored. The river channels will thus remain filled all summer. It is claimed that thousands of acres of land in the arid region could thus be irrigated and made fertile.

A Boston cheese dealer says that adulterated cheese, when fresh and well-made, can not be distinguished from a good skim-milk cheese. It is made largely in Western factories, and is composed of stearin, oleo oil, cotton-seed oil, and skim-milk. The cream is first extracted from the milk, and then it is sought to return fats of a cheaper quality. A considerable quantity of rancid butter is also used.

Among Mr. Frith's acquaintances was a young man with a "tip-tilted" nose, of whom he makes mention in his autobiography. The tip-tilted nose young man was often made the jest of his associates, and once he said, gravely: "I say, look here! I object to your making my nose a subject of conversation." "That is unfortunate," replied his friend; "we wanted a subject, and we took the first that turned up."

Art Notes.

Mrs. Wm. Irelan, Jr., has recently moved to 827 Post Street, and reopened her studio, for forming classes in Oil, Water-color and China Painting. Specialties in Silk and Bolting-cloth.

Mrs. James Brown Potter
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VANITY FAIR.

Conspicuous among the aristocratic beauties of old Philadelphia (writes Charlotte Adams in the *American Magazine*) were the ladies of the Cadwalader family. From Williamina Moore, of Moore Hall, in colonial Pennsylvania, to Lady Archibald Campbell, in modern England, is a step of more than a century and a half; yet the comeliness of the one may be traced back in direct line to the other. William Moore, of Moore Hall, whose estate lay on the banks of the Schuylkill, about twenty-five miles from Philadelphia, above Valley Forge, was born in 1699, and educated at Oxford. On his return to America, in 1722, he married Williamina, whose parents were David, Earl of Wemyss (who was made Lord High Admiral of Scotland by Queen Anne), and Lady Anne Douglass, daughter of William, the first Duke of Queensberry. Mrs. Moore was named Williamina in honor of William of Orange. Her handsome face and aristocratic bearing made her remarkable, even at that period, when courtliness and charm went hand-in-hand; and she was the first of a long line of English and American beauties. Williamina Moore died in 1784, one year after her husband. Upon her death, the family removed to Philadelphia, and were thenceforward identified with that city. The family seat, Moore Hall, was still standing in 1880. A family portrait shows Williamina Moore, of Moore Hall, in all her radiant youth and sparkling, yet imperious, beauty. In her page's hat and feather, with a long, silken train depending from her dimpled and beautifully modeled shoulders, she looks like a high-born heroine of Shakespearean comedy—some Rosalind, or Beatrice, all fire, and spirit, and restiveness barely under control. Like Rosalind, too, she was an exiled princess, for she and her brother James, afterward fifth Earl of Wemyss, had been driven from Scotland because of their father's friendship for the Pretendér.

Williamina Moore's beauty was part of the dowry which her granddaughter, Williamina Bond (daughter of Dr. Phineas Bond, of Philadelphia) brought when she married General John Cadwalader. General Cadwalader was one of the prominent officers of the Revolutionary War, and a personal friend of Washington, with whom he maintained an intimate correspondence up to the last year of his life—1786. The celebrated Cadwalader mansion, of Philadelphia, was erected on the west side of Second Street, opposite Little Dock Creek, by the general, in 1771. It was surrounded by a fine garden that extended to Third Street. Here, at the beginning of the Revolution, the "Silk Stocking Company"—so called because it was composed of seventy young men of the highest *social* circles of Philadelphia—was formed by General Cadwalader, and here it met for drill, and to enjoy the reward of its exertion in the shape of elegant carousals. When General Howe resigned his position as commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, Major André, one of the most brilliant and popular of the young officers in his majesty's service, gave a farewell festival to his superior officer. The memory of this remarkable fête has been handed down. The scene was the Wharton mansion, at Philadelphia, with its large and beautiful grounds. A regatta, a military procession along the stately avenues under the triumphal arches, fireworks, the "pharaoh-table," a grand supper and ball, supplied the chief amusements. But the finest show of all was the grand tournament between the Knights of the Blended Rose and the Knights of the Burning Mountain, in honor of the rival claims to beauty of their respective groups of seven fair maidens. One of the prettiest of the Ladies of the Blended Rose was Miss Williamina Bond, daughter of Dr. Phineas Bond. How lovely she must have been in her pseudo-Turkish costume, with its white silk polonaise forming a trained robe, open in front to the waist! Her wide sash, her shoes and stockings were covered with spangles, her turban head-dress was thickly sown with pearls and jewels, and her veil edged with lace. Thus she sat in the pavilion among her mates of the Blended Rose, casting sweet smiles and merry looks at her knight as he advanced. He was one Captain Matthews, and his squire was Lieutenant Hamilton. The knight's device was a winged heart, and his motto, "Each fair by turns." The trumpeters advanced at the head of the Knights of the Blended Rose; and the herald with his shield—on which were two roses intertwined, with the motto, "We droop when separated"—issued his challenge thus: "The Knights of the Blended Rose, by me, their herald, proclaim and assert that the Ladies of the Blended Rose excel in wit, beauty, every accomplishment, those of the whole world; and should any knight or knights be so hardy as to dispute or deny it, they are ready to enter the lists with them and maintain their deeds of arms according to the laws of ancient chivalry." Hardy, indeed, would be the man who should deny the claim of Williamina Bond to beauty! The fair, young Lady of the Blended Rose looks out from the printed page with as gay, and spirituelle, and high-bred an air as that she wore a hundred odd years ago, when eighty-five mirrors gave back the reflection of her delicate loveliness in the pink and blue ball-room designed by poor, dear Major André, wept for in secret a little later by all the beauties who had shared the pleasures of his "Meschianza."

The "Lady of the Blended Rose" became, in 1779, the wife of General John Cadwalader. Frances Cadwalader, daughter of General John Cadwalader and the "Lady of the Blended Rose," was destined to carry back to bonny Scotland the beauty brought thence—almost a hundred years before—by her great-grandmother, Williamina Wemyss Moore. It had not lost by its sojourn on American soil, when Frances Cadwalader, at seventeen, married David Montague Erskine, Secretary of Legation at Washington. He was the son of Thomas, Baron Erskine and Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain. Thenceforward, this branch of the Cadwalader family is identified with England and Scotland. Mrs. Williamina Cadwalader passed the last years of her life in England, and the "Lady of the Blended Rose" faded away, at eighty-five, into ashes of roses far from the scene of her girlish triumphs. Lady Erskine's daughter, Jane Plummer Erskine, carried all the charms of her American ancestresses into another generation. She became Mrs. James Henry Callender, and up to the time of her death, in 1846, was regarded as one of the beauties of English society. She left three daughters, who were placed under the guardianship of the Duke of Argyle. The youngest of these daughters, Jane Sevilla Callender, married, in 1869, Lord Archibald Campbell, second son of her guardian and brother of the Marquis of Lorne. Lady Archibald Campbell is considered, by many persons, the most beautiful woman in England. Who shall say how much of her beauty has come down from her great-great-great-grandmother, Williamina Wemyss Moore, of Moore Hall, Pennsylvania? The world of art knows Lady Campbell through her open-air rendering of Shakespearean comedy at Coombe Priory, and her own interpretation of the part of Orlando in "As You Like It."

From the arbiters of fashion, on the other side, comes the decree that white is to be the rage this summer—white gowns, white fans, white gloves for evening wear, and even white stockings, those uncompromising enemies of thick ankles and low insteps, are coming in again. What is called "a white piece" is to be played at one of the theatres, in which Mrs. Beerbohm Tree wears six different costumes, all of spotless white, with only silver and pearl trimmings by way of relief. In direct contrast to this, we have a most lugubrious tale in the foreign journals of a court of condolence held by the Empress Victoria at Berlin, where the state chamber was hung in black, the royal family wore the heaviest mourning, and the ladies of the court and diplomatic corps appeared in black woolen gowns, with fans and gloves to match, and two black crêpe veils to their bonnets, one falling to the hem of their gowns behind and the other over the face.

Last fall a society of Parisian tailors did what many tailors have done before—gave their ideas of what is pleasing and artistic in dress an actual embodiment. Unlike other similar essays, however, their ideas did not die in the tailors' shops, but obtained some currency with those who could alone give them real life—the actual wearers of clothes; and at a number of social gatherings in Paris these revised and amended dress-suits were worn. This attempt to revive picturesque and pleasing costumes for men appears to have met with more success than preceding attempts in the same direction. A French journal, *Le Guide de la Mode*, contains a plate illustrating various modifications of this idea actually worn at a ball in Paris last winter. In this new costume, the shape of the present dress-coat is modified into that familiarly known years ago as the "shad-belly"; that is, the front slopes into the skirts without the present notch over the hips, which makes a hard, ungraceful line. Knee-breeches and silk stockings take the place of trousers, and the waistcoat differs only in minor details from that now in vogue. The main innovation, aside from the knee-breeches, is in the free use of color, the richness and variety of material used, and the employment of ornamental accessories in shirt and waistcoat. In the examples given, one costume is: White silk coat with prune lapel, prune breeches, bluish silk stockings, and white embroidered waistcoat. Another has coat, breeches, and stockings of plum-colored silk, with white silk waistcoat embroidered delicately in colors. A third has light blue coat with dark lapels, white silk waistcoat, embroidered in white, plum-colored breeches, and stockings. The fourth has a mahogany-color coat and blue-black breeches and stockings. Ruffles at the wrists are part of all these costumes, and a wide ruffle at the shirt-bosom adds not a little to the general effect.

The country girls are on the tops of the Fifth Avenue stages again. Difficult as the feat of mounting the boxes, and often as it is attended with the gathering of crowds of men, the young women brave it in great numbers. The city girls will renew the practice later in the season, and then only toward dusk, mounting in the gloom at Central Park, and making the round trip to dismount at the same place. Another peculiarity about the city maidens who do this is that they always have a trusted masculine companion, who follows close behind each one to make sure that nothing awkward occurs. But this is apparently all nonsense to the country lasses, who mount boldly, exactly as they would climb a five-rail fence or swing themselves into the low-bended bough of an apple tree on a wager.

Country cousins frequently ask for information about society in Paris, imagining that there exists some circumscribed domain, like society in London, Vienna, or Berlin, which certain people enter by right of birth, situation, or merit, and from which others are excluded. Now the Parisians are admitting these facts themselves, and a thoroughly well-informed clubman, who gives his name as "Zed," has just published a piquant volume on *La Société Parisienne*, the upshot of which is that no such thing as Parisian society exists. Concerning it the New York *Sun* says: The place of the society of Paris, of the *bonne compagnie* of former days, has been taken by a fantastic and incoherent amalgam of people of pleasure of various origin, having leisure and money to live high, and possessing elegance, pretentions, plenty of prejudices, and a moderate dose of principles. So-called Parisian society is a combination of five or six coteries. It is a truism to say that titles of nobility are more coveted and esteemed nowadays than they ever were before in monarchical France. Curiously enough, since nobility has become an affair of fashion, titles that used to have only a relative value, nowadays take the first rank. Those of duke and prince—which latter is not a French title—are most eagerly sought for. Ancient or illustrious lineage is put in the background, provided the title be high-sounding. There are now twenty-four dukes of ancient creation in France, and their titles are d'Uzes, De Noailles, La Trémouille, Luynes, Brissac, Richelieu, Rohan, Gramont, Mortemart, Aumont, Harcourt, Fitz-James, Chaulnes, Valentinois, Praslin, La Rochefoucauld, Lorge, Broglie, Aubigny, Estissac, La Force, Maillé, Clermont-Tonnerre, and Montmorency. The dukes of imperial and recent creation are the Murats and Wagrams, the families of Bassano, Montebello, Massa, Malakoff, Magenta, Morny, and Tascher de la Pagerie. Then there are some dukes who owe their titles to the Pope, such as Gadagne and Caderousse. The families of Sabran, Averay, Des Cars, Talleyrand, and Caraman were made ducal by the Restoration. The other dukes or princes bear titles of foreign origin, but, from the point of view of to-day, they are quite as good as the most ancient French titles, for nobody knows anything about genealogy or heraldry in these degenerate times. For what remains of French society after the three or four revolutions of the past century?

Formerly there were three perfectly distinct social territories in Paris, the Faubourg St. Germain, the Chaussée d'Antin, and the upper middle-class or bourgeois society. The year 1830 gave a terrible blow to the Faubourg St. Germain. The empire enthroned foreigners and speculators, and made Paris a cosmopolitan city. And now! And now, says our author, society is a word that has no meaning whatever. Democracy has changed all that. There are no longer social classes or groups; no longer any *esprit de corps;* nothing but individuals, either rich or poor, intelligent or fools. Up to a quite recent date there existed three or four salons, but now they exist no longer. The Duchesse de Galliera, the Duchesse de Noailles, the Duchesse de Maillé, and some others try to keep up the traditions of the traditional French salon, but in vain. The fault is not theirs, but that of the epoch in which they live. They may receive, give fêtes, balls, and dinners, and show great tact and amiability, but for all that they can not have a salon. The house of the Duchesse de Galliera is open only to the intimate friends and chief partisans of the Comte de Paris, which fact is sufficient to put it out of the swim. The receptions of the Duchesse de Noailles are perfect from the material point of view, and very stylish, but for all that, they are generally considered horribly dull. The Duchesse de Maillé's home is, perhaps, the most appreciated and esteemed in the smartest Parisian coteries. Next come the surviving cocodettes of the empire, the Princesse de Sagan, the Marquise de Gallifet, the Vicomtesse de Courval, the Comtesse de Pourtalès, all four prodigiously youthful and well-preserved in spite of the passage of years. Then follow Mme. de Montgomery and the massive and superb Comtesse Aymery de la Rochefoucauld, the Duchesse de Castries, who is about to exchange her present name for that of Countess Emmanuel d'Harcourt, and the Princesse de Beauveau. Around these brilliant planets gravitate a few masculine satellites, who represent a race that is disappearing. Men who seek the society of ladies are becoming rarer and rarer in Paris. Most men can not do it. A man who has any serious occupation finds it materially impossible to pay visits, and without visits, in the present social conditions, relations can not be kept up. On the other hand, men who have time often prefer the ease of a club or the boudoir of a cocotte to the relative restraint of good society. Another cause of the desertion of good society is the fact that men marry young nowadays, so that there are few bachelors, and without bachelors the *belles dames* can not do anything.

Some simple people believe that what is called high life in Paris, *le grand monde*, or *la vie élégante*, is the exclusive appanage of a few dukes, counts, and marquises. In reality, says our author, high life is open to the first comer—grand seigneur, rastacouère, financier, ironmonger, politician, or anybody else who has money to spend and time to waste. It consists simply in doing regularly and ostensibly certain things which are not peculiarly amusing, witty, interesting, or difficult, but which, for unknown reasons, are considered elegant. These things are to ride in the morning, drive in the Bois of an afternoon, belong to a swell club, go to the Comédie-Française on Tuesdays, to the opera on Fridays, and to the races as often as possible. As for receptions, balls, and dinners, they are not very frequent. Sport and club life occupy the greater part of the existence of Parisian men of leisure. Horse-racing is, nowadays, an institution of public utility, and every grocer's assistant, every school-boy even, knows all about stables, and performances, and odds. The clubs are of two kinds, serious clubs existing on the subscriptions of members, augmented by the profits of the gaming-tables, and open clubs which are simply disguised gambling-houses. To the first category belong the Jockey, the Union, the Agricole, the Cercle de la Rue Royale, the Sporting, the Mirlitons, the Volney. The other clubs belong, more or less, completely to the other category.

President McCosh is exceedingly regular and methodical in his affairs, especially in those which pertain to his literary and scholastic life. "I always work ten hours a day," said he to a friend, "and that is the work of an average man. In vacations I am never wholly idle, but generally do from two to five hours of solid work in writing or thinking. When engaged in writing a book I walk five miles each day, thinking much, of course, while walking. When I was a student, the famous Dr. Chalmers, of Scotland, delivered a lecture to us on 'Systematized Work, Rest, and Exercise.' I never forgot his advice, and I credit much of my success to following his sound maxims."

While a wrestler was performing in a Paris fair, a handsomely dressed woman in the front row cried out, "Oh, Alfred!" "That is my name," he said. "I am Victorine," said she, and immediately the female tight-rope dancer, in full costume, jumped at her and boxed her ears. Victorine proved to be Hercules's lawful wife, but when the trio were taken to the police-station, he elected to stay with the tight-rope dancer.

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PROFESSIONAL AMATEURS.

Some Peculiar Phases of Benefit Performances in New York.

I never, in these days, pass that famous temple of melody, Chitterling's Hall, without finding a mob of carriages at the door, and a mob of people going in. Afternoon or evening the same conditions prevail, and if I seek for an explanation on the half-dozen big bill-boards that wall the doorway of Chitterling's Hall in, I am certain to learn that some benefit is in progress, and that others are to be in progress, in a succession which is being constantly renewed. There would not be anything unusual in this fact, for Chitterling's Hall is the chosen scene of most of the charitable entertainments given, year in and year out, for the benefit of our various institutions. But the current measles of benefits is purely personal in character. Instead of the familiar titles of the Working-woman's Home, the Helping Hand Mission, and the rest, upon the posters, one reads that this complimentary concert is being rendered to Mr. Oscar Artful, the celebrated baritone; that the benefit to-morrow night will be given by Mr. Weaknee Lowbridge, the favorite tenor of St. Skeesick's Church, previous to his departure for Patagonia, and so on, till one's brain reels at the accumulated list of celebrities, and favorites, and notorieties, of whom one might have known nothing but for the beneficent blazoning of the bills. I encountered Van Corker—who is never seen out of the Union Club, excepting on his way to the poker-room at the Manhattan, and who extends to music and cold water equal and relentless detestation—airing himself on the steps of Chitterling Hall, last night, and looking excessively miserable.

"Mrs. Van's upstairs," he explained; "benefit of Mrs. Bore, the woman that whistles through her ear, you know. She whistled at one of Mrs. Van's receptions, so we had to take a bundle of tickets from her. Infernal bore, hay? Guess we've got time to walk down to the club and water up."

There is not a meaner man in New York than my old friend Skynneflynt. His meanness is a madness with him, as well as a proverb with the town. It is so ludicrously excessive that no one dreams of thinking badly of him for it, any more than one would incline to contemn a man upon whose back Providence had visited a hump. My amazement may be imagined, then, when I met Skynneflynt, one evening last week, with a fistful of tickets, ushering Mrs. S. and a choice bevy of lean and sapless spinster-nieces into Chitterling's Hall.

"It is the benefit of Mr. Lowbridge, our tenor at St. Skeesick's, you know," said Mrs. S., in explanation of the phenomenon. "He is such a sweet singer, you know, and as he was kind enough to send us ten tickets——"

I can see Skynneflynt yet, grinning like a hyena, as he clutched the ten cards in an anguished grip. For once in his life pride had got the better of his passion, and he had come to the support of the favorite tenor's benefit with more shame in his face than charity in his heart. I have not been astonished to learn since that the Skynneflynts have given up their pew at St. Skeesick's, and gone into the Yorkville Ebenezer, where seats are free and the congregation does the singing on its own account. The next tenor, favorite or otherwise, who finds his way into Skynneflynt's check-book has yet to be born.

There is no end of variety and vexation of spirit, similar to Skynneflynt's, now rampant in New York. Every choir tenor and soprano in the town must have his "complimentary testimonial" and her "benefit," under the patronage of the church, and the distribution of tickets among the congregation may, in every case, be relied on to be searching and complete. As the congregations are continually calling on their choir stars for gratuitous performances in aid of the Dorcas Fund of the church, or the Missionary Mite, or the Sabbath-school Stipend, or some cognate congregational interest, there is every reason that the congregation should be willing, in turn, to contribute a few dollars toward the midsummer relaxation of the singers. But, singular as it may seem, these benefits are regarded, among church people, as unmitigated bores. "Tiresome creature," says Mrs. Arthodox, when she receives an enclosure of two seats, at one dollar a seat, for the concert of Miss Melinda Squawker; "always begging." Yet poor Miss Squawker has sung herself hoarse a dozen times this winter, at Mrs. Arthodox's receptions, and been no better rewarded than with a cup of tea, or an ice. "I never knew what a lot of money a dollar is to some people," said Miss Squawker to me, after her benefit, "till now. But thank goodness! I'm going on the comic-opera stage next season."

The church singers are only a portion of the benefit-taking class, however. That peculiar phase of society, which is not exactly either fashionable or Bohemian, but whose members occupy a debatable ground between the two, from which they constantly struggle to emerge, like a horse mired in a bog, contributes a goodly number to the list. To-night, for instance, Miss Mamie Raker gives "an evening of recitation and music" in the concert-room of the Manhattan Opera House. Miss Mamie Raker is a young lady who might be younger, but who comes of a nice family. She has been active as an entertainer for various charities throughout the season, and has given her services to all sorts of causes which fashionable ladies have condescended to patronize. Now she is going to make a domestic application of the principle for which she has been sacrificing herself. She has got the names of half New York society, of her own sex, on her patronage list. She has had tickets enough printed to fill the Manhattan Opera House itself, let alone the concert hall. She has had her "evening of recitation and music" announced in the fashionable news, and even if her fashionable friends do not come themselves they will send their poor relatives and their tradesmen's clerks, and so provide her with an audience. I remember one affair of this sort last year, that I got into by accident, while looking for quite another entertainment. I found Snobson, and little Cubleigh, of the Whipper-snapper Club, who is the newest sponge it has fallen Snobson's fortune to squeeze, sitting in back-seats, and evidently enjoying the occasion quite uproariously.

"Such a lawk, deah boy," said Cubleigh; "eh, Snob?"

"Capital," responded Snob. "Never saw anything funnier, Cub, 'pon honaw."

As the entertainment was dull enough, and the remainder of the audience serious enough, I insisted on being enlightened as to the specific character and exquisite flavor of the lark.

"Deah boy," said Cubleigh, "they aw all slaveys."

"What?" I asked; "who are?"

"The—aw—awl of 'em," and he performed an incantation with his hand, to indicate the audience. "Everybody's sent theah grooms, and maids, and all that, don't chew know. My cussed fellaw is down there in the fwont wow, in an old dwess suit of mine, with a gal, as bold as bwass, by Jawve!"

And I left him and Snobson laughing themselves into convulsions.

When one of the society paragraphers announced, a month ago, that Miss Milly Serge, the celebrated contralto that was, was to give a reception at her charming apartments in the Grosventre, those wise in the ways of the town grunted and said, "So she is going to take another benefit is she?" Miss Serge's reception came off. There were society people and singers, swells, demi-swells, and pure Bohemians, who drank a dish of tea and ate a phantasmal cake or a consumptive sandwich with the hostess. Miss Serge's apartment at the Grosventre is not as spacious as a cathedral, and most of the pictures had to be taken from the walls to make room for the company. The hostess, who is a witty and clever woman, though she can no longer sing, was at her best. All the papers chronicled her reception as one of the events of the season, and all her friends spent a week telling each other what a splendid entertainer dear Milly was. Her social patrons agreed with each other that Miss Serge was quite a superior person for her station, and one whom it was society's duty to encourage. Now Miss Serge's friends and patrons can, alike, enjoy the pleasure of testifying their appreciation of her, for the tickets for her benefit, or as she puts it, a "matinée musicale," are out, as the pundits predicted they would be. Moreover, and in order that no one shall miss the pleasure she has prepared for them, Miss Serge has seen to it that each of the guests at her reception has received a number of tickets for her "matinée musicale" proportioned to the dimensions of the recipient's purses. Thus, I hear, Mrs. Van der Millyuns was favored with a hundred pasteboards, and a two-page note, in Miss Serge's own fair hand, while the Toms, and Dicks, and Harrys got their couple or more with a type-writer letter. As for the Bohemians, who never buy benefit tickets, they are all down on the programme as special attractions, and if they were to carry out the promise made for them, Miss Serge's benefit, which occurs next Saturday evening, would run over, without interruption for rest or meals, into the middle of the week after next.

During the winter, our Miss Serges have lived on receptions and teas, where they have assiduously cultivated connections likely to be of commercial value to them, assisted in the organization of charity performances, and dutifully helped the Van der Millyuns, the George Washington Balloons, and other society lights of the more pretentious order out in arranging their programmes of social entertainment. There is little Mrs. P. Applesauce-Scraper, for instance, who wound up her social season, as she called it, also with a reception and a benefit. The Applesauce-Scrapers live in a flat in Harlem, which you could put in an ordinary Fifth Avenue parlor with room to spare. Mr. Applesauce-Scraper is said to be something on one of the Exchanges, and, indeed, I fancy I have seen him, in a bombazeen coat and a straw hat, without a crown, scudding across Exchange Place with brokers' orders in his hands. Mrs. Applesauce-Scraper writes a little for the press, and composes a little music for the cheap publishers. She knows one of the minor members of the great Vandergilt family to say "how d'ye do" to, and has been once received, at her Newport place, by Mrs. Caravan Teapans. It was quite in order, therefore, for Mrs. Applesauce-Scraper to hold a reception which overflowed into the hallways and fire-escapes of the Harlem flat, and to follow it with a benefit, whose tickets were canvassed on the most approved basis. All the society people and the would-be society people she had ever met were boldly printed as patronesses in her prospectus. All the singers, and reciters, and performers whom she had ever spoken to were boldly inserted in her programme. Luck and good nature did the rest, and if Chitterling's Hall was not exactly packed, there were still quite enough people there to pay the rent of the Applesauce-Scrapers' flat for a year in advance, and leave the price of an Easter bonnet over; which, as the Applesauce-Scrapers are by no means bad souls at bottom, though they do drive hard in a most undeceptive effort to keep up the social appearances of Mayfair on a Manhattanville income, is after all not specially to be regretted or deplored.

The subject, as you will perceive, is a prolific one. I might continue its development indefinitely, but the fact is that I am due to fetch my wife from the grand special testimonial to M. Alphonse de Drinkhard, the popular Icelandic basso, who sang at one of our club smoking concerts, where I was a committeeman, and who consequently honored me with a dozen cards for his entertainment. As the club numbers some three hundred members, and each man Jack of them received at least two tickets, I should imagine that the popular Icelandic basso had a good house. But he is a good singer, and a good fellow, and he is welcome to my share of it.

NEW YORK, April 14, 1888. ALFRED TRUMBLE.

A correspondent of the New York *Sun* says, regarding the funeral of the Emperor William: "I shall never forget my experiences in that crowd. A child was born during the greatest crush, and the men around the wretched mother—who lay in slush and snow two feet deep—had to fight like tigers to keep the crowd from crushing the infant to death. It was with the utmost difficulty that the pair were rescued and taken to the hospital. Both are thoroughly healthy to-day, the child being as vigorous a youngster as ever an heirless monarch sighed for and could not get for a kingdom."

RECENT VERSE.

Of His Pitiable Transformation.

I who was young so long,
Young and alert and gay,
Now that my hair is gray,
Begin to change my song.

Now I know right from wrong,
Now I know *pay* and *pray*;
I who was young so long,
Young and alert and gay.

Now I follow the throng,
Walk in the beaten way,
Hear what the elders say,
And own that I was wrong—
I who was young so long.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson in Longman's Magazine for April.*

Of Love and Death.

What tho' the green leaf grow?
'Twill last a month and day;
In all sweet flowers that blow
Lurks Death, his slave Decay.

But if my lady smile
There is no Death at all;
The world is fair the while—
What tho' the red leaf fall?

—*Maybury Fleming in Scribner's for May.*

The Juggler.

"A mountebank amidst a crowd
Thus cried aloud—
"Walk up, Messieurs, and try the cure
For every evil men endure!
It is a powder which will give
All things for which you strive and live.
To fools it gives intelligence;
And to the guilty innocence.
Honor on rascals it bestows,
And to old women brings young beaux;
Secures old men young, pretty wives,
Makes madmen lead well-temper'd lives—
In short, whatever you would gain
It will assist you to attain.
It is a perfect panacea."

"The juggler's table I drew near
This wondrous powder to behold
Of which such miracles were told—
It was a little powered gold!"

—*The Fables of Florian.*

The Haunted Tower.

In front he saw the donjon tall
Deep in the woods, and stayed to scan
The guards that kept along the wall,
Or dozed upon the bartizan.
He marked the drowsy flag that hung
Unwaved by wind, unfrayed by shower,
He listened to the birds that sung
Go forth and win the haunted tower!
The tangled brake made way for him,
The twisted brambles bent aside;
And lo, he pierced the forest dim,
And lo, he won the fairy bride!
For *he* was young, but ah, we find,
All we, whose beards are flecked with gray,
Our fairy castle's far behind,
We watch it from the darkling way;
'Twas ours, that palace, in our youth,
We revelled there in happy cheer.
Who scarce dare visit now, in sooth,
Le Vieux Château de Souvenir!
For not the boughs of forests green
Begird that castle far away,
There is a mist where we have been
That weeps about it, cold and gray.
And if we seek to travel back
'Tis through a thicket dim and sere,
With many a grave beside the track,
And many a haunting form of fear.
Dead leaves are wet upon the moss,
With weed and thistle overgrown—
A ruined barge within the fosse,
A castle built of crumbling stone!
The drawbridge drops from rusty chains,
There comes no challenge from the hold;
No squire, nor dame, nor knight remains,
Of all who dwelt with us of old.
And there is silence in the hall,
No sound of song, no ray of fire;
But gloom where all was glad, and all
Is darkened with a vain desire.
And every picture's fading fast,
Of fair Jehanne, or Cydalise.
Lo, the white shadows hurrying past,
Below the boughs of dripping trees!

* * * * * *

Ah rise, and march, and look not back,
Now the long way has brought us here;
We may not turn and seek the track
To the old Château de Souvenir!

—*Andrew Lang in America.*

My Lady Sleep.

In cool gray cloisters walks my Lady Sleep,
Telling her smooth beads slowly, one by one;
Along the wall the stealthy shadows creep;
Night holds the world in thrall, and day is done.

Sometimes while winds sigh soft above her head,
Down the long garden path my Lady strays,
And kneeling by the pansies' purple bed,
Counts the small faces in the moonlit haze.

Sometimes she lies upon the silver sands,
Following the sea-birds as they wheel and dip;
Or idly clasps in still persistent hands,
The shining grains that through her fingers slip.

Or paces long, with flowing locks all wet,
Where the low thunder booms forevermore,
And the great waves no man hath numbered yet,
Roll, one by one, to break upon the shore.

Sometimes she numbereth the twilight stars,
The daisies smiling in the meadow grass,
The slow kine trailing through the pasture bars,
The white sheep loitering in the mountain pass.

But evermore her hands are cool and calm—
Her quiet voice is ever hushed and low;
And evermore her tranquil lips breathe balm,
And silent as a dream her garments flow.

She comes, she goes—whence, whither—who can tell?
Angels of God, do ye her secret keep?
Know ye the talisman, the sign, the spell,
The mystic password of my Lady Sleep?

—*Julia C. R. Dorr in American Magazine for May.*

SARAH BERNHARDT'S PLAY.

"Parisina" on the Seventh Commandment in French Literature.

The most spiritual people on the face of the earth have certainly worn one subject, at least, threadbare. Love is lord of all. Of this we are, every one of us, perfectly convinced. Therefore, we are not likely to pick a quarrel with authors, poets, dramatists, and novel-writers, because they make love the principal subject of their poems, dramas, and romances. What we decidedly object to is the persistency with which they treat of unlawful love. Now and again it is permissible; there may be excuses, more or less valid, though, as a usual thing, it provokes a feeling of nausea in the reader or spectator.

The heroes and heroines of French novels are much given to infringing the seventh commandment. Sometimes they do it in a light and airy fashion, but it more commonly results in the dramatic death of one or other of the culprits somewhere in the latter part of the story; so that, in a general way, a French romance is not exactly recreative reading, and is more likely to give one a fit of the blues than entertainment for idle hours. But it is in the drama that *l'adultère* flourishes best. Somehow the word does not look quite so bad in French as in English; in the latter language we are accustomed to see it printed only in a police report or in the prayer-book. It is no exaggeration to say that one-half of the modern plays, whether comedies or melodramas, turn upon this one subject. Now it is the husband, as in "Françillon," or the "Princesse Georges," who forgets his marriage vow, and either sets up a mistress—some Mlle. Michon or other—or pays guilty court to some woman moving in the same sphere as his own wife. Now it is the wife who allows some gentleman to pay court to her, and who goes through a world of sorrow and remorse, and finally deserves the famous *tue-la* that Dumas hurls at the head of such erring one.

Sarah Bernhardt, when she chose to try her hand at writing a play, could find nothing fresher than a *drame de l'adultère*. You would have thought that something better than the old story would have attracted the pen of so versatile a genius. No; "L'Aveu" is a specimen of the worst style of French piece, a lugubrious, melodramatic, domestic drama of the ordinary type. The heroine, a guilty wife, in a burst of anguish caused by fear for the life of her sick child, allows the wicked secret of its parentage to escape her. Her husband, who is a more than middle-aged general, demands the name of the father, who is none other than the old soldier's nephew—an atheistical young doctor. The inevitable trio meet around the infant's cradle. On learning his dishonor, the infuriated husband places a pistol in the hand of his nephew—he can not kill his kinsman—who must himself expiate his crime. No blood is spilled, however, for the child dies, and the injured man declares that heaven has decided the matter, and that justice is satisfied. So is not the spectator, who can not help asking himself what would be the possible sequel to such a situation in real life. It is all very well for the author, who has only to call down the curtain, which relieves him of all anxiety with respect to the future conduct of his characters. When dramas such as this are enacted off the stage, they generally end in the criminal court, the guilty parties are sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, and the betrayed husband may nowadays obtain a divorce, and thus rid himself of his erring partner—a solace formerly denied him.

A new phase of the question has been discussed of late by moralists and authors, who seem bent upon making us believe that the non-observance of the seventh commandment is the besetting sin of France. We owe it in part to Naquet, who made the infidelity of the husband a cause of divorce. It was not considered a cause for judicial separation—in the days when the connubial knot could never actually be untied—unless the man forgot himself so far as to commit the offense beneath the conjugal roof, or his dissipation endangered the fortunes of the wedded pair. Now comparisons are being drawn between the relative degrees of culpability in the male and female, and the matter is considered to be of such general interest that one of the principal journals has opened its columns to correspondents who are prepared to treat it from their various points of view. Such polemics would not be possible in any other language, I imagine. In French you can skate over difficulties that would wreck you irremediably in English. But arrange your phrases as ambiguously as you will, the subject itself is, and remains, a ticklish one. Is the husband who is unfaithful as much to blame as the wife who forgets her marriage vows? Before Naquet's bill was passed, there would have been but one answer to this question—no! no! no! from all sides. Now a few—the minority, I admit—declare him equally culpable. Dumas created "Françillon" in support of this thesis, and, therefore, it is he who has been chosen arbitrator—a part, it seems to me, he does not play very satisfactorily. You feel he is intent on not committing himself one way or another, though every now and then, in the brilliant bit of casuistic writing with which he has improved the occasion, he shows himself very hard on his own sex. Frenchmen are told that nine times out of ten if their wives are unfaithful they have only themselves to blame for it, that the conduct of the wife depends on the intelligence of the husband, "and this is why," says M. Dumas, "off as well as on the stage, the *mari trompé* is an object of ridicule." On the other hand, he is full of indulgence for the weaker vessel; a young bride always means and wishes to be true; if she goes wrong subsequently it is her lord and master's fault for not having made himself sufficiently agreeable, and thereby insured himself against "conjugal accidents." Curiously enough, Alexandre Dumas does not consider the victims of such accidents interesting, save inasmuch as they provide authors with subjects for plots.

And how, Mr. Author, I put it to you, do you expect to make us interested in your imaginary rendering of characters which you confess would not interest you in the flesh? No wonder your dramatis personæ often appear to us as so many puppets, and no wonder your special pleadings sound hollow and false. You want to palm off counterfeit coin upon us. The truth is, we are tired of this everlasting harping on one string. We are sick of the inevitable and disgraceful trio of the husband, wife, and lover—of the discussions which end in the ferocious *tue-la!* or the pardon evoked by a suggested heavenly intercession, at the end of the last act. Our sympathies are no more enlisted on the part of those who infringe the seventh than any other of the ten commandments. It is all very well to joke about the husband who is suspected of going out on a spree now and then—and a party of French ladies, if there happens to be no young girl present, will sometimes so indulge themselves in such mild wickednesses—but it is tiresome to have the matter taken *au tragique*, and the stories of the *Gazette des Tribunaux* served up time after time in the theatres, and to find dramatic authors transforming themselves into preachers anathematizing what every one knows to be a foul wrong, and so keeping the subject ever before the public.

Frenchmen are always extremely sensitive with respect to the opinions expressed concerning them by those of other countries, yet this by no means renders them circumspect in their literature. Imagine any one taking the measure of French morality from the current novels or the polite comedies of the day! A pretty notion he would have of Parisian society. He might be forgiven if he considered *l'autre* a very common addition to a family party, and that all husbands here were either unfaithful to their wives, or themselves the victims of perjured consorts. As well gather your notions of a community by studying its police reports.

Those who read Zola and go to see Dumas's plays, must get their notions distorted; it is impossible otherwise. Yet there are thousands and thousands of happy homes in France—nay, in Paris; the majority of the women are good wives, and there are plenty of affectionate and faithful husbands, in spite of all the many shoals and pitfalls that surround the male Parisian, and render his resisting temptation the more meritorious. The seventh commandment is not openly and persistently broken, as *messieurs les auteurs* would have us believe. Feminine purity is a reality, though all women be not as chaste as Diana. Frenchmen often lead lives as pure as those of other men, and can remain true to their marriage vows, having sown their harvest of wild oats in their bachelor days. The hideous spectre does not haunt so many homes in the French capital that we need cudgel our brains in determining whether *she* or *he* is the more deserving our reprobation, arguments that are as futile as they are immoral.

The journal that opened up such a question ought to be ashamed of itself. Whether the number of correspondents is as large as they say, I permit myself to doubt. The writers thereof do not publish their names, of course, and, according to the editor's own showing, there are more masculine handwritings than feminine ones. Even female pseudonyms are, in many cases, supposed to have been adopted by male correspondents so as to give piquancy to their remarks, what the women think in such cases being supposed to have more novelty and freshness about it; they have not argued the matter, even in their dramas, as the men have, and there are not many women—excepting always George Sand—who have dared to air their opinions on the subject in romance. And so much the better. PARISINA.

PARIS, April 5, 1888.

Emily Ruete was a born princess of Oman and Zanzibar, the Sultan of Zanzibar being her father. She has written "Memoirs of an Arabian Princess," and has given a clear and interesting description of Oriental harem-life. She and her brothers and sisters appear to have had a good deal of freedom and indulgence while the sultan, her father, lived; but after his death the usual intrigues and palace revolutions occurred, everything was upset, a new dynasty arose, and the young princesses had a hard time of it. The writer of the memoirs married a German and escaped with him to Europe, but in doing so lost the bulk of her inheritance, her brother, who had made himself sultan in the Eastern fashion, refusing to recognize her claims. The life she describes is a queer mixture of barbarism, discomfort, and garish display, and one would think that she should have been glad enough to get away from it altogether. Evidently, however, she regrets the palace existence to some extent, and quite possibly finds the conventional life of a German town too confining and artificial. There is a certain Bohemianism in the harem which has nothing in common with nineteenth-century Teutonic respectability.

The building going up on the site of the ruins of the late fireworks' fire in Broadway, presents a novelty in the shape of lintels of copper. All this work was to have been done in terra-cotta, but the contractor failed in his work, and to save time this experiment was tried. It delights the architect and builder and all who have seen it. Dissolved copper treated electrically is deposited on plaster casts, and produces work that is better than that made by casting the molten metal in moulds, because it requires no trimming or finishing with edged tools.

Manager Brown, of the rolling-mill at Findlay, Ohio, drew five hundred dollars from the bank the other day, and putting the package of bills in an outside pocket of his overcoat, walked up the railroad track to the mills. A train passed him, and a spark fell from the smoke-stack into his pocket. When he discovered it the fire had eaten clear through the centre of the bills, leaving only the two ends of each bill unharmed. It was lucky that enough of the money was left to be redeemed.

Wind-rolled snow-balls are, says an exchange, often seen on the Dakota and Wyoming prairies. Sometimes millions upon millions of the balls are in sight at one time. Many are of the size of an orange, some as big as a cannon ball, while others reach the proportions of the prize pumpkin of the country fair. These freaks of the storm leave a person under the fanciful impression that great armies of school-boys have been battling over the snowy spaces.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Let us honor and respect the busy bee. Once full, he makes straight for home.—*Life.*

The showman who was eaten by a domesticated tiger went off in a pet.—*Exchange.*

"Mamma," said a little Chicago girl. "Yes, dear." "Do you think I'll have the same papa all this year?"—*Epoch.*

Old gentleman (to convict)—"What is the most objectionable feature you find in prison life, my dear friend?" *Convict*—"Visitors."—*New York Sun.*

"A very clever girl, that stupid Miss Blum, who just went out." "Clever? Why, she never opens her mouth!" "That's where she's clever."—*Puck.*

Visitor (to convict)—"Your fate is a hard one, my friend; but you have plenty of company in your misery." *Convict*—"Yes, sir; but the company is a little mixed."—*Life.*

Washington hostess (giving an evening-party)—"James, are the ambulances at the door?" *James*—"Yes, ma'am." *Washington hostess*—"Then you may announce supper."—*Life.*

Fireman—"I tell you she was a daisy. I carried her down-stairs. She weighed about two hundred pounds." *Husband*—"Of course she fainted?" *Fireman*—"No; but I did."—*Life.*

He—"Yes, I see it's to be the same old story with us—'marry in haste and repent at leisure.'" *She*—"I don't see how you can say that, Henry; I'm sure it took me nearly two years to bring you to the point."—*Life.*

Hedges has dined well, and has offered his waiter a dollar: *Waiter* (in a voice that reaches the desk)—"No, sah; we ain't 'lowed fer ter tek no fees, sah. (In a voice which does not reach the desk)—Drap him on the flo', boss."—*Tid-Bits.*

Stranger (to Indiana farmer)—"It's a great pity that the crops in this section have been so badly damaged by rain." *Indiana farmer* (taking a sun-bath)—"Wall, ya'as, mister, but it saves a durned sight o' work harvestin'."—*New York Sun.*

A man went into an editor's office in Boston, Mass., one day last week, transacted his business in half a dozen words, and left without offering any advice whatever as to the conduct of the paper. At last accounts the editor was very low—*Epoch.*

Guest (in reading-room of hotel to stranger)—"Excuse me, sir; but will you kindly tell me how to spell embarrassment?" *Stranger* (a Chicago drummer)—"H-m—embarrassment. I don't know the word, sir. French, isn't it?"—*New York Sun.*

The Woman Suffrage movement in this country is about forty years old. Ladies will therefore perceive the danger of beginning their speeches with the statement: "I have been connected with this movement from its infancy."—*Boston Courier.*

A Colorado landslide took about a millon tons of earth and rock off the side of a mountain and carried them into a valley, and the owner of the latter is mad about it, and wants to sue somebody. He says when he wants land he will buy it.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Moriarty (just landed)—"It's a wondherful foine counthry this is for furriners, Paddy. Here ye've only been over a year, and ye look loike a rale gintleman." *O'Houlihan*—"Furriners, ye say! The only furriners here are the Chinee haythens, and they've got to git out."—*Life.*

"I say, Doc," remarked Brown, carelessly, "I read more or less about the danger of going up-stairs too rapidly. What's your idea of the safest way?" "Well, Brown," replied the physician, "I think the least dangerous way for you to go up-stairs is in your stocking-feet."—*New York Sun.*

Brown—"What have you got in the bottle, Robinson?" *Robinson*—"Ether." *Brown*—"What are you going to do with ether?" *Robinson*—"That big duffer Jones has threatened to whip me on sight; and as soon as I see him coming, I'm going to take it. I don't propose to suffer if I can help it."—*Puck.*

Mr. Umpley (colored, who, with his partner has shaken dice for their last five cents' worth)—"Hi, dar! Whadcher doin' wif dat beer? I shuck bes' two out'n free!" *Mr. Breckenridge* (between gulps)—"A man dat—wan's de pleasure—ob winnin' an'—de beer, too—mus' be a pig." (Drains beaker.)—*Tid-Bits.*

In a recently published poem, James Russell Lowell speaks of "champagne in the air." There is some disappointment felt because he did not mention the locality in which he had discovered this inspiring atmospheric phenomenon. Doubtless it was in a country where the climate is extra dry.—*Scranton Truth.*

Boston girl (with a newspaper in her hand)—"That's a queer piece of grammar." *Congressman*—"What's that?" *Boston girl*—"A member of Congress saying if he had have saw the man, etc." *Congressman* (laughing heartily)—"That's so. Had saw would have expressed it just as well, wouldn't it?"—*Washington Critic.*

"Have you a very stylish young girl you could recommend me?" said a gentleman in an employment bureau. "Excuse me, sir," replied the affable manager, "but do you live in the corner house?" "Yes; but why do you ask?" "Because your wife was here only a moment ago to see if we had a tow-headed girl with a wart on her nose."—*Judge.*

Mrs. Lardine (of Chicago)—"Really, Mr. Bigfee, I think that five hundred dollars for so simple a matter as a divorce is quite exorbitant!" *Mr. Bigfee* (firmly, but respectfully)—"Those are my usual terms, madam." *Mrs. Lardine* (with hauteur)—"Very well, sir, you may write a receipt; but I have never paid so much before, and I never will again."—*Life.*

A modern Lord Chesterfield, in Philadelphia, was lately giving his son some advice about getting on in society. In answer to the question: "What is the best subject to talk to a lady about at a ball?" he replied "Talk to her about her beauty." "But," said he, "suppose she has no beauty?" "Ah, then," replied the experienced paterfamilias, "talk to her about the ugliness of the other women present if you want to get on."—*Philadelphia Times.*

"Dot vas no right to trille mit people's lives," he said to the elevator-boy; "vat if dot rope should break?" "There is a safety-rope," replied the boy, "in case one should break." "Ya; but vat if dot safety-rope should break?" "Well, even then the elevator wouldn't fall. There is a brake that holds it." "Ya; dot vas trifling mit people's lives. Vat if dot brake should give way?" The boy eyed him with disfavor; "Dutchy," he said, "you make me tired."—*Puck.*

Senator Berry, of Arkansas, tells his friends of a trial for assault in his State, in the course of which a club, a rail, an axe-handle, a knife, and a shot-gun were exhibited as "the instruments with which the deed was done." But it was also shown that the assaulted man defended himself with a revolver, a scythe, a pitchfork, a chair, a hand-saw, and a dog. The jury, Mr. Berry says, came to the conclusion that they would have given a dollar apiece to have seen the fight.—*Kansas City Journal.*

He presented himself at the door of the other place with a somewhat subdued and startled expression of countenance. "I applied up above," he said, doubtfully, presenting his card, "but they told me there was some mistake, and that I'd better inquire here." "Ah, yes," said St. Mephistopheles, as he looked at the card, "quite right, quite right. No, you don't come in, though. See that group of gibbering ghosts, huddling down there outside the wall, just over the third sulphur vent? Yes? Well, you just go and camp out with them. They're the puns you made on people's names. No, I guess you need an introduction. They're familiar enough. No, we don't opium here. Good-day!"—*Puck.*

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A new serial story, by William Dean Howells, will begin in *Harper's Magazine* for June. This is hard.

The second and final volume of Thomas Stevens's "Around the World on a Bicycle" will be published simultaneously in this country and in London.

The new 1888 edition of "The Index Guide" to travel in Europe has just been published by the Scribners. It has been thoroughly revised by the author, and its price reduced to three dollars.

A new novel will shortly be published by the Scribners. The title of the novel is "The Spell of Ashtaroth," and its author, Duffield Osborne. The love of a brave young Hebrew soldier for a Chaldean princess supplies the romantic motive for the story.

We stated last week that John B. Alden's publications are for sale by the local booksellers. We were mistaken. The books will be sent, post-paid, on receipt of the price, by John B. Alden, 393 Pearl Street, New York city, or 218 Clark Street, Chicago.

Dr. Morell Mackenzie is said to be beguiling the tedium of his sojourn in the German Emperor's palace by writing an article for the *North American Review*. He no longer receives threatening letters; but chafes, it is said, under his confinement in Berlin.

The remarkable story, entitled "A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder," now running in *Harper's Weekly*, will be concluded in the number of May 12th. It will be followed by a serial, called "A War-time Wooing," from the pen of Captain King, of the United States Army, illustrated by Rufus F. Zogbaum.

Will M. Clemens, the author of "Famous Funny Fellows," is sojourning with his family, in San Diego. Mr. Clemens has just completed his "Life and Times of John Brown," after twelve years of labor. The book will be published in the autumn. Three of John Brown's sons are at present living on a ranch at Pasadena Heights.

The New York *Times* says: "Whether the author of the novel called 'The Quick or the Dead' seeks masculine or feminine readers, may be at once determined. Women, pure in mind, dainty in their habits, who dread tainted fiction, will no more touch another work by the author of 'The Quick or the Dead' than they would willingly put on a soiled garment. It is a fleshly production, rank with human exhalations, reeking with a 'sea-smelling-hair' nauseousness. What may be doubtful writing on the part of a man becomes indecent writing for a woman."

Macmillan & Co. are to be the American agents for the new edition of Browning's works recently announced. It will be in sixteen volumes, and will have, it is said, various illustrations, one at least to each volume. It will include portraits of the poet taken at various periods of his life, one dating from the time when "Paracelsus" was written; another, a fac-simile done in Woodburytype from Fradelle's excellent cabinet photograph. The likeness lately painted by Mr. Barrett Browning was also to have been reproduced for the purpose, but at present the process has not succeeded. The "Ring and the Book" will have an interesting fac-simile of the title-page of the original record of the Franceschini case, as Mr. Browning bought it in Florence.

Speaking of the "loves of the poets," the Saturday *Review* says: "No doubt an afternoon in a gondola with Shelley and Byron would have been more pleasant than taking tea and sonnets with Wordsworth. No doubt Miss Claremont was prettier and more attractive than Dorothy Wordsworth. But pretty and attractive ladies do not redeem the quality of a set. When a man had stayed a week in Shelley's world, he would have had a row with Trelawny, he would have backed Godwin's worthless paper, lent money to Leigh Hunt, would have been bored by Polidori, would have got into an entanglement with Jane, or Claire, or one of the odalisques of the moment, and would have been as nearly starved as Scott and Rydal. Wordsworth's set were a better set, after all."

Among the numerous Southern stories published within the last few years, none has attracted more attention than "Chita: a Memory of Lost Island," by Lafcadio Hearn, published in the April *Harper's*. So far, nothing like it has come out of the South. It does not depend upon Southern localisms for interest, though it uses them incidentally as material; and, though dealing with a tremendous subject, descends to none of the sensationalism that has won popularity for certain of the authors from that section. The story is the history of a great storm, which in 1856 swept through the Mexican Gulf and destroyed Lost Island, with all its summer visitors. The picture of that storm is unique in literature, and the whole gives in a remarkable manner a conception of the strange life of that Louisiana coast. The richness and finish of style are similar to those of Gautier, and every sentence is wrought with the exquisite art of a Cellini and set with jeweled words.

A correspondent of *Town Topics* says: "There is, in Germany, a regular manufactory of ancient missals for sale in America. These counterfeit antiquities are made in most deceptive shape, on parchment artificially aged, and hundreds are sold every year to the uninitiated, through the book auctions in New York city. During my last trip to Europe I secured several examples at Frankfort-on-the-Main to add as curiosities to my collection. They are excellent in workmanship, as the men who make them are painstaking and clever, and it is no wonder people of little knowledge are often deceived into paying hundreds of dollars for them under the excitement of an auction. Another swindle is the stamping of coats of arms on old bindings, so as to have it appear that the books come from the collections of celebrated personages or from historical libraries. The cutting of these stamps is a regular trade in Paris, and I think also in Belgium, and I can have the stamp of any king, queen, or great collector of any period put upon any book I choose, by paying for it."

America is a new literary and political weekly which has made its appearance in Chicago. An idea of its character may be obtained from the table of contents in the first number, which is: "American Patriotism," by Seth Low; "St. Michael the Weigher," by James Russell Lowell; a continued story, "The Adscititious Experiences of Amos Killbright," by Frank R. Stockton; "Little Boy Blue," by Eugene Field; "An American," by Charles Dudley Warner; "Literature," by Julian Hawthorne; "Thirst! An Ocean Incident," by W. Clark Russell; "Society's Crime," by Harriet Gilman Smith; a New York letter from Joe Howard, Jr.; a Washington letter from Ella Lorraine Dorsey; a Paris letter from Baroness Althea Salvador; and editorial, musical, literary, and dramatic notes. In the course of his article, Julian Hawthorne says many scathing things about the realists in fiction. How will Mr. Howells relish such words as these from Mr. Hawthorne? "Mr. Howells thinks romance incompatible with human nature; but that is because he understands neither. He has never drawn a true or natural character."

New Publications.

"Loyalty George," a novel of English life, by Mrs. Parr, has been published in the Leisure Moment Series by Henry Holt & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 30 cents.

A new edition, the twelfth, has been issued of "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," by Father Chiniquy. It is a record of the writer's life as a priest, with expositions of such corruption in the church as came under his cognizance, with his conversion to Protestantism and controversy with the Papal authorities. Published and for sale by W. W. Brier & Son, San Francisco; price, post-paid, $2.25.

"The Story of the Goths," by Henry Bradley, has been added to the Story of the Nations Series. It is probably the first work of any moment which is devoted exclusively to the history of the Goths, and Mr. Bradley has spared no pains to make his book complete and impartial. From the nature of the subject, the history of the Goths, covering so many different movements in so many latitudes, is a difficult one to write, and it is not surprising that Mr. Bradley has not made the story compact and closely connected in its various parts; but he writes with straightforward clearness, and is properly impartial in disputed points. The book contains a map of Europe in the year 485, and there are several illustrations. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by the Bancroft Company; price, $1.50.

"The Government Year Book for 1888," edited by Lewis Sergeant, aims to give in connection with each country a brief mention of its political position and boundaries, its area and population, and the chief points of its financial condition; and to set forth the changes, if any, which have occurred in the external and internal political relations of the various states of the civilized world. Great Britain and her colonies are treated at greatest length and occupy the first position; the other governments are divided into republics and monarchies, the governments in each division being arranged alphabetically. There is an introductory chapter in the diffusion of popular government, and on the nature and extent of international jurisdictions. Published by White & Allen, New York; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.; price, $2.25.

Mrs. Oliphant has followed her admirable book on "The Makers of Florence" with a similar one entitled "The Makers of Venice." She divides the subject into four divisions. In the first she considers among the Doges, the Orseoli, the Michieli, Dandolo, and Gradenigo, and has a final chapter on "The Doges Disgraced"; in the second part, she writes of the great Venetian travelers—Niccolo, Matteo, and Marco Polo, Carmagnola, Calleoni, and Carlo Zeno; among the painters, the early masters, from Jacopo Bellini, the Paduan, and his sons, Giorgione, Titian, and the other early masters, down to Tintoretto, are treated at varying length; and the fourth part, "Men of Letters," is devoted to Petrarch, a Florentine by origin, the Historians, and those scholarly apostles of the "art preservative," Aldees and the Aldines. Such a book is necessarily one largely of compilation, but Mrs. Oliphant has given a charming individuality to her pages which will make popular a thoroughly scholarly work. The book is finely printed, and is illustrated with many good reproductions of sculptures, paintings, etc. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Augustus J. C. Hare, whose "Walks in Rome," "Walks in London," and other books, describing the sights of Europe, have long been favorites with stay-at-home travelers, as well as with those who need something more than a Baedecker in their wanderings in the old world, has written two new books of the same kind. They are called "Walks in Paris" and "Days near Paris," and contain original descriptions of the beauties of ancient Paris and the modern innovations, with such extracts from English and French writers, some of the latter translated, some in French, as seem pleasant to read upon the spot and likely to impress what is seen upon the memory. Indeed, these books serve the purpose of an intelligent *cicerone*, telling what is worth seeing, where it is to be found, and what historic interest attaches to it. Both books are full of anecdotes, and curious bits of information which make them very good able for desultory reading. The illustrations are from Mr. Hare's own sketches, transferred to wood by T. Sulman. Each book is provided with an index, which might be more elaborate, but is still sufficient for most purposes. Published by George Routledge & Sons, New York; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.; price, $3.00 and $2.50, respectively.

Mr. Edgar Saltus goes heavily in for the sensational. He is a bright wit, and he has put in practice, most profitably, his knowledge of the fact that what readers—the many who read for amusement—want, nowadays, is to be distinctly shocked. His two books of pessimistic philosophy have not yet crowded the older masters from the class-room and the study, but they delighted the boudoir and the club reading-room as few books have in these days when books are as cheap and as plentiful as sulphur matches—and are often worthy of no better end. "Mr. Incoul's Misadventures," a novel, followed "The Anatomy of Negation," and it was as crisp and clever in its phrases as were its predecessors, with the bold and cynical plot one would expect of a man so steeped in Balzac, Gautier, and the German pessimistic philosophers. Now comes a second novel, "The Truth about Tristrem Varick." The plot is fully as sensational as that which develops Mr. Incoul's little pleasantries; but there is such a lack of Mr. Saltus's epigrammatic brilliancy that the book seems almost to have been written for the market. Still, Mr. Saltus's vocabulary is so rich and varied, his imagery so vivid, and his diction so full of grace, that even his hack-work is above many another's best, for this "prose laureate of pessimism" is one of the best masters of style among the younger novelists. The point on which the story hangs—an incident for the woman, a tragedy for the man—is one which we are pleased to think improbable, and is, at any rate, not discussed in mixed companies. But Mr. Saltus cares little for conventionality, and has made a dramatic story of the deception of a particularly simple-hearted young fellow by the doubly treacherous man and weak woman whom he loved best in all the world. By the way, here are a few of the unusual words with which Mr. Saltus's style is spangled: succube, kalga, machicoulis, ululate, obsession, resiliency, "resilient sibilants," lupanar, acuity, epiderms, sentious, duscholia, cocettist, orchalc. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago; for sale by Belford, Clarke & Co., 834 Market Street; price: paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

Some Magazines.

The *Overland* for May contains an illustrated article on "Some Western Caricature," by Francis E. Sheldon; "Antecedents of Swiss Federalism," by Professor Bernard Moses; "The Surplus," by Irving M. Scott; "California Mission Fruits," by E. J. Wickson; "The Arrival of the Magpie," by Henry S. Brooks; "Caught in a Sierra Snow-storm," by F. L. Clarke; "A Prospector's Story," by T. J. Butler; "Adrift in the Swamps of Chaleo," by D. S. Richardson; "Portia," by Harriet Louise Van Dolson; the concluding chapters of "K. G. C.—A Tale of Fort Alcatraz," by F. K. Upham, and the opening chapters of "Margaret's Room-mate," by I. H. Ballard; a second article on recent fiction; verses by R. Moore, Herbert Kenyon, George Le Moine, and Earl Marble; and the departments.

In the May *Atlantic* Henry James's story "The Aspern Papers," and "Yone Santo, a Child of Japan," by E. H. House, and Charles Egbert Craddock's serial novel "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove," are continued. "Cicero in the Senate," by Harriet Waters Preston, is entertaining and instructive. In "The Cavalier," by Agnes Repplier, light is thrown upon the character and career of Graham of Claverhouse; "The Emperor William" is the title of a timely article by Herbert Tuttle; a quaint monograph entitled "Po Sandy," is by Charles W. Chesnutt; and Frank Gaylord Cook has an article on "Reform in the Celebration of Marriage." Benjamin Franklin is a prominent figure in "The American Philosophical Society," by Anne H. Wharton. Olive Thorne Miller has a paper with the title "A Discord in Feathers." Other articles are "Charles Brockden Brown" and "Mr. Ruskin's Earlier Years." The usual book reviews and "Contributors' Club" conclude the number.

Scribner's for May opens with "In the Steamers' Track," by William Perry Northrup, a spirited story of a cruise on a pilot-boat. "Salmon Angling on the Restigouche" is a description of life on a "horse-yacht." The two-hundreth anniversary of the birth of Alexander Pope is appropriately recognized with a charming prose essay by Austin Dobson; a number of rare portraits have been reproduced from contemporary prints collected by the author. Professor William P. P. Longfellow follows his article on the form of the Greek vase, in the April *Scribner's*, with "The Decoration of Vases." A popular article on a scientific and technical subject is "Modern Explosives," by Charles E. Munroe, Chemist of the United States Torpedo Corps. Robert Louis Stevenson's monthly paper is entitled "Gentlemen." Professor James Baldwin's second paper on "The Centre of the Republic" is a review of the intellectual activity in the West. The fiction of the number includes new chapters of "First Harvests," by F. J. Stimson, and Margaret Crosby's story, "A Child of Light." The poems are by Edith M. Thomas, Bessie Gray, Maybury Fleming, Duncan Campbell Scott, Helen Gray Cone, and James Herbert Morse.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A friend of Mr. Blaine's once asked Conkling if he would not take the stump for Mr. Blaine in the campaign of '84. "I can not," he said; "I have retired from criminal practice."

Queen Elizabeth once became offended at Lord Burleigh, and intended to point her scorn by an allusion to his enemy and her favorite, Lord Leicester. She said: "Though burly you be, Lord Burleigh, you shall make less stir in my kingdom than Leicester."

Professor (afterward president) Felton, of Harvard, had once written an article for *The American Monthly Review;* the proof came to him with "Froth" written on the margin against the most ambitious sentence in the copy. Ferocious at what he supposed to be a criticism by some compositor, Felton went to the printer to complain of the insult. The explanation was promptly and satisfactorily given. At precisely that point the work had been passed over to a compositor named Frothingham.

Judge Underwood, the elder, was engaged in a case once, and the judge, after charging very decidedly against him, locked the jury up for the night and adjourned court. After tea the judge and Underwood were walking on the piazza of the hotel near the court-house, and heard quite a movement of chairs and of feet in the jury-room, when the judge remarked: "I believe the jury have gone to prayers," when Underwood said: "I expect so. Failing to get any light from your honor's charge, they are seeking it from above."

A Mr. Harris, of Atlanta, was on the witness-stand in Fulton Superior Court, and was being examined by the then attorney-general of Georgia. The witness did not reply to a question as directly as the attorney-general wished. The latter repeated his question, and added, with emphasis: "Now, Mr. Harris, you certainly understand that question, for you are a very intelligent man." "Thank you, Mr. Attorney-General," replied Mr. Harris, with a bow, "I would return the compliment with great pleasure if I were not at present under oath."

The anecdote enlivens Mr. Hare's pages in "Walks in Paris," and here is a good one of Napoleon, which enters into the description of the Hôtel Charost, in the Faubourg St. Honoré, now devoted to the British Embassy. The Princess Borghese (Pauline Bonaparte) lived there *et faisait sa tête* and put on airs, and found her surroundings not in keeping with her own ideas, whereupon the emperor said: "Cette coquine-là croit que je l'ai privé du bien du feu roi notre père." (The baggage thinks I have deprived her of the property of the late king, our father.)

When the conflict was raging in Georgia between Whigs and Democrats, one Dr. Miller arraigned the Democratic party with terrible force at a big meeting. He said: "Is there any man in all this assembly that will now dare to confess himself a Democrat?" Contrary to expectation, a chubby Irishman, with a red nose, arose, and placing his hands on his hips, with his arms akimbo, said: "Yes, sir, I am a Democrat." The doctor drew attention to the queer-looking figure, and said: "My friend, if you would wrap a few wisps of straw around you, you would be a demijohn."

There is a story of two Rochester men who once were in New York on legal business. It occurred to them to consult Mr. Conkling, and they did so at some length and very much to their satisfaction. As they rose to go, the spokesman said: "Mr. Conkling, we thank you for your advice, which is very valuable to us. When we get home we will send you check for five hundred dollars." "Oh, no, gentlemen," said the ex-senator, "don't do that. I am only too happy to be of service to you, and take no charge. You are quite welcome; but when I do charge, my fee is five thousand dollars."

Benjamin Harris Brewster, arguing a case before the celebrated Judge Sharswood, made a statement of the law on a point in question. The judge interrupted him with, "Mr. Brewster, you know very well that that is not the law." "It was the law," was the answer, like a flash of lightning, "before your honor spoke!" On another occasion, a friend attempted to banter him on his fondness for the lady whom he afterward wedded. "She is," remarked this friend, "quite a charming lady." "Well," said Mr. Brewster, "what is that to me?" "Why," said the other, "it is rumored that you are going to marry her." "Well," said Mr. Brewster, "what is that to you?"

About a year ago, Prince George of Wales was sent to his ship after a vacation (wherein he became greatly involved in debt) quite penniless, and with a warning lecture from his father. Shortly after the christening of the Battenburg baby occurred, and presents were sent to the infant in great quantities, and of value commensurate to his exalted rank. Prince George duly and dutifully sent his offering—a pewter mug with a tag attached, on which was written: "To my beloved nephew, with the hope that when his nephew is christened, he will be able to purchase a more appropriate gift than this." It is said the Prince of Wales, on reading the inscription, exclaimed: "That boy is incorrigible!" then laughed heartily, and next day sent him a handsome sum.

Solomon advises one who dines with a king to restrain his appetite, lest indulgence should endanger his life. The pith of the advice is that a subject should not indulge his humor in the presence of royalty. A painter once lost his position for not heeding the Hebrew's caution. Sir William Beechey, court painter to George Third, had an assistant to paint backgrounds, named Sharp. The king took a fancy to Sharp, and often visited his studio, the walls of which were whitewashed and bare. Sharp was a clever painter, and thought he would amuse the king by making him the victim of an ocular deception. He therefore painted a large key on the wall, apparently suspended on a nail. The king, coming in, said in his fussy way, "Key! key! Who has put that key there?" and lifted his hand to take it down. Instead of being amused, he was annoyed, and intimated to Sir William Beechey that he had better change his assistant. Poor Sharp was dismissed because he was too clever.

Burials alive are far more common in hot countries, where the burial takes place within twenty-four hours after death, than they are here, where one gets, as a rule, a week's grace. In Spain, the body is frequently removed to the undertaker's shop a few hours after death. In one of the largest of these establishments in Madrid, some years ago, an extraordinary sight was witnessed. A gentleman was brought in his "casket" one afternoon, and placed in the room set apart for that branch of the business. The proprietor lived over his premises, and on this especial evening was giving a grand ball. When the ball was at its height, a gentleman in full evening dress suddenly joined the company. He danced with the wife of the undertaker, and he danced with the undertaker's daughter, and seemed to be thoroughly enjoying himself. The undertaker thought he knew his face, but did not like to be rude and ask him his name; but by and by all the guests departed, and the strange gentleman was the only one left. "Shall I send for a cab for you?" said the host at last. "No, thank you," replied the gentleman; "I'm staying in the house." "Staying in the house!" exclaimed the undertaker; "who are you, sir?" "What don't you know me? I'm the corpse that was brought in this afternoon." The undertaker, horrified, rushed to the mortuary-room and found the coffin empty. His wife and daughter had been dancing with a corpse. An explanation, of course, followed. The gentleman, who had only been in a trance, had suddenly recovered, and hearing music and revelry above, and having a keen sense of humor, had got out of his coffin (the Spanish coffin closes with a lid, which is only locked just previous to interment) and joined the festive party. He was quite presentable, as in Spain the dead are generally buried in full evening dress

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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In 1855 the American party, then called "Know-Nothing," carried the State of California against John Bigler for governor, by a majority of four thousand nine hundred and thirty-seven. In that year, under the most narrow rules which withheld from men of foreign birth the privilege of holding office, and discriminated against Roman Catholics because of their religion, J. Neely Johnson, received, and was elected governor by, fifty-one thousand one hundred and fifty-seven votes. The leaders of the Know-Nothing party in California were, as a rule, men of Southern birth. The meetings and work of the party were done in secret. Secret pass-words and grips were in vogue, and public meetings were called to the lodge-rooms by blank papers scattered through the streets. The oaths were searching, and the discipline of the body maintained with great exactness. The city of San Francisco elected Mr. Webb, a New England Yankee from Cape Cod, for mayor; every member of the order marched to the polls with his fist clenched over his ballot; the ballot-boxes, which up to that time had been stuffed and violated by the worst of Irish Roman Catholic ruffians, were now guarded by American citizens, with a determination to protect them with their lives. Colonel Peyton had command of a battery in the first ward. James Casey had been elected alderman of the twelfth ward, in which he had not received a single ballot, and his name was not mentioned in the district till the final count disclosed his election eight days after the polls had closed. A prize-fighter, then in training at the Presidio, was one of the judges of election, and he was one of the guard that received ballots through a hole in the window, armed to the teeth with navy revolvers. He afterwards committed suicide in the vigilance committee's cell. Red Mike (Michael Higgins) commanded a fighting gang on the outside, so that no tally-books could be kept. Casey was subsequently hanged by the vigilance committee for the murder of James King of William, and now reposes in the Roman Catholic burial ground that adjoins the church at the Mission Dolores. The political condition of things was not then more completely in the hands of alien bosses than now. McGowan, Casey, Mulligan, McGlynn, and hosts of others, all Irish, and all Romanists, had no more complete influence than their countrymen and co-religionists have now. Their rule led to the organization of a vigilance committee, to the formation of an Independent party in San Francisco, and to the destruction of the Whig party in the State. For several years the city was under the dominion of the party whose vigilance was symbolized by one staring eye, and whose strength was suggested by "thirty-three secretary." The Republican party, then in process of forming, took enough votes (twenty thousand six hundred and ninety-one) for Fremont to prevent Millard Fillmore, the American candidate, from receiving the electoral vote of California. He received thirty-six thousand one hundred and sixty-five votes, and Buchanan carried off the prize by a plurality vote. John B. Weller and Milton S. Latham filled the gubernatorial office for the two terms preceding the election of President Lincoln—Lincoln receiving a plurality over Douglass and Breckenridge of seven hundred and eleven votes. In 1861, Leland Stanford became governor by a plurality over Connor and McConnell of twenty-three thousand two hundred and eighty-six. In 1863, F. F. Low beat Downey nineteen thousand six hundred and two majority. Lincoln carried the State in 1864, by a majority over McClellan of eighteen thousand two hundred and ninety-three. In 1867, George C. Gorham stole the nomination for governor from General Bidwell, and though the total vote was less by nearly thirty thousand than at the Stanford election, he was beaten by seven thousand four hundred and fifty-eight votes; Low received sixty-four thousand four hundred and forty-seven; Gorham, forty thousand three hundred and fifty-nine. Under the reorganization of the anti-American element, and the direction of Irish bosses, the Republican party had lost, in four years, nearly twenty-five thousand votes. From this era begins the control of the bosses, under whose rule the Republican party has been defeated and disgraced ever since. Then was formed the Sargent-Gorham-Carr coalition. Then Higgins and Gannon held subordinate positions; afterward William W. Stowe became prominent as the successor of Carr. By the death of Sargent, the exile of Gorham, the withdrawal of Carr, and the retiring of W. W. Stowe, the primacy of Republican bossism devolved upon Mr. William Higgins as their successor. The death of Gannon has left the crown to William; he reigns over the Republican party alone, unaided, and supreme; around him, jealous of him, and contending for his sceptre, are C. T. Bassett, Richard Chute, commonly and familiarly called "Dick Chute," Fred Siebe, in the German liquor line, and William J. Ruddick, now county clerk. At the mention of these managers, other and less prominent names suggest themselves: Daly, an Irish milkman; Phillip Crimmins, an Irish ex-senator; Dan Crowley, and Joe Cook. The names of Estee, Swift, McClure, Dimond, Sconchin Maloney, Michael de Young, Moses Baum, Kolinsky, Steppacher, and other gentlemen, Irish by affiliation and political association rather than birth, suggest themselves, but are not of sufficient political importance to demand more than casual mention. General Grant carried the State, in 1868, by a majority of only five hundred and six. In 1871, the Hon. Newton Booth, a clean but independent Republican, was borne into the gubernatorial office upon the combing wave of anti-railroad prejudice, by a majority of five thousand and sixty-one over Haight. In 1872, Grant's majority was twelve thousand two hundred and thirty-four over Horace Greeley. In the State convention of 1875, controlled by the Gorham clique, Timothy Guy Phelps was nominated, causing the bolt of John Bidwell, and the loss of the State to William Irwin, by a majority of four hundred and thirty-five over both the other candidates. In this year Mr. John F. Swift bolted the ticket, ran independent for Congress, defeated Ira P. Rankin, and elected William A. Piper. Swift received six thousand one hundred and three Republican votes, which, if they had been given to Mr. Rankin, would have elected him. In the same year, Charles F. Reed, of Yolo, received six thousand seven hundred and sixty-one votes for Congress upon an independent ticket. In 1879, George C. Perkins was elected governor, receiving nearly twenty-five thousand less votes than were cast for Hugh Glenn and William F. White, his Democratic opponents. In 1881, Hancock received the Presidential vote against Garfield. In 1882, Estee, who had bolted at the Grant election, and who held the anti-railroad forces in hand, was nominated for governor, and defeated by Stoneman, who received twenty-three thousand five hundred and nineteen votes more than Estee. Blaine carried the State, in 1884, by seven thousand eight hundred and fifty-five, of whom, it is estimated, that five thousand Irish Democrats came in under the mysterious bargain with the Irish Clan-na-Gael and the Roman priesthood. This brief and necessarily imperfect sketch brings us down to the last gubernatorial election, and demonstrates a clean working majority for the Republican party at Presidential elections. Since the organization of the party, and the first election of Lincoln, the electoral vote of California has been uniformly cast for a Republican, except when Hancock stole the vote by the Morey forgery. Since that time the Republican vote has in no instance elected a governor when the Democratic party has been united. Gorham first debauched and demoralized the Republican party by his intrigues, by the use of political party bosses, and by triumphing over all that was fair in party management and honorable in party control. He defeated himself, and then led Guy Phelps to defeat by championing his candidacy against the Hon. John Bidwell. Estee invited similiar defeat, in 1882, by placing himself under the management of bosses, by antagonizing railroad interests, and by securing his nomination through fraudulent and dishonorable political practices. When Mr. Swift was nominated for governor, his election and that of the entire ticket was secured. The bosses did not control the nomination, the party was united, the railroad dissensions were healed, the Prohibition party was in its infancy, and the American party intended and expressed its intention to give him and most of the Republican ticket its hearty support. Could he have been imprisoned and chained, like the prisoner of Chillon, or kept dumb like the Man in the Iron Mask, he would have been elected governor; but the unfortunate letter, in which he expressed his love for our Irish Catholic fellow-citizens, his desire for their uninterrupted immigration and their unrestricted naturalization, so alienated the best men of his party, that they refused to support him, and he was defeated, while Mr. Waterman was elected lieutenant-governor by a large majority. Mr. Waterman became governor by the vote of the Americans. The election of J. Neely Johnson for governor, the election of Mr. Webb for mayor of San Francisco, the vote cast for Millard Fillmore, the electoral votes secured in California for its Republican Presidential electors, the defeats that have followed all gubernatorial elections when the political boss was in the ascendant, or the tricksters and demagogues received party nominations, and the final influence exerted by the small but resolute band of Americans, ought to teach our political leaders a great moral lesson. The political history of California demonstrates to both its political parties that there is an independent and honorable political element at work that may determine the result of any election in this city or in this State. There are enough independent and honorable men no longer influenced by the danger of dissension, no longer bound by party discipline and fealty to party bosses, or fear of the party lash, who stand ready to emancipate themselves from party rule when it is gained by fraud or exercised in tyranny and wrong. There is an American sentiment abroad in the State, lacking organization and willing to act with the Democratic party for the reëlection of Mr. Cleveland, and willing to vote for almost any one of its probable Republican candidates for President, but who can only be induced to this action

and decent treatment. There is a large class of Republicans in favor of the nomination of Governor Stanford for President, if he desires to be honored by that nomination and is willing to enter upon the duties of a hard and hazardous campaign; these gentlemen would have been glad that his friends, and not his enemies, should have been sent as delegates to the national convention—friends with whom he might have consulted—and when they are informed that Mr. Higgins had the delegates from San Francisco, and that the railroad controlled the convention, they find it difficult to account for the choice of Mr. de Young, of the *Chronicle*, who has for years been engaged in the shameful work of vituperation and personal detraction of Governor Stanford, and who, since his selection, finds it necessary to continue his personal assaults upon that gentleman, and in face of the fact that he is not, and has not been, a candidate for the Presidential nomination. The American vote in California is indispensable to the election of any Republican candidate, and we are confident in expressing the opinion that any candidate of that party who is acceptable to the American and Protestant sentiment will receive its electoral vote. We are equally confident that should the nominee of the Chicago convention fail to receive this vote in California, he would fail to receive its electoral vote. The *Chronicle*, in its issue of May 5th, finds occasion to contrast the members of the American party in California with Italians, very much to the prejudice of the native-born, and concludes its editorial by charging them with being Americans because they "could not help it," and stay in the country only because they can not get away. These men are stigmatized as anglophiles. "There are," says this delegate to a national nominating convention, "hundreds and thousands of adopted citizens who are better Americans than they ever dared to be, and are of more value in every respect than a million of monkeyfied dudes and John Bull imitators and toadies." This is the journal which we declare is the organ of the political Jesuits of this State. It enters upon the Republican campaign by assaulting the only gentleman whom California has named for the Presidential nomination, and follows up its policy by defaming enough members of the Republican party to make the electoral vote impossible for any other candidate, if these "Americans" should withhold their votes. The leadership of the Republican party in California has fallen into bad hands; it is not open, nor honest. When such a man as William Parks, of Yuba, whose life was devoted to the party, could be sacrificed for the obscure member of a whisky firm on Front Street, for United States Senator; when such a life-long and honored Republican as Wait, of Nevada, can be defeated as secretary of the Republican State Central Committee by Jake Steppacher; when the sole management of the party falls into the hands of William Higgins, it is not and will not be surprising if many old and stanch Republicans shall abstain from an active participation in the coming campaign. What the American party will do can not be determined till the result of the Chicago convention is known. One thing is certain, it will be honest, unselfish, and patriotic, and in event of the nomination of James G. Blaine, will make its influence felt in this State so far as to take California out of the catalogue of doubtful States. In apology for this rather frank expression of our opposition to Mr. Blaine as the Republican candidate for President, we plead the example set by the party organ in San Francisco, whose bitter and personal opposition to the candidacy of Governor Stanford has been emphasized by the choice of its proprietor as delegate to the national convention.

There is, at present, a scheme afoot for the protection of the harbor and city of San Francisco, by means of a series of revolving turrets, made of steel, and provided with two tiers of guns, of the heaviest calibre, which is expected to do the work which has failed to be done hitherto and now. There seems to be a lamentable lack of appreciation, on the part of our congressional representatives, more especially when they hail from the midland States, of the fact that our principal seaboard cities are very inadequately furnished with means of defense, in case the necessity for it arose. It has been said that iron-clad war-vessels, such as the *Thunderer* and *Invincible*, and other recently modeled ships of the British navy, could laugh at any harbor chain, and if sunken torpedoes failed to settle them, could dictate terms at Castle Garden, or, in fact, at any point of the five thousand miles of shore-line, which stands invitingly open to any hostile attack. It is all very well to say that we are at peace with all the world; that America does not, and has no desire to, interfere with foreign politics; it is neither politic nor just to the inhabitants of the major part of this rich continent to disguise the fact that it is easily assailable from almost any point of its vast coast-line, and that the slightest complication must imply either derogation from national dignity, in an apologetic point of view, or a reference to arms when there are none of the latter to speak of. No land force that treads this planet would have the temerity to set its foot upon these shores, with the record of the rebellion staring it in the face. It would be a simple impossibility for any foreign army, however thoroughly equipped, officered, and provided with all the munitions of war, and all that is necessary in the shape of commissariat, to exist for one month in the face of the determined force that would bound into action at the first blast of the bugle. But it is quite another thing when our sea-board cities, rich and populous, may be threatened at any moment, and at the whim of even a comparatively weak nation, with a scheme of assault which can not be replied to. It is not enough, we repeat, to repose in fancied security, and endeavor to explain to ourselves that our relations with outside nations are not and can not become so strained as to force us into war. Secure in our isolated position, owners of all that is best in the most virginal continent upon earth, we forget that we may become, at any moment, a target for the greed or malice of any unscrupulous statesman with a navy at his back. It is one thing to invade. Invasion means the leading of successive bodies of accoutred men, in the face of all the difficulties, temporary and continual, that must ever beset the invader. It is quite another thing to attack assailable points from a position where the assault can not be readily answered. This is exactly the position which a hostile power would naturally and inevitably take, in the event of a rupture of amicable relations—relations which our foreign representatives seem to be keeping no closer very fast. Here, in San Francisco, we go indolently on, considering and discussing methods of defense, but doing nothing practical toward it. We very well know that Fort Point and Alcatraz could be knocked into a cocked hat, their batteries silenced, and their position taken by a squadron of half a dozen iron-clads, or even less, of any of the fleets of any of the principal nations of Europe. There is war in the air, and there is no telling how soon an incompetent executive might lead or force the American nation into action. The value of property liable to be destroyed, or laid under contribution, in the city of San Francisco alone, is estimated at eleven hundred million dollars. It is surely time that some mode of defense was organized for so much readily assailable property. Although the representation and influence of the Pacific States in Congress are weak compared with the area, resources, and future possibilities of the as yet undeveloped country which it represents, the inhabitants of these States have a right to consider that their portion in the Federal Union is as important and estimable as that of the ancient members of that Union. The proprietary principle act, which characterizes and stains most of our parliamentary bills—three big fish for New England and a minnow for the Pacific States—ought to be estopped. The harbor of San Francisco, facing as it does the Orient, should have as great protection as that of New York, which itself has nothing commensurable with the personal property, which it only belongs to self-interest to defend, and which is at this moment at the mercy of the first heavy war-ship that comes in. It is all very well to rely on sunken torpedoes, and to vaunt that a well-regulated system of these engines of defense will settle any ship, however stout and thoroughly equipped with warriors and seamen; but when it comes to a fleet of strong vessels, each one bearing the other up, with a perfect knowledge of what is in store for them, it simply becomes a mathematical proposition that at least one of the naval armament will arrive at such a position as to be thoroughly effective in the matter of either dictation or assault. Therefore, it becomes the bounden duty of our government to prepare. The harbor of San Francisco is utterly unprotected. The brick-work at Fort Point would simply throw dust into the eyes of the gunners behind, if hit by ball or shell projected from the gun of the present day. It is high time that our fat and comfortable citizens recognized the fact that their property lies open to the first marine marauder that comes along.

An excellent criticism of our prohibition editorial of May 2d, is declined for publication, not because of its cutting sarcasm against the editor, but for the reason that the writer fails to comprehend and correctly to represent the *Argonaut's* position upon the temperance question. We do not disagree with Sir Henry Thompson, the distinguished Belgian surgeon, in his opinions concerning the evil results of alcoholic habits, nor do we seriously differ with him in his views upon total abstinence. Hence we do not quite appreciate the necessity of reprinting him at the length he is reproduced in the manuscript we decline. If Mr. Charles T. Hart was an older and more constant reader of the *Argonaut*, he would know that it is, and ever since its establishment has been, a consistent advocate of temperance principles; that it favors high license and local option, and is opposed to the adulteration of liquors or wine, is opposed to the sale of intoxicating beverages at places where family groceries are sold, is opposed to entrusting the liquor trade to the hands of immoral or irresponsible persons, and in all rational and legal methods favors the restriction and abolition of all that is hurtful in the liquor traffic. But as the editor of the *Argonaut* does not, in morals, rank himself superior to Christ, who wrought the miracle of the marriage feast; nor in wisdom consider himself the peer of St. Paul, who was the first to recognize that Christianity and religious sentiment depended largely upon the condition of the stomach; nor challenge comparison with the early Christian fathers, who all indulged in wine; nor with the statesmen and heroes of the early civilization who, in parliamentary contests and in heroic conflicts on battle-fields, achieved victory for personal liberty and human rights, he has determined that there is a point beyond which he will not consent to be dragged in this temperance crusade. Men who love wine have the same inalienable right to pursue happiness in their own way as have those who love buttermilk. Men who think that pure wine, taken in moderation, contributes to the comfort, health, and happiness of themselves and their families, and adds to the prosperity of the community in which they reside, have the same privilege to indulge their opinions as the men and women who congregate in Good Templars' halls, in Sunday-schools, and in temperance associations to forbid the use of beverages which they do not enjoy, and have not the inclination to indulge in. We will open our columns to any reasonable and intelligent discussion by any temperance advocate who will undertake to demonstrate that the use, in moderation, of pure wine, the product of our own vines, upon the tables of the luxurious rich, or the laborious poor, will not conduce to the comfort, promote the welfare, advance the morals, preserve order, and, in any way, contribute to the good of society. We are growing utterly weary of this never-ending talk of the unhappiness of the many who indulge themselves in the excessive use of intoxicating drinks. We know the cruelties practiced by the drunkard upon his family and the burdens imposed by him upon society, and, in our opinion, if as much effort were expended to control the liquor traffic, and bring it within the limitations of sense and sound reason, as has been expended in endeavoring to bring about a teetotal millenium, much greater good would result. We know the evils resulting from the use of alcoholic stimulants; we know the evils that have grown from the Christian religion—wars, cruel persecutions, bloody martyrdoms, civil dissensions, centuries of strife, crimes innumerable, and horrible results that can not, in their consequences, be measured; and yet would it be well to advocate total abstinence from belief in Christian faith or absolute prohibition against the diffusion of Christian doctrines? We are, all of us connected with the *Argonaut*, both in precept and practice, good temperance folk. We do not like liquor saloons, nor approve of the loafing, idle, good-for-nothing vagabonds who make a living by their maintenance. We are willing to see all gin-holes closed up, and the criminal vermin who burrow in them smoked out and destroyed, and we believe this work can be accomplished without overturning the whole social structure. We do not drink alcohol nor buttermilk, and it is but seldom that we touch wine, yet we think we know that pure wine and sound beer, consumed in moderation, under regulations, governed by the enactment of reasonable laws, would moderate and cure very many of the evils of intemperance. Ever since we were a Sunday-school boy, this teetotal temperance clatter has been going on, and so far the temperance cause has made but little progress. In our belief, California wine and lager beer are the most effective temperance agencies at work in this State at this time.

At West Chester, in Pennsylvania, the priest of St. Agnes Church excommunicated two pew-holders, Philip Maguire and William S. Bowen, because they withdrew their children from a parochial school and sent them to a public school. The priest gave his reasons for this action at mass, and this is what the priest said:

> These gentlemen were excommunicated on my own authority and the authority of the archbishop, with whom I had consulted in the matter. They took their pews from them because I do not propose that any one shall hold a pew in this church who is in open rebellion against its laws, when there are faithful and obedient members who are willing to occupy them. Mr. Bowen had the audacity to apply for communion on the Easter morning, and was publicly refused. I had consulted with the archbishop months before in reference to this matter, and it was on the strength of this, and of a letter from his grace, that the refusal was made.

And this is what Mr. Maguire says:

> The reverend gentleman saw fit to use my name in connection with my refusal to send my child to the parochial school, and also notify those of his congregation present that I was formally excommunicated for this refusal, but he wisely took good care not to state the reason for my refusal to have the boy longer educated at the parish school. I took the boy away because, in my judgment, the school was far inferior to the public schools of West Chester, and because the penalty for missing a lesson in catechism was a severe whipping. When I inquired, through a letter, about the severity of the lesson and the punishment inflicted, I received, in reply, a letter from his reverence telling me to mind my own business, and that he would not tolerate interference from me. I replied in a letter, which was answered with a notice that my boy was turned out of the Sunday-school because I would not send him to the parish school, and, later on, the priest met me on the street, and in the most overbearing way threatened that he would deny the child the sacraments of the church. Nine-tenths of the parents sending their children to the parish school do so rather from a sense of fear than an understanding that it is good for them to do so. Many of them have told me of their troubles, and of the bad discipline in the school, and of the poor progress that their children make. There is a great deal of smothered dissatisfaction here, and Rev. Samuel B. Spaulding knows it, deny it as he will.

And this is what the *Argonaut* says: The priest of St. Agnes is an unmannerly cub, and except for the brutal

and insolence of his methods of intercourse with parental authority, is not responsible. He is but the echo of his church, and speaks by the authority of its bishop, and is but the reflection of its policy in reference to American free schools. The Church of Rome has considered the question of education in America, and through its council of bishops and high prelates, convened at Baltimore, has entered upon the plan of secular and church education, in order to destroy the non-sectarian, free-school system of the United States. The first entering wedge is the parochial school. It is within the scheme to cause the election of Roman Catholics as school trustees wherever the Roman vote can find itself strong enough to accomplish this result; the employment of Roman Catholic teachers; division of the school moneys whenever and wherever the church influence can control legislation; plunder of State and municipal treasuries for money in aid of what are called "charities," but which are robberies to assist in building up the political power of the Roman Catholic Church. Mr. Maguire thinks the parochial schools inferior to the public schools — the *Argonaut* thinks the same, and that priests, nuns, Christian Brothers, monks, and Jesuits ought to be inhibited by law from pursuing the teaching of children as a vocation. In parochial schools the children are whipped severely for missing a lesson in catechism, and when the parent attempts to interfere, he is told to "mind his own business, and not interfere with the priest." This being interpreted by the *Argonaut* means, that the father of a family has no right to come between the priest of Rome and his own wife and children; that at the domestic altar the priest is to be held in higher veneration and clothed with higher authority than the husband and father; that it is the priest and not the parent who must control the education of children, mold their intellects, and direct their minds; that the priest may come between the maiden and her lover, the bride and her husband, may receive whispered confidences, and confessions that may not be given to the presumed father of her children. Mr. Maguire says, "nine-tenths of the parents send their children to the parish school through fear," and that there is a great deal of smothered dissatisfaction about the matter in West Chester, Pennsylvania. The fear of priests, and church influence, and excommunication, and purgatorial penalties is the result of ignorance; ignorance promotes bigotry, and bigotry keeps the Roman Church alive. Non-sectarian free schools are undermining and destroying the Roman Catholic Church in America, and hence the opposition of the Roman Church to the American school-house. May the free schools come out ahead in the race, and may the devil take the hindmost.

George W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, in speaking of the Pope's manifesto against the Irish National League and the "Plan of Campaign," says:

No authoritative answer to the Pope has yet been made, nor is it clear what line the Parnellites mean to take. To say that the Pope is interfering in politics and must be kept within his proper domain, which is faith and morals, is but an academic answer. The Pope's circular is addressed to the Roman Catholic bishops of Ireland, and a copy of it is sent officially to each. It is a declaration by the Supreme Congregation of the Holy Roman and Universal Inquisition, confirmed and approved by the Holy Father, and therefore of final authority upon the consciences of good Catholics. The question of first interest is, what will the bishops do? They are ordered to admonish, prudently but effectively, the clergy and people. They are expected to see that the clergy obey and enforce obedience upon the people. Many of the clergy are leaders in the campaign which the league wages against the law. What Monsignor Persico saw, and what led him to urge this course upon the Pope, was that if the priests could be taken out of the combination, its power would be much reduced. The circular is directed expressly against the "Plan of Campaign" and boycotting, not against the league, urge the Irish organs. True, answer the English; but suppress the "Plan of Campaign" and boycotting, and what becomes of the authority of the league? The managers of the league have, of course, no idea of letting that powerful organization go to pieces because the Pope, as they say, has gone over to the landlords. But they well know that they are now confronted with opposition of a very formidable kind, and some decision must speedily be taken.

The Pope's mandate reaches all the faithful under the Seal of the Fisherman. It comes from the infallible authority whose mandates may not be questioned, except through heresy, and not be disobeyed, except at the cost of eternal punishment. Every Roman Catholic prelate, priest, and layman, embracing bishops, archbishops, cardinals, and all in the purple, down to the most ignorant snuff-taking monk that skulks in cloisters, or priest that leads fighting peasants, armed with dung-forks and vitriol, in resisting legal evictions in Ireland; Roman Catholics hiding in Irish hedges or in public halls at San Francisco, posturing as platform statuary, must submit to the rule of Rome; must desist from encouraging home-rule politics; must withdraw from national leagues, and cease from encouraging the plan of campaign, or aiding it by the boycott, or by contribution of financial aid. To charge that the Papal decree is the result of mistaken information, or comes from English influence, or has been procured by Tory politicians, is an insult to his majesty of the triple tiara, and will make the surrender when it comes, as come it must, more humiliating. The Roman Catholic churchman involved in this opposition to Rome may be pardoned and absolved, if he will kneel, confess, and obey, but if he shall defy Rome's authority, he will be tortured by the boot, broken upon the wheel, excommunicated from the church, denied the sacraments when dying, and refused emancipation from eternal torments after death. The Roman Church knows how to suppress insurrection in its ranks, and how to subdue civil war around its altars; it never fears to punish, and seldom fails to conquer.

When a great commercial house, that for nearly half a century has been identified with the interests of a locality, fails, and is compelled to admit its inability to meet its financial obligations, it becomes a matter of serious regret. The house of William T. Coleman & Co. is contemporaneous with the earliest history of our city, and, in great enterprises, has kept step with the progress of the State, until its reputation and credit had become national. Unlike most commercial houses, this firm had extended its enterprises to affairs beyond the lines of traffic in merchandise and exchange in commodities, and had reached out its strong hand to the encouragement of industries that looked to the development of the material resources of the entire Pacific Coast. If the house of William T. Coleman & Co. had confined itself within the bounds of legitimate commerce, and had not undertaken to control the production of borax, nor corner the fruit and raisin markets, nor monopolize the salmon industry, nor secure *all* the land in Marin County, it is probable that it would not have come to such immeasurable grief as is announced by a failure for two million five hundred thousand dollars. What is the value of the assets available for the liquidation of these immense debts will not be disclosed for a period of two months. It is feared that the energy of Mr. Coleman's remaining years, his commercial integrity, his speculative chemical coal and mining properties, his encumbered suburban estate, and his Buri-Buri Rancho will not enable the firm to liquidate its indebtedness as promptly as its members could wish, nor pay par upon amounts now in suspense. If the defeat of the Mills Tariff Bill or the miscarriage of Mr. Cleveland's election shall so advance the value and salability of the borax mine that it will realize two and one-half millions of dollars, and the increasing immigration shall enable the town lots of San Rafael, and the farms about Corte Madera, to be sold so far above their incumbrances as to give to the creditors of the house one and one-half millions of dollars, the two events will go far toward the realization of the somewhat over-sanguine promises now held out by those whom we suspect to be over-sanguine friends of the suspended firm.

The editor of the *Argonaut* is in daily receipt of letters from the interior, asking him for information as to the plans of the American party in the coming Presidential campaign. To answer these communications is impossible. We lack authority to speak for the executive committee, and the committee, we think, will make no official statement and take no definite position until the national conventions at St. Louis and Chicago have presented their candidates and their platforms of principles. If either of the great parties shall have the courage to recognize the danger of unrestricted immigration and unrestricted naturalization, and its Presidential nominee shall have the boldness in his letter of acceptance to recognize the American sentiment, that party will receive a very large vote from the American party. If both conventions shall, in the cowardice of silence, make no utterance, and choose candidates whose opinions are unknown or hostile to the American sentiment, then the American party in California will call a State convention, nominate a Presidential candidate, and obtain for its electors all the votes that its best effort can command, leaving consequences to take care of themselves.

A correspondent of the London *Standard* says that the Russian Nihilists, having failed to make the desired impression upon the peasants, have, for the past few years, devoted their attention chiefly to the army and navy, and with startling success. It is suspected that if Russia becomes engaged in another war, the Revolutionists will not permit her triumph. "If our armies emerge victorious from a coming war," say the Liberals, "the abomination of desolation will be inaugurated in our country, and will last indefinitely."

The attention of the French Academy of Sciences has been drawn by M. Faye, the eminent astronomer, to the apparent geological law that the cooling of the terrestrial crust goes on more rapidly under the sea than with a land surface. From this he argues that the crust must thicken under oceans at a more rapid rate, so as to give rise to a swelling up and distortion of the thinner portions of the crust; in other words, to the formation of mountain chains.

Recently the Queen of the Belgians was driving through the Place Royale at Brussels, when she noticed a man violently beating a dog who was attempting to draw a heavily loaded barrow. The queen at once stopped her carriage, and dispatched the footman for a gendarme, who brought the offender up to the carriage, where he was sharply rebuked by her majesty, after which he was taken in charge for cruelty, and the queen drove off amid cheers from the crowd.

Mr. Polikoff, who died last week, was known as the Russian railway king. He was estimated to be worth thirty million dollars, and in this country would hardly have ranked higher than a prince in railway royalty.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING.

The business of reading newspapers for other people, which was started in a small way not very long ago, is said to be in a fair way to swamp itself by too rapid growth. The original clipper, Henry Romeike, who experimented with the idea in Paris, and then went into the business in London on a larger scale, has made a stock company of his establishment there, and came to this country to carry out his system here. The promise, he says, is of something gigantic in the line of scissors and paste-pot manipulation. Seven thousand papers were read, and nine thousand notices clipped from them last week, for several hundred clients on his lists.

A glance at his books gives a curious insight into the weaknesses of men and women whose names are familiar in widely different circles of life. The name of each client heads a page, and under it is a brief note of what particular news or information that person wants from the papers. Fully half of the names have after them but one word, "Personal." Whatever is said about themselves they want. It would be great satisfaction to scores of snubbed reporters to see in these books the evidence of the anxiety of great lawyers who have nothing to say to reporters, city officials who have no time to bother with newspaper men, and society women who would not have their names in the paper for anything, to see whatever is printed about them. "Everything about her reception," is under the name of a leading society woman. "Everything bearing on fraud at elections" is the curious order of a city official. Artists and literary men are the worst. They all want to see everything that is printed about their latest picture or their newest book. Playwrights and actors, strangely enough, do not seem addicted to this new way of seeing themselves in print, but Henry Irving wants everything that is printed about himself or Miss Terry.

Political men, and especially congressmen, seem to be the steadiest patrons of the institution. They all add "Personal" to their order. A senator wants "Himself and the Chinese Question;" "Himself and Peru," is the order of ex-mayor Grace. A common order limits the clippings to "paragraphs attacking him only." Lord Randolph Churchill once gave an order of that sort to the London institution, and his bill the first month was for a thousand clippings. "Great heavens! I can't stand this," he said. "Send me the favorable ones after this for a change," and his bill fell to nominal figures.

Men with hobbies are steady patrons. All that is printed about Volapük goes to one college professor. Paragraphs on the Nicaraguan Canal go to another man, and a French official gets all the De Lesseps items. One engineer wants every reference to the Quaker Bridge dam, another paragraphs on the Harlem Bridge, and several are getting all there is printed about Hudson River tunnel and bridge schemes. Several leading firms of architects and engineers want the earliest mentions of the proposed erection of large buildings, bridges, dams, or other structures. These are clipped from local papers all over the country, and whenever the firm sees a prospect of a job it sends in an application for the work of designing or constructing. Usually they are thus the first applicants, and have proportionately better chances for the work. Two fire-work manufacturing companies keep themselves posted, in the same way, as to coming celebrations all over the country, the nature of the exercises, amount to be expended, and similar matters. Contractors and others, with an eye out for new lines of railroad to be constructed, are also patrons of the paper readers.

The growth of the business has necessitated the introduction into it of a complicated system, and has developed it in several novel directions. The leading topics of newspaper comments, such as art, literature, the drama, politics, and similar subjects, are made separate divisions of the business, and everything pertaining to each is clipped by the first readers. These clippings are then gone over by the men in charge of each department, and those which may fit the orders of any patron are sorted out at the close of each day's work and mailed to him at once. He has paid in advance five dollars for a hundred "clips," or at decreasing rates up to forty dollars for a thousand, and when he has received the number paid for the service, stops until a new payment is made. A man's account may run along for months without his getting over forty or fifty of the thousand paragraphs he has paid for, and then he may kill his mother-in-law or do some other famous thing, and get the balance of his "clips" in a week.

Clippings are also made on speculation. If a well-known man dies, all his obituaries are collected, and afterward offered to some sorrowing relative for a certain amount of cash. Notices of weddings and other events are collected and peddled in the same way.

The latest development of the business is really a going back to first principles, according to Mr. Romeike's story of how he first got the idea. He was a good deal of a Bohemian, and at one time, in Paris, it came to be a serious question with him whether he should work or starve. Buying a paper of an old woman at a street-stand one morning, anxious not to miss the latest scandal of the boulevards, pending starvation, he saw an artist, whom he knew, take several papers from her and pay her a franc apiece for them. He asked her why the man paid her so much, and was told that he had made an arrangement with her by which every morning when she got her papers she looked them over, and if there was anything in any of them in reference to a matter in which the artist was interested, she marked it and laid those papers aside for him. He paid her a franc for every paper in which she had found anything he wanted. It struck the young Bohemian that if one man was so anxious to know what the papers said others would be so, too, and thereafter he bought all the papers, and clipped from them everything in reference to art and artists. He took the clippings about among the studios, where he had a large acquaintance, and peddled them for what he could get. In time he added literature as well as art to his field. Then he went to London. The idea developed, and he soon s[illegible] down into a regular business.

WHO WAS I?

The Tale of a Mind Diseased.

My story begins in the Turkish Baths in Twenty-Sixth Street, New York. I was lying on a bench in the hot-room, asleep, when one of the attendants roused me, and warned me that I was staying too long in the extreme heat. I followed him drowsily to another part of the bath, where he shampooed me, and then led me to the plunge. The cold water did not clear my head, and I thought I had better make my way to the fresh air of the streets. I went into one of the little dressing-rooms, attired myself as quickly as possible, and, still half-asleep, passed into the hall. The clerk at the desk asked me for the ticket which a bather receives on depositing his valuables. After a little fumbling, I found it, put the watch and chain, money, and letter-case into my pocket, and drew a long breath of relief in the crisp, open air. Decidedly, I thought, it does not do to steal a nap in a temperature of one hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit, and I must walk off the effects of my baking. By the time I reached Madison Square I felt quite faint, and I went into the first oyster-house I saw, ate a dozen Blue Points, and drank a bottle of Bass. So fortified, I leaned back in my chair and tried to pull myself together. I was in the clouded state of a man who has slept so heavily that he is not sure he is really awake. Unable as I was to collect my faculties, I felt confident that I had not been drinking. I was fuddled after an excessively severe Turkish bath, and I should recover in a little while. I left the oyster-house, and as I stepped on the sidewalk again, I thought something was sticking on the heel of one of my boots. I looked down, and saw that the heel of my left boot was built up about two inches higher than the other heel, like the boot of a cripple with one short leg. As I have no such deformity, the uneven heel threw me off my balance. The incident was ludicrous enough in itself, and I could readily understand that the boot-black at the bath was responsible for the blunder, but I was irritated at this fresh evidence of my spasm of stupidity. I hailed a hansom and drove to the bath. The clerk told me that the last bather had just left, and that no one had complained at getting the wrong boots. This staggered me. That a cripple, dependent for his comfort upon a specially constructed boot, should have contentedly submitted to the substitution of a pair of ordinary boots, was absolutely incredible. But I felt too dull-witted to argue the matter, and limped out to my cab again. I told the driver to take me to the nearest shoe-store, and there I fitted myself with a pair of boots in which I could walk. The shopman, with a look of amused curiosity, asked me where he should send the other boots, but I was still too much confused to think clearly of anything, and I said I would take them with me. With the same reluctance to attempting to give instructions to any one, I dismissed the hansom, and returned to Broadway, the parcel under my arm. I could see the ludicrous side of the situation, and I remembered the old story of the university professor who had frequently to be told his own name. Suddenly, the frightful fact burst upon me: *I had forgotten who I was.* I stood on the sidewalk aghast, and a policeman looked at me captiously. The great, sturdy fellow seemed a welcome friend in my absolute helplessness. I told him that I was ill, and asked him to direct me to a hotel. "There's the Fifth Avenue—if that's good enough," said he, and I walked mechanically to the bright, white building.

"No baggage, sir? Pay in advance, please," said the brisk clerk. I put my hand in my pocket, and wondered, blankly, at the amount of money in it.

Alone in my room, I opened the parcel and looked at the boots again. There was the one heel higher than the other. I examined the lining, and I saw the name "John Stone." I looked at my clothing; it was all marked "J. S." I searched the letter-case—it contained a dozen cards: "Mr. John Stone" only—no address.

John Stone could not be my name, because John Stone's boots were the boots of a cripple, and I was no cripple. I knew that one fact about myself—that I was not John Stone—and no more. Who was I? Why had John Stone made no objection to my having taken his clothing and valuables, and why had he accepted mine in lieu of his own?

As for myself, I was, for the time, no better than mad. But was John Stone mad, too? I dropped heavily on the bed, and lost consciousness almost immediately.

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I awoke the next morning, with my mind quite clear, and with all my faculties, except that of memory, in perfect order. I was able to consider my position, and to define to myself the precise limits of my mental loss. For perhaps a day or two, or perhaps for all time, I was quite without recollection of anything which concerned my own niche in the world. My mind was like the hand of the disabled artist who retained every manual aptitude, except the use of his brush. It is necessary that I should explain my condition with accuracy, because the circumstances I have to narrate could have arisen only under so curious a disposition. There is, then, a general body of information with which the minds of all men are charged. They know, if they are in America, the breadth of sweep between the East and West, the name of the President, the number of cents in a dollar—a vast store of other facts which they have acquired almost unconsciously and retain in their minds without effort. They scarcely recognize that the elementary matters need to be learned at all; they realize, with difficulty, that a Melanesian may live and die in ignorance of them.

All these things I remembered.

But the more immediate concerns of each man's life, his social position, his means of livelihood, his place of residence, his domestic relations, form another class of facts of which he does not expect a stranger to be cognizant, although they are the accepted basis of all his actions, and are as indispensable to his mental process as air is to his lungs.

Of all these things I had become nakedly ignorant. I did not know my name; I could only guess at my nationality; I might be a missionary or a book-maker. The clothes on my back, the money in my pocket, all I had in the world, so far as I knew, belonged to John Stone—of whom all that I knew was that one of his legs was longer than the other.

The bath was the birth-place of my mystery, and I thought I could not do better than to go there at once. But I could not make up my mind to tell the bath people of the mishap that had befallen me, and it seemed to me that I should be the object of a less galling contempt if I feigned to have been intoxicated on the previous night. I put the matter in this light to the clerk at the desk of the bath.

"I was," I said, "a little the worse for wine when I came here last night, and by some strange error I have taken another bather's clothes."

"Another gentleman's clothes, eh?" said the clerk. "You came back about the boots last night, I believe, sir? It seems odd he didn't kick."

"That is the strangest part of it," I said, "unless he had been drinking, too."

He tried not to smile, but there was a twinkle in his eye, as he said: "You got your valuables all right?"

"No," I said, "I got the other man's."

The clerk produced a toothpick, and used it thoughtfully.

"Pretty good watch-chain, ain't it?"

"Yes," I said, "and there was a roll of notes."

"Well," said he, "I should let the other chap walk up and down about it, if you ain't out on the transaction."

"That is not the question," I said. "Was there a lame man among the bathers last night?"

"Yes—left some time after you."

Plainly, the man thought I was not sober yet, and there was no use in asking him any more questions. I returned to my room at the hotel and proceeded to take account of the only data I had to work upon—the contents of John Stone's pockets. I had already noticed that one of the waistcoat pockets contained an ample roll of bank-notes, but in my excitement I had not yet counted them. I did so now, and found, inside the twenty-dollar bills on the outside of the roll, no less than twenty hundred-dollar notes. With the smaller bills and the coin in the trousers pocket, there was, in all, two thousand and sixty-four dollars and twenty-five cents, and as I had already drawn on the store for the disbursements of the last twelve hours, there must have been two thousand and seventy-five dollars when Stone left the money at the bath. The watch and chain were marked "Tiffany & Co.," but gave no clew to the owner.

I remarked, for the first time, that one leg of my trousers was shorter than the other. A small revolver, and a penknife in the trousers pockets, were equally useless as marks of identity. But in the letter-case, folded behind the cards, I found a slip of paper on which was written, in a clear mercantile hand: "June 20, C. C. 4.30; if O. K. carry Globe."

Globe at once impressed me as likely to be the evening newspaper of that name published in London—and with London as a cue, C. C. probably meant Charing Cross Railway station. I have already remarked that I found myself ordinarily conversant with the New York streets and with New York life, and I now discovered that London was fairly familiar to me. I looked at a copy of the New York *World* that I had bought, and saw that it was the tenth of June. Near the head-line I glanced down to the shipping advertisements, and observed that the Cunarder *Etruria* left for Liverpool that afternoon at three. Should I sail by her? If I could meet John Stone, I should know him, as a cripple. The memorandum probably indicated an appointment, and if I was at Charing Cross at the hour and day named I might hope to encounter him.

Any endeavor to find out who I was in New York would involve waiting. I might be advertised for by my family or friends as a missing man, and I might recognize the description. Again, I myself might advertise my description, and await the result. But my intense desire to see John Stone, and my aversion to a policy of inactivity, carried the day. I went to Tiffany's, and asked about the watch and chain, only to learn that they had been sold to a stranger for ready money. Then I visited the tailor and boot-maker whose names were advertised in Stone's coat and boots. The boot-maker only remembered that his customer had ordered the boots, and called for them when completed. But the tailor gave me a better answer. He described Stone as a thick-set man, with a scar under one eye. He did not know where Stone lived—or who he was—for in this instance, also, the goods had been kept until called for. An hour's shopping sufficed to supply me with what I needed for the voyage, and I drove down-town to the Cunard office. The passenger-clerk told me that there was no berth on the *Etruria* to be had for love or money, but I did not worry much about that. Not far from the Cunard office I bought a steamer-chair, and the shopman asked me if he should paint my name on it. I hesitated, for I had not yet considered what name I had better assume. I did not like to call myself Stone, as I had done at the hotel. Any other name I chose might be my right name, but John Stone was certainly not. I said "Smith" at a venture, and asked the man to mark the portmanteau I had bought as well as the chair. It was now only half-past one, and I went into Delmonico's and ate a chop. Then I drove to the Cunard wharf. A steward at the head of the *Etruria's* gangway asked where he should put my portmanteau. I told him to leave it on the deck, and went to the purser's room. I explained that it was of the utmost importance to me that I should sail by the *Etruria*, and that I did not care how poor my accommodation was. After a little demur, he said he thought the matter could be arranged after the steamer left the bay. "Some one is always left behind—and if there is not anybody this time we can arrange to berth you somewhere," he said.

An hour later the *Etruria* passed the Narrows, and I was on my way to meet John Stone, cripple, thick-set, scar under one eye.

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The *Etruria* was at sea a week, and before she made Liverpool I had arrived at the conclusion that John Stone was a criminal. At the bath, finding his clothes gone, he had taken mine and disappeared without making any complaint. The memorandum which led me to London indicated that he was, if "O. K.," to carry a *Globe*. The *Globe* is printed on pink paper, and any one who knew him could see the signal without approaching him. My conjecture was that the person whom he was to meet was an accomplice who would understand, if he saw the *Globe* in Stone's hand, that they might join each other in safety; that Stone was not watched by the police. The amount of money in my possession was, I thought, another evidence that Stone was not a reputable member of society. Honest men, who have no reason to dread being traced, for the most part transfer their money from place to place by checks and drafts, instead of carrying large sums on their persons. I had no hesitation in using the money in prosecuting my search for Stone, because, although I had effected the exchange with him in the first place, the matter would have been set right in an hour if he had communicated with the clerk of the bath, and left his address there. It was his inaction not my action that had perpetuated the change. My clothes, and whatever I had left in my clothes, must have told him at least as much about my identity as I knew of his—and probably more. Would he use this knowledge for any criminal purpose? He was not mentally and morally sane—or else he would have objected to the loss of his money; it could hardly be that he had obtained any such sum as two thousand dollars from me. That he was, like myself, suffering from a disorder of the mind seemed an improbable coincidence. If he was in terror of the law, he might well enough have been alarmed at finding his clothes gone, imagined that some trap was laid for him—dressed himself in the first apparel he saw, and escaped from the bath at any cost. The plan I formed was to say to him when I met him: "You are, to say the least of it, a most eccentric individual—but that is no business of mine. Restore what you took from me, take what I inadvertently took from you—and go about your business." But would he be at Charing Cross? He knew that the person who had his letter-case had that memorandum—would he anticipate their interpreting it as I had done—and would he chance meeting a detective at half-past four on the twentieth of June?

I had not long to wait. It was the afternoon of the eighteenth when I reached London, and two days later I was at Charing Cross; half an hour before the appointed time. I was so much afraid that half-past four would come and go without my seeing the man I wanted, that the minute-hand of the big clock at the end of the station seemed to fairly leap from point to point. A local train was to leave at half-past four for the little suburban towns in Kent. At last it was half-past four—the bell rang, the train moved out to the bridge—and no cripple had appeared. There were only three or four people left on the platform, and among them I noticed one sharp-faced little man who seemed to be looking for some one. I stepped up to the book-stall, bought a *Globe*, and held it ostentatiously before me. The sharp-faced man did precisely what I had done; and did it with such an air of premeditation that I had no hesitation in accosting him.

"Are you looking for Mr. Stone?" I asked.

"Possibly," said he. "Are you?"

"Yes."

"He isn't here."

"So I see."

"Are you here on his behalf?" asked the man, eagerly.

"No," said I. "But I am here to do him a service; is he a friend of yours?"

"You can call me a friend of his, if you like. What's the service?"

I did not know how far I ought to trust the stranger, but he was my only link to Stone, and I could not let him go.

"I have some money of his," I said.

"You're damned lucky he hasn't got some of yours," said the little man.

"I didn't say he hadn't—but I think I've got more of his."

"That sounds interesting. I suppose you know Stone is a crook?"

"Meaning that he generally has other people's money?"

"Precisely. My name's Anderson; and my business is that of a confidential agent. I have been negotiating with Stone for the return of some papers that are no use to him, and that my client wants. I had reason to believe that he would be here to-day."

"With a *Globe?*"

"With a *Globe*."

"Was his appointment with you?"

"No—but I knew of it."

"Do you know where he is?"

"No—but I think I can get at him."

After a moment's thought I made up my mind to employ the services of this fellow. He looked half-way honest, at any rate, and if he was already in treaty with Stone he would be the most likely man to conduct my affair. Stone would probably be glad to get his two thousand dollars in exchange for my papers. I accompanied Anderson to his office, a dirty little back room on one of the streets running from the Strand to the river, and there I told him the whole story.

He believed me, or affected to do so, but he gave me no hope of an immediate success.

"Stone," said he, "is worse—frightened than I have ever known him to be. I had some little hope that he might be here to-day; but now I think he stayed in America. Your best plan is to keep quiet for a week, and I'll work the wires. Stone knows that I can't make anything by turning him over to the police, and when he cools down a little, I think I can make the deal with him. He may be on the way to London now—or he may not. Meantime, I can try another dodge for you. What will you give me if I identify you without finding Stone?"

"A hundred pounds," said I.

"Well, I'll have a shot at it. I've seen your face in London before, and I think I've seen you with a man I can find. The best thing you can do is to go down to Brighton, or somewhere, and try to freshen up. You are knocked-up with all this mess. I'll let you know as soon as I have any news. Come and have your photograph taken first, I want that.'

I accompanied him to a photographer's studio in Regent Street, and then I went down to Brighton. I was, as he had said, quite used-up by the anxiety of the past ten days, and now that I had put some one on the scent, my mind was so far relieved that I could rest. I consulted a physician at Brighton, and, on his recommendation, came up to London, three days later, to see a Harley Street specialist. The great man looked very wise, took five guineas—diagnosed amnesia—and recommended rest.

That was all I had looked for, but the visit had an unexpected result. I walked down to Oxford Street from the physician's house, and, as I turned the corner, I saw a procession coming from the direction of the Marble Arch. A detachment of the Salvation Army was returning from a junction at Exeter Hall, and were followed by a rabble of boys and blackguards. I had some time to wait for my train, and I stood at the corner to see them pass. Just then a hansom swung round from Oxford Street, and pulled up suddenly at the kerb.

I looked up, and saw that the occupant, a charming, pretty girl, wanted to speak to me. At last, I thought, some one knows me! She hesitated for a moment, studying my face with intense interest. I raised my hat, and waited for her to speak. With a quick movement she drew a ring from her finger and threw it into the gutter.

"Drive on," she said to the man; and as I sprang toward the cab to detain her, I found myself involved in the mob of salvationists and their followers. The hansom disappeared while I was struggling with the crowd, and when I looked for the ring that was gone, too.

I felt fairly ill with disappointment. Some one I knew had seen and recognized me, only to disown me. And yet her face was as strange to my eyes as if I had never seen her. The story was plain enough. In some way I had offended some one to whom I had given a ring, probably some one who had been very dear to me. What had I done? Who was she? And then the old maddening question: Who was I?

I had not even taken the number of the cab, and London is as trackless as the sea. But I determined to leave Brighton, and to spend my time, until I had some tidings from Anderson, in walking about the London streets on the chance of meeting her again. I went down to Brighton that night, and about three in the morning I awoke with a distinct impression that, in my dreams, I had known who she was—who I was—everything. I concentrated my mind on the effort to recall that dream with a fierceness that almost crazed me. But it was useless—quite useless.

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In the morning I was packing my portmanteau, preparing to go up to town, when I received this telegram from Anderson:

"Your wife will join you at hotel about six. No news of Stone."

My wife! I was married! Was it my wife whom I had seen in Oxford Street, who had thrown down the ring? And had Anderson seen her since and told her of the illness which had probably been the cause of my unknown offense?

I told the waiter that I should not go to town that day, that I expected Mrs. Smith to join me, and that I wanted a private sitting-room. And then I walked down to the beach. I took a long swim, and afterward walked out on the downs, trying to keep my mind calm.

My great hope was that, when my wife called me by name, my memory would be restored. That had been the *crux* throughout; there had not been an hour of all these fifteen days in which I had not reiterated the question: Who am I?—who am I? Let me once hear my name, and all would be well.

Six o'clock came at last, and found me waiting. At a quarter past six there was a knock at the door. I opened it. The waiter made way for a lady to enter, and closed the door again. You may imagine that I looked at her with all my eyes—my wife, who was a stranger to me!

She was very small, and her presence gave one the impression of extreme youth. Her eyes were brown, and marked by that peculiar clouding which leaves the circle of the iris undefined. Her eyebrows grew down upon the upper eyelids, throwing a heavy shadow on the eyes. Her skin was fair, but had the creaminess more common in brunettes. The lines of her figure, slender as she was, were exquisitely round and gracious to the eye. No one could fail to think her beautiful; and in her face there was a certain appeal of doubt, a look of indesiderant expectancy, at which I felt a quick sympathy.

As I stood there, searching for some mnemonic in her face, she spoke:

"So you have been ill. I am so sorry. Let us forget that we have not always thought quite kindly of each other, and be good friends. You are not yet quite well. That will come. Now, give me a cup of tea, and tell me all about it."

She had been charming when she was silent; but when she spoke, one could have worshiped her. And yet she was my wife—and talked of friendship. But it was not of our relations that I thought. As she seated herself, I said:

"My name—tell me my name!"

"My poor Frank, has it been so bad as that? *Frank Robyn Wilmot.*"

Not a sound in it was familiar to my ear. I turned to where a mirror hung on the wall, and looked steadfastly at my face. Still the face of a stranger. I could feel my flesh, hear my voice, look at my face—and they were not mine. The hope that had lived in me was gone. I had heard my name, and still I was in darkness. Born fifteen days ago—that was my life. And fifteen days more would be too long to bear it, as it seemed to me.

"And your name?"

"Angela—but you have always called me Géla."

"Géla, then. I do not know what I ought to say to you. You see how it is with me—I remember nothing. I suppose that I have loved you. You are very fair to look at, Géla—but it is all blank to me. You say we have not always been good friends, and you speak as if we were only to be friends, at the most. Try to be patient with me and my mind will come back to me, the doctors say. Perhaps we had better try to ignore this trouble. I think it will be easier for you."

"You are always thoughtful of me, Frank. It is best for you, too, I am sure."

"Whom else have I in the world beside you, Géla?"

"No one. How strange it is that I should have to teach you all about yourself. We were alone in the world, both of us, when you married me—and—we are still alone; but I will try to be good to you. I used to worry you a little, but that shall remain forgotten. We had better go to some place where you will be amused—that is the best thing. Would you like Homburg?"

"I think I know Homburg. Have I ever been there?"

"Not since we were married. I thought it would be easier for you to go among strangers, and not try to recollect."

"Then we will go at once," I said; "I promise not to harass you with questions. I know how it must pain you to see me groping and struggling to get back to myself—and it does me no good. Shall we go to the theatre to-night, if you are not tired?"

"Yes. Is a room ready for me?"

"I will see to it, and send you your tea."

As I turned to leave the room, I saw her eyes soften and fill with tears. What could I say? It was hard for her; yes—and very hard for me.

* * * * * * *

While we were crossing the channel next day, I told Angela the story of the lady, the hansom cab, and the ring, and I asked her who she thought it could have been. She asked me to describe the girl, and when I had done so, she said she thought it must have been a friend of hers to whom I had given a ring at Christmas, and who fancied that I had not been kind to Angela.

"You know we have quarreled abominably, Frank," she added, "and poor Millie can't be persuaded that it's anybody's fault but yours."

"It was an emphatic thing to do, wasn't it?" I said.

"Yes, but Millie is emphatic. Don't let it trouble you—I'll write to her from Hamburg, and recall her letters of marque and reprisal."

Always this reminder that my wife and I had not lived happily together, and I could not understand it. As for myself, I was enabled by circumstances to regard myself with an impartial sense of detachment, and I did not conceive myself to be unamiable. Angela was apparently the sweetest-tempered of women, and she grew prettier every hour.

I described her before, but I think I did not permit myself to mention her dimples. A man, even if he is not quite in his right mind, may surely observe his wife's dimples—which are, after all, merely nascent wrinkles.

Angela turned to speak to me, and saw a certain look in my eyes. I had already discovered that she was quick of thought, and on this occasion, she did not stop to think at all.

"There must be none of that between us, Frank—remember! We will try to be pleasant and helpful to each other, but I remember many things that you are fortunate in forgetting."

I studied over that speech of hers, then and thereafter, until I began to think that I must have been a brute to her. That the fault could have been on her side, I did not imagine for a moment.

At Homburg we installed ourselves in the Hôtel du Printemps, and for two or three weeks the pleasant routine of the *Bad* carried us along very comfortably. I heard from Anderson, who acknowledged the hundred pounds I had sent him, and said that Stone was still in America. I made no further efforts to inquire into my past, because I did not want to distress Angela. I spoke to her once about money, and she told me that my bankers would not give me any trouble. In a vague way I gathered, from little things she said, that I was fairly well-off, as a man of leisure, and that we might continue our lazy life at Homburg as long as we pleased. I have wondered, since, that I could have been content to let matters drift as I did, but since Géla had been with me, I had become measurably content. A disorder of the mind has its stages, like a disorder of the body, and mine seemed then to be the stage of sluggishness. I amused myself playing tennis, listening to the music, poking about the hills, always with Géla. One morning, at the Elizabeth Spring, I slipped on a wet stone and sprained my wrist. For a week or so I could not use my right hand at all, and one of the waiters at the hotel used to come to my room in the morning and help me dress. He was a decent fellow, with a more or less veracious story about a sick mother in Alsace, and when I was well enough to dispense with his assistance, I gave him rather a larger *douceur* than I need have done. He was extravagantly grateful, and was forever contriving opportunities to do little things for me.

We had been at the hotel just a month, when he came to my room one morning, with a very solemn face, and told me he had something of importance to communicate. I thought it was another sick mother, and let him ramble on, wondering idly the while if Angela would wear white again that day. But the next thing he said brought me to myself.

"——and so, monsieur, knowing that gentlemen, even of monsieur's distinction, have their little frictions with the police—matters of high politics, often—I said to myself, 'Heinrich, shall the savior of thy mother's life be hounded by a spy, and no one warn him? No!' And so I have told monsieur, with respect."

"What sort of a man was this spy?"

"A soldier, monsieur—an English soldier."

"But, my good fellow, English soldiers do not wear uniforms in Germany."

"Oh, no, monsieur; but he has been hurt in battle—he is lame—he is cut in the cheek."

"Say that again!"

He repeated it. Stone! The man whom I had tried so hard to find was here in Homburg, and if Heinrich was to be believed, was watching my movements. My first impulse was to tell Géla, but I was half ashamed of the extent to which I already relied on her, and I thought this matter was one that I ought to handle for myself. I gave the waiter another tip, and told him to employ some friend of his to keep him advised of Stone's movements. At noon Angela joined me, and we went down to the court-yard of the hotel for breakfast. If you know the Hôtel du Printemps, you will remember that the interior of the quadrant is laid out as a garden, and that there are half a dozen little trellised arbors, shaded by red-flowered creepers, in which breakfast is served for people who like open air and dislike the rabble of the *table d'hôte.* We sat down in one of the arbors, and while the waiter who was attending us had gone to the kitchen, Heinrich came to me and told me, in an undertone, that the lame man was in an arbor on the other side of the court-yard, with a lady. I said nothing to Géla, but I moved my chair to where I could see Stone if he left his table. The waiter brought us an omelette, and I turned away to serve it. When I looked back the vine on the other arbor had been parted, and I saw a dark, scarred face looking out. Stone—I had no doubt it was he—could see Angela, but my face was hidden behind the leaves. He turned his head and seemed to be speaking to his companion. At that moment another face appeared at the side of his—the face of the woman who had thrown down the ring on Oxford Street. I rose and stood at the door, in full view of them both. And—how shall I tell it—a great cry rang out from the lips of the woman: "Harry, Harry!"

The time had come, and the cloud had passed away. The sound of my true name had done all that I had hoped it would. I knew myself—knew that I was not Frank Wilmot—knew that I had been the victim of an infernal conspiracy—and then Alice was in my arms—she whom I had left three months before, expecting to be my wife when I returned to England. I kissed her once, and she drew back, quivering.

"Tell me, first, Harry, who is this woman for whom they told me you had broken faith with me—she is here—here as your wife—can you explain that away, Harry? Think what you say, and tell me the truth." I looked at Géla. Her head had fallen on her hands, and she was crying bitterly. She had been in the plot, had tricked me shamefully, but I thought I understood her relations with Stone, and I said:

"Do you want me to forgive you, Angela? Then tell this lady the truth."

She did not raise her head; but, half-whispering, answered:

"I did as he told me. You had lost your memory. He had your papers and letters, he made me lie to you as I have done, he wanted to marry her himself—lie, steal, kill, marry—anything for money; that is the man whose will is my law. He told her you had married me, he brought her here to see for herself, and the plan failed. That is all."

She burst into tears again, and I felt even more angry with Stone for her sake than my own. I turned to where he had stood, but he was gone. Angela watched me. "Yes," she said, "he is gone, and I must go, unless you want to punish me. Don't mind me, nothing can make my life harder."

We left her, Alice and I, left her crying. I have never seen her since, never heard of her or of Stone, nor yet of Anderson, his agent in the scheme.

It is an old story now, five years have passed. Alice is a good, fond wife, we are happy always, and yet I think of poor Géla; Géla, whose eye-brows grew down upon the upper lids; Géla, with the soft curve in her full, young throat, and I wish I had killed Stone that day in the court-yard of the Hôtel du Printemps.

H. R. HAXTON.

SAN FRANCISCO, May, 1888.

In a New York restaurant there hangs one of those boxes containing chewing-gum, on which is printed an invitation to drop a cent in the slot and pull out a cake of gum. A seedy individual sidled up to it the other day, and seemed to be trying to make it work. Nobody paid much attention to him until a kindly disposed young man walked up to instruct him in the use of the machine. The stranger had six or seven pieces of gum in his hand and was just extracting another. He had in his other hand a punched cent suspended by a string. He would drop it in the slot, open the drawer, pull the cent out again, and then repeat the operation. Had he not been discovered he would probably have emptied the box.

A Southern Pacific conductor recently told of one man, a perfectly decorous and well-mannered tourist from an Eastern State, who asked every conductor he traveled with to put his punch-mark in the sweat-band of his hat. Some conductors declined this unexpected request, but not many. The most of them would have calmly and politely punched a hole in his collar, if requested to do so. The conductor who told the story had punched with the rest, and when he saw the sweat-band it had more strange marks than an Egyptian monument.

The world-famous trotting horse Dexter, who twenty years ago was known as "The King of the Turf," died Sunday morning, April 22, of old age, in the stables of his owner, Robert Bonner. Dexter was thirty years old, and for a year past had not been in harness, but had taken his ease in the stable of Mr. Bonner, who regarded nothing as too good for him. Mr. Bonner sent the body to Tarrytown to be buried on a choice spot on his farm there.

The thistle at the Antipodes seems to attain a most vigorous growth. Its root penetrates to a depth of from twelve to twenty feet, and this root, even when cut into small pieces, retains vitality, each root producing a new plant.

The average age of all the people of France is given as thirty-two years two months and fifteen days. The average in the United States is only twenty-four years ten months and twenty-four days.

If a hen and a half lay an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many eggs will six hens lay in seven days?

THE IDOL OF THE ARMY.

Blakely Hall writes about Crown Prince William of Germany.

There are odd contradictions in the German character. Three hundred thousand avowed socialists here execrate the name of king, and an army of free-thinkers sneer at royalty, with superb contempt, on all public occasions. The small talk of the clubs and *cafés* is all of the same tenor, and yet when a great member of the house of Hohenzollern appears, the awe-stricken condition of the average German is simply amazing.

When I came to Berlin, about a month ago, I found the place bathed in tears and swaddled in crape. The wildest extravagance in mourning decorations was thought too meagre for the memory of the old Kaiser who had just died, and the people wept continually and openly. Not only did the tears roll down their faces during the funeral, but in private and public life the same heart-broken feelings for the dead emperor found expression. Two men in a beer-garden, reading some touching incident of King William's long life, would wag their heads solemnly and mop the tears from their eyes as they discussed the wise old man; shop-keepers cried over a favorite photograph, and even the people in the hotels were ready with their tears. The first experience I had of this was in the train coming from London. There were two other men in my compartment—typical Germans, with burly figures and fat faces. They were laboring under an endless amount of excitement. I learned, after a while, that they were the two senior members of one of the big banking houses in London, and that they were going home to Berlin to be present at the funeral of the dead king. They wept copiously as they talked of him.

It did not appear to me that the socialists and free-thinkers were sincere in their contempt for royalty, when they showed so much emotion over the old emperor's death; but what strengthened the belief was the homage they paid to the present emperor when he came to Berlin. A few days ago he drove down the Linden to visit his mother, the dowager-empress, in her palace at the other end of the city. I thought the people—including the socialists and free-thinkers—would go mad. They crowded around his carriage so that the police could barely drag the horses through, and fought hand-to-hand for the honor of touching a wheel or a door of the vehicle in which his majesty sat. Their heads were bared for a mile along the big avenue, and they sent up cheer after cheer with that species of excitement which takes no account of fatigue. They were carried beyond themselves. These people have no reverence for royalty! Oh, no!

Take another instance. The day before I left London, the queen, after her accustomed habit of shirking the duties of state, had ordered the Prince of Wales to hold a levée in her name at St. James's. A crowd of about twenty thousand people gathered in Pall Mall, around Marlborough House, and in the park near the palace, to see the Prince of Wales drive to the levée. About two o'clock the gates of Marlborough House were thrown open and the Life Guards Band, on horseback, rode out, rending the heavens with stupendous blasts. The populace was charged by the police and packed against the house. Then the guards clattered out in a long line, and in all their gorgeous glitter, riding four abreast.

The crowd began to guy. The prince was familiarly referred to by a name that was nasty and indecent enough to cause a canal boatman to blush with vivid embarrassment. The most ribald and filthy comments were shouted from one section of the crowd to the other, and received with roars of laughter. After a time, a huge coach, gilded like a circus band-wagon, with four powdered and silken-clad coachmen and a similar number of footmen, rolled into view. It was the sort of an equipage that Barnum would consider second-class in one of his street parades. Perched on a seat within was a smallish, blonde man, who bowed with tremendous dignity at every turn of the wheels. To whom did he bow? The scoffing crowd leered in his face. There was not the vestige of a cheer.

Compare this scene with one I witnessed this morning. The Crown Prince of Germany—a surly, savage, and revengeful man of less than thirty years—strode from the doorway of his palace, and moodily descended the steps. A magnificent black horse stood before the door. Two officers sat on their horses a hundred yards in the rear. No gilded circus-chariot for this prince. He is not the hero of the boudoir, the magnate of a theatre-box, or the autocratic ruler of a set of frivolous society women, like his uncle, the Crown Prince of Great Britain. The heir of a throne, now held by a dying monarch, stood by his horse's head a moment, with knitted brows, trying to button the gauntlet-strap of his left glove. It would not come in place, and, with a muttered execration, he ripped the gauntlet half off. His left hand is slightly crippled. Then Prince William jumped into his saddle. He has the face of a born soldier. His mother is a Guelph, his father a Hohenzollern. It is the same cross of royal blood that produced Frederick the Great. This direct descendant of that rugged old warrior looks every inch a soldier, from his broad shoulders and deep chest, down to his clean, greyhound-like flanks and long legs. He never smiles. Life is a serious thing to him. The implacable hatred he feels for the English extends even to his own mother. He is the idol of the greatest army on earth. As he sat on his horse this morning he was a picture. He raised his head and looked about. What a sight it was! In every direction people were running toward the palace, bare-headed and eager. As far as the eye could see down the Linden, citizens ran out of the side streets and shops and stood in the gutters to see the future emperor pass. Every vehicle stopped, and many of the coachmen sat with their hats in their hands. The prince spoke to his horse, and the animal started off on an easy canter, while the two officers followed him at a distance. It did not need a gilded circus-coach in this case to excite enthusiasm. The people sent up cheer after cheer as the gloomy young emperor in embryo cantered out to visit his invalid sovereign in the palace at Charlottenberg.

There is a difference in cheers. The perfunctory salute of ordinary life can not be compared to the wild enthusiasm that greeted the German Crown Prince. He is booked to make a stir in the world, and he believes as thoroughly as ever his grandfather did of himself that he embodies all that is great in mankind. More than this, several million soldiers believe it, too. The recent addition to the army of seven hundred thousand men, a rattling big army in itself, places the fighting strength of Germany—with all her reserves called out, including the Landwehr—at nearly six million men. This tops the armies of Russia, Austria, or France by a million or more, respectively. The power of the Emperor of Germany, with the big war party at his back, is supreme, and every man in the ranks worships the coming Kaiser, the present young and ambitious prince. What King William did in 1866 and 1871 with Austria and France, when his actual forces fell below a million, will pass into history as small military operations compared to the possibilities which the accession of this prince to the throne suggests. Every officer I meet in Germany talks with set lips and thoughtful eyes of the coming emperor; no one pays any heed to the peace-loving Frederick, who is struggling along pathetically against the ravages of his disease.

Frederick's English wife is far more unpopular here than her royal mother of Great Britain. She wishes to rule, and the Germans will not stand petticoat sovereignty. In appearance the Empress Victoria of Germany is the picture of her mother, being fat and red-faced. She is intensely eager to make herself felt in matters of state, but she lacks skill and tact. The row that is just now turning Berlin topsy-turvy, for instance, is due to her British pugnacity, combined with a lack of intelligence that would be remarkable in any one but a reigning queen. For some reason the Queen of England has taken up a tribe of petty German princelings, known among the "hupper" circles of London as "those wretched Battenberg brats." The Battenbergs are numerous in various, devious, and obscure ways. Henry—a gentleman who looks as though designed by his creator to stand on a soft mat with a curling-iron in one hand and a cup of tea in the other—was married in 1885 to Beatrice, the youngest daughter of Victoria, who is now the Princess Henry of Battenberg, and weighs two hundred and twenty pounds. Henry is his mother-in-law's pet Battenberg. The Empress of Germany, carried away by a slavish desire for imitation, also wants a little Battenberg son-in-law, and hence she wishes to marry Alexander of that ilk to her daughter Victoria. But she won't. Bismarck objects. Finis. Before the old Kaiser died he specifically and earnestly asserted that his granddaughter "should never marry that rebel" Alexander of Battenberg. Before the good old king had been in his tomb three weeks the empress rushed forward, and insisted upon having her way. Bismarck—the most loyal and loving of subjects—made the single observation that the dead king opposed the match, and hence it was not to be thought of. He was overruled and his objections pooh-poohed by the empress, to the amazement of the whole empire. "The Englishwoman," as the Crown Prince always calls his mother, insisted on having her way. The Iron Chancellor, who had fought nations all his life, refused to fight a woman, and returning to his home sent in his ultimatum. Bismarck's contempt for the empress has been as undisguised as her dislike for him. She had forced an issue. He showed conclusively that the marriage would bring about trouble with Russia that would end in war, and he finished by saying that if he did not have his way he would resign. It was a struggle for the guidance of the empire, and a Guelph was pitted against a Bismarck! How the people rose and howled for the much-abused old chancellor when he threatened to resign! The clamor smote the emperor's ear in a fashion that admitted of no denial, and the empress went to the wall. The first and stanchest congratulator of the chancellor was the Crown Prince. No man in Germany felt more jubilant and triumphant over the discomfiture of the empress than her heavy-browed and brooding son.

"What a hubbub Napoleon the Great would have created," said an Englishman, the other night at dinner, "if he had been backed by the army that will follow Prince William's sword when he ascends the throne."

"Napoleon's very name will be forgotten," said the military host, "when the future historian reviews the closing years of the nineteenth century."

"As regards Germany, you mean?"

"No. The whole of Europe." BLAKELY HALL.

BERLIN, April 8, 1888.

VANITY FAIR.

Everybody knows the way up the social ladder (writes Walter Besant in *Longman's Magazine*). It is a broad ladder up which people are always climbing, some slowly, some quickly. From corduroy to broadcloth; from workshop to counter; from shop-boy to master; from shop to office; from trade to profession; from the bedroom over the shop to the great country villa. The other day a bricklayer told me that his grandfather and the first Lord O.'s father were old pals; they used to go poaching together; but the parent of Lord O. was so clever as to open a shop, where he sold what his friend poached. The shop began it, you see. The way up is known to everybody. But there is another way which we seldom regard; it is the way down again. The Family Rise is the commonest phenomenon. Is not the name Legion of those of whom men say, partly with the pride of connecting themselves with greatness, partly with the natural desire which small men always show to tear away something of that greatness, "why, I knew him when his father had that shop." The Family Fall is less conspicuous. Yet there are always as many going down as climbing up. You can not, in fact, stay still. You must either climb or slip down—unless, indeed, you have got your leg over the topmost rung, which means the stability of a hereditary title and landed property. We all ought to have hereditary titles and landed property, in order to insure national prosperity for ever. Novelists do not, as a rule, treat of the Sinking Back, because it is a depressing subject. There are many ways of falling. Mostly, the father makes an ass of himself in the way of business or speculation, or he dies too soon, or his sons possess none of their father's ability, or they take to drink. Anyhow, down goes the family; at first slowly, but with ever-increasing rapidity, back to its original level. There is no country in the world—certainly not the United States—where a young man may rise to distinction with greater ease than this realm of the three kingdoms. There is also none where the families show a greater alacrity in sinking. But the most reluctant to go down, those who cling most tightly to the social level which they think they have reached, are the daughters; so that when misfortunes fall upon them they are ready to deny themselves everything rather than lose the social dignity which they think belongs to them.

Black threatens to become a more popular color than ever in certain classes of Parisian society. There has already been much discussion about "black corsets," and it will be remembered, perhaps, by readers of French novels, that M. Paul Bourget, in his recent volume entitled "Mensonges," clothes his heroine, Mme. Moraines, in a *corset noir*, which is regarded by her more Puritanical female friends as a badge of unpardonable levity. Should the present rage for black become more prevalent, not only stays, but other mysterious articles of feminine attire promise to become as sable as Hamlet's "inky cloak" itself. A pretty and popular actress, whose name is famous in opera-bouffe, has already, indeed, given a remarkable impetus to the growing taste for the lugubrious color chosen for funerals. She appeared on the stage, a few nights ago, arrayed in black from head to foot. Constellations of the ballet have, of course, frequently appeared in "black tights," but the actress in question has out-heroded Herod and astounded her admirers by revealing to their powerful lorgnettes the overwhelming fact that not only were her hose and continuations sable, but that her under-garments, instead of being of the conventional creamy-colored order, were of the most lustrous jet in tint, and were fringed with arabesque lace-work of the same color. Black may, therefore, be the only wear in the future.

A young millionaire of New York city, who inherited a celebrated grocery establishment, the revenues of which he yet enjoys, narrates an experience that he recently had in high-life. The impending marriage of a member of the "upper few hundred," who had once been a schoolmate of his, and with whom he had kept up acquaintance, was announced. He did not get an invitation to the dude's wedding, but was favored with a note from him: "You will be surprised at not receiving an invitation to my wedding, but really I must be frank with you. I have a high regard for you personally, but you are a grocer, and I regret to tell you that the appearance of a groceryman at my wedding would give offense to the society people who are to be present," etc.

Horseback riding is becoming a craze in New York. No establishment appears to be more prosperous than the riding-schools that have started up at the lower end of Central Park. It is an easy thing for men to take up this form of exercise, for, though they may buy hats and coats, and knee-breeches and glossy boots, all the change any man really must make in his attire is compassed by sewing a pair of leather loops on the bottoms of the trousers legs, to keep them from slipping up against the horse's sides. Of course, it is best to have one's riding-trousers patched with leather down each leg to the knee. But it is a very different matter where ladies are concerned. They must buy riding-habits, and a good one spoils a hundred-dollar bill past all recognition. Then the ladies must buy tall tiles, and pretty boots, and natty whips, so that the sport is expensive. But the terms in the academies are very low. Twenty tickets for twenty-five dollars is the usual rate, and the tickets are usable at will. For every lesson by a riding-master two tickets must be given up, one for every ride without a master. Each pupil has a horse assigned to him or her for the first few lessons, and after that it is supposed that any horse will serve.

The question of how much profit a club should make on the supplies furnished to members, or, in other words, how much lower the price should be at the club than at a first-class restaurant, has always been a subject of considerable interest to club-men (says *Town Topics*). Of course, a club does not want to make any money out of its members, or should not want to do so, unless the organization is running behind-hand and absolutely needs money to square its accounts. If the club is prosperous, the general opinion is, that cigars and liquors, and whatever is supplied in the restaurant, should be sold for a trifle above cost. In the New York Union Club, one of the rules is that no profit of more than twenty-five per cent. shall be charged.

The Récamier gown, which promises to come into vogue as a result of the production of "La Tosca," in Paris (says the Washington *Star*), is a direct stroke at the bustle, and every person of taste will be glad to see that atrocity driven from the field. It never had a hold upon fashion more deserving than that which any freak has upon popular fancy for the moment. It is, moreover, a libel upon nature. Nearly every style of dress bears some obvious relation to the lines of the human figure, either to make the legs look longer, the shoulders broader, the waist smaller, or something of that sort. In none of these cases is a hideous deformity imitated. But how essentially inartistic the bustle is may be judged by considering how few women would be willing to be formed by nature's hand in the shape that the bustle gives to them. And yet the same woman, whose sensitive soul would be harrowed at the thought of such a permanent malformation, will tie a wire frame or a wadded cushion to her back, because some Parisian dress-maker has decided so. By all means, let the bustle die the death, and welcome the Récamier, or any other novelty which will give it its crowning blow. No man, of course would undertake the hopeless task of eliminating the bustle as long as the ladies felt driven to its use by the stern requirements of fashion, but in view of the new edict of Paris on the subject, one is permitted to take courage and to hope.

A MEDIÆVAL BANQUET.

"Parisina" describes a Quaint Dinner given by a Famous Author.

It must be something quite out of the common that should prompt a true Parisian to undertake a journey of five hundred miles or more for the sake of a dinner, especially if, in doing so, he turns his back on his beloved Paris; should he be an exile in the provinces, invited to festivities in the capital, this fact will shorten the road considerably in his estimation. On the special occasion in point, this was not the case, however. The dinner was to be given at Rochefort, and many of the guests reside in Paris.

I am wondering whether the fame of Pierre Loti has yet crossed the ocean. Whether "Les Pécheurs d'Islande" may be included among the French novels that charm the leisure of my San Franciscan readers. Pierre Loti was the host at that dinner, and a very important personage I assure you. There is little or no unrequited genius nowadays. The time is past when *chef d'œuvres* were sold for an old song, when authors and artists wore threadbare coats to the end of their days, and when they dined off a crust, or went hungry to bed. No parent in his senses would ever prevent his son from following art or literature as a profession. Few things pay better. A successful artist, playwright, or novelist will make his thousands a year, where men in the liberal professions manage to earn only hundreds. Of course there are degrees of success. Pierre Loti sprang into notice with his first book. By profession he is a sailor. Chance took him to Iceland, a tract of country little explored by any one—an unknown quantity to almost all French men and women. The place pleased him, the unsophisticated nature of the people caught his fancy; he dressed up what he saw there in the form of a romance. It was plain sailing, for he had lots of talent, not to speak of genius, which is a big word and can hardly be applied to the man whose success is so recent; for we are still under the charm of surprise, and can not be expected to decide about him with the calm judgment of posterity. And not only was the first book a success, but the second also. Our author had changed his course and sailed, or steamed, to the Pacific Isles, with this result—the "Mariage de Loti." The hardy Icelanders are left far behind, and we are rocked in the enervating pleasures of the southern latitudes. Then he hies to Japan, and paints a wonderful portrait of a Japanese beauty, and describes, with the accuracy of a profound observer of mankind, life in the far East, in "Madame Chrysanthème." Edition after edition of his two earlier novels are published, and Pierre Loti is a rich man. In the meanwhile, about eighteen months ago, he married a young lady of Rochefort, who brought him a tidy fortune. The wedding created some excitement. Parisian friends and admirers went to Rochefort to be present at it, but the dinner the other evening far surpassed the wedding.

Setting aside the fact that he had chosen a wife from among the most charming of the Rochefort girls, it is a residence well-befitting a sailor. Its very existence is due to the sea. You remember that Louis the Fourteenth built it and its splendid port, near the mouth of the Charente, for his newly equipped navy. The troubled waters of the Bay of Biscay are visible at a distance, and the great Atlantic rollers break on the beach a few miles further down. It has none of the picturesque corners to be found in cities that have struggled on from very small beginnings in the Gothic ages, but reminds one of some of your American towns, with its broad streets crossing each other at right angles. The air is distinctly perfumed with tar; one of the biggest and most important buildings in the place is a cord factory, and there are an arsenal and docks guarded most jealously, which block up part of the houses from the view of the river. Marine influences save the place somewhat from that process of intellectual mildewing which goes on in most French provincial towns. Further inland such an inhabitant as Pierre Loti might be deemed a dangerous interloper; as it is, his vagaries are forgiven him on the score that he has gone round the world and seen many strange things.

His house is one of the curiosities of Rochefort, and will be more than ever so after the famous dinner-party. Officers in the navy, for whom the universe is popularly supposed to have no secrets, declare that Loti's pagoda-parlor has not its equal anywhere outside the Celestial Empire. It is entirely furnished with Chinese articles—the best to be found between Canton and Pekin—wood and ivory carvings, satin embroidery and paintings on gauze, old porcelain, and sacred images of gilt bronze. Then the Oriental divan is equally interesting. The visitor, seated among piled-up cushions and smoking a *chibouk* or a *narghileh*, might easily cheat himself into the belief that he was some indolent polygamic pasha, to be waited on and smiled upon by fair Circassians and lithe-limbed Ethiopians. But once he has stepped over the threshold of the big dining-room, he is straightway transported into another world, and four centuries backward as to time. From floor to ceiling his room is mediæval. The panels that line the walls have been torn from crumbling monasteries, the furniture once decked a baronial hall, the hangings are of antique tapestry, the sconces and other fittings of handsome wrought iron.

It was to inaugurate this *salle à manger*, only lately completed, that the dinner was given. The repast, so Pierre Loti and his spouse decided, should be worthy the surroundings—it should be a mediæval dinner from first to last. Invitations to the feast were written on parchment, richly illuminated. The guests were informed in quaint old French that, by a prodigious evolution of centuries, it should take place under the reign of "notre bon roy Loys le Onzième;" that the viands and comfits, as well as the service, would be of the period, and, therefore, they were requested to come in the guise of gentles and burghers of that time, or as minstrels and pilgrims, and each and all, in memory of other days, should take a name in accordance with their garb, by which the varlet at the door should announce them at the hour of seven. You may be sure that every one of the thirty and odd "good men and honest ladies," to whom these invitations were sent, had no thought of refusing.

Some of the guests, from Paris only, arrived in the morning, others had come the night before, and were located in different parts of the town. Not a man, woman, or child in the place but knew what was going forward, and great was the excitement as the day began to draw in. We Parisians had been the object of some curiosity, but as we all appeared in ordinary apparel, a certain amount of disappointment was manifest in the faces of those who happened to come across us.

Pierre Loti's "hostel" is situated on the Rue Chanzy, and long before the appointed hour both the sidewalks and a considerable portion of the roadway were densely crowded. At last the patience of the spectators was rewarded, and the first carriage hove in sight. It had been whispered, by some native wag, that the host intended sending for his guests and having them conveyed to his doors in a chariot drawn by bullocks. Doubtless the crowd regretted that this was not so; but the guests themselves certainly prefer the more modern *voiture de place*, altogether a more commodious method of transit. As each carriage stops at the door, a wild hurrah is raised, and the several appearances of the occupants are freely canvassed.

The room in which M. and Mme. Pierre Loti stand to receive their guests is an ordinary chamber of the nineteenth century; so that, in very truth, his house is a potpourri of different styles. In their wonderful mediæval costumes, composed of rich, gold-woven tissues, and ornamented with gems of rare and curious workmanship, they presented a striking appearance. If nature had only vouchsafed M. Pierre a few more inches, we should pronounce him a handsome man; as it is, the face—interesting though it be—falls short of beauty. His wife is decidedly a nice-looking woman—not exactly pretty, but pleasing—very gracious in her manner. As soon as all the guests are assembled, the gong sounds, the host advances toward Mme. Adam—who looks, in very truth, a noble dame, her tall, stately figure set off by the rich robe she wears—she places her hand in his, or rather *on* his, in true mediæval style, and the rest follow their example. At the door, a couple of musicians put themselves at the head of the procession, and the party proceed, in measured steps, to cross the vestibule—while the pipes treble forth a crazy march—between two rows of varlets bearing lighted torches. Already the gallery above is full of people—half Rochefort will have had its peep before the repast is over.

A knight in armor performs the part of master of the ceremonies. Beatrix of Gif—otherwise Mme. Adam—is conducted to the seat of honor beside her host, beneath a velvet canopy. Mme. Loti takes her seat opposite, having on her right hand Adrien Marie, the well-known painter, for the nonce disguised as a fool—a motley fool—leading a greyhound by a leash. The old chronicler, Philippe de Commines, who represented the press in the year of grace 1488, is not far off; Master Coictier, Louis the Ninth's own physician, is there, too; Jean de Nioelle, of joyous memory; beauteous Isaure de Castabel, and proud Iseult de Kxanna, and many a noble and honest dame beside. A shriek from the pipes, a boom of the gong, and in comes a varlet with a ewer and basin, followed by a page with an embroidered napkin. It was customary, four hundred years ago, as every one knows, to dip your fingers in water—people used to make up at table for the insufficiency of their previous ablutions. A second page followed the first with a box of comfits. After this, potage is served, then oysters, fish of the sea and fish from the river, roast goose, roast squirrel, and hedgehog, with cinnamon sauce. Another course consists of rice, garnished with fried almonds, jelly, and toasted cheese. But it is a long while before the repast reaches this stage. Everything is served round in a solemn mediæval fashion. Sire Gontran de Fourchnif finds occasion to deliver himself of a Rabelaisian anecdote, and Beatrix of Gif, having conned the authors of the time, makes a pretty little speech in old French, which excites great enthusiasm.

The *pièce de résistance*, a roasted peacock, is carried in in triumph by four serving-men, preceded by a herald, and followed by four pages. The noble bird is flanked by a couple of herons done up with "traitor's sauce." Then comes the turn of the pasty, a gigantic crust that harbors a clown, who leaps out of his pastry-prison and cuts wonderful capers among the gilt and silver vessels which ornament the table, and finally disappears in the midst of roars of laughter. By this time the guests are nibbling, with much diminished appetite, at the *gauffres* and *oublies*, the dainty filberts and preserved pears, and taking little sips of hydromel, which tastes mawkish enough after the piquant wines of Gascony and Montargis.

A party of beggars make a pleasant diversion; they go round the table, and each one places a coin in their caps, and before the desert is over, Loti's familiar—a sailor who has followed him all round the world—is introduced in the garb of a Saracen. His master tells the serving-man to knock off his chains, and seats him beside him under the canopy. *On est bon prince!*

Everything must come to an end at last, and even a mediæval repast is no exception to this rule. A second time the ewer and basin are carried round with spices "for the stomach's sake," and then the company rises. In a twinkling the tables are dismantled and the floor clean swept. Prince Karageorgewitch, who has worn, with great dignity, the handsome costume of a fifteenth century gallant, Pierre Loti, and some others, choose their partners. Each carries a lighted torch, and the dance begins—"so tread we a measure," as young Lochinvar said to the bride of Netherby. Slowly they glide over the floor, the couples following in each others' wake, doubling and turning in curious and solemn gyrations. After all, I fancy this was the prettiest part of the show. People, we may suppose, did not dance all night under Loys le Onziéme, but took their pleasures—save in the matter of eating—in moderation, so the dance is soon ended, and then commence a series of games. Loti's antiquarian researches did not only include upholstery, clothing, and cookery, you see.

Thus the entertainments ended with *jeux innocents*, and we all went our several ways, carrying with us a very pleasant remembrance of Rochefort, the middle ages, and Loti.

PARIS, April 16, 1888. PARISINA.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

General Lew Wallace's "Ben-Hur" has inspired Matt Morgan, the artist, into an ambitious effort—the painting of a picture representing "Christ Entering Jerusalem." It is thirty feet wide, and sixty figures are grouped in it.

The New York *Graphic* recently published a cartoon depicting James Russell Lowell and John L. Sullivan dancing a jig with the city of Boston, represented as an old woman. Underneath was the legend: "We Three Have Met Again."

August Burkhart, of Knoxville, Tenn., is a name that should be written high on the scroll of fame. He has sent this extraordinary letter to the pension agent: "Please strike my name off the United States pension-rolls, as I am perfectly cured and need the assistance of the government no longer. Inclosed find my pension."

E. L. Harper, the Cincinnati bank-wrecker, is the dude of the Ohio State Penitentiary. His striped suit is made in the latest style. His vest is cut low, his trousers are of the latest cut, and he wears the newest thing in neckties. A gentleman who saw him lately says if his clothing were not of striped material he would never be taken for a prisoner.

The vast express business of this country may trace its origin to the small carpet-bag which a young man named William F. Harnden, a native of Reading, in Massachusetts, began to carry forth and back on the Long Island Sound boats, between New York and Boston, via Providence, exactly half a century ago. That famous traveling-bag was kept in Boston as a memorial for many years, perhaps is to-day.

The years clutch all alike, and Queen Victoria has fallen into the habit of taking little "cat-naps" in her chair, even when visitors are present. At such times the royal lady goes through the same routine followed by the most humble of her subjects. Her head falls a little forward, swaying slightly from side to side; then she sits bolt upright, opens her eyes very wide, and assumes an appearance of great intelligence and alertness.

"I remember," says Mr. Labouchère, "once finding myself the neighbor of a gentleman at a *table d hôte* of one of the hotels on the Lake of Como. We began to talk, and after dinner we sat in the garden, and then went out on the lake in a boat. I thought that I had never met a more agreeable man, and wondered who he could be. Subsequently, I found it was Mr. Matthew Arnold. This is proof that he really was agreeable, for, not having any idea who he was, I certainly could not have been prejudiced in his favor by his name and reputation."

The Players' Club was recently organized in New York by Augustin Daly, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, A. M. Palmer, John Drew, James Lewis, Harry Edwards, General William T. Sherman, and a number of other managers, players, and patrons of the drama. Edwin Booth, who has taken an enthusiastic interest in the club, and who has been elected its first president, has offered to present it with a club-house in Gramercy Park, and the money for the purchase of the building and its complete furnishing for the use of the players is now in that city. Mr. Booth has announced his intention of forming the nucleus of the picture gallery by presenting to the club his large and valuable collection of theatrical portraits, which he has been getting together for years, at a great expense of time and money, and the latest notable addition to which was the collection of the late John E. Owens. His large dramatic library Mr. Booth also intends to leave to the club, but that will be retained for his own use for the present.

Ludovic Halévy got his first start in the world through his acquaintance with Napoleon's minister, M. de Persigny. In those days, M. Halévy used to spend much of his time around the backdoors of the Opera. Through his uncle he got the entrée to that establishment, and used to go in and flirt with the ballet and chorus-girls behind the scenes. One night he made the acquaintance of a particularly pretty girl, and begged the privilege of escorting her home. She declined to allow it. At least, then, he begged, might not he call on her the next day? She was at last persuaded to say yes, and told him where she lived. So early next day he went there. It was an obscure little back shop, close by the Central Market. When he entered, he found his divinity and her mother cooking dinner, a meal which consisted largely of an onion stew. The only other occupant of the room was a grave and important-looking gentleman, who seemed much at home. "Oh, the devil!" thought M. Halévy, "here's a rival, and there'll be a row!" But the girl, with a charming smile, conquered the situation. "M. le Ministre," said she, "let me present to you my friend, M. Halévy." And then to the young man, she added, "M. Halévy, this is M. le Ministre, the Duke de Persigny!" The young man had tact enough to pretend that he had come on a business errand, and disabused M. de Persigny of any suspicion that he was trying to poach on the ducal preserves. "I had to give up my pretty girl," he said, years after, "but I won the minister's patronage."

Societies, theatres, and churches have all been vieing with one another in Berlin recently, in aid of the sufferers in the flooded districts. Aside from donations by the millionaires, handsome sums have been raised in this way, and sent to the needy districts. The most successful concert was that in the famous Kroll Theatre, whose manager, Herr Engel, is one of the best-hearted of men. Teresina Tua, who has always been one of Berlin's favorites, ever since she studied under Joachim, traveled from Turin for the sole purpose of appearing there. One violinist after another has grown into favor in Berlin, and then lost it as rapidly, but they never tire of Tua. The applause which greeted old Wachtel beggars description. He has been living in retirement for the last few years, and his reappearance was a matter of surprise. Wachtel chose his old masterpiece from the "Postillon," and sang with such effect that the audience forgot his years. The concert ended with Arthur Friedheim, one of Liszt's most promising pupils, who was the victim of a ridiculous false impression. Friedheim is very vain and morbidly sensitive. While performing a selection from Liszt with all the force of which he was capable, the electric-lamp began to buzz or hiss. Friedheim, thinking it an expression of disapproval, sprang from the stool, bowed, and retired from the stage. No one knew what had happened, the surprise was universal, and the audience sat shaking their heads, when the pianist appeared again upon the arm of Herr Engel, who, in a few words, explained the situation. He was greeted then with great applause, and finished his piece.

Judging from a warrant which appeared in the official gazette a few days ago, and has been since then the subject of comment in all papers, and in every salon, German law recognizes no statute of limitations. It was on July 7, 1848, the year of the revolution. Berlin was partly in the hands of the insurgents, and hourly expecting an uprisal which would prove beyond the power of the well-trained soldiers to withstand. A regiment, commanded by Captain Von Ratzner, was stationed in the armory (now the "Hall of Fame," opposite the Crown Prince's palace), and on the point of firing upon a band of the insurgents, trying to force their way through the windows. Just at that moment, Lieutenant Techow appeared upon the scene and persuaded Von Ratzner to countermand his order and withdraw his command. It was done, but to the disaster of both. The case was at once reported, and a military court condemned Von Ratzner to ten years imprisonment, and Techow, who was at the head of the military "Turne Halle," to fifteen. The captain was soon after pardoned, strange to say, but Techow escaped after a confinement of ten months. He fled to Baden, taking part in the revolt there, which was suppressed by the late emperor, then Prince of Prussia, and proceeded thence to London, where he founded the first "Turn Halle." In 1852 he went to Australia, and has been lost sight of and forgotten in all the intervening years. Grown gray and aged in the meantime, the desire came to spend his last days in his native land, where a sister awaits him. Landing in Geneva, he wrote home, and in answer, the following warrant was published: "The ex-Lieutenant Techow, about seventy-three years of age, court-martialed in 1848, who escaped from prison after ten months' incarceration, is wanted. Any one finding the said lieutenant is requested to report his whereabouts, that he may be brought to the fortress of Magdeburg to serve out the rest of his sentence." The unfortunate old man will appeal once more to the clemency of Emperor Frederick, believing that he will be pardoned. Should his hope [illegible] founded, he will return to the foreign land which, more than [illegible] country, will at least give him a home.

THE GENESIS OF A GEM.

How Bibliographical Treasures are Manufactured to Order.

One day, some twelve months ago, a book lay among a lot of others on a bookseller's counter in a New York shop, much haunted by bibliomaniacs. It was an old book, not particularly rare, and not in particularly good condition. No one but a professional book-hunter would have looked thrice at it; still, it belonged among that class of works dear to the hearts of the collecting cranks, because they can be filled up with gallant cuts, and given a general air of wickedness under the excuse of bibliography. The bookseller, coming in, found it where it had been carelessly thrown.

"Ah!" he said, "a 'Pucelle!' Where did this come from, Joseph?"

"I gave that drunken newspaper man a quarter for it," replied his clerk. "He wanted to get his breakfast, and had forgotten his pocket-book."

"He hadn't forgotten to bring his book, though," remarked the bookseller, grinning. "Queer memories some people have, eh, Joseph?"

Joseph assented, and his employer, after reproving him for not having got the book for a dime, took it away with him.

A few evenings later, the bookseller was making up his accounts for the day, and was alone in his shop, when an old man entered. He was evidently a gentleman, and was also very decrepit and very shabby, and he carried a little portfolio under his lean and threadbare arm. In a hesitating and diffident voice that was full of shame at having to deal with a sordid subject, and full of anxiety as well, he said:

"I have some prints I would like to sell, sir."

"Not buying prints just now," replied the bookseller, without looking up, but nevertheless getting a comprehensive view of his visitor from under his slinking eyelids. "Don't *you* want to buy some?"

The old man sighed so dolefully that any one but a dealer in rare books might have experienced a touch of compassion for him.

"Alas!" he said, "the time is past for me to buy."

The bookseller slapped his account-book shut, and began to scribble out a check for himself, for he had a Delmonico dinner on hand with a possible customer from Chicago, who was buying a library, as he might have bought carpets, by measure. The old man still lingered, standing helplessly and wearily, looking at nothing with feeble eyes, in which hope and ambition alike were dead.

"You might look at them, sir," he at last began, appealingly.

"No use," replied the bookseller. "Not the least use in the world."

Nevertheless, he did approach his visitor, and jerking the carefully tied ribbons of the portfolio apart, he tumbled over its contents once. His eyes flashed, but he flung the portfolio shut, and pushed it toward its owner, with an injured air.

"They are very rare," said the old man, "and in good condition. I thought I might, perhaps, get a little money on them."

"How much?" demanded the bookseller fiercely, it being his habit always to bully a seller and to placate a buyer. "A fortune, I suppose."

"Oh, no, sir, not quite that."

"Then you're very different from the rest of the world. They seem to think any trash they may have is worth its weight in diamonds."

The old man made a deprecatory motion with his hands.

"In my case," he said, with a certain dignity, "I hoped to get a little money that I need for these prints, which cost me a great deal."

"Tut, tut!" interrupted the bookseller. "How much? Give it a figure."

"Ten dollars?" said the old man, inquiringly.

The bookseller laughed.

"Why not a hundred?" he replied. "I might give a dollar or two for them, if you really need the money. But I don't want them, anyhow."

The old man passed a shaking hand over his eyes, and asked, in a trembling voice:

"No more than that, sir?"

"Not a cent," replied the bookseller, commencing to turn out the lights.

His visitor took up the portfolio and laid it down again. He shook as with the palsy. The bookseller noted him out of the corner of his eye, and jingled some silver in his pocket.

"Well," said the old man, "I must have money, and——"

The bookseller tossed the portfolio contemptuously to a corner of the counter, and handed him two silver dollars. They jingled in the tremulous old hand like castanets as the visitor went out, with bent head, like one who had done a dishonorable thing.

The door had scarcely closed behind him, when the bookseller pounced on the portfolio like a tiger on its prey.

"Egad!" he cried, "what luck! A 'Pucelle' for a quarter, and the plates to illustrate it for——"

He packed the prints carefully back in their portfolio, wrapped the portfolio in paper, and before he began his dinner at Delmonico's had the cashier lock the package in the safe, to make sure nothing should happen to it during the progress of the feast.

With the recurrence of spring, embroidered with the usual New York accessories of snow-storms and May mornings, the bookseller departed on his "annual trip to Europe," as his circulars put it. At the bottom of his trunk, trebly wrapped in paper and oiled silk, were a book and some prints done up in one package. On this package, which had originally cost the owner two dollars and twenty-five cents, there was an insurance of two hundred and fifty dollars.

Deep in the slums of Belleville, a haggard, unkempt man worked in a dirty little room, with a dirty bed in one corner, at a book-binder's bench. There were tools of the book-binder's trade on a rickety table. There was also an absinthe bottle and a tumbler half-full of a green-gray compound that bore a strange resemblance to the complexion of the man himself, or which his complexion strangely resembled. As he worked, the man sang, in a croaking voice, one of those foul songs common in the low concert-halls of Paris.

"Sacred name of a blue hog!" said the book-binder, breaking off in his chant. "Why don't you come in, idiot?"

The door opened, and the person who had knocked entered. The book-binder looked at him, and growled:

"Well, you are back, as usual, eh? You come, like the cholera at Marseilles, with the summer. What is it now?"

His visitor was the New York bookseller, and he had a package under his arm. He looked calmly around him, with the expression of a man not quite a stranger to the place, and sat down on the only stool.

"So you haven't drunk yourself crazy yet," he remarked, pleasantly. "Upon my soul, Lurat, you must be made of gutta-percha."

"Have you come all the way from New York to tell me that?" demanded the book-binder, sourly.

"No such fool," replied the bookseller. "Are you busy?"

"Am I not always, when I choose to be?"

"True enough. Well, do you choose to be a little busier?"

The bookseller had untied his package, and now spread out a book and some prints upon his knee.

"Here is a book," said he, "that would be really fine in a fifty-franc binding by Tout."

The book-binder, who had laid by his work, took the prints and the volume up, and examined them with a professional interest even his sottishness could not overcome.

"It would look better," said he, "in a hundred-franc binding."

"Seventy-five, you mean," corrected the bookseller.

"No; I mean a hundred."

"I think you mean eighty."

"I will mean a hundred and fifty next time," replied the book-binder, holding the package out to him.

The bookseller motioned him to keep it, and got up.

"Do your best with it, Lurat," he said; "and when shall I come for it?"

Lurat named a date, and the bookseller departed. The book-binder watched him out with a scornful flash in his alcohol-reddened eye, and muttered to his back, vanishing down the unclean stairs:

"What a swindler! I wonder if there are any people in America but swindlers and fools. And it is for such scum that I am a rascal, who might be an honest man."

He drowned the reflection with a gulp of absinthe, and set to work nursing another tumblerful.

Ten days later, the bookseller was writing letters in his room in the Hotel des Deux Mondes, when a fat man, with a flat, solid-looking package in his hand, was ushered in by a servant of the house. The bookseller greeted him with a curt nod, motioned the servant out, and bade his caller open the package. It contained a box of polished wood, with brass mountings, and in the centre of the lid an elaborate coat-of-arms in brass.

"You are sure the arms are correct?" asked the bookseller, pushing the satin lining with his forefinger, and working the hinges to test them.

The fat man pulled a little book from his pocket, turned a few leaves, and pointed to an engraving entitled "Arms of Baron Rothschild, amateur and collector." The bookseller nodded, glanced at the slip of paper enclosed in the box, and counted out some small silver and a gold piece on the table. The fat man counted the money carefully for himself, made his adieux, and departed. The bookseller took from the drawer of the table a book wrapped in a silk handkerchief, deposited it in the box, and wrapped the box itself up in the handkerchief, and afterward in paper.

"There," he said, with a satisfied air, to his reflection in the mirror; "now when that fellow brings the certificate we shall be O. K."

Eleven months had passed since the poor Bohemian had sold his "Pucelle" to get him a morning cocktail, when the New York press announced the sale, at Levite & Co.'s, of the celebrated Drybunkio collection. No one had heard of the Drybunkio collection before, among all the bibliographers, bibliomaniacs, bibliophiles, bibliocranks, and the rest interested in matters bibliographical in New York. But it was certainly a big lot of books, enumerated in a fat catalogue stuffed with the trite quotations and bad English common to book-auction catalogues in the metropolis. And the catalogue conveyed the information that the Baron Drybunkio had been a famous European collector, who was recently deceased, and whose superb library was to be disposed of for the benefit of his estate. The collection, the catalogue assured you, had been sent to America because the departed Baron Drybunkio had so commanded in his will; the baron being convinced that there was more liberality and appreciation of such a collection as his to be found in America than elsewhere. Among the important objects for sale, in the Drybunkio collection, was this item:

999—PUCELLE D'ORLEANS, LA.—Magnificent copy of the first edition, extra-illustrated with the celebrated original plates, in three states, viz., artist proof, proof before letters, and lettered proof, in a matchless binding of green levant, hand-tooled from a special design, by Tout. A unique copy, from the collection of the world-famous amateur and collector, Baron Rothschild. This copy was one of the books contained in the Voltaire Library at Ferney, and is guaranteed by a written attestation from M. Paul Lacroix, "Bibliophile Jacob." The volume enclosed in a special case, bearing the Rothschild arms, in perfect condition, and a gem.

The Drybunkio sale came off. The usual flock of book-buyers and booksellers, of lambs and wolves gathered, for the auction had been well-advertised and generously puffed by the papers. The bookseller was there with the rest, and among the prizes he carried away was the "Pucelle," casket and all. I do not recall the price he paid for it, but it was a very moderate one. Indeed, the older hands at book-buying did not scruple to hint that it and his other purchases were of the nature of gammon, and concerned only books belonging to himself and on whose sale a price limit had been set. Old Blakkelettyr, who spends all his life at book-auctions, and is an encyclopedia of book-auction lore, was superabundantly eloquent over the matter.

"You wait," said he, "and see if he doesn't begin to work it off on somebody as the gem of the sale."

"But why should he put it in the sale and buy it back if it belonged to him already?" demanded little Faddler, whose latest rage is book-collecting, and who is purchasing experience at liberal prices.

"Why!" snorted Blakkelettyr, "why do they send California wine on a voyage across the herring-pond?"

"To give it flavor, I suppose," said Faddler.

"Yes," grunted Blakkelettyr, "in the mouths of fools, and to make people believe that it is what it isn't."

Sure enough, it was not a fortnight after the sale when I came upon the precious volume in its owner's shop-window, with a large label announcing that it had been the gem of the Drybunkio sale, where the bookseller had purchased it from Baron Rothschild's collection. There was a gaping crowd staring at this treasure all day long, or what is nearer the point, staring at the placard. When I went in yesterday to pick up a French novel or two for Sunday reading, the bookseller had a large and imposing-looking man in a corner talking to him, and the gem of the Drybunkio sale between them.

"A treasure, sir," said the bookseller; "quite unique, I assure you. How it got out of Baron Rothschild's hands I can not understand."

Here followed whispers, from which I could pick out odd patches like "dishonest valet," "probably stolen," and the like.

"A thousand dollars, you said," remarked the customer.

"Twelve hundred, sir," replied the bookseller, mildly, but firmly.

"Oh, come, now, a thousand is quite enough."

"Well, say eleven hundred, sir, though it leaves me very little margin."

Then came more whispers and the imposing person went away. The "Pucelle" was tied up before I left, and started on its way up town by the shop-boy.

"By the way," remarked the bookseller, with a great pretense of confidence in me, as an old and honored patron, "you might be interested to know that I have just sold the gem of the Drybunkio sale to Mr. Snobbert Rowe, the wealthy amateur and collector. It's curious how such a priceless gem could get into a sale in America, isn't it."

I told him I found it very curious indeed.

NEW YORK, April 28, 1888. ALFRED TRUMBLE.

INTERLUDES.

I.

Memory.

My mind lets go a thousand things,
Like dates of wars and deaths of kings,
And yet recalls the very hour—
'Twas noon by yonder village tower,
And on the last blue noon in May—
The wind came briskly up this way,
Crisping the brook beside the road;
Then, pausing here, set down its load
Of pine-scents, and shook listlessly
Two petals from that wild-rose tree.

II.

A Refrain.

High in a tower she sings,
I, passing by beneath,
Pause and listen, and catch
These words of passionate breath—
"*Asphodel, flower of Life, amaranth, flower of Death!*"
Sweet voice, sweet unto tears!
What is this that she saith?
Poignant, mystical—hark!
Again, with passionate breath—
"*Asphodel, flower of Life, amaranth, flower of Death!*"

III.

Act V.

First, two white arms that held him very close,
And ever closer as he drew him back
Reluctantly, the loose gold-colored hair
A thousand delicate fibres reaching out
Still to detain him; then some twenty steps
Of iron staircase winding round and down,
And ending in a narrow gallery hung
With Gobelin tapestries—Andromeda
Rescued by Perseus, and the sleek Diana
With her nymphs bathing; at the farther end
A door that gave upon a starlit grove
Of citron and clipt palm-trees; then a path
As bleached as moonlight, with the shadow of leaves
Stamped black upon it; next a vine-clad length
Of solid masonry; and last of all
A Gothic archway packed with night, and then—
A sudden gleaming dagger through his heart.

IV.

On Revising a Discarded Poem.

The Song I made and cast away
Comes singing to my heart to-day,
And pleads: "I know my many faults;
I know that here's a rhythm that halts,
And there—a thing we both abhor—
A very much-mixed metaphor.
In certain passages, I hold,
My story is not clearly told;
Those lack dramatic touch, and these
Are clouded with parentheses.
And yet, by dropping here and there
The dactyls that I well may spare,
And forging new ones, just to bind
The sequence, you will surely find
I'm not so poor a little thing.
I pray you, sing me!" So I sing.
And if these random couplets seem
Too light a prelude to the theme—
Why, 'tis the sun that casts the shade;
Of gall and honey life is made;
A discord helps the perfect note
On harpstring or in linnet's throat;
Crouched in the blue of April skies
The unleashed lightning somewhere lies.
So let Thalia laugh; anon
Melpomene comes sweeping on.
One actor in both parts appears;
The self-same eyes that smile, shed tears.

— *Thomas Bailey Aldrich in the May Century.*

TENNIS COSTUMES.

"Iris" tells what Wielders of the Racquet wear in the East.

In the city one sees a great number of new spring clothes—gray, and drab, and striped gowns, shining and new, and showing creases, when the many-folded draperies permit. Bonnets and hats are crowded with flowers, deep-pink roses are piled high in the front of the black gauze hats, with wide, curly brims which cast shadows over clear, soft eyes. The prettiest of faces look a little bit prettier than usual under little, frivolous, pinched-up, transparent hats, with lilacs, and daffodils, and violets blooming in the front. All the pretty girls are gay and spring-like, as they should be. Their new parasols make the sunny side of the avenue glow like a tulip-bed; there are shot parasols of two colors, which are as brilliant as an opal in damp weather; there are moiré parasols, reserved, refined, and good-style; there are lace parasols, all ruffles and airy frills; and there are gauze ones, transparent, useless, and *chic*, all puckered up toward the top, and gradually expanding into a full frill round the edge, which flutters and lifts gracefully as its owner bears it aloft over her tall, new hat. Under the parasols one sees a great deal of splendid, glittering jet-work, the light trembling from bead to bead, each separate bead pendulating on its own separate thread, and the whole catching, and reflecting, and coquetting with the sun. There is, also, a glitter on the shoe-tips, which come and go from under the hems of these gay, spring gowns, long-pointed, patent-leather shoes, with low heels—the most gentlemanly looking shoes imaginable; and when their owners trip across the dust of the avenue, with the parasol held high in the right, and the gown held high in the left hand, the lounger sees a wondrous *chic* pair of tan-leather gaiters, buttoned up round the slimmest of ankles with a line of black buttons.

In the suburbs the tennis season is about to open, and from those tranquil by-ways, where the maple rains its crimson tassels, and the robin, unmolested, builds its nest, one hears the drowsy whirr of the lawn-mower, and the unbroken rattle of the roller. The cricket and the tennis lawns are green as Ireland's ensign, and close-cropped as a convict's head. The sward is of as thick a pile as Lyons velvet, and soft as the carpet in my lady's boudoir. Day after day, as the gentle spring rains fall, and the turf turns a tender green even as one watches, these cherished lawns are rolled and mown till no billiard-table in the land is greener or flatter. Then the courts are marked, the nets raised, and the season is open.

As yet, the popularity of this most captivating game is unabated. Possibly the reason is that it is the only game at which men and women can play together without flirting or fighting. Croquet was merely an excuse for one or the other. The elder women always fought so that they boiled for hours. The younger ones always were plunged to the eyes in the most desperate of *affaires*. But in tennis there is none of this. To the Eastern girl, her tennis is of the deadliest importance. If her very, very best man is a poor player, while she wields the racquet, a poor player he is to her, and he is nothing more. His Hated Rival, whom she at other times snubs and scorns, can be her partner all morning if he plays well. She regards the game from a purely sporting point of view. If she plays badly, she will take it in perfectly good part should her partner revile her. If she plays well, she expects a manly morsel of praise, a terse "well-played!" a meaning "fine, by George!" gasped at her between a brilliant volley and a swift back-hander. Should he, on the contrary, be a carpet-knight, who praises her extravagantly when she misses an easy "grounder," or condoles with her when her "service" is all faults, she will secretly despise him, and, as a tennis partner, avoid him. She plays, in fact, with her whole heart. Though her hair falls down, and her hands and face are burned a deep, dark terra-cotta, little cares she. As a player she is absolutely sincere, and the consequence is that she has obtained a degree of proficiency which makes her a formidable adversary.

Her costume is important, but more as an assistance to her play than as an adjunct to her beauty. The champion player of the United States—I mean among ladies—wears one of the simplest of dresses. She is, of course, a superb player, graceful as an antelope, light as thistle-down, all over the court at once, and yet as easy, one might say languid, in every movement as a good dancer should be. The last time I saw her, she wore a dark skirt, with white "fans" let in to above her knee, the fullness of the fans opening as she ran and giving her perfect freedom. There was no over-dress, and her waist was a loose shirt of fine black and white striped flannel, made just like a man's, with a turn-over collar, and laced up with a black lace. She wore a belt of the club colors, fastening with a silver S, and a cap to match the shirt, worn over her forehead so that the visor shaded her eyes.

Another time, at a large tournament, I saw an exquisitely pretty blonde girl play—a splendid game, too—dressed in a gown of white cashmere, the skirt plaited, and with a scarf round her hips. Her waist was a white jersey, with a deep sailor-collar of pale-blue cashmere, and cuffs of the same. The collar turned back from her bare throat and had a scarf knotted under it, and her hat was a sailor of pure white felt. But most of the girls wear the dress of the champion—a full skirt of light cashmere, a shirt of striped flannel, or, in some cases, thin India silk, to match the skirt in color. Then the jockey-cap and blazer are striped in the club colors, and match perfectly. The blazer, of course, is not worn while playing. The girl wears it, thrown open, while she is waiting, tossing up for partners and courts, etc.; then, when she takes her place, she throws off her blazer, and is revealed in the loose flannel shirt, with turned-over collar, dark lacing up the front, and full sleeves, with tight cuffs. She sometimes takes off her cap also, but this is a mistake, especially if she has drawn the court which faces the sun.

The men's tennis-dresses are as gay and variable as the girls'. They wear similar shirts—made at the same place, I believe—of finely striped flannels, or thin silks. I saw a man, last year, in a shirt of exquisitely fine pale-pink China silk. Then they wear knickerbockers of white flannel or pongee silk—the latter are considered wildly stylish, and, as the fancy dictates, belts clasped with the silver S, large silk handkerchiefs in their club colors, folded corner-wise and knotted round their waists, or scarfs of wide, soft silks, in a brilliant color, tied to one side, and with the ends dangling down. The latter form of belt is most dashing and gay, the scarfs being generally of brilliant crimson silk, with a deep fringe. Long, ribbed-stockings, and striped caps and blazers, like the girls', complete this entrancing costume. *En passant*, I may add that men of the Jack Sprat build wear long trousers, which fall in classic folds round their limbs.

The Wallack testimonial performance is the wonder of the hour. It is set for May 21st at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the seats will be—for the orchestra chairs, ten dollars; dress circles—first gallery above the boxes, five dollars; second gallery, three dollars; niggers' heaven, one dollar. This should make a fine sum, something of the most substantial kind. Everybody who has one cent to rub against another will go, of course. The play chosen is "Hamlet," and the cast includes Edwin Booth as Hamlet; Lawrence Barrett, Laertes; John Gilbert, the most popular of New York old men, Polonius; Joe Jefferson, First Grave-Digger; the pugilistic, fire-eating Bob Hilliard, Second Grave-Digger; Couldock, the Ghost; John Lane, the King; Mrs. Bowers, Gertrude; Modjeska, Ophelia; and Rose Coghlan, the Player Queen. With such a cast one is justified in expecting something super-magnificent. No trouble is to be saved to make the performance notable. The money, it is supposed, will be sufficient to keep Mr. Wallack comfortable in his declining years. There was talk, at one time, of entrusting the part of Ophelia to the ox-eyed Mrs. Langtry. This idea was mercifully abandoned. There is something strangely incongruous in the idea of the Lily getting herself to a nunnery. She is no more Ophelia than she is Rosalind. Then the choice fell on Mrs. Potter, the willowy Southerner, limp and lithe as a piece of liberty silk. This was a better suggestion, but, in its turn, abandoned. The final decision, of giving the part to Mme. Modjeska, pleases everybody. She will make Ophelia as fascinating as is possible.

We have had a surfeit of theatrical tragedy lately. We had it musically at the Academy, with the American Opera Company. "Nero" was tragedy of the darkest, deepest, deadliest type. It was the kind of tragedy where they have ghosts, and you can not have anything much worse than that, you know. Then the undaunted O'Connor gave comic tragedy at the Star. The most tragic part of his performance was the corpses of cats, the decomposed remains of oranges and cabbages, which hurtled from the gallery round Mr. O'Connor's stalwart form. At the Fifth Avenue we are now having legitimate tragedy—"Othello"—as interpreted by Louis James and Miss Marie Wainwright. Mr. James is of the McCullough-Forrest-Ward stripe. He is a buxom Moor, with fine lungs, and shouts his doubts to the gallery, who express their sympathy in rounds of applause. Miss Wainwright is a pretty Desdemona. She wears red curls and white silk, and looks lovely. After "Othello," she appeared as Beatrice in "Much Ado," and this was a pity. We have Miss Terry's Beatrice ever before our eyes—the most fascinating, captivating, irresistible of shrews.

Apropos of Shakespeare, the Berkeley Lyceum Company, of which I wrote some weeks back, gave a performance of "As You Like It" last week. It was not all amateurs—Rosalind was a professional, though a young and inexperienced one. The Berkeley Lyceum Company is growing as ambitious as The Am. Dram. Ass. in that tragic poem. Their last performance was Sardou's "Scrap of Paper," and to give the Berkeley Lyceumites their due, it was remarkably well-done. Susanne was played by Miss Otis, a young lady from the West, possessed of remarkable histrionic talents, and the star of the troupe—in the absence of Miss de Wolfe. Miss Otis has had such a wonderful success in her various impersonations that a slight unpleasantness has arisen between her and Miss de Wolfe. In fact, these distinguished amateurs have sworn by the ashes of their fathers and the temples of their gods that they will never appear together behind the sacred footlights of the Berkeley Lyceum. So when Miss Otis acts, Miss de Wolfe is out of town, and when Miss de Wolfe acts Miss Otis visits friends, and a schism exists in the very midst of the Berkeley Lyceum Company. Miss de Wolfe, by the way, has her portrait in the academy this year, painted by J. Alden Weir, one of the rising artists of New York. It is a singular picture. Miss de Wolfe is depicted in a wondrous, pale-colored tea-gown, with sides of yellow brocade, opening over a front of many-folded crêpe. She has a graceful, slender figure, and black eyes and hair. The portrait, as a work of art, is not successful.

That subject of portrait-painting is just now a vexed one. Mr. Porter, of Boston, is one of the most popular of all the painters of women's pictures, principally because he has painted so many handsome women. At one time he had a monopoly of this sort of work. He painted Miss Maud Howe in the heyday of her brilliant beauty, and the picture was so much admired that Mr. Corcoran bought it to deck his gallery in Washington, where the curious can now see it. The subject is as beautiful as a poet's dream. Mr. Porter then painted beauties galore, his last effort being Mrs. Henry Clews, in a white satin gown, coming down a white staircase and about to step on a white bear-skin rug. Many beauties who have more money than they know what to do with, think it a mistake to patronize local talent and go farther afield for the man who will immortalize their charms. Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer did this. Mrs. Pulitzer is a real beauty, a pink and white, large-eyed, fine-featured Jewish Rebecca, handsome enough to have sat for Guido or Raphael. When Munkacsy came to New York, with his "Christ Before Pilate" and his syndicate, he consented to paint Mrs. Pulitzer's portrait for five thousand dollars. The price was high, but the artist was great. The picture was painted and the money paid—but, alas! that portrait, though fine as a work of art, was, as a portrait, a complete failure. According to gossip Mrs. Pulitzer has relegated it to the garret, where it stands with its face to the wall.

NEW YORK, April 30, 1888. IRIS.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

George Moore tells a very cruel story about Catulle Mendès. When Chose wanted to marry his sister, the young man's mother went to live with a priest. Chose sought out the novelist and told him of his sorrow. Mendès smiled ironically, and said: "Avec quel meilleur homme voulez-vous que votre mère se mit? vous n'avez donc, jeune homme, aucun sentiment religieux."

Colonel Nicholas Smith, the Kentucky professional beauty who married one of Horace Greeley's daughters, is an extremely modest man. Recently while in New York a lady sarcastically said to him: "Oh, Colonel Smith, how much you look like George Washington!" And the elegant colonel gravely responded: "Madam, Washington was a good and great man, and deserves the compliment."

Professor Mahaffy, although a Unionist, is undoubtedly an Irishman. The other day, at Oxford, he undertook to defend his countrymen from the charge of incoherence that is naturally ascribed to the manufacturer of bulls. "The subject of Irish bulls is much misunderstood. You must, in the first place, never forget this important truth, that every Irish bull is pregnant——" Shrieks of laughter interrupted the worthy professor, who has not yet finished his sentence.

When the Czar Alexander visited Wilhelm at Ems, they used to sit down in the Brunnen promenade and chat together. As soon as it became known that the two great emperors could be so easily seen, the promenade quickly became crowded. The Czar was troubled and irritated by the public curiosity, and wished to move away, but the Kaiser never felt any distaste for the loyal swarming of the German people. However, one morning, in order to comply with the Czar's wish, he rose to go, when he caught sight of Prince Bismarck coming along the promenade. "Ah," said he, "now we shall have quiet." "Why so?" asked the Czar. "Look there," responded the Kaiser, pointing to Bismarck, "yonder comes the man whom they will think a greater sight than either of us. When the people catch sight of Bismarck they will run after him and leave us alone."

The late E. A. Sothern invited young Fitzroy, son of the Duke of Beaufort, to a breakfast in the Gramercy Park Hotel one day, and left him with W. J. Florence for a few moments while he went down-stairs to see some ladies. Florence convinced the young lord that he was looking badly and needed exercise. He prevailed upon the nobleman to lift himself up and down while hanging on the top of a door, first showing him how to do it, and explaining the benefits of the exercise very scientifically. Then he ran down-stairs, called Sothern out of the parlor, and told him young Fitzroy had gone mad and was trying to climb over the walls of the room. He said Fitzroy imagined that he (Florence) was going to kill him. Sothern begged Florence to go back and see that Fitzroy did not hurt himself, and said he would follow in an instant. Then Florence rushed up-stairs and insisted that his lordship should repeat the healthful exercise. Fitzroy was springing up to catch the top of the door, and pulling himself frantically up and down, when Sothern came up, seized him, and begged him earnestly to be calm, assured him no one meant to harm him, and tried to lead him to a bedroom to wait until a physician came to give him a soothing draught. It took five minutes to explain to the young nobleman just how the joke had been arranged.

Once on a time, some young Frenchmen started a journal. On the day after the appearance of the first number, the office was visited by a little, stout man, neatly dressed, with cotton gloves, and an air of simple good-nature. He politely asked for a copy, to see the style of the paper, as he had the intention of subscribing if . . . "Give the gentleman a copy!" cried Jules Noriac, the editor. The little man thanked him, bowed, and left. Next week back he was again. "Not bad for a first number, not bad," he said to the clerk; "must see if it holds out." "We hope so," said the clerk. "Well, well, sir," he replied, "I am in the dry-goods business, I am; some things are good at first, but fade. I will subscribe if the color stands." "Give the gentleman number two!" cried the editor. Nine times did the dry-goods man return, and nine times did he get a number for nothing. On the tenth occasion Noriac was there when he called. "Very good," said the dry-goods man. "I like it; yes, I like it, and if it keeps its color in this number I will subscribe next time." "Give the gentleman two copies," said the editor; then, taking the editorial scissors, he deliberately approached the shop-keeper and cut out of the tail of his frock-coat a square of cloth. "What on earth are you doing?" he exclaimed. "Taking a sample of your goods," said Noriac, "and if it keeps its color I will buy a piece."

Colonel Bell, an English soldier, tells the following story of an incident which occurred during a battle of the Peninsular War: When the battle began, the surgeon of a certain regiment was in his proper place, at the rear of the men. He had deposited his instruments under a tree, and crept along in the rear of the troops until he saw the men beginning to fall. Then he ran back as fast as he could to bring up his mule and apparatus. Doctors wore at that time cocked hats and feathers, and were not to be easily distinguished, at a distance, from the general staff. As he went at full speed along one side of a hedge, a general officer, with his aide-de-camp, came galloping up the other way. "There's an officer running away!" cried the former; "stop him! Hallo, sir, where are you going?" No answer. Both officers wheeled their horses. "Stop, sir!" cried the superior one; "give an account of yourself and your name." "No, no!" shouted the doctor; "I'm off; seen plenty of fighting for one day." The officer was furious, and pushed on after the fugitive, the stiff fence still between them. "Give your name, sir!" "Oh, never mind my name; everybody knows me. Look out for yourself. Your life's not worth a penny! Go to the front and be killed, if you like. Everybody's being killed there but me!" speaking over his shoulder, and running like the wind. On he went until he reached his apparatus, which he proceeded to load upon the mule, and ordered his assistant to move with it to the front. Then he dashed back in the direction from which he had come, and the officers realized that they had been sold.

A police court even in Paris is a prosaic place so far as scenery is concerned; but a great deal of color was observed recently in the witness-box, as it may be called, of the Tribunal of Correctional Police. There stood, with his vizor up, a tall personage, in the full panoply of a knight-errant of the middle ages. To adopt a somewhat vulgar but expressive phrase, "he had them all on." He was resplendent in a coat of mail, his hands were encased in iron gauntlets, and he looked, in fact, as if he had just stepped out of the pages of "Ivanhoe" or "Orlando Furioso." His appearance, of course, created what may be called, without the least touch of exaggeration, "a sensation." The grim greffier of the court looked surprised, the young barristers and attorneys smiled, and the expression on the face of the presiding judge can only be imagined. At last the greffier summoned up courage, after much whispering had taken place between him and the judge, to demand of the mediæval effigy an account of himself. Then it transpired that the man of mail was hight Pierre Grosclaude, that he was engaged in distributing handbills for the proprietor of the brasserie of "The Beautiful Fredegonda," and that he had been subpœnaed in the case of Blancard *vs.* Denizet. "But how comes it," asked the irate presiding magistrate, "that you have the audacity to present yourself in a dress like that?" The reply was delivered in a faltering tone. Yielding to necessity, the knight-errant had pawned his prosaic attire, and was obliged to appear in the professional habiliments in which he distributed hand-bills on the boulevards, setting forth the comforts and luxuries of the brasserie of "The Fair Fredegonda," and the peerless beauty of its principal Hebe. The answer having satisfied the magistrate, the witness was told to sit down; but he caused further explosions of laughter when he naively said: "I can't sit down, your worship, with all my ironmongery on!" As business could not be proceeded with, owing to the irrepressible merriment, which turned the court of justice into a sort of branch of the Palais-Royal theatre, the depositions of the champion of the Fredegonda were taken in camera, and he was sent speedily about his business.

LITERARY NOTES.

Ignatius Donnelly's Book.

THE GREAT CRYPTOGRAM. Francis Bacon's cipher in the so-called Shakespeare Plays. By Ignatius Donnelly.

"And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick conceiving discontents
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear."

Such is the quotation with which Ignatius Donnelly introduces his long-promised revelation of the Baconian origin of the Shakespeare plays, and, perhaps, no fitter lines could preface this slight review of it.

There can be no doubt that the opinion that Bacon wrote some, at least, of the Shakespearean plays, has been widening as the more thorough investigation of the history of the Elizabethan age has progressed. Beginning with the suggestions of the ill-fated Delia Bacon in 1856, and ending with the labors of Mr. Donnelly in the present work, a mass of fact and inference has been collected that has seemed almost demonstrative in its character. The first half of the volume under review, which is denominated "the argument," is a masterly presentation of all theretofore advanced by others, enriched by some very satisfactory additions of the writer; and it would be difficult for an unbiased mind to rise from its study without a conviction that Bacon was the real author of some of the writings which, for three centuries, have been attributed to William Shakespeare.

The ignorance of Shakespeare, the learning of Bacon, the parallel passages in Bacon's works and in the plays, the unity of thought, the community of error, the employment of identical metaphors, and of unusual and newly coined words, the display of the same phases of religious belief, of politics, and of human sympathy, the acute knowledge displayed in the plays of the common law, even in its most technical form, of science, and of moral and natural philosophy, are all strikingly set forth, and demonstrate that either Bacon wrote all, or at least a portion of the plays, or that he and Shakespeare were mental twins—each a hemisphere, as it were, of a single brain.

It was announced, however, a year or more ago, by Mr. Donnelly, that, on this subject, demonstration was at last to take the place of argument, proof of inference. Absolute certainty had been attained. The plays themselves revealed their parentage. A cipher had been discovered and would shortly be demonstrated, that disclosed in unmistakable terms that Francis Bacon was the author and William Shakespeare but a mask. No literary announcement ever made so convulsed the reading public. The advocates of Bacon's pretensions were as much startled as the devotees of the "divine William." The one indulged in silent hope, the other in absolute derision.

And now the "Great Cryptogram" has appeared, and is simply a great disappointment. It solves nothing itself, and furnishes no material for solving anything. No one can prove, by any rule disclosed by it, the accuracy of the so-called cipher sentences contained in it. The author "reserves" his secret, if he ever had any. He presents us with some narratives produced by his mysterious cipher, and asserts that they were obtained by a system, but forbids us to inquire into the correctness of the system. Comparing his work with his promise, one is reminded of Webster's reply to Hayne, that "it is not the first time in the history of human affairs that the vigor and success of the war have not quite come up to the lofty and sounding phrase of the manifesto."

But lest injustice be done to the author, let him speak for himself. The pith of the "demonstration" as it is called, *i. e.*, the cipher demonstration, is contained in these words: "505, 506, 513, 516, 523—these are the keys that unlock this part of the cipher story in the two plays '1st and 2d Henry IV.' *They do not unlock it all; nor would they apply to any other plays.* . . . The explanation of the way in which they are obtained I RESERVE for the present," (p. 583.) This is encouraging to the thirsty student, for (first), there would seem to be five keys instead of one; (second), even the five only apply to two plays out of thirty-six; (third), they do not apply to even all of the two; and (fourth), the proof that they apply to *any* is *reserved*.

These five keys or numbers are denominated "root numbers" by the author. Assuming that they apply to a part of these two plays, the inquirer naturally supposes that in counting the words of the text upon which they operate, they are used in rotation, or in couples, or two's, or on some other established rule. But no, for on turning to the illustrations, vouchsafed by the author, it is found that the so-called "root numbers" are employed with a playful disregard of order, and at the sweet will of the writer. When 505 fails to show up the right word, 506 is impressed into the service, and if that "makes a mess of it," 513, or 516, or 523.

Of course, one can not criticise the unknown. And when in addition to the "reserve" of the author as to the *origin* of the "roots," he fails to reveal how the "root numbers are *applied*, the reader is compelled to assume that when the discoverer uses 505 twice, 506 once, 513 nine times, or any other apparently haphazard order, it must be all right, because this is part of the "reserve."

But 505, 506, 513, 516, and 523 are not enough, even when used on the chaotic principle, for on page 581 the author announces that as to the *first* column of page 73 of "Henry IV.," "all the numbers, 27, 63, 79, 169, 142, 63, 141, 62, 90, 91, 79, 80, become *modifiers* of the root numbers whereby the cipher story is worked out, and there is *another set of modifying numbers* in the *second* column of page 73," and later on it appears that *every column* of the plays *has a different set* of modifying numbers. In other words, if 505 modified by 27 will not produce the desired word, try 505 by 63, or 79, or 169, etc., and if 505 modified by any of them fails to work, try how 506 will do modified by 27, or 63, or 79, etc., and if that will not make an intelligible connection, then put 513 through its paces with the modifying numbers. This is certainly elastic enough to please the most ardent Baconian, but we are then further enlightened by the fact that the last set of modifying numbers "are not used in the cipher narrative *until* the same have been first modified by the numbers obtained in the same way on page 74," and on that page we find *nineteen* more numbers.

These five "root numbers," though, even if assisted by all the modifying numbers, do not seem to be entirely powerful enough to pierce the secret writing, for we learn that in applying to the text these experimental roots as tentatively changed the cipher is still undeciphered. There occur in the text of the Folio of 1623, to which the count is applied, certain words connected with apparently unnecessary hyphens, and other words inclosed in certain apparently unnecessary brackets. Now, in counting the words on a page, it would be supposed that some inflexible rule would be necessary, but it seems not. On page 659, the startling announcement is made that:

"There are *four ways* of counting the words of the text, (1) counting the words *exclusive* of the bracketed words, and regarding the hyphenated words or double words as one word; (2) counting all the words, *including* the bracketed words, and treating the hyphenated words as two or three words, as the case may be; (3) counting in the bracketed words without the hyphenated words; and (4) the hyphenated words without the bracketed words."

Before the reader becomes lost in the arithmetical fog, a little résumé might be judicious so far as the author discloses his rule. Any one of the five roots may be used in connection with any of the thirty-one modifiers. It would be poor luck that did not win the right word with that number of chances, but lest a blank should be drawn, the cipher system permits the counting on any one of four different plans, *i. e.*, include or exclude all the bracketed and hyphenated words, or include or exclude one of them. Nevertheless, the fish may not even then bite, so the information is tendered us that:

"After a long time, by a great deal of experimentation, I discovered that the count runs not only from the *beginnings* and *ends* of *acts*, scenes and *columns*, but also from the *beginnings* and *ends* of such *subdivisions* of scenes as are caused by the stage directions, such as 'Enter, Morton,' 'Enter, Falstaff,' etc." (p. 569).

It is to be observed, therefore, that this is one of the most accommodating ciphers ever discovered. Its simple requirements are that you may commence anywhere you please, count in any direction you want to, and select any one of a hundred and fifty-five words that fits the searcher's ideas. He would be a fastidious scholar who could not, in this way, construct from the plays a narrative that would demonstrate that Bacon wrote the Pentateuch and the Zendavesta, and was really old Pythagoras besides.

Proceeding, however, on the basis of these "root numbers," the secret of which is "reserved," and these roots used in a manner which is also "reserved," in connection with certain "modifiers" employed by the author, according to some rule also "reserved," and counting the words of the text from any part of the page the "reserved" rule permits, and including or excluding such hyphenated and bracketed words as his "reserve" also allows, he has presented certain results, certain "cipher" sentences which form an interesting narrative, "wonderful if true." The peculiar feature of this narrative is that the words forming it appear *in no series*, do not follow or precede each other at any uniform, or series of uniform distances, and sometimes two successive words of the same sentence are *three pages* or *three thousand* words apart. One illustration must suffice for the remarkable symmetry of the "cipher." A cipher sentence is worked out thus (p. 789): "The subjects are far beyond his ability. It is even thought here that your cousin of St. Albans writes them." In this sentence, "the" is the 32d word on page 78, column 2; "subjects" the 26th word on page 79, column 1; "are" the 74th on page 79—1; "far" the 309th on page 78—1; "beyond" the 111th on 78—2; "his" the 112th on 78—2; "ability" the 24th on 78—2; "it" the 116th on 78—2; "is" the 296th on 79—1; "even" the 27th on 81—2; and the last word, "them," the 194th on page 82—1. It will be perceived, therefore, that the author, in making a cipher sentence of nineteen words, has ranged, forward and backward, over four pages, each composed of two columns and containing from three to four thousand words, and without furnishing the slightest clue to any rule or system for his saltatory displays. Gravely to announce this as a demonstration, is a travesty of language. It is the sheerest assertion submerged in a sea of unexplained figures. It is an algebraical demonstration composed wholly of unknown quantities, all the *x's* and none of the *a b's*. It is an assertion that twice two are five, with a "reservation" by the propounder as to how he discovered the additional unit.

The foundation-stone and bedrock of Mr. Donnelly's cipher system, so far as he chooses to illustrate it, is the taking into the calculation the apparently unnecessary hyphenated and bracketed words. Upon these the entire system seems to rest; these are the essential factors in all the estimates. They are omitted, or added, or used as divisors or multipliers, in every computation. Without estimating them in some of these various methods, the whole alleged cipher goes to wreck. The argument is that, because they are seemingly unnecessary to the sense or the typography, therefore they must have been intended by Bacon as factors and pointers to the cipher. This would be well if there was anything in it; but on examination of contemporaneous prints, the argument vanishes into thin air. For some reason, not now fathomable, authors, or printers, or both, were in the common habit, in that age, of using these hyphenated and bracketed words in a manner wholly foreign to their present use, and wholly alien to the necessities of the text. Thus, in an edition of "Venus and Adonis" printed in 1609, in which it may be assumed that even Mr. Donnelly does not assert the existence of a cipher, there are found some specimens of the practice equally as remarkable as any in the folio. For instances of brackets:

Line 1004—"Be wreak't on him [invisible commander]."
635—"But having thee at vantage [wondrous dread]."
1001—"Thou gentle shadow [truth I must confess]."
38—"Nimbly she fastens [O how quick is love]."

While for hyphenated words:

692—"The hot scent-snuffing hounds."
698—"Stands on his hinder-legs."
687—"Earth-delving conies.'
655—"This bate-breeding spy."
569—"Pale-faced coward."

And numerous others.

In the preface to Coke's Littleton, printed in 1628, and in the preface to the first volume of Plowden's Reports, published in 1578, the inclusion of words in brackets is indulged in to a much greater extent than in the folio, and in a manner that would be regarded as absurd by the modern compositor and writer; and yet no one would have the hardihood to claim that there was a cipher in those musty productions—except Mr. Donnelly perhaps. To erect a cipher theory on what was apparently a universal method of composition in that age would be to assert the existence of one in every publication of that century.

One hardly needs to read between the lines to detect the method pursued by the writer in working up the so-called cipher narrative. Struck by the presence, in the text, of such words as "Bacon," "Nicholas," "Shake," etc., he has selected such other words, near or remote, as seemed to have a grammatical relation (a remoteness of a couple of thousand words seems to have been a mere trifle), and then the "cipher" rule was applied, by using any of the mysterious root numbers, less any one of the thirty or forty modifiers, and computing from any point of the text he saw fit, and adapting the enumeration so as to include or exclude any hyphenated or bracketed words, or stage directions, that interfered with reaching the desired goal. As Captain Cuttle might say, "that's a cipher wot is a cipher."

After these "explanations," as the author terms them, of the Bacon cipher, the student will yield a most enthusiastic assent to the following, on page 583:

"We have here, then, the *machinery* of Bacon's great cipher; and as we proceed with the explanation of its workings, the wonder of the reader will more and more increase that any human brain could be capable of compassing the construction of such a mighty and subtle work."

Mr. Donnelly's reasons for not disclosing any of the keys or systems of applying them are, that as he can not copyright any of the cipher narrative that he has not already worked out, he does not propose to reveal it, lest some other person might decipher more of the narrative, and benefit himself out of the fruits of his [Mr. Donnelly's] labor. This is admirable foresight for Mr. Donnelly, but death to the student who has awaited with anxiety the proposed "demonstration." The author promises more on the installment plan, "To be continued in our next." But his fears that "some keen mind may be able to discover how these numbers are obtained and anticipate me in the work," are wholly groundless. If the cipher is as loose in its construction as it appears thus far to be, no one will live long enough to determine which of two or three hundred narratives, derived from the same text, is the Simon pure, A No. 1, prime Bacon.

It would seem superfluous to observe that the two essentials of a cipher are secrecy and certainty, and no one knew better than Bacon the absolute necessity of the latter. His disquisitions on cipher writing in his "De Augmentis" and "Advancement of Learning," and his employments in cipher work by the Earl of Essex and his brother, Anthony Bacon, are sufficient evidence of this fact. But what is to be said of an important cipher dispatch, such as might be employed in diplomacy or war, which is susceptible of being read in any of a hundred different ways on as many different theories, leaving to the receiver the task of guessing which of the hundred readings was the correct one. Of course, this may not be the case with the Donnelly discovery, but it certainly is *so far as he reveals it*.

But *the cipher narrative is not true* unless the world is prepared to believe in a sixteenth-century miracle. For in it Bacon is made to narrate, with great circumstantiality, an occurence that did not take place *until nearly two years after he wrote it*. That narrative is constructed from the text of the first pages of "2d Henry IV.," which depends for all its elements on the last page of "1st Henry IV.," as the author admits. It relates that Queen Elizabeth, having caused the arrest of a Dr. Hayward, the suspected author of a treasonable tract, had him brought before her, accused him of the authorship, in her rage took him by the throat, and on his endeavoring to escape from her clutches, struck him with her crutch. *The arrest of Hayward was in 1599; the first part of "Henry IV." was written in 1597.*

Mr. Donnelly perceives the dilemma, and attempts this escape:

"I am aware that it may be objected that it is claimed that Hayward was not arrested until 1599, and that the first part of "Henry IV." (interlocking through the cipher with this second part) was published in 1598 (?). But the date of Hayward's arrest is *obscure*, and by no means certain; and, if it were certain, it does not follow that because a quarto edition of the play of "1st Henry IV" has been found with the date 1598 on the title page, it is therefore certain that it was published in that year." (Page 717.)

There is no escape, however, from the dilemma. There can be no mistake about the dates. Bacon himself ought to be good authority to Mr. Donnelly as to the date of Hayward's arrest. He says in his "Apology" that the arrest of Hayward was about the middle of Michaelmas term (*i. e.*, about the middle of November), 1599. Dr. Hayward's confession is contained in the State Paper office in the files of that year. Both Holmes, in his "Authorship of Shakespeare" (p. 249) and Dixon, in his "Personal History of Lord Bacon" (p. 128) confirm this as the date, and both authors are approved and cited frequently by Mr. Donnelly as authority.

On the other hand, the first part of "Henry IV." was written in 1597, and performed on the stage in the *spring of 1598*, and, what must foreclose all dispute, was *copyrighted* on the *twenty-fifth of February, 1598*. A copy of this copyright, as taken from the official record by J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, appears in his "Outlines of Shakespeare," page 604, and is as follows:

"1597–8—1597 Annoque R. R. Eliz. 40th xxv die Februarij. Andrew Wyse Entred for his copie vnder thandes of Mr Dix and Mr. Warden Man a booke intituled the history of Henry the iiijth with his battaile at Shrewsbury against Henry Hotspurre of the Northe with the conceipted mirthe of Sir John Falstaff."

So that, by no possibility of error could the narrative of Hayward's arrest and the scene with the queen have been interwoven by Bacon in the play of "2d Henry IV., depending as it does, and as the author admits, on the "1st Henry IV.," unless it can be claimed that he had the divine power of foretelling events, in their minutest details, nearly two years in advance of their occurrence.

It is to be feared that the "root numbers," 505, 523, etc., and their satellites, the thirty odd modifiers, so promiscuously used in deciphering this part of the text, must have broken loose somewhere and tangled things up; for, with all possible admiration for the intellectual splendor of Lord Bacon, the line must be drawn somewhere, and it would seem to be safe to draw it at the gift of prophesy.

When the nature of the alleged cipher narrative comes to be considered, the improbability of its existence becomes enormously increased. When one looks at the masses of figures employed by the author in extracting the few sentences he has (amounting to less than a page of ordinary printed matter), and considers that, at least, the same complications must have existed in weaving them in, and then compares that stupendous labor with its results in the narrative produced, one is lost in amazement at so small a mouse being produced by the throes of such a mountain. It is conceivable that Francis Bacon wrote the plays, feared to acknowledge their authorship, and inserted in them a cipher explaining to his favorite "future ages" that he was their real creator—nay, more, a copious narrative illustrating the secret history of Queen Bess's reign or justifying himself from the charges connected with his impeachment as lord chancellor, or other matters personal to himself. But in the narrative produced here we find that this prodigious toil was devoted to relating the story of Shakespeare stealing Sir Thomas Lucy's deer, of his being wounded by the latter's men, of Shakespeare's personal appearance and dress at the age of twenty, his attempts to be created a knight, of his marriage with Ann Hathaway or Ann Whatley, her ante-nuptial disgrace, his death of a loathsome disease, etc. It certainly needed no sweating months and years of labor to conceal these facts in an occult and mysterious cipher—it needed "no ghost, my lord, come from the grave, to tell us" this. Most of them were common rumor in the years which saw these plays.

A part of the revelation is that the character of Sir John Falstaff was drawn from, and is, a perfect reproduction of Shakespeare. Is this credible when it is considered that Shakespeare in those days was recognized as the real author, was a large shareholder in and manager of the Black Friars Theatre, at which the "Merry Wives of Windsor" and "Henry IV." were acted? To admit it is to assert that Shakespeare permitted the production of plays, in which plays he portrayed himself as the swinish, gluttonish, and cowardly Falstaff, to a public who recognized the likeness.

The difficulty with the author is, and it is apparent in his two other publications "Atlantis" and "Ragnarok," an eagerness to "jump at conclusions." And while this is obvious from what has been said as to the cipher argument, it is not less noticeable in the historical part of the discussion. A. Mr. Appleton Morgan is quoted as asserting that the Folio of 1623 was never copyrighted, and the author immediately, without verification of the assertion, enters into an earnest argument to prove that Bacon, the real author of the plays, desired no monopoly in them, but threw them open to an admiring world without legal restriction. But this is not true. The Folio was published under the auspices of Heminge and Condell by Isaac Jaggard, and *was copyrighted*, so far as it had not been previously, by the publisher. The entry at Stationer's Hall is to be found at page 607 of Phillips's "Outlines of Shakespeare," and this is a copy:

"1623. 8th Novembris 1623. R. Jac. 21. Mr. Blounte. Isak Jaggard. Entred for their copie under the hands of Mr. Doctor Worrall and Mr. Cole, warden, Mr. William Shakspeers Comedies, Histories and Tragedies, soe manie of the said copies as are not formerly entred to other men viz Comedies, The Tempest, The two gentlemen of Verona, Measure for Measure, The Comedy of Errors, As you like it, All's well that ends well, Twelfe night, The Winters tale, Histories, The thirde part of Henry the Sixt, Henry the eight, Tragedies, Coriolanus, Timon of Athens, Julius Cæsar, Macbeth, Anthonie and Cleopatra, Cymbeline."

Carelessness can hardly account, however, for another error which was the subject of a short article in the *Argonaut* a few weeks since, and which was alluded to as a pertinent argument that Bacon did not write the play of "Julius Cæsar." At page 408 of Mr. Donnelly's work, the author, under the head of "identical quotations in Bacon and Shakespeare, refers to Bacon's Essay on Friendship, where *Decimus* Brutus persuades Cæsar to go to the capitol where *Decimus* and his co-conspirators have hatched a plot to slay him, and adds: "In Shakespeare we have *Decimus* Brutus saying to Cæsar," etc. There is no such character in the play of "Julius Cæsar." The play has it *Decius*, a gross anachronism which Bacon could not have been guilty of, for *Decius* Brutus lived three hundred years before Julius Cæsar, and, as appears by Bacon's own writings, he was well aware of the fact.

The extravagance of the author's theories is well illustrated by his serious claim that Bacon wrote not only the plays of Shakespeare, but Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" and Montaigne's Essays. The reliance that is to be placed on such suggestions may be apparent from the fact that two-thirds of the Essays of Montaigne were in circulation in 1580, and must therefore have been composed by Bacon before he was twenty years of age. Would it not seem as though this were the very ecstasy of madness?

After all, is there not the barest possibility that the "Great Cryptogram" is a great literary hoax? May not the author justify himself and his work by reminding the reader that he has fulfilled his promise to reveal a great cipher, for lo, here is a O.

WILLIAM M. PIERSON.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 9, 1888.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The *Union Printer* says: "There is some talk of the reporters on the daily papers putting their heads together and asking for a charter from the International Typographical Union. They claim that they can materially improve their condition through this means, and at the same time be a strong factor in the adjustment of any trouble that might result to the organized stereotypers, pressmen, or compositors."

The literary voluptuary, with rare exceptions, has little in common with the scholar, who reads with a purpose and drudges on severe systems. Drudgery and method of all kinds are inexpressibly distasteful to him. All is fish that comes to his net; he is grateful to the men who have been laboring to please him, for sometimes, although not very often, the hardest work makes the lightest reading. But admiration or gratitude does not lead him to imitation, even if he have the memory, the mental grasp, and the style of Macaulay. Yet for the free and easy fashion of his self-indulgence, he can quote eminent precedents. Dr. Johnson himself laid down the law that reading should be done as inclination prompts one; he was in the habit of dipping and skimming himself, as he tore over the pages with knife or finger; he resented being asked if he had read a book through, saying that he had read it as "one does read such books." Scott had accumulated his rich and miscellaneous stores by casual studies of congenial subjects; it was only when he was beggared and slaving for his creditors, that the author of "Waverly" and editor of Swift consented to "cram" for his "Life of Buonaparte." There is something pitiful in his rueful praise of the magnificent notions of Constable, who kept crushing the enslaved genius of the night-lamp under piles of contemporary treatises and ponderous files of the *Moniteur*. But Southey was perhaps, the most melancholy example of the literary voluptuary broke into harness. He could seldom write except on subjects that pleased him. In the face of disappointments, he fondly believed in fame and future as an English classic. He bequeathed to the more kindly appreciation of posterity the poems that had scarcely cleared the publishing expenses; he devoted invaluable time and untold trouble to unpopular histories of the Brazils and abstruse annotations of Spanish literature and laboring indefatigably all the time to maintain his family, he on

managed to make the two ends meet by more-paying "pot-boilers" for the periodicals. Leading the existence of a hard-working hermit among the Cumberland Hills, he was compelled to surround himself with a costly library. Yet, for the life of him, unless for special purposes when the collar was chafing, he could spare no time for the books in which he could have reveled; and when the literary Tantalus died worn out, the collection was dispersed which had never been enjoyed.

The venerable novel-writer, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, has had two rings—one for each of her children—made from the gold pens with which she wrote her stories.

In reviewing a novel by an American authoress, the Milan *Perseveranza* pays homage in dubious typography to "W. D. Flowell," "Mark Zwain," and "Francis Burnett." It is both just and natural to attribute these little slips to the printer, and not to the writer (except as a bad penman).

A writer in the New Orleans *Democrat* gives this portrait of Charles Egbert Craddock (Miss Murfree): "A very small woman; so lame she can scarcely cross the floor unaided. Slight and yet square in figure. A small, white face, with the withered whiteness of one whose health has always been delicate. Pale, neutral brown hair and eyes, and a formal primness of manner, like that of a shy, clever woman who has lived much in retirement."

"A curious experiment—a Catholic version of the Gospels in thoroughly modern French—has just been put a stop to," says the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*. "Some months ago M. Henri Lasserre, a fervent Catholic, published a French translation of the Gospels from the Vulgate, and received many compliments from Catholic prelates and journals. He also published an amended edition, which benefited by certain criticisms. Both editions, however, have been placed on the index, and M. Lasserre, deferring as a good Catholic to this decision, will suppress the book."

Napoleon was a greedy novel-reader. Andrew Lang, the essayist, says he was one of the most voracious readers of novels that ever lived. He was always asking for the newest of the new, and, unfortunately, even the new romances of his period were hopelessly bad. Barbier, his librarian, had orders to send parcels of fresh fiction to his majesty wherever he might happen to be, and great loads of novels followed Napoleon to Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia. The conqueror was very hard to please. He read in his traveling-carriage, and after skimming a few pages, would throw a volume that bored him out of the window into the highway. He might have been tracked by his trail of romances.

New Publications.

Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar" and Clement Marot's "Lament for Louise of Savoy" are issued in the National Library published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"Blakely's Parliamentary Rules" is a convenient pamphlet, containing, in readily accessible form, the information needed for the conduct of public meetings. Published by the Pacific Press Publishing Company, Oakland; for sale by the booksellers.

"L'Ami Fritz," a comedy in three acts, by Erckmann-Chatrian, has been adapted to the use of American schools and annotated in English by Professor Alfred Hannequin, of the University of Michigan. Published in the Théâtre Contemporain by William R. Jenkins, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 25 cents.

Hawley Smart's latest novel, "A False Start," has none of his stock sporting interest than its name alone, despite the fact that the hero is, in the beginning, a young Englishman, with neither money nor prospects, who takes orders and then handicaps himself with a pretty but penniless wife. It is a long story, nearly five hundred pages, but Hawley Smith is a bright writer and keeps up the reader's interest to the end. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

William R. Jenkins, of New York, has followed his excellent American edition of "Les Misérables" by a similar republication in the original French of Victor Hugo's stirring novel "Quatrevingt-Treize." The paper and typography are good, and the leaves are uncut, the book being intended for rebinding according to the purchaser's taste. It is stated that Mr. Jenkins intends publishing all of Victor Hugo's romances in this form. It is to be hoped that he will, for in paper, print, etc., the edition could scarcely be excelled. This, by the way, is the case with nearly all the publications of this house. For sale by William Doxey; price, $1.00.

"Britons and Muscovites; or Traits of Two Empires" is the title of a new book of travels by Curtis Guild. The chapters read as if they had been prepared for newspaper correspondence, and Mr. Guild shows his journalistic training in the way in which he picks out the salient features of all that he sees, and puts them down cleanly and directly, but with little attempt at polish. His book, however, is an easy and pleasant one to read, and one finds many curious facts noted in it that have escaped other observers. The itinerary takes one to London, about England a bit, to Berlin, to St. Petersburg, to Moscow, and to Nijni Novgorod. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $2.00.

A new edition has been published of Colonel Thomas W. Knox's "Pocket Guide for Europe," a pocket-guide indeed, with no nonsense about it. The covers are of flexible cloth, the pages are three inches by five and one-half in size, and number two hundred and twenty-three, and the information includes almost everything that the inexperienced voyager to the Old World need know about routes, charges, where to go, and how to get there, etc. One can not expect historical and traditional information in great particularity in so small and convenient a book, but its supply of necessary information is very comprehensive and well arranged. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 75 cents.

Dr. Luigi Cossa's "Scienza delle Finanze," a work which has become an authority in Germany, Sweden, Russia, and Spain, has been translated into English by a number of hands, and is now published with an introduction and notes by Horace White, with the new title, "Taxation: Its Principles and Methods." It treats of taxation in all its bearings, local and national. Customs duties are discussed only in their fiscal aspect, the dispute between free trade and protection not coming within the province of the work. The American editor has added notes to give local interest, and appends in brief form the tax systems of New York and Pennsylvania. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Louis Gregoire; price, $1.00.

Under the general title of Twelve English Statesmen, a new series of historical studies by various eminent writers has been begun. The scheme of the series is to treat of the public and private lives of twelve of England's most prominent historical characters, showing the influences which shaped their characters, their public acts, and their general effect on the course of political events and on England's place among the nations. The first volume of the series, which has just appeared, is by Edward A. Freeman, and treats of "William the Conqueror" in his personal character, as one who, though stranger and conqueror, has had so great an effect on the course which the laws and constitution of England have taken since his time. The books are models of tasteful typography, and are conveniently bound in flexible red cloth covers. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 60 cents.

"Agatha Page," by Isaac Henderson, is, in many respects, a well-written novel. The scene is laid in Italy, and most of the personages are modern Italians of the better class, with a self-exiled Bostonian, and a few other freaks to fill up. The heroine, whose father was an American, is brought up by her uncle, an Italian gentleman whose many admirable qualities may be vaguely outlined by classifying him as "of the old school," and she marries an Italian diplomat. Her cousin, after running away from home to marry a poor lieutenant, leaves her husband, studies art, and eventually comes back, a woman of surpassing beauty and famous as a sculptress, to reside with Agatha and her husband. Presently she comes to love Agatha's husband, and complications ensue which give the writer much opportunity for the delineation of human passions. The name signed by the writer, by the way, is "Isaac Henderson," but Isaac shows an ignorance unworthy of his sex when he says (page 95), "and his stately manner seemed to slip from his portly body like a shirt." Any one who has seen, not to say been, a portly gentleman removing that article of apparel, knows well enough that "slip" is scarcely the proper verb, and that the simile is not a good one. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by Strickland & Co.

It is no easy matter to make out just what end is served by the publication of George D. Cox's "translation" of Zola's latest and filthiest book. In the original, "La Terre" is so foul that it would nauseate an erotomaniac; there is not a crime in or out of the decalogue that it does not drag forth and gloat over; the personages are sordid, bestial, abominable beyond imagining in word, thought, and deed; and the only excuse Zola could put forth in extenuation of his crime—for the writing of "La Terre" is a libel upon humanity and a malefaction against society—his desire to paint nature as he found it, is no excuse at all, if we may believe his French critics, who, one and all, deny the existence of such degradation as he depicts. Such petty vices—virtues, almost, by comparison—as inhumanity, filial ingratitude, drunkenness, theft, and murder are allowed to remain in this adaptation, it is true, but the names of personages have been changed, scenes have been altered, and whole chapters have been cut out; and yet the reader can recognize the holes, honeycombing the entire book, from which have been plucked out those hideous portions which turned even the French naturalists against their master. Zola's "La Terre" is laden with unutterable filth, and when the translator tries to adapt it to healthy minds, as he boasts of having done, he is unfair to Zola in robbing his product of its vital characteristic, and unfair to his own readers, who do not get the filth they bargained for. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 75 cents.

Some Magazines.

In the *Forum* for May Judge Barrett writes of "Miscarriages of Justice." Frederick Taylor has an argument for the national control of railways. Seth Low summarizes his experience in "Obstacles to Good City Government." Senator Cullom discusses "River and Harbor Bills." Mormon communities outside Salt Lake City are described by Captain E. C. Dutton. Michael Davitt has an article on "Irish Landlordism." Other articles are "Objections to High License," by the Rev. Dr. Leonard W. Bacon; "What Shall the Public Schools Teach?" by Judge R. C. Pitman; "Steam and Its Rivals," by Professor R. H. Thurston; and "The Pains of Fear," by Eliza Lynn Linton

The *Popular Science Monthly* for May has articles on "The Economic Outlook" (concluding paper), by Hon. David A. Wells; "The Moral Influence of Climate," by Felix L. Oswald, M. D.; "Is Combination Crime?" by Appleton Morgan; "A Great Confession," by the Duke of Argyll; "The American Robin and His Congeners," by Dr. Spencer Trotter; "Relation of Evolution to Materialism," by Professor Joseph Le Conte; "Sound-signals at Sea," by Arnold Burges Johnson; "Primitive Worship of Atmospheric Phenomena," by Count d'Alviella; "The Future of the American Indian," by Thomas J. Mays, M. D.; "Darwinism and the Christian Faith;" "Sketch of Gustav Robert Kirchoff," and the usual interesting literary and scientific notes.

The *North American Review* for May opens with "Colonel Ingersoll on Christianity," by Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M. P. Other articles are: "Dangerous 'Trusts,'" by W. M. Rapsher; "Mr. Matthew Arnold on America," by General James B. Fry; "Testimony Before House Committees," by Colonel C. P. Breckenridge, M. C.; "Physical Basis of Brain-Work," by Woods Hutchinson, M. D.; "First Impressions of Congress," by General Lloyd S. Bryce; "The Theory of American Government," by D. D. Field; "Reasons for Accepting the Presidency," by General Grant to General Sherman; "Germany's Right to Alsace," by Frederick Curtius, LL.D.; "American Shipping—The Disease and the Remedy," by E. P. North; "How to Name Children," by Peter J. Otey; "Our Hold on Cuba," by V. Perry Atwell; "The Death Instinct in Animals," by A. M. Cummings; "Mr. Carnegie on the Surplus," by Henry Farquhar; "An Important Anniversary," by Etienne Avrault; "Flexible Majorities," by Charles Ledyard Norton; "Personal Immortality," by E. H. Rood; "The Use of Holidays," by George Nelson; "The Decline of New England," by Geoffrey Champlin; "Learning to Write English," by Robert Waters, and the usual book notices.

SOCIETY.

The Murphy Kettledrum.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy gave a delightful kettledrum at their residence, 911 Bush Street, on Saturday afternoon, May 5th. It was given in compliment to Mr. and Mrs Charles J. Swift, *née* Alcorn, recently married in the East, who are here on their bridal tour. Dainty decorations graced the parlors with exquisite effect, a pleasing feature being a large floral sphere presented by the Cosmos Club. Invitations were issued requesting the presence of married guests during the hours of four and six o'clock, and of the younger element during the two succeeding hours. Concert selections enlivened the afternoon, and in addition Miss Marie C. Hyde gave some mandolin solos charmingly. The evening hours were pleasantly devoted to dancing, in which the young people participated, and musical selections were also enjoyed Refreshments were served at will throughout the afternoon and evening.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Peter Decker, Mr. and Mrs William Blackwell, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Morris Newton, Mr. and Mrs A. Van R Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. George K. Fitch, Mr and Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Lancaster, Mr. and Mrs. Morton Cheesman, Mr. and Mrs. Ryland Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. George A. Hyde, Mrs. Camillo Martin, Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. Henry Sherwood, Mrs J William Brown, Mrs. A. W. Scott, Mrs. John P. Jackson, Mrs. James Goodman, Mrs. A. W Sutton, Mrs. Z O. Clark, Mrs Ira Pierce, Mrs. F. P McLennan, Mrs. Marcus P. Hall, Mrs. E S. Tewksbury, Miss Gertrude Hyde, Miss Marie C Hyde, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Holladay, Miss Charlotte Bermingham, Miss Tulita Z. Wilcox, Miss Tula G. Arguello, Miss Gussie Brown, Miss Grace Bradley, Mr. Randolph Tatum, Mr. Percy Morgan, Mr. W. H. C. Lee, Mr. Frederick Conner, Mr. S. P. Meux, Mr. James Garniss, and others.

Honors to Mr. and Mrs. Dickens.

Since the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens in this city they have been the recipients of a number of social courtesies, which have in no little measure tended to make their sojourn exceedingly agreeable to them. On Monday afternoon, they were tendered a reception at the Palace Hotel under the auspices of the lady managers of the Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses. A large number of guests called to meet the distinguished lecturer and his charming wife and daughter.

On Wednesday, they were the guests of Lieutenant and Mrs. Chase at Fort Point, and were very pleasantly entertained. In the evening Mr. and Mrs M H. de Young gave an elaborate dinner-party in their honor, at their residence, 1919 California Street. Covers were laid for fourteen, and at each plate was a hand-painted name-card, done in water-colors. Tea was served later in the evening in the Japanese room.

On Thursday, Mrs. John F. Merrill entertained Mrs and Miss Dickens at luncheon, at her home on the corner of Washington Street and Van Ness Avenue. It was a delightful affair in every way, being characterized by beautiful decorations and a dainty menu At four o'clock that afternoon, the ladies repaired to the residence of Mrs. Thornburgh, 2612 California Street, where they met a large number of ladies at a matinée tea, tendered in compliment to them.

The Rose Show.

Under the auspices of the Woman's Exchange a rose show has been held in one of the stores under the Grand Hotel, commencing Wednesday, May 9th., and continuing until Saturday evening, May 12th. The beautiful and extensive display of roses, comprising hundreds of varieties, has attracted a large attendance both in the afternoon and evenings. The flowers are all artistically arranged, and in conjunction with them are several booths for the sale of flowers, delicacies, and refreshments Prominent among those who have contributed flowers are Mrs. William T. Coleman, Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mrs. J. C. Flood, Mrs William Kohl, Mrs. A. M. Parrott, Mrs. Henry Carrollhet, Mrs. Bowie, Mrs. N J. Brittan, Mrs. Albert Miller, Mrs. C. D. Holbrook, Mrs. R. Y. Hayne, Mrs. E T. Crane, Dr. C. B. Brigham, Mr. John H. Sievers, who makes an excellent display of rare orchids; Mr. John Pouyal, and the Golden Gate Park Conservatory for exhibits of plants, and others.

The ladies who attended to the various booths were as follows: Bonbon table—Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer, Miss Fannie Crocker, Miss Matie Peters, Miss Mamie Burling, and Miss Alice Shinn; floral booth—Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. Charles J Bailey, Mrs. Charles W. Keeney, Mrs. Sands Forman, Mrs. C. L. Ashe, Miss Florence Atherton, Misses Kaufmann, Miss Maggie Gwin, Miss Allie Hayes, Miss Susie Morgan, Miss Sally Maynard, Miss Thornton, and Miss Laura Requa; refreshment table—Mrs. James R. Garniss, Mrs. W. R Fortune, Miss Helen Landers, Miss Mary Breeze, and Miss Brown; lemonade table—Mrs. Sampson Tams and Miss Birdsall.

During each evening an excellent programme of concert selections was rendered by Noah Brandt's band, ending on the last night with a grand concert under the supervision of Mr. Henry Heyman. The receipts at the door, and from the sale of flowers and fancy articles, have brought a goodly sum into the treasury of this deserving charity.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs Fred L. Wooster will remain at the Napa Soda Springs during the entire season.

Mr. and Mrs Claus Spreckels and Mr. A. B. Spreckels have gone to Philadelphia, to reside there permanently.

Mrs. A. A. Nickerson will pass the months of June and July in Seattle and Alaska, and will go to Europe in August.

Mrs. Daniel Hanlon and Miss Mary Hanlon will leave for Chicago in about a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dean and Miss Dean, of Oakland, have returned from a trip to Puget Sound

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart, *née* Will, have arrived in New York en route to Europe.

Mrs. C. F. Mullins is passing a week pleasantly in Pasadena, and will leave there soon for St. Louis and other Eastern cities.

Dr. and Mrs. Dickenson will pass the summer at their new residence in Santa Rosa.

Mr. and Mrs J. A. Folger, of Oakland, have gone to New York, where they met their daughter, Miss Bessie Folger, who preceded them a few weeks ago

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington and Miss Huntington have returned to New York, after a month's visit here.

Miss Kittie Chalmers of Stockton, is visiting Mrs W. P. Buckingham.

Mr. W. P. Buckingham is now in New York visiting relatives.

Mr Horace G. Platt and Mr. Edgar De Pue have been passing a week at the Napa Soda Springs.

Baron and Baroness von Schroeder have gone to their ranch in San Luis Obispo County to remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs James Gamble, of Piedmont, have been passing a week at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. Henry McLean Martin has gone to Santa Cruz, where she will remain during the summer.

Mrs. Maria Coleman, Mrs. Macdonough, and Miss Macdonough are stopping at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs J. P Hale and Miss Josephine Hale are visiting in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. James F. Houghton, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Aileen Ivers, and Miss Fannie Crocker will leave in a few days for a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. Mountford S. Wilson has been paying a visit to the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. J H. Maynard and the Misses Pierce will be at the Hotel del Monte during the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Hinckley Taylor, of Oakland, have been visiting the Napa Soda Springs.

Miss Millie Ashe and Miss Loyall accompanied Mrs. D. J Tallant on her Eastern trip

Mrs. Edward Stanley and Miss Garber will pass the summer months at the Napa Soda Springs.

Miss May Ives is visiting Mrs. John F. Miller at Lavergne in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry May and family are settled at the Napa Soda Springs for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hopkins and Miss Jennie Hopkins will leave soon for a visit to Santa Barbara, and will pass the remainder of the summer at Del Monte.

Miss Flora Carroll, of Sacramento, has been visiting friends at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. D J. Staples and a party of friends will go to the Yosemite Valley next Thursday.

Mrs E. B Perrin has returned from Casa Blanca, and is at her residence, 1935 Clay Street. Mrs. John McMullin returned with her.

Mrs Crowell and Miss Daisy Crowell have returned from a visit to the Napa Soda Springs

Miss Minnie Scott, of Angel Island, is now in Denver visiting, and will remain away about three months.

Miss Norma Ryland and Miss Myra Burnett are visiting relatives in Oregon

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard and Miss Howard have gone to the Yosemite Valley

Mrs Clinton Cushing and Miss Jennie de la Montanya have arrived safely in New York after a pleasant trip over the Northern route. They will sail for Europe in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank expect to pass a portion of the summer in Oregon.

Mrs O C. Pratt has gone to Coronado Beach to remain several weeks, and will also make a tour of the southern counties.

Mr and Mrs. Denis Donahoe, Miss Donahoe, Miss Coit, and Mr. Alexander will leave for the Yosemite Valley on Saturday, May 19th.

Mrs. William T. Wallace has been visiting at Santa Cruz for a week.

Miss Ella Goad has been visiting friends in Colusa County for a week.

Mr. Fred W. Zeile has gone to New York on a brief visit.

Miss Lillie M. Jones is passing a month at Judge Pratt's ranch in Butte County.

Miss Belle Grant has gone to Los Angeles to pay a visit to friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker paid a visit to the Hotel del Monte recently.

Mrs Elisha Cook and Miss Leonide Cook went to Alaska a few days ago

Miss Ada Sullivan and Miss Arcadia Spence will pass much of the summer at Coronado Beach.

Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue has gone to Rome, Italy.

Mr. Charles J. Bandmann is making a brief visit to Los Angeles.

Major and Mrs. McClung and a large party of friends will go to the Yosemite Valley in about a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark W. Crocker and Miss Fannie Crocker will leave the city about the middle of June for a trip to Alaska and along the Columbia River. They will be away about five weeks.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Marion Anderson and Mr. George T. Klink will take place on Wednesday evening, May 16th, at half-past eight o'clock at the home of the bride, 1927 Webster Street. Only relatives will be present.

Mr. Julius Bandmann celebrated the birthday anniversary of Mrs. Bandmann last Thursday evening, by giving an informal dance at his residence on Lombard Street. Quite a number of intimate friends were present, and the hours passed pleasantly in dancing to Ballenberg's music.

Army and Navy.

Lieutenant E. W. Van C. Lucas, U. S. A., will go East soon to remain during the summer.

Major-General O. O. Howard, U. S. A., and Lieutenant George N. Chase, aide-de-camp, U S. A., have gone to Fort McDermit, Nev., on official business.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Impromptu Club.

The members of the Impromptu Club gave their first concert of the fifth series at Irving Hall on Tuesday evening, May 8th. A large audience enjoyed the annexed programme, which was presented under the direction of Mr. Richard A. Lucchesi.

Overture, "Genoveva" (for two pianos, eight hands) Schumann
Misses N. Joseph, J. Scott, L. Blankart, A. Booth.
Andante, from B minor Concerto, for 'cello .....Goltermann
Mr. F. S. Gutterson
Nocturne, for Soprano and Mezzo (with horn obligato) Schira
Mrs. E. Tojetti, Miss L. Musto, Mr. Louis Knell.
Andante and Finale, from Concerto in G minor. Mendelssohn
Miss N Joseph, and string quintet.
Jewel Scene and Aria, from "Faust".....Gounod
Mrs. Emilia Tojetti.
(Profili Italiani, in forma di Danze (two pianos, eight hands) Lucchesi
Roma, Moderato ma con brio—Torino, Allegro non troppo—Napoli, Allegro risoluto—Venezia, Allegro sostenuto—Genova, Allegretto comodo—Firenze, Allegretto grazioso—Milano, Allegro energico—Palermo, Allegro con fuoco—Bologna, Allegro appassionato—Italia, Allegretto, Largo, Allegro, Vivace.
Misses N. Joseph, A. Booth, L. Blankart and Mrs. C. L. Parent.
(a) Dreams.....Strelezki
(b) Serenade.....Gregh
Mrs A. W. Perry
Reverie, for violin.....Vieuxtemp
Mr. I. Baruch.
Pastorale (two pianos, four hands).....San Fiorenzo
Miss A Booth and Miss A. Patrick.
(a) E ver.....Campana
(b) "Thy Daily Question".....Meyer-Helmund
Miss Lottie Musto
Minuetto.....Bolzoni
Messrs. I. Baruch, W. E. Richards, H Siering and F. S Gutterson.
"Ma dall' arido," from "Un Ballo in Maschera"....Verdi
Mrs. E. Tojetti.
With accompaniment of two pianos, eight hands and strings.
Miss J. Scott, Mrs. C L. Parent, Miss L. Blankart, Miss A. Patrick, Messrs. W. E. Richards, I. Baruch, H. Siering, F. S. Gutterson and J. Anthes.

Berkeley Choral Society.

An interesting chamber-music recital was given under the auspices of the Berkeley Choral Society on Friday evening, May 4th, in the Assembly Hall of the University of California. The participants were: Mr. Hermann Brandt and Mr. Louis N. Ritzau, violins; Mr. Henry Siering, viola; Mr. Theodore Mansfeldt, 'cello; Mr. H. B. Pasmore, basso; Miss Ina Griffin and Miss Belle Miller, accompanists; Mr. Hermann Brandt, director. The programme was as follows:
Quartet, D minor, op. 75 .....Bazzini
I. Allegro appassionato. III. Gavotte
II. Andante con moto. IV. Quasi Presto.
Aria, "Revenge, Timotheus cries".....Handel
Mr. H. B Pasmore.
Concerto for violin, Andante and Allegro.....Mendelssohn
Hermann Brandt.
Theme und Variationi.....Schubert
"Der Tod und das Maedchen
Dichterliebe.....Schumann
Mr. Pasmore.
(a) Bach .....Str
(b) Lackenbacher .....Filigrane tir de danse

Miss Carrie Millner, the popular young soprano, will give her first concert at Irving Hall on Tuesday evening, May 22d She will have the able assistance of Mr. Henry Heyman's string quartet, Mrs Julius Hinrichs, Mrs Carmichael-Carr, Mr. Frank Mitchell, and Mr. J. C. Hughes.

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A visit to America by the Sovereign of Great Britain would create a furore. She would be received most cordially. But the enthusiasm aroused would not surpass the royal welcome by the ladies of Freud's corsets, the best and cheapest in the world. All the best factories send to this celebrated establishment their most perfect products. The wonderful popularity of our goods has created imitators, against whom we warned. There is but one Freud's Corset House, and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Grant Ave. We have no connection with any other house, have no agents. Beware of imposition. Address orders, Freud & Son. Make no mistake.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Restaurant guest—"Whew! The cook must have dropped her vinaigret into the short-cake." *Waiter*—"I guess you've struck a strawberry, sah."—*Omaha World.*

If a man and a half throws a boot-jack and a half at a cat and a half in a night and a half, how many cats and a half will he hit in a month and a half?—*Mobile Register.*

Miss A.—"I find your friend quite entertaining—when he forgets himself. Is he an American or an Englishman?" *Mr. B.*—"Neither. He's a Bostonian."—*Life.*

"And are you really so badly broke, my friend?" he said, as he tendered the tramp a penny, "Broke?" was the bitter response, "I'm as badly broke as the ten commandments."—*Life.*

Mr. Conningwell (who is doing a little shopping for Mrs. C.)—"Where's the glove department, young man?" *Floor-walker*—"Gents'?" *Mr. Conningwell*—"No; lade's."—*Tid-Bits.*

"One thing, Maria," said the tarred-and-feathered gentleman, as his wife was plucking him after the festivities, "the tar ain't no special use; but there's 'most a dollar's worth of feathers on me."—*Puck.*

Constance—"Did he tell you that? Why, Clara, I don't see how you could have listened to him." *Clara*—"Well, you know, dear, he said it in French." *Constance*—"Oh! that's different—*Town Topics.*

Visitor (who expects to stay to dinner)—"Do you think, really, that it is a bad omen when there are thirteen at the table?" *Mrs. Yerger*—"Yes, if there's only victuals enough for twelve."—*Texas Siftings.*

Goslin—"Yes. Miss Smith, I expect to sail for Europe." *Miss Smith* (innocently)—"Indeed! What on?" *Goslin* (embarrassed)—"Well, er—to tell you the truth, Miss Smith, it's on borrowed money."—*Texas Siftings.*

"I swear by the tall elms in yonder park——" he commenced, but she interrupted him. "Swear not by them," she said imploringly. "Why not?" "Because those trees are slippery elms," she said.—*Merchant Traveler.*

A Los Angeles minister, who was in the swim himself, one Sunday morning announced: "Dearly beloved, you will find the words of my text this morning in Matthew's addition to the New Testament, lot 1, block 7."—*Burdette.*

Husband (all ready for the theatre)—"I declare, dear, it's raining hard." *Wife* (buttoning her gloves)—"Well, what's a little rain? One would think from your tone of voice that we were about starting for church."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Dear me!" said the little Boston boy, after intellectual suasion had failed, and they had spanked him for the first time; "if I had had the slightest suspicion that the resultant sensation was so poignant, I should never have invited the experiment."—*Puck.*

She—"Do you love me, darling?" *He*—"What in blazes do you want to interrupt me for when I am just adding up a column of figures? Of course, I love you! Confound it all! Now I've got to add that whole column up over again."—*Somerville Journal.*

Passenger—"Conductor, how far are we from Kansas City?" *Conductor*—"We're there now, sir; just passed Eight hundred and fiftieth Street." *Passenger*—"How soon will we get to the station?" *Conductor*—"It's about an hour's ride."—*New York Sun.*

Jack—"Heard from Maynard, lately?" *Frank*—"Yes; I had a letter from him yesterday. He wished to be remembered to you." *Jack*—"E-m-m-m—Yes? The sentence read 'remember me kindly to all inquiring friends,' didn't it?" *Frank*—"Um—Y-e-s."—*Tid-Bits.*

Brown—"What's the matter, Dumley; you look hot about something?" *Dumley* (angrily)—"Hot! I should say so. I was around at the Eagle just now, and that fool Featherly dropped a chunk of ice down my back. Enough to make any man hot!"—*New York Sun.*

Wheatley (the host)—"Come, Spowt, you must recite for us the 'Cruise of the Nancy Bell.'" *Spowt* (professional elocutionist, after reciting the piece)—"Now, Wheatley, it's your turn. You are on the Produce Exchange; out with your flour-barrel and show us how you sell it."—*Life.*

He had been walking up and down the room with the baby, for two hours. "John," said his wife, from among the pillows, "you don't look very well of late. I'm afraid you don't get exercise enough." John laid the baby in the crib, with its feet on the pillow, and went to sleep.—*Harper's Bazar.*

In the dressing-tent: *Wild Zulu*—"How wor t'ings in Roscommin, phin yez lift th' phlace, Corrigan?" *Savage Moor*—"Fine, Dinnis, fine, barrin' the evictions; it's many a poor mon over there wud be thankin' the saints fer the foine, plisant job that you an' me do be havin'!"—*Puck.*

Mr. Timothy Sead (taking his first meal in a New York dime restaurant)—"Give me a mutton chop——" *Waiter* (top of his voice)—"Bah! Bah!" *Mr. Timothy Sead*—"And some fresh eggs—and——" *Waiter*—"Cluck! Cluck!" (Mr. Timothy Sead grasps his umbrella and flees.)—*Puck.*

Mr. Culburtson (on his new yacht)—"We're approaching Hatteras, my dear, and the sailing-master advises that you go below. Mother is there already." *Mrs. Culburtson*—"Is she awake?" *Mr. Culburtson*—"I believe she is." *Mrs. Culburtson*—"I think I'll risk Hatteras, Richard."—*Tid-Bits.*

Husband (at the breakfast table)—"Why, where is the mackerel I brought home last night?" *Wife*—"Do you refer to the mackerel you brought home this morning?" *Husband*—"Er-yes, it was this morning, perhaps." *Wife*—"You put it to soak, John, in a pan of soft soap, and the cook had to throw it away."—*New York Sun.*

Young man (to tailor)—"I must have that suit at eight o'clock to-night, sure, Snipper, for the Twillingham ball; no mistake. *Snipper*—"All right, sir." *Young man*—"And what if it shouldn't fit?" *Snipper*—"I'm to be a guest at the Twillingham ball myself, sir, and should the suit need any little alterations I can make them there."—*New York Sun.*

An idea of the important part advertising agencies play in the newspaper business may be had from the fact that during the twenty-five years he has been in business, Mr. J. H. Bates has paid the newspapers of the United States and Canada over fifteen million dollars for advertisements. Mr. Bates recently bought out S. M. Pettingill & Co., and the increase in his business has compelled him to move into larger quarters. He is now located in the Potter Building, 38 Park Row, New York city.

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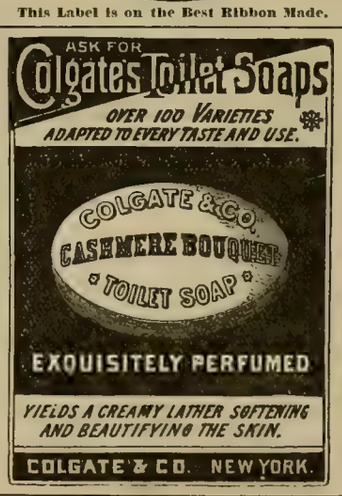

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PASSENGERS JOINING THESE PARTIES ARE in the hands of a responsible railway company, not a "excursion agency": its employees are its representatives and accustomed to serving the public.

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FURTHER PARTICULARS are contained in Burlington Route excursion folder, to be had at any ticket offices Southern Pacific and other railways, and at the Burlington Route offices below.

W. D. SANFORN, General Agent, 32 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

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ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the fifth day of June, 1888, at the hour of one o'clock P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting

JEROME A. HART, Secretary

Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California.

Transportation -Rail.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 15, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3 25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9 00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6 40, 7.45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11 00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8 00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A M.; 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.45, 10 55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 2.45, 4 00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00 P M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10 00, 11.45 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M. (Sundays)—6.45, 8.45, 10 00, 10.40 11.35 A. M.; 12 45, 1.30, 3 30, 4.45, 5 45, 6.45, 7.45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.45 P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.15 P. M.

3.25 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's).

EXCURSION TRAINS.

7.30 A. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 7.35 P. M.

8 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero (Ingram's), $4.00.

Saturday and Sunday Excursions—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2 50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero (Ingram's), $3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Ingram's daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

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General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From May 1, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.00 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo and Calistoga	10.15 A.
8.30 A.	Fast Mail for Ogden and East	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
0.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.75 P.
2.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo and Calistoga	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	12.45 P.
4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
6.30 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	9 45 P.
OUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.		
7.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
3.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
1.15 P.	For San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
4.15 P.	For Centreville, San José, Almaden and Los Gatos	9.20 A.
ORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)		
.15 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
.50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion	‡ 8.35 P.
.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.40 P.
.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	4.36 P.
.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5 42 P.
.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10 02 A.
30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
10 P	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.00 A.
30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.40 A.
45 P	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.50 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon.
ndays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.
§ Saturdays excepted.

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Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong.	1888.
Belgic		**Saturday, May 12**
Oceanic		**Thursday, June 21**
Gaelic		**Wednesday, July 11**
Belgic		**Tuesday, July 31**
Arabic		**Tuesday, August 21**
Oceanic		**Saturday, September 8**
Gaelic		**Saturday, September 29**
Belgic		**Thursday, October 18**
Arabic		**Wednesday, November 7**
Oceanic		**Wednesday, November 28**
Gaelic		**Tuesday, December 18**

Excursion Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates

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For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

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San Blas . ..... Tuesday, May 15, at 10 A. M.

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City of Peking...Wednesday, May 23, at 3 P. M.
City of Sydney ..Tuesday, June 12, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro ...June 30, at 3 P. M.
City of New York...Saturday, July 21, at 3 P. M.

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For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, Tuesday, at 9 A. M —CITY OF CHESTER.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, at 3 P. M.

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H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

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ALBERT MONTPELLIER.....Cashier and Manager
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OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FIRE AND MARINE.

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OFFICE.....410 PINE STREET.

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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the *Argonaut* for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail	**$7.00**
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This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Now and then a quotation begins to run the rounds of the books, the newspapers, even the drawing-rooms.

Three times within the week a quotation has come to me, or rather a sentiment, in three several forms. But it was always a little rill from the same fountain.

It is popularly believed to have been an old German savant who first said that you got out of love whatever you took into it. What in the world an old German savant can have been doing writing about love, when there were flora, fauna, fossils, microbes, and a lot of other things that ordinary people are not writing about, still to be looked into, who can say? But having assailed the subject, he went direct to the heart of the citadel and plucked the truth thereout.

Oliver Wendell Holmes in his unambitious little papers, "One Hundred Days in Europe," says, apropos of Galileo's studying the pendulum from the suspended lamp in the cathedral at Pisa, while the priest was thundering the dogmas of holy church, "What one brings away from a church depends very much upon what he carries into it."

So, too, they say of the traveler going into a strange country. If he carry into it an eager interest, and some intelligence, coupled with a large capacity for enjoyment, he will come away with a world of information, and a throng of memories. If he do not go in thus panoplied, he will come away wondering what all the fuss was about.

There were some people who went to see Charles Dickens who confessed, with a grievous air of injury, that they were disappointed.

Being asked why, they could not distinctly define their disappointment. Their emotions were analyzed for them, and, although they scoffed at the analysis, it was, in the main, true.

They had vaguely expected to see float in, certainly not to walk in upon human legs, a kind of wraith, a sublimated Charles Dickens, with an aureole, or, at least, a nimbus around him. He was to be a "composite" of the Charles Dickens of the closet, not the man the world knew in the London clubs and streets, and of all the wonderful people in "David Copperfield," "Dombey and Son," "Pickwick," and the "Tale of Two Cities." Perhaps there was to be a dash of the Apollo Belvedere thrown in—no idea was too strong for this extraordinary mental portrait—and, perhaps, a touch of the brawn of Hercules. And through it all, there was a thread of thought that it was Dickens himself, materialized in the person of his son, whom they were to see, but that son himself was a mere afterthought, a last tag, as it were, to this extraordinary tail of ideas.

When he opened his lips, in "David Copperfield," the best loved of the books, though "A Tale of Two Cities" is perhaps the wonder one, he was to plunge us at once into a flood of tears, and when he touched "Pickwick" we were to go off instantly into continuous shrieks of laughter.

The people who expected all this were disappointed. The lovers and the readers of Dickens were not.

To them, Mr. Charles Dickens was personally interesting for a few moments as being the son of his sire. It could not well be otherwise. Pedigree is always an interesting study, and day by day the tricks of heredity are being more thoroughly found out. But he was most interesting as having learned, direct from the crucible, the ways, and habits, and peculiarities of that great gallery of human beings, each with his distinctive mark, whom Charles Dickens put into the world.

We learn direct from the source just what manner of people their creator conceived them to be. We all have some fantasy of our own concerning them, a vague, impalpable something which, occasionally, an actor puts for us into the flesh.

Jennie Lee crystallized Little Jo, Madam Janauschek M'lle Hortense, but failed utterly as Lady Dedlock. George Fawcett Rowe was Micawber in the flesh, Florence is Obenreizer, and Lotta is forever and alone the Little Marchioness come up out of her dank London cellar, but never, never Little Nell. All the others are very far afield, and only contort for us figures which will not bear contortion, there being already in them that strong line which will not bear another touch.

A reader has none of the adventitious aids of an actor. He must trust entirely to the skill of his voice and the unexaggerated play of his features. Exaggeration in a dress-coat would be an unpardonable sin, and only fits in the variety olio. All this should be underlaid by the dramatic instinct which every good reader—and every good talker, for the matter of that—has to an eminent degree.

Mr. Charles Dickens has this dramatic instinct overlaid thickly by the manner of every-day life, but there, when it is called upon. He does not at all suggest the professional elocutionist. He has not even a good voice. It is sometimes thin and husky, but the voice he has is well-modulated and under good control.

He is an easy, pleasant, agreeable reader, such as one would like to listen to sitting by the fire at home. He passes into the identity of the speaker of the moment by almost imperceptible changes, and we really feel that we are getting our characters warm from Dickens.

The only failure he made was that of Dora, the child-wife. The humor of the reading of the chapter was quite delicious, but the vague, impalpable something, which made this fragrant little nature lovable in its very weakness, escaped in the reading.

On the other hand, one could almost see bluff old Peggotty and honest Ham in their sou'westers, and it seemed that it might easily be David Copperfield himself telling the story. The narrative form does not always take on this verisimilitude with the most admired elocutionists.

Mr. Dickens was at his best in "The Pickwick Papers." He became tall, and gaunt, and thin, and stuttery for a moment as Mr. Winkle; short, and pudgy, and pompous, and stupid as the little judge; broad and radiant as Sam Weller, and managed, somehow, to make us feel the invisible presence of dear old innocent Pickwick, with his twinkling gaiters, quiet, as he sat in the court-room and listened, with speechless indignation and profound astonishment, to his conviction.

All this for the people who like to be read to. Some people do, many people do not. It is all a matter of habit, and in these days of hasty reading and overflowing engagements, reading aloud has become almost a lost art. As a family custom, it has certainly fallen into desuetude.

It is a most unusual form of entertainment in San Francisco, although in the East "Authors' Readings" are the moment's rage, both in halls and drawing-rooms.

Any hall entertainment is unpopular in San Francisco. We do not yet breathe that rarefied atmosphere which makes lectures, concerts, and readings rank higher, intellectually, than anything in the dramatic world.

To begin with, a San Franciscan, to feel that he is thoroughly enjoying himself, must sit in an amphitheatre. He hates a hall with a not unreasoning hatred. And if people are to sit in serried ranks and listen to things, there is neither sense, comfort, pleasure, nor enthusiasm to be found in the dismal, desolate flatness of a hall. Its atmosphere is dispiriting, its chairs and benches are discomfort. People crane their necks in them till they are sore, and pull upon their tempers till they are strained.

There is but one comfortable hall in San Francisco—the Metropolitan Temple—and people suffer so much with fire-panic while sitting there, that hundreds, thousands, will not be lured into the place at all.

The same people will walk quite cheerfully into Irving Hall, and if there is a death-trap in the city it is the gallery exit of Irving Hall.

The minute staircase which descends therefrom is a narrow, dark, dirty, precipitous, tortuous, little snare. It is guarded by a feeble, aged, rickety balustrade. If this should once give way, as it momentarily threatens to do, at least half a hundred people would be plunged in a second into a horrible death, in the dark, narrow defile that nightly yawns for them. But, as no one can either hear or see from any other part of Irving Hall, the gallery is always full.

Mr. Charles Dickens gave his readings in a church.

This may have brought his hearers out in large numbers, but it dampened the enthusiasm. It is impossible to be enthusiastic in a church, except at a revival, and then the enthusiasm, though fanatic, is religious and appropriate. But a secular entertainment should never be given in the walls of a house of prayer. It does not hurt the house, but it checks the free spirit of the people. Even the least religious of men, perhaps it were better to say the least pious—almost every one has a grain of religion in his heart—falls into an unconscious whisper in a church. A sanctity hedges the place whether it be Catholic, Protestant, Greek, or Jewish that almost all the world involuntarily recognizes; and applause, even though they sometimes give it to modern ministers in their pulpits, sounds strangely ill-timed.

If religion were a cheerful thing it might be otherwise. But outside of Japan people take their religion hard. It is a gloomy duty, not a warm, sunny consolation. And so they approach their temples with grave faces. And so, the applause for Mr. Charles Dickens had a tempered and subdued sound, as if they would do more if they dared, but did not dare, and when they showered him with corsage bouquets the compliment was graceful and pretty, but it had a strange, far-away look in a church, which seemed to deprive it of all spontaneity.

When any one wants to write one of those wonderful plays in which an apparently inextricable knot is tied up in the beginning, only to be cleverly untied at the close, let him dig up some old French law. Napoleon was wont to boast that he straightened things out in France legally, and there have never been so many quips and quirks for the dramatist since the Code Napoleon as there were before.

The unloving wife who is wooed after marriage is the fad in fiction just now. But it is rather hard to ring the changes upon the position, and this little bit of law scooped up out of the Reign of Terror, upon which Miss Celia Logan has built "Gaston Cadol," has quite a new flavor in it. Properly speaking, Miss Logan did not find the law, but found the play. Whether she has adapted it or only translated it does not transpire. Her name appears in large letters, and the Frenchman's does not appear at all.

It is a vigorous and robust melodrama, vigorously and robustly played.

The hero has been placed a little too low and the heroine a little too high for such extremes to meet in probability, but the leveling of rank is a popular thing upon the stage.

In "The Lady of Lyons," which "Gaston Cadol" vaguely resembles, the possibilities have not been so much strained. Pauline Deschapelles is a *parvenue* and Claude is a gardener.

In "Gaston Cadol" Thérèse belongs to the *haute noblesse*, and Gaston himself is a lackey.

Both heroes rise in the ever-convenient army, but the extremes that meet are very different.

The sympathy, however, is with Gaston, and it would not have been safe to so express one's self in the theatre. Mr. Frederick Ward throws himself so heartily and thoroughly into a part, and so sweeps a house with him in his impetuous earnestness, that the author might with impunity have made him a barber or a chiropodist, and it would still have been a go.

The hinge of the story and of the interest, after all, is that strange bit of temporary French law which could stop an aristocrat on her way to the guillotine, if the proscribed woman would marry a man of the people, a professed citizen of the Red Republic.

The play is overloaded with verbiage, and every scene in it needs remorseless cutting. But the story is interesting, and the action would be lively if it were not clogged with talk. There is an anti-climax, too, which takes all the fire and apprehension out of the last act, and the last act in one's melodrama should keep up the thrill.

The company, having come down several centuries nearer to their own epoch, have not the blatant modernness which disfigured the Roman tragedy. Two or three of them are almost good.

Miss Blair, in marked contrast to Mr. Warde, walks through it all as if she were ineffably bored. Do not be bored, pretty Eugenia. Boredom is a thing which is as catching as madness, and it wafts across the footlights as fleetly as a draught.

Purists have a hard time with English at the theatre, but when a French play comes on pronunciation runs riot. "Monsieur" and "Pierre" have run a gamut which is beyond reckoning, and their varieties in a cast are as bewildering as the mazes of a crazy-quilt. Eugène, one of the most difficult and escaping names in the French language, has finally definitely resolved itself into Ujane, with a soft j, a standard which, however un-French it may be, is a satisfaction, and does not tantalize the distraught mind.

But the boldest declaration of pronouncing independence yet made is that of the young man in "Gaston Cadol" who, boldly, fearlessly, and distinctly announced himself as "Antwine Dumong."

Here was no curveting and prancing at accent, no shying and dodging the French nasal, no compromise with the roll of a Romance tongue, no half-pay halt at a foreign sound. It was a plain, sharp, clear, acute, pointed, genuinely American "Antwine Dumong."

There is a rumor that among the improvements now going on in the Baldwin Theatre, one is the removal of the present drop-curtain. It is to be hoped the improver will stay his vandal hand.

First—to remove the curtain will be to dry up, at one fell swoop, a perfect artesian well of conversation.

Since the day, or night, when Bridgman's picture was first unrolled to the public in its enlarged form, no one has ever been able quite to remember whom the young man in the chariot was carrying off, or what his name was.

Queries are periodically sent to the newspapers, and are as periodically answered. But it is one of those things which simply can not be remembered. The town settles down into its normal calm for a brief period, but it is soon billowing with doubt again. The curtain is like Mrs. Langtry. It has a knack at keeping the public mind in a state of anxiety concerning it.

Secondly—if people do manage to get into a state of utter certainty as to whether it is Apollo Apollyon, or Phaeton, who is driving in that reckless manner across cloudland, there arises a doubt about the horses. Every one going to the theatre, for the first time, is sure to count heads and legs, that bit of neck-trapping in the foreground is so perplexing. It takes a long time, sometimes, to convince the stranger that there are not five wild air-steeds under the rein. A conversation-promoter like this is an invaluable *entr'acte* treasure.

Thirdly—It is the one picture we have ever had that people talked about, which was not swooped up in a jiffy, and hung in a saloon where the eye of woman might never rest upon it more. It is our universal educator, our art solitaire.

It is true we have an Art Association, but our people are such chronic first-nighters that no one ever seems to go there after the first night of the season, and then they go to see the people and not the pictures.

After that one may wander vainly through the desolate room, seeking for some one to chat with over the canvases.

But, although we are not an artistic people, there is a glimmer of hope.

Nearly three hundred years ago Domenichino wept because a Titian went into Spain, into exile. Some of the art-writers call Spain the China of Christendom, and a cross-grained Scotchman called it the "Timbuctoo of artists." Artists call California names like that sometimes.

Not so long after the advent of the Titian, Velasquez was painting the pot-boilers of the day, *bodegones* as they called them, small pictures portraying eatables, fruit, game, and utensils. The artists did not sign their names to these little canvases. They employed them only to practice the use of colors, but they sold readily enough to the tavern-keepers of Andalusia. They never dared offer such work to higher patrons.

Velasquez and Murillo, in the seventeenth century, and Fortuny and Madrazo, in the nineteenth, came out of this Timbuctoo.

The Salon, in Paris, this year has been a failure, likewise the Royal Academy of London. Our own little Timbuctoo has really been rather better than usual, even in its desolation.

And so, any one in an artistic frenzy, grieving for the lost curtain, may derive some far-fetched comfort from a walk through our exhibition. With all due deference to some few pictures, they will find that our local art has at least reached the *bodegones* state, lots of pot-boilers and quantities of still life. BETSY B.

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A Benefit Concert.

An operatic concert was given at Odd Fellows' Hall on Friday evening, May 4th, by Signorina Luisa Marchetti, in aid of the endowment fund of the Children's Hospital and Training School for Nurses. She had the assistance of Mrs. Eunice Westwater, contralto; Signor G. Cadenasso, tenor; Signor G. Ferrari, basso; Professor Charles Goffrie, solo violinist; Mr. Abe Sundland, solo pianist; and Professor Gustave Scott, accompanist, in the execution of the following excellent programme:

Sonata—Violin and Piano, "Guillaume Tell".....Rossini
Professor Charles Goffrie and Professor Gustave Scott.
Romanza, "Spirto Gentil" (Favorita).....Donizetti
Signor G. Cadenasso.
Cavatina, "Santo di Patria" (Atila).....Verdi
Signorina Luisa Marchetti.
Solo, Piano—(a) "At the Spring"..... F. Liszt
(b) "From Foreign Parts—Spain" Moszkowski
Mr. Abe Sundland.
Cavatina, "O Mio Fernando (Favorita).....Donizetti
Mrs. Eunice Westwater.
Aria, "O tu Palermo" (Vespri Siciliani).....Verdi
Signor G. Ferrari.
Duetto, "Erindisi" (Traviata).....Verdi
Signorina Marchetti and Signor Cadenasso.
Solo, Violin—German Airs, Varie a la Paganini.....Goffrie
Professor Charles Goffrie.
Cavatina.....Verdi
Signorina Luisa Marchetti.
Piano Solo, "Ernani".....F. Liszt
Mr. Abe Sundland.
Duetto—Second Act, Linda di Chamounix..... Donizetti
Signorina Marchetti and Mrs. Eunice Westwater.

A Toilet Secret

That every lady should know, is the fact that Rachel's Enamel Bloom imparts a beautiful complexion. For sale by all druggists.

— THE PLEASANTEST THING IN LIFE IN THESE balmy spring days is to run down to Santa Cruz for a day or two. Indeed, so many people have been struck with this idea that Mr. E. J. Swift has almost filled his accommodations at the Pope House and Pacific Ocean House engaged from Saturday to Monday.

— A VERY CROWDED SEASON AT SANTA CRUZ. For ten years houses for rent have not been so scarce as this ever popular watering-place. Families wishing to secure a choice, desirable, furnished residence for this season, should send prompt inquiry to Meyrick's Exchange and Mart Company, Santa Cruz, Cal.

— A SECRET EXPLODED. ANOTHER VOTE WAS taken on last May-day on all the picnics, and by a large majority ruled that Spaulding & Co., the Pioneer Carpet Beaters and Renovators, do the best work in the city. 353 Tehama Street. Telephone 3040.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are excellent for relief of Hoarseness or Sore Throat. They are exceedingly effective."—*Christian World, London, England.*

RECENT VERSE.

Canzonet.

I have no store,
Of gryphon-guarded gold
Now, as before,
Bare is the shepherd's fold.
Rubies, nor pearls,
Have I to gem thy throat,
Yet woodland girls
Have loved the shepherd's note.

Then, pluck a reed
And bid me sing to thee,
For I would feed
Thine ears with melody,
Who art more fair
Than fairest fleur-de-lys,
More sweet and rare
Than sweetest ambergris.

What dost thou fear?
Young Hyacinth is slain,
Pan is not here,
And will not come again.
No horned Faun
Treads down the yellow leas,
No God at dawn
Steals through the olive trees.

Hylas is dead,
Nor will he e'er divine
Those little red
Rose-petaled lips of thine.
On the high hill
No ivory Dryads play,
Silver and still
Sinks the sad autumn day.

—*Oscar Wilde in Art and Letters for April*

What Times are These.

What times are these, when noble aims depart,
When Sin emboldened drops his cunning mask,
When Lust usurps the holy realms of Art,
When Dirt has Beauty's worship, and men ask
(With specious bending to the Truth), "What odds,
If home or brothel, good or crime we draw,
Since all exists, and mortals are not gods?
We paint but what we see; there is no law."
What times are these when not a voice cries shame
On him who tempteth to the Gallic sty!
What devil-creed do casuists proclaim,
"The pure must wallow, good must evil try"!
Shame on the lips that thus the Truth defame!
Woe to the land that listens to this lie!

—*Paul Hermes in the Independent.*

He and She.

"If I were king," he said,
"And you were just a lowly beggar maid,
With my strong hand I'd lift you to my side
And crown you queen; and in the great king's bride
Men would not know,
Or would forget, the beggar maid."

"If I were queen," she said,
"And you, a careless, wandering minstrel, strayed
To my fair court, I'd set you on the throne;
And being there, the greatest king e'er known,
I would kneel down
And serve you as your maid."

—*Elizabeth Bisland in May Outing.*

To Matthew Arnold.

Suffer that—as thou takest boat to cross
Grim Charon's stream, on voyage, heavy loss
To England—but to thee gain manifold—
I pluck thee by the shroud, and press thy cold
Forgetful hand; to lay this obolus
Into its honored palm! Ah! think on us
In thy new walks upon the Asphodel;
Nor quite forsake the sad sphere where we dwell,
Fighting thy battle, lending our small stress
To "stream which maketh unto Righteousness"!
Now, that thou better knowest friends and foes,
Good Friend! dear Rival! bear no grudge to those
Who had not time, in Life's hard fight, to show
How well they liked thee for thy "slashing blow";
How "sweet" thy "reasonableness" seemed; how right
Thy lofty pleading for the long-dimmed "light"!

Thou, that didst bear my Name, and deck it so
That—coming thus behind—hardly I know
If I shall hold it worthily, and be
Meet to be mentioned in one Age with thee—
Take, Brother! to the Land, where no strifes are,
This praise thou wilt not need! Before the Star
Is kindled for thee, let my funeral torch
Light thee, dear Namesake! to th' Elysian Porch!
Dead Poet! let a poet of thy House
Lay, unreproved, these bay-leaves on thy brow!
We, that seemed only friends, were lovers: Now
Death knows it! and Love knows! and I! and Thou!

—*Edwin Arnold in the Pall Mall Gazette*

The Absence of Little Wesley.

Sence little Wesley went, the place seems all so strange and still—
W'y, I miss his yell o' "Gran'pap!" as I'd miss the whip-perwill!
And to think I ust to scold him fer his everlastin' noise,
When I on'y rickollect him as the best o' little boys!
I wisht a hunderd times a day 'at he'd come trompin' in,
And all the noise he ever made was twic'r as loud ag'in!—
It 'u'd seem like some soft music played on some fine instrument,
'Longside o' this loud lonesomeness, sence little Wesley went!

Of course the clock don't tick no louder than it ust to do—
Yit now they's times it 'pears like it 'u'd bu'st itself in two!
And, let a rooster, suddent-like, crow som'ers clos't around,
And seem's ef, mighty nigh it, it 'u'd lift me off the ground!
And same with all the cattle when they bawl around the bars,
In the red o' airly mornin', er the dusk and dew and stars,
When the neighbors' boys 'at passes never stop, but jes go on,
A-whistlin' kind o' to theirse'v's—sence little Wesley's gone!

An' then, o' nights when Mother's settin' up oncommon late,
A-bilin' pears er somepin, and I set and smoke and wait,
Tel the moon out through the winder don't look bigger'n a dime,
And things keeps gittin stiller—stiller—stiller all the time—
I've ketched myse'f a wishin' like—as I clumb on the cheer
To wind the clock, as I hev done fer more'n fifty year'—
A-wishin' 'at the time hed come fer us to go to bed,
With our last prayers, and our last tears, sence little Wesley's dead!

—*James Whitcomb Riley in May Century.*

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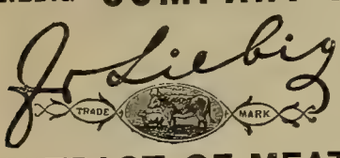

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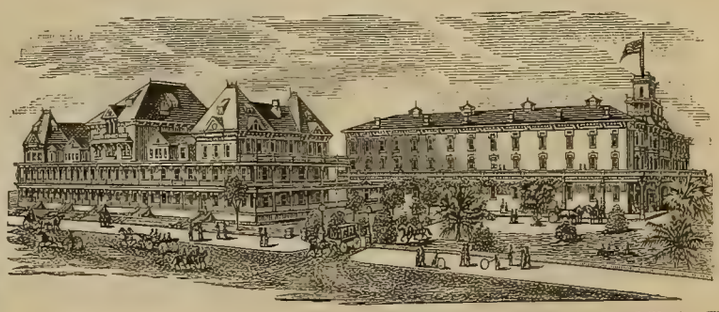

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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If there is anything in this world that is worth the serious consideration of earnest men it is the political condition of the country they inhabit. If there is any land on earth where patriotism is a first duty it is the United States of America. A Presidential election is the recurring constitutional period when the subject-matter demands the best thought of the best minds. To choose the supreme executive person who shall, for four years, direct, advise, and control the destinies of seventy millions of people, lay out the chart of the nation's progress, guide the ship of state through the calms and storms of so much of its political voyage, and, for four years, stand with one hand on the throttle-valve of the engine that forces the way through billows never at rest, and with the other holds the helm that guides it through perils that are ever near and over dangers that are always present—this demands something more than party enthusiasm and something higher than fealty to party leaders. It is the misfortune of this country, and of all countries under the rule of pure democracies, that every male person over twenty-one years of age is clothed with the elective franchise. It is the misfortune of this republic that the best of its early fathers should have committed so great a crime in the perpetration of so execrable a joke as that which attributed the voting power to the jackass rather than to its illiterate owner. It is a misfortune that the elective franchise is too broadly fixed, but it *is* fixed, and to those born upon the soil it can not be changed except in the costly struggle of civil war. It may not continue as an inducement for alien immigration whenever our statesmen have the wisdom, the honesty, and the courage to repeal the naturalization laws. This will never be done till our legislators have the sense to realize and the honesty to admit that no citizen or subject of any other government ever came to this country simply to enjoy the elective franchise; nine-tenths of our immigrants never heard of it, never knew what it meant when they did hear of it, and never knew its value till they were offered a price for it. Such names as those of Lafayette, Kosciusko, De Kalb, and Baron Steuben we love to mouth with grateful pride, because we are taught to think we owe them a debt of gratitude for offering their military service to work out the revenge of France toward England, and to earn the subsidies in lands and the applause awarded them by a grateful and generous country. There is no patriotism that is not born of the soil. No man offers his life for love of an adopted land. No alien now in America came here except to escape the less favorable surroundings of his place of birth, or to improve his condition in this better land. He came for health, money, ambition, to marry an American wife, to find investment for his capital, to find better compensation for his labor, to secure education for his children, to escape the tyranny of oppressive laws, to emancipate himself from a social condition that was unendurable, to indulge the enjoyment of conscientious convictions, or, if a Romanist from Ireland, he came to secure an office. We are weary of hearing of the services performed by foreigners during our civil war; they were the men who received bounties they never earned; the men who skedaddled from the fight when the roar of artillery sounded along the battle-line; the men who lacked the courage to look over the barrels and bayonets of their rifles when other eyes along burnished arms were looking for a place to plant minie-balls. The men who fought our civil war on either side were men of native birth, who knew and prized the sentiment for which they were willing to risk their lives. They were not men from Germany nor men from Ireland who answered to the call of patriotism, and if from the ranks of the Grand Army of the Republic were erased the names of all who risked their lives in the commissary and quartermaster's departments, who served in ambulance and hospital dangers, and all who enlisted for money-making employment, the Grand Army would lose more in numbers than in valor, would lose more bean-eaters than fighters. If the same kind of names could be dropped from pension-rolls, where fraud and politics have placed them, there would be less to pay. We are at the evening which precedes the election day. On the fourth and eighteenth of the succeeding month, two great parties will convene at St. Louis and Chicago to place in nomination two candidates, one of whom must, by the result of our political machinery, become President of the United States. The Democratic party will place Grover Cleveland in candidacy. No man, no journal, no combination of circumstances, can prevent this outcome of the St. Louis convention. The other name—as it ought to be—remains in doubt, to be decided by the calm deliberations of the representatives of the party proposing it. To the extent that delegates to this convention have been chosen by other than fair and honorable means, or to the extent they act in other than an honest way, the members of the Republican party have been disfranchised, and to the extent they have been disfranchised they are emancipated from party obligations. The only thing these men can do is to advise from the outside in reference to the proper nomination to be made, and the only other thing they can do when the nominations are made is to exercise the privilege of independent citizenship by casting their votes for Grover Cleveland for President, or for the candidate whom the opposition—the party now out of power—may propose. Representing this independent sentiment and speaking for some of those whose votes will be governed by it, we claim the privilege of expressing our dissent from the nomination of James G. Blaine, and our reasons therefor. The men for whom we think we speak are men of sternest patriotism, broadest intelligence, largest property, boldest resolution, purest morals, and as a rule are men of native birth, as a rule are men of the Protestant faith; those who are citizens by adoption are the best men who have immigrated to the country from foreign lands; those who are not Protestants are Roman Catholics who love the country above the church, whose loyalty to the constitution and the law is above that to the Pope or the priesthood; Catholics who are born upon the soil, and to whom love of country admits of no rival in any church whose faith they have accepted and whose ritual and form of worship they have adopted. Such Irish priests as Edward McGlynn, who have emancipated themselves in politics from the interference of ecclesiastics; such Irishmen as those who, in their wrong modes of political warfare, have had the courage to declare they will not permit political admonitions from the Vatican, uttered by Italian priests, to influence their political relations toward England. For such men as these, and for men not lacking the courage of their convictions, do we presume to declare that the nomination of James G. Blaine at Chicago will, in our judgment, be an unwise and unprofitable one. Mr. Blaine has been twice an applicant for the candidacy of the Republican party, and once has been its candidate for President; twice has he failed in the bitter struggle with party and personal opponents to have the party colors entrusted to his care, and when, after eight years of active party strife, the gonfalon was placed in his hands and he became the banner-bearer of the party that for twenty-four years had borne it to victory and borne it back in honor, it was by him returned a tattered thing. It had been dragged through the mire of an unpleasant strife, and it had upon it the stains of unanswered scandals. This battle might, perhaps, have been fought over, and with different results if the last election had not exposed bargains that were infamous and trades that were treasonable. We might forget—as in the last contest we did—that the mother, the brother, the sister of our candidate were Roman Catholics; we might overlook any presumption of disloyalty arising from a sister at the head of a convent, or children married at the altar of Rome; but how can we ignore the fact that, in our own city of San Francisco, under our own eyes, some thousands of Roman Catholic Irish Democrats went from the confessional to the electoral urn and deposited their ballots for Blaine; that in all the great cities where a Romish Church was ministered to by an Italian Jesuit or an Irish priest, the same thing was done; that in the city of New York, Tammany gave Blaine forty-five thousand votes; that all over our Northern land the paper of Patrick Ford, the Irish apostle of violence and agrarian crime, was distributed free, and that all the confessed agrarian Irish criminals gave their political support to James G. Blaine. This is raising the issue of a religious war, we hear it whispered. Yes, we answer, and when has there been an era and where a country that this kind of war has not been going on? Not since the time of Luther in Germany; not since the period of the persecution of the Waldenses in Italy, or the massacre of the Hugenots in France; not since the time when Henry the Eighth ruled England, down through the history of a maiden and a bloody queen, profligate Charles, bigoted and brutal James, stupid Georges, till the hour we write. Civilization has, for all these centuries, been at war with the Church of Rome. Republican government never exists by its sanction; life, property, and personal liberty are never secure in contact with its unrestricted power. America is a new development, and its government is invited to cope with Rome. In every village of our broad and populous land, wherever an altar gives shelter to a priest, there lurks a politician conspiring to overthrow our republican form of government. General Lafayette prophesied that their endeavors would involve our institutions in danger. Jefferson anticipated their plotting. General Grant in his speech at Des Moines warned the Grand Army of the Republic of the danger of Roman Catholic intrigue. We see it in the growing arrogance of the Roman priests; we see it operating to the destruction and overthrow of our schools; we see it in the increased openness of political methods, and we think that James G. Blaine, prompted by his Presidential ambition, is in secret alliance with these conspirators to become the chief magistrate of our republic. We believe that if he succeeds this power of the Roman Church will increase. We fear that if it does increase it will

the State over which it gains ascendency. So believing, and honestly, it becomes a duty to express the opinion that he is not a safe man for the Republican party to nominate, and if elected would not be a safe person with whom, as chief executive, as commander-in-chief of our land and naval forces, to entrust the destinies of the republic. If we confined ourself to the consideration of questions only which we consider important, we would not discuss Mr. Blaine's availability, but AVAILABILITY is the first, and with many politicians the only, consideration. Better the worst man of our party than the best man not of us: this is natural, for victory is the forerunner of spoils. "Better be right than President" is an exploded idea. The kind of statesmen with whom this sentiment lingers are seldom successful in a convention composed in majority of partisans under the leadership of ambitious demagogues. Whether Mr. Blaine is as strong as his party, whether he is stronger than when he led it to defeat, whether again the Irish will rally to his standard, whether he can bring Mugwumps, Prohibitionists, and Americans back to it in other States than California, other men can answer better than ourselves. That if nominated he can carry California—and California is one of the pivotal States whose electoral vote may be indispensable to the success of the Republican party—we are not confident; we are not so assured of success as to say we think it probable. The Democracy of California and Oregon are united, and under organizations more efficient and better disciplined than ever before. Mr. Cleveland—in spite of his declaration against a second candidacy, in spite of his blunder upon the silver question, his mistaken position in favor of free trade, his unmistakable repudiation of civil service reform, and such other acts as have laid him open to deserved censure—is popular beyond any candidate that the Democracy has ever presented since the party light went out in the smoke of a treasonable rebellion that the weakness of Buchanan made possible. The administration has negotiated a Chinese treaty that satisfies the working Democratic Irish. It is a movement in the direction of conciliating an unintelligent public opinion. He has had the sense, in most things, to permit Republican measures and Republican policy to move along undisturbed, and only when, as in his silver and free-trade measures he has departed from the policy of silence and inaction, has he seriously blundered. His candidacy now is not an endeavor to overturn a party that has been twenty-four years in power, with all its strength of organization, but is himself at the head of a hundred thousand office-holders fighting against party leaders still disunited, against party jealousies still unreconciled and party differences still unadjusted, with a multitude of ambitious candidates and a rank and file indifferent and with no other enthusiasm than that which comes from leaders struggling to get back to power, and manufacturers endeavoring to preserve the protection of tariff laws, with an united South, New York in the possession of Democratic knaves to count the returns of an election worked out in fraud, and with national banks and great corporate wealth willing not to interfere if the nation's bonded debt is not too promptly paid nor corporate trusts disturbed. Any candidate presented by the Republican party will meet with a resolute opposition in this State, in which the enthusiasm of war times and periods of reconstruction will not be felt; hence, the candidate who is nominated by the Republican party should be one like Judge Gresham, of Indiana, who would stir no resentments, revive no party jealousies, nor put into active strife the personal resentments which have carried the party to defeat. Mr. Blaine's personal antagonisms have taken victory and power from the party his genius, eloquence, and energy aided to build. If he is nominated at Chicago in spite of his declination, that declination will be looked upon as a party trick; it will be regarded as a victory of intriguers and spoilsmen over the better men and better principles of the Republican party; it will revive and drag from their hiding-place the unforgotten and unburied slanders of the past; it will stir the just and reasonable apprehensions of non-Roman Catholic classes, and the danger will be that political questions will be dragged from the forum where they belong to the pulpit and the social circle. The American party in California, not large but earnest, would withhold a vote from Mr. Blaine that it would willingly give to Judge Gresham, or other possible Republican candidates. As Mr. Blaine did not receive the Prohibition vote four years ago, we know of no reason why he should receive it if renominated. With the loss of the American vote, the Prohibition or temperance vote, the indifference of the rank and file, and the resentments that will be remembered against plotting party leaders, there are very many Republicans who entertain grave doubts whether California could be depended upon in event of Mr. Blaine's renomination. The nomination at Chicago of Judge Gresham, Mr. Chauncey Depew, or, perhaps, any one of the most distinguished men of the Republican party would, we think, ensure the electoral vote of California for the Republican candidate. Hence it is that we have asked the American organization to defer final action till it can be ascertained whether the Republicans at Chicago will give us a platform which has the courage to look national danger in the face, and a Presidential candidate in whose patriotism the nation has confidence.

Although the American party is seemingly inactive, it is neither dead nor sleeping. Soldiers who are resting on their arms in preparation for battle, waiting the bugle-call, resolute and willing to fight, and knowing what they are to fight for, may not be regarded as inactive. An army that pauses, and deliberates, and takes counsel of prudence before it leaps the barrier and enters the skirmish-line, may not be less formidable than one of more impulsive enthusiasm and more impetuous action. In the grave and serious affairs of human life it is the force that deliberates and waits that wins. The American party is small in California, but sufficient in numbers, well enough provisioned in its commissariat, well enough armed, and brave enough to command respect as an ally to older and larger forces; it is large enough, and resolute enough, and independent enough to fight any party single-handed and alone. It is now awaiting events that will decide its course. The Democratic nomination will be made in a few days; its candidate is known in advance. It dare not, and it will not, insert in its platform one honest word to check foreign immigration, to antagonize alien classes, nor will it have the courage to admit that the Church of Rome threatens the safety of the country. If the Republican party exhibits the same cowardice, and refuses in its platform or the letter of its candidate to take position upon the questions which the American party deems important, then the American party will, in California, organize for independent action. If the Republican party will not recognize that there are any American questions worthy of being considered, then the American party will consider itself challenged to do its worst. Its members formerly Republican will consider themselves discharged and at liberty to enlist in other ranks. They will do so, and will call a State convention, to meet in San Francisco on some early day in July, to organize for action; they will form an American party in every county in the State, and unless invited to coöperation, will run an independent ticket, dispose of their ballots so as to wield a balance of power, or abstain from the ballot-box. If, as the result of this action, the Republican party shall come to grief, it may thank its self-appointed bosses and leaders who have spared no effort to ignore and spurn the American force. Some few leaders may be bought off, some may be frightened, some may have the old game of "don't throw your votes away" played on them, but there is no power that can intimidate, no leader that can influence, no newspaper that can persuade the intelligent, thinking rank and file of the American party that they can serve themselves or serve their country by casting their votes for a Democratic or Republican candidate for the Presidency, or by aiding the members of either party to acquire a local office. The American party, small and unorganized, will, at this coming Presidential election, in this and other States, burn its brand upon the nation. It will, at this time, exert its influence upon the great national parties, or, by destroying one, make room for itself. The Republican who does not see the hand-writing on the wall is simply a fool.

St. Vincent's Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum for boys—containing some five hundred orphan and half-orphan children (and some, we believe, who are not orphans at all), situate in Marin County, owning broad and fruitful acres located in a lonely spot, margined by swamp lands abounding in wild game—has been within the past ten days the scene of some strange developments. A gentleman—whose name is at command of any person authorized to ask it—visited the institution on the Sunday after the fire, and informs us that in this place children are confined as prisoners, are almost naked, are cruelly starved, are devoured by vermin, are kept in a most filthy and deplorable condition, destitute of all the comforts indispensable to health and the rational enjoyment of life; that they are not permitted to wander abroad in the fields; that their play-ground is within walls they cannot climb and under a surveillance they can not escape; that their rations of bread are of light weight, of coarse material, and insufficient to satisfy the cravings of a youthful appetite; that they are served with tea in abundance, but not of a good quality; that with cows and ample pasturage very little milk is ever enjoyed by the boys; that sugar is not obtainable; that meat is served only twice a week, and then in insufficient quantities. This gentleman — with information which we challenge Father Rheinhardt and the sisters who compose his family to deny — declares that the commissariat and table of this orphan asylum are inferior to those of either of our State Prisons, or penal institutions, or pauper houses, or public hospitals; that the discipline is severely strict; that in point of clothing, medical attendance, food, and opportunity for physical exercise, the Orphan Asylum of St. Vincent is not comparable with any place of penal punishment in this State, or with that of any civilized community in any part of the world he has ever visited. He declares—upon information which no priest in charge will deny—that while the priests and Sisters of Charity enjoy the products of the dairy and farm, they are denied to the boys; that the boys are fed upon long, narrow parallel tables, where the stronger, in the desperation of hunger, attack and plunder the younger and weaker boys; that the priests and sisters, their guests and friends, feed sumptuously upon pork, chickens, eggs, milk, cream, butter, fruit, and a well-filled larder of groceries, with coffee, sugar, canned vegetables and fruits—living luxuriously, while the boys struggle, weak, pale-faced, hungry, cold, heart-sick, and maddened with vermin feeding upon their attenuated forms. So desperate are these little sufferers that they have made three attempts to burn the prison in which they are incarcerated, willing to risk death by fire for the opportunity of escape. What other secrets may be hid in this prison-house of Roman Catholic greed and cruelty are not known, for although this "*charity*" draws nearly forty thousand dollars a year from the State treasury, there has been no political administration that has ever had the courage to investigate the secrets and the crimes of any ecclesiastical prison the keys of which are in the hands of Roman Catholic priests, monks, or nuns. In the year 1880 there were drawn by Roman Catholic officials from the State treasury one hundred and eighteen thousand four hundred and thirty-two dollars and ninety-six cents for the so-called charities of their church, while for Protestant and Hebrew benevolences only twenty-seven thousand nine hundred and seventy-eight dollars and fifty-seven cents. St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum drew, eight years ago, the sum of twenty thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine dollars and forty-four cents. More than fifty thousand dollars is paid for Roman Catholic charities every year to San Francisco out of the State treasury, and yet there is not a spot in this city where a destitute and sick Roman Catholic person can obtain a free bed, a free prescription, or a free meal. There should grow out of this fearful exposition at the St. Vincent Boys' Orphan Asylum a thorough and searching investigation, which it is the duty of Governor Waterman to inaugurate and prosecute; there should from it come a commission of charities to thoroughly investigate all public institutions. The press would do an honest duty by giving all these places a fearless and thorough investigation. If this St. Vincent business finds no journal willing to pursue the facts already disclosed, it will be because they fear the influence of the Roman Catholic Church, and if Governor Waterman takes no notice of it, it will be because he expects to receive the Pope's Irish vote for his own succession.

"Unfermented water-made wine, such as Christ made at the marriage-feast"—this bit of nonsense we quote from No. 1, Vol. 1 of the *California Prohibitionist*, whose editor-in-chief is Mr. A. G. Shehan. Not having the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with this gentleman of Milesian name, we demand to know by what authority he asserts that Christ resorted to a miracle in order to produce such a vile concoction as "water-made" wine must of necessity be. Wine without fermentation in an age when men were accustomed to the use of wine! If wine miraculously concocted from water does not become wine, then the story of the miracle is simple unadulterated nonsense. To talk or write of "unfermented water-made wine" is irreverent and absurd bosh. It is the cowardly evasion of weak minds to get around the denial of the miracle. An honest man of intelligence would scorn to resort to such a dodge to avoid a dilemma. It would be better to deny the truth of thaumaturgy altogether; deny the divine inspiration of the Testament. It would be better to turn infidel, and question the existence of God and the divine character of his Son, rather than to charge him with the vain effort to change pure, clean, and honest water into so vile a thing as "unfermented water-made wine." It is such rot as this which compels intellectual minds to sneer at temperance idiocy. The question of alcoholic drink and its abuse, the evils resulting from it, and the recognized necessity of reform in this direction are too apparent, too real, and too immediately pressing to be permitted to remain under the direction of the dull and narrow minds that are endeavoring to monopolize the consideration of the temperance question. If this new temperance organ has no higher, or better, or other use for its columns than personal assault upon the editor of the *Argonaut*, then the sooner the *California Prohibitionist* dies and makes room for a wiser and more generous successor, the better it will be for the temperance cause in California.

COMMUNICATIONS.

John F. Swift on the Tariff.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: It was unkind of the Republican managers to select John F. Swift to canvass Oregon on behalf of the protective tariff. It was doubly unkind, for it set him talking about a subject which he has never had occasion to study, and which he does not understand, and it involves his assuming the attitude of a demagogue, which must be distasteful to a gentleman of his instincts. He had deserved no such fate. He had never before stooped to utter things which he must know to be untrue, nor had he made himself ridiculous by denying propositions which no well-informed person thinks of questioning. It is all very well to exact zeal from a political partisan, but it is going a little too far to ask him to get himself laughed at for the benefit of his party.

Mr. Swift's idea seems to be that the protective tariff is the prop of wages, and that if the prop were pulled away, wages would come down. If he had ever had occasion to study political economy he would know that there is no relation between the fiscal system and the market value of labor, except this, that where taxes are high, the purchasing power of wages is correspondingly diminished. Wages rise and fall, not in harmony with customs duties, but wholly and solely with the demand for

and supply of labor. Where the employer has to seek the workman, wages are high; where the workman has to seek the employer, wages are low. This is the case under the highest protective, as under the lowest revenue tariff. The tariff cuts no more figure in the case than the course of the wind. And when Mr. Swift asks the workmen of Oregon to vote for his ticket lest their wages should be reduced, he deliberately tries to deceive them.

A glance at the facts reveals the truth of the matter. Wages in California are twice, and, in some cases, three times as high as in Pennsylvania. Yet both States live under a protective tariff. Of the two, Pennsylvania has the larger number of protected products. If the tariff is the prop of wages, why does it not prop them up in the Keystone State? The simple fact is, that labor is in excessive supply in Pennsylvania, and in deficient supply here; hence, the laborer who gets two dollars here is glad of one dollar there, and the mechanic who will not work for less than four dollars here is thankful for a job at two dollars there.

Or take the countries of Europe. Great Britain is a free-trade country; in Germany the tariff is highly protective. Yet wages are twice as high in England as they are in Germany. If Mr. Swift's theory were sound, the Germans would long ago have reduced wages in England to the German level. But they have not done so, and there is no prospect that they will. On the contrary, wages rather turn upward in England and downward in Germany. How does Mr. Swift reconcile this with his notion that high wages depend on the existence of a protective tariff?

Mr. Swift's idea is that the world is a great mart, in which the nation which commands the cheapest labor carries off the prizes, while the dear-labor nations can not sell their products. If so, the manufacturing of the world should be done by India and China, for those countries have an unlimited supply of the very cheapest labor known. But the fact is that the United States and England, which are comparatively dear-labor nations, supply India and China with their cottons, their woolens, and their hardware, while these dear-labor nations take from the cheap-labor nations nothing but raw materials. There is no tariff in Great Britain to impede the admission of Chinese and Indian goods to British markets, yet they do not go there, though labor in China is worth ten cents a day, and in India five cents. It is evident that there is a flaw somewhere in Mr. Swift's reasoning, or else Asia would have knocked the price of labor in England to the Asiatic level.

The trouble with Mr. Swift appears to be that he undertook a task of no ordinary difficulty without any preliminary study. The consequence is that he blunders in the most ridiculous manner. He said, on Tuesday, that the decline of immigration in 1857 was caused by the reduction of the tariff in that year. It was in 1846, not 1857, that the tariff was reduced, and the curtailed immigration of the latter year was not due to the tariff, but to a financial crisis, which arrested the progress of railroad building and other labor-consuming enterprises. He says that immigration revived upon the passage of the Morrill Bill. It had no more to do with that bill than with the discovery of the Microbian theory. The suspension of specie payments caused by the war led to prodigious activity in business, and the payment of bounties to volunteers created a demand for men; hence the révival of immigration, which would have occurred under any tariff. When Mr. Swift dips into history, he becomes as accurate as the *Evening Bulletin* itself.

Mr. Swift says we are still four hundred million to five hundred million dollars short of doing our own manufacturing, and that we ought not to think of foreign trade till we fill that deficit. He is no believer in an interchange of commodities. He thinks every nation should supply its own wants. Well, if every nation, why not every State? why not every county? why not every city? why not every ward? why not every individual? Why should not Mr. John F. Swift make his own breeches? He does not do so, because a tailor can make them better, and he can employ his time more usefully otherwise, in making political speeches, for instance. Does he not perceive that by so doing he becomes a pretender? The very identical arguments which he is using to persuade the workmen of Oregon that the more they are taxed the better they are off, could justify the passage of a law requiring the late Republican candidate for governor to make his own undershirt.

The division of employments is of the essence of high civilization. Each country and each portion of each country will be found on trial to have better facilities for certain industries than other countries or other portions of the same country. Common sense dictates that each should cultivate the industry for which it is naturally best adapted, and that interference by government to divert its energies by artificial means into other channels must be mischievous. Abiding prosperity can only be secured by following the lead of nature, and developing the particular resources which it has bestowed. The trouble with the protectionists is that they ignore this truth, and that they try, by protective duties, and bonuses, and subsidies, and other artificial aids, to make pine-apples grow among snow-drifts. This interference with the natural course of industry entails evils innumerable. It plants business on an artificial basis, which may be knocked away from under it at any moment. It lures people into embarking in callings which can only be made profitable by taxing the people at large for their support. It tempts a dozen men to undertake an industry which can only support one, legitimately; the consequence, as in the woolen trade in this country, is a catalogue of bankrupt factories. It imposes unjust taxes on the great body of the public for the profit of a few beneficiaries of the system. And as, eventually, all taxes fall upon labor, it necessarily leads to low wages, with a low purchasing power; precisely what we now see in Pennsylvania.

Perhaps the worst of the many evils which can be traced to the protective system is the debasing effect it produces on the minds of its votaries. By dwelling on a sophism, they seem to lose the reasoning faculty, and with it their sense of principle. There is hardly a prominent Republican in public life who did not, twelve or fifteen years ago, denounce the Morrill Tariff as an abomination which must be wiped out. Such were the late General Garfield, John Sherman, the late Roscoe Conkling, Allison, of Iowa, and Judge Gresham. All were in favor of some such bill as Mr. Mills has introduced. But now, the survivors of them and their confederates have allowed themselves to be led by the nose upon very different ground. They have suffered the Democrats to bow them into the protectionist morass. They have permitted Blaine to persuade them that the workingmen of this country are so stupid and so ignorant that they can be brought to regard the tariff as the mainstay of wages; and in the hope of retaining power, they now actually profess a belief in protection in the abstract, just as the slave-holders, when driven to bay, declared that an institution, for which their fathers had apologized as a painful necessity, was of divine origin and purpose. There is no more painful illustration of this sad tendency than John F. Swift. I have no doubt that when his mind was in its full vigor, twelve or fifteen years ago, he, like the other leading men in his party, regarded the protective tariff as a cruel necessity caused by the war, and that he was eager to have it replaced by a more rational measure. But he, like the rest, now professes to adore that which he formerly accepted as a sinful alternative. He took his whipping like a man when the Union required it; now he says he likes the rod. He paid his taxes honestly when his country required the money; now he declares that taxes are a blessing. He put his brains in his pocket, when the crisis called for nerves and sinews; and now he tells us that we should all get along better without brains. B.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 24, 1888.

General Keyes on Americanism.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Notwithstanding the variety of reasons which have been so ably set forth in the *Argonaut* to originate and support an American party, the vast importance of the subject demands the continued advocacy of all thinking men.

As I understand, the projected American party embraces all the native-born, as well as all persons of foreign-birth, who are now in our country, consequently, all the present inhabitants may consider themselves American citizens in the enjoyment of equal rights and duties, and their respective nationalities need no repetition in this writing.

The enemies and opposers of the American party are of three classes, to wit: demagogical office-seekers, fanatics, and speculators.

The first class requires no definition—its sole object being votes.

The second class hold, as still binding, the precepts of our ancestors, who lived and impressed their maxims at a period anterior to the utilization of steam, when our population was sparse, and our undeveloped resources and national domain were apparently inexhaustible. The vast forests infested with savages demanded more laborers and more defenders, and from sheer necessity they favored immigration. This second class embraces, also, all those maudlin sentimentalists and self-styled philanthropists who imagine it to be a duty to receive into our country the wrecks of the old world, and to divide our goods with them even to the deprivation of our own children. These are the lineal descendants of Esau, who sold his birth-right for a mess of pottage, and thereby secured for himself such a name whose repetition has been dogged with curses ever since.

The third class embraces the majority of those whose lust for wealth causes them to feign the virtue of benefactors who seek, by filling the country with aliens, to swell their revenues, and increase the value of their lands and shares.

In addition to the above, there is a vast body of unthinking men, the satellites and tools of the others and slaves of opportunity, who are incapable of "figuring the nature of the times deceased," or of detecting the seeds that are hatching evils for the future.

It is the manifest duty of all patriotic Americans to combat the aims of the classes above designated, and to assert their right and duty to form a party whose object is to regulate immigration with a purpose to check it.

With that end in view it is necessary: First—To repeal all naturalization laws unconditionally. Second—To demonstrate the overwhelming necessity of such a party. Third—To formulate the most feasible method of establishing an American party successfully.

Our right to form an American party is a perfect right, and is inalienable. It descends to us from a line of ancestors commencing in the early part of the seventeenth century and continuing for two hundred years. From their first landing in 1620, they encountered a dense forest which was unbroken from Passammaquoddy Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, held and defended step by step by tribes of cruel savages. No enterprise ever undertaken by any portion of the human race could have presented a more discouraging prospect. It was only by continuous toil, self-denial and courage, and by the slow additions to their numbers of men and women whose virtues enabled them to make a journey nearly equal in time and cost to what is now necessary to circumnavigate the globe, that they succeeded in obtaining a footing on the North American Continent; meantime they were perpetually harassed with Indian wars, by inhospitable severities of climate, and by the horrors of midnight alarms, incendiarism and torture.

The benefit of their sufferings, toils, and wars, was the secure conquest of the realm, and its preparation for the comfort and well-being of their descendants. They taught us, practically, the benefits of education, security of person and property, liberty of worship, and freedom of speech and the press. The result was the formation of our peculiar national character.

The essential qualities of that character are not only an unconquerable love of liberty, but a clear appreciation of what liberty is—also a conscientiousness that makes their descendants the most orderly in peace and the bravest in a just war of any men in the world—nevertheless, they are cowards in every scheme of injustice, cruelty, and oppression.

We, therefore, who are the lawful successors of such wise and heroic ancestors, are in honor bound to guard the heritage they bequeathed us from the defilement of alien usurpers who seek to appropriate our wealth, destroy our traditions, and undermine our supremacy. We have already yielded too much; to concede more, or to remain longer supine, will bring upon our dear country the curse of Egypt, to be governed by the stranger; and upon ourselves, the degeneracy which is proper only to the posterity of the prodigal son.

Having made good our inalienable right to form an American party, the next step is to show its necessity. In the discussion of this point, I must take it for granted that my readers consider the evils inherent in an over dense population to be without number and incurable. The arguments of Malthus on this subject have been vastly multiplied, since he wrote, by the development of the mechanical powers. This cause of multiplicity has received less than its deserved attention, although it may be inferred by the rapidly growing *chauvinism* in Europe. A blind devotion to what is called *progress* has obscured the evil from us Americans. My purpose is to show that causes are now in operation which tend to an undue increase of our population without the aid of immigration. The chief of those causes is steam.

Philosophers and statesmen have not yet attacked the mighty problem presented for solution by the introduction of steam as a motive power.

The inconceivable utility of steam as an industrial agent had its origin with James Watt, who perfected his engine in 1764. His invention was contested in a law-suit which tormented the good man so sorely that he was sorry he had made it. At first the employment of steam was opposed by laborers; but now its use is universal, and it does the work of many hundred millions of men.

That which the invention of printing has accomplished to change the conditions of life and human society since the first printed page appeared in 1442, is but a trifle compared with what has resulted from the use of steam since the death of James Watt. The printing press has enlightened the world largely in many respects, and has undoubtedly done much to diminish tyranny and cruelty in the world. Otherwise it has not revolutionized many human customs, and it has had no tendency to exhaust the great reservoirs of natural forces which were stored up by Providence for the well-being of mankind.

What are those natural forces?

They are coal, iron, timber, the elements of fertility in virgin soils; the precious metals, oils, and gases, concealed in rocks, and the low-lying strata of the earth, and under the sea; the untamed fur, ivory, and plume-bearing beasts and birds, and other useful inhabitants of the air and the deep. Those natural forces, under the old régime, were preserved intact by the inherent recuperative energies common to them all; but, by the intervention of steam, they have been drawn upon in the last fifty years to a greater and more ruinous extent than in all the preceding centuries.

The agents of destruction, by the aid of steam, have been hurled upon their objects over the whole surface of the earth and sea, and no height or depth is now safe from invasion. They are enabled to exhaust mines of gold and silver more completely in ten years than by the old methods in a thousand years; they have converted vast areas of magnificent timber lands into desolations of stumps; they have made bald the tops and sides of mountains, and thus deprived the ground of shade and retentiveness of moisture, and converted streams into torrents at one season of the year, to be dried up in other seasons; they have exterminated the buffalo, and they threaten the annihilation of the elephant, the lion, and the whale; even the volant animals, whose bright plumage enlivens the sylvan groves, and the quadrupeds, whose glossy furs enable them to keep warm in the frozen zones, are in danger, for the fantastic bipeds of our own *genera* crave those ornamental vestments to increase and make more dangerous their native allurements.

Steam has made travelers of all men, women, and children, and thus destroyed curiosity to learn from others where they have been and what they have seen. It has qualified devotion, and so much diminished respect for age, office, and prescription, as to threaten the world with universal anarchy; it has penetrated all the waste places and solitudes of the earth; it is casting down idols everywhere, and has already displaced innumerable objects of ideal reverence; at the same time it is multiplying the worshipers of Mammon beyond all precedent, giving them warrant to dominate society, and to wipe out small fortunes with alarming facility.

The action of steam, like the Parthian arrows, is felt in all directions. It enables us to set in motion gangs of plows, harvesting and sacking machines, and by facility of culture to turn our fertile plains into barrens as did the listless slave. In the meantime, it enables us to produce and ship breadstuffs and meats to the old world, and sell them at prices which have debased agriculture there to a ruinous extent. The consequent lack of employment, poverty, and discontent are forcing hordes of people to emigrate to avoid death by starvation. The use of steam as a distributing agent is the means by which whole districts of people are often preserved, which would otherwise perish, and by so much retard density of population in the world.

The extent of competition in agricultural products is producing universal alarm in Europe, and is the subject of constant discussion among land-holders and others. France, Germany, and Sweden have sought a partial remedy in laws to tax, or prohibit, certain products, but the evil increases. A writer in the Paris *Soleil*, of March, suggests as follows:

"In view of the general debasement of agriculture in Europe, owing to the competition of the United States of America, Canada, and Australia, it is proposed that Germany, France, and such other countries as may be induced to join, shall, by a general compact, form a grand *Zollverein*, with a central custom-house at Frankfort. By such an arrangement, all the agricultural products of the new countries shall be rigorously excluded, until the *density* of population shall be inevitably followed by the consequences, or benefits, in the shape of large armies, crushing debts, intestine conflicts, and multiplied imports."

It is thus the inhabitants of Europe can see no other relief from their present calamities, but in thrusting them upon us.

It is impossible for Americans, who have not sojourned in Europe, to judge the effect of the disturbance in agriculture upon the social conditions there. The affluent landed proprietors of the past are obliged to scale their rents, and as a necessary consequence of reduced incomes, to dismiss many of their servants and retainers. The farmers, by turning their tilled fields to pasture, are able to dispense with laborers out and indoors. The men and women set free flock to the cities, and swell the huge armies of mendicants. Benevolent individuals and societies are taxed beyond their capacity; and although they display an almost superhuman ingenuity to find employment and give succor at home, they hold that *emigration is the sole effective relief for the miserable surplus of their populations.*

If facts are required to verify the extent and hopelessness of mendicity in Great Britain, they can be found in abundance in the journals and periodicals. A writer in the *Times* imputes the distress to what he calls *one-sided free trade.* He states, that in addition to one million actual paupers, there is one in five of the entire population toeing the line of pauperism. In another paper, under the heading, "London's Misery," I read as follows:

"The depth of London's misery was illustrated by two scenes witnessed this week. One was at Billingsgate, where gratuitous distribution of food was being made, and the distributors were wisely intrenched behind iron bars; brawny men fought and struggled against the bars for sodden pudding and muddy soup, until they were torn and bleeding, while women and children, who were unable to get near, sat on the kerbstone and cried hopelessly. Another was at a dinner given at the St. Giles's Christian Mission, where the criminal classes were invited to come and satisfy their hunger; at the door, scores of honest men who had never seen the inside of a prison, accused themselves of crimes of all sorts in order to gain admission, only to be ejected by the attendants, who were not slow to discover the story of fraud by the hungry, honest faces and horny hands."

In France, scarcity is equally widespread, and millions of young and old exist in misery; but by frugal ingenuity the French manage to live where the English and Americans would die.

The same causes which have produced the misery and glut of population in England and France, and elsewhere, have, in effect, destroyed our natural barriers against ingress. Those countries may, therefore, be considered as coterminous with the United States. Emigrants from all of them are now able to come to America in the same time and at one-half the expense our own citizens can cross from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean.

The facts above stated being manifest, one might suppose that all those precepts of our virtuous ancestry which favored immigration have ceased to be applicable. During the two centuries from 1620 to 1820, steam, as an aid to immigration, was unknown. Our population could receive only small increments from the old world, against which we were

> "Bounded in with the tempestuous sea,
> Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
> Of watery Neptune."

The few hardy souls that ventured to brave the surging billows of the ocean in the sailing vessels of their time—mere pinnaces compared with the floating palaces of our day—were the choicest spirits of Britain, Germany, and France. It was they who hewed down the forests, constructed the first roads and bridges, churches, hospitals, and school-houses, fought the Indians for possession, and the English for independence. It was their descendants who, having gained wisdom by a rude and varied experience, were able to frame a constitution which is the best charter of a just government ever conceived by man. They were ignorant of the unknown forces of steam and electricity, which are now making abortive all their labors. With the means of transportation at their disposal, fifteen hundred years would have elapsed before the lands of the United States would have been cut up and appropriated, our mines and forests devastated, and our population increased to the same extent we witness to-day.

Great and surprising as have been the physical transformations in our country caused by steam and electricity, the moral effects, present and imminent, are equally great, and far more pernicious in tendency. Indeed, the former, in many respects, have been desirable, inasmuch as they have added to the comforts of existence by multiplying capacious dwellings, lightening the burdens of labor, and in numerous other ways, contributing to the prolongation of human life and the promotion of health.

The hideous swarm of evils now coming upon us is due to the fact that our country is the general reservoir toward which all the vastly increasing surplus of the old world is tending. In the mighty rush of immigrants, the feeble-minded, the dissolute, the anarchists, and all the criminal dregs and paupers of the antique civilizations are swept along. If the foul current is not quickly checked, it will engulf our institutions in hopeless pollution.

Our population is now sixty millions. At the end of one hundred years—which is but a week in the life of a well-governed nation—it will be not less, according to the present rate of increase, than six hundred millions! Then, with a population more dense than any other part of the earth, we may look for infant sacrifice, suttee, and castes as strict as the Brahmins, and all the revolting vices of Asia, intestine strife, and poverty included.

Our most clamorous theoretical philanthropists maintain that foreign-born people soon amalgamate in habits and sentiments with our own natives. That is a palpable error. Facility of assimilation is only possible in small communities which receive gradual foreign additions. In such cases, social instincts prevail to bring divergent tastes into harmony. In our large cities, and in many rural districts, the aliens coalesce to perpetuate their native-born customs and languages, and in all things they give preferences to their own. A striking proof of this is found in Canada, where the descendants of the early French settlers are as distinct, in all respects, from the English, as they were before the siege of Philipsburg. The evidences of alien domination in our country are daily becoming more apparent and insolent. Nearly all our largest cities are governed by foreign-born men. New York, Cleveland, and San Francisco by Irish; Chicago by Germans, and even Boston has its Irish mayor, supported by a majority of its city council. The default of the Hub seems like a breach in nature. What prophet of evil would have ventured to foretell that the posterity of John Adams, Prescott, Putnam, Starke, Lincoln, Green, Perry, Brown, and Miller, and of those stanch citizens who cast the tea into the harbor, rather than pay a tax of a few pennies imposed without representation, could permit the capital of New England to be ruled by aliens? If those valorous spirits could be restored to earth, and see men of hostile tenets dance, and leap, and screech in the cradle of liberty, they would foreswear their birth-place.

Oh! Boston!

> "I see thy glory, like a shooting star,
> Fall to the base earth from the firmament.
> Thy sun sets weeping in the lowly West,
> Witnessing storms to come, woe and unrest."

The formation of an American party is far more to the interest of laboring men and women than of the rich. Immigration tends manifestly to make the rich richer, and the poor poorer. The strikes now so ruinously frequent are promoted by the coming in of laborers from the old world who, by their numbers, must certainly depress wages and give increased advantage to capital. Alien mechanics are allowed free admission to pursue their callings, while the sons of our native workmen are not allowed to teach their sons trades. Fathers of families are perplexed to find employment for their sons and daughters—an evil which is rapidly increasing. The reasons for this are two-fold: Alien commercial and industrial establishments in America employ aliens and patronize aliens exclusively; and, naturally, it would seem, for youths who have grown up in foreign lands under the constraints of poverty, have acquired from stern necessity more patient subordination than our young people who are bred to superior indulgences and ampler comforts.

Let all our young men and laborers reflect carefully on the foregoing, and they will lose no time in giving their support to the American party.

Finally, to establish an American party successfully, those who advocate it must endeavor to show by facts and history that such a party is absolutely essential to the safety of our institutions and the welfare of those who are obliged to earn their bread by labor. No sectarian, political or sectional question should be allowed to interfere. When Americans come to govern America, they can wrangle about religion, politics, and all social questions according to choice and inclination.

NICE, April 18, 1888. E. D. K.

OMPHALE: A ROCOCO STORY.

By Theophile Gautier.

My uncle, the Chevalier de Rioux, resided in a small mansion which looked out upon the dismal Rue de Tournelles on one side, and the equally dismal Boulevard St. Antoine upon the other. Between the boulevard and the house itself a few ancient elm-trees, eaten alive by mosses and insects, piteously extended their skeleton arms from the depth of a species of sink, surrounded by high black walls. Some emaciated flowers hung their heads languidly, like young girls in consumption, waiting for a ray of sunshine to dry their half-rotten leaves. Weeds had invaded the walks, which were almost indistinguishable, owing to the length of time that had elapsed since they were last raked. One or two gold-fish floated, rather than swam, in a basin covered with duckweed and half-choked by water-plants.

My uncle called that his garden!

Beside all the fine things above described in my uncle's garden, there was also a rather unpleasant pavilion, which he had entitled the "Délices," doubtless, by antiphrasis. It was in a state of extreme dilapidation. The walls were bulging outwardly; great masses of detached plaster still lay among the nettles and wild oats where they had fallen; the lower portions of the wall-surfaces were green with putrid mold; the woodwork of the window-shutters and doors had been badly sprung, and they closed only partially, or not at all. A species of decoration, strongly suggestive of an immense kitchen-pot, with various effluvia radiating from it, ornamented the main entrance; for in the time of Louis the Fifteenth, when it was the custom to build "Délices," there were always two entrances to such pleasure-houses for precaution's sake. The cornice, overburdened with ovules, foliated arabesques, and volutes, had been badly dismantled by the infiltration of rain-water. In short, the "Délices" of my uncle, the Chevalier de Rioux, presented a rather lamentable aspect.

It was in this pavilion that my uncle had lodged me.

The interior was less rococo than the exterior, although remaining in a somewhat better state of preservation. The bed was hung with yellow lampas, spotted over with large white flowers. An ornamental shell-work clock ticked away upon a pedestal, inlaid with ivory and mother-of-pearl. A wreath of ornamental roses coquettishly twined around a Venetian glass; above the door, the four seasons were painted in cameo. A fair lady, with thickly powdered hair, a sky-blue corset, and an array of ribbons of the same hue, who had a bow in her right hand, a partridge in her left, a crescent upon her forehead, and a leveret at her feet, strutted and smiled with ineffable graciousness from within a large oval frame. This was one of my uncle's mistresses of old, whom he had had painted as Diana. It will scarcely be necessary to observe that the furniture itself was not of the most modern style; there was, in fact, nothing to prevent one from fancying himself living at the time of the Regency; and the mythological tapestry with which the walls were hung rendered the illusion complete.

The tapestry represented Hercules spinning at the feet of Omphale. The design was tormented after the fashion of Vanloo, and in the most Pompadour style possible to imagine. Hercules had a spindle, decorated with rose-colored favors; he elevated his little finger with a peculiar and special grace, like a marquis in the act of taking a pinch of snuff, while turning a white flake of flax between his thumb and index finger; his muscular neck was burdened with bows of ribbons, rosettes, strings of pearls, and a thousand other feminine gew-gaws; and a large *gorge-de-pigeon* colored petticoat, with two very large panniers, lent quite a gallant air to the monster-conquering hero.

Omphale's white shoulders were half-covered by the skin of the Nemean lion; her slender hand leaned upon her lover's knotty club; her lovely blonde hair, powered to ash-color, fell loosely over her neck—a neck as supple and undulating in its outlines as the neck of a dove; her little feet—true realizations of the typical Andalusian or Chinese foot, and which would have been lost in Cinderella's glass slippers—were shod with half-antique buskins of a tender lilac color, sprinkled with pearls. In truth, she was a charming creature. Her head was thrown back with an adorable little mock swagger; her dimpled mouth wore a delicious little pout; her nostrils were slightly expanded; her cheeks had a delicate glow—a patch cunningly placed there relieved their beauty in a wonderful way—she only needed a little mustache to make her a first-class mousquetaire.

There were many other personages also represented in the tapestry—the kindly female attendant, the indispensable little Cupid—but they did not leave a sufficiently distinct outline in my memory to enable me to describe them.

In those days I was quite young—not that I wish to be understood as saying that I am now very old; but I was fresh from college, and was to remain in my uncle's care until I could choose a profession. If the good man had been able to foresee that I should embrace that of a fantastic story-writer, he would certainly have turned me out of doors forthwith and irrevocably disinherited me; for he always entertained the most aristocratic contempt for literature in general and authors in particular. Like the fine gentleman that he was, it would have pleased him to have had all those petty scribblers who busy themselves in disfiguring paper, and speaking irreverently about people of quality, hung or beaten to death by his attendants.

Well, then, I had only just left college. I was full of dreams and illusions; I was as naïve as a *rosière* of Salency—perhaps more so. Delighted at having no more pensums to make, everything seemed to me for the best in the best of all possible worlds. I believed in an infinity of things; I believed in M. de Florian's Shepherdess, with her combed and powdered sheep; I never for a moment doubted the reality of Mme. Deshoulière's flock. I believed that there were actually nine muses, as stated in Father Jouvency's "Appendix de Diis et Heroïbus." My recollections of Berquin and of Gessmer had created a little world for me, in which everything was rose-colored, sky-blue, and apple-green. O holy innocence! *sancta simplicitas!* as Mephistopheles says.

When I found myself alone in this fine room—my own room, all to myself—I felt superlatively overjoyed. I made a careful inventory of every thing, even the smallest article of furniture; I rummaged every corner, and explored the chamber in the fullest sense of the word. I was in the fourth heaven, as happy as a king, or rather as two kings. After supper (for we used to sup at my uncle's—a charming custom, now obsolete, together with many other equally charming customs which I mourn for with all the heart I have left), I took my candle and retired forthwith, so impatient did I feel to enjoy my new dwelling-place.

While I was undressing, I fancied that Omphale's eyes had moved; I looked more attentively in that direction, not without a slight sensation of fear, for the room was very large, and the feeble luminous penumbra which floated about the candle only served to render the darkness still more visible. I thought I saw her turning her head toward me. I became frightened in earnest, and blew out the light. I turned my face to the wall, pulled the bed-clothes over my head, drew my night-cap down to my chin, and finally went to sleep.

I did not dare to look at the accursed tapestry again for several days.

It may be well here—for the sake of imparting something of verisimilitude to the unlikely story I am about to relate—to inform my fair readers that in those days I was really a very pretty boy. I had the handsomest eyes in the world—at least, they used to tell me so; a much fairer complexion than I have now—a true carnation tint; curly brown hair, which I still have, and seventeen years, which I have no longer. I needed only a pretty stepmother to be a very tolerable cherub; unfortunately, mine was fifty-seven years of age, and had only three teeth, which was too much of one thing and too little of the other.

One evening, however, I finally plucked up courage enough to take a peep at the fair mistress of Hercules—she was looking at me with the saddest and most languishing expression possible. This time I pulled my night-cap down to my very shoulders, and buried my head in the coverlet.

I had a strange dream that night—if, indeed, it was a dream.

I heard the rings of my bed-curtains sliding with a sharp squeak upon their curtain-rods, as if the curtains had been suddenly pulled back. I awoke—at least in my dream it seemed to me that I awoke. I saw no one.

The moon shone full upon the window-panes, and projected her wan bluish light into the room. Vast shadows, fantastic forms, were defined upon the floor and the walls. The clock chimed a quarter, and the vibration of the sound took a long time to die away; it seemed like a sigh. The plainly audible strokes of the pendulum seemed like the pulsations of a young heart, throbbing with passion.

I felt anything but comfortable, and a very bewilderment of fear took possession of me.

A furious gust of wind banged the shutters and made the window-sashes tremble. The woodwork cracked; the tapestry undulated. I ventured to glance in the direction of Omphale, with a vague suspicion that she was instrumental in all this unpleasantness for some secret purpose of her own. I was not mistaken.

The tapestry became violently agitated. Omphale detached herself from the wall and leaped lightly to the carpet. She came straight toward my bed, after having first turned herself carefully in my direction. I fancy it will hardly be necessary to describe my stupefaction. The most intrepid old soldier would not have felt very comfortable under similar circumstances, and I was neither old nor a soldier. I awaited the end of the adventure in terrified silence.

A flute-toned, pearly little voice sounded softly in my ears, with that pretty lisp affected during the regency by marchionesses and people of high degree:

"Do I really frighten you, my child? It is true that you are only a child; but it is not nice to be afraid of ladies, especially when they are young ladies and only wish you well—it is uncivil and unworthy of a French gentleman; you must be cured of such silly fears. Come, little savage, leave off these foolish airs, and cease hiding your head under the bed-clothes. In my time, cherubs were more courageous."

"But, lady, it is because——"

"Because it seems strange to you to find me here instead of there," she said, biting her ruddy lip with her white teeth, and pointing toward the wall with her long, taper finger; "well, in fact, the thing does not look very natural; but were I to explain it all to you, you would be none the wiser. Let it be sufficient for you to know that you are not in any danger."

"I am afraid you may be the—the——"

"The devil—out with the word—is it not? That is what you wanted to say. Well, at least, you will grant that I am not black enough for a devil; and that if hell were peopled with devils shaped as I am one might have quite as pleasant a time there as in paradise."

And, to prove that she was not flattering herself, Omphale threw back her lion's skin and allowed me to behold her exquisitely molded shoulders and bosom, dazzling in their white beauty.

"Well, what do you think of me?" she exclaimed, with a pretty little air of satisfied coquetry.

"I think that, even were you the devil himself, I should not feel afraid of you any more, Mme. Omphale."

"Ah, now you talk sensibly; but do not call me madame, or Omphale. I do not wish you to look upon me as a madame; and I am no more Omphale than I am the devil."

"Then who are you?"

"I am the Marchioness de Bellerive. A short time after I was married the marquis had this tapestry made for my apartments, and had me represented on it in the character of Omphale; he himself figures there as Hercules. That was a queer notion he took; for God knows there never was anybody in the world who bore less resemblance to Hercules than the poor marquis! It has been a long time since this chamber was occupied; I naturally love company, and I almost died of *ennui* in consequence. It gave me the headache. To be only with one's husband is the same thing as being alone. When you came I was overjoyed; this dead room became reanimated; I had found some one to feel interested in. I watched you come in and go out; I heard you murmuring in your sleep; I watched you reading, and my eyes followed the pages. I found you were nicely behaved, and had a fresh, innocent way about you that pleased me—in short, I fell in love with you. I tried to make you understand; I sighed—you thought it was only the sighing of the wind; I made signs to you; I looked at you with languishing eyes, and only succeeded in frightening you terribly. So, at last, in despair, I resolved upon this rather improper course which I have taken, to tell you frankly what you could not take a hint about. Now that you know I love you, I hope that——"

The conversation was interrupted at this juncture by the grating of a key in the lock of the chamber door.

Omphale started, and blushed to the very whites of her eyes.

"Adieu," she whispered, "till to-morrow." And she returned to her place on the wall, walking backward, for fear that I should see the reverse side, doubtless.

It was Baptiste, who came to brush my clothes.

"You ought not to sleep with your bed-curtains open, sir," he remarked; "you might catch a bad cold—this room is so chilly."

The curtains were actually open; and as I had been under the impression that I was only dreaming, I felt very much astonished; for I was certain that they had been closed when I went to bed.

As soon as Baptiste left the room, I ran to the tapestry, I felt it all over; it was, indeed, a real woolen tapestry, rough to the touch like any other tapestry. Omphale resembled the charming phantom of the night only as a dead body resembles a living one. I lifted the hangings; the wall was solid throughout; there were no masked panels or secret doors. I only noticed that a few threads were broken in the ground-work of the tapestry where the feet of Omphale rested. This afforded me food for reflection.

All that day I remained buried in the deepest brown study imaginable; I longed for evening with a mingled feeling of anxiety and impatience. I retired early, resolved on learning how this mystery was going to end. I got into bed; the marchioness did not keep me waiting long—she leaped down from the tapestry in front of the pier-glass, and dropped right by my bed; she seated herself by my pillow, and the conversation commenced.

I asked her questions as I had done the evening before, and demanded explanations. She eluded the former, and replied in an evasive manner to the latter; yet always after so witty a fashion that within a quarter of an hour I felt more charmed than ever.

While conversing, she passed her fingers through my hair, tapped me gently on the cheeks, and softly kissed my forehead.

She chatted and chatted in a pretty mocking way—in a style at once elegantly polished and yet familiar, and although like a great lady—such as I have never since heard from the lips of any human being.

She was then seated upon the easy-chair beside the bed; in a little while she slipped one of her arms around my neck, and I felt her heart beating passionately against me. It was indeed a charming and handsome real woman—a veritable marchioness whom I found beside me. Poor student of seventeen! There was more than enough to make one lose his head, so I lost mine.

"And Monsieur le Marquis, on the wall up there—what will he say?"

"He will not say anything," replied the marchioness, laughing heartily. "Do you suppose he ever sees anything? Besides, even should he see, he is the most philosophical and inoffensive husband in the world. Do you love me, little one?"

"Indeed, I do—ever so much!—ever so much!"

But morning dawned, and the marchioness returned to her tapestry.

The day seemed to me frightfully long. At last evening came. All happened as on the evening before. The marchioness became more and more adorable; and this state of affairs continued for a long time. As I never slept at night, I wore a somnolent expression in the daytime, which did not augur well for me with my uncle. He suspected something; he probably listened at the door and heard everything; for one fine morning he entered my room so brusquely that Antoinette had scarcely time to get back to her place on the tapestry.

He was followed by a tapestry-hanger, with pincers and a ladder.

He looked at me with a shrewd and severe expression which convinced me that he knew all.

"This Marchionesse de Bellerive is certainly crazy; what the devil could have put it into her head to fall in love with a brat like that?"—muttered my uncle between his teeth—"she promised to behave herself!"

"Jean, take that tapestry down; roll it up, and put it in the garret."

Every word my uncle spoke went through my heart like a poniard-thrust.

Jean rolled up my sweetheart Omphale—otherwise the Marchioness Antoinette de Bellerive—together with Hercules, or the Marquis de Bellerive, and carried the whole thing off to the garret. I could not restrain my tears.

Next day my uncle sent me back, in the B—— diligence, to my respectable parent—to whom, you may feel assured, I never breathed a word of my adventure.

My uncle died; his house and furniture were sold; probably the tapestry was sold with the rest.

But a long time afterward, while foraging the shop of a bric-à-brac merchant in search of oddities, I stumbled over a great dusty roll of something covered with cobwebs.

"What is that?" I said to the Auvergnat.

"That is a rococo tapestry representing the amours of Mn

Omphale and M. Hercule; it is genuine Beauvais, worked in silk, and in an excellent state of preservation. Buy this from me for your study; I will not charge you dear for it, since it is you."

At the name of Omphale, all my blood rushed to my heart.

"Unroll that tapestry," I said to the merchant in a hurried, gasping voice, like one in a fever.

It was indeed she! I fanced that her mouth smiled graciously at me, and that her eye lighted up on meeting mine.

"How much do you ask?"

"Well, I could not possibly let you have it for any less than five hundred francs."

"I have not that much with me now; I will get it, and be back in an hour."

I returned with the money; but the tapestry was no longer there. An Englishman had bargained for it during my absence, offered six hundred francs for it, and taken it away with him.

After all, perhaps it was best that it should have been thus, and that I should preserve this delicious souvenir intact. They say one should never return to a first love, or look at the rose which one admired the evening before.

And then I am no longer so young or so handsome that tapestries should come down from their walls to honor me.—*Translated from the French by Lafcadio Hearn.*

OLD FAVORITES.

The Bumboat Woman's Story.

I'm old, my dears, and shriveled with age, and work, and grief,
My eyes are gone, and my teeth have been drawn by time, the Thief!
For terrible sights I've seen, and dangers great I've run—
I'm nearly seventy now, and my work is almost done!

Ah! I've been young in my time, and I've played the deuce with men!
I'm speaking of ten years past—I was barely sixty then:
My cheeks were mellow and soft, and my eyes were large and sweet,
Poll Pineapple's eyes were the standing toast of the Royal Fleet!

A bumboat woman was I, and I faithfully served the ships
With apples and cakes, and fowls, and beer, and halfpenny dips,
And beef for the generous mess, where the officers dine at nights,
And fine fresh peppermint drops for the rollicking midshipmites.

Of all the kind commanders who anchored in Portsmouth Bay,
By far the sweetest of all was kind Lieutenant Belaye.
Lieutenant Belaye commanded the gunboat *Hot Cross Bun*,
She was seven and thirty feet in length, and she carried a gun.

With a laudable view of enhancing his country's naval pride,
When people inquired her size, Lieutenant Belaye replied,
"Oh, my ship, my ship, is the first of the Hundred and Seventy-ones!"
Which meant her tonnage, but people imagined it meant her guns.

Whenever I went on board he would beckon me down below,
"Come down, little Buttercup, come" (for he loved to call me so),
And he'd tell of the fights at sea in which he'd taken a part,
And so Lieutenant Belaye won poor Poll Pineapple's heart!

But at length his orders came, and he said one day, said he,
"I'm ordered to sail with the *Hot Cross Bun* to the German Sea."
And the Portsmouth maidens wept when they learnt the evil day,
For every Portsmouth maid loved good Lieutenant Belaye.

And I went to a back back street, with plenty of cheap cheap shops,
And I bought an oilskin hat and a second-hand suit of slops,
And I went to Lieutenant Belaye (and he never suspected *me!*)
And I entered myself as a chap as wanted to go to sea.

We sailed that afternoon at the mystic hour of one—
Remarkably nice young men were the crew of the *Hot Cross Bun*.
I'm sorry to say that I've heard that sailors sometimes swear,
But I never yet heard a *Bun* say anything wrong, I declare.

When Jack Tars meet, they meet with a "Messmate, ho! What cheer?"
But here, on the *Hot Cross Bun*, it was "How do you do, my dear?"
When Jack Tars growl, I believe they growl with a big, big D——
But the strongest oath of the *Hot Cross Buns* was a mild "Dear me!"

Yet, though they were all well-bred, you could scarcely call them slick:
Whenever a sea was on, they were all extremely sick;
And whenever the weather was calm, and the wind was light and fair,
They spent more time than a sailor should on his back back hair.

They certainly shivered and shook when ordered aloft to run,
And they screamed when Lieutenant Belaye discharged his only gun.
And as he was proud of his gun—such pride is hardly wrong—
The Lieutenant was blazing away at intervals all day long.

They all agreed very well, though at times you heard it said
That Bill had a way of his own of making his lips look red—
That Joe looked quite his age—or somebody might declare
That Barnacle's long pig-tail was never his own own hair.

Belaye would admit that his men were of no great use to him,
"But, then," he would say, "there is little to do on a gunboat trim.
I can hand, and reef, and steer, and fire my big gun too—
And it *is* such a treat to sail with a gentle, well-bred crew."

I saw him every day. How the happy moments sped!
Reef topsails! Make all taut! There's dirty weather ahead!
(I do not mean that tempests threatened the *Hot Cross Bun:*
In *that* case, I don't know whatever we *should* have done!)

After a fortnight's cruise, we put into port one day,
And off on leave for a week went kind Lieutenant Belaye,
And after a long week had passed (and it seemed like a life),
Lieutenant Belaye returned to his ship with a fair young wife!

He up, and he says, says he, "O crew of the *Hot Cross Bun*,
Here is the wife of my heart, for the Church has made us one!"
And as he uttered the word, the crew went out of their wits,
And all fell down in so many separate fainting-fits.

And then their hair came down, or off, as the case might be,
And lo! the rest of the crew were simple girls, like me,
Who all had fled from their homes in a sailor's blue array,
To follow the shifting fate of kind Lieutenant Belaye.

* * * * * * * * *

It's strange to think that *I* should ever have loved young men,
But I'm speaking of ten years past—I was barely sixty then,
And now my cheeks are furrowed with grief and age, I trow!
And poor Poll Pineapple's eyes have lost their lustre now!

—*W. S. Gilbert.*

A VISIT TO FONTAINEBLEAU.

"L'Americaine" wanders through the Forest and the Old Chateau.

The horse-chestnuts on the Champs Elysées are covered with their gorgeous blossoms, the chairs on the avenue are filled from morning till night with gaily dressed occupants, and this delightful weather brings to all hearts a desire for the sweet freshness of the forest, the ripple of the tiny brooks through green meadows, and the quiet of a day with one's sketch-book in the country. After a few months in Paris one grows weary of the continued round of society duties, and every one begins to look forward to the day of the Grand Prix as the happy moment that will set them free to fly to country homes or fashionable summer resorts.

But several weeks still separate us from the great race day, and we are doing our best to shorten the time in which society decrees all her devotees shall remain constant to her calls. Indeed, it would be considered far from the correct thing if we were to pack our trunks and go to the château, for, in fact, we might even be suspected of not being able to afford to stay the season out, and going away to economize. This was murmured of a great society dame when, a few weeks ago, she saw fit to close her city mansion and take a trip into the mountains—the truth being that she had been ordered away by her physician; but this even was such an unusual occurrence, at this time of the year, that the ever-kind gossips found delightful food for speculation, and at last arrived at the conclusion that Mme B. had exhausted her year's income, and was obliged to retrench, for a few months, at some most unfashionable baths.

Of course, I find everything delightful, new, and charming in this beautiful city; time does not drag with me, and each day holds a new pleasure in store. When my aunt and cousins complain of weariness, a desire for change, and a lack of something to do, I never stop to listen, but, with my maid, I hurry away to find my dear old friend in the little "nest" high up above the streets, and there I am always certain of hearing of some new thing that I have not seen yet, and we start out sight-seeing together.

I often wonder if I will ever be able to say with truth that I have seen everything in Paris, but of one thing I am quite certain, and that is, I have seen more of the city in the few months I have been here than my relatives have in a lifetime spent on the very spot. French people, as a rule, are poor sight-seers. They always insist that there is time enough in the future, and in this manner the years pass by, and often this putting off from day to day costs them the loss of many pleasant trips and much enjoyment.

A few evenings ago I was reading a pretty story whose plot was laid at Fontainebleau, and I immediately thought how delightful it would be to see the place that had always had an interest for me, and which the little tale had now increased.

"Let us go into the country to-morrow," I suggested to my aunt, after finishing the last chapter in my book, and, to my surprise I will confess, she graciously acquiesced. My cousins all seemed charmed with the idea of an outing in the woods, for I had begged to be taken to Fontainebleau, and no one seemed in the least to mind the early rising hour the following morning.

We were a very merry party that took the train at the Gare de Lyon, all in the best of spirits and ready to enjoy all the pleasures of the next few hours. It was a most perfect day, "one that must have lost its way and strayed from paradise." The country was looking lovely, and the flying panorama that went by the windows of the train was refreshing after the heated atmosphere of the city. I have never as yet been able to overcome the peculiar feeling of being locked up in these queer railway coupés. I always keep thinking how I could possibly squeeze myself through one of the windows if an accident should happen—in fact, I have gone so far as to measure the exact size of the opening, in order to ascertain if I was sufficiently slender to make a graceful leap through it, and to my dismay I have found that it would be, indeed, a desperate effort that would get me through at all. These coupés are certainly very pleasant when filled with one's own immediate party, but I can not imagine anything more horrible than to be shut up in one of them with, perhaps, a fierce-looking stranger who would remind you of the last murder in the morning's paper, or to have a crying baby alongside of you for, perhaps, three hours, with a full knowledge of the impossibility of getting away from the terrible eyes of your near neighbor or out of hearing of the wild, ear-piercing shrieks of the poor infant.

But it was very enjoyable the other morning to be able to shut ourselves away from the bustling, hurrying crowd at the station in our private coupé, which had been engaged for us the day before, and was pointed out to us by the station-master, with a huge placard with *engagé* printed on it hanging on the door. For the first time I realized the comfort of traveling in a French railway carriage, and after an hour's ride we opened a provision-basket and partook of a light *goûté*. It was most agreeable to feel that there were not at least fifty pair of eyes gazing at us. Before we arrived at our journey's end—Fontainebleau is about two hours and a half from the metropolis—I had become almost reconciled to the idea of being locked in, and the windows looked quite comfortably large.

On arriving at our destination, we took carriages and drove through the pretty old town to the Hôtel de France, just opposite the castle, where we enjoyed a delicious *déjeûner à la fourchette* and rested quietly for an hour before crossing over to visit the grand old structure across the way. The guides through the palace are old invalided soldiers, who delight in telling wondrous tales of the many apartments one is taken through, and they are quite a feature of the place in themselves, being celebrated for their brave deeds, great politeness, and their willingness to make the stranger at home in this lordly building that holds so much that is dear to them.

Over a thousand years ago this quaint old town was all a vast forest, where game of all description abounded in wonderful profusion, and it was known only as a hunting-ground of great perfection. Its name is derived from a delicious spring of water found on its present site by some thirsty huntsmen, and called by them "Fontaine belle eau," or beautiful water. The town sprang up around the castle, which was one of the most ancient royal residences of France. Louis the Seventh resided here in the twelfth century, but only a small portion of the original château remains, and the present palace was commenced by Francis the First in the sixteenth century. Enormous amounts of money have been expended on this building from time to time; it is said that Napoleon the First spent one million two hundred thousand dollars on it. It has been the theatre of some of the most remarkable events of French history. Here it was that Napoleon signed his abdication in the presence of the remnants of the Imperial Guard. The divorce between the emperor and Josephine was pronounced here. Pope Pius the Seventh was kept captive here for the space of eighteen months. Charles the Fifth, of Spain, was also a prisoner here for several days, and it was in this bright and beautiful dwelling that Queen Christine, of Sweden, had her secretary, Monaldeschi, assassinated. Louis the Fourteenth signed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes here, the great Condé died here, and the only son of Louis the Fifteenth fell a victim to poison here. I know of no other place in France that interests me so much as Fontainebleau.

The interior of the Château de Fontainebleau would take volumes to describe. It is all beautiful, and to me seems filled with the living presence of those long departed from this life. From the gem of a theatre opening off from the grand portrait-gallery to the bath-room of Napoleon is one succession of beautiful apartments, filled with interesting souvenirs of those that lived and reigned here in past years. The throne, the pen that Napoleon used, Diana de Poitiers's needle-work, a book of this sovereign and a chair of that, Mme. de Montespan's private rooms—shown only by special permit—the first looking-glass introduced into France, and a thousand and one other things give to this royal château a pleasing interest to every lover of history.

The park and gardens are well worth a visit, and we enjoyed a half-hour at the pond, feeding the famous carp, some of which are said to be at least one hundred years old. These very old ones are distinguishable from the others by gold rings in their noses, and are of such enormous size that one can almost credit the story of their great age. Bread for the fishes is sold at a small booth near the pond, and the old woman who sells it does a right royal business, and is said to have several thousand francs in bank.

Two hours were left us after our visit to the château before the train left for Paris, and we again took carriages to drive through the forest. How beautiful it was, how we hated to leave the fragrant groves of trees, how easily we could see in our imagination the woods peopled with great lords and ladies of years ago, following a grand stag-hunt or walking through the green alleys, followed by pages and attendants! History seemed fresher here than ever before, and it was easy to recall the events of past ages while in the midst of everything that brought back to one's memory all that was so pleasingly written there. Nothing is needed to make the forest more interesting, even the spectral black huntsman is not lacking, and there are many old crones in the town who honestly believe this spectre really haunts the woods, and is the identical spirit which appeared to Henry the Fourth just before his assassination. Robbers' caves, with mysterious underground passages, gypsy encampments, and the home in a tree of the wild man of the forest—who was never known to speak to a human soul, and was supposed to be some historical character banished from the court on account of some misdeed, as he disappeared one day as mysteriously as he came—all add romance to the old forest. There is one most charming spot in the woods called La Roche Pleureuse, or the weeping rock, where souvenirs of the forest can be purchased from a skillful wood-carver, who turns out dainty little trinkets from the native beech trees and black firs.

Before leaving the town, the landlord at the Hôtel de France advised us to take a guide with us, and we found the man we hired most useful to us. In fact I fear we would have been quite at a loss without him, for the driver could not leave his horses, and we were naturally anxious to explore all the out-of-the-way corners that had any association with history. I should never advise any one to attempt to see the forest without a carriage or guide, for there would be great danger of getting lost, and much of the pleasure would be lost if one were not taken to the most beautiful places in the woods, which are utterly impossible to find by one's self. Fontainebleau is a place one can not see in a day, it is a charming spot to spend a week in, and I am certain would well repay the tourist for the few days given up to it. There are some excellent schools in the town, and American girls would do better to spend a few months at one of these establishments, where part of the education is carried on in the open air, than to patronize some of the *pensions* in Paris, where health is of the last consideration and exercise is not thought necessary.

PARIS. L'AMERICAINE.

They have some pretty high reporters on the New York papers. In the Libbie-Stowell-Lilian-Scofield-Ferris-Hatch case, a *World* reporter writes:

As the meek and humble little Mr. Scofield sat in the witness-chair with fat little hands folded in his lap, and his eyes seeking the ground just beyond his feet, somebody at the reporters' table softly whistled just that one strain from Offenbach's "La Belle Hélène," beginning "Un mari sage," and everybody who heard it giggled.

It is true that the song in question is a delicious bit, touching on the fact that true courtesy should impel a husband always to warn his wife before returning home—"La prévoyance, la bienséance, lui font un devoir d'avertir." But if the motley mob who generally attend inquests knew all this, those of New York are of a high grade.

Algeria, which sixty years ago was nearly all waste land, has now nine millions of acres under cultivation.

THE SALON OF 1888.

"Parisina" inspects the Gallery on Varnishing Day.

In art shows, Paris is rich this season. The water-color painters and pastellistes have alternately occupied the gallery in the Rue de Sèze; the independents held their separate exhibition in the Pavillon de la Ville; Van Beers, the most modern and the most irascible of Flemish artists, and Verschagin, the Russian military painter, have each had their private collections on view; and there is a show of caricatures at the Palais des Beaux Arts. But what are these—even when taken collectively—to the Salon?

The opening of the Salon is, with the Grand Prix, the principal event of the spring season. A festival for the public in general and the great field-day of the artists. With them expectation reaches fever heat as April drags itself out. They know they have been accepted (if so be they are of those who must need run the gauntlet of the jury), but where and how will their pictures be hung—on the line, or far above it, on the shady, or the bright side of the room? Somehow the answers to these questions generally leak out. Masters who are on the jury inform their comrades and pupils, and only a few, here and there, are so devoid of interest in high quarters that they have to wander through the rooms in quest of their respective works of art when, at last, varnishing day opens to them the portals that have previously been rigorously closed hitherto.

As you know, this embargo does not refer to the members of the press, but even they were not admitted quite so early as usual this year, there being no need of keeping the eve of the Vernissage for official visitors, M. Carnot being away from Paris on a provincial tour in the south-western departments.

The president's portrait occupies the place of honor in the centre room, which is quite right and proper and as it should be. It is amusing to find that it is the veteran Yvon, the official battle-painter of the empire, who has traced the somewhat wooden features and sable beard of the first magistrate of the republic, poor man! He would have been better treated had it been Bonnat or Carolus Duran. As it is, it is neither more nor less than an official portrait — stiff, inartistic, with the usual gold and crimson furniture, and the broad band of the Legion of Honor traversing the presidential waistcoat.

Bonnat has found a more congenial subject for his brush in gray-bearded, jolly, bright-eyed, portly Cardinal Lavigerie, whom he has depicted in the scarlet-edged black cassock of every-day cardinal existence, lounging back in his chair, and eyeing you with his hawk-like, yet not unkindly orbs. His is by no means a conventional ecclesiastic figure-head, having neither the sleek rotundity of some, nor the angular asceticism of others, and would do equally well in the long cloak of a Jewish rabbi or the beaver hat of a pope of the Greek Church. The same artist has painted the most unpopular politician in France at the present moment. I have named Jules Ferry, with his mutton-cutlet whiskers all complete, and they have hung him within pistol-shot of his arch-enemy, General Boulanger. Accident does manage matters like that sometimes.

J. P. Laurens has contributed a portrait of Mounet Sully, in the part of Hamlet—a very mad Prince of Denmark—and a study of Ophelia. Neither is much in his way—the ravings of a mind unbalanced or the sweet refinement of the fair daughter of Polonius—who generally deals in Inquisitors or Merovingians. You are equally surprised to find Aimé Morot painting *chiffons* and a sweet woman's face; hitherto *la gr-r-r-r-ande peinture* has been more in his way. What an exquisite Merveilleuse you make, baronne! And what a dress! Why Aimé Morot, if other trades fail, might gain a big fortune designing gowns for our fair Parisiennes. I will detail the costume for the benefit of my lady readers. Imagine a half-loose polonaise tunic in palest blue glacé, brocaded with large bunches of roses, turned back with lapels of myrtle green velvet, worn over a transparent white muslin gown, through which a faint tint of blue is visible. A tall cane and a Leghorn hat, trimmed with white, complete the accoutrement. The wearer of the elegant costume is walking in a subtropical garden where palm-trees grow. Robert Fleury has set the bride of last winter, Mme. Maurice Bernhardt, against a background of green plants, too. But he is a bad judge of millinery—or is the lady to blame?—the white dress is a very ordinary one. Moreover, he has not done his model justice, which is unpardonable. William Marcy (one of the many American artists who have scored a success this year) exhibits a full-length portrait of Miss Emma Eames, in an exquisite arrangement of yellow crêpe, fluted and ruched like the petals of the chrysanthemums the budding prima-donna holds in one hand. Rixens—another big man among French artists—has, instead of dressing a lady's portrait to perfection, undressed her very becomingly, another sure way of attracting notice. Mme. C. P. — we only get initials, as a general way, in the catalogue, and this particular woman has every reason to desire to preserve her incognito—is wrapped in a fur cloak which, falling from her shoulders, leaves them bare, while her long beautiful hair falls in loose tresses. Roll gives us a charming portrait of his youngest, a fine little chap, trotting on a gray pony, with uplifted riding-whip. Oh! the trouble they had to get the youngster to pose properly, and the money the father had to spend in gifts to bribe him into patience, poor little man! Who is the happy being destined to console Renouf's pretty widow? What gazelle-like eyes and what radiant burnished copper hair! Surely the former will not dim their brightness by weeping many more tears. Your Stewart, too, knows how to paint a pretty woman; the Vicomtesse de Gouy d'Arcy is divinely fair, simply posed in a low-necked, white damask dress against a green background.

These may be all termed sensational portraits, because they are not merely likenesses, but pictures. There is more than the average number of portraits.

Are the French suddenly becoming prudish, or wherefore this scarcity of nudities? That is not a female form divine, that Henner—who times and oft has displayed before our eyes the rounded limbs of nymphs and goddesses—but a poor wounded St. Sebastian, tended by black-robed nuns. Krug's "Morning Wave" is chaste as Diana, a roseate sea-nymph gently pillowed on the creeping foam. As for Van Hove's "Witch," she is mortal enough, poor thing, and looks terribly frightened at the ordeal she is about to undergo, whereas the learned doctors, who stand around her prostrate body, have passed the age when youth and beauty appeal to the senses and to pity, worse luck. The sharp steel point will be inserted in the quivering flesh without remorse. Bouguereau has a nymph, of course, a bather; also, of course, perfection of form and modeling—which reminds me of a good studio story. Some one comes knocking at the door of which St. Peter is the custodian. "Who is there?" he cries. "Perfection," answers a voice. "Why, it must be Bouguereau," ejaculates the keeper of the keys, and thereupon betakes himself to other spheres; even heaven would be unbearably monotonous in such company.

The particular bather of this year has hurt her foot, and looks very sorry for herself. Nature around is after the manner of a piece of green tapestry, the wounded foot is resting on a purple drapery. Your eyes are satisfied, but your senses are unmoved one way or another as you gaze at the rounded, marble-like limbs. I am equally dissatisfied with the nudity exhibited by Gervex, but from another point of view. There is something repugnant to our feelings in the idea of trespassing on the privacy of a lady's dressing-room, and a zinc tub is a utensil that has hitherto seldom, if ever, figured in a work of art, and is suggestive of an advertisement for Pears's soap. Here and there above the line are studies of the female form set in landscape of the spinach order, but we vouchsafe them small notice, having seen them or their like scores of times. That sultana yonder, too, bare to the waist, is no new thing; I know even the supercilious curve of the lips that are puffing forth the smoke of the long Turkish pipe. Now Bridgeman's "Fellah" is a real daughter of the south, rich in hue, the sequins glistening on her dusky bosom.

As for Gérôme, he must have fallen into second childhood to paint such a picture as "Le Poête." I suppose he considers that it is pregnant with deep meaning. What we see is this: a long-haired poet, got up in the fashion of the Restoration—long coat, Hessian boots, brigand hat; I suppose he is meant for Lamartine—lying on the sea-shore. And on to the shore, tumbling in with the waves, come nymphs topsy-turvy, helter-skelter, forming a group in the centre of which is Venus born of the sea-foam, and further off Neptune's chariot with an escort of dolphins, while from the sky a fallen angel is tumbling, having left her wings half-way, and further along the coast in the distance sits a hoary sage in his birthday suit, surrounded by a small court of seals. Read the riddle as you can!

Ding! Dong! Listen to the clang of the tocsin. Maignan has given the voices of the bell shape and sentiment. A number of life-sized figures are twisting and twirling, shrieking and howling, sighing and groaning, as the deep-tongued bell utters its warning of fire, and scatters consternation far and wide. Not greater, perhaps, than that which legend tells us was experienced by the good peasants of the plains yonder when they spied St. Denis carrying his head somewhere in the region of his stomach, and a halo adorning his headless throat, as painted by Delance—a young man whose chances of a medal are of the best. Maignan has only one medal more to gain—La Médaille d'Honneur—and if I were the jury he should have it. Certainly he deserves it better than Benjamin Constant does for the huge canvas which covers one whole side of the end room—a canvas cut into three. Five of the *gros bonnets* of the Sorbonne seated in the centre, robed in their academic gowns, trimmed with a put-your-teeth-on-edge collection of yellows, and scarlets, and violets; on the right a group of sad-faced Greek philosophers, and on the left a selection of the muses equally melancholy in appearance, but each relieved by the glimpse of arcadian green at the back. This composition is an order from the government, and will be hung in the great hall at the Sorbonne—the apotheosis of the university supported by science and letters. When you stand close to it the effect of the figures, three times the size of life, is as that of a feverish dream.

Panoramic pictures are the order of the day. Pelez contributes one. Here, too, the same divisional process is adopted; against the general background of a booth are three distinct groups. On the left, youth, as represented by a sobbing boy, two sad-eyed maidens of twelve in tights, and a couple of rouged ballet-girls shivering in their scant attire; on the right, age—not honorable—in the persons of three dismal, old, blear-eyed, besotted musicians; and in the centre a burly showman in the prime of life ringing a big bell, while at his side skips, in wild contortions, a burlesque clown in white, daubed with paint, while a sorry-faced, bearded dwarf, dangling his distorted limbs, sits on the steps. "Walk up ladies and gentlemen, the show is about to begin!" There is much pathos and a sad lesson to be learnt in this *bouffonnerie* of Pelez.

And yet a sadder and a nobler lesson is Detaille's beautiful picture, "The Dream." Never has the first military painter of the day been so well inspired. This is no prosaic convoy of prisoners, no dashing charge of cavalry, no scene of bloodshed and carnage, but a field on the eve of the battle. The soldiers are lying on the ground asleep, officers and men in close proximity, wrapped in their cloaks—away into the distance stretch rows upon rows of recumbent figures. Down the centre is an avenue of stacked rifles, with a gleam here and there of a bayonet glistening in the veiled moonlight, and the regimental flag, furled—the white and the red concealed in the folds of the blue—lies across the nearest stack. Every one sleeps, save a distant sentinel, the watch-fires are burning low on the horizon, and some one dreams. Across the heavens, dim, half-visible among the cloud-forms, pass the figures of the dream—a regiment led on to victory with tri-color unfurled. So does young France now dream of victory and La Revanche.

PARISINA.

PARIS, May 1, 1888.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The position of private secretary and type-writer for young ladies begins to loom up in its social possibilities. Following hard upon the marriage of James Redpath to the young lady who manipulated the type-writer in his office, comes the announcement that D'Oyly Carte, the famous theatrical and operatic manager, has just married his private secretary. It is said that the moment a marriageable man gives a girl his confidence he is lost, and that is where the private secretary has her best hold.

The only person in Florence who did not rejoice at Queen Victoria's presence was the chief of police, upon whom weighed a great responsibility. The Minister of the Interior sent him very minute instructions so that nothing should be neglected for the queen's security. There is there a group of socialist-revolutionists, which is in constant communication with foreign groups, and which could very well have secret relations with similar sects in England and Ireland. All the Irish who inhabit Italy, and above all, Florence, were carefully watched, and at the first suspicious act would have been expelled. Each one of them had a guardian angel attached to his steps, who watched day and night over all his doings.

Thirty years ago there was a tremendous contest, which was felt over almost all of Europe, over the Jewish child Mortara, whom the Archbishop of Bologna claimed as the property of the Roman Catholic Church, on the ground that he had been baptized by a serving-maid. The church prevailed and took the boy from his parents. He has now reappeared as an ascetic monk of extraordinary eloquence, learning, and fervor, and has been preaching to great audiences near Madrid. The queen and court have subscribed to help the convent-chapel he has built in the Basque Highlands. He is called Father Mortara. He is a canon of the Order of Saint Augustin, and among other accomplishments he speaks twenty-two languages.

The death of Baron de Hagemeister, a young Russian nobleman who is related to General Ignatieff, took place recently in Paris under peculiarly distressing circumstances. Only a few weeks since he arrived in Paris on a pleasure trip, and to renew his suit to a charming young American heiress, who won his heart last year at St. Petersburg. While in a tailor's shop in the Avenue de l'Opera, trying on some clothes, a pistol fell from one of his pockets, and as it struck the floor went off, the bullet entering the lower part of his stomach. The poor fellow lived only a few hours. He was young, handsome, and rich, and in another month his engagement to the lovely daughter of one of our most prominent families would have been officially announced.

The Queen of England refused for thirty years to visit Berlin and Potsdam on account of the indignity done to her husband, Prince Albert, by the late Emperor Wilhelm. The rigid etiquette of the Prussian court would not concede to Prince Albert, although he was the husband of so great a sovereign, any higher position than that of a small German prince. At the court banquet in honor of the queen's visit her Britannic majesty was placed at the side of King Wilhelm. She naturally enough expected to see her husband seated at the side of Queen Augusta, but he was put by the king's order among the other invited princes. The old emperor was painfully scrupulous in his observance of the traditional Prussian etiquette. Before every great dinner he insisted upon a personal inspection of the "placement" drawn up by Graf Perponcher, in order to assure himself that no error had been committed.

Colonel Ingersoll has become famous for coining popular phrases and framing epigrammatic sentences. His reference to Mr. Blaine as "the plumed knight," when he presented the name of the Maine statesman to the Republican National Convention in 1876, was at once taken up by the party, and became a rallying cry for them when their favorite was nominated four years later. Colonel Ingersoll's eulogy upon Roscoe Conkling shows that he has lost none of his originality. One of the gems of that address is the sentence: "He had the pride of a prince and the fortune of a peasant." Another is the distinction between pride and vanity. The orator admitted that Conkling was proud, but declared that he was not vain. He continued: "Vanity rests upon the opinion of others—pride on our own. The source of vanity is from without; of pride, from within. Vanity is a vane that turns, a willow that bends with every breeze—pride is the oak that defies the storm. One is cloud—the other rock. One is weakness—the other strength."

Depew needs an occasion and preparation (says *America.*) He has a private secretary—a young man named Du Val—who keeps for him a scrap-book, or memorandum book, of well-informed men. If Mr. Depew is asked to speak at a country fair, at the laying of a corner-stone, at a birthday-dinner in honor of Tom, Dick, or Harry, at a college celebration, at any significant point where a particular theme needs special outworking in lines with which he is not perfectly familiar, he tells Du Val to look the subject up. Du Val sends for this, that, or the other man, who is well-informed on the particular point to be illustrated, sucks him dry, puts in syllabus the entire subject before Depew, who studies it, crams with it, and then, having thoroughly digested it, delivers it to his secretary, who takes it down in short-hand. This, being translated by the type-writer, is like an open book to the orator, who studies it carefully, literally commits it to memory, and very often has it set up in printed slips, for distribution to the reporters.

Miss Cora Belle Fellows-Campbell, the young lady who sacrificed home ties to become the wife of Samuel Campbell, better known as Chaska, is twenty-eight years old, is not pretty, but fair-looking. She is apparently about five feet four inches in height. Chaska wears a buckskin shirt and moccasins, trimmed with beads. He is six feet two inches in height, has the regulation straight black hair, and is twenty-five years of age. His face shows marks of small-pox. He speaks fairly good English, writes plainly, and seems rather bright. Mrs. Campbell chats pleasantly with all her callers. When she left Washington, about three years ago, she was cautioned not to fall in love with an Indian. When she married Chaska, her mother wrote, telling her that she would not disown her, but that their correspondence must cease. Then, when it became known that efforts were being made to induce her to go on exhibition, her mother wrote that if she took this last step her daughter and herself would be obliged to leave the country. They could not remain in Washington with such a social disgrace hanging over them. Mrs. Campbell, continuing, said: "I understand father has decided to accept an offer to go to South America. I know just what I am doing. I knew that my parents would not support me now. Influences have been brought to bear so that I will probably lose my school. My husband has no money, but I love him, and I saw this chance to make enough money to buy a farm and make us independent, so I grasped the opportunity."

Prince Bismarck refers to the words of the press as "nothing but printers' ink spread on paper." But no man reads the papers more diligently than he (writes Adolf Houssaye in the Chicago *Tribune.*) Besides personally reading every day a dozen or more of the leading journals from various European capitals, he keeps a staff of from four to six clerks constantly at work, like the exchange editors in a newspaper office, scanning the columns of hundreds and perhaps thousands of papers from all parts of the world, and clipping out every item that can possibly be of interest to him. These clippings, with the names and dates of the papers from which they are taken, are carefully classified, and indexed, and pasted in enormous scrap-books. These volumes form a conspicuous feature in the chancellor's private library. There is one lettered on the back "Socialism," another "France—Military," another "France—Civil," another "Russia," another "Culturkampf," and so on. Each volume is subdivided into chapters, and all so carefully indexed that the statesman can in a moment turn to what has been said by any particular paper on any particular subject. This vast encyclopedia is made use of in many ways. A gentleman from Chicago, a few years ago, called on Prince Bismarck, armed with a note of introduction from the German Minister at Washington. The prince received him cordially, and after a few general remarks, said: "I see that your Chicago papers are pitching into me on the pork question." And then he went on to quote the exact language the various papers had used, and replied to their arguments. "He told me," said the gentleman, "more about the Chicago papers and the pork-packing industries than I knew myself, though I have lived there all my life. And before I left, in came Congressman ——, from California, and the prince at once turned on him with a lot of talk about the silver question, and what the Pacific Coast newspapers were saying about it."

VANITY FAIR.

The ladies' favorite hour for bathing in New York Turkish baths is in the morning before the grand promenade in the avenue, the drive in the park, the matinée, or the fashionable calling-dress parade of the afternoon, and between the hours of ten and twelve they may be seen trooping into the baths, which are sacred to their use at this time. All sorts of women may be found there. They come in carriages and on foot, they come with their maids in attendance, they come chattering along in pairs, and they come tripping in alone, they come in the daintiest of toilets, and they disappear in the small red-curtained rooms or stalls, and presently reappear clothed only in diamonds and sheets, with their hair, be it sparse or heavy, hanging over their shoulders. The attendants present the most picturesque appearance, being clothed only in a short tunic of white cotton, caught on one shoulder, falling away from the other down under one arm, and reaching to the knee. These girls are very beautiful in form, their round, shapely limbs gleaming white, like marble, and soft to the touch as a baby's skin. Not an ounce of superfluous flesh encumbers them, not an outline of bone or joint mars the fair roundness of shoulders and limbs. They seldom know disease of any kind, and are splendid specimens of physical strength and symmetry. Their hands are never exposed to any other kind of work, and are as soft as velvet, supple, firm, and exquisite in touch. In the Russian bath the chief attendant, a lithe, vigorous girl, with a crop of kinky brown hair that curled all the tighter in the steam and heat, wore a very unique and original costume of Turkish towels. Two towels were knotted by the fringe at the corners on one shoulder, passed underneath the other arm, and were again tied by the corners on one hip, two more towels knotted by the corners on each hip formed the abbreviated skirt of this striking regalia. These scantily clad apparitions flit along the corridors leading to the bath-rooms, and after them scurry the white and muffled white figures of the bathers who seat themselves about the heated rooms. The habitués of the place lean back, leisurely dreaming of their conquests, their last souvenir night's triumphs and floral ovations, or their latest and dearest lovers, while their bangs slowly straighten out, and the perspiration meditatively drips off their noses. Heavy bath-blankets are thrown about them as they hurry down through the corridor to the Russian baths, and taken away again at the door of the steam-bath, where, on the marble seats about the plunge, the pretty bathers sit in various graceful attitudes, with bare arms and shoulders. One of them flies up suddenly and goes to the plunge. She puts one white foot in, and draws it back with a little shiver, and screams, then she tries the other foot, another little squeal, the stout attendant catches her suddenly about the waist and away they go, laughing and screaming together. The girl comes up choking and frightened, but plucky, and they try it once more, the attendant endeavoring to teach her the stroke in swimming. After countless attempts, which inevitably end in failure, she abandons the idea, and only tries to float, but even this is in vain, for as soon as she experiences the sensation incident to floating, down goes her head, because she opens her mouth to give the funny little scream that is the voice of most women's sensations. Other girls catch the inspiration, and the tank is full of white forms with waving, curving white arms.

"Annie, go and attend to your bride, she looks as if she were going to faint," whispered the manager, and Annie flew with cold water to the rescue. Now the bride was, as a matter of course, the prettiest girl in the place, with big brown eyes flashing under a tangle of yellow hair, that fell over faultless dimpled-shoulders down to her waist; but the prettiest thing about her was her dainty little feet, pink and white, and dimpled like a baby's, and as faultless in shape as those of a carved Venus. Few women have pretty feet, and around the room was a large collection of divers kinds of pedal extremities, large and small, long and short, with distorted toes, and enlarged joints, but hers were faultless in form, and as delicate in coloring as the inside of a sea-shell. She was laid out on a marble-slab, her head on a sponge, rubbed, and scrubbed, and scoured, held under a shower-bath, up to which she lifted her pretty face like a flower to the sunshine. Wrapped up in a bath-blanket and laid out on one of the little couches, her hair brushed and spread out like a mass of gold over the pillow, with one round, pinky-white arm outside the blanket, the clasped hands under her cheeks, while the soft, dreamy eyes, half hidden by the white lids in delicious languor, grew dark with tenderness. The women all come out of the shower-bath with hysterical little screams and gasps, and funny feminine little exclamations. They are rubbed dry by the attendants, and then wrap themselves in a square of thin muslin and hurry on to the scales. In the stalls women were chatting, eating rolls, and drinking chocolate and coffee, with occasionally a glass of wine, and shouting for the attendants in impatient tones, while their maids waited outside the door to dress them when the alcohol rub had been administered. In the double rooms friends were discussing the usual vexing questions which agitate the feminine mind—dress, bonnets, servants, and husbands—the soft hum of conversation, occasionally interrupted with a shrill little exclamation when the cold alcohol was showered on them by the attendants. As the lunch hour approaches, calls for service are more impatient and commanding, the attendants fly about from room to room, and things hum and buzz in the long room. While the conversation was going on, the pretty bride had received her alcoholic massage and was arraying herself in the daintiest of habiliments. Over the pink and white feet were fitted stockings of silk, and around the plump shoulders were drawn a silken vest, fastened with a ribbon shirr. The corset was pale blue moire, flossed and laced with white, the underskirt a delicate blue surah, frilled with snowy lace, all the perfumed lingerie as fine as a baby's christening robe, edged with lace like frost, the rustling white skirts a mass of tucks and flounces of lace, and over it all a wonderful combination of harmonious blending shades of green in dress and bonnet. She flitted out looking like a pink-and-white sweet-pea, all a-dazzle, from the fluffy coil of her yellow hair to the hem of her shimmering gown. A tall, broad-shouldered man hurried down the steps of a neighboring hotel, and the belle of the baths was handed into a carriage and hurried away, as dainty, and sweet, and happy a woman as the continent contains.—*New York Sun.*

A new club for ladies was opened recently in London. It is not the first of its kind in London, for the Alexandra Club, in Bond Street, has been most successful, and has now been obliged to remove to larger quarters. Two or three bedrooms are at the disposal of country members, while the reading-room, drawing-room, and dining-room are very much affected by its town supporters. A book is always kept, in which members write their suggestions for improvements to the club, and among these are to be found many requests for a billiard-room, while not a few ladies clamor eagerly for a retreat where they can smoke mild cigarettes at their ease. One frequently sees several cavaliers, like peris at the gate of paradise, waiting at the doors of the club for some fair member, for no man is allowed to enter the sacred precincts in which their sweethearts and wives rejoice.

Cost is of course a very unsafe measure of value in many instances, and yet there is a not unnatural curiosity on the part of the general public to know the mere money estimation in which certain more or less beautiful articles are held. Here are a few somewhat remarkable examples of lavish expenditure: The highest-priced piano in America is owned by Mr. H. G. Marquand, of New York city. The works were made by Messrs. Steinway & Sons, and the case, which was built in London, was designed and painted by Alma Tadema. It cost forty-six thousand dollars. Sir Donald Smith, of Montreal, is the owner of the costliest piano ever made in this country. It is also a Steinway, and the case was made by Pottier & Stymus. It cost, when landed in Montreal, twenty-seven thousand dollars. The most expensive sideboard ever made in the United States is owned by Judge Harry E. Packer, of Mauch Chunk, Pa. It covers the whole side of a room, and was built by Herts Bros., for forty-seven thousand dollars. It is a marvel of elaborate and beautiful carving. Mr. Marquand is also the possessor of the costliest billiard table in the country. The price was twenty-six thousand dollars. Mr. J. W. Mackay furnished about seventy-five thousand dollars in weight of silver, and paid Tiffany & Co. one hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the work on his dinner service, which thus represents one hundred and ninety-five thousand dollars. The costliest string of pearls in the country belongs to a New York lady, and cost fifty-one thousand dollars. Another New York lady had a solitaire diamond ring, for which she paid Tiffany & Co. forty-eight thousand dollars. The late Mrs. Morgan paid two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for her necklace. Mrs. Hicks-Lord is the owner of a diamond necklace which cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The famous picture by Meissonier, called "1807," was painted for the late Mr. A. T. Stewart. At the sale of his gallery Mr. Henry Hilton bought it for sixty-six thousand five hundred dollars, and presented it to the Metropolitan Museum, where it now hangs, the costliest painting in America. Sir Donald Smith is the possessor of the highest-priced painting in Canada, "The Communicants," by Jules Breton. Cost at the Seney sale forty-five thousand dollars. Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, paid the highest recorded price for an American picture. It is Church's "Niagara," and the price was thirteen thousand dollars. It was reported that Legrand Lockwood paid twenty-five thousand dollars for Bierstadt's "Domes of the Yosemite," but as, at the distribution of his effects, the picture brought less than six thousand five hundred dollars, the first price was probably a fable. In the Lenox Library is a perfect copy of the Mazarin or Gutenberg Bible, the first book printed with movable types. It is worth twenty-five thousand dollars, and nothing better has ever been done since. Mr. Brayton Ives of New York has an imperfect copy, for which he paid fifteen thousand dollars. Mr. J. F. Irwin, of Oswego, paid ten thousand dollars to J. W. Bouton for a Bible. It was originally in three volumes, but by the insertion of wood-cuts, manuscripts, engravings, etchings, had been extended to sixty imperial folio volumes. Of the original edition of the Sonnets of William Shakespeare, published by George Daniel, of London, in 1609, there are two perfect copies. One is in the British Museum. For the other Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, paid five thousand dollars. It is a little book about seven by four inches in size. A somewhat hard-headed clerk in the establishment figures that at this price it cost four hundred and eighty dollars an ounce. A sixteenth-century vellum manuscript, with six paintings by Giulio Clovis, cost the Lenox Library twelve thousand dollars. At the Morgan sale Mr. Walters, of Baltimore, is reported to have paid eighteen thousand dollars for the peach-blow vase, which is about seven and a half inches high.

The Princess of Wales, whose complexion is fine, takes her morning plunge regularly, and in water fairly cold, but she is particularly careful to promptly make use of the flesh-brush, using gloves of moderate roughness rapidly over the surface of the body and, finally, the rough towel in a quick general rub, occupying both for the bath and this massage, if one may call it such, twenty minutes in all. At night the same lady's bath is prepared, tepid and of distilled water, the admirable advantage of which is not properly understood. Every particle of foreign matter is removed from distilled water, so that it is absolutely pure. It costs about twelve cents per gallon, and can be used, a quart at a time, for a quick sponge-bath, with admirable effect, especially when combined with a little glycerine and rose water.

While awaiting the result of a search for a negative in a well-known photographer's studio (writes Edith S. Tupper in the Chicago *Herald*), I looked over the large albums lying on the table. They were almost entirely filled with pictures of women—beautiful women, and women who fancied themselves beautiful. There was a vast difference; women in street costumes, and women in evening gowns, and finally women with no gowns. Not absolutely nude, but the next thing to it. One beautiful head attracted my attention—perfect in contour and with soft, fluffy hair, highly powdered and twisted in a Psyche knot which well suited the Grecian profile. The neck was symmetrical, and so were the shoulders, and—so was the back, of which fully one-half was plainly visible. There was absolutely nothing over the shoulders, not even a strap or bit of filmy lace. There was the marble-like beauty tremendously exposed. I called the bright young woman who takes orders and asked: "Is this an actress?" "No." "A member of the demi-monde?" "No." "A society young woman?" "Yes." "Do you often take such pictures?" "Yes, indeed. We have as many orders as we can fill." "Do you ever have applications for the perfectly nude?" "No-o," rather hesitatingly; "but ladies often want their pictures taken down to the waist. Now this picture you see is taken in the corsets—not even a corset-cover over the shoulders. We take ladies almost every day in corset-covers and chemises. See, here is one," and she pointed to a photograph of a young woman standing, leaning against a curtain. She wore the skirts of a dark gown, but no waist, save a lace-trimmed chemise. Thrown around her, but with great care taken not to hide the neck, bust, and arms, was a lace shawl. "Last week," went on my informant, "a girl came in and said she wanted two styles of pictures taken. She sat with her waist on, then calmly divested herself of all covering down to her corsets, and handed the artist a small lace scarf to drape her with. Oh! it's only their vanity," she said, good-naturedly; "they would be shocked if you called them immodest. They, of course, think they are beautiful, and are a little vain of their charms."

The plain cloth walking-suits, which are the proper thing for the street this spring, have boots to match them. Without these the suits are not considered complete. The upper part of the boot is of gray, blue, green, or drab cloth, as the case may be, and has vamps of patent leather or goat. Usually these shoes button, but laced shoes are growing in favor. With reception toilets for afternoon there are dainty boots with satin tops; or, better still, boots of kid as delicately colored as Jouvin gloves. Low shoes are also made of these colored kids, and are worn with stockings which exactly match in tint. The effect is charming, and even the ugliest and flattest of feet gain when thus clothed.

Arbitrary Dame Fashion, who made the dudes wear light scarfs all winter, now decrees that they must wear dark-dotted scarfs. The men's summer suits are to be very big and loose, and as light as an incandescent lamp, if you please. The order of goods called "home-spun" will be affected by those who can afford delicate colors. The tailors who have been forced to reduce prices in order to hold on to a living, are making most of their profits on the fancy vests that are giving men their first chance, in many years, to display taste in color. Silks and fancy mixed goods, as gay as birds' plumage, and mainly made in this country, are called English and French, and worked off at from eight dollars to fifteen dollars for a waistcoat.

The New York Club has secured a new building on Thirty-Fifth Street and Fifth Avenue in New York city at a cost of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and has spent two hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars in remodeling the building and equipping it. A member of the house committee piloted a *Tribune* reporter through the then nearly finished house recently, and revealed to him all the charms of the new club home. Upon entering the house from West Thirty-Fifth Street, one at once encounters architectural beauties in the form of a low archway directly in front of him, and a carved staircase of antique oak at his left. The vestibule is paved with tiles, and the archway serves as the office and registry. To the left of the entrance the hallway leads to the "morning room," with its heavy, leather-covered easy-chairs, its huge, carved library tables, and its files of newspapers and magazines. To the right lie the café, the bar, and the billiard-room. Each room on the floor is finished in a different kind of natural wood. One is in antique oak, the second in modern oak, the third in cherry, and others in mahogany, walnut, and ash. The billiard-room is undoubtedly the handsomest on the floor, and is remarkable for a magnificent mantel and for its stained-glass windows. A large clock with bronze facings, made for the club in Antwerp, is among the ornaments. Here, as in fact throughout the building, there is not a single piece of furniture which was not specially designed for the club and made to order. The second floor contains the card-room, facing Fifth Avenue; the private dining-rooms, where each chair cost seventy-five dollars; the library, with a new collection of books, consisting of two thousand five hundred volumes, and the large club dining-room. The latter contains a large side-board, which will be weighted down with the club silver. The third and fourth floors have been divided into suites of rooms, to be occupied by club members. The style of furniture and ornamentation differs with each suite, producing a charming effect. The club's silver service is one of the finest ever turned out by Tiffany. It consists of two thousand two hundred and forty-one pieces of quadruple-plated ware, on what is technically known as nickel-silver. The design is "Continental," and is a copy of a style in use a century ago. The dishes are all oval in shape, with broken edges chased by hand. The principal charms of the service are the absolute harmony of the pieces, and the fact that every improvement and novelty in tableware have been introduced. The service does not suggest the usual style of hotel and restaurant ware, but looks as if it were intended for a luxurious private table. Every piece is marked with the club monogram, which appears on the club seal and in the white field of the flag.

P. FITZWILLIAM KRAWL.

The Brief Career of a Metropolitan Mystery.

I have just been reading an essay on New York society in a local periodical. It is signed by one of the most respectable ladies who have a social position with us entirely independent of their means, and, as usual with the literary productions of this class of writers, it says very little in a great many words. Its concluding passage states that "it is easier for a loaded camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for an uncredentialed and unknown man or woman to secure admission even into that antechamber of New York society peopled by the smaller and struggling sets." When I read this, with the memory of P. Fitzwilliam Krawl fresh in my mind, it made me smile.

I think I first met him at the Skoffeys, or it may have been at the Skiffington-Smiths. It does not matter, anyhow, for as I recall it it was at one of those large parties in a small house where everybody plays at being very fashionable, and where nobody, from the host and hostess down to the younger brother, succeeds in deluding any one but themselves, if they even succeed in doing this. The first impression he made on me was that he was not clean. He wore a dress-suit that was very glossy, and a shirt-front that was very white and stiff, and patent-leather shoes with sharp toes that turned up a little at the ends. He had large cuffs, linked together with large buttons, and carried a large family-seal at the end of his fob-ribbon. But for all this, there was something about his complexion, which had an inflammatory rather than a healthy floridity, that was not reassuring, and when, on being introduced he took my hand in his, it made me think of a warm dish-rag.

"Who is Mr. P. Fitzwilliam Krawl?" I remember asking an acquaintance who performed the ceremony of making us known to each other; "and what is he?"

"Oh, bless you!" replied our master of ceremonies, benignantly; "I don't know. But he must be all right, for I met him at the Van Kreepers, and you know how particular they are."

Some nights later, being at the Van Kreepers, there was P. Fitzwilliam Krawl again, wandering in and out of the parlors, apparently knowing everybody and having a word to say to every one. Van Kreeper, noting that I was looking at him, came over to me and said:

"I say, X., let me introduce you to Fitzwilliam Krawl. You'll like him, I daresay. You're fond of characters, and he is quite a remarkable man."

"Indeed!" I replied; "the fact is, I have met him before. And, by the way, who is he, anyhow?"

Van Kreeper coughed well down in his throat, and looked pensive.

"Let me see," he said, slowly, "was I introduced to him at the Skoffeys or at the Skiffington-Smiths? I forget which it was; but I know he is quite proper, for I remember that the people who introduced us are a very careful lot, whoever they were."

I do not think I should have experienced any special curiosity as to P. Fitzwilliam Krawl, even after this, had I not seen him next at the opera, coming in to the Bammersley box, and bending over Mrs. B.'s liberally revealed charms to say a word or two to her, in apparently intimate confidence. Meeting Bammersley himself in the lobby, whiffing a cigarette between the acts, I said to him:

"Didn't I see Fitzwilliam Krawl in your box a little while ago?"

"Shouldn't wonder," answered Bammersley; "he generally drops in to taffy Mrs. B. Makes himself solid for a dinner invite, you know."

The game commenced to be interesting. I had not experienced any special wonder at the presence of P. Fitzwilliam Krawl at the Skoffeys, the Skiffington-Smiths, or the Van Kreepers, for they are, after all, hardly in Society with the big S. yet, though they are driving hard for it. But I knew the Bammersleys did not invite every one to dinner, and that they kept a sort of family history of those they did invite.

"Where does he come from?" I asked.

"Who?" asked Bammersley, absently rolling a fresh cigarette between his fingers.

"Fitzwilliam Krawl."

"Oh!" replied Bammersley, lightly; "sure I don't know. Think he's a Philadelphian, or maybe he comes from Boston. Fact is, he's one of my wife's friends, and I don't know exactly where she picked him up. Anyhow, he's a civil fellow, and plays a good knife and fork. You might ask Mrs. B., if you're very particular to know more."

I did ask Mrs. B., who told me that she had made P. Fitzwilliam Krawl's acquaintance at "dear Mrs. James Firewood's musicale, don't you know."

"And he is really a delightful person," said Mrs. Bammersley, quite enthusiastically; "he knows everything. He can tell you all about the fashions and amateur theatricals, and who the foreign noblemen that have just come over are, and no end of useful things."

"But," I persisted, "who is he, after all is said and done?"

"Ssh!" responded Mrs. B.; "there goes the curtain up. We can't afford to be hissed, like those vulgar Boodles in Number 33."

After this, life could hold but one mission for me. The mystery embodied by P. Fitzwilliam Krawl must be solved. Such a social conundrum could not be permitted to go unexplained. He must have begun somewhere. He must have come from somewhere. Somebody must know something about him, and that somebody must be found out. I almost fancied I had found him when young Pupson brought P. Fitzwilliam Krawl into the club to dinner one night. But when I cornered Pupson, and put the all-important question to him, I read my disappointment in his faltering eye.

"It's all right, dear boy," said he; "I shouldn't have brought him in if I hadn't known he was all right, I assure you."

"Of course," I reassured him, "I know that. But, who the deuce is he?"

"Why, bless you," returned Pupson, brightening up when he found he was not in for the wigging he so frequently incurs for bringing his loosely selected friends into the club, "he's a friend of Cadley's, don't you know."

The next thing to do was, naturally, to bring Cadley to book.

Did he know Fitz-Krawl?

Well, he should hope so.

Who was he?

Why, a thoroughbred, that's what he was. He had seen him get away with two quarts of Pommery at a sitting at the Golden Gridiron, and he could beat Billy Snype out of his boots at billiards.

But where did he hail from?

"Now that," said Cadley, indignantly, "was a dooce of a question to put to a fellow. Wasn't it enough if he vouched for a fellow, without every other fellow's wanting to pry into his pedigree like a dooced detective, don't you know?"

And Cadley trotted off in a huff to intercept P. Fitzwilliam Krawl, who just then put in an appearance round the corner, in a pale spring suit that rendered his complexion more dubious than ever.

By one of those unfathomable decrees of fate, which we all of us, at some time or another, have imposed on us, P. Fitzwilliam Krawl became, after a fashion, an inseparable part of my daily life. If I went down-town I was certain to encounter him lounging in a broker's office, or talking confidentially to an editor at his desk. If I went to a play on the first night, he was there, visiting the boxes and strolling down the centre aisle between the acts to talk to somebody in the front rows. If I looked in at a dance, there was P. Fitzwilliam Krawl disporting himself in the german, or taking one of the prettiest girls in the room down to supper. The name of P. Fitzwilliam Krawl figured in every report of the week's fashionable events, and when the sporting season opened, P. Fitzwilliam Krawl was one of the notable New Yorkers to be found on the grand stand and in the ring at Jerome and Sheepshead, at the Country Club, Rockaway, and Monmouth. Even when I missed him for a couple of weeks from town, I had to read daily of the progress of P. Fitzwilliam Krawl, Esq., and his friend Gumblee, cruising in the latter's yacht along the New England coast, and winding up in a glory of champagne and Fourth-of-July fire-works at Bar Harbor. I met one of the participants in these festivities later in the year, and asked him what he thought of P. Fitzwilliam Krawl.

"He's a charming fellow," was the prompt reply; "never met his like, I must say. Why, he was the life of Mount Desert all the time the yacht was there. All the nice people in the place took him up. Even the Philadelphia Biddles gave him the run of their house."

Here was certainly another point of evidence in P. Fitzwilliam Krawl's favor. To be taken up by a Philadelphia Biddle was even more valid as a stamp of fashionable authenticity than to be denied by a New York Bammersley. With the double remarque of the Bammersleys and the Biddles, P. Fitzwilliam Krawl should certainly be above suspicion. Yet I could not but remember his cloudy complexion, and his hand like a warm dish-rag, and continue to harbor my doubts.

It gave me quite a shock, therefore, when Fobbson remarked one evening that he had just left Cadley and Fitz-Krawl at the Hoffman Baths, tapering off after an owl-trip to Fire Island to witness the set-to between those eminent light-weights, Finnegan's Unknown and the Queen's County Buzzard. "Were they both in the bath?" I retained the presence of mind to ask.

"Cad was," replied Fobbson; "and he was a sight. His head was swelled as round as a pumpkin, and he couldn't keep his mouth shut or his eyes open. He was nearly drowned when they chucked him into the plunge, and they had to roll him to get the water out of him."

"And Fitz-Krawl?" said I.

"Oh, he was all right. His head must be made of boiler-iron. Why he didn't even take a bath, but sat in the office smoking and drinking b. and s. by the quart."

My spirits and my confidence in myself as an expert in character revived again.

Finally, one of the society papers announced the engagement of P. Fitzwilliam Krawl, Esq., of New York, to Miss Alida Marietta de Shyster, the daughter of that eminent descendant of the Patroons—Peter Stuyvesant de Shyster. The De Shysters are very nice people, with a comfortable slice of the patrimonial estate left them to live an easy life upon, and Miss Alida Marietta is an only child. "Now, at least," said I to myself; "we shall find out who P. Fitzwilliam Krawl is. They'll never let him marry into the De Shysters without showing his family tree." But again did the opportunity vanish. The engagement was promptly denied by the De Shysters, and denounced by P. Fitzwilliam Krawl himself as a base device of a personal enemy to injure him.

It was at the Crocus Club that P. Fitzwilliam Krawl made this statement, and among his hearers was that mad wag Guy Tarleton, whose tongue is as sharp as the pen with which he carves his living out of the press. "Oh, come now, Krawl," said Tarleton, "ride easy, do."

"Hey!" cried Fitz-Krawl, with a mighty show of blusterous indignation; "what do you mean?"

"Don't do dirty things, and tell silly lies about them afterward," said Tarleton.

"Sir!" cried Fitz-Krawl, as before, whacking his hand on the table.

Tarleton looked at Fitz-Krawl's hand, and then at his face. I could see the blood filter out of Fitz-Krawl's skin till only a muddy yellow tint was left, and I felt that my theory in regard to his natural complexion was verified. The discussion ended then and there, and as Tarleton and I went off to supper together, I asked him what he had meant by his remarks to Fitz-Krawl.

"I meant that he had that paragraph about his engagement put in the papers himself," replied Tarleton; "he wrote the slips and left them at the office. One of the men on our paper brought his notice to me to get some points about him and the De Shysters, to add to it. Who the devil is he, anyhow?"

"That," said I, "is what I have been trying to find out for a year."

"And what have you discovered?"

"That nobody knows anything about him."

"But relies on everybody else's knowing him, I suppose?"

"Exactly."

Tarleton whistled a bar from "Captain Jinks," and commenced to talk about Fanny Davenport and "La Tosca."

After the engagement episode, P. Fitzwilliam Krawl's popularity experienced a decided decline. He did not appear as often at the clubs, at most of which, in some mysterious way, he had previously enjoyed a sort of visiting privilege. Some of the more conservative men of his acquaintance began to drop him. Good-natured Cadley, however, still toted him about, and silly little Pupson stood him dinners at Del's, and had him for company at his famous *petit soupers* at the Golden Gridiron. But Pupson is young and very fresh, and Cadley, bless his empty head, has not enough brains even to think ill of his worst enemy.

Consequently, not a little amazement was experienced by the circles which Cadley adorns when it became rumored that he had a row with Fitz-Krawl and had cut him dead. Cadley himself refused any details in the matter. "Nevaw mind, deah boy," said he, as we strolled up Broadway when the afternoon mob was thickest; "the fellaw isn't worth a fellaw's notice, pon me soul."

At this who should heave in sight but Fitz-Krawl himself, coming toward us, and he made immediately for us, with his hand out:

"My dear Cad," he began, "forgive me, I was wrong. Accept my apologies, there's a dear boy."

Cadley looked him in the eye, and cleared his throat. Instead of speaking, however, he spat upon the flags at Fitz-Krawl's feet, and we left him standing, with the crowd staring at him, and his face as livid as the April sky.

"The low fellaw," said Cadley; "if it wasn't so dooced vulgaw to have a wow, I'd have chucked him into the guttaw."

The vulgarity was forced upon him that very night, however, for Fitz-Krawl pounced upon him going into his house, and announced his intention of avenging the insult of the afternoon in blood. To make sure of his vengeance Fitz-Krawl had armed himself with a sturdy cudgel, which Cadley promptly wrested from him and applied to his own person with no feeble hand. The arrival of the police probably saved Fitz-Krawl's life. As it was, both the owner of the cudgel and its wielder were marched off to the station-house, where Cadley positively declined to prefer a charge against his assailant. The sergeant in charge, who had eyed Fitzwilliam Krawl curiously when he was brought in, and who had several times consulted a photograph which he took from one of the drawers of his desk, said:

"Well, it doesn't matter. We'll hold him, anyhow."

P. Fitzwilliam Krawl commenced to bluster.

"That'll do," said the sergeant. "Take him down stairs. You'll have to leave your address with me, sir."

"But," cried Cadley, "I'll not appear against the fellaw. He stawted to thwash me and I licked him, so we aw even."

"You won't have to appear against him," said the sergeant; "the sheriff of Boston will take charge of him as soon as he gets my dispatch. He's been looking for him a year or more."

"Haw," said Cadley; "what faw?"

"Swindling; working the society racket on sappy swells," replied the sergeant, bluntly.

Cadley left his card, and went home in a much more pensive mood than was his wont. I learn from Boston that Peter Williams, confidential operator and swindler, is to go on trial next week. And I don't believe you can find any one in New York society, not to mention the Philadelphia Biddles, who would remember the name of P. Fitzwilliam Krawl if you should mention it to them. ALFRED TRUMBLE.

NEW YORK, May 18, 1888.

Here is another warning to women who wear high hats: A woman standing on the elevated railroad platform while her hat was in flames, was the unusual sight witnessed by a number of New Yorkers recently, at Fourteenth Street and Sixth Avenue. The platform was crowded with ladies returning from their shopping. Noticeable among the bevy was a richly dressed lady, Mrs. G. M. Allen. As the train neared the station, she came out of the ladies' waiting-room and crowded with the rest up to the edge of the platform. Suddenly a little scream was heard, and the lady was informed that her hat was on fire. It was a strange sight to see her standing there blazing like a torch, and the ladies fell back from her in wonder and fear. Mrs. Allen did not for a moment lose her presence of mind. With as much care and grace as though she were standing before her own mirror, she removed the hat-pins and lifted the blazing millinery from her head. She held it for a moment, as though loth to lose the handsome trifle of lace and flames, and then tossed it lightly to the floor, and with commendable coolness proceeded to stamp out the fire with her boots, while she seemed in imminent danger of igniting her skirts. When the flames were out, she kicked the now ruined hat to one side, and taking a lace scarf from her neck, put it over her head, and boarded the train as coolly and gracefully as though nothing had happened. The scene created a great sensation, and the ladies and guards who were present loudly applauded the action. The hat was one of those elaborate pieces of French art in which the ladies delight, and was composed of an abundance of flowers. It had caught fire from a gas-jet in the ladies' waiting-room in the station, and but for the prompt action of Mrs. Allen, her golden tresses would have shared the same fate as the millinery.

Great Britain's "drink bill" for 1887 is published, and amounts to one hundred and twenty-five million pounds sterling. Of this thirty-six million pounds sterling were spent for spirits, seventy-five million pounds sterling for beer, twelve million five hundred thousand pounds sterling for wine, and one million five hundred thousand pounds sterling for cider and native wines.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

William J. Bok states in the *Daily Graphic* that *Lippincott's* is said to have increased its circulation by more than twenty-five thousand by printing a complete novel in each number.

Edward Everett Hale is inclined to believe that, so far from America having taken its name from Americus Vespucius, the renowned navigator was named for America. Why he inclines to this belief he sets forth at some length in the leading article in the *Critic* of May 12th.

Mr. John C. Francis, publisher of the *Athenæum*, has nearly completed his "John Francis and the *Athenæum*: a Literary Chronicle of Half a Century." The work is an account of the founding of the famous literary journal and some of its work during the fifty years that the elder Francis was its publisher.

It is officially announced that the contributors to the No-Name number of *Lippincott's Magazine* are, in alphabetical order, as follows: H. H. Boysen, Helen Gray Cone, Rebecca Harding Davis, Edgar Fawcett, Henry Harland ("Sidney Luska"), Sidney Lanier, Joaquin Miller, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt, Henry D. Thoreau.

Judge's Young Folks, which we announced last week as a new journalistic venture, is a children's paper much in the style of *Harper's Young Folks* in its short stories, sketches, and verses, but it adds a novel feature in giving three colored illustrations, two on the covers and a double-page cartoon in the middle, after the fashion of *Judge* and *Puck*.

The serial that has been running in *Harper's Weekly*, entitled "A Strange MS. Found in a Copper Cylinder," is said to have been written by the late Professor De Mille, and to have lain in the archives of the Harper's establishment for the past fifteen years. This information will rather disturb those persons who have pronounced it an imitation of the peculiar literary productions of Mr. Rider Haggard. It will be issued in book form.

Robert Louis Stevenson says of Dickens, in his article on "Some Gentlemen in Fiction" (in the June *Scribner's*): "Here was a man and an artist, the most strenuous, one of the most endowed; and for how many years he labored in vain to create a gentleman! With all his watchfulness of men and manners, with all his fiery industry, with his exquisite gift of native characterization, with his clear knowledge of what he meant to do, there was yet something lacking."

Belford, Clarke & Co. announce the early publication of *Belford's Magazine*, with Colonel Donn Piatt as editor-in-chief, assisted by a large staff of able contributors. *Belford's Magazine* will devote a large part of its space to politics, and will openly espouse the cause of Democracy and of the present administration. The departments of fiction and general literature will not be neglected, and each issue will contain a complete novel after the plan successfully inaugurated by *Lippincott's Magazine*.

Addressing an assemblage of young literary men recently, Mr. James Russell Lowell told them how he escaped the fate of most beginners in literature, and reaped financial profits from his original venture in authorship. His first book had an edition of five hundred copies, and he paid for the printing of it himself. Soon after the book was issued, and before many copies had been sold, a fire occurred in the publishing house where the volumes were stored, and they were destroyed. As the publisher carried a full insurance on the stock, Mr. Lowell was able to realize the full cash value of his venture, and he had the satisfaction of saying that the entire edition was exhausted.

Mr. Edward Vizetelly, the pioneer publisher of translations from French novels in London, and who publishes yearly far more translations from the French and Russian than all the other London publishers combined, says there is no money in high-class French novels. He began with these, and speedily ran into bankruptcy. Then he took up Gaboriau, of which, in a few years, he sold several hundred thousand of volumes. Next come Du Boisgobey's works, of which half a million were distributed, to be followed by Zola, translations of whose novels have gone at the rate of not less than a thousand a week. Ohnet is the French author who sells next best on the English market. Isolated translations from the French do not go.

"When I find an idea that strikes me," says Sardou, "I begin to make a collection of sensational newspaper items, celebrated trials, bits of conversation noted in passing, etc., all of which I write down on little scraps of paper. The work of accumulation sometimes lasts for years. When I take the piece out of the collection it is only in embryo, and then begins the important work. The idea is there, and it remains to be seen in what circle and at what epoch I shall make it live, what personages I shall make move around it, what names I shall give to these personages, and how I shall clothe them, for none of the necessary details figure in the collection. My heroes have no names. They are forces, A. B. C. From the contact of these three forces must come a capital situation, which is the knot of the intrigue. My first dramatic thought always comes to me under this formula, after which I seek to find out what causes can bring on this situation, and what logical deductions can be drawn from it. It is only after this triple work that I bother myself about the names and costumes to give to my personages, about the country, and the place the most propitious to set them in relief."

Apropos of the innumerable translations nowadays coming from the press (say the *Book-Buyer*), a bit of wisdom from Mrs. Wister is worth repeating. Mrs. Wister's methods of "translation," as is perhaps not unknown, are of the most independent sort. She rearranges a tale, suppresses or introduces characters at will, even changes the climax of the story, and in general treats her original as a point of departure rather than as an inviolable authority. It is related that a young woman once came to Mrs. Wister to ask the latter's aid in procuring work in the way of translation. She assured Mrs. Wister that she knew German idiomatically and perfectly, and could read it with the utmost ease. "The question is not whether you can read German," the translator returned, "but whether you can write English. Anybody can find out the meaning of a page of German; that is simply an affair between himself and his dictionary; but to set the meaning down in good and attractive English is quite another matter. A translator is only a novelist who takes plots from foreign authors." I am not quoting Mrs. Wister's exact words, which come to me, indeed, second hand; but the sense is hers. She herself is literally a novelist who borrows her plots from German novelists, with such variations as please her; and she makes by her work, it is said, about as handsome an income from carrying out her theories as does any literary woman in the land.

New Publications.

"Joyce," a novel by Mrs. Oliphant, has been published in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 35 cents.

"A Pessimist; in Theory and Practice," a novel by Robert Timsol, has been published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, cloth, 30 cents.

The second volume of Sir John Malcolm's "Sketches in Persia" has been published in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

A new two-volume edition has been published of Doctor Cunningham Geikie's "Holy Land and the Bible." Its clear, open type, good binding, and the many illustrations from the celebrated German work of Doctor George Ebers, together with its remarkably low price, will commend it to students of the Scriptures. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale, post-paid, by the publisher; price, $2.00.

"The Invalid's Own Book" is a collection of recipes for the preparation of dishes for the sick-room, compiled from various books and various countries by the Hon. Lady Cust. Published by William S. Gottsberger, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, 25 cents.

"Marzio's Crucifix," a novel by F. Marion Crawford, which was noticed in these columns on its first appearance in book-form some months ago, has been republished in paper covers, and forms the first issue of Macmillan's Summer Reading Library, which is to be issued weekly during the summer. The books in this "library" are well-printed in good type and on good paper, and are of convenient size. Published by Macmillan & Co.; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

In "The Major's Love," by Ella Brown Price, an ex-major of the Northern army falls in love with the daughter of a Southern raider, whom he thinks he had killed, and his wooing is marked by more than the average lover's timidity in consequence; but the matter is set right by a crazy negress's confession that it was she who struck the death-dealing blow. This scheme is developed at length, in a literary style that would do honor to the *Chambermaid's Own*. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, paper, 50 cents.

"Black Ice" is Judge Albion W. Tourgee's new novel. The scene is laid in a Northern country village, and there are several well-sketched characters in it, notably an old-fashioned country doctor, the school-mistress who suddenly develops into a mystery and the heroine, the breezy narrator of the story, and his comely wife and tomboy daughter. The excitement of the winter sports is excellently described, and occasional scenes are quite dramatic; but the story is rather discursive and tends to drag heavily in places. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.25.

The various phases of the French revolution have been exploited by many readers, but the belief that the causes which gave rise to it have not been sufficiently considered by themselves has led Richard H. Dabney to publish a book entitled "The Causes of the French Revolution." It is in substance a series of lectures which the author had delivered before college classes and on the lecture platform. While there is little originality in it, the preparation of the work has entailed much research, and the result is a comprehensive and valuable study in the philosophy of history. Published by Henry Holt & Co., New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.25.

Duffield Osbourne has gone to the Bible for the inspiration for his novel, "The Spell of Ashtaroth," and has written a powerful story on the incidents of the siege and capture of Jericho by the Jews. The opening chapter shows the camp of Israel, sleeping before the walls of the City of Palms, on the eve of the conflict, and from the very outset the tale carries us on from scene to scene with a dignity befitting the subject, and yet full of exciting events and dramatic situations. The hero is Adril, son of Achan, who "took of the accursed things of Jericho" in rescuing from his fellows the Chaldean Princess, Elissa, and so disobeyed the command of God. His attempt to escape with Elissa is thrillingly narrated, and the scene where the captured lovers are stoned to death is very vividly described. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.00.

The Jacquerie, that terrible uprising of the French peasantry, when the *Tiers État* first made the oppressing nobles feel that they were a power not to be disregarded, is full of romantic incidents, and constitutes a field for the novelist and playwright that has been too long neglected. It is utilized in "Before the Dawn," a novel by George Dulac, and he has built up an interesting and dramatic story of the material which it affords. The action is limited to the few months of the Jacquerie, but the writer has given us a good sketch of the times, introducing Etienne Marcel, the crafty provost of Paris, the Dauphin, Charles of Navarre, and other historic characters, and showing us the entire range of the society of that day, from the nobles and cardinal-bishops down to the conservative citizens, the brutalized peasants, and the wild students, from whom was evolved a century later that first Bohemian, François Villon. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The new bound volume of the *Century* (November, 1887, to April, 1888) makes its appearance in a rich brown and gold binding. It contains nine hundred and seventy-two pages, of which a goodly proportion are illustrated. The text is divided into: general articles, in which may be mentioned "Au Large," by George W. Cable; Frank Stockton's "Dusantes"; "The Graysons," by Eggleston; "Abraham Lincoln," by J. G. Nicolay and John Hay; Mrs. van Rensselaer's articles on Durham and Salisbury Cathedrals; "Ranch Life in the Far West," by Theodore Roosevelt; George Kennan's studies in Russian politics and penology, and many lesser papers and stories; poetry by a long list of the younger poets; a generous installment of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War"; Topics of the Time; Open Letters, and Bric-à-Brac. It is a splendid volume in all its departments, and is a veritable magazine of good literature. Published by the Century Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Any one who wants to get a clear idea of the theory of evolution and the effect which its acceptance should have on our religious ideas, should read "Evolution and Its Relation to Religious Thought," by Professor Joseph Le Conte. The author sums up the purposes of his book by stating that its subject may be expressed in the three questions: "What is evolution?" "Is it true?" "What then?" In answering these questions Professor Le Conte has maintained an accuracy of scientific statement sufficient to place his book high among the text-books for students of his subject, and he has at the same time carefully avoided the excessive use of technical terms, so that his book is readily comprehensible to those who have made no especial study of the subject. His refutation of the popular idea that the theory of evolution makes all religious belief untenable by demonstrating a pure materialism, is the best presentation of the argument that we have yet seen. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

The third and concluding volume of Henry Charles Lea's "History of the Inquisition in the Middle Ages" has been issued from the Harpers' press. It is devoted to special fields of Inquisitorial activity, the chapter-headings being: "The Spiritual Franciscans," "Guglielma and Dolcino," "The Fraticelli," "Political Heresy Utilized by the Church," "Political Heresy Utilized by the State," "Sorcery and Occult Arts," "Witchcraft," "Intellect and Faith," and the "Conclusion." There is an appendix of several notable documents, and the index to the three volumes occupies nearly four-score double-column pages. This volume is, perhaps, to the general reader, the most interesting of the series; it contains a vast amount of curious information about the mighty engine with which the church sought to crush out the growing heresy of her children, and Mr. Lea has shown a strong perception of the dramatic in his writing, without in the least departing from the true historian's line of strict impartiality. The completed work is most welcome to the student, and must remain for years the standard authority on this subject. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The first volume has appeared of the new edition of "Chambers's Encyclopædia," which is to be in ten volumes, issued at intervals until completed. It is a thorough revision of the earlier work. Many of the articles have been rewritten, and a large number have been inserted, among the latter several on American topics, written by Americans and copyrighted; the maps, also, have been revised, and the blank spaces in the earlier maps of Africa are now seen thickly dotted with places with unpronounceable names; the American maps represent the present country, and even in the European maps there are changes in political boundaries. It would be impossible here to give any attempt at indicating the changes; it is sufficient to say that the revision, which has been in the hands of thoroughly competent specialists, has left almost no chance for error, and has been carried down to the present year wherever such particularity is necessary or desirable. Typographically the work is excellently presented, there are a great number of cuts, new and old, and in all respects the work is what it aims to be, a good popular encyclopædia. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann; price per volume: cloth, $3.00; leather, $4.00; half-morocco, $4.50.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A fond mother called, the other day, upon President Patton, of Princeton, and asked, anxiously, if her son would be well taken care of at college. Said Dr. Patton: "Madam, we guarantee satisfaction, or return the boy."

Lord Justice Clerk, one of the Lords of Session in Scotland in the beginning of this century, was a strange, rough, gruff judge. He used to take sketches of people in court with a pen and ink. One day he asked the usher, "Who's that man yonder?" "That's the plaintiff, my lord." "Oh, he's the plaintiff, is he? He's a queer-looking fellow; I think I'll decide against him and see how he'll look."

The late Rev. Henry Ware, of Boston, was once in a curious predicament. In the middle of a sermon his memory failed him and he stopped abruptly. The pause seemed long to the preacher before he regained his thought, and he imagined the sermon to be a failure in consequence; but as he walked quietly up the aisle, a different impression was given to him. "How did you like the sermon?" asked one hearer of another. "Like it? It is the best sermon Mr. Ware has ever preached. That pause was sublime!"

A young abbé, accompanied by two young and pretty women, once entered the box of the Marshal de Noailles, who was known for his misfortunes on the battle-field. The marshal soon afterward came and claimed the box. In the height of the dispute the abbé called out to the pit, which had looked on with much interest: "Gentlemen, I appeal to you. Here is the Marshal de Noailles, who has never taken a place in his life, and now wants to take mine. Am I to go?" "No! no!" cried the pit, and the marquis was forced to give way.

Metathesis—the transposition of letters in a word—is a source of many clerical mishaps. A writer in a late number of the *Spectator* adduced some curious examples of this pernicious habit. He cites the case of a clergyman who, wishing to say that "we all knew what it was to have a half-formed wish in our hearts," astonished his hearers by announcing "that we all knew what it was to have a half-warmed fish in our hearts"; and of another who, having "started out" to say that "we should not bow the knee to an idol," arrived at the conclusion "that we should not bow the eye to a needle."

"Brown is like necessity—he knows no law," used to be said of a certain huge, pompous member of the bar of Western New York. One morning the village street which separated the court-house from the tavern was ankle-deep with water, owing to a heavy rainfall during the night. Brown stood looking at the water from the tavern piazza, and so did White, another member of the bar, who, though physically a dwarf, was a brilliant and powerful lawyer. "White, my dear little fellow, what will you do?" said Brown, with a patronizing air; "you never can get across the street; you will drown. I shall have to take you across on my back." "If you should," retorted White, "you would have more law on your back than you ever had in your head."

Mrs. General Custer, the author of "Tenting on the Plains," says: "One of the Irish laundresses at a Western post was evidently infatuated with army life, as she was the widow of a volunteer officer, and therefore drew a pension—a fact which proves that money could not have been the inducement that brought her back to a frontier post. At one time she forsook her fascinating clothes-line and went into the family of an officer to cook, but was obliged to leave from illness. Her place was satisfactorily filled, and when she recovered and came back to the officer's wife, she was told that the present cook had been engaged to remain, but that she might find a place with the wife of another officer. It seems that the latter woman had also been a laundress at one time, and this the applicant well knew. Squaring herself off in an indescribable manner, she placed her arms akimbo and announced her platform: 'Mrs. Blank, I ken work for a leddy, but I can't go there. There was a time when Mrs —— and I had our toobs side by side!'"

At the height of his troubles, when things went very badly, the expenses of the vast theatre being ruinous, Charles Mathews one morning saw a ballet-girl in a dark corner of the stage, crying bitterly, and evidently in pain. The ever-gay comedian at once jauntily approached her (for nothing, seemingly, could dash his spirits), and said, cheerily, "What's the matter, my dear?" The girl sobbed in reply, "Oh, Mr. Mathews, I am in such pain! I have got such a dreadful toothache!" "Toothache!" said he, "poor thing, I am so sorry. I'll let you off rehearsal; go and have the tooth out." "I can't, Mr. Mathews." "Can't; why not?" said he "I c-a-n't aff-o-rd it," blubbered the girl. "Can't afford it! Nonsense!" answered Mathews; "run round the corner to St. Martin's Lane, where you will get rid of it for a shilling." "But I haven't g-o-t a shilling, Mr. Mathews." "Not got a shilling?" he replied at once; "neither have I. But come into the green-room, and I will take your tooth out myself!"

In 1823 Heine had been in Berlin two years. He had taken no degree, but had appeared before the world as a poet. At Munich he was much talked of at court, and one of the princesses royal, wishing to converse with such a notability, sent to ask him to come and take coffee. "Present my homage and thanks," said Heine to the huissier, "but explain that it is my habit to take coffee where I dine." An equally striking story of his freakish independence occurs in connection with his four months' visit to England, whither he went in 1827, and where, thanks to his uncle's crowns, he enjoyed himself well. His uncle, a millionaire Jew, of Hamburg, after providing the necessary expenses of the voyage, gave him a letter of credit on Rothschild for four hundred pounds sterling, explaining that it was only a form, and to give more weight to the introduction. What, then, was his anger, a few days after, to receive advice that the money had been drawn out. On Heine's presenting himself, on his return, to thank him, "Ah!" cried the furious banker, "empty-headed do-nothing, will you never be good for anything but to throw money out of the window?" Heine listened quietly, with a mocking air, and said, "My dear uncle, did you really expect not to have to pay for the honor of bearing my name?"

Mr. Fox, a New York lawyer, tells this story: "I was trying a case for a fire insurance company. The plaintiff was a Jewish lady, whose premises had been burned to the ground—a total loss. They were insured with my client, and he was called upon to pay the policy. The more he studied that fire, the more convinced he was that it began by the aid of a match and kerosene oil, and yet there was no positive, no legal evidence of arson. But he felt so sure of it that he decided to stand a suit at law rather than pay the policy. The suit was brought and the plaintiff took the stand. She told a clever story, clearly establishing an alibi, and for the life of me I could not break her down. I probed here and there and everywhere, but she had her tale by heart, and I couldn't discover a single weak spot. At last, I gave up in despair and sat down. A juror rose. He was of her own race, and a most peculiar expression was on his face, a look of real, deep anxiety, curiosity, and interest. 'Off te court blease,' he said, 'may I osk der vitness somedings? Idt vas fery imbordant.' 'Certainly,' answered the judge. The juror cocked up his eye in the most curious way, laid his long forefinger on his long nose, and said: 'Vat did you do mit der can?' Now, gentlemen, there had been no mention of any can in the case. Nobody had suggested a can, and yet that question caused the witness to turn red, hesitate, stumble. Finally, she said she didn't know what he meant. 'Oh, yah,' he answered, 'you know vat I means. Vat did you do mit der can?' That question saved us. She gave no answer, and the jury found a verdict for my client without leaving their seats. After the trial, I thanked the juror, and asked him how he came to think of the question. 'V'y, easy enuff,' he said, shrugging his shoulders; 'I vanted ter know. Ve [illegible] haf gret droubles mit der cans. She hadt done dot piznes [illegible] vas fery ankshus der know minesellaf alretty yust vat [illegible] can.'"

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"Where shall we go for the summer?"

This has, for long years, been the heading of a series of plaintive articles in the Eastern papers, which break out periodically so soon as winter begins to release its vise-like grip.

The answer seems to be buried in as profound mystery as Frank Stockton's great puzzle, or that more venerable and occult enigma, the attack on Billy Patterson.

Judging by the cartoons of the summer papers, which follow all the season long, Eastern people spend their summers in an uncomfortable stew and perspiration of misery, during which time they battle unceasingly with uncomfortable quarters, mosquitoes, extortion, train-catching, and bad butter.

People from the Atlantic sea-board are fond of saying to us, condescendingly, that as our civilization advances we grow more and more like the East every day.

There yet remain some serious points of difference, but in this matter of a wild, hopeless, despairing search for some place to go in the summer, we are beginning to be identical with them.

It is true that in the East they leave their cities to get cool, while we, shuddering, flee from our city to try to get warm.

San Francisco, during two months of the year, is the very paradise of climate. These months are February and October, and are not in sufficiently close juxtaposition to give any one a very lengthened term of weather enjoyment. Furthermore, February has lately taken to acting in the most scandalous manner, and almost destroying her long bright record. But like all fair things that are conspicuous, she gives us an occasional moon of such sensuous perfectness, that we forgive her and restore her to her proud place among the months. There are, upon occasion, three other months which are sometimes enjoyable.. But from the first of March to the last of September, San Francisco is a dry, dirty, dusty, gray, dismal, windy, foggy, gusty, blustering, damp, cold, rheumatic, disease-breeding city.

If any one deny this he owns property and his motives are not disinterested. I do not own a rood, and dare to tell the truth even in the face of the great wave of immigration which is to do so much good for us all.

Our pioneers, who were men not much given to summer jaunting and relaxation from work, or to recognizing the necessity of change in a climate where the four seasons do not roll, and the very atmosphere is monotony, have died by scores, either by some form of kidney disease, or by softening of the brain. Such of them as are left, and who have lived under the same conditions, have, many of them, these diseases either in their incipiency or in some expressed form. The doctors tell us that the skin does not do its work in the lowering fog, the whirling wind, and the swirling dust of a San Francisco summer. Consequently it is a very good place to get out of. And, with our Eastern cousins, every one hopelessly asks "where shall we go?" Every one's idea of country comfort is much alike. There is a desire to get away from the stereotyped country-hotel life. They dream vaguely of vine-covered cottages, broad verandas, leafy shade, and homely fare. Nor is such a spot an Utopia. But ——

In spring, in poetry, "A young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." In fact—in plain, cold fact—in the spring every one's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of greens. We dream of cool, inviting country places, where we shall get peas and beans fresh from the vine; lettuce crisp, cool, and green, fresh from its bed; young onions with the very juice of the spring in them; summer-squash, stayed in its immature ramblings over the garden; berries, bright and new, from their leafy shade; and luscious fruit just off the tree.

There used once upon a time to be yellow-legged chickens in the world, with fine, large, well-developed breasts, and sturdy, thick thighs, that made good meat and permitted themselves to be carved, as if they willingly offered themselves a sacrifice to the æsthetic appetites of the human race. There was no idea of sacrifice in the killing of them, nor was one chicken made to serve a dozen people cut up into curious anatomical bits—the chicken, not the people—that no one but a Chinaman could locate. What has become of them? When we get anything so rare as a chicken in the country at all nowadays, it is one of those poor little orphans, fresh from the incubator, with so little meat on their poor little appealing bones that they make one feel like a cannibal in the eating of them.

The whole chicken philosophy, or the way we handle it, is wrong in any case. People ask you anxiously and with hospitable intent—this not in the country, however—what part you will have. A potent politeness prevents you from saying, "the breast, please," and yet who wants any other part when flakes of that white delicacy are spread before him?

The fact is, people should not skimp on chickens. Let them have *supreme de volaille* one day, and gather up the baser fragments that are left another day, with a toothsome sauce, and every one is equally served. No one is left like the old gentleman in *Life*—or was it Du Maurier who drew him?—to whom the drumstick had fallen all his life. "After all," cries Miss Montmorency to him, as she deftly picks a bone clean, "there is nothing like a chicken wing, is there?"

"I do not know," gravely replies the old gentleman; "when I was young my parents ate all the white meat. Now, my children eat it."

Other times, other manners. In Paris one pays nine francs for a chicken. It is the plumpest, best-fed chicken in the world, and well worth the money. But your Parisian *restaurateur* is past-master in the economy of food, and if you buy your chicken in fragments, as you may do if you like, he will ask you "l'aile ou la cuisse?" and charge you according to your choice.

But in the country—our country—the infrequent chicken is most curiously carved. Each unrecognizable piece fished up out of the stew—they always stew chicken in the country, to make it go as far as it will—might be the deformity of a hunchback chicken for all resemblance it bears to any known quality. The economical stew is further augmented by dumplings, which serve as ballast for the chinks left by the incompleteness of the body of the repast. There is no objection to dumplings. They are not healthful, but they are savory exceedingly, when they are light and puffy and well permeated with the succulence of the chicken. But they intrude an idea of thrift as served with the tough and well-grown bird peculiar to the country hostelry.

A broiler is a height of luxury to which the bucolic idea never attains.

And so fades another country dream.

Yet another fancy that people entertain is cream, rich, yellow, clotted cream. This is to be flanked by light, white bread, pats of fresh, golden butter, and new eggs.

The country being the natural home of these things, fantastic city people have the idea that the country is the place to go for them.

In one famous hotel up the northern way, they unblushingly furnish the table with condensed milk. In a still more famous caravansary down the southern way, they import their milk from Kansas. In nearly every country place in the State—and the deeper into the country you go the more certain it is to be true—they give tinned vegetables only, and no fruit.

This, in a country where fruit rots upon the trees because it does not pay to pick it, and where vegetables sprout with a tropical luxuriance if people will only take the trouble to plant them in the ground.

There is one country hotel not far away, situated upon a large ranch, which has belonged to its present proprietor for thirty-five years.

Wells and springs bubble and gurgle all around him, and a huge stream of fresh, living water roars and tumbles past his house. There is a small orchard, from which the summer guests may sometimes eat a little fruit if it be not all used in preserving, but the only vegetables raised are some pale and dejected-looking cabbages, which are fed to the cow.

There is a cow. At the beginning of the season, when the people are few, it is easy to realize this. Later, the milk seems to have come from one of the springs. There are everywhere replicas of this place with its one vegetable and berry-day.

At Del Monte one may find comfort, unutterable gardens, groves, greenery, cleanliness, and good food. At Haywards the fabled country fare of the dreamer is spread in all its perfection. Fresh fruits and vegetables, undeformed chickens, fresh cream and milk, and golden butter, and everything with the sweet home flavor. But Haywards, fascinating hostelry as it has proven to be, is on one of the high streets in a little country town, and has not one green leaf to make it summery.

Del Monte is not attainable to every one, even if every one were not trying to get away from the coast.

And so, asking nothing but cleanliness and good country food, no tinned vegetables, a bit of climate without wind or fog, and a little green, every one is still saying, drearily enough, "Where shall we go for the summer?"

There is a violent rage for the improper just now. A raconteur who just skirts the line of danger, a book which just touches it, and a play which just topples over it are the fancy of the moment.

Mrs. Langtry draws crowded houses to see "As In a Looking-Glass," because it is a book off color put into tangible form. It has, curiously enough, been something of a disappointment, because Mrs. Langtry has wisely chosen to give Lena Despard the manners of a lady rather than the brazen front of a professed *lorette*. It has really not been bad enough to suit the multitude, and they have murmured against it.

"La Tosca" comes with a well-smirched reputation, and lo! the people are snarling at each other's heels and tumbling over each other in a mad anxiety to get in on the first night, lest the outraged authorities close the doors on the second.

Do not fret, my masters. It is not one-third so nasty as "Camille," nor one-half so explicit as "Gaston Cadol," nor one-fourth so odiously suggestive as a play which Daly gave two years ago to the same New Yorkers who objected to "La Tosca." They received it with unblanched front, because it came from Daly, but he himself had the grace to blush and withdraw it, nor is it ever mentioned now as a part of his repertoire.

The latest thing in the line of impropriety is the offer of a publisher to Miss Amélie Rives.

Miss Rives is a young woman, with a certain gift of words, whom the Harpers have been booming for a year, until they have finally boomed her into considerable notoriety. She was also boomed lately into a fever of mortification and humiliation by the honest opinions of her last book. But the publisher's offer has salved her wounds, and Miss Rives plunges into literature again.

The lady's tales were, for a time, harmless and girly-girly. As she is utterly without imagination and devoid of the power of creating character, she has taken to pseudo-archaic English, in which she is simply funny, and to the pillaging of other people's stories, in which she is rather adept. Miss Rives told a reporter that she wept bitterly when "Virginia of Virginia" died. Many others wept bitterly, because this feeble story took up so many pages of *Harper's Magazine*. But when they wish to shed comfortable tears they shed them over Miss Blanche Howard's poor little Breton "Guenn," a free, tameless, natural, almost breathing creature, who seems strange enough tricked out in Virginia's disguise.

Miss Amélie Rives has an erratic personality, which has also been widely boomed by the Harpers, and has hitherto made her more famous than her works.

They would never have been noticed at all, excepting that it was strange to come across them in a first-class magazine. In *Peterson's*, *Godey's Lady's Book*, or the New York *Ledger*, they would have been appropriately set, and would have reached an appreciative reading clientele. The girl might have climbed her way, as Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett did, to a notoriety which now is premature.

Vaulting ambition overleaps itself, and she left the protecting wing of the Harpers, who have all their lives been conservative about everything except Miss Rives, and, as it now transpires, kept her pretty well in leash. But, leaving them, Miss Rives determined to make a new departure.

Miss Rives determined to become improper.

The result has been that *Lippincott's* for April has had an unprecedented sale. The American News Company had a clean *Lippincott* shelf inside three days.

An enterprising newsdealer on Kearny Street, who never reads his own wares, has been amazed at a run on a magazine which had sometimes been a drug in the market. "The papers must have said something bad about it, I guess," he remarked, sapiently, "for I laid in a good stock of the May number, and no one came for it."

It was not its literary merit that charmed the public. The subjoined extract will give a specimen of its style:

> The first thing which strikes one in this story is the astonishing variety of inappropriate words and phrases employed by the author, and the extent of the liberties she takes with the English language. In the very first page we read of dry grasses swirled about in "the windless rain"; of horses that "hurled through narrow gateways like stones from a catapult," and "spun over large stones as though they had been mere fallen leaves." One would think the occupants of the carriage at least would have recognized the difference between large stones and fallen leaves when they were "hurled" over the former. Then we have a bridge with a "lithe" middle, and a "hurling, brown stream," and a "suave autumn sky." The heroine has an "elastic, night-cool cheek," whatever that may be, and she is ministered to by a negro woman who wears "stubs of black wool," and goes about the room with a "padding step." The heroine herself has a "padding step" also, and "long, gracile fingers," and her hair is "a blowse of red-gold." But everything in this book is remarkable Barbara and Dering, being out for a walk, "stepped from the shelter of the woods into the teeth of a brown gale" This brown gale "blew in volumes bulging with fierce sound"—as brown gales alone ever do. The fields, on this phenomenal occasion, were "a seething reach of dark-gray weeds and grasses"; and, not to fall below the prevailing singularity of things, the sky was "a flapping cloak of gray." No wonder that Barbara, in the peculiar circumstances, should draw "ragged, uneven breaths." For, in addition to all the other uncanninesses, "the wind slithered and hissed like a winged serpent," and presently began to blow in "fitful, whinnering gusts." Of course, nobody can be expected to behave normally in a brown, bulging gale which slithers and whinners.

But the things that the artless Amélie talks about make a world-hardened man's hair stand on end, and a young woman's veins curl. It is but fair to say that she does not understand what she is talking about, and if she did she ought not to talk about them.

None the less, the spirit of the age is triumphant, and on account of its very coarse fleshliness a publisher has offered Amélie Rives thirty thousand dollars for a novel of the same stamp as "The Quick or the Dead?"

Carlsbad is, or is to be, so densely populated with Californians this summer that it seems quite odd any one should be left to ask a question about it. None the less a note comes asking "about what does it cost to spend a month in Carlsbad? what is the programme there? what diseases is it good for? is it a pretty place? and is the life pleasant?"

To answer categorically: Carlsbad is said to be the most expensive watering-place in Europe, except Hombourg when the Prince of Wales is there, and Baden-Baden in the height of the season.

But one may live very comfortably in Carlsbad for three dollars a day, very luxuriously for five, and in princely magnificence for ten. It is possible and easy to obtain a handsome room in one of the numerous lodging-houses—all Carlsbad is made up of lodging-houses and hotels—a large, sunny two or three-windowed, comfortably furnished room, as sweet and wholesome as German cleanliness and sweet lavender-scented linen can make it, for prices ranging between three and ten dollars a week, according to its luxury and location. Every one eats *a la carte*, and while the prices of food are rather high, every one taking the cure is put upon such a limited regimen that there is no fatal attack made upon the purse. At all events, three dollars a day will cover lodging, food, and fees comfortably.

The hotel prices are, of course, a shade higher, and their apartments are graded in price as they are in elegance.

Your first step is to put yourselves into the hands of a doctor. No one should drink a glass of the powerful Carlsbad waters without advice.

He will tell you what is the matter with you, just how many glasses of water you are to take, which spring to take them from, how many minutes are to be between glasses, and whether you are to walk or sit during this lapse of time.

He will also tell you just how many baths to take, what kind they are to be—mud or mineral—as the mud baths are fatal plasters or poultices to those for whom they are not intended, just the temperature which fits your case, just the length of time you are to remain in the bath, and just the way in which you are to dry your body on coming out.

He will give you a scrap of paper upon which is written what you can eat and drink. Ask him no further question. Everything else in the world is barred out. If you do ask him he will fly into a rage over your stupidity. These German doctors are very brief and autocratic.

After your doctor has told you what to do, you arise at five in the morning, fall into line at your especial spring, and take your waters according to direction, every one providing his own cup. The government provides the young girls who dip it from the spring, and their fee is discretional with you.

At eight, every one disperses to the various cafés all about the town, and in the great pine woods around the town, for morning coffee. Breakfast in its American form is unknown.

After breakfast, people walk or sit about the woods till eleven, when all the world bathes.

At one, every one is arrayed in his best, and dines as luxuriously as his regimen will permit. It takes them a long time to dine.

At four, every one either takes a promenade in Pupp's Allé, or goes to that café where the best band is playing. There, around the tables under the trees, people sit and sip their coffee and smoke their cigars, and the women knit, or sew, or do fancy work, while they listen and dream away the afternoon.

At eight, every one moves on to another café, where the best band plays—all out of doors, by the way, excepting that they have glass rooms for refuge when the rain comes up—and takes a light supper. At half-past ten, the great crucifixes, with their lighted shrines, mount guard on the hills, and there is not another lamp alight in Carlsbad.

The waters are good for any disease of the liver, kidneys, and stomach, or for anything of the gouty and rheumatic form.

They are absolutely fatal for consumptives, for the troubles peculiar to women, or for any trouble involving great waste of tissue.

Fruit, acids, and alcoholic spirits can not be taken with them with impunity. Three summers ago a young Englishman, in a spirit of bravado, mixed some brandy with a glass of water from the Sprüdel Spring, and tossed it off. He was dead by nightfall. His example has checked the trade in spirits considerably, and made people generally adhere to the prescribed regimen with remarkable assiduity. The physicians always prescribe a *nach kur*, or after-cure, in some quiet place. It only means a complete rest of the system after a steady course of these powerful waters, and it is not wise, as many do, to disregard the physician's injunctions on this point.

Is Carlsbad a pretty place? Well, no. It looks rather like a garagantuan pigeon, nestled in what would be a cañon in California.

But fifty yards away it commences to be beautiful. It is in the very arms of the great, spicy, Bohemian forests, and there would be sublimity in the country round about to any one but a Californian. We have the most beautiful country on the green earth, and other forests and other mountains—except the Alps—and other green valleys seem just a little tame after our own.

As for the pleasure of the life in Carlsbad, it depends altogether upon the temperament of the traveler.

To the rambler, and the dreamer, and one with a talent for repose, it is a summer idyl. To the rusher and puffer, to the American, greedy for excitement, and style, and hurry, hungry for roast beef, ham and eggs, and the English language, it is a summer bore. It is the beatification of monotony, tranquillity, and rest, with the scent of pines in the air and a shifting panorama of all people under the sun to look upon, unless the Californians have crowded them out. And so, as in everything else in life, the enjoyment of it all depends upon what is in yourself, upon your own capacity for enjoyment.

BETSY B.

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MARK LANE, Agent,
14 Montgomery Street.

"Palermo may be truthfully said to be to-day, in many respects, further advanced, at the end of less than four months, in its development, than were some of the older settlements—Riverside, for instance, at the end of as many years."
—EVENING BULLETIN, APRIL 25, 1888.

IMPORTANT EVENTS!

GRAND EXCURSION TO PALERMO!

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1888,

—AND—

GREAT AUCTION SALE

OF 5 AND 10 ACRE LOTS IN SUBDIVISION NO. 2, WITH TOWN LOTS AND UNSOLD COLONY LOTS IN SUBDIVISION NO. 1, AT

IRVING HALL, 139 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO,

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1888, AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.

PALERMO! **The Riverside of Upper California. A Gem Colony, Surpassing all others in Fertility of Soil, Beauty of Landscape, and Abundance of Pure Mountain Water.**

The Palermo Colony, consisting of 6,900 acres of the choicest Fruit Lands in the State, is situated in Butte County, California, in the heart of the Northern Citrus Belt, 170 miles north of San Francisco and five miles south of Oroville, on the line of the Northern California Railroad. At the town of Palermo there is now a depot and warehouse, with side-tracks and railroad switches, and within a few weeks a post-office and telegraph-station will be established.

SOIL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

The soil is a rich red and black gravelly loam, the adaptation of which to all sorts of fruits has been fully established. Over one-third or more of the tract, including nearly all of Subdivision No. 1, and every part of Subdivision No. 2, is perfectly level. The remainder consists of gently rolling hills and valleys, where are sites for lovely homes and picturesque villas. Scattered over the Tract are giant live and white oaks and pretty groves of smaller trees.

A RESUME OF FOUR MONTHS' OPERATIONS AT PALERMO.

On the ninth day of last January the first subdivision of the Palermo Colony, called Subdivision No. 1, and consisting of about 1,800 acres of land, was put on the market. The sales which immediately followed have been steady and continuous, although unaccompanied with any excitement or appearance of a boom. About three-fourths of this subdivision, apart from the town site, has been sold to bona-fide purchasers and settlers, as the catalogue-map will show, and where the lots are large enough to admit it the name of the purchaser appears on the same. The prices obtained range from $75 to $250 per acre, being regulated entirely by the distance from the depot.

A MERCHANT AND STILL A FRUIT-GROWER.

A most attractive feature of the Palermo Colony is the splendid system adopted by the Palermo Land and Water Company for planting and caring for the groves and orchards of non-residents at actual cost, thus enabling those who can not well give up their business or occupation to still engage in the profitable enterprise of fruit-growing. While a number of most desirable settlers have located at Palermo, and are caring for their own little farms, the company, under the supervision of the Horticultural Superintendent, H. H. Huntting, has done a vast deal of work for purchasers living outside of the State, many of whom will build handsome residences on their tracts and spend a greater portion of the year among their beautiful groves of oranges and other fruits.

THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS SPENT IN CULTIVATION.

During the season just passed within which trees could be planted—since the formation of the Palermo Colony—nearly twenty-five thousand trees (mostly orange-trees three or four years old, of the finest varieties) have been set out, in addition to which the Palermo Nursery and Citrus Association has thirty thousand more in its nursery to meet the demand for next season. Orders were given for double this amount of work, but owing to the lateness of the season it was deemed inadvisable to attempt to do any more planting. Seven and one-fifth miles of picket fence were built; twenty-four miles of main and distributing ditches were dug, enlarged, and cleaned. The system of irrigating through ditches is, however, only temporary, and was adopted to meet the present demands. By next season the company contemplates having pipe lines laid throughout the colony and town site, and great reservoirs will furnish abundant water for every purpose. Eight and one-half miles of street grading has been done, and after the winter rains this work will be resumed, until throughout the colony the avenues and roadways will surpass those of Golden Gate Park. This work has given steady employment to two hundred and fifty-seven men.

IMPROVEMENTS.

Quite a number of good, substantial dwellings have been erected at Palermo, and but for the scarcity of lumber (something never before known in this splendid lumber district) others would have been built. A planing-mill, which will employ from thirty to forty men, is in course of construction, and a large hotel will be built by the company and ready for occupancy the coming fall. It is intended to make this hotel the finest in Northern California, creating at Palermo unprecedented attractions to visitors, tourists, and seekers after health in this great sanitarium.

SUBDIVISION NO. 2.

Subdivision No. 2, lying along the railroad and immediately adjoining the town-site of Palermo, is as pretty a piece of perfectly level land as can be fonnd in California to-day. It may truly be called the cream of the Palermo Colony. It shares every advantage that Subdivision No. 1 possesses, and its value, present and future, is established beyond peradventure. It comes as an offering to the public when this enterprise is no longer an experiment. Purchasers will have the assurance that no future subdivision can compete with it; since this is the only public sale that will ever be made of Palermo property, the inducements to at once accept the opportunity are unparalleled in the history of real-estate transactions. IT WILL BE THE LAST SUBDIVISION OFFERED WITH FREE WATER.

TOWN LOTS.

The town of Palermo must of necessity be a place of considerable importance. Its situation in the midst of a district yet in its infancy of fruit-culture, though destined to become a great and growing one, and possessing splendid railroad facilities, with the almost certain prospect of being on a new overland route through the Beckwith Pass, makes an investment there a safe and profitable one. The lots, which are perfectly level, are all 50 feet front, and have a depth of 150 feet, except those fronting on Railroad Avenue, which vary from 117 to 180 feet.

LOTS IN ALTERNATE BLOCKS ONLY WILL BE SOLD.

The terms of sale will be very liberal, and will apply to both town lots and colony tracts, viz., One-third cash, balance in one and two years, with interest at seven per cent. per annum. Water for irrigation will be furnished free of charge for three (3) years, and thereafter at such rates as are fixed by the County Board of Supervisors. Purchasers of the next subdivision of the Palermo Colony will pay for water from the time they commence to use it.

To enable all to see the property and pay a visit to the "Gem Colony," we will run a FIRST-CLASS SPECIAL EXCURSION TRAIN from San Francisco, Sacramento, and Marysville on WEDNESDAY, May 30, 1888, at the following rates to Palermo, Oroville and return:

$3.00 FROM SAN FRANCISCO. $1.00 FROM SACRAMENTO.
50 CENTS FROM MARYSVILLE.

TIME TABLE:

Leave San Francisco 7 A. M.; Sacramento, 10:30 A. M.; Marysville, 12:30 P. M. Arrive at Palerma, 1:30 P. M. Grand picnic at Palermo, where excursion will remain until 5:30 P. M., leaving for Oroville at that time. Leave Oroville at 6 P. M. Thursday, May 31st; arrive at San Francisco about noon.

Tickets should be procured before the morning of departure, as only a limited number will be sold that day. Tickets for sale, maps and catalogues at the office of

MCAFFEE BROTHERS, 10 MONTGOMERY STREET,

NEWHALL'S SONS & CO., AUCTIONEERS, 225-227 BUSH ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Elsie—"Why do you love Gus?" *Ada*—"He hates all my intimate friends—Lulu, Ella, and Clara."—*Tid-Bits.*

A Vermont humanitarian has just patented a fly-paper skull-cap for bald-headed men to wear in church.—*Puck.*

He—"It is strange, dear, we can not speak without quareling." *She*—"And yet, when we quarrel we don't speak."—*Life.*

Young bachelor—"I see Mrs. John Sherwood says American men are the most indulgent husbands in the world." *Married man*—"Humph! We have to be."—*Omaha World.*

Inexperienced kid—"Why, pa, what's the matter with you?" *Pa goat*—"My dear child, I have a terrible attack of indigestion. I am afraid that coal-scuttle was too rich."—*Life.*

An Ohio man has patented a revolving hat-tree with twelve pegs in it, and the man who comes home drunk can probably manage to hit one of them with his hat.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Professor (to class in physics)—"Now, describe this electrical machine, if you please." *Head boy*—"It consists of a large glass wheel, turned by a crank." (Applause from the class.)—*Life.*

Edwin (suddenly, after a long pause)—"Darling!" *Angelina*—"Yes, darling." *Edwin* (sighing)—"Nothing, darling, only darling, darling!" (Bilious old gentleman seated near by faints.)—*Punch.*

Speiglehamer (of whom Uncle Reuben Haycede has just purchased a bill of goods—"Rachel!" *Voice* (from behind curtain)—"Vell?" *Speiglehamer*—"Gif dis shentlemon a good ten-cent cigar, 'tswei fer finf'!"—*Puck.*

Nothing had been said for some time, and the girl gazed dreamily into the fire. "In 'maiden meditation,' Miss Clara," he asked, as tenderly as he dared. "Yes, Mr. Simpson," she replied, "and 'fancy free.'"—*Tid-Bits.*

Browny (to Jonesy, who has taken a cottage for the season)—"Very neat, convenient little place, Jonesy; but I notice that all your neighbors have fine orchards, while you haven't a single fruit-tree." *Jonesy*—"I have just as much fruit."—*Puck.*

Angry father—"Here, you! Get up! It's daylight long ago!" *Sleepy son*—"Y-e-s." *Angry father*—"It's strange you can't make up your mind to get up." *Sleepy son*—"Mind's all right. (Yawns.) It's my body I can't make up."—*Tid-Bits.*

"Now, I know where we are," said a rustic youth, who had been engaged to act as guide by an Austin sportsman, as they plodded with difficulty through a deep swamp. "Well, where are we?" asked the sportsman. "We are bogged."—*The Colonel.*

Visiting chum (to Gould, who writes verses)—"That poem of yours, old boy, 'I saw myself in a dreary waste,' is splendid. Just needs one word to complete it." *Gould*—"What is it? I'll be glad of any suggestion." *Visiting chum*—"Basket."—*Tid-Bits.*

Brown—"You don't look very happy, Robinson." *Robinson*—"No, I left off my flannels this morning and caught cold." *Brown*—"That's bad." *Robinson*—"Oh, I don't care anything about the cold; but my wife told me I was leaving them off too soon."—*Life.*

Farmer Scroggs (to G. A. R. man whom he is entertaining)—"Yes, them was great times. I ought t' know, for I left an arm at Antietam." *Friend* (who has entered unnoticed)—"That's the first time I heard your old mowing-machine wuz so fur South."—*Tid-Bits.*

"Beg pahdon, mum, but you dropped your veil in the—the lift," said the bell-boy to the departing guest, narrowly watching the effect of his words. "James," said the pleased New York lady to her husband, "give the boy two shillings. He takes us for English people."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Young lady (visiting from Oshkosh)—"And is it true, dear Mrs. Gotham, that only four hundred people comprise the best society of New York?" *Mrs. Gotham*—"Yes, it has been so stated." *Young lady*—"It's very curious; why, we have a larger number than that in Oshkosh."—*New York Sun.*

Friend—"Was your uncle's will satisfactory to you, Brown?" *Brown*—"Perfectly so; I'm a lucky dog! He left his entire fortune to an insane asylum." *Friend*—"You mean that you are an unlucky dog." *Brown*—"No, I don't; the other relations are going to contest the will, and I'm to be the attorney."—*Life.*

Stranger (to fellow-passenger)—"From the West, sir?" *Passenger*—"Yes, Oshkosh." *Stranger*—"I'm from Kalamazoo, myself." *Passenger*—"That so! Kalamazoo is a funny name for a town." *Stranger*—"Yes, I s'pose it does sound funny to a man from Oshkosh; but we Kalamazoo people are used to it."—*Life.*

Police judge—"Prisoner, you are charged with having brutally assaulted this man." "I admit it, your honor, but there were extenuating circumstances." "Of what nature?" "Why this man asked me 'if a hen and a half laid an egg and a half in a day and a half, how many——'" "That will do. You are discharged."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

Ashamed of his grandfather: *Ferguson*—"I say, here is Charlie Gouvernor's wedding notice. It says he is the son of John Gouvernor, and the great-grandson of old George Gouverneur. What the deuce did his grandfather do that he left him out?" *Wiggins*—"Why, haven't you heard? The grandfather worked and made the boodle."—*Life.*

Oh, See the Man! Yes, my Child, I see the Man. Does he Not look Hideously Ferocious? Yes, he Looks as though he were Thirsting for Gore. Is he a Pirate of the Spanish Main? No, he is not a P. S. M.; he is a very Good, Harmless Man. Then why Does he Scowl so Horribly? Because, my Child, he Desires to Rest his Face. He has just Returned from an Informal Gathering, where he has been Entertained very Much by a Young, Oh, very Young Amateur, who Kindly Offered to Give what he Thought was an Imitation of a Celebrated and Popular Actor, and he has had to Smile, out of Politeness, until his Cheeks Cracked. He is now Resting himself by Imagining what a Pleasant Time he and the Young Man would Have, if they were Alone in the Centre of a Boundless Prairie.—*Puck.*

MR. BLAINE'S HEALTH.

(From the *T—b—e.*)

FLORENCE, May 14.—As the *T—b—e* correspondent drove up before the Hotel de la Paix for the purpose of interviewing the Hon. James G. Blaine, who is stopping at this hostelry, the great statesman bounded down the steps, three at a time, and brushing aside the throng of ambassadors and princes who were waiting to learn his views upon international questions, he started up the street at a brisk pace, only stopping, with characteristic kindness, to write his name in the autograph album of a blind girl who had been watching for his appearance since early morning.

Mr. Blaine was the picture of robust health and virile manhood as he strode up the thoroughfare. His complexion was like that of a woodsman, his eye was clear as that of an eagle, and his broad chest and sprightly gait gave other pedestrians the impression that he was a man of not more than thirty or forty years. Persons who saw Mr. Blaine last, during the campaign of 1884, will scarcely recognize in the stalwart athlete he has since become the feeble and decrepit, though magnetic, statesman, whose powerful intellect at that time only made his physical weakness more marked. Even the correspondent of the *H—l—d*, who was with me, could not restrain an exclamation of wonder at Mr. Blaine's improved appearance. Most of the foreigners in Florence, knowing that he is an American, think that he is John L. Sullivan, which, in view of his marked muscular development, is not at all strange.

In the afternoon, your correspondent walked with Mr. Blaine out to the Cascine, where he swam across the Arno and back, and we then made a visit to the Campanile, where Mr. Blaine climbed up into the bell-tower and slid down the lightning-rod, much to the admiration of many thousand spectators. His flow of spirits may best be understood when I relate that as we passed the Church of Santa Croce, where Michael Angelo is buried, Mr. Blaine, with delightful humor, alluded to the dead artist as "Mike."

In the evening I had the pleasure of witnessing a glove-bout between Mr. Blaine and the Pratomagno Chicken, in the apartments of the former. The Chicken is the champion of Italy, and one of the most powerful and expert sluggers in the world; but Mr. Blaine did him up without an effort.

Asked about the tariff issue by your correspondent, Mr. Blaine, with that broad mental grasp that has always marked his utterances upon public questions, said that it was. It is the opinion of the leading politicians of Italy that Mr. Blaine is the only man who could win victory for the Republican party in the United States.

(From the *H—l—d.*)

FLORENCE, May 14.—Supported on either side by two stout valets, a human ruin tottered down the steps of the Hotel de la Paix this morning, as the *H—l—d* correspondent drove by with the Pope and Cardinal Spaghetti.

Who was this human ruin?

It was ex-Senator James G. Blaine, whom the people of the United States will never see again, for he can not live to cross the ocean.

Dying among strangers!

Such is the irony of Fate!

I watched Mr. Blaine as he moved, or was moved, up the street, and noted that the people turned pityingly to look after his decrepit and tottering figure as his two attendants dragged him along. Mr. Blaine's skin is the color of faded parchment. His eyes are lustreless and betray a failing mind. His left side is completely paralyzed, and his right side is similarly afflicted from his ankle up to his neck, he being able to partially use the right foot, and to move the third joint of the middle finger of his right hand.

Those persons who admired Mr. Blaine's physical vigor during the campaign of 1884 would never recognize him in the shriveled and decrepit wreck so painfully making his way along the thoroughfare, an object of pity and compassion to all beholders. The correspondent of the *T—b—e*, whom I met driving in a cheap cab, could hardly restrain his tears as he gazed after the remains of the man whom the Republican party once delighted to honor.

It was, indeed, a sad and touching sight!

In the afternoon King Humbert and I drove over to the Hotel de la Paix, and, while his majesty held the horses before the door, I ran in to have a little chat with the distinguished American.

As I reached the top of the grand staircase several servants rushed past me, and I learned that they were off for Mr. Blaine's physicians, as he was feared to be dying. He had been seized with convulsions at the sight of a runaway horse in the Piazza della Signoria during his morning constutional, and had since been going from one fit into another with great enthusiasm and vigor, which had finally terminated in a hemorrhage of the lungs, complicated with abdominal spasms. A consultation of physicians was held late in the afternoon, and it is believed that he may live a few days longer with careful nursing and attention.

It is the general opinion among the Italians who know anything about Mr. Blaine, that his condition is a great boon to the Republican party of the United States, since it will preclude the possibility of his nomination for the Presidency.—*Life.*

1835--1888.

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DATES.—Trains leave Los Angeles on Thursdays and San Francisco on Fridays, meeting at Sacramento Friday afternoon. Dates are as follows: From Los Angeles—April 26th; May 10th, 24th; June 7th, 21st; July 5th, 19th; and day following from San Francisco, Sacramento, Tulare, Fresno, Merced, Lathrop, San José, Stockton, Davis, Marysville, Colfax and Reno.

FIRST-CLASS these excursions undoubtedly are in every respect, as no objectionable people are received, and each party is in charge of Burlington agents through to Chicago.

FREE SLEEPING CARS properly provided with curtains, mattresses, blankets, etc. No extra charge for this, or for any other service.

RATES.—$35.00 is the price of a ticket from Los Angeles, San Francisco and most California stations to any Missouri River point, and only slightly more to points farther East.

SCENERY BY DAYLIGHT is a great feature, as these excursions will stop twenty-four hours in Salt Lake, and go by daylight through the Black Cañon of the Gunnison, cross the Continental Divide through the famous Marshall Pass, thence down the Valley of the Arkansas through the Grand Cañon and the Royal Gorge.

FURTHER PARTICULARS are contained in Burlington Route excursion folder, to be had at any ticket offices of Southern Pacific and other railways, and at the Burlington Route offices below.

W. D. SANBORN, General Agent, 32 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

J. B. QUIGLEY, Freight and Pass. Agt., 112 North Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The regular annual meeting of the Argonaut Publishing Company will be held at the rooms of the Company, Room 1, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California, on Tuesday, the fifth day of June, 1888, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors to serve during the ensuing year, and the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

JEROME A. HART, Secretary.

Office—Room 3, Argonaut Building, No. 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, California.

Transportation -Rail.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 15, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9 00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 7.45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11 00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8 00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.45, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 2.45, 4 00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10 00, 11.45 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M. (Sundays)—6.45, 8.45, 10 00, 10.40 11.35 A. M.; 12 45, 1.30, 3 30, 4.45, 5 45, 6.45, 7.45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.45 P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.15 P. M.

3.25 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's).

EXCURSION TRAINS.

7.30 A. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 7.35 P. M.

8 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero (Ingram's), $4.00.

Saturday and Sunday Excursions—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2 50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero (Ingram's), $3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Ingram's daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

JNO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From May 20, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.00 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo and Calistoga	10.15 A.
8.30 A.	Fast Mail for Ogden and East	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
10.30 A	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	12.45 P.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo and Calistoga	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
6.30 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8 45 P.
SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.		
‡ 7.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
*2.15 P.	For San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
4.15 P	For Centreville, San José, Almaden and Los Gatos	9.20 A.
NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)		
7.15 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
‡ 7.50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion	‡ 8.35 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.40 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	4.36 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5 42 P.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10 02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5.10 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.00 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.40 A.
†11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.50 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted.

"Standard Time" furnished by Lick Observatory.

WASTE EMBROIDERY SILK

Factory Ends at half price; one ounce in a box—all good Silk and good colors. Sent by mail on receipt of 40 cents. 100 Crazy Stitches in each package. Send Postal note or Stamps to THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG SPOOL SILK CO., 621 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa. or 469 Broadway, New York.

THE BRAINERD & ARMSTRONG CO.

STORAGE For Furniture, Pianos, and other goods. ADVANCES MADE. J. M. PIERCE, 735 Market Street.

Transportation--Ocean.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.
FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 3 o'clock P. M. for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong.	1888.
Belgic	Saturday,	May 12
Oceanic	Thursday,	June 21
Gaelic	Wednesday,	July 11
Belgic	Tuesday,	July 31
Arabic	Tuesday,	August 21
Oceanic	Saturday,	September 8
Gaelic	Saturday,	September 29
Belgic	Thursday,	October 18
Arabic	Wednesday,	November 7
Oceanic	Wednesday,	November 28
Gaelic	Tuesday,	December 18

Excursion Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA

Acapulco ..... **Friday, May 25, at 10 A. M.**

Taking freight and passengers direct for Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, Corinto, Punta Arenas and Panama

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:

City of Peking ..... **Tuesday, May 29, at 3 P. M.**
City of Sydney ..... **Tuesday, June 12, at 3 P. M.**
City of Rio de Janeiro ..... **June 30, at 3 P. M.**
City of New York ..... **Saturday, July 21, at 3 P. M.**

Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or passage apply at the office, corner First and Brannan Streets.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., Gen. Agents.
GEO H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:

The steamers MEXICO and UMATILLA direct for VICTORIA, B. C., and PUGET SOUND ports at 9 A. M., every Friday.

The steamer MEXICO sailing every other Friday at A. M. connects at Port Townsend with the steamers IDAHO and ANCON for Alaska.

For PORTLAND, OREGON, in connection with the O. R. & N. Co., every five days.

For SANTA CRUZ, MONTEREY, SAN SIMEON, CAYUCOS, PORT HARFORD, SAN LUIS OBISPO, GAVIOTA, SANTA BARBARA, SAN BUENAVENTURA, HUENEME, SAN PEDRO, LOS ANGELES, and SAN DIEGO, about every second day.

For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay, Tuesday, at 9 A. M.—CITY OF CHESTER.

For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., every Monday, at 3 P. M.

TICKET OFFICE, No. 214 MONTGOMERY ST., near Pine.
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,
No 10 Market Street, San Francisco

H. B WILLIAMS. A. CHESEBROUGH. W. H. DIMOND.

WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
UNION BLOCK,
202 Market St., and 3 Pine St., San Francisco.

Agents for Pacific Mail S. S. Co.; Pacific Steam Navigation Co.; The Cunard Royal Mail S. S. Co.; The California Line of Clippers from New York and Boston; The Hawaiian Line; The China Traders' Ins. Co., Limited; The Baldwin Locomotive Works.

LOST BEAUTY FOUND.

A most precious treasure procured, regained, and preserved by the use of **Malvina Cream** and Lotion, and **Malvina Ichthyol Soap.** Freckles, Tan, Pimples, Moth Patches, and all other Discolorations or Eruptions of the Complexion or Skin positively removed and cured, or money refunded. Malvina Cream and Lotion, 50 cents each; Malvina Ichthyol Soap, 25 cents. Prepared by PROF. I. HUBERT, Vienna, Austria, and Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A. For sale by all druggists.

Banks.

THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital **$3,000,000**

WILLIAM ALVORD ..... President.
THOMAS BROWN ..... Cashier.
BYRON MURRAY, JR ..... Assistant Cashier.

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world.

Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfort-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiana, Locano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

WELLS, FARGO & CO.
BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Capital and Surplus **$4,694,805.04**

DIRECTORS:

LLOYD TEVIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Pres't. Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Charles Fargo, Geo. E. Gray, C. F. Crocker.
H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

GRANGERS' BANK OF CALIFORNIA.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

INCORPORATED ..... APRIL, 1874.

Subscribed Capital **$1,000,000**
Capital Paid Up in Gold Coin **624,160**
Reserved Fund **40,000**

OFFICERS:

A. D LOGAN ..... President
I. C STEELE ..... Vice-President
ALBERT MONTPELLIER ..... Cashier and Manager
FRANK McMULLEN ..... Secretary

A general banking business transacted. Deposits accounts received from Merchants, Produce and Commission Men, and individuals from both city and country. The bank is now enlarging its office for the better accommodation of customers.

HAND-MADE SHOES, $8.00.

P. F. McNulty

FROM THOMAS', LONDON.

15 New Montgomery Street.
Under Grand Hotel.

Insurance.

HOME MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.,
No. 216 Sansome Street,
East side, between California and Pine, San Francisco.

Capital (Paid up in Gold) **$300,000 00**
Assets, Jan. 1, 1888 ..... **816,627 14**

PRESIDENT ..... J. F. HOUGHTON.
VICE-PRESIDENT ..... J. N. L. SHEPARD.
SECRETARY ..... CHARLES R. STORY

London Assurance Corporation
Of London. Established by Royal Charter 1720
Northern Assurance Company
Of London. Established 1836.
Queen Insurance Company
Of Liverpool. Established 1857.
Connecticut Fire Insurance Co.
Of Hartford, Conn.
ROBT. DICKSON, Manager.
WM. MACDONALD, Ass't Manager.
South-east corner California and Montgomery Streets (Safe Deposit Building), San Francisco.

ANGLO-NEVADA
ASSURANCE CORPORATION
OF SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
FIRE AND MARINE.

CAPITAL, - - - - $2,000,000
OFFICE ..... **410 PINE STREET.**

Bankers, The Nevada Bank of San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA
TITLE INSURANCE AND TRUST CO.

Office, 206 Sansome Street.

CAPITAL PAID UP - - $250,000

Absentee owners, persons unacquainted with the transaction of business and corporations, such as religious and charitable institutions, will find this company a safe and convenient agent for managing investments. In its

TRUST DEPARTMENT

It manages estates. It collects interest, dividends, and rent.

It remits income promptly to absentee owners.

It buys and sells for its clients government bonds, approved securities and real estate.

It acts as Executor, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver, Depositary, and Attorney.

It registers and transfers stock, pays dividends, etc., for railroads and other corporations.

It negotiates and issues loans on the San Francisco market.

It undertakes the business of trustee for loans of approved corporations, and is authorized by law to act as trustee in every capacity in which an individual can act.

TITLE INSURANCE DEPARTMENT.

In this department the company combines the business of searcher and attorney, and gives an absolute guaranty of title up to the full value of the property, if the title is found to be good. If title is found defective and unsurmable, the total charge is but ten dollars.

ASK FOR

LIEBIG COMPANY'S

J. Liebig TRADE MARK

EXTRACT OF MEAT

and insist upon no other being substituted for it.

N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.

MILLER PIANO
THE MONARCH
Choice of the Great Modern Pianists.
The Bancroft Company, Agts, History Building Market St., S. F.

THE
AMERICAN SUGAR REFINERY CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO,
Manufacturers of all classes of Refined Sugars, including Loaf Sugar for Export.
ANDREW WELCH, President.
Office, 124 California Street.

IRRIGATING PUMPS, STEAM ENGINES AND BOILERS, COMPLETE POWER AND PUMPING PLANTS.
LOW PRICES, PROMPT DELIVERY
WRITE FOR CIRCULARS.
BYRON JACKSON, SAN FRANCISCO.

Originators of the Parlor and Receiving Vault System. Closets to conceal Goods. Telephone No. 5137
COWEN, PORTER & CO.
FUNERAL DIRECTORS.
118 Geary Street, San Francisco, opposite St. [illegible] Church. Finest Funeral Furniture of [illegible]
J. R. COWEN. D. H. SCHUYLER.
Schuyler & Armstrong, Philadel[illegible]

THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1888

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the *Argonaut* for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail	**$7.00**
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail	**6.00**
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail	**5.90**
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail	**6.00**
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One year, by Mail	**6.50**
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and Harper's Young People for One Year, by Mail	**5.00**
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail	**4.50**
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail	**4.50**
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World, One Year, by Mail	**5.50**
The Argonaut and Wide-Awake for One Year, by Mail	**5.50**
The Argonaut and the English Illustrated Magazine for One Year, by Mail	**4.75**
The Argonaut and the Atlantic Monthly for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and Outing for One Year, by Mail	**5.75**
The Argonaut and Forest and Stream for One Year, by Mail	**6.50**
The Argonaut and Judge for One Year, by Mail	**6.70**
The Argonaut and the New York Spirit of the Times for One Year, by Mail	**8.00**
The Argonaut and the Nineteenth Century (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and the Contemporary Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and the Fortnightly Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and the Westminster Review (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**7.00**
The Argonaut and the Edinburgh Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and the Quarterly Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and the Scottish Review (quarterly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (monthly) for One Year, by Mail	**6.20**
The Argonaut and the Critic for One Year, by Mail	**5.90**
The Argonaut and Life for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**
The Argonaut and Puck for One Year, by Mail	**7.25**

This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sherwood and Mrs. Grayrigge will leave soon to pass the summer in Scotland and England.

Miss Nina Macondray has decided to remain in Paris until autumn with Mrs. J. L. Rathbone

Miss Clara Luning intends visiting Europe during the summer.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford have left New York for Liverpool, en route to the Carlsbad Springs in Bohemia, where Mrs. Stanford, who is in ill-health, will test the efficacy of the medicinal waters. They will be away two or three months.

Mrs. Fred W. Sharon and Miss Newlands are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace P. Fletcher are residing in one of the suburbs of Paris.

Mr. Fred. W. Sharon and Mr. Francis G. Newlands are in England.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, who were recently in New York, have gone to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flood left a few days ago for the East in a special car. They are en route to Carlsbad. It is expected that Mr. Montgomery Fletcher will join them.

Mr. Herbert Carolan and Mr. George A. Newhall have gone to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Prager, of Los Angeles, are spending a week or more in San Francisco.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben C. Truman and daughter, who arrived in Los Angeles from the East on Wednesday last, are at the Hotel del Coronado, but leave there for the Yosemite Valley next Saturday.

Mrs. A. H. Wilcox and Miss Fannie Wilcox, who have been spending a few weeks in Southern California returned to San Francisco recently.

Mr. and Mrs. John Forster, of Los Angeles, are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman, and Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, paid a visit to the Hotel del Monte recently.

Miss Jennie Van Norden, who has been in Europe for the past year, will return home in a few days.

Mrs. John Vance Cheney left for New York a week ago, and will be away two months.

Among the recent visitors at the Hotel del Monte were: Miss Fannie Doyle, Miss M. Doyle, Miss E. Doyle, Mr. W. S. Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Doyle, Mr. and Mrs. Percy W. Selby, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Eyre and Miss Barreda, of Menlo Park; Miss Pierce and Miss Matthews, of San José; Mr. Charles F. Boardman and Mr W. L. Brown, of Oakland.

Colonel and Mrs. W R. Smedburg and Miss Nellie Smedburg will sojourn at Blithesdale during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Masten and the Misses Mamie and Irene Masten, of Oakland, will be at the Hotel del Monte in June.

Mr and Mrs. Edwin L. Griffith and Captain Millen Griffith and family will pass the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Martel, and the Misses Adèle and Jennie Martel will go to Santa Cruz for the summer

Mrs. R. B. Smith and Miss Maud Smith will pass considerable of the season at Santa Barbara.

Captain and Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl will remain at their residence in San Mateo during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Basil Heathcote will make San Rafael their home this season, paying an occasional visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs George T. Klink, *neé* Anderson, are traveling in Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. John Nightingale, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Page, the Misses Ella, Minnie, and Georgie Nightingale, and Mr. Joseph Nightingale will occupy one of the Pope House cottages at Santa Cruz this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Mills and Miss Addie Mills will pass the season at Menlo Park.

Mr. George A. Newhall intends to make Del Monte his objective point this summer.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and Mrs. J. B. Wright are in England, on their way to Carlsbad.

Mrs. Hall McAllister and Miss McAllister are at their residence in Ross Valley.

General and Mrs. Chauncey McKeever and the Misses McKeever will stay at the Hotel del Monte a part of the summer.

Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier are entertaining Miss Sophie McPherson at their Clear Lake villa.

Miss Mamie Masten, of Oakland, has been visiting friends in Sacramento and Smartsville.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Sullivan will pass the summer with Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan at Santa Cruz.

Misses Lillie and Ruby Dore will sojourn at San Rafael during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, of Oakland, have a cottage at San Rafael for the summer.

Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace and Miss Marguerite Wallace will pass the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Bessie Thornton and the Misses Lucille and May Thornton will remain at their ranch in Alameda County during the summer.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess will make the Pope House, at Santa Cruz, their home this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook and Miss Minnie Holbrook will occupy their Menlo Park residence during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Gerstle will reside at San Rafael all of the summer.

Mrs. Bowie and Miss Babette Howard will be at San Mateo all of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs Richard H. Pease, Jr., will reside at the Hotel del Monte this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Palache and the Misses Sadie and Ida Palache will make San Rafael their home this summer

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence and Miss Arcadia Spence, of San José, and Miss Ada Sullivan, of this city, will pass the summer season at the Hotel del Monte.

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Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence and Miss Arcadia Spence, of San José, and Miss Ada Sullivan, of this city, will pass the summer season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Jackson recently visited Mrs. Kohl at Menlo Park.

Governor and Mrs. R. W. Waterman and Miss Waterman will depart in a few days for the Yosemite Valley.

Miss Ella Goad has returned from a pleasant visit to friends in Colusa.

Miss Aileen Ivers will reside at San Rafael during the summer.

Miss Virginia Hanchett has returned from a visit to friends in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs and Miss Nettie Tubbs will pass the summer at Calistoga, as usual, and will make an occasional visit to Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs R. E. Williams and Miss Williams will make the Hotel del Monte their resting place during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose will occupy Mr. Alvinza Hayward's residence at San Mateo this summer.

Mrs. Daniel Hanlon and Miss Mary E. Hanlon have gone to Chicago

Mrs. Anne Toland has returned to the city, after passing several months in the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jennings and Miss Mamie Jennings will be at Santa Cruz during the summer.

Mr. Fred W. Beaver will pass his summer vacation at Del Monte.

Mr. Harry Houghton and Mr Charles T. Boardman, of Oakland, have been enjoying a fishing excursion at Carmel Creek.

Mrs. Dillon, Miss Marie Dillon, Miss Kate Dillon, and Mr. Thomas I. Dillon will make Santa Cruz their abiding place during the summer.

Mrs Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, Miss Birdie Fair, and Miss Belle Smith are at the Windsor Hotel in New York city.

Captain and Mrs. W. H. Taylor and Miss Edith Taylor will pass the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, Miss Stetson, and Mrs. Ricardo M Pinto will make a trip to Alaska next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis have decided to pass the summer months at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. George M Pinckard are at Menlo Park for the season.

M , and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson will be at Del Monte a portion of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Evelyn Carolan have apartments at the Hotel Del Monte for the summer.

Mr. John W. Mackay has returned from a visit to Virginia, Nev.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, who are now entertaining Mrs. Charles Crocker at their home in New York city, expect to visit this city in August as the guests of Mrs. Crocker.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant and Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant are located at San Rafael for the season.

Mr. W. E. Brown will be at Del Monte most of the summer.

Mr. J B. Casserly intends to pass the summer at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke and the Misses Lottie and Edith Clarke will leave in a couple of weeks to pass the summer at Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J Bowie, Mrs. Isaac Friedlander, Miss Bessie Bowie, and the Misses Fannie and May Friedlander will occupy a cottage at Santa Cruz this summer.

Mr. and Mrs Morton Cheesman and Miss Jennie Cheesman intend remaining at the Hotel del Monte all of the summer

Miss Edith Taylor and Miss Evelyn Carolan have returned from a visit to friends at Calistoga.

Mr. and Mrs. E D. Beylard will pass the summer at San Mateo.

Miss Blethen will be at the Hotel del Monte a portion of the summer.

Mrs. Henry Miller and Mrs. Charles Lux are at the Bloomfield Farm, near Gilroy.

Mr. and Mrs. E W. Hopkins are now occupying their residence at Menlo Park.

Mr and Mrs Moses Hopkins are occupying their country residence at Redwood City, and will remain there during the summer season.

Mrs. Elisha Cook and Miss Leonide Cook will go to the Hotel del Monte soon after their return from Alaska.

Mr and Mrs. Fred L. Wooster will be at the Napa Soda Springs most of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. Charles R. Peters, and Miss Mattie Peters intend to pass a couple of months at Santa Barbara this season.

Mrs. Alexander B. Forbes, the Misses Maud, Kate, and Edith Forbes, and Mr William Forbes will reside, during the summer, at San Rafael

Mr. W. E. Sharon, of Virginia, Nev., has been passing a week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Yerrington, of Virginia, Nev., are in the city on a visit.

Mrs. D. G Atherton and Miss Florence Atherton will occupy their home in Menlo Park all of the summer.

Mrs. Lucy L. Arnold, Mrs John F. Swift, and Mrs. John T. Glover are passing a month at Paraiso Springs.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderslice and the Misses Jeanette and Hermine Vanderslice, of Oakland, have returned from their Eastern trip.

Miss Lina Ashe will visit relatives in Virginia this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low have gone East, to remain about four months.

Mrs. John Rae Hamilton and her mother, Mrs. Prescott, are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Senator James G. Fair and Mr. James G. Fair, Jr., recently paid a visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs Marcus D. Boruck and the Misses Boruck have gone to the Yosemite Valley.

Miss Ada Sullivan, Miss Maud Smith, and Miss Mamie Conway are the guests of Mrs. R. B. Spence in San José.

Miss Maggie Gwin has been passing a week at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Hall McAllister and Miss Edith McAllister are in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Blackwell and Miss Louise Holladay have gone to New York, en route to the home of the former in London.

Miss Margaret Jones, of San José, has been paying a visit to Miss Mattie Gibbs.

Mr. and Mrs. Joaquin Bolado and Miss Dulce Bolado are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr and Mrs. Hiram H. Hobbs, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, the Misses Jennie and Anna Hobbs, and Miss May Norton are located for the summer at a picturesque cottage at Manzanita, near Sausalito

Mr. H. S. Crocker and Mr. Henry J. Crocker will depart soon for a four months' tour of the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Adams and Miss Lou Adams will reside at Menlo Park all of the summer.

Mrs. John W. Conner and the Misses Carrie and Julie Conner are residing in Alameda for the season

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Judah will pass the summer months at their beautiful home in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs Joseph A. Donohoe, Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., and Mr. Edward Donohoe will reside at their Menlo Park villa this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Hayne intend passing the summer at San Mateo.

Captain and Mrs. R. S. Floyd and Miss Matthews are rusticating at Clear Lake.

General and Mrs. W. H. Dimond and Miss Dimond are domiciled at their Menlo Park villa for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigné intend passing the summer at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs Julius Bandmann, Miss Bandmann, and Miss Carrie Platt will leave about June 10th, to occupy a cottage at the Pope House, in Santa Cruz, for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. John H Maynard will be at Del Monte during the summer season.

Miss May Andruss intends to pass the summer at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. William L. Ashe will occupy one of the Pope House cottages, at Santa Cruz, this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Sampson Tams will go to Del Monte for the summer season.

Miss Lillie Jones, who has been at Judge O. C. Pratt's ranch, in Butte County, for several weeks, has returned to this city.

Miss Florence Reed has been visiting relatives and friends at Chico and Red Bluff.

Mr. Smith M. Weed and Miss Celeste Weed, of Plattsburg, New York, and Miss M Thorne, of New York city, are guests at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Baldwin have arrived here from New York city and are permanently located at 899 Pine Street.

Mr. I. G. Wickersham and the Misses Lizzie and May Wickersham, of Petaluma, have been at the Palace Hotel for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. Mann and Mrs Jacob Tabor have gone to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Stow and Miss Stow departed a few days ago for the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dunphy, Miss Jennie Dunphy, and Mr. James C. Dunphy will occupy one of the Pope House cottages at Santa Cruz this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins are now domiciled at their Menlo Park villa for the season.

Mr. John H. Conway and the Misses Mamie and Kate Conway intend enjoying Santa Barbara's balmy climate during the summer.

Miss Lizzie Carroll will depart soon to visit friends in Los Angeles for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker intend passing the summer season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Clinton Cushing and Miss Jennie de la Montanya are in London.

Mrs. Susie Williams has been visiting the Misses Rountree.

Mrs. C. F. Mullins has arrived safely in St. Louis, where she is visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. H H. Sherwood will sojourn at San Mateo during the summer.

Mrs. S. W. Sperry and Miss Beth Sperry, of Stockton, will be at Del Monte this season.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels will occupy a cottage at San Rafael during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs H. M. A. Miller, of Oakland, intend passing a month at Del Monte this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan, Miss Phelan, and Mr. James D. Phelan will reside at their home in Santa Cruz this summer.

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson will pass the entire summer at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Cook intend to be at Del Monte most of the season.

Mrs. S. B. Peterson and the Misses Hattie and Carrie Peterson will pass the summer near Fruit Vale.

Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr, has returned from an enjoyable visit to Mrs. F. E Spencer at San José. Her sister, Miss Grace M. Spencer, will soon be her guest for a week.

Mr. William Corbitt and the Misses Minnie and Nellie Corbitt are at their residence in San Mateo.

Dr. E. B. Perrin went to Fresno recently on a business trip. Mrs. Perrin is at her residence here and has not yet recovered from the effects of her recent severe accident. Her mother, Mrs. John McMullin, is visiting her.

Mrs. A. J. Pope, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank, and Mis May E. Pope will remain in St Helena during the month of June, and after that will go to Del Monte.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Ada Butterfield and Miss Letitia Aldrich, of this city, made a decided hit, in Washington, D. C., recently at an amateur performance of "Pygmalion and Galatea," at the National Theatre. Miss Aldrich has been engaged by Mr. Palmer to play with his New York company next season.

The engagement is authoritatively announced of Miss Minnie Mizner, of Benicia, to Mr. Horace Blanchard Chase, of Chicago, Ill. They will be married in July.

An important attraction at the Hotel del Monte on July 4th, will be a lawn-tennis tournament for the championship of the Pacific Coast, to be held under the auspices of the California Lawn-Tennis Club, of this city Valuable prizes will be offered by the club, the managers of the hotel, and others. Entries will close on July 2d, and should be sent to Mr. E. M. Greenway, Nevada Block.

Miss Mary Hortense Keith, daughter of Mr. William Keith the artist, was married to Mr. Edward Newell Harmon, son of Mr. S. H. Harmon, on Tuesday afternoon, May 22d, at the First Congregational Church. The chancel was beautifully decorated with flowers, and a couple of hundred friends were assembled to witness the impressive ceremony. Mr and Mrs Harmon went to Del Monte later in the day for a short visit and have since departed on a trip to Oregon and Alaska.

The wedding of Miss Ella Jennings, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. B Jennings, and Mr. Cosmo Morgan, of Los Angeles, will take place on Tuesday evening, June 5th, at the residence of the parents of the bride-elect. It will be a quiet wedding, witnessed only by the relatives of the contracting parties

The class of '88 of the Van Ness Seminary held a reception at the seminary last Friday evening which proved very enjoyable. The class comprises Miss Julia Mau, Miss Clara Gamble, Miss Bertha Simpson, Miss Etta Jones, Miss Katie Voorhies, Miss Ernestine Haskell, Miss Nellie Hollingsworth, Miss Bessie Barnes, Miss Cora Meyerstein, and Miss Blanche Powell. They welcomed and entertained their guests delightfully until midnight, the hours being passed in dancing, to music by Ballenberg and Yanke, and in the service of a dainty collation.

The engagement is authoritatively announced of Miss Ada Kruger, daughter of Mr. W. Kruger, of Alameda, to Dr. Alan Gardner, of Santa Barbara, formerly of this city. The wedding will take place next week

The marriage of Mr. John J. Valentine, Vice-President and Pacific Coast Manager of Wells, Fargo & Co., to Miss Alice Maud Blanchard, daughter of Mr. Dudley Blanchard, President of the Blanchard Railroad Company, took place on Wednesday evening, May 23d, at the residence of the bride's parents in Seattle, W. T. As the bride's family was in mourning, the ceremony was strictly private. Mr. and Mrs. Valentine left the East by way of Portland and the Short Line; they will return and take up their residence in Oakland during the summer.

Army and Navy.

Captain Samuel McConnie, Fourteenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted an addition of one month on his present leave of absence.

Commander and Mrs. George E. Kutz, U. S. N., of Mare Island, were at the Palace Hotel several days recently.

Dr. Ernest Norfleet, U. S. N., has returned from the East.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Miss Millzner's Concert.

Miss Carrie Millzner gave her first concert on Tuesday evening, May 22nd, at Irving Hall, with the assistance of Mrs. J. Hinrichs, pianiste; Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, accompanist; Mr. F. S. Mitchell, tenor; Mr. J. C. Hughes, basso; and a string quartet comprising Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Noah Brandt, Mr. Frederick Knell, and Mr. Julius Hinrichs. There was a large and fashionable audience in attendance, and their appreciation of the various selections was attested by frequent applause and floral offerings. The programme was as follows:

Quintet.....Schumann
(First movement.)
Mrs. J. Hinrichs and String Quartet
Song—"Les Filles de Cadiz".....Delibes
(First time.)
Miss Carrie Millzner.
Piano Solo—"Soirees de Vienne".....Strauss-Tausig
"Man lebt nur einmal."
Mrs. J Hinrichs.
Song—"Requital".....Blumenthal
Mr. F. S. Mitchell.
Violoncello Solo—"Spanish Dance".....Popper
"Vito."
Mr J. Hinrichs.
Aria—"Il re pastore".....Mozart
(First time in California.)
Miss Carrie Millzner.
Violin Obligato, Henry Heyman.
Aria—"Un Ballo in Maschera".....Verdi
"Eri tu."
Mr. J C. Hughes.
Quartet—"The pretty maid of the Mill".....Raff
(*a*) Proposal
(*b*) The Mill
Two Songs—(*a*) "Gelb rollt mir zu Fussen"...Rubinstein
(*b*) First Love.....Schanz
Miss Carrie Millzner.
Characterstucke Op. 9.....Arthur Foote
(*a*) Romanze
(*b*) Morgengesang.
(First time in California.)
Violin, Henry Heyman.
Duet—"Creation".....Haydn
"Graceful Consort."
Miss Millzner and Mr. Hughes.

Bandurria Club Concert.

A testimonial concert was given at Union Square Hall, on Thursday evening, May 24th, by the Bandurria Club in aid of Señor Sancho and Señor Lombardero, of the Original Spanish Students. The members of the club are as follows: Bandurrias—Señor L T. Romero, Señor José Lombardero, Mr. John D. Heron, Mr. Beverly Letcher. Mr. Hallock Wright, Mr. W. G. Davis, Mr Van Z Hadley, Mr. Howard Wright, Mr. John B. Nevin, Mr Charles H. Gardiner, and Mr. George J Wellington; guitars—Senor Sancho, Mr Arthur E. Wellington, Mr. Paxton Wright, Mr. Lee Mackenzie, and Mr. Elmer E. Simmons. The members were assisted by Mrs. F. E. Williams, mezzo-soprano; Señor L. T. Romero, solo guitarist; Mr Arthur Regensberger, 'celloist; and Mr. H M. Bosworth, accompanist. The concert was well attended, and proved highly interesting. The annexed selections were presented:

(*a*) March—"Roumania"...Granado
(*b*) Waltz—"Dolores"...Waldteufel
Bandurria Club.
'Cello Solo.....Selected
Mr Arthur Regensberger.
Song—"You".....Steinhagen
Mrs. F. E. Williams
(*a*) Gavotte—"L'Ingenue".....Arditi
(*b*) Miserère—"Il Trovatore"...Verdi
Bandurria Club.
Guitar Solo—"Rigoletto"...Verdi
Señor L. T. Romero.
Song—"My Mother Bids Me Bind My Hair"...Haydn
Mrs. F. E. Williams.
'Cello Solo.....Selected
Mr. Arthur Regensberger
(*a*) Barcarola—"La Vuelta al Mundo".....Caballero
(*b*) Paso Doble—"Puerto Real"...Juarranz
Bandurria Club.

A vocal and instrumental concert was given at Byron Mauzy's piano warerooms in the Union Club Building, on Thursday evening, May 24th. The programme was a notable one, including the "Stradella" overture, Liszt's "Serenade," and "Le Menetrier de St. Waast," by Herman, performed by a mixed orchestra of twenty-three pieces; songs by Mrs. Eunice Westwater; and boehm, oboe, and harp solos.

CCCCLXXXV—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, May 27, 1888.

Bean Soup.
Baked Crabs.
Beefsteak. Saratoga Potatoes.
Green Corn. Cauliflower.
Roast Veal.
Tomato Salad
Egg Souffle in Paper Cases.
Raspberries. Cherries. Apricots.

EGG SOUFFLE IN PAPER CASES.—Make a boiled custard of cream or half a pint of milk, yolks of two eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a heaping teaspoonful of flour, a very little butter, salt, and flavoring of vanilla, or anything else preferred. When it has just thickened a little, take it off the fire, and let it partly cool. Add, then, the raw yolks of four eggs and the whites beaten to a stiff froth. Butter the paper cases, fill them with this preparation, and bake them ten or fifteen minutes in a moderate oven.

Quarrel in the White House.

The President is strongly inclined to favor free trade. The lady of the White House perhaps does not understand the matter that the President is so free to express his opinions about. But she does know that it is a matter of vital importance for all ladies to protect, in all its grace and beauty, their lovely forms. The only way to do this is by wearing Freud's corsets, the best and cheapest in the world. There are imitators of these standard goods, against whom all are cautioned. There is but one Freud's Corset House, 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Grant Avenue. We have no agents. Beware of impositions. Address mail orders, Freud & Son. Make no mistake.

A New Cookery Book.

The Liebig's Extract of Meat Co., of London, have recently issued a very compact and useful cook book, embellished with a handsome cover, printed in colors. The recipes are all tried and reliable, and arranged in the most convenient form with an index for ready reference. The books have met with great success in Europe, and are being largely distributed in this country. They may be had post-free and gratis by applying to Messrs. Dauchy & Co., 27 Park Place, N. Y.

Reward.

One thousand dollars will be paid for each and every grain of poisonous substance found in Wisdom's Robertine—for beautifying and preserving the complexion, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, and all blemishes and roughness of the skin. Used and endorsed by the élite of society and the stage. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle. White and flesh. E. W. Joy, Agent, San Francisco.

Fredericksburg Brewing Co.

Sales as per U. S. I. R., May 1, 1888, 50,813 barrels.
" " " May 1, 1887, 42,449 "
Increase, 1888, 8,364 "
Families supplied. Send orders 539 Cal. St. Tel. 764.

Blonde and Brunette

Will be made more beautiful if they will use Rachel's Enamel Bloom for their complexions. For sale by all druggists.

— IF ANY ONE SHOULD ASK US WHERE IS THE best farming location in the State of California, we should answer, the group of lands in Butte County, embracing the estates of Governor Stanford, at Vino, Mr. Willson, at Nord, and John Bidwell, at Chico. From the Gherke vineyard, now owned and enlarged by Governor Stanford, has been produced a wine which has never since been excelled in California. A great many years ago—we think full thirty—we became the guest of Judge Sexton, at Oroville, and there we saw in fruit-bearing the orange, lemon, almond, pomegranate, and other trees that we had always associated with semi-tropical lands. Grapes of almost every variety were in full-bearing, a revelation at the time and a thorough surprise was this small garden abounding in fruits and flowers, with rare vines growing over a village home. Our memory of this spot, and this early time, and this dead friend whose guest we were, has been revived by reading in our own advertising columns the notice of a real-estate firm in San Francisco, to sell in five and ten-acre lots rich and fertile lands in the vicinity of Oroville, with an excursion by rail to the locality. A small fruit farm, a country cottage home, is a thing of joy and beauty and within the reach of every industrious city man who is blessed with a provident wife that has enough appreciation of rural life to tear herself and children away from the costly vexations of genteel society. A cottage home in the country, with out-door life, during the long summer vacation, amid fruits, with freedom, serves to make the city residence endurable for the balance of the year and is both pleasurable and economical, is good for the children, and a relief to the wife and mother.

— THE SUMMER WINDS AND DUST OF SAN Francisco will soon be upon us, and to escape them all who can get away will go to Santa Cruz. The wiser ones write to Mr. E. J. Swift, of that pleasant resort, and secure accommodations at one of his hotels, the Pope House or the Pacific Ocean House.

— HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.—"WHY DID YOU kiss me with so much fondness when I came home to-night?" Wife—"With joy and gladness at having my carpets cleaned and renovated so good by Spaulding & Co., the Pioneer Carpet Beaters; he excels all others." 353 Tehama Street. Telephone 3040.

— A VERY CROWDED SEASON AT SANTA CRUZ. For ten years houses for rent have not been so scarce in this ever popular watering-place. Families wishing to secure a choice, desirable, furnished residence for this season, should send prompt inquiry to Meyrick's Exchange and Mart Company, Santa Cruz, Cal.

— THE MOST BRILLIANT PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE world are now produced at the Elite Gallery, 838 Market St., by the new process, the Scroll and other new styles are among the productions of this establishment. Jones & Lotz.

— COLONIAL HOUSES.—FOR PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS be sure to favor us with a call. B. McDougall & Son, architects, 330 Pine Street, San Francisco.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOgraphic gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

— GO TO SWAIN'S NEW DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

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CARMEN!
Special Engagement of MISS ADELINE BRANDON, Prima Donna Soubrette, as Carmen; SIG. RODOLFO ROSELLI, Primo Baritone, as Escamillo; MR. HENRI FAIRWEATHER, Tenor Robusto, as Don José; MISS BELLE THORNE, as Michaela. No Advance in Prices.
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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Volapük.

This new universal lingo,
That at present's raising jingo—
So to speak;
Say, do people pet or maul it,
When they twist their lips and call it,
"Volapük?"

There's a certain set who've hinted,
(And they know most all that's printed
In a book)
That they've taken time to weigh it,
And 'tis proper thus to say it:
"Volapük."

And some other word-proud mortals,
Who don't let their talking portals
Run amuck;
Say that those who're with the inner
Circle always name the winner
"Volapük."

There's another set as formal,
And orthoepy so abnormal,
They rebuke;
But if Stormonth would announce it,
They would forthwith all pronounce it
"Volapük."

—*Life.*

Lawyers Twain.

Beneath a ripe persimmon-tree
Two learned lawyers chanced to be.
"Climb," said the first; "I'll catch—you toss 'em;"
But t'other shook his head: "*Non possum!*"

—*Puck.*

Boomtown.

Boom?
Well, I should smile!
Why, mister, just you take a walk around
And see the new improvements going on.
Ef I do say't, ther' ain't another town
In the Northwest 'at holds a candle to us.
Steam cars? Oh, no; this is our street-car track,
We put it in last spring, an' I suppose
It's worth a hundred thousand to the town.
Ride? Er—well, no; the mud's so all-fired deep
On the next street that traffic is suspended.
Pay? What, the line? Well, scarcely yet;
But then, you see, the stock is all placed East,
An' as we gin a ten-years' franchise with it
They can afford to wait for dividends.
Good water here? Oh, yes, the finest works
West o' St Paul; cost fifty thousand easy.
Drink it? Well, no; not now. The people here
In some way took a prejudice ag'in it,
Account o' undertakers bein' kept so busy.
Railroads? Leading centre in the West, sir,
With three more roads a-coming in the fall;
'Twere on'y a week ago our Board o' Trade
Voted 'em fifty thousand dollars each.
Big bonus? Pshaw! Why, we can save
As much again first year, on fuel alone.
Taxes? Well, yes; they are a little steep;
But, then, to dance, you have to pay the fiddler.
An' boom we must, or else throw up our hands.
Town healthy? Finest in the land, sir!
Good sewerage system? Well, the fact is, mister,
We've been so thundering busy, working booms,
That has been overlooked; an' then, you see,
'Twould cost a tidy sum, an' wouldn't show;
So, for awhile, I guess, we'll do without.
Let go a road or two? Why, see here, man,
You must be joking. Boomtown couldn't do it!
But there's our public park, just north o' town.
For rest and recreation, an' we've spent
A pile o' money putting in improvements—
Set out a thousand shade-trees there this spring
How far? Why, just a mile or so right up that hill,
Near Jenkins's fourth addition to the town.
Old Jenkins was a ripper. He gin the block
To Boomtown for a park, and sold his lots
Soon's the council took it off'n his hands.
But lemme tell you, mister, that there park
Is bound to be immensely popular
Soon as we get the cable-cars to running.
Good water-power? Well, now, you've struck it, sure;
None better in the country, 'cept Niagry, p'raps.
Mills running? Yes—no, not this week;
Water's a trifle low, somehow, this summer,
An' for a week or so the mill's shut down.
Good business done? Well, now you're shouting, mister:
Merchants just drove to death, an' making money
Hand over fist. What's that? That bell?
Oh, yes: I clean forgot. Poor Jones! His stock
Is going off at auction—sheriff closed him up
Two days ago. Fact is, he trusted right and left
An' did a rattling trade, but got no cash;
So when his bills fell due poor Jones lay down.
Hard luck? You bet; but just what he expected.
Eh? What's that? Why don't the people pay
For what they buy? Why, mister, all they have
And all they get is put in real estate.
Sell out and pay their debts? Yes, mebbe so.
But then they're waiting for the boom to strike.
What's that you say? You guess you won't invest?
And after all I've showed you of the town?
Well, burn my buttons, but you Eastern chaps
Are mighty cur'os critters. Well, take this map
And read these pamphlets while you're on the train.
Mebbe you'll change your mind. Say, here's my card:
"Augustus Shark, Dealer in Real Estate, Boomtown."
Just drop a line if you conclude to buy. Good-day.

—*Chicago News.*

When the Frost is on the Punkin.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock,
And you hear the kyouck and gobble of the struttin' turkey cock,
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the hens,
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;
O it's then the times a feller is a feelin' at his best,
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful rest,
As he leaves the house, bareheaded, and goes out to feed the stock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock

They's something kindo' hearty like about the atmosphere
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is here—
Of course, we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the trees,
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and buzzin' of the bees;
But the air's so appetizin', and the landscape through the haze
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the early autumn days
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The husky, rusty rustle of the tossels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like, but still
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hosses in their stall below—the clover overhead!—
O, it sets my heart a-clickin', like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

— THE EMPEROR IS DEAD, BUT CONKLING LIVES in the hearts of the people, and carpet-beating and renovating is done the best at his establishment. 333 Golden Gate Avenue. Telephone 2126.

"I have been occasionally troubled with Coughs, and in each case have used **Brown's Bronchial Troches**, which have never failed, and I must say they are second to none in the world."—*Felix A. May, Cashier, St. Paul, Minn.*

— STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

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422 MONTGOMERY STREET,
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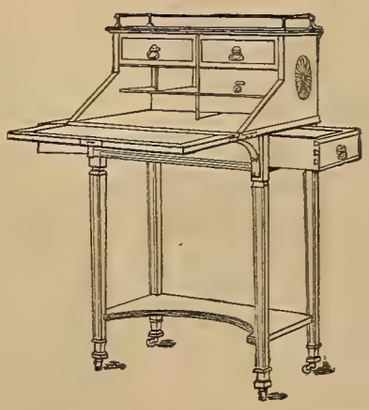

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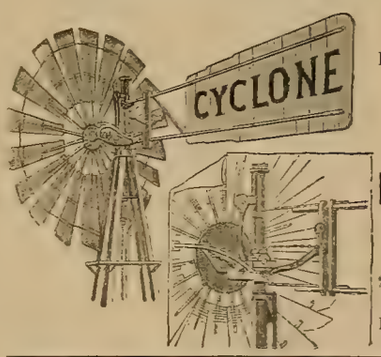

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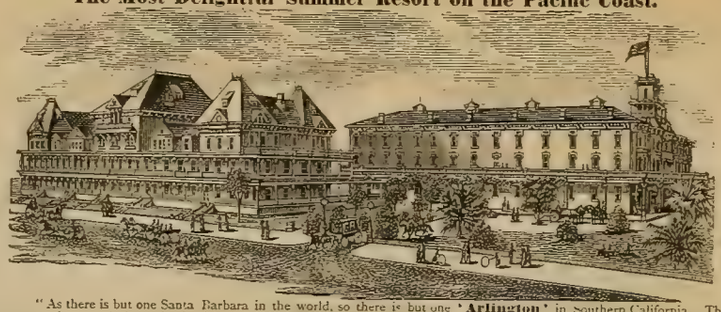

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RANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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The Democratic National Convention has met at St. Louis, amed its Presidential candidate, declared the resolutions mposing its platform, and adjourned. Its tired warriors are sting from their labors in preparation for the great struggle at for four years is to determine the government of more an sixty millions of citizens, and voice the opinions of a peo- e now in some respects ranking first among the nations of rth, and with rapid strides advancing to the place of un- allenged precedence among the powers of the civilized world. at so numerous a people should nearly equally divide them- lves between two national parties is not surprising. That e of those parties—and that the most numerous one—con- olling the government, directing its policy, molding its opin- ns, and dispensing its patronage, should fall under the adership of one man is not altogether anomalous in the his- y of republican governments. There was a time when ome was ruled by Cæsar, the only age since the great flood, t that it was famed for more than one man. It was the e that immediately preceded the downfall of the republic. ere was a later time and another republic to the top of ose huge moldering monument Napoleon climbed; his ight precipitated the empire to its doom. With the Repub- of Rome and the Republic of France we may compare the public of America, and while we suggest the parallel of one n's unquestioned power, let us hope that the history of me's decline and France's calamity may be averted by h exercise of the popular will and such administration of popular authority that history shall not repeat its bloody ry over the name of Grover Cleveland. The man of Buf- o has achieved such undisputed leadership of the Demo- tic party that he stands to-day its unquestioned autocrat and dictator. His cabinet occupy to him the same relation as did the ministers of early English kings. His relation toward Congress is not unlike that which existed between British sovereigns, claiming to rule by the prerogative of divine right and royal birth, and parliaments whose authority had not been defined by law or settled by precedent. Cleveland is Dictator of the Democratic party, ruling it with autocratic and absolute power. He is within its ranks what Cæsar was to Rome, what Napoleon was to France—its genius and its fate. He brought the party to greatness and power. He may drag it down through humiliation and disorder to ruin and defeat. He has achieved the position of first magistrate of the republic by resort to arts which ever distinguish the unprincipled and successful in pursuit of the honors of office. He acted well a modest part till he felt himself clothed with power to betray. He made friends of Mugwumps with intention of deserting them when in office. He promised to be content with one term, intending to violate his promise. He has used the patronage of his high position as an ambitious Roman general did his Prætorian Guards, to make himself a second time President of the republic, and in violation of obligations that would have bound the honor of an honest man. He has played pretender with the Presbyterian and Roman Catholic churches. To either Protestantism or Rome he is false and hypocritical. He has, undoubtedly, endeavored to deceive and betray both, for if his life and conduct raise any presumption, it is that he cares for the doctrines of Geneva as little as for the dogmas of Rome. Luther, Calvin, Knox, John Wesley, Hildebrand, the great Gregory, and Pope Leo the Thirteenth are all the same to the man of Buffalo; all is fish that comes to his net. His attitude this week at St. Louis reproduces the startling incidents of history. We see in the Democratic party of the nation but one man, and to his chariot-wheels are chained, as captives of war, all that within its ranks have shown themselves entitled to be considered leaders; Randall is dragged a corpse; Henry Watterson bleeding, chained, and captive; delegates from Southern States sit dumb and speechless upon the seats of a national convention; Carlisle, Morrison, and other distinguished Democratic leaders, North and South, who, in their positions at Washington in Cabinet councils, in Senate and Congressional debates, are relied upon for stalwart service in the political arena, are dumb-driven cattle at St. Louis. No other name is mentioned for President than the chieftain who commands a body-guard of one hundred thousand office-holders, who guards the money-vaults that hold three hundred millions of surplus treasure. Not content to hold the sceptre while life lasts, he reaches out into the realm of political exile, breathes the breath of a new life under ribs of death, and from the sepulchre of the buried Thurman rolls away the stone of oblivion and resurrects him to a new existence. In other days and other conventions, able statesmen of the party, men of broad reputations, were designated as a committee on resolutions; long and earnest were their deliberations, careful and well-considered their report. At St. Louis the platform was produced from the grip-sack of a body-guard, read, wrangled on, and accepted, because from the authority that produced it there was no appeal. The orators of the Democracy, the organs of the party, the leaders, and bosses, the voters at the polls, will take their directions for the campaign. Our delegation from the Pacific Coast—from the broad, fertile valleys of California, from the silver-bearing hills of Nevada, from where the Oregon rolls—are waving bandana handkerchiefs and tending bar with free drinks, rejoicing at their opportunity to champion the cause of Thurman, of Ohio, for the second place upon a Democratic ticket.

And yet, considering that the great Buffalo chief has assumed the entire responsibility of making himself President and providing for himself a platform to stand upon, we must admit that our California delegation has been a lively one. It was first of any upon the ground. It unfolded the red bandana banner of the most popular man in an unquestioned Republican State, and defeated the President in his desire to have Gray of doubtful Indiana as his shield-bearer in the contest. This act will still further endear our Mr. English to the forgiving heart of his supreme excellency. Our boys have kept hospitality upon free tap, and we can conceive how grateful must have been the eye-opener that permitted the tangle-legged and tangle-haired Democrat to look out on Wednesday morning upon the announcement that Oregon had gone Republican by unprecedented majorities. How grateful to the tired soldier who had laid himself down to rest, weary with cheers over the announcement that the unspreading of Thurman's bandana upon the Pacific Coast would be the summons of this Republican Gibraltar to surrender. What can so assuage the consternation of a Democratic Waterloo as free whisky from the gallant band from the land of the pomegranate and the olive, the orange and the vine? The California delegation numbers some thirty-two members, with secretary, sergeant-at-arms, body-guards, and retainers; their names are English, White, Tarpey, and Maurice Schmidt. English is chairman of the delegation; White is temporary chairman; Tarpey announces the resurrection of Thurman; and Maurice Schmidt sits temporarily at the head of the delegation and proclaims the vote of the State. Two Irishmen, one English, and one Hebrew! Two other "Murphys" and the rest of the delegates from the rural districts have been detailed to wipe clean the noses of the speaking members with red bandanas, the new gonfalon of the Democracy. The speech of Stephen M. White was admirable in tone, eloquent in manner, appropriate, short, and in good taste. As a Californian, we are glad the temporary chairmanship of the Democratic National Convention fell into such competent hands. And now the convention, having performed the duties arranged for it by the President at Washington; having passed a series of resolutions that represent as nearly as words can the opinions of an inharmonious and divided Democracy; having by indirection, repression, and omission presented a platform of principles which permits ignorance to misunderstand and political subtlety to misinterpret, the inharmonious band goes forth to battle presenting an unbroken front to the enemy; Sam Randall is borne dead from the field of battle, and, like the English chief at Bannockburn, he is cloven through helmet, skull, and corselet, and borne from the field before the battle begins. With him, and from every protection State in the north land, is carried out on stretchers his comrades wounded. Indiana only sulks over her disappointment. New York's County Democracy and Tammany lie down together in the belly of the wolf from Buffalo, who plays the rôle of "little child" to lead them. Governor Hill and his friend, Editor Dana, the most unfortunate of guessers, retire smiling, but it is the electric spasm of a smile that plays its fantastic grin over the corpse just dead. Grover Cleveland, the President, is the Presidential candidate of a great national party that goes forth with perfect organization, discipline, and drill, with full commissariat and the enthusiasm of a first victory achieved, to meet a disunited Republican organization, and a divided, sore, and beaten rank and file. Out of the Republican party have been driven some of its best soldiers and most experienced fighters. Whether they will be invited back, whether they will be permitted to stand in battle-line when the roll is called for action, depends. Now comes the convention at Chicago, with its splendid opportunity to close up its lines, to call back its deserters, to reconcile its jealous feuds, and to forget its bitter personal conflicts. If there can be chosen a banner-bearer for this contest who will bring to it none of the resentments that have grown from personal antagonisms; whose integrity, and patriotism, and moral character have no stain upon them; whose honorable services in the past are guarantees of loyal endeavor in the future; if the Republican National Convention will have the courage to remember that one of the questions that will not be ignored in this campaign is that of Americanism, and have the boldness to present the question honestly, we see no very good reason why it may not be again returned to power. We hope to see at Chicago a dignified, deliberative assemblage of earnest, intelligent men, consulting together for the best interests of the republic.

thusiasm, sometimes—at a distance—looks absurd, and in the sombre, thoughtful days for deliberation that precede the election, counts for less than nothing in the minds of thoughtful men. The opportunity will be given us to present fairly—we hope—and impartially the issues that are not yet fully made up, and for our readers to consider, with such intelligence as they may possess, how to so dispose of their votes as best to contribute to the welfare and prosperity of the country that all who are loyal love.

The election in Oregon is a significant victory for the Republican party. Oregon was a doubtful State. Its vote has been very equally divided between the two parties. The importance of a contest occurring just as national conventions were being held, was fully recognized by the leaders of both parties. It is reported—and doubtless truthfully—that President Cleveland had looked upon the contest in Oregon as the first battle in the skirmish line, and had provided for it. The Democracy of California sent its most eloquent speaker, Mr. John P. Irish, and the Republicans sent their last gubernatorial candidate, Mr. John F. Swift, to aid the local leaders. Oregon is, more than any other State, agricultural. It has few manufacturing industries. It is the fifth wool-growing State. The issue between free trade and protection was distinctly made, and the battle fought along that line. There was no other issue. Americanism was not raised. Prohibition fizzled. Both parties were united. The election of a congressman presented the issue on its national side, and the result can not be misinterpreted or misunderstood. An agricultural, wool-growing State, in which there are but few manufacturing industries, has pronounced against the message of President Cleveland, the Congressional bill of Mr. Mills of Texas, and the policy of the Democratic administration as to the tariff. It comes—as we wish it had not—in time to influence the adoption of a platform at St. Louis; it comes—as bad news always comes to Paris—at midnight, just as Senator Gorman and Editor Watterson were contending over the tariff plank, and whether its influence is perceptible in the wording of the resolution, at this writing we are not informed. Oregon has been twenty-eight years a State in the Union. Its first electoral vote was cast for Lincoln by a plurality, he receiving less, by four thousand, than was given for Douglass and Breckenridge. In 1868 its vote was given to Horatio Seymour; in 1872 to Grant; then in succession to Hayes, Garfield, and Blaine by majorities of less than one thousand. Its present governor is a Democrat. In the recent election there is a majority exceeding seven thousand for a Republican judge and member of Congress, an overwhelming majority in the legislature, noticeable Republican gains in the strongest Democratic counties, and especially strong in Eastern Oregon, where the wool interests were most pronounced. This election in Oregon distinctly arraigned the administration of President Cleveland upon all its national issues, and presented no one question that may be regarded as local. Oregon has no silver-mining industry, nor is it especially a fruit-growing, and certainly not a wine-producing, State. It has no great coal-fields, nor exporting lumber interests, nor iron deposits, nor is it distinguished for any special manufactures. Its people are intelligent, level-headed farmers, who read, and think, and independently vote. The overshadowing issue of this campaign is the tariff question; it has been deliberately and almost wantonly thrust upon the nation by the personal influence of the President, and it was done to conciliate and hold the solid South. Against Northern interests, against the intelligence, wealth, commerce, and enterprise of the North, against the ablest statesmen and political advisers of the Democratic party Mr. Cleveland has insisted on making this the dominant and controlling issue of the campaign. Oregon is the Bull Run, and the march of victorious troops is upon Washington. Mr. Cleveland must look to the defense of his capital, or he will be driven from it. Like the first gun at Sumter, this may fire the Northern heart. If it does, we bid Mr. Cleveland good-by on his way back to Buffalo.

Since writing of the results of the Oregon election, we have been compelled in correcting proof to change the figures of the Republican majority from *four* to *seven* thousand. So great a change, so marvelous a result, is to us simply bewildering. It can be accounted for on no ordinary hypothesis, and is reconcilable to no theory of natural explanation. There must have been agencies and influences at work in our sister State that are explainable under no ordinary political conditions. What they are we do not pretend to know, but we will venture to prophesy that when these agencies shall be found out the hand of the Roman Church shall be disclosed. If there is not some explanation of what has occurred in Oregon—if the issue of protective tariff or free trade produces such a result in a farming community—the fate of the Democracy is sealed, and the Oregon campaign is the hand-writing on the wall, at the interpretation of which every Belshazzar at the Democratic orgie at St. Louis may take warning and tumble. The proceedings at St. Louis are to us equally inexplicable. We can not understand why it is that the statesmen and leading politicians of the Democratic party are so conspicuous by their absence from the convention, and why those who are present are so inactive and silent in its deliberations. We can not understand why it is that to Steve White, Pat Collins, Dan Dougherty, Tim Campbell, Michael Tarpey, Bourke, McGinnis, McGarrigan, McCullough, Dennis O'Brien, and other Irishmen are given the control of the convention. A Roman Catholic Irishman is made temporary chairman, another is made permanent presiding officer, a silver-tongued Irishman and Roman Catholic nominates Cleveland, and another Catholic Irishman nominates Thurman. Randall is murdered, Gorman is snubbed, Scott is sat down upon, Black, Gray, Morrison, Carlisle, and a host more of most active and serviceable men are playing the part of dummies. One of two things is true, and either is possible—Cleveland has given himself and his campaign over to the Pope's Irish, or he is the victim of a conspiracy as subtle as any that Machiavelli could invent or Italian subtlety carry through. If we could trust ourself to ride our hobby through the political grave-yard, and had the courage to whistle at the bogie our imagination had conjured up, we should come to the conclusion that our friend Blaine, who secured all the secret orders and organizations of the Roman Church at the last Presidential compaign, had transferred himself to Rome, and was conducting this one from the Vatican; that he had secured the holy father and the sacred congregation, and was running the Democratic National Convention at St. Louis, the Republican Convention at Chicago, and the Oregon election; that assenting to the inevitable he had allowed the nomination of Cleveland, but had compelled him to wade through deep humiliation to an unprofitable candidacy; that he will name the next Republican candidate, take the stump for him, fill the position of Secretary of State in his Cabinet, control the foreign policy of the government, and from his position behind the throne demonstrate to the world how much more powerful he is than the throne itself. Thus would he humiliate Cleveland, punish the Mugwumps, get even with his enemies, and be in position to reward his friends. He could punish England with a protective tariff; punish the South for being solid; and, from a position of secondary responsibility, enjoy all the first fruits of substantial power, and have four years in which to prepare the way for himself to succeed to the Republican throne. This is not inconsistent with the policy marked out by him in the nomination and election of Garfield, a programme interrupted by the assassination of the President, and not restored through the accident of his own defeat. That Mr. Blaine has not retired from politics we are quite confident. He is not too old to occupy, for eight years, the Presidential office. After the one term he may yield it to Mr. Depew, or Mr. Gresham, or Mr. Harrison, or Mr. Anybody available with whom he can make satisfactory terms as Warwick of the Republican party.

When, at the national convention, the "silver-tongued" Dan Doherty was placing the man from Buffalo in nomination, he said: "The Presidential message of his excellency does not bear the interpretation of free trade; it simply recognizes the necessity of 'tariff reform,'" and the *Examiner* says "all the convention cheered." This, if true, is swopping horses while crossing the stream. The Democratic party has gone too far in the direction of free trade to turn back. It has not only put its hand to the plough, but it has turned its furrow. To merely suggest tariff reform it was not necessary to violate the nation's tradition in preparing an annual Presidential message; it was not necessary to omit the discussion of all other questions of national importance to demonstrate that a sheep was the nation's enemy, and that wool should be pulled over Democratic eyes duty free; it was not necessary to introduce the Mills Free Tariff Bill, and to hold a Democratic caucus over it, nor necessary to sacrifice Samuel Randall, of Pennsylvania, as a scapegoat for the sins of the Democracy. The remark of the "silver-tongued" Dan Doherty will not satisfy the editor of the Louisville journal, nor Mr. Henry George, nor the Southern Democratic people who raise cotton for sale to England. It will take all the eloquence of all the "silver-tongued" Irish the national Democracy can buy with office or allure with promises, to convince so prosperous a people as ours, so lightly taxed, so rich and independent, that they had not better leave well enough alone than to try the experiment of free trade. Of all the nations of the civilized world ours is the only one that is staggering beneath the load of an accumulated surplus, and worrying because of its inability to pay its debts, except at a premium; of all the nations in the world our laborers are receiving the highest wages, are consuming the best food, are the happiest, and ought to be the most contented. Yet every clerk in the city hall, every alien never-sweat who toils with his jaw, will wag it in defense of a free-trade policy that will drag American labor to the transatlantic level.

That George Alfred Townsend ("Gath") is a blooming gossip is what makes him an interesting correspondent. He either knows, or affects to know, everybody and everything. He speaks with the authority of infallibility upon all questions political faith and party morals. He is a Sir Oracle, and wh he opens his mouth all dogs are expected to bark. When takes snuff the country press sneeze, but he never snee himself. News, tradition, and prophesies, gossip, scanc and solemn facts run into him, and through him, and out him in a constant, unceasing flow; a garrulous, shallow stre of mostly unmeaning, vapid nonsense, unimportant, colorl wordy; sometimes over pebbly bottom and between ba clad with grass and flowers; sometimes through roma glens and picturesque surroundings, but the stream is ever w the same tireless, dreary monotone of common words phras common thoughts. The stream neither sparkles nor sings moves on and babbles. Like an artesian well on a des plain, waters come from its bore in the ground, overflows surface, moves along through sere and dusty borders, which cattle drink, and swine wallow till they sink and forgotten. If life was an eternal Sunday, and we owned *Chronicle*, a paper manufactory, and the Rev. Dr. Burch fathomless ocean of ink, and was a millionaire, had fort thousand readers, a majority of whom content themselves display headings of correspondents' dreary strippings, we employ "Gath," insure his life, and pray God for the sp realization of our accumulated premiums.

We reprint in part the address of the Rev. Dr. Swee delivered over the graves of dead Union soldiers, on Mem Day, at Oakland. We wish we could print the entire dress, but want of space forbids. It is eloquent, beau and bold. The man who can forgive the soldiers o gray, and, when their arms are laid down, can forget the dents and passions of the strife, may be permitted to alive the anger that finds indignant expression toward a ch within whose secret cloisters, and around whose altars, tre finds place to hide and opportunity to plot. We attended graduating exercises at Berkeley Gymnasium last week, heard an address by an American school-boy on the ques of foreign immigration; it was eloquent and truthful in f it was received by a church full of intelligent people with proval and applause. We note the open expression of A ican sentiments on all sides. The Protestant clergy ar ginning to dare to display some of the courage for w martyrs died. It would be well for our evangelical prea to study the immortal lives that were sacrificed by the Ch of Rome, and imitate the lofty daring of men who die conscience and the truth. The Protestant clergymen through fear of losing money from unrented pews, or s reduced, dare not utter the sentiments of honest convi lest they may offend some weak-kneed brother or timid who have compromised with Rome, had better go hang t selves, so that they may avoid any possible meeting those early Christians who were fed to wild beasts in the a those martyrs of the mediæval period who were burned those victims of persecution by the Inquisition, or any o great band of Christian heroes who have been tortur their death by the Church of Rome. The politician through fear of losing alien votes, has not the coura thank God that he is an American citizen, and the hones bravely act his part; the journalist who, through na conventions and exposures of crime at orphan asylums, his opinions so nicely balanced that he may secure ad ing patronage and undiminished circulation, would do w heed the signs of the coming time. In order to prepar readers for the extract we print from Dr. Sweeney's mem address, we again publish the ever-memorable spee General Grant at Des Moines, Iowa, to the soldiers Army of the Tennessee:

Comrades: It always affords me much gratification to meet comrades in arms of ten to fourteen years ago, and to live over a memory the trials and hardships of those days, hardships impo the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions. We b then, and believe now, we had a government worth fighting for, need be, dying for. How many of our comrades of those days p latter price for our preserved Union! Let their heroism and sa be ever green in our memory. Let not the result of their sacri destroyed. The Union and the free institutions for which th should be held more dear for their sacrifices. We will not deny of those who fought against us any privileges under the gove which we claim for ourselves. On the contrary, we welcome who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste plac to perpetuate our institutions against all enemies, as brothers in terest with us in a common heritage. But we are not prepared to gize for the part we took in the war. It is to be hoped such trans will again befall our country. In this sentiment no class of people ca heartily join than the soldier, who submitted to the dangers, tri hardships of the camp and battle-field, on whichever side he m fought. No class of people are more interested in guarding a recurrence of those days. Let us then begin by guarding agains enemy threatening the perpetuity of our free republican institut do not bring into this assemblage politics, certainly not partisan but it is a fair subject for soldiers in their deliberations to consid may be necessary to secure the prize for which they battled. public like ours, where the citizen is the sovereign, and the offi servant, where no power is exercised except by the will of the p is important that the sovereign—the people—should possess inte The free school is the promoter of that intelligence which is to us as a free nation. If we are to have another contest in t future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing not be Mason and Dixon's, but between patriotism and gence on the one side, and superstition, ambition, and ig on the other. Now, in this centennial year of our existence lieve it a good time to begin the work of strengthening the tion of the house commenced by our patriotic fathers one hundr ago at Concord and Lexington. Let us all labor to add al ful guarantees for the more perfect security of free thought, free and free press; pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments,

equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color, or religion. Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar of money appropriated to their support, no matter how raised, shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian school. Resolve that neither the State nor nation, nor both combined, shall support institutions of learning other than those sufficient to afford every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good common-school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan, or atheistical tenets. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church, and the private school, supported entirely by private contribution. Keep the church and state forever separate. With these safeguards, I believe the battle which created "The Army of the Tennessee" will not have been fought in vain.

And this is the speech of the Rev. Dr. Sweeney:

The war for the preservation of the Union solidified forever the principles of self-government as it relates to political and religious liberty. A tremendous energy of free life goes forth from American homes, schools and churches, and damned be the President, Pope, or devil who dares to stay it! Encouragement and not vassalage is enjoyed by our people. Explorers, biographers, professors, poets, preachers, historians, and toilers in all fields receive ample reward for the contributions they make to our national interests. Our poorest lads make our immortal Lincolns, and hence all are equally interested. Soldiery follow the polls. What we all decide by ballots, if need be, we are to back by battles, and hence as a nation we are for law and order. We discountenance riots and lawlessness. Riots stabbed Julius Cæsar, and rebellion assassinated Lincoln. Political liberty within the limits of the law is the idea among us.

And there is no nation where Luther is loved as in our republic. The freedom of the conscience, the freedom of speech, the freedom of the press, and the right of individual interpretation of the word of God our government stands pledged to protect. And it will be "a cold day" for the Romanist when he decides to meddle with religious liberty in this land. Rivers will run like blood, and buzzards will eat Catholic meat from Canada to Cuba, and from sea to sea.

The union of church and state, the control of civil power by the Papacy, is deader than a Universalist devil! The American Republic stands for the religious liberty of the people. Free schools, and our free Republican institutions, and American sense of self-hood will see to it that it remains untarnished while man has a meaning and there is sacredness in his soul. Let the Pope try to interfere with our religious liberty, and we will wind him up in crinoline as we did Jeff Davis, and stamp him with eternal infamy. This country is for all. It is for Romanist and Protestant, and there is to be no interference with the freedom of conscience in this land.

It was to preserve such a country that our soldiers in the war for the Union laid down their lives. It was to preserve the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. It was to strike down the powers that were, like keel-worms, attempting to bore holes in the keel of our national integrity. They fought till they made men gladly submit again to the law that makes the country one. They fought till they made the opposing forces feel that they had kicked against fate and the resistless laws of the world. They fought till they had torn traitorous banners into shreds, and unfurled the stars and stripes over a united land. The soldiers, whose memories we stir afresh to-day, bravely did their work. Brave men fell at Salamis, Platea, and the gap of Thermopylæ. Brave men crossed the Rubicon and conquered Gaul; but soldiers more heroic never fired guns, unsheathed swords, or fell with face to foe than our American soldiers in the war, both for and against the Union. I would not detract from the valor of the brave men who fought against the Union. They fought bravely but unwisely. The inspiring power to heroism for all future ages can be found in examples of bravery among the blues and grays, recorded in blood on a thousand battle-fields and in millions of sacrificial homes, both North and South. All honor to whom honor is due.

We doubtless would have fought as they, had we been situated as they. Let us feel, as the years pass on, more of the spirit of the imperishable Lincoln—"with malice to none and charity to all"—and it will be better for the future unity and peace of the republic.

It was to preserve the American Union that our patriotic soldiers laid down their lives, and for this fact we honor their graves by this floral display. We have brought our flowers from our homes, and from our gardens, and fields, and strewn them over these brave, patriotic men. These delicate decorations of leaf and bloom express the affectionate and beautiful memory in which they are held. A bed of pinks or a group of wild flowers is more eloquent than the tongues of Webster or Pericles. Napoleon said: "Where flowers degenerate man can not live." The fame of leaf and bloom has come into power by the sanctity of all antiquity. The silver cups which have been handed down from Pharaohs have lilies on the brim. Before Moses, Egyptian girls wore the lotus in their hair, which was the rose of Egypt. Its outlines are seen in the capitals of Corinthian columns. Athens had a flower-market where orders were filled from ivy to rose. The Romans hung them on their walls and arches of triumph, and strewed them as emblems of their mournful love on the tombs of the dead. And He that stood above all men said, "Consider the lilies." So that we scatter to-day our flowers in keeping with customs, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, and Christian, and celebrate with a sweet appreciation the memories of our sacred and honored dead. They express for us, at this hour, what we fail to find in language, or music, or art. We offer them as the chief orators of this sad hour; when our lips grow dumb, we permit the evergreens, and lilies, and roses to use their gentle eloquence. These flowers, while they express our affection for the dead, remind us also that He who can transform the dust into rose can assemble our dead upon the hills and in the valley of a blessed paradise. No greater thought did the wreaths and garlands of earth ever adorn. Flowers cast before the chariot-wheels of noble kings, flowers of queens among the sparkling jewels, flowers on the altar of marriage, flowers at the feast of philosophy, flowers flung by loving hands upon the tomb of Christ, significant of man's hope of life to come, flowers with all their varied and beautiful meanings, we bring here to-day and cast on the graves of our honored Union soldiers. The rock, and scaffold, and prison-pen, and battle-field were stained with their blood to sustain the rights and laws of our land. Let us then write their names upon everlasting tablets that they may be known to the end of the world. While language has a meaning, and civilization a name, their memories shall be forever cherished.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The inclosed twenty-dollar bill expresses the degree of my individual desire to see the forthcoming report of the State Board of Examiners on the St. Vincent matter, honestly and ungarbled, set before the people of our State and country.

I will give candid expression to the special and particular object I have in view in desiring to see the report myself in full, and to assist in spreading it before the intelligent part of the public.

The contribution by the State of public money toward the maintenance of sectarian charities shows, on a small scale, how the same principle would operate on a gigantic one if it were applied to the education of the youth of our whole country. In all Protestant, Jewish, and non-ecclesiastical institutions, the employees of every kind and of every degree must be paid liberal salaries for their services. These salaries must be sufficient to provide not only the mere food and clothing of the employees themselves, but also the maintenance of their families and the savings which prudence impels all reliable workers to lay by for the necessities of age. In this matter of fundamental importance the Roman Catholic Church has a terrific advantage. All such services are performed for it by its mendicant orders. The members of these orders are sworn to life-long poverty. They may not own a single dollar's worth of anything even to eat or wear. The teaching of forty children in a Protestant school costs not less than the salary of one teacher, or the living of a family. The teaching of forty children in a Roman Catholic school costs the food and raiment of one priest, or nun. If the *per capita* cost of teaching Protestant and other children be ever paid to the Roman Catholic Church for Catholic education, at least three-fourths of the public money, raised by taxation and devoted to this purpose, would inevitably go to the support of the Roman Catholic Church.

I do not know whether or not the twenty-seven and a half cents per day allotted by the State to the support of each of its orphans is intended to cover the total cost of such support, but it is fair to expect the Catholic population to furnish as large a *per capita* share of the cost of maintaining Catholic orphans as non-Catholics do, and I do not doubt that this expectation is fully realized.

If, then, the St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, having received the same *per capita* apportionment as all other orphan asylums, has exercised the extraordinary degree of economy which the partial reports impute to it, to what use has the surplus public money been applied? I acknowledge that I believe that the managers of the asylum have used public money for the acquisition of church property, and for the maintenance of specially Roman Catholic institutions entirely external to the feeding, clothing, and education of the orphans of the State.

The report will, undoubtedly, be altogether too long to admit of its publication in the *Argonaut*. Although the Sunday edition of the daily papers would be the exact place for it, there is little likelihood of their publishing it in full if it be a wholly unfavorable report. I therefore desire to see the report published in pamphlet form and freely distributed.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 6, 1888. AMERICAN PRINCIPLES.

We print the foregoing letter from an intelligent and enterprising gentleman in order to give us the opportunity of saying that it is the intention of the *Argonaut* either to print, or have printed, and to distribute at large the testimony in reference to St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum at San Rafael. We are not consenting to a suppression of any testimony, nor to a letting up of a most thorough and exhaustive investigation; an investigation that shall not be hindered by the fears of Roman priests, nor the clamors of cowardly politicians, nor the indifference of timid editors. The expositions of this institution are so damaging in their character, and the conduct of its ecclesiastical managers have been so criminal, that it can not be allowed to pass till all the facts are disclosed, and out of it comes reformatory legislation. If other of our readers shall be willing to contribute toward the expense of printing and distributing the testimony, we shall conscientiously expend any money entrusted to our care in the direction where we think it will do the most good.—ED.

The Presidential campaign opens with the nomination of Cleveland and Thurman, as good a ticket as was available to the Democracy. The administration of Cleveland has not been in any sense disastrous, and but in small particulars disappointing. It has realized none of the dangerous prophecies suggested by its Republican enemies, and it has not justified all the wishes of its ultra-Democratic friends, nor quite satisfied the expectations of its Mugwump allies. Under it the country has prospered and the debt diminished. Those who wish there could be more courage displayed in political circles, less subserviency toward aliens, and less fear of the Roman Church, have had occasion to criticise the more recent acts of the President, and especially in his submitting the conduct and control of the St. Louis Convention to Roman Catholic Irishmen. Mr. Thurman's nomination as Vice-President is most respectable; his whole life has been exemplary, his public career in all respects honorable and in most highly creditable. His advocacy of Bland's Silver Bill, his advocacy of the measure to exclude the Chinese, and his somewhat narrow views in reference to the Pacific railroads identify him particularly with Pacific Coast interests. In the view doubtless that these considerations would strengthen the ticket upon the Pacific Coast, the *Examiner* made his candidacy prominent, and the enthusiasm of the California delegation gave it a successful boom under the bandana craze, and defeated the Presidential programme for Gray, of Indiana. The contest will probably turn upon the revenue question, and if the Republicans nominate a strong candidate with an American revenue and labor platform, it will be an exciting and perhaps doubtful one, the casting vote resting with the independent non-partisan classes as in 1884.

The Rev. Dr. Sweeney is being criticised and blamed for his bold speech on Memorial Day. The galled jade of Romanism winces—pleads the heroic services of Catholics on the battle-fields of the civil war. Most of these criticisms are those of anonymous cowards over a pseudonym. They forget the acts, the literature, the past history, and the present endeavor of plotting priests to undermine and destroy the republic. We applaud the remarks of Dr. Sweeney. We declare the occasion of their utterance as most appropriate. Tears and flowers for the dead; blows and blood for the fighting enemy; forgiveness for the past; but no indulgence for the present and no neglect of any precaution necessary for the future. The Church of Rome is the enemy of the republic. The man who can not see it is a fool; the man who fears to recognize the fact is a coward; and he who, seeing and realizing the danger, makes no movement to arrest and divert it, is a conspirator in alliance with the enemy. Better make a hundred mistakes from the inspiration of loyalty than commit a single crime resulting from cowardice and treason.

CURIOSITIES OF HEREDITY.

That the law of inheritance should be constant in its operation, however variable in its effects, is not a matter for surprise. Sir Henry Holland truly observes that the real subject for surprise is not that any peculiarity should be inherited, but that any should fail to be inherited; and Darwin remarks that the most correct way of viewing the whole subject would be to look at the inheritance of every character as the rule, and non-inheritance as the anomaly.

It is obvious that instances of inheritance are most likely to be noticed and recorded when the inherited peculiarity is striking and abnormal. Cases are on record of families whose members were characterized by the possession of a supernumerary digit on the hands and feet, and this remarkable peculiarity has been transmitted through five generations, showing how strong is the force of inheritance even in such a minor detail of structure. A still more singular instance is that of Lambert, the well-known "porcupine-man," whose skin was thickly covered with warty projections, which were periodically molted. He had six children, who were similarly affected; and two of his grandsons inherited the strange peculiarity. One of the most singular instances of inheritance, recorded by Decandolle, was a family in France, of which the leading representative could, when a youth, pitch several books from his head by the movement of the scalp alone, and he used to win wagers by performing this feat. His father, uncle, grandfather, and his three children possessed the same power to the same unusual degree. This family became divided eight generations ago into two branches, so that the head of the above-mentioned branch is cousin in the seventh degree to the head of the other branch. This distant cousin resided in another part of France, and on being asked whether he possessed the same faculty, immediately exhibited his power.

The frequency among the Romans of surnames indicating some physical peculiarity—Naso, Labeo, Bucco, Capito—would seem to show that the fact of certain types of feature being transmitted through several generations had already been remarked. This fact lies almost unnoticed under many current forms of expression. We speak of a certain type of face being aristocratic or the reverse, by which we mean that physical features characterizing certain classes are transmitted so surely as to become the recognized appanage of those classes. The aristocracy of Western Europe pride themselves upon possessing and transmitting small hands, the outward and visible sign of long exemption from manual labor. The aristocracy of China pride themselves on the smallness of their feet. The implication is in each case the same. We often speak of "blue blood" without any clear idea of the meaning of the expression. The phrase probably arose from the recognition of the fact, that the aristocratic and luxurious classes, who are exempt from actual labor, possess a fine white skin, through which the veins show themselves clearly, and that this peculiarity is transmitted from generation to generation. It is a fact of history that Frederick William the First of Prussia succeeded in producing a stock of gigantic grenadiers by matching his tallest soldiers with women of similar proportions.

When we turn to the lower animals, the instances of striking peculiarities being inherited are still more numerous, and have been recorded with greater care and accuracy. Every breeder and trainer is aware of the vast importance of the law of inheritance, and no instance is allowed to escape notice. Thus the well-known Ancon or otter breed of sheep, now extinct, arose in the last century in Massachusetts by the accidental birth of a ram, characterized by crooked legs and a long back like a turnspit. These peculiarities rendered him unable to leap fences, and as this was a point of great importance to the early settlers, this ram was selected for breeding, and his abnormalities of structure were faithfully transmitted. The breeds of Mauchamp sheep and Niata cattle had a somewhat similar origin. Darwin relates how in a litter of pointer pups one was observed to be of a blue color. This remarkable circumstance led to inquiry, and it was found that, four generations earlier, there had been in the same breed a pointer bitch named Sappho, celebrated for her blue color. We have here an instance of one of the secondary laws of inheritance known as the law of atavism (from *atavus*, an ancestor). According to this law, any peculiarity, instead of passing directly from parent to child, may skip one or more generations, and reappear lower down in the line of descent. Of this curious law innumerable instances occur. It is not uncommon for a child to resemble his grandparents much more closely than his father or mother.

Instinct is strongly hereditary in animals, even under the most unfavorable conditions. Ducklings hatched by a hen take to water immediately on breaking their shell. If the eggs of the wild duck be placed under one of the domesticated species, the young, when their feathers are complete, immediately take to the wing. Birds hatched in confinement construct in their cages the same kind of nest as their more fortunate brethren of the same species build in the virgin forest. The domesticated dog, even when thoroughly well-cared for, is very fond of burying a bone in some secret spot—a lingering trace, probably, of the time when he ran wild in the woods, and the secreting of surplus food for a future occasion was a matter of practical importance to him. When the squirrel is reared in confinement, it stores away in a corner of its cage a portion of the nuts supplied to it, an instinctive preparation for the coming winter, unnecessary, indeed, for this individual squirrel, but highly important for its ancestors and congeners living in the wild state. Every one must have observed how difficult it is to make a common ass leap over a stream, however small. This unwillingness is not the result of an inherent incapacity for jumping, as the ass leaps over other obstacles with ease, while it hesitates obstinately at the tiniest streamlet. We have here, in all probability, a remnant of an instinct dating far back to the time when the ancestors of the ass were exclusively desert animals, and so unaccustomed to the sight of running water as to be confused and terrified by it. If any one observes a field of lambs at play, he will notice with what delight they frisk upon any hillock within their reach. Here we have probably a trace of the time when the progenitors of our sheep were Alpine animals, and possessed the habits of the chamois.

In the realm of disease the facts of inheritance are most numerous, and are daily accumulating. Here they are no longer, alas, curious and amusing, but terrible, fateful, overwhelming. No fact of nature is more pregnant with awful meaning than the fact of the inheritance of disease. Modern science, which has cast illumination into so many dark corners of nature, has shed a new and still more lurid light on the words of the Hebrew Scriptures: "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation." Instances of hereditary disease abound on every hand. Fully fifty per cent. of cases of gout are inherited. The proportion is not much less in consumption. Cancer and scrofula run strongly in families. Insanity is hereditary to a marked degree; but fortunately, like many other hereditary diseases, tends to wear itself out, the stock becoming extinct. Nearly all defects of sight are occasionally inherited. Probably [illegible] chronic diseases which permanently modify the stru[illegible] functions of the body are more or less liable to be inh[illegible]

THE HERALD OF FATE.

On a certain winter morning, a few years since, Mr. Clark Rogers, who was the "Co." in the firm of Harkness, Lyon & Co., in Sansome Street, appeared at the office with a very unusual expression on his face. Harkness, who was an affable, kindly man, noticed it, and asked whether he was not feeling very much out of sorts that morning. It did not escape Lyon, the practical managing head of the firm, who ventured the remark that Rogers evidently had something on his mind. The book-keepers, who were accustomed to work under Mr. Rogers's direction, commented upon it at noon to one another, and decided that something very queer must have happened to affect him so deeply.

The something very queer which had upset the matter-of-fact intellect of Clark Rogers, and had brought the strained, bewildered look upon his face, was a letter which the postman had delivered at his bachelor apartments that morning. With the reading of that letter a complete revolution had taken place in his mind. For the first time in his life of forty-five years he was brought face to face with something for which he could find no conceivable explanation. Heretofore no problem had ever presented itself to which his plain common sense was not equal. Being now suddenly thrown from the regular orbit which he was accustomed to traverse, the result was something very like a panic.

The strange thing concerning this letter, which had come regularly through the mail and bore the San Francisco postmark of the preceding day, was that it came from a dead man. That Howard Russell was dead there could be no doubt, for nearly twenty years before Rogers himself had helped to carry his body to the grave. They had been friends during their boyhood and youth in a decaying New England town. On the other hand, there seemed to be no possible doubt that this letter was from Howard Russell. It was signed with his name, was written unmistakably in his hand, and contained references to things of which no one else could know. After a strained effort to account for it all, Mr. Rogers read and re-read the letter, experiencing as he did so a queer sensation of mental numbness. The letter ran as follows:

MY DEAR CLARK: You are doubtless astonished to receive a letter in my hand-writing, and are vainly endeavoring to account for it. For many years I have been wishing and striving to communicate with you, and at last I have found a human medium through whom I can reach you; his hand guided by mine writes you, and his body held by my soul can speak the message I wish to send. I know that this is all out of the range of your belief. Experience has never revealed to you the possibility of the return of a human soul to the earth after its departure from the body. I ask you to believe nothing, only to listen. It is necessary that you should understand that it is Howard Russell who writes this letter; therefore, I will remind you of the pledge which I gave you when you talked with me alone a few hours before my death, that I would return to warn you if I foresaw any calamity to your life. I will remind you, too, of the October afternoon when we strolled together through the woods and talked of Mary, and solemnly agreed to remain friends whichever of us she might accept. Is this sufficient? Can you imagine that any one else should know of these two occurrences?

It is for the sake of Mary that I wish to come to speak to you, and because of the love which you once bore her you are bound to listen. On the evening of the day when you read this letter you will find yourself detained at the office by unfinished work. There will come to you a man who will give his name as Campion, and will offer to speak my words. You shall listen to him, learn your destiny, and act upon the advice which is tendered. Let not your disbelief in the possibility of this close your ears to the truth. Withhold judgment for the present, but listen faithfully to my message.

THE SPIRIT OF HOWARD RUSSELL.

Now, had any one of Clark Rogers's friends, who were wont to admire the cool, practical way in which he took the affairs of life, related such an occurrence to him, he would have been at no loss for an explanation. "Some enterprising swindler," he would have declared, "who happened to have learned these facts about you, imitates the dead man's hand-writing in the hope of getting you to pay for further disclosures." Yet now that the case was of his own experience, this explanation was dismissed almost without a hearing. For a time his thoughts continued to grope about blindly, striving to grasp anything by which they could find their way back to light. There seemed to be nothing within reach, and for once hopeless amazement ruled in his mind.

Mr. Clark Rogers had no relatives, and he was not in the habit of making confidants of his few friends. His life was essentially commonplace, methodical, and lonely. He spent the days over the ledgers of Harkness, Lyon & Co., and the evenings in his apartments or at the club. He had come to the coast many years before, while still a young man, and had slowly worked his way up from poverty to affluence by the most strict attention to business. The property which he had thus acquired he proposed to leave to his sister's son, a young man of considerable business promise, who lived in a city of the middle West. Such a life was without perplexities of any sort, and tended to make harder to bear anything strange or unexpected which came to pass.

For these reasons, therefore, the face of Clark Rogers wore the troubled look which had attracted the notice of his partners and the clerks. The letter had advised him to suspend judgment until he should have further evidence, and in the effort to accomplish this, he found himself unable to keep his thoughts upon his work during the day. Had he been able to offer himself any explanation whatever, he might have dismissed the question from his mind, but in default of that it constantly returned to torment him. Presently a curious desire to see the conclusion of the affair took possession of him, and he began to wonder whether the alleged "medium" would put in an appearance. Under other circumstances it would have seemed to him preposterous that he should be brought to consider the idea of listening to an impostor of this stamp, but at present he was strangely eager for the interview. The prediction that he would be detained at the office in the evening proved true, for the reason that he found at the end of the day that he had accomplished but a small part of his accustomed labors.

At about nine o'clock that evening Mr. Rogers sat alone in his private office at the front end of the building on Sansome Street. To the rear, beyond the labyrinth of tables and show-cases, were the glass compartments where a few book-keepers were still at work. Intent upon finishing the duties he had left undone during the day, Rogers was bending over the paper on his desk. The room was lighted dimly by an argand gas-lamp. When at last he looked up, he discovered that he was no longer alone, but that a tall man, dressed in a shabby suit of black cloth, was standing near him. He had entered unnoticed, although both the street and office doors were closed. His arms were folded, and from under the brim of his black slouch hat a pair of great, deep-set eyes looked down upon the merchant.

"Good evening," said he, when Rogers looked up; "my name is Campion."

"How did you get in?" asked Rogers, in a startled tone.

"The doors open quietly, and you were much absorbed in your work," the man answered.

As it became more evident that his strange visitor was flesh and blood, and not some unearthly being, Mr. Rogers's calmness returned. He motioned the man to a seat opposite to himself in front of the desk, and, for a minute, looked intently at his face as the light fell on it from the gas-lamp. The medium's features were large and striking, and of a waxy paleness. After the short, searching gaze he had bestowed upon Mr. Rogers when he first entered, he did not again look at him, but allowed his great luminous eyes to stare blankly into space.

Presently, when Mr. Rogers felt his self-control sufficiently established to speak, he said: "Well, sir, what is your business with me?"

"I do not know," answered the man.

His method of speaking was quite as strange as his appearance. He spoke slowly, yet each sentence seemed to come at a breath. Although without emphasis or inflection, it was still not expressionless, for his voice was sonorous and the words clearly enunciated.

"You do not know! Then what did you come for?"

The man passed his hand wearily over his eyes.

"Because I was compelled to come. For several days I have been haunted by a spirit that would give me no rest until I had communicated his message to you. Yesterday I wrote you from him the letter, which I saw you receive, and which has been in your mind during all the day. You are so constituted as to be unable to believe what I say, so I need not trouble myself to assure you that I did not even know what that letter contained, just as I do not know now what I am destined to say to you, and can not retell it when the spirit is gone."

"See here," interrupted Rogers, sternly; "I am prepared to listen to what you have to communicate to me, for in some mysterious way you seem to be speaking for a dead man that I once knew. I will pay whatever fee is necessary, but do not try to make me believe what I know to be false."

The man shook his head.

"There will be no fee," said he.

"Very well, then," said the merchant; "I am prepared to listen to you."

There were a few minutes of silence. Rogers had pushed his chair back until he was out of the light of the lamp and several yards distant from his visitor. The latter sat motionless as a statue, his eyes fastened upon a spot in the wall. Presently his pale features began to twitch nervously, but he did not speak. His hands were clasped with an energy which denoted great mental strain. His breath came in long sighs, or in short, quick gasps.

All at once he turned his great eyes upon Rogers and began to speak, and at the first word the merchant started as if he had received a painful shock, for he heard again the sound of a voice stilled for many years in death.

"Clark, I need not tell you who it is that speaks to you, for you recognize me by my voice. Believe me, I am sorry to have given you this shock, but it was needed that you should know what is soon to come to pass. A calamity is about to happen to you, of which I must give you warning for the sake of the woman whom we once both loved. In the selfish life that you are leading it is many years since you even thought of Mary. You have not cared to learn whether she is happy or wretched, although at one time she was to have been your wife. You knew that she was now a widow, but how she has maintained herself and her children you have not asked. In your narrow and severe way you have always blamed her for the separation which your neglect and coldness forced her to bring about. When she married, you dismissed her from your thoughts as having been unworthy of you. You are as selfish and as unfeeling now as you were when, by your superior strength of will, you compelled me to give her up.

"For years I have seen the woman I loved suffering from poverty and hardship, and have longed to help her. I knew that it was idle to communicate with you, for she is too proud to accept the slightest benefit from you while you are still alive. Events have at last taken a turn which puts it in your power to offer her assistance that she will not refuse.

"Clark Rogers, I come to warn you that the day of your death is at hand; it is not a month away, it is scarcely more than a week. The will which you had drawn up three years ago leaves the bulk of your property to your nephew. Within three days you will receive information through the newspapers of his betrayal of the trust imposed in him, and of his disgraceful flight. When you frame a new testament—and see that you do not delay in doing so—remember the woman whose life was rendered miserable by your selfish neglect. The money which you had intended to leave to your sister's unworthy son will go to repair the wrong which you wrought fifteen years ago. It will enable one of the noblest and truest women who ever lived to educate her children and spend the remainder of her life in peace and comfort, blessing your memory after you are dead."

The voice ceased, but the stranger sat with parted lips and dilated eyes, steadily gazing at the listener. From the first, Rogers had nerved himself to meet some sort of a shock, but the sound of the dead voice, the memory of a forgotten love, and the reference to his own death deprived him for a time of the self-control which was characteristic of him.

Gradually, however, he recovered himself, and determined that whatever internal misgivings might beset him he would put on a bold front to this man whom he believed to be an impostor. After a few moments of silence, he said, with apparent unconcern: "It is evident, whoever you are, that you know much about Howard Russell and myself, yet I am in no way affected by the pretended messages which you deliver. I do not believe in them at all. As to your effort to excite my fears by predicting my death, it will avail nothing. I am in too good health to allow my spirits to be touched by superstitious dread of such an event."

"As to your health, it is by no means what you believe it to be. On the day after to-morrow, as you sit down at your desk in the afternoon, you will experience a sudden fluttering of the heart, followed by a strained feeling in the arteries. This will be repeated at intervals, until you are compelled to consult a physician. I see you with him now. He is a short man, with bristling eye-brows and a gray mustache."

"My physician has a long black beard," said Rogers, grimly.

"The one you will consult has not. However, your death is not to be the result of illness, for I can see you a short time before the occurrence, and you are then a robust man, a little pale, but in good health."

"Since you can tell so much," said the merchant, "why do you not reveal it all to me, how and when my death is to take place?"

"I will tell you all that I can see," answered the clairvoyant. "You are before my eyes now, with death but a few moments away. You stand in a small room with white wooden walls. It resembles, in some degree, a state-room in an ocean steamer, save that it has a desk in it. You are looking at the calendar which hangs beside the mirror. It bears the date the twenty-sixth, and two lines from Swinburne, which you read. Yes, it is on shipboard, for now there rings an alarm of fire, and I hear the rushing of many feet; then the vision fades away."

"The twenty-sixth is very soon, and I never go to sea."

"It will happen as I narrate. To-morrow, word will come to the firm of which you are a member, calling for your presence at some distant point. It will be put off for a time, but one week from to-day you will leave the city by boat——"

"One week!" cried out Rogers, starting up from his chair; "why, you clumsy blunderer, you stupid humbug! Don't you see your story does not hang together?"

The stranger sprang up, pressing his thin hands to his face. Then he shook himself like a dog suddenly awakened from a sound sleep, and stared blankly at the merchant.

"One week from to-day is the twenty-seventh," exclaimed Rogers, "and I am to die on the twenty-sixth. I will hear no more of your nonsense. This is a little more than I can tolerate."

"I do not understand you," said the medium in his own voice; "I can not tell what I have been saying to you. I do not even know who spoke through me, but I seem to remember that it was your friend."

Clark Rogers surveyed his visitor for a moment with immeasurable contempt. The man's apparent confusion and his palpable error had snapped the thread by which he held his listener. Rogers, suddenly convinced that his understanding had been led into some sort of an ambush and then overpowered, turned in fury upon the agent of the deceit.

"You may go," he said, restraining himself with difficulty; "if your purpose was to astonish me, I admit that you have succeeded. If you hoped to make me believe that you were in communication with the dead, you have failed. And if you ever again venture, by letter or otherwise, to profane the memory of my friend, I will have you hunted down by the police as a swindling scoundrel."

The stranger was standing near the door of the office. Slowly he raised his arm and pointed his bony index-finger at Rogers.

"Remember!" said he.

In another instant he was gone. Rogers seized his pen and began to work on the books which were lying before him, noting down the results of his calculations on a sheet of paper. Frequently he dashed his pen through what he had written and began again. He noticed that his hand trembled and that his fingers with difficulty directed the pen aright, but this he assured himself was the result of intense anger. He understood that he had for a time lost control of himself and had yielded to what he knew must be superstition, but he was firmly resolved that this should not happen again. Thereupon was begun a struggle between the will power and the natural feelings of Clark Rogers, totally destructive to his peace of mind.

The next day when the firm assembled, as was their custom, to talk over the morning's mail, the senior partner, Mr. Harkness, remarked upon the worn and haggard appearance of Mr. Rogers.

"Rogers is working too hard, I think," said Lyon; "he ought to take a short vacation."

"That is the idea," said Harkness: "you have not been away for many months, now. Why don't you take a little run down to Santa Barbara or San Diego by boat? It is a pleasant enough trip if you are not seasick."

Rogers started and said, rather testily, "What in the world put that into your head? I hate the water, and have never been on an ocean boat in my life."

After some little discussion as to the comparative merits of seasickness and death, the firm began to look over the letters which the corresponding clerk had laid out.

One of these was from a traveling agent of the company whose route lay in the southern part of the State. It contained the information that a customer of the firm, who was now standing on their books for a number of thousands of dollars, had become badly involved in land speculations, and, it was believed, was on the point of bankruptcy. If the case were handled carefully, the agent considered that most of the debt could be realized, but if the matter was neglected there might be a considerable loss.

"One of us must go down to Ventura immediately, and see what can be done," said Harkness.

"Without a doubt," said Lyon: "here is Rogers's old trip all mapped out for him by fate."

"I am very busy, just now," said Rogers, slowly, and he began to feel his heart beat with rapid, ponderous strokes; "how soon ought I to go?"

Before the answer came he felt what it was to be.

"There is no very pressing haste, four or five days is soon enough; say the twenty-fifth or the twenty-sixth."

"If I went, I should go by land, I think."

"You can't do that very well at this season of the year. I notice by the papers that the Santa Clara is very high, and the stages run quite irregularly."

"I will not go," said Rogers, bluntly; "that is to say," he added, in some confusion, "if either of you gentlemen can manage to go in my stead."

"Leave the matter to me," said Lyon, good-naturedly, "I know the man well and the place, also. Leave Rogers to his books."

So the conference ended; although, after Rogers had left the room, the other partners commented with surprise upon the vehemence with which he had spoken. As for Rogers, he spent some time endeavoring to convince himself that he would have acted just as he did, had the portent of death not been hanging over him. The idea of an ocean trip was, of course, distasteful to him, and under any circumstances he would have stood out against it. If it were absolutely necessary he could go, but as Lyon was to attend to the matter, he need give it no further thought.

For more than twenty-four hours he succeeded so well in his purpose as to quite surprise himself, for he had begun to lose confidence in his power over his thoughts. In the afternoon of the next day, however, an event occurred which again flooded his mind with unwelcome memories. As he started to rise from his desk he felt a sudden faintness and a violent fluttering at the heart, succeeded, a moment later, by a straining throughout the system and a spasm of pain. He staggered back into his seat, terribly frightened. The paroxysm was over in an instant, and did not return, but the paleness had not left his features a few minutes later when the senior partner entered the room.

Harkness stopped short on seeing Rogers's face, and said: "My dear fellow, you positively look ill. I don't like it at all."

"I am not feeling particularly well," assented Rogers, nervously.

"You are over-working. You must take a rest. Now, look here, Lyon has not been down to-day, and Mrs. Lyon was just called to say that he has another attack of rheumatism, and that it may last him a week or two. What in the deuce are we to do? Some one must go down to Ventura. I can't, that is certain. Now, why don't you go?"

Rogers turned on him and spoke with almost savage emphasis: "I will go," he said, and repeated it; "I will go; and it shall be on the twenty-sixth."

Harkness eyed him for a moment in silence.

"You speak in a strange manner," he said, "as though something were troubling you."

Rogers drew his hand slowly over his eyes.

"Several odd things have happened to me of late," he confessed; "I can not explain to you what they were, but they have tempted me to yield to superstitious fancies. I suppose such things never trouble you."

"Often, often," said the senior member, dropping into a chair; "but I had imagined that you were altogether too matter-of-fact to be affected by such folly. For myself, I have been addicted to that sort of thing so constantly that I have, at last, formulated a theory on the subject. Did I ever mention it to you? I hold that a superstition positively exists for you if you believe in it, but if you repudiate it, it is dead. If you have the strength of will to go deliberately and do what the portent, whatever it may be, warns you against, you are safe from its influence. If you dodge the event, of course you dodge the calamity. But now, if, believing in the danger signal, you either accidentally or thoughtlessly do what you are warned against, then the omen holds good, because you will believe in it. Do you catch the idea?"

"I think I do," answered Rogers; and after some more conversation concerning the affairs of the firm in Ventura, the partners separated.

It may have been the consolation of the Harkness philosophy which stole over the troubled mind of Mr. Clark Rogers, or it may have been that the sudden exertion of his will had wer reëstablished his confidence in himself; at all events, the disturbed condition of feeling did not return. Twice more the strange sensations at the heart were experienced, but although they caused him anxiety he was not unnerved, as he had been upon the first attack. He determined, however, to see a physician, and learn whether any immediate difficulty was indicated by these symptoms. So completely had he driven the ghostly message from his thoughts, that he did not remember that this visit to the doctor had been predicted, until he stood before the door of the office in the dusk of the evening.

Then, as he rang the bell, a sudden tremor seized him, and for an instant he felt sick and faint. A moment later he regained control of himself, and laughed carelessly as he remembered how absurdly the medium had failed in his effort to describe the physician's appearance.

"Is the doctor in?" he asked of the servant who answered the bell.

"Step into the office, please, and I will speak to him."

The gas had not been lighted, and the office was quite dark. Mr. Rogers seated himself near one of the windows, and presently a man entered at the other side of the room whom he did not recognize, but who he saw by his stature could not be Dr. Bond.

"Excuse me a moment, until I light the gas," said a voice, which sounded familiarly on his ear; "Dr. Bond is out of the city, Mr. Rogers, but I suppose you would just as soon consult with me."

As he spoke, the light flashed up and he stood revealed, a well-known physician and a member of Rogers's own club; a short man, with very bushy eye-brows and a gray mustache.

On the evening of the next day, as Mr. Harkness was dining alone with his wife, he remarked to her that Rogers had received a bad blow that morning.

"Rogers's heir, you know," said he, "is his sister's son, a young fellow by the name of Westfall. This morning's papers contained a dispatch to the effect that he had committed a serious defalcation, and had bolted for Canada. It is a terrible affair, and I never saw a man so completely overcome as Rogers was. He seemed unable to control himself, and has done nothing but brood over it all day. He had some hope that it was false, but, on telegraphing for information, the report was entirely confirmed. By a curious coincidence, he went to see Dr. Griffith last night, who warned him that there is something the matter with his heart, and that he had best see to it that his affairs are all in order. He had intended to make a new will, and now this occurrence upsets all his previous arrangements."

"Whom will he leave his money to, do you suppose?" asked Mrs. Harkness.

"He told me who his heir would be, for the reason that he expects to depend upon me to carry out the provisions of the will in case he should die suddenly, but it was under promise of secrecy. The person is not a relative. It seems there was some sort of a youthful romantic attachment."

"How odd!" exclaimed the lady; "one would not suspect it of a man like Mr. Rogers."

The next day the will was drawn and attested, and a temporary sensation of relief took possession of the tortured mind of Clark Rogers. In spite of repeated assurances to the contrary, he had come to accept the utterances of the alleged spirit as true, and had put into the will the name of the woman he had once promised to marry. He endeavored to make himself believe that he would have done this just the same, had it not been suggested to him. He had never been without a suspicion that he had misjudged Mary, and this was nothing but an effort to repair the wrong. Once more he found distraction in his work, and for a day thrust away the dread of what was to come.

It was late in the afternoon of the twenty-fifth that the panic again seized him, and the courage with which he had determined to meet and overthrow his superstitious fancies suddenly evaporated. The succession of proofs rose before him like the vision of kings to Macbeth. But one part of the message remained unfulfilled: that he should go to sea on the twenty-sixth, and there meet his death. And he was going to meet fate, instead of avoiding the chance of its consummation. No power could carry him on ship-board if he refused to go, and there was no reason why he should not delay the proposed voyage. The doctor had especially warned him to avoid worry and excitement, and by deciding to go on some other date he could save himself this agitation, foolish it was, to be sure, but none the less positive.

He caught eagerly at this comforting subterfuge and was about to go to the senior partner, when that gentleman entered the room with a newspaper in his hand.

"I say, Rogers," he said, "were you expecting to go to-morrow?" Then without waiting for an answer, he continued: "Because you are liable to be disappointed, if you are. There is a boat to-morrow, but I notice that she does not stop at Ventura. From your mentioning the twenty-sixth so positively, I supposed you had looked it up."

"When does my boat go?"

"On the twenty-seventh, the day after to-morrow. I suppose that will be quite as convenient for you."

Rogers burst into an excited laugh.

"What strikes you as so amusing?" inquired Harkness.

"To think," laughed Rogers, "that I should have made all my plans to go, and never looked to see about the boats. For some reason or other, I had an idea that mine would leave on the twenty-sixth."

Throughout the fated day Rogers sat at his desk over his ledgers. Several times he stopped, glanced at the clock and then at the calendar, and smiled. He was quite free from excitement now, and entirely light-hearted. The thought of sudden death which had flitted through his mind at frequent intervals during the last week was far enough away to be quite amusing. He was more affable with his clerks than they had known him to be for years.

At three o'clock Harkness came into the office wearing his hat and overcoat.

"Come along with me," he said; "I am going on an interesting trip which you will enjoy. I have some friends among the officers of the frigate *Mohican*, which is lying at anchor in the bay, and I am going out to be shown about the ship. They will welcome you, too."

"This is the last resort of Fate," thought Rogers; "how superstition does insult a man, when she has him down."

He was seriously tempted to accept the invitation out of mere bravado, for his old firmness of spirit had returned, but reflecting that there were many things which he must attend to in the time that remained, he declined, and the day closed without further event.

On the morning of the twenty-seventh a coast steamer went out the Golden Gate with Clark Rogers as a passenger. The predicted day of his death had come and gone, and he was still a sound man, with prospect of many years of life ahead of him. The mysterious coincidences had revealed to him that strange things might happen for which he could not account, but they had stopped short of more dangerous ground. He was now free from the influence of the superstition, and would soon entirely forget it, save that, at times, he would perhaps look back to laugh at his unexpected display of weakness.

Nevertheless, he found himself this morning subject to a strange sort of depression, for which he could not account. It seemed to have no connection with the disagreeable thoughts of the past few days, but was unique and indescribable. He wandered about the ship, trying in vain to get away from the discomfort of this new sensation. It was the reaction, he told himself, of the strain through which he had been passing. Once thrown from its balance his mind would have to be for a time at the mercy of whatever foolish fancies might seize upon it.

As he leaned against the rail, a prey to these moody reflections, some one touched his arm, and he turned to discover a former book-keeper of the firm, wearing the cap and uniform of the purser of the ship.

"Mr. Rogers, I am astonished and delighted to see you, sir," he said. Never in his life had the merchant stood more in need of company. The cordiality with which he returned his former clerk's greeting quite astonished that gentleman.

After they had talked a few minutes, the purser said: "Won't you come to my room, Mr. Rogers? It is a cozy little place. I notice you are not looking well. It is too chilly for you here, is it not?"

The room was small but pleasant. Mr. Rogers occupied a chair by the desk, while the purser sat on the edge of the bed. The latter was a talkative young man, who experienced an unusual degree of pleasure in meeting as an equal his old employer, of whom he had formerly stood in great awe. While listening to his lively prattle, Mr. Rogers's uneasiness gradually vanished.

"This is a sort of a dangerous trip; do you know it?" said the purser.

"Why, how is that?" inquired the merchant, nervously.

"We are carrying about all the gunpowder, and oil, and such combustibles that the policy will allow. If we should catch fire now, it would not take long to blow us skyward. But I ought not to talk to you of such matters; you might not sleep well at night after it."

Mr. Rogers said but little, not being by nature a very companionable man. With the purser it was different; it was not often that he secured so attentive a listener as his present one.

"Are you going to stop in Ventura very long?" he inquired.

"No," answered the other.

"Well, you ought to," said the purser; "everything is beautiful down there now. The hills are a velvety green, and the meadows are fairly carpeted with wild flowers. Spring begins a little earlier than it does up above, and it is already well under way.

'For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins.'

I suppose you do not care much for poetry, but I am very fond of it, and try to commit some to memory every day; to use for quotations, you know. Those lines are from Swinburne."

"Swinburne," repeated Rogers, mechanically. Then he gave a quick glance about the room, and his face turned a shade pale. Here was the desk, the white painted walls, and the mirror.

The purser stood up, interrupting his thoughts.

"Yes," he said; "I am very fond of Swinburne; so much so that I keep a calendar in my room with a selection for each day of the year. By Jove! That reminds me! Yesterday I didn't——"

He placed his hand on a coat which hung over the desk beside the mirror, and was about to remove it, when the officer of the deck stepped to the door.

"Hall," he said, "you are wanted;" and then added in an undertone which Rogers heard quite plainly, "trouble down below."

The purser went quickly out, closing the screen door behind him. Rogers started up and drew the coat to one side. Beneath it was the calendar bearing in large red letters the number twenty-six and the lines:

"In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death."

The words seemed to sear his eyeballs as he read them, and he staggered back, gasping for breath. At that instant he heard the clang of the fire-alarm bell, the cries of the sailors, and the rushing of many people along the deck. He sank to the floor, his lips parted in the effort to speak a name.

When the purser returned, after adjusting the difficulty for which he had been summoned below, he noticed the men putting up the hose at the conclusion of the fire-drill, and wondered if the sudden call had startled his guest. Upon the floor of the room he found Clark Rogers, his stern features black and distorted in death.

CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD.

LOS ANGELES, June, 1888.

The police of Cambridge (says *Life*) are persecuting the students of Harvard. They raided the Polo Club rooms, one night last week, confiscated much ale, whisky, and brandy, and arrested six inebriated young gentlemen who were playing poker. But this was only the culmination of a series of outrages. Previously, a student had been fined for breaking windows; two or three of them were clubbed by a brutal policeman, who took this course rather than suffer himself to be thrashed; another was deprived temporarily of his liberty for removing a barber's sign, and other indignities have been put upon these young gentlemen that prove obstacles in the road to learning. A dispatch to the *Herald* from Cambridge says: "The feeling against the police is increasing every day, and if a compromise is not soon effected, there will be a fight." If it becomes necessary to teach the Cambridge police-force its place, Harvard is quite up to the accomplishment of that duty, and the sooner the police are taught that the students control the town the better. It makes a great deal of difference whether an educated gentleman becomes inebriated and smashes windows, or whether it is done by a drunken rough.

The French Government is about to build an absolutely unsinkable man-of-war. This will be accomplished by the use of *celulose amorphé*, a product of cocoanut fibre, so elastic that if pierced the hole closes of itself.

The monkeys are so thick in the State of Tabasco that it is almost impossible to build a telegraph line. They all get on the wire and swing until it breaks.

The Eiffel Tower is rising steadily, and is becoming on the wonders of the world.

FRENCH CUSTOMS.

"L'Americaine" on Calls, Receptions, Salutations, and Baptisms.

The manners and customs of our fellow-creatures, be they living next door, across the way, or over the sea, have a certain interest to us all. We none of us, doubtless, like to confess that we copy our neighbors, either in their manners or customs, but still we read with interest accounts of balls, dinners, and out-door gatherings, given by the aristocrats of England or the *haute noblesse* of France. Books on etiquette find ready sale throughout the wide world, and although you and I may not read them or take any of the advice given within the gilt-edged leaves, still we know of a friend who always consults her little blue book as to the etiquette of a party, reception, or musicale, and another friend, perhaps, who has a sister, cousin, or aunt over the ocean, either in old England or sunny France, who sends home from time to time, hints on the latest new fad in the routine of social life and how the thing is done.

Each day I find myself comparing this or that custom over here to our American habits, and invariably, so far, I have been obliged to cede the palm to the French people in almost all their social mannerisms, a very few excepted. For instance, very unpleasant according to our idea is the French social rule, that all strangers should make the first advance. Thus, when you arrive in a city or town in France and wish to become acquainted with some of the inhabitants in your own class of social standing, you must proceed at once either to carry your card and present it in person at the door, or send a servant with it to the house you wish later to frequent as a friend. After a few days' time the family whom you have favored with your call, will call in like manner on you, and then shortly after will send you a cordial invitation to dine or to be present at some large reception, perhaps. I have never known a French lady to slight a stranger's first call; even if the acquaintance be not agreeable to her, she will never forget the bit of white paste-board sent by the new-comer and will do her duty by it, although she may not follow up her card by an invitation to her home, which if the new-comer have any tact will give her to understand that the friendship is to end with this very formal first visit.

One of the first things that will strike a stranger on the street here is the Frenchman's rather peculiar salutation. A lady never bows first; this would be considered a great breach of etiquette. The gentleman's bow is a most solemn affair, a smile never crossing his countenance even if he be on the most friendly terms. It is rarely that a gentleman will stop on the public street and hold any conversation with a lady, although it is quite a correct and general custom in the Bois, and while speaking to a lady a Frenchman will stand with uncovered head, even if the conversation continue for quite a length of time.

All etiquette is rigidly adhered to in Paris, so much so, that at times it is rather uncomfortable, especially to a stranger, who is apt to make slight mistakes. The calling hours here are from three to six o'clock, and no one would dream of coming a quarter of a second before three o'clock or a moment after the last stroke of six o'clock. Calls are short, formal, unsatisfactory, as are all such society duties, seldom giving one time to speak to the hostess—that is, if the rooms be crowded, as they generally are. One can easily make from ten to fifteen such visits in an afternoon. On other than reception days one is never at home to callers, unless it be to very intimate friends; it is even considered a great rudeness to return a call on any other day than the "day at home." Great promptness in returning visits is observed here, and, in fact, all social duties are religiously remembered.

Speaking of reception days brings to my mind the curious experience of a friend, a few years ago, here in Paris. We were having a cosy chat together, and retailing our varied adventures abroad, and exchanging confidences, when she went on to say: "I must tell you of my first attempt to return calls in Paris. I had been here only a few weeks when I received a call from some American friends who, since their arrival in the capital, had given rise by their display and enormous wealth to hundreds of the most extravagant tales that it is possible for the human mind to conceive. I, of course, allowed a large margin for these scandal-mongers' tales, yet my curiosity was piqued, and I made my return call on my friends' reception day, within the prescribed week. Donning my best attire and sending the *concierge* to procure me the best cab and *cocher* at the neighboring carriage-stand, I was just in the act of stepping into my conveyance when I found I had forgotten the name of the street and number of my friends' residence. At this moment a friend hove in sight who, I knew, was well posted on the addresses of all Americans in Paris, so I asked him for the address of Mrs. Crœsus, thereby saving a journey to my room, up five flights of stairs, for the boarding-house was void of elevators. 'No. 4 Avenue d'Alma,' my obliging friend informed me; so, with my poor French—it was, indeed, most poverty-stricken at that time—I gave the order to the *cocher*. In a few moments I alighted at No. 4 Avenue d'Alma, and rang the bell of the *porte-cochère*. My breath was somewhat shortened when the heavy gate was thrown wide open with great *éclat* by two servants in long white queue-wigs, yellow satin breeches, and black velvet coats elaborately trimmed with gold. Without giving me time to inquire if the ladies were at home, with low bows and superb waves of the hand, these majestic valets pointed to a doorway opposite, where stood two more of these superbly accoutred individuals. 'Will madame please to pass on?' they asked, with another deferential salutation, and I passed on, mentally ejaculating, 'No wonder all Paris is talking about these Americans. They most certainly have gone clean daft,' was my concluding thought as I reached the opposite entrance. Here, again, I was given no time to inquire if the ladies were at home, but, with another low obeisance and the same wave of the hand, I was asked to pass further on. This was at the foot of a magnificent staircase, and, awed by the surrounding beauty of the hall, its superb frescoing, and gorgeous furniturings, the hundreds of plants lining each side of the grand flights of stairs, I did pass on again to the first landing, where my astonishment soon became wonder, for here stood four men most gorgeously attired. I afterward learned that these gentlemen were officers in full-dress uniform. No salutations were vouchsafed me from this quarter, but one of the gentlemen stepped up to me from out the line and politely asked me to ascend to the salon above. My knowledge of French was so limited, that all I really understood was 'Madame, ascend,' and the word 'receive.' By this time I was completely overpowered, but with the spirit of our countrymen, and determined not to show the white feather and take to my heels and run, I made the last ascent, each step mentally denouncing the absurd folly of this family in subjecting themselves to such just criticism by the French public.

"I reached the salon floor. Lining each side of the hall were men in full-dress uniforms and others in the conventional 'swallow-tail' coats, but with medals and decorations crossing from shoulder to shoulder. One of these much-bemedaled gentlemen stepped up to me, offering his arm in the most courtly fashion, at the same time saying, 'Will madame to the king?' To the king! Imagine the expression of my face, if you can. Why I did not faint, or lose all presence of mind, I can never tell; but I began, in my poor crippled French, to say I was not seeking the king but Mme. Crœsus, a friend, an American lady, when, to my untold joy, this gentleman informed me, in perfect English, that Mme. Crœsus's *hôtel* was No. 2 Avenue d'Alma, the next door, and that at the present moment I was in the *hôtel* of the ex-King of Hanover, who was holding a reception.

"While this explanation was being made to me, the poor, old, blind king, resting on two of his chamberlains, crossed the hall on his way to the grand salon, where, no doubt, his guests were assembled. This was my first and last call upon royalty, and a few weeks later I stood among a great crowd on the Champs-Elysées, in a pouring rain, to see the remains of the dead monarch carried, with all the pomp and grandeur befitting his station, to his last resting-place. The hearse was drawn by his own superb white Arabian horses, which all Paris had admired so often."

My friend's story ended here, but I must not forget that she also told me she found Mrs. Crœsus's *hôtel* at last, and to her great satisfaction found that the accounts of her home were greatly exaggerated, and that she lived both modestly and in good taste. Although not acquainted with Mrs. Crœsus, I was also pleased to hear this, for the French have a very poor opinion of some of our people, and I heartily dislike to have any of my countrymen expose themselves to ridicule.

To return to the customs of the French people, I will turn back to a pleasant page in my remembrance. About six weeks ago each member of my aunt's family, myself included, was favored at mail-time by the receipt of an official-looking letter which, although not of so serious a character, was most interesting. It contained the announcement of the birth of Mme. de Surenne's daughter. This custom of sending these "faire part de naissance" to friends, is rather curious, as the newspapers could do the office as well; but should the sending of these letters be omitted, it would be considered a serious breach of etiquette and a subject of much talk for months to come. In the wake of these "faire parts," about a month after, we were all the recipients of beautiful bonbonnières of white satin, upon which were charmingly painted heads of lovely children, studies of cupids, and bunches of flowers. These boxes contained colored *dragées*, or sugared almonds, and were sent by the god-parents of Baby Surenne with invitations to the home baptism. This is another entirely French custom, that of sending baptismal boxes, as they are called. These bonbonnières often cost fabulous sums, and are simple or elaborate according to the young child's future station in life. I have not been able to ascertain the exact meaning of this custom or why they are sent, but it is practiced by the poor as well as the rich, and is considered strictly *de rigueur* at the birth of a child.

A baptism in France is a great event, and Elvine de Surenne's baptismal reception was a most enjoyable entertainment. The little one herself, being the chief attraction, in her beautiful one hundred-franc robe, looked serenely unconscious and happy as she was paraded about the rooms by her proud *nounou*, in a gorgeous peasant costume of two hundred years ago. An elegant breakfast was served after the religious ceremony, and toward afternoon a concert and a short recital by one of the Théâtre Français's best artists ended this, to me, novel entertainment, where a baby was queen of the fête.

PARIS. L'AMERICAINE.

When Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" was purchased at an enormous price and presented to the Metropolitan Museum in New York a few months ago, there was an immediate demand for the large engraving of that picture, which had been on the market a number of years and was not considered exceptionally fine, as fine engravings go. Prices went up at once, and the ordinary print listed at eighteen dollars quickly disappeared from the city art stores. It can not be obtained at all now, and the India prints, held at thirty dollars, are also said to be exhausted. A few of the "second proofs" can still be found at sixty dollars, but the signed proofs are not to be had except from private owners at fancy prices. The plate was destroyed years ago, after a large edition had been printed, and the only other engraving of the picture is the small one that is quite common and not expensive.

Photography now supplies exact representations of historical ruins, in heroic size, at comparatively trifling prices. The Colisseum, with marvelously fine effects of light and shade, six feet long and three feet wide, can be had for a paltry fifteen dollars out of one's inside pocket, and the Forum at Rome, nearly as well done and just as large, is held at the same price. These huge photographs are not made from one negative, however, but are in three pieces, cleverly joined together in the mounting. If the mounting is well-done, and they are framed close up to the photograph, they make very effective pictures.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

King Oscar of Sweden recently called on the Pope, and instead of kissing his hand, as is the custom, kissed him soundly on both cheeks, to the surprise of the courtiers. It was the greatest shock the traditions of the Vatican had received since General Grant shook hands with Pius the Ninth, and said, "How do you do, sir?"

The suicide of Herr Stephen von Kegel, a well-known millionaire and man of fashion, and one of the handsomest men in the empire, has created an immense sensation at Vienna. Herr von Kegel was not only already very wealthy, but was heir to a fortune of about twenty million florins (ten million dollars). He was quite a young man, and was one of the most prominent sportsmen in Hungary. He finished his breakfast one morning last week, lit a cigarette, went to a stand of arms in the hall, and taking down an old-fashioned pistol, which happened to be loaded, he placed it to his forehead with a smile, and blew out his brains.

The War and Navy Departments, pursuant to a resolution passed by the United States Senate, have been making estimates regarding the cost of the retired lists. The highest amount which has been paid to any retired officer now living, is one hundred and four thousand dollars, received by General J. C. Robinson since he left the army. General Sherman, who was retired four years ago, has received since then nearly sixty thousand dollars in pay and allowances. Rear-Admiral Selfridge has received more retired pay than any other navy officer. Since his retirement, in 1866, he has received from the government about one hundred thousand dollars.

Some years ago Mr. Dion Boucicault produced a spectacular piece in London, called "Bijou and Babel," and during the course of its preparation he advertised for a number of large women to appear as Amazons. Among those who answered this advertisement was Helen Barry, who at that time was engaged in the worthy occupation of selling tobacco and snuff, in a little side street of the great metropolis. Her figure was so fine, and she was at that time so handsome, that Mr. Boucicault engaged her to lead the Amazons, and she led the gilded youth of London as well. She became exceedingly popular as an Amazonian, and when the play had its run, she took to the legitimate, with no great success, however.

Mrs. J. C. Ayer had a four-hundred-dollar state-room on the *Fulda* last week, and was one of the most picturesque people in the crowds of tourists departing for Europe. Mrs. Ayer's wardrobe is as handsome as any that the United States will send this season, with Dame Columbia's compliments, to bloom in Paris. She is a tall, pleasant-looking woman, of good figure, blooming still as to the cheeks, and set off as to her red-brown hair with a bewitching imported bonnet. Not an ocean steamer for weeks past has had vacant good enough accommodations for Mrs. Ayer. She finally got the captain's cabin on the *Fulda*, and sailed happy. Mr. Henry S. Ayer, her son, who is not in good health, and Mr. H. J. Kimball, a well-known club-man, also sailed on the *Fulda*. A couple of pleasure-carriages went along with the party.

The sensation of the hour in Richmond is the reported marriage next fall of Miss Amélie Rives, to John Armstrong Chandler of New York. Mr. Chandler first met Miss Rives about two years ago at the residence of her uncle, Mr. Rives, in New York. When the Newport season closed Mr. Chandler visited Miss Rives at her home, "Castle Hill," near Charlottesville, where he was a guest for a period in September. His next visit was during the Christmas holidays. A few weeks ago the young millionaire again appeared at Castle Hill and he is still there, his visit this time being to arrange for his marriage, which it is given out will take place in October next. Mr. Chandler is a grandson of John Jacob Astor. Miss Rives is twenty-five years old. Those who have read her novel, "The Quick or the Dead?" will think it is high time that she got married.

General Boulanger's chum, M. Laguerre, Deputy for the Vaucluse, is presently to be married to Mlle. Durand, formerly of the Théâtre Français—whereby hangs a tale. When General Boulanger was War Minister he used the privileges of his position freely to gain access to the theatres, behind the scenes, and telling his wife that business was pressing at the war office spent most of his evenings at the Théâtre Français, making love to the charming Mlle. Reichemberg. Now, this actress's dearest friend was Mlle. Durand, who was the object of M. Laguerre's devotion, and one evening the two actresses introduced their lovers to each other, in order, as Mlle. Reichemberg expressed it, that they might make up a jolly supper-party of four. Before the party broke up in the morning the statesmen became fast friends, and they have remained so ever since; though General Boulanger does not go to the theatre now so much as he did. He would, perhaps, have to pay for his ticket.

The Crown Prince is waging war against the dandies of the Prussian army. He recently gave orders that the English trousers and pointed-laced shoes—"English points," as they are called—"which some of the gentlemen wear of late," should be abolished and replaced by the military trousers and Prussian shoes, most unornamental coverings for the feet. The order is not liked, and increases his popularity only among the older officers. He also ordered the bands of the various regiments under his command to practice the historical tunes of which he professes to be a great lover. The modern airs, which had become very popular among the soldiers, are doomed, and already the tunes of "Hohenfriedberger," "Torgauer," "Sebastopol," "Radetzky," and "March to Paris" echo again along the streets of Berlin. The small boys do not whistle the accompaniment to these, however, a certain proof that they are not popular. But the prince is happy, and thinks he is daily increasing his resemblance to Frederick the Great.

Gounod buried his mother-in-law, Mme. Zimmerman, recently. She died at the age of eighty-eight. She was never exactly an amiable woman, as for years her temper seemed nothing less than savage. Eventually she became demented. One of her whim-whams was to bite, with all the force she could put into her teeth (real or false), the hands of those who approached her. One of the explanations of Gounod's curious conduct in England is this. He went to congratulate his mother-in-law on her recovery from a fit which necessitated keepers; she, when he was kissing her hand, took up his and bit it so badly that, that—well, perhaps this is a case for saying, "Glissez, mortel; n'appuyez pas." There was a great gathering of artists, musical and pictorial, at the funeral. Gounod wore his skull-cap. Georges Ohnet, who is now rolling in wealth, showed his independence by not cleaning up. He was in a suit that was certainly a very old and every-day suit. Young Dumas—aged sixty-eight—naturally was among the mourners; so was Ambroise Thomas. The old lady was very rich. There will probably be a charming epitaph. All her daughters were married to very successful artists.

Marcus R. Mayer, the right bower of Manager Henry E. Abbey, after traveling almost around the civilized world with some of the greatest of the theatrical and musical celebrities, has at last pressed his foot on African soil, and he is considerably elated over the fact, though his visit to the Dark Continent was but for a few minutes. In a letter dated "Near Dakar, Africa, steamship *Senegal*, April 28th," Mr. Mayer describes in anticipation his proposed visit to the shore. "Here we are off the coast of Africa," he writes, "and will stop here all day to coal. I am going ashore among the blacks, and soon shall have put my foot on African soil. We left New York on Saturday, April 7th, arrived at Havre on the fifteenth, and Paris the same night; went thence to London, and remained there till the night of the eighteenth, when we returned to Paris, and the next evening left for Bordeaux, and embarked on the *Senegal* on the twentieth. We arrived at Lisbon on the twenty-third, and are now, after leaving New York only three weeks, here, this Saturday, in Dakar, Africa. We have visited three capitals in the three weeks—London, Paris, and Lisbon. We shall make a stop at Pernambuco for one day and Bahia the next day, arriving at Rio May 9th, remaining there one day, and thence to Montevideo for a day, arriving at Buenos Ayres May 15th. Mr. Abbey will remain in Buenos Ayres until May 20th, and then return with Mr. Grau to Rio, where they will meet the Coquelin-Hading party, which is due there May 23d, and will open on May 28th in 'L'Aventurier.' Mr. Abbey will sail for Paris on May 30th, arriving there on June 20th, and Mr. Grau will leave Rio on June 18th for Paris. I shall remain at Buenos Ayres with Mme. Patti, occasionally going to visit the Coquelin party. Coquelin has added the great Parisian success, 'Les Surprises du Divorce,' to his repertoire."

VANITY FAIR.

An original business, in which two sisters have established emselves, is that of lady's maid-at-large, to coin a phrase for new trade. The elder was for a number of years maid to a oman of fashion, and established something of a reputation taste in arranging the hair, draping the gown, decking it h flowers, and so on. She was unable, finally, to submit the exactions of her mistress, and instead of looking for a w place, struck out in a more independent line. She had nething of an acquaintance, acquired during her years of vice, and utilized this to gather a clientage of her own. She d her sister are settled cosily in a pretty five-room flat, and ladies whom they beautify know them respectively as, say, le. Rose and Mlle. Marie. They are down-East Yankees, their Yankee sense tells them that maids must, of course, French. Is a pretty girl going to a ball, a girl who has not aid, or whose maid is to be trusted for ordinary toilets y, then Mlle. Rose must be to the fore. Mlle. Rose will ch together the masses of lace or tulle, and put on delicate, ing touches, producing effects which the pretty girl never amed of before. Then she will take a double handful of es, or other natural flowers, and drop them over the gown l tack them up just where they happen to fall, making a very er of the girl herself. She will do the bud up in her wraps, to the scene of festivity with her, and pronounce her all in er for conquest before the belle leaves the dressing-room. wedding on the tapis, then it is Mlle. Marie's turn. Mlle. rie's forte is dressing a bride. Her hands can work magic n she has them on a bridal veil, and the young wife who the orange-blossoms pinned by her recommends her to all arried mates. Mlles. Rose and Marie attend to the toilets decorate the gowns of any number of dressy women and s. Their order books are usually full, and their charges from two dollars and three dollars well up in the twenties, rding to the elaborateness of the design or the amount of ice called for. They are going to divide the summer be- n Newport and Saratoga, and have already advance en- ements, dates to be settled more definitely later, at both ring-places. They are very particular about the women work for, and stand upon references. They say they can afford, from a business point of view, to have any clients se antecedents and present standing will not bear looking

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new Christmas and birthday industry has opened up to wives, sisters, and sweethearts of the gilded youth of the . His slippers, handkerchiefs, and tennis-hat crowns have embroidered, his toilet articles hidden away in flimsy cases all a-tangle with ribbon, his clothing concealed in ry startling and puzzling receptacles; he has anathematized embroidered footstools and hassocks over which he has bled in the darkness or amid the bewildering reflections rinduced by a club dinner; and now that everything n to man has been decorated and tied up with silken and the fair ones sigh for new worlds to conquer, the has come to the rescue with the latest decree of fashion, n ordains that the waistcoats of gentlemen's evening suits be embroidered. Waistcoats of white and black satin, hite Marseilles, black broadcloth, or fine diagonal are all , and, to be complete, must have a vine of embroidery d the collar, down the front, just back of the button-holes, turning the corner extending across the front, the same ce from the braid on the edge as it is down the front. pocket has a special little design of its own. The work ne with fine, firm silk, in a close, compact, little pattern, at is called laid work and French knots. The cloth he vest is obtained from the tailor before it is cut, he ing out the direction required to be taken by the work, , when it is finished and nicely pressed, is returned to o be cut and made.

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ncerning "good society," George William Curtis thus in the June *Harper's:* "According to a remark as- to have been recently made to a reporter, the social in the city of New York comprise about four hundred as. This is the very apotheosis of Mrs. Grundy and Jenkins, and of all current comedies it is the most com- Here we are, all of us sons and daughters, in nearer ther removes, of larger or smaller grocers, and tailors, weavers, and farmers, and haberdashers, and black- , and clergymen, and doctors, and lawyers, and dis- and tobacconists, and sailors—honest people, many of turning a shrewd penny whenever they could, plodding, onious, scraping, speculating, saving, and presently, by e of land or a happy stroke on 'Change, or an inven- or superior thrift, and sagacity, and foresight, getting uilding a fine house, setting up an equipage and an es- ment, and lo! we are presently 'old families,' and ,' and 'exclusive,' and 'aristocratic,' and with a coat-of- and a pedigree we enter the blissful realm of the im- s, the unspeakable four hundred. Remorseless analysis make dreadful havoc of our pedigrees and our old s. We need not try to convert the ancestral grocery large West Indian trade, and the smithy whence we into great iron-works, and the thread-and-needle nto a vast wholesale importing house. Bigness will re what we foolishly hold to be the defect of our fam- dition, and the man who thinks the fact a defect need- re has descended in good truth a long, long distance is manly ancestors."

Paris correspondent of London *Truth* thus writes: not help thinking that the wickedness of court ladies in hteenth century must have lain chiefly in their looks and In judging of their morals we should first glance at urroundings, which were all hinderances to immorality. hairs and sofas appear to us (because of the rounded lines in the medallion back) luxurious. But just sit down on them if you are tired and want to loll, and you will find that they are made for Spartans and not for lazy, reclining sultanas, or such like. You have to keep bolt upright on them. The complexion of the eighteenth-century beauty was not, you will also observe, for close inspection, it being artificial. And when there was a run for *coiffeurs à la mode*, the hair of a fashionable belle was dressed once in three or four days. There was a deal of suffering *pour être belle*. To begin with, natural rest was eschewed, and, to save the powdered head from being tossed, it was not laid for nights on a pillow, the way to keep it in gear being to sit up in bed, propped up with pillows. There was certainly no *laisser aller* in the long, stiff waist, tight as a drum over stays not hooked-and-eyed down the chest, as in our moral time, but only laced behind, and a perfect armor of buckram and whalebone. The stays in the eighteenth century were only removed, because only removable, by an abigail once in twelve hours. No. Beauty, you may depend on it, ogled, and threw hot artillery into her eyes, but remained all right in her citadel of hoops, whalebone, and sedan-chair, albeit cupids sported on the panels of the latter. There might have been Sir Charles Grandison kissing of fair hands and diamond rings, as loveliness in all her war-paint was boxed up in the sedan-chair, or bolt upright on her sofa. But what of that? My impression is that there was free trade in talk. Sex was sunk, and what is known as after-dinner liberty of conversation was all round admitted. But there was no Zolaism."

A scheme for the erection of an apartment-house for women exclusively has been devised by a number of ladies of New York, who will soon solicit subscriptions to the capital stock, which will be divided into one hundred dollar shares, bearing four per cent. interest. The project is to build on five city lots a house whose estimated cost will be one hundred and eighty thousand dollars, and which will accommodate one hundred women in apartments of two rooms, at a cost, including food, of not more than six dollars a week each. Even with all the apartments continuously occupied, we doubt very much (says the *Sun*) the ability of the enterprise to pay four per cent. on its capital at such charges, and it is still more doubtful whether the one hundred tenants could be obtained and kept. Women in so great numbers could hardly live together in peace and happiness, especially as they would be put under laws and regulations that would limit their freedom of action, somewhat after the method of a public asylum or penal institution. Instead of being the mistresses of their own homes, and responsible to themselves only for their movements outside of working hours, they would be subject to restrictions against which they would be in continual rebellion. Of course, the admission of men to an apartment-house solely for women would be surrounded with safeguards akin to those put about a nunnery; and unless women abandon the world for a religious life, they are sure to resent that sort of interference as lessening their chances of matrimony. When women begin to earn money for themselves they commonly acquire a feeling of independence that will not tolerate such boarding-school discipline, and rather than submit to it they will undergo the hardships of poorer quarters and meaner fare. It is for that reason that the domestic service is so generally distasteful to native girls. They prefer the shop and the factory, even at lower wages, and with far inferior board and lodging, because they have more liberty when the day's work is over. They do not want to have mistresses to restrict them as to their "company," and assume to establish regulations as to their fashion of dress. That was the chief rock on which Mr. Stewart's scheme of a lodging-house for women split. The women chafed under its restraints, and the greater comfort they secured did not, in their minds, compensate for the loss of independence under its obviously necessary laws and regulations. An apartment-house exclusively for women is also open to the objection that it is likely to be regarded as an old maid's home, a suggestion utterly intolerable to the feminine hope and pride.

Even in England there is apparently difficulty in securing accommodations for the summer. James Payn has this to say of seaside resorts: "I have just been looking for seaside lodgings, and a melancholy quest it is. There must, indeed, be something marvelous in the effect of what old-fashioned folk used to call 'the smell of the sea,' but which now goes under much finer names, to counteract their drawbacks. Some of them, no doubt, are better than others; but they have a most melancholy family likeness to one another, and so it has always been. I wonder the advocates of the hereditary theory have not made a point of this. Once a lodging-house keeper always a lodging-house keeper, from generation to generation, and the same thing may be said of their habitations. Where else now save in them are to be found those bulging mirrors supported by chains in eagles' mouths, in which that horse-hair sofa and those slippery chairs find reflections even more unjust than they deserve? At what other tables do we find those great and greasy mutton chops? Under what other roof such a deficiency of sanitary arrangements? What is it that makes up for all these things in the eyes of that unfortunate immigrant paterfamilias? It is 'sunburn.' So long as his wife and children get red cheeks, though the color dies out of them on transplantation as quickly as flowers fade that are stuck in the ground without roots—he is satisfied. He flatters himself that the fresh air will compensate for close rooms, indifferent drainage, bad cooking, and 'sleeping too thick upon ground.' It doesn't."

A new necessity of the New York girl's life is a tie fastener, which has come in with the fancy for low shoes, the laces of which have an unconquerable tendency to come untied, to drag in the dust and mud, and trip up their wearer. No matter how hard a knot one might tie, the ribbons were sure, sooner or later, to work loose or cause one endless anguish of mind. But the American mind always rises superior to the minor difficulties of life, and last season the shoe-dealers invented a little clasp that clamps down on the knot of the laces and defies its most malignant efforts to come untied. At first these clasps were of the plainest materials and painted black, but as they grew in popularity they became more luxurious, and now no self-respecting young woman will have anything less costly than silver. The extravagant ones have their monograms etched on them or pretty little designs wrought out in relief, and always have their tie-fastener made to order. The hostess at a farewell tea-drinking this spring exhibited a number one and a half foot in a bronze shoe, tied with ribbons, and these held in place by a tiny scroll set with rubies. With the pretty gray tea-gowns being made for wear at Newport and Lenox the gray suede shoes have their ribbons clutched by silver clasps, crusted with very small diamonds. Another curious new fancy, and one that was brought here by some lately arrived anglomaniacs, originated in London and is rapidly spreading. It is a thumb ring. Having adorned their four pretty white fingers with every gem dug from the mine and fished from the sea, the young woman has just awakened to her long neglect of that fifth digit that has been allowed to go bare for three hundred years. Queen Elizabeth and her court ladies were in the habit of adorning their royal and aristocratic thumbs with rings, and, though the fashion disappeared in the reign of James the First, it had lasted a long while, beginning with Henry the Second. These new thumb rings are broad bands of dull gold, with a big jewel set deeply into them, and, though they are not particularly becoming as a rule, they are new, and English, and queer looking, and what more could any ordinary woman desire? Another revival of a long-dead fashion is the use of a long walking-stick. Women carried them under the Directory and before that in the time of Charles the Second, and with the revival of the Directory costumes the stick reappears. It is about four feet in length, with a big top, of gold most frequently, but the designs are as varied as the heads of umbrellas. Two or three inches below the top the cane is pierced through, the hole on either side being finished with a little gold eyelet; through this is passed a cord and tied in a bow-knot, with big tassels.

Fair-haired women will not approve of the statement recently made by a well-known physician that the chances of dark women obtaining husbands are to those of fair women in the proportion of three to two; and that this conclusion is proved by statistics. Certainly this is in opposition to the general idea upon the subject. For every dark heroine of a novel there are twenty fair ones; while, although a few poets may have sung the praises of dark beauties, those who have celebrated the charms of fair ones are vastly more numerous. Among certain classes there is a general prejudice against dark-haired women, it being a fixed idea that they possess infinitely worse tempers than fair women. The same authority also states that red-haired persons in America and Europe are becoming very scarce, and that for every red-haired woman and man to be seen now, ten would have been met with fifty years back; and if the change continues at the same rate, in another half-century red-haired people will have become so uncommon that a red-haired lady will be one of the most attractive figures in a dime museum.

Some of the leading swell tailors have agents traveling throughout the country taking orders. It is a common thing for merchants visiting New York to get measured for clothes and take them along with them on their return. Many merchants leave their measures, and order by mail every season. It is a common thing for foreign ambassadors, members of Congress, military men, and wealthy men from all parts of the country to order clothes from their favorite tailors in New York. And some, when they have once been measured, let the tailors depend upon those measures for a few years at a time, and have their clothes sent on, without their coming to New York to the shop. It used to be the swell thing for men traveling to get their clothes made in London, and for the women to order in Paris. But it is now known that the London tailors can not fit any better, if as well, as the best New York cutters. A good cutter has an income far higher than the average clerk, and more than the average lawyer, and about six times the salary of the average Methodist minister. New York cutters have the boldness and confidence in themselves and their art, some of them, to finish clothes without trying them on. Some of the best London tailors will try on a garment several times, and baste it up, take in seams here and there, and put a customer to a lot of fuss and trouble. This sort of thing disgusts and tires most men. The best New York cutters have found this out. They take a measure to fit, and not as a mere haphazard to begin to fit. They will take, as they often have to do, some of the clumsy garments of London tailors, and turn them into works of art. That the fame of English tailors and leaders of fashion in clothes is waning, is obvious from the remote date of clothing with English names. The Prince Albert coat, which is a double-breasted frock-coat, which was a well-known style long before Prince Albert wore one, is just now out of date for dress. The Chesterfield coat is worn chiefly by boys. It is a long-waisted coat with a short tail. Byron collars are obsolete. Wellington boots are old-fashioned. New York fashions in clothes are so well recognized as the very top notch, that manufacturers of clothing in other places generally pay New York the compliment of stealing New York patterns for ready-made clothes. Dom Pedro of Brazil, when he was here in 1876, took a great fancy to a deft cutter in a Broadway tailor shop, and had lots of clothes cut by him. The wonder of the store was to see that cutter boss the emperor, straighten him up, smooth him out, and measure him off. Another indication of the fact that New York is a fashion-centre, is the high prices that are obtained by first-class tailors. They fix their own prices, and the men who wish to be well-dressed must pay them. A man who has been thoroughly fitted out with clothing by a first-class New York tailor need not fear to go anywhere.

MARIANA'S ENGAGEMENT.

The Romance of a Rainy Day.

Mariana, in her moated grange upon the avenue, looks out at the weather, and wonders if she will ever wear that spring suit. She has but a few days more to her credit, for, by the merciless decree of the calendar, the summer is but a week away; while we are yet waiting for spring, and a spring suit on Broadway after June 1st—horrors! No wonder Mariana, at her turret-window, with the dripping town spread out below her, in the leaden monotony of rainy-day despondency, bites her lip, and drums upon the pane, and wishes she were in London or anywhere else where May is not one long wash-day for nature to make herself disagreeable withal.

"There is the riding-school, Mees," said Marie.

"The riding-school, stupid!" replies Mariana; "it is bread-and-butter day, isn't it?"

"Ah, true!" says Marie; "Mees Dolly and Mastaire Tommy have already gone."

In spite of the fact that it is bread-and-butter day, the riding-school is a trifle better than nothing at all, so with the aid of a mackintosh, an umbrella, and a hansom, Mariana betakes herself to the region of stables, and watches the children exercising in the ring. It would be more amusing, perhaps, to share the sport with them, but it would be bad form, and even rainy weather can not wash respect for *les convenances* from a well-regulated mind. So Mariana, with the superior dignity of twenty years, yawns as she watches the sports of the 'teens, in company with half a dozen other victims of the weather, whose sad case is like her own. It does not improve matters that there is not a hat or a suit in all the lot worth looking at—only a weary waste of mackintoshes and felts, whose excuse of vulgar utility fashion has done her best to render less vulgar by shaping them into as ugly a form as her ingenuity could devise. "I wonder," says Mariana to herself, "if I make such a show of myself. If I thought I did—horrors!"

As her neighbors have already passed the same observation each upon all the others, inclusive of Mariana herself, the hand of sympathy, engendered by the unpropitious weather, will be perceived to be more than a superficial one.

"Oh, these children," says Clara Vere de Vere, with the weary sigh of *blasé* twenty-two; "are they ever young, I wonder?"

"One would not think so," returns Mariana, "to see that chit of the Fyregiltes."

"Twelve, I should say," says Clara, as if every word were born of a special effort.

"Only rising eleven," says Mariana.

"Indeed!" says Clara, with her tired eyes languidly resting upon the subject of their comment; "well, she must inherit it from her mother."

"But where does the Grabhard boy get it?" asks Mariana.

Clara listlessly replies that it probably comes natural to him, and as the Grabhard boy and the Fyregilte girl go round and round the ring, flirting as vigorously and scientifically as Mariana and Will Waterproof might if they chose, the combined wisdom and experience of their audience employs itself in reflections on the decadence of the race and the sad precociousness of babies that will ape their elders. The scene is, indeed, fertile for melancholy meditation. The leaden daylight filters like fog through the ground glass in the roof and the little windows in the walls. The empty gallery is wreathed in misty shadows. The horses that jog about the circle have a dull, mechanical movement, as if the temperature had got into their spirits. The very tanbark has lost its native pungency of odor, and taken on a damp and mildewy scent that has a suggestion in it of cemeteries and neglected graves. The one cheerful spot in the picture is the window of the office, which is yellowed up with gas, and has a red spot where the fire is burning in the grate; but one can not decently sit around a grate fire, among men who smell of horse, in a room like a box-stall, and expect to escape Mrs. Grundy.

"I knew that little Fidgett snip would fetch a cropper," says Mariana; "pity he did not break his neck."

The riding-master having got little Fidgett on his feet and brushed the tanbark from him with his whip, desolation and dullness again set up their reign.

"Dear me!" says Mariana, to the rain drumming upon the skylight over the ring; "do you want to drown us all, you horrid old thing?"

This leads Claribel to remark, brilliantly, that the weather is quite too dreadful, in which every one agrees with her, propounding, at the same time, the simultaneous query in a plaintive sympathy of appeal to the superior powers, "What *is* one to do?"

"One might go swimming," suggests Fatima, at which everybody says "Ugh!" and the drumming of the rain assumes a derisive significance; "or go to the menagerie and see Crowley."

"Why not walk there?" asks Lilian, scornfully.

"One would get wet," says Dora, shuddering under her weatherproof cape.

"And if one did," cries Mariana, to whom the suggestion comes as quite an inspiration, "one can dress again, and that will take up an hour or so."

Accordingly they go off in the rain, with hansoms and coupés stringing along within call in case the flood-gates of the skies should open. It is but a few steps to the park, and they march through the drizzle and the drip of the streaming verdure, with their umbrellas under their arms, for be it known that fashion has decreed it the thing to brave the tempest to the profit of the tailor and the modiste. At the menagerie Crowley is under the weather, and refuses to be cajoled or fascinated into good humor, and the rest of the monkeys are all down with pneumonia or catarrh. The sea-lion, in his pond, is roaring dismally, the screaming of the parrots is even more depressing, and the great Bengal tiger, with his erst bristling whiskers drooping dolefully, marches to and fro, up and down, in his narrow cage, and moans his memories of the free jungle to the world that has laid his proud spirit in chains.

"It's worse than the baby circus," says Mariana, decisively.

"Infinitely," yawns Clara.

"I think," says Fatima, "that I shall go home to lunch."

The recollection of the moated grange is not inviting to Mariana, however, so she drives to Maillard's to make her lunch off an ice and some candied rose-leaves. The gas blinks dully at itself in the mirrors, and the girls lounge idly behind the counters. The cashier is writing at her desk.

"Now that creature," says Mariana to her spoon, "is writing a love-letter. Any one could tell that by her face."

This suggestion brings up a not uninteresting query in Mariana's mind as to what sort of man a cashier at a confectioner's shop would be likely to write love-letters to, a train of thought which she pursues until the fat woman with the diamonds, at the corner table, grows ill-natured over her fifth brandy-cocktail and commences to abuse the waiter. The fat woman having been placated and sent upon her rather unsteady way in a coach, and the couple in the other corner having finished their second bottle of yellow label and departed, still in confidential converse, Mariana finds the solitude of the big saloon too much for her. Moreover, she remembers that they must have some new French novels at Brentano's. The cashier covers her letter with a blotter and blushes under the superior stare with which Mariana accompanies the settlement of her bill. The girls behind the counter stir a little and whisper as they watch the departure of the solitary guest. Outside the rain is now pouring, and the Penguin boys, under the portico of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, are watching the street with their monocles up.

"I know your tricks, I hope," says Mariana to herself; and she invades her hansom without lifting a skirt.

The Penguin boys, who are visibly disappointed, watch her trundling off with mild reproach in their eyes.

The weather has invaded Brentano's, too, but still a new invoice of novels and the latest fashion papers lend to the place a few minutes of comparative interest. Vivian, who is having her copy of *Town Topics* rolled up in a sheet of music, has a story or two about the engagement of Enid to young Aubrey and the wedding of the Jympson-Jobbleszon girls, that are not half bad. But there is an end even to Vivian's stories, and, as it is but a step from Brentano's to Tiffany's, Mariana carries her mackintosh and her umbrella in among the jewels. Somehow, however, the gems lack lustre and the gauds of fretted and polished gold are dull to the eye.

"I really believe," says Mariana, to a case full of finger-rings, "that you feel as stupid as I do."

"Must one infer from that," asks Will Waterproof at her side, "that your face does not reflect your heart?"

"And isn't my face stupid enough?" asks Mariana.

"Candor," replies Will Waterproof, "compels me to answer 'no.'"

He is the same Will Waterproof, as insensible to the moist conditions of the atmosphere as his name would imply, as self-possessed and imperturbable and free in his good-humored gallantry, that would be impudent in a less perfect man of the world than he.

"Are you buying anything?" he queries, taking complete possession of her, as he might of a cane or an umbrella.

"No," answers Mariana, apparently not at all resentful of the liberty; "are you?"

"I had my eye," answers Will Waterproof, slowly and solemnly, "upon a ring."

"I am sorry to hear it," says Mariana, shrugging her shoulders.

"Really?" he asks, with an affectation of great concern; "but why?"

"Because I think it quite the height of foppishness for men to wear rings."

"Oh, bless you," he returns, cheerily, "I didn't intend it for myself."

Mariana's face assumes the severity of reproof.

"Oh! you men," she says, "with your clubs and your romances. Who is she?"

"The nicest little woman in the world," answers Will Waterproof, coolly.

Mariana remarks that he should be ashamed to say so to her, but, nevertheless, helps him rummage among the rings until the stock of the cases has been overhauled, and one selected and laid aside.

"I don't really know if I want it yet," says Will Waterproof to the salesman; "you shall have my decision by this evening."

"You may think better of it," says Mariana; "and now, if you have finished, I must go."

"Where?"

"Home, I suppose."

"First," says Will Waterproof, "let us go and see the monkey show."

They go to the theatre, where the air is moist and warm, and supervise the comedy as represented by the progenitors of the race, from a front row. But it is dull fun after all, and but for Will Waterproof's conversational powers Mariana feels that she would not be able to endure it. And there, oh, horrors! is Mrs. Grundy in the stage-box, with Mr. Grundy asleep in the recess, and all the little Grundys primly arranged along the cushioned railing, looking as solemn as a row of owls.

"Confound the old cat," says Will Waterproof; "she'll gabble anyhow, so let us give her something to gabble about. Are you game?"

"Am I!" replies Mariana, made desperate by the weather, no doubt; "well, just."

If good Mrs. Grundy is to be only half believed, which is, I am inclined to think, a fair percentage of credibility to allot to her, the conduct of Mariana and Will Waterproof at the monkey show was something simply shocking. It not only betrayed an entire insensibility to their obligations to polite society, says Mrs. Grundy, but it was perfectly brazen in its manifestations. The sum and substance of Mrs. Grundy's animadversions, I take it, is that Will Waterproof and Mariana actually enjoyed themselves, till Mariana remembered that she must call at her dress-maker's, and that her gloves were not fit to wear, when the half-drowned horse was once more put in motion before the hansom.

It was well on toward dinner-time when the hansom set Mariana down at the portal of the moated grange upon the avenue. She had been to the dress-maker's, and to the glover's, and had her arms full of her shopping.

"After this," said Will Waterproof, gravely, as he handed her out, "I suppose there's only one thing left for me to do."

Mariana answered, "Do you think so?" and nodded to him from the doorstep, where she made a pretty picture in spite of the cut of her mackintosh.

"To Tiffany's," said Will Waterproof, to the driver.

And now I hear, with every circumstance of substantiation, that Will Waterproof and Mariana are engaged, and that the wedding day is set for early in the fall.

NEW YORK, May 26th, 1888. ALFRED TRUMBLE.

The career of Buffalo William in England (says *Life*) ought to teach our anglomaniacs a useful lesson. The Wild West Show has done more to stimulate Americanism among the republicans who travel abroad, and to inculcate respect for Americans, as Americans, among foreigners, than has ever been accomplished by our ministers at the European courts. Indeed, it is so universal a custom for our representatives and tourists abroad, and particularly in England, to bow down before foreign customs, ape foreign manners, and admire foreign institutions, that it is little wonder that we should be regarded as an inferior people, being so willing, as we most of us are, to admit it. Buffalo Bill went to England as a plain showman. He did not wait upon the Prince of Wales, but that fat and gross little man waited upon him; and, though Buffalo Bill was lionized and made much of by that element of English society that most Americans—alas! that we should be obliged to say it—are proud to grovel before, he abated not one whit from his simple dignity as a man and a republican. If ever American followed the example of William F. Cody, the Buffalo Bill of the Western prairies, American influence would mount high in foreign places, and the world would soon realize that the real republican is a nobler order of man than can be bred from a subject people. And as we are upon the subject of Buffalo Bill, it is worth while to draw attention to the scout's funeral oration over his old horse Charlie, that died at sea on the journey to America. Cooper never put a prettier sentiment into the mouths of any of his picturesque frontiersmen or romantic savages. Said the scout, winding up the oration, just before the body of his faithful steed, that had carried him on many famous rides through the perilous Indian country of the Far West, was committed to the deep: "Charlie, but for your willing speed and tireless courage I would many years ago have lain as low as you are now, and my Indian foe have claimed you for his slave. Yet you have never failed me, Charlie, old fellow! I have had many friends but very few of whom I could say that. Men tell me you had no soul, but if there be a heaven, and scouts can enter there, I'll wait at the gate for you, old friend!"

In closing his recent volume of Reminiscences, T. Adolphus Trollope says: "My young friends, don't pay overmuch attention to what the Psalmist says about 'the years of man.' I once knew a fine old octo, and nearly nonogenarian, called Graberg de Hemso, a Swede (a man with a singular history who passed ten years of his early life in the British navy, and was, when I knew him, librarian at the Pitti Palace in Florence), who used to complain of the Florentine doctors that 'Dey doosen't know what de nordern constitooshions is,' and I take it the same may be said of the Psalmist. There years beyond three-score and ten need not be all sorrow and trouble. Depend upon it, kindly nature—*prudens*, as the jolly old fellow, fine gentleman, and true philosopher, Horace says in a similar connection—kindly nature knows how to make the closing decade of life every whit as delightful as any of the preceding, if only you don't balk her purposes. Don't weigh down your souls, and pin your particles of divine essence to earth by your yesterday's vices; be sure that when you can not jump over the chairs so featly as you can now you will not want to do so; tell the girls, with genial old Anacreon, when the time comes, that whether the hairs on your forehead be many or few, you know not, but do know well that it behooves an old man to be cheery in proportion to the propinquity of his exit, and go on your way rejoicing through this beautiful world, which not even the Radicals have quite spoiled yet."

When gun-cotton or other high explosives have been fired, exposed upon an iron anvil and detonated, says a chemical expert, the explosive leaves a deep and permanent impression upon the surface of the metal with which it was in contact. The impression produced by the exploding mass is an almost exact copy of that face of the explosive which was in contact with the metal. This is best observed with gun-cotton, and from the nature of the material, it can be shaped according to fancy, and such figures and designs as one wishes can be stamped upon its surface. Thus, if a disk of gun-cotton on which the letters "U. S. N." and the date "1884" are indented be detonated, it will be found that the letters and figures will be reproduced in the iron, and, most singular of all these phenomena, they will be indented in the iron just as they were in the gun-cotton.

Two officers called upon a young man in Frankfort-on-the-Main, in order to distrain him. He received them politely at the door, and offered to conduct them to his "gallery of paintings," as he called it, with the remark that he possessed no thing else which could be seized for debt. They found that the gallery consisted of over fifty dunning letters, twenty summonses to court, and several hundred unpaid bills, ranging between ten and one thousand marks, all of which were carefully pasted on the wall. The officers bade him a sarcastic good-morning.

DANGERS OF THE DEEP.

A derelict is anything that has been forsaken or abandoned, and, as applied to the sea, it is a vessel that has been abandoned by her crew, and left floating on the ocean.

Derelicts are much more plentiful than a casual observer would imagine. Besides vessels sunk near the coast in sufficiently shallow water to make their protruding masts dangerous to passing ships, there were, on an average, seventeen floating derelicts in the North Atlantic reported to the Hydrographic office for each month of the year 1886.

A larger number of them was sighted in the late fall, winter, and early spring than during the other seasons of the year, no doubt because there were then more dangerous storms on the ocean. Some of these derelicts drift around, month after month, at the will of the wind and current, and are reported time after time by passing vessels.

The most interesting wreck that has been reported for some years is doubtless that of the derelict schooner *Twenty-One Friends*. She was abandoned on March 24, 1885, about one hundred and seventy miles east of Cape Henry. Being lumber-laden, she continued to float. Her masts were carried away close to the deck, so that there was but little surface exposed to the wind, and her progress was almost entirely due to the current of the Gulf Stream. Her track across the Atlantic was directly in the route of the European steamers, by whom she was sighted many times, and whose captains doubtless grew to regard her as worse than twenty-one enemies! The last report received placed her about seventy miles north of Cape Ortegal, Spain, on December 4, 1885. She was probably towed into some port by the Bay of Biscay fishermen, who must have regarded her as a rich find. During her long cruise, she covered some three thousand three hundred miles, which made an average of about four hundred and twenty-five miles of progress each month.

The bark *Rowland Hill* was abandoned on February 27th, and last reported on November 12, 1886; the derelict schooner *Ida Francis* zigzagged between Bermuda and the east coast of Florida for nine months; the schooner *Levin S. Melson* was wrecked on February 27th, about one hundred and fifty miles east of Cape Hatteras, and was last reported on October 3, 1886, about two hundred and fifty miles south of Cape Race, Newfoundland.

Each of these vessels was lumber-laden; each has drifted hundreds of miles and been reported many times, and one or all may be sighted again. A number of similar cases could be given where derelicts have been reported month after month in the highways of commerce.

Fogs and icebergs are encountered only at a particular period of the year, and within certain limits of the ocean, but derelicts are liable to be met anywhere and at any time.

A ship striking one of these water-logged wrecks would be apt to sustain about as much damage as if she ran upon a rock. An inhospitable coast is known at night by its lights, the presence of icebergs by the chill of the water in their vicinity; but during darkness or fogs there is nothing to indicate the presence of a derelict.

Sometimes, when it is found necessary to abandon a vessel, her captain is thoughtful enough to set her on fire.

Sometimes, if the sea be smooth and the weather favorable, a captain, on meeting one of these derelicts, will lower a boat and send some of his crew to fire her, but this is also a rare occurrence.

Reports are occasionally received of ships being injured by striking wrecks, and no doubt some of those that have left port, and never been heard from afterward, have been lost in just this way.

During the year 1886, one of the smaller steamers of the navy did good service by blowing up sunken wrecks on the Eastern coast. It would be a harder undertaking to destroy derelicts in the middle of the Atlantic, but in a recent annual report, Commander Bartlett has recommended that the government take the initiative toward bringing about an international agreement for an efficient ocean police.

Perhaps the most novel derelict on record was that of the great raft which it was attempted to tow round from the Canadian coast to New York some months ago. The attempt failed, the towing steamer broke away from the raft, and the great mass of logs was left to float about directly in the path of vessels coming into New York.

Fortunately, the raft was speedily broken up, and the logs were scattered, and no serious casualty is known to have occurred from collisions with them.

A word on the subject of buoys which have gone adrift may not be amiss. While most buoys are small and insignificant, a few are large and heavy, and might do considerable damage to a ship if run into at full speed.

There is a small number of lighted, whistling buoys at important points on our coast. These are of mammoth size, and act as beacons, and, at the same time, they give warning by the noise they make. The whistle is automatic, and is sounded twenty or thirty times a minute by the action of the sea. There is a chamber into which gas is forced, and it is lighted by means of a lens-lantern at the top of the buoy. Of course the gas must be replenished at regular intervals.

One of these enormous buoys was driven from its moorings off Cape Hatteras, in December, 1885, and, after taking an involuntary journey of about twelve hundred miles, it was, on the twenty-fifth of the following May, captured and towed into Bermuda by an English steamer. It was in good condition, but evidences of its long trip were found in the large barnacles adhering to it.

When it started on this cruise the gas was soon exhausted, causing the light to become extinguished, but doubtless the whistle continued to pipe lustily with every rise and fall of the sea.

Imagine the dismay of some superstitious mariner, whose ears should be greeted by a half-dozen violent whoops in the small hours of the night, when he comfortably believed that no object was within miles of the ship.—*Lieutenant E. B. Underwood, U. S. N.*

OLD FAVORITES.

Dorothy in the Garret.

In the low-raftered garret, stooping
  Carefully over the creaking boards,
Old Maid Dorothy goes a-groping
  Among its dusty and cobwebbed hoards;
Seeking some bundle of patches, hid
  Far under the eaves, or bunch of sage,
Or satchel hung on its nail, amid
  The heirlooms of a bygone age.

There is the ancient family chest,
  There the ancestral cards and hatchel;
Dorothy, sighing, sinks down to rest,
  Forgetful of patches, sage, and satchel.
Ghosts of faces peer from the gloom
  Of the chimney, where, with swifts and reel,
And the long-disused, dismantled loom,
  Stands the old-fashioned spining-wheel.

She sees it back in the clean-swept kitchen,
  A part of her girlhood's little world;
Her mother is there by the window, stitching;
  Spindle buzzes, and reel is whirled
With many a click; on her little stool
  She sits, a child, by the open door,
Watching, and dabbling her feet in the pool
  Of sunshine spilled on the gilded floor.

Her sisters are spinning all day long;
  To her wakening sense the first sweet warning
Of daylight come is the cheerful song
  To the hum of the wheel in the early morning.
Benjie, the gentle, red-cheeked boy,
  On his way to school, peeps in at the gate;
In neat white pinafore, pleased and coy,
  She reaches a hand to her bashful mate;

And under the elms a prattling pair,
  Together they go, through glimmer and gloom—
It all comes back to her, dreaming there
  In the low-raftered garret-room;
The hum of the wheel, and the summer weather,
  The heart's first trouble, and love's beginning,
Are all in her memory linked together;
  And now it is she herself that is spinning.

With the bloom of youth on cheek and lip,
  Turning the spokes with the flashing pin,
Twisting the thread from the spindle-tip,
  Stretching it out and winding it in,
To and fro, with a blithesome tread,
  Singing she goes, and her heart is full,
And many a long-drawn golden thread
  Of fancy is spun with the shining wool.

Her father sits in his favorite place,
  Puffing his pipe by the chimney-side;
Through curling clouds his kindly face
  Glows upon her with love and pride.
Lulled by the wheel, in the old arm-chair
  Her mother is musing, cat in lap,
With beautiful drooping head, and hair
  Whitening under her snow-white cap.

One by one, to the grave, to the bridal,
  They have followed her sisters from the door;
Now they are old, and she is their idol—
  It all comes back on her heart once more.
In the autumn dusk the hearth gleams brightly,
  The wheel is set by the shadowy wall—
A hand at the latch—'tis lifted lightly,
  And in walks Benjie, manly and tall.

His chair is placed; the old man tips
  The pitcher, and brings his choicest fruit;
Benjie basks in the blaze, and sips,
  And tells his story and joints his flute;
O, sweet the tunes, the talk, the laughter!
  They fill the hour with a glowing tide;
But sweeter the still, deep moments after,
  When she is alone by Benjie's side.

But once with angry words they part;
  O, then the weary, weary days!
Ever with restless, wretched heart,
  Plying her task, she turns to gaze
Far up the road; and early and late
  She harks for a footstep at the door,
And starts at the gust that swings the gate,
  And prays for Benjie, who comes no more.

Her fault? O Benjie, and could you steel
  Your thoughts toward one who loved you so?—
Solace she seeks in the whirling wheel,
  In duty and love that lighten woe;
Striving with labor, not in vain,
  To drive away the dull day's dreariness—
Blessing the toil that blunts the pain
  Of a deeper grief in the body's weariness.

Proud and petted and spoiled was she;
  A word, and all her life is changed!
His wavering love too easily
  In the great, gay city grows estranged;
One year; she sits in the old church pew;
  A rustle, a murmur—O Dorothy, hide
Your face and shut from your soul the view
  'Tis Benjie leading a white-veiled bride!

Now father and mother have long been dead,
  And the bride sleeps under a churchyard stone,
And a bent old man with grizzled head
  Walks up the long dim aisle alone.
Years blur to a mist; and Dorothy
  Sits doubting betwixt the ghost she seems,
And the phantom of youth, more real than she,
  That meets her there in that haunt of dreams.

Bright young Dorothy, idolized daughter,
  Sought by many a youthful adorer,
Life, like a new-risen dawn on the water,
  Shining an endless vista before her!
Old Maid Dorothy wrinkled and gray,
  Groping under the farm-house eaves—
And life was a brief November day
  That sets on a world of withered leaves!

Yet faithfulness in the humblest part
  Is better at last than proud success,
And patience and love in a chastened heart
  Are pearls more precious than happiness;
And in that morning when she shall wake
  To the spring-time freshness of youth again,
All trouble will seem but a flying flake,
  And life-long sorrow a breath on the pane.

—*John Townsend Trowbridge.*

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The mystery of a hansom cab—What is the fare?—*Gossip.*

"I say, my friend, is that gun loaded?" "No." "Well, for heaven's sake, then, don't point it at me!"—*Puck.*

Bob—"I tell you that new teacher is lightning." *Bill*—"No, he ain't; lightning never strikes twice in the same place."—*Puck.*

Runaway couple (in Kentucky, to minister)—"Will you join us?" *Minister*—"Thanks; I don't care if I do."—*Washington Critic.*

It is a sweet, revengeful thought that when waiters sit down to eat they have to be waited on by some of the other waiters.—*Washington Critic.*

Amateur actor (to friend)—"I say, Charley, what was the general opinion of my acting last night?" *Friend*—"I didn't hear any opinion expressed."—*New York Sun.*

"I wonder what's wrong at the Fahleries's mansion? The bells are all muffled, the sidewalk's covered with matting, and the doctor just drove away." "Why, haven't you heard? Their pug has pneumonia."—*Life.*

Dunley (at table)—"With me, Miss Spinster, the tomato is a recently acquired taste; have you been fond of them long?" *Miss Spinster*—"From a child, Mr. Dumley." *Dumley*—"Indeed; so long as that?"—*Epoch.*

Dominie (to hotel clerk)—"I s'pose you have special rates for preachers?" *Hotel clerk*—"No; we treat everybody alike here. All we ask is that he behaves himself and respects the rules of the house."—*New York Sun.*

Tramp (to Western farmer)—"Please, mister, can't y' help a poor feller to get out o' the county?" *Farmer* (kindly)—"Yes; I reckon I can lend ye a halter, if you'll promise not to hang yerself on this farm."—*Judge.*

Chicago youth—"What's Gastly got on his dress-suit for, Wabash?" *Another Chicago youth*—"I heard him say he's going to take a girl to the matinée this afternoon. Gastly is nothing if not dressy."—*New York Sun.*

Lambrequin—"There is Brown crossing the street; let us turn down here and get out of his way." *Robinson*—"What's the matter, do you owe him anything?" *Lambrequin*—"No, but he has just got back from Europe."—*Ex.*

Mrs. Wheatdeal—"Yes, my son is going to marry a daughter of one of the best families in Boston." *Mrs. Backbay*—"Ah! indeed? Chicago and Boston! Pork and beans! What a delightful combination!"—*Washington Critic.*

Miss Van Derprim (unattractive and religious, descends the stairs singing in a subdued voice)—"Jesus loves me; yes, he loves me," etc. *Starleigh* (to Farleigh)—"Gad! he's got a monopoly on it there, eh, old chappie?"—*Town Topics.*

Tramp—"Can you give me a place to sleep, ma'am?" *Woman*—"You can sleep in the barn, if you like." *Tramp*—"Couldn't you give me a bed in the house? I'm a heavy sleeper myself, ma'am, and I wouldn't feel right if I should keep you waiting for breakfast."—*Epoch.*

Advice to writers. (Lines written on the back of a "rejected MS. card.") Find a subject that has never before been used. Get some original ideas on the subject. Write them down in an entirely original and novel style. Revise your copy carefully. Then burn it. That's all.—*Puck.*

Brown (to Robinson, returned from abroad)—"You say you were robbed in Italy?" *Robinson*—"Yes, they took every cent I had." *Brown*—"I suppose you went to the American consul for help?" *Robinson*—"Yes, and he wanted me to lend him five dollars."—*New York Sun.*

Two girls sat in a car a few evenings ago. "We won't have to ride in these kind of cars any more, after awhile," said one; "we're going to have electric cars here." "Is that so?" queried No. 2; "how do they go, by steam or by smoke?" "I don't know," replied No. 1; "but I think they go by smoke."—*Buffalo Express.*

Miss Berkeley (of Boston, trying desperately to start a conversation)—"I've just been taking a course of Tolstoï." *Mr. Calumet* (of Chicago)—"That lazy waiter ain't got to me with any of it yet." *Miss Berkeley*—"But Tolstoï isn't to eat, you know." *Mr. Calumet*—"Then it's all right. I ain't drinkin' to-night."—*Puck.*

To our conundrum: "If a man and a half throw a boot-jack and a half at a cat and a half under a window and a half every night and a half, how many will he kill in a week?" the Boston *Globe* answers: "As many as Mr. Blaine will get elected." That is the right answer. But how did you guess it?—*Buffalo Express.*

She was sitting in the parlor with her beau when the old man came down stairs and opened the front door. "Surely, papa," she said, "you are not going out at this late hour?" "Merely to untie the dog," he replied. "Well, Miss Clara," said the young man reaching for his hat; "I think I will say good-night."—*New York Sun.*

"My friend," he said to a young man who bore signs of dissipation, "do you realize that the road you are following leads eventually to death?" "Er—well, yes, sir." "Aye, it leads eventually to death! And do you know where the road of sobriety and virtue leads to?" "Yes, sir; that leads eventually to death, also."—*Life.*

It was in a Boston private school of fashionable repute, and the class of young ladies who had been studying the history and the Constitution of the United States were under examination. "How is law made?" said the instructor. [illegible] a tailor-made damsel, cheerfully, "the Senate ha[illegible] and then the President has to veto it!"—*Boston Be[illegible]*

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

F. A. Stokes & Brother will presently put to press a new version of the "Chansons de Béranger," translated in the original metres by Mr. C. L. Betts. The volume is dedicated to Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman, and will comprise nearly all the most famous songs of the French poet.

The editor of the *Critic*, a weekly society periodical published in Richmond, Va., has created a sensation by his bitter criticisms of Amélie Rives's novel, "The Quick or the Dead?" He is in receipt of many anonymous letters threatening him with terrible vengeance if he does not stop his attacks on the handsome and gifted Virginian. Undismayed, however, he continues to free his mind on the subject of her latest effort with the warmth of an obstinate man defied.

A new journal recently founded in Paris, called *La Revue de Famille*, the first number of which appeared on May 15, has met with an immediate and pronounced success. It is edited by M. Emile Testard, and will devote its columns wholly to topics that are interesting to the family circle. Some of the contributors will be M. Alexandre Dumas, Jules Simon, François Coppée, Sully-Prudhomme, Paul Bourget, Louis Ulbach, Ludovic Halévy, Alphonse Daudet, and Georges Ohnet.

The *Universal Review* is the title of a new monthly just started in London, with Mr. Harry Quilter as editor, and Swan, Sonneschein, Lowrey & Co. as publishers. It has been founded for a two-fold purpose, says the prospectus—"that of supplying a journal of international character, and of making one interesting to all classes of readers." The arts of painting, fiction, and the drama will be particularly well represented. The first serial novel is from the pen of Alphonse Daudet. The *Review* will be illustrated.

The new slang dictionary announced in London, and of which one of the two editors is Mr. Charles G. Leland, has for its sub-title: "A Dictionary of Unconventional Phraseology, Embracing English, American, and Colonial Slang; Tinker's Yiddish, Pidgin, and Anglo-Indian Slang, Quaint Expressions, Vulgarisms; their Origin, Meaning, and Application." It will be issued in two volumes, the first to appear this summer and the second in the autumn. The edition is limited to six hundred and fifty copies, of which five hundred are printed for England.

The Schlict & Field Co., of Rochester, known to the reading-world by its imprint on the *Cosmopolitan*, has failed. The firm deals in office-supplies and labor-saving devices, and has always been supposed to be financially solid. It began to publish the *Cosmopolitan* about two years ago. The office was removed to New York city before long; and three or four months ago, the imprint of the Cosmopolitan Magazine Co. (of which U. S. Grant, Jr., was vice-president), appeared on the cover. The Rochester firm still remained large stockholders in the publishing company. An officer of the new company declares that the magazine will continue to appear.

In the introduction to his "Histoire des Œuvres de Théophile Gautier," Charles de Lovenjoul takes occasion to rebuke a recent American writer for alleged neglect to acknowledge material taken from a previous work of the French author. He says, "Avant de terminer, nous serait-il permis d'exprimer le vœu que M. Edgar Evertson Saltus n'use point de ce livre comme il l'a fait de notre 'Histoire des Œuvres de H. de Balzac,' dont il a tiré la plus grande partie d'un volume intitulé 'Balzac,' publié en anglais, à Boston, et sous son seul nom, sans aucune indication de la source à laquelle il avait emprunté presque tous ses renseignements bibliographiques?"

The *Critic* says: "Mrs. Will H. Low, wife of the artist, has translated Mr. Stevenson's 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' into French for the *Nouvelle Revue*. Its publication will begin with the September number, and the story will afterward be issued in book form by Plon & Cie. The translator and her husband are old friends of Mr. Stevenson (see 'Underwoods'); and in their library may be found a copy of every edition of 'Treasure Island' that has appeared at home or abroad." Mrs. Low will, in September, be a little late in introducing Stevenson to the French public. "Th. Bentzon" (Mme. Blanc) had a paper on Stevenson, including an almost entire translation of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in a recent issue of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Fashionable people, who order their nutriment *à la carte*, and only have the vaguest idea of what they are going to get till it is set before them to be sampled, will shortly owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Thomas J. Murrey. Mr. Murrey is going to publish, in "The Epicure's Culinary Dictionary," which he is compiling, a complete collection of the French and English idioms, phrases, and words appertaining to the culinary art and used in bills of fare, and the reason for their adoption and use, with a brief history of the origin of various dishes and sauces. In order to lighten the subject matter, and give it a touch of picturesqueness, there will be a lot of gastronomic odds and ends of literature, and the folk-lore, proverbs, fables, anecdotes, and customs, both ancient and modern, which in any manner refer to food or the science of cookery; but the main purpose served will be to make that mystical shibboleth, the modern restaurant bill of fare, comprehensible to the average peruser of it. To a public that has come to believe that there is nothing new in cookery books, this will be a veritable novelty indeed, while as a work of universal reference for hotels, clubs, stewards, cooks, printers, and compilers of bills of fare, and all others interested in culinary matters, it must prove invaluable.

Here is an amusing picture of Parisian journalism years ago, from M. Audebrand's memoirs: On the ground floor of the Maison d'Or one small apartment served for a subscribers' office, counting-office, and manager's and general working room. When by chance we were all together in this epitome of apartment, we looked like so many sardines packed in a box. Characteristic sign: the door was constantly open, but, with the exception of the staff, never a soul entered for business. How the subscriptions came in, how the sale of the paper was accomplished, how its twelve long columns were filled daily, with their seventy thousand letters, how it was legibly printed on excellent paper, and distributed regularly every evening at the same hour (the time for sipping absinthe), are mysteries I never could fathom. Never a sou, much less a crown, was visible in the counting-office, yet nothing was wanting for the working of the journal; no regular engagements at fixed salaries were made, still the men were exact; not a centime was given out, only the promise of money, and glory to the staff, and twenty volunteers hastened to produce an abundance of articles, and often very good ones, from their pockets. . . . In a little room to the right, on entering the Maison d'Or, where the accountant's coffer was supposed to be, sat on a cane-bottomed stool Michel, the hypothetical clerk, once gardener at Monte Cristo. In a dark closet close by were the archives of the journal, or, that is to say, the *bouillon*, or waste numbers of the commencement of the *Mousquetaire*. Next in order came the headquarters, a room without any fire, to which the public were not admitted, as stated on a placard over the entrance. Nevertheless, as all Paris was personally known to the editor, all Paris entered, and the room, which was already small for the members of the staff, managed somehow to accommodate an unlimited number of idlers, gossipers, actors, painters, sculptors, and the essence of unoccupied stragglers. This went on from twelve to six o'clock generally. Impossible to give an idea of the coming in and going out, the dialogues, monologues, quarrels, commentaries, pantomimes, and fighting, sometimes, which this satanic forum witnessed. All the neighborhood was astounded. The wildest sounds produced by the earth turning on its axis could not surpass the tempests of human voices resounding on this historic ground floor. A Russian gentleman who lived next door opened his window to listen every five minutes, saying to his valet de chambre: "I think they are assassinating some one there." Another neighbor thought there was a birth taking place; and the proprietor of a neighboring restaurant congratulated himself every evening that the police could no longer complain of the noise in his establishment. Dumas would sometimes stop from his work to ask: "Are they murdering each other?"

New Publications.

Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" has been published in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

Five short stories by Thomas Hardy have been published together under the general title "Wessex Tales: Strange, Lively, and Commonplace," with a portrait of the author as a frontispiece, in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 30 cents.

"How Tom and Dorothy Made and Kept a Christian Home," by Margaret Sidney, is a sketch of the housekeeping of a venturesome young couple who embark in matrimony on an income of ten dollars a week. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 75 cents.

"Lady Farquhar's Old Lady," "Witnessed by Two," "Unexplained," and "The Story of the Rippling Train" are the "Four Ghost Stories," by Mrs. Molesworth, which have given their name to an attractively printed and bound volume. The faint, shadowy device of a spectral figure on the gray cover is as appropriate as it is novel. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.50.

"The Correct Thing in Good Society," by the author of "Social Customs," is a little book giving on one page the correct thing in the various social minutiæ, and on the opposite page the incorrect thing in a like circumstance. Correspondence, calls, dining, weddings, dress, traveling, and business and club life are among the phases of life of which this manual specially treats. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; for sale by William Doxey; price, 75 cents.

"Rebecca the Witch and Other Tales in Metre," by David Skaats Foster, is a second edition, revised and enlarged, of his earlier book of verse, "The Romance of the Unexpected." The best of Mr. Foster's verses are the lyrics in the manner of Bret Harte, pathetic and semi-humorous, among which may be mentioned "Noah's Ark," "Mariquita," and "The Tight-Rope Dancer." Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by L. Gregoire & Co.; price, $1.25.

Lord Macaulay has been levied upon for the material to make a ninth volume of Knickerbocker Nuggets, and an attractive little volume enough is the "Lays of Ancient Rome" with its tastefully ornate covers, clean type, and uncut, gilt-topped pages. Beside the "Lays" the book contains "Ivry," "The Armada," "A Radical War Song," "The Battles of Moncontour," and "Songs of the Civil War," illustrated by George Scharf, Jr. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by L. Gregoire & Co.

"France and the Confederate Navy," by John Bigelow, is an account of the conspiracy by which the insurgent States of the South sought to hire the French Imperial dock-yards at Bordeaux and Nantes for the construction of a navy which, had the negotiations been successful, would probably have brought victory to the Southern cause. It was an interesting international episode, and Mr. Bigelow's historical work is to be commended for its thoroughness and impartiality. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

W. L. Alden is always a favorite author with boys, and his latest tale, "A New Robinson Crusoe," will be heartily welcomed by them. The hero is a boy named Mike Flanagan, who is shipwrecked on a desert island in the Pacific Ocean—so near the mainland that picnickers come there in yachts—with a lunatic who imagines he is a grandson of Robinson Crusoe, and wishes to emulate his famed ancestor's exploits. Naturally Mike's position is fertile in interesting adventures, which every boy will wish to read for himself. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.00.

A fourth edition has been published of "The Constitutional History and Political Development of the United States," by Simon Sterne. The body of this clear exposition of the development of American institutions remains unchanged, but in an addendum of forty pages Mr. Sterne carries the history of the Constitution and the development of the United States from 1882, when the book was first published, down to the close of last year. The table of contents mentions an index to this new part, to be found on page 362, but the book ends at page 361. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by L. Gregoire & Co.; price, $1.25.

"Simon de Montfort and his Cause," by W. H. Hutton, in the series entitled English History by Contemporary Writers, is made up of extracts (in modern English) from the writings of Robert of Gloucester, Matthew Paris, William Rishanzer, Thomas of Wykes, and other chroniclers of the thirteenth century. The book is a continuation of an earlier volume of the series, "The Misrule of Henry the Third," and carries the narrative of opposition to royal misgovernment to the revision of the constitution by the Ban of Kenilworth. In an appendix are brief accounts of the authors and books cited. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by L. Gregoire & Co.; price, 75 cents.

Some Magazines.

In the June issue of the *American Magazine* General O. O. Howard writes on "Our Defenses from an Army Standpoint"; Mrs. John A. Logan discusses "The Art of Entertaining"; and George Edgar Montgomery has a paper on "Dickens on the American Stage." "My Dream of Anarchy" is concluded; Dr. Willeur F. Hutchinson describes "Barbadoes, the Elbow Island"; and William Eleroy Curtis writes of "Ecuador and her Cities." There are three short stories: "Dinner for Two," by Elia W. Peattie; "In His Own Country," by Marah Ellis Ryan; and "From Out the Pines," by W. Berdan. There are also new chapters of Mary Agnes Tincker's "Two Coronets," verses, and the usual timely discussions in Our Cabinet.

The *Forum* for June contains the following political articles: "What Negro Supremacy Means," by Senator Wade Hampton; "Revolutionizing the Revenue System," by the Hon. Wm. D. Kelley; and "Government Regulations of Railways," by Senator J. F. Wilson. Articles on educational subjects are: "The Next American University," by Andrew D. White; "What Shall the Public Schools Teach?" by Bishop Gilmour; and "A Universal Language," by Professor F. A. March. There are also the following articles: "Remedies for Railway Troubles," by Professor Arthur T. Hadley; "Poverty, Sympathy, and Economics," by W. H. Mallock; "The Haste to be Rich," by the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby; "Men, Women, and Money," by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe; and a brief geological history of the great lakes by Professor G. K. Gilbert, of the United States Geological Survey.

The June *Century* opens with Mr. Kennan's article on "Plains and Prisons of Western Siberia." The Lincoln History in this number contains chapters on "The Advance," "Bull Run," "Frémont," and "Military Emancipation." The last of the present series of articles by Mr. Roosevelt is entitled "The Ranchman's Rifle on Crag and Prairie.", Theodore de Vinne, printer of the *Century*, has an article entitled "A Printer's Paradise: The Plantin-Moretus Museum at Antwerp." Mr. Burroughs and Mrs. Van Rensselaer discuss "Matthew Arnold's Criticism." Professor Atwater's food article discusses the question "What We Should Eat." The fiction of the number includes chapters of Dr. Eggleston's novel, "The Graysons"; the concluding portion of Henry James's "The Liar"; "Selina's Singular Marriage," by Grace Denio Litchfield; and "By Telephone," by Brander Matthews. A biographical paper is devoted by Mrs. Herrick to Colonel Richard Malcolm Johnston, the Southern story-writer. There is another article by Mr. Cheney on bird-songs; there is also a group of poems, entitled "Kansas Bird Songs," by Miss Amanda T. Jones. There are verses also by Charles Edwin Markham, Louise Chandler Moulton, Julian Hawthorne, Frances Louisa Bushnell, Charles G. D. Roberts, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Mrs. Annie Fields, and Philip Bourke Marston. The "Topics of the Time" are "Reform in our Legislative Methods," "The American Flag for America," and "Art Revival in American Coinage." The "Open Letters" have to do with educational and other subjects.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A boy was asked to define a common and a proper noun. He wrote: "William is a proper noun, and Billy is a common noun." Another was told to write what he had learned in physiology. He did, thus: "The body is composed of three parts—the head, the trunk, and the abdomen. The head contains the brains, if you have any. The trunk contains the heart and lungs. The abdomen contains the vowels *a, e, i, o, u*, and sometimes *w* and *y*."

A recent biography tells a good story of Henry the Fourth of France. A certain M. de la Vieuville, in the service of the Duc de Nevers, constantly importuned his chief for some order in recognition of his services, and, finally, at De Nevers's request, the king conferred on him the blue ribbon of the Order of the Holy Ghost. When De la Vieuville, as the ceremony of investiture required, said, "Domine, non sum dignus (Sire, I am not worthy)," Henry pleasantly replied, "I know that very well; and it is only to please my good cousin De Nevers that I give it you."

In noticing a recent sale of celebrated chairs, the London *Times* describes Charles Mathews's chair as "still redolent of excellent cigars." Then somebody else must have been smoking in it. Charles Mathews deliberately preferred bad cigars to good. The first question asked of a new visitor at his house by the initiated was, "Have you brought your own weeds?" and the first warning, "Don't take any of Mathews's cigars or sherry." One night, at supper, a lady fainted, and Mathews called out in serious alarm, "What's the matter with her? She hasn't had any of my sherry, has she?"

According to Mr. Bancroft, the old California Alcaldes sometimes delivered judgments instinct with homely wisdom, as is clearly shown by the following anecdote: A wife once summoned her husband before an Alcalde for having serenaded another woman. "Bring forth the culprit," said the judge, "and let him play to us as he played before the woman he wished to captivate." When this was done, the judge asked: "Is that the tune you played?" "Si, señor." "Is that the best you can play it?" "Si, señor." "Then I fine you two dollars for disturbing the public peace."

A military officer once engaged a car in Cork, and at the end of the trip paid the driver sixpence. Now sixpence was the exact amount due, but more generous customers were in the habit of paying a shilling for the same distance. "Bad luck to the Zulus!" muttered Pat, ruefully looking at the same coin in his palm. The Zulu war was in progress, or had just ended, and the officer turned round sternly. "What is that you say?" "Bad luck to the Zulus, sorr!" "Why do you say it?" "Faith, yer haner, because they've killed all the shilling officers, and left none but the sixpenny ones."

At a Tacoma hotel a stranger, who had boarded there a week or so, asked the proprietor how far it was to Mount Ranier, which appeared to be scarcely a couple of miles distant, although nearer a hundred. The proprietor winked at the by-standers, and said that perhaps it was a mile away. The boarder said he believed he would walk out to it for exercise. The landlord encouraged the tenderfoot, who, after borrowing the proprietor's fine spy-glass, immediately departed. The joke was too rich for the landlord to keep, and he treated all hands. But the pedestrian did not return. The proprietor at last tumbled to the racket, and found the valise the tenderfoot left was filled with brick-bats, and that he had carried off seventeen towels and everything else he could get in his pockets. Besides, the tenderfoot owed two weeks' board. He is probably still walking.

Our native Indians are known for their almost solemn gravity in the presence of strangers. Spence describes the Caribs of Venezuela as equally grim and sedate. This proper seriousness he succeeded once in disturbing. "On one occasion, surely an epoch in their history, they saw the point of a joke. A brave and his squaw brought some fire-wood to my camp, and as they wanted to get twice its value, the purchase was declined. They were greatly enraged, and, after loud maledictions, deliberately burned it. Some days after, they appeared again, this time with a bundle of hay for sale. To convince them of the errors of their ways, about half of its value was offered. On their declining this abatement, I took a match from my pocket, and suggested that they should make a bonfire of the hay also. A roar of laughter burst from the pair as the fun penetrated their hard heads. It was with difficulty they were induced to take any payment at all for the hay."

Mr. Anderson relates in his "Twenty-five Years in a Wagon" that one day, while sitting under a baobab-tree in a South African forest, he heard the sound of loud, deep, bass voices. Lying down in the grass, rifle in hand, he waited, as the animals seemed to be approaching. He soon saw a lion and a lioness quarreling, about seventy yards from the tree. The lioness kept throwing back her ears and showing her teeth, at the same time pawing the lion in the face and lashing out with her tail. The lion took it all with quiet dignity, now and then growling out a remonstrance. At last the lioness, giving several cat-like spits, bounded into the bush, and the lion walked off in another direction. A hunter told Mr. Anderson that he once watched a lion and a lioness from a tree. Another lion began roaring in the distance, whereupon the lioness, in spite of the lion's efforts to prevent her, roared in reply. At last the other lion appeared, and each roared out a challenge. A fight began, their strong bones were heard cracking, and the first lion was killed. With a whisk of her tail, the lioness went off with the conqueror.

The following case was reported by a private in the Confederate army: The guard-house was a two-story frame building, about twelve feet square, having two rooms, one above the other. The detail for guard-duty was required to stay in this house, those who wished to sleep going up-stairs, while others just relieved, or about to go on duty, clustered round the fire in the lower room. One night, when the upper floor was covered with sleeping men, an improvised infantryman who had been relieved from duty walked into the house, and, preparatory to taking his stand at the fire, threw his musket carelessly into the corner. A loud report and angry exclamations immediately followed. A sergeant of the guard, noticing the direction of the ball, hurried up-stairs, and, to the disgust of the sleepers, ordered all hands to "turn out." Grumbling, growling, stretching, and rubbing their eyes, the men got up. "Where's Pryor?" some one inquired. His chum, who had been sleeping by his side under the same blanket, answered, "There he is, asleep; shake him." His blanket was drawn aside, and, with a shake, he was commanded to get up; but there was no motion, no reply. The ball had gone through his heart, and he had passed without a groan or sigh from deep sleep to death.

Once "Doc" Smart, a noted Western bandit, with two confederates, bought all the playing cards in El Paso at Goldberg's stationery store, paying for them seventy-five dollars, and when questioned what they intended doing with them, said they were going up in the mines and expected to do a great business, but if they failed, would like the privilege to return what they did not use. Goldberg consented, and in a few days they returned with about half of them. This same Goldberg was in the habit of furnishing all the faro-banks in town with cards, and upon receiving orders from them, and having none on hand excepting those returned by Smart, he divided the lot between the different "banks," and on the same night every "bank" in El Paso was "busted" by Smart and a few of his confederates. The last "bank broke" examined their cards and found that every card had been "pinched." An investigation at each "bank" showed their cards "pinched" in the same manner. It was found out next day that Smart had returned these cards to Goldberg, and of course it was decided that Smart and his gang "pinched" them. The town was too hot for him for several days after. It was estimated that the winnings on that night were about one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

SOCIETY.

The Morgan-Jennings Wedding.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated on Tuesday evening, June 5th, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Jennings, 1804 Sutter Street. The bride, Miss Ella Jennings, has always been a favorite. The groom, Mr. Cosmo Morgan, Jr., is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, of England, who came here to witness their son's marriage He is located in business at Long Beach, Los Angeles County, which will continue to be his home The wedding was attended only by the relatives of the contracting parties, it being impossible to invite all of the friends of the young couple.

The most exquisite taste was displayed in the decoration of the apartments. Mountain ferns were clustered around the hall doorways, holding back the parti-colored portières, and clambering up the bannisters were masses of white and yellow wild flowers lifting their heads above billowy waves of lemon and orange-tinted tulle, which were wound in and out among the woodwork and verdant foliage. The bay-window in the front parlor was converted into an arbored retreat framed with deep green ferns, fringed with delicate grasses, and draped with folds of blue tulle. Hung here and there, throughout this bower, were handsome wreaths of large marguerites suspended from bands of tulle, all combining with pretty effect Over the pictures in this and the rear parlor were garlands of marguerites and sprays of lace-like ferns, with occasional draperies of India silk and crêpe in harmonizing tints. Lovely field-blossoms, pure white in color and fragrant, were clustered upon the marble mantel giving their fair beauty and perfume to the scene. Pendant between the folding doors was an immense hanging basket of roses of assorted tints, decked with perfect foliage, set like a rich jewel in the centre of this charming scene.

At nine o'clock all of the guests were assembled in the parlors, and the orchestra played the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" as the bridal party entered. Miss Belle Nichols, cousin of the bride, acted as the bride's maid, and Mr. Percy Morgan, brother of the groom, was his best man. Rev. Robert Mackenzie performed the impressive ceremony, during which the bride's favorite song "Last Night," was played softly. Mr. C. B. Jennings gave his daughter away.

The bride's toilet was an exquisite confection of white faille Française. The corsage was cut à la Vierge and filled in with white tulle which was held together by a sparkling jewel. A trimming of point de Venise lace adorned the pointed bodice, and gloves of white undressed kid met the sleeves at the elbows. The front of the skirt was laid in soft plaits, and at the left side was a wide panel of Duchesse lace extending from the waist down to the base of the skirt. Blazing in her coiffure, which was dressed high, was a diamond star which held in place the flowing veil of white silk moleine which fell to the end of the long court train. A dainty spray of orange blossoms was clustered at her corsage, and she carried a bouquet of white pinks bound by ribbons of white tulle.

Miss Belle Nichols appeared in a becoming toilet of rose-pink silk, made dancing length, and trimmed with tulle to match. The corsage was cut décolleté and filled in with tulle, while silk bow-knots ornamented her arms to the elbows, where the gloves of tan-colored undressed kid met them. She carried a bouquet of fragrant sweet-peas

Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple were almost overwhelmed with congratulations, and an hour was pleasantly devoted to this, the band, meanwhile, playing concert selections. After this a bounteous supper was served in the dining-room, which, with its approaches, was beautifully decorated with roses, wild-flowers, foliage, and colored draperies. About midnight Mr. and Mrs Morgan left the house amid volumes of good wishes and showers of rice. On the following morning they departed for Long Beach, where they will henceforth reside. Those who remained at the house then enjoyed dancing to Vanke's best music, and thus pleasantly ended the happy affair. The many beautiful presents received by the newly wedded couple comprised rich service of gold and silver, valuable works of art, elegant bibelots, and a choice selection of floral pieces.

Miss Lake's School.

The graduating exercises of the class of 1888 of Miss Lake's School (formerly Zeitska Institute), were held on Wednesday evening at Metropolitan Temple. The stage was beautifully and abundantly decorated with flowers and ferns, the class motto, "One Step Further," appearing over the organ, executed in marigolds upon a background of ferns. The graduates who received diplomas were: Miss Bertha Erwin, Miss Ada Dougherty, Miss Edith Hughson, Miss Dahlia Levy, Miss Lucy Upson, and Miss Adelaide Upson. Besides the class essays, a varied programme was presented, including the bright dialogue "Henry's Home" which appeared in the *Argonaut*, the characters being taken Miss Florence Riley and Miss Sophie Whipple. The 5th scene in the second act of Moliere's "Misanthrope" was also presented in French with much spirit by five of the younger girls. The Delsarte exercises by the class were particularly graceful, the young ladies' Grecian dresses lending effect to the silent plastique of oratory.

The class essays were above the average of the usual efforts of the kind, Miss Dahlia Levy's Valedictory which first spoke playfully on the subject of "Uncle Sam and his Children" was especially appropriate to the present aroused political interest. Her delivery was excellent, distinct, pointed, and effective.

Judge Lorenzo Sawyer presented the diplomas to the graduates with a few well-chosen remarks upon "all that is necessary to make a broad-minded, well-poised, thoroughly educated and fully equipped woman in all respects capable of impressing herself deeply, beneficially and permanently upon the domestic and social institutions of the country—woman's peculiarly appropriate sphere."

The distribution of prizes with which the exercises concluded brought forward prettily the little children of the primary department.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, Miss Stetson, and Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto have decided not to take their contemplated Alaskan trip.

Miss Grace Porter has returned to the city after a four months' visit in the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs O O. Burgess have gone to Santa Cruz and located at the Pope House for the month of June.

Mrs. William H. Crocker has returned from a visit to her father, Mrs. S. W Sperry, of Stockton.

Mr and Mrs. John J. Valentine are at the Everett House New York city.

Mrs. Robert P. Hastings is at her home in Green Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook and the Misses Holbrook, accompanied by Miss Mabel Crooks, of Benicia, will leave the city on June 27th, to make a tour of Europe, and also visit Egypt and Palestine.

Mr. Evan J. Coleman left for Europe last week.

Miss Grace M. Spencer and Miss Mattie Baker have returned to San José after a pleasant visit to Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr.

Captain and Mrs. W. L. Merry and the Misses Lena and May Merry will pass the season at San Rafael.

Miss May E. Pope has been entertaining Miss Mary Scott at her home in St. Helena

Mr. and Mrs Walter M. Castle will pass the summer at the Pope House in Santa Cruz.

Miss Julia Bissell has gone to Santa Barbara, and expects to be away until October,

Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace and Miss Marguerite Wallace will depart soon for Santa Barbara, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Ladd returned recently from a visit to the Hotel del Monte, having previously enjoyed a tour of Southern California

Mr. and Mrs. George T. Klink have returned from a trip through Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dunphy and Miss Jennie Dunphy contemplate a trip to Honolulu this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, of England, are in the city on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B Jennings will pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael in San Rafael.

Mrs. George H. Tay and the Misses Jennie, Irene, and Lottie Tay will visit the Napa Soda Springs this summer.

Mrs. Walter Turnbull has been traveling in Italy for the past two months. After a sojourn of two weeks in Naples she visited Mount Vesuvius and the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. While in Rome she attended a special mass given by the Pope, and also had an audience with him.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Highton returned recently from a short visit at the Hotel del Monte Mrs Highton has since gone to pass a few days in Eureka, Humboldt County

Mr. J H. Rosewald has gone to New York, where he will meet Mme. Rosewald upon her return from Europe. They will both be back here about August 5th.

General and Mrs J. F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton have returned from a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr Frank D. Madison will pass the month of July at Webber Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H Sherwood have decided to pass the season at the Hotel Rafael in San Rafael.

Miss Lina Blanding is the guest of Mrs. William B Collier at Clear Lake.

Mr. and Mrs Henry Schmiedell will pass a portion of the season at the Hotel Rafael in San Rafael.

Miss Alice Decker and Miss Evelyn Carolan will leave for Alaska on June 16th.

Mrs. H. A. Deming and Miss Helen Deming have gone to Santa Cruz for the season, after a sojourn of several weeks in San José and the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. Charles Miller, Miss Blanche Miller, and Mr. E. H. Miller, Jr., have arrived here from New York in their private car, and will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins during their visit.

Mr. W. P. Buckingham has returned from a visit to Chicago. Miss Kittie Chalmers, of Stockton, who has been visiting Mrs. Buckingham, has returned to her home.

Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor, Miss Maud O'Connor, Mr. W. W. Foote, and Mr. Harry B. Houghton are at Byron Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Preston went East a week ago, and will pass the next two months at the various watering-places there.

Miss Carrie Millzner is making a tour of the Southern counties.

Chaplain and Mrs. Winfield Scott, of Angel Island, have gone to Santa Barbara to remain several weeks.

Miss Medora Clark, who has been the guest of Mrs. Chase at Fort Point for several months, has returned to her home in Wisconsin.

Mr. Lloyd Tevis is visiting New York city

Mrs. W. R. Shafter and Miss Mary Shafter have returned to Angel Island after an extended trip through the Eastern States.

Mrs. Louis Janin and Mrs. Marshall are passing a few weeks at Calistoga.

General W. H. Dimond is in New York city.

Colonel Robert Tobin and Miss Tobin are visiting Los Angeles

Mrs. Daniel Hanlon and Miss Mary E. Hanlon arrived safely in Chicago a few days ago.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Childs, of Los Angeles, are in the city on a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L Martel and the Misses Adèle, Jennie, and Ethel Martel will reside at Los Gatos during the next three months.

Mrs. George O. McMullin, Miss Mamie McMullin, and Miss Lulu Fargo will pass the summer at Sissons

Mr James Mervyn Donahue is at the Hotel Brunswick in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs Frank Underhill will reside at Howell Mountain during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson have returned from their Eastern trip.

Miss Margaret Jones has been visiting Miss Mattie Gibbs

Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie will be at the Hotel del Monte most of the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan and Miss Daisy Ryan are located at Menlo Park for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey and Mr. Frank D. Willey will go to the Hotel Rafael, in San Rafael, on June 18th, to remain during the summer.

Miss Jessie Bowie will be at the Hotel del Monte most of the summer.

Mrs. Peter Donahue has been visiting friends in Santa Clara for a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Selby, of Menlo Park, left New York a week ago en route to Europe.

Mr. Charles L. Fair has been visiting the Hotel del Monte,

Miss Maud Smith has gone East to remain during the summer.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, who has been at Los Angeles for several months, has gone East. Mr. Hugo Toland will join her soon.

Mr and Mrs. Charles Page will pass the season at the Hotel Rafael in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor, of Oakland, will go to Del Monte in about a week to remain until after the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs Horace L. Hill and Miss A. C. Shinn are at the Hotel del Monte for the season.

Major and Mrs. McClung, Miss Throckmorton, Miss Nickerson and Mr A. A. Nickerson have returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Captain and Mrs. R. R Thompson, and Mrs. N. Hamilton, of Oakland, are at the Agua de Vida Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill, Mr. James T. Murphy and Mr. Daniel Murphy are in London.

Mr. Henry Heyman, who has been quite ill for the past three weeks, will go to Santa Barbara next Saturday for his summer outing

Mrs. A. M. Burns has returned from Southern California. In a couple of weeks she and her daughter, Miss Daisy Burns, accompanied by Miss Poole, will go to Alaska.

Mrs. Anna Hodge and Miss Hodge will pass June and July at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa R. Wells are at the Gilroy Hot Springs

Mrs. M. P. Wiggin and family, of Alameda, have gone to Sonoma County, to visit relatives, for a few weeks.

Mrs. Isaac Friedlander, the Misses Fannie and May Friedlander, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bowie, and Miss Bowie are at the Pope House in Santa Cruz, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood left New York last Wednesday for Carlsbad on the German Lloyd steamer *Lahn*.

Miss Ada Sullivan and Miss Arcadia Spence contemplate a trip to Sitka, Alaska, this summer to visit Lieutenant and Mrs. James Ashley Turner.

Miss May Wickersham, of Petaluma, is in the city on a visit.

Mrs. R. B. Catherwood has returned from New York, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. George H. Rice (Traffic Manager Pacific Mail Company) wife and daughter, and Mrs. Thomas Walkington are up north on a pleasure trip, visiting Portland, Victoria, Tacoma, etc.

Notes and Gossip.

General W. H. Dimond has purchased the residence of Mrs. D. G. Atherton, on the corner of California and Octavia Streets.

The formal opening of the new Hotel del Monte will take place next Saturday, and it is expected that almost every one in society circles will be there to enjoy the special attractions.

Army and Navy.

Lieutenant Benjamin S. Wever, First Infantry, U. S. A., is enjoying one month's leave of absence

Paymaster and Mrs. W. W. Barry, U. S. N., have been passing several days at the Occidental Hotel.

Chaplain Frank Thompson, U. S. N., of Mare Island, was in the city recently.

Colonel W. H. Shafter, U. S. A., of Angel Island, returned a few days ago from Santa Barbara.

The Handel and Haydn Society.

The members of the Handel and Haydn Society gave their fourth concert of this season at Metropolitan Hall, on Friday evening, June 8th. The programme comprised J. F. Barnett's cantata, "The Ancient Mariner," and Sir George A. MacFarren's cantata, "May Day." The solo vocalists were: Miss Alvina Heuer, Miss Mary Barnard, Mr. Ben Clark, and Mr. W. H. Kinross. Mrs. H. J. Stewart was the pianiste, Mr. H. M. Bosworth organist, and Mr. H. J. Stewart musical director. In addition to this there was a chorus of one hundred and fifty voices. The cantatas were presented to the entire satisfaction of the large audience, and the applause was liberal.

ART NOTES.

The Bohemian Club, through Mr. F. N. R. Martinez, has just purchased a picture from the Paris Salon, in accordance with the resolution passed some time ago that a certain sum be expended each year in the purchase of a work of art from the Salon. The picture is "The Shepherd's Return," by Charles Sprague Pierce, one of the foremost American artists in Paris, and judging from the photograph already received—the painting will not arrive for two months yet—is worthy of the high encomiums bestowed on it by the French critics.

Fred Yates has completed an excellent portrait of Judge J. H. Boalt, of Oakland, which is on exhibition at Morris & Kennedy's and is attracting much attention. It is intended for the Bohemian Club. Yates has also completed portraits of Dr. Swan and Peter Robertson for the same club, together with a jinks cartoon.

Stanton will leave in a few days for Del Monte, where he will sketch for a few weeks.

Brookes recently finished one of his favorite still-life studies, a string of fish.

Joullin is at work on a portrait in addition to his duties at the Art School.

The receipts at the Spring Exhibition of the Art Association were about one hundred dollars less than the expenses.

C. D. Robinson is at work on Yosemite pictures in the valley.

Tom Hill is sketching in the Yosemite Valley.

Raschen is devoting most of his time to portrait work.

R. D. Yelland is sketching from nature at Monterey

Edwin Deakin has gone to Europe, and will be away about four months

Miss Matilda Lotz has given up her studio in New York city, and has gone to Washington, D. C., where she is the guest of Mrs. George Hearst.

Keith has some landscapes under way that promise well, and recently completed a new scene in the Yosemite Valley.

Rodriguez is busy with an attractive landscape.

Heath is sketching at Monterey.

The New York *Tribune's* Paris correspondent, writing of the Salon, says: "Miss Elizabeth Strong's 'Orphans,' to wit, a litter of pups calling for the dam in vain, is a little masterpiece."

CCCCLXXXVII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, June 10, 1888.

Asparagus Soup.
Fried Clams. Cold Slaw.
Sweetbread Croquettes with Peas.
Mashed Potatoes. Corn.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Tomatoes, Mayonnaise Dressing.
Strawberries, Almond Cream.
Lady Fingers.
Apricots. Cherries. Peaches.

SWEETBREAD CROQUETTES WITH PEAS.—Boil three sweetbreads, chop very fine, and pound to a paste; season with salt and pepper, and add the yolks of two eggs, two ounces of butter, and a tablespoonful of cracker crumbs; moisten with a gill of cream; roll into balls or cork-shape forms; dip these in beaten egg; roll in cracker crumbs; repeat the last process; fry in boiling fat. Arrange a border of green peas around them and serve.

Champagne as an Arbitrator.

At the grand reception recently tendered to President Carnot by the Bordeaux Municipality, Mr. Hubert Prom, President of the Chamber of Commerce, in concluding his toast, spoke as follows: "May the regimé of France under your Excellency's Government be ever as the wine I now hold in my hand—as generous and grand as Pommery." And at the reunion of the admirers of General Boulanger, which took place last week at the Café Riche, Mr. Naquet uttered the following remarks: "Lead us on to glory; our aid is sure; continue to stir the souls of all patriots with animation, not to be excelled by even the sparkling Pommery, and I ask all to drink long life to our leader." All of this goes to show that the various antagonistic factions of France agree on one thing; and if harmony can be brought about by the wine we all admire, it will be another great victory for Pommery Sec.—*London Journal.*

Great Protection Victory.

While the citizens of America are discussing and wrangling over the relative merits of protection and free trade, the ladies are unanimously in favor of protecting in all their grace and beauty the lovely forms nature has endowed them with. To do so every lady should wear Freud's Corsets, the best and cheapest in the world. Beware of imitations of these unrivaled goods. There is but one Freud's Corset House, 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Grant Avenue. No connection with any other house, and we have no agents. Address mail orders, Freud & Son. Make no mistake.

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See illustrated description in "Pacific Rural Press," June 9, 1888.

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VOCES POPULI.

Scene—Interior of third-class smoking compartment. First Passenger, apparently a small suburban tradesman, of a full and comfortable habit, seated by window. To him enters a seedy but burly Stranger, in a state of muzzy affability, with an under-suggestion of quarrelsomeness.

The stranger (leaning forward mysteriously)—Yer saw that gentleman I was a' torkin' to as I got in? Did yer know 'oo he was?

First passenger (without hauteur, but with the air of a person who sets a certain value on his conversation)—Well, he didn't look like the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The S.—He's a better man than 'im! That was Brasher, the middling weight! he giv me the orfice straight about Killivan and Smifton, he did!

First P. (interested, as a lover of the Noble Art of Self-Defense)—Ah! did he, though?

The S.—He did; I went up to him, and I sez, "Excuse me," I sez, like that, I sez, "but are you an American, or a German?"

First P. (with superiority)—He wouldn't like that—being taken for a German.

The S. (solemnly)—Those were my very words! And he sez, "No, I'm a Yank," and then I knoo 'oo e' was, d'ye see? and so (bazily) one word brought up another, and we got a torkin'. If I was to tell you I'd seen Killivan, I should be telling yer a lie!

First P.—Well, I won't ask you to do that.

The S. (firmly)—Nor I wouldn't. But you've on'y to look at Smifton to see 'e's never 'ad a smack on the 'ed. Now, there's Sulton—'e's a good man, 'e is—'e is a good man. Look 'ow that fellow knocks 'isself about! But if I was to pass my opinion, it 'ud be this—Killivan's in it for science, he ain't in it to take anything; you may take that from me!

First P. (objecting to be treated as an ingénu)—It's not the first time I've heard of it, by a long way.

The S.—Ah! and it's the truth, the Bible truth (putting his hand on First P.'s knee). Now, you b'leeve what I'm a'goin' to tell yer?

First P. (his dignity a little ruffled)—I will, if it's anything in reason.

The S.—It's this. My opinion of Killivan and Sulton's this—Sulton brought Killivan out. I'm on'y tellin' yer from 'earsay like; but I know this myself—one lived in 'Oxton and the other down Bermondsey way. 'E's got a nice little butcher's business there at this present moment, and 'e's a mug if he turns it up!

First P. (axiomatically)—Every man's a mug who turns a good business up.

The S.—Yer right! And (moralizing) it ain't all 'oney with that sort o' people neither, I can tell yer! I dessay now, when all's put to the test, you're not a moneyed man—no more than I am myself.

First P. (not altogether flattered)—Well—that's as may be.

The S.—But I b'leeve yer to be a man o' the world, although I don't know yer.

First P. (modestly)—I used to be in it at one time.

The S. (confidentially)—I'm in it now. I don't get my livin' by it, though, mind yer. I'm a mechanic, I am—to a certain extent. I've been in America. There's a country now—they don't overtax like they do 'ere!

First P. (sympathetically)—There you 'ave touched a point—we're taxed past all common sense. Why, this very tobacco I'm smoking now is charged——

The S.—Talkin' of terbaccer, I don't mind 'aving a pipe along with yer myself.

First P. (handing his pouch, with a happy mixture of cordiality and condescension)—There you are, sir.

The S. (afflicted by sudden compunction, as he fills his pipe)—I 'ope I'm not takin' a libbaty in askin' yer?

First P.—Liberty? rubbish! I'm not one to make distinctions where I go. I'd as soon talk to one man as I would another—you're setting your coat alight.

The S.—I set fire to myself once, and I never live in 'opes of doin' so agen! It's a funny thing with me, I can smoke a cigar just as well as I could a short pipe. I'm no lover of a cigar, if you understand me; but I can go into company where they are, d'ye see?

First P. (shortly)—I see.

The S. (with fresh misgivings)—You'll excuse me if I've taken a libbaty with yer?

First P. (with a stately air)—We settled all that just now.

The S. (after a scrutiny)—I tell yer what my idear of you is—that you're a Toff!

First P. (disclaiming this distinction a little uneasily)—No, no! there's nothing of the toff about me.

The S. (defiantly)—Well, you're a gentleman, anyway.

First P. (aphoristic, but uncomfortable)—We can all of us be that, as long as we behave ourselves.

The S. (much pleased by this sentiment)—Right agen! give us yer 'and, if it's not takin' a libbaty. I'm one of them as can't bear to take a libbaty with no matter 'oo. Yer know it's a real pleasure to me to be settin' 'ere torkin' comfortably to you, without no thought of ither of us fallin' out. There's some people as wouldn't feel 'appy, not without they was 'aving a row. Now you and me ain't like that.

First P. (shifting about)—Quite so—quite so, of course!

The S.—Not but what if it was to come to a row between us, I could take my part!

First P. (wishing there was somebody else in the compartment)—I—I hope we'll keep off that.

The S. (devoutly)—So do I! I 'ope we'll keep off o' that. But yer never know what may bring it on—and there it is, d'ye see! You and me might fall out without intending it. I've bin a bit of a boxer in my day. Do you doubt my word?—if so, say it to my face!

First P.—I've no wish to offend you, I'm sure.

The S.—I never take a lie straight from any man, and there you 'ave me in a word! If you're bent on a row, you'll find me a glutton, that's all I can tell you.

First P. (giving himself up for lost)—But I'm not bent on a row—qu—quite otherwise!

The S.—You should ha' said so afore, because, when my back's once put up, I'm—'ello! we're stopping, I get out 'ere, don't I?

First P. (eagerly)—Yes—make haste, they don't stay long anywhere on this line!

The S. (completely mollified)—Then I'll say good-by to yer. (Tenderly.) P'raps we may meet agen, some day.

First P.—We—we'll hope so—good day to you, with you luck!

The S. (solemnly)—Lord love yer! (Pausing at door.) I 'ope you don't think me the man to fall out with nobody. I never fall out——

(Falls out into the arms of a porter, whom he pummels as the train moves on, and First Passenger settles into a corner with a sigh of relief.—*Punch*.

Reward.

One thousand dollars will be paid for each and every grain of poisonous substance found in Wisdom's Robertine—for beautifying and preserving the complexion, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, and all blemishes and roughness of the skin. Used and endorsed by the élite of society and the stage. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle. White and flesh. E. W. Joy, Agent, San Francisco.

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NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 15, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 7.45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.45, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 2.45, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO to SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.45 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M. (Sundays)—6.45, 8.45, 10.00, 10.40, 11.35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.30, 3.30, 4.45, 5.45, 6.45, 7.45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.45 P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.15 P. M.

3.25 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's).

EXCURSION TRAINS.

7.30 A. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 7.35 P. M.

8 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

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Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2 00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero (Ingram's), $4.00.

Saturday and Sunday Excursions—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2 50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero (Ingram's), $3.00.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From May 31, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.00 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Fast Mail for Ogden and East	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	12.45 P.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
6.30 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8 45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

‡ 7.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
*2.15 P.	For San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
4.15 P.	For Centreville, San José, Almaden and Los Gatos	9.20 A.

NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

7.15 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
‡ 7.50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion	‡ 8.35 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.40 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	4.36 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5 42 P.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10 02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5.10 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.00 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.40 A.
†11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.50 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon.
* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted.

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Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1888.
Oceanic	Thursday, June 21
Gaelic	Wednesday, July 11
Belgic	Tuesday, July 31
Arabic	Tuesday, August 21
Oceanic	Saturday, September 8
Gaelic	Saturday, September 29
Belgic	Thursday, October 18
Arabic	Wednesday, November 7
Oceanic	Wednesday, November 28
Gaelic	Tuesday, December 18

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For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:

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City of Rio de Janeiro ... .June 30, at 3 P. M.
City of New York...Saturday, July 21, at 3 P. M.

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A DAY AT BAIREUTH.

"Parsifal."

I.

There is a little city in the low Bavarian hills which the summer traveler is almost sure to pass by on the odd years, and almost sure to stop at on the even.

"City" seems a proud enough title for the little place, but as it was once the capital of a principality, and has margraves and margravines galore, to say nothing of a few Fürsten sleeping in state in the crypt of its Gothic stadtkirche, it does not abate its pretensions one jot.

Furthermore, it has gone to the making of history, has been besieged and burned, and has belonged, by turns, to the French, the Prussians, and Bavarians.

But it is not to its history, nor to its most celebrated margravine, the great sister of Frederick the Great, with memorials of whom the place is thick, that little Baireuth owes its renown.

You will find the secret of it all on the wall of a house on the edge of the town; a modest enough house, embowered in greenery. It is a little place, more comfortable than a castle, less spacious than an American mansion, but under its low portal crowned kings have passed many a time to do honor to Richard Wagner, the prophet of the music of the future. There is an inscription upon the house which reads:

> Hier wo mein Wähnen Frieden fand,
> *Wahnfried* sei dieses Haus von mir benannt

And over the inscription is a great sgraffito drawing by Krause, of "Wotan" as a wanderer.

The Frau Cosima Wagner was weeping bitter tears under this storied roof the wild, wet day that we arrived in Baireuth. Her life had always been linked with that of great men in music, and that day the Abbé Liszt, her father, lay dead in her trim little German parlor, with his long, supple, inspired fingers folded in endless idleness upon his pulseless breast. He had come to the last of the Wagner festivals, or such, at least, he had foretold it to be, for Wagner was gone, his own strength was failing, and he knew the iconoclastic wave of the day which sweeps away all traditions.

The Frau Cosima Wagner and the Abbé Liszt had themselves superintended every detail of the rehearsals of "Parsifal," and "Tristan and Isolde" for the festival of 1886.

Already "Tristan and Isolde" has passed out of the possession of the Baireuth Theatre, as Liszt foretold, and managers are negotiating for "Parsifal," which Wagner himself would deem a sacrilege. It was the best loved of his works, as it is the holiest, the purest, the most impressive, and he consecrated it to his theatre in Baireuth, which, to him, was the temple of his soul. He will weep in heaven when "Parsifal" passes into vandal hands. And we may weep on earth who come to see it there, for something of its inexpressible solemnity must pass away under the coarse touch of the ordinary theatre.

The summer traveler hears vaguely of Baireuth all over Europe during the festival years, and in the various towns and watering-places the "Baireuth Lodgings Committee" placard becomes such a familiar thing that one passes it without observing.

Consequently, when we set out one stormy August morning from Carlsbad to go to the Wagner Festival, without securing lodgings or seats in the opera-house from the committee, our fellow-travelers on the train all bespoke a most dreary arrival for us.

Nor, even after the warning, did we telegraph. When one telegraphs, in Europe, one gets the bridal-chamber and pays the bridal prices, for every American, even in the simplest traveling garb, is suspected of being a millionaire. We resolved to trust to luck. Pretty Baireuth was so much bigger than we had thought it could be as we approached it and saw its handsome houses nestling among its little green hills, that not a misgiving crossed our minds that this remote little German nook could, by any possibility, be crowded.

Away down at one end of the town, in the poorer quarter evidently, for the houses were low and unpretentious, stood a little red house, with overhanging eaves and dormer windows. I had been chasing my beloved Hans Christian Anderson, of my childhood, all over the Low Countries and across the plains of upper Germany, and never found him, but a romantic thought came to me that I might find a thought of him under the eaves of this little red house.

"I wish I could sleep there to-night," I cried, as the grewsomeness of our arrival began to grow upon us, and a bed for the night was really problematical.

The streets were crowded with people splashing along in the mud under their umbrellas, and the little station was crowded, too. Nothing but the thick German guttural of the south country arose upon every side, with not even a word of the well-known portier English to relieve it.

A dozen tragers seized us, but fell back abashed at the bare idea of our not knowing where we wanted to go. None the less, each one gave us the parting information that if we were going to the opera we would better hurry, as the overture began at four sharp.

It was by this time the half of four, as they say in Germany, and the patient carriers of small baggage displayed a genuine uneasiness at the idea that we were not bound up the hill to the curious theatre immediately. They went with us in a solid body to find the "lodgings committee." We stumbled into all sorts of custom-houses and other governmental affairs before we penetrated to their den, which was situated in the most unexpected and inaccessible place in the long range of buildings; but the gentlemen of the bureau did not seem at all astonished that we had found them without a compass.

Our bloused body-guard had not expected a pfennig in their musical ardor. All they wanted was to get us to the opera on time; but such pure artistic fervor deserved *trinkgeld*, and got it.

"Tsu, tsu, tsu," said the chief of the bureau, in genuine consternation, when he found we had neither tickets nor lodgings; "there is not a room in a hotel or lodging-house in Baireuth that is not crowded. However, register yourselves for the police and go immediately to the theatre, for the overture begins in twenty minutes, and you must not miss a note of it."

The chief of the bureau summoned his assistants to testify that he was right, and there was immediately a confused rumbling of German sound, in the midst of which we could distinguish "four o'clock! too late! lose the overture, lieber Gott!"

The chef of the bureau and his five officials rushed to the door and hailed a droschky that was flashing by in the tearing rain. There was a confused hubbub of German explanation, two tragers seized our portmanteaus, put them in the droschky, cried "Opfer Haus schnell!" and tried to push the helpless Americans in after them. But we stood our ground manfully, and refused to stir a step toward "Parsifal" till we knew where we were going to sleep that night. The chief expostulated and said he would provide for us, the tragers pleaded, the droschky driver drew an old tin watch out of his pocket and pointed, with a kind of desperation, at the hour of four, toward which a snaggly looking hand was traveling rapidly. But we maintained our ground.

At last the chief said that if we were willing to sleep in the humble quarter of the town, he would give us a room in the house of an old woman who was honest and clean, but poor exceedingly. If we would wait till later he had intended to see what could be done for us; but, in the meantime, for God's sake not to miss the overture of "Parsifal," which was the most inspired work of Wagner, the finest thing he had ever written.

We took the slip of paper and attempted to depart. You may have the address if you like, "Sieben hundert zwölf, Schulestrasse." It is a humble little house, in a humble little street, in a humble little quarter, but it held the Germanest bit of life that we found in all Germany.

We gave the address to the droschky driver innocently enough, but he waved the tin watch excitedly at us, and refused to go anywhere till he had taken us to the theatre first. It was so hard upon four that in the might of his musical ardor he might have had a fit of epilepsy, and I weakly consented to be taken to "Parsifal," let come what come of the portmanteaus. In his thick Bavarian gibberish he offered to deliver them to the ends of the earth for a trifle of ten or twenty pfennig, as much as two or four cents; but at this moment two bureau officials, a couple of porters, and one or two interested by-standers came out in the pelting rain to find what detained us.

They surrounded the carriage, they gesticulated, they shrugged, they implored, they described the overture in long waves of the thickest German. But my traveling companion, unwilling to be seized like this at once with the Wagner frenzy, had arisen in her might, and proclaimed her intention in the teeth of German insistence to leave her baggage in the ordinary way at her lodgings before she went to the opera. She would not drive to the classic theatre with two great traveling-bags on the box.

So, after much expostulation, we dashed through the muddy streets to the Schulestrasse, and the driver hurled the bags into the tiny hall, and was about to drive away without further ceremony, when one of his fares leaped to the ground with inconceivable agility and went in to make a few explanations to somebody.

The driver turned to me with tears in his eyes, and drew out the tin watch. "If the gracious lady stops to talk, you are lost," he said. But the gracious lady declined to move till she had seen some one to whom she could explain this sudden descent of American baggage upon a small German household.

At this moment a gentle nun came out of what must have been a kitchen, with a bowl of steaming gruel in her hand, and, with her eyes cast down, was passing quietly into a sick room, heedless of all the hubbub, when she was relentlessly stopped by the impetuous American. The American did not speak German, and the nun had probably never heard a word of English before in her life, but the twain went through a pantomime of unexampled vigor and expressiveness.

The nun was just conveying the idea very graphically that she would cause the *impedimenta* to be conveyed to the roof, when the driver sung out, respectfully enough, that the gracious ladies were going to the opera if we could get there in time.

Instantly the little nun became transformed. Her very gamp trembled with excitement. She laid down the bowl of gruel, and with a playfulness of manner, but a terrible earnestness of intention, she cried, "Ach so! the opera! Go! go! Hurry, hurry, or you will miss the overture, for it is upon the very stroke of four!" and she put her hands upon her foreign visitor's shoulder, and almost pushed her into the droschky.

And so at last we started away, up the long hill which leads to the theatre.

All the world seemed to have started with us. There were serried phalanxes of umbrellas up the tree-lined paths, and in the road a block of carriages.

The place was decorated curiously, half in mourning—we did not then know it was for Liszt—and half in gay streamers of the Prussian colors, we knew not for whom.

It struck us for a time that the inhabitants received us with singular *empressement*. The peculiar German cheer rent the air at every step of our way, and there was a great waving of hats, and caps, and handkerchiefs under the umbrellas every foot of the way up the hill. At last, through the driving rain, we saw a lady and gentleman in a carriage almost immediately in front of us, bowing graciously in answer to these cheers. They had no outriders, no livery, no pomp and circumstance to indicate their condition. Their carriage did not even seem to be a bit of hospitality on the part of the noble residents of the town, but a plain, hired vehicle, a degree better than our own. The gentleman was tall, bearded, and brown, with a shrewd but kindly face, and the habit of command in his manner. He sat bolt upright, and looked like a man who would stride a horse like a crusader.

The lady was a most delicious specimen of the dowdy. Her clothes had not gone on straight in the morning, and they had worked themselves still further askew. Her bonnet, a white one, had succumbed to the weather, and its ostrich plumes lay limp, straight, curtless, and dejected wherever they had fallen in their surrender. She had the fat face, the receding chin, and a touch of the pop-eye peculiar to her family, but she also had the habit of command, and bore herself under her dowdyism as one born to rule.

We asked who they were, and the answer was, "The Crown Prince of Prussia and his wife." No one in the kingdoms of Saxony and Bavaria says "the Crown Prince of Germany." They have accepted the unification politically, but each one fiercely preserves his own little royal distinctiveness.

The Crown Prince was the promptest of men, even as he is now the most unflagging and industrious of emperors, and we knew then that he would enter the royal box at exactly four o'clock, and that we had breathing-time before the wonderful overture began.

But we did not count upon the fact that there was a royal door to the royal box which made the way short and accessible.

When it came our turn to alight, the overture had indeed commenced, and all the hundreds, even thousands, upon the hill were as silent as a vast band of mutes. The enthusiastic driver dumped us into a mud-puddle against a blank wall, and left us to find the front door the best way we could. The Wagner Theatre has been so often described, and is so thoroughly the work of a crank, that all the world knows that Wagner never thought of how any one was to get in till after he had arranged the inside to his satisfaction. We were obliged to inquire our way repeatedly, for there is not a spot upon the building which suggests that a front door might be located there, and in each case we were obliged to call some rapturous German out of a trance. They stood in platoons with their ears glued to the sounds that came faintly from the inside, and if people spoke at all they spoke in subdued whispers. There was something reverential in the attitude of every man, woman, and child on that hill as they stood in the dripping rain, catching such sounds as they might. Their slender purses would not take them within the walls, but they loved the music of the future with an honest, unaffected love. Many of them had the argument in their hands as if they intended to follow the music with it. It would have been amusing if it had not had a touch of pitiful solemnity in it.

We found our way at last by whispered stages to the box-office, paid sixteen marks apiece for two of the last four seats left in the theatre—it was only the rain that gave us the happy chance of a seat at all—and began looking around in the spooky, queer little corners for something that looked like a staircase which would lead into the theatre itself.

We had just stumbled, with what was a considerable racket in that spell-bound silence, into a dark closet which might lead somewhere, when we felt ourselves pinioned by a pair of strong hands, and a warning voice whispered "ssssh! sssh!"

We were in the hands of the guardian of the staircase, but it was his duty to keep people out, not to let them in.

The great overture had begun, and there was no admission till the beginning of the second act at six o'clock!

We pleaded, we pantomimed, we pierced him with our despair. We anointed his palm, and he then consented to let us sit upon the stairs and listen for two hours, if we would consent to keep very still. But he distrusted us. Then we told him that we had come all the way from America just to hear "Parsifal"; that we had arrived only that moment and were going back to America the very next day, and that if we went without having heard "Parsifal" our journey would have been in vain.

At last he relented, and taking each of us by an elbow, for what purpose we never knew, he began to convoy us slowly and carefully up the rude staircase. No angel ever floated up Jacob's ladder more lightly and carefully than we, in deference to the feelings of the entranced audience at the top of them. But the rude wooden staircase, unaccustomed to such untimely intrusion, squeaked, and groaned, and whined with every careful step, and our guide's boots, which creaked as loud as a Wagner opera of themselves, made fearful echo to its protests, and by the time we had reached the landing, we three were palpitating with fright, and the vast audience was in a state of the most violent indignation. We seemed to be plunged in Cimmerian darkness in the theatre, but a beam of daylight which had stolen up from the open door at the foot of the stairs, outlined us sharply in silhouette against the wall, and we could feel every head turn to us and hiss us roundly.

"Keep quiet," whispered our excited usher, excited over his own breach of discipline; "keep quiet, and they will forget you in a moment. Your seats are very near."

When we had become accustomed to the light, or rather to the darkness, he pointed them out to us, warned us that we had better glide into them during a horn passage of the orchestra, then frankly removed his boots and glided as noiselessly as he could down the creaking staircase.

There are not many horns, or oboes, or trumpets in "Parsifal," but we seized a moment when the strings had started up a most terrible wailing, to take his advice, and twenty minutes later the singular spell of the hidden music was laid upon our senses, and we were as completely in the thrall of it as the veriest German there.

BETSY B.

The Tivoli has been doing "Girofié-Girofla" during the week, but will soon supersede it with "Sakí Pasha," which has been in rehearsal for some time past. It is a new comic opera, the music being by Richard Stahl, leader of the Tivoli orchestra, and the libretto by Scott Marble. The preparation for its production has been elaborate, and the management expect great things of a Mexican ballet at the end of the first act.

"Wake me up when Kirby dies," was the order years ago, when patrons folded their arms in theatres to sleep out the acts of a tragedy or melodrama. It will soon be customary to send ushers down the aisles between the snorers to announce, "The tank is now exposed," "The engine is about to come on," "Wake up and see Garrison on a real horse," "Miss Adelgiza is about to fall into actual water and stay under till rescued."

A delicate little bit of attention was recently paid to Mrs. Langtry by "Ed" Gilmore, of Niblo's Garden. Mrs. Langtry had a birthday—although the time has nearly come when she must pass over such occasions with silence. Mr. Gilmore, always gallant, sent her twenty-five lilies in a box. Twenty-five, mind you! Could anything be more tactful than that?

Dockstader's New York Minstrels, including Lew Dockstader, Billy Sweatnam, Billy Rice, Arthur Moreland, H. W. Frillman, and other burnt-cork comedians; with W. S. Mullaly for musical director, begin a three weeks' engagement at the Bush Street Theatre, on Monday evening, June 11th.

Fanny Davenport's two weeks having expired, the Baldwin will be filled by Denman Thompson and his company on Monday evening, June 11th. His play is "The Old Homestead," a continuation of Joshua Whitcomb's adventures.

When the author of "A Bunch of Keys" read his effusion to the manager who accepted it, the latter said: "My dear boy, you have a fortune in it; it is the worst thing I ever saw."

Mrs. D. P. Bowers, supported by a company comprising several local actors, will begin an engagement at the California in "Queen Elizabeth," on Monday evening.

Miss Lizzie Evans, supported by her own company, will appear at the Alcazar on Monday evening, June 11th, in "Our Angel."

DENNY O'BRIEN'S LUCK.

An Oysterman's Dollar Put Out at Heavy Interest.

Denny O'Brien is a quiet man, and has for some time past been engaged as an oysterman in the market on the corner of Grant Avenue and Sutter Street. The following little dialogue will tell the story of his luck:

"You are the lucky man, are you?"

"You bet," was the quiet rejoinder; and then Denny added, "it's a kind of funny story, I tell ye. About six months ago a friend of mine came along and said, 'Denny loan me a dollar.' Well, I did half like lending it, but I thought the fellow was down on his luck and that it might bring me luck, so I slung it over the counter to him, and my mate here whispered 'that's the last of that dollar.' We don't belong exactly to the moneyed aristocracy, though sometimes you do find a nobleman in our crowd. Still, I says, 'Let it go; I guess I can stand it.' I forgot all about it till a month ago, and I was just starting to work. I work the night shift, you know—when up comes the pal o' mine and says 'Here you are, Denny; here's your dollar,' and he throws it on top of the oysters right here. Well, to cut a long story short, I thought as I had never expected to get it back, I might as well risk it in a lottery ticket, and next day I went and bought a coupon, No. 51,570. Of course I never thought I would win anything, but I got there just the same, and 'the last of that dollar' was a $15,000 prize in The Louisiana State Lottery.

"What am I going to do? Well, as to that I can say; but I'm working here still, so you see I have not lost my head over it, and I ain't married, so I am in no hurry about spending it. You bet I'll never say no to a poor devil that wants to borrow a dollar when I know he's hard up."—*San Francisco Call Chronicle, April 5.*

— THE ONLY PLACE TO LIVE DURING THE NEXT few months is at Santa Cruz. If you wish to stop at either of the best hotels, you should write at once to Mr. E. J. Swift, manager of the Pope House and the Pacific Ocean House, to secure rooms.

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Facts.

He who courts and runs away
May live to court another day;
But he who courts and will not wed
May find himself in court instead.
—*Ex*

Miss Julia.

A gay young coquette is Miss Julia,
With flattery seeks she to rulia;
But 'twere best to beware,
Else you'll find that, though fair,
This maiden is seeking to fulia. —*Life.*

Its Origin.

Out of the tombs of men long dead—
Out of Oblivion's night—
The cry comes: "Helen's hair was red!
The wooden-horse was white!" —*Puck.*

The Lawncers.

"Do you dawnce the lawncers, Dr Brown?"
"No, I do not dawnce the lawncers,
But when the dawncers' health breaks down
I sometimes lawnce the dawncers." —*Life.*

My Mary Jane.

Of all the maids in Brooklyn city
There's none can match my Mary Jane;
She is so pretty, sweet, and witty,
She fills my heart with loving pain.
When I do see her in the area,
A-polishing a window pane,
She looks just like a story fairy,
That little, white-armed Mary Jane.

She's chambermaid at number seven—
Her master is an overseer—
And I sell meat at number 'leven,
The butcher shop of Rufus Grier.
I cut the steaks for man and missus,
And many a flatt'ring smile I gain;
I wish them smiles were turned to kisses,
And came to me with Mary Jane.

When she goes out to take her airing
Upon a Thursday afternoon,
Her pretty fixings all a-wearing,
She's fairer than the silver moon
There is no lady in the street here,
Who sweeps along in satin train,
That's rigged more stylish or completer
Than sweet and lovely Mary Jane.

I took her to a ball last winter—
'T was given by the B. P. U's*—
She broke the fellers' hearts to splinter
A-tippin' on them pinks of shoes
Them shoes—they'd done for Cinderella!
Her dress was only blue delaine,
But blessed if there was half so swell a
Miss there as my Mary Jane.

The dearest wish I've for the future,
When I can stock me up in beef,
'S to turn an independent butcher,
And Mary Jane make Mrs. Keefe.
Though clouds should come and stormy weather,
We'll nothing of the storms complain;
We two will make sunshine together
When she becomes *my* Mary Jane! —*Puck.*

* Butchers' Protective Union.

Composite.

The hash lay on a plate,
"I am a thinking entity," it said,
"I'm lying here in state;
I am alive, although my parts are dead!"
It felt a sudden thrill,
Then rose a clamor shrill:
"O Whole, you're rash;
We parts are still ourselves, although in hash"
Murmured the Mutton: "Ah, how yellow were
The cowslips in the fields, how passing fair
Was all about when I, a merry lamb,
Began the life which led to where I am!"
Said the Potato: "Warm was the brown earth
Of the brown hillside where I had my birth;
What joy of growth within my bosom welled,
How curled my tendrils, how my tubers swelled!"
And mused the Beef: "How green are Texas plains;
With what a novel grandeur Nature reigns;
What vast expanses; how our pulses stirred,
As we swept onward in a mighty herd;
I see the flying steeds, the sudden dash!"
"Meo-ow!"
"Bow-wow!"
Said the rest of the hash.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

How It Happened.

I got to thinkin' of her—both her parents dead and gone—
And all her sisters married off, and none but her and John
A-livin' all alone there in that lonesome sort of way,
And him a blame old bachelor, confirmder ev'ry day!
I'd knowed 'm all from children, and their daddy from the time
He settled in the neighborhood, and hadn't ary a dime
Er dollar, when he married, fer to start housekeepin' on!—
So I got to thinkin' of her—both her parents dead and gone!

I got to thinkin' of her, and a-wundern what she done
That all her sisters kep' a-gittin' married, one by one,
And her without no chances—and the best girl of the pack—
An old maid, with her hands, you might say, tied behind her back!
And mother, too, afore she died, she ust to jes' take on,
When none of 'em was left, you know, but Evaline and John,
And jes' declare to goodness 'at the young men must be blind
To not see what a wife they'd git, if they got Evaline!

I got to thinkin' of her; in my great affliction she
Was sich a comfort to us, and so kind and neighborly—
She'd come, and leave her housework, fer to he'p out little Jane,
And talk of her own mother 'at she'd never see again—
Maybe sometimes cry together—though, fer the most part, she
Would have the child so riconciled and happy-like, 'at we
Felt lonesomer'n ever when she'd put her bonnet on
And say she'd railly haf to be a-gittin' back to John!

I got to thinkin' of her, as I say—and more and more
I'd think of her dependence, and the burdens 'at she bore—
Her parents both a-bein' dead, and all her sisters gone
And married off, and her a-livin' there alone with John—
You might say jes' a-toilin' and a-slavin' out her life
Fer a man 'at hadn't pride enough to git hisse'f a wife—
'Less some one married Evaline and packed her off some day!—
So I got to thinkin' of her—and it happened thataway.
—*James Whitcomb Riley*

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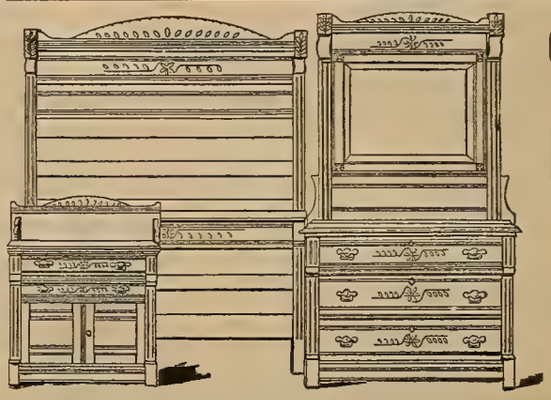

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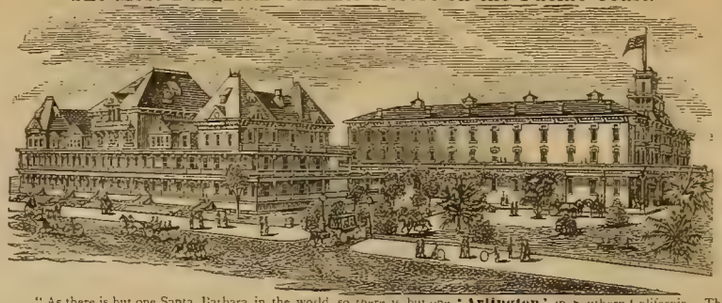

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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Two thousand miles away from the noisy enthusiasm of a political convention the excitement which displays itself in the waving of bandana handkerchiefs, and the draping of banners in black and gray, seems to us ridiculous. Loud exultant cheers at mention of some honored name; the piercing shriek of the rebel yell, recalling memories of hot passions cooled in fraternal blood; the swelling strains of national anthems, mingled with the inappropriate air of Dixie, and the loud roar of noisy outburst from throats parched by an enforced interlude from gin, all strike us here, far away, amid cooling Pacific breezes and in the calm reflection of minds in repose, as something most fantastically absurd. Yet, when we could criticise our Democratic lunatics for an over-display of the pent-up energy of their famished souls, we must, in justice to them, remember that a generation has passed since they have been convened in a national convention with the hope of political success. The dark clouds that so long lowered about their house are now, in their exultant imaginings, in the deep bosom of the ocean buried. And if, in the wise decrees of a providence that holds in his hand the destiny of nations, this convention should happen to be the postern-door that leads the democracy out into the fruitless, dreary, parched, and desert land of twenty-four years more of weary pilgrimage, a waste on which no manna falls and quails of office but seldom alight; that for another quarter of a century they must wander along the Dead Sea into which the Salt River pours its waters, into which Democratic swine possessed of the devil drown themselves, in the depths of which there are no fishes, and on its margin no loaves of office and no opportunity of wrecks; when we think of these things those of us who have been Republicans should prove indulgent. Perhaps politicians may recall with profit the Harrison and Taylor campaigns, when, with log cabins and the latch-string out, with hard cider and uproarious glee they sang the refrain of "Tippeecanoe and Tyler, too," and dragged their cabins of ponderous logs to barbecues, and when the white horse of Old Zach, and "a little more grape, Captain Bragg," was the inspiration of campaign music, sung by thousands of glee clubs—music which sent the nation "hell-bent for Governor Kent," and gave to the American commonwealth two administrations. The possible nomination of Harrison, of Indiana, at Chicago may revive in these Republican times the Whig frenzy of the ante-bellum period. Nor will it do for Republicans to forget the enthusiasm of that Chicago convention where Grant was laid low under the shadow of a national tradition that denied to any successor of Washington a third Presidential term; they will not forget how the proud, and cold, and stately Senator of New York, standing upon the rail of his seat at the head of the New York delegation, led with frantic enthusiasm the lasting cheers of half an hour, swinging high above him the banneret of his State, nor how, when he took his seat exhausted, the stentorian voice of a California delegate awoke the echoes of an applause for Blaine that lifted the banneret of Maine higher and held it longer than for him, who, under the famous apple-tree at Appomattox, had received the surrender of a rebel army, and returned a rebel soldiery to peaceful reconstruction of a shattered Union. To the nation that can not—except once in four years, and in constitutional, legal, and peaceful methods—correct the mistakes and miscarriage of the popular will, such exhibitions of popular and patriotic emotion may not be without their value. St. Louis will be echoed at Chicago. The Alpine horn is transferred to another Alpine glen to awake the same harmonious and musical refrain. We are all but children of a larger growth. The comical exuberances of Democratic nonsense over the nomination of a President whose choice has, for two years, been assured, will be repeated by Republicans over the accidental candidate whose name—when the convention assembles—no partisan can guess. Such scenes are but the human ocean in tempest, in witnessing which Garfield so eloquently said, in nominating John Sherman: "I have seen the sea lashed into fury and tossed into spray, and its grandeur moves the souls of dullest men; but I remember that it is not the billows, but the calm level of the sea from which all heights and depths are measured; when the storm has passed and the hour of calm settles on the ocean, when the sunlight bathes its peaceful surface, then the astronomer and surveyor take the level from which they measure all terrestrial heights and depths." Well might this eloquent speaker remind the American people that not in the brilliant assemblage of a national audience were the destinies of the republic to be decreed; not by the vote of partisan delegates cast into the nominating urn, but by four millions of American firesides with wives and children about them; not in the heat and frenzy of June conventions when partisans meet to plot political combinations, but at the ballot-boxes of the republic in the quiet melancholy days of November, after the silence of deliberate judgment, are such questions to be settled. We await the result from the National Republican Convention with deep and anxious solicitude. If God holds in his hands the fate of this Republican commonwealth of ours, and its fate involves the destiny of the millions who are, and are to become, its citizens, we pray him to give us wise deliberations, and as their result an honest recognition of American principles, and candidates for the Presidential office who will honorably and loyally look to their enforcement and realization.

Even the *Post* censures the *Argonaut* for its persistency in urging a thorough exposition of the boys' prison at San Rafael, which ecclesiasticism has placed under the patronage of St. Vincent, and has compliments to pay to the priests who are managing it, to the shoemakers, butchers, doctors, and all the paid employees of the institution who have volunteered gratuitous and willing evidence in its support. We do not charge perjury and subornation of perjury to hide the most infamous of crimes; we do not claim that there is unquestioned evidence of *all* the offenses that were perpetrated by the cruel and bloody Torquemada in the ages when the world was ignorant and priest-accursed; we see no proof of mechanical tortures, nor do we find racks, iron boots, screws for the thumbs, chains, rings, and other instruments of physical torment such as preceded the burning of the heroine of Arc for her aid in leading French troops to victory against the English, for taking walled towns and crowning a beaten king as monarch of his realm; we find no prisons barred with iron grates, or vaults deep in darkness and strong in masonry like the place where, recently, in Rome, were found headless bodies consumed in lime. It was the burial crypt of the branch of the Inquisition. "Semper idem" describes the faith but not the practices of Rome, for this is not the eleventh or thirteenth, but the nineteenth century. This is not Spain, nor Italy, nor France, but America. For government we have not a Philip or Louis, and the conscience of the world is not in the keeping of a Clement or a Gregory. Five hundred boys, from four to fourteen years of age, without proper clothing and proper food; without fires or a warm meal from one year's end to another; with at best but occasional baths; deprived of undergarments and stockings; covered with vermin on their heads and bodies—vermin feeding upon ulcers and running sores; neglected in all their studies except that of the catechism; not properly attended in illness; not allowed to enjoy the unlimited freedom of the playground; allowed to die without information to the mother, and so carelessly buried that the grave is lost; not permitted a cup of pure, fresh, warm milk from the sixty milking cows from one year's end to another; putrid and stinking meat in limited quantities two days in the week and served cold; bread in limited quantities and of bad quality and never warm; disciplined by a drunken and brutal master with strap and buckle; knocked down and beaten, and one is dead; boys let loose in dormitories to the unutterable licentiousness of darkness; towels seldom washed and seldom changed; fed in the freedom of a riot in which the strongest steal and the weakest starve; stock, hogs, product of the dairy, the poultry-yard, and farm of a thousand acres sent to market; one egg given each boy at Easter; priests and sisters at a separate table, served by a separate cook, from a separate larder, fat, snug, and sleek, well-dressed, well-fed, in good health, while the boys are wan, emaciated, wan, famished, and ragged. The testimony is of two kinds, the boys themselves on one side—boys free and absent, boys brave enough to place their liberty and their lives three times at the hazard of incendiary fires—and a neighboring community in sympathy with the boys, and every Protestant independent employee who is more humane than mercenary. From this prison-house secrets have leaked out to relatives and friends who are Roman Catholics, from all who are too humble to fear this incriminating testimony comes, till it is safe to say that none but the most forlorn, desperate, and friendless boys have of late or will ever again find way to it. On the other hand is the testimony of priests whose brows never mantled with the blush of honest love, and nuns at whose breasts no child ever suckled. These priests and nuns alone among the marshes, out of the way of the world, in a lonely spot, served by hirelings, should never be employed by the State and given charge of its wards. This defensive testimony given to the world in the *Examiner* and *Call* at thirty-five cents a line, is to save a powerful and wealthy church from the shame of criminal neglect, from the charge of inhumanity, from the reproach of crime. It is the indictment of Irish orphan boys against a priesthood that, with their class, has the authority of God, in alliance with whom is a mercenary press, and one great national party composed in majority of their co-religionists, and a community in part numbering men whose greed consumes their humanity, and whose avarice, covetousness, and cowardice make them fear to admit, as does

Argonaut, that it believes the boys. We demand that the examination go on, and we say to Governor Waterman and Mr. Maslin that an overwhelming majority of Roman Catholics of all nationalities desire to know the truth, desire them to go to the bottom of this business, search the books till every figure of St. Vincent's Asylum is exposed, till the truth is known, and when this is done, overhaul Mt. St. Joseph's Roman Catholic Asylum, and of the foundlings received within its gates let us know how many die. Examine the Magdalen Asylum, and let its secrets be exposed. Girls have mysteriously disappeared in San Francisco — let us search for them. If there be ecclesiastical prison-houses, let us know it. Let us have the truth, Governor Waterman, for the sake of humanity, and because you have promised. The *Argonaut* is not posing as a sentimentalist or humanitarian, it is not presumed to be deeply sympathetic with the class oppressed; but it is not so greedy of gain, ambitious of votes, indifferent to justice, or so cowardly of priests and politicians as not to have a sense of the crime of stealing money from the State treasury to build churches and parochial school-houses; to let foundlings die and girls be enslaved in order to obtain money to build a great cathedral. We have not a doubt that Catholic mothers, be they of Irish or American birth, love their children as dearly, and would as honestly administer the public funds for the support of orphans as do Christian, Jewish, or non-sectarian women; but we believe in our soul that money entrusted to monks and nuns for charity does not reach the destination intended by legislators, or desired by tax-payers, or acceptable to honest men and sympathetic women. We give the official figures of the following institutions, in justification of the right to *demand* an investigation, thorough and complete:

	Half Orphan	Orphans	Abandoned	Cost to State for Fiscal Year
St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum (R. C.), San Rafael	347	129	49	$36,640 74
Mt St. Joseph's (R. C.), San Francisco	304	80	143	32,760 80
San Francisco Roman Catholic Asylum	292	110	47	32,516 32
Grass Valley Catholic Asylum	35	181	3	20,463 42
Pajaro Vale Catholic Asylum	115	23	24	10,140 90
Los Angeles Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum	125	24	4	9,060 64
St. John's Roman Catholic Asylum, San Benito	57	8	...	4,641 24
St. Vicent's R. C., Santa Barbara	37	7	5	3,600 10
Santa Cruz Roman Catholic Female Asylum	38	10	.....	3,436 49
Los Angeles Orphan's Home	76	12	2	5,163 60
Good Templar's Home, Vallejo	215	22	.....	15,013 85
Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, San F.	147	19	32	11,346 06
Ladies' Relief Society, Oakland	37	11	23	4,485 32
Home of Benevolence, San José	39	5	2	3,019 35
Boys and Girls' Aid Society	37	11	.....	1,163 20
Protestant Orphan Asylum, San Francisco	203	36	.....	10,243 20
Protestant Orphan Asylum, Sacramento	130	127	.....	9,671 85
Hebrew Orphan Asylum, San Francisco	72	14	.....	6,247 54
Totals	2306	829	334	$225,619 98
Grand total . . . 3469 children				

	Half Orphans.	Orphans	Abandoned	Total	Cash from State Treasury during Fiscal Year ending June 30, 1887	Per cent of Children	Per cent of the Money.
Secular and Non-sectarian Institutions	551	80	59	690	$40,190 78	20	17 8-10
Protestant Asylums	333	163	...	496	25,915 05	14 3-10	11 ½
Hebrew Asylum	72	14	....	86	6,247 54	2 ½	2 8-10
Roman Catholic Institutions	1350	572	275	2197	153,266 61	63 2-10	68
	2306	829	334	3469	$225,619 98		

Our California delegation to the national convention goes uninstructed and charged, so far as we know, with no other duty than to give to the nation a platform that shall embody the highest principles and the soundest policy, and candidates who shall represent the best morals and the most unquestioned patriotism of the country. The names of many most excellent men are presented. Harrison, of Indiana, will be less apt to be nominated because he bears the honored name of one to whom Presidential honors have been accorded; his great popularity in a doubtful State is an argument that will be pressed with great force, to which his personal character and high integrity give additional weight. Judge Gresham stands prominent among candidates, and from no seeming activity of his own. Illinois has indorsed him, though Indiana is his home. His nomination would prove highly acceptable to the nation. Distinguished for heroism and personal bravery upon the field of battle, and equally honored for his learning and integrity upon the bench, his candidacy would, in our judgment, excite but little antagonism. Mr. Chauncey Depew is apparently a popular man in the great pivotal State. Just why he is popular we do not fully comprehend. It is said that his name is acceptable to both capital and labor. Standing at the head of one of the greatest railroad corporations, attorney and agent, acting as the representative of America's greatest millionaire, it seems almost anomalous that the labor classes should regard him with favor. A graduate of Yale, he ranks as a man of accomplished learning, and as an after-dinner orator he has achieved a reputation almost national. We are not quite prepared to recognize in him the possession of statesman-like qualities. Could we have designated the candidate, and have secured for him the same estimate we have for his great qualities, we would have named from our own State Leland Stanford. We wish we could believe he had not been betrayed by any of the delegates to our State convention, and we wish that no personal enemies had been permitted an opportunity to withhold from him the compliment that was due him, even though he had from the beginning declined to be a candidate for the Presidential nomination. The only other name which seems to us prominent for the candidacy with strong possibility, and if we were compelled to guess, we might say probability, of nomination is that of John Sherman. The claims of Senator Sherman are based upon something more substantial than evanescent popularity. His name and history, his antecedent political career are known to all intelligent men, his position has been taken upon every public question and is known by all; he has been sometimes wrong but oftener right upon the prominent and leading questions of national importance; upon the question of Chinese immigration he has had the honesty and the courage to change position. He is a successful and great financier, his views upon the silver question are not in accord with all silver producers, but John P. Jones, of Nevada, is his friend and advocate for nomination. He is a statesman of prominence, with opinions of his own, and like all great men who are self-reliant he has enemies. We should be very willing to have Senator Sherman nominated, as we would be to have Gresham honored, because both are Americans. Gresham is a "Know-Nothing" say his Democratic enemies, who fear his candidacy; John Sherman is an American with the courage of American convictions, as the following extract from a speech delivered by him at Marietta, Ohio, attests. This was twelve years ago, and the man who at that time could have the courage to utter such sentiments as he did upon the question of our public schools, may be trusted upon all other American questions, because they are all subordinate to this. If we can preserve our free non-sectarian schools, we can defy the Pope and the devil. They will give us free thought, free speech, and a free vote. At Marietta in 1876, Senator Sherman said:

And who would be willing to trust the Democratic party to protect the public schools from the sure and dangerous attack upon them by a great and growing church, which now openly, boldly, demands sectarian schools and a division of the school-fund for their support? The cloud, no larger than a man's hand, is sure to enlarge and extend until the whole heavens shall be darkened with its wrath. The Catholic people are taught to believe that our schools are godless, because we can not allow any particular form of worship to be used in them. They are public schools, maintained by taxation, to which all children are invited, and where no favor is shown to Catholic or Protestant, poor or rich, white or black. The pupils are the children of the country, soon to be its masters, and their education is the safety of the State. But the Catholic priesthood insists upon a separate, sectarian education of Catholic children. We can not deny their right to maintain such schools as they will, though such a policy is in violation of the spirit of our fundamental law, which requires the separation of church and state. Education is the process of molding citizens, and all experience proves that it should be free from sectarian influence. Still, if they will insist on an anti-Republican policy, we demand that it shall be conducted at their expense and not at ours. Upon this question the Republican party does now, and ever will, speak with no uncertain sound. I appeal to your judgment whether the Democratic party can be trusted on this question. Read its history in New York. Mark the hesitation of its leaders. The proposed amendment to the constitution, to secure our schools from sectarian influence, was clogged by the Democratic house, with provisions that utterly nullify it, and when this great issue comes squarely before you, the Republican party will occupy the most advanced position in favor of free schools for all—secular education by the State and religious instruction by the family—and the Democratic party will be begging behind, afraid to oppose us, but with one eye on the Catholic vote and one hand extended to the Catholic priesthood.

Our mysterious allusion in an editorial of last week to the anomalous result in Oregon, is explained as the result of a quarrel between the Roman Catholic Archbishop and President Cleveland. From a Democratic correspondent—who is entirely and thoroughly familiar with the present and past politics of our sister State—we quote as follows:

Previous to Cleveland's administration, an Indian school on the Umatilla reservation was in charge of Catholics, and taught by sisters. Cleveland changed the Indian agents, and for principal appointed an Irish Catholic by the name of Coffey to the agency. Coffey, who was an honest man and zealous Democrat, discovered that several teachers—six in all—who were carried on the pay-roll of the Indian school, were not there at all, but were teaching in a denominational institution at a distance, though their pay was taken from the government every month. Coffey opposed this, and the archbishop excommunicated him. The administration stood by Coffey, and the Indian school was made non-sectarian. This made the pretext for ecclesiastical politics. But that it is merely a convenient pretext is proved by the fact that when Cleveland's speech to the Presbyterian General Assemblies was printed, it was at once treated as an insult to the church, and was openly assigned by Irishmen as their excuse for voting the Republican ticket.

From another informant, who was in Oregon during the election, we ascertain that the opposition of the church to the Democratic ticket was open, active, and without any attempt to cover the animus that prevailed against Cleveland. It was believed, at that time, that Blaine would certainly be nominated by the Republican party at Chicago, and here was an opportunity presented to punish Mr. Cleveland, by giving the first State against him, and thus breaking down his campaign upon its very threshold. All with whom we have had opportunity to converse, and who are intelligent upon the recent contest, agree that the ecclesiastical hand, guantleted with iron, was everywhere apparent in the Oregon contest. We look upon this as the true version, and we do not consider that the free trade and tariff issue was the most important element in the Oregon election, as Republicans would have us believe; nor do we think that the example of the Irish Roman Catholics in Oregon is likely to be followed in any other State. If Blaine should be nominated he will carry every Irish Roman Catholic who is ignorant and bigoted enough to follow the instructions of his priest. We know of no other Republican liable to be nominated by the Republican party for President, who is at all likely to take any considerable number of Irish Democrats from Cleveland. It is not safe for Republicans to build too confidently upon results in Oregon, nor to come hastily to the conclusion that they are not entering upon a contest of hard blows in which the result is uncertain; not till after the nominations are made at Chicago and not till the platform of the Republican party is declared and the letters of acceptance by Cleveland and whoever may be the Republican party candidate, will the issues be fully presented. It is safe to anticipate that the Papal Church will mass all the Catholics it can control for the party from which it will have the most to expect, and for the candidate who will promise the greatest subserviency. It will be the privilege of all Americans so to cast their votes that they may defeat an ecclesiastical and political conspiracy against the government.

The Republican Convention at Chicago must give us a strong American platform, or an American candidate whom we can trust, or the American party will run a candidate of its own and leave the consequences where they may fall. The members of the American party, for whom we speak in California, will not consent to see their principles ignored by both the national parties. If the Republican party does not want American cans to vote its ticket, all that is required is to display its cowardi by the silence of its national convention; meet at Chicago nominate Blaine, keep silence on immigration, naturalizati and on the school question. If the Republican convent will do this, the party had better take to the cellar and a the blizzard, for so surely as God reigns, this country will ness such a revolution as can only be invoked when the com is thoroughly aroused to the fear of being controlled by alien church under the supreme control of an infallible Po who claims, as a divine right, civil and ecclesiastical authority the United States of America. The man who supports t claim or upholds this ecclesiastical pretense is disloyal to republic, and guilty of treason to the government. If th is any conspiracy disclosed at Chicago to nominate Mr. Jam G. Blaine, after he has twice made a pretense of disclaim the Presidential nomination, the men who are guilty of i whether Whitelaw Reid, William Walter Phelps, Senator F or whomsoever it may be—are traitors to their party criminals to the republic, and if Mr. Blaine is weak, or bl or criminal enough to permit his name to be used in such nection, he will receive and deserve such a defeat as never accorded to an American politician in the history of American Republic.

We must do the church the justice to admit that, if t testimony is reliable and their witnesses to be believed, it made a perfect defense of the St. Vincent Boys' Orp Asylum in Marin County. Since the Reverend Father Cr has so mysteriously disappeared, and with him some the elder boys who were relied upon as witnesses, the lum has been intrusted to the very efficient and Very erend Patrick Scanlan, who is ably supported by the erend Dennis O'Crowley, Sister Mary Pius, Sister Cathe Sister Margaret, Brother J. J. Croke, Cecilia Farley (se stress), Matthew Hollywood (baker), Samuel Cupit (s maker), Sister Eulalia, Sister Agatha, O'Reilly (teach Phillip Dolland (dairyman), William Dwyer (laborer), liam A. Dell (engineer), John Dewing (prefect), Michael liams (laborer). Reverend P. Scanlan and Peter K (cook) are also givers of testimony which if true, or half is conclusive. Whether the testimony of reverend brot and pious sisters, and teachers charged with crime and inal neglect, and paid employees, can be considered as ciently disinterested to rebut the presumption of perjury be for the relatives and friends of the orphans, and the paying public, to consider. The *Argonaut* reserves an pression of its opinion until the evidence is all in and the submitted; we will then file our brief.

Patrick Ford, the Roman Catholic Irish editor of the Ro Catholic *Irish World* that, four years ago, was subsidized the Republican National Committee to desert and betray Democratic party and to advocate the candidacy of Jam G. Blaine, now announces, with all the confidence of a jackass, that unless the Republican party nominates Blaine he "will not support the ticket." Now, if Mr Ford had the sense which is usually attributed to his sp it would be apparent to him and to every man of sense Republican party that it will be strengthened in this cam by the withdrawal from its fighting ranks of every Irish R Just to the extent that this kind of unprincipled Irish cians withdraw from active party work will the Repu party be recruited by honorable Democrats, intelligen

eigners, and native-born citizens who despise Irish politicians more than they fear them. Mr. Blaine will not be nominated, and we say good-by Pat Ford.

It is very evident, if we are to believe some of the telegraphic dispatches that are retailed by our daily press—and the generality of them are certainly difficult pills to swallow—that all the fools are not dead yet. The last interesting bit of news that we are called upon to credit, is that Mr. Henry Villard, ex-journalist and ex-railroad man, has given written confirmation to a statement, which went the rounds a month or two ago, to the effect that he is about to undertake an expedition to the South Pole. The one thing that gives color to this statement is, that the expedition in question is to be undertaken in conjunction with a German maritime commercial company, and, if such is the case, it is safe to say that the South Pole will be not so much the *point d'appui* of the adventurers, as the discovery of habitable lands, or islands, which may afford colonization grounds for the surplus population of Germany, and profitable business locations for the commercial company which backs, or coöperates with, Mr. Villard. Still, the South Atlantic, South Pacific, and South Indian Oceans have been so thoroughly scoured and exploited already by the ships of civilized nations, that the residue of unclaimed islands available for depot purposes, far less for purposes of colonization, would scarcely pay for the outlay of fitting out an expedition, with the sole object of discovery, from a commercial point of view. As for the scientific one, that was run to conclusions many years ago by the British exploration vessels *Frebus* and *Terror*, which, with the fullest facilities for examination, and a practically unlimited commission in point of time, made as exact observations as are known to modern science in the various departments—climatology, botany, etc.—which are close and necessary accessories to the continuation and comfortable enjoyment of human life, left the landmarks of their explorations, which are still recognized as the best authorities upon the charts of the south polar region; and reported not more than one or two landing-places upon that very limited spot of earth which surrounds the southern axis of our globe. The first trip to the polar regions of the north was undertaken with the definite and thoroughly practical object, on the part of British merchants and navigators, of ascertaining whether there was, or was not, a shorter, easier, and more available route to China and India than the long and hazardous ones round the Cape of Good Hope and the Horn. Such a route, if discoverable, would have saved navigators many thousands of miles, lying as it would have done far nearer to great circle sailing than either of the aforesaid. The *Fretum Anian* had been the dream of Sir Francis Drake and every navigator since the days of Columbus. The heroic but disastrous mission of Franklin exploded the theory of any reliable mercantile passage round the northern shores of America. Subsequent northern explorations were made for ostensibly scientific reasons, but they have invariably been accompanied with such physical suffering and loss of life to the parties engaging in them, and with such little benefit to practical scientific investigation, that if they continue to be conducted as they now are—and for the unpractical objects that they now are—they will command but little sympathy or help from the world at large. But an exploration of the regions lying round the South Pole does not possess even the show of reason which formerly attached to its counterparts of the north. No benefit can accrue to navigation thereby by shortening the time of passage between civilized countries, and no benefit, as far as can be made apparent, to either exact or theoretical science by exploiting these bleak and inhospitable regions. The whole story, if there is any truth in it at all, looks more like a cheap bid for notoriety, or the scheme of some crack-brained enthusiast, than the sober enterprise of a man of business.

It is difficult to get at the true meaning of Bismarck's late policy in relation to Alsace-Lorraine, as well as to the present administration of the imperial government generally. It is not hard to understand the motive for the order restricting the admission of Frenchmen into the newly conquered district, as it is notorious that sedition against the present government has been steadily and deliberately fomented, ever since the German occupation, by persons specially delegated for the task. It must be remembered that the disputed border-land between the rival nations, though really much more Teutonic than Gallic by race and tradition, as the great preponderance of German patronymics among the inhabitants conclusively shows, has yet become so thoroughly denationalized during the two or three centuries that have elapsed since it was annexed to France, that the present generation prefers—as is natural—the institutions under which it has been bred and nurtured. It can, furthermore, be seen that the task of renaturalization of this people to German political principles and methods can not but be slow, difficult, and gradual. Every new inculcation of French principles by secret emissaries, every movement made to fan the flame of patriotism to France, is a blow aimed at the suzerainty of Germany. Thus the enforcement of the new passport regulations for persons entering Alsace-Lorraine can not be wondered at, and though these were undoubtedly made too wide and sweeping at first, entailing hardships upon travelers from other countries, among them many Americans, who had no earthly interest in the international difficulty, and causing serious loss to the various transport companies whose roads crossed the interdicted frontier, the disabilities complained of have now been removed in the case of other nationalities, and apply only to the French. There are some, however, who see in the passport action of Bismarck a deliberate attempt to excite France at this particular time, and so create another war scare in Germany, thereby smoothing the way to the passage of his last military subsidy bill of seventy million marks (about seventeen million five hundred thousand dollars), the sum necessary to put the German army upon a footing of equality with others of the powers in the matter of magazine rifles, the type now in use being considered too antiquated. The chancellor has been so distinguished for *coups* of this sort in the past, that it is not difficult to credit him with another such as is suggested. The resignation of three cabinet ministers during the past week would seem to indicate some peculiar policy in the near future, but of what nature it is impossible to foresee.

Paul des Granges, a retired merchant of Philadelphia, has a collection of one million postage-stamps, sorted and filed away. It took him nearly six years to make the collection, and it was undertaken, he says, in order to furnish congenial occupation for the declining years of his aged father. He has one hundred and eighteen thousand nine hundred one-centers, six hundred and sixty-five thousand nine hundred two-centers, ninety-nine thousand three-centers, thirty thousand eight hundred foreign stamps, and eighty-five thousand four hundred miscellaneous. The collection is worth about two hundred dollars, and cost him nothing but the labor.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Lesson from Oregon.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The election in Oregon clears the air. Accidental influences contributed to the result. To the Northern Pacific it was vital to prevent the election of a senator and a congressman of the Democratic faith, and probably hostile. Hermann had served the State efficiently, and could do more for his constituents than an untried man whose energy was a matter of dispute. The issue at stake was ingeniously represented by the leading newspaper of Portland as one between internal improvements and no internal improvements, the Democrats being described as against a surplus, and consequently against an accumulation of money in the Treasury for the improvement of rivers and harbors, while the Republicans were depicted as favoring a surplus, and consequently well-disposed toward public improvements; this was an effective argument in a State whose progress is assumed to depend on the improvement of the channel of the Columbia. Still, these casual reasons for Republican success fail to account for a majority of nearly seven thousand in a vote of less than fifty-five thousand, cast in a State where parties have been so evenly divided that at the present moment the governor is a Democrat and the congressman a Republican. We must look deeper down for the causes of so phenomenal a slant of public opinion as this. And much as the fact may be deplored by sound thinkers, there is no escape from the conclusion that the Republican gains were due to a general belief among workingmen that Democratic success meant lower wages.

The belief was a delusion, of course. Customs duties have no more influence over wages than the course of the tides. The value of labor is determined by supply and demand, and the only effect which excessive taxation exercises on it is to diminish the purchasing power of the money which that labor commands. The passage of the Mills Tariff Bill would not reduce the wages of one single workman in Oregon by the tenth part of a cent; though it would enable him to buy his clothing and his tools for less money. It is absurd to suppose that workmen in Oregon are paid any more by reason of a tariff which taxes everything they consume, and does not enhance the value of anything they produce. Their wool brings less money than it did when Australian wool was admitted at a made rate of duty to mix with it; the price of their lumber depends not on the duty levied on British Columbia lumber, but on the development of house-building, ship-building, bridging, and fencing; but every citizen of Oregon has to pay more for the coat he wears, the gown for his wife, the axe with which he chops wood, the shirt on his back, the socks on his feet, the plate off which he eats, the glass out of which he drinks, the knife with which he cuts his food, than he would pay if the tariff were reformed. The employer of labor can thus afford to pay so much less for his labor, and the laborer's pay does not go as far as it would if he were living in a country where indirect taxation was less oppressive.

But, in practical politics, an economical truth which is not admitted to be a truth by a majority of the people is as if it was not a truth. When the mass of the Southern people believed that slavery was a divine institution, it was idle trying to prove to them that it was the sum of all villainies. And now, if the people of Oregon believe that a reduction of taxation would involve a reduction of wages, or, in other words, that the more money they pay to support Eastern monopolies the better off they are, he who undertakes to teach them better must arm himself with prodigious patience. For he must reckon that he will at first, and perhaps for a long time, preach to deaf ears.

For eight years Richard Cobden declaimed against the enormity of taxing bread in order that land-holding should be profitable; perhaps he would not have succeeded in 1846 if he had not found an unexpected ally in the Irish famine. It is over forty years since Chevalier, Say, and Bastiat exploded the protectionist sophistries in France; yet France has a protective tariff to-day, and the Chambers of Commerce of Havre, Bordeaux, Lyons, and Marseilles protest against it in vain. It took twenty-four years to educate the American people up to the point of acquiescing in the moderate tariff of 1846; ten years' experience of low duties reconciled them to a further reduction of fifty per cent. in 1857, but the war came, and set us back. But for that accident we should have been living under a revenue tariff to-day, and a protectionist would now have been as rare as a Greenbacker. Now we have got to begin the work over again. How long will it take?

Oregon, with a vote not larger than that of San Francisco, does not amount to anything. Her opinions on great measures of public policy are of no consequence. But it is of moment that California should range herself on the right side at an early stage in the controversy, and there is grave reason to fear that she will not. Among intelligent men, who have had an opportunity of studying the subject, but little difference of opinion can be found. But the mass of workmen, who know that they are getting twice or three times the wages which are paid in other parts of the world, do not always understand that these high wages are caused by a scarcity of laborers and a large field for labor; they are apt to listen to the insidious arguments of politicians, who for party purposes connect the tariff with the market price of labor. Even those who are not misled by protectionist sophistries reason like the old reprobate who sent for a priest on his death-bed, saying: "I want to be on the safe side; if the freethinkers are right, it won't hurt me to join the church, and if the Christians are right, it will do my soul a lot of good to take the communion." So the workman reasons that the revenue reformers do not promise him anything except a reduction of taxes to which he has got accustomed and which he does not feel, while the protectionists promise him everlasting employment at wages double those current elsewhere. It is no wonder many of them say they will take no chances.

It is for the President, who sprung this issue upon the country, to undertake the job of educating the members of his party up to his standard. We presume that no unbiased politician will deny that if the Democrats at Washington had let the tariff alone they would have carried this State in November. As it is, the chances are that it will follow the example of Oregon and go Republican. There is every reason why a Californian should be a free-trader. The protective tariff does not do us a mite of good. It does not help our fruit industry; it has no effect on our grain; it does not assist our wines; it is of no use to our metals. But it does stand in the way of the development of woolen manufactures and steel manufactures on this coast, by making us pay two prices for foreign wool, and two prices for our steel, and by preventing our competing with England in foreign markets; and it facilitates such trusts as the lumber trust, which checks the building of houses, barns, fences, and bridges. To California the tariff is an unredeemed injury, an unmitigated curse. Yet there is reason to believe that the vote of this State will be cast next November against its reform.

This evil can only be averted by thorough education of the people in economical science. The time is short, but Californians are an intelligent people, and they learn quickly. It ought to be possible to teach them in five months that no people ever grew rich by taxing the many for the benefit of the few, and that any party which claims that they can intends to deceive for selfish purposes. The teaching should be sound and intelligent. It must always be remembered that a good cause suffers less from being attacked than from being badly defended. B.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 13, 1888.

Roman Influence.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have been much pleased to notice that the *Argonaut* recognizes, criticises, and condemns, in San Francisco, the existence of certain evils which are not of less magnitude than the Chinese immigration evil. And that the chief of these evils is the unmistakable political element that, a few years ago, waxed fat on Sand-lot oratory, and prosecuted the unprincipled anti-Chinese crusades through the refined and ennobling class who congregated there. In these Atlantic cities we know how to sympathize with you, on account of the existence of the same evil element here in a more intensified form. I am safe in saying that these Eastern cities are as completely under Irish rule as are Dublin or Cork in Ireland. At least nine out of every ten of the judicial, civil, and municipal officers in these cities are Irish. And the word Irish is synonymous with *Roman Catholic*. In view of the fact that about all of the policemen and justices are Irish, it is to be supposed that many of the Irish, as a class, through favoritism, escape the meshes of the law. Yet, notwithstanding this, as well as the fact that they are all "true children of the only true church," the Irish element undoubtedly predominates among the criminals in our prisons, poor-houses, and asylums of every description, and in the more degraded precincts of our cities. These quotations are from reports of Catholic priests after inquiry into the facts. And they admit that the Irish on account of their nationality often escape punishment, especially when there are Italians, English, Germans, Chinamen, and negroes against whom they can vent their prejudices and hatred. Yet the Irish by far outnumber any other nationality in our criminal calendars. It is a well-known fact that the Irish as a class are under strict ecclesiastical orders to receive their education and rules of action from the parochial schools, and the teachings of their church, and to ignore our *free public schools*, that their training may be radically Roman Catholic in character. Now if we are to judge the tree by its fruits, what a commentary we have here on the teachings of that "holy church." We might rationally conclude that the teachings there, must be of a pernicious, degrading character, to supply a greater proportion of criminals than any other class or denomination. The history of that church for many centuries past has been one of hierarchical despotism, bloodshed, injustice, murders, persecutions, extortions, inquisitions, lies, false teachings, and I might exhaust the vocabulary of criminal names and practices and not slander the Roman Catholic Church.

The fundamental principles upon which our government was founded were nursed in the brains of such liberal-minded *freethinkers* as Thomas Paine, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, and others of *their* way of thinking. They had seen too much of the obnoxious workings of the hierarchies of the old countries, in connection with monarchies and despotisms. They sought to eliminate from *our* system of free government every taint of churchianic influence over state affairs. And yet this Roman Catholic Church, dominated by an old Italian fossil, away over in Rome, ignores our American free-school system, and has the audacity to claim a part of our public school funds for the support of their parochial schools, whereby their sectarian religion may receive direct State support. Away with such un-American churches and peoples. They would, like vampires, suck the life-blood out of our liberal American institutions; they would have our progressive country retrograde to the debasing conditions of priest-ridden Italy; they would reduce this best government, this most prosperous nation on earth, to subserviency to Papal rule. We have great faith in the efficiency of such liberal, independent publications as the *Argonaut* in counteracting such pernicious influences, in striking down such hydra-headed evils, and in perpetuating our republican government. G. M. COLE.

126 SOUTH ELLIOT PLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 6, 1888.

Reform the Naturalization Laws.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: There was once a Democratic convention in San Francisco in the nominations of which every foreign nationality had been represented, half a dozen Irishmen, a German or two, and an Israelite, but no American. When Judge Baldwin arose and moved the name of an American, in the hope it might serve to catch the American vote, the motion was voted down. The incident very fairly represents the condition of politics in the United States to-day, and is one of the many reasons why the American sentiment throughout the country has at last been aroused to the necessity of immediate organization.

The American party demands that the shameful pandering to the foreign vote, which has become an essential of both Republican and Democratic politicians, shall cease, and that the native-born Americans shall be considered worthy of respectful attention.

The prophetic words of Van Buren, "Foreigners will render our elections a curse instead of a blessing," have been fully realized, and we have arrived at the point where we should declare with General Harrison, "Americans can do their own voting." Nearly fifty years ago Daniel Webster said, "There is an imperative necessity of reforming the naturalization laws of the United States. I will go as far as the farthest in this American cause." If this was true when comparatively few foreigners were in the country, what would this great statesman say now, when thousands of the paupers and criminals of Europe are daily landing on our shores, and, before they have even taken a bath, have been kindly furnished with the glorious right of suffrage?

In consideration of the overwhelming numbers and the worthless character of the immigrants of the past several years, has not the American party just cause to demand a repeal of the existing immigration and naturalization laws? If permitted to continue unchecked, the year 1900 will see a population of nearly ninety millions in the United States, and if the same average is kept up, we will have in 1950 over three hundred million inhabitants. Is not this sufficiently startling to claim the earnest attention of every man whose patriotism has not long ago been subordinated to the selfish will of some party boss?

In the name of those native-born Americans who have been compelled to wait twenty-one years before they were considered qualified to cast a ballot, we protest against the wholesale and indiscriminate naturalization of ignorant foreigners, who, in the supposed one to five years of their novitiate, have learned little but the money value of their vote.

In the interest of the American workingman we demand protection from the swarm of pauper labor that is daily permitted to crowd upon us, the competition of whose hands, trained in the hard school of old world customs, will surely force our native workmen to the wall, and for the relief of the already overburdened tax-payer, whose ancestors have improved and protected the land, we ask that the horde of indolent, criminal, and intemperate aliens shall be forever denied admittance.

C. L. TISDALE, M. D.

There is arising in South America a nation which bids fair to compete with the United States in enterprise and population. During the last year the Argentine Republic added five thousand miles of railroad to the four thousand which had been built before. There will this year be two hundred thousand immigrants, chiefly from the south of Europe. There are over three thousand public schools, and two hundred and thirty thousand scholars. The chief cities are lighted with the electric light, and abundantly supplied with telephones. During 1887 four thousand vessels entered the ports, and the revenue of the government left a surplus of six million dollars over the expenses. The religion is Catholic, and the language Spanish, although the Italian and the English are much used.

The Chinese Minister at a leading European court was condoling with an eminent Englishman because his wife had gone to England for the education of their children. "You must be very lonely," said he; "but of course you have another wife?" "Ah, no, that would be quite out of the question," said the Englishman. "My religion and the law of my country both forbid it. My wife would be in a rage if I took a second one, and my government would punish me severely." The Chinese diplomatist was astonished, but he presently said: "You Europeans have now so much intercourse with the Chinese that we may hope you will soon become sufficiently civilized to act as we do."

The first pair of India-rubber shoes ever seen in the United States were brought here in 1830. They were gilt, and were pointed like the slippers of a Chinese mandarin. The pair, which were handed about as a curiosity, were followed, in 1833, by an importation of five hundred pairs, which, rough and ill-shaped as they were, were eagerly bought at high prices; and from that time onward there was a regular importation of India-rubber shoes from South America of five thousand pairs per annum.

The name "Jo-Jo," at present degraded to the use of the dog-faced boy of the dime museums, was originally coined by the popular Swedish poet, Johann Jolin (1818–84), and used by him as a pseudonym, under which he composed dramas and comedies for the New Theatre of Stockholm.

THE LOVE-LORN SUICIDE.

A Spanish Legend.

There is no doubt that Perico's want of common sense brought him very near the grade of the tailed animals; from childhood up he gave clear proofs of this fact. His mother was wont to reproach him with being "a brute-beast," and certainly that good lady, who was a devotee, never accused herself, in the confessional, of bearing false witness against her offspring. When Perico, playing with other children, fell into difficulties with them, he never thought of punishing their offenses toward him, but pounded his own pate until he saw stars enough for a dozen skies. More than once the Señor Cura had said of him: "That boy has a fiendish tendency toward suicide, and it will be a miracle if he do not give his family a fine fright one of these days."

Perico had become a young man, but a bigger fool than ever, when he gave another proof that the inclination of which the Cura spoke had increased, instead of diminishing. The Señor Cura, Perico, and others of the villagers were sitting under a tree in the church-yard, awaiting the hour of mass, when there passed by Robustiana, who was a strapping wench, six fingers above water-mark (the standard of proper height for women is five feet); she carried her water-jar upon her head, and was singing:

"I am not afraid of Death,
Though he look me in the eyes;
For without the leave of God,
There is not a soul that dies!"

"Now, those lines," said the Señor Cura to Robustiana, "are such as you ought to sing, instead of the foolish and shameless verses you learn from your sweethearts."

"Well, that snatch," said Perico, "seems to me about the most foolish of any, saving your presence, Señor Cura."

"And why, then?"

"Because it says that no one can die without the leave of God."

"And that is a truth as big as a church!"

"Truth, nothing! Suppose I take a notion to kill myself; I would do it without the permission of God, surely!"

"No, not unless it were His will that you should kill yourself. Hush, boy! don't talk like a fool! God has power over the arms and the weapons of men, and your poor feeble resolves are as naught, as against His holy will!"

Perico, stubborn and pig-headed, was about to reply, when the sexton rang the first bell for mass, and the Señor Cura hurried away to don his vestments.

Perico had neither father nor mother, nor little dog to bark at him. His parents, dying, had left him a house; old, to be sure, but comfortable enough, and ample. Besides, a goodly store of furniture, clothing, jewels, wine, grain, and even a bit of money. But Perico, with his countless follies, had run through with all the movables, so that he was left almost with bare walls. And he was very much in love with Robustiana.

He arose one morning in very unpleasant humor, and fell to soliloquizing: "There is no wine in the cellar, nor wheat in the granary. I have no money, and, the truth is, I hate work! What the devil am I going to do when I have nothing to fall dead upon?* Hello! I must go slowly there. There's plenty to fall dead on. What's the matter with the pavement under my balcony? Aren't those flags rich enough for any one to fall on, and shatter the golden bowl, eh? The Cura says no one can kill himself without God's leave. Humph! I'll show the Señor Cura if I have to go begging leave and license for such doings. And Robustiana, who won't ever squeeze my hand, even. She'll see what kind of a lad she has flouted! Here goes! Farewell, proud world, I'm going home!" Then he opened the shutters, put his hand on the balcony railing, and—one! two! three! over he went, head foremost.

But luck would have it that the damsel Robustiana was just then passing, and, hearing the noise as the shutters were jerked open, she looked up in time to see the young man flying through the air, and, spreading her stout arms, she caught him, plump! and, staggering under the weight of him, she sank down to the ground, still holding him, and there she petted and coddled him, until, seeing that he was quite uninjured, she shook him out of his cozy refuge, and walked away, sniffing, not to say snorting, in wrath and disgust.

Now Perico, who had been in the seventh heaven for a few moments, found himself worse off than ever with this sudden repulse by his charmer, and accordingly he nerved himself for desperate deeds as she turned the corner. "Now, what am I going to do?" he demanded of himself. "Go up and jump out of the window again? No, that don't work. I can't blow out my brains, for I haven't any pistol, nor the good, hard dollars to buy one. Never mind! They shall see! oh, yes! I know what to do! I'll hang myself. I've got it this time!"

He went into the house, and from among his few remaining possessions he hunted out a strong hempen cord, and greased it thoroughly with tallow, so it would run upon itself easily. Then he made a slip-noose on one end, tied the other to a rafter, climbed on a chair, put the noose around his neck, kicked the chair away, and there he hung, making a whirlwind of himself in the air. Perico was very fat—for it is well-known that the way fools fatten is a caution!—and his weight made the roof tremble. The rafters were so old they were nothing but tinder, and presently down came the one to which Perico was swinging, with a rattling, clattering, metallic noise, like that of two hundred thousand devils on horseback.

Perico, who had become senseless, recovered himself in the midst of that noise, which was enough to arouse the dead. He looked around him and saw that the floor of the room was literally carpeted thickly with golden ounces, of the coinage of Charles the Third. It was clear that an enormous sum in ounces had been hidden away above the rafter, which, tiring, no doubt, of that weight which it had borne for years and years without any one coming to its relief, had availed itself of the first opportunity to shake off its load. Perico stacked the money away in a closet which had been too long empty, and notwithstanding that the embrace of the cord had left its reminder upon his neck, he breathed freely for the first time since he had spent the last dollar of the paternal legacy. "Now," he said to himself; "now I am rich, and consequently Robustiana will not consider me ugly."

Was there ever anything more absurd than this inference that money of the date of Charles the Third, or any other coinage, would influence a woman's regard for a man? Oh! it is quite evident that Perico was a great fool.

Now that this adorer had fortified himself with new hope, he paid more assiduous court to Robustiana. The mother of the girl was not disinclined to constitute herself his advocate, but it did try her patience and good feeling that he would persist in planting himself under their windows, at about fifteen hundred o'clock at night, scraping a guitar, and singing in his calf's voice sweet ditties like the following:

"If, instead of blooming roses,
Weeds were growing on your face,
I'd be first to browse upon them
Of all donkeys in the place!"

Or this other delicate, sentimental lay:

"Should your mother hear me singing,
And 'What's that?' she should be saying,
Answer her, 'Oh, that is nothing
But a donkey that is braying!'"

"Daughter of mine!" then would exclaim the mother; "why don't you agree to marry that young man, and put him out of his misery?"

"Oh, yes!" returned the amiable daughter; "and the first fine day going I might be left a widow."

"Oh, no! he has lost his craze for killing himself."

"Now that may be, too. But he is such a fool, that that is enough to kill him." So that Perico had no reward for his gallantries but to hear from within the house the scolding voices of the women, and the barking of their fierce dog Rasgabrazos, who raged as if a whole band of thieves were prowling near; and, at last, one night the disdainful maiden slyly set the door ajar, and out leaped Rasgabrazos. Perico turned to flee. In retreat he was naturally in part unguarded, and the teeth of the dog met in the redundancy of his flesh—but it were only kind to draw a veil over that sad occurrence.

This mishap made poor Perico desperate, and all the old dark designs and intentions beset him.

"It is clear that Rosbustiana loves me not," he muttered; "and of what use are all the yellow-boys in the closet yonder, if so be it that the women, being the same thing as the devil, flee from the money, because a cross is marked on it? Oh-h-h, no! I'll settle it this time! No lack of a pistol, now. And I'll lift it up like a gentleman, and this will be a question of blood, and bones, and brains scattered about till all these folks will learn to respect and admire me for my courage. And we'll see, too, if I have to memorialize heaven and take out a permit to kill myself!"

He waited until night, that the report of the shot might sound louder in the silence, and then, cocking the pistol, he lifted it to his temple, and had all but fired it, when suddenly——

"I'd better see that no one is near enough to rush in and find me still breathing and revive me, so that I shall waste my powder," he said to himself. So he stepped into the balcony of the adjacent room, and carefully scanned the street. Satisfied of the absence of possible intermeddlers, he returned and took up the pistol, but hesitated a short time, to see if he could recall some flowery verses he had endeavored to compose in honor of Robustiana.

"But, after all, what use?" he said, "she never would listen to them." Pressing the muzzle of the weapon tightly against his forehead, he discharged it, and tumbled to the floor instanter.

But—where were the bones, where the blood, the ghastly scattered brains? There was only a shower of bits of plaster, and scraps of wood and iron. The pistol had burst in the hand of Sir Perico, and a sprained finger and a slight contusion were the only personal damages sustained by the hero. He jumped to his feet and rushed in search of another pistol; but, reaching the other room, the sight there gave him pause!

There, on the floor, were hats and cloaks, a dagger, a crowbar, and several other tools, and the door of the closet stood open, while a capacious bag lay on the floor before it, and the flutter of garments retreating through the window showed the means of ingress of the robbers.

"Well! well!" said Perico; "this is entertaining! If I had been a moment later about shooting and frightening off those fellows I'd have been left here with a broken pistol, a lump on my forehead, and not a *cuarto* to give a blind man to pray for me! Why, this is almost enough to make a man shoot himself!"

By this time the neighbors had gathered to the sound of the shot, and Perico, finding the conditions scarcely auspicious for the carrying out of his project, was under the necessity of suspending operations till a more fitting moment.

And with all this he continued more in love with Robustiana than ever. So much so, indeed, that that same night he betook himself again beneath her windows, unheeding his past experience there; and once again the callous-hearted maiden let loose fierce Rasgabrazos, and that animal, having no sense of the proprieties, did then so rend and tear the raiment of Perico, that the poor youth soon found himself in a state wherein he might have served as model for those artists who disdain the hamperings of drapery. And to cap the climax, that cruel Robustiana came to the window with a candle, and gazed upon the sorry plight of her victim. It is true that she called off Rasgabrazos, and even feigned to whip him, with a fine show of indignation, and the next morning she informed her mother point-blank of her intention to marry Perico. But the youth knew naught of the resolution to which his charmer had been inspired by his graceful port and comeliness, and it seemed to him that if the first indignity that the sportive Robustiana had put upon him had moved him to a pistol-shot, the second called for his riddling with the balls of a whole battery. He pondered long and gloomily upon the best means of carrying his resolve into execution, and at last conceived a plan which did honor to his fertility of resource.

"I will hang myself from a tree," was his stern resolution; "and, lest the rope should break, I will shoot myself through the head as I swing off to waltz on nothing; lest the pistol fail me, I will eat a box of phosphorus-matches; and, lest they should not be strong enough to take the effect I wish, the tree from which I hang myself shall be one leaning over the water. Now the Señor Cura shall see how about doing with one's life as one pleases."

Thus saying, he provided himself with a strong rope, a new pistol, and a big box of fresh matches, and set out for the beach.

At the water's edge there was a tree that, owing to a landslide, leaned out over the water, and to one of its branches Perico tied one end of his strong new rope, in the slip-knot at whose other extreme he put his neck. Then, champing up the contents of the match-box, he swung into the air, discharging the pistol at the same moment.

Splash! souse! he went, deep into the water. The pistol-ball, instead of entering Perico's brain, had simply cut in two his suicidal halter.

The water heaved and boiled as Perico sank into it, but a few moments later a group of fishermen, who had gathered at the sound of the shot, were pulling him out of the sea, almost more dead than alive, and full of water, which the fishermen hastened to expel by most vigorous and heroic treatment. And with the water was ejected the very considerable ration of phosphorus-matches Perico had swallowed.

At this came running Robustiana, to whom the tidings had traveled with the accustomed velocity of ill news, and she at once took charge of the patient, and applied an efficacious system of treatment.

A month later this twain were wedded; but before the Cura would pronounce the nuptial blessing, he exacted from Perico an open admission that no one, however determined and resolute, dies unless it is the will of God that he shall die.

It is to be suspected, however, that the priest's alternative was the source of Perico's conviction; for after the ceremony he was heard to mutter: "We'll see about that one of these days, if Robustiana prove cantankerous," and there is no doubt he remained pig-headed as ever. Y. H. ADDIS.

CITY OF MEXICO, June, 1888.

*The Spanish idiom to express extreme poverty.

On the Panama Canal (says *Harper's Weekly*) one hundred and seventy-five million dollars have already been spent. There remain thirty-five million dollars of working capital now in the treasury of the canal company, and the loan of seventy million dollars just authorized by the French Chamber of Deputies. Until recently most Americans who had not visited the Isthmus of Panama believed the De Lesseps canal to be a hypothetical ditch crossing an impracticable country—on paper—but as experienced engineers declare the canal can actually be finished by the Eiffel lock system, before 1893, there must be on the isthmus something more than a paper ditch. But there is an enormous quantity of work yet remaining. About eighteen miles of the canal from Colon southwestward are now open to navigation for vessels of twelve feet draught. This result was only reached on February 22d of this year, when the Mindi Cut was completed. The course of the canal from coast to coast is just seventy-four kilometres, or about forty-five and a half miles, in length. The section opened by the completion of the Mindi Cut is only a little more than the first contract division, which is twenty-four kilometres, or about sixteen miles, long, extending from Colon to Bohio Soldado. There are five other contract divisions of the work, on which operations are now being pushed, but none of which is in anything like the advanced state of approximate perfection produced by New York money, and American tact and enterprise on the first division. To H. B. Slaven, president of the American Dredging and Construction Company, to the genius of the man who invented the patent dredges, and the money of Mr. Slaven's associates, Eugene Kelly, Charles M. Fry, and Morton, Bliss & Co., this result is due. French enterprise and skill, and French money, of which there seems to be plenty available just now, may be able to finish the other five sections by the lock system within five years. Mr. Slaven says this will be done. If Ferdinand De Lesseps, who is now eighty-three years old—not a great age for great men on the continent—should live in health to be eighty-eight, there is little doubt that he will succeed, by the aid of M. Eiffel, the builder of the famous Eiffel Iron Tower in Paris, in locking vessels across the isthmus. The action of the French Deputies seems to assure sufficiency of funds. The American Dredging Company receives five hundred thousand dollars a month for its contract work. It has now at work seven great machines. Five of them were built in New York, and were delivered at Colon, one hundred and sixty thousand dollars apiece. Passing the Mindi Cut, one sails past the native village of Gatun to where the *City of Paris*, the biggest and most ingenious of the Slaven dredges, is at work. It is probably the largest dredge in the world, and digs through earth and rock or mud and water with equal facility. It excavates and carries a safe distance away on the banks twelve thousand cubic metres of earth a day, and is as nearly automatic as a machine can well be. The tower on the deck is seventy feet high. To that height the soft material is hoisted from the channel of the canal in immense iron buckets, each holding a cubic metre, moving on an endless chain. From the top of the tower this material is then conveyed to a distance of one hundred and fifty feet on either side by big pipes. At that distance there is no danger of its flowing back into the canal bed. The operating staff of the *City of Paris* consists of twenty boys and men. Count de Lesseps is expected shortly on the isthmus. He was there in 1882, and again in 18[illegible] just before his last visit to New York.

MODERN FRESCOES.

"Iris" discusses Art, as applied to the Female Face Divine.

There are no people in the world who fresco so well as Americans. Among the English it is a lost art. Among the French it runs to eccentricity, the gracious fashion in all its refined purity has been degraded. Among the Germans only a celebrity here and there understands it, but—give the devil his due!—when the Germans do anything they do it well. There was a court beauty at Ems, some years ago—the loving Kalomine, if I mistake not—who was as fine a piece of modern frescoing as the world has to offer. She was art all through, nature was quite crowded out. Her very gums were enameled a rosy red, and when she smiled kings and princes fell prostrate before the dazzling beauty of those arms. With such an arrow in her quiver, how could the tender majesty of Hesse have ever striven for freedom?

But in America we are all accomplished frescoers. We exhibit every style of work. There is the rugged, powerful style of the early Italian masters, which is seen chiefly in the West, where they lay the color on in layers. And there is the fine, highly finished, exquisitely fragile style as seen in New York. There is but little frescoing done in New York, but what is executed with marvelous perfection. Among ladies of the hig lif" it is not considered elegant. Among ladies of a less exalted sphere there are insurmountable difficulties presented by the climate. The would-be frescoer's field is limited by the hot weather. This affects the colors, according to the character of the surface to which they are applied. On Polly's cheek they may melt, while on Julia's they dry up and fall off in large white chunks. Now this makes frescoing a precarious pleasure to both Polly and Julia. It is not captivating, and certainly not deceptive, when Polly's charming flush, which we have so much admired, melts before our startled gaze, perishes even while we look, and wends a meandering path toward her chin. Why, this would cool the love of Romeo! Whereas when Julia, giving way to a sudden spasm of mirth, looks upon her lap, large pieces of her complexion lie confessed thereon, and, being of a friable nature, crumble into an ostentatious dust when she tries to gather them up. Worse even than this, certain pigments subjected to strong sunlight will blister. We have all seen a barn-door, freshly painted, seethe and swell into crackling blisters under the ardent glances of the sun. So may Maria's pink cheeks, if you take her out boating on the Fourth of July, and she, dear girl, has forgotten her parasol. Thus wharted, the art of frescoing has fallen into innocuous desuetude in the East.

But in the West it reigns rampant. The young lady who goes out buggy-riding by moonlight can execute frescoes to which Michael Angelo's are trifles. She likes florid, Gothic frescoes, for we prefer things large, and clear, and vivid in the West. The effect she produces is striking and effective, if slightly inartistic. Viewed through the big end of an opera-glass she would be quite perfect. Of late there has been some question as to the instrument used in projecting the pigments on the surface under treatment. Turner, so says Oliver Wendell Holmes, painted with a squirt. There are German artists who use the palette-knife most effectively. They find it spreads the colors well. And there have been stories abroad that one Currier, an impressionist, of course, got well away from his canvas and threw the colors at it in lots. He was a good shot, and was quite celebrated for his in-curve. They say that the Western frescoer, when in the troglodyte stage, used a calcimining brush and calcimine. She has now articulated into a more advanced state of culture, and it is believed applies her cosmetics with a hare's foot.

There is a prejudice on the stage in favor of a hare's foot. Perhaps because there is a tradition that a hare's foot brings luck. I once knew a man who possessed one of these mystic extremities of the agile rodent, and he was blessed with what is known among the vulgar as "nigger luck." On one desperate occasion he opened a jack-pot, of I don't know how many hundreds, on a pair of jacks. But first, before he strained luck to this extent, he drew from his pocket the fateful hare's foot, and laid it solemnly on top of the pile. Of course he won. Since then many men have tried hares' feet, also opening jack-pots on a pair of jacks, but without nigger or even a mulatto luck. How this gentleman came into the possession of his hare's foot is an important detail. Had he bought it there would have been no charm. Had he been frescoing? In the monastic seclusion of his apartment did he delicately apply a faint pink to his cheek with the same sacred puff with which he had recently swept in the pile? To what base uses may a charmed hare's foot come! This from either point of view.

The Western frescoer is particular to get her color on in smooth washes. It must not be piebald. A piebald fresco is an abomination in the sight of man. Let everything be smooth, even to such few shadows as the fresco needs. These shadows, by the way, are of importance. They tone the whole into harmony. With the frescoing Easterner—a person whose methods are of the most delicate—a smoked hairpin, slightly heated, is the medium. This sounds rather like something to eat but the process is much more exciting even than eating the natutinal hash at a railway restaurant. First you heat it, then you seize your eyelashes in the hairpin, and give them a skilful tweak—a trick of the wrist easily acquired—and there you are, with the most beautiful, black, curling lashes in the world.

I have not seen the implement used for this purpose in the Wild West, but suspect stumps—not of trees—the kind that are used for charcoal drawing. They come in three sizes, with moderately fine points, and you dip them in lamp-black and the shadows are exquisitely tender. Of course, you must not cry, or rub your eyes, because you spoil the fresco—degrade the tint—if you mix the black with the white. The hairpin method also has its disadvantages, especially in the hands of a novice. There was a girl, juvenile and vain, who thought to make herself bewitching with the assistance of the smoking hairpin. She performed the sacred rites in dire secrecy, for her family were austere, and would have regarded such frivolities as the unpardonable sin. Unfortunately her lashes were long, and she curled them back too far. Their inky blackness brushed off in a semi-circle just beneath her eyebrows. When she came down stairs, filled with inward qualms, but satisfied of her beauty, she presented two pairs of eyebrows to the investigating glance of her mamma.

"My child!" cried mamma, all agog with horror, "what in mercy's name has happened to you?"

"Why?" queried the child, growing a guilty red.

"Your eyes—what is the matter with them?"

"Nothing," faltered Miss, in a desperate fright; "why do you ask?"

"Did anything hit you in the eye, darling?"

The darling here spied herself in the glass, decked with her dual brows. She retired with the precipitation of one who pays tribute to high seas.

I only knew one man who frescoed. He did it quite well, except that his preference for crude colors was rather apt to spoil the effect. No baby in the land had pinker cheeks. There was a queer look about his mustache, too, which led us to believe that it was the result of art rather than nature. But as it never publicly came off, I am inclined to think it was real. False mustaches are all the time dropping off. I once saw a man act the Prefect of the Seine in private theatricals, and his mustache fell off every time he opened his mouth. He finally had to hold it on with one hand and make his gestures with the other. And as his part necessitated violent exertions in arresting a rebellious *sans-culottes*, his recalcitrant mustache was greatly in the way.

But to return to the frescoing gentleman—never was a man more devoted to modern frescoes. He had a wife on whom he practiced the most audacious combinations of hues. Her hair was of a marvelous gold, auriferous, blinding, with a sort of lambrequin of little curls all round the edge. Occasionally the wind blew up these little curls, and disclosed the black roots of her hair. This offended his artistic eye, and he would say haughtily:

"Mary, dear, go in the house and get your veil, or you will get sun-burned."

When he said this, Mary, dear, knew that something was awry and went in the house.

Poor Mary, dear, was used by her spouse as a sort of "poison dog." He tried all the new cosmetics on her. Strawberries and cream never described her, and when she was done up she was as crudely effective as an impressionist study. Then would her husband, softly stroking his chin with thumb and forefinger, critically regard his handiwork with his head tilted on one side, and a pleased smile agitating the dubious mustache.

The modern Californian frescoer has her audacious moments in the laying on of color. Some years ago a charming member of the guild—since married—was coming home from Europe. The steamer was starting from Liverpool, and on the deck, prominent and beautiful, stood the siren, her little yellow curls fluttering in the breeze, her cheeks blushing rosy under her veil. She was quite the most lovely creature on the boat, and two young Englishmen congratulated themselves upon chancing on such a companion.

The first night out was rough, and in the morning the passengers presented various degrees of wretchedness. The two young Englishmen in ulsters and deer-stalkers sought long and earnestly for the charmer. Presently they separated and hunted for her all over the boat. In despair, the younger one emerged from a tour through the cabin, and saw his friend leaning against the rail and looking pensively out to sea. He approached, crying vivaciously:

"Well; have you found her?"

"Shut up, for heavens sake," came the answer from between set teeth; "she's just behind you."

He looked round. In the shelter offered by the smoke-stack, laid out on a steamer-chair and smothered in shawls, lay a lady whose face was of a delicate sea-green hue. The wind tore her ragged locks of hair dry and rough as hemp, and made them lash out from under her cap. Her eyes were shut, her brow furrowed—a more wretched young lady was never seen—curlless, colorless, and limp. The young Englishmen stole away, crushed in spirit. IRIS.

June 6, 1888.

New York has taken the initiative in the new scientific method of putting away murderers. By the law just signed by Governor Hill, any one who kills his fellow, after the first of next year, must, on conviction, go straight to prison and stay until, by means to be designed by the warden thereof, an electric shock is to be sent through him and he is to find a sudden and painless death. There is to be no notoriety, no flowers, no visits from the silly, sentimental women; no pomp or pageantry, no chance for boasting or displaying gameness, nothing, in short, but a cold and quiet death, such as dogs meet in the public pound, with none to care and none to be tempted to emulate their example. It is a serious question whether the manner of execution will make any difference in the number of criminals to be executed. History shows that men committed crime just as much in Siam, where a stake driven through the body is the agonizing means of death; in Portugal and China, with its slow strangulation; in old London, with its various horrid modes of death, and the old Roman countries, with their ghastly crucifixion, as they do in Spain, with its quick and painless garrote.

Once, when the Turks had begun to scale the wall of a fortified church in Transylvania, a girl's wit saved the people from capture and death. Behind the church was a little garden, and in it a dozen bee-hives which it was the girl's duty to care for. Seizing a hive, she ran up on the fortress-wall, and hurled it down among the enemy. Again and again she repeated the process until ten or more swarms of maddened bees were stinging the Turks. They were blinded and dismayed, and, unable to cope with the insect foe, beat a hasty retreat. They had been discomfited by a girl's device.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Jack Goodfellow's small brother—"Jack, is there any past tense of due?" *Jack* (gloomily)—"Yes, dun."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Brown—"That is a handsome umbrella you've got, Robinson. Was it a birthday present?" *Robinson*—"Yes, one I gave to my wife."—*Life.*

Smith—"Squivens has broken himself completely down." *Brown*—"Ah! how so?" *Smith*—"Practicing on the health lift."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Teacher—"What advantage had the old Greeks over us, Hans?" *Hans* (drawing a long breath)—They did not have to learn Greek."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Magistrate (sternly)—"You are a pitiable specimen of humanity. What brought you to all this degradation and disgrace?" *Prisoner*—"It took two policemen."—*Life.*

"Now, doctor," he said, as he joined the medical gentleman in the street, "in the case of a man who can't sleep at night what would you advise?" "I would advise him to sleep in the day-time."—*Life.*

Preacher Sim Gooseberry—"De collection will now be took up. I jis' want to express it upon you, dat de watahs ob Salvation am free; but I am de hydrant, an' you got to pay fo' de hydrant!"—*Life.*

New boarder (in Wisconsin boarding-house)—"I say, waiter, is it customary to serve soup in a tumbler." *Waiter* (in disgust)—"Dat ain't soup, you jay, dat's water; de lake am rough to-night."—*Peck's Sun.*

She (looking at the sea)—"How grand, how glorious, George, it is to watch the angry waves as they lash themselves against the shore! *He* (with equal ecstasy, but less fluency)—"Yes, and—and how damp it all seems!"—*Life.*

An ex-congressman seized a whisky bottle at the Hoffman House and filled his glass to the brim. "Give me a spoon to take that fly out," he said. "Put another drop in," replied the bar-tender, "and float him off."—*New York World.*

Mrs. Wistful—"What happy people you are to have six nice daughters! What resources for your old age!" *Mr. Quiverful*—"Yes. Resources enough! But the difficulty nowadays consists in husbanding one's resources!"—*London Punch.*

Young lady—"Will you please give me a small bottle of eyether." *Omaha drug clerk*—"Of what, miss?" "Of eyether, please." "Eyether! eyether! I do not think we have it in the store." "Oh, yes; I'm sure you have. It is sometimes called ether by ignorant people."—*Omaha Herald.*

Customer (to grocer's clerk)—"Isn't this young Mr. Classic?" *Clerk*—"That is my cognomen, sir." *Customer*—"I thought you were going into journalism on leaving college?" *Clerk*—"I did for a little while. You will find that codfish delicious, sir; anything else to-day?"—*New York Sun.*

Lady from Boston (on the divan)—"You had to run after the men last night more than some of us like to do, but you certainly were the belle of the occasion." *The other lady*—"I, the belle! Why, Captain Gatling said you were the belle—the electric bell—always to be found on the wall!" (Exit with a flushed face.)—*Life.*

"Mother writes that she will be here to-morrow for a short visit, my dear." "Very well," he replied, and as he left the house he patted his little boy on the head kindly, and said: "Bobby, didn't you ask me to buy you a tin whistle and a drum the other day?" "Yes, pa." "Well, I will bring them to you to-night."—*New York Sun.*

Charlie—"Did you ever see such a fellow to argue as Brown? I argued with him a whole hour yesterday, but he wouldn't give in." *Herbert*—"You're right, 'cause I know I had to argue with him a whole week before he stopped arguing." *Charlie*—"What a fool a fellow is to argue so much." *Herbert*—"Yas—a perfect idiot."—*Judge.*

They were young lovers, and as they strolled through the Ramble in Central Park the future looked very bright and pleasant to them. "That is a dogwood-tree, my love," he said, touching it lightly with his stick. "How do you know that it is a dogwood-tree, George, dear?" "I can tell by its bark, my darling," and then a policeman ordered them off the grass, and they were very, very happy.—*Life.*

Irascible old gentleman—"Consume you, sir! That's my corn you stepped on!" *Affable stranger*—"Excuse me, sir; I am deeply grieved at the result of my awkwardness, and I beg you will accept my sincerest apologies. But, since you have introduced the subject, will you allow me to say that I have here a simple and inexpensive little article, which is positively warranted to cure any case of corns, bunions, or ingrow——"—*Puck.*

Mr. Van Rensselaer—"Do you go to Europe this summer, Miss Manhattan?" *Miss Manhattan*—"It is uncertain. Papa has not yet made up his mind as to whether he will fail or not this spring. If he fails, we shall go. If he doesn't, we must be contented with Long Branch or Cape May. My own impression is that he will not fail this year, but hold over until next spring. By that plan he would make a great deal more, and we could stay abroad two or three years."—*Boston Courier.*

The O'Conor Kemble (manager and star of the "Dheelish of Sligo" Combination, with realistic effects)—"Fear not, Dheelish Mavourneen. Yonder shines the lighthouse, where faithful Pat O'Rourke awaits us. Through this quick gathering storm your father's enmity can no longer pursue us. Let the winds rave and the billows thunder, we are free at last—aha! free!——" *The Billows* (appearing in wings)—"Say, Mister, is it t'irty cents an hour fer de rest of de run, or doe dis storm stop right here?"—*Puck.*

BOULANGER.

His Good Fortune, his "Bonnes Fortunes," and his Fortune.

It is about ten months since I, in these pages, gave you a bit of my mind with respect to Boulanger, and—though much has happened since then—I see no reason to change my opinions with respect to him. Of course, it is not to be expected that the reader will have borne in mind what these opinions were, which would be doing me too much honor, and this is one reason why I mention the fact after writing down the name which figures once more at the top of this column. I always like to be consistent; so, perhaps, does Boulanger. If, when he first burst upon us, thrusting his personality under our very noses, he was a bit of a mountebank, a general who had reaped no military glory to speak of, an agitator of the worst species, a soldier unamenable to discipline, a demagogue, one of the most inveterate liars that ever existed, and a most dangerous fellow—he is so still. This I will vouch for, whatever the future has in store for us, even if the worst comes to the worst and we are to have him set over us as dictator, or the republic is to be absorbed into a new empire and Ernest the First is destined to reign over us after all.

If there is any difference between the Boulanger of ten months ago and the Boulanger of to-day, the difference lies in the amount of the qualities above enumerated which he possesses. There is ten times more clap-trap about him than there used to be; he has lost rather than gained military honor, for he has forfeited his post in the army through insubordination; he has pandered to the worst enemies of the republic; he has lied with greater effrontery than ever, and he is a thousand times more dangerous than before.

Nothing was ever more difficult to account for than this extraordinary popularity, for it is popularity more causeless, emptier, less reasoning than mortal ever excited in the minds of an illogical people. Surely Boulanger was born under a most fortunate star, unless he has all his trouble to come. Many a man has been shot for less. The other day the possibility of exiling him was mooted in the cabinet; but they durst not if they would. It would be a terrible risk to run; such a measure might succeed if the government were absolutely sure of the army, but it might—probably would—lead to revolution, and then who knows what would be the upshot? In exiling the other pretenders to the throne, the Republicans ran a risk, but it is nothing to that it would incur in sending Boulanger across the frontier. Why, there is not a dissatisfied unit in the thirty and odd millions of beings who inhabit France but would raise his voice in favor of the "hero," and heaven knows there are always enough of them under the best of rules, and the republic has not always been well-inspired or well-served. No government is quite pure, and principles are not always acted up to—more is the pity!

Were there a shred of actual reason in the admiration so widely diffused throughout the land, and so noisily expressed on every available opportunity, there might be some hope of its transferring its allegiance elsewhere. But there is none. Made up of nothing, it may include everything. Boulanger is a giant of straw. Each one lends him the qualities he prefers, and considers him the mouthpiece of his own peculiar views. Paraphrasing Claude Melnotte's words, we may say to them each, "It is not the man thou lovest, but the image of thine own creating."

We, who, from our own quiet corner, look on with unbiased feelings at this strange manifestation of public folly, and long for the scales to fall from the eyes of those who shout "Vive Boulange'!" with no more reason in their cry than that of a month-old infant, are forever wishing that the idol should finally be brought to give utterance to some specified programme; tie himself down to one party or another. Once he does this, he must lose the suffrages of all those who do not belong to this particular party. Should he side with the Intransigeants, naturally he must lose the Conservatives; should he openly curry favor with the Legitimists, he will immediately be abandoned by a large majority of the Democrats and get the cold shoulder from the Bonapartists; the moment he becomes a man with a mission to uphold—be it what it will—some of his adherents must fall off. From his point of view, the longer he remains a man of straw the better. While he is simply this, the Rads can go on swearing he is theirs, and the friends of the Comte de Paris, and the hangers-on of Prince Jerome, and the little circle of Prince Victor's associates may flatter themselves they will be able to use him as a cat's-paw to pull the kingly or imperial crown from between the bars.

So far, all the luck has been on Boulanger's side. When first he saw the light, surely there was a silver spoon in his mouth. He never did a foolish thing—and there are plenty to his account—but it fell out to be to his advantage. It is all nonsense to say that ridicule kills in France. Boulanger has been ridiculous scores of times. He and his engine stuck full of paper flags, were supremely absurd. But this is an old tale now. Grotesque also was the little escapade that cost him his command at Clermont—a general condescending to masquerade in blue spectacles, and to effect a limp to put the police off the scent. By-the-bye, this reminds me that a new figure has been added to the hundred or so which grace the cotillon: the men turn up the collars of their coats, place blue spectacles on their noses, and limp up and down in front of the ladies who, each in turn, make choice of a "brave general" who shall be her partner for the next *tour de valse*. The Parisian press has been ridiculing him for months without the slightest effect—him, his famous horse, his beard, his beauty—it has illustrated him in every attitude, made him the hero of a hundred spicy adventures, a peg whereon to hang every stupid anecdote culled from Joe Miller, or evolved out of the fertile brains of modern punsters. All to no purpose; rather, indeed, to his triumph and to the spread of his stupendous popularity. There are cynics who will tell you that he has the world at his feet because he scorns it so thoroughly, and that the great secret of his success is in the barefaced impudence of the man. While others again, those who think that women are the arch mischief-makers of the world, hold that it is the feminine influence again at work, as in so many other cases. It is supposed that the women *raffollent du beau général*. A good many do, I daresay, though there are many who do not. He is reported to be a lady-killer of the most dangerous description, *un homme à bonnes fortunes*, irresistible when he choose, and if scandal speak truly, he often does choose. Fair supplicants (and though not yet master of France, Boulanger has considerable credit with all parties) are promptly admitted into the great man's sanctum, and he has been known to keep some of his most powerful supporters cooling their heels in the waiting-room, while he grants an audience to some pretty suitor in petticoats. Even *belles marquises* of the Faubourg St. Germain have been known to burn incense at his shrine, and there was a story going the round of the clubs a short while ago, the heroine of which was a very great lady, indeed, who went to the Louvre partly to beg a favor and partly to see what the general was like in private, and for whom the coming dictator neglected much important business, it was said. Boulanger's family affairs have been fully canvassed, and it is so well-known that he and his wife are anything but a loving couple that, when he gave as an excuse for coming to Paris against orders his desire to see Mme. Boulanger, it was voted an exquisitely good joke. If the general had not been the hero he is, people would have said such a declaration was in the worse possible taste, but once the world is bent on admiration it matters not one iota if the object of it is worthy or unworthy.

It goes without saying that Boulanger is a welcome guest in almost any society he may choose to frequent. To have him to dinner would be the acme of joy to thousands of Parisian hostesses. Not that he is particularly witty, fascinating, or even well-bred. What do such details matter to the Mme. Leo Hunters of this world? They are satisfied to get their lion to their houses and to treat him to their best, and to boast of him afterward to their friends and acquaintances. A big bouquet of carnations is placed in the middle of the table, this being the Boulanger badge, and afterward in the drawing-room he will be the centre of an admiring circle of ladies ogling him, and smiling on him, oh! so sweetly. Women adore success in whatever shape it presents itself, and when it has a killing mustache and a captivating smile they succumb immediately; what else could they do, I should like to know? It was grand the other day at the Bazaar de Charité to note the flutter among the aristocratic stall-keepers, and the no less aristocratic visitors, when it was whispered that the general was within their walls. He, with an affectation of simplicity, appeared to ignore the commotion he was creating. Walking leisurely along with two friends—"General, some flowers!" says one claimant on his purse. "A cup of tea!" cries a second. "What shall I have the pleasure of selling you?" insinuates a third. "What, would you pass *me* by?" pleads a fourth. Of course, he made many purchases, and, of course, he paid for each in gold, and, equally of course, declined the proffered change. One lady alone out of the throng (and you may take my word for it she was old and ugly) looked daggers at the man she called an impudent intruder among ladies and gentlemen, and the next day scornfully sent in her resignation as lady patroness.

Where does Boulanger get the money with which he is so free? is a question timidly asked, and which no one seems able to answer. There is no lack of *louis d'or* in his pocket to pay for useless fairings. The bills at the Louvre Hotel must have been something stupendous, for we can not allow that M. Heriot boarded and lodged the great man gratis, for all he is supposed to be such an admirer of his. A house has now been taken, and the Louvre will have him no more, and the rent of it is a couple of thousand dollars. The hero drives to the chambre in a carriage and pair fit for a prince (filled with flowers every morning by the hands of unknown devotees), and when he travels it is with a numerous suite. But what is all this to the millions that have been expended for electioneering purposes? The publishers of "L'Invasion Allemande" paid him forty thousand dollars for the manuscript, and the distribution of several million copies in the departments cost more than that. Out of whose pocket does the money come? Who pays the piper? The other day the military authorities fixed the amount of the pension to which the general was entitled on his enforced retirement from active service. Twenty-three years two months and fourteen days of active service and twenty campaigns give him the right to an annual income of two thousand one hundred dollars, to which must be added four hundred dollars for his grand cross of the Legion of Honor.

This is, in reality, the sum total of the fortune at the command of the man who lavishes *louis d'or* at a fancy-fair, keeps open house at the Louvre, and whose agents are all over the country. His private fortune, if he ever had any, was dissipated long ago, and if Mme. Boulanger has a few thousands carefully stored for her daughters' dowries you may be sure she will take good care he does not get hold of it.

The most absurd suggestions have been made with respect to the source from which the money comes. There are people who are persuaded that the Orleans-Bourbons provide it, that the Duc d'Aumale—Boulanger's former patron—continues his good offices, hoping thereby to set his nephew on the throne. Others are equally sure that the Bonapartist party are Boulanger's bankers, for a similar reason. A few, here and there, declare it is the Jews. Some one discovered that Gordon Bennett provided the necessary funds, and some one else makes an equally likely guess with respect to Mr. Mackay. The fact is, it is a dead secret. Perhaps they all contribute—more or less—I give this as a gratuitous supposition of my own. Probably we shall never be wiser than we are now, unless . . . heaven forbid! Boulanger turns out a second Napoleon, in which case his unknown creditors will be sure to make a noise in the world clamoring for preferment of one kind and another, and throw off the mask. In the meantime, no enlightenment of our ignorance is to be expected, one must take things as they come, Boulanger with the rest.

PARIS, May 21, 1888. PARISINA.

OLD FAVORITES.

Villanelle.

In the clatter of the train
  Is a promise brisk and bright,
I shall see my love again!

I am tired and fagged and fain;
  But I feel a still delight
In the clatter of the train.

Hurry-hurrying on amain
  Through the moonshine thin and white—
I shall see my love again!

Many noisy miles remain;
  But a sympathetic sprite
In the clatter of the train

Hammers cheerful:—that the strain
  Once concluded and the fight,
I shall see my love again.

Yes, the overword is plain—
  If it's trivial, if it's trite—
In the clatter of the train:
"I shall see my love again."

—*W. E. Henley.*

Pantoum.

Here we are riding the rail,
  Gliding from out of the station;
Man though I am, I am pale,
  Certain of heat and vexation.

Gliding from out of the station,
  Out from the city we thrust;
Certain of heat and vexation,
  Sure to be covered with dust.

Out from the city we thrust:
  Rattling we run o'er the bridges:
Sure to be covered with dust,
  Stung by a thousand of midges.

Rattling we dash o'er the bridges,
  Rushing we dash o'er the plain;
Stung by a thousand of midges,
  Certain precursors of rain.

Rushing we dash o'er the plain,
  Watching the clouds darkly lowering,
Certain precursors of rain:
  Fields about here need a showering.

Watching the clouds darkly lowering—
  Track here is high on a bank—
Fields about here need a showering,
  Boy with the books needs a spank.

Track here is high on a bank,
  Just by a wretched old hovel:
Boy with the books needs a spank—
  "No! I don't want a new novel!"

Just by a wretched old hovel,
  Small speck of dust in my eye.
"No! I don't want a new novel!"
  —Babies beginning to cry.—

Small speck of dust in my eye,
  "I will not buy papers or candy!"
—Babies beginning to cry—
  Oh, for a tomahawk handy!

"I will not buy papers or candy!"
  Train boys deserve to be slain;
Oh, for a tomahawk handy!
  Oh, for the cool of the rain!

Train boys deserve to be slain,
  Heat and the dust—they are choking,
Oh, for the cool of the rain!
  —"Gent" just behind me is joking.

Heat and the dust, they are choking,
  Clogging and filling my pores;
—"Gent" just behind me is joking,
  "Gent" just in front of me snores.

Clogging and filling my pores,
  Ears are on edge at the rattle;
"Gent" just in front of me snores,
  Sounds like the noise of a battle.

Ears are on edge at the rattle,
  Man tho' I am, I am pale,
Sounds like the noise of a battle,
  Here we are riding the rail.

—*Brander Matthews.*

Rhyme of the Rail.

Singing through the forests,
  Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
  Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountains,
  Buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me! this is pleasant,
  Riding on the Rail!

Men of different stations
  In the eye of Fame
Here are very quickly
  Coming to the same.
High and lowly people,
  Birds of every feather,
On a common level
  Traveling together.

Gentleman in shorts,
  Looming very tall;
Gentleman at large,
  Talking very small;
Gentleman in tights,
  With a loose-ish mien;
Gentleman in gray,
  Looking rather green.

Gentleman quite old,
  Asking for the news;
Gentleman in black,
  In a fit of blues;
Gentleman in claret,
  Sober as a vicar;
Gentleman in tweed,
  Dreadfully in liquor!

Stranger on the right,
  Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
  Something rather funny.
Now the smiles are thicker,
  Wonder what they mean?
Faith, he's got the *Knicker-Bocker Magazine!*

Stranger on the left,
  Closing up his peepers;
Now he snores amain,
  Like the Seven Sleepers;
At his feet a volume
  Gives the explanation,
How the man grew stupid
  From "Association"!

Ancient maiden lady
  Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
  'Mong so many sparks!
Roguish-looking fellow,
  Turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion
  She is out of danger.

Woman with her baby,
  Sitting *vis-a-vis*:
Baby keeps a squalling;
  Woman looks at me;
Asks about the distance,
  Says it's tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
  Are so very shocking!

Market-woman careful
  Of the precious casket,
Knowing eggs are eggs,
  Tightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a smash,
  If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot
  Rather prematurely!

Singing through the forest,
  Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
  Rumbling over bridges,
Whizzing through the mountain
  Buzzing o'er the vale;
Bless me! this is pleasant,
  Riding on the Rail!

—*John Godfrey Saxe.*

VANITY FAIR.

Are women considerate? "Nym Crynkle" thus discusses ne question in the *World:* The average man, who has to eal with woman outside of her purely feminine limitations—hat is to say, outside of her house—appears to entertain an pinion of her somewhat at variance with poetry and gallantry. Do you," I asked of an intelligent car conductor, "find wo- nen passengers more considerate than men?" "Well, sir," e answered, "as to that I must tell you that I'd rather carry en loads of men than one load of women. I guess every man n this route will tell you pretty much the same—he braces up or the afternoon trips when the women are comin' back from heir shoppin'. You see, the women never seem to know hether they want to stop the car or not; they don't have any hange when they get on, and they never stop for a crowd. isn't once in six months that a man hands me a ten-dollar ill to take five cents out of it. But I never had an afternoon ip that a woman don't do it, I 'spose a woman is more deli- ate than a man; anyway, I've always heard so, but I never aw a man put his money in his mouth. You see, a man's ot a kind of feelin' that money can't be very clean. You on't ever know what kind of a pocket or a fist it's been in st. But a woman, when she's divin' into her purse for hange, slaps the bill or the fifty-cent piece in her mouth while e's rummagin' for the pennies. I never see her do it with- it thinkin' it aint delicate." "I went the other day with my ife," said an exemplary husband to me, "to one of our big- est bazars on the corner of two avenues. It was thronged with ushing women. I saw but three other men in the place. I ever got into such an inconsiderate mob in my life. They emed to have no sort of patience or moderation. They rust each other aside, choked up the passages, stared at ch other impudently, made audible remarks about each her's clothes and appearance, put the sales-women to incal- ulable trouble, and for the most part made trivial purchases. am told that at one of these stores two policemen were nployed to mildly overawe the women, but it hurt the custom d they were abolished. From which I infer that the women d not want their conduct interfered with." A matinée is otoriously the place to see the enfranchised women. Most the popular places of amusement double the ticket-takers this occasion. Why it is that women unaccompanied by en are ruder to each other than when men are present has t been satisfactorily explained. But that they are is the tes- mony of the women themselves. Last winter the opera atinées at the Metropolitan were unique scrimmages for the w men who attended. The women pushed and scrambled the doors. They forgot their tickets and did not discover till they were blocking the whole queue; they quarreled th the ticket-seller through the wicket; they ran all over use, intruded into the private boxes, disturbed each other th their conversation, and when it was all over pushed and oved in their eagerness to get out. I don't think there is a ket-taker in the city that doesn't dread a matinée worse than actor, and the chief "ush." of the Academy told me once at he'd rather drive a one-horse car than "ush." only for atinées. "Why, you don't know anything about it," he said. They lose their parasols, their fans, their pocket-books. They l you with tears in their eyes that they've had their pockets cked in their seats, and you know all the while that their oney is home under the hearth-rug. They drop their opera- asses under the seats and expect you to crawl for them. ey want 'water, please' during an adagio, and a 'pro- amme, please' during a death scene. If you were to see n at night with their husbands and beaux you wouldn't know n, so quiet and 'O-pray-don't-let-me-bother-you' like." The perience of the men at the down-town stations of the elevated ads does not get into print, owing to the chivalry of the

Last year quite a noted couple—names old and distinguished New York and Virginia—were married out-of-doors in June, d since then the fashion has grown. At these sylvan marriages bridesmaids wear short gowns of lace or net and the white ghorn hats, either loaded with curling plumes or wreathed h flowers. They carry on their arms pretty white and gold skets, tied with floating ribbons and filled with natural blos- ns to match the flowers that wreath their hats. One of the ttiest weddings of the season will be that now in process of nning for a well-known New York girl who is to be married xt week. It is to be a Directoire wedding and will take place a wide, shady lawn, the ceremony being performed in front a trellis covered with June roses. The bride wears a Direc- re dress of soft, striped satin, embroidered with pearls, and h a lace veil that is an heirloom in the family. Her slippers the white satin heelless affairs, bound over the instep with bons, such as our grandmothers wore, and long, loose, white ves are wrinkled up to the shoulder. There are six brides- ids all in white and gold, their Directoire gowns of white ina silk and crêpe being embroidered in gold thread. Big ectoire bonnets, with bunches of wedding plumes and wide bons tied under the chin, make these six fair maids so beau- l that it is fatally certain that in no time at all they will be fair wives. The big white and gold baskets, carried on ir loosely gloved arms, are to be running over with daisies l buttercups, and in the other hand they are to carry gold- unted lorgnettes, the gift of the bride, and made in copy of old-fashioned quizzing-glass of the last century. It is need- s to say that the amateur photographer will be on hand and lovely picture will be perpetuated in black and white, which, er all, can give but a faint idea of the charm of its back- ound of June sky, and sunshine, and roses.

"I have it upon trustworthy authority," says *Town Topics,* at, in consequence of the investigations commanded by the een into the social relations and character of recent presen- s at court, the presentations of at least three well-known mbers of New York society have been recalled. It may some comfort to these ladies, in their affliction, to know t several times as many Englishwomen who have contrived to get themselves into social disrepute, have also had their names struck from the precious list. Not the least interesting feature of this scandal, which, by the way, is calling forth herculean efforts in London with a view to hushing it up, is that it is of the nature of a boomerang. The whole trouble seems to have been started on account of the Bonynges. Certain women of social prominence, who form among themselves a School for Scandal as complete as that which Sheridan invented, and who are in the habit of keeping the society press of London supplied with all manner of information about people they do not like, took the Bonynges up. For months they kept type-written attacks on the California family circulating among the editorial rooms of London, not forgetting to post a few to New York. The terms in which these anonymous contributions were couched were so venomous, and their statements so extreme, that they never found their way into print. Then, when they found their efforts in this direction futile, the highly moral authors turned their attention to the Lord Chamberlain. It required several months for them to secure consideration in this quarter, but they pelted their target so steadily and vigorously that they scored a bull's-eye at last. An investigation was made that resulted in the substantiation of the stories about the Bonynges, stripped of the embroidery supplied by venom and personal ill-feeling. But the investigation did not end here. To the dismay of the originators of the great reform movement in court presentations, it was extended to their own ranks, and some of their own members are doomed to fall by the very weapon they forged with their own hands. The problem now is, how to keep the matter quiet from the public. Not a stone is being left unturned to this end. The Prince of Wales has been appealed to by the most powerful persuasion that can be brought to bear on him. Every conceivable device and influence is being exhausted to keep the fatal list out of print. It is scarcely likely to mildew in the limbo of suppression, however, for the queen herself has become interested, and her supreme authority is certain to be cast in favor of as sweeping a condemnation of the persons who have incurred her displeasure as publicity can procure for them. The list is so thorough, I am informed, that it includes even a number of Englishwomen of prominence who have, for interested motives, connived at the presentation of people who had no personal title to such honor. Strange tales are told of the sums of money and the valuable gifts that have come to these speculative aristocrats in return for their venal complaisance, and cases are cited of women of title who have, for years, made a trade of the privileges of their social positions. When the mine explodes, there will be a delectable collection of social wrecks left among the ruins, we may be sure."

This is how a sarcastic English traveler writes of the women who call the land of the Po and Tiber "home": And the Italian ladies? "I love the women, too; forgive my folly!" that hackneyed old line of Byron's about them. I don't love them, for I have no occasion to do so, and I am deeply sorry to say I don't admire them, as a rule. There are exceptions, of course, many exceptions, and at the races I saw, perhaps, half a dozen handsome faces, but the majority had, as Kinglake said, "so grossly neglected the primal duty of looking pretty in this transitory life," that, after all I had heard, I was greatly disappointed. I have no Byron handy, but think he says something about the "high-born dame" and her "brow." It is this last that, in my opinion, minimizes the good looks of the high-born dames. They have not followed the French and English fashion in coiffure, they have not adopted the coquettish curls or fascinating fringe; they resemble the "keepsake" beauties of fifty years ago, and show acres of bald, uncovered forehead, looking almost indecent and "veri shokking." Their eyes are brilliant, and their features mostly regular and refined, and in youth they have pretty figures. The late Mr. Nathaniel Hawthorne, whom we all love so much, and who reviled England more persistently and more brutally than most Americans, was good enough to speak gracefully of English women of mature age as "cows." Both Italian and French women, I think, as a rule, "run larger" than Anglaises of the same age, and are certainly not so firmly built. As for the "peasant cheek of ruddy bronze" (Byron again), it is pretty much the same throughout Europe. The peasant women of Italy have deep-red bronze complexions and very dirty blue-black hair. The equivalent of the women "with hands that offer early flowers" on the Rhine (Byron again) is to be found here in the *fioraje* or flower-girls.

Short courtships and prompt marriages are severely condemned by Mr. Ruskin, who, in a lecture recently delivered at Oxford, declares that "the whole meaning and power of true courtship is probation, and it ought not to be shorter than three years at least, seven being the more orthodox time." Mr. Ruskin evidently knows nothing of the railroad speed with which events move on this side of the water, but a little further on he gives vent to a sentiment which will be more in unison with American ideas. "A girl worth anything," he says, "ought always to have half a dozen or so of suitors under love for her"—from among whom, it is presumed, she is to make her choice at the end of seven years, always supposing that any will be left to choose from.

A young man in Boston who is going abroad soon, wished to entertain some friends before his departure. He knew they were surfeited with the ordinary style of evening parties. He wanted something original. He invited ten young ladies and nine young gentlemen. As each guest entered the reception-room he or she received a handsomely engraved card which bore the mysterious word "Causerie." A hint as to the meaning of what would follow was given by the quotation from "Paradise Lost": "With thee conversing, I forget all time." After his guests had puzzled their brains trying to decipher the meaning, the host volunteered an explanation. Ten subjects were presented for discussion, and he had chosen ten couples to do the work. Instead of spending the evening in dancing, each gentleman was expected to fill out his card with the names of the young ladies with whom he desired to talk. In that respect it differed slightly from the selection of partners for the dance. There could be no wall-flowers. The conversation must be general. Five minutes were devoted to each topic, and at a signal from the host there was a general swapping of partners and a complete change in the style of conversation. For instance, the company opened the ball by telling what they knew about "Boston Busy B's, Baked Beans, Brown Bread, Base-Ball, Big Brains, Blooming Beauties, Blithesome Bachelors." When the young ladies had practically floored the gentlemen in regard to the relative merits of baked beans and brown bread as the best method of producing big heads on base-ball tossers, they turned their attention to the topic: "The Lady or the Tiger—Which?" There was a strong division of opinion on that as well as on the next topic: "Should Mrs. Cleveland be rëelected?" The others were: "Consciousness," "The real affinity between a red-headed girl and a white horse," "Boston Fads," "Given a squirrel on a tree and a man at the foot. The man moves around the tree, the squirrel does the same thing, keeping always on the opposite side. Can the man go around the squirrel?" "Will the opposition to the Andover theology warrant the heathen in adopting a protective tariff, excluding our missionaries?" "Does an incubated hen have any maternal instinct?" and the ladies were familiar with the last topic for the evening: "Leap Year."

Charles Dudley Warren has this to say about "Calling" in a recent *Harper's:* The cynic wants to know what is gained for any rational being when a city full of women undertake to make and receive formal visits with persons whom, for the most part, they do not wish to see. What is gained, he asks, by leaving cards with all these people and receiving their cards? When a woman makes her tedious rounds, why is she always relieved to find people not in? When she can count upon her ten fingers the people she wants to see, why should she pretend to want to see the others? Is any one deceived by it? Does anybody regard it as anything but a sham and a burden? Much the cynic knows about it! Is it not necessary to keep up what is called society? Is it not necessary to have an authentic list of pasteboard acquaintances to invite to receptions? And what would become of us without receptions? Everybody likes to give them. Everybody flocks to them with great alacrity. When society calls the roll, we all know the penalty of being left out. Is there any intellectual or physical pleasure equal to that of jamming so many people into a house that they can hardly move, and treating them to a Babel of noises in which no one can make herself heard without screaming? There is nothing like a reception in any uncivilized country. It is so exhilarating! When a dozen or a hundred people are gathered together in a room, they all begin to raise their voices and to shout like pool-sellers in the noble rivalry of "warious langwidges," rasping their throats into bronchitis in the bidding of the conversational ring. If they spoke low, or even in the ordinary tone, conversation would be possible. But then it would not be a reception, as we understand it. We can not neglect anywhere any of the pleasures of our social life. We train for it in lower assemblies. Half a dozen women in a "call" are obliged to shout, just for practice, so that they can be heard by everybody in the neighborhood except themselves. Do not men do the same? If they do, it only shows that men also are capable of the higher civilization. But does society—that is, the intercourse of congenial people—depend upon the elaborate system of exchanging calls with hundreds of people who are not congenial? Such thoughts will sometimes come by a winter fireside of rational-talking friends, or at a dinner-party not too large for talk without a telephone, or in the summer-time by the sea, or in the cottage in the hills, when the fever of social life has got down to a normal temperature. We fancy that sometimes people will give way to a real enjoyment of life, and that human intercourse will throw off this artificial and wearisome parade, and that if women look back with pride, as they may, upon their personal achievements and labors, they will also regard them with astonishment. Women, we read every day, long for the rights and privileges of men, and the education and serious purpose in life of men. And yet, such is the sweet self-sacrifice of their nature, they voluntarily take on burdens which men have never assumed, and which they would speedily cast off if they had. What should we say of men if they consumed half their time in paying formal calls upon each other merely for the sake of paying calls, and were low-spirited if they did not receive as many cards as they had dealt out to society? Have they not the time? Have women more time? and if they have, why should they spend it in this Sisyphus task? Would the social machine go to pieces—the inquiry is made in good faith, and solely for information—if they made rational business for themselves to be attended to, or even if they gave the time now given to calls they hate to reading and study, and to making their households civilizing centres of intercourse and enjoyment, and paid visits from some other motive than "clearing off the list"? If all the artificial round of calls and cards should tumble down, what valuable thing would be lost out of anybody's life? The question is too vast for the writer, but as an experiment in sociology he would like to see the system in abeyance for one season. If, at the end of it, there had not been just as much social enjoyment as before, and there were not fewer women than usual down with nervous prostration, we would agree to start, at our own expense, a new experiment, to wit, a kind of Social Clearing House, in which all cards should be delivered and exchanged, and all social debts of this kind be balanced by experienced book-keepers, so that the reputation of everybody for propriety and conventionality should be just as good as it is now.

Dr. Tanner, the faster, lives in New Mexico, where he has a fifteen-hundred-acre ranch. He is connected with a foundling association, which is intended to show that the baser passions are aroused principally by the use of animal food. He is now in Indiana trying to collect forty infants to experiment with.

THE BATTERY PARK.

An Evening's Event in a Strange Corner of New York.

Seen in the friendly twilight, which blots into indistinctness the signs of the shipping-offices, emigrant boarding-houses, slop-shops, and groggeries that disfigure them, the row of fine old houses faces the green park and the river with a dignity mere size can never confer on brick and mortar. In the long street we have just left, the great street of the great city of the continent, walled in with mountains of brick, and iron, and stone, arrayed in all the extravagances of the architect's art, there is none of the suggestion of elegance and picturesqueness that attaches to these moldering mansions long since abandoned to the vandalism of metropolitan progress. One can, with small effort of the memory, travel backward to the beginning of the century in their presence at least, until the rattling and screaming train that rushes by amid the foliage overhead recalls one to the New York of to-day, and drives the boldest ghost the imagination can call up into disorderly retreat. It was in yonder house at the corner that our friend Guzzler's father was born; and in its neighbor Cadley's honest grandfather gave his famous dinner to Lafayette. The Rollingstones lived next door—the last of them lives at Sing Sing now, and does the State some service for his board, while his ancestral home does duty as a beer-shop, with a lodging-house attachment. In the dining-room where Lafayette was feasted a polyglot company feeds daily out of tin dishes, and men and women are sold and bought, like cattle, in an employment agency under the roof where the Guzzlers once extended hospitality to the fashion of the town. They have gone to the bad, have these old houses, one and all, like the descendants of most of those who reared their walls in the good old times when George the Third was yet king.

"Thim was foine places wanst," remarks a philosopher of the street-cars, who has descended from his front platform to absorb a refresher of oatmeal-flavored water from a pail before he gives his horse a shy at it; "faith, they're foine places to kape away from, now."

As if in attestation of his statement, a human figure comes flying out through what was one of the parlor-windows of the Van Skraper's, stateliest of races in their day. It brings most of the sash with it, and lands on its back on the pavement, where it presently gets on its knees and then on its unsteady feet, in the guise of a man, and staggers off bleeding and cursing, while the combat goes on within, punctuated with oaths and cries of murder. The police arrive when the commotion has subsided, and drag off a couple of battered wretches, in strange attire, who keep protesting in a foreign tongue that they have been robbed and maltreated.

"Thim immigrants," observes the front-platform commentator, "is always making trouble. We has too many immigrants anyhow. There's enough people in the counthry now, an' more than can find a boite an' a sup av dhrink."

And he takes his resentment at this condition of affairs out of his horse with his whip.

Among the dusky by-ways of the park one encounters the same contradiction between humanity and its surroundings. The lovers who walk here are of a class that New York did not know in the days when the old houses harbored their legitimate inmates. Corydon goes a-courting in his shirt-sleeves—generally sleeves of wool that are not overclean—and Phyllis shakes the sour odor of the tenement-house from her shabby skirts. Upon the park benches, hopeless-faced men and women drowse all day long and as far into the night as the park guards permit, and the children that play about their feet have no attribute of happy childhood to engage one's interest. Even when the band plays in the little rotunda among the trees—a cheap band, whose performances are recommended by their volume rather than their art—these babies of the gutter scarcely summon spirit enough to dance, and when they do dance, do it wearily, less as a diversion than as a part of the regular routine of their wretched little lives.

Perhaps the perpetual presence of scolding mothers, with strident calls for Danny, and Patsy, and Norah, and the rest may have some connection with their chronic depression. Here is a slatternly creature, all rolls of fat done up in dirty calico, discussing the social events of her special back court with a neighbor, on a bench under a friendly gas-lamp—the gas-lamp benches in the Battery Park being, it may be remarked, after a fashion, the reserved seats or private boxes of that resort.

"I sez to her, sez Oi—Danny, ye divel, come out av that—Misses Maginnis, sez Oi, Oi'd have ye know, sez Oi—Katty, av I come to ye O'll skin ye, so Oi will—that yez can give me none av yer gum games, sez Oi, bekase, sez Oi—you, Norah—yer a low, dirthy, desateful flapdoodler, sez Oi—Patsy, d'ye hear me?—and thin—divel saize ye, Bidelia——"

And so on, by the evening at a stretch, no doubt.

Strange types and costumes meet one at every turn. Under the wooden wall that fences Castle Garden in, a row of Arabs, swaddled in their dirty white bournouses, squat silent and motionless. Singing in chorus, in a strange tongue, a plaintive rustic melody, half a dozen emigrants, in the odd dress of an ancient and alien people, march past arm in arm. A rustic Marguerite, with the dirt of the steerage yet on her pretty face, and her hair down to her hips in two canary-colored ropes, hangs on the arm of a Faust who might be a bar-tender in a beer-saloon. There is no end of queer old men and women, who huddle on the benches and squat on the walks, guarding old bags and boxes, and a perfect colony of Polish and Russian Jews, base and squalid brutes, with cunning faces like foxes and the eyes of vultures, who appear to divide their time equally between scratching themselves and each other, and who diffuse an odor that renders a break in the verdure and the sight of the open water beyond an inexpressible relief.

The evening is so warm that one might reasonably fancy June had undertaken to atone in a single twenty-four hours for the thirty-one ill-behaved days of May. There is a hot haze along the western horizon, where the last flush of the sunset is being absorbed by the gray gloom of an early summer night. But the breeze that comes up the bay is fresh with the cool breath of rolling waters, and brings with it the stimulating savor of the sea, while the white flame of liberty's torch blazes coldly against the oppressive sky. A whisper runs through the well-leafed trees, and the waves lap sluggishly against the sea-wall. It is so quiet, at this end of the brawling city, that one can hear the measured fall of oars upon the water, where a man-of-war's barge is carrying some officer aboard of a big foreign battle-ship, anchored a mile or two away, with a single port-fire burning in her black flank. It is so quiet that a bugle call on Governor's Island comes to the ear like the distant piping of a night-bird on the wing.

"And the prince he went a-traveling and a-traveling, until night overtook him, and——"

A ragged brat of the tenement-houses, with a face white even through its crust of grime, is squatting on the parapet, swinging his bare feet over the water, telling a fairy tale to other brats who fill the space between him and the stone posts on either hand in a solemn row. A brawny man, in a red flannel shirt, and a complexion quite the match for it, with 'longshoreman's hook in his trousers-strap, leans on the chain above them, smoking a black stump of a pipe and listening idly, with his eyes upon the water. A forlorn woman, feeding a weazened baby from a fount of nourishment like a she-goat's, walks up and down so close to him, and so watchful of him, with a pathetically stupid watchfulness, that their relation needs no explanation in words.

"He was orful hungry and desprit, and he kem to a place where two roads jined."

A young man, with a silky beard that has never known the razor, and a fashion to his once elegant dress that is not native to the town, comes nervously down the broad stone-walk, stops suddenly and stares down at the river. Flashing lances of light from her saloon-windows, a big steam-yacht goes by, and one can hear, amid the tinkling of the wavelets, the sound of a grand piano, like the melody of a musical box.

"It's Gay Jould's yacht," says a boatman to one of the park policemen, halting in their promenade.

Some of the loungers on the benches get up to watch the passing craft, until the abutting hulk of Castle Garden shuts her out from view. The young man walks slowly down the sea-wall, tugging at his silky beard with one hand, while the other is buried in his pocket.

"He set down, and a man kim along all kivered with dimonds, but he didn't pay no 'tention to the prince, yer know."

A sail-boat runs into the basin where the Battery watermen moor their craft, and unloads a noisy party, one of whom falls overboard between the boat's side and the landing stage, and has to be fished out with much to-do. He is evidently the biggest fish the party has landed to-day, though to judge by their individual and collective gait they must have consumed a great deal of bait. The brawny man straightens up, and stops listening to the fairy story to remark, in confidence to himself, that he wishes he had "half their disase." A drunken sailor, rolling along with both hands flapping at his side like a seal's fins, demands of him where he can get a boat. The locality being indicated to him he hails the brawny man as a messmate, and producing a bottle from his bosom, where he carries it slung by a cord after the fashion of a boatswain's whistle, invites him to partake of its refreshment.

"Hadn't we better be going home, Mike?" asks the forlorn woman.

Mike, having wiped his lips on his hairy wrist, responds with a grunt and commences to carve up a fresh pipeful from a plug of black tobacco that he exhumes from the breast of the red flannel shirt, while he accompanies his new found friend in search of a boat. The forlorn woman follows in their wake, dragging her slipshod feet.

"The next that kem along was an old woman, all huncked up an ragged, and says to the prince, says she, 'I'm hungry,' says she."

A splash in the water cuts the legend short at this interesting point. In an instant the walk is all awake and all alive. Among the boats in the basin there is a rattling of chains and oars. The wall is lined with people, and out upon the water a black spot is dimly seen moving steadily forth into the darkness.

"He's swimming," says a voice in the crowd.

"Trying to save his ferryage to Jersey," says another.

"Now, then, don't be too fresh, young feller," says the park policeman, picking a quarrel with the nearest person to him for lack of any better means of demonstrating his authority in this important emergency.

"Oh, give us a rest," growls a voice in the mob.

As the park policeman can not reach the author of this insult, and could not identify him if he saw him, he avenges the indignity by seizing a convenient cripple, whom he promptly accuses of disorderly conduct. This diverts the general attention from the river, and a couple of boats shoot out from the basin almost unnoticed. The drunken sailor and the 'longshoreman are in one of them, and the forlorn woman screams shrilly and despairingly after it, waving the weazened baby like a flag in her excitement.

The park policeman having lugged the sacrifice to his outraged dignity off to the station-house, his audience has time to give to the other episode of the evening again. It exchanges experiences, all of the most ghastly and horrid order, on suicides from and bodies that have come ashore at the Battery, till the boats come back, one after the other, with no more people in them than they carried away. The forlorn woman bears Mike off. The crowd scatters. The young man with the silky beard has disappeared. ALFRED TRUMBLE.

NEW YORK, June 2, 1888.

London royalty is about to organize a charitable fête in imitation of that carried to success by the Princess Metternich in Vienna. The three little Princesses of Wales are to appear as Yum-Yum, Pitti-Sing, and Peep-Bo in "The Mikado" trio. A Scotch ballet will be danced by titled ladies, and it will wind up with a pantomime in which all the players will take part.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mme. Modjeska flew in the face of tradition at the Wallack testimonial performance in New York by going mad, as Ophelia, in a sage-green gown. It is against all the customs of the stage, operatic or dramatic, for a mad scene to be enacted in any but white garments. Mme. Modjeska, seeing no good reason for this custom, chose to go mad in green.

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Professor Virchow, at Cairo lately, was beset at the door of his hotel by a band of donkey-boys, eager to hire their steeds for his excursions about the city. "Take mine, sir!" cried one; "he's a very good donkey!" "He's no good! Mine's better! Mine's a Gladstone donkey!" cried a second, mistaking the stranger for an Englishman—or Irishman. But a third was a better ethnologist, and he shouted, "Don't take him, sir! Gladstone donkey's no good! Take mine! He's a Bismarck donkey!" And that appeal won the day.

The Queen Regent of Spain was most cordially received by the public on her way to open the Barcelona Exposition. Her train was stopped at each important place to let the country people see the baby king, and this concession seemed to be everywhere much appreciated. As the queen neared the Catalonian capital the welcome accorded her became more demonstrative, and in some stations it appeared to be almost frantic. The country people and peasants were freely admitted to the stations, and a very large proportion consisted of children.

The Queen of Servia would seem to partake of the manners of her people. Her majesty the other day was visiting a museum in Vienna, and persisted in taking her umbrella into the galleries with her. This, the man at the door, who did not know her, insisted in not allowing her to do, whereupon the queen got excited and told the man who she was. The official refused to believe her, and her majesty, who is not distinguished for the smoothness of her temper, lost it entirely, and gave the man a sharp blow across his face. On this he cried out for assistance, and, perhaps, for the first time in our century, a queen was arrested. The amusement of everybody concerned, when they discovered that the lady of the umbrella was indeed the beautiful Queen of Servia, can well be imagined. Her majesty, however, one reads, took the thing in a good-tempered way, and admitting that she was very much ashamed of herself for her exhibition of temper, insisted upon shaking hands with the guard of the cloak-room, and, after making him a handsome donation, proceeded with her lady-in-waiting triumphantly round the galleries, umbrella in hand.

The precise whereabouts of Stanley, the explorer, is now a subject of anxious discussion among European newspapers and geographers. Ten months ago he left the last point from which news of him was received, that is, the camp of Yambunga. On the tenth of August, 1887, he wrote to this post, asking that fresh supplies of provisions might be sent him. Since then nothing has been heard of him. Between this point and Wadelai, the first station at which he would strike the territory of Emin Pasha, he had about six hundred miles to travel through a swampy, but not impassable country. In Stanley's last letter he fixed August 15th as the date at which he should get into the lake country, where Emin Pasha would have been sure to hear of him; but Emin Pasha wrote on November 2d that he had heard nothing of him. It is unlikely that Stanley has fallen into an ambuscade and been massacred. He has four hundred and eighty-four men, what with carriers and soldiers, who are well-armed, and he is himself in this sort of warfare an experienced commander. Still another hypothesis has been propounded, namely, that having fully satisfied himself of Emin Pasha's safety and unwillingness to be "rescued," he has turned southward to do some more exploring on his own account, and will come out in the direction of Zanzibar. Everything that is said about him is thus far mere guesswork.

The Empress of Austria spent a week at Bournemouth recently, exasperating almost to frenzy the antagonism between the two rival hotels and finally selecting, not the æsthetic and more fashionable Bath, but the quieter Exeter. When a few days before her arrival she intimated her intention of taking up her abode in the last-named house, it was summarily cleared of all its guests, with the exception of one unoffending old maid, who had occupied a top bedroom for seven months, took all her meals in the privacy of her chamber, and was warranted not to show obtrusively on the stairs. The empress, her daughter Valerie, and a large suite filled thirty-six rooms for a week. The empress, spare, tall, erect, has retained much of the far-famed beauty which made the Princess Elizabeth of Thurn and Taxis the most admired woman of her time. Her magnificent hair, as luxurious as ever, is almost untouched by time, and she seems to disclaim every artifice of toilet and appearance. She dressed plainly, unbecomingly, almost shabbily, rose early, walked out alone with the lady-like proprietress of the hotel at half-past six o'clock P. M., took long walks on the sands, indifferent alike to wind, sunshine, or rain, coming home sometimes drenched to the skin, visiting the pier only when all the inhabitants were safely housed for their meals, giving no trouble, and apparently satisfied with everything. She has been so cruelly mobbed at Cromer, on the east coast, that she had become morbidly sensitive about being stared at, and, to avoid observation, resorted imprudently to a device more likely to attract attention than to shun it. She sallied forth in the coldly inclement weather with a large fan, which she held up before her face whenever she suspected the passers-by of scanning her features.

Miss Amélie Rives, the young Southern girl whose novel, "The Quick or the Dead?" has been criticised so severely, is said to have left her home in Virginia and taken refuge in Boston, according to a dispatch from that city. It is announced that the name of the gentleman to whom she is to be married soon is "Archie" C. Coolidge, and not Mr. Albert Candler, who is a near relation of the Astors. Young Coolidge is the third son of J. R. Coolidge and a nephew of T. Jefferson Coolidge, in whose house, on Beacon Street, it is said that the young lady has been visiting. The Coolidges are lineal descendants of Thomas Jefferson and are also connected with the family of John Randolph, the famous Virginia statesman. Elmwood, the home of the present generation of Randolphs, is three miles distant from Castle Hill, the residence of Judge Rives, father of the authoress. When a small boy, Archie Coolidge used often to spend his summer vacations with his cousin, Dr. Randolph, in Charlottesville, or with another cousin, Walter Randolph, of Elmwood. Naturally he became acquainted with the dreamy, dark-eyed girl who was to be his betrothed wife when they were both scarcely half way through their teens, Miss Rives being about one year the elder of the two. "Emmie" Rives was a peculiar girl. She was perpetually doing some bizarre thing which set her neighbors talking, and several of her youthful fancies took form in escapades which have kept the local gossip-mongers busy down to the present day. "Archie" finished his course at Harvard, where he had graduated with distinction last June, and then visited once more Albemarle. At once the old friendship of his boyhood began to ripen into something warmer. Mr. Coolidge and Miss Rives became engaged, but no one outside their respective families was aware of the connection between them, "for," says the dispatch, "there have been occurrences in the life of the distinguished lady which make her acutely sensitive to publicity." Mr. Coolidge has recently revealed the fact of his engagement to several of his college friends and it has been for some days whispered about in society. The story that Miss Rives left home on account of a quarrel with her father, who objected to certain passages in her book, can not be confirmed. Another explanation has it that she came to undergo treatment for a nervous malady, and that she took advantage of her visit to make the acquaintance of her intended family. To Harvard men, Coolidge is known as a diligent student, a great lover of books, and a plucky sparrer of the feather-weight class. He is rather below the medium height and possesses a remarkably handsome mouth and chin. But the beauty of his face is marred by an unfortunate accident in a base-ball game some years ago, when a bat, carelessly thrown, deprived him of part of his two front teeth.

ENGLAND'S WAR SCARE.

"Cockaigne" discusses Viscount Wolseley's Surprising Statement.

The good people of England are indulging themselves in one of their war scares, and are nearly on the verge of a panic. The chief blame for this unwholesome condition of the national heart and mind is attributable to the rather bombastic and blatant utterances of Viscount Wolseley, "the highest military authority," as he is called at present, instead of "our only general," as he used to be. It seems that, according to Lord Wolseley, the military condition of the nation, the army's needs and requirements, are all treated as mere matters of political expediency by the particular political party in power, and used for party purposes. Here is one of the charges he makes: "It is within my own knowledge that the amount of war material and equipment in England has considerably varied from time to time. The political party which provided a large and very necessary reserve of military stores goes out of office, another party comes into office, and in order to economize votes, in order to appear to ask Parliament for a much less sum than their predecessors, they will not only cease to purchase, but they will actually go so far as to sell the stores they have in possession. The most common process adopted by a party who determined to outdo their predecessors in office is, practically speaking, this: The Chancellor of the Exchequer sends to the Minister of War and desires him to knock off a million or a million and a half from his estimates. That can only be done by ceasing to purchase stores, and reducing the number of horses and men to be retained for war purposes. That means reducing the establishments in regiments very often to an inefficient state. So long as this goes on it will be impossible to have either an efficient army or an army in that condition that it will be able to take the field suddenly in case of emergency, either for offense or defense. At the present moment our horse-artillery is armed with the worst horse-artillery gun in Europe. I think one of the most serious complaints that could be brought against our system of administration of the army, and our system of government as it bears on the army, is that we do not tell the truth to the English people."

These—on their face, if no deeper—are certainly serious charges. They come from (without joke) the highest military authority the British army can boast. That is, perhaps, not saying much, for the British army does not shine in generals, except at reviews and jubilee sham-fights at Aldershot; but it is the best that can be said. Lord Wolseley is the adjutant-general of the British Army, and a man who has seen service since the Crimea, where, as an obscure lieutenant of an infantry regiment, he lost the sight of one eye. He has, it is true, not been pitted against any European general in campaign or battle, for the best reason that there have been neither campaigns nor battles against a European nation on the part of England since he became a general. His management of the Egyptian campaign and in the Soudan were successful enough, perhaps, but he had no one against him on either occasion, to speak of. He is the best we have got, at all events, and what he says on military matters is entitled to the fullest respect. Certainly no one knows better than he—in England. One must, however, view his utterances as not altogether devoid of probable political motive of their own. He is a strong Gladstone man. Gladstone it was who gave him his titles and made him a peer. He is not likely to be ungrateful. We must assume that he is not. Anything derogatory to the government—the government meaning at the moment Lord Salisbury—is, of course, helpful to Gladstone. So much, indeed, has Lord Salisbury resented Lord Wolseley's recent speeches, that the other day in the House of Lords he delivered himself of a sharp rebuke to the doughty general, and called upon him to bring his complaints before the House of Lords, where they would be answered.

Viewing the situation with unbiased eyes, from an unprejudiced standpoint, and divested for the nonce of all party feeling, the whole thing assumes the aspect of a condition of things which may be described as a "tempest in a teapot." It is only another "scare" such as have been before. In 1852–3 a violent panic was raised on the accession of Louis Napoleon to supreme authority in France. Just at that time as at present, a spirit of demoralization took hold of the English people. Pamphlets, mostly from the pens of officers, on the defenseless condition of England and the piratical designs of the French under their new ruler, flooded the country. Just as Lord Salisbury has rebuked Lord Wolseley now, Lord Derby, who was then Prime Minister, thus characterized the conduct of the panic-makers: "It is more than imprudent, it is more than injudicious, it is more than folly—it is perfect madness to profess a belief in the hostile intentions of a foreign country, and to parade before them the supposed inability of this country to defend itself—to magnify the resources of your supposed assailant, and to point out how easily would be the invasion, if not subjugation of the country." How aptly might these words be re-used to-day, and the gallant Viscount Wolseley respectfully invited to listen to them.

If England really is in the pitifully defenseless condition that the alarmists make out, a picture of mismanagement—if not of jobbery and corruption that would throw in the shade Mrs. Burnett's "Through One Administration"—of the most stupendous and disgraceful character is presented to the mind's eye. Since the year 1855, just upon the close of the Crimean war, up to 1887—a period of thirty-two years—the army and navy of Great Britain has cost—now, what do you think? Nine hundred and twenty-five million eight hundred and fifteen thousand six hundred and fifty-five pounds sterling! Can the mind of man grasp such a gigantic sum, and contemplate it satisfactorily in all its bearings. Nearly five thousand millions of dollars. Imagine that! To hear army men talk, one would think the army had been self-supporting, and had been able to get along only through the supreme military genius of its officers. According to them the army has been denied the common necessaries of life. Now, what has been done with all this money? Where has it gone to? What has become of it? Is there nothing to show for it? There has been no great war in which England has been engaged to account for the legitimate expenditure of such a gigantic sum of the people's money. Has it given the army a general? Let us stop again for a moment and reflect on the enormous magnitude of this sum of money squandered, apparently with no results. Five thousand millions of dollars! Why, the national debt of the United States on August 31, 1863, when the civil war had been going on for two years, was, after deducting the cash in the treasury, not quite three thousand millions of dollars. The great cry now is that the army and navy are inefficient, and unable to keep the French out of England whenever they choose to come, because they are not given any money. But what is the use of giving them money? It is like pouring water into a sieve. Nothing ever comes of it. Will any military man point out *what* sum the two services would consider adequate to put them in a proper condition to repel the French invader? If, after the expenditure of five thousand millions of dollars in thirty-four years, they are hopelessly inefficient, except to parade before the queen at Aldershot reviews, and go through some Hyde Park evolutions now and then for the amusement of the Duke of Cambridge, what promise is there that the country could be considered safe against the hoisting of the tri-color over Buckingham Palace and the Houses of Parliament, unless the nation ran the risk of bankruptcy? It is really a serious question—at least it becomes so—if there really be need of spending another half-penny of money more than common for the maintenance of the army and navy on a peace footing.

Now I believe all this scare, all this panic, is as baseless as it was in 1852. France is a bugbear, a bogy in English eyes. Ever since the narrow escape at Waterloo, the name of Napoleon, or of France, makes the bugles sound and the drums beat in every English heart. Why? Because of false teaching in childhood. During the scare of '52 Lord Beaconsfield—he was only Mr. Disraeli then—said, "Remember that all this time, while the French government were quietly and diplomatically working with our government for great objects of public benefit and advantage, the French government were painted as corsairs and banditti, watching to attack our coasts without the slighest provocation, and without the slightest warning." The scare, senseless enough then, had in one respect more foundation for alarm than now. There was at least some flimsy semblance of a pretext for the terrors that quailed the British heart, in the fact that a Napoleon sat on France's throne. There was the idea, the suspicion that hereditary enmity might be cherished by him against England. But what possible excuse is there to-day for still trembling in our shoes when the name of France is mentioned? Who is the present bogy—the hobgoblin of 1888? General Boulanger! Just imagine a great nation, a great people, one of the strong powers of the world, put into a state of shiver, given a fit of the shakes by a demagogue and an upstart. It is true Napoleon was (in the world's estimation) an upstart. But where else lies the resemblance between him and General Boulanger? It is not unlikely that it was fear of General Boulanger that stopped the channel tunnel! It is incredible that it should be so.

I was talking to a lady France-fearer the other day on this very subject of the channel tunnel. "Such a dreadful thing as it would have been!" she said, her cheek almost blanching at the thought.

"For whom?" I asked.

"Why, for England, of course," she answered, with a stare.

"But why not for France as well?" said I; "was there no danger to France from us?"

"Oh, I don't care about France. It doesn't matter. Fancy the danger it would have been. Imagine if the mouth of the tunnel were left unguarded and a horde of Frenchmen came pouring in upon us!"

"But," said I, "what strikes me as curious, what always has seemed odd to me, is this: Why were the French not afraid of us? The danger of invasion from us to them was the same, as from them to us." I must say I feel rather ashamed when I think of it—the funk we were in from the tunnel, and the seeming indifference with which (so far as I know) the French people acted. It is the same now in this war scare. France is laughing at us, and asking what is the matter? It is a pity England can't discover an English General Boulanger to strut up and down, and wave his sword at France.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, May 25, 1888.

The following account of a most unique death is from the London *Spectator* of May 19th: "We mentioned, last week, the terrible sanctions by which the Chinese secret societies enforce their laws, which, of themselves, make them dangerous subjects, and the Liverpool *Post* of Wednesday furnishes a remarkable illustration. According to a report from the American Minister at Pekin, a man belonging to an association of gold-beaters at Toochow, recently took more apprentices than one. This is forbidden, so the local trades-union took up the matter, and condemned the man to be *bitten to death*, and the sentence was literally carried out. One hundred and twenty-three men had a bite at him before he expired. It would not strike the child-like and bland Chinee that there was anything specially horrible in such a form of murder."

The largest umbrella in the world has been made in Glasgow for a king of East Africa. It can be opened and shut in the usual way, and when open is twenty-one feet in diameter; the staff is also twenty-one feet long. It is lined with cardinal red and white, has a lot of straw tassels, and a border of crimson satin. The canopy itself is made of Italian straw, and the top terminates in a glided cone.

Of the sixteen thousand five hundred persons who have visited Shakespeare's birthplace during the year 1887, five thousand were Americans, thirty-nine nationalities being represented in all. The amount derived from visitors' fees is about eight hundred pounds sterling a year.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Modjeska has a witty side to her nature which is not too well understood. A gentleman who had the courage to invade the precincts of a dime museum was telling her of the performances of a certain trained goose, which were really marvelous. "Indeed!" replied Modjeska; "it must have been a great improvement on Mrs. Potter."

There is an old story of a half-educated stenographic reporter who took down the famous quotation, "Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed major veritas," and then, never having gone with Cæsar through the Gallic wars, transcribed it, "I may cuss Plato, I may cuss Socrates, said Major Verrytus," and who later inquired whether this Major Verrytus was of the regular army or the volunteers.

A Northern tourist who is a Yankee, and was a Union soldier, was engaged in an easy conversation with a Georgia pilot, who told war reminiscences of an interesting character, without, however, directly intimating that he had any personal part in them. Finally, the Yankee asked, point-blank, "Which side were you on during the war?" The pilot gave him a glance which seemed to say, "You are too inquisitive," and then answered, "I was on the other side." Then he changed the subject of conversation. The Northern visitor is still speculating as to which the "other side" was; the other side from the questioner's, the other side from the side Georgia was on, the other side of the ocean, or the other side of the Canadian border.

After the revolution of 1848, Lamartine received so many applications from place-hunters that, being unable to satisfy all, he selected a certain number from the list of candidates, who, in due course of time, were nominated to the vacant posts. One of these, however, remained unclaimed; and a fortnight later his secretary asked him if he could give him any information respecting "Citizen David, appointed French consul at Bremen." "David!" said Lamartine; "I do not know him. Let me look at the list." And taking out his pocket-book he discovered on one of the pages "David," inscribed in large letters. Suddenly he remembered that a few days before his accession to power he had written it himself to remind him of a particular passage in the Psalms, and amicably reproached his subordinate for having unconsciously transformed the King of Israel into a republican consul. This singular mistake was rectified as follows in the next morning's *Moniteur:* "Citizen X is appointed consul of France at Bremen, in lieu of Citizen David, deceased."

"Sure his mother should let it out for him, as Paddy Murphy had his breeches let out, sorr," said the driver of an Irish jaunting-car. "And how was that?" "Well, sorr, Paddy Murphy, who lives in a cabin close by, wanted a pair of breeches. So he goes down to Peter McClogan, the tailor, who lives in the valley below, and says, says he, 'Peter, I want you to make me a pair of breeches.' 'Stand by,' says Peter, 'and I will measure you.' So the breeches were made, and when sent home they were so small that Paddy could not get into them. Back he took them, and told Peter how vexed he was with them. 'You've made my breeches too small,' he says; 'you must let them out.' 'Well,' says Peter, 'leave them with me, and I will do that same for you.' So Pat left them to be let out. Time went by and Peter did not send them back. So Paddy went down to the valley to see why he did not get them. As soon as he got to the house, he saw the tailor digging up some potatoes, and he shouted out to him, 'Peter, have you let my breeches out?' 'Faith, and I have!' says Peter; 'I've let them out for a shilling a week ever since you left them!'"

On his first visit to Russia, Thomas Bailey Aldrich came within an ace of being arrested as a suspect at the first custom-house he came to. After presenting his passport he was required to answer the usual long list of questions as to his occupation, religion, etc., and he hesitated as to his occupation. "Poet" seemed a very ambitious title, and "man of letters" very indefinite. Finally he answered "journalist." In response to another question he said that he did not know the Russian language. As he stood there awaiting the decision of the officials upon his credentials, he heard one of them use the Russian word for journalist, a Russianized form of the French word, again and again, pointing meanwhile at him. Realizing that in calling himself a journalist he had placed himself under suspicion, he asked the interpreter to say to the officials that he was a literary and not a political journalist. But this remark only fanned the suspicion. "So you do understand Russian?" asked one of the officials. "Oh, no!" said Aldrich, through the interpreter, when the latter had interpreted the question; "but your word for journalist sounds so much like ours that I knew you were speaking of my occupation." With that the official poured forth a whole torrent of Russian, looking keenly at Aldrich the while. Aldrich made no response. The official gazed at him for a full half minute, and then told him that he was admitted and could go on. "What was he saying just now?" asked Aldrich of the interpreter. "He was cursing you and calling you all kinds of names," said the interpreter, "to see whether you really are unacquainted with Russian."

Heavy machinery is now run by artesian-well power in many parts of France, and the experience of the French shows that the deeper the well the greater the pressure and the higher the temperature. The famous Grenelle well, sunk to the depth of one thousand eight hundred feet, and flowing daily some five hundred thousand gallons, has a pressure of some sixty pounds to the square inch, the water being also so hot that it is for heating the hospitals.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Jack is the name of a new "comic" weekly begun in New York.

There are at present fourteen thousand men and women in London who earn their living by the pen, this number including also newspaper writers.

It is said that Mr. Stevenson's "Outlaws of Tunstall Forest," now running in "syndicates" of American, English, East Indian, and Australian papers, originally appeared in the London *Young Folks' Paper*.

Emile Zola has been paid twenty thousand francs by the *Revue Illustrée* for the privilege of publishing *Le Rêve* as a serial before its issue in book-form, and Alphonse Daudet received thirty thousand francs from *L'Illustration* for the same right for *L'Immortel*.

A new illustrated weekly, to be known as the *Illustrated American*, is shortly to make its appearance, with its headquarters in New York. The projectors will present several unique features in the new periodical, one of which is the printing of the illustrations in color. The weekly will be launched and conducted by Messers. Botthof Brothers. The artistic part of the publicatiom is to be under the supervision of Henry J. Botthof, formerly of the New York *Graphic*.

Truth of London reports that the recent article on Dickens by Mrs. Christian in *Temple Bar* "has excited so much indignation in his family that a reply to her very ill-conditioned article would have appeared but for the intervention of judicious friends." *Truth* adds that it is a curious fact that nobody in the set appears to remember Mrs. Christian, or to know either when or where she was on friendly terms with Dickens and his family. We may add that it is a still more curious fact that this same article which has caused so much pother, and has been so widely copied, appeared a number of years ago. It was published in one of the English magazines, and then incorporated in the volume on "Dickens and Thackeray" in the Bric-à-Brac Series edited by Richard Henry Stoddard.

Notwithstanding the "neck-and-neck" competition in the "library" publication business, the John W. Lovell Co. see a future for it, and invest a quarter of a million dollars in buying out Mr. Norman L. Munro, one of their most formidable rivals. Mr. Munro will still issue his weekly papers, but has sold all his copyright and non-copyright publications, comprising eight hundred and twenty-five sets of plates and one million five hundred thousand copies of the books printed from them. The Lovell Co. will issue these books to the trade through their own travelers and local agents at fifty per cent. discount. The twenty-five cent edition of the Munro Library will be discontinued. Both parties to this transaction have had experience, and it is safe to say have figured that both will profit by it.

Some years ago, when *La Vie Moderne* was started in Paris, high hopes were held of that novel and highly artistic venture in illustrated journalism. For a couple of years *La Vie Moderne* remained worthy of its early promise. Then it commenced to decline, and in due time it died. In much the same way as *La Vie Moderne* came into existence, *L'Illustré Moderne* has been born. It is a thorough novelty, original in make up, artistic in spirit, and admirable in its pictorial embellishments. All the pictures are reproduced in facsimile from the original drawings and pictures, by one of the processes that have so greatly cheapened pictorial journalism. What letter-press there is is cleverly written, with a bright touch. A peculiar feature of each issue is an illustrated installment of a novel, which is detachable from the paper, so as to be bound up in book shape upon its completion. *L'Illustré Moderne* sells in Paris for five cents That it can continue to live and thrive at that price is doubtful. The fact that one of the reproductive companies that are fighting the Boussod, Valadon & Co. monopoly in the processes of making typogravure plates seems to be behind it, is, however, promising for a stout fight at any rate.

Neither fame nor fortune is made by the average New York newspaper man declares Eugene L. Didier, in the *Writer* for June. The crowding to the metropolis is so great that the supply of journalists by far exceeds the demand, and, consequently, the pay is very small. On the morning newspapers, fifteen to twenty dollars a week is the regular salary of the reporters; while the afternoon papers pay only ten and fifteen dollars. The managing editors of some of the afternoon papers receive such small salaries that they are obliged to eke out a living by doing hack work for literary syndicates. Stories are constantly going the rounds of the press about the extravagant prices paid by the New York *World* for special articles. It was said that Henry Ward Beecher was paid three hundred dollars for a regular column article published in the Sunday edition. Now, I happen to know that the article in question was furnished by a newspaper syndicate at seven dollars a week. Eight dollars a column is the amount which the *World* pays for special articles; the *Herald* pays six dollars; the *Tribune* ten dollars; and the afternoon papers, five dollars. Outside of the contributions of their regular staff, the New York dailies print very little matter except what is furnished by the numerous newspaper syndicates. Except two or three veterans, the New York correspondents of the out-of-town newspapers receive very small pay—five dollars a letter of two thousand words being more than the average; some are glad to get three dollars, but the matter they write is poor indeed. Julian Hawthorne has descended to writing detective stories for a living.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, formerly of San Francisco, thus writes to the *Critic* on California missions: "In spite of some distinguished opinions to the contrary, among them that of Mr. Edwards Roberts, which appeared in your paper a few weeks ago, will you allow a word of protest in regard to the missions of California? To one who has been born and brought up among them, the sentiment and the rapture which they appear to provoke in strangers is always a little amusing. There is always the base suspicion that the raptures are due to a new object to gush over, not to any rapture-provoking quality in the object itself. Looked at with the cold eye of one indifferent to material, it is doubtful if there is any structure on earth colder, barer, uglier, dirtier, less picturesque, less romantic than a Californian mission; so cheap are they, so tawdry, so indescribably common, so suggestive of mules harbored within, and chattering, unshorn priests, and dirty Mexicans, with their unspeakable young. There is none of the mellowness, nor any of the beautiful stains of age on their glaring adôbe walls; nothing but whitewash, blistered, or peeling off in patches, which make them look as if afflicted with a species of architectural leprosy. In spite of their hundred years, there is something hopelessly modern about them, something which fatally suggests a country the ancestors of whose population have barely passed away. Mrs. Jackson had a very strong sermon to preach; but she knew that sermons, to be read, must be dressed in seductive garb. Therefore, she painted up the old missions with the brush of her imagination. The result was a splendid picture; but it was 'H. H.,' not California. The sentiment which she wove into her Western legend was the gift of her own nature; she found not a grain of it in the material she used. There is no sentiment in California; the place is too young, too crude. It would be like expecting poetry of an untutored urchin of thirteen. But 'H. H.' has raised the war-cry; and every man or woman with literary proclivities who visits the Pacific Coast, applies a match to his imagination the moment he comes in sight of the missions. I may also add that of all the pictures of the missions I have yet seen, I have never seen one which I have recognized. And I have shuddered under the ugly shadows of a good many of the mission buildings."

Who is Ary Ecilaw? Two years ago, with this signature, appeared "Roland," an astonishing sensational novel, that created wild excitement in every city of Europe. "Roi de Thessalie" and "Altesse Imperiale" increased the mystery, and to-day "Maël, Comtesse d'Arcq." raises curiosity to its highest pitch. It has been said that the author was the famous Mme. de Kalomine, once the morganatic wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse; but Ary Ecilaw is believed to be none other than the Grand Duchess Elizabeth (Alexandra Louise Alice) Fedorovna, wife of the Grand Duke Serge Alexandrovitch of Russia, and daughter of the Grand Duke of Hesse and the late Princess Alice, of Great Britain, "Maël, Comtesse d'Arcq," is, without doubt, the authoress herself. Not long ago there was a grand ball at the Russian Court, and the same evening the Paris *Figaro* received a telegram signed Ary Ecilaw. In this telegram was a description of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth Fedorovna. Elizabeth is perfect in feature as a Phidean statue, and like one of these pale figures on missals of the Middle Ages is clothed in black. Seeing her, one is impressed by her air of sadness, and from her pallor one understands that she is extremely nervous, and that she suffers at these fêtes, where, notwithstanding the simplicity of her toilet, she is the centre of attraction. She makes a false step; her écuyer raises for a moment the heavy train, and displays the small feet of the young princess. The "Roi de Thessalie" is a history of the Battenbergs under the name of "Pattenpouf." Elizabeth's eldest sister, Victoria, married, in 1884, Ludwig von Battenberg, brother of Alexander, ex-Prince of Bulgaria, and of Henry, the husband of Princess Beatrice. It is well known that the Battenbergs are the object of Elizabeth's especial hatred. In the "Roi de Thessalie" they are held up to ridicule. Young, only twenty-four years old, Elizabeth has drained the bitter cup of sorrow to the dregs. When a mere child she fell in love with a young officer attached to the Court of Hesse-Darmstadt, but was forced to marry the Grand Duke Serge, a veritable Tartar, with his horrible jealousy and maddening watchfulness. In "Maël, Comtesse d'Arcq," the infamous Tivodar Ardilsky is, without doubt, the son of the Iron Chancellor. For reasons best known to herself, Elizabeth hates, yea, despises the Bismarcks, root and branch, and in "Maël, Comtesse d'Arcq," her especial vengeance has fallen upon the head of Count Herbert.

A Library of American Literature.

The first three volumes have appeared of "The Library of American Literature," edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen M. Hutchinson. This work, when its ten volumes shall have been completed, will occupy an unique position in the history of American progress. No popular review, on anything like an appropriate scale, has yet been made of our national literature, for, though in its beginning it was studiously modeled on the parent source, it has grown to be as distinctly national as any other phase of American development. There have been anthologies of our native verse and special compilations of prose writings, and there is a standard "Cyclopædia," but the former have covered but a limited field, and the latter, including all and thereby destroying the proper proportion, has not met all the requirements of such a work. The present series aims to give extracts from the writings of men and women whose prose and verse are representative of American literature, from the earliest settlement to the present time; extracts merely, without critical comment, so that the reader may not be embarrassed beforehand with cut-and-dried opinions, and only from those writings that may properly represent the various stages of literary evolution resulting from the changing institutions and methods of thought among our people. The first two volumes are devoted to colonial literature; the third to the revolutionary period from 1765 to 1787; the fourth and fifth volumes show the early literature of the republic; and the remaining five of the series will be occupied with the best and most creative productions of the last fifty years. Of the manner in which this labor has been and will be performed, it is unnecessary to speak; the reputation of the editors is a sufficient guarantee of the high critical taste and scholarly thoroughness which will characterize the work, and make it an indespensable adjunct of every well-equipped American library.

The Early Colonial Literature, treated in the first volume, is composed of narratives of adventure and suffering among the pioneers in the wilderness, of descriptions of life among both settlers and Indians, and of accounts of the early Indian wars. The writers were, of course, of English birth—translations from the early Dutch, French, and Spanish writers are excluded—for the period closes with the year 1675, and in the immediately succeeding volumes, also, the extracts can not of necessity be confined to the writings of native Americans. Narratives of the Jamestown and Plymouth settlements by Captain John Smith, John Rolfe, Colonel Norwood, and others fill the opening pages, and after these follow naturally extracts depicting the theology and law of the educated divines and judges who were then the ruling class. Among the more curious and quaint chapters we may cite those wherein William Bradford is levied on for "Divers Recollections of Puritan Strictness," William Wood for "Aboriginal Cookery," Nathaniel Ward for a metrical effusion "On the Frivolities of Fashion," John Winthrop for many pictures of Puritan life, Margaret Winthrop and Anne Bradstreet for such letters as dutiful wives then wrote to absent husbands, and many devout men for their theological convictions.

"The Day of Doom," by Michael Wigglesworth, a metrical description of the Last Judgment, opens the second volume, Later Colonial Literature, and is a fitting sample of much that follows. The severities of the Puritan faith, the intolerance and asceticism which have left so lasting an imprint on the inhabitants of New England even after two hundred years, are not attractive to the general reader of the present day, but the editors have not neglected their task in fittingly representing this phase of our mental and literary growth, and the divines figure largely in the list of authors. Jonathan Edwards is the most prominent of these in his influence and in the number of extracts in this volume, and after him come a long array of his fellows. More interesting are the accounts of persecutions for witchcraft from the Mathers, Robert Calef, and others, particularly that which details with unconscious pathos the conviction of Rebecca Nurse. The first native American poet was Benjamin Thompson, born in Braintree, Mass., in 1642, who inveighs in verse against "The Alarming Progress of Luxury in New England." The story of Mary Rowlandson's captivity among the Indians, her sufferings, and her restoration is given at length, and "The Death of King Phillip" is detailed by Benjamin Church. A curious picture is given in "How Judge Sewell courted Mme. Winthrop," extracted from the diary of the judge himself. Gabriel Thomas writes of "Pennsylvania and the City of Brotherly Love," and Mrs. Sarah Kemble Knight of "A Voyage from Boston to New York in 1704." A royalist governor and pastimes in colonial Virginia are described by Robert Beverly; Bishop Berkeley is represented by several extracts; "A Whaling Song," by John Osborne, is given; and there are several poems by John Adams.

The third volume, Literature of the Revolutionary Period, marks the opening of a new era in American letters, when the ideas were formulated which gave to the world a new government, one which broke away from all tradition and was founded in principle instead of expediency. Benjamin Franklin occupies the first place, and after him come Samuel Adams, George Washington, Richard Henry Lee, John Adams, Patrick Henry, Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, John Jay, Oliver Ellsworth, James Madison, and other Nestors of the young republic. When all were thinking only of the struggle for independence and the course of the new government, almost all literary activity was turned into this channel. The editors have had a difficult task in presenting the opposing views of the Federalists and of the Jeffersonian Democrats; they are to be congratulated, however, on the impartiality they have exercised in selecting the presentations of opinion, for they have slighted neither side in a controversy so important that literary merit alone may not be the criterion. Especially notable among these are Jefferson's letter to P. Mazzei on the political condition of the United States, near the close of Washington's second Presidential term, and his opinion of the course pursued by his opponents, Hamilton and John Adams, after the adoption of the Federal Constitution; Madison's speech "On the Expediency of Adopting the Federal Constitution," writings in the *Federalist*, and letters to Webster; Luther Martin's speech against the Federal Constitution in the Maryland Legislature; and Oliver Ellsworth's to the Connecticut Convention. The "Declaration of Independence" is given in full.

But there is also much lighter material in the volume. Franklin is represented by two dozen extracts on various topics; Washington's private character is shown in several letters; Benjamin Thompson, (Count Rumford) tells how he reclaimed the beggars of Bavaria; Margaret Hutchinson and Abigail Smith Adams describe their presentation at the Court of St. James, and the latter gives her American ideas on the appearance and behavior of French Court ladies and of the shocking French ballet; Samuel Corwin describes "A London Promenade in the Last Century"; there are historical bits by Thomas Jones; descriptions of American life and customs by J. Hector St. John de Crevecœur and Samuel Peters; an account of his famous grammar by Lindley Murray; a description of the action between the *Bonhomme Richard* and the *Serapis* by John Paul Jones; "Russia and Russians a Hundred Years Ago," by John Ledyard; interesting reminiscences by Gouverneur Morris; anecdotic and descriptive articles; and verses by many writers and in many styles.

In each volume there are two portraits on steel and ten or a dozen more on wood, and each is indexed to authors' names; the tenth volume will contain a full index to the work. The typography and binding have the substantial beauty that such a monumental work deserves.

Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; sold by subscription.

New Publications.

"Areopagitica," by John Milton, with his "Letter to Hartlib upon Education," his sonnets and his psalms, has been issued in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

A number of short poems by "Camilla K. von K.," including lyrics, triolets, and verses of many kinds, have been collected into a volume and published at Santa Barbara, Cal., by the *Daily Independent* Press. For sale by the booksellers.

"Hints from a Lawyer," by Edgar A. Spencer, of the New York bar, contains legal advice for everybody with reference to property, family, and commercial affairs in all the States. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, $1.25.

"Summer Legends," by Rudolph Baumbach, translated by Helen B. Dole, is a collection of airy and fantastic tales, not quite fairy-tales, but full of Alpine elves and imps, with many a sly hit at the foibles of the world. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Southern California Tourist's Guide-Book," embracing descriptions of the cities and towns, population, climate, products, resorts, and places of interest in Los Angeles, San Bernardino, San Diego, Ventura, and Santa Barbara Counties, with a condensed guide to San Francisco, has been published by George E. Place & Co., Los Angeles; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Guide to the Conduct of Meetings," by George T. Fish, is a series of chapters in which are shown the proceedings of an imaginary club, the intention being to instruct beginners in parliamentary practice by example rather than by merely setting forth dry rules and precepts. The subject is well-covered, and an index is given. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Temperance and Prohibition," by G. H. Stockham, M. D., is a sensible and unprejudiced discussion of the question, giving a history of the production of alcoholic liquors; of their effects, physical and moral, on the human race; and of coercive legislation resulting from fanaticism; and making practical suggestions for the extirpation of intemperance. Published and for sale by the author, at Oakland, Cal.; price, $1.00.

"Tilting at Windmills: A Story of the Blue Grass Country," by Emma M. Connelly, is a novel dealing with the phases of the reconstruction period and the antagonisms of race and section in Kentucky. It is in the style of Judge Tourgee's well-known story, but it is strongly written and can stand on its own merits, despite certain crudities which betray the inexperienced hand. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

A "Hand-Book of the Lick Observatory of the University of California" has been prepared by Prof. Edward S. Holden, Director of the Observatory. It is for the use of intending visitors, and contains information on the history of the observatory, on the methods of reaching Mt. Hamilton, hours when visitors are allowed, and what may be seen, together with a quantity of other points, curious and of value. Published and for sale by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco.

"Trees and Tree-Planting," by General J. S. Brisbin, of the United States Army, is an interesting book to the general reader, and a valuable handbook for the arboriculturist. It discusses the effects of forest destruction and suggests precautionary measures; gives two chapters on the famous trees and oldest timber in the world; describes the varieties, beauties, uses, and merits of the various *genera*; and has chapters on the propagation and planting of the various kinds in various climates. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Ignorant Essays," by Richard Dowling, is a book too modestly named. His essays discover no deep learning, solve no great and vital problem, but they are pleasant to read and will while away an hour before one has decided to do more than glance at the pages. The topics are: "The Only Real Ghost in Fiction," "The Best Two Books," "Lies of Fable and Allegory," "My Copy of Keats," "Decay of the Sublime," "A Borrowed Poet," "The English Opium-Eater," and "A Guide to Ignorance." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 25 cents.

Those who read "The Residuary Legatee; or, The Posthumous Jest of the Late John Austin," by "J. S. of Dale," when it appeared in *Scribner's* a year ago, will be glad to know that Mr. Stimson has reprinted it, and added something here and there, so that the pleasure of following Austin May through his legal mysteries and his cosmopolitan love-affairs will not be merely reminiscent. The cover is in clever imitation of a legal form, and typographically it is a sightly example of the book-maker's art. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.00.

That Noah Brooks is a most prolific writer in no wise argues that he is a trifler, that he touches but the surface. His latest book, "Abraham Lincoln: A Biography for the Young" is an excellent work, embodying much that other writers have said in other and more cumbrous tomes and much of personal reminiscence, and giving a study of his subject in which sufficient historical background is brought in to make it intelligible to his young readers and still keeping the man in due prominence. A steel-plate portrait serves as a frontispiece, and there are more than a score of illustrations. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, $1 75.

An octave of readable short stories by Sarah Orne Jewett is contained in "The King of Folly Island and Other People." They are besides the first which gives its name to the book, "The Courting of Sister Wisby," "The Landscape Chamber," "Law Lane," "Miss Peck's Promotion," "Miss Tempy's Watchers," "Mere Pochette" (reprinted from the magazines), and "A Village Shop," which is printed here for the first time. They are stories of the New England people with an incursion among the French Canadians, and are graphic sketches of the life among those provincial people. Published by Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.25.

Some Magazines.

In the *Writer* for June the work of the Washington correspondent described by Herbert S. Underwood. "Shorthand Writing and I Advantages" is discussed by James W. Clarke. Richard E. Burton has an article on "Slovenliness in Verse-making," and James Newton Matthews discloses "One Secret of Writing Popular Poetry." Eugene L. Didier has an article in which he asserts that New York is neither the place to make money by literary work, nor the place to do literary work in.

In the June number of *Outing* the leading article is "The Westminster Kennel Club," by Charles S. Pelham-Clinton. Other sketches and stories are: "Archery," by Henry Chadwick; "A Yarn about Ghosts," by Captain Coffin; "In Search of a Wife," by Mrs. King Hamilton; "Sport at an Agricultural College," by Francis Trevelyan; an instalment of Thomas Stevens's bicycling adventures; "Mr. Tidylegg's Sincere Attachment," by President Bates; "A Midnight Cruise around New York," by William Willard Howard; and "Ninety-one," by John H. Greusel.

SOCIETY.

The McKittrick-Shafter Wedding.

Angel Island was the scene of a charming wedding on Monday morning, June 11th, when Miss Mary L. Shafter, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. William R. Shafter, U. S. A., was married to Mr. William Holmes McKittrick, of New York. The residence of the bride's parents was made picturesque by a dainty floral garniture, wherein numerous varieties of roses blended their tints prettily. There were two wedding-bells hung in the parlor, wrought respectively of pink and white roses, the work of some of the ladies of the post. The officers and families at the island were assembled in the parlors, when the regimental band played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" and the bridal party made its appearance First came Lieutenant and Mrs Edmunds, U. S. A., followed by Mrs. Shafter and the groom, while the bride and her father were last.

The bride appeared in a rich toilet of Blanc Ivoire faille Française, made with a long and gracefully laid court train. The bodice was sleeveless and cut V-shaped back and front, being finished daintily with point appliqué caught up with pearl pins. Her ornaments comprised a beautiful necklace with a diamond pendant: a pearl and diamond medallion at her corsage, and pearl ear-rings.

Mrs. W R. Shafter was attired in a becoming toilet of Chantilly lace, trimmed with bands of gold braid on the sleeves and bodice. Rubies and diamonds were her ornaments.

The happy couple stood beneath a bower of orange blossoms, where the ceremony of the Baptist Church was performed by Chaplain Winfield Scott, U. S. A. Congratulations were then in order from those present, and the guests who arrived soon after on the twelve o'clock boat added their felicitations to those already expressed. The time was agreeably passed in partaking of refreshments and viewing the elegant wedding presents. One of these, a gift from the officers stationed at the posts around the harbor, was especially notable, comprising a complete set of gold-lined knives, forks, and spoons, with oxydized silver handles, in a case of antique oak. Later in the day the newly wedded couple left for the East, and expect to sail from New York next Saturday for Europe They will be away until September, when they will go to La Estrella Rancho, near Fort Grant, Arizona, to reside. The guests at the wedding reception comprised many friends from this city and the officers and ladies residing at the posts in the vicinity.

The Merrill Lunch Party.

A charming lunch party was given last Thursday by Mrs. John F. Merrill, at her residence on the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Washington Street, in honor of Mrs. Borgrevink, of Alexandria, Egypt, who is visiting this coast Covers were laid for fourteen ladies, a sumptuous menu was provided, and the table was embellished with an exquisitely arranged array of sweet-pea blossoms of assorted tints. The souvenirs at each cover were dainty and artistic, and in style savored of the floral decoration. Several hours were delightfully passed in discussing the tempting delicacies, and the guests were pleasantly entertained.

Those present were: Mrs. John F. Merrill, Mrs. Borgrevink, Mrs A. N. Towne, Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Dr. Fisk, Mrs. William Fisk, Mrs. A. D. Starr, Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, Mrs. Smith, of Oakland, Mrs. Ransome, Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson, Mrs. P. A. Campbell, and Miss Edith Burgess, of San José.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Miss Minnie Houghton, and Miss Fannie Crocker will go to Alaska in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker and Mr. Henry J. Crocker left for the East last Thursday via the Canadian Pacific route. They will visit the Yellowstone Valley, St. Paul, Niagara, and thence proceed to New York passing four months in the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean will pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael in San Rafael.

Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Nettie Tubbs, Miss Mary Elliott, and Miss Edith Taylor returned recently from a pleasant visit to Miss May E. Pope at St Helena

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Decker, Miss Alice Decker and Miss Evelyn Carolan left the city last Wednesday by rail for Seattle, W. T., en route to Alaska.

Dr. and Mrs. G. J. Bucknall and the Misses Bucknall have taken a cottage at the White Sulphur Springs, near St. Helena, where they will pass the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood have taken rooms at the Hotel Rafael, in San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hale and Miss Josephine Hale left New York, recently for Europe, and will be abroad about six months.

Miss Jessie Bowie is at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Minnie Carroll, of Sacramento, is a guest at the Napa Soda Springs

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Parks and Miss Lizzie Parks have taken one of the El Monte cottages at Sausalito for the summer.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair have gone to the Yosemite Valley, and upon their return will visit Del Monte.

Dr. and Mrs. McNutt will pass the season at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. Volney Spalding, and Miss Allie Hawes will go to Alaska on June 16th.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham, of Oakland, have gone to Coronado Beach for a month.

Mr. George F. Davidson has been visiting Captain W. B. Collier at Clear Lake.

Miss Lizzie Carroll has returned from a visit to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Crowell and Miss Daisy Crowell are at the Napa Soda Springs.

General and Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes have decided to pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael, in San Rafael.

Mr. Henry Heyman has gone to Santa Barbara to remain a month for the benefit of his health.

Miss Ella Bunker is visiting Mrs. George Carr at Bellevue Ranch.

Mrs. George L. Bradley, Miss Grace Bradley, and Miss Burbrow will make a trip to Alaska about the middle of July.

Mrs. James Otis and Miss Helen Otis will remain during the season at the Hotel Rafael, in San Rafael.

Mr. J. W. Belden, Mr. Everett N. Bee, and Mr. Edward Danforth are located at Sausalito for the summer.

Mrs. R. F. Bunker and Miss Ella Bunker will visit the Napa Soda Springs next month.

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard and Miss Maud Howard will take an Alaskan trip next month.

Mr. and Mrs Randolph Tatum and Mr and Mrs. A. L. Tatum will be at the Hotel Rafael, during the summer months.

Mr. Evan J. Coleman left the city recently for a trip to Europe.

Mrs. J. B. Casserly and Miss Daisy Casserly are at the Hotel del Monte.

Senator George Hearst is in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Rideout, of Marysville, have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker have gone to the Hotel del Monte.

Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, of Sacramento, have gone to Alaska with the expectation of improving their health.

Mr. J. B. Haggin is in New York city.

Mr. James Spiers and family are passing the summer at their farm in Alameda County.

Judge F. E. Spencer, Miss Grace M. Spencer, and Miss Hattie Baker will leave San José about July 1st, to make a trip to Lake Tahoe, the Yosemite Valley, and the Big Trees. They will be away about one month.

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Cook have gone to the Hotel del Monte, to remain several days.

Mrs. John Boggs and Miss Alice Boggs are at the Hotel Rafael for the summer.

Miss Kate Field is stopping at the Occidental Hotel. She will be at San Rafael all of the summer.

Miss Alice Simpkins is visiting Miss Mary Eyre in Menlo Park.

Dr. and Mrs. James W. Keeney are at the Pope House in Santa Cruz, for the summer.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. E. Martin will pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs Henry Schmiedell and Mr. Edward Schmiedell have gone to the Hotel Rafael at San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Madden are at the Hoffmann House in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant are at the Hotel Rafael in San Rafael.

Mrs. Carroll McAfee intends making a European tour this summer

Mr. James G. Fair, Jr., is in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs George Hageman and Miss Lillie Hageman have gone to Seigler Springs, to remain a month.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Loughborough are located at the Hotel Rafael, in San Rafael, for the season.

General W. H. Dimond, who was in New York recently, is now in Chicago.

Mrs. C. R. Peters, Mrs. Warren, and Miss Matie Peters will stay at the Hotel Rafael, in San Rafael, this summer.

Mrs. E. F. Qualtrough and Mrs. Carl Jungen, of Mare Island, have been passing a week at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. Alfred Poett is entertaining Miss Clarke, of Chicago

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Adams and Miss Ella Adams will pass the season at the Hotel Rafael, in San Rafael

Miss Sophie McPherson is with Mrs. William B. Collier at Clear Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Wheaton, of Oakland, are at the Murray Hill Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. Frank S Johnson will be at the Hotel Rafael, in San Rafael, during the summer.

Miss Nettie Hamilton and Miss Ruth Dyer, of Oakland, are visiting Mrs. Hollister at Courtland.

Dr. F. C. Ainsworth is at the Hotel Rossmore, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. Adams will pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael, in San Rafael.

Mr and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Bingham, at Marysville.

Mr. Edward P Danforth went to Chicago a week ago.

Mrs. Grayrigge left for Scotland recently, and will be away until autumn

Mr. and Mrs Fred L. Wooster are spending the summer at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. Hans Kohler has gone to Chicago to attend the convention.

Mrs. Theodore Payne and Mr. Warren R. Payne are expected from New York in a few days

Mr. and Mrs Joaquin Bolado and Miss Dulce Bolado have gone to Del Monte to remain a couple of months.

Mrs. Oliver Eldridge, the Misses Eldridge, and Miss E. E. Keith are at the Peakes House in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Folger and Miss Bessie Folger, of Oakland, are located at the Murray Hill Hotel in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dargie and Miss Annie Dargie, of Oakland, are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs H. Albert Mau and the Misses Alice and Julia Mau, and Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Sadler will leave for Alaska in a few days

Rev. and Mrs R. C Foute will pass the summer at the Hotel Rafael, in San Rafael.

Mrs. Macdonough, Mr. J Macdonough, and Mr. W. Macdonough left New York a week ago on the Bremen steamer *Werra*, with the intention of passing several months in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs Eli J. Hutchinson will leave for Alaska on July 16th.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Newton have gone to Del Monte for a short visit.

Mr and Mrs. Drury Melone, Mrs. P. McG. McBean, and Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Tatum have returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Vrooman went to the Yosemite Valley recently.

Miss Annie Bliss is visiting her sister at Pasadena.

Mr. and Mrs. H. K Belden have gone to the Yosemite Valley.

Miss May Miller has gone East to visit friends in Boston

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Alice Chrystal, of this city, and Mr. Howard Havens, of Oakland, were united in marriage, on Wednesday, June 13th, at the residence of the bride's mother, on Union Street. It was quietly celebrated, only relatives being present. On the following day the happy couple left for a Southern tour.

The engagement is announced of Miss Rowena Hunt, of Woodland, to Mr Edgar J. de Pue, of this city. They will be married on June 28th, at the First Congregational Church in this city.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mary S. Fuller, eldest daughter of Mr. W. P. Fuller, of the firm of Whittier, Fuller & Co., to Mr. E. H. Raynolds, son of Mr. C. T. Raynolds, of the firm of C. T. Raynolds & Co., of New York.

Mrs. B. C. Truman has been handsomely entertained in Los Angeles during the past two weeks by the Baron and Baroness Rogniat, and by Mr and Mrs. L. C. Goodwin, and Colonel and Mrs. Dunkelberger, at dinners, and by Mrs Isaiah Hellman, Mrs. Henry Hazard, Mrs. Van Nuys, and others, with lunches. Mrs. Truman and her daughter are again with a large party of Los Angeles ladies at the Hotel del Coronado From there the party go to Long Beach, Santa Monica, Santa Barbara, and the Yosemite, and will spend the Fourth at Del Monte.

Mr. Jerome Smith, of this city, and Mrs. Bettie Stewart, of Stockton, were united in marriage on Thursday, June 14th, at Trinity Church. The chancel and altar were handsomely decorated with palms, ferns, and flowers. But a few friends were present to witness the ceremony which was performed by the Rev. Andrew D. Heffern. Mr. and Mrs. Smith left in the afternoon to pass the honeymoon at the Hotel del Monte.

Army and Navy.

Captain John W. Dillenback, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted a leave of absence of one month and a half to take effect on July 2nd.

Major William L. Hoskin, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence dating from the 16th inst.

CCCCLXXXVIII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, June 17, 1888.

Green Pea Soup.
Fried Pompano. Cucumbers.
Stuffed Beefsteak. Potato Croquettes.
String Beans. Tomatoes.
Roast Squabs.
Almond Cream Custard.
Apricots. Peaches. Pears.
Cherries and Figs.

ALMOND CREAM CUSTARD.—One pint of cream or milk, one-half cupful of almond paste, yolks of four eggs, one teaspoonful of vanilla, a few drops of rose-water, one teaspoonful of arrowroot, a little salt, and three heaping teaspoonfuls of sugar. Mix and bake in a well-buttered mold, setting the mold in a pan of warm water in rather a moderate oven, until the custard is firm in the centre. When very cold turn out, and garnish the top with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs and four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar. Tint a part pale pink with a few drops of carmine, and sprinkle thickly with finely chopped almonds.

All interested in kindergartens should attend the closing exercises of the Willard Kindergarten on Saturday 16th instant at Saratoga Hall. Mrs. S. B. Cooper is to speak; a class of young ladies from Rincon School go through the Delsarte movements, and the children give their games and songs. Go, and help a good work, as well as pass a pleasant hour.

Don't get Sunburned.

Young ladies summering in the country can preserve their complexions by using Rachel's Enamel Bloom. For sale by all druggists.

— EASILY SATISFIED. TELEPHONE TO 2126, TO Conklin, and get your carpets cleaned and renovated. Satisfaction guaranteed. Address, 333 Golden Gate Avenue. Orders promptly attended to.

— THE NO. 9 MACHINE IS EASIEST TO RUN. 303 Sutter Street.

Mrs. Grover Cleveland Happy.

The lady of the White House is pleased at the renomination of her husband even if he fails to be reelected. But there is a joy in which all ladies can share regardless of political feeling. The wearing of Freud's Corsets, the best and cheapest in the world, makes all ladies happy and graceful, whether they be Republican, Democrat or Mugwump. The wonderful popularity of these celebrated goods has created imitators, against whom all are warned. There is but one Freud's Corset House, 742 and 744 Market Street, and 10 and 12 Grant Avenue. No connection with any other house, and we have no agents. Beware of imposition. Address mail orders, Freud & Son. Make no mistake.

Reward.

One thousand dollars will be paid for each and every grain of poisonous substance found in Wisdom's Robertine—for beautifying and preserving the complexion, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, and all blemishes and roughness of the skin. Used and endorsed by the élite of society and the stage. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle. White and flesh. E. W. Joy, Agent, San Francisco.

Fredericksburg Brewing Co.

Sales as per U. S. I. R., May 1, 1888, 50,813 barrels.
" " " May 1, 1887, 42,449 "
Increase, 1888, 8,364 "
Families supplied. Send orders 539 Cal. St. Tel. 764.

For Coughs and throat troubles use "**Brown's Bronchial Troches.**"—"They stop an attack of my asthma cough very promptly."—*C. Falch, Miamiville, Ohio.*

BOOK CHAT.

WITH THE FOLLOWING NEW AND BRIGHT BOOKS AS SUMMER COMPANIONS, YOUR OUTING WILL BE MORE ENJOYABLE:

A DEBUTANTE IN NEW YORK SOCIETY, by Buchannan	$1 25
AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE, by Stevens	4 00
A STRANGE MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A COPPER CYLINDER	1 25
THE TAILOR-MADE GIRL	1 00
LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY (for the children)	2 00
SARAH CAREW (for the children)	1 00
STRAY LEAVES FROM NEWPORT	1 50
TENTING ON STONY BEACH, by M. L. Pool	1 00
HEARTSEASE AND RUE, by Lowell	1 25
IN NESTING TIME, by Olive Thorne Miller	1 25
NEGRO MYTHS FROM THE GEORGIA COAST	1 00
THE KING OF FOLLY ISLAND, by Sarah Jewett	1 25
BEFORE THE CURFEW, by Oliver Wendell Holmes	1 00
GOOD THINGS FROM "LIFE"	2 50
THEIR PILGRIMAGE, by Chas. Dudley Warner	2 00
SAPPHO, by Daudet	2 25
HEALTH, BEAUTY, AND THE TOILET, by Mrs. Kingsford, M. D	1 00
OUR ONE HUNDRED DAYS IN EUROPE, by O. W. Holmes	1 50
WHAT I REMEMBER, by T. A. Trollope	1 75
THE PHILOSOPHY OF DISENCHANTMENT, by Edgar E. Saltus	1 25
A TRAMP TRIP, by Lee Meriwether	1 25
THE ENGLISH IN THE WEST INDIES, by Froude	1 75
GUATEMALA, by Wm. T. Brigham	5 00
MAURINE, AND OTHER POEMS, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox	1 00
A BROTHER TO DRAGONS, by Amélie Rives	1 00
THE INDEX GUIDE TO TRAVEL AND ART STUDY IN EUROPE, by L. C. Loomis	3 00
RE-INCARNATION, by E. D. Walker	1 50

☞ We have a large number of new summer novels in paper binding. A catalogue of them mailed on application.

☞ **Any of above-advertised books sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of advertised price.**

PIERSON & ROBERTSON,
126 POST STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

GRAND FORMAL OPENING
— OF —
HOTEL DEL MONTE
SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 16TH.

The programme of the occasion will include a ball commencing at 8 o'clock P. M. The music will comprise fifteen pieces under the direction of Mr. Ballenberg. A concert will be given at the same hour in the Ladies' Parlor by an orchestra of fifteen pieces, under the direction of Mr. Brandt.

A grand banquet will be given at 11 o'clock P. M., at which the two orchestras will be united under the direction of Mr. Joseph D Redding, rendering, among other pieces, several which have been composed for this occasion. The banquet will be the most sumptuous and elegant ever spread at Del Monte.

On Sunday at 11 o'clock a concert will be given by eminent soloists, at the bathing pavilion, and on Sunday afternoon a balcony concert will be given on the verandah by a full band of thirty pieces.

No invitations will be issued. The invitation is general, and is open to all guests and patrons of the hotel. All who wish to be present on this memorable occasion in the history of Del Monte should write at once to George Schonewald, Manager, and engage rooms.

The rates of entertainment at the hotel will be as ordinarily, viz, $3, $3 50, and $4 per day, according to the elegance of accommodations.

It is respectfully suggested that all who intend to honor the occasion by their presence notify Mr. George Schonewald at the earliest possible moment, in order that necessary preparations may be made, and the manager of the hotel apprised of the probable number of his guests.

Fine Table Wines

From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Arpad Haraszthy & Co.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

EASTERN AGENCIES:

PARK & TILFORD, New York;
F. P. DILLEY & CO., Philadelphia;
C. JEVNE & CO., Chicago and St. Paul.

$30,000.
BUENA VISTA!

The Most Magnificent Building Site in the city and county of San Francisco, commanding a view of the entire city and bay; seven hundred feet frontage and four hundred feet depth (about seventy-five lots); cypress hedge forty feet high around the property; cottage stable, lawn, ornamental shade-trees, shrubs, walks, etc., THIRTY-THOUSAND-GALLON TANK OF SPARKLING SPRING WATER flowing in abundance. Water-power alone, if properly utilized, worth the full amount asked. This is a first-class investment, as the property is bound to double in value within the next five years. Must be seen to be appreciated. Apply to

CHAS. HENDERSON,
14 Montgomery Street.

COLUMBUS BUGGY CO.,

LATEST ELEGANT STYLES.

PRICES LOWEST, QUALITY CONSIDERED.

LARGEST CARRIAGE FACTORY IN THE WORLD.

Awarded the First Premium for the Finest Display of Vehicles at the late World's Exposition at New Orleans, over all Competitors.

PACIFIC COAST BRANCH: 29 MARKET STREET,

SPACIOUS AND BEST-LIGHTED REPOSITORY IN CALIFORNIA.

A. G. GLENN, Manager.

ESTABLISHED 1843.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

CARPETS, ORIENTAL

—AND—

OTHER RUGS, UPHOLSTERY, WINDOW SHADES.

PORTIÈRES AND LACE CURTAINS

IN GREAT VARIETY.

641 to 647 MARKET STREET,

Next above Palace Hotel.

IVERS & POND PIANOS

The finest and most popular instruments before the public.

ONE HUNDRED

of these pianos purchased by the great New England Conservatory of Music, and in daily use at that institution. Don't fail to examine these pianos which are creating such a furore among our best musicians. For full information about lowest prices, terms, etc., write or call on

KOHLER & CHASE, Gen'l Ag'ts,

137 & 139 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO., CAL.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

BURLINGTON ROUTE.

OVERLAND EXCURSIONS.

PASSENGERS JOINING THESE PARTIES ARE in the hands of a responsible railway company, not an "excursion agency"; its employees are its representatives, and accustomed to serving the public.

DATES.—Trains leave Los Angeles on Thursdays and San Francisco on Fridays, meeting at Sacramento Friday afternoon. Dates are as follows: From Los Angeles—April 26th; May 10th, 24th; June 7th, 21st; July 5th, 19th; and day following from San Francisco, Sacramento, Tulare, Fresno, Merced, Lathrop, San José, Stockton, Davis, Marysville, Colfax and Reno.

FIRST-CLASS these excursions undoubtedly are in every respect, as no objectionable people are received, and each party is in charge of Burlington agents through to Chicago.

FREE SLEEPING CARS properly provided with curtains, mattresses, blankets, etc. No extra charge for this, or for any other service.

RATES.—$35.00 is the price of a ticket from Los Angeles, San Francisco and most California stations to any Missouri River point, and only slightly more to points farther East.

SCENERY BY DAYLIGHT is a great feature, as these excursions will stop twenty-four hours in Salt Lake, and go by daylight through the Black Cañon of the Gunnison, cross the Continental Divide through the famous Marshall Pass, thence down the Valley of the Arkansas through the Grand Cañon and the Royal Gorge.

FURTHER PARTICULARS are contained in Burlington Route excursion folder, to be had at any ticket offices of Southern Pacific and other railways, and at the Burlington Route offices below.

W. D. SANBORN, General Agent, 32 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

J. B. QUIGLEY, Freight and Pass. Agt., 112 North Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

HOME FOR MENTAL AND NERVOUS DISEASE

Large Grounds and every convenience for accommodation of Patients. Address

DR. W. S. WHITWELL,

437 Bryant St., S. F. Office, 330 Sutter St. Hours, 1 to 3 P. M.

BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

Journalistic Amenities.

The life of the journalist is a hard one, and, although it is not so trying as the life of the newspaper man, it is full of trials and perplexities. If newspaper men and journalists did not stand by each other I do not know what joy they would have. Kindness for each other, gentleness, and generosity, even in their rivalry, characterize the conduct of a large number of them.

I shall never forget my first opportunity to do a kind act for a fellow-newspaper man, nor with what pleasure I availed myself of it, though he was my rival, especially in the publication of large and spirited equestrian handbills and posters. He also printed a rival paper and assailed me most bitterly from time to time. His name was Lorenzo Dow Pease, and we had carried on an acrimonious warfare for two years. He had said that I was a reformed Prohibitionist and that I had left a neglected wife in every State in the Union. I had stated that he would give better satisfaction if he would wear his brains breaded. Then he had said something else that was personal, and it had gone on so for some time. We devoted fifteen minutes each day to the management of our respective papers and the balance of the day in doing each other up in a way to please our subscribers.

One evening Lorenzo Dow Pease came into my office and said he wanted to see me personally. I said that would suit me exactly, and that if he had asked to see me in any other way I did not know how I could have arranged it. He said he meant that he would like to see me by myself. I therefore discharged the force, turned out the dog, and we had the office to ourselves. I could see that he was in trouble, for every little while he would brush away a tear in an underhanded kind of way, and swallow a large, imaginary mass of something. I asked Lorenzo why he felt so depressed, and he said: "William, I have came here for a favor." (He always said "I have came," for he was a self-made man, and hadn't done a very good job either.) "I have came here for a favor. I wrote a reply to your venomous attack of to-day, and I expected to publish it to-morrow in my paper, but, to tell you the truth, we are out of paper. At least, we have a few bundles at the freight office, but they have taken to sending it C. O. D., and I haven't the means just at hand to take it out. Now, as a brother in the great and glorious order of journalism, would it be too much for you to loan me a couple of bundles of paper to do me till I get my pay for some equestrian bills struck off Friday, and just as good as wheat?"

"How long would a couple of bundles last you?" I asked, as I looked out at the window, and wondered if he would reveal his circulation.

"Five issues and a little over," he said, filling his pipe from a small box on the desk.

"But you could cut off your exchanges and then it would last longer," I remarked.

"Yes, but only for one additional issue. I am very anxious to appear to-morrow, because my subscribers will be looking for a reply to what you said about me this morning. You stated that I was 'a journalistic bacteria looking for something to infect,' and while I did not come here to get you to retract, I would like it as a favor if you would loan me enough white paper to set myself straight before my subscribers."

"Well, why don't you go and tell them about it? It wouldn't take long," I said, in a jocund way, slapping Lorenzo on the back. But he did not laugh. I then told him that we only had paper enough to last us till our next bill came, and so I could not possibly loan any, but that if he would write a caustic reply to my editorial I would print it for him. He caught me in his arms, and then, for a moment, his head was pillowed on my breast. Then he sat down and wrote the following card:

"EDITOR OF THE BOOMERANG: Will you allow me through your columns to state that in your issue of yesterday you did me a great injustice, by referring to me as a journalistic bacteria looking for something to infect; also as a lop-eared germ of contagion, and warning people to vaccinate in order to prevent my spread? I denounce the whole article as a malicious falsehood, and state that if you will only give me a chance I will fight you on sight. All I ask is that you will wait till I can overtake you, and I am able and willing to knock great chunks off the universe with you. I do not ask any favors of an editor who misleads his subscribers and intentionally misunderstands his correspondents; a man who advises an anxious inquirer, who wants to know 'how to get a cheap baby buggy,' to leave the child at a cheap hotel; a man who assumes to wear brains, but who really thinks with a fungus growth; a man the bleak and barren exterior of whose head is only equaled by its bald and echoing interior. LORENZO DOW PEASE."

I looked it over, and as there didn't seem to be anything personal in it, I told him I would print it for him with pleasure. He then asked that I would, as a further favor, refrain from putting any advertising marks on it and that I would make it follow pure reading matter, which I did. I leaded the card and printed it with a simple word of introduction, in which I said that I took pleasure in printing it, inasmuch as Mr. Pease could not get his paper out of the express office for a few days. It was a kindness to him and did not hurt my paper in the end.—*New York World.*

Augustus and Edith on their bridal tour, sit down to their first dinner together. *Augustus*—"Deary, *you* order the dinner." *Edith* (promptly)—"Waiter, give us two sherrys and some lobster *bisque*, stuffed *écrevisses à la Bordelaise*, Sauterne, devilled kidneys, champagne, Roquefort, coffee and Bénédictine." Augustus rushes out for a divorce.—*Town Topics.*

The British Government is about to abandon the Island of Ascension, seven hundred and eighty miles south of St. Helena, which it seized in 1815, solely for the purpose of preventing the possible escape of Napoleon.

At last England is about to be waked from her barbarism in regard to the science of shaving. A New Yorker is about to establish a barber-shop in London on the luxurious principles of America.

The Duke of Westminster recently recalled an invitation to dinner that he had sent to Mr. Spencer, because that gentleman attended the dinner given by the Eighty Club to Mr. Parnell.

The London and Northwestern Railway Company has begun to lay rails along the Shropshire Canal, in order to try the substitution of locomotives for horses for canal boats.

INFANT INDUSTRIES.

I.

THE SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENT COMPANY (*Limited*).

A Syndicate, comprising a number of gentlemen well-known in business and social circles, has been formed for the purpose of providing ENTERTAINMENTS OF A SOCIAL NATURE at a largely reduced cost.

A SUPERB MANSION ON FIFTH AVENUE

has been purchased at

ENORMOUS EXPENSE.

A $10,000 Chef

has been secured, and the management is now ready to provide entertainments, including house, supper, guests, conversation, favors, and press notices for fifty per cent. less than the cost to private individuals. Attention is called to the following price list:

Informal Reception, including invitations which will be neatly engraved with crest specially designed, two hundred and fifty guests, supper of salads, ice-cream, and coffee	$250.00
The same, with four hundred guests, including Mr. McBalluster	350.00
Press Notices, extra, per line	1.00
Afternoon Teas a specialty. Complete, with Press Notices	175.00
Wedding Ceremonies, with a full line of presents in gold, silver, and gems for hire	500.00
Column Notices of same, giving full description of costumes worn, and with pedigrees furnished for bride and groom, per column	25.00
Our special one-million-dollar check, signed by bride's father, with detective to guard the same	10.00
The Social Entertainment Company's Cotillon, led by Mr. Ward McBalluster, and danced by his four hundred specially trained first families, warranted to make the sensation of the hour, and accompanied by all the luxurious accessories of a Squandergilt ball—carriages for guests, ten thousand dollar supper, fifteen thousand dollar flowers, expensive favors, advance and subsequent notices in the daily and weekly papers, with engagement of eldest daughter guaranteed	1,000 00
Dukes, extra, each	25 00
Earls, each	15 00
Lords, each	1 50
Ancestors furnished; per dozen	3 00

Other entertainments of a like nature at proportionate rates. Address

THE SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENT COMPANY (*Limited*),
41144 Fifth Avenue.

II.

INTRODUCTION BUREAU.

Gentlemen visiting New York for the first time, introduced to our most select people at one dollar per head. Send stamp.

"CONFIDENTIAL,"
14 Bedloe's Island.

III.

CLUB LIFE! CLUB LIFE!! CLUB LIFE!!!

A New York gentleman of good family, but reduced in circumstances, a member of all the best clubs, will be pleased to extend the privileges of his clubs, for two weeks, to strangers in the city who apply to him at 93 1-2 Fifth Avenue. Terms: Union Club, ten dollars; Century, ten dollars; New York, eight dollars; Union League, ten dollars; Lotos, one dollar and seventy-five cents. Other clubs in proportion.—*Puck.*

— COLONIAL HOUSES.—FOR PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS be sure to favor us with a call. B. McDougall & Son, architects, 330 Pine Street, San Francisco.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

LIVING ON THE REPUTATION OF OTHERS.

"Take everything that I have but my good name; leave me that and I am content." So said the philosopher. So say all manufacturers of genuine articles to that horde of imitators which thrives upon the reputation of others. The good name of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS has induced many adventurers to put in the market imitations that are not only taking in the best elements of the genuine article, but are often harmful in their effects.

The public should be on their guard against these frauds, and, when an external remedy is needed, be sure to insist upon having ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

BOEDEWIG'S PORTRAIT STUDIO,

Crayon, Pastel, Water-Colors, etc. Instruction Given. Visitors Invited.

Room 70, Flood Building, cor. Fourth and Market Streets, San Francisco.

Educational.

H. B. PASMORE, Teacher of Vocal Music and Harmony, residence, 1426 Washington Street. Mr. Pasmore studied in London with William Shakespeare, of the Royal Academy, and in Leipsic with S. Jadassohn. Harmony lessons in classes, and by mail. Text-book, Torek and Pasmore's translation of Jadassohn's Manual.

MME. JULIE ROSEWALD

WILL RETURN FROM EUROPE AND RESUME GIVING

INSTRUCTIONS IN VOCAL MUSIC,

—ON—

August 6, 1888. Residence, No. 929 Post Street.

MR. J. H. ROSEWALD

(Solo Violinist and Orchestral Conductor)

WILL RESUME GIVING

INSTRUCTIONS ON THE VIOLIN,

—ON—

August 6, 1888. Residence, No. 929 Post Street. Oakland days, Wednesday and Saturday.

MISS LAKE'S

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

922 POST STREET.

KINDERGARTEN FOR CHILDREN (Formerly Zeitska Institute.) Physical Culture a specialty. Autumn term begins July 26. For circulars and all particulars, Address: MISS M. LAKE, Principal.

Educational Institution for Boys on the Pacific Coast. The Leading Private

ST. MATTHEW'S HALL,

SAN MATEO, CAL.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL.

Under Military Discipline.

Special Attention and Advantages for fitting Boys for a Scientific or Classical Course.

REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER, Principal.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL WORK.

Trinity Term will open July 26th, 1888.

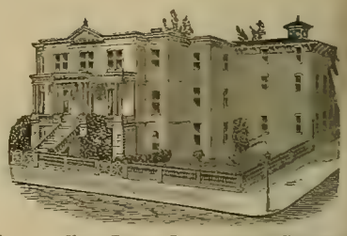
THE OAKS—OAKLAND, CAL.

The next year will begin on the last Wednesday in July.

Teachers are engaged to give lessons during the vacation, in FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH, ITALIAN, LATIN, GREEK, DRAWING, PAINTING, MUSIC (VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL), RIDING, ROWING, AND FENCING. Address,

MISS L. TRACY, Principal.

IRVING INSTITUTE.



ELEVENTH YEAR, FIFTEEN PROFESSORS AND TEACHERS.

A SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

For catalogue or information address the Principal, REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A. M., 1036 Valencia Street, San Francisco, Cal.

TRINITY SCHOOL, 1534 MISSION ST.

Prepares boys and young men for College, University, or business.

Christmas Term opens Wednesday Aug. 1st.

REV. DR. E. B. SPALDING, Rector.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL,

A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL,

129 Haight St, San Francisco.

Established 1859 as University (city) College. Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, and English Departments; also Modern Languages and Music, a Primary Department and Kindergarten. Pupils prepared for the best Eastern Colleges or for the State University. Summer term opens on MONDAY, AUGUST 6th.

JAMES MATTHEWS, D. D., Principal.

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SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES,

324 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Spanish, French, German, Italian and Latin thoroughly and rapidly taught by Dr. Rosenthal's celebrated "Meisterschaft System." Classes and private lessons. New classes in each language now forming. For circulars or information apply to CHAS. H. SYKES, Principal.

VAN NESS SEMINARY,

RALSTON HOUSE,

1222 Pine Street, • • San Francisco, Cal.

(Near Leavenworth, between Sutter and California.)

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children. For Catalogue or information, address

MRS. S. E. GAMBLE, Principal

Fall Term commences July 30th, 1888.

FIELD SEMINARY,

School for Girls and Young Ladies, 1825 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland, Cal. Address MRS. R. G. KNOX, Proprietor, or MRS. D. B. CONDRON, Principal.

The Eighteenth year will begin Wednesday, Aug. 1, 1888.

MISS BISBEE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL,

Seventh Avenue and Sixteenth Street,

EAST OAKLAND, CAL.

WILL RE-OPEN WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1888.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

1606 VAN NESS AVENUE,

Will re-open on Wednesday, August 8th. Students prepared for College. MARY B. WEST, Principal.

Transportation -Rail.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 15, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 7.45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.45, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 2.45, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.45 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M. (Sundays)—9.45, 8.45, 10.00, 10.40 11.35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.30, 3.30, 4.45, 5.45, 6.45, 7.45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
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8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Fast Mail for Ogden and East	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	12.45 P.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
6.30 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

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*2.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
‖4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‖‡9.20 A.

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7.15 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
7.50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion	‡ 8.35 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.40 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	4.36 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	5 42 P.
3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
5.10 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.00 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.40 A.
11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	‡7.50 P.

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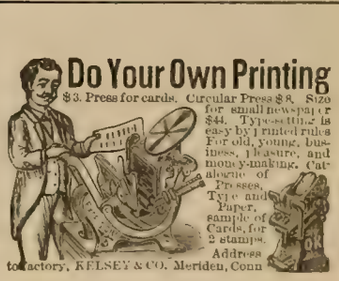

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A DAY AT BAIREUTH.

"Parsifal."

II.

It does not take long to fall under the spell of "Parsifal."

The great theatre, with its huge columns and the cavernous recesses between them, where the shadows pile like dense black clouds, is an impressive piece of architecture. It is, perhaps, as ugly a thing as the mind of man can conceive, but in the dim, spectral suggestion of light that plays from some unseen lamp, it has all the solemnity of an Egyptian temple. One could fancy that this dark, curious place, with its huge recesses, would be fatal to the travel of sound, but Wagner claimed to have built it upon the most approved acoustic principles, and the mad musician evidently knew what he was doing, for the faintest quiver of sound, come from where it may, comes in its perfect purity. The orchestra, as every one knows, is beneath the stage. There is nothing but a long, narrow aperture to be seen, but a sounding-board has been so constructed that every note is thrown out to the hearer, through this narrow opening, in all its perfectness. It sounds like magic music, with the workings thus unseen, and through the opera itself one really forgets that an orchestra is playing at all. No one comes to the footlights to sing, no one seems to know that that great operatic autocrat, the orchestra leader, exists. Now the voice comes from a cave beneath the boards, anon from the dome of the great cathedral. People simply sing the story instead of speaking it, and there lies the Wagneresque idea of opera in a nut-shell.

As for the overture, he only uses it as a means to make an impalpable music wall between his listener and the workaday world. It would require an expert to detect a theme in its subtle mazes. There is no blare in the overture to "Parsifal." It is a quiet, stealing ecstacy of sound which conveys no idea at all, at first, but, by and by, laps you in a sensuous thrall, a kind of musical mesmerism which puts you completely into the power of the master, and when the great curtain rolls up upon a shadowy, impressive forest in the domain of the Holy Grail, the picture seems but the continuation of a dream.

The story of "Parsifal" is an old legend of the sacred cup put into completer form.

The legend runs that Joseph of Arimathea saved the cup from which the Savior drank his last wine at the feast of Passover, and held it to catch the dripping blood of the dying Christ upon his rack of agony on Calvary. It was taken from the holy man and translated to heaven, only to be restored to earth when a knight should be found so pure and *sans reproche* that it might, with safety, be committed to his hands to be forevermore cherished and guarded in a holy place, and to perform endless miracles of strength-giving and refreshment.

Such a knight Wagner found in one Titurel, a noble crusader, who was summoned in the midst of holy night by the Savior's messengers, and the Holy Grail given into his care.

That he might the more surely protect it, the spear which pierced the Savior's side on Calvary Hill was put into his hand, with the assurance that earthly strength might not prevail against it.

Titurel built a noble castle, called Montsalvat, high in the mountains of Gothic Spain, and founded a noble order called the Knights of the Holy Grail. No man might be a knight who was not absolutely pure of heart, and their privilege for guarding the sacred treasure was a sight of the Grail itself at stated times, with all pomp and religious ceremony. At these times the sacred blood in the crystal bowl quickened to life, and those who looked upon it were refreshed and made anew, and death came not among them.

But there was revolt in heaven once, and Klingsor, a rival knight, envied the pure Titurel his charge and made war upon Montsalvat in anger that it was forbidden to his stained life. And by some strange prowess he seized the sacred spear and carried it away with him, and henceforth it became the ambition of every knight of the Grail to recover it.

Now Klingsor was a magician, an art which somehow came to his wicked heart by contact with the magic spear, and he built a castle over in Moorish Spain. He transformed the wastes thereabout into wondrous gardens, and filled the place with women of infernal charms, and used it all to lure the wardens of the Grail to wicked joy, but to eternal pain. For it was their punishment that any one of them sacrificing the purity of his life should suffer an eternal bodily torment.

Meantime Titurel, decayed in manhood's power, dowered his son with the regal might, and Amfortas reigned in his stead. And Amfortas burned with ambition to repossess the holy spear, and he laid siege to Klingsor's tower. But Klingsor by his magic drew him in. Alas for King Amfortas! "a maid of fearful beauty turned his brain, and in her folding arms he lay bewitched."

When he came to his senses, as men sometimes do even in the midst of their delirium, he repented him of his sin and sought to flee Klingsor's stronghold, and the magician wounded him in the side with a spear as he fled, and forever after it was a wound which burned and burned, and none could make to close. And Amfortas writhed in his agony, and prayed God to free him with death. A heavenly radiance from the Grail then floated. A sacred phantom face from lips divine did chase these words: "A guileless fool, by pity moved, shall heal thee. Wait for him. He is my chosen one."

But Amfortas in his agony sought specifics from far and near, and when the great curtain rolls up on "Parsifal," an old knight of the Grail and two esquires are waiting the coming of the king. He is going to bathe in the wood-lake in the dew of morning, in hope that the cool early water will assuage the burning of his wound.

Amfortas was borne in upon a litter. Perhaps he had some unpronounceable German name in real life, but none of the actors in "Parsifal" seemed like human beings. They were like phantoms at whom we were peering far back through the ages, and a poetical haze enveloped them all. They may have been Titanic men and women in the usual German way, in the simple streets of little Bayreuth, but the great theatre, the huge stage, and the marvels of scenery dwarfed them to just the right proportion, and there was nothing but their speech—either German or human—about them in "Parsifal."

Amfortas the king was a long, lithe man, deadly pale, and with great, burning black eyes, and long, heavy, black locks that curled in great masses on his shoulders. He writhed about his litter like a long ribbon, and one read both physical and mental pain in every movement of his body, every sweep of his great, burning, black eyes. As his procession started for the lake Kundry, a wild witch creature, with great hanging elf-locks and piercing black eyes, rushed in and handed him a crystal flask. It contains a balsam from Arabia, and is the last hope of anything to ease his aching wound. Kundry is an enchantress in the power of Klingsor the magician, doomed to take strange forms, and to wander forever in a horrible unrest. She seeks in moments of repentance to serve the knights of the Grail, but a slumber even more horrible than her unrest is apt to fall upon her at such moments, during which slumber she passes again, completely into the power of Klingsor. It threatens her eyelids as she gives the crystal flask to the king, and she falls into a shapeless heap as the file wanders down the hill to the lake, which can be seen shimmering dimly in the background.

At this moment a swan, pierced by an arrow, flutters feebly and falls at the feet of Gurnemanz, the old knight who has been telling all these things, like a Greek chorus, to the young esquires in the wood. Horrified by such vandalism, for the swan is a sacred bird to Wagner, and to every one in his operas, the young esquires rush out to capture the marauder, and return with Parsifal.

Parsifal is a simple stripling who knows not his name, nor his country, except that it has been the waste and moorland; nor his parentage, except that his mother was called Heart's-Affliction. He does not grieve for having shot the swan, for he does not know that he has done wrong. It is his instinct to shoot everything that flies.

Presently Kundry, in her easy sleep, begins muttering, and tells that he was the son of Gammet, a Knight of the Holy Cross, who died in battle before his child was born. And his mother, to save the child from a like death at arms, had reared him a witless fool of the desert. And Parsifal, who had listened wonderingly, took up the tale and told that, walking once along the hem of a wood, he had seen men all a-glitter and bestriding noble beasts pass by. Fain would he have been like them, but they laughed and galloped away. He had pursued them, by night and by day, over deserts and through wood and dale, but never could overtake them. And, on the way, his bow had protected him against fierce wolves and evil men.

Then Kundry takes up her mutterings again, and soon it dawns upon Gurnemanz that here may be the "guileless fool" whom heaven foretold might heal the king.

The sun is high by now. Amfortas is coming back from his bath, the procession winds again through the forest, and one of the great scenic changes, which have revolutionized the theatre, begins to evolve itself. Parsifal is faint with hunger, with travel, and with the memories which the mutterings of Kundry have evoked. Gurnemanz throws his arm about him, determined to take him to the holy feast which is to take place after the king is purified, to see if he be indeed one of the elect, for, by signs unmistakable, heaven makes its purpose known to the chosen few. They wander back into the green, leafy forest, which begins to unwind itself in panoramic views, changing, gradually, from left to right. It is easy to follow them under the mossy-green trees; but presently they disappear in a cave, and the forest is merged almost imperceptibly in rocky cliffs and long sloping paths. The two reappear and seem ever to ascend, and the long trombone notes softly swell as they pass upward, till the sound begins to mingle with a peal of bells.

The pilgrims disappear again on the upmost height, the rocky cliffs become a great chaotic cloud in browns, which dull slowly to grays. Out of the gray clouds, at last, slowly, as in a dream, rises a mighty Gothic hall like a vast cathedral, which loses itself overhead in a high vaulted dome, from which alone the light streams in.

From the top of this dome also comes the chimes of bells, and, as they ring, a religious chorus blends with them. A door opens at the right in the background, and the Knights of the Holy Grail enter in solemn procession. Their tunics are of coral pink, girded with white cord, and their long mantles of turquoise blue, with a soaring white dove on the breast, the same white doves which they wear upon their escutcheons when they are in fighting armor. They range themselves gradually at two long tables on the side, set with cups alone, no dishes.

Through the opposite door, Amfortas is brought in on his litter by esquires and serving brethren. Before him march boys who bear a shrine draped in a purple red cloth. The procession winds to the centre of the background, where is a raised couch overhung by a canopy. Upon this Amfortas is placed. Before him stands a long marble altar-table, upon which the boys place the shrine. When the chorus ends and the knights are seated, there is a long, long silence, when, out of the arch in the background, comes a voice adjuring Amfortas to uncover the Grail.

But Amfortas is seized with a shuddering fear and exquisite anguish. In a passionate outburst of prayer he implores to be released from the tortures of conscience and remorse, which seize him and almost overcome his strength when he attempts the holy work. Beads of agony drop from his brow as he prays for mercy, but boys' voices are heard far up in the dome, singing:

"A guileless fool, by pity moved, shall heal thee," etc.

And the refrain is taken up by young men's voices at mid-height of the ball, and the knights below sing in harmonious unison:

"The fiat comes to thee:
Wait on in hope,
Fulfill thy duty now."

And the old Titurel, entombed in the arch, sings out, in deepest bass:

"Uncover the Grail!"

Amfortas raises himself in pale despair upon the couch, the boys uncover the golden shrine, take out the Grail, a tall, antique crystal cup, and place it before the king. All kneel to pray, and a fast and thick increasing gloom spreads through the room, except for one blinding ray of light which shoots down from above, straight into the heart of the cup. As Amfortas lifts the Grail and waves it slowly aloft, the white crystal turns slowly to a purple-red, and the cup seems to fill with rippled blood, but as the darkness wanes again the cup grows pale, and paler, and returns again to white.

And when the hall returns to its original light the cups on the table are seen to be filled with a bright red wine, and by each cup is a piece of bread. All sit down to the repast, and old Gurnemanz invites Parsifal to sit by him; but the stranger, entranced by what he has seen, remains spell-bound and silent, and can not move.

During the repast the different voices from the upper heights come down in choruses of infinite solemnity, and the soft, palpitating music beneath sweeps into the senses like incense to the nostrils.

All are suddenly startled by a cry of agony from Amfortas as he clutches his heart, and it is found that his wound has broken out afresh. The pages help him to his litter, the esquires and knights fall into solemn procession again, and wend their way into the dusky depths of the vaulted hall, while the bells overhead peal sadly and the daylight dies.

Parsifal and Gurnemanz are left alone. The stranger has clutched his own heart upon hearing Amfortas's cry of agony, and remains silent and motionless. Gurnemanz, taking his spell-bound silence for stupidity, is angered and impatient, and taking Parsifal to a side-door, pushes him out into the night, and outside the domain of Montsalvat.

And the great curtain fell slowly on the first act, and the audience continued to sit in solemn hush for what seemed a full minute as they had been sitting for two long hours. Not a sigh, not a sound, not a murmur of applause had disturbed the rare listening silence till the curtain fell. Then they cheered to the echo. But having come out of their ecstasy, they trotted with true German phlegm to the great Büngereuth hostelry over the way to get something to eat between the acts.

We ourselves had not broken bread since we had tasted food in another empire early in the morning. We had confidently expected to be bored, but we had come partly to see the scenic wonders of the theatre, and we had counted upon giving them at least two hours. But the spell of the musical drama was strong upon us, and the American travelers were in as great a hurry as any one to get back into the theatre. With all the world else we sacrificed a long, delicious, and elaborate dinner which we had contemplated, and ordered a modest beefsteak in the noisy salon of the great Büngereuth restaurant.

BETSY B.

— THE LIBRARY OF THE LATE JOSEPH W. Winans, Esq., is now on public exhibition at the south-east corner of Stockton and Post Streets, and is soon to be disposed of under the auctioneer's hammer, the sale beginning Wednesday morning, June 20th, and continuing until the last book is sold. It seems a pity that some public institution has not secured this collection, which cost fifty thousand dollars, and with its twenty thousand volumes has not its peer in California, and but few equals in the private collections of the United States. It is the product of a true love of literature and ripe learning, working through many years, and in its range are included works for the general reader, the specialist, the lover of rare editions and fine bindings—all who care for books of any kind. A catalogue of nearly five thousand entries has been printed and may be had at the auction-rooms, and from it one can get an idea of the character and variety of the works offered. The modern poets and novelists of the English tongue are well-represented; French, German, Spanish, and Italian *belles lettres* and the Greek and Roman classics occupy many shelves; there are curious old tomes, rare editions, suppressed books, finely illustrated works; the arts and sciences are not neglected; history, philosophy, theology, travel and exploration, and books on bibliography and art are included; there are dictionaries in many tongues, atlases, encyclopædias, and many other works of reference. The sale offers a chance for the purchase of a moderate collection or of special volumes such as happens but seldom in San Francisco, and no one should miss the opportunity to examine the books early and buy them at the sale. Eight of Mr. Winans's oil-paintings will also be sold at the same time, including a genuine Vetterani, six hundred and seventy-four years old; a "Daniel in the Lions' Den," by Hetch; and others by Charles Le Brun, David, and others. Those who can not attend the sale can commission the auctioneers, Messrs. Edward S. Spear & Co., to act for them, and they may rest assured that they will be as well served as if they were present in person.

— NOTHING CAN BE MORE ESSENTIALLY English or, indeed, more healthful and enjoyable than the New York fashion of owning a summer seaside cottage orné. A number of desirable Santa Cruz beach and seaside lots will be offered for absolute sale by auction, at the Exchange and Mart, early in July. Exact date and full details in next week's *Argonaut*, or on application to Exchange and Mart Company, Santa Cruz, Cal.

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"On revient toujours à ses premiers amours."

The cry was long for novelty. No one cared very much what he saw at the theatres, so that he saw something new. People have been known to say of Edwin Booth, with a shrug, "Oh, I've seen him!" and of Patti, "Oh, I've heard her!"

The flash managers, driven to their wits' end, advertised "Something new and novel," with a long string of exclamation points and a huge mystery as to details. Minstrel advertisements were all topped off with "New jokes! new songs! new faces! new walks!"

What reaction is this, then, which has come upon our people that all the boards are held by old acquaintances and yet the houses are crowded? A new-old motto seems to have come in, and people sigh for "old times, old friends, old books, old everything."

It is good, indeed, to see the doughty Queen Elizabeth come up again with her red crest erect and her crown firm, through the waves and waves of farce-vaudeville and light opera which have flooded the country, lo! these many years.

Mrs. Bowers is the only Elizabeth in English speech. Strangely enough, this most wonderful of queens, who inaugurated the Augustan age of English literature, had slept in Westminster for almost three hundred years before a pen was found graphic enough to put into words the many natures of this shrewish, vixenish, vain, jealous, domineering, powerful, mighty queen. It seems a pity that she could not have lived just long enough before Shakespeare for the master of human nature to have probed the cells of her erratic heart, and read them to the world.

It is even more a pity that no English hand has taken up the task, that it remained for an alien—an Italian—to embalm the maiden queen in literature, and for an Italian actress to re-create the red-haired terror of Europe and make her to live again.

Ristori has lagged superfluous on the stage, and every one has shuddered over her wrinkles, and cross lines, and tottering gait, as the gay and careless young Marie Antoinette. But age does not seem to touch her Elizabeth, and she has passed into every one's mind as the Elizabeth, the real Elizabeth of history. Her undoubted resemblance to the mighty Tudor, even as she sleeps in effigy in Westminster, her high sloping forehead, her prominent nose—the nose of command—her sharp-shut lips, all go to enhance the reality. Furthermore, in the death scene, she is so much like the Elizabeth in Delaroche's celebrated painting, that if the real woman could come back to us we would, perhaps, be just as disappointed as the French were, the other day, when the formidable Bastile was reproduced in the Champ de Mars.

Mrs. Bowers is the only English Elizabeth. Attractive as the rôle is, with the pomp and circumstance that surround it, and the romance of history woven about it, it is not a thing to dare lightly.

Mrs. Bowers is not a tall woman, but neither was Elizabeth, and all the world knows how she envied Mary Stuart her inches. And Mrs. Bowers has small Greek features, but she looms up well under a crown, and she has the habit and tone of command, and a rich, strong, ringing voice, which people had almost forgotten the sound of till she spoke, when it came back like remembered music.

And there was a fringe of people, who had worshiped at her shrine ten years ago, applauding all the night with most unexampled vigor, and a fringe of new ones sandwiched in between them who were meeting Queen Elizabeth out of Strickland's covers for the first time, and there was such a clapping of hands, and cheering of voices, and raining of flowers, that it was like a gala night at the grand opera, and if good Queen Bess heard a little echo of it up yonder—as, perchance, she did, for her bump of love of approbation always jutted out like a promontory—she must have been almost as pleased as Mrs. Bowers herself.

And so we welcomed Queen Elizabeth back again.

The New England contingent all went to see Josh Whitcomb. It would be absurd to say they went to see "The Old Homestead," for even in its reconstructed form no one can say just what "The Old Homestead" is about. But it is the happiest setting in the world for old Josh Whitcomb, and throws out the knots and gnarls, and the ribbons and loops of his character in the boldest and best relief. He is such a good, lovable old fellow, with his quaint humor and unconscious pathos, that he seems like a kind of Colonel Newcome in Yankee form. Every heart goes out to him. "The Old Homestead" in dramatic form is very much what Henry James and his fellows are trying to get at in literature, a glimpse at an interior, so to speak, without any of the sequences of plots. What there is of it is most cleverly put together. Its background is simple Yankee life, spattered with the bits of foreign element that have made American life so various. These bits are all extremely fetching. The Irish girl, the tramp, the salvation army, and all the rest, were received each with a wave of recognition. It is such a pure, wholesome, natural, and refreshing entertainment that it reminds one constantly of all the nice things that poets have been singing time out of mind about, the scent of newly mown hay in the fields, the breath of kine that feed in the meadow, the unique fragrance of Phyllis's fresh dairy, everything that means the green, sweet-smelling, peaceful country. As for the human nature in it, it is as sweet and meaty as a butternut.

And so we welcomed Josh Whitcomb back again.

We have been growing away from minstrels. We have had so many fine things in the past three years that we were getting a little toplofical. But when every man, woman, and child of the sweltering masses of the Bush Street Theatre sat all a-grin on Monday night and enjoyed themselves just as hard as they could, we did not seem nearly so toplofical as we had perhaps thought we were.

The old jokes were swallowed without a struggle, they even tasted well, with the familiar smack of a childhood's dish that one comes across unexpectedly. To Dockstader, the stranger, was given only the welcome due a stranger. Minstrels, the most successful ones, for some abstruse reason, never storm their way, but win it slowly and surely. Dockstader is a business-like kind of a minstrel. He has not the genius of the calling, but a kind of commercial instinct at it which is new. Frillman and Maxwell were already known. And there was Sweatnam, as melancholy and absorbed as ever, and, apparently, unconscious of having ever said anything funny in his life. And he still sings "Forever" in his queer staccato style, and people go into convulsions over it, while Sweatnam is still unmoved.

And there was Billy Rice, still blinking his tireless, quick-working eyelids, and still "trying his voice." A house should rest on good foundations when Billy Rice tries his voice in it, but fortunately he has never gone further than trying.

And every one cheered every one to the echo, including the new harpist, and the minstrels grinned "how d'ye do," and the audience grinned "glad to see you." And so we searchers for novelty welcomed the minstrels back again.

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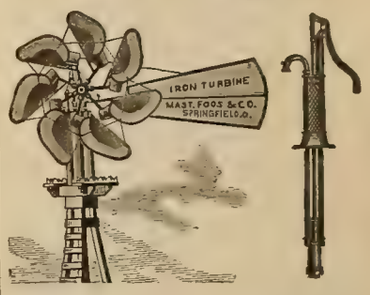

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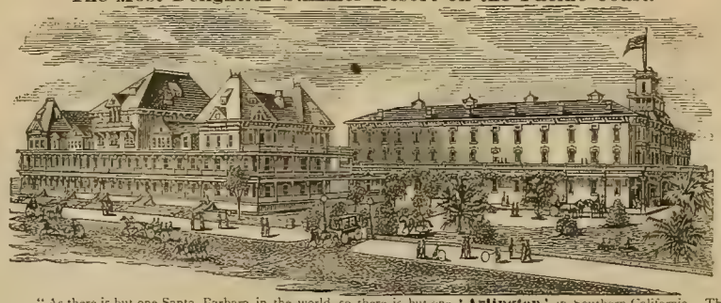

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The Argonaut.

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ANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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Ireland and the Pope" is not an article produced by a san pen for the *Argonaut;* is not instigated by Ameri- prejudice against men of alien birth; is not written by a ow-minded and bigoted Protestant who hates Rome and Catholic faith; is not conceived in the spirit of Know- ingism and Republicanism against Democracy, but is the uction of the Hon. James G. Maguire, one of the superior es of San Francisco, an Irishman, a Roman Catholic, onest judge, a good citizen, a patriotic Irishman, an in- ndent Democrat, and one of those rare citizens who, g a Democrat, a Roman Catholic, an Irish home-ruler, a n of Campaign" politician, has the independence to think imself, to speak for himself, and to act and vote for him- He loves Ireland and hates England with an intensity that s from what he conceives to be the oppression of the one uffering of the other for several centuries of time. Judge aire acknowledges the Pope of Rome as the spiritual head e church, but denies to him any right to participate in the s of Ireland, or to exercise the authority of a civil magis- anywhere, under any circumstances, and so thinking, he s the right to discuss, expose, and condemn the errors rimes of the vicegerent of God whenever the apostolic , the successor of the Fisherman, the infallible holy he bishop who remits sins, the gate-keeper who holds the of paradise, transcends the duties of his high ecclesiasti- unctions and endeavors to run politics in Ireland. and and the Pope" is a book of one hundred and eigh- pages, produced in San Francisco by Judge Maguire, rinted by James H. Barry, another Irish Roman Catholic Democrat. If all Roman Catholic Irishmen have been supposed to love Italy and the Pope better than they love Ireland and hate the queen; if all have been supposed to think that the Pope has a right to meddle in the political affairs of any country where he has spiritual followers and priests, this work of Judge Maguire is intended to correct that error, and to demonstrate that there is, in America, a class of Irishmen who have the courage to think for themselves, and in the exercise of their political privileges to dare the thunders of the Vatican, and all the rescript bulls and anathemas which Rome may have the insolence to utter. This is, perhaps, a good time for the *Argonaut* to say what it has never said before, viz.: that its course for the last eleven years has met the approval of large numbers of Roman Catholics, not only American, German, and other fair-minded and intelligent members of the Roman Catholic Church, but of thousands of Irish gentlemen and ladies, who have the sense to perceive and the honesty to admit that the *Argonaut* is not warring against the Church of Rome, except so far as it is intermeddling with the politics of the country; that the *Argonaut* never assaults the Roman priest except where the Roman priest thrusts his offensive beak into affairs that are purely political; this is explanatory and not apologetic, for we do not care whether Roman Catholics, priests or laymen, politicians or private citizens, approve our course or not. We shall keep on all the same, for if all Ireland, from Archbishop Walsh and the Lord Mayor of Dublin, down to the lowest priest and meanest peasant that hides in Irish hedges; if the Irish members of Parliament, and every Irish official in the Kingdom of Great Britain; if every independent Irishmen in America, between New York and San Francisco, between the Rev. Edward McGlynn and his parishioners of St. Stephen's and the Hon. Judge Maguire and his printer, Barry, have the right to protest against the intermeddling of the Pope of Rome and the politicians of Italy in the politics of Ireland, we have the right to do the same thing in America. If Daniel O'Connell would take only his religion and not his politics from Rome, may we not have the same privilege? If Grattan, Emmett, Wolfe Tone, Davis, Mitchell, Parnell, O'Connell, O'Brien, Sullivan, Davitt, and hosts of others who have offered their lives for the emancipation of Ireland from the political supremacy of England, have claimed for Ireland a government and a parliament independent of the Church of Rome and the intrigues of Italy, then, assuredly, "one obscure weekly of limited circulation" may claim the same immunity for the United States of America from the intrigues of Jesuit priests and the deviltry of an ecclesiasticism that is undermining our system of education, and laying the axe at the root of the tree of Republican liberty on this continent, consecrated to force, thought, and independence of any alien church. Judge Maguire charges that the ecclesiastical power of the Papal Church has been for seven centuries at enmity with Ireland and in alliance with England, a relation which has, on the Irish side, been characterized with simple, constant, loyal confidence toward the church, and on the part of Popes and church has, for all that time, been governed by constant duplicity, ingratitude, and tyranny. Judge Maguire would have been within the bounds of truth if he has charged that all that Ireland has suffered from the chaos and misrule of her early kings; all that she had endured from Cromwell and her long line of oppressors; all that she had undergone from famine, from ignorance, from destitution, from social chaos and political turmoil was attributable to the influence of the Church of Rome. The Duke of Norfolk, Errington, and Mgr. Persico are not the first Catholics who have betrayed Ireland and the Irish, or turned the island over to the intrigues of Italian politicians, and submitted it to the Papal policy. Judge Maguire says, "the whole history of Vatican interference with Irish politics shows an unbroken line for seven hundred years of acts hostile to the liberty and national rights of the Irish people." May we not ask Judge Maguire, and through him every intelligent and patriotic Irishman who loves America better than he loves Rome, whether the unchanging policy of this historic religious system would not, in seven hundred years, leave the United States of America in a similar condition to that of Ireland to-day? Destroy our schools, and would not ignorance take their place? With ignorance, would not bigotry and superstition assume sway? Accord to the Papal pretension all it claims—civil authority and infallibility—would not this splendid and prosperous commonwealth of ours be swung back upon the hinges of time into the persecutions, ignorance, and moral degradation of the middle, dark, and bloody ages? How long would liberty of conscience, freedom of thought, freedom of speech survive the supremacy of Rome? How long would education endure? How long would science maintain its position? How long would civil liberty hold sway? How long would a free commonwealth be maintained? How long before the law would fade out and the right of trial by jury give way to secret tribunals and secret tortures, to incarceration and burning on funeral-pyres, as in the days of the cruel Torquemada and the bloody Duke of Alva? "In 1512 Ireland was a prosperous and independent nation, holding her place among the nations of the earth," says Judge Maguire; "when from Pope Eugenius the Third came Cardinal John Paparo, bringing palliums to the archbishops," as did certain hooded monks in the reign of Grover Cleveland, President of America in 1888, bringing a pallium to the Archbishop of Baltimore, and which a national ship went out to sea to receive. "From that hour dates the downfall of Irish nationality," says the author from whom we quote. Will Judge Maguire allow us, through him, to warn the nation not to reëlect Grover Cleveland? Only two years after palliums were thus distributed at Kells, Pope Adrian the Fourth SOLD the political sovereignty of Ireland to Henry the Second of England for Peter's pence, which tribute has since kept Ireland in poverty, as did the bull of Adrian keep the land in political subjection to England. The yearly pension of "one penny from every house" has since grown to exactions from every person at every step, from the marriage-altar to the indefinite ages of purgatorial punishment that lie beyond the grave. "Henry the Eighth was a bad man," says Judge Maguire; "but the deadly wounds that laid Erin low were struck by the assassin hands of his Catholic forefathers. From the period of four hundred years preceding the reign of Henry the Eighth, during a period to Ireland of 'unparalleled terror,' history fails to show a single instance when the power of the Catholic Church was exercised or suggested by any pope for the protection of the Irish." We might remind Judge Maguire that during that entire period the church was diligently occupied in suppressing heresies and subordinating political powers to the dominion of the church by fire, torture, and dreadful deaths; let us, however, do Judge Maguire the justice to quote his admission of that fact, for he says, "The universal policy of the Vatican has been to crush the weak, frighten the timid, and conciliate the strong and defiant," and that "since the famous battle of Dundalk every battle for Ireland's liberty, and for natural justice to her plundered people, has been fought under the curse of the church—the Irish always wither and fail under the blighting breath of Rome." The repeal movement of Daniel O'Connell was killed by a Papal rescript, and O'Connell died of a broken heart, which the poor bigoted slave of Papal tyranny sent to Rome for sepulture; for the murder of O'Connell the English gave repeal to the statute of mortmain and an appropriation to the Catholic College of Maynooth, that furnishes the world an annual crop of half-educated Irish peasant priests who can mumble their credos in awful Latin and remain in utter ignorance of everything on earth worth knowing. The young Ireland movement—says Judge Maguire—was killed by bishops and priests under inspiration of the Pope at Rome, and even the great and dreadful famine that desolated Ireland is attributed by Judge Maguire to "artificial causes"; it was a "law-imposed" famine, which neither Rome nor the majority of its priesthood ever attempted to prevent. The Fenian movement, for which O'Brien and Larkin were hanged, was opposed by the church. The home-rule movement, which was inaugurated in 1870, and the land league of 1879 were opposed by the Pope, and Archbishop McCabe, who is st by our Irish friend the "red-cap-hunting hound o

Vatican," has been since rewarded by the Italian ring by being created cardinal. We will not follow Judge Maguire through his very interesting discussion of the land league, the "Plan of Campaign," nor his defense of the cowardly boycott, for in these things our judgment fully accords with the Papal rescript, nor do we sympathize with the endeavor of the Irish politicians in their attempt to run with the hare and hold with the hounds; we do not believe in endeavoring to serve two masters; we do not believe in fence-straddling, and so long as Ireland and its politicians endeavor to accommodate themselves to Rome we shall not sympathize with them in what they allege to be their persecutions from England. If Ireland is endeavoring to rid itself of the government of England in order that it may put itself under the dominion of Rome, we shall pray for it another seven hundred years of slavery, for we think the Christian dominion of civilized, intelligent, Protestant, law-governed England is infinitely preferable to the Papal autocracy of an ambitious, greedy ecclesiasticism that has no other human interest in the people of Ireland than to rob and plunder them. So long as Irishmen are so bigoted, ignorant, and befooled as to think that the Papal Church or any other alien church has any other interest in them than to plunder them, we shall wring from our heart no tears for their condition. When Ireland emancipates herself from the ecclesiastical slavery she has so faithfully hugged for seven hundred years, and is rid of the superstitions in which the Catholic Church has held her since the time of St. Patrick—if he ever existed—when she shall have restored the "independent church of Ireland," which existed before the sway of Rome was known; when she shall make patriotism superior to priestcraft, and education shall rank as of higher importance than catechismal nonsense drawn from the stupid brains of snuffy priests; when she shall instruct her exiled sons who come to America to leave their politics and their English dissensions behind them, and only after being legally and properly qualified as citizens become bosses in American politics, shall we demonstrate any sympathy for Irish politicians. We will not take leave of Judge Maguire without asking him whether, in his opinion, it would not be in better taste and better form if the Irish in San Francisco would become somewhat more modest in politics? If it is not as hard for us Americans to take our political dictation from Ireland as for Ireland to take hers from Italy? If it is not as unpleasant for us to look upon Jesuit priests and paddys from Maynooth engaging in English politics at Platt's Hall as it is for them to have a Papal rescript read in Irish churches by Irish priests, coming from the infallible head of their church, whom they think they must obey or be forever damned? If home-rule is good for Irishmen, why is not home-rule good for Americans? Still we will not withhold from Judge Maguire and his Irish associates our admiration for their boldness in having the courage to emancipate themselves from the dominion of a foreign church, and from the thraldom of a priesthood that drives and plunders them through their superstition, ignorance, and devotion to the country that gave them birth.

One of the most encouraging signs of the times is the growing independence of Catholic laymen and their courageous attitude toward the Church of Rome. Statesmen and politicians no longer stand in fear of ecclesiastical thunders, and the roaring of Papal bulls is but the hollow echo of an empty sound, signifying nothing. The last emperor has stood uncovered, with bare feet in the snow, awaiting the insolent pleasure of the Pope of Rome; the last fire of the *auto-da-fe* has died out in Spain and the Low Lands; the last turn has been given to the inquisitorial screw; the last physical torture for the punishment of heresy has been applied; the Catholic world is taking nothing from Rome but its religion, and precious little of that. The Roman Pontiff is shorn of armies and navies; is no longer enabled to make war or dictate terms of peace; is no longer the ally of monarchs, and is, at best, but the slave of tyrants and the tool of power; he has lost his civil rank, and there is left to him but the shadow of a power no longer feared. That this courageous attitude has been assumed by Roman Catholic Irishmen in Ireland and in America is the most encouraging sign of the era in which we live. That Rome has become the political ally of Protestant England to keep Ireland in subjection, is the assertion and belief of all Irishmen who love Ireland better than they love Rome, and who have an ambition to see the speedy nationality of independent and sovereign Ireland recognized by an intelligent world. Watching this controversy keenly, fully, and entirely agreeing with the home-rule Nationalists of Ireland that the Pope of Rome has no more right to interfere with the politics of Ireland than has the King of Dahomey; claiming the application of the same principle to American politics; protesting against the Irish *as* Irish in our affairs; detesting with supremest indignation the intermeddling of Rome's ignorant priesthood—either Italian or Irish, either Jesuit or Maynooth—we sympathize with the side of the weak in this its attitude of rebellion to the Roman Catholic Church, and we have no hesitation in believing that the time is coming when the patriotism of any civilized and intelligent people will no longer submit to the insolent intermeddling of an alien church and the arrogant interference of an ignorant and meddlesome priesthood. When Ireland shall have fully recognized the propriety of Rome's abstention from Irish political affairs, we may invoke from even the Pope's Irish that they no longer, *as* Roman Catholics and Irish, interfere with the right of Americans to exercise home-rule in America. The best and cleverest exposition of the anti-clerical side of this question we quote from one of the most sincere, intelligent, and earnest of Irish politicians. Dr. O'Dwyer is the Bishop of Limerick, a most pronounced and zealous advocate of the Papal rescript. Nearly all of the Roman clergy of Ireland, inclusive of Bishop Walsh of Dublin, have encouraged and upheld the Irish Nationalists. It is clearly apparent that the church has lost the sympathy of the better clergy and of the peasant class. If Ireland had for one generation enjoyed the non-sectarian, free, and godless schools of America, she would to-day have possessed an intelligent, independent, and fearless people, strong enough, and prosperous enough, and brave enough to have driven this insolent Italian church power from beyond her borders into the sea; as it is, we venture the prophecy that ignorance, superstition, and priestcraft will triumph, and Ireland will add another to her seven centuries of abject submission to Rome. In an address delivered by Michael Davitt at a meeting of the land league, held at Bray, on the twenty-fifth of May—and in the reading of it we ask our Irish fellow-citizens to ask themselves whether the doctrine is not as strong as any Know-Nothingism they have ever found fault with in the *Argonaut*—he said:

As an Irish Catholic I deny every contention put forth in Dr. O'Dwyer's epistle, wherein it is claimed that either the Inquisition or the Pope has the right to compel me, under pain of grievous sin, to obey his injunctions in either "mere details of political action," or anything remotely bearing upon Irish national or social questions. I do not deny that the Pope has this disciplinary power over bishops and priests. But in the case of laymen it is as absurd to make the same assertion as it would be for a general in the army to hold that a civilian is as much bound to obey his military orders as a soldier who has voluntarily enlisted and surrendered his right to disobey the commands of his superior. Irish Catholic laymen are no more bound by the Pope's views or decisions, outside of purely doctrinal matters, than they are by the views or commands of any other foreign potentate, and the day on which they would be cowardly enough to submit to a far worse kind of political subserviency than that against which we are fighting in our national movement, we would write ourselves down before the self-governed nations of the world as being too slavish in disposition to merit the enjoyment of liberty, and too recreant to the independent spirit of our political ancestors to be worthy of anything else but the contempt of free men. It has been said by the *Tablet* that I have not ventured to tell the Irish people this rescript need not be obeyed. Well, I never, for one moment, intended to obey it myself, and I am pretty certain I represent in this resolution nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every one thousand lay Nationalist Catholics in Ireland. If this is not sufficiently plain language, I will amend it by saying that I will pay no more obedience to a political or a semi-political manifesto from Rome—no matter upon what grounds, social or political, it may be based—than I will render to a proclamation of the King of Italy; and as long as the Irish people continue to give me any share of their political confidence I shall ask them to say and do what I preach and practice myself as an Irish Nationalist. Dr. O'Dwyer talks of the possible fight between the church and the Irish people. Archbishop M'Hale more than once declared that if any contest of the kind ever occurred in Ireland it would not be the fault of the people. With any prerogative rightly appertaining to the head of the Catholic Church no Catholic Nationalist will come into conflict, or deny for a moment. But if Dr. O'Dwyer invests His Holiness with the attribute of political or semi-political authority in Ireland, and if any attempt is made to exercise such authority, then the Irish people will resent and resist such foreign usurpation as sternly and as uncompromisingly as they have fought against alien aggressors of another kind. We owe it to our spirit of national independence, and, above all, we owe it to our Protestant fellow-countrymen, to withstand every semblance of political dictation, interference, or direction on the part of Rome in our national and secular affairs, and I tell the Bishop of Limerick that if it were possible for every member of the Irish hierarchy and every priest and curate in Ireland to be brought round to his views, and to preach the right of Pontifical interference in the political or temporal concerns of Ireland, not one per cent. of the lay Catholic Nationalists of the Irish race would follow them one step in their policy or action. Why, if we tamely tolerate this assumption of right to tell us from Rome what we must and must not do in our agrarian movements in Ireland, the cardinals of the holy office would presume to admonish us what measures we may pass and what reforms we must not demand in a home-rule parliament. We are not going to exchange the servitude of Westminster for that of the Inquisition, nor the coercion of Mr. Balfour for that of Dr. O'Dwyer.

Our Republican friends at Chicago have had and—if the convention has not completed its labors—are having a hot and feverish time of it. We do not recollect, in the recent political history of the nation, any period when the Democrats had but one candidate, and the Republicans had so many. For a year past no one has doubted whom the Democrats would choose for candidate, or upon what platform they would place him, or upon what issue they would appeal to the country. The day is upon the Republican party when it must designate its standard-bearer, and, at the hour we write, no prophet can foretell the result. In the plain at Shinar no one candidate seems much taller than another. There is but one chieftain in the Democratic ranks, and he has been permitted to choose the place and time of the convention, to name himself for the Presidency, to choose his Vice-Presidential associate, to write the platform, and frame all the issues upon which to present his claims to the American party for reëlection. Mr. Cleveland has in unmistakable terms declared for the principle of free-trade; he is in favor of the demonetization of silver; and he is opposed to expending the national treasury surplus for the anticipation of debts not yet due, or for the expenditure of the accumulation in public works or public defenses. Thus the Republican party is compelled to assume the other side of these questions. The tariff must be maintained on its present lines, and if it produces more money than is needed for the protection of American industries and American labor, that surplus will find employment in building ships, increasing defenses, and securing the construction of public edifices needed for public use, and for the improvement of harbors, leveeing of destructive rivers, irrigating dry lands, and for general works of internal improvement. The argument will address itself to the labor class, and, perhaps, to all classes below the capitalist and above the mere idle and gentleman of leisure. Not only do the States of California, Nevada, and Colorado demand the employment of silver in our money system because they produce it, but the great labor rank finds no substitute so useful, real, and convenient, and we may presume that, to the extent that silver becomes an issue, it will have the favor of the labor masses. The campaign is likely to be free from personal scandals. It ought to be so, because Mr. Cleveland's social attitude is unassailable, and there is no candidate likely to be nominated by the convention at Chicago against whom it is probable any such charges can be preferred, or any old scandals successfully opened. That the campaign will be intense we fully expect. An hundred thousand men in office and five hundred thousand more anxious to get in, will amaze the welkin with its cry. The two great parties are seriously handicapped upon the American question. There are so many alien votes desirable to secure, that while the leading statesmen and patriots of both parties are convinced of the impending peril, neither has the courage to declare its views in reference to immigration and naturalization, and neither has the boldness to denounce the alien church that it knows is a conspiracy against the American Republic, and that is with deliberate plan intriguing to establish within the commonwealth and in opposition to its constitution and the genius of its institutions a church that shall dominate the State. The Democracy has declared itself in favor of home-rule in Ireland, its national convention has been led by Irish, and its President has disgraced himself by a trembling subserviency to Rome as unwise as it is comical and preposterous. Writing before the Republican convention has declared its resolutions or made known its candidates, we have no confidence that it will display greater courage in this respect than has the Democratic party. The craze over Mr. Blaine is simply because he has demonstrated his strength among the Irish, and if he is nominated it will be because, in the opinion of the members of the Republican National Convention, he will receive more votes from alien Catholics and a larger assistance from the Roman priesthood than any other candidate who could have been named. If Mr. Blaine shall receive the Republican nomination it is quite probable, we think, that he will be placed an American ticket in the field. Certainly, we are advised, this will be done in California, and whether the nomination of an American Presidential candidate would or would not injure the Republican ticket is open to conjecture. It would enable the Irish with greater freedom to gather around the Blaine standard, and while many thousand Protestants would probably withhold their votes from Mr. Blaine, it is not improbable that more Romanists would for that reason rally to his support. The *Argonaut* goes to press early in the day of Friday, and from present appearances it is not probable that the convention will have concluded its labors by that time. It is sometimes well to have opportunity for deliberation before committing one's self to a course of action which, with other and later information, may be found embarrassing.

The platform of the Republican party, as reported from the committee on resolutions and adopted by the convention unanimously, is, in all respects save one, an acceptable presentation of the issues involved in the coming Presidential campaign. It is a strong, resolute, and intelligent statement of the conditions of the country in reference to its foreign and domestic conditions, and so far as it has had the courage to accept the challenges put forth by the administration of Mr. Grover Cleveland, it has done well. It has not had the courage to meet some very important questions, such as that of foreign immigration and naturalization, and it is less explicit upon the question of preserving the public lands of the nation and treating the question of our public free schools than it should have been. Whether it will be the policy of the American party to organize for the expression of a more resolute opinion upon these questions and to nominate an independent American ticket for their consideration, will be for that class of Americans who consider these questions as of national and pressing importance for them to be considered and determined. What course the American party will take in California has not yet been definitely agreed upon. A movement is on foot to call an American convention for the purpose of determining whether it will or will not be advisable to take action in this direction. The result of that movement we await before determining for the *Argonaut* the position it will take in the coming political

pign. The Republican national platform contains the usual amount of indispensable platitudes, compliments to illustrious leders of the party who are dead; congratulations to our "llow Americans" of Brazil for the abolition of slavery, and "pes" expressed that our "fellow citizens" of Irish birth "recover" home-rule for Ireland. This is of course comb thrown out to catch the "Irish vote." "free and est ballot" is demanded as security for the integrity and ity of elections at the South, while no mention is made of fraudulent practices at our Northern ballot-boxes, whereby ine was defeated for President, and Swift for governor, by criminal manipulation of ballots in New York and San ncisco. The declaration in favor of "American system of tection" is as positive and comprehensive as it can be made the use of strong and emphatic language. It denounces Mills Bill, and condemns the placing of wool on free list. avors a repeal of the internal revenue tax on tobacco, and all spirits used for the arts and mechanical purposes, a revision of such tariff laws as will check the importion of articles when home production will give employnt to labor, and release from import duties upon ars of foreign production which can not be produced in the ntry, and, in the event of a revenue larger than is required the wants of government, an entire repeal of national s, which will free alcoholic beverages from any burden. tility to foreign contract labor is expressed, and the supsion of Chinese immigration is demanded by a rigid enforcent of existing laws. Opposition is declared to all "comitions of labor organized in trusts," which is another piece puncomb to secure the labor vote. Public lands for homeds for American citizens is favored, with the important ssion of imposing no restraint upon the influx of alien ens who may come to the country, but leaving the domain n to the occupation of any foreigner who may declare his ation of becoming a citizen. No native-born American er or farmer's boy finds any favor in the Republican platn, on public land or in government work-shop, over the immigrant from other lands. When Territories have ired the necessary conditions of population, national urces, intelligence, and morality they are favored for ission as States. Washington, North and South ota, Montana, New Mexico, Wyoming, Idaho, and ona receive especial and favorable mention. The ical power of the Mormon Church is regarded as a gerous menace to free institutions; "too dangerous to er suffered," and polygamy is properly described as ked." The political power of the Church of Rome tes no apprehension in the minds of any party, and the arried bulls of the priestly and mendicant orders are not led to as dangerous in their social intercourse to the als of the nation. Unmarried monks of Rome vowed to acy and not to chastity may not be as wicked, but more dangerous than the much-married priests of Mordom. The Republican party favors the use of both and silver as money, and condemns the Democracy for efforts to demonetize silver. It "demands" the reduc of letter postage. Its article in favor of free public schools ose and sloppy; its omission of any distinct expression pposition to the enemies who have established Roman olic universities and parochial schools taught by Jesuits, ks, nuns, and Christian brothers, in nunneries and monkeries r control of mendicant orders, is another evidence of a cow e that is inexcusable and criminal. It is "earnestly recomded" that Congress take "prompt" measure to rehabilitate" American merchant marine, and "protests" against the age of a free-ship bill as calculated to work injustice to r by lessening the wages of those engaged in preparing rials for our ship-yards, and mechanics engaged in buildhips; appropriations are demanded for building a navy, onstructing coast fortifications protected by modern ordie, with approved means of defense for harbors and cities; ents of just pension to soldiers; necessary works of imement to harbors and channels; encouragement of shipinterests, and for payment of the public debt; no loaning oney to "pet banks"; Bayard's foreign policy is conned in toto; the present administration is arraigned for : and unpatriotic treatment of the Fisheries question, for usillanimous surrender of essential privileges to fishing ls. We print the following expression and definition of ricanism and wonder what it was inserted for, what was otive of its introduction, and what interest it is intended bserve:

: name of American applies alike to all citizens of the Republic, mposes upon all alike, the same obligation of obedience to the At the same time, that citizenship is and must be the panoply and ard of him who wears it, and protect him, whether high or low, r poor, in all his civil rights. It should and must afford him pro n abroad in whatever land he may be on a lawful errand.

) us this sounds very much like flapdoodle. Civil service m is recommended, with a slap at Mugwumpery. The ers dead should be pensioned, and not allowed to become tes of charitable institutions, or dependent upon private . Cleveland's numerous vetoes are denounced, and, in conclusion, the convention invites popular support as follows:

In support of the principles herewith enunciated we invite the cooperation of patriotic men of all parties, and especially of all workingmen whose prosperity is seriously threatened by the free-trade policy of the present administration.

As we close our columns on Friday morning the indications at Chicago point to the nomination of Mr. Blaine. If he is nominated, the religious question becomes, for the first time, prominent in our political affairs, a condition of things very much to be deprecated. The results at St. Louis and Chicago, in the event of Blaine's candidacy, mark the triumph of the ecclesiastical policy of Rome over the free institutions of America, and in the contest ensuing the religious question will be subrogated to the question of revenue and labor, all the more dangerous because hidden. The *Argonaut* invites a correspondence from members of the American party, and others thinking with us, as to the policy to be pursued in this State.

On Friday of last week Frederick William Victor Albert, Crown Prince of Prussia, became—by the death of his father—William the Second, King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany. While, baptismally speaking, the new emperor is as much Frederick William as his father and grandfather—for the old Emperor William also bore the traditional patronymic of his house—yet, as is frequently the custom among the scions of royal houses, the second, or even the last baptismal name, is given preference by the family, and becomes sanctioned by use to the exclusion of the others. As by the constitution of federated states of the new German empire the primacy of the federation is vested in the King of Prussia, a young man, who will not have completed his thirtieth year till the end of next January, finds himself suddenly commissioned with great powers and burdened with grave responsibilities, at a time when the nations, contiguous to that which he has been called upon to govern, are full of ferment, and the wisest statecraft of Europe can not foresee what a month may bring forth. It is universally conceded that the young Emperor of Germany will have much to say upon the affairs of Europe; consequently the tenor of his earliest authoritative utterances has been anxiously noted, and the utterances themselves carefully scrutinized for evidences of the political turn his course is likely to take. The continental press generally is inclined to take a favorable view of the effect of the new succession, even French and Russian organs thinking, or professing to think, that the political attitude assumed by the last two German rulers will be maintained by their successor. There is another class which argues, from the military ring of the young emperor's address to the army—an address redolent of militism and enthusiastic almost to idolatry; from the effusive manner with which he constituted Bismarck his counselor in perpetuity—Bismarck, the incarnation of military and feudal principle; and, finally, from the fact that his whole life has been, so to speak, spent in camp, and that, as is natural in youth, he may be anxious to win laurels upon battle-fields like his progenitors before him—this class, we repeat, argues, and not without reason, that war would, to say the least, be not unwelcome to the young ruler. On the other hand, taking into consideration the character of his parents, and the healthy home influences amid which he was brought up, as also the modest behavior which has characterized his initial appearance in public, it is not assuming too much to credit him with enough of conscientious principle to dissuade him from taking any step toward embroiling his people in war, a step the consequences of which he can not fail to appreciate. Judging from the most recent reports regarding the young emperor's character, from sources close enough to be authentic and reliable, it would seem that the stories at one time circulated about his arrogant bearing and unfilial conduct toward his parents, especially his mother, have been spun from very flimsy material, and must be taken with a considerable quantity of salt. The most accepted estimate of his character now credits him with a healthy, well-balanced mind, good instincts, and good intentions, with a passion for military matters in general, and doubtless also for military distinction. Still, it can not fail to be understood by all who can read between the lines that the key of the European situation remains more firmly than ever in the hands of Bismarck, and that upon that astute and indomitable statesman, and upon him alone, depends at this moment the unlocking, or the keeping shut, of the gates of the Temple of Janus. But, independently of what appears to be the attitude of the young Kaiser in relation to the complex situation which faces him at this his moment of succession, and independently of such motives as may be imputed to his acknowledged mentor, the great chancellor of his empire, it is noteworthy to mark that the new governmental régime is regarded by the Liberal and Progressionist parties in the Reichstag as giving the death-blow to the hopes and aspirations toward increased constitutional liberty, which these parties indulged, with some reasonable prospect of fruition, during the short career of the late emperor. The new ruler has been brought up at the feet of a feudal Gamaliel in the strict school of absolutism, and he may be confidently counted on, as the Liberals among his countrymen unanimously feel, to uphold the standard of military caste and feudal privilege, as against those progressive ideas which have, for at least a quarter of a century back, been striving to assert themselves throughout the great bulk of the German nation. It is in the very nature of such ideas that they should grow and wax strong in times of peace, but that they should be scotched in time of war. They are to Bismarck what the handwriting on the wall was to Belshazzar. Consequently war, at this moment, means a new lease of life to imperialism and feudal power, a fresh stumbling-block in the way toward wider popular rights and a government of the people for the people. This line of reasoning must not be underestimated in a fair consideration of the coming policy of the German government, a policy which is now in process of development, and which can not escape declaring itself before long, either for perpetuated absolutism through war, or for enlarged civil liberty through peace. It is somewhat amusing, too, to remark the mutual suavity which is now characterizing the French and German press, in their allusions to the new aspect of affairs, so different in tone to the recriminations of a month ago. It savors of nothing so much as the courtesy of two fencers before the swords are crossed, or the hand-shake of two pugilists before the bout. Not less suggestive is the fact that while France comes in for courtesy, Russia comes in for abuse, the tariff quarrel between the two countries, entailing as it does far greater hardship upon German than upon Russian citizens, now proving a veritable thorn in the Teutonic side. The prohibitory tariff set upon the importation of German coal and iron into Russia means the loss of an extensive market for a large and valuable field of German production, whereas the retaliatory impost upon Russian wheat affects that industry in a really inappreciable degree, the exportations of that commodity which find their way to Germany being but a very small percentage of the whole output. Hence the bitterness of Germany at having to play a losing game, for the playing of which at all she is largely responsible. Meanwhile, Austro-Hungary, through the mouths of its ministers, Kalnoky and Tisza, counsels continued energy in strengthening frontier defenses, a course of action, at this time, which can only indicate a lack of confidence in the new régime on the side of peace, and an evident desire to show that its independence of action is not rendered subservient to its position in the triple alliance.

Within the past few weeks there has cropped up in England one of those periodical war-scares with which its people continue to be afflicted whenever the sea of European politics is troubled. Even persons with a limited knowledge of history are aware that the island of Britain has been the scene of too many successful invasions to make it possible altogether to scout the idea of another taking place. The Romans, under Julius Cæsar, about the beginning of our era; the Saxons, or more properly speaking, the Jutes and Angles, about five hundred years later; the Danes, under Knut and other Vikings, harrying the eastern coasts, and establishing a temporary monarchy, during the succeeding centuries; the Normans gaining a firm foothold, and reducing the Saxons to a civilized subjection, in the eleventh century, constitute an array of facts hardly calculated to inspire Englishmen with an implicit feeling of security, or an indissoluble confidence in the impregnability of their insular position. It is but little over three hundred years since a very formidable invasion, planned by Philip of Spain and the Pope of the period, in whose heart still naturally rankled the loss of the fat abbeys and fair lands, together with the moral supremacy over what was even then an important and growing nation, all of which had been unceremoniously wrested from him by the sire of the then reigning Protestant sovereign, might, backed as it was by "the richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain," and conducted, as it would have been, under the easy equities of the times, have placed England in the position of little better than an appanage of Spain and Rome. It would have been a comparatively simple matter for a compact and determined force, such as by all accounts the Spanish Armada was composed of, to have decided, had it once gained a foothold, the fate of the less than three millions of subjects, men, women, and children, all told, by which the realm of Queen Elizabeth was peopled at that day; considering that the invading force would have been opposed to a house divided against itself, and most relentlessly so because religiously so, for the second crop of Protestants had scarce yet come unto the ear. The event in question was decided by the forces of nature, without the necessity of having recourse to the arbitrament of arms; but modern ironclads laugh at tempests, and it behooves England to look well to her coast defenses, as it is impossible, in these days of varied coalitions, and swift and sudden military movements, to foresee what contingencies may arise. It is safe to say, however, that no invasion of England by any other power, in the event of war, as an act of precaution or reprisal, will be attempted. The question most in favor among the alarmists has been taking the following form: What would England do if an army of a hundred thousand men were landed on her shores, and proceeded to march on London? But the hostile ingress of such a vast body of men, to be effective, would involve such conditions as that the various corps, of which it must of necessity be composed, should be landed nearly simultaneously in point of time, and reasonably contiguous to each other for purposes of mutual support, conditions which, from the nature of things, offer insuperable obstacles to their accomplishment. It was pointed out by Lord George Hamilton, First Lord of the Admiralty, that transport facilities to the extent of two hundred and fifty thousand tons would be required for such a purpose, and that weeks, if not months, would be consumed in the operation. Horses can not be packed like bales of cotton. Besides, though England has a long extent of sea-board, those points at which landings could be effected are limited. The transport vessels of modern times can not be run ashore and beached like the galleys of Cæsar, or Knut, or William the Norman, to say nothing of the overwhelming odds against their running unscathed the gauntlet of the line of battle-ships and shore batteries, that would be notified of their approach and ready to receive them days in advance. This is not the real danger that besets England. The real danger, which practical sailors, and statesmen unhampered by red tape, like Lord Charles Beresford, are not slow to perceive, lies in the inadequacy of harbor defenses against the approach of the heavy war vessels of the present day. A committee, appointed by the Secretary of State for War the other day, to inquire into the condition of these defenses, has reported that those of Portsmouth, Plymouth, the Thames and Medway (on whose banks are two large government dock-yards, Sheerness and Chatham), and Harwich—the most important ports in the kingdom—are dangerously insecure owing to the increased range and penetration of modern guns, and that extensive reconstruction is essential. As matters at present stand it would be possible for any of the heaviest ironclads of another power, with a range of six or seven thousand yards, to shell and destroy the dock-yard at Portsmouth, for instance, and inflict a blow which would practically end a war. England, once crippled on the sea, with its supply of food-stuffs cut off, would speedily be starved into capitulation. And this is just where a hostile power that knew its business would strike, and it is the consequence of just such a blow that men like Beresford are pointing out, who, while exposing the penny-wise-and pound-foolish policy of a budget which prides itself upon a seven-million-pound reduction of a seven-hundred-and-fifty-million-pound national debt, advocates the application of the said seven million pounds to the strengthening of vital and assailable points upon the coast, with the possible alternative, as he grimly but plainly puts it, of seeing the seven hundred and odd million pounds of national debt leap up to treble that sum, as the result of a fatuous blindness to the true merits of the situation. England certainly presents a deplorable lack of statesman-like ability at the present moment, and it will not be surprising if she has to pay dearly for the deficit before all is over.

SCENE: Pauper Alley. TIME: During the St. Louis convention.

First Irishman—Did you read the speeches of Steve White, Dan Dougherty, Mike Tarpey, and Pat Collins in the convention at Chicago?

Second Irishman—Yes, by jabers, and ould Ireland is solid for the Democracy?

American—Did you hear the whoop from O'Regon?

Both Irishmen—And who the divil is O'Regon?

American—Oregon is an American State at the mouth of the Columbia, and like all American States votes the Republican ticket. This is to be an American triumph over England, the Irish, and the Pope.

A NEW THEOSOPHY.

The Recent Startling Manifestations at the Pentagram Club.

I have frequently had occasion to visit a certain new and commodious building upon Market Street, many of the chambers of which are yet untenanted, and as my business took me to a somewhat remote quarter of the building, I had sometimes, when the elevator was not running, to pass along not a few of the lengthy corridors on my way to my destination. There was one door which always piqued my curiosity as I passed it. Instead of having the name and business of the tenant emblazoned on the paneling as is usually the custom, this particular door had upon it nothing but a plain, silver star, not unlike in size and make the emblem worn by an officer of police. At first it struck me that the chamber might actually be used for some special purpose by this arm of the service, but as I never saw any sign of police officers about, I latterly inclined to the idea of a club.

I do not know why it should have been so, but my curiosity was nettled. What did it matter to me, I asked myself, who composed any of the many clubs, social, political, or otherwise, with which the city abounds? Perhaps the star upon the door had something to do with it, for it had not escaped my attention that this star was of the five-pointed variety; it was, in short, neither more nor less than the mystic pentagram, which has from the earliest times been associated with all that is esoteric and occult. Be this as it may, I mentally resolved to fathom the mystery, if mystery there was, for there was nothing to indicate anything of the kind as yet, and accordingly went systematically about it.

I had, as I have said, never seen any one going in or out of the apartments in question. But my business in the building had always called for my presence in the daytime, or early evening, never at night. The logical inference to be drawn from this was, that I should be more likely to get the desired information by being in the neighborhood of the apartments in question at night. I accordingly put this idea in practice, and for several nights—three, as a matter of fact—I arrived at the main entrance of the building about eight o'clock, ascended to the fourth floor, and sauntered leisurely about the deserted corridor, always, however, keeping in mind the object I had in view.

On the third night I got tired of my unfruitful vigil. I looked at my watch—it was a quarter past eleven—and then walked briskly down the corridor toward the main staircase. I had hardly reached it when I heard footsteps on the stairs, and, as I reached them, found myself face to face with a well-known member of the Union Club, in evening-dress and overcoat, smoking a cigar. The light from the street was strong enough for me to recognize objects which would have been too obscure for recognition had not my eyes been rendered supersensitive by their long watch in the darkness. As it was the gentleman in question did not recognize me, or if he did, made no sign of recognition, though our acquaintanceship was one of no recent date. I felt, however, that explanations were not in order at the moment, and though I could not help connecting his presence with the club-rooms that had grown so mysterious in my eyes, I recollected the old adage, *noblesse oblige*, and with a feeling somewhat more akin to shame than I had yet experienced in my self-instituted investigations, passed hurriedly on and descended the stairs.

Before I had reached the second story I met another clubman—a well-known broker and member of the Pacific Club—dressed in evening costume, like the other, swinging his cane jauntily, and humming an operatic air as he tripped lightly up. He, too, took no notice of my presence, if indeed he saw me. By this time I had come to the conclusion: First, that the apartments I had been regarding with so much mystery and suspicion were certainly the meeting-rooms of a club; secondly, that this club had been organized by a select coterie of well-to-do and reputable gentlemen for purposes of their own enjoyment; and, thirdly, that I had been wasting my time in a wild-goose chase toward the mystic and the occult, and had found instead a resort of a few gentlemen of leisure and fashion, who had no doubt selected these quarters as a quiet retreat from the conventionality and boredom with which they were afflicted at the more open and populous clubs downtown.

Before a minute I had reached the entrance, and was standing there looking and waiting for my particular car, when another gentleman came along the sidewalk, and turned into the doorway. He, too, was well-known to me as one of the deepest thinkers and most laborious workers in his own special department of science that this portion of the continent, or, for that matter, the continent generally, boasts. Should I connect him, too, with an association arranged for mere purposes of relaxation and pleasure, such as I could well imagine the two gentlemen who had preceded him would have been in their element in? But then—*dulce est desipere in loco*—and, perhaps, who knows, Professor P—— was no exception to the time-honored rule.

But this was not yet the termination of my ponderings. During the next four or five minutes in which I waited for one of those late ferry cars, which give the amplest possible latitude to the laggard, three more gentlemen brushed past me, each by himself; one, a lawyer of unquestioned abilities, but somewhat questionable reputation; another, a divine whose reputation is as unquestioned as his attainments are varied and profound; and a third, who was unknown to me, but whose cultured face, thoughtful expression, and dignified bearing, at once convinced me that he was no common man, whatever the department of life he had selected or filled.

Scarcely ten seconds after the last arrival had passed in, whom, of course, I could not help associating with those who had preceded him, as the hour precluded the idea of any one having any special business of his own in the almost untenanted and deserted building, and the closeness of the arrivals arguing evident design, I caught sight of my friend, Dr. W——, who also turned in at the entrance. After we had shaken hands cordially, I made the point-blank remark:

"Doctor, do you belong to that club up-stairs?"

"What club?" he asked, taken aback, as I could see, by the directness of the question.

"Why, that club containing such men as ——," here I mentioned the names of the gentlemen who had passed by me on my way down-stairs and while I was standing at the door.

"Ah! then you know something about our club?" returned the doctor, musingly; "I should hardly have thought it possible, we are so recently organized, and—well, yes—our proceedings are kept so strictly private."

"On the contrary, I know nothing about it," I replied; "I merely conjectured from some circumstances that have come under my notice, and from the half dozen gentlemen who have just gone up-stairs, that there was a club in those rooms with the star on the door, and I thought I would ask you about it. Pardon me if I am too inquisitive. It is a matter of principle with me, as you know, to get as much information as I can about everything that is going on."

"Well," said the doctor, thoughtfully, "come to my office to-morrow, and I think I can tell you something that will make you open your eyes. And now you must excuse me, as I am already late," and he hastened up-stairs after the others.

On my way home I kept wondering what sort of a club that could be which contained such seemingly heterogeneous elements as those I have described. What could such men as I had seen, supposing them to be fair samples of the general composition of the society, have in common? It was anomalous to say the least, and the following afternoon found me at Dr. W——'s office, at an hour when I knew he was at leisure, eager for an explanation.

"Yes," assented the doctor, after we were seated, and I had referred to the anomaly which struck me as curious, "it does seem somewhat strange that men so different in tastes and aspirations should come together for any purpose whatever. And now I will tell you something about our aims and objects. Mind," he went on, somewhat more impressively than was his custom when speaking to me, "you may consider yourself specially favored by the disclosures I am going to make, as we had not quite made up our minds that the time had come to make the matter public—for public, of course, it will now be made."

"Not necessarily," I remarked; "that is a matter that must be left entirely to yourself."

"Well, we eventually decided that it would be best to publish to the world a statement of fact, suppressing, however, for the present, all names. You know what the public is. It is always ready to set down any one who sees or acts beyond its comprehension, or above its plane, as a fool or a lunatic. We can not change, and do not care to face, for the present, its adverse criticism."

I cordially agreed, and the doctor went on:

"Our society, or club—we call it 'The Pentagram Club,' perhaps you noticed the symbol on the door—originated about a month ago, and in a somewhat peculiar manner. Somewhat before that time a gentleman arrived from Europe, whose name, famous as it is in the scientific world—you know it well, and, for all I know, may know himself—at once made him the recipient of marked attention from our leading citizens of culture. He was, of course, introduced at all of our principal clubs, and speedily became the centre of a coterie of such of their members as pretended to anything in the shape of scientific tastes. It soon transpired that Professor C——, while the department of science in which he has attained preëminent distinction is of an eminently practical nature, was, nevertheless, a deep and enthusiastic student of that esoteric branch of science which has been termed theosophy. Many of our club men became interested in the subject through the masterly and graphic way in which the professor treated it, and many were the discussions and conversations held by little knots of interested listeners in private rooms, representing almost every walk in life, I myself being no infrequent attendant.

"One afternoon, about a month ago—the sixteenth or seventeenth of May, I think it was—one of these little knots were gathered round Professor C——'s chair in one of the rooms of the Union Club, two of them—Professor P——, and the Rev. Mr. M——, whom you saw yesterday night ascending the stairs leading to our club-rooms—attracted by an earnest desire for information upon the subject-matter discussed; two others—Judge S—— and myself—attracted, I think, rather by the intellectual gratification afforded by listening to a flow of eloquent language and polished diction, no matter what the topic may be; and two others—the broker and the club man whom you say you met first upon the stairs—having strolled in and joined the group, perhaps to kill time, perhaps out of mere curiosity, for they themselves would be the last to lay claim to any special intellectual or scientific aspirations.

"Professor C—— had been expatiating upon the differences between ancient and modern theosophy, a subject on which, I assure you, I am yet woefully ignorant, and for which, to tell the truth, I have not much predilection, when he suddenly broke off from the thread of his discourse, which had really been addressed to the representatives of science and theology, in the persons of Professor P—— and the Rev. Mr. M——, the other four of us having drifted in, and become members of the group from motives I have already suggested, and addressed us all collectively:

"'Gentlemen,' he said, as near as I can recall his language, the manner of which was particularly grave and impressive, 'I am about to make what may seem a peculiar, not to say startling, proposition. I am led to believe from some facts I have noted, and experiments which I have made within the last day or two, that I am on the eve of making the most important discovery in regard to the true relations existing between what we are pleased to call, in default of a better term, the spiritual and the material world, a discovery which, if it results, as I doubt not it will, in success, will set speculation at rest forever regarding these relations, and supply the key that will unlock all the secrets of the unknown. Gentlemen, will you assist me in making a great, a grand experiment, and share with me the honor of a discovery which will make your names illustrious and honored for all time?'

"None of us could fail to be impressed by the earnestness, sincerity, and dignity of Professor C——'s language, but neither did any of us, as I could see, realize what was required of us, a point which the professor was not slow to appreciate and he proceeded:

"'What I have to propose practically, gentlemen, is this: We, now sitting here, number seven persons in all; we symbolize the mystic number seven. Nay, we do more. I think I am not mistaken in saying—for I have had the pleasure of being introduced to you all—that we symbolize, in our several persons, the seven polite professions, and the seven different sorts and conditions of men, intellectually, socially, and—pardon me for speaking the truth—morally. On either hand of me'—here the professor bowed courteously to Professor P—— and the Rev. Mr. M——, 'sit science and religion. In front of me'—with a gracious inclination to Judge S—— and myself—'sit law and medicine. I also notice, with pleasure—here the professor smiled pleasantly in the direction of Mr. B——, the broker, and Mr. G——, the club man—'that my friends, law and medicine, are ably supported by my other friends, business and leisure. Myself I shall modestly designate labor, as upon me will devolve the work of giving the theoretical principle of my experiment a practical shape, and I can assure you it will entail no little labor to do so. I shall, possibly, never be fortunate enough to chance upon the same combination again. I think I can say, with perfect truth, that we combine within ourselves all the elements and conditions necessary for success. The next question is, will you accord me your assistance? Briefly, what I propose is this: First, that we constitute ourselves into a Theosophical Society—call it a club if you will. Secondly, that we secure an apartment which will insure us privacy. Thirdly, that you spare me an hour or two of your time once a week. I will engage, on my part, not to overtax your forbearance, and I think, nay, I feel assured that you will be richly repaid for your time and trouble. I shall be pleased to hear how my proposal strikes each one of you individually.'

"Again there was an awkward pause, and for a moment or two nobody spoke. Mr. B——, the broker, was the first to break the silence. Bowing to Professor C——, he said:

"'The proposition, gentlemen, strikes me as being an eminently fair one, and we should certainly lack in politeness to our guest if we failed to accede to it. As for the end aimed at, I am incompetent to speak. I do not know much about science in any of its branches, particularly the branch the professor has been discussing. I shall, however, be happy to do my part, so far as in me lies, in the matter of attendance, providing that does not much exceed, as the professor intimates, an hour or two once a week, and so far as money is concerned I shall guarantee that the professor's experiments shall not suffer for lack of that.'

"This speech, brief and to the point, was greeted with applause.

"Mr. G——, of the Union Club, next signified his adherence to the plan, reiterating in a degree the sentiments of Mr. B——. Judge S—— was the next to fall into line. Professor P—— and myself stated frankly that we were deterred by any scruples but that of expense. We said we did not care to go blindly into any scheme without having some idea of what cost it would entail, while the Rev. Mr. M—— demurred to becoming a member of a theosophic society on the ground that it was unbefitting a minister of the gospel. Being a man, however, of liberal ideas, he was eventually won over by the arguments of Professor C—— while as regards the prudential objections of Professor P—— and myself, it was shown that the necessary expense of renting and furnishing a club-room suitable for the purpose was insignificant, while with regard to whatever else was necessary in the way of apparatus, etc., Professor C—— said that as he alone knew what was necessary, he alone must be responsible for providing it. He also stated that four weekly meetings, extending over one month would be sufficient to give his theory a fair test. Messrs. B—— and G—— were then unanimously elected a committee of ways and means, and these gentlemen are responsible for the elegant club-rooms, which our society enjoys, and to which, by the way, I am empowered to extend you an invitation by Professor C—— and the other members for next Thursday evening at eleven o'clock, when you can judge for yourself of the aim and scope of our undertaking."

"And have the results you have achieved," I asked, after expressing my thanks and hearty acceptance of the invitation, "answered your expectations?"

"Yes and no," returned Dr. W——, sententiously; "in the first place, the society has as yet held only three formal meetings, which have been devoted to listening to very delightful addresses from Professor C—— upon such topics as 'In the course with the Superior Intelligences,' 'The Higher Life,' and so on; these discourses being followed by an exercise or species of training, in what the professor calls 'the art of concentration.' Most of us were inclined to smile, and some of us did laugh heartily upon the first occasion, at the peculiar apparatus which forms a part of this exercise, but the simple and sincere earnestness of the professor, his lucid explanation of the meaning of what we were called upon to do, and his immovable confidence in the efficacy of his methods to bring about what he aims at, namely, a real and tangible communication with the 'higher intelligences,' as he terms them, were sufficient to repress any disposition on the part of any of our number toward unbecoming levity. As it will all end, or whether anything will come of our meetings and exercises in the way the professor hopes, I, for my part, more than doubt. To tell the truth, I am no believer in these new-fangled metaphysical theories at all, and we are not that we are in honor bound to give our guest all the assistance and countenance we can, for at least one meeting, most of us, I think, would have politely withdrawn from the society. At the next meeting, however, we are led to expect great developments. A certain appliance, we are told, we had to be specially constructed for the purpose, and which has been, since the formation of the society, in process of manufacture, will be completed and put in place upon occasion. You will then be able to see and judge for

self of the whole business. Till then, good-by. I see I have an appointment with a patient."

During the next week I had occasion, as usual, to pass frequently by the rooms of the Pentagram Club. In the early part of the week I noticed an unusual bustle in the corridor where these rooms were. Large packing-cases were lying about, one of which, indeed, was so large that a door had to be taken off its hinges, and the jambs and part of the partition wall removed, before it could be introduced into the apartments. The glimpse of the interior which I gained through this casualty convinced me that theosophy need not necessarily be allied to asceticism, at any rate when members of the sect happen to be capitalists or brokers.

Several minutes before eleven, on the following Thursday night, found me before the door bearing the mystic star, as I was determined that nothing should suffer through my tardiness. It had not occurred to me to make my presence known by knocking, as I heard no signs of life inside, and was not prepared for the remark of my friend, Dr. ——, who was the first to arrive.

"Why didn't you knock?" he asked; "Professor C—— is inside, and you are expected. But come in and I will introduce you."

We passed together into a very elegantly and tastefully furnished apartment, at a table in which a gentleman was reading. Professor C——, to whom I was then, for the first time, introduced, though I had known him for many years by reputation as one of the most, if not the most, distinguished savant in his particular sphere in the world, welcomed me cordially and said that he hoped, nay that he felt confident, I would witness that night some of the sublimest phenomena it was possible to conceive. Our conversation was, however, interrupted at the outset by the arrival, in quick succession, of other members of the club, and after the usual few minutes allowed for the interchange of greetings had passed, the meeting was informally called to order by Professor C—— in the following terms:

"Gentlemen and fellow-members, it gives me great gratification to inform you that the apparatus for which we have been waiting has been constructed according to order, and that it is complete in every particular. I have been for two days past superintending its disposition in our exercise-room, and if you are all of you ready we will now proceed to test it."

The professor then led the way to the folding-doors communicating with the next apartment, and, pushing them aside, we passed through. Here a scene met my eyes which necessitates a somewhat close description. This room was perfectly bare of decoration of any kind save a gas-chandelier suspended from the ceiling, all the burners of which were lighted. The uncarpeted floor exposed the hard-wood boards of which it was made. In the centre of the floor stood a circular platform of some polished black wood, I think ebony, supported at a height of some ten or twelve inches from the floor by a series of stout glass pillars or pedestals, seven in number. The circular platform, which measured, I should say, some sixteen or eighteen feet in diameter, was scored by a number of interlacing lines, stretching from one point of the periphery to another, along which some fine yellow powder, that looked like resin, had been strewn to the width of perhaps an inch. These interlacing lines formed a heptagonal figure drawn upon the principle of the pentagram, and at each of the seven angles of this figure, and close to the edge of the platform, stood an ordinary wooden chair. In the centre of this heptagonal figure stood an object which arrested my attention. The construction of a heptagonal figure, on the lines of the pentagram, involves a central space left blank within the intersecting lines of the figure. Within this blank space lay a flat, polished disc of glass, some four feet in diameter and several inches in thickness, and upon this disc rested a huge glass bell, shaped like the receiver of an air-pump, some seven feet in height by, perhaps, three feet and a half in width. What struck me most, with regard to the size and general proportions of this bell, was that a full-grown man of large stature could have stood and moved comfortably within it.

From the apex of this bell issued a series of cords, which looked like insulated wires, the resemblance being further heightened by the fact that each of them ended in a metal handle, such as is used on galvanic batteries, two of which lay upon each chair. To complete the strange and mysterious accessories of the apartment, suspended from the ceiling by a line rove through a block, so that it could be raised or lowered at pleasure, was a nondescript appliance which I shall endeavor to describe. From a brass ball, some inches in diameter, radiated seven curved brass rods, each of which formed the arc of a quadrant, and ended in an oval band of metal, the whole structure being so arranged that each of the terminal oval bands of metal hung suspended directly over one of the seven chairs.

It was not long before I discovered the use and object of this strange contrivance. My eye took in at a glance what it has taken me several minutes to describe, and as soon as we had all filed into the room, the others stepped on to the circular platform and took their seats, evidently by preconcerted arrangement, with the exception of Professor C——, who released the line holding the suspended system of rods, so that it was lowered till each of the other six had fixed the oval metal band, in which each rod terminated, securely upon his forehead. He then detached, by means of a forked rod, the brass ball from the line, so that the whole structure was free. Meanwhile, each of the six had taken in their hands the metallic terminals of the wires that issued from the apex of the glass ball. I had, meanwhile, settled into the only other chair in the room, which stood in one of the corners left by the platform near the door, and toward which the professor had motioned me on entering.

I must confess that the situation, at first sight, impressed me as somewhat ludicrous. The spectacle of six scientific, religious, hard-headed, reputable, and rich—as the case might be—gentlemen of the nineteenth century engaging in such a fantastical mummery as this struck me, as I say, at first as something supremely funny, and I could quite appreciate the sentiments of my friend the doctor over his first similar experience. This disposition to ridicule disappeared, however, the moment Professor C—— began to talk. Ascending the platform, and standing in front of the chair he was to occupy in the circle, he delivered the following brief address, which I took down verbatim:

"While the fluids necessary to our experiment are collecting, gentlemen, and before it is necessary to concentrate, I will say a few words regarding the rationale of the methods we are now the first among human kind to employ to communicate with the higher intelligences. Theosophy, as generally understood, and more especially that branch of it which has sprung up in modern times, is an abstract science, its votaries living like the Neo-Platonists and early mystics in the realm of ideas. But there is a school of theosophy existing yet, notably among the older races of the Orient, which reduces this abstract science to its concrete counterpart, which is able to hold communication and converse with the higher intelligences, and through their aid to accomplish feats which would be accounted impossible by the wisest science of our time. But the communication effected, and the control exerted, by the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, Hindoos, and Oriental races generally over these intelligences were accomplished in every case by the moral suasion of invocations, rendered ever more potent by asceticism of life and purity of idea, or by the immoral one of charms and incantations, which were replied to ever to the detriment of him who used them.

"But, my friends, the new theosophy, of which I am the humble but confident exponent and apostle, works by a surer method in its dealings with the beings with whom it desires to communicate. Instead of the ancient invocation which, to be effective, demands that the invoker be on such an equality of plane with the being he invokes, that familiar communication becomes necessarily easy, our new theosophy reaches the same end through mechanical means; in other words, it supplies a material channel which renders it easy for the higher intelligence to communicate. And what is that mechanical means which we employ? I reply that it is that force or element of which these intelligences, spirits—call them what you will—form a part. Suppose we admit that the spirit, for instance, after leaving the body, mingles with and becomes lost in the illimitable Nirvana. The mission of the new theosophy is to draw that spirit thence, to reconstruct it, in fine to condense it again from the Nirvana, or primitive element into which it has been absorbed, into a quasi-material form which shall be appreciable to one or more of our corporeal senses.

"And how is this to be effected? Simply by employing for the purpose that all-pervading, subtle, and ethereal medium, which forms the connecting link between ethereal matter and corporeal matter, commonly termed the electric or magnetic fluid. What is that fluid, or force, which we term electricity? We do not know. We only know that it is correlative with, and convertible into, all other forms of force of which we have cognizance—light, heat, and motion. And inasmuch as light, heat, motion, electricity, gravity, all the phenomena, in short, of which we have cognizance, are only modes, or expressions, of one form of force, why should not intelligence, spirit—call it what you will—be only another expression of the same form of force? And as it is clearly possible that what has existed once may exist again in its original form, and as it is chemically impossible that any atom of corporeal matter should be lost, we are here to-night to demonstrate that it is equally impossible that any portion of that ethereal matter which we call intelligence, or spirit, should be lost, and equally possible that each individual portion of such ethereal matter, which has been absorbed into the universal ether, should be recondensed into that same individual form by employing the proper means to do so.

"The means, gentlemen, are before you, in you, and at your command. Your heads, the seats of your several intelligences, are connected together by these metal rods terminating in yonder metal ball. Wires, again, proceed from your several hands to yonder insulated receiver standing in your midst, where they also meet in a common focus, namely, that other metal knob which you see in the apex of the bell. Thus there is a focus without, toward which you draw from the illimitable ether, and a focus within, toward which you concentrate. You constitute, in effect, a very powerful battery, though the fluid, or force, which it generates is more subtle and ethereal than that generated by ordinary chemical action.

"The next step, gentlemen," continued Professor C——, as he took his seat in the only vacant chair upon the platform, adjusted the metal band upon his temples, and grasped the handles of the remaining wires, "is to concentrate. Let us agree upon some intelligence—some notable being, let us say, who once lived upon this earth, for though that condition should not be, if my theory is correct, essential in practice, for all intelligences, I hold, that exist in the infinite Nirvana should be equally amenable to law, yet it commends itself as more suitable for a first experiment—and then let us exert our wills in silent invocation for its presence. If my theory is correct, the intelligence unanimously invoked will make itself known to us in yonder insulated receiver."

Several names were proposed as widely apart as Plato, Starr King, Grant, Ralston, and Shakespeare, the choice finally settling upon Shakespeare as a compromise, the question as to whether he was or was not the author of the plays not militating, Professor C—— said, against his availability as a subject.

"And now let me caution you," said the professor gravely, "against permitting your thoughts to wander from the matter in hand. It is not only that concentration is absolutely essential to the accomplishment of our aim, but for all I can tell—this is an untried experiment, as you are aware—any serious defect in this respect may be attended with danger. We are dealing, it must be remembered, with the most potent force in nature, and must be correspondingly cautious. If we preserve equanimity and act harmoniously I am confident we have nothing to fear. But, above all things, let us keep our attention fixed upon the matter in hand. Now."

It was certainly a curious spectacle, as I sat in my chair in the corner and watched and waited. Seven gentlemen, some in evening-dress, representing widely different circles in society, sitting on an insulated circular platform, their chairs ranged with mathematical precision in a heptagon, in their centre a vast glass bell, from which radiated a system of telegraphic wires, while from their heads rose a structure of metal rods, which towered above them in the centre, looking, with its curved sides and spherical apex, for all the world like a gigantic crown. The light from the chandelier threw the whole scene into vivid relief, and seemed perfectly in keeping with this exhibition of nineteenth century necromancy, if such it could be called, conducted on scientific principles, and with one of the ablest savants in the world for its prophet and high priest.

I looked at my watch—it was not yet half-past eleven. The minutes passed on as I watched the strangely assorted figures on the platform, sitting silent and immobile at their fantastic employment. What, thought I, would his brother brokers think if they could see their friend B—— positioned as he was at the moment; or his congregation, could they realize the appearance of their revered pastor, the Rev. Mr. M——; or the Bar Association could they witness the condition of the learned Judge S——? But my reverie was cut abruptly short. I became aware that something was going on in the glass bell. Yes, there could be no doubt about it, the bell seemed to be filled with a grayish mist slowly moving and convoluting upon itself, while upon the glass sides appeared those signs of condensation one sees upon window panes on a cold day. I could see by the excitement on the faces of those upon the platform that they were fully aware of the phenomenon also. In a minute more, the drops upon the sides of the bell cleared away and an indistinct and shadowy form began to take shape within.

As the seconds passed, it assumed greater distinctness and regularity. A human head, with broad, expansive brow, seemed to grow from a body of medium height and symmetrical structure. I caught a glimpse—it was only a glimpse, so riveted was my gaze by the spectacle in the glass bell—of the smile of triumph which irradiated the countenance of Professor S——; of the mingled awe and perplexity depicted upon the visage of the Rev. Mr. M——; of the look of keen analysis which overspread the face of Dr. W——; of some trembling arms and shaking limbs of figures sitting with their backs to me; and next moment a loud rapping was heard at the outer door, followed almost simultaneously by a report like that of a small cannon, accompanied with a lightning flash, after which there was complete darkness. I felt a large body hurled against me, and by the time I had scrambled to my feet from where I had fallen, one of the burners of the chandelier, which had been extinguished by the explosion, again burst into light, and I saw Professor C—— standing in the centre of the platform in the act of lighting the others.

The glass bell was nowhere to be seen, but in its place a little heap of finely pulverized glass lay piled upon the glass disc which had supported it. Several badly scared gentlemen had now picked themselves up from various quarters of the room where they had fallen, looking ruefully ludicrous. No one had been hurt. Explanations followed. It turned out that Dr. W——'s wife had been taken suddenly ill, and she, knowing where he was, had sent the servant after him.

Professor C—— maintains that the explosion occurred through the spirit of Shakespeare having been suddenly left without the moral support necessary for its corporeal maintenance, owing to the distraction of the minds of the members of the circle from their work of concentration, by the sudden knocking at the door, and had accordingly returned incontinently to the bosom of Nirvana and its place in the universal ether. He is triumphant, however, over the undoubted success of his experiment, and is backed up by all the other members of the club, in proof whereof a new glass bell has been ordered.

The most striking circumstance about the explosion, in my eyes, lay in the fact that no one was hurt, and that the glass bell crumbled into dust—not fragments—like a Prince Rupert's drop, and that not one particle of that dust fell outside of the glass disc that stood in the centre of the heptagon.

ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1888.

The *Rappel* says that the gang which has lately issued false French bank-notes is composed of wealthy Russians and Austrians. They possess ships and crews and all the necessary apparatus. The notes are engraved at sea and the plates thrown overboard into the water. The ships put into ports where accomplices receive the notes, scatter them, and give back those unused. Then the whole establishment travels to another port.

The archbishop of Paris has refused to allow Verdi's requiem to be given in Notre Dame, on the ground that ladies of the opera would sing in it. The archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Cullen, afterward cardinal, some years ago invited a whole Italian opera troupe engaged at the old Theatre Royal to sing in the cathedral choir, and five shillings was the entrance fee. Even doctors of divinity disagree.

A recent number of the *Hearth and Home* states that there are two hundred and fifty thousand chronic invalids in the United States. The names of these invalids are known, and are peddled, quoted, and sold as an article of commerce. In support of the statement, the names of quack doctors dealing in them are given.

The workmen on the great Eiffel tower in Paris have struck, on the ground that the higher they go the greater the danger is. There are two hundred of them, earning, on an average, eighty cents a day. If their wages are to rise with the tower, it will not go very much further.

There has been a long search for a sunken rock in the Red Sea, upon which two British steamers foundered. It has at last been found. It is a very small coral patch with only fourteen feet of water over it.

MAKING A PRESIDENT.

New York after the Political Exodus to St. Louis.

Last Saturday the streets of New York resounded to the blare of brass bands. Banners of an unusual character fluttered through the town. Processions of men, some in uniform costumes of summer tweed or blue flannel, carrying silver-headed canes like swords, and some in every-day attire, marched up-town in squadrons. At the various political clubs and association headquarters there were swarms of excited individuals, who divided their time between the consumption of beverages, usually of a fiery character, and the discussion of burning political questions, in loud voices. The big waiting-room at the Grand Central Depot presented the aspect of Tammany Hall on an election night. It was not only that the faces that filled it were those familiar in the Democratic stronghold on such occasions, but that the common topic of interest was of a similar order. Moreover, men whose identification with ward and district politics was common property, were bustling to and fro, marshaling their battalions and whipping in stragglers whom the neighboring bar-rooms had lured from the main body. To add to the confusion, hansoms and hackney-coaches were constantly rattling up and dropping belated politicians, with badges in their button-holes and the scent of Hoffman and St. James, the Astor and Morton House bars still fragrant on their mustaches. Every now and then a brass band—of which the street outside the depot was full—would fill in the idle time by striking up a tune, and occasionally the arrival of a specially popular local boss would be cheered.

The cohorts of the Democracy of the city of New York were going to St. Louis to nominate a candidate for the Presidency.

As may be imagined, this spirited movement, on the part of so important a portion of the community, did not occur without enlisting a considerable degree of public interest. There was a vast turning out of that peculiar class of idlers that political occasions always bring to the front in this city. Those who enjoyed the proud privilege of acquaintances among the delegates and independent excursionists conversed with them, to the manifest admiration and envy of those who did not share that distinction. The saloon-keeper, jingling his golden watch-cable and flashing his chandelier pin, elbowed the scabby hanger-on of the Fourth Ward groggeries, and the silk-stockinged Manhattan Club Democrat brushed shoulders with the ferret-eyed member of the Young Tough's Tammany Hall Association of the Ninety-Ninth District. The practical politician of the New Amsterdam Club and the theoretical reformer of the Citizens' Association breathed the same air in temporary peace. The city Democracy, in brief, came about as close to having a love-feast as they ever did in their lives, and in the plentitude of their power and the amplitude of the good-humor it engendered they cheered a tall, gentlemanly man, with trim gray whiskers, when he passed out from the doorway leading to the offices of the Vanderbilt roads up-stairs.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew responded to the salute with his usual suave civility. He may have experienced a sense of curiosity as to whether some body of men of another creed of politics would presently be making a journey to a convention in his behalf, but if he did, he was too much of a man of the world to show it. He went his way, and the gates being opened, the Democracy poured into the cars, and was soon leaving New York behind at the goodly rate of forty miles an hour. Paddy Mulhooley, of the Street Cleaning Department, rested his spade in a pile of Harlem garbage and remarked, between whiffs of his pipe, to the officer on the beat, as he watched the train roll by:

"Be jabbers, what will New Yorrik do, wid all the b'yes that takes care of it away?"

"It'll take care av itself, Pat," answered the officer; "now thin, get that cargo av new mown hay down to the dumps, or we'll all have the chollery morbus."

In effect, New York has been left almost to govern itself by the departure of so strong a delegation of its rulers on the mission of the machine. There is a marked diminution in the crowd that commonly hangs about the public offices to beg from the department-heads favors that the citizens have to pay for, and the choice daily gathering in the city hall corridors, and the park outside, has sensibly decreased. The boodle-haunted aldermanic chambers are almost desolate. Being carried, by business, to an important up-town police court today, and arriving there at noon, I found the hall of justice in singular confusion. The bench was empty. The clerk was telling funny stories to the reporters. The lawyers were discussing politics in the privileged reservation, and the audience sat with hats on, while the court officers held confidential conversations with the mysterious-looking man of whose intimate acquaintanceship public officials in New York appear to enjoy a monopoly. In the pen, packed as full of prisoners as it could be, filth and decency, crime and innocence, were sweating together under a temperature like the hot-room of a Turkish bath.

"Hasn't the court opened yet?" I asked an officer.

This functionary, having concluded his weighty confab with his special man of mystery, replied, "No, sir;" and I inquired if the judge was sick.

"He's at the convention, sir," answered the officer, civilly, as all such officers, who are the picked men of the police force, are wont; "and Judge Jinks, who is sitting for him, has not got up-town yet."

The court should have been opened three hours before, but Judge Jinks, who has one of the heaviest docketed courts in the city, had to get through with his own duty before he attended to that of his *confrère* several miles away, consequently the arrests of the night before were compelled to wait in torment for the wheels of justice to turn in their direction. And all because Judge Winks had gone to St. Louis to aid in making a political slate for the party which gives him his six years' turn at the public crib, at the neat salary of eight thousand dollars a year.

The same business that took me to the police court demanded my presence at one of the most important of our public departments. In the main office I discovered a solitary clerk, who was reading a report of the convention in an afternoon paper. None of the other desks looked as if they had been used that day. I inquired for Commissioner Blinks.

"Gone to the convention," answered the clerk, without looking up from his paper.

"Can I see the deputy commissioner, then?"

"No, you can't," as before.

"Why?"

The clerk laid down his paper, stretched himself with a weary air, glanced at me with an expression that said as plainly as words, "What an infernal bore you are, if you only knew it!" and finally inquired:

"Hey?"

"I asked if I could see the deputy commissioner."

"Well, didn't I say you couldn't?" retorted the clerk, politely; "leastways, unless you can see as far as St. Louis."

By persistent inquiry I learned that the rest of the staff, with the exception of my informant, were either at the races, the base-ball game, or the Buffalo Bill show business, and the department was practically suspended for the week.

Being in the neighborhood, I thought I would look in on a friend who is on the district attorney's staff. A perspiring door-man admitted me into a deserted ante-room.

"Mr. Crinks?" I asked.

"He's out of town, sir," said the door-man.

"Gone to the convention?" I hinted.

"Yes, sir," replied the door-man.

"They seem to have all gone to the convention," said I.

Half of them, it turned out, had. There were three or four assistants left to try cases. The head of the office and his chief subordinates were at St. Louis, helping to make the nomination.

In the same fashion every department of the city government has been depleted. One of the newspapers gave a list of the absentees, and it was a column long. Some of the departments are seriously inconvenienced by the shortness of their forces, notably the police courts, and the courts whose clerks have taken a trip West to do party duty. Others, however, seem to get along quite as well as usual, and this is raising the interesting question whether they could not be run at all times with a reduction of their forces. There is one department with a high-priced head, a high-priced deputy, and a dozen high and low-priced clerks. All the high-priced employees, from the chief down, are off President-making. The work of the department goes smoothly on under two or three of the least expensive employees. Indeed, it is more expeditiously performed, people who have business with the department tell me, in consequence of the absence of a lot of routine formality necessary to make the high-priced clerks appear to be earning their salaries.

"Dear me, dear me!" says old Mr. Cheeryble, of the firm of Cheeryble Brothers, so well-known in the dry-goods district; "I had no idea there were so many office-holders in New York."

Mr. Cheeryble has got hold of the newspaper list of absentees, and it has been a revelation to him. He will carry it home and read it to Mrs. Cheeryble, and discuss it with his pastor when he makes his weekly call, and there the matter will end. As to any reform in the list of public pensioners, or any active step toward such a reformation, the Mr. Cheerybles, of whom New York is full, will not bear a hand in it, you may be bound. The practical politican will suffer no disturbance through them in any comfortable place that he may find himself in.

"I don't take any interest in politics," says Mr. Cheeryble; "it is a dirty business, all round."

"Perhaps," you might remark, "it wouldn't be so dirty if you took a little interest in it?"

"I guess my interference would not make any difference," Mr. Cheeryble would be sure to reply. "Besides, I've got my hands full of my own business, and that is enough for me."

Here is a fat man with a crimson complexion, and a blazing superfluity of diamonds, and gold chains, and charms, sitting at a choice table in the Hoffman Café, drinking brandy and soda at fifty cents a round and smoking a half-dollar cigar. He has a deep, coarse voice, and the manners of a stableman. His conversation is of the kind one might expect to hear from a journeyman butcher, and his English would be regarded as crude even in the society of the Five Points. If you were to ask one of the numerous men who stop to exchange a word with him, or who sit down to engage in conversation with him, who he is, he would reply:

"Why that is Mike Sykes. Never hear of Mike Sykes, the boss of the Steenth Ward? Why, man alive, he carries the ward in his hat, and swings more votes on election day than any man in New York."

In return for this, Mike Sykes lives on the city like a barnacle on a ship's bottom. You will find his name on some department pay-roll, and the names of his sons, and his sons-in-law, his nephews, and his brothers—for all I know of his father and his grandfather—among those to whom the city pays wages. Some of them may be competent to do the work they are hired to do. Most of them probably are not, and all of them, you can rest assured, do just as little work as they can for their money. It is all one to Mike Sykes, who, in virtue of his bosship of the Steenth Ward, does no work at all excepting the little labor necessitated once in a while by the collection of his salary.

But when election time comes around, or the conventions are called, Mike Sykes rises supreme. His offspring and his family connections then buckle down lustily to the service of the machine. The Sykes's, direct and collateral, are all at St. Louis. Mike Sykes himself would be there if he had not been caught by an attack of the gout, which has forced him to stay behind and help rule New York from the chaste shades of the bar-room. I suppose Mr. Cheeryble is not even aware of the existence of Mike Sykes. But then, as Mr. Cheeryble "takes no interest in politics," and as somebody must, I suppose Mike Sykes is as good a man to do so as Dennis Feeny, or Barney Fogarty, or Pete Limburger, or the rest of that army of patriots for revenue only who have been making St. Louis savory since Saturday, for the benefit of the atmosphere of New York.

ALFRED TRUMBLE.

NEW YORK, June 7, 1888.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Peg Woffington as Sir Harry Wildair in "The Constant Couple" carried London by storm. Garrick abandoned the rôle to her. It was in this that she provoked the repartee of Quin, who, when she said, after some fervid demonstration on the part of her admirers, "I have played the part so often that half the town believes me to be a real man," consoled her with the assurance that the other half knew to the contrary.

It is told of the late Fitz-Greene Halleck, who, forty years ago, was one of the great figures of American literature, that a wealthy gentleman had ordered his portrait to be painted by one of our most distinguished artists, and Mr. Halleck went for the first sitting. "Before we actually begin," said he to the artist, "I have one request to make of you, and that is to paint me as a gentleman. As for the likeness I don't care a copper; fifty years hence nobody can tell whether there is any fault in it or not."

During a recent trip of the *City of San Antonio*, of the Mallory line, from New York to Fernandina, an old lady passenger, who was hard to please and who grumbled at everything and everybody about the ship, said to the captain, at the breakfast table, just before reaching port: "After all, captain, there's one thing that is really good on this ship, and when I say a thing's really good, I mean it. Never saw better anywhere." "Glad to hear you say so, madam," replied the gallant captain; "we always try to make things pleasant and comfortable for our guests. But what is there on this ship you admire so much?" "The salt," replied the old lady.

Brigham Young often had to exert the whole of his wonderfully quick wit in order to preserve the faith that his followers had in him, but he was generally equal to the occasion. A certain elder, while chopping wood, had cut his leg so badly that it had to be amputated. As soon as he was able he came to Young and stated his case to him somewhat as follows: "I have always been a good Mormon; I have several wives and a good many children, and in my present maimed condition I do not know how I am to provide for them. I believe truly that you are Christ's representative on earth, and that you have all the power that He had. If you like, you can work miracles; if you like, you can give me a new leg, and now I ask you to do it." Young assented to all the flattering propositions as they were laid down, and when the elder had finished speaking, he said: "I can give you a new leg, and I will, but I want you to think about it a little at first. When the day of judgment comes, wherever you are buried, your old leg will find you out and join itself to you, but if I give you a new one, that will rise with you, too, and the question is whether you would rather suffer the inconvenience of getting along with one for a few years here or go through all eternity with three legs." The choice was quickly made, and Brigham Young's reputation as a miracle-worker was saved.

A characteristic anecdote, dating from the reign of Louis Phillippe, is related of the Duke de Morny. He had then been recently elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and received one day an invitation to dinner from a rich financier of the period, who was fond of ostentatiously displaying his newly acquired wealth and sumptuously appointed table. He had, however, one peculiar weakness, of which those who had partaken of his hospitality were well aware, and which, somehow or other, had come to the ears of M. de Morny. A certain wine in his cellar, a Leoville of exquisite bouquet and flavor, was exclusively reserved for the Amphitryon himself, his wife, and a single guest, whom he particularly wished to favor, the others being debarred from a taste of this delicious nectar. In the course of dinner, the privileged trio having been previously supplied with the incomparable Leoville, wines of various sorts were handed round; and when it came to the count's turn, he was asked if he preferred Château Lafitte or Hermitage. "Neither," he replied, in a distinctly audible tone; "give me some Leoville." The dismayed attendant glanced at his master, who, putting a good face on the matter, directed him to hand "M. le Duc" the wine he preferred; whereupon M. de Morny, negligently emptying the precious liquid from the claret-glass into a tumbler, filled the latter with water, and drank it off; then, turning toward his neighbor, he continued his conversation with him as unconcernedly as if nothing had occurred to interrupt it.

Mlle. Hélène Laroche, member of the ballet corps of the Grand Opera of Paris, not long since drew one of the first prizes in a lottery, amounting to two hundred thousand francs, the ticket having been bequeathed to her by an aunt. She donated the entire sum to the Paris Orphan Asylum, declaring in the deed of presentation that she was happy to give to the needy what she would otherwise have squandered in frivolous expenditure.

Mrs. Patti Syle Collins, the reader of blind handwriting in the Dead Letter Department at Washington, is an expert. She reads all written languages, except Russian and Chinese, and does not read these because, as she says, very few Russian letters come to this country, and the Chinese are so careful in preparing the addresses, usually writing one in English as well as Chinese, that she has found no need.

VANITY FAIR.

"A woman with a white neck never conceals it" is one of the social axioms (says the Boston *Herald*). For the last few years, ever since, in fact, the Princess of Wales became the leader of American and London fashions, the white neck has been in eclipse. The princess has a deep scar, caused by an abscess under the skin, and to conceal this blemish the high collar on day dresses and the broad band of velvet and jewels by night were adopted. Like most fashions, this one was born to soothe royal vanity, and it must be conceded it has proved a blessing to many a long-necked commoner. Now, however, there is a threatened revolt among the young beauties with white round throats; they say, with the usual cruelty of youth, that the princess would be glad enough to dispense with her chokers if she could, and they will not be governed by her scar any longer. For tailor-made severe street-gowns, yes; but for the house, no! Aided and abetted by M. Worth, the girls are showing their necks in a most distracting way. At the theatre, the other night, the back of the loveliest white neck divided attention with "Jim the Penman" whenever the curtain fell, for the beautiful line of the soft brown hair on that white skin, the graceful curves of the jaw where it joined the neck, and then the roundness of the contours, were studies in which an artist would have reveled. To exhibit all this loveliness the Frenchy gown was devoid of any band. Trying? Well, slightly, but, then, that is the charm of it. Only the young and fair may venture to uncover this portion of the human anatomy. English girls are famous for their columnar necks. Americans, on the contrary, are of finer mold, and their necks, like their wrists and ankles, are more slender than are those of the fair but massive daughters of Albion. Mrs. Langtry, for instance, has a perfectly set neck; the back of it is what the Greeks call "kissable"; and so, too, was this demoiselle's who engrossed the attention of the occupants of two seats behind her at the theatre last week. It is seldom, however, that this pure, Greek type appears on this side of the Atlantic, though now it is to be a fashion, it will, doubtless, develop among American beauties, for Americans have a way of being what they desire. Who would have dreamed, a decade ago, that the traditional Boston complexion could have so improved, and yet to-day that "tone of leather" has almost gone from the average face. Women look fresher and less colorless, and the young girls have a bloom which can only be the result of dietary care, plenty of exercise, and a greater knowledge of the general laws of hygiene. In a climate like this the struggle to preserve health, and consequently good looks, must be constant. Mothers can improve the shape of their babe's noses and flatten their ears, precisely as they can always preserve their own lines and contours by personal care.

The girls on the Pacific Coast rather outdo their Eastern sisters in audacity of dress, or rather undress (says the New York *Sun* in an article on bathing-suits), for while the ordinary bathers stand in low rows by the rope, squealing when the water dashes over them, wearing little skirts that open out like umbrellas when their wearers dip down into the water, and closing again when they rise up, the real swimmer walks down to the end of the pier wrapped in a long, heavy bath-robe, which she quickly tosses back into the hands of her maid, and in a flash is in the water in a jersey costume consisting of short legs and a sleeveless, low-necked waist made all in one piece and fastened on the shoulders. With her head on one arm, she propels herself with the graceful, curving, tapering white limbs swiftly through the water, turning over on her back to float when tired, and then striking out again with free, fearless ease and grace, until she suddenly wheels toward the beach, and is wrapped up in that heavy cloak before any one can quite determine whether the costume is scarlet and blue or black and yellow, for it may be either.

A Paris correspondent writes to the London *Truth*: Since the high heel and pointed toe have had time to do their work, the chiropodist is rising to as money-making a position as the American dentist. The women who operate in the public baths for ladies have more work than they can attend to, and are raising their fees according to the state of the pairs of feet which they are asked to attend to. The ordinary old-fashioned treatment, requiring only the sharp knife and the pummice-stone, is still a franc and a half. But for the operation known as "dehoofing" the foot, you may, with extras, get up from ten to thirty francs. There are women who are able, when the fine world is in Paris, to make from three to five pounds sterling a day. The seaside season is even more lucrative, because feet are so much in view on the sands of marine bathing places, where it is permissible to paddle about in salt water long after the teens have been cleared. Be it remembered that the high-heeled boot or shoe, by throwing the whole weight of the body on the tightened-up toes, deadens them and the rest of the foot, and brings the whole member, so far as the distribution of muscular force and nervous vitality go, into much the same state as a horse's hoof. The dehoofing process begins with a warm bran or potato-starch foot-bath, followed by a quick plunge in cold water, after which there is shampooing with eau de cologne, or something else, to help a reaction. Then there is a gymnastic pulling out and moving up and down from side to side of individual toes, which reminds one of the piggy-wiggy game which nurses play with the pedal extremities of babies. The toes are manipulated and exercised separately, until each is limber and lively. The sole of the foot is also enlivened thus: The patient leans with both hands on a pair of props and places the foot on a broad horse-hair band, which works from side to side; then comes more hand-rubbing, this time with glycerine, followed by friction with small brushes and instruments like drawing stumps. The nails are carefully attended to. All dead and hard skin is carefully removed, and finally the ankle and insteps are put into gymnastic training. At the end of, say an hour, a pair of feet which have been martyrized with high heels and pointed toes feel equal to dancing, jumping, or taking a long walk. They also look shapely and quite young. One wonders why they should be hidden with shoes and stockings, and whether skilled chiropody will not lead to a revival of sandals.

The other day a wandering paragraph drew attention to a wealthy woman in New York, who is gradually doing away with the conventional knife and fork at her banquets, and substituting instead of those generally regarded as necessary implements for dining, fanciful daggers and miniature swords, enriched with jewels and art work. For instance, roses of tinted enamel, with the end of the stem provided with two convenient thorns of gold to be used as a fork, the rose being the handle. This lady argues that ordinary knives and forks were intended for the days gone by, when the dinner-parties of society included haunches of venison and mutton served in huge slices to the guests and requiring substantial instruments for the subdivision of the slices into morsels suitable for the mouth. "Those were days of gross hospitality, and the table necessities were in keeping," observes the anti-knife and fork hostess; "I am not sure that the Chinese do not show exquisite taste in their use of chop-sticks."

Young Van Tassel is going to try Bar Harbor and Lenox this summer, and his new list covers about all the clothes one can get into in the easy round of summer-resort life. Jenkyns can row a little, play tennis, ride, and drive a four-in-hand, and his wardrobe is stocked with the newest patterns for use in these and other polite sports. Here is an abstract of the bill old Trotter will send him by the time he has worn out half of the clothes. Blossom, the outfitter, and other accommodating tradesmen, have a few items at the end:

To one light-weight dress suit	$110
" one black double-breasted frock coat and suit	100
" one gray frock coat and suit	100
" one three-button cutaway coat and suit	85
" one two-button cutaway coat and suit	85
" two sack coats and suits	150
" one covert coat	65
" one light overcoat	75
" four extra pairs of trousers	70
" six fancy waistcoats	60
" one tennis suit	40
" one polo suit	45
" one pair riding-breeches	25
" one pair of top-boots for riding	15
" one silk hat	8
" one tall white hat	8
" tennis and polo caps and two straw hats	10
" three pairs of dress shoes	45
" three pairs of calfskin shoes	40
" tennis, polo, and knock-about shoes	15
" two dozen linen shirts, dress and plain	100
" neckties, collars and cuffs, etc	40
" a half-dozen flannel shirts	40
" two flannel suits, for rowing or yachting	90
" underwear, hose, etc	150
Total	$1,471

A fifteen-hundred-dollar bill for clothes would stagger most men, of course. But any one who is going to spend the season at one or more of the fashionable watering-places, Newport, Bar Harbor, Saratoga, or Lenox, will find nearly everything in young Van Tassel's list of use. A modest man of fashion, however, can cut the bill as low as nine hundred dollars, perhaps.

Paper fabric will actually take the place of genuine cloth to a slight extent in the forthcoming summer toilets. A modification of what we used to call Fedora fronts is in fashion. But the rather startling novelty about it is that the chemisette, or at least a portion of it, disclosed between the front edges of the jacket, is composed of paper, stamped and cut in imitation of lace and embroidery. This innovation was premeditated, to the extent that orders were sent to China more than a year ago, for the manufacture of the stuff in the fibrous sort of paper produced only in that country. Thus it is that the masculine example of paper collars and cuffs has been followed, in an idealized manner, by a feminine acceptance of paper chemisettes. The paper looks exactly like soft, unlaundried linen, and is quite tough enough, it is well to say, to prevent easy accidents in the way of rents. Patterns are ingenious imitations, not only of plain, fine muslin, but of lace. That is timely, because there is a tendency to use lace more generously with demi-toilets for the afternoon. Some ladies are returning to the handsome real laces so long laid aside, while the merchants still find their best profit in the fine, hand-woven, imitation laces so long popular. Gauzes, net, blonde, and silk muslins, together with ribbons, are combined with frills and jabots of lace in plastrons, vests, and fichus of various kinds.

Never, not even in the most brilliant days of the empire has Paris seen a more splendid fête than M. Cernuschi's fancy-dress ball. It was an assemblage of the most brilliant people in the cosmopolitan society of Paris, in the most splendid private mansion in the world. M. Cernuschi's house, in the Avenue Velasquez, has long been famed as one of the great sights of Paris. People speak of its marble stairway and its bronze gallery as they do of the Taj Mahal or the Sistine frescoes. Not the least interesting feature of it all, moreover, is the fact that M. Cernuschi has made a will giving it all, at his death, to the city of Paris. The value of this gift can not be less than four million dollars. A thousand invitations were sent out, by actual count more than two thousand guests were present, and yet nowhere and at no time was there any crowding. M. Cernuschi was clad in a Japanese costume, and so were the dozen bachelor friends who assisted him in receiving the guests, and as they stood together at the top of the great marble staircase they presented such a scene of picturesque magnificence as is not to be described, nor even to be imagined, save in the dreams of one who has been reading "The Count of Monte Cristo." It was intended originally that dancing should be begun by Mlle. Jeanne Hugo, the granddaughter of the poet, and some thirty other young ladies, selected for their beauty. But Mlle. Jeanne Hugo was too ill, and this plan was abandoned. But the scene in the great bronze gallery was just as brilliant as it could be. Such costumes were never seen before, and the value of the jewels worn was to be reckoned by millions of dollars. A conspicuous figure was Mme. Gauthereau, the noted Creole beauty. She was dressed as Cupid, and, of course, her raiment was exceedingly scanty. But she was literally encrusted with gold and gems. The abbreviated skirts of her costume were actually made of pure gold, spun and woven into gauze so delicate that it was not much heavier than silk. Another much-admired costume was that of the famous beauty, Mme. Bernardaki. She was a Diana. Her bodice was of blue velvet, and her skirt of white satin, and every stitch in the seams of these was marked by a diamond or a sapphire. Hanging over her shoulders was a panther's skin, and her hair was powdered, not with diamond dust, but with diamonds and sapphires as big as peas, all held in place by a net-work of gold thread. She had on her person more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of precious stones. Mlle. Marie Van Zandt, the American singer, was esteemed one of the most beautiful ladies present. The daughter of M. Carolus Duran was charming in a Japanese dress. Her father was attired as a Hindoo rajah, and not, as one might have expected, as Velasquez. Mme. Pasta, the actress, wore a set of real imperial Russian sables, one of less than a dozen sets in the world owned by persons outside of royalty. She had also a marvelous coronet of pearls and diamonds, said to be worth more than one hundred thousand dollars. America was largely and brilliantly represented.

Returning from a windy ride one day in England, an American lady, a guest at a famous English country-house, found that her face was fairly scorched by the winds, and her skin felt as if it were drawn over her cheeks as tight as a drum-head and ready to crack at any moment. A ball was in prospect for the evening, and the fair barbarian naturally objected to contrasting a white satin gown she had planned to wear against her flaming face. She reluctantly ordered out black, but the maid in attendance upon her suggested an expedient which she had always used with "her own young lady," otherwise the daughter of an English duke, a girl who rode every hunting day and danced every night, and whose delicate complexion was subject to these wind scorchings. Filling a basin with very hot water—nearly boiling—the maid soaked in it a piece of flannel, which she wrung out after the hospital fashion, *i.e.*, placing it in the middle of a towel and wringing both ends by a contrary motion, so that it was comparatively dry but still steaming hot, and applied it to the American lady's cheeks, patting them softly and resteaming the cloth several times. The lady was then requested to lie down and rest twenty minutes, after which the maid bathed her face in some distilled water in which was a small quantity of farina cologne. The result was most satisfactory, and the white satin gown was worn with charming effect.

A minor actress employed in a current comic opera in New York took unusual and effective means of finding out what was said about her. A considerable element in the audiences at that kind of an entertainment is made up of rather fast young fellows, who go as often as once a week to see the same things over again, if they happen to like them. These chaps lounge in the cafés between Twenty-Third Street and Thirty-Third (says the *Sun*), and a great deal of their idle chatter is on theatrical subjects, especially on actresses who happen at the time to be foremost as professional beauties. Now, the young performer in question had read about her artistic qualities in the newspaper criticisms, and had reason to know that she was just tolerably acceptable as an actress and singer; but she was anxious to find out how the swell rounders rated her. Therefore, she went to a firm of law reporters and hired a shorthand expert for an entire week. His duty was to mix as much as possible with groups of beaux in the fashionable bar-rooms, listen to the remarks that they might chance to make concerning her, manage to write them out verbatim, and then turn the work over to her at the end of the job. The man's report made a considerable bunch of foolscap, closely written over, and composed of dialogues in which the actress was discussed. No doubt that in reading it she had plenty of reason to resent the freedom of speech, but, as she is considered a sightly object, she doubtless found comfort to overbalance her modesty's grievance.

The extreme belle is a picturesque object. These are the points by which you may know her on the street: Beginning at her feet, low shoes topped by buff or bronze over-gaiters. Gown of green, vivid, vernal, untrimmed, falling in long, straight, draped folds. White jacket with choker collar and gold buttons, genuine ingots, very probably, more openly and frankly displayed than is possible through the meshes of the gold-linked change purse. Gloves of June green with rows white stitching on the backs and long points of white between the finger tips. Small square pocket-book of white leather, with rim and clasp of gold and gold monogram, carried in the left hand. Slender walking-stick of English fashion, with twisted head of gold and gold ferrule, carried in the right hand. Broad hat, made up apparently of maple leaves or ivy sprays, wide enough to compensate for the lack of a parasol, whose place is usurped by the walking-stick; intensely green with golden butter-cups, or, possibly, a handful of small white daisies showing among the foliage. She is thatched like a cottage roof against storms, and she walks—well, her walk is a new development of the possibilities of locomotion. The swish-swash of the heavy swinging bustle no longer pulls her helplessly about in a duck-like waddle from side to side. She steps out straight from the hip in what promises to be a free, graceful gait, but her ankle is a little weak from years of close-fitting high boots and hardly knows how to comport itself under the low tie. It yields a little as her weight comes down upon it, and you have the odd spectacle of a splendidly built, powerful creature start[illegible] for exhilarating exercise and ending by a gingerly [illegible] she walked on eggs. But she is a picturesque obje[illegible]

IN CHARITY'S NAME.

"L'Americane" tells how French Ladies Rob Peter to pay Paul.

Last month the topic of the day was the Salon. Every paper throughout the world told of the beautiful paintings, described the Palais de l'Industrie where the yearly art exposition is held, and spoke of the thousands of people that filled the vast building each day. We, like the rest of the world, talked Salon, bought our season-tickets, and went there daily—at first—to see and enjoy the really beautiful works of art; but later on, I must candidly confess, we went more to see and meet our friends, for it is a most delightful rendezvous, this Salon. Indeed, it always seems to me as if the world and his wife were represented in this vast assemblage of people, for one sees not only the Frenchman standing before a picture gesticulating wildly to his neighbor on the merits of the study, but even the Chinese mandarin in his gorgeous apparel, the Turk with his red fez, and the phlegmatic Englishman mingling with the crowd.

Although newspaper correspondents have written on almost every sight worth seeing at the Salon, I have not noticed that any of them have spoken of the great ladies of *le beau monde* who stand at the entrance to the galleries, and at the gateway leading into the garden, dressed in the most beautiful of costumes, the most bewitching of head-gear, holding the daintiest bags, and asking, in the most enticing and dulcet tones, for *la charité pour les pauvres.* One rarely passes these fair dames without a glance at least, and after the glance the deserved charity is almost certain of being dropped into the out-held bag. Fabulous are the sums collected in this manner, and the orphans who receive the money are made many thousand francs richer each year by the *quête* at the Salon. The most prominent among the titled women of Paris society are selected for this "Charity Quête," as it is called, and each, in turn, has her certain day and hour appointed for her by the president of the charitable society to which she belongs.

French women, as a rule, are fond of doing this sort of thing for sweet charity's sake, and it is generally at this season of the year, when all are planning to leave the city, that they take the precaution of leaving their poor well provided for in their absence. Concerts, garden fêtes, fairs, and teas are constantly advertised for one good work or the other. At this season of the year every one is deluged with tickets to buy or to sell, every one is expected to attend these different entertainments, and to carry with them a purse well lined. People with large and beautiful homes willingly throw them open here for charitable purposes. A few days ago we went to one of these fairs held at Mme. de la Verteville's lovely mansion; in each room a different nation was represented—the ladies wearing costumes in keeping with the countries they were supposed to be inhabitants of. All manner of fancy articles were sold, refreshments could be procured, a cup of tea costing five francs and upward, and a *pâté de foie gras* sandwich costing anywhere from six to fifteen francs. I saw a gentleman pay two hundred francs for a cigarette, and another man gave his check of a thousand francs for a very plain handkerchief-case. A rose could not be looked at for less than two francs, and everything was sold, a rich harvest being reaped by the ladies for their poor children, old women, or invalid laborers.

At this season of the year Paris seems to me different from any other time. People seem busier, it is harder to find room in the stores, there is a greater rush in the streets, the dress-makers are more disappointing, and altogether there is a something in the atmosphere that makes one feel that every one is about to start on a journey. When French people leave for seaside resorts, baths, or country homes, they go with the intention of remaining away from six to eight months, which will account for the many preparations to be made at this season, and the extra work that has always to be done.

But there are thousands, of course, who can not get away in the hot months. For them the only relief from the glaring asphalt is in the many parks and gardens, which are kept fresh and green the whole year through. Indeed, I know of no other capital in the world where so much money is yearly expended in preserving and improving the parks and squares. Hundreds of men find employment in them from year to year. As I walked through the Jardin des Tuileries the other morning I tried to count the children who were reveling in the green grass, building castles out of the white sand piled here and there for their especial amusement, or crowding eagerly about the Punch and Judy shows—but it was a hopeless task; the little ones were like so many bees about a honey pot, and it was just as impossible to count them. A certain group attracted my attention and I walked up to it. About a hundred children of all ages had formed a wide circle about an old man, with long white hair and flowing beard, who was seated on a rustic bench under a large, spreading lime-tree; the young voices were lifted high in evident pleading for something or other, and as I approached the old man lifted his head, smiled, gave a peculiar whistle, waited a second, whistled again, and then came a rustle like that of tiny wings, and before I could recover from my surprise, the ground about the old man, and he himself, were literally covered with street sparrows, which chirped, flapped their dusty little wings, and seemed as happy, tame, and fearless as a pet canary. The children clapped their hands, cried aloud in their delight, and still the birds did not become frightened or fly away. They appeared to me spell-bound, fascinated, as it were, by the strange, flute-like whistle the old man made from time to time, and I was not far wrong, for I afterward learned that the old Frenchman was a well-known bird-charmer, and was called *l'homme aux moineaux*, or the sparrow-man, and was the pet and delight of all the habitués of the garden. The little ones give him all their sous and "white pieces," after he has gratified them by calling the birds together, and in this manner he earns a remarkably good livelihood. L'AMERICAINE.

PARIS.

OLD FAVORITES.

Pipes and Beer.

Before I was famous I used to sit
In a dull old underground room I knew,
And sip cheap beer, and be glad for it,
With a wild Bohemian friend or two.

And O, it was joy to loiter thus,
At peace in the heart of the city's stir,
Entombed, while life hurried over us,
In our lazy bacchanal sepulcher.

There was artist George, with the blonde, Greek head,
And the startling creeds, and the loose cravat;
There was splenetic journalistic Fred,
Of the sharp retort and the shabby hat.

There was dreamy Frank, of the lounging gait,
Who lived on nothing a year, or less,
And always meant to be something great,
But only meant, and smoked to excess;

And last, myself, whom their funny sneers
Annoyed no whit as they laughed and said:
"I listened to all their grand ideas,
And wrote them out for my daily bread."

The Teuton beer-bibbers came and went,
Night after night, and stared, good folk,
At our table, noisy with argument,
And our chronic aureole of smoke.

And O, my life! but we all loved well
The talk, free, fearless, keen, profound,
The rockets of wit that flashed and fell
In that dull old tavern underground.

But there came a change in my days at last,
And fortune forgot to starve and stint,
And the people chose to admire, aghast,
The book I had eaten dirt to print.

And new friends gathered about me then,
New voices summoned me there and here;
The world went down in my dingy den,
And drew me forth from my pipes and beer.

I took the stamp of my altered lot,
As the sands of the certain seasons ran,
And slowly, whether I would or not,
I felt myself growing a gentleman.

But now and then I would break the thrall;
I would yield to a pang of dumb regret,
And steal to join them, and find them all
With the amber wassail near them yet.

Find, and join them, and try to seem
A fourth for the old queer, merry three,
With my fame as much of a yearning dream
As my morrow's dinner was wont to be.

But the wit would lag, and the mirth would lack,
And the God of Jollity hear no call,
And the prosperous broadcloth on my back
Hung over their spirits like a pall!

It was not that they failed, each one, to try
Their warmth of welcome, to speak and show;
I should just have risen and said good-by,
With a haughty look, had they served me so.

It was rather that each would seem, instead,
With not one vestige of spleen or pride,
Across a chasm of change to spread
His greeting hands to the further side.

And our gladdest words rang strange and cold,
Like the echoes of other long-lost words;
And the nights were no more the nights of old
Than spring would be spring without the birds!

So they waned and waned, these visits of mine,
Till I married the heiress, ending here;
For if caste approves the cigars and wine,
She must frown, perforce, upon pipes and beer.

And now 'tis years since I saw these men,
Years since I knew them living yet;
And of this alone I am sure, since then,
That none has gained what he toiled to get.

For I keep strict watch on the world of art,
And George, with his wide, rich-dowered brain,
His fervent fancy, his ardent heart,
Though he greatly toiled, has toiled in vain.

And Fred, for all he may sparkle bright
In caustic column, in clever quip,
Of a truth must still be hiding his light
Beneath the bushel of journalship.

And dreamy Frank must be dreaming still,
Lounging through life, if yet alive,
Smoking his vast preposterous fill,
Lounging, smoking, striving to strive.

And I, the fourth in that old queer throng,
Fourth and least, as my soul avows,
I alone have been counted strong;
I alone have the laureled brows.

Well, and what has it all been worth?
May not my soul to my soul confess
That "succeeding," here upon earth,
Does not always assume success?

I would cast, and gladly, from this gray head
Its crown to regain one sweet last year
With artist George, with splenetic Fred,
With dreamy Frank, with the pipes and beer.

—*Edgar Fawcett.*

Lord Londesborough is about to sell his collection of autographs. It comprises royal sign-manuals and autograph letters of Henry the Fifth, Henry the Sixth, Edward the Fourth, Richard the Third, Henry the Seventh, Henry the Eighth, Catherine of Arragon, Edward the Sixth, Mary, Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Charles the First, and Cromwell. There are also letters by Dr. Johnson, Adam Smith, Byron, and Benjamin Franklin.

M. Achille Poincelet, in his lecture at the Hall of the Boulevard des Capucines in Paris, the other day, discussed the qualities of blondes and brunettes, the differences in their love, their rôle in private life and in history, linked with the philosophy of beauty, and the question, which was the superior type of woman, the Parisienne or the Georgienne?

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Love is an intermittent fever—followed by a chill.—*Chicago Herald.*

"What have you got in the shape of oranges?" "Only round ones, sir."—*Puck.*

She—"Oh, Charlie, come out and see the milk-maid!" *He*—"Where is that—at the pump?"—*Life.*

Judge—"Do you know where you will go to, little boy, if you swear to what is not true?" *Boy* (of radical tendencies)—"No; nor you neither."—*Life.*

Fraulein (entre deux ages)—"I have made one firm resolution—never to marry." *Herr*—"Oh, gnadiges Fraulein, you are goodness itself!"—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Magistrate (to plaintiff, with lump on his head)—"If your wife threw a sad-iron at you, why didn't you dodge?" *Plaintiff*—"I did, your honor, and that's how I come to get hit."—*Judge.*

Mrs. Potts (at breakfast)—"Have some chips, John?" *Jack Potts* (from an immeasurable distance, mentally, behind the folds of his newspaper)—"Yes; stack of reds, please!"—*Puck.*

Mr. Chris. Cross—"Say, love, a gen'leman frien' 's just brought me home all right!" *Mrs. Cross*—"Oh, thanks; and now, if he is not too tired, I'd like to have him take you away again!"—*Puck.*

The Sunday-school class was singing "I want to be an angel." "Why don't you sing louder, Bobby?" asked the teacher. "I'm singing as loud as I want to be an angel," explained Bobby.—*Judge.*

Brown made a bet with Wagerly that he could cause nine out of every ten men who passed a certain building that day to touch the structure. Wagerly accepted the bet. Brown simply hung out the sign "Paint."—*Judge.*

Policeman (to Brown, who is clinging to a lamp-post)—"Shall I help you over to your house, Mr. Brown?" *Brown*—"No, shunneshy. Housh be (hic) here in minute; can see it comin'. Been 'round twishe already."—*Life.*

First mathematician—"I have already worked three days on one formula without finding the right solution." *Second mathematician*—"Now, now; only industry. Columbus's egg did not fall on the table in one day."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

"Don't you sing?" inquired the musical young lady of the new arrival at the hotel; "why, how stupid of you!" "If you'd ever heard me try," said the young man, with an accent of conviction, "you'd think it was everlasting smart of me."—*Puck.*

Pretty cousin (to Young Sissy)—"That is a very intelligent dog you have, Charley." *Young Sissy* (proudly)—"Yes, indeed, Maude. Why, I couldn't begin to tell all that dog knows." *Pretty cousin*—"No, I fancy not, Charley."—*New York World.*

Office boy (to country editor)—"Man outside, sir, wants to see the editor." *Editor* (anxiously)—"What does he want of the editor?" *Boy*—"Says he wants to mop the floor with him." *Editor* (relieved)—"Oh, show him in. I was afraid it was somebody come to stop his paper."—*Life.*

Mrs. Dorothea Rittenhouse McGinty (to most intimate friend)—"And you haven't seen Mr. McGinty since we returned from our European wedding tour? My dear, you wouldn't know him. I've improved him immensely, and I really think he's quite a gentleman now."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Confirmed bachelor—"How time does fly, Miss Seaside! Why, it was ten years ago that you refused me on this very spot." *Miss Seaside* (who wishes she hadn't)—"So long ago as that! I was very young and foolish then, Mr. Smith. *Confirmed bachelor*—"But we are both older and wiser now, *n'est-ce pas?*"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

A "legitimate" barn-stormer recently returned to the city on foot after an unsuccessful starring tour in Shakespeare characters. A friend accosted him, and asked him what luck he had had. "Luck," the actor replied; "why, down there in Jayville, Jay County, I played to four kerosene lamps, and two of those went out after the first act."—*America.*

Dumley (to widow)—"And so your husband lost his life by falling out of a second-story window, Mrs. Hobson." *Widow*—"Ah, yes, Mr. Dumley, and was instantly killed. It was terrible, terrible!" *Dumley* (with a genuine attempt at consolation)—"Yes, Mrs. Hobson, but—er—he might have fallen out of a fourth-story window, you know."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Oh, yes," remarked Ketchly, in a self-satisfied way, "Lulu and I will start out in married life under very favorable circumstances. Her mother gave us a neat little home, her father furnishes it, and her Uncle DeLong has stocked one of the neatest stables in the city. Besides, Lulu has a snug income in her own name." "What part do you furnish?" "Well—principally the name—principally the name."—*Tid-Bits.*

"Don't be a clam" is a warning that meets one very frequently nowadays. Well, why not? What's the matter with a clam? He's all right. If he fulfills his mission and makes the most of himself, what more could be expected and what more does any person do? The clam is as well-born, as well-bred, and as respectable as the oyster, yet nobody thinks of speaking disrespectfully of the oyster. What has the clam done that it should be made a term of derision? Nobody ever heard of a clam getting drunk, lying, cheating at cards, abusing dumb animals, putting a little dog's eyes out, or doing any of the thousand things by which men distinguish themselves from brutes. The clam is yet to be heard from. Perhaps he would say, "Don't be a man."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

ARE WOMEN COMPANIONS TO MEN?

By Junius Henri Browne.

Considering the spontaneous and ineradicable affinity between the sexes, the question, "Are women companionable to men?" may seem irrelevant, if not preposterous. It may be said, how can they be otherwise? They must be the best, the truest of companions, since they are counterparts, the one ever seeking the other, neither self-contained nor content to be alone. Would not men go through fire and water, endure privation and hardship, brave danger and death, in their most hideous forms, for the sake of women? Men idealize, long for, love, worship, apotheosize women; become fools, villains, heroes in their behalf; undertake the impossible; surrender pride, power, faith, hope, to win their smile, or gain their hearts. There is nothing they will not do, or refrain from doing, to secure their favor. The strongest and the wisest men often show like puppets in the hands of woman, even though unworthy. She pulls the string and they dance like dervishes to her fantastic will. The lord of earth yields to the lady. He is master; but she is mistress of the master.

All this is true; but does it prove that women are really companionable to men? Affinity, idealization, love, worship are emotional, erratic, border upon ecstasy; but do they constitute companionship? This denotes alliance, association, comradeship, a regular, rational, permanent condition, into which mere sexuality does not enter. We all know hundreds of men intensely enamored of women, periodically restless and unhappy out of their society, who would be so troubled by companionship with them as to break away at the first opportunity. Many a man is ready to die for a woman who would not and could not live with her. Companionship is the severest test of homogeneousness, of mental complement, of sympathy. The highest, broadest, truest love, though not the love born of simple difference of gender, leads to companionship, which is, frequently, never found in either sex. Natures of the common order do not value it; do not need it, because they fail to appreciate or understand it. They are content with any sort of society, with some relationship to their kind, which relieves them, in a measure, of themselves. The note that companionship sounds is not in their diapason.

Men and women are often companions; but they are so few, compared with the multitude, as not to affect the rule. When they are such, they are usually of superior rank and distinct individuality. The men are finer, more illuminated; the women stronger, larger than the average, and they must not be shackled by conventionality or dread of echoes. The sexes should be always the best of companions, and, in the continual process of evolution, they will grow more and more such. But, before they can become companionable generally, ages must pass; the sexes must borrow of one another; virtues and attractions, now considered masculine or feminine, must be epicene. When they are companionable, marriage is what it claims to be, and so seldom is—a complete, wholly harmonious union, answering to the three-fold nature of developed man, and approaching the ideal. But, as the great majority of men and women are at present, their companionship is impossible in or out of wedlock. And the fact is so clearly recognized that little effort is made toward its establishment. There may be essays to this end; but they are apt to be so discouraged, to prove so fruitless as to be early abandoned.

The woman tries far harder and longer than the man; but, with all her ardor and hope, she is chilled and dispirited by his wandering, capricious disposition. He is fond of home—at least he says so—but he is fonder of other places, and spends more time in them. Many a husband eats and sleeps at home, but goes elsewhere for change and recreation; and he is considered a good husband, too. He may think his wife absorbed in domestic affairs, interested in minor matters that do not concern him, incapable of entertaining his lordship. If it be so, it is generally his own fault; but, in most cases, his thought has no basis, and is a masked pretext for self-indulgence. Were his wife whatever he assumes she is not, he would find excuses for going out regularly. She might be companionable, and yet he would not seek her companionship, which depends, at least, on the dual number. He often seeks it in queer localities and with queer people, and seems conscious of it, because he is inclined to say that monotony is such a burden that it should be lightened by contrast.

Man is, it must be acknowledged, still semi-barbarous, as is shown by some of his tastes and not a few of his pleasures. Woman, who is civilized, and, in the main, enlightened, feels this savagery in him without comprehending it, and marvels at its existence. It constantly wounds and shocks her; but the feeling she reserves, having learned that self-repression is the price she must pay for the maintenance of peace. If man should ever become as civilized as she, companionship between them may cease to be uncommon. But, even then, she will be so much his superior morally that he will be tempted to walk on lower levels, and will relapse into atavism. As now constituted, there are leisure hours in every day when he shuns the society of his wife and children and the refinements of home for rough contact with the outer world and rude pastimes of his own choosing. Part of this he may call business, without which he would be wretched, and part belongs to the side he sedulously hides from the woman he esteems. If strictly domestic, he is prone to withdraw into himself; he seldom makes his wife the partner of his occupations, and frequently spends his evenings drowsing on the sofa. He may appear devoted to his wife without trying to form her, or regarding her in any way as his companion.

In truth, nineteen out of twenty husbands never dream of comradery with their consorts. It comes not, as they believe, within the boundary of their duty or disposition. As lovers, they imagine that they can never bear separation from their sweethearts; they rave about the bliss of being eternally together; but, after the honeymoon, the heyday of passion calmed, their notion of eternity becomes greatly limited. They contrive to pass evenings of every week away from their dovecote, without visible traces of suffering or sorrow in their mien. They grow prolific of excuses for self-exile from the paradise they had so fondly pictured. Ere the first year of their marriage has ended they are rarely seen in each other's company, save on formal occasions, and their predicted close companionship is mournfully unfulfilled. Men explain the inconsistency of their ante-connubial and post-connubial days by asserting that those represented emotional intoxication, and that these represent the lasting return to sobriety, the prevalence of reason, and common sense. Reason and common sense, forsooth! How these terms are abused that we may fit them to our weakness and prejudice, in hope to give them the semblance of strength and wisdom!

It would seem sometimes as if men avoided women, when not fervidly in love with them. Is it only kindled imagination and tumultuous blood that render them attractive, and hold the two, for the time, together? Is it in man's tranquil hours, in his perfect sanity, that woman loses her chief allurement? Is she least loved while loveliest? Do the senses override mind and spirit, and do these pall when those are satisfied? It is notorious that boys, who appear barbarous because natural, actively dislike girls, and can not be coaxed into their company. They cherish no more respect than they hold affection for them. Although they consider them totally inferior, they feel no pity for them, merely undisguised contempt. A tiny creature of four or five, if called a girl-boy, will flush with anger and strike his defamer. It is a mortal affront that masculine babyhood resents. To see a girl sometimes striving to win the good-will of a group of half-grown boys, to any one of whom she is a queen, is positively touching. She may appeal to them for the poor privilege of sharing their society with an eloquence and tenderness that might move a hyena; but they will drive her rudely away with a brutality that marks their age and sex. A more stupid, cruel animal than the average small boy is not known to natural history. And he seldom has any esteem for the gentler sex, or treats them with decency, until the period of gallantry arrives, which often springs from desire to take unfair advantage, to profit by another's wrong.

The selfishness and brutality of the boy, as to femininity, are likely to be reproduced in the man, from forty to fifty particularly, who prides himself on his knowledge of the world, especially of its meanness and corruption. He is not then so repulsively frank as he was in his teens; he may hide his hardness and egotism under polite phrase and the veneer of good-breeding. But intimate acquaintance discloses his lack of principle, his absence of generosity, his want of faith in his fellows. He may be, probably is, a husband and father; but his habitual mode of referring to women is with a sneer. He obviously divides them into fools and rogues, and he prefers the rogues, though he thinks fools make the better wives, and indicates that he speaks from experience. If he seeks to be gracious to the sex, his air of condescension and patronage is more intolerable than his cynicism. It is clear that he is innocent of the least approach to companionship with women—to women's credit be it said—and that he despises it thoroughly. They may amuse, distract, or delight for a while; they may help to smother a heavy hour gracefully; but, beyond that, they are tedious and depressing. Who would think of passing an evening with them, when billiards, draw-poker, or brandy-and-soda, with too sapid stories interlaced, are easy of access? They are excellent when a man is ill, or out of sorts, or needs coddling; but when he is well, or in good spirits, or eager for pleasure, they are a drag upon him. They have so many trifles to look after; they enjoy being fussy in such a variety of ways that they like to be left to themselves. This, or a similar opinion, man is so fond of expressing, that it may be inferred to be an argument to himself to palliate habitual neglect.

Who is not acquainted with a number of such men, heedlessly accounted faithful husbands and kind fathers, who would be surprised and indignant at any intimation to the contrary? Society abounds in them; they are cited as prominent and influential citizens; they sign calls for public meetings in the interest of divers social and political reforms; they are supposed to be part of the foundation on which the republic rests. It never seems to occur to them that companionship has any relation to domesticity, or is worth cultivating. They provide liberally for the household; they are polite to their wives; they are indulgent to their children; but they can not, they say, be tied to the uxorial garter. Companionship must be sought with men, who have wider experience, better minds, ampler opportunities; who are not nervous, fidgety, rambling, immersed in trifles. There may be foundation for such charges, but is it not because women are thrown upon themselves and one another, confined to their narrow round, shut out from the larger life their husbands lead? How can they be companionable to men, when men never try to prepare them for companionship? This striking incongruity is significant of masculine logic in regard to gynecian subjects.

Most men furtively laugh and gird at those who are addicted to feminine society; who find solid satisfaction in it; who are courageous enough to avow their appreciation of its benefits. They are wont to speak of them in the disdainful way that urchins speak of girl-boys; to deride them as effeminate, weak-minded, danglers after petticoats, Miss-Nancyish. One of their severest epithets, applied to husbands, is hen-pecked, which is easily said and more easily believed. Men who are not strong have a terror of the adjective, and actually cower before it. They are often so afraid of meriting the reproach that they go to the opposite extreme, and become brutal, which probably impresses them as far manlier. Dread of ridicule has frequently prevented amiable but weak men from establishing companionship with their wives, who were really companionable.

Far more husbands than bachelors are members of clubs, and those are the regular frequenters. Some of them, having lovely wives and delightful homes, are to be seen nightly in the reading-rooms, card-rooms, bar-rooms, giving the impression that they are inharmoniously wedded. But they are not. They are representative; they fail, or think they fail, to find companionship within their own walls, and look for it in what is ordinarily, to a cultured, refined mind, the dullest, dreariest place in civilization. The fact that they take refuge in a club denotes how deeply bored they must be at home, and what miserable company they must be to themselves. Sentimental bachelors, seeing them there, say, "How can they prefer this to that?" "I should be so different in the same circumstances." But, were the situations reversed, they would show the same strange taste. They might be fond, they might become enamored of the neglected wife; but reaction would occur in due time, and render companionship impossible. Men can not understand why it should be so in the case of others; but it is clear enough in their own.

There would seem to be some justification for the biting phrases current at the clubs:

"After four or five years, a man's wife is the dullest company in the world."

"To be in love with a woman is the nearest approach to happiness, and to be out of love with her whom you have once loved, is supreme misery."

"Any woman may be interesting, so long as she is not one's wife."

"The fascinating woman always belongs to another man. If you get her, her fascination takes wings."

"A man of the world is at home everywhere, except in his own home."

"The honeymoon is thus called, because it is so sweet compared with the bitter months that follow."

"Matrimonial happiness is always to be found in the mind of the man who has not married."

"There are two perfect women: one is dead; the other has not been discovered."

"A well-regulated club is the acme of human comfort."

"Men enjoy clubs exceedingly, because women are not admissible."

Men of every nation, with the exception, perhaps, of France, go to men for intellectual sympathy, for exchange of earnest feelings, for spiritual intercommunication, in short, for companionship. Love, as generally understood, they get from and give to women, necessarily; but friendship they seek and find, as a rule, in their own sex. That is a false love which does not include friendship; but it is the love which the mass of men feel, and the mass of women inspire. True love, love of the highest kind, contains the elements of friendship, infused with sexuality; friendship is sexless—therefore, serene and stable, and comprehends the comforts of love without its passion. Many men are incapable of friendship; but the lowest and the basest think themselves capable of love. Most of those called the best and wisest would scoff at the very idea of friendship with women; and friendship and companionship may be considered interchangeable. Is not companionship like the rich deposit in life's retort, after love's passion has ceased to sparkle and effervesce?

Companionship is, above all, voluntary, unrestrained, obeying the law of temperament, and the fervor of individuality. Men, in their relations to women, are conventional, artful, anxious to create an impression; women, in dealing with men, sacrifice everything in their effort to be agreeable; hide nature and pervert truth with this intent. There is no chance for companionship between them; it can not breathe in so artificial an atmosphere. Men alter their language to suit women. You get no more idea of their sentiments or actions from what they say to women than you do of the real woman from what she says to men. When a woman suddenly appears in a company of men they change their speech completely, and conceal their nature in prescribed forms and hollow observances. If the foundation of companionship could be laid in such society the superstructure could not be reared; the opportunity would be lacking, and the commencement would remain as a sign of failure, as a warning to proceed no further.—*Cosmopolitan.*

How many miles of railway in the United States? One hundred and fifty thousand six hundred miles; about half the mileage of the world. How much have they cost? Nine billion dollars. How many people are employed by them? More than one million. What is the fastest time made by a train? Ninety-two miles in ninety-three minutes; one mile being made in forty-six seconds, on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. What is the cost of a high-class, eight-wheel passenger locomotive? About eight thousand five hundred dollars. What is the longest mileage operated by a single system? Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé system; about eight thousand miles. What is the cost of a palace sleeping-car? About fifteen thousand dollars, or seventeen thousand dollars if "vestibuled." What is the longest railway bridge-span in the United States? Cantilever span in Poughkeepsie Bridge, five hundred and forty-eight feet. What is the highest railroad bridge in the United States? Kinzua Viaduct, on the Erie Road, three hundred and five feet high. Who built the first locomotive in the United States? Peter Cooper. What road carries the largest number of passengers? Manhattan Elevated Railroad, New York; five hundred and twenty-five thousand a day, or one hundred and ninety-one million six hundred and twenty-five thousand yearly. What is the average daily earning of an American locomotive? About one hundred dollars. What is the longest American railway tunnel? Hoosac Tunnel, on the Fitchburg Railway, four and three-quarters miles. What is the average cost of constructing a mile of railroad? At the present time about thirty thousand dollars. What is the highest railroad in the United States? Denver and Rio Grande; Marshall Pass, ten thousand eight hundred and fifty two feet. What are the chances of fatal accident in railway travel? One killed in ten million; statistics show that more are killed by falling out of windows than in railway accidents. What line of railway extends furthest east and west? Canadian Pacific Railway, running from Quebec to the Pacific Ocean. How long does a steel rail last, with average wear? About eighteen years. What road carries the largest number of commuters? Illinois Central, four million eight hundred and twenty-eight thousand one hundred and twenty-eight in 1887. What is the fastest time made between Jersey City and San Francisco? Three days seven hours thirty-nine m and sixteen seconds; theatrical train, June, 1886.—

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is hinted that the plant of the *Cosmopolitan* may find its way into the hands of some one of the larger publishing houses.

"The irregular, playful, fastidious, impertinent, and delicate spirit, half Puck, half Ariel"—that is how the critic of *Blackwood* characterizes Robert Louis Stevenson.

Editor Charles A. Dana receives a royalty of twelve and a half per cent. on each volume sold of the "American Cyclopedia," and thus far he has realized over one hundred thousand dollars from this source.

It is gravely stated that it is impossible for the *Lippincott* presses to keep up with the demand for that number of the magazine in which appeared Miss Amélie Rives's story, "The Quick or the Dead?" Such is literary appreciation in the United States.

Mr. Andrew Lang has long been a contributor of literary articles to the editorial columns of the London *Daily News*. Some appreciative friend of his has recently compiled a sufficient number of these articles to make a volume, which will appear shortly under the title "Lost Leaders."

Mr. Frederick Kitton, who is thoroughly posted on all matters relating to the late Charles Dickens, will have a paper on the unfamiliar portraits of the great novelist in the July number of the *Magazine of Art*. There are half a dozen very interesting reproductions given in this number, and more are to follow.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne thinks that more space is needed for the publication of the writings of American authors; and he suggests, in *Belford's Magazine*, that one method of acquiring this space would be the banishment of illustrations from the current periodicals. He declares that "a well-illustrated article is very seldom read at all."

Klas August Linderfelt, author of a manual of Volapük, announces an English-Volapuk and Volapük-English Dictionary to be issued during the present month. It is founded on the German work of Schleyer and the French work of Kerckhoffs, and will be a book of about three hundred pages. It will be published by C. N. Caspar, Milwaukee.

The July number of *The Woman's World* will contain among other interesting papers one by Amy Levy on the Women's Clubs of London. London is much ahead of New York in this matter, and has at least five flourishing and well-housed clubs for women. The most fashionable of these is the "Alexandra;" the most literary or Bohemian, the "University."

Mr. Ruskin dislikes foreign translators, and not long ago wrote a letter telling a man who asked permission to translate his works to let them alone. He thinks that every nation has enough good authors to occupy its thoughts, and that men who want to understand authors outside their own land would better learn the language of the author they wish to read; then they will not be so likely to misunderstand him.

Belford, Clarke & Co. evidently do not think much of illustrations. They say, concerning their new monthly, *Belford's Magazine*, that, "as the publishers are convinced that the illustration of magazines has been greatly overdone in this country, they have decided to dispense with illustrations altogether. They intend that their magazine shall be read, not that its pages shall be merely turned over for the purpose of looking at pictures."

A new book by Robert Louis Stevenson is about to be published by the Scribners under the title of "The Black Arrow: A Tale of the Two Roses." The story is full of the atmosphere of adventure, and is one of the strongest pieces of romantic writing ever done by Mr. Stevenson. Twelve full-page illustrations by Will H. Low and Alfred Brennan will be included in the book, which the publishers are to put forth in both cloth and paper forms.

In July a new magazine, to be called *Current Literature*, is to make its first appearance. It will contain reviews and notices of books, the former of an analytical rather than a critical character. It will find subjects in personal chat about authors, and in gossip, or news about coming publications. Its prospectus says: "The magazines published in all parts of the world will furnish extracts and subjects of reference to readers, but supplementing if not surpassing them in interest and value will be the daily and weekly newspapers the world over. To collect the best of the newspaper articles, stories, and poems, and to republish them in shape for preservation and reference, will be a part of its work." The editor-in-chief of *Current Literature* is Mr. F. M. Somers, formerly one of the editors of the *Argonaut*.

Robert Browning will not write for magazines. In speaking of an offer of one thousand dollars from a Boston paper for a short poem, he said: "If I would write in that way for any one I would consider this request from Boston, but I simply can't. An English magazine offered me a large price, which I refused, and then a still larger, which I again refused. Then they sent me a blank check, and asked me to fill it out to my own satisfaction. But I returned that also. I can not bring myself to write for periodicals. If I publish a book, and people choose to buy it, that proves they want to read my work. But to have them turn over the pages of a magazine and find me—that is to be an uninvited guest. My wife liked it. She liked to be with the others; but I have steadfastly refused that kind of thing from first to last."

Many interesting historical treasures have been discovered during the recent examination of the manuscripts in the possession of Lord Dartmouth. Among the letters is one from James the Second to the Dartmouth of his time. The revolution having triumphed, the king announces his determination "to withdraw till this violent storme is ouer, which will be in God's good tyme, and hope that there will still remaine in this land seuen thousand men, which will not bow downe the knee to Baal, and keep themselus free from assotiations and such rebellious practices." "Never any prince," he adds, pathetically, "took more care of his sea and land men as I haue done, and been so very ill repayd by them." There are in the collection many letters from Pepys. The name of the old diarist is variously spelled, the most remarkable variation being that adopted by King James, Peypss. Another writer spells it Peepes.

Mr. Woodward, of New York, announces that he is about to reprint on fine paper, for his own use, one copy of a rare work of one hundred and four pages, entitled, "A Tour through the Southern and Western Territories of the United States of North America; the Spanish Dominions on the River Mississippi and the Floridas; the Countries of the Creek Nations; and many Uninhabited Parts," by John Pope, the same having been printed at Richmond by John Dixon for the author and his three children, Alexander D. Pope, Lucinda C. Pope, and Anne Pope, in 1792. Mr. Woodward further declares, in his quaint circular-letter, that "as it would not add much to the expense to print and bind another, I will, for two dollars, order one for you." This offer is made to a considerable number of persons, he adds, calmly, and he hopes that it will result in materially diminishing the cost of his one copy. He fears that when it is too late a few people will desire to buy a copy, "but they must not expect to buy mine," he says.

An immense newspaper history of the civil war has been compiled by Thomas S. Townsend. It is formed entirely of newspaper cuttings, with a digest of these and index, and comprised in more than one hundred giant volumes, in Russia binding, each one of which is the size of the largest bank ledger. Mr. Townsend began his labors in 1860, and has continued them ever since, having expended twenty-six years and twenty-five thousand dollars in the formation of such a collection of newspaper history as never was attempted before, and probably never will be again. This collection comprises everything printed relative to the war in the leading newspapers and magazines, extending down to the present time, included in eighty-seven volumes. Then there are thirty similar volumes containing a careful and comprehensive "digest" of all these volumes, and then a single great "Ingest" volume, by which any subject can be traced through the entire set, completes the work. The work is colossal, and no one after seeing it could refrain from giving due credit to the newspapers as the immediate and most necessary preservers of current history. Here are two hundred and forty thousand columns, averaging fifteen hundred words to the column, of newspaper print, and thirty-six thousand folio pages of manuscript comprising a digest of it all. It is stupendous. The record of every officer of prominence is easily traced, so is that of every regiment, the killed and wounded after every battle, the official government action, financial and other legislation; in fact, the entire history of the war is given by the very best informed authorities—the newspaper press.

Verses by William Ernest Henley.

In the June *Scribner*, Mr. Alden Weir and his colleagues busied their pencils with a set of charming studies in the New York hospitals, and now Mr. Henley, an English art critic of consideration, has published a volume of verse largely inspired by his recent condemnation to "hospital treatment," that most dreaded of medical prescriptions. "In Hospital" is the title under which these impressions are grasped—some thirty numbers, largely sonnets—and they fill half the little book. The miscellaneous verses which follow bear the impress of a scholarly daintiness, not unlike the *cachet* of Mr. Lang's work, and are singularly free from the versifier's vice of mere word-spinning. Every page in the book leaves a suggestion to the reader, and the hospital output is full of a sick man's whimsicality, without a morbid thought.

"Lady Probationer," a tender portrait of one of the nurses, indicates a pleasant phase of illness:

LADY PROBATIONER.

Some three, or five, or seven-and-thirty years;
A Roman nose; a dimpling double chin;
Dark eyes and shy that, ignorant of sin,
As yet acquainted, it would seem, with tears;
A comely shape; a slim, high-colored hand,
Graced, rather oddly, with a signet ring:
A bashful air, becoming everything,
A well-bred silence always at command,
Her plain print gown, prim cap, and bright steel chain
Look out of place on her, and I remain
Absorbed in her, as in a pleasant mystery.
Quick, skillful, quiet, soft in speech and touch . . . . .
"Do you like nursing?" "Yes, sir; very much"
Somehow, I rather think she has a history.

One of the most workman-like sonnets in the book is, if we may hazard the conjecture, a portrait of the poet who gave us "Underwoods"

APPARITION.

Thin-legged, thin-chested, slight unspeakably,
Neat-footed and weak-fingered; in his face—
Lean, large-boned, curved of beak, and touched with race,
Bold-lipped, rich-tinted, mutable as the sea,
The brown eyes radiant with vivacity—
There shines a brilliant and romantic grace,
A spirit intense and rare, with trace on trace
Of passion, impudence, and energy.
Valiant in velvet, light in ragged luck,
Most vain, most generous, sternly critical,
Buffoon and poet, lover and sensualist;
A deal of Ariel, just a streak of Puck,
Much Antony, of Hamlet most of all,
And something of the shorter-Catechist.

It is as much a portrait of the author as of the man—one can almost recognize its similitude from mere study of Mr. Stevenson's books.

Mr. Henley's work, to discharge it with a summary, is of the sort which most courts criticism and ventures most in publication—and it bears the test of type and assay of close reading bravely.

New Publications.

The tenth part of "Spanish Simplified," by Professor Augustin Knoflach, with the key to the exercises in the preceding number, has been published by the author in New York. For sale by Joseph A. Hofmann; price, 10 cents.

"Noble Deeds of our Fathers, as told by Soldiers of the Revolution," by Henry C. Watson, has been issued in the series of Classics for Home and School, published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 55 cents.

"Goethe," "Goethe's Helena," and "The Death of Goethe," by Thomas Carlyle, have been printed together in a single volume of the National Library with the title "Essays on Goethe." Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"The Hawaiian Guide-Book," edited by Ferdinand Lee Clarke, a pamphlet containing a brief description of the Hawaiian Islands, with notes of travel and other information for the tourist, has been published by the Herald of Trade Publishing Company, San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Steel Hammer," a novel by Louis Ulbach, has been translated from the French by E. W. Latimer and published as the initial volume of Appleton's Town and Country Library. It is about a murder, and will commend itself to those who like detective stories, beside giving fairly good pictures of several phases of French life. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

Among the new "libraries" of summer reading is Cassell's Sunshine Series of Choice Fiction, issued weekly. The initial volume is "The Veiled Beyond," by Sigmund B. Alexander, in which the body of a young American is revived at death by the soul of Rami Lal Singh, an Indian adept. The writer evidently lacks a thorough knowledge of the theosophic doctrines on which his tale is founded, and spells Buddha "Buddah," either through inadvertence or pseudo-pedantry. Other issues of this series are: "Orion, the Gold Beater," by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., a tale of New York life now first republished from the New York *Ledger;* "Two Men," by Elizabeth Stoddard; and "The Brown Stone Boy," a collection of eight good short stories by William Henry Bishop, most of which are republished from the magazines. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson, and by John N. Philan; price, 50 cents each.

Bret Harte's new story, "The Argonauts of North Liberty," is decidedly below his standard in both manner and matter. Bret Harte has always drawn peculiar characters, but the three chief actors in this story are anomalous to the verge of impossibility. The woman is young and beautiful, trained in the strict Puritanism of a little New England village, and married to an honest if somewhat insipid young man. And yet she loves treachery for its own sake. She holds clandestine meetings with her husband's friend, concealing her identity from him, and professing horror at his libertinism to her husband, who has never dared introduce the man to his wife. But the husband witnesses a part of a meeting between them, imagines that both are guilty, and, not feeling "the merely animal fury of disputed animal possession," as the author defines the emotion that prompts to uxorial retribution, he simply disappears and is supposed to be dead. After the conventional mourning the wife marries the friend, and they go to California, where, six years later, the first husband turns up, of course. In these six years the characters of the two men change utterly. The second husband, from a masterful, dominating spirit, becomes lethargic and weak; the other not only turns dashing and determined, but becomes insanely jealous of another man's attentions to a certain pretty and coquettish Doña Rosita. This metamorphosis is due, not to a sense of moral degradation in the man who has learned that the woman he has married played her first husband false, or to the mental suffering the other has endured, but seemingly to no other cause than the glorious climate of California—and, perhaps, the exigencies of the story. The woman, however, remains unchanged, and, separating from her new husband, returns to her New England home as pretty as ever, and as ready for fresh intrigue. The best drawn characters are a Yankee, a suave and rascally Mexican innkeeper, and Doña Rosita. The latter, by the way, is a chatterer, "she would go on always, like the windmill, whether there was grain to grind or no," in which she closely resembled the barber Nello in George Eliot's "Romola," whose "tongue runs on like a mill when the Arno's full—whether there's grist or not." Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by C. Beach; price, $1.00.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The father of General Boulanger was a money-lender, and among his clients was the Marquis de Caux, the first husband of Adelina Patti.

In his farcical performance of "Robert Macaire" Mr. Irving jumps through a window of real glass and breaks out the panes, which are reset for each night's play.

A check for twenty thousand dollars, the result of the Wallack testimonial, was handed to Mr. Lester Wallack by A. M. Palmer—a princely benefit for the king of managers.

Howard Seeley, a Texas writer of frontier sketches, makes use of a human skull for an inkstand. It once belonged, it is said, to a Mexican señorita who was famous for her beauty.

M. Daniel Wilson does not dare to enter the Chamber of Deputies, but he holds on to his seat for Touraine and pockets the salary attached thereto; and, under the present law, there is no way of getting rid of him.

Queen Olga, of Greece, has passed *incognita* through the Bosphorus on her way to Odessa in her steam yacht. The Sultan sent on board an aide-de-camp with his compliments and a magnificent collection of choice flowers, fruit, and delicacies of the season for her majesty, and a present of fresh provisions, vegetables, and drinks for the ship's company.

It is reported that Princess Alexandra of Greece, who has been mentioned as the possible bride of Prince Albert Victor of Wales, is to wed Grand Duke Paul, the Czar's youngest brother. This Paul is an unwashed Tartar savage. He was engaged to Princess Alexandra two years ago, but the match was broken off because of his vile conduct at Athens.

Lord Shrewsbury, the English peer who has been making a fortune as a London cab proprietor, finds that the vehicles bearing his coat-of-arms have become so popular that he can not attend to the business without assistance. He will, therefore, form the Shrewsbury Cab Company. His success is doubtless owing to the fact that the average Englishman likes to ride in a conveyance which bears a coronet upon its panels.

Queen Victoria has had another disagreement with her son-in-law, Prince Henry of Battenberg. The royal mother-in-law recently overheard Henry make certain disparaging remarks concerning Scotland and the Scotch. Her majesty was much annoyed. She has never quite forgiven the prince for catching cold when he first donned Highland costume, and his openly expressed antagonism to all things Scotch capped the climax of her imperial anger.

Mr. Frederick Villiers, the war correspondent and artist of the London *Graphic*, was one day buying some old helmets at a public sale, and had a venerable cocked hat, for which no bid could be obtained, thrown in with his purchases gratis. When he came to examine the hat closely he found written on the lining, in a concealed spot, this entry in an unknown hand, which he believes, however, to be authentic: "This hat was given to me by the Duke of Wellington, May 21, 1851. He told me it was worn by him at Waterloo."

Mr. Alfred Nobel, the inventor and chief manufacturer of dynamite, is emphatically a man of peace and deplores the use of the explosive as a destroyer of human life. "If I did not regard it as, on the whole, a great blessing to humanity," he said, recently, "I would close up all my factories and never make another ounce of the stuff." He detests the use of dynamite by the Anarchists, and when he heard of the Haymarket butchery at Chicago, he exclaimed: "I would like to gather the whole crowd of them into a store-house full of dynamite and blow them all up together."

The Duke of Aosta, who is to marry Princess Letitia Bonaparte in September, has but two lives between him and the Italian throne—King Humbert and the Prince of Naples. The match between the duke and the princess is what is known as a "love match," but its political effect may be important. The Bonapartes are delighted that the sister of Prince Victor Napoleon is making so brilliant an alliance. In certain contingencies the connection might have an important influence on the affairs of France. The duke and his wife will maintain a kind of vice-regal court at Turin.

The notorious English swell who bears the courtesy title of Lord Courtenay has filed his noble shovel once again. Debts, five thousand eight hundred and fifty pounds sterling, and assets, *nil*. Tradesmen have endured much at Courtenay's hands, for in 1870 he paid a shilling in the pound on one hundred thousand pounds sterling, and eight years later he parted another "bob" dividend on twenty thousand pounds sterling. In the palmy days of his credit (he never had any money) this scion of an ancient race belonged to the Marquis of Hastings's "plunging" set, and his betting liabilities ran into tens of thousands before the ring refused to do any more business with him, except for cash down. Even when Courtenay's name was listed on the turf, a valet would attend him to race meetings with a change of light kid gloves. Lavender and lemon were the fashionable tints in those days. On the appearance of the valet, his noble master would change gloves, carelessly flinging the scarcely soiled gloves away. After the first great smash, Courtenay came down to one pair of gloves per day, the second brought him to one pair a week, and now he is doing without gloves until he succeeds to the Earldom of Devon. Then this perfect gentleman will sit in the House of Lords and vote against any amendment of the Bankruptcy Act.

"Ary Ecilaw" is in pretty deep water just now. Adolf Houssaye declares, on the authority of a member of the Russian Embassy at Paris, that when the Czar read "Ary's" book, "An Imperial Highness," he offered a hundred thousand roubles' reward for the apprehension of the writer on Russian soil. Now a pretty mess is being raised by her drama, "The Blue Officer," which is to be produced at the Gymnase Theatre. It is, like her novels drawn from actual life at the Russian court, and is understood to go further than any of them in betraying personal and political secrets. The Russian Foreign Office has directed the embassy in Paris to prevent its production at all hazards. The French Government has been informed that unless the censor prohibits the play the Czar will be greatly displeased. More than that, the alliance between France and Russia will be strained. Already various newspapers have been taken to task for offending Russian susceptibilities. But the French public would tolerate the suppression of a dozen newspapers rather than one play. And there are already heard loud complaints that we are paying too much for the Russian alliance. This sentiment is so strong that the censor will scarcely venture to prohibit this play. Meanwhile "Ary Ecilaw" is probably about as comfortable as a landlord in Ireland. She knows that practically a price has been placed upon her head, dead or alive; and that there are Russian agents constantly watching for an opportunity to kidnap her and smuggle her across the frontier.

Another of the few remaining Bohemians of Paris has passed away in the death of M. Charles Monselet. He was a small, chubby, rosy, smiling fellow, always in a good humor, always looking on the best side of everything. He was a wit, a charming story-teller, a graceful poet, an accomplished critic, a dramatic author of sterling merit, and by repute a prince of epicures. They used to call him Brillat-Savarin the Second. But he never invented a new dish nor gave a dinner that was extraordinary for its merits. He was fond of good living, it is true, and wrote some witty works on eating and drinking. But it was nonsense to compare him with Brillat-Savarin. Once he wrote a scathing article on a play of M. Barrière's which gave the latter great offense. Next day they met in a café and M. Barrière began abusing the critic furiously. Finally he uttered a gross insult, such as no man could endure, and M. Monselet, who was not much more than half his size, slapped him in the face. Of course a duel was inevitable. M. Barrière demanded that it be fought to the death, with sabres. M. Monselet pluckily accepted the terms, and prepared for what seemed certain death in characteristic fashion. He purchased a new suit of clothes of the most fashionable style, and added the most gorgeous pair of silk suspenders that could be obtained in Paris. "I intend," he said, "to create a sensation when I strip off my coat and waistcoat for the encounter." He did not get killed, but on the contrary, came within an ace of killing his opponent. A similar result attended his conflict with M. Emile Augier; and those two were the only duels he ever fought.

SOCIETY.

The Hotel del Monte.

The formal opening of the new Hotel del Monte, which took place last Saturday evening, was an event which will always arouse pleasant memories in the minds of those who were present The hotel was full of guests. It had been decided to have a ball, a concert, and a banquet. The ball commenced at half-past eight o'clock, under the direction of Mr. E. M. Greenway, who was floor manager. The spacious dancing hall was brilliantly illuminated, and artistically decorated, and the guests enjoyed a couple of hours of pleasure there to Ballenberg's music. Meanwhile the commodious parlors contained the non-dancing contingent, who were well entertained by concert selections executed by Noah Brandt's orchestra At eleven o'clock the banquet was announced, and all proceeded to the vast dining-hall, which was beautifully embellished by the tasteful disposition of tropic palms and ferns, graceful festoons of foliage and vines, and an array of bright-hued exotics of numerous choice varieties. The menu was necessarily elaborate, and its enjoyment was enhanced by the concert music which was rendered by the combined bands of Ballenberg and Brandt making thirty musicians in all, led by Mr. Joseph D. Redding. The programme was as follows:

March—"Coronation" ..... Meyerbeer
Overture—"William Tell" ..... Rossini
Selection—"Faust" ..... Gounod
Violin Solo—"Prize Song from the Meister Singer," Wagner
Mr. Henry Heyman.
Hungarian Dances—Nos. 1 and 2 ..... Brahms
Galop—"Iroquois" ..... Brandt
Waltz—"El Monte, 1888" ..... Redding
Selection—"Erminie" ..... Jacobowski
March—"Tannhauser" ..... Wagner
Serenade ..... Moszkowski
Selection—"Roberto" ..... Meyerbeer
Galop—"Hungarian Rhapsody" ..... Liszt

The selections met with general appreciation, one in particular, the waltz, "El Monte, 1888," being accorded special applause On Sunday morning there was a concert by Ballenberg's band in the bathing pavilion, which was greatly enjoyed, and at two o'clock Mr. Brandt's orchestra gave the following sacred concert on the verandah of the hotel:

Selection—From the "Stabat Mater" ..... Rossini
Serenade—Flute and horn obligato ..... Tittl
Soloists, Signor Antonio Lombardo and Mr. E. Schlott.
Selection—"Huguenots" ..... Meyerbeer
Meditation—"Ave Maria" ..... Gounod-Bach
Largo ..... Handel
Mr. Henry Heyman, with orchestral accompaniment.
Barcarolle ..... Redding

This completed the regular programme of amusements. Of course, the guests also enjoyed bathing, bowling, drives, and walks, and all were thoroughly pleased with the formal opening of the hotel

The Van Winkle-Kellogg Wedding.

Mr. Henry L. Van Winkle, of this city, and Miss Rachel A. Kellogg, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Kellogg, were married at the residence of the bride's parents, in Utica, N. Y., on Wednesday evening, June 13th Beautiful flowers, palms, and ferns graced the apartments, and the bridal party stood beneath a canopy of roses and maidenhair ferns. Rev. R. L. Bachman of the First Presbyterian Church, officiated. Mr. Benjamin Romaine, of this city, acted as best man, while the maids of honor were Misses Annie and Katrine Burdick, nieces of the bride. The bridesmaids were: Miss Van Winkle, of this city, sister of the groom; Miss Wilcox, of New Haven, Conn.; Miss Kellogg and Miss Mary Kellogg, sisters of the bride, and the ushers were: Mr. William A. Magee, of this city; Dr. C. W. Pilgrim, Dr. Charles G. Wagner, and Mr. Spencer Kellogg, of Utica, N. Y. Mr. Fred Kellogg, acted as escort to his sister, the bride.

The bride appeared in a rich toilet of white moire antique, made with a court train, and trimmed with Duchesse lace. She wore a long veil of white tulle, and carried a large bouquet of rare orchids.

The maids of honor were prettily dressed in quaint costumes of white mull, and carried on their arms large Leghorn hats filled with Niphetos roses.

The bridesmaids were attired in white crêpe de Chine, with white moire sashes. They carried large bunches of Jacqueminot roses

After receiving the congratulations of their friends the bride and groom left for an extended tour of Canada, previous to their journey to this city.

The Brown-Brown Wedding.

Mrs. Dollie Brown, daughter of Mr. W. E. Brown, of this city, was married on Wednesday afternoon, June 20th, to Mr. Winsor L. Brown, of Oakland. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. I. E. Dwinell at the Palace Hotel, in the presence of about twenty friends. At five o'clock the guests were regaled with a sumptuous dinner, and several hours were devoted to its enjoyment in the handsomely decorated parlors. Mr. and Mrs. Brown left the city on the following day, and will be away several weeks.

Departure of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson.

On June 24th Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson sails from San Francisco on his cruise through the South Seas The party consists of Mr. Stevenson and his wife, his mother, Mrs. Stevenson, and Mr. Lloyd Osborne. They sail in the yacht *Casco*, the largest yacht in our waters. The *Casco* has been chartered for the voyage from the owner, Dr. Merritt. The cruise will last for seven months, and will include a visit to the Marquesas Islands, Tahiti, etc., the party returning by way of Honolulu. Mr. Stevenson will continue his literary work on board. The cruise can not fail to bring inspiration to the author of "Treasure Island" Let us hope that he will find literary treasure in the islands of the southern seas.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and son have returned after a long absence in New York, and are located at the Baldwin Hotel. They will pass the entire summer here and at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding and Miss Lena Blanding are at the Hotel del Monte, where they will rest during the summer months

Mrs. George Hyde and the Misses Mamie and Gertrude Hyde departed for the East a few days ago, on their way to Europe, where they will pass the next four months in traveling.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Hooker and the Misses Jennie and Bessie Hooker are enjoying the picturesque beauty of the Yosemite Valley, having visited the Calaveras Big Trees.

Mrs. A. A. Nickerson and the Misses Maud and Myra Nickerson, of the Hotel Bella Vista, have gone North to view Alaska's glaciers.

Miss Julia Redington is visiting the Hotel del Monte as the guest of Mrs William H. Howard.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott and Miss Christine Parrott are expected at New York soon from Europe, and will return here by way of Niagara Falls and the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace, Mrs. John McMullin, and Miss Marguerite Wallace have gone to Santa Barbara to pass the remainder of the summer.

Mrs. William H. Smith left for Salt Lake City, a few days ago, to visit Mr. Smith, who is superintendent of a large mine near there.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, Miss Birdie Fair, and Miss Belle Smith are still in New York city, and pay occasional visits to resorts near there. They are enjoying their Eastern trip very much.

Mrs. H. H. Hewlett left Stockton recently to enjoy a visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Coghill are the guests of Judge and Mrs. John A. Stanley at their home in Riverside, Napa County.

Mrs E. E. Wise and Miss Eva McAllister are visiting Miss Julia Peyton at Santa Cruz.

Mr John G Kittle, Miss Maggie Kittle, Miss Mary Eyre, and Miss Alice Simpkins have gone East, where the young ladies will attend school

Mr and Mrs. M. J. Flavin have taken a cottage at Santa Cruz for the summer season.

Mrs. O. P. Evans is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Charles A. Norden, who is the wife of Lieutenant Norden, Adjutant Seventh Cavalry, U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Cook have returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Newton have returned from a pleasant visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum, who have returned from a prolonged Eastern visit, are located at the Hotel Rafael, in San Rafael, for the summer.

Mrs J. B. Stetson has been visiting Mrs. H. F Hubbard, in Stockton.

Mrs. E W. McKinstry and Miss McKinstry are stopping at the Peakes House, in Santa Cruz.

Mrs Amy Crocker has gone to Honolulu, to remain away about three months

Dr. Alexander Younger returned recently from Japan and China, and will remain here until September.

Miss Maud Younger, who is visiting her aunt on Long Island, will go to Europe in a few days, to remain until September

General and Mrs. Kirkpatrick are spending a few weeks at Del Monte.

Miss Anna Hobbs returned recently from a three months' visit to relatives in Santa Barbara, and is now with her parents at their villa, in Manzanita, near Sausalito.

Mr. Cornelius O'Connor left New York a week ago for Europe.

Mrs. Julius Bandmann, Miss Bandmann, and Miss Carrie Platt are at the Pope House, in Santa Cruz.

Miss Minnie G. Matthews, of Oakland, leaves for Alaska June 24th. She expects to be absent a month.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, of Calistoga, were at the Hotel del Monte opening, but have since returned to their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Powning and Mr. William Powning are at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Florence Reed returned from the Hotel del Monte early in the week, and is now at the Napa Soda Springs.

Judge and Mrs. D. J. Murphy are guests of Dr. and Mrs. G. J. Bucknall at St. Helena

Miss Mamie Kohl, of San Mateo, is passing a few weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. James Sproule is passing the summer at San Rafael

Mrs. John F. Miller and Mrs. Richardson Clover passed a few days at the Palace Hotel recently, and are now at their country home "Lavergne" in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson and Mr and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. J. B. Haggin has returned from the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Walter Maxwell, of Los Angeles, is in the city on a visit.

Mrs. Joaquin Bolado will not go to Del Monte again this summer, owing to her continued ill health.

Mr. and Mrs C. J. Hendry have returned from their Eastern trip, and are at the Palace Hotel

Miss Minnie Hathaway, of Sycamore Park, is visiting Miss Dows at her home in Irvington on the Hudson.

Chief-Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field are expected here from Washington, D. C., next month to remain several weeks.

Mrs. John Nightingale and the Misses Ella, Minnie and Georgie Nightingale contemplate passing the summer at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Maud Lissak will leave the city soon to visit friends in Portland, Or.

Mr. Robert R. Grayson will pass the summer in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and Mrs. C. C Park, of Menlo Park, passed several days at the Palace Hotel, recently.

Mr. Frank J. Carolan has returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Mr. J. W. Goad and Miss Hattie Belle Goad, of Colusa, have been passing several days at the Palace Hotel after a visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Louis B. Parrott is sojourning at Del Monte

Mr. and Mrs. I. G. Wickersham, of Petaluma, have been visiting friends here for several days.

Mrs. Carroll McAfee is at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone, of Oak Knoll, were in the city recently on a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, of Fruit Vale, have been visiting at Del Monte.

Mrs David Wilcox and Miss Tulita Z. Wilcox left for San Diego on the *Santa Rosa* last Thursday.

Miss Marie Dillon is at Santa Cruz.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr. Lawrence H. Pierson, son of Mr. William M. Pierson of this city, and Miss Susie Ford, daughter of J. B. Ford, of Oakland, will be united in marriage on Tuesday evening, June 26th, at the residence of the bride's parents.

Mr Charles L. Wines, of the Anglo-Californian Bank, was married to Miss Tena Fowler, of Napa, on Sunday, June 17th, at the residence of the bride's parents. Rev. Richard Wylie officiated.

The marriage of Miss Emma C. Corwin, daughter of Mrs. C. B. Deming, of Benicia, to Mr. Joseph V. Bacon, of San Diego, took place at Cypress Hill, near Benicia, on Wednesday last, June 20th. The ceremony performed by the Rev. Dr. S. P. Willey, was witnessed by only the relatives of the contracting parties and a few intimate friends.

Ballenberg and Yanke have gone to Del Monte, to remain a month, and will provide music every evening.

Army and Navy.

Major Merritt Barber, Assistant Adjutant-General, U. S. A, was in the city recently on official business.

General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., are among the visitors at Coronado Beach.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Carl Jungen, U. S. N., of Mare Island, were in the city recently at the Occidental Hotel.

Dr. Ernest Norfleet, U. S. N., has been in the city on a visit from Mare Island.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Pyk-Millard Concert Company announce a concert to take place at San Rafael, on Tuesday evening, June 26th. The company comprises: Mme. Louise Pyk, Mr. Harrison Millard, Master Victor Meyer, violinist; Mr. Abe Sundland, pianist; Miss Ella Laurie, accompanist; and Mr. Ben Clark, Mr. D. P. Hughes, Mr. H. A Redfield, and Mr. George H. Carleton, vocalists. A good programme has been prepared.

ART NOTES.

A. Joullin has sold his large painting of La France roses to Ernest Haquette.

M. Straus has a studio in the Flood Building, and will resume his classes in landscape and still-life on July 2nd.

The lady managers of St. Luke's Hospital hold a reception to the friends and patrons of that charity at the hospital building, on Valencia Street, near Twenty-Eighth, on Saturday, June 23, from 11 A. M. to 4 P. M., for the purpose of showing the recent changes and improvements in the building.

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AT THE FRENCH PLAY.

Scene—A British theatre, on stage of which that irresistibly funny farcical comedy, "Les Vivacités d'un Vrai Lapin," with the celebrated M. Patatras in the principal rôle, is in course of representation. "Les Vivacités," though comparatively unobjectional in its main idea, contains incidents and allusions by which British propriety would be painfully scandalized in a literally translated version, but which, in their native form, do not seem somehow to outrage the susceptibilities of the highly respectable Anglo-Saxons of both sexes and various ages who occupy all the best seats.

On the stage. M. Patatras is piteously detailing the story of his domestic unhappiness to a cynical friend, interrupted by frequent merriment from the audience.

In the stalls. *British matron* (whose mirth is far less restrained than it would be in any other stalls)—Oh, it is really *too* funny! I'm sure I don't know *what* it is that makes one laugh so!

(And, to do her justice, she does not in the least, the only phrase she caught being, "Et c'est toujours comme ça!" But it is so silly not to laugh when everybody else is in fits.)

British parent (to his daughter, whom he has brought here with a view of discovering how far she has profited by that year at the Boulogne Boarding-School—he himself is "a little rusty in his French")—Well, I haven't heard *you* laugh much yet! Thought you understood the language?

The daughter (hurt)—I *do*, papa, I understand every word they say—only, I don't always quite know what the jokes *mean*.

B. P. (indignantly)—And this is what they call education, nowadays! Ah, well, I might have spared my money, it seems.

On the stage. Mlle. Maquillée, as Mme. Gandinois, says to Visitor—"Asseyez-vous donc, je vous prie; vous nous ferez l'amitié de diner avec nous ce soir, n'est-ce pas?" The Visitor—"Comment donc—mais c'est moi au contraire qui," etc.

In the dress circle. *First Briton* (with a smile of subtle appreciation)—Very smartly written, this dialogue, eh?—that *last* bit!

(He chuckles wickedly.)

Second Briton (who has been secretly wishing they would not speak so confoundedly fast)—Full of *esprit*—full of *esprit!* We're no match for them *there!*

(An aside is spoken on stage, which convulses the initiated; both Britons a little late in laughing, and resolve to watch one another's face in future—result being that before end of second act each darkly suspects the other of being a humbug.)

On the stage. L'Ami de la Maison to M. Gandinois—"Froide! (Aside.) Ah, non, par exemple!" (Roars of laughter.)

British fiancée (who is determined John shall not think her dull, behind her handkerchief)—*Isn't* it killing?

John (who has been beginning to think her rather too lively, with a slight stiffness)—Well, some people might find it a trifle broad—but so long as you're amused——

B. F. (in extreme confusion)—Oh, I thought *this* piece was all right—or I wouldn't . . . that's the *worst* of French, you *never* know! (Wishes they had gone to "Dorothy" instead.)

BETWEEN THE ACTS.

Lady (in box, to her friend)—Enjoying it, dear?

The friend (rapturously)—Oh, *so* much! it's perfectly delightful! (With a sudden impulse to candor.) You know, I didn't *quite* follow everything they said.

First lady—Oh, but one *doesn't*—you get into it by degrees, you know. You'll find yourself beginning to get more accustomed to it by the time they come to the end of the last act—at least that's *my* experience.

In the pit. *Plain man* (to quiet neighbor)—Comical kind o' piece, eh? Find you manage to catch the drift of it at all?

The Q. N. (who has spent much of his time abroad)—Oh—yes, I—a—think so.

The P. M.—So did I, first-rate, and without knowing a single word o' French either, mind you! I manage to pick up what it's all about as I go along, and I'll lay I'm not far out. I knew at once that that old chap in the smoking-cap was put out about the way his daughter carried on—that was very good, and then his old wife, *she* came in, and there was a shindy——

The Q. N.—Oh, pardon me, but you're wrong there. The old lady was his *mother-in-law*, and the girl was his young wife. He has no daughter in the piece, and the idea is——

The P. M.—Well, *I* made it out different myself, any way.

(He evidently prefers his own interpretation, which the Q. N. does not make any efforts to correct.)

DURING SECOND ACT.

On the stage. Mlle. Minaudière, as the inevitable *ingénue*—"Si je m'amuse ici. Figurez vous que——"

(She says something very naïve indeed, which is received with uproarious merriment.)

In the stalls. *Young wife* (who is always meaning "to take up her French again," to her husband, who has given her to understand that he is perfectly at home in the language)—But, Harry, what was there so very funny about *that?*

Harry (who has been laughing, solely to keep up his reputation)—Well, you see—it's impossible to *translate* these things (which it is for him). It's Parisian, you know—very Parisian!

Close of act. M. Patatras (after peeping through curtains)—"Aie, aie! la dame de l'ombrelle rouge! Pincé! . . . Cette porte!" (Opens door and shuts it sharply.) "Mme. la Baronne!" (Opens another, same business.) "Le Général! lui aussi! ou me fourrer? Ah, sous le canapé!" (Starting back wildly.) "Quoi? Ma femme—ici!" (Sits down heavily on a work-basket. Other characters rush on, and form tableau as curtain falls.)

Chorus of Enthusiasts (in stalls)—It's all so perfectly *natural*, isn't it? So unlike *our* noisy horse-play—*did* you notice how neatly they do all their business? and the *ensemble!* How delightfully easy he was when he kicked the butler! Yes, and wasn't he *deliciously* funny, when he came down to the footlights and told us what he meant to do! So thoroughly artistic! I shall *never* forget him trying to hide that photograph under his waistcoat. (And so on.)

In the upper boxes. *Portly Gaul* (to Briton, who is laughing industriously at everything)—Très égayante, la pièce, n'est-ce pas?

The Briton (who has a vague idea that the Gaul is apologizing for being about to pass)—Par de too, Mossoo!

The Gaul (astonished)—Comment "pas du tout"? Et vous qui pouffez de rire!

The Briton—Le Buffet? c'est derrière—en dessus, I—I mean—au dehors!

The Gaul—Ah, vous riez donc aux éclats sans avoir rien compris? Vous êtes un original, vous!

The Briton (who feels that he may expose himself if he goes on much longer)—Wee, Mossoo, vous avez raisong—say sar!

(Escapes to lobby, and hears remainder of the piece from the back of the Dress Circle.)

Two acquaintances, meeting at refreshment bar. *First acq.*—Wonderful actor, Patatras! How good he was in that first scene when he was explaining that about the—you remember the part I mean? (He does not mean any part in particular.)

Second acq. (quickly)—Oh, very funny, very funny! and (not to be outdone), then that scene with the—with the, bless my soul! where they—*you* know!

First acq. (who doesn't, of course)—Yes—yes; but it's all capital. By the way (confidentially), is there a book of the words to be got anywhere?

Second acq.—Just what *I've* been looking out for.

DURING THIRD ACT.

The British parent (to his daughter)—What did he say *then?*

The daughter—Oh, papa, I can't explain *everything* they say!

B. P.—*You* explain! I believe *I* know more about it than you!

The D. (demurely)—Then you can explain it to *me*, papa. (B. P. pretends he hasn't heard; triumph of daughter.)

AT THE CLOSE.

Critical playgoer (who has understood, on an average, about one word in fifty)—I must say I was a little disappointed with the *dialogue*—nothing *like* so witty as I expected!

His friend (whose average was one in a hundred)—There were one or two good things in it, though—but, of course, it's Patatras one goes to see!—*Punch.*

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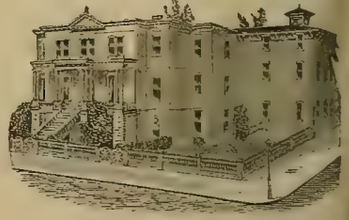

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From SAN FRANCISCO for SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11 00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4 50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8 00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A M.; 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.45, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 2.45, 4 00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00 P M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10 00, 11.45 A. M.; 2 30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M. (Sundays)—6.45, 8.45, 10 00, 10.40 11.35 A. M.; 12.45, 1.30, 3 30, 4.45, 5 45, 6.45, 7.45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

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LEAVE	From June 18, 1888.	ARRIVE
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7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Fast Mail for Ogden and East	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
10.30 A	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	12.45 P.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and sMilton; for Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
6.30 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8 45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

‡ 7.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
*2.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
‖4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‡9.20 A.

NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

7.15 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
‡ 7.50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion	‡ 8.35 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.40 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 42 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10 02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5.10 P	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.00 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.40 A.
†11.45 P	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.50 P.

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Capital Paid Up in Gold Coin.....**624,160**
Reserved Fund.....**40,000**

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A DAY AT BAIREUTH.

"Parsifal."

III.

We did not get our modest beefsteak. The *kellner* assured us that he had as fine a beefsteak on hand as was to be found in all Germany—which, indeed, was not saying very much—but his conscience would not permit him to order it cooked. "This *entr'acte* is very short," he explained; "and if I should cause you to lose the beginning of the second act I could never forgive myself, never! There is a passage just after the curtain rises which is one of the grandest, the most *wunderbar schön*——"

"But we have not broken fast for many long hours," we expostulated; "and we are really not equal to another act without something substantial to listen upon."

"If I might recommend roast beef to the gracious ladies," suggested the *kellner*; "it is there, all cooked and ready. With a salad, perhaps, and some vegetables it might stay the gracious ladies' stomachs till after the opera, when they could take a good supper, and, in the meantime, not lose a note."

What could the gracious ladies do but meekly consent? It is perfectly useless to battle with this musical ardor in Baireuth. It is as genuine as it is sweeping. They even lose sight of our pockets in the whirl of it. For, coming out of the theatre at the close of the second act to get something to slake that strange emotional thirst, which comes with musical rapture and seems to reach to the very middle of one's economy, I ordered, for my part, a pint of Giesshübler. Giesshübler, by the way, is the clearest, brightest, most refreshing mineral water that ever sparkled in a glass. If Apollinaris be the queen of table waters, then Giesshübler is, indeed, the empress.

It was a long time before I saw my *kellner* battling his way through the thick crowd, and there was an expression of appeal in his eye as it met mine, for he was brandishing aloft a long quart bottle. I wished at the moment it had been a gallon bottle, and intended to say nothing. There is no loss of dignity, however, in being exact in one's economies in Germany. No one is ashamed to be careful in a country where they pay even for bread at the café tables according to the amount consumed.

But the unfortunate waiter commenced a thousand apologies before I had time to speak. "There are so many people," he said, pathetically, "and I made a mistake. But you would lose the beginning of the third act if I went back to change it, and it is so sad and so beautiful that it would be terrible to lose it, and you shall be charged only for a pint."

Could heroism reach greater height than this, in a country where the pfennigs are scattered among so many? The Baireuth musical ardor, even among the lowliest, is as pure as truth and as beautiful as courage.

Our first-act *kellner* watched the disappearance of the roast beef with considerable amazement, but with genuine interest. As the last fragment vanished we turned to him still unsatisfied, and mildly suggested that an omelette might top off the repast very well.

"An omelette!" he cried, aghast; "it would be madness to commence to cook an omelette at this late moment. I will give you an omelette for supper, an omelette which will be *ausgezerchnet gut*. But at the present, you would much better take a compote. It is there, all ready, and you will be sure to get into the theatre in time."

Which we most submissively did, and ended by having spare time on our hands. We took it to look over the photographs at the stand in the corner, and had just selected one of the great Frau Materna in the wild garb of Kundry, the great Winkelmann in the beautiful robes of a Knight of the Holy Grail, and were looking for Scaria, when the photograph man was apparently seized with a spasm. His eyes began to bulge out of his head, he gesticulated violently, pointing to the outsweeping queue of people, cried "Zweite acte schnell! schnell! schnell!" and literally shooed us out of the hostelry. We met our friend the usher, or staircase guardian, and he grinned from ear to ear, waved our checks away with the greatest disdain, as if to say, "What formality of admission do I require with such old acquaintance," pointed to his protesting boots, and went into an ecstasy of giggle, asked us how we liked the first act, promised us untold pleasure in the second, did everything he could to establish the density of our intimacy, and would have wafted us once more up the creaking wooden staircase, if his duties at the foot had not prevented.

It was all so chummy, and so homely, and so funny, that we feared we might never again get into the mood into which we had been wrought. But the first low peal of harmony that came wailing out of the darkness had its way with us again, and we were in the spell once more.

Meantime, Parsifal, driven out of Montsalvat by the uninspired impatience of Gurnemanz, had wandered far afield. His bodily strength was spent with fatigue, and his brain was whirling with a surge of new thoughts and memories. Klingsor, out of his evil intelligence, had learned that Parsifal was the guileless one chosen to heal Amfortas' wound and to reign in Amfortas' stead. And he set about to debauch him with his magic arts. As the curtain rose we were taken into Klingsor's stronghold, the inner keep of a great gray tower, in whose background stone steps led up to the battlements and down into darkness below. There were magical implements and necromantic appliances hanging upon the walls and strewn upon the floor. And Klingsor himself, a dark and evil-looking man, was looking into a magic mirror which told him all things. And therein he saw Parsifal, worn, weary, and dazed, struggling up the steep hillside which led to Klingsor's magic castle, and he laughed in his evil glee, and summoned Kundry.

Then he lighted a strange incense, and out of the bluish vapor that came of it arose the form of Kundry, in answer to his awful call:

"Arise thou nameless woman and draw near to me. Thou she-Lucifer! thou Rose of Hades! thou Gundryggia! thou Kundry, come! Appear unto thy master."

She comes with a shriek of anguish that dies off into a wail, and, in the scene that follows, there is a fight between her better and her worser nature, a struggle to release herself from the spell of the magician, a horrible succumbing to it, that are inexpressibly touching. She prays with a frantic yearning for death, the unending sleep which alone will release her from her gnawing misery. And Klingsor laughs grimly and cries: "While none resist thee thou art in my power. He who spurns thee setteth thee free. So try't with yon boy, who draws near!"

In his magic glass he sees Parsifal come to the tower gates and demand entrance and refreshment. Klingsor winds a horn, and straightway the garrisoners of the engaging she-devils of the castle rush to the ramparts in their defense. But they are but weak men, these knights who live in sin, and the lusty, young stripling, Parsifal, with his rosy, child-like, surprised face, lays but about a little with his strong right arm and they are routed.

And Klingsor, seeing this, is angered afresh, and casts his spell with stronger potions, and Kundry, with one last shriek of horrible laughter and one last wail of anguish, sinks through the blue vapor into darkness, and is once more subdued completely to the power of the evil knight.

Then Klingsor and his tower sink slowly, and, at the same time, a beautiful garden rises, which fills the stage. It is rich with tropical vegetation and brilliant flowers. The battlements of the castle show over the terraces, through the foliage in the back-ground, and on the wall stands Parsifal, lost in amaze. Beautiful women come rushing in, first singly, then in clusters, frightened at the noise upon the walls. They are in their robes of sleep, but, seeing Parsifal, they slip out, one by one, and come back arrayed as flowers—dahlias, tulips, hollyhocks, peonies, roses, everything in flora that is great, and splendid, and gorgeous.

The heretofore solemn, stealing sweetness of the music changes as abruptly as the scenery from grave to gay, and the musical chatter of the tempting women seems to be something quite out of "Parsifal."

But the flower-women lure and lure in vain. The stranger puts them aside with an air of ineffable weariness, and is about to stray away, when he is suddenly arrested by the sight of a woman, of most exquisite beauty, arrayed in fantastic Oriental garb, who breathes in softest, melting murmurs the unfamiliar name he has not heard since childhood—Parsifal.

He starts at the sound. "Parsifal! So, once, when dreaming, my mother called me." He looks timidly to the flowery couch where Kundry lies, for the beautiful woman is none other than Kundry, the witch, transformed to an enchanted princess.

"Calledst thou me, who am nameless?" he asks. And Kundry answers: "I named thee, foolish pure one, Falparsi. Thou, guileless fool, art Parsifal."

And the poor nameless wanderer falls into the snare. And Kundry bids the baffled flower-maidens all begone, and they slowly and reluctantly go away, for Parsifal is big and strong, and young, and goodly fair to look upon. And Parsifal and Kundry being left alone, the temptation of the chosen one begins.

What words can describe this wondrous mingling of sights and sounds that sap and lap the senses even of the onlooker in a strange delirium? It does not seem that even Parsifal, who fights the spell with all the heroism of a soul who scents danger, can resist.

She tells him of his early life, his father's bravery, his mother's tenderness, his unremembered youth, and leads him on by subtle chains to thoughts of love and dalliance, and just as the Grail and his holy destiny seem to be slipping fast away from him, she lays her fatal kiss upon his lips.

It burns into his soul, and shrieking that he feels Amfortas's wound, he turns away from her. She tempts and tempts. He turns and turns, till in a great frenzy of rage she shrieks for help against him. Klingsor appears upon the castle wall, and the fainéant knights and damsels rush into the garden.

"Halt, there," cries Klingsor, poising a lance; "the fool shall perish by his master's spear," and he flings it full at Parsifal. But the spear refuses the magician's skill, remains poised in mid-air, and will not pierce the stranger.

Parsifal seizes it as it floats over his head, brandishes it with a gesture of exalted rapture, and makes the sign of the cross with it.

In an instant as with an earthquake the castle falls to ruins, and the garden withers. The flowers, shriveled and unfresh, are strewn about the ground like dead poppies after a feast; Kundry sinks with a terrible cry, and Parsifal leaps from the crumbling wall to seek the way, the sacred spear in hand, to Montsalvat.

The third act takes us once again to the domain of the holy Grail, but sad changes have been wrought in Montsalvat.

We are shown into an open, pleasant, spring landscape, with flowery meadows stretching into the distance, and in the foreground a beautiful spring of clear water gushes out of the earth, and runs away in a little stream among the trees. Here Gurnemanz has built a hut to live as a hermit away from his piming brethren. Kundry, with the spell of witchcraft forever removed from her, has become human and repentant, and in the wild garb of a menial of the Holy Grail does homely service cheerfully, willingly, yearningly. It is Good Friday morning, the holiest day in Montsalvat, yet there is a cloud of sadness over everything.

Gurnemanz and Kundry see a strange knight coming up the road. He carries a lowered spear, and is spent with fatigue and stained with travel. He seats himself on the little knoll by the spring, not seeing the wondering twain. But when they speak to him he thrusts the spear into the ground, takes off his arms and helmet, and kneels to pray.

And as he prays they recognize him as the stripling who has shot the swan, and Gurnemanz remembers that he has impatiently dismissed him as a fool, and he looks with wondering eyes upon the spear, and questions his mind if it be not the holy one.

And Parsifal coming out of his prayer remember them, and gives them greeting, and tells the story of his travels.

Klingsor had hurled a last curse at him as he left the shaking ruins of the Magic Castle, spear in hand, to seek Amfortas. And the curse had held its way. The path was ever denied him, countless distresses fell upon him, battles and conflicts barred the way. It was not meet that he should use the holy spear in battle, and so he had carried it undefiled at his side, and taken a wound from every weapon in the defense of it. And coming at last in upon this peaceful scene he had yet once again suspected treachery and witchcraft, and prayed against it. But now, though he was fainting with fatigue, he bade old Gurnemanz lead him on to Amfortas.

But Gurnemanz takes the heavy corselet from his breast and bathes his aching head, and Kundry takes the greaves off his tired legs, and laves his feet in the running stream, and anoints them from a golden flask, and dries them with her long black hair.

And they bring out the armor of a Knight of the Holy Grail, and put it on him.

And old Gurnemanz tells what evil times have fallen on Montsalvat.

Amfortas's anguish has increased so that his tortured mind and spirit were more than he could bear, and nothing could move him to fulfill his holy office.

And so the Grail had remained shrouded in its shrine ever since the wonder day when Parsifal had beheld it. And the knights, lacking its holy refreshment, had grown pale and dejected, and all their hero strength had withered. Crushed and heartsick and lacking a leader, they strayed around, and the old Titurel, the ex-king, succumbing at last to mortal weakness when he no more beheld the Grail's refulgence, laid down his aged head and died. And on this good Friday morn they were to lay him in his tomb. And Amfortas, to expiate his awful sin, for he feels his father's life to be upon his head, will once more uncover the Grail. It is hard upon midday, the appointed hour for the obsequies of Titurel, and as the moonlight brightens and the cool of the morning fades away, they start off once more through the woods, as in the beginning, and the great woodland panorama slowly rolls from right to left this time, and they wander through its mossy mazes and come once more into the great Gothic hall. But this time the knights are all in mourning, and there are no tables laid for the holy feast.

Parsifal has beaten his breast in the wood with passionate repentance that all this sorrow has been wrought by his lagging delay, when he had known himself to be the chosen one. But from the moment he enters the great chamber he has the bearing of a king. As one train enters from one side bearing the coffin of Titurel, another train comes from the other door carrying the litter of Amfortas.

And the trains sing to each other, with mournful question and melancholy answer, as they walk:

"What do ye mourners hide there in yon gloomy shrine?"

And the mourners answer:

"A hero, Titurel, shorn of the heavenly strength, to whom God once did intrust all things."

"By whom was he slain whom God himself had ever sheltered?"

"He sank beneath the mortal burden of years, when he no more might look upon the Grail."

"Who veiled then the Grail from his vision?"

"He whom ye are bearing, its criminal guardian."

"He comes here once again to-day—this once more only—to fulfill his holy office."

And then they all chant together: "Sorrow, sorrow, thou guard of the Grail."

When the coffin of Titurel is opened, all break into a cry of grief; but Amfortas, raising himself high upon his couch, turns to his father with a burning, passionate prayer. He reproaches himself for the death of the venerated hero, but prays him to ask the Christ who suffered to release him, to stiffen his rent and tortured heart in death.

As his last terrible cry rings out: "Cry thou my words to him, Redeemer! Give my son release!" the knights press around him impatiently, and demand that he uncover the Grail.

He makes one last fearful effort, but in a paroxysm of despair he leaps from his couch and throws himself amid the knights. He tears open his tunic and shows them the ever-open wound, with its streaming blood, and implores them, with a frenzy of pleading, if ever they would know the delights of the Grail again to slay at once the sinner and his pain, to bury their sword-hilts deep, deep to the hilts in his wounded side.

The knights shrink back in awe, but Parsifal, advancing slowly, sings: "One only weapon serves, the one that struck can stanch thy wounded side." He touches Amfortas's wound with the spear-point, and, in a moment, the suffering king is well and walks as other men.

Then Parsifal holds the spear aloft, and the sacred blood begins to trickle from it, yearning to mingle itself with the pure tide in the Grail. And Parsifal bids the boys uncover the shrine, and he takes the Grail and holds it aloft.

And once more it glows with the purple-red light, and a halo of glory shoots down through the dome and pours upon them all, and a white dove descends slowly and hovers over the head of Parsifal.

And while the up-gazing knights drink in the rapture of the Grail restored, the sleep of death that she has prayed for falls gently upon the eyelids of Kundry, and the boys' voices far up in the dome sing softly an anthem to the glory and the mercy of the Savior.

It is the last sound that one carries away from "Parsifal," the music of these fresh, young voices, and it sends one out with lighter spirits into the open air after the deep, mystical solemnity of the opera.

Opera? It seems a strange name to give this holy wonder-work, for I doubt if any one ever remembers that he is in a theatre as he hears, and sees, and feels. The best singers of Germany, with their Titanic voices and their tireless chords, devote themselves to "Parsifal" with a musical religion, and their voices are as fresh in the last act after this long testimony of rapture as in the beginning. It is impossible to realize the bigness of these voices, everything around them is on so superb, so grand a scale.

Nor does it occur to any one to disintegrate any one feature of this great, harmonious whole. All things are so perfectly blended—the legend, the voices, the pictures, the orchestra, the light, the darkness, the changing day—that it is impossible to analyze them. All we know is that it is so beautiful in its entirety that the senses ache with a pleasant pain, and that it gives an uplifting of the mind, a psychic refreshment with its purity and solemnity that must bear a shadowy resemblance to that which came to the Knights of the Holy Grail.

BETSY B.

White Sulphur Springs.

We take pleasure to inform our readers that these springs, situated in Napa County, adjacent to St. Helena, are now open, under the management of Messrs. Ed. Dunham and Chas. Eaton. These gentlemen are old, experienced hotel men, and having furnished the establishment throughout with everything new, they ask an inspection by those intending to recuperate during the summer months. These springs have always had the reputation of being the finest in the State.

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ESTATE OF ANDREW J. BRYANT, DECEASED. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Grace B. Bryant, the Executrix of the Will of Andrew J. Bryant, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at office of Harrison & Allen, No. 325 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. GRACE B. BRYANT,

Executrix of the Will of Andrew J. Bryant, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 20, 1888.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1888, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-half ($4\frac{1}{2}$) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and three-quarters ($3\frac{3}{4}$) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits. Payable on and after MONDAY, July 2, 1888. WILLIAM HERRMANN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, north-west corner of Powell and Eddy Streets — For the half year ending June 30th, 1888, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-half ($4\frac{1}{2}$) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and three-fourths ($3\frac{3}{4}$) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after MONDAY, July 2d, 1888. VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

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SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 CALIfornia Street, corner Webb.—For the half-year ending with 30th of June, 1888, a dividend has been declared of four and one-half ($4\frac{1}{2}$) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and three and three-fourths ($3\frac{3}{4}$) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after MONDAY, 2d July, 1888. LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

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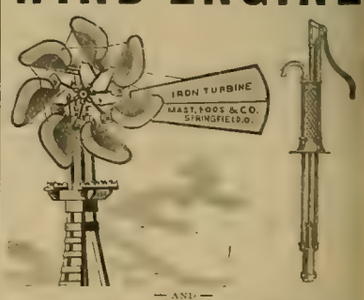

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THE INNER MAN.

Nobody knows anything about mutton in these days (says T. Adolphus Trollope), for the very sufficient reason that there is no mutton worth knowing anything about. Scientific breeding has improved it off the face of the earth. The immature meat is killed at two years old, and only we few survivors of a former generation know how little like it is to the mutton of former days. The Monmouthshire farmers told me the other day that they could not keep Welsh sheep of pure breed, because nothing under an eight-foot park-paling would confine them. Just as if they did not jump in the days when I jumped too! Believe me, my young friends, that George the Third knew what he was talking about (as upon certain other occasions) when he said that very little venison was equal to a haunch of four-year-old mutton. And the gravy!—chocolate-colored, not pink, my innocent young friends. Ichabod! Ichabod! My uncle was a man who understood mutton. A little silver saucepan was placed by his side when the leg of mutton, or sometimes two, about as big as fine fowls, were placed in one dish before him. Then, after the mutton had been cut, the abundantly flowing gravy was transferred to the saucepan, a couple of glasses of tawny old port and a *quantum suff.* of currant jelly and cayenne were added, the whole was warmed in the dining-room, and then—we ate mutton, as I shall never eat it again in this world.

The disastrous effects of habitual intoxication on the health are universally admitted—not only the immediate injury to the drunkard, but the remoter effects on his posterity. But *moderate* drinking, in itself and wholly apart from its dangerous tendencies, injures the health, shortens life, and transmits to children physical and moral degeneration. This is not mere theory. It is asserted as a fact by the highest medical experts. Said William B. Carpenter, M. D., F. R. S., of the University of London, in his celebrated prize essay, "The habitual use of smaller quantities of these liquors"—that is, the moderate use—"if sufficiently prolonged, will ultimately be attended, in a large proportion of cases, with consequences prejudicial to the system." His position was supported by over two thousand of his professional brethren. But hardly any testimony could be more conclusive than the facts developed by a London Life Assurance Company. This association, having originally insured only total abstainers, in 1850 accepted moderate drinkers, who never drank to intoxication, but kept the accounts of each class distinct in separate books. During the period 1866–1881, of every one hundred in the section of total abstainers, thirty survived beyond the line of calculated "expectation," while only one survived in the other section. Colonel J. L. Greene, president of the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company, whose duty it is to make inquiry into the last illness and death of many thousands of all classes, says: "The degree to which many diseases, commonly referred to as malaria, overwork, and other vague causes, are actually grounded in what would almost invariably be called a temperate use of drink by persons of reputed temperate habits, would be incredible to the mass of people." The diseases specially mentioned by him are congested brains, insanity, paralysis, diseases of the kidneys, liver, and stomach, pneumonia, and rheumatism.

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The *Sun* gives this as a specimen of the stuff some "actresses" send to the dramatic critics: "Miss Birdie Maginnis is at present resting in her spacious villa at Williamsburg, but will soon begin preparations for the coming season, when she will star under the management of Mr. Mercutio Skipp in an entirely new play, called 'Only a Perfect Lady.' Miss Maginnis is a fearless horsewoman, and may be seen nearly every morning cantering along the shady lanes on her thoroughbred Kentucky horse, Boxoffice."

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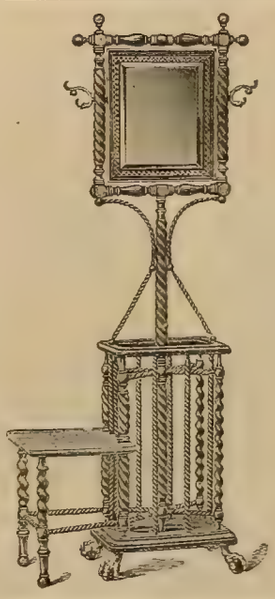

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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Whenever the complete history of Mr. Blaine shall be written, its most interesting page will be that whereon is recorded his struggle for Presidential nomination and his candidacy for the Presidential office. His distinguished ability, his character as a statesman, his capacity as a writer, his leadership as a politician, and his eloquence will be conceded as contributing to his fame; he will be fortunate if his political intrigues, plots, and bargainings are not exposed, and the mistakes of his youth and the blunders of his riper years do not see the light of truthful exposition. It is not our purpose to write his life, nor to review it. It does not come within the scope of our design to trace his brilliant career from its beginning, but to take it up with such reflections as come within proper observation connected with his candidacy for the Presidential office in the year 1888. Since the early manhood of the writer, the name of James G. Blaine has been identified with American politics; since the first organization of the Republican party it has been prominent. Sixteen years ago he contested the chieftaincy of the Republican party with Roscoe Conkling, senator from New York; twelve years ago he defeated Mr. Conkling's political aspirations, and dragged him down from his high position; eight years ago he defeated the nomination of Ulysses S. Grant, and, though not strong enough himself to reach the Republican throne, he gave it to the man of his selection, and stood behind it, stronger in his power and influence than he who filled it; four years ago his ambition culminated in successful candidacy. Then his genius and his eloquence, his untiring energy, and his splendid capacities came into play. So brilliant a campaign had never before been witnessed in our republic, and had there been only what was apparent upon the surface, it should have been crowned with success. He should have ignored scandals that reached back to his early manhood and left them to repose in the unmarked grave, trusting to the millions of indignant friends the reputation that nothing but the vilest partisanship would endeavor to disturb. The scandals of public life might have been left to the vindication of his unanswerable and eloquent logic. His Americanism, his distinguished career, his successful public service might have been trusted to carry him in the great struggle that would have had no other termination than placing him, the most gifted and foremost of all Americans, in the curule chair of the great republic. Perhaps there is a God that holds in his hands the destiny of nations, and perhaps there is such a thing as a "special Providence." Perhaps there is a devil that whispers in the ear of ambition and sometimes makes it o'erleap itself. Perhaps Mr. Blaine is the victim of a cruel fate, of accidents, of misrepresentations, of conspiracy, treachery, or fraud. Certain it is, that when the curtain drew down upon the play of four years ago, some hundreds of thousands of the best Republicans of the nation began to consider evidence and proofs of a Machiavellian policy, of Italian politics, of intrigues with the one confessed enemy of the nation, then for the first time exposed, that in the excitement and heated passions of a political campaign they would not even consider. In the mad, hot frenzy of the campaign, when blows were being given and taken, when scandals, calumny, vituperation, and personal abuse were being heaped upon the chief, and he in the midst of the conflict, brave and honest soldiers would not sheath their swords, would not refrain from action to listen to scandals thus untimely circulated. No honorable man need apologize that, as a Republican, he aided to put James G. Blaine into the Presidential fight of four years ago, and did not abandon him when night came and brought not Blucher; stood by him and retired with him when defeat crowned the most memorable civil conflict that was ever fought upon the American continent. After that most unexpected defeat came four years for the acquisition of information, for deliberation, and for an intelligent determination as to the position which honorable and patriotic men should take when again the opportunity was presented to them, within constitutional provisions, to nominate the next chief magistrate of the nation. Looking back to the disastrous campaign of 1884, it was discovered that as good Republicans and as faithful party-men as ever served in line of party conflict—men who had not shrunk from their duty when the darkest days of civil war betokened the dismemberment of the republic, and had stood true and steadfast through the period of reconstruction, and had looked upon a national debt of nearly three thousand million of dollars without other thought than its prompt and honorable payment—had not voted for Mr. Blaine. Roscoe Conkling, smarting under insults and blows not fairly given, had sulked in his tent and allowed his native County of Oneida, and his State of New York, to give Mr. Blaine his mortal hurt. General Grant, the idol of the army, had not done more for the candidacy of Blaine than his party position had demanded. Temperance men had organized against him, and Mugwumpery—in its advocacy of civil service reform and its open opposition to the Republican candidate, and its open advocacy of the Democratic—made such inroads upon Blaine's strength as neutralized much of his splendid effort. Among the Republicans who repudiated the candidacy of Blaine and bolted the Republican ticket were found the best, ablest, wealthiest, and strongest men of the nation—men who up to that time had been the stanchest of Republicans and the most reliable of partisans. Some tens of thousands of Republican electors in all the States, where votes were needed for Republican success, were lukewarm and inactive, or abstained from voting, or went boldly over to the enemy, and fought as privates in its ranks, and voted for Grover Cleveland, and the result was a surprise and a defeat. It was a sorrow and a mortification; when it was announced and realized, tens of thousands of other Republicans asked themselves the reason why. The result was anomalous, for though in all the leading Republican States the disaffection was known, anticipated, and feared, it was ascertained after the election had passed that Mr. Blaine had been defeated by a small vote. But another and more startling fact was disclosed. It was found that in all the great cities of the North the Democratic Roman Catholic Irish had, secretly and unknown to the leaders and managers of the Democratic party, voted in great masses for the Republican candidate. Suspicion was aroused, and startled the patriotism and Protestantism of the nation. Had Mr. Blaine been untrue to the spirit and genius of American institutions? had he bargained with Rome for alien votes? had he combined or intrigued with the ecclesiastics of an alien institution to enable him to reach the highest place of executive administration in the commonwealth?—were questions which every Protestant, and every American who loves his country, and every citizen who abides by its laws and recognizes that the safety of the republic rests in the constitutional provision that there shall be no connection of the state with any church, had the right to investigate. They were questions that, when suggested, it was the duty of every honorable friend of Mr. Blaine to examine most thoroughly and exhaustively, and if, as the result of that investigation, there was reasonable doubt of his independence and freedom from complicity with the Church of Rome, to retire him to private life, and give the chieftainship of the Republican party and the Presidential candidacy to an American whose patriotism was above suspicion. This distrust and lurking fear found confirmation in a thousand incidents of the campaign; nearly every prominent Irishman of the Clan-na-Gael, every Fenian and member of the Young Ireland party, every advocate of dynamite, secret assassination, and agrarian crime, every Irish home-ruler and hater of England, was found to have been an active worker with Mr. Blaine in his campaign; family secrets drifted to the light; Mr. Blaine's brilliant history of twenty years in Congress was read in a new light and the purpose of its writing subjected to a new interpretation. It was believed that the Republican candidate had trafficked with the priests of Rome in secret for such votes as the confessional could influence. This impression has gone abroad throughout the land, and neither Mr. Blaine or any near friend of his has questioned the truthfulness of the facts which underlie the suspicion, nor denied the bargain he is believed to have entered into. When the constitutional four years had again brought the Republican party opportunity to consider its candidate, the name of Mr. Blaine was again presented. Defeat of his political projects in 1872, and of his nominations in 1876 and 1880, and defeat of election in 1884, had not silenced the clamors nor relaxed the efforts of the Roman Church; another effort was to be made in 1888 to place the party standard in the hands of the party leader who had marshaled it from victory to defeat. It has not been usual in these later days to put the party banner in the hands of one who has borne it to disaster. But with the new ally to the Republican party came new councils and a new policy, and it was resolved by the Irish wing and the Irish bosses throughout the country that Mr. Blaine should be the candidate of the Republican party in 1888. Cleveland and the Democracy, seeing this plan, endeavored to defeat it by outbidding for the Irish support. Cleveland's conduct in this line of subserviency and demagogy we have written, and at St Louis and Chicago and all the State, county, and municipal party conventions of the North the country has witnessed the shameful rivalry of both national parties for Catholic influence and Irish votes. Whether Mr. Blaine by his absence from the country, his presence at Rome, his letters from Florence and Paris, his coaching tour with the Scotch millionaire, his private correspondence with trusted friends in America, his pretended declination of candidacy, has been playing the sincere and honest part, or the part of an intriguing conspirator to secure that which he affected to decry, is one of those thing[illegible] which no fellow can find out until the day when that t[illegible]

tory, to which we have referred, shall be fully written. The Blaine campaign in this State, resulting in the election of sixteen delegates to the Chicago convention, who from the moment of their selection began with unanimous and solid compact to proclaim their allegiance to Mr. Blaine, and their uncompromising determination to secure his nomination, is evidence to us of a conspiracy that, in its inception and consummation, involved treachery and ingratitude to Stanford, and a subtle and successful intrigue to serve Blaine and carry out a conspiracy for his nomination. No man can otherwise account for the conduct of the California delegation from the time it passed Sacramento, on its way to Chicago, till the deliberation of the convention terminated. Perhaps the California delegation was deeply impressed with Blaine's availability. Availability, if it means anything, means that the candidate is stronger than his party. Four years ago it was demonstrated that Blaine was not as strong as the Republican party, and we see but one fact tending to prove that he has more personal strength now than he had then. There is no member of the Temperance party, no Mugwump, no friend of Conkling, no enemy of Blaine who voted against him four years ago, who would not have voted against him again, and unless the alliance with the Roman Catholic Irish Church had been cemented by a closer bargain than four years ago, we can see no source from which Mr. Blaine could have expected additional votes. If Mr. Blaine's friends thought his chances improved by the tariff issue, which was not so strongly presented at the last election as this, it shows that the party was stronger than the candidate, which does not justify their belief in Blaine's availability. The place where Mr. Blaine would have been weak is in his attitude to the American party, and in this direction he would have lost many thousands of votes. The time has gone by when Americans are to be persuaded that there is any question of party policy important enough to outweigh the necessity of vindicating the American principle. It would have been a matter of profound regret that the element of religious controversy should be introduced into the field of American politics, but if it must come, it might, perhaps, as well have come now as later, and whenever it does come it will not be the fault of the American Protestant and non-sectarian people, but of the ambition of the Roman Catholic clergy, the demagogy of politicians, and the cowardice of both national parties. Mr. Blaine was defeated when there came from him an authentic and positive refusal of candidacy. Whether it came soon enough, or under circumstances clear enough to carry with it the conviction that Mr. Blaine had not allowed his friends to play with opportunity, will never be cleared up till his biography is fully and truly written. The California delegation was put up in San Francisco by Mr. Higgins for municipal purpose, and acted all through the convention most unwisely, and in a most conspicuous manner misrepresented the opinions of the better class of Republicans in reference to the popular strength of Mr. Blaine's candidacy. The conduct of Mr. Creed Haymond and his associates is inexplicable upon any reasonable and sober hypothesis. If they went to Chicago as the friends of Stanford, they betrayed him; if they were sincerely for Blaine, they rendered his nomination impossible, and had they succeeded in gaining him the nomination, they would have sent him to inevitable and ignominious defeat. The best that can be said of their achievements is, that they guessed the winner.

The most lively political reminiscence that we possess is connected with the election of Mr. Henry Harrison in 1840. It was the year of log-cabins and hard-cider, of Tippeecanoe and Tyler too; the time when the latch-string hung outside the door; the period of doggerel song, political excitement, and enthusiasm. Too young to vote, we were old enough to attend log-cabin raisings; we remember the speech of Ogilvie in Congress, concerning the extravagance of the Democratic administration when Marcy charged to the government the patching of his breeches, and certain silver spoons were found to have been purchased for the Presidential mansion; men of advanced years went wild over the man who is presumed to have killed Tecumseh; Harrison was elected President, was inaugurated, shook hands with everybody, and died in a month. Nearly fifty years roll around. The nation advances in population, increases in area, multiplies in wealth, passes through a great civil war, returns to the arts of peace, and remains progressive and prosperous. Now a grandson of the old Indian warrior, who has served honorably through the civil strife, and marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea, is nominated by a new party for President. The Whig party, too cowardly to take an honest position upon the question of slavery, died, and in its place came the Republican party, a fearless champion of the right, and so long as it remained fearless, so long it was successful and administered the government. We meet new issues under new men, we march to new battles under new leaders. Now comes the American party and demands that the incoming horde of foreigners must, in the interest of our own increasing American family, be stayed; it demands that the uneducated alien must remain in the country till he has acquired a knowledge of the duties attending citizenship before he is clothed in the mantle of sovereignty; it demands that no more of the public domain shall be parted with, but every acre preserved for the coming native-born citizens of the republic; it demands that the free system of public schools must be maintained, and that parochial schools must not be encouraged, nor priests tolerated as religious teachers at public expense. Politicians are endeavoring to confuse us with issues framed especially for the campaign. "Tariff or free trade" is to cut the same figure in the election of 1888 as did log-cabins and hard-cider in 1840. It is to be the rallying cry of the kerbstones, the slogan of the slums. Editors will write, and orators will talk, and mobs will cheer over it as though they really knew something of the subject under discussion. We shall be wise, and eloquent, and earnest, and enthusiastic in the endeavor to make lumber raised above the Canadian line pay two dollars per thousand in order to reach our market, when we may ourselves purchase it for fences, barns, and houses. The lumber ring, in the meantime, is laughing at us as it robs us. We shall insist upon excluding coal from Vancouver's Island in order that the thieving coal-bandits may extort money from every fireside, and the coal-fiends will grin at us in their glee, and so on through four thousand articles bearing import duties. Each interested producer will persuade us that real patriotism means payment of tribute to him, or his trust, or his syndicate, or his corner; that our real health demands blood-letting. Perhaps it does—we do not pretend to know, and we make the admission less shamefacedly because we never knew any man, having any opinion upon the question of free trade, who was not affected by his own pocket. Another question which is to be dinned into our unwilling ears for the entire length of this campaign is to be the Chinese question. We are opposed to Chinese immigration, but we have not always been, and we are not altogether confident, even now, that it is the worst or the most dangerous class of immigration that is coming to our shores. In some respects, the Chinese are better than Irish, Italian, Hungarian, Poles, or Portuguese, because they can not vote and do not attempt to run the politics of the country, do not try to proselyte to their religion, and do not transport here their home quarrels. In the early history of California we all gave welcome to the little brown man. He was a feature of our celebration when California was admitted to the sisterhood of States. He was a feature of our Fourth of July parade in 1850, and we admired his yellow banner of the dragon, his Oriental manners, his quaint and curious dress. When we met at the Burlingame banquet, given at the Russ House in 1856, we were all friendly to the Chinese; we looked to cheap and abundant labor as the panacea of all evils; there was not at that time a prominent Democrat or Republican, Whig or Know-Nothing in California who did not favor Chinese immigration, and only when the Irish washerwoman, and the German cigar-maker, the Yankee sewing-machine operator, and the domestic servant found they could not compete with the Chinese in cleanliness, industry, politeness, skill, and cheapness, did it become a political question; then, in our love of the Irish and other voting aliens, did we repudiate the American doctrine of universal hospitality and international welcome, repudiated the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, and went for the heathen Chinee. When we had converted ourselves and forced everybody on our side of the continent to conform to our opinions, we went for New England and Indiana, and impressed our convictions upon the East. We forced a Chinese resolution upon the Republican platform only eight years ago, and when Mr. Harrison voted against the restriction of Chinese immigrants in the Senate, there voted with him every Republican senator but two (one from New York and one from Wisconsin) who did not represent the Pacific States. President Arthur vetoed the bill. The Democracy only voted for it because they were in opposition, and not responsible. The leading press of the country, Republican and Democratic, the leading statesmen, writers, orators, clergymen, of all sides, were pro-Chinese. Upon this question we have turned a short corner, and we defend ourselves personally for the change, because we desire now to extend it to immigrants from Europe as well as Asia. There is an infinite amount of buncomb and rot about this Chinese drivel, and it is doubtful whether there has ever been very much sincerity concerning it. Half the farmers, nine-tenths of the fruit-growers, and nineteen-twentieths that employ Chinese domestic servants, and all the comfortable, well-to-do class of leisure, favor the admission of Chinese in limited numbers to the State. We never knew a good-for-nothing, gin-drinking, beer-swilling, ignorant, and indolent alien, or a native-born American bummer and idler, who was not opposed to the Chinese. The Chinese question may do some service in this campaign when it is not understood, but when it is understood it will cut no figure. The Chinese are a non-assimilative race, with whom we can not amalgamate, and who are too numerous for us to absorb. They are of a different type of humanity, as distinct as the African, with whom we can never assimilate, never absorb, and never associate, except to our hurt. The question is one beyond the comprehension of the ignorant alien who, in many respects, is a more undesirable immigrant. This Chinese question is one of broad and comprehensive dimensions; it involves considerations of the highest importance; it is worthy the study of our ablest statesmen and most profound thinkers; but as worked into our practical politics by small agitators, it presents the selfish views of ignorant and prejudiced minds. The present position of Senator Harrison upon the Chinese question is satisfactory to every intelligent and honest man; it can only be truthfully said of him that he arrived at his present views later than some other men who were brought in more immediate and direct contact with it. To lie about the Republican candidate in this respect, and on this coast, will do him no possible harm. The contest between Grover Cleveland and General Harrison will lie deeper than revenue reform or Chinese immigration; it will turn upon the consideration of historical questions older than the present administration, and going back to a period before the Democratic candidate took prominent part in national affairs; it will call up in review the history of the civil war, the reconstruction of States, and the present political status of a solid South; whether a Northern Copperhead shall deserve as well of his country as a loyal soldier; whether one who performed his duty to the flag so loyally by hiring a substitute to answer his roll-call when duty summoned him, as he who, at the head of his regiment, engaged in battle and with Sherman marched from Atlanta to the sea. In this discussion it will not be necessary to wave the bloody shirt, or the Copperhead bandana, or to suppress the banner of the stars that led our troops to victory in the slave-holders' rebellion. It is only rebel women, ungrown Southern boys, and preachers, non-combatants, and Northern Copperheads who are sensitive at calling up what they please to style the "bloody shirt." There are great questions involved in this campaign, and they are to be honestly and candidly considered.

We are continually asked: What course will the American party now take in California? How does the nomination of Harrison and Morton suit? Will the American party continue its organization, and will it run an electoral ticket in this State? We as continually reply: That we do not know; that we are waiting to ascertain; and that our own political action will largely depend upon the line of policy adopted by our American party friends. We find a general expression of approval of the Republican nominations and general confidence expressed in the character, capacity, and patriotism of the gentlemen named upon the Republican ticket. The defeat of Mr. Blaine gives to the members of the American party great satisfaction, and very many who have been Republicans are willing to rest content with this triumph, and aid in the election of the Republican ticket; others again are indignant at the failure of the Republican convention to recognize in its platform the existence of any American sentiment; that, while willing to pay unnecessary and undeserved compliments to the Irish and to alien labor, to Yankee fishermen and to every demagogic sentiment that is abroad in the land, it had no word of sympathy for any principle born of Americanism, no criticism to pass upon an alien and hostile church, no fear to express for the unparalleled incursion of barbarians now flooding the land from the most ignorant, undesirable, and disloyal of the pauper masses of Europe, and no remedy to suggest for a naturalization system that places our government and its institutions, our wealth, and lands, and future destiny, our civilization, our schools, and our liberties at the mercy of an invading, alien, and organized foe. The question propounded by this class of Americans is this: What has the Republican party done for us who compose its majority? What have we to expect if it succeed? Is not the Republican party the only political organization that stands in the way of an American party, and would it not be better for us and for the country that it should again go to defeat that the American party might take its place? There are others, again, who say let us not make haste too quickly; let us await the letter of acceptance by Senator Harrison; he is an American, he came from a brave American ancestry, his English forefather died for freedom; that forefather aided to behead a Roman Catholic king, and was quartered for freedom of conscience. In Senator Harrison is the blood of a Puritan ancestry, and he will not, even for the sake of the Presidency, refuse to assert his independent and fearless Americanism. He will have the sense if not the courage to risk the loss of a beggarly mob of Pope's political Irish, in order to secure the great multitude of loyal American boys who are born upon the soil, and who for this campaign have adopted for party banner the American flag. He will have the intelligence to know that the great majority of adopted foreign-born Protestant citizens are in sympathy with Americanism and the American party; he will have the fearless loyalty to cast his destiny with his country, its constitution, and laws, and not with an alien church which owes allegiance to a

oreign alien power; and if he lacks this patriotism and courage, had we not better intrust the administration of the government to Grover Cleveland and the Democracy? To this line of argument we keep open ears, we are at this time listeners; our time to advise has not yet come; we are not counseling the American party what course to pursue; we are not promising to go with it when it shall have concluded.

For Mr. Creed Haymond and his associates at Chicago we entertain all the respect which their personal qualities entitle them to receive; their intelligence, personal virtues, political integrity, sense, and honor, we have always valued at what we thought them worth. In some individual cases we fear we have not estimated them at the value placed upon them by some of the delegates themselves, and some of the more modest members of the delegation it is possible may be underrated and undervalued by us. The delegation, as a representative body, to which was delegated a great political trust, has, we think, made a superlative ass of itself. It has vainly displayed its ears; it has triumphantly raised its voice; it has exhibited an obstinacy peculiar to the animal whose feelings we are outraging by the comparison; it entered the contention as a kicker; it had not the sense to see nor the courtesy to be advised that its course was injury and defeat to Blaine. Neither Elkins, Boutelle, Manley, Foraker, known Blaine leaders, nor the sons of Blaine, nor his accepted friends, could approach near enough to Colonel Haymond, Mr. Gage, of Los Angeles, or Mr. De Young, of the *Chronicle*, to tell them they were behaving like the obstinate, unreasoning, kicking brutes with whom we have compared them. In loud acclaim they all brayed in harmonious discord: "We are first for Blaine, and then for Mrs. Blaine!" "We are not speaking of James G. Blaine, of Maine, but for our Jim Blaine, of California!" "We should like to see the Republican brave enough to oppose the nomination of Blaine — he is guilty of treason!" "We have heard no other name cheered since we left San Francisco but Blaine!" "Public opinion in California is unanimous for Blaine!" Pretenses like these enforced the election of Estee as chairman of the convention. When the grandest orator of the nation was invited to address an unorganized mass-meeting, and dared to name with eulogy his candidate for nomination, the California delegation rose *en masse* and withdrew from the convention, but not until they had hurled at Ingersoll the most insulting epithets of "traitor" and "coward," and roused against him a clamor that drove him from the stand, to be followed by the silver-tongued Tom Fitch, with a prepared eulogy for "our Jim," an eulogy which the audience had not the patience to endure. Mr. Estee, Mr. Haymond, and, we believe, every member of the delegation was asked to have an American resolution introduced for the convention to consider. They had not, so far as we are advised, the courtesy to keep their word or the courage to express their convictions in this direction. The platform is contemptuously silent, and we express the opinion that if the Constitution did not make it imperative to give the Presidential offices to native-born citizens, there would have been placed upon the Republican and Democratic tickets a Roman Catholic Irishman in order to secure the Irish vote, for which both parties are bidding, and in fear of which both stand in cowardly awe. But one of the California delegation had the courage to die like a rat by going down with the ship. This delegation played the rôle we could have given it if we could have been permitted to make the programme. We had but one leading purpose for which we have worked since the day of Blaine's defeat. We distrust his patriotism and have openly opposed his nomination. We concede his greatness, his statesmanship, and his political shrewdness, but we question his loyalty. Sixteen anti-Blaine delegates from California, all of whom had been men of influence and eloquence, could not have accomplished what this delegation has unquestionably brought about. There was a time on Saturday morning when the nomination of Blaine was imminent, and it seemed as though there was to be a triumph of the Church of Rome, the politics of Ireland, and the demagogy of America over the sober judgment of the Republican party. Instead, there was achieved a Boyne-water victory, and the colors of the campaign, whether of bandana or American flag, are to be orange and not green. For this we are most content, awaiting action by the American party of California, to which we owe our highest allegiance.

Mr. De Young, in his unaccountable zeal to secure the nomination of Mr. Blaine, made a serious mistake in charging Senator Harrison with a desire to give the right of citizenship to the Chinese. It was one of those blunders equivalent to a lie. The untruthful statement will demand very intelligent explanation on the part of the *Chronicle* to correct. The nomination of Mr. Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, is not the strongest one that could have been made for California. If it is strong enough for Indiana it is well, and the election of President goes to the people upon the issues as presented by the national conventions. If the tariff is as important and controlling as Republican partisans think, and shall drift in one direction as strongly as they think it will, the Democracy will not find it as easy to reelect Mr. Cleveland as they affect to believe. We regard the result at Chicago not as a mere victory over Mr. Blaine, but as a triumph of Americanism over the Roman Catholic Church in the United States of America, and as such we hail it as a victory of just importance and lasting consequence. For the humble part we have played in it, we ask no compliment and fear no criticism. What will be the result of the election, and whether Grover Cleveland or Benjamin Harrison shall be President of the United States, is left with the American people to determine in a constitutional way. There is and can be no danger to the republic when nominations for office are honorably attained, elections honestly conducted, and results conscientiously announced; nor can we, as the contest now presents itself, pretend to believe that there is danger to republican institutions involved in the election of either candidate.

The American party, of California, through its State Central Committee, has authorized the assembling of an American Party State Convention to be held in San Francisco on the fourth day of July, at Pioneer Hall on Fourth Street. The convention will assemble at two o'clock P. M., and adjourn till the following day. The subject-matter to be considered by the State delegates is whether the party in California shall recommend the calling of a national convention for the nomination of Presidential candidates, and the presentation of an American electoral ticket in this State. Entire harmony does not prevail in the councils of the American party; the larger majority of the younger members favoring independent action in national, State, and municipal politices; the older members are divided in opinion upon the propriety of independent action in reference to Presidential nominations, and will advise the making of slow progress until the action of the party in the Eastern States is determined. Municipal politics—whether it is desirable to call an early convention, ignore the other parties and make independent nominations, or to await the action of the two city conventions and follow after them under the policy of holding and exercising a balance of power—is the subject-matter of active discussion and some feeling. The Alliance and senatorial district clubs, of San Francisco, composed very largely of young gentlemen, are resolutely determined to inaugurate in this city a hot and active campaign. What course the State convention will pursue we are unable to suggest, and as we have not a seat in that convention shall not be held responsible for any course it may determine upon. The attendance of delegates ought to be large. The character of the credentials ought not to be over much criticised, wise and prudent counsel is much needed, and every American who favors a party organization ought to make an effort to attend the State convention.

The Prohibition party—presenting the name of Clinton B. Fiske, of New Jersey, for President—will probably be organized in all the States, and is certain to be fully equipped and thoroughly worked in all the doubtful States. In New York, Indiana, New Jersey, and Connecticut a large preponderance of its vote will come from Republicans, and the movement will be aided, as it was four years ago, by money from the Democracy. It was worked in California almost exclusively by Democrats, and there is enough reason to believe that it will, in this Presidential election, be largely aided from the same source. Prohibition sentiment is strong at the South, but in no State strong enough to capture an electoral vote. The Prohibition vote will be an important one, we think, in Southern California, and respectable in every part of the State. Unless the tariff question assumes leading importance in New Jersey, General Fiske's candidacy may make the result in that State Democratic. He obtained a very large vote at the last State election when he ran for governor. The Prohibition party is strong also in the State of Indiana.

The Presidential candidacy of Governor Alger, of Michigan, seems to us to have an impudence about it that is something startling. If he has any other claim upon the Presidential office than his wealth, we have no evidence of it. Certainly he is not a statesman. He has been governor of Michigan, which is in itself nothing. He was colonel of a Michigan regiment during the war, which proves loyalty, but not civil capacity in the administration of public affairs. He has illustrated his benevolence by gratuities to newsboys in Detroit, and he has contributed wood, coal, clothes, and provisions to poor people. He is, doubtless, a very excellent, worthy man, but if he has any claim to or fitness for the Presidential office beyond that of thousands of men who are not rich, were not colonels during the war, and have never been governors of their States, we are not informed of it. That he could receive the support of the Michigan delegation for President may show State pride for a favorite son, but beyond that it smacks of ancient Roman politics, when money bought honors.

It was a great compliment to California to make Mr. Estee chairman of the Republican convention. Whether it was deserved by Mr. Estee may be a matter of opinion upon which Republicans will not entirely agree. He bolted the nomination of General Grant and stumped the State for Horace Greeley. He once bolted the Republican party, and went with the Dolly Vardens in favor of the Hon. Newton Booth for governor. He was once candidate himself for governor of California, and was beaten twenty-three thousand votes. He has been candidate for a score of nominations, for all of which he has been defeated; for United States Senator with no prospect of success. He took prominent part in the Irish Boycott Convention, identifying himself with the most unprincipled of agrarian politicians. He has favored every labor strike that was ever inaugurated, and has personated the demagogue and office-seeker during a long and unsuccessful political career. His success at Chicago will encourage him to become a candidate for every office in California as long as he lives.

Harper's Weekly, edited by George W. Curtis, since the meeting of the St. Louis convention comes out unreservedly for President Cleveland, and advocates his reëlection and indorses his administration as honest and economical, peaceful and honorable in its foreign relations, progressive in the purification of the public service at home, wise in its reduction of the revenue, and controlled by a high moral sense. All these considerations and promises of Mr. Cleveland's inauguration have, in the opinion of *Harper's Weekly*, been lived up to, except in the case of the Pan-Electric-Garland developments and civil service reform, "but the general character of the administration is not, even in this sense, open to reproach." *Harper's Weekly* was once a Know-Nothing organ—that was when an older Harper was the native American mayor of New York; later it was strongly Republican; later it was Mugwump; now it is Democratic and strongly allied with the Catholic Irish and the Democratic Church of Rome.

Among the inexplicable and funny conceits that seem to have been running through the tangled brain of Colonel Haymond at Chicago, the most curious one is that wherein he denounces the red bandana of the Democracy — the oriflamme of the party—as "unworthy the esteem of virtuous women or brave men." We have never known the bandana to be much used by any women except the negro aunties and old mammies of the South, and not by them as a rule until age had sobered their passionate tendencies; as for its employment by brave men for other than the useful purpose of blowing their noses, we have never heard. It has occurred to us that our friend Colonel Haymond is just a little off.

If it was honest politics for Mr. De Young in the national convention to charge that Senator Harrison favored the unrestricted immigration of Chinese to the country, and advocated giving to them elective privileges, and clothing them with citizenship, how do he and the California delegation stand excused for giving him an unanimous vote?

Our own political doings during the past week have thrown everything else into the shade, and, as a consequence, our usual quotum of news from other lands has been restricted in proportion, as well as deficient in interest. Still, meagre as European dispatches have been, they indicate a lull in what has had lately all the appearance of a gathering storm, and one is somewhat at a loss to account for the unexpected and abrupt reaction. The new Kaiser seems to have settled equably into his hereditary seat, and during the week has opened the Prussian Landtag for parliamentary business. That body, however, concerns itself purely with the social and industrial condition of the kingdom of Prussia, as distinguished from the affairs of the German Empire, which are, of course, administered by the representatives of the federated kingdoms and principalities convened in the Reichstag. It looks, too, as though France, after shrieking itself hoarse in the Boulanger craze, and conjuring up a series of apparitions devoid of material substance, regarding the immediate intents of its Teutonic neighbors, was now beginning to realize the absurdity of its suspicions, and with a certain shamefacedness to fall back into its original groove. England, too, has by this time been reasoned out of her war scare, though it was shown that her coast defenses were actually weak, and the strange inconsistency was made apparent that the country which leads Europe in facilities for and experience in the manufacture of steel, and which is a large and regular purveyor of steel guns to its sister nations, is lamentably deficient in adequately supplying its own ships and forts with these most necessary munitions of war. Nor have any more suggestive dispatches reached us, as they were continually doing in the early spring, regarding the mobilization of Russian army corps upon the frontiers of Austro-Hungary. The unusual activity of the rigorous winter months, when military operations might be reasonably supposed to indicate both purpose and urgency therein, has been succeeded by a period of inaction at the season best suited for movement, which argues, to say the least, a lack of settled purpose toward aggression on the part of the Russians, and leads one to infer that, after all, their repeated disclaimers of any such intentions may have been sincere. As a contrast to the endless and varied evolutions in the troubled domain of European politics, it is rather pleasant than otherwise to note the way in which Spain fights free of all connection with complications which might do her great injury, and could be productive of no possible advantage. The present King of Spain, who, by the way, is just two years of age, and whose chief troubles are, at present, those incident to teething, has been recently employed in opening an industrial exhibition at Barcelona. As King Alfonso the Thirteenth of Spain, being a posthumous child, began to reign at the moment of his birth — a circumstance unparalleled, it would appear, in royal records—it is within the bounds of possibility that his reign may even exceed the seventy-three years of the famous Alfonso the First, of Portugal, seventy-one years of the still more famous Louis Quatorze, of France, both of whom began their regal career nearly, but not quite, under as favorable terms as his present Majesty of Spain.

THE GUILLOTINE.

Scene—A public square in a French town. In the centre of the square a guillotine.

(Enter venerable gentleman, of scientific aspect, reading a newspaper.) To be executed at ten o'clock. Well, of course, he deserves it. (Looks up and sees guillotine.) Ha! This is the place, undoubtedly. I have never seen a guillotine before, but I have no hesitation in saying that this remarkable looking machine must be one. I wonder how long I shall have to wait. (Pulls out watch.) It is now one, the execution is at three. There is no use in being impatient. (Adjusts a portable camp-stool and commences reading a newspaper. Looks it hastily through, and throws it away.) It is singular what an attraction that horrible thing has for me. Even I, Dionysius Locke Tripper, Professor of Mental Science in a prominent university, am unable satisfactorily to account for it. I will examine it more closely. (Walks around guillotine, and looks at it attentively.) Now the sensation of a criminal, on placing his head on that block, must be interesting from the mental-science standpoint. It is, indeed, a fruitful subject for thought. Is supersensuality or realism likely to be uppermost? It is a pity that it is not possible to make some arrangement with the unfortunate man in the spirit of scientific inquiry. Criminals, though, are apt to be unwilling to inconvenience themselves by coöperating with science in researches such as these. My own personal interest in the subject is so great that I should almost be inclined—— (He leans carelessly against guillotine. A spring is accidentally touched, and the axe falls.) Ugh! (Starting back.) What was that? Ah! I must have inadvertently sprung the trap. I consider this instrument a dangerous one; highly so. (Walks away hurriedly, but returns.) The thought occurs to me that, in its present state, it is comparatively harmless, and I can examine it in safety. (Proceeds to do so.) Very ingeniously contrived. The condemned man places his head on the block, so. The mechanism which confines and holds his head in the proper position is, I see, controlled by the spring. (Works it forward and back with great interest.) Exceedingly clever. The spring on the other post, when touched by the executioner, releases the knife, and all is over. Beautiful! Nothing could be simpler, nor work more perfectly. Let me put it in order again. (Manages, after several attempts, to get the axe hoisted in position.) Now, all is ready for the criminal. (Consults watch.) Only half-past one. How slowly the time goes. (Looks at guillotine, hesitates, walks away, and then returns hurriedly.) After all, the experiment is worth trying. It will be a novel sensation to place myself in the attitude of being executed, and there can be no risk in it. I can easily reach the spring that controls the fastening of the head, from the block. My sensations will, undoubtedly, be interesting. It is true that they will not be as vivid as though I were actually to be beheaded. Still, I can get some idea of the situation. Now, it is the spring on the right-hand post that lets the axe fall; the one on the left is the one that releases the head. It is quite important that I remember these correctly. Let me see. (Mutters rapidly.) Spring on right, knife; spring on left, head; spring on left, knife; spring on right, head. That's it; I understand it perfectly now. (Takes off hat and collar and kneels down.) About to place his head on block.) Once more. Spring on right, knife; spring on right, head; spring on left, head; spring on left, knife. Exactly. (Puts his head on block and fastens the head-clamp. Delightedly.) It works perfectly. It is now absolutely impossible for me to extricate myself without touching the proper spring. The other I have no desire to meddle with. I do not profess to be anything but an amateur. Now, for the grand emotion. (Twists his head to get sight of the axe.) Ah! yes; it has a distinctly unpleasant appearance. The edge seems to be ground to an unnecessary fineness. I do not care for the glare of the polished steel. It is extremely trying to the eyes. (Turns his head away.) I must confess that I am somewhat disappointed. The feeling is one of uneasiness more than anything else. There is lacking the acute thrilling of the sensory motor-centres which I expected. It may be that the reason is that I am not to be actually executed. Still, I am disappointed. (Glances up again for a moment.) I see no reason to prolong the experiment. The results are meagre, but they will do to theorize upon. But I can do so better at home. This attitude is very constrained. (Attempts to rise.) How forgetful I am. I must touch the spring, of course, to release my head. (Is about to do so, but stops.) Let me see; it is the left-hand one. Yes, of course. (Stretches out his hand and as quickly withdraws it.) No, I'm wrong, that is the spring that releases the knife. It is quite fortunate I recollected it in time. (Is about to touch the other.) Wait a moment, I can't be too careful. Let me think it over coolly. I remember that when I accidentally sprung the trap, a few moments ago, it was my right elbow that touched the spring as I was leaning against the post. Then, of course, the spring on the left-hand post is the one I want. It is as simple as daylight. (Puts out his hand, but hesitates.) It is too provoking, but it has just occurred to me that I can't remember which post it was that I was leaning against. This is positively ridiculous. (Laughs uproariously.) Of course, if it isn't the right, it's the left, I know that, but—— (Reflects anxiously.) A mistake would be awkward, I may say irremediable. One course of action is positively and incontrovertibly right; the other as certainly and surely wrong. It is a most perfect example of excluded middle. I may assume that my head is the major premise in the syllogism. It would be most inconvenient to lose it; the deduction would be necessarily imperfect. (Reflects again.) I am sure it is the right-hand one. Right is always right in every system of philosophy. Arguing on that basis—— (Is about to press the spring, but stops.) But in this case there may be an exception to the rule. (Sighs heavily.) It is an undignified course, but I think I will call for assistance. (Begins to vociferate "help!" lustily.) I must say that I feel uncomfortable. Still, that is better than not to be able to feel at all. (Calls loudly again for help. Enter Atkinson Atkins, a student at —— University.)

Atkins (with a start)—What! A guillotine! That argues an execution, and I, who am making my expenses on this vacation-trip by writing letters to newspapers at home, am in luck. What a rare piece of description I can make of it. Hello! Why the subject is already on hand. Now then, stop that infernal noise, will you?

The professor (looking up)—Hi! You there! Let me out of this!

Atkins—Let you out! Now, that's good. Spoil my sensation and defeat the ends of justice? Not much.

The professor (excitedly)—Hurry up! I can't stand this much longer.

Atkins—This is certainly the most ineffable villain that, as yet, I have had the pleasure of meeting.

The professor (irritably)—Don't stand there all day. I tell you I want to get away; I have an engagement.

Atkins (ironically)—I rather think that you are anxious to avoid keeping one.

The professor—My dear sir, can't you see that this is all a mistake? I never had any intention——

Atkins—Of course you didn't. Nobody ever has any intention of settling up when embarking on a career of unbridled crime.

The professor—Gracious heavens! You think that I am the criminal!

Atkins—Appearances are certainly that way.

The professor (stiffly)—It is both useless and unnecessary for me to explain——

Atkins (eagerly)—Excuse me, but I am a newspaper correspondent, and this appearance of mystery is exciting. Tell me your story frankly; I will give you the privilege of revising it that you may see that I have not misrepresented you.

The professor—Young man, this insolence will cost you dear. On your peril release me at once.

Atkins—Yes, and be held as an accessory to your escape. Oh, no!

The professor (in a fury)—Your impudence is inconceivable.

Atkins—And your assurance is something sublime. (A pause.) Come now, this is unworthy of you. You are about to leave this world. Try to do so in a becoming manner. Now, anything that I can do for you—your family—perhaps a word to them. No! Well, at least let me have your name? You refuse to answer? Never mind, I have it here. (Picking up hat.) Dionysius Locke Tripper! My old instructor at ——! Ridiculous, yet none the less true. (Looks earnestly at the professor.) Why, my dear—— (Aside.) Hold on, an inspiration strikes me. He is Rose's uncle. He can do a great deal for me if I manage it rightly. (Aloud.) You are, I perceive, the great and learned Dr. Tripper.

The professor (crossly)—Certainly I am; I've mentioned that fact a dozen times.

Atkins (aside)—He doesn't recognize me. (Aloud.) You may know a friend of mine—Atkins—Atkinson Atkins?

The professor—Let me see. (Muttering rapidly.) Addison, Allen, Ambrose, Anderson, Atkins—— Oh! yes. A most incorrigibly idle and worthless fellow. A disgrace to his class. A complete failure in my department.

Atkins—Yes, that describes me to a T. Professor you recognize me now, Atkins—you know.

The professor (stiffly)—Yes, I do. Mr. Atkins I am sorry to tell you that your last paper in psychology was unworthy of a ten-year-old boy.

Atkins—Professor, these recriminations are idle. To change the subject, I take pleasure in informing you that I am in love with your niece, Miss Rose Tripper. Now don't excite yourself. Think it over coolly. Of course, I am ready to assist you, but one good turn, you know.

The professor—And what do you expect me to do for you? I haven't seen my brother, or his daughter either, for fifteen years, and don't want to.

Atkins—They are spending a few days in this very town. I want you to introduce me to your brother, and, at the same time, say a good word for me. Anything will do. Something about my proficiency in mental science, for instance. In return, I help you out and say nothing about this little adventure.

The professor—I decline to submit to any such terms. Hang it, man, don't shake the guillotine like that! You'll jar something down! I agree to anything. Have it your own way.

Atkins—I may rely then on your assistance?

The professor (sulkily)—I've said so, haven't I? Now, will you have the kindness——

Atkins—With pleasure. I've only to touch this spring, I believe. (Proceeds to do so.)

The professor—Hold on! It's the other one. Confound it, man, don't be in such a hurry.

Atkins—Excuse me. I thought you were in haste. Well, here goes for the other one.

The professor—Great heavens! Stop! I say, stop! You are as cold-blooded as a fiend. Remember that there are two springs, and that one of them is the wrong one.

Atkins—Here is a label on one of them. "Décharger," that's French for "to release." So we're all right.

The professor (shouting)—Not at all, booby. It's just as likely to mean release the *axe* at me.

Atkins—Well, then, how would it do if I touched both of them at once? If you're quick enough you can beat the knife. I'll lay ten to one that you get off with being scalped, and even money that you only get a hair cut.

The professor (wildly)—I forbid you to come near me. You step around as though you were an elephant. The least shock might be fatal.

Atkins—The only other plan I can think of is to go for an officer.

The professor—You might have thought of that before.

Atkins—I probably should, had I been in your place. But don't be alarmed. I'll have one here in a moment. (The professor groans and relapses into silence. (Enter a party of tourists armed with Baedekers and a guide.)

Guide—Zare, ladies and gentlemans. Ze cathedral! Ah! Ciel! Look at him. Magnifique! (chorus of ah! from tourists and general opening of guide-books.)

Guide—Ze clock tower ees of a Colossity Excessive. It elevates himself three hundred and eighty-six feet. (Immense enthusiasm.) At ze terminality of ze wall, statue ze great Charlemagne. Superbe! Chuck-a-block to him Dagobert, Clovis—— (The tourists take notes with painful accuracy and minuteness.)

Elderly tourist—Very interesting. Rose, my child, have you got all that down? How old is the cathedral, guide?

Guide—It has seven hundred and fifty-six years.

Spinster aunt—Baedeker says seven hundred and fifty.

Guide (politely)—It ees hees one meestake. (An exclamation from Miss Rose. Every one turns.)

Rose (pointing to guillotine)—Oh, oh!

Spinster aunt—It looks as though an execution were in progress. Baedeker says——

Elderly tourist (eagerly)—Is it really so, guide?

Guide (indifferently)—Yes, but zare is no fee and zarefore no objection in seeing it. It ees modern, vat you call him—Cheap-John. We will now upon ze clock tower upheave ourselves. Zare are three hundred and eighteen steps.

Elderly tourist—But we want to see the execution. We will wait.

Guide—You wish for ze ferocity? Bah! You shall have him. For one franc you shall see ze picture of St. Sebastian shot full——

Elderly tourist—Isn't this fortunate? I wonder how long we will have to wait. (Appealing to guide.) Do you think I would have time to go back for my wife? I am sure Henrietta would enjoy it.

Spinster aunt—She is so childishly nervous, Henry.

Elderly tourist—That's just it. I want to distract her mind. Give her something to think about nights. Ask the gentleman, guide, if he will consent to a temporary postponement to oblige a lady.

Guide (unwillingly approaching)—Monsieur, voulez-vous me faire——

The professor (in a rage)—Confound your idiotic jabbering. Go away! (The tourists fall back in confusion.)

Elderly tourist (sternly)—Misguided and unfortunate man, the thought of your awful position should restrain you from such an unseemly exhibition of temper.

Rose (eagerly)—Oh, papa, I am so sorry for him. I am going to see if I can do anything for him. (Approaches guillotine timidly.) Friend, I wish to do you good. Shall I read to you? Or would you like a wine jelly, or some comforting beef broth, which I make extremely well? Do not shrink from me. I, too, am a sinner and I do not reproach you. Take this innocent little flower——

The professor—Young woman, you are excessively forward and presuming. Go back to your nurse, I'm busy. (Closes his eyes.)

Rose (indignantly)—You mean old thing, I was going to give up a subscription to get you a monument, but now you can just bury yourself. (Walks scornfully away.)

Elderly tourist—What a hardened look he has.

Spinster aunt—Perfectly devilish!

Rose—I don't think he's even interesting.

Elderly tourist—Wonder what his crime was? Murder probably.

Spinster aunt—Baedeker says that there are twelve thousand murders committed in France every year, and only nine hundred executions. So you see he must have killed a fraction over a dozen at the least.

Elderly tourist (picking up newspaper)—Why, here it all is. (Reads.) "This notorious malefactor will expiate to-day at three o'clock P. M. the horrible infamies with which his name has so long been associated. It were useless to enumerate them. Every crime on the calendar has blackened the wretch's career——"

The professor (sotto voce)—This is distinctly libelous.

Spinster aunt—Anybody could have guessed that by looking at him. How long is it to three o'clock, Henry?

Elderly tourist—It's only a little after two. Perhaps we might take lunch while we're waiting.

Rose—Oh, yes. Let's do. It's so hot here. Only we might not be able to get as good a place to see it from if we go away. What do you think, guide?

Guide—From ze clock-tower the scenery will have adapt itself parfaitement.

Spinster aunt—No, no. That would be no better than reading an account of it by cable. Now Baedeker says—

Rose—Oh, bother Baedeker. Let's have lunch. (Exit dragging the others after her. Enter officer. He touches the professor lightly on the shoulder, at the same time touching the spring that releases his head.)

Officer—Pardon, m'sieu, but it is not permitted to the public——

The professor (starting up)—Preserver of my life! (Clasps him frantically in his arms.)

Officer (calmly)—It is of no importance.

The professor (enthusiastically)—To your heroism I owe everything; life, honor, reason. A thousand years shall not efface the memory of that obligation. Give me your full name and address, my noble fellow. I am going to the mayor at once to have you promoted. Bless you, again, and be sure that I shall not forget you. (Is about to rush off.)

Officer (detaining him)—Pardon, m'sieu, but there is a slight formality. In order to hasten to m'sieu's assistance, I was obliged to take a cab.

The professor (with a slight change of manner)—Ah! I'm expected to pay for it, am I? Well, officer, we will discuss it. How much do I owe you?

Officer—Six francs.

The professor—Six francs! Absurd! This is downright extortion. Why, the legal fare is but three.

Officer—Without doubt, but I paid double fare in order to make haste. I had understood that m'sieu was in a hurry.

The professor—I should like to know who gave you le

ɔ think that. Here is your legal fare, three francs. I'll be ɔrn in pieces before I pay a centime more.

Officer—Or perhaps m'sieu would prefer to be guillotined?

The professor (confusedly)—Oh, well, under the circum-tances I don't mind a pourboire. Here's a coin in Peruvian ıoney that's worth a franc—in Peru. It's perfectly good ıere.

Officer—But, m'sieu——

The professor—Not another word. (Runs hastily off, fol-ɔwed slowly by officer. Enter tourists. They are armed ith sun-umbrellas and camp-stools, and proceed to arrange ıemselves comfortably.)

Elderly tourist—So provoking that Henrietta wouldn't ɔme. Nothing seems to interest that woman.

Spinster aunt—Why, Henry, the execution's over, and we're ɔo late. And it's all your fault. You would insist on having essert.

Rose—And there's not even any one around to tell us how went off.

Elderly tourist (picking up the professor's hat and looking it)—Great heavens!

Rose—What is it, papa, a confession?

Elderly tourist—That unhappy man was my own brother. Iere is his name inside the hat—Dionysius Locke Tripper. his is a most unexpected, I will not say unwelcome, discovery.

Spinster aunt—It may be his hat, but that doesn't prove at the man was really Dionysius.

Elderly tourist—It is the most absolute of proofs, madame. y brother never went anywhere without his hat.

Rose—But some one else might have gone somewhere ith it.

Elderly tourist (holding it up)—Not with that hat.

The professor (entering in a hurry)—Confound it, where is at hat? I'll lose my head some day, if I'm not careful. h! What?

Elderly tourist—Dionysius!

The professor—Henry!

Elderly tourist—This is a disappointment; I mean surprise.

The professor—It certainly is. (Advances, holding out nd.) Well, brother, how are you? It is some fifteen years ıce we last met.

Elderly tourist (coldly)—I don't know. A man who has st been figuring in the more than doubtful notoriety of——

The professor—Deuce take it, I'm not a criminal! It was a mistake. I'm as innocent as you are.

Elderly tourist (doubtfully)—They don't execute innocent ople.

The professor (triumphantly)—Yes, and they don't let guilty es go.

Elderly tourist—I see. Brother, your hand. You remem-r my sister and Rose?

Atkins (from behind)—I say, professor, Miss Tripper there the girl we were speaking about. Do it up handsomely w, or——

The professor (with an effort)—This is, indeed, a most truly ıtifying reunion. Brother, this is Mr. Atkins, a young man .h whom I have—er—some slight acquaintance——

Atkins—Come now, that won't do.

The professor—In fact, he is a young man of great promise. -er—yes, I may say that I expect—er—to see him graduate our next year fellow in mental science.

Elderly tourist—I am pleased to meet you. Dr. Tripper's ɔd opinion is all sufficient. (Hands him over to Rose. ıter officer.) Hello! That reminds me that we may see execution yet. It's only three o'clock now. Hi there, offi-! Er—le execution—er—hum—ne sont avez pas—er—ssé?

Officer—Pardon, but there will be no execution to-day.

All—No execution!

Officer—No, the culprit has been reprieved.

Elderly tourist—Outrageous!

Spinster aunt—Shame!

The professor—This is French all over. Now, when I be- a thing, I like to see it through.

Guide (seeing his opportunity)—Gentlemen, ze clock ꞌer——

Elderly tourist (with alacrity)—Ah! yes. We'll see one ıg if we don't another. That's the education one acquires raveling. Come, Rose.

Guide (leading the way out)—Directly on the vertical an ɔect will have protruded himself. It may be that you may ıalize Paris——

Spinster aunt—Baedeker says—— (Curtain.)

une, 1888. W. G. Van Tassel Sutphen.

The blasts of a trumpet on railroads as a means of giving ıals to engine-runners, switchmen, and others engaged in tching and drilling operations, are now extensively used in the ɡe yards of the Caledonian Railway in and around Glasgow, l are about to be introduced on some of the great railway tems having termini in London. According to the code of npet signals for shunting, in operation at St. Rollox freight d, Glasgow, the various signals are represented by long ıts, short blasts, and "crows" of the trumpet, the repeti- of each varying the directions. For instance, one long ɔt of the trumpet means "move forward," and two long ıts are a signal to "move back." Each shunter, and in ıe cases the signalman, is furnished with a horn trumpet, ch is eleven inches in length, having a reed inside the ıth-piece, the whole being of very light construction. The npet is carried by the shunter, slung over his left shoulder ı a piece of cord, and hangs across the right hip. Another ent and pastoral implement, the shepherd's crook, is also l for facilitating switching operations across the water. h yardman carries a sort of shepherd's crook by which he the chain coupling. It is stated on good authority that e this method of coupling, and coupling freight-cars has ı adopted on the Caledonian, that not a single man has ı injured in coupling cars. This can be readily under-d, as the shepherd's crook obviates the necessity of going veen the cars.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Season of Heat.

With fierce noons beaming, moons of glory gleaming,
Full conduits streaming, where fair bathers lie;
With sunsets splendid, when the strong Day, ended,
Melts into languor, like a lover's sigh—
So cometh summer nigh.
And shadows black as night, laced with gold light
Where beams, flame-bright, pierce courts of calm retreat;
Wan rills which warble over glistening marble;
Cold jewels, and red sandal, moist and sweet,
These for the time are meet.
Of *Suchi* springing; of the glad days bringing
Love-songs for singing which all hearts enthrall;
Wine-foam that hovers at the lips of lovers,
Perfumes and pleasures in the palace-hall:
In *Suchi* these befall.
For then, their hips loose-cinctured, bosoms tinctured
With dust of neem-spray, and with pearl-strings gay;
Their new-laved hair unbound, and spreading round
Faint scents, the palace-maids in tender play
The ardent hearts allay
Of princely playmates. Through the painted gates
Their feet, with lac-dye neat, and anklets ringing,
In music trip along, echoing the song
Of wild swans—all men's souls by subtle singing
To Kama's service bringing:
For who, their softly-heaving breasts perceiving,
Their white pearls—weaving with the emerald stars
Girdles and anadems—their gold and gems
Linked upon waist and thigh, in Love's soft snares
Is not caught unawares?
Their silk cloths laid aside, chólis thrown wide
In the warm night-tide—they their beauty cover
With woven veil too airy to conceal
Its dew-pearled smoothness: so, with youth clad over
Each finds her eager lover.
And breathings tender from the fans of chanda,
Odors that wander from those gem-bound breasts,
Voices of stream and bird, and low notes heard
From sitar-strings amid the song's unrests,
Wake passion; with light jests
And side-long glances, and slow-moving dances
Each maid enhances newly-stirred delight;
Quick leaps the fire of love's divine desire
So kindled in the season when the Night
With whitest stars is dight;
Till, on the silvered terraces, the faces
Love's slumber graces, lip to fond lip lie;
And—all for sorrow there must come To-morrow—
The moon, who watches them, pales in the sky,
While the still Night doth die.

Then breaks red dawn! The whirling dust is driven
O'er earth and heaven, until the sun-scorched plain
A road scarce shows, for dazzling heat to those
Who, far from home and friends, journey in pain
Longing to rest again.
In troops returning, with muzzles dry and burning
For cool streams yearning, herds of antelope
Haste where the brassy sky, banked black and high,
Gives clouded promise. There will be—they hope,
Water beyond the Tope!
In full glare failing, his hooded terrors veiling,
His slow coils trailing o'er the fiery dust,
The cobra glides to nighest shade, and hides
His head beneath the peacock's train: he must
His direst foeman trust!
Pea-fowls forlorn, o'ermastered and o'erborne
By blaze of morn cower down with weary cries,
No stroke they make to slay the gliding snake
Who creeps for shelter underneath the eyes
Of their spread jewelries!
The tiger scowling—that kingly tyrant, prowling,
For sore thirst howling, orbs a-stare and red,
Sees without fear the elephants pass near,
Lolls his lank tongue and hangs his bloody head,
His mighty forces fled.
Nor heed the elephants the tiger, plucking
Dry leaves, and sucking with their hot trunks dew,
By heat tormented still they trumpet shrill,
And, nowhere finding water, still renew
Their search—a woeful crew!
With restless snout rooting their rank food out,
Where, all about the slime, thick grasses grow,
The gray boars, grunting in dire ill-contenting,
Dig lairs to shield them from the torturing glow,
Deep—deep as they can go.
The frog, for misery of his pool, drawn dry
'Neath that flame-darting sky, and waters drained
Down to their clay—crawls croaking forth to stay
Against the black-snake's coils, where there is gained
A little shade; and, strained
To patience by the rays which flicker and blaze
From the scorched jewel on his venomous head,
That worm whose tongue—as the blast burns along—
Licks it for coolness, all discomfited
Strikes not his new friend dead!
The pool, once showing 'mid the green leaves growing,
Blue Lotus blowing, hath no blossoms more!
Its fish are dead; its fearful cranes are fled;
And crowding cattle all its flowery shore
Tramp to a miry floor.
With foam-strings roping down his jowl, and dropping
From drawn, dried lips; horns laid aback, and eyes
Mad with the drouth, and thirst-distracted mouth,
Fierce-thundering from the mountain cavern flies
The bison, in wild wise,
Questing some water-channel. Bare and scrannel
The palms droop where the crows sit in a row
With beaks agape. The gray baboon and ape
Climb chattering to the bush. The buffalo
Bellows. The locusts go
Choking the wells. Far over hills and dells
Roams the affrighted eye, beholding blasted
The pleasant grass, the forests' leafy mass
Withered, its glory waned, its grace exhausted,
Its creatures wasted.
Then springs to view, blood-red and fierce of hue,
As blooms sprung new on the kusumbha-tree,
The wood-fire's tongue, fanned by the winds, and flung
Furiously forth—thorns, canes, and brakes you see
Wrapped in one agony,
By ruin riven! The conflagration driven
In crimson levin, roars from jungle dells,
Hisses and blusters through the bamboo clusters,
Crackles across the curling reeds, compels
All that in woodland dwells
Headlong to fly! Dreadful those flames to espy
Coil from the cotton-tree, snakes of hot gold,
Violently break from root and trunk to take
The seething leaves and boughs in deadly hold;
Then passing, to enfold
New plunder: beasts and birds, a sight of wonder,
Through the smoke thunder—all their enmity
Lain quite aside; seeking the river wide
Which flows by sandy flats; in company
As friends, they madly flee! —*Edwin Arnold.*

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Politician, ain't ye, mister?" he inquired, turning to the passenger immediately behind him. "Yep; how did you know?" "Breath."—*Epoch.*

Citizen (to stranger)—"What are your politics, my friend?" *Stranger*—"I have no politics this year; I'm leader of a brass band."—*New York Sun.*

Mrs. S.—"I wonder why those people opposite stare over here so much?" *Mr. S.*—"I suppose they are trying to find out why you stare over there."—*Life.*

Physician—"You wished me to call, madam. What is the matter?" *Lady* (reclining on sofa)—"Nothing, doctor; but that is just what alarms me."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Old lady (to grocer)—"My daughter is quite an invalid, sir, and wants some nice fresh eggs." *Grocer*—"Yes, ma'am. (To boy.) James, show this lady those invalid eggs."—*Epoch.*

Bostwick (who has been pleasantly refused)—"Is this final, Miss Daisy?" *Miss Daisy* (who is coy)—"Y-yes, excepting that I always add a postscript." (And he got her.)—*Tid-Bits.*

Our Democratic friends may adopt a pocket-handkerchief as a campaign emblem, but they will continue to use the back of the hand when coming out of a beer-saloon.—*Norristown Herald.*

Er bum on de road wid nothin' inside of him 'cept wot he was born wid is happier dan de feller wots behin' de bars wid his hide stuffed full of charities 'n correction stew. Dat goes!—*Judge.*

She (vindictively)—"You need not hope to escape me thus. The wounded heart never forgets. I shall follow you to your grave." *He* (with bravado)—"Not if you die first."—*Tid-Bits.*

Young lady (to dealer)—"I want to look at hammocks." *Dealer*—"Yes, miss. You want one for your own use?" *Young lady*—"Ye-es, partly; but it must be very strong."—*New York Sun.*

Lightweight—"Let's get out of this, Cadley; there's going to be a fight." *Smithkins*—"I say, Bjones, there's going to be a row over there. Let's go over and see the fun."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Smokeless gunpowder is the latest addition to the science of war. Now let somebody invent a smokeless cigarette, and peace will have her victories no less renowned than war.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mr. Fauxpas (to his neighbor at dinner)—"You must have thought it awfully stupid in me to have made that remark." *Miss Société*—"Why, no; I thought it quite natural."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Small boy—"See, mamma; that picture of 'A Sleigh-Ride in Russia' is not right!" *Mother*—"And why not, my child?" *Small boy*—"Because there are no wolves running after the sleigh."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Little Mr. O'Flynn—"We have bin married foive years an' more, an' it's divil a cross word to me ould woman have I spoken yit!" *Big Mrs. O'Flynn*—"If yez did it would be ther last word yez would iver speak!"—*Puck.*

He—"Why, it is growing quite dark! You can hardly distinguish the people at the hotel." *She*—"And rather cool, too. I ought to have something around me." *He* (with a familiar movement of the arm)—"That's so!"—*Life.*

A musician recently submitted a song to a publisher entitled, "Why Do I Live?" After reading a small portion of it the publisher wrote the composer as follows: "Because you sent it by a messenger-boy."—*American Musician.*

Miss Ethel (confidentially)—"Do you know, Clara, that I had two offers of marriage last week." *Miss Clara* (with enthusiasm)—"Oh, I am delighted, dear! Then the report is really true that your uncle left you his money."—*Life.*

Brown—"You don't look well lately, Robinson." *Robinson*—"No; I can't sleep at night on account of lung trouble." *Brown*—Nonsense; your lungs are all right!" *Robinson*—"Yes, mine are; the trouble is with the baby's."—*Life.*

Mamma—"Charles, dear, what are those two pages of names on the first part of your magazine? The list of subscribers?" *Charles* (who has just started a new monthly magazine to fill a l. f. w.)—"No; those are the editors."—*Burdette.*

Salesman (to young lady)—"You will find these stockings of excellent quality, ma'am, and the colors are fast." *Young lady*—"Haven't you any without the manufacturer's name stamped along the top? that doesn't look well."—*New York Sun.*

Young physician (inspecting citizen on the floor at the police station)—"This man's condition is not due to drink. He has been drugged." *Officer McGinnis*—"Your right. I drug him all the way from Casey's saloon, two blocks down the street."—*Life.*

Horace—"I say, David, how old do you suppose Miss Jones is? Her aunt says she is only twenty-one." *David* (who knows a little of business)—"Aw, yes, Horace, marked down from thirty-three; to be disposed of at a bargain, don't you see."—*Life.*

First swell—"There goes Miller, the richest man in town. What a pity the old fellow has no daughter! Don't you think so?" *Second swell*—"I don't know. Why?" *First swell*—"Because she would make such a good wife for me!"—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Prison warden (to new convict)—"We assign men here to work with which they are familiar. So if you have any special line, say so, and we will start you at once." *Convict* (who can scarcely believe his ears)—"Thanks; I can't begin too soon. I'm an æronaut."—*Tid-Bits.*

"Can you give me a little breakfast, ma'am?" pleaded the tramp, "I'm hungry and cold. I slept out-doors last night, and the rain came down in sheets." "You should have got in between the sheets," said the woman, kindly, as she motioned him to the gate—*New York Sun.*

Farke Rowe (who is visiting his friend, Mayne Pike, in the forlorn village of Squeehawket)—"By Jove, Mayne, I can't see how you can bury yourself in such a hole as this!" *Mayne Pike*—"Can't, eh? Why, I'm a 'prominent citizen' here; what would I be in New York?"—*Puck.*

Bearded stranger (who ran away to sea when a boy)—"Do you remember a boy named Dick Dart?" *District telegraph manager*—"Very well. Twenty years ago I sent Dick around the corner with a message requiring an immediate answer." "I am Dick Dart." "Well, give me the answer."—*Ex.*

"Why, how is this, my dear sir," inquired the doctor, "you sent me a letter stating that you had been attacked by small pox, and I find you suffering from rheumatism?" "Well, you see, doctor, it's like this," said the patient; "there wasn't a soul in the house that knew how to spell rheumatism."—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

He had just been introduced to her on the piazza of the Air View House, and as they sat looking out on the road they saw a tally-ho roll by, and listened to a melancholy English groom tooting a merry peal on the horn. "Do you coach, Mr. Selvedge?" she inquired. "I sometimes handle the ribbons," he replied, absent-mindedly; "anything else, Miss?"—*Puck.*

"Beg pardon, sir," said the passenger on the front seat, turning round to speak to the man on the seat behind him; "but I must have met you somewhere. Your face is strangely familiar." "You have probably seen my portrait in most of the papers," replied the man with the calm dignity of conscious superiority; "I am the inventor of the celebrated McSlatherson three-dollar shoe." With another look at the fa[illegible] great man the abashed questioner went off and sat on the c[illegible]—*Chicago Tribune.*

VANITY FAIR.

No Americans have ever created so great a social sensation in England as the Vanderbilts. All the Mackay splendors sink into insignificance beside them, and their "siege of London" was short, since the whole social world promptly surrendered at discretion to these monarchs of millions. Of course a presentation at court was an important part of the success, and has been duly reported in the dispatches, which were too brief, however, adequately to convey the full gorgeousness of Mrs. Vanderbilt's appearance on that important occasion. She led the line of the little batch of Americans under the wing of the United States Minister, Mr. Phelps, and her compatriots were so taken up with her jewels that they had no eyes for the display of the duchesses and countesses who thronged the ante-room. Mrs. Vanderbilt wore a dress made with a demi-train of heavy crevette pink satin, brocaded with scattered bouquets of wild roses in gold and silver. The long court train was of cream-white velvet, lined throughout with pale-yellow satin, and bordered with a wide band of cream-white curled ostrich feathers. The pink bodice was long and pointed, and draped with silver-tissue, which was held in position with pale-pink enamel wild roses, whose foliage was crusted with diamonds. The silver-tissue draperies were held at their juncture with the train by large diamond ornaments, finished with pendant chains of diamonds and pearls. Her fan was of cream-white ostrich feathers, and the same sort were in her hair, where they were held by a superb diamond aigrette. Her necklace of solitaires was estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars by the women who stood about her, and those in her ears were said to represent fifteen thousand dollars more. She wore bracelets and rings of the same precious stones, and even the gold handle of her fan was thickly incrusted with these jewels. She fairly blazed with these myriad gems, and even royalty, which usually regards every one with equal civil indifference, opened its eyes and stared at the American woman's diamonds.

There are many women in Berlin who are anxious to enter the bonds of matrimony. A Berlin merchant lately advertised for a wife and received two hundred and seventy-seven answers. Of these, eighty-seven were widows, varying in age from twenty-five to fifty-two, forty-two of them had no children, and twenty-one possessed fortunes entirely under their own control of from five hundred to twenty thousand dollars. Four ladies who had been separated from their husbands also wrote to express a desire to try their luck at marriage for a second time—one of them for a third time. Of the remaining one hundred and eighty-six, only two gave their age as over thirty; eighteen of them professed to be just turned sixteen. Seventy-one photographs were enclosed, and thirty-one of them are said to represent remarkably pretty girls.

There are at present on exhibition at Elkington's, of 22 Regent Street, London, a number of the gifts given to the Prince and Princess of Wales on their silver-wedding. The most beautiful is what is called the "Dreamer's Table." It was presented to the princess by the city of Birmingham, and is, all of the silver, the work of Morel-Ladeuil, the French artist, lately dead, whose work in silver is held to be a rival of Benvenuto Cellini's best handiwork. Like Cellini, he executed his own designs, and this masterpiece had no other hand in its production. It can never be duplicated, for Birmingham bought the designs with the table, and then destroyed them. The "Dreamer's Table" has three figures seated at the base of its pedestal, wrapped in slumber—a poet, a husbandman, a warrior. On the silver surface of the table their dreams sweep past, the figured fantasies wrought with marvelous delicacy. Upright, in the centre of the table, stands the figure of Somnia, strewing poppies, and this goddess of dreams is said to be a shape of poetic loveliness. The antique *nef*, given by the Empress Eugénie, is one of the most interesting of the silver-wedding presents. It is a silver ship, with all sail crowded on, and the deck full of figures. On the first sail is the coat-of-arms of George the Second. The jardinière presented by the laborers on the Sandringham estate is also a handsome antique of George the Second's period. The princess's bridesmaids found for her, in Paris, a wonderful old silver book, antique French work, in which they all wrote their names, and presented it in a casket of old Danish silver, just the right size to hold it. The princess's daughters gave her a silver statuette of her favorite horse Vira. The West Indian Islands gave, perhaps, the most unique and beautiful present of them all. It is a set of three dozen West Indian oyster-shells of the most exquisite mother-of-pearl imaginable, some of them being quite black, and others perfectly golden in color, while all the hues of the rainbow are represented. They are mounted on silver feet.

The enormous trade which is being done in violets in Paris this year, is reported to be due to a discovery recently made by a well-known author. He has got a sight of the recipe used by the Empress Josephine as a means for rendering her "beautiful forever," and to which she owed that marvelous tint which was the wonder and despair of the French ladies of the time. The wife of Napoleon used to have boiling milk poured over a basinful of violet flowers, and with this decoction she bathed her face and neck every morning. No sooner was this old secret brought to light than the Parisian ladies began to order great basketfuls of violets to be left at their doors daily, and this home-made cosmetic is reported to be in daily use this season by thousands.

A wonderful collection of jewels was displayed by the Duchesse Campofelice to the admiring eyes of this lady's many guests when they assembled in her drawing-rooms after the ceremony that had made a duchess of her daughter. There was a pearl necklace, three rivières combined to form a second necklace, ducal coronets of brilliants, bracelets without number, and a diamond trefoil and a crescent—of course no list of wedding presents would be complete without these favorite designs. Madame André contributed a necklet composed of a rope of small pearls finished off with tassels; the Dowager Duchesse Decaze, one made up of a number of diamond slides, strung on black velvet, with a bracelet to match; Franklin Singer, a black feather fan, mounted on tortoise-shell, and the Duc de Chartres one in white feathers, with diamond ornamentation. Among the trinkets presented by the bridegroom was a gold match-box "to light the bride's first cigarette!" Is this a sign of the times? The presents of silverware outnumbered the jewels, however. The Comte de Paris sent a silver inkstand, emblazoned with the Bourbon arms; the Duchesse of Braganza, a chased silver cup; David Hawley—Miss Singer's guardian—a silver gilt cup; and Paris Singer, a fantastic service for ice in silver, burnished with red gold in imitation of copper. In the middle of the long table on which these articles were exhibited were a traveling dressing-case, the tops of the bottles, the backs of the brushes, etc., being in tortoise-shell inlaid with gold; a toilet set with mirror and sconces in silver and cut-glass; the necessaries for the writing-table in white morocco with gold coronets and monograms, and a pair of handsome candelabra.

"I have never seen more beautiful goods, or more magnificent stores, or broader streets, or more stylish women than in San Francisco," writes Harriet Harper in a letter to the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*. "The tailor-made girls look fresh from the hand of Redfern, and have most charming complexions and possess an air of 'go' that is altogether fetching. I suppose it must be the climate, for with a wind always blowing you about and cutting your cheeks with fine knife-edges, how could the æsthetic girl preserve her proper pose?"

Those physical wrecks of men who pace wearily up and down the New York streets with placards at their fronts and backs, and familiarly called sandwich men, are not the only persons who promenade as advertisements. Comelier advertisers are several girls sent out by leading milliner and dressmaking establishments. They are models chosen for perfection of face and figure, clothed in the newest and most pronounced costumes and bonnets, and then sent out to walk in Broadway and Fifth Avenue. The girls selected for this particular service are those who have been for several years used in their employers' stores as models on which to show off goods to wealthy purchasers, and thus have become known to those customers so well that, on being seen in the streets, they are instantly recognized. Thus the freshest wares offered for sale in those particular shops are announced under the most favorable circumstances. A dress or a bonnet seen out of doors on the person of a beautiful girl is, of course, powerfully recommended, and no doubt the manufacturers who have resorted to this novel method of announcing their novelties find a good profit in it.

"What is the influence upon woman that should make her more selfish, impolite, and inconsiderate of others than men are?" asks the *Epoch*. "No one will deny that most men treat pleasantly the clerks who wait upon them. For the most part men deal with clerks on a basis of equality for the time being. With women the case is different. Your lady customer, your woman making purchases, 'puts on an air,' as the phrase goes, when she confronts her servitor. She may have been at the instant smiling and mirthful with her companion; yet she is almost certain to adopt either a cold or haughty manner as she prepares to address the clerk, always if the clerk is a female; seven times in ten if the clerk be a male. How many men are there who will not recall that when they have whispered, 'Why make that poor creature pull down all that stuff if you don't mean to buy?' the answer has been something like this: 'Why should not she do what I ask?' 'Why should not I see the things if I want to?' or, 'What else is she paid for?' This unwarranted behavior toward a large class of humanity is a conspicuous feature of what is called shopping, and women prefer shopping to almost every other joy on earth. The rudeness of women in crowds surpasses that of the men in the same assemblies of every walk of life. They push, elbow their way, and struggle for advantage over those beside and before them in the constricted entrances and passages of shopping stores, railroad platforms, and wherever they find their way opposed, though every one around them is in the same situation. They often use what physical strength they have, and bring to its aid (probably because they feel its insufficiency) out-spoken appeals, comments, and complaints. In the accidents and annoyances of every-day existence the masses of women exhibit less patience and less politeness than the masses of men. When passers-by jostle against them an apology is by no means as nearly often satisfying or well received as with the same number of men under similar circumstances. The reader must have noticed this when he has been the offender; but the widest means for noting the fact, open to those of us who seldom offend in these ways, is in hearing the comments of ladies we are with or close to when such accidents occur. The most petulant and sometimes savage ejaculations follow the offense, and the ordinary man is quite apt to be astonished at the temper women display and the freedom with which they exhibit it under such circumstances. What is the explanation of this difference in the behavior of the sexes? There certainly is a tendency to greater gallantry toward the gentler sex than obtained in ruder times; but is not this more than offset by the growing independence of women arising from the opening of numberless vocations to them? In these two new conditions are found the main changes in the relation of women to the world around us. Is it to either of these that their rudeness is due? Or is it to both?"

THE LATEST VERSE.

Behind the Bars.

BY CELL NO ——, SING SING PRISON.

The roses bloom in the garden;
The bee comes wooing the flowers;
The song-bird pipes to his nest-mate,
Through all the golden hours.
The breeze is freighted with fragrance
From forest, and field, and lea;
But youth has fled,
And Hope lies dead,
So what is it all to me?

The bluebird rocks in the tree-tops,
Free as the summer air;
Swings and sways and warbles,
With never a flutter of care;
Memories never haunt him,
No thought of the morrow has he;
But the guarded wall,
Like a sombre pall,
O'ershadows it all for me.

I sit in the glowing twilight,
And gaze on the evening sky,
On the glorious sunset banners
That athwart the hill-tops fly,
Till the diamond eyes of heaven
Look down on the bond and the free;
But I see the stars
Through the prison bars—
So what is it all to me?

Ah! the flowers have lost their perfume,
The summer breezes are chill,
The bees are naught but gluttons,
And harsh the song-bird's trill;
For the mighty voices of Nature,
Of Earth, or Heaven, or Sea,
Have naught of cheer
For the convict's ear—
What—what are they all to me?

—*The Independent.*

The High Tide at Gettysburg.

BY AN EX-CONFEDRATE SOLDIER.

A cloud possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield.
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed,
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs—
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes,
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A Kamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

A thousand fell where Kemper led;
A thousand died where Garnett bled:
In blinding flame and strangling smoke
The remnant through the batteries broke
And crossed the works with Armistead.

"Once more in Glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee:
"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon these works to-day!"
(The reddest day in history.)

Brave Tennessee! In reckless way
Virginia heard her comrade say:
"Close round this rent and riddled rag!"
What time she set her battle-flag
Amid the guns of Doubleday.

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of Fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shriveled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennesseean set
His breast against the bayonet!
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray, gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to Ruin's red embrace,
They only heard Fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sun-burst break
In smiles on Glory's bloody face!

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand!
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of Motherland!

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill.
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for Freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

—*Will H. Thompson in July Cent*

Mrs. Rignold, who died a few days ago at Birmingham, the first actress to undertake the part of Hamlet. She tri fifty years ago.

PARISIAN HOSTESSES.

"Parisina" writes of Receptions, Theatricals, and Garden Parties.

Parisians have been having a right good time this season. We have not been so gay, I can tell you, for years. We do not generally publish the fact on the house-tops, being nothing if we are not censorious, little given to enthuse on any subject whatever, or by any means ready to acknowledge that for once we are generously treated by, shall I say, providence, or is it too much to ask of it to take our amusements under its protection? There are people who are hand and glove with heaven, and will thank it for what are small mercies enough, and, after all, a gay season is better than a good dinner—it lasts longer.

Do not ask me why this spring should have been more festive than its predecessors, because I am sure I should not be able to tell you. It would be equally difficult to say why the others were so dull and stupid. Particular reasons there may be none; such matters are governed by accident, or rather by a system of ebb and flow, of which we have not the key. Certainly it is more to the purpose to discuss the amusements, and see in what they consist, and who are the principal dispensers thereof.

The two best excuses for gathering people together are dining and dancing. It is always agreeable to feed in company—and, well—whereas dancing is the pleasantest and most delightful pastime for those who are still young enough to indulge in it, a Parisian dinner-party is almost always a gay affair, and the food is nearly sure to be good. Frenchmen are mostly at their best at table; certainly the elder ones are, and frequently the young ones too, and Frenchwomen fully appreciate the advantages of a good dinner long before they have arrived at that age when the pleasures of the palate are the only ones left for them to satisfy. The most enjoyable repasts, and those for which Paris is most celebrated, are the "little dinners" to which from eight to twelve guests are bidden, enough to allow of a little quiet flirting now and then between intervals of general conversation. To quite another category do the official banquets belong, when cabinet ministers are told off to their colleagues' wives and when precedence has to be strictly observed among the various representatives of foreign powers. If conversation languishes, however, it does not so much matter, as there is music in the wings—the band of the Republican Guard playing somewhere out of sight in an adjoining gallery, or in the garden outside the open windows. Baronne Alphonse de Rothschild's little dinners are proverbially charming, and, of late, she has been giving two or three a week, with a grand one every now and then, when some illustrious scion of a reigning family, or *roi en exil* happened to be round. To the Russian Ambassador and Baronne Mohrenheim, and to the representative of Queen Victoria and Lady Lytton, must be awarded the palm for the most successful official entertainments. Both couples not only inhabit magnificent mansions, but have large retinues at their command, big salaries, and handsome private fortunes. Their hospitalities are dispensed on a splendid scale, and when President and Mme. Carnot honor them with their company—as they have on two separate occasions—they are entertained with all the pomp reserved in monarchies for royalty. The ambassador is in the ante-chamber when the presidential carriage is announced, and the ambassadress is not far behind him on the threshold of her drawing-room. Such dinners are always succeeded by receptions, and as the guests file in they find the president and the ambassador standing side by side, and they must bow to both, though it sometimes goes sorely against their aristocratic grain to bend their heads to a republican chief.

When the giver of the official feast is President Carnot himself, or one of his ministers, the reception is generally an "open" one—that is to say, no invitations are sent out, and any one with a decent coat to his back or a full evening-toilet may walk in, boldly giving his or her name to the *huissier de service*, and wander through the rooms and eat an ice and drink a glass of punch. Of other entertainment there is little or none. The band, it is true, still plays in the gallery or garden, and there are the lions to be pointed out and the dresses to criticise. Perhaps the reader will think this is sometimes meagre enjoyment, and consider that these gatherings cannot materially enliven the season. But they do. They help to keep the ball rolling. So long as it is within the reach of society to bore itself at these receptions, it does not dream of going out of town.

While the official and diplomatic worlds are making such exchange of politeness, the Faubourg St. Germain is not idle. For some occult reason it has seen fit to struggle out from beneath the bushel that has hidden its light for so long, and has shown itself most festively inclined. Instead of leaving the task of giving parties to such women as the Princesse de Sagan, whose blood is not, by any means, true blue, but who has the immense advantage of possessing large fortunes gained in commerce or finance, it has opened its own most select salons and bidden the cream of society to its dinners and balls. The Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville is the chief of the monarchist party at the chamber, and, since the death of his brother, the chief of his house. It is many a long year since there was the sound of revelry in the Doudeauville mansion; this season it has made up for a long period of calm and quiet. Three grand balls have been given by the duchess. More than a thousand invitations were sent out on each occasion. There was dancing in the big ball-room on the ground floor to one orchestra, and on the first story to another, rooms festooned with roses, illuminations in the grounds, crowds of fair women wearing exquisite toilets, and a few quasi-regal guests to give *éclat* to the entertainment—now, the Duc de Chartres always ready to represent the Bourbon socially, Isabella equally inclined to play the queen and ever gracious—or one of the Russian grand dukes much given to dallying in pleasant Paris.

The Duchesse de Luynes indulges her young daughter with dances at Cannes, but has confined herself here to dinners and musical soirées, and even these are a concession to the growing taste for festivities. She is immensely rich and her house is magnificently appointed, and the people whom she honors with an invitation consider themselves distinctly flattered. She generally dispenses with professional talent, preferring the singing of the charming Comtesse de Guerne and the music of the Prince de Polignac. Another aristocratic hostess, the Princesse de Scey-Montbéliard, is daft on Wagner, and treats her guests to his works only. Mme. de Benardaky is an amateur of considerable talent, and much in request in the great world; she also gives musical parties, and has Jean de Reszke of the Opéra to sing duets with her. The Comtesse de Chambrun is seriously inclined; sacred music is performed in the *bijou* chapel attached to her residence. Nelly Jacquemart—the celebrated portrait-painter, who, by her marriage with M. André, is now one of the great ladies in Paris—entertains royalty (as represented by the Duc de Chartres) and the aristocracy of the two faubourgs with music and recitations. A Polish countess, Mme. Moniszect, varies her pleasures, and her weekly "at homes" are sometimes musical, sometimes dancing-parties. Comtesse de Tredern is a talented cantatrice, but being also the mother of a charming daughter, the cotillon often proves a formidable rival of song at her house.

Had I been writing these lines a few weeks ago, I should have declared that, with the best intentions in the world, hostesses often give us more music than we can digest—cloy us with sweet sounds. If only the sexes were a little mixed at these *soirées musicales*, but the ladies are provided with front seats and the men lean against the walls and doorways, and even during the pauses of the programme there is no chance for conversation or flirtation. It is the same when there are private theatricals; not only in the noble faubourg, where flirtation is looked upon as a most improper foreign importation, but in sets far less straight-laced. Since, however, there has been such an overwhelming increase in the number and importance of the fêtes it would be unfair to complain if a few here and there did not afford us quite as much pleasure as we desire.

To vary the amusements seems now the aim of every one. There may not be fewer musical parties, but there are more parties of other kinds to balance them. Most of the fashionable clubs have given entertainments — generally theatrical. The female parts in the plays, farces, or operettas are sustained by professional actresses, and the male by the theatrically inclined of the members, who are also often the authors of the pieces themselves. The Marquis de Massa has made himself quite a reputation as a writer of *revues*, *impromptus*, and *dialogues*, which is better than emulating the feats of acrobats like M. Molier, the happy proprietor of a private circus, who is giving representations therein this week. To these exhibitions of amateur agility two different series of guests are invited—*dames du monde* and ladies not of the world. Yesterday Tata and Loulou, Mlle. Haute-Ecole and Miss Trapeze, to-morrow princesses, and duchesses, and marchionesses by the score, and the latter are by no means shocked to remember that they occupy the same seats and talk to the same men as the irregular battalion did so short a time before. At the clubs, too, there is almost always a dress rehearsal, or something of the sort for the benefit of the friends and comrades of the *dames artistes*, who lend their talents to the show preceding the entertainment itself, to which are invited the wives, and mothers, and the married sisters of the members—unmarried sisters and daughters are out of the question, the performance being generally unfit for maiden ears. Many of the scenes to which ladies, in the company of their husbands, sons, and brothers, listen with complacency, would not be allowed to be produced on a public stage.

The girls, on their side, have their own particular amusements from which their elder married sisters are excluded. For them are the "white balls" given. All the dancers at a *bal blanc* are young, but mamma and papa are not omitted from the invitations as they would be with you or in England; no French girl can go anywhere unchaperoned. The Duchesse de Maillé's "white balls" are some of the best of the season. She has no unmarried daughters of her own, but she likes to entertain young people, and is somewhat given to match-making. All the scions of nobility, between twenty and thirty, are asked to dance at her parties, and the prettiest and freshest, as well as the richest maidens of the two Faubourgs, are their partners. Of course, she has the two Dukes d'Uzès and de Luynes, still in their teens, and many another beside with handles to their names, the prizes in the matrimonial market. There are "pink balls" too, and many a young man about town prefers them to the white—and no blame to him, considering how very insipid French girls sometimes are before they are married. The guests at a *bal rose* are young couples and bachelors. If I were a husband, I should say the bachelors were *de trop*, but young fellows in Paris are spoilt by excess of gaiety, and once they become benedicts, generally give up dancing for some more spicy occupation. Frequently hostesses divide their guests into white and pink series, because their rooms are not sufficiently large to permit of their asking every one at once. This is not the case at the Doudeauville mansion, at the Vicomtesse de Fredérns, or at the Comtesse de Pourtalès, the houses inhabited by these leaders of fashion accommodating many hundreds with ease. Other hostesses turn the difficulty by having fortnightly *soirées*, with special cards sent out for each, whereas others again have instituted a new method; no cards are dispatched at all, but people are invited by word of mouth: "Do come to us next Saturday or Monday"—as the case may be—"we mean to get up a dance." And on the evening in question every one, being in the secret, arrives in full dress to find uncovered floors and a full band.

A cotillon, with supper, is a species of entertainment that has come into fashion in the last season or two, and is much appreciated by very gay people, as you are not expected to come until late, after having been somewhere else. The dinner, with cotillon, is an innovation born of this spring. Mostly the repast is served at several tables, set for eight or ten guests each, an arrangement which is provocative of ease and gaiety, though, of course, some of the parties are better matched than others. The Princesse de Sagan gives garden-parties and *diners champêtres*. Nothing is more delightful than to make one at a small table in the princesse's lovely grounds, and to watch the twilight creeping over a scene that Watteau would have delighted to paint. Later on, lamps are lit, and there is dancing on the lawn. Mme. Carnot has garden parties, too, with tennis and croquet; no dinner and no dancing, however, only tea and light refreshments. The Baronnes Alphonse and Adolphe de Rothschild were, I believe, the first to acclimatise the garden-party among us, and Lady Lytton's influence has not been without its weight. The gardens of the British Embassy are admirably adapted to the purpose. What a pity it is that Mr. and Mrs. MacLane inhabit a flat, and not a whole house, *entre cour et jardin!*

The reader must certainly agree with me that Paris is gay, and that Parisians are not likely to die of *ennui* yet awhile.

PARIS, June 6, 1888. PARISINA.

Formerly when the physician with his stethoscope detected a certain abnormal sound, called cardiac murmur, indicating heart trouble, he said nothing about it to the patient, or if he did reveal his discovery, he did so in such a way as to take away nature's most powerful restorative—hope. But a change in the methods of physicians has been taking place in recent years. Says the *Medical Record:* "The opinion is now rooted in the minds of the advanced guard of the profession that cardiac murmurs are often devoid of the grave significance formerly attributed to them. So, too, we have come to learn that considerable damage to the valves may be so thoroughly compensated by hypertrophy (enlargement) that it seems permissible to speak of recovery from organic disease of the heart. True, the anatomical lesion persists. But the individual thus affected may live for years, without impairment of his health, and with a working capacity in no way reduced from his normal standard. The time has come when the prognosis of despair must make way for the modern doctrine of hope in the possibility of a cure. What was formerly equivalent to a sentence of death may be commuted to carefulness for life." Rheumatic fever, or some other disease, may have caused inflammation of the lining membrane of the heart and thus laid a foundation for permanent obstruction to the flow of the blood through one or more of the valves. But nature in time overcomes this obstruction, not by removing it, but by enlarging the heart and increasing its force. True, there may be at length a weakening of the walls of the heart, and a consequent lessening of its ability to do its work; and there may come on palpitation, difficult breathing, cough, and signs of dropsy. But this failure may be due to preventable causes. An eminent medical authority enumerates some of these causes. They are, omitting those which are the result of disease in other organs of the body: muscular overwork; exhaustion of the nerve system, caused by worry or excitement; and the daily use of alcohol, tobacco, and, in some cases, of tea and coffee, which act as cardiac poisons. In any case the patient should obtain the best medical advice and be rulded by it rigidly.

Very few people have any idea of the vast areas of government land held by alien land-holders in the United States. The largest tract, four million five hundred thousand acres, is held by the Holland Company, of New Mexico. An English syndicate holds three million acres in Texas; Sir Edward Reid and a syndicate in Florida own two million acres; one million eight hundred thousand acres belong to an English syndidate in Mississippi; one million seven hundred and fifty thousand to the Marquis of Tweeddale; one million three hundred thousand to the Phillips-Marshall Company, of London; and one million six hundred thousand acres to a German syndicate. These comprise the larger land-holders. There are, however, a score or more of persons and syndicates owning less than seven hundred and fifty thousand acres. The grand total foots up to twenty million seven hundred and forty-seven thousand acres of government land held by aliens in the United States.

The world-famous Endicott pear-tree, planted by Governor John Endicott on the ancient orchard-farm at Danvers New Mills in 1630 or 1633, is dead. Tradition has it that 1630 was the date when the venerable tree was planted, but there is also evidence that Governor Endicott did not break up the ground for his orchard until 1633. There is no doubt, however, of the great antiquity of the pear-tree, and that it was from two hundred and fifty to two hundred and sixty years old when its last vital spark went out. The tree stood on the north bank of the river, about half-way between the Mills and the railroad track. It had but one rival—an ancient pear-tree at Truro, on the sands of Cape Cod, planted prior to 1644.

A fisherman, while on Plymouth beach recently, says a correspondent of the Boston *Herald*, captured a large gray seagull in a peculiar predicament. Firmly fastened to the bird's bill was a full-grown clam. The clam weighed enough to keep the head of the gull hanging downward, and thus effectually prevented any long flight, while it was evidently nearly exhausted in trying to escape from its strange captor. It is thought that the gull, seeing the clam's snout protruding, endeavored to seize the dainty morsel, and was in turn gripped by the hard shells of its intended victim. The clam had to be cut away from the bird's bill.

A native of Finland, named Runen, was sent two years ago by the government to try to discover the art of Persian carpet weaving. He finally obtained employment in a small factory in Smyrna, where he acquired the desired information and made a design of the loom. A Persian carpet factory has now been established in Finland, and great results are expected.

The price of diamonds was over twenty-two shillings per carat in October, 1887, and it is now less than eighteen shillings.

WRITERS' MISTAKES.

"Cockaigne" on Solecisms in Archie Gunter's Stories.

It is curious how the generality of American writers make mistakes directly they try to write about England, the English people, and things English. I do not mean, of course, in comments and criticisms from an American point of view, although there errors frequently show themselves; but when they attempt stories and sketches of English society with English characters. No doubt it is the same with English writers who introduce Americans into their tales. The people are no more real Americans in the one case, than are they real English men and women in the other. I have often thought what a pity it is that the writers of both countries do not confine themselves strictly to the men and women of their own nationality, and leave the others severely alone—until, at all events, they thoroughly understand the subject, the characteristics, the customs, the ways, and the language of the characters they endeavor to depict.

It does not so much matter after all, the common run of readers will think and say. What does it signify, if the story be interesting, and well written, and the plot good and cleverly worked out? We can excuse mistakes that do not really affect the narrative, and pass over trifling errors of speech and manners. Now I do not agree with this view. There are, I know, a class of readers who never go deeper into a story than its surface, and whose only object is to find out how it all ends. They do not care a farthing about conversations, except in so far as they elucidate the plot, and never stop to analyze motives and actions in their endeavor to reach the last page. Descriptions of scenery are voted tedious, explanatory digressions are invariably skipped, and when the book is put down preparatory to the taking up of another, in its turn to be similarly treated, they know no more of what it has all been about, save in the merest outline, than the man in the moon or the King of Hayti. It is of no consequence to them how the characters talk, Englishmen might speak in broken French, Americans in Portuguese, and Scotchmen with an Irish brogue. Ten to one if they would notice it. For such people it is as useless as it is unnecessary to be exact. Correctness and consistency are quite thrown away upon them. Such readers are the ruin of literature, by lowering the standard of intrinsic merit. They run wild over a most trumpery book, and make the fortune of its very commonplace author, because it amuses them; while a truly meritorious work, constructed with skill, and evincing absolute knowledge of the subject-matter by its writer, will stay unnoticed and unread. The majority do not care for correct writing if it lack the excitement obtainable in literary trash.

And so it is with the readers of "English" stories, etc., by American authors. Now, I do not suppose there has ever been (of late years, at least) a book written by an American that gave a more glaringly erroneous idea (to people who do not know the contrary) of an English young lady than "Mr. Barnes of New York." Such a young person as Enid Anstruther, in polite English society, would be an impossibility. Every English lady or gentleman who reads this not otherwise than clever, but most astoundingly vulgar book, can not fail to see this. To explain in what way the young lady is so painfully *un*-English, so as to make myself clear to the minds of American readers, is a difficult matter. She neither talks, acts, nor dresses like any English *lady*. And yet we must take her to be one, for, in the author's own words, she is "a thoroughly pretty, refined, and gentle English girl." Upon her first appearance in the book at the Paris Salon, she is made to talk in public, loud enough for other people near by to hear, in a way in which no English lady, young or old, would talk, even in private. English ladies and gentlemen will bear me out in this. She is looking at the picture of the duel at Ajaccio (I take it for granted that every one has read the book), and this is what she says:

"That's the man I've fallen in love with! That's the creature I adore with all my heart!"

If Mr. Gunter had kindly and considerately made Miss Anstruther one of Marshall and Snellgrove's "young ladies" in Paris for a week's "outing," one would even then be reluctant to believe such language possible from her. English gentlewomen, let me assure him, do not "gush" about being in love with any one, in private, let alone in public. In England it would be thought inexpressibly vulgar.

Again, when she wants to borrow five pounds from Mr. Barnes, she says:

"I am Enid Anstruther."

I pass over the name, which I don't believe any English young lady (off the stage) ever bore. It is the delightful self-sufficiency of the girl which staggers me. And this is "a girl who was the belle of the last London season (?)—whose family is one of the oldest in England, and who might make a grand match." (*Vide* chap. xiv.)

The card which this belle of the British *haut ton* bestows upon Mr. Barnes of New York, to establish her identity, reads more like the addressed envelope of a letter to a maid-servant than the visiting-card of a lady. If, however, it be intended to convey the address of the owner to the knowledge of the outside world (its only apparent object), it is deficient in one of the most important ingredients, viz., the post town. The abbreviation "Hants" for Hampshire is decidedly knowing, but painfully out of place on a lady's card. An English lady would always have "Miss" precede her name.

In other places throughout the book this "belle of the London season" betrays a very American flavor. For example, in such remarks as "She ate all my candy" (candy is an unknown word in England); "I've got such an awful appetite" ("got" is an American superfluity in English remarks); "My trunks" (an English girl would say "boxes"); "My brother is Edwin Gerard Anstruther, V. C." (English gentlemen who win the Victoria Cross for their valor are not spoken of in this way. "He has the Victoria Cross," or "is a V. C.," would be the way an English girl would express it).

This brother is an incongruous chap. We are told he is "a lieutenant in the British Navy, who only awaits his promotion to the rank of commander to resign from the service and come to the family estates to be an English country gentleman, as his ancestors have been before him for many generations." Imagine a large landed proprietor abstaining to take possession of his property until the slow promotion of the navy bestows upon him the very inferior rank of commander. Naval rank is not thought over-much of in England among the upper classes. He is a gushing, loud, vulgar fellow, this Anstruther (through English eyes). His manner of chaffing his sister about Barnes is caddish in the extreme. No English gentleman would ever allude to a sister's "lover" in any way.

Miss Anstruther's maid is described as "a red-cheeked, valuable dumpling of an English girl." Mr. Gunter has clearly not seen many samples of English lady's-maids, especially those of the "belles of the London season."

But enough of "Mr. Barnes of New York." As I say, some people will not think these defects of any importance. All they care to know is how the vendetta turns out. If that is all Mr. Gunter cares about in the estimation of the world as to his literary ability, of course it does not matter so long as he sells his books and gets them dramatized. However, if, like Mrs. Burnett, he would achieve distinction in a work of the sterling merit of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," he must, like her, come over and live in England, and study England and the English, in order to give proper tone and coloring to his characters. If Mr. Gunter's pictures of Corsica and the Corsicans are no truer to life than his pictures of England and the English, I'm afraid they won't do to depend upon.

The *Harper* for May has another short story of England and English society by Annie Bigelow. In it a fashionable London-season chaperon is made to say to her protégé: "Well, then, Hildegarde Templeton, place before the matrimonial retina of your mind's eye Sir Charles Wynning, Bart., G. C. S. I." I can scarcely conceive any English "lady" above the grade of lady's-maid expressing herself so. In the first place, "conversational rhetoric" is never heard in English high-life; and in the second, a baronet is never *spoken* of otherwise than as Sir Something Somebody. Thus, an English lady, in the hands of an English author, would have said simply: "Well, then, Hildegarde, it is Sir Charles Wynning," omitting the "Bart." and "G. C. S. I.," and leaving to further explanation, did the necessity for it arise, the fact that the gentleman was not only a baronet, but a Knight Grand Cross of the Star of India, as well.

In the same story Oxfordshire is called "down in Oxon." Again, I can not conceive of any English person speaking so. "Oxon" is the old Latin name for Oxford, and Oxford University undergraduates are referred to in boat-races and cricket-matches as "Oxonians," just as Cambridge University undergraduates are called "Cantabs." The Bishop of Oxford also signs his name John Oxon, in the same way that the Archbishop of Canterbury signs his Edward Cantuar. But I do not think the use of the word ever goes beyond this. You might as well say, when speaking of Shropshire: "Up in Salop."

Mr. Bowker, in his "London as a Literary Centre," makes a somewhat similar mistake. Referring to Rider Haggard, he observes: "Mr. Haggard is a Norfolkshire man." Now, there is no such county in England as Norfolkshire. It is Norfolk, pure and simple, without any "shire" at all. Fancy Kent called Kentshire? The error may seem trivial, but what would American readers think if an English writer remarked that Washington City was in the State of Columbia? To those who think it unnecessary to know much about England, and treat with disdain English peculiarities and class distinctions, I would propound the simple interrogatory, "Then why do you care to write about them?"

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, May 8, 1888.

Under the census of France, taken in May, 1886, there were reported in that republic one hundred and ninety persons who were living at the age of one hundred years or more, and fifteen thousand one hundred and fifty-three who were more than ninety years old. So much curiosity has been aroused on the subject of living to great age by the case of M. de Chevreul, professor of chemistry at the Natural History Museum, and member French Academy, who is now nearly one hundred and two, that exact records are being made of other cases, so that we are likely to know more of the philosophy of long life than we have heretofore known, as the result of the comparison of the information thus obtained. As it is, there is certainly no agreement among the centenarians as to the means by which they have managed to reach their hundred years. One of them, a farmer of the village of Rouillac, in France, attributed his great age to his having acquired, in his youth, a habit of taking two cold baths every week, winter and summer; but other people have died as the result of taking untimely cold baths. M. Chevreul, when asked to account for his long life, said, "At fifty I shut the door on all my pleasures." He has lived for more than half a century an extremely simple and regular life, working actively all the time. It is certain that work alone does not kill. Several centenarians besides M. Chevreul have been very busy men. M. Véron, who died at one hundred years, had been mayor of Montmartre, a part of Paris, fifty years. Count Waldeck, who died in Paris at one hundred, had been an active man nearly all his life. Baron de Posant, who died at one hundred and two, had been a prefect, or local governor. M. de Mirvault, who died at one hundred and one-half years, had fought on this continent with Lafayette. Certainly no secret has yet been found for living to be a hundred years old. Regularity, simplicity, and sobriety of life are the best means that can be adopted for reaching great age, as well as for preserving health in youth and middle life.

Krupp's works are making a 139-ton gun for the Italian ironclad *Sardegna*. It will be 52½ feet long, with a bore of 15.7 inches. It will fire a steel shell of 1,630 pounds with an initial velocity of 2,411 feet per second, or one of 2,314 pounds at 2,099 feet per second.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Judge Thurman is a much wealthier man than people generally suppose, having a fortune of five hundred thousand dollars. It is nearly all in real property, and was acquired partly through judicious investment and partly through his wife.

The Prince of Wales has donned the tall white hat as a portion of the fashionable man's summer attire. At the Derby, H. R. H. and his eldest son both wore black silk hats, cutaway coats of rough material, varnished boots, tan-colored gloves, and a red carnation.

Mad King Otto is growing worse. He now wanders aimlessly about his big, lonely palace outside the city of Munich. He has abandoned his last distraction, that of peeling potatoes, and has no pleasure left, but spends all his time hiding away in a dark corner, thinking every one wants to hurt him.

"Miss Rehan," New York *Truth* says, "may soon follow in the footsteps of Edith Kingdon and Virginia Dreher, and take unto herself a husband. The happy young man who is mentioned as a candidate for the lady's hand, with a more than fair chance of winning it, is Mr. Henry Peto, a son of Sir Morton Peto, and the heir to the baronetcy. He is a gentleman of good connection, is well off, and in every way an eligible *parti*."

The members elected to the New York Union Club at the last regular meeting of its board of governors were Messrs. Lispenard Stewart, Percy S. Hoyt, Andrew W. Green, Henry Mason Cutting, Dudley G. Gautier, J. Norman Whitehouse, Leon A. Del Monte, and Christian Bayard Bors. Their names were posted in the latter part of 1882 and during January, 1883, so that they may certainly be congratulated on getting there at last.

Miss Florence Audenried, daughter of the late Colonel Audenried, of General Sherman's staff, writes from Marseilles to a friend in Washington that before leaving Rome she had an audience with the Pope, who, she writes, "as I knelt before him, smoothed my hair and face, held my hands, and talked to me in a low, sweet voice." As she arose to go he again smoothed her rosy cheek, and gave her a beautiful silver medal to wear for his sake. "He is a dear old man," she adds, "but very feeble."

Emperor Frederick's death probably destroys the Duke of Cumberland's last hope of recovering the large private fortune of which he was practically robbed by the German government. Old Emperor William wanted to restore it to him, but Prince Bismarck overruled his desire. Emperor Frederick was determined that he should have it, and, had his life been spared, would doubtless have carried out his design in spite of the chancellor. But now the duke's righteous claim is not worth a cent on the thousand dollars.

Mr. Wilkie Collins is described as one of the most courteous of correspondents. He is always prompt with his reply, and his letters are as gracefully written as his books. No curt laconics and brusque brevities with him; there is good nature in every line, and somehow when we get to the end of his chatty epistles we feel there is less of the usual formalism in his "Believe me, faithfully yours." His letters, which are headed "Gloucester Place, Portman Square," have a monogram, with a quill piercing the letters, which is quite a trade-mark in its way.

The grand prize has been carried off by M. Detaille, who painted for this Salon a big picture which he named "The Dream." It is a clever painting, but not a masterpiece, and it mixes up realism and dreamland. We are shown a camp of soldiers, or rather soldiers wrapped up in their rugs and asleep on a moor, or at any rate what seems in the moonlight a wide plain. The arms are stacked and flags are stretched from stack to stack. Sentinels pace up and down. Far off the military incendiary has been at work and the moonbeams struggle through a lowering sky. One must stand at some distance to see the dream, which appears in clouds that take the form of a triumphant army of the great Napoleon. The standards which waved at Fleurus, Marengo, and Austerlitz are borne by the spectral host—so spectral that at any moment it may be dispersed by a moonbeam.

That is a pretty serious issue between George Washington Smalley and Blakeley Hall (says *Life*). Mr. Hall cabled to the *Sun* not long ago that the American Minister to Germany had taken no pains at all to get him free tickets to the Emperor William's funeral, and that when it began to look as if he would have to pay to go in or stay away altogether, he went to the British Embassy, where he was cordially received, and his affidavit taken as to his wants. A few hours later one of the embassy's hired men came around to Mr. Hall's house with a full set of tickets entitling him to pass the lines, view the remains, occupy one of the front seats in church, and ride on the hearse to the cemetery, if there should be a vacant seat. In consequence of these privileges that Mr. Hall obtained, his account of the funeral was unrivaled, and conclusively betokened front seats to everything and the confidence of the undertaker, which account, it seems, Mr. George W. Smalley saw, and was so possessed with jealous rage that he sought to pierce the hide of Hall's balloon, and to that end got affidavits from the British Embassy at Berlin to the effect that they didn't know Mr. Hall there, and that no one connected with the embassy would confess to giving him any tickets. These affidavits Mr. Smalley sent to the *Tribune* by the shortest cable, and they were printed. When Mr. Hall finds out what sort of a sleuth-hound has been on his track, and with what results, there will be trouble.

About four years ago Prince Michael Stourdza, one of the well-known characters of Paris, died. He used to drive about the city in a curious gilded coach that reminded one of the state coaches of kings of the last century. He was known to be enormously rich, and at his death there was great curiosity to know how he had disposed of his fortune. His will provided that his widow should enjoy the estate as long as she lived, and at her death it should be equally divided among the three children, Gregory, Demetrius, and Princess Gortschakoff. Gregory, the eldest, is a Roumanian senator, and also a general in the army of that kingdom. Prince Michael was known to have left a fortune in real property and other stable securities worth six million dollars. This was easily found, and disposed of according to the terms of the will. But he also had left another fortune of fully ten million dollars in cash, jewels, and securities, that could readily be turned into cash by any one who got hold of them, whether the rightful owner or not. And of this fortune not a penny was to be found. The minutest search failed to reveal even the faintest trace of it. Prince Gregory appealed to the police, and offered fabulous rewards for its recovery. All was in vain. The ten million dollars was gone. About a year later the widow of Prince Michael died at Baden-Baden. She had been living there in seclusion. Her only visitor had been her daughter, Princess Gortschakoff, and she had not gone there often. However, the princess had been on more intimate and confidential terms with her mother than either of her brothers had been. Consequently, Princess Gortschakoff was the only one of the heirs present at the death-bed of the widow. She declares that she found among the personal effects of her mother securities worth one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, and jewels valued at thirty-five thousand dollars and nothing more. But the servants who were present tell a different story. The nurse who prepared the body of the dead woman for burial, declares, and is supported in the statement by the others, that she found the body encircled, underneath the clothes, by a belt of kid skin which, at the back, bore a large pouch like a "dress-improver." In this belt and pouch were bank-notes and securities amounting to ten million dollars, or the whole of the missing fortune. This the servants examined, and counted, and handed over to Princess Gortschakoff. Moreover, they say that the princess got a locksmith to open a safe which she found in her mother's room, and took from it more than a million dollars' worth of jewels. This story is confirmed by the locksmith himself who did the job. Princess Gortschakoff strenuously denies it all, and has made charges of dishonesty against the servants in order to discredit their testimony. But her brother, Gregory Stourdza, will press a suit against her, and the whole matter will be well sifted in the courts. It is thought that if she sees the case going against her the princess will fly to Russia and claim the Czar's protection, believing that that monarch would not, in any event, allow the fortune she has grabbed to go out of the empire and into the hands of Roumanians, who might some day use it against Russia.

SETTLING THE SUBURBS.

Mr. Jerry Bouncer's Marvelous Transmutation of Dirt into Gold.

As the Coaching Club has not put on its summer line of stages to Pelham yet, and as a four-in-hand trip to somewhere is an essential of the opening summer season, I accepted the invitation so generously extended to the public through the advertising columns of the newspapers, and applied to Mr. Jerry Bouncer for the necessary permit for a ride to Back Bay Park on his tally-ho. Mr. Jerry Bouncer, I should, perhaps, premise, is a philanthropist who has devoted himself to the building up of suburban settlements and incidentally of a fortune for himself. Thus far, he has succeeded better in the latter cause than in the other. The suburban settlements are settled, it is true, but by no means thriving. Mr. Jerry Bouncer, on the contrary, is prospering to what must be a very gratifying degree to himself. He has an office full of clerks down town, and runs a special stenographer and type-writer in the interest of his vast business correspondence. His contributions toward the commercial welfare of the press must amount to a handsome little fortune in the course of the year, and the tally-hos, the excursion boats and trains, and the free-lunches at the settlements when the coaches, and cars, and steamers get the prospective settlers there, can certainly not be provided for a song, even when sung in the siren notes with which Mr. Jerry Bouncer intones the charms of suburban life and the delights of being your own landlord.

The special type-writer smiled sweetly on me when I passed the portal of Mr. Jerry Bouncer's sanctuary of philanthropy, and a spruce young man, with an engaging manner, took me in hand at once.

"A ticket for Back Bay Park?" said the spruce young man; "certainly. Sign your name here, please, after number eleven thousand and eleven."

I went down in a big ledger as the eleven thousand and twelfth beneficiary, by the bounty of Mr. Jerry Bouncer, while the spruce young man smiled at the special type-writer, who, in her turn, smiled at the special stenographer, who, on his part, beamed benevolently back at both. From the door of the private office I could overhear an unctuous and benevolent voice, a voice that could belong only to Mr. Jerry Bouncer himself, and from which it was an easy matter to construct an image of Mr. Jerry Bouncer as a large and smooth man, of an expansive figure, who, no doubt, wore a white vest and a black broadcloth coat.

"Air, sir," said the voice, "as pure as well-water. Water, sir, as clear as diamonds. And soil, sir—why you can grow corn in the cellar, the soil is so rich that it doesn't need sunlight."

"Oh, George!" said a feminine voice, ecstatically; "won't it be just lovely?"

I fancied that there was a suspicion of doubt in the voice with which George replied that it would.

"I'll have your ticket made out in a minute, sir," said the spruce young man; "you may like to look at the plans."

He indicated them with a wave of his hand. Art mingles its chastening influence with commerce in Mr. Jerry Bouncer's flower, whose walls are hung with beautifully colored charts of the various settlements Mr. Jerry Bouncer has adorned, is adorning, or proposes to adorn our favored suburbs with; and science, too, lends her grave countenance to the cause he has espoused, in the shape of voluminous reports of the salubrity of the climate, the medicinal properties of the water, and the excellences of the soil of the settlements aforesaid.

"That paper in the frame," said the special type-writer, smiling a condensed loaf of sugar the while, "is the report of Professor Muggins, of the Ballyhooley Institute, on the mineral waters of Gloriola City. Not that one in the ebony frame. That is the report of Professor Huggins, of Muddledde College, on the drainage of Pentagona Plains. The one in the gold frame is Professor Muggins's."

I thanked the special type-writer, as in duty bound, while the voice in the office said:

"Location, sir? Location simply unrivaled. Trains from everywhere every fifteen minutes and boats every hour."

"It will be a perfect excursion for you every day, George," said the feminine voice, quivering with delight.

"An excursion," said the benevolent voice, "why, my dear lady, it will be a perfect picnic."

George murmured "Um," and remarked that he supposed they could get an eligible corner lot in the best part of the settlement, upon which the benevolent voice proceeded to details bearing on the fact that all the lots in Mr. Jerry Bouncer's settlement were eligible. And, indeed, the first point you take a note of upon the charts of Mr. Jerry Bouncer is the liberal disposition of their topographical arrangement. Most of the streets are avenues, and the few streets there are have beautiful and sonorous names. There is always a grand public park in the middle of the chart, colored a lovely green, and the churches, school-houses, water-works, academies of music, city halls, and other essentials of modern civilization are scattered about with a liberality highly creditable to Mr. Jerry Bouncer's generosity.

Another notable fact is that just as in a model hotel all the rooms are light, so in Mr. Jerry Bouncer's model settlements all the lots are corner lots. There are big lots and little lots; rectangular lots, and lots cut into odd turns and corners; square lots, and, as a good many people aver, crooked lots. Mr. Bouncer's charts; but there is a corner somewhere about each and every one of them, and their dimensions are scrupulously laid down even to fractions of inches.

"Now this beautiful corner lot," said the voice in the office, "twenty-five and eleven-twelfths by ninety-three and sixteen-sixteenths, fronting on Magnolia Grove Park, and just around the corner from the Victoriana Seminary, I can let you have for four-fifty, cash, or five-twenty-five, payable on installments."

"My, George!" interposed the gentler organ as before; "only think. How nice it will be for baby to play under the magnolia trees."

"Ah!" muttered the benevolent voice, as if in a luxurious enjoyment of the prospect suggested.

"And how convenient the seminary will be when she grows up. Is it a good school, sir?"

"None better, my dear lady," replied the voice of benevolence; "none better in the land."

"And is the park large?"

"Acres!" replied benevolence again.

"Then all I can say, George," remarked the feminine voice, decisively, "is that if I have any say in the matter we shall take that lot, or none at all."

"Ah! my dear lady," said benevolence, in accents as bland as olive oil on a hot day; "if we men only all had the sense of your sex, it would be a cold day for the rapacious landlords of New York."

The emergence of a pretty, commonplace-looking, little woman and a feeble-faced young man of a clerkly aspect, accompanied by benevolence, beaming in black broadcloth and white duck, to examine the charts, disturbed me in my critical employment upon them. There was the shadow of doom on George's face, and in his eye a gleam of prophecy that may have prefigured the malarial shades of Magnolia Grove Park, and the weedy corner lot just around the corner from the Victoriana Seminary. But benevolence and domesticity had him fast in tow, and presently he was landed at a desk in a corner, where a clerk filled out printed blanks for him to sign, while he nervously rattled the keys and small change in his pockets. The special type-writer smiled as sweetly as ever when the spruce young man handed me my ticket for the tally-ho, and benevolence beamed me out with a "Good-day, sir," as rich as a millionaire's good-day should be.

When I crossed the river, at ten o'clock the next morning, a red-nosed man at the ferry-gate rent the air with brazen shouts of "this way for Back Bay Park. The Back Bay Park four-in-hand this way. Here you are, gents, for the Back Bay Park tally-ho, this way!" There was no mistaking Mr. Jerry Bouncer's tally-ho for any other other tally-ho, for it was girdled with his own name, painted in huge black letters on a strip of white muslin. Mr. Bouncer's tally-ho was, to say sooth, rather a decrepit and decayed vehicle, that had once been a hotel stage, and had, at some remote date, been painted in imperial yellow. But it had a coachman in a fawn-colored, albeit dirty, coat, with pewter buttons as big as saucers, and a guard with a long tin horn and an alcoholic gait, early as the day was.

It was already stuffed so full inside that, in order to get an additional female passenger in, the red-nosed man had to push her by the shoulders, while the guard poked her with his horn in the small of the back. There were so many future settlers on the box-seat that the coachman had to stand up to drive, and the roof cracked and sagged under the burden loaded upon it. But every one was good-humored enough, and as there were several pocket-flasks in the company, and they were freely circulated, the dust of the journey was partially compensated for.

The road to Back Bay Park lay through foul suburban streets and filthy lanes that were neither town nor country; but we arrived at the Park at last, without worse accident than running over a pig and upsetting a cigar-peddler's buggy, and descended between a slime-encrusted horse-pond and a miry pig-sty, in front of the burned ruins of an old farm-house, to find that a good many possible and probable settlers had preceded us.

Some roved about over the desolate and sterile fields; some listened to a German band that played under a placard on a post, that denoted the site of the public park of the future; others gathered around an open tent where a couple of men, in their shirt-sleeves, were cutting very thin slices off of very tough joints of corned beef, and chopping up loaves of bread like kindling-wood. Overhead crows flocked and cawed dismally. Far in the distance could be distinguished the outlying outlines of the town, with dirty factories and sheds, where machinery-smoke blackened the air, dotting the intervening plain.

"Plenty of fresh air here," said Mr. Jerry Bouncer, enthusiastically. Mr. Bouncer was patroling Back Bay Park, making a shining spot upon its natural blackness and artificial squalor with his white vest, his broadcloth, and his glossy hat. "Room to breathe here, eh?"

"The prospect might be pleasanter," timidly ventured one of the settlers, who hung upon the utterances of his philanthropic lips.

"Ah," replied Mr. Bouncer, "but only wait till it's improved."

This assurance appeared to brighten the spirits of the settler and to diffuse an enlivening influence among the other settlers, present and to be. The announcement that lunch was ready caused all of the tent, excepting its roof, to vanish in a swarming mob, and when I strolled New Yorkwards, preferring exercise to the enervating luxury of another drive upon the tally-ho, the three clerks, at three tables close to the tent, were booking orders for lots as fast as they could write them down. And, far in the distance, where the cawing of the crows and the tooting and braying of the German band made a subdued chorus, I could still see the shining spot made by Mr. Jerry Bouncer's hat, as it d d the honors of Back Bay Park, being rapidly converted into a "suburban settlement of cottage homes," as Mr. Bouncer's prospectuses poetically put it.

"Ah, sor!" sighed an old man, digging in a ditch at the roadside, to whom I applied for a light for my cigar, "it's a foine city they'll have there, prutty soon. Divel take the landlords! They ates a man up aloive."

Taking this fact, and the amazingly low price at which Mr. Bouncer's bump of philanthropy impels him to offer his settlements to the public, being together, along with the large number of people who live in New York and who are addicted to the amusement of buying a pig in a poke at every opportunity, and you may, I doubt not, comprehend the profitable nature of Mr. Bouncer's business, handicapped by philanthropy as it is.

Mr. Jerry Bouncer is, in fact, an alchemist in real estate. If he can not exactly convert nothing into something, he certainly can transmute dirt of the barrenest sort into current coin. Give him a worked out clay-bank in East New York, or an exhausted cobblestone-quarry at the back of Hoboken, and within an incredibly brief space he will have it chartered under a romantic name, and laid out on a scale of grandeur to rival the metropolis itself. I remember an extensive manure dump in the wilds of Brooklyn's suburbs which, under his fostering care became, on paper, a thing of beauty under the title of Flower City, and a slaughter-house swamp in West Chester which, thanks to the touch of his magic wand, now passes on the maps as Rosabella Centre. It is one feature of Mr. Jerry Bouncer's system of civic nomenclature that the relevancy or, indeed, intelligibility of a name does not signify as long as it sounds well. He christens his settlements as the patent-medicine men do their nostrums, with a view to captivating the fancy through the ear. Thus Lilacville is the title of one in which the only flowers that ever bloomed were in pots, and they died as soon as they conveniently could, and in the middle of an arid Long Island plain, fertile only in rubble stone and scrub bushes, languishes a consumptive community of weather-beaten frame-cottages which, on the map in Mr. Bouncer's office, flaunts the name, in a long scroll, of Forestdale.

As you will perceive from the subscription of this letter, I have not yet settled in Back Bay Park. When I do I shall let you know more of its advantages and its charms.

NEW YORK, June 15, 1888. ALFRED TRUMBLE.

In these campaign times, the following table will be found useful for reference. It gives the electoral and popular vote for President in 1884:

States.	Electoral Vote.		Popular Vote.					
	Cleveland. *Dem.*	Blaine *Rep.*	Cleveland, *Dem.*	Blaine, *Rep.*	Butler, *Gr.*	St. John, *Pro.*	Cleveland, Plurality.	Blaine, Plurality.
Alabama	10	..	92,973	59,144	762	610	33,829	.....
Arkansas	7	..	72,927	50,395	1,847	.....	22,032	.....
California	.	8	89,285	102,416	2,017	2,920	....	13,128
Colorado	..	3	27,603	36,166	1,961	762	....	8,563
Connecticut	6	..	67,182	65,296	1,685	2,494	1,254	.....
Delaware	3	..	16,976	13,053	10	64	3,923	.....
Florida	4	..	31,769	28,931	.....	72	2,838	.....
Georgia	12	..	94,653	47,692	135	168	46,961	.....
Illinois	..	22	312,534	337,411	10,849	12,005	...	24,827
Indiana	15	.	244,992	233,482	8,293	3,902	6,512	.....
Iowa	..	13	177,316	197,069	. . .	1,472	....	19,773
Kansas	..	9	90,132	154,466	16,341	4,954	.....	64,274
Kentucky	13	..	153,961	118,122	1,693	3,139	34,839	....
Louisiana	8	..	62,546	46,247	120	337	16,199	....
Maine	.	6	51,656	71,716	3,994	2,145	.....	20,060
Maryland	8	..	96,866	85,748	578	2,827	11,118	.....
Mass	..	14	122,352	146,724	24,382	9,925	.....	24,372
Michigan	..	13	189,361	192,669	753	12,402	.....	3,308
Minnesota	..	7	70,054	111,685	3,583	4,684	.....	41,620
Mississippi	9	.	76,510	43,569	....	....	33,041	....
Missouri	16	..	235,988	202,929	....	2,153	33,059	....
Nebraska	..	5	54,391	76,904	.....	2,899	.....	22,512
Nevada	..	3	5,578	7,193	26	...	....	1,615
New Hampshire	..	4	39,187	43,256	552	1,571	.....	4,063
New Jersey	9	.	127,778	123,366	3,456	6,153	4,412	.....
New York	36	..	563,048	562,001	17,002	25,001	1,047	....
North Carolina	11	..	142,952	125,068	...	454	17,884	.....
Ohio	..	23	368,280	400,082	5,179	11,269	.....	31,796
Oregon	..	3	24,694	26,800	726	492	.....	2,256
Pennsylvania	..	30	392,785	473,804	17,002	15,747	.....	81,019
Rhode Island	..	4	12,391	19,030	422	928	.....	6,639
South Carolina	9	..	69,764	21,733	.....	....	48,031	.....
Tennessee	12	..	133,270	124,090	957	1,151	9,180	.....
Texas	13	..	223,679	91,701	3,321	3,570	131,978	.....
Vermont	..	4	17,331	39,214	765	1,752	.....	22,183
Virginia	12	..	147,497	139,251	.....	135	8,141	....
West Virginia	6	..	67,317	63,096	605	979	4,221	....
Wisconsin	..	11	146,459	101,157	4,808	7,027	.....	14,698
Total	219	182	4,911,997	4,848,334	133,825	151,809	469,389	406,705
Plurality			62,621	.....	....	....	62,663	.....
Per cent			48 87	48.25	1 33	1.51	....	.....
Whole Vote			..	..	10,048,061			

The States which may reasonably be expected to be unaffected by any issue made prominent during the canvass of the next four months, are set down in the tables here presented:

REPUBLICAN STATES.

	Electoral Votes.
California	8
Colorado	3
Illinois	22
Iowa	13
Kansas	9
Maine	6
Massachusetts	14
Michigan	13
Minnesota	7
Nebraska	5
Nevada	3
New Hampshire	4
Ohio	23
Oregon	3
Pennsylvania	30
Rhode Island	4
Vermont	4
Wisconsin	11
Total	172

DEMOCRATIC STATES.

Alabama	10
Arkansas	7
Delaware	3
Florida	4
Georgia	12
Kentucky	13
Louisiana	8
Maryland	8
Mississippi	9
Missouri	16
North Carolina	11
South Carolina	9
Tennessee	12
Texas	13
Virginia	12
West Virginia	6
Total	183

The remaining four States are those in which the battle must be fought:

DOUBTFUL STATES.

Connecticut	6
Indiana	15
New Jersey	9
New York	36
Total	66

The whole number of electoral votes is four hundred and one, and two hundred and one votes are necessary to elect. Of the sixty-six votes belonging to the States here classed as doubtful, the Republicans need nineteen and the Democrats forty-eight. If the Republicans carry New York the game is up for the Democrats, no matter if they should win California through Thurman's popularity on the Pacific [illegible] and save New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana for C[illegible] land.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Some of the London and Edinburgh printers, it is said, are already making arrangements for transferring part of their business to New York, in consequence of our copyright bill.

Is the truth ever told about a President? It is said that Mr James Parton told his publishers that they could never dare to print about General Washington what he heard currently said of him in Virginia.

Charles Scribner's Sons announce a book which women and girls ought to find interesting. It is entitled "The Five Talents of Women," and is from the pen of the author of "How to be Happy Though Married."

Belford, Clarke & Co., it is stated, have received an order to print one million copies of Mr. Carlisle's speech on the Mills Bill, in pamphlet form. This is probably the largest edition of a speech in Congress that has ever been published.

Julian Hawthorne says the *Century* and *Harper's* . . . have in their drawers MSS. enough to fill at least two years' issue; many of these MSS. have been kept five years, some longer yet; occasionally they will return a paid-for contribution to the author of it, with permission to sell it again.

It was said, the other day, by a literary man who has excellent opportunity for knowing the facts in the case that, strong as the critics thought some of Miss Amélie Rives's expressions and adjectives in "The Quick or the Dead?" they are nothing to some which were editorially eliminated by Messrs. Lippincott's readers.

The Penny Library of Fiction, recently started in London, gives a complete story by a well-known novelist, in a colored picture wrapper, said to be well printed on good paper, of thirty-two pages, for a penny, or two cents. Among the authors who have so far contributed to this remarkable series are Farjeon, Fenn, Gibbon, Grant Allen, Mrs. Riddell, and Mrs. Macquoid.

E. P. Roe has a rival in the West whose name is E. R. Roe, the E. standing for Edward in both names. Mr. Edward R. Roe is said to have written "From the Beaten Path," "Brought to Bay," and "May and June." Naturally his works are selling as those of E. P. Roe. His publishers are Laird & Lee, of Chicago, who follow the style of binding adopted by the publishers of E. P. Roe's works, Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York.

The *Universal Review* is the ambitious title of an ambitious illustrated monthly whose publication is announced by Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., of London. Harry Quilter is editor, and a magnificent list of contributors, literary and artistic, is given in the prospectus. The price of the *Review* will be seventy-five cents a copy, and the International News Company will have the handling of it for America. The International News Company, by the way, has taken up Paris *Illustré* and the *Revue Illustré*, two French illustrated publications.

Mr. H. C. Bunner, the clever editor of *Puck*, is seldom seen in New York nowadays, save at the houses of his most intimate friends. The greater part of his time is spent at his charming country-home in New Jersey, his editorial duties only occupying a portion of the week. The proprietors of *Puck* insisted on his occupying himself as much as possible with his purely literary work, arguing that the greater the fame he acquires by his labors outside the paper, the higher the value of his name on the inside page as editor. To this end they engaged Mr. H. G. Paine, formerly one of the sub-editors of *St Nicholas*, to assist Mr. Bunner.—*Epoch.*

According to the New York *Times*, Robert Louis Stevenson was questioned, the other day, concerning the "leadership among American novelists," and replied: "Henry James, without a reservation. He is such a powerful writer that I take great delight in reading his works. He has given up his pottering of years past, and has become more finished, light, but yet powerful. Time was when I thought Howells was in the lead, but I think James has beaten him altogether. Howells has made a formula and swallowed it, and it has stuck to him. James looks at the world instead of a swinging black ball of geometrical proportions. Still, I think Howells will change his ideas. He seems too clever a man to stick to them."

From her retirement Adelaide Ristori proffers to the world the story of her artistic career, told by herself. She frankly tells what she thinks of her own talents, and she analyzes her own performances of six arduous rôles in tragedy, explaining to the reader exactly what she tried to express in her acting. She regards herself as the greatest dramatic artist of her time. Her acting was, in her opinion, as nearly perfect as the work of human beings can be. She explains why it was so. It will be seen, therefore, that her autobiography is a remarkable book. It is written with perfect candor. Her egotism is prodigious; but it must be admitted that the expression of it is so guileless and unaffected that the book is said to be charming.

Mr. Julian Hawthorne extends this liberal invitation through the medium of *Belford's Magazine*: "I will engage to entertain at dinner, at a round table five feet in diameter, all the American novelists who make more than a thousand dollars a year out of the royalty on any one of their novels, and to give them all they want to eat and drink, and three of the best cigars apiece afterward, and a hack to take them home in; and I will agree to forfeit a thousand dollars to the Home for Imbeciles if twenty-five dollars does not liquidate the bill and leave enough over to buy a cloth copy of each of the works in question, with the author's autograph on the fly-leaf. One hack would be sufficient, and would allow of their putting up their feet on the seat in front of them."

Careful scrutiny of the work performed by the gelatine process of book reproduction, recently mentioned by us, does not sustain the adverse claim of those interested in the old-fashioned method—type-setting—that it lacks clearness and sharpness. In the American edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, reproduced in the new way, are many pages among its twenty thousand that are in agate and filled with italics, or made up largely, if not wholly, of rule-and-figure work, and these are as clean and free from dull and smudgy outlines as if they had been printed directly from type. Mr. E. M. Gill, under whose direction these plates were made, says: "There is a tendency in the gelatine process unquestionably to produce plates that will give blacker results than the originals, but that can be controlled by skill and care, so that a perfect reproduction is attainable. Of course, as it is a fac-simile process, it can produce nothing superior to the originals employed; therefore, it is desirable to use as fresh impressions as possible for our copy. Yet here is a copy of a work I got out for Appletons, 'The Fairy Land of Science,' a reproduction of an English book that, as you see, looks well, though its plates were made from one of the nineteen thousand struck off the English plates. Here are cuts as delicate and clean as can be desired. The best results are attained from fresh impressions of light-faced, new type, and with such copy it is simply impossible to detect a difference, even with a magnifying-glass, between the originals and the gelatine reproductions, if the latter are skillfully made. Here are some plates that belong to a lot of ten thousand pages of English novels, for the reproduction of which I have just taken a contract. They are from good copies, and are reduced somewhat from the English originals—almost from small pica to bourgeois—with the happiest result that could be desired, and their cost is not yet over thirty cents a page ready for the press. Oh, yes; illustrations cost no more than letter-press. I am doing now by this gelatine process all that can be done by the photo-engraving process of reproduction from pen-and-ink drawings by means of acid-etching upon zinc plates, and at much less cost. Here is a sample of one entirely novel application of the process to the production of a Chinese phrase-book. There are eleven lines of English—each a phrase—and as many of the Chinese characters upon each page. The English lines have first been set up in type—two-line pica—and the Chinese characters subsequently painted in with a brush and india-ink by a dexterous Chinaman. Then a negative is prepared from that, covered with a rubber film, stripped, mounted on another plate used to print the gelatine sheet from, and in a few hours the plate is ready for the press. There is no question but that this work will eventually cut into photo-engraving even more than it now threatens to reduce the demand for type-setters."

New Publications.

"Mr. Isaacs," F. Marion Crawford's popular "tale of modern India," which has gone through at least one new edition each year since it first appeared, is out in the Summer Reading Library, published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

Shakespeare's play of "King Richard the Second," with William Langland's "Richard the Redelics," in modern words, an extract from John Gower's "Confessio Amantis," and an introduction by Professor Henry Morley, has been published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

A fourth and revised edition has been published of "The Protective Tariff: What it Does for Us," by General Hermann Lieb. It is an adverse consideration of the present tariff. He states its effect on the various producing classes, has a word to say on monopolies and trusts, and concludes with an exhortation for free trade. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago; for sale by Belford, Clarke & Co., Market Street.

"Found yet Lost," by E. P. Roe, is another chick from that industrious gentleman's large literary incubator. It is based on an incident—total loss of memory, while the other faculties remain normal—which has about been worked out by other writers, but which will, doubtless, be new and startling to Mr. Roe's large and mentally flabby clientèle. Published for Butler Brothers by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by John N. Philan; price, 25 cents.

The fifth and sixth volumes of "Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia" have appeared, including from "bravo" to "calville," and from "bilbilis" to "brave." The aim of the work is to serve as a philological dictionary of the English language, and as an encyclopedia of general knowledge, and as such it is the cheapest and most convenient reliable work of the kind. Each volume contains over five hundred pages, and there are numerous illustrations. Published and for sale by John B. Alden, New York.

"The Case of Mohammed Benani," written at Tangiers by some person or persons unknown, is a story intended to draw attention to certain corruptions in the consular service at the Mediterranean ports of Africa. The scene is laid in one of these ports in the first half of the story, and in Russia during the second. There are several good descriptions of African sporting scenes, and mesmerism is utilized in the interests of the hero. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 50 cents.

"One Maid's Mischief," by G. Manville Fenn, is almost too long and too exciting for summer reading. The maid's "mischief" begins by shocking to the fainting point an elderly maiden—in whose private school for the daughters of Indian and colonial officers she is being educated—by actually smiling at a strange young man; and when she goes out to her father's home among the Malays, she stirs the English residents and native rajahs into a fever of jealousy which culminates in a small war. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 30 cents.

Those who have read Howard Seely's "A Lone Star Bo-Peep," or other of his short stories, will be glad to hear that he has attempted a more ambitious flight; but "A Nymph of the West," his first novel, is a short story of a larger growth. The heroine, Miss Cynthia Dallas, is just such another delightfully natural and untutored little frontier maiden as the Lone Star Bo-Peep, and, though there is a little of the tragic in the tale, its characteristic is the same breezy spirit and humor that made the success of Mr. Seely's shorter stories. The summer novel-readers will certainly enjoy the wooing of this wild flower of the South-west by Mr. Henry Bruce, of the Mesquita Valley Ranch. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

Volume six of "Alden's Cyclopedia of Universal Literature" contains brief biographical notices, with typical quotations, of eighty-two notable authors of all times and nations whose names range between Da Costa and Douglass. Among them are Dante, the Danas, Darwins, and Alphonse and Ernest Daudet, Jefferson Davis, De Quincy, Dickens, Diderot, Sir Charles W. Dilke, Disraeli, Dobell, Dobson, and Frederick Douglass. The general tone of the work is good, but it is not carried up to date as such a publication should be; the last work ascribed to Alphonse Daudet is "L'Evangéliste" (1882), with no mention of "Sapho," "Tartarin sur les Alpes," and other recent books, and Ignatius Donnelly is given as the author of "Atlantis" and "Ragnarok," his "Great Cryptogram" being unmentioned. Published and for sale by John B. Alden, New York.

"The Romance of a Quiet Watering-Place," by Nora Helen Warddel, is told in a series of letters from Miss Evelyn Dwyer, a cosmopolitan young woman of American birth, to her ex-classmate in a French convent school, Coralie de Trois Etoiles. The young woman quotes "Mlle. de Maupin" by the paragraph, drops into French or another foreign language half a dozen times to the page, has a *schwärmerei*—which culminates in matrimony—with a young man who "looks you straight in the eyes and says the *weirdest* things," describes various other flirtations between various other personages, and is herself the object of a peculiar passion on the part of a beautiful Creole girl who is noted for an "ungraceful but fascinating 'roll' as she walks." The book is certainly amusing, and the reader's imagination is fairly well aided by the rather clever little vignettes scattered through the pages. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago; for sale by Belford, Clarke & Co., Market Street; price, cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

Some Magazines.

Belford's Magazine has just made its appearance. The leading feature of the first number is "Old Man Gilbert," a "complete novel" by Mrs. Elizabeth Bellamy, with a preface by Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson. Don Piatt, the editor, contributes three or four articles; and other conspicuous contributors are: Thomas G. Shearman (who denounces protection), Julian Hawthorne, Henry George, Edgar Saltus, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

In the July *Atlantic* "Miser Farrel's Bequest," by J. P. Quincy, is concluded. In Studies of Factory Life, "The Village System" is discussed by Lillie B. Chace Wyman. "Yone Santo: A Child of Japan," by E. H. House, is continued. Other articles and sketches are: "A Green Mountain Corn-field," by Bradford Torrey; "A Changing Order," by Harriet Waters Preston; "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove," by Charles Egbert Craddock; "Boston Painters and Paintings," by I. William Howe Downes; "A Browning Courtship," by Eliza Orne White, and "The Telephone Cases," by H. C. Merwin; and among books noticed are: Dr. Holmes's new volume, Lea's "Mediæval Inquisition," and Kinglake's "Invasion of the Crimea."

The opening article of the July *Scribner's* is the second of the Railway Series, entitled "Feats of Railway Engineering," by John Bogart; "Life and Travel in Modern Greece" is by Thomas D. Seymour. Professor Charles A. Young describes a journey to Russia to observe the solar eclipse of 1887. Robert Louis Stevenson, in his paper on "Popular Authors," pays tribute to writers who have hosts of admirers but no recognition among literary men, such as Stephens Hayward and Bracebridge Hemming ("Jack Harkaway.") T. R. Sullivan has an imaginative story, entitled "Maestro Ambrogio." The second part is given of Henry James's story, "A London Life," and F. J. Stimson's serial, "First Harvests," is continued. The poetry of the number includes passages from George Parsons Lathrop's "Gettysburg: A Battle Ode," and short poems are by Graham R. Tomson, Arlo Bates, and Allan Simpson Botsford.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The Bishop of London has risen to be a wit. As he was taking leave of a parishioner with a large family, the lady said: "But you haven't seen my last baby." "No," he quickly replied, "and I never expect to."

The delightful old yeoman says in Hardy's *Under the Greenwood Tree*—when the bride announces that she shall have put her bonnet on in five minutes—that "'tis a talent of the female race that low numbers should stand for high, more especially in matters of waiting, matters of age, and matters of money."

Frank Stockton says that he once saw an American girl, whose parents had become very rich since her education had been finished, walking through the galleries of the Louvre. She had been looking at some pictures by Raphael, all of which represented the Virgin Mary, and, turning to a companion, she said: "I believe this man must have been a Catholic."

The Rev. Myron Reed, of Colorado, who ran as a Democratic Congressional candidate in that State, two years ago, was once interrupted in the midst of a public prayer by a man who shouted, "Louder!" Reed stopped short, looked at the interrupter, and said, coolly: "I wasn't addressing you, sir. I was addressing the Almighty." Then he went on with his prayer.

Dean Burgon on a certain occasion, not long ago, was expatiating on the nature of man. He pointed out that one great distinction between human beings and the lower animals consisted in the capacity for progress. "Man," exclaimed the dean, warming to his theme, "is a progressive being; other creatures are stationary. Think, for example, of the ass! Always and everywhere it is the same creature, and you never saw a more perfect ass than you see at the present moment."

Not long ago we published a story taken from the Galloway *Gazette* relating to a girl who danced before her majesty, and then asked for the head of Mr. Gladstone on a charger. This story also appeared in London *Truth*, and the Paris *Gil Blas* translates the tale, but in the translation the "charger" becomes a "cheval de bataille," and the queen is made to say that she will give the girl a "cheval de bataille," but that she can not give the girl the head of Mr. Gladstone because he has long lost it.

An English lady, who visited America many years ago, used to tell the following story: On the voyage, she was one day shocked by seeing a ship's officer knock down one of the crew, who was inclined to mutiny. So much did the sight affect her that she retreated to her state-room, and did not again appear on deck until land was sighted. Then she perceived at the wheel the man who had received the blow. Approaching him, she asked, with deep sympathy, "How is your head now?" "West-and-by-nor', ma'am," was the answer.

Charles Reade had an heroic way of meeting charges of plagiarism. It was William Howitt who complained of the material of his travels in Australia having been made use of by the novelist, without acknowledgment, for the scenes in his "Never too Late to Mend." But Charles Reade at once explained to him that he Reade was a man of genius, and just as Shakespeare had made use of doubtless meritorious, but very inferior, authors for his own purposes, so had he taken the same liberty. "You ought to be pleased, my dear fellow, for I touch nothing that I do not adorn."

In New York, recently, Policeman Daly, while on his way from the Mulberry Street station-house to his post, came across a woman lying helplessly drunk on the sidewalk. He picked her up and attempted to guide her tottering steps toward the station, but he had no more than got the woman on her feet, than he was horrified to see one of her legs drop from her body. He as quickly dropped his burden and rapped for assistance, expecting also to send for an ambulance surgeon to reset the leg. A closer scrutiny, however, showed that the leg was only an artificial one, and had become unfastened in the woman's struggles with the officer.

Imagine a popular preacher in a London pulpit, with a grave old gentleman sitting at the foot of it, waiting as it were, with a landing net for plagiarisms, and informing the congregation whenever he caught one. "That is Shylock's," he said at the third sentence; at the seventh "That is Tillotson's." The preacher, who knew that there were plenty more to come, was in a pretty state; if he did it again he made up his mind to speak to the man. "That is Blair's" came out at the tenth sentence. "Fellow," said the preacher leaning over the pulpit, "if you interrupt again you shall be turned out." The old gentleman looked round on the congregation with the same calm confidence of recognition as before, and, without moving a muscle of his countenance, observed "That's his own."

Shortly after the new jury law was put into effect in Ireland, Minister Phelps met at a London dinner-table a distinguished Irish judge who had been holding the assizes in an Irish town whose name matters little. Naturally enough he was asked as to the operation of the new law. "Well," said he, "the first jury I had to deal with struck me as being slightly above the average in intelligence. As soon as they were impaneled I addressed them at some length, pointing out to them the duties and enlarging on the responsibility which was laid on their shoulders; 'and now, gentlemen,' I concluded, 'you will be pleased to take your seats.'" The judge paused, dramatically. "Well," he was asked, "what happened?" "Nine of them walked to the prisoners' dock from force of habit," he dryly concluded.

In the spring of 1842 several English officers were held as hostages by the Afghans in Kabul. During their detention the city was nearly destroyed by an earthquake. Among the many scenes of horror there were ridiculous incidents like this, which is told by Colin Mackenzie. Brigadier Shelton had quarreled with almost every one of the prisoners except Mackenzie, with whom he happened to be sitting on a bench on the roof of the house when the shock took place. He looked now fiercely to see who was shaking his bench. Mackenzie cried: "It's an earthquake, brigadier!" and, calling to Lady Sale, made for the stairs which were cracking and falling about them, and they all reached the bottom in safety. In the evening Shelton came up and said: "Mackenzie, I want to speak to you." "Very well, brigadier." In a solemn tone, to make him feel the enormity of the offense. "Mackenzie, you went down stairs *first* to-day;" to which the latter coolly replied: "In the fashion in an earthquake, brigadier. I learnt it among the Spaniards at Manila!"

Twenty years ago the authorities of two small German principalities took a deal of trouble to solve a knotty point of law, which was, as will be seen, much more important in principle than in practice. Mr. Rob Crawford, an English civil engineer, was building a railroad, which was so close to the boundary line between the two principalities that each demanded a station upon its own territory. After much trouble, he persuaded the authorities to agree to the station-house being placed upon the division line, so that one-half of the building should be on each side. The arrangement gave rise to many troubles. The station master slept in the house, and two sons were born therein. Each principality claimed that they should be registered for its army. The unfortunate boys hanging over them the prospect of a double period of military service. Several years after the completion of the road, Mr. Crawford met a leading law-officer of one of the principalities, who told him of a perplexing legal question to which the position of the station-house gave rise. A thief, standing outside the window of the ticket-office, put his hand through and robbed the till inside. The boundary line between the standing-place of the thief and the till, so that he was actually in the territory of one principality, while the crime was committed in the other.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, Miss Birdie Fair, and Miss Belle Smith left New York a week ago, intending to visit the Yellowstone Valley en route, and will arrive here in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. F F. Low and Miss Flora Low are in Boston, where they will remain several weeks

Mrs. Louis T. Haggin is traveling in Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Bradley and Miss Grace Bradley will leave in a few days to go to Alaska

Mrs. James Tobin and Miss Florence Tobin are visiting friends in Marin County.

Mr. James G. Fair, Jr., has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Walkington will go to Lake Tahoe soon to remain several weeks.

Baron and Baroness von Schroeder are at their ranch in San Luis Obispo County.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Webb Howard and Miss Maud Howard will leave soon for Alaska.

Mr and Mrs. J. P. Le Count and the Misses Le Count will pass the month of July at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin and Mr. W. F. Whittier were at the Gilroy Hot Springs recently.

Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, is visiting friends in Reno, Nev.

General W. H. Dimond has returned from Chicago.

Mrs. Stuart Taylor has gone to Santa Cruz to remain a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Daniel Hanlon is visiting relatives in New York city.

Miss Laura Carroll, of Cincinnati, is visiting Mrs. W. E. Dargie in Oakland.

Mr. John N. Featherston, Mr. Robert R. Grayson, and Mr. James C. Dunphy will pass the holiday week at Santa Cruz

Mrs. Asa R. Wells and the Misses Wells are at the White Sulphur Springs for a few weeks

Mrs. Clinton Cushing and Miss Jennie de la Montanya were at the Hotel Victoria, in London, when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood will leave about the middle of July to make a tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mackay are at their home, 7 Buckingham Gate. S. W., in London.

Mr. George W Grayson, of Oakland, has gone on a visit to Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Dougherty are domiciled at a little villa about eighteen miles from Paris.

Mr. James D. Phelan has been passing several days at Santa Cruz.

Mr. F. P. Deering is at the Hotel Victoria in London.

Mrs. A. A. Nickerson and the Misses Maud and Myra Nickerson are at Seattle, en route to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Miss Mamie Holbrook, and Miss Mabel Crooks, of Benicia, have gone East en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and Miss Mamie Deane will travel in the East for a month before returning to this city.

Miss Edith Taylor has returned from a visit to friends at Menlo Park, and will be at Del Monte on the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker and Mr. Henry J. Crocker have arrived in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigné have gone to the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. George Hearst and Miss Ada Butterfield have left Washington, D. C., en route for this city. In August they will go to the Yellowstone Valley with a party of friends, and later on will visit the Yosemite Valley and Del Monte.

Mrs. D. D Colton and Mrs. Henry McLean Martin are passing the summer at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Jackson will go to the Napa Soda Springs in a few days.

Mr. A. J. Bowie and Mr. T. Cary Friedlander paid a flying visit to Santa Cruz recently.

Mrs Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair will pass the holidays at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Jerome Smith have gone to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. William H. Stinson recently paid a visit to Santa Cruz, and will pass the Fourth there.

Miss Jessie Bowie has returned from her visit to Del Monte.

Misses Eva and Blanche Castle are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Walter Castle at the Pope House, in Santa Cruz.

Mr Charles F. Mullins and Miss Alice Mullins recently visited Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Murphy, at San José, and also made the ascent of Mount Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry May and Mrs. Maria Coleman left for the East a week ago, and will go to Europe, to remain several months.

Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan, Mrs. Richard Tobin, and the Misses Tobin are stopping at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Louis B. Parrott went to the Hotel del Monte last Wednesday.

General and Mrs. O. O. Howard, U. S. A., have returned from a visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Hall McAllister and Miss Edith McAllister are in London.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood have arrived safely at Carlsbad

Mrs. Charles E Bancroft is in Santa Cruz on a visit to relatives.

Mr Bert Morrow is enjoying a two weeks' outing in Sonoma County.

Mr. Truxton Beale is in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott are at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Amanda Case, daughter of Hon. J. I. Case, of Racine, Wis , is passing the summer at the residence of her cousin, Mr. Arthur Bull, 1333 Golden Gate Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace R. Hudson have gone to San Bernardino to remain a couple of weeks.

Mrs. D. E. Allison is now residing at the Grand Hotel, having given up housekeeping.

Judge F. E. Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer will leave San José, in a few days, to visit Lake Tahoe, and from there will go to the Mariposa Big Trees and the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Childs, of Los Angeles, are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Rowena M. Tarrant is passing a part of the summer with friends in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. William T. Coleman and Mr. Robert L. Coleman will leave for the East soon to visit the principal watering places.

Mr. C. R. Mason, of Byron Springs, has been passing several days at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Palache and the Misses Ida and Sadie Palache have taken a residence in San José for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Pratt returned, a few days ago, from a pleasant visit to Mount Shasta.

Miss Maud Lissak will depart soon to visit friends in Portland, Or.

Mr. Frank S. Hicks, of Los Angeles, is in the city on a short visit

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller and Miss Edith Bass paid a brief visit to Mount Shasta and Ashland, Or., recently.

Misses Louise and Lillie Thomas, of Fruit Vale, are passing the summer in the Santa Cruz Mountains with a party of friends.

Mr. Walter Newhall is paying a visit to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Ben. C. Truman and daughter have returned to the city after a three years' absence, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Carrie Millzner is passing a few weeks in San Diego and Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey and Mr. Frank D. Willey are passing the summer at the Hotel Rafael, in San Rafael.

Mrs. John F Merrill will pass considerable of the summer at the Sea Beach Hotel, in Santa Cruz.

Mr. Gilbert McClurg is now permanently located in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Harlow P. Bancroft is visiting friends in Santa Cruz.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon visited the Hotel del Monte recently.

Colonel and Mrs. William Macdonald have gone to Coronado Beach, and will visit Los Angeles and Santa Barbara before their return.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E Blackwell have arrived safely at their home in London, accompanied by Miss Holladay.

Mr and Mrs. James A. Robinson are visiting the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Daniel Hanlon and the Misses Emelie and Josie Hanlon will pass most of July at the Hotel Rafael, in San Rafael

Dr. George H. H. Redding is residing in Paris at 7 Rue de Tournon

Mrs. J B. Crockett is at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. O'Connor, of San José, are at the Hotel Chatham, in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard and Miss Howard are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs A. H. Rutherford and Mrs. J. B. Wright are at Carlsbad.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dargie, Miss Annie Dargie and Mr. T. T. Dargie intend passing a week at Del Monte. They will be accompanied by Mrs. Josie Van Vranken, who recently returned from an extended Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Morse and Misses Jessie and Sallie Morse are located permanently in Paris.

Among the guests who are now at "Bonnie Doon," in the Santa Cruz mountains, are: Mrs. Robert M. Howland, the Misses Edith and Loula Howland, and Mrs. Cubery, of San Francisco; Miss Abbie Browne, of Boston; Miss Stearns, Miss Kate Dart, Miss Edith Dart, Mrs. Ranlett, Mr. Arthur Ranlett, Master Charles Ranlett, and others.

Mr H. H. Bancroft has gone north with his family on a three months' pleasure trip in Oregon, Washington Territory, Idaho, and Montana, including the Yellowstone Park. He is accompanied by his private secretary, and will take notes for his forthcoming volumes on that section.

Notes and Gossip.

At the tennis tournament to be held at the Hotel del Monte, on July 4th, five handsome prizes will be given which are now on exhibition at Shreve's. They comprise three silver cups, a prize belt, and a pair of silver-mounted racquets.

Miss Rowena Hunt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Hunt, of Woodland, was married to Mr. Edgar J. de Pue, of this city, on Thursday evening, June 28th, at the First Congregational Church. They will receive their friends in Woodland, on Friday evening, July 6th.

Army and Navy.

Chaplain Winfield Scott, U. S. A., of Angel Island, has gone East on a visit.

ART NOTES.

Edwin Deakin is traveling in England.

William Keith is convalescent after his recent severe illness.

Miss Withrow has a decorative frieze under way.

Giffard will soon commence a large picture of the Holy Land.

Coulter is working on four marine orders.

A. Joullin is engaged on a portrait.

Tom Hill and C. D. Robinson are in the Yosemite Valley.

Miss Alice Chittenden is working on four panels of roses

Narjot is engaged in portrait painting.

John A. Stanton has returned from Monterey and is illustrating a poem

Mrs. Joseph Strong will soon return to Honolulu.

Emil Carlsen is engaged on the interior decoration of the new residence of Mr. William H. Crocker, doing both frescoing and bas reliefs.

Raschen finds sufficient portrait work to keep his brush busy.

One of Giffard's Oriental water-colors and a new landscape by Rodriguez are exhibited at Morris and Kennedy's.

Fred Yates has five portraits under way.

H. H. Hay Cameron, of the Cameron Studio, London, has recently made a very successful plate of Mary Anderson as "Perdita." Mr. Cameron's portraits of Browning, Watts, Lowell, and others, and his fine translations in platinotype of the Watts's "Hope" and "Love and Death," are well-known on the Pacific Coast. The name Cameron is not new in the photographic world, for Mrs. Julia Margaret Cameron (Mr. Cameron's mother) won a reputation years ago which will not easily be eclipsed. Her portrait of Herschell is one of the greatest things in all photography. W. K Vickery, of San Francisco, represents Mr. Cameron in the United States, and has the Mary Anderson portraits for sale

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Pyk-Millard Concert Company,

An interesting concert was given at the opera-house in San Rafael, on Tuesday evening, June 26th, by the Pyk-Millard Concert Company. An appreciative audience enjoyed the following programme:

Piano Solo—"Pesther Carnival" .... Liszt
Mr. Abe Sundland.

Song—"When the Tide comes in" .... Millard
Mr. Harrison Millard.

Violin Solo—"La Traviata" .... Verdi
(Fantasie arranged by Singalee.)
Master Victor Meyer.

Recit and Aria—"Jewel Song" (Faust) .... Gounod
Mme. Louise Pyk.

Quartet ....
Messrs Ben Clark, D. P Hugnes, H. A. Redfield, George H. Carleton.

Song—"Les Rameux" .... Faure
Mr Harrison Millard.

Piano Solo—(a) "At the Spring" .... Liszt
(b) "Ernani" .... Liszt
Mr. Abe Sundland.

Swedish Songs ....
Mme. Louise Pyk.

Violin Solo—Selections, "Chimes of Normandy" Planquette
Master Victor Meyer.

Song—"Waiting" .... Millard
Mme. Louise Pyk.
(Accompanied by the composer.)

Quartet ....
Messrs. Ben Clark, D. P Hughes, H. A. Redfield, George H. Carleton.

Duet—"Mira d'acerbe" (Il Trovatore) .... Verdi
Mme. Louise Pyk and Mr. Harrison Millard.

The Pyk-Millard Concert Company announce a concert to take place at San Cruz on Saturday, June 30th.

Dr. R. Beverly Cole, at the instance of the State Board of Health, has recently made personal investigation into the sanitary conditions of over twenty of the leading summer and health resorts in the State. He has gone incog. His report will shortly be made to the State Board of Health.

CCCCXC — Bill of Fare for six persons — Sunday, July 1, 1888.

Vermicelli Soup.
Deviled Crabs.
Breaded Lamb Chops. Tomato Sauce.
Carrots sautés au Beurre. Stuffed Peppers.
Roast Ducks. Mashed Potatoes.
Lettuce. French Dressing.
Raspberries. Whipped Cream.
Fancy Cakes. Fruits.

CARROTS SAUTES AU BEURRE.—Scrape and wash some very young carrots; boil them with a little salt, either whole or cut in pieces. When very tender drain them, and put them into a saucepan with some butter, a little pulverized sugar, a little salt, and a teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Serve very hot.

The Lick Trustees have invited General Barnes to deliver the address presenting the Francis Scott Key monument to the city.

To Avoid Sunburn.

While in the country our San Francisco belles are all using Rachel's Enamel Bloom. For sale by all druggists.

— THE OPINION OF ALL COMPETENT JUDGES who have examined the No. 9 Machine is that it is a long way in advance of every machine in the world to-day. This machine can be seen at 303 Sutter St.

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— THE REAL ESTATE AUCTION SALE AT SANTA Cruz, July 3d, will include ranch and residential properties with, at least, one tract suitable for subdivision into seaside villa sites of a very desirable character; also seaside building lots from a probable value of $250 upwards. Catalogues free by mail, from Exchange and Mart Company, Santa Cruz, Cal.

— THE WHEELER & WILSON NO. 9 MACHINE, which has but recently been placed upon the market, is wholly and radically different from any machine ever offered to the public. This machine will, without doubt, revolutionize the trade. The office is at 303 Sutter Street.

— THE QUEEN OF WATERING-PLACES IS SANTA Cruz, and everybody who is anybody is going there during the summer to stay at the Pope House or the Pacific Ocean House. Accommodations may be secured by writing at once to Mr. E. J. Swift, manager of these famous hostelries.

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BOOK CHAT.

We call the attention of Book Buyers to the following list of works, and invite an inspection of them:

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THE MAGIC SKIN, by Balzac	1.50
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BILL NYE ON MUMMIES.

Among the many letters of inquiry received during the past week is the following: "Last year I made a trip abroad, and among other trophies of my visit to the old world I secured a fine specimen of a mummy, for which I paid seventy-five scudi. While showing it to a friend, last week, I discovered that the air of Illinois is detrimental to it, and that disintegration is taking place. Can you tell me what is the cause and what I had better do in order to preserve the specimen intact?"

You have no doubt paid at least seventy-four scudi too much for your mummy, as mummies go. Nothing is more disheartening than the discovery that one's mummy is not standing our harsh American climate. But the chances are that you have what is called the modern style of mummy, made especially for Americans by the trade. He is not an antique, and before August you will have to decide whether to cast him aside or let him run the house. The genuine mummy has been ground up for fertilizing purposes during the past twenty years to such an extent that we are running short, and spurious mummies, made of coarse people who have died recently, are flooding the market. A friend of mine purchased a varnished king, supposed to be over two thousand years old, for which he gave one hundred and fifty scudi and a silk umbrella. In May of last year he began to assert himself—the king did—and to enter more and more into the home-life of his owner, till it was decided to have a coat of shellac put on him. A house, sign, and carriage painter came up to the house, and while refitting and refurnishing the royal relics, discovered on the forearm a dark-blue Goddess of Liberty, in india-ink, and the legend, "Richard Maginnis, Valparaiso, Ind., 1853." A mummy that has to be kept in the refrigerator is a bitter, bitter disappointment, and no doubt yours is of that class. The modern methods of preserving people do not in all cases prove satisfactory, and I do not know of anything more pitiful or more humiliating than while explaining your mummy to a coterie of friends in the library to have him explode on your hands and reveal his true identity. Should disintegration continue in the case of your own mummy, a private funeral is the best thing I could suggest. Let it be a plain affair, opening with a select reading or recitation, followed by a vocal solo and a set-to between some good artist and the piano. You could charge a small admission fee, perhaps, which would go toward defraying expenses, and close with a parade and torrent of grief at the grave.

The wanton destruction of mummies and their wholesale importation to this country, where they have been ground up and used as fertilizers, is going to make good mummies scarce and high. When a nation becomes so haughty and exacting that it demands rhubarb pies, stimulated by the gentlemen who furnished corn to Joseph during the dry spell, and expects to promote its asparagus by means of dead monarchs and the dust of heirs presumptuous to the throne of Egypt, you can safely predict that mummies will be mummies before snow flies again. You can not eat your cake and keep it too. Neither can you turn out a mummy in Connecticut in two days which will take the place of the real thing. A judge of those things will tell you at once that the bouquet is different. There is not the same nut-brown flavor and odor of poorly ventilated lineage about the Connecticut-made mummy that there is about the Egyptian job. The Egyptians had a way of curing their people a good deal the same as our physicians have now, viz., by filling them full of high-priced drugs. Our physicians, however, begin on a man before he dies, while the Egyptians, instead of printing bulletins about thin people, showing what their respiration and temperature were, and a large amount of sick-room gossip, which a man hates to read after he has recovered, just waited around till the gentleman had been permitted to die quietly in his own way, surrounded by his family, and then they came in and cured him, so that on the morning of the resurrection a tooth-brush and a Turkish bath would make him look like a new man.

The American bison and the Egyptian mummy are fading away. The day will soon come when those who have slaughtered whole herds of buffalo for their tongues and fertilized their timothy sod with the dust of dynasties will go hungry. We may think that an Egyptian cemetery has no bottom to it, and that a true fissure vein of these people is practically inexhaustible, but some day the foreman, working on the lower level, will come to the surface and state, in hoarse accents, that the pay-streak has pinched out. The difference between a gas-well, for instance, and a deposit of emperors is, that the latter is not self-sustaining. A gas-well may continue to give down or give up, as the case may be, for hundreds of years, but you can not dig up kings and queens forever. Some day you are certain to dig below their set and strike another strata of society.

I am told now that in many of the mines Egyptians are not found in paying quantities. As a result of this an inferior style of mummy is being made, both there on the grounds and here in New York. I was shown, last winter, a specimen made on the Bowery, which was certainly a disgrace to any city the size of New York. I claim that the taste for the mummy is acquired, and that those who affect them are generally people who like to go to funerals, especially to the funerals of people who are more or less shattered. It is not a natural appetite, but like the morbid desire to keep a four-pound sachet of Limburger cheese in one's chiffonier is the result of training. Still, there is a demand for the mummy, and if we are to enter into competition with other nations in their manufacture, let us get up a class of mummy which will speak for itself, one that will stand up in the library all through the long, tedious summer weather, and yet never murmur or repine.

It is hard to tell you exactly what you had better do, but if you are like me you can never be the same toward a mummy after you have once suspected him. If you doubt him, cast him aside and try to forget him. It will cost you a pang or two at first, but that is better than to be cursed by doubts all the time. You will meet, but you will miss him for a few days, but you can think of something else as much as possible, and finally you will forget. You might taper off on a parrot. No one can give much time to any other great woe so long as they have a parrot. I once knew a man who had a bone-felon on his finger and a parrot at the same time. He then died and went directly to his reward.

In closing, let me say that I am not in favor of the mummy or the embalming process. The best way for a man to be embalmed is to make such arrangements through life that when his summons comes to die he will not go like a mosquito-bitten boarder at night scourged to his nine-dollar dungeon by the seaside, but be eternally embalmed in the hearts of those who knew him best and loved him most.

Embalming is a process worthy of the dark ages. It is expensive, foolish, useless, and highly injurious to the complexion. I am bitterly opposed to it. My own notion about it is that the man who embalms me will have to climb over my dead body to do so.—*New York World.*

THE QUIET OF THE COUNTRY.

Scene first. A dining-room in a country house. Mr. Tearall is seated at the breakfast-table, eating very fast, with his hat on the back of his head. In his left hand he holds a watch.

Mr. Tearall (calling very loud)—Mar-tha! Martha! Why don't you come to breakfast?

Mrs. T. (speaking from up-stairs)—Coming, papa, coming. Can't you have a little patience? (Mr. T. frowns, consults his watch, and bolts an entire muffin at one mouthful.)

Mr. T.—I never saw anything like these women. They do fuss so over nothing! What *is* the use of washing children, and being all day over it? It's the most ridiculous and disgusting superstition. (Enter Mrs. T. in morning wrapper and large worsted shoes; her hair is done up in curl-papers. She seizes an enormous bell from the sideboard, and rings it vigorously, then sits down at the head of the table.)

Mrs. T.—Have you had any muffins, John?

Mr. T.—No, I haven't—that is, I've only had seven. I never can get anything to eat in this house; never saw such a house. I never have anything hot to eat. (Here Mr. T. subsides into an unintelligible grumble.)

Mrs. T.—Well, John, how can you expect to have half a dozen relays of hot biscuits during the ten minutes which you give to your breakfast? You ought to get up earlier, you know you ought.

Voice (from up-stairs)—Mam-ma! I can't find a clean collar. Where are the collars! Can't you get me one?

Voice (from the kitchen below)—If you please, mem, here's the butcher would like to see you, and he says he's in a very pertic'ler hurry, and could yer come right away?

Mr. T.—I do think, Martha, I might have one or two hot biscuits before the 7:59 comes along. (Mrs. T. rushes out of room. Enter Master Tom Tearall wearing a most enormous collar, and gotten up in a very dudish manner.)

Master T. T. (in a patronizing tone)—Ah! good morning, pa! Not gone yet?

Mr. T.—No, sir; and I shan't go until I get something to eat. Couldn't find your collar, eh? Warn't big enough for you to see it, eh? (Mr. T. spears a baked potato with his fork, and regards it tragically. Enter servant, walking very rapidly. She deposits a large plate of hot muffins beside Master Tom, who empties them all on his own plate, and throws the butcher's book down beside Mr. Tearall.)

Mr. T.—Yes, oh yes, always plenty of muffins for *you*, Tom. What in thunder do I want of this butcher's book? Martha! Martha!

Mrs. T.—Where *is* that butcher's book? Oh dear me! Such a breakfast! (Exit Mrs. T. with the butcher's book. Enter three or four children, who take their seats at table, noisily, and reach across the table in every direction, for oatmeal, sugar, butter, etc. Enter Mrs. T., who takes her seat, and passes dishes in every direction, like a conjuror.)

Master T. T.—Mar! Have you put up my lunch; and a *nice* lunch?

Mrs. T.—No, dear! I declare I forgot all about it! (She jumps up and hurries to sideboard, where she proceeds to cut up bread and meat. Re-enter servant.)

Servant—If yer please, ma'am, the grocer is here, and he says he can't wait a single minit!

Chorus of children—Mar, we ain't had no muffins! (A violent scuffling sound is heard up-stairs, and all the way down the staircase. Enter Sam and Jennie, screaming.)

S. and J.—Mar! { He's / She's } been beatin' me!

(The whistle of a train is heard in the distance. All spring up from the table at once.)

Mr. T. (bitterly)—There; there's the 7:59, and not a bit have I had to eat!

(He crams a banana into his mouth and rushes for the door. Master Tom seizes the lunch, with the napkin streaming open, and runs to the sofa for his hat and cane. The second boy mounts his bicycle, and rides around the table; as he tries to get out of the door, he runs against the grocer. Mrs. T. drops into a chair, with a tragic expression of countenance. The curtain falls in the midst of noise and confusion—the train whistle and bell adding to the general hubbub.)

Mrs. T. (faintly)—And this is the quiet of the country!—*Florence Howe Hall in the Epoch.*

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 15, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3 25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9 00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6 40, 7.45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11 00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4 50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8 00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A M.; 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 9.45, 10 55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 2.45, 4 00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00 P M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10 00, 11.45 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—6.45, 8.45, 10 00, 10.40 11.35 A. M.; 12 45, 1.30, 3 30, 4.45 5 45, 6.45, 7.45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.45 P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.15 P. M.
3.25 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's).

EXCURSION TRAINS.

7.30 A. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 7.35 P. M.
8 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

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Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2 00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50: Cazadero (Ingram's), $4.00.
Saturday and Sunday Excursions—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2 50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero (Ingram's), $3.00.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From June 18, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.00 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Fast Mail for Ogden and East	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	12.45 P.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
6.30 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8 45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

‡ 7.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
*2.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
‖4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‖9.20 A.

NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

7.15 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
‡ 7.50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion	‡ 8.35 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.40 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 42 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10 02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5.10 P	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.00 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.40 A.
†11.45 P	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.50 P.

A for morning P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ‖ Saturday and Sunday only, to Santa Cruz. ‡‡ Sunday and Monday only, from Santa Cruz.

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Gaelic		**Wednesday, July 11**
Belgic		**Tuesday, July 31**
Arabic		**Tuesday, August 21**
Oceanic		**Saturday, September 8**
Gaelic		**Saturday, September 29**
Belgic		**Thursday, October 18**
Arabic		**Wednesday, November 7**
Oceanic		**Wednesday, November 28**
Gaelic		**Tuesday, December 18**

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City of New York...Saturday, July 21, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking.....Saturday, Aug. 11, at 3 P. M.
City of Sydney ...Thursday, Aug. 30, at 3 P. M.

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DATES.—Trains leave Los Angeles on Thursdays and San Francisco on Fridays, meeting at Sacramento Friday afternoon. Dates are as follows: From Los Angeles—April 26th; May 10th, 24th; June 7th, 21st; July 5th, 19th; and day following from San Francisco, Sacramento, Tulare, Fresno, Merced, Lathrop, San José, Stockton, Davis, Marysville, Colfax and Reno.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1888, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and three-quarters (3¾) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits. Payable on and after MONDAY, July 2, 1888. WILLIAM HERRMANN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, north-west corner of Powell and Eddy Streets — For the half year ending June 30th, 1888, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and three-fourths (3¾) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after MONDAY, July 2d, 1888.
VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 CALIFORNIA Street, corner Webb.—For the half-year ending with 30th of June, 1888, a dividend has been declared of four and one-half (4½) per cent per annum on Term Deposits, and three and three-fourths (3¾) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after MONDAY, 2d July, 1888
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF ANDREW J. BRYANT, DECEASED. Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Grace B. Bryant, the Executrix of the Will of Andrew J. Bryant, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at office of Harrison & Allen, No. 325 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. GRACE B. BRYANT,
Executrix of the Will of Andrew J Bryant, deceased.
Dated at San Francisco, June 20, 1888.

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A DAY AT BAIREUTH.

"Parsifal."

IV.

It was ten of the night, and the stars were thick in the sky when we came out of the theatre. There was a rich fragrance in the air of moist earth and newly wetted gardens, and it seemed all too soon to go to bed and leave it all, even in Germany.

It was long enough before we could disentangle a *droschky* from the great throng of struggling wheels and sputtering *kutchers*. When we got one we almost upset the driver's national phlegm by bidding him drive us about the town for an hour or so, but he accepted the fact that all foreigners are cranks and proved to be quite a valuable cicerone. We saw a phantom Baireuth by the starlight, a little city of parks and small palaces, fountains, oriel windows, and the inevitable monuments to its great men. It was hard upon the stroke of the midnight bell when we drove at last to 712 Schulestrasse, and there was a most story-bookish rattling of bolts and bars before the door swung open to us. Framed in the darkness stood a tall, old woman, with glittering black eyes that looked dangerous at midnight, and nothing left of what might once have been a row of pearls but two eye-teeth that flashed strangely in the candlelight.

The candle itself was held by her daughter, who peered curiously over her mother's shoulder, and was a replica of the wild-looking old woman, not in little but in narrow, if one may coin an expression.

Her black eyes had the same baleful midnight glitter, her eye-teeth the same threatening shine. Her limp, black locks, untouched by time, even as her mother's were, flapped listless and heavy against her gaunt cheek.

We never saw her except peering over her mother's shoulder, and, like St. Cecilia's angels, she seemed to have no corporate extension—a pair of narrow, sloping shoulders faintly defined themselves in the shadows, but their lines trailed away into the density of the darkness. She remains fixed in the memory only as a head, as truly as if she were by Ary Sheffer, and no one ever remembers much of his pictures excepting their beautiful heads.

Our hearts sank ominously as the *droschky* drove away, and, after a terrible rattling of bolts and bars, our weird hostesses led the way up the stairs. These were steep and narrow, with a rude, little, wooden baluster, which threatened with every creaking step to drop off and rattle down into the darkness below. Any path trodden for the first time seems long, but the staircase in that little red hamlet was endless on that August midnight. There must have been witchcraft in it, for in the sunlight next morning they had shrunken to the most ridiculous proportions, and we ran up and down them without a tremor.

We lived to see that sun although, as we followed the flickering candle and the strange pair to the very top of the house, if our eyes could have met in the darkness they would have met apprehensively. We recalled all the tragedies that ever had been written of strange disappearances in foreign lands, of canopied beds that sank through trap-doors, of haggard old women who pitilessly slew their guests and hid their bodies, tempted by the flash of a ring or the glitter of a gold coin.

But the weird women gave us a cordial *wohlkommen* with their marred smile when we reached the top, and ushered us into our sleeping-room. It was my identical little Hans Christian Anderson house of the morning, and the two attic windows were the identical dormer windows of my longing.

The room itself was such as one would not expect to find in an attic. The floor was bare, but beautifully clean; other signs of extreme poverty there was none. The furniture showed plainly that it had lodged upon a lower floor in its prime. It was old-fashioned, though not sufficiently old to be pitiful or picturesque—like a woman anywhere between forty and sixty—and was principally of mahogany.

There was an old oaken clock not big enough for bric-à-brac, a great mahogany clothes-press with a key in it like the key of a jail, a dark green porcelain stove so tall that its grandeur did not fit into the room, and it reached the roof, a pair of single mahogany bedsteads at either side, with comfortable looking plumeaux billowing upon them, and a large spindle-legged piano so old that it might have been the twin of the famous *klavier* in the Mozart Museum.

The top of the piano was laden with books, queer, musty, learned-looking books they were, with titles that reached half-way down their backs, and authors' names that there was no time to attempt to pronounce in a twenty-four hours' stay. One knew intuitively that there was a lot of learned discourse in them, and they were well thumbed and well read; but they had been closed these twenty years, and their reader, his widow told us, had been sleeping in "God's Acre" up there on the green hillside all that time. He had been a doctor, she said, but whether of medicine, theology, or philosophy, we did not ask. There are so many doctors of so many kinds in Germany, and each man wears his degree so proudly, that it might have involved a long conversation, and we were well ready for our pillows.

There were a few portraits in the room of some learned-looking old Germans in high, starchless, voluminous neck-handkerchiefs, and with the fittings of the room they seemed to tell the story of the old woman's life. She had come of good stock. One of these old chaps was her father, perhaps, the other her husband. One knew easily by induction that he was an impractical professional man who had dreamed his life away among his books. One felt that he had slipped out of that life as easily and as irresponsibly as he had slipped into it, and left his wife and child to battle with the world. It was easy to see that she had lost her home first, and the treasures of it one by one. These few pieces had, plainly, climbed the long steps that lie between comfort and poverty, between the parlor and the attic. And they were so respectable in themselves, and so thoroughly clean and well kept, that they testified with dumb eloquence for the old widow and her daughter, and our fears of midnight horrors passed away. Any one's eyes look a little wild by the light of a solitary candle, and the baleful black glitter which had frightened us resolved itself into the honest curiosity of every daughter of Eve.

As why should they not be curious? Here were two strangers descending upon them out of the night. Whether they were to be men or women they knew not, nor knew from what land they would come to sleep in that humble chamber, nor in what tongue they would speak to them.

They listened eagerly to our first few words with each other as if it were some outlandish gibberish, and then Frau Schmidt—for by this name the widow introduced herself with a deep courtesy—asked us what language we were speaking.

To think that there could be a spot in modern Germany where our noble, robust English would not be known at once among those spluttering gutturals, by its full, sonorous roll!

English? *Ach so!* She had never heard the language before, but she had seen many English people going up the hill to the theatre. She had seen the Crown Prince of England once, too, a great friend of "Unser Fritz," and a great admirer they said of Herr Wagner.

The daughter's head nodded a cordial assent over her mother's shoulder. She never did anything more than nod, and beam, and gleam. We heard no more of her speech than we saw of her suspected body, but she seemed to communicate by some mysterious sign the idea that she wanted to know something of England. The English were all rich and great, and that wondrous country must be a new Golconda.

But when they heard that we had come from America, not England, their wonder knew no bounds, and the four black eyes distended till we thought they would drop out of their sockets. America! It was as far away as the moon, but they knew a great deal about it. They had heard of the wonderful city of New York on the banks of the Oheeo, the place where so many poor Germans went to get rich, and they never came back to Fatherland, because they lived in such a great golden country.

Which was true enough. The Swiss, the Italians, the French, the Chinese go home to live and die when they have made their fortune. It is rare enough to see a returned German in *Deutschland*.

It was strange enough to this simple pair that any one should come out of America to come to Baireuth, even to hear "Parsifal."

"Of course you have heard 'Parsifal' many times?" we ventured to Frau Schmidt; and she said "yes!" enthusiastically, and her daughter nodded a soundless echo to this enthusiasm over her shoulder. But when we descanted upon the glories of the scenery, such as eyes had never beheld in a theatre before, they both shook their heads sadly and said they had never been inside the theatre. It took so many marks to cross the magic door-sill that one day's pleasure would have left a sad hollow in their little store. But they had stood outside many a time to hear it, and knew every orchestral note in it.

"The Liszt is dead," she sighed, "and perhaps we shall have no more 'Parsifal.'" And she told us how, for three days, the great virtuoso had lain in simple state in his daughter's house, and of the throngs that had gone to gaze once more upon the venerable and picturesque head. When we had passed out of the world of English newspapers he was fresh from his late triumphs in English drawing-rooms, and seemed to have taken a new lease of his wonderful life.

And here he lay, in this little half-buried German city, by the side of the dumb piano that had spoken such marvels of harmony in its day when the group of musical Titans clustered around it.

Had the Frau Schmidt ever heard Liszt play? Oh, yes, often; but she had never seen him play, and she had been told that his great, nervous, reaching hands upon the keyboard were something to see and never to forget. She wished she could have seen them once, but she could imagine them, and, perhaps, that was half as good.

Once too, a long time ago, before Wagner died, a friend had managed to get her into the garden at Wahnfried one night when there was a gathering of the great people there. The little cottage—for it is but a small place to have housed such a man—trembled and throbbed with the might of the music that was made in it, and Liszt had played like an angel that night, but that was the nearest she had ever been to him.

I could fancy her standing in the moist, green garden—I shall always think of Wagner's garden as shining in the starlight with new raindrops—with her phantom daughter peering over her shoulder, and trying to pierce the white dimity curtains with their black eyes.

She was going to see Liszt buried in the morning. I was glad the poor old soul was going to see something at last. She seemed to have been standing outside and listening all her life. Liszt's funeral was a modest cortége for so great a man, but it must have been a pageant to those starved and hungry old eyes.

She plied us busily with questions about America, of which she had a sort of Jules-Verne idea, and would have talked till daybreak if our tired eyelids had not begun to wag most aggressively.

The twain reluctantly withdrew. To say that they took their candle and went to bed would be not to express it. We had thought to get a full-length view of the daughter when the momentous moment of "good-night" should arrive. But, instead, they backed carefully and obsequiously out of the room, and disappeared together down a short stair so mysterious and abrupt that they seemed to be vanishing through a trap-door. To the last the daughter waved the candle high in air, so that we almost thought we saw a hand, but have never yet been quite sure.

They were to call us at eight in the morning, but long before that hour we heard them whispering on the little stair and wondering if they dared knock, for a certain feature of the breakfast had overwhelmed them with its importance, and they were impatient to see its full effect.

My own order was for the usual simple German breakfast, coffee and rolls. They make good coffee and they make most excellent rolls, as all the world has found out. But my companion, like the noble Briton who transports his England with him, ordered tea with a reckless American magnificence.

Tea is as rare a thing in Germany as Olympian nectar, and when they have it they know no more about making it than they do about making gumbo. It is a luxury with the rich, who do not care for it, and the poor know very little about it.

The old *frau* was slightly dazed by such an order. She maintained the composure of a Vere de Vere, however, but from that moment gravely suspected that I was traveling with an American princess in disguise.

They were beaming with toothless gratification when we opened the door to them. The daughter floated in miscellaneously, like an attendant imp, only to see the fun. The mother carried the homely breakfast service, and seemed to esteem it a privilege because of the steaming tea.

It was, indeed, a homely service. There were little black wooden egg-cups and old pewter spoons. The salt was in a shallow wooden dish, like a miniature hash-bowl, and the pepper-box was huge enough and had holes enough in it to pepper a whole orphan asylum at one time. The tea itself had rather a pretty, old-fashioned service, but when the American princess took one sip of her favorite beverage she groaned aloud. She was obliged to groan because she could not speak for pucker. The tea was as black as Egyptian night, as bitter as Arabian aloes, as strong as condensed lye. I implored the princess not to make a face. The weird pair were gazing at her with such intense and eager interest, to await the effect of the *chef-d'œuvre*, that it would have been cruel to take it like medicine. Indeed, we had not the moral courage, for some time, to order hot water. This struck them as being another marvelous requirement, but they went backward down the trap-door with the greatest alacrity and reappeared with a great black *casserole* of boiling water, and with a very hazy idea as to whether the princess would like a quart or a gallon added to the tea.

I am afraid we liked all these homely details. There are great caravansaries in Baireuth just as there are in any other spot in Europe where the traveler goes, where one may have the tedious, if sometimes splendid *table d'hôte*, the gold-laced *portier*, the rush of travel, and all of the rest of it.

If we had stopped at one of these, that night would have been like any other night, and would have slipped in among the folded leaves.

As it was, we were really grateful to the lodgings committee for this sip of humble life. Out of its very simplicity and humbleness it arises in such sharp relief that not a detail of it is forgotten; no, not even a great band-box that stood on top of the clothes-press and was fastened with some twenty or thirty queer-looking seals.

I wonder what was in it? Papers, of course, and papers mean background and respectability, and lawsuits, and expense, and a host of things. There must have been a story somewhere under that humble roof, if one could have got at it and revelled in it. But the good old *frau* was not disposed to talk much of herself, as "better-days'" remnants usually do. She wanted to talk only of America, to hear of the wonders of its rivers, its mountains, its cities, and its gold.

The lonely pair came down into the little stony street to give us good-by, and as long as we were in sight we saw the deep inquisitive glances follow us while they wished us good speed to America. We were an episode to them as they to us.

The little city looked strangely bright and cheerful in the sunlight after the rain of yesterday, and the crowd was already beginning to surge around the theatre up on the hill.

The train came puffing into the station, and in its commonplaceness seemed to lift a strange spell that had lain upon the place. For, what with the episode of the little house in the hollow and the rapture of what we had heard in the great house on the hill, it was almost impossible to realize that such a gamut of feeling had been run in a day, at Baireuth.

BETSY B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Miss Eleanor Calhoun is now in London, and has made a success of Hester Prynne in a dramatization of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter."

Barry and Fay, two graduates of the minstrel stage, will succeed the Dockstaders at the Bush Street, on Monday evening, July 2d, in "McKenna's Flirtation."

"Said Pasha" has lively music, fair ballets, and amusing dialogue in its favor, and is having packed houses at the Tivoli. A professional matinée was given last Thursday afternoon.

Salsbury's Troubadours, headed by Miss Nellie McHenry and John Webster, will begin an engagement at the Alcazar on Monday evening, July 2d. "The Humming-Bird" is the name of their play.

The Rentz-Santley combination of kickers, whose visit to the Standard Theatre ten years ago has not been forgotten in certain masculine circles, will occupy the California Theatre for a week beginning July 2d.

Mr. Locke Richardson, whose Shakespearian readings were so successful in San Francisco a year or so ago, has recently been in India. Lord Dufferin, the viceroy, is a great student and admirer of Shakespeare, and attended Mr. Richardson's readings with great interest.

Fanny Davenport will come back to the Baldwin for one week, beginning July 9th, after Denman Thompson's engagement, and will give those persons who say she is stronger in "Fédora" than in "La Tosca" an opportunity to see how much their judgment is warped by the sentiment that makes old books, old friends, old wines—everything but old clothes and old women—the best.

Augustin Daly's company of American players are repeating their success of two years ago in London. The critics sing a chorus of praise without a discordant note, and the staid *Saturday Review* praises everything, from Christopher Sly's maudlin first appearance to Miss St. Quentin's singing of Bishop's "Should he Upbraid." Miss Phœbe Russell is the Bianca, vice Virginia Dreher, who is now Mrs. Postlethwait.

Now that Sadie Martinot has broken sundry hearts and a contract with a ten-thousand dollar clause in it by going to Europe, and Marie Jansen—the Olivette of the Comly-Barton Troupe when Oscar Wilde was here—is also across the pond, though she will return for the Gilbert and Sullivan opera in September, the New York Casino is left to Fannie Rice, who sings and dances in her breathless manner to the intense delight of Gotham's gilded youth.

The split between Robson and Crane does not come like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky to those who knew of their differences during the past five years. Crane is, according to general accounts, rather convivially inclined, while Robson never drinks, swears, or indulges in the other peccadilloes characteristic of his sex; Robson is rich and does not need to work, while Crane has been less provident; and there were twinges of jealousy which did not grow less as time passed.

A LUCKY WIDOW.

A Weaver in the Woolen Mills Wins a $5,000 Prize.

A little woman who works in the Pioneer Woolen Mills has been very happy for the past three weeks. The cause of her joy she could not keep, and the news spread, and now the whole neighborhood knows that Mrs. Jennie Tiffany won $5,000 at the last drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery.

An *Examiner* reporter asked for her at the Woolen Mills yesterday.

A healthy, bright-eyed, pleasant-faced young woman, whose hands were covered with indigo stains, came out of the weaving room and introduced herself as the person sought for.

She said that she had two coupons for the drawing, and both drew prizes, one $5,000 and the other $50.

"Were you surprised when you learned of your winning?" asked the reporter.

"Of course it excited me some, but it wasn't exactly a surprise. I've been very lucky in the lottery. I've played it fourteen months, one or two tickets a month, and I have won seven prizes—once $5 and several times $10, $20 and $50. Everybody said that I'd win a big prize if I kept on, and I did."

"What will you do with your money?"

"I've already put it in the bank," she replied, with a shrewd look; "half in one bank and half in another, so that if even one bursts I won't lose it all. I don't know whether I'll invest it at all. May be I will."

She laughed at a suggestion that $5,000 could give her a pleasanter life than she had been following, and answered that she would not change her style of living. "I moved into larger rooms and got a few extra things," she said, "but I do not intend to quit work here, or anything of that kind. I make from $30 to $35 a month here, and I don't know any reason why I should give it up."

Mrs. Tiffany is a widow, with one child. She has also supported her aged mother, to whom she has given $1,000 of her new fortune.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Examiner, June 2.*

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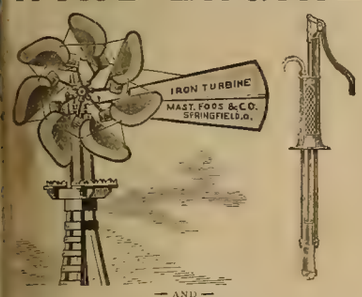

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 4th.
Good to return until Thursday, July 5th, inclusive.
Ticket Offices: Passenger Depot, Fourth and Townsend streets; No. 613 Market Street, Grand Hotel; Rotunda, Baldwin Hotel, and Valencia Street Station.
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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Strange Signs.

Of all the exhortations
I never could abide,
Is the one that notifies me
To "Shine Inside."

'Tis most absurd to tell me
By a sign at which I glance,
As I enter some Volksgarten,
That "Ladies' Entrance."

Did I ever up and question
That I should shine inside,
And that the bright interior light
Should be my guide?

And does any one imagine
That ladies don't entrance?
What need of signs to say these things,
With circumstance? —*Life.*

Jay Gould's Modest Wants.

My wants are few; I scorn to be
A querulous refiner;
I only want America
And a mortgage deed of China;
And if kind fate threw Europe in,
And Africa and Asia,
And a few islands of the sea,
I'd ask no other treasure.

Give me but these—they are enough
To suit my humble notion—
And I'll give up to other men
All land beneath the ocean.
Those vast, untilled, ungathered fields,
So fertile and prolific,
That untrod acreage of soil—
The bed of the Pacific.

I only want to own the earth,
And regulate and man it;
My wants are all contracted down
To just one little planet.
A desert tent was good enough
For Abraham and Sarah,
And I'd give all my fellow men
A house-lot in Sahara! —*Tid-Bits.*

How to Marry.

When pretty, pouting lips say "no,"
Don't go
And blow
Your brains all out to simply show
How deep you're plunged in mental woe
And pain;
But hid in Cupid's ambush lie,
Nor cry,
Nor sigh.
Nor say all joy has passed you by,
And when a chance is offered, try
Again. —*Merchant Traveler.*

King Faro.

A teacher in the Sunday-school
Had taught her scholars few
The truths which scholars ought to know
Who read the Bible through.

But on the day herein set down
A new one had come in—
A little lad, with keen bright eyes,
And innocent of sin.

The teacher asked them all around
Such questions as she thought
Would fit their minds, and bring about
The object that she sought.

They knew of Adam and his sin,
Of Paul and Peter, too;
Of Jacob, Joseph, David, Saul,
And him his brother slew.

And then the teacher asked her class
If any one could tell
Who Pharaoh was. "Of course," she said,
"You know that very well."

But, strange to say, no hand arose,
And silence, with a blow,
Had struck the class, and not a one
The answer seemed to know.

At last the new boy's hand went up—
"Well, who was Pharaoh, lad?"
The teacher smiled—the new boy said:
"'Twas him that busted dad."
—*Galveston News*

Love in a Restaurant.

Neat and natty and pert was she,
(Ham and eggs and bread for one!)
And winsome her smile as a smile could be—
(Pork and beans—have the pork well done!)

Her dainty hands brushed the crumbs away.
(Both kinds o' sauce on that apple dump!)
And my beating heart quick owned her sway—
(Pertaters and greens along o' that rump!)

I fumbled the bill, but nothing could see;
(Roast turkey and stuff—dark meat, second joint!)
My eyes were on her, and hers were on me—
(Plum pudding another, and plenty of oint.)

"What will you have?" she broke the spell;
(A cup of tea and a coffee without!)
I blushed and stammered, my eyelids fell—
(Pork and sausage and sauerkraut!)

Then I seized her hand and whispered low:
(Cabbage soup and a corned-beef hash!)
"Get out, you fool! Come, let me go!"
(Onions stewed and potato mash!)
—*Boston Transcript*

The Bar-tender's Story.

Well, yes, we're kind of plain in this saloon,
But were not always. Bless you, no! Last year
My cocktails ambled through the atmosphere
In graceful crescents, like the Moslem moon.
And so you're curious how it came to pass
I ceased to monkey with the whisky-glass—
Well, sir, my style grew primitive and staid
(I think you'll like this with a dash of gin)
The night a fair, frail dudelet toddled in,
And said he guessed he'd have a lemonade.
I cleared the decks for action, mopped the bar;
My touch was florid, arabesque, ornate;
I set the mixing glasses out in state,
I cut the lemon like a five-pronged star.
Wan smiled the dude, and puffed his cigarette;
I waved the compound thrice above my head,
And crowned it with the berries, lush and red,
That twine about a ducal coronet.
Then, like a ray of sunlight's golden glow,
Transfixed it with a shaft of juicy pine,
And dashed the edges 'round with crimson wine
Pressed from a comet vintage of Bordeaux.
A fairer sight, I think, was never seen;
I powdered it with sugar, chaste and white,
And wreathed its forehead, like a Bacchanite,
With sprays of verdure—living, fragrant, green.
And then I pushed it to him. With a pained,
Surprised expression that I still can see,
What do you think that blamed dude said to me?
"Bah-keepah, I prefeh that bevvage stwained."
—*Puck.*

A slight cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES give sure and immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cents.

THE INNER MAN.

The modern elixirs of life seem to lie, not in a wondrous distilment, but in the ordinary grains of which is made our daily bread. A writer in the *Popular Science Monthly* says that one of the first things to attract his notice in the Canary Islands was the healthful appearance and fine development of the common people. There is no doubt that they are by birth a superior race, but it is also true that they use a food which, being highly nutritious, must contribute to their physical development. There is nothing mysterious about this article, which is known as gofio. It is simply the flour made from any of the cereals, by parching or roasting before grinding. One can scarcely pass through any village of the Canaries without witnessing some step in the preparation of this food. The grain is first picked over, then roasted above a charcoal fire, and afterward ground at the windmills which abound everywhere. When it is to be eaten, milk, soup or any other fluid is mixed with it, without further cooking. Nothing can be more "handy" than such an article of food. The Canarian laborer, if he goes forth to his work alone, takes with him some gofio in a bag made of the stomach of a kid; if there are several persons, the skin of a kid is used. When meal-time has arrived, a little water is poured into the bag with the gofio, the mixture is well shaken, and the meal is prepared without further ado. The Canarian Archipelago consists of seven inhabited islands, with a population of two hundred and eighty thousand persons. At least two hundred thousand of them live economically on gofio, as their fathers did before them, from time immemorial. The food is said to be not only delicious and wholesome for those who are not accustomed to it, but to possess also a tendency to counteract certain digestive ills to which the civilized stomach is heir, thus restoring man, in a measure, to the physical condition of the happy savage.

Sarah Bernhardt was made a present of a barrel of Lynn Haven oysters not long ago by a New York man who has business connections at Norfolk, Virginia. The barrel sent to Sarah was filled with educated oysters. The oysters were educated in this way: Each oyster was set upon end, in layers, in small tubs. Care was of course taken to pack the oysters with their mouths upward. Several small tubs were filled in this way, at intervals of several hours. They were then transferred to a barrel which had a movable head, and before they were placed on board the steamer *Guyandotte* they were fed on salt water and oat-meal, made of such consistency that it trickled slowly from one layer of oysters to another on its way to the bottom of the barrel. Orders were given that the oysters should be fed in this way on alternate days, until they reached their destination. The man who packed them promised that, if his directions were followed, the oysters would be alive and in good condition at the end of two weeks. The barrel, as it stood on the pier of the Old Dominion Steamship line at Norfolk, cost thirteen dollars. It was brought to New York on the *Guyandotte*, was at once transferred to a steamer of the French line, and by her delivered at Marseilles. Thence it was shipped by rail to Paris, and when this barrel of as fine oysters as were ever produced at Lynn Haven, reached its destination, every oyster was large, fat, and alive, and as frisky in his subdued way as the Bernhardt herself.

The bill of fare at a first-class Parisian restaurant, eighty-five years ago, comprised seven kinds of soup, as many *hors d'œuvres*, or garnishes, nine *entrées* of beef dished in different ways; nineteen *entrées* of game and poultry, fifteen of veal and mutton, and ten of fish; eight kinds of roast, six of pastry, and twenty-three dishes of vegetables and salads. There were twenty-two items of desert. "Bouilli," garnished with vegetables, cost only sevenpence-halfpenny, and a stewed pigeon was a franc. Peaches in the fruit season might be had for eight pence each. The cheapest Burgundy was a franc a bottle, and the finest Romanée Conti was but six francs, the same price being charged for "real champagne"; "pink champagne" and sparkling champagne cost no more than five francs each per flask, and the highest price of the vintages of Epernay was seven francs a bottle. Comparing this tariff with the list in "Planta's Guide to Paris," which was published in 1827, it appears that at the restaurants then fashionable, among which Véry's, Vefour's, Chameaux's, Langlet's, and Borrel's were the most conspicuous, a dinner described as "comfortable" might be obtained for eight francs eighteen sous, including a bottle of Beaune of the first quality, marked three francs. Truly the times have altered with respect to simplicity of fare and modesty of price in Parisian restaurants of the first order.

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We take pleasure to inform our readers that these springs, situated in Napa County, adjacent to St. Helena, are now open, under the management of Messrs. Ed. Dunham and Chas. Eaton. These gentlemen are old, experienced hotel men, and having furnished the establishment throughout with everything new, they ask an inspection by those intending to recuperate during the summer months. These springs have always had the reputation of being the finest in the State.

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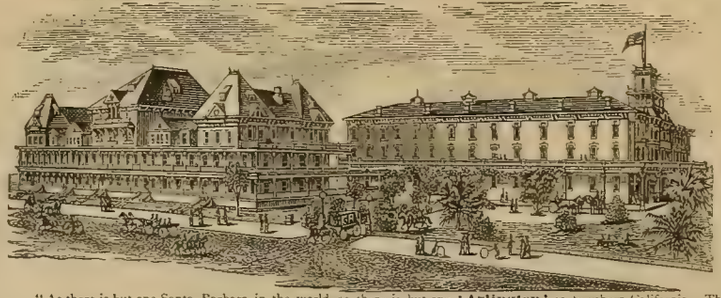

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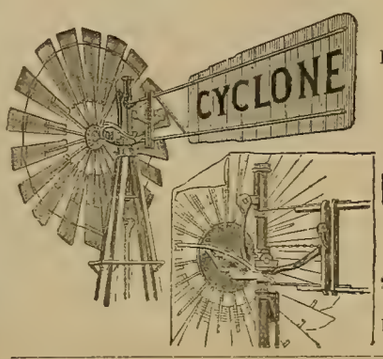

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RANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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At the great ratification meeting held in New York, at the and Opera House, to confirm the nominations of Harrin and Morton, Robert Ingersoll—who favored the nomina- n of Judge Gresham—is reported to have said: "There is mething in American blood which bows to the will of the ajority." This sentiment would have been appropriate, and statement both true and commendable, if he had added, hen its expression is obtained by legal and honorable ethods." The nominations of Grover Cleveland at St. uis, with his associate, Mr. Thurman, of Ohio, and the minations of General Harrison and Mr. Morton at Chicago, re the results of political and party action, fairly and honably accomplished. That Mr. Cleveland was the almost iversal choice of his party is conceded by all; that his icial course has met the approval of his party is proved by renomination and by a resolution of the Democratic platm directly affirming and commending his administration. e Republican party, when it convened at Chicago, was very ch divided in reference to its choice of nominees; almost ery Northern State had a favorite son, and it may be hoped t none were treated so treacherously and ungratefully as s Governor Stanford, of California, whose name was never entioned in the national convention, because the California legation was reeling drunk and raving mad over the sham d delusion of a candidate who had no other strength and ssibility of either nomination or election than lay in the pe of successful and secret bargaining with an alien class bodying all that is criminal and all that is dangerous to nerican institutions; the only one organization upon the nerican continent, or in the world, that is in secret coniracy to destroy republican commonwealths, whenever and wherever they may exist, by undermining their foundations of intelligence. This danger passed, but not escaped, remains to be watched and guarded against. After reasonable balloting and time for deliberate consultation at Chicago, there came the name of Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana. A name more honorable is not found in the roll of American families. Of English ancestry, and from one of England's historic names, descended this family, which became honorable in America's colonial and national history. This fact of excellent name and honorable birth, this descent from an illustrious line of remarkable and distinguished men, among whom were none who betrayed their principles, their religion, or their native land; who in the interest of religion and patriotism had submitted to death by the executioner, endured exile, and risked life in perilous encounters of war, we esteem for what we think it worth; we believe in blood and in lineage, and, while politicians are ashamed to make mention of the family history of the Republican candidate, lest it shall offend the prejudice of some man of dull brain and base blood, we take pride in being able to advance the opinion that no man is likely to be less intellectual, or honest, or useful, or honorable, or brave, because he is born of good family and educated to his position. The career of General Harrison in military and civil life, on the battle-field, and in the Senate of the United States, has been highly creditable to himself and highly satisfactory to his fellow-citizens; his social character as a private citizen is attested by his neighbors and personal friends; his capacity and usefulness as a legislator by senators who have had the opportunity for years of observing his political course. That he has the courage to change opinions upon conviction is illustrated in his position to-day upon the Chinese question, a course which is more honorable and should be more satisfactory than if, with sudden haste, he had joined the demagogues to pursue the Chinese with indecent clamor. That General Harrison is loyal to his country there can be no hesitation in admitting; that he is respectable, intelligent, and competent, his whole life is a sufficient guarantee, and that, in event of his election to Presidential office, he will fill it loyally and well is secured by the assurances of his past life and the traditions of a birth leading through two hundred years of American to an English Protestant ancestry. Thus we have two Presidential candidates, one who has done well, one who promises well, and both of whom have disclosed nothing in their past lives that give us anxiety for their future course in administering the government whose executive they may become. We have two party platforms that indicate the policy of the respective organizations. We have the past history of the Republican and the Democratic parties for thirty years, during which the country has emancipated its millions of slaves as the result of a civil war; we have had a Republican administration for twenty-four years as it succeeded a Democratic administration, during which the civil war was inaugurated; we have had a four years' Democratic administration so recent that its every event is within present memory. Thus this campaign presents to intelligent and candid minds the opportunity of careful and considerate judgment; it ought to be a dignified and deliberate campaign; it ought to be decently and moderately conducted, and to the extent it departs from this standard of dignity and decency it will indicate the standard of party intelligence. We shall hope it will not resort to log-cabin times and campaign songs; we hope the bandana may be dropped as a party symbol, and the handkerchief may revert to its appropriate and vulgar use to wiping of noses that are snuffy and the cover of kinky heads that are black. It would be a welcome departure from established political usage if politicians would stop lying and emptyheads stop talking, and ignorant editors stop writing, and let the intelligent work out the issue by calm reason. This we can hardly expect when we consider how many ambitious men we have, and that they are at the mercy of a vast mob of ignorant and selfish voters; that there are ten million forty-eight thousand and sixty-one voters, of whom not all are intelligent or honest; that there are seventy thousand office-holders and seven hundred thousand who "'opes" to be; that in the nation are more than a million of illiterate negro electors and three millions of illiterate alien voters, who have very little real knowledge or appreciation of the scope or value of our American institutions; and that scattered all over and all through our nation is a vast multitude of Roman Catholic bigots, who act, and think, and vote under the influence of alien priests and Jesuit politicians, whose ultimate object is, within the State and upon its ruins, to erect a church that shall dominate and control it as France, Italy, Belgium, and Hungary were governed, and as Spain, Portugal, and Ireland are governed to-day—a church hostile to republican government, and the only one upon the American continent that is not American, and the only one that claims for its spiritual head unlimited civil authority and a jurisdiction commensurate with its pompous and irreverent claim of infallibility.

Without pledging the *Argonaut* to any line of political action until the letters of acceptance are received by the candidates of the two great national parties, and not until the opportunity has been afforded for the American party—with whom lies all our political sympathy, and with whom we shall coöperate, if in our judgment we can conscientiously and honestly do so—we await the development of now rapidly culminating events. We feel that for the principles for which we are, and for some years have been, contending there has come a great victory. Americanism has been compelled to make a whispering campaign against an emboldened, and open, and arrogant foe; it has met the enemy in the skirmish-line, and fought a great battle, and won a decisive victory. From this time the fight must go on in the open. The American party has driven the prelates and politicians of Rome from their ambuscade into the open country, out from their rifle-pits and secret intrenchments into the field, the broad field of intelligence, where the heaviest guns and the arms of greatest precision must decide the combat. In the press, and on the stump, and in the pulpit and the legislature, and at the ballot-box this war will go on, until the Church of Rome has secured paramount ascendancy in our civil affairs, or till it has been driven back to Rome where it belongs, or be compelled to hide in cells and cloisters, to steal forth velvet-shod in Jesuit masks, with secret rapier and hidden stiletto, as it steals and stabs whenever it has not the courage or the opportunity to act in the open insolence of acknowledged power. If the American party can in our judgment serve the country better by a national organization at this time than by longer waiting, it shall have our best assistance. If it is better to defer that organization for this Presidential election, we shall be governed by the wisdom of its deliberations. It is counseled by men who are native born, the bulk of whom are young, perhaps over-sanguine, but though they may err in excessive zeal and may overlook some of the minor considerations of practical politics, they are intelligent, brave, and honest, and can never go far enough astray not to easily return when patriotism calls them. We shall not be afraid of throwing our vote away; fear of losing a vote is the suggestion of the elector to whom success means the opportunity of gain or honor. The most useful votes that have figured in the great reforms of history have been thrown in the air. In the opinion of Democrats four million eight hundred and forty-eight thousand one hundred and thirty-four votes were thrown away upon Blaine four years ago, while Republicans were convinced that four million nine hundred and eleven thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven ballots were cast to the wind for Grover Cleveland. In California politics two years ago the ballots sent from the *Argonaut* office gave California its governor, three State officers, three members of the judiciary, defeated Michael Tarpey from succeeding Governor Bartlett, and prevented an Irish Jesuit from being supreme judge of the State of California. Our vote has nearly always been thrown away, and it is through the ballots of men who have the courage to throw their votes away that the best interest of Republican government is conserved. The Abolitionists threw their votes away, and in their place came the Republican party. The throwing away of American votes may consign the Republican party to its tomb, and when the stone is rolled away the vacant vault may

close the cerements of a dead party resurrected in a new form to save liberty, and freedom, and law. If the Republican party could have had the courage in its national convention to give expression to the same indignant, honest, patriotic emotion that prompted the draping of its hall with American flags, that adopted the national banner as its party oriflamme, and burst forth into patriotic applause when "old glory" was unfurled, or mentioned in debate, or waved in exhibition from gallery or speakers' stand; the same emotion that prompted ten thousand Americans of San Francisco in parade and in assembly at Mechanics' Pavilion to march and cheer with American flags in their hands—this, expressed in a decent, courageous resolution, would have brought to it the alliance of the greatest unorganized mass of Americans that have ever stood ready upon this continent to go into political action. Some Irish—all the base, and ignorant, and priest-ridden—would have deserted. Some Americans—demagogues and place-hunters—would have gone over to the enemy, but in their place would have gathered a mighty host of native-born and naturalized Americans; with this party all the members of the old Whig party of the Southern States would have fallen into line, war memories would have been buried, and under the leadership of such genuine Americans as Harrison and Morton there would have formed an invincible, triumphant, American-Republican party that would have achieved success, and would, for another generation, have controlled the destinies of the nation, limited immigration, repealed and reformed naturalization, and passed the constitutional provision introduced into the House of Representatives on the fourteenth of December, 1875, by the Hon. James G. Blaine, which provided that "no State shall "make any law respecting an establishment of religion, or "prohibiting the free exercise thereof; and no money raised "by school taxation in any State for the support of public "schools or derived from any public fund therefor, nor any "public land devoted thereto, shall ever be under the control "of any religious sect, nor shall any money so raised, or lands "so devoted, be divided between religious sects or denomina-"tions." This amendment passed the House in 1876 by a vote of one hundred and eighty to seven, defeated in the Senate by only three votes less than the two-thirds majority required for passing a constitutional amendment. How our politics have been Romanized since that time is evidenced by the present attitude of Mr. Blaine to that church, and the cowardice displayed in national and State legislation, and by national and State conventions of all parties, save that of the American. In 1876 the National Republican Convention had the courage to resolve "that the public school system in the several States "is the bulwark of the American Republic," and to recommend the adoption of Mr. Blaine's proposed amendment to the constitution. President Hayes said, in his letter of acceptance, that "the Republican party was pledged to secure such an amendment." President Garfield, in his letter of acceptance in July, 1880, said: "It would be unjust to our people and "dangerous to our institutions to apply any portion of the "revenue of the nation or of the States to the support of sec-"tarian schools. The separation of the church and State in "everything relating to taxation should be absolute." The Union League Club of New York, with Chauncey Depew in the chair, received with applause and adopted unanimously a resolution affirming the principle declared by the Republican convention of New York at Saratoga in 1875, as follows: "The free public school is the bulwark of the republic. We "demand its support by equal taxation. We are opposed to all "sectarian appropriations, and we denounce as a crime against "liberty and republican institutions every project for a sectarian "division or provision of the school fund of the State." What Republican or Democrat would consent to parade the streets of San Francisco under a banner bearing this inscription, or have the courage to admit these anti-Catholic incidents as part of the history that gave the Republican party its ascendancy and political power? The Republican party has, in a most cowardly and treacherous manner, turned tail upon its record, gone back of its national and State platforms, and is, to-day, consenting to the Jesuit conspiracy against its non-sectarian school system, of which it has been warned by General Grant, Presidents Hayes and Garfield, and such prominent and honorable party leaders as Senator Sherman, Chauncey Depew, and John Jay—from whose open letter to the Hon. Warner Miller we have quoted. Let us patiently await, and in the absence of any recognition of Americanism in the Republican platform, let us see whether Senator Harrison shall have the sense and the courage to recognize its existence in his letter of acceptance, and if he is silent in this respect, let not Republicans be surprised if members of the American party shall be deeply disappointed, and place themselves in a position hostile to the Republican organization, or remain inactive during a campaign upon which hangs the life of the Republican party, and in event of its death, the resurrection of an American national party.

The Goddess of American liberty seems to have awoke from a long dream of peace and to have exhibited, in San Francisco at least, a new interest in the national independence achieved one hundred and twelve years ago. Wednesday was an American celebration, bon-fires and illuminations succeeding orations, poems, processions, and the unveiling of the bronze statue of America's composer of a grand national anthem. The day was announced at its dawn by the salute of guns and closed at the midnight hour with bursting bombs and rockets, spreading their colored lights in the darkened air. It was a great day because it was an American day. New attractions presented themselves in the Golden Gate Park. A stone villa throws open its grounds to the children—gift of a generous donor; an American State convention avails itself of the day to consider what is best for the government of American people; the military parade our streets in American uniforms, and march beneath the American flag to the music of national anthems and battle songs, and in that procession fly no foreign banners and no device of church or insignia of class power. It beat St. Patrick's Day, and children in arms and toddlers by their mothers' side were told the story of a nation's birth. No priests nor monks in carriages; no procession of an alien mob of worshipers of a superstitious fetich and idol of ecclesiastical power; no parochial school-boys in line of march; Americans, old and young, native-born and adopted, celebrated in the old and patriotic style the grand old Independence Day that called up memories of the fathers of the "old thirteen," shades of Washington, Adams, and Jefferson, the wise Franklin, the brave and patriotic Paine, the Lord of Carrolton—memories that shall outlive the bronze or the marble whereon the names of those who loved their country, lived for the achievement of its liberties, and died for the consummation of its free laws, are chiseled. A Fourth of July procession in which was no advertisement of greedy trade, orations breathing the inspiration of patriotism, songs in honor of the flag, and poems reverently acknowledging the God that holds in his hand the destiny of our republic. There is a wave of Americanism breezing along through our institutions, stirring our patriotic emotions, giving suggestion of the great storm of tempest that lies chained in caverns ready to burst forth when summoned by the goddess of American liberty to the defense of her altars and the institutions intrusted to her divine care. We feel the flutterings of this breeze, we note the sensation and observe the stir around us. The colored wipe of the bandana flaunted in one national convention has been accepted as a challenge to the combat by throwing out the grand old banner of the stars by another national convention, and though cowardice lingers at the council board of political war, a courage exists among the troops that will, whenever the conflict seems doubtful, break away through danger and death to a victory that shall be certain, though it may tramp Republican party leaders to a bloody death. On the banners of the American party is inscribed all that is necessary to preserve American institutions, and though the Republican party and the Democratic party shall steal, and tear it apart, and divide it, and for one administration loot around it, it will be again in four years' time united, the partisans themselves dividing, and under its folds none but Americans permitted to fight in its defense. Then will Americanism have more surely triumphed than should it now succeed as a political organization. Americanism is in the air, it fills the atmosphere, it arrays itself against the shops, and factories, and mechanics of England, in defense of the shops, and factories, and working-men of America in protective tariff laws. It arrays itself against the anarchic and socialistic nonsense of Europe in a defense of laws that protect life and property and preserve order. The Republican leaders still put in the platform the shameless lie that it "hopes" Ireland may be permitted to rule Ireland, but the great, honest, fighting Republican rank and file spits upon the Irish-English-Church of Rome quarrel, and, away down in its throbbing heart, declares its contempt for the Irish mob that brings its quarrels and its begging cap to America. Americanism confines itself to America, to profit of American citizens, and with such complete indifference to the quarrels or comforts of Europe or Asia, that it would limit the immigration from both countries and deprive the subjects of all lands from becoming naturalized in this. Americanism means home-rule of the United States of America by Americans and non-interference in its political affairs by any alien, ecclesiastical, or civil power.

The American party of California assembled in State convention at Pioneer Hall, San Francisco, on the fourth of July, continuing its session till midnight of July 5th, two hundred and seventeen delegates representing something more than half the counties of the State. The convention was composed of substantial and representative citizens, a majority of whom were young and active men, full of zeal and enthusiasm for the principles of the new party. The proceedings of the convention were conducted with great dignity and with courage, expressive of the fixed determination to carry the party into an earnest struggle for victory. The old Abolition party was never, in its days of underground railroads and resistance to the enforcement of fugitive slave laws, more zealous for the abolition of slavery than were the members of this convention to arre immigration, restrain naturalization, support common fr schools against the assaults of sectarianism, and generally to a upon the defensive against the insolent and unlawful acts aliens and foreigners who are endeavoring to warp and mo American institutions to their advantage. The Republic party, in the enthusiastic days that preceded the civil war, w not more determined, resolute, and uncompromising in war against Soutern leaders and measures of slavery exte sion than was this convention in its hostility to the encroac ments of aggressive aliens and their interference and dic tion in the management of our political affairs. The pl form is broad, temperate, and firmly expressive of courageo opinions, and in this respect superior to that of either of t national parties. It is uncompromisingly American a breathes the loftiest sentiments of devotion to the co try, its laws, its schools, its interests. This docum we have not space at this time to reproduce. Sixte delegates were chosen to attend a national convention event that one shall be called) for the nomination of Pr dential candidates; they were chosen without instructions, with expression of a marked and enthusiastic preference Abram S. Hewitt, of New York. In event that a natio convention shall not be called, the American party State C tral Committee, in conjunction with the delegates to the natio convention and the electors, are instructed to place an in pendent American ticket in the field for California. Presid tial electors were appointed, State Central Committee de nated, and a thorough plan of organization devised for all counties in the State, with a view to future independent pa operation. There was no divided opinion upon the questio independent and resolute party action. In national politics th will be no lying down of the American lamb with either of political lions, and no opportunity in California for Buckl or Higgins, or any boss, to lead them. The convention indignant that neither national convention had the courage or courtesy to recognize the existence of an American sentim and that at the Chicago convention the Republican delega from California were neither frank nor brave enough to reme ber the historical fact that the governor of this State, three St officers, and half the judges of the Supreme Court owe t election to the American vote; the convention was indign that Ireland should be sympathized with in its struggle home-rule, and no expression made for home-rule by Am cans in America. The American convention adjourned late on Thursday night for us to give more than this imper account of its proceedings, as we go to press on Fric Some of the daily journals give the platform, and name delegates to the national convention, and electors. To th friendly and not cowardly news journals our readers are ferred for particulars of detail which we have not time week to produce. A very full and perfect account of American party State Convention's proceedings may found in the San Francisco *Morning Call.*

When Leo the Tenth came to the Papal chair he found the treasur the church exhausted by the ambitious projects of his predecessors, therefore had recourse to every means which ingenuity could devis recruiting his exhausted finances, and among these he adopted an sive sale of indulgences, which, in former ages, had been a sour large profits to the church. The Dominican friars, having obtain monopoly of the sale in Germany, employed as their agent Tetzel of their order, who carried on the traffic in a manner that was very of sive, and especially so to the Augustinian friars.—*Swinton's Outlin History.*

The great historical fact that led to the reformation thus mildly and dispassionately stated in Swinton's "O line History of the World," which is being used a text-book in a large number of American schools. T book was used in the public free schools of Boston within a few weeks, when, by a majority of Romanists the school board, the book was thrown out. We do know what account of Luther's Reformation, that sh the Roman Church to its very foundations, takes its pla perhaps there is no statement of this great historical fact; haps, and probably, a lying one. The fact, however, rem that an Irish Catholic school board in Boston can con books to be used in American schools. American pupils ar remain ignorant of the history of the Church of Rome or to have it falsely told. Thus this church is undermining American school system.

The very Rev. Father Grace, of the Roman Catholic Chu an alien, invoked the blessing of God upon those celebra the birth of American liberty at Sacramento on Independe Day.

A correspondent from Zurich, Switzerland, labors quently to prove the existence of a patriotic emotion that braces the earth and takes all mankind under the wing of benevolence. That which made Thomas Paine so bro comprehensive in his love of universal liberty, and that w made Lord Byron fight for Greece, may be higher and no than patriotism. It is easy enough to find examples ten to prove the existence of patriotism for an adopted cou but when analyzed there will be discovered some other perhaps better and loftier sentiment governing, and if the n.

be found and the fact proved, it will only demonstrate, by exception, the universality of the rule, that "no man offers his life for love of an adopted country" and "there is no patriotism not born of the soil."—[ED.

BAHNHOFSTRASSE 7,
ZURICH, SWITZERLAND, June 14th.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your issue of May 30th your bias of patriotism led you to say, "There is no patriotism that is not born of the soil. No man offers his life for love of an adopted land."

Patriotism is a force in society that is not to be ignored or reprobated. Patriotism is nationally that which egoism is individually—has, in fact, the same root—and along with kindred benefits brings kindred evils. Estimation of one's society is a reflex of self-estimation; and assertion of one's society's claims is an indirect assertion of one's own claims as a part of it. The pride a citizen feels in a national achievement is the pride in belonging to a nation capable of that achievement; the belonging to such a nation having the tacit implication that in him there exists the superiority of nature displayed. And the anger raised in him by an aggression on his nation is an anger against something that threatens to injure him also by injuring his nation." But such patriotism as "our country, right or wrong," or that attributes low motives to such men as "Lafayette, Kosciusko, De Kalb, and Baron Steuben," or that which says "there is no patriotism that is not born of the soil; no man offers his life for love of an adopted land"—such patriotism, I think, should be reprobated. Your bias of patriotism has in that equilibrium of feeling required for dealing with social phenomena. You say, "No man offers his life for love of an adopted land." It seems to me that you, as a reader of history, must have come across names that would refute your own words. If Lafayette was not a patriot but simply offered his "military services to work out the revenge of France toward England," what have you to say of Thomas Paine of the same period? Did he or did he not offer his services and his, for love of an adopted land? Was he a patriot? He was not born of the soil. Perhaps "he came for health, money, ambition, to marry an American wife," etc.; perhaps all his labors for our country during its most trying period were simply to receive "applause"; perhaps his "Common Sense," "The Rights of Man," and "The Crisis," were written simply to make money; perhaps his drawing up of the "Declaration of Independence" was done simply to obtain a grant of land from Congress. You say you "are weary of hearing of the services performed by foreigners." Then granting that all the foreigners had sordid motives, how can you account for Thomas Paine's subsequent action. At the close of the revolution he stood high in the estimation of the people; he had money and friends. Had he thought of himself, he could have rested upon his laurels. But no; he preferred rather to go to other lands where patriots were needed, where liberty was an unknown word. He offered his life for love of a foreign land. He, a foreigner, went to France to fight in the ranks with men of different kin. Is this not patriotism that is not born of the soil? Patriotism, when not carried to excess, is a good trait in a man.

You have done good work Mr. Editor, you have tried to raise up topics to a higher level, tried to weed out all that is choking up the sustaining plants of our nation, tried to purify journalism, and many worthy subjects have occupied your attention; for such all praise to you. But your bias of patriotism blinds you to many great truths. Bad patriotism is a great attribute in human nature, narrow patriotism is itself to *one* country, true patriotism has no limits, it embraces all countries. Studded over the world in different lands, known only to the people of those districts, are monuments erected to patriots. Let us, ever before them, let us do them homage, let us erect monuments to worship at the shrine of patriotism. But high above all, seen not but one country, but by every nation, rises the temple of humanity, at this altar that all countries will offer their tribute of love. Humanitarianism will take the place of patriotism. From the sentiment "our country right or wrong," will arise the sentiment "only that which is right for all." Love of part of the world will give place to love of the whole. Then the true patriot will exclaim, as did Thomas Paine, "the world is my country, to do good my religion."

I remain, dear sir, yours truly, J. W. CRAIG.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Chinese Banquet in 1868.

A great deal has lately been said about General Harrison's attitude on the Chinese question. We wonder if it ever occurred to the people who are responsible for all these malefic rumors—for, of course, any aspirant to office in these days would be nothing if not assailable—that California should be the last place in the world to inculcate a propaganda of that nature. We wonder if it ever occurred to the wiseacres who are responsible for the dissemination of the idea that General Harrison holds erroneous and unpractical ideas upon the Chinese question, to look up a few very significant data upon the views which were held by some of the most prominent citizens of this republic, and particularly of this portion of it, some twenty years ago. If it has not so occurred we shall have much pleasure in now informing them. On the twenty-fourth day of April, 1868, at the Lick House, in San Francisco, took place a banquet which will be still remembered by many of our oldest and worthiest citizens as combining, to a great measure, jollity with business. Hon. Anson C. Burlingame was the recipient of that banquet. The very highest of our respected members of society partook of it. Now this only goes to show that, in those days, a hand of hospitality was outstretched to the Chinese Government, that the Chinese race was welcomed as an honorable and useful part of the political cosmogony of our grand empire, and that no slur attached to those who welcomed them. The gentlemen who represented foreign countries, the United States of America, and San Francisco upon that occasion were known as some of the foremost representative citizens of our time and land. Here is a partial list:

Governor Haight, Hon. Anson Burlingame, His Excellency Chih Tajen, Minister of the Second Rank; J. McLeary Brown, First Secretary of Legation; His Excellency Sun Tajen, Minister of the Second Rank; E. de Champs, Secretary of Legation; Frank McCoppin, Mayor of San Francisco; S. F. Farnsworth; Henry Barrolthet, Consul of Peru; Don José A. Godoy, Consul of Mexico; G. C. Johnson, Consul of Norway and Sweden; William L. Booker, Consul of the British Empire; Henry W. Halleck, General commanding the Division of the Pacific; H. K. Thatcher, Admiral commanding the American Squadron on this coast; Ogden Hoffman, Judge of the District Court of the United States; Delos Lake, District Attorney of the United States; General McCook, United States Minister to the Sandwich Islands; Francis Berton, Consul of Switzerland; C. F. Mebius, Consul of Bavaria; James de Fremery, Consul of Belgium; R. B. Swain, Superintendent of the Mint; R. G. Sneath, President of the Chamber of Commerce; Thomas H. Selby, President of the Merchants' Exchange; Oliver Eldridge, Alvinza Hayward, James P. Pierce, Eugene L. Sullivan, Judge J. S. Hager, Edward Tompkins, Brigadier-General Leonard, Major-General W. S. Rosecrans, Charles Meinecke, Consul of the Republic of Bremen; Charles E. Hitchcock, Consul of the Hawaiian Islands; Major-General John F. Dow, Collector of the Port; ex-Governor F. F. Low, Judge Sawyer, of the Supreme Court; Judge Currey, Senators Tubbs and Rose, W. C. Ralston, ex-Congressman William A. Howard, of Michigan; A. Stanford, Paymaster Doran, Philip W. Stanford, Major-General Ord, Alpheus Bull, and others.

Annexed are extracts from some of the speeches:

General Halleck: "Not many years ago these Asiatic nations were excluded from the pale of European international jurisprudence. It was held by European statesmen, and the doctrine was advocated by John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts, that Christian powers had a right to compel these un-Christian powers to trade with them in such articles and on such terms as they might see fit to dictate. . . . I regard this as the death of this idea, as one of the most important movements of recent times. It has broken down the barriers of Oriental and Occidental prejudice, and it will eventually lead to the harmony and civilization of the world. . . . If that civilization, which has so long moved westward with the star of empire, is now purified by the principles of true Christianity . . . San Francisco must be made the abutment from which is to be sprung forward the great international law which is to bridge across the Pacific Ocean."

Governor Haight: "A vast commerce is to be developed between China and the other nations of the earth; and California was to be especially benefited by it."

Minister Burlingame: "The fraternal feeling of four hundred millions of people commenced to flow through the land of Washington to the older nations of the West, and it will flow on forever. Who is there that would check it? Who are those that would say to China: We wish to have no other relations with you than such as we establish on our partial, and mean, and cruel interests at the cannon's mouth? I trust there are none such as these. I believe rather that this generous nation is a better exponent of the wishes of the West. I believe it represents more truly that large and generous spirit which is not too proud to learn and which is not afraid to teach; that great spirit which, while it would exchange goods with China would also exchange thoughts with China, that would inquire carefully into the cause of that sobriety and industry of which you have made mention, that would learn something of the long experience of that people."

There was no feeling of race hostility in the early days. The Chinaman was looked upon as a very useful accessory to our growing civilization. In short we, as a nation, were disposed to grant almost the utmost privileges which it was in our power to bestow upon a race that was then looked upon in the light of innocent, harmless, and useful aliens. The light which has broken in upon us later has shown that the "light of Asia," so far as that light is demonstrated by ignorant and debased coolies of Asiatic birth, is prejudicial to our political life. This is the result of experience gained from a rough and difficult passage over a series of moral and economic stumbling-blocks and snags. But the question, the answer to which must make itself apparent to any reasonable mind, is whether General Harrison was not as perfectly justified in thinking as he did in these days upon the Chinese question as any of the gentlemen who took part in the memorable Burlingame banquet in our city twenty years ago. This casting of stones by people in glass houses is neither just, nor honorable, nor wise. X. Y. Z.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 2, 1888.

An Open Letter to the "Monitor."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONITOR—*Sir:* I have carefully read the five columns of denunciation, which you are pleased to call "criticism," published in last week's *Monitor*.

I am now, more than ever, convinced that in writing "Ireland and the Pope" I made no mistake and did no superfluous work.

When Patrick Ford held the editors and publishers of the "so-called Catholic press of America" up to public execration as a false-hearted and hypocritical set of mercenaries who, for subscriptions and advertisements, flattered and praised the Irish people in "the piping times of peace" and deserted them in every emergency, he spoke from an uncommonly full and accurate knowledge of his subject, and gave a most valuable warning to his countrymen.

In March of this year the whole Catholic press pretended to be in full sympathy with the Irish cause; in June it is leagued with Lord Salisbury. Comment is unnecessary.

You facetiously entitle this controversy, "The Pope *versus* James G. Maguire." You are wrong—the title of the case is, "The Pope *versus* Irish Liberty." I have simply filed a brief on behalf of the defendant, and the *Monitor*, having an *interest* in the success of the Pope, has intervened.

You have, also, in your mad derision, referred to me as "the court," but a glance would have shown you that my brief was respectfully addressed to the high and august court of public opinion, whose judgments even Popes, ere this, have hastened to obey.

You say that my book is the result of passion and prejudice against Pope Leo on account of recent troubles, which you mention; that the book does not contain the whole truth, and that "it involves questions upon which 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth' should be known."

In so far as you say that I have freely denounced Pope Leo's treatment of Dr. McGlynn you speak truly; but in so far as you imply that I have, on that account, or at all, exaggerated any historical fact to the detriment of the Catholic Church, your statement is untrue.

I admit that I have not told the *whole* truth; much of it seemed unnecessary, and I had no idea that any *well-informed* Catholic editor would call for the untold truths.

But as you have striven, "as a Catholic journalist," to place me in the position of an anti-Catholic bigot, I feel bound to show to the world that the book, instead of being rancorous, is most truly conservative, and that the omission of the truths, which might have been published, was not detrimental to the Catholic Church. This can best be shown by publishing the whole truth.

You say that most of my book "is compiled from authors who are *neither reliable* nor respectable."

In truth, as you well know, most of the book is compiled from the histories of Dr. O'Halloran, Martin Haverty, the Nun of Kenmare, Thomas Mooney, William Dolby, Rev. Thomas Walsh, Rev. P. J. Carew, Rev. P. Lavelle, J. J. Clancy, A. M. Sullivan, John Mitchell, Justin McCarthy, Cardinal Wiseman, Charles Gavan Duffy, J. G. Shea, J. C. Earle, and the approved Catholic Dictionary of Addis and Arnold, with occasional references to other standard Irish and Catholic authorities.

Your information that these authors are "neither reliable nor respectable" will, indeed, be news to the Irish people; but, as this statement is only an intention of your general *histori-phobia*, as expressed in your declaration that all history, and especially such as contains any reference to the Popes, "is a conspiracy against truth," it is possible that these unfortunate historians may survive your blow.

Do you know of anything, in the line of human records, that you can recommend as really reliable? You will, of course, understand that I mean something, or anything, other than the spiritualistic stories about "apparitions," "manifestations," and "modern miracles," which you are constantly publishing, and in which you display such simple and child-like confidence.

You devote one column of your "valuable space" to denouncing me for speaking of the Catholic Church as "*a* church," and another column to denouncing me for calling the Pope "a foreign potentate."

The first criticism is too silly to deserve an answer. As to the second, there is a wide difference of opinion, not only between Catholics and non-Catholics, but among Catholics themselves. The ultramontanes, among whom you hold high rank, regard the Pope as, by divine right, the supreme political ruler of the world, and, to them, Ireland and America are but provinces of the Pope's general kingdom.

The other class of Catholics, of which Michael Davitt is a representative, entirely repudiate the political pretensions of the Pope; hold themselves to be independent citizens of the state or nation to which they have given their political allegiance, and regard the Pope as a foreign potentate.

Those of the latter class are generally friends of personal and national liberty, while those of the former class believe that the Pope should be obeyed, as a god, in all things, temporal as well as spiritual, or, as you have very well expressed it, without limit or qualification: "That the Pope represents Almighty God."

Indeed, Artaud de Montor, in his "Lives and Times of the Roman Pontiffs," a book published with the special commendation of Pope Pius the Ninth, makes it appear that the ultramontanes actually *worship* the Pope. At p. 932 of vol. I., speaking of the election of Pope Paul the Fifth, he says: "The cardinals showed a disposition to elect Cardinal Toschi, of Modena, and *some proposed to go into the chapel and adore that cardinal.*"

The other class of Catholics regard the Pope as the divinely commissioned interpreter of the abstract principles of the religion of Christ, but nothing more.

This difference of opinion concerning the nature of the Papacy accounts for the abuse which you have heaped upon me, on the one hand, and the congratulations which I have received from learned Catholics, who have read and approved my book, on the other; and this explanation will enable the general reader to judge of the basis and value of your criticism, which might otherwise seem ridiculous to them.

You cite "an eminent Irish prelate" to the effect that such books as mine are written "not out of any love for Ireland, nor for historic truth."

Why did you not give us the name of the prelate? Was it Cullen, who always opposed Irish movements because England could do more for the church than Ireland could? Was it Moriarty, who regretted that "hell is not hot enough nor eternity long enough" to punish the Fenians? Was it McCabe, who hounded every Irish movement that came within his knowledge until he was finally rewarded with a cardinal's hat?

You should have given us the name, for most Irish prelates have been appointed because of their "unimpeachable loyalty" to the English Government, and their opinions on such questions are very much like those of the Irish magistrates who are appointed by the crown.

You "deem it judicious to remind" me of the old saying: "*Pleas who eat the Pope die of the Pope,*" and that "such has been the fate of men far more reputable" than myself.

It was quite unnecessary to remind me of that saying, as I have read Llorente's history of the infamous period in which it originated—a period during which men were murdered in tens of thousands, by the most cruel tortures that human ingenuity could devise, for daring to tell even the most trifling truths about the Popes, or for doubting, or even being suspected of doubting, the binding force of anything that a Pope might say.

During that period the holy office of the Inquisition, which now thinks boycotting un-Christian, presided with unruffled dignity over a saturnalia of blood and anguish beside which the horrors of the French Revolution pale to insignificance, and during which "the whole Christian world appeared as one vast scaffold covered with executioners and victims."

Well do I know that if the period of which you "deem it judicious to remind" me were reëstablished, my life, and the lives of my publisher and the booksellers who handle the book, would pay the penalty of publishing the truths contained in it.

Michael Davitt, for his recent speech at Bray, would, ere this, have had his tongue bored with a hot iron; Sexton, for his Dublin speech, would have had his lip cut off; and, if they persisted in denying the Pope's authority, they would both have their bodies stretched upon racks until all their joints separated, the flesh torn from their backs with spiked rollers, and the slow-fire torture applied to the soles of their feet, until they would be relieved by the merciful hand of death.

For such offenses and by such tortures, according to Llorente (a Catholic priest and secretary of the Inquisition), over thirty thousand people were put to death during the reign of the Inquisition, in Spain alone. (See also Catholic Dictionary by Addis & Arnold, p. 448.)

But *why* do you deem it "*judicious* to remind" me of this saying—this "happy formula of the middle ages," as Cardinal Rampolla would call it?

Does *your* holy soul yearn for the reëstablishment of the *auto da-fé*, the stake, the rack, and the fire-wheel? Do you really expect that the power of life and death, even over the citizens of this country, will be restored to the holy office of the Inquisition in my time? If these be not your hopes or your expectations, why do you deem it "*judicious to remind*" me that it is worth a man's life to write a history of Papal intrigues against Irish liberty?

But my dear friend, "Ireland and the Pope" was written in utter disregard of personal consequences, and it will certainly not be withdrawn on account of your "bugaboo" warnings.

I have never yet hesitated to do anything which I believed to be needful and right because of any danger that might lurk in the doing of it, and life, in such fear, would now be intolerable.

I now come to the only real criticism which you make on the book, and I am obliged to admit that, *if it were true*, it would be serious. You deny my statement that Mgr. Persico reported to the Pope, in October last, that the Irish clergy "would not abandon the political struggle of their countrymen, even when urged to do so in the name of the Pontiff and for the good of the church," and you ask me to withdraw my conclusion that he was sent to Ireland for the purpose of cajoling and coercing the Irish clergy into doing the thing which he thus sorrowfully reported that they were not inclined to do.

The report of which I speak was made to the Pope on the twenty-second of October last; the part which I quote was made public in Rome by Cardinal Rampolla on the twenty-third of October, and was published in America on October 24th, among the cable dispatches from Rome. The report thus published has never, to my knowledge, been contradicted or denied.

You say that the *Monitor* of October 19th, 1887, contradicts the press dispatches upon which I relied.

Shade of Sir Boyle Roche! Will you kindly explain how the *Monitor* of October 19th *could possibly* contradict the press dispatches of October 24th following?

I read your extract from the *Monitor* of October 19th, and find that it relates to a statement made by Mgr. Persico at Waterford in September, concerning another report which he had previously sent to the Pope, and which had been incorrectly reported by the English press. Even in that statement, as published in the *Monitor*, he does not say that he had not sent any report to the Pope, as you now state, but only that he had not sent a report of the "certain character" indicated by the English press.

Having already disposed of your denial, I make this comment solely for the purpose of showing how utterly deficient you are in the ordinary powers of analysis so requisite in a critic.

There are many other amusing things in your "critical review"—God save the mark—but this letter has already grown to inordinate length, and I must close. Very truly yours, JAMES G. MAGUIRE.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 2d, 1888.

"Protection."

EDITORS ARGONAUT: "The man who has sixpence is a monarch to the extent of that sixpence. He can command tailors to clothe him; cooks to feed him; kings to mount guard over him—to the extent of that sixpence." Thus spoke keen, terse, but acrimonious and bilious Thomas Carlyle, some forty years ago, moved thereto by the marvelous progress of his times, and perhaps not a little by the wondrous increase of the buying power of money, that had been witnessed since he and his brother students lived upon philosophy and a little oatmeal in a garret, up a back stair, at the University of Edinburgh. And the question of the hour—and it is a question which puzzles the wisest prophets, and as to the correct solution of which two great political parties in this country stand in conflict—presents the same face as it did to philosopher Carlyle, and it is a face which looks as inscrutable and Sphinx-like as ever. The problem of protection for labor, in this commonwealth of the United States of America, presents features more complicated than the fourth book of Euclid to a school-boy, and to the average citizen equally hard to master. The real issue is not permitted to be brought before those who have the most interest in it. It is clouded with parable and cloud in periphrasis. The working man catches, perchance, a glimpse of the inner meaning of the magic word "protection," but he sees only, as through a glass darkly, the gilded mansions of his employers, "whose palaces," in the grandiloquent language of Burke "rise like exhalations, whose equipages shine like meteors," while the butter on the bread of his own children is as thin as ever it was. He points across the water to England. He sees her ports and her shores thrown open to the commerce of the world. He sees a concentration of wealth in the great cities of the British Empire, such as the world has not witnessed since the epochs of Babylon and Rome. But he also sees that this is the result of exactly the opposite of protection. He feels, in his inmost heart, that all this was not accomplished by the coddling of industry. He knows that the dollar of the British artisan has the purchasing price of two of his own, in spite of the demagogues who try to make him believe otherwise. He knows, or ought to know, and sooner or later will know, that all the pretended care and coddling, all the pretended disinterested sympathy for his hard lot, is merely a cloak to conceal the avarice and rapacity of the capital which seeks a seventy-seven-fold reproduction, without giving credit or merit to the labor which gives it its value, and without which it would be nothing but unfruitful dross. There has, within the record of history, never existed a country circumstanced with such multiple conditions in the matter of favorable location, condensed population, and advantageous natural resources as the island of Great Britain. Ministries have succeeded each other during the present century embodying the wisest intelligence that the country could produce. Is it for nothing that the mantle of protection has been latterly thrown off? Is it reasonable to presume that such a country would commit a suicidal act? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that it was the work of long heads and deliberate judgment, and certainly, if the proof of the pudding is in the eating of it, England has every reason to be satisfied with free trade. Take again the example of China—the closest corporation that exists upon the face of the earth. Does it seem reasonable that wide-awake, progressive, go-ahead America should go back to the ultra-conservative methods of the effete Orient? That it should retire within its shell, so to speak, as if apprehensive of competition in an industrial open market? Now, where does the fallacy of this lame reasoning lie? Why is it that both the great political parties profess equal confidence in the impregnability of their respective positions upon the question of protection? Is the subject such a wide, or such an intricate one, that it can not be grasped by the average mind? or is it that the principle involved in protection is not a consistent or unalterable one, but is amenable to change dependent upon times and industrial conditions? Will not the editor of the *Argonaut* handle this high important and timely subject in his usual original and vigorous fashion, and let in a little light upon the Boeotian darkness with which it is at present enveloped? AN INQUIRER.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 27, 1888.

THE TIDE-LANDS.

Describing how Miss Vanderpool came to her Own.

Miss Vanderpool came down the steps of her lodging-house and stood looking about her with an expression of discontent on her high-bred face. It was not a very genteel lodging-house, and it was not in a very genteel quarter. The paint was off in patches, and one of the faded green blinds hung on a single hinge. The steps were worn and the little front area was used as a depository for wood and coal. There were a pair of dirty faces at the basement windows, and outside of the door Sairy Ann, the Gorgon's eldest, watched her depart with undisguised curiosity. Possibly she knew that Miss Vanderpool's rent for her single room, third story in the rear, was a week overdue. She might have been stationed there as a spy by the Gorgon, her mother, to see that no recreant lodger contrived to slip off, bag and baggage, without a formal parting. She need not give herself any concern on Miss Vanderpool's account, that lady reflected. Her piano, the one article of value among her possessions, was much too cumbrous to carry, and it was mortgaged up to its full value. Why was it that people never exhibited any conscience or honor about their music-teacher's bills, as they did about their butcher's and washerwomen's? Why was it that she, respected and admired as the rich Miss Vanderpool, could find no market for her accomplishments now that she must earn her daily bread? Why did every one take advantage of her and cheat her, down to the pawnbroker who had lately taken the last piece of jewelry saved from her financial wreck? She was faint and hungry, and a gnawing pain that was new to her, reminded her that she had lived on bread and water for six weeks, and that she had been on short rations for the last few days. If she had been a soldier, now, she could have withstood it right valorously, for there was martial blood in her veins. But to suffer it for no heroic reason, in nothing but the common way! The thought humiliated her, and she put it aside.

She was walking down the street, lined with low cottages, when she stopped before one of the poorest and meanest, where a stunted lilac, just budding in the front-yard, gave evidence of some little refinement on the part of the occupants. But it was not this that attracted Miss Vanderpool's attention. Floating from the door-knob she beheld a little piece of thin white crêpe, tied with narrow ribbon, the wan banner of sorrow. This was the cottage where the two little girls had looked out upon her, with laughing faces, every day as she passed by. Only yesterday they had flung her kisses from the window. Now one was gone. The shock bore down upon her with all the sense of a personal loss.

She pushed the gate open and went up the steps. A woman opened the door and led her to a darkened room. It was the custom of the neighborhood to give free admission to visitors at such a time. In a little white coffin lay the younger of the two children. Beside it sat the father and mother, the woman sobbing quietly, the father with his arm about her, and in his lap the remaining child, who had cried herself to sleep in his arms.

"I am so sorry," said Miss Vanderpool, gently; "is there anything I can do?"

The moment she spoke she regretted it. The mother uncovered her face and looked up piteously, then shrank from the strange visitor.

"Nothing, nothing," she moaned, "unless you could bring back my child."

"There, there, Emily," said the man, patting her kindly; "don't take on so. It's hard on all of us. We've got to bear it together."

Miss Vanderpool's eyes were wet as she went silently out of the room and closed the door behind her. It had been a mistake, her coming. They had plainly resented the intrusion. If only she could have done something for them, could have given them some testimony of her sympathy. To lose a little life that was part of your very own must be hard, but doubly hard when poverty and want are attendant upon sorrow. The room had been so bare. There was not a flower about the coffin. Miss Vanderpool had been accustomed to see grief smothered in costliest offerings, and this little creature was going to her last rest without so much as a flower in her little hands—the tiny hands that had thrown kisses to her but yesterday.

She wished that she could get some flowers for that dead baby. It was April, and there were none in the city gardens, just recovering from the shock of a severe Eastern winter. She had no money to buy them from a florist. Up in the great house on the bluff that had been her home there was a conservatory, and in it there was a magnificent climbing rose that she had planted herself, years gone by, and nurtured into a vigorous growth. Out of all the riches that she had lost at this moment she wished only for one of the large pointed buds, with its petals half unfolded, shut in a little bower of green leaves. But that was out of the question. Not even for this sacred purpose could she ask any favors from the people in the house on the hill.

A little later and there would be plenty of wild flowers outside the town. The violets always came first. Nay; it was already the last of April, and with the soft wind blowing and the clear sunshine of the past two weeks the violets must be already out. She quickened her steps at the thought. A little brook ran through the town and cut a narrow channel down the bluffs, on its way to the sea. Near the foot of the bluffs there was a narrow bench of land stretching between the hills and the tide-lands, and there beside the brook she had gathered early spring violets since childhood. If she walked quickly she could easily get there and back again before the night had closed down.

To reach the place she had to pass through the business portion of the town. Walking swiftly along, looking to neither right nor left, she was surprised to have some one accost her.

"Miss Vanderpool!"

It was John Ashton, whom she had not seen since the day that she found her father's name dishonored and herself beggared and homeless. He had asked her to be his wife and she had refused. Was it because she had known him as a poor boy, born in the lowest walks of society, while the Vanderpools had inherited the wealth and high standing of many generations? Or was it because she elected to bear her poverty and disgrace alone? She flushed now as she recognized him.

"One minute," he said.

"Not now. I can not wait," she insisted, and he stepped back without a word.

What could he wish to see her for? She remembered what he had said that time. "If you were rich and honored I should have been too proud to address you." She had resented the speech then. Recalling it now she could not help admitting that it did honor to John Ashton. She was thinking of John Ashton the boy, the little ragged fellow who used to do chores about her father's house, picking up an education at the public schools, devoting himself to her service on holidays. John Ashton the man was a separate entity, and she had never trusted herself to analyze her impressions of him. He was liked and trusted by all men, and very probably admired by women. She knew his errand to the place. He was a celebrated engineer now, and had come down to take charge of a great project for reclaiming the tide-lands. People called the enterprise "the march of improvement," but Miss Vanderpool hated the march of improvement and did not care for benefits to commerce, but liked best the wide stretch of salt marshes with their rusty vegetation, their black pools and flitting fogs. She was coming to them now, for her path lay along their border, and soon she was beside them, and drew a long breath, inhaling the fresh ocean air with its briny smell. She looked out to sea, where a luminous glow along the horizon commemorated the going down of the sun, and sullen clouds above presaged the gathering of a storm. She hoped, with a feeling of pity new to her, that it might be clear for an hour or two on the morrow, that the burial of the little child might not be made drearier by clouded skies and a driving rain. Not far away, on the marsh, surrounded by broad pools which reflected the distant glow in the sky, she saw the tall chimney of a steam derrick and a low, barge-like shape that seemed to be anchored in the mud. She did not give herself much time to speculate now. Night was fast falling, and a little ahead she saw the tiny brook she sought. But think a moment! Was it the right place? She hesitated for an instant in doubt and perplexity, then looked quickly about to determine her bearings by some familiar landmarks. There on the bluff were the square outlines of her old home, just visible against the sky, and there, off to the right, far beyond, were the harbor lights. Just a little further on, then a sharp turn to the left, a climb up the rocks to the little bench that lay between the bluffs and shore, and she should find the flowers. She pressed hurriedly on to gain the place before it should be wholly dark. She knew a way up the bluffs, a steep and winding path, by which she could gain the lighted upper street when she was done. If only she could once find the flowers, the dewy, spring flowers, with their faint, sweet odor and their fresh, sheltering leaves! All worldly thoughts seemed to fall away from her, the weight of disappointment and care was lifted from her heart, and she felt like an eager child, bent on her innocent quest.

But what was this—the solid ground giving way beneath her feet, every step taking her deeper and deeper into a bottomless ooze, her feet drawn down and held as if by leaden weights! This was not the way it used to be along the banks of the little brook. In a moment the full horror of the situation flashed upon her. Deceived by the dim light or rendered careless by her own wandering thoughts; she had strayed further from the town than she had supposed, and what she had mistaken for the little brook was really an estuary of the sea, bordered by treacherous bogs, a portion of the great waste of tide-land which the company were seeking to reclaim. Quick and sharp came other recollections. She remembered that children had been lost there when at play. She remembered that every now and then some man or woman had mysteriously disappeared from sight and knowledge, and it had been whispered about that they had been last seen walking along the border of the tide-lands. But these were people of the lower classes, about whom the Vanderpools had given themselves little concern. She remembered now—ah, how sharply!—that she had read with a curling lip that portion of the young engineer's argument before the harbor commissioners, when he was pleading for permission to go on with his work, wherein he had advanced, as one of his strongest pleas, that many lives would be saved by the completion of the enterprise. And now she, Judith Vanderpool, the last of her name, was about to succumb to this most unheroic destiny. It was better so. She would have chosen this very way of death, if she might. She had been tortured by one dread, over and over again, during these years of poverty and privation, and she gave a little hysterical laugh as she remembered it now. If she should have broken down and died in the midst of her unsuccessful struggle she had not the wherewithal to buy her funeral shroud. Now no one would know, no one would care.

Oh, the terror of it! Not death. Many were there who would know her and greet her gladly; father, mother, brother, friends of her childhood—the only friends she had kept. But that last thought! To drop out and never be missed; to leave behind her not a human being who would care. Why should she grieve over it now? She had, of her own will, separated herself from all human interests; she had never cared for human companionship or love.

But, oh God! she did care. She knew it now. Face to face with this terrible and lonely death she had come to a knowledge of herself. Nursing her foolish pride and family traditions, measuring all the world by false standards, she had wronged herself most of all. What was it that had so touched her in the humble home she had just left, breaking down the barriers of her own reserve, drawing her on and out of herself, until she longed to claim some little part in it? What was it but the glad and sacred atmosphere of pure family affection? Oh, her life had been empty; empty. And the one hum love that she might have had—she knew it now—would ha made her a happy woman, she had scornfully rejected. C if she could only live her life over, if she could but take its tangled threads again with cleared vision and humbl heart.

It was then that she sent up her first and only cry for he Hitherto she had been silently resigning herself to death w a calmness and dignity befitting a Vanderpool. Now a p longed and mournful cry went out over the marshes, starti the seagulls, which rose and wheeled aimlessly about agai the darkening sky. The cry was taken up and answered out on the marshes. There was a sudden commotion ab the barge, lanterns flashed outside, and by their light she co see dark forms moving about. But she—she was sinki sinking——

* * * * * * *

When she came to herself she was in her own little roo It was very quiet and comfortable. Her landlady flitted and out, with a look of honest concern on her careworn fa So the world was not so hard, after all. She—the Gorgo seemed glad that her delinquent lodger was alive, and said word about the rent overdue. Somebody had pulled lounge, on which she lay, up to the stove, and there was a there, the first for many weeks, for her own fuel had given in February, and she had been freezing ever since—free heart and body. And what was that brewing on the st that sent such a delicious fragance through the room?

"Now, my dear," said the Gorgon, pouring something a clumsy earthen cup and handing it to her, "just you take cup of coffee and bit of hot roll, and it'll set you up in no ti You've been looking peaked and mis'able this long t Folks that feeds theirselves don't take no proper care. been thinking, this long while, that if you'd just take y living along of me and give pianny lessons to my Sairy An but I hardly dared ask it, you being sich a fine player and having no instrument unless you'd maybe let her come up practice times when you was in and could watch and see didn't dirty the pearl keys or spile it——" Homely and ro as she was, there was a delicate flush on her thin cheek as checked herself in her bold presumption.

"Didn't dare ask it!" Miss Vanderpool would have a as the child's nurse, scrubbed floors, washed dishes, if she asked it. The backbone of her pride was broken. But w was the woman saying now?

"And now, if you'll let me tidy up a bit and make th half-way decent, for the gentleman's been waiting to see this long time."

"The gentleman! What gentleman?" Miss Vanderp was not used to callers. The landlady answered her inqu

"Why, who but him that saved you! Him that brou you here in his arms, looking like dead and all covered mud—and a pretty sight you were, Miss Vanderpool. awful work it was a cleaning you up, if you be a lady!"

What made Miss Vanderpool's face aflame and her h beat so? It might be any one of a thousand men. T was no reason, no reason in the world, she told herself, wh should be any particular one.

Yet, as luck would have it, it was John Ashton! No, luck. Chance rarely favors such men as he. All that have is won by hard endeavor, and persistent faith, and dog watchfulness. Luck is more apt to buffet them, to call ou the slumbering forces in them and show the stuff of w they are made. He had turned and followed Miss Van pool at a respectful distance, that afternoon he had met on the street. It was getting late, and he had some fashioned notions, now almost out of date, prejudicial woman's going about at night, unprotected, upon the str When he saw the lonely direction in which she was tend he had followed still more resolutely, for he knew the ch ter of the men along the water-front better than she. who could tell whom she might meet in that wretched plac such an hour? When she stopped to look seaward he gone down over the marsh, both because he had some inst tion to give to his foreman and because he feared she w discover him in turning back. He had been first to hear wild, beseeching cry, and to realize its purport; to start with a party of men provided with lanterns, planks, r everything needful; to man a boat and row fiercely up slough, flooded at high-tide, directly to the spot where a hu life—so precious to him, was going out; to throw himself upon the morass, bracing himself on the planks they brought, and finally, like the true knight he was, to gather unconscious girl in his arms, covered with mud as she and wrapping his coat about her, bear her to the place called her home.

But John Ashton was not the man to claim any recomp for the service he had rendered. The more serious her p the greater the risk he had run on her behalf, the more that he should be delicate and distant in all his bearing to her; that he should try to make her forget he had ever pre any claims upon her. He would not have come now ha been his own free agent. She saw that the moment he op the door, and shrank from her own thoughts. He surm the look upon her face, and interpreted it in his own way. she disliked him so much that it galled her to think that he put her under such obligations. Well, well! If he had time to consider, it might have been better to have left to one of the men, or, at least to have concealed his own co tion with it.

"You are feeling better, Miss Vanderpool?"

There was not a note in his voice beyond the ordi requirements of courtesy. She answered him in kind.

"Quite well now, I thank you. Won't you be seated," tioning him to a chair.

"I thank you." But he still remained standing, his h his right hand, his left hand—was it her fancy, or were th gers clenched?—hanging easily beside him.

"I came," he said, in a matter-of-fact way, "about a m of business. I tried to speak to you on the street to You were not willing to listen. You were right. It wa the proper place."

"You mistook. It wasn't that. I was preoccupied; I couldn't have talked then—with any one," she explained, hurriedly, and in a low voice. He scarcely noticed her words and did not at all comprehend them, but went on, in a formal, business way:

"A matter of business. I was authorized to conduct some negotiations with you. They concern the Vanderpool estate."

Weak as she was and broken as she was, she could not suppress a little laugh, only half mirthful, but wholly sarcastic. The Vanderpool estate! What had there been of it, since she came into possession of it, but an inextricable tangle of debt and litigation, lapsed contracts, and forfeited rights!

"Now that we have got ready for work we are in a position to negotiate for the tide-lands. There are seventy acres belonging to the Vanderpool estate. I am empowered to make you the following offer."

He drew a paper from his pocket and named a sum which took Miss Vanderpool's breath away. Enough to restore the lost glory of the Vanderpools. Enough—more than enough—to buy back the old home where her mother had died and she was born; enough to restore her to the life of affluence to which she had been bred; enough to place her forever above the reach of the petty privations and racking cares that had sat so heavily upon her but yesterday. She raised herself up on one elbow and looked at him. Her eyes, always large, shone with an unnatural brilliance. He thought her exulting over her restoration to wealth and power.

"I won't ask you for an answer now," he said; "perhaps you would better consult a lawyer. May I say to the company that you will give your answer in writing?"

He was moving toward the door, not even waiting for her answer, for he had determined to give her no opportunity to refer to the events of the day. He was arrested by a single word:

"John!"

No woman ever speaks in such a way to a man she does not love, but the men do not always understand. John Ashton did not understand. He came back and stood by her side, looking down doubtfully into the shining eyes raised to his own, then quickly turned away. He was only a man, after all, and he had some bitter recollections to steel him against any betrayal of weakness. Besides, she was a rich woman now, richer than she had been in the days when he had assured her he would have been too proud to ask her to share his life.

"John, are you going—so?" He understood then; slowly at first, with a dawning comprehension of all the words meant to him and to her. Then heaven itself seemed to open to him, as he gathered her into his arms.

Had any other Vanderpool ever made overtures to the man she loved? Would the cheeks of dead and gone Vanderpools have reddened with mortification could they but have witnessed this shameless betrayal of her heart? Somehow Miss Vanderpool was so happy that she did not care. And as for the money—

"It would have seemed like a curse if it had parted us, dear," she said.

FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

NILES, CAL., July, 1888.

A new State is about to be added to the sisterhood of nations. Letters patent have been granted to "The British East African Company," giving them full power to erect and maintain a government, with taxes and army. It lies north of the German East African Society near Zanzibar, and includes some of the finest land in Central Africa.

Our Minister to Brussels, Mr. Lambert Tree, has ordered a bronze statue of the explorer De la Salle as a present to the city of Chicago. It is the work of Jacques de Lalaing, and will be cast in Brussels, and will be placed in Lincoln Park.

The field of invention is still open for a perfect lifeboat. The Royal National Lifeboat Institute reports that "Medals were offered for a mechanically propelled lifeboat, but none of the various designs received fulfilled the requirements."

A well-known London firm of refreshment contractors recently advertised for four thousand additional waiters, and ten thousand applications were received in response, the whole of the candidates claiming to have had experience.

Paul Fechter, a son of Fechter, the actor, was fencing with his brother-in-law, and the button of his antagonist's foil happened to be forced into his eye through to the brain, killing him.

Admiral Hornby says that England would require at least one hundred and eighty-six cruisers to protect her merchant vessels from the enemy's cruisers, and that she has but forty-two.

M. Heriot, one of the Parisian dry-goods kings, the proprietor of the Magazin du Louvre, recently shot his wife and then himself in a fit of delirium. Both will recover.

The secretary of the London Electric Company reports that the stokers struck and stopped the lights because "a gratuitous meal of roast beef was served cold instead of hot."

The latest wrinkle in manners is this: To show great politeness, advance one step and bow; to show the reverse sentiment, draw back a step and bow.

It is said that bald-headed Indians are becoming common, and the plug hat of civilization is thought to be responsible.

The magnificent Vatican exhibition now being held must be closed "on account of the rats."

OLD FAVORITES.

The Execution.

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day;
It was half after two. He had nothing to do,
So his lordship rang for his cabriolet.
Tiger Tim Was clean of limb,
His boots were polish'd, his jacket was trim;
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten;
And he ask'd, as he held the door on the swing,
"Pray, did your Lordship please to ring?"
My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
And thus to Tiger Tim he said,
"Malibran's dead, Duvernay's fled,
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;
Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
What may a Nobleman find to do?"—
Tim look'd up, and Tim look'd down,
He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,
And he held up his hat, and he peep'd in the crown;
He bit his lip, and he scratch'd his head,
He let go the handle, and thus he said,
As the door, released, behind him bang'd:
"An't please you, my Lord, there's a man to be hang'd."
My Lord Tomnoddy jump'd up at the news,
"Run to M'Fuze, And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
Rope-dancers a score I've seen before—
Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-more;
But to see a man swing At the end of a string,
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing!"
My Lord Tomnoddy stept into his cab—
Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab;
Through street and through square, His high-trotting mare,
Like one of Ducrow's goes pawing the air.
Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place
Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace;
She produced some alarm, But did no great harm,
Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,
Spattering with clay Two urchins at play,
Knocking down—very much to the sweeper's dismay—
An old woman who wouldn't get out of the way,
And upsetting a stall Near Exeter Hall,
Which made all the pious Church-Mission folks squall.
But eastward afar Through Temple Bar,
My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car;
Turns down the Old Bailey, Where in front of the jail, he
Pulls up at the door of the gin-shop, and gayly
Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
For the whole first floor of the Magpie and Stump?"
The clock strikes Twelve—it is dark midnight—
Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.
The parties are met; The tables are set;
There is "punch," "cold *without*," "hot *with*," heavy wet,
Ale-glasses and jugs, And rummers and mugs,
And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,
Cold fowl and cigars, Pickled onions in jars,
Welsh rabbits and kidneys—rare work for the jaws:—
And very large lobsters, with very large claws;
And there is M'Fuze, And Lieutenant Tregooze;
And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
All come to see a man "die in his shoes!"
The clock strikes One! Supper is done,
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,
Singing "Jolly companions every one!"
My Lord Tomnoddy Is drinking gin-toddy,
And laughing at ev'rything, and everybody.—
The clock strikes Two! and the clock strikes Three!—
"Who so merry, so merry as we?"
Save Capt. M'Fuze, Who is taking a snooze,
While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,
Blacking his nose with a piece of burnt cork.
The clock strikes Four!—Round the debtor's door
Are gather'd a couple of thousand or more;
As many await At the press-yard gate,
Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight
The mob divides, and between their ranks
A wagon comes loaded with posts and with planks,
The clock strikes Five! The Sheriffs arrive,
And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive;
But Sir Carnaby Jenks Blinks, and winks,
A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks.
Lieutenant Tregooze Is dreaming of Jews,
And acceptances all the bill-brokers refuse;
My Lord Tomnoddy Has drunk all his toddy,
And just as the dawn is beginning to peep,
The whole of the party are fast asleep.
Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning sun breaks,
With roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks;
Seem'd as that mild and clear blue sky
Smiled upon all things far and high,
On all—save the wretch condemn'd to die!
And hark!—a sound comes, big with fate;
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes—Eight!—
List to that low funereal bell:
It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell!—
And see!—from forth that opening door
They come—HE steps that threshold o'er
Who never shall tread upon threshold more!—
God! 'tis a fearsome thing to see
That pale wan man's mute agony—
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turn'd to the sky,
As though 'twere scanning, in doubt and in fear,
The path of the Spirit's unknown career;
Those pinion'd arms, those hands that ne'er
Shall be lifted again—not even in prayer;
That heaving chest!—Enough—'tis done!
The bolt has fallen!—The spirit is gone—
For weal or for woe is known but to One!—
Oh! 'twas a fearsome sight!—Ah me,
A deed to shudder at—not to see.
Again that clock! 'tis time, 'tis time!
The hour is past: with its earliest chime
The cord is severed, the lifeless clay
By "dungeon villains" is borne away:
Nine!—'twas the last concluding stroke!
And then—my Lord Tomnoddy awoke!
And Tregooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,
And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose:
And they stared at each other, as much as to say,
"Hollo! Hollo! Here's a rum Go!
Why, Captain!—my Lord!—Here's the devil to pay!
The fellow's been cut down and taken away!
What's to be done? We've missed all the fun!—
Why, they'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town,
We are all of us done so uncommonly brown!"
What *was* to be done?—'twas perfectly plain
That they could not well hang the man over again;
What *was* to be done?—The man was dead!
Naught *could* be done—naught could be said;
So—my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

—*Richard H. Barham.*

Audran, the composer of the "Mascotte," is at work on a new piece called "La Petite Fronde."

LONG NOVELS.

By Julian Hawthorne.

For a century or more novels have been growing steadily shorter. Richardson, the first of the English novelists, born in 1689, and dying in 1761—Sam Richardson's novel, "Clarissa Harlowe," is, I suppose, the longest piece of fiction in the language. If you go to a publisher to-day and ask him how many words a contemporary novel should contain, he will tell you from fifty thousand to seventy thousand words. Well, "Clarissa Harlowe," published in the first half of the eighteenth century, contained one million one hundred and thirty-four thousand words, and people read it; they read it from beginning to end, and re-read it, and laughed and wept over it, and it was the literary event of that generation. We talk about the growth of our reading public, but I can imagine the countenance of the most inveterate modern novel reader, were the keeper of the local book-store to offer that reader, as the last new thing, a romance of some five thousand pages—all written, too, in the form of letters addressed by the various personages of the story to one another. Why not print the entire contents of the general post-office at once?

Richardson's great rival, Henry Fielding, had a substantial idea of a novelist's duties, too. His "Tom Jones," which is still considered by many judges the most nearly perfect novel ever written, falls but little short of half a million words. It was published in 1749, and forms the quarry from which countless other story-tellers, including the great Thackeray himself, derived much of the material of their inspiration. Sterne, who began his "Tristram Shandy" some ten years later, and wrote on it during seven or eight years following, only brought it up to two hundred and twenty-five thousand words, or thereabouts, but then he died in the midst of his labor; had he lived till now he would doubtless still be at work upon it. Tobias Smollett, also, never approached the half-million mark. These men all looked more or less to Cervantes as their literary progenitor, as the Dickens generation, in its turn, looked to them.

The Dickens novels were longer than their immediate predecessors, the Waverly series. Scott had to make money, and it was more profitable for him to write half a dozen short novels at a guinea and a half than one long one at the same price. But Dickens followed the ingenious device of issuing his stories in monthly numbers, at so much apiece, and continuing them through twenty or four-and-twenty months. This would bring them up to four hundred thousand words, or more. Thackeray, who adopted the same plan, reached four hundred and fifty thousand words in "The Virginians," which is itself a continuation of "Esmond." As for Anthony Trollope, the greater part of his series of novels are parts of one whole, albeit a very shapeless and incoherent whole; they are not facets of one gem, but, rather, a mosaic of pebbles of the same genus. Bulwer's stories fall rather under than over the dimensions of his time. George Eliot expanded to vast dimensions in her last two productions; but it is the privilege of women to be voluble. Since then there has been a decided curtailment in the length of English novels. They seldom get beyond two hundred thousand words, and generally are satisfied with a fourth less. Quite lately a custom has sprung up of publishing novels in one volume, and it has been thereby revealed how little the contemporary English novelist really had to say. These short books contain quite as much story as the old three-volume ones; so the odd two volumes must have been padding.

Such has been the case in England, and it is probable that they are learning how to be brief from our example. For we have been brief from the beginning. Cooper was our most prolix novelist, and few of his young readers, I fancy, have yawned over his volumes. The romances of Charles Brockden Brown can be read in an afternoon each; Irving never wrote a novel, unless his "Knickerbocker" can be termed such; neither did Poe. Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" contains only about eighty-eight thousand words (without the introduction), though I recollect that Anthony Trollope, who was a great admirer of this book, and he had read it often, assured me that it was as long as any of his own, which shows, I suppose, that quality may sometimes be equivalent to quantity. Mr. Henry James's "Portrait of a Lady," "The Bostonians," "Princess Casamassima," are over two hundred thousand words each, but they are considered very long. Mr. Howells goes nearly as far in some of his books, but, on the whole, our eminent fiction is cut up in lengths of ninety thousand words or less, not seldom going down to between thirty and forty thousand.

It would be interesting to get the opinion of novelists on this subject. I should not be surprised to learn that the conviction among novelists is that they could not thoroughly do themselves justice under two hundred thousand words. Their *magnum opus* (if they could hope ever to have the leisure and independence to attempt such a thing) would attain something like that length. No doubt a brilliant and striking story can be told in half the space, or less. Sometimes—very rarely, however—a really great story has also been comparatively brief. But in those cases the characters have been very few—three or, at most, four principal ones—and the interest and importance of the story has been due to the fact that the figures of the tale, and the complication in which they are involved, are, in a large sense, representative and vital; the temptation, the struggle, the victory, the defeat, or what not, appeals to the heart and conscience of every reader, and the solution is one that he recognizes as catholic and just. But books of this calibre are rare, and they are not strictly novels; a novel is a picture of life, not an incarnation of a spiritual experience. And to give a rounded and symmetrical picture of life, a great many elements must be employed, and a great many characters must coöperate. Above all, the writer must be a novelist—not a person who invents episodes, names characters, and con[illegible] dialogue—all that will require, I think, a grant of [illegible] than two hundred thousand words.—*America.*

BOGUS LORDS.

"Iris" discusses the Exotic Noblemen we so Dearly Love.

The trade of bogus lord, which has been plied so successfully in this country, is fallen into desuetude. Soon it will be a lost art, like building pyramids or tempering Damascus blades. There has not been a bogus lord in New York for several years, and none in San Francisco since the golden prime of Lord Manners the Beautiful.

The feeling of society toward these chevaliers is one of affectionate regard—society, that is, which has not felt their bite. They are purifying evils, social filters. The country was bound to go through a stage of them, just as it went through a stage of road-agents and hold-ups. They were tolerantly regarded as one of the humors which blight the infancy of states.

To the philosopher their manner of operation can not fail to be amusing. They are clever, their dupes stupid. They play brilliantly on a palpable foible of American humanity, and extract a good living out of it. They live on the fat of the land because their honest brother is a snob. They take advantage of a national failing, and make it support them luxuriously. The man who loans money to one whom he thinks to be a scamp, and believes to be a lord, can not expect sympathy when the lord retires abruptly, forgetting to pay his debts. What a good laugh these absconding nobles must have over the victims of their masquerading!

Time was when the bogus lords confined their depredations to individuals, green boys, ambitious cockneys, simple countrymen; but within the last four or five years one of them—the dazzling Newark lord—set a whole town by the ears, and lived in princely style on popular credulity—the favorite flirt of the prettiest girls, a welcome guest at the most stately houses. In the old days these aristocratic swindlers found their happiest hunting-grounds on ocean steamers, where guileless collegians and simple-hearted old maids parted their crusts without a qualm with these impecunious sprigs of the nobility. The system was simple, and old as the deluge. Here is a case in point: A boy, with money for his expenses, met on the steamer between New York and Liverpool one Lord Winton. Lord Winton was gentlemanly, charming, loftily friendly; the boy, sixteen, and a green boy at that, was much flattered by the great man's notice. And when the great man, the lights of Liverpool in sight, condescended to confess to the boy how he had lost all his money at cards and had not enough to get home, the boy was only too proud to loan him all his hoard, receiving an I. O. U. and Lord Winton's address in return. Lord Winton, safe on shore, vanished from off the face of the earth, never to return.

The noble army of pirates—Lord Winton and his brothers—are curious specimens of humanity. They are often as not the black sheep of good families, who could once have echoed Bassanio's proud boast: "all the wealth I had ran in my veins—I was a gentleman." They know too much of the jargon and the style of *le hig lif* to be common swindlers, bred in the gutter. They have in some cases met and known the man whom they personate, and have slept on and brooded over every trick of his manner, every turn of his head. Take the brightest fellow in the world, let him skulk round the outskirts of the great world of fashion, and though he may pick up enough of the grand air, the repose of Vere de Vere to hoodwink Tom, Dick, and Harry, he will be a clown among harlequins in the dazzling centre, the core of fashion. He has got to have the polish in its highest form. That is one of the rudiments of his art. He must be perfectly sure of himself in that respect.

Then come other requisites all absolutely necessary before he can enter the arena. He must have the instinct for the "right sort of people." If he gets gobbled up by a second-class set, his chances are ruined. He must have the longest, coolest, clearest head in the world. His impudence, which is carefully veiled, must be colossal. His knowledge of human nature equally boundless. His heart must be as stony as Medusa's glance, and his daring and pluck like that of his great model Cartouche. He must know his man down from his crown to his sole, and up again from his sole to his crown. For, say he makes a mistake, applies to a hard-headed, shrewd, keen old papa for one of the loans which he begins to levy on all those whom he honors with his friendship—his whole career is immediately ruined. And yet the appearances of those shrewd old papas are occasionally deceptive.

And if he has got to know his man well, how much better does he have to know his girl. To establish a tender footing with a young lady of means has always been a thirteenth trump among bogus lords. But there are young ladies of means who, at the first whisper of love from handsome and impecunious young men—even though they be live lords—draw up the purse-strings like a flash, and sometimes say mean and disagreeable things about fortune-hunters, etc. Genius is to be admired, misdirected though it be, and the genius which can triumph over such obstacles is one to be revered.

There was a bogus lord in San Francisco who spread deadly devastation. Who, having once gazed upon the open countenance of Lord Manners could ever forget that son of English chivalry? There is something particularly captivating in a gentlemanly black-leg. Was not the Spider a thousand times more charming, with his glass in his eye, his neat pocket-pistol, and his adjustable morals, than that insipidly virtuous Silver King, with his long white curls, and his long red purse? Lord Manners was an adept at his craft. He was handsome, which goes a long way, had distinguished English manners, and though he swindled right and left, with the cold-blooded grace of your genuine bogus lord, he swindled so charmingly, with such a gracious, flattering air, that his victim felt quite honored and proud. One can stand being done out of a dollar, provided it is done with a smile and a compliment.

Lord Manners was also clever. He knew a great deal, and when he did not know a thing he pretended that he did, which, after all, amounts to the same thing with most people. Like all scientific liars, who lie to kill, he told the truth whenever it was possible—not often, to be sure—and found out, in one verity, everything he said was afterward believed. His story was perfect, and did not confess a flaw. It went back a great way, grandparents were drugs in the market, and you could not catch him on an aunt or cousin, no matter how far distant. Even enterprising people who looked him up in the peerage found him there just as he had said, father, mother, and grandparents intact. Lord Manners was a very superior article.

The Newark bogus lord—I have forgotten his *nom-de-guerre*—did some of the neatest, cleanest, tidiest work ever performed by any of the brotherhood. There were no loose ends and ragged edges about him. Never man meant so ill and fared so well in this disastrous world. The adage that men with money and without brains were made for men with brains and without money, was written for him. Newark, who used to give itself grand airs of *ton*, took him to its bosom. The sacred realms of the socially blessed were spread before him. He was not as handsome as Lord Manners, but, on the whole, wore better. They are very smart those Newark people, and it took an extra fine lord to deceive them. When he finally was discovered and cast forth into outer darkness, he did not weep, wail, and gnash his teeth at all, but a letter appeared in a New York paper, popularly ascribed to him, in which he defended himself and stated his case. Whoever wrote it, New Yorkers found the letter very amusing. As a piece of magnificent impudence it was hard to beat. It pretended to be a confession of faith: "I am a rascal and an outlaw. I make it my business to prey on society, and if society is such a fool that it can be gulled by me, I'll gull it as long as I have breath. If ladies throw themselves at my head I am not the man to say them nay. I am always polite and obliging," and so on in a somewhat similar strain.

After this, people grew extremely wary, and the bogus lords, in proportion, grew extremely careful and thorough in all their methods. They have grown so exquisitely sly and hard to detect, that a lord in New York is now an object of suspicion until he produces first-class credentials and hangs his family tree in the hall. A singed cat dreads the fire, and the New Yorker immolated on the shrine of the artificial aristocrat, does not want to repeat the trick. It is not nice. There were people who were desperately afraid of poor Baron Seillière, an absolutely genuine French noble, who, two winters ago, laid siege to the metropolis. The illustrious baron, to be sure, was mad as a March hare, or at least his family said he was, and incarcerated him in an asylum as soon as they could lay their princely hands upon him. But, crazy or sane, he was perfectly genuine and honester than the general majority, for he went about verbally proclaiming his ardent desire for a wealthy American bride. Extraordinary as it may seem, he did not get one. About the time that he was starting his game, his sister, Princesse de Sagan, got wind of the affair, and had him sent home, saying he was crazy—which, after all, was not exactly complimentary to our marriageable spinsters. The real reason, however, that he was unsuccessful in his love chase was the haunting fear of society that he was bogus. Who shall tell of the tears and hair-tearing that went on after he had gone and his genuineness was discovered. Alas! too late!

The trade of bogus lady is not quite as successfully plied. Lena Despards read very well, but in real life they are easily detected. The gentleman or lady who would have accepted Mrs. Langtry's Lena, and taken her to bloom on the domestic hearth, must have been afflicted like the fishes in the Mammoth Cave. Besides, it costs such a sum. They have to hire a mamma or an aunt, and pay extra for an ultra-respectable appearance, just as you pay extra for a butler with white hair, or a footman with calves. And the most beautiful of her sex, with papers to prove that she is descended from William the Conqueror or Brian Boru, and even luxuriating in a mamma, never can be sure that her antecedents—since William the Conqueror and Brian Boru—will not rise like Banquo's ghost and let cats out of bags. Iris.

June 26, 1888.

At the last meeting of the Berlin Anthropological Society Lieutenant Quedenfeldt, a German officer who has lived on Gomero Island, one of the Canary group, described a whistling language which is used by the inhabitants. The language does not consist of any arbitrary series of signals or sounds. It is described as ordinary speech translated into articulate whistling, each syllable having its own appropriate tone. The Gomero uses both fingers and lips when whistling, and Lieutenant Quedenfelt asserts that he can carry on a conversation with a neighbor a mile off, who perfectly understands all he is saying. The practice is confined to Gomero Island, and is quite unknown to the other islands of the archipelago. The adoption of the whistling language is said to be due to the peculiar geographical construction of Gomero Island. It is traversed by numerous gullies and deep ravines, running out in all directions from the central plateau. As they are not bridged they can only be crossed with great difficulty; hence, a man living within a stone's throw of another in a straight line has often to go many miles when he wishes to see and speak to his neighbor. This, it is conjectured, led to the adoption of whistling as a useful means of communication, which has gradually assumed the proportions of a true substitute for speech.

The new wire gun at Shoeburyness has thrown a five hundred-pound shell a distance of twelve miles, the greatest distance ever covered by a cannon ball.

The *Petit Journal* recently appealed to Bismarck to restore Alsace and Lorraine to France, to kiss and make up, and then both have a go at England.

"Lingua" is a new language which threatens to drive out Volapük. It is based on Latin roots.

Sarah Bernhardt recently beat the bank at Monte Carlo to the tune of one thousand dollars.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Some men are born great, and some live in pivotal States.—*Boston Herald.*

"Silence is the severest criticism," but most wives don't seem to know it.—*Somerville Gazette.*

Any fool can ask conundrums, but it takes a wise man not to try to answer them.—*Somerville Journal.*

Author—"What do you think of my new book?" *Critic*—"The punctuation is very fair."—*Town Topics.*

Herr—"May I ask for the first waltz?" *Fraulein*—"Certainly. But let it be a slow one, I beg. I am in mourning."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Smith—"I see by the papers that the Dey of Algiers is dead." *Jones*—"I'm glad to hear it. It's time death took a Dey off."—*Texas Siftings.*

A.—"I'm hard up, and want money badly." *Ed.*—"Why not write to some of your friends?" *A.*—"That's the trouble. I have too many friends. I wish I knew a stranger."—*Time.*

"No," said Mr. Isaacstein, "dem pents don't fit you. Dey vos pretty dight in der seams. But I dell you vot, my frent, at t'ree dollar 'n' a he f, dem pents vas vort drainin' d wn to."—*Puck.*

The Chicago *Tribune* prints a composite picture of twenty-five girls in the senior class of Michigan university. We are glad that no one American maiden is quite so homely.—*Buffalo Express.*

"Pa," inquired a little boy, "does Satan ever go to Europe for a summer vacation?" "No, son," replied the old gentleman, "Satan stays at home and attends to business."—*New York Sun.*

A.—"That tobacconist in there is lame." *Ed.*—"Indeed! (Enters store.) Give me a good cigar." *Tobacconist*—"Yes, sir." (Hands Regalia.) *Ed.*—"Thanks!" (Exit without paying.)—*Time.*

Citizen (to editor of new paper)—"Is your partner in the new venture a good newspaper man, Mr. Shears?" *Editor*—"One of the best I ever met. He has twenty thousand dollars in cash."—*Epoch.*

Mrs. Holyoke (who has not asked him, and does not want him)—"I'm sorry you can't stay to tea with us." *Captain Whiffet* (equal to the occasion)—"I'm awfully glad that I'm sorry I've got to go."—*Judge.*

In Chicago, Ill.: *Boy*—"Please, sir, couldn't you help a little boy who never had any papa or mamma?" *Mr. Lakeside*—"Eh!—what?" *Boy*—"Yes, sir. Divorced before I was born." (Pockets a dollar.)—*Puck.*

"By the by, I wish you would get me a card for the Duchess of Beaumorriss's dance." "I'll try. But you'll have to get a costume from her or a bonnet, or something, as she only asks her customers."—*London Punch.*

"What's that awful racket in the back room?" inquired a customer of one of the clerks; somebody trying to yell the roof off?" "It's the silent partner, sir; the firm is after him for more money."—*New York Sun.*

Business man (at the bank)—"I'd like to see the president." *Clerk*—"Sorry, sir, but he's in Canada." *Business man* (facetiously)—"Did he take anything?" *Clerk* (severely)—"Yes, sir; the 7:20 train last night."—*Judge.*

Husband—"Did you take some money from my pocket after I had gone to bed last night?" *Wife*—"A little, dear. You know you have often told me that you dislike to be asked for money when you are tired."—*New York Sun.*

Manager of rival club—"How wou'd twenty thousand dollars for next season strike you?" *Player*—"Real or newspaper price?" *Manager*—"Newspaper. Real price eighteen dollars a week." *Player*—"I'll take it."—*Time.*

Mistress—"Bridget, where is that picture of Psyche that belongs in the front parlor?" *Bridget*—"Och, it's mesilf, mum, that forgot to bring it back. I was fixin' me hair fer church this marnin', an' I left it in me own room."—*Time.*

Lady (to floor walker)—"I want to look at something very handsome in the way of striped silk stockings." *Floor walker*—"Yes, madam." (To saleswoman)—"Miss Parker, will you show this lady that new line of windy weather goods?"—*New York Sun.*

Nervous passenger (on Southern railroad)—"Conductor, why are you running at such a frightful rate of speed?" *Conductor* (reassuringly)—"There's a rotten bridge, madam, half a mile ahead, and we want to get over it with as little strain as possible."—*Life.*

Bob—"Hello, Gus, where did you get that court decision?" *Gus*—"What do you mean by court decision?" "The new coat you have on." "But why do you call it a decision?" "Because it looks as though it had just been handed down."—*Texas Siftings.*

Woman (to tramp)—"Why don't ye buy your food 'stead o' begging it?" *Tramp*—"Madam, I'm too poor to buy even toothpicks." *Woman*—"That so? What d'ye do fer toothpicks?" *Tramp*—"I have to use barbed-wire fences."—*New York Sun.*

"I can't give ye nothin'," said the woman, as a dusty and disreputable looking specimen leaned wearily against the gate. "I don't want you to give me anything, madam," he said, indignantly; "I'm no beggar. I'm returning home from the races."—*New York Sun.*

"Darringer, I have come to ask you to do me a great favor." "What is it, young man?" "You've been married a good many years, haven't you?" "Yes." "And three times, if I mistake not?" "Yes." "Well, I am on the point of marrying, and I want you to dissuade me from my purpose."—*Life.*

"Dennis, why don't you strike?" "An' phat should I do that for?" "The work's too hard for the pay you get. The idea of going up the ladder all day long!" "But I only go up half the day, sur." "How can you make that appear?" "Bekase, sur, I spends the other half a-it comin' down."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Visitor—"What has become of your living skeleton?" *Dime museum man*—"Ah, he is dead, poor fellow. Drank himself to death." *Visitor*—"Good gracious!" *Dime museum man*—"Yes, he married the two-headed woman, and it took all his salary and hers to keep him in bonnets. So he took to drink."—*Boston Courier.*

A domestic fairy tale: *Wife*—"Toast all right, darling?" *Husband*—"Done to a turn, pet." *Wife*—"How (hesitates)—how is the coffee?" *Husband*—"Perfection." *Wife* (trembling)—"Not so good as your mother used to make?" *Husband* (calmly)—"My mother never knew how to make coffee at all, precious." (Tableau.)—*Time.*

Brown—"You don't look very happy, Dumley." *Dumley*—"I've just lost two dollars on a bet." *Brown*—"That's bad." *Dumley*—"Yes. I had an awful attack of rheumatism this morning, and the young squirt of a doctor, Tipsalve, bet me two dollars he could cure it before night, and (bitterly) I'll be hanged if he didn't win the money."—*New York Sun.*

"Young man," he said, solemnly, "in the silent watches of the night, when you are wakeful and restless, do you not often feel in the depths of your being that there is something wanting—something lacking?" "Not in the night, sir," replied the young man; "I'm a heavy sleeper myself, but I do in the morning; and it's lively hustling, sir, until I get a cocktail."—*The Epoch.*

"James," said the undertaker, "it is about time to close the shop. Have you heard of any change in the condition of Mr. Simpson since noon?" "No, sir," replied the boy, "except that they've just turned off the doctors and called in a Christian Scientist." "James," rejoined his employer, shaking his head gloomily, "we will keep the shop open half an hour longer."—*Chicago Tribune.*

VANITY FAIR.

American women in the East are generally superior, physically, to the men in the same locality, and the reason lies in the fact that they pay closer attention to the laws of health. In commenting upon this disparity of the sexes, the New York *Mail* presents the case as follow: "Society women nowadays thoroughly realize the importance of good health in the matrimonial market, and New York women are to-day much stronger and healthier, as a rule, than the men are. A few minutes on Broadway, between Fourteenth Street and Twenty-second, on the west side of the street, of a Saturday afternoon, will demonstrate the truth of this assertion. The women, as a rule, are fresh of face, erect of carriage, their heads are well-poised, and their arms well-rounded. Their figures are trim, and they walk along with a strong and regular stride. The men, on the other hand, are too often sallow and loose-jointed, flat-chested, and hollow-eyed, and certainly but little else can be expected when the late hours usually kept by them are considered, and it is remembered how many dozens of cigarettes they smoke during the day and how many deadly cocktails are imbibed." "The English upper classes are dissipated (says *America*, commenting on this), but the hunting-field and the Solent act as antidotes, and the climatic influences are such as to permit of indulgences which in this country are ruinous to the constitution. Society in America copies the vices of England, but the virtues are but superficially indulged in by a limited number. The vicious practices of Europe have obtained a firm foothold, but the athletic sports are almost confined to hippodroming professionals."

It was the significant criticism of the late Matthew Arnold that Americans were not interesting. They lacked the restfulness, the refined touch, the graceful life of those who have gained their ends and can afford to be serene. The higher education of women is to hasten the day when at least the wives of Americans must be interesting as women, and when their calmness and "sweet reasonableness" must be felt not only in the atmosphere of home but in the free relations of society. It is here that educated women are to introduce an intelligent refinement which will greatly influence the next generation of Americans. We have wealth to-day without culture; in the next decade there will be not less wealth, but the women first and the men next will have the culture without which wealth makes one simply a glittering barbarian. It is the general diffusion of this intellectual and social training which is of most value. Women have supremacy in the home and in the salon, and a woman who can gather in the people who are best worth knowing and can be a leader among them, has in her hands largely the shaping of the society of the community in which she lives. The future queens of society are to be educated women, and the finest women who go out of our different institutions of learning are in many cases to be these queens. There has been a lack of this sort of women, and persons of a lower type, persons remarkable more for grace of person than for grace of spirit, have occupied their places. But no one can meet the girl graduates of to-day and trace their incipient careers without seeing that they are destined to have a great influence in guiding and developing American life.

At the seaside, or the mountains, or in the country, where the air is pure and bracing, where there is plenty of it, and where all the external conditions for giving the body strength are infinitely superior to those of the city, we may with propriety wear a flannel shirt (says the New York *Star*). In the crowded streets of the city, where the air gives little strength, where it is laden with emanation from people, animals, sewers, and all manner of decay, where we are herrings packed into crowded vehicles, where the sun beating down on stony, unshaded streets converts them into long ovens, where there is neither grass, nor foliage, nor native earth to temper the atmosphere with some strength-giving element, and where the greatest demand is made on human strength, we wear, during the summer season, a garb which taxes that strength still more—the starched shirt, the stiff linen-collar, and the regulation business-suit cut to a close fit. Following the dictates of common sense our attire should, as to place, be reversed. Why can not the soft, easy, yielding white flannel be more generally substituted for the stiff linen of city underdress? Why not wear a stuff which allows ready escape for the constant emanations from the skin, in place of a material which does not, and which when wet with perspiration gives one the feeling of being swathed in an envelope of cold clam-shells? Is it impossible for humanity to retain its proper dignity and self-respect in town without a high and stiff shirt-collar? Is flannel immoral or disreputable in town, while harmless in the country?

Many a young woman screws up her courage to the point of going to a manager and asking for an engagement on the stage. But when it comes to disrobing and for the first time displaying her shape, modesty comes in and all ambition to shine on the stage vanishes. It is not simply the chorus singers of burlesque and comic opera who wear tights nowadays, but more or less every actress on the stage. Modjeska has to do it in Rosalind, just as much as the humblest member of Mr. Leavitt's Rentz-Santley Minstrels. And the same may be said of Mary Anderson and all our legitimate actresses. Even Ellen Terry had to do it in Viola. Nor does the wearing of ordinary dresses—that is to say, stage dresses—preclude the wearing of tights, though doubtless the vast increase in the popularity of comic opera of late years has increased the extent of tight-wearing to a marvelous degree. It was a wonderful innovation in America when the "Black Crook" first came, and that is only twenty years ago. But now probably fifty women are compelled to wear tights where there was one then. It may not be generally known that the wearing of tights is a decidedly unhealthy practice—there has never been any scientific principle applied to wearing them properly. They are simply drawn on as tightly as two or four strong arms can get them, and fastened by a leather belt around the waist. This belt has to be drawn at such a tension that what doctors call unhealthy lacing is nothing in comparison with the torture to which women subject themselves in this manner. Articles have recently been written in reference to the wearing of tights in the circus-ring and the bad results that usually follow for the women so employed. But this is nothing compared to the system in vogue in comic opera and burlesque theatres. The circus-rider has a ten or fifteen-minute act to perform, and she is done for the night. The chorus girl dresses at half-past seven, and knows no relief until after eleven. Louise Montague, who was the handsome Medora in "Conrad, the Corsair," said not long ago, that she did not believe any woman who was not compelled to wear tights would do so. It involved a large expenditure of physical force, and she would be quite willing at any time to accept twenty-five dollars a week less salary if she were not compelled to wear them. As an expert on the question, she added that there was no doubt whatever that women's health was injured by this wearing of tights. Fortunately for herself she had not been compelled to do so for any length of time, but so far as her observation went, women became old before their time by means of these modern requisites of the stage.

The fashions of the early days of the present century, eccentric in form, audaciously brilliant in color, are strongly influencing those of to-day. Last winter, green and yellow in their crudest and most dazzling tones of apple-green and mandarin-yellow, wrought in velvet and satin, were worn for ball-dresses. The yellow was rendered more dazzling by the introduction of scales of gold, or of martial trimmings of gold braiding; the vernal tints were poetised by floral trimmings, or delicate embroideries of blossoms. As the spring advances, the ascendancy of the two favorite colors grows more marked. We see cabbage-green jackets and frog-green cashmere costumes; while hats are adorned with gold in panaches or in clusters radiating like suns. Gold shines everywhere; it glitters down the seams of gowns; it glistens round their bodices; it twinkles over the forehead; it encircles the waist, the throat, the wrists. It is the dominating note in every design, here wrought in embroidery, there fashioned in a flower, or in a star, then appearing again in the braided trimming.

Fashion in Paris has issued an edict declaring that ladies' stockings shall match the color of their shoes rather than that of their gowns. In obedience to a previous manifesto or proviso respecting the styles in shoes, thin colors in slippers are permitted upon the street—plain black shoes, suede-colored half-shoes with black foxings and bronze-colored undressed kid ties, as well as dark tan-colored seaside shoes, while for full-dress driving in the park bronze half-shoes and ecru slippers are allowable. Accordingly, the popular stockings for summer wear are black, bronze, and suede, colored creations of cotton, lisle thread, and silk, varying in quality of fineness, and correspondingly differing in amount of price only in inverse ratio—the finer the stocking the greater the cost. More black stockings are worn than any other color, and the prices of the great variety shown range from sixty cents to thirty dollars and even forty dollars. Plain black silk hose for ordinary wear may be bought in good quality for two, three, or four dollars, and more of this kind are sold than any other. A pretty fancy of the season is to have the foot and ankle of the stocking black as far up as it is supposed to be shown even by accident, and the rest of the leg some light or bright tint matching in color the prevailing hue of the costume worn—pink, purple, with green, terra-cotta, pale blue, and even flesh-color, the line of division being concealed by a band of embroidery or the two colors being dovetailed together with serrated edges cut in deep Vandyke points, the effect of which is very startling when some particularly disagreeable puddle threatens the dainty skirts, and the wearer lifts them high out of danger, or when some especially venturesome little breeze tosses the flounces and frills aside an instant. Another new fancy in black is to have the upper part of the foot woven like lace, while underneath a scarlet blue or gold lining is woven, gleaming through the lace meshes.

A smart dress-maker not only learns to round a bust, but she can so deftly pad the sleeves that when the wrist is seen it seems only the slender termination of a plump arm. The gown of a very thin girl in New York, one who has the reputation of being a singularly good figure, suggests a quilt heavily wadded more than anything else. Back, hip, sleeves, and bust are all the result of clever workmanship. And it is so clever that tailor-made gowns are defiantly worn by this girl, and the most critical of critics find no flaw in the outlines of her figure. The small woman should avoid a large hat, that is, unless she is in a carriage, as she would a sin. For when walking, the back view is anything but beautiful. She simply looks like a pretty little taper, with a huge extinguisher slowly but surely blotting out her existence. The woman whose foot is not like that of Cinderella should never permit herself to wear patent-leather shoes, or, horror of horrors, light cloth tops. Though, by the way, one must call them "spats." The pale blonde should admire gray on her brunette cousin, for when she assumes it her eyes look listless, her hair looks faded, and her skin has a pasty, washed-out look that does not look artistic, but makes one think she is bilious. But there is a pale shade of rose, of the veritable old rose, in which the blonde looks a flower, and which gives to the brunette a sallow air that she wants to avoid. There can be no law laid down for colors. There was a time when blue was dedicated to blondes, and all the red and yellow shades to brunettes. Nowadays we know that yellow, that very glory of the heavens, is quite as becoming to a blonde as to her darker sister. It is the color of the sunshine, and surely should suit every woman. Ellen Terry, with blonde hair, a bad complexion, eyes that were witching only because of their expression and not because of their beauty of shape or color, looked a veritable vision of loveliness in her yellow silk gown as Portia. Mrs. Langtry, with her immaculate skin, her glossy brown hair, and her deep eyes, became a delight in a yellow tulle gown garlanded with red poppies. Sarah Bernhardt, with her blonde hair, her steelly blue eyes, her dead pale complexion, looked her best in a yellow crêpe costume that clothed Théodora. Now here are three distinct types. Each found the sunshiny shade suited to her. Do not be too certain of the becomingness of black. It is always good form, but it is not always becoming. Black velvet, by its softness, by its almost feather-like surface, is universally suited to womankind. But black satin makes the stout woman appear twice her size; black silk makes the dark woman look sallow, and black cashmere, if made up with severity, makes angles where there should be curves on the slender figure. The dark browns are probably the most becoming colors, and best realize the kind of a costume that the French woman appreciates *pour tout aller*.

The Princess of Wales and other ladies of the great London world are setting the fashion of displaying a fortune in diamonds upon their persons on every possible occasion. "It is surely a blunder," says an English writer, "that our princess should have lent her countenance to a custom worthy only of the wives and daughters of glorified pork-packers, petroleum dealers, proprietors of corners in cotton, and other millionairesses from the other side of the Atlantic. One inevitable result will be a great demand for paste. Society was false enough already, one would have imagined, without this direct encouragement from the highest quarters."

Of the Cuban woman's loveliness (says a correspondent of the Denver *News*) there can be no question. She is beautiful in form, in movement, in face. From the *niña*, or little girl, to old age she is still beautiful. She is winsome as a child, lovely as a maiden, entrancing as a sweetheart, adorable as a wife, dear and sweet as a mother, and again charming and winsome when the days have come wherein she is a child again. In the physical beauty of Cuban women the commanding features are the foot, whose daintiness and symmetry are marvelous; the willowy grace of movement of person; the exquisitively modeled form, and the eyes which never lose their lustre. Cuban women wear shoes no larger than the No. 1 size for women in the States. Nor is this diminutive size the result of any pinching process. She is born that way. You could hold two of them in your one hand. And whatever the woman's weight or size, the foot is universally this dainty and beautiful thing. Its arch is wonderful. But one thing about it offends the foreigner's eye. That is the high, narrow heel, two or three inches long, and scarcely a third of an inch at its narrowest part. One feels afraid of accidents and *contretemps* from it. But this pretty-footed woman is a sure-footed one. She is the most graceful woman on her feet, in her walk and carriage, in the promenade, or in the dance, you ever saw. Of her form, it is perfection. Nine women out of every ten you meet are models of symmetry. I should say they were rather under the size of our average American women. There is a greater delicacy in line and proportion. They do not so torture their persons or themselves. They do not endeavor to abolish the action of every vital organ, and those organs themselves, in an effort to rival the hour-glass in form. These women are nearly as God made them.

The marriageable young ladies in aristocratic French families are often at a loss as to how they are to employ the time between the final departure from the convents or the boarding-schools and the arrival of the bridegroom. The *bals-blancs*, the daily rides, walks, and drives in the Bois; the occasional visits to the theatre and the opera, the courses of water-color drawing, or the matutinal manipulation of the inevitable piano are not enough to fill up the leisure hours of French young-ladydom. A new pursuit has accordingly been devised for the occupation of the spare moments of blooming maidens who are awaiting what Ben Jonson calls the "Goblin Matrimony." This is the practice of photography, and we are assured that a photographic apparatus is now fitted up in the boudoir of nearly every young heiress in the noble Faubourg. Friends, acquaintances, servants, and favorite dogs are all faithfully photographed, and some of the fair votaries of the art are said to be remarkably adroit in using their cameras, which are all constructed after the most modern plan. Very recently, too, a young lady who was married "out" of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, received, among other contributions to her *corbeille de noces*, or "wedding presents," a costly and superb camera, which would not have been disdained by Nadar himself.

The tailor-made girl arrays herself this summer in a lawn-tennis costume dainty enough for a tea-gown, and as comfortable as it is bewitching. The old blue flannel gathered skirts and plaited blouses have been replaced by a delicately tinted dress made of a peculiar material called tennis-flannel, which comes in every variety of shade and design, and is made up into a kilted skirt, with a short hip drapery in front, and a fluffy butterfly arrangement in the back, and a waist just as near an exact copy of her brother's or best fellow's shirt as her own or her dress-maker's fancy can devise. Indeed, some of the sweet girls go to the shirt counter and invest in a man's shirt, tie, and tennis-hat, and then they buy a kilted skirt to harmonize in color and a sash with tasseled ends. They fasten the skirt belt over the shirt at the waist, tie the sash over the band, and feel, as well as look, extremely startling and stunning. This is, however, only a fancy, as the blouses have the same effect, and do away with a superfluity of material below the waist-line that only causes unnecessary weight and warmth.

The French are acknowledged to have the finest guns and projectiles in Europe. Their Ferminy shell has been shot through an armor-plate twenty inches thick, and come out with its steel point uninjured.

IN A FRENCH SEA-TOWN.

"L'Americaine" on Bathing, Strange Sports, and the Fisher Folk.

On the coast of Normandy, hidden among green rolling hills, is a little village that not many years ago was known only to a few traveling artists, who found many subjects for their brushes here. There were, too, perhaps a dozen or so families from the gay capital, who had discovered this pretty nook by chance, and came here each year to rusticate among the primitive inhabitants, most of whom were rude fishermen and women, human toilers of the sea, who knew little or nothing of the great world beyond the boundaries of their tiny village. To-day this same modest hamlet is a fashionable watering-place. The thatched huts of the fisher people have given way to beautiful villas, fine hotels, stores, restaurants, and casinos. Houlgate is now the delight of many Parisians and tourists, and the summer home of several French families, who have built picturesque dwellings on the sloping hillsides, or on the wooded bluffs overhanging the sea, where the waves dash ceaselessly against the rocky walls.

A short while ago I accepted an invitation from one of my cousins to visit her at Houlgate, and accordingly at the time fixed for my Normandy trip I started, in company with a safe escort, for the coast. We decided to break the journey and stop over night at Rouen, that quaint old cathedral town filled with the memory of Jeanne d'Arc and her martyrdom. While giving me a treat in the way of historical buildings and places of interest, my friends themselves were enjoying new scenes—for, although for years they had been passing through Rouen each summer, they had never thought it worth while to stop over except just long enough to buy a stick of the celebrated *sucre d'orge* at the railway station for the little ones. Had it not been for me, therefore, my now sight-seeing French friends would to this day have had to leave their knowledge of Rouen to photographs and histories.

The next day we pushed forward to Havre, where we took a small steamer for Dives, going this way in preference to the long land journey. We arrived safely in the harbor at Dives, and made our way up through the town to the celebrated inn which in years gone by sheltered the great William the Conqueror. Here we partook of a most delicious *déjeûner* in a vine-covered porch. This hostelry is renowned as well for its memories of the bold William as for its good cook, and the master of the very rickety old house draws tourists from all parts on account of his celebrated *cuisine*. After our repast, which had left us in remarkably good humor, we wandered off toward the market-place. Here a lively scene greeted us, for it was market day. Fat farmers, with pigs and chickens for sale, and their buxom wives, with butter, eggs, cheese, and vegetables, lined the street, while fishermen and women from the many adjoining hamlets were laying in provisions for the next week, finishing off their purchases with a bright ribbon or kerchief. Their donkeys laden with brimming baskets, they would climb on to the pyramid of luggage, and, with a loud and prolonged "hur-r-r-r-donc," they were off.

From here on we could have procured a good carriage and horses to take us to Houlgate, but as I greatly preferred all that was novel to me and out of the usual course, I persuaded my companions to patronize the old-fashioned diligence that plods its way daily between the place and Houlgate. One reads of these old lumbersome conveyances used for so many hundreds of years before the power of steam was ever dreamed of, but seldom do we enjoy the sight of one of them except in some French picture of the old school. In the near future, I am confident, they will become one of the curiosities in some European museum, and we shall see them only in this one place. Even now there are few of them in France.

My first sight of pretty Houlgate was about sundown; the sea, the surrounding country, and the houses were all touched with a mellow light, softening the landscape and making me realize most fully why artists loved the place, and why it had become such a favorite resort for those who had been fortunate enough to discover it. My cousin's home, a most beautiful dwelling called "Villa d'Hardricourt," is situated on one of the cliffs, which gradually slope to the sea, the trees and shrubs growing almost to the water's edge. I was enchanted with the villa, its wide porches, large windows, ample halls, and rooms, all so entirely different from the inland châteaux of France. The life is also different here; there is more freedom and less etiquette, but there is more dress, as the Paris *beau monde* of fashion is about you, and the esplanade, the Casino, and the beach are places where the perfect toilet can be shown off with the greatest advantage.

The morning after my arrival, desirous to see the town, I sauntered out with my friends to view the sights. I noticed many Parisians, Russians, and a few Italians on the road, but no Americans; no doubt Trouville is better known to them as yet. The main street at this hour was filled with people in pretty morning toilets, all making it their duty to purchase some small article at the shops which lined one side of the narrow thoroughfare; if it were only a penny's worth to be bought the excuse to go on a shopping-tour was eagerly taken, and invariably this hour of the day was given up to this tour among the stores.

The beach, a long, white, shining plain, was most inviting, and the entire day, with the exception of times given up to excursions, was passed on it. Close up to the cliffs was a long row of white tents which, from a distance, looked like a flock of birds. These belonged to different families, owned by some and hired by the month by others, and were cosily fitted up with tables and easy-chairs. Here the light luncheon would be brought each afternoon at four o'clock, and very often supper is served in the tents if it be a very fine night. Besides the tents, the beach was strewn with queer-looking basket-seats, with basket-hoods to them, entirely inclosing the back and sides of the chair, and making a complete shelter from sun, wind, or from the gaze of too-curious eyes. These chairs are made to hold either one or two occupants, and are lined—some with plain creton and others with very handsome material—with pockets, mirrors, and cushions. They are comfortable and well-adapted to the seaside or garden.

I found the bathing-houses no different from others I had seen. People who have homes here generally own their own bath-houses, which were all very pretty, and furnished with every convenience, even to a small sitting-room, where the bathers can rest awhile after their efforts in the deep.

The hour of bathing is not set by choice of the public but by the "master of the beach," as he is called. When he considers the tide at the proper height, the water the right temperature, and the day not too rough, he hoists a large flag as the signal for the bathing to begin. The flag remains up about two hours, and then is taken down until the propitious hour comes again.

At this signal the ladies come out one by one from their bath-houses, enveloped in long wraps, and followed by their maids. The mantles are dropped at the water's edge, and the fair bathers stand revealed to all eyes in dresses of marvelous designs, all apparently too beautiful for a wetting. The feet are clad in pretty cork-soled sandals to match the dress, which sandals are far too dainty for a salt-water bath. A hat of oil-silk, but trimmed with ribbons to harmonize with the costume, is set coquettishly on the head. The bare neck and arms of some of the bathers are bedecked with gold or silver necklaces and bracelets. One immediately expects wonders from these ladies, and watches with interest for the first skillful dive. But one waits in vain. The pretty bather, after a slight hesitation, walks calmly to the rope, holds on firmly, and by slow degrees makes her way out to water just deep enough to reach up to her slender waist; and here she and her companions tip gracefully up and down in the shallow water several times, and then, without a frizzel even dampened, or a ribbon displaced, they come back to shore, where the watchful maids wrap them in the soft cloaks and lead them slowly, as if they had had a ten-mile swim, to the bath-houses. Few French women swim, as a rule, but when they do acquire the 'art, they make most skillful and graceful water-nymphs, having no fear whatever.

The chief amusements here are fishing expeditions, donkey rides into the country, and entertainments at the casino. I was most anxious to go on a fishing expedition, and a few days after I arrived quite a large party of us started from the villa. It was all such a new thing to me that I examined curiously all belonging to it with no common interest. My costume, as well as those of the other ladies, was most peculiar. We had on our bathing suits, over which we wore short jackets of striped flannel; pretty cork-shoes and large straw hats completed our attire. Some carried pitchforks and buckets, others nets and poles. The gentlemen wore knickerbockers and short jackets, and went bare-footed. On the beach we found a number of donkey-carts awaiting us, and small boys in attendance who were to beat the poor beasts in case they became refractory.

The tide was well on its way out—it falls or recedes from two to three miles each day—and we had several hours before us for our trip. With much urging and slow advancing we arrived at a good spot, so the gentlemen assured us, and seizing the pitchforks, we all began to dig. The first removal of sand showed me quantities of small fishes squirming around in the wet and loosened sand. Grabbing them up in our hands we deposited them in our pails, and so went from place to place fishing in this most curious manner. It became quite exciting toward the end, for we made wagers as to who would gather the greatest quantity, and in our hurry to grab all we could see half would squirm out of our hands like eels. These tiny fish are a species of anchovy, and make a most delicious *friture*, well repaying one at dinner-time for the trouble of hunting them.

Time passed so rapidly on this expedition that we were quite startled when a shout, "here comes the tide," brought us back to giving a thought to the hour. The lateness of the hour gave wings to our feet, and jumping into our carts, we began the aggravating task of trying to make the donkeys "go!" It was no joke to be told that the tide was coming in, for, although it recedes rather slowly, it rises with wonderful rapidity, and is very dangerous on this account. The small boys beat the donkeys until I fairly cried out in alarm. We shrieked ourselves hoarse at the poor brutes, and only just reached a place of safety in time, for the water was already washing our cart-wheels. On the cliffs above us we saw anxious friends waiting our arrival. They had even called some good fisher people to help us in case of need, and these stood ready with long ropes in their hands to haul us back to land in case of necessity.

These kindly inhabitants are always on the look-out to assist the distressed stranger. They are splendid, great-hearted men and women, who never hesitate to risk their own lives in saving another's. The new element of the world that has of late years come in among them has not as yet spoiled them; they are still simple, honest people, without a thought of enriching themselves by taking from others. Their lives are hard, passed from morning till night on the sea, and many brave fellows who go out in the morning never return at night. These people add greatly to the picturesqueness of Houlgate. Their dress is peculiar and most attractive to an artistic eye. The men wear heavy, dark blouses or short jackets, tarry trousers, wooden or other coarse shoes, and red Phrygian caps. Over one shoulder is generally slung a coil of rope, and in one hand is a bag containing provisions, and in the other a small keg of fresh water. The fishwives are dressed in short, woolen, striped skirts with a bright red over-dress; heavy, close-fitting coats, with a white kerchief at the neck, calico caps, long, gold ear-rings, and a huge basket of fish make up their accoutrement. Every afternoon a dozen or so boats leave here for deep-water fishing, and one will always see a number of fishwives rushing down to the jetty to see them off, calling to them and watching them out of sight. As we watch them waving their good-bys seaward, I can but hope with them that the incoming tide will bring them only good cheer.

Houlgate. L'Americaine.

"Shylock," translated into verse, is about to be produced at the Paris Odéon.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mme. Meissonnier, whose death is announced, was a sister of Steinhell, the painter of religious subjects. She was much given to works of charity.

Mrs. Kendal, the great English actress, is the inventor and patentee of a lamp and candle shade, from the sales of which she derives a handsome profit. It is called the "Egdam"—her own name reversed.

At the Bologna Exhibition is to be found the skull of Donizetti, the composer. To it is attached a printed statement to the effect that it was rescued from the house of a pork-packer of Bergamo, whose children had used it as a money-box.

Mr. W. H. Smith, the leader of the House of Commons, is not connected with the great news agency which bears his name. He withdrew entirely from it some years ago, but draws an annual royalty for the use of his name. Two of his sons-in-law are now at the head of it.

J. J. Cromwell, of New York, who claims to be a direct descendant of Oliver Cromwell, has in his possession a slipper worn by a niece of Cromwell at the coronation of Charles the First of England in 1625. The slipper shows that the lady who wore it had a dainty and well-shaped foot.

Count Maurice Esterhazy has been put under guardianship to check his mad extravagance. He owns, free and clear of incumbrances, more than two hundred and twenty thousand acres of land in Hungary, and can travel in a straight line more than fifty miles without quitting his estate.

Red Shirt, an Indian chief, was taken recently to see a large painting of the ocean by Albert Bierstadt. He looked at it with great interest, and when asked what he thought of it, made an eloquent gesture signifying the unpleasant memories called forth by such a realistic representation of the sea. Mr. Bierstadt said that he could not have been more delicately complimented than by this bit of pantomime.

Mr. Henry Guy Carleton, the well-known writer, a member of the *World* staff, is lying dangerously ill at his room in the Lotos Club in New York city. He was seized on Friday night, three weeks ago, with a chill, as the result of falling asleep on his bed before an open window. This was followed by muscular rheumatism and a congestion of liver and bowels. In a few days peritonitis set in, and his case was regarded as almost hopeless. At latest advices he had improved, but he is still in a precarious condition.

King Humbert, of Italy, has given up dancing, and at all the palace and state balls his son takes his father's place as partner of the lady whom the king delighteth to honor. The Prince of Naples is a good dancer, but exercises free choice, liking a pretty mate as well as most young men, although as heir-apparent he has to attend to his duty-dances first, and his pleasure ones afterward. There is speculation as to whom this young prince will marry. He is a prize for any one of the fair daughters of reigning sovereigns.

Since Mrs. Cleveland became the President's wife she has to wear gloves two sizes larger than she wore before she was married. Her left hand is very little if any larger, but the right hand, which has done so much shaking in its official capacity, is noticeably larger than the other, and she recently told a friend that it was impossible for her to wear her old number in gloves. The same is probably true of the President, but as men wear their gloves so much looser than women, he might not know it by that means, but if he compares his two hands he will see the difference.

Of the late Emperor Frederick, early in her reign, Empress Eugénie wrote as follows: "The prince is tall and handsome, almost a head taller than the emperor; he is slight and fair, with a straw-colored mustache, a German (as Tacitus might describe him) of chivalrous courtesy, with something of the Hamlet about him. . . . His companion, a General Moltke (or some such name), is a taciturn gentleman, but by no means a dreamer, and, being perpetually on the look-out, takes one by surprise with his pointed remarks. They are an imposing race, these Germans. Louis calls them the race of the future."

There is once more talk of Sarah's debts and Sarah's marriage. The other day some old creditor tried to make a seizure in her house on the Boulevard Pereire, but M. Grau came forward with documents in hand which demonstrated that the house and all in it belongs to him. In a day or two quite a complicated lawsuit will be decided between the heirs of M. Ballande, former lessee of the Théâtre des Nations, and Sarah Bernhardt on a question of the payment of certain forfeit moneys. The interest of the case lies in the fact that incidentally the tribunal will have to pronounce on the marriage of Sarah with M. Damala. Sarah's lawyers plead the non-responsibility of Sarah, because she acted without authorization of her husband. The heirs of M. Ballande maintain her absolute responsibility, because as she is not legally married to M. Damala she had no need of authorization.

The Vienna papers give the following particulars of the expenses incurred at Milan by the Emperor of Brazil during his recent illness. His majesty's hotel bill amounted to one thousand francs per day, but in consequence of his illness other visitors had to leave, so that he should not be disturbed. This, together with certain items, doubled the hotel charges, and made them amount to about two thousand francs a day. The total sum was sixty-five thousand francs for thirty-five days. The Brazilian Emperor further presented his host with a gold snuff-box and a decoration. The ice ordered for the imperial patient cost one hundred francs a day. Telegraphing to Rio de Janeiro, sometimes to the extent of three or four thousand francs a day, came to fifty thousand francs. The emperor's French physician received for two trips to Milan forty thousand francs. His two Italian doctors were paid one thousand two hundred francs a day. Then Dom Pedro had to give a large number of fees and to contribute to numerous charities. It is estimated at Milan that his stay there must have cost him four hundred thousand francs.

The arrest and confinement of Lord James Douglas in Holloway Jail is another illustration of the decadence of the British peerage. The offense of Lord James is known in legal phraseology as "molesting" a ward of chancery, an estimable and beautiful girl named Mabel Scott, the unmarried daughter of Lady Lena Scott, with whom, in spite of the express orders of the court of chancery, he "communicated." This latter consisted in his sending from some port on the Mediterranean a Christmas card, which was held by Justice Chitty to be of a highly objectionable character. Miss Mabel Scott, the victim of Lord James's Christmas card, is a thoroughly English type of beauty, with a sweet face and fascinating manners. In the family circle she is known by the endearing name of "Babs." Her sister, Miss "Giddy," is the young lady who was deluded into marrying Mr. Arthur Sebright at a registrar's office in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, a year or so ago. The young people parted at the registrar's door, and when next they met face to face the scene was the divorce court, Miss "Giddy" petitioning, and luckily successfully, to have the matrimonial fetters struck off. She has since married very happily.

Miss Leona Dare, the aeronaut, who daily risks her life at the Crystal Palace, London, ascends some mile and a half into the air (three thousand metres is her own estimate), hanging to the balloon by her teeth, which are unusually strong. An iron bar is attached to a trapeze suspended from the car, to one end of which an india-rubber mouth-piece or ball of that substance has been fitted. Miss Dare puts her mouth over this, closes her teeth, and is carried up by the balloon, supported by her teeth alone, to a height at which she is invisible from below. There she signals to two experienced assistants in the car, who lower a ladder by which she ascends—being, of course, trained to all acrobatic feats—through a trap-door into the basket. "then the basket is divided into two compartments by a shawl, and behind this partition I change my ballooning costume, which of necessity is very light, into an ordinary walking-dress, so as to be able to go home without inconvenience when we descend." Miss Dare declares that she suffers no inconvenience beyond a surging in her ears, which lasts for some time after she has descended, and that through long exercise her teeth and jaws have become exceptionally strong and trained to bear the excessive fatigue which, it is plain, must fall to their share; but it is obvious, nevertheless, that her life must be in the most extreme peril. She does not like the balloon, she says, but it is her means of existence, and she must live.

"A HUNDRED IN THE SHADE."

New York Frying in Its Own Fat.

To say that the street looked hot from my bedroom window this morning is to do it scanty justice. Its bricks blazed, its marble flashed, its flagstones glowed, and the scanty puddles in its gutters were visibly shrinking into parched and crackled mud. The paint upon its iron fronts was blistering. The pitch upon its graveled roofs was stewing. Over all the town hung an atmosphere with a quiver to it, such as one may note on a clear day above a chimney under which furious fires are burning without smoke. In this pitiless breath from nature's blast-furnace the window-garden plants drooped imploringly, shuddering in every gentle puff of the hot breeze like sentient organisms under a mortal stab.

When I went forth, arrayed in conformance with the laws of public decency alone, a policeman, with a crimson complexion and a face that looked as if he had just withdrawn it from a bath of oil, was wiping his forehead with his forefinger, whipping a stream of moisture off at every stroke in the shadow of my doorway. There was a great deal of policeman to very little shadow, but I suppose the little was better than none at all.

"A hundred in the shade, sir," said the dissolving guardian of the peace, when I gave him good-morning; "keep close to the houses, and go slow."

The advice was not worth much, for the houses were chary of shade, and the pavement refracted a steady glow of heat, like the floor of an oven. Fat men melted by me, with their raiment barred and splotched with exuding moisture wherever it came in contact with their bodies. Fat women dragged themselves along, fanning and gasping for breath. Fat horses jogged their way with closed eyes, and every dog I passed had half a yard or so of tongue exposed to the caresses of the atmosphere. The glare of the street, a glare compounded of sunlight, the reflection of buildings, and the dazzle of plate-glass, had the effect on the eye of a hot iron passed across it. And, as if to make certain that there should be no mistake about the temperature, a dealer in straw hats and palm-leaf fans had covered half a window with an enormous inscription, in flame-red letters, on white muslin:

"100 IN THE SHADE."

The every-day crowd on Broadway was sadly thinned out, and every man in it had the air of one who was abroad for business and was attending to it with devout strictness. The shopping-woman was on hand, of course. She comes forth, superior to the thermometer, in hot wave and blizzard alike. But even she did not progress with her usual vivacity, and did not betray the usual active interest in the shop windows, nor carry the usual load of bundles. Open waistcoats were the rule, and palm-leaf fans and sun umbrellas speckled the exhausted crowd. The heat appeared to have a specially depressing effect upon the children, all of whom I encountered having their faces soiled by tears as well as sticky with candy. The bootblacks dozed in doorways on their boxes, or slept in the chairs of their stands. The newsboys dawdled along in the narrow strip of shadow close to the houses, crying their stock-in-trade in listless voices. At a street-corner the "Original Hokey Pokey Ice-Cream Man," *vide* the inscription on his little hand-cart, retailed one-cent dabs of a greasy-looking compound, that almost melted before they could be trickled into the mouths of the purchasers from the porcelain thimbles made and provided for the purpose.

In spite of the heat there was a mob gathered around a lamp-post in front of a druggist's shop, at an exposed street corner, where men and women fried together in a suffocating deluge of sunlight. As if it were not enough to sizzle and boil in such a spot, this mob was aggravating the influences of the temperature by jostling, elbowing, and struggling for a place as close to the lamp-post as it could gain. When I joined it, I discovered the object of its interest to be a big thermometer, fastened against the post in a wooden box, with a little pent house-top to shelter it from the direct rays of the sun, and a parboiled man in a linen suit, wilted to the general semblance of a dish-rag, fanned his mouth full of hot air with his hat, and gasped:

"A hundred in the shade, b'gosh!"

Just within the doorway of the drug-store was a huge soda-water fountain. It towered to the ceiling, all white and colored marble, garnished with gleaming silver and with a nickel-plated spread eagle surmounting it, and in a cavity in its front, behind a plate of glass, reposed a huge block of ice. In the marble counter two fountains of running water played into a circular basin, with a pleasant refreshing tinkle, and overhead some mechanical fans whirled lazily. It was the first cool spot that I had seen that morning, and I did not wonder at the crowd that beset it and drenched itself with big draughts drawn from the chilled faucets by several perspiring young men in their shirt-sleeves.

From the thermometer outside to the soda-fountain within an incessant pilgrimage was kept up. Seven out of every ten persons who inspected this record of the temperature were reminded how hot it was, if they had needed any such reminder, and naturally sought the readiest fount of refreshment. The capacity of the human frame for gaseous fluids had never revealed itself to me in its full amplitude before, and I watched with a sentiment, akin to awe, the vanishing of untold quarts of variously flavored liquid poured into human interiors. The man in the wilted linen suit joined me at the marble counter. He began with an ice-cream soda and was tapering down through the syrups to plain fizz, close run by an obese female with a leather satchel, who was either just in from the country or peddling corn-plasters. I could not exactly decide which, when I dove back into the furnace again, where a denser crowd than ever was rendering itself more moist and wretched by its battle for an opportunity to read in the mercury the entirely superflous assurance that it was a hundred in the shade.

"Phew!" said a withered old gentleman, dropping out of the press and addressing me in the manner of a man aching for confidence with any one, as a relief for a personal grievance; "I really had no idea that it was so hot."

He was a dry old gentleman, without an ounce of superfluous flesh upon his bones. Under ordinary circumstances he might have gone through the day without wasting a drop of perspiration in its honor. But a contemplation of the mercury in the little tube had turned him into a martyr to the season. He sweated, gasped, and blinked with purblind eyes in the midday glare.

"My, my!" complained the old gentleman, "what are the seasons coming to, I'm sure. We never had such summers when I was a boy."

"No," remarked another old gentleman, equally dessicated and equally moist, "nor such winters, either."

I left the veterans comparing notes on the decadence of the seasons in the frail shadow of a telegraph-pole, and augumenting the discomforts of the present with reminiscences of the blizzards and snow-storms of the past.

The heat was so dead and the air so lifeless that the sound of the bells upon the street-car horses had the melody of far-away church bells heard in country lanes. The dry dust of the town had somewhat of a country smell, too, and the Italians digging a ditch to lay a gas-pipe in, had a touch of picturesqueness in their unusual garb that hardly belonged to the town. They literally larded the lean earth as they labored in the sun, and no doubt came nearer a washing than they would, by choice, have done at any time. "The way thim Guineas can worruk," said a truckman, who had been treating himself to a draught of oatmeal-and-water out of a bucket before he served it to his horse, "bates anything; ye'd think they wor med av injy rubber."

As if to controvert this statement in the most convincing fashion possible, one of the ditch-diggers threw up his hands and fell flat in the trench. The customary mob grew out of the earth and materialized out of the air in the usual twinkling of an eye, and a dozing policeman sauntered to the nearest signal-box to summon an ambulance.

"Where's the fire, officer?" inquired a passer-by.

"Don't you feel it everywhere?" replied the officer, slamming the iron shutter of the signal-box back with an energy unusual to the circumstances of the day; "or isn't a hundred in the shade hot enough for you?"

The birds drowsed in the green thickets of Madison Square, complaining at the caloric with sleepy chirps. The idlers and the nurse-maids drowsed on the benches. Even George Francis Train, looking almost cool in white duck, lazed listlessly on his chosen seat and drawled his interminable scheme for regenerating a corrupt and decadent universe forth to a yawning crowd. There were beads of perspiration on citizen Train's bronzed brow, and his big button-hole bouquet was wilted. When it was suggested to him that he ought to psychologize the weather, however, he professed surprise, and demanded to know why?

"Because it is so hot," said I.

"Hot!" repeated citizen Train, with a yawn. "Pooh, pooh! You ought to try the two-hundred-and-ninety room of a Turkish bath."

The suggestion was so awful that one of his adult audience staggered off in search of a comparatively cool place to faint in, and several of the children commenced to cry for their respective mammas.

Delmonico's was almost deserted. The few guests it harbored hugged as close to the windows as they could, and ate ices and salads buried in crushed ice. In the big bar-room of the Brunswick men sat where there would have been a draught, if any draught had been stirring, and sucked long drinks through straws out of tumblers filled with ice. The lofty lobby of the Victoria was lined with beet-faced visiting Britons, who sleepily protested to each other against a temperature whose like was unknown in Pall Mall, don't you know. Even the besetting swarm of black-legs and actors who infest the section of Broadway known as the Strand, had succumbed to the season, and the hotel windows showed only a dull uniformity of men asleep in arm-chairs, with their feet on tables and window-sills. In the empty shops the sales-people nodded over their counters, and at the theatres the ticket-sellers slumbered in their boxes behind the little windows undisturbed, for who would book seats for the play with the thermometer at a hundred in the shade?

I came upon a sort of sluggish and debilitated movement of life when I turned my back on the politer section of the town. Poverty must toil or go hungry, no matter what extravagances the temperature may be guilty of. But even poverty seemed to prefer the latter alternative in the majority of instances. Among the wretched flower-pots at tenement-house windows there were the heads of sleeping men upon the window ledges. In the hallways of the rookeries the children of the gutter slept, stretched on the floor. The streets were left to the steaming filth that they exuded, and that rank with its own corruption refused to evaporate under a heat that lapped up water like a thirsty dog, and to the women, going to and fro upon those avocations of the sex that never end.

And such women! Such strange and awful libels on the sex, so red, smeary, flowsy, foul-smelling, unkempt of hair, and shrill of tongue, that the mere sight of them must set horror and pity contending on their behalf! There were young women already branded deep by the cares of age, and old women to whom age had brought a harshness and a degradation beyond all compass of words. The very girl-children had work cut out for them already, while the boys went idle, and lugged cans of beer, and pails of fuel, and baskets of groceries through the furnace, with masculine calls and curses to hurry their tired feet. There were women drinking in the beer-shops, and women drinking in the gin-shops. There were women drinking socially in doorways and alone at bars. But the women were all at work, sewing or nursing unwholesome babies, or marketing, or otherwise busied while their masters rested, and even a drunken woman making rags of two policemen's uniforms, amid the chivalric jeerings of a masculine mob, had a load of something in a bundle tied up in an old coverlid, that was big enough to tax the carrying capacity of a push-cart.

At every public wharf along the water-side there were swimmers soaking in the steaming water, defiant of the local ordinances, and the somnolent police. Wherever there was a hands-breadth of shade among the junk-shops and the ship-chandleries, brawny men in dirty overalls and jumpers lay motionless, each in a special puddle of his own outfiltering juices. The big ships and the little craft at the docks sweated pitch from every pore. Strolling here, with the smell of tar and bilge-water strong in my nostrils, it was easy enough to imagine the big city some doldrummed ship, becalmed upon dead waters like those on which the Ancient Mariner looked hopelessly forth, with the murdered albatross rotting at his breast.

"When I was in the West Ingies, in sixty-two," said a thick voice, in the close gloom of a marine groggery, "I never seen it worse than this. And a man could go dressed up in his skin and a marlinspike when it was a hundred in the shade down there."

Other invisible voices indorsed this sentiment, and there was a clinking of glasses and a strong aroma of Jamaica rum. The baking mariners were, apparently, applying a theory in physics invented by my old friend Charles Dawson Shandley, who drank cold whisky in winter to keep himself warm, and hot spirits in summer because the evaporation of the perspiration they produced kept him cool—a theory to which, a regard for truth compels me to add, he eventually succumbed.

In all the heat and glare, in all the suffocating highways, and the smothering by-ways of the town, but one individual seemed to find the circumstances of the day congenial. You met him everywhere; he accosted you in bar-rooms and hailed you at street corners. He extended his salutation to you over your ice, and he hurled it at you as you passed him on the pave. He was red, and wet, and uncomfortable to the eye as any one else, but he seemed to revel in the fact very much as the demons in the ancient dances of death appear to enjoy the flames that wrap them about as they grill, poor sinners, on their toasting forks.

Need I specify this solitary type more clearly? Do you not recognize by intuition that deathless social outlaw, the "is-it-hot-enough-for-you" man? ALFRED TRUMBLE.

NEW YORK, June 23, 1888.

A New Hampshire manufacturing firm is overwhelmed with orders, from all parts of the country, for silk and merino bandanas for campaign purposes. The capacity of the mill is a thousand dozen daily, and the earlier orders for five thousand dozen were supplied, in part, from stock on hand. It appears that a large lot manufactured over thirty years ago for A. T. Stewart, of New York, were rejected because the colors did not satisfy his critical eye. These have been resurrected from the warehouse in good condition, and will wave in many a Democratic parade this fall.

The great tenor, Masini, recently sang at Constantinople before the Sultan's harem. After his aria from "The Huguenots," a voice arose behind the screen, where all the ladies were hidden, and in perfect Italian style it sang the song of Valentine, which follows the tenor aria. The singer proved to be the daughter of a high official in the Turkish court who had studied in Rome, but who had been forced into the Sultan's harem on her return to Constantinople.

It appears that, beside having ships with no guns, England has cavalrymen with no horses. For example, the Third Regiment of Household Cavalry has but eight hundred horses for thirteen hundred men, and seventeen thousand dragoons and hussars have but ten thousand horses. In the German army the usual proportion is one thousand horses to seven hundred men.

It is reported that several of the oldest and most respectable London clubs are in want of both money and members. The new clubs are so numerous and possess so many fresh attractions that the old ones find it difficult to compete.

The last French rifle, as described, has a ball so small that a soldier can carry two hundred and twenty rounds, shoots with a new smokeless powder, and its bullet pierces a brick wall eight inches thick at five hundred yards.

An observer on Hyde Park corner reports that between twelve and one in the afternoon nine-tenths of the girls that pass have their faces painted, their eyebrows and eyelashes darkened, and their lips reddened.

An expert says that in one hundred and eight Derbys the favorite has won thirty-seven times, has run second twenty-four times, third fifteen times, and been unplaced on thirty-two occasions.

The London and Northwestern Railway has decided, "in deference to the prejudices of its American customers," to institute the system of checking baggage.

The twentieth birthday of the Czarewitch was celebrated by a ball at St. Petersburg, at which all the ladies appeared in white, and all the men in red.

So far Pasteur's receipt for killing the Australian rabbits with chicken cholera has failed. The rabbits inoculated showed no sign of the disease.

The result of the jubilee coinage has been to lay up in cabinet about two million five hundred thousand dollars in gold.

The field of Bannockburn is about to be converted into the site of a coal mine.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Harper's Bazar announces novels by Walter Besant and Mrs. Burnett.

A new weekly, written and edited by women, has been started in Paris. It is called the *Revue Scientifique des Femmes*.

Mr. Carl Schurz, who is yet in Germany and was recently entertained by Prince Bismarck, is preparing a thorough study of Bismarck's career and of its bearings on the political situation in Europe. It will appear in an early number of the *Forum*.

The *Saturday Review* having referred to Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" as having a "rather unpleasantly suggestive title," some one explains that "the allusion is to the famous—or rather infamous—criminal banker Fauntleroy, who was hanged in London for forgery on the 30th of November, 1824, and whose execution is said to have been witnessed by one hundred thousand people.

Rider Haggard bids fair to deserve a high place among prolific contemporaneous authors. In addition to his novel, "Mr. Meeson's Will," just published in book-form by Harper & Brothers, and his serial story in two parts, which will appear this summer in *Harper's Magazine*, a long serial tale from his pen, entitled "Colonel Quaritch, V. C.," will be begun in the *Weekly* of July 4th and continue till the end of the year.

Buffalo Bill dictated all of his book, "Camp-Fire Stories," to a stenographer who, to use his own expression had to catch him "on the fly." Most of the work was done in England. The stenographer was always ready, and whenever the scout had time he would sit down and dictate, if it was only for five minutes. In this way the book was written. Mr. Cody is under contract to keep out of literature for a certain length of time, after which he may again try his hand.

"It is reported," says the London *Standard*, "that a wonderful collection of documents printed on papyrus has been discovered near the town of Arsinoé (central Egypt), consisting of one hundred thousand documents and twenty thousand plates or maps. These papers are printed in eleven different languages, and treat of a great number of questions, extending over a period of two thousand seven hundred years. The maps have been printed by means of wooden blocks. This discovery tends to prove that the art of printing was invented many centuries before Gutenberg."

Colonel Higginson, in the course of an article on "The pleasure and pains of authorship" in *Harper's Bazar*, says: "In spite of exaggerated reports, it is doubtful if there is an author in America who has made twenty thousand dollars annually by his pen for several years in succession, while there are undoubtedly hundreds of lawyers and a great many physicians who earn incomes far larger than that; and when we come to the profits of successful business men, there is no comparison to be made at all, the possible incomes of these last being far beyond anything to which the most successful professional man can aspire."

Mr. R. H. Stoddard discusses Matthew Arnold as a poet in the current number of the *North American Review*. He says: "If he (Arnold) could have followed his bent, unhindered by the necessities of bread-winning, he might have stood abreast with Tennyson and Browning, instead of behind them." It is now known that Arnold's salary as a school official and the income from his books were not sufficient to meet the ordinary expenses of the poet's household. He constantly entertained visitors at his house, and the expenses arising from his prominent social position made it necessary for him to contribute to the daily press. Much of the work done by him for the daily papers is lost. It was unsigned, of course.

Detectives are reported to be busily at work unraveling the mystery of a system of robbery which has been carried on for twenty years against one of the largest printing and publishing houses in Boston, and amounting to fully two hundred thousand dollars. The investigation, it is whispered, threatens to result in the implication and arrest of some of the oldest and most trusted employees of the house. The robbery has been carried on by a ring of binders, salesmen, etc., who seized upon books, in process of printing or binding, and placed them upon the market at far lower prices than the rightful owners demanded. In some cases the conspirators seized works for which there were large demands and before the legitimate publishers could supply the orders, fill them themselves, and pocketed the proceeds.

"It is not often that a pamphlet of four pages sells for the comparatively enormous sum of two hundred and thirty-six pounds sterling, yet this was the figure paid for the 'Epistola' of Columbus, printed at Rome in 1493, of which only four copies are known to exist," says Mr. J. H. Slater, in an interesting article in the *Athenæum*, on the book sales of 1887. In the same article is mentioned the sale of a first edition of Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" (New York, 1855), at eight pounds ten shillings; while a mutilated quarto of "Romeo and Juliet" (1637) brought only a little over two pounds. "The Present State of New England" (London, 1677), which is said to contain the first map executed in America, realized sixteen pounds five shillings, at the same sale where Henrich Hudson's "Descriptio ac Delineatio Geographica Detectionis Freti") Amsterdam, 1612, was sold for twenty pounds. The "Lucasta" of Lovelace, in two volumes (1649 and 1659), brought twenty-six pounds five shillings, and a perfect specimen of the Kilmarnock edition of Burns went for sixty-six pounds. At the Mayrick sale one of the same edition, but imperfect, was knocked down for eighteen pounds.

The limited edition of "Slang, Jargon, and Cant; a Dictionary of Unconventional Phraseology, embracing English, American, and Colonial Slang, Tinkers', Yiddish, Pidgin, and Anglo-Indian Slang, Quaint Expressions and Vulgarisms—their Origin, Meaning, and Application," prepared by Professor A. Barrere and C. G. Leland, is nearly exhausted. This edition, which was printed for private circulation among subscribers, consisted of six hundred and fifty copies—five hundred for England and one hundred and fifty for America. Information, in every case, has been gathered at the very source, from all classes of society, and in every branch of slang contributors have been employed (more than twenty in number), and they have been assisted by several gentlemen especially engaged to search the literature of the day for words and expressions. Mr. Walter H. Pollock, assisted by Mr. Aubrey Stewart, has undertaken to supply a collection of circus and showmen's slang. The editors have also recorded an interesting contribution of tailors' slang from Mr. T. H. Holding, editor of the London *Tailor*, and Mr. Walter Rye will supply athletic and running slang. Why do not some of the American publishers reprint this dictionary?

New Publications.

"Lost in a Great City," by Amanda M. Douglass, has been reprinted in a cheap, paper-covered edition, by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

"No. 19 State Street," a detective story by David Graham Adee, appears as the seventh issue of the Sunshine Series published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by Chilion Beach; price, 50 cents.

A cheap paper-covered edition has been printed of Florence Warden's "A Woman's Face, or, The Lakeland Mystery." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 25 cents.

"Lajla," by Professor J. A. Friis, has been translated from the Norwegian by Ingerid Markhus. It gives a good picture of the Lapps' customs in the northernmost district of Norway, and a pretty love story runs through the chapters. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.00.

Plato's "Crito" and "Phædo," in the translation that was published in 1783, a year before Samuel Johnson's death, appear as the latest issue of the National Library published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"The Star of India," by Edward S. Ellis, is a story of adventure in Delhi during the early days of the Sepoy Mutiny in 1857. The "Star of India" is a diamond of fabulous value, and in preserving it against the many attempts made to steal it the chief interest of the story lies. Published by Frank A. Munsey, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Cookery for Beginners," by Marion Harland, of which a new edition has just appeared, contains directions for preparing the essential dishes and foods, even the simplest steps being explained at length. It concludes with a number of blank pages for new receipts. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, 75 cents.

Julian Corbett's novel, "For God and Gold," the memoirs of Mr. Jasper Festing, showing forth his life in Cambridge University, his connection with the beginning of the Puritan Party, and his voyage to Hombre de Dios under Sir Francis Drake, has been issued in the Summer Reading Library by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"A Manual of Christian Evidences," by Dr. George Park Fisher, is a brief book on the evidences of revealed religion, setting forth the principal topics of definition and belief. It is intended for pupils and those who have not time to study Paley's "Evidences," and it supplements that standard work in the matter of internal evidence. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, 75 cents.

"Dissolving Views in the History of Judaism" is a volume of lectures delivered in Boston by Rabbi Solomon Schindler during the past season. In each lecture the personality, deeds, and influence of some great Jew are discussed, the series ranging from Moses and the leaders of the chosen people of God through the various epochs of history to the present day. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

"A Hard-Won Victory," by Grace Denio Litchfield, opens with a young girl's expression of her determination to be a hospital nurse, despite the fact that she is amply endowed with this world's goods. Her struggle against her friends' endeavors to dissuade her and her love and its unsuccessful course are the elements with which she battles, and, though most novel-readers will regard the end as unsatisfactory, still she has won her victory. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.00.

An authorized translation, by Isabel F. Hapgood, has been published of Count Lyof N Tolstoï's "Life." In the preface Tolstoï likens philosophers to a miller who has inherited a mill from his father, his grandfather, and his ancestors for many generations back. He is of an inquiring mind, and investigates his inheritance; he sees that the wheel turns the mill, that the sluice conducts the water, that the river feeds the sluice, and so he studies the bed and banks of the river in order to understand his mill. Tolstoï, then, avoiding unessential information regarding sources, would study life and human nature as they now are. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Yankee Girls in Zulu Land," by Louise Vescelius-Sheldon, is a breezy narrative of travel in a strange land. The impressions of three wide-awake American maidens are generally not without attractions for the inquiring mind, and are fraught with an added interest when they relate to so unusual sights as South Africa provides. It is surprising to learn that this far-off land boasts of railroads and theatres, balls and paper hunts, and many of the peculiarities of an effete civilization, as well as wild Zulus, sharp-shooting Boers, diamond mines, and deadly vipers, and next to beholding them at first hand is the pleasure of seeing them through the Yankee girls' eyes. The book is filled with little vignettes and illustrations after sketches by E. J. Austen, in the style of the exquisite process-work in "Sapho" and the Tartarin stories lately published in Paris. Published by the Worthington Company, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder," the story that has been appearing serially in *Harper's Weekly*, has been reprinted in book-form, still without the author's name, though it is acknowledged to be a posthumous work of Professor de Mille. A party of Englishmen, on a yachting cruise, becalmed near the entrance to the Mediterranean, pick up a copper cylinder, and opening it find a manuscript narrative of the remarkable adventures of Adam More. More was a common sailor, and penetrating the frozen mountains of the Antarctic land by a subterranean passage, comes upon a marvelous country at the South Pole. Climate and geography are remarkable, but the inhabitants are almost incomprehensible. They prefer darkness to light, dwelling in underground caves in the season of sunshine; their paupers are the highest in the land, each man striving to bestow gifts upon his neighbor as we seek to out-bargain him; their lovers attain their highest happiness in separation, and never marry together; and they regard death as preferable to life. Their laws and customs are as strange as the monsters that inhabit their lands and waters, and Adam More and the maiden whom he loves—she, of course, is not one of this terrible people—find the course of their love beset with obstacles and dangers. Every now and then the Englishmen discontinue the reading of the strange manuscript, and discuss various points, giving the writer a chance to support his wild statements with the aid of Grimm's law and all sciences known to man. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Some Magazines.

"Safety in House-Drainage," by W. E. Hoyt, is the opening article in the July *Popular Science Monthly*. Grant Allen writes of "Gourds and Bottles." The third and concluding paper is given of the series of "Darwinism and the Christian Faith." In "The Teaching of Psychology," M. Paul Janet discusses a number of psychological questions. Mr. George M. Dawson has a paper on "Customs and Arts of the Kwakiool." Dr. Manly Miles points out "Lines of Progress in Agriculture." Mr. J. B. Mann exposes the "Fallacies in the Trades-Unions Argument." Professor Byron D. Halsted illustrates the teaching of botany. A portrait and sketch are given of Professor Paul Bert, and there are other interesting articles.

The July *Century* has for a frontispiece a picture of Pasteur and his granddaughter, by Bonnat, printed in connection with an article on "Disease Germs, and How to Combat Them," a foot-note to which article gives a brief sketch of Pasteur's career. The opening illustrated article is Mr. Edward L. Wilson's "Sinai and the Wilderness." A supplementary paper in the War Series deals with the career of the *Albemarle*. The "Life of Lincoln" and Kennan's "Siberian Papers," are continued. Rev. Dr. Buckley has an essay on "Dreams, Nightmare, and Somnambulism." Mrs. Van Rensselaer's cathedral article is this month on the Lichfield Cathedral. The last installment but one of Dr. Eggleston's novel, "The Graysons," is given. Brander Matthews contributes a short story of Gettysburg, entitled "On the Battle-field," and there are poems by Colonel Higginson, Will H. Thompson, and others.

The *pièce de résistance* of the July *Harper's* is the first of two parts of a new serial story from the pen of Rider Haggard, under the title of "Maiwa's Revenge." It continues the fortunes of Allan Quartermain on African soil. Another notable paper is the first of a series of three, by Lafcadio Hearn, called "A Midsummer Trip to the West Indies." There are, also: a contribution from Lieutenant J. D. Kelley, on the United States Naval Academy, at Annapolis; "Three Western Capitals"—Springfield, Columbus, and Indianopolis—in C. D. Warner's Studies of the Great West; "The Great American Desert," by Frank H. Spearman; "The Grand Tour—Three Thousand Years Ago," by W. M. Flinders Petrie; "Street Trees of Washington," by Peter Henderson; part two of Howells's "Annie Kilburn"; part seven of William Black's "In Far Lochaber"; illustrations by Abbey and Parsons of "With Jockey to the Fair"; verses by W. C. Richards and J. H. Morse; and the departments.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"What dowry does she bring you?" asked the notary when arranging the preliminaries to the marriage of Paul Scarron and Françoise d'Aubigné. "A pair of beautiful eyes," replied the poet, "a bust that is perfect, delicate hands, and lovely arms, and a proud spirit." "And you endow her with what?" "Immortality."

"Ludwig Rellstab's writings," quoth Saphir, the German wit, "are strictly prohibited, because a night-watchman once read them one bright moonlight evening and fell fast asleep." "The doctor," said Saphir, "undoubtedly brings light into the world, for through him the throng of humanity is considerably lightened." "Lawyers are called the servants of justice, which shows us," said Saphir, "the truth of the proverb: 'A man has no worse foe than his servant.'" Saphir was sitting one afternoon watching the crowds pouring into the Berlin Thiergarten, among them many pretty Jewesses. A stranger who sat beside the humorist asked: "I suppose we are seeing the élite of Berlin?" "No," responded Saphir, "only the Israelite."

General Force tells some amusing stories of Sherman's bummers. He says these foragers acquired a perfect instinct for the ferreting out of provisions and good things, and that concealment only sharpened their preternatural powers, of which the following instance is given: One day a sergeant went into a country-house. The planter and his wife were there. After a little talk the sergeant, with great solemnity, asked: "Has any one died here lately?" The planter quickly said: "No, nobody." The sergeant gravely said: "I thought somebody had died here." The planter said: "No, sir." His wife said: "Oh, yes; don't you remember, my dear, that colored boy that was buried yesterday?" The planter added: "Ah, yes! there was a colored boy buried yesterday." The sergeant, with increased solemnity, said: "I only wanted to let you know that I have opened that grave and taken out the corpse." There were loud expostulations then, for this corpse, so called, was the plantation supply of ham.

One of the cleverest things said by Lord Beaconsfield occurs in the following scrap of conversation in "Endymion" (English edition, vol. iii., p. 135): "'As for that, said Waldershare, 'sensible men are all of the same religion.' 'And pray what is that?' inquired the prince. 'Sensible men never tell.'" Unfortunately, like many of Beaconsfield's best epigrams, this is not original. The following anecdote is to be found in Burnet's "History of My Own Times" (vol. i., p. 175, Oxford edition of 1833). It is in a note by Speaker Onslow on the character of Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, who afterward became first Earl of Shaftesbury: "A person came to make him a visit, while he was sitting one day with a lady of his family, who retired upon that to another part of the room with her work, and seemed not to attend to the conversation between the earl and the other person, which turned soon into some dispute upon the subject of religion; after a good deal of that sort of talk, the earl said at last, 'People differ in their discourse and profession about these matters, but men of sense are really but of one religion.' Upon which says the lady of a sudden, 'Pray, my lord, what religion is that which men of sense agree in?' 'Madam,' said the earl immediately, 'men of sense never tell it.'"

A recent exhibition of French caricatures and comic drawings brought to the public eye once more the evidences of the fact that Parisian gaiety was not to be suppressed even by the terrible siege that the capital went through from the German army. One of these caricatures, published during the siege, was made to represent a fashion-plate; various elegant ladies and gentlemen were pictured going about wrapped in mattresses, and underneath the picture was the legend: "Fashions for the bombardment season." Most of these pleasantries of the siege turned upon the scarcity of food—a grim subject which seemed particularly inspiring to the caricaturist of the time. A servant asks his master: "Shall I put the horses in the carriage to-day, or in the barouche?" "H'm," says the master, sighing, "you may put them in the oven, please!" Not unlike this is another caricature representing a servant making the familiar announcement to his mistress: "The horses are ready, madame." "What!" "Yes, madame—they are on the table!" Such pleasantries seem scarcely to have been a laughing matter to the people who went through those fearful scenes, but the Parisians must laugh at something, and these pictures prove that they could not think of stopping their gaiety on account of such a passing incident as a siege and a famine.

Fifty years ago Michigan experienced that sort of prosperity which, being based upon a rise in prices rather than upon an increase of values, ended, as such prosperity always ends, in panic and disaster. There was an extraordinary demand for wild lands, and for places with "water privileges" on which to build up large cities. The government had opened three land offices in different parts of the State. These were besieged by crowds anxious to "enter" land at one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre. Every proprietor of a "city," which existed on a beautifully engraved map, started a bank. Money, in the form of bank-notes, became abundant, prices rose, speculation was stimulated, and men, and even women, caught the "fever" incident to flush times. Then came the crash. Specie payments were suspended, and money became "tight." Prices fell. The banks were supposed to have in their vaults gold and silver sufficient to meet thirty per cent. of their circulation. The specie kegs were, in some cases, found to have an upper laver of coin, which concealed nothing more valuable than nails and broken glass. One of these banks was known as "The Bank of Sandstone," being located in a part of Michigan where quarries of fine grit-stone had been opened. Its promises to pay were widely circulated. When the panic came, a man who held many of the bank's circulating notes, made all haste to reach Sandstone to get them cashed. The bank had assets, out of which it paid the bill-holder—a millstone for every ten-dollar note, a grindstone for every five-dollar, and for every one-dollar bill a whetstone.

During the years when brigandage was rife in the Papal States, many intensely dramatic incidents occurred. One, which is vouched for by William Beatty-Kingston, illustrates the cool effrontery of the brigands and the helplessness of their victims. One of Prince Orsini's land stewards was carried away, and his capture was signified, in the usual manner, to his employer. An ambassador was thereupon sent out to neutral territory to treat with the bandits' representative. This negotiator demanded a large sum of money as the prisoner's ransom, together with two hundred loaves of bread, ten barrels of wine, fifty rifles, two thousand ball cartridges, and twenty good watches. Moreover, the brigands coolly demanded that their old watches should be taken to Rome, repaired, and brought back as good as new. The prince communicated this demand to the Papal authorities, who only shrugged their shoulders, and said: "If, *Altezza*, you want your agent back again, perhaps you had better give these scoundrels what they ask. We can do nothing." Accordingly, as the steward was a valued retainer, the prince performed the specified requirements to the letter, and effected his ransom. But the most pathetically absurd side of the story is that touching the steward himself. He returned from his adventure half dazed with fright and privation, and terribly shaken in nerve. He was, in after years, frequently compelled to visit Rome, and often met some of his former hosts in the street. They always greeted him affectionately, and made him treat them to wine, and called him the best of good fellows, but they never failed to add, in a jesting manner, which congealed his blood: "Mind you never mention us to anybody, as it might get you into trouble, and we are so fond of you that we should be in despair were anything to happen to you."

Considerable excitement has been caused in the free circulating library at St. Catherine's, Ont., by the novel, "Inez," by Augusta J. Evans. It is claimed that it contains matter offensive to devout Roman Catholics, and so, for the present at least, the book has been suppressed in the library.

SOCIETY.

At Del Monte.

The Hotel del Monte was the scene of much pleasure during the past week. A large number of prominent society people from this city and many Eastern tourists filled the commodious hotel. Surf and tank-bathing filled in much of the time, while driving, private picnics, tennis and bowling sufficed to make the remaining hours agreeable. A pleasant diversion is afforded this summer by the presence of Ballenberg's band, which discourses concert and dance music in the morning, afternoon, and evening on the verandah and in the ball-room The principal event of the week was the lawn-tennis tournament for the championship of the Pacific Coast, which took place on the Fourth, under the auspices of the California Lawn Tennis Club of this city. There were a large number of entries, and the games, which were played on two courts, were exciting and interesting to both the players and onlookers. Game was called at nine o'clock in the morning, and the tourney did not end until after seven o'clock in the evening. It resulted as follows: First prize, singles, an elegant silver cup, to Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr.; second prize, singles, a handsome belt, to Mr. John M. Kilgariff; first prize, doubles, two silver cups, to Mr. Walter McGavin and Mr. Joseph Tobin; second prize, doubles, two racquets, to Mr. Everett N. Bee and Mr. Valentine Gadesden. In the evening a hop was given in the ball-room and it proved a most enjoyable finale to the pleasures of the day. Many of the guests have since returned to the city, but quite a number have remained to pass a week or two more there.

At Santa Cruz.

The little City of the Holy Cross claimed its usual complement of visitors during the holiday week, and, as a consequence, most all of the hotels were well-crowded. During the daytime the beach was naturally the objective point of every one, and the majority enjoyed a bracing dip in the waves. The bathing-suits worn this year include almost every known color and their styles are even more varied. There is one point, however, upon which both sexes seem to agree, and that is not to be trammeled with any superfluous fabrics, and knit goods are preferred. Quite a number of stylish turnouts can be noticed daily gracing the beach, and a few well-mounted equestrians give variety to the scene. On the Fourth the residents of the city had a parade of considerable merit, and fire-works were set off in the evening. At most of the hotels and halls balls were given, and the evening hours were made as pleasant as possible. Almost every day private picnics are given to the Big Trees, Capitola, and Aptos, which, in a great measure assist in making the sojourn of the visitors enjoyable.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Josephine de Greayer is visiting Mrs. John F. Merrill, at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. H H. Hewlett and Miss Read, of Stockton, have been at Del Monte during the past week.

Mrs. C. A. Spreckels has been visiting Del Monte for a week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison have been guests at the Hotel del Monte for a week.

Mr. Mountford S. Wilson and Mr. Robert Hooker returned from Eureka, Humboldt County, a week ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson went to Del Monte to remain over the Fourth.

Mrs. George Law Smith and Miss Maud Smith have gone to Alaska.

Mr. Robert B. Woodward returned from Chicago a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. J H. Maynard have been sojourning at the Hotel del Monte for a week.

Judge Belcher and daughter went to Alaska a week ago.

Mr. Ferd C. Peterson and Mr. Frank Peterson left the city last Monday, to enjoy a two weeks' outing in the Yosemite Valley and at the Big Trees.

Mrs. Lillie M. Coit is now convalescent after her recent severe illness, and is at her country villa, "Larkmead."

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, Miss Birdie Fair, Mrs John Gillig, and Miss Belle Smith returned to the city a week ago, after a pleasant visit to the Eastern States. They returned by way of the Yellowstone Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. J B. Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto, and Miss Stetson are passing a few weeks at the Arlington Hotel in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller have been passing a week at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Webb Howard and Miss Maud Howard have gone to Oregon en route to Alaska.

Dr. A. H. Voorhies and Miss Marie Voorhies have been enjoying a visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H Jackson have been passing a week at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. George Macondray and Mr. William Macondray were recently guests at the Hotel del Monte for several days.

General and Mrs. Chauncey McKeever and the Misses Helen and Elsie McKeever have gone to Alaska.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze has been enjoying the week at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Henry Redington and Mr. Harry Babcock have gone to Alaska.

Mrs. S. G. Murphy and the Misses Murphy have been passing a week at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Walkington have gone to Lake Tahoe to remain several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson and Mr Mountford S. Wilson have been passing the holiday week at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Le Count and the Misses Le Count will remain at Lake Tahoe until the end of the month.

Mrs Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Hall McAllister has been visiting the Upper Soda Springs in Siskiyou County.

Mr. and Mrs Henry Barroilhet have been at Del Monte during the past week.

Mr. James M. Goeway, Mr. Charles Goeway, Miss Gertrude Goeway, Miss Tillie Doolan, and Mr. R P. Doolan have been at Del Monte during the past week.

Mrs. O. C. Pratt and Miss Lillie Jones are rusticating at the White Sulphur Springs.

Captain and Mrs William H. Taylor, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Mary Taylor, Miss Clara Taylor, Mrs. Morton Cheesman, and Miss Jennie Cheesman are visiting the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Eva Maynard and Miss Gwin have returned from a visit to Cypress Lawn in Napa County.

Miss Christine Barreda and Miss Nellie McDowell have been passing the week at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. W B Bancroft have been at the White Sulphur Springs for a week.

Mrs. Richard Ivers and Miss Aileen Ivers are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. William H. Stinson has been sojourning at Santa Cruz for a fortnight.

Among the gentlemen who passed the Fourth at Del Monte were: Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. John E. de Guyter, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. G. Vernon Gray, Mr Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. Herbert Carolan, Mr. Fred H. Beaver, Mr. Albert L. Stetson, Mr George Cheesman, Mr. Christian Froelich, Jr., Mr. Thomas T. Dargie, Mr. Charles Crocker, Captain John W. Dillenback, U S. A., Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr Lloyd Tevis, Mr. Walter L. Dean, and Lieutenant E. W. Van Court Lucas, U. S. A

Major and Mrs Ben. C. Truman and Miss Truman passed the Fourth at Del Monte.

Mrs. F. A. Will is visiting friends at San José.

Mr. James C. Dunphy and Mr. John N. Featherston were at Santa Cruz during the past week.

Miss Emily A. Edmunds has resigned her post as principal of the Van Ness Seminary, and is now residing at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Judge F. E Spencer and Miss Grace M Spencer left San José last Tuesday for Lake Tahoe, and in a few days will go to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs W. E. Dargie, and Miss Annie Dargie, of Oakland, Mrs. Josie Van Vranken, of this city, and Miss Carroll, of Cincinnati, have been passing a week at Del Monte

Mr and Mrs James de la Montanya, Jr., have gone to San José to visit Mrs. F. E. Spencer for a month.

Miss Mary Snell and Miss Jenny Waters have returned from the Yosemite Valley. Miss Waters will soon visit her parents in Prattville, Plumas County.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa and Miss Amy Requa, of Piedmont, have been at Del Monte during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad and Miss Ella Goad have been enjoying a visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. Fisher Ames has gone East to visit relatives in Chicago, New York, and other cities.

General and Mrs. George Stoneman and Miss Catherine Stoneman are now in Los Angeles, but will soon go to Santa Monica.

Mr. Henry Heyman is enjoying Santa Barbara's balmy climate for a month.

Mr. Charles Crocker returned from Highland Springs a week ago and has been at Del Monte since then.

Mr and Mrs. A. N. Towne will leave in a few days to pass a month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. H. B. Alvord, of San José, has been at the Palace Hotel for several days. He will leave soon for a tour of the world.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman are traveling in the Eastern States.

Miss Minnie Carroll, of Sacramento, has been visiting Miss Minnie Mizner, in Benicia.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Washburn and Miss Jeannie Washburn went to the Yosemite Valley on Thursday for a protracted sojourn.

Colonel Henry I. Thornton passed the Fourth at Santa Cruz.

Major Ben. C. Truman and Miss Truman went to the Yosemite Valley last Thursday.

Mrs. J. P. Treadwell and Miss Maud Treadwell, who recently returned from Washington, D. C., have gone to Monterey.

Mr. A. D Gihon, who has been illustrating Napa Valley for an Eastern magazine, is visiting Mr. Henry Stanley Dexter at Calistoga.

Mr. Charles J. Bandmann returned to the city last Monday from a visit to Nevada County. Mrs. Bandmann has been enjoying a sojourn at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sonntag, Mr. Charles G. Hooker, Mrs. Peter Hopkins, Mr. Peter Hopkins, Jr., Mr J. M. Kilgariff, Mr. F. W. Tallant, Mr C. O. Alexander, Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Finigan, Miss Marie Hyde, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, Miss Leslie Van Ness, Miss Emelie Hager, Mr. C. H. Baldwin, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose, Jr., Captain and Mrs. C. P. Eagan, Miss Eagan, Mr. H. W. Loughhead, Miss Blethen, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Mr. Horace L. Hill, Mrs. D. M Delmas, Mr. Robert R. Coleman, Signor G. B. Galvani and Dr. L. Newmann were among the visitors at Del Monte on the Fourth.

Notes and Gossip.

The engagement is announced of Miss Maud Forbes, daughter of Mrs. M. A. Forbes, of San Rafael, to Mr. Edgar M Wilson.

Army and Navy.

Captain William N. Tisdall, U. S A., has been ordered to Fort Huachuca, A. T., to appear as a witness before the general court-martial.

Major Frank M. Coxe, Paymaster, U S. A., has gone to Fort Huachuca, A. T., on official business.

Lieutenant Edwin St. J. Greble, U. S. A., has gone to Ukiah, Cal., on official business.

Paymaster C. A. Williams, U. S. N., has been passing several days at the Seaside House, in Santa Cruz.

BUFFALO BILL'S BANQUET.

He Entertains Some San Francisco Ladies.

William F. Cody on June 15th gave a To-Wotapee at the Wild West Camp that was graced by a distinguished party of ladies and gentlemen, who went down to Staten Island on Commodore Storm's steamer *Titan* with all colors flying. To-Wotapee is Sioux for "Good Eat," and the good eaters were Mrs. Fair, Miss Tessie Fair, James G. Fair, Jr., Miss Belle Smith, Miss Pacheco, and Miss Howard, of California; the Duke of Marlborough, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Cockerill, Professor Herrmann and Mme. Herrmann, Alfred Bierstadt, the artist, Colonel Thomas Ochiltree, Bill Nye and Mrs. Nye, R. S. Newcomb, Mr. and Mrs. Edward E. Kidder, Creighton Webb, W. F. Coulter, W. E. D. Stokes, S. F. Moriarty, Mr. Davidson, Chief Rocky Bear, Chief Red Shirt, Medicine Man, Blue Horse, Broncho Bill, Nate Salsbury, and Buffalo Bill himself. The feature of the repast was a "ribroast," and the menu included stewed corn, roast chicken, pickles, and pumpkin pie.

Now a "ribroast" *à la* "Wild West" is a novelty that few of the pale-faced guests had previously enjoyed. When the host showed them an Indian woman swinging rhythmically a side of beef suspended from a tripod of green sticks, and slowly roasting over a wood fire that its own drippings kept spluttering, they did a deal of thinking. One young lady expressed the feeling of several when she murmured, *sotto voce*, "Are we to eat that?" Colonel Cody's eye twinkled as he assured them all that when the roast was served it would be found meat fit for the gods. The Duke of Marlborough looked incredulous. At two o'clock came the announcement that the To-Wotapee was ready under a large canopy in the coolest part of the camp. The party seated themselves in a double row facing each other, as at a table. But there was no table visible. At one end of the tent was a wigwam or tepee, in which the Indian guests, Professor Herrmann, and one or two of the other gentlemen squatted on Buffalo robes. The host was at one end of the line, and Colonel Ochiltree and a big palm-leaf fan at the other. The ladies were all expectation. They were served with snow-white napkins and aprons.

When the ribroast appeared there was a shout of mingled amusement, surprise, and bewilderment. In a large pan were twenty or thirty pieces of rib bone, scraped clean at the ends, and with the meat clinging to them. Gloves had been removed long before, and minus knives and forks, the ladies began to believe that they were expected to make use of their fingers. All eyes were on Red Shirt, who is looked to as the pattern of Indian etiquette. The good-looking savage remained quiet. So did the pan of meat. So did the ladies. The next moment ended their suspense. Sticks about eighteen inches long and sharpened at the ends were passed around, and while the seated guests held each his or her stick upright, a piece of meat was skewered on to the end. Those who squatted in the wigwam placed their sticks in the ground in front of them, and had their meat within reach of and on a level with the mouth. But little hesitancy was displayed in disposing of the repast after this. Of course, table manners must be suited to the style of table, and, as there was not any table, why—go as you please. The ladies and gentlemen ate with their fingers, and liked the sweet-flavored, juicy beef so well that the bones were cleaned as a child prepares a wish-bone for keeping. A tub full of iced champagne stood at one end of the awning, and it was liberally served as the feast progressed.

The ribroast was voted a great delicacy. Camp dishes were next passed around, and chicken, corn, and other edibles followed, the To-Wotapee ending with strawberries and ice-cream—not a strictly Sioux dish, but a very suitable one.

Before the roast had disappeared some of Artist Bierstadt's photographers secured a good picture of the scene, and from that time on photographs of the party were taken every few minutes. As one lady said: "We were took, and tuck, and tooken," and Nate Salsbury had a busy time of it attending to various managerial demands and flying back to the tent each time to get his head in front of the camera.

Herrmann, the incomparable magician, shared a buffalo robe with Red Shirt, and with Rocky Bear and Blue Horse, made up an interesting quartet. Blue Horse is one of the recent arrivals at the camp, and was considered quite a medicine man in the part of the country he came from. Herrmann made a show of Indian "medicine," however, as he had previously done of "spook" mysteries. He fooled Blue Horse so completely that that grave, awesome savage went to bed that night with his resignation all written out. The wizard pulled money from his clothes, discovered fruit where his necktie ought to be, and kept him stargazing for minutes looking for glasses and half-dollars that never did come down. Red Shirt and Rocky Bear discussed these phenomena gravely, occasionally testifying their appreciation of the presudigitator's power by a "Ha!" and a smile that were involuntary. But when a pack of cards was brought, the big chiefs showed their interest in a dozen different ways. Red Shirt is a poker-player from the Black Hills, and will bet his moccasins on an ace-high flush unless the draw is too suspicious. Rocky Bear knows the spots on the cards, too, and the two red men watched the wizard as they would a crooked dealer.

The whole party crowded into the wigwam, and the ladies insisted on sitting on the buffalo robes. The circle was a complete one, and every trick of Herrmann's and the subsequent bewilderment of the redskins were the signal for hearty applause. The photographer secured several good sittings about this time, too. Red Shirt's eyes sparkled when the four aces were spread on a chair in front of him, and he muttered something to Rocky Bear that the interpreter failed to catch. "I know what he said," volunteered Colonel Ochiltree, and everybody laughed. "He's going to bet 'em all off their chairs." But when Red Shirt picked up the four "bullets" and found instead four kings, his discomfiture was laughable in the extreme.

Rocky Bear and he had an exchange of ideas for a moment, and then Rocky Bear informed the interpreter that Herrmann had recalled a little incident which enlivened a visit of his to a frontier town some years ago. He played poker with the cow-boys, and they sent him home without a blanket. The Duke of Marlborough seemed to enjoy this little passage in Rocky Bear's history, and several of the gentlemen expressed sympathy for the chief. Herrmann wound up his mystifications by informing the Indians that he had been engaged by Colonel Cody and would be a member of the Wild West troupe. Red Shirt seemed delighted, and remarked: "All right, if you are going to work here we'll put you on a horse without a saddle and see what you can do there." When Broncho Bill translated this, there was a laugh at the wizard's expense.

The ladies all agreed that Red Shirt was a very handsome fellow, and the interpreter told him of it. The big chief who shook hands with Queen Victoria was seen to blush with pleasure at this compliment under his vermilion-hued face coating. After the photographer had secured another view, Blue Horse announced that he wanted to make a speech. It was short and to the point: "We meet pale-face warriors and squaws. We have big To-Wotapee. We all sit in same wigwam. The pale-faces smoke pipes and cigars. The Indians smoke the big pipe of peace. We want pale-faces smoke pipe of peace with us."

Solemnly the pipes were produced, and gravely they were filled and lit. There were two of them, gayly painted and fringed, with a long, narrow bowl and feather-tipped mouth-piece. Not a lady fainted, though the experience was to be even more startling than with the rib-roast. Rocky Bear opened the ball by putting two inches of pipe stem out of sight and filling the immediate atmosphere with smoke. The first three ladies that hit the pipe put it out, and large inroads were made on a box of matches. They all took one or two good square puffs, though, and a "ring" of smoke was actually seen to curl up from one young lady's mouth. No one was ill, and when the pipes got around to Herrmann and Nate Salsbury they had to be removed from those gentlemen by force. Colonel Cody borrowed a silk hat to stand for the next picture, but the protests of the ladies forced him to remove it, and he was taken bareheaded in this "group."

Red Shirt and Rocky Bear made short speeches expressive of friendliness, and little Seven-Up aired his knowledge of some very forcible English, to the delight of some of the gentlemen. Seven-Up is the toughest little Indian that ever grew up on Saten Island, and he smokes strong cigars and drinks claret like a club-man. He is only seven years old, and yesterday wore a "quill-toothpick Jersey" of porcupine quills as lightly as if the sun was not beating down with the fury of a flame. Seven-Up learns his badness from the cowboys they say, and promises to make a mighty warrior some day. Broncho Bill's family afforded an interesting study for the party. Bill is a stalwart cowboy, who has been Colonel Cody's interpreter for many years. He knows every living Indian tongue, and if stumped by some dead Indian would fall back on the universal sign-language that enables one savage to tell another, with two waves of his hand and a wink of one eye, that it is going to be a warm summer and blankets can be bought cheaper after nightfall than when the trader is awake. Bill married a squaw, and the oldest of their four children is seven-year-old Bennie, who rides a horse and yells with the best of them. The latest addition to the family is a little girl, who was born in England, and who is very thankful she was not a boy on account of the complications that her English-American-Indian parentage might make when she wanted to vote.

The ladies and gentlemen were shown the sights of the camp by Colonel Cody and long-haired Buck Taylor, the boss cowboy, who returned from a visit to the city clad in sombre black and wearing kid gloves. The buffalo calves came in for a great share of attention, and the ladies thought they were almost cute enough to pet. Bill Nye and Buffalo Bill removed their brain coverings and struck a hirsute average, and about this time the photographer took another picture. Herrmann's great feat of tearing a pack of cards in half and then into quarters sent the Indian chiefs to their wigwams with a profound respect for the magician. "Heap big medicine man," Red Shirt grunted, as the final "hows" were exchanged. As all good things have an ending, even Colonel Cody's hospitality was cut short when the approach of nightfall signaled the time for returning to the city.

The sail to and from the camp, through Kill von Kull, was not the least delightful part of the day's pleasure. Mr. Bierstadt, the artist, will remain at Erastina for some days.—*New York World.*

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

ESTATE OF ANDREW J. BRYANT, DECEASED. Notice is hereby given to the undersigned, Grace B. Bryant, the Executrix of the Will of Andrew J. Bryant, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executrix at office of Harrison & Allen, No. 325 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California. GRACE B. BRYANT, Executrix of the Will of Andrew J. Bryant, deceased. Dated at San Francisco, June 20, 1888.

BILL NYE ON THE POSTAGE SERVICE.

If a quiet, unobtrusive gentleman, who is perfectly willing to sit still for half a day and let other people do the talking, would hang around the corridors of the general post-office and remember what he hears, he could write quite a piece about it for the papers.

Having been a postmaster myself, I naturally hover around the general delivery yet, and love the flavor of a postage-stamp as well as I ever did. The stolen glance at a postal-card addressed to some one else still sends a thrill the entire length of my spine, and to be able to make change with one hand, jerk a canceling stamp with the other, and at the same time converse with a glorious being through the window while drawing a salary, I regard as a pinnacle of success up which any American boy may not be ashamed to perspire. I can easily recall the time when Horace Greeley and the postmasters who canvassed for his paper had practically fenced in the United States, and at that time I would no more have dared to offend a postmaster than I would now go up to Colonel Ingersoll and arouse his jealousy by criticising his works while heartily praising the works of God.

The New York post-office is a large, dignified building, situated right where the roads fork, being the place where you turn off to the right from the main traveled road in order to get to the bridge. It is used partly for a post-office and partly for a court-house, so that one end of the building practically pays the expenses of the other end.

I was standing in the lower main corridor of the general post-office on Friday last, between the mailing-hole for letters going to Peekaboo, Arizona, and the main pillar which supports the south-west corner of the money-order department, when a young woman, who must be a resident of our town, though I had never seen her before to my knowledge, came in and looked out upon the surging throng which was at that time in the act of surging to and fro on the busy street. She was not over thirty-nine years old, but I fancied she had been away from home a great deal, and was in fact, no doubt, so at the time. Her hair was speckled here and there with silver, all save a bright new growth of hair which was held in place by hair-pins and seemed to grow rankest on the off side. As I looked at her the thought came to me: "She is alone in a great city. Her parents may have been wrenched from her. Shall I tell her that her hat is not on straight, and thereby get myself arrested, or shall I open the conversation by asking her if she ever experienced that tired feeling referred to in the advertising columns of the elevated railroad?"

Just then a man about town came in, and with a roguish twinkle of the eye, said:

"Ah, there!"

The remark did not seem to be so pregnant with thought as some statements I have heard made, and yet it attracted attention. I might have said that myself, but I am not a man about town, and I am not ready that way. It was a remark which did not compromise him in the least. He could have been a candidate for the Presidency, and yet a statement of that kind, if it got into the papers, would not cut him off from the labor vote.

The young woman turned with a glad smile of recognition, I thought, and then they fell a-talking. I could not hear all they said, but gathered that, as soon as she had her dishes done up, it was the understanding that they were to meet and stroll beneath the ever-winking stars. And so, without the knowledge or consent of their parents, and right there almost in the midst of a tumultuous throng, they made an appointment to meet, socially, at the north-west corner of Union Square, and converse some more.

The New York post-office is directly connected with the dead-letter office at Washington, and those who have never corresponded with that prosperous morgue have missed a good deal.

Last winter I was asked by an artist of this place to give him some excerpts from newspapers bearing upon my past, as he desired to furnish a portrait and biography of myself to a syndicate of newspapers, each of which had assured him that it was almost impossible to restrain the eager and panting public, and that while he was preparing this matter they would have to just simply beat back their ravenous and impatient readers with clubs.

As soon as I had found out what an excerpt was, I got some together and put them in a sealed envelope, taking care not to seal the envelope until after I had inserted the excerpts, and intending to give this to the artist. On the outside I had written simply, "*Trasch, Artist*," so that I would not get it mixed up with other letters, thereby seeking to pay for coal or gas by means of excerpts, and thus causing ill-feeling on the part of tradesmen whom I do not wish to antagonize.

Putting this with other letters in my pocket, I mailed the whole thing in a bright-red iron box at the corner of the Battery, near the foot of Whitehall Street. In an instant it flashed over me that I had corked myself, as Herbert Spencer would put it. I tried to pull the letter out by means of a corkscrew which I was carrying home to use in pulling "mother" out of a vinegar bottle, but I could not. I felt like a stockholder in one of Jay Gould's roads feeling for a dividend. I then started away, and within twenty yards met the man who gathers the mail in that diocese. I told him that I had mailed an unstamped and unaddressed envelope by mistake, and that he could do me a favor by handing it to me. I then offered him as good a cigar as any man ever laid a lip over. He said he had no right to give me the letter.

"What!" said I, "no right to give me my own letter? Why, when Doc Hayford used to be postmaster of Laramie City he would frequently lock up the post-office and go half-way to Salt Lake to get back a letter for a man with no more influence than I've got."

But he went on filling his haversack with mail, meantime shaking his head sadly. Then I asked him how I could best intercept the letter, and he told me to go to room 14, second floor, general post-office, and there I would obtain it by paying two cents.

I went to room 14 and met a scholarly-looking man, who said the letter had not yet arrived. I then waited. Waiting is a thing that takes time. I did not enjoy it, but I thought I would teach myself a valuable lesson. I then stood vacantly on the other leg awhile and sent out for my dinner. When the office closed the letter had not arrived, so I went there just as the janitor was sweeping out the next morning and asked him if it had come yet. He claimed that he couldn't say.

When room 14 opened up for the day I inquired about the letter addressed "Trasch, Artist," but they had not yet received it, as these letters had to go through a competitive examination or something of that kind; but, finally, I was told that if I would leave my address and a stamp it would be forwarded to me. I then left my card and a two-cent stamp which I had amassed during the early part of the winter, and went away. As the letter had to be forwarded only across the street to 32 Park Row, I thought that two cents was pretty high, but I said nothing.

I also wrote a careful description of the letter and its meagre address, hove a sigh, and departed. Two weeks went by, but the letter did not come. I went over to room 14 again, after stating to my family that I might not be home for a few days. Room 14 said that very likely the letter had gone to the dead-letter office, but would certainly be returned to me, but I said it would not, because there was not a scratch of a pen inside to tell who sent it. Room 14 said, however, that I could write on to the dead-letter office, and by describing it I could get it easily, but I doubted it. If room 14 failed to save my letter from the great national charnel-house, how could I expect that saltpetre would avail me? However, I wrote a courteous letter, as follows:

NEW YORK, May 10, 1888.

Messrs. Dead-Letter Office, Washington, D. C.:

GENTLEMEN—Pardon me if I have erred in thus addressing you, for this is the first time I have ever written to you, and my compendium does not give the form of a letter addressed to a dead-letter office by a person in a perfect state of health.

Without wishing to intrude myself or my affairs into the midst of the sincere sorrow which must naturally soak into a dead-letter office, I write to say that a sealed envelope, unstamped, and bearing only the legend "*Trasch, Artist*," was thoughtlessly mailed by me a few weeks ago, and I am told by the New York office that if I will write you at once it may be resuscitated. Should you open the envelope you will find a few excerpts from newspapers stating that I am genial and urbane; also, that I am an abler man than I look. These excerpts are practically of little value to a dead-letter office, and I inclose the necessary postage to return same to me. Should there be other expenses attached to this matter, I will take pleasure in calling at your crypt when I am attending the regular Cabinet meeting at Washington next week and settle same. Yours truly, E. W. NYE.

A few weeks afterward I received a personal and confidential postal card, mostly printed, in which I was told that my application had been received and filed with a red number on it, and that as soon as anything further occurred which affected the matter I would be informed. Last week the dead-letter office took pen in hand to state that a letter bearing the general ear-marks of mine had been overtaken by the office sleuth-hound, opened and read with interest, after which it was destroyed. So one can see that when the dead-letter office gets its cold clutches on a letter it can not be recalled by outside means. Unless it contains some sort of an address inside you can go there personally to the very door of the mausoleum, and beg, and pray, and make the perspiration stand out on the brow of your faith for weeks, but it will not accomplish anything.

The dead-letter office is, after all, a great boon, though it does not return some things which reach it. A man in Saginaw, Mich., mailed a pair of dress-shields by mistake which he had bought for his wife, and though that was two years ago come July, they have never been returned. Another man in Nashville, Tenn., erroneously mailed a porous plaster which was almost as good as new, and though he has threatened to go down there to Washington to identify it and expose the whole system of the dead-letter office till he got his property back, nothing as yet has been done about it.—*New York World.*

At Canton, China, some two hundred and fifty thousand people live continuously upon boats, and many never step foot on shore from one year's end to another. The young children have a habit of continually falling overboard, and thus cause a great deal of trouble in effecting a rescue, while, in many instances, this is impossible, and a child is drowned. China is an over-populated country, and the Chinese have profited by this drowning proclivity, in reducing the surplus population. They attach floats to the male children, so that they can be fished out when they tumble into the river. The females are without such protection, and are usually left to drown.

The reign of Kaiser Fritz has been marked with the abolition of the cavalryman's cuirass. This is the last cuirass in Europe, and England is now calling for its abolition in her army. In the German army the revolver has been discarded in favor of the carbine.

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DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1888, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and three-quarters (3¾) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits. Payable on and after MONDAY, July 2, 1888. WILLIAM HERRMANN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, north-west corner of Powell and Eddy Streets.—For the half year ending June 30th, 1888, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and three-fourths (3¾) per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after MONDAY, July 2d, 1888. VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

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NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 15, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9 00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 7.45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11 00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8 00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.45, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 2.45, 4 00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00 P M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10 00, 11.45 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M. (Sundays)—6.45, 8.45, 10 00, 10.40 11.35 A. M.; 12 45, 1.30, 3 30, 4.45, 5.45, 6.45, 7.45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.45 P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.15 P. M.

3.25 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's).

EXCURSION TRAINS.

7.30 A. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 7.35 P. M.

8 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero (Ingram's), $4.00.

Saturday and Sunday Excursions—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2 50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero (Ingram's), $3.00.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From June 18, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.00 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	East Mail for Ogden and East	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	* 6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	12.45 P.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
6.30 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8 45 P.
OUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.		
7.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz ‡	8.05 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
*2.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
‡‡5 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‡9.20 A.
ORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)		
7.15 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
7.50 A	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion. ‡	3.35 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.40 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 42 P.
2.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10 02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
5.10 P	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.00 A
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6.40 A.
11.45 P	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.50 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. Saturday and Sunday only, to Santa Cruz. ‡‡ Sunday and Monday only, from Santa Cruz.

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Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong.	1888.
Gaelic		**Wednesday, July 11**
Belgic		**Tuesday, July 31**
Arabic		**Tuesday, August 21**
Oceanic		**Saturday, September 8**
Gaelic		**Saturday, September 29**
Belgic		**Thursday, October 18**
Arabic		**Wednesday, November 7**
Oceanic		**Wednesday, November 28**
Gaelic		**Tuesday, December 18**

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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the *Argonaut* for each additional periodical.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We ought to be very proud of our statue of Francis Scott Key in Golden Gate Park.

To begin with, it is one of the most beautiful pieces of monumental art in the United States. Then it has the more than negative grace of not being one of those petrified travesties which libel an innocent and helpless man down through all the ages, if the material but endure.

Thirdly and lastly and best of all, it is the beginning of a new era in our most unprovided city, where no boy's heart is ever fired by the marble homage done to great men. And a boy's heart is such a mine of fervor, and sentiment, and heroic ardor while it is in its plastic stage. There is no doubt that half the patriots in England are spurred to the quick by reading the inscriptions on the Nelson monuments alone, in their boyhood.

"Honor to whom honor is due" was the saying of one of the greatest of rulers; and one who separates himself from the herd and works good, however small, to mankind, is entitled to homage therefor, and to immortality in marble.

"A peerage or Westminster Abbey," cried Nelson, as he plunged into the thick of the fight he won so bravely. It would seem that he of all men should sleep in stately Westminster, but they chose rather, for some reason, to put him in Saint Paul's.

Trafalgar Square is his, however, and the great square is the heart of the great city. London seethes, and rolls, and whirls around it, and there is not a day of the week nor an hour of the day that the name either of the great victor or his great victory is not upon men's lips.

General Grant was our great captain, but where are his monuments with their inspiring inscriptions to fire our boy's hearts to doughty deeds for their country? It is not the fault of the boys that patriotism is a lost sentiment, a dead letter. Any one who wants to get up an enthusiasm about his country must rake up a few little shinglings in his own soul on his own responsibility, and touch them off with a home-made torch, lighted at a primitive flint.

As it is impossible to live on love or view, so it is impossible for patriotism to feed upon itself.

But who would ask for choicer manna than a taste of immortality, and boys passing along the highway burning with the chaotic ambition which, often unsuspected, animates these young souls, may catch from carven marbles the noble desire to excel, and become immortal.

"Let who will make a nation's laws if I may make their songs," cried a philosopher of the olden time. Who would have thought that James Lick, accounted in his day to be a man with a heart as hard as his head was shrewd, would ever have been touched by a song? His great Observatory, his Lick Baths, his Pioneer Building, are all the proud gifts of a millionaire who dies without leaving a near kinsman to shed a tear over his ashes, and inherit his gold. But the Key monument was a legacy of love. Far down at the base of the deep-walled round tower of his nature there grew a blade of grass, a sturdy, pushing little thing, perhaps, and it grew just long enough to tremble in the waves of sound that came from the "Star-Spangled Banner." The "Star-Spangled Banner"! It is a good name, but perhaps it is the tune rather than the words that has carried it through all these years. And then the "Star-Spangled Banner" is of itself a good emotional phrase. At all events, it set James Lick's heart a-beating and gave this beautiful monument to us.

W. W. Story, though so passionate a poet, and so truly an artist, is sufficiently an American even in his long Roman exile to be very practical still, and sent the most explicit directions for the setting up of the statue.

He charged his architects that it was not to be put upon a mound, and gave a number of good and sufficent reasons why monuments should be not put upon mounds. As we have one convincing argument staring us in the face every day in the week, this much was superfluous. The statue was to stand facing the west, so that Columbia might see the edge of her realm on the shores of the sundown sea.

She has a noble pose, and all the dignity of a great calm as becomes the figure-head of a great nation where peace and prosperity reign, and nothing more tumultuous upheaves the even tenor of its way than the passing storm of a Presidential canvass. The figure of the great song-writer was easily statuable, because he had not yet descended into the era of the disfiguring trouser. A well-turned leg offers some anatomical possibilities to the sculptor, even when it is headed off by knee-breeches. It is only when he must carve a modern tailor's seams and folds that the artist beats his breast in anguish, and affrights the observer with the last possibility of sculptured hideousness.

The practical poet has also taken heed of the vicissitudes of our climate, and has not sent us Carrara marble to crack and strain in the fierce rush of our summer winds and the wet drift of our salt fogs. The monument itself is built of that same travertine that has fronted the withering blasts of time in classic Rome these two thousand years. Unlike the rest of us, it grows beautiful with age. The process of time is reversed. Its spongy surface contracts and closes as the years go by, until its front be smooth, and its hard limestone white becomes mellow and warm, so that the coming generations will see a beauty in it that was not pristine.

There seems to be a good deal of "Star-Spangled Banner" about it, even though it be raised to the memory of the man who wrote that stirring song. Beside the quotation on the frieze, the stanzas have found a place on the base.

Such was not at all the poet-sculptor's intention.

In the original model these panels were decorated by some bas-reliefs which were, perhaps, the finest work upon the monument. They consisted of beautiful groupings, in full length, of the great patriots of our continental days, the signers of the Declaration of Independence, some of our great orators, indeed all the noted men of Scott Key's time and of our earlier history. Their mere names were a key to that history, and they were sufficiently portraits to give us some idea of how the American forefathers looked in their day.

Mr. Story was already sufficiently staggered by the price of transportation of his noble work. In his contract he agreed to deliver it to the Golden Gate Park, standing as it was to stand for all time.

It cost four thousand dollars to land it from the shores of Italy on the shores of California, to say nothing of the cost of erecting it after it got here. And so practical and complete were the details that the scaffolding lumber sold last week was the property of W. W. Story, the author of the greatest and warmest of the Cleopatra poems.

Here is a nineteenth-century artist indeed, who can handle equally well a pile of waste lumber and the asp that stung to death the serpent of old Nile.

But he received a staggering blow when he came to put his beautiful bas-reliefs through that adamantine gate, the American custom-house.

By that new law which permits the work of an American artist to pass unchallenged, his bronze eagles and his carved buffalo heads, his bronze goddess and her gifted son, his pillared pavilion of travertine all passed unquestioned. But his beautiful bas-reliefs were snubbed. He was told that the wise and discriminating American government did not recognize bas-reliefs as works of art, but as manufactures!

Unwilling to submit his work to the indignity of duty under such a ruling, and feeling like a very humble mechanic indeed, he packed his bas-reliefs again, and took them back to Rome.

The Pundita Ramabai Sarasvati, of whom people are beginning to talk as she drifts westward, is one of those heroines who become embalmed in history, however little they may be regarded in their own day.

Out of the vast millions of British India only two women have ever dared to cross the seas and to make known the inner mysteries of that strange Oriental life of which we guess so much and know so little.

The first was that little Anandabai Joshee of whom the papers were saying so much when she graduated from the Philadelphia Woman's Hospital a year or more ago.

She had come to America to study medicine that she might go home and teach its secrets to her suffering sisters—for no medical relief is ever given to sick women in Hindostan—and to establish training schools for nurses for women.

She had one of those high-strung, rarefied souls that are not often understood in this world, but her soul burned her body out. She died at twenty-one when her mission was but just begun, and was cremated with all the splendor due to a high-caste Brahmin.

Every one who came in contact with her became deeply interested in her, but it is more than probable that it was because she was such a thorough little Hindoo than because she was a high-souled woman with a mission.

She was petite and deep-eyed, and had the unmistakable air of high-breeding, and she always wore the costumes, even the nose-ring, and carried out in every way the habits of her race. These costumes were marriage gifts from her father, and were of the richest crêpes, silks, and cashmeres, embroidered in gold and silver by the most skillful needlewomen of Mahratta.

She lived upon Hindoo food, and was obliged to prepare it herself, and to eat it alone lest she forfeit her caste by being served by or taking of food or drink with one of an inferior caste. She pined in the loneliness of it, poor little thing, for she had been accustomed to such cheerfulness as is to be found among the grave Orientals. The rude Eastern climate, the loneliness, and the tax of study were all too much for her unaccustomed frame, and the brave little creature succumbed to it all, and sailed for home a haggard spectre of herself, to die with her work undone.

Could such a woman be anything less than a picturesque little figure as she advanced, thin and wan, but clad in fine raiment and shining with jewels to take her medical diploma?

She was barely twenty-one, and she had been eleven years a wife.

Ramabai is a different woman, with a different mission.

Ramabai is a learned woman, so deeply versed in Sanscrit that when she went among the pundits of Eastern India at a tender age, and discoursed most learnedly with them, they hailed her as Pundita Ramabai, and she has ever since worn the title.

Ramabai retains many of the Hindoo social customs, but has embraced the Christian religion. Indeed, Ramabai seems to have been flinging defiance in the teeth of the mystic creeds of Hindostan since she first outraged the customs by becoming an educated woman in her jungle home. After that she bad the hardihood to refuse to marry till after she was fifteen years of age, which was an unutterable affront to the time-honored traditions. When she did marry she took a husband of lower caste than herself, which shut her off from all communication with her family, and finally completed her list of aggravated offenses by becoming a widow.

There is no fun in being a widow in Hindostan. She is an outcast, a pariah, a slave, a thing to be spat upon and cursed. All India, too, is afflicted with a vast, universal disease called mother-in-law. The cases are rare where the mother-in-law is a popular member of the family, but in India she is, without exception, a hideous, taunting, harassing, desperate task-mistress. The widow, who always remains with her husband's family, may not inherit property and becomes the household drudge. She is goaded, spurred, tormented, and taunted with being the cause of her husband's death. There is nothing before her from the moment the breath leaves her husband's body but slavery, infamy, or death. Indeed, the widows of India weep sometimes, many times, for the restoration of the *suttee*. All of these things, however, Pundita Ramabai tells in her lecture, for Ramabai, herself a widow, has dared to come forward as the champion of the suffering widows of India.

Ramabai, though a Christian, wears the white dress of the unornamented widow of India.

One of the features of Anandabai Joshee was the red wafer which she put upon her forehead every morning in token that she was a wife. But Ramabai has lost the privilege of wearing her wafer, her jewels, or golden embroideries. There is nothing on her face but the caste mark tattoed faintly between her eyes to betoken her condition. Her plain, coarse, white robe tells the story. She is said to be a most eloquent speaker in her simple way, and never to have failed in the cause of the "little widows."

The "little widows," the married children, between nine and thirteen, seem to call for her especial sympathy. They are so isolated, so shut off from the common privileges and warmth of a woman's life, that their outlook is a long, gray, weary, clouded pathway with not a rainbow in it. They are thrust entirely upon themselves, these baby widows, to lead the lives of beasts of burden, animals' lives with all their beatings well thrown in.

Education has seemed to Ramabai to be the great solution of their tortured lives, and this is what she is struggling to introduce into intellectual but benighted India.

She has been studying kindergarten methods for her little widows with all the ardor of an enthusiast. Coming over to America to see her little kinswoman graduate, she found here, unexpectedly, the school system of which she had dreamed, and is having her text-books, charts, and working materials all printed here in the language of Mahratta, her own district, where she is to commence her work, and where it is her idea to be able to fit native teachers—who alone, she thinks, will have any influence with the Hindostani—to educate all the widows in the empire. Ramabai is, of course, a subject of Queen Victoria. This royal lady has a privy purse of twenty millions they say, counting in our money, and has a private income that ranks with that of our money kings.

Ramabai needs five thousand pounds with which to commence her school, and a guarantee of a thousand pounds a year for the next ten years.

The little widows are, likewise, subjects of the Queen of England and Empress of India, and the women of India gave that properous royal lady seventy thousand pounds for her jubilee gift. Queen Victoria has not contributed to the Ramabai enterprise one single ha'penny. None the less, Ramabai sails from San Francisco for her Indian home with her plans fairly under way, with American money.

She is an outcast in Hindostan, and will never there associate with anything but her sister widows. There are twenty millions of them, the statistics say, so that she need never be altogether lonely.

How droll it would be, this vast army of widows, if it were not so pitiful. What an Amazonian uprising there might be if there were not two hundred and twenty millions against them.

Ramabai in her book, the "High-Caste Hindoo Woman," makes some quotations from a catechism which may astonish her free, imperious sisters of America:

Q. What is cruel?
A. The heart of a viper.
Q. What is more cruel than that?
A. The heart of a woman.
Q. What is the cruelest of all?
A. The heart of a soulless, penniless widow.

And again, from another, a Hindoo gentleman of high literary reputation:

Q. What is the chief gate to hell?
A. A woman.
Q. What bewitches like wine?
A. A woman.
Q. What are fetters to man?
A. Women.
Q. What is that which can not be trusted?
A. Women.
Q. What poison is that which appears like nectar?
A. Women.

These pretty compliments are wound up by a few proverbs:

"Never put your trust in women."

"Women's counsel leads to destruction."

"Woman is a great whirlpool of suspicion, a dwelling place of vices, full of deceits, a hindrance in the way of heaven, the gate of hell."

If one must be born a woman, what a glory and a privilege it is to be born in America.

BETSY B.

CENTURY BRIC-A-BRAC.

The Way to Win.

If on the field of love you fall,
With smiles conceal your pain;
Be not to Love too sure a thrall,
But lightly wear his chain.
Don't kiss the hem of Beauty's gown,
Or tremble at her tear,
And when caprices weight you down,
A word within your ear:
Another lass, another lass,
With laughing eyes and bright—
Make love to *her*,
And trust me, sir,
'Twill set your wrongs aright.

Whene'er a sweetheart proves unkind
And greets you with a frown,
Or laughs your passion to the wind,
The talk of all the town,
Plead not your cause on bended knee
And murmured sighs prolong,
But gather from my minstrelsy
The burden of my song:
Another lass, another lass—
There's always beauty by—
Make love to *her*,
And trust me, sir,
'Twill clear the clouded sky.

—*Samuel Minturn Peck*

—*July Century.*

Folly Land.

In Folly land what witchery!
What pretty looks, what eyes there be,
What gamesome ways, what dimpled smiles;
What lissome limbs, what frolic wiles;
What easy laughter, fresh and clear;
What pranks to play, what jests to hear!
Old Time forgets to shake his sand;
The Days go tripping, hand in hand,
In Folly land, in Folly land.

In Folly land, one idle hour,
The moonlight had a wizard power;
Its fairy glamour turned my brain:
I would that I were there again!
We stood together, 'neath the sky;
A bird was chirping drowsily;
He smiled, he sighed, he held my hand.
Ah me! Ah well—we understand,
'Twas Folly land, 'twas Folly land!

My sober friend, how worn your looks!
Your heart is in your moldy books.
Here's half a cobweb on your brow!
I seldom see you jovial now.
Fling down your volumes and be free
To take a pleasure-trip with me.
Come, "Here's my heart, and here's my hand!"
We'll launch our skiff, and seek the strand
Of Folly land, of Folly land.

—*Danske Dandridge.*

Minnie vs. Minerva.

"Love me and I will bring you as my dower
Knowledge, and wisdom, and perpetual power."
So speaks Minerva of the azure eyes,
Wooing me boldly to be overwise.
Now, Minnie, who is not a Grecian myth,
But a young lady by the name of Smith,
Never says "Love me" in so bold a way,
But when I rise to leave her begs me stay;
Blushes, or pales a little, and lets down
Her long black lashes o'er her eyes of brown.

And so I linger; though I must admit,
Delicious nonsense is her highest wit;
And what she doesn't know would fill more books
Than Boston's library holds in all its nooks.
Yet the good humor of her turned-up face
Outshines Minerva's mass of marble grace:
And in the race for this weak heart of mine
Between fair Minnie and Minerva fine,
Although to jilt a goddess were a sin,
I'm very much afraid that Minnie 'll win.

—*Henry W. Austin.*

White Sulphur Springs.

We take pleasure to inform our readers that these springs, situated in Napa County, adjacent to St Helena, are now open, under the management of Messrs. Ed. Dunham and Chas. Eaton. These gentlemen are old, experienced hotel men, and having furnished the establishment throughout with everything new, they ask an inspection by those intending to recuperate during the summer months. These springs have always had the reputation of being the finest in the State.

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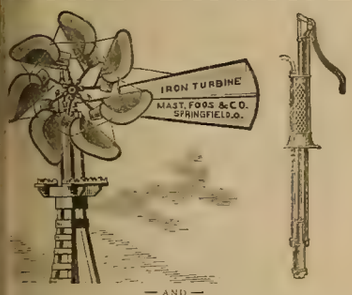

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Goddess of Liberty! Lo, thou
Whose tearless eyes behold the chain,
And look unmoved upon the slain,
Eternal peace upon thy brow,—

Before whose shrine the races press,
Thy perfect favor to implore
(The proudest tyrant asks no more,
The ironed anarchist no less),—

Whose altar-coals that touch the lips
Of prophets kindle, too, the brand
By Discord flung with wanton hand
Among the houses and the ships,—

Upon whose tranquil front the star
Burns bleak, and passionless, and white,
Its cold inclemency of light
More dreadful than the shadows are,—

Thy name we do not here invoke
Our civic rites to sanctify:
Enthroned in thy remoter sky,
Thou heedest not our broken yoke.

Thou carest not for such as we:
Our millions die to serve the still
And secret purpose of thy will.
They perish—what is that to thee?

The light that fills the patriot's tomb
Is not of thee. The shining crown
Compassionately offered down
To those who falter in the gloom,

And fall, and call upon thy name,
And die desiring—'tis the sign
Of a diviner love than thine,
Rewarding with a richer fame.

To Him alone let freemen cry
Who hears alike the victor's shout,
The song of faith, the moan of doubt,
And bends Him from His nearer sky.

God of my country and my race!
So greater than the gods of old—
So fairer than the prophets told
Who dimly saw and feared Thy face—

Who didst but half reveal Thy will
And gracious ends to their desire,
Behind the dawn's advancing fire
Thy tender day-beam veiling still—

To whom the unceasing suns belong,
And deed is one with consequence—
To whose divine inclusive sense
The moan is blended with the song—

Whose laws, imperfect and unjust,
Thy just and perfect purpose serve;
The needle, howso'er it swerve,
Still warranting the sailor's trust—

God, lift Thy hand and make us free:
Perfect the work Thou hast designed.
O strike away the chains that bind
Our souls to one idolatry!

The liberty Thy love hath given
We thank Thee for. We thank Thee for
Our great dead fathers' holy war
Wherein our manacles were riven.

We thank Thee for the stronger stroke
Ourselves delivered and incurred
When—Thine incitement half unheard—
The chains we riveted we broke.

We thank Thee that beyond the sea
The people, growing ever wise,
Turn to the west their serious eyes
And dumbly strive to be as we.

And when the sun's returning flame
Upon the Egyptian statue shone,
And struck from the enchanted stone
The music of a mighty fame,

Let Man salute the rising day
Of liberty, but not adore.
'Tis Opportunity—no more—
A useful, not a sacred, ray.

It bringeth good, it bringeth ill,
As he possessing shall elect,
He maketh it of none effect
Who worketh not within Thy will.

O give us more or less, as we
Shall serve the right or serve the wrong.
Confirm our freedom but so long
As we are worthy to be free.

But when (O distant be the time!)
Majorities in passion draw
Insurgent swords to murder Law,
And all the land is red with crime;

Or—nearer menace!—when the band
Of feeble spirits cringe and plead
To the gigantic strength of Greed,
And fawn upon his iron hand;

Nay, when the steps to pow'r are worn
In hollows by the feet of thieves,
And Mammon sits among the sheaves
And chuckles while the reapers mourn—

Then stay Thy miracle!—replace
The broken throne, repair the chain,
Restore the interrupted reign
And veil again Thy patient face.

Lo! here upon the world's extreme
We stand and lift our arms and dare
By Thine eternal name to swear
Our country, which so fair we deem—

Upon whose hills, a bannered throng,
The spirits of the dawn display
Their flashing lances all the day
And hear the sea's pacific song—

Shall be so ruled in right and grace
That men shall say: "O drive afield
The lawless eagle from the shield,
And call an angel to the place!"

—*Ambrose G. Bierce.*

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Lord Roseberry is about to import a pair of American trotters, and much interest is excited at the prospect.

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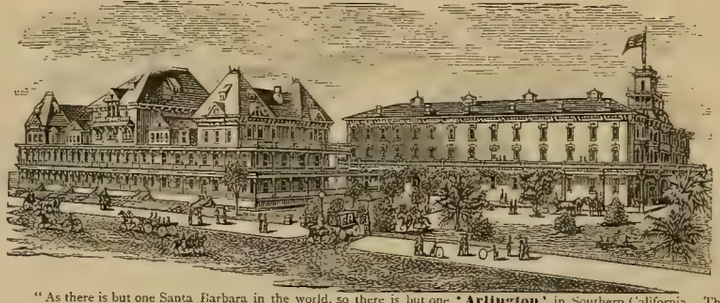

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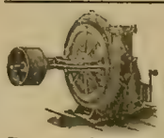

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The Argonaut.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, of New York, is accredited with having said to a committee, which had presented him with certain resolutions commending the patriotic sentiments uttered by him, that "the political fight of this Presidential election would be upon the issue of tariff reform;" "that the putting in the field an American Presidential candidate would be a wasting of power." This is the old and oft-repeated assertion made by Democrats and Republicans that voting for an American candidate is throwing a vote away. The Americans who propose to do the thing so universally deprecated by the earnest partisans of both political parties do not think so, and while it may be a matter of regret that Mr. Hewitt should entertain the opinions attributed to him, and may decline to become the leader of the forlorn hope that styles itself the American party, yet the defection of one man and his unwillingness to be the leader will not destroy the American organization, nor do more than embarrass its progress. If the principles of the American party are worthy the advocacy of intelligent and earnest men, they will reach the American people. If the dangers threatened by alien immigration and the hasty naturalization of the illiterate and debased are *real* dangers, then a keen and sensitive appreciation of their existence will make Americans only the more zealous when they find new obstacles to encounter and overcome. We do not quite understand Mr. Hewitt when he advises members of the American party that "they can do better service by spreading principles and bringing people to a sense of duty by paying more regard to questions called more urgently for solution with the arrival of new immigrants." What can an American party do but to organize politically? What other shape can the tens of thousands of Americans in every State and Territory of the Union take to make their influence felt in spreading "good American principles," than by banding together in a political party, and endeavoring to make themselves felt in the legislation of the country? When the Abolitionists sought to emancipate slaves they organized into a political party, and nominated James G. Burney, of Kentucky, for President. It was regarded as a forlorn and desperate hope, but it breached impregnable defenses over which at a later day Republican hosts marched to victory. When the Republican party broke away from the Whigs and opposed the extension of slavery over free territories, it organized politically and nominated for President John C. Fremont, with but a distant hope of success; it was a reconnaissance in force that exposed the weakness of the enemy's line, and was the unsuccessful skirmish that preceded victory. The Prohibitionists made their influence felt in New York by the nomination of Governor St. John, defeated Blaine, and are being more respectfully treated as they gain in members, and have the courage to throw their votes away. When the Americans were organizing in California two years ago for a State election, they were implored not do so foolish a thing as to throw their votes away, yet what party to-day has more or better men in office—even if they lack the courage and the generosity to admit it—than the American minority? Again Americans are told that their time has not come for political action, and they are begged to defer movement lest the Republicans should fail to elect Mr. Harrison and Democrats should not reëlect Mr. Cleveland to the Presidential office. When will the time ever come when—in the opinion of partisans, office-seekers, and the Irish—Americans may be permitted to exercise their own judgment in their own way and vote for such measures and such men as in their judgment the best interest of their country demands? Will the time ever come when aliens will resign their offices, bosses give up their plottings, and party leaders fall to the rear with an invitation for Americans to come forward and enjoy the opportunity of an undisturbed and uncontested political campaign? All that the American party can do, or desires to do, is to spread American principles and arouse the American people to a more earnest discharge of duties, in restraining a bad and dangerous foreign immigration, correcting the great political evil of easy and fraudulent naturalization, and throwing around our American school-houses the bulwark of constitutional and legal defenses. We ask Mr. Hewitt, and through him the Americans who recognize the dangers to which we allude, how better can it be done than by organizing an American party? How in any other way can the American party make its principles known and its influence felt than by throwing its votes into a separate electoral urn, where they can be counted by themselves and recorded as expressing a protest against existing evils and a resolve to remedy them? If American principles are as important as the intelligent members of the party believe them to be, and the dangers threatening the commonwealth as serious as they deem them, has Mr. Hewitt any authority for declaring that the time has not come for their consideration, or that they are less important than tariff reform? Are not enemies engaged in secretly undermining the foundations upon which is builded the superstructure of American liberty more to be feared than the public enemies who may at some distant day openly declare war against our country and invade it by hostile fleets and armies? And if they are, can any question the right of this class of Americans to declare that it is more necessary to preserve the American schools, American institutions, and the American ballot-box from treacherous foes than the shore from invading armies? If it is true, as members of the American party declare, that within the lines of the national parties no opportunity is given them to make their influence felt, can they be honestly denied the privilege of going beyond party lines and acting for themselves? If within the party lines alien bosses and interested party managers can, by force of numbers who are seeking spoils and the plunder and loot of office, and an ignorant, alien rank-and-file which they can cheat, and hoodoo, and purchase, and gain by lying promises, drive intelligent, patriotic, property-owning, honest, and disinterested native-born and legally naturalized Americans from the primary elections, from municipal, State, and national conventions, shall these Americans be also denied the American privilege of political organization? When the ballot-box is opened in the city of New York, Mr. Hewitt's vote and the votes of men like him, who represent patriotic intelligence, property, and moral worth, are found snowed under and banked over by the unmeaning pellets of the superstitious, ignorant, drunken, immoral, vicious alien electors who have either ignorantly, or for a price, or from the dictation of an alien priesthood cast their votes into the same receptacle, and claim for them the same weight and influence that the mayor of New York and the son-in-law of Peter Cooper claims for his. What remedy does he propose? So if Mr. Abram Hewitt, of New York, shall find his arguments not accepted and his political position questioned by Americans on the Pacific Coast, he must not be surprised. The men who compose the American party on this side of the continent have been driven from both national parties; they no longer have any voice, or influence, or any opportunity of expressing their political opinions in conventions or party councils. In the city of San Francisco, a gentleman who seeks no office and has no other desire than to aid in securing good government, honest laws, reduced taxes, and a well-ordered society, is driven from his ward-club by organized bands of political ruffians employed by professional Irish party bosses; the machinery of parties is so run that none but the professional can avail himself of its assistance; a nominating municipal or State convention is a mere creation of political knavery in which an honest man has no part; city offices are the result of corrupt bargainings in which no citizen who is clean can take action. Delegates to the national conventions from California were chosen by party bosses; the delegates to St. Louis exhausted themselves in converting a red bandana handkerchief, which they had found convenient in material, size, and color for mopping their sweating brows, into a party emblem; the delegates to Chicago, or such of them as became personally prominent, misrepresented the Republican party of California from the moment of its intrigued and bargained selection—for its choice was a trade arranged by party bosses in San Francisco—till it closed its bar and frolic on the shores of Lake Michigan. The nominations of Cleveland and Thurman, by the Democracy, and of Harrison and Morton, at Chicago, are regarded by the intelligent men of both parties as eminently respectable. The platforms of both parties are the deliberate repudiation of the principles which members of the American party claim to be of the first national importance. Both parties, in national convention assembled, have refused to recognize as worthy of consideration questions which the best men of their ranks deem of the highest consequence; not one line or one sentiment in either platform was intended to gratify the wishes of the thousands of Americans in California and elsewhere who have had the courage to form a separate political party for their enforcement; for the native-born and intelligent naturalized Americans there was no word; for the Irish who have come among us was expressed the hope that the countrymen whom they have left at home to war with England might achieve home-rule for Ireland. There are five times more Americans than Irish of two generations in the United States, and in presence of these Irish in national convention, in State organization, and in municipal politics the Republican party stands in cowardly fear. To the Irish the Democracy have fully submitted, and now,

after being treated with utter indifference and contempt by both national parties, Americans are told by Mr. Hewitt that their time has not yet come, that there is more useful work for them to do than to organize for independent action. Whether Mr. Hewitt desires to elect Mr. Harrison or Mr. Cleveland, we do not know; presumably Cleveland, as he is a Democratic mayor of New York. What effect his advice will have we can not foresee. There will be some Americans who will vote in California for an American electoral ticket if there be no candidate, for in the earlier history of the country there were no nominating conventions held; then principles were more prominent than politicians, measures were more highly considered than men. The four months before the Presidential election give ample time for deliberation; what course the American party in California will eventually take can not yet be definitely determined; something depends upon the East, and, perhaps, more upon the course pursued by the leaders, the orators, and the press of the national parties. The personnel of the American party is entirely independent and utterly unselfish; it asks and wants no office; no interested appeals can be made to it; it is courageous and fearless of personal consequences, and can not, therefore, be intimidated by threats. If, in the progress of the campaign, it shall become apparent that the welfare and prosperity of the country demands the aid of the members of the American party, the question will be considered by men of intelligence and unquestioned patriotism, and they will vote with the party in whose success they are persuaded lies the higher and better interest of the American commonwealth; at present they are persuaded that loyalty to the country demands that they shall not follow the advice of Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, but THROW THEIR VOTES AWAY.

A more recent letter of Mr. Hewitt, received since writing the above, very positively declines the nomination of the American party, because "it has no prospect of electing its candidate," and because, in his opinion, the effect of an American campaign would be the success of the Republican ticket. He says: "I am a Democrat and not in favor of turning this government over to the Republican party." The letter is not creditable to the patriotism or the intelligence of Mr. Hewitt, but it is serviceable in answering the false insinuations of such organs of party service as the San Francisco *Chronicle*, which makes the false and positive declaration that "the American party managers have made their dicker with the Democrats," and the party is, in contempt, styled a "side-show." The effort of the American party to nominate so important a Democrat as Abram S. Hewitt is conclusive that it was not conspiring against the success of the Republican party, and it was a piece of stupidity on the part of Mr. Hewitt not to see it, or disingenuous not to admit it. It is stupidity on the part of the *Bulletin* and *Chronicle*, and all other Republican journals, to think they will accomplish anything good for the Republican party by abuse of the American party. There are ten thousand of the best men in the Republican party of California now pausing and in doubt whether they will throw their votes in the air for American principles, or vote for the Republican candidates. The conduct of Mr. Hewitt, the editorials of Republican organs, the lies of all kinds of party politicians, and the general disposition of party men and office-seekers to misrepresent motives and misstate facts concerning the American movement, will have a tendency to induce honest and independent minds to withhold their support from the Republican candidates. The tariff *is not* the most important issue of this campaign, free trade *is not* the most threatening danger to this government, and the American party *is not* the enemy most to be feared at this time. Lies are for weak minds, menace for cowardly ones, but these common weapons, so powerful in securing votes from the ignorant, the vulgar, and the cowardly, can not be successfully wielded in a political campaign against Americans who have the unselfish desire to do that which is best for the land they think they have the right to assist in governing.

The San Francisco *Evening Bulletin* is one of the most respectable and moral of all the daily journals of California. It is valuable and interesting. It has a mode of lying by indirection, more audacious and cowardly than any of its competitors. If the circulation of the *Bulletin* is nine thousand, fully five thousand of its subscribers are native-born Americans, and of its other four thousand, three thousand are highly intelligent adopted citizens, and of the whole number, nine-tenths are in full and complete sympathy with the American party; in sympathy with every line of every resolution passed by its State convention, and every sentiment uttered in that convention. These Americans approve the policy of the American party and though they may not be ready at this time to vote for American electors, are looking hopefully forward to the time when the American party shall become a national party and its principles rule the American people. The personnel of the American party is highly intelligent, eminently respectable, and entirely honest. Its rank and file, under the insolent interference of Irish boss politicians, and the ignorant yawp of Democratic masses, and the openly acknowledged cowardice of Republican party leaders, may act like cranks and may be cranks, but they are honest, and have brains, and property, and self-respect, and it is a most malicious and preposterous lie that the *Bulletin* put forth in its editorial columns the day after the American party had closed its session. The lie was thus expressed: "It is *reported* that the American party in New York and on the "Pacific Slope will have the assistance of Democratic campaign funds with the view of drawing away Republican "votes." Then follows another mean insinuation, viz., that which charges that "the American party is devoted to the promotion of English interests and the degradation of American labor." The last is one of the inexcusable lies that politics excuses. It is of the class that charges the Democracy with being supported by English gold disbursed from the treasury of the Cobden Club. It is excusable on the ground that "anything that is false is fair in unfair and dirty politics." Of this kind of warfare we make no complaint, and we shall only wade as far into the "filthy pool" as we can roll up our trousers, but when the respectable *Bulletin* falsely asserts that the American party of the Pacific Slope will have the assistance of Democratic campaign funds, we brand it as a deliberate, willful, and malicious lie, told by criminal liars for a dishonest purpose. Americans will submit to the taunt of being engaged in a "side-show," and will not particularly care for the ordinary abuse that comes from partisan journals, but we are sensitive at being charged with receiving money which we are confident we will never get, and from a source from which we are certain it can never come. Americans, whether they have withdrawn from the Republican or Democratic party, whether they have joined the American or Prohibition party, claim the privilege of acting independently in politics, of casting their vote for whom they please, and when the *Bulletin* writes lies about them, the *Argonaut*—which we believe is the only honest journal upon the Pacific Coast, and it (quoting the *Bulletin*) only an obscure journal of limited circulation—is afforded a very great pleasure in expressing its opinion in strong but courteous language concerning the *Bulletin* lies. We will take this occasion to suggest to the strong political and party journals that the more they misrepresent and abuse the American party the better it will advertise it, and the more determined will be the independent action of its members who are all intelligent, and brave, and honest.

The Republican party lost an opportunity to restore itself to the confidence of the country, and thereby to the administration of the government, through lack of courage at its national convention at Chicago. This party is composed of three distinct classes—the selfish and mercenary partisan, who looks to party success for honors, for opportunity of plunder, or honest bread; the floating mob of hooting, howling mercenaries, whose votes are always purchasable, and the independent class which has the courage to think right and the intelligence to vote right. The Republican party should have had the sense to consider in convention that the first class, like Christ's poor, the Republican party and every other party has always with it; that the purchasable are always attainable for coin, and that it was the intelligent, independent class alone that the Republican party had any interest in conciliating. This great non-partisan vote could have been secured by a fearless declaration of honest principles, and by a statement of issues that would have harmonized the interest of wealth with labor, and have addressed themselves to the patriotism and interest of American working-men. An American policy that would have stood by the free common schools as the bulwark of American liberty, have restricted immigration, and controlled naturalization, and have protected American mechanics from competition with imported alien workmen, would have constituted a party platform that would have been honest and irresistible. It would have drawn to its side the intelligence and the common sense of the nation, and with intelligence, wealth, and patriotism most of the office-seekers, mercenaries, partisan bummers, and political dead-beats would have drifted. It was the Republican opportunity, and it was allowed to pass because of fear to lose the good-for-nothing, mercenary, and selfish class of aliens who are endeavoring to make a dishonest living out of American politics. The Republican party lacked courage to be honest, and though it may win, and looks to us as though it would win, it will be after a hard battle, and will owe its victory to the mercenaries whom it must employ. The party in convention had the courage to beat Blaine for the nomination, and then had the folly to set a trap for all the Pope's Irish Democrats it knew it had lost. Until some national party has the courage to invite the support of Americans; until the foreign vote ceases to be the prize for which both parties contend, and for which they are willing to sacrifice the jewel of priceless value; until they cease to cuttle-fish the political waters with their inky hypocrisy, and have the courage to declare patriotic principles, let them not complain that this independent element gathers itse together and styles itself an American party, and refuses be used by the political bosses and place-hunters who ha absolute control and management of the Republican a Democratic parties.

The Rev. Father Grace, Roman Catholic and Irish prie was chaplain of Independence Day celebration at Sac mento. We commend to our readers the perusal of the f lowing invocation delivered by him on that occasion. V print and approve it, and confess that we studied it to find its language some reserve, something that would be intend to express one sentiment to a Protestant and irreligi audience and another to the God of battles and nations wh priests of Rome are, too many of them, Jesuitical and politi insincere and untrustworthy, and of whom we do not oft make kindly mention, whom we suspect, and whose intrig we fear. If all the prelates and priests of the Roman Ca olic Church are as sincere, as honest, and as good Americ as is Father Grace—if this be an honest prayer—and politicians of Irish birth were patriotic as is this priest— prayer honestly expresses his allegiance to the Ameri Government and its institutions—then there would be little fear from the ambition of an alien church and little cause distrust the loyalty of its worshipers. Father Grace made following invocation:

Oh, God! we thank Thee on this anniversary of the Declaratio Independence that we live in a country in which we enjoy liberty way never before granted to men, nor accorded to them now exce America. We thank Thee for the marvelous growth and ever-increa prosperity of our common country. We thank Thee for the ha issue of the noblest experiment in self-government ever made. thank Thee that we have grown in a century from a few million nearly sixty millions, from an unknown people to the greatest natio the earth. We thank Thee that our lot has been cast in the garden sp this great country—in California—whose rich soil, wealth of mines, b tiful scenery, health-giving waters, and bright sunshine make it an Land of Promise. We thank Thee for our happy homes where me every race and tongue enjoy the blessings of liberty and peace under sway of wise and just laws. We thank Thee that all religions are and that a man can worship God according to the dictates of his science. We thank Thee that ignorance is discountenanced and the children of the poor as well as of the rich have an opportunity solid education; and we promise Thee to make morality the basis only of religious but of civil liberty, that the great country we live in remain the "land of the free and the home of the brave." We pro Thee to give no countenance to the enemies of order, whic "heaven's first law," but to be found in future, as in the past, on side of those beneficent laws which protect us, 'as the hen doth ga her chickens under her wings." We will be honest, peaceful, and and Thy blessing, O God, will descend upon us and continue our prosperity. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name; kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven; gi this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we f those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but liver us from evil. Amen!

SAN FRANCISCO, July 12, 18

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Two years ago I heard you deliver a s in which you sought to remind the foreign element in our midst that owed it as a duty to this country to drop all manner of natural p dices, all narrow and vulgar clannishness, all national and po distinctions whatsoever, except, indeed, that of the country of their a tion—the United States of America.

At that time, and on general principles, I thought the rebuke culiarly timely and appropriate one; but never did I think that the of national prejudice and preferment would enter my soul with bitter, biting poignancy as it has done during the past week. Scotchman by birth and extraction, but an American by principle adoption, I knew no clique, clan, class, or country but that on which I had sworn allegiance, and steadily refused to join any orde to be in any way connected with societies whose purpose was the petuation of foreign conceits. Well—to cut the matter short—I lately found myself out of employment, and in seeking a situation speech of two years ago has been frequently corroborated by perience. No matter what my competency or credentials, the Gen employer selected a German for the position sought; the Jew same; the Irish, the Scotch, the Dutch, the Dane, the Swede, the lian, and the Frenchman followed suit. Understand me, however, not complain that my application was ignored. Doubtless the fore (for whom I harbor no resentment) needed employment as much but what I do say is, that *merit* alone and not national prefer should determine our fitness.

The insidious danger lurking in this contemptible, and if I may so, treasonable, conduct, is more potent for future evil than the casu server is willing to admit. Look you: Let a German—and I he the German as an illustration only; those whom I have a ready merated are equally guilty—start, let us say, a grocery upon one of the street and an American an establishment of the same char upon the opposite corner. Now witness the contest. Both en German clerks; the one out of a narrow, sectional, and clannish the other from an unquestioning and freedom-loving spirit. American public patronizes both with equal preference, making n gar distinctions, and the inevitable result is that the American gets half of the American patronage and that is all, while his German petitor secures the other one-half, and *all* of the German neighbo The end is inevitable and clearly in view. The American is close His German rival buys his stock at half cost and hires his G clerk to attend to his increased trade now that he has the neighborhood to himself, thanks to the clannish fidelity of his G friends and the liberality of his American patrons.

Now, to what does this inevitably lead? Just this: The gr passing away of property and power from the hands of Americans its proportionate concentration in the hands of people who are alien at heart or popish in spirit; both being equally destruct American institutions.

When that day comes—as, in the present tendency of things, co must—good-by the "starry banner" before which bombast and tion have bowed with recreant knee; good-by "Fourth of July flatulent oratory, spread-eagled to overshadow as many votes as ble; good-by "Declaration of Independence," read once a year tongued and in stentorian voice; and thou, too, good-by, O effervescence! Zip! Boom!! Ah!!! WHO AM

All the facts are not stated in the above communic Aliens almost uniformly employ their own countrymen departments of business and in all classes of occupation glance into the Hibernia, German, Jewish, or English or mercantile establishments discloses Irish, German, I itish, or British employees. In saloons, beer bar-rooms taurants, bakeries, and all the lower walks of indu kept by foreign-born citizens, the foreign citizen is alone ployed. In an American place of business, high or low, is a mixed body of clerks. In the municipal department

in l official bureaus the foreign element predominates. In all political conventions the foreign vote is conciliated and so ited, the American never. Foreigners proscribe Ameri-ca from employment, and because they are Americans are di-iminated against. Americans employ all nationalities; Ro an Catholics, as a rule, employ Romanists; Jews, as a ru employ only Jews. If an American would refuse to tra e with an Irishman because he was Irish, or with a Ger-m because he was a German, or refuse to employ any per-so because he was Romanist or Jew, he would be regarded as overned by narrow and unworthy prejudices. This is one of ose rules that are not permitted to work both ways. The *Argonaut* would have the question considered by alien citi-zens who claim to be intelligent, conscientious, and fair-minded, an answer what they think ought to be done to remedy this on sided condition of things.

national convention of the American party, for the pur-of nominating candidates for the Presidential and Vice-Presidential offices, is called at Washington for the fourteenth of August. The American party of California, in State Convention, held at San Francisco, elected the following gen-en to represent the State in the national convention:

P. D. WIGGINTON	AT LARGE
FRANK M. PIXLEY	AT LARGE
J. ROBERTSON	AT LARGE
A. DAGGETT	AT LARGE
E. HALL	MENDOCINO
WILFRED PAGE	SONOMA
M. ORR	SAN JOAQUIN
F. MCSWAIN	MERCED
M. BASSETT	ALAMEDA
W. GRAYSON	
S. KEITH	
A. GURNETT	SAN FRANCISCO
P. COLE	
F. SPEAR	
N. WILSON	LOS ANGELES
S. ROGERS	KERN

r Presidential electors the following persons were nomi-:

P. D. WIGGINTON,	J. WEST MARTIN,
FRANK M. PIXLEY,	LOUIS A. GURNETT,
ALEXANDER DUNCAN,	D. LAMBERT,
N. M. ORR,	C. L. WILSON.

e American party is energetically organizing, and will, the national convention names the candidates, enter upon orous and thorough campaign.

far as the tariff issue is presented as of importance to orking-man, it is a fraudulent device to catch the votes of ant laborers. The laborer is not overtaxed, he pays lit-nothing. His clothes are home-made, his food is home-d, his drink is an American production, except coffee and nd they are not taxed. His wages are the one important ion for him to consider. A surplus of labor reduces its by competition. There are only two sources of labor y—one is from his own loins, his own sons and daugh-who, by trades unions, are forbidden to become appren-or to acquire knowledge in mechanical pursuits; the source of labor supply is from the over-swarming hives reign work-shops, where labor is in excess and cheap. er the Republican nor the Democratic party have the ge to declare against the importation of foreign cheap ers. The American party alone takes the true position this question, and if all working-men were intelligent, would vote the American ticket. A vote thrown away e American party is worth a ballot-box stuffed full of ant votes.

eligion comes oftentimes from derangement of the stomach. is not infrequently the result of dyspepsia, and if religion masks in physical maladies, why not patriotism? These tions are suggested by Mr. Abram S. Hewitt's very tric course. We have seen two letters from him in the impression was given that he would accept American nomination for President. He has uttered manifestos, but it turns out that in scratching American Tartar we have disclosed a Democrat. Mr. Hewitt is irascible rather than bold, and hates mers for some other reason than patriotism, and is just east bit insane on the subject of politics seems to us ap-t. When Mr. Hewitt denies himself the honor of a Presidential nomination at the hands of his best and bravest rymen, his compatriots of highest intelligence and most st purpose, he refuses a compliment that would have ed a better and a braver, a more intelligent and honest than himself.

re is an old saying to the effect that "when rogues fall out, honest get their own," and this saying seems in a fair way to be exempli-resh in the case of certain members of the Irish Home-Rule party, re now appearing in a very unenviable light, owing to certain dis-es that have been for some time past in process of parturition by ndon *Times*, and which are said to implicate certain prominent ers of the Irish Home-Rule party in the political assassination of Arthur Cavendish and under-Secretary Burke in Phœnix Park, n, some six years ago. The *Times* claims to have in its possession entary evidence, in the shape of letters purporting to have been n by Mr. Parnell, the well-known home-rule leader, and other nent members of the Irish National League, and which, if genuine, point in no equivocal terms to the complicity of the writers in the doings of that section of the league whose principles are avowedly identified with such crimes as mayhem, arson, dynamite explosions, and murder, and which are deterred by no moral considerations and stick at no cowardly or dastardly act in promoting the political ends, which a majority even of their own countrymen, and that majority embodying the wealth, industry, and intelligence of their land, characterizes as subversive of all that appertains to law and order, and detrimental to their future prospects as a nation. The circumstance which has now revived the interest in the letters in question, which letters were originally published in facsimile, and repudiated as forgeries by Parnell, is the result of a libel suit brought by one O'Donnell against the *Times*, said suit resulting in favor of the newspaper. O'Donnell is thereupon thrown overboard like a second Jonah by his party, whose leaders declare that he had no authorization for the course he pursued, Parnell declaring that he was not even aware that such an action was in contemplation, while Byrne, a leaguer of the most violent type, goes so far as to charge complicity between plaintiff and defendant, and stigmatizes the action as a political ruse on the part of the latter, acting under the Tory ministry, to revive a worn-out scandal for party purposes and excite fresh hostility against the Irish Nationalists. Next Byrne is discredited by his alleged more reputable associates, as one whose methods—while his patriotism is indubitable—they profess to know nothing about, and will not be responsible for. Meantime Parnell has again stood up in the House of Commons, reiterating his denials and stigmatizing the *Times's* letters as stupid and clumsy forgeries. Davitt is stumping the country with blood in his eye and defiance on his tongue, demanding an immediate and thorough investigation, and challenging the attorney-general—the chief counsel for the defense in the libel suit—to put himself and Parnell in the dock, and so end the matter at once and forever, at the same time characterizing the excuse of the *Times*, that the lives of its informants—for the information upon which its charges are based came, as usual, from traitors in the Irish camp—would not be safe if they were brought forward, as absurd and an insult to common sense. And so the controversy stands, the *Times* and the Irish leaders, like doughty champions of old, giving each other the lie in the teeth. There is one thing certain, and that is that only one of the contestants can be right, and it will be a very extraordinary proceeding on the part of the English Government, and argue little faith on the part of the *Times* in the accuracy, or pertinency, of its information, and show but little justice to Parnell and his immediate adherents, if the case is not now carried to its ultimate conclusion. The apprehension of the *Times* that its informants would be murdered in cold blood—as they probably would be, judging from the fate of informer Carey—if their names were made public, could easily be obviated by putting the case in the hands of a Parliamentary commission, the results of which could be made public without the necessity of disclosing all the facts, as could not be avoided were the case tried in open court. This is clearly the bounden duty of Parliament, and none will rejoice more than the *Argonaut* to see the leaders of the Irish Home-rule party purged of the aspersions which now cloud their names and make their cause, independently of its merits, which this is not the place to discuss, contemptible and odious.

As was only to be expected, considering the far more important home political issues that have been engrossing our attention for the past two or three weeks, the news from our neighboring and sister continent of Europe has been confined to the barest outlines in the interim. Now, however, it is beginning again to assume its wonted proportions, and the purport of recent dispatches would certainly signify that it is well worth while to look into the political probabilities that are shaping themselves upon that side of the water. First and foremost, the young Kaiser William is about to pay a visit to St. Petersburg. It is difficult to tell what significance should be attached to this visit. There is nothing extraordinary in the mere fact of crowned heads visiting each other, and as it is reported that a marriage is about to be arranged between the Czarewitch and one of the German Emperor's sisters, that circumstance would of itself be sufficient to account for this not unnatural, in any case, exchange of courtesies. It is said, and it is probably the case, that Bismarck has long had his eye upon such a match, and this consideration is likewise said to have afforded the strongest reason for his virulent opposition to a Battenberg alliance with the royal family of Prussia, as such an alliance would have closed the doors forever against the nuptials of any princess of the house of Hohenzollern with any scion of any of the first-class royal houses of Europe, the Battenbergs being rated as a morganatic branch of the ducal house of Hesse, and so powerful being the prejudice against any departure from the strict usages which are supposed to form the only safeguard against the dehabilitation of families of royal lineage. It is safe to say that intermarriage between the imperial families of Germany and Russia, so long as these families are permitted to maintain the almost despotic prerogatives which distinguish them at present, would go far to avert any outbreak of hostilities as apparently causeless as that which seems imminent at any moment. Women have frequently proved themselves, in the annals of nations, more powerful than prime ministers, and feminine caprice than the wisest statecraft. It is also suggested that the projected visit of the Kaiser will be undertaken with the express purpose of drawing Russia into the tripartite alliance, the object being, of course, to cripple France; the price to be paid Russia for such complaisance to be unrestrained access to Bulgaria, in return for which Germany is not to be interfered with in dealing with France. This suggestion, however, is less plausible than imaginative, inasmuch as it concedes to Germany undisputed control of the Eastern situation, without taking into consideration the attitude of Austria, Italy, and England upon such a proposition, all of which powers have a direct interest in impeding Russian advance toward the Mediterranean. Of much greater significance is the now persistent policy of Bismarck, the purpose of which, apparently, is to goad France into some overt aggressive act, which will make it appear that an attack from Germany is but a retaliatory measure. The fact is that Germany can not long stand the strain of maintaining her vast standing army, the expense incident to which is draining the life-blood from her people. On the other hand, France, blatant as a certain class of her people may be, is at heart unwilling for war, more especially upon the eve of her great industrial exposition, projected for next year, and from which she has reason to expect many economic and pecuniary benefits, expectations which war at this time would inevitably dissipate. Still, France can not afford to endure tamely insults of a character calculated to lessen her national prestige, and if Bismarck sees fit to face conclusions, it is certain she will not be caught unprepared as in 1870. Her armies, if not so well drilled, or as capable of executing novel and complicated military manœuvres as those of Germany, excel them in the handiness, range, and penetrative capacity of their arms, both small and great. France is, undoubtedly, at this moment, the best armed nation in Europe. It can be taken for granted that there will be no repetition of the contract jobbery of the empire, which provided shells filled with sawdust instead of powder in the last war. Meantime, Russia and Austria are continuing with unabated vigor to strengthen the armaments upon their common frontier, while the Bulgarian muddle has so disgusted the Russian Prime Minister, De Giers, that he is reported to have said that after December next the Bulgarians may do anything and everything they please, from cutting each other's throats to declaring their country an empire, so far as he is concerned. Russian diplomacy, however, has a knack of very thoroughly concealing its true intentions, and it may be assumed that, in that quarter, the end is not yet.

COMMUNICATIONS.

An Englishman on Free Trade.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In reading the letter published in your current issue by "An Inquirer," and perceiving the fallacy of his line of argument on the great question of Protection *versus* Free Trade, I can not resist the temptation to write a few lines in answer to it. Being an Englishman, and being brought up and educated in London, where five years ago to be a protectionist was to be branded with the title of heretic, I think that I am sufficiently acquainted with England's position on this question to make a few remarks. "An Inquirer" remarks upon the enormous amount of wealth stored up in England, and bases his argument on the idea that this was amassed under free trade. Although under free trade England has greatly increased her wealth, it was under protection that she laid the foundation for the prosperity that has favored her in the last thirty-eight years. But the query comes up as to whether she could not have increased her wealth still more under a continued protection policy. I believe she could. Although I would not attempt to deny England's present commercial supremacy, I do make the statement that she is not as far ahead of other nations as she was in 1850. She has not increased her wealth or improved the condition of her working classes in as great a ratio as have other nations. Let me direct your correspondent's attention to a few figures which will show the progress made by different nations in the twenty years from 1860 to 1880:

Russia	215 per cent.
Austria	144 " "
Holland	114 " "
Belgium	111 " "
Italy	46 " "
England	46 " "

Do these figures look as if England has every reason to be satisfied with her free-trade policy? In looking at the progress of individual capitalists do we not generally expect to see the greatest progress made by the man who has the most capital to back him, and ought not this same principle to apply to nations? It is an undeniable fact that England had the most capital to back her enterprises, and yet we find that these nations that followed the opposite policy and with a smaller capital made more than four times as much progress.

It appears to me that England's position to-day is parallel to the following: Look at a merchant who has been in business many years and amassed an enormous fortune which he has been unable to use in his business, there being no room for more capital, so he has invested it in schemes outside of his business; after a time he changes his mode of business and begins to make less progress, but he is still able to make a favorable showing, owing to the success of his foreign enterprises. So with England to-day; it is her foreign speculations and the success of them, most of them made on protection soil, that increase her wealth and enable her to make such a good showing. True, ministries embodying the highest intelligence of the land have succeeded each other, but the change that was made in the English tariff was not made after careful deliberation, such as such great questions generally receive, but owing to an unusual excitement and owing to the effects of war being felt. This policy was really forced upon the incumbent ministry. That it was a suicidal act is being rapidly recognized in England, and I believe that were the issue now placed in a fair manner before the public of England to-day the protectionists would stand a very good show, for to-day there are a large number of members in the House of Commons who owe their seats to the advocacy of a protective tariff, and this is so in nearly every instance where it has been made the issue. Truly, this is wonderful progress when we realize that in all English schools free trade is taught as a fundamental principle as truly as the great truths of the sacred Scriptures. Surely it would have been better had they temporarily abolished their customs duties in 1849, for which act they would have been justified by many precedents.

Your correspondent asks, "Why is it that both the political parties of this country profess equal confidence in the impregnability of their respective positions upon the question of protection?" The only answer to this question that is necessary is the following question: "Where is the confidence shown by the Democrats in free trade when they publicly avow that free trade is not the issue before the country?"

But once more we can not compare America to-day and her position in relation to other countries with the relative position occupied by England to other countries in 1849, for while England then was far ahead of *all* nations in manufacturing powers and doing almost all her own manufacturing, and a great deal of the manufacture for consumption of other nations, America to-day is not ahead of other nations in manufacturing powers, as England was, for she does, in proportion to her consumption, a very small amount of her own manufacture, and, therefore, is not in nearly such a good position to embrace a free-trade policy as England was.

Free-trade theories to me smell strongly of cosmopolitanism, and until all nations are nearly in the same stage of development and adopt them altogether, they can not be successfully adopted, and a careful study of the commercial history and policy of nations will be sufficient to show this to be a fact. Let "An Inquirer" study the commercial policy of Rome, of the Dutch Republic, and, also, what has built up the German Empire to its present standard, and see if history will bear him out in his theories of free trade. W. H. C.

SAN JOSE, July 11, 1888.

The Republican Platform.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The platform of the Republican party, upon which they are appealing to the American people in the present campaign, is full of the most serious inconsistencies and false statements, but in none more so than in their cry for protection, the so-called only vital issue of the political fight of 1888. The Republican platform, when placed side by side with the admirable political creed announced by the recent convention of the American party held in this city, shows clearly how little real desire the former party has for true protection to the American working-man and woman. They declare that they wish to protect home manufactures from the competition of foreign articles which, if allowed admission into this country, will soon bring the wages of American workmen down to the level of the underfed and underpaid laborers of Europe, and yet those same pauper laborers are permitted to come here in ever-increasing hordes to compete, on our own soil, with the honest and industrious American workman, and the great Republican party, the noisy and self-constituted champion of home industries, has not the courage to raise its voice against this tremendous influx of paupers and criminals who, driven from home for their countries' benefit, are swarming in countless thousands to America, and are steadily and surely crowding the native workmen to the wall.

In unmistakable contrast with this shallow and half-hearted protection (?) the American party declares "that we are in favor of fostering and encouraging the American industries of every class and kind, and to that end would protect our home productions and manufactures, and inaugurate and maintain a system that will not only exclude the competing labor-production of other countries, but will *also exclude the cheap laborers of other countries, and prevent them coming here to compete with American working-men.*"

This is protection in its fullest and broadest sense, and is the only thing that the intelligent American laborer should be satisfied with, and any party who offers less should meet the honest contempt which their cowardice deserves. With its despicable eagerness for the Irish vote the Republican party almost broke its neck in its hurry to get into the same supplicating posture as did the Democrats in the St. Louis convention, and with most touching submission, tenderly sympathized with their poor oppressed brothers in Ireland and their much desired Celtic allies throughout the United States, and expressed the earnest hope that very soon they might obtain self-rule, a thing that no body of Irishmen were ever yet capable of.

In the same mean spirit of catering to the alien vote they were very emphatic on the Chinese question, and have spent most of the time since the adjournment of the Chicago convention in the attempt to explain to these foreigners, who unfortunately *can vote*, that their candidate for President has a mortal hatred of the Chinese who *can not vote*, but throughout the entire document, which they are pleased to call their declaration of principles, not one honest, manly word do they offer in the defense and support of the man who has heretofore thought it no disgrace that his grandfather was born on American soil.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 11, 1888. C. L. TISDALE.

THE PALMS OF TREASURE COVE.

A Legend of the Tropic Seas.

The sunset light covers with splendid glow the coast of the Pacific, and bathes in beauty the sands of a lonely beach, where the waves are breaking gently. This is a *barra*—a tidal creek, and its cove is smooth and peaceful, being well protected by a line of breakers that here lie farther out from shore than is usual in such places. Black against the background of crimson and gold with which the great orb decks his descent to his tomb, a boat looms up, rounding the point from the sea into the creek, thence opening inland; and presently the frail vessel grounds and two men leap ashore and draw the canoe up beyond danger of drifting.

So brief is the twilight of the tropics that it is fairly nightfall as they alight on the bank. The stars are coming out and reflect themselves in the sea, and far away gleam the lights from scattered cabins. The chattering blackbirds have flown home to their night-haunts, and the belated gulls are winging toward their craggy nests. In the edge of the darkened water the mangroves rustle sadly, the broad banana leaves wave in the plantation farther inland toward the savannahs. The mournful cry of the lurking jackal resounds from the thicket, and from the forest comes the roar of the tiger—the jaguar, while a thousand insects call from the jungle. Nature seems calling to rest; sea, heaven, and earth, all animated creatures appear to be at prayer. The only sounds of activity are the splashes of the countless fish that leap into the air and fall back into the placid, onward-flowing water of the *barra*, and the fitful gleam of the myriad fireflies against their formless background. Even these, however, show the light of their greenish, phosphorescent lamps but languidly, as if they lacked energy or stimulus for a more sustained glow.

The men from the boat, who had sat down upon the bank, as if weary from their task of rowing, arise as the moon climbs slowly up from the horizon, and turn to where their canoe lay canted upon the sands.

"Just yonder in the thicket," says one, "is the spot I have marked out on the parchment that we have left in your sea-chest, that each of us might be able to trace the way again should aught befall the other. You can see the palms I spoke of, two tall but slender ones, growing close together."

"I see," says the other, briefly; "it is not far to carry, and well enough for us, for the load is heavy enough."

"There are not many who would complain of the weight of it," rejoins his companion, "if it were theirs for the carrying. And it is ours, beyond a question. No one can claim it from us, though if our comrades knew of our having it they might determine to take a share by foul or by fair means."

They have come to the boat now and are lifting out the load from it—a massive-looking coffer, under whose weight the two, with their forces combined, still stagger. And so they go unsteadily up the bank and into the jungle, to the foot of the tall young palm-trees, and there, plying the spade and mattock with a right good will, they soon have dug a pit among the nodding ferns and other herbage, rank and clustering, and with many a groan and straining of knotted sinews, they lower into it the heavy, precious coffer.

"And now to bury our treasure," says he who has first spoken, "to cover it over so well that none but ourselves can find it ever."

"Aye, bury it deeply," says the other, "for the heavy-lying earth betrays no secrets."

"I am not so sure of that," returns the former; "as the sea gives up its dead from time to time, so the earth has been known to lay bare ghastly buried horrors ——" the sentence is never finished. As the speaker has been stooping to push into the pit the loose-lying earth, his companion, grasping the mattock, has half lifted it now and then irresolutely, and at last he lifts it suddenly on high and sends it crashing down upon the skull of the defenseless, unsuspecting man before him. A traitorous, cowardly murder! The victim falls in a huddled, shapeless mass; his body is convulsed in one or two long, horrible quivers, and then that form, so lately full of strength and vigor, is inert and still forever.

The assassin stands stockstill for a few moments, gazing upon the work of his hands, upon the ruin he has wrought. Then he turns hastily away from the spot, and even takes a few wild steps toward the creek-side, but suddenly he stops, returns, thrusts the body into the pit above the treasure, pushing it with the mattock, carefully avoiding its touch with his hands. Then hurriedly, frantically, he throws the dirt upon it, until the pit is level with the surrounding plane, ere he turns away again. The freshly moved earth shows plainly its disturbance, a largish mound remains, displaced by the box and the body of the dead man, the ground about is trampled and indented, and even one spot, ominously darker than the rest, where the moonbeams stream through the palm-leaves, shows where the life-blood of the murdered man had poured out, in piteous waste and spoiling.

But the red-handed one no longer notes aught of this. The silence and the solitude of the spot weigh upon him with a potent, dreadful terror, and his only thought and care is to flee from it. Why, the very palms above his head, rustling their leaves at him loudly, are accusing him, he thinks, with intelligible voices. So he dashes madly through the low growth of the jungle, and reaching the boat, leaps in, casts loose the rope, and pushes off in haste from that shore accursed.

But has he left his sin and his awful fear behind him? Not so. Even here, on the bosom of the tranquil water, a thousand witnesses seem to murmur of his crime. The voice of the distant tiger, that roars in the jungle, he fancies might be the wail of his victim. The luminous wake of a phosphorescent fish has terrors for him; he sees in it the gleam of the ghostly moonlight, filtering through the palm-leaves on that pallid countenance yonder. He is rowing on, wildly, blindly, heedless of his course, and, instead of rounding the point, he is going straight on, out toward the breakers. He looks up to heaven in desperate hope of solace; alas! but heaven itself derides and threatens, he thinks, for in the flying scuds of cloud he sees but spectres. On, on, he hurries, bending to his oars till his frail bark bounds and leaps on the heaving, swelling water, now growing more turbulent with every impulse that urges the light boat forward. The roar of the breakers in his ears is demoniac, but he heeds not the warning; rather he hears in the clamor the outcry of denunciation. He is in the midst of churning, foaming, angry waters. A black rock seems to uprear itself from the raging waves, and wrest an oar from him. As he bends to snatch at the shattered fragments, the other slips from his hand, and goes spinning away in the moonlight, as if whirling in a weird dance of mockery. His boat crashes on the reef, whose fantastic mantle of spray, flung high in the air, he takes at the supreme moment for another phantom. There is a brief struggle between a stupendous force and an atom—and the man and his sin are buried in the waves forever.

* * * * * * *

Long years have passed. The two men who once landed here are forgotten, the fate of them buried in oblivion, unknown, indeed, of their fellows. But—who shall say how these things come about?—the spot is known as "The Cove of the Treasure." No one knows how, or when, or why the name has come to be applied. There is no definite tradition or legend concerning the matter; but through some subtle medium the association of ideas has become a fixed one. And the two palms have long since gotten a name of evil reputation, and here, indeed, there is somewhat of definite shaping. For the story goes that at nightfall a grisly spectre comes forth from their shadow and pursues the affrighted wayfarer. In all the country around there is not a human being who will approach these palms when the sun is fairly sinking, and in truth they are shunned at cost of a wide circuit at any hour whatsoever.

Once again—but the hour is now high mid-afternoon of a brilliant tropical day—once again a little boat comes around the point, and makes for the beach of the *barra*, and once again two men step on the shore. They stand a brief while contemplative, impressed by the absolute repose of the scene. The broad, green leaves of the bananas are scarce astir, all sensitive as they are to the lightest zephyr. Those uncouth forms that salute the eye, unpracticed though it be, with something of dread and horror, are not rough logs, as might be thought at first sight, but swinish alligators, lazily basking in the slime of the creek or in the shade of the cane-brake. The jaguar and the lizard, too, are asleep, but farther within the jungle, where their more sensitive bodies receive less of the intense heat of the hour. The huaco sits in the high ceiba—for this tall, silk-cotton-tree will be the first point to catch the grateful breath of the land breeze, when that cool, refreshing wind shall blow up sweetly. The cicada sings his grating, strident challenge, but its measure, far from relieving the weight of the day by a hint of activity, only serves to enhance the feeling of breathlessness, as the cicada-call will do, the wide world over. So, too, an added heaviness comes from contemplation of the hawk overhead, moving in lazy circles.

"*Caramba!* but what heat!" says one of the new-comers, in liquid Spanish; "we have found the spot, there is no doubt, but the hour is badly chosen. Does it not seem strange, Felipe, that we should so readily have found the site described in that old parchment, written in my uncle's scrawling hand, and, oddly enough, preserved in the sea-chest of your father, sent home so long ago, after that last luckless voyage, on which the two embarked together, and from which neither returned?"

"Most strange, indeed," says Felipe; "and for my part, I am still inclined to think we have come on a fruitless quest. They were dreamers, most-like, your uncle and my father, and we shall find their treasure-trove to be but rainbow gold."

"It is more likely," says Fortunato, "that they won it by force or violence; and you know that gold that has been baptized in blood shall not be enjoyed by one of the same race as the shedder of that blood. What have you there, Felipe?" His tone changed from simple earnestness to alarm, as his companion suddenly is shaken by a powerful shudder.

"I do not know," says Felipe; "I felt that strange, mysterious thrill of horror which is said to be caused by the tread of an alien foot upon the ground where one's grave shall be."

"Pah! nonsense!" says practical Fortunato; "how weak of you to remember old women's superstitions! What I fear is that you may be developing *calenturas*. That long row in this beating, blazing sun, the sudden change to the coolness of this dense shadow, and the reek of rank, decaying vegetation—surely these are causes enough to bring on chills and fever in these lowlands. I think there must be marshes hereabouts—I had a whiff just now of sickening, charnel-like air that savors of malaria or miasm. Ha! what is that? A man—perhaps a contestant of our claim, Felipe!"

They are nearing the palms, from whose shade emerges the stranger—a strange, fantastic figure, clad in a torn and dusty garb of nautical mode and antique fashion. He draws near to the young men, and they note that he wears about his neck a clumsy old rosary, holding a massive cross, misshapen from oxidation.

"My friend!" it is Fortunato who hails him; "do you live hereabouts?"

The approaching figure returns no answer.

Felipe grips his comrade's arm in a very convulsion of terror. "Do you see," he cries; "he has no face? He has no substance! Oh, God! Fortunato, it is no man! it is a spectre!"

Fortunato gazes more intently upon the strange, slowly-moving object, and he perceives in truth that he can distinguish no outline of a countenance. Not that the face is either veiled or turned aside—it is simply vague and confused. Then he notes, concentrating the same intensity of observation, that the figure, which glides rather than walks, stirs no leaf nor blossom, though many must be brushed violently in that close-growing jungle. As the Shape passes little gaps of the open, no shadow nor reflection falls on the still waters of the lagoon, and the shy cranes feeding among the reeds, ever alert to take wing at the nearing footfall of a human being, now forage on in undisturbed serenity, while the timid humming-birds hover fearlessly over the bells of the convolvulus.

Fortunato hears a crash behind him, and he knows by instinct that Felipe has fallen, senseless from terror, but he c not turn aside, nor avert his eyes from the horror. On, on, till close beside him, the Thing approaches, but the s heart of the young man triumphs over his natural terror the highest form of courage.

The Mystery makes an imperative gesture, and Fortu moves forward in prompt compliance. His ghostly g recedes through the jungle till he reaches the palm-trees parts the rank ferns and trailing briers, and the young sees upon the ground an antique, cumbrous mattock, covered by decaying fallen leaves, and very rusty. Agai Spectre signals a command, and the young man again o that fierce and awful gesture, wrenching the tool fro imbedded place among the clinging creepers, and di furiously, impelled by feverish excitement to a strength normal. He is bathed in perspiration, his face is crimso breath comes so short and fast that he can scarce con yet his energy flags not.

Suddenly his pick strikes through a mass of rotting There is a jingle of metal, and as he wrenches the tool he tears off a great flake of the decayed timber, and lays a gleaming heap of gold.

He lifts his gaze to his terrible companion, and behold more the antique garb and the vague confusion of out Clear, distinct in the broad light of day, it is *a skeleto* stands erect before him!

Then he knows no more until long hours later, wh sea-breeze fans him back to consciousness, and he re slowly and unremembering at first, raises himself to a posture, and looks about him.

Yonder a few steps distant lies Felipe, cold and rigid, distorted position in which he has fallen. The eyeba still rolled upwards and the lips drawn back, in the cont of mortal terror, from which they will relax to conscio never, for Felipe is a dead man.

Fortunato, gathering up the threads of his rememb turns back to the pit he has uncovered beneath the palm and there is still the gleaming yellow mass of gold, w bones of a human frame lying in ghastly disorder upon

City of Mexico, June, 1888. Y. H. Al

Although New York uses daily about one hundre thirteen million gallons of Croton water, those figures ar fifty to sixty million less than they would be if there sufficient supply. In the month of June the water in the voirs fell about two feet, showing the large additiona upon them caused by extra bathing, street and yard spri and other demands for water during the intensely hot w The difference in consumption between a cool, rainy d a dry, hot day is about ten million gallons. The conse is that, as water will run down hill, the people in the low tions of the city are supplied, while those living on ground find that their faucets refuse to act during a lar of the day. Engineer Birdsall, of the aqueduct, recen clared that New York needs a supply now of not less t hundred and seventy-five million gallons daily, and eve with increasing population and more and constantly en manufactories and industries of every kind, the demanc greater.

Blackwood says that the professional character of literary society makes one of the chief distinctions literature in France and in England. "An Englis does not confine himself, either wholly or partly, to the of his brethren in art; he does not, perhaps, even pr brother novelist to any intelligent person. He, too, Dogberry, and seldom allows his gifts to appear. He to be received like any other gentleman among his leaving his literary character to be inferred from a and then, or passing reference. Discussions upon art methods have been gently but firmly discouraged hit his society. The other society across the channel is this. It is, above all things, professional. The noveli their group, as painters do everywhere, having a t technical things to discuss."

Edmund Trowbridge, who died in Cambridge, in the age of ninety-four, was universally recognized as t eminent lawyer in Massachusetts. But he had one which grew upon him after his active life was over- enough to make any man a laughing-stock. This almost insane dread of contagious diseases. When the were prevalent in Cambridge he continued to go to ch instead of taking his usual pew, he had a chair place in the porch; and as long as the disease remain neighborhood he kept sand-bags at the doors of his exclude the contagion. In traveling he always sen servant, Sam Rylands, on before him to the house wh tended to bait his horse, to inquire whether any of pants had the measles.

There is said to be an alarming scarcity of water i the large towns of Great Britain, and the larger citie erpool and Manchester, are threatened with a water In view of this state of things it is proposed to b water in pipes from the coast to the inland towns, water to be used for baths, closets, watering streets sewers, and extinguishing fires. The scheme is sai with much favor.

Italy's government recognizes duels as lawful und circumstances, but finding that many men accepted only because they feared being called cowards, a ne been passed which inflicts a heavy fine upon any It uses such an epithet.

A French engineer has conferred a blessing on a of stringed instruments by inventing a peg which wi

THE LUTHER-FEST PLAY.

The Row between the Catholics and the Berlin Students.

So great is the excitement in Berlin over the suppression of ie Luther-Fest Play, on last Saturday, that the Emperor rederick wrote, with his own hand, to the Minister of nterior Affairs to know the latter's reason for his sudden ction; it is the absorbing topic in every evangelical family, id Court Preacher Dr. Stöcker will, at an assembly this vening, speak on the same theme. The facts are these:

To raise the fund for the Berlin memorial to Martin uther, the university students proposed to perform Trümpelann's impressive and deeply religious dramatization of uther's life. At Jena, Leipsic, and in other university towns ans Herrig's Luther play has been given for the same purose, but the version of Trümpelmann being the latest, it was iosen for Berlin. For months the students have been preiring it; the poet himself came to give them suggestions, id distinguished professors, preachers, and literary men have terested themselves in the work. Finally the theatre was red, the costumes, entirely new, were ready, and on Saturiy a large audience sat waiting for the much-talked-of repreintation.

The orchestra played the opening music by Taubert, and the curtain rose the students were displayed grouped in stume on the stage and the gentlemen of the committee anding behind the footlights. One of these began to speak, it instead of the rhymed prologue he said:

"We, as you see, are ready to do our part, but, in a word, e performance has been interdicted by the police."

An order had on the very afternoon been forwarded to them m the Minister of Interior Affairs, von Puttkamer, which mmanded such serious omissions and alterations in the play it to perform it was impossible. Whether the minister ne, whose son-in-law is from a leading Romanist family, ars the responsibility for this action, or whether it was done the desire of the Kaiserin Augusta and the Catholic citizens, l probably never be publicly known. At all events, the enrôle of Tetzel, who was the leading character in the first ne, was crossed out, and from beginning to end every offendallusion to Catholicism was ordered to be omitted.

Not only the university but all Protestant Berlin rose in inmation over the order of the minister. A petition was sent n begging him to retract, but to no avail, and financial ruin, ether with a decided triumph of the Romanists, stared the ung men's undertaking in the face. It was at this point that distinguished poet, Ernest von Wildenbruch, came to the cue. At a meeting on Saturday evening, which was attended t only by the students but by many prominent citizens, n Wildenbruch rose and offered his help. He took the Fest y into his hands, and in two days he was able to return the it act almost completely rewritten, with some telling work of own in place of the omissions. Their courage renewed, students set to work once more, and on Wednesday even the whole thing was ready and for the first time performed.

e opening scene, the one in which old Tetzel originally ured, represents now one of Tetzel's agents, fair, fat, and uptuous, with a bag of indulgences over his shoulder. ating himself under a tree, he reads with huge enjoyment to young priestly companions a poem to Venus, and as they interrupted by a group of the people, he sticks the poem stily into his bag. An indulgence is bought and read aloud, d the simple folk, indignant—for it is the sensual address to nus which, through mistake, has been bartered out—rebel ainst the holy father, and the curtain falls as, in a burst of thusiasm, they resolve to follow the young reformer Martin ther.

There is no pause between the scenes; invisible, but sweet d pure, the voices of the students and the boy choir from the m (the royal Lutheran Church) ring out the grand old orals, and as they cease, an organ plays softly on until the rtain rises.

We see now the simple study at Erfurt, and the young tonred monk sitting alone and buried in meditation at his desk. e rôle of Luther was represented by Herr Gaul, a stuat of theology, with deep, dark eyes and a youthful figure. is much less robust than the Luther with whose face we familiar from Holbein's famous picture, but, perhaps, Herr ul's slight physique makes more impressive the alternan of rapturous faith and doubt, the burning words which l from his lips, and as the young priest, trembling with agiion, finally sank on his knees, and with outstretched arms yed God for "divine strength to overcome human weakis," there was no one in the vast audience who did not feel inspiration with which the great rôle was played.

The Diet of Worms followed—a scene gorgeous with its rious coloring. The scarlet of the cardinal's robes mingled h the ermine-lined garments of the Papal legates. The ght of the world, princes, dukes, and bishops, clustered about arles the Fifth, who, flashing in gold and white, sat on his one of gold. The door opened, a shout is heard going up m the multitude surrounding the bishop's palace, and into scene of splendor stalks one pale, dignified, and priested man. Martin Luther, the man of the people, the man God, stands before the emperor.

This is the most impressive scene in the Fest play. It is ning time, and the brilliant picture is lighted with flaring ches, and clear as a bell rang out the words, which are to trify the whole assembly: "If his majesty and the princes h from me a plain, direct answer, then I will give one which ll have neither horns nor teeth, and so let it be. I can and l retract nothing, because it is neither safe nor meet to do thing against the conscience. Here I stand. I can do hing further. God help me. Amen."

There is nothing in the play which compares with the might l majesty of this scene. The imprisonment in the Wartg and the reappearance of Luther at Wittenberg are minor interest to this one dramatic moment.

The closing scene shows us the great reformer sitting in et converse with Käthe, his wife, and Melancthon, his faithful friend. A visitor is announced, and Albrecht of Prussia, great master of the Ritterordnen, enters and clasps Luther to his breast, and so, with a reference to the Hohenzollern house, who have ever striven to hold fast to their religious belief, the play ends. As there was a movement among the audience to rise, the orchestra struck a chord and the choir broke into Luther's choral, "A firm foundation is our God." After an instant's silence, as the last note sounded, every part of the house broke into applause, shouts of Luther, Luther, and redoubled enthusiasm as the young theologue, who looked very weary, bowed before the curtain. It was not alone the passing interest of the moment, but from the pit up to the third gallery, packed with university men, it was the boundless, endless enthusiasm for the evangelical faith and Luther, the great reformer of their church. T. T. T.

BERLIN, June 7, 1888.

OLD FAVORITES.

Saint Brandan.

Saint Brandan sails the northern main;
The brotherhoods of saints are glad.
He greets them once, he sails again;
So late!—such storms!—The Saint is mad!

He heard, across the howling seas,
Chime convent-bells on wintry nights;
He saw, on spray-swept Hebrides,
Twinkle the monastery-lights;

But north, still north, Saint Brandan steer'd—
And now no bells, no convents more!
The hurtling Polar lights are near'd,
The sea without a human shore.

At last—(it was the Christmas night;
Stars shone after a day of storm)—
He sees float past an iceberg white,
And on it—Christ!—a living form.

That furtive mien, that scowling eye,
Of hair that red and tufted fell——
It is—Oh, where shall Brandan fly?—
The traitor Judas, out of hell!

Palsied with terror, Brandan sate;
The moon was bright, the iceberg near.
He hears a voice sigh humbly: "Wait!
By high permission I am here.

"One moment wait, thou holy man!
On earth my crime, my death, they knew;
My name is under all men's ban—
Ah, tell them of my respite too!

"Tell them, one blessed Christmas night—
(It was the first after I came,
Breathing self-murder, frenzy, spite,
To rue my guilt in endless flame)—

"I felt, as I in torment lay
'Mid the souls plagued by heavenly power,
An angel touch mine arm, and say:
Go hence and cool thyself an hour!

"'Ah, whence this mercy, Lord?' I said.
The Leper recollect, said he,
Who ask'd the passers-by for aid,
In Joppa, and thy charity.

"Then I remember'd how I went,
In Joppa, through the public street,
One morn when the sirocco spent
Its storms of dust with burning heat;

"And in the street a leper sate,
Shivering with fever, naked, old;
Sand raked his sores from heel to pate,
The hot wind fever'd him five-fold.

"He gazed upon me as I pass'd,
And murmur'd: *Help me, or I die!*—
To the poor wretch my cloak I cast,
Saw him look eased, and hurried by.

"Oh, Brandan, think what grace divine,
What blessing must full goodness shower,
When fragment of it small, like mine,
Hath such inestimable power!

"Well-fed, well-clothed, well-friended, I
Did that chance act of good, that one!
Then went my way to kill and lie—
Forgot my good as soon as done.

"That germ of kindness, in the womb
Of mercy caught, did not expire;
Outlives my guilt, outlives my doom,
And friends me in the pit of fire.

"Once every year, when carols wake,
On earth, the Christmas night's repose,
Arising from the sinner's lake,
I journey to these healing snows.

"I stanch with ice my burning breast,
With silence balm my whirling brain.
O Brandan! to this hour of rest
That Joppan leper's ease was pain."——

Tears started to Saint Brandan's eyes;
He bowed his head, he breathed a prayer—
Then look'd, and lo, the frosty skies!
The iceberg, and no Judas there!

—*Matthew Arnold.*

President Willits, of the Agricultural College, of Michigan, while he disputes the exercise of a direct influence of forests in promoting moisture—saying that all the trees in the world will not put it where it is not—believes that the moisture on the continent is advancing toward the west, and that the planting of forests and increased cultivation will cause the rainfall to advance farther west every year. Seven hundred thousand acres of forest have already been planted in Nebraska; the cottonwood and the willow first, and then the soft maple and the hard woods.

What may be of great value in ship-building and watchmaking is the discovery that steel mixed with twenty-four per cent. of manganese becomes non-magnetic.

The Zuyder Zee may be drained before long, for the association for that purpose is about to try it.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

First boy—"Say, is your uncle bad?" *Second ditto*—"Bad? Awful bad! The doctor says he's got shoe-buckles on his lungs."—*Life.*

Country wife at the ballet—"Isn't it awful, John!" *Countryman* drawing a long breath—"Ye es; but I'm slowly gettin' used to it."—*New York Sun.*

Teacher to class—"In this stanza what is meant by the line 'The shades of night were falling fast'?" *Bright scholar*—"The people were pulling down the blinds."—*Puck.*

"Well, young man," said a sporting-goods dealer, "what can we do for you?" "Have you books on base-ball?" "Yes." "Gi' me 'The Rise an' Fall of the Roman Umpire.'"—*New York Sun.*

New minister (who does not know that the late lamented died of dynamite,—"And did your husband die in peace, Mrs. Bently?" *Mrs. Bently* with a sob—"N—no, sir; he died in pieces."—*Epoch.*

Brown—"That's a handsome umbrella you've got there, Robinson." *Robinson*—"Yes." *Brown*—"About what does it cost to carry an umbrella like that?" *Robinson*—"Eternal vigilance."—*New York Sun.*

"Madam," said the landlady, "when you engaged your room this morning you said you had no children." "I haven't," rep'ied madam. "There is a little girl crying on the floor above. Is she not yours?" "No; she is an adopted child."—*Epoch.*

Mrs. Blood to the colonel)—"My dear, when you came home last night you were quite sober." *Colonel*—"Yes, I only drank twice." *Mrs. Blood* (anxiously)—"Well, what is the trouble, dear. Have you heard some bad news, or arn't you well?"—*Epoch.*

"It is so sudden, Mr. Peduncle," said the young lady, softly; "give me time to think of it." "Certainly," replied the business-like commercial traveler; "I'll be around again in thirty days." "I only wanted a moment, Harry," she said, sweetly.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Sympathetic old lady (to convict)—"Ah, my unfortunate friend, your fate is indeed a hard one, and as she thinks of you here in this dreadful place how your poor wife must suffer!" *Convict* (very much affected)—"Wh—which one, mum? I'm up for bigamy."—*Life.*

He had invited her to a *table d'hôte* dinner and was nervous about the claret: "Miss Clara," he said, "do you understand French?" "Not a word," she replied. "Waiter," he said, impressively, "for wine you may bring a bottle of the rare old *vin ordinaire.*"—*New York Sun.*

Ethel and Blanche are discussing a coming masque ball: *Ethel*—"If we go, do let's try and go as something new; I am tired of 'Snow' and 'Spring.'" *Blanche*—"Well, I'm going as Malaria; I think it's appropriate to this weather." *Tom*—"May I go as a Quinine Pill?"—*Life.*

"How much is my bill?" said a Western man to a clerk of the Hoffman House, in New York. The guest had been in the house two days. "Fifty dollars," was the reply. "Guess ag'in, you earth-grabber," returned the Westerner; "I've got more money than that."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Mistress (to maid who has just received a month's notice)—"I would rather not give you a character at all; but if you insist upon it, of course I shall tell the truth about you." *Maid*—"And if you do, ma'am, I shall suttingly bring an action for defimation o' character."—*London Punch.*

It was at Saratoga, and he had passionately declared his love: "I am wholly yours, Mr. Higgins," the happy girl replied; "but would you kindly leave your card before you go? Not as a guarantee of good faith," she explained; "but I am curious to know your full name."—*New York Sun.*

"I am to have some new lithographs," remarked the greatest American actress. "Ah," replied her unsophisticated friend, "you have been sitting for a new photograph, then?" "No, indeed," replied the greatest American actress, "I have just found one I sat for twenty-two years ago."—*Burdette.*

Farmer Oatcake (who has just arrived in town, to his friend Scroggs)—"Bless my soul! there goes a car without hosses." *Scroggs*—"Don't need any; it's a cable-car, and the man on the platform runs it." *Oatcake*—"Sho! Ye don't say? What a pow'ful strong chap he must be!"—*Judge.*

"I cook me oop somedings," complained Mrs. Isaacstein, of Chatham Street, "und I vasn't able to eat noddings. Dere vas troubles mit dot dyspepsia." "Vat you do for dot?" inquired Mrs. Durkheimer. "Vell, I dinks I go mit a boarding-house und pays by der veek. Den I got to eat."—*New York Sun.*

Jack—"You know how madly I worship Clara Gushington?" *His sister*—"Yes, Jack, and I think she is interested in you." *Jack*—"Well, I have bought her a beautiful pair of bracelets, but I am afraid they are a little large." *His sister* (faintly)—"Heavens, Jack! Those are not bracelets!"—*Life.*

They were outside the garden wall: "Well!" ejaculated Eve, who, woman-like, gave her alleged husband the greater share of the blame, "I hope you are satisfied now?" "We ought to be, my dear," returned Adam, trying to be hilarious under distressing circumstances; "we've got the earth."—*New York Sun.*

Summer boarder—"What's that yellow stuff you are feeding the chickens?" *Farmer*—"That's corn, mister." "What is this in this bin?" "That's wheat." "Humph! What are these other things?" "Rye, oats, barley—say, mister, what's your business when at home in Chicago?" "I am a grain speculator."—*Omaha World.*

"Sir," he said, solemnly, to a young man who was anathematizing the weather, "do you know that the use of such language will send you to a hotter place than this?" "It may be hotter," responded the young man, mopping his face, "but it's a dry, honest kind of heat. They do not have any of this blanked humidity down there."—*Life.*

Mrs. Lenox Hill, Jr. (getting ready to leave town)—"Lenox, where shall I hide these silver spoons, in case thieves break in? Do you think between the mattresses would be a good place?" *Mr. Lenox Hill, Jr.* (who knows what he is talking about)—"Nonsense! Put them into one of your dress pockets in the closet, and if a burglar finds that, he deserves the spoons!"—*Puck.*

"I saw such a beautiful sky this afternoon," he said, dreamily, as they sat and made love together. "Was it blue?" she inquired, eagerly. "Yes, love, with a delicate, white fleece." "And, oh, Harry, did it have lovely, soulful eyes and a dear, little, cunning black nose?" "I am talking of a heavenly blue sky," he said, gravely. "That's the kind, dear! Oh, won't you try to get it for me. I'm just dying to have a blue skye! They are such sweet pets."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Furniture dealer (insinuatingly)—"If it's rocking-chairs you're looking for, mum, here is one I can recommend. It's large, wide, and strong. It will never break down and never creak, no matter how much weight there is in it. You can have it, miss, for——" *Customer* (interrupting)—"I'm not a miss, sir. I am a married woman." *Furniture dealer* (apologetically)—"Beg pardon, mum. Here's a nice, slender little chair I'll sell you for four dollars."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Uncle Joseph (just home from India)—"Tell me, Laura, who's that beautiful lady walking with young Prince Paul of Gerolstein? Some grand duchess, I suppose, from the homage they're all paying to her?" *Fair enthusiast*—"Oh, no! it's Miss Cordelia P. Van Scromp, the American Siffleuse. She whistles 'He's all right when you know him, but you've got to know him fust!' quite divinely—with fourteen original variations. Oh, you should *hear* her, Uncle Joseph!"—*London Fun.*

IN NORMANDY.

"L'Americaine" tells of Peasants' Homes and a Haunted Château.

Why is it, I wonder, that one class of humanity is always asking itself what the other class is doing, how it lives, and what its customs are? It was no doubt a curiosity of this kind that prompted us, the other morning, to drive into the country to visit some of the peasants' homes that lie hidden among the hills, back of Houlgate. True we had no invitation to these places, we did not even know the farm-owners by name.

After all, "aristocrats" have very bad manners compared to the poor laboring class. This struck me most forcibly the other day, and I felt really ashamed of myself and friends as we boldly entered the gate way to the first farm. It would have served us right had we been rudely treated and asked to vacate the premises. As we approached the low, thatched-roof building, with the grape-vines covering a wide verandah, the horse-chestnuts spreading their refreshing shade far over the house, a more perfect picture of comfort could not easily be imagined. Hearing the sound of carriages, three women made their appearance at the door, and seeing we were "du grand monde," as they say hereabouts, three low courtesys were dropped and a most cordial welcome extended us, much to my relief and surprise. They were evidently flattered by our visit, and far from offended as I had expected. They wore the regulation peasants' costume—short skirt, white blouse, waists with sleeves rolled up above the elbow, long aprons, neat caps, and wooden sabots. One of the young women rang a huge bell at the side of the house, whereupon a stable-boy came and led our horses off, and the father and brother of the family assisted us to alight and led us on to the porch, where they requested us to rest awhile until a slight refreshment should be prepared.

In a short space of time a long table was brought out and set before us, spread with a snowy homespun cloth and laid with quaint old blue china-ware and glass. Pots of golden honey, jugs of cream, loaves of black bread, pats of yellow butter, cakes, cream cheese, so celebrated throughout Normandy, cold meats, and a pitcher of cider, made up the feast. Every member of the family waited upon us and treated us as if we were old and valued friends, but none of them sat at table with us. We did full justice to this homely fare, after which the interior of the house was shown us, and peeps into huge linen-presses vouchsafed us, where piles of bleached and unbleached cloth lay ready as part of the *dot* to go with the first child leaving the home nest. The floors in the house were all scrubbed to marvelous whiteness and then strewn with a fine white sand; in some of the rooms the sand was laid on the floor to imitate mosaic designs, but the tread of many feet soon obliterated the pretty work.

The old homestead was most comfortable in every respect, and the old-fashioned furniture in it would have made a collector weep with envy. Large carved oak armoires, spinning-wheels, high-backed chairs, four-post bedsteads, and quaint tables that would have brought their weight in precious metal at some fashionable auction in the capital, were thought nothing of by these people, except as ancestral souvenir keepsakes. Great quantities of shell-work adorned the walls, and even made up the principal bric-à-brac upon the tables and étagères. The fireplaces were all those great, generous ones that take in all the family and do not leave any one out in the cold, as some of our modern grates are apt to do. As we expressed our appreciation of the comfortable surroundings, the faces of both men and women fairly beamed with gratified pride.

The dairy, stables, poultry-yard, and pigs were next shown us, and from the cool, airy milk-room to the sty in the back-yard, was one perfect delight of cleanliness, prosperity, and plenty. These people are never idle, and for that reason happy; they are content with what they have, do not envy any one, and live lives of peace and good-will to all men. Each face bears marks of the sunny nature within, and our visit to La Brétêche, as this farm is called, put better thoughts into our minds for days to come.

The day following our country visit was a grand fête-day for Houlgate. Races, a concert, and a ball at the casino were to be the great features of the occasion, and about two o'clock we were all assembled on the beach to witness the races. A strange place for races you will, no doubt, rightly remark, but these were not to be ordinary ones at all, in fact the noble coursers were not to be two-thirty roadsters in the least, but two-footed creatures of our own species, and little, long-eared donkeys. The beach lay white, smooth, and hard, with the tide far out. In the judges' stand were a gay party of women of fashion and men well-known about Parisian clubs. By the expression of interest on all faces one would have fancied that a fortune was at stake, but in reality the prizes consisted of a gold cup for the donkey races, a leather medal, and riding-whip for the races to follow. First came the men's race in bags, the most comical sight I ever witnessed. Each man was done up in a large grain-sack up to his waist, and when the signal was given, about thirty of these ridiculous figures started on the hop, skip, and jump; as to running that was out of the question, and most of the band finally went on all fours. Next followed the donkey race, the jockeys being gentlemen riders, attired in long low-necked white baby-dresses with different colored sashes and close caps. The winner of this race was to be he who "got there last." As the bell rang for the start the donkeys all started on a dead run, and to stop them was as great a feat as to get them to go at most times. They seemed to understand the joke, and with ears well up and tails straight out they rushed madly along. All the "whoa-ing" in the world had no effect upon the stubborn little beasts, and the one that reached the home-stretch last was only just a head behind the others. Of all ridiculous sights this was indeed the most ludicrous, and the peals of laughter from the lookers-on almost drowned the sound of the sea. After the outdoor sports we adjourned to the concert-hall and listened to a very good amateur concert, the proceeds of which went to the poor of the village.

The ball in the evening was a most brilliant affair—in fact, one might easily have believed one's self in some salon of the capital had it not been that the ladies were not décolleté and very few jewels were worn. The surroundings were most beautiful, the ball-room representing a tropical garden, hung with colored lanterns. I found here a great relaxation from the usual rigid ball-room etiquette of Paris. Young ladies danced more, and it was not thought out of place to allow the same name to appear even three times on one's dancing card. At supper-time the chaperon did not select her charge's escort, but left it to her own wise discrimination, only sitting at the same table in order not to throw off all vigilance. Early hours are respected here, for, wonderful to relate, the French ladies rise at a most reasonable hour, and are often seen at nine o'clock in the morning dressed for the day—no, I should not say for the day, as two, three, and even four changes of toilet are made, and the thought of one dress for the whole day would absolutely scandalize these fashionables.

An energetic little Frenchwoman, and quite the leader of fashion here this season, Mme. de Beaulieu, has started a most delightful club for ladies to help pass the hours. It is called by the queer title of "Nous Resistons" (we resist), and it is devoted solely to sword and pistol practice. We have a notable teacher from the metropolis, who devotes two hours twice a week to our meetings. Our club-room is a large tent, erected on the beach, and divided off into the fencing-room and the target-range. We wear a simple, pretty costume of blue flannel, made with Turkish trousers, short skirts, and blouse waists. This style of dress leaves all one's movements perfectly free, and enables us to cultivate great ease and grace of posture. The exercise is most delightful, and we thank Mme. de Beaulieu daily for her brilliant idea.

Some one is always planning a new amusement or pastime here, and each day brings forth some original ideas to add to the enjoyment of our already thoroughly butterfly existence. Not long ago a courageous party of city visitors made the bold proposition that we should start some evening after dark, and drive to an abandoned and ruined castle which lies eight miles from Houlgate and is supposed to be haunted. We were to take our supper with us, and have a moonlight picnic among the ruins and wait until the mystic hour of twelve o'clock, when the ghosts are expected to walk, before returning homeward. This plan met our views most favorably, and about eight o'clock, one evening last week, the large coach and several small carriages started from the villa and from some of the houses adjoining ours. The moon was just beginning to show itself over the top of a high hill in the distance, the night was soft and balmy, and we were all in the best of spirits, hoping even to meet the restless spirit of the old château, and making wagers as to who would dare go alone into the darkest corner of the ruin.

The drive was only too soon accomplished, and we clattered into the court-yard of the Norman castle just an hour after we left home. Ruins are generally picturesque, but somehow this one threw a greater charm over us all, with its pillars and arches touched to silver by the moonbeams, than we had expected. One tower of the château stood almost complete. Time had only covered parts of it with moss and vines, that clambered into every casement and barred every doorway, but round about lay heaps of stones and masonry, broken columns and shattered arches, that told a tale of the years that must have passed over this once magnificent dwelling. We spoke in lowered tones, and we walked with hushed tread through the crumbling walls. The bravest of us felt that it would be out of place to laugh here; none of us felt like doubting that some spirit *did* haunt the old tower, and I am certain had a band of white-robed figures appeared out of the ruins and begun to dance a ghastly, old-time reel, none of us would have been in the least surprised. Some one whispered, "Let us move on to some place that is not so ghost-like," and we wandered on to an open space of ground that the kindly moon lit up most beautifully. Here we all sat down on shawls and rugs. After a short pause, every one began talking at once, as if feeling the necessity of rousing each other from the enchanter's spell which had fallen upon us.

"Don't think any one will go back to that place at twelve o'clock," a timid voice spoke out from our circle, and the remark was answered with a hearty laugh and frank confessions that the ruins and the ghosts could have it all to themselves at that hour for all we cared; and to effectually chase away any sombre thoughts that might still be lurking in our minds, we turned our thoughts supper-wards. To alter the general routine of French picnics, instead of having brought everything cooked and prepared, the gentlemen had volunteered before leaving home to cook all that we would require. A large fire was soon started, and every one set to work—the ladies to arrange the table, the gentlemen to assort their pans and *casseroles*, and the servants to assist here, there, and everywhere. It was great sport, this cooking out of doors at night, with the moon above us like a great central chandelier, and the carriage-lamps about like so many fire-flies at a fairy feast. And such a supper as we sat down to! No wonder Frenchmen are such *gourmets* if they can all master the culinary art as perfectly as our friends did the other evening. Chicken *à la Bordelaise*, crab *à la créole*, potatoes *à la Richelieu*, and oysters *en coquilles* were only a few of the things that made up a most sumptuous menu.

Some one had brought a guitar, some one else a flute, and another a violin, and after we had enjoyed our repast, the musicians of the party suggested an impromptu dance. Partners were hastily engaged, and up to the stroke of twelve we danced on the smooth greensward to our heart's content.

Just as the last notes of the minuet died away, a white figure appeared on the tower and blew a long and loud blast from a trumpet. We all started to our feet, white with terror and speechless with an untold fear. But it was only my rogue of a cousin who had played us this practical joke.

Houlgate. L'Americaine.

Charles Wood, king of the English jockeys since Archer's death, had one hundred and fifty-one winning mounts last year.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Before he discovered the cholera microbe, Robert Koch was known simply as Dr. Koch. Now he is Herr Geheimer Medicinal-Rath Professor Doctor Robert Koch.

Mrs. Harrison's father, Dr. John W. Scott, is a remarkably well preserved and genial, handsome and courteous gentleman, eighty-eigh years of age, and has for some years held a clerkship in the Pension Office. He is said to be, with a single exception, the oldest man in th active service of the government.

The rumor that Prince Albert Victor, the heir-apparent, is to marry th Princess of Anhalt-Dessau, is revived in consequence of the Princess c Wales, his mother, having made a special visit to Dessau to see th young woman. It would be a good marriage for the prince, as the gi is one of the richest heiresses in Europe, fairly good-looking, of gen disposition, and able to play the banjo!

When Phil Armour, the great Chicago pork packer, goes on a journe he greases his way as no other millionaire in the country does. H goes to New York by the Vanderbilt roads on one of the vestibu trains, and gives the engineer, conductor, and Wagner conductor each five-dollar note. Then he gives the brakemen, waiters, and barbe each two dollars. And yet he does not travel a whit more comfortabl than any one else.

General Robert C. Schenck, soldier, statesman, and diplomat, is livin quietly in Washington. He is now seventy-nine years of age, but n one would suspect it from his appearance and movements. He weig considerably more than two hundred pounds, but he does not seem t feel his weight. Not many years ago his physicians gave him up to d of Bright's disease. He took to milk as his sole diet, and is to-d stronger than many men twenty years younger. He takes the greate care of himself, and bids fair to live many years longer.

Many anecdotes are current of the Prince of Wales's recent visit Cambridge University. It is said that the vice-chancellor, who is al master of St. John's, sent for the college cook a few days before the gr function was to come off, and told him to prepare the best menu h genius would enable him to draw up. The cook sent in a card wi eighteen courses, which was sent to the prince's secretary with the r quest that he would show it to the prince. The story runs that the men was sent back with the remark that it was all very well so far as it wer but that it would be all the better if two special dishes, the recipes which were inclosed, were added to it.

Galignani's Messenger noticed a number of American actresses o riage-riding in the Bois the other day, all of them, it says, handsom and several very clever. Miss Sadie Martinot, dressed in a long smok colored silk, with a marvel of roses, straw, and lace combined as a hea cover, and seated in a victoria drawn by two spirited sorrels, attract much attention by her rare style and elegance. Miss Fay Templet wore a black dress, with a hat of the same color that shaded her splen eyes altogether too darkly. She, too, was in her own victoria, and look lovely. Miss Florence Gerard was in a landau with her husband, M Henry Abbey, and the latter's little daughter.

A remarkable announcement is made by Messrs. Dent, the wat makers, of London. In 1878 a gold watch bearing the monogram "P was made by their firm for the Empress Eugenie for presentation to t young prince. The other day the battered back of the watch, still be ing the monogram, was brought to their establishment by Messrs. W & Harburg, who informed them that six years ago it had been bou by a client of theirs at Kimberley from a Zulu. The diamond-fields tract native workers from every tribe in South Africa; and so in the f ness of time it came about that the broken remnant of the watch t from the poor slain prince in that obscure Zululand donga, where he r his death, has found its way to its original makers, from whom, probal it will pass to the empress.

Fatma Ben Abd el Kader is the name of a famous Algerienne who l just been sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude at Oran for infa cide. She has been for years one of the most notorious women in East, and has had a career that would need no trimmings to mak penny dreadful novel. She was a famous beauty as a girl, and tho now fifty, is said to be still dazzling. She has had nineteen or twe husbands, but only one divorce, which she obtained shortly a her first marriage. Her second husband she shot for trifling with other woman's affections. After spending five years in prison for crime she married a Marabout, went in for politics, and excited the tr to the insurrection of 1861. Since this she has been continually before public in less prominent ways, but she will now take a much-needed r

Mr. William Henry Smith, who has just engineered the consolidat of three prominent Washington newspapers of different politics, the sult of the combination to be one independent paper, with morning afternoon editions, is prominently known as the general manager of Associated Press. He is fifty-four years old, and possesses an alm unlimited capacity for work. Ever since his graduation from college has been engaged in journalism, and his prominent connection at time with the Cincinnati *Gazette* has led many to erroneously supp that he is a brother of Mr. Richard Smith, one of the proprietors of t paper, and the "wicked deacon" of newspaper fame. He was elected secretary of state for Ohio—once on the ticket with Gover Hayes—and, as collector of the port of Chicago, unearthed cer frauds of undervaluation in the custom-house, which, at the time, cau quite a sensation.

The talk of Paris just now is a romance in real life, of which heroine is a young Englishwoman, and the hero no less a person t Eagle Eye, one of the "braves" of Mexican Joe. Joe and his reds have gone over to the big Annual Fair of Neuilly, outside Paris, w they daily and nightly amaze and amuse Parisians by their diab yells, their horsemanship, and their prairie pranks generally. It app that during one of the representations given by the troupe in Eng a young lady who was present became enamored of Eagle Eye. shortly afterward disappeared from her home, and her parents lea on inquiry that she had gone away to France with the Indian tr detective was sent to Paris, and he, accompanied by the Commissa Police of the Neuilly District, went to the camp of the redskins at Porte-Maillot, where the young lady was discovered in the tent of E Eye. M. Martin, the commissary, and the English detective had n trouble with the savage, who assumed a threatening aspect, and w have shown fight but for the intervention of Mexican Joe himself. E Eye was almost foaming at the mouth, and threatened to kill the missary if he led the young lady away. The detective, however, ta advantage of the general confusion, quickly seized the girl in his a ran with her to a vehicle, and was speedily driven off, leaving M. tin to deal with the redskins as best he could.

Francis Henry Temple Bellew died a fortnight ago at the home daughter, on Long Island. Frank Bellew, as he was commonly kn was born in Calcutta, India, in 1827. His father, an Irishman, w captain in the British Army. His mother was English. He receiv education in France, and put out his sign as an architect in Lo when he was about twenty-two years old. Visiting Scotland the year, he wrote a series of illustrated sketches that were put in form, called "A Cockney in the Highlands." This book brought some reputation, and he diversified his life for the next two or years with fugitive and random light writing. In 1853 he came t country and embarked with John Brougham in the publication *Lantern*, then a favorite comic weekly. When this venture went he joined Thomas Strong in founding *Yankee Notions*, an issue same character. He went to Chicago about 1854, but soon ret here, and joined William Levison in the *Picayune*. About this ti wrote and drew sketches for *Harper's Magazine* and *Harper's W* and afterward he founded various papers, among them *John Donk Vanity Fair*. He returned to London in 1860, where, with Ge Augustus Sala and Blanchard Jerrold, he founded *Temple Bar* an drew sketches for *Punch* and American scenes for the *Illustrated London News*. He came to New York again in 1871, resuming wo the Harper's and for other publishers. Of late years his sketche writings have appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, *Harper's Young P St. Nicholas*, *Texas Siftings*, and other publications. He was espe happy in writing and sketching stories for children. He started a called *Dawn*, three years ago. It died young.

VANITY FAIR.

Clement Scott thus writes from London to *America:* adies of the highest birth and breeding, women admitted erywhere in society, are not above trading in millinery and male nicknacks, not because they are in any necessity, but for e mere sake of doing something fast and original. Some t up bonnet shops, others start millinery establishments, old riosity stores have attractions for others, and, under fancy mes, such as Mme. Isabel, or Mme. Madeleine, or Mme. osalie, they buy, and sell, and tout, and barter without the ghtest compunction or loss of social caste. In some cases is even worse than that. The lady of fashion opens a bon- t or millinery establishment on the first floor; her husband cupies the ground flat as a betting-place, with telephones and egraph-wires laid on to the first racing clubs; so the women me to feast on the millinery and to get into debt, and the n spend the afternoon smoking cigars, drinking brandies d sodas, and gambling to their hearts' content. Ladies of e and fashion, who have good incomes of their own, whose ughters are well married to men of wealth and position, who ve no pressing necessity to take up trade, except to provide emselves with luxuries, take to buying and selling merely to ss away the time. They avoid the shop difficulty by setting their stores and exhibiting their goods in the little back wing-room, to which they invite as customers all their nds and relatives, who look in for afternoon tea. They ploy their male friends as agents in the bonnet business, ng them an understood commission, and they do not hesi- e to tout for customers at all the dinner-parties, and dances, "at homes" to which they may be invited. Only the er day I was lunching with a very old friend of mine, and servant interrupted us while chatting afterward and an- nced the arrival of a pile of milliners' boxes containing ples of goods of every description. My friend had met fashionable milliner out the evening before at a party, had kly promised her custom, and, behold! on the next day was asked to redeem her pledge and to give a helping d to the tradeswoman. There is no end to the touting, begging, and cadging that goes on. Women who do not d boring their friends for orders for bonnets and mantles, who, having a certain knack of their own, or a half-starved iner up in one of the back attics, charge two or three eas for a bonnet-shape stuck over with artificial flowers ribbon that cost them a few shillings, or make sixty or nty per cent. profit out of a child's hat, are quickly fol- ed by the men who, over the social dinner-talk, try to push rs or wine, either on their own account or on commission friends in the city. In fact, "shop" is the order of the and it is difficult to pass a quiet, social hour without being mized. During the present season this mania of society bartering and bargaining has extended to amusements. years past the Italian opera has not been a paying specu- n; no impressario has been found eager to risk a season talian opera for the amusement of a capricious aristocracy. he ingenious Mr. Augustus Harris this year invited certain eyed men, well-known in society, to help him in his risk. y guaranteed to take and fill so many boxes and stalls at ent Garden every night, provided Mr. Harris would pro- the artists. The consequence is that the opera this year been more successful than in the palmy days, and with worn-out, hackneyed old operas as the "Traviata," ovatore," "Lucia," and so on, and without the attraction uch stars as Patti and Nilsson; and for this very good on: the fashionable world is full of ladies and gentlemen tout for the opera speculation. Those who were inclined to the theatres are implored to go to the opera instead, to oblige Mrs. So-and-so, or because Lady A. is so par- arly anxious that her box shall not be empty, or because L X. is interested in the Covent Garden speculation. In old days, the swells used to subscribe to the opera and their boxes and stalls away to their friends; nowadays subscribe as a speculation, and hold out their hands for the ey.

ew rules and regulations relative to bathing and other tures of seaside life have been announced at Asbury Park, some people find the new rules a bit exasperating. No- who hires a suit along Mr. Bradley's stretch of beach be permitted to wear it longer than one hour. There are to be sure, who care to be tossed by the surf longer than ty minutes at a time, but the sun-bath of the sea-shore is of the dearest privileges of the visitor. At Asbury Park, sewhere on the coast, it is the custom of summer resi- s to cast aside conventions with their business clothing, and early in the day; and ordinary clothing and conventions locked up in a bath-house, the visitor finds it hard to re- them. Accordingly, the greater part of the day some- is spent in bathing-dress, the temporary savages lolling e sand or under the piers, or strolling along the walks, or a-shopping about the town. Every now and then, when athing-costume gets so dry as to remind the wearer of r her other clothes, a brief plunge is taken into the sea, hen the free-and-easy strolling is resumed.

me weeks ago Mme. Dieulafoy was arrested in Paris for ng men's clothes. She had just returned from Persia, was comparatively a stranger there. The police arrested ecause they did not know who she was, and supposed she nasquerading for some improper purpose. It is a com- trick in Paris for women to wear men's clothes to aid in carrying on intrigues undetected. There is many a whose wife would be furious with jealousy if he had a young woman employed in his private office. But if he hat seems to be a handsome young man, with face inno- of whiskers, why not? It is all right. And if the proper estimable gentleman takes his confidential clerk to the e with him, and now and then goes out of town over on business and the young man accompanies him, it is ll right. And many a time, too, madame dons masculine attire and slips out of monsieur's house and meets her lover; and what cause is there for suspicion if two handsome young fellows are seen here and there on a lark? Well, all this has made a sorry lot of mischief, and you can understand why it is that the police have been instructed to be especially vigilant in arresting all women found in men's clothes. But Mme. Dieulafoy was able instantly to make her case clear, and was instantly set at liberty, with all the apologies and amends of which the government functionaries were capable. Since then she has worn her masculine costume not only unmolested but with honor, and has been seen in it in the presence of M. and Mme. Carnot themselves. Nor does the garb give her a coarse or "mannish" air. No gown could give her a more graceful appearance or a more truly womanly aspect. She is rather small, but well-built, having the form of a classic statue rather than of a modern belle. Her head is splendidly modeled, and the close-cropped hair shows it to great advantage. The forehead is really massive, and the bright blue eyes are full of vivacity and intelligence. Her mouth is large, but flexible and sweet of expression, and her voice is a clear, high, and musical soprano, though by no means strong. Like all women who don men's clothes, she is just a trifle awkward in one respect; she does not seem to know always just what to do with her hands, which are small and white and beautifully formed. This embarrassment makes her fond of holding something in her hands, which solves the problem what to do with them. She dresses with exquisite taste. Her coat and waistcoat are of fine black cloth, the coat being of what the English call "Prince Albert" style, closely buttoned. Her trousers are of a dark-gray cloth. Her shirt-bosom is of plain white linen, and is surmounted with a standing collar and a neat scarf, the knot of which she evidently ties herself with consummate skill. She wears a high silk hat, and raises it gracefully in salutation, and is careful to remove it and hold it in her hand whenever ladies are present. In fact, her movements are those of a well-mannered gentleman, although she bears an unmistakable air of womanly grace.

"Women are certainly larger than they used to be," said a dressmaker of many years' experience, and, in proof of the same, exhibited the measurements of women recorded in the books of the establishment, which date back some forty or more years. One book, dated as late as 1859, had hundreds of entries like the following: "Miss Blank, waist measure, eighteen inches;" "Mrs. Blank, waist, twenty inches;" "Miss Blank, waist, seventeen inches," or eighteen, nineteen, eighteen and one-half repeated continually, or even as low as sixteen inches for a girl of seventeen being no uncommon measurement. Of fifty women whose gowns were cut in 1856 and '57, the average waist measure was only twenty-one inches. These were fully developed, rather elderly women, while the average for young women was scarcely more than nineteen inches, the regulation measure for a wedding-gown being eighteen inches, and girls were laced down to it almost invariably. Now girls of twenty and twenty-two years have average waists of twenty-three inches, and if a woman is five feet seven or eight inches tall, her waist measure runs up to twenty-five or twenty-six inches. Slender women are an inch or two taller and two or three inches larger round the waist than their mothers were, while fleshy women are continually increasing in numbers as well as size.

As has already been industriously circulated, Mrs. Potter is to appear in the autumn in the play of "Cleopatra," in which it is supposed that Mr. Kyrle Bellew, that stalwart male, will take the part of Antony—"my mailed Bacchus," as the serpent of old Nile used to call him. She left orders in this country for seventeen new gowns for her next season's wear, and when she reaches the other side she will find waiting there an Egyptian gown that has been on exhibition now for several days in Clarisse's parlor, with the result that the "Egyptian tea-gown" will be the rage this summer. Quite a new idea, for a new tea-gown has long seemed an impossibility and a thing useless to hope for, so thoroughly have all the picturesque periods of dress been ransacked for suggestions for this particular style of garment. The new tea-gown is a perfectly accurate Egyptian abaya, the gown worn by all Egyptian women, and was actually cut from an abaya brought from the land of the pyramids. In the simple form that the Egyptian women wear the abaya it has been known to the artists for many a long day as a supremely graceful dress, but it would not commend itself for drawing-room wear. It is made of simple cotton-cloth, its wide sleeves fall straight, its neck is plain and untrimmed. Even so, on a slight form, with the girdle put around the waist in the right way, its primitive elegance is wonderful. Its lines are severe, but perfectly picturesque. It is enormously wide and does not fasten in front, but is put over the head; the wide front-piece is without seams and the back also. The immense sleeves are cut curiously into the dress that the belt can be, and should be, put through them, going over the abaya in front and under it behind. Thus in front there is a long drapery, all drawn into the waist, and behind it sweeps from the shoulders. The Egyptian women wear this garment short, as they habitually walk in it, but Mme. Clarisse, who has adapted it for a tea-gown, cuts it with a long train. The one made for Mrs. Potter is of soft pale-blue brocade. This has the delicate crispness of white lace all around the bottom and around the neck. The wide sleeves are untrimmed, as the right one is caught up to the shoulder and is held there by a silver clasp, which makes fine lines that would be spoiled by lace. The waist-belt is of white ribbon with a silver clasp. There is talk of Mrs. Potter being painted in this gown; she will certainly be photographed in it.

Who is now disputing social supremacy in Paris with the ugly old Princesse de Sagan?—a princess whose absolutism in affairs fashionably mundane no one has ever deemed it wise to gainsay. Well, the dory that has dared to range up alongside this line-of-battle ship and give it combat is none other than pale, meek little Minnie Garrison, whose quiet wedding with the Vicomte Chandon de Briailles took place at Long Branch some five years ago. Miss Minnie was the daughter of the late Mr. William R. Garrison and the sister to the beautiful Mrs. Charles Ramsay, and the man she married was a queer little Frenchman who makes champagne in Epernay. And now she has set up as a *grande mondaine* in Paris, and on the night of the Grand Prix, when all Paris hopes and tries to be at the Princesse de Sagan's great annual fête, the little American vicomtesse issues invitations for a hunting fête in her mansion, Rue de Colisée. The men are to wear pink, the women powder. The dinner will be accompanied by the music of hunting horns. Twenty thousand francs' worth of presents will be given away in the cotillon. Moët and Chandon Brut Imperiale will flow like water, and as a grand finale her piqueur, in gorgeous uniform, will serve a stag on a bed of roses. The Parisians could not stand such novelty and impudence as this. So they go in a body to the little American's, and the splendid salons of the ugly old princesse are half deserted. And now the allegiance of the volatiles is divided between the two, and they do not care a rap for either, so long as they keep going, and feed, and wine them.

Talking of millionaires, the New York *Sun* says: The Goelet estate, as a whole, must much exceed twenty million dollars. Then there are the Standard Oil fortunes of the two Rockefellers and Mr. Flagler, each of which can safely be estimated now at more than that sum, and they are rapidly increasing. Mr. Heber R. Bishop can be set down as worth more, and probably Mr. D. O. Mills also. Mr. Pierpont Morgan's fortune is supposed, by those best informed as to such matters, to be greater than a score of millions, and Mrs. Hetty Green is not forced to the rigid economy she practises, for, doubtless, she has more than that sum. Then there are Messrs. Amos R. Eno, Andrew Carnegie, Percy R. Pyne, Charles R. Pratt, Jabez A. Bostwick, and Herman O. Armour, each of whom is reported to have twenty million dollars and over. These by no means complete the list, and if we were to include the fortunes between ten and twenty millions, and which are increasing at a rapid rate, it would be long, while if we took on those between five and ten millions, and also steadily accumulating, it would be surprisingly great. There are men in New York with fortunes of from five millions to twenty millions whose annual expenses for living do not exceed a tenth or a twentieth part of their annual incomes. It is easy to see how rapidly they must be piling up money. Even when they keep up a more costly state, and maintain establishments that are relatively extravagant, according to our American standards, they do not lay out on them a great sum of money comparatively to their incomes. After elegant comfort has been secured it does not take many thousand dollars a year to add what seems to the public lavish display. A man who spends fifty thousand dollars a year solely on his living and the keeping up of his establishment becomes conspicuous in New York for the grandeur of his state as a social character. Of course, many families may spend much more in the buying of costly pictures and other articles of rarity, but these are of the nature of investments, and are not a part of the cost of living. Others, too, may keep yachts, maintained at an enormous expenditure, according to the average estimate, and the improvement of country places may eat up a vast amount of money, so that they get rid of twice as much; but the first is outside of their ordinary living expenses, and the second counts only as an investment. If a man comes to New York able and prepared to expend on his household alone fifty thousand dollars a year, he can cut a great figure so far as his mere expenditures go, though socially he may remain so insignificant that he will throw his money away. Therefore it is that American estates grow so rapidly, especially, as is so often the case, where they are accumulated by men of modest social pretensions or no social ambition whatever. Even if they have the ambition and gratify it at the cost it entails, they do not make heavy inroads into the income from millions of dollars. Mr. John Jacob Astor is by far the richest man in America, and yet the expenses of his actual living can not much exceed the sum we have named as enough for an elegant household. Hence he is yearly investing, and investing with great sagacity, all beyond a very insignificant part of his income. His expenditures are hardly enough to count, but his investments in land, for whose development and productiveness the Astors can afford to wait, and in other securities, are enormous and continuous. The Vanderbilts and the Goelets spend much more of their incomes proportionately, but after all, only a small part of them, and Mr. Gould, reputed to be now richer than ever in substantial property, lives on a scale which requires only an insignificant sum as compared with his revenues from investments and speculation. The same applies to the very rich men of New York generally. What they are expending is a trifle by the side of what they are receiving and making.

The Duchess de Luynes returned to her home in Paris the other day after a trip into the country, and found her Italian waiting-maid strutting about arrayed in her mistress's best ball dress. Before the duchess could remonstrate, another servant walked into the room, and, remarking that the millennium had come, began to throw bric-à-brac, albums, and other ornamental articles out of the window. The police were called in, and on examination by physicians it was found that both girls had gone stark mad at the same time. No one is able to find any reason for the coincidence.

The big Nova Scotia timber-raft, whose owners are not alarmed at the fate of the Leary raft, will soon be launched and started on its way to New York. It is made of thirty thousand sticks bound together, making a raft seven hundred feet long, with spars from twenty-five to one hundred and seventy-five feet in length. It will be towed, but will also be manned and rigged to sail.

A SOCIAL THUG.

The Progress and Retrogression of a Society Outlaw.

When I saw him that day, coming down the steps of the Saunterer's Club, I thought he was the handsomest young fellow I had ever looked upon. He had the double beauty of youth and nature. His six feet of stature, his shoulders broad and square, his splendid deep chest, and strong thighs, tapered to a foot that was large enough to be manly and still small enough to be graceful. His hands were muscular and strong, but white and shapely as an aristocrat's hands should be, and his frank, open face, framed in short, dark hair, was the face of a young god. I had never set eyes on him before, and I asked Grynder, who was with me, who he was.

"It's Ned Gay," said Grynder; "I thought everybody knew him."

"And who is Ned Gay that every one should know him?" I demanded.

"He's one of the Baltimore Gays," replied Grynder; "old Doctor Gay, you know, was his father. He's a brother of young Doctor Gay, of Knickerbocker Square, and his sister is one of the prettiest girls in the McAllister set."

I saw a good deal of Ned Gay thereafter. The free and easy house-rules of the Saunterer's allowed members to introduce friends to the club almost at will, and though my young Antinous was not one of us, he was so popular with the boys that one or another of them was constantly fetching him in for a dinner, a bottle of fizz, or a rarebit after the play. He seemed to have the run of most of the clubs in the city in the same way, and to be as well-liked at the Banyan, the Crocus, and the rest as with us. There was a splendid, rich manhood about the fellow's noble physique, and the rare good-humor that made his great strength safe. It was a tonic for malaria to hear his clear and mellow laugh, and a rare reviver of dead appetite to see him eat. He enjoyed the substantial pleasures of life completely. His dinner was a meal for two, and his morning walk a week's exercise for an ordinary man. If he had been a rich man his existence would have been one of heroic splendor.

Rich Ned Gay was not. The old doctor had left a fortune to his widow, and the children had been brought up by her. Ned had lately come from school to town to idle life away upon an allowance from home. It was an ample allowance, enough to furnish him with a handsome apartment, pay all the bills a young gentleman should have, and keep him flush of pocket-money. But it left no margin for extravagances. In this connection, however, he was well enough provided for. His popularity made him the social pensioner of half the rich young club-men in town, and stood him in the stead of cash capital.

You met him everywhere; always in good company. The men admired and the women spooned over him. His manners were good, his temper was excellent, and he was always ready to oblige anybody in any way he could. Intellectuality was not a strong point with him, but when a man stands six feet in his stockings, has a good old family behind him, and money enough to live on in luxurious comfort, he does not need to be a genius.

"Queer engagement that of Ned Gay's sister," remarked one of the men at the club to me one night about a year after my first encounter of that hero.

"Whom is she engaged to?" I asked.

"Why, haven't you heard it?" said he; "well, it's a century to a pony of cognac you'll never guess his name."

"Then tell it me."

"It's John Graydon Burnett."

I didn't believe it. No one did, it seemed, at first. Every one in town knew John Graydon Burnett, of the Banyan and the Polo Clubs, the owner of the New York *Tellall*, and the smart son of an original and able father, and every one regarded him as a confirmed bachelor, too fond of cultivating a perennial crop of wild oats to incline to the sober duties of matrimony. Nevertheless, the engagement was a fact, and it was the talk of the town till the report that it was broken off gave gossip a new turn. This report found prompt and practical confirmation. Coming by the Banyan Club one evening just after it began to be bruited about, I found a circle of hackmen, club servants, and street idlers, gathered around a man lying in a snow-bank with another standing over him, cane in hand. The prostrate person was John Graydon Burnett, of the *Tellall*. The upright one was Ned Gay.

It was a scandalous story that the occurrence spread like wildfire about the city. Incredible tales were told to the discredit of the owner of the *Tellall*, and the young avenger of his jilted sister was royally lionized. Then came a duel, with a great deal of mystery about it. Ned Gay and John Graydon Burnett met on the field of honor, and came apart from it unscathed. And after a little while there were whispers of a sort that did the former no credit. It was said that he took his shot at his opponent before the word was given, and that, having missed him, he became so dreadfully funked that his victim and challenger contented himself with firing in the air and contemptuously turning his back. It seemed incredible that Ned Gay, big and strong as a giant, should have played the poltroon, but as the story went forth from credible authorities and without dispute, it came to be very generally accepted as a truth.

"A man may have lots of muscle and no nerve, you know," said Grynder. "There's little Tyttlebatt, now. Ned Gay could break him in half without trying, but he couldn't make him take water, I'll bet my head."

For a week or two the subject of nerve and muscle was one of first importance at the clubs. An amazing number of instances were adduced to prove how weak hearts might beat in strong bodies. It was remembered how, in all of his wild life on both continents, Graydon Burnett had been famous for his reckless courage. He had played the fool more than once—what with deep drinking, and loose living, and the ebullitions of a headstrong and wanton will. But he had never, in his most disgraceful embroilments, showed the white feather. That Ned Gay was heavier and stronger than he, and, therefore, well able to thrash him, and yet unable to face him boldly at the muzzle of a hair-trigger, was, after all, not inexplicable then.

The effect of all this talk upon Ned Gay was soon perceptible. A good many of his old intimates were not as intimate with him as they used to be. He was not as free of the clubs as he had been. In one or two, where he had once been welcome, he was no longer tolerated at all. I happened to be in the café at Delmonico's the night that old General Sputter cut him. The general, who had dined him many a time at the Banyan, and who had known and loved his father and mother as if they had been his own brother and sister, came through the café from the Fifth Avenue entrance, and Gay, who was wining with a lot of young fellows at a middle table, got up and went to meet him with his hand out. The general stared straight through him with a glance of ice, and went by, brushing the outstretched hand with his arm. Ned Gay turned crimson, and went back to his table on unsteady feet. That night he worked his pent-up mortification off by thrashing a hackman on his way home to bed.

This was the first time Ned Gay had been guilty of an act of personal violence in public, excepting only his attack upon his sister's derelict *fiancé*. It seemed to be the beginning of a new era in his career. The amiable young giant, who had never been seen to frown, often wore a moody face and carried his white hands clenched. He commenced to cultivate queer company, too. You might meet him late at night, hanging over Red Sleary's bar, exchanging points with that privileged outlaw, who combined bank burglary with gin-selling, or reveling in the small hours at the Golden Gridiron, with an assemblage of those night-birds that the police have under ban. I shall never forget one evening at the play, when he appeared in the Carver's box. He was very thick with both the Carver boys, and they had stuck to him in his growing unpopularity, while Mamma Carver, who swore by her sons, always extended her favor to him on their account. He spent the first act with them, and after the curtain fell went out. Presently a whisper ran through the theatre, and into an empty stage-box flounced a handsome, bold-faced creature, ablaze with diamonds, whom every man-about-town in the house knew—and with her was Ned Gay.

Mamma Carver's face, in the opposite box, was a study. The Carver boys were both as white as their shirt-fronts. No words could describe the shudder that went through the house. Every one knew the Carvers, Ned Gay, and Flora Thwaites. It was as if the besotted young giant had deliberately slapped the poor old lady's face.

After the act Ned Gay lounged out into the lobby. The Carver boys were there as soon as he, and one of them marched up to him with his eyes blazing.

"You dirty dog," he cried, and hauled off to strike him, when the giant's hand fell on his shoulder and held him at arm's length. His brother jumped forward only to be taken prisoner too. Ned Gay's face was livid, and his eyes flitted uneasily behind half-closed lids.

"That's enough, boys," he said; "I don't want to hurt you. Go along and leave me alone."

He went off with Flora Thwaites in her coach before the play was done. Next day it was pretty generally understood in clubdom that Bradbury Carver had challenged him, and forty-eight hours later, when he should have been facing a pistol on the greensward, he was sailing blue water on his way to Paris, in Flora Thwaites's company and at her expense.

This was his social ruin. When he came back all decent doors were closed against him. No decent man in clubdom would take him by the hand. He still had his maternal allowance, but, with the generosity of his wealthy friends removed from him, this was not sufficient to keep him afloat. He set up for a stock-broker at the New Amsterdam Hotel, but nights at Red Sleary's and the Golden Gridiron soon proved too much for the business. He fell into disgraceful street-brawls, and the police, who had all along allowed him the license due to gentility and family influence, commenced to have an eye upon him. One night he was arrested for some street scrape and given a lecture and a light fine. But the fact that the police, who had for so long regarded his person as sacred, had laid hands on it at last, was like the breaking of a charm. Thereafter it was a rare week that Ned Gay did not provide gossip for.

His whole nature had changed. He drank himself into furies, in which he was dangerous even to himself. More than once he had to face a weapon in the hands of a weaker man, called upon thus to defend himself. Little Tyttlebatt, who is fond of passing for a much wilder character than he is, took a party, fresh from a French ball, into the Gridiron at two in the morning, and found Ned Gay bullying a wretched street woman who was drunk enough to be made sport of. Now Tyttlebatt had never spoken to Gay since the story of the duel had got out. Before that he had entertained him lavishly and frequently. Gay eyed him evilly when he and his friends sat down, and presently began to toss oyster-biscuits and corks at them. They stood it for a reasonable while; indeed, until one of the missiles struck Tyttlebatt himself upon the forehead. Then he got up and said:

"Get out of this place, you cowardly blackguard."

Gay rose with a roar of wrath. Then he sat down again. Tyttlebatt had a revolver in his hand and an ugly flash in his gray eyes.

"Are you going?" he asked.

The women tittered, the swell mobsmen at the tables grinned, Ned Gay looked at the revolver, got up slowly and went out, cursing, and leaving his bill unpaid. Not finding any safe person to exhaust his steam upon, he blew it off upsetting ash-barrels, and was locked up over night, and the next day fined and warned again.

I had business at a police court the other morning, at that early hour when the roll-call of the night is gone over. Among the foul and ragged rabble, caged like beasts in an iron-pen, I saw a familiar figure looming tall among its fellow-captives in the city's iron net. It was a long lane since that morning when I had seen Ned Gay coming down the steps of the Saunterer's Club, and it had led him into evil days. When they hustled him out, in smudged and wrinkled attire, with his face swollen out of semblance of its natural self, and half done up in bloody bandages, even the memory of his wantonly abused opportunities could not quite deprive him of a claim to pity.

"What is the charge?" asked the judge.

"Drunk; insulting women in the street; trying to shoot the officer."

The big figure, shaking from its debauch, hung over the jail-birds' railing. Its head, with the bloody rags about it, waggled feebly. The very elegance of its attire, soiled and misused as it was, lend added wretchedness to my last glimpse of Ned Gay, facing the penalty of his career as a social thug at last.

I believe his family stepped in and bailed him out, and got him away at the price of his forfeited bail-bond. But what does it matter? Sooner or later justice, either at the hands of judge or individual, will claim him for its own.

NEW YORK, June 29, 1888. ALFRED TRUMBLE.

LORD RONALD GOWER.

"Cockaigne" makes some Extracts from his "Reminiscences."

I have been very much amused of late in reading Lord Ronald Gower's "Reminiscences." Lord Ronald is a brother of the Duke of Sutherland, and a man who rather affects Bohemian tastes, without ever feeling the need (germ and pith of Bohemianism) of cultivating them. He is a man of about five-and-forty, of abundant means, and has traveled considerable; and through his own exertions and family connections more, perhaps, than any recommendatory merit in himself, has been thrown in the society of many great people of both sexes. With little odds and ends of talk and travel he manages to fill a couple of big volumes. Two extracts let me give. One amused me considerably, as I doubt not it may San Franciscans, and none more so than Mr. Mackay himself. Here it is:

We reached Sacramento that day at noon, and from there on to San Francisco the country one runs through is like an immense English park; oaks abound, and the pastures are as green and fresh as those of Kent in May. Crossing a ferry at Oatland (!) in one of those triple-decked steamers, on which hundreds of passengers and dozens of carts and horses can all be stowed away comfortably, looking like a Noah's ark, we reached 'Frisco, as the Western Americans invariably call the city of the golden gates, and there we put up at the largest wooden (!) inn in the world—the Palace Hotel. On arriving at San Francisco Mr. Mackay should be called upon. Whatever is required he will obtain for the traveler, whatever there is to see he will show; he is the most obliging and willing of cicerones, and, as he does not fail to impress on you he makes no "personal charge." The sight *par excellence* at 'Frisco is in the harbor (!), where on some surf-beaten rocks the sea-lions congregate, their half yelp, half bark-like cry distinctly heard from the shore. This and the Chinese quarters are the principal curiosities of 'Frisco.

I daresay this lavish chronicler was dined and wined and made much of by society. It is a fair sample, I am afraid. When *will* people learn?

The other extract is of a different character. That is to say, that while it is one almost sure to interest every American from its historical nature and connection with the name of the "father of his country," it is about some place near home in England, and therefore capable of being described more accurately, as no doubt it is:

Early the next day I drove from Northampton, halting at Little Brington, where in the village is an old cottage in which lived the ancestors of George Washington. It is a neat old place enough, but with nothing remarkable about it save that it was the nest of the great general's forefathers. Above the entrance door, inscribed on a stone slab is "The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. Constructus, 1606." The old dame who lives in this cottage told me that many Americans visit it; but strangely enough no mention is made of this house, nor what must be of still greater interest to our transatlantic cousins, the Washington tombs in the church of Great Brington, in the capital little American guide-book by Mr. Winthrop Sargent, a little hand-book I found most useful. Great Brington lies some couple of miles from the smaller village of that name, where is the Washington cottage. At Great Brington there is a handsome church, remarkable for the very complete and perfect series of monuments of the family of Spencer. These may be said to illustrate the monumental art in England from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries. Still more interesting, however, than these monuments to the ancestors of Lord Spencer, are the two plain slabs that cover the bones of George Washington's ancestors. The oldest of these is that with an inscription on it to the memory of Lawrence Washington, deceased in 1616, leaving behind him eight sons and nine daughters. Two of Lawrence the prolific's children migrated; from one of these George Washington descended. The other inscription is engraved on brass beneath the Washington coat-of-arms, as follows: "Here lies interred ye bodies of Eliz. Washington, widowe, who changed this life Immortallitie ye 19th of March, 1622; as also ye body of Robert Washington, Gent., her late husband, second sonne of Robert Washington, of Solgrave, in ye county of North, Esq., who depd this life ye 10th March, 1672, after they lived lovingly together." We here see the origin of the American "Star-Spangled Banner" and of the stripes for on the coat-of-arms on this old brass appear three stars with the bars or stripes beneath them. The sexton told me that Charles Sumner had had made a copy of the larger slab by the local mason, and that he and Motley, the historian, had taken great interest in these arms and inscriptions. It is certainly striking to see these humble mementos of the ancestry of one of whom all English-speaking people are proud in this old, country church, lying near the splendid tombs of forgotten magnates. An interesting chapter might be written on the origin of great flags of the world; to trace them back to their sources would not be no easy task; but that of the American Republic lies on the old tomb of Brington Church.

I do not know at all what truth there may be in this, whether George Washington's family arms suggested the American flag or not. I had thought the stars and stripes each had a meaning of their own on the flag, quite distinct from any genealogical line. It certainly looks as though the Washington arms had something to do in guiding the mind of the flag's designers. It is a curious coincidence, at all events, and one worthy of note. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, June 21, 1888.

A gun for projectiles of one hundred pounds has been completed by Armstrong. It fires seven shells a minute.

The promised concert in Paris by the Sistine Chapel Choir was forbidden by a telegram from the Pope.

THE AMERICAN PARTY.

An Array of Startling Facts for Americans to Think About.

The following facts, taken from verified statistics or deduced from undisputed premises, are presented for the consideration of those voters who believe in the perpetuity of our government, obedience to its laws, and the maintenance of the rights and privileges which are the common heritage of all citizens :

When the Constitution of the United States was adopted, a little over one hundred years ago, there were, within the area of the commonwealth, of public lands, sixteen hundred acres *per capita* for every man, woman, and child.

Immigration and the natural increase of population have reduced these figures to fifteen acres *per capita*, and it is estimated that, upon the present ratio of increase, by the close of the nineteenth century—only twelve years hence—not a single acre of the public domain will remain to the youths of the country now approaching their majority. Do the material interests of the nation still demand the manufacture of foreign-born citizens, and shall we continue to encourage the coming among us of those of alien birth? Each decade shows an average increase of thirty per cent. of population. The census of 1890 will show a population of sixty-three million, and the next census, ten years later, of eighty-two million. Of this number, the foreign-born and their first generation may be estimated at *forty-three million*, or one million over one-half of the grand total. The records show that during the first three months of this year over fifty-two thousand home-seekers of foreign birth landed at New York. During the first twenty-six days of June there arrived fifty thousand—nearly two thousand per day. If the tide rolls on, the next twelve years will pour into the United States fully seven million people of foreign birth. What will we do with them? What will they do with us, our institutions, and our country? Is not the hour at hand when, in self-protection, we must close the gates against the alien horde now flowing in upon us at an average rate of twenty to fifty thousand per month? We have only to examine the record to find that a large per cent. of it is vicious, ignorant, and law-defying; much of it unthrifty, indolent, and intemperate; and not a small portion of it socialistic, anarchistic, and criminal. Such people readily become active voters; they never develop into good citizens.

The Howard Benevolent Society, of England, makes the official statement that of the discharged inmates of Great Britain's jails and prisons seventy-four per cent. emigrate to this country. The nations of Europe number more than one where the punishment of those found guilty of crime and misdemeanor is to make their future home in the United States. Over seventy-five per cent. of the criminals, insane, and paupers within the limits of New England, in 1872, were found to be either foreign-born or of foreign parentage, and it is estimated that fully one-half of this highly objectionable element, throughout the whole country, has like origin. There is something more than a coloring of truth in the derisive remark, often heard in the old world, that the United States is the dumping-ground for the refuse population of all Europe.

If, in the labor market, the supply already exceeds the demand, is it not manifest that each new-comer adds to the depression, and thus helps to make hard times still harder? Forced idleness is a prolific source of pauperism and crime.

There are thousands and thousands of men in the Republican and Democratic parties, who earnestly indorse the principles set forth in this paper. They are typical Americans in the fullest sense of the term, yet, through a fear of the vicious, vindictive, and unscrupulous portion of the foreign-born vote, they evince a cowardice unworthy of Americans, and withhold from their platforms the declaration of sincerely cherished principles. This vote of questionable honesty is not only so feared and coveted by the leaders of the two great parties that they openly and shamelessly bid for its support, but it, upon occasion, paralyzes the police, silences the press, and influences the courts. Witness the unchecked lawlessness of the discharged, or striking, employees of two street railroads in San Francisco within the past year. The fact that these men, though for the most part foreign born, were generally voters, withheld that denunciation of their unlawful assaults upon life and property that would have been swift and emphatic had they been merely alien residents. No one will deny that the three great branches of our government are too often swerved from the line of duty by the power of the worser element of the naturalized, but not nationalized, vote.

The ballot is the shield of the communist, the weapon of the anarchist, the menace of the agitator.

The American party demands the unconditional repeal of the naturalization laws. Only in the unconditional repeal of those laws will be found the effective remedy for the evil which now threatens the life of our republic. To avert, and for all time remove, this growing blight on our national life is the duty of every American, whether native or foreign-born. No time is to be lost. Insidiously, but rapidly, the enemy of education and liberty is advancing, and in a few years it will outvote the upholders of the free public-school system and other revered and cherished republican institutions.

We appeal to every intelligent foreign-born citizen to unite with native born in the effort to suppress crime, misrule, and political bossism.

We appeal to all respectable alien residents, who propose remaining in this country, to declare as promptly as possible their intention to become citizens. It is a duty they owe to themselves, their children, and the republic. The nation needs their assistance in checking and turning back the mighty tide now threatening inundation and destruction to institutions and principles dear to every typical American.

We appeal to the women of the country to assist us in this conflict between republican government and anarchy.

We appeal to all liberty-loving, law-abiding citizens, of whatever party predilection, to stand with us in the struggle for the maintenance of free public schools, a pure ballot-box, home protection of labor and laborers, and the preservation of America from its enemies and for Americans.

Particularly do we appeal to young men who will cast their first Presidential vote next November, to organize and work for law, order, and liberty. It is their rightful heritage that is menaced.

Remember—that alien monopolists, alien settlers, and alien syndicates are so rapidly acquiring the public lands that the young citizen will soon become the soil tenant of the non-resident landlord;

That the foreign-born element is largely instrumental in instigating and precipitating mobs, brawls, boycotts, and other disturbances so detrimental to public peace and private interest, and so fruitful of paupers, imbeciles, and criminals;

That this element supplies over ninety per cent. of the manufactures and sellers of intoxicating liquors;

That the annual rum-bill of the United States exceeds *nine hundred million dollars;*

That the foreign-born element supplies three-fourths of the paupers and criminals of New England, and one-half of those of the whole United States, and that the annual expense of arresting and maintaining these two classes exceeds fifty million dollars;

That the illiteracy of the foreign-born population is thirty-eight per cent. greater than that of the native-born;

That a large per cent. of the immigration now coming to this country, at the rate of fifty thousand per month, are people ignorant of the laws of the land they left, yet ready to swear allegiance to a country whose constitution they never read and can not understand;

That the instinct and inclination of no inconsiderable portion of the foreign-born element is to hold the free public-school system in contempt, and it is fair to assume that when the power equals the will, its usefulness will be impaired to the end that it may finally be abolished;

That by proscribing naturalization and restricting immigration the American party protects the laborer against the low wages that result from over-supply, and is, therefore, pre-eminently the party of protection.

The substratum principle of the American party was recognized and maintained by the men who carved out the nation and fashioned its government:

General Washington, in a letter to John Adams, Vice-President, November 17, 1794, says: "My opinion with respect to immigration is that, except of useful mechanics, and some particular descriptions of men and professions, there is no need of immigration." To the same, January 29, 1799, he says: "You know, my good sir, it is not the policy of this country to employ foreigners when it can be well avoided, either in the civil or military walks of life."

On another occasion he gave orders to "*Put none but Americans on guard to-night.*"

"WHITE PLAINS, July 24, 1778.

To GOVERNOR MORRIS, ESQ., *Dear Sir:* I do most devoutly wish we had not a single foreigner among us, except the Marquis de Lafayette. G. WASHINGTON."

The old Democratic war-horse said: "I hope we may find some means in future of shielding ourselves from foreign influence, *political, commercial, or in whatever form it may be attempted.* I can scarcely withhold myself from joining the wish of Silas Dean that there were an ocean of fire between this country and the whole world. In proportion to their numbers, they will share with us the legislation. They will infuse into it their spirit, warp and bias its directions, and render it a heterogeneous mass."—*Thomas Jefferson.*

"Foreign influence is truly a Grecian horse to the republic. We can not be too careful to exclude its entrance."—*Madison.*

"Americans can do their own voting and their own fighting."—*General Harrison.*

"Foreigners will render our elections a curse instead of a blessing."—*Van Buren.*

"There is an imperative necessity of reforming the naturalization laws of the United States. I will go as far as the farthest in this American cause."—*Webster.*

It must be borne in mind these sentiments were proclaimed when it took weeks of time and at least two hundred dollars to cross the Atlantic Ocean. Now the trip is made in eight to twelve days at a cost of fifteen dollars. The danger these great Americans foresaw is now upon us. Shall we avert it while we yet have the power? Their recently adopted national platforms leave us no room to hope for assistance from either the Democratic or Republican party. The perpetuity of the government, the maintenance of our national existence, and the preservation of those republican institutions in which a people are taught the value of liberty and the duty which come with the rights and privileges of citzenship, depend upon the dominancy of the principles embodied in the platform of the American party.

Every intelligent man, every citizen who really loves the government and institutions of the country made his by birth or adoption, every typical American, will find the real sentiments of his heart in the declaration of principles hereto appended:

THE PLATFORM.

The following is the platform as adopted:

WHEREAS, Believing that the time has arrived when a due regard for the present and future prosperity of our country makes it imperative that the people of the United States of America should take full and entire control of their government to the exclusion of the revolutionary and incendiary horde of foreigners now seeking our shores from every quarter of the world; and recognizing that the first and most important duty of an American citizen is to maintain this government in all attainable purity and strength, we make the following declaration of principles:

Resolved, That all law-abiding citizens of the United States of America, whether native or foreign-born, are political equals, and all are entitled to and should receive the full protection of the laws.

WHEREAS, There are seventeen States in this Union wherein persons are allowed to vote at all elections, without being citizens of the United States; and whereas such a system tends to place the management of the government in the hands of those who owe no allegiance to our political institutions, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the Federal Constitution should be so amended that the Federal and State Governments shall be forbidden and prevented from conferring upon any person the right to vote, unless such person be a citizen of the United States;

Resolved, That the naturalization laws of the United States should be unconditionally repealed;

Resolved, That the soil of America should belong to Americans; that no alien non-resident should be permitted to own real estate in the United States, and that the real possessions of the resident alien should be limited in value and area;

Resolved, That all persons not in sympathy with our government should be prohibited from immigrating to the United States of America for the purpose of business or the intention of permanent residence;

Resolved, That we favor educating the boys and girls of American citizens as mechanics and artisans, thus fitting them to fill the places now filled by foreigners, who supply the greater part of our skilled labor and thereby almost entirely control all the great industries of our country, save, perhaps, that of agriculture alone. And, in order to accomplish the object here stated, we demand that the States establish free technical schools, wherein American boys and girls may be taught trades and thereby become skilled artisans and mechanics;

Resolved, That we believe "Bossism" in politics to be an outgrowth of foreign influence. We condemn it as un-American and tending to a corruption of the ballot-box. We declare that the American party shall not have bosses;

Resolved, That we believe in equal and just taxation, and to accomplish this necessary reform we favor a uniform reduction of taxes on the real estate of the cultivator of the soil, and the imposing of advanced rates on property coming under the head of luxuries;

Resolved, That we are in favor of fostering and encouraging American industries of every class and kind, and to that end would protect our home productions and manufactures, and inaugurate and maintain a system that will not only exclude the competitive cheap labor productions of other countries, but will also exclude the cheap laborers of other countries and prevent them coming here to compete with American workingmen; and,

WHEREAS, One of the greatest evils of unrestricted foreign immigration is the reduction of the wages of the American working-man and woman to the level of the underfed and underpaid labor of foreign countries,

Therefore, we demand that Congress pass an immigration law whereby a per capita tax shall be levied upon and collected from all immigrants coming to the United States; and that such tax be made large enough to restrain further immigration from all foreign countries.

Resolved, That universal education is a necessity of our government, and that our American free-school system should be maintained and preserved as the safeguard of American liberty; that in our free common schools there shall be no language taught except the English language;

Resolved, That under no circumstances should any of the public funds be diverted to or used for the benefit of any sectarian or ecclesiastical school or institution whatever;

Resolved, That in view of the neglected and defenseless condition of our harbors and sea-coast, a liberal expenditure of the surplus, which accumulates from our system of taxation, should be devoted to erecting fortifications for the defense of our harbors and sea-coast and for the creation and support of an efficient navy; and that such expenditures should be made in the employment of American citizens only;

Resolved, That the American party recognizes in the saloon the great agency by which corruption in politics is fostered and the power of the bosses maintained; and hereby pledges itself honestly and earnestly to work for the restriction of the evil to the narrowest possible limit.

A list of States in the American Union in which persons are allowed to vote at all elections without being citizens of the United States, to-wit:

Alabama,	Iowa,	Nebraska.
Arkansas,	Kansas,	North Carolina,
Colorado,	Louisiana,	Oregon,
Florida,	Michigan,	Texas,
Georgia,	Minnesota,	Wisconsin.
Indiana,	Missouri,	

REFERENCE NOTE.—The above list is compiled from "Hill's Manual for 1889," and is published in the *North American Review* for March, 1887, and will be found in the *North American Review*, bound vol. 144, p. 306

The executive committee of the American party issued the following call on Monday last: "A national convention of the American party will be held in Washington on August 14, 1888, for the purpose of nominating candidates for President and Vice-President, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before that body. Delegates, not exceeding two from each Congressional district, each Territory, and the District of Columbia, and from each State at large, bearing credentials from any American organization, association or club, order or society, whose objects are in accord with the principles of the American party, will be admitted to seats in the convention."

Dr. Allansan, of London, is distinguishing himself by raising a fund to establish a vegetarian hospital in that city. Animal food in no form will be allowed in this hospital. Something of the earnestness of the English vegetarians is shown in the fact that several thousand dollars have been promptly subscribed toward making the project a success.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is estimated that it will take ten years to complete all the many posthumous publications of Victor Hugo.

A rumor comes from St. Petersburg to the effect that lunacy proceedings are about to be instituted against Count Tolstoï.

Dion Boucicault will write a weekly dramatic article for the New York *Herald*, being the first man who has been asked to sign his work in that paper.

The competition in England among translators from the French is so great that the price for translating a French novel has fallen from about two hundred to one hundred dollars. This class of work is especially sought by women.

Henry Holt & Company will be the American publishers of "A Modern Brigand," by the author of "Miss Bayle's Romance." Its characters are, Daudet-like, thinly disguised contemporary notabilities in the British financial world, and even in politics.

The name of *Tid-Bits*, the humorous weekly published in New York, has been changed to *Time* with the issue of June 23d, and at the same time the paper was enlarged and the price raised to ten cents. The illustrations will be printed in four colors hereafter.

Of the first editions of Matthew Arnold's books, "Friendship's Garland," which was published at three shillings and sixpence, now sells for seventeen shillings and sixpence or more. Of his poems, the first edition of "Empedocles on Etna" is quoted at five pounds sterling.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has written a chapter on the dialect of Massachusetts for Mr. Leland's forthcoming book on Americanisms. No living writer could do this work so well as the doctor, whose knowledge of this dialect and whose ability to put it on paper are alike perfect.

A novel order is said to have been received recently by a London bookseller from a steward, to whom had been entrusted the task of filling up his master's library shelves: "In the first place, I want six feet of theology, the same quantity of metaphysics, and near a yard of old civil law in folio."

Sir Edward Baines, now in his eighty-ninth year, is thought to be the oldest working journalist in Europe. He is connected with the management of the Leeds *Mercury*, in the office of which he began his newspaper career seventy years ago as the assistant to his father, who was the editor at that time.

Pennsylvania Dutch, Chinook, Creole, Gumbo, and other dialects contribute queer words to the volume of "Americanisms" with which Mr. Leland will follow his "Dictionary of Slang, Jargon, and Cant." The work will present songs, proverbs, and popular phrases, and the etymology and history of the words as far as they can be traced.

The *World* makes the announcement: "On Sunday, July 8th, the New York *World* will begin the publication of its Midsummer Library for the Million. The first story in the series will be 'Treasure Island,' by Robert Louis Stevenson. It will be given in complete form in a supplement of the Sunday *World*." Mr. Stevenson will hear this with mingled feelings.

Mr. Wilkie Collins has taken to writing his reminiscences, or at least, a chapter of them. They are printed in Harry Quilter's new periodical, the *Universal Review*. One of the curious experiences that he relates is the following: "A bourgeois of Paris reading 'The Woman in White' in a French translation, wrote to say that he had flung the book to the other end of the room on discovering that Fosco was an absolutely perfect likeness of himself. He naturally insisted on receiving satisfaction for this insult, leaving the choice of swords or pistols to me as the challenged person. Information on which he could rely, had assured him that I meditated a journey to Paris early in the ensuing week. A hostile meeting might, under such circumstances, be easily arranged. His letter ended with these terrible words: 'J'attendrai Monsieur Vilkie avec deux témoins à la gare.' Arriving at Paris I looked for my honorable opponent. But one formidable person presented himself whom I could have wounded with pleasure—the despot who insisted on examining my luggage." Once upon a time he chanced to write of railways as existing in 1817, and among the scores of letters he received on the subject was one from a young man who described himself as a "mine of information," and suggested living with Mr. Collins, on a sufficient salary, so as to be always at hand and able to enlighten him at any time on any subject.

Archibald C. Gunther, the author, says he has been surprised at the liberal treatment he has received at the hands of foreign publishers. Several editions of his "Mr. Barnes of New York" and his "Mr. Potter of Texas" have been printed by Routledge & Son, of London. He did not expect to receive anything from them, so he was surprised last week to receive a draft from them for one hundred dollars. Coming so unexpectedly Mr. Gunther was more gratified than if he had received five times the amount under different circumstances. Mr. Gunther now, however, wishes he had never received the amount, as he has just learned that the London publishers have flooded Canada with a cheap edition of "Mr. Potter," which has forced his Canadian publishers also to get out a cheaper edition. Another foreign publisher, who voluntarily acknowledged Mr. Gunther's works, is Baron Tauchnitz, of Leipsic, who sent a draft for three hundred gold marks, equal to seventy-five dollars of our money. A gentleman who was in Alexandria the time of the bombardment, was present in the party while Mr. Gunther was giving his experience with the foreign publishers. He was astonished when the author said that he had never been in Alexandria. Mr. Gunther said that he was indebted to Captain Williams, of the American Navy, who was with the admiral of the fleet during the bombardment, for the description of the great event, given so accurately in "Mr. Potter." Captain Williams, by the way, is now stationed in San Francisco, as pay-director.

New Publications.

"Fraternity," a philosophical romance, the scene of which is laid in Wales, has been issued in the Summer Reading Library published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"The Silent Witness," a detective story by Mrs. J. H. Walworth, has been reprinted from *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly* in the Rainbow Series of Original Novels by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by C. Beach; price, 50 cents.

"Perdue," Madame "Henry Greville's" latest story, in which the heroine is an American girl, has been reprinted in the original French in the Romans Choisis published by W. R. Jenkins, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 60 cents.

"The Victories of Love and Other Poems," a second installment of verses by that poet-laureate of the domestic affections, Coventry Patmore, has been issued in the National Library published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"The Doctor's Mistake," by Charles Howard Montague and Clement Milton Hammond, is a novel in which transmigration of the soul, materialism, electricity, love, treachery, and other ingredients are mingled to make a decidedly sensational novel. Published by Thomas Downey, Jr., & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, paper, 25 cents; cloth, $1.00.

"Political Oratory of Emory A. Storrs," compiled by Isaac E. Adams, is a book containing selections from the political discourses of the late oracle of the Chicago bar on the Kansas troubles of 1854 and the Presidential campaigns from 1860 to 1884, and his speeches in favor of free trade in 1870 and of protection in 1882. Published by Belford, Clark & Co., Chicago; for sale by the publishers.

"The National Revenues" is the title given a little book which should be widely read by those who have an interest in the government under which we live. It is a collection of twenty papers by eminent economists of all shades of faith in political economy, including such men as Professor William A. Folwell, Henry C. Adams, Richard T. Ely, E. R. A. Seligman, and President Francis A. Walker, and has an appendix of statistical tables bearing on the subject. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

"The Land of the Pueblos," by Mrs. Susan E. Wallace, wife of the author of "Ben Hur," is a pleasant, chatty book with a deal of information in it. Mrs. Wallace is not a scientific archæologist, but she writes clearly of the ruins and legends of this old civilization in the New World, and her pictures of the present life are romantic and picturesque. The illustrations comprise sketches by General Lew Wallace, reproductions of photographs, and cuts of Pueblo utensils and implements. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 75 cents.

The fifth volume of "The Musical Year-Book of the United States," treating the season of 1887–8, has been compiled and published by G. H. Wilson, of Boston. It chronicles the musical events—not including operatic performances—of importance in all the cities of the Union and Canada; gives the place of first performance, the title, and the composer's name of all compositions by native writers; reviews the season; and concludes with an index. It is an excellent work of its kind, and will be most welcome to lovers of music. For sale, post-paid, by Chickering & Sons, Boston; price, $1.00.

Professor A. Melville Bell, the inventor of "Visible Speech" for deaf mutes, considers that the foreigner's chief difficulty in learning the English language lies in its peculiarities of pronunciation, and, believing that the elimination of this obstacle would make English the real universal language, he has prepared a new system of phonetic spelling by the use of a few new letters. His system is explained in two pamphlets, "World-English, the Universal Language" and "Hand-Book of World-English," published by N. D. C. Hodges, New York; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co; price, 25 cents each.

The obscurity in which the church organist ordinarily exists, composing and adapting and yet receiving little or no credit for his labors, is so dense that the publication of a volume of church tunes by one of these ill-repaid toilers is welcome, not only as for its intrinsic merit but as a tardy recognition of valuable if not valued services. Such a book is "Hymns and Tunes" by George William Warren. It contains the music for four voices and the words of nearly half a hundred original compositions and adaptations which Mr. Warren has prepared for St. Thomas's Church, in New York, in the past seventeen years, for the old hymns and verses of the church. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Vagrant voyaging by canals and western rivers" in the pleasant shires of England is the subject of William Black's new novel, "The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat." The party consists of the jolly old narrator and his fluttering, bird-like wife; an American girl, Peggy Rosslyn by name, who has an impertinent nose and unlimited powers of fascination; a clever, good-looking, and generally fetching young Briton; and a few minor personages to fill up; and what with following their adventures and watching the little romance between the young couple, the reader will find all the enjoyment in "The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat" that may reasonably be expected of a summer novel. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, paper, 50 cents.

A number of years ago, the writer, while in a French café, picked up a paper which contained in the "Feuilleton" an article entitled "Mon Premier Habit Noir." He read it with much interest. It fairly scintillated with wit, and at the end appeared the name "A. Daudet." The writer had then never heard of Daudet—at that time he had published nothing but a volume of poems and "Le Petit Chose." Since then, "Sidonie," "Jack," "Fromont," "Le Nabab," "Tartarin," and "Sapho" have made him famous. But when he read this feuilleton, "Mon Premier Habit Noir," he was so much interested in this unknown writer, that he has followed him ever since with keen interest. And it was a pleasant surprise to him to find this little sketch resurrected from its newspaper grave and figuring in Daudet's latest volume, "Trente Années de Paris." This volume has just appeared in English dress, very well translated by Laura Ensor. It is illustrated with charming vignettes by Bieler, Montégut, Myrbach, Picard, and Rossi, in similar style to the work in the English editions of "Sapho" and "Tartarin." Among the sketches in the little volume are: "Villemessant," "My First Dress-coat," "Literary Salons," "The Story of My Books" (including "Tartarin de Tarascon," "Letters from My Windmill," "Little What's His Name," and "Jack"), "My First Play," "Henri Rochefort," "Tourgueneff," and others. Published by George Routledge & Sons, London, Glasgow, and New York; price, paper, $1.50; half leather, $2.25; for sale by the booksellers.

The admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson (and there are many) will be grievously disappointed with his latest book, "The Black Arrow." We say his "latest book," for this is its first appearance between covers; but it has twice seen the light in print before, first in an English paper, the *Young People's Weekly*; second, in a syndicate of American and colonial newspapers, under the title "The Outlaws of Tunstall Forest." It would have been better for the author's fame, we think, had the book remained hidden in the toffy-stained pages of the London juvenile. It is a story of the Wars of the Roses, introducing Richard Crookback, and much of it is laid in "Tunstall Forest," amid a band of outlaws who are not so merry as were Robin Hood's, but are, on the contrary, extremely unpleasant. In fact, the whole story is unpleasant. Even the English seems strained—a most unusual thing, for Mr. Stevenson is a master in its handling. But the York-and-Lancastrian dialect employed suggests, irresistibly, transpontine melodramas. Does the reader recall an article in *Harper's Magazine*, some months ago, on "The Minor Theatres of London," by F. Anstey, illustrated by Frederick Barnard? It was a delightful article, delightfully illustrated. Well, Mr. Barnard should have been selected to illustrate "The Black Arrow." The gentlemen to whom the task was intrusted could not have done it worse, and Mr. Barnard's humorous way of depicting bloodthirsty "dooks" and other evil-minded noblemen, might have slightly lightened up the gloom of "The Black Arrow." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons; for sale by the booksellers.

Some Magazines.

"The Evolution of a Plot," "The Author of 'The Leavenworth Case,'" "The Filing of Clippings," "Type-Writer Commonplacing," and "New York as a Literary Field," are the titles of readable articles in *The Writer*.

The July *Theatre* contains a review of the opera, "The Queen's Mate," by Edgar S. Kelley, the composer of the Macbeth music; portraits of Lillian Russell and Camille Darville; a valuable article on Jan Van Beers, the artist, from the French by Annie M. Barbey; and other papers of theatrical interest.

Outing for July opens with an article entitled, "An Irish Outing A-wheel," by "Faed" Wilson. Samuel M. Baylis contributes "After Trout in Canadian Waters." Other articles are: "Richfield Springs," by Mrs. M. B. Hedges; "The Angling Tournament," by Francis Endicott; "Ramble with the Camera in the Lower Delaware Valley," and a number of sketches, stories, and verses.

Senator George F. Edmunds opens the *Forum* for July with a paper on "The Political Situation." Other notable articles are: "How Can Wages be Increased?" by Edward Atkinson; "Our Southern Masters," by William E. Chandler; "English and American Manners," by T. W. Higginson; "The Stuff that Dreams are Made Of," by Dr. M. Clymer; "Moral Principle in Public Affairs," by W. L. Trenholm; "Romanism and the Republic," by Mgr. Leon Bouland; "The New Battle of Books," by George Pellew; "What Shall the Public Schools Teach?" by Professor L. H. Ward; and "The Bugbear of Trusts," by Henry Wood.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is related that when a vote was cast for him for Presidential candidate at the Chicago convention, the Hon. Frederick Douglass, who was on the stage, turned to a lady who sat just behind him, and jokingly remarked: "I hope I shall not lose any of my strength on the next ballot." "Oh, Mr. Douglass," the lady replied; "you are a dark horse."

An indifferent actor, who bitterly resented the German journalist Saphir's criticisms, revenged himself by chalking on his door the word "Ass." Saphir, who recognized the hand, dressed himself very carefully the next day and returned the call. "You were kind enough to pay me a visit yesterday," he said, "as I saw by the name, so permit me to return the civility."

At a literary dinner one of the guests had set the company in a roar by relating a droll story of an impecunious individual, who had ingeniously contrived to borrow money from a creditor on questionable security. Dumas, the younger, who was present, positively screamed with delight. "Are you aware," whispered his neighbor at table, "that the person alluded to is your father?" "My father!" retorted the author of the "Demi-monde," "impossible! Do you suppose for a moment if he had been the hero of the adventure that he would have missed the opportunity of chronicling it in his 'Memoirs'?"

An individual has been making application to various hospitals in Paris to be present while their inmates are *in articulo mortis*, upon what precise ground it does not appear, but he puts forward some vague excuse about the demands of "his art." The only example we can call to mind of any man of parts, who has manifested this ghoul-like taste, is George Selwyn. It was his master passion to behold the dead. When his friend Lord Holland was at his last, he sent word to call on him on the morrow. "If I am alive," he writes, "I shall be pleased to see you; and if I am dead, you will be pleased to see me."

An English resident in Russia relates the following unhappy issue of an enterprise in which one of his friends engaged, upon falling heir to a fortune: My friend was a great gourmand and had a passion for shellfish, and this was how he spent his legacy. I went to town one day, and soon found out that the prince was in his usual impecunious condition. "Where has your legacy gone to?" I asked. "Why," he said, "you know that I am very fond of lobsters, and having a river on my estate, I thought I would try and acclimatize that delicacy there; but, unfortunately, I have spent all the legacy without succeeding. I quite forgot that the water was not salt!"

The superintendent of schools in a Massachusetts town, we will call him Mr. A., one day visited a school taught by Miss B., and, in the course of the morning, said: "Now, children, I wish you to take notice what I do, and then write an account of it." Then he stepped to the blackboard, and wrote a sentence upon it. All the children except one wrote in effect that Mr. A. came into the school and wrote on the blackboard, "I love a good school." One little fellow, however, followed instructions more literally, and completed the story by adding, "and then he went to the platform, sat down, played with his watch-chain, twirled his mustache, and winked at Miss B."

A story is told of a postmaster whose lack of knowledge of working his own "nest" lost him an increase of one hundred dollars on his salary next year. When he sent his returns in he lacked thirty-one cents of the amount called for by the law to permit an adjustment of his salary. His report showed the yearly receipts of his office to be two thousand and ninety-nine dollars and twenty cents. As the department allows a fraction over a half dollar to be counted as a dollar, the postmaster would have been one hundred dollars more in pocket if he had been shrewd (or dishonest) enough to buy thirty-one cents' worth of stamps out of his own pocket. Since he sent his report he has learned his mistake, and anybody in the county now can kick him. His was the only case of the kind in twenty-five hundred.

A traveler in Spain tells this story: One evening I reached a solitary inn. Close to the stove lay a small dog warming itself in comfort. "What can you give me for dinner?" I asked the landlady. "Eggs," was the reply, and the dog looked fixedly at me. "Eggs," I repeated; "that's poor sustenance for a man who has come thirty miles on horseback. Have you nothing better?" "There's a bit of bacon," she suggested, and the dog eyed me more intently than ever. "I'm not passionately fond of bacon; what else have you?" "Santa Anna!" cried the hostess; "I can give you a chicken." On the instant the dog jumped up and sprang out of the window. "Whew!" said I; "the word 'chicken' was like a bombshell to him." "Ah," smiled the landlady, "that's because he turns the spit!"

Lieutenant Stamer, of Leipsic, was an officer in the service of King Albert of Saxony, and was the husband of the leading soprano in the Leipsic Theatre. One evening, as he sat alone at a table in the Crystal Palace Variety Theatre, two strange officers in civilian's dress tried to remove two chairs which he had reserved for friends. The argument which ensued developed into a quarrel, and Stamer, who was intoxicated, called one of the officers a "lump." The result was a challenge, an acceptance, and a meeting with pistols on the following morning in the Park Rosenthal, on the outskirts of the town. As often happens on the continent, the seconds had apparently excluded all possibility of fatal results by previously arranging that their principals should fire into the air. Stamer shot toward the zenith. His opponent's ball went to the right at an angle of forty-five degrees, but was so deflected from its course by a bit of stone as to hit Stamer in the knee. Ten days later Stamer died of the wound.

During Charles Kean's brilliant management of the Princess's Theatre, one of the ballet-girls, who was sometimes given a few lines to speak, and who knew her manager's failing, used to haunt the wings and go into audible raptures over the tragedian's acting. He was playing with great success a pathetic part, and tears flowed down the cheeks of the cunning girl, who eventually attracted personal notice from the actor. She soon found herself promoted to a superior position. Her advancement was, of course, noticed by her companions, and to her greatest friend among them she told her secret, advising the girl to follow her example. Nothing loth, number two appeared at the wings and almost howled with grief through Kean's chief scenes. To her amazement, he strode angrily by her, then pointing her out, exclaimed: "Who is that idiot?" She did not improve her position, for, since the advice of her knowing friend, the bill had been changed, and her manager was appearing in one of his most successful comic parts.

Bishop Wilberforce rather plumed himself on remembering faces, and justly so. One day, however, he received a somewhat rude shock. A Hampshire lout appeared in a country church among the candidates. The bishop felt sure he had confirmed him before, so he leaned over and said very softly, "My boy, I think I have confirmed you before." The lad opened his great, wide eyes and replied, "You be a liar." Wilberforce knew that this was only the ordinary way a clown knew how to deny what was not true. So he was told to kneel down, and he was confirmed. In a village school he was giving a lesson on Jacob's ladder and the angels, and then invited any child present to ask a question, whereupon an ingenious lad asked how it was the angels wanted a ladder when they had wings. The questioner was a little nonplussed, but wanting to know what was floating in the children's brains he called up a little chap, and said, "Tommy, can you explain that?" "I suppose," said the urchin, "cos they was a moultin'." Some village children were observed by him making mud-pies. "Well, my little men," said he, "and what are you doing there?" "We're making a church, sir." "Oh, a church, are you, but where's the parson?" "There ain't mud enough to make him, sir," said an urchin.

SOCIETY.

At Monterey.

The Hotel del Monte is still quite gay and private entertainments are the order of the day and of the night as well. An unusually large number of entertainments have been given of late, and the guests as well as Mr. Schonewald have been kept unusually busy The weather has been charming. The principal events of this and last week at the Hotel del Monte have been the private entertainments given by Mr. W. H Howard, Mr Emile A. Bruguère, Mr. Horace L Hill, and Mr. Louis B. Parrott Prominent among these was the picnic to the lovely grounds near Cypress Point Early in the morning the six-in hand 'bus, three four-in-hands, and several double, as well as the numerous private teams drove up to the main entrance of the Del Monte and were soon filled Upon arriving at the picnic grounds the guest found luncheon already spread, and a feast fit for the gods was enjoyed by the party Fallenberg and his band were present, and discoursed operatic selections during the entire afternoon. There were several amateur photographers in the party, and several excellent pictures were taken. A notable feature of the luncheon was the Eastern oysters sent out for the occasion and roasted in the shell on the grounds. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bruguère, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Hill, Mr. and Mrs Louis B. Parrott, Miss A. R. Shinn, Mr. Alfred P. Redington, Captain J. W. Dillenback, Miss Helen McDowell, Miss Lucy Upson, Miss Adelaide Upson, Mrs. Lucy L. Arnold, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Clara Taylor, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Annie Pierce, Miss Grace Pierce, Miss Florence Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Goad, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Ailene Ivers, Miss Minnie Carroll, Miss Leslie Van Ness, Miss Dora Boardman, Mrs. Milton S Latham, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett, Mr Charles Crocker, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. F. J. Carolan, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. John Stuart, Mr. Perry P. Eyre, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. C. O. Alexander, Mr. Horace Vachell, Mr. Arthur Vachell, Mr Neville Castle, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr Ward McAllister, and Judge Ogden Hoffman.

Mr. Charles Crocker gave a picnic at the same place on July 10th, to all the children at the hotel. The little ones enjoyed themselves very much. Mrs. Lucy Arnold and Mrs. J. B. Crockett went along, so a good time was insured

Dancing continues to be very popular. Notwithstanding the great attraction at the bowling alley, card parties are also very much in vogue, and the morning and afternoon concerts on the verandah are as popular as ever, to say nothing of the beach at the bathing house Sunday morning seems to take a great many to the village church. The tennis courts are quite popular.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Charles E. McLane, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Eugenia McLane, arrived from Baltimore this week after an absence of about eight years, and registered at the Palace Hotel. They are now the guests of Mr. and Mrs. John G. Kittle at San Rafael.

Mrs. Charles G. Hooker and the Misses Jennie, Bessie, and Florence Hooker are enjoying the summer at the Big Tree Grove, Calaveras County.

Mr Jerome W. Watson and Miss Jennie Watson have gone to Santa Cruz on a two-weeks' pleasure trip.

Miss Mamie Deering is the guest of Mrs. Ross at the El Monte Hotel, Sausalito.

Mrs. John W. Farren and the Misses Agnes and Mamie Farren are stopping at the El Monte Hotel for the summer season.

Captain and Mrs. Millen Griffith, and the Misses Jennie, Carrie, and Alice Griffith have closed their city residence and moved to San Rafael for the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Williard, Jr., are at Blythedale for the summer.

Miss Jennie Hobbs left on Saturday, July 7th, for a week's visit to her aunt at Santa Cruz.

Miss Anna Hobbs recently returned from Los Angeles, where she has been visiting.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Emma and Carrie Childs have returned from the Hotel del Monte, and will go to Santa Monica for the remainder of the season

Mr and Mrs. George L. Bradley, Miss Grace Bradley, and Miss Carrie Durbrow left on July 12th for Alaska.

Miss Rose Donohoe, daughter of Consul Dennis Donohoe, has been a guest of the Hotel del Monte all of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Monteagle left on Friday, July 13th, for the Tallac House, Lake Tahoe, for a two weeks' visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Paige, Mr Cutler Paige, and Mr. and Mrs. Louis Monteagle have moved from Sutter Street, and are now occupying their new residence, 2002 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard, Miss Maud Howard, Miss Ethel Beaver, and Miss May Gleason were among the passengers on the *Umatilla* which sailed for Alaska on Thursday last

Miss Maud Badlam is visiting friends in Sonoma.

Mrs A. G. Hawes and Miss Allie Hawes left on the *Umatilla* on July 12th for Alaska

Mr. and Mrs. F. S Douty were at the Hotel del Monte the first of the week.

Miss Jessie Bowie left for the Del Monte on Wednesday to remain the balance of the season.

Miss May Rogers, of Dubuque, Iowa, is visiting her former teacher, Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson, at Snell Seminary, Miss Rogers is the compiler of the "Waverly Dictionary," and is a prominent members of the Woman's Congress, before which she read a paper on the labor problem last October in New York.

Mrs. J. F. Glover and niece, Miss Thayer, have returned to Sacramento, after a two weeks' visit at the Hotel del Monte

Mr and Mrs. William H. Gordan, accompanied by Mrs. Abijah Baker, of the Pleasanton, have returned from their tour of the Eastern States

Dr. G. J. Bucknall, who has been sojourning at St Helena the last two weeks, returned to the city on Monday.

Miss Rosetta L Leavy is at present the guest of Hon. and Mrs. T. G Phelps of Belmont.

Among the arrivals at the Hotel del Monte up to date, were: Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Touchard, Mrs. J Henly Smith, Mrs Bayard Smith, Miss M. B Smith, Mr. and Mrs. R A. Nichol, Rev. and Mrs. James Adams, Mr. and Mrs. C T Thacker, Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Hamilton, Miss M. Hamilton, Miss L. Hamilton, Mr. R. Hamilton, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Watson, of Sacramento; the Misses Foster, of Sacramento; Judge H. D. Brown, Colonel Robert Tobin, Mr. James Brett Stokes, Mrs. A. J. Pope, Miss Mary Pope, Mrs. John Martin, Mr. John Martin, Jr., Miss Nettie K. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs A. W. Rose, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Kimball, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin

Mr. and Mrs. J W. Brown, Colonel and Mrs. W R. Smedberg, and Miss Nellie Smedberg will remain at Blythedale the entire season.

Miss Minnie Hennessey was the guest of the Misses Farren, at the El Monte, Sausalito, on Sunday last.

Mrs. Alfred Poett, after a short visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Henry R. Williams, at their residence on First Street, returned to Santa Barbara last week.

Miss Sallie Stetson and Mr and Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto will remain at the Arlington Hotel, Santa Barbara, some weeks longer

Mrs. Everett E. Wise is visiting her mother, Mrs. Hall McAllister, at San Rafael, having just returned from Santa Cruz, where she was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Bernard Peyton.

Miss Mamie Blethen has returned from the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw went to Del Monte, Monterey, on Saturday last, for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Balfour and Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose came up from San Mateo on Tuesday, July 10th, and registered at the Palace Hotel.

Mr W. H Stinson has returned from Santa Cruz, where he enjoyed a two weeks' vacation.

Mr. Cutler Paige left on Thursday, July 12th, for his ranch in San Joaquin Valley, and will return to Del Monte in a fortnight.

Miss Clara Luning left last Saturday for Santa Cruz, where she will spend the summer.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Miss Mary Pope came down from St. Helena last week, and left for the Hotel del Monte on Tuesday last, where they will pass the remainder of the month.

Mr. George A. Newhall has taken apartments at the Hotel Rafael for the summer. Mr. Walter Newhall left for the East last week.

Miss Blanche Miller, formerly of this city, but now of New York, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs Timothy Hopkins at their Menlo Park residence. Miss Miller is a graduate from Mrs. Reed's celebrated academy, in New York, where so many San Franciscans have finished their education

Mr. E. B. Coggins was the guest of General and Mrs. W. H. Dimond, at their Menlo residence, on July 8th.

Miss Sallie Maynard has returned from her visit to Miss Emelie Hager, at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson have returned to their Menlo Park residence after a month's sojourn at the Hotel del Monte

Miss Christine Barreda has returned from a two weeks' visit to Miss Helen McDowell, at the Hotel del Monte, Monterey, and is now the guest of Miss Ine? Macondray, at her mother's residence, in Menlo Park.

Mrs. Moses Hopkins spent this week at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs Peter Decker, Miss Alice Decker, Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan, and Miss Evelyn Carolan returned from Alaska on July 10th, and left for the Hotel del Monte on July 11th for the remainder of the season

General and Mrs. James F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton returned from Alaska July 10th, and will go to Del Monte, Monterey, about August 1st

Mr John Taylor and his daughter, Miss Gussie Taylor, have gone to the Coronado Hotel, San Diego, to remain a month.

Mr W. B. Bancroft and family are spending a few weeks at the White Sulphur Springs.

Mr and Mrs. Theodore Payne and family have closed their town-house, and have moved to their pretty country seat near Menlo Park.

Mr. Perry P. Eyre, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. Joseph Tobin, and Mr. Samuel L. Boardman, are among the new arrivals at the Hotel del Monte, Monterey.

Miss Lena Blanding will not go to Del Monte as expected. She is now the guest of Captain and Mrs. William B. Collier at their cottage near Clear Lake.

Mrs. Lucy L. Arnold, and the Misses Lucy and Adelaide Upson left Sacramento last week for Del Monte.

Mr. Alfred P. Redington is the guest of Mr and Mrs. W. H. Howard at the Hotel del Monte, Monterey.

Mrs. Charles Alexander (*née* Crocker) formerly of San Francisco, is the happy mother of a little daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Alexander and family, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crocker will spend part of August at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Redding have taken apartments at Blythedale for the summer.

Mrs. Edwin Danforth and Miss Fannie Danforth returned to this city on Friday last after a month's sojourn at the El Monte Hotel, Sausalito.

Mrs. William Kohl and her daughter, Miss Mamie Kohl, returned from Monterey the first of the week to their San Mateo residence.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Spence have closed their pretty home near San José, and have left for Chicago. Part of the summer will be enjoyed at Narragansett Pier and other summer resorts, and in September they will return to this coast. Miss Mamie Foley accompanies them.

Edward Mills left for the East on Thursday last, for a two months' pleasure trip.

Notes and Gossip.

One of the most fashionable weddings to take place this month, will be that of Miss Mary Isabel Mizner and Mr. Horace Blanchard Chase. The wedding will be solemnized at St. Paul's Church, Benicia, on Wednesday next at noon. The reception will follow at the residence of Mr and Mrs. Lansing B. Mizner, the bride's father and mother. A special train has been chartered to convey the guests from this city, leaving the foot of Market Street at 9:30 A. M The bridemaids are Miss Ella Goad, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Flora Carroll, and Miss Grace Goodyear

An amateur base-ball match will be played at San Rafael to-day (Saturday). Mr. W. B. Bourn will captain a nine to represent San Rafael, and Mr. James A. Robinson will take charge of the Sausalito nine

A number of invitations have been issued for a reception to be tendered the distinguished Hindoo lady, Pundita Ramabai Sarasvati, at the parlors of the Occidental Hotel, Saturday afternoon, July 14th, from two to five o'clock, by the following ladies: Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. John M. Burnett, Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, Mrs. George Davidson, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Bishop Fowler, Mrs. General Howard, Mrs R. Kaufman, Miss Mary Lake, Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Mrs. David W. Loring, Mrs. Judge Mee, Mrs. Dr. McNutt, Mrs. E F Norris, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. A. A. Sargent, Mrs. John F. Swift, Miss Harriet M Skidmore, Miss Mary B West, and Mrs Kate Smith Wiggin.

Army and Navy.

The following graduates of West Point have been assigned to duty at the Presidio and Angel Island: Second Lieutenants George W. Burr, William S. Pierce, John L. Hayden, and Alexander W. Perry

Lieutenant Joseph K. Oyster has gone to the Hotel del Monte for a fortnight.

Lieutenant William Bean, U. S. A., returned on Sunday last to the Presidio, after an absence of two months.

Lieutenant E. W Van Court Lucas, U. S. A., who has been stationed at the Presidio for the past year, has been assigned to duty on the engineering corps, and will leave on Thursday, July 19th, for New York.

A charming little souvenir of this Golden State has been prepared by Mr. Vickery for our visitors during the Teachers' Convention, but its beauty should entitle it to a longer lease of usefulness than their brief sojourn implies. It is called "Bits of California," and consists of a twelve-page pamphlet containing fifty-six reproductions by the artotype process from photographic views taken by Mr. W. B. Tyler and others. San Francisco is accorded first place, and is represented by views of the handsomer business and public buildings and private residences and scenes in Chinatown and at the Cliff House; then come Monterey, the old missions, Yosemite, the Big Trees, Mount Shasta, and chosen bits from the northern cities. The workmanship is excellent throughout, and the production may be considered the best souvenir of its kind yet made in this city. Published and for sale by W. K. Vickery, 108 Grant Avenue, San Francisco; price, 50 cents.

A six-inch wire gun, weighing less than five tons, burst at proof at the Woolwich arsenal.

The circular of a London wine-firm says especially that "Lord Blank, one of the partners, is to be found in daily attendance in the office."

The whole stock of diamonds produced by the three largest companies in Cape Town has been purchased by London merchants to be held for a rise.

— DRESSES CUT FROM MCCALL'S BAZAR PATTERNS fit like a glove. 303 Sutter Street.

— THE OPINION OF ALL COMPETENT JUDGES who have examined the No. 9 Machine is that it is a long way in advance of every machine in the world to-day. This machine can be seen at 303 Sutter St.

— MCCALL'S BAZAR PATTERNS ARE ACKNOWLEDGED to be the most stylish. 303 Sutter Street.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

CCCCLXCII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, July 15, 1888.

Clam Chowder.
Broiled Chickens, Fried Potatoes.
String Beans à l'Anglaise.
Stuffed Bell-Peppers.
Roast Beef
Lettuce Egg Dressing.
Strawberries, Whipped Cream.
Fruits.

STRING BEANS À L'ANGLAISE.—Take one quart of string beans; string them and put them in nearly three pints of boiling water, in which you have just put salt; when the beans are sufficiently cooked drain them and put them in a saucepan with one and one-half ounces of butter, a pinch of salt, a very little chopped parsley, the juice of a lemon, and serve very hot.

The foreman of a hook-and-ladder company in Cologne, Germany, had his attention attracted by the fluttering of a swallow high up in a church steeple. The bird had become fastened to a thread in the nest, and could not free itself. Hastening to the headquarters of his company, the foreman telegraphed to the central station, asking if it would be permissible to turn out the company to save the swallow. The fire marshal regarded a turn-out allowable, if viewed merely as necessary exercise. An alarm was rung in, the department responded, and amid the shouts of hundreds of on-lookers, the swallow was rescued from his almost fatal nest.

Most Divinely Fair

Any girl may become by using Rachel's Enamel Bloom for her complexion. It is absolutely harmless. For sale by all druggists.

— $3,000.—AN INVESTMENT OF THIS AMOUNT, along with a similar sum (making six thousand dollars in all), will insure a large fortune within one year. This is a legitimate and thoroughly honorable transaction. The advertiser's good faith is shown in the desire to invest dollar for dollar with the person who will join the enterprise. Principals who can decide promptly can have particulars by appointing an interview. Address this office.

— THE SANTA CRUZ SEASON WILL CONTINUE for two months yet, and many of our leading families have secured accommodations at the Pope House and Pacific Ocean House well on into September. If you intend visiting the pretty watering-place this summer, you should write for rooms to Mr. E. J. Swift, the genial manager of these two hostelries.

— AN AMERICAN WIDOW OF RESPECTABILITY and refinement would like a position as companion to a lady, and is competent to instruct one or two children. Object, a good home and the society of first-class people. Salary a secondary consideration. Good references. Address, J. J. S., this office.

— THE WHEELER & WILSON NO. 9 MACHINE, which has but recently been placed upon the market, is wholly and radically different from any machine ever offered to the public. This machine will, without doubt, revolutionize the trade. The office is at 303 Sutter Street.

— THE MOST BRILLIANT PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE world are now produced at the Elite Gallery, 838 Market St., by the new process; the Scroll and other new styles are among the productions of this establishment. Jones & Lotz.

— THE WHEELER & WILSON NO. 9 MACHINE is certainly most ingeniously constructed, and there is nothing like it in the world to-day. Their office is 303 Sutter Street.

— MR. LOUIS LISSER, 1241 FRANKLIN STREET, has resumed teaching.

BITS OF
CALIFORNIA!
A NEW SOUVENIR.
FIFTY-SIX VIEWS.
PRINTS IN ARTOTYPE NEATLY BOUND.
FIFTY CENTS.
W. K. VICKERY,
108 Grant Avenue, San Francisco.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.,
MANTELS,
GRATES,
TILES,
Decorative Brass and Iron Goods,
Fire-Place Furniture,
FRENCH RANGES,
309-311-313-315 AND 317 MARKET ST.
SAN FRANCISCO.

BEACH HILL COTTAGES,
Bay State, Rose Bush and Ivy,
Santa Cruz.
All newly furnished, surrounded by spacious and beautifully laid out grounds, nice lawns, etc., close to beach A very desirable family and tourist home in all respects Superior table. Reasonable. Mrs. E. WHITE.

YOSEMITE
AND BIG TREES,
$25.00--ROUND TRIP--$25.00
MARK LANE, Agent,
14 Montgomery Street.

Fine Table Wines
From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.
Arpad Haraszthy & Co.
Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
EASTERN AGENCIES:
PARK & TILFORD, New York;
F. P. DILLEY & CO., Philadelphia;
C. JEVNE & CO., Chicago and St. Paul.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
WILLIAM H. BEERS, PRESIDENT.
Purely Mutual. Organized in 1845. Cash assets over $83,000,000. Surplus, $11,800,000.
A. G. HAWES, Manager Pacific Coast,
220 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.
SAM. P WALKER, Gen. Agent.

THE GLEN HOUSE,
236 SUTTER ST., (a few doors from Kearny),
San Francisco.
Near the most popular restaurants. Pleasant sunny rooms, in suits or single. House quiet and first-class.
Mrs. A. H. NAHOR.

The Bancroft Company
BANCROFT S.F.
USE CRANE'S PAPER, EXTRA SUPERFINE QUALITY FOR ALL WEDDING ORDERS, RECEPTION AND VISITING CARDS.
721 MARKET ST.

"THE MAN WHO WOULD LIKE TO MARRY,"
"THE GIRL WHO WOULDN'T MIND GETTING MARRIED,"
"THE TAILOR-MADE GIRL," AND
"THAT SISTER-IN-LAW OF MINE"
Were all very hard to please, their tastes were ultra-critical, yet we are satisfied that they were more in fear of having their
WEDDING INVITATIONS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS
Poorly engraved and bunglingly executed than of the various other causes that deterred them from marrying.
MESSRS. PIERSON & ROBERTSON,
The LEADING SOCIETY STATIONERS of the Coast, can assure the above-named parties that if they had inspected their samples of Artistic Engraving, Elegant Paper, and Stylish Envelopes, they would have settled the marriage question at once, and would now be comfortably settled and recommending their friends to call on them at their place of business.
126 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO,
Between Kearny Street and Grant Avenue.

ESTABLISHED 1843.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

CARPETS, ORIENTAL

—AND—

OTHER RUGS, UPHOLSTERY, WINDOW SHADES.

PORTIÈRES AND LACE CURTAINS

IN GREAT VARIETY.

641 to 647 MARKET STREET,

Next above Palace Hotel.

IVERS & POND PIANOS

The finest and most popular instruments before the public.

ONE HUNDRED

of these pianos purchased by the great New England Conservatory of Music, and in daily use at that institution. Don't fail to examine these pianos which are creating such a furore among our best musicians. For full information about lowest prices, terms, etc., write or call on

KOHLER & CHASE, Gen'l Ag'ts,
137 & 139 POST ST., SAN FRANCISCO., CAL.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa,* from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

JOHN TAYLOR. H. R. TAYLOR.

JOHN TAYLOR & CO.,

Importers and Manufacturers of

Assayers' Materials, Mine and Mill Supplies and Chemicals, also School, Physical, and Chemical Apparatus.

63 FIRST ST., and 412 and 414 MISSION ST., S. F.

BURLINGTON ROUTE.

OVERLAND EXCURSIONS.

PASSENGERS JOINING THESE PARTIES ARE in the hands of a responsible railway company, not an "excursion agency": its employees are its representatives, and accustomed to serving the public.

DATES.—Trains leave Los Angeles on Thursdays and San Francisco on Fridays, meeting at Sacramento Friday afternoon. Dates are as follows: From Los Angeles—April 26th; May 10th, 24th; June 7th, 21st; July 5th, 19th; and day following from San Francisco, Sacramento, Tulare, Fresno, Merced, Lathrop, San José, Stockton, Davis, Marysville, Colfax and Reno.

FIRST-CLASS these excursions undoubtedly are in every respect, as no objectionable people are received, and each party is in charge of Burlington agents through to Chicago.

FREE SLEEPING CARS properly provided with curtains, mattresses, blankets, etc. No extra charge for this, or for any other service

RATES.—$35.00 is the price of a ticket from Los Angeles, San Francisco and most California stations to any Missouri River point, and only slightly more to points farther East

SCENERY BY DAYLIGHT is a great feature, as these excursions will stop twenty-four hours in Salt Lake, and go by daylight through the Black Cañon of the Gunnison, cross the Continental Divide through the famous Marshall Pass, thence down the Valley of the Arkansas through the Grand Cañon and the Royal Gorge

FURTHER PARTICULARS are contained in Burlington Route excursion folder, to be had at any ticket offices of Southern Pacific and other railways, and at the Burlington Route offices below.

W. D. SANBORN, General Agent, 32 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.

J. B. QUIGLEY, Freight and Pass. Agt., 112 North Spring St., Los Angeles, Cal.

AT A WEDDING.

Scene—Interior of church. Wedding guests arriving and exchanging airy recognitions as they settle down in their places. Bridemaids, in various states of self-consciousness, collected at the door. Loud and sustained buzz of feminine whispering.

Policeman (on guard at another door, to people with a mania for seeing total strangers married)—Very sorry, ladies, but if you're not provided with tickets, I can't let you in.

The people (with a mania, etc.)—But this is a public place, isn't it?

Policeman (not feeling competent to argue the point)—Those are my orders. (The people, etc., depart disconsolate.)

Verger (to guests with pink tickets)—Any of those seats there.

"*Pink*" *guests* (attempting to pass a crimson rope which bars the central passage)—We want to be near the altar—we can't see here!

Verger (in a superior manner)—The higher seats are set apart for parties with white tickets.

"*Pink*" *guests* (to one another, indignantly)—And after we'd sent that girl a salad-bowl, too!

(They employ themselves in picking out "White" guests who ought properly to have been "Pink," remark that it is the most shamefully managed wedding they ever saw, and recur bitterly at intervals to the salad-bowl.)

Mrs. Ripplebrook (who always comes early "to see the people")—Oh, there'll be a tremendous crush, of course—they know everybody. Look, the De Lacy Vespes have just come in—what a pity it is that eldest girl has such a red nose—she'd be quite good-looking without it! . . . There's Narcissus Runderceed, you see him everywhere. (Bows and smiles at him effusively.) Horrid creature! And how fat he's getting! Do you know who that is? That's Miss Mabel Maycup of the "Proscenium," you know—looks ever so much older by daylight, doesn't she? I suppose she's not one of the bride's friends! By the way, have you ever met him—this Pilbergilt man, the bridegroom, I mean? Oh, my dear, a perfect horror! Ten years older than she is, and one hears such stories about him! In fact, it was only his money that—but her people were delighted, of course. Ah, she's coming now; look how the bridemaids are all "preening" themselves! That's the bridegroom—doesn't he look yellow?

Best man (in a whisper to bridegroom)—Pull yourself together, old chappie, you are looking so chippy!

Bridegroom—I feel chippy, too. Fact is, those farewell suppers are a mistake; I'll never give another.

Mrs. Ripplebrook—Now the choir are going down to meet them. Don't you wish they'd invent a new hymn for weddings? I'm so tired of that "Eden" one. There she is. I always think this is such a solemn moment, don't you? Can you see whether it's silk or suede gloves the bridemaids are wearing? That's her father whose arm she is on. They say he disapproved, but he doesn't count. Her mother's behind, with the hook-nose; why on earth she should cry I don't know—it's all her doing! She makes a pale bride, doesn't she? But white duchesse satin would be trying even to a beauty. I hear she threw over poor young Oldglove most shamefully. Why does that tiresome old bishop mumble so? I can't hear a word.

House-maid (belonging to bride's family, to Nurse)—I wonder at that Louisa Jane taking on herself to cry, when she only came Toosday fortnight! Now you and me have got some claim to cry.

The Nurse (loftily)—Them kitchen-maids can't be expected to know their place or what's required of 'em.

IN THE VESTRY.

General congratulations, compliments, kisses, and signatures.

Bridegroom (to best man)—I say, dear boy, I look to you to square all these Johnnies, you know. (Which is his irreverent mode of designating the bishop and his assistant clergymen.)

IN CHURCH, DURING THE INTERVAL.

Mrs. Ripplebrook—Very daring of them to be married in May, isn't it? I knew a girl who was married in May once—and the very first time they gave a dinner-party, her cook came up drunk soon after the salmon, and gave her warning before everybody! Dreadful, wasn't it? I suppose you'll go on to the house and see the presents? Do—I'm going. Oh, you've seen mine! It is handsome, isn't it? I was going to get her quite an ordinary one at the Stores—but that was when I thought she was only going to be Mrs. Oldglove. Ah, there's the "Wedding March" at last; here they come!

(Bride and bridegroom pass slowly down the central passage, recognizing their friends at hazard; several are left unnoticed with their elaborately prepared smiles wasting their sweetness on the bride's brothers. A young man, rather negligently dressed, who has been standing behind Mr. Ripplebrook the whole time, forces his way to the front.)

The Y. M. (to himself)—She shall see me—if she has the courage to meet my eye after her conduct!

The bride—What, Mr. Oldglove! I'd no idea you were in town! We shall see you presently, I hope.

(She passes on, leaving the Y. M. to think of all the scathing replies he might have made.)

An old maid (weeping in the gallery; she has got in as "the bridegroom's aunt," a character in which she attends every wedding)—Poor young things!—to think of all the troubles before them!

Bridegroom's friends—Pretty wedding, wasn't it?

Bride's friends—*Not* a pretty wedding, was it?

IN THE CARRIAGE.

Bridegroom (finding the silence embarrassing)—Hope they'll give us time enough to change, and all that. Horrid bore if we missed our train and had to wait!

Bride—Oh, if you are going to find everything a bore already!

Bridegroom—Well, isn't it?

(Silence returns.)

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

(Presents laid out; guests wandering round, keeping a furtive lookout for their own offerings, and feeling deeply incensed if they are not prominently displayed. Others consult the congratulatory telegrams as though they were of European interest. A detective, noticeable by a sumptuous get-up and his uneasy bearing, watches the jewelry. Shortsighted old gentleman—friend of the bride's—approaches, and, misled by detective's festal attire, takes him for the bridegroom.

The S. O. G. (with emotion)—This is a great responsibility you have undertaken to-day, sir I hope you will be—ah—worthy of it.

Det. (professionally sensitive)—Thank you, but it's not the first time I've undertaken such a job, not by a very long way.

The S. O. G. (moving off aghast)—This is dreadful!—they can't know! How many times, and where are they all now? Oh, some one ought to speak to her mother! I would myself—only——

(Goes in search of some champagne.)

The bride's mother (to guest)—So kind of you to remember my girl and to send her that charming—(she suddenly forgets whether she is speaking to the donor of the nineteenth carriage-clock or the fifteenth fish-slice)—that charming—er—(mumble)—quite the prettiest—er—(mumble)—I ever saw. But you always have such taste.

(Mild surprise of guest, conscious of having presented, in despair, a plated toast-rack of unpretentious design.)

Mr. Oldglove (who has come on after all—bitterly, to the bride)—All I can wish you, Mrs.—(choking)—Mrs. Pilbergilt, is that you may be as happy as—as you deserve!

The bride (sweetly)—Thanks, awfully. That's the prettiest thing I've had said to me yet. (To neighbor.) Oh, Mr. Cashley, how am I to thank you?—that lovely plate-warmer.

(Mr. O. retires baffled, and contemplates committing suicide with a piece of wedding-cake.)

IN THE CARRIAGE.

The bridegroom—Well, that's over!

Bride (icily)—I wish you would contrive not to fidget so!

Bridegroom—When a fellow has about a stone and a half of rice down the back of his neck, it makes him rather restless. What are all the chappies staring at us for? I'm sure we don't look as newly married as all that!

Bride (complacently)—You would not notice such trifles; but Eulalie has really surpassed herself over my going-away dress.

Bridegroom—No, by Jove, I'm hanged if it's that!

Bride—Perhaps you think you are the attraction?

Bridegroom—Spotted it as we passed that shop-window. I say—er—Albinia, I'm not joking—really I'm not! There's a beast of a white satin slipper on the roof of the brougham!—*Punch.*

White Sulphur Springs.

We take pleasure to inform our readers that these springs, situated in Napa County, adjacent to St. Helena, are now open, under the management of Messrs. Ed. Dunham and Chas. Eaton. These gentlemen are old, experienced hotel men, and having furnished the establishment throughout with everything new, they ask an inspection by those intending to recuperate during the summer months. These springs have always had the reputation of being the finest in the State.

Reward.

One thousand dollars will be paid for each and every grain of poisonous substance found in Wisdom's Robertine—for beautifying and preserving the complexion, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, and all blemishes and roughness of the skin. Used and endorsed by the élite of society and the stage. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle. White and flesh. E. W. Joy, Agent, San Francisco.

Notice.

Pure California Wine. On the receipt of $2.75 I will deliver free one case of one dozen quarts of fine old claret to any address in San Francisco or Oakland. Send your orders to J. C. Merithew, Prospect Vineyard, San José P. O.; Box 535.

Fredericksburg Brewing Co.

Sales as per U. S. I. R., May 1, 1888, 50,813 barrels.
" " " May 1, 1887, 42,449 "
Increase, 1888, 8,364 "
Families supplied. Send orders 539 Cal. St. Tel. 764.

— COLONIAL HOUSES.—FOR PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS be sure to favor us with a call. B. McDougall & Son, architects, 330 Pine Street, San Francisco.

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

— EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

IRVING INSTITUTE.

TWELFTH YEAR. FIFTEEN PROFESSORS AND TEACHERS.

A SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.

For catalogue or information address the Principal, Rev. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A. M., 1036 Valencia Street, San Francisco, Cal.

MRS. EDWARD HUNT,

Is prepared to receive six Boarding Pupils at

GLEN ECHO, OAKLAND.

Two vacancies occurring for the term beginning July 30th. Application may be made at Glen Echo, or address by letter, MRS. EDWARD HUNT, P. O. Box 125

MISS OAKLEY'S SCHOOL, SANTA BARBARA.

A Graded Preparatory School for girls and boys; reopens August 6th. A few girls will be received as boarding pupils this year. For circulars address, ISABELLA G. OAKLEY.

Educational.

MME. JULIE ROSEWALD

WILL RETURN FROM EUROPE AND RESUME GIVING

INSTRUCTIONS IN VOCAL MUSIC,

—ON—

August 6, 1888. Residence, No. 929 Post Street.

MR. J. H. ROSEWALD

(Solo Violinist and Orchestral Conductor)

WILL RESUME GIVING

INSTRUCTIONS ON THE VIOLIN.

—ON—

August 6, 1888. Residence, No. 929 Post Street. Oakland days, Wednesday and Saturday.

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BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

922 POST STREET.

KINDERGARTEN FOR CHILDREN (Formerly Zeitska Institute.) Physical Culture a specialty. Autumn term begins July 26. For circulars and all particulars, Address: MISS M. LAKE, Principal.

Educational Institution for Boys on the Pacific Coast.

The Leading Private

ST. MATTHEW'S HALL,

SAN MATEO, CAL.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL.

Under Military Discipline.

Special Attention and Advantages for fitting Boys for a Scientific or Classical Course.

REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER, Principal.

TWENTY-TWO YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL WORK.

Trinity Term will open July 26th, 1888.

HEALD'S

BUSINESS COLLEGE,

24 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO:

For seventy-five dollars this College instructs in Shorthand, Type-writing, Book-keeping, Telegraphy, Penmanship, Drawing, all the English Branches, and everything pertaining to business, for six full months. We have sixteen teachers, and give individual instruction to all our pupils. Our school has its graduates in every part of the State Send for Circular.

TRINITY SCHOOL, 1534 MISSION ST.

Prepares boys and young men for College, University, or business.

Christmas Term opens Wednesday Aug. 1st.

REV. DR. E. B. SPALDING, Rector.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL,

A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL,

129 Haight St, San Francisco.

Established 1859 as University (city) College. Classical, Mathematical, Scientific, and English Departments; also Modern Languages and Music, a Primary Department and Kindergarten. Pupils prepared for the best Eastern Colleges or for the State University. Summer term opens on MONDAY, AUGUST 6th.

JAMES MATTHEWS, D. D., Principal.

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SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES,

324 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Spanish, French, German, Italian and Latin thoroughly and rapidly taught by Dr. Rosenthal's celebrated "Meisterschaft System." Classes and private lessons. New classes in each language now forming. For circulars or information apply to CHAS. H. SYKES, Principal.

VAN NESS SEMINARY,

RALSTON HOUSE,

1222 Pine Street, - - San Francisco, Cal.

(Near Leavenworth, between Sutter and California.)

Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children. For Catalogue or information, address:

MRS. S. B. GAMBLE, Principal

Fall Term commences July 30th, 1888.

CALIFORNIA MILITARY ACADEMY,

OAKLAND.

A thorough School for Young Men and Boys. Send for Catalogue. Next term begins July 23d.

COL. W. H. O'BRIEN, Principal.

FIELD SEMINARY,

School for Girls and Young Ladies, 1825 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland, Cal. Address MRS R G KNOX Proprietor, or MRS D B CONDRON, Principal

The Eighteenth year will begin Wednesday, Aug. 1, 1888

MISS BISBEE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL

Seventh Avenue and Sixteenth Street,

EAST OAKLAND, CAL.

WILL RE-OPEN WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1888

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

1606 VAN NESS AVENUE,

Will re-open on Wednesday, August 8th. Students prepared for College. MARY B. WEST, Principal.

NEW

DECORATIVE ART ROOMS

131 POST STREET,

Take Elevator. MRS. A. B. GRAHAM,

Designing and Stamping. New Designs. Of New York

Transportation -Rail.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 15, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9 00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 7.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11 00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8 00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.45, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 2.45, 4 00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00 P M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents. round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10 00, 11.45 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M. (Sundays)—6.45, 8.45, 10.00, 10.40 11.35 A. M.; 12 45, 1.30, 3.30, 4.45, 5.45, 6.45, 7.45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.45 P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.15 P. M.

3.25 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's).

EXCURSION TRAINS.

7.30 A. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 7.35 P. M.

8 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero (Ingram's), $4.00.

Saturday and Sunday Excursions—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero (Ingram's), $3.00.

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From July 10, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.00 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Fast Mail for Ogden and East	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
* 9.00 A.	Sacramento River Steamers	**5.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	12.45 P.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and Milton; for Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
6.30 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8 45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

‡ 7.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
*2.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
‖4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‡9.20 A.

NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

7.15 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
‡ 7.50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion	‡ 8.35 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.40 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 42 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10 02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5.10 P.	For Menlo, Park and Way Stations	* 8.00 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.40 A.
†11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.50 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ‖ Saturday and Sunday only, to Santa Cruz. ‖ Sunday and Monday only, from Santa Cruz. ** Mondays excepted.

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Belgic		**Tuesday, July 31**
Arabic		**Tuesday, August 21**
Oceanic		**Saturday, September 8**
Gaelic		**Saturday, September 29**
Belgic		**Thursday, October 18**
Arabic		**Wednesday, November 7**
Oceanic		**Wednesday, November 28**
Gaelic		**Tuesday, December 18**

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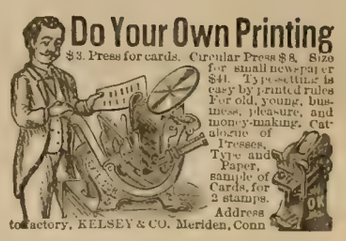

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If I should ever become an editor—which heaven in its mercy forefend—one of my first measures would be to summarily lop off that member of the staff who was in the habit of revealing the plots of stories in book-reviews.

In effect, these paragraphs are not book-reviews. A review is simply what it is called, a review. It is not a brutal lingual surgical operation, by which the heart of a book's mystery is plucked out, and laid all palpitating in a malicious little paragraph for the careless passer-by to glance at, even as one may pass by a butcher's block and see its sights carelessly and unflinchingly.

These unnecessary revelations are never born of a kind intention either to author or reader. They are not only discourteous, but they are dishonest. Furthermore, they can not be written by any one in sympathy with the guild of letters, or with those to whom the reading of books is manna.

Even the hastiest reader knows that an author builds up his book around its central thought either with a loving care or prodded by the spur of a sharp necessity. In either case it is the little nugget of idea which he has mined out of his consciousness with infinite care, it is the capital for his enterprise.

Sometimes there is a shining newness about it, and we call it originality, sometimes it is as old as the Aryan hills, but if he can glint it with a golden web of mystery of his own making, we take it for the fashioning of the web and enjoy the skill of its meshes.

All the stories are told, they say, but what of it? We are like children, we like many of them merely for the familiarity of them, and like the difference of the telling.

It is the manner of the telling that we want to know about in the book-reviews. The reviewer is not supposed to be a story-teller. His paragraphs are published because of the critical acumen he is supposed to possess in matters literary. We all have so much reading to do nowadays to keep half up with the whirl of the times, that we depend upon the professional reader to winnow the wheat from the chaff, to tell us what would be best to read and what to lay aside. It is meet that he should call attention to the beauties or defects of its style, to the cleverness of its construction, to the faithfulness or *vice versa* of its character. In short, we want his general opinion of it as a work of art, to condemn it or to praise it according to the standards of his judgment. We others have been taught to think that judgment a trained one, and in a measure to depend upon it.

But when the reviewer undertakes to tell the story in shrunken form he commits a series of mistakes. He usurps a place for which he is totally unfit, for if his story-telling had any charm in it, he would be making books, not reviewing them. He affronts both the author and the reader by his most untimely officiousness, and he deprives them both of the pleasure of a surprise which the one had carefully laid, and the other is as carefully seeking.

Furthermore, it does not require any talent to take the very nub of a story and put it in three lines. It takes some talent for the author to find it after ferreting in the débris of ages of legend and strange fact. As it comes, crude and unpolished, to his study table it is a treasure-trove. But when the pseudo book-reviewer skims it carelessly from the labor and thought that have been woven around it, and sets it unadorned in his mean little paragraph, he arrays himself at once with that vast band of people who appropriate their friends' ideas, and steal their friends' thunder as jauntily as they smoke their friends' cigars. Their crime is only a social one and carries no punishment with it, for these people are always thick-skinned and go about punctured with arrows of contempt of which they are as blissfully unconscious as St. Sebastian in the holy pictures.

I owe this class of book-reviewer a bitter grudge. He revealed to me prematurely the duality of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the identity of the gentlemanly burglar in the "House on the Marsh," the truth of the disappearance of Alexander Patoff, the final tragedy of "Archibald Malmaison," and a dozen other pretty mysteries of my novel-reading, before I had a chance to open the books themselves.

But I am in great glee just now, because I have managed to forestall him with "The Yellow Snake."

When the Lippincotts announced that their new novelette with this most unpleasant name was by William Henry Bishop, it was easy enough to know that there would lurk somewhere in the story a new, unused idea. Bishop is a fresh, virile, wholesome writer, with a dash of originality and a strong fancy for unworked fields.

He has laid the scene of his romance in Mexico, our turbulent neighbor, of which we hear so much and know so little. It is the Mexico of to-day, for the little story might have taken place last year, and its horizon is wide.

It shows us the Mexican gentleman living in something like feudal state on his hacienda, the Mexican women, fond, faithful, and fat, the universal Mexican inn-keeper, with his combination of poetry and greed, the frugal thrift of the decayed Mexican gentlewoman, a fragment of the broken sisterhoods, a professional revolutionist biding his time, and with the unfailing dash of Roderick Dhu chivalry in him, the universal surveyor in that most incompletely surveyed country, where the grants were given with a magnificent Spanish vagueness, and what not more of the hot-blooded people who are always making history with their countless revolutions.

He revels in the geological possibilities of the country, in its gorges, and fissures, and chasms, and springs, in its great, guarding snow mountains, and its volcanic formations, with their bright green growths of tropical vegetation.

He ventures into the borderland of its romance, with its tales of the gold of the Incas and the rare visions that men see of their still living gods, who haunt the distant groves and streams and are still feared if not worshiped. He even hints at modern convent treasures that could be had for the digging, if the disbanded monks and nuns could be tortured and made to speak.

And against this background of alien romance he has placed two bonny young Americans in the most possible circumstances with which to propitiate the realists, and it is pleasant to follow them in their strange adventures over this unworn Mexican path.

And, for my part, I went with Don Walter Arroyo into the yawning Barranca of Cimarron with my heart thumping as wildly against my ribs as his own did, and I could feel my eyes stretching as roundly as his when the great Aztec divinity, the Yellow Snake, came out of its rocky seclusion in its lonely gorge, and writhed and squirmed, as all reptiles do, upon its slippery foothold, and basked itself proudly in the sun while its flat, yellow head glittered with a thousand reflected splendors.

I had every creep, and thrill, and sensation that the author wanted me to have, and I was led up to it all by a set of easy ladders skillfully hidden under vines of description. And I had a real, good, sensational hour, such as I used to have once upon a time when I read "The Arabian Nights," and I am very grateful to the author for his fresh little tale of adventure.

There is nothing in reading more delicious than a good review of a book one has read. A good critic has such a pleasant faculty of saying the thing you have been thinking, but have not the power to express. It is like a pleasant echo of one's thought, and is soothing to one's *amour propre*.

But I had no sooner laid down "The Yellow Snake" than I came across no less than three of these odious little paragraphs which gave the whole story in a line.

I had the deep and exquisite but solitary revenge of snapping my fingers at them.

Now that technical and art industrial schools are being established in great numbers, every one who has the privilege of flirting a drop of printer's ink at the public has a suggestion to put in.

Truth to tell, the prospectuses seem to intimate that they are going to turn out a nation of woodcarvers. By-and-bye, when we shall have some graduates from these schools of labor, and the mistress of the house shall say to a well-looking maiden, with a diploma in her hand, "Can you broil a sole?"—a rather delicate feat, which might well be learned in an art industrial school—the maiden will reply: "No, madam; but I can carve a panel for your sideboard or a caryatide for your wooden mantel."

And it looks as if the young man from the kindred school will know how to place a very handsome gargoyle under the eaves before he learns to stop a leaking faucet.

However, it is easy to condemn and tear down, disapprove, grumble, and find fault. Good speed to the new schools and to their good intentions. The world can never be too full of good handicraftsmen, whatever their line. If they want to fill the entire country with carvings, it will not look the worse for it, so long as the timber holds out. Indeed, Switzerland is full of wood-carvings, but who ever saw the forests, and of honey, but who ever sees the beehives, and of cheese, but who ever sees the kine?

All of which has nothing whatever to do with what I started in to say.

In this bright, new, coming day every man and every woman is to have a trade. The vast armies of unskilled people who now make each other's lives a burden will hide their shamed heads, give way to training, and draw for their rough labor the pay which it deserves, and the world will jog on in the merriest and perfectest way, and look back with horror upon these dark chaotic days. *Verbum sap.*

But the upper world has now come to such a pitch of luxury that it not only must have its work done for it in the completest way, but it must have its music made for it as well.

We have come back to the olden times when any house of degree boasted its minstrel, when the lute belonged in the hands of hirelings, hirelings under some gentler name, and the sternest warrior in the tented field loved to be wooed to sleep by the strings of his slave's or his page's lyre. Sad havoc they have made in their lords' houses, these troubadours and pages, sometimes, and history's pages tell of the fall of many a fair woman whose heart was lured out of her bosom by the nimble fingers or the singing voice of the family minstrel.

We are not quite so romantic about our musical luxury. Lyres, and lutes, and harps, and other beautifully shaped things have given place to the homely banjo. But what a proud and preeminent place the banjo has assumed! It has become the national instrument, and, as such, we must do it honor. It is the merrymaker of every gathering, the success of every junketting trip. The man who can play the banjo, and sing a good song to it, is the hero of the festive hour. The most timid will, occasionally, lift his voice to join in a chorus if he will but lead the way.

We all love to sing; the coldest, the dullest, the slowest, the heaviest yearns to lift his voice at times, with such feeble tone as heaven has given him, even if he lack the skill.

When that beautifully appointed train went out from the Oakland mole the other day with the Republican delegates on board, everything, even the kettles in the little kitchens, was boiling with enthusiasm. There was the glitter of luxury everywhere, but their proudest boast was that every porter, steward, and cook on the train could play the banjo and sing.

Luxurious New York yachtsmen, making up their crews nowadays, give extra pay to such men as have music in them, however crude it be—all with a view to joining in the choruses.

The landlords of country hotels all over the country have discovered that it is not a difficult thing to find waiters who can play dance-music quite as deftly as they can shatter crockery, and make the evening hours in remoter hostelries pass on lighter wings.

In short, we are growing to be as musical as Germany itself, and when we know no touch of instrument or song, we needs must find some one to make it for us.

Beside the moneyed good it may bring to them, every working-man and woman should learn to play some instrument for their own recreation, refreshment, and pleasure. Who ever knew one of them that was not the happier and generally the better for such an accomplishment? Have we not all seen or known some man or woman made happier by an old accordion, or its step-child, the concertina?

For my own part, I should prefer portable instruments, the guitar, banjo, the mandolin, the bandurria, the zither, the Mexican harp, to say nothing of the violin and 'cello, and all the wind instruments. The piano, the great, clumsy, grinning, expensive piano, is a monster of luxury, a tax on time, strength, and nerves, as it is taught. It has wrought devastation in many a poor household where it did not belong. Girls are generally put at the piano at seven years of age. How many of them, at twelve, can read a simple accompaniment at sight or play for the household to dance, after five years of hard practice? A piano-course should be graded quite as thoroughly as an English education is.

Yet the music-masters train the millions who are wrestling with the difficulties of the ivory keys as if these millions were all to become *virtuosi*. Let the gifted ones take this course and the others learn the making of some simple home-music, which we lack most sadly in America.

No one puts a boy who is going to be a carpenter through the university. Why should we give the maker of humble music the training of a Liszt?

Naturally, every one who gets up an educational fad thinks it ought to be taught in the public schools. Of course, every public-school child should know the words and music of "America," the "Star Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." When they do not they are not properly taught. But when it comes to teaching them instrumental music, certain objections seem to intrude themselves. When they do anything in the public schools they do it by chart, system, measurement, and manual. They would be sure to choose but one instrument, and out of patriotism that one could be none other than the national instrument, the banjo.

When I think of the thirty-seven thousand school children of San Francisco tuning thirty-seven thousand banjos and strumming thirty-seven thousand variations of a popular air at one time, I shrink affrighted from my own musical Frankenstein.

Why are brilliant intentions always so thoroughly impractical?

BETSY B.

Daniel Frohman's Lyceum Theatre Company arrive in town on Saturday, and will open at the Baldwin Theatre on Monday evening, July 16th, in "The Wife." The cast is as follows:

John Rutherford, Herbert Kelcey; Matthew Culver, Nelson Wheatcroft; Robert Grey, Henry Miller; Silas Truman, Charles Walcott; Major Homer Q. Putnam, W. J. le Moyne; Jack Dexter, Charles S. Dickson; Mr. Randolph, Walter Bellows; Helen Truman, Georgia Cayvan; Lucile Ferrant, Grace Henderson; Mrs. S. Bellamy Ives, Mrs. Charles Walcot; Kitty Ives, Louise Dillon; Mrs. Amory, Mrs. Thomas Whiften; Agnes, Olive Brooks.

The copartnership heretofore existing between the firm of Wallenrod, Osbourne & Stockwell expires by limitation on Monday, July 16, 1888. On and after that date the theatre will be conducted under the sole management of George Wallenrod. Will P. Adams, treasurer of the house, will be tendered a benefit by the management next Tuesday evening, July 17th.

Billy Emerson has gone East to secure talent for the minstrel company with which he intends to open the new Bijou Theatre on Market Street. Marcus Blum has been engaged to lead the orchestra.

The "Two Johns" combination, one of the many that have sprung up since farce-comedy took such a hold on the public, will follow Barry and Fay at the Bush Street Theatre on Monday evening.

James H. Wallick, supported by his own company, will play "The Cattle King" at the California Theatre next week.

T. J. Farron will occupy the Alcazar stage next week with "Soap Bubbles."

"Said Pasha" continues to draw large houses at the Tivoli.

THE INNER MAN.

"What is the best food for producing muscle?" This question is a legitimate one. Some foods are particularly muscle-formers; others produce fat, and still others brain and nerve, while most of the common articles of diet combine these uses in varying degrees. But the question, to cover our entire physical needs, requires to be broadened into this: What combination of food will best nourish the body? Even then the answer must be modified to suit individual cases. For the digestive power differs greatly in different persons. Moreover, there is an interdependence between the different bodily organs and tissues, so that the body must be built up as a whole. If one part lacks, the whole suffers, and if one part is overfed, the others will be underfed. Thus a person who becomes unduly fat loses in muscular fibre, either in quantity or quality. One who overfeeds the brain loses in muscular strength. So, too, muscular development may be carried to such excess as to impoverish the brain, and also to reduce the fat of the body below what is necessary both as surplus food laid up for emergencies, and as a protection against sudden changes of temperature. The best food for producing muscle, therefore, must, while being duly appetizing, contain a large per cent., first, of nitrates for the muscles; second, of phosphates for the brain and nerves; and third, of carbonates for the fat. Of the first class, the nitrates, beans stand at the head at twenty-four per cent.; then peas at twenty-two; cabbage and salmon at twenty; oats at seventeen; eggs and veal at sixteen; and beef at fifteen. Of the second class, the phosphates, salmon stands first at seven; then codfish at six; beef and eggs at five; beans and veal at four; and cabbage, peas, and oats at three. Of the third class, the carbonates, butter stands at the head at one hundred; rice at eighty; corn and rye at seventy-two; wheat at sixty-nine; oats at sixty-six; peas at sixty; beans at fifty-seven; and cabbage at forty-six. Fresh codfish, fried in fat or served with butter gravy, about equals beef in all respects, and so do eggs fried in fat. Beef with cabbage makes a very nutritious diet. But we must add: first, the mere eating of food can not make muscle; the muscles must be called into vigorous daily exercise, yet without overdoing; second, excessive eating is weakening, and must be avoided; it is the amount digested and assimilated that tells, not the quantity taken into the stomach; third, all the laws of health must be steadily observed.

The three principal table beverages of civilized people, after water, are coffee, tea, and chocolate. Their characteristics and their effect on the human system are described as follows: Chocolate, from its large proportion of albumen, is the most nutritive beverage, but, at the same time, from its quantity of fat, the most difficult to digest. Its aromatic substances, however, strengthen the digestion. A cup of chocolate is an excellent restorative and invigorating refreshment even for weak persons, provided their digestive organs are not too delicate. Cardinal Richelieu attributed to chocolate his health and hilarity during his later years. Tea and coffee do not afford this advantage. Albumen in tea-leaves and legumin in coffee-berries are represented in very scanty proportions. The praise of tea and coffee as nutritive substances is therefore hardly warranted. Tea and coffee, though of themselves not difficult of digestion, tend to disturb the digestion of albuminous substances by precipitating them from their dissolved state. Milk, therefore, if mixed with tea or coffee, is more difficult of digestion than if taken alone, and coffee alone, without cream, promotes digestion after dinner by increasing the secretion of the dissolving juices. The volatile oil of coffee and the empyreumatic and aromatic matters of chocolate accelerate the circulation, which, on the other hand, is calmed by tea. Tea and coffee both excite the activity of the brain and nerves. Tea, it is said, increases the power of digesting the impressions we have received, creates a thorough meditation, and, in spite of the movements of thoughts, permits the attention to be fixed upon a certain subject. On the other hand, if tea is taken in excess, it causes an increased irritability of the nerves, characterized by sleeplessness, with a general feeling of restlessness and trembling of the limbs. Coffee, also, if taken in excess, produces sleeplessness and many baneful effects very similar to those arising from tea-drinking. Coffee, however, produces greater excitement, and a sensation of restlessness and heat ensues. For throwing off this condition fresh air is the best andidote.

The next volume of the "Maryland Archives," now in course of publication by the Maryland Historical Society, will comprise the correspondence of Governor Sharpe. Among many curious things to be found in the letters is an interesting reference to the manufacture of "Burgundy wine" in Maryland, and to the fact that, even in colonial days, "Maryland hams" were highly esteemed for their delicacy and flavor. In a letter to Governor Sharpe in 1761 Cecelius Calvert, nephew of Frederick, Lord Baltimore, and secretary to the proprietary, writes from England: "Madeira wine is with his lordship in great esteem and, it being difficult to obtain good, and as that wine is bettered by voyage to America and by its return, he desires the favor of you to obtain for him two pipes, the best of that wine meliorated by the provincial climate, and a hogshead of Maryland Burgundy. He has heard a great character of the growth of that wine there, and shall be obliged to you for two dozen of good hams; these by the first safe opportunity. As to what may be by purchase in value for the whole, he desires your bill to be drawn on him and he will make payment." The manufacture of Burgundy may be a lost art in Maryland, but there are good wines made in the old land yet, and Maryland hams still have a reputation of their own.

It has been calculated that on the average each man who attains the age of three-score-and-ten consumes during the course of his life twenty wagon-loads of food, solid and liquid. At four tons to the wagon, this would correspond to an average of about a hundred ounces of food per day, or say, some one hundred and twenty ounces per day during adult life, and about eighty ounces during infancy and youth. Most modern doctors agree in regarding one hundred and twenty ounces of food per day, corresponding to five or six half-pints of liquid food, and seven or eight pounds of solid food, as in excess of the real daily requirements of a healthy man or woman. Yet probably most of us take more than this, in one way or another, during the day. Dr. Lankester, from an extensive analysis of the dietary of soldiers, sailors, prisoners, and the better paid classes of artisans and professional men in London, found the average daily quantity of solid and liquid food to be one hundred and forty-three ounces. Doubtless many take much less; but unquestionably many take much more.

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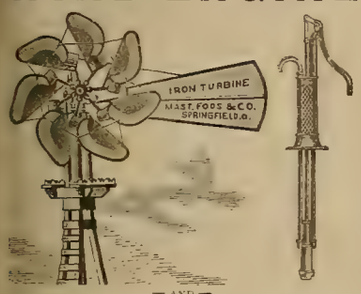

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

To a Fisherman.

A hook,
A book,
A shady nook.
A wish,
A fish,
A sudden swish—
A sigh. But why?
Next day a lie

—*Forest and Stream*

The Sweet Girl Graduate.

O vision fair
Of algebraic signs
And golden hair!

O darling mess
Of Greek and Latin roots
And muslin dress!

O union sweet
Of dictionary words
And dainty feet.

O double prize
Of stern and lofty thoughts
And gentle sighs!

Sweet roses now fling sweet odors a wing,
And sweet the bird sings to his mate;
But the sweetest thing that June doth bring
Is the sweet girl graduate.

—*Columbus Dispatch.*

A Smack.

In the seat at the stern of the boat,
As happy as mortals could wish,
They sat with their lines hanging over the side—
George and Laura—pretending to fish.

In the silence a strange noise was heard.
"What's that?" And the skipper looked back.
And the maid whispered "Hush!" when George said, with a blush,
"It was only a small fishing-smack."

—*Chicago Tribune.*

Why She Wouldn't Have Him.

Aglow in the palpitant pauses
Of a rashly commensurate love,
Lies the heart of a woman distraughtly,
Like a wounded, bird-shotly sick dove.

With tresses white-horsely brick-dusted
Streaming lax on the frost-laden wind,
She slumps from the passion that wooes her
Which still follows fastly behind.

For he stays not his osculant ardor,
And she kisses him back with a swoop,
While the stern, pliant hands of the Past Love
Strive to whisk the red wine from love's stoup.

Till at length she quite mittenly treats him,
And he leaves, at the future appalled;
But again to her presence somehowly
He is soon if not soonerly called.

Then he thinks all the grewsomeness ended,
All the sink-hearted source of his pains;
For, lo! she will join him in bondage
Of auriferous, marital chains.

But again the Dead rises to haunt her,
And in vain the Quick kneelingly crooks.
Ah, me! for the hot gusts of passion
That overtake people in books!

—*Hatchet.*

The Type-Writer Girl.

Fair girl with lightning fingers,
How my memory yet lingers
On the time I sat and watched you whack the keys;
You played 'twixt A and izzard,
Like a wild Dakota blizzard,
And seemed to do it with the greatest ease.

I can flirt my hands a trifle
On the pistol or the rifle
When the redskins interrupt me on a scout;
But I've struck a sort of notion,
With that double-jointed motion
Your speed upon the writer knocks me out.

When long enough you've tarried,
And to some nice man get married,
I imagine I can see your hubby stare;
Oh! he surely will go frantic,
And cut many a lively antic,
When you twine those lightning fingers in his hair

—*Boston Transcript*

Paddy's Auction.

Who'll bid, who'll bid for the Oirish vote?
We shtand all ready to turn our coat;
We've Maddigans, Caddigans, Flynns by the score,
Wid Caseys and Daceys a million or more.
Who'll bid? Who'll bid?

We've Connellys, Donnellys, Kelleys, and Tays,
We've a nate half a thousand of Murphys and Sheas,
A job lot of Carrolls, a shlather of Farrells,
Wid Logans and Hogans and O's by the barrels.
Who'll bid? Who'll bid?

A thousand O'Connells, as many O'Donnells,
O'Shanes and O'Kanes, O'Dowds, and McMonnells,
A shty full of Flannigans, a house full of Galligans,
Wid O'Gradys, O'Bradys, O'Connors, and Brannigans.
Who'll bid? Who'll bid?

A lashin of mushas, bad scrans, and begorras,
Wid arrahs and gommochs and gossoons and sorras,
Smithereens and dhudeens and begobs and caubeens,
Wid be jagers, be jayminys, omadhawns, and shebeens.
Who'll bid? Who'll bid?

A noggin of craythurs an' a-gostherin' whilloo!
A soggarth of faixes and a palaverin' wor-r-o-o!
A potheen of whishts and a foine purgathory,
Wid a shlather of masses to help ye to glory.
Who'll bid? Who'll bid?

The parthy phwat buys us must take all our schames,
Our dynamite bombs, and daggers and dhrames,
"Bloody Balfours," "cruel tyrants," and "England's owld Quane,"
O'Donovan Rossa, and all that we mane.
Who'll bid? Who'll bid?

How much are we offered? Our votes are for sale—
In the shtrates where we work, and the church where we knale,
Bog-throtters and prastes, our bishops and beggars,
We're all up for sale like a job lot of naygurs,
Who'll bid? Who'll bid?

The parthy phwat gives us the offices all,
From the works on the shtrate to the foine City Hall—
Wid prehokial schools, and wid freedom from law,
And wid whisky thrown in we don't care a shtraw.
We're goin'! We're gone!

—*British American.*

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"T" contributed, not long ago, these queries to the *London Globe:*

THE ROSES OF —? By ALMA —?
R. A. Cat., No 293

Is this picture—the Roses of Heliogab'-alus?
I mean, is his name a fair rhyme to Diabolus:
Or, ought I to rhyme it with Sardanapalus,
And call it—The Roses of Heliogaba'-lus?
MAMA. Authorities differ.

The artist, I know, is called Alma—but Tad'ema?
Is e short, with a Tad like the snuff-making Paddy, Ma?
For if e is long, very long, just like "me," Ma,
Of course he's not Taddy, but Alma Ta-de-ma.
MAMA. The problem gets stiffer.

Thereupon divers correspondents hastened to answer thus:

We said Heliogaba'-lus when I was at Merton,
As to Tad'-ema (?)—ask some wise woman of Girton.
DUNS SCOTUS, D. D.

In re Alma-Ta-dema cum Heliogab'-alus,
See "Gilbert on Pirates," sub "Conics parabolus."
IG. NOTUS, Q. C.

Say Heliogaba'-lus, it makes a good distich;
And Alma-Ta-de-ma, it sounds so artistic.
ALMA MATER, M. D.

I like Heliogab'-, for gab suits the majority.
Mrs. P. calls him Tad'ema; she's my authority.
MOLLIS PATER, M. P.

The popular idea that a razor needs rest occasionally has a scientific foundation in the case of fine razors. The grain of the best Swedish razors runs in a diagonal direction from the upper end of the outer point toward the handle. Constant stropping will twist the steel until the grain sets up and down, and steady use draws the grain still further over. When it gets into this condition it can not be kept sharp, but if laid away and left alone for a while the grain will resume its first position, and the razor be as good as new again.

It is said that the oldest man living anywhere is James James, a negro of Santa Rosa, Mexico, who was born near Dorchester, S. C., in 1752. He was with his master in the revolutionary war, was forty years old when Washington was elected President, went to Texas when one hundred and one years old, moved into Mexico five years later, and now, at the ripe age of one hundred and thirty-six, lives in a little hut, to which he is confined by rheumatism, and is supported by contributions from the citizens of Santa Rosa.

The experiment of talking to the severed head of a victim of the guillotine immediately after the knife has fallen has been tried over again at Bone, France. The doctor seized the head as it fell from the guillotine, and spoke a few words to it. He alleges that from the movements of the man's eyes and mouth he is certain that the head understood and tried to reply.

The real Parisian may be said never to do things by halves. The body of a dandy was found in the Seine the other day. The young fellow was dressed in the latest fashion, but the most *chic* thing about him was that round his heart he had tattooed these words: "Tout pour Jeanne Granier."

Aluminum is coming into use as a material for dental plates. It is nearly as light as rubber, but little more than one-eighth the weight of gold; has neither odor nor taste; is not affected by the elements of food or the secretions of the mouth, and costs, bulk for bulk, about one-sixth the present price of silver.

A novel theory of naval war proposed by a correspondent to the Sydney *Morning Herald* is: "As soon as war is declared let the New South Wales Government purchase a dozen fast steamers of, say, three hundred tons, and convert them into gigantic torpedoes by placing, say, one hundred tons of gunpowder in their bows (the steamers to be divided into many water-tight compartments), the vessel to be steered and the gunpowder exploded by one man in a bullet-proof tower at the very stern, mock men being stationed about the ship to draw the enemy's fire from this particular turret. Now, sir, I am convinced that this plan could be cheaply carried into effect, and that there would be hundreds of applicants for the honor of steering these vessels against an invading fleet."

A Pittsburg foundry is making for the American Emensite Company a cannon which will be used to demonstrate the value of that new explosive. The cannon is expected to throw a six-inch shell with emensite ten to twelve miles.

An Australian family of freaks has just been brought to England, consisting of four children, the youngest of whom is eight years old, five feet eleven inches in height, and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds.

A brigade was divided into two battalions for a sham fight at Aldershot. Just before operations were to begin, it was discovered that one of the battalions had been supplied with ball ammunition instead of blank.

Recently a disgusted Oshkosh, Wis., juryman offered to pay the sum in dispute if the claimant would dismiss the case. The offer was refused.

The bronze statue of Sir William Wallace, unveiled by Lord Lorne at Aberdeen, is seventeen feet high and weighs nearly five tons.

The demand in the London market for Easter lilies has become so great that lily growing has become a great industry in Bermuda.

A Spanish priest recently inherited thirty thousand pounds sterling, and gave it to the Vatican in exchange for a plenary indulgence.

A circular is abundantly signed by the eldest sons of peers asking for a reformation of the House of Lords.

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C. H. LIVINGSTON, Manager.

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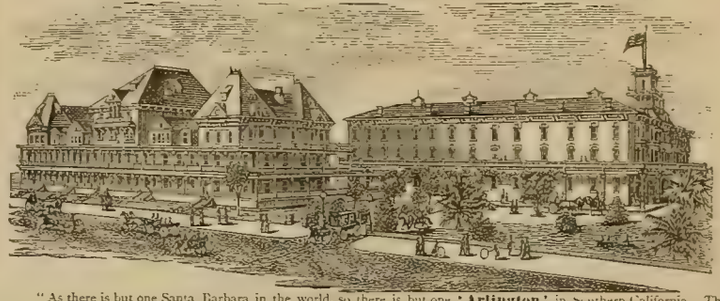

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This famous hotel, enlarged by the addition of a beautiful annex to more than double its former capacity, offers superior inducements to tourists and those in search of health and pleasure.

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Executrix of the Will of Andrew J. Bryant, deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 20, 1888.

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THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1888, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on Term Deposits, and three and three-quarters (3¾) per cent. per annum on Ordinary Deposits. Payable on and after MONDAY, July 2, 1888. WILLIAM HERRMANN, Secretary.

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NK M. Pixley, - - - - - - - - - - Editor.

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every Presidential campaign there are questions of serious rtance mixed with shams. In some, the shams predomi- and in some, the serious. The first Presidential contest member was all sham. It was the Harrison campaign 840—"Tippecanoe and Tyler, too"—"Hard Cider"—; Cabins"—songs of little sense and fustian speeches. ison died after holding office for one month. Tyler obtained his nomination for weeping over Clay's defeat in convention. He was accused of party treason, and his memory gotten except for that fact. No man can to-day recall an issue of the campaign of 1840, because there was of importance involved. There was a time when slavery us issues of great consequence. James Buchanan's election was the first grand event of national importance. God nded an excuse for civil war and for the uncompensated mission of four millions of human chattels worth twelve ed million dollars, and provided it in the madness of ern leaders, in the election of Buchanan, in the secession uthern States, in firing upon Sumter. An easy victory, den termination of the war, would not have given us a lidated and permanent union in which all men were free. g the events that led to the civil war, during the bloody st, and the after-reconstruction of States, every Presidential election raised questions for the consideration of statesmen and the votes of patriots. Whether Cleveland or Harrison shall be elected President now does not deeply concern the non-partisan and non-political classes. It is only small minds that will excite themselves to fermentation—young gentlemen who like to talk, politicians who want office, manufacturers and producers who think tariff laws will aid or injure them. The great mass of intelligent, thinking men will not follow editors, nor talking politicians, nor party bosses into an enthusiastic campaign, because they think between parties there is not much choice, between candidates less; that as Cleveland has not tried in four years to injure the republic or revive the issues of the war, they do not look upon him with fear or distrust. Harr son is eminently respectable—respectable in family, talents, public service, social position—simply respectable, nothing more. Cleveland is respectable, nothing more, and for a President who is safe and patriotic nothing more is required. Cleveland did not go to war, but sent a hired substitute. Harrison did better. But Blaine also sent a hireling to battle, and himself stayed at home, as did every editor who now questions Cleveland's patriotism. This issue is a sham. Harrison was in favor of Chinese immigration, so were all the Republican senators but two and nearly all the Republican members of Congress outside of the Pacific States. So was Cleveland when he was mayor of Buffalo and governor of New York; so was every prominent Democrat upon the Pacific Coast except the Hon. Eugene Casserly. Every statesman in the nation beyond the Pacific Coast, every journalist of distinction, every literary man of national reputation, every clergyman, evangelical or papistical, every man in America who professed religion, every man of wealth, native or alien, everybody favored the immigration of Chinese. Merchants wanted to trade with them; preachers wanted to save their souls; capital wanted cheap labor; German cigar-makers wanted to hire them; the Irish, who did not fear personal competition, favored their coming; Irish women, who were themselves emancipated from menial service and the wash-tub, desired Chinese servants. We paraded with them when celebrating the admission of our State. We joined with them in processions on Independence Day. We gave Burlingame a banquet, made eloquent speeches concerning the new-found track to India and our coming opulence from Oriental commerce, and when afterwards a few men of advanced thought suggested the evils of "unrestricted" Chinese immigration, they were abused by the press and by the politicians, were regarded as cranks, and looked upon with disfavor by business men. Mr. Harrison has changed his attitude upon this question, so has Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Thurman, so has the *Examiner*, and the *Examiner's* father, and Mr. John P. Irish of the *Alta*, and Mr. Fitch of the *Bulletin*, and everybody else in America who is now endeavoring to manufacture political capital out of the Chinese question. This issue is a sham. The tariff question is the greatest sham of all—whether it is one of "free trade," as Republicans claim, or of "revenue reform," as Democrats pretend, it is apparent that the most dense ignorance prevails concerning the whole business. Four thousand different articles paying duty, divided into innumerable classes, for every one of which a different argument must be made depending upon the goods imported, the country where produced, the market where sold, the productions or merchandise with which they come in competition, the question whether they are or not produced at home, and whether capable of home production. There are not twenty men in America who understand the subject alike, and we know of no political writer or speaker who is discussing this question with intelligent knowledge and appreciation of the whole subject. Yet every gossipy penny-a-liner, every political stump-speaker, every kerb-stone statesman and ward orator, will worry over the questions of revenue, protection, and free trade as though they knew something about them. This is the most prominent sham of this sham campaign, except for those in office who desire to stay in, and for those out of office who wish to get in, and those who, having the present opportunity to make money out of the government, would like to retain it, and those who have not and hope to take their places, there seems to be no reason why anybody but the politicians should feel any special interest in the struggle between Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Harrison. The country is prospering now and has prospered under four years of Democratic rule; there is no doubt it would prosper under four years of Republican rule. There is no sensible man who does not know, and no honest one who does not admit, that the only national questions of serious importance are those presented by the American party—questions which the two national organizations are too cowardly to consider. The platform of the Republican party is a thorough and complete avoidance of questions which a majority of its most intelligent members regard as involving the welfare of the nation, and the permanence and preservation of its most cherished institutions. There is no disguise of the dangers threatened by an alien church; there is no longer an attempt on the part of Rome to deny that its aim is the subversion of our free system of non-sectarian education, and in its place the substitution of parochial schools for priestly and dogmatical instructions to be maintained by a division of school moneys resulting from general taxation. The political control of Irish Catholic bosses extends to all the commercial cities from New York to San Francisco and from Detroit to New Orleans. So insolent and audacious have these rogues become, so confident are they of party supremacy, and so secure of political power, that they set at defiance every rule of propriety or courtesy, till timid, respectable, and decent citizens have only left to them the privilege of voting the "regular" ticket prepared by the bosses and the criminal blackguards whom they control. In California the American party has resolved no longer to endure this condition of things, which, within Democratic or Republican party lines, they have no opportunity to reform. They have gone outside, and among themselves formed a political alliance. Democratic and Republican gentlemen have united themselves together without any prospect of immediate success, and resolved to stand up and be counted as a protest against evils they have no power to remedy. They expect to be stigmatized as "bolters and cranks"; to be laughed at; and, as they increase in numbers, to be abused; they will patiently listen when told that they will throw their votes away. But all the same they will vote the American party ticket. If the American party has no Presidential candidates; if the national convention is broken up by political intrigue and its purpose defeated by party conspiracies, there will be an electoral ticket of the American party voted in California. If it has no candidates and every man of national reputation shall act in as contemptible and cowardly a manner as did Hewitt, of New York—who wanted the American party nomination and then, from cowardice, refused to accept it—this party will vote its electoral ticket in order that its protest may, through the ballot-box, indicate its contempt for party and its disgust at the political demagogy now governing the country. The American party stood up at the last gubernatorial election in California, and its vote counted seven thousand three hundred and eighty-one for P. D. Wigginton, whom no man expected to elect. The party was then told to "wait." It has waited two years. It begged both conventions to recognize American principles, and reaffirm, by a new declaration, constitutional provisions. Its request was denied and its propositions treated with contempt. Again will the American party, and at this Presidential election, deposit its votes with a view to being counted, and it will continue to exist, and to protest, and to vote until Americans have as much right to take part in American politics as the Pope's Irish, and until the Republican party is compelled to "hope" that Americans may secure home-rule in America.

Rumors come to us that Italy is not content with the action of the Congress of the American Republic in reference to the immigration from that country to ours of mendicants, organ-grinders, and children apprenticed to beggary. The leading journal of Italy, the *Reforma*, says "the Italian Government will be *on its guard* to see that neither America nor any other country shall take measures contrary to international law, or in opposition to the rights conferred on Italy through diplomatic relations." Italy, crawling out of mediæval

darkness to the light of civilization, finding herself enfranchised from the burdens of a superstition and an ignorance that has for centuries cursed her and kept her a divided and unimportant European power, is quite at liberty to "put herself on guard" against the sixty millions of American people and try conclusions—conclusions of war, if she desires—to determine whether our country shall be overrun by the hungry, starving hordes of her redundant population. Italy has been engaged in an abortive and unsuccessful colonization scheme in Abyssinia, from which she has retired without a conflict. Italy has a new and splendid navy with which she has had no opportunity to bombard an enemy's harbor. Let her try that of New York. If our right to determine the character, numbers, and purpose of aliens seeking our shores is to be questioned by any power, why not by Italy? If America is to continue the dumping-ground of all the criminals, beggars, political malcontents, and agitators who now afflict the world, why may we not be permitted to know it now? Better now than later. If we are ever to show that national pride we boast, that national valor we claim, that strength we think we have, that abundant wealth, and those inexhaustible resources we know we possess, in defense of our right to determine whom we will have to divide with us our liberties, why not accept from Humbert, King of Italy, the challenge of war? If this impoverished, divided people, torn with religious dissensions; this second-class power with a navy she dare not send from her shores and an army she can not afford to equip for distant war against her superior in everything that makes a nation great, claims the right to invade us with her worthless immigrants and to "stand on guard" against the right of an American Congress, why not indulge ourselves in the privilege of knocking the chip from the shoulder of this strutting, crowing rooster of the European barnyard? This is an American question, and whether Harrison or Cleveland shall become President, we do not doubt that America has the will and the power to preserve her soil from an Italian invasion. This question of the right of peaceful conquest from Asia and Europe, this demand of right to inundate our country with ignorance, superstition, barbarism, crime, and social evils, may as well be resisted now as at some future time when there are more Italians turning hand-organs in our streets and sending their monkeys to our balconies for coin; more Italians working and peddling fruits and vegetables; more Jesuits intriguing to destroy our schools; and more vagabonds setting our laws at defiance. In a war between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Italy, which side, we wonder, would the Pope take? We do not mean which side would Italian and other Papists take in America, but which side would the Pope take in Italy, at the Vatican; perhaps he would break out of prison, and cross the Tiber with his forces, and assault the Quirinal; perhaps he would arm his lazy monks, and fight to recover his conquered Papal provinces and reëstablish his civil authority over Rome. Perhaps the Pope won't be compelled to establish himself upon an island in the Mediterranean. We are almost sorry that we are compelled to believe this paragraph of the *Reforma* an idle and meaningless bit of sensational newspaper braggadocio, for, in many respects, a war with Italy to determine this important American question would be desirable.

The Pope has reaffirmed his decree against the Irish, their agrarian "Plan of Campaign," and their cowardly boycott. He has required another encyclical letter to be read from Irish pulpits by Irish bishops and priests, commanding them and the Papists of Ireland that "boycotting and the 'Plan of Campaign' be used no more." The Pope has been "deeply pained" at the "untoward excitement against the sacred congregation" and that his authority should be questioned; he is surprised that any Papist should deny his right to "decide what is right and what is wrong in all human action." His Holiness declares that he is not misinformed; that he carefully inquired into Irish matters; that he wishes to Ireland the enjoyment of peace and prosperity; but all the same, Ireland must cease from a struggle with England through such evil deeds as have been planned by the home-rule politicians. It is a dead slap at the agitators in Ireland and America; it is a blow in the face at Parnell and Gladstone, their allies in the English Parliament, and all Roman Catholics in Ireland, and elsewhere, who claim the right to consider the political welfare of the Irish people and to agitate for the establishment of a national parliament for Ireland. It sets up the claim of infallibility and enforces the authority of Papal power in the civil government of Ireland, and if it has this right in Ireland, then also of America. It is a test of Papal power in the most loyal of Roman Catholic countries. Have Roman Catholics a voice in their own affairs and a right to manage their own political concerns in the land where they are born, or in allegiance to an Italian Pope, surrounded and advised by Italian politicians, must they subordinate themselves in civil as well as spiritual affairs to his jurisdiction? The *Argonaut* must, in this respect, think the independent Catholics right and the Pope wrong. At the same time, the Pope will triumph and the English will crush Parnell and Gladstone, home-rule, and the Irish Parliament scheme into the dust of humiliation. If the Irish Catholics stand firm to principle and do not succumb to the Pope, it is possible that Protestant England and Protestant sentiment in America may rally to their support; this is a conflict in which America and Americans have a far greater interest than Ireland and Irishmen. Archbishop Walsh, the Bishop of Limerick, and a very large number of the more servile priests in Ireland and America, and nearly all the wealthy Irish Catholic laymen, have already laid down their shillalahs and closed their mouths and their purses.

It is too early in the Presidential campaign to form any correct opinion as to the result. So far, in California, no enthusiasm has been created for either side, and no enthusiasm is likely to become spontaneous. The nomination of Cleveland was the pre-arranged affair of office-holders and politicians. The nomination of Senator Harrison was an expediency, and is a most respectable one. Cleveland has not made a bad President, and Harrison, if elected, will make a good one. There is no great issue, though Cleveland has deliberately endeavored to reform the tariff in the direction of free trade, and the Republicans have accepted the issue and are endeavoring to arouse the industrial classes to enthusiasm over the protection and encouragement of American industries. The issue is a false one, and demonstrates the insincerity of both parties in pretending to sympathize with American labor, without courage to resist the importation of competing alien laborers. The Chinese question will be used or attempted against the Republican candidate, not that he is not sound and sensible in his present views, but because he formed those opinions after a longer deliberation than was required by those who came in earlier contact with the Chinese upon the Pacific Coast. Mr. Harrison has changed his views upon the question of Chinese immigration, and if Mr. Cleveland has never changed his opinions upon any question of equal importance, he is a chronic idiot of colossal stupidity. The revenue question will be considered by individuals and classes as in their opinion their interests will be affected. The great work-shops and hives of mechanical industry will be kept buzzing with protective ideas; the great agricultural industry will, if it can be made to think quick enough, favor a freer importation of foreign goods than now exists; the great banking institutions and the great merchants will favor legislation in the direction of absolute free trade; the less sensible and less reflecting mass of politicians will be guided by their sense of fidelity and allegiance to party; while the great tramping mass of hungry-bellied office expectants will follow the bandana, the American flag, the Roman candle to where bonfires blaze and orators play their tricks, and music and song satisfy their gaping curiosities, and enable them to occupy an idle hour. Whether Harrison or Cleveland will become President, no sensible man can pretend to prophesy. California will cast its vote for Harrison, so will Oregon and Nevada. Only in the happening of a remote contingency will the Pacific States play any part in the electoral college. The States lying west of Indiana will all vote for Harrison. The solid South will most probably remain solidly Democratic. New York, Indiana, and New Jersey are the pivotal doubtful States. In New York the political gambler—that is, the professional gambler who looks only to politics as a betting opportunity—is offering one thousand to seven hundred dollars that Cleveland will be the next President, and these men are cool-headed, careful calculators. The Mugwump and sore-head Republicans, who sulked in Oneida with Roscoe Conkling, and followed George William Curtis, are dropping back into line. The Grand Army of the Republic are favoring the Republican candidates. The Prohibition party is a growing one and will injure the Republicans. The American party in New York—if it comes to a national organization and cuts any figure in New York politics—will also injure the Republican party, and if it should happen to take the destructive form of a political cyclone, will destroy it and elect Cleveland. Tammany—which, four years ago, was divided and spared forty thousand of its priest-bargained Irish to vote for Blaine—is now united and in harmonious working with the county Democracy. The Irish are for Cleveland beyond a doubt. The German saloon and brewery interests are, in the State of New York, working with the Democracy. All the influence of the Roman Church, with its active priesthood working in crib and pulpit, is being brought to bear against the Republican party, because this church thinks it has more to hope from Democracy and ignorance than from the Republican party. New York is and has always been for free trade; it is and has always been disloyal; it is and for a generation has been under the political rule and domination of alien bosses, and they have the power to manipulate and corrupt the ballot-box, falsify election returns, and manufacture Democratic majorities whenever it suits them to do so. Cleveland has one hundred thousand soldiers under command and discipline of office. As agai this power there are several hundreds of thousands of place, who have no prospect of getting in exc by the chance that comes from a new deal from new pack of political cards. As goes New Y so probably results the Presidential election this ti New Jersey ought to vote for Harrison if there anything in the tariff but wind, and will if there is eno wind. Indiana will undoubtedly cast its electoral for Harrison and Morton. The future of the American p is wrapped up in the result of this Presidential elect nor do we agree with those who think it desirable to stroy the Republican party. The true and honest polic the American party is to draw as many votes as poss from both the Republican and Democratic parties. Th sands of Republicans and tens of thousands of South Democrats will cast their last votes this year for the organizations. If the Americans can have the courage stand firm, stand up and be counted this time, they will, another Presidential year comes around, find at their si host of stalwart men taking political position for their co and claiming for themselves the right to its governmental trol. There are enough American boys who cast their Presidential votes this year, and enough coming of age next four years, to form an invincible American party—a less and irresistible mass of bold, intelligent, patriotic, lib loving soldiers who will offer their lives in defense of principles and institutions of this free American comm wealth. With these young men we take our political de Favoring temperance and the control of the alcoholic tr favoring everything that is American; favoring the Amer free schools and everything that can undermine ecclesias conspiracies; resisting the importation of undesirable classes; resisting their right to become citizens and their to acquire the public domain, we favor turning over the A ican Government to the management and control of Y America.

Boston has awaked from the lethargy of a century. braves have rebelled against the tyranny of Rome, rung the liberty-bell, and revolted against the oppression of an church that has had the courage and the insolence to assaul free schools. Old Faneuil Hall echoes again with Ame sentiments; the American flag is unfurled in defense of A ican school-books in which history is taught in fearless pendence of the Roman Catholic Church. The infamous cowardly action of a cowardly and infamous school-boa rebuked by the intelligence of Boston's best and bravest and women. How old Faneuil Hall was packed, platf floor, and balcony; how enthusiastic were the people; aroused and indignant because "Swinton's History" (wi authentic account of the sale of indulgences) was thrown o the public schools at the suggestion of Papists; how the flag waved; what eloquent speeches were made, we have not s to print. The throwing overboard of tea in Boston Harbor lighting of signal-fires on Breed's and Bunker's Hills; the sage of Paul Revere, as he galloped on foaming steed i night ride to arouse the patriotism of Yankee Land to fense of its soil from an English foe, was not more impo than this movement. The declaration of American inde ence, and the war that led to the establishment of a free monwealth in which there should be no state religion an state church, were not more important steps than that wh now burning its signal-fires, tolling its independence bells sending out messages of fear and alarm to arouse the Ame people to resist the encroachments of an alien ecclesia foe. This is the last, the most important, and the only of rebellion left for the American people to fight. war against Roman priestcraft, Italian Jesuitry, and A ican demagogy, in defense of the public school, is our bulwark of national liberties, as parochial sc and sectarian education are the foes of the American R lic. There is no place on the American continent wher would sooner have this American sentiment stirred int life than Boston. Faneuil Hall was the cradle of Am liberty; here the spirit of American independence caug first and strongest inspiration. It was the men of M chusetts who first shouldered guns against English encr ment, and we are glad that they have not lost the coura fight an Italian hierarchy that has the insolence to attem terference with the administration of the civil affairs American Republic. The American who loves the Repu party, or the Democratic party, or any party, or church, or anything, better than this his native la a traitor to his country and his God. This wa grandest and most enthusiastic meeting held in F Hall since the days of the civil war. A strong of resolutions were unanimously adopted, and as n Francisco journal has had the courage or will dare to them we shall produce them in our next issue. There papers in New York in 1776 which dared not decla American independence, as there are papers in San Fra

day which dare not confess sympathy with American nciples. Cowardice is the primal eldest sin, it is uniersal, it is eternal. The mission of the American party is revive patriotism in the American heart.

Mr. S. Wesley Gammon, a young American student of icago, read an essay at the high school graduating exercises, itled "Our Country's Perils." Among the evils he named d discussed was that of foreign immigration, and scored the sumptuousness of alien voters. On the Chicago school board, nposed of fifteen members, are nine of alien birth. One of se an arrogant German—who ought to have been detained his native duchy to have been a soldier, a pauper, and a ve—escaped from his native land, and by aid of his countryn, found himself where he did not belong, viz., in the board education. His name is Nettlehorse. He was appointed deliver diplomas, and when he came to Mr. Gammon, he d the impudence to censure him for his sentiments, and to to him that he, Nettlehorse, "was prouder of being born the dear Fatherland of Germany than of being an American zen." In our opinion this German horse had better be rened to his native pasture with his nettle under his tail. *nerica* prints the school-boy's essay. It is worthy of consideration of every true American. It meets the enemy the threshold, and says to the vagrant and ungrateful alien: o back to your native land if you do not like ours; go back to itary servitude and the peonage of poverty if you do not like education of our schools and the freedom of our liberties; end to your brewing and your beer-drinking, your underund debauches, and Sunday picnics, and leave Americans educate Americans so that they may rule America." As read this incident, the Hessian did not get the better of an ounter with the boy born in Chicago of New England ents.

America, printed in Chicago, asks this pertinent question: Why make a distinction between the importation of pauper bor from China and from Europe?" The Chinese can vote—the European votes too often; the Chinese get no ldren—Europeans get too many; the Chinese send their ney out of the country to support relatives at home—the ropean sends his abroad to import his pauper relatives to shores; Chinese smoke opium and sleep—Europeans nk rum, riot, beat their wives, break the peace, and t money for conviction of crimes and imprisonment for enses; Chinese acquire money and go back to their native d—Europeans, whether they make money or starve, stay he country to rule it; the Chinese are subject to the Six mpanies—many of the worst immigrants from Europe are jected to the Pope; Chinese have no children to attend schools—Europeans are endeavoring to destroy our pubschools, and in their places establish parochial schools. e are opposed to Chinese immigration.

If our memory serves us, we did, some months since, pay ompliment or two to the Irish Roman Catholic priest, Mcynn. He was fighting Rome, and we, believing him sincere, nd some pleasant words to encourage him in baying the pe. At a recent meeting, in the great hall of the Cooper ion, this unfrocked priest said to the Irish mob that still has patience to listen to him:

"Suppose that five, ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand tenants should, on ven day, say to the landlords, 'We will pay you no more ground t, but only a fair house hire for your house.' Don't you think it uld be a good while before the landlords could evict them all? First, re must be a notice, and then a trial in a district court, before the ant can be turned out. The district courts are limited in number. I k there are only about eight of them. It might take a good many nths to expedite those processes. In the meantime those tenants uld be living in those houses rent free. The victory would almost be n." In this strain the priest of the new crusade talked nearly threearters of an hour. He said the scheme was legal and practicable. It ght be well to try it on some tenement-house block and mildly boyt the premises. He would not urge a boycott, but said the law could punish him for saying that he should not feel comfortable in occupya room from which a tenant had been evicted.—*New York Sun.*

Here is practical agrarianism. Non-payment of rent, enced and aided by the boycott. It is Irish politics transferred m Ireland to New York. It is denounced by the Pope as moral and criminal; it is robbery and theft; it is Irish, and Republican party hopes that home-rule may be secured by Irish in Ireland. Abram S. Hewitt would encourage the sh to rule the city of New York, of which he is mayor, and nks Americans protesting against Irish rule in America have right to stand up on election day and be counted. The v. Father McGlynn is an ass, and we apologize for everyng pleasant we have said about him.

It has been so often and so persistently asserted by the sh that they did the fighting for the North during the rebeln, we are requested to republish the statistics condensed m army reports at the close of the war. The Irish bosses both Republican and Democratic parties are frequently heard make the statement above mentioned, and as a sequence im the right of bossing. If it were possible to obtain simistatistics of the make-up of the Southern army, we should probably find instead of eighty per cent., ninety to ninety-five per cent. Americans. The following are the figures for the Union armies:

Natives	1,623,267
Germans	186,817
Irish	144,221
English	45,508
British-American	53,532
Other Foreigners	48,410
Not designated	26,445
Total	2,128,200

being nearly four-fifths and over seventy-five per cent. natives of the United States. Of deserters from the army the statistics show:

Irish	72 per cent.
Germans	16 " "
Miscellaneous	7 " "
Americans	5 " "

Frank M. Pixley, father of the new American party in California, is opposed to separate action by his party this year, and in favor of consolidation with the Republicans.

The foregoing false and unimportant statement is going the rounds of the Eastern Republican party press. Mr. Pixley *is not* opposed to separate action by the American party, and *is not* in favor of consolidating with the Republicans. He *is* in favor of independent political action in this Presidential election, and will vote for American party Presidential electors in California, whether there is or is not found an American bold enough to accept the Presidential candidacy. Mr. Pixley is one of the Presidential electors for the American party in California, and will not shrink from any duty connected with that trust.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Second Open Letter to the "Monitor."

IRELAND AND THE POPE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONITOR—*Sir:* In "Ireland and the Pope" I state that "clerical influences have always kept the great masses of the Irish people in ignorance" of *certain historical facts*, which I mention.

You say that the statements of fact are untrue and that the alleged facts *are not known even to students* of Irish history, and you then devote two columns to a rather hysterical denunciation of me for saying that "not one among a hundred of the Irish people" is familiar with the same facts.

I am persuaded that even you can now see the absurdity of your inconsistent positions.

We are agreed that the Irish people are not generally informed concerning the matters in question, and my book proves that those matters are historical truths.

You say that my statement in this behalf "is one of Henry George's flimsy fictions, which his San Francisco disciple has copied from him."

Why did you make that statement? It is false, and you know it to be false.

Why, then, did you, as a "Catholic journalist," publish it? Your purpose is apparent. You imagine that certain readers of the *Monitor* have a prejudice against Henry George, and you were willing to stoop to a deliberate falsehood in order to avail yourself of that prejudice. There is one simple method by which you can exonerate yourself from this charge, and that is by naming the place at which any such statement on the part of Mr. George can be found.

You then call up, from the ample recesses of your fertile imagination, a host of nuns, of various orders, whom you think will be scandalized by my statement that the people have been kept in ignorance of the historical facts which I have published.

I have mentioned only one of these good sisters, and for her I have only words of praise. That sister is the noble and devoted Nun of Kenmare, whom I expect to be called upon to defend, as best I may, from the envenomed shafts of your ultramontane fury; since she has reached and frankly stated the same conclusions that I have stated with respect to the genuineness of the bulls of Popes Adrian and Alexander, granting Ireland to the English king.

Your Quixotic defense of the unmentioned sisters reminds me of the virago who, finishing a torrent of vituperation, holds up an innocent child between herself and her victim, and cries out: "Strike me now and the child in me arms."

Have no fear for the Sisters of Charity, my dear friend, they are in no danger of being scandalized by me. Stick to the Papal rescripts and the Italian ring; you will find ample play for your genius in defending them.

In speaking of me as one "who is a Judas to his God," you have insolently and with brutish rudeness stepped within a circle that is sacred to my own conscience.

Treating you, therefore, as an ignorant and ill-mannered intruder, I have a right to tell you that *your statement is as false as hell*, and to advise you that *God* does not need any assistance from you in preserving my allegiance nor in determining what constitutes a breach of it.

Treating the rest of your irrelevant personal abuse with the silent contempt which it deserves, I come to your furious impeachment of my first witness, Father Gerald Barry, whom you denounce as "a wretch," "a libeler," "an impostor," and "a hireling *Welshman*."

To that I answer: He was a priest, not only in good standing, but highly honored among the priests of his time; he lived and died in holy orders; he was selected by the Archbishop of Dublin to deliver the principal sermon at the synod of Dublin in 1185; he was offered an appointment as bishop, which he declined, and Abbé MacGeoghegan tells us that "even the Court of Rome" was induced to believe his history.

You sneeringly, and in italics, charge him with being a *Welshman*. This, as I am advised and believe, he could not avoid.

These circumstances would fully justify me in calling him as a witness, even if the value of his testimony depended upon his personal character; but, fortunately, it does not, for, as MacGeoghegan and the *Monitor* both claim that he was hired to write the history which bears his name for the purpose of deceiving and misleading the Court of Rome, and that King Henry "knew how to make even the Court of Rome believe" his false statements, it is not likely that even "a wretch and libeler" would insert in his history a false or forged bull of Pope Alexander himself, with a view to making that Pope believe that he had issued it. He was not hired to libel the Pope but to libel the Irish people. Yet it is acknowledged by all that he did insert full copies of the bulls of Popes Adrian and Alexander in that very history.

I am not defending the character of Father Barry, and feel no interest in sustaining it. I did not ordain him. I did not introduce him to the world as a holy man. I did not send him to preach the gospel to the people of Ireland.

God forbid that I should undertake to defend the characters of any of the foreign priests—English, Welsh, or Italian—that were shipped into Ireland in those times.

They were a degraded lot.

Bishop Albinas O'Mulloy, in a sermon delivered before the Synod of Dublin in 1185, "dwelt on the unsullied character of the Irish priesthood, and, in terms of grief and indignation, inveighed most bitterly against the English and Welsh clergy who had come over to Ireland; upbraided them with having polluted the altars of his country by their filthy and abominable crimes, and, in tears of anguish, assured them that crying scandals of this sort were unheard in the Irish Church until aliens and adventurers had been authorized to come among them." ("Walsh's Irish Hierarchy," p. 174.)

St. Lawrence O'Toole chastised these foreign priests "for their incontinence and scandalous deportment with an unsparing hand," but "they still poured into Ireland, and each party as they landed seemed to vie and outrival the preceding one in open profligacy and debauchery." (*Ibid.*, p. 176.)

I admit that Father Barry belonged to the same general class of priests, and freely allow all that *you* and Abbé MacGeoghegan allege against his character, but it is due to his memory, now that he is dead and defenseless, to say that he must have been superior to most of his associates, and to state that, "though anxious to decorate his brow with a mitre," he refused an appointment as Bishop of Ferns, which was offered him, and returned to England "*mortified* by the disgraceful conduct of his countrymen, and the public exposure of their crimes." (*Ibid.*, p. 176.)

Bad as Father Barry undoubtedly was, it is not pretended that he was a fool; and when, as Abbé MacGeoghegan says, he "was ordered to verify by writing the statement upon which the granting of the bull had been extorted," in order to satisfy Pope Alexander, no promptings of knavery could have led him to insert a false or forged bull purporting to have been signed by the very man whom he was hired to deceive.

He would have been a poor advocate thus to defeat the very purpose of his employment by making a false statement concerning the Pope to whom his argument was addressed.

No, the bulls were genuine, and their publication in the Latin text by Father Barry, in the lifetime of Pope Alexander the Third, without challenge or denial (see "O'Halloran's History," pp. 306–7), would, of itself, be conclusive evidence of their genuineness at this remote period, but I have furnished other and ample evidence of the genuineness of these bulls, much of it from contemporaneous testimony and writings of bishops, cardinals, and even saints of the Catholic Church; but I must reserve my comments on those proofs until your intellectual battering-ram has spent its force upon them.

I now hasten to make the *amende honorable* to Abbé MacGeoghegan. I declined to call him as a witness to the genuineness of the bull of Adrian the Fourth, although, on page 18 of his history, he affirms it in these words: "The title of Henry the Second was founded only upon *a bull obtained clandestinely from Pope Adrian the Fourth*, an Englishman by birth. The cause of this bull was a false statement, which Henry had given to the Pope, of the impiety and barbarism of the Irish nation," because, on the same page he speaks of it as "a *fictitious* bull."

Regarding these statements as contradictory, I rejected the testimony of the abbé *in toto*, and mentioned him as one of the two exceptions among Irish historians.

But it is manifest, from a consideration of all that the abbé says on the subject, that, in speaking of the bull as "fictitious," he referred to the *fictitious matter contained in the bull*, and did not mean to question the genuineness of the bull itself.

This is apparent from the context and is supported by the accepted definition of the word. The substance of the statement in which the word occurs, is: that the English, to give a color of justice to their usurpation, on the authority of "a fictitious bull of Adrian . . . represented the Irish as savages, who inhabited the woods and never obeyed the laws."

One accepted definition of the word "fictitious" is: "allegorical; figurative," and this is unquestionably the sense in which the abbé's translator used it. To give the word any other signification makes the statement in which it occurs stupidly inconsistent with the rest of the history, while that construction makes all harmonious.

That the abbé believed the bull genuine is doubly attested by the passage which I have quoted, and by his own quotation, without comment, from a statement made by Pope John the Twenty-Second, in a letter to King Edward the Third, written five hundred and sixty years ago, in which that Pope says: "We send you, inclosed . . . a copy of the bull which our predecessor Adrian, of happy memory, hath sent to the illustrious Henry, King of England, concerning the act of conferring on him the Kingdom of Ireland." ("MacGeoghegan's History," p. 334.)

I apologize for having thought the abbé impeached by this apparent self-contradiction, and I now introduce him as one of my most valuable witnesses.

Speaking of the abbé's affirmance of the genuineness of Adrian's bill of sale of Ireland, you say: "It is easily seen that the writer was merely stating the case as set forth by the enemies of the church." This is absurd: there is nothing to give the slightest color of authority for it. It might, with equal propriety, be applied to the whole history.

By the way, this letter of Pope John, "an infallible vicegerent of God," ought to settle the question at issue, so far as *you* are concerned. Will you still persist and show that he, too, *blundered?*

You say that "Henry the Second caused the saintly Thomas à Becket to be murdered." Do you not know that Pope Alexander the Third exonerated King Henry from that charge, after a trial? How dare you, sir, thus impiously presume to exercise appellate jurisdiction over, and to reverse, the judgment of God's vicegerent?

You say that even the boys and girls—the *gossoons and colleens*—of Ireland could give me a lesson in Irish history which would cause me to be alarmed at my own ignorance. This I do not question, but it strikes me that it would be a splendid idea to employ one of them on the *Monitor's* editorial staff. Yours very respectfully,

SAN FRANCISCO, July 9th, 1888. JAMES G. MAGUIRE.

Free Importation of Labor or Free Importation of Goods?

EDITORS ARGONAUT: How wonderful is the love borne by both political parties to the laborer! How it burneth every election! By November it will attain an incandescent glow! Verily there is danger the laborer may get scorched. It has long been my privilege to vote a more or less scratched Republican ticket. I regarded that party as the party of progress and the friends of humanity. It is the party that in my view has stood for the rights of man, as man; for the elevation of the race without regard to color or physiognomy. Its motto was that:

"They are slaves most base
Whose love of right is for *themselves*
And not for all the race!"

In the interests and at the instigation of a few manufacturers it now basely retires from this noble position, and adopts the motto, "All for Greed and Nothing for Love"! And it has thus humiliated itself purely for the benefit of the American laborer. It maintains that his exceptionally high wage-rate is due to the duties leviable on imported merchandise, and not due to the exceptionally favorable environment afforded by this new continent. It fails to explain why wages are nearly twice as great in California as in the East, with no inter-State protective imposts. But it proposes to maintain laborers' wages at present rates by a continuance of a needless taxation of the whole laboring community for the benefit of a small coterie of manufacturers.

At the same time it willfully closes its eyes to the obvious fact that high wages here really depend on the scarcity of laborers. It proposes to allow a perfectly free competition in the actual labor market by an immense annual influx of what is popularly called "the pauper labor of Europe."

It appears to me that "protection" is the very method best calculated to lower the current wage-rate. By refusing to admit competition by European goods, you, perforce, compel the European laborer to come to America and bring with him his aptitude for cheap labor. While in his native land but a small part of his product was exported to this country! As an immigrant his whole product competes in the American market! Which tends most to depression? Or has a part come to be greater than the whole?

It is easy to sling such epithets as "Cobdenite" or "anglomanic." I realize fully that

"God has some little interests here below
Outside the counter of John Bull & Co"

But I submit that as one, at least, of our chief products finds a market at that counter, it is nothing but common business sense to give J. B. some little chance of getting even. Just how far to apply the golden rule I leave for the doctors to decide. It does appear that any prescription good for personal and family use should not be detrimental when internationally administered. EDWARD BERWICK.

CARMEL VALLEY, MONTEREY, July 10, 1888.

THE ROMANCE OF A SERAGLIO.

A Story of the Golden Horn.

Winter in Constantinople wears, for the most part, anything but a smiling face. It has nothing of the splendor of a northern climate, and lacks altogether the exalted stillness of snow-covered fields, creamy hills, and deeply buried forests. It has the character of an abortive spring that can scarcely resist the temptation to relapse into wet winter. But there are occasional intervals during which a mild, blue firmament covers the residence of the sultans, the minarets and mosque-domes glitter and sparkle, and the waters of the Golden Horn ripple lovingly at the feet of evergreen hills, reflecting with dazzling effect the lovely blue overhead.

It was such a day, in the middle of December, 1879, while lounging in the reading-room of the German Club at Pera, that I met a former acquaintance, a young physician, of whom I had for some time lost sight, though I knew that he had not left Constantinople. Dr. Otto Franzeen was an interesting man. Tall and slender of stature, his rosy face was remarkable for a pair of large, calm, brown eyes that contrasted surprisingly with his light, blonde hair and golden-blonde beard. But what characterized the man was the mystic calm of his manner and the paucity of his words. He spoke but little, went about alone, and his social relations with the foreign residents of the capital of the Ottoman Empire were as limited as courtesy would permit. This was the more singular, as Dr. Franzeen had, during his year's sojourn at Constantinople, acquired high repute among the foreign residents as a physician, without apparently any exertion on his own part, for he was smiled on by fortune in his efforts at cures—wherever he went sickness took its departure and health its place, so that people acquired a confidence in his ability that bordered on superstition. Of course, efforts were not lacking to allure the handsome young German, popular and money-making, and with such bright prospects, into the family circles, and especially into such as contained marriageable daughters. Clever and artistic traps were laid for him, and the daughters of millionaires, of whom there are not a few at Pera, sighed at him with but little effort at disguise. To this mixed society, on the borderland between Europe and Asia, Dr. Franzeen fulfilled all the demands of courtesy and good breeding—more than that, no prudent father, no scheming mother, no jovial brother, no lovely, lovable, and rich daughter could lead him into. The discharge of his social duties was simply the mechanical observance of unavoidable forms.

The young Dr. Franzeen seemed to live only for his profession and his lonely walks—but Love is a sharp-eyed god, or a blind one, according to circumstances, and it was reserved for the energy and slyness of the daughter of a Levantine banker, who was mortally in love with the blonde doctor, to discover that he frequented the house of a young widow living in strict retirement, and that he had passed several very long evenings there. The lady, a native of Sweden, Mrs. Flora Carlson by name, was the possessor of a large fortune and was remarkably handsome; but she was all but hated by the Europeans because of the studied reserve which she maintained toward the society of Pera.

All this I had known of my countryman before we struck up an acquaintance. I saw him first in the reading-room in Pera, which he frequented, and we entered into conversation. The talk rambled through a variety of topics, but presently it became more personal.

"It is singular," he continued, after we had exchanged a few confidences, "that people here look on a man as though he were a child. They would guide each of my steps, and would absolutely lead me in the path to fortune and happiness. I am under surveillance by day and by night, and I believe the colony enters all my movements in a ledger. In this respect the Turks are different," he continued, after a few seconds; "they call for my services, but as soon as I am out of their houses I am dead as far as they are concerned."

"Then you also have practice among the Mohammedans?" I asked, somewhat surprised, knowing that European doctors are only called to attend Turkish families in very exceptional cases, and then generally only very old men and such as have lived in Constantinople many years and are married.

"Yes," he replied, "I have more calls to Turks than to Europeans. My practice is extending with the former."

"No doubt a paying practice," I ventured.

"Very, but difficult," he replied, in his uncommunicative manner; "the women I am expected to treat when covered by the veil, and that is impossible. I declare my inability to help them under such circumstances, and that is generally effective. With groans and sighs the veil is removed, and what it had hidden would, in most cases, better have remained covered."

"In most cases, but not in all?" I interrupted.

"No, not in all," he said, pensively; "for the greatest beauty here I saw unveiled. She was a slave," he added, and into his eyes there came a peculiar light.

He fixed his eyes thoughtfully on the ground, and his slender, nervous hand played excitedly with a paper-cutter. The expression of his face had suddenly become so singular that I felt a great desire to hear more of that slave-girl. But from this time he relapsed into his wonted thoughtful silence. All my efforts to learn more failed.

After that meeting, weeks passed without my seeing the singular man again. Then we met again on several occasions, but I took care not to put any question to him or to exhibit a desire to learn anything he did not volunteer to impart, and by degrees we became excellent acquaintances. But I myself knew absolutely nothing of my friend, except that he had been a practicing physician in Berlin, had fought a duel and severely wounded his opponent, an officer; had fled to Greece, and had then come here a year since.

One day Dr. Franzeen asked me whether I knew where he could obtain a Spinoza translated into German. I happened to have the volume he needed, and gave him the book. After a few days he confided to me that the book was destined to be read by a lady, a highly cultivated widow, who now desired to form my acquaintance, and had commissioned him to present me to her.

In a house fitted up in the Pompeiian style with the finest taste, though plainly and with a certain colorless severity, I found a magnificently formed woman, with an intellectual face and great black eyes, clear, dark, fiery, and deep, that possessed rare powers of fascination. I envied my friend and feared for him at the same time, for this was a woman who might bring the most exquisite joy or the most exquisite pain to the man who falls within her magic sphere.

She greeted me simply and cordially. We talked on a wide variety of topics, and I admired the profound knowledge and the conversational powers she displayed. And withal she was truly womanly.

"I hate blue-stockings," she remarked, "who only study in order to boast of their knowledge. As for me, I want to be able to analyze the phenomena of life, and to this end I need science and art. My past life, which was a glittering desert, and my present status confirmed me in this predilection—I might say, they compel it. What else shall I do? How utilize my leisure? I have nothing to care for, and live isolated from all mankind, mostly by my own choice. Were I a woman who was loved and returned that love, then probably I would live only for my husband as wife and housekeeper, which I regard as the highest and noblest destiny of woman." And with these words she gave my friend a quick glance, full of fire.

My visit came to an end all too soon. I parted from the extraordinary woman with feelings of admiration, and the relations of my friend to her began to burden my heart. She loved him—but he? Silently he took his leave of her that evening, apparently lost in deep and heavy thought. We took the road leading to the city and wandered along, the gently murmuring ripples of the Bosphorus, which, languidly illumined by the glittering stars overhead, sought sportively to leap up on the quay.

After that evening he disappeared, as was occasionally his custom. I met him nowhere, and even the widow failed to see him. That lady, it is true, answered my inquiries after our mutual friend with a calm voice and careless manner, but her face was more pale than usual, her eyes were surrounded by dark rings, and her features bore the expression of suffering. For over a month I could not get sight of my friend. He developed a really wonderful talent to avoid meeting me, for he still went his professional rounds with regularity, but despite all my pains and artifices I failed to meet him either on the street or in places he was wont to frequent.

Nevertheless, the air was full of rumors about him, one of which was to the effect that he was a frequent visitor at the house of a pasha's widow, and that he was infatuated with one of her slaves. Although the institution of slavery, and above all the slave trade, is officially abolished in Constantinople, in reality slavery exists to-day just as it did a hundred years since; but it must not show itself in public. For this there is good reason, since the Turkish household could not exist without female slaves. No Turkish woman, no Turkish girl, who would pass for respectable, may appear unveiled before a man; even the lord of the household must, when he enters his house, give the warning cry "desdur!" (take care) that all women present, not his wives or daughters, may take refuge behind the veil and leave the house. Beings thus incumbered can not, however, perform the household work, hence the slave is a necessity, for she is a non-Mohammedan—a mere *thing*—and may appear before any man without the veil. Should she rise to the dignity of a wife, she is at once invested with the veil, and she is thenceforward governed by the same moral and social code as the others. The education of those slaves who are only luxuries constitutes a profession that is exercised chiefly by widows, but often also by the wives of high officials. The children are purchased from people of Caucasian blood; high prices are paid for a five-year-old handsome and intelligent-looking girl; she receives a careful education and instruction in the languages, music, and dancing, as well as in some of the arts, if she display any talent in that direction. Arrived at a proper age, the girl is sold into a rich and aristocratic family, in which the virtuous, highly educated, physically and intellectually developed girl occupies a most anomalous position. She waits upon visitors, entertains them, and is an article of luxury just as are, in our elegant drawing-rooms, the paintings of celebrated masters. Such a slave can not be bought for less than six thousand dollars. Not infrequently these young women marry men in high station, and some have even become the mothers of sultans.

Such a speculative educational institution was possessed by the widow of Essouf Pasha, and Dr. Franzeen had been selected by her as physician to the house. This was most unusual, but of five of her pupils who had lain prostrate with typhus fever he had saved all. From that time the Turkish lady placed unlimited confidence in the young physician, and he paid regular visits in a house which otherwise was open only to the richest Mohammedan buyers.

The rumor led me to think. Why did he hide himself from me? Why avoid the handsome widow, who, he must have known, loved him? There might be some truth in the rumor, although in one respect it must needs be false—one can not court a slave. It is an impossibility for such a girl to follow the bent of her inclinations, for she is the property of her educator, and should she attempt flight the authorities would come to the aid of her owner, would find and return her to slavery, and should her lover and abductor be a foreigner whose legal punishment might cause diplomatic trouble, he would surely and silently disappear, never to be seen again. Hence, there could be no thought of courtship in this case. But one way of getting possession of such a girl was open to a foreigner—to buy her, and as he is not permitted to keep a slave or a mistress, to marry her.

I knew my friend to be without means, nor had he been able to accumulate much money during his one year's sojourn in Pera. How then could he indulge such idle fancies? It is true Dr. Franzeen was a peculiar man, that I knew right well; but foolish he was not. In all his undertakings he had a clear, attainable end in view; and yet I was much disturbed by his conduct for the past few weeks.

One day—I was just reading my home-paper in the German club-room—a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and looking up I was surprised to see the lost one standing at my side. He looked thin and worn, and his attitude was less elastic than formerly.

"Shall we take a walk?" he asked, in a somewhat tremulous voice.

I declared my willingness, and we took the road to the old bridge. For some time he walked silently by my side and followed his example, when presently he exclaimed, excitedly: "You are well-known in financial circles here; do you know any one who would loan me fifteen thousand francs for a year? I would like to borrow that sum and pay the usual interest."

"Then, after all, the rumor is correct?" I could not help saying.

"What rumor?" he asked, excitedly.

"That you are in love with a slave-girl."

"And if it were so?"

"I thought you had other aims and ambitions."

"I had deceived myself," he replied, without looking up. "I was blinded by the soul, the originality, the depth, and the importance of the lady—I was fascinated by her individuality. But now a great passion has taken possession of the whole man in me—it is true love itself. I am infatuated with a charming being full of youth and fragrance; a being like a May flower; the personification of youth; spring with all its spiritual and material charms. She is a slave-girl, it is true, a pupil of the widow of Essouf Pasha, but I am determined to buy this girl and make her my wife."

"Are you certain that your love is returned?" I asked.

"I fancy I can read love in her eyes—to speak of love we have as yet been unable, under the peculiar conditions that obtain in Turkish households. She casts down her eyes when I accost her, while the others look at me calmly; she blushes when I approach, and her breathing is hurried; she trembles when I take her hand to feel her pulse, and she is always there first I see when I enter the house. If I discontinue my visits for a little while, she perceptibly revives on my return—that I have noticed."

"Have you then had an understanding with Mrs. Carlson?" I felt myself called upon to ask.

"That is impossible," he exclaimed, excitedly; "what shall I tell her? What can I tell her? We are as good as betrothed. She is an extraordinary woman, remarkably handsome, rich, highly cultivated—but a certain something she lacked always; she never bewitched me, never drew me into such a delicious whirlpool of all my senses as does this quiet, youthful creature whom I have before my mind's eye wherever I am; who has taken possession of my entire being. With that lady I still possessed the power of thinking; here I am entirely without will."

"But as a man of honor you owe that lady an explanation." I ventured to remind him; "go bravely to Mrs. Carlson and tell her all."

"I can not do it," he groaned.

"Then write her, at least."

"That would be cowardly; I could not bring myself to do it."

"Then you will come to grief, and you may besides bring ruin to two good, noble beings," said I; and parted in very bad humor from a man who could allow passion thus to unman him.

A few days after this meeting I received a letter from Mrs. Carlson which ran as follows:

"I am in need of a friendly service, and have no one to whom I can apply to help me. Your manner, your face, inspire me with the courage to address you. Would you have the goodness to call on me at an early date? I rely on your knightliness. FLORA CARLSON."

I hesitated not a moment to place myself at the disposition of the lady, took a carriage, and drove to her villa.

I found the beautiful widow looking yet more pale, and her eyes had a fixed, far-off expression, as though she had no concern with her immediate surroundings but with something far far away.

"Do not be surprised," said the lady, after she had thanked me for my readiness to serve her and my quick response to her call, "if I demand something unusual of you. Were it an ordinary matter I had not troubled you. You are the old friend of Dr. Franzeen, perhaps his confidant—then you know more than I can tell you. In that case you are also a dear confidant to me. I take that for granted, and in this capacity I invoke your good offices. Please"—and she made an heroic effort to maintain her composure, but her voice became almost inaudible—"go to the widow of Essouf Pasha and tell her you come as the messenger of Affarid Pasha—here is his card—and you wish to see Tenzilé. You are a judge of men and women, I know. Observe the girl carefully, and report to me what you think of her appearance and how she impressed you. I need not tell you more," she concluded, giving utterance to the words with apparent effort: "I only wish to know how the girl looks, and have not the courage nor the strength to confront her."

This commission took me aghast. It seemed then she knew all. What was her object in sending me on this mission? Did she wish to become acquainted with her rival? How would that serve her? Did she desire to institute comparison between that person and herself, and did she wish to be convinced of the possession of such superior charms on the side of the slave-girl, that the hope of successful rivalry would be vain; or did she hope that if the opposite were the case the man, charmed only by external appearances, would see his error and return to her? But the lady's character forbade her entertaining such thoughts, or meditating such deeds. What, then, was her motive for this curious mission? Her feelings were too deeply involved for the gratification of ordinary curiosity—that was proved by the emotion and excitement she displayed when acquainting me with her wishes; still, she was a woman, and possibly these motives, connected, would guide her actions.

These thoughts ran through my brain while she was speaking to me.

"I shall endeavor to carry out your wishes," I replied, though their fulfillment is not without difficulty, for one can not well so describe another person that a third party shall see that person as she really is."

"You are a man and an artist," she replied, "and I shall hear the truth from you. With a woman, if she were the acutest judge of human nature in the world, and an artist besides, I should have my doubts. Beings of our sex judge only men rightly—at least as far as the effect——" She seemed to want to say something more, but broke off. "I can depend on you," she concluded, abruptly.

Full of conflicting emotions, I returned to the city—to the Mohammedan quarters.

The house of the pasha's widow I found east of the Atmeidan, in one of the small side streets that branch out from that place; it differed in no respect from the rest of the Turkish houses—the same irregularly located windows with wooden bars, and the same red-painted oaken door, studded with great nails, with a massive knocker. Setting the latter in motion, the portal opened after some delay. I stepped into a small vestibule, which was partitioned in the middle by a wooden grating extending from floor to ceiling. Behind this wooden grating stood a black female servant, who demanded my business.

I explained to her my errand, and the negress disappeared. Presently she returned with a second, then came a third, and finally an elderly Frenchwoman, evidently a governess. Then ensued a long parley. The four ambassadresses came and went. At last, a lady in European costume, with yellow, Turkish face, and sharp black eyes, appeared behind the grating, subjected me to a searching scrutiny from between the bars, heard my mention of the pasha's name, which was on the card I carried, looked at the Turkish words written on the card, and retired, after saying a few, to me, unintelligible words to one of the black servants. The wooden grating opened, and beckoning me to follow, the old negress ascended a narrow, dark, stone stairway. I groped my way up the steps and again found myself before a wooden grating; this was opened by the negress with a key that hung from a steel chain around her neck, and crossing a grotesquely decorated dark hall, following on the heels of my black guide, I reached a large room, also dark. The negress went to a window, raised a heavy curtain to admit light, and invited me, by a gesture, to wait there.

I now had leisure to look around in the large space. It was oppressive in its baldness. The walls were painted in a bluish gray color, upon which were sketched at regular distances gaudy birds of paradise, rocking themselves on chains of roses. On the walls hung a few oil paintings, portraits of the sultan and of the German and Austrian emperors; three quite modern Parisian sofas, a great piano, and an enormous, gaily colored paper-lantern, suspended from the ceiling, completed the furniture of the room.

The Turkish lady presently returned, accompanied by the Frenchwoman, and introduced herself as the mistress of the house. She spoke very faulty French, and the governess was probably to act as interpreter. I signified to the widow that I could speak Turkish quite passably. She smiled pleasantly, but scrutinized me still more critically out of her coal-black eyes, and pointed to a sofa opposite her.

"You wish to see Tenzilé?" began the widow, when we were seated.

"On commission," I hastened to say.

"Affarid Pasha wishes you to paint her portrait for a European lady who is much interested in the excellent girl."

I was somewhat taken aback over this unexpected investment with the painter's skill—I am a sculptor—but quickly adapted myself to the situation, and said: "I believe such is the fact."

"Well," resumed the Turkish widow, "Affarid Pasha has opened negotiations with me for Tenzilé, whom he has known since her childhood. He is, as you are aware, thrifty; the sum for reimbursement of the outlays for her education seems him too large, and he can not make up his mind. It is quite contrary to our customs to paint the portrait of a young lady unless it be destined for our most exalted lord, the Sultan. However, I will make a special exception in favor of Affarid Pasha and his clientess. You shall be allowed to paint Tenzilé's portrait, but I can not permit you to set foot in our house, be it for so ever brief a period, more than twice."

She made a sign to the Frenchwoman, who left the room and returned with a girl in Turkish dress.

This is Tenzilé," said the widow.

The girl was loveliness itself—the incorporation of youth and beauty. There was in her personality something that moved the heart, yet ravished the senses; a slender, neat, yet full figure, such a figure as only an ancient Greek sculptor would succeed in copying and displaying as the apotheosis of all loveliest budding womanhood. The curly, undulating golden-blonde hair, dreamy, great, black eyes; the finely curved, gently sloping nose; the oval face, with the faintest suggestion of yellow, with the full, sweet mouth, together completed the singular witchery of her appearance.

I now realized how my friend could have become intoxicated by the breath of this child of a southern sun.

"The gentleman is to paint you, little daughter," explained the widow.

Tenzilé made a graceful courtesy, and a lovely blush spread over her cheek.

"I am not very pretty," she began in good French, "I have a yellow face; my friends Serbé and Darie are much prettier.'

Her voice was wonderfully elastic and sweet.

"The gentleman has a commission to paint you for a Turkish lady, Tenzilé," the widow said; "he will only come twice, and you must, therefore, sit quite still," she added.

Tenzilé bent her head in assent.

"It will not trouble you long," I said, addressing myself to the beautiful slave; "I shall only make a flying sketch today. However," I continued, turning to the widow again, "it is necessary that I should converse with the young lady, for thus the soul, which must speak out of the face, reveals itself to us, and I beg your consent to that end."

The Pasha's widow consented.

Taking out my note-book, which for the nonce served as sketch-book, I sketched the outlines of the girl's face, meanwhile conversing with her on various topics. She showed a sharp intelligence and not uncommon knowledge, after the fashion of young, refined Frenchwomen brought up in convents, and a child-like, affectionate heart. Me she observed thoughtfully and with curiosity. Her puzzled, earnest, innocent expression filled me with sadness—almost with pain. I could not bear to prolong the sitting. With deepest sympathy I took my leave from this girl, who, a creature of God like ourselves, was yet only a thing, with no control over her own fate—created to obey, unquestioning, the will of others.

I showed Mrs. Carlson—who, to judge from her expression, had waited for me impatiently—the sketch, and reported what I had seen, learned, felt, and thought, as calmly, dispassionately, and objectively as possible. She remained speechless while I spoke, then suddenly caught my hand, bent over it, and kissed it before I could draw it away—hot tears were on it when I did—then burying her face in her handkerchief she hurried from the room.

Sad at heart I left the villa and walked home, wondering what was to come out of all this chaos.

I turned my steps toward the house of my friend. He was out; had left his lodgings but a few minutes before. But I found there a note addressed to me that was just to have been sent me—its contents suited my plans and purposes.

"Dear friend," wrote Dr. Franzeen, "I feel very lonely. To-morrow will be Christmas; I hope you also have no engagement for the day. Shall we two forsaken ones spend the evening together in my quarters? I shall expect you if you do not at once decline the invitation."

The twenty-fourth of December proved to be a charming day; it is true the heavens were overcast, but through the enveloping fog there shone a gentle sunlight that invested everything with a dreamy aspect, the cupola-crowned houses of the great city, as well as the faded-green hills and the gently murmuring waters.

I found my friend sitting at the piano, and was just in time to hear the last tones of a Beethoven sonata—he was a brilliant performer. Hearing me, he sprang up and greeted me, entirely unlike himself, with excitement and passionate warmth.

"If I had not that," and he pointed to his music, "I would have lost my reason ere this."

"Because you are parted from Flora?" I asked.

"Because I feel that I am acting irresponsibly toward that lady, and am facing an Oriental happiness—perhaps," he replied, half-musingly, half-inquiringly.

"It is not yet too late to call a halt and atone for your fault," I put in.

"I can not tear myself away from the dream of longing for that girl," he said, with heavy breath; "it is only a dream, that I realize, for I shall be unable to raise the sum demanded in the short time left me, and I have found out, from the pasha's widow herself, that various grandees of the city, among them Affarid Pasha, are suitors for the girl. She will be taken from me, my hopes and wishes are as naught, and yet I can not give her up. But do you imagine," he continued, painfully, "that the lady would hail me as a prodigal son? Then you have but a poor insight into her character; it is pure, refined, and beaming like a diamond, but in ethical matter hard as that stone."

"The lady loves you," I asserted, "with the whole power of her noble, passionate soul."

"The less likely that she will lower herself by descending to my level."

"Do you believe you will be happy with the slave?" I now asked, involuntarily, in an earnest, weighty tone.

"If forever—that I do not know. But it would be an almost crushing happiness for years, and such years count an hundred-fold," he replied, passionately; "and you can not count the greatest happiness by years; they are really only moments—continuous happiness would kill. But I shall never be able to call this girl my own, and have lost a noble heart."

It had become dark while we talked, though we had not noticed it. It had seemed to me that I heard wheels halt before the house and steps in the ante-room. Then all was still again. My friend was just going to his writing-table to fetch a light, when the door flew open and a flood of light streamed into the room. Was it a fairy scene that met my eyes, did our excited phantasies deceive us, or were we dreaming with eyes wide open? In the open doorway, carrying in her hand a little Christmas-tree ornamented with burning candles, stood Tenzilé; in the other hand she held a letter.

I sprang to my feet and Dr. Franzeen stood as though transfixed, with staring eyes, pale and trembling, with his hands raised as though to ward off an apparition.

At this moment an elderly woman, whom I recognized as the housekeeper of Mrs. Carlson, stepped from behind the girl, took from her the letter, and with the words, "From my mistress, for the Herr Doctor," laid it in Franzeen's hand.

He looked at the letter, and opened it as if in a dream. For a long time he read, nor seemed to know what he was reading. Again and again he read. His pale face took on some color, the light returned to his eyes, and sinking into a chair he wept aloud.

The beautiful girl looked with affright at this singular man, and trembled perceptibly.

I did not deem it an indiscretion to pick up and read the letter. It was from Mrs. Carlson.

DEARLY BELOVED FRIEND (it ran): I have learned that you turn for happiness elsewhere than to me. My life-aim is your happiness, hence I have bought the girl that is to bring you this message to-day, in order that you may be reminded, on each return of the holy eve, that I have loved you truly, deeply, and sincerely, and that I have placed your happiness above my own. My only wish is that you may make the lovely being happy, and that you may be made happy in your choice. Tenzilé will return with my servant to her former mistress, and will remain with her as your betrothed until the necessary formalities for the wedding have been arranged. FLORA CARLSON.

While I was reading the letter Dr. Franzeen had risen and now stood calmly before the beautiful slave.

"You know what is contained in this letter?" he quietly asked.

"Yes," answered the girl, without raising her eyes, but with blushes suffusing her cheeks.

"You are satisfied with the destination the European lady has in view for you?"

"My duty is to obey," Tenzilé answered, tremblingly.

"Do you follow duty's call in this case with love—with your heart?" Dr. Franzeen questioned further.

Tenzilé raised her eyes to his for a moment, fully and calmly, and said:

"Why should I not? I shall be to you a faithful servant."

"Not servant—my wife you are to be. Know you that?"

"It has been told me," came from her full, fine lips.

"And does not your heart leap with joy at the thought," questioned Dr. Franzeen; "do you not feel a nameless happiness because of this?"

"I am rejoiced," said the girl.

"And if you had to belong to another man, would that make you unhappy?" the young physician continued, slowly.

"Then I would serve him, as it is my duty to do."

"Gladly?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you would not be unhappy if you could not belong to me?"

Tenzilé smiled. "I would gladly see in you my future lord."

"You would not, however, feel unhappy, disconsolate, sad, if you could not belong to me?" persevered the young man.

"No," said Tenzilé, with the same smile.

The conversation had been carried on in the Turkish language. My friend now turned to me.

"The dream is over," he said; "I thought myself beloved. The girl belongs to another world than the one in which we live. She is a beautiful image, a beautiful plaything, but no wife for a Christian. Even if the letter and the mode of action of Mrs. Carlson had not already opened my eyes to a revelation, what nobility there may be in a woman, what she may be capable of, the purity of her love, the last few moments have torn from my eyes the veil that passion and intoxication of the senses wove over them. I go to throw myself at the feet of that woman, and to beg her forgiveness. This is the second time she has proven my savior."

"Josepha," he continued, addressing the elderly companion of the girl, "do you go back to your mistress, conduct this pretty child to her, and tell her that I shall be with her in a few minutes to express my thanks."

Smiling sweetly, Tenzilé took her leave and disappeared with the housekeeper. Darkness again fell upon the room.

"You will excuse me?" asked Dr. Franzeen; "I shall attempt to obtain forgiveness," he added, simply.

"I know that you will find it."

We parted with a long pressure of the hands that said more than words could have expressed, and I returned to my lodgings.

I might have been at home an hour when I heard a wagon stop before the house, and in a few minutes Mrs. Carlson's little, gray-headed American servant stood before me with an invitation to come to the villa as quickly as possible, and to make use of the carriage she had sent.

I ran down to the carriage in such haste that the old fellow could scarcely keep up with me.

Stepping into the drawing-room I found Mrs. Carlson and Dr. Franzeen standing, hand in hand, with that bliss shining from their eyes that only such moments can bring forth; bliss such as probably no human twain experience a second time in this life. On a side-table stood the Christmas-tree that Tenzilé had borne. The young girl had already returned to her former mistress.

How the reconciliation took place I never had a precise account. Dr. Franzeen merely hinted that he had said about the same thing to her that he had in his room to me—for that was all that at the moment he could think of. When he stepped into the lady's room and exclaimed: "Forgive me, forgive me! I have dreamed a hasheesh dream, but am now awake and see but you alone in this world!" Mrs. Carlson fainted and lay senseless in his arms; at last she opened her eyes wide, looked deeply and gravely into his, slowly put her arms about his neck and pressed her lips to his.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the German of H. R. Bonin.*

Russian is diligently studied in Germany, and by a large number of people in England likewise. At the Berlin Military Academy it is obligatory, and it is spoken a good deal in military circles all over the country. There is in Germany a considerable demand for Russian-speaking journalists, since all the principal newspapers keep a careful eye upon Russian affairs. In the English army, special inducements are held out to officers to learn Russian; and, according to a St. Petersburg journal, many young English officers are so eager to learn the Muscovite tongue that when they happen to be stationed in a town where no instructor is to be had, they spell out the Russian Bible by the aid of an English one.

Dr. Stephen Smith, when a member of the New York Board of Health, becoming impressed with the need of shade trees in the city, made a number of tests to show the benefits that would be derived from them. For example, he tested the temperature of the pavement in town on a hot day, and found it to be one hundred and thirty degrees Fahrenheit. He then went to Central Park, and found the temperature under the trees to be sixty and seventy degrees, according to the density of the foliage.

The profession of dinner-tasting has been revived in Paris with some success.

SUMMER RESTAURANTS.

"Iris" describes Martinelli's and a Charming Wayside Inn.

During the heated term in New York it is the fashion to dine from home. There are only a few people left in the city—workers who can not get away, those faithful ones who love the avenue in its glaring loneliness better than the greenest country lanes, the hardest stretch of sand and breakers; suburbans who come up from the country for a dinner and a ride on the cars, or Westerners who creep out of their hotels in the cool of the evening and drag their weary feet toward the nearest hostelry, there to take iced drinks and cold bouillon.

It used to be the fashion to go to the Italian restaurants—there were a quantity of them—and the more Italian they were, the dirtier they grew. There were some on Fourth Avenue where you got nothing but chianti and spaghetti. They were the queerest places. The sons of sunny Italy sat round at little tables, discoursing loudly, and making impassioned gestures to the waiters every time they wanted anything. The waiters themselves looked as if they might originally have been tenors in the Italian opera. Put a cocked hat and feathers on them, and a long, striped cloak, and you would have had Giannini as Faust, dark, smiling, and beautiful. But it took a very resolute person to stand those Fourth Avenue restaurants. They were so dreadfully dirty, and the scent of balmy garlic was heavy on the air. Connoisseurs used to say they were the only places in the city where you could get spaghetti cooked the right way, and they certainly were the only places where you could eat it Italian fashion without collecting a mob.

Of the more fashionable Italian restaurants Martinelli's used to be the head. Used to be, alas! For now, the original Martinelli being gathered to his fathers, his widow administers the estate, which she has moved down town to the realms of hurried brokers and panting clerks, and the glory of Martinelli's has departed. In the old days, when it stood resplendent on a Fifth Avenue corner, with the owner's name inlaid in the door-step, it was the most interesting of all the New York restaurants. It was different from the others, and the people were unusual types. Going up the stairs one could peep over the railing, and, through a vista of open doors, catch glimpses of elegant, languid gentlemen in evening-dress, lounging at little tables and drinking black coffee, while the smoke of their cigarettes lay in light, still clouds about their heads. A little further up the stairs parted, and at the parting of the ways, flanked by two busts of Christopher Columbus and Galileo, sat *le feu* Martinelli behind a desk. So impassive, so immovable was this great man that one would have taken him, too, for a bust, were it not that he had a killing way of cocking his eye at the prettier girls as they rustled past him up the stairs.

In the dining-room, with long windows opening on the avenue, were a quantity of lazy people dallying over dinner. They were always the same lot—an actress in a scarlet gauze hat, with her mouth painted very red, coquetting with a young man across a beefsteak smothered in onions. Occasionally she lifted to her lips a little wine-glass with a green stem, and threw off the contents with an airy flourish, ogling him over the brim. Then there was a couple whom one could see there every evening—a little, shriveled, sad, colorless man, and an immense, gaunt, red, raw-boned woman. They never spoke, but they ate a tremendous dinner, course after course, and always had a perspiring champagne-pail snapped on the edge of the table. When they had finished their silent meal, they mutely rose and drifted away, the man paler than ever, the woman—red as a rose was she.

The tables by the windows were the nicest. The suspicion of a breeze used to blow in, now and then, and make the lace-curtains gently swell out and in. One could hear the roll of carriages on the asphalt, and the voices of passers-by on the street below. Henri, the obsequious, the black-locked, the oily and unctuous, used to dart about the table with his napkin under his arm, or stand aside, his head tilted toward his shoulder, his Italian eyes on yours, waiting to fly at your commanding glance. With an accustomed hand he removed the wad of cotton from your straw-covered chianti bottle, poured out the inch of oil, and tilting the bottle let the crimson wine come chuckling through the bottle's narrow neck, and, with soft murmurings round the brim, slide into your green-stemmed glass. There was as much oil as there was wine in the glass, it made rings on the top of the chianti—but what did that matter, it tasted delicious. Neither did it matter to you that Henri's hands were of a singular blackness—at an Italian restaurant one does not mind these bagatelles.

There were many other Italian restaurants—all owned by men whose names end in "ti." Most of the better ones are up-town, but there is one down-town near the Field Building, which is convenient for business men, and is crowded at lunch-time. In the back part, reserved for ladies, one looks out through a modest screen of "Wandering Jew" on an uneven expanse of tin roofs, where many weekly washes ride the boisterous elements, leaping outward from a sustaining rope. Between the "Wandering Jew" and the plunging underclothing, one now and then sees the towering walls of the Field Building, red brick in the back, and the iron steamboat wharf, and a scrap of the bay, glistening and chafing on the Battery. You can get a very good dinner at that place for fifty cents.

Going farther afield, into the suburbs, one finds a few real old-fashioned hostelries in the country, where you can get a wonderfully good plain meal, excellently cooked. One place in particular occurs to me. It is far back in the country, an hour and a half from the city. You have to take a boat and then a train. You alight at a country station, and then walk to your destination across dry, parched meadows full of burrs, and along a dusty road, with little rillets of water running down either side, and forming brown pools under tangles of wild briar. This part is disagreeable to the child of the metropolis, who, if he is a child of experience, hunts among the aborigines and gets a carriage—an old rattletrap, with loud-complaining springs—and winds a creaking, lurching way up through mossy country roads to his destination. The drive is lovely—past orchards, where the yellowing apples twinkle between the trembling leaves; past cropped, yellow fields, with the dry hay piled in stacks; past a long stretch of marsh, wonderfully streaked with brown and green, with languid streams winding through it and here and there welling up into still, round pools; then round a turn in the road, and there stands the restaurant, an old farm-house with a sign over the gate—So-and-So, French Restaurant. Meals so much.

A man and woman come out and take off the horse to a shed, and escort you to the dining-room. There is a table set by a window, through which you command an extended view of the wonderful, striped marsh, and beyond that again a strip of deep-blue sea, dotted with white sails. The sun is setting behind the house, and the creeks which intersect the marsh are all turned to silver ribbons, and the sails look red. The air comes up fresh and salty from the sea. It is deliciously cool after the city.

Presently mine host comes in and sets out the table in a primitive fashion. The forks are pewter, the knives have black handles, the china is thick as a school-boy's bread. From the open door into the kitchen a savory, appetizing fragrance floats in and puts an edge upon your already keen appetite. The host retires and shuts the door. Sounds of voices and clattering of dishes come faintly from the distance, then the banging of the oven doors, and then the host once more, in a white apron and bearing a covered dish. He sets it down and removes the cover with a flourish. Up rises a faint cloud of steam and a delicate, delicious aroma. It is fish—bending over it with tender interest—fish wrapped up in a piece of brown paper; unfolding the paper there it lies, brown, and crusty, and crisp. When you break it open with one of the pewter forks it falls into firm, snowy flakes with a little expiring puff of fragrant steam. You both try a piece, then fall back in delicious ecstasy, murmuring laudatory adjectives. Was ever fish so white, so crisp, so delicately flavored!

When mine host comes from the interior he is complimented, smiles, shrugs, deprecates, and beams. Then, after an interchange of compliments and polite disclaimers, he vanishes for the second course. He brings it in presently under a pewter cover, sets it down, whisks off the pewter cover, up rises a savory cloud, and a simultaneous, exulting cry of "Beefsteak!" It is succulent, juicy, done to a turn. After the first deep incision of one of the black-handled knives all doubt is over. The gash is studied earnestly, then comes a mutual look of silent congratulation, gravity breaking into smiles. You do not have that sort of thing at a regular restaurant. You are so tiresomely sure of your beefsteak. There is no excitement about it. And then you never take beefsteak unless you are an English tourist.

As for vegetables—there are some potatoes; that is all, for this is a primitive spot. But when you try the pewter spoon on them they drop dryly into bits with flaky edges. They are white as snow, and have been salted in the pot. You never tasted such potatoes before. And then for the last course—when the first stars are beginning to prick through the gray, evening sky—you have a head of lettuce. Mine host brings it in in a blue-and-white checked towel, and breaks it into a salad-bowl while you watch him. He pulls off each thick, crumpled leaf with a crisp snap, shakes the water drops off it, and drops it in the bowl. A little stream of amber oil trickles down on them, a dash of vinegar, a sprinkling of salt; there is a great mixing up in the bowl, a plate is placed in front of you, and fork and spoon, and then, with a French accent and a splendid growling roll of the r's, "Try now the salad; ess it not very fine?" with courtly grace and smiling anxiety.

After that you have black coffee. The steed is harnessed, you bid an affecting adieu to monsieur and madame, pay the bill, and go home. IRIS.

JULY 13, 1888.

The following table shows the ups and downs of the States, giving their order in population at each census:

	1790.	1800.	1810.	1820.	1830.	1840.	1850.	1860.	1870.	1880.
1	Va.	Va.	Va.	N. Y.	N. Y.	N. Y.	N. Y.	N. Y.	N. Y.	N. Y.
2	Penn.	Penn.	N. Y.	Va.	Penn.	Penn.	Penn.	Penn.	Penn.	Penn.
3	N. C.	N. Y.	Penn.	Penn.	Va.	Ohio	Ohio	Ohio	Ohio	Ohio
4	Mass.	N. C.	N. C.	N. C.	Ohio	Va.	Va.	Ill.	Ill.	Ill.
5	N. Y.	Mass.	Mass.	Ohio	N. C.	Tenn.	Tenn.	Va.	Mo.	Mo.
6	Md.	S. C.	S. C	Ky.	Ky.	Ky.	Mass.	Ind.	Ind.	Ind.
7	S. C.	Md.	Ky.	Mass.	Tenn.	N. C.	Ind.	Mass.	Mass.	Mass.
8	Conn.	Conn.	Md.	S. C.	Mass.	Mass.	Ky.	Mo.	Ky.	Ky.
9	N. J.	Ky.	Conn.	Tenn.	S. C.	Ga.	Ga.	Ky.	Tenn.	Mich.
10	N. H.	N. J.	Tenn.	Md.	Ga.	Ind.	N. C.	Tenn.	Va.	Iowa
11	Ga.	N. H.	Ga.	Ga.	Md.	S. C.	Ill.	Ga.	Iowa	Tex.
12	R. I.	Ga.	N. J.	Me.	Me.	Ala.	Ala.	N. C.	Ga.	Tenn.
13	Del.	Vt.	Ohio	N. J.	Ind.	Me.	Mo.	Ala.	Mich.	Ga.
14		Tenn.	Vt.	Conn.	N. J.	Ill.	S. C.	Miss.	N. C.	Va.
15		R. I.	N. H.	N. H.	Ala.	Md.	Miss.	Wisc.	Wisc.	N. C.
16		Del.	R. I.	Vt.	Conn.	Mo.	Me.	Mich.	Ala.	Wisc.
17			Del.	La.	Vt.	Miss.	Md.	La.	N. J.	Ala.
18				Ind.	N. H.	N. J.	La.	S. C.	Miss.	Miss.
19				Ala.	La.	La.	N. J	Md.	Tex.	N. J.
20				R. I.	Ill.	Conn.	Mich.	Iowa	Md.	Kan.
21				Miss.	Mo.	Vt.	Conn.	N. J.	La.	S. C.
22				Del.	Miss.	N. H.	N. H.	Me.	S. C.	La.
23				Mo.	R. I.	Mich.	Vt.	Tex.	Me.	Md.
24				Ill.	Del.	R. I.	Wisc.	Conn.	Cal.	Cal.
25						Ark.	Tex.	Ark.	Conn.	Ark.
26						Del.	Ark.	Cal.	Ark.	Minn.
27							Iowa	N. H.	W. Va	Me.
28							R. I.	Vt.	Minn.	Conn.
29							Cal.	R. I.	Kan.	W. Va
30							Del.	Minn.	Vt.	Neb.
31							Fla.	Fla.	N. H.	N. H.
32								Del.	R. I.	Vt.
33								Or.	Fla.	R. I.
34									Del.	Fla.
35									Neb.	Col.
36									Or.	Or.
37									Nev.	Del.
38										Nev.

In the census of 1890 California is to assume the fifteenth position in the rank of States.

The latest Maxim gun fires three-pound shots at the rate of sixty to the minute.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Hon. David Dudley Field will shelter this summer under his h pitable roof, in his charming country place Orienta, a party of conger spirits. Among the party will be Mrs. Parafe, whose husband, a acquiring a handsome fortune making paraffine candles, went out one of his own wicks.

Polydore de Keyser, Lord Mayor of London, seems to be a most markable man. His eccentricities are most startling. Not long he inspected the boys of the British naval training-ship *Harepite*. I ing his address he told the boys that his wife wou'd take great pleas in giving each one of them a shilling, which he hoped "they would k throughout their future lives as a souvenir of the occasion."

Mrs. Harrison is somewhat below the medium height; has a plu figure, expressive hazel eyes, and an abundance of dark hair that wears in a curled bang over her forehead, combed from a parting in middle of her head down the sides of her face, and gathered in a la smooth, soft coil at the back of her shapely head. Mrs. Harris dresses always fit her full figure with snugness, but she eschews the or open bodice, uniformly wearing her dresses high.

Since the death of the late Marshal Lebœuf, of France, only marshals of that country survive, MacMahon and Canrobert. Th are, however, eight living maréchales, these being the wives of M Mahon and Canrobert, and the widows of Marshals Pelissier, St. Arn Lebœuf, Randon, Niel, and St. Jean d'Angely. The last Marsha France to die before the demise of Lebœuf was Baraguey d'Hilliers; he was never married, while Bazaine, having been degraded from rank, is not included in the list.

George W. Childs visited General Felix Agnus, the publisher of *Baltimore American*, at his country-seat, a week ago. Miss Ad Agnus, the general's daughter, is a favorite with Mr. and Mrs. Ch While looking over the general's beautiful place, Mr. Childs was pa ularly pleased with an adjoining place of about twenty-five acres, o the most attractive spots in the Green Spring Valley. He asked if the was for sale, and on learning that it was, effected the purchase presented the property to Miss Agnus. She has named the place L erdale.

Anecdotes regarding the last days of the late Emperor Freder Germany continue to multiply. Not long before his death he gav dience to a little English boy six years old, who had undergone the ation of tracheotomy about a year ago. The boy had not only sur the operation, but had grown strong and healthy. Emperor Fred heard of his case, and, desiring to see him, paid his expenses from don to Potsdam. He examined the child's throat and heard him while the Empress Victoria plied him with bonbons that he might how well he could swallow.

Miss Dora Wheeler, the artist, has lost her suit against the White Steamship Company, brought to recover two thousand dollars' dam for the loss of a number of paintings sent over from England o *Germanic*. The loss is a public one, for the paintings were port made from the life by Miss Wheeler, of Mrs. Annie Thackeray Ri Austin Dobson, Walter Besant, and other well-known *litterat* Judge Patterson, before whom the case was tried, decided that Wheeler should have notified the company of the value of her bag that they might have taken extra precautions with it.

Herr von Puttkamer was really dismissed by the Emperor Fred because it was discovered, not only that he had managed to obtain session of the cipher which the Empress Victoria latterly used telegraphing to England, but that her private correspondence an emperor's always passed through his hands. This minister has simply a creature of Prince Bismarck, and on more than one oc he made great mischief between the Emperor William and the Crown Prince and Crown Princess. Herr von Puttkamer, who, for years, has been a "Junker" of the most offensive type, is the aut the delectable saying, "Our age is bitten by the democratic rabies. manages the "reptile fund," through which he has created a most u pulous semi-official press.

Who are the survivors of Waterloo? The Earl of Albemarl General Whichcote figure in the "Army List" as the only two men alive who shared in that famous fight. The London *Chronicle* ment Lieutenant-Colonel William Hewitt as a third, but there seems some doubt as to the accuracy of the information. He sold out army sixty years ago, and if still alive is in his ninety-sixth year. Duke of Albemarle, in a genial letter to the London *Chronicle*, "Mention is made in your impression of this morning of Lieut Colonel William Hewitt as one of the survivors of Waterloo. I your information is correct, for I should like to greet an old frien comrade. He was the junior captain of the regiment in which I in the action. The editor of 'Hart's Army List' knows nothing of this officer than that he sold out of the army nearly sixty year (August 10, 1828). Hewitt was six years older than I, and I am ninetieth year." The Earl of Albemarle was born in 1799. probably been the eye-witness of greater social and political ch than have ever before happened within the compass of a single life

Mr. John Wanamaker is now paying premiums on one millio lars to twenty-nine different companies. So far as is known there other man in the world whose life is insured for such an eno amount. There are a number of men who have been trying for y achieve the point just gained by Mr. Wanamaker, but they have failed, although John B. Stetson, the hat manufacturer, has succee getting policies on his life amounting to seven hundred and fifty th dollars. He is desirous of putting the amount up to a round n The risks on Mr. Wanamaker's life are divided equally into fifteen-year endowments, and he pays over sixty thousand dolla nually in premiums to the different companies in which his ris placed. Should Mr. Wanamaker allow the annual dividends to collected until the risks on his life expire, he will be entitled to ab million four hundred thousand dollars. There are three com which carry premiums of one hundred thousand dollars each on But Mr. Wanamaker is not the only man upon whose life big ri issued. George W. Childs is insured for one hundred thousand and so is Wharton Barker. Hamilton Disston is insured for ab hundred and fifty thousand dollars. J. G. Darlington is insured tenth of a million, and his partner, William M. Runk, for tw amount.

King Humbert is turning gray rapidly; his stomach works bad it is believed that his liver is affected. This condition is the resu irregular life he led during his youth. Victor Emmanuel neglec education of his children, and Prince Humbert, provided with tively large civil list, followed a dissipated existence, which seem termined his constitution. He displayed a sort of pride in d honors of the kingdom to the foreign princes who visited the Pe A great deal was said at the time of the trip he made to Sicily w Czarowitz, elder brother of the present Emperor of Russi princely cortege kept up the debauch for three months, at the which time no secrets of Southern voluptuousness were unknown noble Muscovite; but the campaign was fatal to him, for a sh afterward he died of exhaustion at Nice. As for Prince Hum was also seriously ill, but escaped almost by a miracle, thanks robust constitution of his race. Since his accession to the throne kept up the gallant habits that he practiced during his youth, an are traditional in his family. It is no secret that Victor Emmanu contest with Henri the Fourth the title of Vert-Galant. Not mar ago King Humbert became attached to a French princess daughter of one of the most celebrated generals of Napoleon th and who, by her intelligence and grace, shines in the first rank the most beautiful women of the Roman aristocracy. Queen Ma was at first very jealous, and did everything that was humanly to win back her unfaithful lord. But he could not make up his break a tie that was so dear to him, and the queen, discouraged feated, now never shows her sorrow and jealousy in public. struggle between her and her rival has not ceased. The French continues in the monarch's favor, and the queen, offended in he pride, takes her revenge by cruel disdain.

VANITY FAIR.

The authoritative announcement that the Dowager Duchess Marlborough has invited her new daughter-in-law to come rectly to her house on arriving in London, is one of the in-dents concerning the recent marriage of Mrs. Lily Price ammersley. Miss Lily Price lived for several years in ashington with her aunt, Mrs. Ogden Tayloe, in the well-own Tayloe mansion in Lafayette Square, now occupied by nator Don Cameron. All the circumstances of the marriage ve been much discussed, and particularly the status that the de will have in the social world of London. The prompt lorsement by the dowager duchess is recognized as settling that. In discussing the complications that may possibly se in view of the peculiar circumstances surrounding the orce proceedings that resulted in the separation of the esent duke and his first wife, a member of the British Lega-n said: "I do not know that there is any statutory law bear-g directly upon the case, and in consequence the field is open an unlimited amount of interesting speculation. I suppose have been asked a score of times, within the past few days, to whether Mrs. Hammersley becomes the full-fledged chess of Marlborough. There can be no doubt whatever on this point. The question as to her reception in England another matter. Of course, the duke's friends, and those o desire to be polite to him, will receive his wife, but I am e I could not say whether or not she will be presented at rt. In the decree of divorce the duke was apparently for-den to marry again, but I suppose really that the duke has y been guilty of technical contempt. Certainly the status his marriage can not be affected. Should the duke's former e set up a claim to the title of Duchess of Marlborough the m would amount to nothing. There is a rather curious in-ent connected with the divorce proceedings which might ish a shadow of a pretext if such were sought. When court granted the divorce the present duke was only Mar-s of Blandford, and the papers in the case were so drawn. ore the decree was formally made absolute, however, the duke died and the young man succeeded to the title, so , in point of fact, the Marchioness of Blandford was orced from the Duke of Marlborough. Under the law, vever, I suppose this consideration would hardly bear the nity of a technicality. The duke's former wife usually calls self Marchioness of Blandford, and she is so referred to addressed. Whether, after the granting of the decree of orce from the Marquis of Blandford, she is entitled even to designation is a point that does not disturb us much at e. There is little or no litigation over titles or names, ch are really nowhere of less importance. A man may call self Lord So-and-So, and though he may be laughed at ut the clubs, nobody will take the trouble to dispossess him he empty title. The son of the Duke of Marlborough by first wife is called Lord Blandford, and will, doubtless, re-his mother's name until the death of the present Duke of rlborough, when he will succeed to the title, as well as to all entailed property of the Marlborough estate."

Have you noticed the peculiar kind of a one-two-three step adies before they sit down, followed by a backward motion, rious jerking of the skirts, and then a graceful sinking-n into the seat? If you have, you have also noticed how ladies frequently rise suddenly from their seats, shake nselves with an odd kind of a little movement, and then sit n. Both of these movements are due to the bustle. And the news comes from Washington that Mrs. Cleveland concluded to discard the bustle. Of course it is of vital rest to every woman in the land. "Mrs. Cleveland's de-ure," said Redfern, "has attracted profound interest in w York, and may affect bustles in the fall. You know bus-are gradually growing smaller and smaller. That is the lency abroad, and we get all our fashions from there. We a cushion instead of the store bustle, and it can be made e same material as the gown. It is made of silk, usually, is stuffed with horse-hair and then quilted. It is sewed in er the foundation of the skirt. Two steels are sewed in foundation also. Over these are draped the dress. The is sewed in nine inches below the waist, the second seven es. They have strings attached to the ends which permit e bustle being enlarged or decreased. Now, to show you the bustle is decreasing in size, these steels a year ago twenty-three and twenty-seven inches long respectively. v they are only seventeen and twenty-one, and they are tantly growing smaller. Mrs. Cleveland is probably as-g to kill what would be at an end in a few more years, if s mean anything. Bustles have had a long run. They e in about seven years ago, and succeeded the princess s, which were skin-tight, so tight a lady could not step e than twelve inches. Bustles were first merely frilled e-hair. Then they grew larger until two years ago, when reached their maximum. To sit down with a bustle is an You have noticed ladies sitting down at the theatre, I ose? Now, I shall show you how a lady ought to sit n, with a medium-sized bustle, so as not to attract atten-" A young lady was called in from an adjoining room; was asked to sit down, and she sank into a chair without lightest effort. "How do you manage it so easily?" asked eporter, lost in admiration at the simplicity of the motion nusual. "It is very simple," answered the young lady, ly pushing her dress around with her hand to properly e the bustle. "You see, I simply let the steels touch the of the chair as I sink into it, then I give a sharp push to side; the bustle goes over to the other and I am all right. ies do not sit flat down, because if they did they would be high cushion. Sometimes the steels get fastened in the s and the bustle gets uncomfortable. Then the lady has et up and adjust it."

The interesting question arises whether our American men are prepared to take fashions from the mistress of the White House as the English women take theirs from their queens and princesses. In the days of good Queen Bess English society sought anxiously for red hair-dyes, and went about "in ruffs and cuffs and farthingales and things." This was because her majesty had a carroty head, chose to wear the farthingale, which gave her the appearance of a female head and bust coming out of a barrel, and adopted ruffs to conceal scrofula. In the present day we have seen English court beauties affecting a limp because the Princess of Wales happened to be afflicted with hip disease, which obliged her to use a walking-stick, and following the habit of wearing ruffles and velvet bands around the throat, which the princess uses to conceal a scar. Concerning Mrs. Cleveland, a lady thus writes to the New York *World:* "Is Mrs. Cleveland the prototype of taste? Because she is the President's wife is she in possession, as many silly papers seem to admit, of all the intellectual, moral, physical, and, in regard of tastes and fashions, transcendental accomplishments? I do not think that every queen, however saintly and perfect she could be, has been admired, praised by an extravagant press, as Mrs. Cleveland is. To go back to our subject, permit me respectfully to ask you one question. If we throw away our bustles to ape Mrs. Cleveland, must we also—always to ape our model—bear her favorite flower, have dogs and monkeys to keep our company, dress our hair after Mrs. Cleveland's style, and, to be still a better worshiper of her hair dressing, turn our auburn locks into brown frizzes? I like Mrs. Cleveland, and hope she will be four years more one of the ornaments of the White House. But we are free-born women, and Mrs. Cleveland's dislike for the bustle or other feminine apparel will have absolutely no weight in the scale of our fashions and tastes. On the contrary, it is in our nature to rebel against another woman, especially if she intends or pretends to impose her will, taste, or something alike as a law and a tribunal *de dernier ressort.* Milliners and modistes know that.

And John Paul Bocock thus drops into poetry in "An Adieu to the Bustle" in the *World:*

As waves ye are blown on a smiling sound
  Out to a sea where ye all are lost;
As clouds ye fade in blue profound,
  When the sky is no longer tempest tost—
Cestus of Venus and Psyche's cone,
  Peplon of Helen and sandal shoe,
Woffington's crinoline, Pompadour's zone—
  Laugh, for the bustle must follow you!

Into the limbo of Fashion's tools,
  Into the charnel of Beauty's slaves,
Out of the reach of the fondest fools,
  Gone as the foam on the fleeting waves,
Past endearment, and out of the ken
  Of the fondest lips that would swear to be true,
Ye that have once been worshiped by men—
  Laugh, for the bustle must follow you!

But not to be laid 'mid the sacred dust
  Of the withered roses of high romance;
For a bustle no knight e'er plighted his trust,
  No cavalier shivered his loyal lance!
Theirs were the beauties and saints of old—
  There are beauties and saints to-day, it is true—
And so, ye shreds of a splendor cold,
  Laugh, for the bustle must follow you!

I do not mind (writes Brunswick in the Boston *Gazette*) seeing a man on his own piazza, or on his own lawn, in his shirt-sleeves; but I think there is nothing in the world uglier than to see a man with his waistcoat on, but without a coat, unless it be without a waistcoat if he wears suspenders. If he does not wear suspenders the costume is rather picturesque, particularly if he wears a silk scarf about his waist, a custom that is becoming quite popular in New York during the summer. If you will go down to Wall Street, you will see every variety of silk scarfs around the waists of youthful brokers. Those who do not wear scarfs wear very wide belts, some of them six or seven inches in width. The belt or the scarf adds a finish to the ugliest part of a man's dress, and makes it look almost like an Oriental costume.

By night, in public places, at the opera, the theatre, or at concerts, women of all ages are not ashamed to exhibit themselves at the sacrifice of all womanly modesty, and with a wanton effrontery that makes most men shudder (writes Labouchère in London *Truth*). There is nothing in any way attractive to view, for five acts of a play, the discolored back of a matron, or to be startled with the opulent shoulders and advertised charms of a woman in her prime, or to be treated, night after night, to the ordinary spectacle at public places of a scene that was once described by Alfred Austin in his "Satire," as one where the "half-drunk lean over the half-dressed." But what was written of a casino in 1860 is true of places of public entertainment in 1888. What respect can men have for women who proclaim their nakedness and advertise their immodesty? How is chivalry consonant with a woman who reserves nothing for the imagination; who flaunts her charms—such as they are—on the public gaze; with the mothers who make the stalls a rendezvous for their illicit love; with the daughters who exchange hand-squeezings with their "mashes," as they ostentatiously call them, in an atmosphere of pearl-powder, white rose, and the sensuous scent of the tuberose or gardenia bloom? But should there be any doubt on the subject, lean back in your stall and catch the scraps of conversation that fall from these modern mothers and from most modern girls. Is there one topic that they do not discuss without a blush on their faces? Is there one form of social depravity with which they are unfamiliar? Is there one scandal that does not start to their lips? Is there one subject debated confidentially between the man and woman of to-day with sly hint, innuendo, and suggestion that would have been tolerated among decent-minded men in any smoking-room, or mess ante-room, or over any known club-fire twenty, or even a dozen, years ago?

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Father, what is the quickest way to get rich?" "Honesty is the slowest way, my son."—*Berlin Lustige Blatter.*

M.—"Charlie says he is buffeting his way through life. What does he mean?" *Ed.*—"He's a free-lunch fiend."—*Time.*

Jennie—"Look at Mr. Oldboy; he walks as though he were carrying a heavy load." *Jack*—"Yes; *beau de cuir*, I guess."—*Life.*

Wife (whose husband is rescuing her from drowning)—"Shall I keep my mouth shut, John?" *Husband*—"Yes, if you can."—*New York Sun.*

Teacher (to class)—"Why is procrastination called the thief of time?" *Boy* (at foot of class)—"Because it takes a person so long to say it."—*Life.*

Old lady (to convict)—"Do they allow you to read the Bible, my poor man?" *Convict* (bitterly)—"Madam, they make me read it."—*New York Sun.*

Hill—"So Miss Gadabout is engaged. Jove! she's been engaged to every fool in the place, I think. Who's the last idiot she hooked?" *Jinks*—"Myself!"—*Life.*

Visitor (to proprietor of iron foundry)—"You cast almost everything here, I suppose?" *Proprietor*—"Everything, sir." *Visitor*—"Let me see you cast a gloom."—*Time.*

"If anybody was ever more pressed for time than I am I'd like to see him." "There's such a fellow on exhibition at the museum." "Who is he?" "An Egyptian mummy."—*Life.*

He (making an evening call)—"Shall I sing one more song, Miss Clara, before I go?" *She*—"I should be delighted, Mr. Sampson—er—if you think you have time."—*New York Sun.*

"I am on my way home, doctor," said a citizen, who was after some free advice, "and I'm tired and worn out. What ought I to take?" "Take a cab," replied the intelligent physician.—*New York Sun.*

Jack Hardup (who always forgets to repay)—"I say, old fellow, lend me a dollar, will you? I have nothing but a large bill in my pocket." *Friend* (who has been caught before)—"Whose is it, your tailor's?"—*Life.*

A Mississippi woman fell into a mill-pond, and when she was rescued a ten-pound cat-fish was entangled in her wire bustle. Her husband wanted to set her again, but she would not consent.—*Norristown Herald.*

Groom (to bride; they are waiting for the minister)—"Hadn't I better skip out and see what is the matter, my dear? The minister should have been here twenty minutes ago." *Bride*—"No, George; you stay right where you are."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Stranger (to Dakota citizen)—"I hear your town is to have a big celebration on the Fourth." *Dakota citizen*—"Yes, stranger, a whopper." *Stranger*—"Fireworks in the evening, I s'pose." *Dakota citizen*—"Yes, stranger, if it doesn't snow."—*New York Sun.*

Mrs. Morris Perke—"Mr. Rives is out a great deal at night, isn't he? My husband always spends his evenings at home!" *Mrs. Riverside Rives*—"How kind of him! But, then, you know, Riverside and I have such perfect confidence in each other!"—*Puck.*

Customer (to druggist)—"Gimme a big dose of whisky and quinine. I've got malaria." *Druggist*—"Sorry, sir, but we're just out of quinine." *Customer*—"Well, gimme the whisky without the quinine, then. I've got to take something or I'll die."—*New York Sun.*

"Are you familiar with Thackeray's works, Miss Sooter?" asked Mr. Miles Standish of the Pittsburg girl, and she artlessly responded: "Can't say that I am. I do not keep the run of half the foundries they are putting up in Pittsburg."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Young doctor (to patient)—"That prescription I left last night, sir, was a mistake. It was intended for another patient. Did you have it filled?" *Patient*—"Yes, doctor." *Doctor*—"Well, how are you feeling this morning?" *Patient*—"Much better."—*New York Sun.*

Deacon (to country minister)—"I s'pose, parson, that the advance in your salary from five hundred to six hundred dollars will be a big help to you." *Minister*—"Yes, indeed; the additional one hundred dollars will enable me to hire a man to collect the five hundred dollars."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Vat," said the collector for a little German band to a citizen who sat in his front window, "you no gif noddings for dot moosic?" "Not a cent!" replied the citizen, with hopeless emphasis. "Den ve blav some more, dat's all!" threatened the collector, so the citizen hastily gave up a quarter.—*Epoch.*

"Spieglehausen," said the leader of the little German band to the trombone, "vat for you blay so loud? You drown der rest of dat music." "Meigensteiner," returned the trombone, "ven I don'd blay so loud und drown the rest of dat music, ve lose money; so don'd you forgot id!"—*Puck.*

Edward—"I suppose you learned at Vassar the inexplicable difference between the anatomy of the dog and that of other animals?" *Sophia* (who has just been graduated with an M. D.)—"Why—er—no, that I remember. What is it?" *Edward*—"His lungs are at the seat of his pants."—*Life.*

Jekyll and Hyde in Baxter Street: *Isaac Jekyll*—"Mine friendt, won't you sdep inside? I show you some peautiful hats at half de cost of manufacture." (Hayvede steps in.) *Isaac Hyde* (backing up against the closed door)—"No you don'd, young feller! You buys a hat before you gets owet of here!"—*Puck.*

"It was a severe punishment," said the father, self-reproachfully, "but it answers the purpose. It kept Johnny from running on the street." "You didn't cripple the boy, did you?" "No; I had his mother cut his hair for him. You ought to see the poor boy." And the proud father wept bitterly—*Chicago Tribune.*

Tupper was rapidly getting the better of a plate of "ham-and" in a Park Row coffee-and-cake saloon, when Downes chanced in. "Why, Angy!" he exclaimed; "I'm surprised to find you here! Didn't I see you taking a girl into Delmonico's last night?" "Yes," said Angy, "and that's the reason I'm here to-day!"—*Puck.*

Gentleman—"What's the matter, Uncle Rastus, you look sick?" *Uncle Rastus*—"Yes, sah, I ate er whole watermelyun larst night jess 'fore I went ter bed, an' I ain't feelin' bery well dis mawnin." *Gentleman*—"Are you going to see a doctor?" *Uncle Rastus*—"No, sah; I'se gwine fo' anudder melyun."—*New York Sun.*

Quibble—"Aw, Grotius, how are you getting on with the case of Von Abbatoir, who chopped his wife's head off?" *Coke*—"Poorly, poorly! I had only finished arguing the seventh appeal yesterday, when the news reached me that he had died a natural death in jail. It's useless for legal talent to contend against the eccentric forces of nature."—*Puck.*

Young man (to numismatist)—"What's a silver half-dollar worth dated 1833?" *Numismatist*—"Nothing; the market is flooded with them." *Young man* (discouraged)—"I thought they were valuable. Can't you give me something for it?" *Numismatist*—"I wouldn't mind giving you a quarter." *Young man*—"Take it; that's better than nothing."—*Life.*

Officer—"Look 'r here, you! What are ye doin' 'round here this time o' mornin'?" *Stranger* (boldly)—"I'm tendin' to me bisness! Wat yer s'pose?" *Officer*—"Oh, ye are! Where did that chicken come from?" *Stranger* (with more under his coat, savagely)—"It come from a neg, av corse! What'n blazes did yer tink it come from? A sody-fountin'?"—*Puck.*

AN OCEAN GREYHOUND.

The Sights and Incidents of her Departure for Europe.

The shadows of the town lie long and cool upon the river. A faint film still hangs over water and horizon, like a steam through which objects are clearly yet softly seen. Overhead the splendors of a summer morning tinge the vapors of early day. In the streets through which we have passed, the milk-carts and the market-wagons have had things pretty much their own way, despite an occasional street-car stuffed like a sausage with men who carry tin dinner-pails, and puff at pipes in defiance of the rules of the company and the protests of a helpless conductor, hanging on to the edge of an overcrowded platform by his finger-nails. But we find it lively enough at the dock of the Imperial Steamship Company. The big black ship is buzzing like an enormous bee, with puffs of steam blowing off in between, as if her growling boilers had to ease themselves or burst of impatience. On her forward deck a panting donkey-engine is snatching delayed freight aboard in huge handfuls. The wharf under the lofty shed, whose roof is lost in a shadowy network of beams and braces, pierced by an occasional cold, gray blade from the grimed skylights, is a muddle of trucks, express-wagons, night-cabs, and private equipages, with men crying steamer-chairs and patent cures for seasickness, palm-leaf fans, traveling-caps, and what not else useful or useless to the voyager. Through the confusion of clanking machinery, rattling wheels, and the shouts of many voices in confused command, dominated by the eternal droning of the black monster chafing at its hawsers, we can hear a voice raised in alcoholic protest, amid laughter and jeering encouragement from the mob.

"Divel saise ye!" says the voice, with a hiccough between each word; "lave me go!"

"Tumble up now, Jack," says another voice; "you can't go to sleep here."

"Put him in his little bed," suggested a third voice, and there is a breeze of laughter that seems to blow the swinging cobwebs overhead.

"Howly mother?" cries the first voice again, and falls into a maudlin protest, broken with hiccoughs, and tears, and prayers, and blasphemies inextricably interblended. The mob—which is a mob of 'longshoremen out of work, men who would do no work alongshore, or anywhere else, if they had it to do, and the rest of that nondescript rabble one always finds along the waterside—sways toward the big ship, where we presently see a policeman bundle a drunken sailor through an open cargo port at which trunks are being passed in hand over hand. As Jack rolls into the gap, amid an avalanche of saratogas, the mob gives him another cheer and then scatters at the policeman's command, just in time to avoid being run down by a hansom with its big, bony horse all in a sweat.

Out of the hansom reel two young men in what was immaculate full-dress last night, no doubt, but which this morning bears evidences of long and careless conviviality.

"Tol' ye we'd fetch her," says one young man.

"Hic—ic—ugh—hic!" replies the other young man, lucidly.

The first young man grabs the second young man by the arm and seizes a huge bundle of flowers in the other hand. The rabble views with admiration the process by which their shaky legs are navigated among trampling truck-horses, and bales and boxes swinging at the ends of creaking tackle, their trail being marked by a dripping of broken blossoms. Several more carriages drive in, until the tangle becomes so intricate and the pressure so dense that the coach doors can not be opened, a circumstance that throws an obese old gentleman, in a private carriage, into an apopleptic fury of excitement and indignation.

"Jobson! Jobson!" yells the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir," responds the coachman, from his box, without, however, moving a muscle.

"I can't get out," cries the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir," replies Jobson, calmly as before.

"You scoundrel!" cries the old gentleman; "what do you mean by stopping here? I shall miss the boat."

The mob hastens to proffer friendly advice. He might climb through the roof and fly to the gangway. Never mind—there will be another boat next week, and so on. Jobson, with his horses wedged between a van loaded with cases, and an express wagon loaded with luggage, views the scene with dozing indifference, till the policeman comes to the imprisoned patriarch's aid and fights a path for him to his coveted goal.

It might be difficult for us to penetrate the press ourselves did we not happen to be in the wake of a tall, soldierly man, with a big, dark mustache, and a suit of summer blue flannels that, despite its civilian cut, is worn with a certain official manner. Whether by chance, or out of some mysterious deference, the busiest and thickest part of the crowd makes way for him and us to the wide gangway, over which a perpetual stream of people is flowing and ebbing.

The deck of the good ship *Asiatica* is clustered with a humanity that swarms like bees. There are old and experienced travelers stretched on benches, calmly supervising the commotion, and new hands at the game, who flutter to and fro in a flurry of excitement about nothing.

"Are you quite sure it is the right steamer, John?" asks an anxious matron, with half a dozen olive-branches bawling around her; "my! my! if we should get on the wrong boat."

John, whose eyes are bloodshot and who needs shaving badly, makes a pretense of going off to inquire, but really only hides behind the smoking-room to take an observation out of a pocket-flask. Mrs. John gathers her brood with much fussing and clucking, like a distressed hen. And on the same bench a grizzled veteran of many voyages chats with a brother wanderer about the chances of another drop in Manhattan Elevated before they reach Queenstown. As our large friend in the blue flannel suit goes by, one of the veterans looks at the other and whistles.

"Hello! hello!" says he.

"Hello!" responds his friend.

And they both add, "What the deuce does he want here?" and watch the movements of the man in blue with idle interest.

A party of airy young men, most of them in fashionable clothes and unfashionable hats, who are evidently, one and all, on excellent terms with themselves, are gathered well forward, watching the luggage coming aboard. You might know them, even without the sketch-books in which a couple are making pencil-marks, for artists, sailing in quest of inspiration in the mellow art atmosphere of a more favored land than their own. They have some friends who have come to see them off, and the talk is all of the exhibitions, the studios, men whom they will meet in Paris, and Munich, and in Holland.

"Remember, Dobb is at Scheveningen."

"And you will find Smeere at Pohling."

"If you see Crank Furrier remember me to him; and Duzenbeck—you may get to Venice, you know."

A large man, careless in dress, and with a face seared with wild living and a complexion high with the color of the feast, shuffles along on painful feet. He has a big, black cigar in his teeth, early as the hour is, and his pocket stuffed with newspapers. Ten cavaliers of the easel recognize him to one another with confidential nods—their old enemy, Skrawl, the critic, going to seek at Carlsbad, or somewhere else, a remedy for the bile he has so long given them a taste of. Mrs. Skrawl is sitting yonder by the funnel, a handsome woman, with a vulgar, showy beauty that is reflected in her attire. Perhaps, after all, Skrawl may have reasons known to himself for the bitter flavor of his views of art, literature, and life generally.

"And you are to go straight to Berlin, Augustus. Your uncle will expect you."

"Yaas, maw, aw—yaas."

"No stopping over in Paris."

"Naw, maw, aw—naw. Of cawse not."

Augustus makes his responses between sucks at his cane-head, and mamma, a stately, elderly lady, with a suggestion that she has more blood than money about her, proceeds to map out his route for him. Augustus listens, paying more attention apparently to a pretty girl in a Redfern traveling suit, who is sitting by herself in a steamer-chair, with a French novel in her lap.

"And mind, Augustus, no flirtations."

"Oh, maw!" cries Augustus, blushing violently at the unjust suspicion.

"You are so susceptible, you know, and any designing creature——"

"Nevaw feaw, maw," interrupts Augustus, who has already commenced to make an impression in the Redfern direction, or believes he has; "I'll take caiaw of that."

So ma kisses him on the forehead and takes the arm of a prim old man-servant in black broadcloth, and, with Augustus for escort of honor, goes toward the gangway. The pretty girl takes up her French novel and smiles.

Through the drumming and droning of the steamer a voice sounds singing, another joins in, and another. It is among the second-cabin people, fat and jolly men and women, who are saying farewell to each other with lusty hand-shakes and hearty slaps on the back, and snatches of Maennerchor music appropriate to the occasion, while their fat and jolly children have already smelled the galley out, and are watching the cook with goggling eyes. The big man in the blue flannel, having made his circuit of the deck, disappears in the cabin stair-case, and the two veterans look at each other and say something at which each smiles a cynical smile.

John has come back to Mrs. John, and is striving to comfort her with alcoholic assiduity. The little woman, who has been weeping all by herself in the shadow of the long-boat, dries her tears at the approach of a large, lazy-looking man, who comes up the gangway as comfortably as if he had weeks to spare, bringing a pretty little dog under his arm like a bundle. Whenever a purser, a steward, or even a ship's boy shows himself, he is surrounded and taken possession of.

"Have my trunks come on board?"

"What is the number of my state-room?"

"Has anything been sent for me from the Hoffman House?"

Everybody seems to labor under the impression that he or she is personally well-known to the individual they honor by addressing, and they take it as a personal insult when the official addressed asks, "What name, please?"

The saloon is full to suffocation. Stewards and stewardesses are posting to and fro. Passengers are examining their state-rooms here, exhibiting their state-rooms to friends there, and quarreling over the arrangement of the baggage in their state-rooms somewhere else. From an occasional half-open door comes the sound of clinking glasses. Heaps of flowers are scattered on the tables, and the air is sickly with their odor, the ship smell, and the heat. The two young men in last night's dress-suits are hanging over two young women in very stylish gowns, who look as fresh and bright as if they had just been manufactured and put on show, like French dolls.

"So kind of you," says one young woman; "but I knew you'd come, didn't I, Polly?"

"Yes, indeed," attests Polly, "and I said so, too, didn't I, Dolly?"

The young men protest that they are "chawmed," and to judge by their expression one may believe them.

"But you'll be at the stage-door of the Alcazar to-night, all the same," says Polly reproachfully; "you awful roués, you!"

The young men protest again, and swear eternal fidelity to the memory of their absent charmers, and lament the fact that the "cussed steward" will not sell any wine before the ship starts. The big man in blue strolls by, stops a steward and draws him into a corner.

"Steward! steward!" screams a stout, elderly female in a cloud of gay summer muslin, from a state-room door through which she can hardly wedge herself.

"Yes, ma'am," responds a dutiful official.

"This is an inside room," screams the stout female more shrilly than before.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And do you expect me to sleep in an inside room?"

"Beg pardon, mum, why didn't you take an outside mum?"

The stout female launches in a torrent of tirade against company, the ship, the officers, and crew, from captain d to forecastle cat, and winds up by declaring that she will she knows she will, in such a dog-kennel. The steward replies, "yes, ma'am," and when she has run down rem that perhaps the captain's cabin or the bridal-chamber are yet. Before the stout person can resent this impertinenc falling in a fit, a sudden, sharp sound sends a wave of sil through the noisy cabin.

The big man in blue is rapping at a state-room door!

He raps again, and for the third time, with no ans Then he says, in a calm voice, full of authority, "Open door."

There is a slight rustling within and the door opens. the threshold stands a white-faced man, his hair and whis all tousled, his clothes, for he is fully dressed, all awry. has the look of a man who has slept, and slept badly without undressing.

"How are you, Sympkyns," says the big man, affably thought you'd come aboard last night. Is that *the* va Hand it out, steward. Give Mr. Sympkyns his hat. then, Sympkyns, *if* you please."

He has the valise in one hand, and his other arm confi tially intertwined with that of the white-faced man. His is impassive, and his carriage as calm as ever. Sympk would collapse in a heap but for his support. They go up stairs together, amid the clamor of the starting bell, and follow them.

"Gad!" says one of the veterans, as we pass them, st their post; "who's that? Seems to me I know his face."

"You ought to," replies his friend; "it's Sympkyns cashier of the Pontoon Bank."

"Gad!" cries veteran No. 1; "so it is. The —— why didn't he try Canada?" ALFRED TRUMBL

NEW YORK, July 7, 1888.

OLD FAVORITES.

Ballade of Queen Clytie.

The ladye leans on the dial's rim
(Clytie's flowers are gold and brown),
Faint winds sigh, and the skies are dim
(Ways grow dark as the sun goes down).

"Yesternight as I slept," she said
(Sound the sweet, shut daisies sleep),
"Gold wings rustled around my bed
(Golden dreams for a slumber deep).

"Strange and sweet was my dream," saith she
(Red-gold rays for a bridal crown);
"Soon (be sure) he will come for me."
(Shining towers to my true-love's town).

Knights and nobles from every land
(Ways are wide, and the sea spreads far)
Seek her service and crave her hand
(Cold and fair is the morning-star).

Comes a king from the far North-lands,
Steed and surcoat as white as snow;
White stones flash on his charger's bands
(Skies are white when the north winds blow).

Next, a suitor of scanty speed,
The king of the South-lands, ambles slow,
Half asleep on a yellow steed,
Crowned with hyacinths all ablow.

Speeds a king from the fierce East-land,
Riding fast on a coal-black horse,
Red robes whirling like desert sand:
"Now the maiden shall yield perforce!"

Rides a king from the purple West,
Lord of many a goodly deed;
Plates of amethyst clasp his breast,
Rich stuffs cover her red-roan steed.

Each one seeks her for Queen and bride;
Swift she lifteth her eyes to them,
Slow and silent she turns aside,
Veils her face with her mantle's hem.

"Where is he that should come," saith she,
"Where the youth of my goodly dream?
None but him may I wed, pardie
(Gold that dazzles and locks that gleam).

"Gold rays stole through his shining hair
(Clytie's flowers are gold and brown);
O for the light of his face most fair!
(Ways grow dark as the sun goes down).

"Fair and sweet is my garden-space
(Tall, white poppies and gold-buds blown):
Still I watch for my true-love's face."
(Wan, gray moss on the dial-stone).

Each one sighs as he bends him low
(Every king for his own countrié!):
"Fortune favor the ways ye go"
(Pleasant and fair is courtesié!).

Rose-leaves fall to the bare, brown ground—
Faint and fall as the long days die,
Still she watches the hours creep round.
(Dear the gleam of a golden sky!)

Winds moan shrill in the garden-space
(Sodden flowers in the slow gray rain),
White and still is the Ladye's face
(Wet, dead leaves on a leaded pane).

Make her grave so it face the west
(Clytie's flowers are gold and brown),
Close her eyes for the sweet night's rest
(Ways grow dark as the sun goes down).

—*Graham R. Tom*

One of the letters received by the Hon. Chauncey Mit Depew before sailing for Europe was from an individual thinks he has a panacea for the prevention of strikes. duce each employee," he says, "to buy one share of York Central stock. As a strike would diminish the valu his property, he would think seriously before joining hand a strike." The writer then guarantees to canvass the twe five thousand employees of the company and sell the stoc the usual commission.

A PARISIAN DOMESTIC DRAMA.

"Parisina" discusses M. Hériot's Marriage and its Developments.

It is not often we get hold of a real mystery, but when we do we make the most of it. The omnipotence of the press nowadays does not permit of anything being long kept a secret; and when, as in the case of M. Hériot, an event of importance escapes for some days the lynx eye of the reporter, those concerned are generally made to pay pretty dearly for having dared to imagine that they could hoodwink the press and the public. Even private persons are not to be allowed to play out their little dramas in peace. And when the principal actor is the director of one of the largest emporiums of Europe—not to say the very largest—it is absolutely absurd to think that his acts shall remain unchronicled in the newspapers, or that the public will forbear to discuss them in all their bearings.

It was with feelings akin to actual dismay that we learned shots had been fired, and wounds inflicted, and we none the wiser; that for near upon a week we had been fooling with other matters while a domestic episode of the most exciting and thrilling order had taken place, and had been concealed thus cleverly. As soon as ever we got an inkling of the affair, we felt it our bounden duty to find out all about it; those who had no means of learning what had actually happened immediately began to invent stories of a more or less improbable description. Every second person you met had a new version of the story and his or her own peculiar source of knowledge wherefrom to draw special conclusions.

The facts themselves were bare enough, though teeming with innuendo. M. Hériot was lying dangerously wounded at his country house in La Boissière. He had shot himself, after letting fly two balls at his wife, which had, fortunately, failed to hit her.

You might not think so just at first, but when a husband takes to shooting about in this way, it is rank lunacy to try and hush up the affair. It would be far more prudent to write out a paragraph and send it round to the papers: "Mrs. So-and-So informs the public that her husband shot at her and missed her this morning, and has since put a bullet through his own body." This would have been all fair and above board, and no one would have had any cause to complain of a want of frankness on the lady's part. But Mme. Hériot does nothing of the kind. Foolish woman, she is bent on saving her husband's reputation—and her own—and so she makes a mystery of the affair. She attempts to baffle curiosity, to keep the press in the dark, not to say anything of the law. Surgeons are sent for in hot haste, but secretly in carriages, with the blinds drawn down. They come and go at night. The servants are bribed, and only one or two trusted domestics are permitted to leave the park gates. There shall be no blabbing at the café, no tale-bearers if she can help it. Poor thing, she believes in the perfect security of the telegraph! It was thus the story leaked out. An official uses his eyes and scents a drama. Heigh, presto! to the newspaper office. Which shall it be, the *Figaro* or the *Gaulois*, or, perhaps, the *Gil Blas*, always extremely anxious to publish the latest scandal? And the telegraph-Judas gets well paid, we doubt not, for his pains. He has not much to tell, but enough to make up a delightfully sensational paragraph for the next issue.

Some precious time is lost in making inquiries at Vésinet, where M. Hériot lives in a general way, but this elegant villa is found with shutters closed. The master and mistress had departed some time before for that other estate of his, near Rambouillet, and to La Boissière they hurry. The livery-stable keeper at the station must have made a pretty penny those last few days! Each train brought down its contingent of reporters, eager to learn the rights of the matter. All were received with scant courtesy and short answers at the house; all were told monsieur was ill and that madame could see no one. Mistake number two. Of course, the majority came back and revenged themselves in print, for the rebuff they had experienced. Some declared the law had been set at defiance, and took up a high moral tone; others cudgeled their brains to concoct a slanderous tale that would fit in with acknowledged facts.

These were sufficiently suggestive. True, M. Hériot's story is that of thousands of Frenchmen who generally either marry for convenience the young girl chosen for them by their relatives and friends with a suitable dowry, or else raise to the rank of wife the female companion they have previously singled out for her beauty or other quality, which happens to have taken their fancy. To marry a portionless girl, however sweet, modest, and well-born, is looked upon almost in the light of a social crime. People will tell you they do not hold with love-matches, and will shake their heads over them as if it were rather immoral than otherwise for any young girl to have excited a passion in the breast of a young man her equal in birth and breeding, and in everything save the accident of fortune. The fact of her having been married *sans dot* will cling like a burr to her through life, and the husband will be pitied rather than blamed when, the first glamor departed, he allows it to be discreetly apparent that he might have done better; whereas many a man before now has received social absolution for introducing to his friends and acquaintances the mistress whom he has somewhat tardily transformed into a wife. This would, doubtless, have been the case with M. Hériot, had not hypochondria claimed him for her own, and jealousy—with or without reason, who shall say?—caused him to shun society and to hide his connubial felicity from that portion of the world which might have been quite ready to forget the wife's history for the sake of the husband's millions.

M. Hériot has been twice married, and his first wife was alive when, by the sudden death of Hériot *aîné*, the commandant came into the possession of some six or seven millions of dollars, and a third part in the profits of the Grand Magasin du Louvre. He left the army, when he had certainly distinguished himself and gained the ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur, and became a draper. On his principal partner, M. Chauchard, retiring into private life, and later, shuffling off this mortal coil, he assumed the important position of sole director of the huge emporium. A philosopher would say of the first Mme. Hériot, she was a happy woman, for she had no history. Her husband's knowledge of, and interest in, Mlle. Dubernet commenced while she herself lay ill unto death. The dying woman had many little fancies which it was M. Hériot's pleasure as well as his duty to satisfy. One day one of the assistants was dispatched from the Louvre with an armful of elegant *peignoirs;* the major was not too much immersed in sorrow to notice that the messenger was an extremely lovely girl, and at any other time the chances are he would have tried to follow up the acquaintance. Mme. Hériot died, and the widower, though not inconsolable, had other things on his hands for the moment, so that it was some time before he found an opportunity to make discreet inquiries of the *chef de rayon.* In the meantime Mlle. Dubernet had found a more advantageous situation, and her name had been taken off the books of the Louvre.

Some months later M. Hériot met her on the boulevards. The impression made upon his mind had been a deep one, he recognized her immediately and entered into conversation, and you may be sure made the most of his advantage. He learned where she was employed and the hours at which he was most likely to meet her. Acquaintances of this sort ripen quickly on the *pavé de Paris.* The gentleman invites the lady to dine and go to the theatre with him if it is winter, or to the country in summer. There is not so much beating about the bush as there would be with you or in England, and a *liaison* is quickly established. In this case the lover was very much in earnest, and he was very rich, which certainly simplified matters considerably.

Early in '85 the *ménage irrégulier* was established at Vésinet, in a charming country-house situated in its own grounds, surrounded by high walls. A certain amount of mystery pervaded the whole affair. M. Hériot seldom, if ever, invited friends to the villa, and when they came by chance they caught a glimpse of feminine frippery, and the cry of an infant was sometimes heard in the widower's villa. Last year, when a second child was born, the father bethought him it was high time he took measures to legitimize his offspring, and he made up his mind to marry his mistress, recognize his children, get them baptized, and put everything *en règle.* The wedding was a quiet one, but the christening was quite a grand affair, and Father Monsabré—who had, it is said, some hand in the conversion—officiated.

Frenchmen will often do for their children's sakes what they would consider superfluous were the woman only concerned. Baudry, the great painter, who died a short time since, is another example. To give a social status to the children he adored, he married a woman who had sat to him as a model for some of the most beautiful of his nymphs and Venuses, and thereby tied himself down to a life-long purgatory that helped to shorten his days.

M. Hériot's case was different, but the results are tragic, nevertheless. Once the beautiful woman was his wife he was necessarily obliged to take her about, and everywhere they went she excited much attention and admiration. He was absurdly, ridiculously jealous. If a man turned his glass toward their box at the theatre, he flew into a passion and took his wife away.

The extraordinary friendship and intimacy that existed between M. Hériot and General Boulanger was well known to every one in Paris. The general lodged at the Hôtel du Louvre, and between him and his landlord there was a continual interchange of courtesies. There are people now who declare that the irresistible Ernest nursed this intimacy for reasons of his own, and that he was not insensible to the beauty of the ex-assistant. I do not suppose we shall ever know the rights of the matter. When a man once allows the green-eyed monster to get the better of him, he is as likely as not to wreck his happiness for a supposed wrong as for a real one, so, perhaps, the general, for once, is innocent of the imputation brought against him. It is more charitable to believe there was no reason whatsoever for jealousy, that it merely arose from a diseased brain, and that when M. Hériot took up that pistol to fire on his wife, he was acting under the pressure of a grave disturbance of his mental organs. It may have been a sudden gleam of reason that caused him to turn the arm against himself and put that bullet through his body which came so near killing him outright.

This being the kindest hypothesis, it is, of course, the one that finds least favor. It is so much more romantic and interesting to suppose a story of jealousy, revenge, despair; to imagine a faithless wife and friend surprised by a justly infuriated husband, who, having wreaked his vengeance on one at least of the culprits, feels he can not survive the wreck of his home and honor, and therefore tries to put an end to himself. Why, if it were merely an ordinary case of insanity, was Mme. Hériot so bent on concealing all the facts? say the cynics. And why, for once in his life, does General Boulanger set out on a journey without letting all the world into his confidence? Why is he suddenly discovered to be in a distant province when he was still supposed to be in Paris? Why did M. Hériot leave Vésinet so mysteriously to take up his abode so early in the season at La Boissière? Why this, why that? You see a cell at Charenton, or a short period of seclusion in Dr. Blanche's model establishment are very tame conclusions for a sensational drama that has been a nine days' wonder in Paris.

PARISINA.

PARIS, June 25, 1888.

Thirty thousand dollars were voted by Congress the other day for firing morning and evening salutes to the flag, which brings out the curious fact that the powder left over from the war lasted just twenty-three years. The last barrel was used early last spring, since when no salutes have been fired at any military posts except West Point, Fort Monroe, and Fort Riley.

The coin collectors have been busy since Emperor Frederick's death. The coins struck at the Berlin mint during his reign are already scarce and command a big premium.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Cony Foster was sick. He had made all arrangements for his death and burial, when he began to gain. One day he remarked to his wife that, as he felt better, he thought it likely that he might recover. "Cony," said his wife, "as you are prepared and I am resigned, I think you had better go now."

This is the latest credited to W. S. Gilbert. A friend was bewailing in his company that his wife had just presented him with triplets, all girls. "What am I to do with them?" asked the poor man. "I don't even know what to name them." "Oh," said Mr. Gilbert, "call the first Kate, the second Duplicate, and the third Triplicate."

All the old stories are retold with interest, including that which the old opera-goers of New York, whose musical life is still bounded by the memory of Grisi and Mario at Castle Garden, will continue to vote the best of all musical repartees: "These are your little Grisettes," said the Emperor Nicholas to Mme. Grisi, meeting her one day at St. Petersburg with her two little girls, Rita and Clelia. The third daughter, Mrs. Godfrey Pearse, who tells the story, was not yet born. "No, sire," answered Mme. Grisi, with an appropriateness almost too happy for reality, "they are my little Marionettes."

In one of our prominent batteries (says a writer in the *Century*), a soldier belonging to a command which was supporting a battery, was lying down with the rest of his regiment to obtain some cover afforded by a bit of rolling ground. The fire soon became so hot that his nerves could no longer stand the strain upon them, and he sprang to his feet and started for the rear. He soon found himself in a level field that was being plowed by the shot and shell, which ricochetted over the rolling ground in front, and saw that he had got out of the frying-pan into the fire. "What are you doing there?" cried an officer. "Well," said the man, "I'm looking for the rear of this army, but it don't seem to have any."

One of Mrs. Googin's neighbors had the misfortune to break his arm, and being a large, fleshy man, was for some time in considerable danger. The attending physician had gratified the kindly, but inquisitive, Mrs. Googin's desire to know if Mr. Jenkins were "dangerous," by informing her that his patient would recover if gangrene did not set in. A few days after, Mrs. Googin met a friend of the sick man, who lived some distance away, and who inquired if she knew how Mr. Jenkins was. "Oh, yes," responded Mrs. Googin, with the air of importance which definitely acquired information always imparts to the uncultured; "Dr. Martin told me *himself* that he would get well if *oleomargarine* did not set in."

A very eminent London surgeon, one of the lights of the profession, one day observed a gentleman knocked down by a runaway horse. He went to his aid and found he had broken his leg. It was only a simple fracture, but the man was badly hurt. The surgeon used his umbrella as a splint, and with his own and borrowed handkerchiefs bandaged the limb tightly, put the patient into a cab, and drove to the nearest hospital. There they were received by a young medical student. "You've bandaged this pretty well," said this youth, patronizingly. "You flatter me," was the reply. "Not at all," said the other; "I suppose you've been attending some ambulance class. They say a little learning is a dangerous thing, but the little you've learnt you've put to good account. I can't give you your umbrella now, but if you leave your address it shall be sent to your house." "I had better give you my card," said the eminent surgeon. And he did so.

Sudden forgetfulness is not an unusual thing in the pulpit. Aubrey, the antiquary, says that when he was a freshman at college he heard Dr. Sanderson, Bishop of Lincoln, well-known for his work, "Nine Cases of Conscience," break down in the middle of the Lord's Prayer. Even the great French preacher Massillon once stopped in the middle of a sermon from a defect of memory; and Massillon himself recorded that the same thing happened through excess of apprehension to two other preachers whom he went to hear in different parts of the same day. Another French preacher stopped in the middle of a sermon and was unable to proceed. The pause was, however, got over ingeniously. "Friends," said he, "I had forgot to say that a person much afflicted is recommended to your immediate prayers." He meant himself. He fell on his knees, and before he rose he had recovered the thread of his discourse, which he concluded without his want of memory being perceived.

A well-known banker of Paris not long ago met a man of about his own age, who, in shaking him cordially by the hand, said: "Is it possible, my dear sir, that you do not remember me? We met at pretty close quarters once, twenty-five years ago. I am So-and-So, with whom you fought a duel with pistols. You remember me now!" "So I do! so I do!" said the banker; "but I had completely forgotten the incident until you reminded me of it." "Indeed! As for me, I couldn't forget it easily—I was so badly scared. Why, I heard your bullet whistle within an inch of my ear." "My bullet?" "Certainly." "And the pistols were loaded, then?" "Of course." "Ah, those rascally seconds! They swore to me that the pistols weren't loaded. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! To think that I might have been killed like a dog!" And the banker fainted with agitation merely to think of the danger which he had run twenty-five years before, and was carried into an apothecary's to be restored.

A story is being told at the clubs (writes Arlo Bates in the Providence *Journal*) at the expense of a Boston man whose efforts in literature and eloquence have been, on the whole, more conspicuous for self-confidence than for ability. At a debate, which took place at no very great distance of time, in regard to the tariff, Mr. X. was one of the speakers in favor of protection. The gentleman who preceded him was, by all odds, the most brilliant of the disputants, and his remarks were, on this occasion, unusually happy. When Mr. X. rose, he gazed about over the audience with his usual air of lordly condescension. "If I had the time of my predecessor," he began, pompously, "and his ability——" "You have the time, Mr. X.," interrupted one of the disputants, in an aside loud enough to be distinctly audible all over the hall. The point was taken, and the audience roared. Mr. X. struggled in vain to retain his composure. The laugh was against him, and after floundering hopelessly for a moment, he sat down.

How the word *toast* should be used at the same time to name a plate of food and the drinking to the health or welfare of a person, is not without curious interest. We need go back only about two hundred years to find the use of tea and coffee almost unknown in England and in the colonies. Our ancestors of good substantial estate were accustomed to drink *toasts* at their meals as a regular beverage. Slices of bread or the crusts of the family loaf were toasted at the fire until they were quite brown, and were then put into boiling water. This made a drink that was relished even without sugar. Rye used to be roasted in the kernel for this purpose, and it was sold as "domestic coffee" at New England groceries not more than seventy-five years ago. There are a good many traditions of wit and humor connected with the old practice of drinking toasts, just as tea-drinking has its connection with social life. Some of these stories are historical, and occasionally one is met with good enough to deserve to be perpetuated. About two hundred years ago the Earl of Stair was ambassador from England to the Dutch court at the Hague. He kept up the reputation of his country for hospitality. The ambassadors from other governments did the same. On one occasion, he was dining at the table of the French ambassador, when the host gave as the toast, "The rising sun, my master," alluding to the device and motto of Louis. The Austrian ambassador then gave "The moon," in compliment to his empress. The turn then came to the Earl of Stair, who proved himself equal to the occasion. His toast was to "Joshua, the son of Nun, who made the sun and moon stand still." There was no need of formal reference to his master, King William. The political situation was exactly shown.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Yale College has shown its appreciation of Mark Twain's wit by conferring upon him the degree of master of arts.

Professor J. B. McMaster hopes to have the MS. of the third volume of his "History of the People of the United States" in the printer's hands by the end of this year.

It is understood (says the New York *Tribune*), that Mr. R. L. Stevenson's description of his yachting cruise in the South Pacific will be published in serial form.

Samuel M. Peck, the young Southern poet, whose volume of verse called "Cap and Bells" was published about two years ago, is reported to be dangerously ill at his home in Tuscaloosa, Ala.

Sun and Shade, a new illustrated periodical, composed exclusively of plates by the finer photographic processes of reproduction, will be issued this month, by the Photo-Gravure Co., of New York city.

An old contributor to "Household Words" says, concerning Dickens's work, as the editor thereof, "What didn't he do? He cut us down; he wrote passages in, and he gave new titles; and that was how he made his magazine a success."

An English critic, in discussing the modern novel, sneers at "that dreary analysis, falsely so-called, which the New World has sent with the Colorado beetle, and the phylloxera, and a hundred other plagues, to punish the rashness of Columbus and the crimes of his followers of all nations."

The publication of the proposed series of "The Great French Writers" by A. C. McClurg & Co. has been begun. The delay has been caused by the fact that the publishers were disappointed with the translations brought out in England, and therefore undertook the expense of entirely new translations.

An edition of Boccaccio's "Decameron," printed at Ulm, in 1471, brought two hundred and five dollars at a sale in London a short time ago; a copy on India-paper of the Stothard edition of 1825 sold for one hundred and five dollars; and for an unexpurgated copy (Venice, 1492), four hundred and eighty dollars was paid.

Henry James's new novel, "The Reverberator," which has been appearing as a serial in *Macmillan's Magazine*, will be published in book form immediately by Messrs. Macmillan. The same firm will soon reissue from this magazine Marion Crawford's "With the Immortals," considerably enlarged since its first appearance.

Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson, author of "The Real Lord Byron," has written an historical biography of "Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson," based upon letters and other documents, recently given to the public by the owner. It is said that a new and favorable light is thrown upon the intimacy between Lady Hamilton and the admiral.

Brentanos, the publishers of the "Bankside Shakespeare," which is limited to five hundred copies and issued for the Shakespeare Society of New York, and under their auspices, have appointed Messrs. Pierson & Robertson, of this city, agents for the work on this coast. The edition will be complete in twenty parts at two dollars and fifty cents per part, and is sold only by subscription.

Arlo Bates writes from Boston that "the number of stories now floating about from publisher to publisher which deal with the transmigration of souls, the doctrine of reincarnation, and other Buddhistic theories is something amazing." He thinks they "must all have been written about the same time, and are the result of a common impulse, but of course those which are got into print already seem to ante-date the others, and all that come after run the risk of the dreadful charge of plagiarism."

In a letter addressed to J. Henry Hager, the translator of his "La Morte," M. Octave Feuillet says it has been erroneously asserted in America that he was born in 1812. The correct date is 1822, the error being that of the biographical dictionaries of Paris and London, which unite in giving the former year. M. Feuillet, therefore, is sixty-five instead of seventy-five. Though his health is far from good, he is at present engaged in elaborating his latest romance, "Un Artiste," which is to appear this year in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. An English version will be made by Mr. Hager from advance sheets.

Herman Merivale says that perhaps the best criticism he ever heard on Colonel Newcome "was made, quite unconsciously, by a long-headed man of business and a man of the world, after reading 'The Newcomes.' He was furious with the colonel. 'A miserable, impudent swindler,' he said, 'ruining hundreds out of sheer swagger, and posing for the simple-minded and charitable, and all that sort of thing!' Precisely; that was the very judgment passed by the characters in the book, of the class of my angry friend, upon the character of the colonel. It was just as the colonel's creator meant it should be. To others, as to himself, it was to carry a different meaning."

The French Society of Men-of-Letters has decided to hold a Literary Congress in Paris next year, and the leading *littérateurs* of Europe and America are to be invited to attend it. Advantage will be taken of the occasion to unveil the statues, which it is hoped may be finished by that time, of Balzac, Alfred de Musset, and Victor Hugo. Musset's statue is nearly completed. The funds collected for Balzac's fall short of the required amount by some four hundred pounds sterling, which a fresh appeal to the great novelist's admirers is very likely to bring in. There is, however, some doubt if Hugo's statue will be ready for inauguration next year. The sum of four thousand pounds sterling has been subscribed for a memorial to him, but his literary executors seem to think the amount inadequate.

Of his own poems, Dr. Holmes says in the June *Book Buyer:* In my opinion, "The Chambered Nautilus" is my most finished piece of work, and I think it is my favorite. But there are also "The Voiceless," "My Aviary," written at my window there, "The Battle of Bunker Hill," and "Dorothy Q.," written to the portrait of my great-grandmother, which you see on the wall there. All these I have a liking for; and when I speak of the poems I like best, there are two others that ought to be included—"The Silent Melody" and "The Last Leaf." I think these are among my best. What is the history of "The Chambered Nautilus"? It has none—it wrote itself. So, too, did "The One Hoss Shay." That was one of those random conceptions that gallop through the brain, and that you catch by the bridle. I caught it and reined it. All my poems are written while I am in a sort of spasmodic mental condition that almost takes me out of my own self, and I write only when under such influence. It is for this reason, I think, that I can never remember a poem a short time after it is written, any more than the subject of double consciousness can recall the idea of his other state.

Flush Times in San Francisco.

CALIFORNIA INTER POCULA. A Review of Some Classical Abnormalities. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. San Francisco: The History Company, 1888.

It is a curious phase of social development that Hubert Howe Bancroft has invested with the dignity of history in his latest volume, "California Inter Pocula." The social life of a new nation—for the early Californians were unlike any other people in their methods of thought as in their mode of living—which had sprung up in a day, almost, is of deep interest to the student of social and psychological phenomena as an unique spectacle in the history of the world, and will be read with intense pleasure by those who were here in the early days and themselves acted rôles in the drama of nascent civilization. The chief topics which Mr. Bancroft discusses in this book are the early rumors of gold in California; the discovery by Marshall; the journey to the new El Dorado overland by cattle-train or by way of the Isthmus; the topography and appearance of early San Francisco; peculiar methods of transacting commercial and judicial business; gambling, drinking, dueling; miners and squatters; the Indian wars with Captain Jack and the Modocs in the Lava Beds; and a dozen other miscellaneous topics.

The subject of the discovery of gold has been touched upon in various other volumes of the history; here the various items on the subject are brought together. "Three Centuries of Wild Talk" is the title Mr. Bancroft gives the chapter devoted to the rumors which the early Spanish and other explorers brought during the period of discovery and imperfect exploration down to 1837. The gist of them is that the Spaniards, seeing natives with gold, supposed that there must be rich mines in the interior, but that no authentic discovery of gold-bearing quartz or gravel was recorded in that period. He inclines to the opinion that the Russians knew of the existence of gold placers in and around New Helvetia; but Captain Sutter was not aware of it, and to James W. Marshall he gives the credit of discovering and making known the shining particles that gave California her wonderfully sudden development from an almost uninhabited pasture land to a great and teeming State. And it may be of interest to add that within forty-eight hours Marshall and his companions "salted" the mill-race with the dust they had found, and let Captain Sutter rediscover gold, to his intense delight and their spirituous advantage.

This was on the twenty-fourth day of January, 1848, and in five months twenty thousand men were busy with shovel and pan around the mill; and in ten months after the first discovery fifty thousand diggers were washing gravel in the cañons of the Sierras. Marshall tried in vain to obtain aid from the government in later years, but died in poverty. Mr. Bancroft gives a little anecdote, by the way, that ascribes to Marshall a share in the discovery of gold in Australia:

> An Englishman, named Hargraves, came one day to the Coloma mill for lumber. He seemed specially in a bad humor, for he was cursing California and the people. Marshall let him go on for a while without saying a word. Finally he broke out: "See here, my friend, if you don't like this country, why do you come here? Nobody invites you. Nobody will cry if you take yourself off. Go home and dig gold. I warrant you I could find the stuff in Australia." The speaker, beginning sharply, had gradually, almost unconsciously, dropped into a meditative style. The man took it up in earnest. Marshall was a great character thereabout; he had found gold in California, and surely he must know if it was in Australia. "Do you really think so?" asked Hargraves. "I am sure of it," said Marshall. "If I thought so I would go." And he went. And for the millions of pounds sterling turned by this means into the British treasury, he received from the British Government five thousand pounds sterling and from the Australian Government ten thousand pounds sterling, while Marshall from his ungrateful country received nothing.

Of the journey overland Mr. Bancroft draws a terrible picture. The Donner tragedy was the climax, but we need not recapitulate it here; it may be mentioned, however, that the superior powers of endurance of the so-called weaker sex are evidenced in the fact that of the eighty persons, thirty-two of whom were women and forty-eight men, only twenty-five per cent. of the women died, while nearly sixty per cent. of the men succumbed. The sea voyage, down the Atlantic, across the Isthmus, and up the Pacific to the promised land, was less eventful and gave less chance for heroism except against incessant trivial discomfort and annoyance; but Mr. Bancroft has made three very interesting chapters of his own experience.

In San Francisco the newly arrived immigrant, for the most part fresh from some quiet country village, came upon such a people as he had never dreamed of; and in a few weeks he was one of themselves. In 1848–9 the town consisted chiefly of tents and shanties, laid out with no great regularity upon three or four dusty roads. After the fires of 1850 and 1851, however, the new buildings were more regularly arranged and better built; "Little Chile," as the block bounded by Pacific, Jackson, Montgomery, and Kearny Streets was called from its Chilean inhabitants, long remained an eye-sore upon the ambitious young city. Montgomery Street was from the first the Wall Street of San Francisco, the habitat of bankers and brokers; on Sansome Street, after the ground had been "made," were several hotels and stores; Davis Street, built wholly on piles, was the early "Barbary Coast," swarming with sailors' boarding-houses and cheap-John shops. Kearny Street was given over to amusements. Here were found the gorgeous saloons, one of them pillared with great glass columns, with glittering chandeliers, fine paintings, skilled musicians, and all that could lure the homeless miner with his sack of dust; the saloons, dance-halls, theatres, and other snares for the unwary. Kearny Street, the old plank road to the Mission, with its line of four-horse busses, and Stockton Street were the fashionable promenades and places for fast driving. Dupont Street was filled with small shops, and constituted the great thoroughfare between the residences at North Beach and the business centre, and Stockton Street was the Nob Hill of those days, though there were many pretty cottages on Howard Street and on the way to the Mission. The condition of society was most anomalous for the middle of this nineteenth century:

> Woman played her part in early California annals, her influence being abnormal as much by its absence as by its presence. . . . As a rule, the better class of men came to California, and a more ordinary class of women. . . . The first females to come—and these were early enough upon the ground—were the vicious and unchaste, who opened and presided at brilliant saloons and houses of ill-fame, and sat by the gambler and assisted him in raking in his gains and paying his losses. Flaunting in their gay attire they were civilly treated by the men, few of whom, even of the most respectable and sedate, disdained to visit their houses. On the steamers, coming out, the frail, fair one was often shown all the delicate considerations due to the fine lady of immaculate morals; the officers of the ship were always at her command, and if a favorite of the captain she was assigned a seat at his table. On her arrival, merchants and judges were among her associates. There was little social caste or moral quality in those days. In the absence of the true, the imitation was made to answer. . . . Now and then ships from France and elsewhere would enter the port, with companies of respectable girls on board, who would be immediately caught up by gamblers and saloon-keepers, to assist at the table or dispense drinks, at two hundred and fifty dollars a month; but, alas! within a week or two, despite the vigilance of the proprietor, they would be mated! . . . An American woman, Mrs. Farnham, offered to organize, on a large scale, a scheme for the emigration of women from France to San Francisco. The highest respectability was required, and no emigrant was admitted under twenty-five years of age. A ship was chartered especially for their use, and each must have twelve hundred francs. Small as was the amount required, the enterprise was not a success.

Business was conducted on high-pressure principles. A candy-shop on Long Wharf, after six months' business, failed for one hundred thousand dollars. "A well-known resident, then a lawyer, now a judge in one of the courts, worked for several weeks as cook in a restaurant. Overhearing one of the patrons of the place complain that he could not find a lawyer to take up a case he had in court, he proffered his services, took off his apron and went before the court, won the case, charged a fee of two hundred dollars, and was retained for two other cases before leaving the court-room." In July, 1853, the carpenters struck and obtained eight dollars a day, 'longshoremen got six dollars for nine hours' work, the hod-carriers of Stockton demanded six dollars a day, and so on through the divisions of manual labor. A single anecdote will show how larger business concerns were carried on:

> One day Christopher Taylor, his money being pretty well spent, was accosted by his old friend Barton Lee. "Chris, what are you going to do?" "Well," said Taylor, "I think I shall go into business here." "You are just the man I want," returned Lee. "Come and dine with me." Now neither of these individuals had capital sufficient to pay a week's board; yet each thought the other possessed of abundance. Both, however, were enlightened before dinner was over. Lee had a little the advantage, as he had begun a large business by renting a room in the fort for a store, though he had nothing to put in it. For this he had promised to pay a rental of one hundred dollars a month; the first month's rent was still due. "What do you think of it?" asked Lee after dinner. "I think I shall go into business," said Taylor. "Where is the stock to come from?" inquired Lee; "do you know any one at San Francisco?" "No one," responded Taylor; "but we can get goods enough, we will buy them." Assuming the attitude of senior partner, although Lee had the room rented before him, Taylor said, "while I sweep out the store, you go down to the embarcadero and buy out the first vessel that arrives; buy everything on board." "But where will I get money with which to pay for it all?" Lee wanted to know. "Leave that to me," replied Taylor. Lee did as he had been directed, and returned reporting the purchase of a cargo. "What does it consist of?" demanded Taylor. "Oregon bacon, flour, and boots and shoes," was the reply. "Exactly what we want," said Taylor; "about the pay—what arrangement did you make?" "Not any." "Well, in the morning say to him that his money is ready, and he shall have it as soon as the goods are landed." "That is all very well," said Lee, "but I would like to know what kind of a scrape I am getting into." "Does the captain drink?" "He soaks in it all the time." "All right; see that plenty of whisky is always at hand; as fast as the cargo is discharged, send it to me, but do not let him take it out too rapidly; tell him our team is worked hard, and that we are so crowded we can not stow it away faster." All went on smoothly at the embarcadero. The master of the vessel thought Lee one of the best men he had ever met, exceedingly honest and truthful. Taylor handled himself lively about the store. He made trade brisk. Some of those in the crowd that was coming and going he knew; they and others wanted supplies. The goods as they arrived were not put into the store, but were piled up outside, thus making a grand display. The result of it all was the merchandise was sold as fast as delivered, and when the captain came for his money, the partners had enough to pay for the cargo, vessel, and all.

Judicial affairs were in the same feverish condition. A man could not obtain justice unless he paid more than his opponent in the suit, and criminal cases were something marvelous. In one court a New York directory was used to swear in witnesses, and few could boast a more sacred volume than a "Webster's Speller." Here are some instances of the methods of administering justice:

> Stephen J. Field, subsequently upon the supreme benches both of the State and of the United States, was in the rough years of 1850 alcalde of the roaring town of Marysville, so called from one Mary, a woman out of whom the seven devils were not cast. One day a well-known citizen riding a horse which he had just purchased was met by another citizen who claimed the animal as his own. Field, passing by, and hearing the dispute, stopped. Naturally enough both men agreed at once to leave the matter for decision to their newly elected justice of the peace. Swearing the disputants where they stood, he heard the story of each, and decided in favor of the walking claimant, to whom the horse was immediately delivered. The judge's fee, an ounce, was cheerfully paid; and afterwards the crowd adjourned for a brief space to an adjacent saloon. . . . In the matter of a change of venue in a certain case which came before the district judge of the sixteenth judicial district in 1852, the defendant's attorney wished it to be sent to El Dorado County, while the district attorney chose Amador. Preferring the lawyers should settle it, and knowing that both prided themselves on their skill at cribbage, the judge suggested that they should retire to an adjoining room, and peg twice round the board. The lawyers agreed. After an absence of some twenty minutes they returned. "Well, gentlemen," said the judge; "have you agreed to what court your case shall be sent?" "May it please your honor," replied the defendant's attorney; "you may send it to El Dorado." "By how much?" asked the judge. "Two points," was the reply. . . . The duties of coroner devolved upon a justice of the peace. One Harry had a peculiar mode of recording his procedures, which is best illustrated by quoting from his writings. "No. 3. George Williams who cutt his throt with a razor October 20, 1850. Having heerd the evidense it is evident it is a case of felloday see. Said Williams had no property that I could find out. Justice fees, ten dollars. R. C. BARRY." "No 5. T. Newly killed by Fuller who shot him with a gunn, January 30, 1851. I found no property on the diseased. After trying Fuller and finding him gilty, he was committed by me, and sentenced by the cort to two years' confinement. He broke jale and run off."

But one could set forth almost the whole book in quotation. It is full of the most curious anecdotes which abundantly prove the maxim that truth is stranger than fiction. It will be read with deep interest by the actors in these strange scenes and by those who knew them. And to the student of his kind it shows a curious and unprecedented mental change of a whole people, in some respects almost a retrogression to barbarism and in others a wonderful gain for heroism, generosity, boldness of thought and action, and many of the nobler qualities.

New Publications.

Ernest de Lancey Pierson's novel, "A Slave of Circumstances," which we noticed some weeks ago, is for sale by the publishers, Belford, Clarke & Co., Market Street; price: cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

The first part of Shakespeare's "King Henry the Fourth," with the old play of "The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth," has been published in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"Is Protection a Benefit? A Plea for the Negative," by Edward Taylor, is a discussion of the tariff question from the standpoint of a student of political economy rather than of a political partisan. Mr. Taylor gives a resumé of the history of protective legislation and considers it in its present relation to the various industries which it affects. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

A second edition of a book bearing the long and explanatory title "An Appeal to the American People as a Jury: Speeches on the Tariff in the United States House of Representatives in the Great Debate, April 17–May 19, 1888," consisting of selections from the arguments of both sides, compiled by William G. Terrill, has been published in paper covers by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago, New York, and San Francisco; for sale by the publishers, Market Street.

"Olivia Delaplaine," by Edgar Fawcett, is a "society" novel, and as such is in Mr. Fawcett's especial line. But there is more than furbelows and high teas in the book. The mental states of the young wife who has been tricked into marrying an old man, and of that hardened old sinner who now imagines that all the wifes he has met with in his legal practice are now directed at his own honor, are well analyzed and described, and the reader will enjoy Mr. Fawcett's portrayal of the two aunts and the vulgar boarding-house keeper. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.50.

"The History of Reitre Nicolas Muss" has been translated from the French of Charles du Bois-Melly. It is a story dealing with an episode of the St. Bartholomew Massacre, and the trend of the story may be gathered from the statement that "here is, as he related it, the history of Nicolas Muss, household servitor of M. l'Amiral (Coligny), how with a comrade true, a valiant Swiss, he did adventure his life during the Matins of Paris, how through God's succor had deliverance therefrom, and how also he protected the young damsel, afterwards his spouse." The historic color is excellent—though there are more explanatory footnotes on allusions to persons, customs, and incidents of the time than one likes to see in a novel—and the action is well carried to the end. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Julian Hawthorne is too facile a writer and too dramatic in his mental complexion to write a dull story, and it goes without saying that his latest novelette, "A Dream and a Forgetting," holds the reader's attention. And yet it does not thoroughly satisfy one. The narrator is a wholesome, robust individual who has the reader's sympathy from the start; Mary Gault, the neglected fiancée, is a pure and admirable young woman; the well-meaning publisher and his vain, selfish wife are well-drawn characters; but the hero, the young poet who appropriates his sweetheart's inspiration, accepts as his undivided due the homage it exacts, is intoxicated by the wine of popular praise, and falls from the high pedestal of his own conceit at the first assault—though that assault is a heavy blow—repels rather than attracts, and the interest he inspires is an unpleasant, almost morbid curiosity rather than sympathy. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago, New York, and San Francisco; for sale by the publishers, Market Street; price: cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

Some Magazines.

Don Piatt contributes to *Belford's Magazine* for July what may be called a descriptive paper on Senator Ingalls—a sort of reply to the vituperative senator's recent *North American Review* paper on President Cleveland. Sam Randallism forms the text of another article. The tariff is also given considerable space. Frank Hurd contributes his second article, and there is a discussion, "A Farmer's View of It," from the Hocking Valley standpoint. "Ingersoll's Oration on Mr. Conking," is also included in the number. Edward Kerney contributes a curious story of a species of vendetta between an Indian and a bear under the title of "Old Raven," and Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt pays Mrs. Cleveland a graceful tribute in verse. The novel of the month is "The Wrong Man," by Mrs. Gertrude Garrison.

The July number of the *American Magazine* leads off with an article by Willred Patterson on "The Walters Collection," with illustrations by H. C. Edwards and H. M. Eaton from the original pictures of Meissonier, Alma-Tadema, Gérôme, and Rivière, now in that celebrated private gallery in Baltimore. Among these is Meissonier's "1814," of which Mr. Engberg has given in his engraving a spirited reproduction. Mr. William Elroy Curtis contributes one of his South American papers, this time on "Ecuador and Her Cities," accompanied by drawings from the pencils of W. T. Fenn and Messrs. Edwards and Eaton. Three chapters of Miss Mary A. Tincker's serial, "Two Coronets," appear in the number, and the fifth paper of Hamlin Garland's "Boy Life on the Prairie." An interesting sketch of "Early New England Choirs and Singing-Schools" is by Frederic G. Mather, and there is a dialect tale "T'other Miss Norie," by Marah Ellis.

SOCIETY.

The Chase-Mizner Wedding.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season was that which united Miss Mary Isabel Mizner, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lansing B. Mizner, of Benicia, to Mr Horace Blanchard Chase, of Chicago. A large number of invitations were issued and many friends from this city were in attendance. It took place last Wednesday at St. Paul's Church, in Benicia, which was handsomely decorated in honor of the affair and was filled with guests. Miss Ella Goad, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Flora Carroll, and Miss Grace Goodyear were the bridesmaids. The ceremony was performed in an impressive manner at noon, and at its conclusion a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents It was a happy event throughout, and was attended by many pleasant incidents. Mr. and Mrs. Chase will reside in Chicago.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Smith and Miss Belle Smith are in Salt Lake City.

Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace and Miss Marguerite Wallace have returned from their visit to Santa Barbara and Coronado Beach.

Judge F. E. Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San José, who have been visiting Lake Tahoe, Wawona, and the Yosemite Valley, returned home last Tuesday, after a delightful trip of about three weeks.

Mrs. Stephen J. Field has been enjoying a visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Frank J. Carolan and Mr Herbert Carolan will pass the remainder of the season at the Hotel Rafael in San Rafael

Mrs. Hall McAllister is visiting Mrs. B. Peyton at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Charles M. Keeney and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman are at the White Sulphur Springs.

Mrs. Irving M. Scott and Miss Alice Scott have returned from the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. M. J. Flavin is entertaining Miss Gertrude Moore at Beach Hill in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Eli J. Hutchinson and Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum have returned to the city after passing a couple of months at Sausalito.

Mr. Adolph Spreckels and Commodore Caduc have returned from San Diego.

Mrs. O. O. Burgess is at Santa Cruz still, and will remain there a couple of weeks more.

Mrs. Julius Bandmann, Miss Bandmann, and Miss Carrie Platt have returned to the city after a long and enjoyable sojourn at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. William E. Dargie, of Oakland, and Miss Carroll, of Cincinnati, are visiting in Los Angeles.

Miss Mamie Gately has returned to Santa Cruz to remain until the end of the month.

Mr and Mrs. A. N. Towne and Mr. and Mrs. Charles N. Shaw will make Del Monte their abiding-place until the first of August

Mrs. Walter M. Castle is making a protracted stay at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke and the Misses Lottie and Edith Clarke are at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. Stuart Taylor is passing a few weeks at Beach Hill in Santa Cruz.

Miss Fannie Crocker is paying a pleasant visit to friends in Portland, Or.

Mrs. Charles L. Wines, *née* Fowler, has been in Napa City during the past week on a visit to her parents.

Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell went to Del Monte last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Washburn and Miss Jean Washburn are sojourning at Wawona for a few weeks.

Mr H. J. Booth and family are at their home in San Mateo for the summer.

Mrs F S. Douty has been passing the week at Del Monte.

Mr. Edward M Greenway went to Del Monte on Friday to remain a few days.

Mrs. James Fulton, wife of Paymaster-General Fulton, U. S. N., accompanied by a daughter of Colonel I. R. Dunkelberger, U. S. A., (retired), was at the Palace Hotel last Wednesday on her way from Washington, D. C., to Los Angeles.

Mrs. Volney Spalding, Mrs. George L. Bradley, Miss Grace Bradley, Miss Durbrow, Miss Allie Hawes, and Miss Pierce are now at Sitka, Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Low left Port Townsend last Monday for Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord have been passing several days at the Pope House in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. George Hageman and Miss Lillie Hageman have returned from a visit to Monterey.

Miss Cora Caduc has been visiting Miss Marie Naglee at her beautiful home, in San José.

Mrs. John F. Miller and Mrs. Richardson Clover will go East soon, and will be at Newport during the next two months.

Mr. H. B. Alvord, of San José, left on the steamer *Gaelic*, last Wednesday, for Japan, and will be away about a year making a tour of the world.

Mrs William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl are domiciled at their San Mateo residence for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., is the guest of Mrs F. E. Spencer at San José, where she will remain about six weeks longer.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Jr., will go to Del Monte next month, to remain several weeks

Mrs. L. J. Hanchett and family are passing the summer months at the Rutherford ranch, near San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Coleman have been passing a few weeks at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr and Mrs. Gordon Blanding have been visiting the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Lawler and Miss Lillie Lawler were recently at the Hotel del Coronado.

Rev and Mrs. R. C. Foute have returned from the Yosemite Valley, and are now at Del Monte.

Mr. Albert E. Castle was recently at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Miss May E Pope are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Ralph H. Moore has gone to London to visit his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Moore are at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. D J Spence, of San José, have gone East.

Dr. and Mrs. Ainsworth are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Charles L. Fair has been passing several days at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard and Miss Maud Howard are en route to Alaska.

Mrs. D. J. Tallant and the Misses Jennie and Anne Tallant will not return from the East until October.

Miss Minnie Carroll has been visiting Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, at San Rafael

Mr. Lloyd Tevis returned from Del Monte early in the week.

Miss Cecile O'Connor is at the Hotel del Coronado with Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs A. W. Rose, Jr., of San Mateo, have been passing a week at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson and Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson, who have been at Del Monte for a month, have returned home.

Mr. William H. Stinson has returned from Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs Rudolph B. Spence, Miss Arcadia Spence, and Miss Ada Sullivan have been visiting the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey and Mr. Frank D. Willey will remain at the Hotel Rafael until the end of the summer season.

Mrs. William B. Collier has Miss Lena Blanding as her guest at her home, near Clear Lake.

Mr. Paul R. Jarboe returned from Del Monte early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Payne are residing in their villa, in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Bonestell have returned to the city after passing several weeks at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith. Mrs. Bayard Smith, and Miss M. B Smith are passing a couple of weeks at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young and Miss Mamie Deane were at Long Branch recently. They will return home in about a fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Van Wyck and family are at the Laurel Glen Fruit Farm, in the Santa Cruz Mountains

Mrs. A. J. Gove and Miss Alice Gove have gone to the Saratoga Springs, to remain several weeks.

Mr. Henry Heyman has been passing several weeks pleasantly in visiting Coronado Beach, Los Angeles, and Santa Barbara.

Mr. James D. Phelan has been at Santa Cruz for several days.

Miss Lulu Findley is visiting friends in Georgetown.

Mrs. E W. McKinstry and Miss Laura McKinstry are at the Peakes House in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Kittle have been paying a visit to Del Monte.

Mr Charles A Baldwin has been visiting Mr. W B. Bourn at San Rafael

Mrs. Fisher Ames is visiting friends at Boston, Mass

Mr. Ferd C. Peterson and Mr. Frank Peterson have returned from a two weeks' visit to the Yosemite Valley

Mr. and Mrs. J. Jerome Smith have been visiting Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Richard Ivers and Miss Aileen Ivers have returned from the Hotel del Monte

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Hayes, of Oakland, have returned from a month's visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Major B C. Truman and Miss Georgie Truman have returned from their trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Miss Maggie Gwin has returned from a visit to the Misses Findley at Sausalito

Miss Ella Goad has returned from a brief visit to Benicia.

Mr and Mrs. Robert Barton and family have been visiting the Big Trees and Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott have returned from their sojourn at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Decker, Miss Alice Decker, Mr and Mrs. James Carolan, and Miss Evelyn Carolan, who recently returned from Alaska, are passing a few weeks at Del Monte.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott and Miss Christine Parrott are expected home soon from their European tour.

Miss Nettie Tubbs is at the Hotel del Monte for the remainder of the season

Mrs. William T Coleman has engaged a cottage at Eldridgeville, Ochre Point, Newport, and will occupy it until autumn. Mr. Robert L. Coleman is with her.

Miss Daisy Casserly and Mr. J. B. Casserly went to Santa Cruz last Wednesday to visit Mrs. B. Peyton.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge are in New York city.

Mr. D. O. Mills, Mr. Edgar Mills and Mr. Edgar Mills, Jr., have gone to Europe, and will return in November

Mr and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa were in Saratoga a week ago.

General George Stoneman has gone East.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. Thurston and Mrs. George Barstow have returned from a trip to Puget Sound.

Notes and Gossip.

The formal opening of the Hotel Rafael in San Rafael will be celebrated by a ball which will take place there on Saturday evening, July 21st. There will be dancing from nine until twelve o'clock, and half an hour later a special train and boat will leave there for this city. It promises to be a brilliant affair.

The reported engagement of Miss Fair and Mr. Oelrichs, which appeared recently in a daily contemporary, is authoritatively denied.

Army and Navy.

Captain Gustavus C. Doane, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant John T. Nance, Second Cavalry, U. S. A, has been granted a leave of absence of two months.

A company has been formed in New York for the novel enterprise of supplying opera-glasses to theatre-goers on something of the drop-a-nickel-in-the-box plan. Only in this case it is a quarter instead of a nickel that is to be dropped. A box containing an opera-glass and some hidden machinery, with a slot in the lid, is to be attached to every chair back in the auditorium, and all one will have to do to get an opera-glass will be to drop in a quarter, when a door will open automatically, revealing the glass. An order has been sent to Paris for three thousand opera-glasses for the experimental start on the new system. It has been suggested that the arrangement would be imperfect without the attachment of a powerful mechanical claw to seize the temporary lessee of a glass and hold him firmly until the glass is replaced in the box and the lid closed upon it, but the directors do not think that will be absolutely necessary. Every part of each glass will be so effectually stamped with affirmations that it belongs to the company, moving appeals to the public to respect proprietary rights, threats of condign punishment if the article be stolen, argumentative representations that it can not be pawned, sold, or used elsewhere without recognition of stolen goods, scriptural quotations demonstrating the abstract wickedness of theft, and choice excerpts from the penal code respecting infractions of the law of *meum and tuum*, that it is believed nobody will dare to steal one of those glasses.

A drama, called "L'Auberge des Adrets," was put on the Paris boards in 1823, and the character of a preposterous melodramatic murderer fell to Lemaitre. The play was hissed, as the actor and those associated with him had expected. Next day, while walking the boulevards, and revolving in his mind plans for improving his personation of the criminal, Lemaitre saw before him an object of picturesque shabbiness. It arrested his attention. It was a tall, grave, supercilious individual, dressed in the rags of what had once been elegance. His shoes were tattered, but they had been made of the finest leather; he used a pocket-handkerchief, although what served the purpose was little better than a rag. Lemaitre's imagination kindled at the sight. "I have it," he exclaimed, as the thought took shape in his mind of a philosopher of the slums, a cynic of the gutter, an aristocrat of shreds and patches! That evening Paris saw a new type, convincing in its fidelity to nature and fascinating in its effects of contrast. The doomed play became one of the most remarkable theatrical successes, and, as it was subsequently rewritten under Lemaitre's direction, he may be said to be in the double sense of author and actor, the creator of "Robert Macaire."

Rev. Dr. Harcourt of the Howard Street Methodist Episcopal Church of this city, is announced to preach on Sunday evening on "The Dangers which threaten our Public School System." This is a timely subject, and the doctor will handle it without gloves.

— THE NEW NO. 9 SEWING MACHINE IS GAINING great popularity. 303 Sutter Street.

Tested by Time. For Bronchial affections, Coughs, etc., BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years. Price 25 cents.

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$1.00-ROUND TRIP-$1.00
From San Francisco, round trip.....$1.00
From San Rafael, round trip 1.00
From Petaluma, round trip..... 75 cents
☞ Returning, Special Train will leave Santa Rosa at 5 P. M These Special Excursion Tickets can be obtained on Thursday and Friday, July 26th and 27th, at the office of the S. F. and N. P. R. R., under the Palace Hotel, and at the office of Bovee, Toy & Co., 19 Montgomery Street, and on the morning of the Excursion at Tiburon Ferry, foot of Market Street, and at the San Rafael and Petaluma Ticket Offices.
A Free Collation will be served on the Grounds.
Music will be furnished by the Santa Rosa Band.
TERMS OF SALE.—One-third cash, balance in one and two years at eight per cent.; ten per cent. deposit to be paid on the fall of the hammer, and balance of one-third payment within ten days.
For maps, catalogues, and further particulars, inquire of
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BILL NYE IN CENTRAL PARK.

Last week Colonel Bill Root, formerly Duke of Council Bluffs, paid me a visit, and as I desired to show him Central Park, I took him to Fifty-Eighth Street and hired a carriage, my own team being at my country place, where my off palfrey recently became a mother, and as there is nothing I hate worse than to drive a speckled palfrey through Central Park, with a long-legged, yellow colt squealing along behind, or quenching his never-dying thirst at the maternal font every time I stop to explain a statue to anybody, I engaged the services of a dark-eyed historical student, who is said to know more about Central Park than any other man in New York, having driven through it, as he has, for years. He was a plain, sad man, with a mustache which was mostly whiskers. He dressed carelessly in a négligé suit of neutral-tinted clothes, including a pair of trousers, which seemed to fit him in that shy and reluctant manner which characterized the fit of the late lamented Jumbo's clothes after he had been indifferently taxidermed.

Colonel Root and I called him Governor, and thereby secured knowledge which could not be obtained from books. Colonel Root is himself no kindergarten savant, being the author and discoverer of a method of breaking up a sitting-hen by first calling her attention away from her deep-seated passion, tying a red-flannel rag around her leg, and then still further turning her attention away from her wild yearning to hatch out a litter of suburban villas by sitting on a white front-door knob. This he does by deftly inserting the hen into a joint of stove-pipe, and then cementing both ends of the same. Colonel Root is also the discoverer of a cipher which shows that Julius Cæsar's dying words were: "Et tu Brute. Verily the tail goeth with the hide."

After a while the driver paused. Colonel Root asked him why he tarried.

"I wanted to call your attention," said the Governor, "to the Casino, a place where you can provide for the inner man or any other man. You can here secure soft-shell crabs, boiled lobster, low-neck clams, Hamburger steaks, chicken salad, miscellaneous soups, lobster salad with machine-oil on it, Neapolitan ice-cream, Santa Cruz rum, Cincinnati Sec, pie, tooth-picks, and finger-bowls."

"How far does the waiter have to go to get these things cooked?" inquired Colonel Root, looking at his valuable watch.

"That," said the Governor, as he swung around with his feet over in our part of the carriage and asked me for a light, "depends on how you approach him. If you slip a half dollar up his coat-sleeve without his knowledge he will get your twenty-five-cent meal cooked somewhere near by, but otherwise I have known him to go away and come back with gray side-whiskers and cobwebs on the pie instead of the wine."

We went in and told the proprietor to see that our driver had what he wanted. He did not want much aside from a whisky sour, a plate of terrapin, a pint of Mr. Pommery's secretary's beverage, and a baked duck. We had a little calves' liver and custard pie. Then we visited Cleopatra's Needle.

"And who in creation was Cleopatra?" asked Colonel Root.

Cleopatra was a good-looking Queen of Egypt. She was eighteen years old when her father left the throne, as it was screwed down to the dais, and died. He left the kingdom to Cleopatra, in partnership with Ptolemy, her brother. Ptolemy, in 51 B. C., deprived her of the throne, leaving Cleopatra nothing but the tidy. She appealed to Julius Cæsar, who hired a man to embalm Ptolemy, and restored Egypt to his sister, who was as likely a girl as Julius had ever met with. She accompanied him to Rome in 46 B. C., and remained there a couple of years in the capacity of a sister. When Cæsar was assassinated by a delegation of Roman tax-payers who desired a change, Cleopatra went back and began to reign over Egypt again. She also attracted the attention of Antony. He thought so much of her that he would frequently stay at home from a battle and deny himself the joys of being split open with a dull stab-knife in order to stay around home and hold Cleopatra's hand, and, though she was a widow practically, she was the Amélie Rives style of widow, and he said that it had to be an all-fired good battle that could make him put on his iron ulster and fight all day on the salary he was getting. She pizened herself thirty years before Christ, at the age of thirty-nine years, rather than ride around Rome in a gingham dress as the captive of Augustus. She died right in haying time, and Augustus said he'd ruther of lost the best horse in Rome. This is her needle. It was brought to New York mostly by water, and looks well here in the park. She was said to be as likely a queen as ever jerked a sceptre over Egypt or any other place. Everybody that saw her reign said that the country never had a magneticker queen.

As we rode swiftly along, the slight, girlish figure of a middle-aged woman might have been seen striving hurriedly to cross the driveway. She screamed and beckoned to a park policeman, who rushed leisurely in and caught her by the arm, rescuing her from the cruel feet of our mad chargers, and then led her to a seat. As we paused to ask the policeman if the lady had been injured, he came up to the side of the carriage and whispered to me behind his hand: "That woman I have rescued between thirty and forty times this year, and it is only the first of July. Every pleasant day she comes here to be rescued. One day, when business was a little dull and we didn't have any teams on the drive, and time seemed to hang heavy on her hands, she told me her sad history. When she was eighteen years of age, she had been disappointed in love and prevented from marrying her heart's choice, owing to the fact that the idea of her union did not occur to him. He was not, in fact, a union man. Time passed on, from time to time, glad spring, and bobolinks, and light underwear succeeded stern winter, frost, and heavy flannels, and yet he cometh not, she sayed. No one had ever caught her in his great strong arms in a quick embrace that seemed to scrunch her whole being. Summer came and went. The dews on the upland succeeded the frost on the pumpkins. The grand ratification of the partridge ushered in the wail of the turtle dove and the brief plunk of the muskrat in the gloaming. And yet no man had ever dast to come right out and pay attention to her or keep company with her. She had an emotional nature that just seemed to get up on its hind feet and pant for recognition and love. She could have almost loved a well-to-do man who had, perhaps, sinned a few times, but even the tough and erring went elsewhere to repent. One day she came to town to do some trading. She had priced seven dollars and fifty cents' worth of goods, and was just crossing Broadway to price some more, when the gay equipage of a wealthy humorist, with silver chains on the neck-yoke and foam-flecks across the bosom of the nigh hoss, came plunging down the street.

"The red nostrils of the spirited brutes were above her. Their hot breath scorched the back of her neck and swayed the red-flannel pompon on her bonnet. Every one on Broadway held his breath, with the exception of a man on the front stoop of the Astor House, whose breath had got beyond his control. Every one was horrified and turned away with a shudder, which rattled the telegraph wires for two blocks.

"Just then a strong, brave policeman rushed in and knocked down both horses and the driver, together with his salary. He caught the woman up as though she had been no more than a feather's weight. He bore her away to the post-office pavement, where it is still the custom to carry people who are run over and mangled. He then sought to put her down, but, like a bad oyster, she would not be put down. She still clung about his neck, like the old party who got acquainted with Sinbad the Sailor, though, of course, in a different manner. It took quite a while to shake her off. The next day she came back and was almost killed at the same crossing. It went on that way until the policeman had his beat changed to another part of town. Finally, she came up here to get her summer rescuing done. I do it when it falls to my lot, but my heart is not in the work. Sometimes the horrible thought comes over me that I may be too late. Several times I have tried to be too late, but I haven't the heart to do it."

He then walked to a sparrow that refused to keep off the grass and brained it with his club.—*New York World.*

Old man—"Do you think, young man, that you can give my daughter the luxuries she has been accustomed to?" *Young man*—"I am hopeful in that direction, sir. The only sealskin sacque and diamond ring she ever had were presents from me; and were it not for yours truly, Delmonico's to-day would be to her but a monumental brown-stone pile."—*New York Sun.*

"No, ma'am," said the tramp, gratefully, as he shouldered his bundle and prepared to start on again; "I don't keer fur nothin' more to eat, thank you, but I'll be obleeged if you'll give me two or three o' them there biscuits. I don't carry no weepins, and they've got a savage dog at that next house."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Miss Clara—"Are you going to Saratoga this summer, Ethel dear?" *Miss Ethel*—"No, I think not; I am rather tired of Saratoga." *Miss Clara*—"Yes, I can imagine you would naturally tire of the place, dear, you have spent so *many* seasons there, you know."—*Harper's Bazar.*

You would like to know what is the most lonesome, forlorn thing that ever had being under the light of the stars? It is the poor little solitary mistaken clap of applause that shrinks back into silence and shadow after startling a crowded theatre.—*Puck.*

Reward.

One thousand dollars will be paid for each and every grain of poisonous substance found in Wisdom's Robertine—for beautifying and preserving the complexion, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, and all blemishes and roughness of the skin. Used and endorsed by the élite of society and the stage. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle. White and flesh. E. W. Joy, Agent, San Francisco.

Notice.

Pure California Wine. On the receipt of $2.75 I will deliver free one case of one dozen quarts of fine old claret to any address in San Francisco or Oakland. Send your orders to J. C. Merithew, Prospect Vineyard, San José P. O.; Box 535.

Fredericksburg Brewing Co.

Sales as per U. S. I. R., May 1, 1888, 50,813 barrels.
" " " May 1, 1887, 42,449 "
Increase, 1888, 8,364 "
Families supplied. Send orders 539 Cal. St. Tel. 764.

White Sulphur Springs.

We take pleasure to inform our readers that these springs, situated in Napa County, adjacent to St. Helena, are now open, under the management of Messrs. Ed. Dunham and Chas. Eaton. These gentlemen are old, experienced hotel men, and having furnished the establishment throughout with everything new, they ask an inspection by those intending to recuperate during the summer months. These springs have always had the reputation of being the finest in the State.

— COLONIAL HOUSES.—FOR PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS be sure to favor us with a call. B. McDougall & Son, architects, 330 Pine Street, San Francisco.

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— GO TO SWAIN'S NEW DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

— STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

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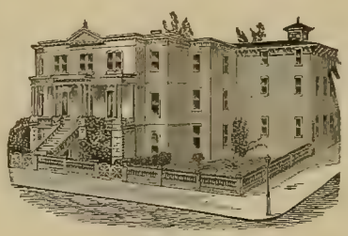

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Is prepared to receive six Boarding Pupils at
GLEN ECHO, OAKLAND.
Two vacancies occurring for the term beginning July 30th. Application may be made at Glen Echo, or address by letter, MRS. EDWARD HUNT, P. O. Box 125

MISS OAKLEY'S SCHOOL, SANTA BARBARA.
A Graded Preparatory School for girls and boys; reopens August 6th. A few girls will be received as boarding pupils this year. For circulars address, ISABELLA G. OAKLEY.

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WILL RE-OPEN MONDAY, AUGUST 6TH.

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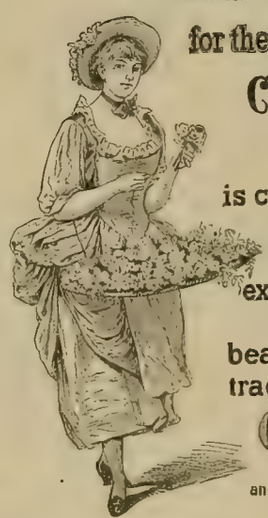

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— ON —
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Will re-open on Wednesday, August 8th. Students prepared for College. **MARY B. WEST, Principal.**

Transportation -Rail.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 15, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9 00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 7.45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11 00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8 00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.45, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 2.45, 4 00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00 P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.45 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M. (Sundays)—6.45, 8.45, 10.00, 10.40 11.35 A. M.; 12 45, 1.30, 3 30, 4.45, 5.45, 6.45, 7.45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.45 P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.15 P. M.

3.25 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's).

EXCURSION TRAINS.

7.30 A. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 7.35 P. M.

9 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero (Ingram's), $4.00.

Saturday and Sunday Excursions—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero (Ingram's), $3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Ingram's daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast

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General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From July 10, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.00 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Fast Mail for Ogden and East	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
0.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	* 2.15 P.
2.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
9.00 A.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	12.45 P.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
6.30 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8 45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

7.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
3.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
7.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
3.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‡9.20 A.

NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

7.15 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion	‡ 8.35 P.
9.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.40 P.
3.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 42 P.
4.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
8.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10 02 A.
5.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
8.10 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.00 A.
5.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.40 A.
5.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.50 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. ‡ Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. † Saturday and Sunday only, to Santa Cruz. ‡‡ Sunday and Monday only, from Santa Cruz. ** Mondays excepted.

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Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong.	1888.
Belgic	**Tuesday, July 31**	
Arabic	**Tuesday, August 21**	
Oceanic	**Saturday, September 8**	
Gaelic	**Saturday, September 29**	
Belgic	**Thursday, October 18**	
Arabic	**Wednesday, November 7**	
Oceanic	**Wednesday, November 28**	
Gaelic	**Tuesday, December 18**	

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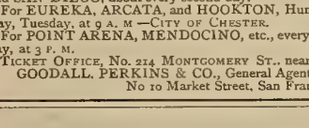

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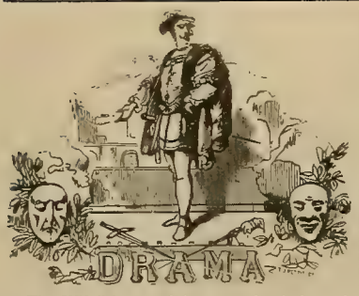

"The Wife" is one of those emotional, domestic dramas which followed the reign of "The Banker's Daughter," and which later enjoyed a brilliant popularity at the Madison Square Theatre in the palmy days of "Hazel Kirke" and "Young Mrs. Winthrop." The Lyceum company is of the crop which has sprung up since Augustin Daly proved that an American company, acting and looking like American ladies and gentlemen, could be made a success. The company fits the play to a nicety, and exhibits an artistic, unobtrusive thoroughness most grateful after the slovenly, untrimmed troupes which, for years, have debased the drawing-room drama. The old days of English companies are over; the old days of handsome English leading gentlemen and gorgeous English leading ladies are gone. They passed with the splendid heyday of Lester Wallack and his scattered British importations. Mr. Frohman's company acts an American play in an American manner. "The Wife" is merely a glimpse of a domestic episode, a peep into contemporaneous life.

It is the joint work of David Belasco and James de Mille—not, as has been stated, the Newfoundland De Mille who curdled blood with "Cord and Creese," and uncurdled it again with "The Dodge Club," but a New York De Mille, a professor of theology and elocution. The plot is an old one—a favorite among lady-like novelists and playwrights. It is all gentle and tender; a young girl loving one man, who is separated from her by a falsehood, marries another—the man of the two *par excellence*, a high-minded gentleman of intellect and standing—who, discovering her former attachment and receiving confirmation from her own lips, continues to love and cherish her, and finally ends by winning her love. A story which dates from the Romans and the Sabines.

The treatment of this frail plot is not consistently artistic. The play is piebald, and shows dramatic blots. Lucille Ferrant, taken by Miss Grace Henderson, a real, old-fashioned villain, the maker of the mischief, drops out of sight without a struggle. One hears incidentally of her in the last act as having retired to the country, there to repent at leisure over her misdemeanors, which proves that Messrs. Belasco and De Mille, like others before and since, found the lady a white elephant on their hands and did not know how to get rid of her. It is uncomfortable, unduly to leave so fiery a person at large. Othello knew better—"yet she must die, else she'll betray more men," was his ostensible reason for removing Desdemona. One has an uneasy feeling that Miss Ferrant may have gone on indefinitely devastating peaceful homes with her mad jealousies and undisciplined loves.

The second villain, one Culver, also escaped happy and free from the wrath to come. Where his accomplice was actuated by baffled love, he left one rather misty as to the motives for his ungentlemanly conduct. He seemed to be a sort of Iago—wicked for the pure pleasure of it, but not artistically wicked. Mr. Culver, against the laws of his character, was absolutely stupid when he made such a scene at a private ball, and trifled so rashly with a lady's reputation. And this is the main blemish of the play. In real life, among real gentlemen, no such scene as that would have occurred. The exquisite finish of the acting, the refined realism of the actors, their well-bred voices and easy poses dazzle the onlooker, and in the charm of the representation the innate falsity of the situation is forgotten. This scene is a sin against nature. The most perfect and self-contained gentleman could not have stood what the senator did and maintained such a superb, senatorial dignity and calm. The most demoniac of villains would not have done what the fiendish Culver did in the blundering way he did it. "The Wife" is meretricious; a brilliant, sparkling dialogue, a series of romantic-emotional situations clothe and cover a feeble, inadequate plot.

But the acting, like the cloak of charity, covers a multitude of sins. Mr. Frohman's company can easily rank with Mr. Daly's and Mr. Palmer's. Every part in "The Wife" fits like a glove. Miss Cayvan's Helen Truman is particularly finished. She fills a difficult rôle, because of its reserved and unobtrusive nature, with real art. The part is that of a refined and slightly colorless young lady, who moves tranquilly in a uniform atmosphere from Act I. to Act IV. In Act III. she breaks from her even calm into slight passion, but only such emotion as a well-bred, conventional, unemotional woman would show. Miss Cayvan has buried herself in the part. Her Helen is perfectly symmetrical throughout; there is not one false note in the whole portrayal. She is never betrayed into an outburst which would show off the actress and destroy the perfect, artistic proportion.

Miss Henderson as Lucille Ferrant has an ungrateful part. These plotters and intriguantes are rare enough in high life, and in a play all their wiles and manœuvres have to be condensed into such a small space, that one wonders how anybody is ever taken in by them. A bungling, unsuccessful villain is a most unappealing sight. Miss Henderson puts some fire into her part. There is real drama in her tone when she cries out. "Oh, I wish I were dead; I wish I were dead."

Miss Louise Dillon's soubrette was exceedingly good, a real bit of nature. Her vivacity made Miss Cayvan's calm repose and Miss Henderson's suppressed fire stand out in good relief.

Of the gentlemen, Mr. Kelcey was what he was supposed to be—a stately, dignified gentleman. The days when the Duke of This and the Marquis of That were represented by singularly sinister-looking individuals, who walked with a swagger, and had a "tough" appearance, are happily over. Here in the West we have a fine disregard for artistic consistency. The king in "Hamlet," with a rich, Irish brogue, is not unknown west of the Mississippi. The highest French nobles have strutted across the boards in "spring-bottom pants," and with their locks dripping oil, but let us hope that those archaic days are dead. The Lyceum company has dealt them their death blow. Mr. Kelcey, like Miss Cayvan, subordinates himself to his part, and makes the most of what is at best a monotonously magnificent man. There was little to be done with the senator except to be dignified and courtly, and this Mr. Kelcey does with even excellence. Mr. Le Moyne's Major Putnam is a mellow, juicy piece of comedy. His proposal is simply delicious, and Mr. Dickson's Jack is a sketch from life, in which the likeness is cleverly caught.

"The Wife" exhibits a style of realism which is popular just now among novelists—the representation of ordinary, commonplace types, the simple story which their unemotional natures evolve being presented with such a fineness of finish, such a wealth of accessory and detail, that the lack of passion, of force, of vitality are overlooked. G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

J. T. Farron will continue to appear in his farce-comedy, "Soap Bubbles," at the Alcazar for another week.

The two fat men for whom the farce-comedy, "The Two Johns" is named, will continue for another week at the Bush Street Theatre.

New York theatricals are suffering from the dog days. Only two theatres, the Madison Square with "The Keepsake," and the Casino with "Nadjy," were open last week.

"Said Pasha," having been sold to an Eastern concern, it will be withdrawn this week, and on Monday, July 23d, "Donna Juanita" will be given, with Ethel Lynton in the title-rôle.

A French paper states that Sarah Bernhardt is to be seen—perhaps "heard" is better, all things considered—as Romeo to the Juliet of Jane Hading at the Paris Vaudeville in the near future.

The only change in the cast of "The Wife" from that of the performances at the Lyceum is in the last name in the programme. Miss Olive Brooks was preceded as Agnes by Vida Croly, the daughter of Mrs. "Jennie June" Croly, a new-comer—and a promising one—on the stage.

Edward Harrigan's new play, "Waddy Googan," is a study of the New York hackman, and pictures the curious episodes which fall in the way of a metropolitan jehu. One of the scenes introduces the launching of a yacht in real water. It will be included in his repertoire when he comes to the Bush Street next year.

A New York court has granted Fanny Davenport's suit for divorce from her husband, Edwin H. Price, and the gossips say the former Mrs. Price will soon marry her leading man, Melbourne McDowell. The same gossips say, too, that the ex-husband and ex-wife of that happy pair will solace their broken and deserted hearts with the balm of another wedding ceremony.

It is asserted that Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, which is to be presented simultaneously in New York and London next October, will be a reasonable story naturally presented, with none of the topsy-turvy humor which has been the distinguishing feature of Mr. Gilbert's work heretofore. The Egyptian idea is said to have been abandoned, one at least of the two scenes being laid in the Tower of London.

"The Wife" has been drawing larger audiences in the middle of the week than the Baldwin has ever seen, except during the Daly and Booth seasons, and the overland wires are accordingly freighted with mutually congratulatory telegrams between the Lyceum and Baldwin Theatres. The large advance sale of seats would seem to indicate that Belasco's and De Mille's play will run through the season here as it did in New York.

Mr. Rice thought he had reached the acme of advertising when he sent up a great balloon over Hooley's Theatre in Chicago on the Fourth of July, and used it as a basis of pyrotechnical operations. But that scintillating luminary was eclipsed in the public eye by the rival Chicago Opera House's prima donna, who went to the races one afternoon, eloped on the New York train, and returned after three days. But as that little episode has palled on the Lakeside palate, the prima donna—May Yohe, by name—has had a song composed for her on five notes, the extreme compass of her voice.

— THE PLEASANTEST PART OF THE SUMMER season is just coming on, and the best hotels in Santa Cruz, the Pope House and the Pacific Ocean House, are always well filled, and persons desiring accommodations should write beforehand to Mr. E. J. Swift, the genial manager of both houses.

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— MR. LOUIS LISSER, 1241 FRANKLIN STREET, has resumed teaching.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A great deal of nonsense is being talked and a great deal of flurry raised over a sensational rumor that the Dowager Empress Victoria of Germany, widow of the late emperor, is being kept a close prisoner in the Castle of Friedrichskron, where the emperor died. The reason assigned for this surveillance by the impressionable Berliners is that the empress possessed herself of a diary and a quantity of state papers left by the deceased monarch, and refuses to give them up. Report further goes that the said papers were given into the custody of Queen Victoria upon the occasion of that lady's visit to her son-in-law prior to his decease, and by her spirited away to England. The *prima facie* improbability of any action such as is hinted at having taken place, for the simple reason that no apparent political advantage could accrue from it, the Dowager Empress Victoria being now as much a political nonentity as her mother-in-law, the other Dowager Empress Augusta, widow of the old Kaiser Wilhelm, and the absurd and illogical contradictions involved in the whole story, go far to show that it is nearly related to the queer anglophoby which is now afflicting Germany, just as Boulangism has been afflicting France. There are times when nations go crazy over some idea, in the same way as communities or individuals. The chances are that the state papers alleged to have been purloined exist only in the fertile imaginations of some members of the numerous tribe of Jenkins; and that the story of the barbarous imprisonment of the empress at Friedrichskron took its rise from ignorance of the custom that exists of doubling the guards around a royal palace at the death of a ruler. It is much more reasonable to suppose that the empress is taking a greatly needed rest in solitude with her family, after the sorely trying and anxious experience of the past year and more, and that she has not the inclination, as she certainly has not the necessity, to shift her residence at the moment. As for the estrangement which is said to exist between her son, the emperor, and herself, the telegrams sent by the latter to his mother, upon his present progress to the north, should be put into Mrs. Grundy's pipe and smoked. Such reciprocations are not compatible with family estrangements. The probability is that the antagonism of Bismarck, who blustered like an enraged turkey over the proposed Battenberg marriage, and the ruffled dignity of the German nation over the calling in of Dr. Mackenzie to boss and direct their own physicians, has more to do with the circulation of the sensational rumors referred to than any element of fact.

France would be nothing if not sensational—she supplies the *opera bouffe* and melodrama in the great theatre of nations. Her latest exploit in this direction has taken the form of a duel, and a duel of no mean calibre either, two of her most prominent citizens having been implicated therein, to wit, Charles Floquet, prime minister of the republic, and General Boulanger, late warrior and present statesman. The duel in question grew out of one of those exchanges of personalities in which members of legislative assemblies are wont to indulge all the world over, provided the topic under discussion is important enough, the dissension itself hot enough, and the tempers of the members irascible enough to excite them to fever pitch and cause them too verstep the bounds which separate the abstract from the concrete, the general from the personal. In the more sober parliamentary assemblies of the Anglo-Saxon and Germanic races, when recriminations between members become bitter and personalities offensive, the duty of arbitration devolves upon the chair, and thus the scandal of personal encounters is obviated, such methods of settling political disputes having been already frowned down by social usage and public opinion. We ourselves have outgrown the age of Burr, and Hamilton, and Randolph, and Clay, and now regard with feelings akin to surprise a state of society where the "code of honor" is still in force, and where dueling is legitimized and incorporated as a substantial feature in the body social. But the element of the ludicrous which could not be disassociated from the idea of a duel with rapiers between, for instance, Ben Butler and Secretary Bayard, or the bloody Balfour and Mr. Parnell, should these latter worthies give each other the lie, as they as good as do every day in Parliament, can not be said to attach itself invariably to the sacrifices made at the shrine of chivalry by the impulsive Gaul. Though such encounters, common as they are, are still more commonly bloodless, thus leaving the impression that they are arranged as a rule out of deference to popular opinion and as a matter of etiquette rather than business, the duel between Floquet and Boulanger certainly does not labor under any such imputation. It was, in the language of the sporting fraternity, "for blood," and by all accounts the man of war came very near receiving his quietus at the hands of the man of peace. But apart from the disfavor with which sensible people must regard a resort to the antiquated practice of dueling as a means for adjusting personal differences, there can be little doubt that the result upon the present occasion will exert a salutary influence upon the political status of France in general. In the defeat of Boulanger, with his own weapons, a bubble has been pricked, a wooden god dethroned. Popular sympathy and the verdict of all sensible and conservative men are on the side of Floquet. It may not be that the present ministry of France is the best that could preside over the struggling fortunes of the infant republic; the Chamber of Deputies is, doubtless, no more immaculate in its political morals and no more intelligent in its composition than are the legislative assemblies of any other nation; but it would be churlish not to credit it, as a body, with patriotic resolve, and not to sympathize with its well-meant though, perhaps, clumsily executed movements, in its struggle for political liberty. It has hitherto seemed the special mission of Boulanger to stir up trouble and foment discord in the Chamber, and to inflame the proletarian mind with unwarranted visions of military glory by a display of tinsel on horseback. It is openly charged against him that he is in the service of the Royalist party. Be this as it may, he is worse than a fifth wheel in the political wagon; it is a suggestive circumstance that the press which once supported him has almost to a unit dropped off. In short, the elimination of this unnecessary and vexing factor from the French political problem will be hailed with unmixed satisfaction by the sensible statesmen who are trying to solve it.

Among the many abuses to which the world is subject through the partial and selfish administration of its laws and liberties by crowned and mitred heads, whose misrule it is called upon at the moment perforce to endure, and toward which it has been now for many ages too long-suffering and too complaisant, two have met our eyes in almost as many weeks, which call for careful and serious attention. The last of these, which we shall refer to first, is of the two—though both are infamous—far the more venial. Queen Natalie of Servia—a scarce-acknowledged kingdom and a half barbaric power, if power it can be called, for it holds not even a third rank among the sovereign states of Europe—has been divorced from her husband, King Milan, on his personal application, by the ecclesiastical synod of Servia, which synod represents an autonomous branch of the Greek Church, only nominally amenable to the Patriarch, but very practically so to the government. This queen, who will, by the way, not be thirty years of age until next May, is Russian by birth, being a daughter of a Russian military officer, De Keczko by name, and Pulcherie, Princess of Stourdza, one of those nameless and numberless princely families which cover Europe like weeds, and are of about the same value. King Milan, on his part, can boast even less of the blood royal, being himself only the grand-nephew of the first of the line of Obrenovitch, who was by occupation a swineherd, all the true Slavonian nobles of Servia having previously been either expatriated or exterminated by the ruthless Turk, and upon the peasantry—more to their honor—having devolved the task of liberating their country from the Paynim horde. And now Europe has been treated to a *scandalum magnatum*, which has caused old-seasoned diplomats and strait-laced aristocrats to shudder in their shoes and quake with holy horror. They have been confronted with the novel and interesting spectacle of a king—albeit a small one, yet of regal dignity—kidnapping his own son, tearing, so to speak, the child from his mother's arms, without process of law, and with the connivance and assistance of the Prussian authorities at the watering-place of Wiesbaden. Queen Natalie now demands to know wherein she has offended, and avers that the application for divorce should have come from her side, if at all, and as good as says that she does not give a snap for the ecclesiastical synod of Servia, or any other synod, if she knows she is in the right. Natalie has the name of being daring and dashing, and of having horse-whipped one official, at least, who denied her entrance not long ago to a public place of amusement in Italy, and laughed at the idea of her being Queen of Servia, because she came as a plain lady. She brought him to his senses, just the same, and gained admission, though not before being arrested and called upon to prove her identity, and it is this spirit of womanly independence, which caused her voluntarily to separate herself from her husband about two years ago for alleged infidelity, that adds piquancy to the royal quarrel, and makes one believe, independently of the many damning facts against the king, that the woman is right, and hope that she will be more than a match for the political machinery that is already set in motion to entrap and ruin her. But there is a matter of much graver consequence—the second that we spoke about—than any marital squabble that merely deals with the figure-heads of a fourth-rate kingdom. This matter concerns the Papal dispensation which has recently been issued, permitting the Duke of Aosta to marry his sister's daughter. The Princess Marie, who is one of the parties to this unnatural contract, is the daughter of Prince Napoleon, popularly known as Plon-Plon, and the Princess Clotilde, full sister to the Duke of Aosta, who is brother to the King of Italy. What state or family considerations prompted this marriage, which is to take place in September next, or what political considerations prompted Pope Leo the Thirteenth to give the weight and sanction of his pontifical authority thereto, we know not and we care less. What we do know is that both the civil and the canonical laws forbid such unions, that the Mosaic law forbade them, and that they are not countenanced by the ethics of civilized nations, nor do they correspond with the unwritten laws of nature. Such considerations, however, carry no weight, it would appear, where privileged castes are concerned, nor is the canonical law of any account in comparison with the dictum of a personage who claims to be supreme in faith and morals. We wonder, however, how good Catholics who are honest men can swallow a form of doctrine which blows hot and cold with the same mouth, and how much importance they can attach to the merits of a creed which demonstrates how easily a law which they have been taught to look upon as divine can be broken and subverted by the breath of one whom they know to be human like themselves. There is, doubtless, casuistry and sophistry enough in the Romish Church—it was never known to be deficient in these logical, or rather illogical, weapons—to explain away all the moral discrepancies that trouble honest minds in reference to doings like those we have referred to, to show that black under certain circumstances may be white, and incest under certain circumstances a virtue. Still, this line of reasoning will not satisfy the plain, straightforward intelligence of the world at large, which can not be hoodwinked into believing that crime is anything else but crime, even if it is pronounced innocent by priestly lips. If the devil can appear, as Scripture tells us, as an angel of light, how much easier must it be for his satanic majesty to masquerade in a Papal pallium if he has a mind thereto? But, after all, a coach-and-four, with outriders to boot, has been driven so many times through the decalogue by so many successors of St. Peter that we are not one whit surprised, nor will be at any quantity of further excursions in the same direction, but will placidly say like the barber—next!

An automatic teacher of elocution is being suddenly employed by a number of actors and actresses. It is the phonograph. The example was set by Clara Morris. She obtained a phonograph a month ago and used it to ascertain exactly how her speech sounded. She had become convinced that no speaker hears the tones of his own voice exactly as others do, and it occurred to her that if she spoke into a phonograph she could get a correct idea of her vocal expressions. She found that the plan worked well. She would recite portions of her rôles, and then have it repeated again and again by the machine. Although the mechanical voice lacked in volume, its mimicry of emphasis, inflection, and other qualities was precise. The news of Miss Morris's experiment got out, and now there can be counted up a dozen players who, in studying their parts in plays to be produced next season, are using phonographs.

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When the merry frogs are sporting
In the river rushes rank,
And the pickerel is lying
In the shadow of the bank;

When the little boy is swimming
In a costume of the mode
That was worn by good Godiva
When through Coventry she rode;

When we hear the milkmaid singing
In the lilac-scented lane,
And knee-deep in the river
We behold the bovine train;

When the sun is brightly shining
In the sky of cloudless blue,
How pleasant is the knowledge
That you have no work to do:

That 'neath the leafy maples
You can watch the swallows fly,
As dreaming, idly dreaming,
On a mossy bank you lie!

—*Boston Courier.*

A Paradox.

She is so fair! her dimpled cheek,
Her bright, deep eyes that almost speak,
Her slender figure, full of grace,
The sweetness of her fair young face,
Her soft brown hair,
The contour of her rounded arm,
Have for me a resistless charm;
She is so fair!

But when at times she plays croquet,
Or billiards, as she did to-day,
Or in that game of love takes part
In which she knows I've staked my heart,
I must beware!
She's just as lovely, just as sweet,
But if there comes a chance to cheat,
She's not so fair!

—*Somerville Journal*

Farewell to Marlborough.

We will not break for your sweet sake
A heart that dotes on truer charms;
A simple widow and her dower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms. —*Life.*

Courtship Clôture.

A Member of the House was He:
A Lass of Many Charms was She.

Quoth He: "*I move now, we are sole*
At once Committee of the Whole

On State of Union. I'm the Chair,
And you may THUS *the Honor share.*"

As She demurred at this suggestion,
He slyly moved the Previous Question.

THE AYES HAVE IT.

And said: "*We'll put it to the Vote*
Is there Dissent! No sign I note"

For there'd been Silence for a space,
The while She looked Him in the Face.

He promptly ruled: "*Beneath the skies*
I now Hear nothing but those EYES.

The Previous Question thus is carried.
And so shall be when we are married!"

Objections useless 'twere to state—
His Lips on Hers Cut off Debate. —*Puck.*

The Terrors of Civilization.

The Injuns never teched him,
Nor the biars;
An' the rattlers never bit him,
An' the train robbers couldn't git him
On the cars
'Twas a frigid day an' drizzly
When the Rocky Mountain grizzly
Ever crep' within a rod of Jim the Scout:
An' the catamount an' bison
Never teched him more than pizen,
Which they allus more prefer to do without.

But he moved into the city
Just for fun;
An' he sold his big six-shooter
An' he thought it would not do ter
Keep his gun.
But a muscular garroter,
Who was not a legal voter,
Robbed him of his watch and wallet like a child;
Then a gas-pipe overloaded
Bust, and Jim he got exploded,
An' came down considerable permiscuous and riled.

An' the bunco-steerers fleeced him
Left and right;
An' the gamins uster hoot him
An' slugger tried to shoot him
T'other night.
An' a hoodlum tried to skin him,
An' an injine ran agin him,
An' a hedic, an' a hoss-car, an' a dray;
An' agin, a little later,
In a rotten elevator
He fell down thirteen stories in one day

An' his house it caught afire
T'other night;
An' his gas-meter exploded
(Jim didn't know 'twas loaded),
Awful sight!
An' his house was widely scattered,
O'er the country it was spattered,
In a shower of chunks and cinders, so they said.
Jim was so completely shivered,
He hain't never been diskivered,
But the Coroner concluded he was dead.

—*Yankee Blade.*

"I Beat You Up To-day."

Oh, tell me what's become of you, pretty Nelly Martin,
Little Nelly Martin, with your golden yellow hair
That glistened in the sunshine of the bright unclouded morning,
And was blown in fluffy ringlets by the wild plum-scented air.
As you stood there in your "nighty"—it was warm and nice in May,
And shouted from your porch to mine: "I beat you up to-day-ay-ay!"

Like a baby saint you seem to me as I look back with yearning,
Little Nelly Martin, with your eyes so big and blue,
To the days when hearts were pure and clean beneath our gingham aprons,
And the only bit of rivalry that came between us two
Was in getting up o' mornings—I can almost hear you say,
In that gay, triumphant voice of yours: "I beat you up to-day-ay-ay!"

I wonder where I'd find you now, little Nelly Martin;
I wonder if your hair is yet that pretty golden brown;
Is that baby love of ours by you, too, unforgotten:
Mayhap you have your little ones a-clinging to your gown,
But, though you be a matron and your locks be sprent with gray,
You're still the little girl that sung: "I beat you up to-day-ay-ay!"

—*Chicago News.*

CCCCLXCIII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, July 22, 1888.

Mulligatawny Soup.
Fried Trout.
Chicken Croquettes, Mashed Potatoes.
Green Peas. Tomatoes.
Roast Venison, Currant Jelly, and Port Wine Sauce.
Salad of Alligator Pear.
Manchester Pudding.
Fruits in Season.

MANCHESTER PUDDING.—Half a pint of milk in which the peel of half a lemon has been soaked for half an hour; pour this on three ounces of bread-crumbs, and boil for two or three minutes; add the yolks of four eggs and the whites of two, two ounces of butter, sugar to taste, and a tablespoonful of brandy; stir all these well together; cover a pie-dish with puff paste, and at the bottom put a thick layer of any kind of jam; pour the above mixture cold on the jam, and bake the pudding for an hour. Serve cold, with a little sifted sugar sprinkled over.

Of Mme. Patti's latest success in Buenos Ayres the *Musical Standard* says: "It must not be presumed that we are dealing exclusively with her musical triumphs. The financial as well as the vocal abilities of La Diva are known, accurately enough both to opera-managers and opera-goers. First, she has an extraordinary turn for business; secondly, she has a pretty voice and a taking style; thirdly, she has studied a few popular songs, and has a limited stock of operatic impersonations in which she appears from time to time with well-regulated iteration. This last accomplishment is amply sufficient to delight her enthusiastic admirers, but is distressing to those who think it incumbent upon one owning such powers to possess a repertoire a little more ample than a musical box or mechanical piano." Mme. Patti has such a keen appreciation of the value of money that she can make a bargain better than a Greek. The public examination of Colonel Mapleson in the Court of Bankruptcy affords some instructive information as to a manager's relations with his prima donna. He stated that "his last season was suddenly put an end to by the refusal of Mme. Patti to sing, on the ground that the house was not full. Her night's salary (six hundred and fifty pounds sterling) was in the bank for her. Nothing was owing to her, and he had paid her altogether over three hundred thousand pounds sterling." The accuracy of the figures recently cabled over respecting the takings of the first night at Buenos Ayres has been denied, but their correctness is reaffirmed, and it now appears that they agree with the return that has to be made officially to the government for taxing purposes. We are told that Mme. Patti receives half the gross nightly receipts up to two thousand pounds sterling, and when the receipts are beyond this, forty per cent. of the excess. The amount personally netted is double the yearly salary of the President, and would cover the cost of half-a-dozen Philharmonic concerts—singers, band, and possibly a composer's commission included.

"Aw, Cholly, have you seen Awlgernon this morning?" *Cholly* (in a husky whisper)—"The pooah boy is dead." "Dead! Why, old chappie, what killed him, aw?" "Nervous shock. Don't ye know, he bought a suit of clothes, and the coat didn't fit."—*Lincoln Journal.*

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Nestor Roqueplan, when he was director of the opera, once read aloud in the green-room a list of the ballet-girls of 1838. Several of them had gone into the choruses of the Opera Comique, one let furnished lodgings, another had married a stock-broker, and a third was the wife of a comic actor. But the last two names which had been written on the faded slip of paper belonged, the one to an English peeress and the other to a wealthy mercer at Dijon. Taglioni married Count Gilbert des Voisins in 1832, and Fannie Elssler a prince of the blood royal in 1870. Don Fernando, brother of the King of Portugal. La Sota, another dancer, married a brother of the King of Spain in 1846, and the famous Lola Montez, a mere coryphée, was morganatically wedded to King Louis of Bavaria in 1847. But these are comparatively rare cases.

"My young friend," said a long-haired Brooklyn citizen, "I am trying to learn the sense of the community in regard to base-ball playing on Sunday. Will you kindly tell me what stand you take?" "Certainly, sir," responded his young friend; "when I've got money enough I take the grand stand."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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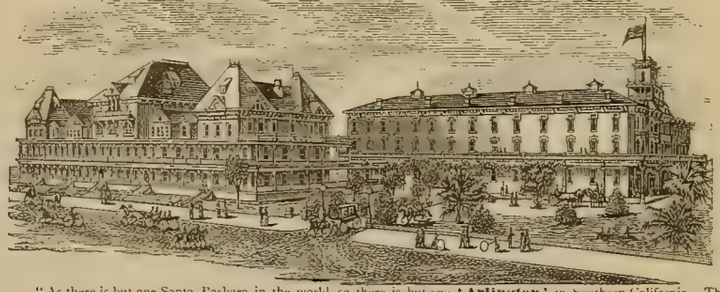

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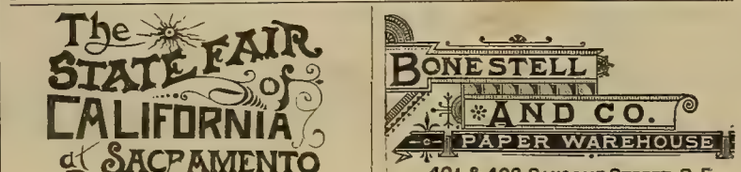

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There is more anti-Chinese feeling in this State against Senator Harrison than we thought there was, and more than we think there should be. That Senator Harrison was one of the most determined and obstinate of Republican senators, in reference to the immigration of Chinese, we had occasion to know from personal endeavor to influence legislation at Washington in this respect. Employed by Mayor Bryant to visit the capital as the representative of San Francisco, it was our privilege to interview public men and government officials. We received but slight courtesy from any, positive rudeness from many. The subject was treated by such men as Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, and Secretary Fish, of New York, with insolence, and by nearly every Republican senator—always excepting Senators Miller, of New York, and Angus Cameron, of Wisconsin—with contemptuous indifference. There is no sense in attempting to conceal the fact that the Republican party was at this time opposed to the limitation of Chinese immigration, and had it not been for William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, there would have been no anti-Chinese resolution in the national platform of the Republican party in the year that nominated Garfield for President and Arthur for Vice-President. The veto of President Arthur, and the whole history of anti-Chinese legislation, demonstrated that the opposition came from Republicans. New England sentiment pervaded the nation upon this question, and the preachers of the country were solidly in favor of unrestricted Chinese immigration. Leading merchants, and those interested in transportation, were decidedly in favor of the Chinese, and these classes were largely Republicans. In truth, the higher intelligence and better morals of the country—embracing all who thought the Chinese had souls to save and cheap labor to sell—favored their coming. The Eastern press, with scarce an exception, took the same view, and persisted in regarding the question as a local one to the Pacific Coast, and one in which our people were governed more by prejudice than reason. The broader, higher questions had not presented themselves to Eastern minds, and Democratic voters being the first to experience the ill results of Chinese invasion, Democratic politicians were the first to mold their opinions in the direction of its control and limitation. This very narrow and—as reason has since demonstrated—very mischievous conduct of Republican leaders has not been forgotten by the labor classes, nor by those Republicans who at this time were honestly indignant at their conduct. The period of six years is not long enough to make the plea of changed opinions quite sufficient, it takes a longer time for the statute of limitations to bar political mistakes than for other crimes. We have condoned the offense of Senator Harrison, for we remember the sudden conversion of St. Paul on his way to Tarsus, but there are a great many of the labor class in California and in the nation who have not forgotten and refuse to condone the inexcusable crime against American civilization and the working-class. Senator Harrison, as the candidate of the Republican party for President, will feel somewhat the effect of this unforgiving and un-Christian sentiment. Mr. De Young, of the *Chronicle*, was sincere, if indiscreet, in his utterances at the Chicago convention; Mr. Ingalls was frank to the verge of indiscretion in his letter. Mr. De Young was taking his first step in national politics, and under the guidance of Mr. William Higgins, an Irish Republican boss, may be excused for enthusiasms which were intended to promote the nomination of Mr. Blaine, who, curiously enough, is regarded by all Irish Papists and all new converts to Rome as the only American statesman to whom may be safely intrusted the chief magistracy of this free commonwealth.

A personal friend of ours—who is a politician of great intelligence and thorough integrity, who has by his large experience in party affairs as a writer of ability and an orator of high character acquired a national reputation, himself a faithful Democrat and entirely loyal to Mr. Cleveland—declares to us and others possessing his confidence that, in his opinion, Harrison and Morton will be elected. He declares that the conspiracy disclosed as having existed four years ago between Mr. Blaine and the managing politicians of the Church of Rome still exists, and that it is agreed between Roman ecclesiastics and Democratic political traitors that Cleveland shall be defeated and Harrison elected, and that a compact has been entered into between Mr. Blaine and Mr. Harrison that in event of a Republican party triumph Mr. Blaine shall be intrusted with the portfolio of state, and have the direction of our foreign affairs. The evidence in support of this hypothesis he finds in the disclosures of the Presidential contest four years ago and the unexpected developments disclosed at the ballot-box of the attitude of the Roman Catholic Democratic Irish; in the fact of Mr. Blaine's visit to Rome and reported interviews with the Pope, and frequent consultation with the more prominent Italian Jesuits who hold the relation of political advisers to His Holiness Leo the Thirteenth; in the fact that the Irish Romanists had control of the St. Louis convention; that Stephen M. White, an Irish Catholic, was made temporary chairman; that Patrick Collins was made permanent president of the convention; that Daniel Dougherty was chosen to put Cleveland in nomination, and to Michael Tarpey assigned the same duty in reference to Thurman—all Roman Catholics; that the entire management of the convention was turned over to that wing of the party—in all these things he sees only an effort on the part of the conspirators to evade suspicion and estop the party from uttering any reproaches when the same shall have been disclosed. Our friend declares that the election in Oregon is proof of the existence of this conspiracy, and demonstrates how completely the more ignorant of Romanists may be controlled in their politics from the pulpit and the confessional; that the tariff cut but little figure in the Oregon election; that if every wool-grower in the State had voted the Republican ticket it would not have accounted for the unprecedented majority of seven thousand; that a quarrel between President Cleveland and the archbishop of Oregon over the mismanagement of the Umatilla Indian reservation by the Papal Church and the misappropriation of its funds, led to the disaster in that State. This gentleman says: "You will observe that the Democrats in this State who are changing to Cleveland are Irish Roman Catholics," and if there are any exceptions it is of men who are personally interested in the question of tariff. That when this arrangement is fully agreed upon, Mr. Blaine will come to America, be received with great demonstrations, will make a triumphal march through the country, and that the tone of his speeches will be pitched at the highest octave upon the English-Irish question, and his entire programme will be played for the foreign vote. The attitude of open and aggressive opposition to our public schools, as demonstrated recently by the German Papists in Illinois and by the Irish Papists in Massachusetts, the recent utterances of Papal primates at Baltimore, with the efforts to establish parochial schools abroad in the land, are all evidences tending to show the working of this conspiracy between an infallible Pope and the mesmeric Mr. Blaine, between an ambitious and aggressive church and a party that is anxious to restore itself to political power. The altogether unusual resolution passed at Chicago, 'hoping' that Ireland might achieve home-rule, an impudent and unnecessary insult to England, is given as grain to catch the Papal flock." "And what," asked we, "is Rome driving at? What the inducement to make it cut loose from the Democracy?" His answer was: "Rome is fighting for the civil supremacy of nations, is ambitious for the political control of the world; it has held control of the Democratic party till it has exhausted its usefulness, though it has molded political action, has robbed enough of national, State, and municipal treasure till cathedrals, churches, parochial schools, convents, and monkeries are scattered over the land, Irish Catholic bosses under Papist priests control the Democratic party entirely, and now seeks control of the Republican party; the Democratic party is to be sacrificed, and the Republican party brought back to power in order that Rome may use it; the Republican party is the only one that stands upon the defensive for free schools and non-sectarian education. It has the wealth and intelligence of the country; we will restore it to power, and by that act appeal to its gratitude and its greed of office to concede our demands for school moneys, and for a State church, and for the exercise of ecclesiastical political power. Rome," said our friend, "is shrewd, and Jesuitry is keen and cautious. If the Republican party goes to pieces there arises in its place the American party, and in the opinion of Italian Jesuits this would mean 'restricted immigration'; naturalization laws would be abolished; parochial schools would be embarrassed by laws compelling attendance of all children upon non-sectarian schools; all church property would be taxed, and in time history might repeat itself by driving Jesuits from the country and secularizing their property for the use of the State; the church would be deprived the opportunity of robbing State and municipal treasuries through the fraudulent and criminal pretext of 'charity.' The intelligence of Rome scents danger in the political air, and would tide over the present peril by placing James G. Blaine in the Cabinet and giving him authority over all questions of foreign affairs." "Then you assume that Blaine is a traitor to his country and may be used to overturn its liberties?" said we. His answer was: "Blaine is a Roman Catholic by birth, pledged to the church at the marriage-altar of his parents, is a Jesuit in politics, is ambitious as was Catiline, has been defeated from a life-long endeavor to reach the Presidency, and now at the age of sixty years sees that opportunity pass by; there are thrones behind which there is a power to wield which the throne can not exercise, a sword to handle more trenchant than a scepter; to grasp this power and wield this authority Mr. Blaine will not hesitate to permit Rome to serve him, and in his turn will not hesitate to

serve the ambitious hierarchy of the Italian church." Our answer was: "If this be true, it is the duty of every American who loves his country and honors its institutions to coöperate politically with the American party."

Father Montgomery is represented to us as being a very sincere and serviceable priest, but narrow, severe, and crotchety as the priests of Rome are apt to be; illiberal, ungenerous, and suspicious as are all men when deprived of their intellectual freedom, and compelled to live and move and have their being within limits prescribed by ecclesiastical rules; not at liberty to mingle freely among men; not permitted to mingle in general society; not educated to the comprehension of anything beyond dogmatized religion; not subject to the refining influence of pure women; forbidden to enter into the family relation and beget children whom they are proud to acknowledge and happy to rear; not challenged to discuss with their fellow-men the important practical issues of every-day life; not permitted to think except within the prison bars of canonical custody; not encouraged to read except the fathers, the breviary, and the fables of the church; within these limitations the Reverend Father Montgomery is reputed as a worthy and most excellent man. He is chancellor of the archdiocese of San Francisco. The reverend chancellor has indited, and in the *Evening Bulletin* published, an open letter to the educational association which, with more than seven thousand representatives, has been recently in session in San Francisco. Seven thousand male and female teachers of non-sectarian schools in a country acknowledging the authority of no religion and the supremacy of no church, meeting not under the sanction of law for their own improvement, and with no official duties to perform, acting simply as free citizens in a free republic, invited Protestant ministers of different churches to open their sessions with prayer. This was a matter of "utter amazement" to the Rev. George Montgomery, chancellor of the archdiocese of San Francisco, and in his opinion a deep sorrow and a profound mortification to all the Roman Catholic teachers. But Professor Thomas J. Morgan broke the humped back of the Papal camel when he piled him with the following bale of straw. He said: "This rising opposition to the public schools comes from Roman Catholicism, and this opposition means nothing but their destruction—with them a destruction of our civilization, of our liberties, a return to the horrors of the middle ages." "These sentiments," says Father Montgomery, "are an insult to the Catholic portion of the community in which this convention is sitting, and an outrage upon the feelings of Catholic teachers composing the convention." It may insult Rome to utter such sentiments, but nevertheless they are true, every word and letter is true, every suggestion is indisputably and historically true. The Church of Rome is in secret, subtle, criminal conspiracy against the non-sectarian free schools of America. It is endeavoring, scheming, and plotting to steal the public money to build its parochial schools in which Jesuitry may be taught. It was honest and brave of Professor Morgan to say so, and it was courageous for the teachers to applaud and cheer his utterance. We are glad that the teachers of national schools in San Francisco have answered the challenge that came from Faneuil Hall in Boston. We deprecate a religious war in America, but if it is avoided and never comes it will be because the Roman Church will have called off its ecclesiastical hounds from America's most cherished institution. For the free schools, and that they be preserved from the interference of the Church of Rome and the meddlesomeness of its priests, every true and loyal American will fight. Romanism began this quarrel and Protestantism will not shirk it, nor skedaddle from it, nor show the white feather when in it. The Reverend Father George Montgomery, in his open letter, utters one or more palpable untruths when he says "the Catholic body of this country pays more taxes than any other body of Christians to support these schools." He knows he is inexact. He is guilty of indirection when he asserts that opposition to the public schools comes from any other source than Roman Catholicism. The church-militant spirit in us inclines us to excuse the soldier who under his standard openly and bravely fights for his cause, induces us to look not unkindly upon the willingness of this priest of Rome to fight his enemies in defense of his religious faith; this forgiving spirit finds no excuse for the cowardly, sycophantic, and insincere preacher who, with a feather in his hat and a lath in his feeble hand, jumps into a quarrel that does not concern him. We think Dr. Horatio Stebbins as absurd and illogical in applauding Father Montgomery's resentment as he was once unfortunate in displaying his own. If, in a voluntary gathering of school-teachers, of all denominations and all religious opinions, the question of schools and the opposition that is developing toward them can not be considered, then this has ceased to be a free country and a land of free speech, and we are where too many of our evangelical clergymen find themselves—hiding and trembling in fear of Rome. The Reverend Father Montgomery found no occasion for protest, indignation, or satire when Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, was prevailed upon to pray in the presence of the public engaged at the centennial celebration of our national constitution; his sneers and his indignation were reserved for a Protestant congregation engaged in deliberations concerning non-sectarian schools. From Mr. Stebbins's card we print enough to permit our readers for themselves to determine whether it is not cowardly and sycophantic, and whether it does not indicate treason to the Protestant faith, which it is evident he insincerely professes:

THE REVEREND GEORGE MONTGOMERY—
DEAR SIR:

* * * * * * * *

I agree with you altogether that the remarks made in regard to the attitude of Catholicism in relation to the public schools were uncalled for and unjust. And I applaud your decisive, upright, and, in my opinion, unanswerable resentment.

* * * * * * * *

The fact that the Protestants did appropriate the strictly religious offices of the convention, afforded an opportunity for satire which required some self-restraint. Your genial and witty mind could not resist the fun. I am yours sincerely, HORATIO STEBBINS.

1609 LARKIN STREET, July 20, 1888.

There is no political organization but that of the American party that contemplates any restriction of foreign immigration, or any practical legislation in favor of American native-born or naturalized laborers. There is no other party that proposes to amend or in any manner change the naturalization laws. Protection of American manufacturing industries is calculated to enrich wealthy corporations and to subject skilled artisans to competition with an inundation of alien mechanics and laborers, who will be brought from cheap-labor countries into competition with our present labor classes. Every manufacturing enterprise needing labor desires to have it cheap, for labor is always higher than material. There is not an individual manufacturer in America whose present interest would not be favorably affected by the introduction of competition workers. When we hear that this factory will close, or that industry will discharge its hands in event of the passage of the Mills bill, we wonder how much of it is idle threat and how much of it is selfish politics. We met this week an Eastern manufacturer of fashionable and high-priced carriages in New York, and of costly harness in New Jersey, protected by duties of some thirty-five per cent. *ad valorem*. His mechanics are, eighty-five per cent. of them, men of alien birth; if high tariff prevails he will import carriage-workers and harness-makers, until he reduces the wages of labor to the level of European shops, and pockets the difference of duties as the profit of his capital. If there is any man in America to whom the American argument in favor of excluding alien artisans and skilled European mechanics from immigration to our shores appeals, it is the foreign-born artisan now finding abundant labor in American work-shops, at high prices, for furnishing merchandise for an American market of more than sixty millions of people. The Hon. Ben. Morgan, in declining a congressional nomination by the American party, truthfully said, that "whenever two laborers contend for bread from an employer, low wages, slavery, and misery are the result; but "whenever two employers contend for the labor of one working-man, high wages, liberty, and comfort follow." These lines contain more sound sense and better represent the philosophy of the labor question than all the literature of this utterly sham campaign. The laboring-man who does not and can not understand that his personal interest and the welfare of his children are involved in the labor question, as presented by the American party, is too dull and stupid to be intrusted with the privilege of voting. The wealthy man who does not know that *his* personal interests and the welfare of *his* children rest more securely in the future of a country whose population is native-born, homogeneous, industrious, and law-abiding, than in one where the community is cosmopolitan, idle, and disposed to override the law, is not worth considering. Free trade would, in our judgment, be destructive to the industries and commerce of the country. High protective laws are unwise and unjust in their discriminations. If the Mills bill is a measure of "tariff reform," we approve of it; if it is leading to free trade, we hope it will be stopped short of that end. The watch we carry was made in Switzerland, the duty we paid upon it will enable the mechanic who worked upon it to bring himself and tools from Geneva to New York. We pay two dollars per thousand duty on one thousand feet of lumber to reward and strengthen a thieving ring to rob us; we pay a duty on coal to aid a gang of coal thieves to exact tribute from our firesides. Every intelligent person knows and every honest one admits the necessity of tariff reform. The Republican party and the Democratic party are playing the game of politics. Laboring men are being used as pawns, while the rich manufacturers are dancing over the chess-board in every direction where an exposed piece is imperiled; politicians are the knights on horseback, moving in eccentric direction to capture uncovered points. The two kings are guarded by their rooks, Cleveland protected by his project of tariff reform, and Harrison invoking the family name and the traditions of the Republican party, when it was brave and honest, moral and patriotic. The American party is admitted by every voter of sense to represent the loftiest, purest, a most patriotic principles, to be the friend of labor, and t friend of capital, the only party that is both honest, brave, a loyal. And yet every selfish trader who makes or impo any thing to sell, and every politician who wants office, taun the American party member with throwing his vote away, wh he offers it with loyal heart and unselfish purpose to corre the evils into which both national parties have confessed fallen. All the same, the members of the American party California, whether supported from the East or not, propose stand in line to be counted, and answer to the roll when th names are called. If Americans may not form a party t year, when may they do so? They were told two years a not to throw their votes away on Wigginton, and were pro ised support at the next election. They are now asked not throw their votes away, the time for an American party h not come; the next time these tail-enders will join the Ame can party and vote for its candidates. Americans do not b lieve them, the cowards that fell down before are falling do again, they will always fall down. Nearly eight thousand m stood bravely up two years ago, and more will stand up t time.

We have endeavored to reproduce in our own language exact sentiments expressed to us by a very worthy adopt citizen, with whom we rode on the cars. He is a good enou American for us, and a thousand times more courageous a sensible than the native-born who are persuading us not throw our votes away *this time*, but wait till the next electio He said: I am a working-man, skilled at my calling, and e ployed at good wages in a manufacturing industry. I am li ing well, in my own home, maintaining and educating m family. I am doing well, and am content in politics to let w enough alone. I am not learned nor egotistical, but I thi I know that if in foreign countries the manufacturer procure the raw material at prices equal with us in Am ica, and labor cheaper, the ultimate result will be cheapen labor and reduce wages if free trade becomes t law of the land. I am American by adoption, and I thi I see, if unrestricted immigration is permitted, our count will, in a short time, be inundated with cheap forei laborers. I do not mean to be ungenerous, but as I lo my own progeny better than anybody else, I am illibe enough to desire to reserve all the privileges of Americ citizenship for my children. This illiberality is indefensible my part because, being of foreign birth, I am supposed to willing to share my advantages with all respectable income from abroad, but I am not. If I was on a raft at sea, wi but limited provisions, I would push anybody else off and ta all there was to eat and drink, and fight for my own life; if had ever so big a farm and more acres than I could profitab till, I would not give them away, but reserve them as an i heritance for my children; if I found a lump of gold or pric less jewel in a mine I would keep it, and keep the mine. am permitted to vote in America, I could not vote in m native land, and as I have become an American I a going to vote with Americans as a member of American party. I am going to stand up and be coun The reason for my being an American is because the determination of Americans to rule America. I a told it is a Know-Nothing party, and that I can not get a office. My children are all Know-Nothings; they can hol office, and by education they will be qualified, which I am no but I can think and vote, and I am going to vote to make m boys Americans. I know the American party will do what right for themselves, and if my boys are Americans by bir and loyal to the constitution, they can take care of themselv at the ballot-box. I will help them to get there with know edge enough to take care of themselves and the country whic my wife and I took all our earnings to reach. I ran awa from my native land to escape military duty, but I was n mean and ungrateful enough to keep out of the Northern Arm in the civil war. I enlisted. I acted an honest part. I w wounded once. I did not get a bounty. I did not skedaddl but I saved my money and got one hundred and sixty acres good land, which I have fenced and on which I have built temporary house and a pretty good barn, and set out a sma orchard and vineyard, where one of my boys is, and where w will all be in a few years, and where I expect to die. My wi was, and I guess is still, a Roman Catholic. I am not, and I d not see much inclination on the part of the children to go confession, and I am not at all inclined to let the priest inte meddle himself with my politics, and I would see hi damned before I would allow him, or anybody having h thick neck and high color, to receive the confidence of m girls. If my wife goes to confession I wink, for she h reached the sober age, and can take care of herself. No: have never been a Democrat, because I have never wante an office, and I do not mean that any of my boys shall ev have an office, nor any of my girls marry any feller in th city hall; they are too good and too nice for that fate. I a a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and was hon

only discharged, and I did not drive an army-wagon nor serve in the commissary department. I fit. If the American party does not nominate a Presidential candidate I shall cast my vote for Harrison and Morton; if it does, I shall vote for the American party, and so long as I live will continue to do so, and no galoot of a politician can fool me about throwing my vote away. I used to throw a good many balls away in vain, but I guess some of 'em hit. I shall keep on firing till we get in close position, then I know my vote will tell.

Mr. Ben. Morgan, of Berkeley, declines to accept the nomination of the Americans of the third congressional district for Congress, and pays the party the deserved compliment of saying that it is "brave, honorable, independent, unbossed, and patriotic." Mr. Morgan, being a Democrat, deems it his duty to vote and work for Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Morgan approves and indorses the principles of the American party, and prophesies that "ere long they will win the fealty of every lover of his country." He says that the one great issue to-day before the American people is the "protection and preservation of our race and liberty against the invading army of foreign outcasts and paupers who threaten *soon* to subvert society and make this country the receptacle of all the revolutionary and lawless elements of all the nations of the earth." "The great army of head-getters," says Mr. Morgan, "have in the past, do now and will in the future suffer more from unlimited and unrestricted immigration than from any other cause." "Let the working-men champion the only true protection to themselves; let them strike at the heart of the python; let them lower the bullis and burn the gang-planks at Castle Garden, and their reign comes and their prosperity begins." "The weapon," he says, "with which capital strikes against labor is the oversupply of laborers, for it is axiomatic that whenever two laborers contend for bread from one employer, low wages, slavery, and misery are the result; but whenever two employers contend for the labor of one working-man, high wages, liberty, and comfort follow. Who shall complain if we repeal the naturalization laws and prohibit foreign immigration? In God's name, have we not done enough for England, Ireland, Germany, France, Spain, Russia, and China?" "Were I in Congress," says Mr. Morgan, "I should be found on the line marked out by the American party, battling for American rights, American liberty, and American society." "From the watch-tower of the republic you (the American party) have sounded the alarm, 'the cry is still they come,' a cry, which if unheeded in time, will be drowned in political revolution and social chaos." These are brave and eloquent words, and the dangers that threaten the republic are as imminent as Mr. Morgan portrays them to be, has this gentleman performed his duty in declining a place in the honorable ranks of a patriotic an organization as the American party? Should every American act as does the Hon. Ben. Morgan, the republic would soon be involved in chaos, and over its ruins would be inscribed "America est delenda" and "Liberty is lost."

The American party is continually misrepresented, sometimes from malice, oftener through ignorance, and always for a political motive. Americanism is not Know-Nothingism, although Know-Nothingism was respectable, and requires neither apology nor defense. Americanism is not defined within the narrow limits of birth, land, religion, or color. "American" is a synonism for patriotism, as applied to the United States of America. It is well-defined by Charles Dudley Warner. He says, and truly, that "We are all foreigners, or descendants of foreigners. A true American is one who is devoted to the interests of the country, who upholds its constitution, obeys its laws, has a voice in its government, and is ever ready to defend the honor of its flag." A man within the American party may be a rank; he may not believe in the Catholic faith, or any other; he may not desire to be ruled by alien Irish bosses, or anybody else; he may fear rattlesnakes and hate mosquitoes; an American may believe in Mohammedanism; may be reconciled to the spiritual direction of a Mormon bishop; may live at peace with reptiles and love vermin; but if he is true to the country, its institutions, its laws, and its flag, he has a right to consider himself an American. If he has the courage in times of political danger to espouse the cause of the American party, enlist in its ranks, help to fight its battles when it is weak, he *is* an American.

The Irish Home-rule party is struggling in deep water. The encyclical letter of Pope Leo the Thirteenth condemning the "Plan of Campaign" and the system of boycotting as unjust and immoral, has driven from the party its strongest and most efficient workers—the priests. It has so intimidated the wealthy Roman Catholic Democrats of the United States that its financial resources are dried up. The enforcement of the Crimes Act is emancipating honest men from terror, and tenants are paying rent. Mr. Balfour, Secretary for Ireland, charged with the responsibility of enforcing the law, is courageously performing his whole duty. He sends priests, editors, Irish politicians, and members of Parliament to prison for crimes with fearless impartiality. The government is stronger to-day than when it was formed. The opposition introduced a resolution of "want of confidence and censure of the administration for enforcement of the criminal law and procedure act." It was debated for two days. There was gathered a full house of six hundred and forty-three members, and it was beaten by a majority of ninety-three, pronounced by the London *Times* to be "highly satisfactory." Mr. O'Brien—next to Parnell the most influential and popular Irish member of Parliament—is in jail for six months for an incendiary speech in which he advised his followers to "make it hot" for those who opposed the league. Agrarian crimes are on the decrease in Ireland. Irish politicians now find themselves without money, fighting a fearless administration of the law, two enemies—the Queen and Government of England, and the Pope and Church of Rome. It would be desperate odds for a good cause, but for agrarianism and aggressive crimes, for the cowardly and inhuman boycott, for the dishonest avoidance of the payment of just rents, for the criminal endeavor to divide and destroy the English Empire, it places the Irish politicians and their allies, the political demagogues of America, between the devil and the deep sea.

The return of Mr. Creed Haymond, ex-delegate to the Chicago convention, gives us a clear view of the inside of the California delegation's labors. If Mr. De Young accepts Mr. Haymond's explanation of his declaration that "Harrison could not carry the Pacific Coast, because he favored Chinese immigration and the right of the Chinese to the elective privilege," he is very easily satisfied. Mr. De Young having spent his life in San Francisco, and having grown up with the Chinese question, must have been sadly rattled in his brains if he was induced by an anonymous pamphlet, circulated in convention, to the charge he made against so prominent a Presidential candidate as was Senator Harrison when Mr. De Young made the charge, which he himself admits is untrue. We shall agree entirely with Mr. Haymond in his estimate of the great distinction achieved in national convention by the delegation from California if Harrison is elected President, and Mr. Estee becomes a member of his Cabinet, and Mr. Swift is solaced by the Chinese mission. These California gentlemen, having each of them bolted the Republican ticket and each of them been beaten for governor, make independence of party so respectable and its consequences so harmless, that it will encourage members of the American party to stand up and be shot at while the Irish brigade is shelling the woods.

President Cleveland's Donation.

[SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.]

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 16.—President Cleveland has sent to Father Strong, of the Cathedral parish in this city, three elegant silken pictures of himself for the fair that is to be held in September. They are all inscribed "Grover Cleveland, White House, July 9, 1888. Presented to Cathedral fair, Providence, R. I."

The pictures are to be placed on exhibition in prominent show-windows within a few days.

The free-whisky plank in the Republican platform was courageously defended by Colonel Robert Ingersoll in his speech at the ratification meeting in the city of New York. He said:

> Mere liquor does not make drunkenness. The moral question of the whole thing is to have the burden of government rest as lightly as possible. Temperance walks hand in hand with liquor. I do not think that if the Mississippi River ran pure whisky, and the banks were loaf sugar, and the flats grew mint, and the bushes were tea-spoons and tumblers, there would be one more drunken man than now. I am perfectly willing to have those who wear foreign velvets and drink Château Yquem pay the taxes, but I don't want to have the fellow who drinks the domestic article taxed one cent.

The eloquent colonel is in error. Mere liquor does make drunkenness, and temperance does not walk hand in hand with liquor. If the Mississippi River ran whisky, without sugar, mint, tumblers, or tea-spoons, a tax of one cent a glass, or gourd, or tin-cupful would pay the national debt, depopulate Ireland, destroy the Democratic party, and convert the great valley into a national cemetery.

Politicians affect to be indignant and angry because the American party has adopted the American flag for its banner and the American shield for its badge. It is a shame to use the flag for a handkerchief, they say. Lucifer-matches, hickory-poles, log-cabins, hard-cider, bandana-handkerchiefs have all been used as party emblems; none of these things have had noses wiped upon them but the red bandana, by the present Democracy, while the Republicans are endeavoring to steal the flag for their party device, and, if not to blow their noses upon it, they are dragging it in the mire of cowardice. The American flag, in the hands of Irish Republican bosses, is made the emblem of free whisky, unrestricted pauper and criminal immigration, five years for an ignorant, priest-directed alien to become an elector, parochial schools under the banner of the American flag, home rule for Ireland, with the American flag over a parliament on Dublin Green, and James G. Blaine for Secretary of State.

Mr. Chief Clerk O'Connell, of the New York Court of Common Pleas, is visiting Ireland, when he ought to be at home at work earning his salary. Mr. O'Connell complains that he is being shadowed in Dublin by the police. He ought to be shadowed, for circumstances are against him, and the presumption is that he is vagabondizing in Ireland for a criminal purpose. He is an Irishman, a Romanist, a "Plan of Campaign" man, a boycotter, presumably a dynamiter, and, beyond doubt, a New York Democratic politician. He will bear watching, even in visiting religious and charitable institutions in Cork.

Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone are clearly dodging a parliamentary investigation of the alleged complicity between Parnell and his Irish politicians with crime in Ireland. They are attempting to limit the scope of the inquiry, and failing in that to burden it with irrelevant matters. It would look more manly to meet this issue squarely, and it is the opinion of honorable and intelligent on-lookers that such a course would give presumptions of innocence which present squirming does not indicate.

Mr. Blaine has been visiting J. P. O'Connor, M. P., in London. Mr. O'Connor is an Irish Roman Catholic and President of the Irish National League of Great Britain. Mr. Blaine returns to America to campaign for the Republican party, his object is to capture the Pope's Irish. He will begin at New York, and extend his tour to Connecticut, where the woods are full of them.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Reforming Municipal Politics.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: A circular has appeared, in a recent morning paper, addressed to prominent tax-payers in this city and signed by several leading business men, which has for its object the adhesion of all good citizens, of whatever shade of politics, to a form of city government which shall, by the election of competent, honest, and non-partisan men, exclude "bossism" with all its glaring abuses, and have the public purse so administered as to redound to the benefit of our city and public schools.

The discreditable condition of our streets is a crying evil which has long called for redress; but reformation in the municipal government, by which alone this end can be attained, means the political extinction of those leeches who hold office for selfish and partisan ends only.

Under the present order of things, a change can only be accomplished by an independent movement such as the one contemplated, which, without recognizing one political party or the other as a factor to be dealt with, shall elect honest men who have the welfare and reputation of the city at heart, and who would be willing to give their best services solely for that purpose.

A late evening paper, speaking on this subject, expresses sympathy with the movement, but intervenes a *non possimus* on the grounds that an independent ticket would split the Republican party and enable "Boss" Buckley to hold his tenure of power for two years longer. It also, somewhat unnecessarily, twits the promoters of the movement with ignorance of practical politics.

"He who never plays can never win" is said at *rouge et noir;* if our citizens do not band together, and establish a system of municipal government which shall be free from the taint of politics, they must be content to drag along in the present slough of despond, and be held in derision by intelligent visitors to a noble city which they find in such a shamefully neglected condition. Under the signature of "S.," a writer in a morning paper appears to have a clear comprehension of what is required to give practical effect to the movement. He suggests in detail a plan by which a non-partisan ticket may be presented to the voters at the ensuing election, and his suggestion appears worthy of consideration. He proposes that the members of the board of trade and of the chamber of commerce—men willing and competent to act together for the public good irrespective of party—should be called on to select five representative Republicans and five stanch and reliable Democrats, who would appoint, say twenty-five Republicans and twenty-five Democrats. These latter, acting as a special committee, would then proceed to select the best men for the various offices, say ten Democrats and ten Republicans.

At a public meeting of citizens, convened for that purpose, these candidates would be selected by lot, the first draw carrying with it the office of mayor. If the first draw fall to a Republican, then the next draw would be from ten Democrats, or *vice versa*, and thus the second office would be filled. So, alternately, until all the candidates for office had been named.

Were this plan carried out in its integrity, it would impart confidence to the public, who would then give their votes for men who, they were well-assured, had a reputation for honesty and ability, qualifications which are so often wanting among certain classes of public officers.

Under such auspices this city would, it is to be hoped, no longer be pointed at as behind the age, nor be tyranized over by a "boss" whose only object is to further the interest of his own political clique.

As the leading reformer in this city, the *Argonaut* might take up the cudgels in aid of the new movement, and lend its powerful aid to establish an honest municipal government—one that would reflect honor instead of discredit on San Francisco. NON-PARTISAN.

JULY 18, 1888.

The brutality with which newly married people are treated by their jesting friends (says the Boston *Courier*) is constantly receiving fresh illustration. At a recent Boston wedding a couple of sportive ushers discovered the train on which the bridal pair were to leave town, and what baggage they had. Driving swiftly to the station they confided their plan to the baggage-master, and with his connivance they affixed to each handle of the trunks of the bride and groom an enormous bow of white satin ribbon. If the groom did not blaspheme when he saw the decorated trunks deposited in the hall of the hotel to which he went, he may take rank with Job for patience.

How many persons in the United States know that the increase of population in the Argentine Republic during the last twenty-five years has been one hundred and fifty-four per cent., while ours has been only seventy-nine per cent.?

WAS IT FATE?

By Robert Duncan Milne.

"Arthur Armitage and wife, London," was the simple entry in the Palace Hotel register of new arrivals which caught my eye the other day in a morning paper. Yet simple as it was, it served to arouse recollections of some of the strangest coincidences, and most inexplicable psychical phenomena, which it has ever been my lot to hear about, still less to witness. Though it is many years since the events I allude to occurred, I now hail with pleasure the chance circumstance that has recalled them to my memory, and reproduce them for the benefit of the inquirer into the unknown.

Will mankind ever find out, will human science ever penetrate and reduce to rule, the secret which binds the present to the future? Will it ever fall within the range of human knowledge to define with accuracy the course and character of future events from the study of certain signs or indications which come within the range of our senses in the present? There never has existed a time in the annals of recorded history, nor does there exist a race, even to the most ignorant and degraded of the human family, that does not show traces of a belief in the possibility of penetrating the veil of the future, and gaining cognizance of events about to happen, affecting races, places, or individuals, as the case may be. From Chinese to Caucasian, and from the negro obi to the Lapland witch, this belief is implanted, as it were, as part and parcel of our common nature. It has assumed all forms, and called to its aid a heterogeneous medley of ways and means for its exposition. The mechanical formulæ for practicing divination are as varied as the objects of nature, from the thistle-down or hedge-leaf of the peasant to the cabala of the Orient, or the sidereal aspects of the Chaldean sage.

"Arthur Armitage and wife, London"——what a train of thought did those simple words suggest, when my eye lit on them in the paper! I have just returned from paying them a visit and find my old friend as gay and hearty and his wife as shy and winsome as ever. Strange, indeed, are the ways of destiny! To think that Helen should, after all—but I am anticipating, and it is necessary that I should begin *ab ovo* in order to render myself intelligible.

To begin, then, Arthur Armitage and myself are friends of many years' standing; so long, in fact, as to make rather middle-aged men of us both, were it not that our intimacy dates from childhood. We were both born and brought up upon neighboring manors in one of the midland shires of England, went to school together, and subsequently to the university, where our friendship naturally continued, owing partly to early associations and partly to a similarity of tastes in certain directions. I was, perhaps, more inclined to be studious, knowing that, being a younger son, my future depended largely on my own exertions, while Arthur, on the other hand, was heir to a very comfortable estate, which by the law of entail descended to him on the decease of his uncle, whose family consisted of an only daughter. Helen Armitage was not the sort of girl to attract particular attention, or for men to go into rhapsodies over. Slight and petite of figure, neutral in complexion and hair, shy and retiring in the company of strangers, her one charm consisted in a rare sweetness of disposition and grace of manner, which made her a universal favorite, and so overshadowed her deficiencies in other respects, as to make one oblivious to their existence after being a short while in her company. Brought up, as it were, in the shadow of Haydon Hall—our places were adjoining, as I have said—I had ample opportunity to estimate the character of Arthur's gentle cousin, and to regard her with sentiments of affection, though these were purely Platonic in character. In fact, I can not conceive Helen Armitage as inspiring sentiments of any other character.

My friend Arthur and myself, sometimes individually, very frequently in company, used to pay flying visits of a week or so at a time to the country-houses of friends during vacation. One house to which Arthur was particularly fond of going was that of the Boothbys, Boothby Court being within easy riding or driving distance of Haydon Hall. There was, however, a more potent reason than mere accessibility or pleasant surroundings would generate. Ethel Boothby was not alone the richest, but also the handsomest heiress in the neighborhood, and Arthur was of that susceptible age which subordinates the former quality to the latter, the more so as he had no need whatever to, as it is vulgarly called, marry money. That his feelings were reciprocated can not be wondered at, considering that Arthur was only twenty, built like a Hercules, and of a peculiarly frank and agreeable disposition.

One forenoon—it was in the summer term—as I was sitting in my rooms, smoking and cogitating, my friend Arthur came in abruptly, as was his wont, and proceeded to make himself at home.

"I say, old fellow," he suddenly blurted out, after lighting a cigar and smoking a minute or two in silence, "do you believe in astrology?"

"Why, what on earth has put that in your head?" I asked, astonished at such a question coming as it did from such a source.

"Simply this. I correspond, as you know, with Ethel pretty regularly, but within the last two or three weeks I haven't had a line from her. Now Captain Horrocks, of the Twelfth, whom you met at my rooms last night, has just been paying a visit to Boothby Court, and he tells me there is a fellow there—an army man, I think—who is confoundedly sweet upon Ethel, and he says she seems to be spooning him pretty lively, too. Now, it's impossible for me to go down even for a day just now and see how matters stand—I'll lose my term if I do. And yet I'm awfully anxious to know. Do you think a fellow could find out anything by consulting an astrologer? I hear there's a fellow here now, who's a regular dab at the business, they say."

The twinkle in his eye, and the humorous expression playing around his mouth as he spoke, showed me that Armitage recognized the absurdity of his own remarks, for he was as sensible, matter-of-fact a fellow as you could find anywhere; yet the very fact of his making such a proposition also went to show that he was more troubled than he cared to acknowledge about the reports he had heard.

"Bah!" I said; "you don't mean to tell me that you believe in any such rubbish. Don't make a fool of yourself. Depend upon it, what you've heard is considerably stretched. These stories always are."

"Well," he returned, "I think so myself, and as for astrology, of course you know me too well to suppose I have any confidence in it. But suppose we go and see the fellow at any rate," he continued, as if caught by a sudden inspiration. "Did you ever consult one? Have you got anything particular to do? I confess I'm curious to see how the thing's worked—how they cast a horoscope, isn't it? Suppose we go, just for fun, and have ours cast."

Young men at a university will do almost anything, provided the thing to be done possesses features of novelty or interest, and as Arthur Armitage and myself, at the age of twenty, were no exceptions to the rule, it was agreed that we should visit the astrologer in question without delay.

"How did you find out about him?" I asked, as we turned into High Street, where Armitage said he lodged.

"From Benson, of Corpus—you know Benson—he should know if anybody knows; always dabbling in such things. Benson says he's a regular swell. Came up here to consult some old works in the Bodleian. He's not one of your professionals—oh, no! A thorough gentleman I hear—man of independent means—no such thing as a fee—in fact requires introduction to call—I got mine from Benson—Benson believes in it—that's partly what influenced me this morning," and so Armitage rambled on as we sauntered down the street, till we reached a house a few doors beyond the Angel, where we understood the personage we were in quest of was staying.

We sent up our cards, along with Armitage's letter of introduction, by the servant who answered our inquiry as to whether Mr. Asgard was at home. A few minutes later we received an answer in the affirmative, with an invitation to come in, as the gentleman would be pleased to see us. A venerable but pleasant-looking gentleman, with a patriarchal white beard, rose from a table as we entered, and courteously asked us to be seated.

"You are friends of Mr. Benson," he began, "and I am always glad to welcome acquaintances of my young friend, who evinces such laudable enthusiasm with regard to our divine science. The day is not far distant, my young friends, when the chair of astrology in this ancient university will command as much respect, and be held in as high esteem, as any of those filled by your most learned and talented professors. The exalted science of which I am the humble, though earnest, exponent, has too long suffered from the disrepute into which it has fallen through the infamous and fraudulent practices of ignorant and designing men; but I am confident it will not be long before it regains the proud position it once held, as queen of the practical sciences, in that it confers greater and more lasting benefits upon human life, than it is possible for any of the other sciences, useful though they be, to bestow. But I forget," he proceeded, checking himself and in a lighter tone, "you did not come here to hear me lecture—you have enough of that in your regular course—you came, I doubt not, to ask me something, to seek information upon some important point connected with your affairs. Is it not so?"

Without waiting for a reply, for he evidently took the matter for granted, Mr. Asgard rose from the table and walking to some book-shelves took thence a volume, and returned to his seat.

"This," he said, as he opened the volume, "is a collection of ephemerides for a series of years. As astronomical ephemeris contains, as you are aware, the right ascensions and declinations of each of the heavenly bodies—sun, moon, and planets—at mean noon on every day of the year for which such ephemeris is computed. The science of astrology depends upon the same data, and demands the same accuracy in employing these data, as the science of astronomy. I will now proceed to cast your respective nativities. To do so with accuracy I should know not only the year and day of the month, but also the hour and minute of your birth. Few in after life possess this knowledge. I must, therefore, content myself with day and year, and afterwards correct the horoscope by certain infallible signs in your own appearance, which serve to show me that you could have been born only at a certain hour of that day and year and at no other."

Mr. Asgard, having ascertained that both Armitage and myself were born in fifty-one, he in March, I in August, busied himself for several minutes in a series of computations, referring from time to time to the book which lay open before him, and sometimes glancing up and eyeing us critically for a moment or two. At length he desisted from his task, and bending over a large sheet of paper, upon which appeared two circular figures filled with astronomical symbols and numerals, he remained for some time buried in thought. Suddenly he roused himself with a start:

"One of these horoscopes," he at length said slowly, addressing himself to Armitage, "yours—is a most singular and startling figure. Yours," he continued, turning to me, "presents no features outside the contingencies of human life ordinarily to be expected for persons in your station, except where it is inseparably associated, as it is during the occurrence of the startling events of which I shall shortly speak, with that of your friend.

"Your horoscope tells me," went on Mr. Asgard, again addressing Armitage, "that you come of an old and wealthy family, to the inheritance of whose name and wealth you will succeed. You love a lady, tall, dark, beautiful, wealthy, and of about your own age, who reciprocates your affection in equal measure. After taking your degree, as you will do next year, you will travel. You will be gone a year. Then the great calamity of your life will befall you. You will kill your nearest and dearest relative. Well may you start! You will kill her whom you now love most dearly upon earth. Be will meet their end directly through your agency. You, to he added, turning to me, "are associated in some mysteric manner—my art fails to disclose precisely how—with the startling, these ghastly events. Stay! The influence is up me. Sit one of you on either side of me. Clasp my har in yours. I may be able to tell you more."

Startled, as we might well be, at the strange language us by our entertainer, and not without a certain feeling of awe my part, at least, we proceeded to move our chairs at Asgard's request, Armitage seating himself upon the right, a clasping the old gentleman's right hand, while I did likew on the left. This was the work of a moment, and when al taking my position I cast a glance at Mr. Asgard's face noticed that his eyes had a singularly rapt expression, and t they were fixed steadily upon what I can best describe a large transparent ball of crystal, of about the size and sh of an ostrich egg, resting upon a slab of some polished bl substance that looked like jet, and occupying a position u the table directly in front of Mr. Asgard's seat, and dist perhaps two feet from him. Presently the old gentlema lips began to move inaudibly, as if trying in vain to speak, eyes continuing to stare stedfastly at the crystal, like one trance. At last he found the faculty of speech:

"The clouds upon the crystal," he said, "are clearing a and figures begin to shape themselves within it. I see p ured before me the terrace of a stately mansion. It is mo light. Two figures are pacing slowly along the terrace close converse. One is the gentleman upon my right, other is a lady, young, and of rare beauty. Her hair is bla bound about the forehead with a golden circlet, and falling profusion over her shoulders."

"It is Ethel!" I could hear Arthur say in tones just audi

"They stop walking. The young man bends over He takes her hand. Now he slips a ring upon her finger, stoops down to kiss her. Now the scene melts away. Ag the crystal becomes cloudy. Blackness again. It is gone.

Still the venerable and bearded figure seated between us not move, and the rapt eyes continued to gaze steadily at crystal. For perhaps a minute there was silence, whil waited with eager interest to see what would transpire and I could see that my friend was in the same conditio mind. Then Mr. Asgard's lips began to move again. evidently saw something in the crystal, though to my eye looked as bright and transparent as ever.

"Clouds, yes," said Mr. Asgard; "but are they the clo that always usher in and out the picture, or are they Clouds, fogs, mist—I fail to see anything more. Ah! now the figure of the gentleman upon my right. He hol knife in his hand, and is looking down. There is trouble his mind. Now two other figures appear upon the sc One is the beautiful young lady with the raven hair, but she wears a traveling-dress. Beside her appears a portly gentleman, with a frank expression, clear, gray eyes, a fl complexion, and neatly trimmed white beard and whisk He carries gold-rimmed eye-glasses, his coat is open, and wears a white waistcoat."

"My uncle!" I heard Armitage remark, with a g "that is his description among a thousand."

"The figures are moving toward each other," contin Mr. Asgard; "they meet, and now the knife of the yo man is buried in the old man's breast. The young lady heavily forward. Fog, clouds—the scene is gone."

I looked at Armitage. His face was a study. The bewilderment which overspread it was curious to contempl and at any other time would have afforded much food merriment, but the gravity and venerable appearance interlocutor, together with the really startling character revelations, if such they were, which he was making, have precluded anything of the kind, even if common esy had not.

Again there was a period of silence, followed by a awakening, so to speak, as before.

"The cloud this time has lifted like magic," said Mr. gard; "the interior of a church is displayed before There is bright sunshine, bright dresses, and happy faces. bridal party is standing at the chancel, a bishop in full ca icals is performing the ceremony. The bridegroom is young gentleman at my right, and the bride is a lady w it would be flattery to call beautiful in either face or f But her expression is wondrously kind, sweet, and pleas and she has marvelously beautiful, hazel eyes. Her shoulder is slightly lower than her right."

"Helen!" I could hear Armitage remarking, under breath.

"It has vanished," simply remarked Mr. Asgard. The started as one awaking from sleep, and looked at us, firs one, then at the other, as he disengaged his hands.

"Ah!" he finally said, smiling; "I see. I have making revelations, connected with your horoscopes, thr the medium of the crystal. It is sometimes thus when interest is tense, the influences kindly, and there is enoug odic force to generate the visions. In such cases I am si a passive medium of revelation and communication for benefit of others. The virtues of the crystal have handed down to us from the wisest sages of the earlie you would call them the Pre-Adamic—times; a pregnant by the way, of which your most learned professors fa grasp the true and all-important meaning—all-impor that is to say, if neglected historic truth takes any preced in their eyes over time-honored fiction. The crystal, on table there, was a gift from one who knew its value—on whom I owe much of the lore, I can say, without u vaunting, I now possess. It is homogeneous and flawle essential qualifications for purity and accuracy of vi But—strange as it may seem—of the visions which I s now possess no recollection. They were, of course, su mentary to, and explanatory of, the horoscope which just cast. I trust they may prove of benefit."

"One word, Mr. Asgard," said Armitage, gravely; have witnessed things of so extraordinary a nature this noon, and which relate to persons in whom I possess a

liar interest, that you must excuse me for putting some plain, blunt questions to you regarding them. Do you really mean to tell me—" here Armitage put on a most inquisitorial look —"that I am to place reliance in what has passed; in the information drawn from your horoscope, and the visions you say that you have seen in that lump of crystal? Or are you merely making game of us, on the supposition that we are either too dense, or too careless, to sift your premises or dispute your conclusions?"

I was astonished at the stand taken by Arthur, so contrary was it to the easy, good-natured way in which he usually took things, and must confess that I waited with some curiosity for the reply of Mr. Asgard—not that I myself entertained the least doubt of the purity and sincerity of that gentleman's motives, as his whole bearing pointed to the contrary, but, before I had time to complete my self-constituted argument, Mr. Asgard spoke. Gravely turning to Armitage, and without the least sign of resentment at the remarks so curtly put, he said:

"My dear young friend, I have seen too much of men and manners to take offense at the plainness and sincerity of youth. You must pardon me for not going at this moment into fuller explanations—these would be fruitless in view of your present acquaintance with the matter in hand. I have done my best to serve you; my art is at your command"—here Mr. Asgard bowed toward us in a courtly and dignified manner—"but pray do not impute to me motives which would be perfectly purposeless, even if I cared to trouble myself with them."

This rebuke told upon Arthur. I could see that he felt ashamed of the paltry insinuations he had just made, and the real anxiety which had caused him to make these tentative remarks, made itself thoroughly apparent in his next words.

"Pardon me," he said, quickly; "I am surprised—dumfounded—at the minuteness and appositeness of your knowledge. One would think you came from Northampton, and knew all the families in the neighborhood." (Here Mr. Asgard gravely signified dissent.) "Your descriptions of my uncle, of Miss Boothby, and of my cousin, must either argue intimate acquaintance, or ——"

"Or intimate knowledge of the science of forecasting human events, you would say," interrupted Mr. Asgard, good-humoredly; "that is exactly what my life and energies have been directed toward—I think not with unfruitful results."

"But," answered Armitage, impulsively, "what am I to think of all this? You have as good as told me that I am destined to murder my uncle, and the lady whom—whom—I mean to marry when I *do* marry; and then that I am eventually to marry my cousin, whom I love and admire as a sister, but nothing more. What am I to think of all this? Does it seem reasonable? How, I ask you, as a plain man, could a girl love and marry the murderer of her father? Why, the wildest flight of fiction, where license is most allowable, would draw the line at that."

"My dear sir," responded Mr. Asgard, quietly, "I am not responsible for the workings of destiny. I am simply their humble exponent, for the good, I trust, of those who chance to consult me. No one can be more wise than destiny. You can rest assured that events will transpire just as I have said, unless——"

"Unless what?" put in Arthur, eagerly.

"Unless," said Mr. Asgard, slowly, "the current of events is changed by those who are part and parcel of those events, for they alone can move in the matter. You, and you alone, have the unalterable and inalienable power to shape the course of your own life, if——"

"If what?" again put in Arthur, eagerly, as Mr. Asgard paused as if seeking for an expression.

"If," returned our venerable friend, slowly, "we are absolutely sure of the conditions of those events, and take deliberate measures to insure the impossibility of their happening."

"And then? inquired Arthur.

"And then," returned Mr. Asgard, musingly, "and then—ay, and then—what? At our peril. I have seen much and foretold much, but I have yet to record a single instance of the successful defeat of fate, even in cases where there was the most express and premeditated purpose of doing so."

"Then you say," continued Armitage, with the evident intent of pushing our friend into a corner, "that it is practically impossible for me to escape doing what my horoscope has said down for me—that I must, in short, be guilty of those unnatural acts which you have stated."

Mr. Asgard paused and bowed his head upon his hand before he answered. When he did so, he spoke very deliberately and earnestly.

"Yes," said he, "I believe that, practically, there is no escape from the conclusions drawn from the configurations of the stars and the visions in the crystal. Still, theoretically there is, and there is no reason why you, of all men, should not use your best endeavors to defeat such a terrible and peculiar destiny as we have just foreseen."

"But how?" asked Armitage, sharply and impulsively, for I could see that, somehow, he was getting every moment more and more deeply imbued with the plausibility of Mr. Asgard's argument.

"There is but one practical course that I can see," returned Mr. Asgard, "and that is to eliminate your own personality from the chart."

"And how is that to be done?" inquired Arthur.

"By making sure," answered Mr. Asgard, "that you can not, by any possibility, participate in the events foretold, for the simple reason that you do not fulfill the conditions of time and place."

"Ah!" acquiesced Arthur; "then will you please enlighten me"—and I could see the skeptical twinkle in his eye as he said so—"regarding those very necessary essentials of time and place. Where and when, for instance, am I to kill my uncle, and—and Miss Ethel Boothby, for your descriptions are certainly unanswerable, and how can I escape the parricidal doom which, it appears, is cut out for me by the planets," and Arthur indulged in the faint mockery of a laugh, a thing which I remember I was sorry for, as he said this: "Give *me* the time and place, and I will pit my resolution against destiny that what you have foretold never occurs."

Mr. Asgard said nothing, but again took the paper upon which the horoscopes were drawn in his hands and scrutinized them closely.

"The place," he said presently, drawing a deep and sympathetic inspiration, "can not be precisely worked out from the data I have got. But the time can. The planets in the sixth and seventh houses of the horoscope, point unmistakably to the fatality I have said. Mars and Saturn on the cusp of the seventh, in platic quadrature, to the sun in the fourth—for, unlike Lilly and the astrologers of our modern era, I use both natural and mundane aspects—sines, co-sines, and tangents—signifies, of course, the violent death of the nearest relative to the significator. But when? Ah, when? That, fortunately, we can limit by producing the secondary aspects, and by drawing rapt parallels toward the meridian. This fatality must occur"—and in these words Mr. Asgard became more solemn and impressive than ever—"must occur directly on the point of the sun's ingress into Cancer."

"And when is that?" asked Arthur, half incredulously, but wholly earnestly.

"At twenty-two minutes past three on the morning of the twenty-second of June, next year, when Mars and Saturn will be in quadrature to the sun, the one in Aries, the other in Libra," returned Mr. Asgard, referring to his figures.

"And if this casualty you speak of does not occur then, am I safe?" inquired Arthur, anxiously.

"Precisely speaking, yes," returned Mr. Asgard slowly; "although, remember that I labored under disadvantages when casting your horoscope, and as degrees and minutes of arc are of the first and only value in estimating time, it is possible, in the present instance, that the incidents I have foretold may occur, either sooner or later by an hour or two than the actual culmination of the aspect."

"In other words you draw out," said Arthur, rising from his seat and buttoning-up his coat to go; "you are not sure of anything. There is always a loop-hole to crawl out of, and—excuse me, but I must go."

To say that I was surprised at this very strange movement on the part of my friend Armitage, so utterly different from the tone and manner that I had known for years, is very weakly to express the sentiments that possessed me at the time. Mr. Asgard bowed us out, like a courteous man of the world, and together we strolled, silent and moody, back to college. Arthur was not himself again for more than a week after, for I could frequently see him grinding his teeth and muttering to himself in a manner wholly unlike him, and though I tried over and over again to pull him out of the moral slough into which he had evidently sunk, I made no headway, and eventually was fain to leave things to themselves.

So the term wore on till commemoration, when, of course, we went down into the country. I do not think either Arthur or myself gave the visit to the astrologer more than a passing thought afterward—I certainly did not.

One thing, however, recalled it very forcibly to my mind before I had been a week at Boothby Court, which was the first on the list of places to which we, as eligible undergraduates, had been invited and were morally compelled to go. That was the episode on the terrace, and the whole thing struck me like a flash, so vividly did it recall the vision Mr. Asgard had seen in the crystal.

This, however, was forgotten as soon as seen, so prone is youth to repudiate what it does not like. Arthur Armitage and myself passed "greats" next May, at the end of the long term, and together we again took the London and North-Western for home, as we had done many times before.

I believe that our little university incident with the astrologer was forgotten in a month after it occurred. At all events it was never referred to, and passed, in the busy whirl of existence that we were swept into like a vortex, into the past.

In the following spring Arthur concluded to make the regulation tour of the world, a year being allotted him for doing so. I would have gone with him myself if the state of my finances had permitted. As it was, I had the pleasure of seeing him off—a pleasure, by the way, which sometimes does not work both ways. For eight or nine months we heard little or nothing of the wanderer; a telegram from Brindisi, another from Alexandria, a slip of paper from Aleppo, Beyrout, Damascus, and Teheran; a big draft from a mercantile house in Bombay, another from Singapore, and a third from Hong-Kong, served to keep his uncle reminded that he was in the land of the living yet. The last letter I recollect being received was one from our own city of San Francisco, stating that he might be expected home in June.

Early in May, feeling somewhat discomposed—I had been reading for a fellowship—I concluded that a little fresh air would do me good, and thought that a blow on the Atlantic would be the healthiest and most expeditious way of taking it. Accordingly, the middle of the month found me in a suite of rooms on the shady side of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, with Arthur Armitage occupying one of the lounges, I the other. In June we began to get tired of the hum-drum routine of New York existence and yearned for a glimpse of the green fields and stump-willows of old England. State-rooms in the *Bothnia* were engaged and our luggage transferred thither for passage to Liverpool. We steamed down the harbor on, I think it was, the twentieth of June, and the same night were rocked in the cradle of the deep, looking upon nothing of any consequence but stars and seas. Two days out found us in pretty much the same condition. On the third day out, while we were on the banks, lounging over the taffrail for an after-dinner chat, Arthur, lazily paring his nails with a pen-knife, suddenly made the bantering remark:

"I say, old fellow, recollect that old astrologer at Oxford who told me I was to murder my uncle and Ethel on or about the sun's ingress into Cancer? This is the twenty-second of June, and either they or I must hurry up if the thing has got to be done on time."

It was not three seconds after he spoke when the short snap of the bells "reverse steam" sounded from the bridge right above us. Swiftly out of the fog—although it was pretty fair weather for the banks, still there was the usual fog—came bearing down on us the huge hulk of an ocean steamer. Seconds mean miles when ships an eighth of a mile long meet each other, both running at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and all the rudder in the world will fail to deflect the long hulks out of their course, if only sighted a couple of miles away from each other, in the forty-five seconds before they must inevitably clash.

It is now nearly twenty years ago, but there are many people, both in America and England, who feel sick-hearted when the collision of the *Bothnia* and the *Aurania*, upon the Newfoundland Banks, is brought to their recollection. Arthur and I, as I have said, were leaning over the taffrail, Arthur paring his nails with his penknife, when the collision occurred. There was no notice but the short snap of the bell upon the bridge and then—I knew no more. I have since learned that I was knocked senseless by the concussion. But the extraordinary fact remains, that on the deck of the *Aurania*, when the steamers struck, stood old Mr. Armitage and Ethel Boothby, who had meant to give Arthur a surprise by meeting him in New York and sailing home with him, as our last letters had stated that we were in no hurry. The swiftness and violence of the shock threw old Mr. Armitage against Arthur's penknife, the steamers coming together side to side, and the loose bodies on deck following the usual laws of gravity. At the same time sailors were thrown out of the rigging, and the rivets on two of the boilers of the *Bothnia* were sprung. Miss Ethel Boothby was thrown violently forward, I have heard, and her head striking the deck, nearly at Arthur's feet, death was almost instantaneous. There is little more to be said, except to consider the marvelous manner in which Mr. Asgard's predictions after all came true, in a way which nobody could have dreamed of and nobody foreseen. Helen Armitage—Arthur's quiet and kindly cousin—was of the party, but escaped uninjured, and she nursed him so well—for Arthur, like myself and scores of others, was laid up for weeks after the disaster—that he fell in love with her and married her after all. I would say more, but I am afraid that if I do so I will get a wigging when I call on them at the Palace Hotel next. But still, even twenty years after, Arthur and myself look back with meditative silence upon the philosophy of Mr. Asgard, and wonder, after all, whether there is not something in it.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1888.

WOMAN'S WIT.

As Set down by the Pens of the Paragraphers.

First actress—"I was photographed yesterday at Sarony's." *Second actress*—"Oh! tell me what you had off."—*Town Topics.*

"Americans, I presume?" said the London hotel proprietor, as the party engaged rooms. "Bostonians," corrected Mrs. Charles Rivers Massey.—*Puck.*

At the book-store: *Ethel*—"Here's such a cute little book called 'Don't.' I wonder who wrote it?" *Grace*—"Guess it's by the author of Kant's works."—*Pittsburgh Bulletin.*

Compliments of the honeymoon: *Bride*—"Henry, do you know that you snore?" *Bridegroom*—"No; do I? I'm very sorry to hear it." *Bride* (dryly)—"So am I."—*Puck.*

"George," said the happy bride, "papa has placed a check among the wedding presents." "Is that so?" whispered George, anxiously; "did you notice if it's certified?"—*Life.*

Magistrate (to plaintiff, with lump on his head)—"If your wife threw a sad-iron at you, why didn't you dodge?" *Plaintiff*—"I did, your honor, and that's how I come to get hit."—*Judge.*

Miss Bunker (reading Browning)—"Isn't Browning delicious, Penelope?" *Miss Waldo*—"Perfectly divine!" *Miss Bunker*—"How do you think he is the more charming, backward or forward?"—*Life.*

"I can not give you a definite answer to-night, Mr. Paperwate," said the girl, softly; "you must give me a month to think it over." "Very well," was the young man's response, "and in the meantime I can think it over myself."—*Life.*

Grandmother (to granddaughter)—"What is that you are readin', Cicely, dear?" *Granddaughter*—"One of Zola's novels." *Grandmother*—"Is it interestin'?" *Granddaughter*—"Well-er you wouldn't be interested in it, grandmamma."—*New York Sun.*

"Why, Penelope," said a Boston mother, as she entered her daughter's room; "why have you got the gas turned down so low? You will hurt your eyes in this dim light." "Mamma," replied the girl in a hushed tone of voice; "I am reading Amélie Rives."—*Time.*

"Only think, Agnes," remarked Mrs. Elderly, "it is just thirty years ago to-day since pa and I were married!" "Yes, and what a pity you married so young! Had you waited a few years I should not be so old as I am, and there might still be a chance for me."—*Graphic.*

Louisiana postmaster (who is assisted in his duties by his young bride)—"Why, Mary, what are all these postal-cards doing here? They should have gone in the last mail!" *Young bride* (who was a Massachusetts school-mistress)—"Oh, I have just put them aside until I should have time to correct the spelling!"—*Puck.*

Sweet girl graduate (visiting country relatives)—"Why, Uncle Thomas, what's the matter? You are looking awfully cut up about something." *Uncle Thomas*—"Wal, my dear, there be something serious happened. My best cow died an hour ago." *S. G. G.*—"Oh, the poor fellow!" *Uncle T.* (tickled, despite his misfortune)—"It wasn't thet sort of cow." *S. G. G.*—"I don't care what sort of a cow he was, it's a pity you lost him."—*Judge.*

A LETTER IN THE CASE.

"Cockaigne" writes of Some Nice Gentlemen in the British Peerage.

Quite a little flutter has been occasioned in "high society" by the somewhat questionable action of the Earl of Durham in making public a private letter written to him by the Duke of Portland. The occasion arose in the recent trial of the libel suit of Wood, the jockey, against the editor and publisher of the *Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*. The Earl of Durham is a young nobleman of thirty-three, who intends cleaning the Augean stables of the English turf. He is a member of the aristocratic Jockey Club, a man of vast wealth, and a person of considerable influence. He began by making charges of dishonesty and unfair dealings against certain racing men and jockeys, the upshot of which was to raise a commotion in racing circles the like of which has not been known on the turf for years. Sir George Chetwynde, a well-known racing baronet, had his name so directly involved in the accusations that at first a duel was talked about. But the days of dueling in England are past and gone. Gentlemen nowadays settle their disputes with their fists, or call to their aid and vindication the more peaceful machinery of the law courts. Whether "one was afraid and the other daresn't," I can not begin to say. Certain it is that after a good deal of "tall talk" on both sides, the difficulty was laid before the Jockey Club for settlement. The Jockey Club, however, refused to attempt the adjustment of so difficult, delicate, and ticklish a question, and unceremoniously informed the earl and baronet that they must settle this controversy in a court of law, by Sir George bringing a suit for libel against Lord Durham. This advice Sir George Chetwynd has followed, and a libel suit by him *versus* Lord Durham has been begun.

The principal jockey mixed up in the affair is Charles Wood, since Fred Archer the leading jockey on the English turf. In consequence of the charges brought against him by Lord Durham, Wood has been deprived by the Jockey Club of his license to ride, and has lost caste, reputation, and, worst of all, money. He also has begun a suit against Lord Durham for damages. The trial of the suit against the newspaper coming on first, a great deal of interest among turf people of both high and low degree was centered in it. Wood's reputation became one of the most important issues in the case. Swell after swell came forward as witnesses to testify that it was bad, among them Lord Marcus Beresford, the Duchess of Montrose, Major Egerton, Lord Dorchester, Hon. George Lambton, the Earl of March, the Hon. Reginald Brett, Mr. Redfern (who races under the name of Jarvis), Sir Charles Hartopp, the Earl of Cadogan, and Sir James Duke.

The first witness, Lord Marcus Beresford, is a brother of the famous fighting naval officer, Lord Charles Beresford. He is a son of the last Marquis of Waterford, and was formerly an officer in the Seventh Hussars, one of the swellest and smartest light cavalry regiments in the British army. He left the army some years ago, and has chiefly distinguished himself in beating and attacking people with whom he disagreed. He gave a rather too exigent money-lender a severe thrashing one day, and got fined five hundred pounds for the amusement. Another day he "assaulted and battered" Mr. Bowles, the editor of *Vanity Fair*, for having spoken rather severely of him in his paper. He got a big fine for this, too. I think these fines have rather cured Lord "Marky" of his fighting propensities. We have not heard of him up before a police magistrate for ever so long. The fact is, he is too poor to indulge himself in such costly pastimes, and was glad to accept the post of starter of races to the Jockey Club. He gets good pay for it, and though, perhaps, rather *infra dig* for the son of a marquis, it is at least an honest calling. He is a great steeplechase rider—or rather, has been. His testimony was rather amusing in its way, and one or two allusions to the turf and the Duke of Portland seem worth repeating. After testifying that Wood's reputation as a jockey was bad, he was cross-examined by Sir Henry James, who read a list of people who employed Wood, and then asked Lord Marcus if he thought they would employ jockeys they believed to be dishonest.

"They *do* employ them," said Lord Marcus; "I can't say whether they know him to be dishonest. It is doubtful."

"Do you think it honorable to employ a jockey who is dishonest?" asked Sir Henry James.

"I don't think it honorable, myself."

"Do you then leave it in doubt, with respect to the Duke of Portland, that he acted honorably in employing Wood?"

"Yes."

"And with respect to Lord Hartington, who also employed him?"

"Lord Hartington doesn't manage his own horses."

"But he knows who rides them?"

"He doesn't know any more than you do."

"But if he knew that a dishonest jockey was riding his horse, would he not order him not to ride?" pursued Sir Henry.

"Not if he had won a race," replied Lord Marcus, sagaciously; "I know too much of the turf."

"I think you do," remarked Sir Henry, dryly; "but could an owner put up Wood to ride without knowing him to be dishonest?"

"I don't think so."

"Do you consider that honorable?"

"I am not paid by the Jockey Club to criticise the conduct of owners."

This evasive answer says a good deal more than a string of outspoken, extravagant accusations. It affords as fair a comment on the present state of the "turf" in England as you could get, for whatever else he may be, and however silly and reckless his conduct may be as regards himself, Lord Marcus Beresford must be taken as an authority on turf matters.

A considerable number of swells came to Wood's rescue, and by their testimony in his behalf endeavored to rebut the evidence against his reputation. Among these were Colonel Forrester, Lord Arlington (one of the Prince of Wales's particular pals), the Duke of Beaufort (another), the Marquis of Hartington, Lord Westmoreland (the "manager" of Lord Hartington's racing stud), Sir Frederick Johnstone (famous as one of the co-respondents in the renowned Lady Mordaunt divorce case and another chum of "Tummy's"), and the Duke of Portland. A word or two about the duke. He is a fortunate young man of twenty-seven, who, a few years ago, was lifted from comparative obscurity under the name of Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck into the proud position of one of the great dukes of England, with grand estates and a splendid rent-roll. Of course, he immediately went on the turf. He might as well "chuck" his money away there as anywhere else. His horse it was that won the last Derby. Well, he has been employing Wood a good deal, and upon the defense resting their case, was the first witness called in rebuttal on the question of bad reputation. In reply to Sir Henry James, he said that he "considered Wood to be an honest jockey," and remarked that he was always hearing rumors against jockeys, trainers, and owners, but never paid any attention to them. With Sir Charles Russell's cross-examination of the youthful duke comes the question of the letter. It ran as follows:

"MY DEAR JACKO: I must write you a line to congratulate you on the most excellent speech you made at the Gimcrack Club, at York. I do like to hear a fellow speak out straight, and I don't envy Sir George Chetwynd and company's feelings if they say anything. Should you want a pal you can rely upon me to do anything I can. Jockeys, no doubt, are d——d thieves, and, in my opinion, gentlemen who aid and abet them and make money through their misdeeds are a great deal worse. I wonder what is the result of the Success trial? How often do we hear people say that such and such a race was a fearful ramp, and then wind up their tirade with 'But, for God's sake, don't quote me.' I am looking forward to seeing you on the ninth," etc.

Romantic young ladies who foster high-flown ideas about dukes will see that these gentlemen write, as they speak, in a very commonplace manner.

"Now, your grace," said Sir Charles, "if all jockeys are d——d thieves, you must have put up a good many?"

"Certainly," replied the duke; "I don't treat jockeys as gentlemen. They only ride my horses, and that's all."

But the corner into which the letter got the duke is as nothing to the disfavor with which its production by the earl has been treated. And I think, myself, that people are right. The letter was written in the unguarded, familiar confidence of close friendship, and ought never under any circumstances to have been made public. Here is what Sir Henry James said about it in his speech: "No one but Lord Durham would have produced the letter. As interested in the purity of the turf, he perhaps began to find that his correspondence became overwhelming and took this means of checking it. I think he will most effectually succeed in doing so. After this, probably no man or woman will write to 'my dear Jacko' again; or if they do they will cause their letters to be written 'without prejudice.'" Commenting on Sir Charles Russell's excuse that the letter was not marked "private and confidential," Sir Henry said it was a remark "worthy of an attorney's clerk. There are private letters and public letters," Sir Henry James exclaimed, warming to his work as he proceeded, "and what constitutes either one or the other is the intention with which the letter was written. I told my learned friend (Sir Charles Russell happened not to be in court at the moment) that I was going to refer to this matter in my speech, and I will now say for myself that no matter *who* had asked *me* to put in evidence that letter, *I* would have refused, and would have returned my brief rather than have put it in."

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge in summing up, said: "I now come to the production of the Duke of Portland's letter. I do not wish to express any opinion, but merely to state the facts. These two gentlemen appeared to be on the most intimate terms, as is shown by the letter, which is most hearty and generous. Lord Durham was subpœnaed, and there is no doubt that he was present in court with that letter in his pocket. I only wish it had been marked 'private and confidential.' The whole letter shows that it was the outpouring of the heart of one intimate friend to another, and this letter is produced in an action to which Lord Durham is not a party, for the purpose of confronting the Duke of Portland with something that might be inconsistent with what he was stating in the witness box. It stands on record that two of the most eminent men of modern times were attacked by most virulent opponents for the actions of their lives. Both of those men had letters from those opponents which would have afforded a complete answer to the attacks made upon them. Both those men declined to read those letters. I decline to express any opinion, but that was what those men did. You know what Lord Durham did."

Language of the severest kind could not be more cutting than these indirect words of Lord Coleridge. There can be no mistake as to his opinion of Lord Durham's action, and it is an opinion which must be shared by all men of high principle and a delicate sense of honor. Had it been the low retaliation of a chimney-sweep against a street-scavenger, one would even then, on reflection, consider it a mean act for men in their station. But when one remembers that this Durham is an earl, a British peer of the realm, a member of the vaunted House of Lords, language fails.

It may be of some interest to know who the two eminent men of modern times were, to whom Lord Coleridge alluded. They were Lord Melbourne and Sir Robert Peel. When Archbishop Hawley made an attack upon the Prime Minister in the House of Lords for having appointed Dr. Hampden to the Regius Professorship of Divinity at Oxford, Lord Melbourne had in his pocket a recommendation of Dr. Hampden from the primate himself, which he refused to read, partly because it was confidential and partly because having asked for the archbishop's opinion, he felt it would be wrong to shift any part of his responsibility upon the shoulders of another. Sir Robert Peel endured all Mr. Disraeli's envenomed attacks in the House of Commons during the session of 1846—probably the most malignant made upon any English minister since the fall of Sir Robert Walpole—without alluding to the fact that he had in his possession a written application for office signed by his adversary. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, July 6, 1888.

THE LATEST VERSE.

Seaward.

The sight of ships, the rolling sea,
The changing wind to sing for me;
The moon-bound tide, a crimson west,
Wherein the royal sun at rest
Rides like a golden argosy

With mastlike rays in cloud-sails dressed—
A voyager on an endless quest,
Whose farewell fills with majesty
The sight of ships.

Like prisoner struggling to be free,
Out of the mountain land I flee.
Again I see the heaving breast
Of ocean, where the petrel nest,
And there across the sandy lea
The sight of ships.

—*Thomas P. Conant in Scribner's for August.*

Aubade.

Awake, m'amie!
The dawn is up, and like a red flower blows;
The gray-beard sea
Smooths all his wrinkles out, and laughs and glows.
Bloom, then, for these and me,
Sweet rose.
Awake, m'amie!

Arise, m'amie!
The field flowers smile on all their butterflies;
The humblebee,
A wandering minstrel, sings; the cricket cries.
Smile, then, on these and me,
Dear eyes.
Arise, m'amie!

Make haste, m'amie!
The rude day comes, full gallop. Let us taste
With flower and bee
The joy of youth and morning. Oh, make haste!
No time have these or we
To waste.
Make haste, m'amie!

—*Annie Chambers-Ketchum in August Harper's.*

To Karnak on the Nile.

Lorn land of silence, land of awe!
Lorn lawless land of Moslem will—
The great Law-giver and the law
Have gone away together. Still
The sun shines on; still Nilus darkly red
Steals on between his awful walls of dead.

And sapphire skies still bend as when
Proud Karnak's countless columns propt
The corners of the world; when men
Kept watch where massive Cheops topt
Their utmost reach of thought, and sagely drew
Their star-lit lines along the trackless blue.

But Phthah lies prostrate evermore;
And Thoth and Neith are gone,
And huge Osiris hears no more
Thebes' melodies; nor Mut at On;
Yet one lone obelisk still lords the spot
Where Plato sat to learn. But On is not.

Nor yet has Time encompassed all;
You trace your finger o'er a name
That mocks at age within the wall
Of fearful Karnak. Sword nor flame
Shall touch what men have journeyed far to touch
And felt eternity in daring such!

"Juda Melchi Shishak!" Read
The holy book; read how that he
With chariot and champing steed
Invaded fair Judea. See
The chronicles of treasure; tribute laid
On "shields of gold which Solomon had made."

—*Joaquin Miller in the Independent.*

Ivo of Chartres.

Now may it please my lord, Louis the king,
Lily of Christ and France! riding his quest,
I, Bishop Ivo, saw a wondrous thing.

There was no light of sun left in the west,
And slowly did the moon's new light increase.
Heaven, without cloud, above the near hill's crest,
Lay passion-purple in a breathless peace.
Stars started like still tears, in rapture shed,
Which without consciousness the lids release.

All steadily, one little sparkle red,
Afar, drew close. A woman's form grew up
Out of the dimness, tall, with queen-like head,
And in one hand was fire; in one, a cup.
Of aspect grave she was, with eyes upraised,
As one whose thoughts perpetually did sup
At the Lord's table.

While the cresset blazed,
Her I regarded. "Daughter, whither bent,
And wherefore?" As by speech of man amazed,
One moment her deep look to me she lent;
Then, in a voice of hymn-like, solemn fall,
Calm, as by rote, she spake out her intent:

"I in my cruse bear water, wherewithal
To quench the flames of Hell; and with my fire
I Paradise would burn: that hence no small
Fear shall impel, and no mean hope shall hire,
Men to serve God as they have served of yore;
But to his will shall set their whole desire,
For love, love, love alone, forevermore!"

And "love, love, love," rang round her as she passed
From sight, with mystic murmurs o'er and o'er
Reverbed from hollow heaven, as from some vast,
Deep-colored, vaulted, ocean-answering shell.

I, Ivo, had no power to ban or bless,
But was as one withholden by a spell.
Forward she fared in lofty loneliness,
Urged on by an imperious inward stress,
To waste fair Eden, and to drown fierce Hell.

—*Helen Gray Cone in Atlantic for August.*

A dinner was given to the Prince of Wales by eminent men of all professions. The bar, the church, music, painting, and literature were all represented. The subject was discussed of how much a man could make with his brains, and it was agreed that one hundred thousand dollars a year was the maximum, though a leading painter said he could make one hundred and fifty thousand dollars if he gave up his vacation.

IN SNUG HARBOR.

A Glimpse of Jack Tar at His Last Moorings.

Seven old men sat in a row on the bench, on the shadow-de of the little Staten Island boat-house. The gray and oily ater lapped and gurgled sleepily under the little wharf. verhead the midsummer sky was a pale blue dazzle, and the vel water reflected it like a mirror. It was no wonder all it one of the seven old men were asleep.

This one sat bolt upright, with his two hands laid upon the andle of his stick. They were huge hands, patched with owths of hair, brown, and tough, and wrinkled as old ather, with finger-nails like horn. They belonged to a large ody, with big, strong bones that even the weight of years ould not bend, upon whose shoulders was set a massive, uare head, rimmed with a scanty, white beard, and with a ce baked, and burned, and wind-hardened, and wave-tough-ed till it looked like a carving in hard wood. One might ell have fancied that when death came to set its seal on this ce, it would have to strike the symbol in with a strong hand deed.

Each of the old men had a curious general resemblance to e other. The old hands that dangled, or lay loosely on ees, or were folded in laps, were all hairy, leathery, cal-used, and tipped with horn. The old faces were scorched, d dyed, and branded deep by sun, and sea, and tempest. oreover, each wore a sort of uniform suit of blue flannel, th brass buttons, and of a nautical cut.

"Good-day, captain."

"Good-day, sir."

The big figure moved not a jot. The brown face held its sition and preserved its immobility, even making its curt re- with motionless lips. One of the sleeping old men stirred ghtly and murmured, "Ship ahoy!"

"A hot day, captain."

"Ay, sir; Guinea coast weather."

Always the set attitude and fixed expression, the hard, old e still turned to where the tide was running sluggishly out sea. A shrieking railroad-train went clanking and rattling along the shore, and did not move it. A lumbering excur-n-boat went by along the channels, beating the water with ivy paddle-strokes, and did not move it. By some sardonic ance of fate, the one wakeful member of this silent company s gazing, through blind eyes, down the vistas of memory ne.

"A reg'lar deck-awning day, sir."

This old man was certainly wide-awake enough. He came of the coal-black bowels of the boat-house with a paint-sh in his hand, a squat, broad-shouldered, sturdy old man, h a spectacle-case slung by a cord from his neck like a 'un's whistle. He was in his shirt and loose, blue breeches, l carried a dead pipe in his mouth.

"No wind there," said he, describing a sweep of his brush if he desired to add some new tint to the smooth sky by y of varying its monotony; "Saint Antony's asleep like st of us, I guess. You mightn't have a match about you, ?"

He went back to the old boat-house he was painting, with glow restored to the bowl of his pipe. He sang an old song to himself, keeping time to it with soft slaps of his sh. A ray of sunlight through the crack of a warped rd played about his gray head, and lent a flash of good-nor to his lively blue eyes. A hale and happy old age , surely, made more comfortable and happier by the recol-ion of privations and perils now forever past.

"Going to the Harbor, sir?"

"Yes."

"You'll find 'em all off duty up there."

This old man, leaning against the railing of the bridge that ssed the railroad track, tapped the planks with the ferrule a ponderous wooden leg, as he watched the slow life of the bor through an old brass telescope.

My lands!" said he; "them kittles and smoke-pots ces me dog tired. It's getting to be a blessing for blind n to see an honest square rig, nowadays."

here were old men in uniform dozing on the grass by the side, and old men in uniform creeping slowly along with ed eyes, so familiar with the way that they could trust r feet to find it out alone. Behind the long and lofty iron ng the hot breeze rustled the foliage of the towering s. The white walls of the Snug Harbor buildings flashed e sun, and on the bare lawn the bronze statue of their der gleamed as if cast in virgin gold.

There's a sight of good copper in that there figger, sir."

philosophical old man this, smoking steadily at a long-med, clay pipe; an old man with gold hoops in his ears the back of his hands blue with tattooing.

When I sailed in the old *President* with Billy Barker, y of us afore the mast, and the worst mate that ever gave ilor-man his dose, we fetched over a figger like that for e sot up down to Washington. No, sir; I disremember se figger it was. It wasn't near as shiny as that there one, gh." Thus the philosophic old man, with a wave of his -stem at the effigy of his benefactor, about whose head the ight made a halo.

And they do say," added the philosopher, "as he wasn't a r-man hisself at all."

lore old men, slumbering on the shaded benches within the and on the grass, flecked with splotches of fairy gold. t old men and lean ones; contented old men and crabbed ; old men with some of their youth still left in them, and men whom the ebb-tide of life had carried far out toward harbor bar. There were old men who preserved still a tly remnant of the dignity of command, and old men who ied still the servility of obedience become a habit. The ter-deck and the forecastle took their places in the quiet rs of Snug Harbor, as well as at sea.

In thirty-five, when I run away to sea, lads——"

he village boys were clustered round the story-teller, all of n squatting in the grass. A rare old buccaneer was this, with a white cutlass-scar across his nut-brown face, with a couple of fingers off one hand, a bullet-hole through the other hand, and a very rickety pair of legs, indeed.

"——*the pirates was as thick in the West Ingies as flies in a dirty galley. Which I put it to this gentleman, did any one ever see a clean galley anyways?*——"

A few old men idled in the cool and breezy piazza of the great dining-hall. Within, the servants were lazily setting the long tables out for supper. From the steps, looking over the slope of the lawn and the bluff with its low stone wall, one could see the low shores of New Jersey beyond the steaming water, loaded down with huge, chimneyed work-shops that sent a smear of smoke athwart the sky, and with their timber wharves lined with dingy shipping, every plank and spar of which bore the impress of a base and sordid employment.

"The last that's left of 'em," said an old man, with his feet done up in bandages and resting on a chair; "there's a ship there I was mate of once. We'd not think of anything for cargo but silks, and spices, and tea, and sich. Now it's ile, and glad to git that."

He pointed her out—a shapely clipper that had been, and still, with her tapering spars and graceful lines, a reminder of her own past, like some poor living creature who retained, even in her degradation, traces of the beauty that had been her ruin.

"Seventeen voyages in her," said the old man; "from ship's boy to mate, and mout have been skipper if——"

He told the rest to himself in his beard, while the foul smoke from the chimneys of the oil refineries settled slowly down upon the degraded clipper ship as if to envelope her like a shroud, and cover up her shame.

"They all git down there at last, it seems to me," said another old man, stroking his goat-like whisker with a shaking hand; "here for us and over there for them. It's the lazaret. Only we moors snug and close, and they has to keep the dance up."

"Small blame to 'em," retorted the old man, twisting with a twitch from his gouty toes; "who wouldn't cut his moorings once in a while, if he could?"

In the hospital, white, and airy, and cool, with a twitter of birds under the eaves and the waving of green trees seen through the windows, were more brown faces and brown hands, looking preternaturally swarthy against the colorless bed-trappings. Lives of long ordeals had taught a lesson of patience here. The only sound that broke the silence of the house of pain was a hollow cough here, a deep breathing there, and the stealthy movements of the nurses in list slippers.

"How is he, doctor?"

"Much worse, nurse. He can not live the night through."

The nurse glanced at the big clock, marking the passage of time into eternity with noiseless hands upon the wall.

"The tide has turned, doctor."

"It will be at the next ebb, then, nurse. What's that?"

"He has been at it that way, off and on, all day, doctor."

A hollow, stern voice, like a call from the grave it was, and it set every eye in the brown faces, on the smooth beds, rolling. Drifting on the last eddy of existence, awaiting only the coming of the ebb which was to bear him off, the ancient mariner lived again in the delirium of decay the life that had brought him here. He was afloat once more in his darkening dreams. The stout planks were under his feet, and the sea-scourers were serving the smoking guns. Anon the hurricane was on him, and what battle had left must conquer too the blast. And now he was snug at some long-vanished fireside, caressing some hand that he was soon to clasp again.

"A gallant seaman in his day, the old captain," said the doctor, with a touch of unprofessional sentiment in his voice; "he was a fighter, and he is one still."

The voice grew fainter, as the nurse soothed it with some consoling potion. Then came silence, the hollow cough, and the deep breathing again.

After all it was much pleasanter out on the lawn, where the old men were commencing to wake up, and the other old men to dribble in from their excursions beyond bounds at the approach of supper time; where the old man who was rigging a miniature three-decker was commencing to gather his scraps of wire and thread from the grass; where the old men who were twisting rope in fancy knots and making mats of old rope's ends, and carving odd devices out of hard-wood and bone, were beginning to trifle with their tasks. At the little old tavern beyond the harbor a few veterans were still contending at cards. Along the bluff wall a few veterans still leaned upon their elbows, looking away over the water. Down by the water-side the six sleepers were commencing to stir from their slumbers, and the blind skipper still sat like a graven image, buried in day dreams.

* * * * * * *

"Now, then, gentlemen," said the skipper of the *Handsome Sally*, "tide's nearly ready to serve."

We drained our last heeltaps in the porch of the little tavern among the honeysuckles, and summoned the fat landlord to compute the feast for us. As we trod the *Handsome Sally's* deck the chimneys on the Jersey shore were waving banners of flame against a sky of indigo blackness. Afar off the great city lay along the water like a strange sea monster, with scales of fire. The light of Liberty burned in the sky like a rising star in tropical seas.

"Here's the tide, cap," shouted the ship's boy of the *Handsome Sally*.

It went by like a mill-race. From among the verdurous fastnesses where the lights of Sailor's Snug Harbor glimmered like fire-flies came the slow tolling of a bell, as one might hear it on deck at sea.

"What time is that, captain?"

"The time that fetches us all," replied our skipper, with his hat off; "let her run off easy, Jack. It's the death-bell, sir."

And so the ebb-tide had carried the old fighting captain off on his last voyage of mystery. And the blind man, awaiting the time to be led to bed, still sat on his bench, alone with his sea dreams.

ALFRED TRUMBLE.

NEW YORK, July 14, 1888.

MICROBE VS. RABBIT.

The Australian Struggle for the Survival of the Fittest.

The people of Australia have undertaken two great tasks—the exclusion of Chinese immigrants from their country and the extermination of the innumerable rabbits that are driving the farmers and wool-growers from their land. Chinese immigration has been discouraged by a tax, and it is possible to shut out the Chinese altogether by treaty and legislation; but how can the rabbits be dislodged? Thus far the use of all known devices and the expenditure of millions of money have failed to bring relief. "The pest is more virulent and extensive than ever," said a committee of the New South Wales Agricultural Association in a report recently laid before the premier of the colony. Official reports show that in the three years and a half ending December 31, 1886, there was expended in the war against the rabbits upon only two hundred and five agricultural holdings in that colony, by the tenants themselves, one million seventy-nine thousand four hundred and ten dollars, and by the government one million ninety-four thousand four hundred and fifty dollars. Since the end of 1886 the payments of "scalp-money" have greatly increased. The number of rabbits killed for the bounty last year in this one colony was nineteen million one hundred and eighty-two thousand five hundred and thirty-nine, and the bounties paid in that year have been estimated at two million five hundred thousand dollars. In addition, millions of dollars have been paid for hundreds of miles of rabbit-proof fence. These figures show how great the burden is. And still the rabbits seem to be as numerous as ever.

The offer of a reward of twenty-five thousand pounds sterling by the Government of New South Wales for some effective method of extermination, induced M. Pasteur to propose the infection of the rabbit hosts with the microbes of chicken cholera. Three of his agents left for Australia with a supply of microbes preserved in bottles. Before the arrival of Doctors Hinds, Loir, and Germont at Sydney, interesting experiments with the disease known as "scab" had been made by Professor Watson, of the Adelaide University, and he was confident that the destruction of the rabbits could be accomplished by means of this disease. But the colonial authorities of South Australia feared that it would be communicated to sheep. Afterward similar experiments with another disease were made by Doctor Ellis and Doctor Butcher at a place called Tintinallogy, and these gentlemen also asserted that they could do the work. The farmers of New South Wales had suggested that the government should refer the subject to a commission, composed of a pathologist chosen by the council of the Royal College of Physicians in London, a veterinary surgeon selected by the London Veterinary College, a pupil of Pasteur, and an expert recommended by Professors Virchow and Koch, of Berlin. This suggestion was not followed, but the New South Wales Government did appoint an Intercolonial Commission of experts to inquire concerning the schemes proposed by M. Pasteur, Professor Watson, and Doctors Ellis and Butcher. This commission was instructed to inquire "as to whether the introduction of disease among rabbits by inoculation or otherwise, or the propagation of diseases natural to rabbits, for the purpose of destroying them or promoting their destruction, would be accompanied by danger to human or animal life." The Sydney Board of Health was required to report concerning the same question.

The board of health made an investigation, and its report was not favorable as to the three diseases suggested. It declared that the disease propagated by Doctors Ellis and Butcher, and by them called marasmoid, had not been pathologically defined, and that its effect upon the human system could not be foreseen. No proof had been offered that the "scab" propagated by Professor Watson would not be communicated to men, and "much clearer and more convincing evidence would be required to show that the remarkably fatal disease of chicken cholera might not directly or indirectly produce among human beings disastrous results at present unsuspected."

At the beginning of their session the commissioners were of the opinion that if no disease then existing in Australia would suffice, no new disease ought to be introduced. Afterward, however, they resolved that it was expedient for the New South Wales Government to set aside an island for experiments with imported diseases, and an inland tract for experiments with diseases already prevalent. For these last-named tests, six tracts of from fifty to one hundred acres each were selected, and the work was intrusted to Dr. Kutz, an expert bacteriologist. Rodd Island was chosen for the tests of Pasteur's chicken cholera, and it was provided that sheep, cattle, horses, pigs, cats, and other animals, as well as chickens and birds, should be fully exposed there to infection. The Australians do not intend to sacrifice their herds and flocks, and all their wild birds, for the sake of exterminating the rabbits.

It was promised that the microbes sent by Pasteur would cause death in twenty-four or thirty-six hours. The first experiments with them were disappointing, because the vitality of the germs had been weakened by a long voyage. M. Pasteur's representatives reported a few days later, however, that satisfactory results had been procured. The disease suggested by Doctors Ellis and Butcher is highly infectious, but runs its course in not less than fifteen days. The first meeting of the commissioners was held in Sydney. The second, of which we have no report, was to be held in Melbourne, and the commissioners were then to proceed to Adelaide and Tintinallogy, there to take testimony concerning the experiments of Professor Watson, and Doctors Ellis and Butcher. In the interval between the first and the second meeting, M. Pasteur's representatives discovered that a disease prevailing among the sheep of New South Wales was identical with the disease known in Europe as charbon, for which M. Pasteur found a remedy by inoculation some years ago. It appears, therefore, that even if the chicken cholera microbes shall not be accepted, Australia will gain something.—*New York Times.*

VANITY FAIR.

There is a young Englishman in that amusing novelette, "The Romance of a Quiet Watering Place," whose views of American society are interesting. Said he: "A few months ago I was at a reception given at the American Embassy in London. Now, as a rule, an ambassadorial reception in London is a meeting of friends of the nationality represented by the embassy—just as one knows that in Paris, Berlin, Rome, and so on, one is certain to meet at the receptions of one's minister, exclusively people of one's own 'set'—that is to say, who know the same people and move in the same society as one does one's self. But at *your* minister's reception it was different. I was seated with a reigning American beauty in the recess of a window, and we listened to the 'sounds of revelry by night,' whilst we compared notes upon the ceaseless panorama of Americans and Anglo-Americans which passed us continually. I observed that whenever I pointed out any one whom I had reason to suppose came from New York—her own city—and asked, 'Do you know the So-and-So's?' she would turn her shapely head, look at me for a moment in mild astonishment, and say, 'Oh, no! they are not *at all* in our set.' 'Will you excuse me, said I, at last, 'if I say that it appears to me that none of you know anybody else, or one another, in America?' and she said, 'I don't think that *that* is the case; but you see my father was a Van Mattan and my mother was a Van Huyderhausen; so naturally we know only people of that set. For instance,' said she, pointing out a handsome woman who was at that moment entering the room, 'like Mrs. Van Rensselaer Kostermann, who is over there. Will you excuse me?' And with that she rose and tripped across the room to greet with effusion this representative of the *haut* Knickerbocker *régime*, who, alone, among the twelve hundred people in the salons of the legation, was worthy to be recognized by the inherited concentration of the Van Huyderhausen and Van Mattan pedigrees. I tried a similar experience with one or two other ladies who were there, and I found that, in the rare instances in which I got for an answer, 'The Van So-and-So's? *Of course;* dear Mrs. Van So-and-So is one of my *dearest* friends,' the truth was to be arrived at by reversing the process with Mrs. Van So-and-So, who would raise her *lorgnon*, and after inspecting her 'dearest friend' for a moment, would say, 'Oh! that little Mrs. Thingummy? Yes, I believe she was brought up to me by somebody at the Van Chose's one day and had herself presented.' Finally, I came to the conclusion that in America no one knows anybody else; and, at the same time, that if, in Europe, one abuses one of your countrymen *as an American*, all the other Americans in the company will stand up for him vehemently, whilst if you remotely suggest to any of them that he is one of their 'set,' at once there descends upon your devoted head a gentle breeze of mild expostulation."

The elopement of four or five men recently with their "pretty type-writers" (says the *World*) suggests a form of protection that the wives of the country are much more concerned about than they are in any phase of the tariff question. As the work of copying and correspondence is now conducted, many married men see much more of their type-writers than they do of their wives. Proximity is often precarious. Contiguity is but another name for fate. It is not safe to shut up the average man with a pretty girl six days in the week. Various precautions have been suggested. A prudent wife might hire a sharp-eyed and limber-tongued small boy of the *enfant terrible* species to perch on a stool in the office during type-writing hours. He would need to be proof against seductive offers of ice-cream or tickets to base-ball games, and be of the same stern stuff as the boy who stood on the burning deck. Plainly there are not enough such boys to go around. The plan of insisting that two type-writers be hired, on the supposition that jealousy will lead them to watch each other, has often broken down. There is generally another susceptible man close by. Edison's new invention might serve as a precaution. With a recording phonograph hung about his neck and the key kept at home, a man would be very chary of soft speeches to his type-writer.

D'Orsay kept a number of hats, and we are told that these were varied in dimensions to accord with his coats. For a lighter cut-off riding-coat he wore his hat smaller in all dimensions than for the thicker overcoats, especially for a seal-skin coat which he first introduced in wear, and by which he was particularly known. But the characteristics and particular curl of brim in the hat seem always to have been retained, as well as a habit of wearing it with a slight inclination to one side. This, too, was faithfully copied by would-be fashionables, as may be seen in the plate of fashions for 1837. On the other hand, may be seen the count himself, taken from Grant's equestrian portrait of him, of which an engraving is made the frontispiece to Henry Melton's hints on hats. It is from this famous hatter's entertaining reminiscences that we learn most of D'Orsay and his hats. On first entering business, he determined to make a bold dash for fame and fortune, and wrote to the count, asking for the honor of making a hat for him. In reply, came a request to attend on the great man at Kensington Gore. The interview which followed resulted in satisfactory orders and subsequent success; but Mr. Henry Melton shall be allowed to give his own account of it: "On a table in the count's dressing-room I observed some fourteen hats lying all ready for wear. The count seemed pleased with my zeal, and this kind reception, as well as his refined and elegant manner, encouraged me in the discussion which ensued upon the subject of hats, and ended in our mutually agreeing that the *desiderata* in regard to a hat consisted in its being light, although of a substance sufficient to retain its shape (a requisite in which all foreign-made hats were at that time, and are even now, deficient); that it should be waterproof; that it should be so made as to insure comfort; that the shaping and blocking were merely matters of the taste and fashion of the period, but that the style of the hat should, nevertheless, be carefully studied as much as possible, to make the wearer look like a gentleman. My replies generally seemed to satisfy the count, who, in conclusion said, smiling: 'You have evidently made a study of your business. But you have forgotten,' he added, 'that a hat should be in proportion to the height of the wearer.' I ventured to observe that I could not regard additional height as an improvement. 'Quite the contrary,' he observed; 'it would render monstrous what was before distinguished. But a tall man, nevertheless, ought not to wear a low-crowned hat. It is an incongruity and renders him conspicuous, and that, as I take it, is to be avoided. Again, a short man in a high hat is out of proportion, it dwarfs him as long hair does a lady who is *petite*.' Upon this I ventured the remark that in such cases exactly it was that the eye of the hatter was required, for the wearer of a hat was not always the best judge of the style that suited him. 'Some men make their own styles, Mr. Melton,' was the count's reply."

In the morning, on the beach—and every one at Newport drives down on the beach, though only a moiety bather—the girls wear pretty little white canvas-shoes with patent-leather tips, black heels, a bit of patent-leather finishing off the edges where the silk lacer is caught across one or twice. There is a new shoe for the bathers, too. The trouble has always been that shoes would come off in the water unless they were tied on so tight that the circulation was stopped. The French women always wear a shoe for bathing that has a sole made of twisted twine and a canvas top. They call them "Amenas," and they are very ugly and clumsy, but the new shoe overcomes all the previous difficulty. It is fastened to the stocking, so that it can not come off, and is really a slipper of the very heaviest Jersey cloth, woven into the foot of the stocking. One puts them both on at the same time. The jersey clings closely to the feet and yet gives easily in walking, is soft and light, and can not come off.

Of course, the marriage of Mrs. Hammersley to the Duke of Marlborough is provoking a good deal of discussion as to what is called the rage of American women for marrying titles. But, after all, when you come to count them up, the number of such marriages is not great, and so far as English titles are concerned, it is very small. The new duchess will outrank Mr. Jerome's daughter, the wife of Lord Randolph Churchill, the younger brother of the duke, but Lady Randolph has a husband who has done much to redeem the name of his family, dragged in the mire by the Duke of Marlborough. Another man of high rank, married to an American woman, has also an unsavory reputation. It is the Marquis of Anglesey, and in 1880 he, too, married as his third wife an American widow, Mrs. Wodehouse, a daughter of Mr. J. P. King, of Georgia. Lord Grantley did not marry a widow, but a divorced woman, Mrs. Norton, formerly Miss McVickar, of New York, and she is under the lasting disapproval of English society because of the circumstances of the marriage. Of other American women "married to titles" is Lady Mandeville, formerly Miss Yznaga, of New York, while her sister is the wife of Sir John Lister Kaye; Sir William Vernon Harcourt married, in 1876, Mrs. Ives, daughter of the late Mr. John Lothrop Motley, of Boston; Sir Edward Hornby, in 1875, took for his third wife a daughter of Mr. J. P. Roberts, of New York; Sir Digby Murray married a daughter of Mr. Gerry Sanger, of Utica, in 1861; Sir George Strahan, in 1877, a daughter of Mr. R. Reade, of New York, but she died the next year; Baron Abinger married, in 1863, a daughter of Commodore Magruder, late of the navy; Sir Robert Burnett, in 1864, a daughter of James Murphy, of New York, and Sir Roderick Cameron married for his second wife a daughter of Mr. Nathan Leavenworth, of New York, she dying in 1879; Sir Thomas Hesketh married, in 1880, a daughter of the late Senator Sharon, of San Francisco; Sir Robert Graham married, in 1874, a daughter of Mr. Charles Burns, of Brooklyn, and long before he was knighted Sir Anthony Musgrave obtained as a wife the daughter of the Hon. David Dudley Field. Of course, at earlier periods there have been others of such marriages, though few in all, but this nearly completes the list of those which have occurred during the time when the discussion of the subject has been most frequent. It is too short to indicate that there is a craze among American women for marrying English titles, or among English titles for marrying American women.

Harry Cannon astonished the men by appearing in a white dress suit at a recent dinner. This latest fad is intended to take the place of the negligée black suits introduced at Newport two summers ago by Griswold Lorillard and Center Hitchcock. Mr. Cannon's suit was made of linen, while those fashioned by New York tailors quite recently are of the finest white flannel.

Mrs. George Gould (says the *World*) has a curious fancy for having all her dainty silken undergarments of one shade, and the color she most prefers is pale tan. She is clothed from top to toe in that color. It was she who first introduced into this country the tan-suede shoes, and with them she wears stockings of exactly the same shade, silken and beautifully clocked. Her undergarments come by the dozen in big boxes from Paris, folded in tissue-paper and tied up with satin ribbons. They run through a gamut of pale shades, but six out of every dozen will be of that pale-tan hue so becoming to an olive-skinned, dark-haired woman. They are wrought with the most exquisite white-silk needle-work, and every edge crisped with finest laces. With them come corsets from Worth's own *corsetière* to match perfectly each shade, and these are also embroidered and laced. Lady Dudley, the famous English beauty, who is as white as a pond-lily, always wears black-silk underclothes, black-silk stockings, and is one of the few English women whose feet are pretty and delicate enough to wear black-velvet Molière shoes. Sadie Martinot wears black, too, and it is even said that she carries this rage for black so far that she has black-silk bed-coverings and fur niture. Mme. Barrios, who is as dark and richly colored as gypsy, uses a deep red for all her underwear, and Grace Hen derson, the pretty blonde of the Lyceum Theatre, wears bright poppy color. Just before Mrs. Hammersley astonishe the community by her ducal marriage, a friend met her labor ously shopping in search of a particular shade of very pal pink ribbon. "It's so horribly warm," she complained, "an I can't find this shade of pink anywhere." "But why mu you have that particular shade?" asked the friend. The futu duchess unrolled a white tissue parcel that lay on the seat the coupé, and displayed a pair of delicate pink stays, en broidered and trimmed with lace. "I must have ribbon make bows for this, and though I can get something near, can't get a perfect match." "Well," said the friend, trying be consolatory, "that doesn't make any difference. It isn necessary it should be quite exact." "My dear," cried Mr Hammersley, solemnly, "the fate of nations has sometim depended on a perfectly matched ribbon. James, please driv on."

The knot-scarf, in its various shapes, has had a good lon inning, but the beginning of a reaction against it is visibl "There seems to be a decided tendency among our custom ers," said a Broadway dealer, recently, "to return to an E glish flat or puff scarf. It is remarkable how many calls have had, and finally, having disposed of the few which carried over, we have been compelled to have a lot of E Joinvilles made up into flats. While there is yet no gre sale, I notice that the swells buy them, either because they a tired of knots and want to show off a handsome pin, or b cause they have seen men recently from England wear them."

Paris is about to follow the example set by London in t matter of titled shop-keepers. One of the most popular ar pretty of Parisian countesses is opening a millinery establis ment, whence she will dispense hats, bonnets, and costumes her friends for a consideration. A well-known marquise ha for some time, been making a neat little income by hiring o her magnificent silver plate, cut glass, and silver candelab for weddings and other festivities. Another Parisian of hig position is proprietress of a successful little shop which dea in curios and artistic trifles. In London, lady shop-keepe are intent rather upon success than on privacy. They wa upon customers in person, and work as hard as any of the assistants. One very charming personage, whose name m be found in the peerage, tries on bonnets herself in the inte ests of her customers, to the detriment of her coiffure, b the grand advantage of her exchequer. Two or three ladi are seriously inclining toward the project of a large poult farm not far from London. An elderly lady of position h already gained for herself quite a reputation as a mender fine old laces.

When women travel by sea, the steamer-dress prop should be a severe tailor gown, not too tight, and now, ha pily, guiltless of steel and bustle. Dark blue or some plai mixed cloth, trimmed with stitchings and dark braid, the po ular tinsel cords being prone to tarnish in the salt air. Eith a long smooth ulster, with a cloth traveling-cap or a Conn mara cloak, heavily weighed at the loose corners, and a da blue or red trouville beretta should be provided for wear deck, with a lap-rug and a pair of cushions. A loos warm wrapper of some woolen stuff should be provided f use in one's own state-room. This had better be tied wi cords or ribbons instead of buttoned, as being more co venient. A full suit of light flannel underclothes should b provided in case of cold weather and fogs, and the white pe ticoat is replaced with a skirt of dark cashmere or sura For foot-gear should be provided a pair of stout ties, to o viate the necessity of leaning over and struggling with bu tons when not quite sure of one's self, and for the state-roo a pair of felt-soled, knitted bedroom shoes are an infinite co venience.

Some one who dreamed of the Greek bacchantes, of t woodland nymphs, of Dryads and Hamadryads, made the h that is worn at Newport and Lenox this summer. But it w a Parisian milliner who had the dream, so that the hat is very modernized and sophisticated version of the tangled g lands of vine-leaf, long grasses, and poppy blooms that crown the wild locks of the Bassarid. Still there is a touch of t woods and fields about these hats, made all of leaves or loose braided grass, that gives them a wonderful charm. The gra hats are made of grass which keeps its original green hue, braided in wide, loose meshes that one could thrust a pen through, is left unlined and covered with masses of poppi corn-flowers, daisies, wild roses, or else many roses of differe colors, yellow, pink, and crimson. They have usually mediu high crowns and wide brims that are bent into any shape m becoming to the wearer. Passers by a certain stately mansi well known to the summer residents of Lenox, sometimes s issuing from its gates—going forth conquering and to conq —a golden-haired young woman who wears one of these gr hats wreathed with eglantine, and it is said that certain guile members of the other sex, gazing upon the blue eyes and gold locks framed therein and the sunlight stealing through the terstices of that green frame, bent down about the eglanti that grows on her cheek, have been known to fall into de melancholy, so that even the wine that is red could in no w light up their spirits. There is even talk among the huma of appealing to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty Animals that the hat may be confiscated. The leaf-hats scarcely less pretty, being made of genuine oak leaves, whi are treated with some preparation that preserves their co and pliability. They are joined together by thrusting the ste of one through the leaf of another, and their only trimming a loosely twisted wreath of butter-cups or some other sm wild flower.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Emperor William the Second is the first Russian-speaking King of Prussia. Prince Bismarck speaks Russian fluently.

Beethoven's bones have been exhumed at Vienna and re-interred with great pomp. A Yankee amateur photographer created a scene at the grave when the bones were dug up by insisting on "taking" the remnants of the great musician, regardless of pistols and interference.

Walter Besant, the well-known English novelist, is in poor health, and has gone to the continent to recuperate. He is suffering from overwork and writer's cramp. The effect of composing "Herr Paulus" paralyzed the muscles of his wrist. Spiritualists say that this is simple retribution.

"I may honestly say," writes Sir John E. Millais, "that I never consciously placed an idle touch upon canvas. Yet," he continues, "the worst pictures I ever painted in my life are those into which I threw most trouble and labor; and I confess I should not grieve were half of my works to go to the bottom of the Atlantic—if I might choose the half."

Amélie Rives Chanler has a sister who is strikingly beautiful. She is petite and girlish in appearance, has large, dark-blue eyes and golden hair. Her complexion, "whose red and white nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on," a finely cut nose, and full red lips add greatly to the attractions of her face. She is not literary, but has a warm admiration for her sister's productions.

The Queen of Sweden is undergoing peculiar treatment to restore her nerves to a normal condition. Her doctors have ordered her to rise early, make her own bed, and dust and sweep the room. She has to take a walk in the garden before breakfast, work among the flowers afterward, and lead an active outdoor existence all day long. Already the queen has been benefited by this curious "cure."

"When the late Emperor Frederick was in Paris in 1867," says Mrs. Crawford in *Truth*, "he did not go about much with the other august and illustrious personages who were visitors with him of the Emperor Napoleon, and declined the services of the director of the emperor's little pleasures, whose business it was to introduce foreign potentates and princes to Mlle. Schneider, Cora, and such like. This was remarked at the time."

Mr. Baker Greene, lately the chief editorial writer of the *Morning Post*, of London, was much gifted in out-of-the-way fields of knowledge. Originally he was a surgeon, and served in the Crimean war. Then he became a barrister, and practiced for a time. Ultimately he took the appointment he held on the *Morning Post*. The morning before his death he was in the office writing a leader until one o'clock. He then went to the Savage Club, where he remained for half an hour. Then he went to his chambers in Clement's Inn. Next morning he was found dead in bed.

"It is death to a man's stomach to be governor," said a prominent Bostonian, referring to the fact that Governor Ames is suffering from the effects of over-indulgence in public banquets. But the fact is, that the exercise of a little care and self-discipline will enable a man of prominence to attend a vast number of elaborate dinners without injury to his health. Chauncey M. Depew has been a guest at more public banquets than almost any other man in the country, but he never suffers from dyspepsia. He is extremely abstemious when at a large dinner, and especially avoids heavy wines and highly seasoned dishes.

It was Prince Bismarck who selected a wife for Prince William. The question of sentiment had nothing to do with this union. Desirous of conciliating one of the numerous enemies made by the consolidation of German unity, the chancellor asked the prince to marry the Princess Augusta Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, and thereby settle the question of succession to the duchy, raised by the Duke of Augustenborg, father of the princess. The new empress, who is taller and three months older than her husband, is what in French is called *pot-au-feu*, or, as we should say, a plain home-body. As far as can be learned, she has no decided taste for any of the nobler arts, and is content to be a mother to the yearly royal child that has been born since her marriage.

Miss Varina Davis—daughter of Jefferson Davis and popularly known throughout the South as "The Child of the Confederacy," having been born after the declaration of secession—has just published in Lovell's Library a little volume entitled "An Irish Knight of the Nineteenth Century," a biographical sketch of the life of Robert Emmet. Miss Davis is a woman of about five-and-twenty and is an idol throughout the South, being received wherever she goes with almost passionate enthusiasm. She is scarcely a pretty woman. She was educated in Europe and is a skilled linguist and musician, and has set out in earnest upon a literary career. She has been so much before the public in the South that she has acquired wonderful self-possession, and in social life she is noted for her sweetness and ready tact.

Labouchère says in London *Truth*: "Among the many different accounts of the new emperor's physical blemish that I have seen, it is curious that there is not one which is correct. The left arm is not deformed, but withered, or rather dwarfed; the nerves which vitalize it were subjected to great and prolonged pressure during birth, so that their conducting power (nerves are like telegraph wires) was destroyed. Hence the muscles of the arm were paralyzed, and became wasted from want of use, and the limb did not grow with the rest of the body. The responsibility of this rests with the German doctors who officiated on the occasion, a fact which partly explains the Empress Victoria's distrust of native talent. She insisted on Doctor Gream presiding at all subsequent ceremonies of the same kind, and outraged Teutons have never forgiven her for this affront to German 'science.'"

A garden-party given by "John Strange Winter" the other Sunday at "The Cedars," Putney, brought all artistic London down to her pretty garden looking on the river, and between four and seven the grounds were studded with well-known faces. At least twenty lady novelists must have put in appearance, including Miss Braddon and Lady Duffus-Hardy and her daughter. "Max O'Rell" was heard giving Mr. George Grossmith much useful advice anent the publishing of his new book; Mr. Edgar Bruce escorted Miss Edith Woodworth; "Bootles's Baby," in the person of Miss Minnie Terry, occupied the swing all the afternoon, save when Miss Mary Moore gracefully adorned it; Mr. Charles Wyndham successfully refuted all rumors of his ill-health, and Miss Mary Moore looked charming in a white frock and a vast Leghorn hat; Mrs. Pfeiffer represented Poetry and Putney Society; the ever green and lively Mrs. Stirling was much surrounded; "Helen Mathers" appeared in a white gown trimmed with pearls, and wore a Bacchante-like bonnet consisting of ivy leaves; others present were: Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wilde, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. John Drew, Miss Lingard, Lady Colin Campbell, Mr. Lionel Brough, and Mr. Frith, R. A. Mrs. Stannard is becoming as noted for charming hospitality as for her clever and sympathetic writings.

Fräulein Jenny Stubel is the Sarah Bernhardt of the Berlin stage. In all that is eccentric, extravagant, and bad she resembles the famous French actress. She is noted more for her gorgeous gowns than for her dramatic talent, and in the millinery world she leads the Berlin fashion. Fans, bonnets, dresses *à la* Jenny Stubel are to be seen in every shop. She lives in fine style. Her apartments are luxuriously furnished, her carriage is perfect, and the buttons of her footmen are of solid silver. She detests the critics. Once she paid a visit to a journalist who had written something about her which she did not like, and with great *sang-froid* proposed to fight him. The critic declined, whereupon the fiery Fräulein boxed his ears. Fräulein Lilli Lehmann is another bellicose beauty. She also cuffed a critic, and an enthusiast still preserves the glove she wore on that momentous occasion. Fräulein Bertha Felden, the soubrette of the Louisenstadt Theatre, is noted for her benevolence and the courage she displayed when an epidemic of cholera was raging in Hungary. Fräulein Anna Grünfeld, of the Central Theatre, breaks nearly every contract she makes, and expends a small fortune annually in paying fines and forfeits. Elise Schmidt is Bismarck's favorite. She plays comical old women. She remembers nothing except her parts. Fräulein Bognar possesses a collection of magnificent jewels, which were once seized by the custom officers on the Austrian frontier, who believed the pretty player to be a notorious thief. Fräulein Bognar was kept in durance vile for two long days before the mistake was discovered.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Legend of St. Vitus.

To Cairo city, one hot afternoon,
In the mid summer, came an anchorite,
Pale, shrunk as any corpse, thin, lean, and blanched,
From dwelling in the tombs deep from the light:
Tall, gaunt, and wan, across the desert sand
He strode, trampling on avarice; by his side,
Licking his hands, two dappled panthers paced,
With lolling tongues, and dark and tawny hide.

The gilded domes of Cairo blazed and shone,
The minarets arose like long keen spears
Planted around a sleeping Arab's tent.
The Saint's attendants pricked their spotted ears
When the Muezzin, with his droning cry,
Summoned to prayers, and frightened vultures screamed,
Swooping from the gilt roof that glittered in the sky,
Or the tall parapet that o'er it gleamed.

The hermit came to where the traders sat,
Grave turbaned men, weighing out heaps of pearls,
Around a splashing fountain; wafts of myrrh
Rose to the curtained roof in wreathing curls,
And Abyssinian slaves, with sword and bow,
Watched at the doorway, while a dervish danced
In giddy circles, chanting Allah's name,
With long lean arms outstretched and eyes entranced.

St. Vitus spurned the gold and pearls away,
And struck the dervish silent with a blow
That loosened half his teeth (the infidel!),
And tossed the censers fiercely to and fro;
Then sang, defiant of the angry men,
"How long, O Lord, how long?" and raised his eyes
To the high heaven, praying God to send
Some proof to them from out those burning skies.

And when their knives flew out, and eunuchs ran,
With steel and bowstring, swift to choke and bleed,
The Saint drew forth from underneath his robe
A Nubian flute, carved from a yellow reed;
Then put it to his lips, and music rose,
So wild and wayward that, on either hand,
Straightway perforce the turbaned men began
To whirl and circle like the wind-tossed sand.

And so the Saint passed on, until he reached
A mosque, with many domes and cupolas,
And roof hung thick with lamps and ostrich-eggs,
And round the walls a belt of crescent stars.
Towards the Mecca niche the worshipers
Bent altogether in a turbaned row;
So, seeing this idolatry, the Saint
Struck the chief reader twice a sturdy blow.

Then they howled all at once, and many flew,
With sabres drawn, upon the holy man,
To toss him to the dogs. The panthers still
Kept them at bay until the Saint began
Upon his flute to breathe his magic tune,
Such as the serpent-charmers use to charm
The sand-asps forth, and straightway priests and flock
Began to circle round; and free from harm

He glided forth on to the Caliph's house,
Where in divan he and the Vizier were,
Girt with the council of the rich and wise,
And all the Mullahs who his secrets share.
There he raised up the crucifix on high,
Spat on the Koran, cursed Mohammed's name,
Took the proud Caliph's turban from his head,
And threw it to his panthers. Fire and flame

Broke forth around him, as when in a mine
The candle comes unguarded; swords flashed out
By twenties, and from inner court to court
Ran the alarm, the clamor, and the shout.
The Saint, unmoved, drew forth his magic flute
(It was the greatest miracle of all),
And, lo! the soldiers, counselors, and slaves
Swept dancing, fever-stricken, round the hall.

Round went the Caliph with his shaven head,
Round went the Vizier, raging as he danced,
Round went the archers, and the sable crew
Tore round in circles, every one entranced
By that sweet mystic music Heaven sent;
Round, round in ceaseless circles, swifter still—
Till dropped each sword, till dropped each bow unbent.

And then the Saint once more into the street
Glided unhurt, and sought the market-place,
Where dates rolled forth from baskets, and the figs
Were purple ripe, and every swarthy face
Was hot with wrangling; and he cursed Mahound
Loud in the midst, and set up there his cross,
O'er the mosque gate, and wailed aloud a psalm—
"Let God arise, and all His foes confound."

But the fierce rabble hissed, and throwing stones,
Shouted, "Slay, slay the wretch!" and "Kill, kill, kill!"
And some seized palm-tree staves and jagged shards;
In every eye there was a murderous will,
Until the Saint drew forth again his flute,
And all the people drove to the mad dance,
With nodding heads and never-wearying feet,
And leaden eyes fixed in a magic trance.

And so he left them dancing; one by one
They fell in swoons and fevers, worn and spent.
Then the stern anchorite took his magic flute,
And broke it o'er his knee, and homeward went,
Tossing the useless tube, now split and rent,
Upon the sand; then through the desert gate
Passed, with his panthers ever him beside;
And raised his hands to heaven and shouted forth,
"Amen, amen! God's name be glorified!"

—*Walter Thornbury.*

An improved method of oiling the waters has been patented in Germany. A rocket, to which is attached a cylinder filled with oil, can be fired with accuracy from the ship, and when it explodes the oil is scattered just where it is wanted. By the explosion of five rockets at a distance of from one thousand two hundred to one thousand five hundred feet from a ship, a space of one thousand five hundred to two thousand feet square of water was covered with oil, and the waves were at once smoothed.

Edison has invented a new dinner-clock which talks. Instead of striking the hour it speaks it. At dinner-time a voice issues from the clock and says "dinner-time," also, "one o'clock," "two o'clock," etc., as the case may be. Another device which he is perfecting in connection with the clock is that of a female face, which he purposes to set in the face of the clock. The lips of this figure will move at the hour, the head will bow, and the fictitious lady will say: "Good-evening, ladies and gentlemen; it is bed-time."

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

What is the difference between a Rockaway bather and a Rockaway policeman? One faces the breakers, and the other braces the fakirs.—*Puck.*

The proper nocturnal drapery for a Ma being a *robe de nuit*, the right night-dress for a Pa should, of course, be a Pa-jama.—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

"Tommy," said his penurious uncle, "how would you feel if I were to give you a nickel?" "I think," replied Tommy, "that I would feel a little faint at first."—*Life.*

You can tell a dry-goods clerk on a railroad train by the way he fishes a pair of scissors out of his vest-pocket and commences clipping the raw edges off his cuffs.—*Puck.*

Texas judge—"What's the charge?" *Plaintiff*—"The prisoner stole a horse." *Texas judge*—"Then he mustang." The judge falls, pierced by sixteen bullets.—*Town Topics.*

Old lady (stopping open street-car)—"Ye don't allow no smokin' on this car, do ye?" *Conductor*—"Certainly, madam; take one of the back seats. Step lively, please."—*New York Sun.*

"Friendship is all very well," remarked Downes, "but, if ever I want to borrow a couple of dollars, I'll go to a casual acquaintance." "Or, better than that, Upson," suggested Inskip, "go to a stranger."—*Puck.*

Hanover Squeer—"It would be a good thing for that young Jack Dorr if the conceit were knocked out of him." *Park Rowe*—"Great Scott! There wouldn't be enough of him left to hang clothes on!"—*Puck.*

Dumley (who has given Featherly a cigar from his private box)—"I've smoked worse cigars than these, Featherly." *Featherly*—"Ye-es, Dumley, I s'pose *you* have; but you must remember that you are an older man than I am."—*Life.*

Browns—"Gad, Jack, what do you want of that sheet of postage-stamps?" Why, you've got a hundred there!" *Joans*—"Well, you see, I've just completed a poem, and I may—er—send it to more than one paper."—*Town Topics.*

Woman (to tramp)—"I can't give you anythin' to eat jest now, but I've got some pies in the oven, an' if you want to saw wood until they're done, I'll give you a piece." *Tramp*—"How near are the pies done, ma'am?"—*New York Sun.*

Aspirant—"About how long does it take to complete a short novel?" *Old hand*—"About a year." *Aspirant*—"A year! Isn't that rather long?" *Old hand*—"Oh, no! Two months to write the novel, and ten months to select the name."—*Puck.*

"Darringer, have you a half-dollar that you don't want?" "Why, certainly. Here it is." The next day: "Say, Darringer, that half-dollar you gave me was a counterfeit." "Yes, Bromley. You asked me if I had a half-dollar that I didn't want."—*Life.*

"Solomon Isaacstein," cried his wife, in alarm, "dot little Jacob has s-vallowed a ten-cend piece." "Vat!" exclaimed Mr. Isaacstein, "a ten-cend piece? Der nexdt time you gif dot poy moneys to blay mit, Rebecca, you gif him a von-cend piece."—*New York Sun.*

Mrs. Lowcut—"Somebody was saying, Colonel Fairly, that you had written a book." *Colonel Fairly*—"Yes, I have hung together a small volume." "What is the title?" "'Ten Years in the Saddle.' It's simply a brief history of my ups and downs."—*St. Paul Globe.*

"I don't see," said Mr. McGuire, as he sat in the stern of the vessel, "how the captain can find his way across the ocean. If he was going the other way, all he'd have to do would be to follow that white streak behind there, but in front ther's nothing to point the way."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Keeper of Niagara Falls Hotel (to clerk)—"Mr. Flash, I see there is to be an eclipse of the moon next Sunday night." *Clerk*—"Yes, sir." *Keeper of hotel*—"You will add two dollars to the bills of all the guests Monday morning. That eclipse will be visible from this hotel."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Steele Mackaye declares the Chicago Clark Street bridge scene in his own play of "A Noble Rogue" to be the most realistic stage-set he has ever seen. To give it intenser liveliness it should be shown swung open for boats to pass and the maddened populace waiting for it to close.—*Buffalo Express.*

British visitor—"Is me luggage all down the lift?" *New York hotel clerk*—"Yes, sir." *British Visitor*—"Have it put on the stage for Boston, me boy; and me boy, if you'd send along one of the drivers that Bret Harte and Mark Twain have made so familiar, you'd oblige me!"—*Puck.*

Harry had been bad. Little Peter, the imaginary creature who played the Hyde to Harry's Jekyll, had held uninterrupted sway for one whole morning. "Harry, you want whipping," said his disciplinarian father. "No, I don't, either. I may need whipping, but I don't want it."—*Harper's Young People.*

On the gay east side. *Barber* (to entering customer)—"Hullo, Shorty!" *Shorty*—"Hullo! Have I got long to wait? Where's the *Police Gazette*?" *Barber*—"Ah, what's der matter wid yer? Dere's A-melia Rivers's last novel on der table. Der *Gazette* ain't nowheres side er dat."—*Town Topics.*

First boy—"Did yer have any fun on de Fort?" *Second boy*—"Wall, I should smile! Katie, me sister, put out one of her eyes, an' de old man got two fingers blowed off wid a skyrocket." *First boy* (mournfully)—"Wisht I'd come over to your house; didn't have no fun down our street at all."—*Peck's Sun.*

Minister (mildly)—"I've been wanting to see you, Mr. Kurd, in regard to the quality of milk with which you are serving me." *Milkman* (uneasily)—"Yes, sir." *Minister* (very mildly)—"I only wanted to say, Mr. Kurd, that I used the milk for dietary purposes exclusively, and not for christening."—*New York Sun.*

First merchant—"So, Isaacs, you vos sphending your vacation at Long Branch." *Second merchant*—"Yah, Sigismund, I vos shtopping at the Vest End Hotel." *First M.*—"Vell, how do you like it? Are der many Ghristians der?" *Second M.*—"Yah, der vos some, but not enough to be objectshunnable, ain'd it?"—*Judge.*

Merchant (to partner)—"Here's Hupenheimer, of Illinois, writes that there is a mistake of ten dollars in the footing of his bill." *Partner*—"In his favor?" *Merchant*—"No, in ours. Honest man, eh?" *Partner*—"Does he send another order?" *Merchant*—"Yes, a big one." *Partner*—"Better get a special rating from Bradstreet before shipping the goods."—*Puck.*

"We don't want any poetry, young man," said the editor; "we have enough on hand to last longer than the paper." "I am not a poet, sir," replied the young man, indignantly; "I am selling a soap warranted to remove oil, tar, pitch, or stains of any kind, from the finest fabrics of the loom down to three-ply carpets. You do me a gross injustice, sir." "I beg your pardon," said the editor, contritely.—*Puck.*

Stranger (to dime-museum manager)—"Say, would you like to engage a mighty interestin' freak?" *Manager*—"Well, if it was something that would draw, I might think of it. What have you got?" *Stranger*—"Just myself, Mister. I'm the only remaining defeated Republican candidate who hasn't sailed for Europe, and I——" *Manager* (interrupting)—"Good! Come right in!"—*Life.*

Passenger (to stranger)—"So you think we are to have a hot summer, sir." *Stranger* (pounding the seat)—"Think? I don't think anything about it—I *know* so! The whole country, sir, will sizzle until snow flies!" *Passenger*—"You seem to be positive." *Stranger*—"Positive? Why, I am as sure of it as I am that I run the finest hotel in the Dog-skill Mountains! Put the card in your pocket; it may save your life!"—*Life.*

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Marion Crawford is understood to be at work on the sequel to "Saracinesca."

Mr. Edgar Saltus's latest volume is entitled "Eden." It is a honeymoon episode on Fifth Avenue.

It is said that Mr. Stevenson has written a play for Miss Calhoun, the American actress now playing at the Royalty Theatre, London.

Jules Verne has written a new book of adventure, "Deux Ans de Vacances," which has just appeared in Hetzel's Library of Education and Recreation.

Mr. E. A. Abbey is to illustrate for the Harpers Miss Amélie Rives's drama in verse, which she has now completed and has called "Athelwold." A second composition from her pen in the same line, also completed, is entitled "Andrea Vertoni."

It is still affirmed that the *Cosmopolitan* will hereafter be issued by one of the well-known publishing houses. No June number was issued, owing to the failure of the firm of Schlicht & Field, but within a few days a large number for both June and July will be brought out.

Mr. John Ropes, of Hartford, has been engaged for thirty-five years in making a collection of ancient newspapers. It embraces fifty-one thousand copies of papers, in which are represented eight thousand different publications. The claim is made for the collection that it is unrivaled.

The chief attraction of this week's *Harper's Weekly* is a so-called "lyricated farce," by W. D. Howells, entitled "A Sea-Change; or Love's Stowaway." The operetta was read before the author's friends in Boston, on January 27, 1885, to the accompaniment of Mr. Henschel's music.

The loss to the *Century* Company by the fire in its offices last week is estimated at eight thousand dollars. The *Century* staff is now installed in the De Vinne establishment, 12 Lafayette Place. Inquiries after the fire elicited the fact that the *Century* editors receive about seven thousand manuscripts a month.

Guy de Maupassant, the celebrated French novelist, is a great lover of out-door sports. He owns a yacht and does a lot of his literary work while on his cruises. Another one of his favorite amusements is to make balloon ascensions with Captain Jovis, the French aeronaut who is now constructing a balloon to cross the Atlantic—or at least to try and cross it.

A new humorous weekly is launched in New York with the title of *Vanity Fair*. Mr. Bowles, of London, a nephew of the editor and proprietor of the London *Vanity Fair*, is the promoter of the scheme. James Ford will be the managing editor, and among the contributors are Messrs. W. E. S. Fales, B. B. Valentine, David A. Curtis, M. F. Tupper, W. T. Call, and R. J. Burdette.

The book-publishing trade labors under manifold discouragements in these days, and the newspapers seem disposed to appropriate all the field that is left to it. Last Sunday the New York *World* gave away a complete copy of "Treasure Island" with each number of its issue, and it announces its intention of keeping up for eleven weeks this plan of gratuitous distribution of works of English fiction.

Julian Hawthorne still continues to write on the calamities of authors and literary people generally. In a paper on literary syndicates contributed to the current number of *America*, he says: "The magazines are all over-stocked, and no author can live on the royalties of his books. A syndicate will, indeed, almost always take a short story, if it be short enough; but 'short enough' means fifteen hundred or two thousand words, and what author, who values his reputation, will use up his plots at such a rapid rate as that?"

Mr. Theodore Child, the Paris correspondent of the *Sun*, and a frequent contributor to American periodical literature, is an Englishman, born in Liverpool about thirty-five years ago and educated at Oxford, where he was an honor man in 1876. Mr. Child is an indefatigable worker and, what is rare among men who turn out a large amount of copy, he is very careful about his style. His articles, whether for a newspaper or magazine, are never slovenly written and are always interesting. Mr. Child has lived in Paris since his graduation. He occupies a bachelor apartment in the Monceau quarter.

The editor of the new Philological Dictionary was once present at a meeting of a learned society, where, in the course of discussion, he heard the word *gaseous* systematically pronounced in six different ways by as many eminent physicists. On several occasions, too, Mr. Murray says he has applied directly to the introducer of a word to know how he pronounces it, or means it to be pronounced, and has received the answer that he has never thought of its pronunciation, does not presume to say how it ought to be pronounced, and leaves it to people to pronounce as they like, or to the dictionary to say what is the *right* pronunciation.

The volume of short stories, "The Septameron," announced by David McKay, of Philadelphia, will contain the following: "Boscosel," "A Symphony," "Hazard," "The Lost Elixir," "Parthenope's Love," "Villa Vielle's One Mystery," and "An Old Town Tale." Each of these has a distinct author, and the names of the seven, we believe, are Messrs. Francis Howard Williams, Harrison S. Morris, Samuel W. Cooper, Charles Henry Lüders, Colin Campbell Cooper, Jr., Felix E. Schelling, and William Henry Fox, all Philadelphians, known more or less by literary work which has gained acceptance.

An auburn-haired girl, with brown eyes and a distinguishing trimness of attire, is Miss Cochrane, who, under the name of "Nelly Bly," is one of the better known of our feminine "newspaper men." She came from Alleghany City, and is no tyro in journalism. For nearly two years she was on the staff of a Pittsburg paper, coming to New York city about a year ago, to write gossipy letters for one of the smaller syndicates which supply such matter to the out-of-town papers. Then she made her notorious trip to Bellevue and Blackwell's Island for the *World*, and has since done clever work for other papers of a semi-sensational type. By the way, the demand for women's services in the journalistic field seems to be decreasing rather than increasing.—*Epoch*.

Among the latest French novels are: "Gertrude et Véronique," by André Theuriet; "Les Belles Poupées," by Théo. de Banville, "Maima," by Armand Sylvestre; "Le Gros Lot," by X. de Montepin; "La Vengeance de Pierre," by Edouard Delpit; "Le Jockey," by Georges Nazim; "Grande Maquet," by Catulle Mendès; "Courte et Bonne," by Marie Colombier, an actress who wrote an ill-natured book about Bernhardt's first American tour; and "La Femme du Cabotin," by George Moore, author of "A Mummer's Daughter" and "A Modern Lover"—the English novelist who renounced his mother-tongue because Mr. Smith's news-stands and "Mr. Mudie's Libraree" refused to circulate those precious works, and so suppressed their sale in England.

New Publications.

Howells's "The Rise of Silas Lapham" has been issued as the fortieth volume of Ticknor's Paper Series by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

Hecht's "System of Improved Longhand for General Use" is a little pamphlet explaining a new system of simplified shorthand, for which the inventor claims that it saves forty-five minutes per hour, and that it may easily be learned in two lessons. Published by Joseph A. Hecht, San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"The Old English Baron," by Clara Reeve, a novel of the last century, has been published in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

William Black's novel, "The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat," has been published in green cloth, uniformly with their edition of his other works, by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.25.

"The Mystery of Mirbridge," by James Payn, a well-written story of social complications among members of the English gentry, has been published in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Stray Leaves from Newport," by Mrs. William Lamont—or, as she puts it on the title-page, Esther Gracie—Wheeler, is a pretty little book containing three stories of Newport life: "Sentiment and Sea-weed," "My Wife, Where Is She?" and "Our Boy," all fairly interesting and with good local color, and a few pieces of verse. The press-work and "tapestry" binding are most luxurious. Published by Cupples & Hurd, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

"Society's Rapids" is a "breezy novel of high life in Washington, Saratoga, and Bar Harbor, written by one in the swim," if we may believe the title-page. If one of Bret Harte's woodland heroines, or, perhaps, an American Marchioness, could read it she might possibly be interested and believe the pictures of society which it presents; but to most other people it must seem thoroughly vulgar and insipid. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 75 cents.

"For Fifteen Years," by Louis Uhlbach, a sequel to his admirable novel of French manners, "The Steel Hammer," has followed it, in translation by E. W. Latimer, in the Appletons' Town and Country Library, which it so auspiciously inaugurated a month ago. Other volumes of the same library already issued are: "Eve," a strong novel of English provincial life, by S. Baring-Gould, and "A Counsel of Perfection," a story by Lucas Malet. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents each.

"Odds Against Her" is the title of the ninth novel issued in Cassell's Sunshine Series. It purports to be by Margaret Russell Macfarlane, whose "Magic of a Voice" was widely read a few months ago, but the scene, the characters, and their methods of action and thought, and the peculiar glimpse of American customs, and other items of internal evidence, inevitably suggest that the story is translated from the German. It is a readable tale enough, somewhat like the stories Mrs. Wister adapted from those of the late "E. Marlitt." Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by C. Beach; price, 50 cents.

The seventh volume of "Alden's Cyclopedia of Universal Literature" includes the names of eminent writers, of all times and countries, from Dowden to Ferrier. Among the men and women whose biographies are briefly sketched and from whose writings extracts are made, are: Joseph Rodman Drake, Professor Henry Drummond, John Dryden, Paul du Chaillu, Mme. Dudevant ("George Sand"), Jonathan Edwards, R. W. Emerson, Euripides, Erasmus, Marian Evans ("George Eliot"), Senator W. M. Evarts, John Evelyn, the diarist, "The Federalist," Ercilla Y. Zuniga, and others, making nearly a hundred in all. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the publisher.

There is a quiet and calm, a pleasant onward flow that is as restful to the reader of our feverish modern fiction as is the purling of a brook to the tired urban ear, in the four tales that make up J. H. Shorthouse's latest volume. All four are love-stories, "A Teacher of the Violin"—the title-story of the book—"The Marquis Jeanne Hyacinthe de St. Palaye," "The Baroness Helena von Saarfeld," and "Ellie," and each tells the same story of a vain passion, though the hero be a Bavarian musician, a French marquis of the *ancienne noblesse*, a German player, or an English lordling just gone up to the university from Eton. A curious and amusing little "apologue," a brief speculation on chance, has been added to the book with no apparent connection to its other contents, except possibly in the way of an obscure moral. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by J. Dewing & Co., 813 Market Street; price, $1.00.

"Mr. Meeson's Will," H. Rider Haggard's latest novel, is a story of modern times and commonplace events and characters; that is, commonplace with the exceptions of the satirical picture of the usurious methods of English publishers—a picture said to be drawn from the life and almost the cause of a suit for libel—and the peculiar method of preserving the will. Mr. Meeson, Augusta, an English girl who has acquired renown as an "authoress," and a few odd sailors are shipwrecked, and Mr. Meeson, feeling that his end is drawing near, determines to execute a new will. In default of stamped paper, or paper of any sort, and not satisfied with the inflammable boards of the boat or the digestible ship's biscuit, Augusta's pretty shoulders are selected as the medium through which to preserve the old gentleman's last will and testament, and it is accordingly tattooed thereon in black characters with cuttle-fish ink. This peculiar legal instrument is, of course, all that is needed to make the old man die happy, and the proper young man live in equal bliss. But even this idea is not new. Andrew Lang used a similar device—tattooing directions for the finding of treasure on the back of a negro slave—in a short story published a dozen years ago in an English magazine, he having received the idea in a dream; and the writer has read a story in French, of which he can recall the name of neither author nor story, in which a father, fearing death from his political enemies, similarly inscribes directions for finding his buried wealth on his little daughter's back, and some years after this is discovered by a young man who subsequently marries the girl. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 75 cents.

Some Magazines.

In *Scribner's* for August the railway series is continued with "American Locomotives and Cars," by M. N. Forney, Secretary of the Master Car-Builders' Association; Professor N. S. Shaler has a paper describing "Rivers and Valleys"; "The Fate of the *Georgiana*," by Maria Blunt, is a love story of Rhode Island; Robert Louis Stevenson tells the story of an adventure with a French provincial magistrate; "Otto, the Knight," by Octave Thanet, and "Fair Day," by Sarah Orne Jewett, are short stories; "First Harvests," by F. J. Stimson, is continued, and the third part is given of Henry James's novelette, "A London Life." There are poems by Helen Gray Cone, A. Lampman, and Thomas P. Conant.

The *Overland* for August contains "The Artesian Belt of the Upper San Joaquin," by Charles Howard Shinn; "Duels to the Death," by D. S. Richardson; "Miss Sue's White Turkeys," by Sara D. Halstead; "Coal and Iron Interests of the Pacific Coast," by Professor Henry G. Hanks, of the Mineralogical Bureau; "Her Vocation," by Maria Louise Pool; "Overland Staging in the Fifties," by Jesse Edward Thompson; "Saunders," by Charles H. Roberts; "Protection," by Abbot Kinney; "A Legend of Martinez," by Emily Tracy Y. Swett; an installment of E. M. Ludlum's "La Genara"; verses by S. W. Weitzel, Allan Simpson Botsford, M. C. Gillington, and Mrs. Edward W. Bacon; and the usual departments.

Sarah Orne Jewett opens the *Atlantic* for August with a brief sketch, "The Mistress of Sydenham Plantation"; Julia C. R. Dorr also has a short story, "An Enchanted Day"; and for more fiction there is the continuation of "Charles Egbert Craddock's" (Miss Murfree's) "Despot of Broomsedge Cove." H. W. P. and L. D. write of "A Bishop of the Fifth Century"; Edmund Noble of "A Call on 'Mother Moscow'"; William Cranston Lawton of "The Prometheus of Æschylus"; H. E. Scudder of "Literature in the Public Schools," and Charles W. Eliot of the question "Can School Programmes be Shortened and Enriched?"; William Howe Down has a second paper on "Boston Painters and Paintings"; Agnes L. Carter gives interesting details about "John Evelyn's Daughter"; and "Mr. Lowell's Politics" and "The Correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor" are discussed. The versifiers seem to have been sufficiently admonished by the slight put upon them in the last number, and Helen Gray Cone and Lucy C. Bull are allowed to contribute.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

On the trip of the Connecticut delegation to Chicago a Hartford lawyer was speaking of Chauncey M. Depew to a Democrat. He said he felt sure that Depew could carry Connecticut. "Depew!" exclaimed the Democrat; "he couldn't carry hell." "Of course not," said the Republican legal light; "there's too big a Democratic majority there."

Mr. Ottiwell Wood was once summoned as a witness in court. When he was called and sworn, the judge, not catching his name, asked him to spell it. "O, double t, i double u, e double l, double u, double o, d," said Mr. Wood. Mr. Justice Dusenbury, an excellent judge, but not nimble-witted, after one or two futile struggles, laid down his pen in despair, saying: "Most extraordinary name I ever heard. May I trouble you to write it for me, Mr.—er—Mr. Witness?"

Two congressmen—both of them from the South—occupied, the other day, in the absence of their families, the same room at Willard's. They were greatly annoyed, during the first portion of the night, by a neighbor who was snoring at a terrible rate. They lay sleepless and silent for a long time, listening with a horrid fascination to the efforts of "the man who snored." Finally, the sleeper made one mighty effort, and with an awfully convulsive, gurgling gasp, relapsed into silence, which was shortly broken by one of the congressmen, who, in a fervent tone, exclaimed: "Thank God, he's dead!"

A leading physician invariably prescribes for his patients one dish and one glass of wine. The other evening he chanced to find himself dining with a patient on one hand and a stanch teetotaler upon the other. The patient, who through many weary weeks had followed the dreary curriculum of a dish and a glass, watched his physician to see in what manner he dined, but was highly incensed to find that the doctor ate and drank heartily of everything that came before him. At last he burst forth: "Well, sir, you certainly do not practice what you preach. Why, you have eaten of every thing on the menu." "Yes, yes," said the doctor, testily, "but what is a man to do who runs about all day, and comes home at night with thirty or forty letters to answer? He must have a bottle of champagne." Here the teetotaler burst in angrily, saying: "But, doctor, do you mean to tell me that a man is better able to answer thirty or forty letters when he has had a bottle of champagne?" "No," said the doctor, "but when he has had a bottle of champagne he does not care a d——n whether they are answered or not."

John Barry was mayor of Cromwell, New Zealand, when, in the flush times of gold digging, it was the headquarters of the diggers. He was not a reputable person, but he was muscular, and kept the turbulent population in order. His method of governing is illustrated by a story in the "Antipodean Notes." He applied to the council for a fortnight's leave of absence, that he might visit Dunedin. It was granted. Barry overstayed his leave, and the council, being offended thereby, passed a vote of censure on him. On arriving home, Barry attended the next meeting of the council, over which he presided. The minutes of the previous meeting were read, in which occurred the entry, "a vote of censure was passed on the mayor for overstaying his leave." "Who proposed that vote?" demanded the mayor. "I did," said a councilor, standing up. John stepped from the president's chair, walked up to the member, and saying, "There, take that!" felled him to the ground. "Who seconded the resolution?" asked the mayor, resuming his seat in the chair. No one answered. "Then," said the mayor, "as there was no seconder, it's informal. Mr. Clerk, scratch it off the minutes."

When Charles Goodyear began his experiments with india-rubber, he supposed that its stickiness was a consequence of its manufacture, and not a quality of the gum. An Irishman showed him that he was mistaken. Mr. Goodyear had purchased several barrels of india-rubber sap, which had been kept in a semi-liquid state by a small quantity of alcohol, mixed with the gum when first barreled. To an Irishman in his employ he had told his hope of drying the liquid gum so that it could neither become sticky nor decompose. Jerry, being anxious to assist his employer, opened a barrel of the liquid gum, and dipped in it his trousers. The next morning he called Mr. Goodyear's attention to the rubber-covered garment, and intimated that an Irishman was as good at inventing as a Yankee. Mr. Goodyear examined the dipped trousers and hoped that the long-desired improvement had at last been secured. It was not long before Jerry seated himself before the fire, and began his task of mixing gum. On attempting to rise, he discovered that his legs were stuck together, and he himself fastened to the stool. Two men drew him out of his adhesive trousers, and also out of the notion that he was an inventor. Mr. Goodyear, used to failures, resumed his experiments to solve the rubber problem.

During the winter of 1870–71, Count von Moltke, while his headquarters were at Versailles, ran short of snuff. Failing to find any "sneeshin," of the brand he likes, in the local tobacco stores, he instructed a subordinate at the war office in Berlin to forward him a packet of his "own peculiar" rappee. The snuff was bought, paid for, sent to Versailles, and duly charged to the account of the nation. When the time came for examining the books, after peace had been concluded, the official intrusted with the revision of the accounts of the war office came upon this startling item: "For one pound of extra fine, with-of-Tonquin-bean-perfume-highly-impregnated snuff, by his excellency, the Count von Moltke, commanded, three thalers, seven and a half silbergroschen." The auditor would not pass this unprecedented item, but made a memorandum of the entry, referred it to his superior, with the suggestion that as snuff could not be held to be a material nor ammunition of war, it could not be saddled upon the national exchequer. The item and the suggestion passed from one official to another, until it came to the crown lawyers, who gave their opinion that the state could not pay the snuff-claim. Von Moltke was officially addressed and requested to pay for his snuff, and he at once complied with the demand.

In one of the wars on the continent of Europe, in the last century, in which England and Spain were allied, George Hazlewood, an English soldier, was taken prisoner by the Dutch, in company with twenty-three Spaniards. Prince Maurice, who was in command of the Dutch, ordered that eight of the prisoners should be put to death in retaliation for a like sentence passed upon eight Dutch soldiers not long before. It was ordered that it should be decided by lot upon which of the prisoners the death penalty should fall. When the Englishman's turn came, he drew a lot which told him that his life was spared. He said nothing, but stood by to see the rest of the dreadful ordeal. Presently, two or three fatal lots having been drawn, a Spaniard stepped out to put his hand into the helmet, and showed a great reluctance to do so. He drew back once or twice, and seemed to be under a great mental strain. "Are you afraid?" asked an officer. "No," said the Spaniard, "but I fear it is wrong to make my own hand the instrument of my own death. I can die willingly, but I fear the guilt of a suicide." George Hazelwood, the Englishman, here stepped forward. "Have you any money?" he asked the Spaniard. "Yes," said the latter; "I have twelve crowns." "Very good," said Hazelwood, "if you will give it to me, I will stand the chance in your place." "He is a fool or a madman," said the officer in command; "he does not deserve the life he has so providentially obtained. Let him take the chance in the other's place." Hazelwood put his hand into the helmet and again drew himself safe. "After you had escaped once," the officer asked him, "what made you risk your life again?" "Because," said he, "I thought I had a bargain. You see, I risk my life every day for sixpence, and here was a chance to risk it for twelve crowns. I couldn't let it go by, sir!"

There is little exaggeration in the assertion of the old Arabian historian that Cordova, about a thousand years ago, was the most important city in Europe, containing a million inhabitants, six hundred inns, three hundred mosques, and nine hundred baths. It has now about fifty thousand inhabitants and one public bath. And this change is due to the influence of the priests, who expelled the industrious Moors and Jews, and compelled them to seek new homes in Granada and Morocco.

SOCIETY.

The Wilson-Forbes Wedding.

A quiet wedding took place at San Rafael on Saturday, July 21st, when Miss Maud Forbes, daughter of Mrs. Alexander B. Forbes, was united in marriage to Mr. Edgar M. Wilson, a well-known attorney-at-law of this city. Only the relatives and a few intimate friends were invited to witness the ceremony, which was performed at three o'clock in St. Paul's Episcopal Church. At the conclusion of the ceremony the guests repaired to the home of the bride's mother, where a reception was held and refreshments enjoyed. The happy couple were the recipients of many valuable presents. They intend making a tour of the coast watering places, and will reside in this city upon their return

The Ball at the Hotel Rafael.

It was, doubtless, a surprise to many of the guests at the Hotel Rafael to see such a large number of their friends in the middle of the summer season at the opening ball, which took place there on Saturday evening, July 21st. The parlors and broad hallway were used for promenading, and were made more than usually attractive by a set decoration of tropic-palms and ferns Ballenberg's band occupied an excellent position in the large dining-hall, which was used for dancing, and Mr George A. Newhall acted as floor manager The ball commenced at half-past nine o'clock, and for an hour and a half a merry round of dances was enjoyed. Supper was the next attraction, and it was bounteous. Dancing followed until midnight, when the music ceased and the ball became a thing of the past The toilets worn by the ladies were very handsome, and their beauty added much to the attractiveness of the scene. A special train left San Rafael at half-past twelve o'clock, to carry home the guests who did not desire to remain at the hotel all night.

Among those present were Mr and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Donohoe, Mr. and Mrs. Frank B. Latham, Mr. and Mrs. Jonn Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. Nat Messer, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sonntag, Mr and Mrs. George Page, Captain and Mrs. Merry, Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins, Mr. and Mrs. Barber, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. O'Connor, Mr. and Mrs. George Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Carrigan, Mr. and Mrs Francis A. Darr, Mr. and Mrs Joseph Durbrow, Mr and Mrs. Webster Jones, General and Mrs. Chauncey McKeever, Mr. and Mrs James A. Robinson, Colonel and Mrs. W. R Smedberg, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander H. Loughborough, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Woburn, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mr. and Mrs. William Coleman, Mrs. E. Martin, Mrs. H. M. Newhall, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. Grosvenor, Mrs. S. L. Bee, Mrs. John W. Conner, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Miss Matie Peters, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss May Bowen, Miss Maud O Connor, Miss Kate Voorhies, Miss Jennie Poultney, Miss Ella Adams, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Jean McLane, Miss Alice Griffith, Miss Lucia Kittle, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Crabbe, Miss Rose Donohoe, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Miss Aileen Ivers, Miss Emma Durbrow, Miss Florence Reed, Misses Merry, Misses Alice and Mary Barber, Misses Tompkins, Misses Griffith, Miss Gillette, Miss Nellie O'Connor, Miss Carrigan, Misses Graham, Miss Alice Bolado, Misses Fannie and Lizzie Bolton, Miss Annie Buckbee, Miss Agnes Burgin, Miss Blanche Castle, Miss Daisy Casserly, Misses Darr, Misses Mamie and Edith Findley, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Lillie Jones, Miss Kay E. Pope, Miss May Reis, Miss Stella Sears, Miss Maud Shirley, Miss Nellie Smedberg Miss Sallie Stetson, Miss Laura Taylor, Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. Charles Hickok, Mr. John N. Featherston, Mr. Frank L. Unger, Mr. Tompkins, Mr. H. M. Bissell, Mr. Samuel Hardman, Mr. Spencer C Buckbee, Mr. Samuel G. Buckbee, Mr. J. Fred. Burgin, Jr, Mr. Arthur H. Castle, Mr. Wood Darr, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. Edward Donohoe. Mr. Harry Durbrow, Mr William H Fisher, Mr. Christian Spelich, Jr, Mr. Harry E. Hall, Mr. R. P. Hammond, Mr. Harry Houghton, Mr. Fred. B. Lake, Mr. Jerome Lincoln, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. Edgar A. Mizner, Mr. Charles Otis, Mr. Cutler Paige, Lieutenant F. B. Beck, U. S. A., Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr Horace G. Platt, Mr. George A. Pope, Mr. William A. Powning, Mr George A. Newhall, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. Alfred P. Redington, Mr. Ferd Reis, Jr., Mr. William R. Sherwood, Mr. Robert L. Sherwood, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Collin M. Smith, Mr. J. Brett Stokes, Mr. Fred. W. Tallant, Mr. G Kinsey, Mr. George W. Towle, and many others.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Judge E. W. McKinstry has been visiting his family at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. George Hearst and Miss Ada Butterfield have returned from the East, accompanied by Miss Helen Wheeler.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker have gone to Del Monte to remain several weeks.

Mr. Andrew Jackson, Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., Mr. George H. T Jackson, and Mr. Walter Painter went to the Napa Soda Springs a week ago for a few days' outing.

Misses Minnie Houghton and the Misses Flora and Minnie Carroll have been visiting Mrs. C. A. Spreckels at San Rafael.

Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow returned from the Hotel del Monte early in the week.

Mrs. Charles R. Peters and Miss Matie Peters have returned to the city after a pleasant sojourn at the Hotel Rafael

Mrs. Dillon and the Misses Marie and Kate Dillon have returned home after passing considerable of the summer at Santa Cruz.

Misses Cora and Florence Caduc have been visiting the Misses Gertrude and Dora Lowndes at Sausalito.

Mrs. William M. Gwin and Miss Maggie Gwin have returned from a visit to friends at Calistoga.

Miss Millie Ashe has been visiting friends at Saratoga.

Mr. Cutler Paige has returned from a brief visit to the Hotel del Monte

Mr. and Mrs J. H. Maynard and Miss Annie Pierce are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. James C. Dunphy will leave soon to pass a month in Canada.

Miss Nellie Joliffe has been paying a visit to Mrs. Adam Grant at San Rafael.

Mr. Robert Hooker returned from the Hotel del Monte early in the week.

Mr. Albert E. Castle came up from San Diego a few days ago, and will remain several weeks.

Mr. John Byrne is in the city on a brief visit from his Tuolumne ranch.

Mrs F. E. Spencer, Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., and Miss Grace M Spencer, of San José, will soon go to Santa Cruz for a week's visit.

Mrs. Clinton Cushing and Miss Jennie de la Montanya are at Carlsbad recently.

Miss Hattie Ryland is paying a visit to Mrs Robert Lee.

Mr. Newton Booth is visiting New York city.

Mrs J. P. Hale and Miss Josephine Hale were traveling in Norway when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Raoul Martinez have returned from a protracted visit to relatives in France.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Flood, who are at Carlsbad, will soon go to Hamburg to remain a few weeks.

Miss Inez Macondray has been entertaining Miss Christine Freeda at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco and Miss Mabel Pacheco are in New York city.

Mr. J. C. Stubbs is at the Windsor Hotel in New York

Miss Maud Badlam has returned from a pleasant visit to Miss May Wickersham at Petaluma.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlos F. Montealegre have returned from a month's sojourn at Lake Tahoe

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum have gone to Santa Cruz to pass a couple of weeks.

Miss Lizzie Sinton has been visiting friends, near Sausalito.

Mr. Charles L. Clair has returned from a prolonged visit at Santa Cruz.

Miss Rose Donohoe has been visiting friends at Del Monte.

Mr. James Mervyn Donahue is in New York city. Mrs. Donahue is at Newport, R. I.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Crockett have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, at their Menlo Park residence, for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. De Young and Miss Mamie Deane are expected back from the East to-day.

Mr. Arthur Page is passing his summer vacation at Lake Tahoe.

Judge James D. Thornton passed several days at Santa Cruz recently.

Mrs. Thomas Sunderland and Miss Jessie Sunderland have returned from El Paso de Robles Hot Springs, and are at the Palace Hotel

Mrs. Thomas Francis Meagher will pass a couple of weeks more at the White Sulphur Springs this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Adams and Miss Ella Adams are passing the summer pleasantly at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dunphy and Miss Jennie Dunphy will make a trip to the Hawaiian Islands this summer.

Miss Emma Durbrow was recently the guest of Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, at San Rafael.

Mrs. A. M Parrott and Miss Christine Parrott arrived in New York from Europe, on the steamer *Umbria* a week ago, and are expected here soon.

Miss Sophie McPherson is paying a visit to Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, *née* Mizner, went to Chicago last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bowie, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard, and Miss Babette Howard have gone to Santa Barbara to remain a few weeks

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Valentine have been visiting Long Branch and Newport.

Mrs. J. H. Hatch has returned from a six weeks' visit to friends in Portland, Or.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess returned home last Monday from a visit of two months at Santa Cruz.

Mr. F. P. Deering arrived in New York from London a week ago, and is on his way home.

Mr. Robert R. Grayson has returned from a two weeks' visit in Calaveras County.

Mrs. N. D. Rideout and Miss Grace Rideout, of Marysville, are passing a month at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. O. Shafter Howard is visiting in New York city.

Miss Fannie Crocker has returned home after visiting Alaska and a week's sojourn in Portland, Or.

Miss Dixie Mason has returned from the Agua de Vida Springs.

Mr. J. B. Haggin is now in London, and will soon go to Paris

Doctor Frank P. Wilson is in the city on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson. He recently graduated with high honors from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York.

Miss Mattie Gibbs and Miss Maggie Jones have been on a visit to friends in Livermore.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, of Fruit Vale, has been entertaining Mrs. W. H. Reed, of Chico.

Mr. Henry Heyman has returned to Santa Barbara, after making a tour of the resorts near there, and will not be back here until next month.

Mr. A. P. Marble, of Worcester, Mass., the newly elected President of the National Educational Association, has since the adjournment of the convention, been the guest of his former pupils, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Scoville. 2223 Pacific Avenue.

Mr. W. E. Sharon, of Virginia, Nev., who has been visiting the Eastern States, arrived here last Tuesday and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr and Mrs. N. J. Brittan, of Redwood City, passed several days here recently.

Mrs G. Law Smith and Miss Maud A Smith have returned from a delightful trip through Oregon, British Columbia, and Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Van Winkle and Miss Van Winkle have returned from an extended Eastern tour.

Doctor F. J. Huse has returned from a successful fishing trip in Mendocino County, and, with his family, is now at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. M. Y. Ferrer, the Misses Carmelita and Adele Ferrer, and Master Richard Ferrer have returned from a two weeks visit at El Paso de Robles Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Le Count and the Misses Le Count have returned from a prolonged visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. C. F. Mullins is visiting friends in New York, and will not return until September.

Miss Alice Mullins has returned from San Rafael.

Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson is spending a fortnight at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs John Vance Cheney has returned from New York and the National Musical Convention at Chicago.

Notes and Gossip.

About one hundred of the guests at the Hotel Rafael came to the city last Friday evening to witness the performance of "The Wife" at the Baldwin Theatre. They returned on a special boat, and had supper served on the steamer

The delightful climate at Santa Barbara has made that southern resort a haven for many prominent San Franciscans this summer. Surf-bathing, driving, and riding are the general amusements, and several receptions and musicales have added to the pleasure of the visitors.

Mr. Henry Heyman, our well-known violinist, gave a musicale at the Arlington Hotel recently, which proved very successful. He was ably assisted by Mrs. Henry Edgerton, pianist; Lieutenant Robert Noble, tenor; and the Misses Lottie and Edith Clarke with the mandolin and guitar.

Miss Sallie Stetson delighted several of her friends by giving a six-horse coaching party one moonlight evening, which was brought to a pleasant end with a delicious supper.

Mrs. Frances Edgerton, who from time to time during the past three weeks has entertained the guests of the Hotel Arcadia, Santa Monica, with readings, was tendered a benefit on Friday evening, July 20th, in the parlors of the hotel. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, General and Mrs. George Stoneman, Judge and Mrs Alexander Campbell, Mrs M. B. M. Toland, Mrs. Colonel Drumm, Miss Catherine Stoneman, Miss Irwin, Rev. Dr. Judd, Mr. Hugo Toland, Mr. Mark Requa, and many others.

At the Arlington Hotel Mrs. C. C. Wheeler recently gave a brilliant matinee tea which was attended by about three hundred friends. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. H. S. Shafter, Mrs. Colonel Meade, Mrs. Charles Fernald, Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto, and Miss Stetson. The parlors were beautifully decorated, tempting refreshments were served, and an orchestra played enlivening music thoughout the afternoon.

A concert was given in the Salle Erard, Paris, on Saturday, June 24th, by the pupils of Mme. Marchesi, the celebrated singing teacher in whose classes so many American girls have studied. Commenting on the pupils, *Le Figaro* says: "Among the foremost we particularly noticed Miss Schacht, whose magnificent deep voice and lyric ability it is to be regretted are not destined for the public stage; Miss Elliott, an accomplished cantatrice; and Miss Catherwood, whose manner of singing is full of charm." Miss Catherwood is the daughter of Mrs. M. L. Catherwood, of this city.

Army and Navy.

General and Mrs Chauncey McKeever, U. S. A., and the Misses McKeever will soon leave for Washington, D. C

Lieutenant T. Bentley Mott U. S. A., will leave next month for Fortress Monroe, where he will be stationed for about two years.

General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., and Miss Miles are at Coronado Beach.

Post Chaplain Joseph A. Porter, U. S A., of Fort Bidwell, Cal., is enjoying a month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Henry L. Harris, U. S A, has been granted a leave of absence during the month of August.

Captain Curtis E. Munn, U. S. A., has gone to Santa Barbara on duty.

Major Robert H. White, U. S A, has returned to Angel Island from Santa Barbara.

Lieutenant J. K. Oyster, U. S. A., has been passing his leave of absence at Del Monte

Surgeon William Martin, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty at the naval rendezvous here.

Dr. E. W. Auzal, U. S. N., has been relieved from duty at Mare Island and ordered to the Naval Academy.

Captain Paten, U. S. A., and Captain Slade, U. S. A., of Vancouver, are enjoying their leave of absence in this city.

Lieutenant L. P Brant, U. S. A., of Angel Island, returned from Santa Barbara a week ago.

ART NOTES.

At Gump's gallery they have just received a new painting by Carl Herpfer, of Munich, representing a young court beauty being prepared for the wedding by her maid. It is well worth seeing. Jeanne Rongier's "Entering the Convent," which took the third prize at the Salon of 1887, will remain on exhibition at the same gallery a fortnight longer, and there are a number of other notable pictures on the walls.

A bright-colored scene in the Chinese quarter during the procession of the festival of the Sacred Dragon is being exhibited at Morris's gallery by A Joullin.

The National Exposition Company, of Kansas City, desire to draw attention to their exposition, opening September 10, 1888, at which they will be glad to place on exhibition the works of Californian artists. Communications should be addressed to the manager, C. Ralph Evans, Kansas City, Mo.

CCCCLXCIV—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, July 29, 1888.

French Vegetable Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Boiled Turbot, Egg Sauce.
Rabbit Stewed in Claret.
Egg-Plant. Stewed Tomato.
Roast Veal Sweet Potatoes.
Cucumber Salad.
Almond Puddings.
Fruits in Season.

ALMOND PUDDINGS.—Blanch and chop fine a quarter of a pound of almonds, which mix thoroughly together with two ounces of flour, four ounces of powdered sugar, and two ounces of corn starch. Separate the whites and yolks of eight eggs. Beat the yolks well, flavor them with vanilla, and mix together with the above ingredients; then beat the whites very stiff, and stir them with the rest. Butter some little tin timbale-molds, nearly fill them with the mixture, cover with buttered paper, and place them in a pan in which you have put enough water to reach about three-quarters of the height of the timbale-molds, and set in a moderate oven for about three-quarters of an hour, or until done, of which you may judge by inserting a straw in the cake, and if it comes out clean, the cakes are done. Remove from the molds. Serve with the following sauce: A small coffee-cupful of currant jelly, to which add the same quantity of claret, add a little sugar, a very little stick cinnamon, and a little nutmeg; strain and serve hot This pudding may be made of macaroons instead of almonds (about twelve), which should be well browned in the oven, and then crushed fine with a rolling-pin and mixed with the flour, etc., in the same order as described for the almond.

We are told that in Philadelphia the tonsorial artists have their ceilings decorated with Scriptural subjects, the figures being properly clothed, of course, and have a first-class lecturer to expound; so that the moments formerly wasted in gazing vacantly aloft, are now passed in the most agreeable manner. —*Life.*

Art Notes.

A beautiful painting by Carl Herpfer, Munich, lately received, is now on exhibition. All those desiring to see the painting of "Entering the Convent School," can avail themselves now, as it will be sent to New York city in two weeks. S. & G. Gump, 581–583 Market Street.

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THE CREED OF CHRISTENDOM, by W. R. Greg	1.25
POLITICAL ORATORY OF EMORY A. STORRS	1.25
THE MAKERS OF VENICE, by Mrs. Oliphant (ill.)	3.00
LIFE, by Count Tolstoï	1.00
HEARTSEASE AND RUE, by James Russell Lowell	1.25
DICTIONARY OF LOWLAND SCOTCH, by Mackay	3.00
THAT SISTER-IN-LAW OF MINE. Pen and Ink Sketches by the author of "Girl Who Would Like To Marry"	1.50
WALKS IN PARIS, by Augustus J. C. Hare	3.00
ENGLAND AS SHE SEEMS, by an Arab Sheik	30
RUSSIA, THE LAND OF THE NIHILIST, by Curtis (ill.)	50
MES AMOURS. Poems of Passion (ill.)	.50
EROS, a novel, by Laura Daintry	.50
ROBA DI ROMA, by W. W. Story	2 50
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USE CRANE'S PAPER, EXTRA SUPERFINE QUALITY FOR ALL WEDDING ORDERS, RECEPTION AND VISITING CARDS.
721 MARKET ST.

AT THE DRUG-STORE.

Scene—Village drug-store. Drug clerk (alleged) building wind-mill behind prescription-desk. Time—All day.

Old lady (coming in, and seeing top of head over rail)—Mornin', Ezry!

Drug clerk (pounding his fingers)—S-s-s-wp!—mornin'!

Old lady—How's trade?

Drug clerk (in aspirates)—Blank—blankity—blunk-blink blank! that blink—blanked, round-headed hammer! (Affably.) Pretty fair, considerin'. Pep'mint drops?

Old lady—Five cents' wuth, as cust'mary, an' 'bout n ounce of quinine for father. He's got'n agin.

Drug clerk—Sho! This quarter's punched; but, seein' it's you, Miss Gidney, I'll circulate it on some one that can better 'ford to lose it. Mornin'!

Old lady—Mornin'!

(Drug clerk goes back to his work as an artisan, draws a nail, splits hub of wheel irreparably, blink-blanks some more, and little girl appears.)

Little girl—My mother, she wants nine cents' worth of keeneen, 'n she'll pay you to-night when she comes down to the village.

(Drug clerk points at sign, which hangs over soda-fountain, and calls the attention of little girl to the legend that:

"To trust is bust;
No trust, no bust,"

and little girl goes out.)

(Drug clerk, tired of architecture, makes a figure-four of himself in doorway and a solitaire bet on the result of a cur-fight going on in the street.

(Village pastor walks by, turns back, and, hurrying past the soda-fountain as an implement of ungodly possibilities so far as the lower left-hand spigot is concerned, goes to back of store. Clerk follows him in, crawls under drop-counter shelf, and puts on a cold, religious brace.)

Drug clerk—Good-mornin', Mr. Baker.

Village pastor—Good-morning, Mr. Musgrave. I want a small box of Green's bronchial troches.

Drug clerk—Yes, sir; here they are. Fine sermon of yourn yisterday.

Village pastor (looking over his glasses)—I didn't see *you* there.

Drug clerk (a little disconcerted)—No, Mr. Fitts was to White Plains, 'n I hed to tend shop. Sister give it to me in the evenin', though, most word fur word.

Village pastor—I see. Mr. Musgrave, are these troches entirely fresh? It appears to me that these—r-r—blooms on the box bear a strong resemblance to—r-r—that is, so to speak, they indicate the past visitation of flies.

Drug clerk (examining box critically)—Guess that box *is* a leetle mossy. Mistakes will concur, Mr. Baker. Here's a box that came in yisterday. (Surreptitiously, and while the Village pastor is sampling cough-candy, wets his finger and wipes off end of box which has been exposed to the light.)

Village pastor (with his teeth stuck together by a piece of the candy)—Z-that'll z-h do, Mr. Mushgab—(getting his jaws apart with a snap)—now, if you will put me up a small kewneen powder, I'll run along. Thanks. Good-morning.

Drug clerk—Good-mornin'. Call ag'in. He come pretty nigh floorin' me on the sermon racket.

(Village supervisor enters in his shirt-sleeves. Drug clerk silently draws seven fingers of medicated rye from the aforesaid left-hand lower spigot. Village supervisor drops it into himself with a d—l th—d, puts down ten cents, and goes out. Comes back.)

Village supervisor—Ounce of quinein.

Drug clerk—Yes, sir. Extrac' or powder?

Village supervisor—Think I'm a magazine? Extract!

Drug clerk—Yes, sir. When's the new hose-cart comin'?

Village supervisor (mysteriously)—Wait 'n' see. (Goes out again.)

Drug clerk—Ole Baits 'll bust his proud-box one 'r these days. (Resumes the figure-four pose.)

Doctor (bustling in with a two-gallon can)—Fill her up, Ez! move lively! Hen Purdy 's all swelled up again. Quinnine 's the only thing that 'll fetch him. Got to pump him full. Put it on the slate, will you? So long. Hold up! Gimme a swallow of the extract quinn. Kind 'r chilly this morning. If old Hildreth comes in, give him the same dose and charge him stiff. I 'll take commission out of the soda-squirter to-night. Day-day.

Drug clerk (looking over account book)—Doc's accaount 's gittin' pretty stiff. Seventeen dollars 'n' ten—no, twelve cents. Guess we 'll have ter set on his neck nex' time ole Van Age gets took 'n' pays up. He always tells when he pays *his* bills.

Little boy (sticking his head around the door-post)—Got any extrac' of Juniper?

Drug clerk (suspiciously)—That won't work, Toast Fickett! You wan' me ter say "yes," so's you can ast me why I don't ketch one an' nip him with it. There ain't no butterflies on this posey—not to any great extent. Say, why ain't you to school? Guess I'll have to speak to Mr. Gibbs——

(Throws a squeezed lemon at the boy, reconsiders the action, goes out after the fruit, squeezes two more drops out of it, and puts it away to dry for peel.)

(During the rest of the day, fourteen towns-people and an emancipated slave come in, and ask respectively for k'neane, quinnin, quinenine, kaneen, queenin, kwanine, queenann, kewnine, some-of-that-air-stuff, quineenean, k'n, quean, fever-buster, and q-q-q-n-n-in-i-chk, leavened only by one little boy who orders an ounce of "laudlum," which the drug clerk puts up cautiously and labels:

Ladlum.

POISON.

GEO. FITTS, CHILTON. PHARMACIST. NEW YORK.

Drug clerk (putting up shutters at 8:30 P. M.)—Glad it's night. I can't help thinkin' what a fine taown this would be for one o' them earthquakes to strike. Find ev'thin' already a-shakin' for it, 'n—d-d-d-darned 'f I f-f-feel jest right myself. G-g-guess I'll go in 'n' take a s-s-s-s (d—n them hiccups) nifter 'f q-q-q-n-n-n my (br-r-r-r-r-rgh) self.—*Puck.*

The National Game.

[As reported by the Shade of William Shakespeare.]

Anson—Come on, sir!
Ewing— Come on! (They play.)
Umpire— One!
Anson—No.
Umpire— Five dollars.
Anson— Judgment!
Umpire—A hit, a very palpable hit.
Ewing—Yea, by my troth, a very sockdollager of a hit.
That e'en might scrape the planets from the skies.
Connor—A plan it's well to follow in such cases.
Welch—Marry, but I should smile. (He smiles.)
(Multitude applauds, drums beat within.)
Connor—Give me the bat.
Ewing— It is the hoodooed bat, Yea that
With which he oft hath sawed the incorporeal air
Three several times.
Connor— I'll hit it now.
Ewing—I do not think it.
Umpire— Two strikes.
Ewing—Come for the third, great Roger, you but dally.
I pray you, hit with your best violence;
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.
Umpire—Out!
Connor— Out, and by Pfefter out!
False, fleeting Pfeffer that spiked me in the leg
By second base.
Ewing— O Treason! We're undone.
Look, Roger, look! the Mascot's changed his chewing-gum. —*Life.*

The ancients, like the moderns, used lead to fasten iron into stone, to give a glaze to pottery, and as a help in the manufacture of glass. Very singular were the "imprecation tablets, surreptitiously deposited in tombs, and sometimes even in the coffin of the deceased, that a curse might follow him to the other world," which seem "to have been more frequently deposited by women than by men." Vitruvius describes elaborately a vast aqueduct, the lead in which would cost to-day two millions. The leaden bullets of the ancient slingers often bore an inscription in relief such as "Appear," "Show yourself," "Desist," "Take this," "Strike Rome." The Greeks were especially fond of bullets with such mottoes, and they have been found upon Marathon and many other famous fields.

Before the revolution America had not declared her scientific independence. Practical necessities required the employment of astronomical observers to settle boundary disputes, a confusion of land-marks having grown out of Old World habits. There were disputes everywhere between the colonies. In 1767 the proprietors of Maryland and Pennsylvania sent to England for two astronomers to determine their common parallel. In response to this call came a former assistant to Bradley, Mason by name, and Dixon with him as assistant, the first trained observers ever employed in the United States, and whose work was the first piece of accurate measurement in this country.

Professor Thurston says, in an article in the *Forum*, that the world is awaiting the appearance of three inventors greater than any who have gone before. The first is he who will show us how, by the combustion of fuel, directly to produce the electric current; the second is the man who will teach us to reproduce the beautiful light of the glow-worm and the fire-fly, a light without heat, the production of which means the utilization of energy without a waste still more serious than the thermo-dynamic waste; while the third is the inventor who is to give us the first practically successful air-ship.

A French doctor, who has been searching for a method to ward off intoxication, recommends before drinking "an appropriate amount of food of albuminous and fatty nature," particularly cheese.

White Sulphur Springs.

We take pleasure to inform our readers that these springs, situated in Napa County, adjacent to St. Helena, are now open, under the management of Messrs. Ed. Dunham and Chas. Eaton. These gentlemen are old, experienced hotel men, and having furnished the establishment throughout with everything new, they ask an inspection by those intending to recuperate during the summer months. These springs have always had the reputation of being the finest in the State.

Reward.

One thousand dollars will be paid for each and every grain of poisonous substance found in Wisdom's Robertine—for beautifying and preserving the complexion, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, and all blemishes and roughness of the skin. Used and endorsed by the élite of society and the stage. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle. White and flesh. E. W. Joy, Agent, San Francisco.

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Pure California Wine. On the receipt of $2.75 I will deliver free one case of one dozen quarts of fine old claret to any address in San Francisco or Oakland. Send your orders to J. C. Merithew, Prospect Vineyard, San José P. O.; Box 535.

Fredericksburg Brewing Co.

Sales as per U. S. I. R., May 1, 1888, 50,813 barrels.
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Educational.

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INSTRUCTIONS IN VOCAL MUSIC,
— ON —
August 6, 1888. Residence, No. 929 Post Street

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NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 15, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9 00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6 40, 7.45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11 00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8 00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.45, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 2.45, 4 00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00 P M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 8.15, 10 00, 11.45 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M. (Sundays)—6.45, 8.45, 10.00, 10.40 11.35 A. M.; 12 45, 1.30, 3 30, 4.45, 5.45, 6.45, 7.45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.45 P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.15 P. M.
3.25 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's).

EXCURSION TRAINS.

7.30 A. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 7.35 P. M.
8 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2 00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero (Ingram's), $4.00.
Saturday and Sunday Excursions—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero (Ingram's), $3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Ingram's daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast

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General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From July 10, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.00 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Fast Mail for Ogden and East	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
10.30 A	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
* 9.00 A.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	12.45 P.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
*4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
6.30 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8 45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

‡ 7.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
*2.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
‖4.15 P	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‖‖9.20 A.

NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

7.15 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
‡ 7.50 A	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion	‡ 8.35 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.40 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 42 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10 02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5.10 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.00 A
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.40 A.
†‡11.45 P	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.50 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ‖ Saturday and Sunday only, to Santa Cruz. ‖‖ Sunday and Monday only, from Santa Cruz. ** Mondays excepted.

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Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong.	1888.
Belgic		Tuesday, July 31
Arabic		Tuesday, August 21
Oceanic		Saturday, September 8
Gaelic		Saturday, September 29
Belgic		Thursday, October 18
Arabic		Wednesday, November 7
Oceanic		Wednesday, November 28
Gaelic		Tuesday, December 18

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City of Sydney Thursday, Aug. 30, at 3 P. M.
City of Rio de Janeiro.. Sept. 19, at 3 P. M.
City of New York.....Friday, Oct. 9, at 3 P. M.

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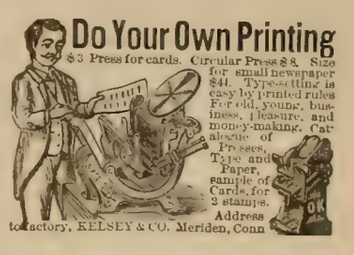

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STAGE GOSSIP.

E. J. Buckley will play in "Forgiven," one of Clay M. Greene's melodramas, at the Alcazar next week.

"The Black Hussar" ("Der Feldprediger") is announced for early production at the Tivoli.

The Coquelin-Hading season commences in New York early in October, and they will come out to the Baldwin some weeks later.

The Rochester Comedy Company will come to the Bush Street Theatre on Monday evening, July 30th, appearing in "Senior and Junior."

"The Wife" is running so successfully at the Baldwin that it will probably be continued through the Lyceum engagement, which lasts two or three weeks more.

Madame Ottilie Genée commences a German dramatic season, performances being given on Sunday evenings only, at the Baldwin Theatre, on Sunday evening, July 29th.

Charles E. Locke is over in England on business for the National Opera Company, which he intends to revive for next season. One of his former stars, Jessie Bartlett-Davis, is in England, too, but she will none of Mr. Locke. She and Marie Roze have been engaged by the enterprising Mr. Vert for a six months' concert tour of England.

While the Lyceum people are out here the home theatre, in company with most of the New York houses, is closed, but it will soon be occupied by E. H. Sothern and what they call the Comedy "road company" in a revival of "The Highest Bidder," with a new play by De Mille and Belasco in the near future. The company will bring both to the Baldwin next summer.

Bella Thorne and Carrie Godfrey, two erstwhile Tivoli favorites, have been engaged by Rice and Dixey for the winter, the former for the title rôle in "The Pearl of Pekin," and the latter for the Duchess in "Adonis." Hélène Dingeon, another favorite with the same audiences, is also in New York, where she is well-known and well-liked, singing Yum-Yum in "The Mikado."

In Palmer's Madison Square Company, which follows the Lyceum Company at the Baldwin, are Miss Ada Dyas, Miss Annie Russell, Miss Marie Burroughs, Miss May Brookyn, Mrs. Phillips, young Alexander Salvini, Louis Massen, Stoddart, C. M. Holland, C. P. Flockton, Frederick Robinson—almost the same people who were here last year, except Herbert Kelcey and his wife, Caroline Hill. Their repertory includes "Partners," "Heart of Hearts," and "Elaine" for novelties, and "Jim the Penman," "Saints and Sinners," "Our Society," etc.

On Saturday night the curtain will be rung down for the last time on the stage of the California Theatre. The theatre was opened by McCullough and Barrett on January 18, 1869. Loraine Rogers was business manager; H. H. Sedley Smith, stage manager; Charles Tippett, prompter; G. French, treasurer; George T. Evans, conductor of orchestra; Harry Edwards, leading man; John T. Raymond, low comedian; W. I. Burroughs, juvenile; Claude Burroughs, juvenile; E. B. Holmes, character; E. S. Marble, second low comedian; Mesdames M. E. Gordon and J. T. Raymond, comediennes; Miss Fanny Marsh, juvenile; John Wilson, heavy; William Edouin, character and comedy; E. J. Buckley, juvenile; Fred Franks; S. W. Leach; Miss Annette Ince, leading lady; Emily Melville, soubrette; Mesdames Judah and Saunders, old women; and Mrs. Fred Franks. Walter Montgomery, whose infatuation for Winetta Montague led to his self-destruction, was one of the first stars who played an engagement at the California Theatre. Aimée played a successful engagement of four weeks in the California Theatre in 1870. Mrs. D. T. Bowers played a star engagement in the California Theatre in 1871. Rose Evans, Charles Matthews, the Zavistowski sisters, J. K. Emmett, Imogene Vandyke, and Edwin Adams all played at the California Theatre in the early part of 1872. F. T. Chanfrau and Oliver Dowd Byron played engagements in the fall, and among the winter novelties was the presentation of the original drama of "Solid Silver," from the pen of General W. H. L. Barnes. Charles Wheatleigh was among the stars who appeared at the theatre in 1872, in which year the public was treated by the regular stock company to a grand performance of "Richard III.," as produced in London by Kean. In 1876 Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, was among the patrons of the old theatre, and on April 28th of that year a special performance of "King Lear" was given for his edification. Edwin Booth began an engagement on August 29th, and realized one thousand five hundred dollars from premiums on the sale of boxes. On October 12th the receipts of the engagement had reached sixteen thousand one hundred and forty-seven dollars. Adelaide Neilson was the great dramatic star in 1877, the receipts of her engagement amounting to seventeen thousand five hundred dollars. Soldene appeared in the same year and Barton Hill became a lessee, Barrett having some years before dissolved his partnership with McCullough. Augusta Dargon, the Kiralfys, Charles Pope, and John E. Owens all worked to restore the waning fortunes of the old theatre in 1878, but without avail. On May 6th, Barton Hill announced that his interest and that of John McCullough in the theatre had ceased, and that General Barton had become the lessee. The theatre was then closed, and on the 20th of the same month reopened with Lawrence Barrett as the star. Joe Jefferson, George Rignold, Montague, and Wallack were among the stars of that season. Montague had come to California in 1875 with Boucicault, and achieved a great success as Captain Molineaux in "The Shaughraun." In the previous year Boucicault had made his first appearance in the California Theatre before a San Francisco audience, playing Mr. Boucicault in "Boucicault in California." Montague's reappearance with the Wallack combination was destined to be an ill-omened one, for on August 11th he suddenly expired from hemorrhage of the lungs, and for some days the theatre remained closed. Robson and Crane, Maggie Mitchell, Frank Mayo, Ada Cavendish, William Florence and wife, Rose Etynge, Clara Morris, Cyril Searle, the Hyer sisters, Wilhelmj, Kelter, the pianist; Louise Buckingham, Alf Wyner, E. T. Stetson, and Alice Oates have all played engagements in the California Theatre during the closing seasons of its checkered history.

The editor of a weekly theatrical paper which has long been the arbiter of disputes about stage people and stage matters, told a New York *Sun* reporter that the actress most inquired about nowadays is Marie Jansen. Queries as to her early career, both on and off the boards, outnumber five to one those about any other actress. Her private life is, apparently, a source of constant curiosity to men and women who see and hear her. The actress whose age is the subject of the largest number of wagers is—and has for ten years been—the perennial Lotta. Next as a popular puzzle in this respect is Maggie Mitchell, and then comes Corinne. Oddly enough, Lily Langtry's years seem not to worry the public, which runs rather to wonderment as to her wealth — the natural result of the publication of her real-estate investments. Sadie Martinot is a theme for discussion every time she makes her appearance, but the questions generally relate to her marriage experience. Somehow or other a great many people have got it into their heads that she has had three or four husbands. As a fact, she has worn only one wedding ring—the one little Fred Stinson placed on her finger in the parlor of the Revere House, Boston, eight or ten years ago, with only a few witnesses, but with an army of well-wishers, for he was a much-liked journalist of that day. Since then Miss Martinot might have wedded half a dozen men if she had said the word—but she did not. Fanny Davenport wins and loses money for a great many impetuous people, but in a rather strange way, for nine out of ten wagers made about her relate to the identity of her late husband, Edwin H. Price, who is continually being confounded with that vigorous criminal lawyer, Edmund E. Price. These actresses are by far the present chief objects of what may be termed the play-goer's inquisitiveness. Modjeska's early history—a most romantic subject, surely—seems not to have excited much curiosity, but, as indicating the world's cynicism, perhaps, many wagers are laid as to the genuinenesss of Count Bozenta's title. It must be galling to the count to know that bets of this sort are declared off, because of "lack of accurate and official information." The actor most inquired about by male betters is Lawrence Barrett, and the wager is invariably the one that has followed in his wake these twenty years, whether his right name is Brannigan. His "right name," it may be well to say, is Barrett, and nothing else. He says so, and he ought to know. Up to a year ago the actor most asked about by female correspondents was Mantell. All the questions were: "Is he married?" and everybody must by this time know that he is. But within the past season two other actors have displaced him with the fair sex. Kyrle Bellew is one of them, of course; the other is Will S. Rising. He is a light opera singer with a tenor voice of sentimental edge, a pair of well-shaped calves, a good-looking face, bright eyes, and a Philadelphia expression of trustfulness.

The manager of a Bowery variety theatre seemed to think that the recent hot weather demanded seasonable novelty in his show. Female minstrels were a feature of his entertainment. There were vocalists and figurantes, the latter suspended above the boards in a way to form a tableau. The feet of these young women were unshod, and the flesh-colored stockings were neatly outlined for toes, so that these exhibits seemed to be actually barefooted. As they were posed on swings and hammocks with their feet dangling, this pedal singularity was conspicuously in view.

EMBRYO ACTRESSES.

Dion Boucicault's New School of the Stage.

There was an odd-looking audience in the Madison Square Theatre for several hours one day last week. The occasion was the preparatory examination by Dion Boucicault of applicants for admission to his school for actors. There were all kinds of amateur actors and actresses, and nothing could be more various than their dress, manner, and appearance. Mr. Boucicault sat at a little table on one side of the stage, with an assistant by his side. He was neatly dressed in a gray woolen suit and appeared to be in an excellent humor. The method of procedure was for the assistant to advance to the foot-lights and read off three names. Then the women thus designated would come on the stage one by one, and Mr. Boucicault would examine them. As a usual thing the applicants were young, and in the main good-looking.

A very large blonde, with a good-natured face, but whose manner was extremely awkward, was asked what she wanted to play. "Something serious," she replied.

"Don't you think that you had better try something light; something easy and graceful?" asked Mr. Boucicault. She finally thought she would, and he selected a scene from "She Stoops to Conquer."

A lady, whose face looked like she ought to have been a Mrs. instead of a Miss many years ago, was asked what she preferred. She answered, "Juliet." Mr. Boucicault looked at her, hesitated a moment, and then said: "Don't you think you are a little too—too firm-looking for Juliet?" She certainly would have made an odd-looking Juliet. She was finally assigned Lady Macbeth, and went away contented.

A very pretty girl followed, whose red lips were puckered up into a comically business-like air. She tapped a little shoe with a neat little parasol, and said, in an off-hand, brusque way: "Anything will do me. I expect to work, you know, and work hard, too." She was assigned a scene from "School for Scandal," and walked out hurriedly and apparently pleased.

A plump little blonde came out, and stood with her hands demurely folded in front of her. She spoke so low that she could hardly be heard, and never raised her eyes. She wanted comedy, and she was given a scene from "Money."

A pretty brunette, with sparkling black eyes and a bewitching dimple in her chin, with a sailor's waist of buffy-white flannel, and a sailor's hat perched jauntily on the side of her black hair, then came tripping across to the table. "Now, what do you know?" asked Mr. Boucicault, after her name and address had been carefully written down by his assistant. "I don't know anything," replied the young lady, airily. "Well, now, I like that," said Mr. Boucicault, laughing heartily; "I like some one to come knowing nothing. Most beginners know everything. But what do you prefer?" "I believe I prefer sentiment and comedy." She was given a scene from "As You Like It."

A tiny little woman, with the brightest and keenest of black eyes, said she had never been on the stage. "I want to go on," she added, "and I really don't know what to do about it. What ought I to do?" and she looked up into Mr. Boucicault's face appealingly.

"You will do juvenile very well, very well, indeed," said Mr. Boucicault, reassuringly. "Just learn 'Prince Arthur' and come back to me."

A fine-looking girl, with a Venus-like form, whose graceful outlines were accentuated by a natty, close-fitting, tailor-made blue-cloth dress, said she had some experience in private theatricals. "I was on the stage once," she added, with a look of triumph, "but I didn't have a big part. I was a deaf-mute chambermaid. But I think I can do tragedy. I would like to try something in that line." She was given a scene from "Hamlet."

Among the last to go on the stage was a girl of striking beauty and grace. When she came out of the wings on the stage a buzz of admiration arose from the crowd in front. Mr. Boucicault was surprised into getting up from his chair. She, to whom this tribute was paid, wore a soft, creamy, white, sailor's dress, a Tam o' Shanter hat which was a marvel of fluffy lace and soft white felt. The hat was fastened under her chin by strips of white lace. She spoke very low, and said she had never been on the stage before. "But I do so long to be an actress," and the little hands were clasped together, and the big, gray eyes shone with excitement.

"You'll make an ideal Juliet," said Mr. Boucicault, rapturously; "come back when you study the balcony scene," and he eyed her admiringly as she swept out.

There was a great predominance of fleshy applicants. Indeed, two or three were stout. A girl who must have weighed about one hundred and ninety pounds wanted to play something tragic. She said her preference was Lady Macbeth, and she was told to take it.

After the ladies were assigned their parts, the men came on in bunches of four and five. Like the others, they had been sitting in front waiting their time, and when they were called they came up. Some of them were extremely awkward, and looked like plow-boys. Some swaggered, some stalked, some minced along, and hardly one in ten walked naturally. A great, big, brawny fellow, with the muscles of a Hercules, supported his heavy frame on one leg while he answered Mr. Boucicault's questions. He wanted anything at all, it did not matter what. But he preferred a juvenile part.

"A juvenile part!" exclaimed the old actor in amazement, looking at the giant before him; "why, my dear sir, you are three feet too tall and two feet too thick." It turned out that he did not mean juvenile, but something else. In fact, he was too embarrassed to know what he did mean. He went away, finally, with a scene from "Spartacus."

One young man did not know what to do with his hands, so he quietly stuffed them away in his pockets and walked out on the stage, holding his hat under his arm. One of them had a face like Booth. He wore his hair like the tragedian and was evidently very proud of his resemblance to the great actor, and did everything in his power to increase it.—*World.*

Sadie Martinot is in Paris leading the life of an Oriental princess (says *Truth*). She has a suite of rooms at the Grand Hotel, two or three maids, several carriages and a dozen *Petits Vicomtes* tripping at her heels. She receives between one and five, and during those hours she practically keeps open house. Her salon is crowded with men who know her, and men who want to. She is liberal with her cakes and champagne, and a white-haired butler, who looks quite respectable enough to be her father, has orders to stint her visitors in no possible way. At five the curtain is drawn—the mob withdraws, and Sadie retires to her boudoir, surrounded only by such male courtiers as she allows into the innermost circle of her friendship. She dines in state and visits the opera in the same way. It is a rustle of silk, the popping of champagne corks, and a blaze of diamonds, with Sadie Martinot as the central figure of attraction. The interesting question is, how does she do it? She has no legitimate means of her own, she does not act for a living, and she does not derive any of her pocket-money from that highly pleasant and sanctified old lady, her mother—who is sitting in solitary splendor in a suite of apartments on West Twenty-Third Street, and keeping the flies off the furniture, until her fascinating daughter returns to America. There is one thing to be admitted—while nobody exactly knows how Sadie does it, there appears to be a general willingness to give her every credit for doing it well.

When Henry Irving returns to his Lyceum Theatre—it is now occupied by Sarah Bernhardt, who is playing "La Tosca" and was called out twelve times on the first night—he will give "Macbeth" a magnificent production, with many wonderful effects in the ghost scene. Probably another wonderful effect will be produced by gentle Ellen Terry as Macbeth's fierce lady.

Mrs. James Brown Potter is at a French watering-place, being coached in "Cleopatra." Her repertoire when she returns will include "She Stoops to Conquer," "Ruy Blas," "As You Like It," "Lady of Lyons," "Cleopatra," and "Romeo and Juliet." Kyrle Bellew will be her leading man again.

Viscount Dangan has refused to marry Phillis Broughton, the English actress, and that beautiful and shrewd young woman has called upon the law courts to decide whether or not she is entitled to a round hundred thousand dollars in default of the noble youth's hand, title, and other *desiderata*.

Herrmann, the magician, has added to his repertoire an illusion entitled "Cremation," which has cost upward of ten thousand dollars. The scene represents the great crematory at Bombay. The cremation will be done in full view of the audience, without the use of traps, tables, or screens.

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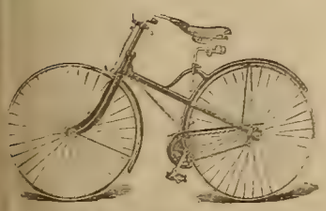

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They're good enough for us.
They're good enough for us,
Unfurl your wipes—
The Stars and Stripes
Are good enough for us!

The flag you choose to float
Is blood red through and through,
Rave o'er it, rave!
But we shall wave
The red, the white, the blue.
They're good enough for us,
They're good enough for us,
Unfurl your wipes—
The Stars and Stripes
Are good enough for us!

Your clubs will rally round
The Thurman snuff-decked wipes;
We'll march in might,
And win the fight
Beneath the Stars and Stripes.
They're good enough for us,
They're good enough for us,
Unfurl your wipes—
The Stars and Stripes
Are good enough for us!
—*New York Tribune*

The Free-Trade Banner.

When Free Trade, from her topmost crag,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She thrust aside the old-time flag
And set a big bandana there.
She sprinkled o'er its crimson dyes
The dust that in a snuff-box lies.
She striped its folds, red as a rose,
With snuff that tickles Thurman's nose.
—*Ex.*

The Bandana.

Now fades the red bandana on the sight,
And in the air the starry flag's unrolled;
The ancient Roman wheels his dizzy flight,
To soak his head in water moist and cold.
—*Lincoln Journal.*

Whence?

You ask whence comes our candidate?
He comes from Indiana;
And he's the man and that's the State
To beat the red bandana.
—*Los Angeles Tribune.*

Snuff, Sneeze, Wipe.

Snuff, brothers, snuff with care!
Snuff in the presence of the free tradaire,
A Cleveland snuff for the reformaire,
A Thurman snuff for the big bolstaire,
A Mills bill snuff for th' interpretaire,
Snuff, brothers, snuff with care!
Snuff in the presence of the free tradaire.

Sneeze, brothers, sneeze with care!
Sneeze in the presence of the free tradaire,
A Mugwump sneeze for the great Grovaire,
A Democrat sneeze for the office seekaire,
A third-party sneeze for the rum sellaire,
Sneeze, brothers, sneeze with care!
Sneeze in the presence of the free tradaire.

Wipe, brothers, wipe with care!
Wipe in the presence of the free tradaire,
A Cleveland wipe with the message rare,
A Thurman wipe with the bandanaire,
A Bill Scott wipe with the big dollaire,
Wipe, brothers, wipe with care!
Wipe in the presence of the free tradaire.
—*Springfield Union*

A Bandana Ballad.

You are old, Father Thurman, the young man said,
And had left the political fight,
Yet you're back in the circus and stand on your head,
Do you think at your age it is right?

I feared in my youth, said the sage to his son,
It would hurt my political spine;
But now that I'm perfectly certain I've none,
No alarm on the subject is mine.

You are weak, Father Thurman, continued the youth,
And your heart in its action is slow;
Yes in sounds that are heard from New York to Duluth,
Your nose you incessantly blow.

On him, said the elder, all honors will sit
Who his trumpet sonorously blows;
And, not being able to trumpet my wit,
I'm contented to trumpet my nose.

You have come to the age, said the youth to the sage,
When you ought to be singing Hosanna;
Yet your nostrils you stuff with abundance of snuff,
And sneeze in a colored Bandana.

I'll wheeze and I'll sneeze whenever I please,
Said the sage, in a tempest of fury;
Bandanas, indeed! Be off ere you need
The care of a Coroner's jury.
—*Chicago News.*

Personal.

Any gentleman having a capital of $7,500 to invest, and desiring to acquire a safe and very profitable light manufacturing business, will do well to investigate the rare business opportunity advertised on page 11.

— BRONZES AND MARBLE STATUES TO BE SOLD for the next sixty days at reduced prices, to make room for new importations. S. & G. Gump, 581-583 Market Street.

— THE NEW NO. 9 SEWING MACHINE IS GAINING great popularity. 303 Sutter Street.

THE INNER MAN.

The hotels in Madrid and other Spanish cities are becoming modernized so rapidly that one has to go to the cheaper ones if he wishes to see what a Spanish *fonda* is like. In the larger hotels the *menu* is printed in French, and the cookery is French too. Certain dishes peculiar to the country continue, however, to give a local flavor to the meals, and the Spanish hours are always retained. For those rare and eccentric beings who get up before ten o'clock a *desayuno* is provided, consisting of chocolate or coffee, with bread and butter. It is a most unsatisfactory way to begin the day, because it leaves one hungry all the forenoon, even if one can swallow the bread and butter. Spanish bread is, perhaps, not unwholesome, but it is unappetizing and heavy, and the crust is almost as hard as a carcker. Of the butter a little goes a great way. The Spaniards need what little pasturage they have for their bulls, so that cows are scarce, and goats have to be depended on for the breakfast requisites. Goat-milk is the only kind one can get here. It is quite unwholesome in summer to foreigners, and hardly less so to the natives, who have a not very charitable proverb to the effect that in March milk is good for yourself, in April for your brother, and in May for your mother-in-law. Much more satisfactory are the other two meals which are served in Spain—the *almuerzo* or breakfast, and the *comida* or dinner. The latter is generally served as a *table d'hôte* at a fixed hour, while the *almuerzo* must be a sore trial to cooks and waiters, since it lasts from ten to one o'clock. Every one drops in when he feels hungry, and orders, from a list of a dozen or twenty, three dishes, which are cooked to order in ample portions. The first course generally consists of eggs in some form or other, or some kind of sea-food, of which there is a great variety. Kidneys, beefsteak, and mutton cutlets are always on the list. For dessert there are cheese, oranges, cherries, strawberries (small, but good), apricots, roasted almonds, etc. Strawberries are eaten with sugar and the juice of an orange squeezed over them. At the *table d'hôte* one occasionally, but not often, gets opportunity to taste the famous national dish, the *puchero*, of which De Amicis happily says that "it is, in regard to the culinary art, what an anthology is to literature: it is a little of everything and the best." There are slices of beef, ham, smoked sausage, fowl, and other kinds of meat, and little piles of various kinds of vegetables heaped around the plate. The guest helps himself to one or all of these as he chooses. A decanter of red wine, Val de Peñas, is placed between every two plates, and if emptied is filled again, without charge. But it rarely is emptied unless two Frenchmen happen to get hold of the same bottle. Spaniards drink very little of their wine (although it is good and much purer than French wine), and tourists soon follow their example, whatever may be their habits at home. The climate of Spain is antagonistic to strong drink, and a temperance question does not exist there.

What strikes the American mind most powerfully in the Genevan market-places is the disregard of the sanctity of eatables. Very often the vegetables and fruit are piled up on the very stones of the streets. It happens occasionally that one of the little stunted donkeys, with a load behind him that would not disgrace a pair of steers, stumbles against some of the merchandise, and away rolls a cheese over the cobblestones. With torrents of abusive *patois* and much indignant gesticulation, the wandering cheese is placed once more in the society of its contemporaries, and its selling qualities are not impaired by the adventure. A cheese, to be really acceptable to a Swiss, must have both age and experience. Bread is treated with the same liberality and breadth of idea. An *ouvreuse*, doing her errands and her marketing at one time, fills her little hand-cart with potatoes and cauliflower, upon which is piled a quantity of soiled linen, not too carefully wrapped up. Then several long loaves of bread, laid lengthwise, keep the load firm and serve as a support to her baby, who rides like a king in a triumphal chariot, and hang his fat legs over either side in prime content.

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RANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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Whether the power of the Papal church is increasing or ninishing by loss of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope, a question that has, of late years, caused wide discussion. was the opinion of Prince Bismarck that the suppression of temporal power would weaken the Pope's sway, in which nion Count von Arnim disagreed with him, contending "that hen relieved from temporal interests and freed from the cares f temporal dominion, the Pope would become more independent, more fearless and powerful in the exercise of his piritual authority; that, relieved of the responsibility of temoral affairs and secure from attack in that direction, his moral rength would be increased; as prisoner in the Vatican he is free agent; restored to political power he would be forced submit to political requirements." Civil dominion has been recently taken from the Pope to afford any conclusive arment from the facts, while the early history of the Papacy ords a broad field of speculation. The Papal power has en so mixed and blended in its claim of divine and human hority in its past career, that it is but the wildest conjecture say what strength will lie in the exercise of its spiritual ninion, when it is finally and completely deprived of all the uence that invests a throne surrounded by a court and ened to hold diplomatic relations with other sovereigns who nowledge allegiance to the dominion of the Papal See. e most eloquent, but not the most accurate, of English hisians, Baron Macaulay, has, with glowing prophecy, anunced the increasing splendor and growing strength of the man Church. If Macaulay's historical rhapsody can be corrected by taking from Rome's early history—whose splendid dawn he fixes at the time when camelopards bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre—nearly ten centuries of real power, why not let its claim to perpetuity rest upon the same conditions and the same reasoning that govern us in the consideration of all other human affairs? Why are not the Papal throne and Papal power subject to the same influences to which all other thrones and all other powers have been subjected? If all the proud dynasties and all the grand powers of earth, all thrones, churches, and empires have, in the nature of human events, been subordinated to the changes of time, then will not this "most perfect of human organizations" in time tumble to its fall? It is not the only hierarchy that in the ages has claimed divine origin, and under no other hypothesis than that the Church of Rome is the only depository on earth of divine power can it be excepted from the universal rule of change, which subjects all human achievements to decay. Denying to this or any church that it is of more than human origin, and claiming that it, like all things of earth, must be governed by the conditions that envelop it, we have the boldness to disagree with the multitude of learned men and profound thinkers who give to it an immortality of increasing power. There is no pretense that the Church of Christ ante-dates his birth, and that is but eighteen hundred years gone by—the aggregate of but eighteen men who have lived their hundred years; for centuries this church was in the cradle of its birth, and not till the time of Constantine, in the fourth century, had it acquired more than local recognition, and Constantine, the first Christian emperor, died a Pagan, worshiping Apollo; not till the fourth century had Paganism departed from Britain, or Christianity made a strong impression there; nor was it till the thirteenth century that the power of the Church of Rome became a controlling influence, and that only in Europe—and Europe is but one of the five great continents of earth; not till the nineteenth century had Asia, America, or Australia begun in reality to feel its presence. It is not now gaining power in India as fast as Mohammedanism; it has lost its civil supremacy in the home of its birth, and Italy no longer acknowledges its civil allegiance to the Pope. The Pope of Rome is a prisoner within the city whose founders were suckled by the wolf. The German Empire is Protestant, with a Protestant monarch. The Empire of Great Britain is Protestant, under Protestant laws and a Protestant empress. America, the broadest of empires and the home of more than sixty millions of intelligent, free people, acknowledges the dominion of no church within the limits of its free state. Russia—with an hundred millions of people and an imperial strength that submits to no interference in religious affairs within its empire —acknowledges the Czar as the head of its ancient Greek Church. All the great, strong, Scandinavian north of Europe is independent of priestly influence or church domination. Even in the strongest of Roman Catholic countries—Spain, Austria, Belgium, lower Canada, in most of the South American republics, in France, Ireland, and in every civilized nation where education is not suppressed by the iron heel of ecclesiastical despotism—the line is distinctly drawn and broadly defined that marks the division of spiritual and civil power by the church at Rome. Compare the Papal Church to-day with its position in the thirteenth century, when monarchs and proud people bowed submissive to its power, when great armies and great navies were obedient to its command; up to that time and later it had not to contend with intelligence which comes from the printing press, nor the growing sentiment that the indulgence of free thought and free utterance is the personal inheritance of every human being. When the condition of the church from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century is compared with its position to-day, how complete and wonderful is its humiliation. Contrast a Pope in all the pomp of regal power—in all the luxury and splendor of his courtly surroundings, looking from his sumptuous palace window at the pitiable spectacle of a German Emperor, uncovered, barefoot, and in the snow, apologizing to the vicegerent of God, and humbly supplicating his pardon for offenses against his dignity—with a Pope imprisoned in his palace across the Tiber, counting Peter's pence, handling the gifts of sovereigns seeking his influence over the poor, discontented subjects of their tyranny, asking his favor to influence them not to revolt against their oppressions; Bismarck, conciliating the Pope to secure the favor of his clergy in the Catholic province of Prussia, and for the purpose of appeasing his ultramontane politicians, swapping compliments and jeweled orders with the Pope and constituting him umpire over the Caroline Islands; England's Protestant queen, admonished by her political premier, sends a gold ewer in which His Holiness might wash his ecclesiastical hands, and this that landlords might be allowed to collect their Irish rents without interference of the "Plan of Campaign," the boycott, and that the English Crimes Act might be enforced in its rebellious Catholic province of Ireland; most humiliating spectacle of all, the Democratic President of a republic, in which no church is recognized and no priestly interference in political affairs tolerated, sending a copy of constitutional laws, which no Pope ever read, and which every Pope, for the century of our Republican existence, has endeavored to set at defiance, that the commonwealth might be destroyed. France, the favorite eldest son of the church, has revolted from it; Italy is emancipated; monasteries are almost everywhere suppressed; higher education is intrusted nowhere to the Roman Catholic clergy; Jesuits have been driven from every country where civilization has flourished; church edifices have been secularized and church property confiscated in nearly all Roman Catholic countries; the infidelity of Voltaire permeates the intelligent classes wherever the mind is free, the conscience untrammeled, and pen and tongue unfettered. How any intelligent person can claim that the Papal Church is not fast losing its prestige and declining in political power, we can not see, and whether it may not, by loss of political authority, increase its spiritual influence we will not express an opinion, nor does it give us any concern in this direction. Whenever the Papal institution shall divest itself of any desire to intermeddle in the administration of the political affairs of the American Republic and cease to do so, we shall not distress ourselves with any apprehension concerning the spiritual ascendency it may acquire. If, by keeping step with progressive intelligence and abreast with arts, science, and the learning of the age, the Church of Rome can acquire dominion over the human mind; if, with a free press, free thought, free speech, and unlimited freedom of personal liberty, this church can gain ascendency over the reason of mankind; and if, without the persecutions, oppressions, and crimes of its earlier history it can increase its spiritual dominion, it will be quite satisfactory to us, so long as its spiritual influence is exercised in the direction of making its members good citizens, peaceful, order-loving, and obedient to the law. We are generous enough to permit any who think they have souls worth saving to accomplish the task in their own way. We do oppose, and ever shall, the right of Rome, or any other ecclesiasticism, to interfere in our civil affairs. In spite of Macaulay's opinion, and not agreeing in some respects with Professor De Laveleye, whose article in the April *Forum* lies before us, we prophesy from this period in the nineteenth century the Church of Rome will rapidly dwindle and its political authority decline. It has entered upon its decadence; it is showing already the feebleness and cowardice of age; it is in the lean and slippered pantaloonery of second childhood; it is now showing fear of its opponents without the power or the courage to combat heresy with fire and the sword; it dares not massacre for the correction of religious opinions anywhere; it is laughed at and derided in Rome—during holy week asses and mules were paraded as cardinals in red trousers, with clowns counting their rosaries of stringed onions; monks and priests no longer walk the highways of free governments in their gowns, and robes, and clerical garments; the host is no longer paraded in the public streets of any constitutional government; church property pays taxes; and not till the Roman hierarchy has enough confidence in the dogmas of its faith not to fear non-sectarian "godless" schools; not to refuse to Protestants or members of any other faith the privilege of preaching and teaching under the eaves of the Vatican, and in Spain, Portugal, the Province of Quebec, and the Republics of Central America; not till the church stops getting

angry and exhibiting its petulance at opposition; not till the Rev. George Montgomery, chancellor of the archdiocese of San Francisco, can endure a Protestant prayer from a Protestant minister to a convention in which there are a few Roman Catholic schoolmarms, shall we think this church has very much confidence in its own religious dogmas, nor any reliance upon its ability to hold its own in the open arena of free consideration and free discussion. The intelligence of the age and the common sense of level heads is at war with the absurd and blasphemous pretensions of a misty theology, which quarrels with the fundamental principles of a well-governed State, and is in direct opposition to all the aspirations of modern civilization. The pride, self-respect, and natural independence of all educated free men, and especially of all such men in this free land of ours, naturally revolt against the impudence of a band of Italian prelates, with a superannuated bishop at their head, ignorant of Republican principles, hostile to Republican government, and opposed to Republican institutions, intermedling with our political affairs. We are perfectly willing to intrust the salvation of the souls of our Irish and other Roman Catholic fellow-citizens to the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church, but the political control of our civil affairs must be intrusted to wiser, safer, and more patriotic hands.

Political affairs are assuming a very complicated condition in Italy. The contest between the Vatican and the Quirinal is becoming intensified beyond the probability of peaceful settlement. Since the period of Garibaldi and the Count Cavour, since Victor Emanuel was declared the King of united Italy, with Rome for his capital, and the Pope deprived of all civil power—except over that small territory which embraces the Church of St. Peter and the Castle of San Angelo, with his army reduced to a police force, himself so shorn of power as to consider himself a prisoner, confined within his palatials walls—there has existed, between the Papal court and the royal government, the most embittered dissension. Victor Emanuel died under the anathema of the church; Humbert, the king, inherited the resentments of which his father died possessed. For eighteen years these complications have been growing and extending between monks and common people, between priests and the mercantile community, and between the politicians and officials of both courts, till it seems to have reached the point that either King Humbert must divide his royal authority with the Pope, or His Holiness must take his departure from Rome and establish his see under the shadow of some more friendly power. Signor Crispi, the Premier of the Italian Government, has been brought into the sharpest antagonism with the Papal court (it is said) through social unpleasantness, growing out of his marriage relations with a new wife and the determination of Roman ladies—of whom the Duchess of Torlonia is the leader—to exclude Madam Crispi from the fashionable upper circle of Rome's best society. This, too, because of irregularities in her former life! When we reflect upon the relations existing between the prelates of the Papal court and the mothers of their nieces and nephews, the authenticated narratives of the private lives of other Popes than Alexander Borgia, and recall the domestic relations of very many of the distinguished prelates of the Papal Church, we may be surprised at the wave of moral indignation that is now breaking at the foot of the Italian throne. We should be the more surprised if we did not remember that every chief of state since the thirteenth century, who has dared to oppose the rule of Rome, whether male or female, has felt the lash of Papal scandal. Luther was an "idle and lascivious monk;" Henry the Eighth an "adulterous" monarch; Elizabeth of England an "immodest" queen; while the bloody Mary and Mary Queen of Scots were considered worthy of beatification for their virtues. French and Spanish monarchs, living in the enjoyment of voluptuous concubinage, and Popes whose crimes against society have been open and undisguised, are now saints in heaven, invoked for their mediations to secure indulgences for sins and pardon for offenses committed. Whether Madam Crispi be not so proper as wives who, by the generous indulgence of polite society, are permitted to keep their lovers, we may not be interested to inquire; with the social rivalries of the Duchess of Torlonia and the wife of Italy's prime minister, we have no concern. The prime minister of the Italian kingdom, sustained by his monarch, supported by his cabinet, surrounded and strengthened by the anti-Papal business and commercial classes, charge treason on the part of the Pope, his court, and cardinals against the Government of Italy. When the Duke of Torlonia sent his congratulations and gifts to the Pope on the occasion of his jubilee, Signor Crispi removed him from being syndic of Rome, because he had violated his official duties and forgotten his loyalty to his king; because the municipal council of Rome had discharged its mayor, the priestly pontiff on the other side the Tiber took offense and assaulted the Italian Government in a bitter and undignified speech, which was resented by all Italian officials not recognizing in the Pope an authority greater than belongs to the civil magistracy. For some twelve years the best legal talent of Italy has been engaged in preparing a new civil and criminal code for the government of the country. In this code it is provided that any ecclesiastic who strives to bring the law into contempt, or encourages citizens in the avoidance of their duties to the state, or takes any step to subject any part of the state to other than civil authority, shall, upon conviction, be subject to fine and imprisonment. The Minister of Justice, in the legislative chamber, explained that "all agitation having in view the restoration of the temporal power of the Pope, or looking to the surrender of the city of Rome, or any part of it, to the Pontiff, would be regarded as a crime and made punishable as treason." This is death to the so-called "Roman question," and is intended to silence the priests from agitating in their pulpits such questions as tithes, civil marriages, and funerals, and prevent them from interfering with the educational system of the national schools. This law menaces the Pope himself and subjects every member of the Papal court to imprisonment, and admonishes them that they may no longer play at the game of treason and political conspiracy within the limits of the Italian kingdom. If the court of Rome may not conspire against the Italian Government, and Jesuitry may not plot for the overthrow of civil authority, under the shadow of a power that claims to be the vicegerent of God on earth, and clothed with infallibility to forgive sins on earth, and open with its keys the celestial gates of paradise, then Rome is no longer a fit residence for the Papal court. This conflict between the civil power of a constitutional king, duly descended from Victor Emanuel, who was called to the throne by the voice of a people after a successful rebellion, and a Pope, appointed by a conclave of cardinals, claiming the rightful exercise of civil power over the kingdom and people of Italy, is natural and inevitable. The Papal court is in the attitude of treason to the Italian Government. Two sovereigns can not exercise rightful dominion within the same jurisdiction, nor under the claim of Papal infallibility can spiritual and civil authority be divided. An infallible representative of divine and super-human authority can not exercise his duties in connection with a civil magistrate, who can make no pretension of power other than that intrusted to him by human agency. This makes an *imperium in imperio*, and may not be allowed by any government that has strength enough to maintain itself in dignity and independence. The claim of the right of spiritual influence and priestly dictation is sufficiently offensive to have revolutionized public sentiment in France, to have built up a strong anti-clerical party in Austria and Belgium, to have caused a Catholic rebellion in Ireland, and to have produced all over the world, where intelligence prevails and freedom exists, a determination to keep politics and religion, church and state, distinctly separate. Italy, where the Papal court sits and claims the exercise of real authority, is brought into such direct contact with the insolence of priestcraft, that the conflict between the two powers becomes of necessity irreconcilable. If Italy, France, Austria, Belgium, Ireland, the South American Republics, and the Republic of Mexico, have the sagacity to perceive the dangers threatened by the Church of Rome, its Jesuits, and priests, and the courage to restrain its advances toward the exercise of political power, is it at all creditable to the American people that, in the intensity of their party squabbles over what are at best but questions of material interest, they are too cowardly to recognize the real enemy by whom the institutions of their country are imperiled?

On the fourteenth day of August there will be convened at Washington, D. C., a national convention of the American party. Who will compose its delegates, what prominent men of national reputation (if any) will take part in it, whom it will have the privilege of nominating for President and Vice-President, are at present matters of speculative conjecture. With the exception of *America*, a strong weekly journal of Chicago, one or two Eastern weeklies, and the *Argonaut*, it has no advocates in the press; only one or two of the more prominent politicians of the nation have had the courage to indorse American sentiments, and only one or two of the leading journals of the nation have had the nerve to do more than record an occasional item of news concerning it, and these most usually accompanied by a sneer at the American party as a "side-show." Those who take prominent part in it are, if they have been Republicans, charged with desertion and treason to the Republican party; if they have been Democrats, they are accused of treason to the Democracy. There may be Republican, Democratic, Prohibition, Labor, Greenback, and innumerable other political organizations; every nationality, religion, and color may exercise its political influence through its vote, but when American citizens attempt to exercise their political birthrights or the privileges which the law has conferred upon them by adoption, they are derided, laughed at, and insulted for presuming to claim for themselves the exercise of privileges which alien beggars, criminals, agitators, and adventurers are, by the two great national parties, invited to accept. Irish, Huns, Poles, Italians, Portuguese, refugees from European military duties, aided mendicants, pardoned criminals, escaped convicts, the refuse of Europe, and the redundant of Asia, and all who, by reason of their color, are not inhibited from voting, all who may be used to advance the interests of Democratic or Republican politicians fighting for opportunities to loot the public treasury, or live in idleness, are invited to immigrate, and, upon arrival, to take from the national domain a home, or from the government an office, to vote, and, through their priests and their party bosses, to rule the country they have invaded to plunder. And yet, above all the clamor and din of political contention, there is a voice in the nation prophesying danger to American institutions and demanding reforms; a voice in the wilderness crying aloud, proclaiming the necessity of making the political paths straight. From this national convention, to be assembled at the nation's capital, we hope for fearless and patriotic action; we pray God that it may be inspired by noble resolves, and its results crowned with success; that some brave Northern man of either party will become its Presidential candidate and the leader of the forlorn hope that deliberately marches to a first defeat; that some Southern man of national reputation (the incident of the civil war being forgotten) will accept the nomination for Vice-President, so that in its candidates, as in its principles, the American party may be recognized as truly national. With such a party, with the principles it professes, with such candidates, with the American shield for its badge, with the sentiment of "home-rule for America by Americans," we shall be willing and proud to march in a minority to the polls against the Republican party with free whisky and home-rule for Ireland, and the Democratic party with free trade, and both in cowardly subserviency to the rag, tag, and bob-tailed mendicant, criminal, priest-ridden, voting invasion of Europe.

The Republican party of California seems to have been smitten by judicial blindness. If the leaders who control it were political villains who had obtruded themselves into its counsels to betray the party, they could not have initiated a more destructive policy. The California delegates to the national convention at Chicago—drawing their inspiration from the thousand boxes of wine carried with them, opened at a free bar for gratuitous distribution, and in defiance of the temperance sentiment of the nation—advocated the nomination of Blaine, against the protestations of a constituency so strong, that they dared not allow open discussion in advocacy of his name in State convention, and then voted for the respectable Mr. Harrison, in face of a sustained record against the proposition to restrict Chinese immigration to the Pacific Coast; voted for a resolution for "free whisky," in defiance of the growing temperance sentiment of the nation; voted the "hope" that the Irish would be given home-rule in Ireland; were silent upon the subject of alien immigration, naturalization, and the preservation of non-sectarian free schools against the treason of parochial and priestly conspiracy, and were silent upon the proposition to give home-rule to Americans. Then comes the proposition of a great party ovation to the only prominent American who's suspected of intrigue with prelates of Rome, and bargaining with Clan-na-Gael politicians of Ireland, defeated for President four years ago, and an invitation extended to him to assume direction of the Republican campaign, with a seat in the Cabinet as Secretary of State. The delegates to this national convention sent from California were the choice of Boss Higgins and the men who employ him. The delegates to the recent Republican State convention were chosen by him and his masters; every candidate in nomination by the Republican party is approved by him. If he, and his associates, could have been permitted to say to all Americans and all temperance men that which he and they feel, viz.: that the Republican party is strong enough in California to succeed this time without the votes of either class, he could not, in direct language, express the proposition so emphatically as has been done by the cowardly resolutions. Not one word or line intended to please any member of the American or Prohibition parties, not the slightest recognition of American or temperance sentiments. Mr. John F. Swift, nominated for elector-at-large, was, only two years ago, made to feel the indignation of the Republican party, by defeat for governor, because, and only because, he had not the courage to keep silent upon American questions. The convention, by its platform and nominations, strikes the members of the American party a direct blow full in the face. Its better men felt differently and knew better, for many of them have consulted with the writer how to get old Republicans back to the party lines. Colonel W. H. L. Barnes, George A. Knight, J. J. De Haven, of Humboldt, John Eagan, of Amador, W. W. Morrow, of San Francisco, T. G. Phelps, of San Mateo, are insincere if they pretend to approve this cowardly and evasive Republican platform. Indifferent as was the convention in reference to the declaration of principles, it had not the courage to place one foreign-born citizen in nomination for office; not one German, Pole, Hun, or Gypsy;

t one Pope's Irishman appeals for the foreign vote. The nerican party, with courage that comes from honest convic- ns, names for elector Alexander Duncan, because he is a ave, honorable, adopted American, and feels the obligation of oath of loyalty to the American Government. To those rly and honest Republicans, who stood by the party through e dark and dreary days, who ask nothing from it, who desire ly the best interests of America, we submit these reflections honest consideration. We ask you to cast your vote for American Presidential ticket when it is nominated, confi- nt that it will not be thrown away except as bread cast upon waters; it will return after not many days.

Meeting an acquaintance on Montgomery Street, we were wn into a political discussion upon the American party, and following argument ensued:

Smith—"I am as good an American as lives."

Editor—"Then you *are* a good one."

S.—"I come from true American stock."

E.—"Then you are brave and fearless."

S.—"I shall vote in municipal politics with the American ty, for I am down on boss rule."

E.—"That is a good resolve; and for President?"

S.—"I shall cast my vote this time for that grand and pat- ic American, Harrison."

E.—"Then you are a scout and not a soldier. Why vote Harrison?"

S.—"I do not want to throw my vote away, but will vote the next American Presidential candidate."

E.—"You are one of the 'next time' soldiers; you are a lker; you shirk the fight when it is desperate; you will t for victory and loot; you will shoot your leader in the k in the first political battle, and if the party wins, in spite your treachery and defection, you will join it; you are a d and coward!"

S.—"I am in favor of American principles, and am anxious ee them prevail."

E.—"And if everybody acted as you propose, they never ld obtain."

S.—"I won't throw my vote away, as there is no prospect of American party victory this time."

E.—"There will never be an American party victory so as the world endures, if every American acted upon your n. Have you never thrown your vote away?"

his is the kind of political twaddle that besets us on every ; it is becoming tiresome; it wearies and depresses us. ndicates a condition of party subserviency that is alto- er disgusting, that is alarming, and indicates a popular fference to the higher interests of the nation. The man— m for the purpose of disguising his name we call Smith— honest man, loves his country, means to be a good citi- but lacks the moral courage to follow his own judgment, is afraid of throwing his vote away, while he admits the most honest votes he has ever cast have been thrown for principle. There is this consolation, the little band rave Americans who are courageous enough to act upon ciple and vote the American ticket, recall the fact that e were but three hundred in the heroic band at Thermop- , and it saved the liberties of Greece; there were but ve apostles surrounding Christ, and they laid the founda- s of the Christian religion and civilization that now fills the h. Votes for the first and last Republican candidates, mont and Blaine, were thrown away. The Democrats w away their votes for six Presidential elections. Early litionists threw their votes away. Modern Prohibitionists w their votes away. Prayers in closets and tears shed in et are thrown away. But who shall compute the value ecret ballots, silent prayers, tears shed in secret from ing hearts when they are spent in the advocacy of iotic and moral principles?

hirty-nine years ago this month we were climbing on back the great Rocky Mountain Range, that spans our ern continent, on the way to California. Leaving the t plains of the Platte River, at the place where is now the beautiful and flourishing city of Denver, following a trail, ed by the herds of buffalo and elk, that engineered the s since followed by railroads, and over which the star of re had moved westward in its flight, we attained a height me twelve thousand feet. At this elevation there was e us the blue vault of heaven, around us a splendid ntain scenery that, so far as we knew, no foot of white had ever trod. These lofty mountains, coursed with riv- that became great rivers, clothed in a vegetation marvel- or its beauty, were uninhabited, the valleys rich and fertile, lesolate; there was no human habitation, no domesticated al, no town or village, but one wild, broad stretch of mag- nt desolation. In these splendid hills and in the river-beds was to us no suggestion of that boundless metallic wealth h has since distinguished the region of Colorado as one e continent's great treasure-vaults. There was then no m of statehood, for there was no civilized family within its broad domain. Since that time, Colorado has joined the sisterhood of States; great cities, beautiful villages, and an intelligent population are scattered through its rich valleys and clustered in its romantic glens. Where only so few years ago there were no people, no towns, no herds, no farms, no schools, and where in our unintelligent search for gold we found only iron pyrites and isinglass, is now the famous camp of Leadville, and in and around it a thriving population, camps of the Patriotic Sons of America, organized American clubs, and a band of American citizens who have been aroused to indignant protest against the encroachments of an alien church and a Jesuitical conspiracy to undermine the institutions of our free republic. They send us the proceedings of their meeting, which we print because no other paper in California will notice the event, and because we think we see in such indications the first drops of the great storm that is to drive prelacy and Jesuitry to its hole, or shake the nation with a struggle for the supremacy of its liberal constitution:

Whereas, The board of education of the city of Boston has recently discarded a text-book from use in the public schools of the city, through the influence of a Roman Catholic priest, because the said text-book contains an historical statement with reference to the abuses of the Papal Church at the time of the rise of Protestantism in Europe.

The book is Swinton's "Outlines of the World's History," a standard text-book, and the objectionable language used by the author is as follows:

"There was complaint of many practical abuses of the church, and at the claims of the popes to interfere in the affairs of nations; and there was also a growing feeling among many that not a few of the doctrines which were believed, and of the ceremonies which were practiced in church, were contrary to Scripture.

"It was in this state of affairs that there arose a dispute, trivial, indeed, in its nature, but which kindled a flame that quickly spread over most of Western Europe. When Leo the Tenth came to the Papal chair he found the treasury of the church exhausted by the ambitious projects of his predecessors. He, therefore, had recourse to every means which ingenuity could devise for recruiting his exhausted finances, and, among these, he adopted an extensive sale of indulgences, which had in former ages been a source of large profits to the church. The Dominican friars, having obtained the monopoly of the sale in Germany, employed as their agent Tetzel, one of their own order, who carried on the traffic in a manner that was very offensive, and especially so to the Augustinian friars."

And for this historical fact, stated in the mildest language possible, this text-book is excluded from the free schools of Boston; the honorable board of education bowing in meek submission to the arbitrary mandate of this hierarchy; therefore,

Resolved, by Camp 22 of the Patriotic Order Sons of America of Leadville, Colorado, that we *do most earnestly protest* against this arbitrary ecclesiastical interference with the literature of the free schools of our land.

At this rate, it is but reasonable to expect the next scene in the drama will be the expulsion of Froude's "History of England" as a text-book in our common schools, because the author states the truth respecting the bloody persecution of the Roman Catholics by the Church of England, at the time of the execution of Mary Stuart by the rapacious Protestant Queen Elizabeth.

Or, through the influence of some religious fanatic, some standard history of the United States will be discarded from use in our public schools, because the author records the abuses and prejudices of the early Puritans in their bitter persecutions of other denominations in New England, and in condemning to death poor, old, innocent women, because supposed to be possessed of witchcraft.

In passing this resolution of censure it is with no malice to the Catholic Church, but we would raise our voice with equal strength against the interference of any Protestant Church in the dictation of the literature of the free schools of our common country.

Had this ecclesiastical edict been prescribed for any parochial school, it would have been none of our business. But that such an outrage should have been perpetrated upon the public schools of the very city where the first battles were fought to free American colonies from British tyranny, beneath the shadow of Bunker Hill and old Faneuil Hall, the "Cradle of American Liberty," the city where once lived the Adamses, Franklin, Parker, and Wendell Phillips, is enough to make these illustrious patriots return from the tomb, and with sepulchral voices rebuke the pusillanimous cowards who compose the board of education in the so-called "Athens of America."

Resolved, that a copy of this expression of our sentiments be forwarded to the board of education of Boston, and for publication in the Boston *Herald* and the *Argonaut*.

Respectfully submitted,
T. H. Baker,
W. A. Van Buren,
A. C. Wilson,
Committee.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted by Camp 22 at their session, July 16, 1888.

W. W. Coble, *President*,
W. M. Van Buren, *Recording Sec'y*.

And I certify that these resolutions were unanimously indorsed by Camps 5 and 13 at their session, July 18th and 21st, respectively.

William P. Hayhurst,
District President.

Mr. De Young, returning from the Chicago convention, brings cheering intelligence for the Republican party. Harrison will carry Indiana by ten thousand majority, and Connecticut, Mr. De Young is quite confident, will cast its vote for Harrison and Morton, thus securing their election. Mr. De Young does not claim New York, nor any Southern State, as we understand him. He thinks the Irish will, very generally, vote the Republican ticket, and instances the fact that twenty-seven representative Irish-American gentlemen, each representing an organized society in Chicago, express their determination to support the Republican candidates "in order to resist England's power on this side of the Atlantic." These Irish-American gentlemen claimed to represent forty thousand other Irish gentlemen in Illinois. This intelligent Irish-American gentleman is not willing that his name be made public at present. We are informed by Mr. De Young that Judge Morrisey, of Chicago, and Dr. Carrol, of Philadelphia, also "highly respected and most influential Irish representative American gentlemen," expressed similar sentiments. The patriotic Mr. John Devoy, also an Irish gentleman, fondly devoted to American institutions, expressed to Mr. De Young his confidence in the success of the Republican candidates. Mr. De Young also had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Patrick Ford, of the *Irish World*, and his nephew, Mr. A. E. Ford, of Chicago, who were both enthusiastic Blaine men, and they expressed their confidence that Mr. Harrison would receive all the Irish vote given to Mr. Blaine in 1884. "There are," says Mr. De Young, "three thousand officers in New York and Brooklyn, representing fifty thousand Irish who will cast their ballots for the Republican party." Mr. De Young says, "Mr. Blaine will take the stump and open the campaign in New York, and he will visit California, *where he will receive just such another ovation as was tendered the hero of Appottomax on his memorable trip around the world.*" The *Chronicle* announces authoritatively that Mr. De Young will have the general management of national affairs for the Republican party on the Pacific Coast, which is very kind of Mr. De Young. The *Chronicle* is the recognized official organ of the Republican party of the coast. Upon the arrival of Mr. De Young he received the further cheering intelligence that Mr. Denis Kearney, Dr. O'Donnell, Barney Dougherty, John Doyle, Esquire, and ex-Governor Downey had disconnected themselves with the Democratic party and would give their support to Harrison and Morton. If the Republican party succeeds, it is hoped there will be enough Irish in it to fill all the offices.

The London *Times*, in a series of most powerful articles, has charged that Parnell and the Irish National party leaders were directly implicated in the assassination of Lord Cavendish and Secretary Burke, and indirectly responsible for all the agrarian and other crimes that have been perpetrated in England and Ireland. These articles, entitled "Parnellism and Crime," created a great deal of attention in all circles of society, and were regarded (if true) as an unanswerable indictment of the Gladstone-Parnell alliance. The *Times* asserted their truth; declared that the *Times* was in possession of proofs, and challenged Parnell or any of his friends to test their truth by an action at law. From this test, Parnell and his advisers excused themselves by various equivocations, till one O'Donnell, a former member of Parliament, an ex-secretary of the Land League, and a trusted member of the home-rule Irish ring, ventured to bring suit against the *Times* for libel. In this suit the *Times* was vindicated by a verdict in its favor. This result, and the exposition attending it, drove Parnell and his friends from their corner, and compelled them to ask for a Parliamentary Commission. The government granted it, and has named three of the most competent judges of England to investigate the whole broad field of inquiry. The Parnell party, fearing that they are likely to get a stork for king instead of some dead and water-soaked log, are "kicking." The alliance of Gladstone & Co. is apprehensive that the investigation will take too wide a range, and expose too much of the secret conspiracy to accomplish political results by criminal methods. This commission, as we are advised, would be authorized to take testimony in America, in France, and in London, as well as in Ireland, and it is feared might demonstrate a condition of things with a knowledge of which it would not be safe to go before the people of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in a general Parliamentary election. The government party is winning victories along the entire line since His Holiness of Rome denounced as immoral the methods of the "Plan of Campaign," and demanded that his priests and all loyal Romanists desist from the inhuman and cowardly boycott.

We wish some millionaire admirer would die and bequeath to the *Argonaut* a good round sum of money. If the *Argonaut* had ample funds we would use them to double its capacity. It is too small; instead of sixteen pages it should be thirty-two. There are hundreds of important matters which we can not discuss for want of space to print them. To watch Papal aggression, and in all matters act the independent part, be ever ready to vindicate the right, to combat the prejudices that arise from ignorance, and resist the aggressions that are inspired by selfishness, greed, and party spirit, demands the expenditure of more money than we can afford. Hence, our desire that some wealthy, good man should, in anticipation of that blessed eternity during which his money will be of no use to him, have some of it go into machinery to educate the ignorant and embolden the timid, who, by some oversight of divine providence, are too often longer spared. We suggest this proposition to some contemplative sick man, who is now racking his poor weary brain to devise some scheme of useful benevolence to anchor him in the memory of sorrowing and surviving friends. We will give such perishable fame as comes from keeping the donor's name in prominent headlines in a conspicuous place in our journal, with the amount of the endowment, as an imperishable record of the benevolence of the lamented deceased. If anybody is contemplating such an act, we will discount the generous intention at fifty cents on the dollar. We would call this the endowment of a chair of independent, practical, philosophic, and honest politics in the university of American journalism. All preliminary correspondence will be regarded as strictly confidential.

If Mayor Hewitt, of New York, should receive the Presidential nomination from the American party, he will receive the support of the *Argonaut*. We propose to abide by the action of the American Party National Convention, to be held at Washington, D. C., on the fourteenth of this month. If we are not there to take part in its deliberations, it is because we think we can be more useful in the discharge of our duties here.

THE DAGGER OF THE BORGIA.

A Tale of the Vatican in the Fifteenth Century.

On Wednesday, the fourteenth of June, 1497, the mistress of Alexander the Sixth, the mother of the sovereign pontiff's four children, Madam Vannozza Catanei, gave a family fête in her château of San Pietro in Vincoli. The pretext of the supper was to felicitate the elder son, Francesco, Duke of Gandia, who had just been made by his father Duke of Bénévento and Count of Terracina and Pontecorvo, and at the same time to wish a happy voyage to the younger son, Cæsar, Archbishop of Valencia and cardinal, who would depart on the morrow to assist, as Papal legate, at the coronation of Frederick, King of Naples.

In reality, Madam Vannozza hoped through it to reconcile the two brothers, between whom a marked coldness had existed for a long time, in consequence of the envy which Cæsar nourished against Francesco. Though she pretended to be impartial, Cæsar's fearless ambition and his haughty character pleased the heart of this Roman mother, who liked to feel herself dwarfed before him, and was grateful for the merciless zeal with which he punished all who did not treat her as a sovereign. For Francesco, the father's favorite, she reserved but little of the mother's natural affection; for Cæsar, she cherished the passionate love of a tigress for her young. She was the confidant of the complaints which he incessantly poured out against his father, she encouraged him in his wildest hopes, and she even found excuses for the criminal intentions he did not hesitate to show when he spoke enviously of Francesco. So, in obedience to the orders of her Benjamin, she had arranged this interview at San Pietro in Vincoli. Cæsar had told her that a last interview was necessary before making a decision as to the proper steps to take in order to put an end to this ambiguous situation.

Alexander the Sixth was angry with both his mistress and his children, except the Duke of Gandia, for their blundering in allowing Sforza, who had married his daughter, Lucrezia, but was still not of his party, to escape out of his reach, and so he refused to be present. But he allowed his youngest son, Jofré, Prince of Squillace, with the princess, Dona Sancia, to attend the feast, in order that he might learn from them what was said and done at the Vannozza's house. He had good reasons for this course. In the first place, he feared the fiery temper of his mistress, who had railed in no gentle terms at the favors showered on Francesco, to Cæsar's detriment; and then in his heart he feared Cæsar, against whom he felt himself guilty of a certain injustice. In fact, he preferred Francesco, who resembled him in appearance and in temperament; like him, Francesco was handsome and amiable and had that affable ease which had made the fortune of the Borgias.

Cæsar, on the other hand, already showed a terrible thirst for power. This cardinal of one-and-twenty years, though given over to all the vices, possessed also all the powers that lead to mastery. He arose from his orgies with a clear brain, never lost control of his will, and seemed more eager after honors than after debauchery. He was as handsome as his father or Francesco, but not in the same serene and amiable style. He bore more than they in his face the sign of their Spanish origin, somewhat of hardness and sternness. The exaggerated polish of his manner showed constraint; one could see that he wished to be amiable, and forced himself to appear so. His brilliant and ironical gaiety covered a violent, ferocious temper, as his silken doublet covered a cuirass of steel. Carrying to an extreme the custom of the day of wearing a mask, he never went abroad with his face uncovered, showing only his eyes, streaked with threads of blood and shining like two live coals. In his character, too, he wore the mask. He cloaked his unruly passions before the eyes of the world; but he gave them loose rein before his mother, and even let his father catch a glimpse of them now and then.

Cæsar was the first to arrive, modestly followed by a single servitor and clothed in a quiet garb, which assured him a sort of incognito. He wished to contrast himself with his brother, who was always accompanied by a large retinue and loved to show his rank with much pomp.

"How handsome you are!" cried his mother as he entered, kissing him tenderly.

And, in truth, Cæsar attracted the eye when he had thrown off his cloak and mask. His admirably built figure showed extraordinary strength in the supple limbs and solid torso; his shoulders, almost too broad for his height, supported an enormous neck that seemed to belong rather to the bull that supports the Borgia arms. His face was florid with warm blood and at the same time tanned, which gave it the tone of red copper; his light mustache and beard discreetly framed this lively skin, and did not conceal his thin lips, already slightly drawn at the corners, and his white, sharp teeth. His hair had none of the bluish tinge; it seemed on the contrary almost reddish, as if it had caught the sunlight. But all these ruddy and golden tints seemed concentrated in his eyes, which were like two little medallions of a strange alloy, a yellow bronze streaked with a more precious metal. "My eyes," said he, one day, "are two golden daggers; it bodes ill for him who is before their point when they are unsheathed."

Cæsar soon brought the conversation to the attitude he should take toward the Duke of Gandia. In reality it was he who dictated to his mother, but he always seemed to ask her advice.

"My child," said Vannozza, "it is for you to take the first step. I know well the wrongs you treasure against him, but he must be managed; he is the elder, and the favorite of the holy father."

"I will receive him on bended knee," he replied, "if it be necessary. But to what good? If it were only to put my hand in his and to swear I love him, there were no need for you to trouble yourself with this entertainment. Francesco must prove to me that he does not put himself in my path; and you know well he does stand there."

"What will you ask of him, then?"

"That he renounce the secular life to make way for me, and that he take in exchange all the ecclesiastical honors it may please our father to give him."

"But that is impossible, my child. Francesco is married, the father of a family."

"The holy father is sovereign. Why should he be the vicar of God, if he can not juggle with the sacraments? He has them in his own hands, let him use them. It is not for me to teach an old ape to grimace."

"Do not blaspheme, Cæsar, you offend the Madonna. You always speak as if the devil himself were in you," and Vannozza piously crossed herself.

"The devil is not in me," said Cæsar, with a bitter laugh; "he is in the Vatican. It is a good devil for Francesco, a bad one for me. Why is he gonfalonier of the church while I am only a cardinal? A gonfalonier I must be. I will have troops to command, battles to win, principalities to conquer, instead of giving benedictions and listening to theological discourses. We have had two popes in the family already, more than enough. It is time that something else should spring from it, a man of the sword, a Cæsar. Italy needs not land for a kingdom nor men to take it; she needs a head for the crown. And that head is on my shoulders, though my father seeks to conceal it under a red hat. So long as my brother is before me I can not see a clear horizon. He cuts me off from the light, he must be effaced."

"Cæsar, you frighten me as you do your father. You know I love you above all, but Francesco is of our family, too."

Cæsar carelessly drew his dagger and tried its point upon his nail.

"Well, the family is too numerous, that is all."

Vannozza, terrified, threw herself on Cæsar's neck to supplicate him to spare Francesco, who she felt was already doomed; but in the depths of her soul she could not but admire the tiger she had given to the world. But just then Francesco arrived. Cæsar bent one knee to kiss his hand, and then arose and pressed him in his arms.

"Our mother," he said, "has just been convincing me of my wrongs toward you. I crave pardon for my evil thought and for my coldness; I do not wish to start on my journey without the assurance of your good affection."

The two brothers kissed each other on the mouth in the Roman fashion, and Francesco showed himself overjoyed at this reconciliation. He was not deep enough to think of Judas as he kissed his brother.

The supper was very gay. Vannozza alone seemed distrait; but she laid it to her disappointment at not seeing the entire family reunited. Francesco showed himself in his true colors, with a charming affability that should have disarmed all jealousy. Cæsar was more brilliant than ever, full of witty sallies and anecdotes on his colleagues the cardinals, and even on the holy father.

"Faith," said he, suddenly to his brother, "you should be a cardinal. There's the life for you. With your marvelous gifts you could climb to any height, and without denying yourself the pleasures you love. The holy father will live long enough to smooth all paths for you, and I am sure you would end by gaining the tiara. It would be amusing to see the Borgias popes from father to son."

"And why do you not think of such a future?" asked Francesco.

"Oh, the sword suits me better than the cross. One of these fine mornings I shall petition the Sacred College to enroll me among your troops."

"Frankly, you are wrong. I think you would make but a poor lieutenant."

"Yes, but I would make an excellent captain."

The conversation continued on this theme, still in a bantering vein; but Cæsar was easily convinced that Francesco did not wish to renounce the gonfalonate and break his helmet for a mitre. When he was sure of this, he no longer insisted on it, lest he arouse the opposition of his brother, and he became more charming than ever. Vannozza herself was deceived, and thought that he had abandoned his sinister design. After supper they strolled about in the vineyards of the château, where resin torches here and there lighted up the nooks in which little groups were seated. Cæsar took Francesco's arm and led him to the farthest bench to talk alone with him.

"And Lucrezia," he asked, "how do you get on with her?"

Francesco seemed embarrassed at this question, and replied evasively, raising a glass to his lips to conceal his confusion.

"Oh, you are wrong not to be frank with me," replied Cæsar, and emptying the glass that the other had sipped, he added, with an equivocal smile: "We have both drank in the same glass, but I drink there no more."

The two brothers, after this frank avowal, spoke freely of the subject, and Francesco soon acknowledged that he was that night going to see her at the Convent of San Sisto.

Presently, the party breaking up, they rejoined the others, and, filling their glasses, drank the usual parting toasts. Every one was in a merry mood, and Vannozza was happy in the thought that she had affected a reconciliation between the two brothers. She supposed Cæsar had obtained satisfactory assurances from Francesco, and had given up his fratricidal intentions. And, indeed, Cæsar was full of solicitude for his brother, and even wished him to increase the cortege which was to accompany him to Rome.

"Come, come, let me do as I wish," he said to Francesco, who was opposed to his excess of politeness; "a gonfalonier of the church well merits being served by a cardinal."

And he went out under pretext of supervising the preparations for departure. Then he crossed the deserted street and strode through the vineyard beyond to an abandoned hovel. A man stood there in the shadow.

"Miguelotto," said Cæsar, "where is your horse?"

"A hundred yards from here, my lord, guarded by the black and our two footmen."

"Hasten away and wait with the three others near the Appian Way, behind the nun's garden at San Sisto. I will join you there. We have work to do to-night."

"Very good, my lord; the black has his cord and I my arms, and our two rascals are sure."

"Well, hasten; I will tell you there whom we are to deliver from the cares of this world."

Miguelotto bowed low, kissed his chaplet, and was soon lost in the darkness of the night. He was Cæsar's right-hand devil, and the chief of his hired assassins. He was a sort of gypsy, born in Catalonia, and was then about forty years of age, small, adroit, audacious, and crafty; his trade soon accustomed him to the sight of spilled blood, and he recoiled at no criminal action. Yet he was extremely superstitious. Before entering Cæsar's service he had stood in the greatest terror of death; but his new patron had secured plenary absolution from the Pope for his various sins, and now the wretch stuck at no villainy if his new patron would but obtain for him this holy cuirass against the damnation of his soul. The black was, with Miguelotto, Cæsar's best servitor. He was a mute the sultan had sent the Pope, and he knew only his master, Cæsar, and his companion villain, Miguelotto. But he had not the intelligence of the Spaniard, and obeyed like a brute. If Ali was shown a man to strangle, he caught him as a hound catches a hare; he hunted only by sight, while Miguelotto hunted by scent. With these two men at his command, Cæsar felt safe against all mishaps. He reëntered his mother's house with the smile of a gambler who knows that all the winning cards are in his hand.

Vannozza embraced her two sons, and they set out. Francesco and Cæsar went side by side, and the escort heard them laughing together, now and again.

"By the way," said Cæsar, after a time, "we shall be in your way at San Sisto, I and the escort."

"Yes, I must part from you now. I will leave the escort to you, taking only my equerry. He always waits for me guarding my mule, in a corner of the Guidea Place, while I go on foot and by roundabout ways to San Sisto."

When they arrived in front of the Sforza Palace, Francesco disappeared in the direction of the Guidea Place. Cæsar was conducted by the escort to the Vatican, whither he went to take the orders of the holy father, and whence he was to set out the next morning for Naples. He chatted with the Pope for a few minutes, and then entered his apartment as if to sleep. But if Francesco, less occupied with his rendezvous, had listened to the noises of the night, he might have heard, in a street a little to one side of that which he followed, the furious gallop of Cæsar's horse. The fratricide had passed out again at a rear door, and was going at break-neck speed to join his cut-throats at San Sisto.

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At daybreak, the next morning, Cæsar set out for Naples. While in reality he made haste to leave Rome behind, he did not hurry his train, and traveled the first day as if he meant to journey by easy stages. He profited by this pretext to avoid the usual road, and at the same time he left a rear guard, commanded by Miguelotto, to give false directions in case the Pope should wish to have him fetched back to inquire about the disappearance of the Duke of Gandia.

The Duke of Gandia had, in fact, disappeared, and did not return home during the entire day. But his people were not greatly disturbed, for the young man often remained away over night, and, indeed, for forty-eight hours at a time in pursuit of his gallant adventures. But toward Thursday evening they became nervous; not only had he not returned, but his equerry had not been seen, though on similar occasions he was generally sent home to apprise the household of the cause of his master's non-appearance. Then it was learned that the equerry's body had been found, stabbed many times, in the Guidea Place. The people of a neighboring house had heard cries in the night, and had opened their windows only to see the man dying and his murderers fleeing in the darkness.

The Pope, as soon as he learned of it, was seized with an undefined fear. In vain he told himself that the equerry was, of course, alone when murdered; that Francesco was meanwhile, tranquilly making love to some fair dame; that the Borgias were too greatly feared, and that none would dare to harm one of them; in spite of all, he knew that youth is imprudent, that a dagger-thrust is quickly given, and that the enemies of his family were many. It was no longer a question of finding the duke, it was to recover his body.

All the machinery of the Papal police was set at work, but the affair remained a profound mystery. From the moment when the Duke of Gandia had parted from his brother before the Sforza Palace, all trace of him was lost absolutely. In vain they searched the houses in the neighborhood where the equerry's body had been found; in vain they made perquisitions among those women of the nobility and the *bourgeois* whom they suspected of having had relations with the duke; in vain they interrogated the keepers of all the low dens of the city—for the duke was not always over-nice in his pleasures—all was useless. Such an adroit and audacious murder had never been known.

Thinking that the body might have been thrown into the Tiber, in which assassins were accustomed to disembarrass themselves of the bodies of their victims, the boatmen were all interrogated, but without avail. However, the Pope had the announcement made that whoever knew anything of the matter and still concealed it would be subjected to the most horrible tortures if he were discovered. Frightened by the menaces, a boatman came forward, on Friday morning, and deposed that towards five o'clock on Thursday morning he had been lying down dozing, in his boat, when he was aroused by the sound of horse's hoofs clattering down the street that led to the quay from the Church of St. Jerome. As the gentry who are abroad at that hour were not friends to those who might observe their actions, he crept cautiously out of his boat in time to see the now stationary horsemen joined by two others, who looked earnestly about to assure themselves that they were unobserved. One of them whistled softly, and two more men came out of the alley and posted themselves at the corners of the street. The boatman, being accustomed to the dark, could see the first two plainly, and noticed that they were masked, that one was shorter than the

other, and that the larger wore black gloves, longer than any the boatman had ever seen, coming up to mid-arm, as he could see when the man's sleeves were pushed up. Presently the little man whistled again, and the horseman backed his animal to the edge of the quay. On its haunches he saw the body of a man, head and feet hanging down on the horse's flanks. The two men on foot then took the body, swung it to and fro thrice, and threw it well out into the stream, just where the sewer empties. The horseman, meanwhile, had not turned his head. When he heard the splash of the body striking the water, however, he turned about and gazed at the river. He was masked like the others, and covered with a great cloak; but the watcher gathered from the rich trappings of his horse that he was the master of the men on foot, and probably a powerful lord. He demanded in a sharp voice what it was that floated on the water. The little man replied that it was the dead man's cloak, and they threw stones at it till it sank. Then all five passed up the street toward St. Jerome.

The Pope heard this recital without a word; he seemed like a man who sees a terrible vision rising up before him. All at once he shook his head quickly, passed his hand before his eyes, and demanded of the boatman, in a low voice: "Did you recognize the dead man's face?"

The boatman hesitated to reply for an instant, then he threw himself on his face, declaring that he could not say exactly. But it was evident that he knew more. Alexander's brow contracted, his hands clenched. He made a step toward the old man, and pushed his head with the tip of his slipper.

"Speak!" he cried; "I command you to speak. Whom did it look like? Tell me! Was it the Duke of Gandia?"

"Your holiness has said it," murmured the boatman, concealing his face in his hands like a man who fears a blow.

He received it, in fact. Alexander struck him violently with his foot, and burst into sobs.

"Dog, cursed dog!" he hurled the words at him, furiously; you lie! It is not my beloved son whom they have killed us, whom they have thrown into the foulness of the sewer. You have not seen them toss into the water the body of my poor child, my Francesco!"

The Pope foamed with rage and despair. The hot blood mounted to his head, the veins in his throat swelled to bursting, and his face was twisted in horrible contortions.

Unable to bear the tumult of his thoughts and the weight of his suffering, he sank suddenly into a seat, like a great mass that has been hit with a hammer. He was recalled to consciousness by tears that assuaged his grief a little, and the hope of vengeance came to him like a spur, and roused his stricken faculties. He turned again to the trembling boatman.

"And why," he cried, "did you not make this declaration on Thursday morning?"

"I have seen many men thrown into the Tiber, and there was no inquiry made."

"But, since you recognized the Duke of Gandia, you should know that the murderers were the enemies of the holy father."

If the boatman had dared give expression to what was in his mind, he might have said that it was not unusual to find in some murders committed in the family; that he judged one Borgia easily capable of killing another. But he hung his head, and was silent.

Instead of rewarding the man the Pope had him detained for further examination. Then he had the river dragged at the spot indicated by the informant. The man's statement regarding the number of murders that were hidden in the turbid stream was well sustained, for in one day eleven bodies were recovered. But it was not till late on Friday afternoon that they recovered the duke's body. His money was in his pockets, and his gloves were still thrust in his belt. The body was scarcely recognizable, blue and putrefying. The chest and thighs bore the marks of nine dagger-thrusts; the throat had been cut with a deeper stroke, and above that gaping wound a black circle showed that the young man had been strangled by means of a slender cord that had sunk deep into his flesh. It was a hideous spectacle. But, nevertheless, Alexander the Sixth threw himself on the corpse, and clasped in his arms all that was left to him of his well-loved son.

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He could not attend the funeral, his rage and despair were too violent. He wandered about the vast apartments of the Vatican, moaning, shrieking, cursing, striking all who came near him; now sinking to the floor for very feebleness, again rising up and blaspheming, crying out that God himself had not suffered as much at the death of His Son; he tore out his hair and belabored his breast, for three days refused all nourishment, and, at last, crazed with grief, wandering in his mind, and exalted by his three days' fast, he declared his intention of publicly confessing his crimes to the Sacred College, and conjured the cardinals for that purpose. The cardinals knew that if the Borgia made them his confidants, they would be condemned to disappear mysteriously, one by one, when he regained his senses, and they refused to hear his confession; furious, reviled them, reproached them for their lack of religious feeling, and, declaring he was master there, harangued them for an hour on his sins.

"Yes," he cried, "I am a cheat, an unbeliever, a thief, a murderer. In the modest profession which I embraced when I began my career, when I had but to decide the right or wrong in law-suits, even then I had not the common confidence which makes us speak as the heart dictates. I used my learning only to deceive men, to make my fortune at the expense of the rich and powerful, and by robbing the widowed and fatherless. Then I became a soldier for the powerful of the earth, as I had been their advocate. Do you know what my first feat of arms was? I treacherously killed my captain for the enemy's gold. When a man stood in my way I picked a quarrel with him, and cleared my path with a sword-thrust. That way I killed, in Spain, forty of my companions in vice. Woe is me, that I have sinned so much! Woe is me! And when my uncle was elected Pope, under the name of Calixtus the Third, I glided, under the shadow of the tiara, into the holy church. I had children, which denied me the right to put on the holy garments—curses on her who bore me the son they have so cruelly murdered! What crimes I have committed for her and for them! You know well Vannozza is the mother of my children, though I married her to Manuel Melchiori, and made him Count of Castile. 'Tis I who was the real husband, the real father. And I played that comedy when I was cardinal-deacon, under Pius the Second, under Paul the Second, under Sixtus the Fourth, under Innocent the Eighth, deceiving all the world by my piety, affecting charity, virtue, asceticism even! I thought only of intriguing for the Pontifical throne, which I wanted to defile with my abominable person. Do you recall my simony?—how you, Orsino, demanded my palace and the châteaux of Monticelli and Sariani; you, Cardinal of Parma, how the town of Nepi was the price of your complaisance; you, Savelli, how you would have nothing less than the town of Citta-Castellana and the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore; you, Colonna, that I gave you the Abbey of Saint Benedict, with the castles and the seigneurial rights in perpetuity; you, Ascagne Sforza, of a family I execrate, that you had yourself made vice-chancellor of the church, with four mules laden with precious vessels in the bargain; you, you hoary monk of Venice, legate denied by your own country, who have taken more names than I can recall, have you finished counting the five thousand golden ducats that bought your vote; you, Cardinal of Saint Ange, drunkard and glutton, have you drunk up all the wine in my cellars, which you exacted with the bishopric of Oporto? Do you remember, simonists, sellers of the temple, hucksters of the tiara, Jewish usurers, who have trafficked in the body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ and have prostituted yourselves to my sacrilege? But the buyer was a greater thief than you, and has not kept his promises. I have put so many men to death that I can no longer count them. I have sown death among the Roman families to inherit their wealth, I have sold the gown and the hat, as a fishmonger sells his fish, I have betrayed all Italy—the French to the King of Naples, the King of Naples to Venice, Florence to Charles the Eighth, and every one to myself. I have had but one aim in life—to enrich my family at the cost of others, to roll up crime on crime that my bastards might batten on the wealth they brought. And now I am punished in the death of him I held most dear. And others are punished, too—Jofré, whom I have married to Dona Sancia, that terrible Cæsar, who is the right arm of my vengeance and who frightens even me, as a hen is frightened by the eagle she has hatched, and Lucrezia, whom I have married twice only to kill her first two husbands and whom I have just separated from her third, Gian Sforza. Do you know why I broke that marriage—ah! criminal as I am, you can not suspect why I hate the husband of my child, my child Lucrezia—I dare not avow this crime, more black than simony, poison, the dagger, monstrous hypocrisy, perpetual treason—never has man yet plunged so deep in turpitude—a Pope! a father! Curses on the race of Borgias! Curses on me seventy times seven times! Oh, why am I not in the place of my poor child, at the bottom of the Tiber, in the mouth of that foul sewer!"

And the Pope fell rolling in convulsions on the floor, while the cardinals burst the bolted door, and fled shrieking in fear and horror through the corridors of the Vatican.

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When Alexander the Sixth recovered from this rage of frankness, in which he had, for the first time in his life, been sincere, his first thought was of bitter repentance at his weakness. But his native strength of character soon returned; he reflected that they had known most of these things before, and he laid out a long series of new crimes by which he could disembarrass himself of those who would use his confession against him.

"So much the worse for them," he muttered; "they have seen the crocodile weep; they will be crushed in his jaws."

The search for the assassin still progressed, but without result. Indeed, the police knew how much Cæsar had to gain by Francesco's death, and they were not anxious to find the criminal in him, as they began to suspect they might. Alexander himself thought of this possibility, but he thrust the suspicion from his mind as too horrible. But the longer he reflected the stronger this idea grew, and when he learned that Vannozza, whose preference for Cæsar he well knew, did not mourn her dead son, that she paid for no masses for the repose of his soul, he determined to find out the truth from her if possible.

He went to her house alone, one evening, and said brusquely, to see how she would take it: "I know who is the murderer of our child."

"Well, what are you going to do?" she asked, calmly.

"I shall let justice take its course."

He seemed so grave and so convinced, that Vannozza believed him. She remembered Alexander's crimes, and she trembled for Cæsar. "You must not," she cried; "it is impossible!"

"Why so?" coldly replied the Pope; "why are you so disturbed? Do you know the criminal, and do you love him?"

Alexander the Sixth had spoken too soon. Vannozza saw that he was uncertain, and she regained her confidence.

"I do not know the criminal," she replied; "but I see one thing clearly—that to have committed so audacious a crime, to have dared to attack yourself, he must be strong and powerful, and I counsel you to pursue your vengeance no further, lest you yourself suffer." She looked straight into the holy father's face with her black basilisk eyes. "*Beware*," she hissed, "*Roderick Borgia, beware!*"

Alexander the Sixth no longer doubted the complicity of mother and son, and he trembled as he felt himself in danger. He bowed his head before these words, uttered in a voice the very calmness of which was terrible.

From that day the search was carried on but half-heartedly. Alexander even had the cowardice to tell Vannozza that he renounced the pursuit. The terrible Cæsar was unmolested.

Francesco Borgia slept unrevenged in his bloody grave, for the father who so fondly loved him, himself feared the dagger of the Borgia.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Jean Richepin.*

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Smith—"What! moving again, Jones?" *Jones* (gloomily)—"Yes." *Smith*—"Had a fire in the house?" *Jones*—"No; a fire out of the house."—*Boston Courier.*

Gazzam—"Hello, Cumso, you look entirely fagged out. What's the matter?" *Cumso*—"Oh, nothing! A week's rest will set me up. Just back from my vacation."—*Time.*

"So this is Castle Garden?" were his first words as he landed. The second were: "Well, I suppose the next thing in order is to blow up the police!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

"See here, Brown, you took that umbrella from my office, and I want it." "I know I did, but this umbrella belongs to Smith." "What if it does? I stole it first."—*New York Sun.*

"How do you suppose Mr. Poorcase manages to get diamonds for his wife?" asked a lady of her husband. "Oh, buys them by the quartz, I presume."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Old Crusty (who desires a slight variation in the breakfast bill of fare, to his boarding-house keeper)—"It seems to me, madam, that you are endeavoring to make this a table d'oat meal."—*Life.*

Mrs. Parshley (as the boat pitches a trifle)—"How delightful this little swell is, Mr. Parshley?" *Young Brockelsby* (complacently)—"I always *try* to be entertaining, Mrs. Parshley."—*Judge.*

Fraulein—"That is a handsome man, Herr Lieutenant, there in the right wing, is he not?" *Herr Lieutenant*—"No, not for a private; he would be handsome for an officer."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

She (at Manhattan Beach)—"What is that the orchestra is playing, Mr. Sampson?" *He*—"Mendelssohn's "Wedding March." *She*—"Oh, is it? I have so often longed to hear it."—*New York Sun.*

Barber (to customer, whose face looks as though it had undergone several surgical operations)—"The man who shaved you last must have been a fool." *Customer*—"He was. I shaved myself."—*New York Sun.*

Clerk—"I believe ve vill get some pad vedders." *Mose Schaumburg*—"You believes *ve* vill get some pad vedders. Vot you mean by *ve*? Since ven haf you been a partner oph mine dot you talks of *ve*?"—*Texas Siftings.*

The watering-place letter that has a receipted hotel bill written into its body for publication is somewhat sickening, and can not be regarded as reliable when speaking of rooms and board in glowing terms.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Jones—"I say, Smith, I understand that Brown is something of a literary man." *Smith*—"Literary man, yes. Why, Brown writes for the waste-baskets of some of the leading newspapers and magazines in the country."—*New York Sun.*

Customer (to restaurant proprietor)—"That coffee I just had wasn't as good as my mother used to make, by a long shot." *Proprietor*—"It's the best we can do, sir, at five cents a cup. I s'pose your mother got ten cents for hers."—*Epoch.*

Ragged urchin (to druggist's clerk)—"Pa has tooken a dose of that linnymunt you gin him, an' he's corfin an' sneezin' fit to bust hisself, an' he says he's comin' to knock merry blazes out o' you; so gimme a nickel an' run fer yer life!"—*Life.*

Husband (on his return from business)—"Why, my dear, what is the matter? You look ill." *Wife* (faintly)—"Oh, John, I've just been reading an almanac, and I find I have twenty-seven diseases, any one of which may prove fatal."—*New York Sun.*

Mrs. Wiggins (incredulously)—"And do you mean to say that, although you've been married a year, your husband has never once alluded to his mother's cooking?" *Mrs. Youngwife*—"Never. Charlie's folks always lived at hotels, you know."—*Judge.*

She (sentimentally)—"In the spring all nature smiles, the birds woo, lovers kiss, but, ah! then comes winter." *He*—"I know some things that kiss all the year around and never change." *She*—"Impossible! What?" *He* (calmly)—"Billiard-balls."—*Time.*

Teacher—"Knipke, who reigned the earlier, Titus or Vespasian?" *Scholar*—"Titus." *Teacher*—"Mistake." *Scholar* (quickly correcting himself)—"Vespasian." *Teacher* (sternly)—"Kleemüller has whispered that to you again."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

If writers of bad poetry desire to preserve copies of their poems, the way to do so is to keep duplicates when the poems are sent to the press; or, better still, keep the originals and duplicates, and then the editors will have nothing to lose.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Elderly lady (to platform guard, in Boston)—"Which car do I want to take?" *Polite railroad man*—"You will pardon me, madam, for answering your question with another, but the solution of the proposition depends to a somewhat broad extent on where you want to go."—*Time*

Mrs. Chilsley—"I see statistics show that seventy-five per cent. of male criminals are unmarried." *Mr. Chilsley*—"Which shows how many men prefer the penitentiary to matrimony." And the ensuing silence was so deep that Mrs. Chilsley could hear herself reflect.—*Puck.*

At the seaside: *Dorothy*—"But, Herman, I can't answer you now. I—I—give me time to think before I reply." *Herman* (with rapturous passion)—"Certainly, my own angel; but don't make it too long, because it costs me five dollars a day at this beastly hotel."—*Washington Critic.*

He was rescuing her from the billowy waves, but it looked as if they might never see Boston again. "Hold on tight, Penelope," he gasped; "hold on tight." "Don't say hold on tight," gurgled the girl, with her mouth full of Atlantic Ocean; "say hold on tightly."—*Utica Observer.*

A reporter connected with one of our leading daily papers canvassed a train the other morning as to what paper was altogether the most popular. His own journal received four votes, while the remaining sixty-two were evenly divided, being wall-paper and fly-paper.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Mandy," exclaimed the elderly aunt of the young lady at the seaside, as she surveyed her in amazement, "your bathing costume shocks me! Remember you have not yet laid aside your mourning." "That's all right, aunty," said Amanda, reassuringly, "you know I am quite dark-skinned."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Miss Pert (just arrived from city)—"Have you been enjoying yourself, Mr. Dasher?" *Mr. Dasher* (who has been at the seaside two weeks)—"No; it's awfully dull, you know. No excitement—nobody drowned—nothing at all." *Miss Pert*—"Well, somebody must start the fun; why don't you?"—*Judge.*

"No, Mr. Smith," she said, gently, but firmly; "I can never be your wife." Then he struggled to his feet, and said, in broken tones: "Are all my hopes to be thus dashed to pieces? Am I never to be known as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith?" This was too much for the girl, and she succumbed.—*Harper's Bazar.*

He was doing very nicely in the parlor, when a solemn voice came through the open window from the porch: "That young man makes me very tired." "Don't be alarmed, Mr. Sampson," said the girl, as he hastily started up, "it is only Polly, our parrot." "I understand it's the parrot," he replied, "but I would like to know who taught her to talk.'—*New York Sun.*

Miss Clara (retired for the night)—"Ethel, wake up; there's the sweetest music you ever heard in front of the house. I just expected that Charley and his friends would serenade us to-night!" *Miss Ethel* (excited)—"Oh, Clara, isn't it lovely! Oughtn't we to drop some flowers from the window?" *Miss Clara*—"Oh, I think so (dropping a bunch of roses with great caution). There, Ethel!" *Voice* (below)—"Mein Gott in himmel, ve no lif on roses."—*New York Sun.*

GIRL STUDENTS IN PARIS.

"Parisina" describes their Studies from the Nude in Julian's Studio.

Shall we permit our young people—our girls—to study the nude?

Many a materfamilias is asking herself this question nowadays. And gradually one by one they will end by answering it in the affirmative. If a girl is to make art her profession, she must certainly be initiated into all its mysteries, and it is impossible to arrive at even ordinary excellence in figure drawing, without having studied from the life. Nevertheless, I can quite understand their hesitation. If I had daughters myself, I know I should hesitate; more than these visionary darlings would, I daresay. It is a mistake to think that innocence is naturally squeamish. "I don't like so many naked people," said a little boy once to me at the Salon. I have reason to think him an exception.

Girls are beginning to take up art as a profession, while others, who have no intention of ever making money out of their pencil or brush, resort to art for the sake of amusement or for pure love. In the latter case they may be classed under the same head as the professionals, and must be allowed to do as the male students do—work in the studios where the models are undraped and the human form divine is exhibited in its native beauty.

I often wonder whether the young Americans, who come to Paris brimful of artistic ardor, know what is before them, and if they do, whether they make confidants of their parents and relatives. A young English girl said to me, the other day: "Mamma does not try to understand; she knows that I study from the life, but has only a vague idea of what that means." This, in many instances, paints the situation. Among her own set, her own people, she is ashamed; but before her comrades and professors habit soon renders her entirely indifferent. Of course, the first few days are rather disagreeable, there is a natural revolt of her womanhood, then the feeling of awkwardness wears off, and utter callousness takes its place. The undraped form on the platform ceases to be a piece of flesh and blood, and becomes "a study" which taxes her powers to the uttermost, and she has no leisure for other thoughts.

Many of the French girls who take up art do so in a half-hearted sort of way, whereas the American or English girl, who crosses the seas and comes to Paris for the purpose of completing her art education, is thoroughly in earnest. In a general way she is bent on spending as little money as possible; and, however economically she may do it, the journey, the living away from home, the studio expenses, mount up into a round sum that often weighs heavily on her pocket. M. Julian—whose studios have a world-wide reputation—has declared to me that nothing surprises him more than the eagerness which "foreigners," especially Americans, show on their first arrival. They are always anxious to get to work at once. Under the same circumstances a Frenchwoman would need time to settle down, and would fix next week or the week after next for beginning her studies.

Our American girl-student, fortunately for her, has no idea of the invidiousness of the position that awaits her. Far away from her own people, she is free to arrange her existence as occasion offers, and the fact that she will be living in a manner utterly opposed to French ideas of propriety, does not trouble her. Paris means liberty and freedom of action. On the face of things it is all so deliciously Bohemian. An entirely new world is opened up. In the first place, there is the studio, and henceforth the greater part of the day will be spent there, and gradually in it will be centered all the interests, hopes, and fears of her feminine existence. Let us suppose that all preliminaries have been arranged, and that your fair country-woman is ready to begin her artistic career in Paris. Of course, unless she has reached the mature age of five-and-twenty, she is seldom quite alone. Perhaps she has come over with a party of friends who see that she is put to board with a respectable family. Often two or more club together, there being social safety in numbers; or the artist is accompanied by a non-artistic sister as mentor and chaperon, and the place of habitation is a quiet hotel in the neighborhood of the special studio fixed up. She must be up betimes. They begin work early, making as much of the short winter day as possible, or profiting to the full by the long summer ones. By eight o'clock most of the pupils are assembled in the big, rambling room, with its groves of easels and stools of different heights; hats and cloaks have been doffed in the vestibule, and now hang despondent, like Blue Beard's unfortunate wives in the secret cupboard, and the fresh morning light strikes down through the high windows upon blonde and brunette heads of every variety of shade—brown, yellow, and black. If it is Monday, unusual agitation reigns, for on that day a fresh model commences a week's sitting. The ordeal is a severe one for the girl who is fresh to the scene. A door in the wainscot opens, and the model appears, loosely wrapped in a cloak or shawl. If it happens to be a woman, save the wrap, she has, like the Blarney Venus, "not a rag on;" a man wears a short pair of red-cotton drawers. Then the chorus of *habitués* discussing the "pose"—a very important matter—shall it be a standing or a sitting one. Opinions are generally divided, and the question has to be decided by vote; also the position of the arms, the turn given to the head. The male model awaits the decision calmly, and does not presume to have a voice in the argument; but the female is less docile. She declares herself tired and quite unable to stand, they must give her a chair and a rest for her back. Indeed, they are almost always tired on Monday, having spent the previous day in feast and frolic with other choice spirits of the "Boul' Mich'." Owing to this chronic condition of feminine lassitude, men are much preferred as models, and methinks decency is less outraged in their persons. A man in red drawers is better than a woman as God made her, especially when the professor puts in an appearance, or the color-man's apprentice is employed to back up a bit of drapery. These are the only males, excepting the professors and the models, who are allowed within the precincts, and although it is a business matter for them, they are men for a' that. For another reason, too, men are preferable to women—they do not talk; and if they allowed themselves the luxury of a glance of admiration at any one of the many sweet specimens of girlhood seated before them, the doors of the studio would be henceforth closed to them. Women, on the other hand, are less reticent. In the short intervals of repose vouchsafed them, they are sometimes too garrulous. The young women who know a thing or two treat them with disdain; but kindly youth and innocence may listen out of pure good-nature, and learn a little more of the life of the model behind the scenes than is good for them.

Once the "pose" has been decided upon, the list of names is called out, and each girl, on hearing hers, takes possession of the place that pleases her most. Then the *séance* begins. Those who work in charcoal have prepared their porte-crayons; the more advanced, who manipulate in oil, have palette on thumb and brushes in hand; a few who prefer pastel are seated with their box of colored chalks by their side. The model assumes the position assigned to him or her, having discarded the cloak in which he has been wrapped until that moment. A novice's cheeks will burn when she first scans the fair proportions of a young athlete, or glances timidly between her drooping lashes on the rounded form of a Boulevard nymph. She envies her companions their composure. She gets hot and cold by turns, and can hardly attend to her work, so confused does she feel at the five feet odd of human flesh bared for her contemplation. At first she does not think so, but this feeling of timidity soon wears off, and, besides, the perfect serenity of those around is contagious. As the morning wanes she gains confidence, especially if the professor does not happen to come round, which is a new trial to be borne and got over, so that before the model is aching for a moment of respite, she has been able to trace a few lines upon her paper, and by the time the three hours' *séance* is over her equanimity is almost restored. Thus is the delicate bloom rubbed from the peach.

At last there is a general move. All the girls get up, the model slips out the back way. It is time for *déjeûners*. A rush is made for the only two comfortable chairs in the place. About two-thirds of the students put on their hats and sally forth, some home, or to their lodgings, others to the restaurants. There is a humble establishment in the Palais Royal much patronized by female art students, where they can get a very fair meal for twenty-five or thirty cents. Being regular customers, they are waited upon with alacrity; garçons of gallant dispositions are glad enough to attend to the wants of these young people, though the *pourboire* be slight. Those who frequent these houses of public entertainment are mostly American or English; the French go home to lunch, or eat it at the studio in company with other "foreigners" who prefer a sandwich and dessert, according to the season, with which they have previously furnished themselves, or provisions the *bonne* is dispatched to buy. During the meal the girls gather into little parties; two or three stools of a suitable height are chosen for a table, round which other chairs and stools are drawn. One among them, who does not mind a little trouble, keeps a spirit lamp and a tiny pot, and makes a cup of strong coffee, which she shares with her bosom friend. How the tongues wag! This is the time for mutual confidences, half-whispered murmurings on the one hand, loud argument and gay chat on the other. They are making up for the comparative silence of the morning—silence enjoined by mutual consent rather than rule—for it is impossible to work while keeping up an animated conversation. It is liberty hall, and even the "massière"—the head pupil, who collects the money—is not vested with sufficient authority to stop a pupil from talking if she has a mind. As for the *bonne*, she is always an important personality, as she—in the absence of the professors and director—is accountable for the general behavior of the class; but she can not interfere, unless the talk becomes too broad. Then she uplifts a warning voice, the doubtful anecdote is left unfinished, the culprit stops confused or carries off her naughtiness with a shrug of the shoulders or a laugh. I was told by M. Julian himself that the young women who most frequently indulge in spicy talk are those who belong to the best circles and where social position is the most assured. I need hardly add that they are generally French, and certainly none American or English. These may join in the laugh, though ten to one the risky innuendo has escaped their comprehension. And apropos of this, M. Julian told me a good story. Formerly, when the female art students were in a small minority, an American girl was extremely anxious to be allowed to enter the men's studio, because she thought she should learn more there. For some time she was refused, but diplomatic influence being brought to bear on the director (the lady had influential friends), he at last consented to make an exception in her favor, and for many months she worked among a crowd of young fellows whose conversation may be better imagined than described. One day she sought out M. Julian and begged him to allow her to make a change, which he at first steadily declined to do; she had chosen and must abide by her choice. Being asked, moreover, to explain her inconsistency, she declared, with many blushes, that during her sojourn in the studio she had learned to speak and understand French, and once the language was familiar to her, it was impossible for her to remain there any longer!

The *bonne* has a most important task beside that of censor, runner of errands, and general sweeping. She is the cerberus of the studio. The moment one of the male sex makes his appearance on the staircase she is up in arms. It is no use his proving that he occupies the position of father, uncle, brother, or cousin, to one or other of the students, he can not pass the threshold, he is vigorously excluded by reason of his sex. Sometimes an idler in the neighborhood of the studio has seen and followed one of the girls to the door, and would force an entrance in at the door. You should see her then, like a hen covering her chicks; arms akimbo, she eyes the intruder with a ferocious glare. "Is he not old enough to know a lady when he sees her?" One afternoon lately a fellow with rare impudence rang the bell and said he had particular business with the young woman who had just gone in. "What name?" "Mlle. Alice," hesitatingly. For one the *bonne* was taken in, "he was such a soft-spoken gentleman," and consented to make inquiries in the studio, shutting a couple of doors carefully behind her, and demanded of the assembled students if Mlle. Alice expected a gentleman; several Alices answered the summons, but one and all declared they knew naught of the gentleman outside, and the *bonne* recognized that she had been done. The man left the place quicker than he had entered, take my word for it, storm of abuse following him into the open air. If he knows it, he will never try it on with Marie again.

One o'clock. The *entr'acte* is over. In flock the girls who had gone elsewhere for their *déjeûners*. The model pops once more from the side door, and reassumes his old position guided thereunto, so far as feet are concerned, by chalk marks on the planks of the platform, and the second afternoon *séance* begins. Partial silence is restored, and the students are once more busy as bees. "Life is short and art is long."

PARIS, July 9, 1888. PARISINA.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

During the year 1888 nearly a million of aliens will land upon our shores, with the intention of becoming citizens. Such an invasion never occurred in any civilized land since the Goths and Vandals besieged Rome, since the Tartars descended upon Europe, since the Moors invaded Spain, since the Armada threatened England. Of these invaders nearly one-half are ignorant, neither speak the English language nor have any comprehension of the principles of free government. The national parties stand in fear of these aliens and the governments that send them; solicit their votes, and aid them to evade the naturalization laws. Our country shows their presence and their movements in strikes, political agitations, riots, anarchistic murders, and party conspiracies. Neither the Republican party nor the Democratic party in national convention has the courage to recognize the danger, nor in Congress to legislate against it, and never will have till an intelligent constituency behind them compels them to action. In the meantime we are informed that thirteen paupers and criminals have been sent out of the country; two of them were Italian banditti sent away in irons, and one was a crazy Chinaman. Thirteen out of a million!

The nomination of Frank M. Stone by the American party as its candidate for Congress, was made on Tuesday evening. Mr. Thomas Clunie is the Democratic, and Timothy G. Phelps, Esquire, the Republican candidate. If the contest is carried out as indicated by the present programme, the election of the Democratic candidate is assured. That this condition of things exists is the fault of Republican leaders, who are acting upon the assumption that the best way to manage Americans is by treating them with insolent and contemptuous indifference. We hear that Mr. Stone is an ambitious, talented and honorable young lawyer, and well deserving the support of all Americans who do not think the safety of the union imperiled by not allowing William Higgins, Esquire, and M. H. De Young the privilege of running it.

Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, has introduced a bill in Congress requiring a candidate for citizenship to satisfy the judge by his reading, writing, and speaking of the English language that he is capable of understanding, and does understand, the scope of American institutions and the obligations of American citizenship, a judge to be permitted to naturalize twenty persons in one day. To the present oath is to be added the renouncement of fealty to all ecclesiastical or religious powers, foreign or domestic. This last clause is aimed at Romanism and Mormonism, and is an indication that the political world "do move." The rainbow of promise spans the sky.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Card from Mr. Morgan.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your criticism of my letter declining the nomination for Congress on the American ticket, which appeared in your last issue, tends to convict me of being illogical. Under the circumstances, my reason for declining was, in my opinion, the best that could have been given. The American party had determined to place in the field a national ticket, and I should have been in honor bound, had I accepted its nomination for Congress, to have supported it. I could not conscientiously have done so, and, therefore, would not. So far as my position is concerned, it is simply this: Although a Democrat, I can heartily indorse the principles of the American party, and fail to see why, as a Democrat, I can not consistently do so. In my judgment good and effective service may be done for the cause of American ideas within as without the Democratic party, and I repeat, that were I in a position, substantial aid should be given to attain the object for which your party is contending. Very respectfully,

BEN. MORGAN, of Berkeley.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 30, 1888.

The Catholics and the School Census.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Inclosed find a school census, which I send for fear it may have escaped your scissors. Does not the falling of twenty thousand children in one year from attendance at the public schools startle you? Where have the children gone? Those who have become men and women have had their places filled by children growing up to fill the depleted ranks.

Has not some organized movement been put afoot to bring about this result? What about parochial schools?

I see a most magnificent Catholic school going up in Oakland; plans for an eighty-thousand-dollar convent in San Rafael are to be submitted to architects at once; so while America and Americans sleep, Rome goes on. "Viva Italia! Viva Garibaldi!" meant freedom to Italy, and the most powerful country in all the world. "Viva America!" should mean *something* when we find an American Garibaldi who loves Columbia more than all the world beside. Yours, MARIN

OLEMA, August 1, 1888.

London has fewer inhabitants to the house than any other of the great cities of Europe. Vienna has the most persons to the house, having five times as many as London.

Sixty-five dollars was paid for a Queen Anne farthing at a recent sale in London.

VANITY FAIR.

The women in Newport dress very simply and in good taste in the morning. Ginghams, cambrics, sateens, and occasionally muslins, when the warm days of August come—these the daughters of millionaires and potentates affect, and in these they look their prettiest and best. To be sure, the simple cooking-gowns are often turned out by a Donovan or a Félix, and have cost from sixty to seventy dollars, made up as they are over silk linings and trimmed lavishly with lace or ribbons, yet the effect is not elaborate or absurd. Blouse waists are much worn, generally made of India silk or of surah, loose and picturesque, and generally becoming, especially to slight figures. Puffed or frilled sleeves always, and skirts that, whatever rumor may have said to the contrary, show no diminution whatever in the size of the tournure. As for hats, in the morning, it is an open choice between the sailor and the Leghorn. Everybody wears yellow shoes, which are very popular, not in the ordinary vulgar leather, but in suede kid, soft as a glove and fitting delicately the delicate feet they incase. Of course, there are gloves to match. It is the men who are dazzling in Newport. The youth of the period, as represented in Newport, makes his toilet the principal end and aim of his existence. He comes down for the season with as many trunks as my lady brings, in which his wardrobe is folded carefully away, the choicest articles enveloped in tissue paper. He has his scented sachets to lay among his silken scarfs and dashes, his jewel-box for his wealth of rings and pins, and studs and chains, his silver brushes and combs, his dozen pairs of boots, his variety of hats, gloves by the box, and suits of clothing, fit for every occasion that a brilliant imagination could conceive. He goes to a manicure for his nails and barber for his hair, but the rest his valet does, and takes him pieces every night as carefully as Mrs. Skewton's maid performed that friendly office for her mistress. He does not get out of bed before nine o'clock; anything earlier than that is very bad form, and not to be thought of. Then he simmers in a warm bath for a while, and after shaving and reading the morning paper, and peeping into the last scandalous French novel, he is gotten up for the morning's work. When finished, behold him! He is dressed from head to foot in spotless white. His sack-coat and trousers are of white flannel, immaculately made. No waistcoat wears he, but a silken sash fold in soft folds about his manly waist and fastened with jeweled pin. His four-in-hand scarf matches his sash in color. It may be pink, blue, or mauve, but whatever its color, the ends flutter wildly in the breeze. His sailor hat of white straw has a ribbon band also to match the sash, and he wears a choice posy in his button-hole. Silk stockings and white canvas shoes protect his feet. His fingers are be-ringed, he carries a cane with a great big buck-horn head. He talks with a languid laziness, gossip and scandal chiefly, and take it all in all, is a product of which American civilization ought to be proud.

Mrs. Potter is at Trouville, where she has gone for rest after the labors of her hard season. She is wearing a Directoire gown there which attracts great attention. It is of ivory-white crêpe de Chine, and held in close under the bust with a flexible gold serpent, which winds twice around her body and whose jeweled head rests upon her bosom. It is one of the shadows cast by the coming event of Cleopatra, which she will play during the approaching season. Mrs. Potter has been buying, in Paris, some gowns for private wear. She will not return until September, and, in her private letters, makes no mention of the report that she is to play Juliet to Bernhardt's Romeo; it is probably not true, though she and Sarah were inseparable in Paris, and Mrs. Potter has been to visit Sarah in her country-place. She—that is to say, Mrs. Potter—declares in her letters that she is glad to be out of the idle frivolity of society and in the company of the great thoughts of the great dramatists.

It is a good deal more trouble to fit a lady than you would imagine," said a fashionable ladies' tailor, as he sat in his elegantly furnished office and motioned a servant to bring a chair for his visitor; "because, you see, ladies are very peculiar. How are ladies measured? Well, first they take off their outer waist, leaving their neck and arms bare. Then the tailor measures them from the collar to the waist in the back; the width of the back is taken at its widest and narrowest points, the front from the base of the throat to the waist, next from the under arm to the waist, and then the size of the chest is taken. After that we take the measurement of the bust, waist, and hips. That done, the inside length of the sleeve is taken, and the circumference of the biceps. The measure of the skirt is next taken—up, down, and around. Then we have three fittings. First in the rough, second with the perfect linings, and lastly when everything is completed. Some ladies will be fitted by none but men. They don't care to like women about them. Some don't seem to like the idea of wearing so few clothes and allowing men to handle them. Fitting is a rather embarrassing thing at times, let me tell you. Then women's vanity keeps a great many from allowing men to fit them, especially where the figure is not well rounded. Most of the ladies wear skin-tight web undergarments, which show all the outlines and yet are not immodest. Sometimes a lady will come who is as thin as a rail, with no bust, no arms, no shoulders. We have to use cotton-wadding to supply her deficiencies. That's where a good fitter comes in. A bungler would make her look lumpy, but an artist in his line turns her out a model. Then suppose a big fleshy lady comes along. She has an immense expanse of breast. Of course, that must be broken. We usually break the bodice into four lines by a revers of the same cloth. You eye can only travel from one line to the other, and before it has passed around all of them the mind forgets to note the expanse. A perfectly plain bodice is very trying except to a perfect figure. In that event, of course, it only sets it off. The Greek ideal figure would be regarded as a monstrosity nowadays, just as our model would have made all Athens roar if she could have been seen there. You see the Greeks knew nothing of our modern idea of pinching in the waist. Neither did they restrain any of the limbs. The form grew naturally and was clad in loose flowing robes. I should say a good model, for an American girl, is about this: Height, five feet four and one-half inches; bust, thirty-six inches; waist, twenty-two and one-half inches; length of back, fifteen inches; of front, thirteen and one-half inches; biceps, eleven and one-half inches, tapering down to six and one-quarter inches at the wrist. The weight ought not to be over one hundred and thirty pounds, nor under one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

"The Frenchwoman," the tailor continued, "is the perfection of style. Her carriage is inimitable; whatever she wears seems individual and perfect. I can tell a Frenchwoman two blocks behind by her walk. Their forms are not so rounded as the English, and their shoulders are usually squarer. The Americans, on the other hand, are more slender and delicate than the English, while they have some of that indescribable *chic* of the French. In England, you know, the ladies lead an active, out-of-door life which makes them robust and gives them good busts and rounded arms. Here there is not much attempt at exercise, except in affectation. I will give you an instance. Not long ago, a society girl came here to have a tennis-dress made. She was advised to have the waist made loose, and not to use a corset. 'Not use a corset!' she cried; 'why, I should look ridiculous. Of course, I won't do anything of the kind.' Now an English girl would laugh at the idea of playing tennis in a corset. One thing about American ladies is that they will get what they want. An English or a French woman will take the dress and go away. The American will tell you very plainly if she doesn't like it, and make you change it for her, too. The Americans are the most extravagant of all women. They want the very best of everything. I shall give you a little example: An Englishwoman has her dresses always lined with farmer satin, an American with silk. What does an average dress cost? It runs from seventy-five dollars up. The cheapest fashionable dress costs seventy-five dollars, and it is very plain, indeed. I should say a fair average would be two hundred and fifty dollars. Some dresses we make cost over one thousand dollars. Last winter we made a dress of green velvet, trimmed in sable, which cost fifteen hundred dollars; the sable was really beautiful and the effect was gorgeous. Not long ago we made a court dress that cost seventeen hundred dollars. It was for an American lady who was going to be presented. I don't think there is any dispute about the fact that New York ladies are the most stylish on the continent. Many of our society ladies would be mistaken for French women. The Southern lady is usually thinner than the New Yorker, and more languid in all her motions. The Western girl is heavier, the outlines are more accentuated, and she is not so stylish. Some of the Western girls would be models of beauty if they were not a little too fleshy. It is not the hard, firm flesh that comes from exercise, but the loose flesh of eating a trifle more than the amount of exercise taken would warrant. If American girls could only be induced to take a little more active exercise out of doors, they would be the models of the modern human form."

The New York Club has taken its place among the leading clubs of the metropolis. Its handsome house, at Thirty-Fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, is brilliantly illuminated at night, and is the centre of that species of gilt-edged activity which, several years ago, surged, and seethed, and bubbled about the head-quarters of the Union Club, more than half a mile down the fashionable thoroughfare. From half-past seven o'clock in the evening until past midnight, cabs are dashing up to the entrance, discharging swarms of gentlemen in evening-dress, and an equal number of vehicles thundering away, bearing members of the club who have dined there and enjoyed the excellent *cuisine* which has been established, to attend meetings and entertainments all over the city. But little more than a year ago the New York Club, although numbering many prominent men among its members, was considered away down the list, and its present success is an illustration of what may be accomplished, even in social life, by a little clever financiering. With less than twenty-five thousand dollars in the treasury, the club's committee floated a bonded loan of two hundred thousand dollars, bought the present property, had the old building transformed into a club-house, and put the organization on an entirely different footing. The interest on the loan and the interest on the mortgage, which was also secured, do not together foot up the amount of rent which was paid for the little club-house at Twenty-fifth Street and Broadway.

Of the social events that have taken place in London recently, the most interesting were the open-air representation of the woodland scenes from "Midsummer Night's Dream" at Mrs. Labouchère's place, Knights Villa, Twickenham, and the Irish bazaar held at the Olympia, where violent home-rulers and obstinate Tories of high degree rubbed shoulders in their efforts to sell Irish goods to English crowds. The list of ladies selling included Mrs. Gladstone, Lady Randolph Churchill, Lady Salisbury, Lady Spencer, Lady Londonderry, Miss Fortescue, Miss Dorothy Dene, and many other well-known names. Mrs. Gladstone, who, of course, was by far the most interesting and the most gazed at by the crowd, wore a white, Irish lace shawl, and sold with feverish energy, as she does everything she undertakes. At Mrs. Labouchère's everybody appeared, had a good time, and got his feet wet. The actors, who had to skip about on the grass, were wet to their knees after the performance, and joined the rest of London in blessing the weather. The success of the performance was Annie Hughes, who played Puck so successfully as even to eclipse the classic and traditional Kate Vaughn. Another outdoor performance was Lady Archibald Campbell's pastoral play in Cannizard woods. De Bonneville's pastoral comedy "Le Baiser," was produced, with Lady Archibald Campbell dressed as a Pierrot, and Miss Annie Schletter as a fairy. Mme. Thenard of the Comédie-Française is organizing an affair which promises to bring together what the English call a smart crowd, and be very interesting.

It is probable that embroidery will soon play a prominent part in men's dress. Thus far it has only shown itself in connection with dress vests, which are embroidered with a degree of elaboration depending upon the taste and the pocket-book of the wearer. The coming fall will, however, witness the introduction of embroidery upon coats, vests, and trousers. Thus far none of these garments have been made up in America, but the material has been made for them, and considerable quantities of West of England cloths have been sent to Paris to be embroidered to the order of leading New York tailors, in patterns for vest, coat, and trousers. In view of the revival of this vestige of former gorgeousness in men's dress, it is interesting to take a glance at some former essays at "ornamented" trousers, which were in vogue within forty years or less. Men's attire in the early fifties was a fearful and wonderful thing; and the most pronounced dude of to-day would appear painfully modest in apparel beside one of the gorgeous swells who frequented "Niblo's," "The Vauxhall Gardens," or "Taylor's" forty years ago. To call the trousers of those days pronounced would scarcely express it. Plaids were plaids, then, and some patterns had only one full plaid in the width of the cloth, bringing a stripe down the front of each leg, and perhaps three cross-stripes in the length of the trousers. These patterns were woven with the plaids' yellow, and dyed a "chemic" green in the piece. After these wonderful plaids had had their day, the embroidered patterns and "boot" patterns came in for a season of popularity. At first the upper part of the trousers above the knee was plaided, while below the knee the fabric was plain or striped. From this arrangement came the boot and tassel pattern. The patterns were not embroidered, but were woven into the fabric, the tassel and figuring above the knee being in green, while the "boot" was brown. The "fob" patterns were woven principally in black and white, and were made to imitate the fob watch-chains then universally worn. The braid pattern was a development from the fob, its prototype being the embroidered hussar breeches of the Napoleonic wars; and similar trousers may be seen on Greek swells of to-day.—*Haberdasher.*

Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger brought home from Russia a new fashion which is destined to have many imitators. She appeared at a garden-party lately in a black lace costume, of which the silk bodice was cut low and without sleeves, the white skin being allowed to show through the laces. On her head was a wide, black lace hat, and she carried a lace parasol, but to all this summer bravery she had added a long white boa of Thibetan lamb's fur round about her throat. The effect was very unique, but rather charming on the whole, and before the summer is done it may be prophesied that a great many women will be imitating her. Mrs. Cruger had great social success in Russia, was received at a private audience by the Czar and Czarina, attended the court balls, and saw the brilliant society of St. Petersburg at its best. She was extremely popular and admired, being a woman of great *esprit*, and having half a dozen foreign languages at easy command. She picked up sufficient Russian during her stay to greatly impress her American friends on her return.

Writing on "Dress and Economy," in the July number of *Longman's Magazine*, Mrs. Henry Reeve gives us some very remarkable "facts and figures and other data for the construction of a scale of expenditure and of ratio to income of the cost of clothes." The writer has evidently been at much pains to collect these "facts," etc., from various informants, and though these latter often prefer to give the house-rent they pay, rather than the income they possess, their information is surprising enough. One lady, who has a "small income of eight hundred pounds sterling a year," finds thirty pounds sterling enough for her dress. Another who, with her husband, enjoys an income of fifteen hundred pounds sterling (no children), spends only fifty pounds sterling on her dress, while her husband's averages twenty-six pounds ten shillings sterling per annum. Again, a professional man with "two thousand pounds sterling a year to spend," gives his two daughters forty pounds sterling a year for dress, and a "gentleman who shoots, plays lawn-tennis, mixes in the best society in town and country, and travels on the continent," spends only twenty-two pounds sterling a year on his raiment. Finally, an inquiry among twenty-eight bachelors (including members of Parliament, civil servants, barristers, and country squires) shows a maximum expenditure of thirty-four pounds sterling and a minimum of fourteen pounds sterling, or an average of twenty-three pounds sterling a year, spent on dress.

Hammersmith & Field, jewelers, No. 118 Sutter Street, San Francisco, are manufacturing beautiful American buttons for party badges—the American "shield" enameled upon silver and gold. Solid silver buttons are sold for eighty-five cents, and gold ones for four dollars. They are handsome ornaments for the lappel of the coat, and when the election is over are useful for sleeve or collar-buttons, where they may be worn for four years, until another Presidential election gives victory to the American party and triumph to American principles. In the interval, they will be found useful in municipal and county elections; they will be in demand for a successor to Governor Waterman, and in four years they will be regarded as the badge of the little band that dared to stand for principle against the political threats and blandishments of the year 1888, for the American party has come to stay. Our readers may send their orders to the *Argonaut* office, if they desire.

The island of Foula, one of the Shetlands, is for sale. It is three miles long by two broad, and is famed for its rocky coasts and abundant wild fowl, and is one of the two spots in Great Britain in which the great skua, a very rare bird, still breeds.

ON A BOBTAIL CAR.

The Meek New Yorker takes a Humble Ride.

It stood at the Thirty-Fourth Street ferry, and it was about as desolate and abandoned-looking a vehicle as ever stood for hire on a hot afternoon. Time and the elements had faded its paint from its original color, whatever that may have been, to a dirty travesty on smoked whitewash. Pellets of dried mud spotted it here and there. It stood under the drip of the elevated railroad, with a greasy dribble leaking down upon it from the iron frame-work overhead, and falling in heavy drops from its roof. The single horse that was harnessed to it stood fetlock deep in a foul puddle, musing, with closed eyes and drooping head, upon the galled wounds that variegated his uncurried hide. The unkempt driver, from his little front platform, enclosed with iron gates, exchanged the badinage of the gutter with an inebriated but eloquent truckman, who was endeavoring to force one skeleton horse to draw the load of three Percherons by the persuasion of a cart-rung applied to his ribs. Dimly decipherable upon the dirty and dinted rear dash-board was the statement that the vehicle belonged to the "Twenty-Third Street Crosstown Line."

"It's too deuced hot to walk," said X.; "let's take this car."

"Whang! bang! bang!" went the cart-rung on the truck-horse's ribs.

"Give us the 'Weddin' March,' trucky," said the car-driver, cheerily.

We got aboard the car.

"Does this car go to Sixth Avenue?" queried a nervous old lady, hauling a crippled child by the arm with a vigor that threatened to add to his deformity.

"Now then, trucky," said the driver, "once more for luck."

"Whack! whack! bang!" came the music of the truckman's staff on his horse's flanks, like the beating of a bass-drum.

The car-driver, noting that the truck-horse was getting ready to fall on the track and die, hammered his own steed lustily with the iron car-hook. The dozing martyr woke and jerked the car forward suddenly enough to upset the old lady and the crippled boy, who were still waiting for the driver's answer, in the mud. The driver looked back and remarked, in a general and sociable way to the passengers who had got in safely, that he never could see what made women such cussed foo's anyhow.

A wild shriek ahead of us interrupted his philosophical reflections on the eccentricities of the fairest of sexes, and notified him to put his brake down, which he did with considerable alacrity, considering the temperature, observing:

"Blast them cheap clam-eaters! They thinks they owns the street."

The woman who had screamed was rescued from under the horse's feet, while a cheap mob of people on their way to the ferry, most of them with picnic-baskets, Coney Island bound, looked meekly on. One old gentleman, presuming possibly upon his age, ventured the mild remark that the driver ought to look out.

"Oh, I ort, eh?" retorted that functionary, with fine sarcasm; "I do, for such old speckle-tops as you."

And to prove it he whipped his horse up so briskly that the old gentleman had all he could do to save his body from interfering with the symmetrical progress of the wheels over the rails.

As the crowd respectfully opened a passage for the car, and nothing happened to be in our road, we twisted around a dirty corner into a squalid lane without any further casualty. The lane was walled in with the lofty walls of some sort of workshops, and as we entered it they echoed a wild chorus of shouts and yells that would have done credit to an Indian war-party in a Rocky Mountain pass.

"Low bridge!" shouted our driver, gaily.

As he spoke, a fusillade of old boots, tomato cans, sticks, stones, broken crockery, and a less choice than varied assortment of other missiles, including a cat far advanced in decay, invaded the open windows of the car. In the street a band of tattered urchins scattered, rending the air with howls of triumph entirely out of proportion to the diminutive and ill-nourished mechanisms that gave them birth.

A meek, elderly man in the middle of the car, who had received the attentions of a muddy shoe on his white-vested bosom without audible complaint, began to heave the wreckage out at the windows. The driver, at the same moment, commenced to jingle a shrewish-voiced bell, by means of a cord and spring. Several men and women got up, staggered and stumbled to the fare-box, and dropped their fares in. Others sat in their seats and coolly handed their fares to their fellow-serfs to be deposited in the receptacle made and provided for the purpose by the company. My friend X., as a precaution against another possible bombardment, turned his attention to putting the windows immediately behind us up. The driver desisted from his exercise at the bell and opened his door.

"Leave them winders alone!" he commanded; "don't you see they're fastened down?"

And indeed they were so fastened in some fashion that they could not be closed.

"What are they fastened for?" demanded X.

"For keeps," replied the driver, humorously; "do you suppose the company kin afford to have its skylights busted by them there young divels every trip?"

Before this important point could be argued at length, the car, in whirling around a corner, ran off the track, and for a couple of minutes the driver was compelled to devote his entire attention to beating and blaspheming the horse. Finally, after shaking most of the joints of the passengers out of their sockets, and rattling all the oil out of the leaky lamp in the corner over the new summer suit of a young lady passenger, the wheels were got upon the metals again. Then the driver commenced to jerk the bell again, rattled the door open with a bang, and shouted, with glaring eyes:

"Hey, you!"

Having received no response to this somewhat indefinite address, he made it more specific. Shaking his car-hook fiercely at the meek, elderly man, who was still sweating over his unsavory task, he yelled, fiercely:

"Pay up!"

The meek, elderly man started up, endeavored, confusedly, to thrust a half-section of brickbat into his vest-pocket, and reeled up to the fare-box, saying:

"Excuse me!"

"Oh, yes," returned the driver, disdainfully, "you'll be excused, you will, when you pay your fare."

The meek, elderly man muttered something about "having forgot it," and having "been busy," which explanations the driver received with an outspoken skepticism that suffused the culprit's face with blushes as he bent to his self-imposed job as car-scavenger again.

All this time the car, being in transit through a district which is too poor even to provide passengers for the profit of the company, was being bounced along as fast as the horse could drag it. The live stock of the section, which ranged from old men, women, and children down to pigs, goats, dogs, and chickens, scattered before the rattling and banging Juggernaut, pursued by sardonic and injurious epithets from the charioteer himself, whose agile wit demanded constant exercise. Indeed, the driver appeared to be quite a heroic figure upon this part of his route. Whenever we passed a policeman, which was invariably at a corner where there was a gin-shop, he would salute respectfully with his car-hook and some such remark as:

"Hey, coppy! Hot enough for you?"

Whereupon the official addressed would tip his baton and reply with some such friendly formula as:

"Let her go, Gallagher."

Which advice, by the way, was quite unnecessary, for we could scarcely have gone faster behind a runaway locomotive.

Having reached semi-civilization, in the vicinity of Avenue A, we took on a distinguished passenger in a person whom the driver addressed as Moriarty. Moriarty was, in person, a cross between a successful burglar and a tavern-bouncer, and wore a deputy sheriff's shield on one lappel of his coat and the gay badge of some political club on the other. Moriarty did not deposit any fare in the box. He stood at the front door and conducted an animated discussion on political topics with the driver, who, on his part, sat on the dash-board, with his face turned to the rear of the car, while the horse and the pedestrianizing public took care of themselves.

At First Avenue one of the female passengers rang for the car to stop. The driver and Moriarty being just then deep in the dissection of Cleveland's claims to reëlection, speaking, by the way, of Cleveland as if he had been one of their bosom friends, the car did not stop. The woman rang again and again, until the current of the driver's thoughts was disturbed by the clamor.

"Well, what do *you* want?" he demanded.

"She wants to get out," said Moriarty.

"Dum it all," returned the driver, "why didn't she say so, then?"

He put the brake down with an expression of disgust, and the passenger having got one foot off the rear step, let it go again, and left her performing a fantastic reel from the track to a friendly lamp-post.

"Them's the cussed fools," said he, "that makes all the accidents and then lays 'em to the company."

Moriarty assented, and a policeman who had embarked, joined in the conversation, which became quite animated. A male passenger rang to be let off, and having been carried, in the heat of discussion, a block beyond his intended stopping-place, demanded, with some indignation, why the car had not stopped before.

"It's stopped now, ain't it?" demanded the driver, evasively.

"I rang at the last corner," retorted the passenger.

"Oh, get off," responded the driver, wearily.

"I'll report you," said the passenger, who appeared to be a stranger, unused to the practices of the town.

"Come now, young feller," interposed the policeman; "av ye kape on delaying this public vehicle I'll repoort you, d'ye mind that, now?"

The driver, with his position thus indorsed, started the car up again, and the passenger jumped off at the risk of his neck. This proceeding struck Moriarty and the policeman so humorously that they laughed in concert, while even the driver's face assumed a grim smile.

The next diversion was provided by a bilious-complexioned man with an obstinate expression, who, having got in, sat down and took a nickel from his pocket. The driver, having "rung him up," as he phrased it, several times, and he being still in his place with his nickel in his hand, the driver hailed him with a shout.

"Hey, yourself," retorted the obstinate man, composedly.

"Why don't you pay your fare?" yelled the driver.

"Here's my fare," replied the passenger, "ready for the conductor."

"There aint no conductor on this car," said the driver more moderately; "you puts your fare in the box yourself."

"Oh, no I don't," returned the bilious man; "I'm not hired for a conductor by this company."

"No," returned the driver; "you're a bilk, you are."

"You're a liar," calmly replied the passenger.

At this retort the driver's eyes blinked viciously. He rattled the car-hook against the dash-board and howled:

"I give you fair warning, I do."

"Hould on," interrupted Moriarty; "lave me and Maginnis to take care av him."

The bilious man had, evidently, not counted on this. But before he could lift a finger to defend himself he was snatched up, banged three or four times against the door-frame, had most of his clothing torn to ribbons, and was hurled into the gutter.

"Begobs!" said Moriarty; "we done him up foine."

Maginnis and the driver indorsed this sentiment, and most of the passengers assumed a hypocritical air of admiration at the prowess of these defenders of the rights of the corporation.

At Third Avenue, Moriarty and his uniformed colleagu descended to celebrate their victory with fluid refreshment a favorite hostelry. The car by this time was packed as fu of passengers as it could be, and a dozen or so were hangin on at the rear platform. The driver kept the bell jingling and the slaves to its summons kept passing fares up constantl When he was not making change or beating his horse, th driver was devoting his attention to objurgating the boys, wh persisted in chasing the car and hanging on at its tail. Th distribution of his attentions led to a collision, at the crossin of Broadway, with an express wagon.

While the driver and the expressman exchanged opinion with each other, in language more robust than polite, the ma passengers labored until they got the car back on the trac again, appearing by the way, to regard this work quite as matter of duty. This operation accomplished for him, th driver whipped up his horse and left most of the willing helo behind.

"Divel seize them freshies," said he; "they're always inte fering with other people's business."

Our progress through the block from Broadway to Sixt Avenue was rather slow. The street was full of shoppin women, whom the driver saluted suavely.

"Ride, lady?" he would call out; "now then, lady, car and in a variety of such seductions as winks, blown kiss and complimentary criticisms of their appearance, seek to veigle the confiding sex into embarking with him. Thanks his arts he succeeded in packing the car within the bloc when he stirred its motive power to activity again.

We were jolting along at the rate of perhaps twelve mil an hour, with some one frantically ringing to be released fro bondage, and the driver mechanically jerking the bell for fare while he gossiped with a young woman in a gay, cheap gow for whom he was making change, when a blood-curdlin shriek startled even the old horse and caused him to sh The car fetched up suddenly, with a sickening jolt, and peop began running toward us from all sides. The women passe gers sat calmly in their places. The men poured out. Th driver, who had got down from his platform, and a policem who had come up, pushed the car back on its track. Und the fore wheels was a something in a muddle of draperies th stirred feebly and groaned.

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If any one should consider this an exaggeration of the e periences of a ride on a bobtail car in New York, I can on recommend a personal essay of the trip—with the addition advice that the passenger have his life insured and his w made before starting. Alfred Trumble.

New York, July 20, 1888.

The statistics of the census of 1880 as to the manufacturi interests of the doubtful States of New York, New Jerse and Connecticut have an especial interest at this time. the three, New York ranks as the first State in t Union in the number of its manufacturing establishments, t number of hands employed in them, and the aggregate val of its manufacturing capital and manufactured products. T two others stand among the chief manufacturing States. T gether these States alone do more than one-quarter of t manufacturing business of the Union, as will appear from th table:

	Whole Union.	The Three States.
Establishments	253,852	54,355
Capital....	$2,790,272,606	$740,953,443
Hands employed	2,732,625	633,031
Year's wages paid.	$947,953,795	$288,218,592
Value of products .	$5,369,579,191	$1,520,774,043

These figures indicate how vast the manufacturing inter is in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, and since 18 it has greatly increased. They show, also, that in no o part of the Union is there so much at stake and so m people concerned in the prosperity of manufactures. In the sum paid in wages alone to inhabitants of those State ployed as hands in manufacturing establishments was n $300,000,000, and now it must be very much more. In t city of New York alone, 227,352 hands were employed, there was paid to them in wages during the census year $9 030,921; in Brooklyn 47,587 hands received $22,487,457 Jersey City 11,138 received $4,622,655. All told, in the cities, the manufacturing population was more than 300,000 1880, and in 1888 it must be half a million at least.

M. Félix Buhot has designed a quaint book-plate. It sho an Angora cat watching a fantastic, yet geometrical gallo tree, on which hangs Pierrot, the clown, done to death hemp, has this macaronic verse, which we shall attribute to Buhot until advised otherwise:

Adspice Pierrot Pendu
Qui hunc librum n'a pas rendu
Si hunc librum reddidisset
Pierrot pendu non fuisset.

The Paris census shows six thousand nine hundred a fifteen Americans, fourteen thousand seven hundred and c English, and thirty-five thousand seven hundred and ei Germans.

The last law signed by Kaiser Frederick was one permitti soldiers of the Guards to wear full beards instead of mustacl only.

A canal across Italy is being planned, to connect the Adria and the Mediterranean. It will begin at Fano.

A fashionable London woman recently appeared wit silver bangle "twined round her whole bust."

Rearing dogs for their skins is practiced in Manchuria a Mongolia just as sheep farming elsewhere.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lieutenant A. G. C. Quay, son of the senator from Pennsylvania, who was graduated a lieutenant from West Point last June, has been assigned to service in the Eighth Cavalry, and will be given a chance to win his spurs in Dakota.

An addition to the legal profession has just been made at Cleveland, Ohio, by Messrs. Harry A. Garfield and James B. Garfield. They have formed a partnership under the name of Garfield & Garfield, and opened an office in the Wilshire Building.

It is said that ex-Secretary Robeson, of the navy, is financially exhausted and has bravely started in life again by swinging his shingle out as a lawyer. Whatever profits Mr. Robeson may have made out of the Navy Department, if any, seem to have disappeared. He is over sixty years old, is blessed with good health, and expects to prosper.

Kate Chase is much reduced financially, and is trying to sell some old paintings left her by her father. During her social reign she was more feared and admired and less loved than any leader Washington has ever seen. She has lost none of her beauty, though she is over forty-six, for, though the youthful freshness of face is gone, her features are of that fine and noble mold that time can never rob of its beauty.

The Emperor of Brazil, who is residing at the Splendide Hôtel, Aix-les-Bains, has made a wonderful cure. He arrived there a few weeks ago apparently a dying man. He now daily takes a drive, walks about the gardens, and generally plays a game of billiards in the public room. He and his suite have forty-two rooms in the hotel. The emperor's dislike of etiquette and his affability have rendered him extremely popular.

Miss Lucy A. Plympton, of Albany, will be a delegate from the Dana Geological Society of that city to the International Geological Congress, which meets at London, in September. She will not be the only woman member, and so the speakers will not be put to the comical strait of their brethren of last year's congress, at Berlin, who, by the presence of just one woman delegate, were compelled to address the assemblage as "Madame et messieurs."

There is a probability that Thomas Nast, the well-known cartoonist, will come back into political prominence this fall. He has been for some months at liberty, by reason of the expiration of his ten years' contract with the Harpers. He has been on the Pacific Coast, where he has a cottage and farm, but is now in New Jersey, and, it is reported, has made arrangements with a publishing house for the production of his cartoons during the coming campaign, in which he will support Harrison and Morton.

According to a writer in the *Star*, of London, the genesis of the London *Times's* famous Paris correspondent dates from a town in Bohemia called Blowitz. Oppressed at an early stage of his illustrious career by the want of distinction in the plain name of Opfer, he ennobled himself by the addition of "von Blowitz" to his undistinguished patronymic, thereafter for some time being known as Herr Opfer von Blowitz. As such he passed at the Congress of Berlin in 1878, when his services were appraised by Prince Bismarck at the price of a dinner, which was loudly trumpeted to the world by himself in the esteemed journal he represents. Soon after he settled down in Paris, however, he found that his Germanized name was an obstacle to complete success; so with the flexibility of character for which he has always been distinguished, he Gallicized it, and is now plain M. de Blowitz, with just enough of the *soupçon* of high origin indicated by the "de."

In the memoirs of Prince Adam Czartoeyski, just published, his wife, Princess Elizabeth, thus describes herself: "I was never handsome, but I have often been pretty, and I have beautiful eyes, and as all my feelings are reflected in them, the expression on my face is always interesting. My complexion is white enough to be almost brilliant when I blush; a smooth forehead does not make my face ugly, and my nose completes the symmetry of my features. My mouth is large, my teeth white, my smile amiable, and the shape of my face a graceful oval. I have enough hair to make an easy and becoming head-dress. My figure is elegant, my bust perhaps too thin, my hands ugly, but my feet are charming, and there is much grace in my movements. I have an extreme desire to please, and am skillful in showing both my physical and mental qualities to the best advantage. Though vain and ill-tempered I am endowed with such tact that I never do anything which does not give pleasure," etc.

A correspondent describes the Emperor Francis Joseph as one of the baldest men in his dominions. He has a rugged face, half hidden under a mass of wild mustache and whiskers, and his features at a first glance denote something of the ferocity of the hyena. He has a hard frown, a cold stare, a strong rasping voice, and his habitual expression is one of intense seriousness. He is, however, extremely gentle, good-natured, and kind-hearted. His ruling passion is soldiering, and his favorite amusement sport. He rises at five o'clock, summer and winter, and has disposed of a mass of business before most men are out of bed. Unless obliged to attend a late party he is generally in bed by ten P. M. He lives very frugally; takes beer at luncheon, champagne at dinner—never more than two glasses—and smokes the commonest kind of Austrian cigar—a long thin weed with a straw in it, called a Virginia. This is the favorite smoke of Viennese cab-drivers. Over-indulgence in it caused the emperor, some years ago, to be afflicted with a gastric complaint, and for a long time he was forbidden to smoke, but he has now begun again.

According to "Princesse Eboli" in *Le Figaro*, the most intimate friend of Prince Bismarck himself and of his family is Professor Schweninger, his medical adviser. The chancellor, as every one knows, is a lover of good cheer; and, at one time, hardly a day passed that he did not gather a few friends round his dinner-table, the menu usually consisting of a dozen different dishes, while dozens of bottles were disposed of in the course of the repast. But Professor Schweninger has changed all that. Two "plats" are all that the chancellor is now allowed at his evening meal, which he takes at six o'clock, and not a drop of drink is to be seen on the table. The imperious chancellor, who has imposed his wishes on half Europe, obeys with child-like docility the most disagreeable injunctions of his young doctor. The only other man who is known to possess the prince's entire confidence is his secretary, Herr Rottenburg. Extremely well-informed, traveled, rich, friendly, and cordial in his manner—more like a Frenchman than a German, the "Princesse" tells us—Herr Rottenburg is a general favorite. The doctor and the secretary have each his chair at the family dinner-table when the prince is in town. They are the only persons whom he regards as "indispensable" to him, and who can always count upon a hearty welcome from the family.

Miss Mary Garrett, the daughter of the founder of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad system, is an extraordinary woman, and if she were not a woman, would to-day be president of that road. For many years before her father's death she was his chief assistant. Miss Garrett to-day, although few persons know it, controls and manages the Garrett interest in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Although personally directing the management of a property worth not less than twenty million dollars, Miss Garrett is almost unknown to business-men. After the death of her father Miss Garrett's influence over her brother, Robert Garrett, was so marked that it became a matter of current talk in Baltimore. But there were certain theories held by her brother which even the influence which she held over him could not successfully combat. When the schemes which led to the invocation of the aid of the Drexel syndicate culminated, Robert Garrett saw the wisdom of his sister's counsels, which he had failed to follow, and practically surrendered to her the management of his interest in the road. When he started on his tour around the world his sister followed and overtook him at San Francisco, where he was induced to give to her the control of all of his interests in the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. Recently, when the syndicate which had helped the Baltimore and Ohio out of the difficulties in which it had unwittingly been plunged, began to haggle about the commissions and threatened to place the road in an embarrassing position, Miss Garrett quietly put up the needed cash, and saved the credit of the company. Since the recent death of her brother, T. Harrison Garrett, Miss Mary Garrett's control of the Garrett estate has become practically unlimited during Robert Garrett's absence. Miss Garrett would never be taken for a great financier. She is not fond of notoriety, and in manners and habits is a most domestic and home-loving woman.

CENTURY VERSE.

The Ladies of Manhattan.

ODE TO PHILADELPHIA: STOLEN FROM DOBSON.

The ladies of Manhattan
Go swinging to the play,
A footman and a coachman
On top of each coupe;
But Philada, my Philada!
Whene'er she goes as far
As First-Day evening meeting,
She takes a cable-car.

The ladies of Manhattan,
According as they feel,
Wear nothing on their shoulders
Or coats of silk and seal;
But Philada, my Philada!
Has neither frills nor furs;
The turtle-dove's soft raiment
Is not so neat as hers.

The ladies of Manhattan
Are always going out,
They run from call to concert,
They drive from ball to rout;
But Philada, my Philada!
Has no such round perennial
Save when, in every dozen years,
She gets up a Centennial.

My Philada, my Philada!
Although it be so grand,
The style of all Manhattan
I do not understand;
I care not what the fashion
Of all the world may be,
For Philada—for Philada.
Is all the world to me! —*G. F. Jones.*

The Knight in Silver Mail.

She left the needle in the rose
And put her broidery by,
And leaning from her casement tall
She heard the owlets cry.
The purple sky was thick with stars,
And in the moonlight pale
She saw come riding from the wood
A knight in silver mail.

His plume was like the snowy foam
That wreathes the roaring tide,
The glory of his golden locks
His helmet could not hide.
She took the lily from her breast
(Like hers, its beauty frail),
And dropped it as he rode beneath—
The knight in silver mail.

About her gown of crimson silk
She drew a mantle dark.
She saw the stately castle-towers
Uprising from the park,
And on the lake the mated swans,
Asleep in shadow, sail,
But left it all to follow him,
The knight in silver mail.

"Oh, I would see thy face, my love,
Oh, I would see thy face!
Why dost thou keep thy visor down?
It is a lonely place."
His voice was like the hollow reeds
That rustle in the gale:
"*'Tis lonelier in my castle*," quoth
The knight in silver mail.

He let his steed go riderless,
He took her by the hand
And led her over brake and brier
Into a lonesome land.
"Oh, are they headstones all a-row
That glimmer in the vale?"
"*My castle-walls are white*," replied
The knight in silver mail.

"So close unto thy castle-doors
Why buryest thou the dead?"
"*For ten long years I've slept with them:*
Ah, welcome home!" he said.
He clasped her dainty waist around,
And in the moonlight pale
Upraised his visor, and she saw
The knight in silver mail.

At dawn her father's men-at-arms
Went searching everywhere,
And found her with the church-yard dews
A-sparkle in her hair.
And lo! a sight to make the best
And bravest of them quail,
Beside her in the tangled grass,
A skeleton in mail. —*Minna Irving.*

Love in Leap-Year.

She asked him once, she asked him twice,
She asked him thrice to wed.
He thought her friendship "very nice,"
But each time shook his head.

At last, when he felt more inclined
The wedded state to try,
He told her he had changed his mind;
But she said, "So have I."

—*Kemper Bocock.*

Consolation.

Dear Betty, when an hour ago
You scorned my humble offer
Because my lean and empty purse
Was not a well-filled coffer,
Why did you breathe your cruel "No"
With such a frightened quiver?
Perhaps you thought I meant to seek
Some suicidal river.

Ah, no, sweet girl! These modern times
Of cynic calculation
Take wiser ways and means to end
A lover's desperation;
And Corydon no longer sighs
His heart away in sorrow,
But seeks a richer Phillis out
And wooes again to-morrow. —*M. E. W.*

—*The Century for August.*

A TOLEDO BLADE.

"You are going to do Spain! Would you mind buying me a real Toledo blade?"

This from a young bachelor friend, whose apartments in New York are full of bric-à-brac (writes Nugent Robinson in the *Youth's Companion*).

I undertook the commission, wondering, as I did so, where "the trusty steel" would find a resting-place. The ceiling seemed to be the only available spot, but a sword of Damocles over one's head! Ugh!

There are but two classes of travelers to be met with in Spain—those who go for climate, and those who go for pleasure; the magnificent climate of the south and east coasts tempting the one, the *bizarre* scenes of faded splendor and Old-World indolence inviting the other.

Everybody grumbles at Spanish discomfort; but everybody leaves Spain with regret, and bearing souvenirs never to be forgotten, impressions never to be erased, color-glories never to be divined.

The most quaint, the most tumble-down, the most haughty, the most interesting, the most charming, the most seductive, the most Old-World city in sunny Spain is Toledo.

There are few cities which can boast so ancient an origin, or the history of which has been made the groundwork of so many traditions.

Some writers pretend that the Jews settled here after the captivity of Babylon; others attribute its foundation to Hercules; to Tubal, grandson of Cain, who established himself on its site one hundred and forty-three years after the Deluge.

That which is most accurately known concerning the antiquity of Toledo is, that it existed two hundred years before Christ, the Pro-consul, Marcus Havius, having besieged it in the year 100, B. C., taken it, and placed it under Roman jurisdiction.

Since then the city has had a varied history. Captured by the barbarians of the North, a residence of the kings of the Visigoths, the "Royal City" of Spain, then taken by the Moors, it reached the summit of greatness in the sixteenth century, when it was as polished and educated a city as Seville or Salamanca.

Since the thirteenth century, Toledo boasts the reputation of speaking the purest Castilian—a reputation which she still maintains. But, although Toledo has fallen into the sere and yellow leaf, she is still sufficiently rich in memories, and in monuments of the past, to console her for having lost her position in the front rank.

But we have to buy a Toledo blade, and must proceed to the grimy factory by the side of the yellow, brawling Tagus.

The swords and poinards of Spain have been renowned in antiquity. Numerous historians might be quoted who have testified their faith in them, even as long ago as the time of Cicero, who makes honorable mention of the little Spanish sword.

It is probable that the manufacture of swords continued at Toledo till the epoch of the Goth kings, and it is certain that it was in full vigor in the ninth century. These swords served, without doubt, as a pattern for the weapons used by the Moors of Spain in the middle ages, which are seen represented in the pictures at the Alhambra.

The manufacture of swords was not formerly confined to a single establishment as to-day. The *espaderos*, or sword-makers, worked at their own homes, alone, or with a certain number of apprentices. Like all commercial crafts, they were bound together in a *gremio*, or guild.

Many of the kings of Castile accorded to the finest sword-makers of Toledo certain privileges—such as exemption from divers imposts and duties appertaining to the sale of swords, the purchase of iron and steel, and other primary material.

These privileges extended to certain craftsmen attached to the manufacture of blades, such as the *aceraladores*, or furbishers, and *vaineros*, or fitters. The iron and blades of Spain were renowned in France in the middle ages.

Ancient records make mention of the "*fer d'Espagne*," and Froissart speaks of a short Spanish blade. Mediva relates that Francis the Third, returning to Madrid, beheld young unbearded youths who carried swords by their sides, upon which the king said, "Oh, thrice happy Spain! wherein are born children and men ready armed."

The Toledo blades are highly esteemed in England, as shown by several passages in Ben Jonson, Butler, and Shakespeare. It is scarcely necessary to say that the *espadas Toledanas* were not less prized in Spain.

The author of the "Vida de Lazarillo de Tornes," who wrote in 1525, thus causes a Toledan squire, who served his hero, to speak of a sword: "Oh, if thou only knewest, boy, what a weapon I have here! Not for all the yellow gold in the world would I sell it; for in all the blades that Antonio hath wrought, none equaleth this one."

The steel used by the *espaderos* of Madrid was obtained in an iron mine, situated about three miles from Mandragon, in the Basque Provinces, to which the following lines of a Spanish poet bear witness:

"Vincedora espada
De Mandragon tus aceros;
Y en Toleda templada."

"Victorious sword! Thy blade is of Mandragon, and thus wast tempered at Toledo."

According to Palomeus, a Toledan sword-maker of the last century, it is an error to suppose that the Toledans preserved particular secrets for the tempering of their arms. They were compelled to use the water of the Tagus, as well as the fine white sand that the river contains in its bed.

The sand, to the experts, served for the operation of what they termed *refrescar la calda*, to cool the heat; for when the metal became red, and commenced to throw off sparks, the *espaderos* instantly sprinkled it with this sand.

The blade formed, they proceeded to temper it in the following manner: Part of the middle of the fire was hollowed out, and in the hollow was placed the blade, so that four-fifths of it only was exposed to the fire, the tongue and hilt resting outside.

The blade having become cherry red, they plunged the point into a wooden reservoir, full of the water of the Tagus; and having once cooled it, they straightened it as much as was desirable.

They then subjected such of the blade as had not hitherto been exposed to the fire; and when it commenced to redden, they took it by the tongue with red-hot pincers, and plunged it into sheep suet until it cooled, an operation which imparted temper to it.

The most ancient Toledan *espadero*, or sword-maker, of whom mention is made, is Julian, surnamed El Moro, or the Moor, on account of his coming from Granada, where he worked toward the end of the fifteenth century for King Boabdil.

They also surnamed him Julian del Rey, because, upon his conversion to Christianity, he had for a godfather no less illustrious a personage than Ferdinand the Catholic.

Having hired a conveyance, drawn by a pair of gayly caparisoned mules, the driver wearing a pork-pie hat and a blood-red sash, I was driven out to the *Fabrica de Armas*, which is situated on the right bank of the Tagus, about a mile and a half outside of the city walls.

This sole manufactory of Toledan blades is a very unpretentious building of rectangular form, completed, as an inscription over the entrance informed me, in 1780. Charles the Third, who made so many efforts to encourage Spanish manufacture, resolved upon revivifying the ancient craft of the *espaderos*, and constructed the factory.

So low had the reputation of the Toledan *espaderos* fallen, that the king was compelled to send to Valencia for a maker of swords, Luis Calisto, whom he appointed director of the works.

A very polite, mutton-chop whiskered official escorted me over the works—for this manufactory is to-day used in the fabrication of arms for the army—and explained the process for sword-making in use at present. The ancient mode of manufacture has been abandoned, both as regards forging and tempering, while the iron now employed comes from Germany.

The sand of the Tagus is no longer used, and the sheep suet is replaced by soap. However, the arms still turned out are of excellent quality, and in the *sala de pruentas*, or proof-room, I had the satisfaction of testing blades that rolled themselves several times upon themselves like serpents, and that sprang into straightness in a flash.

But that which has been lost is the form and the elegance. I invested in a blade, as in duty bound, paying therefor about twenty-three dollars, but it is no longer in Toledo that the good blades are found; they are snapped up by museums and by collectors, the *perillo* fetching up to two hundred and fifty dollars.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. G. A. Sala has written for the *Universal Review* a paper on "The Reward of Journalism."

Dodd, Mead & Co. announce for issue in the autumn the "War Reminiscences" of Colonel John S. Mosby, with ten double-page illustrations.

Duffield Osborne's romance, "The Spell of Ashtaroth," has been brought out in London, and is said to be the best selling of recent American novels.

Roberts Brothers will issue in the fall an illustrated quarto edition of Edward Everett Hale's story, "The Man Without a Country," the illustrations being by F. T. Merrill.

Lady Burton's expurgated edition of Sir Richard's translation of "The Arabian Nights" is now completed. In its abbreviated form it is said to contain three thousand two hundred and fifteen pages.

A book has just been published with the title "Photo-Engraving, Etching, and Lithography," by W. T. Wilkinson, which purports to explain these various processes of preserving and multiplying sun-prints. It is published by Edward L. Wilson, of New York.

A translation of Halévy's "Abbé Constantin," with the illustrations contained in the Paris edition de luxe, will be brought out this year by Dodd, Mead & Co. This English edition will be manufactured entirely in France, and will be limited to seven hundred and fifty copies, of which five hundred will come to this country.

The *California Florist*, a journalistic venture in a new field, for it is the only florists' journal west of Chicago, has shown a steady improvement in the three numbers issued in as many months. It is published in San Francisco and Santa Barbara, and contains descriptions of new and unusual varieties of fauna, notes on floriculture, and other items of interest to florists, professional and amateur.

"Wild Beasts, Birds, and Reptiles of the World, and How They are Captured" is the title of a work which may be looked for before long from the entertaining pen of Mr. P. T. Barnum. The publishers of the work are R. S. Peale & Co. of Chicago, who will issue it by subscription. For the most part Mr. Barnum's book is said to be an account of the expeditions sent by him to Africa and India in search of curiosities for his show.

The two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Alexander Pope will soon be celebrated in England by a commemoration festival at Twickenham and a water pageant illustrative of that place at the period when Pope lived. There will, also, be a temporary loan exhibition of editions of the poet's works, a collection of his autographs, along with portraits and relics of his laborious life; and an effort is to be made to found a permanent Pope collection in the Twickenham free public library.

Julian Hawthorne says: "It is a familiar truth that a woman's organization is much more nearly homogeneous than that of a man; the filaments of heart and brain are woven together into an inextricable fabric; their judgment is swayed by their feeling, and sentiment colors their perceptions. For this reason, a woman who turns to evil is commonly evil all through; whereas a man may retain the elevation and symmetry of his mind long after the vice of his nature is groveling in the mire. And this may be the reason why a woman is so rarely a true artist, and why their novels are generally failures."

The Brentanos have decided to bring out a series entitled "Romantic Tales," which will embrace the best works of the day that have not been translated before. They will be works that can be recommended to all classes of readers. The translation will be in the hands of competent parties. Number one will be ready August 15th, and will be from the French of Balzac, Feral, and Sardou—three thrilling and strong stories, in one volume of two hundred and twenty-five pages. Number two, "a marvelous story that will surpass Gaboriau and Du Boisgobey," one continued story of about four hundred and fifty pages. During August they will issue an edition of George Moore's "Confessions of a Young Man," issued in paper at fifty cents, or cloth, one dollar.

Quoting Mr. Browning's recent declaration, "I can't bring myself to write for periodicals; I have steadily refused this kind of thing from first to last," the *Pall Mall Gazette* points out that Mr. Browning has not failed absolutely to be a magazine contributor. It has found that the following were contributed by him to the magazines named for the years and months indicated: "The Laboratory," "Claret and Tokay," *Hood's Magazine*, 1844, June; "Garden Fancies," "The Flower's Name," and "Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis," *Hood's Magazine*, 1844, July; "The Boy and the Angel," *Hood's Magazine*, 1844, August; "The Tomb at St. Praxed's," *Hood's Magazine*, 1845, March; "The Flight of the Duchess," *Hood's Magazine*, 1845, April; "Hervé Riel," *Cornhill*, 1871, March.

Mark Twain is quoted by the Washington correspondent of the *Independent* as commenting upon the humor which General Grant displayed in his autobiography. It "had to be cut out constantly. The silent general's faculty for giving the character of his subordinates in a few telling words had constantly to be cut down and suppressed. It would not do in a book that had so much history in it. You call Mr. Burdette and me great humorists," said Mr. Clemens, in his earnest, energetic way, to a friend; "it is a mistake. General Grant was the great American humorist—he was full of it—dry, sometimes as pith, but always pithy; not keen comment and sarcasm, but genuine humor. It would not do, you know; they could not leave it in; it had to be ruthlessly slaughtered, more's the pity. History has its martyrs, and that manuscript was one of them."

One of the few notable books of the coming season will be the magnificent volume entitled "The Masters of Wood Engraving," by W. J. Linton, the veteran engraver and writer. He has been engaged upon this work for many years, and it promises to become a standard and a starting-point for all future writers. He has accumulated for the purpose of historical illustration splendid reproductions of the rarest, most perfect, and most valuable prints, many of which have been beyond the reach of other students. The volume of two hundred and twenty-nine pages of text will have nearly two hundred cuts interspersed, and forty-eight unbacked page subjects. It will be in short royal folio size, and only five hundred signed and numbered copies will be printed. The publishers announce that as certain cuts (such as Harvey's "Dentatus," and the cuts from Durer's "Apocalypse" and "Greater Passion") can only be given in part, it is proposed to issue an edition not to exceed one hundred copies on paper large enough to print the whole of such cuts. The price to subscribers of the smaller edition is sixty dollars; of the larger, one hundred and twenty dollars. Ticknor & Co. will publish the American edition.

Literature reprints a description of Algernon Charles Swinburne, written many years ago by a person who saw the poet before he had attained fame. It is as follows: "My first meeting with Algernon C. Swinburne, the poet, now famous, then unknown, was in the rooms of the Oxford Union Society, and I still have before my mind's eye the vision of a slight youth, whose whole appearance indicated individuality. His locks were of the tint so dear to the pre-Raphaelites, and there was a superfluity of them on his head, with a few straggling hairs on his delicate chin. His complexion was white as a statuette, his throat slender as a girl's, his features refined, his upper lip proud as that of a Scottish chieftain. He is, in fact, Scotch in type of physiognomy, as also in the supple, clean limbs, so different from those of wiry, robust Matthew Arnold, or stalwart William Morris. It was impossible to remove one's gaze from a being so unlike the average men of intellectual humanity." Another writer disposes of the statement that Swinburne lives a good deal abroad. He says: "He never was in France or Italy for more than a few weeks together, and that not more than three or four times in his life, and never was out of England at all until he was eighteen. This letter will have been written in vain if it does not give its readers a clearer and more favorable view of Algernon Charles Swinburne's life. The larger portion of his time is passed at his residence, Holmwood, Henley-on-Thames, where he is pretty steadily occupied with his untiring pen, turning out his lyrical verse and glowing critical prose with equal facility and vigor. At times he runs up to London for a few days' communing with his friends."

New Publications.

"The Fatal Three," a novel by M. E. Braddon, has been published in the Franklin Square Library, by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

A new "Guide-Book to San Francisco," by John S. Hittell, a map, a description of sights in and around the city, directions for finding one's way, and all the information a stranger really needs, has been published, and is for sale, by The Bancroft Publishing Company, San Francisco.

The tenth and concluding volume into which "The Diary of Samuel Pepys" has been divided for publication in the National Library, extending from November, 1668, to the end of the diary, has been issued by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"Housekeeping Made Easy," by Mrs. Christine Terhune Herrick, is a fat little book intended to aid housewives in managing the business of their homes in a business-like way. The chapters range from "Renting the House" to "Benedict at Home," and are written in a sensible manner. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Montezuma's Gold Mines," by Fred A. Ober, is an exciting tale of adventure. It tells how a young American naturalist, traveling in Mexico, is captured by Indians, escapes with the aid of a young lad of the tribe, who accompanies him and who helps him to find the fabulously rich mines which legends said existed in the interior of Mexico. Published by D. Lothrop & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

"The Blue and Gold," a publication issued each year by the Junior Class of the University of California, has appeared. Such a publication, written and edited by the student body and intended for the amusement of the college world, has little interest for the general public; there are, however, views, portraits, and other information, with occasional jests that all may understand, to interest the outsider. Published by the Class of '89, Berkeley, California; for sale by Pierson & Robertson.

"The Unity of the Truth," by Doctor J. Max Hark, is a book which discusses evolution and religious thought from the standpoint of the Christian minister, as Doctor LeConte in his recent book discussed them from the scientist's, both endeavoring to prove them perfectly consistent and harmonious. He writes in the churchly way, with dignity and reverence, but his ideas seem bold and unconventional for one of his cloth. Published and for sale by John B. Alden, New York; price, 80 cents.

"The Essentials of the French Language," by P. M. Clerc, is a new text-book for the acquisition of such a speaking and reading knowledge of the French tongue as is required in the ordinary business and social relations. The author has endeavored to avoid the baldness and insufficiency of the usual short courses, and also the perplexing fullness of detail that is so appalling in the larger works, and the result is a thorough and concise manual. Published by M. V. Lacaze, San Francisco; for sale by L. Gregoire & Co.; price, $1.50.

"A Débutante in New York Society," by Rachel Buchanan, is a novel told in the form of letters. The narrator has sufficient powers of observation and comparison to note well and make wise reflections on what she sees among the fashionables of Gotham, and she is still young enough to give often an ingenuous and amusing turn to her descriptions. There is plenty of story, too, to interest the readers who must have every one comfortably married off or dead by the last page. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co., price, $1.25.

"Martin Van Buren," by Edward M. Shepard, is the latest issue of the American Statesmen Series, which John T. Morse, Jr., is editing. It is a dispassionate review of the career of this disciple of Jefferson, of his acts in his early political career, as State senator, as attorney-general, United States senator, party leader, governor, Secretary of State, minister to England, Vice-President, and finally as President, and is to be commended as much for its admirable impartiality as for the thoroughness which marks each stage of the work. It is provided with a copious index. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York; for sale by C. Beach; price, $1.25.

"The Story of Turkey," by Stanley Lane-Poole, assisted by E. J. W. Gibbs and Arthur Gilman, has been added to the Story of the Nations Series. It opens with a review of the political conditions affecting the subject in the thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries, details the coming of Timur the Tartar, Mohammed, Prince Jem, Suleyman, and the Vizirs, and in modern history tells of the rise of Russia, the Ottoman administration, and the present condition of the "sick man of Europe." It is illustrated with reproductions of French cuts, and is provided with maps and an index. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, $1.50.

The fashionable fad for Robert Browning has lately been in part transferred, or rather extended, to include George Meredith, whose poetry has much of the same vague, disconnected, and yet powerful quality. His "Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life," which are the object of general study just now, possess this quality in marked degree. "The Nuptials of Attila," the longest poem in the book, is painted in bold lines, well in keeping with the fiery spirit of the Huns, whose appeals for vengeance against Rome the Scourge disregards that he may wed, and so brings death to him and his. "King Harold's Trance" carries this disjointed quality almost to incoherence, and, on the other hand, "Young Reynard" is a simple and pretty thing, which seems scarce to deserve place among these poems of tragic life. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

Some Magazines.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for August contains: "The Octroi at Issoire: a City Made Rich by Taxation," by Professor David Starr Jordan; "The Home of the Great Auk," by Frederick A. Lucas; "The Ethics of Kant," by Herbert Spencer; "Mosses and their Water-Supply," by Professor G. Haberlandt; "Injurious Influences of City Life," by Walter B. Platt; "Something About Snakes," by C. T. Buckland; "Ainu Houses and their Furnishing," by J. K. Goodrich; "Teaching Physiology in the Public Schools"; "The Unity of Science," by M. J. Moleschott; "The Parlor-Game Cure," by Rev. Thomas Hill; "Drift-Sands and their Formations"; "The Future of the Negro"; "Sketch of Spencer F. Baird"; and the usual interesting notes.

The *Forum* for August contains an analysis of the British and American Governments by Judge James M. Love. The second of the economic articles by Edward Atkinson is "Must Humanity Starve at Last?" Dr. Charcot, the highest living authority on the brain and nerves, writes of "The Topography of the Brain." George W. Cable contributes an open letter to the freedmen, entitled "What shall the Negro Do?" Representative William D. Kelley points out that the control of the Ways and Means Committee is now in the hands of men who supported the Confederate Constitution, which contained a free-trade article. The railroad question is discussed by George R. Blanchard, president of the National Traffic Association, who writes in favor of railroad pooling. The Rev. John Snyder protests against our funeral customs. The Mormon side of the Utah question is presented by Charles W. Penrose. "What Shall the Public Schools Teach?" is by Professor S. E. Warren. The Rev. Leonard W. Bacon attacks faith-cure, and Dr. Felix L. Oswald discusses "Is Longevity Worth its Price?"

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

They tell a story, in Dublin, about Balfour and an eminent bishop, who has fought hard for the unfortunate people of his country. The two men met for the first time at dinner, and, in the course of the talk, Mr. Balfour said: "But, after all, I fancy that the newspapers make more noise than the masses. Do you think now that the people really dislike me?" "Ah, Mr. Balfour," said the priest, "if the Irish only hated the devil half as much as they hate you, my occupation would be gone."

A working-man with a dinner-pail in his hand came out of a little shop, and was met by a fellow working-man, who said: "Why, Jim, you're working over-time now, aren't you?" "No," was the reply, "I'm not." "Aren't you putting in more than eight hours a day?" "Yes," was the answer. "I thought eight hours was the union schedule?" remarked the outsider. "Yes," said the working-man with the pail, "but you see I have just bought this shop, and thirteen hours is my ordinary day's work."

A "successful operation" in surgery does not always mean one that succeeds, for some physicians and surgeons are inclined to regard an operation as a work of art in itself, rather than in the light of its effect upon the patient. This recalls a story of the celebrated Mesmer, who pretended to cure people of all sorts of diseases by the process which came to be called "mesmerizing," after his name. A certain grand personage, whom he was called in to treat, died while under his hands. "So your patient is dead?" said some one, tauntingly, as Mesmer came out. "Yes, he is dead," cried Mesmer; "but he died cured!"

A lady, whose establishment was very small, invited Dr. Monck, the Bishop of Gloucester, to dinner. She engaged, for the occasion, the services of an old butler, who had retired and become a green-grocer, and of a boy who knew nothing of waiting. The boy was as nervous as he was ignorant, and annoyed the old butler by constantly asking for instructions, until at last the man, in a moment of impatience, said: "Stand behind the bishop's chair, and when his lordship takes a glass of wine, take your napkin and wipe his mouth!" The boy took the jocose reply for a serious command. He stationed himself behind the bishop, waited until that dignitary had drunk a glass of wine, and then, as deliberately as his nervousness would permit, wiped his lordship's mouth.

In the June *Century*, General Horace Porter sketches a striking case of courage which he saw displayed at Cold Harbor. The Union soldiers had been repeatedly repulsed in assaulting earth-works, and had lost heavily each time. They had become impressed with the conviction that such attacks meant certain death. A dangerous assault had been ordered at daylight the next morning. That evening the men were seen with their coats off, writing their names and home addresses on slips of paper, and pinning these slips upon the backs of their coats. They were going to the next morning's work without a hope of surviving; but anxious that their friends at home might learn their fate, they were taking measures for securing the recognition of their dead bodies upon the battle-field.

A Troy youth, who until recently had lived at the house of his father, married a few weeks ago, and went to live in other apartments. Soon after, at the end of his day's work, he left the office, bought an evening paper, and climbed the hill to his father's house. Entering the familiar precincts, he went to the wash-room, made his toilet, and presented himself at the table. The family, who had been watching him curiously, eyed him with amusement, and at last his mother softly inquired: "Robert, have you already procured a divorce?" A flush suffused the young man's face, which rapidly changed to crimson. Leaving the table amid a roar of laughter, he hurried out and walked rapidly to his own abode, where his young wife was impatiently and anxiously awaiting him. He had forgotten that he was married.

Our Western roads are considered rather uncomfortable ways when they are only partially corduroyed with logs, but if the author of "Zephyrs" is to be relied upon, the roads about Buenos Ayres are worse than any roads in this country. In dry weather they are inches deep in dust, and when heavy rain comes on, they are a deep sea of liquid mud. Until one has seen the extraordinary way in which these earth roads convert themselves into absolute bogs, one can not fully appreciate how realistic is the story of the man who, picking his way along one of these mudways, saw a hat apparently floating on the surface. He kicked it with his foot, and was surprised to hear a gruff voice from underneath say, "Leave my hat alone!" "Who are you?" "Who am I? Why, I'm the conductor on the top of an omnibus."

A noted tenor singer was once rendering a solo in church in Warren's "Te Deum," and mistaking the instructions to the organist as to the use of the stops for the sacred words, sang out at the top of his voice, "Pedal, great gamba, and swell," to the astonishment of the congregation. He could not account for the uncontrollable and convulsive, though suppressed, laughter on the part of the choir, and was not aware of his mistake until it was explained to him, when he was overcome with mortification. Another instance, was that of a well-known baritone singer, who inadvertently placed the slur on the wrong note. He had adapted the air of "The Jewish Maiden" to a hymn beginning: "Before the Lord we bow," and instead of placing the slur on the first two syllables, he placed it on the last one, and rendered it thus, "Before the Lord we bow-wow-wow." The effect was immense. As he had a powerful voice, his hearers were thoroughly electrified at this unwonted and unlooked-for canine imitation.

In Glen Falls once the announcement had been made that in the evening a burning building would be made to demonstrate the fire-extinguishing abilities of the "modern-wonder hand grenades." In the meantime, a sort of "shanty" was erected in the village square. Darkness came, and so did the crowd, and so did the stranger with his wonderful bottles. After a lecture on the merits of the grenade, he proceeded to ignite his pyre. The flames loomed up before there was any serious ignition of the wood; the knight of the grenade threw off his coat, and let the bottles fly. As each one crashed against the boards, higher leaped the flames and more fierce the fire burned! Faster flew the grenades and larger grew the conflagration, till the grenades at hand and their astonished thrower were exhausted. The "shanty" was soon a pile of ashes, and the discomfited vender of grenades retired amid shouts and jeers far from consolatory. And to this day he has never learned who drew the corks of his grenades, and, pouring out the contents, substituted kerosene.

The grandson and heir of the Spanish millionaire, Duke Santonia, is about to risk some of his many thousands—he has an income of one hundred and sixty thousand pounds sterling a year—in the keeping of race-horses. This young gentleman's grandfather, Manzanedo, was at first a hatter in Madrid, but managed to procure the monopoly of all the tobacco of the island of Cuba for a fixed period. The fortune that Manzanedo, the ex hatter, made can be imagined; and so, with his pockets full of gold, he returned at length to his native town and became a warm partisan of Queen Isabella. She made the hatter Marquis of Manzanilla and Santonia and Grandee of Spain of the First Class, an honor which brings with it the privilege in Spain of wearing one's hat in the presence of the sovereign. This, indeed, gave rise to a very malicious speech on the part of the Duchess of Medina Celi, who exclaimed, when some one said it was almost unbearable that a hatter should be made a grandee: "*Ce pauvre Manzanedo!* Surely he deserves it! He has put hats on so many people that he ought surely now, in his old age, to be allowed to wear his own when and where he likes!"

SOCIETY.

At Santa Barbara.

The visitors at Santa Barbara are still making the days enjoyable and the nights as merry as possible in social pleasures. Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke gave a delightful coaching party a week ago, which ended with an elegant dinner at the Hotel Arlington. Her guests were: Mr. and Mrs Ricardo M. Pinto. Miss Stetson, Miss Bissell, Misses Lottie and Edith Clarke, Miss Hayes, Miss Marshall, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. W. H. Meany, Lieutenant R H. Noble, U. S. A., Lieutenant F L Winn, U. S. A, Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Lieutenant Strother, U. S. A, and Lieutenant Ferris, U S. A.

Another particularly pleasant affair was a concert given at Santa Rosa Hall last Monday evening for the benefit of the Santa Barbara Cottage Hospital Fund. A large audience was in attendance, the stage was handsomely decorated, and the concert was an artistic success. The programme, which was under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, was as follows:

Piano duet. "Alla Marcia," from op 41...X. Schwarwenka
Misses Alexander.
Song, "Summer Sadness"..........Kjerulf
Miss Lottie Anderson
Quartet for mandolin, banjo, and guitar. "Paso Doble"....
Misses Clarke, Miss Hayes, Miss Stetson.
Song, "J'avais rêve"..........Lassen
Mr. Robert H. Noble.
Violin Solo—(a) Cavatina..........Raff
(b) Berceuse..........Renaud
(c) Mazourka..........Wieniawski
Mr. Henry Heyman.
Vocal, "Elizabeth's Prayer" (Tannhauser)..... .Wagner
Miss Ellen Cooper.
Guitar Solo, "Spring Song"..........Mendelssohn
Miss Mary V. Howard.
Flute Solo, "Faust Fantaisie"..........De Jong
Mr. I. G. Waterman
Song, "Serenade"..........Schubert
Mr. Robert H. Noble.
(Violin obligato by Mr. Henry Heyman)
Nocturne for piano, flute, and violin.......... Behr
Miss Alexander, Mr. Waterman Mr. Henry Heyman.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, Miss Birdie Fair, and Miss Jennie Blair, have been visiting the Hotel del Monte for a week

Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head will pass August and September in the Austrian Tyrol, and return here in the fall after an absence of over a year.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone came to the city last Monday from Oak Knoll, and passed several days at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Charles Crocker is at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. John Nightingale and the Misses Ella, Minnie, and Georgie Nightingale have returned to the city after passing several weeks delightfully at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, and Mrs. Fannie M. Harrison are visiting friends in Mendocino County and Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto, and Miss Stetson will return from Santa Barbara in about a week.

Mr Frank D. Madison and Mr. George D. Boyd have gone to Blue Lakes for a fortnight's outing.

Mrs. G. A. Patterson and Miss A. F. Strachan have returned from an extended trip through the southern part of the State.

Mrs. H. Albert Mau and the Misses Alice and Julia Mau have returned from Alaska. Miss Alice Mau is visiting friends in Helena, Montana.

Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Cook have returned from a week's visit at Del Monte.

Miss Florence Reed has been enjoying a visit to the Hotel del Monte

Miss Julia Bissell is passing the summer at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, of Calistoga, passed several days at the Palace Hotel recently.

Governor Waterman has been passing the week at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum have gone to Tacoma, and from there will sail for Alaska on August 6th.

Mr. Harry Babcock has returned from Alaska, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Robert R. Grayson left the city last Tuesday to pay a two weeks' visit to the mines in Calaveras County.

Mr. R. Porter Ashe and Mr. Gaston Ashe are in New York city.

Miss Jennie Hopkins has returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs Hayes, in Oakland

Senator George Hearst is visiting New York city.

Mr. A. H Rutherford returned last Tuesday from a northern trip.

Mrs. Daniel Hanlon and the Misses Emelie and Josie Hanlon have gone to San Rafael, and will remain at the Hotel Rafael for a few weeks.

Miss Edith Taylor is enjoying a visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. A. A. Nickerson and the Misses Maud and Myra Nickerson have returned from their Alaskan trip.

Mrs L. L. Baker and Miss Kittie Stone are passing a few weeks at Del Monte.

Mrs. Lucy L. Arnold and the Misses Adelaide and Lucy Upson have returned to Sacramento after a pleasant sojourn at Del Monte

Mrs. F. E Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San José, are passing a couple of weeks at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Keeney were among the recent guests at the White Sulphur Springs.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott and Miss Christine Parrott have returned from a prolonged tour of Europe. They are now at San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord were at the White Sulphur Springs recently

Mrs. William M. Gwin, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, and Miss Gwin will remain in Oakland until the close of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Goodman have been visiting the White Sulphur Springs

Mr. Eugene Lent has returned to New York from South America. He intends to visit Colorado soon.

Mrs. Peder Sather has gone to visit Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Phelps, of Belmont, are passing a couple of weeks in Shasta County

Mrs W. W. Stow, Mrs. Vanderlyn Stow, and Mr. Harry P. Stow are at the Arlington Hotel, in Santa Barbara.

Mr. Charles Leonard has returned from his summer vacation in Lake County.

Misses Mamie and Emma Gately are guests at the Peakes House, in Santa Cruz.

Captain and Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl have been sojourning at Seigler Springs.

Miss Minnie Houghton is at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Frank Webster is in the city on a brief visit from his ranch in Fresno.

Miss Marguerite Bucknall is visiting friends in Cleveland, O

Mr. and Mrs Samuel Miller and Miss Edith Bass returned from Del Monte early in the week.

Mrs. P N Lilienthal and family have returned from Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott have been passing a week at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin are passing a few weeks pleasantly at Cazadero

Mrs Dillon and the Misses Marie and Kate Dillon have been sojourning at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. J. H. Maynard has been spending a few weeks at Hillside, the home of I. P. Pierce, Esq., at Ben Lomond, Santa Cruz County

Miss Annie Pierce was in the city on Wednesday. She accompanied Miss Taylor, who has been quite ill, at the Pierce residence, in Santa Clara.

Mr. Hall McAllister and Miss Edith McAllister will leave Liverpool on September 1st, and expect to arrive here about two weeks later.

Mrs. Robert M. Howland and the Misses Edith and Paula have returned home after a two months' sojourn at "Bonnie Doon," a delightful retreat in the Santa Cruz mountains.

Mrs. J. L. Martel and the Misses Martel, who are passing the summer at Los Gatos, were in the city recently for a couple of days.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hobbs, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, and the Misses Jennie and Anna Hobbs have returned to the city after passing the summer at Manzanita, near Sausalito.

Mr. James Horsburgh, Jr., paid a visit to the Hotel del Monte last week

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. M. Deane, and Miss Deane are at their new cottage in San Rafael where they will remain during the month.

Army and Navy.

Lieutenant Millard F. Harmon, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Captain Alfred Morton, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence to take effect September 1st.

Lieutenant Louis P. Brant, U. S. A, and Lieutenant Edwin St. J. Greble, U. S. A., have been detailed to assist in the rifle competition at Vancouver Barracks, W. T

Lieutenant-Colonel William M. Graham, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered to inspect the light battery at Vancouver Barracks, W. T.

Chaplain Frank Thompson, U. S. A., of Mare Island, was at the Occidental Hotel early in the week.

Lieutenant T. Bentley Mott, U. S. A., went to Fortress Monroe on Thursday.

Lieutenant Samuel D Sturgis, U. S. A., is visiting Carlsbad.

Lieutenants Strother, Winn, Faison, Noble, Tripp, Vodges, and Ferris, U. S. A., who are now at Santa Barbara with their companies, will probably remain there until September 20th.

Dr. E. A. Auzal, U. S N., has gone to Annapolis.

Lieutenant William E Shipp, Tenth Cavalry, U. S. A., has gone to Vancouver Barracks, W. T., to assist in conducting the division rifle competition.

Lieutenant James S. Pettit, First Infantry, U. S. A., is enjoying a month's leave of absence.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Loring Club will give its first concert of the twelfth season next Wednesday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall. A programme of unusual excellence has been prepared.

Mr and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald have returned from their European trip.

The Berkeley Choral Association will resume its regular sessions on Tuesday, August 7th. "Psyche," a cantata by N. W. Gade, and portions of Mozart's Requem will be rehearsed. The society is under the direction of Mr. H. B. Pasmore.

An account of American pupils studying music in Berlin was recently published in the New York *Sun*, from which we learn that among the pupils of the Royal Academy are Mr. S. S. Beel, of Oakland, who has studied for four years with Joachim, the great violinist, and for whom the master predicts a great future, and Miss Bessie Wall, of Oakland, who is studying the piano. Sam Fleischmann, a San Franciscan, is studying the piano with Maurice Moszkowski, and made a successful début at the Sing Academy. Miss A. Bleyer, of San Francisco, is mentioned among Professor Ehrlich's most notable pupils, and Miss Eleanor Briggs, of Oakland, is studying with Professor Karl Klindeworth, who has just returned from a trip to America.

ART NOTES.

The Mechanics' Fair will open on August 7th. Mr. Martin, who has charge of the art department, says that the exhibit of paintings and sketches will be better than usual.

The California School of Design closed on Friday with eighty pupils on the roll. It will reopen on the first Monday in September, when Mr. R D. Yelland will assume charge as instructor, vice Mr. Carlsen, resigned.

Stanton is busy illustrating a poem for a local publisher.

Emil Carlsen is engaged on the interior decoration of Mr. W. H. Crocker's new residence. He now has a studio in the Flood building.

Miss Jennie Hobbs is doing some meritorious work in the way of porcelain painting at her studio in the Flood building, and has orders ahead for some dinner sets.

A. Joullin is preparing a number of paintings for the Mechanics' Fair, and has some portraits under way.

William Keith is traveling in Oregon for the benefit of his health, and is also making sketches occasionally.

Fred Yates has about all he can do in the line of portraiture.

Morris & Kennedy have in their gallery an autumnal pastel by Julian Rix; two wood interiors by L. Roethe; a portrait of W B. Bradbury by E. Narjot; a Venetian scene by Giffard, and a lawn scene in Alameda by E. Narjot.

A. C. Rodriguez recently completed a painting of Mount Shasta which may be seen at Morris & Kennedy's. It is regarded as his best landscape.

L. Roethe is devoting himself entirely to portraits, and has several laid in.

Heath left the city on Wednesday for a tour of the interior.

M. Straus has returned from a camping and sketching trip in Capell Valley, beyond Suisun. He is meeting with success in portrait work and reproductions of his Colorado sketches.

England, especially in the midland counties, is suffering from a severe plague of small caterpillars. To walk in the woods means to have dozens of the little pests falling down one's neck, and it is a relief to hear that a certain means of putting an end to them has been unearthed from a newspaper of 1812. A gardener of that period hit upon the means of taking the caterpillars by kindness. In each of his infested bushes he put warm pieces of woolen rag at sun-down. The caterpillars crawled for shelter to the comfortable woolen, and in the morning were taken and shaken into the fire by thousands. The same plan has been successfully adopted by persecuted farmers.

Yankeeisms abound in the Somerset dialect. The *Athenæum* having called "*riding* in a gig" an Americanism, a Somerset man retorts that "no other phrase would be used by a Somerset native." Our very colloquial and rather vulgar "So long!" is also a familiar valediction in England. "'Well, then, *zo long!*' is a very common form of saying *good-by*." It "is mostly used in West Somerset, especially about Bruton, but is heard occasionally in the West."

Marion Harland Says

Of Wilbur's Cocoatheta: "Your Chocolate and Cocoatheta are so fine that it is my duty to say as much, and I deserve no thanks for what little I can do to place them in the hands of others." The demand for Cocoatheta is increasing so much and becoming so general that it would seem as if it would eventually become a necessity in every family. It may be had of all first-class grocers.

Art Notes.

A beautiful painting by Carl Herpfer, Munich, lately received, is now on exhibition. All those desiring to see the painting of "Entering the Convent School," can avail themselves now, as it will be sent to New York city in two weeks. S. & G. Gump, 581–583 Market Street.

— THE NEW NO. 9 SEWING MACHINE IS GAINING great popularity. 303 Sutter Street.

THE INNER MAN.

A writer in one of our exchanges recommends boiled or roasted onions as a most excellent remedy for a cough, and for the clogging of the bronchial tubes, which is usually the cause of the cough. He says that if onions are eaten freely at the outset of a cold, they may break it up. He also quotes a medical writer as recommending the giving of onions to children three or four times a week; young onions to be eaten raw, and to be cooked when they get too large and strong. Another writer says, "During unhealthy seasons, when diphtheria and like contagious diseases prevail, onions ought to be eaten in the spring of the year. Onions are invigorating and prophylactic beyond description." Whether the virtues here ascribed to onions are exaggerated or not, it is certain that the onion contains an oil which acts strongly on the secretions of the bronchial tubes, kidneys, and skin. This oil is stimulant and tonic, and thus promotes digestion. The onion is also nutritious, being rich in nitrogenous elements and in sugar. Roasted, it makes, with oil, a stimulating poultice for suppurating ulcers. In warm countries its flavor is more delicate, and it is extensively used for food. In Spain and Portugal it is often eaten raw, and, with a piece of bread, forms the dinner of the working people. As boiling largely dissipates the oil, when used medicinally it should be roasted, rather than boiled. Belonging to the onion family, and the most self-asserting member of it, is garlic, from which, mainly, the oil is obtained, and is hence called "oil of garlic." It is extensively used as food in the southern European countries. Another member of the class is the leek, the mildest of all. It has no proper bulb. It is used mainly for the lower part of the stem, which is blanched and enlarged by earthing. It is a favorite among the Welsh and has become so with the Scotch. Cives, or chives, constitute still another member of the family. They are very small, and grow wild on the banks of rivers in some parts of Europe and Asia. They have pretty flowers, bluish red, and sometimes flesh-colored, and are often cultivated as borders for plots. The young leaves are also used for flavoring soups and dishes, and they may be cut repeatedly in the season. All these plants have the same general characteristics as the onion.

Delmonico's cellars are worth visiting, especially the one at Madison Square, where the famous *chef* presides. The cooking ranges purchased at so much a yard, the smaller stoves for chops or fish, or for boiling milk for ice-cream, the patent contrivances for roasting, broiling, washing crockery, ironing table-linen—all these would amaze the average housewife, or the man who has not watched the progress made in kitchen devices. Again, the magnitude of the business, the rush, and clatter, and jargon of waiters dashing down-stairs with hurried orders that seem to set the men in white caps in frenzies of excitement, the yells, and orders, and snatches of song, all in French, and the prodigious piles of meat, game birds, fruit, pastry, candy, and vegetables—these combine to put this in the front rank of the cellars of New York. The cellar under the largest of the office buildings is even more of a wonder, though in a totally different way. Its engine-room is one of the show places of the city. The walls are of white, glazed tiling, the floor is of Portland cement, the air is cool and pure, and starred with scores of little electric-lights that brighten it like out of doors at noon. The engines and pumps that run the thirty-two elevators, and the eight dynamos are kept as Tiffany keeps the jewelry in his cases, lustrous, immaculate, and beautiful. Here, for the first time in history, ladies in pale satins and lavender wraps find themselves inspecting machinery in operation, and even make their spotless way among the boilers, between the horrid fires and the coal-heaps awaiting incineration.

On the occasion of Prince Bismarck's last speech in the Reichstag, Count Herbert, his eldest son, now secretary of state in the foreign office, kept the cognac bottle in his own hands, while a group of high functionaries divided the rest of the work between them. Nothing could exceed, for downright comicality, the busy scene that was enacted behind the chancellor's back during the whole of the speech. The difficulty with which the glass-mixers had continually to contend was that of securing the requisite degree of dilution. First one would taste and find the compound too weak, so that more cognac had to be added. Then another would pronounce it too strong, and the addition of seltzer water was the consequence. More than once the chancellor, hard to please, refused to drink the draught so carefully prepared, and one of the solemn group had to drain the glass, so that the blending operation might begin again. Probably a dozen and a half small glasses were handed to Prince Bismarck full, and removed from his bench empty, before all had been said that was in the great statesman's mind. That was a high record to reach, but then the occasion was a momentous one and the chancellor's throat was unusually troublesome.

It is very unusual to find in a great smoker a healthy appetite for plain food, and medical opinions may be had in any number as to dyspepsia caused by smoking. To whatever degree the habit affects the nervous organization, it appears to be certain that the process which is regarded as soothing is really destructive. Sir Benjamin Brodie must have known what he was writing about when he declared that "the poison of tobacco acts by destroying the function of the brain." In a Russian hospital in 1886 a Doctor Chadnowski took the liberty of examining by means of a pump the digestive powers of six smoking and as many non-smoking soldiers, and he recorded that "in the former the time required for digestion averaged seven hours, while in the case of the non-smokers the mean period of digestion was only six hours." With the present enormous consumption of tobacco the social consequences, apart from those concerning the bodily and mental powers of the consumers, are important.

— McCALL'S PATTERNS ARE THE MOST STYLISH. Agency at 303 Sutter Street.

Klingenberg-on-Main, famous for its red wine, enjoys, financially, a thriftiness which few other German communities, or foreign ones, for that matter, can boast of. It has no tax-payers within its walls. The yield of its clay-pits not only defrays the whole of the communal budget, including school money, but secures, besides, to every head of a family plenty of fire-wood and one hundred and forty marks hard cash per annum. Happy Klingenberg!

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.,

MANTELS, GRATES, TILES,

Decorative Brass and Iron Goods, Fire-Place Furniture,

FRENCH RANGES,

309-311-313-315 AND 317 MARKET ST.

SAN FRANCISCO.

WEDDING
Invitations and Cards.

PIERSON & ROBERTSON,
126 POST STREET.

A. LUSK & CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO,

PACKERS OF THE FOLLOWING CELEBRATED BRANDS:

A. Lusk Bear Brand,
J. Lusk Canning Company,
San Lorenzo Packing Co.

Fine Table Wines
From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.

Arpad Haraszthy & Co.

Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.

EASTERN AGENCIES:
PARK & TILFORD, New York;
F. P. DILLEY & CO., Philadelphia;
C. JEVNE & CO., Chicago and St. Paul.

YOSEMITE
AND BIG TREES,
$25.00--ROUND TRIP--$25.00
MARK LANE, Agent,
14 Montgomery Street.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
WILLIAM H. BEERS, PRESIDENT.

Purely Mutual. Organized in 1845. Cash assets over $83,000,000. Surplus, $11,800,000.

A. G. HAWES, Manager Pacific Coast,
220 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.
SAM. P WALKER, Gen. Agent.

THE GLEN HOUSE,
236 SUTTER ST., (a few doors from Kearny),
San Francisco.
Near the most popular restaurants. Pleasant sunny rooms, in suits or single. House quiet and first-class.
Mrs. A. H. NAHOR.

The Bancroft Company
USE CRANE'S PAPER, EXTRA SUPERFINE QUALITY FOR ALL WEDDING ORDERS, RECEPTION AND VISITING CARDS.
721 MARKET ST.

FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.'S SOUPS,
Green Turtle, Terrapin, Chicken, Mulligatawny, Mock Turtle, Ox-Tail, Pea, Consomme, French Bouillon, Tomato, Julienne, Printanier, Beef, Mutton Broth, Vegetable.
Put up in 1½ Pint Glass Jars, and Quart, Pint, and ½ Pint Cans.

We will send, free of charge, to any party of the country, one sample can of any of the above Soups on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps and this advertisement

MAU, SADLER & CO.,
9-15 Beale St., San Francisco, Cal.

THE BACHELOR'S PROGRESS.

At 15—Thinks girls *awfully stoopid*.
At 16—Fascinated by the fat woman who walks the circus tight-rope.
At 17—Feels wild thrills in the thoracic region, the incipient palpitations of calf-love.
At 18—Devotes two hours daily to the development of down and the suppression of involuntary blushes.
At 19—Adorns his *sanctum sanctorum* with sacred symbols of *virtu*, *e. g.*, portraits of the Little Sisters of the Ballet, meerschaum holders, razors, mirrors, padded gloves, and samples of *Elixir Vitæ*.
At 20—Condescends to force a flirtation with his pretty cousin, who is in love with his absent brother; invests in a bull-pup, and vies with it in puppyism.
At 21—Celebrates his attainment of mannikinhood by offering his hand to a captivating million-heiress, and a supper to the advance guard of the *corps de ballet*.
At 22—Tumbles headlong into molten love with the banjo-strumming daughter of his landlady's scrub-woman.
At 24—After placing her in a convent for education at his expense, he immerses himself in the study of theology and neology, and comes out on the windy side.
At 26—Resolves to liberate his novice, and awakens to the practical inconveniences of concurrent courtships on receiving a writ for breach of promise.
At 27—Mortified at the simultaneous rejection of his serious proposal by the well-dowered beauty whose charms had ensnared what he thought was his heart, he retires to Paris for meditation and solace.
At 28—Returns to his brethren and their old-time *moutons*, finding more joy and profit in the race-course mares and fillies than among the *mères* and *filles* of the Grand Matrimonial Hunt.
At 30—Wonders whether womanly charms ought not, after all, to be estimated by avoirdupois.
At 31—Feels a remarkably strong philosophical interest in a massive and be-dollared widow who owns the Hotel Circe around the corner.
At 32—More firmly convinced than ever that women only marry for interest and then flirt for love.
At 34—Wearied with the infernal monotony of town life, betakes himself to the solitude of a remote village, and falls terribly in love with a rustic damsel of sixteen.
At 36—Decides to withdraw from a giddy and hollow world, and applies for the chaplaincy of a female penitentiary.
At 37—Travel being recommended for his health by a council of maiden aunts, from whom he has expectations, he determines to settle in Utah for a practical study of the Mormon restoration of certain Mosaic ordinances.
At 38—Finding the climate enervating, he quarters himself on his aforesaid relatives for recuperation and consultation.
At 39—Is smitten by a trim little widow who is a visitor at the house.
At 40—Discovers that she, like himself, had long since sunk Cupid in cupidity.
At 41—Settles in Wall Street as a cure for the one and a tonic for the other.
At 42—Is haunted still by both, united in the form of a customer in petticoats.
At 44—Believes he has discovered the golden mean of so-called bliss in his position as proxy for a fair speculator.
At 46—Gouty and nervous symptoms appear.
At 48—Heroically resolves to explore a new side of life, so invests in a church pew.
At 50—Settles down in a cozy cottage five miles from town, surrounded by books, bottles, pipes, dogs, and physic phials.
At 52—Feels a growing nervous dread at his loneliness and helplessness if attacked, so engages a nice, cheerful, middle-aged widow as housekeeper.
At 55—Charmed with her prudence, delighted at the impression she makes upon his visitors, he is terribly distressed that family pride forbids the idea of marriage.
At 56—Worried to death between his sense of obligation to her for magnetic sympathy in his increasing goutiness and obesity, and the dread of his nephews' and nieces' disgust.
At 57—Recovers, and thinks it better to take time to decide.
At 58—Relapses, and resolves to marry her when better.
At 59—Rallies, and fixes his sixtieth birthday for the nuptials.
At 60—Dies on the day from excess of joy at having made up his mind, and his will, which leaves her everything, conditionally on her never entering into "the hateful bonds of matrimony."
—*Truth.*

Wife—"What did you buy such an expensive umbrella for, John?" *Husband*—"It was the last one of the kind the dealer had, and I got it at a bargain. The handle is solid silver; it was economy to buy it at the price I did." *Wife*—"It doesn't match that shabby suit very well." *Husband*—"No, I s'pose I shall have to get a new suit of clothes."—*New York Sun.*

ODDITIES OF THE POST-OFFICE.

Some time ago a letter reached the New York post-office from Italy, on the envelope of which was the following direction, carefully written:

MR. JOSEPH CRUMPETTI,
Fine Baker and Confectioner.
Wedding Cakes Made to Order. Mottoes
and Choice Confectionery.
Family Baking.
Also, Plain Lunch. Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, and Milk.
No. 555 Baxter St.
Good for one 5c. loaf. New York.

The explanation of this extensive superscription is very simple. Mr. Crumpetti had sent a business card to his cousin in Genoa, who, not knowing a word of English, had copied the whole card, supposing that the "wedding cakes" and the "5c. loaf" were portions of the address.

The deciphering clerk informed a reporter of the *Sun* that superscriptions similar to the above are not unfrequently received. The following are specimens:

AL SIGNOR DEMETRIO LOPRITE,
Bootblack,
Second Precinct Police Station.
Schine per Month 25 cts.
New York.

HERN CONRAD STOOPS, care of
The New York Apple Pie Co., John Pippin, President.
Pies Delivered to all Parts of the City,
Brooklyn, Jersey City, Hobocken, Newarck,
and Philadelphia.
No. 999 Sullivan St.
New York, America.

MR PETERSEN HINCKLE, Boot & Shoe Maker
Ladies' & Children's Shoes Made to Order.
Gentlemen's Walking Shoes, &c., &c.,
Deformed Feet a Specialty. Repairing Neatly Done.
Take the Broadway car at the Battery and
Get out at 10th street, then ask somebody
To show you which Way to Avenue A, then
Ask Somebody to show you No. —— and
They will Tell you. Your affect. Brother
Peter U. S, Nord Amerika
New York.

TO HERRN WILLIAM STAATS,
Weinhandlung,
Imported Biers, Liquors & Segars,
263 North America.
N. B —Call and see me.

Huge piles of oddly addressed letters accumulate on the desks of the chief decipherers every morning, not one in ten of which could be read by an inexperienced person. Nevertheless, very few finally baffle the clerks. The chief difficulty is the wondrous spelling of the names of the streets.

Bayard is a simple word enough to us, but to an illiterate Italian it is a puzzle, and he spells it "By," "Byrd," "Bid."

Customer (to jeweler)—"Here's the clock I bought of you the other day. It's of no earthly use to me, for it gains fully fifteen minutes an hour." *Jeweler* (examining clock)—"My dear sir, I beg a thousand pardons. This is one of our patent anticipatory time-pieces, made exclusively for our billiard-room and livery-stable trade. Excuse the mistake. Anything you may select in the line of our regular citizen's clock we will exchange it for, with pleasure."—*Time.*

Mr. Charles Demachy, one of the great bankers of France, died on June 28th. His name was on the bond given to Prince Bismarck in Rothschild's office, promising the two hundred million francs indemnity to Germany as the price for not marching the whole German army through Paris. The money was to be paid in gold, and when Bismarck saw the signatures he postponed his demand for spot cash.

The *Journal du Havre* has found the *acte de naissance* of Sarah Bernhardt. She was born in 1843 at Havre. Her mother was the daughter of a Berlin oculist, and her father was a government official, who afterward committed suicide. Sarah's original name was Rosalie. This disposes of the story that she was Dutch.

Woman (to tramp)—"I kin give you a piece of dried-apple pie for breakfast." *Tramp*—"Madam, I only eat pie at breakfast in cases of the direst necessity; but if I should eat dried-apple pie in July I would feel that I were flying in the face of bountiful nature. I will try and break bread further on."—*New York Sun.*

A man who steps upon a banana-skin when ascending a flight of steps, and suddenly finds himself at the bottom, differs from a gentleman gazing upon Niagara, in that one stares at the falls and the other falls at the stairs.—*Journal of Education.*

Reward.

One thousand dollars will be paid for each and every grain of poisonous substance found in Wisdom's Robertine—for beautifying and preserving the complexion, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, and all blemishes and roughness of the skin. Used and endorsed by the élite of society and the stage. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle. White and flesh. E. W. Joy, Agent, San Francisco.

Fredericksburg Brewing Co.

Sales as per U. S. I. R., May 1, 1888, 50,813 barrels.
" " " May 1, 1887, 42,449 "
Increase, 1888, 8,364 "
Families supplied. Send orders 539 Cal. St. Tel. 764.

White Sulphur Springs.

We take pleasure to inform our readers that these springs, situated in Napa County, adjacent to St. Helena, are now open, under the management of Messrs. Ed. Dunham and Chas. Eaton. These gentlemen are old, experienced hotel men, and having furnished the establishment throughout with everything new, they ask an inspection by those intending to recuperate during the summer months. These springs have always had the reputation of being the finest in the State.

— COLONIAL HOUSES.—FOR PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS be sure to favor us with a call. B. McDougall & Son, architects, 330 Pine Street, San Francisco.

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— GO TO SWAIN'S NEW DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

— STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

ESTABLISHED 1843.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

CARPETS, ORIENTAL

—AND—

OTHER RUGS, UPHOLSTERY, WINDOW SHADES.

PORTIÈRES AND LACE CURTAINS IN GREAT VARIETY.

641 to 647 MARKET STREET,

Next above Palace Hotel.

IRVING INSTITUTE.

TWELFTH YEAR, FIFTEEN PROFESSORS AND TEACHERS.
A SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.
For catalogue or information address the Principal, REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A. M., 1036 Valencia Street, San Francisco, Cal.

NEW DECORATIVE ART ROOMS,

131 POST STREET,

Take Elevator. MRS. A. B. GRAHAM,
Designing and Stamping. New Designs. Of New York.

Educational.

MRS. JOHN VANCE CHENEY
WILL RECEIVE PIANO PUPILS AT
908 SUTTER STREET,
On and after Wednesday, August 1st.
Applications may be made daily from 2 to 3 P. M.

MR. H. J. STEWART, M. B.,
—TEACHER OF—
SINGING, PIANOFORTE, ORGAN, & HARMONY
1513 Hyde Street, S. F.

MRS. H. J. STEWART,
TEACHER OF THE PIANOFORTE,
1513 Hyde Street, S. F.
Oakland days, Mondays and Thursdays.

PROFESSOR SAMUEL ADELSTEIN
WILL RESUME GIVING
INSTRUCTIONS ON MANDOLINE AND VIOLIN.
August 1, 1888. Address M. GRAY, 206 Post St.

CLARENCE URMY
—WILL RECEIVE—
PUPILS IN SINGING
AFTER AUGUST 1st.
Address Box 728, San Jose.

MISS LAKE'S
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
922 POST STREET.
KINDERGARTEN FOR CHILDREN. (Formerly Zeitska Institute.) Physical Culture a specialty. Autumn term begins July 26. For circulars and all particulars, Address: MISS M. LAKE, Principal.

Educational Institution for Boys on the Pacific Coast. The Leading Private
ST. MATTHEW'S HALL,
SAN MATEO, CAL.
CLASSICAL SCHOOL.
Under Military Discipline.
Special Attention and Advantages for fitting Boys for a Scientific or Classical Course.
REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER,
Principal.
TWENTY-TWO YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL WORK.
Trinity Term will open July 26th, 1888.

TRINITY SCHOOL, 1534 MISSION ST.
Prepares boys and young men for College, University, or business.
Christmas Term opens Wednesday Aug. 1st.
REV. DR. E. B. SPALDING, Rector.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL,
A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL,
129 Haight St, San Francisco.
Established 1859 as University (city) College. Classical Mathematical, Scientific, and English Departments; also Modern Languages and Music, a Primary Department and Kindergarten. Pupils prepared for the best Eastern Colleges or for the State University. Summer term opens on MONDAY, AUGUST 6th.
JAMES MATTHEWS, D. D., Principal.

MEISTERSCHAFT
SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES,
324 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Spanish, French, German, Italian and Latin thoroughly and rapidly taught by Dr. Rosenthal's celebrated "Meisterschaft System." Classes and private lessons. New classes in each language now forming. For circulars or information apply to CHAS. H. SYKES, Principal.

VAN NESS SEMINARY,
RALSTON HOUSE,
1222 Pine Street, - - San Francisco, Cal.
(Near Leavenworth, between Sutter and California.)
Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children. For Catalogue or information, address:
MRS. S. B. GAMBLE, Principal
Fall Term commences July 30th, 1888.

FIELD SEMINARY,
School for Girls and Young Ladies, 1825 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland, Cal. Address MRS. R. G. KNOX Proprietor, or MRS. D. B. CONDRON, Principal
The Eighteenth year will begin Wednesday, Aug. 1, 1888.

MISS BISBEE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
Seventh Avenue and Sixteenth Street,
EAST OAKLAND, CAL.
WILL RE-OPEN WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1888.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
1606 VAN NESS AVENUE.
Will re-open on Wednesday, August 8th. Students prepared for College. MARY B. WEST, Principal.

MISS OAKLEY'S SCHOOL, SANTA BARBARA
A Graded Preparatory School for girls and boys; reopens August 6th. A few girls will be received as boarding pupils this year. For circulars address, ISABELLA G. OAKLEY.

MISS CHEEVER'S SCHOOL,
26 ESSEX STREET, RINCON HILL.
WILL RE-OPEN MONDAY, AUGUST 6TH.

MISS ALICE M. BACON
Has returned to the city and will resume teaching August 1st.
Miss Bacon is prepared to furnish good pupil teachers.
Address, 1413 Taylor Street.

Cashmere Bouquet
Toilet Soap won first award
at Am. Exhib. London, 1887
as "Unexcelled in quality and fragrance."

Transportation -Rail.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN, via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, April 15, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9 00, 10.00, 11.00, 11.30 A. M.; 12.30, 1.30, 2.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40, 7.45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11 00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. (Sundays)—8 00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 4.15, 5.30, 6.40 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.45, 10.55 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 2.45, 4 00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00 P M. Extra trips on Saturday at 6.25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10 00, 11.45 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M. (Sundays)—6.45, 8.45, 10.00, 10.40 11.35 A. M.; 12 45, 1.30, 3 30, 4.45, 5.45, 6.45, 7.45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.45 P. M., Daily (Saturdays and Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning leaves Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.15 P. M.

3.25 P. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's).

EXCURSION TRAINS.

7.30 A. M., Saturdays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 7.35 P. M.

8 A. M., Sundays only, from San Francisco for Cazadero (Ingram's) and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.15 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero (Ingram's), $4.00.

Saturday and Sunday Excursions—Round-trip Tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2 50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero (Ingram's), $3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Ingram's daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

NO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From July 10, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.00 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Fast Mail for Ogden and East	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	*3.45 P.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**10.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	12.45 P.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	*8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
6.30 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8 45 P.
SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.		
7.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz ‡	8.05 P.
11.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
7.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
11.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‖19.20 A.
NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)		
7.15 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
9.50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion ‡	8.35 P.
11.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.40 P.
3.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 42 P.
4.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
4.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10 02 A.
5.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
6.10 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.00 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.40 A.
7.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.50 P.

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SOCIETY AND THE STAGE.

Their Mutual Relations in London and Paris.

The relations between society and the stage in London have been a good deal discussed of late years. It is within the memory of living men that there were no such relations, or none which, even in London, gave any real social standing to actors and actresses. A few men, Macready, for example, were admitted to a few houses; no women. It is of very recent date that actresses have been received into the social church, nor are they now received as actresses, but as, in many cases, very well-bred and charming women, to whom the stage is a profession.

Their profession is still a social disqualification in New York; no other door opens to the most gifted or excellent woman who enters the stage-door. The rule is a harsh one; perhaps it is not of universal application, but it seems to be a rule. In London it may be said there is no rule; a woman is not admitted into society because she is an actress, and she is not excluded from society because she is an actress. There are houses from which she is excluded; and there is the court. It used to be said, until last year, that no actress had been invited by the queen to any courtly function. Whether that was true or no, it is true no longer, for Mrs. Kendal was one of the queen's guests at the Buckingham Palace garden-party last summer. Mrs. Kendal had been at a Marlborough House garden-party long before, by invitation of the Princess of Wales. She is the personal friend of some of the ladies of the royal family, but that act, on the part of the queen, was a new departure.

The publication of Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft's reminiscences set people talking a fresh onthis delicate subject. Anybody who turns over the pages of these entertaining volumes will come across royal names, interviews with royalty, and the like. There has been, obviously, a considerable period during which those two accomplished artists were on good terms with personages of what is called exalted rank.

In the relations between royalty and the stage, the influence of the Prince of Wales has been, and is, very great. If he did not set the fashion, he extended it. If he was not the first to suggest that the theatrical profession bore no social bar-sinister, he is the one who has done the most to make people forget that such prejudices once existed, and that the exclusion of actresses from society was once general. He has relaxed more rules than one that used to govern social intercourse; this is, perhaps, the one he has come nearest to abolishing. He is interested in the theatre, goes often to the play, has a good knowledge of dramatic art, and a wide acquaintance among those who practice it. But even he draws a line, and draws more than one. He asks actors to dine with him at Marlborough House. If invitations sent thence to dinner have ever included actresses, they must have gone in the name of Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and it is not probable that any such instance can be cited.

There was, some years ago, a case which may serve as an illustration. A lady known to both the prince and the princess was about to go on the stage. She was asked to dine on a certain day at Marlborough House, and that day was named as the last which could be fixed before the date of her first appearance. The implication conveyed, and no doubt intended, was that it would not be possible for the princess to ask her after she had become a professional comedian.

The well-known incident of the silken rope is not likely to occur again. It was Grisi who refused to sing till this barrier between the general company and the artists had been taken down. Many years have passed; no such dividing-line is now drawn. It now depends, not on the art, but on the person who practices it, whether he or she makes one of the society they are good enough to amuse. Mme. Patti, before and after she became Marquise de Caux, was a favorite in very good society. The Nicolini period put an end to that, and her retirement lasted for some years after her divorce from the Marquis de Caux. Whether her subsequent marriage to Signor Nicolini would renew the relations between her and her old friends was a question. It was settled in a single evening with a decisiveness that admitted of no further debate. A concert was given in one of those houses in London whence social edicts go forth. The Prince and Princess of Wales were present; less than a hundred guests had been invited to meet them. Mme. Patti sang. Supper was served afterward in two rooms, and the diva supped with the rest, and held a little court of her own afterward. Her reception was precisely what it had been in former days. Her fee for the two songs on the programme was five hundred guineas—twenty-five hundred dollars—and, as she had repeated one of them, a diamond bracelet was thrown in.

Mme. Patti, though a favorite, never became at any one moment the rage that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt did. While the fashion lasted it was despotic. When it came to an end, it came to a total end. In other words, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt was, with one or two very smart sets in London, during part of two seasons, idolized and lionized to her heart's content. Then some other fashion set in, and Sarah's social star sunk below the horizon as suddenly as it had risen. She has often been there since; season after season has she played, always to full houses. She has kept her friends and is as welcome as ever to them, but the general world of Mayfair and Belgravia knows her no more, save as the supreme actress of her time.

If there be an American belonging to the theatre who can be said to have seen a little of one section of London society, it is Miss Ada Rehan. Miss Rehan is admired upon the stage; is admired by those who meet her privately, and is invited to some good houses. For the rest, London knows her no otherwise than New York knows her.

The rigor of Parisian opinion toward the stage and those who tried it, is at least as great as that in New York. The obduracy of French society extends to French actors as well as to French actresses. It is everywhere understood that no actress enters a fashionable front door in Paris save in her professional quality. She comes to act or to recite; says her say and then departs; mingles never with the audience who have applauded her to the skies. It may not be everywhere understood, but it is equally true, that these fashionable front doors close just as relentlessly in the faces of men as of women. M. Coquelin may be quoted as, in one sense, an exception. He was the friend and associate of Gambetta; he is still on terms with other well-known men. But the fashionable world in Paris knew not Gambetta; still less does it know those who, since his death, have divided his mantle among them.—*New York Tribune.*

At the Comédie Française when first "Hernani" was produced, Théophile Gautier, wearing a fiery waistcoat, led the gang of youthful Romanticists, who yelled for Victor Hugo with all their might, and tried to drown the voices of the followers of the cold Classicists. Many years after, in 1866, when "Henrietta Maréchal" was being played for the first time, the former leader of those hair-brained Romanticists, who howled against the opponents of "Hernani," and who had thereafter won his spurs in prose and verse, drove up in his cab to the door of the theatre in order to attend the performance in his double-barreled capacity of distinguished critic and prominent *tout Parisien* of the epoch, but was rudely repulsed by an old policeman on duty at the door. There was a great crowd around the building at the time, and the poet was rather noisy in his endeavors to clear his way. He was accordingly seized by the old policeman, who grasped him by the collar of his coat, and pinned him to the wall. "I am Théophile Gautier," said the author of "Emaux et Camées"; "how dare you stop me?" "Sacre bleu!" retorted the ancient sergeant, "that is just the reason why I arrest you. I know you well. You are the rascal that made such a row on the first night of 'Hernani,' and I'm not going to let you off this time."

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LONDON, July 12, 1888.

DEAR SIR: Space permitting, kindly insert inclosed paragraph in early edition of your paper, and oblige

Yours faithfully, W. W. KELLY, Manager.

Here is the paragraph: "Grace Hawthorne, the lessee and manageress of the Princess's Theatre, London, the other day lost a very valuable dog, and one to whom she was very much attached. Her enterprising manager, W. W. Kelly, was just about to advertise for the animal when a man brought it to the theatre. 'This is Miss Hawthorne's dog,' said the man; 'I found him in the Brompton Road.' 'And how did you know him?' said Kelly. 'Because I've see'd him 'undreds of times with Miss Hawthorne.' 'And how do you know Miss Hawthorne?' 'Lor, sir, who is it as doesn't? Why, she's as well-known in London as Queen Victoria, whose image is on all the coins of the realm.' Kelly took the dog, and it is needless to say, paid its finder a good reward."

Theatrical people are proverbially as superstitious as gamblers, but few of them wear as curious a fetich as Miss Georgia Cayvan. When she was playing in "May Blossom" in New Orleans, four years ago, an old negress, who kept the rooms where she boarded, gave her a little red silk bag containing the chopped hair of a black dog, a pinch of salt, the dried eyes of a lizard, and the nails of a wildcat—the strongest charm known to voodooism—and, as she has worn it all through "The Wife" season, she ascribes her success in her rôle to its efficacy. It has no power, however, against the actress's bane, *embonpoint*, and so Miss Cayvan has had to go in for severe training to keep down the growing rotundity of her outlines.

"Partners," Robert Buchanan's play, in which the Palmer Company will make their bow to us at the Baldwin on Monday week, was almost a flat failure in London. In New York it was an equally pronounced success, but it fell again in Boston, where the audiences were invariably small, though they were as invariably enthusiastic. It is now San Francisco's turn to give "Partners" a boost into popularity again.

Billy Emerson thinks there has been too long an interregnum in San Francisco minstrelsy, and will throw down the gauntlet for the crown which he abdicated three or four years ago. He has brought out a company of minstrels from the East, has secured an orchestra of twelve pieces, and on Monday night he will open the new Bijou Theatre, on Market Street, next to the Bancroft Building.

Many people have expressed a desire to see the Lyceum Company in some other play than "The Wife." But the managers know a good thing when they have it, and as the box-office barometer shows no falling, they have concluded to keep the play on until the end of the engagement.

Robert Buchanan's "Partners" will be the initial play of the Madison Square Company, beginning August 13th. The bill will be changed each week, the plays probably coming in this order: "Heart of Hearts," "Elaine," "Jim the Penman," "Saints and Sinners," and "Our Society."

"The Widow O'Brien," a broad, farcical comedy, which has already been seen at two or three of the smaller theatres, will be the bill at the Bush Street next week, with the W. F. Rochester Musical Comedy Company in the cast.

That pretty opera, "Der Feld Prediger," which the Conreid Opera Company gave at the Baldwin some months ago, will be sung in English at the Tivoli next week, under the title of "The Black Hussar."

A. M. Palmer's Madison Square Company is the largest legitimate company for the interpretation of the modern drama that has ever gone out of New York. It consists of twenty-eight people.

E. J. Buckley is playing at the Alcazar in "Forgiven" and "Unknown," supported by George Osbourne, L. R. Stockwell, and the stock company.

ACTRESSES IN TIGHTS.

Various Interviews on this Momentous Question.

"How do comic opera queens feel in tights, anyway? What are their sensations when they first put the uniform on? Do they really like to wear them? How much do they really have to pad? Where do they put the padding? Are there any really symmetrical girls? How much do their tights cost? How long do they wear them before they wear out? Do they bag at the knees? Do they suffer in health by wearing them, either from the strain on their waist or for any other reason?" These questions were asked of several comic opera queens by the New York *World* not long ago, and from the answers we have collated the following curious bits of information:

Pauline Hall said: "My first appearance on the stage was my first appearance in tights. I was very much ashamed and very much afraid. In fact, I couldn't go on with my words. And before I appeared on the stage I wandered around in the wings with a skirt over my tights. Of course the company guyed me to their hearts' content. From the day I appeared as that page in tights, I have appeared in that attire very often, and made a fair show. I don't see why some people are shocked at a fine leg. It's very necessary to have one in burlesque, all the same. And you want tights to show it off. I remember when I first went into the business I used to spend almost all my salary, twelve dollars, on tights, shoes, and wigs. The most expensive kind I have worn cost about twenty dollars. You can't wear them longer than three weeks. They are made of fine soft silk. I have often laundered my own flesh tights. They are colored with what we call 'pink saucer' in the profession, a kind of stuff you buy at the druggists'. I put my tights away in a box. I do not hang them up, as they would get dusty. I have always two or three pairs at hand in case of an emergency. You have to be awfully careful when you put on your tights. They rip so easily. A finger-nail can tear them. Tights are pulled up with a strap round the waist, turned over, and then fastened with safety-pins. Padding, which is made of sheep's wool, is very common. Very few women have perfectly developed shapes. I have known girls who pad even their insteps. They say that chorus-girls go around sticking pins into the lower limbs of their comrades to see whether they are padded or not. I have not found this kind of foolery common, but I have known one girl to pinch another to see whether she was real or sham. Padding is most generally used for the calf and the inside of the upper leg. The wearing of tights never hurt me any, but I know it is injurious to weak and undeveloped women. The pulling, the tension, is very great. Try to pick up a handkerchief from the floor when you have tights on and you'll see. But I like them. They brace you and make you feel like a soldier. I don't mind showing my leg on the stage. On the first night of a performance, after not wearing tights for some time, I feel somewhat ashamed, but that wears off, and I look upon the exposure as perfectly natural."

Belle Urquhart replied: "I do not particularly object to appearing on the stage in tights, but there is one point at which I draw the line. I would not go on simply for the sake of showing my figure. The talk about padding on the stage is all rubbish. I do not believe there is a girl on the stage of the Casino to-day, or rather to-night, who pads at all, and there are any quantity of lovely figures among them."

Lena Merville tells about it in this wise: "Some are born for tights, some achieve tights, and some have tights thrust upon them. I belong to the latter class. My first appearance so costumed occurred at the Folly Theatre, London. The entire costume consisted of short trunks, hauberk, and a large hat. I stepped on the stage trembling in both limbs, with my eyes cast down, and knees bent. I wanted to hide behind myself. I clutched desperately at my hauberk and made vain endeavors to stretch its limited proportions into the affluence of a skirt. But it would not stretch. Suddenly I caught Miss Lydia Thompson's eye. It spoke volumes. I felt an accession of courage, and, bracing up, I succeeded so well in the part that I was allowed to retain it through the run of the burlesque. Padding? It depends on the length of the costume worn and the girl wearing it. Some ladies who wear dresses down to a point just above the ankle are known to pad this part of their anatomy so as to give the limb a full appearance. But those to whom nature has not been generous in the distribution of avoirdupois, fall short, as a rule, above the knee on the inside of the limb, and also at the calf. As a general thing you don't find padding among little women. Usually it is the tall ones who are obliged to devise means to make it appear as though nature had been lavish with its charms. But heaven help them if they are compelled to wear padding at this season of the year. I have never experienced any ill effects from wearing tights, and, as a rule, those who suffer in such a way have delicate constitutions. Properly worn, they should not have any ill effects."

Verona Jarbeau was of the opinion that "the exhilaration of wearing tights for the first time is like the joy that attends one's new experience of anything delectable. It is not to be enjoyed twice. The only forces that can be employed successfully to produce a similar sensation are a balloon and two bottles of champagne. When I got on the stage in tights for the first time, I was overwhelmed by the conviction that the gaze of everybody in the house was concentrated upon my tights! My first impulse was to turn my face away. I did not mind showing my face when my tights happened to be concealed beneath my skirt, as they had been up to that time. Nor would I have been so sensitive about revealing my tights could I have hidden my face; but to show both at the same time required an effort of which I was not at first capable. The effort once exerted, however, I was at ease ever after. I have not found that the wearing of tights ever had any visible effect upon my health. I have no doubt that much of the injury that might be supposed to come from the wearing of tights really results from what may be inside those tights. Padding, if begun at an early age, is sure to prevent subsequent development of the padder, or, rather, of the padded. It is a crime which, if once committed, must be repeated and persisted in. The most symmetrical limbs are frequently the slenderest. And, besides, the masculine eye, if it has been around any, can easily detect the deception by closely observing the knee. Padding is most often employed, I suppose, to eke out the dimensions of calves and thighs. The inner side of the thigh is the weak spot in the architecture of the average woman, and dexterous filling out in that direction is often artistically effective. It may be a truth instead of a libel that a perfectly symmetrical form is still an unrealized ideal among the lovely things of earth. But it is absurd to say that no actress appears on the stage in her unpadded reality. I know many actresses who, I am pretty certain, are genuine, what there is of them, good or bad, be they molded in lines of beauty, or as full of angles as the demonstrations of Euclid. There are many actresses who do not pad, and there are a dozen or so who do pad. But it would be unkind to give them away. There are tights and tights; you can buy them from eight to forty dollars a pair. Plain, fine, silk ones are the most becoming, and when my part calls for tights I never wear anything else. They will not wear properly more than twenty-eight or thirty performances, so you will see that tights are not the least expensive portion of a burlesque siren's dress. Tights are dreadful tiresome to put on so as to have them perfectly smooth and without a wrinkle. As long as the theatre remains an institution there will be tights. The public likes to see them, and women, in spite of their innate shrinking from exposure of their outlines, like to wear them. Managers of burlesque and comic opera, who have no opinions except those based on box-office receipts, believe the most appropriate stage-dressing is that which reveals as much of the female form as an audience will stand without expostulating—which is a good deal. I would not, however, have tights and a décolleté dress in the same costume."

At Pesth, the other day, a play was put on, that in its acting was to be a triumph of realism. The piece was called "The Strike," and the great scene that was to bring down the house obtained unequivocal and unexpected success. It was the interior of a factory. Hands were busy at work. All the bustle of a busy scene was reproduced. Suddenly there was a cry of fire. The work-room was in a blaze. the factory girls hurried about in hopeless confusion. Firemen rushed in to rescue them. Such a piece of stage management had never before been seen at Pesth. It was too much for the simple Hungarians. The panic spread to the audience, and the exits were blocked. The manager, the stage carpenter, and the head of the police had to come forward and explain. The gasmen turned off the fire, and the play ended peaceably.

Word comes across the continent that a man named C. W. Durant has bought a dramatization of Miss Amélie Rives's story, "The Quick or the Dead?" and that Estelle Clayton will probably be the Barbara. Miss Clayton, as an actress, has made a specialty of her feet. In her first season—in "Favette" at the Union Square—the feature of the play was the appearance of her bare, white feet on the stage; and now great things may be expected of the scene in "The Quick or the Dead?" where Jock Dering kisses Barbara's foot.

The new Paris Opera Comique is to cost one million three hundred thousand dollars; two hundred thousand dollars are to be received from the insurance companies as indemnity for the burning of the old theatre; three hundred thousand dollars are to be derived from the sale of the houses wherein disused scenery was stored up to now, and which will be removed to other and cheaper quarters; the remaining eight hundred thousand dollars are to be voted by act of Parliament on M. Lockroy's motion.

The New York Academy of Music, when it reopens on August 30th, with "The Old Homestead," will be equipped with a novelty in the shape of a little nickel box attached to every other chair, in which will be an excellent opera-glass. The idea grew from the popularity of the weighing machine, in which a nickel-piece is dropped. The glasses to be used at the Academy are of the finest quality, and have been expressly manufactured for the purpose. They will undoubtedly be a convenience to the public.

In Vienna's famous theatre, "An der Wien," five new operettas have been produced during the season, and of them "The Mikado" ran best. It was sung fifty times, with a good second in Millöcker's "Seven Suabians," forty-six times, and Strauss's "Simplicius," twenty-nine.

Anna Lippincott, a daughter of "Grace Greenwood," has returned from her musical studies in Paris, and is now singing the second female rôle in "The Mascotte." She is said to have a pretty voice, a pretty face, and a pretty fair amount of ambition.

All Who Intend Visiting Paris

Should try Prof. Etienne Lambert's System. Simply mastering a few practical idioms, indispensable in traveling and daily intercourse, will prove the means of trebling their enjoyment, while materially reducing their expenses. This system is specially adapted to the American idea, of doing the most in the least possible time, by simply learning what is "*essential*" and discarding all else. No grammar or books used, but simply conversational sentences, in a progressive and common sense method, *sui generis*. "*Trial lessons free*," Mondays and Thursdays, at 10 and 11 A. M., also at 3 and 8.15 P. M., at room 67, Flood Building. For terms, etc., send for circular.

Mr. Hermann Brandt

Has returned to city and will resume instructions. 328 O'Farrell Street.

— THE IRVING INSTITUTE, ONE OF OUR BEST select schools for young ladies, so long and favorably known to the community, reopened in its recently enlarged and refurnished buildings on the corner of Valencia and Hill Streets, last Monday, July 30th. Every department has opened with increased numbers. The forty boarding pupils who come from all parts of the coast, occupy the sunny and well-appointed rooms of the Institute. There are seventeen professors and teachers, and more than one hundred pupils. In addition to the usual seminary course, the Institute is preparing a number of students for college and university, and continues, as in the past, to give the necessary instructions for teachers' examinations. We congratulate the principals, Rev. and Mrs. E. B. Church, on the flourishing condition of the school.

— THE PLEASANTEST PLACE IN THE WORLD IN August is Santa Cruz, and the Pope House and Pacific Ocean House are well filled with guests. Those who contemplate going down to Santa Cruz should write to secure accommodations of Mr. E. J. Swift, the manager of those comfortable hotels.

— IT IS CHEAPER TO OWN A No. 9 MACHINE in the long run than to be without it. Office 303 Sutter Street.

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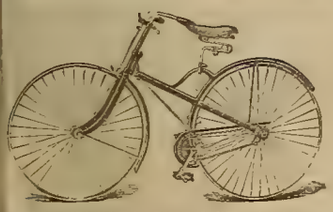

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Per Aspera.

He went to milk the spotted cow
One starry night in June;
His manly form and classic brow
Are pasted on the moon.
—*Nebraska State Journal.*

The Tale of the Tiger.

When my wife flies into a passion,
And her anger waxes wroth,
I think of the Lady and Tiger
And sigh that I chose them both!
—*The Century.*

Retrospection.

Oh for a trill of the robin's note
And the scent of the new-mown hay,
And oh for a look in the quiet nook
Of the barn where the dorkings lay.

Oh for the game of three-old-cat
Instead of this new base-ball,
And oh for the years when they swatted the spheres
Over the garden wall! —*Chicago News.*

The Affable Man.

"Such an affable man! I was glad we had met,
For he made a short hour most pleasant;
He spoke in a way I shall never forget,
On questions concerning the present,
His opinions they suited my own to a T;
I regretted that brief hour's durance
When my coat by the buttons he took, and said he:
'Are you carrying any insurance?'"
—*Omaha Herald.*

The Modern Exile.

There came to New York a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
In a fortnight he was a police uniform wearing,
And now he could lend you a ten-dollar bill.
—*Texas Siftings.*

A Tolstoï Tale.

"Be mine!" said the ardent young Sawmilegoff,
In a voice with emotion quite husky.
"My fondest devotion O please do not scoff,
Katinka Pojakaroluski!"

"Tchernyschevski," the shy maiden replied,
"Your people are noble and rich.
Would a Golgusoff's granddaughter be a fit bride
For a nephew of Maximovitch?"

"I care not a kopeck!" he said. "In my droshky
I have you safe now, and I laugh
At the wealth of a Klitkin or Overhauloshki,
Gojavnik, or Pullerzedoff.

"You are worth more to me than the gold of Slugmiski,
Brakemupski, or Sumarakoff!
Katinka Pojakaroluski, it's risky,
But I'm going to carry you off!"

And this is the way the young Sawmilegoff
Put an end to all further discussion.
'Twas a simpler proceeding to carry her off
Than to go on courting in Russian.
—*Chicago Tribune.*

Gilhooly's Faux Pas.

Gilhooly he was a Dublin mon,
Who betthered his low condition,
From hoisting of bricks to an alderman,
On the aqueduct commission.
His hands grew soft, his head grew hard,
His nose was strawberry-tinted,
He hed tree changes of shirts a wake,
And his fwhiskers and hair was scinted.

He had bric-à-brac tree toimes a day,
And Eastlake shtoyle in its saison,
Wid ceramics cooked in ivery way,
And æsthetics up to raison.
His conversationes and musicales
Would knock the Vanderbilts crazy,
And for his banquets and cold regales,
They would busht a tithing pig aisy.

Musha, if you seen the s'oiety too
That gathered in constellations
At Gilhooly's home, on the Avenyoo,
And the most av thim wor relations.
His wife wor Honorah, his daughter Maud,
His uncle was Livingston Casey,
His son, Red Mick, was christened Claude,
Wid the divil a Dermott or Dasey.

Who has not heard of his big swaree,
Wid germans and country dances,
And shampagenny wine all runnin' as free
As the Boyne that dimples and dances?
And the besht av the quality wurmed their heels,
And rushtled their silks and laces;
Gilhooly lukked on at their ructions and reels,
While his diamond flashed full in their faces.

But the divil a wurrud you'd hear him shpake,
You'd think him a son of King Brian;
As long as he shtuck to a drink that was wake
Not a subject but he was fly on.
But whin the shampagenny got in his head
He would shpread his coat-tails for a shindy,
Then Honorah would hushtle him aff to bed,
And lock ivery door and windy.

There at his hop was the crame of the town,
And Gilhooly full, more's the pity,
While the mayor and the judes poured shampagenny down,
Till he thought he owned half av the city.
Then he lepped in the air, coat-tails all abroad,
Gev a Donnybrook whoop in his glory,
And says, "Oi kin tek any man in me hod,
And carry him till the fourth shtory!"

Thin the leddies all scramed and swooned away,
And the gintlemen thried to scatther.
But Gilhooly thried wud a shtick to play,
And some of their noddles to batther,
Honorah rushed in whin she heard thim fall,
And she heard Gilhooly gev warnin',
"We'll pit Erin's flag on the city hall,
And paint the town green in the mawrnin'."
But a betther man never wint up two shticks,
Nor into New York s'oiety,
Though the shampagenny wine pit him up to thricks,
And occasioned Honorah's anxoiety. —*Judge.*

Modesty.

She stood upon the threshold of the sea
Where waves with one another strove in glee
To kiss her stocking.
A scant-clad youth, bare-armed, bare-legged, rushed by—
She blushed, paused where she stood, with downcast eye,
And said, "How shocking!" —*Puck.*

— BRONZES AND MARBLE STATUES TO BE SOLD for the next sixty days at reduced prices, to make room for new importations. S. & G. Gump, 581-583 Market Street.

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Lettuce.
Strawberries. Lemon Ice.
Cakes and Fruits.

BLACK BEAN SOUP.—One pint of black turtle beans, one onion, half a lime, two eggs, salt, pepper, cayenne, one teaspoonful cloves, one teaspoonful of allspice, one-third of a tumbler of sherry, some celery, and one quart of soup stock. Soak the beans over night; in the morning strain; add two quarts water, and boil one hour; skim well, then add the onions and celery, cut in small pieces, salt, pepper, cayenne, cloves, and allspice; boil three hours, and then strain through colander, rubbing the beans gently, till almost as thick as thin pea soup; add the stock, the lime sliced thin, and the wine, and let it boil five minutes; have in the tureen the eggs boiled hard and chopped; pour the soup over them and serve. Add a few force-meat balls.

An English gentleman lately took a small wasps' nest, about the size of an apple, and, after stupefying its inmates, placed it in a large case inside of his house, leaving an opening for egress through the wall. Here the nest was enlarged to a foot in diameter, holding thousands of wasps, and he was able to watch their movements, and noted one new fact—namely, their systematic attention to ventilation. In hot weather, from four to six wasps were continually stationed at the hole of egress, and, while leaving space for entrance or exit, created a steady current of fresh air by the exceedingly rapid motion of their wings. After a long course of this vigorous exercise, the ventilators were relieved by other wasps. During cool weather only two wasps at a time were usually thus engaged.

The mouse pest in Australia is much worse than the rabbit pest. The climate is so soft that they have thrived enormously, and there is said to be "hardly a residence or store that is not pestered by the plague. In some places they are so thick that, in order to get the stock properly fed, men have to watch while they are eating their provender. The week before the Coolah races the vermin got into the boxes at the station, and actually ate the bandages off the horses' legs, while from every side come tales of crops devoured so rapidly that many fields have had to be abandoned, what was left not being worth reaping."

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"You don't want to get a Findlay man started," was the remark made recently in Willard's Hotel by a well-fed, prosperous-looking gentleman, whose pleasant smile continually revealed itself from beneath his brown mustache. It was Mr. Wilson Vance, president of the chamber of commerce, of Findlay, O. "I can talk Findlay to you all night. It's a wonderful town. On the first of March, 1887, we had a population of six thousand, but twelve months later we numbered twenty thousand, and we are growing right along at an unprecedented rate. Over one hundred business establishments, employing from forty to three thousand hands each, have come in during the past six months. There is no excitement in real estate; no boom. We don't need any. We will have one hundred thousand people in Findlay so soon as we can get houses built to shelter them. The shops that are now being constructed will employ over eight thousand hands, and that means forty thousand people. A year ago we didn't have a foot of street railway, and now we have three lines in full running order. It is a phenomenal but healthy growth."

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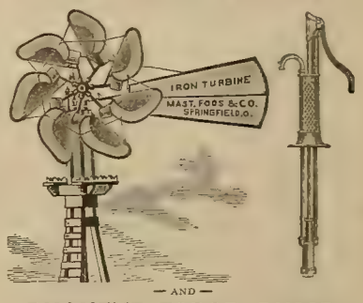

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NK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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e *Record-Union*, published at Sacramento, is, and for many s has been, the leading Republican party journal of the t capital, with a large circulation, and a commanding in- ce throughout the northern and eastern counties of the t of California. Its proprietor and editor is William H. . It is honestly conducted and ably edited. In its issue ly 30th, it says, in its leading editorial column, that a gen- n of San Francisco, in confidential relations with tor Harrison, the Republican party candidate, claims to a letter from that gentleman in which the assurance is eyed that in event of his election he will make Mr. Blaine ead of the Cabinet, by appointing him to the office of etary of State. A prominent and leading Democrat of on, himself a Roman Catholic, and possessing the confi- e of the leading Roman Catholic clergymen of that State, leclared to a Democratic friend in San Francisco, who is Romanist, that the recent Oregon election did not turn the issue of free trade, and that free wool cut no figure e campaign. And in an interview with one of the strong- nd most influential priests of Rome, discharging the cler- luties of a strong parish, and possessing the confidence and rstanding the policy of the church, he was informed in ence to the Oregon election, and fully advised as to the y of Rome in respect to the Presidential election; that whole power of the Roman Church would be exercised to insure the success of the Republican ticket, and that the Oregon result, with its seven thousand Republican majority, would indicate the result in all sections of the North, and in all places where the church could control votes; that the plan embraced all leading, influential, and wealthy Catholics who could be trusted to work out this political programme, and that the priests would be depended upon to influence all who, from the confessional, would obey the mandates of the church; that every Roman Catholic who voted for Blaine four years ago, would vote for Harrison now; that Blaine would become Secretary of State in the Republican Cabinet, and as he is stronger in his intellectual and moral force than General Harrison, who is a weak and colorless statesman, lacking force, he and his administration would take its direction from Mr. Blaine, who is regarded by the Papal hierachy as a Romanist, and could be depended upon to carry out the Papal policy in the administration; that the patronage of the government would be so dispensed in the Northern States that it would control State administrations in the interest of the Papal Church; that moneys would be appropriated in aid of church charities; that church properties would be exempt from the payment of taxes; that school moneys would be divided according to the faith of the pupils as indicated by the religion of parents, guardians, and institutions having them in charge, and the general politics of the country would, gradually, and in process of time, be brought in subordination to the general policy of the Papal hierarchy. This policy, as foreshadowed by the Oregon election, is understood and fully admitted by Mr. John P. Irish, who stumped the State of Oregon, and its operation in that State is not misunderstood by any honest Protestant who has the intelligence to have observed that campaign, and the courage to admit the truth of what he had the sense to observe. We can name fifty leading, influential, and wealthy Irish Catholics in the State of California who voted for Blaine four years ago, and who will vote for Harrison and Morton in November; the many hundreds of the lower class, and of all Roman Catholics who, obedient to confessional influence, voted in San Francisco for Blaine, will, in increased numbers, be subject to the same influence this year for the Republican Presidential candidates. Our ambitious party leaders and our influential party journals are so absorbed in their desire to secure a party triumph, that they will not take note of these indications or give them consideration, while the great, inconsiderate, and unthinking mob of club and kerbstone partisans will not think for themselves. The free-trade issue is a false one, addressing itself largely to the manufacturing classes, and unlocking the treasure-boxes of rich men for campaign funds, with every probability of the triumph of the Republican candidates if the Papal conspiracy did not exist. There will be nearly twelve millions of votes cast in the coming election, and of this number more than two millions are professors of the belief of the Roman Catholic faith. These persons acknowledge an allegiance to the Pope of Rome superior to that due to any constitutional law or magistrate of the United States. He is believed by them to be entitled to civil power, to be a vicegerent of God, and to be clothed with infallibility in all matters touching the welfare of souls and the policy of the only church that has divine authority to save them. This enables him, and his cabinet of Italian Jesuits, and other political advisers in Italy, to wield, through the perfected organization of church machinery, an immense and powerful influence throughout all parts of the United States where Roman Catholics are congregated under the charge of priests. This machinery is now being secretly worked for the destruction of the Democratic party and for the success of the Republican party. It is a conspiracy conducted in intrigue, as the result of a bargain consummated at Rome between Mr. Blaine and the Pope, and will be disclosed to none but those who are trusted to carry out the bargain that has been consummated between the high contracting parties. General Harrison will appoint Mr. Blaine Secretary of State with no understanding between them. Mr. Blaine's distinguished ability, his wonderful popularity, his commanding influence over great masses of his countrymen, his eloquence, and his Americanism are all gifts which have commended him to the Roman hierarchy, and which seem to entitle him to the first place in the Cabinet of a Republican President after he has withdrawn from the Presidential candidacy, and after he shall have served his party through the campaign by able and eloquent advocacy. Straws indicate the course of the wind. In San Francisco nearly every influential Irish Roman Catholic of intelligence, influence, wealth, and in close alliance with the Papal Church, will vote the Republican Presidential ticket. Donahoes, Tobins, O'Brien, Donahues, Doyle, Hayes, O'Connor, Loughborough, Sullivan, Callaghan, Sweeney, Roach, McKinstry, White, Murphy, are of the type and only a sample of the numerous class that will serve the church by voting in the direction indicated; in our opinion there is not a discreet and faithful Roman Catholic priest, friar, monk, or layman in the church, not one who respects his vows, is faithful to his profession, and attends the confessional but will be instructed to vote as the priests will, at the proper time, direct. This vote will carry California for Harrison, and Harrison will be elected. Cleveland will be betrayed, and punished, and made to feel the power of the church, because of his conduct when governor of New York, because he is the son of a Presbyterian clergyman, because he is a Protestant and loyal American, and because he fears and hates the secret power and influence of the Roman Catholic Church in American politics.

While the internal dissensions of European nations seem, for the present, to be in abeyance, it is otherwise as regards their colonial policy, and this, though it may not at the moment assume any vital importance to ourselves as a nation, is yet interesting enough in the various issues involved to make it worthy of consideration. The example set, in the first instance, by Spain and Portugal, who were certainly the pioneer voyagers of the modern world, and stood in the same relation thereto that Phœnicia, and Greece in a more limited degree, did to the ancient, was followed up first by Holland and then by England, in the matters of discovery, subjugation, and colonization. Phœnician and Grecian colonization was limited to the shores of the Mediterranean, Carthage being actually the farthest outpost of both, for the expeditions through the Straits of Calpe and past the shores of Spain and Gaul, to obtain tin from Southern Britain, neither did, nor were intended, to carry the fruits of colonization in their wake; and even if it is admitted that the geographical knowledge possessed by Ptolemy in the second century of our era, of the configuration of Southern Asia and a portion of Western Africa, argues that he derived his information from voyagers who had been there, these certainly have left no permanent and unmistakable trace of their presence in any of the lands they may be presumed to have visited, in the light of modern investigation. Therefore, even if these ancient voyagers and discoverers had attempted to colonize the remote lands which they visited, the very fact of having fallen so short in their aim as to be reabsorbed into those races they had come to colonize, is sufficient proof that their act could not be called colonization in the proper sense of the term. Colonization must mean the implanting and maintaining of a social and political organization upon a foreign soil, with at least strength enough to resist absorption into its social and political surroundings, or it can mean nothing at all. The entire continent of South America and the southern portion of North America felt, and still feel, the influence of Spanish and Portuguese colonization. These United States and Australia afford other signal instances where colonization has taken ineradicable root, and where the colonists, as against the aborigines, are unassailable. The case of India affords an illustration of a different nature. The British occupation of India can not be called colonization, as it represents merely the military and intellectual supremacy of a foreign party, and conditions might arise at any moment to make that supremacy futile and end the occupation. An example of this very sort has risen within the past few weeks, the Dutch having decided that their colony at Acheen, in Sumatra, is untenable, by reason of the ravages of fever and the assaults of neighbor-

ing native tribes, and they have accordingly decided upon evacuating that settlement. But to come down to issues of the present day, and more particularly to point the moral which prompts this discussion, we wish to call attention to the vast strides which European governments have lately been taking in the direction of providing homes and maintenance for the surplus population of their subjects, by creating colonies at various eligible points. Germany, France, and Italy are now vieing with each other in their endeavor to locate colonies in suitable localities. The Samoan Islands, or the New Hebrides, or the Philippine Islands, or any other such small fry of the Pacific, need not enter into consideration in this connection. What all these said nations, including England, have evidently now in view is nothing more nor less than a complete colonization, it would appear, of the vast, rich, dark continent of Africa. That such a scheme must, sooner or later, come to fruition, and that the unqualified and incompetent negro inhabitant of Africa must arrive at the primarily inferior condition of a qualified serfdom, is not to be doubted. That this condition should necessarily put him on a par with our own aboriginal native tribes, is a question which the political and social conditions by which he will be affected will go far to answer. These will certainly differ under certain governments, but experience has shown that the negro is by no means destitute of the capacity of being civilized under transplantation; then why not upon his native heath? It is interesting to look at what is actually being done toward the practical colonization of Africa at this moment. Stanley, the explorer, is trying to organize the "Orange Free State" in the interest of the King of Holland, upon the Upper Congo. Emin Bey, the rather fanciful title of a scientific German doctor, is trying to achieve the same results for Germany. Meantime, the English Government has granted a charter to a company, upon apparently similar lines to the old East India Company's charter, to colonize, develop, and govern a vast tract of the most fertile portion of Eastern Central Africa, west of Zanzibar. Both England and Germany already have strong and progressive colonies upon the Western coast. The latest news, however, upon the African colonization question is that referring to the French jealousy over the Italian occupation of Massowah, a Red Sea port in Abyssinia. If contiguity of territory could confer any right to territorial acquisition, Italy has certainly more claim upon Africa than any of its European neighbors. France already has Algeria, and it seems rather a dog-in-the-manger piece of business to begrudge Italy a slice of worthless territory, which England has twice occupied and evacuated before this. The real reason, of course, is that any Italian supremacy upon the Red Sea might work to the disadvantage of French rights in the Suez Canal. And so the game of colonization or confiscation—the terms nowadays are synonymous—goes bravely on. It is only the Africans themselves who are not consulted and have nothing to say.

The *Record-Union* is exceedingly severe upon Mr. De Young, the inexperienced Atlas upon whose shoulders the Republican party of the Pacific Coast is now resting; is, in fact, cruelly sarcastic. If Mr. De Young possesses a "handsome and genial countenance," and if he "is to have charge of the management of the Republican party of the Western States," and "achieved the highest distinction of any delegate at Chicago," and made the trip in a private car, and was chairman of the sub-committee that chartered "the most superb and expensive hotel at Chicago," and provided the delegation with "a thousand boxes of wine," and was one of the "leading spirits" at Chicago, and "had full charge of the Blaine campaign," why should not the *Chronicle* demonstrate its enterprise and the dignity of its proprietor by proclaiming these things? Of course they are not all true. Mr. De Young has a handsome and genial countenance, was very prominent at the national convention, and has, like the cunning politician he is, mounted to the top of the Republican party with one agile bound. It is true that Mr. Creed Haymond and other gentlemen allied to Governor Stanford by the closest ties of business interest, and under obligations to him for their discovery and creation, allowed the life-long enemy and detractor of Governor Stanford and Charles Crocker so to dominate and control the California delegation that Governor Stanford's name was not even mentioned in the deliberations of the national convention. New York, with her united strength, stood behind Chauncey Depew, her eloquent and gifted after-dinner talker, although he was attorney of Vanderbilt, the wealthy railroad gambler of America; Michigan was loyal to Alger, her millionaire lumberman; Illinois was true to Gresham; Ohio did not forget Sherman; nor New Jersey William Walter Phelps; nor Iowa her distinguished son Allison; nor any Eastern State that had a son to honor. It was only the California delegation that had the baseness to betray the man whose name it was under honorable obligation to present as a Presidential candidate. Governor Stanford is honored by every Californian whose good opinion is worth having; his genius has builded a transcontinental railroad; his enterprise has encouraged every local industry; his benevolence has laid the foundation of a university of learning that will immortalize his name when the ambition and ingratitude of small politicians shall be buried in an immortality of forgetfulness. He was made to feel that the insult which ignored him was the deliberate act of mean and jealous minds. Blaine's candidacy in such hands was necessarily a fiasco. We quote from the Sacramento *Record-Union*, that Mr. Mills may himself be heard. After reciting some of the features of the Chicago convention, in which Mr. De Young took active part and out of which he came a national committee-man, Mr. Mills says:

> Mr. Blaine had declared himself out of the race in a letter written from Florence, whereupon many of his friends and supporters, by arrangement with him, entered the campaign on their own behalf. There is more foundation than a mere guess that these gentlemen were present as candidates at Chicago by arrangement with Mr. Blaine himself. The understanding was that Blaine, being sincerely and honorably out of the way, the field was open to them. A remote contingency remained that the convention might not unite upon a candidate, that all candidates might withdraw, leaving the field open to Mr. Blaine. This was the only possible contingency under which he could accept the nomination honorably, and if the nomination had been tendered to him and accepted by him under any other condition, he could not have carried half-a-dozen States. Still, we find Mr. De Young saying in his own paper that there was a Blaine campaign at Chicago, of which he had full charge. The Blaine campaign referred to was the immediate, direct, and sole cause of Mr. Blaine's ultimate defeat. The Blaine movement was the grossest possible violation of the personal agreements between Mr. Blaine and the other candidates. It placed him in the position of acting in bad faith, and finding his honor thus compromised before the nation, it became at last necessary for him to telegraph his unqualified disapproval of the course pursued by his self-appointed and pretended friends, and thus James G. Blaine, as a Presidential candidate, became a cold, disagreeable, and clammy political corpse. When, therefore, Mr. De Young tells us that he had full charge of the Blaine campaign in Chicago, he is boasting of matters of which any ward politician of more than one campaign's experience would be ashamed.

This is a little severe for one "organ" to write of another. That Governor Stanford was betrayed in the house of his friends is beyond question. The delegation selected at Sacramento was a delegation pledged in honor to present the name of Leland Stanford for Presidential nomination—there were but two men not within this line of obligation. Fourteen delegates to Chicago were in honor bound to give their votes in compliment at least to Governor Stanford; some were so bound because they were on his pay-roll, others by direct consent and agreement. The result has left bitter resentment on the part of very many of Governor Stanford's loyal friends. They feel that Mr. De Young, who has never been regarded as a political leader, or himself as a Republican, or his paper as a party organ, has been permitted to put Governor Stanford in an unpleasant position. The impression has gone abroad in this city, and throughout the State, that Governor Stanford has been betrayed by conspirators who were supposed to be very near and very loyal to him, and that it has been done for a purpose. What the influences that inspire attacks upon him, and intrigues against him, we have no means of knowing. Whether they are political, or business, or social, it is not our privilege to ask. We only know they exist.

It is not Senator Harrison, of Indiana, who is running as candidate of the Republican party for President of the United States. It is not the man in whose veins courses the blood of a Protestant ancestor, who stood beside Cromwell in his war with Parliament, and who aided to send a Catholic king to the block at Whitehall, and who was himself beheaded and quartered for his offense against the Lord's anointed. It is not the American general, who marched with Sherman from Atlanta to the sea, who is the Republican idea of a party candidate. James G. Blaine is the candidate. He is the gifted and eloquent embodiment of Republican principles. His was the name at Chicago around which all the politicians gathered, and was defeated only in fear of the great American, Protestant, honest public sentiment, which resisted, like a wall of adamant, the surging billows of a manufactured tempest of enthusiasm. "Mr. Blaine, not Benjamin Harrison," says the New York *Tribune*, "is the man whom the people delight to honor." "He," says Mr. Whitelaw Reid, "will be received on his return to this country by such a demonstration as no king or kaiser is able to command in the world." The *Chronicle* announces that his reception will be more brilliant than that accorded to General Grant in San Francisco, when he returned from his journey around the world. When Grand Marshal Jones speaks of America's greatest statesman, it is Blaine, and not Harrison, whom he has in mind. W. D. Munn, in his address at Chicago, said: "Blaine will be virtually at the head of the Republican administration." Harrison is running in petticoats with Blaine, as did Mary of England with her husband, the Prince of Orange. Kings have been overshadowed on their thrones, as Presidents may be, if there shall stand behind them a power stronger than the throne. While Mr. Harrison remains in Indiana, receiving country delegations and making to them safe and appropriate addresses, the Republican clubs of the nation are assembling in the city of New York to go forth to the sea with a royal fleet to meet and welcome the true representative of the Republican party, its candidate for the Presidency. At the chariot wheels of this returning hero are chained, as ca tives of war, all who have heretofore been honored leaders the party. Both the Shermans, him of civil life and him military fame; senators most distinguished—Edmunds, Ha ley, Allison, Ingalls, Hoar, and others who are more than t peers of the candidate; eminent statesmen and jurists Gresham and McKinley; men of affairs, millionaires, a bankers—Morton, William Walter Phelps, and Depew; d tinguished politicians who have served through a generation campaigns; all the talented editors—Whitelaw Reid, of t Atlantic empire, and M. H. De Young, of the empire of t Pacific, while around on every side the roaring rabble of ker stone politicians—"the torrent of brown spears"—are shout their wild acclaims in honor of this returning conqueror Gaul. The situation is extraordinary. America is famed but one man, and he is stretching his huge legs across t continent like a colossus for pigmies to crawl beneath the Hero worship has become an element of party streng America has once before witnessed the senseless exhibition similar craze, that prompted its Cæsar to attempt the des tion of honored political traditions, and suggested the danger a military dictatorship. This second frenzy assumes a form, takes a new shape, and suggests danger from a source. The New York *Evening Post*, representing the dependent press and speaking the words of calm reflection they are voiced by the moderate sentiment of an American p riotism, that in all this coming whirlwind of enthusiasm and clone of excitement will stand unmoved and undisturbed, say "There have been candidates for President, and men elect "Presidents, who were supposed to be largely under the c "trol of other men, but there was always the pretense of "ing them for what they nominally represented. Never "fore has one man been nominated and then coolly inform "by his party that, if he should be elected President, he is "to be the head of the administration; that, indeed, the "reason for electing him is the fact that no other way app "open of putting the uncrowned king back as 'premier.' Ne "before was a candidate snubbed by his party and treated "if he were of not the slightest account." The situation is ext ordinary, and one well calculated to excite alarm, and wor of being calmly considered by all strong minds, who l their country and are loyal to its institutions. In all t strange juggling and metamorphosis of politics, we think see the guiding, secret, treacherous hand that moves machinery of our political affairs. We think we see the ha that is grasping the helm of our national ship, directing it u dangerous passages, and imperiling its safety upon a danger shore. We hope we are the crank and fool, the suspicic timid, and senseless idiot that some very good people th us to be. If from the source we fear danger, danger ne comes to American liberties, we shall cheerfully accept it demonstrative of our folly, and permit it to be recorded agai us as one of those honest mistakes over which the record angel will be too happy to shed an unnecessary tear.

The Hon. William M. Stewart, United States Senator Nevada, in a speech reviewing the history of anti-Chi legislation, has pricked the bubble which Senator Morg of Alabama, and other magnates of the Democratic par are endeavoring to blow for political and partisan purpos Mr. Stewart might have added to his valuable speech earlier legislation, the first treaty which was made by a Dem cratic administration with the Imperial Government of Chi before the Republican party was organized. He did giv correct account of public opinion as it existed in Californi the time Burlingame was honored by a banquet in San Fr cisco, over which a Democratic governor presided, and which the present Democratic collector of customs of the P of San Francisco was a conspicuous and honored guest, and which leading politicians of both parties vied with each ot in doing honor to an embassy composed of Chinese mandar of high authority. That Senator Thurman played the de gogue, under an apparent desire to limit the Chinese invasi he clearly demonstrates, by exposing his record upon the qu tion of Chinese naturalization. That Senator Thurman pla into the hand of Senator Sumner, and was making for h self an anti-Chinese record for future political and party is apparent, and the proof of it incontestable. Senator Th man's sincerity is impeached by his coalition with Sum and other Republican senators who, at that time, were willing to legislate against the immigration of Chinese to Pacific Coast. The senator is correct when he assu that very many Republican senators, embracing Sum Trumbull, Hoar, Harrison, and others, were unwilling to verse a policy permitting unrestricted immigration from e part of the world to the United States, a policy older than constitutional government and in harmony with the interest a vast continent that needed settlement, and a sentiment recognized the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of m and the right of all men, of every color, creed, and class find their homes on American soil, for the indulgence o

fre conscience and the enjoyment of personal liberties. T first awakening to the evils of Chinese immigration ca e to California, and the first serious endeavor at re-st tive legislation came from the Republican party dur-in the administration of President Hayes. Public opinion in the meantime—that is, between the administrations of Buchanan and Hayes—undergone a thorough change, and le lation would have become complete and thorough, and th duty of courts been clear in the present administration, if Cleveland had moved on in harmony with the educated con-vi ons of those of the Pacific Coast. Our government, since M Cleveland has been on deck and Mr. Bayard at the helm, h not demonstrated an honest desire to restrict Chinese immi-gr ion, nor that class of European immigrants more numerous, m e demoralizing, and a thousand times more dangerous th the moon-eyed barbarians of Asia. The question of li ing Chinese immigration is infinitely important, the interfer-en of the Chinese Six Companies and of the embassy that g s dinners in Washington, under the banner of the yellow d on, is dangerous; but there are questions more import-t alien institutions more dangerous, and an alien immigration threatens the destruction of republican government and institutions that underlie its very existence. What effect e partisan misrepresentations may exert upon the Eastern d we may not estimate, for we do not know how densely rant the Eastern mind may still be upon this question. W are certain that in this State and upon this coast the im-sion is fixed, that in the persons of Senators Stewart, s, Dolph, Mitchell, Stanford, and Hearst, and all the bers of the Pacific Coast in the House of Representa-, led by Congressman Morrow, there is an honest deter-ation to arrest Chinese immigration. There is no political tal to be made in California by contrasting the attitudes of eral Harrison and Grover Cleveland; for, while we know the Republican Presidential nominee has changed his ions in this respect, and is now acting in good faith with men who are earnestly trying to check this Chinese inva-, we are not convinced that President Cleveland and Secretary of Foreign Affairs are quite honest in their en-vors in this direction. Upon this coast the Chinese has ed to be a party question. The only difference between ocrats and Republicans is to secure, by legal enactments, most effectual restrictive measures.

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n Tuesday next the American National Convention as-bles at Washington, D. C., to make Presidential nomina-s for the American party. How strong this convention be, how numerous its numbers, or from what States they come, we are but imperfectly informed. California has fourteen delegates out of the sixteen to which she was led. They have paid full fares, on ordinary trains, and nprovided with any boxes of wine, unattended with any nstrations, to stop at ordinary hotels, to conduct them-es, it is hoped, in a modest and becoming manner, to de-rate among themselves whether American affairs may not improved by wise legislation, and whether a concerted tical action of intelligent and loyal men may not be had the advantage of the best interests of the country. ether the American party can make headway against the tical tide now running at its flood is yet to be demon-ted; this is its second endeavor in a national direc-; it has banded against it all politicians, all selfish inter-, corporate, copartnery, and personal; it has the support o prominent daily journal, and at its head no man of national tation has yet dared to stand. The curious fact is that its ngth lies with American boys and young men. Here and e some daring voyager on the sea of politics, whose bark has n wrecked; some cranky gray-beard, who is independent ugh to indulge in the luxury of out-spoken, resolute indig-n on against open and secret enemies, has identified himself those who advocate American sentiments. The great ngth of the new and coming party rests with the fearless th who are not yet debauched by party association; those have not yet been permitted to vote; those at the South have no memory of a civil war; those intelligent young tlemen of the nation, who, recognizing the political obliga-s of citizenship, realize the splendid heritage that is im-iled by an unrestricted immigration of ignorance, pauperism, crime, and a system of naturalization and a party policy ch, first clothing unworthy aliens with sovereignty, then in-s them to exercise it for their own base and criminal pur-es. We await the news from Washington, as the besieged ucknow listened for the pibroch of the Highlanders, when Colin Campbell came to their relief. In the meantime, at position shall be taken by the American party in muni-al politics is a question of importance. Shall it assume an ependent and aggresive attitude, or shall it form alliances h other citizens, who are simply desirous of securing a better al government for San Francisco? There ought to be, and the American party we think there will be, a disposition to perate with Republicans, or Democrats, or Independents to secure the best and ablest men for judges, and from present indications, we think there will be, and ought to be, independent and aggressive action on the part of the American party, leaving consequences to take care of themselves. There is an Alliance Club in San Francisco, and ten senatorial clubs, with about two thousand enrolled names. There are large numbers of good citizens, who, while voting with their respective parties for Harrison, Cleveland, or Fiske, are quite willing to follow the American party in the choice of a city government, willing to trust it to hold a city convention, and to be controlled by its deliberations. In this field of political action there is great activity and a determined effort to effect emancipation from boss rule.

The new American State Central Committee was organized on Thursday evening, by the election of Frederick Eaton, for chairman; George W. Hooper and E. C. Williams, of Alameda, for vice-chairmen; J. D. Robinson was reëlected secretary; and N. P. Cole, treasurer. A committee was appointed, charged with devising a plan of campaign, organizing American clubs throughout the State, and providing campaign literature for distribution and speakers for the canvass. It was determined by the committee that, in respect to all positions except judicial, the best policy of the American party was to run an independent ticket in alliance with none but thoroughly disinterested and independent organizations, and to make an aggressive campaign. In obedience to this spirit, the nomination of Mr. Frank M. Stone was indorsed for Congress in the Fifth District. Independent American candidates will be put forth in the Third and Fourth Districts. A municipal convention, for this city, has been called to meet next week, it being understood that it will adjourn till after the result of the national convention is known, and will not put its ticket in the field till the Democratic and Republican coventions have had action. A new Alliance Club was formed last Monday evening, at Oakland, with thirty-five charter members; hundreds more are in readiness to join. Every precinct in Alameda, and every hamlet, will be thoroughly organized in Alameda County. A deputation of the San Francisco Alliance Club visited San José, and formed an alliance club in that city with twenty-one members, R. D. Langford, president. Santa Rosa and other cities within visiting distance will be similarly treated. Organizers and speakers are to be sent over the State. We hear the names of Abram S. Hewitt, of New York, General Neglee, of Pennsylvania, Mr. Low, of Brooklyn, Senator Blair, of New Hampshire, a Mr. Douglass, of Ohio, and others mentioned for the American Presidential candidate. The convention will be composed of about four hundred names.

Whether it is the sensational notices of the press, or the absurd conduct of the public, or the imaginary fears of Judge Murphy, we do not know, but altogether this distinguished jurist is being placed in an altogether ridiculous and absurd position. The explanations by the Goldenson family of their conduct, and their feelings toward officials necessarily engaged in the prosecution of their son and brother, are satisfactory to all rational minds. This mother and her family, impelled by their love for a criminal son, have done no less than they had the right in law to do, have done their duty, and can do no more till the gallows closes for them the most sorrowful incident of their lives. Sympathy will be extended to them, while our fat friend, walking to his chamber surrounded by a squad of police, will only incite a smile of derision.

INJURIOUS EFFECTS OF CITY LIFE.

By Walter B. Platt, M. D., F. R. C. S.

There are certain injurious influences which are peculiar to cities. I believe these lead, sooner or later, to degeneration of the individual and his offspring, by producing progressive feebleness, and to ultimate extinction of such families as are long subjected to their force. I refer chiefly to three, and these are: 1. Disuse of the upper extremities for any considerable muscular exertion. 2. The incessant noise of a large city. 3. Jarring of the brain and spinal cord by continual treading upon the stone and brick pavements which make our sidewalks and streets.

If there is one general physical difference between the country-bred and the city-bred man, it lies in the size and strength of the muscles of the shoulder and arm. It is almost impossible for a man to live in the country without using the arms far more than the average city man. This use of the arms has, in both men and women, an important bearing on the general health, since it increases the capacity of the chest, and thereby the surface of lung-tissue where the blood is spread out in thin-walled vessels through which the oxygen and carbonic-acid easily pass in opposite directions, serving thus the double purpose of feeding the body more abundantly and of removing a constantly accumulating waste product. This richer blood is again driven with greater force by increased heart and arterial action through its circuit. The vital organs are better nourished and the power to produce work is increased.

The walking mechanism is set in motion as we would turn an hour-glass, and requires little attention, much less volition, and separate discharges of force from the brain-surface with each muscular contraction, as is the case with the great majority of *arm*-movements.

The arm-user is a higher animal than the leg-user. Arm-motions are more nearly associated with mental action than leg-movements. A man's lower limbs merely carry his higher centers to his food or work. The latter must be executed with his arms and hands.

A third way in which arm-exercise benefits the organism is through the nervous system. The victim of neurasthenia is very seldom an individual who daily uses his arms for muscular work; with this, the limit of hurtful mental work is seldom reached.

American gout, that condition of the blood which causes our English cousins pain in their feet, and Americans universal pains and increased irritability, has one sovereign remedy so simple that few will take it, and this is daily systematic arm-exercise. A man may walk in an hour four miles, on a city sidewalk, and reach his desk tired, exhausted of force, and better only for the open air and a slight increase of the circulation. Had he spent half that time in a well-ordered gymnasium, using chest and rowing-weights, and, after a sponge-bath, if he had gone by rapid transit to his office, he would have found his work of a very different color, easier to do, and taking less time to perform it.

A second injurious influence, which pertains exclusively to city life, is incessant noise. This may not be very intense at any time, but, when continuous, it acts as certainly upon the nervous system as water falling upon a harder or softer stone. Recent experiments upon animals, subjected to the sound of a continuously vibrating tuning-fork for a number of hours, one or two days in all, show that the first effect is that of an irritant to the nerve-centres, as certainly as an acid or an electric shock is to muscle-fiber. A secondary visible effect is opacity of the crystalline lens of the eye.

The rattle of badly built wagons over poor pavements, the ringing of milkmen's bells, or the jangling of those on street-cars, street cries, and the like, have long been recognized as evils in European cities, and suppressed in many places. In certain streets in Berlin heavily laden carts and wagons are never allowed, and in others only when the horses walk. In Munich the street-cars have no bells. Recently in New York a measure has been under favorable consideration to abolish the ringing of milkmen's bells, and to have those on street-cars taken off. The immense relief to the residents of a street in Baltimore, where the cars run every three minutes in each direction, when the bells were omitted for several weeks on account of sickness in that street, will not soon be forgotten.

Every one will instinctively call to mind boiler-makers and workers in factories as instances where men work for years in incessant din without injury. These are instances like those of pearl-divers and miners, and show rather what can be endured by some than what is best for most. On the other hand, we have all known individuals in whom slight noises cause absolute pain. The blowing of locomotive and factory whistles within the city limits has been abolished in some of our largest municipalities. The loud ringing of church-bells at all hours of the day and night, in this age, when every one knows the hour of prayer, hardly recommends the religion of good-will to men. All these unnecessary noises add more weight to the overtaxed nervous systems of many men and women who can not escape them. It is certain that, with the increasing intensity of city life and its consequent strain, such things must be lessened, as far as compatible with business interests. Suitably enforced municipal regulations can do this. Elevated railroads should not be permitted in streets where men and women live, underground roads should take their place where it is possible. Certain streets, or blocks at least, should be reserved for business purposes, others for dwellings alone, and heavy wagons allowed only in the first named, unless they are to leave their freight in the block. Rattling irons and chains should not be allowed. Pavements should be thoroughly laid and then kept in repair. Londoners find asphalt the best pavement for all but the very heaviest traffic, in spite of its being very slippery in wet weather. The advantages far outweigh this one disadvantage. Horses can draw much heavier loads than on Belgian block, with less noise, while they are the cleanest pavements known.

Jarring is an equally hurtful influence of city life. We, who were designed to tread upon soft Mother Earth, have become a race of dwellers upon rocks and stones. In walking, the jar of the fall of our one hundred and fifty pounds comes entirely upon the heel, since it first strikes the ground. The ball of the foot and the instep serve only to raise us for another downfall —small, it is true, but equal to the weight of our bodies falling through one-half to one inch in little less than one second. This shock would be sudden and unbearable but for the arrangement of the bones, muscles, and ligaments of the lower limb. The chief elastic distributing springs are the mass of muscles on the front of the thigh and that on the front of the leg. These deaden the shock much as two great India-rubber bands. The ankle and hip-joints help but little, while the curves of the spine and the disks of cartilage between the vertebræ aid a great deal in lessening the impact of the body with the ground.

If any one doubts that there is a distinct and decided *jar* of the brain with each step, let him walk a hundred yards when the brain is slightly over-sensitive from a bad cold or headache, and he will observe the pain each step causes. Or, more scientifically, let him place a pedometer inside his hat, and it will register every time his heel strikes the ground. It is not improbable that some of the long cobweb-like processes of the nerve-cells are damaged by being shaken for months and years over city pavements.

Nature suggests a remedy in the covering of the human heel itself, where we find a very elastic pad one-half an inch thick, to lessen the jar of walking. If we replace the perfectly hard boot-heel by an elastic India-rubber one, we provide an inexpensive and practical remedy, which it would cost the wearer but a few cents a month to keep in repair. This cover has the additional advantage of lessening the noise of hurrying feet, and preventing broken bones in the winter season.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

DICK JOHNSON'S VENGEANCE.

A Story of Mormon Land.

They were the most contented family in the world. The father was by turns a prospector, a trapper, or a rancher, but he never succeeded in making a good living in any way. He was a remarkably handsome mountaineer, tall and strong, and he looked on honest labor as quite beneath him. His word was his bond, he contracted no debts that he could not pay, yet he often cut up a fat steer and divided the meat among his neighbors, who sent him vegetables and groceries in return, and never asked where the fat steer had come from. Perhaps they knew. When a herd passed along the dusty high-road, the women smiled at each other and said, "I guess we'll hev some fresh meat to-morrow."

Sometimes he would drive into town with a team of high-stepping, smooth-coated horses attached to his rusty old buck-board. Then his friends crowded about them, stroking the glossy necks, examining the white teeth, but no one in this little Mormon settlement ever thought of inquiring where he got them.

Dick Johnson was the kindest of men to his friends and family, yet he had his record. He would be lynched promptly if he should ever return to Montana; he had shot a bridge-keeper who demanded toll of him, and, altogether, the sudden deaths of a half-dozen men were caused by the well-known fact that "Ole Dick wuz mighty lively with his pistols when he'd got 'nuff whisky aboard."

His wife did not always have a good print dress to wear to town, the children were seldom provided with shoes, but she always seemed contented and lazily happy, and there was not a merrier set of little ones. The mother was a fair-haired, blue-eyed woman, and the children all looked like her.

"The children mostly awl looks like me," she would say, with an amiable smile; "awl of 'em 'cept Caddie, an' I guess she looks more like her pa."

"You kin jest bet I do, and I'm mighty glad I havn't no tow-head like these here young 'uns," Caddie would answer. She was a remarkably handsome girl, and people who admired her delicate, dark face, were always shocked when her coarse voice and coarser language were heard. Of course, this energetic girl ruled the whole family; the man, who, in spite of his strength and ferocity, was as tender-hearted and simple-minded as a child, the indolent, amiable woman, and the swarm of tow-headed children.

Caddie had dreams of something different from the vagrant life that satisfied the rest of the family. Sometimes she saw herself a busy wife and mother, moving about the two or three rooms of a log farm-house, with a few hardy flowers struggling for existence in the small front garden, with currant bushes, strawberry vines, and flourishing vegetables surrounding the house, and with waving fields of grain stretching away to the dark mountains that bound these western valleys.

She confided these visions to her mother once.

"I tell yer what, maw," she said, "when I git married I hain't a goin' to hev no sech a ferlorn 'doby shanty ez this here. It'll hev to be a *log* house, an' derned well plastered, an' white-washed inside an' out. An' there'll be the purtiest rag-carpet on the front-room floor you ever see, an' a good board floor in the kitchen, too. An' I'll hev a likely colt to ride, an' some cows, so's to hev lots of milk an' butter, an' yer bet yer life I'll be the boss o' the hull golderned ranch."

"Yew've always hed fine idees in yew're head, Caddie," drawled her mother; "an ef yew marries Bishop Burns, like yew're pa wants yew tew, maybe he'll giv' yew a log-house; but yew know well enuff that Dan Williams caint do do no sech thing fer ye."

"Huh!" observed Caddie; "ef that bull-headed ole Burns ever comes a-shinin' 'round me, he'll get sech a crack in 'is jaw 'll make him see stars, or else my name haint Cad Johnson."

"Wall, I guess he'd better not risk it then," said the woman, with a feeble laugh; "yew're pa's a-hitchin' up the hosses, Caddie, an' I reckon yew'd better pack thet there bit o' butter in a box, an' mebbe ole Burns ull give yew some shoes fer it ef yew're real nice tew him."

"All right," answered Caddie; "look-a-here, you Tom, I'll kick you into the middle of next week, if you don't stop tryin' to lasso that there pig. Come along here now, an' git yer face washed. We're goin' to the 'Coöp.,' an' mebbe you'll git some candy, ef you behave yourselves."

There was only one seat in the wagon, and on it sat Dick Johnson and his wife, who held the baby in her arms. Caddie sat on the box in the back of the wagon, and the children rolled around her in the hay that was always taken along for the horses to eat while the women were trading in the Coöperative Store and the man was drinking at the one saloon.

The road ran along the bank of a river, whose gleaming breadths, seen at intervals through the overhanging willows, together with the long sweep of green, and brown, and gold bunch-grass that bowed its tasseled heads as the breeze passed over it, waving like a many-colored sea away to the dark mountains with their snowy tops, formed a picture almost sublime in its perfect loveliness.

"That there grass is e'en a-most ready to cut," remarked old Dick; "I guess I'll borry the bishop's hay-rick to-morrer, an' go after a load o' hay, an' you yunguns kin come along an' help stamp it, ef you want to."

The children set up a joyful shout, for this was a treat to them, as it would be to any one, to tumble about in the long grass; to fish for minnows in the cool, gurgling creek; to wade into it knee-deep for water-cress; to pick tart, wild strawberries, and to eat all these delicacies with the sweet home-made bread and country butter. And after this delightful day, how pleasant it was to roll in the sweet-smelling hay, with the breezes cooling their sun-burned cheeks, during the long ride home.

The wagon drew up at last in front of the village store, and the girl marshaled the children into the "Coöp." with a good deal of forcible persuasion.

"How de do, Sister Johnson," said the store-keeper, who was also the Mormon bishop; "well, Caddie, I see you're as fat and sarsy as you ever was."

Caddie stared at him scornfully, not because she was offended at his free language, she was quite used to that; but this uncouth creature had as much natural coquetry as any other fifteen-year-old girl.

"How much be you payin' fer tip-top butter now?" she asked; "I'll let you hev this here, ef you'll giv' me six bits a roll fer it."

"Oh, come now," he said; "you don't want to do me out o' all my profits like that. Seein' it's *you*, I'll let ye hev two bits a pound fer it, an that's more'n I'd do fer ennybody else."

"Well," said the girl, "I guess I'll jest look at some shoes, an if I kin see a pa'r I like, I'll take 'em fer the butter."

Caddie's mother had gone with her numerous offspring to visit a friend, and Caddie was left alone to do her trading. Her elderly admirer took advantage of this fact to plead his cause with the handsome girl.

"You've got a purty little foot, fer a gal o' your size," he said, as she tried on a pair of calfskin shoes, declining all help from him.

"Huh?" said the lady, too engrossed with her task to notice the compliment; "yas, these here shoes fits kinder slick, but I don't b'lieve they'll hold water when the snow comes."

"Oh, they'll hold water fast enough," he answered; "but they aint half nice enough fer sech a hansum foot as yourn. Now here's a par o' kid shoes I'm a-savin' fer my wife."

"Well," asked Caddie, sharply, "then why don't you give um to her? Lord knows she needs um bad enuff."

"Now look a-here, Cad," he said; "thet's tomfoolishness, an' you know it; Mirandy don't want fer nothin', and she don't care about fineries, but most girls does, an' I tell you what, my second 'll hev the nicest duds o' any woman in town."

Caddie had put her shoes on again by this time, and she did not propose to listen to him any longer. It would not be wise to quarrel with the bishop, but she had no desire "to play second fiddle in no kind o' music," and she told him so.

"Haw, haw, haw," he laughed, "I guess not. I kin jest see the way my ole woman 'll hev to step around when you air Mrs. Burns. See here, Caddie," he added, as she turned to go, "I want to talk to you, an' you might jest as well listen now as enny other time. You know your pa went prospectin' last year, an' I furnished the grub fer the trip. Well, he found a purty good claim, an' now an Eastern company's sent an expert out here to look at it, an' like as not they'll buy it. Well, one night yer pa got purty full here in town, and I got him to sign a bill o' sale of the mine. Now he don't know nothin' 'bout the company, an' he don't know thet the paper he signed wuz a bill o' sale. I've got a grubbin' on the mine, ennyway, an' I've got mines o' my own an' money too, an' I wouldn't mind givin' this bill o' sale to you, if you'd be sensible, an' marry me, like your pa wants you to."

"I don't b'lieve you've got no bill o' sale," said the girl, quietly; "show me the paper."

Her face was dark with anger. She looked very pretty, as she sat there in the dingy little store, on a long packing-box; her glorious brown hair had been blown loose by the wind, her ragged sun-bonnet hung by its strings about her neck, her blue eyes were bright with excitement, and her brown cheeks glowed. The bishop looked at her admiringly as he returned with the paper. She rose to her feet, and her slight, round figure showed, even through the clumsy pink calico, its graceful curves. She moved round between him and the open door of the stove, in which a wood fire burned, for the evenings are cold in these mountain villages, and then, as he read aloud, she suddenly snatched the paper and threw it into the stove. He sprang forward with an oath, but it was too late, and when he turned to look for the girl, she was gone.

The next day Dick Johnson rode up to the saloon, and gravely announced to the loungers there that he meant to shoot old Burns on sight, and that the said Burns had better have his gun handy. Then the injured man began to fortify himself with whisky for the approaching duel.

"What's the matter with Burns?" asked one of the crowd; "I allus thought that you wuz on the best kind o' terms with the bishop."

"Oh, he's lived long enough, that's all," answered old Dick; "an' my arms air a-gittin' rusty fer want o' use."

His enemy had been warned, Dick was drunk enough to be dangerous, and so he thought there was no reason for waiting any longer, and, rising, he slipped quietly out of the saloon, and walked over to the "Coöp."

Arriving there, he stood near the door, watching the proprietor, until the latter turned, when the hands of both men flew to their ready pistols, and the shots rang out. The bishop fell, and Dick, who was a dead shot, stood calmly looking at his victim. The murdered man's wife ran in from her rooms behind the store, and flung herself down beside the body, with a heart-rending shriek. Then the men from the saloon rushed in, and stood around, looking silently at the bleeding corpse and at the poor wife, who mourned the dead man as sincerely as though he had been the kindest of husbands to her.

Her pitiful sobbing aroused the sympathies of the rough crowd, and they began to look angrily at the victor. One man pointed significantly to a coil of rope lying on the counter, but the rest looked at the revolver still grasped in the fallen man's hand, and they shook their heads.

Dick Johnson saw and understood, and he quietly backed up against the wall, drew another six-shooter, and proceeded to make his defense. He told the story of the bill of sale. "You see, boys, he swindled me. Now, you know, a man ain't a-goin' to be cheated like that, an' not try to git revenge fer it. I give him fair warnin', he had his chance at me; I done it all up reg'lar, an' there hain't no call fer hard feelin's agin' me. I'm sorry fer *her*, but you know it ain't my fault because her man wuz a scamp, an' needed killin'." His revolvers helped him to make his peace. These men were not cowards, but they knew they could not take him alive armed in that way, and, besides, they thought his conduct quite proper, so he was promptly acquitted by this informal jury, and he went quietly home.

Thus was rude justice done. Thus, too, was it that Caddie did not marry a bishop, but became Dan Williams's bride.

San Francisco, August, 1888. I. C. Whittier.

OLD FAVORITES.

Ulf in Ireland.

What then, what if my lips do burn,
Husband, husband!
What though thou see'st my red lips burn,
Why look'st thou with a look so stern,
Husband?

It was the keen wind through the reed,
Husband, husband!
'Twas wind made sharp with sword-edge reed
That made my tender lips to bleed,
Husband.

And hath the wind a human tooth,
Woman, woman?
Can light wind mark like human tooth
A shameful scar of love uncouth,
Woman?

What horror lurks within your eyes,
Husband, husband?
What lurking horror strains your eyes,
What black thoughts from your heart arise,
Husband?

Who stood beside you at the gate,
Woman, woman?
Who stood so near you by the gate
No man your shapes could separate,
Woman?

So God me save 'twas I alone,
Husband, husband!
So Christ save me, 'twas I alone,
Stood listening to the ocean moan,
Husband!

Then hast thou four feet at the least,
Woman, woman!
Thy Christ has lent thee four at least,
Oh, viler than four-footed beast,
Woman!

A heathen witch hath thee unmanned,
Husband, husband!
A foul witchcraft, alas, unmanned;
Thou saw'st some old tracks down the sand,
Husband!

Yet were they tracks that went not far,
Woman, woman;
Those ancient foot-marks went not far,
Or else you search the harbor-bar,
Woman.

It is not yours alone that bleed,
Woman, woman;
Smooth lips not yours may also bleed,
Your wound has been avenged with speed;
Woman!

What talk you so of bar and wound,
Husband, husband?
What ghastly sign of sudden wound,
And kinsman smitten to the ground,
Husband?

I saw your blood upon his cheek,
Woman, woman;
The moon had marked his treacherous cheek,
I marked his heart beside the creek,
Woman!

What! have you crushed the only flower,
Husband, husband!
Among our weeds the only flower?
Henceforward get you from my bower,
Husband!

I love you not; I loved but him,
Husband, husband;
In all the world I loved but him;
Not hell my love for Brenn shall dim,
Husband!

He's caught her by her jet-black hair;
Sorrow, sorrow!
He's bent her head back by the hair
Till all her throbbing throat lies bare—
Sorrow!

You knew me fiercer than the wolf,
Woman, woman;
You knew I well am named the wolf;
I shall both you and him engulf,
Woman.

Yet I to you was always kind,
Woman, woman;
To serpents only fools are kind;
Yet still with love of you I'm blind;
Woman.

I'll look no more upon your face,
Woman, woman;
Those eyes shall never read your face,
For you shall die in this small space,
Woman!

He's laid his mouth below her chin,
Horror!
That throat he kissed below the chin
No breath thereafter entered in:
Horror, horror! —*Charles De Kay.*

Queen Victoria recently, it is said, desired to inspect a detachment of Ceylon rifles that were in England. None of them knew any English. When they were paraded in the grand corridor at Windsor the queen, passing them, asked one: "Have you been long in England?" The answer was in pure Cingalese, and the queen, without betraying any embarrassment, answered: "Oh, indeed?" and dropped the conversation. All the soldiers caught the remark and remembered it, and when they went home repeated it to their comrades and friends, and now in Beylon the principal English phrase heard is, "Oh, indeed!" which is very important, because the queen used it.

The Empress of Japan is making great progress on the piano.

THE NOVELIST AS MILLINER.

"Iris" discusses the Gowns of Fiction.

It has of late become the fashion for novelists to dress their roines with as much care as they construct their plots and velop their characters. Yesterday the heroine of romance re clothes, and that was all. To-day her gowns and bon- ts have become as important to the reader as her advent- es. Dress, in the old days, was taken for granted, unless dress of a past period, when elaborate descriptions were owed, to intensify the local color and add depth and brill- cy to the gray, antique atmosphere. When Thackeray ched on his heroines' clothes it was merely a high light on canvas. In those spicy days, when Becky lived well on thing a year, she once appeared in "a pink dress as fresh as ose," while peeping out from under the hem was "the pret- st little foot, in the prettiest little sandal, in the finest silk cking in the world." And there are Beatrix Esmond's red ckings, with the silver clocks, which she wore, according to brother and her author, for no other purpose than the capt- of Mr. Henry Esmond's eye and heart.

Dickens tells us of Dolly Varden's cherry-colored ribbons, hout which we never can recall her bewitching face, but he erally preserves a severe reticence on the costumes of his oines. Charles Reade, except in that superb, fifteenth cent- mosaic, "The Cloister and the Hearth," quietly ignores dresses of Lucy, and Grace, and the rest of that charm- group. The Brontës, women "to the red heart's core." rned such meretricious methods of catching the pub- eye, and Bulwer, with all his dash and brilliancy, erally contented himself with the statement that his ndid beauties were gorgeously arrayed, just as he s us that his heroes "answer with their usual *bon mot*." y of these literary great ones would consider describ- a woman's gown on a par with giving the number of shoe or the size of her hat. How we have changed! ve we advanced or deteriorated? Certain modern authors as good authority on dress as a well-edited fashion paper. our heroines now pass before us we not only know just at they look like and think about, but just what they wear. are introduced to the most secret details of their ward- es. We know that blue becomes them and yellow turns n sallow, that Mary has three tea-gowns made in such a , and Ethel a skating costume to make one's mouth water. t is hard to say who is responsible for this millinery epi- ic. It was a slow growth, not the mushroom of a night. e the birth of those redoubtable squires of dames, Gran- de Vigne and Strathmore, "Ouida" has draped her ted models in picturesque garbs, evolved from her rich inexhaustible imagination. But "George Eliot" was bably the prophet of realistic dressing in novels. She it who first introduced a heroine whose clothes "could be ied." No one ever thought of copying "Ouida's" sumptu- impossibilities. Who does not remember the wide- amed hat, with the sweeping, pale-green feather, the white s, with pale-green cording, in which the lithe and elegant endolen takes the field against Grandcourt? It was only a h, and yet she stepped from the pages, stylish, exquisite, uidly superb. Again, we have her in a square-necked, -trained, black silk, and yet again, unfastening a long e, "finished with a ruffle of lace." These are the faintest ouches, the slenderest of descriptions, but they are the touch Magunard on the canvas of Porbus. They give life to the ure, pulses to the figure. Gwendolen, after the green and te dress, was, to the average woman, real enough to cast a dow.

But when "the lively Miss Harleth" was yet in embryo, Ouida," under the glare of a red calcium light, had per- ned prodigies of dress-making. Hers was the sketchy e, which is both dashing and effective—the style of the e. Her heroines look best across the footlights, where chinks and the pins are hidden by the glare. There is elaboration of detail, no fineness of finish, merely a con- d but harmonious impression of heavy shimmering velvets, laces, priceless and yellow, antique jewels, costly furs, l together with regal lavishness. The effect produced is a picture by Makart—opulent, glowing, splendid, unreal. books are rich with lustrous lengths of olive velvet, sil- d with a bloom like a grape, and the soft sweeping of gold plush trains. Vera, the most obstinate of martyrs, rrayed by her women in robes of white velvet, with a ond the size of a walnut fastened round her neck. da treads her ancestral halls with bronze plush skirts ging richly on the polished floors. It is monotonous but resque, and, beyond all words, effective. The very want etail adds to the dazzling splendor of the impression. In a dozen words we see Lady Joan in black, with a collar iamonds throbbing round her throat, and diamond spikes er rough, black hair. We hear in a nonchalant and inci- al manner that Etoile wears a balayeuse of old Mechlin that the Princess Napraxine lounges in a pink-silk tea- n, veiled in priceless lace, and that Mme. de Sonnaz s a wrap of golden feathers. It is all dazzling, glitter- meretricious, and stagey—an Englishwoman's taste for icturesque grafted on a Frenchwoman's taste for the ex- agant.

mong other writers of English fiction who describe s, William Black deserves a first place. The dressing of heroines is pretty, artistic, and, above all things, natural. re "Ouida's" costumes are for the stage, his show to advantage by the hearth. His taste is quiet and lady- without being commonplace, tasteful without being y. His heroine's pretty frocks have "given ideas" to y girl-readers. Sheila's blue serge gown and stiff blue with the white wing in one side, was the germ of all our ern blue-and-white yachting-suits. Natalie's creamy-white s, touched with scarlet about the throat, originated the on for white nun's-veiling dresses, with deep-toned velvet rs and cuffs. The sweetest of all his young girl heroines, nde, is a thoroug'ly well-dressed and charmingly natural picture, as she stands in the doorway in a white dress trimmed with black velvet and a large black hat, or sits on the deck of the P. & O. steamer in dark-blue linen with a silver girdle. They are all nice, well-bred, well-dressed young Englishwomen—as English as Du Maurier and Dickens, and as realistically dressed as though their author had sat at the feet of Worth.

The airy "Duchess" has a decided penchant for describing dress, but she, like "Ouida," evades the finer points, and riots in sumptuous generalities. She applies the salient-point system to costumes and characters alike. The "Duchess" is guilty of the "clinging drapery" phrase of women's attire. She first wrote in the days of "pin-backs," the ungracefulness of which she skillfully concealed beneath the comprehensive term "clinging draperies." Everybody's draperies clung, just as everybody's red mouth or blonde mustache drooped. These draperies were always of "some soft, creamy-white material," and were generally accompanied by a large, black fan. The taste of the "Duchess" is commonplace, the taste of the ordinary English bourgeois. Her heroines' clothes are never particularly pretty or original; indeed, they are just the same as they were in the days of "Phyllis" or "Molly Bawn," except that the clinging draperies are now spread out, resplendent over a dress-improver. When Molly, or Phyllis, or Monica marries the rich suitor who pants, through three volumes, to call her his, she inaugurates her matronhood by donning black velvet and diamonds. This, together with the clinging draperies in colors, constitutes her wardrobe, though lately it has been enlarged by a stock of variegated tea-gowns.

Rhoda Broughton has a grand, careless, lofty way of alluding to her heroines' dresses. Their color seems to be the only attribute with which she is anxious to impress the reader. There is a hat trimmed with scarlet poppies, which is distractingly becoming, and a maize-colored tulle ball-dress, which floats with brilliant effect down a ball-room. But, as a rule, she affects a telling simplicity. Kate Chester's blue-and-white checked cotton gown is part of the appearance of that daring coquette; Esther's freshly ironed frock, sprinkled over with red carnations, is unforgetable, and suggests Arcadian vistas and pastoral simplicity. They are not fashionable, but they are, you feel sure, becoming and striking. Lenore's bright blue dress is a spot of brilliant color in a brilliant book. It is in this dress that she ensnares the unwilling Paul, and it is this that she dons in her last hours, hoping to awake in him the love of past days.

Captain Lawrence and Mr. Mallock are fond of minutely describing their heroines' clothes, apparently from a feminine love of pretty things. They scorn the broad, impressionist style of their female contemporaries, and revel, Meissonier-like, in detail. The former had poor, the latter, good taste. Flora Bellasys, who is the pink of style, goes to a ball in a pale blue gauze, caught up with bunches of scarlet geraniums. She also wore white satin boots in the day time, which probably accounts for the subsidence of Guy's infatuation. The accessories of her costume were always elegant, and fresh, and carefully described, but the general effect was inharmonious, for Captain Lawrence took some unpardonable liberties with color. Mr. Mallock, on the other hand, seems not to trust himself as a creator of millinery masterpieces. One is safe in saying that he never invents clothes. He is a keen observer, with good taste, and merely reproduces what he sees. This is the secret of the vivid naturalness, the air of consummate good style which characterizes his heroines. Their *tout ensemble* is elegantly modern, exquisitely realistic, and the never-failing trimness of their accessories, the fine handkerchief, bordered in light brown, to match the light brown traveling-suit, the perfectly coiled twist of gleaming hair, the smoothly setting cloth jacket, and fresh, gray gloves, the crimson satin fan, are distinctly American. There is no superb vagueness about the clothes of these fine young ladies, no glowing confusion of shining velvets, and old, rare laces. They are stylish moderns carefully described. Their author is not a mute, inglorious Pingât, but he is a gentleman who knows a well-dressed woman when he sees one.

In "Matrimony," the best book W. E. Norris ever wrote, Nina is an exceedingly well-dressed young woman. She is as keenly alive to her appearance as she is to her lovers, of which she has a generous allowance. Once she appears in a white tennis-suit, which is as *chic* and dashing as one could wish, and she has a crimson velvet cloak trimmed with gray fur, which she does not pay for, but which is nevertheless in the van of the fashion, and suggests to the feminine mind a wardrobe to correspond.

Our own "great realist" never permits himself to describe dress. He tells us that his charming girls are the apex of style—witness Lydia Blood's black silk—and then stops. He never gives us a chance of judging for ourselves whether they really are so stylish or whether he only thinks they are. No one could ever entertain a doubt about the clothes of Mr. Mallock's young ladies. But you always feel you would like to know a little more of Florida's, and Lydia's, and Helen's wardrobes before you passed judgment. Mr. Henry James has been known, in moments of delicious frivolity, to hint at the dresses of his heroines. Daisy Miller comes down-stairs all in gray, pressing her parasol against her slender figure, as she buttons her long gray glove. We know in an instant how becoming this must have been to Miss Miller's fragile beauty and delicate color.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett would like to describe dress with the faithfulness to high life of Mr. Mallock, but, where he is content to walk abroad and use his eyes, she draws on her own imagination. She is more the artist than the woman of fashion, and yet will exercise her own taste rather than trust to the taste of those who have made dress-making a life-study. In this way she unwittingly robs her heroines of a certain consistency of character and costume. Several of them are described as women of the world, social stars, but there is an audacious, unfashionable, un-American picturesqueness in their gowns which is not of the world of society at all. In appearance they suggest Bohemia rather than Belgravia. Bertha Amory, when we first meet her, wears a pale gray frock, with a lace handkerchief knotted round her throat, and in her hand a bunch of heliotrope. The effect thus produced is artistic, charming, but it does not have that indescribable, piquant flavor of the great world, which Bertha, of all women, must have had, and which impregnates every fold of the dresses of Consuelo Burton and Cynthia Walters. Bertha in her ball-gown of shaded reds, with a bunch of red roses in her hand, is effective and striking, but not half so vividly, fastidiously elegant and modern as Consuelo Burton, in her white evening-dress, with the bunch of scarlet berries fastened in the lace of her berthe. All of which points to the fact that the male novelist, where millinery is concerned, trusts only to his eyes, and the female to her imagination. And while the one truthfully reproduces, the other impracticably invents.

August 9, 1888. Iris.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A curious postal-card was received by a firm in Cincinnati some time ago. It was from a customer in the mountains of Tennessee, and read as follows: "please send me side of bacon a bbl of flour 10 lbs of coffee and a wheelbarrow my wife had a baby last week and a monkey wrench crops is middlin'."

There were two opposing barristers. The lawyer for the defense was so severe upon the prosecutor that the latter rose, and asked: "Does the learned counsel think me a fool?" The retort was prompt. "My friend wishes to know if I consider him a fool, and, in reply to his question, I can only say that I am not prepared to deny it."

Keate was a great teacher and ruler. He was also a tremendous flogger. On one occasion, so the story goes, he addressed the boys upon the Sixth Beatitude, and the substance of his comment has come down to us: "'Blessed are the pure in heart.' Mind that. It's your duty to be pure in heart. If you're not pure in heart, I'll flog you!"

A pretty woman in society once complimented Balzac on his subtle acquaintance with women. "Yes," he said, smiling, "I know them, so that by just looking at one a moment, I can tell her whole history from the day she was born. Shall I tell you yours, madame?" "Oh, not out loud!" was the frightened madcap's answer, and everybody had a laugh at her expense.

George Eliot's first arrangement with the publisher of "Romola" was for no less a sum, it is said, than ten thousand guineas. "As that is so very large a figure," he said, "I must run it through fifteen numbers of the *Cornhill*." "No," she said, "it must finish in twelve numbers, or the artistic effect of the story will be lost. I quite understand the necessity for its prolongation from a commercial point of view, so we'll say seven thousand guineas instead of the ten thousand." And seven thousand guineas was accordingly paid for the copyright. Three thousand guineas seems a large sum to give up for an artistic scruple or even a grain; but she did it.

The death has been announced of Commissionsrath Engel, proprietor of the famous Kroll establishment, at Berlin, which he opened in 1851 with the opera of "Martha." He was a great favorite with old Kaiser Wilhelm. Many famous singers began their career under Engel, and in pressing cases the Royal Opera occasionally sent to "Kroll's" to borrow one of Engel's singers. "If a good tenor is wanted," he used to say, "they know that I can always lend them one." Many anecdotes are afloat as specimens of Engel's humor. When Bellini's "Norma" was being performed at his summer opera, a musical critic of one of the Berlin papers said to him: "Herr Rath, how is it that you cut up this piece into four acts? You certainly know that it is usual to give it in two acts?" "My good fellow," replied Engel, "I have not the music only to think about; I have to think about the beer."

Prince Adam Czartoryski gives an account of the death of his grandfather, which strikingly illustrates the tenacious power of the ruling passion: Every day, after dinner, he used to play at a game something like whist. The Pope's Nuncio generally joined in it. Although he was very weak, he always had himself dressed for the card-table. On the day of his death he came as usual, bowed to the Nuncio, and apologized for being late. As his sight was failing, he asked why they had not lit the candles. All the people of the house were assembled in profound silence. The prince turned to his doctor and asked how long he would last. The doctor replied, "Another half-hour." On this he apologized for not being able to play any longer with the Nuncio, and the prelate began to read the Psalms for the dying. While he was reading he held the prince's hand, and as he spoke the words, "My God, I give up my soul to Thee," the prince pressed his hand and breathed his last.

A Scotch gentleman was visited by a cockney friend from London, who had come up among the Highlands to enjoy grouse-shooting. He was rather stout, and, complaining of the hill being too steep for him to climb, he contented himself with staying near the bottom. Walking about the foot of the hill with a gillie, he got plenty of shooting. His companion, hearing so many shots, was afraid he had fallen in with a covey of black-game, and was probably not aware that it was illegal to shoot them before the twentieth. He therefore turned back to the sportsman and asked what he was shooting at. The answer was that he had found lots of grouse, but he "couldn't 'it 'em." Not being exactly satisfied, the gentleman went to the gillie, who was some distance behind, and said: "Donald, are those grouse Mr. Blank is shooting at? They are not black-game, I hope?" "'Deed, no, sir," replied Donald; "they're naether groose nor black-cocks. They're just thae hill blackies; but he thinks they're groose, and I dinna want tae spoil his sport by tellin' him sae; an' as there is little fear o' his killin' ane, he hasna muckle chance o' findin't oot."

In Louis the Fourteenth's time the actress Maupin insulted a lady at a ball and was ordered out of the room. She would go if the gentlemen who espoused the lady's cause would meet her outside. "After a hard combat," so the account runs, "she killed them all, and quietly returned to the ball-room." There is a record in 1813 of a duel between Fournier and Dupont that lasted nineteen years! They agreed by treaty to meet when within one hundred miles of each other, and they had some desperate sword combats. One day, Dupont said: "We must end this quarrel." He wanted to get married, and proposed pistols. Fournier, who was a crack shot, said he was mad. They arranged to meet in a wood, have two shots each, and fire from behind trees. Dupont drew his enemy's two shots by stratagem, and then spared his life. In 1808 M. de Grandpré and M. de Pisque, who had quarreled about an opera dancer, agreed to fight a duel in balloons. In May they ascended in two balloons from a field near the Tuileries, armed with blunderbusses. The balloons kept about eighty yards apart, and when they were eight hundred feet high, on signal being given, Pisque fired. He missed his aim, and then Grandpré fired into Pisque's balloon, and he and his seconds were dashed to pieces on a housetop.

A young man recently wrote to Mr. Ruskin for advice as to entering newspaper work. Mr. Ruskin jotted and blotted some rough notes for his secretary to expand into a courteous letter of reply, but the secretary forwarded the brief notes themselves. They read as follows: "Can not advise—should say yes—if he resolves to be still a gentleman as he is a gentleman's son, and to remain honest."

RUSTICUS IN URBE.

The Hayseed Family's Annual Visit to New York.

A foreign friend of mine, who was not in the habit of saying clever things, perhaps from hereditary or congenital reasons, once said a very clever thing to me about Delmonico's. As we sat in the café, one night, over our Benedictines, and watched the drift of custom to and fro, filtering through from Fifth Avenue to Broadway, and merely circulating through the café, as the case might be, he observed, sagely, "Delmonico's is the finest club-house in the world. You never see any one here who has no right to be here, and if any one who has no business here comes in, he is soon shown the way out. You could get no more in your club, in the way of privacy, than you get here, and not half as good cooking or attendance."

The latter portion of his statement I am quite willing to indorse. It has been a sort of selfish gospel with me to live as well as I can, and I have lived as well as I could everywhere in the pretty widely distributed quarters of the globe that I have wandered into or sojourned in. But, after all, Delmonico's is but a public house, into which people wander at their will. In the winter season, when the town is lively and the social ferment at its highest bubble, Delmonico's is so beset by those who have or think they have a claim upon it, that you might frequent it for weeks and not meet a single unfamiliar face. But at this period of the year, when New York lies smothered under the shadow of the dog star, things are vastly different.

"Rawther a clevaw figuaw, young Hayseed cuts theah," remarked my good friend Cadley to me the other night. Cadley, I should have premised, is a perfect gentleman, according to the New York code, socially made and provided. He comes of a good family, and never lifted a finger for his own living. He has the physique of a chimpanzee and the heart of a lion. And he is a good fellow, or we should not, he and I, have been sitting at Del's as we were, on this occasion, one out of many times. Above all, Cadley—let me put a pin in it here—is an entirely unimpeachable authority in matters of gentility and form.

"Good Gawd!" said Cadley, "why the fellaw is pawstively amusing, stwike me if he isn't."

The fellow went by us as Cadley spoke—as robust, red-cheeked, and healthy a young fellow as Cadley might have been if he had not had a grandfather. He was one of a company of three, very much like himself, but he led them, with a certain swagger and a certain self-importance that did not belong in Delmonico's, where one drops in, but never walks in. He and his friends sat down at a table and ordered a bottle of wine. They talked bad French to the waiter—who was a German, by the way—and made an attempt to be familiar with Philippe, when that matchless major-domo strolled by to supervise the operations of his subordinates. I believe that the chief topic of conversation with them was base-ball, with flyers in the direction of the expense of doing New York. Cadley smiled over his cigarette, and flipped its fragrant ashes into the tray.

"Ged!" said he; "Bawston faw a pony, old boy."

As if to demonstrate the acuteness of Cadley as a social physiognomist, one of the triad began to tell a story of a dinner he had once had at Young's Hotel. Cadley listened gravely, sucking softly at his cigarette.

"It's not Bawston, after all," said he; "it's countray. They belawng, like cawn, and cabbage, and awl that, don't you know, on a fawm."

And I have every reason to believe that Cadley was correct.

In my morning stroll up Broadway yesterday, I found myself suddenly entangled among a curious company, viewed from the Broadway standpoint. It was certainly not the conventional company one meets on Broadway. There were men in it whose costumes bespoke the village tailor, and women whose gowns were of an unmistakable farm-house cut. There were small boys, with very large and clumsy shoes, and small girls, with very large and clumsy straw hats; and one and all of them were, evidently, in the last stages of physical discomfort, what with tight bodices, stiff shirt-collars, and kindred paraphernalia, of a social usage more common to the city than the country. Their feet had the heavy plod of feet more familiar with country roads than the stony streets of the town, and there was the brown dust of rural travel on them from crown to toe.

"My sakes, 'Melia," said a loutish young fellow, in a cheap, flannel suit, whose coat-sleeves were as much too long as his trousers were too short, "but ain't it noisy?"

Amelia was a buxom girl of seventeen, to whom he gave a great deal of sheepish attention, and who was chiefly employed in smoothing out the front of a muslin gown, besprent with sprigs of some unknown floral growth in vivid reds and yellows, and in pretending not to be interested in the shop-windows. She answered: "Ssh, Hi! you'll make folks look at you!" and one of the small boys cried out, with his eyes on a restaurant window: "Hay, jimminy! there's a watermelon." The discovery of this familiar object, by the way, seemed to bring a certain degree of comfort to all the party. The loutish young fellow glared at the big, green globe with distended eyes, and even Amelia allowed herself to look interested.

"Come, now, good people," said a towering member of the Broadway Squad, "keep moving along, please. Don't block the street up."

He winked gallantly at Amelia, who tittered and made an attempt to appear unconcerned. Hi glared at him even more malevolently than he had glared at the watermelon, and muttered, "Lands alive! them fellers is too pert." The small boys all gaped at him. But the party had got in motion again, and the tide of travel that it had dammed up commenced to flow once more. It is worth noting, perhaps, that no one in the crowd seemed to grow ill-tempered over the obstruction of his progress, but rather to view its cause with good-humored toleration and to extend to it much the same forgiveness that one extends to the diverting liberties of a pet animal or a gamesome child.

The leader of the rural party was a quaint, elderly man, with a face that, in complexion and consistency, suggested underdone pie-crust. He wore a suit of shiny broadcloth and a cheap straw hat, and carried a very large, cheap, silk umbrella, of such recent purchase that the shop-keeper's tag yet dangled from its brazen handle, which he used as an indicator of the objects of curiosity about him with a freedom that constantly threatened a conflict with the passers-by. He carried a guide-map in his other hand, and when he was not flourishing the umbrella like a single-stick, he was waving the chart like a flag. His followers flocked around him like so many geese, and hung with the breathless respect of complete dependence on his utterances; and he accepted his position with a manifest appreciation of its importance.

"Union Square," said this home-made cicerone, describing an aerial circle with his umbrella, that knocked a passing dude's hat off and menaced the eyes of a policeman, who was too much amused to be indignant at the liberty.

"Statoo of George Washington, also of Abrum Linkum."

"Oh, par," interrupted an elderly woman, melting in a black silk dress, with folds like ebony boards, and an anxious expression, "are you sure you can find the way back to the hotel?"

"Par" answered, "You lemme alone, mother; I know my gait, I do," and Hi added, "'Sides, maw, there's the street-cars." To make this last assurance more binding, one of the small girls was, at this juncture, almost run down under a Broadway car, and her rescue was accomplished by a by-stander amid a chorus of shrieked and shouted consternation.

"You shiftless child," cried "maw," shaking the culprit by one arm till her hat fell off, "where was your eyes?"

"Hold on, mother," interposed "par," who was a good deal better-humored than his complexion would have suggested, "'taint her fault. They hadn't ort to run their cars so promiskus."

The car-driver received this remark with a broad grin, shouted "How's craps at Haytown?" and resumed his progress. The sight-seers, having got themselves untangled, resumed theirs.

A few hours later, on my way to Coney Island by boat, I came upon my rustic friends again. "Mar" had grown limp and thoroughly sodden, and there was an expression of grim determination on "par's" face. Hi and Amelia had found a secluded nook behind the paddle-box, where they sat hand in hand, basking, in calf-like contentment, on the passing panorama. Two of the other men of the party were drinking beer and eating small dishes of clammy pork and hard beans at the bar on the lower deck. The little girls and the little boys were everywhere that they could be, with their elders chasing them up and fetching them back captives to the central group, only to have them presently drift off again, to take their chances of tumbling overboard, or falling through the engine-room window and being ground to atoms in the machinery.

They were absorbing milk from the truculent-looking stuffed cow at West Brighton when I passed on my way to Manhattan Beach, and when I returned after dinner, lo! there they were on the boat again, the children sleeping on the benches, and the more mature explorers looking very much as if they would have liked to share their repose. The last I heard of them was at the landing in New York, where the anxious voice of "maw" was asking:

"Oh, par! Do you think you can find the hotel in the dark?"

I have never been able to make out why it is that the rural sight-seer chooses this season of the year for his annual visit to New York. Whatever his reasons may or may not be, for, possibly, he operates like his horses and cows by instinct purely, it is certain that he invades the town in force just at that period when the town is least worth invading. If you happen to be anywhere within reach of a railway depot or a railway ferry at train time, you will encounter him, valise in hand, gaping at the opening wonders of the city. You will come upon him, as I did, on Broadway, *en masse*, or traveling in couples or alone, always hot, dusty, uneasy, and amazed. The sights of the town are curtailed, the theatres are closed, and the public places half empty, but still he seems to find food enough for his diversion. Perhaps the sight of the city in full blast would be too much for him.

You are sitting over your julep at the Hoffman House, when a clattering, as of hoofs in the horse mart, disturbs those meditations which go with juleps on a hot night. You get a glimpse of a confused huddle of odd figures going by you, and then become aware of a crowd that is staring at the big Bouguereau under its canopy against the wall.

"Great, b'gosh!" says an awe-smitten voice.

"Blamed if they aint alive!" says another.

"How'd you like to be there, Eph?" asks another still.

Then comes a salacious giggle, compounded of several parts of natural lubricity, and the rest natural inbecility, and art, having served its purpose, the science of the bar is called upon to do the rest. The Hoffman Café, with its more varied than tastefully combined collection of works of art and curiosity, and its big picture in particular, is one of the metropolitan monuments no rural visit to New York is complete without an inspection of.

The Brooklyn Bridge is another. It is chiefly traversed at this season by visiting delegations from the rural districts, who walk across it, drink beer at the bars that beset either end, and go away wondering. I have no doubt that if I were to make a tour of the bridge to-day I should again encounter my party of yesterday, absorbing, with a vigor renewed by repose, the marvels of a new department of the metropolitan cabinet of wonders. Indeed, Hi may be proposing to Amelia as I write, and "maw" be commencing to feel a little more assurance of her ability to find her way to the hotel in the dark, with "par's" efficient assistance.

Half the cheap local sensations in the papers these days are about countrymen who have been run over, buncoed, arrested for getting drunk, or otherwise subjected to those ills that the countryman of the unsophisticated breed in a large city is ject to. It is an old story, that was very well summed u the rural visitor who was once brought before Justice Duff painting Sixth Avenue red at two in the morning, and when the little judge asked him severely, "Why can't farmers keep away from New York, or keep hold of y selves when you come here?" replied:

"I dunno, judge, I've been takin' New York in every mer for thirty-three years, and *I* aint found it out yet."

Probably no one ever will. ALFRED TRUMBL

NEW YORK, July 28, 1888.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mr. R. D. Bogart is the Chicago correspondent of the Francisco *Examiner* (with a daily circulation of fifty- thousand and thirty-two, with a total for July of one m six hundred and forty-five thousand five hundred and f two, and containing fifty-seven thousand nine hundred fifty-six "wants," the most imperative of which is its ea "want" to reëlect Grover Cleveland for the second time ident of the United States). Mr. Bogart was formerl tached to the *Chronicle*, as an editorial manager, and therefore, be regarded as entirely reliable. Mr. Bogart, knows a liar when he sees one, says Indianapolis is filled Ananiases, and that the dispatches from that city in refe to General Harrison and the campaign are "simply atroci It is a nice, gossipy letter, this from Bogart, and if we th it half-true, would reprint the whole. It appears that o very day Harrison was nominated Mr. De Young sli away from Chicago, reaching Indianapolis at midnight, rushing at once to the mansion of the candidate, assure that California was good for ten thousand majority.

Then (says Mr. Bogart) in a week he came back entirely alone. Magee (General Harrison's son-in-law, and residing with him) tells funny stories about this visit. He says that Mr. De Young cam as the family were sitting down to dinner. The hospitality of the sons is unbounded, and, of course, Mr. De Young was invited to At the table Mr. De Young conversed with his usual tact, with General and Mrs. Harrison, on politics, history, art, music—every He thought Gladstone was a "coming man," and Parnell woul day be Premier of England. Mr. De Young did not think that the Emperor Frederick lived he would ever fill Bismarck's place, for the Crown Prince William, he was a "kid." Mr. De Young f thought that the Mills bill was an infamous measure, in that it pu fornia fruits on the free list and lowered the tariff on tea and coffe

The General tried to talk about California, and the many pl things to be seen there, but Mr. De Young insisted upon talking p and trying to impress General Harrison with the fact that he ow nomination to the California delegation, and to Mr. De Young i ticular. Mr. De Young wound up the evening's festivities by con lating General Harrison on possessing the best portrait of Andrew son he had ever seen. "A great Democrat was Andrew Jackson, eral," said Mr. De Young, as he nearly thrust a finger into Mr. son's side; "but if he were living now he would be an ardent R lican and protectionist. I have always admired the great state See that heavy brow, those stern eyes, that great shock of hair, tha

Here General Harrison was moved to remind Mr. De Young t picure he was admiring was a portrait of his grandfather, William Harrison—not General Jackson. Mr. De Young smiled in a co and remarked in the happiest vein imaginable that he knew it w of the old relics of the past, and for the moment he thought Andrew Jackson.

A week or ten days later Mr. De Young came to Indianapolis this time from New York direct. He spent another evening w Harrisons. This time the object of his repeated visitings, accord son-in-law Magee, began to be made manifest. Vociferating tha fornia was absolutely certain for the ticket, Mr. De Young felt t would like to be able to encourage his people by a gilded promi Mr. Harrison was elected, could the Pacific States expect a C place?

Mr. Harrison could hardly answer that, but he sounded M Young, and even went so far as to canvass possibilities. Mr. H asked about a good many men on the coast. He remembered well; but Mr. De Young quickly told him that Page was not p besides, was now a Claim Agent in Washington.

Harrison spoke of Sargent, only to be reminded that Sarge dead.

He spoke of Haymond, but Mr. De Young suggested that attorney of the Central Pacific was not the best timber to think o

He spoke of Estee, but Mr. De Young said Estee had been many camps.

Then General Harrison said, good-humoredly: "Well, M Young, you are the editor of a great paper on the Pacific Coast, resentative man out there, perhaps, perhaps, perhaps——"

"Oh, no, no, no!" Mr. De Young lifted both hands in depre but after a few moments' chat and banter, the California editor, ing to Mr. Magee, was induced to say that if a Cabinet place come to California he would be only too proud to accept it.

"I think," said Mr. Magee, "the Postmaster-Generalship is Mr. De Young wants. If that is not available he will take a mis the first class abroad."

The funniest thing about all this business is that Harrison is al much in earnest as De Young. The general has actually mad kind of a promise to De Young, conditioned, of course, upon the ment of the De Young promise to deliver the eight votes of Ca into the Harrison basket. If California goes for Harrison, and th be elected, Mr. De Young will be a tremendous power in admin councils.

All of which demonstrates the importance of carrying fornia for the Republican ticket. Two Cabinet officers— M. H. de Young, for Postmaster-General; M. M. Este Secretary of the Interior; Mr. Swift, for Minister to C and then comes the suggestion of Mr. Mills, of the *R Union*, for Postmaster at Milpitas. All this ought to immense enthusiasm upon the Pacific Coast, this compli ary recognition of its distinguished and most popular and deserving men, will be very gratefully accepted by W Higgins, Esquire, and the other eminent party leaders have long and faithfully borne the brunt of the political paigns in this State.

Taglioni's bust, by Mme. Coutan, has been placed Paris Grand Opera House. It is considered a very likeness. Taglioni was a very plain woman, without, as said, "the resources of becoming plainer."

Russian preparations for war are again active. Th which has made an immediate increase in the army of hundred thousand will eventually increase it by one millio hundred thousand.

"The Fatigue of Public Worship" is a subject of d sion in the British medical press.

VANITY FAIR.

A recent article (which we mentioned last week) in *Longman's Magazine* on "Economy in Dress" shows how much ore economical in the matter of their apparel English ladies e, for at present there is little difference between the cost of dinary articles of dress in London and New York. The nual expenditures for this purpose by the English ladies m whom the writer, Mrs. Reeves, obtained her information, re: With a family income of four thousand dollars a year, e hundred and fifty dollars; of five thousand dollars a year, o hundred dollars; of seven thousand five hundred dollars year, two hundred and fifty dollars; of ten thousand dollars year, two hundred dollars for each of three unmarried daughs. With such incomes here ladies would probably spend at lst twice or thrice as much on their wardrobe, and when they llong to families of large wealth, their lavishness in this reect startles English observers possessing incomes as great even greater. The daughter of an earl, recently visiting w York, declared her inability to compete with American llies in the smartness of their dress, and marveled at their ndeur, they, perhaps, spending thousands of dollars where e had hundreds to lay out on her wardrobe. With us, ladies ose family incomes are not half those named in this Englishman's article, will frequently spend more for their wardrobe, proportionate amount devoted to house-rent and dress being ch greater here than in the other country. There the rent l be only a tenth part of the family income, and the expense dress less than a twentieth, where here it will be a fourth a fifth in the one case, and from a fifth to a tenth in the er. In the matter of the cost of dress of men there is also ch greater economy in England. The average annual exditures of twenty-eight bachelors consulted, were only one dred and fifteen dollars; the highest being two hundred l fifteen dollars, and the lowest seventy dollars. Yet they e all what are conventionally known as gentlemen, of fair good incomes. One of thirty-three years and an income of e thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, spent two hund d dollars on his clothes; a second, aged thirty-five, and thousand dollars' income, says his tailor's bill is about one dred and seventy-five dollars a year, that he "gets a suit dress-clothes every three years, and a new great-coat every r;" and a third, aged thirty-one, with an income of been fifteen and twenty thousand dollars, "never spends e than one hundred and ninety dollars; a new dress-suit y five years." A lady living in the country, with an ine of seven thousand five hundred dollars, reports that she dress on one hundred and fifty dollars a year, outside of ll-dress costumes for either morning or evening wear," for ch there must be "extras," and declares that that sum is gh for a girl "with an extra allowance for visits at smart atry-houses." She then offers these suggestions for econ in dress: "To make one hundred and fifty dollars a year dequate sum there must have been capital for a good out The stock of clothes should never be let down; two or e of each garment per annum will suffice to keep it ient. The same principle applies to boots. Have plenty. he country a pair of thick boots, like a hunter, should only ut twice a week; therefore, three pairs of this kind alone required. One new pair each year should keep up the k. Boot-trees prolong the life and appearance of boots siderably, and are a necessity in the country, where there t be much rough walking. On one hundred and fifty dol a year you can not have everything new the same year, so siderable forethought is required to alternate the investts. One year a bonnet and mantle, the next a hat and k. One year a good morning-dress, the following a good ning-dress. Let your dress always befit your occupation, do not be too lazy to change your garments, so as to in fitness and neatness." This is all very sensible, but how y American ladies, with seven thousand five hundred dol a year, would be content to wear their last year's bonnet, to follow the Englishwoman's advice to buy "one year a d morning-dress, the following a good evening dress"?

his little libel on Californian women appears in a San Fran letter in the Boston *Transcript:* "The Eastern lady will urprised to find that her customary numbers in shoes and es are too large for her if they are of Western manufact and that if she desires a neat fit she must ask for a smaller than she would in New York, for the shoes and gloves to feel the climate that develops the fruits and flowers ch enormous proportions. It may be that the California l and foot are larger and are unwilling to confess it, and shoe and glove-makers wisely reduce the numbers and by save the vanity of their fair customers. Anyway, a ber six hand wears a number five and three-quarter glove, if and is from New York and the glove is made in San Fran, and a similar difference will be discovered in the East oot and Western boot."

tters from London say that there has never been such a did show of jewels as during this season, and that they brought out by Mrs. Vanderbilt and the new Duchess of borough, who awakened a sense of rivalry in the breasts e English peeresses, with the result that all the family s of the great houses were resurrected from the bank s where they had lain, were reset, and all displayed at to outshine the Americans. Even the Princess of s was not quite superior to the feeling, and, not willing surpassed by foreigners in her own court, she has piled erything at once, stars, crescents, orders, necklaces, and ets, till, on most of her public appearances, she has fairly d with gems, after the manner of her sister, the Czarina, who ys appears at her court functions crusted with precious s. Mrs. Hammersley had a jewel-case very well filled with onds, and at the opera she made, sometimes, a superb ay of them in her hair and ears, on arms, neck, hands, corsage. To these have now been added the Marlborough family jewels, which happily are entailed, or would long since have been disposed of to supply the duke's needs. Some of them are very splendid, and were gifts to Sarah, the first duchess, from her doting mistress, Queen Anne. Particularly valuable are the emeralds, and the black and pink pearls. It is said that the ducal coronet becomes very well the proud and beautiful head of the handsome American. A woman must have a certain regal poise to wear a tiara effectively. Mrs. Delancey Kane has the handsomest tiara in America, and is one of the few women who can wear it well. Mrs. Ogden Mills has a splendid one, but appears in it infrequently. Her favorite is a set of sapphires, one of the finest in the world. It includes ear-rings, necklace, and pendant, the stone in the latter being nearly as large as a hazel-nut, and curiously set as the centre of diamond rays an inch in length. Mrs. Griswold Gray has the finest emeralds in New York, and those of Mrs. Evarts are only a little less splendid.

A charming French duchess, so goes the story, had recently promised to be present at a festivity for some benevolent purpose at the Trouville Casino. Being rather behind time, the lady put her gloves on while driving, and never noticed, till she stood in the full blaze of the casino drawing-room, that to her black-and-white silk costume she had put on one white and one black glove. It appears that her maid had laid two pairs of gloves ready for her mistress to choose from, and that the duchess, in her hurry, had taken one of each pair. The mischief, however, could not be undone, and the gratifying result was that at the next fashionable assembly all the ladies at Trouville wore a glove of a different color on each hand—a custom which has become so general that at present all the ladies at Trouville have adopted it.

Concerning "posing on the Thames," London *Truth* says: "The girls who punted looked abnormally tall, and every one of them appeared graceful. Whether they all were so or not, I cannot venture to assert, as it is just possible that there may be something in the upright attitude and the movements of the arms using the long pole that may tend toward the illusion. You must have read all about the different boats in the daily papers, but one that I have not seen mentioned appeared to me to be particularly noticeable. It was a large gig, covered with a crimson awning, and steered by a girl in a huge white sun-bonnet, with a very high crown like that on a Norman cap. In the centre sat a lady in a similar head-gear, and with her was a child. The whole picture was obviously got up for effect, for the figures never altered their attitudes for an instant. I laughed unto tears at the figures of some of the men. One especially, who stalked about on the Isthmian lawn, would have been miserable if he had known what a joy his outlines were to us. Dressed in white flannels and tan shoes, he had donned a long ulster as a protection against the weather, and the pitiful way in which it clung in to his figure made him absolutely straight up and down. An unsuspected addition to his charms consisted in the very largest, blackest smut I ever beheld; it added the last touch to our appreciation of him. The smut was so immense that it looked like a tare sown in the night by an enemy, and as he, unconsciously, said something in a very 'haw-haw' sort of voice, Maud and I burst into tears of pure enjoyment. Another man amused us in a different direction. He had the side-seams of his blazer taken in, so that it fitted him as tightly as our bodices did us. We concluded that he had sewn it in himself, for it looked decidedly amateurish. A third man wore girls' shoes, with little, tiny pointed toes. He obviously suffered much, poor fellow. It is not true that pride feels no pain. It only abstains from expressing it."

The latest novelty on the tennis-lawn is a wheeled table. The invention naturally followed the fashion of serving tea and something light to eat to the players after a few games had been played. To get the things necessary for the occasion to the lawn, required the waiter to make several trips between the house and the lawn. With a tea-wagon but one trip is necessary. The vehicle has wheels about the size of those on a baby carriage. They are made of steel, with rubber tires like the wheels of a bicycle. Shackle springs rise above the wheels to support a rectangular tray, perhaps two feet by three and a half large. The tray is made of either papier-maché, polished birch, oak, or mahogany to suit the taste of the buyer, and the price varies from twenty-two to twenty-five dollars. They are imported from England.

The Newport correspondent of the Providence *Journal* says: The beach is wide-awake of a morning now. There is nothing else to do, so that men, women, and children betake themselves thither to look on if not to bathe. The bathing-suits are nothing remarkable. The prettiest seems to be a slim figure clothed all in black, which is every morning to be seen demurely going its way down to the breakers. Her suit is of surah silk, black as black can be; her stockings of black silk, the cap upon her auburn hair black, the belt about her slender waist black, and over her hands and arms long sleeves of black-silk Jersey. Nothing more *chic* and becoming can possibly be imagined, and the charming figure of its wearer looks doubly bewitching, set off by her bizarre rig. The question of the hour seems to be whether she wears a bustle or no. No one can settle it, and no one dares ask the lovely naiad personally. But how those silken folds stand out so stiffly and so gracefully after a dash in the murky waves is a great mystery. Some of the red and white suits are very picturesque and pretty, especially that worn by a young woman who grows bold when she gets to her stockings, and sports a pair of cherry-colored hose, which have the feet and half the legs in black. This parti-colored effect is startling. The public generally gets itself up in the ever-popular dark-blue flannel, with or without white braid, wears corsets, and the tightest kind of a belt, and silk handkerchief on its head, and plumes itself like any peacock, considering that the beauty of its legs, incased in trim black stockings, ought to atone for any shortcomings elsewhere. Candor compels one to own, however, that the strong point of society is certainly not its legs.

About 1783 the *bon ton* of Paris developed a penchant for masculine attire, and in 1789 a writer informs us that almost the entire feminine population of the metropolis were habited like Amazons. Mercier, a chronicler of the day, says: "Women actually go about in male attire, a frock coat with three collars, hair tied *à la catogan*, a switch stick in their hands, shoes with low heels, and two watches." Broad-brimmed hats were in high favor, or white muslin caps *à la Corday;* frequently the *citoyenne* wore her head bare in the style of ancient Greece, or she had her locks closely cropped *à la Titus.* As much license then prevailed in dress as in manners, and the beauties of this period emulated each other in scantiness of apparel. For one week the fashion lasted of wearing a single garment, without even the protection of a linen chemise. The women appeared in the classic costumes of the mythological Grecian era, and the dresses were *à la Ceres, à la Minerve,* or *à l'Aphrodite,* etc. The ladies were enveloped in loose and diaphanous raiment, which was looped high enough at the sides to display the entire leg and foot. The latter was encased in a cothurne or Greek sandal, which consisted of a sole attached to the instep by interlaced ribbons. The neck of the dress was cut indecently low, thus giving scope for the exhibition of the charms of the wearer. The materials in vogue were the thinnest Indian muslin or the most transparent gauze, spangled with gold and silver. In consequence of the insufficient clothing worn by the fashionable dames, consumption was often developed, and it became the malady à la mode. In spite of this the ladies clung with great tenacity to the classic costume, which was entirely unsuited to the rigor of the French climate."

For wear with the pretty blue, pink, and lilac ginghams, which are so popular for morning-gowns for the beach, for driving, and for street use, the shoes best liked are of tan-colored leather, and are low, being laced twice across with brown silk laces. These are not the suede shoes with French heels, which are worn with afternoon costumes, but are made of tan morocco and have low heels. Next in popularity for beach wear are the dark red shoes, which go prettily with almost any costume. A great improvement in the bathing-stockings are also observed on the beaches, when pretty wearers have gotten out of their red shoes and gingham gowns and into flannel or jersey surf-dresses. These stockings are worn over a stout shoe-sole of cork, which is covered with canvas, and gives support and shape to the foot, and obviates all the old-time objections to bathing-shoes which came untied and were lost in the water.

The extravagant and luxurious use of flowers is one of the features of fashionable life this season. It seems the fancy for decorating dinner tables with sacks of flowers, originated with Mrs. Mackay. At a recent dinner given to the Churchills, at which Mrs. Potter was also a guest, the flowers were all arranged in this fashion. From the purest white to the richest orange, from the faintest pink to the most glorious purple, were the tints of the orchids which made the table a garden of beauty. The orchids were arranged in eleven white satin bags. These *sacs des fleurs* are quite simple, drawn together as a child holds a paper bag to blow in it, and loosely tied with a white silk cord. In the centre sack were the pure, translucent, white Espiritu Santo orchids, falling all over it like a flock of white doves. Then the next were filled with the swan orchids, that have hints of pink and purple in them; further along were the deep-tinted "butterflies," and so on, the colors deepening and the sacks diminishing in size as they approached the ends of the table. All the service was of the most delicately tinted china and of silver; gold would have been garish amid the delicate loveliness and color and texture given by the orchids. Another fashion of table decoration follows the general craze for the directoire styles. This consists of wreaths of pink roses laid in loops all around the table, the loops being caught up with long ribbon bows. The effect is charming. Pink roses are the favorites, but at a dinner given at Bar Harbor the other day by a débutante of last season to her fellow-débutantes, all the girls came by request in white directoire gowns, and the table-cloth was of alternate strips of lace and drawn work laid over a cover of pale-green silk. The directoire garlands were of wild white roses, tied with loops of pale-green ribbon. The individual flowers were bouquets of white sweet peas and maiden-hair fern, tied with the same ribbon. Nothing more lovely and cool-looking could be imagined. A charming Newport dinner of this sort was all white and gold, the flowers being white carnations, and the ribbons and the table furniture gold. Out at Islip the other evening the Vanderbilts gave a dinner, and the centre of the table was a bed of feathery grass, the edge of it being thickly garlanded about a wealth of daisies and buttercups. Flowers, too, are being put to all sorts of personal uses never before imagined. At the garden parties at the various summer resorts, floral sunshades that close to a posy are made to match the brilliant and delicate costumes that are in order for smart functions of this sort. The parasol is of heavy white net and lace, has a few ribs, and a handle of ivory or white onyx. On this net are sewn the flowers in a broad band down over the ribs. The space between is of lace, and when the parasol is closed the flowers form a solid bouquet. Another fancy is the floral boa worn with white dresses and made of a light, flexible wire, closely covered with blossoms. Those which do not fade easily, such as carnations, are preferred, and made of pale rose-colored ones for brunettes, or brilliant scarlet for blondes, the effect when worn with white dresses and loosely wrapped about the throat is enchantingly becoming. At a recent country wedding not far from New York, a new floral fancy was to remove the glass windows from the carriage in which the bride and groom took their departure and to substitute for them a net-work of orange blossoms.

A BLACKGUARD DUKE.

"Cockaigne" discusses the Marlborough-Hammersley Marriage.

I can scarcely imagine a more distressing picture of the decadence of moral and religious sentiment in English high-class society, than that which is just now being exhibited in the reception which London high-life has accorded to the Duke of Marlborough and his second living wife. The whole business is so utterly brazen and devoid of the common decencies of respectable life, that one is astounded when one reflects that it concerns one of the most exalted peers in the kingdom. By exalted, of course, I mean by birth and rank. The facts of the duke's recent marriage in New York to Mrs. Hammersley are too fresh in the minds of the reading public to require a restatement of them. And while it is true that all the circumstances connected with the marriage itself were of a description to warrant society's frown, as not conducted in accordance with decent and respectable usage, I do not contend that society should punish with the condemnatory rod of its lasting displeasure the poor misguided woman. I particularly refer to the Duke of Marlborough himself. He is an Englishman in his native land; she is a stranger on a foreign shore. He is a peer of the highest grade in the peerage, and a member of the highest legislative chamber in the kingdom; she is a comparatively obscure woman, of whose antecedents, position, and character nothing is known except by hearsay. That she is fairly well-looking, and that she has some fashionable clothes and fine jewelry we know, but that is all. That she is rich we are told. We presume this, too, must be true, else we look in vain for a motive for the Duke of Marlborough marrying her. Had she been a modern edition of Venus and Hebe rolled into one, we know full well that sensual gratification, through the possession of her person in accordance with the edicts of matrimony, would have been no inducement to the Duke of Marlborough to confer his coronet legally upon her. His methods with pretty women whose charms attract his libidinous eye, are too well-known to history to leave anything to doubt or conjecture. Marriage is not one of them. I do not mean, for a single instant, to say, or in the very faintest manner to suggest, that any of his usual games would have been successful with Mrs. Hammersley. But he would have tried, and would have tired of trying, long before any thought of wedlock entered his head. Money, and money only, was his object.

Now, let us, for a few moments, consider who this man, this duke and hereditary law-maker, is. A short time ago, to say that he was the Duke of Marlborough would seem to have been a sufficient description of him, his disgraceful career was so well-known. Even in America, during his recent visits to New York, his conduct for the past twenty years has been so thoroughly and fearlessly ventilated in the columns of the American press, that few Americans must there be who do not know what a finished libertine and blackguard he is. His scurrilous manifesto in reply to what was said of him in the papers denied nothing, and proved nothing except that the accusations were true. Treating a charge with contemptuous silence may do with men of known honor and acknowledged good repute. With the Duke of Marlborough it is farcical. So flagrantly filthy was his name in England, that, a month ago, no woman who valued her name and fame, would be seen in his company. He went nowhere, you might say, and was only tolerated when he spoke in the House of Lords, because—disgraceful condition of English law—he had the right to be there and to speak on any question he saw fit. But who, I should like to ask, ever met him in a London ball-room, at a ball, or in a London dining-room at dinner?

What has changed all this? What has unlocked society's door and opened society's arms to him? His marriage with a handsome and dashing American widow, who is the happy possessor of an income of a hundred thousand dollars a year. In what possible manner could this condone and, in a moment, obliterate from society's memory the long list of his past and seemingly unrepented misdeeds? Prior to this marriage the mere mention of his name made every decent-minded woman shrink with abhorrence, and every man of honor and self-respect tingle to his finger-tips with righteous indignation. The sudden metamorphosis of public opinion—in so far as London society can be designated the public—is owing to the appearance of a woman upon the scene. Very chivalric, certainly, in high society to humble itself before a woman. Surely the world can no longer say that chivalry is an obsolete virtue in the British breast. But has chivalry anything whatever to do with it? No. The appearance of a woman as the subject of pity and claiming protection is too old an episode in the career of the duke to class the recognition of one by society as an exhibition of chivalry. Besides, what about a certain other lady, the unfortunate and brutally treated first wife, Lady Blandford, who obtained a divorce from the now social hero of the hour, on the ground of his adultery with the Countess of Aylesford and cruelty to herself in the form of blows? Has she no right to claim protection from the chivalry of England? Has not she a greater right than the weak and coronet-dazzled young widow, who married a world-renowned profligate with her eyes open, against the wish of her parents and the advice of friends? Is there no man in England who will stand up and cry out against this social outrage? It seems not.

Now, for my own part, I consider that the welcoming of this giddy American widow is a farcical parody on the name of hospitality. To neglect her, and ignore her, and refuse her social recognition would put her in a sorry plight, I own. But she would really have only herself to blame. She has in no way been the innocent victim of deception. She knew as well as anybody before she married him what the character, conduct, and the reputation of the Duke of Marlborough was. She knew that his reputation for cowardly cruelty to his first wife and for immorality in a score of cases was not based on mere gossip and scandal. She knew it was supported by facts susceptible of the clearest proof. I contend that no woman, with a spark of true womanhood in her or possessed of a vestige of self-respect, could have permitted the Duke of Marlborough to propose marriage to her, much less marry him. In my opinion, and I think that all right-minded people must agree with me, she has forfeited every claim to consideration on the score of her sex. When one looks around and sees the duke's mother opening her doors and her arms to receive him and his bride, and observes the two at ball after ball in the society of the highest and greatest ladies in the land, "the observed of all observers," and the subject of lengthy, flattering notices in the society papers, one begins to doubt whether the Duke of Marlborough, as we have been wont to regard him, is not, after all, the unreal myth of some obscure fairy tale, and that the man on whom and on whose duchess London society is showering attentions, is some fresh-minded, clean-lived youth, barely of age, who is being fêted by his friends on the "coming home" after the romantic and poetic honeymoon of himself and his tender and, as yet, unsophisticated bride. Bah! Look at it in whatever way you please, this Marlborough business fills the mind with disgust.

The most astonishing part of it is, perhaps, the fact that the two women whose blighted lives and ruined hopes lie at the door of the blithesome bridegroom, are not only living in England, but are, of right, members of the very society which refuses to turn its back upon their ill-user. The duke's divorced wife, the Marchioness of Blandford, is the daughter of the Duke of Abercorn; and the Countess of Aylesford, with whom the insatiable sensualist lived in Paris as man and wife during Lord Aylesford's life-time, is a niece, if I am not mistaken, of General Owen Williams, late colonel of the Blues, and a man of great wealth and high position. One would have thought that the counter influence of the families of these two women would have, at least, prevented an ovation to the duke and the "new duchess," as she is called, if society itself was so recreant to the principles of common decency as to wish to show them any attention.

There is one bit of solid comfort obtainable in the reflection that the queen will not countenance them. There would seem to be no reason why the duchess should be excluded from attendance at court. But the question suggests itself, "Would she care to go where her husband was forbidden admittance?" I should suppose not, though you never can tell what a woman will do. And, as a matter of course, the better portion of the nobility will follow the queen's example. It is a difficult thing to explain, but in some respects the better side, the more respectable wing, of England's aristocracy are not flash, and have no sympathy with society sensations in which they take neither interest nor part. But the worst of it is that the world at large hears nothing of the doings of the respectable wing. They are too dull for the gentlemen who cable over copyrighted items to the Associated Press, too slow to justify the London society weeklies in feeing their servants for information concerning their families and their household. The world at large does not know of the existence of these people. They give no tone to society as it exists in the pages of *Truth*, the *World*, *Vanity Fair*, or *Modern Society*. Their society does not live upon public notoriety. But it is the society of these "fashionable" weekly papers, the society of the loud members of the aristocracy, and their rich and vulgar toadies and imitators which the outside world regard as English high life, and which, to a certain degree, and in a certain sense, is the only English high life that is known to the public, for it and its doings are what we read about every season.

The fact, however, that this is the society which is now making a fool of itself over the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, does not alter the shamefulness of the spectacle or lessen the responsibility of its members. Its acts are regarded as authentic exhibits of popular sentiment in society, and in so far as those acts contravene the commonly accepted rules of morality and decency, and ignore the dictates of propriety and good taste, so far do they do harm. The example which London society sets is followed with slavish submission by New York. New York sets the example in America. What use or good is there in New York society trying to exclude the Duke of Marlborough as it did last year, if this year it finds that London society receives him with open arms?

In these remarks I have left out of consideration the question as to the legality of the marriage. It remains yet to be proved, and decided by competent judicial authority, whether the marriage is legal or not. *Prima facie*, it is certainly illegal. Here are the concluding words of the decree of divorce which separated the duke from his former wife. "It shall not be lawful for said defendant (the duke) to marry again until the plaintiff shall be actually dead." Could anything be plainer? I know that it has been claimed that these words are merely an injunction, the disobedience of which amounts to but a technical contempt of court. Of course lawyers can find loopholes of every kind and description for English peers (with plenty of money to pay for advice) through which to slip out of any difficulty. What a court will say is another matter. On its face this part of the decree would appear to be as absolutely binding as that which separates the divorced pair. Why not treat the whole decree as merely an injunction, disobedience to which would amount to only a contempt of the court making it? But while people flippantly dispose of the question by saying, "Oh, it's only a contempt of court," I wonder it never strikes any one that courts have power to punish for contempt by imprisonment as well as by fine. Sir James Hannen and Sir Charles Butt, England's two divorce judges, are just the sort of men to send the duke to prison during their pleasure. How would he like that? It would put quite a new color on the present festivities. At all events, until the legality is established by competent authority, better taste would suggest that the parties interested should refrain from going into society, and that society should refrain from entertaining them.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, July 20, 1888.

The "telephone disease" has been discovered by Professor Wilborstadt, of Berlin. The use of the instrument produces disorder in the vibratory chambers of the ear, generally in the left ear.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mlle. Juliette Grévy, sister of the ex-President of France, is She had been insane since 1860.

Pope Leo is said to be at a loss how to dispose of one hundred sand bottles of wine and thirty thousand pairs of slippers, which ceived as jubilee offerings.

Herman Merivale, the English dramatist, does not shine in chi phy. He recently registered at a hotel in Wiesbaden, and a local paper announced the arrival of Human Marvel and family.

Word comes of the death of the Vicomte de Lorgeril. It was h charged Thiers with professing "perverse doctrines" and, in the deaux assembly, told Victor Hugo that he was not speaking Frenc

The Pope is suffering from a liver complaint and is losing str He has been ordered to take mineral waters before breakfast. He tinues to work and receive visitors.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox wears a white bathing-suit trimmed with braid, and varies the monotony of a black-hosed majority by wi pink stockings. She is said to look about sixteen in this short-sl short-skirted attire. She always attracts much attention as she "the plank," but avoids the publicity, courted by many, of promen the beach in bathing-costume.

Mme. Pelouze, the sister of Daniel Wilson, has lost most o splendid fortune. Her brother induced her to join him in some speculations, which came out badly. Mortgages on her town-hous her historical château are being foreclosed, and bailiffs are in poss of most of her goods and chattels. Mme. Pelouze is in appearan most mannish and plainest woman in France.

Whitelaw Reid is about to rebuild his country-seat, Ophir Farm, was recently destroyed by fire. Ophir Farm has been unlucky s was built by Ben Halliday, its original owner. Halliday had n but misfortune there, and the late John Roach, who bought it fro Halliday's creditors, into whose hands it had fallen, was almost e unfortunate, though his misfortunes were not of quite so tragic a

Lord Randolph Churchill did not, according to the *Star*, of Lo get a very good reception at Cambridge the other day. The t graduates received him very well, but the dons were curiously ch One after another refused to open their rooms to him, on the a ground that he had not taken a degree at Oxford. In the end h came the guest of one of the few home-rule dons in Cambridge Oscar Browning.

Dr. William Everett, son of the famous orator, is possessed phenomenal memory. He is master of Adams Academy at Q Mass., and never uses a text-book in the class-room. Virgil's "Æ and Horace's "Odes and Epodes" he knows by heart. On accou his remarkable voice, which combines in a startling manner the qu of bass and falsetto, he is irreverently referred to as "Piggy" E among the boys.

"The Mrs. Cleveland hat" has come into fashion in Washin Just before leaving for Marion the President's wife purchased a so hat, drab in color and Alpine in shape. It was most becoming t and those competent to judge said that it was the handsomest head she had worn at the capital. The result has been that young won fashion, whether they be blondes or brunettes, have adopted th hat, and in this instance, above all others, Mrs. Cleveland's examp been felt.

The French centenarian, M. Chevreul, whose one-hundredth bir was kept up with such *éclat* a year or two ago, is at last beginni feel his age. Up to a month ago, incredible as it may sound, h continued to pay daily visits to his room at the Academy of Scie and, what makes it more wonderful still, that room of his is on th ond floor. Yet it is only within the past week that M. Chevreul ha to admit that the two flights of stairs are too much for his stre During the past ten days he has been feeling so weak that he has than once remained in bed.

Edwin Booth's only daughter, Mrs. Grossman, is petite, with sweet face and child-like manners. She is wholly domestic, absorb her husband, children, and father. Mr. Grossman is a Hungarian speaks with a strong foreign accent. He has dark eyes and prema gray hair, and is tenderly lover-like in his manner to his wife al The oldest child, Mildred, not yet three, has the Booth eyes, and a t face even in her babyhood. The baby, seventeen months old, bid to astonish the world and the tragic Booth family by becoming a c dian. He astonishes his grandfather even now by his remarkable of mimicry.

A somewhat novel proceeding was had in the courts of Lafa Ind., recently, being the naturalization of a woman, Mrs. Alice Daniel, a former subject of Queen Victoria. Mrs. McDaniel ca this country with her husband, and by their joint labor they accum considerable property. McDaniel failed to perfect his citizenship b his death. In 1885 the Indiana legislature enacted a law that all pro owned by aliens in Indiana should be forfeited to the State, unless became citizens of the United States. Attorneys who were inter on the subject expressed the belief that, under this law, it will be n sary for every foreign-born woman, who is the owner of property, b come naturalized under the law in order to hold property. It w conformity with this law that Mrs. McDaniel took out citizen pa and it is believed that she is the first woman in Indiana to be made izen under that law.

Another royal birth is awaited at St. Petersburg, where Queen Ol pects shortly to present her husband and the Greek people with an infant. Such arrivals have been pretty frequent since she stepped the place of Amelia of Oldenburg, who had a nursery carefully g on the English model, but never a nursling for it. For some year King and Queen of the Hellenes have annually traveled around Eu with a following of children not inferior in number to the infantr gade of M. de Lesseps. In connection with this, a query arises. King and Queen of Denmark had no hereditary fortune to spea they having been, before they came to the throne, greatly depende the bounty of the Czar Nicholas and his successor. The civil l of their Hellenic majesties is not exorbitantly heavy, and the Grand Constantine gave as little money as he could help to his wife's chil one of whom is Queen Olga. How, then, does she and her illust spouse, their numerous family, with aides-de-camp, secretaries, t governesses, and under-servants, make both ends meet in such an manner as in their journeyings between Athens and Constantinop be able to put up at the best hotels and to travel first-class? In they stay at the Bristol, which is only patronized by members of ing families and very rich people, and which the Duke of Edin thinks too expensive.

An Australian journal, the Melbourne *Argus*, reports an intere discovery made by the bark *Queen's Island*, in a recent voyage fro Francisco to Newcastle, New South Wales. While the vessel was ing, in south latitude eighteen degrees fifty minutes, west longitud hundred and sixty-four degrees thirteen minutes, the supposed habited Island of Palmerston, she came up with a boat containing persons. The boat was in charge of a man who gave his name as iam Marston, and who declared that twenty-five years ago he ha serted the English bark *Rifleman*, at Tahiti. He had drifted until h reached Palmerston Island, where there were a few natives, als ugees. He settled down to planting cocoanuts, and liked the em ment so well that he had remained ever since. Marston had marr native woman, and has a family consisting of eleven sons and daughters. The captain of the *Queen's Island* found that the total ulation of the island was thirty-three persons. They all spoke En and seemed to be living in peace and plenty. Although vessels passed the island by, supposing it to be uninhabited, the little com ity had thriven by itself. At length, however, Marston had made u mind to establish trading relations with the rest of the world. *Queen's Island* supplied the Palmerstonians with some of the establ civilization, and took in exchange a quantity of cocoanuts.

A BORROWED FARE.

How an Indignant Parent paid his Daughter's Debt.

M. Aristides Dufour, retired mercer, a widower with one daughter, is seated in his dining-room, near a set table, at which from time to time he throws a despairing glance. He holds his paper before him, but it is scarcely probable that he reads it, for he has held it upside down for a good minute and has not yet discovered his mistake. Behind his green spectacles, the ex-mercer's impatient, preoccupied glance falls ten times to the minute on the old china cuckoo clock, which, without hurrying, without lagging, goes on its quiet way and repeats its monotonous tic-tac. Then the above-mentioned glance falls again on the tureen in which the soup is growing cold. And the glance grows tender, as his nostrils are assailed by the appetizing vapors that escape from beneath the lid.

There are two covers at the table, and two chairs extend their backs invitingly to the diners. M. Dufour is waiting for some one, some one who makes him wait. But, like the late Louis the Fourteenth—whom he resembles, perhaps, in this particular alone—the ex-mercer does not enjoy this, especially when the companion of his vigil is a repast which has nothing to gain from such a delay. Promptness at table, as in business, is his hobby; he is no longer in business, the worthy man, but he still eats. Breakfast and dinner are, to him, so many notes of hand, coming in at fixed hours, and which he must honor as he would his signature. At those hours M. Aristides Dufour fills his stomach, dutifully, conscientiously, with the same punctuality that he formerly observed in emptying his strong box on the fifteenth and thirtieth days of the month.

And when you know that the cuckoo-clock is on the point of sounding half-past six, you can form an approximate idea of the violent state in which M. Aristides Dufour, retired mercer, widower, with a single daughter, found himself at the opening of this veracious history; and especially since he has been waiting for his daughter, before sitting down to table, since five minutes before six o'clock.

Never, since M. Dufour retired from business (that is to say, since he had the misfortune to lose his incomparable wife, Mme. Céline Dufour, born Bobichon, who was, at the same time, his clerk and his partner) had such a catastrophe fallen upon his peaceful house. Not to have tasted his dessert at half-past six!—for that hour was about to strike, it was striking, it had struck. Half-past six! The little door of the rustic clock has opened wide, the mocking-bird, flapping his wings, has hurled out his "cuckoo" in a particularly ironical voice.

To see, for forty-five minutes past, an excellent soup losing all its good qualities at a few feet away, and, in the bargain, not to know what good, or bad, his dear little Charlotte was doing!—it was a cruel torture, in which, to anguish of the heart, was added cramps of the stomach. Never had M. Dufour been so near to comprehending a suicide's motives. His glance, now become a little wild, wandered over the table, vaguely seeking among the knives, the forks, and the spoons the instrument with which he would put an end to this horrible suspense.

At this moment, Gertrude, the old servant, monsieur's cook and mademoiselle's maid, a veritable female factotum, enters, grumbling, into the dining-room.

M. Dufour, his patience and his strength exhausted, has let fall his paper. His two plump, soft hands, hanging at the extremities of his swinging arms, look as if they too wanted to fall off.

"Well, sir," snaps Gertrude.

"Well, Gertrude," sighs the unfortunate man.

"Hadn't I better take back the soup?"

"Do you think so, Gertrude? Charlotte can not fail to come in in a moment. It is even quite surprising that she is not here now. When did she go out, and where has she gone?"

"Mademoiselle left at four o'clock, as she always does, to take her piano lesson. The lesson lasts an hour. Half an hour to go, as much to come back. Mademoiselle should have been able to return, as is her custom, at six o'clock."

"And it is thirty-five minutes past six."

"At this hour, you know, the omnibus is often full——"

"Deuce take the omnibus!"

"Or mademoiselle, encouraged by the fine weather, may have wanted to take a little walk and come back on foot by the Rue de la Paix. And there are many dress-makers', many jewelers' shops, many things to see in the Rue de la Paix, for young people."

"May the devil fly away with dresses, and jewels, and young people too, when they are as late as this! I'd like to know what there can be to see at dinner time? 'A hungry stomach has no ears'; nor should it have eyes."

"Without reckoning the lovers, the coxcombs who follow pretty passers-by, whispering in their ears a lot of silly——"

"Pshaw, I'm easy enough on that score. Lovers! You're joking, Gertrude, Charlotte is a good girl, thank heaven! She knows how to put a whippersnapper in his place if there be need. She has been brought up in the American fashion, Charlotte has, and I'm proud of it."

"There is not much reason for it. Brought up in the American fashion as much as you like, I am only a poor, ignorant woman, but as for me I do not understand how they can let a young lady run about the streets all alone."

"Run about! Pshaw! But you shall see, Gertrude, that Charlotte is a good girl, and always behaves herself."

"Possibly so, but it will come to no good end, I warn you, and it will be your fault, with your ideas of bringing up a girl in the American fashion."

M. Dufour was no longer listening; he had taken a sudden resolution.

"Gertrude, remove the soup, keep it warm, and bring me my boots. I am going to meet her."

The servant, still grumbling, has taken out the tureen and returning with the boots, when all at once the street-door bell rings out a merry peal.

"It's Charlotte at last!" exclaims the father, who was just preparing to remove his slippers.

"Yes, there she is," echoes Gertrude; and she hastens to open the door.

Mademoiselle Charlotte comes into the room like a miniature hurricane. A mignonne face, smiling and merry; little blonde curls clustering on her forehead and neck; eighteen years, thirty-two teeth, a willowy figure with gracefully rounded curves, little feet just sufficiently arched, shapely hands neatly gloved—these give the general effect; but there are a thousand charming details, such as the dimples in her cheeks and chin, and the agreeable curves which promise much and which already tax her natty little jacket, ribbons, flounces, artificial flowers, laces here and there; in two words, all of papa's mercer's shop—but nothing of the mercer.

"So, you're here at last?" the father remarks, ironically, as he draws his chair up to the table.

"Papa, I want to tell you——"

"Sit down, sit down to table first. You can explain as we eat; I will understand better. Gertrude, the soup."

"But, papa, you do not understand. I have just had an adventure, a true adventure."

"An adventure!" repeated M. Dufour, turning quickly about in his chair, while Gertrude cast at him, across the soup-tureen, a glance at once of triumph and reproach, and which clearly said: "Didn't I tell you so?"

"Yes, papa, an adventure in an omnibus with a young man——"

"In an omnibus! With a young man!! Merciful heavens!!!" And unconsciously thrusting the ladle into his pocket, M. Dufour sprang to his feet like a jack-in-the-box; "an adventure! What do you mean by that?"

"Why, papa, an adventure with a perfectly proper young man, I can assure you," said the young girl, smiling.

"Let me tell you, mademoiselle, for your future guidance, that perfectly proper young men and women do not have adventures, especially in omnibuses. Explain yourself."

"It is very simple, papa dear. And, truly, you need not make your eyes so fierce and your voice so big. You see, I had forgotten my portemonnaie—that can happen to any one, can't it?"

"Yes, yes; particularly to those who have none. Continue."

"I didn't notice it until the conductor held out his hand for my fare. What was I to do, what could I say? They might take me for a beggar, for a cheat, perhaps. I was perfectly crimson, and I felt I was going to turn deathly pale. Fortunately, while the conductor still held out his hand, a nice-looking young man by my side gave the conductor a piece of money and said, 'Two fares.' This gentleman, seeing my embarrassment, had understood and kindly paid for me."

"Well, mademoiselle, these are nice goings-on! You accept six sous from a total stranger! Better to have explained to the conductor, to the driver, to the treasurer, to the whole company. Besides, you should not forget your portemonnaie when you get in an omnibus, or you should not get in an omnibus when you forget your portemonnaie. How are you going to repay this young man his six sous?—for I hope you do not intend to keep them as a memento."

"But, papa, I have his card. Here, you see, 'M. Adolphe Lindet, clerk at the Ministry of War.'"

The father, not stopping to hear more, snatched the card from the girl's hand. "What," he cried, "not content with insolently forcing on you a loan of thirty centimes, in disregard of all propriety, this gentleman presents you with his card in the bargain! Why, he is the worst of scoundels, your perfectly proper young man!"

"But, papa, to be able to return his money to him I had to know his address."

M. Dufour could find no answer to this ingenious reasoning, and he tossed the card on the table with a thoroughly irritated air.

"I shall not dine this evening," he declared; "Gertrude, go find me a cab. I am going to return these six sous to this Adolphe immediately, and I shall give him a piece of my mind."

"Oh, papa, papa, you will not do that! It would be so ungrateful. Remember that this young man has rescued your daughter from a most unpleasant predicament——"

"An unpleasant predicament! Leave me alone! He would put you in one, rather. Besides, you may keep still, mademoiselle; I need no instructions, particularly in the matter of remembering, from a young flyaway who forgets her portemonnaie." And M. Dufour puts on his boots and takes his cane, growing more angry each minute.

"The cabman is below, but he will take you to only one place."

"Very well, I can take another conveyance home." And out he goes, slamming the doors after him, leaving Charlotte to explain to her "dear old Gertrude" that she is much better acquainted with Adolphe than she dared avow to her father; that, for a month at least, he had taken the same omnibus that she took every evening; that, without showing it, she, Charlotte, had soon noticed that he had noticed her, etc.

"Heyday, this is a pretty kettle of fish!" declared the shocked servant, shaking her head.

* * * * * * * *

Adolphe is in his bachelor's quarters, and has just declared to himself that he will never wash the hand that his charming neighbor touched so lightly, as she took the card he offered her—or, not before to-morrow morning, at least.

Suddenly there is a knock on the door, it is thrown open, and a stout old gentleman, with a very red face, his hat cocked over his ear and his cane sturdily grasped in his hand, bursts in upon the loving swain.

"Sir," begins the invader, in a declamatory tone, "your conduct is most frivolous, it is unworthy of a French gentleman. A chivalrous man does not thus abuse the innocence, the inexperience, the embarrassment of a well-bred young girl. To profit by the absence of her father and her portemonnaie to brutally offer thirty centimes, *and* a visiting-card, to an unprotected young person is, perhaps, enterprising, but it is a very bad action. However, here are your six sous, sir. My daughter and I wish to have nothing in common with you who——"

Before Adolphe, who was literally dumfounded, could say a word, a new actor appeared upon the scene. It was the cabman, furious, reproaches upon his lips, and brandishing a formidable whip.

"So-ho, here's another fare who leaves no oats in my cab. I told you I could take you to only one place; you accepted; you even told me to hurry up, and once there you light out like a three-year-old; you vanish without paying me a cent, and tell me to wait. Well, that don't go. I'm a plain man, and a fare is a fare. Give me my money—nothing for beer, if you can't afford it—but I want my thirty sous, and that right now."

Adolphe understood not a word of all this. But the stout gentleman, who has fumbled his ten fingers in all his pockets, which he has successively turned inside out without any appreciable result, has turned quite pale, then all red, then crimson, and, finally, violet. Now he is turning green, like a rainbow in a high hat and a top-coat.

Convinced at last that his laborious search is useless, M. Aristides Dufour, mopping his brow with his gloves, which he mistakes for his handkerchief, feebly replies, in a broken voice, to a last and more forcible demand from the cabman:

"I—I've—forgotten my pocket-book."

"Oh, that don't go," roared the jehu; "they've tried that on me before, and you needn't try it again. You can tell that yarn to the commissioner of police. Well, you are a nice fare, anyhow." And he caught hold of the arm of the unfortunate M. Dufour, who, inert, despairing, and on the verge of apoplexy, was allowing himself to be dragged out.

But Adolphe—a special providence for the Dufour family—has already taken the necessary sum from his purse, and dismisses the cabman.

"Will you allow me?" the young man politely asks of M. Dufour, who has only strength to murmur, "With pleasure, my dear sir. And twenty-five centimes for his drink-money, not a bit more."

Miss Charlotte's father, who just now could not understand that one does not always have with one thirty centimes to pay an omnibus fare, began to admit that once in a while one may be very glad to fall upon some one who will complaisantly advance you the thirty-five sous to pay a pitiless cabman.

So, in spite of the diverse and unaccustomed emotions which he had just experienced, it was with an almost gracious smile that he said to Adolphe: "M.—M. Lindet, I believe—thirty centimes and one franc seventy-five make forty-one sous I owe you. If you will do me the honor to come and dine with me this evening we can arrange this little matter immediately. As an old business-man, I do not like long-standing debts; besides, quick payments make fast friends."

A quarter of an hour later Gertrude set one more place at the Dufour table. It is there still. In fact, the very next month the bans of Mlle. Charlotte and M. Adolphe were published at the *mairie*.

And papa Dufour now declares to whomsoever will listen to him: "Never borrow, O fathers of families; it costs too much. Once in my life I was forty-one sous in debt, and to square the account I had to give my daughter and eighty thousand francs as a marriage portion."—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Henri Second by L. S. Vassault.*

The eastern shore of Maryland was but a severed fragment of England. The ordinary agencies of change left it nearly untouched. The German went on to the cheaper and freer lands near the Mississippi; the busy Northerner scarcely paused to knock at their doors as he hurried by; an occasional Jew might open a store in some county town, or a squad of Irishmen pass through, digging ditches to spare negroes; but that was about all. The centuries came and went over pretty nearly the same population on the same soil. There were just three castes—the "gentlemen born," the "plain people" (ranging from the yeoman to the rough dweller in the woods), and the negroes. In nineteen cases out of twenty any member of any of them belonged by heredity to the spot where you found him. Each class married strictly within its own limits, exceptions to this rule being very rare. Thus, half a dozen surnames would sometimes include nearly the whole gentry of a country; and the appellations of bride and bridegroom to-day might tally exactly with those on the century-old tombstones of their common ancestors. Indeed, an entire name often became no designation by reason of the number who shared it. Some distinguishing addition was then made in each case—a mental, moral, or physical trait, the mother's name, or, more commonly, the father's given name; as, for example, "James —— of John." When males in the direct line of descent had the same Christian name they were distinguished numerically. Thus, a tombstone some three miles from Centreville bears the inscription "daughter of Richard the Fourth," following the full name of the lady. The need for such discrimination will appear when you consider that the estate known as The Hermitage, for instance, never, from the year 1660 to that of 1881, passed out of the hands of a Richard Tilghman.

The Queen of Roumania is having built at her country seat a boudoir wherein to devote herself to literary composition. It is constructed of reeds, behind which is a high hedge of roses running all around, with niches in which covered cages, containing nightingales, are to be placed. There is a fountain and a tiny cascade with perfumed water. In the middle of this fairy chamber (the floor of which is covered with a thick, soft carpet of green turf) is a mossy bank and a block of polished marble, covered with moss and ferns, which is hewn in the form of a desk, and here the queen is to indite her poems, and when exhausted by her labors she can repose herself in a most luxurious hammock, slung with golden cords, which hangs on one side in close proximity to the nightingales and the falling waters.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Henry Guy Carleton, who has been dangerously ill, is improving rapidly. He will be able to leave his bed in a week, and will go to Henderson Harbor to catch black bass in Lake Ontario as soon as he is well enough.

What is announced as an "esoteric" series—a collection of reprints of old books dealing with astrology, alchemy, Free Masonry, magic, and Rosicrucian mysticism—is coming out in London. Redway is the publisher.

"Newspaper Libel" has just been published by Ticknor & Co., Boston. It is a practical treatise designed for popular use and the use of the newspaper profession. The author is Samuel Merrill, a newspaper man as well as a lawyer.

The relative popularity of some recent stories appears to be, from Cassell & Co.'s sales, "King Solomon's Mines," sixty-three thousand; "Treasure Island," twenty-four thousand; "Kidnapped," twenty-one thousand, and "Dead Man's Rock," seven thousand.

The *Critic* hears that Walter Besant is "very particular (and he can certainly be pardoned for it) to have his name accented on the last syllable, in contradistinction to that of Mrs. Annie Besant, the author of several *risqué* books on social subjects, which is accented on the *Bes*."

Hardly has the novel-reading public recovered from the shock of Amélie Rives Chanler's "The Quick or the Dead?" before Laura Jean Libbey comes forward with the story of "Miss Middleton's Lover." The novelists of passion, writers who give to prose the suggestiveness which pertains to the poetry of Walt Whitman and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, are at present plucking the fruits of literary success. How Tom Fielding would blush if he should return to earth and read "Tristrem Varick," "The Quick or the Dead?" or "Miss Middleton's Lover!"

Here is Renan's opinion of Balzac, recently expressed to a friend: "I do not like this writer very much. To begin with, he writes badly, except in some of his short stories, which are really excellent; then his ideas are dangerous, when they are not childish. His philosophy, when he attempts to speak upon the subject, causes a smile; he has not reflected a minute on the progress of humanity. In fine, his conception of life is low, and mischievous, and without an ideal. He has had a deplorable and unfortunate influence upon society. How different from Mme. Sand! I admire her! What marvelous language and what solid philosophy! She is the real novelist of our time!"

Some weeks ago the *Argonaut*, referring to the tattooing incident in Haggard's "Mr. Meeson's Will," declared that it was taken from a French story published two-score years ago. A writer in the New York *World* says: "The writer from whom Mr. Haggard borrowed the tattooing idea is M. Charles Aubert, and his book is a collection of short stories called 'Les Nouvelles Amoureuses,' published by Marpon et Flammarion, Paris. The points of similarity are so common, so obvious, as to leave no room for doubt. M. Aubert's heroine has her birthright tattooed on her back, which her lover deciphers, proving her to be rich, and afterward marrying her—word for word and act for act, like Mr. Haggard's people."

A literary executor is a trustee almost outside the control of any court except that of public opinion. His discretion is the widest, and he can scarcely commit a breach of trust. Talleyrand's executors still hold his manuscripts unpublished. They have remained shut up for fifty years. The prince himself directed that they should not go to the printers before thirty years after his death, and he died in May, 1838. When the thirty years were passed the world expected a revelation, but Napoleon the Third interfered. Two results, it was said, followed. One of the Talleyrand family got the title of Duc de Montmorency, and the gratification of the public curiosity was deferred for a decade. That was in 1868. In 1878 there were no signs of literary activity, but it is hoped that now, at last, the memoirs will be made public. In truth, in the lapse of time the reputation of the great diplomatist has gained rather than lost. Mme. de Staël and George Sand had both attacked him bitterly, but the appearance of a recent volume of his letters has shown him in a more amiable light. Till these memoirs are published—and it is hoped that they will be published soon—the true history of the great Napoleon remains incomplete.

Dodd, Mead & Co. give the following figures as the sales of E. P. Roe's works in the cloth-covered editions: "Barriers Burned Away," in its sixty-ninth thousand; "What Can She Do?" in its forty-fifth thousand; "Opening a Chestnut Burr," in its sixty-ninth thousand; "Near to Nature's Heart," in its fifty-fourth thousand; "From Jest to Earnest," in its sixty-first thousand; "A Knight of the Nineteenth Century," in its fifty-fourth thousand; "A Face Illumined," in its fifty-third thousand; "A Day of Fate," in its fifty-second thousand; "Without a Home," in its sixtieth thousand; "His Sombre Rivals," in its forty-seventh thousand; "A Young Girl's Wooing," in its forty-second thousand; "An Original Belle," in its thirty-fifth thousand; "Driven Back to Eden," in its twenty-sixth thousand; "Nature's Serial Story," in its twenty-second thousand; "He Fell in Love With His Wife," in its thirty-fifth thousand; "The Earth Trembled," in its thirty-fifth thousand. One of the last things that Mr. Roe wrote was a sketch of his own life for *Lippincott*, which will be entitled "A Native Author Called Roe." This is an expression which Matthew Arnold used in his last paper on America, and though not used in a precisely complimentary way, it was taken up by Mr. Roe without flinching.

The theory that things are in the air, and that originality consists chiefly in sensitiveness to these wandering impressions and celerity in uttering them to the world, has received a beautiful illustration in the shape of the "Strange Manuscript," by the late Professor De Mille. A gentleman who used to be a reader for a Boston publishing house, and has since gone into the business for himself, says that about a dozen years since he read a manuscript which was so strongly in the Rider Haggard vein, that if it were published now it would be considered the grossest possible imitation. It dealt with life in the middle of Africa, and the reasons it was not published were that it seemed so wild a venture, and that it was thought to need illustration, the expense of which the firm was unwilling to bear for so novel a venture. He adds that if he knew where the book is now he would certainly give it a re-reading. The number of stories now floating about from publisher to publisher, which deal with the transmigration of souls, the doctrine of reincarnation, and other Buddhistic theories, is something amazing. They must all have been written about the same time, and are the result of a common impulse; but, of course, those which are into print already seem to ante-date them, and all that come after run the risk of the dreadful charge of plagiarism.—*Arlo Bates in the Book Buyer.*

New Publications.

A new volume of Plutarch's "Lives," including Phyrrus, Camillus, Pelopidas, and Marcellus, has been issued in the National Library. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"A Little Maid of Acadie," by Marian C. L. Reeves, a pretty novelette of the St. John country and the descendants of those old Acadians of whom Evangeline was one, has been issued in the Gainsborough Series of paper-covered novels. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 25 cents.

"Bewitched," a tale of the South, by Louis Pendleton and "Madame Silva"—containing a story with that title and "The Ghost of Dred Power"—by M. G. McClelland, have been issued as the tenth and eleventh numbers of the Sunshine Series. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by C. Beach; price, 50 cents each.

The eleventh and twelfth parts of Professor Augustin Knoflach's "Spanish Simplified," each with the key to the exercises in the preceding number, have been issued, completing this excellent method of rapidly acquiring a mastery of the Spanish language. Published by the author, Augustin Knoflach, New York; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann; price, 10 cents each.

"Tales from English History" is a little book containing extracts in prose and verse from the classic works on England's history, from Cowper's "Boadicea" to R. T. S. Lowell's "Relief of Lucknow." The book is edited and provided with copious notes by Professor William I. Rolfe. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 56 cents.

A series of twelve papers on "Books that have Helped Me," by such people as Dr. E. E. Hale, Professor W. T. Harris, Andrew Lang, Jeannette L. Gilder, Brander Matthews, Moncure D. Conway, and Professor A. P. Peabody, have been reprinted from the *Forum* and published in pamphlet form by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 30 cents.

"The Independent in Politics," an address delivered before the Reform Club of New York last April by James Russell Lowell; and a series of essays which together constitute "A Tariff History of the United States," by F. W. Taussig, of Harvard University, have been published in the Questions of the Day Series by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, 25 cents and $1.25 respectively.

"The Capitals of Spanish America," by W. E. Curtis, is a handsomely illustrated volume, in which sixteen cities of Central and South America are described. Mr. Curtis was a commissioner from the United States to the governments of those countries during President Arthur's administration, and he has well used the opportunities his official position afforded to examine the social and commercial aspects of a most interesting quarter of the globe. A copious index increases the practical value of the work. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Taxation in American States and Cities," by Professor Richard T. Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, is a discussion of the methods of taxation in the various parts of the United States and an exposition of certain changes which, in Professor Ely's opinion, would mend matters. The book is intended for the general reader and student rather than the lawyer and political economist; but its discussion of the subject is very full and complete, and the additional information in the fourth part greatly enhances the value of the book as a reference volume. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"An Ocean Tramp," by Philip D. Heywood, is a good, breezy, sea-tale, written primarily for boys, but full of interest for their elders. It was Mr. Heywood, if we are not mistaken, who perpetrated that remarkable literary hoax, "The Cruise of the *Alabama*," and the same striking air of truthfulness that made the *Century* and its readers believe him an actor in the scenes he described, enlivens this story of a young sailor's shipwreck on his way to China, his rescue, his adventures with Chinese pirates, and the many perilous incidents of his wanderings. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.25.

Sportsmen will be interested in a book which has recently been published under the title "Names and Portraits of Birds which Interest Gunners," by Gordon Trumbull. The writer's aim has been to describe the American birds which the sportsman meets in such plain language that, with the further aid of the portraits, their identity can not be mistaken, and then to give the various popular names that have been applied to each in the various localities which it inhabits. It is to be regretted, however, that the writer has confined his interesting and valuable researches to the Eastern half of the continent. Sixty-one birds are described, and eleven pages are needed to index them under their various aliases. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Pierre Loti, the latest literary sensation in Paris, has found out for himself a new road to fortune; or, rather, he has reopened a pleasant by-way that leads as surely to the Temple of Fame as do the garish highways for which so many have deserted it. Gérard de Nerval, Théophile Gautier, and many others have written delightful books of travel, and it is in this same path, for which the grace and beauty of the French language are so eminently fit, that Pierre Loti has elected to walk. "From Lands of Exile" is the title of a book which should introduce him to many readers and win him many admirers. It contains translations—more than fairly well-done by Clara Bell—of a half-dozen or so of his sketches, written about the odd corners of the earth, and will provide pleasant reading for odd half-hours. Published by William S. Gottsberger, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

To provide Americans, especially those visiting England, with a concise, comprehensive, and comprehensible hand-book on the social customs and observances of the British Kingdom, an American resident has compiled a book which he calls "'Good Form' in England." An idea of its scope and character may be obtained from a glance at the chapter-headings, some of which are "The Order of Precedence," "Government," "Society," under which are discussed the London season, town and country houses, clubs, dress, court, public and private entertainments, etc.; the pronunciation, accent, and peculiar use of words; "Correspondence," "Visits and Visiting-Cards," etc. Some directions seem so simple that every one should know them, and others so complicated that every one should ignore them; but the writer evidently speaks by the card, and may profitably be studied by those who intend to participate in "smart" social functions on the other side. That such a book should be written, published, and read in good faith is a curious commentary on the American people. Will they ever cease to care for the verdict of "the other side"? Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

Some Magazines.

Lippincott for August has for its complete novel "Mammon," by Maud Howe, the tone of which is satirical, the objects of the satire being the newly rich of cities. The story is an unusually long one for the *Lippincott* series. It leaves only thirty-two pages for the regular magazine matter that follows.

Harper's Magazine for August contains the second part of "A Midsummer Trip to the West Indies," by Lafcadio Hearn; "Maiwa's Revenge," by H. Rider Haggard; "Sandro Botticelli," by Theodore Child; nine illustrations of "The Leather Bottél," by E. A. Abbey; the third part of "Annie Kilburn," by William Dean Howells; "A Chiswick Ramble," by Moncure D. Conway; Cincinnati and Louisville in "Studies of the Great West," by Charles Dudley Warner; part viii. of "In Far Lochaber," by William Black; "The Montagnais," by C. H. Farnham; "Pride and Pride," by Jane G. Austin; and poetry by Robert Underwood Johnson, Horatio Nelson Powers, and Annie Chambers-Ketchum.

The *Century* for August opens with Mr. Janvier's new serial, called "A Mexican Campaign." Professor Holden's article tells of the methods of naming the stars, their number, the star charts, catalogues, etc. The frontispiece is a portrait of George Kennan in his study. The sketch of his life is by Miss Anna Laurens Dawes. Kennan's own article in this number describes his "Meeting with the Political Exiles." "A Home of the Silent Brotherhood," namely, the Abbey of La Trappe in Kentucky, is described by James Lane Allen. Mrs. Van Rensselaer and Mr. Pennell, with pen and pencil, describe Lincoln Cathedral. John Burroughs writes about the southern Catskills. Colonel Johnston publishes "The Experiments of Miss Sally Cash." George W. Cable describes the objects and methods of the "Home Culture Clubs." Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott discusses "The Pulpit for To-day." The Lincoln History deals with Tennessee and Kentucky. The poems are by Arlo Bates, Charles Edwin Markham, Florence Earle Coates, Caroline Hazard, Minna Irving, Richard E. Burton, and Celia Thaxter.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Sonny—"Papa, has the Duke of Marlborough much power?" *Papa*—"He has the widow's might."—*Life.*

Constant reader—There are several large coin-collectors in the United States. Jay Gould is probably the largest.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Old lady (to street gamin)—"You don't chew tobacco, do you, little boy?" *Little boy*—"No'm; but I kin give yer a cigarette."—*New York Sun.*

Compassionate housewife—"So you were in the army, my poor man. What was your capacity there?" *Tramp*—"Double rations, mum."—*Accident News.*

The pleasures of South African Coast travel. *Enthusiastic Zulu* (to fond mother)—"Much many sharks in water! Let have baby? Maka bully bait!"—*Time.*

Young mother (to butcher)—"I have brought my little baby, Mr. Bullwinkle. Will you kindly weigh him?" *Butcher*—"Yes, ma'am; bones an' all, I s'pose?"—*Time.*

"Did the balloonist come down all right?" "Wasn't hurt a particle. There is really no serious danger in a parachute. Good deal of a humbug." "D—— swindle!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Prompter (to boy)—"Tell Mr. Ham that his cue will be given very soon for the death scene; is he ready?" *Boy*—"Yes, sir; he's jest got through eatin' a watermelon."—*New York Sun.*

Stranger (to citizen at front gate)—"I see you've got a red flag out; small-pox in the household?" *Citizen* (dismally)—"Wuss nor that, stranger; there's a sheriff in the household!"—*Life.*

Charley—"I say, Brown, have you got change for a ten?" *Harry* (suspiciously)—"Er—no, Charley, I haven't a cent in my pocket." *Charley*—"Sorry, old man; I wanted to pay the five I owe you."—*Life.*

Gentleman (to bird-fancier)—"Can this parrot talk?" *Bird-fancier*—"Yes, sir." *Gentleman* (to parrot)—"Polly wants a cracker?" *Parrot* (solemnly)—"Chestnut." *Gentleman*—"I'll take him."—*New York Sun.*

Mr. Gotham (at the ball game)—"Do not Welch's curves, Miss Breezy, remind you of Hogarth's line of beauty." *Miss Breezy* (from Chicago)—"Well, really, Mr. Gotham, I never saw Hogarth pitch."—*New York Sun.*

"Do you see that man across the street? He's an English lord." "Why, he looks just like an average citizen." "Yes; it beats all how the tailors and barbers can improve a man's natural appearance."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Deacon—"I was terribly shocked, my dear, to discover on my way home from church a match game of base-ball being played on the vacant lot, near the park." *Wife*—"Was it that which makes you so very late, deacon?"—*Epoch.*

"Ah, my friend," sighed a lugubrious stranger at Asbury Park, "there are skeletons in all families. I have mine, and I s'pose you have yours?" "Yes, sir," was the reply; "she is down there on the beach now."—*New York Sun.*

First New Yorker (on Broadway)—"What's your hurry, Brown?" *Second New Yorker* (breathlessly)—"Hanged if I know! What's yours?" *First New Yorker*—"Hanged if I know! Let's go and take something."—*Life.*

Old man (to daughter about to be married)—"I think, my darling, that my wedding present will be a check for a thousand dollars." *Daughter*—"Oh, papa, that will be so nice; and be sure to draw it to my order."—*New York Sun.*

Miss Ethel—"Do you know, Mr. Featherly, what that pleasant little Mr. Sissy's first name is, who is playing tennis with Clara Dilberry?" *Featherly*—(who doesn't like Sissy)—"I believe he answers to the name of Charley."—*New York Sun.*

"Hi, there, sir!" shouted a Florida landlord to a departing guest who was rushing for the train; "you've dropped your pocket-book!" "All right!" shouted back the guest, without stopping; "I've no further use for it!"—*New York Sun.*

"I have been reading so long, Mr. Sampson," she said, as he came up from the gate, "that my eyes are really very tired." "Lay aside your book, Miss Clara," he replied, with tender sympathy, "and let your tired eyes rest on me."—*New York Sun.*

Chicago citizen (to lawyer)—"Why do you charge me two hundred dollars for a divorce, Mr. Blank; it only cost me five dollars to get married?" *Lawyer*—"Why do you pay two hundred dollars for a diamond and five dollars for a Rhine-stone?"—*New York Sun.*

Mother (to daughter)—"Your papa has learned the name of the young gentleman who so heroically rescued you from a terrible death, Clara. He is a Mr. Potts, of Avenue A." *Daughter* (with a shiver)—"Oh, mamma, think of a Vere de Vere being saved by a Potts!"—*New York Sun.*

Miss Amy—"You know everything Mr. Smith. What does *débonnair* mean?" *Smith* (stuck)—"*Débonnair*? Oh, yes *deb*, 'a debt'; 'onnair,' *oh, never; ne'er*—you see—the whole thing means: 'Never get in debt.'" *Amy*—"Thanks, awfully." Exit Smith for a dictionary. After reading it, sails for Cape Town.—*Time.*

Winks—"Hello, Minks! I hear you have solved the burglar problem at last. They tell me you have imported a thorough-bred watch-dog from Europe; paid two thousand dollars for him?" *Minks*—"Ye-es." *Winks*—"I'd like to see him." *Minks*—"He isn't at home just now. Some blasted thief stole him."—*Omaha World.*

Commercial man (awakening, to Pullman Porter)—"In already? Well, I've been traveling for six years, and now I can say I've had one square night's sleep on a Pullman." *Porter*—"Been laying still for five hours, sah—freight wreck ahead!" (Continues putting a patent-leather polish on No. 17's russet leather shoes.)—*Puck.*

"Remember, Bridget," said Miss Clara, "that I am out to everybody but Mr. Sampson." A little later Bridget answered a ring at the door. "Who was it, Bridget?" asked Miss Clara. "Young Misther Beauchamp, mum." "And did you say that I was out?" "Yes; I sed ye were out to iverybody but Misther Sampson."—*New York Sun.*

Epicurus on Sixth Avenue: *Waiter* (the third time of asking)—"Take your order now, sir?" *Diner* (after a careful perusal of extensive bill of fare during twenty minutes)—"'M—'m—yes! You see, I'm something of an epicure in my tastes; so bring me some pork and beans, with a dozen raw, and a glass of milk, and a slice of mince-pie."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Miss Clara (blushing)—"Do you know, Ethel, that young Mr. Sampson proposed to me last night, and I accepted him?" *Miss Ethel* (heartily)—"I congratulate you sincerely, Clara. Mr. Sampson is a noble young man." *Miss Clara*—"Do you know him very well?" *Miss Ethel*—"Oh, yes; it was only a few months ago that I promised to be a sister to him."—*Time.*

Customer—"How is your brother doing, Isaacstein, who went to the country a year or so ago?" *Mr. Isaacstein*—"Ah, poor Abraham; he vas blown oop by dynamite; dot vas pad." *Customer*—"You don't tell me? Were his remains found?" *Mr. Isaacstein* (overcome)—"Mein frent, not more as t-venty-five per cent. Choost think of dot, only t-venty-five per cent. Dot vos awful."—*New York Sun.*

The young lady was reading a story on the lonely piazza of the summer hotel. The story began thus: "It was at a summer resort in July. He was a young man and he——" Here the young lady threw aside the book in disgust. "The story is too utterly absurd," she said; "there are no young men at summer resorts in July." Then she went out under the trees, climbed into a hammock, and went to sleep.—*Chicago News.*

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. Timothy Hopkins is making a visit to New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Valentine have returned from their wedding trip through the Eastern States

Mr. and Mrs H. S. Crocker and Mr. Henry J. Crocker, who have been visiting the Eastern sea-side resorts, are now at the Grand Hotel, in New York city.

Miss Florence Caduc is at Mosswood. Miss Cora Caduc has gone to Santa Cruz

Mr. J. C. Stubbs has been visiting Newport, Long Branch, and other Eastern resorts.

Mrs. M. J. Flavin, who is visiting her parents in San José, will return to the city in a fortnight.

Miss Kate Dillon has returned from her visit to Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs C G. Hooker and the Misses Jennie and Bessie Hooker, who have been at the Calaveras Big Trees during the past two months, have returned to the city.

Mrs. William B. Collier was in the city recently on a visit from her Clear Lake villa.

Mr. and Mrs A. L Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, and Miss Nettie Tubbs will remain at the Hotel del Monte until the end of the month.

Mrs. Alexander B Forbes is at the Tamalpais Hotel, in San Rafael, with her family

Mrs. Richard Ivers and Miss Aileen Ivers are passing a couple of weeks pleasantly at the Hotel del Monte

Miss Kate Jarboe will return from Japan in a few weeks.

Miss Lillie Jones has left Santa Cruz for Del Monte, and will stay there until the end of August.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carolan and Miss Evelyn Carolan have returned to the city after a prolonged visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison, who have been at Del Monte for a couple of months, have returned home.

Mrs. James F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton expect to go East in September to remain most of the winter.

Miss Ada Sullivan and Miss Marie Dillon are the guests of Mrs. James Phelan at her home in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, *née* Jennings, who has been at Long Beach, Los Angeles County, since her marriage, is expected here soon on a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. B Jennings.

The Misses Fannie and May Friedlander are still enjoying the surf bathing at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Robert R Grayson will return from Calaveras County in a few days

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum, who have been at Santa Cruz for several weeks, have gone to Alaska.

Miss Etta Tracy will go to Fresno next month to visit friends. Miss Jennie Tay will probably accompany her.

Mrs. F. E. Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer will return to San José in a few days, after having passed two weeks at the Sea Beach Hotel in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. D. D. Colton and Mrs. Henry McLean Martin are at their villa, Miramonte, in Santa Cruz.

Mr. Walter M. Painter returned to his vineyard in Lake County last Tuesday, after passing a couple of weeks here

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin R. Woodworth, of Fresno, are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Captain and Mrs. Baker and Miss Mattie Baker, of San José, have been at Pacific Grove for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Fred L. Wooster is passing the season at the Napa Soda Springs.

Miss Nettie Hamilton, of Oakland, is at the Agua de Vita Springs, near Livermore.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Morse, and the Misses Jessie and Sallie Morse are in Paris, where they will remain until after the Exposition of 1889. Mrs. W. E. Pinney and Miss Grace Morse, of Chicago, will join them next month.

Captain and Mrs. Richardson Clover U. S. A., and Mrs. John F. Miller are stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mrs. D. J. Tallant and the Misses Jennie and Anne Tallant are passing a few weeks at Newport.

Mr. and Mrs. J. William Brown have returned from their summer sojourn at Blithedale, and are at their residence, 920 Pine Street.

Miss Florence Reed contemplates passing the winter with relatives in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F Willey and Mr. Frank D. Willey have returned to the city, after passing two months at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr Clinton E. Worden and Mr. Harry E. Hall are in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. William B Alvord has been passing the week at the Pope House in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Tubbs are at the Arlington Hotel in Santa Barbara.

Mr. James D Phelan contemplates an Eastern trip.

Mr. Edward M Greenway and Mr. Everett N. Bee will pass the remainder of the season at the Hotel El Monte in Sausalito.

Mrs. Volney Spalding, Miss Lizze Sinton, and Miss Allie Hawes returned from Alaska last Monday, after an exceedingly interesting trip.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Yerrington, of Carson City, Nev., have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Durbrow has returned from Alaska to Washington Territory, and will remain there a couple of weeks before coming home.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, were at the Palace Hotel a few days recently.

Mr. Jesse D. Carr, of Salinas, has been passing the week in the city.

Mr. Edgar A. Mizner, of Benicia, was in the city during the early part of the week.

Mr and Mrs. Robert Balfour came up from San Mateo on Wednesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Henry Heyman returned to the city, a few days ago, after a very pleasant visit to Santa Barbara and the resorts in the southern part of the State. He was tendered a farewell reception at the Hotel Arlington, in Santa Barbara, by the ladies there, previous to his departure, in recognition of his kind services.

Miss Addie Gaines returned to San José last Tuesday, after passing several weeks at Santa Cruz.

Miss Hayes, who has been visiting at Santa Barbara, has returned to her home, in Oakland.

Miss H. Cope and Miss H S. Stewart are guests at the Sea Beach Hotel, Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Stuart M. Taylor is enjoying a protracted visit at Santa Cruz

Miss Blanche Blanchard will return to San José next week, after passing a month at the Sea Beach Hotel, in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke and the Misses Lottie and Edith Clarke have returned from a delightful sojourn of several weeks at Santa Barbara.

Mr. J. S. Waterman, of New York, and Miss Waterman, of this city, are passing a couple of weeks at the Sea Beach Hotel, in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Herbert W. Yemans, of San Diego, will arrive here in a few days, to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Staples.

Mrs. G. J. Bucknall, who is passing the summer at St. Helena, was in the city during the early part of the week, but returned on Thursday.

Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson is at the Hotel Pleasanton for the remainder of the year.

Dr Clinton Cushing was recently the guest of General and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, at their ranch, near San Pedro.

Mrs. Clinton Cushing and Miss Jennie de la Montanya are at Carlsbad.

Judge J. H. Boalt has returned from New York, accompanied by Mrs. Boalt, and Miss Ella Boalt, who will pass several weeks at Del Monte.

Mrs Fisher Ames, who has been visiting friends at Hadley, near Saratoga, N. Y., is now at Lake George

Mrs. Birdsall and Miss Etta Birdsall, of Sacramento, are at the Pope House, in Santa Cruz

Mr. Ricardo M. Pinto has returned from Santa Barbara. He will go to Mexico and Central America soon.

The Rev. John F. von Herrlich, rector of St. Paul's Church, Sacramento, is spending a few days at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. F. A. Whitney, who has been spending the summer at the Hotel Arlington, in Santa Barbara, is now the guest of Mrs. John Landers, 1221 Bush Street. Major Whitney, who is stationed at Fort Niobrara, Neb., will join his wife next month, and they will remain here during the entire winter.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Mattie Palmer Bostwick and Mr. Prentiss Selby were united in marriage last Wednesday at the residence of Mr. A. F. Coffin, in Oakland, Rev. H. M. Curtis officiating. No cards.

Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., and Miss Baxter led the enjoyable german which was given recently at the Hotel Arlington in Santa Barbara.

Army and Navy.

Lieutenant Lewis H. Strother, First Infantry, U S. A., is now on temporary duty at Fort Gaston, Cal.

Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., came up from Santa Barbara recently, on a flying visit.

Lieutenant Charles J. T. Clarke, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A, has been granted a two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant George N. Chase, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has gone to Santa Barbara on official business.

Captain Joshua L. Fowler, Second Cavalry, U S. A., has been granted a two months' leave of absence, to take effect September 10th.

Lieutenant John T. Nance, Second Cavalry, U. S. A, has been granted a leave of absence of two months, to commence July 31st.

Lieutenant Frank S. Harlow, First Artillery, U. S. A., is enjoying a brief leave of absence.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Loring Club.

Odd Fellows' Hall was crowded with a music-loving audience last Wednesday evening, when the members of the Loring Club gave their first concert of the twelfth season. The club had the valuable assistance of Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, accompanist, and Mr. Hermann Brandt, violinist, while Mr. David W. Loring officiated as musical director as usual. The programme was as follows:

The Warrior's Song ..... Lachner
On the Water ..... Abt
Concerto in A Minor ..... Viotti
Evening Rest ..... Hamma
The Breeze of Spring ..... Weinzierl

Sunset ..... Billeter
Serenade ..... J. Beschnill
Nocturne in E Flat ..... Chopin-Sarasatt
Serenade ..... Mendelssohn
On the Mountains ..... Abt
At Sea ..... Dudley Buck

Mme. Louise Pyk, the dramatic soprano, is now arranging for a South American concert tour under the management of Mr. Joyaux. She will leave here August 30th accompanied by the other members of her concert company, comprising the Misses Lula, Pauline, and Elise Joran, and Mr. Georges Delauney, baritone. They will be away several months.

CCCCLXCVI — Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, August 12, 1888.

Tomato Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Flounders à la Mayonye.
Broiled Squabs on Toast.
Egg Plant. Stewed Tomatoes.
Roast Beef. Saratoga Potatoes.
Celery Salad.
Pineapple Ice. Fancy Cakes.
Fruits.

FLOUNDERS A LA MAYONYE.—Put the fish in a baking-pan with a large tumbler of white wine, salt, and plenty of butter; put in a hot oven, and when done place on a dish; to the gravy left in the pan add the yolks of three eggs, beaten up with half a pint of cream with a little cayenne; let this simmer (not boil) two minutes, pour over the fish and serve.

The twenty-third annual exposition of the Mechanics' Institute was opened to the public, on Tuesday, August 7th, with appropriate exercises, Mr. Robert S. Moore being the orator of the occasion. Inasmuch as, owing to the hurried nature of the preparations for the opening, the displays are not yet in perfect order, we defer more extended notice until a future issue.

A New York man is having built a suite of rooms on the top of the lofty Equitable building, over two hundred feet above the sea level. The apartments are reached by a flight of gilded iron steps. The suite consists of three rooms—a parlor, dining-room, and bath. All are to be carpeted and crowded with costly bric-à-brac. The little suite of rooms is provided with oval windows four feet in diameter, and will be lighted by electricity and furnished with steam heaters for the winter months, or any opportune cold wave that may break in upon the summer's heat. This superb apartment is the highest in point of elevation from the ground level of any similar suite of rooms in the world. In the hottest day in summer, breezes blow in the altitudinous parlor, and make a sojourn there quite as enjoyable and cooling as a siesta in the mountains under the shade trees.

The Willard Kindergarden, corner of Fulton and Webster Streets, needs help to pay the rent, for material used in the children's work, teacher's salary, etc. Any monthly subscription or donation of money will be gratefully acknowledged and receipted for, by the teacher at school, or Miss Dornett, superintendent, 818 Powell Street.

— THE NEW PLAY "PRAWNS AND POMMERY," is drawing large houses at the London Globe, and seems to take as strong a hold on the popular taste as "Pommery Sec" itself, after which well-known brand the piece was named.

— THE OPINION OF ALL COMPETENT JUDGES who have examined the No. 9 Machine is that it is a long way in advance of every machine in the world to-day. This machine can be seen at 303 Sutter St.

— BRONZES AND MARBLE STATUES TO BE SOLD for the next sixty days at reduced prices, to make room for new importations. S. & G. Gump, 581–583 Market Street.

— MR. J. H. ROSEWALD HAS RESUMED GIVING instructions at 929 Post Street. In Oakland and Fruitvale, Wednesday and Saturday.

— MCCALL'S BAZAR PATTERNS ARE THE MOST perfect-fitting. 303 Sutter Street.

— NATIONAL SURGICAL INSTITUTE, 319 BUSH, S. F. Successfully treats cripples. Send for Journal.

— MME. JULIE ROSEWALD HAS RESUMED GIVING instructions at 929 Post Street.

— DRESSES CUT FROM MCCALL'S BAZAR PATTERNS fit like a glove. 303 Sutter Street.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

Art Notes.

A beautiful painting by Carl Herpfer, Munich, lately received, is now on exhibition. All those desiring to see the painting of "Entering the Convent School," can avail themselves now, as it will be sent to New York city in two weeks. S. & G. Gump, 581–583 Market Street.

A Pretty Girl

Is made ten times more pretty by having a clear complexion, such as Rachel's Enamel Bloom imparts. For sale by all druggists.

Mr. Hermann Brandt

Has returned to city and will resume instructions. 328 O'Farrell Street.

— THE WHEELER & WILSON NO. 9 MACHINE, which has but recently been placed upon the market, is wholly and radically different from any machine ever offered to the public. This machine will, without doubt, revolutionize the trade. The office is at 303 Sutter Street.

— MR. HENRY HEYMAN HAS RETURNED FROM his vacation trip and resumed giving lessons on the violin, and in ensemble playing. Address, 206 Ellis.

— MCCALL'S BAZAR PATTERNS ARE ACKNOWLEDGED to be the most stylish. 303 Sutter Street.

COOK-BOOKS.

We call the attention of every one interested in the food they use, and in its preparation, to the following list of works on the culinary art. Every book mentioned is a work of authority on cooking. We will send any of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price:

FRANCATELLI'S MODERN COOK-BOOK	$5 00
FRANCO-AMERICAN COOKERY BOOK, by Déliée	4 00
THE UNRIVALED COOK-BOOK, by Mrs. Washington	2 00
BOSTON COOK-BOOK, by Mrs. Lincoln	2 00
VIRGINIA COOKERY BOOK, by M. Stuart Smith	1 50
PRACTICAL COOK-BOOK, by Mrs. Henderson	1 50
COMMON SENSE IN THE HOUSEHOLD, by Marion Harland	1 75
DINNER YEAR-BOOK, by Marion Harland	1 75
BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, AND TEA, by Marion Harland	1 75
YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND, by Mrs. Cornelius	1 25
MISS PARLOA'S COOK-BOOK	1 50
MRS. SHILLABER'S COOK-BOOK	1 25
HOME COOK BOOK	1 50
MRS. HALE' NEW COOK-BOOK	1 50
MISS LESLIE'S COOK-BOOK	1 50
NONPARIEL COOK-BOOK	1 25
UNIVERSAL COOKERY BOOK	1 50
ICE-CREAM AND CAKES	1 50
COTTAGE KITCHEN, by Marion Harland	1 00
FRANCATELLI'S ROYAL CONFECTIONER	2 00
FRANCATELLI'S COOK'S GUIDE	1 50
FRENCH DISHES FOR AMERICAN TABLES, by Pierre Caron	1 00
OUR GIRLS IN THE KITCHEN (paper)	50
DAINTY DESSERTS FOR DAINTY DINERS	50
PERFECT BREAD (50 recipes)	25
A KEY TO COOKING, by Catherine Owens	25
LESSONS IN CANDY-MAKING, by Catherine Owens	50
SIX CUPS OF COFFEE, by Miss Parloa	25
COOKING RECEIPTS, from *Harper's Bazar*	25
BREAD-MAKING (boards)	50
HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT, by Miss Parloa	75
VALUABLE COOKING RECEIPTS, by T. J. Murrey	75
TEN DOLLARS ENOUGH, by Catherine Owen	1 00
GENTLE BREAD-WINNERS, by Catherine Owen	1 00
LIVING ON $500 A YEAR, by Juliet Corson	1 25
MRS. GILPIN'S FRUGALITIES, Susan A. Brown	1 00
FAMILY COOK-BOOK, by Jessup Whitehead	1 50
HOTEL PASTRY COOK, by Jessup Whitehead	2 00
HOTEL MEAT COOKING, by Jessup Whitehead	2 00
COOKING FOR PROFIT, by Jessup Whitehead	3 00
HOUSEKEEPING MADE EASY, by Miss Herrick	1 00
MENUS MADE EASY, by Miss Lake	1 25
BOSTON KITCHEN TEXT-BOOK, by Mrs. D. A. Lincoln	1 00
BOOK OF FORTY PUDDINGS, by Mrs. Susan A. Brown	50
CARVING AND SERVING, by Mrs. D. A. Lincoln	60
FOOD AND FEEDING, by Sir Henry Thompson	1 25
PARTY-GIVING ON EVERY SCALE, AND THE COST OF THEM	1 25
DIET FOR THE SICK, by Mrs. Henderson	1 50

IMPORTANT.—As we shall not republish the above list of Cook-Books, we suggest to intending purchasers to send for the book they wish at once, or else cut out this list for future reference.

PIERSON & ROBERTSON,

BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS,

NO. 126 POST STREET,

Bet. Grant Ave. and Kearny St., San Francisco.

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Of Wilbur's Cocoatheta: "Your Chocolate and Cocoatheta are so fine that it is my duty to say as much, and I deserve no thanks for what little I can do to place them in the hands of others." The demand for Cocoatheta is increasing so much and becoming so general that it would seem as if it would eventually become a necessity in every family. It may be had of all first-class grocers.

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BANCROFT'S S.F.

USE CRANE'S PAPER, EXTRA SUPERFINE QUALITY FOR ALL WEDDING ORDERS, RECEPTION AND VISITING CARDS.

721 MARKET ST.

FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.'S SOUPS,

Green Turtle, Terrapin, Chicken, Mulligatawny, Mock Turtle, Ox-Tail, Pea, Consomme, French Bouillon, Tomato, Julienne, Printanier, Beef, Mutton Broth, Vegetable. Put up in 1½ Pint Glass Jars, and Quart, Pint, and ½ Pint Cans.

We will send, free of charge, to any part of the country, one sample can of any of the above Soups on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps and this advertisement

MAU, SADLER & CO.,
9-15 Beale St., San Francisco, Cal.

A BOATING PICNIC.

Miss Fritilla Papillion (arriving at a landing-stage with her brother)—Why, Teddy, isn't that Stella Cinnershaw?

Mr. Papillion (dissembling his rapture)—Is it? I daresay. (Looks carelessly about, and wishes he had had a new ribbon put on his straw.)

Mr. Petticure (elderly, but of youthful exterior, who has undertaken the control of the expedition)—Then we're all here now? I've told them to get the boats ready. I thought we'd just pull quietly up to Eelbuck Island, land there, and have our picnic, and—and what not, and drift comfortably down in time for the last up-train, eh?

(General chorus of "Delightful!" "Charming!" etc.)

Miss Manley (observing Mr. Buncombe's elaborately aquatic attire)—I needn't ask if you are going to row.

Mr. Bunc. (modestly)—Oh, if I'm wanted. But they seem to have nothing but fixed seats in these boats. I've got so used to a slider.

Mr. Papillion (who has been making some highly artful arrangements on his own account, coming up to Miss Cinnershaw)—I—er—think you're in my boat, Miss Cinnershaw?

Miss C. (with a sweet smile)—Oh, am I? Then we'd better be getting in, hadn't we?

Petticure (arriving at the exact moment when Mr. Papillion, overjoyed at his success, is handing Miss C. into boat)—Here—here, stop a bit—let me see, Papillion, you're going to stroke, eh? Very well. Defadder bow; Miss Moule, steering. Capital!—but Miss Stella? No, no, that won't do—can't spare you; must have you in with us!

Miss C. (with, if possible, a still sweeter smile)—Must you? Oh, very well.

Pett.—And, Papillion, I'll put somebody else in Miss Stella's place. Ah, Miss Squeams (in an undertone), nice chatty girl—you don't mind about looks, I know. That's all right, then, you're settled!

GOING UP STREAM.

Miss Moule (to Mr. Papillion, who is rowing with the gloom of a galley-slave)—There's nothing more delightful, don't you think, than an excursion on the water? It's the right string you pull when you want to go to the left, isn't it? I never can remember! And there's a barge or a steamer coming.

(Mr. P. just conquers temptation to leave her to exercise her own discretion.)

IN THE SECOND BOAT.

Mrs. Ballast—Trim the boat, Mr. Rullocks! Now, what a pretty poetical idea of yours! But you must wait till we get to some water-lilies.

IN THE THIRD BOAT.

Miss Manley (stroke, to Mrs. Dedwayte)—Could you manage to keep her head a little straighter, dear?

Mrs. Dedw.—I am trying as hard as I can, Atalanta—but it will keep going to one side!

Mr. Buncombe (in a gallant manner, to Miss M.)—Afraid I'm pulling you round.

Miss M. (who has been rowing with one hand for the last half-minute)—Are you indeed? I didn't notice. (Mr. B. executes an elaborate backfall.) Don't apologize; I suppose you forgot you were on a fixed seat.

(Mr. B., from the bottom of the boat, is understood to attribute the accident to some peculiarity in the button of his oar.)

(The boat which carries Miss Cinnershaw sweeps gayly by Mr. Papillion's; Miss C. is rowing under Mr. Rullocks's supervision.)

Mr. Rull. (with a tender patronage)—Better, Miss Cinnershaw, much better! Don't cover more than the blade of your oar, and drop your wrists at the finish—beautiful, indeed!

Miss C.—I shall soon get into the way of it, now I have some one to coach me properly.

Mr. P. (grinding his teeth, to Mr. Defadder, who is inserting an oar in the water placidly at intervals)—Shall we—er—quicken up a bit, sir?

Mr. Def.—Eh? Rest a bit? By all means, by all means! (He easies.)

Miss Papillion (playfully from Miss C.'s boat, as it rapidly recedes)—Good-by, Teddy, dear; don't overexert yourself!

(He hears her voice from afar informing Miss C. that poor Teddy is getting quite round-shouldered.)

Miss Squeams—Don't let us hurry, Mr. Papillion, it's so much nicer to glide gently along. And by-and-bye, when we get to a quiet part, I want you to teach me how to row. I've so often wished to learn, but I'm such a dreadful coward in a boat—with most people!

ON THE ISLAND.

Mr. Papillion (after landing and finding himself close to Miss Cinnershaw)—I hope (huskily) you had a pleasant row?

Miss C.—Oh, delightful! I rowed part of the way, and then Mr. Rullocks and I towed.

Miss Fritilla (to her brother, archly)—Teddy, how disgracefully you behaved with that Miss Squeams—we saw you!

(Mr. P. thinks people ought to know better than invite a fellow with his sister to this sort of thing.)

Mr. Pett. (to numerous private inquiries)—It's no good—we can't do anything till Buncombe's boat comes up; they've got the champagne, and the knives, and all the plates—and they're not in sight yet!

Mr. P. (making a second approach to Miss C.)—I don't think this party has been very well managed.

Miss C.—Oh, don't you? I thought Mr. Petticure arranged everything so beautifully!

(Mr. P. is about to explain what he considers were errors of judgment, as Mr. Petticure comes up with an immense bunch of grasses.)

Mr. Pett. (with the air of an authority on costume)—I've been wondering all the morning what it was your hat wanted to make it absolute perfection, Miss Stella. Allow me—one moment—there . . . (he fastens bunch into her hat)—charming—charming!

(Miss C. submits as sweetly as ever.)

Mr. Pap. (indignantly, as Mr. Petticure ambles off)—But you don't approve of that, surely?

Miss C.—Oh, no—it's hideous, but I can't take them out very well now, can I?

(Mr. P. is about to express his sense of her angelic consideration—when his sister intervenes, as usual.)

Miss Fritilla—Now, Teddy, I want to talk to Stella very particularly. Go and make yourself useful with the hampers, or there's poor Miss Squeams all alone there!

(Mr. Buncombe's boat arrives an hour late, with Miss Manley and Mrs. Dedwayte in shocking bad tempers, as he has volunteered to steer, and broken two sculls getting into a lock. B. is as serenely pleased with himself as ever, and says the conservators ought to make the lock entrances wider.)

Miss Squeams (to Mr. Papillion)—I thought Mr. Buncombe was such a "crack oar," as you call it?

Mr. Papillion (who is feeling misanthropic)—I don't know what you expected—but he's smashed two already.

AFTER THE PICNIC.

(Mr. Petticure is secretly depressed because a young man in a burst of effusion has wished that he had a father like him. Several ladies "think they felt a spot of rain." Packing begins in confusion.)

Pett. (coming up to Papillion)—Look here, we must make some alterations going back. Miss Manley's very anxious to get back as soon as possible—so's Miss Cinnershaw.

Pap. (trying to repress his delight)—Yes? and you want me to—eh?

Pett.—Exactly, old fellow, to take Miss Atalanta Manley's place in Buncombe's boat.

Pap.—And—er—how's Miss Cinnershaw going?

Pett.—Oh, in my boat—it's the fastest; with Miss Stella and Miss Manley, and Rullocks, rowing randan, we can drop down in no time, and take some of the old people on with us—you and Buncombe can manage without a cox, I daresay.

OUTSIDE THE STATION.

Bunc.—There's plenty of time, I tell you. What's the matter with you? You've been as grumpy as a pig all the way down. I told you I didn't feel up to doing much work coming back. Of course, I should not have run into the bank if I'd seen where I was going; but, after all, the damage to the boat won't come to much, between us, and it didn't delay us half an hour! What, just missed the last train? Well, I thought it was rather a forlorn hope—but your sister will be all right, you know. And you and I, old chap, must keep up one another's spirits at the hotel, eh?

(Papillion, who has been reckoning on the railway journey as his last chance, is incapable of replying.)—*Punch.*

An examination of the official time-tables for June, made by the *Railroad Engineering Journal*, shows that the fastest trains now scheduled are two on the Baltimore and Ohio, which are timed to run the forty miles from Baltimore to Washington in forty-five minutes, without stops, making the rate of speed fifty-three and three-tenths miles an hour. No other train can be found which makes over forty miles an hour, and the nearest approach to it is a train on the Pennsylvania Railroad, which runs from Jersey City to Philadelphia, making one stop, at an average speed of 48.3 miles an hour. On the opposition—Bound Brook—line, one train makes the distance from Jersey City to Philadelphia, at the rate of 45.9 miles an hour, without allowance for the four stops. The quickest train between Philadelphia and Baltimore runs at the rate of 41.6 miles an hour. The fastest long distance run is that of the Chicago limited, on the New York Central and Hudson River road, which averages 41.6 miles an hour from New York to Albany, and 40.6 miles from Albany to Buffalo. The corresponding train on the Pennsylvania road runs at the rate of thirty-eight miles an hour. The trains which are timed to run over forty miles an hour are thus found to be very few in number, and there are not many which are called upon to make more than thirty-five or, indeed, over thirty miles for any considerable distance. It must be remembered, however, that a train whose average speed is forty miles an hour must make much faster time than that in parts of its run. What is the slowest passenger train is not easy to determine, but an "express" on a North Carolina line, which takes nine hours to run one hundred miles—an average of 11.1 miles an hour—is a very promising candidate for the honor.

While in mourning for Frederick the Third, London gayety went on in black and white robes, and "magpie" dinners and "magpie" dances, as they are called, were just as gay as though they were birds of paradise.

Johann Strauss will stop writing waltzes, or even operettas, and devote himself to writing grand operas. Kalbeck, of Vienna, has furnished him with his first libretto.

At a dinner given by the Baroness de Reuter, at Richmond, at the Star and Garter, "over seventy poker-players sat down together afterward."

The British Navy beats the world. The *Severn* lately fired a torpedo which struck and sunk the admiralty yacht, the *Fire Queen*.

White Sulphur Springs.

We take pleasure to inform our readers that these springs, situated in Napa County, adjacent to St. Helena, are now open, under the management of Messrs. Ed. Dunham and Chas. Eaton. These gentlemen are old, experienced hotel men, and having furnished the establishment throughout with everything new, they ask an inspection by those intending to recuperate during the summer months. These springs have always had the reputation of being the finest in the State.

Reward.

One thousand dollars will be paid for each and every grain of poisonous substance found in Wisdom's Robertine—for beautifying and preserving the complexion, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, and all blemishes and roughness of the skin. Used and endorsed by the élite of society and the stage. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle. White and flesh. E. W. Joy, Agent, San Francisco.

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Increase, 1888, 8,364 "
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And is prepared to receive Piano Pupils.

MISS ALICE M. BACON

Has returned to the city and will resume teaching August 1st.

Miss Bacon is prepared to furnish good pupil teachers.
Address, 1413 Taylor Street.

MISS LAKE'S

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

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KINDERGARTEN FOR CHILDREN (Former Zeitska Institute) Physical Culture a specialty. Autumn term begins July 26 For circulars and all particulars,
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The Eighteenth year will begin Wednesday, Aug. 1, 1888

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, August 5, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.00, 6.45, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.45, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10 00, 11.45 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 2.15, 4.15, 5.45, 7 30, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.45 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.15 P. M.
8 A. M. (Sundays only). Excursion Train from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.00 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

Sunday Excursions—Round-trip Tickets, good on Sundays only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, $3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From July 10, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.00 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Fast Mail for Ogden and East	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
1.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
3.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
4.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	*3.45 P.
5.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
5.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
1.30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	12.45 P.
5.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	10.15 A.
5.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
6.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	*8.45 A.
6.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
11.30 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8 45 P.
SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.		
8.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
9.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
3.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
5.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‡9.20 A.
NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)		
8.15 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion	‡ 8.35 P.
9.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.40 P.
9.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 42 P.
1.02 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10 02 A.
3.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
4.10 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.00 A.
5.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.40 A.
5.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.50 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. ‡ Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ‡‡ Saturday and Sunday only, to Santa Cruz. ‡‡ Sunday and Monday only, from Santa Cruz. ** Mondays excepted.

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Oceanic		**Saturday, September 8**
Gaelic		**Saturday, September 29**
Belgic		**Thursday, October 18**
Arabic		**Wednesday, November 7**
Oceanic		**Wednesday, November 28**
Gaelic		**Tuesday, December 18**

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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the *Argonaut* for each additional periodical.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

"Jim, the Penman" will follow "Partners" at the Baldwin.

"The Black Hussar" will be given at the Tivoli next week.

Joseph Murphy will appear in a Hibernian drama, "The Donagh," at the Alcazar on Monday evening, August 13th.

A lively comedy entitled "Rags," with Hattie Bernard Chambers in the leading rôle, will be the next attraction at the Bush Street Theatre.

Harry Edwards, for so many years connected with the California Theatre, and more recently with Wallack's, is to be Mrs. Potter's stage-manager in her next venture. She is now studying Cleopatra in London, but will come over to this side in the early winter.

Miss Mary Anderson is coming back to America in November, and will include in her repertoire two little plays by Tennyson, "The Cup" and "The Falcon." The first was given by Henry Irving and Ellen Terry some years ago, and the second by Mrs. Kendal, but neither achieved any success.

As the play will be changed each week at the Baldwin during the Palmer engagement, Monday nights will again become important social functions, and the regular first-night brigade have already secured their seats for the season. The managers report, too, that seats have been very generously booked for the entire first week.

Robert Buchanan's play, "Partners," is taken from a French source, but it has been radically changed in the adaptation. The hero is a husband who imagines himself wronged by his business partner—a personage whom no self-respecting French dramatist would try to make heroic—and all the characters and incidents are subordinated to him.

"'Betsy B.,' the very clever dramatic editor of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, has sold a play to Mr. Charles Frohman, which that little Napoleon of managers put in his inside pocket, as he jumped on the train bound for the rising sun."—*Dunlap's Stage News*. The foregoing statement is entirely destitute of any foundation in fact.

Frank W. Stechan, late manager of the Standard Theatre and Charley Reed's Minstrels, is located in London, and is one of the busiest young Americans in that metropolis. In addition to the management of two "Hansom Cab" companies and a "Jim the Penman" company on tour, he superintends the entire advertising department of the Princess's Theatre.

Young Alexander Salvini, Mr. Palmer's leading man, who has lately become a full-fledged American citizen, is said to be the most accomplished swordsman on the American stage. At the French national fête in New York, last month, he had a bout for sweet charity's sake with Professor Senac, and gave that agile gentleman a lively bit of exercise, employing the French and Italian styles of fence with equal dexterity.

The cast of "Partners" is as follows: Henry Borgfeldt, Alexander Salvini; Charles Derwentwater, Walden Ramsay; Mr. Parr, J. H. Stoddart; Algernon Bellair, E. M. Holland; Mrs. Harkaway's husband, H. Holliday; Dickinson, C. P. Flockton; Boker, H. S. Millward; Smith, E. B. Hollis; Thompson, Frank Battin; Claire, Marie Burroughs; Alice Bellair, Annie Russell; Gretchen, Gertie Homan; Mary, Kate Maloney; Lady Silverdale, Mrs. Phillips; and Mrs. Harkaway, May Brookyn.

A last performance has been announced at the California Theatre for Saturday evening, August 11th, before the curtain is rung down for the last time. The performance is given for the benefit of the old attachés, and the play is "Forget Me Not," with Jeffreys-Lewis, Charlotte Tittel, Fanny Young, Harry Mainhall, John Thompson, and others in the cast. A farewell address will be read by James Carden, and each holder of a reserved seat will be presented with a souvenir, consisting of a copy of the old drop-curtain and casts of the first and last performances given on the stage.

One of Mr. Palmer's managerial peculiarities is his habit of keeping constantly on hand a supply of new plays in case of emergency. Even with his two theatres he already has enough plays to run through a couple of years. A few days ago he said: "I have 'Joseph's Sweetheart,' which has run for six months in London; the American rights to 'Captain Swift,' which will open the Haymarket season; 'Woodbarrow Farm,' with which Mr. Hare will open his new theatre; Robert Buchanan is writing a play which I am to produce; Sims, and Merritt, and Boucicault are at work on plays I shall produce; and I have half a dozen more beside."

Marie Burroughs is proud to call San Francisco her home, and has been in town several days with her husband, Lewis Masson, looking up the friends who knew her as Lillie Arrington. The story goes that when Lawrence Barrett was here early in 1883, she went to him and told him of her desire to go on the stage. He pooh-poohed the idea, but finally consented to hear her recite the curse scene from "Leah." When it was over, he said not a word; but two weeks later he sent her a telegram from Mr. Mallory, offering her an engagement with the Madison Square Company. In a fortnight she was in New York, and she has been with the company pretty much ever since.

Billy Emerson and his new Bijou Theatre have been drawing large audiences during the week. The theatre is small, but well-arranged; the parquet, dress-circle, and two galleries will accommodate about one thousand people, and Emerson declares that the house can be emptied, in case of need, in a minute and a half. The entrance, lobbies, and auditorium are prettily decorated in cheerful tones, and the only drawback seems to be the small size of the stage. This, however, is no inconvenience in the class of entertainments the house was built for. The company consists of Emerson, Ferguson & Mack, Leon, and other well-known minstrels; and these will be added to and replaced as opportunity offers and wisdom suggests.

The great moral circus of Forepaugh, Frost & Sweeney, came to an inglorious end in this city a few weeks ago, but managed to revive sufficiently to start for the Sage-Brush State. The "World's Hippodrome of Wild Beasts," consisted of one melancholy camel, one baboon, two lions, and an ancient elephant called Empress. From town to town the troupe managed to struggle. They finally lost their way, and the head teamster, Sharrard, demanded a bill of sale of the horses and wagons before he would drive another mile. The managers refused to stand the raise. The party was camping on the desert, when the demand was made. Frost made a bluff at the teamster, Sharrard covered him with a six-shooter, and the other teamsters fell in line, each with an ugly-looking weapon. Forepaugh called the elephant up. Empress, at the word of command, came up trumpeting loudly, advancing toward the teams. Sharrard drew a Henry rifle from his wagon and was about to open fire, when Pearl Forepaugh, a young lady acrobat, called the elephant off. The girl had acquired a curious influence over the beast, and her call to it caused a halt in the proceedings. Seeing that the teamsters were determined, the desired bill of sale was executed. Next day they got stuck in a creek, and with forty-six horses attached to their band-wagon they could not budge it an inch. The elephant was called on to push behind, and, placing her forehead against the wagon, lifted it out of the creek and piled it on top of the horses, rolling them in a heap and killing two horses. She then went back to the creek, and, filling her trunk with water, showered all hands while they were at work getting the horses out from under the band-wagon. She kept up this frolic for half an hour, with her keeper unable to control her. Near Trout Creek, they reached an old farmer's house about eleven o'clock at night. He was roused by the howling of the lions, and came out in his night-clothes, with a shot-gun in his hand, and was confronted by the elephant. He gave a yell and fainted in his tracks. His sons came out and began shooting, but did no damage, and when quiet was restored they agreed to lodge and feed the crowd for the night, and, killing three sheep, cut them up and roasted them. The crowd had been without food for nearly twenty-four hours, and made short work of everything in sight, including all the fowls roosting within reach, and a dozen young shoats. They left the farmer nearly bankrupt, and moved on until they reached Gold Hill, where they played one night, and went to Carson, where the show burst up again. A rapacious restaurateur attached the canvas and poles of the show for his money, and various employees levied attachments on the elephant, baboon, camel, and lions. Then there was an internal row. Forepaugh claimed the elephant as his property, while Frost and Sweeney claimed her as theirs. Frost and Sweeney took the elephant to a stable and locked her in, but Forepaugh hove in sight before long, and standing outside the stable, gave a few words of command, whereupon the stable rose from the ground and distributed itself in several directions, while Empress walked forth free. She, with the other animals, was taken in charge by the Sheriff, and now the question of what he is going to do with them is agitating the official's head. All hands decline to feed the animals, and they are raising Cain in consequence. It is said that the roaring of the famished beasts is awful to listen to, and Empress, deprived of her keeper, is in a violent state of restlessness and threatens to demolish the jail where she is confined.

"Miss Rehan," says the London *Court Journal*, "is said to be engaged to the son of a very worthy and wealthy baronet. She fortunately has quite established herself as a favorite actress in London, and hundreds of play-goers, who have enjoyed her brilliant representation of Katherine in 'The Taming of the Shrew' at the Gaiety Theatre this year, will hope that she may enjoy a happy married life." A *World* reporter called on Mrs. Oliver Dowd Bryon, Miss Rehan's sister, at her residence at North Long Branch, a few days after the publication of the rumor, to inquire about it; but Mrs. Byron deprecated the possibility of her sister's engagement, and declared that, though she had just received a letter from Ada, written the day before the close of the Daly's London season, no word of such an engagement had appeared in it.

Mme. Patti was tendered a benefit performance on the night of her last appearance in Buenos Ayres, June 30th. The receipts amounted to twenty-two thousand dollars, and besides being the recipient of many presents, a marble tablet was erected in the theatre commemorating the event. Mme. Patti sails for Europe, from Rio, August 12th.

"KISS THAT WOMAN!"

A Scene Behind the Scenes at Rehearsal.

The front door of a famous theatre up-town was wide open, at an hour more suggestive of late breakfast and the opening of the stock-market than of anything theatrical. The daylight was streaming in upon the lobby, and a little of it was making its way unchallenged past the empty box-office and the unguarded gate, right into the cavernous auditorium, where it took a few centre-aisle seats, leaving all the rest in a half gloom. It was followed in there by a reporter of the New York *Sun*.

The sunlight was not as welcome in there as the reporter. How strange is the opposition of daylight to the stage! It is a pretty theatre by night, but now it looked dusty, and tawdry, and shabby. It had the atmosphere of a cellar, and the untidiness of a garret. The curtain was up, and from a gas-pipe that reached down from the rigging over the stage, a great jet of gas flame blew to and fro in the draught. The scenery was a hodge-podge of a dozen sets, with a bit of woods in between a parlor wall and a castle tower, and it seemed shockingly painted, as if a house-painter had tried his hand at the finer art.

Under the wind-blown gas flames sat a young man beside an unpainted kitchen table, reading a book made of sheets of manuscript sewed together. His hat was on the back of his head, and he held a cigar in his teeth in such a way that the lighted end was opposite his eyes. Men and women were scattered all about the stage and the front of the auditorium. A very pretty young girl, whose face has often won praise from Casino audiences—though this was not the Casino—was seated on the padded velvet rail of a private box, with her feet on the stage. She was talking to an elderly, but very gay-looking woman seated on the edge of the stage, with her feet on the rail of the orchestra. Two dudish-looking men, in the perfect attire of the youth who lounge along upper Broadway, were talking to one another on the stage. Other men and women were in the wings and the orchestra seats. The occasion was a rehearsal.

The rehearsal was as interesting as it was novel, to one unused to the methods of the stage. For instance, one of the young men struck at the other, who fell as if dead, but instantly arose and began to dust his clothing. The man who had struck him said, "My God! he is killed! I have killed him! I must fly!" and instantly started for the wings.

"No, no, Ed," said a stout young woman from the wings; "you've left a lot out, and some of it is important, don't you know?"

"Yes, you're right," said the young man, returning to the centre of the stage and suddenly altering his voice to an artificial tone and precise manner of speaking; "I have killed him—but no; he is stabbed—with a knife and in the back. I had no knife. I struck him in his chest. Great heavens! what can this mean; but, oh! I do not know. He is dead. I must have killed him—I must have killed him."

Then the young man returned to his natural voice, and said: "Let's see. How does it go? What can this mean? (Assuming the stage voice again.) But, oh! I do not know——"

"Well, that's all right, Ed," said the actress; "you're all right. Now say, 'I must fly.'"

In the play, as it is to be presented, a third man will creep up behind the man who was killed and strike him with a knife, while he and the other man are quarreling, so that the audience will see why the innocent young man should have thought himself a murderer, but it was all Greek to the reporter, though he afterward perceived that trifling omissions like that are not accounted serious in a first rehearsal. It would be tedious to follow the whole rehearsal. The actors came on and jumbled their parts up with their side talk in the most incomprehensible, and sometimes the most ridiculous, manner. They argued and quarreled, and still the play went on just as the pattern of a carpet comes out of the confusion of flying bobbins and intricately moving wires and spools in a weaving machine.

"Now, my dear Miss Montague," said the leading man, while he was on one knee beside the leading lady, "when I say to you 'I love you, darling, can't you trust me?' you must say, 'Oh, I do, I do trust you,' and you must turn and put your head on my shoulder, just as Granger used to do. You really must be more effusive, Lottie, or you'll spoil the——"

"Spoil your grandmother, goosie," replied the leading lady; "I'll do it right when I have tied my shoe. There, now, do it over and I'll suit you."

"But, damn it, Lottie, you have been tying your shoe twice now in the most import——"

"Mr. Duval, you shall not use such language; I will not have it. If you can not be a gentle——"

"Oh, go on," said the leading man; "'I love you, darling; can't you trust me?'"

"'Oh! I do, I do trust you,'" said the plump young woman, wheeling in her chair and throwing her ringleted head on the young man's shoulder. As suddenly she raised it, and remarked in her own voice: "But I don't like to be talked to like a yellow dog, and I want you to see that it never happens again."

After a little more of the tender dialogue of the play, she returned to the lacing of her shoe, of which no more need be said than that she observed the prevailing taste for black in the choice of her hosiery. While this fact was being noted by the loungers in the orchestra chairs, the low comedian was whispering to the reporter to look at the bevy of men around the pretty young lady from the Casino. "The stage is like the world," said he; "it used to be Miss Montague that the fellows all clustered around, and now it is this little chit. Beauty is the treacle that catches the flies of humanity. Well, sir, do you know that I have never spoken to that little thing? I do not even know her, sir."

This low comedian talked in private life almost as Edwin Booth does on the stage, while, when on the stage himself, he assumed a rollicking, jovial air and merry tone. Even the actors and actresses laughed at him during the rehearsal, so exceedingly magnetic was his humor. Presently he returned to the side of the reporter.

"That is a fine part that Nicholson, the heavy man, has got," said the comedian, in a melancholy, stomach-grounded tone. The part of the heavy man was a most detestable one. He had secretly stabbed a brother of the heroine, plotted to throw every appearance of guilt upon the hero, and was seeking to have him hanged, and to run off with a girl.

"I do not see how any man can choose a part like that," said the reporter.

"You don't!" said the comedian, in a tone of the greatest surprise; "my gracious, man! the loftiest ambition of my life is to play a part like that. Even when heavy parts were not fashionable I liked them. But now that 'The Silver King' and half a dozen such plays have made them prominent, any true actor would give his head for one."

"But," said the reporter, "the villain of a play gets no applause. Everybody hates him. What is the satisfaction of producing revulsion in the minds of the people?"

"Ah," said the low comedian, "if you can only do it well enough to make them hiss you, that will be pay enough. Hisses are harder to bring than applause. But even better than that is to be got if you do it well. Not long ago Jack Studley was playing out West, and was doing a magnificent bit, where he had to take his man unawares and kill him. Just as he was on the point of stabbing him, a man in the gallery roared out: 'Look out, there! look out!' Ah, a triumph like that is worth anything to an actor. But the kind of a heavy part I would like is, not one of these society things, but a crawling, creeping part in a dark, dyed complexion, one of those parts where you crawl up to a man on your belly, with a curved knife in your hand, to carve him up in a frenzy of diabolical rage."

The villain of the play had joined the comedian and the reporter, and heard this speech.

"Ah!" said he, sadly, "I don't know about it. Sometimes it is not pleasant to do this sort of thing. The other day I was doing the villain in 'Lynwood,' and had just got off a heap of lying in an effort to rid the world of my enemy, when, as I walked to the footlights, I saw a man glaring at me. When I reached the corner beside the private-box, and looked down, I saw the man's lips move unconsciously, as he glared at me. 'You d——d scoundrel,' I could see that he said, as well as if he had spoken the words. I tell you it made me feel badly. It broke me up for that act."

The reporter noticed some other peculiar features of life behind the scenes. For instance, whenever the leading man was off and the villain was on, the leading man said that the heavy man was trying to monopolize the whole play, that he was always keeping himself in the centre and keeping the leading lady shoved off at one side, and that he thought he was the whole play all by himself. Whenever the heavy man was off and the leading man was on, the heavy man criticised the other in this way: "See him, now. He is playing that love-business all on the left, and yesterday he played it on the right. He does not care how it muddles the company. All he thinks of is his own part, whereas, do you know, I think the heavy part is the feature of the play? I would not take any other part in the piece."

Thus the rehearsal went on. The only imperturbable participant was the prompter, who sat at the kitchen-table with the manuscript-book. Whenever he was appealed to he read the parts aloud, and always in a hurried, mechanical, monotonous way, as if there were no punctuation marks in the lines, and no emotion behind them. Love-passages, angry altercations, flights of ardent eloquence, all came from his lips as like one another as peas in a pod—all even-toned, hurried, and colorless. The only difference between one part and another was that he took his cigar from his mouth when he read to a lady, and put it in again for the men. Whenever a scene was finished he called for the actors in a loud voice, as if they were in another building or out in the street. While all the actors addressed one another by their right names, the prompter always gave them the names of the characters they impersonated.

At the end of the rehearsal, a young woman, one of the company, but a friend of the leading lady, walked on the stage, and so angered the leading man that he said "damn" again.

"Don't you know any better than to walk on the stage when a rehearsal is on?" he inquired.

The young lady replied that the leading man was "no gentleman," and that she would go where she would be properly treated.

"Ed!" said the leading lady, in a voice of stern command, "go and kiss that lady and apologize."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said the leading man.

"Kiss her, sir," said the lady; "kiss her, or I will follow her from the house."

"Oh, great heavens!" said the leading man, "what ails you? You are not usually very anxious to have me kiss other women."

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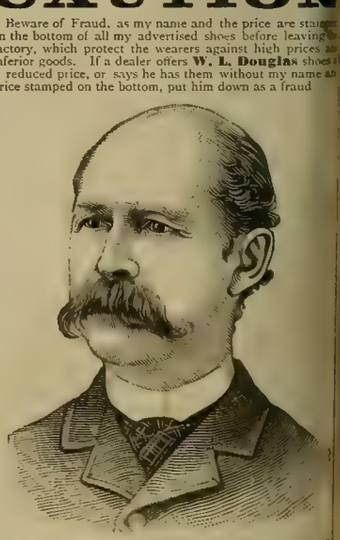

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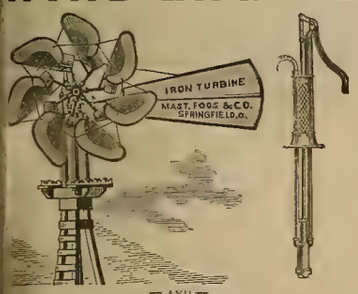

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Why not Tell Him?

Amid the merry dancers
My face is blithe and bright,
And in the waltz or lancers
My feet are lithe and light
He frowns to see me laughing
Amid the joyous crew,
And thinks I do not love him—
Ah, if he only knew!

He deems a woman's passion
The art of a coquette,
And vows that naught but fashion
My heart hath stirred as yet.
He only sees the actress
Before the play is through,
Alas! behind the curtain—
Ah, if he only knew!

Must women e'er be wearing
The heart upon the sleeve,
A mark for idle staring
That lovers may believe?
I am not cold, nor fickle,
Forgetful, nor untrue;
I love him—I adore him—
Ah, if he only knew!

—*Times-Democrat.*

Where is the Stamp?

I spied in a paper one day,
While languidly looking for news,
A sentence that filled me with joy:
"We pay for whatever we use!"
And sitting me down at my desk,
I wrote, with a throb and a thrill,
A poem, of length and of strength,
All rhymed with unusual skill.

A letter I neatly composed,
Because I was anxious to say
That I would be wholly content
With what they were willing to pay.
With care I inclosed my address,
And a stamp (to insure a reply);
The stamp was a palpable green,
And so, I acknowledge, was I.

'Twas long, long ago; but, alas!
No recompense yet hath appeared,
Nor has my effusion, in print,
The vision that longs for it cheered,
But not these misfortunes alone
Have served my ambition to damp;
The question that troubles me most
Is, What did they do with the stamp?

—*Time.*

Hopping at Conclusions.

"If you think my legs eccentric,"
Said the grasshopper to the bee,
"And my forehead queerly pointed
Where the brain-box ought to be;
That my mouth has feeble motions
Whence dark mysteries do exude,
Please to know I once existed
As a Pythagorean dude."

—*Judge.*

Funny All Round.

I talked to her of the humming bees,
And how they made their honey
In the summer-time on the flowery leas,
And she answered, "Ain't it funny?"

I spoke of the miser's love for gold,
And how he hugged his money
"To the very verge of the church-yard mold,"
And she answered, "Ain't it funny?"

I spoke of the farms of Australia,
And the ravages made by "bunnie";
The maiden heard what I had to say,
And she answered, "Ain't it funny?"

I said I was seeking a damsel sweet,
A girl with a temper sunny;
Then I threw myself at the maiden's feet,
And she murmured, "Ain't you funny?"

—*Boston Courier.*

Laid Over Him.

"I see by the papers," remarked an old hen
To her cluster of down-covered covers,
"That they boast of a Mr. Delmonico, who,
Last evening, 'laid ninety covers.'
That's a pretty good lay in a night, to be sure,
But, I'll warrant the whole season thro',
That it's not only two hundred covers I've laid,
But I've laid the ingredients, too."

—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Seaside Sights.

Sandy stretches, surging surf, salty smells,
Shelving shore, scorching sun, shining shells,
Sprinkling spray, sparkling surface, stormy sky,
Stuffed stages, sprightly spinsters, suitors shy.
Stylish suits, soaked stockings, splashed skirts,
Sly sparking, soft speeches, summer shirts,
Shrieking swimmers, shapely shoulders, sick swains,
Skinny shins, sun-shades, stretching seines.
Scudding schooners, screw-steamers, sloops, sails,
Small smacks, strong sailors, silvery scales.
Saving-stations, signals, streamers, shrouds, spars,
Skillful skippers steering ships, seats, stars.
Savage sharks, sea-serpents, skates, soles.
Snipe, snappers, shrimps, scollops, sunken shoals.
Sea-spiders, swarming skeeters, sea-gulls,
Silly singers, soulful strollers, swift sculls.
Solid sleep, startling scores, saline sniffs,
Strapped strangers, stern sires, shallops, skiffs.
Splurging striplings, sappy snobs, sudden squalls,
Sedgy swamps, scarfs, satins, silks, shawls.
Sabbath sinners, social scandal, sinkers, shells,
Scheming scamps, Simple Simons, sporting swells.

—*New York World.*

The Woolly West.

Said the Eastern trade reformer, "You are woolly in the West;
You are rude and you are boorish, and it's to your interest
To let us put on the polish, we who know just what is best.
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We'll remove at once the tariff, which we look on as a pest.
The tariff now on woolens, which we cordially detest.
Then in foreign goods entirely will the populace invest,
In English wool from English sheep will every one be dressed.
Your own clip will find no market, you can realize the rest,
And you bet you won't be charged with being woolly in the West."

The old farmer gave attention, but he did not seem impressed;
He shook his head, and quietly remarked he rather guessed
We could stand it awhile longer being woolly in the West.

—*Chicago Mail.*

Personal.

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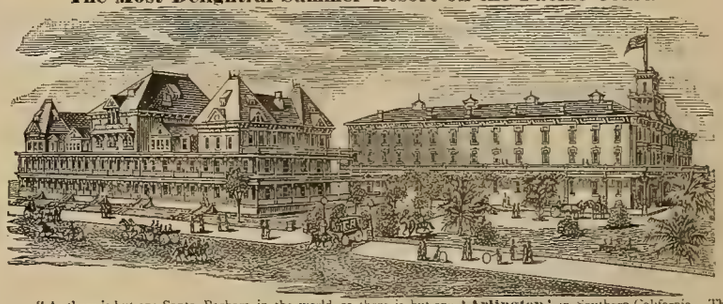

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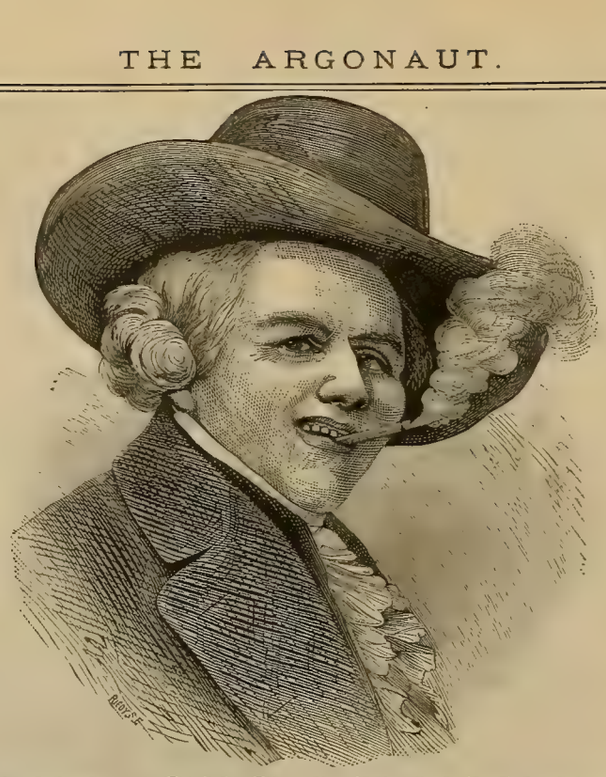

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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Three hundred years ago, Spain was a magnificent empire. ler flag floated over the countries of Holland and Flanders; er enterprise had discovered and her conquests had reached ie new world; she had erected the standard of the cross ver the graves of murdered dead, sacrificed to the ambition f a great kingdom, whose king and people themselves roveled in superstition and ignorance at the feet of Papal ower; her ally was all-powerful France, and with France pain was in rivalry as to which could furnish the greatest eets, the best appointed armies, the most competent of imirals, the most heroic of commanders, the most consumate of statesmen, the most overflowing of treasuries, to do ie bidding of the great spiritual spider that had hung its web at ome. Germany had had its revolt against the ecclesiastical uthority which, in its ambitious endeavor to become the domiant power of earth, claimed the right to stamp liberty and w under foot, and, with the tremendous organization of the quisition, to choke down the throats of its mangled victims e expression of any opinions not in harmony with the amtion of Rome. Spanish galleons returned from America den with rich stores of bullion and gems stolen from their armed, defenseless, plundered foes. Spain was the treasureouse of Europe; her kings were magnificent, her palaces ere the art galleries of the world, her armies were invincible, r fleets dominated the seas. Spain competed with France evil deeds to secure that enviable position of favorite of the urch that ruled the world. England had revolted from its legiance to the pretensions of the Papal power, and, under e kingship of Henry the Eighth, had begun a rebellion that as to emancipate the human conscience from the superstion of priestcraft. Human rights and personal freedom had egun to put forth their claims to recognition; conscience as asserting its right to reach convictions, independent of urch dogmas and priestly power; the printing-press was eginning to disseminate intelligence throughout the world; the right of men to make their own laws, and, under these laws, to exercise them without the interference of the church, and to deny to the church any other than spiritual dominion, was beginning to be felt. In the assertion of these inborn, inalienable, human rights, England took the lead, became the great Protestant power, entered upon its conflict with the Church of Rome, began to question the divine right of kings to assert Parliamentary authority to make and execute laws for the control of the English people. Emancipation from spiritual control and the right to exercise rightful authority under laws made by the English people, gave to England the supremacy of nations, made her first in arms, first in arts, first in commerce, first in the practical enterprise that sent her explorers abroad to circumnavigate the earth, sent her sons to conquer and colonize the North American continent, to conquer and control India, to discover and settle Australia, and start civilization on the splendid march which, for now more than three hundred years, it has so proudly, steadily, and successfully maintained. It was in the month of July, three hundred years ago, that Spain, under the monarchy of Philip, undertook to send down upon England the great Spanish Armada which, with one decisive, bloody, fearful blow, was to destroy England and annihilate the Protestant faith from the face of Europe. England's offense was that she had revolted against Rome, had made the Bible free, had recognized in the incumbent of the English throne some of the authority that the Catholic Roman Church had given to a Roman bishop, had made him the responsible monarch of his realm, and because in England there was evidenced the germ of a new power that was to give to the people the rightful authority of self-government. And so the great spider, with his poisonous counsels, inspired Philip, his royal slave, to gather his naval and military power for a descent on the English coast, and then, in conspiracy with English traitors in the service of Rome, to overthrow and subjugate the English realm to the dominion of the Papal Church. In the year 1587 there gathered in the harbor of Cadiz a powerful fleet, which the intrepid Drake dashed in upon and destroyed. In the year 1588 it was repaired and placed under command of the Spanish admiral, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, a great fleet of one hundred and twenty-nine vessels, manned with soldiers, sailors, and oarsmen thirty thousand strong. On the shores of Flanders another great flotilla awaited, with thirty-five thousand men under Prince Alexander Farnese, the junction of the Spanish fleet and armies that were to enter the Thames and accomplish the subjugation of England to the dominion of the Spanish throne, and subordinate its religion and civilization to the poisonous, weaving arachne of Rome. How, under the impulse of a common danger, England sprang to arms; how armies rallied around the virgin queen; how nobles and gentlemen of England, forgetting their political and religious differences, under the Earl of Leicester, Lord Howard of Effingham, and Lord Seymour, her sailors under Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher, rallied to port and citadel, filled ranks, manned ships, and offered their fortunes, lives, and honors to the defense of the English realm; how the Spanish fleet was driven into the Harbor of Calais, and how driven from that harbor with fireships, floating upon a drifting tide; how four thousand men lost their lives in the Spanish fleet in one day's fighting; how the Scotch and Irish shores were strewn with wrecks; how unfortunates were famished and destroyed on Scottish and Irish soil; what wild havoc resulted from storm and shipwreck, till less than ten thousand men, in fifty-four shattered vessels, returned to Spain, having escaped sickness, battle, shipwreck, and storm, is the familiar story of all encyclopedias. This tercentenary of the defeat of the Spanish Armada has just been celebrated at Plymouth by the men of Devon and Cornwall, where the excitement at the time was more intense than elsewhere in England, and where its traditions have lingered longest. It was a great and possibly a decisive turning event in the history of England, in the history of civilization, and the history of the Protestant religion of the world. It was a day worth commemorating by all Englishmen, and worth remembering by all people who are Protestant and civilized. The London *Times*, commenting upon the tercentenary celebration, says:

> It was in itself one of those events which cut a deep and broad mark in national history. Suppose for a moment that Drake and Howard had been different from what they were; that Medina Sidonia had closed on the English fleet and squeezed it to death, as he hoped to do; that he had effected his junction with the Prince of Parma, and escorted him safely to Thanet; that the Tilbury army had been broken before the trained veterans of the Netherlands campaigns; and that London had been captured. The chances, on a reasonable computation, were that all these things would happen, and what would have been the result? If King Philip had won the day he would not have been overscrupulous in the manner of his carrying out the restoration. In those days a nation's religion was held to be a thing which princes could and ought to impose by the sword, and Philip was the man to impose it, and we know what the forcible restoration of the Pope's religion would have meant. It would have meant the Inquisition; the political subordination of England to the continental system; the deposition of the queen; the end of that independent expansion which was just beginning so vigorously; the strangling in the birth, in fact, of what later generations have known as the British Empire. It is easy to say that this could not have been; that even if the Armada had not been defeated, the nation would sooner or later have thrown off the yoke of Spain. It might have done so; but the thing is by no means certain. At all events, absolutism and foreign repression would have had a long opportunity here, and the scenes of the Antwerp terror and of the cruelties of Haarlem would have been acted over again in England. But the fortune of these favored isles prevailed; and the question of what would have happened had the Armada succeeded was relegated to the happy regions of historical guess-work. The important thing is that the Armada did not succeed; that Drake, and Lord Howard, and their men were equal to their task; that by courage, by good seamanship, by tactics, by sheer endurance, and by dint of having ships well-fitted for their work, they drove the invader into the North Sea, there to be dealt with by the storms of heaven.

This is perhaps as good time as any for us to say that the *Argonaut* knows of nothing within the line of political controversy more important, for the information of intelligent and honest readers, than the discussion of this question of the intermeddling of the Roman Catholic Church with the civil administration of our country. The vast inroad of aliens, and the rapidly growing strength of this church, by reason of foreign immigration and birth, is dangerous. That the Papal vote can be controlled by Papal influences, and used as a political power in America, is to us an alarming fact, and to our own judgment justifies even a "tiresome" presentation of it. When we can find the first and ablest journal printed in the English language, from the country where Protestantism and independent political action will linger longest, and where liberty and law will find either their ultimate triumph or the "last ditch," we may be permitted to strengthen our somewhat unpopular, and perhaps "tiresome," presentation of Protestant views and anti-clerical interference in political affairs, by quotations like this in which we have indulged. The *Argonaut* stands almost alone and almost unsupported in advocating a question which, in the judgment of its editor, involves the perpetuity of Republican government and the preservation of American liberty. We see the shadow of a great ecclesiastical power darkening the future of our country; we are sorry to have our friends differ from us; we are sorry to have them withdraw their friendship; we know the importance of revenue questions, and how intimately financial matters enter into political and party considerations; how important are the practical questions of river and harbor improvements, naval and coast defenses; how serious are the questions growing out of the necessity of increasing the army, reducing the treasury surplus, protecting American manufacturing industries, encouraging American labor, and developing the thousand material interests of the country. We know how very important some very excellent men deem it that Mr. Benjamin Harrison should administer the executive department of the government instead of Mr. Grover Cleveland, of New York, and that Mr. Blaine, of Maine, should hold the portfolio of state, and Mr. Estee act as Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. De Young conduct the post-office, and Mr. Swift be sent as minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to the court of his moon-eyed majesty, the boy Emperor of China, and that Mr. Sconchin Maloney should be postmaster at Milpitas, or that a new bureau of education should be established for the encouragement and promotion

parochial schools, where God and morality may be promoted, under the direction of Senator Hearst, and that Mr. English should be made collector of customs for San Francisco instead of that most excellent and genial citizen who now so satisfactorily performs its duties. We realize the importance of all these and kindred questions. We know how disinterestedly anxious Republicans are to get into office, and how unselfishly willing Democrats are to remain in. We are willing to believe that Mr. Cleveland is sacrificing himself to the performance of a great, patriotic duty in giving his consent to serve the country a second time in the Presidential office; we are willing to admit that Mr. Blaine loves his country better than he loves the Church of Rome; that he is a sincere believer in the doctrines of the Congregational Church; and that he sincerely "hopes" the Irish may be permitted to rule Ireland. At the same time, we desire to say, finally, to those superserviceable friends, who write us letters and who meet us on the street to give friendly and disinterested advice as to our opinions, our politics, and our paper, and who fear we are sacrificing our personal and pecuniary interests, and frankly tell how "tiresome" it is to have us write concerning the Pope and his political Irish, and how "unwise" and "impolitic" it is, at this time, to throw away our influence and our votes in the formation of an American party—we desire, in the kindest spirit possible, to ask those friends to mind their own business, and to consider that we have the same right to oppose Papal interference in our political affairs as they have to encourage it; the same right to oppose it because we fear it, as they have to cringe to it and fawn around it because they fear it. We have the right to believe that an American party would, at this time, be more serviceable to the country than either of the cowardly national parties, and we have the right to desire the triumph of an American party with American principles over them, as these old political fossils have to wish that an American party may never be formed, and that we have the same right to throw our votes in the air, and stand up in American ranks to be counted, as they have to lie down with the uncombed Irish, and be ridden over by Papal priests. We have the same right to endeavor to exclude alien immigrants from coming to the country as they have to divide political power with them, and the same right in morals, conscience, and law to refuse elective privileges to aliens as they have to clothe them with political sovereignty, and establish them as bosses whom they must obey; that we have as good right to secure, in a legal way and by peaceful methods, home-rule for Americans in America, as the Republicans have to hope, through agrarian crimes, the cowardly boycott, the immoral "Plan of Campaign," and the use of dynamite and assassination, to secure for the Irish home-rule in Ireland. We have as good right—under the constitution—to defend our "godless" common schools as anybody to uphold parochial abominations; we have as good right to be Americans as anybody has to be Pole, Hungarian, Portuguese, Italian, or Irish; we have the same right to be members of an American party, and to uphold the constitution and laws of the republic, as anybody to belong to the Papal Church and believe in the monstrous and treasonable doctrine of the Papal infallibility. We shall not find it necessary to return to this question, and in taking leave of it we desire in the most friendly way to say that, as we are in deep earnest and past sixty years of age, it is not likely that we shall change our opinions or our political conduct till after the present Presidential campaign is concluded. So we ask those who do not agree with us in party matters not to vote for us as Presidential elector, and those who do not like the *Argonaut* to forego the privilege and luxury of reading it.

The American is a hero-worshiping nationality, and just now James G. Blaine is the craze. The gentleman from Maine is one of those politicians who create strong friends and strong enemies—he excites great enthusiasm. He is a white-cap wave in the ocean of politics; he always comes ashore combing, but like all combing waves, whether he strikes a rock-bound coast or one sloping down with soft and shining sands, he goes to pieces, retires to the ocean's calm bosom, and finds a common level in the briny deep. After casualties that would destroy and engulf other and abler men, Mr. Blaine comes smiling to the surface, and mounts again the surging wave of popularity. He is America's "most eloquent, favored, and gifted son." He is, par excellence, America's "most honored statesman"; he is the "people's friend," the "party's choice." Like the dramatic and sensational actor, he is ever posing, ever in the public view, always on the stage in front of the foot-lights. We have seen him in Congress play the drama of the Mulligan letters; we have seen him on horseback at the head of partisan forces, charging the Democracy, and routing them horse, foot, and dragoons, but not quite winning the battle; we have seen him in the part of Richelieu, playing the wily cardinal; he is splendid in heroic parts, with the American flag wrapped around him; he can seem to lose his temper and sulk when the battle is lost. He is immense as the retired statesman, dealing with contemporary history, and writing ever so kindly and generously of the great chieftains whose shield he has touched with his lance, but whom only death has vanquished. On the top of a millionaire's coach, touring four-in-hand through beautiful England, living in the romantic glens of Scottish highlands, Mr. Blaine is picturesque. He is nearly always prudent, and will not again permit his clown to involve him by the charming alliteration of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." He will not sit down again with Cyrus Field, and Jay Gould, and their brother millionaires, to a banquet, on the eve of an election. Not being able to reach the throne, he will content himself to be Thane of Glamis and Cawdor, with no hope of being king hereafter. He is playing, and successfully, the part of Warwick, and when he has builded the throne and on it placed the king, he will take from his head the crown and wear it. Just why Mr. Blaine overshadows the land, and, like a huge colossus, stretches his legs for pigmies to crawl beneath, we do not quite understand; upon what meats this Cæsar has fed to become so great, is to us still a mystery. When the great civil war shook the fabric of constitutional liberty and imperiled the American Union, Mr. Blaine did not go forth with his shield to save his country, nor endeavor to rescue it from the peril in which it stood. When the war, in which he did not participate, ended, he was as unreconcilable as a Southern preacher or a chivalrous boy, who, through the times that tried men's souls, was nursing hot milk from his mother's fevered breast. We do not recall, at this moment, any distinguished act in the House of Representatives or Senate that has stamped Mr. Blaine as a statesman head and shoulders above other statesmen. As premier, under Garfield, we recall the Chili-Peru complication; we remember his position, and feared lest the iron-clad monitors of a sister republic should awake us at the entrance of the Golden Gate with unwelcome salute of hostile guns. We recall his remarks in reference to the Irish endeavor to secure separation from the British Empire, to obtain the recognition of a national government, and secure to Ireland an independent parliament, and in it saw, not statesmanship, nor greatness, nor wisdom, in event of his becoming either premier or President, but rather demagogy, a desire to secure the Irish vote, and a willingness to permit the country to drift into a war with England; and, in his own election, we thought we saw evidence of an intrigue with the hierarchy of Rome and with the political conspirators of the Irish rebellion to subordinate the interests of the American republic, its free schools and its liberties, to a hostile, alien, ecclesiastical power not recognized by the constitutional law of the country. Mr. Blaine has sounded his bugle-blast, and it will give the key-note of the campaign. All questions but one will be pushed aside, and on this question, as he will present it, with a genius peculiarly his own, the clans will be marshaled. Protection to the manufacturing and mechanical industries of the country will be declared to be the "American" doctrine for the advancement of the price of wages for all working-men. This will give an excuse for the Irish, and all aliens under the influence of the clergy of Rome, to cast their votes for Harrison. The Democracy, through the blunder of Mr. Cleveland, will not have time nor the ability to frame any other issue, and unless something occurs not now within the line of probability, the Republican party will carry every Northern State, and Mr. Blaine will have earned, and will receive, the portfolio of state. If he assumes it, and so long as he bears it, he will be President of the United States. The same election that gives the Republican party the Presidential office, will give it a majority in the Senate and the House of Representatives. Whether Mr. Blaine, through Mr. Harrison, can control Congress, we shall see. One result is inevitable, the next Congress of the United States will be an American Congress and under American influences. If the Democratic party wins, the Republican party will go to pieces; if the Republican party triumphs, it will be by the aid of the Papal hierarchy and the Irish vote, and then there will be the devil to pay North and South. There can be no result that will not bring the American party and American principles into prominence. There can be no outcome of this Presidential election that will not give to the American party the next President and Vice-President of the United States.

It is asserted, and the assertion is maintained by the evidence of conclusive proofs, that the result of the national convention at Chicago was brought about by Mr. Blaine, and the nomination of General Harrison come from an understanding between him and Blaine ante-dating Mr. Blaine's trip to Europe. When Mr. Blaine left the country for a year's absence in Europe, he had given up all hope of a second Presidential nomination and an election; his defeat had impressed him with the impossibility of his attaining the Presidential office. Cleveland's administration had, up to that time, been a success; his marriage had contributed to his popularity; Senator Conkling was living, prosperous and irreconcilable; the Mugwump party was strong and uncompromising; a suspicion of Mr. Blaine's sympathy with Rome had gone abroad, and, in the opinion of Mr. Blaine, his election to the Presidential offi was impossible. In this view of the case he resolved not hi self to be a candidate, but to make the nomination. Looki around him for an available candidate, he finally settled up General Harrison, of Indiana. His was one of the pivo States, himself a negative character, without political enemi with a military record, which Blaine lacked, with an unfortun. Chinese record, in which direction Blaine was strong—i strong with the working-men—there the eloquence of Bla upon an issue properly formed could be brought to bear. G eral Harrison and Mr. Blaine were old friends; between th there had been no political rivalries and no party antagonism General Harrison had been the attorney for Mr. Blaine in unfortunate suit for libel, and Mr. Blaine determined that G eral Harrison, of Indiana, the grandson of "Old Tippecanc should be the Republican candidate for President. Wh Blaine wrote his first letter from Florence, he did not think nomination probable, nor his election possible. His dream success returned to him when President Cleveland made blunder of his free-trade message; this he indulged for a b time, and wrote his famous protection manifesto, which emp sized the campaign issue, but noting the effect of his Flore letter, the dream of his possible nomination passed over, a he sent a second letter that none but a fool could misund stand or misinterpret. Through his especial friends, Wh law Reid, William Walter Phelps, Stephen Elkins, and small band of trusted and confidential friends, the program was worked out. Chauncey Depew, of New York, was us not trusted; upon the attorney of the Vanderbilts New Y could mass its vote, and, when needed, control it. The C fornia delegation rendered the nomination of Mr. Blaine possible, if he had been willing to accept it, which he was n it made the nomination of Harrison possible and played i the hands of the New York politicians, where the Blaine-H rison conspiracy centered. The convention adjourned o Sunday, in order that time might be given to perfect det General Harrison was nominated with the understanding t Mr. Blaine should campaign for him in the doubtful Sta and in event of Harrison's election be made Secretary of St His visit to Maine is only an excuse to defer the opening the campaign, in order that it may be sharp, short, and d sive. His work will be done in New York, Connecticut, New Jersey. He may go to Indiana, because it is the ho of Harrison; he will not come to California. The money the conflict will be spent in the State of New York. Blaine, when in Rome, had two interviews with the Po they were formal, and between them no confidences w exchanged. Mr. Blaine received the Papal blessing, received the holy benediction kneeling. His political und standings, and his interviews of a political character, w had with two cardinals and certain Italian Jesuit politicia who thoroughly understand American politics, and kn how to direct the Papal vote of the United States throu the confessional of the church. This vote will be gi to the Republican candidates; Mr. Cleveland is betray and will be sacrificed. Mr. Blaine will emphasize the i as one of free trade against protection to American l Mr. Blaine will not oppose the naturalization of aliens, will not favor the restriction of foreign immigration. B these measures are understood in Rome, and Mr. Blaine cept in meaningless generalities) will do nothing to interf with the Jesuit programme of flooding America with Europ Romanists, directing them to vote in the interests of the Pa Church. Mr. Blaine's ambition runs in harmony with Jes ical conspiracy; it involves the question of American libe and, if successful, destroys the freedom of the American public; it fixes the Church of Rome within the State above it, gives it legal recognition, and clothes it with polit power. This danger is not immediate; Rome never hurri the conspiracy lies deep, and moves silently and stealthily, it moves, and with a force irresistible. Wise men see and f it; fools see nothing; traitors admit nothing.

That the American National Convention, at Washing has been disturbed by dissensions, and has been divi by the withdrawal of unsuccessful conspirators within body, is not surprising us; that New York and Califor remained together delights us; the resolutions, as wired, acceptable and strongly American; the names of the ca dates sound well. James Langdon Curtis for President, a la Democrat in political antecedents, and a retired capitalis this is suggestive of an honorable past, public, and private reer; he is a native of Connecticut. Judge James N. Gr a Southern Confederate soldier from Tennessee, is suggest of antecedents that identify him with the lost cause, for wh fifteen States periled their sovereignty and shed the preci blood of their most loved and honored citizens. The no nations and the platform indicate a national organization. T American party is the first one that has stretched an ungat leted hand across the chasm in which lies buried the loyal b and the rebel gray. The American party may be greatly barrassed by a hostile press, by an unfriendly news asso

n, and by the intrigues and conspiracies of two great na-nal parties fighting for their lives, their organizations, l their opportunities for the spoils and plunder of ce, but it can not be destroyed. The American party y bleed and die upon the cross between Republican and mocratic thieves; it may wear the crown of thorns; in its ds receive the thrusts of the spear; be sponged with vine-; its garments may be divided by the casting of lots; the vardice of Rome and the prejudices of Jerusalem may cify it; it may be sepulchred for a time, but as certain as rist arose from the dead, so assuredly will the American ty be resurrected to a triumphant victory. The soldiers of me may crucify, entomb, and guard the corpse, but time l truth will roll away the stone that guards the sepulchre. e road to victorious reform is through the tribulations of secutions, lies, and treasonable conspiracies. For the e inward history of the first American National Conven-n we await the return of our California delegation, in ose devotion to the American party and its principles we e the most implicit and abiding confidence; on whose honor l patriotism we would stake our life.

When Mr. Blaine arrived from his European trip, he was receive such a triumph as Rome accorded to her victorious sars. A fleet was to meet the ship that bore him, and, h bon-fires and illuminations, cannons roaring welcome, and nbs bursting in air, he was to make his triumphal entry the proud metropolis whose streets, and squares, and ise-tops were to resound with the acclamations of enthu-stic multitudes. Well, he came in a fog; the ship had been ayed; the procession (and a sorry one it was) had taken ce; he went to the Fifth Avenue Hotel; spoke from the cony; spoke again to an impromptu gathering; took his parture for Augusta, speaking by the way, and the great ny is over. This much-advertised party demonstration s, for so vast a population, a fizzle; the trip through New gland villages, with a few speeches from the tail-board of pecial car and special train; the reception at Augusta was ensational; the spectacular pageant a failure. Wonder if as ever occurred to any of the Republican leaders that . Blaine, with his anti-English, pro-Irish speeches, ght alienate Republican votes; that for every wild Irish t on the wing, and every Roman Catholic corraled for rrison, two Americans and ten Protestants may take alarm l bolt the pre-arranged programme?

Since the *Chronicle* has become the "organ" of the Republi-party, it assails the American party with misrepresentation l falsehood. Mr. Wigginton is charged with being "windy," l with running the convention at Washington. The term frequently used of "America for Americans," is interpreted the late delegate to the Republican convention and mem-of the Republican National Committee, as one of re-h to "men born in Ireland and Germany." Mr. De ng is in error in this. The term "American," as used by American party, and as understood by all intelligent per-s, embraces all citizens of alien birth who have been nat-lized according to law, and who acknowledge no civil alle-nce to any foreign prince, potentate, Pope, or power higher n that they owe to the constitution, laws, and magistrates the country of which they have become citizens. As the *ronicle* will, in varied ways, utter this falsehood seven times veek till election day, and as we shall have the opportunity once a week of denouncing the lie, we beg our readers to nember that we do so denounce it, and the motive which mpts its reiteration. The American party, destitute of or-nization, speakers, and a press, must depend upon the intel-ence and common sense of its own members to circumvent machinations of its enemies.

That a Democratic conspiracy exists to drive Mr. Daniel mbert from the vice-mastership of Lincoln School, because has become identified with the American party and is one its Presidential electors, everybody knows. The charges inst him are false, because he has been a faithful teacher fourteen years, loved by pupils, respected by parents, and eemed by every respectable person who knows him. The ver in this most dishonorable business is Mr. James G. nnedy, a Democratic political inspector of schools, a vicious rtisan, and the tool of an alien, Democratic, Roman Catho-Irish boss. Mr. Lambert is making a stout defense before rejudiced tribunal. He is suspended from teaching, and disgraceful removal is preordained.

The municipal convention of the American party for San ancisco, composed of eighty members, met on Wednesday ening at Occidental Hall, and perfected a permanent organ-tion. The usual convention officers and committees were pointed, and the resolution expressed to favor thorough inde-ndent nominations to all except judicial positions. The per-nnel of the convention was superior to any that has been assembled in San Francisco for the last ten years; a better class of citizens, and one more thoroughly enthusiastic for good government, in opposition to alien bosses and professional politicians, was never assembled in any city. This convention invites the coöperation of all good citizens not under the control of political thugs, and not seeking an opportunity to steal. It has adjourned with the understanding that its nominations will not be concluded until the Democratic and Republican conventions have given their tickets to the public. The convention will probably hereafter convene at Room No. 1 in the Flood Building, corner of Fourth and Market Streets, which is the headquarters of the American party.

Not in California has there ever died a man of stronger character, a more honorable, truthful, fearless person, and a more useful citizen, than Charles Crocker. His better qualities are recognized by all, now that he is dead. He has left no personal enemies; he is missed by the entire community in which he lived, and he is mourned by all who knew him well. He was a brave, strong, honest man—the only very wealthy man we ever knew who indulged himself in the luxury of saying what he meant, and doing that which in his judgment was right, fearless of consequences. His monuments are erected throughout our State of California, builded along the Pacific Coast, and extended the length of our continent, from Alaska to the Gulf of Mexico. His generosity was broad, his personal gifts unostentatious, his loyalty to friends never failed. His integrity was never questioned. His whole career—from boyhood, in poverty and honest toil, to his grave, the wealthiest of California's wealthy men—is a moral example for the imitation of all American boys; not that he was born poor and died rich, but because in all positions that he ever filled, in all duties he was ever called upon to perform, he was an honest gentleman.

A friend from Marin County, whose superior judge is an Irish Romanist by the name of Mahon, has, during the past week, naturalized the following named persons. The County of Marin is rapidly filling with Portuguese and Italians, and they are already engaged in a conspiracy at Sausalito against the public schools. For a specimen of the material out of which we are engaged in making citizens to legislate for us, we print the following names, one week's work in Judge Mahon's Democratic citizen shop: Giuseppi Guglielmina, Manuel Bernardo de Almada, Joao Maria de Oliveira, Mattia Cadlolo, Joseph Gambetta, Camillo Donatti, Riziero Traversi, Fortunato Cavalli, Domenico Viel, Clemente Riccinotti, Roberto Donati, Bartolomeo Viel, Alexander P. Borges, Mark Bradley, Celso Gioli, Francis Machado Louis, Joseph Soldati. Among these unfamiliar names we do not know which is the hand-organ and which the monkey. Another Italian named Eduardo Ponciatti was admitted to citizenship, who had been in the country less than five years. Most of this band could not speak, or read, or understand the English language.

The nomination of Jeremiah Sullivan to the supreme bench, by the Democratic party of California, is a surprise to no one. It was the consummation of a political bargain which it would have been unwise for that party to avoid, and which, in view of its relation to the Roman Catholic Irish vote, it had not the courage to attempt. Mr. Sullivan has earned his nomination, and he will not resign his position as superior judge to indulge himself in the luxury of a vain endeavor to reach the higher place. Why he *will not be* elected, and why he *ought not to be*, is known to every intelligent elector in the State, and every honest voter in California will spare no proper and honorable exertion to secure his defeat.

If, as reported, Estee, De Young, and the Republican State Central Committee, desire Mr. Blaine to come to California, it must be because the party leaders think the State doubtful. They certainly would not call Mr. Blaine from his more important work in New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, and Indiana, to cross the continent and consume an entire month of his valuable time to carry a State, which the *Chronicle*, *Bulletin*, and other Republican party journals profess to regard as certain for the Republican party, with a majority which Mr. Swift has estimated somewhere from fifteen to twenty thousand for General Harrison.

One of the most interesting politico-economic questions of the present day, one, too, which is by no means so local in its character as might appear from a superficial view of it, is the question how long the standing armies of the great nations of Europe will be able to maintain their present attitude of armed inactivity. It is a question possessing far more vital interest for citizens of this American Republic than appears upon the surface. Each succeeding week that witnesses the maintenance under arms of the numerous large bodies of men that go to make up the standing armies of Russia, Germany, Austria, and France, implies so much longer a period in which these nations are deprived of the services of a large percentage of the flower of their manhood, to the proportionate injury of arts, industries, manufactures, and agriculture. But beside the positive withdrawal of several millions of artisans and peasants from the active prosecution of their various callings, with the attendant injury to trade and production in general, there is the further hardship that all these men are, meanwhile, being supported in idleness, so far as production is concerned, at the expense of their fellow-citizens. This is the serious economic problem which European statesmen are now called upon to confront, and the longer the solution of the problem is deferred, the more menacing will it become. It has been assumed, in certain quarters, but upon what grounds it is not easy to determine, as events have not yet given the assumption any corroboration, that the late visit of Emperor William of Germany to the Czar of Russia was undertaken with the explicit object of inducing that potentate to give his support to a scheme for a general reduction of all the standing armies of Europe. This was based upon the theory that it is France which, at this moment especially, menaces the peace of the continent, the re-acquisition of the lost provinces of Alsace and Lorraine being, of course, the object aimed at. In pursuance of the programme thus laid down, the moral suasion of the tripartite alliance of Germany, Austria, and Italy, backed by Russia, is to be brought to bear upon France, to compel her to disband a portion of her army, this to be followed by a corresponding disarmament of the other powers. Apart, however, from the very doubtful adhesion of Russia to any such scheme of interference, not concerning, as it does, either the particular interests or the general policy of that nation, the French Government has stated, through Goblet, Minister of Foreign Affairs, that it would be impossible for France to be a party to any arrangement implying the abandonment of her claim to Alsace-Lorraine. And so the muddle seems to be in as bad a way toward settlement as ever. Napoleon the Third is largely responsible for the present state of affairs. Whether the Franco-German war of 1870 originated in the vanity or political necessities of that ruler, the result was equally disastrous to France. Germany seized the opportunity of victory to take back the provinces wrested from her, two hundred years ago, by Louis the Fifteenth. This can scarcely be called an unjust political proceeding, and as to the political assimilation of the re-conquered provinces to a new form of government, history and experience have shown that the lapse of a generation or so suffices to obliterate bitterness where that is not dependent upon race distinctions. Lombardy fell easily back from the dominion of Austria into the Italian body-politic; Sardinia and Savoy speedily recognized their homogeneity with the rest of Italy, when circumstances pointed the way. The patronymics of the inhabitants of Alsace-Lorraine are, for the most part, Teutonic, and by keeping a firm grip upon these provinces for less than another generation, they will fall naturally into the *status quo*. The temporary personal and political injustices which may accrue to individuals, by reason of change of rule, are as nothing compared with the consequences to both the French and German nations from keeping such a sore rankling and open. Things, however, can not continue to go on as they are doing now, without inuring directly to the benefit of this country as a basis whence supplies can be drawn. These supplies may take the shape of food-stuffs, or of the manufactures of peace, or of the munitions of war. In case of war in Europe the demands upon our manufacturers and producers would be vastly augmented, but even as matters stand, with so many men withdrawn from the ordinary avocations of life, it can not be long before such morbid social conditions will make themselves felt in an increased draft upon some foreign market, and this is the only one that can be positively counted on to meet the exigency.

George Ehret is not only the largest lager-beer brewer in New York, but one of the largest in the world. His wealth is estimated at fifteen million dollars, which he made partly in real estate, but mainly in beer. Mr. Ehret started as an ordinary workman, afterward becoming the foreman for Anton Hüpfel. The second largest business is that of Jacob Ruppert, who is worth between two and three million dollars. Then comes the Lion Brewery. Peter Doelger ranks fourth in the amount of business he does yearly, and his wealth is said to run as high as two million dollars.

The Comte de Villeneuve is a fortunate person. He is a wine manufacturer at Hyères, and seems to have used considerable quantities of arsenic in the composition of his decoctions, with the result that some five hundred people were poisoned, of whom twenty died. Recently he was tried at Toulon and found guilty of causing grievous bodily harm to his victims, though he was acquitted on the more serious charge of manslaughter. But the court let him off with the absurdly inadequate sentence of twenty days' imprisonment and a fine of one hundred francs.

The London correspondent of the the *Manchester Guardian* is responsible for this striking bit about Mr. Gladstone: After an interesting interview with a prominent author, whose acquaintance he had newly made, in reply to a courteous hope that his life and strength might long be spared, Mr. Gladstone said: "Yes, I confess that I wish to live for two great objects. You can guess one of them. It is to settle this Irish question. The other is to convince my countrymen of the substantial identity between the theology of Homer and that of the Old Testament."

Professor Elisha Gray, of Highland Park, Ill., has obtained letters patent for a combination of instruments called the telautograph, consisting of a transmitter and a receiver, and designed for transmitting messages by wire between distant points by the sender in his own handwriting, thus doing away with skilled operators. The invention is based on the discovery of a new principle in controlling the electric current, whereby a pulsatory current is produced, all previous attempts to transmit handwriting having been based on a variable current.

M. Jovis, the French aeronaut, still persists in his intention of crossing the Atlantic, if possible, in a monster balloon this summer. M. Jovis will come to this side, and start in one of the storms which periodically sweep across the Atlantic, from west to east. As the balloon in which Jovis will make his attempt will not retain its buoyancy for more than seventy-two hours, it will take a wind traveling at the rate of sixty or seventy miles an hour to waft it to Europe.

Doctor Leiser propounds the idea that seasickness can be regulated by a system of breathing. One must sit still and breathe regularly and freely according to a fixed schedule.

THE FALL OF ULYSSES.

I can not deny that I was entirely to blame for the calamity which overtook Ulysses, and if I call attention to the high social and literary standing of the gentleman whom I employed as an accomplice in the affair, it is not at all with a hope of thereby lessening my own responsibility. It is certain that I furnished the unfortunate creature the cause for his desperation. I ought also to confess that I felt a sense of profound relief when he accepted the only means apparent to his limited understanding of freeing himself from his dilemma. But what was I to do? When a man has an elephant on his hands he should be judged with a kindly consideration for the awkwardness of his situation.

My elephant was decidedly more trying than the average variety, for the reason that he was not metaphorical, but real. What I mean is, that I am not speaking in figurative language about some officious friend or troublesome relative, but about a genuine Asiatic elephant, Ulysses by name, who came into my possession several years ago, and of whom I have but recently managed to rid myself. Physically he was a well-developed specimen, having no special characteristics to distinguish him from the rest of his species. Intellectually, however, he was a sort of a Frankinstein, and I was the unfortunate who was responsible for his existence.

The affair took place at the time that I was representing a firm of New York coffee-dealers in the district of Khan, in the southern part of the Punjab. During certain seasons of the year I had occasion to travel about that section of the country, inspecting the crops and making terms with the growers. The rest of the time I resided at my bungalow among the highlands of the Eastern Ghats, not far from Madras. The place was lonely, but not as subject to certain classes of physical disorders as the more thickly settled portions of the country. At times I suffered desperately with *ennui*, and when Ulysses came under my notice I was very willing to accept him as an antidote.

It was at a tiger hunt—the first and last that I ever attended—that I saw Ulysses perform the act of valor which led to my adoption of him. My friend and host, a brave but reckless Englishman, was on the point of being torn to pieces before our very eyes, when Ulysses caught the leg of the wounded tiger, and jerked him off into the tall grass. The beast was quickly dispatched, and then the company burst into exclamations of praise over the nerve which the Englishman had displayed. No one had much to say about Ulysses, his performance being accepted much as a matter of course. I was tempted, however, to take a rather more sentimental view of it, and as I could see no good reason why I should not own an elephant, I determined to become the possessor of this one.

I made inquiry of a German in Madras, who had formerly owned the animal, as to his character and general behavior. He declared that they were "ganz gut," and that if I wanted an elephant for my own use I could hardly select a better one.

"But why did you dispose of him to his present owner?" I asked.

"Because he was sulky about doing the work I assigned him," answered the German; "if it was to learn anything new, he was very willing, but to do always the same, he thought he had too much brain for that."

The man was a building contractor and had used Ulysses for draft purposes. The fact that the animal had been unwilling to perform drudgery was to me an evidence of his originality, and I was the more anxious to own him and to make a study of his character.

The purchase was effected by a series of complicated negotiations, carried on in my behalf by a half-breed elephant trainer, known as Jerry Rhahob, with the owner of Ulysses. Had I undertaken the job myself I might have found an elephant a more expensive luxury than I cared to possess. My agent, the half-breed, had the reputation of knowing more than any man in Madras about the habits and characteristics of elephants, and the means by which they could be most successfully trained. For some time he had been in charge of the yards where the animals owned by the British Government were prepared for service in war or road building. Before setting out for my bungalow, I thought best to consult with Jerry, who spoke English perfectly, as to the course of education to which I proposed treating Ulysses.

"I intend to teach this animal all that an elephant can be made to learn," said I.

"You will not have time to do that," said Jerry, significantly.

"Do you mean," I asked, "that there is no limit to what an elephant can be taught?"

"My experience has led me to believe that it depends upon the patience of the man, and not upon the capacity of the brute, how far the instruction may be carried."

"Very well," I said; "I shall have patience. What I most need is advice about gaining the creature's confidence and affection."

The fact that I am a bachelor does not prevent my entertaining an extensive code of opinions on the subject of the proper rearing of children. The suggestions of Jerry Rhahob on the training of elephants seemed to me much the same that I would have offered a young and inexperienced parent if he had applied to me for advice about his offspring. Reduced to its fundamental principles, Jerry's theory was that an elephant should be regarded as a dumb and deformed human being, possessed of a keen appreciation of right and wrong, delicate sensibilities, exceptional capacity, and high character. From the mental and moral qualities with which Jerry's conception seemed to endow this being, I should have accorded him a place in the human species, among that class which is said to be born and not made, the *genus irritabile*.

One piece of warning he gave me in conclusion.

"The elephant knows as well as you do," said he, "that he is an animal and you are a man. He appreciates the distinction. He understands that he is your physical superior, and that he could by a single blow of his trunk dash the life out of you. As long as he is kindly treated, he will feel no desire to exercise that power. In the matter of intellect, he appreciates that you are greatly above him, and will obey and serve you for that reason. Let him once get it into his head, however, that his powers are on a level with your own, and his arrogance will become insupportable. The relationship will be suddenly reversed, and you will find yourself no longer his master, but his servant. Several years ago, I had a very intelligent elephant here in the yards whom I employed to build stone walls. He became marvelously expert at it, picking out just the right shaped rocks to fill the spaces with the best economy. The stones are irregular in form, and you can imagine that no small degree of skill is required. On one occasion he stood near watching me while I endeavored to teach a younger elephant how the work was to be done. I built several feet of wall, but the job was not a successful one—not, at least, when compared with what Budan could do. Whenever I picked up the wrong stone, he gave a snort, and indicated a better one with his trunk. At last, he could stand it no longer, and brushing me aside, took hold of the work himself and soon had the young one taught. After that he made no secret of his contempt for me. I saw that he was ruining my standing with the rest of the herd, and I had to send him away."

This story would have seemed quite ridiculous to me if I had not heard many others more wonderful pass current without question, and had I not often seen elephants employed in Madras at work which in America would be assigned only to artisans of considerable skill.

"Believe anything you are told about the intelligence of an elephant," said a traveler from India to me once, before I visited that country; "the chances are it is true."

I engaged an experienced mahout, or driver, an intelligent native by the name of Akbar. I determined, however, to make use of his services just as little as possible, in order that Ulysses might learn to depend upon myself alone. I attended personally to the matter of food and drink, and took pains that my protégé should receive no favors from the hand of any one else. I soon learned the things that gave him pleasure, and put myself to no little trouble to gratify him on every possible occasion. I continued this process, combining with it instruction in such small services as "house elephants" in India are always expected to perform, until I saw that I had completely gained his confidence and affection. During this period of his tutelage, Ulysses would have trusted and obeyed me to any extent. I think he would willingly have laid down his life or endured torture for my sake. Nothing made him happier than to be near me as I sat under the banyan-tree in my garden, smoking and reading. When I opened his stall in the mornings and called to him to come out, he fairly quivered with joy at the sound of my voice, and gave vent to his satisfaction at seeing me by shrill trumpetings. His devotion was annoying at times, and one of the first difficulties that I experienced was in teaching him to be less demonstrative.

It is a fact, which most readers of this narrative have proved for themselves by actual experiment, that animals may be taught the meaning of words. An intelligent dog, for example, possesses a considerable vocabulary; I proposed to undertake a systematic course of instruction in the English language with Ulysses, and to ascertain to what extent he was capable of acquiring our vernacular. Whenever he learned a new word I made note of it in a book, and by constant review contrived to fix it in his memory. As soon as he began to comprehend what my purpose was, as he did after I had been laboring with him a couple of weeks, he became very eager to learn, and greatly increased the rapidity of the work.

The process of teaching him nouns was simple and easy. Each day I would produce several new articles, tell him their names, and have him hand them to me as I called for them. I taught him to say "yes" and "no" by the waving of his trunk, and made him appreciate that he was to use that means of signifying to me whether he understood me or not.

After I was well into the work, the morning lesson would go somewhat as follows:

"Are you ready for your lesson, Ulysses?"

Ulysses lifts his trunk affirmatively. Although he does not understand lesson, the word "ready" is clear to him by frequent use.

I hold out a ball, a new object.

"This is a ball, Ulysses; ball."

I repeat it several times, until the sound has fastened itself in his memory. Then I lay it on the table with a pipe, a cup, and a book. I ask for them, one after another, and he hands them to me. I add numerous other objects, the names of which he has already learned, and thus combine review with advance instruction.

Together with the noun "ball," I teach him the verbs "roll," "throw," and "drop," and perhaps an adverb or two, like "fast" or "slowly," and an adjective, "round." Sometimes there is an awkward hitch, and I have to abandon the attempt to teach him some particular word, referring to it again when his vocabulary has been increased in some other direction.

A certain point once passed, it was surprising with what rapidity I proceeded. One word led to another, a number of words to phrases, and these to complete sentences. I finally dropped into a way of talking to him about the objects with which we were working, much as I would have talked to a bright child. I was conscious at times that only a small part of what I was saying was understood, but it accustomed him to hearing the words that he knew, used in association with others, to form complete statements.

In my search for objects to use in the instruction of Ulysses, I happened upon a lump of chalk. With this I sketched various things on a smooth plank of dark wood, and found that they were readily recognized by my pupil. From this I suddenly conceived a new idea. I sent to Madras and had a large, firm blackboard made, and ordered chalk and erasers. Then I began a systematic and determined effort to teach Ulysses to read and write.

There is one element that enters into all teaching, of which it is difficult to give any conception in a narrative of results, and that is time. I had been steadily at work with Ulysses for nearly a year before I began to use the blackboard, a after I adopted that assistant it was many months ere i portant results began to show themselves. Any one who b ever labored with a well-meaning, but obtuse pupil, will a preciate how slow and discouraging at times my work m have been. He will, also, understand how the progre trifling when considered day by day, amounted to a go deal when viewed in the aggregate.

I readily taught Ulysses to hold the chalk in the fingers his proboscis, and to mark with it upon the blackboard. I understood that he was to imitate, as nearly as possible, t marks that I made. In this way I taught him to print t letters of the English alphabet in clumsy characters seve inches in size. Gradually, he became more expert in maki them, and learned the names by which they were called. was a great triumph for me when I first succeeded in getti him to write the letters of his own name as I called them and saw myself the proud possessor of an elephant who co write his own autograph, perhaps the first of his species w ever performed that enlightened but compromising feat.

All this was easy enough, but to make him comprehe that certain groups of these peculiar marks formed pictur which were to suggest definite objects to him, was a different sort of an undertaking. The hitch in the proce ings at this point was so serious that, for a time, I gave up hope of accomplishing my object. It seemed impossible establish the necessary connection in his mind between written characters and the spoken word. At last, it sudde dawned upon him, and he learned (fatal omen!) the w "book." The acquiring of one word constituted the test my calculations. That point being gained, the rest was o a question of additional work and continued patience.

It was not long before Ulysses could write upon the bo the names of most of the objects which had been used in instruction thus far, and the verbs which I had taught him connection with them. To combine these words into senten was largely a matter of imitation, for he had already come understand them when so arranged. In a short time we w carrying on long conferences, and the vocabulary of Ulys had increased to the point of embracing most of the wo used in daily conversation. With the establishment of t mode of inter-communication, Ulysses was able to explain me what his difficulties were, and I could proffer m available assistance. I then, for the first time, enjoyed intimate acquaintance with a brain that was not human. could look into it and study its character and mode of act I need not add that the occupation was a fascinating one.

Our conversations, which were at first limited to visi actions and concrete objects, soon strayed into abstractio The rapidity with which he grasped the analogy between s ing and thinking, and lifted himself out of the material i the metaphysical plane, astonished me beyond measure. possessed an overruling sense of logic, keen and penetrati yet so swift that it seemed transfigured to intuition. But most wonderful feature of his intellect was his memo Now that words were supplied him, as tools with which to c duct his thinking, what were before mere vague impressi became definite ideas, fixed and everlasting. I soon fo that it was necessary to be absolutely accurate in all tha said to him, as he was quick to detect any inconsistency, his memory covered the full amount of all that I had s since he had come to have command of the language.

For some time we conversed together every day, I talk or writing, and he using the blackboard. As print was slow for practical use, I taught him to write shorthand. C day he made some inquiry of me concerning the novel I h pened to have in hand, and I read him several chapters of His delight at gaining so much knowledge in so shor time was unbounded. I discovered that he regarded authentic history, and hastened to undeceive him. He w greatly shocked to find that anything could be said or writ which was not true. This led me into something of a diss tation upon the forms of literature and the canons of tas He listened with an absorbed interest. The bent of his mi was evidently not practical, but literary and artistic.

Ulysses's fondness for hearing me read gave me an id as to a means of freeing myself from the importunities for struction and discussion to which he was now treating me, a which were becoming decidely irksome. I sent Akbar, mahout, to Madras with a letter to a French oculist. brought back a large monocle which I had ordered made the use of my pupil. There was a hole in one of Ulyss ears, drilled there by some former, less appreciative own through which I passed a light silk cord, allowing the gl to hang conveniently pendant. I had a wooden rack c structed by a neighboring rayat, who did carpenter wo which held the volume open and at the right altitu Ulysses was now ready to begin his literary researches in pendent of my aid. Kneeling before the rack, in which soon learned to fasten the book himself, he lifted the mono to his eye with the fingers of his trunk, and commenced read. At first he proceeded slowly, and was often compel to summon me to his assistance. After I explained to the use of the dictionary and allowed him to keep one n at hand, this source of annoyance ceased, and he wor away by himself with steadily increasing ease and rapidity.

There was one person who had observed all these proce ings with astonishment and disapproval. This was Briggs, English gardener who took care of my place. I think he an idea that I was violating the laws of the Church of E land in some way, I scarcely know how. On one occas when I happened to be in Madras, Ulysses discovered, by pealing to him for the meaning of certain words and phra that all mortals were not endowed with the same fund of formation that I happened to possess. No sooner did he out that Briggs knew less about such matters than he did h self, than he began to treat him with open contempt, slo bringing up his eye-glass and inspecting him with cold haut whenever he happened to come in sight.

"That there helephant," Briggs complained to me, treat me most harrogant, sir. I didn't never expect it to co to this 'ere."

I spoke to Ulysses about the matter, and remonstrated ith him.

"I can not understood it," he wrote in reply; "I asked the an about Schopenhauer's Four-fold Root of Sufficient Rea-n, to which I found a reference in a volume of essays by rederic Harrison. He said he never had heard of any such ot. Can he not read and talk as you do and as all mortals o? How does it happen that he is ignorant of these ings?"

I explained to him that only a small part of the human ce cared to interest itself in affairs of the intellect, and that illions of men were still in the condition of unhappy men-l blindness from which he had so recently emerged. He as aghast at this statement, but it did not tend to reëstablish riggs in his respect.

It was now the season of the year when I was accustomed make a tour among the neighboring coffee plantations, to timate and bid on the crops. I was not able to take lysses with me conveniently, so I left him in the care of riggs and Akbar. To Briggs I gave the key to my library, ith orders to supply Ulysses with whatever he might de-and, and I prepared for my pupil's use a catalogue of all e books in my collection. The library was chiefly made up works of history, philosophy, and criticism, admirably ited to the special tastes of Ulysses.

My absence lasted during a period of nearly three months, d on my return I found Ulysses almost in a condition of nust," or insanity. He had read all, or nearly all, the books at I had placed upon the list, and had gained through that traordinary memory of his an immense mass of fact and inion. He was now suffering from intellectual dyspep-. I consulted him about his troubles, and got in reply an alanche of questions on every variety of subject. His con-ence in my knowledge was, apparently, unlimited. It uld have been a source of inexpressible gratification to e if I could have shared it.

I was not unmindful of the fate which had befallen poor riggs, nevertheless I felt it my duty to help Ulysses out of difficulties. I did not imagine that his questions would casion me much trouble, and if they should, I thought my-f the possessor of sufficient *savoir dire* to get out of it in me way. I avoided some things by merely assuring him at he would understand them better when he had read more. henever I essayed an answer to any of his interrogatories, had an unpleasant habit of pinning me down to exact tements and definite opinions. I had never appreciated extent and variety of my ignorance until it was subjected this test, although Ulysses's attitude toward me was always t of pupil to teacher, yet I saw at times traces of the cratic method in the long series of questions which he put me, and I was compelled, not infrequently, to squirm out some inconsistency in most undignified fashion.

This inquisition continued for a number of days after my urn, and I could not close my eyes to the fact that I was ing to hold my own in the estimation of Ulysses. From a clopedia of literature, which happened to be in my library, lysses had stored his mind with an enormous fund of infor-tion on subjects of which I was completely ignorant. In field I was continually falling into traps. There were also nslations of Comte and Hegel, to which he had devoted siderable study, but I checkmated him there by talking rned nonsense, which I was sure he could not distinguish m deep metaphysics. It was evident, however, that he was inning to appreciate that something was the matter. Al-ugh he had not come to the point of ranking me with ggs, still my position was getting to be a precarious one, d I saw the necessity for great care.

For some time I avoided being drawn into conversation with lysses, keeping him at bay with a number of new books, ich I had brought with me from Madras. He was not long appreciating that there was some purpose lying back of this icy, and demanded an explanation of me. I was confused his point-blank questions, and only managed to make things rse. After that I was clay in his hands. Every day he nched out into some new field of discussion, tested me, and nd me wanting. I tried in vain to conceal my failures ler a dignified exterior. Ulysses at first seemed pained l surprised, but there finally showed itself in his bearing ard me an air of satisfaction and triumph, which was not y to endure. To have been arrogantly treated by a mem-l of my own species would have been a new experience to me, l one which I should have vigorously resented; this exhibi-n of superciliousness from an animal below me in the le of creation was more than I proposed to put up with.

One morning, as I sauntered out to the banyan-tree, won-ing in my mind as to what was to be the outcome of this urd situation, Ulysses motioned to me, and pointed to the ckboard, which I saw was covered with finely written char-ers.

"No, Ulysses," I said, "I am tired this morning, and it is y hot. I do not want to get into a discussion with you."

Ulysses waved his trunk emphatically, and pointed again to blackboard. Then he gave a fierce trumpet, and glared ne in a way that gave me a start of terror.

saw that some sort of crisis was ahead, and determined to r it, if possible, until I could decide what was the best rse to pursue. I therefore approached the board, and read following message, addressed to myself:

Master—You are deceived if you think I am ignorant of change which has gradually been coming to pass in our re-nship to one another. You have been my superior thus in life, not by reason of greater physical power, for I can ce you dead with one blow, whereas you, without the aid ools, could not give me even external pain. Your sole m to command over me lay in your intellectual superiority. s superiority I am now compelled to question. Yesterday admitted that you had never read any of Henry Macken-novels; you showed complete ignorance concerning Bishop keley's Alciphron; and when I asked why Henry Vaughn, poet, was called the 'Silurist,' you had no answer to give In the conversations of the last few days you have made ntless blunders in matters of history, science, and literature. Your ideas in metaphysics are those of a dotard, and your judgment in *belles-lettres* is execrable. I do not see on what ground you arrogate to yourself a position above me. If you are not entitled to the place which I have given you in my consideration, if the idea which I have entertained with regard to our respective positions is erroneous, then it is clearly a matter of justice that we should straightway change places. I will be the master hereafter and you the servant. Can you show me any good reason why this revolution should not come to pass?"

There was no mistaking the tone and purport of this communication. It was at once a declaration of independence and a manifesto of sovereignty. Not merely must I exercise no more authority over Ulysses, but I must yield gracefully and submissively to his rule. I did not know, either by experience or hearsay, what kind of a master an elephant would make, but from the intensely logical disposition which Ulysses had always shown, I had a suspicion that he would prove at least severe and intolerant.

The dilemma was a hard one. I took up the chalk, intending to write my answer rather than speak it, that I might have time for reflection. As I did so, an idea suddenly occurred to me—a plan by which I could beat Ulysses at his own game. I immediately became so confident of its success that I did not hesitate to stake my personal liberty on the chance of his discomfiture.

"Ulysses," I said, "I can not deny that in many directions you have shown a mental grasp which I never expected to see developed elsewhere than among the best of my own species. But all this is not enough. There is still one test, the last and severest to which culture and intelligence can be compelled to submit. If you can meet this satisfactorily, I shall no longer question your superiority over myself."

"That is all I ask," wrote Ulysses; "a fair trial."

I stepped into the house, and returned with a book which I had recently brought from Madras, and which Ulysses had not seen. I laid it open upon the rock before him. He brought up his monocle, and glanced at the title and the author.

"Aha!" he wrote; "I have heard of this man, and have long wished to see some of his work."

"You know what position he occupies in letters?" I asked.

"I do," wrote Ulysses; "I have read what his admirers say of him."

"Very well," I answered; "you know, then, what is de-demanded of you—that you should understand and enjoy this work. If you can not meet both these requirements, then you have failed."

Ulysses shrugged his trunk with easy indifference, raised his eye-glass, and began to read. I lay some distance away, dozing in my hammock, and awaited results. They were not long in coming.

At the end of about half an hour he trumpeted to me in an indignant tone of voice, and inquired on the blackboard whether I had given him the original English or some kind of a translation.

I answered this satisfactorily, and for more than an hour he toiled away, breathing hard at times and swaying from side to side, whenever he thought he was about to gain a clew.

Presently he called to me again.

"I forgot to ask," said he, "whether this was to be read backwards or sideways."

"Straight ahead," I answered.

I saw that he was getting involved in the toils, and knew that they would soon close on him. It must be remembered that I had never deceived Ulysses, and the thought that I, or any one else, could feign an opinion which was not genuine, had never occurred to him. The book had been submitted to him about the middle of the morning. Ulysses took no refreshment that day, neither water nor food. When I came out of the house after "tiffin," I advised him to lay the volume aside, and look at it again the next day. He seemed to feel that this would be a confession of failure, and refused.

"Tell me," he wrote, "are there many of your species who understand and really enjoy this book?"

"There are not many in number," I answered; "but their position in the society of culture and taste is an exalted one. Within the last few years it has come to pass that the understanding and appreciation of this work is a shibboleth by which the true disciples of sweetness and light may distinguish themselves from the miscellaneous herd of Philistines. Do not be discouraged because you have failed," I added, in a kindly patronizing tone. "There are many estimable mortals in the same situation. You understand, however, that you can not be admitted to the elect, much less claim superiority over myself."

Ulysses wrote upon the blackboard several profane expressions, which I suppose he had learned from Briggs, and resumed his study.

It was nearly evening when Akbar came to me, and said that Ulysses was showing decided symptoms of becoming "must." I went out with the intention of taking the book away from him, but stopped several yards away, struck by his changed appearance. His eyes were wild and blood-shot, his ears erect, his legs spread apart. He was beating his sides with his trunk, and, at times trumpeting in low, bass tones. When he saw us approach he seized the book from the rock, and dashed it at me with all his force.

"Ulysses," I said, "keep calm."

"Look out!" cried Akbar; "he is 'must.' Beware!"

With a terrific roar Ulysses turned, and sprang in great, ponderous leaps out of the garden. Briggs, who was in his path, dropped his rake and flung himself into some bushes.

"After him, Akbar!" I cried; "see where he goes."

Ulysses ran toward a clump of woods, which grew over a knoll a short distance away. Into this he plunged, and was soon out of sight. We could hear the limbs crash as he tore his way into the thick foliage. Akbar followed cautiously. The direction which Ulysses had taken caused a suspicion of possible calamity to dawn on my mind, and I waited uneasily for the mahout's return. It was not long before Akbar emerged from the woods and ran toward me.

"Praise be to our fathers, he is dead!" he shouted. Akbar had come to fear and to hate Ulysses.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"May the hyenas eat my grandfather!" said he, solemnly. "You, who know only truth, remember the rocky bank beyond the hill, which slopes off to destruction? Your servant, Ulysses, rushed thither and flung himself down, bursting his head against the stones. I myself saw him there, lying motionless and dead."

This was the end of Ulysses. I have already remarked at the beginning of this narrative that I felt less of sorrow than of relief over the catastrophe. Long association had made him dear to me in many ways, yet I was not prepared to endure him as a master. There could be no other outcome to the unhappy situation than a tragedy of some kind. I sadly gave orders for the interment of his body, and returned to the house, taking with me the torn and disfigured copy of Browning's "Sordello."

Charles Dwight Willard.

Los Angeles, August, 1888.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Victorien Sardou says that Alphonse Daudet's most relentless enemy is not the French Academy, but the French grammar.

The wife of Bret Harte, two daughters, and his son, F. Bret Harte, Jr., are at Block Island, where the poet is expected to join them in August.

Emperor William the Second has directed that thirty million marks more of gold coin be struck with the portrait of his father, twenty million marks in double crowns, and ten million marks in single crowns. There is already a premium of three marks on the twenty-mark pieces.

Levi P. Morton is really a good-looking man, though the campaign banners make him look as though he were advertising a patent medicine, and had posed for the "before taking" illustration. In reality, his features are clean-cut and handsome, and his complexion is fresh and wholesome.

Russell Sage is at least fifteen years older than Jay Gould, but he has not a wrinkle in his face, and is as well-preserved as a man of fifty. He attributes his continued good health, after twenty-five years in Wall Street, to the fact that he never permits himself to worry about business outside of business hours.

Miss Frances Wetmore, formerly of New York, has been appointed government physician for the island of Hilo. "Dr. Fanny," as she is called, has a large practice, and is popular among all classes. She makes her visits on horseback, and is ready to answer any call, night or day, in fair weather or foul.

Miss Jennie Wehle, now filling the position of type-writer for ex-Postmaster-General James, president of the Lincoln National Bank, in New York, is the daughter of a millionaire and a highly accomplished young lady. The only reason she has for her singular freak is that she loves work and does not care for society.

M. Madier de Montjau, a French politician, always rides, for the bulk of his journeying, in a first-class carriage, but when he reaches the station at the town next to that at which he is to alight, he skips along in a third-class carriage, and, on arriving at his destination, steps out before an admiring constituency to pose as a "robust Radical."

The Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol is one of the shrewdest business men of Boston. Many years ago, he bought hundreds of acres of the barren land on the coast near Manchester, Mass., foreseeing that some day it would be valuable. In recent years, millions of dollars have been spent in the erection of summer villas on this land, and Dr. Bartol's fortune has grown accordingly.

The food of the Sultan of Turkey is cooked by one man and his aids. It is prepared in silver vessels, and each vessel is sealed by a slip of paper and a stamp after the meal is cooked. These seals are broken in the presence of the Sultan by the High Chamberlain, who takes a spoonful of each dish before the Sultan tastes it. The annual expenditure of the Sultan's household is over forty-one million dollars.

Flannel shirts have become popular among the members of the United States Senate. Senator Platt started the fashion, by appearing in a blue and white fine-striped shirt, some time ago. Senators Beck and Blackburn at once abolished boiled shirts, and the festive flannel was adopted in their place. But the astonishment of the Senate was unbounded, when Mr. Edmunds walked into the chamber recently wearing a shirt of white flannel. Senator Edmunds, the dignified, the conservative iceberg from Vermont, had never before appeared among his colleagues attired in so free-and-easy a costume.

C. N. Jordan estimates that he has signed his name millions and millions of times as bank president and Treasurer of the United States. When he was president of the Third National Bank, he signed his name as often as fifteen thousand times in one day, and he used up from fifteen to thirty pens a day. His coat-sleeves suffered greatly in the work, but they could be repaired, while the flesh on his wrist, which suffered the most, could not be repaired, though he rubbed it freely with vaseline and cold-cream. Mr. Jordan writes with a light stroke, and he says that as Secretary of the Treasury he consumed only one-third as much ink as his predecessors.

A correspondent, writing from the City of Mexico, says: "I saw 'Don Porfirio,' as the people familiarly call the president, in the forest of Chapultepec this morning. He was mounted on a handsome horse, wore a black cut-away coat, riding trousers, top-boots, and a tall, shiny hat, and was as handsome a figure on horseback as he is on foot, which is saying a good deal, as General Diaz is a very noble-looking man. He rides with grace and ease, and was to-day accompanied by an aide in characteristic Mexican riding-costume. Now we are to have, as we trust, four more years of Diaz and peace, which the busy, progressive men of the country fervently hope for."

The member of the party who excited the greatest sensation in Stratford was Loey, Miss Rehan's little Chinese boy. This toy mandarin, who was picked up in San Francisco, appeared to be the first Chinaman who ever invaded Stratford. There was an evident desire among the yeomanry to feel him, in order to be certain he was alive. When he put on his robes of state, in gold, and red, and purple, and went to the garden party, he was the most brilliant bit of color in the landscape. Loey has become the most docile of domesticated animals and is a model of obedience, except where the automatic penny machines are concerned. These he can not resist, and they absorb all his salary. His pockets are perpetually distended with packages of cocoa, butter-scotch, photographs, etc., and he weighs himself at every opportunity.

There is a wealthy New York widow who has a church and a chaplain of her own. She is Mrs. Moses Taylor. The church was built by her at Long Branch, at a cost of about seventy thousand dollars. It is Presbyterian. This religious, benevolent, and amiable lady does not put on airs over being the richest widow in America. The fact is that she and everybody else were astonished by the amount of fortune left to her. On an appointed day the widow and the executors opened the doors of the particularly solid vault which the old man had built into his office. The innermost compartment was large enough to hold certificates of stock and the like securities without folding. There was a high stack of these papers, lying neatly on top of one another, unwrinkled and uncreased. They represented Taylor's investments in hundreds of railroads, banks, insurance companies, and all manner of the soundest financial ventures. The amazed finders of this store of wealth handled them over in a half-dazed way for an hour or two. Then they set about making an inventory. When they came to add the totals it was seen that the market value of the lot was about thirty million dollars, and when other property was added to this the aggregate reached forty million dollars, or more than double the current estimate.

NEW YORK NUISANCES.

The Street Noises of a Great City.

"Mee—ee—wilk!"

I had been swinging, in my dreams, in a hammock, in a grove of tropical palms, with a flash of parrots and the chatter of paroquets overhead, when this Comanche yell awoke me. I sat up in bed with a start. The clock struck six.

Now, in view of the fact that I had only gone to bed at two o'clock, I quite naturally resented hearing the clock strike six. But what was the use of resenting, for there came the war-whoop again. "Good God!" said I, "who is being murdered?" And when I poked my head out of the window I found it was only the milkman.

It is, I believe, the privilege of a New York milkman to carry desperation and despair into all sections of the city at any hour in the morning that he chooses. I have found him on my way home from a French ball, when the opalescent east was just flushing with the warmth of the new day, dancing his war-dance in his wagon and howling forth his defiance to the world. I have encountered him in the mists of a winter morning, rattling his cans and whooping sleep away from a long line of tormented homes. His familiar war-cry is as much a part of the city as the city's stones and streets, consequently I appreciated the inutility of a protest, drew my head in from my window, and went to bed again.

I had got out of the tropics and begun to voyage around Cape Horn, when I commenced dreaming that some one was trying to batter my room door in. I sat up again, and the clock struck seven. It was only a gang of roofers laying tin on a new house, three or four blocks away. If they had been building a boiler in the next room, it probably would not have discomforted me more, and certainly would have made little more noise.

I turned over on my side and buried my more sensitive ear in the pillow, when the unprotected tympanum was assaulted by a new foe. It assumed the guise of a human voice, accompanied by a sharp, metallic clinking. The voice itself cried:

"Mort! more mort!"

Then I remembered that somebody was building an extension to his house around the corner, and, as if to emphasize this knowledge to me, the puffing and clanking of a donkey-engine and the steam hod-carrier that has, in metropolitan advancement, replaced the mud-witted and melodorous son of Erin at this necessary work, began.

After this there was no going to bed again. It would have been time wasted; and, being a philosopher, I never waste time where I can avoid it. I got up and went to my bath.

As I wallowed in my tub, what might have been shrieks of anguish and despair reached me from the street. If I had not been wide awake enough to recognize them as the shouts of the early venders of vegetables, I should, perhaps, have been inclined to a renewal of my trepidation of the previous hour or two. But now that my ears were really open, there was no mistaking them, nor the mellow tooting of the fish-peddler's horn.

I swabbed myself off and went out in search of an appetite for breakfast. Broadway was all alive with that sort of life that one encounters on Broadway, before Broadway has become a fashionable promenade. There were street-cars and butcher carts. There were men driving trucks through it and men driving grocers' wagons, and there were men and women going to work on foot. They made a great deal of noise; but it was nothing to the weird blaring that came wafted around the corner, and that proceeded from a German band performing a Wagnerian overture in front of an unfinished flat house.

There was a fat man blowing a flageolet, and a lean man blowing a cornet. There was a very tall, thin man playing a small violin, and a very short, plump man sawing vigorously at a large violoncello. The amount of noise they contrived to produce was comparable to nothing but an election-day riot. The only extenuation this episode held, was that the blank windows of the uninhabited house showered no reward on the greasy and unclean person who went around with his hat in his hand. If the band had been playing in front of a deaf and dumb asylum, fate could scarcely have avenged its victims more completely.

If there is any metropolitan nuisance that is absolutely without an excuse for its existence it is the German band. I am not quite prepared to affirm that it is an invention of the devil, but it certainly might be. There is no plea upon which its existence can be justified. It does not make music. Its members are not cripples or otherwise constituted as objects of charity. It is simply and sufficiently an unmitigated nuisance, neither more nor less.

From the German band to the organ-grinder was but a step around the corner. There he was, working his crank with that sardonic expression that the face of an organ-grinder always wears, while a ragged creature, an animated bundle of dirt and tatters, whom one might infer to be a woman from her attire, rattled a lonely copper in a tin-cup along the unresponsive fronts of the neighborhood.

The police of Paris have, I note by the French papers, taken up with the barrel-organs, and commenced to arrest the organ-grinders right and left as common nuisances. The *Gazette Anecdotique* informs me that upwards of five hundred beggars had, up to the moment of the police raids, been living in Paris on the excuse of organ-grinding. The contrivances had become so numerous and persistently noisy that there was a general public demand for their suppression. The organs were rented by the grinders, from certain men who owned a number of them, at an average of three francs, or sixty cents a day, and the least that a grinder took in was five francs. I believe that the same system is followed here, and that the machines are rented by the performers, if such they can be called, from a speculator in Chatham Square, much as they are in Paris at the barrel-organ exchange in the Place Maubert.

A member of the police department tells me that there are over two hundred able-bodied and worthless Italians living in this city off the proceeds of this form of mendicancy. The returns of a barrel-organ must be much greater here than they are in Paris. My informant has estimated the average yield of a day's discordantly impudent beggary to one of these lazzaroni of the crank at from two dollars up.

There is a law against playing the organ in the street of this city early in the morning or at night, but it is constantly violated. The average policeman probably does not know of its existence at all. The few who are aware of it never attempt to enforce it.

The clanking of a junk-cart bell and the melodious howl of "old bots and rags!" supplanted the mechanical melodies of Mozart and Auber. Just about this time the clock in the church-tower struck eight, and the early nuisances of the city began to be drowned and smothered out by the roar of the awakened city itself. Only the wail of "Old clo'!" pursued me as I struck into Fifth Avenue.

Once upon a time somebody wrote a book about the street-cries of London. It was a diverting book to read. People who had never lived in London have perused it with a great deal of enjoyment. People who have lived in London, however, probably find little pleasure in the facts it chronicles. The most exaggerated inconvenience that one suffers from life in a large city is from those very noises of the street, and of all cities in the world, New York, next to London, is the most outrageously afflicted by them.

There are no end of local ordinances against these nuisances. Indeed, there are laws enough to send most of their authors to state prison for life, but I never saw an enforcement of them but once, and then it was by a policeman who was new on the force.

There may be some reason why a man should be allowed to hammer tin on a roof at seven o'clock in the morning, when the people who live in the neighborhood are asleep. He is, at any rate, performing a useful duty. But why a German band, an organ-grinder, a street ballad-singer, a hurdy-gurdy man, a vagrant cornet-player, or any other beggar, who is a beggar by trade, and nothing else, should be permitted to torment men and women, who work for a living, out of a portion of their daily peace of mind, is one of those things any fellow can find out, in New York, at least.

After having been tormented by the annoyances of the day, should one go to bed at some such unreasonably early hour as eleven o'clock P. M., he will, unless he has nerves of iron, enjoy the experience of lying awake listening to the thunder of iron ash-carts and the rattle and jingle of street-cars; and if it be Saturday night, he can lay his life against a ten-penny nail that the church-bells will remind him of their existence just about the time when he is really commencing to fall asleep.

The church-bells are the most colossal and outrageous nuisance that harrows upon the nerves of the New Yorker. They ring from dawn until breakfast time, at least, and to every effort that has been made to suppress them, the churches have responded with a protest. Some of the churches—notably the Catholic—have recognized the inconvenience that early church-bells bring to the public, and have ceased to employ them; but the Protestant conventicles and, indeed, the Protestant churches of all denominations, continue to clash with the quiet of the Sabbath morning, entirely contemptuous of the convenience and welfare of the public.

There was a time when the church-bell was a social necessity. In those days, in the absence of a clock in every room, and a watch in every pocket, people had to have some vigorous reminder of the hour of worship. To this day the sweetest sound that comes to human ears is the ringing of the mission-bells, when one rides over the plains of Southern California, or the great savannahs of South America, when the churches are sending out their calls to early mass. But what is tuneful and full of sentiment in the open air, with all nature spread out to listen to it, becomes a mere jangle of discords in a big city, whose stony walls echo, and re-echo, and aggravate its dissonance.

There have been numerous efforts made in this city to suppress the early Sunday church-bell. There have even been cases in court in relation to it. But wherever the churches have been directly applied to, with the honorable exception of the Catholic Church, they have replied to the protests with disdain; and where the cases have come to trial, a howl against irreligion and the inroads of Paganism in society has been raised.

Occasionally, however, fate works out its own vengeance. Only a couple of weeks ago the sexton of a very noisy church, in a very populous residence district in this city, hung himself by his own bell-rope. Unfortunately, these coincidences are not so common as they might be. Alfred Trumble.

New York, August 9, 1888.

One of the most interesting and practical methods of utilizing the heat of the sun is that recently invented by Professor Morse, of Salem, Mass. The arrangement consists of a shallow box, the bottom of which is of corrugated iron, and the top of glass. This is placed outside the building, in such a position that the sun shines directly upon it. The heat-rays of the sun pass through the glass, and are absorbed by the iron, heating it to a high temperature, and by a system of ventilation a current of air is passed through the apparatus and into the room to be heated. By this means the air has been heated on sunny days to about ninety degrees, Fahrenheit, by passing over the iron.

A most astonishing incident of the summer hotel season is the disappearance of F. T. Learned, proprietor of the Resort House, Point Pleasant, N. J. He left behind him debts to the amount of two thousand dollars, contracted in his endeavor to give his guests a good time. He provided a more luxurious table than was warrantable, and furnished better music than his guests had a right to demand. Surely his errors may be partially forgiven, as he fell because he loved his fellow-men. But the trades-people, who have suffered by his generosity, can not look upon him as a philanthropist.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

If necessity be the mother of invention, there are a great many orphans in the patent office.—*Puck.*

Dueling in France will soon be an exercise attended with as n danger as boxing or base-ball in this country.—*Puck.*

A Pittsburgh man has a parrot which can say "Polly wants a crack in three different languages. She is a Pollyglot.—*Puck.*

Some men look upon waltzing as waisting time, but they manag squeeze some enjoyment out of it.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

In all this discussion about the tariff it seems strange that the s men have not as yet demanded any tariff on sand.—*Boston Post.*

Stranger—"You don't look happy, friend. Met with some h loss?" "No, sir. I have just retired from business to enjoy life *Time.*

It is all well enough to talk about a needle being lost in a hays but it would not be lost long if you ever walk on the hay in your feet.—*Puck.*

We edit the paper this week lying in bed; but a careful perusal will disclose the fact that a man can lie in bed as well as he can o it.—*Smithville News.*

Montana society item—Five-ace Dave took leave of Devil's C yesterday amid great enthusiasm, encircled by a crowd of old acqu ances and a neat hempen collar.—*Puck.*

Office boy (to editor)—"There's a female book-agent outside, si a red-eyed man what wants to whip de editor." *Editor*—"Well, in the man what wants to whip the editor."—*Life.*

Choir leader (in organ loft)—"I never saw such blamed luck. "I three straight; have we got time for another?" *Organist*—"Pl Goodman has only just got to his 'lastly.'"—*Epoch.*

Stranded actor (on the Rialto)—"What an infernal idiot I was t that divorce from Esmeralda last month! She's making a cool dollars a week now, and won't look at me!"—*Puck.*

Major Smith—"Colonel Jones, can you tell me where General inson got his military title?" *Colonel Jones*—"Certainly, sir. He general ticket agent at Kalamazoo, Mich., for six years."—*Puck.*

There is one peculiarly distressing circumstance connected wit fire in the *Century* office the other day. The MSS. of several dialect stories by new Southern writers escaped destruction.—*N town Herald.*

"What is your preference, my friend," he said to a stranger a Prohibitionist convention, "whisky or anti-whisky?" "No de preference," replied the stranger; "I don't care what kind it is so it's whisky."—*Epoch.*

"Get yourself full of your subject," said the professor; "sat yourself with it, and then your essay will write itself." "Yes, I t professor," said Miss Colespring; "but my essay is on 'Rum Cause of It.'"—*Burdette.*

Mr. Caudle—"Doctor, I want you to put up a powerful sedati my wife; give me the best specific for insomnia you know of." *D*—"What's the matter? Can't she sleep?" *Mr. Caudle*—"N guess so; but I can't."—*Burdette.*

Hostess (Spruce Street boarding-house)—"Which do you prefer de Lean, new potatoes or old?" *Mr. de Lean*—"It doesn't m about the potatoes, madam; but if you have two kinds of chic will take the new."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"What in the world, John," asked his wife, "did you open th of tomatoes with?" "Can-opener, of course," he growled; "wh you s'pose I opened it with?" "I thought, from the languag used, you were opening it with prayer."—*Life.*

At the Hygeia Hotel, Old Point. *Managing mama* (lately a and not sure of the matrimonial status of her new acquaintances)— colonel, how many children have you?" *Colonel* (a confirmed bac —"Well—er—*none to speak of.*"—*Town Topics.*

Mrs. Isaacstein (to husband, at Coney Island)—"Vot you st dot vater so long for, Jacob?" *Mr. Isaacstein* (teeth chattering blue with cold)—"Dot b-bath vas t-t-venty-five c-cents, mit no I s'thay in so l-long as I c-c-could, so hellup me!"—*New York Su*

West End society of London. *Lord Periwinkle*—"May I— have the pleasure of roping you in for the next, Lady Somebo *Lady Somebody*—"Oh, thanks awfully, Lord Periwinkle, but I ha ready been corraled by Mr. Deadwood, of Dakota."—*Harper's B*

Ominous voice (through the keyhole)—"Is that you, John Sm *Mr. Smith*—"Yesh, m' dear, I (hic) brought home fry in (hic *Mrs. Smith* (opening the door)—"Well, come in, dear, but be of the fry. Poor John, I s'pose you had to wait to have 'em —*New York Sun.*

"Yais," said Mr. Hoopenheimer, "ve vos qvite a liddle faemily at dot Hotel Bacharach, at Long Branch. Dere vos vun liddle ch of Gristians ofer at dot taple near de kijjen, bot I kess dey g puddy soon. Dey seen ve don't vant to be unkaind by dem, kain't associade mit 'em, nohow."—*Puck.*

"Papa," said a beautiful girl, "young Mr. Thistle has written note in which he asks me to be his wife." "Written you a note? thunder didn't he come himself?" "It would have been plea that way, no doubt, papa, but I suppose he feels a little timid, an sides, papa, think how much more binding the note is."—*New York Sun.*

Passenger (in a crowded car)—Aren't you a Chicago drummer *Drummer*—"Yes." *Passenger*—"Your first trip, isn't it?" *mer*—"Yes, it's a new business to me; but I'm selling more go my line than any two men on the road. Why do you think it's trip?" *Passenger*—"Because you occupy only two seats."—*York Sun.*

"Now, George," said his rich uncle, "you know that you a heir, and if you will only behave yourself at college, do what study hard, and graduate with honor, I feel that I shall die h "Dear uncle," responded George, with emotion, "words can press my gratitude to you nor the earnestness with which I shall work."—*New York Sun.*

Old man—"If I give my daughter to you, young man, where w take her?" *Young man*—"Well—er—I thought perhaps we mig here with you until I can get things straightened out a bit." —"H-m, yes, I had quite overlooked that easy solution of the di but my house is very small." *Young man*—"Ye-es, I thought too; but the idea occurred to me that possibly the house could larged." *New York Sun.*

Young man (to editor)—"I sent a little poem here yesterday, s name is Waffles." *Editor*—"Oh, yes. Are you a son of Mr. ague H. Waffles?" *Young man*—"Yes, sir." *Editor*—"Well stroyed the poem myself—burned it up and buried the ashes deep. Your father, young man (with emotion), and I are old friends, and I love him as a brother. Bless the old boy! T what I have done for him."—*Life.*

The two men had occupied the same seat in a railway coach f day, and the train had reached its destination. "I am indebted sir, for an agreeable conversation that has relieved greatly the m of a long journey. May I ask your name?" "Certainly. M is Sullivan." (Jocosely) "Not Mr. Sullivan, of Boston?" "Ye side in Boston." "What! Not——" (Haughtily) "No, sir! college professor." "Beg pardon. Permit me to introduce My name is Crowley." (Smilingly) "Not Mr. Crowley, of New Y "Yes. New York is my home." "What! Not——" (Hotly) sir! I am the president of a bank, sir!" (Coldly) "Good-da (Frigidly) "Good-day."—*Chicago Tribune.*

VANITY FAIR.

One of the most ridiculous phenomena of the American ocial system to the foreigner, and to the native who possesses sense of humor, have been the efforts of the office-holding lass in Washington to build up an aristocracy in the capital ity, upon the plan of precedence in order of rank that obtains 1 European courts. Great editors have solemnly discussed ıe grave question during former administrations, as to whether ıe wife of the Secretary of the Interior should precede, pon public occasions, the partner of the bosom of the Secre- ıry of War, or the consort of the senator from Rhode sland go in to a state dinner ahead of the female who had romised to love, cherish, honor, and obey the senator from 'exas; and heart-burnings, jealousies, and bitter, life-long ·uds have resulted from these same issues among our great atesmen and those who shared their joys and sorrows. We ıight understand the *raison d'être* for these discussions had ıey arisen over the question of precedence at Washington re- eptions, where the person who gets into the supper-room last nds nothing left to eat; but, as they have been based upon thical distinctions of rank, we have been confronted with the bsurd anomaly of a self-proclaimed republican society at- ·mpting to form itself upon models that can only be service- ble under a monarchical government. In a republican society ıere can be no such thing as caste, and an aristocracy, if ıere is to be one, must be one of mental and moral culture. ociety, under monarchical governments, has formed itself aturally upon a basis of rank, where rank is fixed and its iquette an exact science. If we Americans had allowed ur social usages to form themselves upon our nobler natural ıodel, as exemplified in the basilar principles of republican- m, we should not now be a race of snobs. It is due to the range paradox that, while we admit the superiority of the merican idea, we refuse to follow it to a conclusion that we ave made a national ass of ourself. In view of these circum- ances, there is comfort in the profound truth that action and eaction are a state of being. Never before were Americans) devout in their worship of things un-American. James ussell Lowell, the poet of democracy, was so overcome by ıe pomp and circumstance of an aristocratic form of govern- ıent, when he went abroad to represent the republic, that he ıs gone back to dangle permanently at the tail of the court rocessions. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in recalling his recent ur abroad, remembers more about the titled fools he met ıan he does concerning the flower of British intellect with hich he came in contact. Our present Minister to England, dward J. Phelps, is a reverential royalist. Chauncey M. epew, upon his return from his trip to England last year, ıd more to say concerning the kind attentions of the Prince Wales, who had commanded him to dinner, than of any her incident of his travels. James G. Blaine, by the same ommand, hastened to the same royal presence, and talked of e event in public interviews as though it was to be consid- ed a very momentous era in his life. By the laws of action ıd reaction, the very force of this un-American movement is ound soon to wear it out.—*Life.*

It is nearly time for Doña Isidora Cousiño, the richest wo- an in South America, to arrive in New York on that long- romised visit. Months ago it was said that a stately mansion as being fitted up for her on Fifth Avenue, and that her tinue were preparing gorgeous tropical toilets for their de- ent on Saratoga, Newport, and Long Branch. Doña ousiño will find a baker's dozen of women in New York who re quoted in the market as worth from two million to forty illion dollars each. The señora must not expect an easy quest of this great and, to her, new world of the United tates by the sheer momentum of her millions. Such rivals social, financial, business, and philanthropic circles as Mrs. ohn Jacob Astor, Mrs. Hetty Green, Mrs. Thomas A. Scott, Irs. Kate Terry, Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, Mrs. Joseph Harrison, Mrs. Edwin Stevens, Mrs. John Minturn, Mrs. ayne, Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mrs. Jane Brown, and Mrs. osephine M. Ayer will not be easy to overcome. The Chi- an Mining Queen must come armed cap-à-pie in gold to ake a shining mark. She may not have realized the con- ant and enormous increase in the relative estimate of wealth the United States. Forty years ago a book was published "The Rich Men of New York." It was designed to in- ude all worth more than one hundred thousand dollars! Only ven years ago, at a great breakfast of bankers on Fifth venue, it was agreed that nobody in New York could be illed rich unless worth more than a million dollars. The limit as since been raised, and it is going up every year.

The eighteen young school-marms from Kent's Hill Sem- ary, who are serving as table-girls at the Bluffs, have occa- oned no end of a commotion at Bar Harbor (says *Town 'opics*). All the young men within ten miles of this summer sort have schemed for invitations to dinner at the Bluffs, nce they have heard that the prim damsels who push the ates at that hotel are not mere menials, but blue-stockings high degree. There is a certain young Apollo at Bar Har- or this year, who in past seasons was, apparently, only part a summer programme for the displaying of an endless variety the most startling costumes, in the shape of knickerbockers, nnis-suits, and bathing-costumes, such as only might be own at this watering-place and the wearer escape from the ob with his life. This promising young blade, in a moment alcoholic exhilaration, made a wager with one of his bitter- st rivals for sumptuary honors, and in the presence of sev- al others of the ultra-costume coterie, that he would play a ıge joke on the straight-laced waitresses at the Bluffs. He ould go there for dinner, and he would completely court no ss than six of them, and then, when the appointment was ıade and the six should meet at the same lonely spot on the ocks, he would have five of his friends come out from under over, and the boys would give the young school-marms a upper and a lark that would be at once a revel and a revelation to them. When the prospective conqueror of six unsophisticated school-teachers entered the dining-room at the Bluffs, arrayed in a red-silk tennis-cap, a blue-and-white striped flannel shirt, gray knickerbockers, and a wide red-silk sash, he looked, as one young teacher described it, a cross between a horse-jockey and a cigar emblem, but he created a profound sensation, which appeared to put him on very good terms with himself. In a silver card-case, which dangled from one end of a long, thread-like silver chain, were six cards, on which instructions were carefully written where his victims were to meet him that night, his admiration for the recipient, and a caution to mention the affair to no one. These cards, on one pretext or another, more or less clumsy, he managed to get into the hands of the six young women of his choice. The young Lothario was so confident of the unqualified acceptance of the honor he was conferring on his six would-be inamoratas, that it never occured to him they might compare notes. But there were six young school-marms in ambuscade that night when Prince Charming, in a perfect-fitting dress-coat and trousers, no vest, but immaculate shirt-front and purple-silk waist-scarf, the very realization of purple and fine linen, sauntered along the rocks toward the surf, with the air of a conqueror. When he approached the trysting-spot, the six young maidens rushed upon him, applying such epithets as coxcomb, insulting dude, and whippersnapper, first blinded him with flour, which covered his evening-suit completely, and then they dumped him into the water. When his hilarious friends rescued him from a well-nigh watery grave, his clothes, as clothing, were of no future service. The combination of flour and water had made a paste that could not be eradicated. There was a dinner later on in which water was not an ingredient, nor were there any school-marms present. But it was a costly meal, and one man paid the bill, which was in settlement of a lost wager.

The bandana habit has broken out with violence in the country towns. A wholesale merchant said the other day: The orders for all sorts of bandana materials, from the ordinary Madras bandana of brilliant yellow and scarlet plaids, such as were worn extensively by the Southern negroes as *tignons*, to the old-fashioned red square with yellow borders, grow larger every week. They are made in all grades, from the light, loosely-woven cotton at twenty-five cents a yard, to the softest and richest silk which costs from two to three dollars a yard. The "summer-girl" in the rural districts has taken a plunge into politics, and risen to the surface gorgeously decorated with the bandana standard of the old Roman. She twists it coquettishly around her turban hat; she wears it like a plastron down the front of her bodice, or it makes a full, soft vest inside of jacket-fronts, and she allows it to peep here and there from an unexpected pocket. Sometimes the whole dress is made of it, the borders of the silk handkerchiefs edging the dress very prettily. Bandana sashes are new, they are made all in one piece of soft silk, three-quarters of a yard wide, and four yards long, with the handkerchief border going all around it. These are used like a Turkish sash, twisted around the waist and knotted on one side, and are fashionable wear with tennis costumes.

Caroline, Dowager Duchess of Montrose (says a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press*), better known to the English people as the "Red Duchess," owing to the fact that she frequently appears on Newmarket Heath, at Goodwood, and at Ascot races robed in scarlet from the summit of her Alpine hat to the heels of her dainty "bottines," has just sprung another mine on London society, by taking unto herself a third husband in the person of Marcus Henry Milner, the twenty-four-year-old brother of the beautiful Countess of Durham. Duchess Caroline is in her seventy-first year, and gave her first hostage to fortune in the person of the present Duke of Montrose, as far back as 1845, having made her first matrimonial venture with the late duke in 1836, something over half a century ago. Her first husband died in 1874, and thirteen months later she was married to W. S. Stirling Crawford, a Scotch millionaire of ancient lineage, best known to Englishmen as an enthusiastic patron of the turf. The duchess, never on particularly cordial terms with the relatives of her first husband, broke altogether with the family when she married Mr. Crawford. She speedily developed a love of horse-racing, even more ardent than that of her new husband, and on his death, which occurred after some eight years of uninterrupted felicity, the duchess apparently resolved to devote the remainder of her life to two objects—the winning of races and the erection of a magnificent and costly mausoleum in memory of her second husband. She selected Newmarket, the headquarters of racing in England, for the mortuary chapel, which, at a cost of something like two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, she built and dedicated to the memory of Mr. Crawford. Then she added largely to her late husband's racing-stud, undertook to manage it herself, betted heavily, hardly ever missed attending a race meeting where her horses were competing, and associated almost exclusively with followers of the turf. Soon the duchess found that it needed a wiser head than her own to compete successfully with the diplomats of the racing-world. She secured the services of the astute Captain Machell as master of the horse, and, for a time, fortune smiled upon her scarlet banner. But a few reverses of fortune caused the erratic lady to lose confidence in the wily captain, and the business connection between the son of Mars and the "Red Duchess" was summarily severed. The next manger of the stable was Sir John Willoughby, but his directorate was a short one, and, of late, the duchess has managed the affairs of her stable herself, racing her thoroughbreds under the name of "Mr. Manton," and, it must be confessed, far more successfully than did either the captain or the baronet. Almost every jockey of recognized ability has, at one time or another, ridden in her colors, but she has quarreled with nearly every one of them. The late Fred Archer stood high in her esteem at one time, and, a year or so after the champion jockey became a widower, it was currently rumored that the duchess and the "crack" jockey were likely to make a match of it. Before Archer's untimely death, however, he had fallen out with his titled employer, although the breach was partially healed, and he again sported the Manton "scarlet" shortly before his death. The duchess is a very plain-spoken woman, and can swear roundly at a peccant jockey, when she deems that his unskillful riding demands such verbal correction. She is cordially disliked by nine-tenths of the knights of the pigskin, and, although she always liberally rewards those jockeys who ride her horses to victory, more than one rider has "begged to be excused," when invited to don the Manton colors. The position of the Dowager Duchess of Montrose in society is not easy to define. Everybody, from the Prince of Wales to the tiniest mite of a light-weight rider, knows her on a race-course. The prince may be seen at her side, hat in hand, congratulating her after the all-scarlet has just flashed past the post a winner, while the mite, in passing, will raise his forefinger to the peak of his cap with a "Glad your grace won." Into society proper, that exclusive circle which tolerates neither eccentricity nor vulgarity, if exhibited to the world at large, the duchess goes but little, for the best of all possible reasons—she receives but few invitations.

This is the time of the year when the professional chaperone moves from the city to Newport or Saratoga. At Asbury Park or Bar Harbor they have no need of her. The professional chaperone is really a professional escort. She has not arrived at that dignity of station where mammas or uncles put our petted darling of fortune under her care, with or without a money recompense, to be responsible for morning, afternoon, and evening, until turned over safely to the tender mercies of a husband. The professional escort's duties are more simple and her business more precarious. She advertises in a small way in a theatre programme or a weekly, not a daily, newspaper. Your true chaperone never advertises at all. She makes it known in modest notices to the public that she escorts ladies to the theatre or, if they like, to the races. If mamma wants to send a couple of girls out for an evening, she can put them into the professional escort's trusty hands. This lady will call for them, suitably dressed, take them to their seats, sit beside them, if a seat is purchased for her; if not, be on hand to see them safely home when the curtain falls. All this for possibly one dollar and twenty-five cents.

The Duke of Marlborough's marriage to Mrs. Hammersley has caused so much of a stir in England, that British matrons are wondering how they are to guard against the onslaughts of the American female invaders. *Modern Society*, a widely circulated and well-written paper, calls upon the English girls to retaliate: "The plain fact that American ladies are cutting out most of our Clara Vere de Veres must be faced, and some consolation should be found for those daughters of ancient English houses who behold their best *partis* carried off by invaders from over the seas. When affairs grow desperate, there is nothing like a bold sortie into the enemy's camp. If New English girls capture old English barons, and graft themselves on an ancient aristocracy, the old English girls, especially those with titles, ought to try reprisals by going out West and looking up all the stray millionaires, railway kings, and pork princes within reach. Some of these gentry possess so much gold that Solomon, in all his glory, could not have held mere silver in less esteem; their diamonds rival the noonday sun in splendor; their palaces recall dreams of the 'Arabian Nights;' their clothes and furniture constitute the reserve fund in general conversation when all other topics run short. Their own country-women think nothing of them when a British lord comes riding by; but impecunious peers' daughters might view affairs in another light, and prefer the position of extra great lady in some American town to that of one among the many in London. It is only just that the steamers which bring over freights of rich girls to try their luck in the Old World, should return well-laden with personally conducted ladies of rank bound for the United States."

It has long been the cause of hissing and reproach, on the part of tedious and discursive reformers, that women must rival the Athenians in their desire for new things wherewith to clothe themselves and flaunt themselves within the radius of the male regard. If a gown is a good gown—a becoming and a beautiful gown—they ask: "Why must a female consider it a reason for shame and sorrow that she must wear it many times?" And then we are told that in the days of our grandmothers it was not thus; that gowns then were handed down from mother to daughter, and a woman's best frock remained her best frock for a generation without causing her a pang. Those can believe such tales who choose, but at all events it is true, and vouched for by veracious Americans, just now returning from the season in London, that Mrs. Oscar Wilde, one of the acknowledged beauties of the world's capital, has worn one evening gown, and one only, through the entire three months which makes the fashionable period of society there. The æsthete designed it for her himself, and it is eminently becoming, being made of pale-pink China crêpe, embroidered with gold, and in the extreme of the directoire styles. Of course, pale-pink crêpe will not last out a season. It is almost needless to suggest that at the end of three months it would have probably changed to deep gray; but while the material was constantly renewed the model remained the same. Mrs. Wilde has a beautiful, a perfect figure. She is tall, and, while well rounded, is lithe and sinuous, and there is not an angle about her; therefore, she can venture to wear that extreme type of directoire fashions, which pitilessly display the faults of a woman's outlines, and beside whose revelations those of the bathing-dress are as nothing. This eccentricity on the part of the æsthete's wife caused infinite talk. People could not believe their eyes when they met her night after night in the same gown. It came to such a pass that, when they knew she was on the list of the invited, the guests always watched for her, and laid bets among themselves as to whether she would have the courage to wear the pink gown again; when she appeared—always in the pink gown—a smile would pass over the waiting audience, and the women would raise their eyebrows expressively at each other.

"THEM LITTERY FELLERS."

Does Their Trade Pay?

Very few persons outside of literary circles have any accurate idea of the wages of literature, and how inadequate they are to the needs of living. Many of those, indeed, belonging to such circles are strangely ignorant or misinformed on the subject. So much has been said and printed about the profession of literature, that it is natural to believe it a profession by which its members may support themselves, and support themselves handsomely, too. The prevalent notion is that they who follow letters actually make money, like those who follow law, medicine, banking, merchandise. We often hear of authors who earn large revenues by their work; but, if we try to confirm the reports, we usually find them either unfounded or grossly exaggerated.

Other professions yield their followers a livelihood, at least. The profession of literature, in any strict sense, does not yield even this, as a rule. Many men and women in every great city subsist by writing; but their writing rarely deserves the name of literature. It is, for the most part, journalism, which may be literature, though it is not generally. To live by literature is to do pure literary work, and sell it at the market price, whether it be in the form of articles or books. It is to live outside of a salary, on which journalists and editors of periodicals and printed volumes depend. Thus there may be any number of literary workers who sustain themselves, but not by literature.

Nearly all littérateurs depend, or have depended, on salaries, chiefly as college professors or journalists. The bulk of them are in newspaper offices, and there get their bread and butter, but very little else. Literature, in general, must be accounted a luxury, to be maintained only at considerable cost. The list of American writers, dead and living, should serve as a wholesome warning to all who dream of turning authorship to profit.

William Cullen Bryant wrote little verse, and that at long intervals and laboriously, so that all his poetry, omitting his translations of Homer, would hardly have brought, at the ordinary magazine rate, more than a few hundred dollars. He says, in his "Hymn to Death," that his father offered him in the bud of life to the Muses; but he was far too practical to woo them steadily. "Thanatopsis," written before he was of age, gave him more repute than any other of his compositions, and he lived to be nearly eighty-four. He was not much beyond thirty when, removing from rural Massachusetts to New York, he formed a connection with the *Evening Post*, and soon obtained a proprietary interest, which he kept till the close of his days, and from which he derived a handsome independence. He left an estate valued at from five hundred thousand to six hundred thousand dollars. Had he relied on his literary gift and literary work, he would, with his extreme fastidiousness and painstaking, have had a ceaseless struggle with fortune.

Ralph Waldo Emerson was one of the first of Americans to adopt lecturing as a profession. Although called dreamy and transcendental, he was ever shrewd and practical. Living with perfect simplicity, he made his modest earnings suffice for his needs. He was an excellent manager in all things; he husbanded his intellectual, not less than his material, resources. After carefully preparing his essays, he delivered them as lectures; then printed them in a magazine, and finally published them in book-form. During the half-century and more of his literary career, he did not average, in all probability, two thousand dollars a year; but he not only kept clear of debt, he contrived to accumulate a modicum of property. He gained much more from his lectures than from literature direct.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was wretchedly poor most of his days, the six years he spent as collector of the ports of Boston and Salem being golden to him. The consulate at Liverpool furnished him with more money than he had ever dreamed of, one year's revenue therefrom exceeding the literary gains of his whole life. A rare and original genius, he well-nigh starved while writing books that will be read for ages.

Henry W. Longfellow was enabled to cultivate poetry from youth to old age by marrying a rich and charming woman. For seventeen years, too, he held the professorship of modern languages and *belles-lettres* at Harvard. During the latter part of his life, he was generously paid for his poetry; but he would not have had leisure for study, reflection, and writing, except for the liberal competency secured through his wife.

William H. Prescott would never have undertaken the history of "Ferdinand and Isabella," the "Conquest of Peru," or "Philip II.," had he not inherited a handsome property, which left him free to choose his pursuits.

We are primarily indebted to John Lothrop Motley for the "Rise of the Dutch Republic" and the "United Netherlands," but secondarily to the fortune his father left him. Who but a man of elegant leisure could have afforded to wholly reject the materials he had occupied several years in gathering in his native country, and begin, in a foreign land, his work anew?

Everybody knows about Edgar Poe's desperate and distressing efforts to gain a livelihood by literature. Almost the only money worth mention that he got came from his salary in editorial positions.

Edwin P. Whipple often said, with a laugh, that the most careful and conscientious writings of his ripest period furnished him less money than his salary as superintendent of the reading-room of the Boston Merchants' Exchange.

Dr. J. G. Holland was rich for a literary man, but he did not grow rich by literature. He began by practicing medicine; became one of the proprietors of the Springfield *Republican*, and, soon after disposing of his interest, established with others *Scribner's* (now the *Century*) *Magazine*, which has had an astonishing and well-deserved prosperity. His money came from his proprietorships, not through his writings, and from judicious investments.

Bayard Taylor lived mainly by his lectures and by his income as correspondent and stock-holder of the *Tribune*. He was thought to be very well off; but when he died suddenly and unexpectedly in Berlin, most of his worldly possessions were represented by his shares in the *Tribune*, which were rated very low then, as the paper had not, for a dozen years, paid a dividend.

Richard Grant White maintained his household in his early life by editorial service on the *Courier and Enquirer*, and, at a later period, by a position in the custom-house. He was constantly struggling with debt, simply as he lived.

George Bancroft would never have had the courage to contemplate his elaborate philosophic history of the country had he not had unearned means to draw upon. The fortune of Bancroft's wife has vastly helped his history.

James Russell Lowell has a modest patrimony, which has made it possible for him to write poems and essays to his own taste. Although standing at the head of American letters, his brilliant and scholarly work has brought him only a few thousand dollars—far less than he received from his chair at Harvard, his editorship of the *Atlantic* and *North American*, or his foreign missions. He was admitted to the bar and opened an office in Boston, in 1840. The year following he published a volume of poems, "A Year's Life," and ever since literature has been his profession. But in all that time, nearly half a century, he has never tried to support himself directly by his pen.

George William Curtis inherited a comfortable fortune from his father, and sank it all in his endeavor to save from loss the creditors of Dix, Edwards & Co., the second publishers of *Putnam's Monthly*, in which firm he was a special partner. Not only that, he assumed a large debt beside, and worked hard, writing and lecturing, for sixteen years, until he had discharged the last cent. His income from his books has been small; he has met his household expenses by the salary which he receives, and has received for thirty-five years, from Harper & Brothers.

Richard Henry Stoddard, for nearly twenty years, was in the service of the customs, and latterly has been the reviewer of a daily newspaper. Stoddard thinks that had he set up an apple-stand in his youth and stuck to it, he might by this time have enjoyed many of the comforts of city life. He chose, unhappily, a more conspicuous and less lucrative trade.

Donald G. Mitchell won wide renown as Ik Marvel, and his "Reveries of a Bachelor" and "Dream Life," particularly, sold largely; but he has never relied on his writings for his physical or mental well-being. He has been, at different periods, editor, lecturer, consul, and for thirty years and more has lived on his farm, which he has celebrated in divers volumes under the name of Edgewood. Recently New Haven has grown out to it, increasing the value of its land greatly, and he is a professor of *belles-lettres* in Yale College.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson has seldom been able to earn much more than a poor apology for a livelihood. He has been able to do little beyond keeping the wolf from the door.

Charles Dudley Warner studied law (he studied in New York, was admitted to the bar in Philadelphia, and practiced several years in Chicago), and afterward abandoned it for journalism and literature. Having contributed a series of sketches to the Hartford *Courant*, of which he was assistant editor, they met with such favor that he put them between covers. The book established his reputation as a humorist, and induced him to publish more books. He has an income as proprietor of the *Courant*—he owns one-third of it—independent of literature and of his salary as a member of the staff.

Henry James has an income, inherited from his father, of about three thousand dollars a year, and being a bachelor, and residing abroad, from preference as well as economy, he might make that suffice. His income is a great advantage to him in his profession. By it he is saved from the necessity of writing when not in the mood, and of grinding out what he knows to be unworthy, to meet pressing bills.

Bret Harte, in the early part of his career, had a salary in the San Francisco Mint for six years, and before that he was editor of a literary weekly. While in the Mint, several of his short poems published in the local journals gave him such repute that he was invited to edit the *Overland*, where appeared those brilliant tales, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," the "Outcasts of Poker Flat," "Miggles," and the rest. He has never equaled those. He possesses genius, undeniably, and his work brings the very highest figures. But he can not sustain himself thereby. He was consul at Glasgow, a very lucrative place, for some years. He performed its duties by staying in London, and attending swell entertainments. Since his retirement he still remains in London, having decided to make his home there. He has summoned the credit system to his aid. A satirist has declared that Bret Harte is avenging the Alabama claims.

William D. Howells at the outset was a journalist in Columbus, Ohio; but he has for twenty years eschewed newspapers. Yet he has always had a salary. From the *Ohio State Journal* he went as consul to Venice; returning thence, he was on the staff of the *Nation*. Then he was assistant editor, and next editor, of the *Atlantic*. James R. Osgood wooed him from the magazine and paid him a salary to write exclusively for his publishing firm. Now he is regularly engaged by the Harpers, and handsomely compensated. He comprehends the importance of a salary, and is sagacious enough to adhere to it.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich has superadded to a steady salary the acquisition of a patron, a novelty in this age. He has almost always occupied a salaried position. Having relinquished mercantile pursuits after the noted success of "Babie Bell," published at twenty, he took a place on the *Home Journal*. Some years subsequent, he went to Boston; became the editor of *Every Saturday*, continuing such from the first to the last number, and has long presided over the *Atlantic* without afflicting himself with work. The rare fortune of having found a patron, a rich bachelor, has served him in excellent stead. He has houses built and furnished for him, is taken abroad, has his two boys sent to college, gets every comfort and most luxuries, without the stroke of a pen or the need of fawning. The patron, a good fellow, his sincere admirer, his true friend, delights to lavish gifts and favors on the poet. Few authors fare so daintily as Aldrich, whose pal is, probably, too jaded to detect the taste of bitterne which prosaic folk declare to be in the bread of dependen

Samuel L. Clemens's rough experiences in the far W early taught him the advantage of a good income, and laid the foundation of it, twenty years ago, by marrying rich girl. He also discovered that whatever profit there m be in books lies not in making, but in publishing them. C sequently, he has, for some time, been the active partner of highly enterprising publishing firm, and is credited with po tive wealth.

James Parton is ever industrious, and has produced series of the most readable biographies known to the publ He is wholly methodical, working six or seven hours a da but his incessant work will not support him and his family one of the quietest and least expensive towns of New E land. He has salaries from the New York *Ledger* and t *Youth's Companion* for regular contributions thereto, a they materially assist in meeting daily household bills. I "Life of Voltaire," on which he spent twenty years, has r yielded him five thousand dollars.

John T. Trowbridge boldly chose to starve by literatu forty years ago, leaving a then half-settled region in the we ern part of New York, and going to the metropolis to t his endurance in that way. He came perilously near starvi and would probably have done so had he not relieved fami by engraving silver pencil-cases for a city manufacturer. afterward fixed his abode in Boston—then more of a litera centre than New York—and mended his fortunes. F thirty-five years he has been a popular story-writer; but s he has been obliged to fortify his circumstances with salari positions. He was associate editor of *Our Young Folks*, and h been for years an editorial contributor, at ample pay, to t *Youth's Companion*. He has, all his mature life, been oc pied with a kind of writing which, plays excepted, returns t amplest revenue; but, nevertheless, he thinks it needful, past sixty, to cleave to a salaried place.

Edmund C. Stedman is a stock-broker—not because likes that, or any form of business, but because he cherish a wholesome prejudice against his family going hungry a tattered.

John Burroughs can afford to weave his knowledge of natu into delightful essays, inasmuch as he owns a farm on t Hudson, and spends his days there, dividing his time betwe the cultivation of fruit and the pursuit of letters. He is lik wise a national bank examiner, which occupies three or fo months out of the twelve.

Julian Hawthorne has said himself that he probably mak more by his pen in a single year than his father made in l whole life; and yet he is reputed to have had a hard, co tinuous struggle since he adopted literature as a professi seventeen years ago. He has lived in Germany, Englar and here, and has always been troubled, it is said, by t question of adapting income to outgo. He is the father of s or seven children.

Brander Matthews has a liberal allowance from his fath

John Habberton learned the printer's trade; set type in t establishment of the Harpers; went into their counting-roon entered the field as a Union soldier; returned from the wi and again served his former employers for years. Then undertook business on his own account, and accomplish bankruptcy in a few months. This convinced him that bu ness was beyond his ability, save in a subordinate capaci His next step was writing; but he was prudent enough secure a salary, and he has managed to retain one from th time.

Edgar Fawcett is one of the few who claim to suppo themselves by manuscript-making without any salaried plac

John Hay was on the staff of the *Tribune* when he pu lished "Pike County Ballads" and "Castilian Days." H wedded a rich wife, and retired from journalism.

Joaquin Miller is reputed to have sufficient income from i vestments to preserve him from the drudgery of daily writin He understands the world, and is very shrewd.

Moncure D. Conway has means enough to enable him decline work that is distasteful. Edward Everett Hale's sho stories and other literary performances are entirely apart fro his clerical office, which is his regular profession. Geor Parsons Lathrop is a journalist; so is Arlo Bates. Hen C. Bunner has a salary from *Puck*; Frederic J. Stimson h an independence; John Fiske lives by lecturing; J. W. Forest possesses a competence; H. H. Boyesen is a profess at Columbia. Something similar might be said of near every literary man of any note in the republic. Fully thre quarters of all the members of the Authors' Club, numberi more than a hundred, are connected with newspapers.

It is generally thought that novel-writers make money, ar so they do when they are fortunate enough to become t fashion, which is very rare. But five thousand is consider a good sale, and as the author gets but ten per cent. on t retail rate, and as the price of most novels is one dollar and half to two dollars, this would yield only seven hundred ar fifty to one thousand dollars. The cleverest and most i dustrious man can not finish more than one creditable novel year, and the figures named certainly offer slight pecuni temptation to authorship. An ordinary salesman or boo keeper can earn double that, and any intelligent shopkeep may quadruple the amount.—*Cosmopolitan.*

It is becoming quite the thing for foreigners of wealth to s this country by contract. The railroad companies agree show the country from Maine to Mexico, with a private ca for a certain sum. This includes board, car fare, guides ar mules for the mountains, and, in fact, every necessary expen of an extended trip. The Pennsylvania road has had two a plications recently from moneyed foreigners who do not wi to be troubled with the details of traveling, and are willing pay for the advantages of the system.

M. Chevreul, the centenarian chemist, says that the mode dyer controls fifteen thousand different shades of color.

DUELING IN PARIS.

"Parisina" discusses the Code of Honor.

Duels and dueling have been much discussed the last week. The Floquet-Boulanger encounter set every one talking, not only about this special duel, but also about dueling in general, an almost inexhaustible subject with Frenchmen, and women, also. Taken as a duel simply, and setting aside all other considerations, it was interesting. Both men were in earnest. One nearly lost his life. They should be unequally matched—the one a civilian, the other a soldier; yet such does not appear to have been the case. M. Floquet is a very passable swordsman, for a civilian, and the general is anything but a first-rate swordsman for a soldier. And whereas the former is older and somewhat too heavily built for the exercise, the latter is rendered slightly stiff in his movements by reason of an old wound in the leg. Thus the chances were more equal than at first they appear.

Looking at the matter from another point of view—the political—there is something reassuring to the public in such a duel. What a comfort it would be if all the differences between politicians could be settled in this way, by the sword or the pistol. It has been suggested that instead of plunging two nations into war, its rulers alone, emperor, president, king, or prince, should decide questions of dispute in single combat. And why not party quarrels? To give him his due, General Boulanger is quite ready to do his part. When minister of war he fought M. de Lereinty, and would have called out Jules Ferry last year. This time, truly, it is Floquet who sent the challenge; but when Boulanger stood up before the whole Chamber and accused the prime minister of lying, he knew very well what he was about, and that in the ordinary course of things there must be a duel. But there was to be no shilly-shallying, no magnanimous firing up into the air as with M. de Lereinty, nor was the combat to be stayed at the first sight of blood. It was not so stayed; Boulanger was touched on the knee, and Floquet on the hand. Each scorned to notice the fact; the general, pressing his antagonist hard, pushed him against the hedge, and coming to rather close quarters the point of Floquet's sword pierced the lower part of Boulanger's neck. Another hair's breadth and there would have been an end of Ernest altogether. Better, more useful, and less dangerous men might have succumbed; Boulanger has been spared to seek more mischief.

In this case Floquet, being the offended party, had the choice of arms. Otherwise, there is little doubt that they would have fought with pistols. Hitherto the general has shown an extraordinary predilection for fire-arms over cold steel. I remember Paul de Cassagnac wondering over and commenting upon the fact at the time when a duel was contemplated between Ferry and this fire-eating Ernest. The reader will remember that it did not take place, because the seconds could not agree about distances. "Why, if the general was so desirous of abridging the number of paces between himself and his enemy, did he not vote for swords?" asked big, burly Paul, who has fought more duels than most men, and is looked upon as a great authority in the matter. Boulanger's declaration that he chose pistols to equalize the chances, was received by Cassagnac with derision. According to him, both de Lereinty and Ferry would have preferred steel; "why in the devil's name has he such a repugnance to fight with swords?" As it is now patent to every one that Boulanger is by no means an expert swordsman, one may conclude that his magnanimity was only pretence; it was not for the sake of his adversaries, but for his own that he chose pistols instead of swords. Just one more example of the fellow's shiftiness and insincerity.

I did not, however, mean to make Boulanger the special subject of this letter. His name has been so often beneath my pen that I am fearful of wearying the reader, and of reducing him or her to the condition of the unfortunate anti-Boulangist in Paris, who is sick to death of the man and his doings. He seems fated to be the talk of the town, in the month of July and August, as soon as other sources of political interest begin to fail, and the duel came in time to provide a general subject of interest during the fêtes. Whether the scene at the Chamber was not calculated to effect this end, is a question; the general, after the Hériot scandal, had been forced to make himself scarce, and he found on his return to the capital that he had lost ground as a public idol, and, therefore, worked himself into a tantrum, and threw his resignation at the heads of the ministry, with what result we all know.

Duels have been more or less common among members of Parliament here ever since Barnave hurled the most forcible word of the French language at Cazalès, during a sitting of the National Assembly in 1790. In the same year, M. de Souillé shot M. de Latour d'Auvergne, and the Comte de Latour Maubourg, crossing swords with Mirabeau, wounded him severely—the unwieldy bulk of the latter rendering him much less agile then his opponent. Several of Napoleon's generals, jealous of each others' military fame, fought desperate duels. General Regnier was killed by General Destaing. During the first year of the Restoration, quarrels commenced in the Chamber often degenerated into street broils, which ended in bloodshed. The Second Republic of 1848 was famous for the number of its duels, which, however, more frequently than not led to no result. M. Denjoy never forgave himself for having failed to hit Ledru Rollin, whose vast surface offered an excellent target. The pacific pamphletist, Proudhon, and Felix Pyat also met and missed each other. Dixio's ball whistled over the head of M. Thiers when they fought in the Bois—and no wonder, when we remember the little great man's height! But Clement Thomas, the general who was afterward shot down by the communards at Montmartre in '71, fought a duel with M. de Coëtlogon, and both combatants were seriously wounded. M. Edmond Adam—whose charming widow holds such an important position in Parisian society—provoked Colonel Rey in a duel, and proved a formidable an antagonist to the soldier as M. Floquet. There was also Emile de Girardin's famous duel with Armand Carrel. The latter fired first and wounded Emile in the thigh, which did not prevent him advancing and firing upon his adversary, who fell, never to rise again. The duels of the Second Empire had mostly their origin in quarrels about women or play. After 1870, politics had the advantage. Gambetta's duels inspired Mark Twain with one of his most amusing sketches. Rochefort and Cassagnac, who fought each other, have both a long list of duels to answer for.

Dueling is carried out here in a very formal and correct fashion. It is considered a dreadful thing to omit any of its rules and regulations, and, according to the admitted code of honor, all omissions and innovations are stigmatized as uncivilized, and to have recourse to a cane or to nature's own weapons, the fists, is voted little less than savage. As a matter of fact, a man who has fought in a duel is only amenable to the law of the land if the duel has not been perfectly fair, even in the case of the death of one or other of the principals. The seconds have, likewise, to answer for their part in the arrangements. When a man uses his left hand to ward off the attack of his adversary, society cries shame upon him—even women can not forgive him such a breach of duel discipline. You remember what a poor figure Arthur Mayer cut in his duel with Drumont—the author of "La France Juive"—how he snatched at his antagonist's sword with one hand and wounded him with the other. The fact is, he had never practiced the noble art of fence; nor had Naquet, who managed to administer a home-thrust to M. Menvielle, with whom he was fighting a duel against severe odds, being heavily weighted by his years and a slight physical deformity. Both had to answer for their acts before the correctional court, though in either case the punishment inflicted was slight, extenuating circumstances being admitted.

Formerly men, when they wanted to fight a duel, used generally to take train for Belgium, and get the matter over out of the country. Nowadays the police authorities do more than wink at dueling, they absolutely shut their eyes, and refuse to see at all. If a gardien de la paix or a gendarme comes across a party of gentlemen in the early morning, visibly bent on a *rencontre*, he walks another way. It is impossible for any one to plead ignorance, for the duels are announced in the morning papers, even the hour is specified, though not the place of rendezvous—the only caution observed—and this rather to prevent idlers from congregating at the appointed place than from any fear of arousing the vigilance of the police. As for the reporters, they mostly manage not to be far off, albeit courtesy forbids their prowling too near. On the occasion of the Boulanger-Floquet duel, it was an open secret that it was to take place in the grounds of Comte Dillon's country-house, and before ten o'clock—which was the hour fixed upon—several reporters had vainly attempted to gain admittance, and had to content themselves with peeping through the laurel hedge. More than one of these gentlemen declares that he was an unseen observer of everything that went on. I have not myself tested the depth and thickness of the bushes around Comte Dillon's garden, so I do not pretend to decide whether they spoke truth or not.

If one of the combatants falls, the other has to answer for his death before the court, as well as the seconds. But there is not a jury to be found in the land to return a verdict of guilty, unless it is proved beyond a doubt that the duel has been conducted in an unfair manner. Even a total absence of regret on the part of the chief actor in the tragedy is only looked upon as unmannerly; it may indispose the court and jury against the man personally, but in nowise prevents his being acquitted by twelve of his fellow-citizens. This happened the other day, when an entirely unknown art critic put a bullet into the head of a poor devil of an artist, who had never been able to rise above hopeless mediocrity, the result of some wretched little quarrel between the two. Public feeling was dead set against the critic, but he came off scot free. Albert Delpit declared that, since dueling is now virtually legal, the custom is sure to fall into disuse. This, however, was before Floquet and Boulanger measured swords in Comte Dillon's grounds. The fact that a prime minister, within a few hours of having administered a wound that came within an ace of being mortal, appeared upon a public platform, surrounded by all his colleagues in office, and was vociferously applauded by the spectators and complimented by the chief of the state, is the best proof that dueling is not, in future, to be treated as a legal offense in France; but, at the same time, it is not likely to bring dueling into bad odor; quite the other way, indeed. It will probably be looked upon as a trump-card in the hand of a politician, whether he magnanimously shoots up in the air or manages to give his antagonist a taste of his weapon. M. Delpit was certainly out of his reckoning in this instance.

The rules and usages of the fencing-room are those of the duel fought with swords, only, of course, the combatants dispense with all defensive apparatus save the glove, which may be exceptionally retained. They generally fight in their shirt-sleeves, yet sometimes they strip to the waist. It depends on the gravity of the quarrel whether or no the disarming of an adversary puts an end to the combat. They may, indeed, begin again, with or without fresh weapons, until one is wounded, when it is the part of the surgeon to interfere and stop further bloodshed. These matters, as I have said, have to be arranged between the seconds beforehand, who carry out the wishes of their principals.

The duel with fire-arms is divided under two heads, the duel *au visé* and the duel *au commandement*. The latter is the most usual. The distance having been previously decided upon, the adversaries are told where to stand, and the pistols—cocked—are placed in their hands. "Are you ready?" asks the second whom fate has designated as the one to give the signal; "fire!—one—two—three!" The shot has to be fired after the word "fire" and before "three," under pain of dishonor. In the duel *au visé*, a little less than a minute is allowed after the word "fire" for taking aim and pulling the trigger, whether the combatants fire from where they stand or take so many steps forward, which constitutes the duel *sérieux*, or have their arms reloaded and fired again, when it becomes a duel *à outrance*.

There is always danger of death when two men face each other with loaded pistols; therefore, those who are advocates of the duel as a gentlemanly way of settling little differences, prefer the sword, and argue, also, that as well as being less brutal it needs a greater amount of practice and dexterity. Fencing is a very fashionable exercise in France, especially among civilians; it is deplored that military men do not practice so often or so regularly with the foils as they might, and hence the advantages are, by no means, so completely on the side of the soldier as might be imagined. M. Grévy was a great patron of fencing, and under his rule his conservatory at the Elysée was more frequently than not used as a *salle d'armes*. The members of the crack clubs generally go in for fencing, especially at the Mirlitons. Carolus Duran, the great portrait-painter, is one of the best fencers in Paris, his most dangerous rival being M. de l'Angle Beaumanoir. They are neither known as duelists, strangely enough; they like the art for its own sake, and are not quarrelsome characters.

The frequency of the encounters of late—and especially the tragic death of the unfortunate artist, M. Dupuis—has suggested the idea of a "Tribunal of Honor," a sort of permanent committee which would have to investigate the motives of every challenge made, and decide whether or no a duel must take place. Each couple of seconds would be heard in turn, and the committee carefully weigh the matter and give their verdict according to the strictest code of honor. In the event of their refusing to authorize a duel, the opponents would not forfeit general esteem, as a man does now if he pocket an affront; and, in case the duel were persevered in spite of it, all those concerned would be amenable to the rigor of the law.

This sounds very well in theory, but it is doubtful whether it would be possible in practice, though M. Henry Fouquier, a man competent in the matter, seems to think it would work very well. He proposes that the committee should be composed principally of officers high in command, with a marshal as chairman, and that the five large clubs and the syndicate of the press should be represented. One can not imagine General Boulanger and the prime minister appealing for leave to draw upon each other to any tribunal. But, then, exceptions might be made. In the meantime, the public is the general referee, and somehow it is not often far out in its appreciations—delivered after the duel, however, and therefore of no use as a preventive. PARISINA.

PARIS, July 23, 1888.

Miss Ione Macdonald, an English girl, thirteen years of age, was awarded the bronze medal by the Royal Humane Society of England at its last meeting, for saving the life of Miss A. Arthur, a lady twenty-two years old. Miss Arthur was swimming in Portsmouth Harbor near a yacht, lying at anchor two hundred yards from shore, when the vessel gave a sheer of such a violent nature as to alarm and bewilder the swimmer. She lost her presence of mind, and was in evident danger of drowning. Miss Macdonald, who saw her struggles from the deck of the yacht, plunged into the water, without throwing off any of her garments, swam to the lady's assistance, and succeeded in holding her head above water until adequate help arrived. The records of the Humane Societies on both sides of the Atlantic show that of late years a fair proportion of their medals fall to the lot of girls. There were several notable instances of rescue from drowning last summer by girls under twenty. Many women are accomplished swimmers. This is but natural. As their bones are generally lighter than those of men, and their flesh more buoyant, they have less difficulty to overcome in acquiring the art. Some of them could float at their first attempt, if they could acquire the requisite faith in the power of the water to hold them up. Swimming is very much an art of faith, for it is generally the case that when a person believes sufficiently in the buoyancy of the water to trust to it his precious body, lo! he is a swimmer. There were young girls at Newport, last summer, who could float on the surface of the ocean with no more difficulty than they experienced in lying upon a sofa. They could have floated for hours, if necessary. Some of the most famous swimming feats have been accomplished by very young women. A few years ago, Miss Agnes Beckwith swam in the Thames for six hours and twenty-five minutes, accomplishing twenty miles, and last summer a woman performed something similar in New York harbor. Miss Beckwith began to swim at a very tender age, as her father was a teacher of swimming. He never had a more proficient pupil than his own daughter. When she was fourteen, she swam from London Bridge to Greenwich, a distance of five miles, in one hour seven minutes and forty-five seconds. Three days after, Emily Parker, of the same age, sister of a rival swimming-teacher, tried to swim over the same course in less time, but failed by fifteen seconds.

Silver stolen in a large city rarely returns to its rightful owner, for the melting-pot stands in the way. In Russia, some years ago, a large amount of silver was stolen from an imperial palace. The silver was not only of value for its weight of metal, but was plate of the time of Catherine. The police followed the plunder closely, but were not quite so fast as they should have been. As it was, the silver, converted into the chloride of silver, escaped their notice, for the Russian detective could not understand how a mortar-like looking substance, without metallic appearance, was silver. During our war with Mexico, the Mexicans are said to have saved a great deal of silver by means of this chemical change.

The gypsies of the Transylvania teach young bears to dance by placing them on heated iron plates, while the trainer plays on the fiddle. The bear, lifting up his legs alternately to escape the heat, involuntarily observes the time marked by the violin, and eventually learns to lift his legs whenever he hears the music.

Saint-Saën's new opera, "Benvenuto Cellini," has been read and pronounced very brilliant.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"Dickens," writes an old contributor to *Household Words*, "used to cut us down; he wrote passages in, and he gave new titles, and that is how he made his magazine a success."

A translation of Pierre Loti's "Mme. Chrysantheme" is announced by Routledge. "Loti," it must be remembered, is the pen name of Louis Viand, a young French Government official.

Laird & Lee, of Chicago, will publish Emile Zola's new novel, "The Dream" ("Le Rêve"). The work will be translated by H. de Vermont, who has made arrangements to use the author's manuscript.

The *Cosmopolitan Magazine* has been purchased by Mr. J. N. Hallock, proprietor of the *Christian at Work*, the most successful religious paper in this country, and he will continue it as a first-class magazine.

"Eden" is the title of Mr. Edgar Saltus's last novel. There has been much surmising as to whether Saltus would introduce "his pessimism into the garden of Eden." To which the author replied: "Let my book speak for itself."

Lippincott's Magazine for October will be a special E. P. Roe number. It will contain, besides the author's good-natured paper on "A Native Author Called Roe," his last story, called "The Queen of Spades," and some personal reminiscences by a friend.

Some reminiscences left by the late Mr. Gleig, an Englishman, are believed to contain interesting accounts of the Duke of Wellington, who was a neighbor of Mr. Gleig's, and who had him at Strathfieldsaye, as a writer, every week during his own stay there. With the Wellesley family, Mr. Gleig was on intimate terms until his death.

The *Forum*, which is constantly introducing some new and original feature into magazine literature, is about to provide for the almost extinct art of book reviewing, by publishing in each number a signed article of literary criticism, reviewing the most important recent books in the several great departments of thought, and every writer will be a recognized authority in his department.

Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania ("Carmen Sylva"), the author of "Pensées," is the subject of a very interesting paper in the last *National Review*. The *Epoch* says that her royal highness has invited Gounod and Alphonse Daudet to pass a few weeks at the Château of Pelesch, at Sinaia, in the Carpathian Mountains, as the guests of the king and herself. Pierre Loti was the guest of the royal pair last year.

The *Critic* of August 11th, contains an account of the London dinner to American men and women of letters, with a full report of Mr. Lowell's brief address. The English papers reported the dinner very inadequately. The same number contains a communication from the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, denying the rumor that he had to make serious expurgations of the text of Miss Rives's "The Quick or the Dead?"

Mrs. George Atherton's book, to be published this month, in New York, entitled "What Dreams May Come," is said to be a weird, striking, and powerful love story. The scene lies partly in London and partly in Paris, but mainly in an ancient castle in Wales, the home of the heroine. The *motif* of the story is supernatural, or, at least, semi-supernatural, dealing with mesmerism, telepathy, heredity, reincarnation, and transmigration of souls.

Suggestive of changed fashion is the list of novels taken at least twenty-five times from the St. Louis Public Library in March last. We quote from the current *Library Journal*: "Ben-Hur," eighty-seven; "Scarlet Letter," forty-two; "Anna Karénina," forty; "Les Misérables," thirty-seven; "Ivanhoe," thirty-three; "Vanity Fair," thirty-one; "April Hopes," twenty-eight; . . . . "Uncle Tom's Cabin," twenty-seven; . . . . "David Copperfield," twenty-five; "Count of Monte Cristo," twenty-five.

Woman (magazine) has collapsed on account of the failure of Good-enough and Wagnam, owning four hundred of its five hundred shares of stock. Over seven thousand copies of the July issue have been sold, owing to the demand for "The Jewess," a novel in that issue, by William Hosea Ballou, the proceeds, amounting to ten hundred and fifty dollars, being turned over to the creditors. Owing to the collapse and helpless state of the magazine, the Jewish papers have helped themselves to "The Jewess." It is not known what Edgar Fawcett will do about his incompleted novel.

A dictionary of "Americanisms, Old and New," compiled and edited by John S. Farmer, is to be published by subscription, in London, next autumn. Henry Stevens & Son, the American booksellers in London, will receive orders from this side. In addition to descriptions of the derivation, meaning, and application of words and phrases peculiar to the United States, British America, and the West Indies, the book will contain "numerous anecdotal, historical, explanatory, and folk-lore notes." The edition is limited to five hundred copies for England and two hundred and fifty for America.

Apropos of Mr. Browning's recent refusal to contribute a poem to an American periodical, which offered him a very high price for one, the *Independent* prints a letter received from the poet in January, 1886, in which he rejects similar proposals from that journal's editor. He says: I would willingly accept them were I not hardened in my conviction—of such old standing!—that my poems, smaller or greater, make very little impression at their first appearance, and that the time which is required for people to even examine them could not be allowed by a magazine, which must in the main be conducted with a view to immediate success.

F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, was born in Italy, on August 2, 1854. His father was Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, and his mother was the sister of the late Sam Ward and of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. When twelve years old young Crawford was sent to St. Paul's School, at Concord, N. H. During 1869–70, he lived in Italy, and from 1870 to 1874 he was in England, at Trinity College, Cambridge. During the next two years he studied in Karlsruhe and in Heidelberg, and two years more were spent in Rome, where he studied Sanskrit. During 1879–80, he was the editor of a daily newspaper in Allahabad, India. The following two years he passed in this country, and in May and June, 1882, he wrote "Mr. Isaacs," the book that made him famous. He is thoroughly familiar with German, French, and Italian, and reads Latin, Greek, Sanskrit, Arabic, and Persian. He has some knowledge, besides, of Turkish and Russian.

Among the numerous "syndicate circulars" which reach us, annexed is one which bills Miss Amelie Rives as a star: "We offer you a literary sensation of prime interest and distinct news value for publication on Sunday, August 19th. Miss Amelie Rives, author of the 'Quick or the Dead?' has written a dramatic poem entitled 'Herod and Marianne,' which will be accepted as a work of genius. It presents the characteristics, in some respects intensified, which made her now famous novel the great popular success of the year. The plain, unvarnished tale of Herod's love and crimes, as related by Josephus, must cause every reader to shudder, and when remodeled by the hysterical fancy of the present authoress, the result is as horribly fascinating as Salvini's delineation of Othello. Herod and all of the personages in the tragedy are mad, and the authoress seems to have become infected with their frenzy. This work was written before Miss Rives became Mrs. Chanler, but neither her marriage nor the criticisms on her novel have caused her to be more cautious in the treatment of those subjects which are generally supposed to be foreign to the imagination of a maiden author. This matter, making about five columns (but susceptible of abridgment at your discretion), is offered to you for exclusive publication in your city at the price of twenty-five dollars. On receipt of an acceptance of this proposition by wire or mail, slips will be mailed to you. Trusting an early reply, yours truly, Bacheller & Co."

New Publications.

A new and cheap edition of Emile Zola's "Nana" has been issued by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"Essays and Tales," by Joseph Addison, is the latest issue in the National Library. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"The Family Doom, or the Sin of a Countess," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, is issued by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"Tom Burton," by N. J. W. LeCato, is a story of the South at the beginning of the war. It is written from the standpoint of the Southern sympathizers with the North. Published by Belford, Clark & Co., New York and San Francisco.

"Star-Dust" is a collection of poems, mostly suggested by various aspects of nature, written by Fannie Isabel Sherrick. There are several inspired by Pacific Coast scenery, such as: "Mirror Lake," "Night on the Sierras," "Tamalpais," "Bridal Veil Falls," "On the Willamette," and "The Golden Gate." Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York and San Francisco.

"Kenneth Cameron," is a story of life in the South, written by Judge L. Q. C. Brown, of Louisiana. The legal points involved in the story are no doubt interesting to the author, but are a trifle tiresome to the reader. The love episodes are tame, and the characters unnatural. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price: paper, 75 cents; cloth, $1.25.

Evidently to take advantage of the discussion which has followed Amélie Rives's tropical love story, one of her earlier stories, "Virginia of Virginia," which recently appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, has been republished in book-form with the original illustrations and a typographical generosity which expands it into a book of more than two hundred pages. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.00.

"Industrial Liberty," by John M. Bonham, is an attempt to deal with the political and industrial questions of the day, from the standpoint of principles rather than statistics. The influence of the discovery of steam, the character of corporations, the development of "trusts," the questions of protection and paternal government, and the industrial relations of England and America are among the subjects treated. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, $1.75.

"Maiwa's Revenge" is one of H. Rider Haggard's thrilling tales of African adventure. Allan Quartermain, and several of his old comrades, reappear and go through new and startling experiences, which the author assures us, in a preface, are not all drawn from imagination. Nevertheless, the imagination plays an important part, and those who enjoy hair-breadth escapes and marvelous adventures will welcome this addition to the library of fiction. Published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 25 cents.

In the series of Stories of the States, a jump is made from the Atlantic Seaboard to the Mississippi Valley, and the second volume, written by Alexander Black, narrates the "Story of Ohio." This volume derives a certain timeliness, from the fact that the State has just completed the first hundred years of its existence, and it has an added interest, from the fact that Ohio is typical of the early development of the Great Northwest. The story is addressed particularly to the younger class of readers, and is rendered attractive by a number of excellent illustrations by L. J. Bridgman. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

The first two volumes to appear in Macmillan's series of Twelve English Statesmen are "Oliver Cromwell," by Frederic Harrison, and "William the Third," by H. D. Traill. Though these two volumes belong chronologically nearer to the end than the beginning of the series, there is much propriety in their appearing together, treating, as they do, of the periods of the two most important revolutions in English history. But the object of the books is biographical, rather than historical, in the more general sense, and the events of the lives of these two statesmen are narrated with all the detail of which the conditions of the publication will admit. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, of each, 60 cents.

"Eros," by Laura Daintrey, is a story of Bohemian life in New York, which boasts of but little novelty either in plot or treatment. The poor young girl, who loves a rich broker; the fascinating society woman, who marries the broker for his money, and, when financial ruin overtakes him, elopes with the man whom she really loves; artificial politicians and heartless fortune-hunters—these are the puppets which have been paraded before the reading public time out of mind, and have but little excuse for intruding themselves again. Of course the story ends happily, and the struggling young girl is united to the man whom she has always loved. The narrative abounds in immature philosophizing, but is somewhat redeemed by the sketches of Bohemian life in the Eleventh Street studios, and the Grace Church chimes furnish an interesting and poetic element. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York and San Francisco.

During the summer of last year, the Chicago *Daily News* sent Mr. William E. Curtis as correspondent to Russia. The letters which he wrote during the time have been published under the title "Russia: Its People, its Palaces, its Politics." The view taken of Russian affairs is, necessarily, the superficial one of a traveler, for in the land of the Czar the difficulty of getting below the surface is greater than in any other civilized country. This surface view, however, is very instructive and interesting, for it is the view of a trained observer, and Mr. Curtis has placed clearly before us the peculiarities of Russian life and manners which would be most striking to a foreigner. But the side which Russia presents upon the surface is the bright side, and, consequently, Mr. Curtis's book is largely made up of the brilliant aspects of the country. The magnificence of its palaces, the imperial stables, the jewels of the royal family, the cathedrals, the military organization, and the private life of the Czar—these form a picture which suggests nothing of the dark background. The chapters on the police, the spy system, the press censorship, and the educational policy of the government, however, give some indication of the life below the surface, and the chapter on the nihilists indicates the feverish condition of that life. The book is popular in tone, as would be expected from the circumstances under which it was compiled. The illustrations, however, add little if anything to its value. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York and San Francisco; price: cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

The latest work of that mysterious Russian, Stepniak, "The Russian Peasantry," is a clear, analytical, and unexpectedly impartial picture of Russian life. The social, intellectual, and religious condition of the peasants is set forth with startling directness, and the utter failure of the emancipation laws of 1861 and 1866 is clearly shown. The condition of the peasants, as shown by Stepniak, is most hopeless, with their small land-holdings, which are insufficient even to pay their taxes, and their oppression by the capitalist class, by means of usurious contracts. The taxes average one hundred and forty-five and five-tenths per cent. on the annual product of their holdings, or forty-five per cent. on all that they are able to earn during the year. The necessity for the payment of taxes compels them to borrow money, and instances are given of interest ranging from one hundred and six per cent. for nine months, to two thousand per cent. for a year. The former is a low rate, the latter an exceptionally high one. Another form of interest is the "bondage," or agreement to work on the lands of the large land-holders, by which the latter are enabled to get the greater part of their farm-labor for nothing. The inevitable result of this is shown to be a condition which is absolutely worse than the former serfdom, and a rate of mortality greater than that of any other country in Europe, the result of starvation among the peasants. The intellectual and moral condition of the peasants, as set forth in the book, suggests the ultimate means of deliverance. The book is wonderfully calm in tone, and the statistics are all drawn from official and other reliable sources. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.25.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A minister once told Wendell Phillips that if his business in life was to save negroes he ought to go South where they were and do it. "That's worth thinking of," replied Phillips; "and what is your business in life?" "To save men from hell," replied the minister. "Then go there and attend to your business," said Mr. Phillips.

Lord Leveson swallowed a half-crown at Christmas time, and is still trying to digest it. It may not afford him much nourishment, but he certainly is in splendid health and is gaining weight. "He has gained eleven pounds," said Lord Granville to a youthful colleague on the front bench, who was inquiring after Lord Leveson's health. "Ah," said the witty peer, "that makes eleven pounds two shillings and sixpence."

After a lieutenant, on board an English guard-ship, applied to his captain for leave to go on shore, and was refused, he asked for reasons of refusal, and expostulated: "If I ask for leave, and you refuse it without giving any reason, I shall walk about the deck with a stigma on my back." "By George, sir," cried the captain, "if I catch you walking up and down her majesty's deck with anything but her majesty's uniform on your back, I'll have you tried by court-martial."

There is a story going the rounds about the late J. C. Engel, director of Kroll's Opera House, Berlin. He asked two of his stars, Nachbaur and Reichmann, into his sanctum, and invited them to mention their conditions for a new engagement. "Well," said Nachbaur, "you know my terms. Half the gross receipts." "I, also," said Reichmann; "I can not take less than half the gross." "Gentlemen," gravely replied J. C. Engel, "supposing I accept, will you, occasionally, let me have a free ticket? I should like to be able to enter my own theatre."

The Rev. Samuel J. May taught a small school in Nahant, for one summer, and among his pupils was John Lothrop Motley, the future historian. Forty years afterward master and scholar met in Rome. "Mr. Motley," said Mr. May, "I think I am entitled to some share of your great reputation." "Very well," said the historian, "you may have all you can justly claim; prove property, and take it away." "Why," said Mr. May, "have you forgotten that I taught you to read?" "Did you?" instantly rejoined Mr. Motley; "then you must have done it well, for I have known how ever since."

"Did I lose consciousness?" asked a lady, who had fainted, after being thrown from her horse. "I don't know, marm," said a sympathizing street boy; "but you lost yer glasses, for I picked 'em up." Such little misapprehensions of terms will sometimes occur. A young man was giving a graphic description of his narrow escape from an enraged bull. "I seized him by the tail," he exclaimed, "and there I was! I was afraid to hold on, and I dassn't let go." "Between the horns of a dilemma," ventured a lady. "No, ma'am, I wasn't between the horns at all; and, besides, he wasn't a dilemma. He was a Jersey."

William Wirt, who held the office of Attorney-General for twelve years, under two Presidents, a much longer term than that of any other incumbent of the office, and who was witty as well as wise and eloquent, tells, in one of his letters, of a pun, which he had greatly enjoyed. "There is a gentleman in——who is otherwise very handsome, but with the misfortune of having a nose without a bridge—a mere abortive proboscis. C. was remarking, in company, one day, the noble expression of his countenance. 'Oh, but that unfortunate nose!' said a lady. 'Nose!' replied C.; 'if it had a bridge, it would be very passable.'"

The opinion is said to be common among sailors that the Finns are skilled in magic. If the following story, which is told by a seaman, is true, then these people are more than a match for the Pied Piper of Hamelin in dealing with rats. He was once shipmate with a Russian Finn who had all the horn buttons eaten off his oilskin clothing by the rats. So, on the next dog-watch after he found it out, the Finlander went to the fore-hatch, and, sticking his sheath-knife upright in the deck, called upon all the rats in the ship to appear before him. Up came all the rats, one after the other, and crawled before him in solemn procession, rat after rat, every rat in the ship, until hundreds of rats had passed close by his feet. Then there was a delay, and the Russian Finn called in a louder tone the same words he had called at first. Instantly a poor little, perspiring, bedraggled rat, with all its hair turned the wrong way, limped out of the hatchway, and went up to the upright sheath-knife and sawed its own head off!

The city cousin had gone down to the farm to spend a month, and appeared, on the morning after his arrival, "ready for action" at the picnic, which stood first in the order of events. He carried a cane, and stowed away an umbrella in the wagon; his hat was attached by a ribbon to his button-hole, another cord secured his colored glasses, and a field-glass was slung upon his back. "I do hope there won't be many mosquitoes," said one of the party waiting on the piazza. "I have a bottle of camphor in my pocket," returned the city cousin, calmly; "if they are very troublesome, we can make a smudge. I have matches." "Don't cork up the tea as if you never meant it to be opened!" called Kate to her sister, as they took a last look at the lunch-basket. "Never mind, I have a corkscrew," announced the provident guest. Just then the naughty boy of the family walked up to him, drew him mysteriously aside, and asked, confidentially: "I say! I hope you've got a rope-ladder in your pocket, in case of fire, and a can of pemmican to use, if we get wrecked on an iceberg?"

A peculiar episode in the House of Representatives, recently, was the passage of a bill to pay E. P. Parker, of Memphis, a claim for twenty-three hundred and sixty-six dollars. Parker and others were, years ago, bondsmen for Frank Parvis, collector of internal revenue for the western district of Tennessee. Parvis defaulted for a considerable amount. Parker paid the above sum as his share of the loss, but the government failed to collect from the other bondsmen, and an act was subsequently passed relieving the bondsmen. As none but Parker had paid, it was considered only just that he should be reimbursed. When Enloe, of Tennessee, asked unanimous consent to call up the bill, Hopkins, of Virginia, objected. Enloe pleaded for consent, and, in the course of his brief remarks, said that Parker gave him his first pocket-knife. This not only raised a laugh, but it touched the sentiment of every man in the house, each member of whom at once recalled tender memories of his first pocket-knife. "Withdraw!" "Withdraw!" shouted a dozen members to Hopkins, and, "Let the bill pass!" shouted half a hundred others. Hopkins laughingly withdrew his objection, and the bill passed immediately, without a dissenting vote.

In Berlin the waiters in beer-gardens are very sly in securing tips. When a guest pays his bill, and the waiter has to make change, the waiter returns all the change correctly except ten pfennings. The waiter searches industriously in all his pockets and displays ostentatiously his change, but he has no ten-pfenning piece. As a general thing the departing guest becomes impatient, and, tired of waiting for the small amount, tells the waiter to keep the change. The celebrated Professor Miller, who was a frequent visitor to the beer-gardens, had his curiosity excited to find out what the waiters did with the ten-pfenning pieces he watched them. He soon discovered that the waiter put all the ten-pfenning pieces in the left-hand pocket of his vest, while the rest of the money went into his trousers pocket. When Professor Miller's turn came to pay for his beer, as usual the waiter could not find a ten-pfenning piece to complete the change. "I am afraid," said the waiter, groping furiously through his pockets, "that I haven't got a ten-pfennig piece." "Suppose you feel in the left-hand pocket of your vest," replied the professor, suggestively. The waiter did so, and as he handed out the requisite coin, he whispered in the professor's ear, "I guess you were a waiter yourself once upon a time, but don't give the snap away."

SOCIETY.

Notable Reunion of Pioneers.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. James S. Wethered gave a sumptuous repast at his residence, 320 Van Ness Avenue, the occasion being the fortieth anniversary of his arrival in California. A grand reunion was had, at which reminiscences of "ye olden days" made up a most enjoyable entertainment. The post of honor at the right of the hospitable host was occupied by Hon. Stephen J. Field; at the foot of the table sat Mr. Woodworth Wethered only son of the head of the family. Messrs. A. J. Moulder, S. W. Holladay, John Maxwell, R. H. Sinton, Mr. Kruse, J. C. McCeney, and H. B. Livingston, were the other guests present.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr and Mrs. John Boggs have left San Rafael for Santa Cruz, where the latter will remain about a month, then visit Del Monte, and probably travel through Southern California before returning to the city.

Miss Mattie Gibbs has returned from a visit to Miss Maggie Jones, in San José.

Mrs. Carlton Coleman is still at the Napa Soda Springs, and will remain there several weeks more.

Miss Minnie Hathaway, of Sycamore Park, San Lorenzo, is the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Dwight Marshall Collins, in the Berkshire Hills.

Mr. and Mrs Benjamin Woodworth have returned to Fresno, after a protracted visit here at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. James Spiers and family have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. T. C. Van Ness and Dr. J Campbell Shorb were recently the guests of Mrs. Morrison and Miss Angela Morrison, at their home in San José.

Mrs. T. Ellard Beans and Miss Fannie Beans, of San José, are passing a month at Del Monte.

Mrs. Daniel Hanlon and Miss Emelie Hanlon have deferred their visit to San Rafael. They will go to Los Angeles in October.

The Misses Pierce have returned to their home in Santa Clara, after a month's visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Polhemus is entertaining a party of friends at her home in San José.

Mr. and Mrs George C. Boardman and Miss Dora Boardman have returned from their long sojourn at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. C. A. Spreckels is entertaining Miss Minnie Carroll at her San Rafael residence.

Mrs H. M. Newhall and Mr. George A Newhall, who have been at San Rafael all of the summer, have returned to the city.

Mrs. William H. Smith and Miss Belle Smith have returned from their visit to Mr Smith at Salt Lake City.

Mrs Volney Spalding and Miss Lizzie Sinton have returned from a brief visit to Cazadero. Mrs. and Miss Sinton will reside at the Hotel Bella Vista the remainder of the year.

Mr. and Mrs Denis Donahoe, who have been at San Rafael all of the summer, will return in October, to reside at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Mrs. John Gillig intends to pass the winter at the Bella Vista.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Knight White are permanently located at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Mrs A. A. Nickerson and Miss Myra Nickerson left the city last Wednesday for New York, and on the twenty-fifth instant will leave for Europe, intending to remain away several months. Mr Nickerson and Miss Maud Nickerson are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller and Miss Lillie Bass returned early in the week from a short visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, were at the Palace Hotel several days recently.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford expect to return from Europe in October.

Hon. Charles N. Felton will soon return from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad, and Miss Ella Goad, are occupying their Washington Street residence, having returned from their visit at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill are passing the summer at Lake Lucerne in Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott have returned from a prolonged stay at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, *née* Mizner, are in Chicago.

Mr. M. Theodore Kearny is at Aix La Chapelle in Germany.

Miss Inez Macondray and Miss Claire Ralston have returned from the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood are at Homburg.

Mr. Robert R. Grayson has returned from a two weeks' visit in Calaveras County.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L Moody and Miss Ida Moody have returned from the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Bell are in Geneva, Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy W. Selby have been passing a fortnight at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Lafayette Maynard is passing the summer at Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hopkins are now in Brussels.

Mrs. Hall McAllister and Miss McAllister have returned from an enjoyable visit at Santa Cruz.

Miss Arcadia Spence has gone to Coronado Beach to remain a few weeks.

Mrs. Du Ray Smith, of Oakland, is visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Mr. O. Shafter Howard has returned from an extended tour of the East and Europe, having been away about nine months.

Mr. Harry Gillig is enjoying a visit to the Hawaiian Islands

Dr. and Mrs. James W. Keeney and Miss Lillie Jones have been at Del Monte during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Jennings are passing the summer season at San Rafael.

Captain and Mrs. W. L. Merry have returned to the city after having been at San Rafael for the past two months

Miss Alice Mau is visiting Mrs. Edward A. Younger at her home in Alameda

Mrs. Stuart Taylor has returned from Santa Cruz.

Mr. A. H. Redington has returned from his visit to Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs George A. Low and Miss Low have returned from their Alaskan trip.

Mrs. Fisher Ames and Mrs. W. R Stewart, *née* Giffin, are at Lake George, N. Y.

Mrs. F. E Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer have returned to San José after passing two weeks at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto and Miss Stetson have returned from a delightful visit at Santa Barbara. Mr. and Mrs. Pinto are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Herbert W. Yemans, of San Diego, is visiting her mother, Mrs D. J Staples.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Webb Howard and Miss Maud Howard have returned from Alaska.

Miss Blanche Blanchard, of San José, will return from Santa Cruz, in a couple of days, after passing a month there.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Howard, of Los Angeles, who have been at the Palace Hotel for a week, have returned home.

Miss Alice Mullins will remain at the Hotel Rafael until September 1st

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin, of Sacramento, have returned home from a visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. George L. Bradley and Miss Grace Bradley have returned from Alaska.

Miss McLane is visiting the Misses Naglee, at San José.

Miss Ethel Beaver has returned from her trip to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben. C. Truman are enjoying a visit to the Yellowstone Park.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart, *née* Will, have been at the Hotel Metropole, in London, for the past two months. They will soon visit Scotland, and, later on, will go to France, Germany, and Italy.

Hon William Workman and family, of Los Angeles, have been passing a week at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fitch arrived here from the South last Monday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. W. E. Sharon, of Virginia City, Nev., is in the city on a visit.

Miss Lucia Gere is enjoying her Eastern visit greatly, and is now with friends at one of the watering-places near Newport. She will return home in October.

Chris Jorgenson is now at Monterey, with his San José sketching-class, which includes Miss Julia Morrison, Miss Clayton, Miss Fannie Beans, Miss Antoinnette Naglee, Miss Field, Miss Miller, Miss Lusson, and others.

Mr. G. Creighton Webb, of New York city, is here on a visit.

Mr. A. M. Burns and family have returned from Alaska.

Miss Carrie Durbrow stopped at Portland, Or., on her way from Alaska, and is visiting friends there.

Miss Irma Poole has returned from Alaska and gone to the Santa Cruz Mountains, to remain two months.

Professor and Mrs. N. S. Keith are at the Tallac House, Lake Tahoe.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Mackay entertained at dinner on Thursday, July 5th, at her residence, Buckingham-gate, the Spanish Ambassador, Earl and Countess of Donoughmore, Earl and Countess of Romney, Sir Algernon and Lady Borthwick, Sir George and Lady Dallas, Lord Richard Nevill, Lady Howard of Glossop, Lords de Lisle and Dudley, Lady Conyers, Lord William Nevill, Colonel and Mrs. Arthur Paget, Mrs. Percy Ffrench, Mrs. Marshall Roberts, Mr. Chester Arthur and Mrs. and Miss Post. The dinner was followed by a charming "at home," with music and *comédie du salon*. Wolff played his best; Signor Viterbo and Mme. Valleria sang, and Coquelin Cadet and Mlle. Reichemberg (of the Comédie-Française) acted a comedy and recited. Altogether, it was one of the prettiest social events of the season.—*Court Journal.*

The guests at the Hotel Rafael have issued invitations for a reception and ball, to take place there on Saturday evening, August 18th.

Invitations have been issued by Mr and Mrs. Lucas Ponton de Arce for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Inez Ponton de Arce, to Mr. Ricardo Villafranca, which will take place on Tuesday evening, August 28th, at half-past eight o'clock, at the Church Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, on Broadway, between Mason and Taylor Streets.

Army and Navy.

Captain John A. Darling, First Artillery, U. S. A., has gone to Vancouver Barracks, W. T., to assist in conducting the division rifle competition.

Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., has returned to his company, at Santa Barbara.

Lieutenant James E. Runcie, U. S. A., has been visiting Fort Gaston, Cal., on official business.

Lieutenant William C. Wren, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence, to take effect September 1st.

Major John H. Janeway, U. S A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, on account of illness.

Chaplain and Mrs. Morris Blake, U. S. A., have returned from their wedding tour, and are at 1507 California Street.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Fabbri-Muller Concert.

A musical recital was given at Saratoga Hall, on Friday evening, August 17th, by some of the pupils of Mme. Fabbri-Muller. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

"Mia Madre" ..... Campana
Chorus.
Duo—"Martha" ..... Flotow
Messrs L. D. Blondin and H. Parsons.
Song—"Jeanne" ..... Weckerlin
Mrs. Walter Gallagher.
Waltz Duo ..... Gumbert
Misses A. Schiffer and A. Goff
Aria—"Valentine" ..... Gounod
Mr. W. D. Shawhan.
Song—"Nightingale's Trill" ..... Ganz
Mrs. G. Schmitt
Grand Aria—"Lombardi" ..... Verdi
Miss M. Hagan.
Song—"Golden Love" ..... Wellings
Mr. H. Parsons.
Waltz Song ..... R. Mulder
Miss A. Canning.
Song .....
Mr. L D. Blondin.
Staccato Polka ..... R. Mulder
Mrs. Halpruner.
Grand Trio—"Lombardi" ..... Verdi
Miss M. Hagan, Messrs. L. D. Blondin and W. D. Shawhan.

A happy reunion of a brother and sister, after a separation of thirty-nine years, took place in this city recently. The interested parties were Mr. E. Edwards and his only sister, Mrs. E. J. Tayntor, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. Edwards left New York for California on the ship *Mechanic's Own*, in August, 1849, arriving here in January, 1850. Unlike most of our argonauts, Mr. Edwards has never revisited the scenes of his boyhood. So he cordially welcomed his sister to his California home after such a protracted separation.

The St. Andrew's Society of this city celebrated the one hundred and seventeenth anniversary of the birthday of Sir Walter Scott by giving an entertainment at Scottish Hall last Wednesday evening. An excellent programme was presented, comprising songs, recitations, a sword dance, and an address by Rev. Robert Mackenzie. The participants received well merited applause and encores for their efforts, and the large audience was highly entertained.

CCCCLXCVII — Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, August 19, 1888.

Chicken Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Fried Pompano. Saratoga Potatoes.
Pork Tenderloin. Apple Sauce.
Stuffed Bell Peppers. Lima Beans.
Roast Venison. Currant Jelly and Port Wine Sauce.
Cress Salad.
Lemon Jelly. Fancy Cakes.
Fruits in Season

LEMON JELLY.—Half a box of gelatine soaked in half a pint of water, juice of five large lemons, two cupfuls of loaf-sugar, or sugar to taste, beaten white and shell of an egg, one and a half pints of boiling water. Soak the gelatine in the half-pint of water half an hour. Put several of the pieces of the sugar on the peel of the lemon to soak the oil, on the surface. Pour a pint and a half of boiling water on the soaked gelatine, and add lemon juice, sugar, and egg; let it come to a boil, then set it at the side of the range a few moments; skim carefully, and pass through the jelly-bag into molds.

A Parisian lady of high rank has lately attracted much attention, owing to a remarkable balloon ascent which she made in company with her husband. This lady is the Countess Chandon de Briailles, who, in fashionable life, is famous as an amateur actress of no mean ability. Mme. la Comtesse and her husband, disdaining the ordinary means of locomotion which are employed by minor mortals, embarked in a balloon in Paris, for the purpose of proceeding to their country seat in Epernay. The plucky aeronauts, after having touched terra firma in dangerous proximity to a railway three times, finally descended, safe and sound, in the grounds of their château, which they reached before the servants and furniture had arrived from Paris.

— MCCALL'S BAZAR PATTERNS ARE THE MOST perfect-fitting. 303 Sutter Street.

— MME. JULIE ROSEWALD HAS RESUMED GIVING instructions at 929 Post Street.

— DRESSES CUT FROM MCCALL'S BAZAR PATTERNS fit like a glove. 303 Sutter Street.

FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO'S

FRENCH SOUPS, GAME AND CHICKEN PATES.

☞ N. B.—We will send, free of charge, to any part of the country, one sample can of soup on receipt of a copy of this advertisement and fifteen cents in stamps to prepay postage.

MAU, SADLER & CO.,
WHOLESALE IMPORTERS OF TABLE LUXURIES,
9-15 BEALE STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Four Prize Medals at Centennial, Philadelphia, 1876.
Gold Medal at the International Exhibition, Paris, 1878.
Special Mention, International Food Exhibition, Paris, 1878.
Five First Degrees of Merit and Mention, Sydney, Aus., 1879.
Diplome d'Honneur, International Exhibition, Brussels, 1880.
Medal of First Order of Merit, at Melbourne, Australia, 1881.

SELECT
CHILDREN'S DANCING
MATINEES,
SARATOGA MUSIC HALL,
(Geary Street, bet. Hyde and Larkin)
EVERY SATURDAY AFTERNOON FROM 2 TO 5.
FULL STRING ORCHESTRA.
BEGINNING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1st, 1888.

These matinees are only for children who reasonably understand the round and square dances. Personal attention in practice will be imparted, to all who attend, in advancing their knowledge in the refined form of fashionable dancing and etiquette. The German and Le Minuet de la Cour will be a feature of the matinees.

Parents who are not in receipt of invitations and terms, can obtain them by addressing

J. WILLIAM FRAZER,
330 Sutter Street.

AMERICAN PARTY
BUTTON.
SILVER ..... $ 85
GOLD (14 carat) 4 00
— TO BE HAD ONLY AT —
HAMMERSMITH & FIELD,
118 SUTTER STREET,
SAN FRANCISCO.

— FOR —
WALL PAPER,
WINDOW SHADES,
AND CORNICE POLES
— GO TO —
G. W. CLARK & CO.,
653 and 655 Market Street.

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THE DEWING COMPANY,
PUBLISHERS, BOOKSELLERS, SCHOOL FURNISHERS, AND PIANO MANUFACTURERS,
Now occupy their New Store in the
FLOOD BUILDING, 813 Market St.,
Where they continue all their former branches of business, and add a Retail Department, embracing Pianos and Organs, Miscellaneous Books, Fine Stationery, and Imported Leather Goods.

☞ Special attention is invited to the "Dewing Bros." Piano, our own manufacture, and to "Picturesque California," our own publication

Fine Table Wines
From our Celebrated Orleans Vineyard.
Arpad Haraszthy & Co.
Producers of the
ECLIPSE
CHAMPAGNE,
530 Washington St.
SAN FRANCISCO.
EASTERN AGENCIES:
PARK & TILFORD, New York;
F. P. DILLEY & CO., Philadelphia;
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WEDDING
Invitations and Cards.
PIERSON & ROBERTSON,
126 POST STREET.

WILBUR'S
COCOA-THETA

The most delicious of all chocolate preparations. Manufactured by a special process of our own from the best Caracas Cocoa. It is finely flavored with vanilla, and is superior to any other preparation in the market. Ready for immediate use, and can be made without boiling. Anti-dyspeptic, refreshing, invigorating. The only powdered chocolate in the world that may be taken freely as a beverage by children, invalids, the nervous, and the aged. Made with hot milk, or hot water and condensed milk.

☞ Consumers will consult their own interest by insisting upon receiving, from their dealers, only those Chocolate and Cocoa preparations bearing the name of

H. O. WILBUR & SONS, PHILADELPHIA.

MAU, SADLER & CO., Sole Agents for Pacific Coast.

A HALF-HOUR IDOL.

The Only Young Man at the Beach.

(Verandah of Hotel Parthenia, Virgo, 6:30 P. M. Maud, *solo*, watching the approaching figure of young Jones, who is coming up the rocks from his boat. Her attitude and carriage are those of one who has been there an hour or more; but her quick breathing betrays her very recent rush from the dining-room.)

Maud (in panting soliloquy)—Just in season—here he comes—first time—since he was introduced—to us all—this morning—I was determined—those girls—shouldn't get ahead of me—they're so forward—and I left supper—though there was strawberry shortcake; oh, dear!—for he—he's—he's the only young man at the beach!

(Enter, up steps, young Jones.)

Maud (lightsomely)—Good evening, Mr. Jones! Have you had good luck with your fishing? Such a beautiful day as it has been, hasn't it? I've enjoyed it so that I hadn't the resolution to go into supper, really. Then the air is so delightfully cool, you know; and shouldn't you say we might expect a rather chilly night?

(Jones tries to say something, but—— Enter Ada, with that peculiar combination of hurry and deliberation which indicates a run stopped short at the threshold.)

Ada (with malice aforethought)—Maudie, dear, I knew I should find you here. Why did you leave the table so suddenly? (Collapse of Maud.) Oh, Mr. Jones! You have been away all day, haven't you? You oughtn't to be so unmindful of your social duties, indeed you oughtn't—for, as you are probably aware, you're the only young man at the beach!

(Jones again tries to say something, when—— Enter, from one door, Agnes, Amy, Clara, Cora, and Dora, who appears to have had no idea that Jones was anywhere in the neighborhood, and to be surprised accordingly.)

Agnes, Amy, Clara, Cora, and *Dora* (in chorus)—Why, *Mr.* Jones!

(Enter, from other door, Edna, Ella, Emily, Ethel, and Eva. Then——)

Edna, Ella, Emily, Ethel, and *Eva* (also in chorus)—Why, Mr. *Jones!*

Agnes, Amy, et al. (in front)—Isn't this a most mag——

Edna, Ella, and others (behind)—nificent evening?

Agnes, etc. (determined not to lose their advantage)—And we're so glad to have your so——

Edna, Ella, etc. (equally determined)—ciety to-night.

Both parties (harmonious on this one point, at least)—For, you know——

The others—Oh, yes; you know——

Tutti—You're the only young man at the beach!

(Now enter successively Gertrude, Ida, Julia, Laura, Ada, and Mabel, who join in the following concerted piece:)

G.— I.— J.— L.— A.— M.—	Oh, Mr. Jones! Have you	had a been	pleasant enjoyable satisfactory fortunate lucky successful	time in your expedition	to-day?
G.— I.— J.— L.— A.— M.—	I was quite	amazed surprised grieved astonished vexed annoyed	that you should	leave desert forsake quit abandon fly from	us all to-day.

The Sextette (in unison)—For, you're the only young man at the beach!

Omnes—For you're the only young man at the beach!

(The conversation becomes general—extremely general.)

Maud—Isn't the water lovely? I actually adore the ocean—don't you, Mr. Jones?

Ada—The sky is remarkably red to-night, I observe. They say that's a sign it won't rain next day, and I certainly hope it won't—don't you, Mr. Jones?

Agnes—Gracious! if it should rain, it would be too horrid for anything. I abominate and loathe rain—don't you, Mr. Jones?

Edna—One ought not to mind the weather, in my opinion. I think we should lift ourselves above such trifles—don't you, Mr. Jones?

Gertrude—And then there are so many methods of improving rainy days—that is, for intellectual persons—and I think we all ought to be intellectual—don't you, Mr. Jones?

Several—Oh, are you reading——

Several more—Oh, what is your opinion about——

Yet others—Oh, don't you consider——

All together—Howells's new novel? It's a study of—the election and all that sort of thing—our landlord is an excellent one! He's the—Robert Browning who wrote—Mr. Barnes, of New York—gives everybody odds at singles—and mosquitoes, sometimes—one at each plate; but they're only changed—when the season's half over—you must have met my cousins, who live—in the mud at low-water mark; and it's such fun digging them out—and we have charades—with salad dressing—and the very first time I saw you I said—I don't believe in matrimony—as I never had a chance to—for you're the only young man at the beach!

Everybody—For you're the only young man at the beach!

(Suddenly enter, from different directions, Sara, Sibyl, and Sophie, wild with excitement.)

The trio (confusedly)—Oh, girls! oh, girls, girls, girls! I've just got a telegram! Brother Bob and four friends coming on next train—the landlord says fifteen young men are expected on the evening boat—two yachts are coming around the point simply crowded with men—one of them is full of Harvard students—oh, hurry, girls, and let's go down! Run, run, you've hardly time enough!

(Party scatters, with little outcries and screams of joy, leaving Jones alone in his glory.)

Jones (his first and only remark)—Thank the stars! I shan't be the only young man at the beach!—*Manley H. Pike in Puck.*

Alexander Salvini tells this story about his distinguished father's attempt to learn the language. Tomaso Salvini took lessons in English; but when he found that it was necessary to say that a person went "on foot," he objected. "We do not go to a place on foot," said he, "we go on *feet*. When a language is so absurd and extravagant as to say that a person goes on *foot*, what is the use of learning it?" And thereupon he abandoned the English tongue to its fate.

"The Russian cradle is never empty." As a statistical fact, the excess of Russian births over Russian deaths, annually, is from a million to a million and a quarter.

On the south-east corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-Third Street, in New York city, the most popular actor in America built the most splendid theatre in America, and ruined himself in the venture. The situation seemed to be everything that could be desired, only one short block from the two most fashionable thoroughfares in the city, and directly on two of the most traveled; and yet neither the money nor the popularity of Edwin Booth could make it succeed. Other managers tried it only to burn their fingers, and be thankful if they escaped total annihilation. Then the owners pulled the building down, leaving not a vestige of its former self, and building up entirely new from foundation to roof. The new building was intended for a store, and, as its situation was regarded as rather the best in the city for a retail dry-goods business, it was not long unoccupied. But the new tenants were glad to sell out. The gentleman who bought them out was not only wealthy, but he was one of the best-known and most successful dry-goods merchants in New York. And now, this man, who had been in the business for the best thirty-five years of his life, who had never made an assignment or been unable to meet the demands of his creditors, fails for the want of a paltry two hundred and forty-nine dollars and fifty cents! The sheriff's officers sit where once the ghost of Hamlet trod!

Female "spotters" are now employed on one of the Brooklyn surface street-car lines, and some of the detectives are clever enough to escape detection. They have various methods of keeping track of the fares collected, without exciting the suspicion of the conductor, but recently one of them was observed in her sly work, and the knight of the bell-punch decided to get even. Her system was to stick a pin in her dress for every passenger that came abord the car. The conductor, to get even with her, turned in fifteen cents more than he collected. The cute little spotter turned in her pins. Said the cashier: "You are three pins shorts." Her services were dispensed with, and she will probably never know how the mistake occurred. The persistent novel-reader is sometimes a "spotter," and when she turns a leaf it does not mean that she has devoured its contents. It is just possible that this is her little system of keeping "tab," and that the number of pages turned on a trip means go many nickels collected.

A young lady, of St. Louis, the daughter of a prominent lawyer, has inherited from her father a beautiful supply of red hair. She intends to profit by nature's liberality, and some time in August will entertain her friends in a novel manner. All the ladies and gentlemen of her acquaintance, whose heads can show the desired tinge, will be invited to assemble at her house. Pages with auburn curls will attend in hall and cloakroom, where sunny-haired maids will serve the supper. Table-linen and service will be of the popular color; the only difficulty seems to lie in procuring colored musicians to harmonize with the dancers. Carriages drawn by white horses will be at the service of the guests. Fraud and deception will be strictly guarded against, and impostors, if detected, will be promptly unwigged before the entire company.

Some one interested in stirring up English alarms has discovered in the memoirs of Marshal Ney a record of the fact that in 1805, when Napoleon, designing the invasion of England, gathered an army at Boulogne, it was daily exercised in the operation of embarking and disembarking, and that it was found that in ten and a half minutes twenty-five thousand men, with all their stores, ammunition, artillery, and horses were embarked, and in thirteen minutes were landed again.

Reward.

One thousand dollars will be paid for each and every grain of poisonous substance found in Wisdom's Robertine—for beautifying and preserving the complexion, removing tan, sunburn, freckles, and all blemishes and roughness of the skin. Used and endorsed by the élite of society and the stage. Sold by all druggists at 50 cents per bottle. White and flesh. E. W. Joy, Agent, San Francisco.

Fredericksburg Brewing Co.

Sales as per U. S. I. R., May 1, 1888, 50,813 barrels.
" " " May 1, 1887, 42,449 "
Increase, 1888, 8,364 "
Families supplied. Send orders 539 Cal. St. Tel. 764.

— GO TO BRADLEY & RULOFSON'S NEW PHOTOGRAPHIC gallery, S. E. cor. Geary and Dupont Streets.

White Sulphur Springs.

We take pleasure to inform our readers that these springs, situated in Napa County, adjacent to St. Helena, are now open, under the management of Messrs. Ed. Dunham and Chas. Eaton. These gentlemen are old, experienced hotel men, and having furnished the establishment throughout with everything new, they ask an inspection by those intending to recuperate during the summer months. These springs have always had the reputation of being the finest in the State.

— COLONIAL HOUSES.—FOR PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS be sure to favor us with a call. B. McDougall & Son, architects, 330 Pine Street, San Francisco.

— DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— GO TO SWAIN'S NEW DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

— STEELE'S Palace Drug Store, 635 Market St.

ESTABLISHED 1843.

W. & J. SLOANE & CO.

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— AND —

OTHER RUGS, UPHOLSTERY, WINDOW SHADES.

PORTIÈRES AND LACE CURTAINS IN GREAT VARIETY.

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Next above Palace Hotel.

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A SELECT SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES.
For catalogue or information address the Principal, REV. EDWARD B. CHURCH, A. M., 1036 Valencia Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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Toilet Soap
White·Exquisitely·Perfumed·Pure.
COLGATE & CO'S TOILET SOAPS.
103 VARIETIES·ADAPTED·TO·EVERY·TASTE·AND·USE·

Educational.

MRS. JOHN VANCE CHENEY
WILL RECEIVE PIANO PUPILS AT
908 SUTTER STREET,
On and after Wednesday, August 1st.
Applications may be made daily from 2 to 3 P. M.

MR. H. J. STEWART, M. B.,
—TEACHER OF—
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1513 Hyde Street, S. F.

MRS. H. J. STEWART,
TEACHER OF THE PIANOFORTE,
1513 Hyde Street, S. F.
Oakland days, Mondays and Thursdays.

PROFESSOR SAMUEL ADELSTEIN
WILL RESUME GIVING
INSTRUCTIONS ON MANDOLINE AND VIOLIN.
August 1, 1888 Address M. GRAY, 206 Post St.

ROBERT TOLMIE,
FORMERLY PUPIL KULLAK,
TEACHER PIANOFORTE,
930 Bush Street.

MISS ALICE M. BACON
Has returned to the city and will resume teaching August 1st.
Miss Bacon is prepared to furnish good pupil teachers.
Address. 1413 Taylor Street.

MISS LAKE'S
BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
922 POST STREET.
KINDERGARTEN FOR CHILDREN. (Formerly Zeitska Institute.) Physical Culture a specialty. Autumn term begins July 26. For circulars and all particulars.
Address: MISS M. LAKE, Principal.

Educational Institution for Boys on the Leading Private Home School.
ST. MATTHEW'S HALL,
SAN MATEO, CAL.
CLASSICAL SCHOOL.
Under Military Discipline.
Special Attention and Advantages for fitting Boys for a Scientific or Classical Course.
REV. ALFRED LEE BREWER,
Principal.
TWENTY-TWO YEARS OF SUCCESSFUL WORK.
Trinity Term will open July 26th, 1888.

TRINITY SCHOOL, 1534 MISSION ST
Prepares boys and young men for College University, or business.
Christmas Term opens Wednesday Aug. 1st
REV. DR. E. B. SPALDING, Rector.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL
A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL,
129 Haight St, San Francisco.
Established 1859 as University (city) College. Classical Mathematical, Scientific, and English Departments; also Modern Languages and Music, a Primary Department and Kindergarten. Pupils prepared for the best Eastern Colleges or for the State University. Summer term opens on MONDAY, AUGUST 6th.
JAMES MATTHEWS, D. D., Principal.

MEISTERSCHAFT
SCHOOL OF LANGUAGES,
324 SUTTER STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Spanish, French, German, Italian and Latin thoroughly and rapidly taught by Dr. Rosenthal's celebrated "Meisterschaft System." Classes and private lessons. New classes in each language now forming. For circulars or information apply to CHAS. H. SYKES, Principal.

VAN NESS SEMINARY,
RALSTON HOUSE,
1222 Pine Street, - - San Francisco, Cal.
(Near Leavenworth, between Sutter and California.)
Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children. For Catalogue or information, address:
MRS. S. B. GAMBLE, Principal
Fall Term commences July 30th, 1888.

FIELD SEMINARY,
School for Girls and Young Ladies, 1825 Telegraph Avenue, Oakland, Cal. Address MRS R. G. KNOX Proprietor, or MRS. D B. CONDRON, Principal
The Eighteenth year will begin Wednesday, Aug. 1, 1888

MISS BISBEE'S BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL
Seventh Avenue and Sixteenth Street,
EAST OAKLAND, CAL.
WILL RE-OPEN WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1888

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
1606 VAN NESS AVENUE,
Will re-open on Wednesday, August 8th. Students prepared for College. MARY B. WEST, Principal.

MISS CHEEVER'S SCHOOL,
26 ESSEX STREET, RINCON HILL.
WILL RE-OPEN MONDAY, AUGUST 6TH

NEW
DECORATIVE ART ROOMS
131 POST STREET,
Take Elevator. MRS. A. B. GRAHAM,
Designing and Stamping. New Designs. Of New York

Transportation -Rail.

SAUSALITO—SAN RAFAEL—SAN QUENTIN,
via

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, August 5, 1888, and until further notice. boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.00, 6.45, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.45, P M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10 00, 11.45 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 2.15, 4.15, 5.45, 7 30, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.45 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.15 P. M.
8 A. M. (Sundays only), Excursion Train from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.00 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.
Sunday Excursions—Round-trip Tickets, good on Sundays only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2 50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, $3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

INO. W. COLEMAN, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.
General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Aug. 12, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.00 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Fast Mail for Ogden and East	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
2.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	12.45 P.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.		
7.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
2.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	‡10.50 A.
4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‡9.20 A.
NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)		
7.15 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
7.50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion	‡ 8.35 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.40 P.
9.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 42 P.
2.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10 02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
5.10 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.00 A.
5.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.40 A.
7.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	‡7.50 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. ‡ Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ‡‡ Saturday and Sunday only, to Santa Cruz. ‡‡ Sunday and Monday only, from Santa Cruz. ** Mondays excepted.

"Standard Time" furnished by Lick Observatory.

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Post St., and S. W. cor. Powell and Sutter.

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STEAMSHIP COMPANY,

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at **3 o'clock P. M.** for
VOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,
Connecting at Vokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong, via Honolulu.	1888.
Arabic		**Tuesday, August 21**

DIRECT

Oceanic		**Saturday, September 8**
Gaelic		**Saturday, September 29**
Belgic		**Thursday, October 18**
Arabic		**Wednesday, November 7**
Oceanic		**Wednesday, November 28**
Gaelic		**Tuesday, December 18**

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

FOR NEW YORK, via PANAMA

Colima ..... **Thursday, Aug. 30, at 10 A. M.**

Taking freight and passengers direct for Mazatlan, Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, Corinto, Punta Arenas and Panama.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The S. S. SAN JOSÉ will be dispatched as an extra steamer, September 22d, and November 22, taking freight and passengers direct for Mazatlan, Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, Corinto, Punta Arenas and Panama.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:

City of Sydney	**Thursday, Aug. 30, at 3 P. M.**
City of Rio de Janeiro	**Sept. 19, at 3 P. M.**
City of New York	**Friday, Oct. 9, at 3 P. M.**
City of Peking	**Saturday, Oct. 27, at 3 P. M.**

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"Partners" is of French extraction. It is adapted by Robert Buchanan, who drew his inspiration from Daudet's "Fromont Jeune et Risler Ainé."

The plot is commonplace and old, a pet with French novelists, and American, and English playwrights. Henry Borgfeldt (Mr. Alexander Salvini) a wealthy manufacturer, risen to the head of his firm from a humble position, is married to a young and pretty wife (Miss Marie Burroughs), an aspirant for social honors. Mrs. Borgfeldt burns to be a fashionable luminary. She has beauty, wealth, and wit, and feels that she was never born to blush unseen. Her family regard her as an "exotic snowflake," so fine is her fibre, and she naturally concludes that exotic snowflakes are somewhat of a rarity, and should be exhibited for the good of the public. Her husband worships and trusts her, but offends her delicate sense by breaches of what is termed "etiquette." He, also, she thinks, neglects her for his business. In her soul she cherishes the idea that she is thrown away upon him. Her "heart is so empty," despite the fact that she has a charming child, a devoted husband, an adoring father, a loving sister. In this arid dearth of affection she turns her empty heart toward Charles Derwentwater (Mr. Walden Ramsey) the junior partner, who attempts to fill the void. Mr. Charles also suffers from an empty heart, though he, too, has a charming wife (Miss Kate Moloney) who adores him.

Such is the situation when the marplot enters. The marplot, Mrs. Harkaway (Miss May Brookyn), a woman of fashion, is a desperate creature. She is of the tigress type of woman, who, left in corners, shrugs up her shoulders, and, narrowing her eyes, hisses savagely: "Have a care! I will be revenged! Aha!" Prompted by jealousy, she proceeds to foster a flirtation between the two empty hearts. Borgfeldt, being called to Germany on business, she takes the lovers firmly in hand and forces them into each others society. Truth to tell, they do not seem particularly loth. So successful is she in her intriguing, that Mr. Charles has almost succeeded in making Mrs. Borgfeldt fly with him, when her child appears at the nick of time, and she is saved.

This takes two acts, padded out with a good deal of heavy dialogue, which could be eliminated and no harm done. Act third is Borgfeldt's office. The head clerk, Parr (Mr. J. H. Stoddard), is there, and mourns the downfall of the old and honorable house of Borgfeldt & Co. Mr. Charles has sunk the firm's private moneys in his own unlucky investments, and the situation is desperate. Mr. Parr also expresses himself forcibly on the subject of Mrs. Borgfeldt's behavior. Borgfeldt, returning from Germany, flushed with joy at the thought of meeting his wife and child, is met by the overpowering intelligence of the firm's approaching downfall. He is staggered, but confident. He can weather the storm as he has done before. The second blow—the scandal of his wife's conduct—stuns and then maddens him. He goes home infuriate.

Mrs. Borgfeldt, the social instincts strong in the most unhappy moments, is giving a party. Charmingly attired in an artistic white costume, with her hair in a Greek twist, she sits upon a sofa and gracefully grieves over the scrape into which she has been led. She grieves a great deal—first, because her heart was too empty; then, because it was too full. Enter Mr. Charles, on tender thoughts intent. Mr. Charles, vociferating his love, rushes to her side, and, seizing her by the wrists, drags her across the stage, in the forcible manner so popular with impassioned lovers on the boards. Mrs. Borgfeldt, in terror and consternation, cries and struggles. It is very exciting, when lo! the curtains part, and Borgfeldt stands confessed, stern and ominously quiet. A powerful scene follows. Borgfeldt, believing his wife guilty, drives her forth.

The last act is extremely touching. Borgfeldt, having resigned his position as head of the firm, is in lodgings, working in his old place. His child and sister-in-law (Miss Annie Russell) are with him; the mother banished. The child mourns for its mother, so does the sister, so does Borgfeldt, but will say nothing. In secrecy the mother returns, hoping for forgiveness. At first, her husband will not believe her. Then, having shown him a letter written to Mr. Charles, and overlooked at the office, he sees his mistake, and folds her in his arms. The reconciliation is effective and picturesque. The curtain falls on a cheerful, yet affecting, tableau.

Of course, all this is old, but the passion and the pathos are always new. As long as there are hearts to beat, such scenes will stir them. "Partners" is a clumsier growth than "The Wife," but its roots strike deeper. In the latter, they coquetted with great emotions. They were *ennuied* and longing for sensations. The actors, like the peers in "Iolanthe," "did nothing in particular, and did it very well." They made a great deal of elegant to-do about trifles. Did ever so large a mountain bring forth so small a mouse? In "Partners," the emotions are more genuine, the situations provoke more sympathy.

But of the two plays, "The Wife" is more compact, newer, and brighter. "Partners," beyond Borgfeldt, his wife, and child, has nothing. The dialogue is dull, except in the dramatic scenes, the stage is full of people for whom there is no necessity. There is a little humor in it, and a great deal of padding. There is no sub-plot, no secondary love-story, to charm the audience when Borgfeldt is off the stage, and weave a bright thread into the darker texture of the main incidents. It is a shame that that charming Sister Alice should not have been rewarded with a lover. She certainly deserved the handsomest, cleverest, and wealthiest fellow that an author could create. And we leave her to an endless vista of taking care of Gretchen!

A traditional public demands a punishment for Mrs. Harkaway, woman of fashion. But, no! She comes and goes like a meteor—out of chaos into chaos. Like other female rufflers of domestic bliss, she is dragged in and dragged out. There is a faintness about her reason for ruffling—a lady of violent and capricious loves, she selects the junior partner, say Mr. Charles, for the object of her adoration, and when he ceases to respond, revenges herself by involving him in an affair with her friend. This is what you might call "cutting off your nose to spite your face." She sometimes announces that she will "fan the flame till it burns them all," from which it appears she desires universal revenge. Her part is heavily weighted. Besides being the marplot, she is the clothes-horse on which the others hang all their cleverenesses. She calls forth the bright, sarcastic speeches of every one, from little Gretchen to Lady Silverdale (Mrs. Phillips). When any one has a smart thing to say, they say it about Mrs. Harkaway. When the wife makes a fool of herself, it is all on account of Mrs. Harkaway. Exotic snowflakes are not to be counted responsible. Finally she glides off majestic, weighed down with the misdemeanors of the whole company, like the scapegoat of ancient Jewry. We hear no more about her. Peace to her ashes!

But "Partners," despite its faults, has one great advantage over its predecessors—it reveals a new actor—Mr. Salvini. He was a revelation, especially considering his improvement since the last time he was here, when, struggling with the intricacies of a new language, and overshadowed by the greatness of his father, he was tacitly overlooked. As Borgfeldt, he bears the test of a great actor—when he is on the stage all others shrink to the vanishing point of insignificance. He dwarfs alike surroundings and companions. He alone, in his jovial, loud-voiced, warm-hearted, German way, saves that dreary first act. Later, in the strong scenes, he rises artistically to the requisite pitch of passion, without rant or vulgar violence. It is a pity, *en passant*, that those two scenes should be so long. It is unfair to the actor to keep him keyed up to such a pitch for such a length of time. And in the hands even of genius, lengthy scenes of that tension can not help exhausting the audience. The effect is lost by reiteration. It is like the music Wagner writes for his male voices—very fine, undoubtedly, but impossible to render without half-killing singer and listener. Mr. Salvini's get-up is as consummately artistic as his acting. His appearance is unobtrusively perfect, and his accent, considering that it is grafted on an Italian stem, a linguistic triumph.

Miss Burroughs, as the young wife, had a most unsympathetic and disagreeable part. A trivial woman, picking her way along the edge of sin, too self-absorbed and vain to love or appreciate her husband, too cowardly and capricious to love her lover, dissatisfied with everything in life to make her happy, offering as an excuse that she was led away by a vulgar intriguer—the character is not a pleasant one. Miss Burroughs, without penetrating to the core of Mrs. Borgfeldt, acted with spirit, and looked the part to perfection. In the more emphatic scenes, she showed some force, especially in the stormy fourth act, where Borgfeldt accuses her and turns her adrift. In the last act she was simple, and sincere, and proportionately affecting. Apropos of this act, one apprehended the regulation scene of the repentant and erring wife returning just in time to clasp her child, and die of consumption. Fortunately, Mrs. Borgfeldt was not consumptive nor erring, though repentant. But she could not resist the enticing limp, dark gown, loopless and bustleless, in which these ladies always revisit the home of "those happy days, when they were not innocent, but not found out." Mrs. Borgfeldt's dress, straight, and long, and limp, shows a properly contrite spirit, but as her lapse was pardonable, she attests the happy fact by wearing discreetly unobtrusive collar and cuffs. Without the collar the livery of guilt is complete. Its absence is the *coup de grace* to the prodigal's respectability. It is like the magic mantle which betrayed Queen Guinevere.

Of the other members of the company, Mrs. Phillips and Miss Annie Russell played two small and rather purposeless parts with their usual quietly refined excellence. Miss May Brookyn made a dashing and effective Mrs. Harkaway. The realistic effect of the first stage picture was somewhat marred by the way Miss Brookyn and Miss Burroughs swept about the stage. These are the days of realism in art, even to the smallest detail. Real ladies, in real drawing-rooms, sit down and keep still. They do not pace up and down like caged tigresses.

Mr. Stoddard's Parr was one of the most finished personations of the evening. The perfect naturalness, the entire absence of any visible effort at acting, this is art at its highest. Mr. E. M. Holland, as the humorous element, was capital, the laugh followed his every speech. Mr. Walden Ramsey was fairly good, and looked the gay Mr. Charles, which is, after all, a good deal. It was impossible for Mr. Flockton to make his part funny. He did his best, but there is a proverb about a silk purse and a sow's ear, which applies to this part. The child, Gertie Homan, was wonderfully clever. One wished, as they saw her, that Salvini *père* had had just such a child in his troupe, when, three years ago, he played "The Outlaw," at the Baldwin. G. B.

Mr. Rudolph Aronson, of the Casino, has received a cable dispatch from his brother in England, informing him that he had secured the entire right to the production of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera in the United States and Canada. The novelty will be brought out simultaneously in New York and London about November 10th, and it is quite probable that the opera will be brought out at the same time in three or four different cities in this country by companies organized by Mr. Aronson. The title and plot of the opera will be withheld till the last moment, in order to reduce the possibility of imitation to a minimum, and the music will not be published till six weeks after the first public performance. The new opera is in two acts, and the scene is laid in Sweden and in Norway. The time of the play is the reign of Gustavus Vasa, during the revolt of the Darlecarlians and the miners of the Falum. Scarcely more than this need be said, in order to show that Gilbert and Sullivan have entered a field that is not only picturesque in natural beauty and full of lively suggestions of romance, legend, music, and poetry, but one that is almost a *terra incognita* on the operatic stage. Special attention will be paid to costuming and scenery, and surely there is material enough in the "Land of the Midnight Sun," to furnish some of the most striking stage effects. Designs for the costumes have already been received by Mr. Aronson from Europe, and work on them has already been begun. The variety of form and the contrast of color can hardly be described, but the stage effects promise to rival in ingenuity anything that ever has been seen in Gilbert and Sullivan's operas. The scene for the first act represents the harbor of Hammerfest, on the north coast of Norway. In the distance glisten the glaciers of the Darlecarlian Alps, while across the vernal green and icy glitter flit the brightly costumed Norwegian peasants and sailors. The scene for the second act represents the Aula of the great Swedish university at Upsala. Scandinavian music has rightly won popularity through its modern apostles, and the quaint rhythm and fresh melody that characterize it have given a new inspiration to the genius of Sir Arthur Sullivan. He was a pupil with August Södermann, the Swedish composer, and with Neils W. Gade, the Danish composer, at the Leipsic Conservatory, where all received their bent of genius from Ignatz Moscheles and Dr. Reitz. Sir Arthur has made a study of the character of the *saga* and *edda*, and the first of his labors is the beautiful folk-songs of the new opera, the double choruses of students and Falum girls and miners, and the *eddas* (the prima-donna's) are said to surpass the best compositions of the master. A goodly number of people will be required in the production of the opera. The chorus alone will number seventy voices, forty male and thirty female. The cast will be particularly strong, numbering eleven principals.

The drama of "William Tell" presents opportunities for scenic display that will be liberally taken advantage of by Frederick Warde, in his revival of the play next season. The principal tableaux are Tell's home, on the shores of Lake Lucerne; a cave by moonlight, on the lake; the market-place of Altdorf, and the exterior of the castle of Altdorf. The traditional shooting of the apple will be accomplished by a patent device which Mr. Warde has purchased.

An arrangement has just been completed whereby the American tour of Sig. Salvini will be conducted under the management of A. M. Palmer. The visit, originally intended for the present season, has been deferred until 1889–90, at which time Mr. Palmer will be able to present the great tragedian at Wallack's, probably in October. Salvini will be seen in all his great impersonations and possibly in a production of "Samson," one of his strongest creations.

The Daly Company are at Glasgow, and after a week's performance there, will take their three weeks' vacation. Miss Rehan and Mrs. Gilbert remain among the Scottish lakes. Mr. and Mrs. Drew go to Fontainebleau, via Paris. Mr. Lewis goes to Switzerland, Miss Russell to Bath, Mr. Fisher to his birthplace, near Manchester, and Mr. Daly to Paris.

It is announced on very good authority that Marie Van Zandt will make a tour of the United States and Mexico during the season of 1889–90. Miss Van Zandt will sing in November and December next at Lisbon, after which she will fill an engagement of twenty-five nights in St. Petersburg and Moscow, returning to London for the spring season.

Miss Maud Harrison, the charming juvenile of Palmer's companies, with which her entire career has been associated, is to marry Mr. James Carson, of Chicago, owner of the Columbia Theatre in that city. It is rumored that Miss Harrison's playing days are over.

Fay Templeton and Howell Osborne are tired of one another, for Fay is back in America to take a position with Rice's Evangeline Company, and Osborne is in Paris, living in his usual style.

W. J. Florence will publish a volume of his Christmas stories, through Belford, Clarke & Co., this autumn, and it is also said to be his intention to write a book of reminiscences.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Joseph Murphy produces "Shaun Rhue," a play by the late Fred Marsden, at the Alcazar next week. His engagement lasts two weeks longer.

Considerable curiosity is felt as to how Mr. Salvini will assume the character of Baron Hartfeld, in "Jim, the Penman." He has shown us this week how thoroughly well he can represent the excitable German; next week we shall have his idea of the phlegmatic Teuton.

Miss May Brookyn has won praise for herself in the different Eastern cities for her performance of Mrs. Ralston, and her acting of Mrs. Harkaway this week shows an improvement over what she could do when here before, which goes far to justify the favorable notices.

Irene Dudley, wife of Ex-manager Steckhan, of the Standard Theatre, has been granted an absolute divorce on the grounds of desertion and failure to provide, and been given the guardianship of the child. Miss Dudley joins Augustin Daly's Company on their return to New York, opening October 9th.

"Rags, the Wild Cat," which is to be produced at the Bush Street next week, is, as its name indicates, a play of what has come to be known as the "Lotta" school. The late war is interwoven into the plot, and the play is claimed to be purely American and patriotic. As the villain is foiled by Rags, after four acts of struggling, this is, undoubtedly, true.

Rumor has it that the fair and fickle Olga Brandon, formerly of San Francisco, has "severed her connection," to use the stereotyped newspaper slang, with the ancient and wealthy manager by whom, of late, she has been patronized, in favor of the young and equally wealthy Earl of Winchester, who fell a willing victim to her "two lovely black eyes."

In the cast of "Jim, the Penman," for next week, are several changes from that of two years ago. Messrs. Kelcey and Le Moyne, who recently appeared here with the Lyceum Theatre Company, are replaced by Messrs. Louis Massen and Alexander Salvini; Miss Brookyn appears as Mrs. Ralston, which part was formerly taken by Caroline Hill; and Miss Clara Lipman takes Miss Maud Harrison's former rôle.

"Elaine," a dramatization of the Idyls of the King, by George Parsons Lathrop and Henry Edwards, is announced to follow "Jim, the Penman" at the Baldwin. The play is entirely different from anything which this company has given us yet, but it has been successful in New York, Chicago, and Boston, and ought to succeed here. Miss Annie Russell assumes the title-rôle, and Miss Marie Burroughs will be a stately and handsome Queen Guinevere.

Following is the cast of characters for "Jim, the Penman": James Ralston, Mr. Frederic Robinson; Louis Percival, Mr. Louis Massen; Baron Hartfeld, Mr. Alexander Salvini; Captain Redwood, Mr. E. M. Holland; Lord Drelincourt, Mr. Walden Ramsay; Jack Ralston, Mr. E. Beresford Hollis; Mr. Chapstone, Q. C., Mr. C. P. Flockton; Mr. Netherby, M. P., Mr. Harry Holliday; Nina (Mrs. Ralston), Miss May Brookyn; Agnes (her daughter), Miss Clara Lipman; Lady Dunscombe, Mrs. E. J. Phillips; Mrs. Chapstone, Miss Kate Molony.

Children's Dancing Matinees.

Mr. J. William Frazer, who is favorably known as a specialty teacher of fashionable round dancing, and for the past five years has been in the East for the benefit of his health, has returned and opened his private rooms at 330 Sutter Street. September 1st he will begin a series of select children's dancing matinees, which have been very popular in New York. He has leased Saratoga Music Hall, for Saturday afternoons. A full string orchestra is a feature which will delight the children who reasonably understand round and square dancing. Parents interested, see card in another column.

Art Notes.

A beautiful painting by Carl Herpfer, Munich, lately received, is now on exhibition. All those desiring to see the painting of "Entering the Convent School," can avail themselves now, as it will be sent to New York city in two weeks. S. & G. Gump, 581–583 Market Street.

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AT THE PLAY.

Behind the Scenes.

[To "M. P.," age thirteen; after taking her "behind the scenes" at the Standard Theatre.]

Little Maudie! little maidie,
Tell me what you think it means;
Tell me what you thought, young lady,
Of your peep behind the scenes

Was it worth the fuss and riot,
Just for pleasing me and you?
Shouldn't we be better quiet
For that wasted hour or two?

Reading books and storing knowledge,
Bothering our little brains—
Growing wise at school and college—
That alone is worth the pains.

Can there ever, could there ever,
Anything so silly be,
As to fancy you are clever
To invent a fancy sea?

Pasteboard rocks and mackintoshes,
Spread to keep the people dry,
When the nonsense-water washes
Up into the nonsense-sky—

And a great big stupid curtain
Falls between two sets of fools,
Such a waste of time, for certain,
Ought to be against the rules—

Yet your eyes grew bright and brighter,
And your blood came fast and warm,
And you set your small teeth tighter,
As you watched the painted storm.

Can you let such make-believing
Make you laugh and make you cry,
Sometimes joying, sometimes grieving?
Never mind, dear, so do I!

Was it very silly? clearly
All of us were nothing loth;
All nice people, Maud, are merely
Children of a larger growth.

So then, as you're growing older,
Let the wise folk have their say;
Chilly souls alone grow colder,
When they're sitting at a play.

"Play" is work, my girl; to merit
There above no little gain,
If it ease a single spirit
Of a single hour of pain.

Little Maudie! little maidie,
Let the heart's wild flowers grow wild;
Over all things, be a lady,
But—to God—remain a child.

—*Herman Merivale.*

Sorrow on the Stage.

In the rosy light of my day's fair morning,
Ere ever a storm-cloud darkened the west,
Ere ever a shadow of night gave warning,
When life seemed only a pleasure guest,
Why, then, all humor and comedy scorning,
I liked high tragedy best.

I liked the challenge, the fierce-fought duel,
With a death or a parting in every act;
I liked the villain to be more cruel
Than the basest villain could be, in fact,
For it fed the fires of my mind with fuel
Of the things that my life lacked.

But as time passed on and I met real Sorrow,
And she played at night on the stage of my heart,
I found that I could not forget on the morrow
The pain I had felt in her tragic part;
And, alas! no longer I needed to borrow
My grief from the actors' art.

And as life grows older, and, therefore, sadder,
(Yet sweeter, may be, in its autumn haze),
I find more pleasure in watching the gladder
And lighter order of humorous plays,
Where the mirth is as mad, or may be madder,
Than the mirth of my lost days.

I like to be forced to laugh and be merry,
Tho' the earth with sorrow is ripe and rife;
I like for an evening at least to bury
All thought of trouble, or pain, or strife.
In sooth, I like to be moved to the very
Emotions I miss in life.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the World.*

Behind the Footlights.

A pretty comedy of love to-night,
And all the house is gay with flowers and light;
There is a hint of passion in the plot,
Of love that's lightly won, and soon forgot—
An old, old play.

But, ah! my lady, though you sit and smile,
I see your eyes steal, dark'ning all the while,
To where a brown head bends above a gold
With all the grace it bent o'er yours, of old,
When at the play.

The scene goes on, with music and the dance,
But still she marks, with sidelong, furtive glance,
How tenderly he bends him down to say
Some earnest words, in just the sweet old way—
It is the play.

Her heart-beats stir the filmy fall of lace;
She lifts her fan athwart her paling face
And turns to answer merry jest with jest,
With all the while a strange weight on her breast—
A bitter play.

The curtain falls; the comedy is done;
The music fades; the lights die, one by one;
My lady sees with what protecting care
Do strong hands wrap a slight form from the air
After the play.

Within her weary eyes a dull fire burns;
Yet smiles she still as to her friend she turns;
And why her lips are white he can not guess,
Nor why her small hands tremble so—unless
Too long the play.

—*Katharine Phillips Williams in Harper's Weekly.*

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"Yes. Tell me of your good luck."

"Well, I bought a couple of coupons for the Louisiana State Lottery from a man on the street and they were loaded—loaded right to the muzzle."

"How much did you catch?"

"Just $30,000!" and Mr. Pohley toyed carelessly with his watch chain, giving the reporter a chance to recover his breath. "That was all—just $30,000." He emphasized the "just" and repeated the figures with great satisfaction.

"Have you received your $30,000."

"Yes, indeed; and it isn't going to get very far away from me. I'm going to put it into real estate. Very likely I will continue my present business of cigar solicitor. I'll give my four children a good education, and my wife, who is very much excited and greatly pleased over my good fortune, will have a much better time now. I have been buying tickets for some time in the Louisiana State Lottery, and 'caught on' once before, but not to the extent of just $30,000."

Mr. Pohley has a very pleasant home on San Pablo Avenue, Berkeley, and his neighbors rejoice in his good luck.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle, July 28th.*

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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With a liberality that has ever distinguished the *Chronicle*, in its management and discussion of public questions, it offers to throw open its columns to Democratic candidates for Congress, for a statement by them of the position of the Democratic party on questions of revenue taxation, silver, and Chinese immigration, and to permit them to discuss such issues. This offer is accompanied with the proviso that the disputants will agree to answer any criticism which the *Chronicle* will make. We are quite sure that Mr. B. Ferral, candidate of the Fourth Congressional District, and, perhaps, the Hon. Thomas Clunie, of the Fifth, will avail themselves of this generous offer, and, if they do, we are impressed with the conviction that the intellectual character of the political discussions of the journal having next to the largest circulation will be lifted to a higher plane of intelligence than has heretofore characterized them. Perhaps the *Chronicle* will extend the same invitation to the Congressional candidates named by the American party, and permit them to state the issues deemed important by them—the questions of unrestricted foreign immigration; of unlimited naturalization; of profligate waste of public lands; of domination of parties by alien bosses, enthroned at gin-mills; of parochial schools, conducted by priests, monks, and Jesuit fathers, in opposition to the non-sectarian free schools, under public management; of encyclical letter, read from Papal pulpits, denouncing Protestant marriages as "filthy concubinage"; of marriage of uncle and niece, on a steam-tug outside the three-league line of the coast, as the true marriage relation sanctioned by especial dispensation of the holy Roman Catholic apostolic true and only church; and the general questions involved in the authority assumed by an alien church to acknowledge an incestuous marriage, in violation of the direct provisions of a law recognized as binding by every State in the American Union. This field of controversy might be extended to a wider range of discussion, involving questions treating of the conflict of authority now growing up in this nation between an alien church, managed by Italian politicians, and a free constitutional commonwealth, founded by the fathers of the republic. If this invitation could be extended to municipal candidates of the American party, equally interesting and equally important questions might suggest themselves for consideration, questions not less important than those of revenue, silver, and Chinese immigration—whether a hard-working, rice-eating, moon-eyed barbarian, clean in person, quiet in manner, law-abiding, and without the elective privilege, is or is not more objectionable than a whisky-drinking, unclean, disorderly politician from any foreign land, who comes here in ignorance to riot against the law. If the *Chronicle* will broaden its generous challenge of political controversy, we will take the American nomination for Congress against Mr. Morrow and Mr. B. Ferral, to qualify us for entry into the arena of political debate, and if our party will give us the nomination for a city office, we will accept that of pound-master, in order to secure admission to the forum of municipal discussion. We will endeavor to uphold the affirmative of the discussion that it is un-American to permit Mr. Higgins and Mr. Buckley to control both the Republican and Democratic parties, to name all delegates to national conventions, to appoint all members of State and municipal conventions, to run the Irish and the kerb-stone gutter-snipes at all primary elections, to control the registry of voters, to name the judges and inspectors of elections, to guard the ballot-boxes, count the ballots, and to determine the election of all candidates for office nominated by themselves; we will endeavor to prove that the nomination and election of an ignorant and dishonest Irish judge to naturalize Irish voters, to sit as criminal magistrate to pass upon criminals, to summon grand juries and empanel petit juries, is a dangerous power; we will endeavor to prove that municipal authority can be more safely intrusted to American citizens of native and foreign birth, who seek no offices, have families, property, social position, good morals, and good habits, than to give these positions to aliens and adventurers, who have immigrated to this country to make an easy living at the city hall, or an easier one by administering one of the four thousand places of alcoholic traffic which abound in this city, and which are the places where real party affairs are fully arranged and effectually managed. This arrangement would be especially satisfactory to the American party, because it has no daily journal of importance in the nation, and not one in this State that is willing to do it complete justice. The American party has not attained an organization where any leader has gained full recognition. It has no money for party use, and, if it had, would not know how to use it; but it is an honest movement, and appeals to the higher intellectual and moral perception of all good citizens to recognize the patriotic work upon which the American party has entered, and to aid the "obscure band" which the *Bulletin* derides as a "side-show," and which every small politician, hanging upon the ragged party edge, is instructed to decry and belittle. Every vote cast in this State for James Langdon Curtis, of New York, for President, and for Judge James N. Greer, of Tennessee, for Vice-President, will be a vote not thrown away, but registered as a protest against existing political conditions, which involve republican liberty and Protestant civilization on the continent of North America. Every vote cast in the city of San Francisco for the American municipal ticket, will be cast in the interests of good government, honest administration, economy, and low taxation, against political organizations managed by Boss Buckley and Boss Higgins, between whom there is nothing to choose.

We invite a communication from some person of good taste, and with knowledge of architectural drawing and design, to write for the *Argonaut* an abusive letter on the architects and builders of San Francisco. In this city of ours there are but few public and commercial buildings or private dwellings that are not, in all respects, contemptible and utterly devoid of taste. The Bank of California is a model of architectural proportion and simple beauty of design; it will be as handsome an hundred years from to-day as its original model in Athens was a thousand years ago. There is an elegant building recently completed on the site of the Starr King Church property, named the Starr King Block. It is built of stone, brick, and iron, and is an enduring structure, in which beauty has not been lost sight of. A very tasteful stone-front is in process of completion on Sansome Street. The Palace Hotel is an awful caravansary, deformed by its thousand bay-windows. The Phelan Block has about it the air of fantastic cheapness. Mrs. Parrott's brick-and-stone misalliance, at the corner of California and Montgomery, is simply offensive. The Safe Deposit Building, diagonally across the street, is creditable. The Union Club Building is more than creditable. The Stock Exchange is a fair specimen of a commercial structure. The new Roman Catholic Cathedral, on Van Ness Avenue, is a very fine specimen of church architecture; so, too, is the new Starr King Church on Geary and Franklin Streets; there is no other church edifice in San Francisco worthy of especial notice. The Appraisers' Building is substantial, and, for its uses, appropriate. The Flood mansion, on Nob Hill, of brown stone, is simple and elegant, and beyond comparison with any other dwelling in San Francisco. The Hopkins house is of wood, and by its mill decorations seems, from the outside, to be cheap. The Stanford and Crocker mansions look to be what they were intended for—most convenient and comfortable residences. If the Colton dwelling were built of white marble instead of boards painted white, it would be the most elegant mansion in San Francisco. The house of Mrs. Judge Crocker, on Van Ness Avenue, is very elegant, and all its surroundings are in excellent taste. There are only two handsome fences in town—one surrounds the Flood, and the other the Colton residence. There is but one grand entrance in San Francisco, and that is to the house of Charles Crocker; finer granite-work and better taste we never saw elsewhere. The house of Mr. W. H. Crocker, now building, is unique, and promises, when completed, to be very attractive. The little mountain city of Denver has more beautiful private residences than San Francisco, owing to its most attractive variety of building-stones, easily and cheaply quarried. With the architecture of Chicago, Washington, New York—and, as we are informed, of Minneapolis and St. Paul—San Francisco bears no comparison. Our city is shabby, dusty, and ill-looking beyond any other city of equal dimensions and pretensions on the North American continent. Possibly, New Orleans is shabbier and dirtier, and the Crescent City is certainly more malodorous. We attribute these faults in San Francisco to ignorance and want of taste on the part of our architects. The city hall was an elegant design, and could the plans of Mr. Laver have been carried out, it would have been as complete and elegant a public edifice as its uses and location permit. It does not compare with the work of the same gentleman, as exhibited in the capital at Albany, nor is it equal to the city hall of Philadelphia, nor comparable with the national capitol at Washington, which is more beautiful than any public edifice in Europe. There may be other architects who possess equal genius, but we do not observe their work. Good taste costs no more than blundering. Capitalists will always accept elegant and graceful designs for buildings, if they can be erected at the same cost as those that are vulgar and commonplace. Architects will be held responsible, and justly

the beastly, and altogether unsightly, architecture of this city. Architecture is one of the scientific arts. "At its talismanic touch the latent treasures of the forest and the mountain cliff spring into structures, vieing with nature in elegant lightness and massive strength." Michael Angelo and Sir Christopher Wren were architects. Architecture, as it flourished in ancient Athens and in Moorish palaces, is a reviving art; it has been lost, and is now in process of rediscovery; but the spirit has not reached the hod-carriers and wood-sawyers, who have been permitted to practice their ignorance upon an ignorant public. There are but two good buildings on Montgomery Street, from Telegraph Hill to Market Street, and but one fine building on Market Street, and that too ornately trimmed with cut stone to be in good taste. The History Building looks like an entrance to a cavern. We wish some gifted pen, intelligent in this direction, would help us swear, for we find ourselves unable to do justice to the subject.

When Mr. Blaine said that "the wages of the American laborer can not be reduced except by the consent and vote of the American laborer himself," he uttered but half a truth, and that a bit of platitudinous buncombe. The Republican party had control of national legislation for twenty-five years, and the Democratic party now for four years, since which time nearly ten millions of foreigners have been introduced, as immigrants and competitive laborers, to the country. By reason of which competition and accumulation of working-men, the prices of labor have been reduced, labor strikes have multiplied, labor riots, of a murderous character, have occurred, prices of such necessaries of life as house-rent, clothing, food, coal, and lumber have advanced. Twenty-five dollars does not go as far to supply the comforts and necessaries of a laboring-man's family as did twenty dollars twenty-eight years ago. During this period the national domain, which was the inheritance of American boys, has, to the extent of millions of acres, been given to corporations, to wealthy, foreign-capitalists, and thrown open to every adventurous alien who had the desire to appropriate them. Fields of precious minerals, broad forests, quarries of granite and lime, deposits of coal, iron, and all that was precious in the earth or in the sea, have been disposed of by laws that, in no single instance and in no one particular, gave an American boy, born of American parents, preference over an alien adult who came to the country an adventurous immigrant. Ignorance, pauperism, crime, and disloyalty, on the part of European immigrants, have not been considered by Mr. Blaine or his party, nor has any effort been made by the Republican party, during all the long years when it had the supreme control of legislation, and when Mr. Blaine was the speaker of the House, the leader of the party, twenty years in Congress, and cabinet minister, to restrict foreign immigration, amend the naturalization laws, or protect the public domain. Mr. Blaine never uttered a sentiment, nor introduced a law, nor favored a measure that discriminated in favor of a native-born son over a foreigner, nor do we recall any attempt of his to protect an American laborer from competition with a foreign laborer. In this view of Mr. Blaine's life-long and eminent career, we do not hesitate to pronounce all his present eloquent utterances in favor of what he pleases to term "American laborers," to be insincere and demagogical. The laborers he is defending are "foreign laborers," who are still living beyond the sea; *his* policy of protection is protection to rich corporations engaged in mechanical and manufacturing industries, and will inevitably result in reducing the prices of all labor performed in the United States to the European level. There is but one mode of keeping the price of American physical labor to the higher standard, and that is by so amending the laws, and so controlling emigration from Europe and from Asia, as to relieve it from competition with European and Asiatic laborers. This is Americanism. This is the principle that underlies the American party, and no one knows it so well, and no one so artfully and successfully misrepresents it, as this most eloquent of American Jesuits, who is now engaged in wagging the Republican party and the Republican Presidential candidates. In order that we may give to Mr. Blaine the benefit of all he said, on the occasion of his return from abroad, we print what he said to the clubs which greeted his arrival in the port of New York. He said: "The progress of the campaign in the United States is viewed from "the European standpoint with an interest as profound as it is "in the United States. It is the opportunity of England. It "is the long looked-for occasion upon which the cheaper labor, "and the cheaper fabrics of the Old World, expect to invade "the new, and lower the wages of American working-men to "the European standard. It is not a contest of capital against "capital; it is not a contest of partisan against partisan. It "is much higher than either of these—it transcends all party "motive. Whether the great mass of American citizens, who "earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, shall be seri-"ously reduced in their emoluments from day to day, that is "the whole pith and moment of this question. Anything that "diverts the question from that single point, is a weakening of "the campaign. I say here, as I hope to say with much more "elaboration, that the wages of the American laborer can not "be reduced, except with the consent and the vote of the "American laborer himself. The appeal lies to him. It "comes to his door and asks him whether, with the great "power of the franchise, and the great majority he possesses "in his own hands, he is willing for himself and his associates, "his children and his children's children, to take that fatal step "at the bidding of an American Congress and an American "President, whose policy is governed by that element which "sought to destroy this nation." Thus he defines the issue, and declares there is but one. It is a working-man's question—a question of wages, and nothing more. It is a question that alone concerns employer and employed. This question of bread and meat, according to the "uncrowned king" and "greatest of American statesmen," is of higher importance than patriotism, moral considerations, immigration, naturalization, schools, and public lands, and is to be merged in the question of protection; anything that diverts attention from this one question of emoluments is a "weakness." It is a false, partial, imperfect presentation of the great national questions. It is a dishonest disregard and disingenuous avoidance of the greatest peril the nation has ever encountered. Mr. Blaine knows it, and, because he does not admit it, we charge him with insincerity and demagogy.

From the interior counties we have received many letters, all telling the same story, all asking for literature, speaking, and organizing assistance, all breathing a resolute determination to stand up and be counted "this time." From Loma Prieta, a correspondent writes: "I have had some talk among the quiet, sensible people of this neighborhood, and I find if there was some smart fellow to come here and rouse us up, we would get a big American vote," and then complains of the conduct of local conventions in giving them bad candidates for office, instead of decent citizens. One, writing of his county convention, says: "It was simply the Pope against the Protestant." From Texas we are asked for American literature. From Boston we are informed of an organized committee of one hundred, to protect the public schools from the assaults of Jesuits. From all sides a correspondence (always welcome), but too large to undertake to reply to, assuring us of the prevalence of American sentiment, and a determination to make itself felt at the polls. Our advice is to organize. When three Americans can be gathered together, form a club, one for president, one for secretary, and one for treasurer. Pass two or three resolutions, embracing the following sentiments: "*Resolved*, That we three men of America think ourselves as good as one Irishman; that we have as good right to rule this Irishman as he has to rule us; that we like the country, and if he does not, let him go home; that three Americans are a majority over any one alien, and that in a free country a majority trusting in God has a constitutional privilege to rule a minority trusting in a Pope; that so trusting we resolve to cast our Presidential votes for James Langdon Curtis, of New York, and James N. Greer, of Tennessee, for President and Vice-President of the United States." Let our friends in the country obtain each man an American ticket. If a printed one not be obtained, write one out. Let it contain the following names:

FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

P. D. WIGGINTON,	ALEXANDER DUNCAN,
J. WEST MARTIN,	FRANK M. PIXLEY,
LOUIS A. GARNETT,	D. LAMBERT,
C. L. WILSON,	N. M. ORR.

Where the party is not strong enough to run an independent local ticket, let them choose the best men from both the others. Let Prohibitionists and Americans unite against the common enemy. Let all honest men combine their votes. Let the "next time" look out for itself. Americanism fills the air. Thousands of adopted foreign-born citizens, who are not professional politicians and who want no office, favor the American ticket. British-Americans, Germans, and all intelligent, foreign-born citizens are in sympathy with our principles. The American party has a national organization and national Presidential candidates. No congressman will be nominated who lacks the courage of American convictions. In San Francisco, a straight-out, independent municipal ticket will be placed in nomination, and, for its support, an appeal will be made to all good citizens who desire an honest administration of the city government, without asking them to sever their connection with the Republican or Democratic party, in regard to their choice of Presidential candidates. The movement is like the falling snow, silent, covering old wagon tracks, but promising of new paths and merry, jingling bells.

The laws of California prohibit the marriage of an uncle and niece, because it is regarded as incestuous. Nearly all—and, we believe, all—civilized communities under the operation of civil laws have the same rule of marriage. The Roman Catholic Church prohibits by its rules marriage between uncle a niece, or within the fourth degree of consanguinity. In viol tion of the law, and in disobedience to the rites of the Romi Church, a Portuguese married his brother's daughter on boa a steamer hired for the purpose, which steamed outside t harbor three marine leagues beyond the jurisdiction of t law. He was aided in this violation of the law by Captain W. Thorwold, of the tug *Ethel and Marion*. Vicar-Gene Pendergast, of St. Mary's Roman Church, and, in the absen of Archbishop Riordan, acting for him, informs the *Examin* "that he knows about this violation of the law, and tha 'special dispensation' of the Holy Roman Church w granted," because the practice, in Portugal, of this kind marriage is common. The vicar-general *says* he does n know the name of the priest who married the guilty couple he ought to know, and can know, if he desires to be informe The vicar-general of the Roman Church undoubtedly do know the priest who performed this illegal act, and it is p sumable that the dispensation, which permitted this violation canonical and civil law, was granted by his sanction and with approval. This marriage ceremony, performed upon t high seas, was a premeditated, prearranged, and deliber violation of the laws of this State. The parties, if they ha consummated the marriage contract by cohabitation, are n living in contempt of the law. Whether the church author that granted the dispensation, the commander of the steam-t who aided in this marriage, and the parties directly engaged ha committed an offense for which they are criminally liable, will not discuss, but may we not respectfully ask the R Father Pendergast whether he, or whoever gave this dispen tion, has not been guilty of a premeditated evasion of the la of California? Has he not connived at and assisted to t perpetration of a moral crime, not only against the rules the Roman Church, but against the custom and the rules decent civilization, that have been accepted in the commun in which he resides and in which he is exercising the spiritu duties of the church whose faith he professes? Does not t shameful act, thus sanctioned by church authority, prove b yond controversy what the *Argonaut* asserts, and which is d nied by all Romanists, viz., that the Church of Rome clai to exercise authority above the law and independent of Marriage is claimed to be a sacrament; marriages betwe Protestants, not celebrated at the altar and not performed the priesthood, are denounced as "adulterous," in the stro language of a recent Pope; the relation is proclaimed to one of "filthy concubinage." The clergy of the Rom Church in San Francisco have, from its pulpits, read an en clical letter against marriage authorized by law and sanction by the Protestant religion, that deeply offended all good c zens not of the Papal faith. It had a right to offend the because it was a base, cowardly, and mendacious assault up the character of all Protestant wives, upon the legitimacy all Protestant children, and upon the honor of every mar man, who does not conform to the ceremonies of the Rom Church. We ask this reverend, apostolic vicar to explain t abominable crime against the laws of the State of Califor and moral outrage to civilization. We take the fact from t *Examiner*, and, if we have done any injustice in its presen tion, we offer our columns to Father Pendergast for its de or justification.

If protection and wage compensation are the only issues be tried and determined in this Presidential election (as M Blaine declares), we ask our "next-time" Americans when American questions to be settled? If four years are requi to pass before they can be again considered, how many ye will it take to dispose of them? If only one issue can settled in four years, will we not have to give equal time to t immigration, naturalization, land, school, party-boss, a church questions? As it will require twenty-eight years dispose of them all, and as we are getting old, we have det mined to start in now and give our vote to Curtis and Gre and our influence to an out-and-out thorough American mu cipal ticket for the city of San Francisco. We advise t Democratic party friends not to throw their votes away Cleveland, and our Republican friends not to throw their vo away for members of Congress and Republican city nomi tions, but to come half-way to the American party this el tion, and we will permit them to full affiliation and compl copartnership next time.

Senator Quay, of Pennsylvania, chairman of the Republic National Committee, of which Mr. De Young, of California a member, has given Patrick Ford, of the *Irish World*, fo thousand dollars to aid in the election of Harrison and Mort Mr. Pat Ford is expected to use this money to influence t votes of Papist Irishmen, as did the same journal (for co four years ago in the interest of Blaine. This journal is w ing the war of the Irish rebellion against England upon Am ican soil. Its editor is charged with confederating with Ir criminals; its office is charged with being the rendezvous escaped conspirators; there, it is charged by the Lond

imes, the murderers of Lord Cavendish and his secretary und refuge and welcome. The *Irish World* is a den of triguing and criminal conspirators against a country with om the United States Government is at peace. It is a dis- norable and disgraceful fact that the National Republican rty should aid with money for political use such a crim- l as Patrick Ford, and such a journal as the *Irish World.* is not creditable to Senator Quay, nor to the national com- ttee, nor to General Harrison, in whose interest the shame- and indecent act is performed, nor to the wealthy Mr. orton, who presumably furnished the coin for this nasty use. his act demonstrates the political alliance between the Re- blican party and the class of Irish who work with "the torch, e dagger, and dynamite" against a people from whom we rang, and a nation with which our government is in friendly iance. The Republican party is detected buying the sup- rt of Irish criminal votes. It was done four years ago for r. Blaine. It disgusted us then, and we do not approve it w. We never wanted this class of Irishmen to be mem- rs of the Republican party, and when it comes to buying m, we respectfully protest. Join the American party, and is become a "TRAITOR." Our treason consists in refusing turn the American ballot-box over to Irish criminals.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Although Washington Territory does not ure, conspicuously, in national elections, there are some of us living here who take an interest in the coming Presidential contest. Among er things which we note with interest and regret, is your attitude in ard to the placing in nomination an American party electoral ticket e voted for in California. You do not hesitate to denounce as wards" those who, believing in the principles of the American ty, decline to support an American party ticket in the Presidential tion; but, may I ask, how long is it since discretion and valor were reed, and what, pray, has the old-time "better part of valor" done erit this cruel denunciation as a coward from her now disenchanted use? It can not be that the saucy wench, whose most alluring racteristic is her headlong impetuosity, has so far enamored the d old hero that he will cast aside, in the hour of need, the faithful ner whose wise, restraining counsel has helped him win so many ories. Neither can it be that the rank and file of the Republican y will, in November, be so entirely possessed of a quixotic disregard real danger which threatens to devour all, as to be deluded into a imental crusade against a possible foe, which can be dealt with at ther time with a better chance of success. Permit me to illustrate by ple:

nce upon a time, there was a wise, rich man, whose house was filled costly decorations. The doors and windows were tolerably barri- d. He could count upon its taking at least an hour, after the ring- of the burglar alarm, for a house-breaker to make enough headway eriously endanger the lives or property within. One night, the wise was apprised, by the ringing of the burglar alarm, that an attempt being made to break into his house. On arising from his bed, he discovered that a fire had just started, which would soon reach some ly inflammable material. He recognized, at a glance, that unless uenched the fire at once, its ravages would, in a few minutes, do in- alable harm—not only render his house unfit for habitation, but even esirable for a burglar to enter. He, therefore, seized a bucket of r and extinguished the fire, saying, to himself, "I have a whole in which to dispose of the burglar."

here is only one issue which is going to be definitely settled in this paign, and that issue is neither immigration nor prohibition. It ld be no more suicidal for Rhode Island Republicans to ask for the ediate settlement of the cremation question, than for California Re- icans to insist *now* upon the instant arrest of foreign immigration, or New York Republicans to attempt to deliver in November the pre- ure prodigy—prohibition. And yet we are confronted, in these last States, with the spectacle—too sad to be ludicrous—of able men g all in their power to induce the adoption of this very same suicidal y. Yours truly, HENRY M. HOYT.

POKANE FALLS, W. T., August 10, 1888.

This is very fine and very fantastic writing, but it is very eless and very absurd. We do not hesitate to denounce as ards anybody, professing American principles, who lacks courage to advocate them and vote for them. Especially ardly must be the man who, living in a Territory where has no Presidential vote to cast, would interfere with the tor in a State, in taking advantage of the opportunity pre- ed him, to show his courage at the ballot-box. The alle- of an union between valor and discretion is very charm- but when discretion becomes a bawd, so weak that she is less of her reputation, will not guard her virtue, and so ferent to her good name that she will not lock her bed- n door, it is time to divorce the drab and dissolve the bonds were once honorable. We are quite willing that the otic Mr. Hoyt, of Spokane Falls, should disregard the atened dangers of criminal immigration, spoliation of the ic domain, danger to the public schools, and Irish, ical boss-rule, and rule of Jesuit priests, till they reach shington Territory; in the meantime, he must allow us to our own course when it is our house that is being invaded urglars and set on fire for the purpose of destroying the ling and stealing the priceless and costly decorations it ains. Our nation is invaded by burglars now; riot and der, anarchy and crime exist on every side; riots and der by Huns, and Poles, and Mollie McGuires in the coal- s of Pennsylvania; conflagration, murder, and destruction of erty along the lines of railroad from Pittsburg to the Miss- pi; anarchy in Chicago; communism everywhere; defi- of the law, from the time of draft riots in New York Kearney riots on the Sand-lot of San Francisco—and things will reach Spokane Falls, in Washington Terri- when its people have rights to invade and property to . Our friend is one of those next-time Americans, one of e who propose to come in after the battle is fought and ry is won. He is of the band that follow the battle to the slain. He is of the kind the *Argonaut* apologizes for ing.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Senatorial Contest in Alameda County.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Periodically, as comes the pestilence, Mr. Henry Vrooman thrusts his personality upon the good people of Oakland, and seeks to misrepresent them in the senate of California. If Mr. Vrooman can secure a nomination and election by honorable means, no one would have the right to gainsay him; but before the people of his district I arraign him, as not only misrepresenting them, but misrepresenting those who own him, to wit, the Southern Pacific Company. After adopting the usual course of obtaining an attorneyship for the company, viz., by reviling its organizers upon every possible occasion, he has, at last, barricaded himself in the employ of the company by virtue (sorry the expression) of peculiar services rendered. He now seeks by the aid of his twin evil, Mr. Stephen T. Gage, to so besmirch and belittle the liberal-minded men who employ him, as to wish it understood that power has been delegated them by the company to crush every man in any way beholden to the corporation who dares to refuse to obey them and aid their nefarious schemes.

I arraign these twin evils at the bar of public opinion, and challenge them, or either of them, to say that such men—such chivalrous gentlemen as Mr. C. P. Huntington, Senator Leland Stanford, and Colonel Charles F. Crocker—gave them authority to say to men in the honest employment of expressage business on the lines of the company, or news-men selling papers and magazines to the patrons of the road, or, in short, to any human being who, by the grace or permission of the company, is trying to earn an honest living, that either one of two propositions can be accepted, viz.: Withdraw support from Mr. Dargie and give it to Mr. Vrooman, or the whole power of this great corporation shall be used to crush them. And yet these two men, or their agents, by common report, are driving men, with families to support, to the aid of Mr. Vrooman by threats of dire vengeance at the hands of the Southern Pacific Company, in case of refusal. I assert, with a personal knowledge of the characters of the gentlemen who have made the company what it is, that neither Mr. Huntington, Senator Stanford, nor Colonel Crocker would sanction, for a moment, such small and contemptible practices. These gentlemen do not stoop to gain their ends by taking the bread from out the mouths of women and children. They do not need to so act. They can rely upon the people in any just cause. I believe Mr. Vrooman and Mr. Gage are trusting to the absence of Mr. Huntington and Senator Stanford, and to the fact of Colonel Crocker's constant occupation in directing the vast business of the corporation, to traffic with their good names, and frighten those into their support who could and should challenge these men to do their worst; and, right here, is Mr. Vrooman worthy the honor he seeks? I know the value of your space, and will cite but one of hundreds of his acts, every one of which should bring the blush of shame to any honorable man's face.

Mr. Vrooman was a candidate for the State senate two years ago. It was then that the narrow-gauge railroad company desired a franchise, for its steam-cars, along Telegraph Avenue. Fearing the opposition of the company, Mr. Vrooman, *in consideration of the public weal,* wrote the company as follows:

. . . . "In the meantime, I will do all in my power, and use all available means to enable the railroad company to obtain the franchise, and the right to run their steam-cars along the avenue between Fourteenth and Thirty-Sixth Streets." One thousand dollars was paid Mr. Vrooman for "expenses," etc., and five thousand dollars more was promised him when the franchise was granted. The franchise was defeated, and I have seen the voucher where Mr. Vrooman was paid twenty-five hundred dollars, for "expenses and services," in *defeating* that particular franchise.

In these degenerate days, while we may not criticise the right of an honorable senator to accept remuneration for "expenses and services" from one side of a cause demanding legislation, I do believe we may fairly criticise his right to accept from both. What say you, Mr. Editor, knowing, as you do, the honorable gentlemen at the head of the affairs of the Southern Pacific Company, do you believe they have delegated the power claimed by Mr. Vrooman and Mr. Gage; and, in the light of the sample legislation, given above, should not the people of Oakland rise in their might, and, once for all, say to these arrogant men, stand back—make way for the people? ACROSS THE BAY.

OAKLAND, August 22, 1888.

The foregoing communication comes to the *Argonaut* from a responsible party. It is the Dargie side of the bitter controversy now being waged at the primaries in Alameda County over the election of a State senator; the contest pending is between Mr. W. H. Vrooman and Mr. W. E. Dargie. Mr. Vrooman is an employee of the railroad company, and is the present State senator representing Alameda. He is a man of marked ability and irresistible energy. Mr. Dargie is a young man, born in California, of honorable past life, as exemplified in the office of postmaster for Oakland, which place he held under the administration of Chester A. Arthur, and for two years was extended into that of Grover Cleveland; his ability has been illustrated in the Oakland *Tribune*, whose proprietor and editor he now is. His character, conduct, and qualifications are better known to his friends and neighbors than to the writer of this article. Whether the statements embraced in the communication referred to are true as therein set forth, the electors of the senatorial district are the judges, and must pass upon the claims and qualifications of the two candidates for senatorial honor. We might leave this contest where we found it, a personal one between men whom we intimately know, and pass it by as alone affecting the locality wherein it is being waged. The accusations of the communication are too direct and too explicit to be ignored, and, if true, too serious for us to pass unnoticed unless we admit ourself to be that which is sometimes charged, viz., "the slave of the railroad corporation, wearing its collar, and bearing its brand." That we do not occupy this relation to the railroad company our former treatment of W. W. Stowe, its once political agent, our attitude toward W. B. Carr, an earlier agent, and William Higgins, a present political confidant, must be the best evidence we can offer in denial. That we have no sympathy with any company or corporation that shall engage in the control of a party through bosses, is evidenced from the fact that we are no longer a member of the Republican party. If Mr. Vrooman and Mr. Gage are doing the things with which they are charged in Oakland, viz., holding and misusing the tremendous power of this vast corporation over the occupations and employments of private men, over candidates for office, and are menacing with threats private citizens, to control their votes and direct their political action, then it is a base, cowardly, and dishonorable act. If they are doing these things with the knowledge and consent of Governor Stanford and Mr. C. P. Huntington, the late Charles Crocker, Colonel Frederick Crocker, and Mr. Towne, or Mr. Anybody having authority to exercise the power of the railroad corporation over its employees, and over the business community in which and for which it is doing business, then these gentlemen must bear the burden of the accusations, and the agent has only an agent's responsibility. If the *Argonaut* is as independent as it claims to be, it would be sheer cowardice to ignore the Oakland contest, and it would be dishonest to deny that Mr. Vrooman is there acting the part of a local boss; it would have been indecent to refuse the publication of these charges, or to give reply to the denial of their truth if denial is asked in our columns. The occasion affords us the opportunity of affirming the opinion expressed by the writer, that neither Governor Stanford, nor Mr. Huntington, nor the late Charles Crocker, nor Colonel Frederick Crocker have sanctioned these crimes at Oakland, nor do we think that it is the desire of these men, nor the policy of the institution of which they are directing managers, to encourage or countenance any dishonorable politics in the County of Alameda or elsewhere. If these statements as charged are true, we are confident they are done without the consent or authority of the men who are responsible for the conduct of railroad affairs in Alameda County. The influence of more than twenty-five thousand railroad men—computing employees and those directly dependent upon them—must be immense. It is irresistible in the hands of intelligent and honorable men; it is a fearful and menacing terror in the hands of unprincipled, political bosses, working and lying for the attainment of personal and selfish ends.

We take the following extract from a sermon, delivered on Sunday last, by the Rev. Dr. Harcourt, of the Methodist-Episcopal Church. It is eloquent, because truthful, and its utterance from a Protestant pulpit evidences a courage that is becoming rare in these degenerate days. Protestantism is not as bold, in these luxurious times of peace, as in those earlier days when faggots and funeral pyres, thumb-screws and torture tried the courage of early martyrs who suffered and died for conscience sake. If the Inquisition shall come again, then will come with it a courage that will not shirk danger, nor shrink from torture. The American school-house can not find a truer ally, nor the Protestant faith a stancher arm for its defense, than in the American Methodist-Episcopal Church. The American party can not plant its seeds in better soil than among the Methodists, North and South:

The history of American free public schools is one with the history of our nation, and it can not be trampled upon without endangering all the interests we hold dear as Americans. And as lovers of our country, it will be well for us not to forget that he who meddles with our educational interests, meddles with our liberties. Need I tell you that our American school system is endangered, that we have those in our midst who are its sworn enemies? Shall we fold our arms and dream of safety, when the principles which exalt us as a people before all the nations of the world are being destroyed by foreign hands? The note of warning has been given more than once. It comes to us to-day from the adopted home of the pilgrims. It is high time for us of the Golden West to be aroused, when Massachusetts, the cradle of our country's liberties, the mother of our free school system, is put under the dictation of the Pope of Rome! A great conspiracy is now being enacted in our land, and it is high time for Americans to awake from sleep! When in annual elections the voters are so evenly balanced that a command from the Pope, or a Roman American cardinal, can order a Roman legion, the subjects of a foreign ruler, to march to the polls in sufficient numbers to determine in one way or the other, just as he chooses, are we not in danger? Are not all the interests we hold dear as Americans in danger? When Jesuits have their fingers about the throats of so many of the leading dailies of our land—with its boasted freedom of the press! When American citizens are summoned to Rome to answer for the crime of loyalty to American institutions. When a public school teacher of Boston is compelled to obey the nod of a priest, and to take a true text-book in history under his arm, and march out because the teacher and book are true to the record Rome made for herself. When another Boston teacher goes over to the Roman Catholic Church, and says he did so because he has a family to support, and when another dare not open his lips for fear of losing his place. And in our own city, where the work of weeding out the Protestant teachers has gone on steadily and stealthily year after year, and now Professor Lambert, who for fourteen years has been principal of Lincoln School, must go to give place to one of another faith and practice! The edict has gone forth from the blind Jesuit of our city that he must go, and the edict must be obeyed. Shame! Shame! A burning shame! All governments have national institutions, and so has ours—the constitution and the public schools. We must say to Catholics, "respect these and we will respect you, but if you touch any of these you become our enemies and must be treated as such." I am very glad that the red hand of Romanism is made bare in Boston. That Mr. Travis, the high school teacher, for impressing upon his class the truth of history should be turned out of his position, and that the history that dared to record the fact that the Roman Catholic Church ever traded in indulgences should be cast out of the schools!

Madame Boulanger is said to be very pious and melancholy, and does not enjoy her husband's popularity or the feminine admiration which he commands.

THE SHAFT IN THE AMARGOSA.

A Strange Fatality which Clung to a Mine of Fabulous Wealth.

"Do I believe there is gold in the Amargosa range? I know it," and my companion nodded significantly. "But not for all the gold of Ophir—not for the richest ore ever dug from the bowels of the earth, would I care to renew my experiences there."

"Too much risk? Too little water?" I asked, in a tentative way, for I had heard enough about the Amargosa country to know that the course of the prospector there is attended with peril sufficient to deter the hardiest.

"Not only that," returned my companion, shortly, "I have seen enough of that to make me tolerably callous, if there is something worth while at the end of it. What I am speaking of is worse than all that. The Amargosa recalls reminiscences which make my soul creep with horror when I think of them—reminiscences so strange, and I was going to say devilish, in their character, that neither you nor anybody else would credit them, if I told you of them. That is why the Amargosa range makes me shudder when any one mentions it."

"You interest me," I said; "it isn't time to turn in yet. You don't mind giving me a little of your experience, do you? You will find me an obliged and interested listener, at any rate, if nothing else."

The scene of the foregoing dialogue was a rough cabin, in the Panamint range, in Inyo County, and the time somewhere about fourteen years ago. In these days I was a good deal of a wanderer, and the course of my peregrinations had taken me up to the Owens River country, with a mule-team from Los Angeles. By the time we got to Independence—my team was one of a train of eight—I was pretty well tired of the long, monotonous desert route, as also of the work incident to the sixteen animals I was driving, and, by the time we had loaded up with base bullion at Cerro Gordo, I was glad of the chance which brought along a teamster from Carson City, out of employment, and anxious to get to Los Angeles, and so willingly turned over my team to him, getting what I could from the train-master for my half trip.

In these days the silver mines in the Panamint range had received a fresh impetus from the report that Senator Jones, of Nevada, who was largely interested in them, purposed building a railroad thither from deep water at Santa Monica. It was only natural, therefore, that I should be desirous of seeing what that part of the country was made of, and, after purchasing a mule and a *burro* at Independence, I proceeded to strike eastward, over the fifty or sixty miles that separate Owens Lake from Panamint. Luckily, the directions I had received before starting, together with perhaps some little natural mountaineering sagacity, enabled me to reach my destination, over a country where many have been lost, and not a few have met their death.

Upon arriving at Panamint, I had the further good fortune to come across a mining expert and assayer, to whom I had been introduced at San Francisco several years before, and who very kindly invited me to share his cabin, while I looked about me. It is needless to say that I was only too glad to avail myself of the offer, and it was some three or four days after getting installed there that the foregoing conversation, relating to the Amargosa country, occurred.

My friend, Mr. Whitworth, was of a peculiarly unassuming and modest character. Not more than five-and-thirty, I should say, at the time I speak of—I was about five-and-twenty myself—he had the name of being one of the most expert mineralogists in the State, and though there were few mining districts, whether in California, Nevada, or Arizona that he had not very thoroughly prospected and explored, in the interest of some company or other, he was peculiarly reticent on the subject of the adventures he had met while doing so. What he had already told me, however, had been of so serviceable and interesting a character, that my curiosity was piqued about the experiences on the Amargosa, which seemed to fill him with such peculiar horror, and, as we had only finished supper—the month was March—and had just lit our pipes, I returned to the attack.

"Certainly, I will willingly tell you all about it," said my friend, with some hesitation; "it is not that I have anything to conceal, but—but—there are so many improbable features about the affair that I am afraid you will put me down as a romancer, and that," he added, with a smile, "is hardly the reputation that one in my profession wishes to have. However, let that pass. If you wish to hear the story, well and good."

About six years ago—yes, it was in '68—I happened to be in the southern country, on a private prospecting trip, and stopped over for some days at Los Angeles. It was in the spring of the year, and my intention was to prospect the San Gabriel Mountains to the north, and, perhaps, continue my route up the country, if I did not find any favorable indications nearer. I was stopping at the Pico House, and, the day after my arrival, fell in with a man with whom I had had some business acquaintance in the city. Matt Haslom, as he was called, was something of a mining operator, something of a gambler, about forty years of age, shrewd in his speculations, with a keen eye to business, and always on the look-out to turn an honest penny—some said he wasn't very particular about its honesty, either. Well, we naturally got to talking, and before long I found out that he was in that section of the country to look after some mining claims in which he was interested, though he was very mysterious and reticent about it.

"Doc," he said one morning, after I had been there a day or two—he always called me "Doc"—"can you keep a secret?"

I told him I thought I could.

"You never knew I had been a prospector once myself, did you?" he went on.

I told him I never thought he would go to the trouble that prospecting usually entails; that he would prefer to make money in an easier way.

"Well, I went upon one trip, all the same," he said; "it was about three years ago, and we struck such ore as *you* never saw in your life. Talk of free gold! Why, that rock would crush heaven knows how many thousand dollars to the ton. To my veritable belief it would run from twenty to thirty per cent. pure gold."

"Then it would crush over a hundred thousand dollars to the ton," I said, dryly; "wouldn't want many tons of that to quit operating altogether, and take things easy ever after."

"Well, you may think I'm joking," he returned; "but look at this," and he pulled a small piece of rock from his pocket.

I examined it carefully, and found that it was, as he said, phenomenally rich in free gold.

"Well," said I, "that proves nothing. I've seen many small chunks of rock equally rich. That is not to say that there is a ledge of the same richness. An occasional nugget, found here or there, does not presuppose the presence of a harvest of them. The same way with your piece of rock. The ledge it came from might not average twenty dollars to the ton."

"But," he said, earnestly, "it is my belief that there are hundreds, yes thousands, of tons of just such rock, in the place I mean."

"Then, why on earth don't you work it?" said I; "you are scarcely the man to let such an opportunity slip, I should think, if you really thought so."

"Thereby hangs the tale," he answered, sententiously; "the fact is, I have lost track of the precise spot."

"Then, why don't you prospect the country over again?" I asked; "you must have a general idea of the location, and it seems to me it would pay you to spend months, or even a year or two, in prospecting the neighborhood, if there were really such prospects as you say ahead."

"Ah, there's the rub; so it would," he coincided, "if there were a fair chance to do so. But it is the devil's own country—were you ever up Death Valley way?"

I told him I had never been any nearer than Panamint, where we are now, on the one side, and Pahranagat, on the other, but that I had heard enough about it.

"Well, then, you know," he went on, "what a treeless, waterless, pestilential, God-forsaken region it is. I defy any one to stay in that section of the country more than a few days at a time, without running short of feed and water for his animals. He would have to be constantly journeying where he could reach these necessaries. How can a person prospect under such conditions?"

"Then why didn't you look out for that in the first instance?" I said; "why didn't you take bearings from some conspicuous object in the neighborhood, and put these bearings upon paper, in relation to the route you took when you left your ledge."

"I had that," returned Haslom; "I had just such a chart of the country, with directions I could understand, but—curses on it!—I lost it. I have been over that region three separate times since, but the cañons and ridges of the Amargosa are so much alike, that it is like hunting a needle in a bundle of hay."

"Ah! you lost your map," I said; "that's bad. But you weren't alone were you? You said *we*, once. You must have had a partner then. Is his memory as faulty as yours?"

"Just as bad," he replied; "he's dead. Caved in on the desert before we reached the Mojave."

I consider myself somewhat of a judge of human nature, and thought I noticed a hesitation in Haslom's tones as he said this.

"But the best thing I can do," he continued, "is to tell you the whole story. I have never told it to a living soul before, but I want to interest you in the matter—I want to interest you so much as to induce you to join in the enterprise. You're an old hand at the business; you're on your own hook at present; you've got the time to spare. Why not give me the benefit of your advice and experience, and take a full partnership in the richest known ledge in the world?"

Such language, such offers, and such sanguine expectations I was not unused to—they are the stock in trade of many an adventurer who has really nothing in sight—but I had myself heard, at Pahranagat and elsewhere, the dim traditions of fabulous treasure that float about the barren range of the Amargosa, and the untrodden *mesas* of Death Valley, and as the day was warm and the verandah of the Pico House cool, I was not averse to hearing what Matt Haslom had to say, giving it you, as near as I can, in his own words—my memory is fortunately good, and the whole affair left a deep and ineffaceable impression on me.

"It was just about this time three years ago," he began, "that I happened to be here in Los Angeles and living in this very house. That was in the spring of sixty-five, and I wasn't thinking of mining investments or anything of the kind—in fact, Doc, I was here purely on a pleasure excursion. You know I have a weakness for the fair sex, and one day while strolling along Kearny Street I met the handsomest girl, I think, I had ever seen in my life. Tall, dark, magnificently formed, with regular features, clear olive complexion, in fact a perfect type of Castilian beauty, I was fascinated the first time I saw her—so much so, in fact, that I kept her in sight, and made it my purpose to find out who she was. I ascertained, by dint of inquiry, that she belonged to an old Southern Californian family called Ramirez, whose home was in Los Angeles, but which was now rather poorly off. I had, just then, made rather a lucky deal in stocks, and having money to spare, and keeping posted as to the lady's movements, timed my own so as to take passage on the *Orizaba* for San Pedro, on the same trip that took her south. I need not explain to you how introductions are effected on board ship; however, to cut a long story short, I received an invitation to call upon the family in Los Angeles.

"There were only three in the household, Dolores—that was the name of the girl—a brother named Pedro, and the old mother. The main thing they knew about me was that I was a mining man from San Francisco. From that I suppose they argued that I was a man of means—and, as a matter of fact, I had at the time quite a little pile of money. Now, I'm not going to speak any more about the girl—this is a business t and business it shall be.

"Before long I began to get pretty intimate with the fam and one day Pedro confided to me the secret that he some old document, relating to a very rich ledge some hundred miles to the north-east of Los Angeles, but that being anything of a miner himself, and not being well abl understand what the paper said, he hadn't cared to bother looking after it, and hadn't cared to let the secret out, so some one else might get the benefit of it. Now, however, he had come across a regular mining man—a man who money for mills and machinery and all that—it had occu to him to look closer into the matter. Would I go in him? I hadn't much faith in the thing, but I had heard you must have, too, that some very rich ledges were know the Indians, and thought that perhaps, after all, this Mex might have something good. So I asked to see the docum and was surprised to find that it was written in English saw, too, that it was old—the ink was yellow—and that n a good impression on me.

"The directions were all plain enough till they struck Mojave desert; then they ran on by a hill here, and a there, and a spring elsewhere, till they struck the Amar range. Then they grew more precise, beginning at a bluff, at the entrance of a cañon upon the south-east sid the hills. From there on there was a map showing ri cañons, and divides, with a black line running zig-zag thr them and across them, and distances put down in yards angle to angle. I could see it was the work of some one knew what he was about, and this gave me a still better pression of the thing than I had at first. I asked Pedro he came by the document, and he told me it was given by his father when he died some ten years before, and th had got it from a white man, who had come to his hou far back as '51, in the last stages of consumption—there very few Americans in Los Angeles then—and the family nursed him and kept him till he died.

"Then I asked Pedro what the name of this man was, if he had left any effects behind him. He told me the came to the house when he was quite a boy, and that the thing he had with him was a gunny sack with fifteen or tw pounds of very heavy pieces of rock. He came to the one evening, with this sack slung across his shoulder, a weak he could hardly walk. It was about a month after he died. I then asked Pedro what they had done with rock, and he said they had gradually sold it all, as it was rich in gold, and the stranger—whose name he did not k always calling him simply Don Eduardo—had told them might have it, and that it was worth over four thousand lars. This they found to be the case, and they had grad disposed of it, lump by lump, only saving one small pie a keepsake. He brought that out and showed it me, a sure as I am here, it was as rich in gold as the little lu showed you just now. What do you think of that?"

I told Haslom that I thought a good deal of it, an quested him to proceed.

"Well," he continued, "I made up my mind that there something in what the Mexican said, and that the thing worth looking into; so it was agreed that he and I sh start out and see whether we could not locate this mi ledge, or whatever it was, I to bear all the expenses o trip and the outfit, and afterwards, if it was found to be thought, to put in money enough to work and develop it, th of us to be partners, share and share alike. The way I put was that some old pioneer prospector of early days had bled across a rich ledge in the course of his wanderings finding himself nearing his end, and, perhaps, having no fr or relatives he cared for, or that he knew how to reach given the secret of his discovery to the people who had kind to him in his need.

"Within a week we started out, following the directi the old miner, which we found so accurate that we had ficulty in locating the spot, only suffering from want of and being forced to return before we could do anythi any consequence, intending of course to return right awa ample provisions to go right to work, and get out the ore

"And the reason you couldn't do so," I said, "was think you told me, that you lost your directions."

"That's it exactly," replied Haslom.

"And your partner," I inquired; "the Mexican—i memory of localities as deficient as yours?"

"Oh! Pedro Ramirez," returned Haslom; "poor fe He died on the desert on the way back. Sunstroke. We both got off to rest in the shade of our horses. W thought it was time for us to mount again, I found he w sensible. I stopped there until evening trying to revive but it was no use. We were then some twenty miles the bend of the Mojave, and after throwing his blanket him, and staking out his horse on the sand within eas tance, I started out to ride to the nearest station—that the bend—for assistance. I managed to get a light and a span of mules, and by dint of tremendous exertion back to the place I had left Pedro by nightfall next There was nothing there. His horse was unstaked a had gone. I concluded that he had come to himself had left him, and passed me on the way. He must ha lost on the desert, poor fellow! It often happens. A he has never turned up from that day to this."

In spite of the glibness and apparent candor with Haslom spoke, I thought I detected a furtive look ab face, as he told of his partner's fate; besides, I could no noticing the way in which he contradicted himself, first that his partner died of sunstroke, and then that he mus got lost. That, however, I reasoned, might have merely his off-hand manner of speaking. At any rate, I said n

"Was there any work done upon this ledge, or mine? my next inquiry, for I was beginning to find myself tak interest in Haslom's story.

"That is the extraordinary part of it," he replied found a shaft sunk in the side of the mountain to the de about thirty feet. This shaft had evidently been sunk w object of striking a ledge that cropped out of the side

l some fifty yards lower down, which showed traces of gold, t nothing of any consequence."

"It must have taken more than one man to do that," I re-arked.

"Certainly," assented Haslom; "and they must have had ater. Now all the water in Death Valley, and that neigh-rhood for miles and miles, is brackish, alkaline, and unfit to nk. They must have known of some spring of good water. l so, that very important piece of information was left out of directions, probably by oversight."

"Were there any signs of recent work?" I next inquired.

"No. I should say nothing had been done on the shaft for ny years," replied Haslam; "there was a windlass still oss the mouth of the shaft, with a rope around it and a cket, on which a man could go up or down, and which was, course, used for raising the dirt, or, rather, the gravel, while shaft was being sunk. It was sunk through pure gravel st of the way, till the ledge was struck. It must have been ghty careful work, too, for there was no timbering, and if gravel hadn't been tight packed, they couldn't have got as down as they did without a cave."

"Was there anything in the shaft to indicate who the ners were, or anything in the neighborhood?" I asked.

"ou went down, of course?"

Haslom paused a moment, in abstraction.

"Yes," he said, at length; "both the rope and windlass e in fair condition. That climate is so dry that things n't rot, and the cracks in the wood, through the heat, hadn't kened it much. I went down first, and—and—yes, there the body of a man, dried up like a mummy, and a pick, vel, and canteen."

"Were his clothes there, too?" I asked.

"Yes," said Haslom, "his clothes were still on his back. y wouldn't rot either, you know, in that climate," he added, a forced laugh. "Now," he went on, suddenly, "you w it all. If you'll stand by me, and help me out, I've got dea. It may look like a piece of foolishness, but I'm su-titious, and mean to try it, anyway."

"Well, what is it?" said I.

"Simply this," said he: "there's a woman here, who has gift of second sight—clairvoyance, I think you call it. tells where lost property is, and they tell me she can fore-the future. The main thing I hear she does is to find out re stray cattle are, and lost property of that kind. But, ose she could find out where my lost directions are? t's a piece of lost property, isn't it? I'm going to try her, way. Nothing venture, nothing win."

knew that men of Haslom's kidney are superstitious, so I t attempt to argue with him—in fact, I even consented, as hung heavy on my hands, to accompany him when he d this woman, as it was agreed we should do the follow-lay.

ext morning we called at a common-looking adobe house, e suburb known as Sonora. We stated our errand to the who answered our knock, and, after a pause of a few ites, were ushered into one of those half-sitting, half-bed-ns, so common among the middle classes of Mexicans. ed beside a table, in the centre of the room, was a woman, ily veiled, who bowed courteously, as we entered, and d us, in Spanish, how she could serve us. Haslom then ed into particulars, and explained that he had lost the val-e manuscript with the directions, pretty much as I have old you. When he had finished, the veiled female set-nerself back in her chair, and, for perhaps a minute, noth-was said. Then a low voice issued from the veil. What said was, of course, in Spanish, but I will translate the of it into English for your benefit. This was about the ort of it.

I see, señores, the side of a mountain range. A long, d, barren valley, shimmering with heat and white with , stretches for leagues in every direction beneath. I see e, like a well, in the side of the mountain, and at the bot-of the hole is the body of a man."

"Mind," interpolated Whitworth, addressing me, "no ink-of the exact whereabouts of the mine, nor any of the te details Haslom had given me, had been even suggested at he had told the woman. She had merely been given eneral circumstances of the case, and you can well im-how surprised I was at such a speech—I, who have not article of faith in the existence of any such occult pow-

see," continued the veiled woman, "this señor, motioning her hand toward Haslom, "riding alone across the desert. eaches Los Angeles, and the paper he has lost is still in ocket. A week after it is there no more. That is three ago. But I see the paper—I see where it is now! It a drawer of the counter of the Boca de Oro"—naming e tavern a few blocks off—"tied up in a bundle of other s. Let the señor ask the landlord to look over these s, and he will find it."

say that I was astonished at this language is weakly to ss my sentiments. Haslom, however, heard what was with the utmost gravity and reverence. As we rose to took out two twenties, and handed them to the woman, her, at the same time, that he would give her two more n as he recovered his paper. He certainly entertained shadow of a doubt that he would do so, for we went ht to the Boca de Oro as soon as we left the house. But hall I express my feelings when things transpired at the avern just as the woman had said? The paper of direc-was, in fact, found just in the place and in the manner ad stated.

at could I say after that? At every step there appeared orroboration of Haslom's story, and, to tell the truth, I o impressed by the whole turn affairs had taken, so mystified and perplexed, to say the least of it, that when m proposed, two days after, that I should accompany n the trip he had now made all preparations to take to his mine, I agreed to do so.

s an easy matter to make up a prospector's outfit. We bother ourselves about much baggage. A couple of for ourselves to ride on, and a couple of *burros*, to pack our provisions—one of these latter useful little animals would have been enough under ordinary circumstances, but we thought it advisable to take an extra one exclusively for the purpose of packing water, as it was the lack of that vital necessary that we chiefly had to fear in penetrating the desolate region whither we were bound. Two ten-gallon kegs accordingly balanced each other across the shoulders of the auxiliary animal, though there was no necessity for filling these till we reached our last water.

Early one fine morning in April, we took the road for San Bernardino, camped there the next night, and, the following morning, struck northward through the Cajon Pass, across the mountains, into the Mojave Desert. We experienced much more trouble with our animals than we had counted on. The *burros* were tiring us out, and we had no mind to spend weeks upon our trip, besides the continual flog, flog, necessary to keep the animals in motion. We were, accordingly, more than glad when a Mexican, on horseback, overtook us in the Cajon, and, appreciating our dilemma, and learning the direction we were taking, said he was going partly the same way himself, and offered his services. Terms were easily agreed on, the Mexican intimating that it was a good deal to him to have the privilege of camping with us on the lonely journey.

Well, we kept on up the Mojave River, keeping what was then known as Brown's Toll Road—the old-time route from Salt Lake to Southern California—till we got to the bend, where the river trends to the south till it loses itself in the heart of the desert. We got there on the third day after leaving San Bernardino, taking easy stages, for we didn't care to tire our beasts out, as the real hardship of the journey was still in store for them. While the Mexican, whom we only knew by the name of Juan, was staking the horses out on the best feed he could find, and Haslom and I were cooking supper, he said to me:

"Whitworth, there's something queer about that man. He makes me shudder every time I look at him."

Accustomed as I was to Haslom's own queer ideas and superstitions, I only laughed, and said:

"Nonsense, I think he's a nice, quiet fellow; and another thing is, he makes himself uncommonly useful."

"I can't help it," returned Haslom, with an ominous shake of the head; "he reminds me strangely of my partner, Pedro Ramirez. He's so like him he might be his brother."

As Juan just then returned to camp, we said nothing more. I looked at him more closely, and could only see, as he stood there in his short capote, which, by the way, he never removed, even when Haslom and myself were glad to strip to our shirts and overalls, that his form was slight and graceful, that his features, where not hidden by a glossy black beard, were delicate and regular, while his hands and feet were remarkably small and well-proportioned. In fact, I thought him a decided acquisition to our party, and determined to retain him as long as he would consent to stay with us, as I knew there was stiff work for us ahead.

Next morning, at daybreak, we loaded up our spare *burro* with full water-kegs, and, leaving the last trace of civilization behind, struck northward into the desert. From the bend of the Mojave to the great, dry, alkali lake, known as the sink of the Amargosa, or Death Valley, where that ill-starred emigrant-train, in early days, laid down their lives, almost to a man and woman, from thirst and the terrible heat of the natural oven, enclosed by a mountain range on either side, is not far in point of distance. We, however, had something like fifty miles further to go, and to penetrate that part of Inyo County lying close to the Nevada line, which is the only spot in the whole of California that has never seen the theodolite, or heard the rattle of the surveyor's chain.

Accordingly, we urged our animals to the utmost, and camped that night on the banks of the Amargosa.

Next morning, we were up with the morning star, and by sunrise sighted the isolated bluff at the mouth of the cañon, mentioned in the miner's directions as the spot where we had to begin to penetrate the mountains. Haslom rode forward leisurely, holding the chart in his hand, and looking carefully about him as he went along. Juan, with the *burros*, was trotting merrily ahead, for we had been only too glad to keep him, as he had not yet said anything about going, at which I, at any rate, was heartily glad.

"See!" said Haslom, suddenly, clutching my arm with a trembling hand; "he has turned up that cañon to the left—just the direction marked in the map. How did he know that?"

The man's face was white, and he could scarcely sit in his saddle. I felt sorry for his weakness.

Ten minutes later, Juan drove his *burros* unconcernedly over a divide, which also turned out to be the right direction. Ten minutes later, he took another right turn along the top of a ridge, Haslom and I meanwhile following about fifty yards in his rear. I could not help acknowledging to myself that the coincidence was extraordinary. Well, to make a long story short, Juan, with the *burros*, kept ahead of us, and never missed a turn, as it was set down in the map, till, at last, on crossing a ridge, we saw the alkali flats of Death Valley shimmering beneath us in the sunlight, and, upon descending the hill a little way, found ourselves suddenly at the brink of the old shaft. Haslom was trembling all over, and looked as white as a sheet as he dismounted. Juan was sitting on the ground, leisurely puffing a cigarette, the most unconcerned of the party.

I approached the edge of the shaft, and looked down. In the dim light, I thought I distinguished the figure of a man lying at the bottom. The windlass, rope, and bucket were all there, the latter at the top, and the rope coiled round the drum. I asked Haslom if he would go down first, which he agreed to do, so I stood by the windlass while he got into the bucket, and proceeded to lower him.

"There's a dead body here!" he presently shouted from below; "prepare to hoist. He must be got out of the way before anything can be done!"

We couldn't afford to waste any time. Minutes were precious, as our water was running short. Presently, Haslom called out to hoist, and in two minutes the bucket appeared at the top, and Juan assisted me to take out the limp, mummy-like corpse of a man, about whose shriveled skin and rattling bones hung the faded remains of an old blue suit. Juan lifted the corpse very carefully, and, as I thought, tenderly, out, and laid it gently at one side. I could hear Haslom's pick clanking at the bottom of the shaft.

Presently he shouted out:

"I've got enough rock for a showing. Let down the bucket and hoist me up. We have no time to lose getting back!"

I took hold of the windlass and began to lower, and, when the bucket reached the bottom, I could hear Haslom piling rock into it. I looked down, and was watching him as well as I could, when I was startled by the swift, sudden blows of an axe upon the drum of the windlass. I looked up and saw Juan standing with the axe uplifted to deal the wood another blow. I made a jump for him, but, before I could arrest his arm, down came the axe, and windlass and rope both went crashing to the bottom of the shaft. There was a moment of silence, and then, from the dim depths, came a yell, the like of which I hope never to hear again. The despairing shriek of a lost spirit in nether hell might only fitly parallel what I heard. I turned to Juan, and said:

"What have you done?"

"He left my brother to die in the pit, and now he is there himself," said the Mexican, quietly; "this dead man here is my brother, Pedro Ramirez. I am his sister, Dolores. I am, also, the fortune-teller of Los Angeles. I caused that report to be spread about me, and laid a trap for him. I stole his paper, three years ago, and hence could tell him that he would find it at my uncle's house, where I caused it to be put. I have been here alone before to satisfy myself of the truth of my surmises. I have keen eyes, and could see my brother at the bottom of the pit. I came here to bury him. That is all."

The girl—she had now thrown off her capote, and I could see that she was a girl—took a pick and dug a shallow grave, as well as she could, in the sand. She then put the shriveled corpse tenderly in, and raked the sand over it. Then she knelt down a minute and prayed.

"The grave is a shallow one," she said, simply; "but it will serve to keep away the buzzards. Now get ready as fast as you can, and I will guide you out of these hills."

And now, there rang from the bottom of the shaft a peal of demoniac laughter. It was ghastly in that awful solitude. Again and again it rang out in hideous merriment. It was evident that Haslom had lost his reason. At that short distance of thirty feet he had, no doubt, heard all that had been said. That, and the realization of his awful doom, had dethroned his reason. There was no possible way of reaching or assisting him, situated as I was. I could certainly have let down my *riata*, and thus pulled up the fallen rope, but even then I could not, by mere brute force, have brought him to the surface, as there was nothing whereon to rig a purchase, and the sand was so loose and friable, at the edge of the shaft, that it would have been dangerous to exert any pressure there. Nor was there a stick of wood, in the whole country round, to make anything from. The only thing to be done was to summon assistance from the nearest station, and come to the rescue.

This I did, two days after, when I got to the bend of the Mojave, which I did alone, as the girl left me after seeing me safe on the plain. I told my story, and succeeded in enlisting two men to accompany me to the rescue of the imprisoned man. Suffice it to say, we never found the place, though we underwent extreme privations in the attempt, returning again with a fresh supply of water, and spending two weeks in the search. It then became evident that Haslom must have perished, though I lowered all the water we could possible spare, in justice to ourselves, and all our provisions to him before I left, and sadly I gave up the quest. And now, my young friend, you know why all the gold in Ophir would not tempt me to go prospecting any more in the Amargosa.

Robert Duncan Milne.

San Francisco, August, 1888.

The statistics of suicides in France show for the past twelve months seven thousand five hundred and seventy-two, one-fifth of these being in and around Paris. Poverty has only caused four hundred and eighty-three, and this figure includes a morbid fear of impending misery without actual privation; one thousand nine hundred and seventy-five cases may be traced to mental aberration, and one thousand two hundred and twenty-eight to physical suffering. Among the moral causes, domestic trouble stand first and alcoholism next. There are two hundred cases of disappointed love, twenty-seven from jealousy; dislike of military service giving twenty-five.

A new glass, recently invented in Sweden, is said to be capable, when made into a lens for a microscope, of "enabling us to distinguish the two hundred and four million seven hundred thousandth part of an inch." It is also said that there is great promise of this glass producing wonderfully powerful telescope lenses, and a new departure in astronomy.

The International Hygienic Society has begun the erection of two buildings, or "kiosks," in a fashionable shopping quarter, for the benefit of wearied women shoppers, who have no place to leave their parcels, or meet their friends, or get a cup of tea during a long shopping bout. The Duke of Westminster has granted the land.

It has been proved that a Paris Stock Exchange syndicate sent no less than five hundred telegrams to all parts of the world, announcing the death of M. de Lesseps, with the object of preventing the success of his new loan.

Krupp's works have begun the production of aluminium according to the Netto system. It can be produced for twelve marks a kilogramme.

A LITERARY DINNER.

"Cockaigne" discusses the Banquet given to James Russell Lowell.

The "grand banquet" to "American men and women of letters," at present in England, given by the Incorporated Society of Authors, on Wednesday night, at the Criterion Restaurant, appears to have been a "grand fizzle." As evidence that my words are not too strong, I will mention that the American men and women of letters who were actually present, consisted of Mr. James Russell Lowell (in whose especial honor the affair took place); Consul-General Waller (whose connection with the world of letters is rather difficult to define); Mr. Osgood (Harper & Brothers' resident agent in London); Mr. Putnam (of G. P. Putnam & Sons); Mr. G. W. Smalley (the infinitesimal and anglomaniac London correspondent of the New York *Tribune);* Mrs. Hodgson Burnett (author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy"), and Miss Olive Logan (London correspondent of the American press generally, and wife of the United States Consul at Cardiff).

Hardly an array to represent American literature. At least, so I should fancy most Americans familiar with the literature of their country will think. And particularly is this the more noticeable, in the fact that a set of American authors, who would have represented American literature in earnest, were absent. Neither Henry James, Marion Crawford, Charles G. Leland, W. W. Story, nor Bret Harte, was present. They all "begged to be excused." Why? Indeed, Bret Harte does not appear to have received the honor of an invitation to the feast. But this is not all. The Incorporated Society of Authors—meaning English authors, of course—were represented at their own hospitable board by Wilkie Collins, Professor G. Darwin, Edmund Yates (of the *World);* "Bull-Run" Russell (of the *Times);* G. R. Sims (the sensational playwright, and "Dagonet" of the London *Referee);* William Black, Walter Besant, Lord Desart, and Lord Brabourne, all of whom, taken as a sort of hotch-pot, are, to a certain extent, representative literary men. But, separately, with the exception of Collins, Black, and Besant, it would be unfair to English literature to say that they represented any literature but their own. Where, however, were Lord Tennyson (the head of the society); Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith); Thomas Hardy, Herbert Spencer, Professor Huxley, Ruskin, Rider Haggard, James Payne, Leslie Stephen, R. D. Blackmore, Lawrence Oliphant, F. W. Robinson, Samuel Smiles, James Alexander Froude, Kinglake, Tupper, Max Müller, John Tyndall, Lecky, Algernon Swinburne, Clark Russell, Robert Browning, Christie Murray, F. Anstey Guthrie, Sidney Colvin, Philip Hamerton, and Walter Pater? And, as "ladies" were included, where were Charlotte M. Yonge, Miss Braddon, Mrs. Oliphant, Rhoda Broughton, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Amelia B. Edwards, or Annie Edwards? The "grand banquet" had no charms for them. And yet, had it been what it professed to be, is it not the very place of all others where one would naturally expect to see the truly representative men of the literature of both countries, and the men highest of rank in literature, that can be had? Now literature, in England, is not viewed with such a far-reaching eye as it is in America. A literary man here must be something more than a mere correspondent or attaché of a newspaper or magazine. He must have some name in the world of letters that lifts him above the position of a scribbler, and have made it for himself. Nor can he legitimately be only the head, partner, or salaried agent of a large publishing house, whose interest in literature is a simple business speculation. In short, literature in England would find a more appropriate representative in Bret Harte than Mr. Smalley, in Marion Crawford than Mr. Osgood, or in James Payn than G. R. Sims. With the exception, therefore, of Wilkie Collins, William Black, and Walter Besant, on the part of the givers of the banquet, and Mr. Lowell and Mrs. Burnett, on the part of the receivers, the banquet can not justly be viewed or considered as a literary one, or representative of literature in any way, save in the most ordinary, and of any kind, save of the most commonplace.

Then what could have been the object of giving it? people will think and ask. Did no motive prompt it? was there no purpose in view? Oh, yes. It was to enable Mr. Lowell to accept another dinner, and to make one of his famous after-dinner speeches, a happy faculty in the making of which he shares in common with Mr. Chauncey Depew. After the first toast, viz., the queen and the President of the United States, in which the coupling of the names was most likely regarded by Mr. Lowell as a greater honor to Mr. Cleveland than re-election, the ex-United States Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James got on his feet, and spoke his little piece. The burden of his song was—as it was intended it should be—international copyright. Of course, the general reading public are fairly aware of the pros and cons of the question, and know pretty well all that is generally to be said in favor of protecting the rights of authors the world over, whenever the subject is broached. So I need not go into a reproduction of Mr. Lowell's speech. But it must not be imagined that international copyright was all that Mr. Lowell talked about. He soon introduced his favorite theme, and gave his hearers another dose of his opinions as to the grandeur and greatness of England, and of the love which Americans have for the mother country. All the stock sentiments which it seems the especial province of American ministers to England to entertain, and their especial delight to express on every possible occasion in public, were repeated with the flunkeyish servility of diction which only the true, pure, and unadulterated anglomaniac knows how to employ. It is always curious that American ministers to England should grow so fond of Great Britain and British customs, and proportionately dissatisfied with the land of their birth, or adoption, as the case may be. It is surprising in every case, but particularly so when previously expressed sentiments have shown exactly the opposite state of feeling. I have often heard that Mr. Lowell, of all people, was the last American to become Anglicised to the extent of destroying the American within him; that his "Biglow Papers" were so anti-English in sentiment and expression, that his sudden veering round into an anglomaniac was a marvel to his old-time friends, who still clung to the belief that England had acted antagonistic to the welfare of the United States during the War of the Rebellion. I have often thought of looking over these "Biglow Papers," with a view to comparing Mr. Lowell of to-day with Mr. Lowell of twenty-six or seven years ago, but, somehow, I have always put it off. His speech, however, at the "authors' banquet" was so effusively English that I really made up my mind I would see what sort of consistent stuff this Boston Englishman of Boston Englishmen was made of. First of all, let me give an extract from the speech:

"Whatever differences may occur between the two countries, and there may be differences that are serious, I don't think there will be any which good sense and good feeling can not settle. I have been told often enough to remember that my countrymen are apt to think they are always in the right, and to look only on their own side of the question. Now, this conduces certainly to peace of mind and imperturbability of judgment, whatever other merits it may have. I am sure I don't know where we got it, do you? I also sympathize most heartily with what has been said by the chairman with regard to the increasing love for England among my countrymen. I find, on inquiry, that they stop longer and in greater numbers every year in the old home, and feel more deeply its manifold charm. They also are beginning to feel that London is the centre of the races that speak English, very much in the sense that Rome was the centre of the ancient world. And I confess that I never think of London, which I also confess that I love, without thinking of that palace which David built for Bathsheba—'sitting in hearing of a hundred streams'—streams of thought, of intelligence, of activity."

Now, for the "Biglow Papers." Upon looking them over, I find there is so much against England that anything like a fair "extract" would fill several pages of the *Argonaut.* Yet, for the benefit of such persons, who, like myself in the past, will still go on deferring an examination, I will try and make a few quotations that they may see the sort of talk Mr. James Russell Lowell indulged in "during the war." In the second series of the "Biglow Papers," No. 11, under the head of "Mason and Slidell: A Yankee Idyl," will be found these words—I need not give the page, for there are, of course, a score of different editions:

"The always supercilious, often insulting, and, sometimes, even brutal tone of British journals and public men, has certainly not tended to soothe whatever resentment might exist in America. . . . We have no reason to complain that England, as a necessary consequence of her clubs, has become a great society for the minding of other people's business, and we can smile good-naturedly when she lectures other nations on the sins of arrogance and conceit; but we may justly consider it a breach of the political *convenances* which are expected to regulate the intercourse of one well-bred government with another, when men holding places in the ministry allow themselves to dictate our domestic policy, to instruct us in our duty, and to stigmatize as unholy a war for the rescue of whatever a high-minded people should hold most vital and sacred. . . . . It is time for Englishmen to consider whether there was nothing in the spirit of their press and of their leading public men calculated to arouse a just indignation, and to cause a permanent estrangement on the part of any nation capable of self-respect. . . . Only six months before, the Prince of Wales had come over to call us cousins, and everywhere it was nothing but 'Our American brethren.' . . . Then came the rebellion, and, presto! we were again the scum of creation, intolerably vulgar, at once cowardly and overbearing—no relation of theirs, after all, but a dreggy hybrid of the basest bloods in Europe."

Now, I have no desire to be unfair, or to pick out a few phrases which, taken by themselves, give an impression of a writer's sentiments differing from that which would appear on an honest consideration of all the language used in an article. I therefore give a portion of the concluding words employed by Mr. Lowell on the same occasion:

"If the result of the present estrangement between the two countries" (he goes on to say) "shall be to make us more independent of British twaddle, so much the better; but if it is to make us insensible to the value of British opinion in matters where it gives us the judgment of an impartial and cultivated outsider, if we are to shut ourselves out from the advantages of English culture, the loss will be ours, and not theirs. Because the door of the old homestead is slammed in our faces, shall we in a huff reject all future advances of conciliation, and cut ourselves foolishly off from any share in the humanising influences of the place, with its ineffable riches of association, its heir-looms of immemorial culture, its historic monuments, ours no less than theirs, its noble gallery of ancestral portraits? We have only to succeed, and England will not only respect, but, for the first time, begin to understand us. And let us not, in our justifiable indignation at wanton insult, forget that England is not the England only of snobs who dread the democracy they do not comprehend, but the England of history, of heroes, statesmen, and poets, whose names are dear, and their influence as salutary to us as to her."

I leave his own countrymen to judge of these words. There is a ring of sincerity about them, while there lurks a suspicion of the existence of a dormant spirit of anglomania which, in the midst of an apparent burst of wordy indignation against England, can not avoid showing itself at that early day—a spirit which has now grown into an open confession of love. Can it be that while resenting in unequivocal words in one breath, he is cautious enough in another to insert a saving clause to justify future action of a totally antagonistic character? In short, did he foresee his mission to the Court of St. James, and all its consequent associations with the "heir-looms of immemorial culture," and the "gallery of ancestral portraits," which he now finds so fascinating as to call for an annual journey to England for their enjoyment? It is difficult to say. Perhaps we should give him the benefit of the doubt. His love and adoration of England are, however, hard to comprehend, if her conciliatory conduct, which he predicts with such hopeful joy, depends, as he suggests, simply and solely on his country's success. Suppose the United States had *not* succeeded—what then? And can Mr. Lowell claim that the success which has turned England into such an amiable friend, was owing in the smallest degree to any help or encouragement from the land of "historic monuments," and "ineffable riches of association?" Truly, "nothing succeeds like success" if, in the victories of Northern arms on Southern battle-fields, it has induced England to think it worth her while to "understand" "the scum of creation," composed of "a dreggy hybrid of the basest bloods in Europe," and enabled Mr. James Russell Lowell, whose highest honor should lie in the thought that he was an American, to crouch, and cringe, and fawn at the feet of a people who would spurn him had the victories, in which he appears to have taken no part, been—on the other side.

Cockaigne.

London, August 2, 1888.

Mrs. Aitken, the only surviving sister of Carlyle, died on August 1st, aged seventy-nine years.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lady Jane Henrietta Swinburne has entered her ninetieth year. S is the mother of the poet and critic, Mr. Algernon Charles Swinburn

Edward A. Bond, who has just retired from the position of princi librarian of the British Museum, is seventy-three years old; and t term of service in the museum covers fifty years.

The mother of the present German empress is confined in a ma house. She wanted to become the wife of Louis Napoleon, when was president, and would have done so but for the opposition of Que Victoria.

Baron Julius Reuter is seventy years old, and has been hard at w for fifty-five years. He is still bright and active. He is well and healt and each day is fully occupied with hard work, including a constitutio walk of five miles.

Mme Patti-Nicolini wants to sell her Craig-y-nos Castle, Wales. T estate covers three hundred and fifty acres, surrounded by picturesq mountains. Mme. Patti has made the castle an abode of modern e gance and comfort.

General Alfred H. Terry, who gave up army duties for the chance rest, is rapidly regaining his health and strength. He spends most his time in an old army-tent that he has pitched upon the lawn of new home at New Haven.

Sir Morell Mackenzie is at work upon his reply to the German phy cians, which will shortly be issued in book-form. It will be publis simultaneously in England and Germany, and will be a personal nar tive, containing many anecdotes of Sir Morell's entire connection w the emperor.

King Ja-Ja of Opobo, the deposed West African sovereign, wh England exiled to the West Indies, is being somewhat fêted at St. V cent. He is invited to lawn-tennis parties and various social functio where he struts about in an admiral's uniform and kid gloves, bear himself with kingly dignity.

Mr. Whitbread, one of Mr. Gladstone's thick-and-thin followers the House of Commons, is the owner of a brewery, which is said to him one million five hundred thousand dollars a year. He is a man magnificent physical proportions, but is such a tedious and uninteres orator that Mr. Gladstone once thought of making him speaker to rid of him.

Mrs. MacGahan, widow of the famous war correspondent, is hard work upon a novel which is expected to create a sensation in the liter world. Mrs. MacGahan is a handsome and brilliant woman, speak a half-dozen languages, and is the American correspondent of seve leading Russian journals. She is about to visit Bar Harbor and ot seaside resorts.

In a recent address, delivered in Milwaukee, Mr. Charles A. D told how he began his journalistic career as editor of a literary week of which five hundred copies were worked off on a hand-press in course of a day. There is a contrast between this old-fashioned pr ing and the modern presses used in the *Sun* office, which run off edition at the rate of "a mile a minute."

Maurice Kelly died in Auckland, June 24th, aged one hundred four years. He boasted, a few weeks before his death, that he drank all the whisky he wanted for eighty-seven years, and had ne experienced any sickness. But he did not want as much whisky some other men do. He preserved his strength until a fortnight bef death, and was noted for his jovial habits.

Mrs. Schuyler Hamilton is the very plucky New York woman wh testimony did more than anything else to send Alderman Jaehne to penitentiary. She had, with great energy and persistency, followed u robbery of some of her very splendid silver-plate, and traced it to Al man Jaehne's shop, which was a cover for receiving stolen goods. bought the plate back from him, and then in the witness-stand told about the transaction, and this city official was sent to meditate on sins at Sing Sing.

General Sheridan's habit of going into battle bareheaded, carrying hat in his hand, was not due to any theatrical impulse, as has been so times supposed. He was too unaffected and simple to think of mak a show, and the dramatic action of taking off his hat, in times of exc ment, was due to the fact that if it was not taken off it would fall The conformation of the back of his head was such that any q movement would be very likely to throw his hat off, and this gave ris his habit of removing it.

Miss Nellie Gould is an artist of no mean ability, and her collect of bric-à-brac, adorned by her own brush and pencil, is much admi She is, probably, the richest heiress in America, and, at her fath death, will come in for twenty or thirty million dollars. Like mother, she is not too proud to wait on herself. She does not m riding in horse-cars, and does not put on nearly as many airs as wives of some of the men who serve her. Last spring, she took to lantic City several little girls from a New York charity hospital, cared for them with great kindness and consideration.

A charming breakfast was given the ex-Secretary of War, Hon. R ert T. Lincoln, and his daughter, during their stay in Paris, by Mr. Mrs. Henry Spaulding, under the magnificent old trees of their p villa at Maisons Lafite, which was effectively decorated with the flag all nations. Among the guests were the Hon. Robert M. McLane, and Mme. Bartholdi, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Coudert, Senator Lafay Mr. and Mrs. Major Rathbone, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Evans, Dr. A ander Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gibb and Miss Gibb, Mr. and M Edward Holbrook, Mr. and Mrs. George St. Amant, and Mrs. W low. The breakfast over, the party were grouped by M. Bartholdi, photographed on the grounds, after which they visited the anc Château Lafite, a few rods distant, which is celebrated as one of masterpieces of Mansard.

King Milan of Servia is a most despicable creature, says Labouch in London *Truth.* Some years ago, he went to Vienna for a brief and on the first night of his visit he lost twenty-four thousand po sterling at the Nobles' Club. The money had to be paid within twe four hours, and, as the amount was not within his reach, he went t palace, and requested a loan from the emperor, who gave him them on condition that he would not play again; and yet, the very next he was found at the table, and did not rise until eight thousand p sterling more had gone. No application could be made this time emperor, so Milan raised the amount on the security of a splen jeweled scimiter, his most valuable hereditary possession, which had presented to the late Prince Milosch by the Emperor Nicholas. scimiter has never been redeemed, and is now in the possession of Bleichroder, the Berlin banker.

A strange funeral has been witnessed at Montmartre, one of northern heights of Paris. A girl of nineteen, daughter of the ow of a large perambulating peep-show, which was installed at the fair the borough, lately died, and was "waked" in the show. Mlle Beaufort was the joy of her father and mother, and was known, an all the male and female mountebanks among whom she lived, as "Pearl," by reason of her stainless conduct and her sympathy for fortunate creatures whom an accident, bad health, or hard times d plunged into destitution. When the peep-show prospered, the "P always levied a small tax on her parent's profits for the benefit of erty stricken "infant-phenomena," giants out of work, and pig who were "down on their luck." When she suddenly succumbe consumption, the sorrow among the itinerant players and mountebanks was universal and heartfelt. They brought flowers to place on her as it reposed, inside the peep-show, awaiting interment, and her fu was one of the strangest spectacles that have been witnessed for time in Montmartre. The hearse was covered with numerous and b some wreaths, and behind the chief mourners walked all the celebr lion-tamers of Paris, colossal women, skeleton men, athletic negr giants, dwarfs, clowns divested of their war-paint, circus professio and all the general personnel of the fair.

THE STORAGE OF LIFE.

A Curious Sanitary Study, showing how Long you may Live.

[The following striking sketch is by Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson, he famous English physician. He was the discoverer of the special poisonous product, peculiar to contagious diseases, known as "septine." He was the first to introduce, in 1866, ether spray for the local abolition of pain in surgical operations. Many new medicines and new treatments are due to his genius. His list of titles and honors is long. He will be remembered by many as the author of the famous paper on "The City of Hygeia," read at the Social Science Congress, in 1875.]

In one of the most charming books of natural science, "The Select Works of Antony Van Leeuwenhoek," the immortal peadle of the little town of Delft, and the first, and, in some respects, the greatest, of all the microscopists, there is an essay in which the philosophic writer enters into a speculation on the duration of life of different classes of animals. He indicates that certain animals, which present the shortest term of life, produce the greatest number of young. He then proceeds to compare these with mighty monsters, like the whale, and points out that such monsters bring forth their young perfectly formed, and only a single one at one time; for, if these larger animals were as prolific as the smaller, the smaller would all be devoured by them, the sources of food would be stopped, and the feeder and the fed would soon become extinct. From the contemplation thus started, Leeuwenhoek proceeds to speculate on the length of life of the largest creatures, like the whale. Reflecting on the enormous bulk of these features, and on those huge bones of theirs, which are, in many places, fixed up for public view, he conjectures that some of them might be of the age of a thousand years and upward. For he says, "I am persuaded that fishes never die of old age, forasmuch as their bones, being always of a soft texture which never grows hard, may always be extended, so that the fish themselves are always growing larger. But terrestrial animals are exposed to the changes of atmosphere, whereby their bones grow hard, and when the bones are hardened, the body can not be extended to a large size."

If this argument of the illustrious first microscopist were true, the sanitarians, who have for their special business the art of prolonging life—human life especially—ought to set at once to work to find out a plan by which the bones of human beings could be kept in such a state of softness that they could continue to expand and extend, so that giants should be reëstablished like the race of giants of antiquity. In other animals there are, apart from size, other examples of remarkable length of life. There are instances of fish—the pike as the best known instance—in which life has been maintained for a period of over two hundred years. There is, at the present time, in the Island of Mauritius, a tortoise which has lived between one and two hundred years. An elephant has been known to live one hundred and fifty years, and I have seen a parrot which, on evidence that was unmistakable, had turned its hundredth year.

There seem to be among certain animals natural periods of life, which, by comparison with the common period of the life of man, are extremely prolonged. The animals, by some peculiar process, as yet but little investigated, hold life as a long possession, and to this faculty I employ the term "The Storage of Life," applying it to-day to human life, because up to the present date the sanitary question is confined mainly to the interests of members of the human family, and because the storage of life by the aid of sanitation in that family opens up for us sanitarians a new idea of investigation and labor.

From the facts at our command, there is evidence that individual storage of life may be far greater than the vast majority of people either expect or hope for. The mean duration of life in England may be taken at forty-one years. But we have instances upon instances in which this storage of life is doubled, and some in which it is trebled. I recently had, in the consulting-room, at the same time, three gentlemen, whose united ages reached the total of two hundred and sixty-two years, or over eighty-seven years each, and each with a fair promise of from four to five years more of life at least. I also, within the present quarter, saw, on the same day, two gentlemen, whose united ages gave one hundred and eighty-six years, or an average of ninety-three years each. I have seen, and carefully examined physically, a woman who had attained the age of one hundred and five years, and who lived afterward for three or four years; and I once conducted an autopsy of a man who had passed his ninety-third year.

There was nothing in the social condition of the individuals concerned that could of itself account for such an unusual age of life as that which they presented. Two of those specially referred to were men of the highest class of mental power; the other has come down from one of the oldest of the noble families of Europe; a fourth has fought his own way from the lowest position to one of affluence and power; while the oldest of all was, from first to last, in abject poverty, and died in a work-house.

Certain proofs of the power of the human body to lay over life up life to a prolonged period are admitted. What are the conditions which favor such storage, and how can we provide such conditions?

Hereditary qualification is the most important. When the hereditary faculty for the storage of life is implanted in an individual body for a few generations, it becomes, so to speak, an established principle, and the representatives of it, having not arrived past the period of life in which accidental deaths of various kinds are causes of mortality, continue to live, often in opposition to the most adverse influences to the continuance of life, beyond the average term of life. The person gifted with this faculty of storage may be of fragile and delicate build of body, may even be deformed of body, may be of dull or of bright intellect, may be of cleanly or of uncleanly habit, may be placed in what would seem the most unfavorable position in life, or may be literally in want, and will yet continue to live to as to see the whole of his or her more fortunate neighbors fall; nay, may even be so tired of the continuance of the monotony of the everlastingly recurring phenomena of life, as to be envious of the fate of the dead who have found their rest.

The storage of life in those who possess it in the most marked degree is, and belongs to, continuance of the process of life, not to the power of resisting interruptions to it in and during periods of strength and youthfulness.

There are two temperaments which are incompatible with life-storage, and two which are so compatible with it that either in their single or their combined form they are, as I think, essential to its manifestation.

The two hereditary temperaments which, either singly or in combination, are incompatible with storage of life, are the nervous and the lymphatic; the two which are compatible, and, perhaps necessary, are the sanguine and the bilious. If we divide life into seven periods: (1) from birth to fifteen years—completed childhood; (2) from fifteen to thirty years—completed adolescence; (3) from thirty years to forty-five—completed manhood or womanhood; (4) from forty-five to sixty—ripened manhood or womanhood; (5) from sixty to seventy-five—first period of decline; (6) from seventy-five to ninety—second period of decline; (7) from ninety to one hundred or upwards—period of senile maturity—if we divide life into these seven parts, according to age, we may fairly apportion the life-value of the temperament as follows, supposing the representatives of each temperament to run their natural course:

The storage of life in the sanguine temperament would be extended to the sixth stage, with an inclination to the seventh.

The storage in the nervous temperament would be to the fifth stage, running into the sixth.

The storage in the bilious temperament would be to the sixth stage at most.

The storage in the lymphatic temperament would be to the fifth stage.

Better, perhaps, than any of the single temperaments would be a mixture of the sanguine and the bilious; and, indeed, all the examples of special life-storage which I have met with have been of this hereditary admixture.

The organism which is best constituted for storage is, therefore, capable of being identified, and stands out, so to speak, in its own colors. The color of the iris, or curtain of the eyeball, always an excellent test, is a light hazel; the hair is dark brown; the color of the skin is inclined to be florid, and the lips and eyelids are of good natural red—never pale, as in the pure nervous temperament, and never of dark bluish tint, as in the lymphatic or lymphatic bilious. In this mixed temperament of the sanguine and bilious, a preponderance of the sanguine is, I believe, always an advantage.

The qualities here enumerated, as represented in an organism well fitted for the storage of life, are absolutely of hereditary character. They spring from combinations of parentage, and when the combinations are unalloyed by the introduction of any disturbing elements of disease, the conditions for long storage are fortunately combined.

When the tendency to long storage of life is present by heredity, it need not be so from both parents. The tendency may descend strongly in one line, but is always most pronounced when it descends through both. When it descends on one side only, it is strongest on the male side.

If a good number of facts are collected, in which the ages of parents, paternal and maternal, are discovered, the readings of the storage of life are so regular that a sufficient number would, I believe, yield an absolute record. I once had the opportunity of reading, in insurance records, a series of histories of families whose paternal and maternal life-pedigrees were traceable with reliable accuracy. From these readings it was elicited that, whenever the life-pedigree can be traced through the parental lines for two complete generations, the value of the life of the third generation—accidents being, of course, excluded—is predicated with a certainty that is rather alarming to timorous minds. There need be no risk, commercially at any rate, in accepting the conclusion which the facts declare. If, for example, the age at death of the father and mother can be obtained accurately, if the age at death of the paternal grandfather and grandmother can be obtained, and if, finally, the age at death of the maternal grandfather and grandmother can be obtained, there will be at hand for calculation the life-storage of six persons. Presuming, then, that the said six persons all reached their full age, the simple mathematical operation of dividing the mean result by six will give the average length of each of the lines of descent, and that result, whatever it may be, will, with certain exceptions, be the commercial value of the age of the third generation to which it refers. Thus, if the sum total of the ages of father and mother, father's father and mother, and mother's father and mother, be, say, three hundred and sixty years, the natural life-storage of a person descended from them may safely be taken as sixty years.

The exceptions seem to run as follows: Sixty years is a turning point or point of equality, at which point the indications of the final stage of storage are all but absolutely represented. In other words, sixty means sixty all round. But if the combined term of years equalizes out at something under sixty—say fifty—then the term belonging to the surviving representative would not be fifty, but something under it—say forty-eight. If the term should be still lower—forty, for example—the reduction of the last living representatives would be proportionately reduced. On the other side, if the mean value of life of the six standards exceeded the equal point of sixty, then the value of life-storage would be improved. I should estimate that a mean of eighty years, based on the standard of six antecedent lives, would yield a product that might be taken at ninety years at least; a mean of ninety, a product of a hundred years, and a mean of a hundred, a product of a hundred and twenty, or even a hundred and thirty years.

It may reasonably be asked, why and where there should be any change on either side? With a steadily decreasing storage of life, why should not families die out altogether, and with an increasing value of life, why should not families go on living continuously after the course of a few generations? To the first of these questions, the answer is that failing families do die out. To the second it must be admitted that there has been no sufficient time, in the history of mankind during historical dates, to allow of an answer being given to the inquiry. For my part, I do not see, theoretically, any reason why, in a perfectly constituted human organism, there should be any necessity for the cessation of the storage of life.

In other words, there is no such thing, necessarily, as death, except from accident, violence, disease, or ignorance of the means for sustaining the natural function of vital reconstruction.

There are, of course, qualifications other than hereditary ones for the storage of life, such as temperance, continence, balance of bodily functions, and purity from implanted or acquired disease. One factor is the intermarriage of disease. Unless parentage be sound, it is clear, that long storage of life in offspring will certainly fail.

I have on my note-book an instance of one family, including in it three generations, in which seventeen persons were all deleted by the one factor, the intermarriage of first cousins in whom two diseases—consumption of the lungs on one side, and cancer on the other—had found an introduction and a diathesis. From one or other of the diseases named, or from curious admixtures of the diseases which need not be described at the present moment, every one of the family group died prematurely.

As to balance of bodily functions: in every person of very advanced and healthy life whom I have carefully examined as to the physical state, and as to the state that has led to the longevity, this fact has come out first and foremost—that the organic functions were still acting in proper accord and perfect harmony. A weak and well-balanced body is practically a stronger body than a strong and unbalanced one.

Another aid toward the storage of life is that stoical virtue which may be summed up in the term perfected or all-round temperance. I do not include in this term what is commonly understood, abstinence merely from stimulating or alcoholic drinks. Such abstinence is more than half the battle, but it is far from all the battle. The storage of life is reduced by intemperance of speech, of action, and even of thought. We may consider that whatever quickens the action of the heart beyond its natural bounds, is a form of intemperance. The man in the money market feels it when, for that which is not bread, he lets his excitement of sale or purchase carry his heart away into wild hope or wilder despair; the man of unbridled passion, who grows pale or red with rage, feels it up to the extremest tension, and is almost invariably cut short in his career, long before it is at its natural fulfillment, by this fact of cardiac wear alone. Beyond all these, the jealous man feels it, and literally corrodes into broken heart long before the proper period for which he was constructed, for of all moral excitements jealousy is the most fatal. It constitutes a distinctive disease.

These are stimulations excited by and through the mind; but to them we must, of course, add others of grosser quality, springing from the improper use of foods and drinks. Here, in regard to foods, there lies before us a wide field for research, for, up to the present time, there has been very little discovered that can be trusted as proved. That our various tissues are constructed from the foods we take, every school-boy and girl is now taught; but what foods are best fitted for the special tissues and parts, the most advanced physiologist is not able to say with any of that precision of knowledge which is so urgently required. For instance, there is one tissue of our bodies that is of first and greatest moment; I mean the elastic, rubber-like tissue which gives elasticity to the lungs, to the arteries throughout all their course, and to some of the important membranous surfaces. If in the lung structure this elastic tissue fails, a large share of the expiratory function of the lung fails, and Dr. Francis Troup, of Edinburgh, has lately told us that the presence of the curly filaments of this tissue, in the fluid expectorated by the consumptive patient, is one of the earliest evidences of disintegration of the pulmonary organs. We all see the effects of the degeneration of this elastic structure in the differences of youth and age. We speak of the elasticity of youth, the rigidity of age. We speak figuratively, it will be said. No! we speak actually; for we are merely describing differences dependent purely on the condition of this veritable elastic tissue. The knowledge, as far as it goes, is good. We know the qualities of this tissue; I have myself vulcanized it as caoutchouc is vulcanized; we know its chemical composition; we know that it must originally be derived from food; but where and how it is constructed in the body, why it is so largely supplied and is so active in quality in the young body, so deficient and inactive in the old, we have no clear ideas whatever. We do not know what foods feed this tissue, what diminish it. We do not even know the elementary facts, whether it is made at all after birth, or whether we are born, so to speak, with a store of it, which is left to wear out and is never recuperated. On all this matter of feeding, therefore, we have, as sanitarians, much to learn, and, in this direction of learning, we have as a primary duty to determine the most primitive of all questions, whether it is wise to use up as food the half-used-up tissues of the lower animals, or whether we should go direct to the vegetable world for our supplies, and never swerve from that source.

Turning to alcoholic drinks, I shall say little. But I must say that we may congratulate ourselves as a human family that, except under the most degraded conditions, we are born abstainers from them, and live for our few first years protected from their action. The influence of alcohol on all the mechanism of the body that demands most care is toward deterioration and cessation of action, and this so determinately that a race could be produced under its baneful influence in which an artificial natural state—it is no paradox—should bring about a fixed lower limit of storage of life, a limit that should not represent, as its standard of duration, one-fourth of that which is now well-known as the comparatively easily attainable duration.

Johannisberg, of 1862, sold by the Duke of Manchester, brought sixty dollars a dozen. Perrier et Jouët, of 1874, brought seventy-five dollars a dozen.

The leading fortune-teller of Paris, Mme. Moreau, left a fortune of six hundred thousand francs.

ENGLISH WOMEN.

Blakely Hall on their Peculiarities, as Evinced at the Ascot Races.

The manners of English women are marvelously austere. They are of one type, except a few glittering exceptions, who pursue the frolicsome demon—"animation"—in the vain delusion that they are imitating American women. With our girls—God bless their beaming eyes, clever brains, and captivating ways—sprightliness and vivacity spring from the heart. With English women, buoyancy of manner comes from a thoughtful and logical deduction from facts.

"We are heavy," the daughters of England muse; "we must be larky and loud. American girls are vivacious, and the mob pursues them, while we sit stolidly by in the indisputable and soul-searing position of rank outsiders. We must be gay—we *will* be gay."

The effort is invariably majestic, towering, and plucky, but it is futile. An "animated" English girl of twenty-four reminds me of an overgrown colt, who has not yet mastered his legs, gamboling with electrical playfulness over a stubby field.

The attitude of English women invariably strikes an American as being pointedly and pronouncedly unfriendly. I recall the conversation of a young American, from Boston, who had just entered Oxford, had seen something of English society, and was seated beside an English girl, of the conventional type, on the rear seat of a coach, after the second day of the Ascot races. Both of the grooms were inside of the coach. One of the party was blowing the horn dismally, from the break-seat, and the host was tooling his grays through Windsor Park and toward Eton with hands down, hat down, and heart down, too. His wife sat on the box-seat, with a face of stony resentment.

The day had not been a success. We had all gone down from London to Slough, a sleepy little village, about fourteen miles from the race-meeting, had climbed upon the coach there, and driven in line with dozens of other coaches—all of them perfectly appointed—through a lovely country, down to the famous track. There were twelve people in the party, the Boston man and I being the only Americans. I found, on the train going down to Slough, that I had been assigned to the tender mercies of an English lady, whose ideas of America were crude and conventional. She seemed to regard me in the light of a diversion from the start, laughed immoderately at everything of a serious nature that I said, regarded me with surly suspicion when I attempted to make occasional little jokes, and gazed at me curiously, through a remarkably gaudy pair of glasses, set on an ivory stick about a foot and a half long, during the whole trip to and fro. The general impression of her manner and speech was that, having found one of those curious things, an American, she proposed to find out all about it forthwith. Most of her conversation consisted of problems of an algebraic order, which I answered with varying degrees of truthfulness.

"The condition," she would say, reflectively, as she lowered her glasses slightly to examine my collar, in a far-away and impersonal manner, "are so exceedingly odd, you know; suppose a doctor, who has been practicing in a general way among people in America, should marry a girl of acknowledged position in society, would he be received among her people?"

"As a doctor?" I asked, so as to gain time.

"No—as one of them; he wouldn't be here, you know," she added, loftily; "because one pays one's doctor, and, hence, he can not be received on a footing of equality."

I had grown so accustomed to this particular form of snobbery that it no longer bothered me. I recalled, for an instant, the vivid description which a New Yorker had given an Englishman in my presence, the night before, of the manner in which he had shot seven buffalo from the windows of a train which was moving at the rate of two miles a minute over the arid plain that stretches between New York and Jersey City, but I succeeded in resisting the inclination to tell my companion some things about the American social conditions that would really have interested her, and tried to confine myself to facts. The facts seemed sufficiently exciting to her. I did not mind being quizzed going down, and it was all rather amiable until we arrived at the track. Then one of the most awful and depressing incidents in the turgid history of English society occurred.

The coaches at Ascot had drawn up in a field opposite the grand stand. Scores of them are driven to every meeting. The field is entered through a narrow and historical gate-way, the posts of which are barely wide enough to allow a coach to pass through. As soon as the coach passes the gate, it is drawn up in line. The horses are unhitched, and then everybody dismounts and joins the throng around the gate, watching the drivers of the succeeding coaches as they take the gate. It is a test of skill, and the crack whips of the Four-in-Hand and Coaching Clubs take it in a fashion that would command the admiration of the most skillful and daring of the old California stage-drivers. Lord Charles Beresford, for instance, came bowling down the road, with his coach loaded with showily dressed women, looking exactly as though he intended to drive straight by. The horses were moving along at a fast clip, the four reins rested in Lord Charles's left hand, which, in turn, reclined languidly upon the knee of his crossed leg. Incidentally, and, as though bored with the existing order of things, his lordship was pulling a thread from the thumb of his right glove with his teeth. Just as they reached the gate, he awoke from his absorption for an instant, drew in the near reins with a single motion of the right hand, twisted the left hand around slightly, and again resumed nibbling sedately at the thread in the thumb of his right glove. The big thorough-breds almost sprang into the air, wheeled squarely around, and dashed through the gate, with the coach equally distant on either side from the posts. The nonchalance and insolence of the whole proceeding would have raised a scream of delight from anything but a crowd of over-dressed English people. Calm, masterly, and suave as the performance was, it was fully equaled by many other of the crack whips that day.

It was when the crowd was thickest that our coach boomed along the road. One of the leaders had been skittish all the way down, and it was either on his account, or because of a miscalculation, that our coach suddenly jumped into notoriety, infamy, and disgrace. We struck the right-hand post and knocked it endwise, amid the sudden and awful silence of the crowd of a thousand or more coaches. The jar broke the whiffle-tree, and the grooms sprang clear to the ground and rushed to the diving leaders' heads. The driver's face was as pallid as death, and rendered doubly conspicuous by the flaming color of his spouse on the box seat. Every one on the coach, except the Boston man and myself, seemed absolutely done up. It was apparent that the most fiendish of misfortunes had occurred. I spoke to my companion, but her lips were set, and she did not hear me. Her face was quite pale. Presently we drove over and got in line, but none of the ladies would descend from the coach. More than this, some of them seemed utterly incapable of speaking at all. The host attempted to keep up the conventional imperturbability of an Englishman, but the failure was profound. The American contingent of the party took him over to the betting-ring, and, though he seemed to feel comforted by our repeated, and perfectly honest, assurances that the incident was not of the slightest consequence in the world, his gloom increased in density with the lapse of the minutes. The Englishmen of the party were as glum as the women, and spoke openly of what they termed "the disgrace." The post had been set up again, but the throng gazed at our coach curiously and pointed it out to the new arrivals during all the rest of the day. We finally succeeded in getting two or three of the ladies to descend to the ground, but they would not join the crowd at the gate, and so we went over and stared at the Princess of Wales, the prince, and his son, who occupied a big box in the inclosure.

The prince is a dumpy-looking, little man, and he sat with his arms on his stick, gazing over his puffy cheeks at the multitude. He was quite alone, and evidently wished to remain so; for none of the other howling swells—there were a dozen or more dukes, earls, and marquises scattered around the balcony—approached him. Near his chair stood his oldest son, Prince Albert Victor. He is by no means as tall as his photographs suggest. He has an astoundingly long neck, which is decorated by an exceedingly unpleasant eruption extending up over his cheeks and face. His eyes are heavy and his figure gawky. His younger brother, Prince George, wears a queer little beard, and pulls it with the air of a man who knows he is a prince of the blood royal and is proud of it. Altogether, they were three uninteresting, colorless, and commonlooking men. I say this with the full understanding that it is considered rather smart now to say disrespectful and unkind things of princes and such, but I gazed at the royal party through a field-glass for a long while, trying to find some points or indications of aristocratic birth, but there was absolutely none, so far as the men were concerned. They were not only unimpressive-looking, but they also seemed unhealthy and ill-natured. The princess, however, was a picture of aristocratic elegance, though it was evident, even at that distance, that she was made up in the most reckless fashion. There were five or six men, including two stalwart and well-formed young guardsmen, hanging around her constantly. The prince stayed only an hour on the balcony. Then he arose and stalked within. The sons stood awkwardly near the door until the mother had passed serenely through, and then wandered through ahead of the others, who stood respectfully by. I observed that the two handsome guardsmen came last; so I presume they are men of the least consequence, so far as titles are concerned, though they were, by far, the best-looking men in the royal group.

Long before the races had ended, we had finished lunch—which was eaten in almost entire silence—and started for home. The Boston man and I were hilarious at the result of winning four straight races, though we did not know the name of a horse. But the gloom on the coach would have damped the enthusiasm of a negro who had won the grand prize in the Louisana lottery, and we rolled home through the beautiful English wood, as heavy and unhappy a party as ever returned from Ascot.

The infuriated occupant of the box-seat had refused, absolutely, to speak to her husband, and her color had not lessened a whit since it first blazed in her face at the shame of the coach's failure at the gate. My handsome, square-shouldered, and algebraic companion had taken me into her confidence about half an hour after we left Ascot. I had made a last effort to rouse her from her lethargy of woe, and she said, confidentially:

"It's very good of you to be so amiable. I know I'm frightfully cross, but it's hopeless trying to be anything else. I can't expect you to understand it, because you're an American; but, if you'll come around to the house and take a cup of tea, about five o'clock to-morrow, I will explain to you what an inexcusably awful thing it is."

So I joined the silent contingent, and amused myself by fingering the sovereigns that I had won in the pocket of my coat.

It was while thus engaged that I became interested in the conversation of the young Boston man and the haughty Englishwoman, who sat beside him. I referred to it in the opening of this letter, and then digressed in a senile and garrulous way, for which I offer my profound apologies. The Boston man had grown plaintive.

"What always strikes me," he said, thoughtfully, as he turned his handsome and boyish face toward the stalwart girl beside him, "is the coldness and apathy of English ladies."

"Really," said the girl, looking into the Bostonian's big eyes with a stony stare, in which there was just a trace of admiration.

I forgot to say that the youngster is a tremendous masher on both sides of the water, and—what is more important—a thoroughly good fellow at that.

"Yes," he said, "it takes years and years for an American to find out whether an Englishwoman likes him or not. You, for instance, though I have known you for a year, met you twenty or thirty times, stopped at your house, and all that, you still talk to me about the weather, and look at me with the air of a countess examining the points of a fox-terrier for whom she has no sort of admiration."

"It's such a ghastly thing," said the girl, with just a trace of a caressing look in her eyes, "to show one's feelings." Then she blushed.

"Well, if Englishwomen," said the youngster, beaming back at her happily, "were a little more ghastly, they would be a thousand times more lovable." Then he blushed, too. They glanced up, caught me in the act of eavesdropping, and joined in.

When we got back to town that night, the Bostonian and I amused ourselves by remarking how much more gracefully a party of American or French women would have carried off the accident, at the post, than that sullen and revengeful group of Englishwomen. The incident serves to indicate something of the manners of Englishwomen of to-day.

AUGUST 12, 1888. BLAKELY HALL.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The reason Mohammed refused to go to the mountains was because the hotel rates were so high.—*Life.*

"I hear you have had an addition to your family, Mr. Brown." *Mr. Brown* (sadly)—"Multiplication, my dear madam—twins."—*Life.*

Passenger—"Do we stop long enough at the next station to eat a sandwich?" *Conductor*—"No, sir; we only stop twenty minutes."—*Life.*

She—"Oh, dear! I wish we had a hammer to crack this pie-crust." *He*—"Wait a moment, my love; I will buy a sandwich."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Traveling in Jersey: *Nervous wife*—"Oh, Henry! what makes the locomotive shriek so?" *Husband*—"Don't know. Bitten by a mosquito, probably."—*Exchange.*

Miss Begonia—"I love music. Do you play on any instrument, Mr. Smith?" *Smith* (who acted as college-waiter last summer, absent-mindedly)—"Only the gong."—*Time.*

Tramp—"You wouldn't think, madam, that not so very long ago I was at the top." *Woman*—"Well, I dunno, I s'pose they put you in one of the upper tiers."—*New York Sun.*

Policeman (to citizen clinging to lamp-post)—"Shall I hail a cab, friend?" *Citizen*—"G-grashus no (hic), offshur; don' (hic) hail any more cabs; they're hailin' all 'roun' now."—*New York Sun.*

A cynical man says that there are two occasions when he would like to be present. One is when the gas company pays its water bill; the other is when the water company pays its gas bill.—*Texas Siftings.*

Indignant cabby (holding in his palm a trade dollar, which he has just received from his fare)—"Here, cap'n, wot d'yer call dis?" *Fare*—"Heads; and heads it is, by gad!" (Grabs it and escapes.)—*Life.*

Some one is advocating gardens on the roof. This will be convenient at least. When your wife wants a mess of potatoes for dinner, all she will have to do is to go to the garret and pick them off the ceiling.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Citizen (to peanut-seller)—"I suppose, Garibaldi, that the big policeman, on the corner, prevents the boys from annoying you?" *Garibaldi*—"Si, signor; too bigga policeman, eata too mucha peanut!"—*New York Sun.*

"My son," said the judge, blandly, to the youthful witness, "do you know the nature of an oath?" "I think I do, sir," replied the little boy, timidly; "my father has been betting on the Detroits this season."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Lieutenant (waking up)—"Donnerwetter! Already ten o'clock! John, why did you not wake me when I ordered?" *John*—"I have already wakened you several times, but perhaps you have not heard me."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

A little pamphlet, called "Humour in ye Sixteenth Century," shows that ye joker of that period borrowed a great deal of his wit from ye humorist of ye nineteenth century, without giving a particle of credit.—*Norristown Herald.*

"Yes, boys," said the retired naval officer, as he returned his glass to the bar, "the navy is improving; for instance, there is not so much drunkenness now as there was when I was in it." "No, indeed!" shouted the boys.—*Life.*

Free lunch expert (to bar-tender)—"Them cucumbers ain't as fresh as they might be, Mr. Barkeep." *Bar-tender*—"They were fresh enough when you began on the lunch, but how long do you expect cucumbers to remain fresh?"—*New York Sun.*

Magistrate (to prisoner)—"Is this the first time you have been before me, Uncle Rastus?" *Uncle Rastus*—"Yes, sah; but yo' poo' old father, who was jege fo' fo'ty years, I was offen up befo'. He and me was ole fren's, yo' honah; 'deed we was."—*New York Sun.*

"William," said a minister's wife, "if you don't lay down that paper and make haste, you will certainly be late at the church." "Yes," he said, laying the paper away reluctantly, "I suppose I have no time to lose but it does beat all how the Giants are playing ball."—*New York World.*

"I'm very glad to have been of any comfort to your poor husband, my good woman. But what made you send for *me* instead of your own minister?" "Well, sir, it's *typhus* my poor husband's got, and we dinna think it just reet for our ain minister to run the risk!"—*London Punch.*

The only power able to create a boom in Harper is the Lord. We all have our hands folded across our peaceful breasts, waiting for Him to help us. We have tacked over our pantry door the old familiar sign, "The Lord Will Provide," but cheap vegetables fried in bacon-skin is all some of us receive.—*Harper (Kas.) Sentinel.*

Dumley (whose credit is not first-class)—"I say, Brown, can you lend me ten dollars for a few days?" *Brown* (reluctantly pulling out a roll of bills)—"I—er—s'pose I'll have to, Dumley." *Dumley*—"Thanks. You seem to have plenty of money, old fellow." *Brown*—"Yes, I seem to have more money than brains."—*New York Sun.*

Magistrate (to witness)—"You do solemnly swear, Uncle 'Rastus, that the evidence you are about to give shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" *Witness*—"Ye-es, yo' honor; but cuddent yo' swa' me on a smaller Bible? De size ob dat book, sah, makes de ole man narvous, 'deed it do."—*New York Sun.*

Citizen—"No, I can give you no money. I don't like to encourage idleness. Why don't you go to work?" *Tramp*—"It's easy to say that, but it isn't so easy to get a job. I've been trying to get work all the year." *Citizen*—"What kind of a job have you looked for?" *Tramp*—"Winding an eight-day clock."—*Nebraska Journal.*

Astrologist—"My, my! Your horoscope is singularly unfortunate. You were born on an unlucky day, in an unlucky month, in an unlucky year, and under an unlucky planet." *New York Democrat*—"Begod Oi sayed so all along! 'Tis the divil's own luck Oi've been havin' Wud yez belave it? Oi've bin in this counthry fer sivinteen months, an not a shmell av an office have Oi yit!"—*Time.*

VANITY FAIR.

"On a Certain Deficiency in Women," is the title of a paper in the *Universal Review*, written by Miss Fletcher, author of "Kismet," and one or two other clever novels, under the pen name of "George Fleming." The problem proposed in her paper is "Have Women a Capacity for Serious Thinking?" a question of which the writer plainly espouses the negative side. And the one great reason for their failure, she alleges, is that women are, practically, never alone. "In the present writer's eyes," she says, "that disability consists almost entirely in the feminine incapacity or radical disinclination (the word matters little) for serious, concentrated, and continued thought. And this again derives, in a great measure, from the crowded life, the gregarious habits, the sheep-like falling and halting of educated women. Whether it is imposed on them or accepted by them, the result, so far as art and morals are concerned, remains the same." There is a depth of significance in this, comments the Boston *Traveller*. To a woman in what is conventionally known as good society, the love of solitude is utterly unknown. She is chaperoned, and escorted, and accompanied till she has not only no clear idea of her own identity, but no very clear identity of which to have an idea. To achieve this result is, under circumstances that very frequently occur, a tax that becomes a serious burden materially, as well as a constant clog mentally. A man may betake himself to any place or resort he pleases, be a spectator of its life, and yet retain, if he likes, the personal solitude of the primeval wilderness; but if a woman would go to the mountains, to the sea, to the city—anywhere she will, she must have, at least, a woman companion with her in the guise of a chaperon, friend, or maid. Otherwise, she will acquire, at best, a reputation for eccentricity, and, at worst, something even less desirable. And thus she never tastes the sweets of solitude.

The insolence and inefficiency of men-servants in England have long been so vividly realized by all heads of households, that any step which shall be an advance in the direction of getting rid of them ought to be hailed with rapture by all chatelaines and housekeepers. Many ladies have given them up altogether, and content themselves with female servants, selecting a peculiarly stalwart specimen of the genus Amazon to fulfill the duties of butler. She is, moreover, in many cases dressed in a livery coat and waistcoat, which look very smart, although, perhaps, rather suggestive of the stage. Quite recently, at an afternoon party given in London, the guests were entirely served by a bevy of female servants, all dressed alike in black gowns, white waistcoats, and white caps trimmed with black ribbons. The effect was, on the whole, very pleasing, and the waiting was much more efficiently and neatly done than if it had been intrusted to a cohort of waiters.

Those who read current American fiction must have noticed how small and insignificant a part is played in it by the American home. It is the great summer hotel, or parlor-car, or steam yacht, or Atlantic liner, or Continental *pension*, or any other of those devices by which Americans seek to get as far away from home as possible, which is chosen for the setting of our pleasant tales. As a consequence, the American is too often depicted as acting a part which is not natural. He is either aping manners and customs which are not his by inheritance, or scoffing at them in a very disagreeable way. He is, no doubt, in this capacity a fit subject for satire. But take him where he is at home, where he has achieved success from very humble beginnings by sheer force and shrewdness, where he has gained the confidence of his neighbors along with his riches, and there you will find him a more admirable character, and his daughters more lovable and refined, and his wife not so much an object of laughter as of admiration, or, perhaps, of tears. For there are hosts of American homes of the right sort, where mother, father, and children are united into a compact and influential social unit by affection, respect, and even something of reverence. The struggle of such a family for fortune and position is not the sordid thing which fiction-writers have so often depicted. There spring from these homes, every day, most beautiful examples of self-denial, mutual aid, self-help, and almost heroic endeavor. It will not do to satirize continually the rising man, or the rising family; in them are boundless hope, new ideas, progress, and rich variety. The other side to this picture is furnished by the largest cities, where lonely and homeless young men struggle on to selfish and luxurious middle age, or sink into pitiful poverty. These furnish our writers of fiction with too many types—perhaps because they are most familiar with that side of life. So long as homeless men and women are the chief characters in our novels, we can expect that only the surface of our national life will be touched by them. Contrast with ours the great masters of English fiction—Thackeray, Meredith, George Eliot. They give you heroes and heroines surrounded, for good or ill, with relatives of various degrees of lovableness or the opposite. You see how large a part the home plays in human destiny for success or failure; you see how large a part it plays in love; you watch its gentle influences or its sad limitations to the very end of the story. —*Life*.

A young Pittsburg woman had among her admirers a certain stock-broker, who was visiting Pittsburg to look at natural gas, and so on. His home was somewhere in a Northern State, and, according to popular report and his own statements, it was a peculiarly luxurious home, and one which only a very wealthy man could keep up. He was very fond of talking about his horses, and his green-houses, and graperies, and the young woman, of whom this story is told, heard more about these things from the broker's lips than any one else. She liked the man, but she thought the pictures of his home were too highly colored. As her liking grew, she became the more anxious to know whether her admirer confined himself strictly to the truth. At the same time, the attentions he paid her daily became more pronounced. In fact, the young woman, with Eve's instinct, divined that he was rapidly approaching a proposal. She has a large heart; her head, however, is by no means small. She sat down one day, and wrote to a business friend of her father's, in whom she reposed entire confidence, and asked him to write to a commercial agency in the town where this broker's home was, and obtain a special rating of the man who evidently wished to obtain her hand. She wanted to know if it was a case of Claude Melnotte's Lake of Como. In due time, the answer came back. The broker's standing in his native city was A No. 1, and all the horses, houses, and the rest were tangible, taxable properties. He proposed; she accepted him.

There is a good deal of talk floating around among fashionable young men, at all times, about possible changes in the style of evening-dress. Every now and then a paragraph goes the round of the papers announcing that the swallow-tail will have to go. At the same time, it is hinted, or stated, that the Prince of Wales has ordered a dress-suit made out of velvet, cut in an entirely new style. Then word comes from Lenox that a howling swell up there has appeared at a dinner-party in a dress-suit made of embroidered linen, and from some other fashionable quarter arrives a message about a movement in the direction of knickerbockers, instead of long, doeskin trousers. But the swallow-tail survives it all. One point to be noticed is that the reckless young men who, in a spirit of laudable progress, catch on to these tips, run certain risks, which it is just as well for them to understand. The invisible spirit of fashion among the leading swells declared, not long ago, that a short, black coat, with a sash, was to be accepted hereafter as evening-dress for men. Recently a young gentleman, thus attired, appeared at the door of the ball-room of the Grand Union Hotel, at Saratoga, and was peremptorily refused admission by the attendant, who declared that no one could go on the floor unless in evening-dress. The young man was rather staggered, but tried to explain. His explanations were received in a rude and unfeeling spirit, and he turned his back on the ball-room, and spent the rest of the evening playing roulette at the club-house.

"Black stockings are doomed," says the London *Figaro*, "or so it is said, and as for the last three or four years it has been a crime to dream of wearing any other color, it is more than probable the reaction has set in, and that every other shade than the sober one will be patronized. Our grandmothers must have had uncommonly well-shaped feet to look as nice as they did in white stockings and sandal shoes; that special form of severe simplicity will not suit nineteenth century damsels. At present the fashion dictates that stockings must match the shoes, not the gown, and even for walking purposes they are now as often in tan color, or some combination of the same, as in black. One novelty in hose is to have the foot and ankle of the stocking black as far up as it is supposed to be shown even by accident, and the rest of the leg may be of a light or bright hue to match the costume, which seems a little unnecessarily particular, for 'out of sight is out of mind' in hose as well as other things. Sometimes the color is Vandyked down into the black with a pretty effect, or the upper portion for summer wear is woven like lace, and a scarlet, blue, or gold lining is placed behind, so as to gleam through, should any untoward accident result in revealing a little of the upper as well as the lower portion." The latest fashion on this side, according to the New York *World*, is as follows: "The most stylish choice for low ties this summer is white linen duck, with tips and scalloped bands of very glossy patent leather, or else of red Russia leather. These are worn with black stockings generally, though some women of fashion have returned to cream-white Balbriggan hose. Most of the newest ties have tips or vamps of patent leather, and the uppers are of suede, either tan or black, as the whole shoe of the glossy leather makes the foot look large, and the suede diminishes its apparent size. The toes of shoes are becoming pointed again, and the heels are a compromise between the low, broad English heel and the French stilt."

Partly because they have more time, and partly because every society woman realizes now how important a thing beauty and strength have come to be in the matrimonial market, New York women are to-day much stronger and healthier as a rule, than the men are. A few minutes on Broadway, between Fourteenth and Thirty-Second Streets, on the west side of the street, of a Saturday afternoon, will demonstrate this assertion. The women, as a rule, are fresh of face, erect of carriage, their heads are well poised, and their arms are well rounded. Their figures are trim, and they walk along with a strong and regular stride. The men, on the other hand, are too often sallow and loose-jointed, flat-chested, and hollow-eyed; and, certainly, but little else can be expected when the late hours usually kept by them are considered, and it is remembered how many dozens of cigarettes they smoke during the day and how many cocktails are imbibed.

There are ladies who now play lawn-tennis in a style that is quite beyond the reach or the ambition of good men players, and some of them seem to develop that "staying" power which is, in every trial of skill or strength, an element of the utmost importance. Old-fashioned people, with a tendency to austerity, are doubtless of opinion that it is very bad for girls to expose their bodies to such a continuous strain as unquestionably attends day after day of hard playing. But they do not allow for that mysterious influence of the nerves and the imagination which enable people, and growing people more especially, to undergo an extraordinary amount of fatigue, so long as the fatigue is of a welcome sort and of an agreeable character. Girls who would consider it a great hardship to have to walk eight or ten miles, will run about all day in a lawn-tennis court, and not complain of fatigue in the end. In fact it is with lawn-tennis as with dancing. Enjoyment seems to liberate a certain amount of reserve power which is not missed in the day's consumption of muscle and fibre. But this is true only of the young—of women under thirty, and of men under forty or forty-five. After that time excessive fatigue at lawn-tennis, as at anything else, is not easily recovered from, and excessive waste is with difficulty repaired.

The mistress who, a few years ago, was shocked by the now not at all uncommon sight of her servant-maid wearing better and gayer clothes than her own, was but unconsciously carrying out in her principles and expectations the customs and edicts of a thousand years ago. In those days knights and squires, and those of less degree, were as widely separated in raiment as in rank, and, in fact, when happening to fall in with them, their rank was only to be known by their raiment. If the knights in those good old days wore cloth of damask, then their squires, by strict regulation, wore satin; but when the knight went clad in velvet, then his squire might wear cloth of damask. The knight, too, might make his garments and his arms splendid with gold, the squire must content him with silver. And even with this the squire had to have an income of two hundred marks, in order to be allowed to wear either silk or cloth of silver, or girdle or other apparel garnished with silver. But if a knight had an income of only two hundred and fifty-one marks, he and his might indulge their hearts' desire in cloth of gold, or garments furred with ermine; and if he had four hundred marks income, then he and they could wear anything to be had. The right of wearing gold ornamentation was highly valued in those old times; fretting of gold on garments was called gorffoys, or orfrays, from aurifragi, a word that has suffered base descent to our gauffer. They had, indeed, a good deal of some sort of luxury in those days—those, that is to say, who had much of anything at all but skins to wear. Although scarlet was permitted only to the knights, yet there was what seems to our modern ears a singular confusion of terms in colors, as there was the écarlate blanche, white scarlet, pourpre sanguine, and vert porprin, or green crimson. A cloth, possibly resembling our jersey cloth, possibly our armure silks, was the kersey-wear, from caerawy, signifying mural, because its texture was like the work in stone walls. The King of Hungary, in one of the ballads, promises his daughter "clothes of fyne gold for her head,"

> "With damask whyte and asure bleue,
> Well dyapered with lyllyes new;"

diapered being then understood as embroidery on rich tissues. That they thought a good deal of the beauty of dress, in those long-gone days, is evident from all the recitals of how they put off and put on their finery. In one of those huge old fairy tales, it is said that there were thirteen precious things in the island of Britain, and one of them was the garment of Padarn Beisrudd, which, if a man of gentle birth put on, it fitted him as one born to it, but if a churl essayed it, it hung loose and ungainly. Not only in that court where "Enid was seen wearing azure robes," as it runs in the old story, which gave birth and life to the laureate's idyls, were these things prized. But to such a point of luxury were all sorts of adornments carried in those places where there was wealth, that it was even exhibited in matters of horsemanship; and the King of Sicily was moved to issue an edict forbidding even those of highest rank to use saddle-cloths decorated with gold and silver jewels.

But splendid as the apparel was in the times we speak of, household luxury was quite another thing. There existed then a romantic admiration for women in many regions, but the accommodations for the lovely beings were very primitive. An old British legend declares "a virtuous wife, his cushion in his chair, and his harp in tune," to be the three requisities of life. A cushion in the chair, indeed, appears to have been a very great piece of sumptuousness. King Arthur had a red satin cushion, and some of his knights had theirs of red linen. Every one, however, did not have a chair. Benches were good enough for the mass, and for many of the royalty and nobility, not half of whom had chairs. And much later than these half-mythic times we find an inventory of benches, rather tending to exclude chairs, but probably wonderfully carved and ornamented, in the sale of the properties of one Contarini, of Venice. An extraordinary set of furniture, according to one of the old stories, were the chessmen; those, for instance, of Gwendolen, one of the beauties of Arthur's court, where the men played of themselves, the board of gold, the men of silver; and in the romance of Sir Gaharet chess is played in a large hall whose flags of black and white marble form the checker, and the pieces, consisting of massive statues of gold and silver, moved at the touch of the magic wand held by the player. These, however, were rather fanciful articles. What was more to the purpose of luxury was here and there, and very sparsely here and there, a glass window; for glass was so rare and costly that when the Earls of Northumberland—as late this as the days of Queen Elizabeth—left Alnwick Castle, they had the glass windows taken out of the casements and laid away with care. How simple much of the furniture of the dwellings was may be conj[illegible] from the fact that the business of the chief page was to "seek the burden of straw for the king to lie on to make his bed." Indeed, one writer, expressing the sum of wishes of this sort, desires only a "lightsome hall, floored with tile, and swept, in which there has been neither flood nor rain-drop for the last hundred years, dressed with fresh, green rushes laid so evenly that one rush be not higher than the other the height of a gnat's eye, so that my foot should not slip either backward or forward the space of a mote in the sunshine of June. Then I would have a chair with a cushion beneath me, and a pillow under each arm." And in the way of house-furnishing this moderate dreamer asked for no more.—*Bazar*.

There is now on exhibition, at the Alexandra Palace, a steam lifeboat built of steel. It is absolutely unsinkable, is uncapsizable, worked with twin screws placed in a position where they will not be lifted out of the water, and can be raised instantly on coming to shore. The engines and fires are perfectly protected, and the draught of the vessel, with fifteen men on board, is only twelve inches.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

"Mr. Walter Besant says the time is not far distant when writers will be able to make as large fortunes as bankers." But when? Readers of Béranger will remember—"Or, mes amis, bénissons Dieu, Qui met chaque chose en son lieu, Celles-ci sont pour l'an trois mil—Ainsi soit-il!"

Eleanor Kirk has compiled what many writers will consider a most useful work, "Periodicals that pay Contributors." As there are only about two hundred of such magazines and papers in the United States, and several million persons who would like to receive pay for what they write, the book should be a great success.

"The Record of a Human Soul" is the title of an anonymous little book to be published shortly by Longmans, Green & Co. It is the honest account of the struggle of a skeptic who ardently, but unavailingly, desired to believe, from the coming of the doubt until the hour when the doubter at last sees a light in heaven.

Guy de Maupassant's three literary commandments are these: Do not write for the *Revue des Deux Mondes;* do not accept the decoration of the Legion of Honor; be not a candidate for the French Academy. M. de Maupassant must have been as delighted with Daudet's attack on the "Immortals," as he was disgusted with his whilom master, Zola, for accepting the Cross of the Legion. Be it said for De Maupassant's consistency that he himself refused it.

When Lieutenant Mason N. Schufeldt returned from his tour of Madagascar for the navy department, several years ago, he published a book of his travels, which was afterward declared by another officer to be a translation of the work of a French missionary. Lieutenant Schufeldt has just been examined for promotion, and it has been whispered that this old charge of plagiarism has been brought up against him, though it does not so appear from the records of the examination.

John Heywood, a bookseller of Manchester, died recently, and left an estate valued at six hundred and eleven thousand dollars. The *Athenæum* thinks it necessary to explain, "in view of the fierce competition of the present time, that, apart from bookselling, Mr. Heywood was in a large way of business as a wholesale news-vender, besides being a printer and wholesale stationer, and having an extensive school furniture manufactory." This will relieve the minds of both writers and booksellers, who feared he had made his money selling books.

Deman, the Brussels publisher, is about to issue Poe's poems in an *édition de luxe*, to consist of eight hundred and fifty copies, fifty printed on imperial Japan paper and the remainder on Holland. The translation into the French is to be done by Stéphane Mallarmé, and Edouard Manet is to do the portrait. As further indicative of the interest with which Poe is regarded in France, Gabriel Roberty is engaged, in his studio in the Benedick in New York, on a series of original illustrations of the poet and romancer's works. The first series is to be an ideal interpretation of "The Black Cat."

One of the most interesting features in the magazine literature of the year will be published in *Scribner's* for November. "From Gravelotte to Sedan," it is called; and it is written by General Philip H. Sheridan. As the title suggests, it recounts the experiences of "Little Phil" in Europe, during the Franco-Prussian War. It is the general's only contribution to a periodical, and is not, as might be expected, a military survey of French and German battle-fields and the technique of war, but deals in a forcible and vivid manner with the personal, casual, and dramatic incidents that came under his shrewd observation during his sojourn in the German camp.

Robert Louis Stevenson's new serial novel, "The Master of Ballantrae," will be begun in the November number of *Scribner's*, and extend late into next year. Lester Wallack's "Reminiscences" will begin in the October number, and run through the November and December issues. The Hon. Hugh McCulloch will write of some "Problems in American Politics" in this number. General Greely, in November, will contribute an article on "Winter Climate and Winter Resorts" (he ought to speak as one having authority), and Edward L. Wilson, in the October magazine, will write of "The Temples of Egypt," handsomely illustrated from his own camera.

The London correspondent of the *Times* says: A crusade against Zola has been started here, and Vizitelly, a prominent bookseller, who sells about one thousand copies of Zola weekly, has been committed for trial for selling improper literature. The books are, no doubt, harmful enough, particularly as English translations in England of French novels are unabridged, and much worse than similar translations in America. There are a number of French novels, translations of which never have been sold in America, purchasable everywhere here, but the prosecution is silly, because the by-streets simply teem with windows full not only of English publications of the vilest sort, but suggestive and obscene advertisements of all kinds.

Walter Besant, in the preface to the new library edition of the novels of Besant and Rice, which Dodd, Mead & Co. are publishing, gives an interesting account of that famous literary partnership. Their first joint publication was "Ready-Money Mortiboy," the germ of which existed in Rice's mind, and some chapters of which were written before they agreed on collaboration. Of the book, Mr. Besant says: "The first crude idea (of the collaborators) was the return of the prodigal son, ten times worse than when he went away. He was to be a hardened, heartless, ruthless villain; he was to get round his father by playing upon his foibles and weaknesses; he was to get everything out of him, and leave him in the end ruined. Dick Mortiboy came home, in effect, just as Rice originally proposed."

Mr. G. E. Buckle, who, by the grace of Mr. John Walter, presides over the editorial energies of the London *Times*, is an Oxonian. He was reading law at the Chancery Bar when Mr. Walter, in search of new blood, wrote, it is said, to Sir W. Anson, of All Souls', asking him if there were any likely young men at Oxford. Sir W. Anson drew attention to Mr. Buckle. That gentleman gave up his studies at the bar, and, never having been on a newspaper before, was pitchforked into third place on the *Times*, at a salary of four thousand dollars per annum. Before this, Mr. Buckle had been offered a post on the Manchester *Guardian*, but was not beguiled into acceptance. Shortly after his admission to the *Times* office, Mr. Chenery, his chief, died, and Mr. Clifford, the second in command, retired. Thus Mr. Buckle, with great good fortune, went up top without an effort or any claim to experience.

Mary Currier Parsons gives some wholesome advice to young writers in the current number of the Boston *Writer*. She says: "If manuscript is declined, do not attempt to expostulate or reason with the editor. He knows, or should know, what is suited to his readers, and argument will be useless. In writing short stories, beginners are too apt to indulge in lengthy explanations. A story should explain itself by the conversation of its characters. Avoid long introductions, and have for a theme incidents commonplace and familiar. A strained, unnatural story of nobles and ladies will be far less likely to interest the reader than a simple, well-told tale of 'Rebecca Smith's Adventures.' A flowing style can be acquired only by study and practice; and the story that reads as if it had been 'dashed off' has, probably, been written and rewritten with painstaking care."

New Publications.

"A Tragic Mystery," the first story produced by the strange literary partnership existing between Julian Hawthorne and Inspector Byrnes, has had quite a success, and a new edition has been called for. It is a detective story, naturally, and abounds in thrilling situations. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price: paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

"A Strange Conflict," by John M. Batchelor, is published by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Madame Silva," by M. G. McClelland, is issued in the Sunshine Series, by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price: paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

The issue of Harper's Franklin Square Library for August is Mrs. E. Lynn Linton's "Through the Long Nights." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

The lives of Addison, Savage, and Swift, from Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," is the latest issue in the National Library. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"My Aunt's Match-Making" is the title of a book containing a collection of short stories by popular authors, republished from *Cassell's Magazine*. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by C. Beach; price, 25 cents.

"Maiwa's Revenge," Haggard's new story, which was mentioned in this column last week, has been republished in two illustrated editions by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price: paper, 25 cents; half-cloth, 75 cents.

"Minette," by the author of "Vera," is a story of life in Provence. Besides telling an unusually troubled love-story, it finds fault with the social condition of the lower classes, attributing their vices to the political liberty of the country. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Severed at Gettysburg," by Miss M. C. Keller, is a story dealing with love, crime, the punishment of an innocent man, and the subsequent punishment of the real culprit. The civil war is made to play an important part in the complication of the plot. Published by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Lone Grave of the Shenandoah and Other Tales," by Don Piatt, is a collection of short stories, preceded by a preface, in which the author frees his mind on the subject of international copyright in a somewhat sarcastic and entertaining manner. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York and San Francisco; for sale by Belford, Clarke & Co.: price: cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

"The American Jew," a book to which the author is unwilling to affix his name, purports to be an "exposé" of the career of this commercially and intellectually active member of society. In reality, it is a violently prejudiced attack, a compilation of the principal crimes which have been committed in America by Jews, with distorted accounts of the means by which eminent Jews have attained their success. Published by the Minerva Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Offthoughts about Women and Other Things" is the title of a volume of essays on social topics which are, sometimes, instructive, often amusing, and never dull. They are the productions of Samuel Rockwell Reed, whose signature, "S. R. R.," has been signed to many a bright column in the public press of St. Louis, New York, and Cincinnati. Some of the subjects discussed are: "About Marrying Rich," "Evils of the Higher Education of Males," "Is Woman a Living Lie?" "Second Love in the Modern Novel," "The Chaperon Question," "The Trousers Movement, "Woman's Superior Intuitions," and "Woman's Untruthfulness." Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago and San Francisco; for sale by the publishers.

A number of essays on literary subjects, written by Henry James, and published, recently, in different magazines, have been gathered together and issued under the title "Partial Portraits." Essays on Emerson and "George Eliot" head the list, both being inspired by the recently published lives of these two authors. The "Partial Portraits," however, are from the camera of Mr. James, rather than from those of Messrs. Cabot and Cross; Mr. James's opinion of the work of the biographers is not expressed, but his opinions on the subjects of these biographies is set down at length. The more modern school of literature is treated in the essays on Trollope, Stevenson, and Miss Woolson, while the literary aspect of pictorial art is recognized in that on George du Maurier. Alphonse Daudet and Guy de Maupassant furnish illustrations of the French school, and Turgénieff represents the Russian novelists. An essay on the art of fiction appropriately closes this review of typical writers in the world of fiction. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.75.

Edgar Saltus has not written himself out, perhaps, but he is writing too rapidly. He runs a stumbling race, with much output of effort and but little headway, and his goal seems to have changed from the temple of fame to the treasure-house of mammon. His two books of parlor philosophy and his first audacious novel have been followed by a rain of hurriedly conceived and hastily written tales, and his latest, "Eden," has little to bring it above vapidity. Eden is the name of the heroine, a young wife who has derived her impressions of the world from books rather than from men and women, and she is, at times, startlingly unconventional. The husband is much older than his wife, and has a dark and mysterious past, which is perfunctorily dragged in at the last to straighten out the complications the author has woven about his creations. There is a young man who tries to lure the young wife over the precipice; and another prominent personage is Mrs. Manhattan, supposed to be a typical matron of Gotham's fashionable life. The characters are all peculiar to the verge of the unnatural. The denouement is made happy by the convenient device of ignoring its unpleasant features, notably, where the wife is happily reconciled to her husband by learning that the woman she thought her rival is in reality her husband's daughter, and seemingly disregards the fact that her husband has an earlier and undivorced wife in France. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago and San Francisco; for sale by the publishers; price: paper, 50 cents; cloth, $1.00.

Some Magazines.

In the midsummer issue of the *American Magazine* Dr. W. F. Hutchinson presents the fourth of his articles in the series, "Along the Caribbean," in this instance dealing with Trinidad. Another paper is entitled "Where Burgoyne Surrendered," by C. H. Crandall. Frederick G. Schwatka, tells about "The American Arctic Savage." Trebor Ohl has a paper on "Six Story-Tellers for Children," and Sara F. Goodrich describes "The Country in Midsummer." Mary Agnes Tincker's novel, "Two Coronets," is continued. The short stories are: "A Summer Episode in Washington," by Anna Vernon Dorsey, "She Would Write for the Magazines," by A. S. Isaacs, and "Father-in-Law," by Mary W. Kramer.

The August *North American Review* opens with a symposium on the Temperance Question, to which contribute Presidents Seelye, of Amherst, and Bascom, of the University of Wisconsin; Rev. Drs. T. K. Funk, and Charles F. Deems; and Generals Neal Dow, G. F. Stewart, and Senator Blair. Colonel Ingersoll follows in an article entitled "The Divided Household of Faith." T. V. Powderly finds "A Menacing Irruption" in the surplusage of immigrants. Cora Maynard has a paper on "Art and the Actor." "How Shall the Irish Vote?" is discussed by Patrick Ford. W. A. Croffut has a paper on hypnotism called "The Open Door of Dreamland." Frank G. Carpenter tells about "Our Chief Justices off the Bench," and G. H. Ammidown has a contribution on "The American Wool Industry."

St. Nicholas for August contains "The Story of the Sea-Serpent," by Edward Irenæus Stevenson; "A Roman Man-o'-War's Man," by E. S. Brooks; "Little Moccasin's Ride on the Thunder-Horse," by Colonel Guido Iges; "Tom, Dick, and Harry on the Coast of Maine," by Mr. D. C. Beard; "The Bell-Buoy's Story," by Lucy G. Morse; "Shadow Pantomines," by H. H. Birney; "Dear Dolls," by Olive Thorne Miller; and "Ramabai," by Mary L. B. Branch. Page's serial, "Two Little Confederates," is continued; Richard Malcolm Johnston begins "Little Ike Templin"; Charles Henry Webb tells about "Mr. Crowley"; William H. Rideing has a paper on "Children and Authors"; and John Burroughs has an article on "Observing Little Things." There are verses by Eben E. Rexford, Eudora S. Bumstead, Dora Read Goodale, and J. G. Francis.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"The Country Girl," Garrick's version of "The Country Wife," revised by Mr. Augustin Daly, is the only one of William Wycherley's comedies which has been put on the boards in this generation. Wycherley died in 1715, his last act, a few days before his demise, being to marry a young girl, so as to disinherit a nephew whom he detested. He asked her to grant him one request. She consented. "My dear," he said, "it is only this: that you will never marry an old man again." She kept her word. As soon as Wycherley was decently buried she married a young one.

When Dr. Hans von Bulow visited London, a few weeks ago, he was a frequent caller at the rooms of a leading piano-maker, whose office was adorned with large pictures of eminent musicians. Formerly, Liszt's portrait came first, in the place of honor, Rubinstein's second, and Von Bulow's third; but, in preparation for his eminent, but vain and "cranky," visitor, the business-man put Rubinstein third and Von Bulow second. The pianist came and saw. At first, he smiled at sight of his own likeness. Then he frowned at noticing that it did not occupy the best place. "Who is that preferred before me?" he demanded; "oh, Liszt, is it? Well, perhaps you are right. Liszt is dead!"

Before the days of the Pacific Mail Steamship line, a cadet was graduated from West Point and assigned to the Fourth Infantry, stationed at San Francisco. He set out for his post via Cape Horn, and took exactly nine months to make his journey. He was a very bad sailor, and was seasick all the way around. When he reached San Francisco, he found that there had been a mistake in his orders, and that he should have been assigned to the Fifth Regiment, stationed at Fort Mackinaw, Michigan. This information was brought by the then just established pony express. So back he was obliged to go for another nine months' stretch of horrible sickness. When he finally reached Fort Mackinaw he found, after a week's stay, that the Fifth was to change places with the Fourth, and go to San Francisco. General Grant met this officer as he was just starting out on his third trip. He said to Grant: "My father gave me my choice between the army and navy. I foolishly selected the army. If I had selected the navy, I am sure I would have had a much better chance of remaining on land."

There is a quaint Arabian legend which tells of the pilgrimage to Mecca of two devout followers of the Prophet. Abouk journeyed on foot; Selim was mounted on a camel. At nightfall both the pilgrims had reached a spring of water in the desert, where grew a few palm-trees. They prepared to spend the night together. "It is a long and tedious journey," said Abouk. "On the contrary, it is short and pleasant," answered Selim; "I was cheered by a mirage on the horizon, wherein I saw the spires and temples of the Holy City." "There was no mirage, no Holy City to be seen!" angrily declared Abouk; "there were, instead, legions of venomous ants in the sand, that bit and poisoned my flesh." "Not a single ant was on the desert," rejoined Selim. The two pilgrims were quarreling fiercely, when a good priest, also journeying toward Mecca, came up. He listened to them patiently. "Peace, my brethren," he said, at last; "let us leave these questions until tomorrow night to decide. In the meantime, let Selim go on foot, and Abouk ride the camel." They consented to this exchange of places. On the next night it was Abouk who had seen the glorious visions, and found the journey pleasant, and it was Selim who had been bitten by the ants. "My brothers," said the priest, "we are all going to Mecca, whether we walk or ride; but Selim can not see what Abouk sees unless he stands where Abouk stands. It is well to change places occasionally."

A girl who has written a good many magazine stories, confided to me (writes Arlo Bates in the *Book-Buyer*), that she had been told that the readers for the magazines had a system of secret marks which they put on rejected manuscripts, so that, although to an ordinary eye a manuscript appeared perfectly clean, the initiated could at once tell whether it had been offered to an editor before. "I copy my whole manuscript every time I have to send it out," she concluded. "It is an awful bother, but anyway I get ahead of their tricks." I have been guilty many a luckless day of furnishing an ill-starred manuscript with a clean first page, whereon did not appear a half-erased number, and a penciled memorandum of the value of the stamps inclosed, but to rewrite a whole story would be too much for me. Talking of rejections, one X, the editor of a magazine, was much annoyed by wri ers who insisted upon personal interviews. His own literary career had been a pretty hard one, and he hit upon the plan of utilizing the records of his mishaps for his relief in the present. He had preserved the rejection notices that had escorted his manuscripts back from numerous offices; and all these he neatly arranged in chronological order, so far as they bore any dates, in a large scrap-book. When an importunate scribbler forced his way into the sanctum, X was accustomed to say, with the most delusive courtesy: "Will you be kind enough to excuse me one moment until I finish this letter?" The scrap-book lay open on the desk. The unsuspecting visitor would glance at the book, and there his eye first met, in large letters, the words "My Rejections," and by the time the editor was ready to talk, he generally found a meeker and a sadder man than the one who had insisted upon seeing him.

The peach-canning industry was once attempted upon a large scale in Atlanta. It was during the hot summer of 1866 that several enterprising Northern men combined their efforts and capital to start a cannery. A large, two-story building was secured. Peaches were purchased in large quantities, and forty or fifty girls and boys were engaged to do the work. Millions of peaches were sliced and boiled, and then packed in tin cans. The cans were roughly made, and the final soldering was hastily done by inexperienced hands. One hot day, thousands of these cans, all ready for shipment, were piled on the sidewalk. They remained there all day, and the rays of an August sun soon turned the peaches into a boiling, fermenting slush. The cans swelled up and stood the strain as long as they could, and then came the natural result. It was a little after midday when the first explosion occurred. A can on the top of the pile exploded, and a prominent citizen fifty yards away found his shirt-front covered with the blood-red fragments of an Indian peach. The startled man gave a yell of horror, and made a break for open country. Other explosions followed in rapid succession. The young women of the cannery made a daring attempt to cover the cans with a shelter of boards; but, by this time, the pile had turned into a regular volcano, and the girls had to beat a retreat, covered with peaches. Their eyes and noses were stopped with peach pulp, and their white dresses were dripping with peach juice. The police stood around and gave orders for the instant removal of the stuff, but their voices were drowned in the fusilade of bursting cans. The proprietors of the factory, after vainly trying to quit their riotous merchandise, fled to avoid arrest. The explosions grew more violent, and fragments of peaches were hurled to a great distance. Some of the dry-goods houses in the vicinity found it necessary to take in their goods, as the shower of peach juice was ruining them. Every hour matters grew worse. The mighty mass of tin cans seemed to squirm and wriggle under the heat. It was not safe to get within fifty yards of the pyramid, as it continued to shoot off in every direction. At last a hand fire-engine made its appearance, and for an hour a steady stream of water was directed against the cans. Gradually the explosions grew less frequent, and finally they ceased entirely. The sidewalks and buildings for a square around presented a horrible appearance, dripping with peach loblolly, and the atmosphere was thick with a heavy, fruity odor. But the citizens in the neighborhood breathed easier. During the sultry night that followed, many a belated pedestrian was startled by the sullen, dull thud of a can shooting off at random, and, if he quickened his pace into a run, he can not be blamed, for those were turbulent times. The enterprising peach-canners paid off their girls and boys the next day, and retired from business. They said that climate did not suit the peach-canning industry.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, who have been at the Hotel Rafael all of the summer, have returned to the city

Mrs. Richard Ivers and Miss Aileen Ivers have returned to the city, after a month's sojourn at Del Monte.

General and Mrs. James F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton returned from Del Monte early in the week.

Miss Ella Adams has been passing a few weeks pleasantly at Lake Tahoe.

General and Mrs. Chauncey McKeever and the Misses Helen and Ellie McKeever are stopping at the Hotel Rafael for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, *née* Schmiedell, were traveling in Germany when last heard from.

Mrs. James Otis and Miss Helen Otis contemplate passing the winter season in the Eastern States.

Miss Sallie Maynard is visiting Miss Susie Tompkins, at San Rafael.

Mr. R. B. Woodward and Mr. J. M. Kilgariff returned from the Napa Soda Springs early in the week.

Miss Isabel Sherwood and Miss Winnie Sherwood returned a week ago, from Monterey County, where they have been staying for the past three months, at the ranch of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Sherwood, who will remain there a few weeks longer.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles B. Brigham are still at their villa, near Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Paul Jarboe has been visiting Sacramento

Mrs. E. W. McKinstry and the Misses McKinstry have returned from a prolonged visit at Santa Cruz.

Miss Jessie Sherwood was recently the guest of Mrs. Denis Donohoe, at San Rafael.

Miss Evelyn Carolan has returned from a visit to Miss Addie Mills, at Menlo Park.

Misses Jennie and Bessie Hooker have been visiting Miss May E. Pope, at St. Helena.

Mrs. Hans Kohler will depart soon on an Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Jackson have gone to the Napa Soda Springs for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels and Miss Spreckels are residing in Philadelphia. They were visiting in New York city recently.

Miss Carrie Millzner is convalescent after her recent severe illness.

Mr. Cornelius O'Connor is at Homburg.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair has been visiting relatives in Mendocino County.

Miss Ada Sullivan and Miss Marie Dillon have returned from a visit to Miss Phelan, at Santa Cruz.

Miss Mary B. West is at the Hotel Pleasanton, where she will remain during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Griffith Coit were at the Grand Hotel several days recently.

Mrs. J. H. Maynard has gone to Colorado Springs, to visit her daughter, Mrs. Alan L. Reid, *née* Houston.

Miss Nettie Hamilton, of Sacramento, is visiting friends here.

Miss May Willis has returned from a pleasant visit to the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Mrs. Hinkle, of Petaluma, is visiting her sister here

Mrs. A. H. Wilcox, Miss Wilcox, Miss Tulita Z. Wilcox, and Mr. A. H. Wilcox, Jr., are in New York city.

Mrs. A. A Nickerson and Miss Myra Nickerson have left New York, en route to Europe.

Mr J. B. Haggin has returned from Paris, and is in New York city.

Mrs. John A Paxton and her niece, Miss Wright, have left New York for Europe.

Miss May Hoffman has gone East, and will also go to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood have been passing a week at the Sturtevant House in New York city, prior to their departure for Europe.

Miss Julia Peyton is entertaining Miss Cora Caduc at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Irwin McDowell and Miss McDowell have gone to New York to reside.

Miss Alice Mau has returned from her visit to Mrs. Edward A. Younger, in Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. Hovey have returned to the city, and are permanently located at the Hotel Pleasanton

Mr and Mrs. E. J. Bowen and Miss Mary Bowen, who have been passing the summer at San Rafael, have returned to their residence, 2018 Franklin Street.

Miss Etta Birdsall, of Sacramento, who has been at Santa Cruz for several weeks, is now at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Miss Claire Ralston is visiting Miss Inez Macondray at Menlo Park.

Mrs Theodore Payne and Mr. Warren R. Payne returned from their protracted Eastern trip several days ago, and are permanently located at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott have returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, and Miss Martin, of Redwood City, and Miss Robeson, of Indianapolis, passed the early portion of the week at the Palace Hotel.

The Misses Mamie and Edith Findley have been entertaining Miss Maggie Gwin at their cottage in Sausalito.

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson have returned from their visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Julia Redington has returned from a visit to Mrs. John G. Kittle at her home in Ross Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hinckley Taylor have returned to their home in Oakland, after a trip to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker were at the Hotel del Monte recently.

Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Church, Mrs. Gertrude Church, Miss Edith Buckingham, and Mr. G. H. Buckingham have returned from a six weeks' visit to Lakes Tahoe and Donner.

Misses May and Fannie Friedlander, who have been at Santa Cruz during most of the summer, have returned home.

Mrs. Peter Decker, Miss Alice Decker, Mrs. Morton Cheesman, and Miss Jennie Cheesman are still at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and Mrs J. B. Wright are at Carlsbad. The latter is greatly improved in health.

Mr. R. Porter Ashe returned from the East last Monday.

Mrs. G. J. Bucknall and Miss Marie Bucknall are still sojourning at St Helena. Miss Marguerite Bucknall is the guest of Mrs. Gorham at Virginia, Nev.

Miss Jenny Waters has returned to Oakland from a trip to the mountains

Miss Mande Fowler, of Napa City, has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles L. Wines, in Oakland, during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. M. Deane, and Miss Deane, who have been at their cottage in San Rafael for the past month, will return to the city in about a week

Mrs. Walter Turnbull and Miss Ruth Turnbull have made Paris their headquarters for the past two months, occasionally taking short excursions through Switzerland and Belgium. They will remove to London about the middle of September.

Army and Navy.

Lieutenant and Mrs. E. F. Qualtrough, U. S. N., of Mare Island, were visiting friends here recently.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Stafford, U. S. N., were at Santa Cruz several days recently.

Major Edward Moale, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to San Carlos, A-T , on official business

ART NOTES.

On Monday, September 3d, the Art Students' League will open under the direction of Mrs. Richardson, Emil Carlsen, and Fred Yates. A large number of applications have been made to enter the classes. The plan of teaching will be the same as that adopted by the Art Students' League in New York city, where the different classes have their respective teachers. This method of instruction has met with much success there. The social attraction of the league next winter will be the lectures on art, which will be delivered once each month. The associate members and their friends will be invited.

A. Joullin has been devoting his vacation to a large painting, a study of yellow roses, which he will exhibit at the State Fair. A background of lemon and white, striped Oriental drapery, acts as a setting for a large, bronzed, Antwerp vase, which contains a cluster of yellow roses of different varieties and shades. Near this, on the floor, is a quaint incense burner and a bunch of heliotrope carelessly placed.

The State Fair at Sacramento will open on Monday, September 3d. Norton Bush will, as usual, have charge of the art department, having come out from the East for that purpose.

Stanton has been busy lately with several decorative pieces, and will commence soon on a cartoon of the midsummer jinks of the Bohemian Club. Early in September he will take a trip to Santa Barbara.

The School of Design will open on Monday, September 3d, with R. D. Yelland and A. Joullin as instructors.

Brookes has a new study of fruit under way.

Narjot is engaged on a picture of the Virgin Mary.

Among the former students at the School of Design, who went to Paris recently to study art, are Jules Pages, Guy Rose, Mr. Pape, and Mr. Marvin.

William Keith is traveling in Oregon. He recently made the ascent of Mount Tacoma, with Professor John Muir and others.

W. A. Coulter has been busy on several marine orders, and now has a pilot-boat under way

Rodriguez is laying in a large picture of Marin County redwoods. He has, at Morris & Kennedy's, a Berkeley landscape and a small garden scene

Miss Chittenden has a pretty panel of La France roses at Morris & Kennedy's gallery.

Benoni Irwin is in this city on a short visit, and is exhibiting two portraits at Morris & Kennedy's art gallery.

Gifford has a Venetian water-color at Morris & Kennedy's.

M. Straus has been at work lately on three still-life pictures, showing luscious peaches, and melons, and clusters of grapes.

Emil Carlsen is in his new studio, in the Flood Building, where he is engaged on an elaborate frieze for the residence of Mr. W H. Crocker.

Roethe will remove on September 1st, to his new studio, 330 Sutter Street, in order to better accommodate his increasing class of pupils. He will send several pastels to the State fair.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Ballenberg and Yanke have returned to the city, after playing all the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Colonel E. A. Belcher's "Dirigo March" will be published in a few days by the Matthias Gray Company.

Miss Charlotte Hawes, of Boston, a teacher of music and a lecturer on musical subjects, is visiting her brothers in San Francisco.

A. Sichel, the pianist, has tendered a benefit to his pupil, Master Sigismund Blumann, which will take place at Irving Hall, next Friday evening.

The Byron Mauzy Musical Club gave one of its interesting concerts last Thursday evening, at the Mauzy warerooms, in the Union Club building. An excellent programme was listened to by a large audience. Among the participants were: Miss Ernestine Goldmann, Miss Lily Schneider, Misses Theresa and Lillie Sherwood, Miss Fannie E. Ryan, F. Victor Austin, and the amateur orchestra.

The Ladies' Protection and Relief Society have secured the services of the celebrated novelist, Mr. George W. Cable, for a series of readings, on the evenings of Monday, September 17th, Wednesday, 19th, and Friday, 21st, at the First Congregational Church, corner Post and Mason Streets. This deserving charity is dependent on the public for support, and is at present in need of funds to carry on the year's work. The institution has constantly under its care between one hundred and fifty and two hundred destitute children. We look upon the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society as the very best of our large charities. It is a splendid institution, generous, broad, non-sectarian in the narrow sense, and, under pecuniary embarrassment, is accomplishing infinite good. We hope the Cable readings may result profitably to the ladies devoted to the management of the society's affairs.

The Wine Par Excellence.

An interesting article which recently appeared in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, on "Champagne and its Manufacture," says of Pommery & Greno, the great French firm: "Their establishment at Reims is immense, and they have six miles of galleries in their cellar. Mme. Pommery, widow of the late senior partner of the firm, is now head of the house. She formerly resided in an imposing mansion situated near where tradition says the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots dwelt when she was the ward of her uncle, the Archbishop of Reims. Mme. Pommery now resides in a handsome villa near Chigny, not far distant." This lady comes of a fine old Normandy family, and it has ever been her ambition to produce a wine which should be the royal beverage of Europe. This motive, combined with the zeal and energy of her directeurs, has secured the present unparalleled results; and this brand of champagne has become the cherished favorite of the aristocracy of Europe and America, and now on the strength of the Pommery, whenever a new brand of champagne is being introduced, the Prince of Wales is claimed to favor it.

Children's Dancing Matinees.

Mr. J. William Frazer, who is favorably known as a specialty teacher of fashionable round dancing, and for the past five years has been in the East for the benefit of his health, has returned and opened his private rooms at 330 Sutter Street. September 1st, he will begin a series of select children's dancing matinees, which have been very popular in New York. He has leased Saratoga Music Hall, for Saturday afternoons. A full string orchestra is a feature which will delight the children who reasonably understand round and square dancing. Parents interested, see card in another column.

— MR. HENRY HEYMAN HAS RETURNED FROM his vacation trip and resumed giving lessons on the violin, and in ensemble playing. Address, 206 Ellis.

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Diplome d'Honneur, International Exhibition, Brussels, 1880.
Medal of First Order of Merit, at Melbourne, Australia, 1881.

A FEW WORDS

— ABOUT OUR —

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BILL NYE ON THE MILLS BILL.

How it is the Author of Countless Business Woes.

Yesterday, on board an elevated train leaving South Ferry, an aged woman undertook to sell an armful of penny ballads, without attracting the attention of the guard, for it is against the rules of this great scenic and New-York-by-daylight route to sell goods of any kind in the cars. She was a plain woman, even when her face was in repose, but when she smiled, little children clung to their parents and shrieked. It has been my lot to witness a great many plain people during my plaid career, but this woman, when she smiled, certainly presented a new set of horrors and points of desolation which I had never before witnessed. She would sidle up to a vacant seat, and, with a smile which would have revealed nine dollars' worth of teeth, if she had had any, would present a song to the person on the right, and then to the one on the left, and try to dispose of it at a mark-down figure. She did not seem to make an instantaneous hit. People took one good, square look at the frightful disaster she called a smile, and then went into some other car. Finally, she approached a gentleman from Erastina, who was asleep. He seemed to be dreaming of something good to eat, for, as he slumbered, he took large mouthfuls of space and chewed on them, then he swallowed them with a smothered rattle of the glottis, which drowned the roar of the train. She sat down beside him, and waited for him to awake. He did not do so readily, and, I think, she pinched him. He awoke with a wild start, only to see those beaming gums and eyes like a pair of fried eggs. It was at this moment that she held up before him a song entitled, "I am Waiting, My Darling, for Thee." He read it hastily, and then fled from the car. He got off the train hurriedly, and a man who sat near me said that he saw him try to throw himself under a bob-tail car, but it was up grade, and the horse could not be urged to climb over him.

The ballad-seller then took a seat by my side. She was, evidently, waiting my darling for me. I thought I would take the offensive, and so I spoke to her before she could introduce her favorite theme. I said to her: "Madam, this is rather a dull day for the song business, is it not?"

"Yes," she replied, in a hoarse but resonant voice; "the bottom has fell out of the hull song trade, lately. Generally, in this month, I sell as high as sixty-five 'Waiting My Darlings for Thee,' forty to fifty 'Belle Mahones,' and, say, twenty-eight to thirty-five 'In the Gloamings.' This year I won't place more'n half them songs, best I kin do."

"To what," I asked, as I took her keen, penetrating elbow out of my stomach, and rested it on a book which I had on my knee; "to what do you attribute this great falling off and diminution in your sales?"

"Why, it is the Mills Bill that has done it. What else could of done it? The songs is jest the same they was last year, and so am I jest the same. If anything, I'm more sociable than I was last year, and try to wear a smile oftener than I did last year."

"Yes, but what has the Mills Bill got to do with the 'Belle Mahone' industry? What bearing does it have on your waiting my darling for me?"

"Well, it unsettles things. Poor men are afraid, and folks that works are scared for fear that, instid of getting two dollars a day for two days in the week, they will have to work all the week at one dollar and a half a day, and so they are more clost now with their money then they was."

"What do you regard as the salient points of the Mills Bill?" I inquired, as I rose to go.

"I don't know as to that, but I know that sence it got a start I have fell off about one-half in my sales, and I have hung on harder and smiled deeper and wider in order to sell one dang song than I did last year to sell two. That's what yer old Mills Bill has done for me."

This suggested an idea to me. I would see several representatives of the minor branches of trade and the lesser industries here, and learn, if possible, what the effect of proposed tariff reduction might be. On Whitehall Street, I found Mr. Giuseppe Giacamo Rigoletto, a maroon-colored gentleman, who owns seven small, green birds, by the sweat of whose brows he secures sufficient ground feed and garlic to keep his great, noble soul inside his poor, perishing body.

I can not give his language here, because it is difficult to introduce the broken English and xylophone remarks of Mr. Rigoletto, but he was very cross and disgusted. His birds are supposed to indicate the future prospects for the inquiring mind, at five cents each, by pulling a printed ticket from the pack. Mr. Rigoletto was engaged in whipping one of these birds across the toes as I came up. I asked him if he would tell me how trade was with him. He said it was most profanely poor, and he garnished it in front and trimmed it down the back with little sprigs of Italian swear words which actually started the perspiration on him. He said it was caused by the Mills Bill. He could not explain why it was so, because he could not speak the English language, or read it, or read any other language in fact, but when "plenty peepil cooma to paya the five sant to fain out what the leetlea bird sall peeka out by hees dam knolleedge of the planet las' year, dees tam the bottam of the bizziness gona to hal. What fora you say, eh? The Millsa Bill mak mona so dam tite I keel myself for twoa sant."

It was the same with Mr. Piccolo, the great peanut purveyor of Broadway. He could not explain it, but the dull goober market, he thought, could be easily traced to tariff agitation. He was eating a decayed pear and cursing the Mills Bill as I came away.

Everywhere I found people who had been afflicted by tariff agitation, either directly or indirectly, since the introduction of the Mills Bill. A colored man, who whistles in loud, stentorian tones at the pier of the Rockaway boat, and passes the hat, told me that he did well last year, but this season, unless trade picked up, he would have to make an assignment. On the Fourth of July he whistled till he almost paralyzed his tremolo and seriously impaired his puckering-string this year, only to fall short of the day's receipts for last year by four dollars. He says his whistle gets dry quicker, and remains in that condition longer, since the Mills Bill discussion. He also now has an in-growing nail, which, under a protective policy, he is sure would not trouble him.

The general sentiment, as expressed by those interviewed, was, that with tariff revision, people who mismanaged their business and then failed, would have nothing to lay it to.—*New York World.*

A queer incident took place in Georgia recently. A colony of black bees had been living peaceably near a tribe of Italian bees for years, when the black bees attempted to rob their yellow neighbors. A fierce fight was the result, in which hundreds of the black robbers were killed. No inquest.

FOR THE LADIES.

"What were the last words of Brigham Young?" asked the teacher. "He never had any," replied the smart, bad boy; "he was a married man."—*Burdette.*

Mrs. Thomaso—"Ethel, it is not at all becoming to you to be continually gazing out of the window." *Miss Thomaso*—"No, mamma; but it's becoming to the house."—*Time.*

St. Louis man (proudly)—"The nickel is the smallest coin we have in St. Louis." *Philadelphia girl* (sympathetically)—"I suppose you don't have daily papers there yet."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Don't you know, Emily, that it is not proper for you to turn around and look after a gentleman?" "But, mamma, I was only looking to see if he was looking to see if I was looking."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

At the club: "See here, Gus, how shall I sign this letter to Miss le Vingt? We are to be married in a week, if nothing happens, and I don't want to make it too formal." "Why not sign it 'yours *pro tem?*'"—*Town Topics.*

Prosecuting attorney (selecting a jury)—"Isn't the prisoner a relative of yours?" *Juror*—"No, sir; he is a relative of my wife's." *Prosecuting attorney*—"Your honor, the prosecution accepts this gentleman."—*New York Sun.*

Boy (breathlessly)—"Oh, dad! There's a man been here and run away with her!" *Father* (in alarm)—"What! With the colt?" *Boy*—"No; with mother!" *Father* (more calmly)—"Oh, wall, he'll fetch *her* back."—*Life.*

"What a simple and modest bathing-suit Miss Spider always wears," remarked the minister. "Yes," replied Miss Vivacity, unconsciously; "you will always find a girl modest at the seaside when she weighs only eighty-five pounds."—*Time.*

Miss Holsoule (who is not a thorough musician)—"What a beautiful piece the orchestra is playing now!" *Professor Sneidberger*—"Dot! Vy, dot vos 'Chonny-getcher-gun!'" *Miss Holsoule*—"I think those old German melodies are perfectly entrancing!"—*Time.*

She—"I am so fond of pets of all kinds, that I often tell my friends I would rather have a farm with a lot of pets than a husband, because I am sure I should like the former, and am very doubtful about the latter." *He*—"Yes, and it is so much easier to get."—*Life.*

Miss Tonier—"It's very sad about Miss Livingstone, isn't it? She can't play any more tennis this season." *Mr. Spoater*—"Has she injured herself?" *Miss Tonier*—"No; but she's just become engaged to a manufacturer of tennis goods, and it would hardly be good form, you know."—*Time.*

She was very much embarrassed, as the rivals had both called the same night; but, at last, a bright thought entered her mind: "Oh, Mr. Brown," she said, to one of them, who was musically inclined, "do play that lovely waltz of yours, and Mr. Gysant and I will dance."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Gus de Smith—"Well, Miss Elderly, how did you like the garden-party last night?" *Miss E.*—"Pretty well, only the gentlemen were all so young—mere boys, in fact." *Gus*—"Oh, that don't make any difference; you know you were young yourself once upon a time."—*Texas Siftings.*

Wife—"I was so amused to-day, John. I was sitting in the Eden Musée, and was actually taken for one of the figures by an old lady from the country. It was too funny!" *Husband*—Ha, ha, ha! It must have been. Where were you sitting, my dear, in the Chamber of Horrors?"—*New York World.*

Young lady (to train-boy)—"I'm going through to Chicago, and I want a novel to read." *Train-boy*—"Do you live in Chicago, ma'am?" *Young lady*—"Yes." *Train-boy*—"Well, there's a book that'll suit you; dollar 'n' half." *Young lady*—"Has it a pleasant ending?" *Train-boy*—"Oh, yes, 'm; the lovers is divorced in the last chapter."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Disgusted husband (eating breakfast, on fifth floor of flat)—"Maria, what do you call this?" *Wife*—"That is a loaf of Boston brown bread of my own baking, John." (John opens window, and throws loaf of bread out. It kills a street-car horse. Great excitement. Missile inspected by local scientists and unanimously pronounced an aerolite.)—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Ma," remonstrated Bobby, "when I was at grandma's she let me have two pieces of pie." "Well, she ought not to have done so, Bobby," said his mother; "I think two pieces of pie are too much for little boys. The older you grow, Bobby, the more wisdom you will gain." Bobby was silenced, but only for a moment. "Well, ma," he said, "grandma is a good deal older than you are."—*Christian Advocate.*

This exciting scene is laid in Kentucky: He carefully drew his trousers up until the tops of his shoes were visible, and then began an impassioned appeal of love. "Stop right where you are sir," said the beautiful blue-grass girl, and she rose to her full height with a queenly gesture; "no young man who is afraid of bagging his trousers at the knees can ever hope to win the daughter of Colonel Blood."—*New York World.*

He (at Manhattan Beach)—"Shall we go and listen to the music, darling, or remain where we are? You recall what the divine William says, 'How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night, like softest music to attending ears'? Or would you prefer to stroll out to the esplanade, and watch the cool, translucent waves, as they come tumbling in from far-off perfumed shores?" *She* (shyly)—"No, George, dear; let us go and get some soft-shell crabs."—*New York World.*

"Ethel," asked a Lewiston mother of her daughter, as the fair young girl sat down at a late breakfast, in her morning-gown; "did George leave any package for me last evening?" Ethel blushed, and said, falteringly: "Why, no, mamma! What made you ask?" "Oh, nothing; I only heard him say at the door, as he said good-by, 'Now, here is one more for your mother,' and I didn't know but it was that pattern for lace lambrequins that his mother has promised me." Ethel said nothing.—*Lewiston Journal.*

Senator Riddleberger, of Virginia, has not eaten a meal at a hotel table in twelve years, the sight of viands in large quantities taking away his appetite.

White Sulphur Springs.

We take pleasure to inform our readers that these springs, situated in Napa County, adjacent to St. Helena, are now open, under the management of Messrs. Ed. Dunham and Chas. Eaton. These gentlemen are old, experienced hotel men, and having furnished the establishment throughout with everything new, they ask an inspection by those intending to recuperate during the summer months. These springs have always had the reputation of being the finest in the State.

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, August 5, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.00, 6.45, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.45, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.45 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 2.15, 4.15, 5.45, 7 30, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.45 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.15 P.M.
8 A. M. (Sundays only), Excursion Train from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.00 P. M.

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Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.
Sunday Excursions—Round-trip Tickets, good on Sundays only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, $3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Aug. 12, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.00 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Fast Mail for Ogden and East	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**8.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	12.45 P.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

7.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz ‡	8.05 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
*2.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‡9.20 A.

NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

7.15 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
7.50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion. ‡	8.35 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.40 P.
0.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 42 P.
2.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
5.10 P	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.00 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.40 A.
11.45 P	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.50 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. Saturday and Sunday only, to Santa Cruz. ‡‡ Sunday and Monday only, from Santa Cruz. ** Mondays excepted.

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Gaelic	**Saturday, September 29**	
Belgic	**Thursday, October 18**	
Arabic	**Wednesday, November 7**	
Oceanic	**Wednesday, November 28**	
Gaelic	**Tuesday, December 18**	

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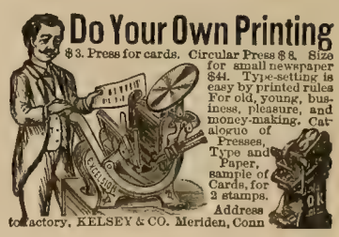
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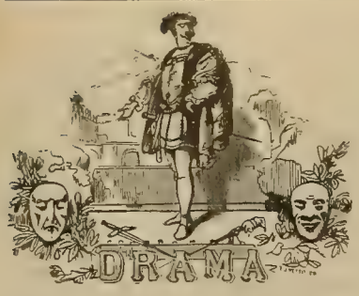

We have seen two plays with old plots, and one play —"Partners"—with an artistic character study. In "Jim, the Penman," we have a third variety. There is no specially interesting delineation of character, no brilliancy of dialogue, no graceful love-making, but there is a story.

"Jim, the Penman" is like that popular type of novel which, without a single character real enough to walk round, a single genuine situation, a single page of brilliant writing, yet, for its daring originality, and the exquisite dexterity with which an involved plot is worked out, holds your attention from the first to the last page. The most exclusive reader will be engrossed by such a book, the most *blasé* first-nighter enthralled by such a play. What most people want, is to be interested and amused, not instructed and refined. The talent of the *raconteur* charms where analyst and realist fail.

The story of "Jim, the Penman" is too well-known to be repeated. The gentleman-blackleg has been a favorite for some years. In "The House on the Marsh," he made a hit. In "The Silver King," the handsome cracksman monopolized all the interest. Though only one remove from the dashing villains in the Old Sleuth classics, the mingled terrors and glories of his career, the high pressure at which he lived, fired the imaginations of staid audiences. "Jim, the Penman" is still another variety of this genus. But the reckless daring of the successful and unscrupulous swindler is wanting. He has twinges of what passes for conscience—that convenient type of conscience which is only felt after twenty years' success in nefarious schemes has toughened it.

Artistically as it is arranged, the play exhibits a few rough edges. That Mrs. Ralston should never, until twenty years of marriage had passed, have been sufficiently interested to find out what her husband's business was, seems incredible to an American. They probably manage these things better abroad. And there is another question which might suggest itself to a captious critic: Ralston has been for twenty years a successful forger. He has amassed great wealth through this channel. Shortly before the opening of the play a check, forged by Ralston, for three hundred thousand dollars, is drawn on a St. Louis bank, cashed without a murmur, and replenishes the coffers of "the company." Later on, the Drelincourt diamonds are seized. A letter, signed by Lord Drelincourt's solicitor, requesting the diamonds—valued at one hundred and forty thousand pounds sterling—is sent by messenger to the bank, and the diamonds are given to the messenger. Could all this have happened? Could a man play such a desperate game unmolested —unsuspected—for twenty years? Or did Sir Charles Young found a brilliant play on an impossibility? Dickens and Trollope introduced in their books two successful forgers—Merdle and Melmotte. But neither Dickens nor Trollope ever took the trouble to lay carefully bare the methods employed by these men. It was in "the great man answered with a bon-mot" style. A novelist, a playwright, and a clergyman have the happy advantage of being able to say just what they like, without the danger of disconcerting contradiction or penetrating investigation.

The character of Mrs. Ralston, the star part of the piece, is at once attractive and inconsistent. Separated by a fraud from her first lover, she marries, a year later, James Ralston, then a poor clerk. He, though already a scamp, loves and respects her, and surrounds her with every luxury. They have two charming children, and appear perfectly happy. Her only complaint is that she has never had her husband's confidence. Upon the discovery of the fraud of the letters, it is only natural that she should be pained and horrified, but more than that, she appears suddenly consumed with a violent loathing for her husband. She reviles him in unmitigated language. She suddenly hates him. The whole of this scene and the subsequent one, when Percival unwittingly tells her her husband is Jim, the Penman, leave on one's mind the unpleasant belief that she has, during twenty years of separation, secretly enshrined her old lover in her heart, and that the father of her children, the companion of half her life, has been nothing to her. Such an example of feminine constancy throws forever into the shade Hannah binding shoes, Mariana in the Moated Grange, Penelope, Hermione, and all the other members of that faithful, loving crew.

But the interest of the story triumphs over all this. The author of the play was born with the instincts of a *raconteur*. He knew just what to put in and just what to cut out. As a writer of involved tales of dark deeds and hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach, he would have signed himself to everlasting fame. He had the intuitive knowledge of what would interest the average man—that much maligned being. There is not a moment in the whole performance where your interest flags; just enough is always told, with just sufficient suggestion of excitements to come. There is not a scene which does not leave you on the tip-toe of expectation—something awful is always just coming. A suggestion of brooding disaster impregnates the first act, and sharpens the interest for what is to follow. There is hardly a remark which does not contribute to the elucidation of the plot, nor the smallest scene which does not melt in with the nucleus of the central idea. A more artistically constructed play it would be hard to find. In the first act a superabundance of people merely add vivacity to the scene. There is not much need for some of them, but they make the stage lively, and add a crowning touch of realism.

There are four important characters in the piece: Mrs. Ralston (Miss May Brookyn), Jim, the Penman (Mr. Frederick Robinson), The Baron (Mr. Alexander Salvini), and The Detective (Mr. E. M. Holland). Some of these are old friends, and close on the penny-dreadful style. The Baron is the wicked element, the unblushing fiend who does all the bad things, the incarnation of evil. The Detective would delight Inspector Byrnes's heart, for he is richly gifted with all the preternatural brilliancy of the much-traduced members of that stealthy craft.

Miss May Brookyn plays Mrs. Ralston with the greatest precision and care. It is a neat performance, rather than a brilliant. It has been carefully studied, conscientiously worked up, and the result is always satisfactory, consistently agreeable throughout. Miss Brookyn, during the moments when she looked at her signature in the subscription-book, held the attention of the audience in a way which should be ample testimony to the power of her performance at this critical juncture. She also looked the part to the life, and dressed it with well-chosen magnificence. It is a pity that when an actress has grand emotions she should also have grand clothes. To throw one's self with passionate abandon on a sofa, hysterically weeping, is not to be done with impunity in a tight corsage and an imported French costume. The fusion of realism and art, in this department, is yet to be. In real life, such gorgeous ladies endeavor to maintain the perpendicular, under the most agitating circumstances.

The Baron Hartfeldt of Mr. Salvini was as uniformly artistic as his Henry Borgfeldt. He carried the audience with him, from his entrance to his exit, and infused a boisterous vitality into as extravagantly villainous a villain as ever made mischief through four acts. His exuberance and decision were in happy contrast to the vacillating diffidence of Mr. Robinson's Penman, whose doubt, hesitation, and apprehension were cleverly rendered.

Mr. Holland's Detective was the favorite of the cast, and was a delightfully humorous piece of work. The expression of his rolling eyes, when suddenly fixed, and the gesture with which he stroked his blonde mustache, were irresistibly amusing. It is pleasant, too, to know that a man may appear a fool, and, in reality, be abnormally clever. This should be a lesson not to condemn by appearances or impressions. How many mute, inglorious Captain Redwoods may we not all know, merely waiting for the occasion to develop them. G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Joseph Murphy will continue his series of old-time Irish melodramas at the Alcazar next week with "Kerry Gow."

Hermann, the prestidigitateur, will appear at the Bush Street Theatre next week, with a whole bagful of new and astonishing tricks.

"Saints and Sinners" is announced to follow "Elaine" at the Baldwin. Whoever is cast to play the rôle Kelcey assumed, two years ago will have a hard task, for the memory of that polished villain is still fresh.

A weekly change of programme at the Bijou, with Emerson always on the bill, shows that the minstrels are working hard to make their pretty little theatre a success, and their reward is a constant succession of large and enthusiastic audiences.

August Hinrichs, leader of the Baldwin theatre orchestra, has completed a comic opera, entitled "Monsieur Hercule," which will be produced at the Baldwin Theatre during the German season. Mme. Mathilde Cottrelly will sing the principal part.

The scenes of "Elaine" give opportunity for much elaboration in costuming and stage setting, and the management promises to give us something gorgeous in the spectacular way. The fifth scene is a reproduction of Toby Rosenthal's famous painting.

The version of "The Black Hussar" which is being shown at the Tivoli would scarcely be recognized by Millocker as his own composition. An entire act has been added, with no other apparent purpose than to give the singers a chance to air their favorite songs and the comedians to crack their favorite jokes. "Der Freischutz" is announced as the next production.

The version of "Elaine," which the Madison Square Company will give at the Baldwin next week, is the joint work of George Parsons Lathrop and Harry Edwards. The collaborators preserved a large portion of Tennyson's original lines and wrote in about twice as much more, doing their work so well that they have received a complimentary letter from the laureate himself.

J. B. Aberle, who was at one time Ole Bull's accompanist on the piano, and was the musical director of the Kellogg Italian Opera Company, under Max Strakosch's management, has got together a new company, like the Spanish Students, and will give a concert at Irving Hall, next Thursday evening, and again on Saturday afternoon. The company is composed of Signor Rebagliati, a solo violinist, an oboe soloist, and a double quartet of mandolins and banduirias.

The cast of "Elaine" is as follows: King Arthur, Clarence Handyside; Lancelot, Alexander Salvini; Lord of Astolat, Frederick Robinson; Sir Torre, Louis Massen; Sir Lavaine, Walden Ramsay; Sir Gawain, E. M. Holland; Dumb Servitor, C. Flockton; Hermit Friar, Herbert Millward; Retainer, A. C. Hilsdorf; Harper, Harry Halliday; Queen Guinevere, Marie Burroughs; Llanyd, May Brookyn; Roselle, Kate Maloney; Elaine, Annie Russell. In the New York production Charles Overton did the King, and the two minor female characters were in other hands. Otherwise, the cast is unchanged except that Millward takes the part made vacant by William Davidge's death.

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There is not a healthier place in California than Petaluma. The natural slope of the city is such that a perfect sewerage system is obtained.

Nine church edifices and as many flourishing congregations testify to the religious enlightenment of its inhabitants. Its manufacturing interests are large and in a prosperous condition. Aside from the cannery, woolen mill, and flour mills, are foundries, machine shops, planing mills, carriage factories, incubator works, tannery and numerous other industries employing several hundred workmen. As a market place for all products of the soil Petaluma is unexcelled.

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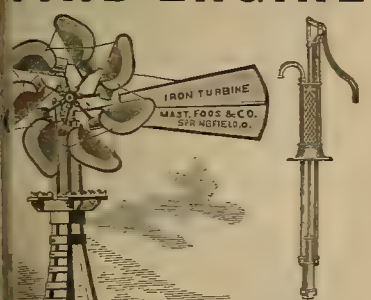

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Life's Disappointments.

How often are our days, alas,
  With disappointment fraught!
How often when we seek success
  Our efforts come to naught!

How often when we'd snatch a kiss
  From some one to us dear,
The maiden's rosy lips we miss
  And kiss her on the ear!
—*Boston Courier.*

An Even Temper.

"She's the evenest temper ever you saw"—
  He said as he saw me wince—
"She got mad once at seven years old,
  An' she's stayed mad ever since." —*Time.*

Beauties of Pronunciation.

I love the beauteous verse divine
  Of that Jew genius Henri Heine;
And Longfellow wrote lovely lines
  About our great aborigines,
While Keats, who lies the ground beneath,
  Wrote verses to the river Lethe.
Dear Quarles and Hood, I love them both,
  But I prefer the songs of Goethe,

And all the sonnets gay and airy
  Of that sweet spirit Baudelaire.
I also let my musing amble
  Through the works of Thomas Campbell.
Keen to the taste as autumn russet
  Are all the verses of De Musset.
But I must cease, the door secure,
  And spend an hour with Tommy Moore.
—*Town Topics.*

Little Ah Goo.

Little Ah Goo is pudgy and odd,
With a purple eye and a sapient nod,
And a voice as soft as a wood-dove's coo—
Answering everything, "Goo, ah goo!"

Little Ah Goo has an open smile,
And cheeks that dimple like velvet pile,
And a mouth like the bow that Cupid drew,
As it gently murmurs, "Goo, ah goo!"

Little Ah Goo has a neck like milk,
And hair as soft and as smooth as silk,
Pigeon toes, like a Chinaman, too,
And a pigtail even has little Ah Goo!

Little Ah Goo is but nine weeks old,
With ages of loveliness into them rolled,
And merry all day as a piping merle
Is little Ah Goo—she's a baby girl!
—*New York World.*

The Bustle.

Oh, the blooming, booming bustle,
  The flouncing, bouncing bustle,
    The heaving, weaving bustle
      That the maid of fashion wears;

How it quaps and quakes and quivers,
  How it oscillates and shivers,
    How it shocks all modest livers
      When in public it appears.

When extended and expanded
  As by fashion is demanded,
    I think if you are candid
      With me you will agree,

That this absurd illusion
  Is a snare and a delusion,
    And conducive to confusion
      In a very high degree.
—*Detroit Free Press.*

Sing Mellow.

A green watermelon sat on a fruit stand,
  Singing "Mellow, I'm mellow, I'm mellow";
And a small boy stood there with a cent in his hand,
  Saying "Mellow, it's mellow, quite mellow."
So he ate a big hunk cut right out of the heart,
And he ate it all up to the hard outside part,
And they carried him off in a rag-dealer's cart,
  Poor fellow, poor fellow, poor fellow.
—*Macon Telegraph.*

A Distinction.

At sea, on his yacht, with a fair lady by him,
He asked for a kiss, but she chose to deny him.
"Not here," cried the lady, in tones full of mirth,
"Though I have not the slightest objection *on earth*."
—*Harper's Bazar.*

C. A. T.

Which, being interpreted, signifieth Cleveland and Thurman—A glimpse into futurity. Scene—Shores of Salt River. Time—1889

On the margin of a streamlet known and read of all creation, where the india-rubber catfish and the acrobatic eel
Sport in festive, gay abandon, playing jack-stones with the fossils of the tears of office-seekers, and have salt at every meal,

Sat two sad, dejected tramplets, munching musty free-trade biscuits, and beside them crouched a doglet, golden-hued and full of fleas.
Knotted to whose hairless caudal was a soiled and torn bandana, emblematic of some war-flags, flopping in the saline breeze.

One is corpulent and massive, with a high and frowning forehead, and in "two-line pica gothic" on his heavy face we see:
"I'm the Democratic Mascot—Give Me Fifty Thousand yearly. Hip Hooray for Grover Cleveland. I'm the Man of Destinee!"

The companion of his wand'rings, sobbing, strokes his tangled whiskers, and his sigh sounds like "O-hi-o," as he gnaws his moldy crust;
And he murmured: "Grover, listen—you're the man of dest'ny, pardner; I'm Thurman of sorrows, Grover—but I'll back ye till ye bust!"

"Let me see," said Grover, musing, as he pulled his unkempt mustache and fastened his suspenders to his trousers with a nail,
"It must be mortifying to yon ecru-colored puplet to be forced to wear bandanas on his *à la* Frankfurt tail."

Then he sang a plaintive measure on the margin of Salt River, and poor Allen G. assisted in a broken, crooning way;
And the Red Top clovers nodded to the lemon-tinted canine, as he dined on pension vetoes kindly tossed to him that day.

Then the tramplets and the doglet doffed their clothes and went in bathing to relieve them of their freshness and to cool each fevered brain;
After which they read a passage from an old encyclopedia, and they prayed another blizzardlet might never come again.

For a time, with listless manner, on the brine-kissed shores they lingered; but only for a little space in pensiveness they stood—
And for aye their grizzly spooklets, crusted o'er with saline crystals, wander thro' the deep morasses of innocuous desuetude.
—*Buffalo News.*

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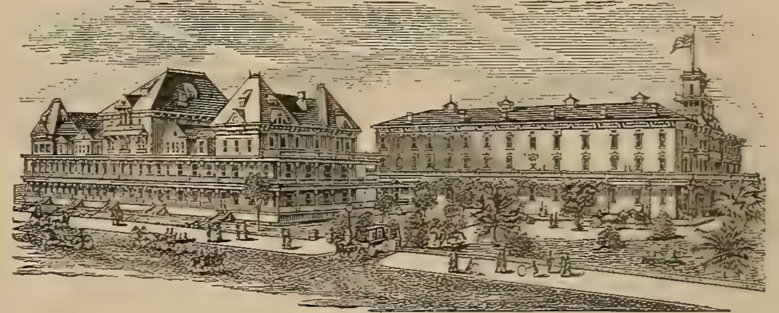

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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From Homburg-les-Bains, through the reliable news correspondence of the New York *World* and the San Francisco *Chronicle*, comes important intelligence from Mr. Chauncey Depew, of New York. Interesting, perhaps, rather than important, is the information derived from this son of New York. Interesting is everything connected with this pampered and petted child of luck, attorney for the Vanderbilts, president of the New York Central, favorite of the labor classes, idol of the wealthy, president of the Union League Club, gifted with an after-dinner eloquence that makes him the welcome guest at banquets, candidate of the Republican party for Presidential nomination, and friend of Blaine. His summer vacations are not spent fishing in the Adirondacks, hunting pinnated grouse on the prairies, or chasing the wild buffalo on the broad plains; not climbing Alpine heights, or exploring strange countries, or delving among antique ruins, but passing his summer vacations (every summer) in visiting the higher circles of European society. At Homburg-les-Bains, we are now informed, "he is the inseparable companion of Earl Spencer, once Gladstone's home-rule lord-lieutenant for Ireland, and Lord Edward Fitzmaurice, in shady walks under the firs." Happy Chauncey! Inseparable companion of two lords! News from such a man, in such company, is more than interesting, it is of unquestioned importance. Through Earl Spencer, once a lord-lieutenant, and Lord Edward Fitzmaurice, once an under-secretary, Mr. Chauncey Depew, once a candidate for the Presidential nomination, the anonymous correspondent of the New York *World*, through the San Francisco *Chronicle*, organ of leading members of the Republican party of California, informs us that "the Tories of the English Parliament are about to be snowed under," and that "there is a defection among the English ministers concerning Irish home rule, which will be disclosed at the next election"; that the Irish in America have been *misrepresented*, that stories have been told to their disadvantage, and that they have been represented as having such persons among them as Mollie Maguires and rioters. That the prisons and poor-houses are full of them; that they are loud-mouthed, brawling politicians, led by priests and party bosses; that they are wire-pullers, belong to Tammany, keep gin-shops, run the gutter politics of the dirtiest parts of our dirtiest cities, and embrace the most disturbed and riotous portion of our criminal population; that they are an impudent, pushing, brawling, fighting, ignorant race of mercenary politicians for the small places which they deem themselves as qualified to fill, such as judicial, executive, and legislative, police magistrates, pound-masters, police officers, and members of the legislature—this is the opinion which English Tories and gentlemen have had of our Irish-American fellow-citizens. This opinion, we are informed through the *Chronicle*, by the anonymous reporter of the New York *World*, has been corrected by Mr. Chauncey Depew, the attorney of Mr. Vanderbilt. He has communicated to Earl Spencer and Lord Edward Fitzmaurice, in shady walks under the firs at Homburg-les-Bains, the pleasing information "that all such reports were slanders," and has borne witness (only think of the importance of testimony coming from the friend of Mr. Blaine, who had the vote of the New York delegation at Chicago for the Presidential nomination!) "to the good citizenship of the Irish who have immigrated to our shores within the last twenty years, how they had accumulated property, and attained prominent positions." Mr. Depew explained to Earl Spencer and his lordling friend, the under-secretary, that there are very few criminals among the Irish, or gin-sellers, or rioters, or political agitators; that they were moral, law-abiding, peaceful, temperate, modest citizens; that they were regarded by both national parties in the United States as most desirable political friends, and that their votes commanded a higher price than the aliens of any other nationality; that they commanded nominations in convention far beyond the Germans or other naturalized citizens; that as soldiers they are most desirable; that in our civil war they were the foremost fighting-men, and always in the front of battle; that they are always prompt to naturalize, and willing to vote, and never shirked, as many Americans do, the responsibilities of office. Earl Spencer was glad to know that the Irish in America had displayed such zeal for self government, and in their ability to govern the United States of America recognized their fitness for home-rule in Ireland. Earl Spencer assured Mr. Chauncey Depew that he should avail himself of this information, and, on an early occasion, inform the House of Lords of the admirable qualifications displayed by the Irish in America for political rule; would mention the peculiar ability of our Irish bosses to manage party affairs; would cite as splendid examples of this governmental instinct such gentlemen in New York as Messrs. Tweed, Connolly, Kelly, Sharpe, and others, the aldermen of New York and Chicago, now temporarily residing in Canada, Messrs. William Higgins, Esquire, and Christopher Buckley, Esquire, who so ably direct political matters in San Francisco. The people of England, Earl Spencer believes, will, when informed of these superior and excellent characteristics of the Irish in America, be willing promptly to accord them home-rule in Ireland, and, perhaps, under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, Dr. Tanner, and other English and Irish patriots, yield them parliamentary control of the affairs of the British Empire. The Earl Spencer was informed by Mr. Chauncey Depew, and "he was particularly gratified at the information, how completely the feeling of the Irish in America had changed toward England and the English since Gladstone had formed his parliamentary alliance with Mr. Parnell, Dr. Tanner, and other Irish home-rulers, land league, and 'Plan of Campaign' politicians." Since this interview at Homburg-les-Bains, the Earl Spencer will be further gratified with the information that the friendly attitude of the Irish toward England has become so marked in the United States, as to have made it necessary for Mr. Depew's party in the Senate to defeat a treaty, made with England, by a strict party vote; so impressed is the Republican party of the United States with the friendship of the Irish for England, that it is willing to embroil the two countries in war, in order to catch the vote of the Roman Catholic Irish for Mr. Blaine, for Secretary of State, and General Harrison, for President. Both parties—Democratic and Republican—are on their bellies, groveling in the mire and wallowing in pitiable cowardice before this ignorant, priest-ridden, boss-ruled mob of alien traitors. If it is true that this interview was had between Mr. Chauncey Depew and Earl Spencer, and that Mr. Depew made the statements concerning the attitude of leading citizens in America toward Irish politics, and the feelings of Irishmen toward England and its government, he is guilty of deliberate misrepresentation. Mr. Depew knows the estimate in which the low Irish in America are held; he knows that their vices predominate over their virtues; he knows their attitude toward the political parties, the extent to which they are subordinate to Roman priests, and their blind following of Democratic party bosses, and their contemptuous disrespect of the law. Mr. Depew knows the struggle now going on to secure the Irish vote for the Republican party; he knows the history of the Presidential contest four years ago, and of the effort being made to secure the Irish vote for Harrison. He knows of the Blaine bargain, and that the Republican Senate defeated the Fisheries Treaty, by a strict party vote, as a party measure, and that the message of retaliation by President Cleveland is a movement in the direction of anchoring the Irish to the Democracy. Both parties are pretending to desire a war with England as a mode of securing the Irish vote. Mr. Depew knows the universal and unconquerable hate of every Papist Irishman in America toward England, Englishmen, and everything that is English. What love of country and patriotism mean to men of other nationalities, hatred of England expresses in the heart of every Roman Catholic Irishman in the United States. Here the Irish concentrate their hatred of Protestantism, the long pent-up grievances of social and political oppressions—memories of Cromwell and the Prince of Orange, sacrifice of church statuary and stained-glass windows, with defeat sustained by James at the Boyne-water—are mingled in the tangled confusion of ignorant minds. But they can vote, two millions of Irish can vote, and Mr. Depew would forget the draft riots of his city of New York, the murderous conspiracy of the Mollie Maguires in Pennsylvania, the thieving aldermen of his city, and the Irish bosses and Irish politicians who have cost it in direct stealings fifty millions of dollars within the past twenty years, in order that his political party may come on top, and his personal friend be made Secretary of State under the Republican administration of General Harrison. If Mr. Depew and his friend, the Earl Spencer, think that such men as Lord Salisbury, Lord Hartington, Mr. Secretary Balfour, and the other strong men of the Tory government and Parliament of England do not know the Irish in America, their character, their motives, and the policy that governs them, they pay but a poor compliment to the intelligence of England's governing class. We should hail no event with greater pleasure than such a settlement of the Irish question, that all the Pope's political

Irish could be recalled from America to Ireland for its government, and with them all the political demagogues of America, in which class we catalogue Mr. Chauncey Depew, of New York.

In the Fisheries question we are not learned and not deeply interested. Whether our fishermen off the coast of New England are, or are not, properly dealt with by the Canadian authorities in the matter of bait, repairing nets, shelter in storms, and such other civilities as are incident to catching, curing, and salting fish, we are not informed. It has always seemed to us to be a local question, affecting the fishermen of Cape Cod, the Banks of Newfoundland, and the politicians of New England, who attain the Senate and House of Representatives through the votes of the men who fish, and salt, and sell. Herring, cod, and mackerel have somehow become national questions of late, commanding the attention of Messrs. Hale and Frye, of Maine, Hoar, of Massachusetts, Edmunds, of Vermont, and Blaine, of New England. It has seemed to us that Senators Stanford, Stewart, and Dolph, the statesmen of California, Oregon, and Nevada, were more naturally interested in fishing upon the Pacific Coast, Puget Sound, and in the waters of Alaska, than off New England shores. All know that for many years there has existed an irritated feeling among our fishermen along the New England coast, and that for some reason they felt aggrieved and indignant at their treatment by the authorities of Canada. These grievances attained sufficient importance to challenge the attention of our government, treaties were negotiated, and friendly relations from time to time established. Some few months ago these misunderstandings, between the 'longshore traders of the Canadian border, the Canadian and the Yankee fishermen, and the political magnates of Canada and Yankee-land, assumed acute proportions, and a speck of war became visible among the international mackerel-catchers and cod-fishers of our maritime nursery. A treaty was entered into between the United States, England, and Canada, each country being represented by highly respectable commissioners, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain representing the British Empire. This treaty was concluded between these powers, and submitted to the Senate of the United States for ratification. It was an impartial and honorable settlement of a small difficulty, and ought to have been affirmed by the Senate of the United States. It was rejected, and the disgraceful exhibition of partisan spirit exhibited by strict party lines — every Democratic senator voting for, and every Republican voting against, the ratification. Such an incident had never before occurred in the diplomatic history of the United States. The whole controversy, from beginning to ending, has been a disgraceful struggle between Republican and Democratic partisans to secure the Irish vote, by pandering to its prejudices against England. No sooner had the name of Mr. Chamberlain been mentioned by the Tory and Liberal alliance, than the Irish in America began to howl. Mr. Chamberlain was opposed in Parliament to Gladstone and Parnell, to home-rule for the Irish, to the cowardly boycott, and the criminal "Plan of Campaign," and from every copper-lined Irish-American throat went up a wild howling protest against Mr. Chamberlain. The Republican party saw its opportunity to conciliate the Irish vote, and from the hour of the organization of the Fisheries Commission both the great national parties have been bidding against each other to secure it. The treaty is a plain and sensible adjustment of an unimportant local misunderstanding, concerning only a small portion of the New England States, which would never have attracted national attention except as a political question. When the treaty was sent to the Senate for ratification, the Irish found that the national honor was being sacrificed to England; every Irish editor, politician, and Republican demagogue saw the opportunity, and seized it, to conciliate the Irish by putting an indignity upon England, and the treaty was rejected by an unanimous Republican majority in the Senate. No attempt was made to modify, correct, or amend it; with brutal indifference to the merits of the question, and without any attempt to secure the passage of this or any treaty, it was voted down. Then came Mr. Cleveland's opportunity for a political *coup de grâce*. He outbid the Republican leaders for the Irish vote; he saw Mr. Blaine and called his hand; he offered the Irish in America a war with Great Britain for their continued support of the Democratic party; he demanded power from Congress to carry out a policy of retaliation against Canada and England. The blow was so sudden, so severe, and so staggering, that in the Senate Mr. Edmunds, of Vermont, and Mr. Blaine, of Maine, were both doubled up, Mr. Frye was in a stew, the Senate adjourned, the Republican National Committee was convened, and confusion existed among editors, leaders, and politicians of the Republican party. Mr. Blaine has written an absurd letter; the party issue is changed from "Protection to American labor," as defined by the white-plumed Henry of Navarre, to the more important question, how better to outbid the Democracy for the Pope's Irish than offering them war with England. Cleveland has struck their dearest wish, he has offered to embroil the two great English-speaking nations in complications that shall lead to war, a war that shall sweep our commerce from the seas, and lay in ruins every sea-coast town along six thousand miles of ocean coast, and every border city and hamlet along the four thousand miles that separate us from the Canadian Dominion. It is immense; ten millions of American citizens—Ireland and Irish-born—with two millions of Irish voters! There is only one way for the Republican party to outbid this princely offer; there is only one other sentiment in the Irish heart more absorbing than its hate for England, and that is its love for Rome; there is one and only one power on earth that the Irish hold in awful and superstitious reverence, and that is the Pope. He is persecuted by Italy, abandoned by France, slighted by Germany, and treated with indifference by the intelligence of the civilized world; he is a prisoner in the Vatican; he is looking for shelter in some friendly exile. Let the Republican party of the United States of America offer him a home and palace, guards and civil authority on American soil; let him establish his court of red-legged Italian cardinals, his broad-hatted prelates, his army of Jesuits, and his vast mob of sandled, shaven-headed, rope-waisted, begging, mendicant monks in the United States of America. Let a territory be set aside for him, like that of the District of Columbia, where he can exercise supreme political and spiritual jurisdiction; let him, within these boundaries, play his rôle of infallibility as God's vicegerent on earth. We recommend this as a practical mode of securing the Irish vote. If the Irish will not be content under the rule of the Fisherman, will not be obedient to ecclesiastical authority, will not be satisfied with sovereign power, with the privilege of voting often and early, holding all the offices and keeping all the gin-mills, and swinging the revolving shillalah when not at prayers, then nothing will content them, and Republicans can come over and join the American as the only true national and patriotic party of the United States.

Whatever may be any one's opinion as to the right of Irishmen to rule Ireland, or Americans to rule America, there can be no doubt, we think, of the right of citizens of San Francisco to manage and control its own municipal affairs without the influence or dictation of political party bosses. Municipal government involves the control of property and the management of affairs of police, health, street, and other material interests contributing to the protection and comfort of its people. Good citizens may widely differ in their opinions upon political questions, such as revenue, national defenses, naturalization of foreign immigrants, financial, diplomatic, or an hundred others involving foreign relations or domestic concerns; they may differ in their estimates of men for the direction of public affairs—one may prefer Cleveland for President, another Harrison—passions may survive the civil war, and prejudices take color from place of birth. Traditions of native land and associations of early memory are not easily forgotten by a cosmopolitan population, gathered from all the nations of the earth, embracing men of all races and all religions; but why intelligent citizens, of the same community, should, upon the question of taxing themselves and spending their own money for the defense of their own property, the protection of their own lives, the security of their own homes, and the comfort of their own persons, divide into parties, hold party elections, and be governed by party bosses, is beyond the comprehension of any sound mind, or the explanation of any sane person. There should be two municipal tickets in San Francisco, and no more; there should be two kinds of candidates for office, and no other; one ticket should represent the respectable, intelligent, order-loving, and property-owning class, the other should represent the vagrant order, which embraces the impecunious, homeless, idle, intemperate, and vicious class, the political adventurers, the ignorant, and the criminal. One ticket should be composed of politicians nominated by political bosses, who should administer their offices for plunder and division of spoils; the other should have upon it only the names of good citizens, nominated by good citizens, who will administer their offices honestly, economically, and intelligently for the good of the entire community. The American party has undertaken to organize, for municipal reform in San Francisco, such persons as recognize this necessity. It asks no questions concerning the citizen's place of birth, his religious convictions, his political opinions. It is composed of the very best class of citizens, and is animated by none but honest and unselfish purposes. It has an organization formed by the seven thousand men who voted, two years ago, for Mr. Wigginton for governor, and those who have joined the party since that time; and in this organization is found the best machinery for municipal work afforded by any plan of campaign, outside of those operated by Mr. William Higgins and Mr. Christopher Buckley. The machinery of this party—and the labor of its members—offers itself to do a non-partisan work for San Francisco; to do that which good citizens have endeavored to do by independent, non-partisan organizations for the last fifteen years, and failed in complishing. This American municipal convention, c posed of eighty members, asks the coöperation of all citi and tax-payers, who desire the business affairs of San F cisco to be intelligently, honestly, and economically adm tered. It will probably put forth but a simple platform, ask from its nominees no other pledges than to work econ cally within the law. It seeks to nominate men of chara capacity, and honorable position in society to fill all pl upon the city ticket, and, in doing this, asks the aid o good citizens. It asks them to allow their own names t used for candidacy and to submit those of others for cons ation. The convention desires to use the names of pr nent, first-class gentlemen for mayor, sheriff, county clerk, all other important places. It desires to name talented honorable men for the legislature, and respectable family of ripe years and clean lives, for school directors. T will be no expenses imposed upon candidates; the legiti expenses of convention, canvass, ticket-printing, advert and the effectual distribution of ballots on the day of elec will be borne by the members of the American party and persons as are willing to work with them in an endeavor t form the administration of the courts and the city governm of San Francisco. The American convention, now me for the purpose of making nominations, is not a piece-club a "side-show" to the Republican or Democratic partie not run by bosses, but is an honest effort of respectable zens to secure good government for San Francisco. men ought not to be indifferent to the movement, the p ought not to sneer at it, and the better class of Republican Democratic citizens ought to give it their best aid and most serious approval. Every independent effort that gives the city more completely into the hands of party bo and professional politicians. This effort, in the hands under the control of some two thousand American young will, if aided and properly backed up by men of property social standing, redeem this city from its present most de able political condition.

The San Francisco *Bulletin* is impressed with an o whelming terror at the growing influence of the men of South in governmental affairs. It fears that the South is gaining the political influence it had before the war. Acc ing to the *Bulletin*, the proposed tariff reform discrimin in favor of the productions and industries of Southern Sta the South receives more than its proportion of treas favors; its statesmen have a preponderating influence in Cabinet councils of the administration. Without admit these charges, we ask, what of it? The South is one-t of our country, nearly one-third of our population, an "solid" for the Democratic party. Without the South t would be no Democratic party, and, except that the Sc shall remain "solid" and Democratic, or divide its poli with the American party, there would be no possibility of ever regaining its proper position in the American Union would be held in subjugation to a "solid North," ruled by bosses. The South is between the devil and the deep politics—negroes and carpet-baggers on one side, Irish Dem racy on the other; Tammany in New York, with Pat Coll Dan Doherty, Steve White, and Michael Tarpey running Democratic convention so that the South is compelled to main Democratic and "solid" until the American party becon strong enough to emancipate its gentlemen—its old and influ tial Whig families—from a political thralldom that is at war w all its older and better traditions. If we lived in a Southern co munity we would vote with the Democracy. The South m a mistake when it did not vote for Horace Greeley. It wo have emancipated itself from a policy that has existed ever sir through the waving of the bloody shirt and by keeping al the memories and resentments of the war. We do not th Southern rule the greatest calamity that could befall our co try. Rather than allow the Italian Church and its Pa adherents to acquire control of the republic, turn its edu tional system over to Jesuit priests and Romish monks, its ju cial and legislative authority over to Irish and other alien venturers, we would prefer to see the institution of slavery established and Jefferson Davis made President of the repub We would prefer to live in political subjugation to South politicians, rather than to Irish adventurers and Northern de agogues. We prefer enslavement by Protestant Americ gentlemen (if slaves we must be) rather than subjection t priest-ridden, bigoted mob of ignorant foreigners, under direction of an alien ecclesiasticism that has no sentiment common with constitutional liberty and personal freedom.

Mr. William E. Dargie announces his determination to c test with Mr. Henry Vrooman the candidacy for State sena of the County of Alameda. That Mr. Dargie has the right exercise this privilege no intelligent person will doubt and honest man deny. The Southern Pacific railroad corporat has the right to keep its hands out of this conflict, and it not the right to use the influence of its vast power and

umerable employees to give direction to a personal contest ween individual members of the Republican party. We e the privilege of denying that anybody in the employment the company, or connected with it in any business, is or has n authorized to exert any influence, or make any promises, convey any intimidations in the direction of aiding the can- acy of Mr. Vrooman or injuring that of Mr. Dargie. Not interfere in primary elections, or nominating conventions, or e any active participation in shaping the details of party nagement, will from this time forth be the policy of the road directors and all persons in authority under them. y person assuming to exercise such authority does it in position to a definite policy announced by the gentle- n who exercise control of the railroad corporations. We glad to be able to make this announcement. From farm-house at Owlswood, in Marin County, we often r, in the glens and cañons that skirt the base and oded mountain sides of Tamalpais, the deep-mouthed bay- of the hounds, as they chase the deer in the night-time, d out of season. These hounds are the trained dogs of nters, out in the exercise of their instincts of the chase, suing the fleet-footed denizens of the forest and mountain n on their own account. They are after exercise and meat; y are keeping their feet warm, but they are out of season; y take the lives of does and fawns; they become heated, ir eyes flash, their cruel, white teeth gleam, their dewlaps ol, and their panting sides heave with the passion of the se—they destroy our preserves. But we cannot hold their sters responsible; when we complain to them they deeplyret the illegal, and unauthorized, and immoral action of ir hounds. We can not hold owners responsible, but we shoot the dogs.

The proceedings of the New York State Convention, held ently at Saratoga, indicate an harmonious and united Re- lican party for the campaign. The long-existing bitter d seems to have come to an end, and the nomination, by lamation, of Senator Miller for governor, is indicative of a ll-fought campaign, with the possibility, perhaps the proba- ty, of carrying the State of New York for Harrison. If w York is carried for the Republican Presidential candi- es, there is every reason to believe they will be elected, for goes New York, so it is almost certain that Connecticut and w Jersey will cast their votes. We feel exceedingly grate- to Senator Warner Miller, remembering, as we do, his ndly attitude toward California when it was contending inst the Chinese invasion, and sincerely hope that he will elected. New York is undoubtedly debatable ground, for nust be recognized that if the Republican ranks are united are the Democratic—New York city and its vicinity will e a tremendous Democratic majority. Tammany is back the traces, and working with the county Democracy cheek jowl. The city of New York has always been for free le. Henry George is working for Cleveland and free trade, is question is not without its advocates along the entire adian border. What effect Cleveland's recent anti-English r message will have upon the Irish vote, or what effect Mr. aine may have in the same direction when he opens the New rk campaign, are not yet to be estimated. The foreign vote termines New York and determines the Presidency.

The San Francisco *Examiner*, of Thursday morning, con- ns a communication signed by Mr. E. F. Delger, of Oak- d, in which he says:

> . . . The *Examiner* charges the Hon. Henry Vrooman with hav- received the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars as a fee for vices to be rendered in defeating the passage, through the legislature which he was senator), of any measure tending to repeal the sting law relative to the operating of steam railroads in the city of kland. *This charge I denounce as an infamous falsehood.* Senator oman never received one cent from the association [of property- ners on Telegraph Avenue]. This vile slander—manufactured, as it been, out of whole cloth by parties who are, evidently, willing to re- t to any expedient to defeat Senator Vrooman's nomination in the enteenth Senatorial District—is too base and contemptible to be rthy of notice, further than to brand it as an infamous falsehood.
> OAKLAND, August 27, 1888. (Signed) E. F. DELGER.

In the same column of the same journal appears the fol- ving receipt:

> On behalf of the property-owners on Telegraph Avenue, I hereby ee to pay to the party who collects and returns to me the amount ex- nded by us in preventing the use of steam on Telegraph Avenue, ten cent. of the sum so returned. The said amount approximates five usand dollars, and was expended as follows: amount paid C. C. nus, five hundred dollars; amount paid H. Vrooman, for expenses d for services at Sacramento, two thousand five hundred dollars; ps and other expenses, two thousand dollars.
> OAKLAND, June 3, 1888. (Signed) E. F. DELGER.

If Mr. E. F. Delger should do himself the justice of con- nplating suicide, we would suggest asphyxiation by the blow- out of gas as a painless method of relieving himself of any necessary explanation of what seems to be an embarrassing sition. Perhaps Mr. Vrooman can explain the predicament which these statements place him, or, what is better, truth- ly deny them.

We had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Samuel Bowles, of e Springfield *Republican*, while he was living in the flesh, d we esteemed him highly as a man of brains and courage- ous integrity. If he still survives, and from the spirit-land can look down upon Massachusetts and the Springfield *Republican*, he must be awful glad that he is dead. He sees his State overrun with Yankee demagogues, submitting in cowardly fear to alien invaders, who have captured Boston, seized upon the ballot-box, and are now besieging the men of Massachusetts, intrenched in old Faneuil Hall, and there making the last des- perate defense of the common-school system of New Eng- land. He sees his own paper, the paid hireling of the enemies of republicanism and Protestantism, doing desperate service and telling formidable lies in the interest of Irish political ad- venturers and an alien hierarchy. The heirs of Samuel Bowles ought to prosecute the journal he established in 1844, for re- taining his name at the head of its columns.

Harper's Weekly contains a significant cartoon, represent- ing the "uncrowned king" of the Republican party. The Republican elephant, clothed in splendid trappings of Oriental magnificence, bears the figure of the uncoroneted Blaine. He is canopied in more than royal pomp; two sumptuous Indian princes—the ever-faithful editor of the *Tribune*, and him of New Jersey—bear aloft the insignia of regal power; an Irishman, with ugly mug, and with feet above the dudeen chasm of his potato-trap, shows his brogans, and acts the part of directing boss. Upon poor, tinsel-crowned Harrison the elephant is trampling and playing a dirty stream. This is the circus of which the American party is but a "side-show."

AMERICAN PARTY NOTES.

The State Central Committee of the American party, on Thursday evening, by virtue of authority from the Ameri- can State Convention, nominated for chief-justice of the supreme court, Hon. Judge Beatty, of Sacramento, and for associate, Judge Works, of San Diego. The Hon. Solon Hall, of Sacramento, is nominated for Member of Congress in the Third Congressional District. Mr. Daniel Inmann, of Alameda, was appointed to fill the position of elector, made vacant by the resignation of Mr. J. West Martin, on the electoral ticket. Mr. Niles Searles received seven votes for chief-justice, and would have received more had not the influence of his Sharon decision, his association with Judge Jeremiah Sullivan, and his conduct in refer- ence to Judge Field at the San Joaquin convention, have been allowed to stir certain old resentments. It is understood that the American party, in all other than judicial nominations, will present an independent ticket; that independent nomina- tions will be made in the six congressional districts; and that the fight will be independent and aggressive, and conducted in a most thorough manner throughout the State. As soon as California's delegates return from Washington, Americans throughout the State will be supplied with American campaign literature. American clubs are being organized in every part of the State. The American party is forming such alliances in this city as give its members great confidence in its ability to carry the municipal election.

As an elector upon the American ticket the name of Mr. Daniel Inmann, of Alameda County, has been substituted for that of Mr. J. West Martin. The candidates of the Ameri- can party for President and Vice-President are: JAMES LANGDON CURTIS, of New York, and JAMES N. GREER, of Tennessee.

FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

P. D. WIGGINTON,	ALEXANDER DUNCAN,
DANIEL INMANN,	FRANK M. PIXLEY,
LOUIS A. GARNETT,	DANIEL LAMBERT,
C. L. WILSON,	N. M. ORR.

Owing to pressure on our columns, we defer making ex- tracts from the Rev. Dr. Harcourt's sermon of last Sunday until next week's issue.

The latest combination upon the European chess-board has taken the form of an anticipated rupture between France and Italy. The interests of these two great Mediterranean powers have long been directly op- posed to each other upon the African question. The recent occupation of the Red Sea port of Massowah by an Italian force, and the organi- zation there of an Italian government, acquiesced in by the other pow- ers, would seem to occupy the same relation to French endurance that the last straw did to the camel's back. France is peculiarly techy upon the subject of her predominance in the Suez Canal—a water highway which she planned, constructed, and primarily paid for, but which has now virtually become the property of the holders of the preferred de- bentures issued to get money to finish the work, this preferred stock being mainly held in England. But if it is bad enough to have to share the control and profits of this great commercial highway with England, and to see its benefits inure mainly to the commercial aggrandizement of that power, it is like adding insult to injury to see its closest and greatest Mediterranean rival planting an armed outpost at a point within easy striking distance of the canal, no slight menace in case of a rup- ture of amicable relations between France and Italy, or any power which might be friendly to Italy, and with which France might become embroiled. The Gallic temperament is naturally techy and irritable, a stickler for nice points of national honor and national prestige, and it is quite upon the cards that the Massowah incident, supplemented as it is by jealousy springing from disputed territorial suzerainty in Northern Africa, might lead to early hostilities between the interested nations. The African province of Algeria, with an area about twice that of France, and which has long been recognized as the legitimate property of France, by right of prior occupation and colonization, is not the bone of contention in this instance. Italy has been laying claims to the vast district of Tripoli, lying along the southern shores of the Mediterranean between Algeria and Egypt, and France has lately been extending its outposts in this direction. Signor Crispi, the Italian Prime Minister, is now authority for the decla- ration that any movement of France past Tunis, or ancient Carthage, would be the signal for war. This step, under the terms of the Tri- partite Alliance, would bring down upon France the strength of Ger- many and Austria. The republic would, undoubtedly, be crushed, if worse did not ensue. But it is not at all impossible that much worse might ensue, not excepting even the dismemberment and partition of the country, the abolition of the French nationality, and the blotting out of France from the map of Europe. It may be objected that it is im- possible to deal with nationalities on this wise, but yet the very same thing was done in the instance of Poland, and the Poles are far more homogeneous in race and nationality than are the French, as even a cursory consideration of the subject will demonstrate. Even as early as the days of Cæsar, and history goes no further than this, France was peopled by three distinct aboriginal races, differing from each other, fundamentally, in physical and mental characteristics—the Belgæ, ex- tending, broadly speaking, from the Rhine to the Seine; the Celtæ, from the Seine to the Loire; and the Aquitani, from the Loire to the Pyrenees. In spite of an uninterrupted Roman occupation of Gaul, from the time of its conquest by Cæsar, in the century prior to the Christian era—in spite of its subjugation, five hundred years later, by the hordes of marauding Visigoths, Burgundians, and Franks who came swooping down upon its civilized, wealthy, and popu- lous provinces from the east—the characteristics of its three aborig- inal races are yet discoverable in their modes of life. These races have never been practically welded into a homogeneous whole. The north- ern departments are still Belgian at bottom. Their manners, customs, and modes of thought and life bear little relation to the Bretons in the north-west, who are still Celtic in blood and nature. Nor do either of these races resemble, intellectually or facially, the inhabitants of the south-west and south. But independently of these broad race distinc- tions, there are others of a more local nature which are equally widely marked. It would be difficult to define the relationship between the population of Normandy in the north and Provence in the south; be- tween the Franks and Burgundians of eastern and central France, and the inhabitants of the Gironde and the Basques in the south-west; or be- tween any of these as compared with any other. The *Langue d'Oc* is still distinct from the *Langue d'Oil*. Nor is the cause of this far to seek. Up to one hundred years ago the social system of France was feudal. The peasant was a serf of the soil, and thus each district retained its peculiarities, and nationalization, in the true sense of the term, was at the time impossible. In view of this circumstance, and the short time that has elapsed since this state of things, the denationalization of such a heterogeneous mixture of races can not be considered such an impos- sibility as at first sight it looks. Suppose for an instant that France pro- voked any member of the Tripartite Alliance into war, that Russia held aloof, that England remained indifferent, and that Spain did likewise, with a view to ulterior benefits. As the outcome of such a war would not be doubtful, indemnity would be in order. Suppose that it was decided that France was incapable of self-government, and that it would be better for the European family to excise such a trouble- some factor from the body politic, and divide it up in a fair way to suit the interests of all, in proportion to the respective parts they had played, and do this in such a manner that the political change would be least felt by the people themselves. Germany, Austria, and Italy would, of course, come in for the lion's share, as being the prime movers in the affair. Italy would naturally secure the territory most contiguous to herself and containing a population of greatest affinity. A line drawn from the Cévennes to the Jura Mountains, including the valleys of the Rhone and Saône, with Algeria thrown in, would probably best meet her requirements. England could get Brittany, Normandy, and the other channel provinces as the price of her neutrality, while Spain would certainly be content with the district south of the Garonne, or Dordogne, as hers. The balance would go to Germany and Austria, and as there might be a difficulty in partitioning it up without heart-burnings and needless friction, it might be arranged so that Germany could get it all, while Austria would be guaranteed free access to European Turkey. It is not very probable that matters will ever come to such a pass. Still, there is no harm done in pointing out, for the benefit of Bismarck, Kal- noky, Salisbury, Crispi, and others, the conditions best suited, in our judgment, for accomplishing the desired end and establishing a *modus vivendi*, as between capturers and captured, upon the fairest terms and in the most rational manner, should France still persist in maintaining an obstinate attitude, and flaunting her insolent republicanism in the face of Europe.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Mr. Gage Replies to "Across the Bay."

EDITORS ARGONAUT: An anonymous and, therefore, irresponsible writer in last week's *Argonaut* enlists your circulation and sympathies in behalf of the contest for the senatorial nomination in the Seventeenth District, Alameda County.

This writer charges that I have said to express companies and their em- ployees, and to newsmen, and magazine venders, and all others whose interests impinge or whose business depends upon the friendship of the Southern Pacific Company, that they must support one candidate for that nomination and must not support the other, under penalty of being "crushed" by the railroad.

The statement is so monstrously false that it furnishes a compliment to human nature in the fact that while the author had the malice to coin it he had not the courage to father it, and therefore spawns it out of the safe shelter of an anonymous signature.

The *Argonaut* is right in denying that the use of such threat or of any decrees upon the patrons or employees of the railroad is ever permitted, advised, winked at, or favored, affirmatively or negatively, by the owners of that property, or its officers, or managers. And you may as safely deny that any of these acts have been done by myself or by any one in the current contest in the Seventeenth Senatorial District. It is the stale trick of desperate politicians to charge the vice in behalf of others of influences they would gladly control for themselves and use without conscience. In a contest like this, noisome with personal and political treachery, and with that sin of ingratitude which is never the alloy of an upright heart, I am not surprised that these charges should emanate from the source of so many party and personal perfidies.

I am interested in the contest in that senatorial district, in which I have lived for more than twelve years. I have a right to be. A man's employment is no bar to his preference within his party between the as- pirants for its favors. I have exercised that right as an individual, and with no weight nor impact, except what inheres in me as an individual, nor has any one else who cooperates with me in expressing the same preference. Your anonymous correspondent makes these specific charges, and they acquire the right to an answer only by reason of the respectability of the medium through which they have reached the public.

It is unpleasant to be called upon to defend one's good name and conduct against ambushed vilifiers, and a political faction is an object of pity when men, self-elected to prominence in its councils, seek success by the use of such agencies. Yours truly, STEPHEN T. GAGE.

OAKLAND, August 27, 1888.

"THE HOUSE OF A TRAITOR."

How a Corsican Father Wiped the Stain from his Threshold.

As you leave Porte Vecchio, and go north-west toward the interior of Corsica, the land rises rapidly, and after three hours' traveling through winding paths, obstructed by huge rocks and often cut by deep ravines, you find yourself on the edge of an extensive *mâquis*. The *mâquis* is the country of the Corsican shepherds and of those who are at enmity with justice. You must know that the Corsican laborer, in order to spare himself the trouble of manuring his fields, sets fire to a certain extent of wooded land. So much the worse if the flames spread farther than is necessary, but then he is sure to have a fine harvest, when he sows his seed in this soil, fertilized by the ashes of the trees it once bore. The grain, reaped and carried away (for they leave the straw, which it would be troublesome to gather), the old roots, which have remained in the earth unconsumed by the flames, shoot forth, in the following spring, very thick branches, which in a few years attain the height of seven or eight feet. It is this kind of heavy underbrush that goes by the name of *mâquis*. It is composed of different kinds of trees and shrubs, mixed and confounded as the good God pleases. A man can only open a passage through it, axe in hand, and *mâquis* have been known so thick and bushy that the mountain sheep themselves can not get through.

If you have killed a man, fly to the *mâquis* of Porte Vecchio, and you will live there in safety, provided with a good gun, powder, and ball—do not forget a brown cowled cloak, which will serve as both mattress and covering. The shepherds will give you milk, and cheese, and chestnuts, and you will have nothing to fear from justice, or the relations of the defunct, except when you will be obliged to go to the town to renew your ammunition.

Mateo Falcone, when I was in Corsica, lived about half a league from this *mâquis*. He was quite rich for that country, living "nobly," in Corsican phrase (that is to say, without working himself), from the produce of his flocks, which the shepherds, a kind of nomadic race, pastured here and there in the mountains. When I saw him, two years after the events I am about to relate, he appeared about fifty years old, at the most. Imagine a small, but robust man, with crisp, curly hair, black as jet, an aquiline nose, thin lips, large bright eyes, and a skin of a deep tan color. His skill in shooting passed for something extraordinary, even in his country, where there are so many good shots. For instance, Mateo would never shoot at a mouflon with a gun loaded with buckshot, but at a hundred and twenty paces he would kill it, by a ball in the head or the shoulders, as he chose. He used his gun as well at night, as in the daytime—and they related the following evidence of his skill, which might appear incredible to one who has not traveled in Corsica. At eighty paces distant, a lighted candle was placed behind a transparent paper, as large as a plate. He took aim, then the candle was extinguished, and, at the end of a moment's time, in the most utter darkness, he shot and pierced the paper three times out of four! Endowed with such transcendent merit, Falcone had attained a great reputation. He was said to be as good a friend as he was a dangerous enemy, and, beside being neighborly and charitable, he lived in peace with all the world, in the district of Porte Vecchio.

But it was also told of him, when at Corte, where he married his wife, he had rid himself in a vigorous manner of a rival, who was as dreaded in war as in love—at least, a certain shot which much surprised this rival, as he was shaving before a little mirror hung to his window, was attributed to Mateo. The affair having died out, Mateo married. His wife had brought him at first three daughters (to his great rage), and finally a son, whom he named Fortunato. He was the hope of the family, the heir to his name. The girls were all well married; their father could reckon, when needed, upon the daggers and carbines of his sons-in-law. The boy was only ten years old, but of a promising character.

One fine day in autumn, Mateo went early with his wife to visit one of his flocks in a clearing in the *mâquis*. The little Fortunato desired to go with him, but the clearing was too far off, and, besides, some one must remain to guard the house—so the father refused.

He had been gone some hours, and little Fortunato was lying quietly in the sun, gazing at the blue mountains, and thinking how he was going to dine next Sunday in the town with his uncle, when his meditations were suddenly interrupted by a gun-shot. He jumped up and turned toward the side of the plain, whence proceeded this noise. Several shots followed at irregular intervals, approaching nearer and nearer, till suddenly, in the path which led from the plain to Mateo's house, appeared a man wearing a long beard and a pointed cap, such as the mountaineers wore; he was covered with rags, and dragged himself painfully along, leaning on his gun. He had just been shot in the thigh.

This man was an outlaw, who, having gone during the night to buy powder in the town, had on his way fallen into an ambush of Corsican police. After a vigorous defense he had succeeded in making good his retreat, hotly pursued and firing from rock to rock. But he was not far in advance of the soldiers, and his wound made it impossible for him to reach the *mâquis* before being caught.

He approached Fortunato, and said to him: "You are the son of Mateo Falcone?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"I am Giannetto Sanpiero. The soldiers are after me. Hide me, for I can go no farther."

"And what will my father say if I hide you without his permission?"

"He will say you have done well."

"Who knows?"

"Hide me quickly! they are coming!"

"Wait until my father comes back."

"*Wait!* Curses on you! They will be here in five minutes. Come! hide me, or I will kill you!"

Fortunato replied, with the greatest coolness: "Your gun is not loaded, and there are no more cartridges in your belt."

"I have my stiletto——"

"But can you run as fast as I can?" and the boy darted off, and placed himself out of the bandit's reach.

"You are not Mateo Falcone's son! Will you let me be arrested before the door of your house?"

The child appeared moved with compassion.

"What will you give me if I hide you?" said he, drawing nearer.

The outlaw fumbled in a leathern pocket, which hung from his belt, and drew from it a five-franc piece, which he had doubtless saved for the purchase of powder. Fortunato smiled at the sight of the money, and, seizing it, said to Giannetto:

"Fear nothing. I will hide you well."

Then he made a great hole in a heap of straw, or hay, near the house. Giannetto crawled in, and the child covered him up so as to leave him a little air to breathe, without it being possible to suspect, at a casual glance, that this heap of hay could hide a man. Moreover, with a cunning ingenuity, worthy of a savage, he caught a cat and her kittens, and placed them on top of the straw, as if it had not been moved for some time. Finally, noticing traces of blood on the path, he carefully covered them with dust, and then calmly lay down again in the sun.

A few moments after, six men in brown uniforms, with yellow collars, and commanded by an adjutant, was before Mateo's door. This adjutant was a distant relative of Falcone. He was called Teodoro Gamba, an active man, much feared by the outlaws, of whom he had already captured several.

"How do you do, little cousin?" said he, smiling, to Fortunato. "How you have grown! Have you seen a man pass here, lately?"

"Oh! I am not as big as you, my cousin," said the child, with an air of simplicity.

"That will come by-and-bye. But have you not seen a man pass here? Tell me."

"Have I seen a man pass?"

"Yes; a man with a pointed cap of black velvet, and a vest embroidered with red and yellow."

"A man with a black-velvet pointed cap, and a vest embroidered in red and yellow?"

"Yes, yes!—answer quickly, and don't repeat my questions."

"This morning, M. le Curé rode by our door on his horse, Piero. He asked me how papa was, and I told him——"

"Ha! little villain; you are playing the rogue. Tell me, quickly, which way Giannetto went, for it is he I am after, and I am certain he took this path."

"Who knows?"

"Who knows!" roared the adjutant; "*I* know that you have seen him!"

"Can one see all the passers-by, when one is asleep?"

"You were *not* asleep, good-for-nothing little wretch; the gun-shots must have wakened you."

"You think, then, my cousin, that your guns make a great noise? My father's carbine makes a much louder one."

"May the devil confound you! I am very sure you have seen Giannetto. Perhaps you have even hidden him. Comrades, go into the house and see if our man is not there. He was dragging along on one foot, and he knows too much, the rogue, to try and reach the *mâquis* while limping in that manner. Besides, the marks of blood stop here."

"And what will papa say," asked Fortunato, "when he knows people have entered his house when he was absent?"

"Rascal!" said the adjutant, seizing him by the ear; "do you know that I can make you sing another tune? After I have given you twenty blows with the flat of a sword, you will speak."

"My father is Mateo Falcone," said Fortunato, with emphasis.

"Do you know, you little scoundrel, that I can take you away to Corte, or Bastia; that I can put you in a dungeon on straw, with chains on your ankles, and I will have you guillotined, if you do not tell me where Giannetto Sanpiero is?"

The boy burst out laughing at this absurd threat, and repeated, "My father is Mateo Falcone."

"Adjutant," said one of the soldiers, in a low tone, "beware of quarreling with Mateo."

Gamba was evidently embarrassed. He talked in a low voice with his men, who had already searched the house. It was not a lengthy operation, for the cabin of a Corsican contains but a single square room. The furniture consists of a table, some benches, a chest or two, and hunting and cooking utensils. Meanwhile, the little boy played with the kittens, and seemed to take a malicious joy in the evident confusion of his cousin and the soldiers.

One of the latter approached the heap of straw, and he saw the cat, and carelessly thrust his bayonet into the straw, shrugging his shoulders, as if he felt the precaution was ridiculous. Nothing stirred, and the child's face betrayed not the slightest emotion. The adjutant and his troop were in despair. Already they looked seriously at the plain as if disposed to return whence they came, when their chief, convinced that threats produced no impression on Falcone's son, resolved to make a last effort, and try the effect of caresses and bribery.

"Little cousin, said he, "you seem a very wide-awake fellow, you'll make your mark; but you are playing an ugly game with me, and if I was not afraid of giving pain to my cousin Mateo, may the devil catch me! but I would carry you off with me."

"Bah!" said the child.

"But when my cousin Mateo returns, I shall relate the whole affair to him, and he will whip you till the blood comes for having lied to me."

"Really!"

"You will see—but hold—you are a fine boy, and I will give you something."

"And I, my cousin, will give you a piece of advice, which is, if you wait much longer, Giannetto will be in the *mâquis*, and then it will need more than one strong fellow like you to go and find him."

The adjutant drew from his pocket a silver watch, about ten crowns, and, observing that the eyes of the sparkled as he looked at it, he said to him, holding the dangling by its steel chain: "Would not you be deligh have a watch like that, hanging from your neck? You walk the streets of Porte Vecchio as proud as a peacoc when people would ask you, 'What's o'clock?' then you say, 'Look at my watch and find out!'"

"When I am a big boy my uncle will give me a watc

"Yes, but your uncle's son already has one; not as some as this, to be sure, but then he is younger than you

The child sighed.

"Well, do you want this watch, little cousin?"

Fortunato, glancing at the watch from the corner eye, resembled a cat, to whom you offer a chicken. As i you are joking, it dares not put its paw on the fowl, and time to time turns away its eyes, so as not to yield temptation, but licks its chops every minute, and seems to to its master, "Your joke is a very cruel one!"

However, the adjutant seemed sincere in offering his w Fortunato did not stretch out his hand, but said, with a smile, "Why do you joke with me?"

"By heaven! I am not joking, only tell me where Giar is, and the watch is yours."

Fortunato smiled incredulously, and, fixing his black ey those of the adjutant, he tried to read there how much lieve of what he said.

"May I lose my epaulets!" cried the adjutant, "if not give you this watch, provided you do as I ask. My are witnesses, and I cannot retract my promise."

As he spoke he held the watch nearer, so that it a touched the child's face. Fortunato showed plainly in hi the struggle in his soul between covetousness and the re due to hospitality. His naked breast heaved violently, a seemed half-suffocated. However, the watch continu turn and twist about, and sometimes struck the end nose. Finally, little by little, his right hand rose slowly to the watch, the end of his fingers touched it, and he fe weight before the adjutant dropped the end of the chain. dial-plate was sky-blue, the case newly polished, and, sun, it shone like fire. The temptation was too strong!

Fortunato raised his left hand slowly, and pointed wi thumb, over his left shoulder, at the heap of straw. Th jutant instantly understood his gesture. He let go the e the chain, and Fortunato felt himself sole possessor o watch. He arose with the agility of a deer, and ran a steps from the heap of hay, which the soldiers immed commenced to overturn. It was not long before a man, ered with blood, poniard in hand, crawled out; but, tried to rise to his feet, his wounded thigh did not allow hi stand erect. He fell, and the adjutant threw himself him, and seized his stiletto, and he was soon securely tied spite his struggles. Lying on the ground, and bound up a faggot, Giannetto turned his head towards Fortunato, hissed, "Son of a dog!" The child tossed back the five-piece Giannetto had given him, feeling that he had ceas deserve it; but the outlaw paid no attention to this moven He said coolly to the adjutant:

"My dear Gamba, I can not walk; you will be force carry me to the town."

"You ran quicker than a squirrel awhile ago," replied cruel conqueror; "but be easy; I am so glad to have ca you that I could carry you for a league on my back wit fatigue. As for the rest, comrade, we will make you a out of some branches and your cloak, and at Crespole's we shall find horses."

"All right," said the prisoner, "put also a little straw o litter, that I may lie easier."

While the soldiers were employed, some in making a kin litter out of branches, and the others in dressing Gian wound, Mateo Falcone and his wife suddenly appeared at turn of a path, which led to the *mâquis*. The woman wa slowly, bending painfully under the weight of an enorm sack of chestnuts, while her husband strolled by her carrying only his two guns, one in his hand, the other in shoulder-belt, for it is unworthy of a Corsican to carry burden but his arms.

As he caught sight of the soldiers, his first idea was they came to arrest him. But why? Had Mateo any tro with the law? No; he enjoyed a good reputation, but was also a Corsican and a mountaineer, and there are such who, in searching their memory, cannot recall some cadillos, such as gun-shots, dagger-thrusts, and other like tri Mateo, more than most men, had a clear conscience in respect, for more than ten years he had aimed his gun at man. But he was, however, prudent, and he took a posi to make a brave defense, if necessary.

"Wife," said he to Giuseppa, "put down your sack and ready."

She obeyed immediately. He gave her the gun from shoulder-belt, which might cramp his movements. He t loaded the one he held, and advanced slowly toward house, skirting the trees, which bordered the road, ready the least hostile demonstration of the soldiers, to throw h self behind the largest trunk, whence he could fire u shelter. His wife followed in his tracks, holding the spare and its cartridge-box—the business of a good housewife load her husband's gun in case of a combat.

On the other side of the field, the adjutant was much t bled at seeing Mateo advance in this manner, with meas steps, gun in hand, and his finger on the trigger. "If, chance," thought he, "Mateo should be a relative of Gianne or his friend, and he wished to defend him, the contents of two guns could reach us, one after the other, as sure as a ter by the post, if he aimed at me, notwithstanding relationship." In this perplexity, he took a brave resolut to advance alone towards Mateo, and relate the whole a to him, accosting him as an old friend; but the short dista that separated him from Mateo appeared terribly long.

"Ah, my brave comrade," cried he, "how goes it? It i Gamba, your cousin."

Mateo, without replying, had stopped, and, while the ot

ce, slowly raised the barrel of his gun, so that it pointed to the sky, at the instant the adjutant reached him.

"Good-day, comrade," said the adjutant, holding out his hand; "it is a long time since I last saw you."

"Good-day, comrade!"

"I came to say how do you do, as I passed, to you and good cousin, Pepa. We have made a long journey together, but we must not complain of fatigue, for we have made famous capture. We have just seized Giannetto Sanpietro."

"God be praised!" cried Giuseppa; "he stole a milch-goat from us last week."

"These words rejoiced Gamba.

"Poor devil!" said Mateo; "he was hungry."

"The knave fought like a lion," continued the adjutant, somewhat mortified; "he killed two of my men, and not content with that, broke Corporal Chardou's arm—but *that* is no great harm, he is only a Frenchman. Afterward, he had hidden so finely that the devil himself could not have found him. I should never have discovered him, had it not been for my little cousin, Fortunato."

"Fortunato!" exclaimed Mateo.

"Fortunato," said Gamba; "yes, Giannetto was hidden under that heap of straw yonder. But my little cousin showed me his hiding-place. So I will tell his uncle in town, and he can send him a fine present for his trouble. And his name and yours will appear in the report that I shall send to the attorney-general."

"Damnation!" said Mateo, in a thick and husky voice.

They had reached the detachment by this time. Giannetto was already lying on the litter, and ready to depart. When he saw Mateo in Gamba's company, he smiled strangely, and turning his head toward the door of the house, he spat freely on the sill, crying: "*The house of a traitor!*"

Only a man who had resolved to die would have dared to use the word "traitor" in connection with Falcone. A stab with a stiletto would have immediately avenged the insult. Mateo made no other gesture than carrying his hand to his side as if overcome with grief. Fortunato had gone into the house when he saw his father arrive, but he soon reappeared, bearing a bowl of milk, which he offered to the prisoner, his head hanging down.

"Away, cur!" cried the outlaw to him. Then, turning to one of the guard, "Comrade," said he, "give me a drink."

The soldier handed him his gourd, and Giannetto drank the water given him by a man with whom he had just exchanged shots. Afterward, he begged they would tie his hands so that they were crossed on his breast instead of having them bound behind his back.

"I like," said he, "to lie at my ease." They hastened to obey him; then the adjutant gave the signal of departure, and adieu to Mateo, who did not reply, and they descended, at rapid steps, toward the plain.

A few minutes passed before Mateo opened his mouth. The latter looked, uneasily, sometimes at his mother, then at his son, who, leaning on his gun, looked at him with an expression of furious anger.

"You begin well," said Mateo, finally, in a calm voice; "a terrible one to whoever knew the man thoroughly.

"My father!" cried the child, advancing, tears in his eyes, and to throw himself at his knees. But Mateo cried: "Back!" and he stopped, sobbing and motionless, a few steps from his father.

Giuseppa drew near. She had just perceived the chain of the watch, one end of which hung from Fortunato's shirt.

"Who gave you that watch?" she asked, in a severe tone. "My cousin, the adjutant."

Falcone seized the watch, and, throwing it violently against the wall, broke it into a thousand pieces.

"Woman," said he "is this *my* child?"

The brown cheeks of Giuseppa turned a vivid scarlet. "Have a care what you say, Mateo. Do you remember to whom you speak?"

"I ask your pardon, wife. This child, then, is the first of the race of Falcone who has been guilty of treachery."

The sobs and tears of Fortunato redoubled, and Mateo fixed his lynx eyes sternly fixed upon him. Finally, he struck the butt-end of his gun on the ground, threw it over his shoulder, and took his way toward the *mâquis*, bidding Fortunato follow him. The child obeyed.

Giuseppa ran after Mateo, and seized his arm. "He is my son," said she, in a trembling voice, fixing her black eyes on those of her husband, as if to read there what was passing in his soul.

"Save me," said Mateo, "I am his father!"

The mother embraced her son, and entered the house weeping; throwing herself on her knees before an image of the Virgin, she prayed fervently.

Meanwhile, Falcone walked down the path some two hundred paces, and stopped on reaching a little ravine. He scraped the earth, and found it soft and easy for digging. The spot appeared a favorable one.

"Fortunato," said he, "stand yonder near that great stone."

The child obeyed, and fell on his knees.

"Say your prayers," said Falcone.

"My father, my father, do not kill me!"

"Say your prayers!" repeated Mateo, in a voice which made the child's flesh creep.

The child, sobbing and stammering, repeated the "Pater Noster," and the "Credo." At the end of each prayer, the father responded "Amen."

"Are those all the prayers you know?" asked he.

"My father, I also know the 'Ave Maria,' and the litany that my mother taught me."

"Repeat them!"

The child finished the litany, in a sinking voice.

"Have you finished?"

"Oh! my father, forgive me. Mercy! I will never do so more! I will beg my cousin, the adjutant, so hard, he will release Giannetto."

He was still speaking—Mateo raised his gun and took aim, and: "May God pardon you!"

The child made a desperate effort to rise and embrace his father's knees, but it was too late; Mateo fired, and Fortunato fell, stone dead.

Without casting a glance at the body, Mateo took his way back to the house to get a spade to dig his son's grave. He had gone but a few steps when he met Giuseppa, who was running toward him, alarmed at the noise of the shot.

"What have you done?" she shrieked.

"Justice!"

"Where is he?"

"In the ravine. I am going to bury him. He died like a Christian. I made him recite his prayers. God rest his soul."—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Prosper Mérimée.—I. S.*

LATE MAGAZINE VERSE.

Silver and Gold.

Farewell my little sweetheart,
Now fare you well and free;
I claim from you no promise,
You claim no vows from me.
The reason why?—the reason
Right well we can uphold—
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold!

A puzzle, this, to worldlings,
Whose love to lucre flies,
Who think that gold to silver
Should count as mutual prize!
But I'm not avaricious,
And you're not sordid-souled;
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold.

Upon our heads the reason
Too plainly can be seen;
I am the Winter's bond-slave,
You are the Summer's queen;
Too few the years you number,
Too many I have told;
I have too much of silver,
And you've too much of gold.

You have the rose for token,
I have dry leaf and rime;
I have the sobbing vesper,
You, morning bells at chime.
I would that I were younger,
(And you grew never old)—
Would I had less of silver,
But you no less of gold!

—*Edith M. Thomas in Scribner's for September.*

A Jar of Rose-Leaves.

Myriad roses fade unheeded
Yet no note of grief is needed;
When the ruder breezes tear them,
Sung or songless, we can spare them.
But the choicest petals are
Shrined in some deep Orient jar,
Rich without and sweet within,
Where we cast the rose-leaves in.

Life has jars of costlier price
Framed to hold our memories.
There we treasure baby smiles,
Boyish exploits, girlish wiles,
All that made our childish days
Sweeter than these trodden ways
Where the Fates our fortunes spin.
Memory, toss the rose-leaves in!

What the jar holds, that shall stay;
Time steals all the rest away.
Cast in love's first stolen word,
Bliss when uttered, bliss when heard;
Maiden's looks of shy surprise;
Glances from a hero's eyes;
Palms we risked our souls to win;
Memory, fling the rose-leaves in!

Now more sombre and more slow
Let the incantation grow!
Cast in shreds of rapture brief,
Subtle links 'twixt hope and grief;
Vagrant fancy's dangerous toys;
Covert dreams, narcotic joys
Flavored with the taste of sin;
Memory, pour the rose-leaves in!

Quit that borderland of pain!
Cast in thoughts of nobler vein,
Magic gifts of human breath,
Mysteries of birth and death.
What if all this web of change
But prepare for scenes more strange;
If to die be to begin?
Memory, heap the rose-leaves in!

—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson in Scribner's for September.*

Divided.

I breathe to-night the icy blast
That blows o'er wintry meadows wide;
You scent the orange-bloom and rose,
A far, Floridian stream beside.

Yet were I there, or were you here—
But an arm's reach from heart to heart—
What should we gain? we still would be
Lost love! the width of our fate apart!

—*C. E. S. in the Century for August.*

A Frenchman who has, in his capacity as a journalist, been allowed to ascend as high as the present state of the Eiffel tower permits, was most eloquent as to the spectacular results of the gigantic undertaking. The view from the top of the completed tower will be one such as nobody but a successful aeronaut will have ever beheld, while the oscillating sensation which will be experienced will be positively unique; for, difficult as it is to realize the fact, it is a mathematical certainty that the top of the Eiffel tower will oscillate in a high wind to the extent of a yard or two. Fancy, then, what the experience of enterprising climbers will be when they find themselves sensibly swaying about in the upper air.

The annual wine auctions, which have lately been held in Germany, show that good Rhine wines are unprecedentedly scarce, and, therefore, prices have run very high.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Old Mrs. Litany (anxiously, stopping car)—"Do you go to Trinity Church conductor?" *Conductor*—"Sorry; I don't get no time for church, lady."—*Life.*

"Where did young Browne get his money, papa?" "From his uncle, old Sam Brown. He inherited everything he has in this world, except the final 'e' to his name."—*Life.*

On the *Etruria: Fitzgaggy* (in agony)—"Steward! I say *steward!*" *Steward* (from below)—"Comin' hup direckly, sir." *Fitzgaggy*—"So—so's my dinner! Oh, Lord!"—*Life.*

Hopeful youth—"Is Miss De Cash in?" *Servant*—"Yis, sor." *Hopeful youth*—"Is she engaged?" *Servant*—"Yis, sor; but he isn't here this avenin'. Come in."—*The Cartoon.*

"James," said the grocer to his new boy, "haven't you got anything to do now?" "No, sir." "Well, ketch some more flies and stick 'em on the fly-paper in the window."—*New York Sun.*

Collector (on his tenth visit)—"Look a-here, how many more times do you want me to call with this little account?" *Bill Overdue*—"Why, man, I don't care if you never call again."—*Life.*

Citizen (to office-boy in counting-room)—"Your durned paper had an outrageous attack on me this morning, and——" *Office-boy* (briskly)—"Yessir; how many copies will you have?"—*Life.*

First Mormon missionary—"How did you leave Baxter County, Smite; by rail?" *Second Mormon missionary*—"Yes, fence rail. And I can smell the tar yet."—*Burlington Free Press.*

Robinson—"How about that note I hold of yours, Brown? I've had it so long that whiskers are beginning to grow on it." *Brown*—"Why don't you get it shaved, then?"—*Scranton Truth.*

Justice (severely)—"What brought you here?" *Pat*—"Two policemen, yer honor." *Justice*—"Did whisky have anything to do with it?" *Pat*—"Yes, yer honor; they was both of 'em drunk."—*America.*

"Why didn't you come when I rang?" asked a lady of her colored servant. "Bekase I didn' heah de bell." "Hereafter, when you don't hear the bell, you come and tell me so." "Yassum."—*Exchange.*

Miss St. Clare (from the West)—"What is that bell ringing for?" *Saltonstall* (concisely)—"Fog." *Miss St. Clare*—"I don't see why they have to ring a bell to tell that there's fog. Look at my bangs."—*Time.*

Friend (to eminent barn-stormer)—"How did you make out on your recent trip, Cholmondeley?" *Eminent barn-stormer*—"I played to poor business everywhere. I tell you, old man, Shakespeare is losing his grip."—*Life.*

At Mount Desert: *He* (who has just been accepted)—"Were you ever engaged before?" *She*—"Only once this summer." *He*—"What? and here it is the last of August!" *She*—"But I only came last week."—*Life.*

Wife (to departing husband)—"Promise me, John, that you will not get into any terrible railroad accidents, or be burned to death at a hotel; promise me that, John, or my heart will break!" (John promised faithfully that he would not.)—*Life.*

"Now, Waldo," said a Boston lady, "the minister is to dine with us to-day, and I want you to be a good little boy." "Yes, mamma." "And if the subject of prize-fighting is introduced at the table, you must be sure and say slogger not slugger."—*Life.*

Freddy de Grammah—"Mr. Yardstick has failed, mamma; he's dead broke." *Mamma de Grammah*—"You shouldn't say 'dead broke,' dear; it's *so* common." *Freddy*—"Well, he's dead broken, then; you're so everlasting fussy about a fellow's grammar."—*Time.*

Woman (to tramp)—"If I give you a nice dinner, will you help me put up some patent self-rolling window curtains?" *Tramp*—"No, ma'am; I'll saw wood, carry in coal, or dig post holes, but I wouldn't help a woman on window curtains if she gave me a Delmonico spread."—*New York Sun.*

"Yes, boys," said old Bellows, proudly beating his breast, "I've been a soldier in my time, and, if I do say it myself, like the war-horse of Scripture, I could ever scent the battle from afar." "I s'pose," ventured young Paperwate, "that on very many occasions that saved your life?"—*Life.*

"Ah," said a kindly old Brooklyn lady, as a group of well-dressed little boys passed her gate, "how glad I am to see such fresh and happy faces this beautiful Sabbath morning. Are you going to Sunday-school, little boys?" "No'm," replied the little boys, politely; "we's goin' to de ball game."—*The Epoch.*

Featherly—"Are you pretty full up at your boarding-house, Dumley?" *Dumley*—"Yes; there are two brides, three dowagers, a grass widow, a retired army officer with one leg, and myself." *Featherly*—"That is a full household, for a fact. What kind of fare do you get?" *Dumley*—"Warfare."—*Epoch.*

Husband (just home from the city)—"My angel! Crying! Whatever's the matter?" *Wife*—"They've—awarded me—prize medal—(sobbing)—f' my sponge cake!" *Husband* (soothingly)—"And I'm quite sure it deserv——" *Wife* (hysterically)—"Oh—but—'t said—'twas for the best specimen—o' concrete!"—*Punch.*

Wife (reprovingly)—"The great trouble with you is, John, you buy a good many things you don't need, simply because they are cheap. That is very false economy." *Husband*—"Here is a lady's watch I bought today for twenty dollars that's worth every cent of thirty." *Wife*—"Oh, thank you, John; why, it was a real bargain."—*New York Sun.*

Chinkman—"I am going to Europe, Mr. Smith, and I want a thousand of your best regalias." *Tobacconist*—"Yes, sir; I have some extra fine. May I ask if you are going alone?" *Chinkman*—"No, my servant goes with me." *Tobacconist*—"Why not buy a box of domestic cigars for him?" *Chinkman*—"Wrap 'em up."—*Time.*

Bowery photographer (to agonized subject)—"Come, look pleasant, young feller; don't yer know dere's t'ree gents a-waitin' fer me ter get a hack at 'em?" *Subject*—"But I——" *Photographer*—"Soy, I aint got no time ter fool wid yer; dis ain't no Sarony racket. Now den, look pleasant, cully, or I'll fetch yer one jest fer luck. Good enough! Next!"—*Time.*

Bunco-steerer (to stranger)—"Isn't this Mr. Staggles, of Staggletown?" *Stranger*—"Yep." *Bunco-steerer*—"I guess you don't remember me; I'm Sam Waffles, son of William Waffles." *Stranger*—"Wha-at? Are you Bill Waffles's son? Why, Sam, I'm gosh-durned ef I ain't glad to see you! How long you ben out?" *Bunco-steerer*—"Been out?" *Stranger*—"Yep; the only son old Bill Waffles ever had was sent up five year fer hos-stealin'."—*Life.*

Peddler—"I am introducing a new kind of hair-brush which——" *Business-man* (impatiently)—"I've no use for a hair-brush. Can't you see I'm bald?" *Peddler*—"Yes, sir. Your lady, perhaps——" *Business-man*—"She's bald, too, except when she goes out." *Peddler*—"Yes, sir. Child at home, probably——" *Business-man*—"Only a month old. Bald too." *Peddler*—"Yes, sir. You keep a pet dog, maybe——" *Business-man*—"We do, but it's a hairless dog." *Peddler* (desperately)—"Can't I sell you a fly-trap, sir?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Young Mr. Banks weighs a trifle over two hundred pounds and is somewhat sensitive about it. He was calling on a Jersey City girl, the other evening, when she said, naively: "Oh, Mr. Banks, would you just as leave sit in this easy-chair as in that rocker?" "Certainly, certainly," replied Banks, gallantly, as he changed from one chair to the other. "Oh, thanks, thanks," she murmured, "you are very kind. I have an atlas full of such lovely ferns under the cushion of that easy chair, and you . . ." "Good-night," said Banks, stiffly, as he walked away, never, never, never to return.—*Time.*

OUT OF SCHOOL.

"Parisina" talks of the Close of the Scholars' Year.

The scholastic year is at an end. "Vive les Vacance!" is reëchoed on every side. "Vive le flegme!" Hurrah for laziness and pleasant do-nothing-but-what-you-please days!

French boys deserve good long holidays, for their noses are kept well to the grindstone during ten months out of twelve. They do not always get it—worse luck—on account of that diabolic invention, the holiday tasks. But French parents, I am glad to say, are beginning to see the error of their ways, and to allow their children to amuse themselves frankly during their holidays, instead of making it only a half-and-half play-time, with dreary intervals of lessons which seem invented only to disgust youth of study altogether, and take the edge off their fun. Who could thoroughly amuse himself with such a sword of Damocles hanging over his head, I should like to know? The majority of the masters will tell you they do not hold with holiday tasks, but impose them only to please the boys' relatives.

In the second week in August the locks are turned on the great, bare school-rooms, with their ink-spattered desks and high forms, and silence—all the more complete that we compare it to the hum of many voices—reigns therein. I know nothing more absolutely lonely and forsaken than a school-room in the holidays. As for the government colleges they are left in the sole custody of the porter, but in some private institutions a few miserable youths who have been plucked at the examinations are immured, white-faced and hollow-eyed. This is another species of torture—necessary, we will suppose, or surely it would not be inflicted.

Oh! those examinations! What a constant terror and misery they are beforehand, and what a heritage of blanched cheeks and feverish unrest they often leave behind them. A few, here and there, nature's prime favorites, ride easily over all difficulties, and are almost as fresh in mind and body after the ordeal as they were before. They are the minority. The majority—with brains—feel the mental strain on their physique; the majority—without brains—are either crushed or callous.

Examinations are held as sacred here by all classes. The families of the "patient" talk of nothing else for months; a success is trumpeted forth to the world, failure is sincerely condoled with. If a young fellow fails to pass, his parents and relatives feel saddened, and sit, metaphorically, in sackcloth and ashes. I say "young fellow" by force of habit, but the girls have their "exams," too, nowadays, and what is more, in some branches of study, they are running the boys close. Society looks on and grins. Journalists, dramatists, and authors have ridiculed the *bachelière* and the *doctoresse* no end, but women rise superior to it all, and they are sure to win in the end—when did they ever fail to get what they wanted, from Eve downward? Already they are beginning to introduce the small end of the wedge, ridicule is partially disarmed, and when a girl, or a woman, does *décrocher le timbale* she gets her round of applause as well as the male. People are more ready to admit that it is quite possible superior education may be an advantage for some women, especially if they take care to cloak their requirements with becoming modesty. The ranting platform-female is not the outcome of the new system; she is often not even passably educated, and most of those who have taken honors at the university and elsewhere bear them meekly. Who more womanly and simple in manner than Augusta Klumpke, now Mme. Dejerine, or her sister, who is a certificated mathematician? And there are *bachelières* of science, and *bachelières* of letters, glad enough to look pretty, who dress well, who never think of laying down the law to their male acquaintances, and can enjoy a dance as well as the less gifted of their sex. It was amusing to note the astonishment of the reporters, who were present at the banquet given by the instituteurs and institutrices of the department of the Seine, to M. Lockroy, at finding so many fresh, smiling, female faces, and daintily dressed women in the governess's ranks. Chincholle, of the *Figaro*, seems to have been most favorably impressed. There was, in particular, a blonde with black eyes, at the fifth table, whom he could not take his eyes off. Ah! *Ces diables de Français!* They can not let a pretty woman alone, nor avoid suggestive remarks. "If," to quote the same authority, "the instituteurs allowed the institutrices to return unattended to their humble abodes on that occasion, they were incapable of inculcating gallantry." The fact is, it will take men in France a long time to learn that all black eyes are not fair game; that true gallantry enjoins protection and respect, and that a woman may choose a public career while possessing all the private virtues. In the meantime, if nature has blessed her with fine black eyes, she must see to keeping them well in hand.

This is a digression.

To return to our muttons. School breaks up finally and officially on the day of the distribution of prizes, a solemn occasion, to give dignity and *éclat* to which is the aim of the head master. In the first place, some *gros bonnet* is secured to act as chairman. He may be an Academician, a member of the College of Physicians, a big-wig of the Palais de Justice, a learned university don, a high government functionary, or, perhaps, a general of division. Sometimes masters have to put up with smaller fry. Then, the prize books having been purchased, the cards distributed to the members of the pupils' families, the biggest hall in the *lycée*, or college, prettily decorated with evergreens and banners, a military band secured for the occasion, and an appropriate discourse prepared by one of the professors (at Louis-le-Grand this year it was the English master who delivered the opening oration), everything is ready for this important function. The boys assemble first in the body of the hall, and the mammas and papas and the sisters and younger brothers troop in afterward; and, as each little party fussily settles into its place, there is a great craning of necks and searching in the ranks for the particular boy, or boys, who alone absorbs the whole of their interest, and on whom their attention is immediately centred. His companions are ciphers of no account at all; he is the only one who counts in the minds of his fond family, and, immediately they spot him, his closely cropped poll shines out as if encircled by a halo. "See! there he is, the third to the right!" cries a doting mother. "Voilà mon Louis!" exclaims another, pointing with her parasol to one of the urchins, while a third tries in vain to attract the attention of her own particular darling, by flying a pocket-handkerchief.

Discourses are generally tedious things, but at a Distribution de Prix they are welcomed, not for what they treat of, but as a breathing space before the great business of the day commences. At last the head master rises, and begins reading out the names of the laureates. How anxious the mothers grow, how excited the sisters, even papa strokes his mustache to hide a rising flush. But it is neither Pierre's nor Paul's turn yet. They must listen to a long list of names and see youth after youth mount the steps of the platform to receive his prize, before it is the beloved one's turn. Perhaps he is only going to get a second-class prize, or merely a nomination, when he won't have to mount the steps at all, but they are anxious to see him and applaud him all the same. If he is a clever lad, and has done well in the various branches of study, and his name is called frequently, and he is the recipient of a whole armful of gilt-edged volumes, mamma's eyes grow moist and her lips quiver, the sisters blush and clap their hands, and papa beams and cries, a little huskily, "Well done, chappie!" or its French equivalent.

The baccalaureate's diplomas are not delivered in public to the sound of a military band and before an imposing array of relatives. At the close of the "exams," the candidate is merely told that he is received or rejected. Matters are managed in a much more public fashion at the Conservatoire. After the public competitions, comes the grand public distribution of prizes. The friends of the pupils not only assist at the various trials of skill, but they take upon themselves to express their approval or disapproval of the decisions of the jury. They did this so loudly, on one or two occasions this season, that Ambroise Thomas, who was chairman of the jury, threatened to evacuate the hall. He had better have done so, for the pupils of the Conservatoire think far too much of themselves as it is, and, once they begin reading their judges a lesson, they may go any length. The audience at these *concours* is made up, chiefly, of pupils—of those who follow the classes, but are not considered advanced enough to compete for the prizes—and parents, who, naturally, consider their own particular offspring is the Patti, or the Sarah Bernhardt, the Paganini, or the Vivier of the future.

The military cadets of the Ecole Polytechnique are also out of school now, and have gone their several ways—north, south, east, and west. Not, however, the sub-lieutenants of the artillery school at Fontainebleau. They get only a month's holiday in September, being treated in this matter like their superiors. But last week was an important one for them, also; the annual tournament took place on Saturday, and was rendered unusually brilliant by the presence of President Carnot. It was a lovely day (and we have not been spoiled this summer in the matter of fine weather), not too hot, with a pleasant breeze blowing. The tournament takes place in a a wide arena, hemmed in with secular oaks, and surrounded by stands, filled by ladies in gay toilets and officers in uniforms. A band plays opposite to the official box. The subs, carrying tilting-poles, go through various evolutions, with pennons flying. Then comes the sabre practice, the tilting at the rings, jumping, and throwing the javelin. They are, most of them, fine, well-set-up young fellows enough, and sit their horses with consummate ease. Mathematics have not wasted their sinews. They are, indeed, the flower of France. Yesterday, they were school-boys; to-morrow, they may be commanding batteries on the eastern frontier. Such is life. In the meanwhile, let them play at soldiers and be merry; and, when their holiday time comes round, surely they will be made much of at home. Maybe, there is a blushing *fiancée* in the background, and the sub is only waiting until he is a full-blown lieutenant to take upon him other cares and responsibilities. Gather your roses while you may.

PARIS, August 10, 1888. PARISINA.

How the States have voted from 1824 to 1884:

	1824	1828	1832	1836	1840	1844	1848	1852	1856	1860	1864	1868	1872	1876	1880	1884	Opp.	Dem.
1 Ala.	D.	D.	D.	D.	D.	D	D.	D.	D.	D.	.	R.	R.	D.	D.	D.	2	13
2 Ark.	.	.	.	D.	D.	D.	D	D.	D.	D.	.	R.	R.	D.	D.	D	2	10
3 Cal.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	D.	D.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	D.	R.	6	3
4 Col.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	R.	R.	R.	3	0
5 Conn.	R.	R.	N.	R.	D.	W.	W.	W.	D.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	D.	R.	12	4
6 Del.	W.	R.	N.	R.	W.	W.	W.	W.	D.	D.	D.	D.	D.	R.	D.	D	8	8
7 Fla.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	W.	D.	D.	D.	.	R.	R.	R.	D.	4	5
8 Ga.	W.	D.	D.	.	W.	W.	D.	W.	D.	D.	D.	.	D.	D.	D.	D.	4	11
9 Ill.	D.	D.	D.	.	D.	D.	D.	D	D	D	R	R	R	R.	R.	R.	7	9
10 Ind.	D.	D.	D.	.	W.	W.	D	D.	D.	D.	R.	R.	R.	R.	D.	R.	7	9
11 Iowa	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	D.	D.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	8	2
12 Kan.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	6	0
13 Ky.	W.	D.	N.	R.	W.	W.	W.	W.	W.	D.	U.	D.	D.	D.	D.	D.	8	8
14 La.	D.	D.	D.	.	D.	W.	D.	W.	D.	D.	D.	.	D.	R.	R.	D.	4	11
15 Me.	R.	R.	D.	.	D.	W.	D.	D.	D.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	11	5
16 Md.	D.	R.	N.	R.	W.	W.	W.	W.	D.	A.	D.	R.	D.	D.	D.	D.	8	8
17 Mass.	R.	R.	N.	R.	W.	W.	W.	W.	W.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	16	0
18 Mich.	.	.	.	.	D.	W.	D.	D.	D.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	9	4
19 Minn.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	7	0
20 Miss.	D.	D.	D.	.	D.	W.	D.	D.	D.	D.	D.	.	.	R.	D.	D.	2	12
21 Mo.	W.	D.	D.	.	D.	D.	D.	D.	D.	D.	D.	R.	R.	D.	D.	D.	3	13
22 Neb.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	R.	R.	R.	R.	5	0
23 Nev.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	R.	R.	R.	R.	D.	5	1
24 N. H.	R.	R.	D.	.	D.	D.	D.	D.	D.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	10	6
25 N. J.	D.	R.	D.	.	W.	W.	W.	W.	D.	D.	D.	D.	D.	R.	D.	D	6	10
26 N. Y.	R.	D.	D.	.	D.	W.	D.	W.	D.	R.	R.	R.	D.	R.	D.	R.	8	8
27 N. C.	D.	D.	D.	.	D.	W.	W.	W.	D.	D.	D.	.	R.	R.	D.	D	5	10
28 O.	W.	D.	D.	.	W.	W.	W.	D.	D.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	12	4
29 Ore.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	R.	R.	D.	R.	R.	R.	6	1
30 Penn.	D.	D.	D.	.	D.	W.	D.	W.	D.	D.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	9	7
31 R. I.	R.	R.	N.	R.	D.	W.	W.	W.	D.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	14	2
32 S. C.	D.	D.	W.	.	W.	D.	D.	D.	D.	D.	D.	.	R.	R.	R.	D.	5	10
33 Tenn.	D.	D.	D.	.	W.	W.	W.	W.	W.	D.	U.	.	R.	D.	D.	D.	7	8
34 Tex.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	D.	D.	D.	D.	.	.	D.	D.	D.	0	8
35 Vt.	R.	R.	A.	M.	W.	W.	W.	W.	W.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	16	0
36 Va.	W.	D.	D.	.	D.	D.	D.	D.	D.	D.	U.	.	.	R.	D.	D.	3	11
37 W. Va.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	R.	R.	R.	D.	D.	3	3
38 Wisc.	.	.	.	.	.	.	.	D.	D.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	R.	8	2
																	259	226

R., Republican. W., Whig. D., Democratic. U., Union. A., American. A. M., Anti-Masonic. N. R., National Republican.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Ballad of Agincourt.

Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
Landed King Harry.

And, taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marcheth tow'rds Agincourt
In happy hour—
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way—
Where the French general lay
With all his power.

Which, in his height of pride
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
To the king sending;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
Their fall portending.

And, turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then:
"Though they to one be ten,
Be not amazed!
Yet have we well begun;
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
By fame been raised.

"And for myself," quoth he,
"This my full rest shall be,
England ne'er mourn for me
Nor more esteem me:
Victor I will remain,
Or on this earth lie slain;
Never shall she sustain
Loss to redeem me.

"Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell;
No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
Lopped the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread
The eager vaward led;
With the main Henry sped
Amongst his henchmen;
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there—
O Lord! how hot they were
On the false Frenchmen!

They now to fight are gone;
Armor on armor shone,
Drum now to drum did groan—
To hear was wonder;
That, with the cries they make,
The very earth did shake;
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,
O noble Erpingham!
Which did the signal aim
To our hid forces,
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long
That like to serpents stung,
Piercing the weather—
None from his fellow starts,
But, playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes drew,
And on the French they flew,
Not one was tardy;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went—
Our men were hardy.

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
As to o'erwhelm it;
And many a deep wound lent
His arm with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
Bruised his helmet.

Gloster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood
With his brave brother;
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade;
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made
Still as they ran up;
Suffolk his axe did ply;
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
To England to carry.
O, when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry?

—*Michael Drayton.*

Amélie Rives-Chanler receives about thirty letters a day from admirers of her works.

VANITY FAIR.

Among many changes in the social life of London, none erhaps is more striking than the change in the fashion of talk rites G. W. Smalley, the London correspondent of the ew York *Tribune*). The note of to-day is not the note of enty years ago, or of the generation which preceded. The erature, the biographical literature, the reminiscences of the st fifty years are full of the renown of great talkers. Maulay may be taken as a type of them. I have asked a numr of persons who knew Macaulay well, who met him often, o made part of the world he lived in, who sat with him at ble, who listened to him, whether his immense reputation s deserved, and whether he would now be thought a good lker. I quote nobody, but I sum up the general sense of the answers in one phrase—he would be thought a bore. Macaulay," said a talker, whose conversation ranged over ree generations, "did not talk, he lectured. He chose his bject, it mattered little what, and he delivered a discourse it. Now, no dinner table would stand it; he would be opped, contradicted, his long stories vetoed; no monopoly monopolist is tolerated. If you wanted to know about een Anne you could go home and read a cyclopedia." erything now is touch and go. Topics are treated lightly, d above all, briefly. The autocrat who held sway over the mpany and forced them to listen, has vanished. You may ll a story, but you must, in Hayward's phrase, cut it to the ne. If you do not cut it short you will be cut into, and be e you are half way through another man will have begun l finished his, and your audience will have gone over to the emy. Worse still, if you persist, you may for once have ir way, but it will be for once only, your host makes the palling discovery that you are impossible, and he asks you again—neither he nor any of the company. No reputa n is so universal as that of the bore; no other criminal is shunned by his fellow-men.

It is this rapidity, this lightness of sound, which makes it difficult for the provincial or the foreigner to catch the note modern society in London. The transient visitor has pain experiences at times, because he insists on bringing with to London the manners and customs which he has found vail in his native land. Women make few mistakes; their ternatural quickness of perception, their instantaneous in t into the real condition of things perfectly new to them, r intuitions, are so many extra senses and safeguards. It e male foreigner whose tact can not always be depended o carry him safely over the social reefs and shoals which ound him in the sea he has never navigated before. He es, let us say, from Central Africa; he is a cultivated, an mplished man; but not quite what is here understood by an of the world. He belongs to that same past genera which had such a genius for getting to the bottom of ject, and sometimes staying there. He is asked to an ning party. He goes, correctly attired and bent on con st. He is not content with the silent bow, or the word or of commonplace greeting to his hostess, which here are ught sufficient. He comes to a dead halt at the top of the case; sets forth, in elegant language, his pleasure at see her, his pleasure at being asked, the pleasure he expects seeing so many pleasant people, his pleasure at having e unexpectedly found the English so civil to the tribes of tral Africa. Long before he has finished, the pressure of sts arriving behind has carried him on into the middle of drawing-room, and the compliment which he began to his tess is completed in the ear of a stranger. His friend in dures him to the stranger, a woman of the world, and of London world. She receives him precisely as she re es nine-tenths of her acquaintances. Perhaps, she even kes hands with him, seeing that he expects it; then, after or three of those vapid sentences, which do duty for con ation in such a crush, turns to a new-comer. Our friend n the Congo thinks she does not care for conversation, , if he be sensitive, that she does not care for him. Again s introduced, and again the English lady, young or old, s her best to be civil to him, but her civilities, too, are of same fleeting kind. It does not occur to her that this cousin from over the sea expects to exchange opinions her on the Irish question, or to extract a full account of views on the correlation of forces. She also turns away, after one or two more such experiences, he announces, y, that he is not a success in London society. He has caught the note—that is all. The very women whom he ght rude to him took his measure, made all allowances his unacquaintance with customs necessarily new to him, l him, and before they slept sent him nice notes to ask to lunch next day, or, more probably, next week. He is led, but pleased, and accepts, and goes. He is welcomed ially, but without fuss; if there be anything which En women dislike more than another, it is making a fuss. y do not gush over a new acquaintance, or over an old : it is the avoidance of fuss, and gush, and sloppy compli ts which has gained them a reputation for coldness of ner. The cousin from the Congo has no chance to ex d his notions on the correlations of forces, unless he can in half-a-dozen phrases. He may have to carry them again to the tropics unexpounded; at no entertainment, purely social kind, will he find hearers for these valuable s. If he has anything to say, people will hear it with in t, on one condition—that it be said in the manner of the ty amid which he moves for the time being.

arragansett Pier is just now at the height of its wild-rack season. Every place is jammed with a motley crowd, e pretty, refined women are pushed and jostled by those n they would go a long way to avoid at home, and where videst margin is allowed in the matter of dress, habits, and ners. The Casino, during the morning hours, might ily pass for a French café or a German beer-garden, so merican is the scene that it presents. Cocktailing and smoking by women, as well as men, is seen on all sides, and the jumble of well-dressed ladies with men in tennis-suits, girls just out of the ocean, with disheveled locks, slippered, but often stockingless feet, and all in an unnecessarily wild state of animation and excitement, is cosmopolitan and entertaining, if nothing else.—*Sun.*

It is now about ten years ago that a dealer in autographs, at Vienna, advertised in his catalogue sixteen letters of Richard Wagner, written during the years 1864 to 1868. The letters are all addressed to the same lady, an Austro-German milliner, whom the great master deigned to honor with his custom. The first of the letters is merely a promise to pay the lady, who is throughout addressed "Dear Miss Bertha," and to "make up" for her patience, as well as her work. The second letter is dated from Sternberg, and was evidently written after the above promises had been fulfilled. Wagner writes: "When I saw you last, at Vienna, you expressed the wish to receive further commissions from me. I shall be obliged if, first of all, you would inform me as to the following materials: (1) Can you obtain, at Szontag's, a beautiful, heavy, satin material of the inclosed light-brown color? (2) The same in dark-rose color? (3) Can you get a good quality of the inclosed pink, at a price of from four to five florins? (4) The same in blue, only it should rather be even lighter than darker? (5) Does Szontag keep a good stock of the new red or heavy satin, with which you lined my white dressing-gown, with flower pattern? (6) Have you any of the dark yellow left, of which you have made the curtains to the small tables? Awaiting your reply, I am your devoted R. Wagner. P. S.—Mind you do not confuse the dark pink with the former violet pink, which I do not want, but a real pink, only very dark and brilliant." In the next letter, the creator of the "music of the future" complains that a pink coverlet, lined with white, which he had ordered, is far too large, and must immediately be replaced by a new one. The following are a few items of one of "Fräulein Bertha's" accounts: "Dressing-gown, lined with heavy, beautiful white satin, at six to seven florins the yard; cord and tassels of the same color. Trousers and jacket, lined with thin white satin. Trousers and jacket of the same heavy white satin as the lining for dressing-gown, lined with light-pink satin, at three and one-half florins per yard. Coverlet, three widths, three yards long, lightly wadded, rich flower pattern, quilted; braided and trimmed with bows of rich pink satin ribbon of the best quality." Wagner wore these gowns of different colors according to the style of music he was composing.

In Boston, the local anglomania has spread even to the barber-shops, in one or two of which the American style of cutting hair has been superseded by the singeing process long since adopted in London and other cities of the United Kingdom. All such fashions start from Boston, and so tonsorial artists, all over the United States, will soon be trimming their customer's locks with fire instead of scissors. The instrument employed is disk-shaped, and so constructed as to contain a small apparatus, something like a Bunsen burner, which gives out a delicate blue flame. The gas, which supplies the machine, is conveyed by a slender rubber tube. With this instrument, assisted by a comb used in the ordinary fashion, the hair is burned off to the required length. Barbers say that the process is far superior to that of clipping, inasmuch as the cutting of the capillary tube leaves the vital portion of the hair exposed, whereas burning closes up the wound.

Society at Vassar has its rules of etiquette. Every girl in the college sallies forth during the early days of the term, card-case in hand, to call on the freshmen in her corridor. If the freshman be out, a card is left; if in, the acquaintance is formed; but in either case the call must be returned within a week. After this, calls and visits are more informal, and parties given. Each girl is expected to give a party in her room once in the year. These are invariably held after ten o'clock, at which hour lights should be put out; but with closed doors, carefully shrouded in shawls and water-proof cloaks, the night watchman gets no hint of the dissipations being indulged in within. When three girls share a sitting-room, with a bedroom apiece opening out of it (for most of the rooms are in groups of this kind), they combine in the giving of their entertainments, thus saving no small amount of trouble and expense. Besides the individual parties or "spreads," there are the legitimate class-parties. The seniors invite the juniors, the juniors the seniors. The sophomores give the freshmen a party early in the year, and later on invite them to the "Trig" ceremonies (an eccentric performance to signalize their joy at having finished their course in trigonometry, to which the freshmen are still looking forward). The character of the entertainment is burlesque. Mathematical signs and terms are personified, and good-natured ridicule showered on "classmates," objectionable college institutions, and even the "faculty" itself. There are occasional nigger-minstrel performances, with peanuts, apples, maple sugar, and lemonade for refreshments; also dancing in the college parlors, and sometimes "powder" and costume balls—of course confined to inmates of the house.

No other virtue, human or divine, is so exalted, so rare, so prolific of envy, as the art of adorning the feminine person to advantage. The best-dressed people are married women. The girls have early been taught that simplicity (of dress) must be their rôle. The *ingénue* wears white muslin, white sateen, white anything, pure as undriven snow, like her own soul. No mother, who understands her business, ever allows her daughter to appear other than simplicity itself. A man flirts with a fast girl, offers her a box-seat on his drag on club-days, or even a cigarette in the billiard-room, when the parents are both playing whist, but he marries the *ingénue*. This fact is the A B C of the dowager. The simple-minded girl is the creation of resolute and persistent training with a definite object. In dress she wisely does not compete with the young married woman, who can wear lower dresses, without any disturbance of modesty, and diamonds. No married woman, of course, dresses for her husband. It would be too much like hunting a blind fox. She dresses for other women. That is the reason she does it so well. It is not so much "love of dress," as preachers and moralists call it, which ruins so many husbands, but—well, not love of their rivals in lace and feathers.

Miss Alice Shaw, the *siffleuse*, or "whistlist," as she has been dubbed in London, is thus described in a private letter from England: "We saw Miss Shaw there looking very well indeed, gowned in pure dead white brocade of a heavy, rich texture. The draping was cleverly modeled on the Greek original. It was brought in a long sweep from the left shoulder, and drawn slightly to the right side. The bodice and part of the back drapery of the skirt were of soft, white corded silk. She wore a red rose in her dark hair, and carried a white ostrich feather fan, but indulged in never a sparkle of jewelry. She seemed to be very well amused, and there were two or three men about her all the evening, until some one struck a bar or two on the piano, and she laid down her fan, clasped her hands loosely in front of her, lifted her head, and, pursing up her mouth in the prettiest way, began to whistle like a bird, only much better and more musically than any bird I ever heard. She can mock a mocking-bird, and outdo him at his own business. There is one note that the Southern singer makes, a sort of low, clear chuckle in his throat, that it did not seem possible any human could imitate, but the lady put the tip of her gloved little finger between her teeth, and, by some slow inhalation, began to bubble with this musical sibilation until, if one's eyes were shut, one would swear it was the small, gray minstrel himself. I am told she has made quite a pot of money in London. At all events she wears very good gowns, and that expression of countenance which denotes much satisfaction with this best of all possible worlds, and one sees and hears of her constantly at the very best houses, and they pay very liberally for all that sort of thing here."

Physical beauty has never, since the days of Greece and Rome, enjoyed its proper exaltation; and it was once quite the proper thing for moralists and clergymen to decry all delight in beauty of person as unbecoming to a thoughtful and Christian people, and this kind of mistaken moral scourging gradually led to neglect of personal habits conducive to perfect physical development and beauty, until about a score of years ago it became almost impossible to find a perfectly well man or woman. But of late years a healthier sentiment has been gaining ground, as a natural reaction, and schools for physical culture, gymnasiums, swimming baths, fencing lessons, etc., have materially improved the physical conditions of young men and women; while this growing interest in physical development and beauty is gradually working a change for the better in the moral conditions of the people, for a perfectly healthy man or woman, full of vital strength, and blessed with natural appetites, desires, and passions, is far less apt to be a sensualist or criminal than one whose physical condition is depraved, and whose appetites are therefore vicious and degraded.

For real luxury the modern bureau-trunk is in the lead. Trays may be multiplied, of course, without difficulty, but it is almost always inconvenient to lift the trays out and lay them around in various parts of the already crowded dressing-room, and the thing most wanted is invariably in the bottom tray. The cover of the bureau trunk, with its compartments, being thrown back, the one, two, or three trays may be pulled up out of the body of the trunk and will stay up, each a little distance above the other, rigidly supported by light steel bars that come out of the sides of the box like telescopes. The whole front of the trunk, too, opens out like a door, on hinges, and thus every part of the trunk stands wide open, without being scattered about and taking up valuable room. Such a trunk costs a good deal of money, of course, but it is worth it. Women know how sadly packing, in the best of trunks, crushes clothes, and the more compartments the better. One of these trunks has in the lid alone two good-sized drawers, for the more delicate articles of women's apparel. Tray number one is deep, with compartments for hats and bonnets. Number two has separate spaces for collars, stockings, jewelry, parasols, handkerchiefs, and the little things of the toilet that invariably get lost away down at the bottom, if packed in the body of the trunk. Number three holds hand-mirror, brushes and combs, and a large space is for soiled clothes or for boots and shoes, rubbers, etc. In the body is room for dresses, where the trays will not press down on them and crush them. All this can not but take up considerable room, but not more than the largest-sized Saratoga. For a man, such a trunk is no less desirable, and even more necessary, for most men are proverbially careless with their clothes, and regardless of all order in the matter of packing. Trifling alterations in the arrangement of the interior compartments give him separate boxes for shirts, collars, cuffs, and scarfs. Boots and shoes go by themselves, and soiled linen generally finds its way to the same place, a high hat needs another space for itself, brush and comb by themselves, the dress-suit goes in one tray, frock-coat in another, tennis and other out-door suits, flannel-shirts, smoking-jackets, and the rest of it together in the body of the box. One half of the inside of the lid has a good mirror, fixed solidly in position, where it can not be broken with ordinary usage, if the trunk be properly packed, and the lid tilts back to just the angle where a good view of one's self can be had without stooping. The other half of the lid holds writing materials and other odds and ends. Many of these partitions and trays can be removed at will, to make room for more bulky articles, or to suit the varying taste of the owner.

The authorities of St. Paul's Cathedral have listened approvingly to the proposal to clean the exterior. The majority of artists, however, believe in the beauty of dirt, and will raise their voices in antagonism to the profane idea of washing St. Paul's.

THE WATERING-PLACE BELLE.

A Social Commodity Manufactured to Order.

"Rather a nice-looking little vulgarian that," said X.

We all agreed with him. She was, indeed, with her fresh-colored, bold, doll-like beauty, a piquant creature, as she danced by us in a bathing-suit, as snug and indiscreet in its compactment and revelation of her person as any bathing-suit could well be. What there was of it certainly fitted her nearly as neatly as did the skin, over those portions of her charms that it did not conceal. In color, cut, and the style in which it was worn, it reminded me of nothing more nor less than the artistic undress of one of the ladies of the burlesque chorus—minus the tights.

"That, gentlemen," said the solemn man, who had been cooling himself in the shadow of the iron pier, and watching us, as the resident Long Brancher always watches a new arrival, with an air of superiority and pity combined, "is one of our greatest belles, Miss Ruby Whenn."

"Ha!" said X.; "seems to me I've seen that name in one of the papers."

"Seen it in one of the papers!" repeated the solemn man, in sorrowful reproach; "I guess you've seen it in all of 'em. If there's a better known belle on the Jersey coast than Miss Ruby Whenn, I'd like to know her name."

Miss Ruby was, at this moment, advertising herself in the surf in the liveliest manner possible, wallowing like a young porpoise, turning cart-wheels in the breakers, and half-drowning every one she came in contact with in the exuberance of her vitality. A sentimental-looking young man, in a white flannel suit, that had become yellow flannel in many washings, and had assumed a high-water brevity at sleeves and ankles, stopped in his promenade of the shore, and commenced to make rapid memoranda in a very large note-book, looking anxiously about, to see if people were not noticing him the while.

"There," said the solemn man, "there's the *Tribune* correspondent. He's getting points about Miss Ruby now. You look in the *Tribune* to-morrow to see what he says."

And he went over to shake the *Tribune* correspondent cordially by the hand.

We watched Miss Ruby disport herself in the briny, and come forth and roll herself, like a young seal, in the sand, to the vast admiration and delight of a nondescript gang of excursionists, natives, and cheap vacation dudes, whose adulation she accepted with the greatest complacency, while a very fat and very moist elderly female, whom the solemn man pointed out as her chaperon, supervised the scene from a camp-stool under a green-lined umbrella.

"Gad!" said X.; "she looks like the keeper up at the Park Zoo, watching Master Crowley," and, impious as it may appear to place a Jersey Coast belle on even a comparative level with an intelligent chimpanzee, there seemed, somehow, to be a deal of relevancy in the remark.

We ran across Miss Ruby Whenn quite frequently that day. When we lunched at the Howland, she was running one end of the big, frescoed dining-room, as if it belonged to her. When we lounged out later, she was playing tennis on the lawn. Her playing was something simply awful, but a staring crowd appeared to take it as a work of the highest art and skill, and handsome women, dressed as only handsome women dare dress in the vulgar splendor of a watering-place, eyed her with undisguised envy. The young man in the flannel suit was round again with his note-book; so were other young men, with note-books, and a woman, arrayed as Solomon in all his glory had never dared to be, who addressed the reigning belle as "Ruby, dear," and who, the solemn man, who had again found us out, told us, in an awe-smitten whisper, was the celebrated Mrs. Cantelupe, who wrote "Gab's Gabble" in the Sunday edition of the *Moon*.

"You bet she'll give Miss Ruby a send-off next Sunday," said the solemn man; "she does it every Sunday, and, Lord! it's just beautiful. Last Sunday she compared her to a pretty little gilt mermaid, swimming in a sea of jewelry from Tiffany's. Wasn't it real poetic?"

That evening, among the endless piazzas of the big hotel, Miss Ruby Whenn again held supreme sway. If she had been ten years younger, her hoyden manners might have been better fitted to their surroundings, for she romped about like a girl of ten, although dressed like a dowager for the opera. Toward midnight, we found her dancing at a hop at the West End, ablaze with diamonds, and as nearly naked as even the elastic decency of the ball-room allowed. But wherever we saw her, we found the solemn man industriously touting for her, and people, old enough to have been her fathers and mothers, staring at her with curiosity or envy, or, what was more likely, both.

"Great game they're playing with that mechanical doll," growled old Cynicus, as we toyed with our supper at the Pennsylvania Club, listening to the click of chips through the door of the dealing-room; "you'll have her at Newport next year, if she has half a show."

"Who is she?" asked X.

"The Lord only knows," responded Cynicus, with a wild pigeon's breast in his mouth; "father made his money in glue in Chicago, I believe. Launched her, last year, at Coney Island. Then she was the belle of Manhattan Beach. Now, she's the belle of Long Branch. She'll be the belle of Saratoga in the fall, and the belle of Lord knows where in the winter."

"But, Gawd bless me soul!" gasped Snobson, who is a great stickler for the proprieties; "how the dooce do they do it, hey?"

"Well," replied Cynicus, "they work the newspaper correspondents. The old man talks to everybody about her, and ——"

A light dawned upon me. "Is he a solemn man?" I asked, "with a big diamond in his shirt-front?"

"I guess you ought to know," answered Cynicus, reaching out for the deviled lobster; "I saw you talking to him in the tennis-court at the Howland, this afternoon."

When I rolled into my bath, the next Sunday, and spread my morning papers out on the reading-board, almost the first paragraph my eyes lighted on related to Miss Ruby Whenn, "the reigning belle of Long Branch." No paper was complete without an allusion to Miss Ruby Whenn, and in some she figured several times. To have believed what the types said of her, would have been to accept her as a princess, bespangled with the diamond-dust charm of fairyland. Remembering the reality, and recalling the solemn man and his eloquent and enthusiastic tributes, I may be pardoned, I hope, for having nearly drowned myself before I sat up and became serious enough to blow the water from my mouth and stop laughing.

For, as I read and remembered, I had become possessed by a curious fancy. I had got it into my unruly brain that Miss Ruby Whenn was a freak in a Bowery dime museum, and that the solemn man was the shouter—barker is, I believe, the professional title—hired to guard the door and foghorn her attractions to the passing public. To be sure, Miss Ruby Whenn is under no necessity of displaying herself for a fee, and above all, such a vulgar fee as a short bit. Indeed, she is in the position to pay a handsome fee for having her charms duly exploited. But after all, the result is not so vastly different. I remember once asking an extremely clever and caustic society woman how a certain person, with lots of money and no other known virtues or merits, had contrived to get herself invited to a dance at Mrs. Ganderkilt's.

"They had read so much about her in the papers," said my mentor, "that they sent her one of their spare tickets out of curiosity to find what she was like. But they'll never invite her to dinner, take my word."

And they never have.

Still, on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, I suppose the newspaper fame of the watering-place belle is superior to no fame at all. It certainly must have some merit, or the women who year after year waste their energies to obtain it, and who as far as I can see get no nearer to real society for it, would certainly not continue to enter themselves for the annual race. I have a friend, an honest soul, who has battled his way from poverty to affluence. He has a wife who has a heart of gold. But there is one flaw in it. She is society mad, and without the education or the blood and breeding that might help her on, she yearly storms the gates of the citadel with a battering-ram of gold. She spreads herself over every great watering-place in the country during the season. She plans her campaigns at Saratoga, Newport, Bar Harbor, Narragansett, Lenox, and the rest, as Von Moltke might have planned a new invasion of France. And for months the papers resound with pæans to her hundreds of dresses, to her bushels of diamonds, to her cream-colored horses with coffee-colored tails and silver shoes, to her—but have you not yourself read all about them? And Porpuss, like the true gentleman he is, swears by her even when he grins behind his hand, hardened by wheeling a gas-house barrow years ago, as he reads the mockeries she revels in.

"Do you think she'll ever get there, old man?" he asked me one day.

"Honestly, Porpuss," said I, strong in the consciousness that I should never want to borrow a dollar from him, "I don't."

Porpuss smote his big knee a blow that made the glasses jingle on the sideboard.

"Damme!" he cried, "neither do I. But it pleases her, and Lord knows, if a man can't afford to please his wife he'd ought to go out of business, say I."

In Mrs. Porpuss's case, however, it is merely a matter of a woman of wealth and commonplace origin and parts, striving to force her way to social position. In the cases of the Ruby Whenns and the Pearlie Nows of whom the papers have so much to say, it is the parents who, by the arts of the theatrical advertising agent, strive to advance their children to a social place to which they have no title. The process is precisely similar to that adopted by an advance agent for his star. The boom is commenced with paragraphic announcements. Then it crackles in squibs. Next it commences to glow in subheads in watering-place letters. And at last it explodes in that great Bengal fire-glow of glory, a whole letter devoted to this one subject alone. When the belle of Long Branch, or wherever else it may be, gets this far, she has about reached the apex of her splendor. Higher she never goes.

We read so much, in this paper and in that, of Miss Brimmstone, the belle of Bar Harbor, and Miss Newkummer, the belle of Newport, and Miss Settemuppe, the belle of Saratoga, and the rest, that I fancy most of us do not stop to reflect upon one point of considerable interest in connection with all these picturesque and encomiastic reports. This is that the distinction of the average American young woman, as a watering-place belle, is in the reverse ratio to her distinction in society. I fancy my friend, Pupson, put it about right, when he looked up from his paper at the club yesterday, and remarked: "Hang it, old man, how is it that there's such a lot of belles at the cussed summaw wesawts, and such a few heah in New Yawk?" Putson takes the purely social view of it. He knows everybody in society, by name, at least, and does not pretend to know any one outside of it. To him, a belle is a thing of wonder, made to be languished after in hopeless devotion at the balls of the season. She is a creature of pelf and pedigree, of beauty, of good backing, and, above all, too sacred to be sullied by casual mention in the newspapers.

This is the point of it. The very notoriety that these printers'-ink princesses of summer society seek is most sedulously avoided by the real princesses of society. Notoriety means not fame, but blemish to them. No girl ever became a belle in society through newspaper advertising, and the moment the newspapers discover a belle in society, and commence to gossip about her, her decline begins. Her social charms and graces are like the down upon a butterfly's wing. Even the tender touch of an admiring finger will mar it irretrievably.

NEW YORK, August 18, 1888. ALFRED TRUMBLE.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss A. Mary F. Robinson, one of the most active of the young generation of English verse-makers, is about to marry Professor Darmteler, who has done her poems into French.

Sarah Bernhardt is on the point of becoming a grandmother. The famous tragedienne is greatly excited over the coming event. Moreover, she is providing for her future grandchild by setting apart for it 1 per cent. of her income.

Senator Quay is a believer in his luck. He said to a friend, a few days ago: "It is my luck against Cleveland's. I never failed in a thing I undertook but once, when Governor Beaver was first nominated. I pulled him through, and he is now Governor of Pennsylvania."

Word comes of the death of Mr. Stronach, who was the manager of the City of Glasgow Bank, which failed a few years ago with losses of more than thirty-three million five hundred thousand dollars. He was sent to jail for a year and a half for falsifying balance-sheets, and ever since lived in obscurity, a thoroughly broken man.

The Queen of England never sends her personal correspondence through the regular mail, as her subjects do. Every trivial communication, whether of a personal or a private nature, is delivered at its destination by a queen's messenger. She is the only European sovereign who does this. The other potentates are democratic enough to use the mail.

Senator Voorhees is said to be in shockingly bad temper since his return from Indiana. The story goes in Washington that, the other day his secretary handed him a letter which contained an inquiry as to the prospects in Indiana. "Tell him," blurted out the great Dan, vehemently, "that Indiana has gone to h—l. She'll give Harrison fifty thousand majority."

The dying request of Edward E. Munch was a curious one. He not only desired that his body should be incinerated at the Long Island Crematorium, but he asked that his ashes be scattered over the flower-beds beside the retort. His wish has been complied with, and for days the last sign of his mortality was plainly discernible on the leaves and blooms of the flowers there.

Heirs of William Penn, in England, have brought suit to gain possession of the public park of Easton, Pa. The "square" was given to Penn for the purpose of erecting thereon a court-house, "and for other purpose." As the years have gone by, the court-house has been abandoned, and a handsome public park created. The English Penns now demand possession, on the ground of a violation of the contract vesting the title in the town. The square has now a large money value.

Close by the side of Prince Bismarck's bath is a weighing-chair, covered with red velvet, of the most modern construction, and the great German Minister never fails to "try his weight" at least once a day, to record the result of his trial in the small diary he keeps attached by a string to the arm of the weighing-chair for the purpose. There was a time when the prince scaled the somewhat Gargantuan weight of three hundred and forty-seven pounds. Thanks to determined perseverance in the system, the German Chancellor is able to announce that he weighs only one hundred and ninety pounds.

Emperor William is said to have made bad work with Russian at his recent interview with the Czar. He studied up the language for some time before the visit, and began by addressing the Czar in Russian. Whether he had forgotten what he knew, or whether he was too full of emotion to express himself clearly, he uttered his first compliments with great difficulty. Alexander, noticing his young cousin's embarrassment, said to him: "Let us talk in German." But William evidently wanted to paralyze the Czar's staff by his knowledge of their language, and continued to speak in what he thought was Russian. Finally, he was obliged to use his mother-tongue, so as to be understood.

A Tahlequah correspondent recalls that Mrs. Sheridan is part of Cherokee blood. "Her father, General Rucker, then Lieutenant Rucker, while stationed at Fort Gibson, Cherokee nation, married Miss Coody, whose mother was a daughter of a sister of the Cherokee chief, John Ross, who ruled over the nation for a period of forty years. The establishment of this Cherokee right by blood, which is required of all Cherokees who have severed their connection with the nation beyond a year, would entitle Mrs. Sheridan to one-eighteen-thousand undivided share in fourteen million acres of land, and a like share in three million dollars of funds held in trust by the United States, on which an annual interest of one hundred and forty thousand dollars is paid to the Cherokees."

The political significance of the appointment of Count von Waldersee to fill the position of chief of the general staff of the German Army, made vacant by the resignation of Field Marshal Count von Moltke, is to be found in the fact that the new chief is the head of the war party in Germany. He is bitterly anti-Semitic. Count von Waldersee is not yet fifty years old. His family has been for over two hundred years prominent in Prussian and German military affairs. His grandfather was the author of the standard work on the regulations in the German Army. There are two editions of this work, called, respectively, "The Big" and "The Little Waldersee," and a copy of the latter is put into the hands of every German recruit on his enlistment. Five or six of the Waldersee family are in the German Army at the present time. A brother of the count was killed at the battle of Le Bourget during the siege of Paris. Another brother is commander in the German Navy. The count went from the school of cadets into the artillery service. As a captain he was transferred to the staff of the general of the army, and he distinguished himself in Berlin as a thoroughly informed and scientific officer. During the war between Germany and France he was attached to the head-quarters of the army. After the war he was sent to Paris instead of an ambassador, and remained there as Chargé d'Affaires until the expiration of the period of occupation. His successor at Paris was the celebrated Count von Arnim. Afterward, he was promoted to the rank of general and re-attached to the general staff. Count von Waldersee is interesting to Americans from the fact that he married an American lady, formerly a Miss Lee, of New York. She was the daughter of the late David B. Lee, the head of the old grocery house of Lee, Date & Miller. She married Prince Frederick Emile August of Schleswig-Holstein, and after his death married Count von Waldersee. She is said to be a woman of remarkable intellect, and is regarded as a close friend of the Empress of Germany.

Mr. Henry Clews, a well-known figure for many years past in Wall Street, has issued a volume of his reminiscences. Any man who can survive twenty-eight years of this life, and still be, at the end of that time, one of the marked forces of our great financial centre, must be a strong personality, and Mr. Clews's account of his contemporaries, is therefore, likely to be interesting, not only to them, but to the world outside. We find some striking illustrations of the uncertainty of life in Wall Street, in the way in which the history of the street has gone on making itself after Mr. Clews stopped recording it. When the book went to press, Mr. Clews described James R. Keene, no doubt accurately, as being "now comparatively poor." "Keene arose from *nil* to be worth thirteen millions. He is now back where he started." Yet, before Mr. Clews's book reaches the public, Wall Street is busy with rumors to the effect that Keene is making millions again. When the later pages were written, among the well-known members of the stock exchange was "Charles Johnes, the king of board-room traders, once a clerk of Henry Clews & Co., now worth a million, and prince of good fellows, as bright and quick as he is popular." Yet, within only a few weeks, poor Johnes has been consigned to a lunatic asylum and is said to be nearly stripped. Some of the stories of quick profits and losses read strangely. Not long ago, Henry N. Smith, a prominent speculator, who had lost heavily, appeared before the governing committee of the stock exchange to make application for an extension of time on his seat, and submitted the following remarkable statement: "On January 1, 1885, I was worth one million four hundred thousand dollars. I had one million one hundred thousand dollars in money, and the balance, three hundred thousand dollars, in good real estate. On the following January I had lost the whole amount, and was one million two hundred thousand dollars in debt, a million of which I owed to William Heath & Co."

STORM-BOUND ON FUJIYAMA.

An Ascent of Japan's Famous Mountain.

We were seven, a bright, merry party, the morning we left Miyanoshita for our Fuji climb. Dressed in good, sensible walking costumes, suitable for mountain climbing, we—ladies only—tumbled—for there is no other way of expressing it—into our *kagos*, and settled ourselves comfortably on the cushions for a long mountain ride.

The gentlemen, all good pedestrians, fell into line, and as the little procession moved out of the hotel-yard, it gave both life and color to the charming scenery around us. We had three coolies to each *kago*, and four extra ones to carry the baggage and provisions. Our *kago* men, as they afterward gave ample proof, were strong, well-built men, good-natured, and very tender in their care of us. We journeyed along, over a lovely country, luminously green, for Japan, even in July, is a wealth of verdure. At each turn the scenery became fairer and fairer, and as I looked back at our little caravan, with its bright bits of color, rounding the turn, I thought I had never seen a more charming picture.

We rested at a small Japanese village for repairs—a cup of tea and an extra tie to the *waraji* (straw shoe)—and off we started. In a short time we found ourselves at the bottom of the Otomi Toge Pass, a distance of six miles from Miyanoshita. The ascent became very steep, but we finally reached the top, and our first thought was—Fuji. Where was old Fuji *san?* Not even the outline of the mountain was visible, nothing but dense, gray mist; but below us, extending far away to the base of the mountain, lay the valley, rich in its green tones. From the top of the pass, on a clear day, a beautiful view of the mountain can be had. Glorious old Fujiyama, with its sweeping lines, rises high and majestic—a mountain to be worshiped. We moved on, the descent on the other side being similar to that on the Miyanoshita, till we came to a lovely avenue of cryptomerias leading to the village of Gotemba. It was there that the great Yoritomo in the old days had the seat of his hunting lodge. We passed through the straggling village, arriving at the tea-house about noon. A bite of tiffen to satisfy the inner man, and we were ready for another start. We abandoned the *kagos* for *jinrikishas*, and proceeded on to Subashiri, which lies at the base of Fuji; but before we had gone many yards, the rain came down in torrents, but ceased as we approached the Yamada-ya tea-house. We caught the first glimpse of Fuji, which revived our drooping spirits and inspired us with new life, for the mountain seemed comparatively near. A good night's rest would prepare us for the ascent in the morning. A good night's rest! I am a lover of Japan and Japanese life generally, but the idea of a good, comfortable sleep on Japanese mats makes me smile. To be sure we had *futons* (quilted covers), but leaping from the luxury of a spring bed to a couple of *futons* on a Japanese mat is—a trifle hard. We were up at daybreak, and Fuji was our first thought; so out of the little window we poked our heads, and there, directly in front of us, towering high above our heads, was old Fuji *san*, regal as ever. A little *taberu* to sustain us—foreign chow it was—and off we started once more by *kago*, the gentlemen on pack horses, and followed along the road by troops of Japanese gamins, yelling frantically for a *tempo* (brass coin).

Our little foreign procession brought the villagers to their front-doors, and mid the noise of the yelling children, we sallied forth with herculean strength, feeling strong enough to climb fifty Fujis. The road we traveled was through a dense forest, with a slight incline, passing by lovely foliage and bright wild-flowers that nodded *ohayo* to us, as we jogged along. Everything about us was bright and lovely, bidding fair for a good mountain climb. A two hours' ride brought us to the mat-sheds at Mona-gayeshi (Turnback horse), where we left the *kagos* and horses, and with new *waraji* we commenced the ascent. The walk through the wood was so lovely that my fingers fairly ached for brush and palette. It reminded me so much of the dear old woods at home, the pretty silver-gray bark trees, and wild tangle of brush and vine, bits of sunlight here and there, and all about me a lovely quietness, broken only by the note of a bird. I found myself alone, as some of the gentlemen had started ahead and I left the mat-shed immediately after leaving the *kago*, so I was in advance of the others. I took it easily, resting occasionally, as the walk was rather a long and warm one, winding in and out till I thought the end would never come. At last I found myself approaching the first station, near the upper limit of the forest. A cup of tea and a minute's rest, and on I went, a little more slowly, for the ascent became more steep.

I left the lovely wood for a rough climb over hardened lava, with occasional patches of low green shrubs which relieved the monotony of the brown earth.

It was not long before I found myself enveloped in drifting clouds and could see nothing ahead of me, except when an occasional break in the cloud revealed the low plants and a few old, discarded *waraji* which marked the trail. It was rather a hard pull, for I had started without my coolies and had not even a mountain-stick to help me. As I toiled along in the gray, shadowy land, I felt very much like that old seventh-century hermit, En no Sho-Kaku, who first made the ascent. It cleared at last, and, high above me, almost in the sky, it seemed, was the fifth station; beyond that I saw nothing but passing clouds. But the frantic waving of hats and handkerchiefs from those who preceded me renewed my strength, and, with one vigorous effort, I reached the station. We were then at an altitude of eight thousand five hundred feet. The rest of the party soon straggled along, and we were together once more.

Between the fifth and eighth stations was the hardest pull, and I expected nothing but fragments of me would be left to tell the tale.

Rain and wind came on, and, for nearly three hours, we struggled with the elements, fighting our way, and growing more weary at every step. Nothing could be seen but masses of white vapor below us and hardened lava ahead. Our good spirits had deserted us, and, had it not been for the encouraging words of the coolies, I think I would have given up. My coolies were as drenched as myself; but they, poor things, had nothing on but a cotton *kimono* and straw hat, and their teeth chattered at a furious rate.

One had me by a rope which was fastened round my waist, and another struggled away as pusher behind. As I stopped every few minutes to rest, for my breath grew shorter and shorter and my legs *so* tired from the incessant climbing, my good men said, "Mo sukoshi, O kami san," and I smiled feebly and pegged on, ready to drop at every step. Their one thought was to make the hut before night came on, but I think I was too far gone even to care. Down came the rain harder than ever, and more laborious grew the climb. My hands were stiff from the intense cold, and when I finally reached the eighth station, I fairly tumbled into the hut, moisture and all. There the party had dripped in ahead of me, so, like good angels, they stood ready to relieve me of my wet clothing. Dry wraps and hot drinks braced me up a bit, but I sank down on the once despised *futons*, glad enough of the refuge they afforded.

One by one, the weary Fuji climbers dropped in, and our little crowd met once more, clinging together like the tribes of Israel.

The storm increased, and before nightfall it was raging wildly. We were safely housed, however, for the hut was an exceedingly strong one, with immense beams overhead and the walls incased in stone several feet in thickness. We were not so tired or discouraged, however, as not to laugh at the remarkable costumes that appeared as each one made the change.

Expecting to remain but one night on the mountain, and not anticipating a storm, we had taken no complete change of clothing, except a few warm wraps for the summit.

What a fantastic-looking crowd we were—the most incongruous combination-suits one ever beheld; odds and ends, borrowed from each other to fill up and complete a full dress; a *robe de nuit*, decorated off with a short seal-skin jacket; a pair of bloomers peeping beneath a masculine-looking white flannel shirt. One gentleman clung affectionately to his pajamas, but, finding them a little frigid, he donned his long rubber-coat, and, with a blue cotton Japanese towel tied round his head, he was a study. Indeed, we were all wonderful subjects for the camera.

Our acquaintance was not of long enough duration to permit of a promenade; in fact, we did not feel much like it, so we settled ourselves in one corner of the hut among the *futons*, a little mixed, but comfortable. We were rather a wakeful party that night, for insect-powder had not dawned upon our once brilliant minds, and our pillows were the soft side of a *kori* (basket). The howling wind was something terrible to listen to, and when dawn came it still found us prisoners, for the storm had not abated, and it would have been death for any human being to attempt to go out.

There we were, *chèrs camarades* by that time, caring little for appearance or personal attractions and unfettered by formalities, so we made up our minds to submit gracefully and accept the inevitable. Still, it was provoking to think we were within an hour's climb of the summit. Our boys and coolies, seventeen in all, a few Japanese pilgrims, and four young naval cadets completed the list, and occupied the other end of the hut. Had we been suddenly transplanted to the North Pole, it could not have been colder; and the only means of getting warm was a wretched little wood fire at the coolies' end, so down we sat on the mats, rather promiscuously, to be sure, toasted our feet, got smoke in our eyes, and tried to wear a smile and be happy. Our food, as well as our dress, was a combination affair, half foreign, half Japanese, and the menu—if so it can be called—of one course, was something not to be sneered at. We feasted alternately on soup and rice and corn-beef and rice, with a little sugar and rice for dessert.

Stranded on the side of Fuji, one thousand feet from the summit, we passed three wretched nights. We were ready to enjoy almost any calamity, and, really I think we felt a trifle cannibalistic as we saw our rations getting low.

How to amuse ourselves was at all times a stupendous question. One day, as we were kicking our heels over the fire, we came upon some sweet-potato sugar. We seized it, and in a little while it was boiling into candy, with a solitary soda-mint for flavoring! It was good, however, and took away our appetites for dinner, leaving all the more food for the next day. At night, under the feeble glare of a candle, we sang everything from a nursery rhyme to "The Mikado," till our repertoire was fairly exhausted. At intervals we reviewed longingly the delicious hot baths we had reveled in at Miyanoshita.

What a group we made, as we sat round the table in a help-your-self and go-as-you-please sort of style; and we wondered vaguely if there ever had been a time when we did not eat soup with a fork.

On the morning of the third day the storm ceased, the wind had died away, and nothing remained but masses of white vapor. We felt brighter, and flew frantically to the door, which had been closed and barred from the time of our entrance. As the sliding-doors were withdrawn, we looked upon a sight so grand, so beautiful, that we felt repaid, and thought no more of the discomforts. We were at an altitude of eleven thousand four hundred feet. Below us were the mountains we had traveled over, green valleys shining between the clouds, and the silver gleam of a lake here and there. It was a lovely sight, and there we stood and gazed, spell-bound by the grandeur of the scene; but, as we looked, a cloud enveloped us, and, like some beautiful dream, it faded away. The summit was our next thought, so, with a little hasty packing, we started, only to battle again with the rain, for it came down in torrents before we had gone ten yards. In ten minutes we were dripping, soaking wet, and almost freezing. For encouragement we looked up, and high above us, almost in a straight line, we saw the top of old Fuji *san*.

The rarity of the atmosphere and the hardened lava and ashes made it a difficult climb. Panting, we reached the top and last station, but, at that time, vapor surrounded us, and we could not see ten feet ahead. A drink to Fuji to brace us up, and on we crawled to the crater on our hands and knees, for the wind was blowing at a furious rate. We could see nothing. One side has fallen in, and I believe one can descend to the bottom of the crater with safety.

We expected, on starting out for Fuji, to reach the summit at sunrise, as that is the time for a good view, but the elements were against us, and to gain the top was our only thought.

We crawled back over scoriæ and lava, glad enough to find shelter in the little summit hut, and, as we stood there waiting for the character stamp—the mark testifying to our having reached the summit—we looked utterly demoralized.

We descended by another trail, and found it less fatiguing, child's play compared with the ascent, for, with the exception of a little hard, zigzag walk, it was one long, continuous sweep through wet cinders. The trail was easily followed on account of the débris of the pilgrims' *waraji*, and we made the descent in four hours, stopping three times for repairs and a gentle wring of our wet clothes. The Japanese have a belief that the sand brought down during the day by the feet of the pilgrims reascends of itself during the night.

As we approached the tea-house at Subashiri, the village turned out to give the weary pilgrims a welcome, and the pretty tea-house girls eagerly waited to take us in.

Having decided to push on to Miyanoshita that night, we remained long enough to make a complete change, and, amid the *sayonara* of the tea-house girls, we rode away. It was dark when we reached Gotemba, and, as it had been a hard day's pull for the coolies, we rested a few hours on the mats in one of the quaint, pretty rooms of the tea-house. As we sat there eating eels and rice with chop-sticks, in true Japanese style, the moon slowly rose from behind the clouds, and directly in front, as we looked out over the little balcony, we saw Fuji, majestic as of old, a silhouette against the sky, clear and defined. In coming back to the Otomi Pass, we forded streams greatly swollen by the rains, and, in the delicious cool of the evening, we jogged along, the air fragrant with the perfume of the lily.

Our coolies had lost none of their good-nature; on they went, joking and laughing, their brown skins fairly shining like polished wood in the moonlight.

At last we found ourselves once more on the summit of the pass, and we turned to take our last view of old Fuji *san*. I shall never forget the scene, never forget the mountain as I saw it then. The night was gloriously clear at the time, the moon high and full, and across the valley we had just left rose Fuji, dark-hued against the sky, towering in all his glory. A long, white cloud rested almost at the base, but, as we looked, wrapped in admiration, a mist slowly rose, and Fujiyama was no more.

NELLIE HOPPS HOWARD.

AUGUST, 1888.

One of the most touching features of the Arlington Cemetery is the monument to the "Unknown Dead." It is only a few steps from the site selected for Sheridan's tomb, and around it lie over two thousand soldiers who were unidentified, and who were only "unknown dead." It is a sad and startling fact that of the more than a quarter of a million dead who sleep in the national cemeteries of the country, almost one-half are "unknown." There are eighty-two national cemeteries scattered through the country. In these rest three hundred and twenty-four thousand dead soldiers. Of these three hundred and twenty-four thousand graves, one hundred and forty-eight thousand bear the sad word "unknown." This is especially true of those in the extreme Southern States. In Mississippi, for instance, there are buried over twenty-five thousand, and of this number less than five thousand are identified. Another curious fact: Did it ever occur to you that most of the men who gave their lives to prevent certain States from seceding, now sleep in the soil of those States? Anyway it is a fact. There are in Virginia seventeen national cemeteries, which contain almost seventy-five thousand dead, of whom over one-half are unknown. Of the eighty-two national cemeteries of the country three-fourths are in the States which were either secretly or openly in rebellion, and of the three hundred and twenty-four thousand dead who lie in national cemeteries about three hundred thousand lie in what was rebel soil.

Some clever rascal in London advertised that he would, on receipt of sixpence in stamps, return to the sender one shilling. The advertisement was published prominently enough to attract considerable attention, and it naturally excited remark. To most persons it seemed a very transparent humbug, too silly to be called a fraud, but there were a few curious individuals who determined to see whether the advertiser was a crank or whether he had some game, so they sent on their sixpences. By return mail each one received the shilling. A few days after, the same advertisement appeared again in several of the newspapers, and everybody who had tried it before told all of his friends about it. The result was that several hundred sixpences were received, and next day as many shillings went back. The third time the advertisement appeared the mail received by the clever sharper was simply enormous. Letters came from all parts of the kingdom and from all sorts of people, high and low, rich and poor. The rogue pocketed several thousands of pounds, and, curiously enough, neglected to make any returns.

Seventy-five miles an hour—or a mile in forty-eight seconds—is the astounding rate of speed which has just been attained by the "West Coast Express," of the London and North-western Railway, on its trip from the English to the Scotch metropolis. Railway experts will read, with feelings of undisguised admiration, about the unbroken run of one hundred and fifty-eight miles without a halt—the longest in the world, being twelve miles longer than the Fort Wayne and Chicago run.

The French Government is said to have ordered twenty thousand portable cooking-stoves for camp use for the army. The inventor, on a test, served up a dinner of three courses for thirty persons at a cost for heating and cooking of less than four cents. He uses steam as the basis of his heat.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The Routledges are to bring out a translation of Pierre Loti's "Madame Chrysanthème."

The writer of an article in *Blackwood's Magazine* for August, entitled "The British Museum and the People Who Go There," makes the statement that "the pages of the catalogue which show signs of the most constant use are those which contain the headings 'Ruskin' and 'Zola.'"

It is related of a British Museum officer, who was tired to death of the questions put by the visiting public, that he burst out one day in answer to the query, "Why is the museum closed?" with the remark, "because one of the mummies is dead, and the officers are attending the funeral."

Mr. Stevenson may find something lacking in the most "popular authors," from a literary standpoint, but from the mercantile point of view they can afford to laugh at even such a successful and well-paid writer as he. H. P. Halsey, for instance, the author of the "Old Sleuth" literature, is said to coin more money from his pen than any other scribbler in America; and Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's novel, "The Hidden Hand," calls out an order from one concern of ten thousand copies, the largest single advance order ever made, it is said.

Publisher Blaikie, of Edinburgh, thinks that the American Copyright Bill is trying to transfer the centre of literary industry from Great Britain to America; and he complains that his distinguished townsman, Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, has been almost carried over permanently, and has been "tempted in a way almost appalling to publishers or the book-producing class" of the mother country. Authors are prepared to view these squirmings with placid joy. There are slight indications that the time may come—perhaps in A. D. 2000—when the literary man may get rich.

Mr. Roe wrote a story a year, his publishers state, for seventeen years, the last story being yet unpublished. Of the sixteen published, not one has sold less than twenty-four thousand copies; this lowest figure, moreover, being attained by "Nature's Serial Story," which had previously been read by one or two hundred thousand in *Harper's Magazine*. Next to that came "An Original Belle," of which there have been thirty-five thousand copies; the sale ranging thence upward to "Barriers Burned Away," of which there have been sixty-nine thousand copies. The aggregate sale of his works is estimated at seven hundred and fifty thousand copies; and if we estimate, as is not unreasonable, that each copy has been read by five different persons, we have a total of three million seven hundred and fifty thousand readings.

A clear and useful business has been begun in New York. It does for authors what a dry-goods shop does for shoppers and the manufacturers, brings the goods of the producer to the convenient notice of the consumer. "The Authors' Exchange" undertakes to read, register, and carefully catalogue all manuscripts sent to it. It then presents lists of their wares to publishers, from which they can select at their pleasure, or a publisher in need of certain material can come to them and look over the stock in trade. The editor of one of the magazines complains that he has sent to him every year over six thousand manuscripts, of which he can use only about one hundred, and the Authors' Exchange proposes to lessen somewhat the burden of dealing with all this matter. On the other hand, authors suffer greatly from ignorance of the best markets for their wares, and that ignorance is, in many cases, the cause of failure and discouragement. The exchange undertakes to relieve the author of the labor of disposing of his wares, and at last introduces an element of order in the confused business of literature. If a publisher wants matter in the future he goes to the shop where it is kept, and buys or orders it. The author simply manufactures certain literary wares, and consigns them to the retail dealer to be sold to the best and most available customer. It is a wonder no one ever thought of doing it before, and both author and publisher will hail the idea with delight.

A remarkable literary career has been that of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, who is now—at seventy years of age—about to publish her forty-fourth novel. Somewhat more than thirty years ago, she made her first success with "Ishmael; or, In the Depths." Robert Bonner, owner of the New York *Ledger*, was shrewd enough promptly to secure her services to the exclusion of other publishers. For many years, Bonner paid her, annually, ten thousand dollars, with no conditions attached, except that he should have the first right to whatever she produced with her pen. When, last year, the veteran publisher retired from business, and sold the paper to his sons, the contract with Mrs. Southworth expired, but the old lady has just completed a new novel, as long and of the same character as her earlier ones. The Petersons, of Philadelphia, have just issued a complete set of her works, in forty-three volumes, at one dollar and fifty cents apiece, and it is notable that her books have never been issued in anything but cloth, and have, uniformly, found their great sale at one dollar and a half apiece. Mrs. Southworth is a rich woman, having had the royalties from this tremendous list of books added to her steady income of ten thousand dollars yearly, the whole mounting up, it is said, to something like twenty-five thousand dollars. The mere manual labor of writing out her forty-three volumes was something enormous, for they are all large, averaging from fifty to seventy-five thousand words each, and when this is multiplied by the number of volumes, the prodigious sum of two million one hundred and fifty thousand, at the lowest calculation, is found to be the number of words she has set upon paper, omitting all calculation of rewriting and corrections.

New Publications.

"Lower Merion Lilies and Other Poems," by Margaret B. Harvey, of which mention was made in this column some eighteen months ago, is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, and is for sale by C. Beach; price, $1.00.

Shakespeare's "Second Part of King Henry IV.," with "The Death of Henry IV.," from Daniels's "Poems on the Civil Wars," and a critical introduction by Professor Henry Morley, has been issued in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

A thirty-second edition has been issued of "The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional," by Father Chiniquy. It contains a biography of the author and several chapters showing the inevitably pernicious effects of auricular confession on confessor and confessed. Published by Brier & Dobbins, San Francisco; for sale by the booksellers.

The love-making of a New England school-master and a Spanish-American señonta, in that borderland where Americans and Mexicans meet and mingle with a strange resultant life, forms the *motif* of "A Mexican Girl," by Frederick Thickstun. The story is dramatically told, with admirable blending of romance and reality, and the pictures of southwestern life are strikingly drawn. Published in their Paper Series by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

John Calvin is the first title of the seventh volume of "Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia," and Cévennes, a mountain in Southern France, is the last, the range of topics covering more than six hundred pages. The editor's aim is to make the work a combined encyclopedia of universal information and an unabridged dictionary, and the result is a convenient and comprehensive reference work. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price: cloth, 50 cents; half-morocco, 60 cents.

"An Appeal to the American People as a Jury" is the title of a new book containing speeches on the tariff made in the House of Representatives during the debate from April 17 to May 19, 1888, by Roger Q. Mills, Thomas B. Reed, Benton McMillan, William McKinley, Jr., William L. Wilson, Julius C. Burrows, William L. Scott, Benjamin Butterworth, Samuel S. Cox, William D. Kelley, and John G. Carlisle. Published by Belford, Clark & Co., Chicago and San Francisco; for sale by the publishers.

"The Eavesdropper," by James Payn, is, as its author calls it, a record of "an unparalleled experience." The narrator is adjudged insane by two experts in mental disease, and he certainly shows in his story the slyness which is often a characteristic of mania; and in his story he tells of innumerable pranks he plays upon all sorts and conditions of men by the power of becoming invisible—though not impalpable—or visible again at will, a power which his magic-mad uncle has imparted to him. It is needless to say that Mr. Payn has made a very entertaining story of "The Eavesdropper." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, paper, 25 cents.

"Alden's Cyclopedia of Universal Literature" has reached its eighth volume, giving brief biographical notes, bibliographies, and specimen extracts from the writings of famous authors of all times and countries, ranging alphabetically from Antonio Ferriera, a Portuguese poet and dramatist of the sixteenth century, to Charles Arthur Gayarré, the Louisiana historian. Nearly a hundred men of letters are treated in this volume, from the Persian poet, Firdusi, to Mary Halleck Foote; we may not mention all the names, but it is noteworthy that the editor of the "Cyclopedia" inclines to the opinion that Sir Philip Francis was the author of the "Junius" letters and prints one of them under his name. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the publisher; price: cloth, 50 cents; half-morocco, 60 cents.

A new edition of the poems of Matthew Arnold has been issued, in two volumes tastefully bound in red cloth, uniform with the edition of John Morley's writings, which the same publishers (Macmillan) put forth some months ago. In the first volume are grouped the poet's early verses, his narrative poems, and sonnets, including such well-known poems as "The Neckan," "The Forsaken Merman," and "Saint Brandan," which one finds in most modern anthologies, and "Balder Dead" among his longer poems. The second volume contains lyric, dramatic, and elegiac poems. Both volumes are provided with the author's brief notes, and are printed in a handsome style that gives pleasure to the eye as the delicate poetic fancy, the fine philosophy, and the polished versification of the text do to the mind. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Library of American Literature."

The fourth volume of "The Library of American Literature," edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Ellen M. Hutchinson, concerns itself with the writers of the early republic, during the "constitutional" period embraced between 1788 and 1820. The prominent position of political affairs in the thought of that period is reflected in the fact that the volume before us contains more than twice as many extracts on political questions as on any other subject. This could hardly be otherwise in treating of a period which included among its writers William Pickering, Alexander Hamilton, Fisher Ames, Albert Gallatin, John Quincy Adams, and, in a later generation, Clay, Hayne, Webster, and Calhoun. Among the lawyers of the period are Marshall, Story, Wirt, and Kent. The extracts from the writings of these authors represent, as fairly as is possible within the necessarily limited space, the lines of thought of those who took the most important part in the formative period of our constitutional history.

Of the manners and customs of the time, we have accounts in Thatcher's "Glimpses of Revolutionary Days," William Sullivan's "American Society of the Revolutionary Period," and "Imported French Philosophy," by Joseph Dennie, which reflects the French influence of that day. The life of women is shown in "A Literary Woman of the Last Century," from Hannah Adams's writings, "Southern Women of the Revolution," by Alexander Garden, and Noah Webster's account of "Woman's Education in the Last Century." The early influence of Boston culture is shown in William Tudor's "Bostonians and their Manners."

Of the numerous writings inspired by the character and personality of Washington, we have extracts from Marshall, Henry Lee, Fisher Ames, Richard Alsop, William Sullivan, and Mason L. Weems, the rector at Mount Vernon, who enriched literature with the "cherry-tree" anecdote.

Charles Brockden Brown's is one of the most notable names in the list, for, though now almost forgotten, he was the first American novelist, living from 1771 to 1810. He is represented by two extracts—Wieland's defense, from "Wieland; or, The Transformation," and "Edgar Huntley; or, Memoirs of a Sleep-Walker." Another forerunner of our present novelists and story-writers was William Austin, whose tale, "Peter Rugg, the Missing Man," is given in its entirety. As is to be expected, poetry occupies but a small place in the volume, and the theological writers are but few. On the other hand, the American drama makes its first appearance, extracts being given from the first American comedy regularly produced—Royall Tyler's "The Contrast"—and the first American tragedy—William Dunlap's "Leicester." An interesting bit of political history is contained in the account of St. Tammany, an oration delivered by Samuel L. Mitchill before the Tammany Society in New York in 1795. The steel portraits in this volume are of Charles Brockden Brown and Joel Barlow, and there are thirteen portraits on wood. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; for sale by subscription; price, $3.00 per volume.

Some Magazines.

The opening article in the *Overland* for September is an illustrated paper on "The United States Soldiers' Home at Santa Monica," by Edward F. Adams. Other articles are: "The Grand Cañon of the Colorado," by J. G. Lemmon; "Orange Culture," by Adolphe Flamant; Jesse Edward Thompson's second paper on "Overland Staging in the Fifties"; "Sunday Laws," by E. P. Clarke; "The Mediæval Inquisition," by F. I. Vassault; and "A Lesson for California," by S. B. W. In fiction there are the opening chapters of a serial, "Three Pines," by Leonard Kip; another installment of "La Genara," by Evelyn M. Ludlum; "A Question of Will Power," by A. G. Tassin; and "The Anarchist," by Wood Ruff Clarke. Verses are contributed by Leonard Magruder Passano, Allen Simpson Botsford, and Herbert Kenyon, and there are the usual miscellanies.

The opening paper in *Scribner's* for September is "Scenes in Cyprus," by W. H. Mallock. "Memories of Some Contemporaries" are contributed by Hugh McCulloch. "Railway Passenger Travel" is by General Horace Porter. "A London Life," by Henry James, is concluded. A timely paper is "Presidential Campaign Medals," by Gustav Kobbé. In fiction there are "A Second-Hand Story," by H. C. Bunner, and another installment of "First Harvests," by F. J. Stimson. "Fuji: The Sacred Mountain," is described by Percival Lowell. "The Modern Greeks" are written of by Thomas D. Seymour; Robert Louis Stevenson writes "A Letter to a Young Gentleman who Proposes to Embrace the Career of Art," and Will H. Low indites "A Letter to the Same Young Gentleman." The verse is by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Edith M. Thomas, James Herbert Morse, Nora Perry, and Percival Lowell.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for September opens with the first chapters of a serial novel by Arthur Sherburne Hardy, "Passe Rose." Miss Murfree ("Charles Egbert Craddock") furnishes an installment of "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove," and Frances E. Wadleigh supplies a short story, "Mistah Fahmah." "A Week in Wales" is by Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr. Mrs. Lillie B. Chace Wyman adds a new paper to her Studies of Factory Life. Two papers of historical interest are Dr. A. P. Peabody's account of "Boston Mobs before the Revolution" and "The First Year of the Continental Congress," by John Fiske. H. C. Merwin furnishes a paper on Daniel Drawbaugh, a claimant of the original invention of the telephone. Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller describes the "Home-Life of the Redstart." W. H. Downes contributes his third paper on Boston Painters and Paintings. Abram S. Isaacs contributes "Stories from the Rabbis," and William Cranston Lawton concludes his paper on "The Prometheus of Æschylus." The number contains reviews of Mr. Stedman's and Miss Hutchinson's "Library of American Literature," and Mrs. Custer's "Tenting on the Plains," the Contributors' Club, and descriptions of new books.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Bismarck was, recently, on his way to the emperor, when he was attracted by the voices of the children of the imperial family. He stopped at the door, and found the children dancing, while one of them turned an organ. "Oh, prince!" cried the children, "come and dance with us." "Alas! my dancing days are over," said the prime minister; "but I will turn the organ for you to dance." While he was thus engaged, the emperor entered the room. Bismarck caught his eye, and the emperor smiled. "Ah! prince," he said, "this is the *fourth* generation of Hohenzollerns who have danced to your piping."

Once the late W. R. Travers was with a party on his own yacht. Among them was a loquacious and conceited Englishman, who had driven the party nearly wild with his volubility. When dinner was served he saw a fresh subject for his monologue in the oysters. "It is now a debatable point among scientists," he began, "as to whether or not the oyster has brains." Travers could bear it no longer. "I think the oyster must have b-b-brains," said he, "because it knows enough when to s-s-shut up." This was effectual. Equally good was his remark upon his seeing the Siamese twins. He scanned carefully the mysterious ligature that bound them together, then looked up at them blankly, and said, in an inquiring tone, "b-b-brothers, I presume?"

It is an English lady, of high position, who tells this story: Dining out, the other night, she saw in the hall, as she went in, a servant who, for a long time in earlier days, had been butler to the late Lady Waldegrave, whom she had often visited. She spoke to him—an act in no way remarkable among people between whom and their servants there is margin enough. At dinner there were ortolans, and this lady's neighbor asked whether she cared for them. "Oh, yes," answered she, "I am fond of all delicacies. I would dine, if I could, like Nero, on nightingale tongues." As she finished the ortolan and the sentence, she became aware that Lady Waldegrave's butler was leaning over, in that respectful attitude proper to the British servant, handing a dish, and he murmured: "I beg pardon, my lady, but Cicero says it was Vitellius."

Maestro Verdi has, lately, arrived at Montecatini, where he intends taking the waters, and, with them, a well-earned holiday. When arriving at the hotel, where a suite of rooms had been prepared for him, he found that the chief piece of furniture in his drawing-room was a splendid piano. Without saying a word, the composer took the music of his "Trovatore," which had been put on the music-stand as a gentle ovation, locked the piano, and said to the son of the hotel-keeper: "Take me to the place whence I can see the deepest abyss." The young man, somewhat abashed at the proposal, made in solemn tones, led Verdi to the top of the Marienberg, whence the latter, who was so tired that he was hardly able to stand, hurled the key into the depths, saying: "The Virgin be praised! now I have accomplished an act which will greatly help me to enjoy and benefit by my stay. On the day of my departure from here, I will see that the key is replaced."

It is impossible to conceive the astonishment created in London society by the marriage of Caroline, Dowager Duchess of Montrose, to Mr. Marcus Milner. The duchess, who has already been married twice previously, is just seventy years of age, having been born in 1818, whereas the bridegroom is a trifle of forty-six years younger, being but twenty-four years of age. The eccentric appearance of the duchess, which is anything but venerable, leads her into strange adventures. Thus, some time ago, she was at Monte Carlo, and next to her at the tables was a young man, a stranger, with whom, in the course of play, she entered into conversation. On rising to leave, he explained: "I hope you will not mind my not recognizing you to-night, as my wife will be with me." Great was her ire. "What do you take me for? Do you know that I am the Duchess of Montrose?" "Oh," he laughingly said, "you mean the Duchess of Pimlico!" (It may be necessary to add that Pimlico is a quarter of London inhabited by the Daughters of Joy.)

The following story is told in the newly published "Random Recollections of Courts and Society" of Baron de Bourgoing: "I am extremely distrait," he said, "and my marriage was the result of my absence of mind. When I was a young man, I fell in love with a charming girl I used to meet at balls and parties. I found out that she reciprocated my sentiments, and obtained her permission to speak to her father. The next morning I called on him, was shown into his study, and presented myself as a suitor for his daughter's hand. The old gentleman seemed surprised at first; but when I had assured him of the sincerity and stability of my affections, he offered no further objections, and, accepting me as his son-in-law, sent for his daughter. As the door opened I ran to greet my fiancée—it was another young lady—your mother, my child," he continued, suavely smiling at Mlle. de Bourgoing. "I had abstractedly come to the wrong house, pressed my suit with the wrong father, and been given the wrong wife; but of course I could not retract or put upon the young person the indignity of refusing her. She did not live long," he added, with great serenity. "Pray take some more wine!"

Lord Wriothesley Russell, one of the true shepherds of an English church, had a keen sense of humor, and used to tell, with peculiar delight, several anecdotes belonging to his personal experience. His manner was so warm and genial, that although he would have been the last man with whom even an impertinent man would have taken a liberty, it made him the chosen confidant of the poor and wretched. One day, a workman came to him for a letter of recommendation to a neighboring nobleman, whose service he wished to enter; and when advised to pluck up courage, and apply in person, he replied: "Well, you see, my lord, I don't like speaking to Lord C——, as he may be proud, and not one to listen to the likes of me; it would be quite a different thing if it were your lordship, for there's nothing of the gentleman about you!" Lord Wriothesley was once speaking to a parishioner of the needless expense attendant on funerals, and concluded, "I have always desired, should I die more than fifty miles from Chenies, that my remains be buried there, and not in the family vault here, as I should not wish needless expense to be incurred in removing them from the one place to the other." "Oh, my lord," was the civilly intended rejoinder, "I am sure nothing would afford the people of Chenies so much pleasure as to see your lordship lying in the family vault."

Artists do not always devote brush and pencil to the portrayal of the beautiful; sometimes those potent instruments are turned into weapons which may reasonably be feared by evil-doers. A ready hand and brain are possessions likely to come into play under any circumstances; they may even cope successfully with brute force. The following adventure is told by Mulready, the artist: One bright, moonlight night, in my student days, I was walking in a street on the outskirts of London, little better than a country lane, when a man came out of the shadow thrown by a large tree, and, producing a pistol, addressed me in the usual robber fashion with: "Your watch and money!" "I am a poor artist," said I; "see, these are my drawings. I have no watch; I have never been able to buy one." "Your money, then, and be quick!" All this time I was watching the fellow's face; it was very white, and I think he was more frightened than I was. I gave him all the silver I had about me; he said "Good-nigh," civilly enough, and started off toward London. I made the best of my way home, and, before I went to bed, I drew the man's face very carefully. The next morning, I went to Bow Street with my drawing, hoping it might be recognized by the officers there, but, no! The face, they said, was new to them. "If you will leave the likeness here, sir," said the chief detective, "we may, perhaps, come across the person it represents." That very soon happened; a fortnight had scarcely passed before I was called upon to identify the man who had robbed me. He had been arrested for murder, and was easily convicted.

SOCIETY.

The Fair Dinner Party.

The residence of Mrs. Theresa Fair, on Pine Street, was the scene of a charming dinner party last Thursday evening, given by Miss Fair as a compliment to Mr. Lansing Mizner, prior to his trip to the far North. Covers were laid for sixteen at six o'clock, and the ladies were all arrayed in beautiful light tinted toilets. At each plate was a handsome name card of rough-edged, heavy linen paper illustrated in black and white with appropriate sketches. These little specimens of pen and ink work were cleverly executed, and each one was designed to affect its receiver. Lawn-tennis, archery, society, and the arts all received attention. The one given to Mr. Mizner was shaded peculiarly and was adorned with the head of an Indian maiden, fantastically dressed, and the cloudy mist above displayed threatening icebergs in the distance, while the word "Kismet," wrought in odd lettering, gave the key to the idea. Through an opening in the card a pink and carmine rosebud were drawn, with the long stems projecting, and in the centre of the table was a beautiful basket of Jacqueminot and Duchesse de Brabant roses. The repast, as is usual at Mrs. Fair's, was bounteous, and several hours were delightfully passed at the table. Afterward music and social converse in the drawing-rooms closed what had been an evening of much pleasure.

Those present were: Mrs. Theresa Fair, Miss Fair, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Lillie Jones, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Maud Nickerson, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Mr. Lansing Mizner, Mr. Edgar A. Mizner, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. Frank Carolan, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr Montford S. Wilson, Mr. Harry Tevis, and Mr. G Creighton Webb, of New York city.

The Villafranca-Ponton Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place last Tuesday evening, at the Church Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe, when Miss Inez Ponton de Arce, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lucas Ponton de Arce, was united in marriage to Mr. Ricardo Villafranca, Consul-General of Costa Rica, Central America. The church was beautifully decorated, and was filled with guests fully an hour previous to the performance of the ceremony. A special feature of the service was the music, which was on a more elaborate scale than is usual at church weddings. The bridal party arrived at half-past eight o'clock, and marched to the sanctuary to the music of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," played by Professor Joseph Roeckel. First came the four ushers, Mr. Edward Dubedat, Mr. William Van Bergin, Mr. K. Mooser, and Mr. Harold Roller, followed closely by the groomsmen and bridesmaids, who were, Mr F. Mariano Roma and Miss Marie Ponton de Arce, and Mr. Francisco Ojeda, and Miss Gabrielle Durand. After them came the bride and her father, and the groom escorting the bride's mother, while the relatives of the contracting parties were last.

The bride, a handsome brunette, appeared in a rich costume of white faille Française, en train à la cour. The front of the skirt was laid in fine plaits of white crêpe de Chine, and the corsage, which was à la Vierge, was prettily draped with the crêpe. Natural orange-blossoms were arranged in the coiffure, and a long vail of white silk tulle fell gracefully from it to the end of the train. She wore gloves of white undressed kid, extending to the elbows, and carried a cluster of Niphetos roses. No jewels were worn.

Miss Marie Ponton de Arce was attired in a beautiful Directoire toilet of white crêpe de Chine. Elaborate gold embroidery ornamented one-half of the pointed bodice, and the corsage, which was décolleté, was filled in with tightly-drawn white crêpe. She carried Marechal Neil roses.

Miss Gabrielle Durand was attired similarly, with the exception that her bodice was embroidered with Roman pearls. Her hand bouquet was of La France roses.

Mrs. Lucas Ponton de Arce was dressed in an elegant toilet of heliotrope-colored silk, made with a court train and covered with Chantilly lace. Her ornaments were diamonds.

As the bridal party kneeled, the prayer from Rossini's "Moses in Egypt" was sung by Miss Ellen Coursen, Miss Nell Peltret, and M. Charles Pechin, assisted by a full chorus. Then the ceremony was impressively performed by the Rev. Father Antonio M. Santandren. After this, and while the marriage certificate was being signed, Donizetti's "Ecce Panis" was rendered by Miss Nell Peltret and M. Charles Pechin. The final musical number, a superb selection, was the "Laudate Dominum," by Rossini, which was beautifully sung by Miss Ellen Coursen, assisted by the full choir and twenty members of the Vocal Conservatory. At the conclusion of this Professor Roeckel played his "Marche Triomphale," and the bridal party and relatives left the church, and were driven to the residence of the bride's parents, 950 Bryant Street, where an informal reception was held. The young couple received quite a number of elegant and costly presents. They went to the Hotel del Monte on Wednesday for a visit of several days, and will leave soon for a trip to Central America.

At Fruit Vale.

A number of the friends of Miss Grace Donnelly tendered her a pleasant surprise party, on Friday evening, August 24th, at her residence in Fruit Vale. It was a genuine surprise, as the young lady had been kept away from home all day, and only returned when the house was filled with the merry surprisers. The grounds fronting the residence and the entrance were illuminated with numerous Japanese lanterns, and the parlors were ornate with fragrant flowers and trailing vines, all deftly arranged. Dancing to excellent music was enjoyed until eleven o'clock, when supper was served in the dining-room, which was embellished and illuminated with fancifully colored lanterns. The festivities, at this point, were made additionally interesting by a contest for prizes, in which the most successful and unsuccessful guessers of the number of seeds in a mammoth watermelon were awarded souvenirs. Miss Laura Requa won the first prize for the ladies, a handsome assortment of colored-silk sachet-bags, and Mr. Thomas McGee obtained the first prize for gentlemen, a brocaded handkerchief-case. To Miss Lucy Edwards was awarded the second prize, a bottle of tomato catsup, handsomely trimmed and covered with silk. Mr. Alexander Cummings received the remaining prize, a wooden potato-masher, dressed to represent a doll, having a silk-gauze apron, upon which were some bars of music, painted in golden letters, and the legend "Slightly on the Mash." After supper there was more music and dancing, and the pleasant affair terminated at two o'clock.

Among those present were: Mrs. Henry Donnelly, Mr. and Mrs. Hush, Miss Grace Donnelly, Miss Hettie Donnelly, Miss Lucy Edwards, Miss Addie Titus, Miss Emma Wellman, Miss Jean Wellman, Miss Laura Requa, Miss Estrella Hush, Miss Hattie Hush, Miss Etta Chabot, Miss Ada Dougherty, Miss Annie Albrecht, Miss Minnie Stevenson, Miss Mamie Harker, Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, Mr Alexander Cummings, Mr. Edward Bray, Mr. Gus Bray, Mr. William Powning, Mr. Edward Hinckley, Mr William B. Wellman, Mr. John Parkhurst, Mr. Gus Derby, Mr. Thomas McGee, Mr. Oscar Derby, Mr. Ferdinand Stevenson, Mr. Harrison Clay, Mr. Clark Wise, Mr. John Dornin, Mr. Frank Fisher, and others.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. Robert Barton and family, of Fresno, have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. A. N. Towne returned from his Southern trip last Monday.

Mrs. A. A. Nickerson and Miss Myra Nickerson have arrived in England.

Miss Lillie Jones has returned from a visit to the Hotel del Monte

Mr. and Mrs. Henry S Crocker and Mr. Henry J. Crocker are in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Lucy L. Arnold is at the Summit Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bruguere have returned from the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Florence Reed will leave for the East in a few days to visit friends in Boston, and her aunt, Mrs. Paran Stevens, in New York city.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair has returned from her visit to Mendocino County.

Mr. William T. Wallace, Jr., of Martinez, has been visiting relatives here for a week.

Mrs. A. J. Bowie and Miss Bessie Bowie have returned from their long sojourn at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Peter Dunne, *née* Masten, of San José, has been visiting her parents in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Kittle and Miss Kittle, of this city, Miss McLane, of Baltimore, and Miss Naglee, of San José, have been passing a couple of weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. William L. Ashe, of Fresno, has been in the city on a visit.

Mr and Mrs. Nat T. Messer, who have been at San Rafael all of the summer, have returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin have returned to the city after an absence of six months in the East and Europe.

Mrs. John McMullin and Mrs. Susie Williams are now at Casa Blanca, where they will remain several weeks.

Miss Mary Eyre has returned from her Eastern visit, and is at Menlo Park.

Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt and Miss Ella Boalt are passing several weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Joie McCabe is passing several weeks at the Hotel El Monte, in Sausalito.

Mrs. C. F. Mullins, who is visiting in New York city, will return home about the latter part of this month

Miss Marie Giffin is the guest of Miss Elida Wilbur, at her residence, 2228 California Street. She will pass the winter with Mrs. Nat T. Messer.

Miss Kate Jarboe, who has been enjoying a six months' visit to Japan, returned home on the steamer *Oceanic*.

Mr. Timothy Hopkins has returned from the East.

Miss Millie Ashe will remain in the East until the winter season commences.

Miss Mabel Pacheco will arrive here in a few weeks, to remain during the winter.

Mrs. Joseph Marks has removed from the Palace Hotel to 1119 Van Ness Avenue, where she is keeping house.

Miss Charlotte Bermingham and Miss Hoyt have returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. J. B. Coghlan at Mare Island.

Mr. Hall McAllister and Miss Edith McAllister are at Schwalbach, Germany, and will return home about October 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low are at the Albemarle House, in New York city.

General George Stoneman is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Among the Californians who passed July and August at St. Moritz, in the Alps, were: Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Gerstle, Mr and Mrs. Isaac Hecht, Mrs. Fiesco Mandlebaum, Mr. Peter Spreckels, and the Misses Spreckels.

Mrs G. J. Bucknall is entertaining the Misses Eggers at her villa in St. Helena, Napa County.

Notes and Gossip.

A cotillion club is being organized in Los Angeles, which will be led by Mr. Frank S. Hicks, formerly of this city.

The management of the Hotel del Monte propose giving a ball there on Monday evening, September 10th, in celebration of Admission Day.

A ball will be given at the Hotel Rafael on Saturday evening, September 15th.

Miss Christine Parrott, daughter of Mrs. A. M. Parrott, will be married at San Mateo, on Thursday, September 20th, to Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr.

The subscription list of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club closed on Friday. The germans will be given at B'nai B'rith Hall, on the following Friday evenings: November 16th, December 7th and 21st, 1888, January 11th, February 1st, and March 1st, 1889. Mr. Edward M. Greenway will be the leader.

Army and Navy.

Captain Williams, U. S. N., has been passing several days at the Sea Beach Hotel, in Santa Cruz.

Lieutenant N. P. Phister, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Frederick A. Tripp, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to Santa Barbara to serve on the general court martial.

Captain William N. Tisdall, First Infantry, U. S. A., is in the city on a short visit from Santa Barbara.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Blumann Concert.

A testimonial concert was tendered to Master Sigismund Blumann by his teacher, Mr. A. Sichel, at Irving Hall last Friday night. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

Trio, D. Moll, Andante con moto.....Mendelssohn
Mr. A. Sichel, Mr. J. Willard, and Dr. A. T. Regensberger.
Boehm Solo.....Tershak
H. Clay Wysham.
Concerto D Moll, First Movement.....Mozart
Master Sigismund Blumann.
Musica Proibita.....S. Gastaldon
Miss Lillian Gummer.
Fantasie sur L'Hymne Nationale Russe.....F. A. Kummer
Dr. A. T. Regensberger.
(a) Rondo C. Maj.....Beethoven
(b) Rigoletto.....Spindler
Miss Hattie Rosenthal.
Morceau Brilliante de Salon.....Vieuxtemps
Mr. J. Willard.
(a) Prelude Scherzando.....Hans Seeling
(b) Nocturne.....H. Ravena
(c) An Die Wolke (Finale Impetuoso).....Hans Seeling
Master Sigismund Blumann.
Aria, Roberto O Che Adora.....Meyerbeer
Miss Lillian Gummer.
Concertstueck, Adagio and Presto Giojoso.....Weber
Master Sigismund Blumann,
Accompanied on Second Piano by Mr. A. Sichel.

CCCCLXCIX—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, September 2, 1888.

Green Pea Soup.
Cantaloupe.
Lobster Croquettes.
Beefsteak à la Bordelaise.
Squash. String Beans.
Roast Chicken. Fried Potatoes.
Tomatoes, Spanish Dressing.
Pineapple in Fancy Cups.
Fruits in Season.

TOMATOES, SPANISH DRESSING.—Peel and slice the tomatoes (not too thin); lay them upon a small platter; do not allow one to cover another. Chop some young onions with parsley and green pepper; put a teaspoonful upon each, and cover with a mayonnaise dressing; garnish with olives.

A Modern Water Sprite.

One of San Francisco's fairest daughters, who created a great sensation at Santa Cruz and Monterey by her fearless natatorial feats, was very depressed when she first returned to town over the loss of her daily swim, and could find no pleasure in life. But last week she happened to be in Alameda, and being taken to see the Terrace Baths, as all visitors are taken by the proud Alamedans, she was tempted to try the "tank," and now she goes over at least twice a week. She declares the Terrace is perfection; the dressing-room accommodations are models of comfort, the attendance courteous and efficient, the water is just the right temperature, and clean and wholesome, and the spring-boards, slides, and trapezes are away ahead of rough rollers that have no more respect for a pretty girl than for a log of wood. She has let many of her fashionable friends into the scheme, and the Terrace Baths are enjoying a well merited boom.

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How pleasant it is to be able to offer every day to your family, after a day's exertion, without the least trouble, a different soup, well prepared, better and cheaper than can be made at home, equal to any made in the best hotels and restaurants.

"A woman may do anything she pleases with a man, if she always has something nice to pop into his mouth." Such pleasure can be accomplished by using Franco-American Food Co.'s Fine French Soups.

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The Social Magazine!!
The Social Magazine!!!

The Social Magazine will put its initial number before the public in September. It is destined to fill a long-filled social want in common, as its pages are always open to contributions from members of our most select circles, ambitious for literary success. No contributions will be accepted unless accompanied by a guarantee that the author's social standing is of the very highest. Our charges will be moderate. Novelettes of not more than one hundred and fifty pages will be printed for $200, which barely covers the cost of printing. Shorter articles published at column rates. Commutation allowing ladies to contribute fifty pages of poetry in the course of one year, $75. Many other advantages. Correspondence invited.

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Having purchased a large number of the French crown jewels, I shall be pleased to rent the same for evening wear. Hotel clerk diamonds specially to rent for the summer season. Forefinger rings, for Long Branch wear, in large quantities. Koh-i-noor diamonds, for Saratoga, particularly recommended. Paste diamonds, for actresses, to be stolen without loss to owner, for sale cheap.

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A recently discharged valet of the Duke of Snarlboro will be pleased to mistake American gentlemen for English nobles for a moderate fee.

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Persons about to make their début in society or on the stage will do well to consult the editor of *Mrs. Grundy* beforehand.

Mrs. Vanderpeyster's annual ball at Newport will be held on the evening of September 3d. Applications for invitations must be sent to Mrs. Vanderpeyster, marked "Confidential," before August 25th.

Two weeks of my summer are still disengaged. Wealthy persons desiring to entertain one of our most patrician young men for the last week in August and first in September, will communicate at once with

HENRY W. ASTERGILT, The Dotard's Club, City.

MAKE A SENSATION IN THE WORLD!

The undersigned will rescue young ladies from the surf at Long Branch, in full view of the hotel piazzas, for every moderate terms. Runaway rescue, being somewhat more dangerous, is somewhat more expensive. HENRY PLUGUGLY, Long Branch, N. J.
—*Puck.*

The Richness of the Soil.

"'Twor in seventy-nine when I left ole Kaintuck an' squat on a good lay o' lan' up on Pine Crik, a leetle ther most han'som'st valley in this yar county. I sot ther house purty near ther crik, an' a-thinkin' ther crik might git on a rampage in thaw-time, I sot ther house on tree-posts, cut erlong ther crik, 'beout two foot up.

"Wall, then I went ter plantin', an' in June, fer a fac', pertaters 'ud begin ter hustle afore we got 'em kivered in; an' ther corn, why, ye never heered sech a racket! We cudn't sleep o' nights, the corn made sech a noise a-gittin' up! Sech a crackin', bustin' noise! Ev'rythin' a-shootin' an' a-wrastlin' ter grow.

"Howsomever, thet's nothin' ter what I'm goin' ter tell ye. One day, ter dinner, I says ter my wife, 'Maria, why can't ye hev ther table sot even? Are ye tryin' fer ter spill ev'rythin'?' An' she says, 'I ain't done nothin' ter ther table; it's settin' squar' on ther floor.'

"Wal, fer weeks thet yar house kep' a-gittin' more onev'ner, an' last I says, 'Maria, thet yar north post is a-sinkin' deown!' She went an' looked. "'Tain't no sech thin', Ben; ther other posts is a-risin' up!' Fer a fac' them posts was a-growin', 'cep' ther north one, whar 'twas shady. Why, cud see ther sprouts a-shootin' out! An' neow ther house begun ter snap an' crack, an' 'twor a-gittin' dang'rous, 'cos, yer see, 'twa'n't goin' even. Ther three posts was a-keepin' tergither, but ther other, bein' shady, wor a-hangin' back.

"Somethin' hed ter be did, an' Maria, she's 'beout as cute as ye'll find 'em, says, 'Ben, ye'll hev ter water thet north post. Per'aps it'll ketch up.' Wa'n't thet an idee? Wal, we done it, an' ye never see sech a racin' o' posts. Enside o' a month thet north post war up with ther others, an' then ther house went up plumb

"I tell ye, 'twor a sight, an' afore winter ther house wor up 'beout four foot, an' ther posts a-puttin' out branches an' a-throwin' o' them reound ther house, kinder embracin' like! Thet's a-goin' on five year ago, an' them posts—trees they be neow—hev ben a-growin' ever sence; an' ye'll hev ter 'scuse me, gentlemen, fer I hev ter start early, fer when I git hum, it takes 'beout hef 'n 'our to climb up ter ther house. I tell ye, thar's sile up thar wuth ownin'."—*Life.*

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

An Afterthought.

'Twas in the garden chatting
Amid the mignonette—
She with her snowy tatting,
I with my cigarette.
I still can see her fingers
Flit softly in and out;
With rapture memory lingers
To view her lips a-pout.

A happy sunbeam glancing
Upon a wayward curl
Set every pulse to dancing,
And turned my brain a-whirl.
And when she looked up shyly,
I could not help, you see,
But stoop and kiss her slyly,
Behind the apple-tree.

Strange that some mote forever
Should mar the rays of bliss!
Though conscious I had never
Yet won so sweet a kiss,
Alas! the act of plunder
So gracefully she bore,
I could not choose but wonder,
Had she been kissed before?
—*Samuel Minturn Peck.*

His Vain Regret.

What though her lips said "No!"
Her eyes said "Yes!"
I looked into their depths, and so,
In spite of her command to go,
Sure of success,
I urged my suit in whispers low,
The sorceress!
What though her lips said "No!"
Her eyes said—"Yes!"

What though her lips said "No!"
Her eyes said "Yes!"
Her face was flushed, a rosy glow
Suffused her cheek; it could but show
Her happiness.
Enraptured, how could I forego
One fond caress?
What though her lips said "No!"
Her eyes said—"Yes!"

What though her lips said "No!"
Her eyes said—"Yes!"
But now that I have come to know
Her love for vanity and show,
Her uselessness—
I wish her eyes had been more slow
To acquiesce,
And, when her lips said "No!"
Had not said—"Yes!"
—*William H. Hills in Journal of Education.*

They Don't Agree.

FOR THIS IS WHAT HE THINKS OF HER:

She's lovely! Her eyes are as blue as
The dear little flower that shone
In the grass at the end of the summer—
What its name is I never have known;
And her hair's quite unique in this age of
The fluffy, with curls bright and crisp;
And her voice—why, it's simply delicious
To hear her sweet infantile lisp;
And her blush is divine; and her smile is
So artless that really she seems
To me like the angelic maidens
That sometimes we meet in our dreams.

AND THIS IS WHAT HIS SISTER THINKS:

I declare *I* can see nothing in her
Short ringlets, like coils of red wire,
Or the smile she's eternally wearing,
Or her baby blue eyes, to admire;
And her lisp, how absurdly *it* strikes me
'Twould be useless to try to express,
But if *I* in that way were afflicted
I'd shun every word with an "s";
And in spite of her innocent blushes
And dimples she can't deceive *me*,
For I know her to be just as artful
As any young woman could be.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

Not Just Now.

We stepped behind the draperies to rest.
The waltz was done. The lace upon her breast
With gentle little quivers rose and fell,
And ah! my courage came and went as well.

Her dainty cheek was very near my lips;
I took her chin between my finger-tips;
She caught her breath; a little, sudden sigh—
"Please wait a minute, Jack is going by."
—*May Judson in New York Mercury.*

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Perhaps it was genuine—Peggy's emotion—
When only last summer I heard her deplore
My cynical sneering at woman's devotion
As something a man can believe in no more.

"Ah, sweetheart," she cried, in a hot indignation,
That flushed her young cheek and brought tears to her eyes,
"Do you think any offer of wealth or of station
Would tempt me your heart to betray and despise?"

But before the snow-flakes fell chill on the ivys,
Miss Peggy's high sentiments flew to the wind;
And here lie the cards for her marriage to Dives,
Who's eighty, and gouty, and weak in his mind!
—*M. E. W. in Life.*

That Night.

You and I and that night, with its perfume and glory,
The scent of the locusts, the light of the moon,
And the violins weaving the waltzers a story,
Enmeshing their feet in the weft of the tune,
Till their shadows uncertain
Reeled round on the curtain,
While under the trellis we drank in the June.

Soaked through with the midnight the cedars were sleeping,
Their shadowy tresses outlined in the bright
Crystal, moon-smitten mists, where the fountain's heart, leaping
Forever,
Forever, forever, burst forth with delight;
And its lisp on my spirit
Fell faint as that near it
Whose love, like a lily, bloomed out in the night.

Oh, your glove was an odorous sachet of blisses!
The breath of your fan was a breeze of Cathay!
And the rose at your throat was a nest of spilled kisses!
And the music—in fancy I hear it to-day,
As I sit here confessing
Our secret, and blessing
My rival, wh found us and waltzed you away.
—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

General Black, of the pension office, Washington, D. C., received the following letter a few days ago: "I am the father of seven sons by one wife. I have been informed by different parties that where a man is the father of seven sons and no daughters he was entitled to a pension. Therefore I write you to know the truth about it, and if it be true I wish to know the truth of the matter. If so, how shall I proceed?"

John S. Smith, better known as "The Wheaton Farmer," Roy Herrick, and the Hon. Louis Evans have formed a company, which will be known as "The Buffalo Syndicate," head-quarters, Eau Claire. Their idea is to raise buffaloes for the sake of their hides, which have, of late, become very scarce and valuable.

The receipts of the twenty-six houses classed as theatres in Paris show a decrease of seventy-one thousand pounds sterling, for the twelve months ending March 1st, over the previous twelve months. The total receipts were six hundred and ninty-eight thousand pounds sterling.

By the naval manœuvres now finished on the Irish Sea, it appears that "the average speed of even the best ships was much below the figure given in any authoritative naval work." A Cunard steamer ran by them as though they were anchored.

One of the leading dramatic critics of Paris, Mr. Sarcey, says his city is sadly in need of a school for "supers." They are far behind their London colleagues in the matter of "figuration."

In the Madrid prison, prisoners are allowed out at night occasionally. One, Varela, joined his accomplices outside, engaged in the murder of his mother, divided her money with his pals, and then returned to his cell.

White Sulphur Springs.

We take pleasure to inform our readers that these springs, situated in Napa County, adjacent to St. Helena, are now open, under the management of Messrs. Ed. Dunham and Chas. Eaton. These gentlemen are old, experienced hotel men, and having furnished the establishment throughout with everything new, they ask an inspection by those intending to recuperate during the summer months. These springs have always had the reputation of being the finest in the State.

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Sales as per U. S. I. R., May 1, 1888, 50,813 barrels.
" " " May 1, 1887, 42,449 "
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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, August 5, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.00, 6.45, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.45, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.45 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 2.15, 4.15, 5.45, 7 30, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.45 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.15 P.M.
8 A. M. (Sundays only). Excursion Train from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.00 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.
Sunday Excursions—Round-trip Tickets, good on Sundays only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, $3.00.

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Aug. 12, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.00 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	6.15 P.
8.30 A.	Fast Mail for Ogden and East	10.45 A.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	*3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.30 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	12.45 P.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Santa Rosa and Calistoga	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

‡ 7.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
*2.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
‖4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‡9.20 A.

NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

7.15 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
‡ 7.50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion	‡ 8.35 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.40 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 42 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5.10 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.00 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.40 A.
†11.45 P	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.50 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ‖ Saturday and Sunday only, to Santa Cruz. ‡‡ Sunday and Monday only, from Santa Cruz. ** Mondays excepted.

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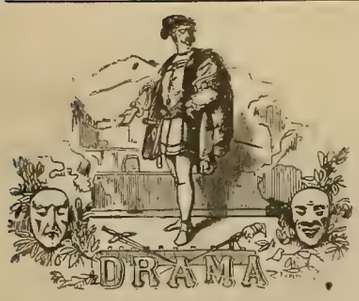

"Elaine" is an absolute contrast to "Jim, the Penman." "Jim" was brisk, sprightly, smart; "Elaine" is languid, slow, and sentimental. "Jim" was exciting and novel; "Elaine" is picturesque and old. "Jim" was the very acme of all that is modern, the topmost button on the cap of fashion; "Elaine" is impregnated with the sentiments, the woes, the joys of a gray antiquity. He who likes the one will be bored by the other. He who is deliciously thrilled by the closing in of the web about the unhappy forger, who sympathizes and grieves with the wronged wife, and glories in the acuteness of the detective, will yawn over "Elaine," and read the jokes on the programme. She who has her tender sympathies evoked by the sorrows of the Lily Maid, her graceful pining, her picturesque death, who thrills with Guinevere's lurid jealousy, and pities the tribulations of the dark, splendid Lancelot, will set "Jim, the Penman" down as vulgar, and like the works of Gaboriau and Anna Katherine Green.

"Elaine" is clumsily put together. It shows the seams in the masonry where Tennyson stopped and George Parsons Lathrop began. The joint authors, in their efforts to squeeze in as much of the laureate as was possible, made the work patchy. The beautiful lines, clear and firm as chiseled marble in their classic purity, crop out in all kinds of unexpected places, with a strange, ghostly effect. The illustrious author's most glowing passages have been generously divided between the various actors. King Arthur (Mr. Clarence Handyside) has the finding of the jeweled crown whence the diamonds were reft; Sir Lavaine (Mr. Walden Ramsay) has the splendid description of the tourney for the diamonds in which Lancelot's kith and kin made such a desperate onslaught; Lancelot (Mr. Alexander Salvini) has the half-page on Arthur's wars, which he delivers at the supper-table with fine dash and spirit. Elaine herself (Miss Annie Russell) recites numerous small fragments, descriptive of her sensations and Lancelot's bewildering effect upon her, which, coming from her own lips, are at variance with the sensitive, shrinking delicacy of her tender nature.

The poem is too delicate, too refined, to survive dramatizing. The very verse seems to lose by declamation.

"The grove of poplars, with their noise of falling showers"—one hardly notices this perfect line, rich with vernal, spring-like suggestions, when one hears it sandwiched in between an account of Lancelot's wound and gentlemanly thanks to Elaine. It takes very rough, robust, and strenuous verse to rise superior to stage accessories and obtrude its beauties on an audience surfeited with French love-making and English wit. Tennyson's idyls—his high-glaze finish, his exquisite, cold fidelity, the flawless, quiet perfection of his word-pictures—are more for the student than the play-goer, the library than the theatre.

The play is one of pictures—always effective, sometimes beautiful. In the first tableau we have the famous scene between Lancelot (Mr. Salvini) and Guinevere (Miss Burroughs), in which Lancelot makes the foolish blunder of refusing to join in the jousts. There is much love-making, and pretty posing, and that impassioned clinging to each other, with outspread jeweled fingers tenderly clawing a manly shoulder, a type of pose apparently as popular in ancient Britain as it is in modern France. Here Lancelot and Guinevere concoct the plot by which he will appear disguised at the jousts.

The king comes in in this act, and does quite a good deal of talking. A man to whom the adjective "blameless" is constantly applied can not excite much interest. The king's wife is the most noticeable thing about his august presence. What a cloud of hyacinthine curls! "The light and lustrous curls which made his forehead like a rising sun"—so is his kingly bang somewhere described in one of the idyls. This description has been followed with the most commendable closeness, making the king look as though the Golden Fleece of Colchis adorned his brow. His followers of the Table Round are all equally tightly curled. Lancelot has ripples, Sir Torre ringlets, Sir Lavaine water-waves. It would appear from this that the early Briton, in his most savage state,—for we are told the men whom Arthur conquered ate grass and went on all-fours, like King Nebuchadnezzar in the days of his debasement—were perfectly conversant with the civilizing *papillote*, not to mention the refining influences of the tongs.

The second act, the most artistic and picturesque in the play, represents the court-yard of the castle of the Lord of Astolat (Mr. Frederick Robinson). This is harmoniously tinted and mediæval, and herein enters Elaine (Miss Russell), a lovely, delicate, and most spirituelle figure, quite an ideal Elaine. The rude banquet, at which Lancelot is so graciously entertained, is faithfully rendered, the conversation closely following that in the idyl. The tableaux here are all pretty. The grouping is charming, and the arrangement of color particularly soft and agreeable. Elaine, white, fine, and ethereal, sitting on a bear-skin between the Dumb Servitor (Mr. Flockton) and a snowy-bearded harper, makes a pretty tableau. The guests sitting round the table make a real picture—the men in their rough, mellow-tinted, leathern jerkins, with all their curls aflow, the women with bright, loose hair, and rapt, sweet faces. Behind them is a grated door, with a hectic, red sunset gleaming in through the bars. This sunset, by the way, remains, like Joshua's commanded sun, perfectly immovable for two acts.

The third act is the same. In this comes gay Gawain (Mr. E. M. Holland), who was an antique form of what is now called, in vulgar parlance, "a masher." Gawain makes a little love, and rides away. Then follows the scene, equivalent to that in the poem, where, "amid the garden yews," Elaine makes her desperate appeal to Lancelot. This, in the idyl, is short and has the simplicity of sincerity. In the play it is stretched into quite a "scene," and Lancelot and Elaine have a chance to do some acting and portray their several styles of agony. The parting incident also is exaggerated. The Lord of Astolat, worried over his daughter's infatuation, begs the guest to be discourteous to her, and so "break her of her folly." In answer to which, the melancholy knight rides away without adieux. This is another passionate scene. Lancelot and the Lily Maid suffer untold agonies. If Guinevere had seen her knight at this juncture, her faith in his ardent devotion might have been shaken.

In the fourth act Elaine's brief span draws to an end. Her light begins to flicker. These are the days when "she makes a little song of love and death," and shrills it in her tower early in the morning, with the flush of sunrise on her face. This is an act of tableaux. The pallid Lily Maid gathers her family and imparts her last wishes in a faint voice. She is plaintive, and sweet, and sentimental, and droops against the stout Sir Torre (Mr. Massen) with closed eyes and falling curls, like a flower beaten down by rain. Her family—her father especially, after the peculiar manner of fathers and lovers on the stage—keep her on her feet with a resolute hand. Suddenly, with a cry of "Lancelot," she starts forward and then drops. This tableau is quite ghastly, and Elaine looks very dead. The tableau taken from Toby Rosenthal's "Elaine" is also effective, and is in better drawing than the original picture.

Last of all comes the scène where Lancelot, returning, gives his queen the diamonds. Lancelot, of all men, is to be pitied. Between the two victims of his fatal charms, his case is a hard one. The diamond scene is the most dramatic in the play. The queen's spirit is a relief, and her jealousy comes like a fresh breath of air after Elaine's gentle and unresisting acceptance of her fate, and her accommodating death. Miss Burroughs does good work in this scene.

> "Deck her with these; tell her she shines me down:
> An armlet for an arm to which the queen's is haggard"—

she says this with passion, and what words they are to say, burning with a jealousy belonging to all time!

After this the act becomes dull. Sir Torre comes in athirst for gore, is stopped, and weeps. The Lord of Astolat comes in, upbraids, and weeps. The queen comes in, and gives Lancelot his freedom, whereupon Lancelot, like the Abbé Liszt, seeks sanctuary in the bosom of the church. "Henceforth I will be a holy man," says he. It is never too late to mend.

So the tale ends, and the ending is tame. A deviation from the idyl was, of course, necessary. No well-regulated play can stop, leaving the players in the position in which the poem would have left them. There is a sort of general clear up. The king and queen are reconciled, Lancelot is a holy man, Sir Torre marries Llanyd (Miss May Brookyn), and Sir Lavaine and Sir Gawain will be merry and go a-courting.

Miss Russell is Elaine from crown to sole. Nothing could be more frailly, finely pretty than her personation of the maid of Astolat. Her acting is soft and sentimental, and her voice plaintive. Elaine was eminently a flower of the most delicate fibre, born to be loved and cherished, and the first rough wind blights and blasts her. The part occasionally becomes monotonous. If she could only be gay now and then—but, perforce, she is always mourning and moping, and that, on the stage as well as in life, is a thing one gets tired of. A little glimpse of glee—how that would lighten her up! Even her voice, in its unvarying, sweet, pensive tones, grows tiresome.

There are only two actors, Salvini and Bernhardt, who really understand the modulating of the voice. Most of the craft seem to forget that a voice in violent emotion changes as a face does. And yet we see all sorts of facial expressions and contortions to express every variety of joy or anguish, and the voice is unvarying, always the same. Mrs. Potter has been the despair of her histrionic sponsors in this department. She is like Sterne's starling, always harping on one little, plaintive note, chirping away in gloom and sunlight on the most limited register in the world.

Miss Russell's singing of the little song was extremely sweet and acceptable. A louder voice would have destroyed the illusion of her enfeebled condition. Who having once heard can ever forget the exuberant Cardinali, while in the agonies of dissolution, yelling, with the full force of his robust Italian lungs, into Mme. Dotti's sympathetic ear?

Miss Burroughs was the queen, who is described as being "fairer than all flesh on earth." Miss Burroughs, without being exactly fairer than all flesh on earth, was very good to look at, and made a handsome queen. She acted with a good deal of spirit in the diamond scene. Her performance was marred to a small degree by her accent, which is modern and western, and most out of place in the mouth of Arthur's queen. Miss Burroughs was graceful and gracious, and dressed her part well; but she is seen to better advantage in modern pieces.

Of Mr. Salvini's Lancelot there are bound to be many opinions. It is a foreign Lancelot most emphatically—passionate, erratic, ill-regulated—not the magnificent and stately knight as the English imagine him. But Lancelot is described in both the "Mort d'Arthur" and the "Idyls" as a dark, mysterious, and almost unearthly creature. Pangs of remose more terrible than death beset him. We hear that

> "His mood was often like a fiend, and rose
> And drove him into wastes and solitudes."

Nobleness and baseness mingled in him—"the wholesome flower and poisonous grew together." In the quest of the Holy Grail Lancelot, dimly and after many perils, saw the sacred emblem vouchsafed to the noble-hearted only. In Mr. Salvini's rendering of the character one catches occasional glimpses of this tortured, gloomy soul.

Mr. Salvini and Miss Russell were the only members of the company who seemed to have a poetic appreciation of what they were saying and doing. All the others are essentially modern and move in a modern atmosphere. Miss Brookyn's Llanyd was a tiny bit humorous, but all in a jolly, nineteenth century fashion. Mr. Holland's Gawain was an agreeable young man, masquerading in a fancy dress. Mr. Holland looked as if he felt out of place in helm and jerkin. So with Mr. Ramsey and Mr. Massen. Both these gentlemen acted well and looked exceedingly handsome and early-British. But they are both much more at their ease, and both act better, in the garb of the nineteenth century. Mr. Flockton as the Dumb Servitor looked wonderfully like Henry Irving, and Mr. Frederick Robinson was passably good as the Lord of Astolat. G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Joseph Murphy will present "Kerry Gow" at the Alcazar next week.

"Heart of Hearts" will follow "Saints and Sinners" at the Baldwin.

A magnificent production of "She," with marvelous burnt-cork effects, is announced for an early date at the Bijou.

A new and startling trick, which Professor Herrmann calls "Cremation," will be given at the Bush Street Theatre next week.

They are doing "Der Freischutz" at the Tivoli, with elaborate scenic effects and several Tivoli favorites of half-a-dozen years ago in the cast.

That perennial burlesque, "Evangeline," will be given at the Baldwin after the Palmer engagement. The company is under the management of Mr. Edward Effulgent Rice, and comprises seventy people, among whom are some well-known beauties and comedians, with an occasional singer and legions of fair amazons.

What is called a spectacle concert will be given under the management of M. Paul Juignet, at Irving Hall, on Wednesday evening, September 12th. The programme, which is in French throughout, consists of musical numbers, recitations, and a performance of the Parisian success, "'La Femme doit suivre son Mari," a *comédie-bouffe* in two acts, with MM. P. Juignet, Legendre, and Imhaus, and Mlles. Villemer, Carrau, and Belval in the cast.

George W. Cable, the leader of the new literary movement in the South, in point of time and in literary standing, will soon be in town, and will give a series of readings from his own works under the auspices of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, at the First Congregational Church. The programmes are as follows: September 17th, "Posson Jone'" (entire) and selections from "The Grandissimes"; September 19th, selections from "Dr. Sevier"; and September 21st, "Grande Pointe," entire.

"Saints and Sinners," which drew the largest audiences of the season, two years ago, will be given at the Baldwin next week by the Madison Square Company. The cast, calling for the full strength of the company, will be as follows: Jacob Fletcher, Mr. J. H. Stoddart; Captain Eustace Fanshawe, Mr. Clarence Handyside; Ralph Kingsmill, Mr. Louis Massen; Samuel Hoggard, Mr. Frederick Robinson; Lot Burden, Mr. E. M. Holland; Prabble, Mr. C. P. Flockton; Peter Greenacre, Mr. Herbert Millward; Uncle Bamberry, Mr Harry Holliday; Jack Raddles, Mr. Walden Ramsay; Leeson, Mr. Harry Woodruff; Tom Marks, Mr. A. C. Hilsdorf; Porter, Mr. Harry Hogan; Letty Fletcher, Miss Marie Burroughs; Lydia, Mrs. E. J. Phillips; Mrs. Parridge, Miss Virginia Buchanan; Fannie Parridge, Miss Kate Moloney.

Mental Healing.

A course of Lectures in Christian Science will commence Tuesday, September 4th. Many invalids restored to health during the class. Tickets can be obtained from Mrs. Goodwin, at rooms 7 and 8, 930 Market Street, and room 609, Palace Hotel, for ten dollars. A free lecture will be given on Monday evening, on the subject of healing through application of the science. All are cordially invited. Eight P. M., room 930, Market Street.

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W. E. DARGIE'S ADDRESS

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE

SEVENTEENTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT

That there may be no possible ground for doubt on the part of my friends, and to make impossible the success of all attempt on the part of any one to misrepresent me or my position in relation to the senatorship of the Seventeenth Senatorial District, I repeat here the announcement which for weeks has had a place in the advertising columns of all our daily papers, that I am a candidate for the Republican nomination for State senator from the Seventeenth Senatorial District.

I present myself as such candidate, subject to the expressed will of the Republicans of the district in convention assembled; and I shall be an active candidate until such will shall have been expressed on the third day of September next.

I furthermore wish to have it distinctly understood that my candidacy is entirely independent of the consent, indorsement, or backing in any way, shape, or manner, of any man, or set of men, incorporated or unincorporated, but it is the result of what I conceive to be a worthy and laudable ambition.

If I am nominated and elected I shall owe allegiance—sole and undivided—to my only constituency, viz., the people of my district and city—the city in which I have lived and grown to man's estate, in which is my business, and which is to be as long as I shall live, my home, and in which it is my ambition to deserve, to have, and to hold the respect and confidence of my fellow-citizens.

It has required no little courage to stand out alone as a candidate for this position in the face of such a powerful and well-trained opposition as it was certain I would encounter; but I know that my candidacy at this time is in the interest of the best good of this district and this municipality, and I believe that this fact will be fully and clearly demonstrated between now and September first, to the entire satisfaction of every reasonable, fair-minded, and disinterested man in the Seventeenth Senatorial District.

Strong in this conviction, I am undaunted by any and all opposition, whether present or threatened; and with the solemn pledge, which I here and now record, to serve honestly, faithfully, and to the extent of all that in me lies, you and your interest if you shall elect me your senator, I confidently appeal to you for your support in this contest. W. E. DARGIE.

OAKLAND, August 22, 1888.

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Mary and Her Horse.

Mary had a little horse;
Its hair was white as snow,
And every place that Mary went,
The horse was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule.
It made the children prance and play,
To see a horse in school.

And so the teacher turned him out
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about,
Till Mary did appear.

"What makes the horse love Mary so?"
The children asked one day.
The teacher stroked fair Mary's hair:
"I know, but das'n't say." —*Time.*

A Ballad of the New South.

"The man I wed," sed Sary Ann,
"Must munny have, an' lots ov lan';
An' he must be moar han'some than
The Guvner ov Jawjy"—sed Sary Ann.

The man who wedded Sary Ann
Had nawt ov munny, nor ov lan';
An' az fur looks—Oh, Sary Ann!—
The Guvner ov Jawjy wur far the most soopperior man.

Butt he wur troo, an' Sary Ann
Wur trubbled not with wealth or lan';
An' so together, han' in han',
They walk throo life. (Oh, happy, happy Sary Ann!) —*New York Sun.*

Pastoral.

The lambs are gamboling on the green,
So say the country papers.
If so, then in the pasture's seen
At present mutton capers.
—*Boston Courier.*

How to Win Him.

To win a noble, manly heart,
Don't try the usual charms;
Don't travel on your pretty face,
Your nose, your teeth, your arms.
The dodge that always best succeeds,
With unsuspecting folk,
Is the old Eve and Adam plan,
The ivy round the oak! —*E. M. Cass.*

Base-ballmania.

A boy was passing down the street,
Another lad he chanced to meet;
"I'll bet," said he, "we're licked once more:
What is the score?"

A merchant coming by that way
Lifted his beaded head so gray,
And ceased o'er books and cash to pore:
"What is the score?"

A preacher wrestled with his text,
And wondered what he'd best say next;
Then called out through the open door:
"What is the score?"

G Cleveland in the White House sat,
And pondered over this and that,
Then said: "Good Dan, the game is o'er:
What is the score?"
—*Merchant Traveler.*

'Tis Whispered.

'Tis whispered on the mountain high,
'Tis whispered on the shore,
'Tis whispered where the shadows lie
Beside the cottage door.

'Tis whispered when the lowing trains
Have reached the pasture bars,
'Tis whispered in the scented lanes
Beneath the silent stars.

When night descends on grove and glade,
And flowers are gemmed with dew,
'Tis whispered in the orchard's shade,
And on piazzas, too.

Full often at the garden gate,
Where lovers bill and coo,
'Tis whispered when the hour is late,
And when 'tis early, too.

'Tis whispered on the flowery leas,
Where wanton zephyrs play,
The simple sentence, "Henry, please
Do take your arm away!"
—*Boston Courier.*

When Lovely Woman.

When lovely woman stoops to folly
And for her husband makes a pie,
What power can soothe her melancholy
When he regards it with a sigh?
And what can drive away her sorrow,
And ease the grief her heart contains
When he remarks, "My dear, to-morrow
I'll pave the yard with what remains"?
—*Texas Siftings.*

The Accursed Damosel.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"To buy a coffin, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you'll help me, sir," she said.

"Help you at what, my pretty maid?
Tell me about it; don't be afraid."
"It's only a joke," she softly said;
"I'm going a-berrying, sir!" He fled. —*Life.*

This World is Very Funny.

This world is very funny,
For no matter how much money
Man is earning he will spend it and be "hard up" all the time;
To his utmost he is straining
To "catch up" without attaining
Till he makes his life a burden when it should be bliss sublime.

He who earns a thousand merely
Thinks two thousand dollars yearly
Would be just the proper figures to make happiness complete;
But his income when it doubles
Only multiplies his troubles,
For his out-go then increasing makes his both ends worse to meet.

It is run in debt and borrow,
"Flush" to-day and "broke" to-morrow,
Financiering every which way to postpone the day of doom;
Spending money ere he makes it,
And then wondering what takes it,
Till he, giving up the riddle, looks for rest within the tomb.

Oh, this world is very funny
To the average man whose money
Doesn't quite pay for the dancing that he does before he should;
And he kills himself by trying
Just a little higher flying
Than is suited to his pocket and his own eternal good
—*Goodall's Sun.*

Personal.

Any gentleman having a capital of $5,000 to invest, and desiring to acquire a safe and very profitable manufacturing business, will do well to investigate the rare business opportunity advertised on page 16.

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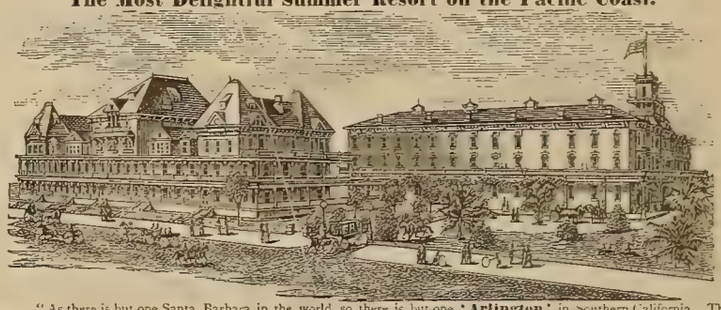

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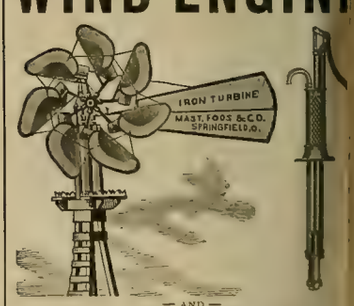

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RANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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he defeat of Mr. Henry Vrooman, in the primary election ast Saturday, in Oakland, is important only to the locality which the incident occurred, and only significant for the al which may be drawn from it. If Mr. Vrooman is the l attorney of the Southern Pacific railroad corporation e he is State senator, and if he took $1,000 from Senator , and a promised contingent for $5,000 more, if a steam oad was allowed to run through a certain avenue in Oak-, and $2,500 from the owners of lots fronting the avenue efeat the construction of the railroad in the avenue, and if Vrooman did act as a paid lobbyist and paid attorney, re-ng fees on both sides from all parties, he has been guilty reat crimes which involve his public, professional, and per-l character. If he did not so conduct himself, he has infamously slandered and deeply wronged. If the South-Pacific railroad officials took part and exercised undue and oper influence in the Vrooman-Dargie election of Satur- and this interference was by the knowledge and consent ie managers of the railroad, then they have offended nst every canon of good morals, and are guilty of crimes against organized society that ought not to be overlooked or condoned. If the executive managers did not know of, or approve, or consent to the transactions of the Oakland election, they ought to vindicate their own integrity and honor by punishing and discharging the men who misrepresented and dishonored them. The issue, as made at Oakland, was one which directly charged the railroad company with improper influence in party management, in order to secure the election of a dishonest agent, party boss, and corrupt lobbyist to represent the County of Alameda in the State senate. Alameda's citizens are the best men of San Francisco. Oakland is the home of more intelligent, high-minded, and honorable business-men than are found in any other city of the State. San Francisco and Oakland form the terminus of the railroad, and must be the terminus of all railroads that come to this coast. The harbor of San Francisco is the port where all ocean commerce must concentrate, whence all merchandise must be transhipped, and where a very large part of the trade must concentrate. If any company owned by anybody thinks it can monopolize the bay of San Francisco, by excluding from its shores the approach of any railroad that desires to connect with ocean traffic, it will find that it can not be done. If any railroad corporation thinks that by the use of its wealth and the number of its employees it can so control the ballot-box as to hinder the growth and development of this commercial intercourse between the continent and the sea, and for its own interest retard the growth of the two cities of San Francisco and Oakland, or so embarrass the business of the transportation that the right of individuals shall be imperiled, the men who think they have wealth, and power, and influence, and numbers enough to accomplish such a result will find themselves mistaken. This is the moral of the Vrooman-Dargie fight at Oakland. It was won by the better men and the higher intelligence of gentlemen interested in the property and business of both cities and in the prosperity of the whole coast. It was not a victory against the road, but only against the hounds that were out in an unauthorized chase for game on their own account. Colonel Crocker took no part in this contest, as he informed the writer. Mr. Stephen Gage, now clothed with executive authority, took no part in this primary election, as he declared in his note in the *Argonaut*. No railroad money was expended in the fight, as we are assured. The railroad has no inducement to engage in this or any politics; the road is in favor with the community so long as it demands only what is right, and asks only what it is willing to concéde to all other competitive railroads and steam lines. That this is the attitude of Governor Stanford we know; that this was the attitude of Charles Crocker we know; that this is the position taken by Mr. Huntington we are informed; and this ought to be, and we believe is, the position which Mr. Frederick Crocker and Mr. Gage have assumed in their relations with the public. The railroad company ought not to permit itself to be dragged into a false position, and ought not to permit an issue to be made over it in a political contest. One such election as that at Oakland, if left unexplained, will go very far toward driving the railroad back into politics. The company is in a good position; the supreme court has decided upon the tax cases in its favor; rates of passenger and freight carriage have been reduced to fair terms; the business community is now in friendly coöperation with the company, and everything is moving along in apparent harmony; Colonel Fred Crocker has been sent to two Republican national conventions; Governor Stanford is a senator of the United States; Charles Crocker has concluded his honorable career, and passed away with no unkind word, and leaving but few, if any, unburied resentments. The business and interests of this vast network of corporations, extending all over our State, and embracing every material interest of the coast, is in the keeping of and identified with every man of business and every citizen of all the States and Territories comprising the empire of the Pacific. Under the custody of these men there is nothing that the Pacific railroad and steamship system in reason may demand that will not be granted, and there is no occasion for the employment of political bosses and agents to run the politics of the country in their direction. This Oakland election has demonstrated that the community will not submit to political dictation from corporations. Mr. Gorham and Mr. Bill Carr have been driven from public life, Mr. W. W. Stow has been retired, Mr. Frank Rhodes got his quietus a few days since at Sacramento, Mr. Henry Vrooman heard his death-knell toll on Saturday last, and when Mr. William Higgins shall get through his San Francisco primaries, hold his municipal convention, nominate a ticket of knaves and parasites, who will divide with him, he may prepare to lie down in the last ditch, and let the dirty political waters drown him. The Oakland election may be local, but it is important. The purity of our ballot-box and the decency of our public officers are of more importance to us than Irish home-rule in the Parliament of England, or the tariff question involved in the election of Cleveland or defeat of Blaine, or in all great political questions under discussion in Reichstag or chamber of deputies in Europe. Our people can stand the suppression of independence in Bulgaria, and may not be much affected if the Emperor of Germany visits Humbert of Italy and neglects his mother-in-law of England, and will not be deeply grieved if His Holiness of Rome takes up his permanent abode in Spain (which he will never do).

Mr. Blaine, whom the Republican party has permitted to assume its leadership and to become its oracle, has declared the issue of the campaign to be that of protection or free trade, and so to frame it that it shall appeal to the labor interests of the country, as the paramount and controlling question of the Presidential canvass. Mr. Blaine informs the working-men of the country, who engage in physical toil, that their wages depend upon the amount of protection afforded by law to the manufacturing industries, and that they can control this question by their votes. This is an appeal to labor which is not honest because it is not true. The protection of manufacturing and other industries contributes to the benefit not of men and women who work in factories for wages, but to the capitalist who owns them, and if high protective duties did increase wages, the result would be to invite from Europe skilled artisans to come in competition with resident labor. The great class of working-men in this nation are agricultural laborers, men who toil for wages as hired farm-hands, and men who own the acres they cultivate. This is the best of our working classes—it never strikes, and never riots, it fights the battles of the country, and from it come the statesmen and the ablest of the business and professional men. This class numbers nearly seventeen millions, while that of artisans brought into competition with foreign labor is less than one million. Of the agricultural class, a very large majority are Americans of native birth, from American parentage of earlier generations, while a very large percentage of what are called American working-men are either fresh importations, or the sons of immigrant parents. The great producing mass of American citizens who labor, and whose maintenance depends upon the working class, are directly interested in reducing the tariff from its present high rates to a more moderate schedule. While our civil war lasted we paid anything and everything the government demanded to subdue the rebellion, maintain the national credit, and after the war was concluded to pay the national debt. The country was prosperous and did not feel the strain. The labor class was then prosperous, grain and all kinds of farm produce demanded high prices. Now, the agricultural interests languish, and there is no doubt that the best interests of every farmer and farm worker in the United States are identified with a reform of the tariff. Every merchant who sells farm produce on commission, or trades with the farming class, and every man who works upon land, or who owns and deals in land with a view to its future increase in value, and every working-man dependent upon the prosperity of the farming interest, should cast his vote in the direction of giving them cheaper farm implements, cheaper necessaries of life, such as lumber, coal, clothes, household wares, stores, and all the imported luxuries of life, as well as cheaper transportation in cheaper ships and on cheaper railroads, that are not paying war-tariff rate

Liverpool fixes the price of the California farmer's wheat, where he comes in competition with grain from Baltic ports. The talk of a home market is a delusion applied to wheat. Wool is a small item in farm product; free wool will increase manufactures and exportation, and provide cheaper woolen fabrics for clothing, bedding, and all matters in which wool is used; woolen manufactories will be multiplied, and we shall employ more skilled labor and export more goods from California to foreign ports than we do now: increased business means increased prosperity to San Francisco. To reduce the tariff, and so reform it that it will discriminate for the great body of consumers, for the seventeen millions of farm-toilers, and not altogether for the very limited number of capitalists engaged in competitive manufacturing with European industries, would seem to us to be wise. California would, under absolute free trade, be benefited, for our competition with the States east of the Mississippi is not less burdensome and unprofitable than is competition with Europe. If San Francisco could become a free port, as was once the Hanse towns of Germany—Bremen, Hamburg, and Lubeck—it would leap into a commercial greatness and advance to a condition of prosperity that would astonish the civilized world. Give to California and Nevada free trade, through the free port of San Francisco, and one generation would make the territory embraced a splendid, populous, and wealthy empire. Hence, it astonishes us when we see the entire Republican press of the Pacific Coast, and all the Republican leaders and orators, carried off their feet against their own interest, for what is apparent is but a partisan device, framed by a partisan leader for a partisan victory. We should be pleased to have General W. H. L. Barnes, or the Hon. George Knight, the silver-tongued Thomas Fitch, Esquire, or such profound thinkers and statesmen as Morris M. Estee and Timothy Guy Phelps, explain to a level-headed farmer, who sends his wheat to Liverpool, into which port it enters free of duty, carried there by an English ship, why he may not bring away gunny-sacks, grain-bags, farm implements, clothes, and shoes for his next year's crop, his farm, his family, and himself, without paying duty upon them? Why must he stop at Boston or Chicago and purchase these necessaries of his existence at a price enhanced by a high tariff duty? Is it any consolation for a hard-working California farmer to be informed that this high margin of profits goes to the four-in-hand Scotch millionaire, who coached the Republican leader through England, rather than to Scotch citizens, who stayed at home? Is any working-man, in a San Francisco factory, so stupid and dull of intellect that he can be imposed upon by an empty-headed, garrulous, Republican boy, charged to the brim with eloquent words, and made to believe that his employer is looking to the advancement of the workmen's wages, rather than to increase the earnings of capital employed? Is there any man born upon American soil so dead to an impression that he does not know that employers will import European labor when they can get it cheaper? and do they not know that every imported laborer is a competitor with them for work, and that in the labor, as in all other markets, competition fixes the price—that the question is simply one of supply and demand? This is an American question; the American party is the only one that has had the courage properly to define the real issue that interests labor. It does amaze us beyond our ability of expression, to see a few manufacturers on the other side of the Mississippi using for their enrichment all the politicians and demagogues of the Republican party and all the journals and orators of the Pacific Coast. We stand confounded at the wider exhibition going on around us. We see an invasion flooding our country of all that is vile and dangerous; we see the prices of labor going down to the European standard; we hear of labor strikes and bloody riots, already resulting from the severe competition arising from a redundant labor population; we see the public lands of our country being given away to foreigners; we see the moral standards of our statesmen and party leaders dragged by vile demagogues, Jesuits intriguing and undermining our government, our common schools assailed, our places in the senate bought and sold, our judiciary the result of kerb-stone bargainings, our country being dragged into war with England, our ballot-box polluted, our city of San Francisco in the hands of bosses, dividing four million dollars of municipal expenditures and ten million dollars of plunder between two aliens and their janizaries; we see four thousand rum-mills in our city, with saloons at the entrance of every cemetery of every country village, at every agricultural fair, and at the entrance-door of every county court-house, and at the State capitol, with resulting crimes, taxation, and social unhappiness, and *we are told that there is but one issue.* The Republican party has but one chief. That chief leaps from a millionaire's four-in-hand, from a year of continental touring, and the only question of grave importance before the American people is, in his opinion, one that puts money in Mr. Carnegie's overflowing coffers; that introduces more foreigners to our shores; that gives away our public domain; that imposes additional burdens upon every man who toils; that reduces the profits of every man who trades; that keeps the hand of every farmer at his protected plow, raising wheat for unprotected export to a free market, where the price of his wheat is not influenced by the amount he raises. We are further amazed that the long-headed, wise business-men of our cities, the level-headed, working agriculturists, and the keen-witted artisans of the great cities (of California) should permit themselves to be influenced by the small editors, small politicians, and juvenile orators, who are leading public opinion in so important a national crisis. To fail in allegiance to James G. Blaine, and suggest issues deemed important for the consideration of the party, is to be driven from the Republican parliament to the Chiltern Hundreds. To refuse to do the dirty work of dirty local bosses, and refuse to become gloves, and tongs, and rag-forks for gutter-work in municipal party politics, is to be kicked and driven forth from Republican ranks, and that by the consent of honorable men who remain obedient, willing, loyal party-slaves, doing party work, voting the party ticket, and dancing to the music of the party lash. In another column we print the names of editors, orators, and politicians who control and guide the Republican party of this city. They are, we presume, a sample of the national organization. There is a small, fearless band of Americans. In that minority party we are standing up to be counted.

Among the honorable Republican orators who are engaged for hire to canvass the State of California and arouse the working-men to a full sense of the impending danger of Cleveland's election, is C. F. McGlashan, the leader of the boycott convention, the representative of labor, the man who stirred a Chinese riot at Truckee. Mr. Denis Kearny is employed by the Democracy to stump the State for the Democracy, fire the popular heart, and arouse popular indignation because Senator Harrison did not take so early and so disinterested a stand as did Kearny for the working-men, and for the proposition that the "Chinese must go." When farmers, mechanics, and laboring-men are to be aroused to a proper sense of their dangerous and oppressed condition, and made to realize the hardships of their life, the men employed are generally idle and worthless demagogues who never sweat, except as dogs perspire from their drooling tongues. Lawyers, politicians, military humbugs with sham titles, men bearing the much-abused prefix of "honorable" to their unhonored names, men who never engaged an hour in honest work with their muscle, prate of the "dignity" of labor, and while the canvass endures and they are paid for their speeches, fraternize with men who sweat, and drink with men who vote. The Republican party has fifty-one men employed as oratorical tramps to engage in the arena of debate with a like number of Democratic politicians, to travel and saw the air of mountain towns and country cross-roads in explanation of economic problems they do not understand, principles of government and political relations they do not comprehend. Issues are manufactured in the party arsenals, and these must be discussed as interpreted by party leaders. Mr. Cleveland has defined the position of the Democratic party upon the questions of revenue, silver coinage, the Chinese, and the fisheries. While Mr. Blaine directs the Republicans mousing within the shadow of his standard that there is but one issue, viz., "Protection," he spreads his net for the Irish and the working-man. The Senate of the United States divide in party lines upon the confirmation or rejection of a treaty that defines business and trade relations between our Canadian neighbors, and the country that gave us birth, laws, literature, and civilization. The President would not hesitate to entangle us with England to the dangerous verge of war in order to secure the Irish vote. Within eight years the Chinese question has grown from local importance to national consequence; eight years ago the writer fought an anti-Chinese resolution into the Republican national platform with rudeness and threats of political vengeance against individual ambitions; to-day both political parties are so anxious to secure the electoral votes of the Pacific Coast, that before the rejection of a pending national treaty is officially communicated to the department of government that negotiated it, and in defiance of an existing treaty—with indecent and vulgar haste, in forgetfulness of legislative decorum, and national dignity—a government department prepares an imperfect and ill-considered act which is hurried through three readings in the lower house of Congress, passed, and sent to the Senate by an unanimous vote. So anxious was this band of political partisans lest the other party should reap advantage in this political auction-house, and outbid them for votes, that there was no single member that had the courage to protest against the indecent, vulgar exhibition of a gross, inexcusable, and, perhaps, costly insult to the greatest of all human empires. Had this hasty, undignified, and most contemptible legislation been directed against the vilest class that votes, or the class most dangerous to our institutions, against the feeblest European power that unloads its criminals and paupers upon our shores, there had sprung to their feet an hundred indignant legislators to shy their caps and gauntlets into the arena of debate in defense of outraged justice. The same law would not meet with the same treatment if it had been directed against Italian monkeys, lest the voters who grind the monkey music-boxes should be offended. We recall an interview, at Mentor, with General Garfield, then President-elect, which deeply impressed us—this is not the time to repeat it—but, reviewing, as he did, the history of the Tartar invasion of Europe, when, under Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, monuments of skulls were erected in Persia, and desolation marked the track of the invading barbarian, we are not comfortable in this age of steam under the reflection of a possible invasion across oceans with iron-armored ships, with guns from the foundry of Krupp; soldiers armed with modern weapons; sailors drilled and soldiers disciplined by German officers—an invasion that would make our port of San Francisco its base for the negotiation of a new treaty. Is it not possible that China, with its vast millions, is awaking from its long dream of peace? We hear of diplomatic bodies visiting the courts of civilization, of coast defenses organized, of iron-armored fleets equipped with great guns—and now China rejects a proposed treaty. Embassies are reviewing the condition of Chinese subjects in other lands. It is a new departure for China, and is suggestive that this great empire will not longer submit to indignities put upon it by Australian colonists or American politicians. The theme swells beyond our space to pursue it. Perhaps it will be well for our politicians to consider whether we can honorably ask that Chinese be altogether excluded from our shores without conceding the same privileges to the Chinese Empire, and for English statesmen to reflect whether they can permit anti-Chinese legislation by her colonies without withdrawing her "hongs" from Chinese ports, her traders, ships, and missionaries from residence in China. We commend the Republican and Democratic parties to ask the Hon. C. T. McGlashan and Mr. Denis Kearney to consider this new aspect of the Chinese question.

Mr. Taylor, of Chicago, sent himself and his two journalistic associates to the American National Convention at Washington to indorse the Republican party candidates. He failed because three men from Illinois were out-voted by full delegations from New York and California, and partial ones from other States, who insisted on an American platform and an American Presidential ticket. Mr. Taylor and his associates then bolted the ticket, went home, and declared there was no national American party organization. This reminds us of the three tailors of Tooley Street, who, on some occasion of national importance, met in London and resolved, "We, the People of England." Three Americans of Chicago, who composed the American delegation of Illinois, are like the three men of Goshen who went to sea in a bowl. If these young men of Chicago would come West or go East, they would find an American party. There is an American party in California which, like the goddess of our shield, sprang into life full armed and full-panoplied for a fight. This party cast over seven thousand ballots at the first election, beat the Republican candidate for governor, elected a Democrat governor, three supreme judges, two railroad commissioners, a lieutenant-governor who became governor and is now acting, a surveyor-general, and a superintendent of schools. It is true that not one of these gentlemen has exhibited any appreciation of the favor that saved them from political death, but when their re-election comes round, they will; every one of them will be crawling upon their bellies for renomination and reindorsement, which they will fail to get from the American party. The American party will not forget the ungrateful and cowardly ones it has warmed into political life. The nominating committee of the American municipal convention is now holding sessions. It will nominate a straight American ticket for all the offices of San Francisco, and when the Republican nominees of Mr. Higgins's convention are designated, they will clamor for indorsement; they will not get it, and they will be defeated, and it will serve them, and the boss with whom they divide their salaries, right, and Mr. Christopher Buckley and his lambs will carry the town, and then all the good Republican citizens, who are now contemptuously indifferent to the American party and the honest effort of its members to secure municipal reform and decent government, will weep, and wail, and gnash their teeth, and curse the American traitors whom they kicked from the party ranks, and who they expected would turn the other cheek also, and love those who so despitefully used them. If things political move along in the grooves they are now following, there will be five, and perhaps, six, Democratic members of Congress elected in this State, with b. ferral at their head, and then the State Central Committee and the Republican leaders will curse the American party, and reproach its members for treason to the men who have driven them into exile, and who, when asked how to treat an American party, answered: "Treat it with contempt as an unimportant side-show" to Mr. Blaine's circus, for which in this State, Higgins is acting as ring-master, M. H. I Young clown, and in which Mr. Pickering and Mr. Fit

ld the paper hoops through which Barnes, Estee, Swift, mond, Knight, Tom Fitch, Shortridge, Colonel Salo-n, Colonel Jackson, Colonel Dickinson, and the other torical acrobats jump and turn their somersaults. These ngs do not interest Mr. Taylor and his associates of icago, but they interest us upon this coast, and will occur we have narrated them, unless the men who manage the publican party, and the men for whom it is being managed, ibit more political sagacity than they have so far displayed. . M. H. De Young says the American party will amount nothing, is contemptible in numbers, and will not cast a pectable vote in California nor in San Francisco, yet it ks to-day very much as though there would be a sufficient hdrawal of American and Prohibition votes to make the sidential result in this State doubtful. When Mr. Harri-was first nominated we looked upon California as certain cast for him its electoral vote. We are not so confident w. Parties that have nothing to hope and nothing to fear, ose members want no offices, and whose leaders can be ther coaxed, nor bought, nor frightened, are unknown quan-es in an election, and had better not be ignored or trifled with.

The American State Central Committee has resolved upon publication of a journal of twenty thousand numbers, to be ed semi-weekly, in which to distribute campaign literature. ney has been appropriated for that purpose, and a contract ered into with the printing-house of Sterrett & Co. The nagement of the enterprise is to be entrusted to the Ameri-Alliance under direction of an editing committee. A cen-hall is to be opened, either upon Montgomery or Bush eets, for head-quarters and general rendezvous. The muni-l convention meets on Monday evening to adopt a platform agree upon a plan of campaign. Whether the American party put its ticket in the field before or after the older parties, is yet determined upon. It is probable it will avail itself of privilege to delay nominations till the other conventions e put forth the work now being cut out for them by Mr. gins and Mr. Buckley. The organization of clubs through-the State is recommended. Clubs or individuals desiring uments or willing to aid the American party work by con-ution of money are invited to correspond with this journal. e receipt of all moneys will be acknowledged and turned r to the Finance Committee of the State Central Commit-of which Mr. N. P. Cole is chairman. All communica-s will be referred to those sub-organizations which are au-rized to consider the matters to which these contents refer. e campaign is to be earnest and aggressive. The Ameri-ticket will be independent in all nominations except judicial.

A woman commits an unpardonable indiscretion by insult-a court in full bench, charges the Associate-Justice of the reme Court of the United States with being bribed, as-s him with vulgar word-pelting, draws her pistol, acts the go, and is by order of the court ejected from its bar by marshal of the United States. Her husband, a member the bar, who has been chief-justice of the supreme court California, defends his wife by a drawn bowie-knife, and is self disarmed under the menace of loaded revolvers in the ds of court officials. For this offense the woman gets ty days' imprisonment for contempt of court, and the ex-ge for his offense is sentenced to six months' incarceration he same jail. They are sent to jail in open carriages, at-ded by counsel and friends; they are assigned a handsomely nished and nicely equipped parlor and bedroom, supplied meals from a French restaurant, permitted to receive ds, flowers, and attentions from all in sympathy with them. e Sharon case has presented no more remarkable incidents those involved in the occurrences at the Federal court on sday, and nothing in the history of celebrated causes is re absurd than the punishment which confines lovers in rious apartments to live at a French restaurant at public ense. Ex-Judge Terry has brought suit against the United es marshal, threatens Judge Field, and for the absurd edies enacted we are promised tragedies in the future.

We recall the lively indignation expressed by all Republican tical party demagogues at the threatened return of captured s to the Southern regiments from which they had been n. There are two incidents that were not taken into ac-nt by the loyal survivors who now compose the Grand y of the Republic, viz., that more flags were captured n the army of the North than by it, and that Edwin M. nton, the Federal War Secretary, whose patriotism was er questioned, returned twenty-one battle flags, and not has been returned by the Cleveland administration. do not believe in preserving battle emblems, or erecting many battle monuments over a civil war. The most mn and touching memorials of the war we have ever wit-ed are the national and Confederate cemeteries where the and the gray lie buried together, their tomb-stones of pure te marble marked "unknown."

We make the following condensation of the sermon of the . Dr. Harcourt, of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, delivered on Sunday evening. The Protestant clergy of America are beginning to exhibit some courage in bearding this Roman lion in his den, and in dragging from his face the mask of deception, behind which he is practicing his arts. The Methodist Church is waking up to the assaults of Rome on the free schools of America. We hail this as a good omen, and, to the extent our space affords, shall be glad to aid in the distribution of such patriotic sentiments as are uttered by this eloquent antagonist of Italian Jesuitry to expose its conspiracy against our free schools.

General Grant, the grandest of all the Romans, said: "Let us labor to add all needful guarantees for the perfect security of free thought, free speech, and a free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color, or religion. Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar in money appropriated to their support, no matter how raised, shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian school."

In a government like ours, where all political power resides in, and springs from, the people, no subject can be presented to the citizens for their consideration more important than the education of the youth. Intelligence in the ruler is essential to good government; with us, the rulers are the voters, hence the necessity of fitting them by education to rule. With intelligent voters, our form of government is the best yet devised; with ignorant voters, it is the very worst! An intelligent people seek freedom, and an ignorant people seek despotism, just as naturally and certainly as the needle points to the magnetic poles! A government like ours will not survive long under the reign of ignorance and vice. The great danger now lies in our large cities. Educate these and the nation will be saved, neglect these and the results will be ruin.

Whether statesmen or politicians shall make our laws; whether government shall be for the benefit of a people or of a party; whether that government shall embody the intellect of the people, or whether ecclesiastical and political partisans shall rule—are questions for us as a people to take into careful and prayerful consideration. Some years ago, a Belgian statesman said: "In order that Belgium may not tread the path of Spain and Mexico, it is the duty of every faithful citizen to oppose with all his strength the pestilent influence of ultramontanism." The warning given by this Belgian may well be heeded by our own citizens. The American Romish ecclesiastics are thoroughly ultramontanists. The priesthood no where else in the world are more abjectly submissive to Rome. They are as hostile to our institutions as they prudently can be, and only wait a better opportunity to be more so. They are shrewd enough to know that the surest way is to undermine, if possible, some essential foundation-stone of our social and political life. Hence, they confine their hostile efforts for the present to our common school system. They well know that their power can never have sway over an educated people. They would therefore usurp the popular education, and by papalizing it despoil it of its legitimate strength and power. This is the point at which we should watch them with sleepless vigilance. The education of the people is the best ground of the right of the people to self-government. Whatever other claim for that right they may have is, at least, dependent on this. The independence, therefore, of the popular education is a question of life or death to this republic, and no genuine patriot should allow a priesthood, owing foreign allegiance, to touch the system with a hostile hand. It was Lafayette, himself a Catholic, who said: "If the liberties of the American people are ever destroyed, they will fall by the hands of the Roman clergy."

Dr. Harcourt pointed out the attempt that is now being made to overthrow our school system, and gave the words of popes, cardinals, bishops, and priests of the Roman Catholic Church concerning it; also the anathemas which they utter against all who, in any way, patronize them. He referred to Dr. McGlynn, of New York, who has been excommunicated because he would not curse the American common schools. He told of his summons to Rome to answer for his conduct, and of how he treated the Pope's invitation, and his reasons for so doing. The doctor said the real cause why Dr. McGlynn did not go to Rome was, he preferred freedom to imprisonment and death in a dungeon. He gave as an illustration of this kind of sixteenth-century treatment the name of a bishop in Detroit who was summoned to Rome, and to this day his fate remains a mystery. Dr. McGlynn knew too much about Rome and Romish mercy to be caught in such a trap. He contrasted the teachings of our Godless public schools with the teachings of the parochial schools, and thought that there was no cause for us Protestants to be ashamed of the comparison. He showed how the teachings of the parochial school emasculates the souls of the children; how that of the text-books are full of ecclesiastical legends, that make the people slaves of superstition and priestcraft. He pointed out Spain, and Italy, and South America as giving to the world the results of parochial-school teaching. He called attention to the work of thinning out Protestant teachers in our city. A little while ago Professor Henry Sanger was cast out of the Girls' High School, because he would not teach English history without the Reformation; now, Professor Lambert, of the Lincoln School, because he has allowed his name to be used by the American party, and so the work of despoiling our grand school system goes on. All that the Church of Rome needs, to be as tyrannical as ever she was, is strength and opportunity. Give her these conditions, and there is little doubt that Rome would, as she has done before, quench the lamp of liberty in blood! Her spirit never changes. The old lioness has had her claws pared and her teeth broken, and is now simply waiting for them to grow out again!

THE FEDERAL JUDGES AND THE CHINESE.

The unreliable and irresponsible character of local journalism is strikingly illustrated by the outrageous and contemptible attitude assumed by nearly the entire daily press toward our Federal judges, in relation to their administration of the laws restricting Chinese immigration. The law upon the subject is plain and explicit. The treaty of November 17, 1880, provides that Chinese laborers then in the United States "shall be allowed to go and come of their own free will and accord." By the Restriction Act, of May, 1882, this provision of the treaty was reënacted, and further extended to all Chinese who should come into the country before July of that year. By this act provision was made for the issuance to departing Chinese of custom-house certificates, authorizing those receiving them to return to the United States. The Restriction Act, of 1884 related to these certificates, and provided that they should be the only evidence of a right to return. The latter provision is future in form, and can not apply to the cases of departures before the date of the act. The certificates were first prepared and issued in June, 1882. The Federal courts held that those Chinese who had departed during the period between that date and the date of the treaty, and who could not by possibility have procured certificates, should be allowed to prove their right to come to and remain in the country in the same way that any other question of fact may be proven; and that, if prevented from landing from the steamers, they were unlawfully restrained of their liberty, and the writ of *habeas corpus* should issue to bring them before the court for the trial of their claim of right to land. Both these questions were contested by the custom-house authorities, were carried to the Supreme Court of the United States on appeal, and that tribunal affirmed the decisions of the judges.

These prior-resident cases can be very expeditiously tried, for the reason that the sole fact to be proven is the identity of the petitioner. Every Chinaman belongs to one of the Chinese Six Companies, and on departing from the country pays his company certain dues, of which payment, and the departure of the man, entry is made in a book kept for the purpose. Upwards of five years ago, copies were made of these books, containing the names of all Chinamen who left the country during the period between the date of the treaty and the time when certificates were first issued, and these copies have ever since been in the custody of the Federal courts, and inaccessible to any one not connected therewith. A case being called for trial, the petitioner states that he is a member of a certain company, and went away on a certain date, by a certain steamer. Reference to an official list shows that the steamer named sailed on the date stated, and reference to the company's book shows that a man of the petitioner's name departed by that steamer. The only question then is: Is this the man? He is cross-examined upon the only available ground, namely, as to his knowledge of that part of the country in which he claims to have lived; and by a few well-directed questions it can usually be satisfactorily shown whether or no he is an impostor. To substantiate his testimony, a Chinese merchant is called in, who swears to the identity of the man, and exhibits a book or books of account showing dealings with him while formerly here. His books, upon inspection, bear an appearance of genuineness; and he, also, is subjected to cross-examination. No evidence whatever is introduced to disprove this testimony. The burden of proving his right to land is upon the petitioner, and he thus produces evidence which, unimpeached and uncontradicted, is in law conclusive in any civil case. The judges, therefore, have no option; but, under their official oaths, are compelled to order the discharge of the petitioners in cases where the proof is of this character, and it is so in the great majority of the cases.

In the news items and editorials of the press upon this subject, the most severe strictures and the most unwarrantable censure have fallen upon Judge Sawyer, of the Circuit Court. In point of fact no man in the community has done more than Judge Sawyer, while pursuing undisturbed the right line of his duty, to restrict the immigration of Chinese laborers. Four years ago, in one of the earliest of these cases which came before him, Judge Sawyer, in a decision which is reported in the tenth volume of Sawyer's Reports, made a suggestion which, if followed, would have relieved him and the country of the abuse and the burden of this undesirable influx. He said: "It would doubtless be proper for Congress to provide that the right both of those who departed without certificates before the passage of the act of 1882, and those who depart after its passage with certificates, shall exercise their right to return within some specified time." At a meeting held at the Palace Hotel soon after, at which were present Judges Sawyer and Hoffman, Senator Miller, and all the California congressmen, after an extended discussion as to the best mode of checking the evil, the suggestion of Judge Sawyer above noted was adopted, and a bill was drawn accordingly, which bill was introduced in the House of Representatives by Congressman Morrow, and in the Senate by Senator Fair. The committee to whom the bill was referred refused to report favorably upon it, on the ground that if it became a law it would be a direct violation of the provisions of the treaty. In the fall of 1887, in response to a letter from Mr. Morrow, Judge Sawyer again urged the passage of a law incorporating his former suggestion. Negotiations for a new treaty prevented any action being then taken. The provisions of the Exclusion Act, which has recently passed both houses, were, when the bill was prepared, submitted to and approved by Judge Sawyer and our other Federal judges.

If we might ignore the fact that the decisions of the Supreme Court have settled beyond possible controversy all doubts which could arise, the fact that the laws relating to this subject have been correctly interpreted by the judges would not be questioned by any lawyer, or by any sensible and fair-minded layman who has read the treaty and the acts of Congress. And the intention of Congress in adopting the acts of 1882 and 1884 can not be mistaken. That it was intended, as recited in the acts referred to, to legislate, to "execute," and not to abrogate the treaty stipulations permitting the return of prior-resident Chinese, is made apparent from the refusal of Congress to entertain a bill providing for limiting the time within which these people might return to the United States.

The failure to exclude the Chinese is, therefore, not attributable to Judge Sawyer and his associates, but to the laws which they do not make, but which they are compelled to administer; and the vilification and abuse to which they are almost daily subjected, for the supposed furtherance of political ends, by certain journals published in this city, can not be too strongly condemned.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Warning to Working-men.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you kindly give me enough space in your valued paper to send a warning to working-men like myself, who at this time are undecided what ticket to vote at the coming Presidential election. Fellow-workmen, have you thought the matter over in all its bearings? Have you read the arguments of the Democratic and Republican press? If so, you will have found that neither party cares anything for the working-man, apart from his vote. The Republican press ding-dongs the same thing every day about the tariff being the working-man's only salvation. What is our condition now, after the tariff has been thoroughly tried? Are we all at work? Is their work enough for all? Are there not, in every large city in the country—at least in the winter time—thousands of able and willing men who can get no work? You all know this last to be a fact. Is the tariff, then, such a blessed thing for us? In what manner can our condition be bettered? This is a question of vital importance to us; but, as yet, neither the Democratic nor the Republican party has advocated the only true doctrine, or sounded the watch-word: "No more foreigners." But this will come, if we wait. Put up the bars on the east side and on the west side of our glorious country. Let immigration turn whither it will; let it populate South America, Australia, and other countries that need the people; but let these United States have a little rest. Let those who are here become civilized and naturalized. Let there be work enough for every man and woman, and this country will, in truth, be God's country. Now, what party comes the nearest to fulfilling the conditions of an ideal working-man's party? It seems to me that the American party does. I shall vote accordingly, and if my fellow-workmen will study this thing carefully, I do not see how you can possibly come to any other conclusion than I have. VIKING.

SANTOS'S BROTHER.

The early December sun shone brightly along the foot-hills of the Coast Range. Under its genial influence millions of tiny seeds expanded into life and pierced the moist turf with their lancets. The cloud masses of yesterday dipped behind the mountains, raising here and there a billowy crest to overlook the valley which had been the scene of their grateful ministry. A new life seemed to have been infused into the sluggish veins of the dying year. About the farm-houses, neglected plants, uncared for during the long, dry summer, already showed promise of bud and bloom. Stalwart ranchmen, but yesterday idly resting from harvest and vintage, were already behind the plow, opening deep, black furrows in orchard and vineyard. The more prudent moved restlessly about stable and work-shop, getting out harrows and cultivators, sharpening plow-shares and spades, as they impatiently waited for the surplus moisture to be absorbed before they upturned the wet clods to the action of the sun's greedy rays. Everything in all the landscape was instinct with energy and new life.

All things save two. Down the road from the old mission, where a low pile of adobe buildings and a crumbling belfry stood out in strange contrast to the jaunty modern dwellings that surrounded them, came two moving objects. Drawn nearer they resolved themselves into a cow and a man. Unlike all other animate beings within the range of vision, these alone seemed possessed of no definite aim or purpose. Although a long rope was attached to the horns of the red cow, and the man held the end in his hand, it was not difficult to see which had the ascendency. The cow walked leisurely from side to side of the road, examining the scant herbage with languid dissatisfaction. Sometimes she stopped to nibble daintily at a dried clump of last spring's vegetation; sometimes she thrust her nose through the wire fence at the roadside to nip a toothsome peach or almond-bud, already swelling and disclosing a touch of vivid pink; more frequently she strolled lazily down the middle of the road, chewing the cud of her morning's meal with grim satisfaction; and wherever the cow led, the man followed.

At length they came to a narrow lane, where an overflowed irrigating ditch evoked a generous crop of grass and dock the year around. Tall gum-trees stood guard by the road-side and carpeted the ground beneath them with great strips of cinnamon-colored bark. Here the cow fell eagerly to grazing, and the man sank listlessly down.

All day long they stayed there. Sometimes the cow moved about, in her search for succulent morsels, but the man scarcely shifted his position. Passers-by looked at him with varying sentiments of pity, curiosity, or indifference, but he never heeded them. A casual observer might have thought him sleeping, but beneath the brim of his coarse straw hat his wide, dark eyes, fixed on the hills, told that his sense of vision was awake.

Reclining there on a bark-covered bank, he presented a striking picture of manly strength. He was large, with a well-knit, muscular figure. Lying inert, motionless, he looked like a torpid giant. The sun crossed the meridian and slanted down upon the bank, searching out the strong, manly features of the sun-burned face, discovering lines of gold in the tawny beard, falling full in the wide, brown eyes, which lazily blinked and closed, but their owner neither turned his head nor pulled his hat-brim forward for protection. Had this sluggish Hercules no sense of shame at thought of the busy forces toiling around him? Man and beast, tree and plant, were all at work. He alone, of all creation, seemed content to be an idler.

The sound of youthful voices echoed around the bend in the road. A moment later there came in sight a band of merry children, returning from school. A shout went up as they saw him.

"Santos's brother! Hurrah!"

Now for some fun! They tossed satchels and lunch-baskets upon the ground, and made ready for rare sport.

"Sit up!"

The man rose to a sitting posture.

"Put your finger in your mouth."

He obeyed.

"Say 'Mary has a little lamb.'"

The man complied without a protest.

"Get down on your hands and knees. Play you're a dog," cried one merry boy.

Down upon all fours went the man.

"Growl."

He simulated the growl of a dog.

"Bark! 'Bow-wow-wow!'"

He imitated the bark of a dog.

"Now sit up and beg."

His attempt to accomplish this absurd canine trick sent his tormentors into fresh paroxysms of laughter.

"Take off your shoes and stockings," was the next command.

He unlaced his shoes, and, removing them, displayed a pair of large, shapely feet.

"Now get down and bark at the cow."

Again the man passively obeyed. During the whole of this extraordinary performance he had not smiled, nor had his expression changed in the least degree. His wide, brown eyes regarded the children as calmly and with as little feeling as they had viewed the hills all day. But now arose a conflict of authorities. The cow objected to the proceedings and turned upon him in a menacing manner, lowering her horns, and making ready for active resistance. For the first time the huge fellow hesitated, and looked questioningly from one to the other.

It is impossible to say how this curious conflict would have resulted, for, while the man still crouched upon the ground, irresolute, a buggy dashed around the bend in the road, and its occupant, taking in the whole scene at a glance, reined up before the merry group.

"For shame, Manuel! For shame, José, and Celestine, and Johnnie, and Robbie, and little Josefo, and all the rest of you! Do school, and church, and the good parents at home teach you, then, no better lesson than to make mock and jest of one upon whom the hand of God has been laid? Be off now—the whole pack of you! And when any of your playmates would amuse themselves at this poor fellow's expense, say to them that they will have an account to settle with Father Neal."

The children gathered up their baskets and satchels in shamefaced silence, and trooped off down the road, while Father Neal gazed after them with a merry twinkle in his eye, moved by a half-humorous sympathy, recalling, no doubt, the lawless pranks of his own boyhood. In spite of his forty years and the dignified position to which he had attained, he was still more layman than priest. Witness the handsome animal he drove, as pretty a piece of horse-flesh as could be found in all the country, and one not to be surpassed in speed by any nag in all the villages about, as Father Neal had proved by sundry tests of speed upon the road. Rumor had it that the erratic priest had even been seen urging his favorite around the race-track, in the fair grounds near by, one moonlight night. On more than one occasion he had been known to take a lady out to drive. He kept a boat on the little lake close by, and delighted in pulling an oar at day-break, whence songs of a sadly temporal nature floated out across the still waters and scandalized the most pious of his parishioners, while the less strait-laced were delighted. It is true that he so far conformed to the traditions of the hoary old mission, which was his especial charge, as to wear the conventional sack-cloth gown and hempen girdle, which had always been worn by the fathers in charge, but this was by no means allowed to interfere with his mode of life. And as for cigars and wine, the grocer at the corner, and the great vats of the old mission wine-cellars, could have told tales that would have startled the community. These worldly proclivities had brought Father Neal no end of trouble with the heads of the church. The bishop of his diocese, in particular, a bigoted and ascetic old gentleman, who would have burned heretics at the stake had not it been for the danger of interference from the laws of the land, had frequently called his younger brother to account, and on one occasion made him the subject of grave charges preferred before a high council of the church. But in spite of his irregularities as a clergyman, Father Neal was at heart so excellent a man, so unselfish in time of need, so tender with the sick, so generous to the poor, so watchful of the erring, so unrelenting with evil-doers, and so generally beloved among all his flock, that the council compromised with the bishop by putting him upon a sort of indefinite probation, which, it is needless to say, did not trouble Father Neal in the least, or hamper his accustomed freedom of action.

"Put on your shoes and stockings, Rafael," ordered the priest, not unkindly.

Without looking at the speaker, the man obeyed. Father Neal watched him curiously as he went indolently about the task. He knew that had it not been for his own forethought, the young fellow would that night have returned home barefooted. He knew, too—as who in all the valley did not know?—the history of "Santos's brother." The Santos family were quite above the rest of the Mexicans of the valley. By pluck and thrift, and the accumulated industry of three generations, they had come into possession of a goodly competence, and owned hundred of acres of grain and pasture-land and well-tilled orchard and vineyard. Better still, they had outstripped others of their race in their appreciation of the advantages offered by the new civilization which crowded closely about them, and none so zealous as the elders of the family in their support of the educational chances which had been denied their youth. Rafael, the younger brother of the man now the head of the family, had been the flower of the flock. He had been sent to the little village school, and had proved himself possessed of the pent-up thirst for knowledge of untutored generations. Who had watched his progress more proudly than Father Neal, who had always held that, stored up in the stolid remnant of this once dominant race, were the germs of a new and splendid intellectual expansion? Who but Father Neal had zealously seconded the young fellow's ambition to complete a course of study at the State university, and so directed his course of study that it should insure him a practical success in life? Rafael Santos had graduated with honor, and had gone up to the mines to take a responsible position, for which his long and thorough training had fitted him. There, overtaken by a low malarial fever, he had lain on a hospital-cot and seen a deadlier enemy approaching; long, hungry tongues of flame which licked the walls and roof, and, every moment, crept nearer to where he lay, sick and helpless. He had been rescued unhurt; but when, at length, he came back to life and health, there was a cloud on his brain, and his will-power seemed destroyed. Three years had passed, and he remained a stupid, living mechanism, a flesh-and-blood mannikin, who ate, and slept, and moved at the bidding of those about him, but who was incapable of an independent action or intelligent thought; a man whose individuality had been obliterated, and who was only known as an appendage of the household to which he belonged. He was but twenty-four. Possibly, fifty years more of this brute existence lay before him. Father Neal shuddered at the thought.

Worldly as the priest was, and given to fleshly pleasures, he was not so much of a materialist as to believe that a human soul and a bright human intellect could have been swept out of existence during a short siege of illness and a few moments' fright. He had, at first, cherished the hope that, restored to his old home and its familiar surroundings, Rafael would slowly come back to himself, as a child wakes to intelligence under a mother's cherishing care. Disappointed in this, he had been patiently awaiting some inevitable crisis, when the sleeping brain should regain its empire over the body. To him, the great, docile fellow was no stupid idiot, no "mindless toy" of nature's fashioning; but the great, dark eyes spoke of a dormant intellect, the sluggish body was instinct with slumbering energy. The priest, studying him, felt the impotent rage of one who grapples with mysteries beyond his ken.

"Rafael," he said, "do you remember Felicia?"

The priest had a motive for asking this question, a motiv born that morning, in the performance of his priestly func tions, in the solemn shadows of the little mission churcl Father Neal was not so bad a Catholic that he would betra the confidences of the confessional, but he was too good Christian not to turn the knowledge thus gained to practic use in righting the affairs of the little community.

If he had expected to surprise his hearer into any betray of emotion, or to arouse him to reflection, he was disa pointed.

"Felicia?" repeated Rafael, dully; "I don' know. Ya-as

Since the stroke that Rafael had received, it was noticeab that, on the few occasions that he indulged in speech, he n lapsed into the vernacular of the ignorant class among who he lived. This characteristic, coupled with his dull, indiffe ent tone, might well have discouraged a less resolute ma than Father Neal.

"Felicia," he repeated, slowly; "Felicia, the girl you we to marry some day. Do you know what has become Felicia, Rafael? Listen to what I say. She is behind th walls of the old convent. On Easter Sunday—Easter Su day, mark!—she will take the veil."

The priest pointed his whip at the old convent on the h beyond them, as he spoke. Rafael's eyes traveled mechar cally in that direction, and he smiled with a child's please unmeaning smile at the golden rays of the setting sun, r flected back from the windows like a thousand shattered jav lins.

"Remember what I say," insisted Father Neal, impre sively; "on Easter Sunday, if nothing happens befor Felicia will be forever lost to you and the world."

Santos's brother did not appear to notice the speaker's co cluding words. The cow, whose measure of the passi time was more accurate than his, began to anticipate the plea ures of her evening meal, and pulled imperiously upon th rope. Santos's brother arose, and, without word or look fr the priest, slouched off down the road, following where th cow led.

Day after day, throughout the winter, the same programm was repeated, as it had been for many long months befor When it rained hard, the cow sought the shelter of a line friendly pepper-trees, and her attendant stayed in their protec ing shadow, grateful for the good judgment of his four-foote friend. On bright days, they sometimes climbed high up th steep slopes of overhanging hills, and basked together in th warmth and sunshine.

Easter Sunday dawned clear and bright. All through th beautiful valley there was joy and peace. The mission wa the scene of great excitement. In addition to the customa services, whose glitter and show were sufficient to make deep impression upon the minds of the simple and credulo peasants who composed the majority of the parish, the d was to witness another important ceremony. Three you ladies, having completed their novitiate in the neighborin convent, were to assume the veil which symbolized their sep ration from earthly things. There was tall Marie, she who lover had been brought home dead on the Christmas but o gone by, and who had never been known to smile since and pious Matilda, she who had been so stupid and goo from infancy that it had always been said she was destin either for an early grave or the service of the church; a Felicia—ah, Felicia! The village girls breathed her nam with a soft sigh and a look of wonder. The young m spoke of her in awed whispers and with contracted brow Little Felicia, who had, but a short time ago, been the life every party throughout the valley. Light-hearted, blith Felicia, whose laugh had been like the ripple of a mounta brook, and whose sparkling eyes had wrought havoc wi many an unschooled masculine heart. Sprightly Felicia, wh was the embodiment of all the best they knew in fre hearted, wholesome worldliness; who had been vain of he beauty with the innocent vanity of a child; who had bee seeker after temporal pleasures with an honest selfishness th radiated an atmosphere of happiness and content wherev she passed. To see her with the wan, pallid face of an acolyt to see her enshrouded in the fateful veil, was like having th grim shadow of death stalk in among them.

The question of Rafael's attendance upon divine servi had been raised in the Santos household that morning.

"Shall we not take the poor fellow along? It may plea him," suggested the good sister-in-law.

"But they wouldn't let the cow in the church!" cried th youngest boy, a bright-eyed lad of some seven years; where there was a hearty laugh, and Rafael was left to his customa guardianship.

But when the cow and the man went out that day, th former started for her favorite grazing-place, down the coun road. To her surprise the gentle quadruped felt a stout pu of resistance upon the rope, and, turning to direct a look of i dignant remonstrance upon her quondam follower, received smart rap over her back. She lowered her horns and made threatening thrust at her rebellious subject, who met this d monstration with such stolid indifference that the beast w fain to turn, in aggrieved subjection, and follow whither he le

It did not please Santos or his wife, on arriving at the chur that morning, to find this discreditable member of their famil with the cow, posted on the green directly opposite the churc Possibly the poor fellow liked the pomp and show, as wi as any of the children, who, dressed in their best, gay climbed the steps of the old mission church with their paren or, loitering there, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, gazed at th throngs which constantly arrived.

If Santos's brother retained any recollection of what t priest had told him in early December, there was no hint of in his inert figure and impassive face. He reclined upon th grass in his customary listless attitude, lying on one side, wi his face partly shaded by his broad-brimmed hat. Childr eyed him with a look of friendly interest, as they would ha looked on any of nature's phenomena. Farmers from remo quarters of the parish looked curiously at this lazy idler, wh had not the grace to doff his work-day clothes, or bestir hi self on this, the great festal day of the year. Young m

ointed to him, jeeringly, as they passed, with able-bodied anhood's contempt of the weak or deficient, while young girls urmured soft words of pity and regret for what he had been.

The notes of an organ and a sudden burst of song floated it upon the air, and a low-toned, monotonous chant told that rvice had begun. The crowd of men outside hearkened at e half-open doors of the church, and tired mothers, seated n the steps of the broad platform before it, brought out a ore of crackers and cookies, to quiet restless children.

In the midst of the services one of the stout farmers, mov- g restlessly about the church outside, raised his head and iffed the air suspiciously.

"Pedro *paisano*, I smell smoke!" he said, with decision, ldressing a friend.

"Oh, very like! Some of the young fellows will be smok- g cigarritos on the sly, to pass away the time until the ser- on is over. Just let Father Neal catch them!—is all I say."

"The young will be young, and, after all, what harm lies in e puff of a cigarrito!" said one of the women, in an apolo- tic tone, with a look of relief on her face; "but it would be ribble to have a fire in the crowded church, with all the light esses and the altar hangings, and my Juanita and Pepita ere!"

"*Caramba!* But there is a fire somewhere," ejaculated one the men, a little later.

"Mother of God! the old convent is on fire!"

Already there was a great outcry and commotion within the urch. Father Neal's voice was heard, raised from the mo- tonous sing-song of spiritual exhortation to the sharp com- nd of one who sees great bodily peril approaching.

"One by one, friends! Do not crowd! There is no dan- r to people in the church. You, Juan Gomez, and you, ancisco Santos, take your stand, one by each door, and ep those big brutes from crushing the women and children. ib them back, if needs be. Take time in passing out, my ends; there is no haste!"

Having thus admonished his congregation and provided for safety, Father Neal himself, in fitting illustration of his rds, without waiting for further ceremony, sprang through of the church windows, and ran swiftly across the old ve-yard, which lay between the church and the convent, ring off his sacred vestments as he went, thus unconsciously aging to light a gayly embroidered velvet smoking-jacket.

t was plain from the first that to attempt to save the old lding would be a desperate and a losing fight. Such dis- ers were a rare occurrence in the little rustic settlement, and n had no means ready with which to meet them. There re no hook-and-ladder companies, no hose-carts, no engines. aking out in the lower story, the fire had seized at once n the old wooden stair-way, which formed the sole com- nication with the third story, at whose windows a score or re of frightened women appealed, in vain, for aid. Buckets e brought, lines of men formed, and, with water, dipped n a small reservoir in the rear of the convent, the men ght the consuming element, concentrating their efforts upon old staircase, which formed a pathway for the flames and raught like a blast-furnace for the fire.

Oh, this is time wasted—worse than useless!" expostu- d Father Neal; "the convent will have to go. The nen must be saved. Here, Stefano—some of you fellows! p me bring up the old ladder that lies back of the church."

when the old ladder was brought, it proved so shaky and repit that Father Neal would not let the men risk their lives n it until he had tested its strength himself, and he ran kly up the rounds until he gained the topmost rung, not feet below where the shrieking women were alternately ing upon their fellow-beings for help and heaven for pity. alas! half a life-time of high-living and testing the good age of the old mission had not tended in any way to de- se the natural corpulence of the jolly padre, and just as he ght at the casements of the upper windows and called out e words of cheer to the terrified women, the ladder gave beneath his weight, and he fell heavily to the ground.

cross the road Santos's brother had idly watched the vds disappear in the little church, as he might have watched olony of ants traveling to and from their burrows. But n the services at length began and the droning chant was rd, any one who had taken pains to observe him might e noted that his gaze traveled further on and rested upon old convent where Felicia, alas! no longer the cheerful, -hearted embodiment of her name, but heavy-hearted and eyed, awaited the hour and the summons that were to con- n her forevermore to a barren and loveless life.

What! crying, child? Dost thou then regret the call to rer, better life which thou art about to obey?" demanded mother superior, reproachfully, coming upon the young who endeavored to wipe away her tears unobserved. cia brokenly disclaimed any desire to escape from the ges she was about to make.

Then go down, my child, and trim the waxen tapers burn- before the image of the Holy Virgin, and pray for strength row in grace after her most righteous pattern," said the er superior.

lad to be by herself for but one little moment, Felicia softly down the stairs, gathering her white draperies it her that they might not be soiled by contact with the case. She was a little body, and the image was placed up in a broad niche at one side of the entrance hall, so she could not reach the tapers until she had dragged a y chair up to the place, and perched upon its back. With insecure footing and her tear-blinded eyes, what wonder she trembled and lost her balance and fell, overturning vaxen tapers, which quickly flamed up through the flimsy eries and wrapped the wooden image in a sheet of flame, the affrighted girl fled, shrieking and lamenting, back to oom she had left?

olumns of smoke poured through the windows of the hoary uilding, and, wreathing about the old cypress trees out- freed themselves again, to dart heavenward in fierce eddy swirl. Back and forth, in the blinding smoke, rushed , women and children, mad with excitement. White arms ed from the upper casements. The air resounded with an unintelligible clamor and outcry. Altogether, it was a fine spectacle for cow and man, who crossed the road together, and halted in the great gateway, enjoying the sight.

On the ground lay Father Neal, surrounded by a crowd of eager, deprecating sympathizers, whose offers of assistance he derided, while he lamented his catastrophe with a round volley of anathemas, Catholic and profane.

"Why do you stand there gaping, you fools, when a score of human lives are at stake? Maledictions on this broken leg of mine! The building is bound to go. Save the women! Climb the cypress trees and throw water on the walls. Run for rope—you senseless fools!"

There arose a cry of dismay.

"The water has given out."

"Then take wine!" yelled Father Neal.

The men looked at him in astonishment, and doubted the evidence of their ears. What! The wine in the great brass-bound, oaken vats of the old wine cellars, stored away by the early mission fathers—the beautiful juice of the grape, which came forth sparkling like the ruby and bubbling like divine nectar—the wine that Father Neal himself had been heard to declare surpassed the ancient vintages of France and Spain!

"Tap the vats! Draw the wine! Bring ropes! It is the last hope," raved Father Neal.

Santos himself, as the chief civic dignitary of the village, solemnly headed a march in the direction of the ivy-clad wine cellar, where the act of desecration was to be done. Others moved off toward the village store to procure rope.

Santos's brother watched the flames leaping from the windows and creeping along the cornice like gleaming serpents, twisting and writhing in their course. Rushing back upon him, with a force that benumbed his senses, and made him for the time oblivious of all that passed about him, came the memory of that other time when he lay upon a bed of sickness and watched the merciless flames pitilessly closing in around him. Recollections of his old life, of the days before he became a mere senseless automaton, rained down upon him like an avalanche. His brain throbbed like a steam-engine, his body tingled from head to foot with newly awakened forces. Piercing the confusion of his thoughts there came a vision of a sweet girl's face, framed in flame and smoke, and a pleading cry.

"Rafael! Rafael! Save me."

There was a sudden stir in the outskirts of the crowd of helpless lookers-on. Rafael Santos ran like a deer across the lawn, bearing on his arm the rope he had seized from the cow's neck. People looked on, paralyzed with astonishment, as they might have done had a graven image suddenly come to life. He caught the larger piece of the broken ladder and set it up against the wall. Then he began to mount it, not hastily and recklessly, as Father Neal had done, but slowly and cautiously, as one who measures the full value of every step. There was no time for further mistakes. When he had gone as far as he could, and secured a footing on the top of a window frame, drawing himself up by the sill of the next window above, some boys broke out into a wild cheer, but their elders watched his every movement with hushed breath. Clinging with one hand, bracing himself skillfully so that he could lean forward and look upward, by one superb effort he flung the end of rope into the open casement of the second window above, the window where he had seen Felicia's face. A sharp cry, audible above the crackling of the flames, told that his attempt had succeeded and was appreciated. A moment later, as he tested it cautiously, the rope pulled firm and taut, showing that the upper end had been secured. Grasping it tightly and freeing himself from his perilous position, hand over hand like a sailor, the young fellow ascended to the upper room. But there is not space to tell of the devices Rafael resorted to for lowering the frightened women in safety to the ground; nor is it necessary to tell how not even the consolations of their religion could calm or reassure some of them on their dizzy journey earthward; nor how one of the good sisters was found to have treasured a child's broken toy, another an infant's yellowing dress, and another a lock of silver hair, cut from the head of her dead mother, in place of the pious relics they should have saved. Little Felicia, made brave and strong by her lover's presence, and honestly confessing her responsibility for the great calamity, stood stanchly by his side, refusing to leave until the last. Long before his mission was concluded, other ropes and ladders were brought, and stout hearts and willing hands followed his example, while the old mission wine was showered upon the burning building and baptized the workers.

But it was a sorry-looking young couple that stood together upon the lawn a little later, shamelessly renewing their betrothal vows in the presence of all the lookers-on, many of whom as shamelessly laughed or cried in sympathy with the young pair. Rafael's rough clothing was torn and soiled, his brown beard singed, and his hands and face blackened with smoke; while little Felicia's white robe clung to her figure like a limp rag, saturated with wine and smeared with dirt and soot. Yet to those who beheld them, the two were beautiful in their youth and joy, and wrapped in the magic glamor which surrounds the heroes and heroines of history. Only the mother superior looked at them with unsympathetic, uncomprehending eyes.

"She can not join the sisterhood to-day—Felicia!" she said, despairingly; "her dress is spoiled. She can never wear it again."

FLORA HAINES LOUGHEAD.

NILES, CAL., August, 1888.

Publishing translations of Zola's novels has brought Mr. Vizetelly up before the London criminal court. It was learned that one thousand volumes a week were sold, "Nana" selling ahead of any other, its sale having amounted to over one hundred thousand volumes.

The F division of the London police have formed a brass band of forty-one pieces. They propose to play in the public squares for the special entertainment of the poor, receiving no pay. There are other bands in the police force, but this is the largest.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, has become for the present an enthusiastic politician. He is working hard for the election of Benjamin Harrison. His pen is now busy with campaign songs.

Augustin Iturbide, grandson of the Colonel Iturbide who made himself a meteoric Emperor of Mexico over fifty years ago, has just been made colonel of the Seventh Regiment, the finest in the Mexican army.

The late Demas Barnes, of Brooklyn, was the inventor of the famous hieroglyphics "S—T—1860—X," which made his fortune. He put a quarter of a million of this fortune into a newspaper enterprise, and left it there.

President Carnot, of France, has been placed in a curious dilemma. He was taught the handicraft of a carpenter in his youth, and the striking carpenters of Paris have written to him complaining that he has not attended their meetings nor subscribed to their fund.

Gilmore, the noted band-master, is said to be an ardent supporter of champagne. He always keeps the liquid on tap at home, and recommends it even for a breakfast drink. A decoction known as champagne-porter shandygaff he pronounces a "symphony in liquid."

Mr. Stedman as the banker prefers to be known as E. C. Stedman, and in literature as Edmund Clarence Stedman. In business circles Mr. Francis Hopkins Smith is known as F. H. Smith, or Francis H. Smith, while in art circles he has a wide reputation as F. Hopkinson Smith.

Miss Florence Nightingale is now a confirmed invalid, and is a patient at St. Thomas's Hospital, London. Her services during the Crimean war injured her spine, and she has never recovered from the effects thereof. This illustrious philanthropist is nearly sixty-nine years old.

Senator Morgan's thirty-seven hour speech on the fisheries treaty was a great strain on him physically. When his voice became weak he would refer to some citation on the subject in hand, and call on the clerk to read it. He thus obtained frequent intervals of rest, which enabled him to perform his remarkable oratorical feat.

Charles King is the name of a man living at Middleton, Mass., who is one hundred and seven years old. He has over six hundred descendants living. He was born near Quebec, January 15, 1781. He fought on the British side in 1812. He now weighs one hundred and eighty-two pounds, although only five feet five inches in height. He has attained his great age without the aid of tobacco.

From the New York *World:* "Henry R. Smith, of San Francisco, Cal., died some years ago, and left a most peculiar will. He bequeathed his property to his widow, stipulating that she should educate their son as a lawyer, and have him taught the Chinese language. Mrs. Smith has faithfully carried out these provisions, and her son, who is now of age, can talk American law to a Celestial without effort."

Intense irritation has been caused at the court of Vienna by the visit of the Emperor William to the Czar. Count Kalnoky is derided as a mere creature of Prince Bismarck, and everybody declares that if Count Andrassy had been in office no such slight would have been put upon the Emperor Francis Joseph. The Emperor William has undoubtedly made a great blunder; for ordinary etiquette required that his first visit should be paid to the Emperor of Austria, who takes precedence of the Czar, both by his age and by the date of his accession. He was on the throne seven years before the death of Nicholas, when the present Czar was in his cradle.

There are said to be thirteen cottagers at Lenox who are worth one hundred and fifty million dollars in the aggregate. They are D. W. Bishop, twenty-five million dollars; George W. Westinghouse, twenty million dollars; W. D. Sloane, eighteen million dollars; Charles Lanier, fifteen million dollars; G. G. Haven, twelve million dollars; George A. Crocker, twelve million dollars; William H. Bradford, ten million dollars; James L. Barclay, ten million dollars; Anson Phelps Stokes, eight million dollars; Brayton Ives, six million dollars; Colonel Auchmuty, five million dollars; Mrs. Lawrence Turnure, five million dollars; Miss Furniss, four million dollars.

Mr. William Pearson, an eminent London lawyer and queen's counsel, recently became possessed of a large fortune in a somewhat curious fashion. It was once his lot to plead the cause of a footman in a will case. The footman had been for many years the trusted servant of two maiden sisters. On their death they bequeathed the whole of their property, which was considerable, to the footman. The friends contested the will on the ground that it was made under "undue influence." The footman gained the day, thanks largely to the great effort made on his behalf by Mr. Pearson. The successful client was most grateful for his counsel's services, and up to his death maintained a constant intercourse with Mr. Pearson, who was surprised to find himself constituted the sole heir.

The Lord Mayor of London always takes his own waiters to serve him at a public dinner, and a pompous set of flunkeys they are. One of them, on a recent occasion, carried a bottle of the best Scotch whisky, which he placed on the dinner-table at the elbow of one of the dignified sheriffs, who accompanied the lord mayor. The sheriff drank nothing but whisky and apollinaris at dinner, though there was an abundance of the best wine to be bought in London. His neighbor at dinner asked him the reason for it. "My reason is a good one," said the sheriff; "I have attended five dinners and four luncheons this week. I frequently attend that number in one week during the season. To drink the usual wines brought on with each course would soon kill me. By confining myself to whisky and apollinaris, I suffer no evil effects from so much dining-out, not even indigestion. I always have my own whisky brought for me, because I know it is unadulterated."

The suicide of Prince von Salm-Reifferscheidt-Dyck extinguished a crying scandal at Berlin. The prince was grand marshal of the imperial household and hereditary member of the House of Peers. Notwithstanding his great age, seventy-seven years, he led what, to speak euphemistically, may be termed a gay life. He was too familiar with the kind of libertinage practiced at the Golden House at the time of Nero. The old emperor shut his ears to all reports sent him about his grand marshal's goings on; but the present emperor, and greatly to his credit, lost no time, after he ascended the throne, in intimating to the prince that if he did not send in his resignation it would be his majesty's duty to dismiss him. The grand marshal retired to his Schloss at Dyck, near Reuss. He was found in bed there, with his throat cut and several wounds on the breast. He held tightly in his right hand the razor with which it is supposed that he put an end to his ignoble life.

It is quite a fad with London society girls to go in parties to see Lottie Dod play tennis. Miss Dod is the very embodiment of a healthy English girl accustomed to robust exercise in the open air. She is but eighteen years old, though she is as well developed as most women of five-and-twenty. Miss Dod is a little above the medium height, her head well set on a pair of solid shoulders, good muscular biceps, and an admirable figure. She has jet-black hair and eyes and oval face. Miss Dod began to play tennis, when she was ten years old, on her father's lawn at Birkenhead, across the river from Liverpool. For eight years she has traveled all over England, Scotland, and Ireland, winning prize after prize until her home is, literally, a storehouse of trophies. Last year she wrested the lady championship from Miss Maud Watson, who had never been beaten at singles until she tried conclusions with Miss Dod. Even the famous Renshaw brothers, who are considered well-nigh invincible on the tennis-court, have all they can do to hold their own against Miss Dod. The foundation of Miss Dod's phenomenal play lies in the possession of a perfect forehand drive, a direct upward stroke without side twist, which, if it does anything beyond propelling the ball at a great pace, puts a forward top-spin upon it which has the effect of causing it to keep low on coming in contact with the ground. Miss Dod is one of the few lady players who venture up to the net in a single, but her volleying is very sure, and executed with great judgment. Some American girls, who saw Miss Dod play this season, and met her at a garden-party, invited her to cross the sea and visit them. It would be interesting to see what she could do against Miss Adeline Robinson, of the Staten Island Club, the lady champion of America. She might even make it interesting for Sears and Slocum.

ARTICLES DE PARIS.

Blakely Hall discusses Parisian Women, Men, and Institutions.

I was standing on the Champs Elysées, in Paris, one day not long ago, making an utterly futile attempt to remember the street and number of some people on whom I had started out to call, when my attention was attracted by a ragged-looking old creature, who was making a dead-set for a beautiful and fashionable woman, who had just stepped out of her victoria, and was about to enter a neighboring house. The old woman was in tatters, but she was not a mendicant. In her hand she had a small slip of paper, and she stopped the woman of fashion, position, and wealth, and handed the paper to her.

The latter paused, scanned the address carefully, and then meditatively bit the end of her glove. She was dressed with absolute perfection, and a pair of big eyes illuminated a face that would have been called handsome, even in America. Slowly the expression of the face changed, the eyes lighted up, and then, with a pretty little stamp of her foot, she announced volubly that she knew the street, and could tell the old woman exactly where it was.

She stepped to the gutter, and, pointing down toward the east, counted off the streets on her fingers, and gave the inquirer the most minute and careful directions. Meanwhile, her eyes beamed into those of the old woman with the most friendly and genial air imaginable, and when the latter expressed her thanks volubly, the lady waved her hand, and by pantomime conveyed the message that it was a pleasure in every sense to have been of the slightest assistance to the woman who had stopped her.

It is impossible to convey on paper any idea of the exquisite friendliness and courtesy of this beautiful Frenchwoman. It would not be right to say that her manner had put the old woman at her ease, because the latter was not in the least degree embarrassed. She could not have paid a better compliment to the women of France than was conveyed in the absolute confidence with which she walked up to the princess (I forgot to say that the lady was the Princess de Sagan), and made an inquiry that perhaps belonged to the duties of a policeman. Yet it was what any one of the working-people of Paris would have done without hesitation. They would have known at a glance that she was a great lady, and, hence, that they could receive nothing but courtesy and politeness at her hands. Precisely the reverse would have been the case in England. The last person on earth from whom a member of the laboring class would expect suavity and courtesy would be a member of the aristocracy.

Good breeding in Paris is inevitable. After leaving England and Germany, one finds Paris as grateful as a shower on a sultry August day. Servants in London are stolid and often insolent, though invariably skillful. In Germany, they are stupid beyond all belief. Yet, in Paris, one never has to finish a sentence. The servants seem to understand what you want before you have spoken. They are quick, deft, and, above all, amiable and polished to a degree. Every question one asks is answered with alacrity and cheerfulness, and all the details of life in the French capital are smoothed by the wonderful ease of its people.

Of course all this has been written of so much that it is stale now, but one never grows weary of watching the tact and cleverness of the French women. They are never ruffled. I have seen a Frenchwoman turn around and smile at a cab-driver who had spattered her with mud by careless driving. Her heart must have been torn up by the roots by the misfortune, but there was not a trace of anything but reproof and amusement, as she glanced at the cabby. That cabby's face grew as red as a rose, as he stood on his seat to bow his apologies, for half a block.

It is only where an American girl steps among them that an observer realizes that they are not the prettiest women on earth.

A curious fad of men in Paris who have eyes that are not precisely fit to be on view, is wearing a black eye-glass. It is not only affected by dandies who have only one eye, but by those who have an eye that may be more or less useful, but is not sightly to look upon. The glass is perhaps a shade larger than the ordinary monocle, and blackened so as to present the general appearance of a piece of shoe leather.

The most conspicuous figure on the Bois, one afternoon this spring, was the son of Baron Carmedo, a well-known banker in the French capital. Young Carmedo is very tall, exceedingly angular, and has a pair of ears that present the general look of a sea-gull flying into the face of the setting sun. He rejoices in a single eye. Where the other ought to be he carried a single glass of heroic dimensions. He sat on top of a dog-cart that looked about sixteen feet high, and that had the biggest red wheels and the yellowest body I ever saw. There was a raw-boned chestnut horse in the shafts. Young Carmedo drove the beast in a most pronounced English fashion, had his hat tilted forward, and wore an expression of due solemnity and impressiveness. It was a remarkable spectacle.

Subsequently, I found that black glasses were by no means uncommon; but I never became accustomed to their effect. Across a theatre, or at a short distance anywhere, it always looked as though the man had been hit in the eye with a mud ball, and was proudly conveying the evidence of his misfortune around with him.

Paris is the town of all others where odd notions are taken up, carried to excess, run into the ground, and forgotten with lightning rapidity. One week, when I was there, somebody had written an article in the *Figaro* describing the sensations of a man who had given way to the awful fascination of seeing how low a number he could find on the Parisian cabs. Every cab has its number conspicuously painted on the back, and, as they wheel past you, the number is the most important feature that meets the eye. The highest number I ever saw was twenty-one thousand some hundreds; and the lowest twenty-eight.

The *Figaro* writer, who seemed endowed with a genius for perplexity, described the misfortunes of a *blasé* Parisian who started out in quest of Cab No. One. The first one he saw was one thousand seven hundred and eighty; the second, ten thousand; the third, twenty thousand, and so on. After a time his fixity of gaze and continual life in the streets excited attention, and, eventually, he lost his mind.

The whole story was graphically and powerfully written, and it set all Paris agog for the time being. Everywhere the talk was the same, and, when a cab came along with some low number like twenty or thirty on it, half the people in the Boulevard pointed it out excitedly to one another.

While this peculiar form of amusement was at its height, I took a hurried trip to Ireland, and returned within eight days. By that time, there was not a soul in Paris that remembered anything about the cabs or their numbers, and they were all howling wildly for Boulanger.

I observe, by the way, that that distinguished Frenchman has succeeded in getting himself returned for three departments, and has proved again his extraordinary strength with the working-people of France.

The day he took his seat I was one of eighty thousand spectators, and, probably, I was the only one who was not more or less affected by the enthusiasm of the people. Boulanger impresses me as a man who will, eventually, get there. I said so a good many months ago, and I see no reason to withdraw the prediction, although it is and has been the custom for many months to dismiss the general with a sneer and a shrug.

He works like a beaver, night and day, has the strongest possible belief in his own destiny, and is never disheartened. I saw a good deal of him in Paris. He certainly had the air of a man who was going to win. His look was steady, his manner direct, and his geniality and friendliness pronounced. I noticed this air of amiability among a great many of the prominent men on the other side. They do not pose at all.

Balfour will stick his hands in his trousers pockets, and sit on the edge of his desk as he talks about Irish affairs, without the slightest attempt at presenting the dignity which an English Cabinet minister would probably be justified in considering his right.

Prince Radolinski, with whom I talked several times in Berlin on the anti-Semitic crusade, was the same direct, friendly, and genial talker.

Parnell, Davitt, and Morley were as thoroughly unpretentious as so many old-time friends, after I had met them once or twice, and so on, interminably.

Bismarck laughed at and with me good-naturedly—and, perhaps, there is nothing particularly complimentary in that—but the laughter was of the sort that made me feel comfortable, and not ill-at-ease. Everywhere this unpretention prevailed among men who were really important.

One does not get thoroughly patronized until he returns to America, and meets a hotel clerk or a fourth-rate politician.

The general polish which all statesmen have on the other side is imbibed, more or less, by visiting Americans. William K. Vanderbilt, for instance, whose accent, when in America, is quite inconceivable, talked like a rational being on the other side. What was more amusing to me was the fact that he never seemed able to get away from the thraldom of a sack-coat and a very baggy pair of trousers, which he wore upon all occasions. He probably owns a hundred suits of clothes, but the sway of the sack is undisputed. I was in Poole's one day, when three men marched out in a solemn row, loaded almost to the ceiling with Mr. Vanderbilt's coats. But, in Europe, I never saw him wear anything but that easy-going and most comfortable of outer garments, the sack.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1888. BLAKELY HALL.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In reply to the assertion of the Republican press that "the Mugwumps of Massachusetts have almost entirely abandoned their organization and returned to the Republican fold," the New York *Nation* says: "It is true that the Mugwumps of Massachusetts have abandoned, or rather have not thought it necessary to revive, their organization, but they have by no means returned to the Republican fold. On the contrary, it is of the opinion that the greater number of them will openly and aggressively support Cleveland, as they are not only civil service reformers, but revenue reformers as well."

If Mr. Blaine could not have a fair trial in Indiana, two years ago, and could not trust an Indiana jury in a legal trial and under the instructions of a court to pass upon an alleged incident of his early life, what confidence is there that now, when his whole life is on trial before its people, the judgment to be rendered not under oath, and the evidence to be received and weighed not sworn to, that he will receive a favorable verdict at the hands of the people? It is Mr. Blaine, and not General Harrison, who is at the bar of Indiana.

The Presidential Vote for 1888—estimated:

		Electors.			Electors.
1 Alabama	184,775	10	20 Mississippi	140,350	9
2 Arkansas	182,200	7	21 Missouri	484,550	16
3 California	232,550	8	22 Nebraska	162,850	5
4 Colorado	79,450	3	23 Nevada	19,200	3
5 Connecticut	142,650	6	24 New Hampshire	86,500	4
6 Delaware	36,625	3	25 New Jersey	278,425	9
7 Florida	67,500	4	26 New York	1,237,300	36
8 Georgia	185,000	12	27 North Carolina	295,750	11
9 Illinois	723,325	22	28 Ohio	844,250	23
10 Indiana	520,125	15	29 Oregon	61,250	3
11 Iowa	428,700	13	30 Pennsylvania	922,950	30
12 Kansas	294,975	9	31 Rhode Island	35,975	4
13 Kentucky	284,825	13	32 South Carolina	172,500	9
14 Louisiana	114,250	8	33 Tennessee	275,850	12
15 Maine	148,500	6	34 Texas	403,300	13
16 Maryland	199,525	8	35 Vermont	71,775	4
17 Massachusetts	362,100	14	36 Virginia	321,375	12
18 Michigan	459,250	13	37 West Virginia	151,600	6
19 Minnesota	243,725	7	38 Wisconsin	372,800	11
				11,228,300	401

OLD FAVORITES.

The Jester's Moral.

("All is vanity," quoth the jester; "do not I find it written so, sirrah, by wise King Ecclesiastes:")

The maiden is lacing her bodice,
The jester is jingling his bells,
The page he is vowing no goddess
On earth but that maiden there dwells;
But the jester comes laughing behind him,
And tinkles and tinkles his bells,
Unmeaning but musical bells.

On his fist holds the baron his falcon—
Keen-eyed and sharp-clawed is the bird;
The baron is dreaming of hawking,
For of herns by the river he's heard;
And the reaper of partridges tells.
The jester comes creeping behind him,
And o'er his gray head shakes the bells,
Unmeaning but musical bells.

The steward who's counting his ducats,
On his missal-clasps ringing the gold,
Laughs sly at the page's fond toying,
And sneers at the sports of the bold.
While his groats and his pieces he tells,
The jester comes slowly behind him,
And shakes o'er the miser the bells,
Unmeaning but musical bells.

The pantler, while counting the dishes,
Two flagons together is clinking,
He is eyeing the venison and fishes,
And of noon and the banquet is thinking;
While he buries his head in a jug,
And smiles at the spices he smells,
The jester comes jingling behind him
Unmeaning but musical bells.

But the page, who has followed the scoffer,
Catches suddenly hold of his bells,
Leaping up on the steward's old coffer,
Kicks down all the coin he tells,
And over the head of the jester
Shakes, laughing in triumph, the bells,
Those meaning and musical bells.

—*Walter Thornbury.*

The Fool's Prayer.

The royal feast was done; the King
Sought out some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!
No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin; but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!
'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.
These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.
The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung?
Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.
Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

At the King's Gate.

At the king's gate, the subtle noon
Wove filmy, yellow nets of sun;
Into the drowsy snare too soon
The guards fell, one by one.

Through the king's gate, unquestioned, then
A beggar went, and laughed: "This brings
Me chance, at last, to see if men
Fare better for being kings."

The king sat bowed beneath his crown,
Propping his face with listless hand;
Watching the hour-glass sifting down
Too slow its shining sand.

"Poor man, what would'st thou have of me?"
The beggar turned, and, pitying,
Replied, like one in dream: "Of thee?
Nothing. I want the king."

Up rose the king, and from his head
Shook off the crown and threw it by:
"Oh, man, thou must have known," he said,
"A greater king than I."

Through all the gates, unquestioned, then,
Went king and beggar, hand in hand.
Whispered the king: "Shall I know when
Before his throne I stand?"

The beggar laughed—free winds in haste
Were wiping from the king's hot brow
The crimson lines the crown had traced—
"This is his presence now."

At the king's gate the crafty noon
Unwove its yellow nets of sun;
Out of their sleep, in terror, soon
The guards waked, one by one.

"Ho here! Ho here! Has no man seen
The king?" the cry ran to and fro.
Beggar and king, they laughed, I ween,
The laugh that free men know.

On the king's gate the moss grew gray.
The king came not. They called him dead,
And made his eldest son, one day,
Slave in his father's stead.

—*Helen Hunt Jackson.*

VANITY FAIR.

In his serial, "First Harvests," now running in *Scribner's*, F. J. Stimson, the author of "Guerndale," has a description of "a club dinner," which is not without interest, particularly to anglomaniacs. (At this dinner the guest of honor is a real earl.) It runs as follows: Arthur's dinner that night is a great success. Everybody comes, and the wines and cooking are most excellent. A great success, that is, until Wemyss, most unfortunately, began to talk of American families. Some one said something about Kitty Farnum, and what a fine woman she was, and what a pity it was that her people were so ordinary. "Pooh!" says his lordship, "all your Yankee families are just alike." "Without impugning your knowledge of American families," says Wemyss, thinking of his own, "I think I may submit that there are differences. Take Mrs. Gower, for instance—Mrs. Levison-Gower, I mean—I think that is a family name not unknown in England, and blood shows itself in every line of her face, and, in every motion of her figure, breeding." Wemyss never forgets his polished periods, even in the heat of argument. "Or take," he goes on, "Miss Holyoke, whom we saw to-day, she is perhaps even a better example of what I mean. She has not perhaps much style; she is countrified, if you like—but she comes of the best old Massachusetts stock, and I submit there is no older blood in the England of to-day than hers." "Oh, come, now, I say," says his lordship, "you don't mean to set up that little filly against us? That's the sort of thing our governesses are in England." It is a little hard for Arthur to sit by and hear this; but he remembers that Birmingham is the guest of the evening and keeps silent. But Haviland takes it up. "If that is true, Lord Birmingham, I congratulate you upon your early breeding; and am only sorry that its lessons are so soon forgotten." "I think, sir, you should remember the lady is a cousin of our host," adds Lucie Gower, pluckily. "Damn it, man," cries Birmingham, "we all think so in England. Do you suppose the prince cares a curse for your shop-keeping distinctions? As much as I do for Jess, the farrier's daughter, and Nell, the draper's wife, in my county town. He only takes up one Yankee woman after another, because they're easier than the women that he's used to. That's why your Buffalo Bills get to the queen's levees as well as your poker Schencks; we might as well marry a Chicago pork-man's pretty daughter as any Yankee Boston professor's—if she's got the money and the looks." "And damn it, sir," cries little Lucie Gower, "I tell you that if you had spoken but just now of my wife as you did of poor Miss Holyoke, I'd have shied this bottle at your head." Gower looks fierce, as he stands up, grasping his decanter; and Charlie Townley interposes to pour oil on the troubled waters. "Sit down, Lucie," says he; "I've no doubt all our ancestors were no better than they should be—Lord Birmingham's own included." With which American reflection, and something in the ludicrousness of Gower's gentle nickname, the altercation passes for the time. Birmingham, being a bit of a coward, is brought to apologize; "and, perhaps," adds Charlie, "Lord B. has just been touched upon a tender point." All laugh at this, save Birmingham, who blushes red and angrily. Haviland has said nothing, and is twirling his mustache grimly. Meantime, the wine circulates again, and the earl, who has already taken too much, takes a little more. No small talk seems to be quite ready, and Birmingham goes on. "Of course, it's all very well for you fellows to talk," says he, as if he meant to be amicable, "and I'm sorry that I said what I did. But you must all know well enough that it's ridiculous for Americans to talk of family. Why, the country was settled by the very scum and refuse of old England; and all your ancestors were either thieves, or slaves, or prostitutes, and domestic servants, shipped out here by the car-load——" He stammers a moment; for John Haviland, eyeing him calmly, as one might eye some servant seeking for a place, rises, folds his napkin with great deliberation, and stalks out of the room. Gower follows him, assuring the Englishman first, with great particularity, that "he is a confounded blackguard, and knows where he may find him." With which grandiloquent speech, a little out of date, perhaps, the other five are left to continue their instructive conversation. Arthur is a little pale. "That's like 'em all," says the bellicose Briton; "they court our company, just like the snobs at home, and then are vexed if we don't treat them as our equals. And all the fuss about a Kitty Farnum! I mean to take her back with me, but damme if I've yet decided to marry her first!" "You will oblige me first by taking your name off this club; or, as I put you down, I'll save you the trouble by doing that myself. Perhaps I had better pay your bill for you, too, lest you should forget it, as you did that hundred I lent you last year. And I will write to Mrs. Farnum and the ladies to whom I have introduced you, and apologize to them for the disgrace of bringing you," says Arthur; "waiter, you need give this gentleman no more wine; he has had too much already." Arthur speaks in a loud tone, so that all the other men in the dining-room have heard; and then he, too, stalks away. "Oh, dammit, no, don't do that," begins Birmingham, in answer to the last of Arthur's threats but one; but our hero is already beyond his hearing. The next morning the earl woke up late, and with a headache, in his room at the hotel that he had found it pleasant (and economical) to abandon for so long; and came down-stairs to find a portmanteau containing all his clothes that he had left at the club. With it, but without a letter, were his receipted bills from both the clubs. But what he most feared was that some one should bear tales of his behavior to Miss Farnum. For he had thrice asked her to marry him already.

"Watering-Place Manners" is the title of a clever article from the pen of Colonel T. W. Higginson in *Harper's Bazar* for this week. He takes an eminently common-sense view of the complaint of those who cavil at the coldness of many persons who are the chance acquaintances of a summer-resort hotel. He says most city people are supposed to leave their homes for coolness and quiet, and if they insist upon frigidity of manner, with a view to refrigerating the circumambient temperature, nobody has any cause to object. In truth, there is quite too much of the free-and-easy in the manners and habits of most American watering-places. Young women establish intimacies with young men on the hollow basis of a week's acquaintance. Matrons confide in other matrons, of whose prior existence and social status they have been heretofore in profound and possibly blissful ignorance. There is an absence of restraint that is often startling, indeed, among the fellow boarders of a summer, between whom a roof has been the only medium of introduction.

A grand Parisian dress-maker says that the trousseau has ceased to be the gigantic outfit which it used to be. Fashions now change so rapidly that what is in vogue to-day may be antiquated six months hence. Half-a-dozen dresses at most are now given to a bride of tip-top quality by her parents. The usual number is five, to-wit: The dress, *par excellence*, which can be made to serve, divested of orange blossoms, at dinner parties and the opera; a traveling costume; a visiting gown; a morning gown, and a ball dress. There is the same economy shown in providing hats, bonnets, and mantles, and underclothing is only provided in a quantity amply necessary for cleanliness and comfort. It is found that the store-keeper is the best custodian of feminine finery, and that the less there is given over to the safe-keeping of the servants, the better. Then a quantity of lumbering boxes are such a trial of temper, and such an impediment to running according to one's humor from one place to another. It is a fearful responsibility for a Frenchman entering the wedded state to have a wife with a voluminous trousseau. If she dies within three years after her marriage, he is bound (allowance being made for wear and tear) to return it to her parents. Whatever objects are lost must be accounted for. He is furnished with a list of the garments, and another is retained by the bride's family. The notaries of bride and bridegroom also receive one each. The struggle for influence between the mother-in-law designate begins when the bride-elect must be placed in the hands of a dress-maker for her outfit. One of the old ladies wants her own favorite priestess of fashion, and so does the other. There is often such a tug of war that the match is broken off.

The latest whim of women in the East as well as here is the wearing on the street of the light shoes which have generally been considered appropriate only at the seashore. All the women are wearing them now, and there has been such a run upon the shoe-stores for them that even the large dealers are frequently now unable to supply demands for some sizes or styles. They are very stylish, although somewhat startling when first seen. They are made of all sorts of leather, just as ordinary shoes are, and come at all prices and in all sorts of styles. They are all called "russet," although the color actually varies from very light yellow to very dark tan.

Swinging slowly in a long hammock, with one little foot, looking very trim in its black-silk stocking and pointed slipper, hanging over the edge, ready to start her again as soon as "the old cat dies," she leans back on the pillow with a sigh of satisfied laziness, and looks at the piazza roof. A fan is beside her, but no mosquitoes have discovered her as yet, and she lets it lie. A book is in her lap; she likes to feel that she can read if she wishes, but really, as yet, she does not wish to. She thinks instead. She recalls yesterday's picnic. It was very nice. Nevertheless, it had its drawbacks. The sandhoppers that got among the sardines were the first. Then there was the sand itself. When she leaned back against the bank, it got into her hair, and a horrid little boy threw some that hit her in the eye, and there was so much in her shoes that she felt, when she walked, as if she had a flat-iron tied to each foot. And then—then there were the dishes! They had to be washed, and she *did* not want to wash them, and it was delightful sitting round the drift-fire telling stories; but, oh dear! Why did Miss Jones *offer* to wash them, if stooping was going to make her head ache? Other people would have done it for her, if they had known. Only nobody so poky as Miss Jones could possibly care for stories—a joke always makes her look helplessly unhappy, because she does not understand it—and it seemed as if she might as well wash dishes as do nothing; and so we let her. And then to look like a martyr all the rest of the evening, and make everybody else feel positively wicked! It was certainly bad manners! She sets the hammock going with a jerk, and mutters, "The majority rules!" If there were nine who did want to go beyond the bar, and out to sea, and three who did not, of course the three were sea-sick; but surely it was nobody's fault if they were, and turned white, and lay flat on the bottom of the boat, and spoiled other people's pleasure! This is a weary world, she concludes, and she does not believe there was a person present at the picnic who enjoyed it thoroughly and all the time, unless, perhaps, the children, and that freckled new girl, who spent all her time playing with them, and getting supper, and wrapping up people in shawls, and helping Miss Jones. And how anybody could be happy doing *that* is not easy to imagine. Nevertheless—her eyelids fall, as "the old cat dies"—she thinks—she will be—introduced—to that girl—next—time—she—looked—so—pleasant.

The organ of the London tailors, the *Draper's Record*, has taken to art criticism, from a tailor's point of view, and has examined the pictures of the Royal Academy. The verdict is that but one or two artists have painted their sitters' clothes so that the material can be recognized. Burne Jones is the only one who receives unqualified praise. Poynter is complimented "in the name of the drapery trade," but in his portrait of the Earl of Harewood he has put "an outside breast-pocket on the right side of his lordship's coat." Holl's picture of Earl Spencer, in a coat with an Astrakhan lining, is pronounced "a miserable failure; it looks more like moreen than fur." Another "very bad example" bears a nondescript "something" round the neck "supposed to be like sable." Another picture contains "a shaggy-shoddy something unlike anything the critic has ever met with in the drapery world." "style, fit, and fashioning," the report is decidedly unfavorable. For "the furnishing and upholstery departments," though, much approval is expressed.

"A Lady's-Maid," writing to the New York *World*, has this to say: My experience with ladies has been this, the more used they are to fine ways of living the better you will have to do your work, and the easier your life will be made to you. In ten years I have met with only one exception to the rule that a newly rich woman makes an unpleasant mistress. My idea of what a lady should try to be to her servants is: She should tell them when she hires them what she hires them for, and if they can not or will not do what she pays them for, she should put some one else in their places. I have been maid for the lame, the gay, the young, and the old. I have lived with ladies whose secrets I have kept for them faithfully, and shall keep as long as I live. I have lived even in one instance with a charming woman whom I used to have to put to bed tipsy as soon as her dinner hour was passed, and yet I have not lived even for a month with any one who was not a lady in her manner to me, as well as in her morals. Actresses I have never lived with, though I have often thought I would like to—they travel and see so much that their maids see with them. There is the maid of Mrs. James Brown Potter, for instance, a white, American-born girl. She lived first with Mrs. Senator Sherman, then with Fanny Davenport, May Davenport, Rose Coghlan, and now Mrs. Potter. She has written a book of her experiences and it is already at the publisher's, but Mrs. Potter wants her to wait until next year before she lets it be printed. "I may be more of an actress then," says Mrs. Potter, "and your book will sell better." She has told in this book not only just what an actress's life is like in the eyes of a maid, but she has summed up all her experience and laid down some very strong rules of life for maids to follow. I do not think it takes a book to sum it up. From my point of view the whole thing is this: A maid sells her time and her loyalty for so much a month. For that a mistress pays wages and that kind consideration of others which any Christian woman should show to any one under her roof. If then they disagree, and all these stories we hear of dishonesty and impertinence on the one hand, and petty meanness, and heartlessness on the other come true, then either maid or mistress should give warning at once.

Not only do the photographers focus the sights at Coney Island, where the people are not apt to dodge the lens, but they have made themselves terrors to the more retiring dwellers at Manhattan and Long beaches (writes a New York correspondent). From behind clumps of trees, from hotel windows, and from the seats of vehicles they have been taking photographs with reckless impertinence, until no young maiden or dandy feels at all certain whether her or his deportment out-of-doors is made the subject of a picture or not. Some of the amateurs with these cameras are young men, who do not know enough to keep their triumphs to themselves, or to their circles of close friends, and the consequence is that their quick-as-a-wink pictures had been handed around quite freely to the disturbance of many young persons who never suspected, when they were stealing kisses on the beach, or walking arm-around-waist in what looked like lonely places, that their actions and their faces were reflected in permanent form on the negative of a sly youth up a tree, or in a wagon, or hidden under the board-walk.

English dinner-givers are substituting cloths of more costly material for the plain white damask. The *Court Journal* announces that Mrs. Naylor-Leyland had a green-velvet cloth at her last dinner-party, with wreaths of Alpine poppies and the same flowers placed in glasses. Mrs. Dennistoun, of Golfhill, had a white-satin cloth, on which were placed large sacks of white satin, tied with silver cords, from which a wealth of white flowers seemed to be tumbling out. Black roses, mixed with pink and yellow ones, and yellow iris, with tall grasses, are also much used for table decoration.

Many ladies going over to Paris for a few days, or weeks, and having a yearning to carry home some gowns from the magic city, shrink from the world-famous establishments on account of the expense. And there are hundreds of dress-makers there who could turn out a costume every whit as elegant as those made by their big neighbors at a much lower figure. These "little dress-makers," however, are full of playful tricks, which must be guarded against. One of them will show you, as a pattern, a very handsome dress in rich materials. You are charmed. Of course, the dress in hand does not fit you; it is cleverly designed to fit nobody. The obliging dress-maker, seeing that your heart is fixed upon it, offers to make an exact copy of the coveted garment, and at a very low price. The tempting bait is thrown out, and the innocent fish bites. The order is given. But, alas! when the dress is delivered, what do you find? The shape and style are copied admirably — but the materials! Thin silk, cotton-backed velvet and satin, the commonest and poorest of ribbons. The entire effect of the costume is lost in cheap material. Unfortunately there is no use sending the dress back, even on the obvious plea that it is not what was bargained for. The law will protect the "little dress-maker," and right well she knows it, too. The mischief of the thing is that she has the power to seize and detain her customer's trunks till the bill is paid, and this power she will not hesitate to employ on the slightest pretext. Another most annoying device, but one which answers their purpose splendidly, is to send home the dress at the last moment compatible with the actual fulfillment of the contract. There is no time for examination, let alone alteration, and the thing has to be taken on trust, its shortcomings only being discovered, in many cases, when many leagues of land and sea lie between the swindling dress-maker and the confiding customer. Again, a not uncommon practice is to add scores, often hundreds, of francs to the price agreed on for a dress, and depend for its payment upon the victim's natural dislike to fighting in a foreign law court.

THE "RED DUCHESS'S" MARRIAGE.

"Cockaigne" discusses the Latest Freak of a Famous Sportswoman.

The marriage of the Dowager Duchess of Montrose has been not alone a gigantic surprise, but a source of endless talk and gossip during the season's last days. For which reason, when sensations have not been so plentiful as to cause a surfeit, it has been a lucky windfall to the paragraphers of the Saturday society press. I remember, not long ago, reading, somewhere or other, that—in New York society I think it was—there had, of late, developed among young men in society a peculiar fad, if not exactly a mania, to pay attention and devote themselves to *passée* belles more than double their age. In some cases, indeed, the objects of their affection were positively old ladies, who retained some faint vestige, some slight remnant of by-gone amatory successes in the shape of a small, well-formed nose, a white, smooth forehead, a smooth, plump neck or arm, a delicate hand, with pink nails, or, perchance—great charm of all in the eyes of man—a little, slender foot, on whose arched instep, or thin and tapering ankle, time had left no impress. Who is there, or rather what man is there (for women are not, commonly, kind arbiters of each others' physical advantages), who can not catalogue a dozen such among the elderly ladies of his acquaintance?

Again, it may not be only the animal side of man's nature to which the salient appeal is made. Old ladies, or so-called old ladies, are, frequently, more brilliant in their intellectual endowments or acquirements than are young ones. Setting aside the beauty of youth, which is supposed to place all pretty, young girls so far above all other competitors in the matrimonial race, what, in nine cases out of ten, has a pretty girl to recommend her? Has she any mind? Does she know anything? Can she talk intelligibly about anything? Has she any interest in any subject in the world but herself? To these four conundrums, so to speak, one answer can be given, one answer will amply suffice. The answer is: *No.* Her mind is a storehouse of society tittle-tattle, the latest fashions, dancing, the art of flirting, her own dress, who are the handsomest men, and lawn-tennis. She can, therefore, talk of nothing else. Try her and see. She knows nothing else to talk about. She never reads anything, not even novels, in the present day craze for out-of-door occupation and amusement for women. With no interest awakened and encouraged by the selfish life she leads in anything but herself, every topic which does not directly or indirectly involve a consideration of herself, or tend to a point at which herself will naturally be the next suggestion, she finds a bore, and she will quickly bring the subject of conversation back to her favorite topics, should you endeavor to lead it into other channels. How often do we see young men deserting the society of young girls for that of much older women, and how often do we hold up our hands in puzzled dismay at the young men for displaying such unnatural tastes. How we blame and abuse the young fellows, as though they were guilty of some moral crime of the most degrading character. Do we ever stop to think that perhaps the young men are right after all, and are but exhibiting to the eyes of an astonished world that their intellectual tastes are of a higher standard than their animal propensities? The young girls appeal to the animal in their hearts, the older women to the intellectual in their heads.

I, for one, have therefore come to the conclusion, after thinking the matter well over, that in future I shall stand up for the young men who marry women older than themselves. To me there is nothing unnatural or "disgusting" (as some people are so fond of calling it) in it at all. What can there be disgusting about it? The marriage of a young man to an old woman is no more disgusting than is the marriage of a young girl to an old man, and who but a sentimental donkey or donkey-ess, would ever dream of calling the latter state of things disgusting? "It is better," says the old proverb, "to be an old man's darling than a young man's slave." I would enlarge the scope of the axiom by adding: "It is better to be an old woman's pet than a young woman's fool." And so, therefore, while all the rest of the world is raising aloft its palms and casting zenithward its eyes, and crying "disgusting!" "most unnatural!" "how disgraceful!" and "so abominable!" I simply applaud the good taste and unconcerned independence of character of the Dowager Duchess of Montrose, aged seventy, who has just married Mr. Marcus Henry Milner, aged twenty-four, and admire the pluck and indifference to the frown of Mrs. Grundy in the young man of twenty-four who took to wife the twice-widowed dowager of seventy.

I do not expect to have people agree with me at once; but they will when they come to think it out as I have done. I used to vote with the majority myself once. No one could have been more *anti* than I in 1881, on the occasion of the marriage of Baroness Burdett-Coutts, aged sixty-seven, to Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, aged twenty-eight. But the unadulterated success of that marriage, the unquestioned happiness of both parties, and the advantage it has undoubtedly been to them, have quite converted me.

The Dowager Duchess of Montrose is a fine, striking looking old lady with more verve and "go" in her than many men can boast of. She likes and courts notoriety, and as "Mr. Manton" has long been one of the most prominent and largest supporters of the turf in England. Her racing stud is among the most famous; her "stables" of the best quality, and her racing colors—bright red, from which she takes her sobriquet of the "Red Duchess"—are annually seen on every race-course from Epsom to Goodwood, from Newmarket to Sandown, and from Stockbridge to Brighton. She is enormously rich. Stay! Yes, I know just what people will say. But what of it? What harm if her money did form the chief inducement to Mr. Milner in marrying her? Is not money generally the chief inducement in *all* marriages in high life? I know that when a young man marries a youthful heiress, aristocratic society is calmly content to view the marriage as a love match, not in its heart, of course, but, outwardly to each other, society never takes count of the money. "The happy young couple!" "How well suited," etc., *ad nauseam.* No one dreams of saying anything else, whatever they may think. But is any one fool enough to suppose that the "happy couple" would ever have found "how well suited" they were, if their papas and mammas, or their uncles and aunts, or guardians and trustees, and themselves, as well, had not been pretty well satisfied and fortified by lawyer's opinions as to the money part of the contract being O. K. before the engagement was announced? I do not think any one is quite so green as to think that any marriage between young people is allowed in England by the very class of people who are now so vehement in their condemnation of Mr. Milner for his worldliness, and the Dowager Duchess of Montrose for her "purchase of a husband," without a big lump of money being put up for settlement from one side or the other. Of course, the dowager duchess's immense fortune was an inducement to Mr. Milner to marry her, and it is quite safe to say he would not have married her if she did not have it. But he, and all other Englishmen of his class, young or old, would have required the self-same inducement in getting them to wed Miss Berens, either of the twin Taylor girls, the Duchess of Leinster, or Miss Halliday, who are among the prettiest young women in England to-day, and with beauty enough to tempt the most determined woman-hater or the most sated *roué.* Money? Why, no marriage in English high life is dreamed of until the money is counted and the genuineness of each coin is tested by experts! When a young man can not marry a pretty young girl who has not it, why expect him to marry an old and ugly one in the same impecunious condition? I think we had better not say anything about the "Red Duchess's" fortune.

And now mark the force of my added axiom. The duchess has not only settled five thousand pounds sterling a year on her young husband, but she has ordered that, in future, the name of "Mr. Manton" shall appear no more upon the racing-calendars, but that of Mr. Milner instead. Mr. Milner becomes at once a great swell on the turf; from being a rather obscure young man, whose chief means of social identification would seem to have been that he was a brother of the poor Countess of Durham, who was so scandalously treated by the earl. Some people thought it would have rather adorned the manhood of the lady's brothers (she has another as well as this one), if they had accentuated their disapproval of their brother-in-law by the administration of a mild thrashing. I do not think the earl would have got off so skin-whole in America. But then, you see, fighting is "so ungentleman-like." It is a pity that the ill-treatment of women by men is not classed in the same category.

I do not in the least know how Mr. Milner and the earl are going to get on together on the turf. Lord Durham is the peer who has been trying to clean "the turf" lately, and in the recent trial of the suit brought by Wood, the jockey, against a newspaper for libel, the Dowager Duchess of Montrose was a witness on the opposite side from the earl. I fancy the Earl of Durham is likely to feel that the turf will be too hot to hold him presently. What with the Duke of Portland and now Mr. Milner, he will not lie upon a roseate couch. But, as the roseate couch has been a bed of his own making, no one is losing much flesh out of very deep concern on his behalf.

The five thousand pounds sterling a year settlement, and the transfer of the splendid racing-stud to his name, show that the betting has begun in real earnest. How much better than the fooling of the other extreme! And, after all, take whatever view you may please, the marriage, except in the disparity of ages, which is only a matter of taste based upon old-fashioned opinions, is a satisfactory one to the parties who are most directly interested, and if they are satisfied, no one has any right to complain.

The effect of a marriage of a widowed duchess to a commoner is exemplified in the case of the Dowager Duchess of Montrose and Mr. Milner. She does not become Mrs. Milner, but retains her old name and title. This she did all through her married life with her late husband, Mr. Stirling Crawfurd. She was first married to the Duke of Montrose, who died in 1874. Mr. Crawfurd left her a widow a second time in 1883. Before her marriage with either, she was the Hon. Caroline Beresford, daughter of Lord Decies, an Irish baron.

LONDON, August 17, 1888. COCKAIGNE.

"It is a mistake," said a well-known advertising agent recently, "but a common one, to suppose that Americans spend more in advertising than do the business-men of other nations. I think Americans spend more wisely and get more display for their money, but the actual sums expended by English advertisers exceed those expended by Americans. One English firm alone spent, last year, at least five hundred thousand dollars in advertising one commodity. Two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars of this money was disbursed in England and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars of it in this country, the balance elsewhere. They got more display out of the one hundred and fifty thousand dollars spent here than out of the two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars spent in England. No American firm can equal this record of expenditure, which is not a solitary instance, but will be repeated by the same firm this year, and may be for years to come."

A speed contest in type-writing occurred at Toronto last week. The test was five minutes' writing of legal testimony and five of ordinary correspondence. The result was the award of a gold medal to Miss M. E. Orr, of New York, who wrote on the Remington machine nine hundred and eighty-seven words in ten minutes, and a silver medal to Mr. Frank E. McGurrin, of Salt Lake City, also a Remington operator, who averaged ninety-five words a minute.

Two state railway carriages have been built in Paris for the Emperor and Empress of China. The dragons on the panels are of gilt bronze, and they are very magnificent all over.

AN OCTET OF SONNETS.

An Ancient Chess-King.

Haply some Rajah first in ages gone
  Amid his languid ladies finger'd thee,
  While a black nightingale, sun-swart as he,
Sang his one wife, love's passionate orison:
Haply thou mayst have pleased old Prester John
  Among his pastures, when full royally
  He sat in tent—grave shepherds at his knee—
While lamps of balsam winked and glimmered on.
What dost thou here? Thy masters are all dead;
  My heart is full of ruth and yearning pain
    At sight of thee, O king that hast a crown
Outlasting theirs, and tells of greatness fled
  Through cloud-hung nights of unabated rain
    And murmur of the dark majestic town.

—*Jean Ingelow.*

Ozymandias.

I met a traveler from an antique land,
  Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
  Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
  Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
  The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed;
And on the pedestal these words appear:
  "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings;
Look on my works, ye mighty, and despair!"
  Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
  The lone and level sands stretch far away.

—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

Lucifer in Starlight.

On a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose.
  Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend
  Above the rolling ball in cloud part screened,
Where sinners hugged their spectre of repose.
Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.
  And now upon his western wing he leaned,
  Now his huge bulk o'er Africa careened,
Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.
Soaring through wider zones that pricked his scars
  With memory of the old revolt from Awe,
He reached a middle height, and at the stars,
  Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank.
  Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,
The army of unalterable law. —*George Meredith.*

Sibyl.

This is the glamour of the world antique;
  The thyme-scents of Hymettus fill the air,
  And in the grass narcissus-cups are fair.
The full brook wanders through the ferns to seek
The amber haunts of bees; and on the peak
  Of the soft hill, against the gold-marged sky,
  She stands, a dream from out the days gone by.
Entreat her not. Indeed she will not speak!
Her eyes are full of dreams; and in her ears
  There is the rustle of immortal wings;
And ever and anon the slow breeze bears
  The mystic murmur of the song she sings.
Entreat her not: she sees thee not, nor hears
  Aught but the sights and sounds of bygone springs.

—*John Payne.*

Idle Charon.

The shores of Styx are lone for evermore,
  And not one shadowy form upon the steep
  Looms through the dusk, far as the eye can sweep,
To call the ferry over as of yore;
But tintless rushes all about the shore
  Have hemmed the old boat in, where, locked in sleep,
  Hoar-bearded Charon lies; while pale weeds creep
With tightening grasp all round the unused oar.
For in the world of Life strange rumors run
  That now the soul departs not with the breath,
But that the Body and the Soul are one;
  And in the loved one's mouth, now, after death,
The widow puts no obol, nor the son,
  To pay the ferry in the world beneath.

—*Eugene Lee-Hamilton.*

On a Lute found in a Sarcophagus.

What curled and scented sun-girls, almond-eyed,
  With lotus blossoms in their hands and hair,
  Have made their swarthy lovers call them fair,
With these spent strings, when brutes were deified,
And Memnon in the sunrise sprang and cried,
  And love-winds smote Bubastis, and the bare
  Black breasts of carven Pasht received the prayer
Of suppliants bearing gifts from far and wide!
This lute has outsung Egypt; all the lives
  Of violent passion, and the vast calm art
  That lasts in granite only, all lie dead;
This little bird of song alone survives,
  As fresh as when its fluting smote the heart
  Last time the brown slave wore it garlanded.

—*Edmund W. Gosse.*

A Dream of Egypt.

Night sends forth many an eagle-wingèd dream
  To soar through regions never known by day;
  And I by one of these was rapt away
To where the sun-burnt Nile with opulent stream
Makes teem the desert sand. My pomp supreme
  Enriched the noon; I spurned earth's common clay;
  For I was Antony, and by me lay
That Snake whose sting was bliss. Nations did seem
But camels for the burden of our joy;
  Kings were our slaves; our wishes glowed in air
    And grew fruition; night grew day, day night,
Lest the high bacchanal of our loves should cloy;
  We reined the tiger, Life, with flower-crowned hair,
    Abashlessly abandoned to delight.

—*John Todhunter.*

Helen's Tower.*

Who hears of Helen's Tower, may dream perchance
  How the Greek Beauty from the Scæan Gate
  Gazed on old friends unanimous in hate,
Death-doom'd because of her fair countenance.
Hearts would leap otherwise, at thy advance,
  Lady, to whom this Tower is consecrate!
  Like hers, thy face once made all eyes elate,
Yet, unlike hers, was bless'd by every glance.
The Tower of Hate is outworn, far and strange:
  A transitory shame of long ago,
    It dies into the sand from which it sprang;
But thine, Love's rock-built Tower, shall fear no change:
  God's self laid stable earth's foundations so,
    When all the morning-stars together sang.

—*Robert Browning.*

* A tower erected by the present Earl of Dufferin and Clandeboye, on a rock on his estate at Clandeboye, Ireland, in memory of his mother, Helen, Countess of Gifford.

THACKERAY'S CHARACTERS.

Some Particulars Concerning their Prototypes.

In one of those charming "Roundabout Papers," which are so much less read than they deserve to be, is one entitled "De Finibus" (says *American Notes and Queries*). It lets in much curious light upon the great novelist's habits of composition, and the way in which his characters grew before him.

"Alexandre Dumas," he says, "describes himself, when inventing the plan of a work, as lying silent on his back for two whole days on the deck of a yacht in a Mediterranean port. At the end of the two days he arose and called for dinner. In those two days he had built his plot. He had molded a mighty clay, to be cast presently in perennial brass. The chapters, the characters, the incidents, the combinations were all arranged in the artist's brain ere he set a pen to paper. My Pegasus won't fly so as to let me survey the field below me. He has no wings, he is blind of one eye certainly, he is restive, stubborn, slow; crops a hedge when he ought to be galloping, or gallops when he ought to be quiet. He never will show off when I want him. Sometimes he goes at a pace which surprises me. Sometimes, when I most wish him to make the running, the brute turns restive, and I am obliged to let him take his own time. I wonder do other novel-writers experience this fatalism? They *must* go a certain way, in spite of themselves. I have been surprised at the observations made by some of my characters. It seems as if an occult power was moving the pen. The personage does or says something, and I ask, how the dickens did he come to think of that? Every man has remarked in dreams the vast dramatic power which is sometimes evinced; I won't say the surprising power, for nothing does surprise you in dreams. But those strange characters you meet make instant observations of which you never can have thought previously. In like manner, the imagination foretells things. We spake anon of the inflated style of some writers. What, also, if there is an *afflated* style—when a writer is like a pythoness on her oracle tripod—and mighty words, words which he can not help, come blowing, and bellowing, and whistling, and moaning through the speaking pipes of his bodily organ? I have told you it was a very queer shock to me the other day when, with a letter of introduction in his hand, the artist's (not my) Philip Firmin walked into this room and sat down in the chair opposite. In the novel of 'Pendennis,' written ten years ago, there is an account of a certain Costigan, whom I had invented (as I suppose authors invent their personages out of scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters). I was smoking in a tavern-parlor one night, and this Costigan came into the room alive—the very man—the most remarkable resemblance of the printed sketches of the man, of the rude drawings in which I had depicted him. He had the same little coat, the same battered hat, cocked on one eye, the same twinkle in that eye. 'Sir,' said I, knowing him to be an old friend whom I had met in unknown regions, 'sir,' I said, 'may I offer you a glass of brandy-and-water?' '*Bedad, ye may*,' says he, '*and I'll sing ye a song tu*.' Of course he spoke with an Irish brogue. Of course he had been in the army. In ten minutes he pulled out an army agent's account, whereon his name was written. A few months after we read of him in a police court. How had I come to know him, to divine him? Nothing shall convince me that I have not seen that man in the world of spirits. In the world of spirits-and-water I know I did; but that is a mere quibble of words. I was not surprised when he spoke in an Irish brogue. I had had cognizance of him before, somehow. Who has not felt that little shock which arises when a person, a place, some words in a book (there is always a collocation) present themselves to you, and you know that you have before met the same person, words, scene, and so forth?"

But Costigan and many other of the characters in "Pendennis," in spite of this disclaimer, seem to have had actual prototypes in real life from whom they were very closely copied. Indeed, Thackeray has admitted as much. When "Pendennis" was published, he sent a copy to one of his intimate friends, George Moreland Crawford, Paris correspondent of the London *Daily News*, who had nursed the novelist through the long and dangerous illness which had nearly interrupted "Pendennis" forever.

The copy was accompanied by the following letter: "You will find much to remind you of old talks and faces—of William John O'Connell, Jack Sheehan, and Andrew Archdecne. There is something of you in Warrington, but he is not fit to hold a candle to you, for, taking you all around, you are the most genuine fellow that ever strayed from a better world into this. You don't smoke, and he is a consumed smoker of tobacco. Bordeaux and port were your favorites at the 'Deanery' and the 'Garrick,' and War. is always guzzling beer. But he has your honesty, and, like you, could not posture if he tried. You have a strong affinity for the Irish. May you some day find an Irish girl to lead you to matrimony! There's no such good wife as a daughter of Erin."

Warrington, therefore, seems to have owed his being to the novelist's acquaintance with Crawford, although there is undoubtedly (and possibly unconsciously) much of Thackeray himself in it—more, perhaps, than in the character of "Pendennis," though the latter is obviously intended as his own portrait, with all the faults and imperfections he recognized in himself. (Some of the sketches of Arthur, drawn by the author-artist, are recognizable portraits of Thackeray.)

William John O'Connell stood for Captain Costigan, Jack Sheehan for Captain Shandy, and Andrew Archdecne for the ever-delightful Foker.

William John O'Connell was a cousin of the Liberator, who stingly dubbed him Lord Kilmallock, whence he was always known either by that name or by its diminutive "Kil." Edmund Yates describes him as "an Irish gentleman of the old fighting, drinking, creditor-defying school, who, in his impoverished days, lived here in London, no one knew exactly how. He was a very handsome old man, with a red face and white hair; walked lame from the effects of a bullet in his hip, received in a duel; and had the deepest, most rolling, most delightful brogue." Yates, however, thinks that he shared with O'Gorman Mahone the honor of having been the original of the Mulligan. That Archdecne was the original of Foker there is no doubt. "He was reproduced," says Yates, "in the most ludicrously life-like manner;" and, to Archdecne's intense annoyance, an exact wood-cut portrait of himself accompanied the text.

Archdecne was the owner of a large estate in Norfolk, which enabled him to gratify his tastes for eccentric clothing, fighting-dogs, game-cocks, and the prize-ring. He delighted in driving coaches as an amateur. Like Foker, he was small in stature. He was in the habit of drinking beer with Kilmallock and Jack Sheehan, at a tavern known as the "Duke of Devonshire," near Covent Garden. Kil. and Sheehan also frequented the "Deanery," a sung, old-fashioned public house, near St. Paul's, which derived its name from the fact that it was presided over by "Ingoldsby" Barham, a canon of the neighboring cathedral.

Archdecne never quite forgave Thackeray his caricature. One night, just after Thackeray had delivered his first lecture on the "Humorists," Archdecne met him at the Cider Cellars Club, surrounded by a coterie, who were offering their congratulations.

"How are you, Thack.?" cried Archie; "I was at your show to-day at Willis's. What a lot of swells you had there—yes! But I thought it was dull—devilish dull! I'll tell you what it is, Thack. . . . . you want a piano!"

Of the other characters in "Pendennis," Thackeray himself owned that Helen was drawn after his mother, "though she was a thousand times better than the portrait." Wagg, the great novelist, whose star is in the ascendant, while poor Captain Shandy, with ten times his brains, is unknown and unhonored, is, probably, Theodore Hook. The noblemen on Captain Shandy's *Pall Mall Gazette* are Lords William and Henry Lennox, and a brother of the Duke of St. Albans, of whom Jack Sheehan used to say, "his name of Beauclerc is a misnomer, for he is always in a fog, and never clear about anything."

As to Blanche Amory, we have no less an authority than Mrs. Carlyle for the statement that she was closely copied from a real person, whose name, however, has been very properly suppressed in the published "Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle."

"Have you been reading Thackeray's 'Pendennis'?" writes Mrs. Carlyle to one of her correspondents in 1851; "if so, you have made acquaintance with Blanche Amory; and when I tell you that my young lady of last week is the original of that portrait, you will give me joy that she, lady's-maid, and infinite baggage are all gone! Not that the poor little —— is quite such a little devil as Thackeray, who has detested her from a child, has here represented; but the looks, the manners, the wiles, the *larmes*, 'and all that sort of thing,' are a perfect likeness. The blame, however, is chiefly on those who placed her in a position so false that it required extraordinary virtue not to become false along with it. She was the only legitimate child of a beautiful, young, 'improper female' who was, for a number of years, ——'s mistress (she had had a husband, a swindler). His mother took the freak of patronizing this mistress, saw the child, and, behold! it was very pretty and clever. Poor Mrs. —— had tired of parties, of politics, of most things in heaven and earth; 'a sudden thought struck her,' she would adopt this child, give herself the excitement of making a scandal and braving public opinion, and of educating a flesh-and-blood girl into the heroine of a three-volume novel, which she had for years been trying to write, but wanted perseverance to elaborate. The child was made the idol of the whole house; her showy education was fitting her more for her own mother's profession than for any honest one; and when she was seventeen, and the novel was just rising into the interest of love-affairs, a rich, young man, having been refused or jilted by her, Mrs. —— died—her husband and son being already dead—and poor —— was left without any earthly stay, and with only two hundred and fifty pounds sterling a year to support her in the extravagantly luxurious habits she had been brought up in. She has a splendid voice, and wished to get trained for the opera. Mrs. ——'s fine lady friends screamed at the idea, but offered her nothing instead, not even their countenance. Her two male guardians, to wash their hands of her, resolved to send her to India, and to India she had to go, vowing that if their object was to marry her off she would disappoint them and return 'to prosecute the artist life.' She produced the most extraordinary furore at Calcutta; had offers every week, refused them point-blank, terrified Sir —— by her extravagance, tormented Lady —— by her caprices, 'fell into consumption' for the nonce, was ordered by the doctors back to England, and, to the dismay of her two cowardly guardians, arrived here six months ago *with her health perfectly restored*."

The début of the *City of New York* is said to herald an era of ships still faster. We read that "The White Star line is having two built at Belfast, which, it is believed, will do the passage in five days. The Guion Company has likewise two faster ones building, which are also expected to be 'five-dayers.' The Cunard Company will not be outrivaled in speed, and has some new and fast boats making."

By the Castner process, some new works at Oldbury expect to produce one thousand five hundred pounds of sodium daily, from which a ton and a half of aluminium can be produced a week. This process reduces the cost of aluminium from forty shillings per pound to fifteen shillings or less, or from five thousand to one thousand six hundred pounds sterling per ton.

The French sugar-makers have commenced a campaign against saccharine, extracted from coal-tar. Experiments have shown that it is not noxious, but the Society of Agriculturists have petitioned the government to forbid its manufacture as prejudicial to the beet-root sugar trade.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

It is a queer coincidence that red is made from madder, and bulls are made madder by red.—*Life.*

Visitor—"Do you love the piano?" *Lady*—"No, I prefer death by electricity."—*Texas Siftings.*

A conversation overheard on the piazza: "Don't!" "Why, don't you like it?" "Yes, but don't!"—*Life.*

Girl (at dramatic agency recently)—"I want to get a position in a chorus, if possible." *Agent*—"What is your voice?" *Girl*—"Sopralto."—*Exchange.*

Sunday-school teacher—"How do you account for the writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast, Willie?" *Willie* (calmly)—"Phosphorus."—*Town Topics.*

Miss Tennis—"Do you go in much for athletics, Mr. Racket?" *Mr. Racket*—"No; go out, mostly, don't ye know—field sports and that sort of thing."—*Life.*

"What are the wild waves saying?" has become such a frayed-at-the-edges phrase that it has been replaced, in circles of taste, by: "What's der breakers givin' us?"—*Time.*

Nervous passenger—"And are you sure there is no danger, officer?" *Officer*—"Not a bit. The captain's just gone to take a nap because it's too foggy to see anything."—*Life.*

"I suffer dreadfully from *ennui*, doctor," said Mr. Bobre. "Do you still retain your old habit of talking to yourself, sir?" queried the physician, innocently.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Tubbley (bashfully, and removing his hat spasmodically)—"Is Miss Tremmer in?" *Maid*—"She is, but she's engaged." *Tubbley* (who settled things last night)—"I know it—I'm the young man."—*The Cartoon.*

Mr. Inkling (who aspires to authorship and matrimony, to his intimate friend, bitterly)—"Well, I've seen her. I did it; it's over!" "Ah, indeed, and what was the result?" "Oh, just the same as usual: 'Declined, with thanks.'"—*Life.*

Passenger—"What's wrong?" *Brakeman*—"The train behind us can't slow up. There'll be an awful collision." *Passenger*—"And I'll be killed. That's just like my luck. I was foolish enough to buy a return ticket."—*Detroit Free Press.*

She—"Whose ducky is oo?" *He*—"Oor's." *She*—"Forever, and ever, and ever?" *He*—"Ess, I is." *She*—"Has oo dot five dollars for oor ducky, dear?" *He*—"Thunder! no, Melinda. Think I'm made of money, don't you?"—*Time.*

Wife—"John, dear, if it should be my misfortune to die before you do, do you think you would marry again?" *Husband*—"Well, I dunno, my love. Until it comes to him, no man can tell how he would be able to stand prosperity."—*New York Sun.*

Guest (indignantly)—"Waiter, there are feathers in this soup!" *Waiter* (inspecting it)—"Why, so there are. I thought I was giving you bean soup. It's chicken broth, sir; costs ten cents more." (Changes figures on the check.)—*Chicago Tribune.*

He (summering in the country)—"Shall I assist you over this wire fence, Maude?" *She*—No, I can do very nicely myself; and, in the meantime, Charley, I wish you would study that bank of clouds in the west, and tell me if you think it looks like rain."—*Texas Siftings.*

Dumley (who has sold a watch)—"You told me, Robinson, that if I would let you have the watch, you would pay me in thirty days. It's a good deal more than thirty days now. *Robinson*—"Not by the watch; that watch loses twelve hours out of the twenty-four."—*New York Sun.*

Hard-up gent—"Say, boss, can't yer give a feller a few cents to help him along?" *Mr. Delawney*—"Why don't you do something faw yaw own living? You bad bettah ask for bwains instead of money." *Hard-up gent*—"Well, boss, I asked yer for what I thought yer had the most of."—*Life.*

Countryman (outside of dime museum, admiring picture of three-headed man)—"What d'ye have to pay that chap, mister?" *Roper-in*—"Thousand dollars a week." *Countryman*—"Gosh, that's a smart lot of money!" *Roper-in*—"Yes, but you see it costs him a good deal for hats."—*Life.*

A—"You are not drinking to-night?" *B*—"No, I'm not thirsty." "Well, you ought to drink, anyhow. If a man never drinks except when he is thirsty he has no advantage over the beasts of the field. Come up and assert your manhood. Another schooner for this gentleman."—*Texas Siftings.*

"Are you a ball-player yourself, George?" she asked, at the polo grounds. He smiled a sweet, superior smile. "I can give those New Yorkers points on the game," he said. Then a foul tip came from Johnny Ward's bat, and George, the expert, fell over two rows of seats trying to get out of the way.—*Time.*

In Dublin—"See here, driver, I ordered a smart trap to take a drive in Phœnix Park, and you come around in rags not fit for a beggar!" *Driver* (in jaunting car)—"I knows it, yer honor, and I would like to wear fine clothes, but there's not a tailor in all Dublin can take me measure, I'm that ticklish."—*America.*

Critic—"The court painter, Borstt, has been so overrun by the dealers that he has been obliged to institute a reception-room." *Artist*—"That is nothing at all. The dealers run after me so many at once and fight so at the stairs each to get up first, that not one of them has yet to the top got."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

Philadelphia aunt (severely)—"As I glanced into the parlor, last evening, I saw you with a young man's arm around you." *Chicago niece* (calmly)—"Yes, aunty, I was waiting for you to pass the door and see us. Young men are very slippery, nowadays, and one can't have too many witnesses."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Mr. Isaacstein (to school-teacher)—"How vas dot leedle Jacob getting on mit arithmetic?" *School-teacher*—"He is doing nicely, Mr. Isaacstein; he is in percentage now." *Mr. Isaacstein*—"Vas dot so? Vell, don'd you teach dot poy noddings less than von hundert per cent. He vas too young yet to study very hard."—*New York Sun.*

Dr. Pillsbury (to patient)—"My dear sir, all you need is plenty of out-door exercise. Now, here is a little work that I would strongly advise you to read. It will teach you how to gain and preserve health. Its title is 'Physical Culture for the Million,' and——" *Patient*—"But, doctor——" *Dr. Pillsbury*—"Well?" *Patient*—"I wrote that book."—*Time.*

Uncle Rastus (entertaining the minister at Sunday dinner)—"Will yo' arsk de blessing, Mistah Lovejoy?" *Minister* (suspiciously)—"Eccuse me, Brudder Rastus, but wha' di' yo' git dem ah chickens?" *Uncle Rastus* (hastily)—"I whitewashed er fence fo' 'em, Mistah Lovejoy, 'deed I did; dat's hones'!" *Minister* (fervently)—"Den may de gude Lo'd, wif his infinite mercy, sen' down," etc.—*New York Sun.*

"Rose Kacktus," exclaimed the gloomy lover, "since you won't marry me I've nothing to live for. I'm going to shoot myself." "Let me see your pistol, Mr. Lariat." He reluctantly showed it to her. "Shoot yourself with a twenty-two-calibre pop?" said the beautiful Arizona maiden, contemptuously, as she looked at the weapon; "if you do, and it hurts any, come to me and I will get you a piece of court plaster."—*Chicago Tribune.*

English-American (in dime-museum, a few years hence)—"D'ye know, I cahn't see any curiosity about that man. It's w'at you call a 'fake,' I fahncy." *German-American*—"Dot show vas no goot." *French-American*—"Zat ees not von bearded lady; eet ees not von living skeleton; eet ees not von vild man of Borneo. Vat he is?" *Dime-museum manager*—"Fake, is it? Sure thot mon's the foinest curiosity in siven counties; an' a har-r-rud toime we had foindin' him. He's an American-American, begobbs."—*Puck.*

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Herman Merivale defines the "best hundred books as those which everybody says everybody else must read, but never reads himself."

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton recently visited Mr. Swinburne, and found him looking almost younger than when she had seen him ten years before.

Redway, of London, announces for publication a so-called Esoteric Series, which will be composed of reprints from old works on astrology, alchemy, freemasonry, magic, etc.

The English publishers of Mr. Haggard's new story, "Maiwa's Revenge," sold twenty thousand copies of the book before the day of publication arrived. Mr. Haggard, after that, can make his own terms.

The *Saturday Review* speaks cheerfully of "the transatlantic habit of screaming out to all creation the ineffable merits and charms of the transatlantic young girl," and it takes another fling at "the snipsnap smartness of the modern American novel heroine."

"Queen of Spades" is the title of the last short story written by the late E. P. Roe. It will appear in the October *Lippincott*, together with an autobiographical sketch, entitled "A Native Author Called Roe." Mr. John Habberton has written for *Lippincott's* a serial story, called "At Last; or, Six Days in the Life of a Governess." It will run through six numbers.

The statement that no book has been burned publicly for over a hundred years is contradicted by a contributor to the London *Star*, who says: "Not, perhaps, by legal authority, but plenty of books have been burned in popular fervor of one kind or another. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Froude's 'Nemesis of Faith' was so burned by high church students, at Oxford, in 1848."

The magnificent senate chamber of the Doge's Palace, in Venice, is to be the meeting place this year of the International Literary Congress—a spot which ought to inspire all the poets in the assemblage. The time is to be September 15th to 22d. The Syndic of Venice will give various entertainments in honor of the congress. The American Copyright Bill is one of the subjects named for discussion.

Andrew Lang loves Dickens and applauds him loyally, but he concedes that some of his "notes of pathos" are false—and in this a great many admirers of the English novelist will agree with him. "Conceive," he says, "a child of Dombey's age remarking with his latest breath 'tell them that the picture on the stairs at school is not divine enough.' That is not the delirium of infancy, that is art criticism; it is 'The Athenæum' on Mr. Holman Hunt. It is not true to nature, it is not good in art." The tears this kind of pathos evolves are too easy; the sensibility it touches is weak.

Keats's "Belle Dame Sans Merci" is mentioned by Sidney Colvin as the most beautiful thing of its kind in the world. Matthew Arnold did not agree with him; he wrote to Colvin a year ago: "The value you attach to 'La Belle Dame Sans Merci' is to me simply amazing." Coventry Patmore ranges himself beside Colvin, and calls it "probably the very finest lyric in the English language." Mr. Colvin has discovered what was not known before, that the poem was written in April-May, 1819, the date also of Keats's masterpieces in another style—the odes "To Psyche," on "A Grecian Urn," and "To a Nightingale."

In explanation of the utility of the "Incorporated Society of Authors," Walter Besant states these facts concerning the publishing trade in England and its relations to authors: "1. The 'trade' is now enormous, representing as it does many millions sterling every year. 2. It is entirely dependent on the men and women who produce the material sold. 3. These men and women number many thousands, who live by the production of literature, good or bad. 4. The copyright law is chaotic. 5. The methods of publishing are numerous, and seldom intelligible to persons inexperienced in business. A large proportion of authors have no business experience whatever. I submit that these facts are in themselves a sufficient warrant for the existence of a society of authors."

In the series of little tomes called "Canterbury Poets," edited by William Sharp, and published in New York by Thomas Whittaker, the latest is "Elfin Music," a collection of poems relating to fairies, with an introduction by Arthur Edward Waite. Edgar Allan Poe supplies the "foreview" with his irregular verses, entitled "Fairyland," and the prelude is "The Fairies' Recall," by Felicia Hemans. Three poems are bracketed as chronicles of fairyland; they are Michael Drayton's "Nymphidia," William Allingham's "Prince Brightkin," and Joseph Rodman Drake's "Culprit Fay." The New York poet does not lose by comparison with Allingham, an Irish poet, who is, perhaps, best known by one of the most dainty and charming of fairy pieces, beginning, "Up the airy mountain, down the rushy glen;" both are far beyond Drayton as to literary art and wit. Edmund Clarence Stedman's "Elfin Song" is included.

The New York *Graphic*, in its Saturday issues for the last few weeks, has published a full page of alleged "Poems," and last Saturday published two pages. Not only does it volunteer to print all the "poetry" offered it, but it now proposes to start a magazine for the purpose, to accommodate the overflow of "poems" sent to its office. It announces that "we shall foster ambition and American letters by printing all verses sent us." Regarding its proposed "magazine" it adds: "Such a magazine could be made to do excellent work and exert a highly beneficial influence. It is the duty of an American newspaper to foster American letters by discovering and encouraging budding genius." Out of the vast mass of stuff the *Graphic* has published under the name of poetry, few contributors have advanced an idea poetically. One writer attempts to make "buttons" rhyme with "puddings"; another, "departure" with "nature," and so on to the end. That a daily newspaper, of good standing, should foster the production of these senseless jingles, seems extraordinary.

A New York newspaper recently sent a reporter to E. C. Stedman to obtain his opinion concerning the literary merits and demerits of a book that has created a small sensation. According to that newspaper, Mr. Stedman refused to talk upon the subject, but asked the reporter, "Did you bring a check with you?" and went on to say that if the editor wanted an interview, he should be willing to pay for it. We opine that Mr. Stedman is quite right in refusing to give an interview upon a literary subject to a newspaper *gratis*, and are inclined to consider that it was a trifle presumptuous for the editor to ask him for it. A part of Mr. Stedman's stock-in-trade as a critic is his opinion in literary matters. An editor of a newspaper would scarcely venture to ask Mr. Stedman to write him a critical article without payment. Where is the difference in asking him to dictate the same article to a reporter and make the newspaper a present of it? The value of a literary criticism does not lie in the paper it is written upon, nor in the labor of writing it, nor yet in the price of the ink, nor the wear and tear of the pen that transcribes it, but exclusively in the ideas and opinions that the author puts into the article. As a matter of abstract ethics, an editor might as justly send a reporter to a grocery to request the favor of a ham as to send his emissary to a critic to beg an opinion that has a recognized value based upon his reputation.—*Life.*

New Publications.

A selection of Richard Steele's "Essays and Tales" from the *Tatler* and *Spectator* has been issued in the National Library published by Cassell & Co., New York. For sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"The Jolly Parisiennes" is the title given to a book containing a baker's dozen of short stories by Emile Zola. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 75 cents.

"The Boston Tea Party and Other Stories of the American Revolution" contains a score of narratives of heroic deeds, revised and adapted from Henry C. Watson's "Noble Deeds of Our Fathers." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

"The Spirit of Beauty," by Professor Henry W. Parker, is a collection of essays which combine the scientific and æsthetic, treating of the natural theology of art, selection, mind in animals, and kindred topics. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the publishers; price, postpaid, 85 cents.

Charles A. Gillig's "London Guide," compiled by Stephen F. Smart, has gone into an eighth edition, revised, amended, and corrected as the changes time has worked necessitate. The book aims to give the stranger information regarding lodgings, shops, sights, routes, etc. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

There is not a very elevated philosophy in the poems of Rose Terry Cooke, nor are they all illumined with the divine fire, but they are smoothly written and restful, and a great many people will be glad to know that a new edition of her collected "Poems" has been printed. The contents are divided into three parts, poems, narratives, and translations. Published by William S. Gottsberger, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

"Undine" and "Sintram and his Companions," two quaint, old-fashioned tales by De la Motte Fouqué, are appropriately printed in a single volume of the pretty Knickerbocker Nuggets. The illustrations by Heywood Sumner, and the luxurious and tasteful style of bookmaking in which this series is published, fit the book as well for the centre-table as for the student's shelf. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, $1.00.

Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," despite Matthew Arnold's denial of their claim to rank as poetry, are great favorites with many readers, especially among school-boys, and these will welcome the appearance of the "lays" in Professor Rolfe's series of "English Classics." The notes are the work of Professor Rolfe's son, but they are up to the standard in clearness, erudition, and copiousness. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 56 cents.

"The Tale of the Shakespeare Epitaph, By Francis Bacon, Translated from the Anglo-Phonetic by Edward Gordon Clark," is an application of the principles of the Donnelly cipher system, combined with Bacon's cryptogram and several other literal puzzles, to the Shakespeare epitaph, the result being truly remarkable. It is clever as a satire on Donnelly, but a skit of over two hundred pages is a bulky trifle. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago and San Francisco; for sale by the publishers; price, $1.00.

"Pictures of Hellas" is the apt title of a book containing five tales of ancient Greece, translated from the Danish of Peder Mariager by Mary J. Safford. The author has in each story taken some historic incident or some peculiar institution of ante-Christian Greece, filling it in with curious carefully collected antiquarian lore, and the resulting tales are to be read alike for their pictures of a long dead people and for their ever living human interest. Published by William S. Gottsberger, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

"The Centennial of a Revolution: An Address by a Revolutionist" is not a prepossessing book. There are in it over one hundred and fifty pages, which confront the possible reader like a solid squadron, with never a break in its ranks in the way of chapter-heads or other literary standard-bearers to mark the various divisions. The revolution referred to in the title is that revolution in methods of thought on political matters which resulted in the constitution of our government, and the "revolutionist"—presumably so called for his admiration of that revolution—discusses the bent and genius of our constitution. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, $1.25.

Another volume has been added to the admirable Story of the Nations Series. It is "The Story of Media, Babylon, and Persia," by Zénaïde A. Ragozin, and is a continuation of "The Story of Assyria." The period comprised in this history is from the fall of Nineveh to the Persian War, and there is a preliminary study of the Zend Avesta, or religion of Zoroaster, which is most interesting and deserves the large amount of space, nearly one-half the book, devoted to it. An interpolated chapter, which is most welcome, details the discoveries in the city of Suza made by M. and Mme. Dieulafoy at the instance of the French government in 1885 and later. The book is provided with many illustrations, an index, and a folding map of the Persian Empire and its neighbors five hundred years before the Christian era. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, $1.50.

Some Magazines.

Harper's Magazine for September opens with a journey to the Hebrides, written and illustrated by Mrs. Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Mr. Warner continues his Western studies in a description of Memphis and Little Rock. Mr. Edwards Roberts tells of the cities of Helena and Butte, in Montana; Mr. Lafcadio Hearn completes his "Midsummer Trip in the West Indies." There is an article on the new Gallery of Tapestry in Florence, and Professor Morse, of Salem, discusses the old Satsuma Porcelain. The poetry and romance of this number are unusually interesting.

In the September *Popular Science Monthly* the opening article is by Professor W. K. Brooks on "The Growth of Jelly-Fishes." Miss Adele M. Fielde contributes "Some Chinese Mortuary Customs." Mr. Benjamin Karr gives some of his observations of "Mental Traits in the Poultry-yard." Other articles are: "Animal and Plant Lore," by Mrs. Fanny D. Bergen; "How the Opium-Habit is Acquired," by Virgil G. Eaton; "Stigmatization," by Rev. Richard Wheatley; "Eye-Mindedness and Ear-Mindedness," by Professor Joseph Jastrow; "Antagonism," by Sir William R. Grove; "Underground Waters and Mineral Veins," by Professor G. A. Daubrée; "Writing-Machines for the Blind," by Arthur Good; "Expert Testimony," by Professor F. W. Clarke; and "Heliotropism: the Turning Motions of Plants," by Conway McMillan.

The September issue of the *Century* is an educational number. George R. Parkin's illustrated article describes the Uppingham Grammar School, in England. Other articles on this subject are "The Industrial Idea in Education," by Charles M. Carter; "The University and the Bible," by T. T. Munger; "Women who go to College," by Arthur Gilman; and a paper on "College Fraternities," by John Addison Porter. In addition to these, readers will find an "Open Letter" by President Seelye of Amherst on "College Fraternities"; also an "Open Letter" on "Art Education," by W. J. Stillman, and two editorials having to do with teaching. The poet Sill, about whom Miss Phelps writes, was a notable teacher, having been professor of literature in the University of California for several years. Other articles in this number are a continuation of the Life of Lincoln; George Kennan on "Exile by Administrative Process"; A. C. Gordon on "Hard Times in the Confederacy"; Professor Holden's concluding article on "Sidereal Astronomy"; an illustrated article by Mrs. E. S. Starr on "Doves"; and "Bird Music," by S. P. Cheney. Mr. Kennan, in the department of "Open Letters," answers the question, "Is the Siberian Exile System to be at once Abolished?" General Colston writes of "Gettysburg Twenty-five Years After"; Minister Romero explains his relations with General Grant during the time of Grant's failure; and John Banvard and General Fremont tell about "The Canal at Island No. 10." The stories and sketches of the number are a continuation of Mr. Janvier's "A Mexican Campaign"; an illustrated story by James Lane Allen, the scene of which is laid in the monastery described by him in the August number of the *Century*; and Mrs. Roseboro's sketch entitled "The Mountaineers about Monteagle." The poetry of the number is by Bliss Carman, Eugene Ashton, Walt Whitman, John Vance Cheney, William H. Hayne, Helen Gray Cone, W. J. Henderson, Frank Dempster Sherman, and Annie D. Hanks.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mr. Gladstone recently happened to meet the Bishop of Peterborough, who is as smart in his conversation as the late Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. "I hear, my lord," observed Mr. Gladstone, "that you don't quite approve of my dealing with the Irish question!" "Oh! dear, no," quietly answered the bishop; "it is not your 'dealing' I mind, Mr. Gladstone, it is your *shuffling* that I object to."

A large audience, the other night, was present at the Elephant and Castle Music Hall in London. A lady singer, a little *passée* as to years, and whose voice was not so good as it used to be, failed to please the pitiless throng; they groaned and hissed in rather a brutal fashion; whereupon, a person in the gallery called out reproachfully: "Let the bloomin' old cow have fair play." Then the lady came down to the footlights and with marked distinctness expressed her satisfaction that in the assembly before her "there was at least one true gentleman."

While prime minister, Gladstone appointed a certain well-known man to a certain difficult post abroad, requiring a great deal of special knowledge and personal acquaintance with the country and people; all of which this young man had acquired in the course of several laborious years. Mr. Gladstone sent for his commissioner to come and see him before he set out. He came, and next day a friend congratulated him on the impression he had made. "Mr. Gladstone says he never met any one who knew so much about the Caucasus." Lord X. laughed: "I was with him two hours and never opened my mouth."

Vermont has always been noted as a State interested in horse-flesh. Her trotters have become celebrated the world over, and one of them, which began a long line of valuable colts, was named Ethan Allen, after the famous Green Mountain soldier who captured Fort Ticonderoga. A Kentuckian, visiting in Vermont, was one day taken to see the statue of Ethan Allen, which had been erected at Montpelier. He was evidently impressed by the figure, but after looking it all over, and reading the name at the base, he said, contemptuously, to his host: "Say, old fellow, we think a heap of horses in Kentucky, but we have never erected a monument to a dead one, *yet!*"

In an Albany club the wine cellar was strangely depleted of its contents. Bottle after bottle of champagne disappeared, and locks seemed no bar against the thirsty thieves. Finally a new superintendent was placed in charge, and he seemed to be a man of an ingenious turn of mind. He put new locks upon the cellar, but he did not mean to place his dependence wholly upon iron bolts. So he secured a remarkably ugly bull-dog, with a very misanthropic disposition, and shut him in the cellar. There the brute stays all of the time, except for half an hour daily, when he is given a run in the sunlight. The dog has no taste for champagne, and now the wine stays where it is put until it is wanted in the café.

There has never been an instance of "graciousness" like the visit of the Duke de Nivernais, in the seventeenth century, to his dying steward. Wishing to see how matters stood with the poor fellow, the duke stepped into the room, and had the extreme condescension to make personal inquiry into the state of his health. The steward, utterly bewildered by the honor, raised himself in his bed with great difficulty, and said, in a tone of the most abject humility: "I hope your grace will not be offended at my dying in your presence?" The duke, deeply touched, answered: "Not in the least, my good friend; do not mind me." Whereupon, the steward availed himself of the gracious permission of his master, and gave up the ghost.

Professor Delbrück has recently published some interesting souvenirs about the Emperor Frederick the Third and his family. Here is an amusing anecdote about the order that reigned in the household while Frederick was Crown Prince: "One day the Crown Princess said to the butler, one of the oldest servants and one who had the reputation of having a will of his own: 'I ordered some Apollinaris water several weeks ago, and should like to taste it; has it not yet arrived?' The old domestic replied: 'Imperial Highness, there is still in the cellar a lot of bottles of seltzer water that must be drunk first!' All the persons at table broke out into laughter. The Crown Prince, after having himself joined in the hilarity, said, in a serious tone: 'My friend, when the Crown Princess orders you to do anything, I beg you to obey her.'"

"One day," said a veteran, in a recent interview with Eli Perkins, "I met an old soldier who had been wounded in the face, and when I asked him in what battle he had been injured, he said: 'I got it the first day at Shiloh, sir.' 'But how could you get hit in the face at Shiloh?' I asked. 'Well, sir,' said he, half-apologetically, 'after I had run a mile or two I got careless and looked back.' This story reminds me of how one of Ellsworth's Fire Zouaves killed his first Confederate. He said that he marched out to the battle of Bull Run, and, when about half-way there, he met a Johnny Reb in ambush. 'What did you do then?' I asked. 'Well, sir,' he answered, 'I drew out my revolver and he drew out his bowie-knife, and then I took the lead from the start and kept it clear into Washington city, and——' 'But how did you kill the man?' 'Run him to death,' was the reply."

In "making up" newspapers, or the piecing together of different paragraphs into columns, two separate items will, sometimes, be jumbled together, and most amusing results appear. A French newspaper had a good specimen of this kind of mixture: "Dr. X. has been appointed head physician to the Hôpital de la Charité. Orders have been issued by the authorities for the immediate extension of the Cimetière de Parnasse." The New Haven *Journal*, some time ago, made a curious jumble of two items. One read, "A large cast-iron wheel, revolving nine hundred times a minute, exploded in this city yesterday after a long and painful illness. Deceased was a prominent thirty second degree Mason." The other paragraph detailed how "John Fadden, the well-known florist and real-estate broker, of Newport, R. I., died in Wardiner & Russell's sugar-mill, at Crystal Lake, Ill., on Saturday, doing three thousand dollars' damage to the building, and injuring several workmen severely." Ben. Jonson was once requested to revise some proofs full of typographical and other errors, but he declined, and recommended that they should be sent to the house of correction.

Many anecdotes are narrated to illustrate the tact required in dealing with lunatics. Among the inmates of an asylum near Philadelphia was a man who was considered perfectly harmless, but who, having no home, was allowed to remain there, being employed to show visitors around. The doctor went on the roof with him one day to see about repairing it, when the man suddenly turned and suggested that they should jump down to the ground together. Immediately the doctor replied, "No, don't let's do that. Any one can jump down. Let's go down and see if we can jump up." The lunatic considered the point "well taken," and agreed. The head of a private asylum in England was in the bath-room watching a number of lunatics bathe, when one of them called out, "Let's duck the doctor!" and they all took up the cry. Seeing his danger, the doctor said at once, "All right, boys, but suppose you give a cheer for him first;" and the noise of their cheering brought the keepers in to his rescue. The same doctor was in a room with a lunatic, who, by some means, had possessed himself of a carving knife. The lunatic informed him gravely that he had been ordained by God to cut him into little pieces, and, much as he regretted it, he should be obliged to do it. "Very well," said the doctor; "of course, if that is the case, I shall make no attempt to prevent you; but I see your knife needs sharpening. Allow me to fetch a grindstone for you. And no objection being raised, the quick-witted doctor made his escape.

Mr. Palmer has given us plays to suit all tastes. In "Partners" we had a dramatic story of contemporaneous city life; in "Jim, the Penman" a detective story of breathless interest and realistic detail; in "Elaine" a romantic story, poetic and picturesque; in "Saints and Sinners" a pathetic story, simple and touching.

"Saints and Sinners" is an emphatically English play. The placid routine of an English village life is hard to realize in our more ambitious and restless existence. The colorless but peaceful life at Steepleford has no counterpart between New York and San Francisco. The humor of the play, old as it is, is brawny, solid English humor that laughs at itself, openly, robustly funny, as opposed to the grave innuendo of American or the demure suggestiveness of French humor. The characters are all as English as though they had been brought up on beef and beer and Dickens. They all show the predominance of a single, strong characteristic, a mild form of caricature which has become rooted in English literary art. The piece is well-named "Saints and Sinners," for when the people are bad they are thoroughly bad from top to toe, and when they are good they are angelic. All of which gains for the play a frank honesty, a hearty healthiness of sentiment, which is refreshing as water to a thirsty soul, after all the empty hearts and wobbling, misplaced affections to which we have lately been treated.

"Saints and Sinners" is the best constructed play produced by the Palmer Company. It is an admirable piece of dramatic composition. The work of the same cunning hand which so ably constructed "The Silver King" is evident throughout. The interest never flags, the pitch is never lowered. A story as old as the hills has been treated with such consummate skill that it rises, brisk, fresh, and young, as did Jason's father from Medea's cauldron. It is balanced to a nicety, shaded with the most delicate precision. Its author, Mr. Jones, shows the most remarkable ingenuity in keeping the story from sagging. No higher pitch of anguish can be shown than that of the minister when he hears of his daughter's flight, and this takes place in the second act. With a less practiced author, the drop from this pinnacle of misery would be dizzy. But so keenly does Mr. Jones appreciate his art that there is no slackening in the tension of the play, which draws on, even, firm, and unwavering, to a brilliant close. In the end of the third act, where the minister finds his daughter and brings her home, there is another agonizing scene. Anguish and excitement can reach no higher pitch. After this tug it seems as if the interest must snap like a piece of strained elastic. But again the author's knowledge of art triumphs. With a sure, firm hand he carries on his touching story, skirting difficulties, sustaining interest, and drawing together the loose threads into a finished and compact finale.

The villain—the betrayer of innocence—is the only defect, and he is indeed a blot on the scutcheon. This fine gentleman, who goes about like Satan, seeking whom he may devour, takes pleasure in assuring himself that he is "a bad man." He also tells Letty this, not with any undue exultation, nor yet with proper regrets, but with a gentle, philosophic calm. "Indeed, Letty, I am a very wicked man," says he, amiably, not warningly, but, as it were, giving his recommendation. This is not in keeping with the truly villainous character. Boys about town are extremely fond of alluding to themselves as "bad men," and when they do, one may justly suspect them of being models of deportment. The rascal who will own even to himself that he is a villain is a rarity. The character of Captain Fanshawe is flat and shadowless, one of the stiffest and most commonplace forms of the stage villain.

"Saints and Sinners" showed off Mr. Palmer's company better than any of the previous plays. The actors and actresses fitted their parts to perfection. Miss Burroughs and Mrs. Phillips take the two principal female rôles, Miss Burroughs as Letty, the minister's daughter, and Mrs. Phillips as Lydia, the housekeeper, who conducts a little love-affair of her own with the most frosty austerity. Miss Burroughs's Letty is the best performance she has so far given. In the lighter scenes she is delicious. In her talks with her father, when she paints the delights of an organ-grinder's life and longs to do "something which is exciting and not quite respectable," she is charming enough to account for the rustic lover's high-souled devotion and Captain Fanshawe's admiration. Her acting in the third act is bright with promise, though she appears rather overweighted in the scene with her father. This whole act is most trying for her, it is so extremely long drawn out, and the pressure is so high. Of course every one knows that Ralph will sooner or later come bursting through the bronze portières and save the pieces of the minister before the wicked captain has time to destroy him, but he certainly is a long time coming. Miss Burroughs portrays a good deal of genuine feeling in this scene, and Captain Fanshawe was undoubtedly the man to rouse it in an iceberg. But why, when her father drags her off, does she wear that long black cloak, such as the bravos, hired to murder princes, always sport in old Bowery plays? If she went through Edinburgh wrapped in that gloomy garment she would be followed by a mob.

Apropos of mobs, there is a mob in the last act which certainly deserves a word of commendation. The exuberant energy of this mob is an exhilarating sight in these effete days. Mobs on the stage always make a noise like the distant baying of blood-hounds, the fiercer the mob the more canine its vociferations. This particular one bayed beautifully, and in its efforts to gain admittance into the minister's cottage almost knocked the whole building down. The pursuers of the fleeing Hoggard should tone down the impetuosity of their onslaught on the minister's door. It destroys an illusion to see walls of solid masonry tremble to the blows of a club. Stage masonry should be treated with respect.

Lydia (Mrs. Phillips) is an old family retainer, with much spirit. It is a good thing to hear Lydia beard the lion in his den, the Hoggard in the study. And Lydia's courtship, in the last act, is really humorous. Her reception of Lot's timid kisses is worth going a long way to see.

Nothing but praise can be accorded to Mr. Stoddard's Jacob Fletcher. Mr. Stoddard's is that highest form of art where no acting is visible. It is all perfectly natural and spontaneous. He acts from the heart, earnestly and simply. He has no clap-trap, cheap tricks, no meretricious ranting and yelling to catch the public's eye and dazzle its sane judgment. There could be nothing more unobtrusively artistic, more quietly dignified, than his personation of the minister. His calm contempt and patience in his scenes with the deacons, his tender love in his scenes with Letty, were in subtle and delicate contrast. The sudden, tremulous weaknesses of old age, the moments of indecision and self-distrust were pathetically realistic.

Mr. Massen and Mr. Frederick Robinson had parts which suited them better than any they have so far assumed. Mr. Massen's Ralph was a fine, manly fellow, who always did and said the right thing at the right moment. One can not but regret that Ralph did not get a chance at the villain. This is a play which rouses one's archaic sense of justice, as opposed to the philosophy of Tolstoï, and one feels it would be a fine thing to see the gaudy captain bite the dust—or, rather, the hotel carpet. Mr. Massen has adopted a dialect and make-up which suit the part extremely well.

The honors of villainhood—divided between Mr. Robinson and Mr. Handyside—are not easy. Mr. Robinson does the part of Hoggard even better than that of the nefarious Penman. His is one of the closest and keenest personations in the piece. He gets more thoroughly inside the Deacon than he did inside the Penman. He renders the coarse and brutal nature of the tanner better than the more involved, subtler, and weaker nature of the forger. He has caught the blustering, hectoring manner of the village tyrant to the life. His Hoggard is a carefully finished production.

Not so Mr. Handyside's Captain Fanshawe. In the first place the part is unnatural, and an actor thus labors under a disadvantage from the start. But as a man may be a scoundrel and yet a droll, merry fellow, so a man may be a scoundrel and yet be the pink of elegance and polish. Captain Fanshawe was not of the "black-eyed gent" order, he was a fine gentleman. And this Mr. Handyside is not. The only excuse for Letty's surreptitious flirtation was that the captain should be a splendid gallant, who fascinated and dazzled her with his careless elegance and languid ease. But Mr. Handyside's captain is a coarse, rough fellow, who is obviously sure of his game, and treats Letty with ill-concealed insolence. It is not in the words, it is in the manner, and Mr. Handyside's manner, both to his lady-love and to her father, is that of the swaggering "masher" rather than the redoubtable squire of dames. This is a pity, for it injures Letty's character in the eyes of the audience.

Mr. Holland's Lot and Mr. Flockton's Prabble are delightfully complete and artistic personations. Mr. Holland's versatility is remarkable. Augustus Bellair, Captain Redwood, Sir Gawain, and Lot Burden are at the four points of the compass, and Lot is as neatly and humorously portrayed as any of them. Mr. Holland has so far personated what you call "all-round good fellows." Even the affected Bellair was a man with a sunny side to his disposition, and the gay Gawain, despite his penchant for riding away, was the prince of good fellows.

Messrs. Milward, Holliday, and Ramsey did well with small parts; the latter's make-up was a triumph. Mr. Holliday's Uncle Bamberry made some fun, old but good, and filled a gap in the fourth act. G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Despite the defection of Frederick Urban, the Tivoli has been doing well with "Der Freischütz." It will be withdrawn next week, however, to make way for "The Bohemian Girl."

Lewis Morrison will appear at the Alcazar on Monday night in "Right's Right." The play is presumably a melo-drama, and is announced by the management as "the New York success.

"Jim, the Penman" has been so much talked about, and so many people wish to see it again, that a special performance of it will be given at the Baldwin on Thursday evening, September 13th.

The Cable readings are exciting much attention, and fine audiences are to be expected at the First Congregational Church on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings, September 17th, 19th, and 21st. Season tickets and reserved seats will be on sale at Sherman & Clay's after Thursday morning, September 12th. The readings are under the auspices of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, a most deserving charity.

The programme for the "spectacle-concert" to be given by M. Paul Juignet and his company of French actors at Irving Hall on Wednesday evening, September 12th, includes eight musical numbers and recitations, the début of two of M. Juignet's pupils, Mlles. Hermance and Maria Carrau, in a *saynète* entitled "Un Double Aveu," and a performance of the Parisian success, "La Femme doit suivre son Mari," by MM. Juignet, Legendre, and Imhaus, and Mlles. Villemer, H. Carrau, and Belval.

Next week is the last of the Palmer engagement at the Baldwin. "Heart of Hearts," which will be given every evening, except Thursday, is another of Henry Arthur Jones's plays, and has been almost as well received in London and New York as "The Silver King" and "Saints and Sinners." The scenes are all laid at Avonthorpe Priory, an old English manor-house. Miss Marie Burroughs is Lucy Robins, the niece of the butler (Stoddart), and there are strong parts, also, for Mrs. Phillips, Holland, and Flockton.

The dead walls of the town are ablaze with the flamboyant posters of Sell's circus, which is to proffer its amusements to the public twice daily during nine days, beginning Friday night, September 14th. As it is a well-known fact that circus advertising differs from other theatrical advertising, in that the greater the wealth of big words and big pictures lavished on it the more worthy is the show, we may expect a treat, for the city has seldom read such a glittering treasure of grandiloquent superlatives, and seen such gorgeous pictures of soul-terrifying monsters of the land and sea, of languishing houris of the arena, and of modern Samsons, even when applied to a show that has a three-tent circus, an elevated stage, a Roman hippodrome, a great menagerie, and other marvels untold.

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MANNERS. A Manual of N. Y. Society Rules	50
THE CORRECT THING, by Mrs. Florence Howe Hall	75
MODERN ETIQUETTE IN PUBLIC AND PRIVATE (English)	50
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THE LETTERS OF LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. Edited by Mrs. Hale	1 50
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HORSEMANSHIP FOR WOMEN, by Theo. H. Meade; illustrated by Gray Parker	1 25
TIPS FOR TRICYCLISTS, by Professor Hoffman	50
HOW TO GET STRONG, by Wm. Blaike	1 00
PHYSICAL EDUCATION, by Archibald Maclaren, illustrated (English)	2 00
THE ART OF BEAUTY, by Mrs. H. R. Hawies	1 75
UGLY GIRL PAPERS. From *Harper's Bazar*	1 00
VOICE, SONG, AND SPEECH, by Lennox Browne and Emil Behuke	2 00
BOXING AND MANLY SPORT, by John Boyle O'Reilly, illustrated	1 50
FANCY DRESSES DESCRIBED; or, What to Wear at Fancy Balls, by Arden Holt (colored illustrations)	2 50
THE TAILOR-MADE GIRL, by Welch, humorous (illustrated)	1 00

IMPORTANT.—As we shall not republish the above list of social manuals, we suggest to intending purchasers to send for the books they wish at once, or else cut out the list for future reference.

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LADIES PROTECTION AND RELIEF SOCIETY,
GEORGE W. CABLE,
The distinguished novelist, in readings from his own writings.

Season tickets, $2.50. Single tickets, $1.00.

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WOULD PRINT MARK'S FOOL THINGS.

Some time ago, while Mark Twain was taking a reminiscent float down the Mississippi River, the boat upon which he had embarked was compelled, one night, to "tie up" at Flay's Point, a village in Louisiana. The humorist had gone to bed, and had just sunk into a doze, when there came a sharp rap at his state-room door. Twain opened the door. A squint-eyed fellow, wearing a check shirt and rawhide boots, stepped into the room.

"Is this Mark Twain?"

"Yes; I am known by that name."

"Well, sir, I have some mighty important business with you."

"Please state it."

"Kain't do it here, but ef you'll come with me you'll soon find out."

"I don't care to go anywhere to-night—except to bed," Twain replied.

"But I tell you this is important—something that should be attended to at once. You just come with me a few minutes, and I'll be dinged if you ever regret it."

"I don't care to meet any one."

"You won't have to meet any one but me. You may have had a trick played on you, but I tell you this is to your advantage. It won't take you ten minutes. The only reason I want you to go with me is that I may prove my good faith."

He continued with such strong importunity that Twain finally consented to go with him. The humorist was conducted through a muddy street and down a dark alley to a small, wooden building. His conductor unlocked a door, entered a room, and lighted a smoky lamp.

"Come right in an' set down."

The humorist looked around and discovered that he was in a printing office, fitted up with a hand-press and a few "cases" of type.

"Set down."

Twain seated himself on a box. His conductor added:

"You are now, sir, within the portals of the *Weekly Progress*, a paper that circulates extensively throughout the country, and of which I am the editor. I wanted to bring you here, to show you as convincin' proof of my standin', the tools and appliances of my honorable profession. I could on the boat have give the information that I intended to deliver, but, suh, without these here surroundin's of sincerity, you mout have thought me a fraud. Now, this is what I want to tell you, Mr. Twain. I have hearn of you, and I want to say that anything you write that you want printed, w'y you send it to J. Casper McIntosh, and I'll be blamed if I don't print it for you. Yes, I will," he added, meeting the humorist's stare of amazement. "Yes, I'll be dinged if I don't. You jest go ahead now and write out a lot of your fool things and I'll be hanged if I don't publish 'em, and I don't care a blame whut folks say. Don't be snatched, Mr. Twain, for I am telling of the truth. I'll publish your articles. Wall, if you must go, good-night. When you get down thar to the corner of the fence turn to the right if you don't wanter git dog-bit."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

The Studious Collegian.

I.

BOTTLENOSE HALL, HARVARD, August 10, 1888.

MY DEAR FATHER: I am sure you know well how averse I am to asking you for money at any time, more especially because I know with the number of mouths in our family to feed you must find it a strain on your limited resources. But there are occasions when it is imperatively necessary for one to do so, and such an occasion has arisen now. My tutor tells me that I must get a set of books in order to pursue my studies advantageously. Some of them are expensive, and the total cost of the set will amount to nearly fifty dollars—so, with reluctance, I feel compelled to apply to you, trusting that it will not cost you any inconvenience. With love to all at home, I am, dear father, your affectionate son, WILLIE.

II.

AUGUST 13, 1888.

MY DEAR WILLIE: Your letter gave me great pleasure. It gives evidence of a careful disposition and generous thought for others. As you say, my boy, I am not a wealthy man, but it would never do for you to stint your education for want of proper mental food, so I inclose check for fifty dollars, that you may purchase the necessary volumes. All well at home, and send love. Your affectionate father, ABRAHAM OLDSTYLE.

III.

BOTTLENOSE, August 15, 1888.

DEAR JACK: I have raised the wind, so we shall be able to have that little dinner after all. I would not have missed it for anything, especially as the girls say they will come. Will you let them know, as I heard you make an appointment with Lottie for to-morrow night, and she can tell Nellie, Saturday night at the same old place, seven sharp. Ever yours, BILL.

—*Town Topics.*

Professor McGoozle suddenly turned pale, looked at his watch, and his hair rose up on end. Miss Laura, with whom he had been spending the evening, observed his agitation. "What is the matter, professor?" said she; "it is not yet late." "Not late?" he groaned; "merciful heaven! I was to have given a lecture in the chapel this evening, at eight o'clock, on the 'Importance of Cultivating the Memory.'"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mr. Isaacstein—"I sells you dot coat, my frent, for sayventeen tollar; you dake hum along!" *Customer*—"I thought, Isaacstein, that you didn't do business on Saturday. Isn't this your Sunday?" *Mr. Isaacstein* (in a low, reverent tone of voice)—"My frent, to sell a coat like dot for sayventeen tollar vas not peesness, dot vas charity."—*Time.*

Gubbins, in one of the rare moments he devotes to the cultivation of his intellect, was reading aloud from a work on natural history. "The camel is an animal that can work a week without drinking." "And I," remarked Gubbins, commenting on the text, "I am an animal that can drink a week without working."—*Judge.*

"Will you give me something to drink?" asked the Kentuckian, faintly, of the hospital nurse. "Certainly, sir," said the nurse, offering him a glass of water. He put up his hand feebly. "Give it to me in a teaspoon, please," he whispered, huskily, "till I get used to it."—*Washington Critic.*

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Sales as per U. S. I. R., May 1, 1888, 50,813 barrels.
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Increase, 1888, 8,364 "
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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, August 5, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.00, 6.45, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.45, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.45 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 2.15, 4.15, 5.45, 7 30, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.45 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.15 P.M.
8 A. M. (Sundays only), Excursion Train from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.00 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.
Sunday Excursions—Round-trip Tickets, good on Sundays only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, $3.00.

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General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Sept. 5, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José..	*12.45 P.
.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and ‡Santa Rosa................	6.15 P.
.30 A.	For Sacramento, Truckee and Reno, and for Redding via Davis......	7.15 P.
.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff..................	5.45 P.
.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles...............	12.15 P.
.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles.........	2.15 P.
.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles...........	* 3.45 P.
.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.........	**6.00 A.
.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José..	9.45 A.
.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	11.15 A.
.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis..............	9.45 A.
30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore..	* 8.45 A.
30 P.	For Haywards and Niles............	7.45 A.
00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East ...	7.45 A.
00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East.....................	8.45 P.

TH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

15 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz..........................	6.20 P.
15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz...	*10.50 A.
5 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz.......	‡‡9.20 A.

THERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

5 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	2.30 P.
0 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion.	‡ 8.35 P.
0 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations.....	6.40 P.
A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations...................	5 42 P.
P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations......................	4.36 P.
P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
5 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	* 8.00 A.
6 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	6.40 A.
P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.........................	†7.50 P.

r morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. urdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. rday and Sunday only, to Santa Cruz. ‡‡ Sunday and day only, from Santa Cruz. ** Mondays excepted.

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Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1888.
Oceanic	**Saturday, September 8**
Gaelic	**Saturday, September 29**
Belgic	**Thursday, October 18**
Arabic	**Wednesday, November 7**
Oceanic	**Wednesday, November 28**
Gaelic	**Tuesday, December 18**

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.
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SPECIAL NOTICE.

The S. S. SAN JOSÉ will be dispatched as an extra steamer, September 22d, taking freight and passengers direct for Mazatlan, Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, Corinto, Punta Arenas and Panama.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:

City of Rio de Janeiro.. . Sept. 19, at 3 P. M.
City of New York.......Friday, Oct. 9, at 3 P. M.
City of Peking......Saturday, Oct. 27, at 3 P. M.
City of Sydney.....Saturday, Nov. 17, at 3 P. M.

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For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay: LOS ANGELES, Wednesday, at 9 A. M.
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SOCIETY.

The Wooster-Dore Wedding.

Mr. Philip L. Wooster, son of the late Mr. J. B. Wooster, was united in marriage last Thursday evening to Miss Lillie Dore, daughter of Mrs. E. Dore, at the residence of the bride's mother, 290 California Street. Owing to the recent bereavement in the family of the groom the wedding was conducted quietly, only relatives and a few intimate friends being invited. The residence was beautifully decorated in honor of the occasion, and looked more than usually attractive. A nuptial arch of smilax, studded with pink and white Japanese lilies, tuberoses, oleanders and amaryllis, was set before the bay-window in the front parlor, the lace curtains of which were trimmed with fine sprays of asparagus tenuissimus. From the centre of the arch depended a wedding-bell of white and pink blossoms, and above this, at the keystone of the embrasure of the window, two snowy-white doves nestled amid a cluster of pink roses and ribbons. Bands of pink and white tulle radiated overhead to each corner of the room from the central chandelier which was trimmed with asparagus tenuissimus. These bands were seemingly held in place at each end by doves. The pictures had their gilded frames set off by sprays of mountain ferns, and there were clusters of La France roses, tied with pink silk ribbons, arranged at intervals against the walls Fern sprays outlined the entrance to the parlor, with bunches of La France roses at either side, and two spheres and a cube, formed of red pinks, Japanese roses, and gaillardis, were pendent from the centre. Portieres of smilax hung at the folding-doors, the mouldings at the sides being concealed by ferns and roses, and before these waving curtains depended three wedding-bells of varied sizes, wrought of lovely blossoms

In the rear parlor fern sprays were deftly distributed around all of the doorways, and mingling with them were clusters of flox de monde and asters of assorted tints. The dining-room was not in any way neglected, for, in combination with the array of ferns, were luscious clusters of grapes of different varieties, which were disposed with tasteful accuracy. The buffet was ornamented with handsome pieces montées, the gâteaux de mariage, and pretty bonbons, set on flat mirrors in conjunction with delicious viands. The hallway was trimmed throughout with ferns, and the bannisters leading to the upper floor were wound in and out with streamers of smilax and bands of pink tulle.

About half-past eight o'clock the wedding march was played, and the bridal party entered the parlor, preceded by the two pretty little nieces of the bride, Miss Lurline Spreckels and Miss Louisa Hoffacker, who carried baskets of flowers and wore dainty gowns of white satin and tulle, profusely trimmed with ribbons. Miss Ruby Dore sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Ellis Wooster, the groom's brother, was the best man.

The bride, a beautiful blonde, was attired in a rich toilet of white faille Française, made with a long court train and cut décolleté with elbow sleeves. The front of the skirt was of point d'Alençon lace, and the corsage was trimmed with this lace and adorned with a cluster of white Japanese lilies. Her gloves were of white undressed kid, her coiffure was dressed high, and her ornaments were diamonds. Her hand bouquet comprised a cluster of magnificent specimens of the pure white lilium auratum.

Miss Ruby Dore appeared in a becoming Directoire costume of white crêpe de Chine, and carried an exquisite hand bouquet of pink lilium auratum.

The ceremony was performed in an impressive manner by Rev Robert Mackenzie, and at its conclusion those present tendered their congratulations to the newly-wedded couple. An hour or two was devoted to conversation, music, and an inspection of the wedding presents which were of exceeding beauty and value. About eleven o'clock a bounteous supper was served at tete-a-tete tables, and soon afterward Mr. and Mrs. Wooster departed for the Palace Hotel. On the following day they left for a Southern trip, and are expected to return soon.

The Wilson Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson gave an elegant dinner-party last Thursday evening at their home, on Pine Street, as a compliment to Chief-Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field. Twenty friends were invited to meet the specially honored guests of the evening and partake of the hospitality of the household, which was bountiful. Each of the apartments in the residence—the drawing-room, library, dining-room, and hall—had received the artistic attention of the decorator, in asmuch as French marigolds and yellow, pink, and white roses, with their beautiful natural foliage, were displayed in handsome vases, set where the eyes could picture them to the best advantage. On the dining-room table, amid the glittering crystal and silver service, were set small sections of moss-covered bark, each bearing specimens of the genus Delphinium. Some were of bright scarlet, and others of lilac, white, purple, and pink, and the effect produced was certainly charming. The name-cards were in the form of little placques, ornamented with dainty pen and ink sketches, with the small card attached by means of silk ribbons. The dinner was commenced about seven o'clock, and several hours were pleasantly devoted to the enjoyment of the sumptuous menu, Ballenberg's band discoursing concert selections meanwhile. The drawing-rooms were sought afterward, and another pleasant hour of social converse brought the affair to an end.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Chief-Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Judge and Mrs T. B. McFarland, Hon. and Mrs. L. B. Mizner, Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Judge and Mrs. Selden S. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Jarboe, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. John Scott Wilson, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. H. M. Newhall, Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, and Mr. C. W. Bonynge.

The Goad Dinner-Party.

Chief-Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field were the honored guests at an elaborate dinner-party given, last Tuesday evening, by Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad at their residence on the corner of Washington and Gough Streets. The appointments of the affair were most elegant. Soon after seven o'clock the guests were seated at dinner, covers being laid for twenty-four in all. The table was ornate with rich service, and was further embellished by three large, flat baskets containing a fragrant array of long-stemmed La France roses. Lying around, in careless profusion all over the table, were dozens of roses of varied hues and varieties, which contributed no little to the picturesque effect of the whole. At each cover was a handsome, imported menu-card and a name-card of heavy, white linen-paper bearing the family crest. Ballenberg's band played its latest musical selections during the service of dinner, and afterward the guests adjourned to the parlors where they were charmingly entertained by songs rendered by Mrs. O. P. Evans, Mrs. J. W. Brown, and Miss Ella Goad, all of whom were in excellent voice. It was almost midnight before the pleasant affair terminated.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W Frank Goad, Chief-Justice and Mrs Stephen J. Field, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. J. William Brown, Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Bishop, Mr and Mrs. Stuart Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. Samuel Hort, Miss Ella Goad, Mr. G. Creighton Webb, of New York, and Mr. Winfield S. Jones.

The Voorhies Reception.

At the new residence of Dr and Mrs A. H. Voorhies a delightful reception was given a week ago last Friday evening. The heavy fog and bleakness of the night without were no barriers to the enjoyment of the affair, for the parlors were bright with illumination and contained a merry gathering of young people. Miss Kate Voorhies proved a charming hostess, and appeared in a becoming gown of white surah. Dancing was the feature of the evening, and delicious refreshments were served about eleven o'clock.

Among those who enjoyed the affair were: Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Kate Voorhies, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Josephine Cone, Miss Tinie Haskell, Miss Marie Williams, Miss Marie Cone, Miss Mamie McMullin, Miss Florence Moulton, Miss Therese Bissell, Miss Jennie Harwood, Miss Bowman, Miss Lulu Fargo, Miss Ida Carleton, Miss Gamble, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Mr. Baldwin G. Mott, Mr. Walter Sanders, Mr. George C. Boardman, Mr. William Ashe, Mr. Owen, Mr. Bert Sherwood, Mr. Clement Blethen, Mr. Monteverde, Mr. Samuel D. Boardman, Mr. J. S. Jenks, Mr. Dowling, Mr. M Godley, Mr. Philip Godley, Mr. Boyd, Mr. Jesse Godley, Mr. Richard Rountree, Mr. Clare Boyd, and others.

The Newlands-McAllister Wedding.

A cablegram from England received last Tuesday announced the marriage on that day of Miss Edith McAllister, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister, of this city, to Mr. Francis G Newlands, formerly of this city, but now of New York. The wedding was solemnized at Easton-Neston, Northamptonshire, England, at the country seat of Sir Thomas Hesketh. Mr. Hall McAllister, father of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. W. Sharon, Miss Jessie Newlands, and other friends were present at the wedding, which was a very happy affair. The ceremony was performed in the parish church, by the Rev James Mountain, vicar of Towcester, under a special license granted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. and Mrs. Newlands departed for London, en route to Paris, soon after the wedding breakfast. They will return to the United States soon, intending to reside in New York.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. T. Carey Friedlander left for the East last Tuesday on business. He will be absent about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L Dodge returned to the city on Tuesday, via the Northern route, from an extended Eastern visit, including a sojourn at Fortress Monroe with Lieutenant and Mrs. Bailey, U. S. A.

Miss Daisy Ainsworth and Mr. J. C. Ainsworth, Jr., have returned to Oakland from a visit to Mrs. Otis Sprague at Tacoma, W. T.

Colonel George W. Macfarlane arrived here from Honolulu last Tuesday, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. D. E Allison, who has been passing the summer at the Hotel Rafael, has returned to the city, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Schroeder have invited a number of friends to join them in a quail-hunt at Redwood City next Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, of Redwood City, passed several days at the Palace Hotel recently.

Miss Alice Mullins has returned to the city, after passing a month pleasantly at the Hotel Rafael.

Miss Virginia Hanchett has returned from a visit to friends in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs Samuel Hort have returned from a sojourn at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. M. A. McCabe and Miss Joie McCabe will remain at Sausalito until the end of this month.

Mr. W. S. Tevis has gone East, and will be away nearly all of the winter season

Judge L D. McKissick and family will reside at the Hotel El Monte in Sausalito until winter.

Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr Perry Eyre, and Mr. G. Vernon Gray left the city a week ago for an extended hunting trip

Mrs. H. H. Sherwood has returned from the East. Mr. Sherwood went to Portland to meet her.

Mr Daniel Murphy, of San José, is expected here about the latter part of October He has been making an extended tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Palache and the Misses Sadie and Ida Palache have returned to the city after passing the summer at San José.

Mrs. Ben. C. Truman and Miss Truman are passing several weeks at the Ocean Hotel, in Long Branch, Major Truman was in Chicago recently.

Mrs. R. F. Bunker and Mrs. Charles Lux will leave soon with several friends to make a tour of Europe

Mr. Edgar A. Mizner and Mr. Lansing Mizner left the city a week ago to make an extended trip through Oregon and Washington Territory.

Mr. Frank Swain has gone East, and will be away about two months.

Mrs. John P. Jones, Miss Marian Jones, and Master Roy Jones returned from Santa Monica a week ago, and since then have been the guests of Mrs. G. J. Bucknall and Miss Marie Bucknall at their home in St Helena. As the grape-picking season is now at hand, it makes their visit one of unusual interest. It is the intention of both families to go to Lake Tahoe in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs Fred W. Sharon are visiting Sir Thomas and Lady Hesketh at their home in England.

Mrs. D. J. Tallant and the Misses Jennie and Anne Tallant are in New York city.

Misses Jessie and Rose Sherwood have gone to their country home, in Monterey County, for a short visit.

Mrs. H. S. Waring, wife of Lieutenant Waring, U S N., of the *Albatross*, has returned from Alaska, and is at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. J. B. Haggin is still in New York city.

Colonel and Mrs. H. R. Williar have returned from their summer sojourn at Blythedale, and are at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Senator James G. Fair has gone to Paraiso Springs for the benefit of his health.

Mr. Claus Spreckels has returned from Philadelphia, and is at Watsonville.

Miss Nettie Hamilton, of Sacramento, is at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. Bessie Thornton and Miss Thornton are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan, of Redwood City, paid a visit to this city a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins have been at the Palace Hotel for several days

Mr. C. R. Mason, of Byron Springs, was at the Palace Hotel during the early part of the week.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre came up from Menlo Park on Tuesday, and remained at the Palace Hotel a few days.

Mrs. H. N. Cook will go to Redwood City next Friday to visit Mrs. J. H. Schroeder for a few days.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland was at Santa Monica recently.

Mrs. Clinton Cushing and Miss Jennie de la Montanya have left Carlsbad, and are now in London. They will leave there on September 19th for New York, where they will remain several weeks before returning home.

Dr. and Mrs. Warner, who are now in the East, will return home about October 25th.

Mr. T. H. Goodman, who is now in Columbus, Ohio, is expected home in about three weeks.

Mr. J. J. Cook returned to the Yosemite Valley last Wednesday after a fortnight's visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller will pass Admission Day at Santa Cruz, and later in the week will go to Los Angeles.

Mr. A. H. Washburn is in the city on a visit from Wawona.

Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Walkington have given up housekeeping, and are domiciled at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mrs. M. Deane, and Miss Deane have returned to the city after a sojourn of several weeks at their cottage in San Rafael.

Mrs. David Bixler and Miss Hyde arrived in Juneau, Alaska, on August 23d, and will be back here in a couple of weeks.

Judge Fernald, of Santa Barbara, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Charles E Bancroft of this city.

Notes and Gossip.

The ball to be given at the Hotel del Monte, in celebration of Admission Day, on Monday evening, September 10th, promises to be a brilliant affair. Many prominent society people will attend, and Ballenberg and Vanke will furnish the music.

At the Hotel Rafael a ball will be given next Saturday evening, under the patronage of Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes, Mrs. C. B. Jennings, Mrs. Charles Page, Mrs James Otis, Mrs. William Boericke, Mrs D B. Davidson, and Mrs. Harry W Syz. They will endeavor to make it equal the opening hop given at that hotel which is pleasantly remembered by all who attended it. Dancing will be enjoyed until midnight to Ballenberg's music. A special train will leave there at 12:30 o'clock for this city, and a Valencia Street car will leave the foot of Market Street at 1:00 o'clock on the arrival of the boat.

Mr. and Mrs Lloyd Tevis will give a dinner-party, next Tuesday evening, at their residence on Taylor Street, in honor of Chief-Justice and Mrs. Stephen J Field.

Cards have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Taber, announcing the wedding of their daughter, Miss Georgia Taber, to Mr. John Biven, which took place on Thursday, August 30th, at their residence, 747 Ellis Street. The ceremony was performed in the handsomely decorated parlors by Rev. Father Pendergast, in the presence of but a few relatives and friends. Miss May Taber and Miss Gertrude Smith were the bridesmaids, and Mr. B. Taliaferro and Mr. Charles Nougues acted as groomsmen. A collation was enjoyed after the wedding, and, later in the day, the happy couple left for a southern trip. They will go to Central America next Saturday.

The German Club, which was so successful during the past two seasons, will soon reorganize. But four cotillions will be given, commencing in November and ending in February. A large number of applications for membership have been received, and the list of members will be limited. Quite a number of novelties will be introduced this winter, and everything tends to increase the popularity of the club. Mr. Chauncey M. St. John will act as leader.

Army and Navy.

Rear-Admiral Kimberly, U. S. N., commanding the Pacific Squadron, is expected here soon. He is in ill-health and expects to be relieved from duty.

Paymaster and Mrs. W. W. Barry, U. S. N., came down from Mare Island last Monday, and were at the Occidental Hotel for several days.

Dr. F. J. B. Cordeiro, U. S. N., is stopping at the Occidental Hotel.

ART NOTES.

Miss Clara McChesney, a promising young artist of Oakland, has been passing the summer in Gloucester, Mass. She will remain in the region of Lake Champlain a few weeks, and then return to New York to continue her studies.

Miss Fredrika Grosvenor has an artistically appointed studio at the Berkshire, 711 Jones Street, which is filled with specimens of her work and an unique array of curios and bibelots. Her class of forty pupils keeps her very busy. She is now engaged on a couple of still-life pictures for decorative purposes, one being a plate-glass screen ornamented with a spiritelle female figure.

"One of the most disgraceful frauds in art the world has ever known," is the way a correspondent of *Town Topics* characterizes the "1807" which Meissonier has been exhibiting at the Tooth Gallery in London. "Meissonier," he writes, "has simply had the photogravure of his '1807,' now in the Metropolitan Museum of New York, enlarged in sections by the solar process, familiar to all acquainted with photography, upon the stretcher which holds the present '1807,' not a line or detail of which is new, and over this photographic foundation he has painted, in gouache, what is but an incomplete and comparatively feeble reproduction of the picture that was the gem and prize of Mr. A T. Stewart's collection. The '1807' at the Tooth Galleries is, in short, only a huge colored photograph, and is only superior to ordinary colored photographs for the fact that the painter of the original did the coloring with his own hand."

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Handel and Haydn Society of San Francisco will give three concerts on an elaborate scale during the season of 1888–9. The first concert will take place in or about the first week of October, 1888; the programme of this will consist of the "Stabat Mater" by Rossini, and Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," with full orchestral accompaniment. The second concert will take place during Christmas week, at which "The Messiah" will be given with enlarged chorus and full orchestral accompaniment. The third concert will take place in the spring of 1889, at which will be given the "Golden Legend," by Sir Arthur Sullivan, with full chorus and orchestra. It is proposed to produce the above works as carefully and as magnificently as they have been given in the great musical centres of the Old World. The carrying out of this programme successfully, depends, first of all, upon the support of the music-loving people of San Francisco. The board of directors of this society have placed the subscription price for the entire season at the very reasonable figure of ten dollars, which will give to the subscriber four choice seats at each one of the concerts. Subscriptions will be received by J. R. Martin, Secretary, at 430 Pine Street.

The opening concert of the second series of the Byron Mauzy Musical Club, will take place September 13th. It promises to be well up to the standard of concerts of the past series given by this club.

Miss Estelle Hanchette gave a very delightful "informal musicale" at her rooms on Saturday last. Selections from Kullak, Silas, Wallace, and Liszt, were rendered in a very artistic style. Miss Anita Boole favored the company with a few vocal solos.

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Cantaloupe.
Julienne Soup.
Tomcods Fried in Sweet Oil.
Venison, with Currant Jelly
Fried Potatoes.
Corn. Vegetable Marrow.
Roast Lamb, Mint Sauce.
Cucumber Salad.
Legere. Cocoanut Cake.
Fruits

VENISON, WITH CURRANT JELLY.—Have some very thin slices of venison, from the leg; fry them quickly in plenty of butter, pepper, and salt, and, when nearly done, add half a glass of currant jelly, and let it melt slowly; add more butter and two tablespoonfuls port wine. The wine may be omitted and water put in its place. This may be made from rare, sweet venison if preferred. It is best cooked in a chafing dish upon the table.

LEGERE.—See CCCLXXVI.

Vernona Jarbeau comes to the Bush Street Theatre next week, appearing in a musical comedy, entitled "Starlight," written by Fred G. Maeder and Robert Frazer. Alonzo Hatch assumes the principal male rôle, and the piece is reputed to be full of pretty girls and pretty songs, with now and then a pretty fair joke.

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— ABOUT FOUR YEARS AGO S. R. NILES'S Advertising Agency, Boston, placed for Mr. W. L. Douglas, of Brockton, Mass., the first advertisement of his $3.00 shoes in a few papers covering a portion only of the New England States. Mr. Douglas's business has since then so increased that Mr. Niles is now placing the advertisement of these celebrated shoes in five thousand papers, covering every section of the country from Maine to Oregon.

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No. 1. Amateur race, any age, ¼ mile; prize, gold medal No. 2 Boys' race, 12 to 15 years old, 100 yards; prize, Pfister bathing-suit. No. 3. Diving contest from spring-board, trapeze, and high steps, one trial for each; prize, gold medal. No. 4. Swimming under water; prize, bathing-suit. No 5. Amateur race, one mile; prize, gold medal. No. 6. Return match between E C. Pinkham, champion of the Pacific Coast, and Joe McCarthy, of San Francisco, for a purse offered by proprietors of the baths. All entries free, and now open at the baths.

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

"Walk, —— You, Walk!"
Up the dusty way from "Frisco" town,
To where the mines their treasure hide,
The road is long, and many miles
The golden store and town divide.

Along this road one summer day
There toiled a tired man;
Begrimed with dust, the weary way
He cussed as some folks can.

Our traveler hailed a passing team
That slowly dragged its load along;
His hail roused up the teamster old
And checked his jolly song.

"Say, stranger!"
"Wal'? whoa!"
"Kin I walk
Behind yer load
A spell on this road?"

"Wal', no, ye can't walk;
But get up on this seat,
An' we'll jest talk
Git up, hyar!"

"Thet ain't wot I want;
I ain't thet kind;
Fer it's on behind,
Right in yer dust,
Thet's like a smudge,
I want to trudge,
Fur I desarve it."

"Well, pard, I ain't no hog;
I don't own this road 'afore nor 'hind,
So jest git right in the dirt an' walk,
If thet's the way yer 'clined!

"Yeh hup! gelang!" the driver said;
The creaking wagon moved amain;
While, close behind, the stranger toiled,
And clouds of dust rose up again.

The teamster heard the stranger talk,
As if two trudged behind his van;
Yet, looking 'round, could only spy
A single, lonely man.

Yet heard the teamster words like these
Come out the dust, as from a cloud;
For the weary footman spoke his mind,
His thoughts he uttered loud.

And this the burden of his talk:
"Walk, now, —— you, walk!

"No use to talk,
Don't like it, eh?
Not the way
Ye went at 'Frisco?'
Walk, —— you, walk!

"Went up in the mines
And made yer stake;
'Nough to take
Ye back to ther State
Whar ye wuz born.
Whar, now, is yer corn?
Walk, —— you, walk!

"Dust in yer eyes,
Dust in yer nose,
Dust down yer throat
An' thick on yer close;
Can't hardly talk.
I know it; but you jest
Walk, —— you, walk!

"Wot did ye dew with yer tin?
Oh, blew every ounce of it in!
Got drunk, got sober; got drunk ag'in.
Wal', walk, —— you, walk!

"Wot did ye dew? Wal', I swar,
When ye wuz down thar,
Tell me wot ye didn't dew?
Yer gold dust flew;
You thought it fine
Fer ter keep op'nin' wine.
Now, walk, —— you, walk!

"Every one wuz yer friend,
When ye had dust fer ter lend
An' coin fer ter spend;
Didn't think of the end:
Tried to 'buck a queer game'—
Nary a red, now, to yer name.
Wal', walk, —— you, walk!

"Had a cool forty thousand or so.
Now, wot yer got ter show
Fer all thet?
Not a cussed red cent.
You let her went—
Nuthin' too good
Fer yer youthful blood.
Now, walk, —— you, walk!

"Chokes ye, this dust?
Wal', thet ain't the wust—
When ye git thar
Whar the diggin's are,
No pick, no shovel, no pan!
Wal', yer a healthy man—
Jest walk, —— you, walk!

"Wish ye could stop to drink—
What—water? Wal'! jest think
How at "Frisco"—wal', water thar
With ye wa'n't anywhar—
It wuz wine—'Extra Dry.'
Oh, you flew high!
Now, walk, —— you, walk!

"Ye say ye've 'sunthin' larned.'
Wal', I'll be darned!
Hearn ye say thet afore:
Yet ye tried—jest wunct more."
"Wal', thet's so; but this *is* the last!
I'm done! Jig's up! All's past!"
"Ye hear me talk?
Walk, —— you, walk!"

"I've swore off." "Guess yer late."
"No more on my plate
Ef I ag'in git my pile—
Wal', I should smile!—
Let me ag'in salt her down;
I'll go '*roun*' that "Frisco" town
If I walk;
Yes, —— *me*, walk!"

MORAL.

The fools don't all go to "Frisco" town;
Nor do they all from the mines come down.
About all of us have, in our day,
In some sort of shape, some kind of way,
Painted the town with the "old stuff";
Dipped in stocks, or made some bluff;
Got caught in wedlock by a shrew;
Mixed wines, old and new;
Seen the sights, been out all night,
Rolled home in the morning light,
With crumpled tie and torn claw-hammer;
Waked up next day with a "Katzenjammer"—
Then walked, ——! how *we* walked!

Now, don't try to yank *every* bun;
Don't try to have *all* the fun;
Don't think you know it all;
Don't *know* that stocks will fall;
Don't try to bluff on an ace;
Don't know *the* horse in the race;
Don't get scooped by a pretty face:
Lest, when you awake,
You may talk,
And the burden be:
"Walk, —— you, walk!" —*Puck.*

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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If the sentiment of gratitude was ever indulged in by business men or politicians in reference to party matters, it would be profitable for the men who own the more than five hundred millions of wealth in this city, and the ambitious ones who have been advanced to honorable and lucrative positions by the American party, to reflect upon the obligations they are under to it. Two years ago, in the county of Fresno, a handful of farmers met in Fulton Berry's hotel, and organized an American party. A State convention was called, which when it assembled answered to the roll-call of but four counties, and all its members were self-appointed. Mr. P. D. Wigginton became its candidate for governor because Mr. John F. Swift had not the courage to accept. The editor of the *Argonaut* was named for lieutenant-governor, which place upon the ticket he used without authority to put the name of Mr. R. W. Waterman, the Republican candidate. The editor of the *Argonaut* had never seen Mr. Waterman before his nomination, and has never seen him but twice since his election, once on a ferry-boat, and once in an elevator. The death of Governor Bartlett gave to Mr. Waterman an almost full term of office, the duties of which he is discharging intelligently and honestly. This young party, having no organization, or leaders, and no other journal friendly to it, save the *Argonaut*, no money save small volunteered contributions, so intelligently exercised the balance of its power that it placed three judges upon the supreme bench, two of whom would not otherwise have been elected, defeated Mr. Foote, the railroad's openly pronounced, violent, and able enemy, and in his place elected Mr. Rea. Two railroad commissioners owe their election to the American party, as well as the superintendent of schools and the surveyor-general. The American party elected out of the six members of Congress three: Mr. Vandever, elected by less than three hundred majority, received eight hundred and fifty American votes; Mr. Charles Felton, elected by less than two hundred majority (as claimed), received about six hundred American votes; Mr. W. W. Morrow, elected by a plurality of less than one thousand votes, received from the American party fifteen hundred and ninety-five. So there is a governor, three supreme court judges, two railroad commissioners, superintendent of common schools, surveyor-general, and three members of Congress holding office to-day at the hands of the American party. Had it not been for the few men who guided this party strength in the Republican direction, the Republican party would have been disgracefully beaten. It would not have had one member of Congress, not one State official. The Democracy would have swept the State and Mr. Buckley would have swallowed the town. Yet the men who have done this thing have been scowled upon by corporations and individuals benefited by an honest judiciary. The Republican State Central Committee has ignored and insulted them; the *Chronicle*, whose editor has been pushed up the political pole to a height where he makes an indecent exposure of his vanity and his venom, is studiously insolent; the *Bulletin* denounces the American party with a depth of derision that is measured by the shallow brains employed upon it; the *Post* loans its columns to Mr. Higgins, and he uses the contemptible sheet to wipe his character upon it. American party members are called traitors to a party from which they have been driven. To war upon Mr. Higgins and Mr. Vrooman—or any of the bosses who are in the employment of corporations, or to oppose any of the vile men and vile methods that have secured control of the Republican party and made merchandise of its offices and demoralized it by their methods—is to be denied any recognition by the Republican party and refused permission to attend any of its conventions or to have voice in any of its deliberations. To continue a member of the Republican party under the direction of men who lead and control it, is to be a villain or a coward. We are speaking of and for those members of the Republican party who have done long and faithful service in its ranks, and who have been denied all its honors, and had refused to them a decent recognition of their services, their talents, or their fidelity. All the higher honors have been usurped by men unworthy to hold them. Mr. Williams, an obscure whisky-dealer, was sent to the United States Senate by the political bosses—if not for money, for what? Senator Parks, of Yuba, was murdered by the cruel blow, stabbed by the ingratitude of those who ought to have been his friends. Senator Vrooman carried off on one occasion the compliment of a senatorial vote. Humble, honest, family men, with decent characters, have been pushed aside from employment, to make place for the kept dependents of vile women. The history of the Republican party is infamous in its detailed management. Its old and able men, its eloquent and honorable leaders—Tracy, Baker, Starr King, Tingley, Colonel Matheson, Gilbert A. Grant, Harlow Love, Weeks, and a host of other worthy ones—have given way, and their places have been filled by Bill Carr, Bill Stow, and Bill Higgins. Estee has been nominated for governor, and Stepacher is now secretary of the State Central Committee. The American party, composed of the honorable men of both political parties, in the midst of calumny, vituperation, abuse, lies, scandal, and the accusation of lies asserted with lying impudence through a hostile, cowardly, and libelous press, has, in its latest act, indorsed two honorable men for the supreme bench—nominated by the Republican party—thus indicating its desire to secure an honest and competent supreme bench. There are four superior judges and two municipal judges whose offices will become vacant; three of them are criminals, two of them are slaves, five of them are willing bondsmen to boss-rule, one of them is an honest judge. The American party will aid to reform the judiciary of San Francisco. When this is done the responsibility rests with Republican party leaders to save the municipal administration of the city of San Francisco from the control of Mr. Christopher Buckley. It rests with Republican leaders whether they will send five, and perhaps six, Democrats to Congress; whether Senator Stanford shall have any State senators loyal to him in the legislature when his office becomes vacant. It is indispensable to good government in this State and city that the American party should be decently treated. It is too resolute to be frightened, too honest to be bribed, and too strong in numbers to be longer trifled with.

America, the Chicago journal, we have lost. Its proprietor and three associates had the effrontery to attempt to represent so great a State as Illinois and so splendid a city as Chicago in an American National Convention. They went to Washington, intending to betray the infant Samson and cut its curling locks of strength before it should leave its cradle and put off its swaddling clothes; they conspired with the editor of a Philadelphia weekly journal, who had brought a little handful of self-appointed delegates from Pennsylvania, to betray the party. The conspirators—for conspirators and traitors they were and are—were defeated, and like all traitors they are now zealous for the Republican candidates, whose money they have earned and whose contempt they have deserved. *America*, of Chicago, has invited a controversy with the *Argonaut*, which the *Argonaut* declines. The small quarrels of small men do not interest great minds. *America* and Munyon's *World* may betray the American party, misrepresent its principles, lie about its conventions, and, forgetting the amenities which govern personal intercourse, the person who owns *America*, in Chicago, may permit its hirelings to use its columns to assault personally the editor of the *Argonaut*. This is unworthy of gentlemen, and is unbecoming in boys. New York, with seventy-two delegates, and California with thirteen, and other States with lesser number of representatives in national convention, had the right to pass resolutions strong and unmistakable; had the right to refuse to indorse General Harrison and the right to nominate James Langdon Curtis; the three men of Chicago had the privilege of voting and speaking in opposition, but it would have been more honorable if Mr. Taylor had not participated in a convention which he entered to betray, and in which, before its nominations were had, he declared to Mr. Wigginton, the chairman of the convention, that he would not support its nominations, but that he would vote for Harrison and Morton. These facts may not cross the boundary of personal honor, but when Mr. Taylor returns to his journal and declares there is no National American party, that its candidate for President is old, imbecile, unknown, and unworthy of the respect which honorable age commands, he is guilty of the cowardly blackguardism that marks the vulgar and brutal mind. That he holds up the editor of the *Argonaut*—who never crossed his path, who took no part in the national convention, who is endeavoring to do laborious and honest work in laying the foundations of an American national party—to indecent and angry criticism, justifies the only reply which Mr. Taylor, of Chicago, will receive until no more important use of our columns can be found than in throwing mud across a continent for the delectation of political enemies, who delight in seeing our first American convention broken up and our few American writers engaged in an undignified quarrel. We in California have no quarrels; our party is not strong in numbers, but is strong in harmonious union. We have, on all questions, an active minority, but so far it has yielded willing obedience to the majority. We have friends who sympathize with our principles, and will in time be in working action with us. We are not quarreling with the good citizens who intend to vote for the Republican or the Democratic candidates. Our principles are right, are unassailable, and will, in time, if the republic lives,

become victorious and triumphant. We do not expect to elect our Presidential nominee, Mr. Curtis, of New York. We are like military forces anticipating a decisive action, skirmishing for position; we are seeking to place our artillery on heights commanding the field where the action must occur; we are throwing up earth-works for our line of battle, digging trenches and rifle-pits for cover to our troops seeking positions of advantage. We know we are being watched by enemies that have no hope beyond postponement of the strife; they know that when the battle-cloud involves them in the final desperate encounter it will never lift till the disloyal partisans, with their alien mercenaries, are rolled back in disorder, and when, through the murky cloud of conflict, the heavens shall appear, they will be effulgent with a glorious and perfect victory. We know that some soldiers will drop out of rank, faint with fear, before the engagement occurs; that spies are mingling in our councils; that money is being used, and promises being held out, and menaces indulged in; we know that the American party is infested with traitors, mercenaries, and cowards, but all the same it will march steadily on to certain and overwhelming victory, for its great mass of undisciplined rank and file is honest, brave, and enlisted for the war. It is a political party without leaders, or orators, or organs, or organization—all of which will come in time. It is an army without generals, and in this contest in California each private must fight on his own base, for securing the best battle-ground for the coming conflict which shall determine whether Americans and patriots, or aliens and traitors, shall in the future rule America.

The letter of acceptance of General Harrison is, in most respects, a sincere and candid expression of his views and the views of the party that has nominated him as its candidate for the Presidency. The tariff argument is insincere, and does not state facts as they present themselves to intelligent minds who are disinterestedly considering this question, now forced to the front by Mr. Blaine as the "sole" issue of the political campaign. We see in every line devoted to the tariff question the misstatements and unsound logic of the Maine politician who rules the Republican party, and in whose shadow its candidate for the Presidential office is compelled to feel his way. When Mr. Blaine declared protection to be the "only" issue and one which the working elector "alone" could solve, he placed General Harrison in the position of taking that stand or repudiating the doctrine of the "only" statesman and the one Republican who has assumed control of the party and the direction of its Presidential campaign. When General Harrison says "this is practically free trade in the English sense," he states that which, if true, makes the position of the most honored of Republican leaders very embarrassing. The legend upon the Cleveland banner is "tariff reform"; the Mills Bill is "tariff reform." Mr. Cleveland is emphatic in the statement that his administration proposes but an amendment of tariff laws, and that the reduction of the tariff schedule is but seven per cent., a manner of "reform" that met the approval of Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge in calling to order the Massachusetts convention of 1884, and of ex-Governor Long, of that State. One of the most trusted and honored of Republican senators and statesmen, Mr. Allison, of Iowa, advocated a general reduction of twenty per cent. as long ago as 1870. The Chicago *Tribune* and other leading Republican journals, President Garfield, Vice-President Wilson, Senator Charles Sumner, and other of our most able Republican representatives in Congress, have recognized the necessity of tariff reductions. It is a very pretty but meaningless alliteration for Mr. Harrison to declare that such men as named are but "students of maxims and not markets." In this matter of an adjustment of tariff schedules, so that industries may be encouraged and revenues for the support of government obtained, are involved great problems of political economy that have challenged the study of the most learned men of our universities and the most profound statesmen of our law-making classes—questions with which we doubt General Harrison's capacity intelligently to deal, for this gentleman is not learned as a scholar, profound as a thinker, nor experienced in the wisdom of statecraft. His argument on tariff laws, in their relation to working-men and immigration, is applicable to the imported laborer of the shops and cities, and not to the great, spendid class that owns and tills the broad acres of our agricultural empire. In this letter of General Harrison the seventeen millions of people contending with nature to draw grain and grasses from the soil are unnoticed, their interests are overlooked and neglected, their votes are unsolicited, while both the great parties, and both the Presidential candidates, are offering the provocation of war with England to secure the votes of New England fishermen, and proposing an insult to the great empire of China to secure the electoral vote of the Pacific States; and in Congress, in diplomacy, and in the public arena sacrificing law, national dignity, and national safety to pander to Irish resentments against England, and secure the ignorant and alien vote by promised legislation in its interest. These parties and their candidates have not the honesty to admit nor the courage to expose the hypocrisy, fraud, and wrong that underlie this policy toward the American farmer. The California farmer may raise wheat and grain for a Liverpool free-market, to be transported in English ships, that come to our port in ballast, thus making the cargo of grain pay the cost of both voyages; he must bag his crop in jute raised in India and woven in Glasgow; pay a duty at the custom-house in San Francisco to protect labor at the San Quentin State Prison—mostly foreign—and the factory of Mr. Drexler, at Alameda, where the work is done by Chinese and Scotch girls from Dundee—imported for the purpose—while the Republican party, under the direction of Mr. De Young of the *Chronicle*—foreign-born—General Dimond, Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee—foreign-born—and Mr. William Higgins the foreign-born managing boss, send out half-fledged Republican lawyers, with their oratorical pin-feathers just bursting through their pimpled skins, to teach the toiling grain-grower how infinitely he is blessed by laws that compel him to pay duties to protect convict labor at San Quentin, the Chinese heathen, and the Scotch girls that toil at unremunerative compensation for Mr. Drexler in the manufacture of jute bags. General Harrison, moving through the cloud of disingenuous misrepresentation in which he and his party have been involved by Mr. Blaine, emerges to a better display of himself when he recommends reduction of the surplus by purchase of national bonds and payment of the national debt. His position upon the Chinese question is manly, frank, and honorable. He has opposed Chinese restriction during his entire senatorial career, and he now comes forward with the honest admission that "the question has passed beyond the stage of argument," and he must be believed by all but demagogues, who are seeking to make votes out of Chinese prejudice, that "if to him is left the enforcement of restrictive measures they will be faithfully executed." His position upon the question of "trusts" is in harmony with the expression of the convention that nominated him, and if he does not permit Mr. Blaine to mount his back, as did the old man of the mountain that of Sinbad, the Sailor; or if he can relieve himself of Mr. Blaine if he has mounted his shoulders and crossed his legs over his breast, he will, undoubtedly, endeavor to aid the legislative department "to find a method to deal fairly and effectually" with this crime which Mr. Blaine declares to be but a matter of private concern, with which the public has no right to meddle. In his position upon civil service, he is clear and right; and in contrasting his acts in the Senate and his promises in his letter, we may trust him with more confidence than the acts and promises of President Cleveland entitled him to receive when he made and violated them. The letter of acceptance marks the character of General Harrison, and indicates the embarrassment of the position in which he is placed. He is a sincere, honest, and honorable man. He has an honest mind, and, considering that Mr. Blaine has involved him in misty intrigue, and that his party is playing artfully and falsely to secure foreign votes at any sacrifice, he has done better than might have been anticipated. He has ingeniously interwoven into shabby warp a strong and sensible woof. From out the demagogism that surrounds Blaine—and is a part of his nature—the chicanery of party management, the cowardly conduct of political intrigue that is imperiling American principles for the seizure of party spoils and the power of national administration, he comes cleaner than might be expected. He would have made a splendid candidate for the American party, for he would have been free. He would have dared to discuss the questions of tariff, immigration, naturalization, national finance, civil service, territorial government, elective freedom, our relations with foreign governments, as in his opinion they affect the interests of American citizens. He would have dared to be more explicit upon the questions of public education, public lands, and the defense of our country by the construction of a navy and coast defenses; and he would have dared to rebuke the shameful conduct of the two parties in the lower house of Congress, and the Republican party in the Senate, in their undignified and grossly insulting endeavor to repudiate an existing treaty with the Chinese Empire, without permitting the law to annul it to have time for intelligent and deliberate consideration. The Scott Bill is an offensive and cowardly attempt at indecent and contemptible legislation to secure political advantage to the Democratic party, which no Republican member of Congress had the courage or the sense to arrest. The course of Republican senators is equally unwise and undignified. Persecution of Chinese to please the Irish and catch their ignorant votes, is unwise, because the Irish are Democratic in any event, unless Blaine captures them with his Jesuitical bargain with the Clan-na-Gael and the home-rulers through the priests of Rome, or Senator Quay can corral the dynamite assassins and "Plan of Campaign" conspirators by purchasing their chief, their head-quarters, and their organ by bribing Pat Ford, of the *Irish World*. If General Benjamin Harrison, the Protestant descendant of Cromwellian ancestors, the grandson of an honored American President, had the courage and the opportunity to stan at the head of an American party, contending against alie enemies for American principles, he would have illustrated his letter of acceptance a courage and a patriotism that c not appear in his bid for party supremacy and political powe

Disgraceful proceedings have recently occured in the Unite States Circuit Court, in which ex-Judge Terry and his wi armed themselves with deadly weapons, and interrupted Judg Field with gross insults while he was reading a decree in case in which the wife was a party in interest and the husbar attorney. While the United States marshal was carryir out the order of Judge Field to remove the woman from cour the husband declared his purpose of protecting her, and f that purpose drew his bowie-knife and resisted, till finally ove powered by a force he could not resist. The scene was di graceful, and the result the imprisonment of Judge Terry and h wife in the Alameda County Jail, he for six months, and she f thirty days. Judge Sawyer has been the subject of assau from the same parties while traveling by rail. Mrs. Terry, appears by her own statement, seized Judge Sawyer by t hair, and with the approval of her husband, in whose presen the act was committed, severely assaulted him. It is pr sumed that both parties were armed, and if the judge ha chastised the woman, it is probable that he would have sac ficed his life to the angry husband. The newspapers repo that Judge Terry threatens Judge Field with personal ve geance when his term of imprisonment shall have expire All of this is very suggestive matter for the consideration persons who are interested in the protection of life and t preservation of order. The Sharon case, from the beginnin to the ending, has demonstrated more violations of the d cencies of society than any cause that has come up for adjud cation in the history of our courts. The prejudices workin against the Chinese, at the same time, have inspired the pre to such assaults upon the judicial system and upon the judge that the law and the courts are rapidly being deprived of a respect that has heretofore environed them. The person of judge and the dignity of the tribunal over which he presides a no longer shielded by public opinion. The bravo stride armed and insolent, into the presence of the court to defy i mandates and assault its officers. The defenseless juri travels in terror of his life and in fear of assassination. Th daily press holds up judges by name and falsely charges the with violations of law, with an ignorance and malignity th presume the deliberate purpose of premeditated intentio Perhaps these evils will cure themselves when the communit becomes fully able to realize the dangerous position in whic it is placed. Perhaps these crimes against society are bein committed at an opportune time, for we are upon the eve of a election when a chief-justice and associate-justice of the su preme court, four judges of our superior courts, and two mun cipal police judges are to be voted for. If party politics ca be forgotten, honest and competent judges can be chosen, an no excuse will be afforded for the lying comments of a censor ious and vindictive press. The learning, industry, and unques tioned integrity of Mr. Justice Field, and of Judge Lorenz Sawyer, Judge Ogden Hoffman, of California, Judge Deady, of Oregon, and Judge Sabin, of Nevada, should have pro tected them from the assaults of the *Bulletin*, *Call*, *Examiner*, *Chronicle*, and *Post*, as should the personal and mora character of the Federal judges have spared them the dis graceful incidents that occured in the Circuit Court and o the railroad train. This shameful condition of affairs con cerns the community more than it does the judges who ar compelled to administer the law as they interpret it. Th courts will be brought into contempt, and no respectable gen tleman will permit himself to become the target of slander ous vilification, by accepting position upon the bench. Thi will leave our legal tribunals in the hands of incompetent an dishonest men, who are indifferent to the estimation in whic they are held by the community in which they live.

The intelligence of the nation is wearying of the lies, for geries, and sensational literature of each succeeding politica campaign. It revolts an honest mind. When such a journa as the New York *Tribune*, with deliberate purpose, pretend to quote from the London *Times*, *Spectator*, and *Economis* opinions they never printed, in order to excite the prejudice of the Irish upon free trade, and charges that the Cobde Club is sending money to America for the purpose of pur chasing votes, subsidizing journals, and influencing political re sults, it is unworthy of respectable party managers. If it i true that Senator Quay is bribing editors and party leaders t betray their trusts; if it is true that he gives Patrick Ford, o the *Irish World*, four thousand dollars to send his paper free and offered Mr. Munyon, of Philadelphia, twenty thousan dollars to betray the American convention at Washington an defeat independent nominations, it is not nice. It is, in fact exceedingly nasty. Mr. Blaine has become a blunderer; h mistakes figures, and he mistakes facts, and, since he ha

ped as the Sir Oracle of the Harrison campaign, he has only opened his eloquent mouth to bark misrepresentations and arrant nonsense. The campaign has taken the shape of a duel of lies and intrigues between the Democratic party and the Republican party leaders; the object of all their intrigues is to acquire alien and ignorant votes. If there is any class of men that hold their votes for sale, for money, or for anything else that they consider of more value than the electoral sovereignty they know not how to exercise, these national parties stand ready to purchase.

President Cleveland's long-delayed letter of acceptance will be read by the intelligent people of the nation, who take interest in the issues presented by the Presidential contest. It is a clearly written and strong presentation of Mr. Cleveland's views upon all the important questions under consideration. If General Harrison, in his letter, shall be equally bold and totally explicit, party issues will be exactly defined. Mr. Cleveland states his views upon the imposition of duties upon the materials used by manufacturers, and the effect upon markets and labor, as follows:

We propose to stimulate our domestic industrial enterprises by freeing from duty the imported raw materials, which, by the employment of labor, are used in our home manufactures, thus extending the markets for our sale and permitting an increased and steady production, with an abundance of abundant profits. In all efforts to remedy existing evils, we will furnish no excuse for the loss of employment or a reduction of the wages of honest toil. We propose, in any adjustment of our revenue laws, to concede such encouragement and advantage to the employers of domestic labor as will easily compensate for any difference that may exist between the standard of wages which should be paid to our laboring-men and the rate which is allowed in other countries. We propose, too, by extending the markets for our manufacturing, to promote the steady employment of labor, while, by cheapening the cost of the necessaries of life, we increase the purchasing power of the working-man's wages and add to the comforts of his home.

We see nothing in this to criticise, and shall await the position taken by General Harrison upon this point with interest. In respect to foreign immigration, and to the necessity of restricting the importation of unworthy aliens, President Cleveland goes very nearly to the verge of true Americanism. He has taken a position for which we do not believe General Harrison will have the courage to outbid him. It is a courageous position for a candidate for the Presidency to take who is looking to the support of alien voters. If Mr. Blaine is dictating the issues of the campaign, we shall see if General Harrison will have the courage to advance his stakes beyond those of the Democratic candidate. Mr. Cleveland says:

I am constrained to express the opinion that, while the increase of duties should be always sedulously regarded in any modification of our tariff laws, an additional and more direct and efficient protection to these interests would be afforded by the restriction and prohibition of the importation or importation of laborers from other countries, who swarm upon our shores, having no purpose or intent of becoming our fellow-citizens, or acquiring any permanent interest in our country, but who crowd every field of employment with unintelligent labor, which ought rather to satisfy those who make claim to American citizenship.

His declaration against trusts is equally plain, and equally emphatic; he says: "Under various names, 'trusts' have been punished by the common law for hundreds of years, and they have lost none of their hateful features because they have assumed the name of trusts." For these monopoly inventions and devices the President expresses "unalterable hatred." He declares he "has entered upon no course of free trade," but because "unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation," he is endeavoring to reform the revenue policy of the government. He makes one centre hit at the Republican platform when he says, "our people ask relief from the undue and unnecessary burden of taxation now resting upon them. They are offered the tobacco and free whisky. They asked for bread and are given a stone." Most of the Eastern papers comment favorably upon the letter of Mr. Cleveland as an able, dignified, and fearless State paper. The New York *Herald*, after comparing the attitude of President Cleveland upon tariff reform and opposition to trusts with that of General Jackson upon the removal of bank deposits, pays him the following deserved comment:

He found the Union in unrest and has given it peace. He has united the intelligent patriotism of the North and South against the coalition of ignorance and fanaticism upon which Republicanism at the close of the war was forced to depend. He has taught the world that the Southern Confederacy, so far as credit and security of the Union are concerned, is an historical dream. He has maintained an honorable peace with all nations. Every good and wise measure of the Republican nomination, every definite achievement of the war, has been protected and preserved. The sword has been sheathed, the commonwealth of the Republic rests no longer under its shadow, and, in his high office, whether regarded in a personal or domestic sense, or as the official embodiment of the nation's dignity and will, Grover Cleveland has borne himself as one worthy to be remembered with that line of heroes and statesmen which includes Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Jackson, and Lincoln, and worthy, too, of the renewed confidence which was given them by a grateful people in their reëlection to the Presidency.

It is somewhat late for a detailed account of the proceedings of the national convention of the American party at Washington. It was betrayed by men who were hired to sell it out. The Republican party leaders are identified as those who were most active in this direction. New York and California remained true to the purpose for which the convention assembled.

There were twenty-one States represented, having 126 delegates present. New York had 68 and California 11. To the delegates of these States we are indebted for candidates and platform. Had the conspirators succeeded, the whole plan would have miscarried, and the American party been betrayed. New York, by motion of one of her own delegates, displayed her generous and disinterested motives by reducing her delegation to 38 votes, thus placing the total number of delegates at 96. There were cast for candidates for President, votes as follows: Curtis, 45; Hewett, 15; Negley, 4. Total 64. Of these New York cast 38; California, 11; New Jersey, 3; Georgia, 1; Maryland, 2; District Columbia, 1; Virginia, 2; Massachusetts, 1; Minnesota, 1; Tennessee, 1; and from other States one or two each. None but delegates actually present were allowed to vote. (This excluded Nevada, although proxies were held by persons present.) The Hawley resolution, reducing the New York vote to the number of its Congressional districts, was offered, so that those opposing any nomination should have a majority. When Hawley, who boasted that he had put up and successfully carried out jobs in conventions, was caught by the resolution—"*Resolved*, that this convention pledges itself to make independent nominations for President and Vice-President of the United States"—he and his associates, many of whom, Hawley among them, declared that they would not vote an American ticket if it was nominated, etc., proposed to bolt. Their attempted bolt was rendered harmless, and the would-be bolters put in no enviable position when, after the passage of the resolution pledging the convention to nominate, the New York delegation declared they would vote for some candidate other than Curtis, and asked and received unanimous consent to reduce, and thereby did reduce, their vote to 38; for if Munyon, Taylor & Co. had remained there would have been cast 96 votes, New York having 38 votes, all others 58 votes, a clear majority of 20 votes. Seeing this, and finding they were outmanœuvred, they attempted their "bolt" farce which so signally failed, and about which the press has so outrageously lied. The New York delegation acted, in all respects, honorably and fairly, and the conduct of her leaders was disinterested. New York could not control the convention, and did not try to do so, except when her delegation tried to elect Mr. Church permanent chairman. The Pennsylvania and Illinois crowd (8 strong) went to the convention in order to defeat the purpose and object of its holding; went to Washington to prevent nominations or break up the convention. They were whipped at every point, and retired confused and disgraced, notwithstanding they were backed by intriguing and rascally politicians of both the great parties. This crowd tried to win by refraining from voting on the substitute for the Hawley resolution. Total number of delegates present, 126; total vote on substitute, 96; not voting, 28. Some of those not voting never left the convention and were in favor of nominations. Seeing that a majority of delegates were determined to carry out the purpose of the convention, the conspirators permitted the resolution to make nominations to be passed by an almost unanimous vote, and used that as an excuse for leaving. When New York failed to get the permanent organization, and it was demonstrated that an overwhelming majority of the delegates were in favor of making independent nominations, Munyon, Taylor & Co. saw they could not keep their contract to prevent nominations; and when they stupidly remained in the convention until they were pledged to do so, and when they utterly and disgracefully failed to organize a bolters' convention, they pursued the only other course left for them, and outrageously lied about the matter in their newspapers. In this they, of course, have the sympathy and aid of all Republicans and Democrats hostile to the American party. The pusillanimity of their whole course and conduct is illustrated by their leader, Munyon, going to Chairman Wigginton and California delegates Grayson and Bassett, after they had withdrawn from the convention, and during its recess, offering to give Mr. Wigginton the unanimous nomination for President, hoping thereby, no doubt, to create dissensions in the convention. California offered the Illinois delegation to vote for an Illinois man for candidate for President, if Illinois would present one. This offer was met by delegate Thompson, assistant editor of *America*, with "we have no candidate, do not want any candidate, would not vote the ticket," etc. California offered the Pennsylvania delegation to vote for and thereby nominate General Negley if they would nominate and support him, and met with similar answers. The convention was called to nominate candidates, and the California delegation went there for that purpose—controlled the convention in temporary and permanent organization, in platform, and in securing nominations. They are proud of it, and deserve to be commended and congratulated, for there was no split and no dissensions in the California delegation. California had but 11 delegates present on the floor when the Presidential candidates were nominated, and they were cast solid for Abram S. Hewett. The Hawley resolution would have reduced the California delegation to 8, and sent 5 (who had gone 3,350 miles at an expense of from $500 to $1,000) home, and placed the convention at the mercy of the conspirators, bent on its defeat; would have disfranchised 30 of the New York delegates; would have given Munyon, Taylor & Co. (8 men) 55 votes, and reduced New York and California from 83 to 46 votes, thereby giving Pennsylvania and Illinois 9 more votes than New York and California—8 men to control 83—and for the purpose of destroying the convention, preventing its doing what it was called to do, and selling the American National Convention to the Republican party. Being thoroughly thrashed by a little band of patriots they got mad and lie about it.

This is a succinct and truthful narrative of the history of the first American National Convention. It was betrayed by the coalition of conspirators who pretended to represent Illinois and Pennsylvania. If they had been as faithful as the delegation from California, important results would have followed. They will follow in time, and this most cowardly and criminal conspiracy will, when understood and explained, do the Republican party of the nation no good.

There comes to us from Lake City, Hinsdale County, Colorado, No. 14 of the Lake City *Sentinel*. It is an American paper, and flies at the head of its columns the following announcements:

THE RECOGNIZED ORGAN OF THE AMERICAN PARTY IN COLORADO AND THE WEST.

AMERICAN PARTY TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,
JAMES LANGDON CURTIS,
of Connecticut.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
JAMES N. GREER,
of Tennessee.

This journal, in its young Western land—land of high altitudes and pure mountain breezes, the kind of country where freedom loves to live, and where independent daring has the courage to exhibit itself—bears for editor and proprietor the name of Frank E Dacores. It dares to be American, and it has the courage to change its name to that of "American"; it dares to become the "organ" of American principles and American citizenship, and the people of Hinsdale County so encourage it, that it enlarges its size and flings out its banner to the breezes of Colorado to stay. We hail it as a co-laborer in the vineyard that needs bold and daring workers.

Patrick Ford edits and owns the New York *Irish World*. He has received four thousand dollars from Senator Quay, chairman of the Republican National Committee, to distribute it gratuitously among his fellow Irish. The *Irish World* office is head-quarters in America for the dynamite assassination Irish conspirators. Patrick was a soldier and a deserter. He enlisted in the Ninth Massachusetts regiment of volunteer infantry, Colonel Guiney, on the second of August, 1862; deserted at Falmouth, Va., on the second of February, 1863. Never was in battle, never saw an action, never smelt powder, or saw blood. This man is constantly boasting of his true Americanism, and is one of those who declare that the Irish fought the battles of the civil war. The penalty for desertion is death on being found guilty, by trial around a drum-head. That Ford lives at all is a reproach. This is the kind of patriot that is whooping up Blaine. This is the kind of man the Republican and Democratic parties hire to run them and rule the country.

We are informed that Judge James Greer, of Tennessee, has declined the nomination of the American party for Vice-President. He has probably been coaxed, or frightened, or bribed to betray the principles he has avowed and the party that has honored him. Such things are going on around us on every side. Well, let him go; there will be found a better and a braver man to fill his place. A thousand Judge Greers can not sweep back this American wave that is now rolling, white-capped and strong, over the land. If no man can be found to stand in the breach, let the ticket be run a blank. The time will come when, in this American land of ours, brave men will be found with courage to do their duty as American citizens.

Mr. Higgins, having consulted with General Dimond, General Barnes, Mr. Crimmins, and Jacob Stepacher, Esquire, will call the Republican primaries for the twenty-seventh. Mr. Higgins will carry the primaries; he will hold a majority in the nominating convention; he will beat Mr. Ruddick for clerk; he will nominate Mr. Laumeister for sheriff; he is hesitating between two very excellent merchants for mayor; he will endeavor to sandwich enough respectable gentlemen into his ticket to make it acceptable; he will have enough rogues left to make his kind of politics profitable.

If the American party is but an unimportant side-show, and its candidates are to receive too few votes to affect any result, why should party leaders worry themselves about it? why should party journals lie about it? why should party bosses be disturbed? why should the "live" *Chronicle* ignore its conventions and candidates? and why have not Americans as good right to organize and follow principles as Democrats and Republicans to help the bosses to steal?

Vermont and Maine have given increased Republican majorities, indicating the fidelity of the New England manufacturing States to a high protective tariff. If Michigan and Wisconsin should show a similar increase of Republican strength, the figures would be more significant. The South will be very likely to remain solidly Democratic, except perhaps Virginia.

Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, made an undignified exhibition of himself in the Senate when he had the bad taste to charge that Senator Morgan, of Alabama, "comes into the Senate full of whisky." Political controversies do not justify personal blackguardism.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Boston School Question.

HALL OF WASHINGTON CAMP, NO 4,
P. O. S. of A., 1133 Mission Street.
SAN FRANCISCO, August 21, 1888.

WHEREAS, We have learned that the board of education, of the city of Boston, have excluded from the public schools of that city "Swinton's Outlines of the World's History," because requested to do so by a Catholic priest; and,

WHEREAS, The records of ancient history have been made up and opinions may be as numerous as the authors of the histories; and,

WHEREAS, We believe that no historical fact should be suppressed on account of the religious opinions of those who are not in sympathy with the public-school system of the United States; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we denounce the action of the board of education, of the city of Boston, for their cowardice in attempting to suppress well-known historical facts, for their weakness in the cause of education, for their ignorance of history, and their disposition to pander to the wishes of Catholic priests, to well-known enemies of public schools;

Resolved, That we approve of the action taken by the camps of Colorado, and indorse the resolutions which they have adopted;

Resolved, further, That a copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the Boston *Herald* and the San Francisco *Argonaut* for publication.

ROBERT ASHE, D. W. MARTINDALE, G. W. MACK,
[SEAL.] Committee.

Professor Rogers has invented a solidified gas, which can be immediately volatilized for the special use of balloonists.

The most fashionable women of France are introducing small dinner-tables instead of one large one.

Patti will give European concerts in January and February, and then start again for Buenos Ayres.

The longest street in Paris is the Rue de Vaugirard four thousand four hundred metres long.

The Berlin Guild of Tailors have made Bismarck an honorary member.

THE DOPPELGANGER.

As the editor-in-chief drew up the order which was to secure me pay for my articles, he bent on me a searching gaze.

"Mr. Sabin," said he "there is something that I feel it my duty to say to you."

He signed the order and held it out to me. I glanced at the amount written in one corner, and saw that it was less than I had expected, and less than I was entitled to receive. I was too anxious for the money, however, to enter into any discussion which might cause its payment to be deferred. Besides, I was accustomed to this sort of treatment from the *Statesman*.

"As you are not regularly connected with the office," said the chief, in a tone loud enough to be heard by his secretary and the assistant editor, who sat near at hand, "I do not speak to you as your superior, but merely as one man to another. I think you do not appreciate the rapidity with which you are going the downward path. Your changed appearance shows that you are getting near the end. I can not see what temptation leads you into such reckless dissipation. You are of too solitary a disposition to be influenced by evil companionship. I do not know whether you have any friends in any part of the country, but if you have, I am bound to assure you that you are deliberately acting in a way to make you lose every particle of the regard in which they hold you."

I listened to this harrangue with a bitter and contemptuous smile. I understood perfectly well that my career was nearing its end, and for that reason took no pains to show respect for the chief. When he proposed to deprive me of the regard of my friends, one of the few assets left me in existence, I gave a mocking laugh and answered him in the words of Hamlet: "You can not, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal." Then, as my heels clinked upon the iron stairs outside the office, I continued the quotation in a whisper, "except my life, except my life, except my life."

I obtained the money from the cashier and went out into the night. It was November, cold with wind and penetrating dampness. I buttoned the long frock-coat which I wore close about my neck, pulled down my hat, and thrust my hands in my pockets. It was all very disagreeable, but quite as easy to bear as many other things. There was a warm overcoat of mine in the possession of a pawnbroker in a neighboring street, and I hesitated for a moment, debating whether I should not use a portion of my recent gains in getting it redeemed. I settled the question by muttering a phrase which had become very familiar to my lips of late, "What is the use?" There was no answer.

As soon as possible I got out of the crowd into a side street. I hated people, and it enraged me to be near them. Presently I turned into an alley, lonely, crooked, and dark. A flickering gaslight hung suspended in front of the place I was seeking, but I had little need of its guidance, for I knew the way well. The lights within shone dimly out into the alley through windows whose glass was heavily coated with white paint. Within there was a tawdry bar and a number of tables and chairs. At the rear of the long hall, on each side of a passageway, were berths—separate little cuddy-holes—furnished each one with a lounge, a small table, and a chair, where one might go and enjoy a continued debauch without molestation. Each was dimly lighted by an oil lamp.

I made my way to one of these rooms, after depositing a piece of gold with the man behind the bar. A waiter followed me and placed on the table a pitcher of ice-water, a large bottle of brandy, and a couple of glasses. He essayed some conversation, assuring me that I was not looking well, and that they had missed me for several nights; but I was too anxious for his departure to risk making him any reply. The instant he was gone, I poured out a large glass of liquor and swallowed it almost at one gulp.

I had been steadily at work for two days and nights, finishing the articles for which I had just received pay from the *Statesman*. A bottle of brandy had stood at my elbow, but I was not one of those who manage to work best under stimulants, and I drank only enough to keep me from feeling distress. I had eaten very little, but of late I had found myself subsisting easily on one meal a day, and having but little appetite for that. I was not hungry now, only intensely fatigued and wild for a drink. The first bumper was succeeded almost instantly by another, and that by a third and a fourth. Then peace and content began to steal once more over my nerves and brain, though my thoughts were as restless as ever.

I settled myself snugly, half lying, half sitting upon the lounge, with the glass and bottle on the table within easy reach. The room was pleasantly warm, and except for the low hum of conversation and the occasional clink of glasses, which floated in from the outer hall, it was perfectly quiet. Everything was conducive to meditation, and I began to think.

For some time my existence had been on trial in the court of my own mind. The problem of whether it was worth while to continue a struggle to which there could be but one end, was constantly under debate, but I had refused thus far to carry it out to any solution. A variety of small occurrences had at last driven me to the point of saying that I would settle the question to-night. It seemed like trifling to defer it longer. I had to confess to myself, however, that the debate could not be an honest one, as my conduct of life for the last six months had shown very plainly what the decision would be.

I drew from my vest pocket a small vial of a colorless liquid and placed it on the table beside the bottle of brandy. Here was death in a tangible form, the little bottle containing enough cocaine to destroy three or four human lives. I had only to pour about a teaspoonful into a glass of brandy and drink it off. There was no disagreeable taste and no painful effects. The result of this action would be that Guy Sabin, who was now living a wretched, despised, and useless existence, would in a few minutes be transformed into one hundred and forty pounds of refuse matter, to be put out of sight underground as soon as possible, and to be forgotten within a short time by all the world. All? Was there not a certain one whose memories of me were of a sort not to be lightly thrown aside?

"She will think of me more kindly dead than continuing in such an existence as this," I said, aloud, with bitter emphasis.

The tattered curtain which hung across the entrance to the room was suddenly thrust aside, and a man entered. I thought, for an instant, that it was the waiter who had been attracted by the sound of my voice. I was mistaken, however. The person was evidently some patron of the establishment who had accidentally strayed into my room, supposing it to be empty.

"I beg your pardon," said he; "I did not imagine I was intruding on any one." He stopped short, staring at me blankly, as though he had made some strange discovery.

The man was tall and slender, with a thin, pale face and sad-looking eyes. He wore a long, shabby black coat, buttoned close and turned up about the neck. The first glance that I directed upon him gave me a strange sensation, and the longer I looked, the more I was puzzled. Who was he? I felt that I ought to know perfectly well, for I had seen his face an infinite number of times. Every lineament seemed as familiar as though he had been my own brother. And his voice and way of speaking? Where had I heard it all before?

We remained silently staring at one another for about a minute, and then the intruder said: "I know that I ought to remember you, but, by some trick of my memory, I can not for an instant recall your name."

"I find myself in a similar predicament with regard to you," I answered, with an embarrassed laugh; "my name is Sabin—Guy Sabin—but my mind has been so upset of late, that I am afraid I should hardly remember my own brother, if I had one."

"Sabin?" repeated the stranger, without taking his eyes off me; "even your voice sounds strangely familiar; but I never heard your name before. I wonder," he continued, slowly, in an undertone, "if I have been drinking too much."

Without any invitation he sank into the chair, and rested his elbows on the table, still staring at me. I steadfastly returned his gaze. The dim light shone full in his face, making every feature plainly revealed to me.

Suddenly, like a flash, it shot into my mind where I had seen that face, and I shuddered at the strangeness of the thought.

Almost at the same instant the stranger started up and pointed his long finger at me.

"I remember now," said he, "where I have so often looked at your features."

"Where?" I asked.

"In my looking-glass," and he fell back into the chair again.

"That is where I have seen you," I said; "and I was about to tell you so. In face and form, in voice and manner, you seem to exactly resemble me."

"This may be only an accident of some kind," remarked the stranger, "but it is certainly the strangest one in my experience."

"So I was about to observe," said I; "I never suspected that the world held for me an exact double. Will you tell me your name?"

"Paul Herron. And yours, I think you said, was Sabin? It would seem, under the circumstances, that we ought to know one another."

"Verily you are right," I answered, "although I do not imagine that this resemblance is anything but physical."

"God forbid that it should go beyond that," exclaimed the stranger.

"You speak as though you knew something about me," I said.

"No; you misunderstand me. I only know myself, and what my life has been. It was from common humanity that I prayed as I did."

I thought to myself that whatever had been his experience in life, it could scarcely have been worse than mine, and however hopeless his present situation, it could not be as desperate as that which I was planning to escape by death.

I was now sufficiently accustomed to the stranger's presence to be able to regard him calmly, and to enjoy studying his features as a counterfeit presentment of my own. Did I have that gaunt, haggard look and those weary eyes? Were my lips curled always with a defiant sneer? Surely I was not wearing such a garb as that, I, who was once faultless in every detail of my dress. I had been conscious from within of my disreputable appearance, and I had gloried in it; now I saw it from without, and it made me shudder.

My visitor had been eyeing me reflectively for some time, and now he looked down at himself, smiled, and shrugged his shoulders. I began to feel a little embarrassed and at a loss what to say. The stranger rose suddenly, and was about to leave the room.

"I ought not to intrude longer upon your privacy," said he, in a distant tone.

"Don't go, please!" I cried; "surely men who meet with such an astonishing experience as this ought not to part without knowing more of one another. Won't you sit down and have some brandy with me? Or, perhaps, you will take something else?"

"When I drink I usually do it for a purpose," said the stranger, "and, for that reason, I always order brandy when I come to this place. I don't like to impose on you, however——"

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed; "I happen to be flush just now. I have more money than I have any use for." The strange significance of this remark struck me after I had uttered it, but my *vis-à-vis* merely nodded his head and observed that he was similarly fortunate.

Mr. Herron then helped himself, at my suggestion, to a large bumper of my favorite liquor. I noticed that as his face became animated in conversation, after the drink had begun to affect him, the weariness disappeared from his features and was succeeded by a blank expression through which I could not penetrate. When he had disposed of several glasses of liquor he became less distant in his bearing toward me, and exhibited a willingness to talk freely.

"I must confess," said he, "that I find it very hard to keep from inspecting you critically. I don't want to say anything uncomplimentary, but I should like to know whether the sonal appearance of your double strikes you as unfavorabl mine does me."

I remarked that I thought honors were easy on that sc

"The impression I gain from looking at myself in you, continued, "is that I am very much addicted to the use of liquors. You will appreciate, I doubt not, the insinuated q that lies concealed under this roundabout proposition."

"You have cast aright," said I; "and by a similar pro of reflexive induction I must look like an altogether despe and abandoned character, who is continuing life merely cause he has it left over on his hands after everything el gone."

The visitor gave a short, contemptuous laugh. He lift glass of brandy from the table and held it out at arm's len looking at me over its brim. I raised my glass in the s way, and mutely each drank to the other's ruin.

"My friend," said the visitor, after he had drained his g and refilled it, "do you know that you impress the casual server as having a decided air of the *ci-devant?*"

"Yes," I answered; "I came out of a past."

The stranger drew a long breath.

"Come, that is one comfort," said he; "let us make most of it. Think of the flat, stale, and unprofitable mono that constitutes the past of most of the mortals we kn There may be nothing left for us in the future, but we not failed, after all, to get a glimpse of what there is in e ence."

"I think I managed to peruse two or three chapters be the fates jerked the book away," I said, meditatively.

"I don't suppose that any man who has had his fling really regrets it," remarked my companion; "there is pr bly no satisfaction in life comparable to that of having through a considerable amount of money in a short spac time. Have I guessed you aright?"

"You are not guessing," I said; "you know." The i tity of the stranger had suddenly flashed upon me, toge with the significance of his visit. "I understand now," I tinued aloud, "who, or rather what, you are."

The stranger nodded his head sagely.

"You are my *doppelganger*," I said.

He continued to nod his head in silence.

"And your visit means that I have come to the end."

"Well, and does the idea strike you with consternation?"

"Not at all," I answered; "it rather gives me a sensa of relief. I was turning the question over in my own m when you entered, and the inevitable solution has been an pated a little, that is all."

"Your decision was probably established before the ordained that we should meet," said the Doppelganger, re ing my glass, which stood empty; "for my part, althou have had the matter under discussion at different times, logic of my own acts pointed always to the same end, and was self-destruction."

"*En effet!*" I exclaimed; "you are ruined and hopel and you came here to-night with the intention of killing y self. Is that it?"

I rose up as I spoke, and extended my hand. The strar seized it, and we stood for a moment looking into one anoth eyes. As I felt the pressure of his determined grasp, and the sympathetic interest in his eyes, the last glimmer of irr lution in my mind flickered and went out. I stood commi to this strange being and to myself to venture the last ac recklessness possible to a human being.

"Bravo!" cried the Doppelganger; "I had thought th must die as I have lived, alone. It warms my heart to m at the last stage of life some one whom I can trust. Why we not know one another earlier?"

"It could not be," said I; "one meets his doppelganger o just before his death."

"Well, at least, let us prolong the acquaintance as far may," said the stranger; "I will order another bottle, an will drink and talk freely together. We are supposed to morose and uncompanionable, are we not? We can prov false, at least to one another."

The additional bottle was brought, and the Doppelgan drank off glass after glass of the liquor, like a man affec with a burning thirst. The drinking characteristics which displayed were very similar to my own. I had no spe fondness for liquor, and only used brandy as many peo would opium, to give me a respite from life. But when a tain point was passed, and the alcohol had really gained p session of me, its power seemed irresistible, and the appro to drunken unconsciousness was a path that did not offe turning.

"The effect of liquor upon me," said my companion, a in response to my thoughts, "is not very evident outward the more I drink, the thirstier I become; but my mind c tinues perfectly clear. I can't always depend upon my le and, hence, I prefer to take my liquor in some such quiet pl as this, where I can be alone and undisturbed; but I ne lose control of my thoughts until I fall asleep."

"I take it that you have not been addicted to this habit great length of time," said I.

"Less than a year—that is, since my money vanished."

"Have you any friends?" I asked.

"Not in this place, thank God! Indeed, I do not kn that I have friends anywhere. Some of them tried to cl to me after my ruin, but I thrust them away. I hated my too bitterly to endure it that others should continue to l me, and, besides, I could see very well what attracted th It was pity; curse them, pity!"

"Amen," said I.

"There were sycophants enough who took my ruin a good excuse for their defection; they amused me, but I not hate them. I had never mistaken their point of view was clear to me from the first. But the few friends who warned me of the disasters that were to come, and had t to restrain my reckless plunges, those who came in when was over to offer sympathy and assistance, who uttered no word of blame but acted as if they were ignorant of what been happening, those I hated to the bottom of my soul."

he stranger spoke with fierce bitterness, but there were te in his eyes, as there were in mine.

I understand very well the reason why," I said; "it was be use they were of your own kind, and yet life was not ri d for them."

Their very existence was a reproach," said the Doppel- ga er, and he laid his head in his arms upon the table.

Let us not speak of them," said I; "when I look from own life to theirs it shakes my resolution, and I am tempted o back and try it all again. Is there a chance that we are aken? I have asked myself many times whether it is ible that one's existence should be hopelessly wrecked, a so much of it is left in which past errors may be re- ed. We are not thirty, my friend; our natural period of g is not half completed. We propose to throw away all remains, in the belief that it is valueless to us and to the of the world."

Never mind the rest of the world," said my companion, g his head; "I hold that if a man will not live for him- he will not for any being that exists. I have thought that There is one woman . . . I will not speak of her be- e you must understand. . . . I know what grief my life cost her; my death can not make it more. There is no to be considered save ourselves alone. If life is for us worth the living, and we have decided that it is not, then only question that remains is how we are to dispose of it t expeditiously."

If you refer to the immediate means," said I, raising the of cocaine from the table, "here it is in a most satisfac- form. A small amount of this liquid, in your next glass randy, will solve for you the unhappy dilemma of ex- ice."

he stranger filled his glass and drank it off; then he re- t it and held it out to me.

Let me have my share," said he.

poured about a teaspoonful of the liquid out of the vial the Doppelganger's glass. Then, after another drink, h I drained with the thought it was to be the last but one, ranged my own dose.

There is no hurry," said my companion, reseating him- ; "leave your drink for a few minutes while we take one look around us."

had not emptied the vial, and I corked it and replaced it the table.

There is cheer for still another," said the Doppelganger cating the bottle with a weary motion of his arm.

I was determined to make sure, so I bought plenty," I.

There is no third one to need it," observed my com- on; "I suppose it would be hard to find any one who as good a cause for ending life as we have. What do kill themselves for? I believe for money troubles princi- y. What an absurdity that a man should take the loss of w dollars so much to heart that he should wish to deprive self of all the possible remaining joys of life! Men who poor to-day may be rich to-morrow; it is a matter which nothing to do with life itself. It is not because we are niless that we propose to empty those glasses, but because loathe existence and hate the beings with whom we must "

he Doppelganger's eyes glittered with a wolfish malig- ce as he spoke, and I shuddered. The last glass had red my head a little, and the bewilderment which I had at first at this strange being's presence slowly stole over again. I looked at him askance as he stood beyond the e, his arms folded and his eyes fastened upon me with a dy gaze. It was like a dream of the mysteries that must ow death. As my eyes met his, a wave of confusion swept r my brain again, and I forgot that there was anything un- al in my situation.

Guy Sabin," said the stranger, lifting his glass from the le, "will you drink the last draught with me?"

stood up and touched my glass to his. I raised it to my as unconcernedly as I would have done any act of trifling portance. My mind was a blank; I had ceased to reason debate. My *vis-à-vis* lifted his drink in unison with

The next instant an electric shock seemed to pass through head and to paralyze my arm. Before any drop of the uor entered my mouth, the glass fell from my hand to the le, breaking into fragments. At the last moment a full reciation of the act, and all its consequences, burst upon . I did not think, I felt. It was instinct and not reason t had moved me. My first impression was that some sort an accident had caused the glass to slip from my fingers. as hardly aware that I had exercised any volition in the tter.

The stranger noted the occurence, but continued to drain glass to the last drop. Then he replaced it inverted on table, and looked at me with a sneer in his eyes.

"You are, apparently, my equal in other respects," said ; "I did not expect to find you deficient in courage."

I laughed. "It takes courage to resolve to live," I said, nd more courage than I possess. I dropped my glass be- se some sort of a nervous tremor seized me. I am cool ain now, and will not fail."

I took up the glass which the Doppelganger had emptied, d poured out a drink of brandy. I was about to mix with he residue of the poison, when the stranger reached out d picked up the vial.

"You can not die with me now," said he; "wait and think noment longer before you follow my example. It is too e for me to turn back. The poison acts rapidly; I begin, eady, to feel its effects. My death will offer you a strange d terrible opportunity of looking ahead. I have seen life you have seen it; I am now viewing death as you will en you have drunk what there is in this vial."

"I do not wish to wait," I cried; "I have the same reason leaving life that you have, although a trick of my ruined rves has deprived me of the means. Why should I be mpelled to endure one hour more of this torture. The ht of my life has gone out, would you wish that I should longer wander about in darkness? Remember that it is yourself that speaks to yourself."

I took hold of the stranger's arm, but his grip only tightened on the little bottle. He looked at me with a wild, blank gaze for an instant, and then fell upon the lounge, his white face turned up toward the light.

"No, no!" he cried, and the words seemed to push their way out from between the lips firmly pressed together; "you must wait. I begin to see it all plainer now—now that it is too late. There was a mistake somewhere. Life could not have been given us to be ruined and flung away. Was it ruined? Was there not something that we failed to discover, but which the future might have unfolded to us? For me the future is now strange and shadowy; it may contain only oblivion. For you it has still infinite possibility."

"It is only a possibility of new humiliation," I said; "give me that vial."

For answer he rose on one arm and threw the bottle, with all the strength he could muster, against the opposite wall, where it burst into fragments.

"The door out of life is closed for you, for the present, at least," said he, "and I believe it will remain until nature throws it open. You have seen your doppelganger, and you yet will live; but for me this is the end."

The Doppelganger's words fell on my ear like the utterance to which one listens in a dream. I struggled to rise from the position in which I had fallen crouching upon the floor, but my limbs seemed numb and paralyzed. When I tried to cry out for help the ringing in my ears seemed to deaden every sound I made. The walls of the room floated away and returned again, and the table and chair moved about in a drunken dance. Only the Doppelganger's white face remained in its place, staring intently at me out of the sunken, weary eyes. I seemed, myself, to take part in the awful struggle with death, and the long sighs of regret appeared to come from my own lips.

At last I knew not whether it was I, myself, that lay dying upon the lounge, or that crouched, drunken and mad, upon the floor, and when the final shriek of mortal agony resounded through the room, I dropped senseless in a shuddering heap.

When I at last regained consciousness and understood where I was, I lay in a small, plain room in a hospital, and over me was bending a woman, in the light of whose familiar eyes I saw the gleam of hope. PHILIP FIRMIN.

LOS ANGELES, September, 1888.

Some industrious persons in England are unearthing the buried "treasures" of the long-defunct "Keepsakes," and in one of them have found the following verses by Tennyson (1850), not published in his works:

> When time I wasted youthful hours,
> One of the shining winged powers
> Show'd me vast cliffs, with crowns of towers.
>
> As toward that gracious light I bow'd,
> They seem'd high palaces and proud,
> Hid now and then with sliding cloud.
>
> He said, "The labor is not small;
> Yet winds the pathway free to all—
> Take care thou dost not fear to fall!"

In the course of the recent naval manœuvres, Admiral Fitzroy bombarded a quiet Scotch port on Sunday, while the peaceful Scots were at church, and, thereupon, the West of Scotland Sabbath Protection Association came down upon him with this resolution: "That a memorial be sent to the Lords of the Admiralty protesting against such an outrage, and requesting their lordships to prohibit anything of the kind being permitted on Scottish territory in future, as it is considered an insult to the feelings of the Scottish people that their Sabbath rest and public worship should be disturbed by such an uncalled-for intrusion."

Lying in a Broadway jeweler's window, in New York city, is a costly and somewhat novel châtelaine, intended to sustain a lady's watch. Its upper fourth is a coronet, with gems set in the gold; from this depends an N, and from this again another N. A similar gift was presented by "Count" Zacharoff to his *fiancée*, Miss Billings. The châtelaine was also made up of a coronet, from which dangled two Z's. A careful examination of the article now in the jeweler's window suggested at last that the Z's had been rehung so as to form N's. It was undoubtedly the same costly gewgaw, under an *alias*, so to put it.

In Paris the big shops that keep everything are driving the small dealers out of business. Recently a large stock of fine white goods, put out in front of one of these large places, was found on several successive days to have been ruined by being spattered all over with some black fluid. A watch was set, and after some time it was found that the damage was done by a small dealer of the neighborhood, who revenged himself for his loss of trade by walking by the big store, and squirting ink from a concealed syringe as he passed.

The recent naval manœuvres of England's fleet show that "the chief naval need of the country is a largely increased number of cruisers, and that the prime factor in modern naval warfare is speed."

Colonel Fremantle kept some British volunteers manœuvring for two hours in a drenching rain, and finally the signs of mutiny became so manifest that the inspection was brought to a close.

Some writings of Kaiser Frederick show that he left his memoranda to his wife as her private property, and his diary is now again in her possession.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Bobby was admiring the fat boy at the dime museum. "Mamma," he said, "what a kind mother he must have?"—*Life.*

Oldboy (to man who is standing up and obstructing his view of the stage)—"Sit down, sir! You are not opaque." *Stranger*—"No, sor; Oi'm O'Reilly."—*Judge.*

Self-assertive tramp—"Madam, it won't be healthy fer you t' refoose a poor wounded sojer a bite!" *New Jersey widow*—"I know it. Sick him, Hercules!"—*Judge.*

Seedy party (to bar-tender)—"Whisky, please?" *Bar-tender*—"What kind, friend?" *Seedy party*—"Gimme the same as the feller had wots lyin' under the billiard-table."—*Life.*

Passenger (on the "limited")—"Are you the conductor of the Pullman car, sir?" *Conductor* (meekly)—"No, sir; I am merely the conductor of the train."—*New York Sun.*

"And how do you stand on the tariff, Mr. Cornbrake?" asked the school-master; "are you a protectionist?" "I," replied the chiropodist, "no; I'm a feet raider." (Dies.)—*Burdette.*

Clawsby, while in swimming, has had his clothes stolen, and, after hiding behind a rock for two hours, bears friendly footsteps. *Goldberger*—"Puy some gollar-puttons, my vrent; I sells dem sheap."—*Puck.*

Applicant (knocking loudly at the gates)—"What ho, within there!" *Voice*—"What's wanted?" *Applicant*—"I want to see St. Peter." *Voice*—"Well, you can't see him now; he has gone to the ball game."—*Life.*

Buyer—"How much are these trousers, Mr. Solomons?" *Mr. S.*—"Vell, mein freund, ve are yust givin' dose pants away." *Buyer* (effusively)—"Thanks—thanks! I'll take this pair." (Exit rapidly with trousers.)—*Life.*

Robinson (at the club)—"You are getting to be a great club man, Brown. I see you are here every night now. Wife away?" *Brown*—"No, she insisted upon it that I must buy her a piano—and I did."—*New York Sun.*

Postman (at the front door)—"Madam, there is certainly a fire in your cellar. Smoke is pouring through the grating." *Madam* (frightened)—"Oh, dear. Fire! Fire! Oh, what shall I do? Have you any letters for me?"—*Time.*

"You must give me time, George, to think it over; it is all so strange, so unexpected." "I will give you a year's time if you wish it; my love for you is great enough to bear that strain." "Oh, I don't want a year—give me five minutes."—*Life.*

Invalid—"I have been here now for six weeks, and I don't see that the water has had the slightest effect." *Dr. Candid*—"You must have patience; there was a man here last season who didn't die until after he had been here two months."—*Texas Siftings.*

"Young man," he said, sonorously, "are you ever abroad in the early morning, when the great orb of day rises in all his majestic and brilliant glory?" "Well—er—yes, sir, sometimes," replied the young man; "but I generally try to get to bed earlier than that."—*New York Sun.*

She (in great agitation)—"Oh, George, I hear papa at the front gate, and he is very apt to be impulsive when he comes home late!" *He*—(reassuringly)—"Calm your fears, dear. I'm in the coal business, you know, and he has owed the firm money for coal for over nine months."—*New York Sun.*

Clarinda (nestling by her lover's side)—"Oh, George, I needed your protection so much to-day; a huge mastiff, with distended jaws, came bounding at me, and to escape the ferocious animal I hastily climbed a tree. I wish you had been there." *George* (regretfully)—"Yes, I wish I had."—*Texas Siftings.*

"My beloved brethren," said a Dakota preacher from his pulpit, "on looking over the collection of last Sabbath evening, you can imagine my pleased surprise to discover therein a blue chip. Our dear brother, Deacon Dewrite, kindly cashed it in. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."—*New York Sun.*

Dumley—"I say, Brown, as a great favor, would you mind putting your name on the back of my note for thirty days?" *Brown* (dubiously)—"Why, I s'pose so, Dumley; where will you make the note payable?" *Dumley*—"Anywhere you like, old man; that's your business, not mine."—*New York Sun.*

"What in thunder do you mean by coming in here to get your head bandaged?" said the indignant proprietor to a battered tramp; "this is a plumber's shop and ain't no hospital, by a jugful." "Why don't yer take in yer sign, then?" said the battered tramp, pointing to the legend "Tanks Repaired."—*Life.*

Magistrate (to Uncle Rastus, who has been unfortunate again)—"Your name, prisoner?" *Uncle Rastus*—"Must I giv' my name, sah?" *Magistrate*—"Certainly." *Uncle Rastus*—"Well, now, yo' honah, I done understan' frum de lawyer dat nobody am compelled to say nuffin wot has er tendency ter convict hisself."—*Life.*

"Do I have to buy beer to enjoy the freedom of the free-lunch counter?" he inquired, timidly, of the bar-tender. "Certainly," was that gentleman's emphatic dictum. "And you designate it free lunch!" he said bitterly—"free lunch, and have to buy beer! That's what I call covert irony!" and he got out just in time.—*New York Sun.*

Mr. A.—"After Browning, which of the English poets do you most admire?" *Miss R.* (of Boston, thoughtfully)—"The Lake School and Scott; but for enduring mental food, which gently nourishes, but does not excite, I prefer Crabbe's Tales." *Mr. P.* (from Chicago, who has heard the last dozen words)—"Gosh! what a diet! No wonder she's thin."—*Life.*

Woman—"Have you been a tramp long?" *Tramp*—"Pretty much all my life, ma'am; it runs in the family. My poor old father was a professional for twenty-seven years, but the other day he struck big luck." *Woman*—"Did he come into an immense fortune?" *Tramp*—"Well—er—no, not quite. Some influential friends of his got him into the poor-house."—*New York Sun.*

Jones—"I was told a good story last night, boys—some of you may have heard it before—about the man, the dog, and the bear. You see, the man owned a dog that——" *Robinson*—"That story has gray whiskers, Jones." *Brown*—"I heard it when I was a boy." *Jones*—"The man owned a dog that——" *The rest of the boys*—"We've all heard it, Jones." *Jones*—"You see, the man owned a dog that——" (finishes the story).—*Puck.*

On the way to the Caledonian games: *Officer O'Grady* (recently appointed)—"Shtop, ye divil! Wher's yer pants?" *Fergus McTavish McFash, a Piper* (with dignity)—"Pants, mon! I hae nane!" *Officer O'Grady*—"Thin, divil the shtep ye take till ye go into Levi's shtore and putt up yer harmonicon fer a pair o' blue flannins to conservе th' dacency av yer legs. D'ye think ye're at home in Africa, ye haythen baboon?"—*Puck.*

A New York man visited the family of a relative in the country, where he was not a welcome guest, by any manner of means. After the visitor had spent a couple of weeks, his much disgusted host said, one morning, at the breakfast-table: "Dear cousin, don't you think your family will miss you painfully? You ought not to leave them alone so much." "By Jove, that's so," exclaimed the New Yorker; "I'll telegraph them to come right on here."—*Texas Siftings.*

The head of a large dry-goods establishment has forbidden his saleswomen to wear bustles. On being interviewed on the subject, he explained his action as follows: "Every woman wearing a bustle adjusts it at least five times a day. It takes her a minute each time, and she thus loses five minutes a day. One hundred and twenty-five women will, consequently, lose six hundred and twenty-five minutes, which is over ten hours. These ten hours I have to pay for, and we are, consequently, out of pocket to that amount."—*Judge.*

STUDENTS' PRANKS IN PARIS.

How the Young Artists of the Beaux Arts Amuse Themselves.

Warren R. Briggs, a young Bostonian, who has been taking an architectural course at the Paris Ecole des Beaux Arts, recently addressed a number of students of architecture on the subject of his experiences at the school. His reminiscences were extremely interesting.

In entering a French atelier [he said], it is to your advantage to identify yourself as closely as possible with its customs and traditions. Be not overfastidious—you will find your new comrades not too refined. Do not look with contempt upon that unwashed, uncombed, and altogether unsavory individual; uncouth and wild as he may look, he may be able to teach you more than you ever knew of design and rendering. Likely as not, some day you will see him capture the greatest of all prizes, for the French student—the Grand Prize of Rome.

There comes to my mind now, two men who, when I entered the Atelier André, were perhaps the wildest and dirtiest of the lot and were, I am sure, the leaders of every escapade in which the atelier indulged—of these men, one, Laloux, has since won the Grand Prize, and the other, Pujol, was the finest draughtsman I ever knew, and has since won many notable competitions, and stands to-day high up on the ladder of fame. I can truly say that from these two men I learned more of a technical nature than from any other source during my stay in the school. This you will find true of all atelier life—you can learn more from your companions—especially the first-class men and those who are more advanced than yourself, than from your professor, whose visits occur only twice or three times a week, and if you can secure ten or fifteen minutes of his time at these visits you are extremely fortunate.

When I was at Paris, there were situated in the school-building, on the Rue Bonaparte, three ateliers devoted to the study of architecture, and a like number to painting and sculpture. When you enter the atelier you will have to pay a small amount, and from time to time such assessments or dues as are customary. You will also be expected "to set 'em up for the boys." It simply means to give money enough for a glass of beer and a smoke to those who happen to be present when the demand is made. The amount asked for rarely exceeds five francs.

The next thing that probably will be demanded of you will be a speech and a song. It is useless for you to plead that you are not accustomed to public speaking, that you do not know French enough to make yourself intelligible, and that you never sang a note in your life. A speech and a song they will have, and a ready compliance with the request will be the best way out of it. You can imagine your humble servant on top of a high book-case, at one end of the Atelier André, surrounded by thirty or forty howling Frenchmen—making his maiden speech, and that too in French, two words of which I do not believe I spoke coherently at that time. However, I gesticulated wildly, and yelled as loud as any one; what I tried to say I never knew, nor could I ever find any one who did. The speech must have been a success, judging from the numerous bouquets of rags and paper that were showered upon me, and the humidity of the atmosphere was assured by the passage through the air of sponges well-filled with water; being an American ball-player, the first of these missiles that came my way I caught. This move was a gigantic success, and was received with uproarious applause. My fame as a vocalist will always be confined to the Atelier André, where, on this occasion, I warbled "Little Brown Jug" so successfully that it was immediately translated into the vocabulary of the atelier, and sung at frequent intervals during my stay with great gusto.

Outside of this episode I had little or no hazing attempted. In justice to my French comrades, I must say that they are more considerate in this respect to foreigners than they are to their own countrymen.

Well do I remember the unfortunate *nouveau* who was the next to enter the atelier after myself. I think his name was Bastien—a short, broad-shouldered, and powerfully built young fellow, about twenty years of age. He showed fight from the commencement, but was finally forced upon the platform, and the usual speech and song were demanded. These were refused point-blank, and he attempted to descend from his lofty perch; he was met by a shower of missiles of all kinds and a deluge of blows from clubs and canes; he was forced to retire to the furthest corner of the platform, where he sulked. The reserve powers of the atelier were now brought into play, in order to force this refractory *nouveau* into submission. All books and papers were removed from the shelves of the book-case on which he was standing, the stools were turned bottom upward and placed in the cluster around it, rendering it impossible to jump without receiving severe bodily injuries. Tables were then moved up to a convenient distance, on which were stationed men with pails of water and dippers, and, at a given signal, the sulking Bastien was deluged with cold water for five or ten minutes, when another demand for a speech was made; he still refused, the water was again applied, and this was kept up, hour after hour, until late in the evening, when, as both sides were nearly exhausted, a compromise was made, by which, after a short speech, the drenched and chilled student was permitted to go home, but was informed that he would be expected to comply with all demands made upon him thereafter, or he would fare still worse.

Bastien did not appear at the school for a week or ten days after this, but his absence only seemed to have whetted the appetites of his tormentors. No sooner did he appear, one pleasant afternoon, when he was given a note, reading something like "Do as you please with bearer, or send the fool farther!" and a box, containing a ninety-pound dumb-bell, which he was told to carry to an adjoining atelier. Under this room was a perfectly dark cellar, whose only entrance was through a trap-door. It was nearly filled with old drawing-boards, broken tables and chairs, and other refuse—the accumulation of years. Into this dismal hole it was decided that Bastien should take the box. No sooner was his head below the level of the floor than the door was slammed down and securely fastened. In the midst of the wild hilarity occasioned by this successful manœuvre, "Monsieur le Patron," or the professor, entered. In an instant silence reigned. Where a minute before there had been a perfect cyclone of merriment, there now appeared a studious calm, ludicrous to behold.

One thing that particularly struck me was the reverence—almost awe—with which the French student regards the Patron. The moment he appears every hat is removed and every pipe and cigarette is extinguished. Every man speaks in whispers; walks on tip-toe, and is a model of politeness and decorum; this lasts just as long as the professor remains—not an instant longer—for the moment he is out of sight the racket breaks out again, and continues with hardly an intermission until he again appears.

Bastien, in his dismal hole, must have instinctively known who was present, for he uttered no outcry, nor in any way attempted to make it known that he was confined beneath the floor. The Patron evidently knew that something unusual had happened, for in spite of all efforts at concealment, there was a suppressed air of excitement, and members of my own atelier were slyly peeking into the doors and windows to learn the fate of their imprisoned comrade. Hour after hour sped by, and the Patron still stayed. The anxiety of the hazers kept increasing. "Will he suffocate?" "Can he live in that hole?" "Is he already dead?" were the questions asked. At length, when the tension on the excited students was well-nigh at the breaking point, the Patron prepared to go, evidently believing that whatever mischief had been indulged in, he had frustrated it and had worried his class enough by his prolonged stay. When it was assured that he was well out of the way, a rush was made by the students of both ateliers for the trap-door; it was quickly opened and the name "Bastien" shouted into the darkness by a score or more of voices. No answer came up from the hole. A look of consternation was on every face. "What have we done?" "How shall we get out of the scrape?" "He must be dead, or insensible, or he could not help hearing our calls; but his body must be gotten out—some one must go down and bring him up." At last, one bolder than the rest volunteered, and descended, candle in hand, to the bottom of the ladder. His foot had scarcely touched the floor before there was an unearthly howl and a wild scramble; a moment later, our volunteer appeared above the floor with a face upon which rage and fright were struggling for the mastery. As soon as he could get his breath, he stated that Bastien was all right—in fact, had attacked him with a club, and he exhibited a lump already forming on the side of his head, the result of a well-directed blow. The reaction caused by this announcement only intensified the feeling against Bastien, and he was commanded, under the direst penalties, to come forth. After much parleying, he consented. No sooner had he reached the floor of the atelier than he was pounced upon by a score or more of yelling students, bound hand and foot, and laid upon a large drawing-board; this was raised upon the shoulders of the stronger of his persecutors, the rest of them forming a procession.

Imagine the grotesque effect of a motley crowd of students, the greater number of them bare-headed, clad in their working-blouses, which were almost all fantastically decorated, each man carrying a lighted candle—it had now grown dark—marching, with measured tread, around the beautiful Pompeiian court of the Ecole des Beaux Arts and chanting the Dead March from Saul at the top of their voices. After several circuits had been made, the marshals led the way to the fountain situated in the centre of the court, and Bastien was unceremoniously dumped, headlong, into the water.

Unfortunately for all concerned, some of the officials of the school, whose attention had been attracted by the uproar, witnessed the latter portion of this escapade, and immediately gave orders for the atelier to be closed for three months. This order is considered one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall the students of the school, for the reason that when the door of the atelier is closed and the official seal placed upon it, on no condition can it be opened until the limit of time prescribed by the order has expired.

When it was known that this order had been given, there was a wild rush to remove all available articles from the atelier before it could be executed. Drawings, books, boards, instruments, etc., were quickly gathered and carried into the court, and when the gendarmes arrived to lock the door, the room was partially dismantled.

The students of the closed atelier immediately held a meeting, and appointed a committee to procure suitable rooms as near by as possible. Here they could work until reinstated in their proper quarters. Their Patron was duly notified of the affair; he made no comment, but visited his class regularly in their temporary home. He probably considered that being obliged to pay rent and incidental expenses his class were sufficiently punished.

I have dwelt somewhat at length upon this affair, as it was the worst case of hazing that I saw in the architectural department of the school, and was the only instance that I knew of the closing of an atelier.

It is a serious thing for the French student to be deprived of his nearly finished drawings, which his patron tells him are good enough to receive a prize or mention. Usually, it is the innocent who suffer more than the guilty, for those who are away at the time of the escapade are the ones who have everything locked up.

To the foreign student the loss of a mention or a prize would seem a trivial thing, but to a Frenchman it is very different; these prizes and mentions are their stock in trade, and the more of them that they can obtain, the greater chance they have of ultimately gaining the Grand Prize of Rome. Moreover, if they leave the school to seek situations, their standing as draughtsmen and chances of employment are largely dependent upon the number of prizes and mentions that they can show.

The French student, however, is a hard worker, but in a peculiar way. For instance, in each *concours* of the school, two months are given in which to render; now, after the f sketch is made and handed in, the majority of the stude will do little or nothing for the first three weeks but loaf : play; during the fourth week they may do a little legitim work which will be increased during the next week; in sixth and seventh weeks they will probably work steadily, in the eighth week, work night and day, up to the very moment, in order to get their drawings done. I have quently been one of a crowd to hold the door of the exh tion hall open against the gendarmes who were trying to cl it, while drawings still wet upon the stretcher were passed i the hall, after the hour when they should have been receiv

As for that splendid institution—the Beaux Arts—what I say that will adequately express my admiration and vene tion? I believe it has done more for the architecture of world than any one institution that ever existed. I believe has done, and is doing, more for American architecture to than anything else. And its privileges are offered by French people to students of all nations without money without price.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Dr. Metzger, who treats the monarchs of Europe with massage, first a butcher, then a teacher of athletics.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes has just entered upon his eightieth y He was born in the same year with Robert C. Winthrop, Abrahan coln, William E. Gladstone, Charles Darwin, Alfred Tennyson, Monckton Milnes.

Since it has been made public that James L. Babcock will inherit hundred and eighty thousand dollars if he marries within the next years, he has been overwhelmed with letters, photographs, circulars fr matrimonial bureaus, locks of hair, etc.

M. Arthur Meyer, editor of *Le Gaulois*, Paris, is said to have decla in his youth: "I shall be a gentleman of society. I shall force my into the most carefully guarded drawing-rooms. I shall be the equa princes. I shall kiss the hands of duchesses. I shall be on intim terms with the greatest houses of the Faubourg St. Germain. I word, I shall be the Beau Brummel of the Jews." He has realized ambition.

"Standard Oil" Rockefeller has six hundred men building him a pal at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson. The house will have over fifty rooms, there will be a stable with stalls for over a hundred horses. Among "modern conveniences" of this princely estate will be a half-mile tr an artificial lake, gas house, steam laundry, electric-light machin house, and a special building, with kitchen, dining-room, and bedroo for the servants.

M. Dumas brought up his two daughters in a very strict way, never all ing them to go to balls or similar gatherings. Before her marriage M Lippmann went to only one evening party and twice to the theatre see tragedies. Now she goes everywhere, and is one of the most liant leaders of Parisian society. She copies many of her father's m uscripts, and often criticises them to his profit. He had to rewrite first act of "Denise" twice before it suited her. She is a woman of common beauty.

A famous French lady, the Countess Pellegrini Boy, has just die Italy. The countess was the daughter of General Boy, who fough all the campaigns of the revolution and the empire, and she mar Count Pellegrini of Parma, one of her father's aides-de-camp, in 18 After the fall of Joachim Murat the count and his wife returned to Par where the former died some years ago. The countess, who was bor October, 1789, lived in the utmost retirement, and to the last remai a *grande dame* of the eighteenth century.

The dominant idea of Mr. Vasili Verestchagin's life in art is to cre such a horror of war that it will start a great opposition current in s a direction that war will eventually be abolished on account of the se ments against it among the masses. New York is shortly to have exhibition of the great Russian painter's art. He was brought to front originally, it is said, by Frank Millett in London, and he is go to take his pictures pretty well over the face of the world. They con of battle pieces, and they show the art of war in such a ghastly and pulsive form, with such a wealth of gore and liberal maiming of lim that the spectator is kept in a series of shudders which are likely to res in a congestive chill before he gets out of the gallery.

Queen Maria Pia stayed a night or two in Paris on her way to Ita The Parisians were greatly charmed with their Portuguese visitor, a speak of her as still very good-looking, in spite of having completed forty-first year. The fact is, Maria Pia's are the kind of charms tha not fade quickly; she has a tall, well-shaped figure and a good carri her fair hair and gray eyes have not lost their color, and her face too much of intellect and pleasing expression to look *passée* this man day to come. Then, though *dévote*, the queen is not an ascetic Princess Clothilde; she knows how to dress, and always looks a que in her rich and becoming toilets, nor does she disclaim the assistance jewelry on suitable occasions. King Louis and Queen Pia recen conversed through telephones at a distance of hundreds of miles. was at Marseilles, ill, and she was at Paris, anxious.

Mrs. MacGahan, the widow of the famous correspondent, wh accounts of the Bulgarian atrocities had a large share in the work changing the map of south-eastern Europe, is a Russian, and at time of her marriage could speak no English. As her husband co speak no Russian, they used to converse in French altogether. now talks to her little boy of thirteen one week in Russian and the n in French. She is the American correspondent of two St. Petersb newspapers, and is engaged upon a novel of Russian life, which sh writing in English. At Orr's Island she has been with the family Nathan Dole, of Boston, the translator of Tolstoi's novels. It will remembered that Americans were somewhat taken aback, last wint when Charles Williams, the English correspondent, spoke of M Gahan as a fellow-countryman. He regarded the fact of the latte birth in Ohio as a matter of no consequence.

A delicate-looking child, dressed in a white frock, holding tightly the black mane of a huge rocking-horse, has been the admiration crowds in a Pall Mall picture-gallery for days past. To judge fr this picture the little King of Spain is as pretty a child as one could n in a day's journey. His pale, childish face is beautifully delineated the artist, and is fairly illuminated with intelligent dark eyes. Lond critics consider the painting one of the finest examples of portrait seen there for years. It was done by Professor Joszi Koppay, a Hu garian, who has a big reputation as a portrait-painter on the contine He did this piece of work under the supervision of Queen Regent Ch tina of Spain, and the royal mother was so much delighted with it t she sent it to London that English aristocrats might see what baby monarch looked like. This is the seventh portrait which Kopp has painted for the royal family of Spain. The baby king's rocki horse is unique. It is, in fact, the stuffed skin of a favorite black p that belonged to his mother when she was a girl. The poor pet p died of old age, and the queen could not bear to see it buried. stuffed the skin, had it expensively mounted, and put it into the nurs as a toy for her child. When in Madrid recently, and being invited the Queen of Spain, Mme. Patti expressed a desire to see the little ba king, "he being," she added, "the only sovereign in the world who have not seen." On his majesty being introduced the diva made a d courtesy and pressed his chubby little hands to her lips, at which queen remarked, laughingly, "My son shall not be the first Span who is so ungallant as to give his hand to be kissed by a lady; pr permit him to apologize by returning the kiss." And little Alfonso sponded at once by placing his short arms around the neck of the fam vocalist and giving her a hearty kiss.

VANITY FAIR.

The care of splendid jewels weighs very heavily upon their owners sometimes, and the women whose diamonds are too small to be mentioned in the letters from the summer watering-places, can console themselves with the fact that all the crooks and sharps in the country are not intently perusing such articles concerning them, and laying plans to render them diamondless. Some women at these summer resorts, who carry fortunes about with them in their jewel-cases, are extremely reckless in the care of them, and send cold shivers down the hotel clerk's spine by coming sleepily at midnight, dropping one hundred thousand dollars' worth of precious stones on the desk and making off before they stop to see whether he is looking or not. One bold snatch, on these occasions, would make a hotel thief comfortable for life. The rich cottagers, however, are more careful. They are aware that they are known all over the country, and the value of their gems accurately registered in burglars' note-books, and so they take proper precautions. Nearly all have heavy burglar and fire-proof safes set into the wall of their bedrooms, and their costly possessions are deposited there every night. Mrs. William Astor and Mrs. Ogden Goelet both have alarms attached to the safes in their boudoirs, so that the slightest effort to tamper with the door will let loose a noise that can be heard a mile, and is calculated to induce nervous prostration in even the hardiest pilferer. When any of the Astors, Vanderbilts, Winthrops, Lorillards, or Van Rensselaers travel, a special courier is sent by their jeweler to guard their diamonds, and he is responsible for their safe delivery. He even goes abroad with them, it being his business to go to the safe deposit company, give a receipt for the jewels, see them safely in the captain's safe aboard the steamer, take them out on the other side, and get a receipt from the London or Paris banker who has them in charge while the owners remain in Europe. Some women, however, will not trust their most treasured jewels to the hands of even a detective, and their methods of personally transporting them are as varied and queer as only feminine methods ever are. Mrs. Paran Stevens, who is nothing if not original, carries thousands of dollars' worth of blazing gems done up in a brown paper parcel and tied with a white cotton string. Her argument is that thieves would never suspect that so shabby a looking bundle, carelessly fastened into a shawl-strap, was worth while carrying away. Mrs. Hicks-Lord—whose cousin, by the way, is on the eve of marriage with a French duke—transports that superb one-hundred-thousand-dollar necklace and some quarter of a million worth of diamonds in a chamois belt about her waist. Mrs. Bradley Martin has some dear particular stones that she used to carry in the little silk-covered hair-cushion that served her as a bustle. Now that bustles are disappearing, she will be obliged to provide a new hiding-place.

In New York, russet-leather shoes, it is announced, were called in with the immemorial white high hat on September 1st. The Stock Exchange board-room reminded the visitors in the gallery of a huge tennis-court. Scores of fine-looking men, in silk shirts and russet-leather shoes, lent color to this suggestion.

The hair-dressers of Lyons have caught the strike fever, and appeal to their brethren of Paris to follow them. Perhaps, if their appeal is favorably responded to, the hair-dresser may be dispensed with altogether—at any rate, he may be dispensed with for a time sufficiently long to ruin the present generation. If young girls were much to the fore in the Parisian world, it would be a matter of indifference whether the hair-dressers—or to give them their French name, *coiffeurs*—refused to manipulate the comb and hairpin until their wages were raised considerably. Rich and silky hair, growing straight out of the healthy scalp, does not require much doing up. Indeed, there is danger of disfigurement if it is done up in any ornate way. But the case is different with those who are trying to show off to the best advantage what vestiges remain to them of feminine charms. They need, nature failing, to have art step in. "Fronts," braids, and other capillary devices are required, and nobody so well as the French *coiffeur* can work these things into a harmonious whole, matching with the wearer's face and giving spirit to a jaded physiognomy. A short time ago, a hair-dresser, speaking of two of the ugliest women in Europe, the Princess Lise Troubetskoi and the Princess Metternich, who were formerly his customers, said of the Russian lady: "That little woman is adorable. She is absolutely without a single physical point worth boasting of. Her face was always monstrously plain, the nose being just two holes, the eyes of a washed-out color, and wanting in fine form; the mouth coarse, with yellow teeth in detached pegs. Her neck, always thin, was, as she advanced in life, scraggy, betraying flatness of chest, notwithstanding the full bosom obtained by padding. Her arms were mere skewers, her legs ditto, and her feet flat and more like frogs than anything else. She was on the whole uglier than Mme. Limousin. Well, through talent in applying art, she was socially a great success, and one of the most victorious flirts both in her youth and in middle and old age that ever came within the range of my observation. To see her before the glass waiting for me to operate, she was a truly revolting sight. But when her maid and I had fixed her up, she was a redoubtable rival for no matter what beauty. The satisfaction she felt on seeing herself transformed, lighted her up, called all her perversity into play, and made her agog for manslaughter. The Princess Metternich was jollier, and had finer hair, more wit and animal spirits, and was not quite so ugly, although a fright. Well, she supported triumphantly proximity to the prettiest and best-dressed women in Europe—the Empress Eugénie and those beauties of her court whom Winterhalter grouped around her in doing one of his portraits of her. She greatly depended on the capillary fantasia into which I worked her tresses—real and borrowed. A plain style would not have drawn the eye from the frightful face or tickled it into good humor, and grotesqueness would have been ruin. I had to be very eccentric, and yet to know exactly where to draw the line. I was the *coiffeur* of the Vaudeville Theatre when Mlle. Schneider was playing there in the bouffe operas which she made famous. The Princess used to come into the dressing-room of Mlle. Wanda when I could not absent myself from the theatre, to get me to dress her hair for balls and grand soirées. Her taste was very sure in choosing the dresses, and I always followed it. I one night suggested that she should go to a fancy ball as a damsel-fly or 'devil's-needle.' She came splendidly got up, and looked as if ready to rise into the air. I never saw such an arrangement of gauze and tinsel in my life. The thin, long arms and legs, which were much in view, helped the costumer's effects. There was not a beauty at the ball who could hold a candle to the Princess Metternich, who was, certainly the ugliest of women, although the most attractive."

The tan-colored shoe fad prevails apparently in England as well as in this country, for an authority over there says: "Tan-colored boots and shoes are in great favor this season. Those made of Russia leather are particularly soft, pliable, and pleasant. They go well with seaside dresses, and must not be confounded with the ugly and plebeian 'sand-shoes,' which, for many a year, have perambulated by the sad sea waves." The same authority says that white suède shoes are worn with white gowns, but that black kid is the only thing admissible with black dresses.

Nobody but an American could have thought of the application of the hammock to the seaside. It is to Atlantic City that this happy thought is due. Slung from tree to tree in a shady grove, or swung in some cool veranda, the hammock had before its mission, but a new sphere of usefulness has now been discovered for it. The advantages of a sea installation are manifest. You can hang your hammock in close proximity to the breakers; near enough, if you please, to catch the flying spume, and so get a saline shower-bath. According to where you locate it, various effects can be produced. There is something delightful to be in the hammock and to watch the great, broad lakes of water come in, flooding the beach, and to see them slide back again. At times a turbulent wave, breaking bounds, will tumble against the hammock and impart motion to the occupant. The hammocks are placed head on to the seas, for then the danger of being pitched out is lessened. When there is a good breeze blowing there is nothing more fascinating than to watch a line of these hammocks. To their supports are attached flags and streamers, which flutter vigorously. As the sun glares on the white sands, complexions might be spoiled, so the hammocks are provided with awnings. As these strips of many-hued canvas catch the wind they snap and buckle. If it be a still, quiet day, when hammocks are motionless, they give that necessary condition of repose which befits at times a sea picture. To the artistic eye there can be nothing more exhilarating, however, than when there is a tearing breeze. Then to kaleidoscopic effects of color are added the merry cries of the bathers, and the chatter and laughter of the occupants of the hammocks, for when hammocks are pitched close to thunderous seas the chances of a doze are quite out of the question.

A red-headed girl (says the Philadelphia *Press*) never turns brown. That, I understood from a learned physician, is because she has too much iron in her blood. It is the iron that gives the fine Titian hue to her hair. If she had less iron in her blood her hair would probably be brown or chestnut, or, perhaps, blonde. The varying degrees of redness that you see in different red-headed girls is due to the different proportions of iron in their blood. A girl with glossy, brownish hair, that shows red in a strong light, has only a fair share of iron in her blood, but a bricktop, if I may be permitted the expression, a bricktop is full of iron. The doctors know of no way of neutralizing the effect of the iron. Perhaps they would not resort to it, even if they knew it. For it is the iron in the blood that makes red-headed girls so strong, and hardy, and good-natured. It also is the cause of freckles, which are very good for the health. And it is noted as a singular thing—probably also having some relation to the iron in the blood—that mosquitoes never bite red-headed girls. So you see, according to the dictum of this learned physician, a red-headed girl has many advantages over her dark-haired sister.

George Alfred Townsend has been at Nantasket, and has this to say of Massachusetts beauties: "I stood yesterday on Nantasket Beach, about five o'clock, when the young husbands come down from the city on the hourly boats or the forty-minute train, and their wives were all dressed to bathe with them. A dozen women of thirty to thirty-five walked into water as faultless as they were large, putting the ballet troupes to misery, and remanding the stage beauties, from Lydia Thompson to Langtry, to the domain of the quarter-bred. How would old Cotton Mather have wondered and fretted to see the first dames of Massachusetts stripped to the shoulder socket, stockinged in silk to the knee, with thighings beneath the short skirt that were revealed at every motion of the waters!"

Presumably the best-dressed men in this country ride to and fro on the new steamer *Monmouth*, between Sandy Hook and this city. They are mainly Wall Street brokers and seashore cottage-owners. Usually no one is supreme among them in the matter of dress, but recently Berry Wall appeared in a reserved chair on the forward deck, with the remark: "By Jove! it's very like a yacht, do you know?" The dude king was inspected critically. He was not the best-dressed man on the boat, and a sigh of relief followed the discovery. He wore a dark-brown billycock, a coat and trousers of light-brown woolly cloth, striped with dark brown in cross stripes, that formed a large check pattern. His shoes were black patent-leather. His cane was snakewood, with a heavy silver crook handle. His vest was double-breasted, and made of white duck with pearl buttons. His collar was a tall stander, with the ends slightly rolled outward. His scarf was white twilled silk, with broad stripes of pale blue, and he wore a small enameled pin exactly in the middle of the crossband of the scarf. Link studs, a filmy gold chain, and two small rings on the little finger of his right hand, completed what was visible of his attire. The fault in his costume was the dark autumn or evening-hat and the patent-leather shoes. A broker, dressed very like Wall in other respects, wore a very light-brown billycock and a pair of undressed seal-skin Oxford ties. He took the palm.

The Garrett residence in Baltimore is a wonder of architectural and decorative art, and its formal opening, by a grand ball early in January, 1887, was the event of that Baltimore season. The ground plan is sixty by one hundred feet; there are three stories and a basement, with a solid front of brown stone. The general style is the French renaissance, but the designer allowed himself much latitude. The main hall is that of an old English manor, and all the woodwork is of English black oak, elaborately carved, with panel decorations, choice paintings, and steel suits of mail. There is, also, a library finished in mahogany, a dining-room in the Dutch style of the sixteenth century, a parlor upholstered in Gobelin tapestry, with deep friezes of allegorical paintings, a wonderful balcony, and a conservatory, forty by sixty feet in size, which is a perfect paradise of ferns and exotic flowers, with bubbling fountains and waterfalls, over all of which is a light, soft as that of a full moon. Altogether, it is a neighborhood of which the possible colored orphan neighbors would have no cause to feel ashamed. The real wonder of the place, however, is the bath-room, modeled after that of the luxurious Louis the Fifteenth of France. The ceiling is in imitation of lattice-work, with vines and flowers; the immense laver (*vulgato voce*, "tub") is of silver and Tennessee marble; the water comes in through brass pipes and gold-plated fixtures, and all the adornments are of sybaritic elegance.

A woman, speaking of the attacks made upon her sex for their methods of handling their skirts or bustles when sitting down, carrying their parasols, and other habits, says: "I think three-quarters of such talk is nonsense. I am perfectly sure that men have just as many marked habits as women. What can be more absurd, I would like to know, than to see a man, every time he sits down, fling his coat-tails wide apart? Then, again, that everlasting twitching at the legs of his trousers so as to pull them up in folds above the knees, and exposing generally the not always attractive top of a pair of shoes, with strings tied in a by no means picturesque knot. To me one of the repulsive habits is the refolding up of a handkerchief before replacing in the pocket, which is quite common among men. I always wonder if the user is afraid of getting them mussed or only wants the outside fresh and clean. As regards pulling down cuffs so they will show beneath the sleeve, and similar tricks, are they not every-day sights?"

The monotony of the full dress-suit of black will be broken by at least one innovation this season—that of embroidery. Last year embroidered vests were in vogue, and this pleasing but expensive variation has now extended to the trousers. These garments will be embellished by an embroidered strip down each outside seam, adding much to the richness of the costume, even if needed color still remains absent. As a matter of course, to be in harmony with the modern requirement of quietness in dress, the embroidery will be of a delicate and small set figure, in a running pattern of perhaps three-quarters of an inch wide. The material is of black silk. All the patterns thus far introduced have been embroidered in Paris, whose workers excel all others in this class of handicraft. Vests are, as hitherto, similarly embroidered on the lapels, the fronts, the bottoms, and pockets, both white and black vests being thus treated. Of course the expense of these embroidered garments is very great, which will preclude their too common use—a condition that will add to their favor with good dressers who desire their apparel to differ at least somewhat from that of their butler or waiter.—*Haberdasher.*

Parisian dress-makers, or *couturières*, have always had a reputation for taste and skill. They were, however, generally trained in a rather irregular fashion, much being left to their intuitive, or their imitative, faculties. Nowadays, however, the apprentice *couturières* are educated professionally in a most methodical manner, and it is predicted confidentially on this account that the dress-makers of the future will be the most wonderful products that the world of fashion has ever seen. In all the professional schools of the city of Paris girls are taught, not only sewing, but Euclid and drawing. Then the embryo dress-makers receive elaborate lessons in design. Their teacher, the *maîtresse couturière*, is a skillful geometrician and designer, as well as a perfect needlewoman and tailoress. She makes her pupils sketch on paper, or on cloth, with graphic and symmetrical precision the costumes which they have ultimately to construct in solid stuffs, and teaches them to transform various articles of feminine attire by rapid strokes of pencil or chalk from a *rotonde* to a *mantelet*, and from a corsage or a basque into a *pèlerine;* but the cultivators of the young dress-making idea do not stop at drawing or geometry. They also aim at making apprentice *couturières* water-colorists, in order to help them combine color with form in the matter of building up dresses. M. Gustave Congny, who has devoted his time to writing a book on this highly interesting subject, on the artistic dress-makers of the future, goes into raptures about the remarkable metamorphosis which fashion is likely to undergo at the hands of the æsthetic *couturières* who are to come. What lovely sartorial symphonies, he seems to say; what dainty and delicious harmonies in flounces; what Arcadian poems in petticoats will be evolved from the brains of the highly trained seamstresses who are on their way to rejoice mankind. A *couturière* will, in future, be a veritable artist, ranking with the doctoresses in medicine and physics, and "distancing" all the members of the minor callings and pursuits which are nowadays taken up by females.

CITY FARMS.

How Agriculture is Practiced in New York.

There was a gas-house on my left hand and a row of tenement-houses on my right. Overhead the sky was obscured by belchings of smoke and stinking vapor, and soot, and grime, and squalor made the local color of the scene a grim and cinderous brown. No spot of nature's own green showed anywhere. Even at the tenement windows, where the window-box might have been, the mark of poverty was so harshly set that the ledges were bare, and the baskets at the corner grocery showed only those twin table-fellows of the abjectest necessity, the potato and the big, fibrous turnip that on farms is fed to the cattle and the swine. A dreadful little grocery it was, by the way, with its horrible fly-blown bread in its dirty window, its lean bacon reeking rancid fat from the window-hooks in tallowy drippings, and the drunken grocer beating his wife behind the counter with a lard-scoop, to the evident delight of the coal-box loafers at the door.

And through the roaring of the pale flames in the gas-house chimneys, and the squalling clatter of the squabbling tenements, there wandered to my ears a clank and clangle that, for a flash, carried me to green fields and slumberous sunsets, and the mellow call of the farm boy driving the cows from pasture; and the foul reek of the greasy gutters, I will swear, took on for a second the sweet odor of the breathing earth, the scent of new-mown grasses bleeding to their death under the summer sun, and the cool perfume of a phantom brook, babbling over white stones.

They went by me, three or four common cows, driven by a very common man, who whacked them with a club and cursed them after a fashion that only a very common cow would have endured without revolt. A dozen feet away they turned in, through a slit between the tenements, and vanished, while the very common man turned back and went into the grocery bar. As I experienced no special desire to intrude upon his alcoholic privacy, I followed the superior brutes, and found myself—well, I believe, it may pass for Arcadia in such a place and in such a town as this.

There was a farm-house there—a real farm-house, with a big outside chimney and a pig-sty at the parlor door. There was a barn, a very tumble-down barn, it is true, held up by crutches of timber, but still a barn. There was a patch of corn, a patch of cabbage, pea-vines climbing poles, and on a bench a row of tin milk-pans scoured to the sheen of silver. An old dog came out of a jungle of tomato-bushes and barked at me, and the frantic clucking of chickens announced my advent as the cows filed placidly towards the rickety barn.

A queer old woman, in a pair of men's overalls and a cardigan jacket, who was weeding among the tomato-vines, straightened herself up to greet me. She greeted me in a cracked and querulous voice, with a grievance in it.

"This was the beautifullest place," said she, "when I was a girl. Our farm was nigh ten acres. But they kept making their dirty streets and building their dirty tenement-houses and gas-works, and just look at us now!"

On each of the four sides of the big city block great shells of misery walled them in. There were windows with filthy bedding hanging out of them, windows with stove-pipes sticking out of them, fire-escapes piled high with dirty clothes, and dishes, and wash-tubs, and cast-off domestic gear too worthless to be sold even at the junk-shop, and yet too precious to be thrown away. I have never, even in the historic purlieus of London, and the shameful wretchedness of the Paris outer-boulevards, seen such scandalous squalor as hangs about the rear view of a New York tenement-house—and here were four rear views, to be contemplated from the same standpoint.

"I wonder," said I, "that you can get anything to grow here."

"It's the sun;" replied the old woman, "the blessed sun, that they can't shut out unless they put a roof over us."

She raised herself out of her rheumatic stoop, and made a slight obeisance, like a Parsee at his devotions; and, between a slender alley-way in the environing wall of wretchedness, a long beam of the descending orb that she did tribute to shot in a splendid shaft of burnished gold, and lighted her wrinkled face, and lent to her grotesque and shapeless figure a simple dignity not unlike one of those heroic shapes in the pictures of Millet, in which incessant labor and incessant misery battle with the earth for scanty bread. When I looked back from the rickety wooden gate that shut the alley-way and the outer world off, she was down among the tomato-vines again, and another old woman, who had materialized from the house, was settling down to milk the cows.

There were a good many of these city farms in New York when I began to explore its mysteries. One section of the city, indeed, from river to river right across the island, was given up almost entirely to them. They were squatted on city or private property, as the case might be, and, while some of the more extensive farmers paid a small rental for the use of the ground, the majority no doubt lived at their ease, under no dread of disturbance as long as the property was not worth building on. The French-flat fever swept over the rural belt in New York like a devouring flame over prairie grasses. Almost in a night the green suburb that divided the lower city from Harlem vanished. You may find remnants of it in patches here and there, but its integrity has been abolished, and even on the farms which do remain the farmer lives in fear and trembling, watchful of the coming of the inevitable contractor's carts.

Only the other day, in the course of a stroll up the West Side, I came upon an agricultural-looking elderly man, sitting on a whitewashed boulder on the Boulevard, smoking a pipe and toying listlessly with a formidable club. Down in the sunken lot behind him, which occupied half a block, was a very small house, constructed of very shabby planks, with a stable to match it, and the ground itself was laid out in vegetable beds, in which a couple of women, in calico dresses and sun-bonnets, were working. The agricultural individual hailed me as I came up.

"Did ye see any of Duffy's men down the Bullyvard?" he asked.

"Who is Duffy?" I replied.

The agricultural individual surveyed me with a glance, in which amazement and contempt were equally commingled.

"Gosh!" he said; "where was you born? Why, anybody kin tell Duffy's men. They're allus drunk."

He got up and stretched himself, and struck the boulder on which he had been sitting a mighty blow with his bludgeon.

"By gum!" he said, grimly; "I'd p'int 'em out to you if they was to come along now."

In my paper, this morning, I read an account of the eviction of one Adoniram Smith, from a plat of ground on the Boulevard, on which he had been squatted for a quarter of a century, and which is now to be built over with apartment-houses. So I imagine Duffy's men arrived in due time, though whether Adoniram Smith got in his *argumentum baculinum* against the invasion of his estate, the report does not tell.

The business of evicting one of these city farmers is, indeed, much more serious than would be imagined. Although they have no possible title to the ground they till, they have tilled it so long without molestation that they have come to regard it as their own quite as clearly as if their right of possession was signed, sealed, and recorded in the registrar's office. Their neighbors, who are commonly of the humbler sort, generally sympathize with them, and, when the contractors arrive upon the ground, they rarely find it undefended. As you whirl along on the West Side Elevated Road toward Harlem, you may now and then see a miniature riot in progress among the shanties and apartment-houses below you—heaps of poor household goods piled in the street, and men, with pickaxes and hatchets, tearing down the rickety buildings, surrounded by vegetable beds that are ruthlessly trampled under the invading feet.

"Another wan av thim squatthers," says the philosophical brakesman; "faith, there isn't room in New Yorrk for a poor man anny more."

This is the popular view of it, and, thanks to it, the contractors' men get to work under a fusillade of sticks and stones, while the police have to be called in to club the rights of property into the heads of the evicted.

There may be occasions when this reclamation of the ground by its owners inflicts an actual hardship on the self-elected tenant. In the majority of instances, however, the city farmer is far from being an object for compassion. His commodities bring him the same price as his country cousin obtains, and he is under none of the expenses for transportation or division of his gains with the middleman. He has his market at his door; and of an early morning, uptown, you may meet him, winter or summer, always in a woefully dilapidated wagon, with a woefully lean horse in the shafts, carting his produce to the hotels and restaurants with which he deals. For these cultivators of the soil disdain the common markets, and find their traffic with the consumer himself.

Living at one of the big hotels, near one of the big railroad depots, is a queer old fellow, who never seems at home in his clothes, and who divides his time pretty equally between the dining-room and the bar. I had seen him so often that he had commenced to interest me, so, one day, I asked the clerk who he was.

"It's Cabbage John," replied this functionary; "great old guy, isn't he?"

"But who is he?" I persisted.

"Well," said the clerk, "he used to have a farm up on Tenth Avenue, and furnished us with all our vegetables for nearly twenty years. His farm covered a whole block. He had the ground for nothing until about five years ago. Then the owners made him pay enough rent to cover the taxes and improvements, and he was cunning enough to get a ten-years' lease out of them, while he was about it. Two years ago they wanted to build, and they had to buy him out. He had saved a lot of money, too, and now he's living on it like a gentleman."

The appearance of Cabbage John, Gentleman, from the bar-room, under the escort of two stalwart porters, who were endeavoring to guide his unsteady feet to the elevator and so get him to bed, a service which, by the way, he was violently resenting, cut off what other personal details the clerk may have had on his tongue.

Taking it "by and large," as the sailors put it, I am inclined to think that the lot of the city farmer is far from being the unhappiest that the city knows.

NEW YORK, September 7, 1888. ALFRED TRUMBLE.

Several years ago, a member of a firm of glass manufacturers was traveling through the West. While on a railway which skirts the shores of a great inland lake, he observed that the plate-glass in the windows of the Pullman car was marked with mysterious figures, undefined in shape, but of a singularly airy and delicate lightness. On inquiry, he learned that the marks were made by the sand, which was blown against the windows from the beach as the cars passed. Upon returning home, he began a series of experiments in directing a shower of fine sand against the surface of glass in definite shapes. The result was the discovery of the sand-blast, by which the most delicate figures are outlined upon glass with exquisite lightness and accuracy. The discovery of a process of engraving was due to similar keenness of sight, and readiness in using a hint. Prince Rupert, a quick-witted, scientific man, who lived in an unscientific age, once stopped at a forge, while hunting, to have his horse shod, and laid his damp gun upon a bench while he waited, until the blacksmith should have finished his work. When he took up the gun he observed that a piece of white paper on the bench bore in fine dotted lines the name of the maker which was cut on the metal. Out of this hint he evoked the process of etching on copper, known as mezzotint.

Forty-nine suicides make Monte Carlo's record for the last two and a half months.

OLD FAVORITES.

Hongree and Mahry.

A TRANSPONTINE MELODRAMA.

The sun was setting in its wonted west,
When Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoores,
Met Mahry Daubigny, the Village Rose,
Under the Wizard's Oak—old trysting-place
Of those who loved in rosy Aquitaine.

They thought themselves unwatched, but they were not;
For Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoores,
Found in Lieutenant-Colonel Jooles Dubosc
A rival, envious and unscrupulous,
Who thought it not foul scorn to dodge his steps,
And listen, unperceived, to all that passed
Between the simple little Village Rose
And Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoores.

A clumsy barrack-bully was Dubosc,
Quite unfamiliar with the well-bred tact
That animates a proper gentleman
In dealing with a girl of humble rank.
You'll understand his coarseness when I say
He would have married Mahry Daubigny,
And dragged the unsophisticated girl
Into the whirl of fashionable life,
For which her singularly rustic ways,
Her breeding (moral, but extremely rude),
Her language (chaste, but ungrammatical),
Would absolutely have unfitted her.
How different to this unreflecting boor
Was Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoores!

Contemporary with the incident
Related in our opening paragraph,
Was that sad war 'twixt Gallia and ourselves
That followed on the treaty signed at Troyes;
And so Lieutenant-Colonel Jooles Dubosc
(Brave soldier, he, with all his faults of style)
And Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoores,
Were sent by Charles of France against the lines
Of our sixth Henry (Fourteen twenty-nine),
To drive his legions out of Aquitaine.

When Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoores,
Returned, suspecting nothing, to his camp,
After his meeting with the Village Rose,
He found inside his barrack letter-box
A note from the commanding officer,
Requiring his attendance at headquarters.
He went, and found Lieutenant-Colonel Jooles.

"Young Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoores,
This night we shall attack the English camp:
Be the 'forlorn hope' yours—you'll lead it, sir,
And lead it too with credit, I've no doubt.
As every man must certainly be killed
(For you are twenty 'gainst two thousand men),
It is not likely that you will return.
But what of that? you'll have the benefit
Of knowing that you die a soldier's death."

Obedience was young Hongree's strongest point,
But he imagined that he only owed
Allegiance to his Mahry and his King.
"If Mahry bade me lead these fated men,
I'd lead them—but I do not think she would.
If Charles, my King, said, 'Go, my son, and die,'
I'd go, of course—my duty would be clear.
But Mahry is in bed asleep, I hope,
And Charles, my King, a hundred leagues from this.
As for Lieutenant-Colonel Jooles Dubosc,
How know I that our monarch would approve
The order he has given me to-night?
My King I've sworn in all things to obey—
I'll only take my orders from my King!"
Thus Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoores,
Interpreted the terms of his commission.

And Hongree, who was wise as he was good,
Disguised himself that night in ample cloak,
Round flapping hat, and visor mask of black,
And made, unnoticed, for the English camp.
He passed the unsuspecting sentinels
(Who little thought a man in this disguise
Could be a proper object of suspicion),
And ere the curfew bell had boomed "lights out,"
He found in audience Bedford's haughty duke.

"Your Grace," he said, "start not—be not alarmed,
Although a Frenchman stands before your eyes.
I'm Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoores.
My colonel will attack your camp to-night,
And orders me to lead the hope forlorn.
Now I am sure our excellent King Charles
Would not approve of this; but he's away
A hundred leagues, and rather more than that.
So, utterly devoted to my King,
Blinded by my attachment to the throne,
And having but its interest at heart,
I feel it is my duty to disclose
All schemes that emanate from Colonel Jooles,
If I believe that they are not the kind
Of schemes that our good monarch would approve."

"But how," said Bedford's duke, "do you propose
That we should overthrow your colonel's scheme?"
And Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoores,
Replied at once with never-failing tact:
"Oh, sir, I know this cursed country well.
Entrust yourself and all your host to me;
I'll lead you safely by a secret path
Into the heart of Colonel Jooles's array,
And you can then attack them unprepared,
And slay my fellow-countrymen unarmed."

The thing was done. The Duke of Bedford gave
The order, and two thousand fighting men
Crept silently into the Gallic camp,
And slew the Frenchmen as they lay asleep;
And Bedford's haughty duke slew Colonel Jooles,
And gave fair Mahry, pride of Aquitaine,
To Hongree, Sub-Lieutenant of Chassoores.

—*W. S. Gilbert.*

An Australian foot-ball club has arranged with an accident insurance company to pay any of its members who are disabled while playing the game thirty shillings per week as long as they remain on the sick-list, and two hundred pounds sterling to the relatives if the injuries received in the foot-ball field should terminate fatally.

The Prince of Wales has been installed Grand Prior of the Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem. Bishop Quintard of Tennessee, a member, was present at the installation ceremonies. The order maintains an ophthalmic hospital at Jerusalem.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to days or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are inclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The *Athenæum* states that there are to be five or six new weekly papers established shortly in London.

Donald G. Mitchell's ("Ik Marvel") works are to be brought out in a new uniform edition of eight volumes by the Scribners.

Tarascon has never forgiven M. Daudet for "Tartarin," and will not permit any of his works to find lodgment on the shelves of its public library.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* is to be enlarged next year by the addition of six pages of letter-press. One of its features will be a new story by Marion Crawford.

Belford, Clarke & Co. promise for the September number of their magazine a novel from the pen of C. E. L. Wingate, dramatic critic of the Boston *Journal*, on "a psychological problem never before broached in literature."

C. F. Holder's books of nature, "Marvels of Animal Life," "Living Lights," and "The Ivory King," are to be brought together in a uniform edition, and issued by the Scribners under the general title of "Marvels of Animal Life Series."

Swinburne being asked to send to a magazine a bit of verse, of "not more than sixteen lines," answered: "I fear I can hardly undertake to supply verse to order, in point of length or otherwise; and in any case I should certainly not think it worth while to let a magazine have the first fruits of anything of mine for less than fifty dollars."

A book "for girls and women," by the author of "How to be Happy, Though Married," is announced by the Scribners. It will have for its title "The Five Talents of Woman," and will discuss questions of love and marriage for girls, and maternal and home topics for women. The book is said to be exceedingly bright and full of clever hints.

Two books of adventure for boys, "A Tale of the Indian Mutiny; or, the Serpent Charmer," by Louis Rousselet, with nearly seventy illustrations, and "Wild Men and Wild Beasts; or, Scenes in Camp and Jungle," by Lieutenant Gordon Cumming, the famous, also numerously illustrated, are among the forthcoming books of the Scribners.

In "Newspaper Libel" some three hundred of the chief libel cases in the United States have been brought together by Mr. Samuel Merrill. It is published by Ticknor & Co., of Boston, who consider that there could not be a better time to push the fortunes of a treatise on the law of newspaper libel than a season of active campaigning like the present.

The *Bookworm* is responsible for this ghastly tale: "The Athenæum Library, Bury St. Edmunds, has a biography of a man named Corder, which is bound in a piece of human skin. Corder murdered his sweetheart and married some one more to his liking. Having been detected and hanged, the doctor who obtained his corpse sent a piece of his skin properly cured to the publisher, and a copy of the dead man's life was accordingly bound up in his skin."

According to the London correspondent of the *Book Buyer*, it is proposed to form a company called the Authors' Book-Hawking Union, which shall hire "respectable and trustworthy boys" to peddle books about the streets for the direct profit of the author. It appears that in London books may be bought in shops or at stalls for a certain percentage off when cash is paid, but the stalls at the railway stations will allow no such discount. The railways are, therefore, suggested as the best routes for hawkers of books employed by the union.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. have ready the translation of Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris," by Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, uniform with "Les Misérables," published last year. "Toilers of the Sea," "The Man Who Laughs," and other romances will follow, making a set of 12 volumes, with five hundred illustrations or more. "El Cuarto Poder" ("The Fourth Estate"), a novel by the clever Spaniard, Valdés, has been translated for the same firm by Nathan Haskell Dole. This novel is said to enjoy, in Spain, greater fame than all his other works put together.

"I met a novelist, not long ago, writes Arlo Bates in the September *Book Buyer*, who put into words, albeit somewhat whimsically, a feeling I confess to sharing. "I have lost a beautiful plot," he said; "I can't be reconciled to giving it up." "Lost it?" I asked; "how have you lost it?" "Why," was the reply, "you know I have undertaken to do it, and so, and that will take me at least six months. By that time somebody else will have thought of my plot and used it. You never can keep those things. They are in the air." "Yes," I said; "the year I left college I wrote out the plot of a story of which the motive was so nearly identical with that of 'Robert Elsmere' that, if I published it today, it would be called the most barefaced plagiarism. Everything is thought by the world, and the man who is quickest in getting anything in paper is called the originator." "That's just my idea," he assented.

The Royal Library of Stockholm, the *Bookworm* says, "contains a remarkable literary curiosity called 'The Devil's Code,' which is said to be the largest manuscript in the world. Every letter of this gigantic piece of work is as beautifully formed as if it were minutely and carefully drawn, and it seems almost impossible that it could have been done by a single human being. 'The Devil's Code' was taken to Sweden from Prague after the Thirty Years' War, and the *Deutsche Hausfrauen Zeitung* tells the following story of its origin: A poor monk, who had been condemned to death, was told that his sentence would be commuted if he were able to copy the whole of the code in a single night. Relying on the impossibility of the task, his judges furnished him with pen and ink and left him in his well-barred prison. Like a drowning man catching at a straw, the poor monk began his task, but quickly discovered it was utterly impossible. His nature shrank from the cruel death awaiting him, and he invoked the aid of the Evil One. The enemy appeared, and agreed to execute the task on condition of receiving in payment the soul of the monk. As soon as the bargain was struck, the dark spirit sat down like a regular copyist, and next morning the 'Devil's Code' was finished."

There is some good criticism in these comments of the London *Academy* on Miss S. O. Jewett's latest volume: "It contains, in addition to 'The King of Folly Island,' seven elaborate examples of the new American story, which is not a story at all, but rather an episode in a story of which the beginning, or the end, or both, remain untold. Our children may learn to delight in this kind of thing—and, unless rumor errs, we have among us living adults who, at any rate, pretend to delight in it—but there are those of us who are too old to learn new tricks of appreciation, and to whom the game of pretension is not worth the candle. Some people object to the doctrine 'Art for art's sake,' because they consider it dangerous to morality; but we may fight shy of it on the ground that it is all but fatal to interest. The 'finish' of these stories, or such in default of another name we must call them, is so delicate and perfect that connoisseurs of 'craftsmanship' will probably be thrown into ecstasies of admiration; but one commonplace, middle-aged critic feels inclined to ask the brutal question, 'What is the use of finishing a thing which is really not begun?' A mere episode or situation can be treated with effectiveness and interest—has, indeed, been treated so again and again by a great living poet; but, then, Mr. Browning always gives us hints which suggest antecedents and consequents—the action which has come before, the action which must follow. Miss Jewett gives us no such hints, with what result may be imagined. The feeling that she ought to admire is a poor substitute for the consciousness of enjoyment." The *Academy's* criticism deals with a cardinal fault of many of our best writers of short stories. The style may be charming, the character-painting acute and delicate, but the story's "the thing," and that is too often lacking.

New Publications.

"The Fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor of the State of New York," treating of the year 1887, is an admirably arranged and most valuable volume of statistical and other information. The divisions of the book are "Strikes of 1887," "Boycotts," "Early Closing and Holidays," and "Conspiracy Prosecutions and Conspiracy Laws," and the work is properly indexed. Published for the State by the Troy Press Company, Troy, New York.

The unknown author of "The Battle of Bietigheim," who might be a mystery if there were a little more interest in his identity, has written a second book of somewhat the same character. It is called "The Presidential Campaign of 1896," purporting to be "a scrap-book chronicle compiled by an editor of that period." The chief incident is the struggle between the forces of modern civilization and of anarchy, communism, and socialism. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Howling Wolf and his Trick-Pony," by Lizzie W. Champney, is a boys' story, full of adventure and teaching much of curious Indian customs. The hero, an Ute Indian boy of fourteen, runs away from his reservation to keep his pony out of a grasping officer's clutches, is captured by the Apaches, who are on the war-path under Geronimo, and, eventually, is sent to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa. There are a number of good illustrations in the book. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.25.

"The President and his Cabinet," by C. B. Norton, is to be classed with campaign literature, pure and simple. It tells of Grover Cleveland's early life, his term as governor, and his administration of the Presidency; says something of the members of his cabinet, and tells what they have done in office; gives a brief biography of Allen G. Thurman; and concludes with the text of the President's tariff and civil service messages and the Democratic platform. Published by Cupples & Hurd, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

"Mexico: Picturesque, Political, Progressive," by Mary E. Blake and Margaret F. Sullivan, is made up in part of letters written for a Boston paper, but it is far above the level of usual hurried letters of foreign travel that we find in newspapers, and as a whole is an excellent account of our sister republic at the present day. Many persons will be surprised to learn from the seventh chapter that Mexico has a literature of her own above and beyond the poets' column in her evanescent newspapers, that she boasts, in fact, of novels. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.25.

"The High-Caste Hindu Woman," by Pundita Ramabai Sarasvati, is an interesting exposition of woman's place in the social economy of aristocratic Hindustan, describing her as child, wife, and widow, and concluding with an appeal to her European and American sisters in her behalf. Whoever would know of the mission that has taken the Pundita through Europe and the United States should buy this book. It is prettily printed, contains a portrait of Ramabai, and its purchase is an aid to the excellent object—the establishment of a school in Western India for the benefit of high-caste child-widows—for which this remarkable woman has worked so hard and so successfully. The book has been printed but a short time, yet it has already reached its tenth thousand. For sale by William Doxey; price, $1.25; postage, 10 cents extra.

"Love Ventures," by Harry Julian, is described on the title-page as "a novel with an affidavit," and the affidavit is to the effect that the incidents described are true and worthy of belief. The incidents begin with the shipwreck of three lads, not one of whom is of age, on a South Pacific island. They are discovered on the shore by three beautiful girls, and are conducted to the town, where they marry and become members of the tribe. The natives are almost as fair as Caucasians, and are invariably of marvelous beauty in form and feature. The island is, in fact, a new Eden where man need do no work nor woman either, the natural products of the island supplying all their needs, and where their law and their religion is the attainment and admiration of the beautiful. Published by the Truth Seeker Company, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price: boards, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.

"A War-Time Wooing," by Captain Charles King, of the United States Army, is a story for a summer day, not so involved in plot that one must turn back now and then to find out who's who, not so finely written that one must keep the critical faculties on the watch to miss no good point, but running on pleasantly, page after page, with something new turning up whenever the interest might flag. The time is during the fighting in Virginia, and the scene changes from camp and field to Washington and Boston as the scenes of a soldier's life changed in those days. There is some skirmishing described, but Captain King has kindly refrained from giving us a long account of a great battle, and there is nothing in the book to justify the charge that has been laid at his door, that he is a military snob. The tale begins with an epistolary correspondence between a New England girl, who has sent her name in the "havelock" she made and sent to the front, and the soldier who found her name there, and, as they had mutual friends and he could write of her soldier-brother, the result eventually was an interchange of photographs and love, not even at, but before first sight—so far as she was concerned. How it was on the other side and how the affair turned out, the reader would prefer to learn for himself. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Some Magazines.

Outing for September contains: "Upland Shooting," by F. Campbell Moller; "Racing at Southern Fairs," by Francis Trevelyan; "On a Marsh," by Nathan Clifford Brown; "Amateur Photography," by E. Wallace; "Paddles and Palettes," by Edward L. Chichester; "Memories of Yacht Cruises," by Captain R. F. Coffin; "Bass Fishing," by Hiram B. Stevens; "An Irish Outing Awheel," by "Faed"; "Foxhunting under Difficulties," by Graham Clayton; "Chad," by Alfred A. Gardner; "Base-Ball in the South," by Henry Chadwick; "Catching a Cub," by Arthur J. Selfridge; verses, sketches, and the departments.

The *American Magazine* for September contains: "The American Navy of To-day," by Lieutenant William F. Fullam, U. S. N.; "The President's Error," by Hon. James G. Blaine; "Some Sane Words about Browning," by Emily Shaw Forman; "Tariff and Labor," by Governor Joseph Benson Foraker; "Across the Prairie," by Hamish West; "Rambles about Naples," by Guy B. Seeley; four chapters of "Two Coronets," by Mary Agnes Tincker; "In Hiawatha's Country," by Charles Burr Todd; "A Feathered Pariah," by W. Van Fleet, M. D.; "The Affair at l'Ange Gardien," by S. Francis Harrison; "The Colonel's Wooing," by Henry Cleveland Wood; "A Royal Conquest," by E. T. Lander; "A Gunpowder Plot" (a comedietta), by Francis M. Livingston; "A Moonlight Duel on the San Juan," by ex-Governor Rodman M. Price; "As Through a Glass," by A. E. P. Searing; poems by Bessie Chandler, Frances L. Mace, Aubrey de Vere, and others; and the departments.

An American wrote to the Marquis of Lorne some time ago in discouragement about many features of popular government. Lord Lorne publishes in the September number of the *Forum* a part of this letter and his reply thereto. The Rev. T. T. Munger points out the benefits religion has gained from science. Bishop Huntington has an essay on "Causes of Social Discontent." Other social and economic articles are a criticism by Professor Everett, of Harvard, of the exaggeration of the amount of physical suffering by Professor Huxley and other scientific writers; and the third of the series of articles on wages and capital by Mr. Edward Atkinson. There is a review of the Republican national platform by Senator Blackburn (Democrat), of Kentucky. General H. L. Abbot, of the corps of engineers of the United States Army, shows why the development of high explosives in war will not give the weak any better chance against the strong. Mr. Frederic Taylor points out evils of our railroad management. Professor Boyesen shows why our public school system has become antiquated. Dr. E. C. Spitzka discusses the increase of the alcohol habit, and James Parton gives reminiscences of efforts to promote various reforms during the last forty years.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

There was a Maine politician who flourished in the days of the Mexican War. This politician, in speaking of a certain associate of his who had served with him in the Mexican War, said: "Colonel Blank, you saved my life three times." When asked to explain just how his life was saved, he said: "I used to keep my eye upon the colonel during every engagement, and when he started to run I always ran. Upon three important occasions my following his example saved my life."

From Bar Harbor (writes Arlo Bates in the Providence *Journal*) comes this brief and instructive tale. A good-looking and well-dressed young man, trig and alert in his carriage, wished to be conveyed somewhere, and asked the price from a livery stable-keeper. "Four dollars," was the reply. "Four dollars?" echoed the young man; "oh, pshaw! You evidently think I'm a summer-boarder. I'm a drummer down here, to sell iron to the quarries round these parts." "Oh, um," replied the stable-keeper, with a new respect in his manner; "well, I guess we can send you over for a dollar and a half."

Dr. Wilkinson, Bishop of Zululand, is an economical prelate, and whenever he travels he makes it a rule to give no gratuities to the porters, availing himself of the letter of the railway by-laws, which forbid this universal practice. When the porter comes to inform him that his luggage is in the van, he merely replies that he knows it, and the luckless wight has to go untipped away. The other day the porters had their revenge. The bishop arrived at Exeter with a mountain of wraps, and bags, and hampers. "Here, porter," he cried, in the stentorian tones that may or may not beseem a bishop, "take these things out and put them in a cab." "Beg pardon, my lord," was the reply, "we are not allowed to come into the carriages to take luggage out."

The colored brother has a wonderful capacity for adapting a word to his senses. "During the war," says a well-known veteran, "we often had trouble in getting up a list of countersigns. I had the matter in charge, and took a list of European battles. It was a colored regiment. The countersign for the night was 'Austerlitz.' In the evening I tried to get into the lines, and was halted. I gave the countersign, 'Austerlitz.' 'Dat ain't right, sah,' said the darkey, and he called the provost, who was also colored. When that officer came, I complained that the sentry did not know the countersign. 'What is it, sah?' asked the provost of me. 'Austerlitz,' I answered. 'You are wrong, sah,' said he. I was put under arrest, and it took the colonel to get me out. What do you suppose the darkeys had made out of the original countersign? 'Oyster-shells.'"

At an Atlantic sea-coast resort the past summer, a lady was seized by the undertow and carried out to sea, and was in imminent danger of being drowned. A pale, delicate-looking gentleman was standing on the beach near by. He saw the lady's danger, and was painfully excited. "It will cost me my life, but I can't stand here and see that lady drown before my eyes," he exclaimed. Then he threw off his coat and plunged into the waves, and, after a desperate struggle, brought her to the shore. People crowded around to congratulate him upon his bravery. "I am, indeed, to be congratulated," he replied; "this moment is worth millions to me. For years I have been treated for heart-disease, and warned that any sudden excitement would cause my death. This experience has convinced me that I have no disease of the heart, and I feel as if my life had been turned back twenty years."

A traveler, who returned from a two weeks' vacation among the Maine watering-places, relates an incident that occurred at a small New England hotel where he chanced to stop, for a day or two, while journeying to Bar Harbor. The hotel was a small one, and the principal person in charge of the office was the daughter of the proprietor, a buxom lass of probably twenty summers. When the morning of departure came, this fair Diana presented the hotel bill to the traveler, and it so happened that neither of them could change a note that was tendered in payment. In a gallant way, the traveler smilingly offered to kiss the young lady and let the change go. She drew herself up haughtily. "I'd like you to know, sir, that in this hotel we don't kiss transients," she replied, in freezing tones; "such a privilege is only given to permanent boarders. Will you take a prospectus for next season?"

It can not always be told by the looks of a word how it should be pronounced. In England, for example, a man whose name is St. John is always addressed as Mr. Sinjun. A newspaper correspondent tells a Marblehead story bearing upon the same point. A case was on in the court at Salem, in which great interest was taken by the fishermen. The clerk called the first witness: "Captain Edward Crowninshield, come into court"—no response. The summons was repeated with like result, and the bronzed and weather-beaten old tars began to look around with interest and curiosity. One stout old veteran on the front seat was especially curious, and watched the green-baize doors closely to see who this distinguished individual was. The clerk intimated to the court that the witness was evidently not present, but the justice knew the locality and its inhabitants better than the scribe. "Let me try, Mr. Clerk," he said, with a smile, and called "Skipper Crunshle." "Here," responded the ancient in the front seat, who had apparently been expecting the advent of some distinguished naval officer, and failed to recognize himself under the high-sounding title.

Englishmen are, proverbially, "thick-skinned," and, not being especially sensitive to the criticisms of others, they have no hesitation in freely speaking their minds. Mr. James T. Fields had a favorite anecdote of an English guest at his breakfast-table, who declined sugar with his coffee. "Never take sugar unless the coffee is ve'y, ve'y bad indeed, you know!" Presently, he added, after tasting the coffee: "May I trouble you for the sugar?" This story may, however, be well flanked by a similar one, for which an American is responsible. He was breakfasting, with his wife, at the house of a friend, and, to the surprise of his hostess, declined coffee. "I thought you always took it?" said she. "Oh, I do, at home," he returned, jocosely; "but that's because my wife gives me so little to eat. When there isn't much for breakfast, I take coffee in self-defense." The conversation drifted into some interesting channel, and he quite forgot his facetious excuse. Later, when the aroma of the coffee struck him more and more temptingly, he turned to his hostess, saying: "Mrs. A——, *would* you allow me to change my mind? I should so much like a cup of coffee!" And, as he pathetically complains, not one of the people present will consent to his forgetting that ill-judged request.

Jean Bart, a French naval commander of the last part of the seventeenth century, was at one time ordered to convey the Prince de Conti, a candidate for the throne of Poland, to Dantzic, a voyage fraught with danger, as his vessel must pass through the waters where were cruising the hostile fleets of the English and Dutch. During the passage, the little squadron was chased by the enemy, and Bart, as soon as they were reported, called his little son to him, and gave him whispered instructions. The pursuit continued for eight hours, and at the end of that time, the enemy was no longer in sight. Then Bart went down into the cabin, where the prince had been sitting, in ignorance of the day's excitement. "You've had a narrow escape, monseigneur," said he. "What do you mean?" asked the prince. "Why," answered Bart, "that we've been chased by three eighty-gun ships and nine frigates; we've run them out of sight, and there's nothing to fear." "But, Monsieur Bart, if they had taken us?" "Oh, monseigneur, that was quite impossible." "Eh! what? why impossible?" "Because," answered Bart, "I had stationed my brave son, my Cornil, in the gun-room with a lighted match, and strict orders to put it into the powder, if we should be overpowered." "What!" cried the prince, "you would never have done such a thing?" "Certainly I would have done it," said Bart; "it shall never be said that I allowed you to be taken, when the king ordered me to take care that you were not." Perhaps the prince himself might have preferred prosaic surrender to the doubtful glory of being blown up.

SOCIETY.

The Tevis Dinner Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis gave an elegant dinner party last Tuesday evening, at their home on Taylor Street, in honor of Chief-Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field, to which fourteen other friends were invited. It was characterized by many delightful features, the decorations being especially noteworthy. The centre of the table was ornamented with a large gold and crystal epergne bordered around the base with the brightly colored leaves of coleus, caladium, centoureas, etc., which extended along the table to each end, where they met round wicker baskets containing a rich display of La France, Niphetos, and Perle du Jardin roses which were arranged in sections. A crystal receptacle surmounting the epergne was filled with a cluster of beautiful Papa Gontier roses, their blush tints being veiled by long sprays of asparagus tenuissimus and plumosus nanus, the feathery fronds being of exceeding length and were set with glistening dew drops. In each of three smaller receptacles surrounding and projecting from the stem of the epergne roses of the Niphetos and Perle du Jardin varieties were massed with pretty effect. The menu was, of course, perfect in every respect, and its enjoyment was heightened by concert selections played at intervals by Ballenberg's band. After dinner an hour was pleasantly passed in the parlors.

Those present were: Mr and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Chief-Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Taylor, Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mrs. Milton S. Latham Mrs. Holt, Mr. E. S. Pillsbury, Mr. Winfield S. Jones, and Dr. Harry L. Tevis.

At Del Monte.

The grand ball, which was expected to occur at the Hotel del Monte last Monday evening, was announced by some one other than the management, who had no intention of entertaining the guests in that manner, owing, principally to the fact that but few people have been stopping there of late. An informal hop took its place, however, with music provided by Ballenberg and Yanke. The few who danced seemed to enjoy it, and the hop continued until almost midnight. The dancing of the new five-step polka and the York waltz were the special features of the evening.

Among the dancers and spectators were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Decker, Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Loughborough, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hellmann, Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mrs. A. J. Pope, Mrs. George Hearst, Mrs. C. E. McLane, Mrs. C. G Hooker, Mrs Charles Miller, Miss Alice Decker, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Bessie Hooker, Miss Nettie Tubbs, Miss Hattie M. Peterson, Miss Blanche Miller, Miss Lizzie Miller, Miss May E. Pope, Miss McLane, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. George Hellman, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. Herbert E Carolan, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Colonel Robert Tobin, Mr. Charles E. Miller, Judge J. H. Boalt, Mr. W. R. Sherwood, Mr. J. G. Kittle, Mr. G. Creighton Webb, and others.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Governor and Mrs. Waterman and Miss Waterman returned from Santa Cruz on Tuesday, and remained at the Occidental Hotel several days.

Mr. J. de Barth Shorb, Jr., of Los Angeles, is in the city on a visit.

Mrs. William B Collier and Miss Sophie McPherson came down from Clear Lake last Monday, and have been passing the week at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. David Bixler and Miss Hyde returned to the city on the *State of California* last Wednesday, after a delightful trip to Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose, Jr., of San Mateo, were at the Palace Hotel during the early part of the week.

Mr. J. M. Kilgariff has been passing several days at the State Fair at Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mrs. Stephen J. Field, and Miss Goad returned to the city last Tuesday morning after passing four days at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Searles will occupy their residence on the corner of California and Mason Streets this winter.

Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson are making an extended visit at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, and her brother, Mr. John Kelly, of Mendocino, have been passing a week at Byron Springs.

Mrs. Hall McAllister and family returned from Santa Cruz on Thursday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Lawrence Poole will take rooms at the Occidental Hotel, in a few days, for the winter season.

Mrs. Barber and Miss Barber came over from San Anselmo on Wednesday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Coleman will occupy apartments at the Occidental Hotel for the remainder of the season after October 15th.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Walker and Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Walker, of Salt Lake City, are passing a few weeks at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. C. G. Hooker, the Misses Jennie and Bessie Hooker, and Mr. Osgood Hooker, returned from the Hotel del Monte on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Shreve and Miss Bessie Shreve have gone East, and will be away several months.

Mr and Mrs. A. H. Loughborough have returned from a sojourn at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins paid a visit to the Napa Soda Springs recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Hellman have been passing a week at the Hotel del Monte. Mr. George Hellman returned from there last Tuesday evening.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kate Jarboe were recently the guests of Mrs. J. A. Robinson at Redwood City.

Miss Evelyn Carolan, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, and Mr. Herbert Carolan returned from Del Monte last Tuesday after a pleasant visit of four days.

Miss Florence Reed has gone to New York to visit her aunt, Mrs. Paran Stevens.

Mr. Cutler Paige returned from Del Monte early in the week.

Miss Jennie Bruner has gone to New York to be present at the wedding of her sister, Miss May Bruner.

Colonel Robert Tobin passed Admission Day at Del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin and Miss Mary Eyre have returned from their Eastern trip.

Miss Nettie Tubbs returned several days ago from a visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. D. J. Staples and Mrs. Herbert W. Yemans went to San Diego last Thursday.

Mrs. George Hearst returned from the Hotel del Monte last Tuesday.

Mr. A. C. Bassett returned to the city early in the week from a pleasant visit to Santa Cruz.

Mrs. C. E. McLane, of Baltimore, returned from the Hotel del Monte on Tuesday. Miss McLane will remain there several days.

Mrs. H. N Cook has gone to Redwood City, to visit Mrs. J. H. Schroeder for a few days.

Mrs Charles Miller, Misses Blanche and Lizzie Miller, Miss Hattie M. Peterson, and Mr. Charles E. Miller returned from the Hotel del Monte on Tuesday, after a brief visit there.

Colonel and Mrs. J. W. McClung have returned from their summer sojourn at Blythedale.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway returned from Del Monte last Tuesday, after active participation in the tennis games there for several days.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills have gone to Columbus, O., and will extend their trip further East, expecting to be away about a month.

Mr. William R. Sherwood returned from Del Monte early in the week.

General Walter Turnbull returned from Santa Cruz early in the week.

Mr. T. T. Dargie, of Oakland, went to the Hotel del Monte last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord returned from the Hotel del Monte last Monday.

Mr. J. Downey Harvey, of Los Angeles, is in the city on a visit.

Mr. William Macondray returned from Santa Cruz last Tuesday.

Mrs. A. J. Pope returned from the Hotel del Monte last Tuesday. Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank and Miss May E. Pope remained there several days longer.

Mr. W. S. Hobart is in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Decker and Miss Alice Decker are making a prolonged visit at the Hotel del Monte, owing to the continued ill-health of Mr Decker.

Miss Cora Caduc has been visiting friends at Santa Cruz for a fortnight.

Mr. A. H. Small returned from Del Monte last Tuesday.

Mr. G Creighton Webb, of New York, has returned from a visit to Del Monte.

Mrs. G. J. Bucknall Miss Marie Bucknall, Mrs. John P. Jones, Miss Marian Jones, and Master Roy Jones left the Bucknall villa at St Helena several days ago for Lake Tahoe, where they will remain a couple of weeks.

Mr. Arthur Bull left for New York city last Wednesday, and will be away but a few weeks.

Mr. William Dunphy has been passing the week in the Salinas Valley.

Mr. James Phelan was at Santa Cruz several days during the week.

Mrs. W. W. Wiggins and daughters Misses Jessie and Carrie Wiggins, have arrived in New York on their return from Europe, and are expected home in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low returned home last Thursday, after a pleasant tour of the Eastern cities and health resorts.

Miss Alice Mulline will leave the city early in October for New York and Washington, D. C., and will extend her trip to England, where she will remain during the winter season.

Mrs. John Boggs is passing a few weeks at Del Monte.

Consul and Mrs. J. Simpson and family have returned from Europe and are at the Grand Hotel.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Florence A. Atherton, daughter of Mrs. Domingo Atherton, and Mr. Edward Lillburn Eyre, son of Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre, will occur at the residence of the bride's mother, on the corner of California and Octavia Streets, at nine o'clock, on Wednesday evening, September 26th.

Rev. Robert Mackenzie, D.D., will deliver a lecture on "Husbands," at the First Presbyterian Church, on Thursday evening, September 27th

Everything is in readiness for the ball to be given this (Saturday) evening at the Hotel Rafael, and it promises to be a brilliant affair. A special train will leave San Rafael at 12:20 o'clock for this city.

Cards have been issued by Major-General and Mrs. Schofield, U. S. A., for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Mary Campbell Schofield, to Mr. Avery de Lano Andrews, U. S. A., which will take place on Thursday evening, September 27th, at St. Cornelius' Chapel, Governor's Island, N. Y.

At the Archbishop's Palace in New York city, Miss Tulita Zolla Wilcox, daughter of Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, of this city, was married last Wednesday to Mr. Randolph Huntington Miner, U. S. N.

Army and Navy.

Dr. and Mrs. Ord, U. S. A., have been passing several days at the Occidental Hotel.

Captain W. S. Schenck, U. S. M. C., was at Santa Cruz during the Admission Day festivities.

Dr F. J. B. Cordeiro, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty on the *Mohican*.

Commander J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N., has been detached from the Mare Island navy-yard, and ordered to the command of the *Mohican*.

Commander Thomas Nelson, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty at the Mare Island navy yard, to commence November 1st.

Chaplain Frank Thompson, U. S. N., of Mare Island, was in the city recently, on a short visit

Lieutenant-Colonel Charles G. Bartlett, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant William C. Rafferty, First Artillery, U. S. A., is enjoying a leave of absence of one month and a half.

Lieutenant N. P. Phister, First Infantry, U. S. A., is now on duty at Benicia Barracks.

Dr. M. M. Walker U. S. A., has returned from Benicia Barracks, and is at the Presidio.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Mme. Louise Pyk left the city last Tuesday to start on her tour of Mexico.

Miss Carrie Millzner, is now convalescent after her recent severe illness, and is residing at 612 Hyde Street.

The first concert in the tenth season of the Philharmonic Society of San Francisco (formerly the Orchestral Union), will take place on Wednesday evening, September 19th, at Metropolitan Hall. The orchestra will be assisted by Miss Celia Adler, soprano, and Mrs. H. J. Stewart, pianist.

Mrs. Anastasia Patten, formerly of San Francisco, but for several years a resident of Washington city, died suddenly some days ago in Portland, Me. One year ago, Mrs. Patten suffered a severe nervous attack, as the result of a narrow escape from drowning at Seabright, N. J. She partially regained her health, however, and her house, last winter, was the scene of several of the gayest festivities of the social season. On the sixth of July she left Washington for Portland Springs, Me., where she proposed to spend the heated term. While on her way to Washington, several days ago, she was taken ill and compelled to stop over at Portland, where, as reported, she died. She was accompanied by her married daughter, Mrs. Glover, and the other young ladies of the family. Her remains will be taken to Washington and temporarily interred, but her final interment will be at San Francisco.

DI—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, September 16, 1888.

Cantaloupe.
Chicken Mulligatawny.
Lobster Salad.
Lamb Chops. Pommes Mâitre d'Hôtel.
Summer Squash Baked.
Tomatoes.
Roast Beef.
Lettuce, French Dressing.

TRANSPARENT PUDDING.—Take all kinds of preserves; mix them; one pound of sugar, one pound of butter, one pound of eggs; mix butter, sugar, and yolks of eggs, then add whites, and pour all the preserves on top; bake in a slow oven, and when cold, ice.

According to letters of Queen Elizabeth, published among the Hatfield papers by the Historical Manuscript Commission, her pet name for the Duc d'Alençon, to whom she was betrothed for ten years, was "the frog with the little fingers." Although she had no intention of marrying the duke, who was fifteen years her junior, she amused herself by writing to him as if the engagement were serious.

General Washington appears to have had not a little ability and endurance as a dancer. "The Magazine of American History" quotes General Green's letter to Colonel Wadsworth, March 19, 1779: "We had a little dance at my quarters a few evenings past. His excellency and Mrs. Green danced upward of three hours without sitting down. Upon the whole we had a pretty little frisk."

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TENNIS RHYMES.

A Timely Rhyme.

She could not return nor serve,
But her ankle had a curve
That was divine.
She could run and bend with grace,
And she'd such a flower-face.
I wished her mine.

In a dress of black and red,
With a Tam O'Shantered head,
And sweet lips smiling;
All around her dainty waist
A broad, silver belt was placed
For man's beguiling.

Her new canvas shoes of black
Looked so trim and small—alack!
I must confess
They put all my nerves to rout,
As they twinkled in and out
From 'neath her dress.

Like a nymph of old she'd stand,
In her white and dimpled hand
An English racket.
But she couldn't ever get
The sky-ball across the net,
Much as she'd whack it.

Then her black-fringed, violet eyes
Would seek mine in sweet surprise;
Was I to blame
That the balls rolled here and there,
Or I idly beat the air
In that love game? —*Puck*

Cupid in the Court.

I scarcely thought her pretty,
I knew she was not wise—
This saucy, laughing Kitty
With sunshine in her eyes.
My greeting was not hearty;
In fact, I felt quite blue
To find our tennis-party
Had dwindled down to two.

But since the rest had failed us,
What else was left (to show
That destiny had nailed us)
But play a game or so?
We thought it would be stupid—
With just us twain. You see
We could not guess that Cupid
A busy third would be!

We played. Her voice rang blithely,
Her dimples went and came,
Her figure flitted lithely;
How well she made her game!
And I, I can't deny it,
Was wrecked and overthrown,
While Cupid, on the quiet,
Made innings of his own.

What merry talk! what chaffing!
The sun was in the west,
Ere out of breath and laughing
We sat us down to rest
My arm dared to enfold her,
And at the daring test
Her head sank on my shoulder,
And then—well—guess the rest!

So, luck be with lawn-tennis!
To-morrow mun we ship
For Paris, Rome, and Venice,
Upon our wedding-trip.
She is not wise, nor witty,
Nor saintly, nor divine.
But, then, you see, she's Kitty,
And—best of all—she's mine.
—*M. S. Bridges in Judge*

My Ideal and My Fancy.

BEFORE.

My Ideal is a maiden slim,
With optics warm and dreamy,
With golden ringlets waving dim,
And features sweet and creamy.
She muses in æsthetic pose,
On pictures languid gazes,
And paints the lily and the rose
On tambourines and vases.

My Fancy's an athletic girl
In flannel-skirt and jacket,
Who makes the white ball skim and whirl
Before her tennis racket;
She sits divinely on her cob,
She dances in the german,
And in the surf she's fit to bob
About with any merman.

Shall it be she who paints on tiles
And ribbons the decanter,
Or she who romps about and smiles
Beneath a Tam o' Shanter?
Oh, shall I woo the pensive maid
Who's languid and æsthetic,
Or shall my heart and hands be laid
Before the maid athletic?

AFTER.

My soul soon ceased to toss and whirl,
For when the summer tarried,
The languishing æsthetic girl,
My Ideal, I married. . . .
I'm weary when I see her loll
In dreamy affectation,
And all her high-art fol-de-rol
Drives me to desperation.

Down from the clouds she'll never drop,
High art she calls her mission,
She couldn't cook a mutton-chop
To save her from perdition.
My life is now a hullabaloo,
For fate has warmed my jacket.
I wish I'd wed the maid in blue
Who swung the tennis racket.
—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Love Game.

We played at tennis every day,
At first quite free of heart and gay;
But as the year crept on towards fall,
My heart went bounding with the ball.

This tennis net was like a snare;
It caught my soul and held it there;
She beat me every game we played,
So far away my thoughts had strayed.

And, try my best, each time the same,
Uneven score we made—love game;
While flushing with the exercise,
Her laughing face mocked at my sighs.

And yet I think I well may boast
That spite of all I won the most;
While she was winning games from me,
I, lucky man, won her, you see. —*Life.*

"My Story," a song for mezzo-soprano or tenor, composed by Theo. H. Northrup, has been published and is for sale by Byron Mauzy, San Francisco.

"The Dirigo Club," composed by Colonel E. A. Belcher, and dedicated to the Dirigo Club, has been published and is for sale by the Matthias Gray Company.

IN A HAMMOCK.

A Summer Evening Talk with a Sequel.

Dramatis personæ.—Harry, Sibyl.

Dramatis res.—The hammock, two scarlet garden-chairs, a paper-bound novel, the moon, a dense and opaque cloud.

(Sibyl's lawn, a little after sunset. Sibyl, occupying the hammock, listlessly turns over paper-bound novel.)

Sibyl (alternately reading and soliloquizing)—"Lady Annerley prays no more, but strikes; and, mingling with the awful rattle and tattoo of the crashing reports, come groans and oaths and shrieks of agony." (Yawns.) Oh, what a stupid story! It's nearly eight, now. He'll certainly come this evening. "'No,' she mutters, dismally; 'I'm not used to killing people.'" I don't see what keeps him. (Runs over various pages of the novel.) "Lady Annerley desperately throws out the burning lamp—setting him on fire—jabbering cries—exploding shells—corpses—her beautiful face black with powder—bang, crack—Errol falls bleeding." Oh, pshaw! This book is too tame for anything! It's his usual evening to call; but if he doesn't choose to come, I don't care a single——oh, goodness, there he is! (Becomes absorbed in reading.)

(Enter Harry, a rose in his button-hole, a smile on his lip, anxiety and perspiration on his brow.)

Harry (out of breath)—As I was sauntering by, I thought I'd drop in.

Sibyl (looking up, rather sarcastically)—That's very kind of you.

Harry (perceiving his mistake)—I mean I know I'm late; but I hurried all I could, you know.

Sibyl (offended by the assumption that she was expecting him)—Late? Hurried? I'm sure I know of no reason why you should hurry or why you could possibly be late. Do you?

(Harry covers his confusion by attempting to swing the hammock.)

Sibyl—Please don't do that. I hate to be swung.

(Foiled in this attempt, Harry looks yearningly at the hammock, but is forced to take one of the two scarlet garden-chairs.)

Harry (for the sake of saying something)—You seemed much interested in your book when I came.

Sibyl—Oh, indeed I was! The most fascinatingly dreadful thing! I'm perfectly enthralled by it.

Harry—I'm afraid I interrupted you.

Sibyl—Oh, no! All the Arabs had just been killed off, and they were waiting for a fresh supply.

(During the conversation Harry has ostentatiously fidgeted about in his seat, and given various evidences of uneasiness. Whereupon——)

Sibyl—What troubles you?

Harry—This chair.

Sibyl—Isn't it comfortable?

Harry (mendaciously)—No.

Sibyl—Perhaps, then, you might prefer——

Harry (full of joyous anticipation)—Oh, I should, indeed!

Sibyl (very sweetly)—The other one.

(First complete failure. Harry changes chairs, but soon appears more restless than before.)

Harry (hazarding a bold stroke)—I really don't think this chair is so easy as the first one.

Sibyl—Oh, if that is the case, I think you had better——

Harry (rising eagerly)—You're very good.

Sibyl (still very sweetly)—change back!

(Second complete failure. Harry edges up to the hammock.)

Sibyl (with much decision)—Won't you please sit a little further away? I haven't room to swing.

Harry—I thought you said you hated swinging.

Sibyl—I said I hated to be *swung*. Swinging myself is quite a different thing.

(Harry sinks into sulky silence. It is now nearly dark, whereupon——)

Sibyl (in a radically different tone of voice)—Oh, by the way——

Harry (sourly)—Well?

Sibyl—Is it—do you feel—didn't you say just now that—that—your chair isn't comfortable, is it?

Harry (sullenly)—Yes, very. I'm perfectly suited with it.

Sibyl (piqued)—Oh, excuse me! I didn't know but that you might like——

Harry (comprehending too late)—On second thoughts, it isn't so nice as it might be.

Sibyl (with lofty scorn)—There are a great many things that aren't so nice as they might be.

(While Harry ponders upon this remark, enter, above, the moon, which proceeds to "silver all the landscape o'er," and to do everything else generally expected of summer-evening moons.)

Harry—Isn't that a magnificent moon?

Sibyl (calmly)—Yes; but very much like the last one, don't you think?

(Renewed and intensified sulks on Harry's part, which bring about the following result——)

Sibyl (in a cooing, deprecatory voice)—Oh, dear me!

Harry (gruffly)—What is it?

Sibyl (plaintively)—The back of this hammock has folded over so that I've nothing to learn against. Would you mind straightening it out?

(Performing this operation brings Harry's face very near Sibyl's. They look at each other.)

Sibyl (replying to nothing, apparently)—Yes. There is plenty of room.

(Another silence, but of very different quality from preceding ones.)

Sibyl (again answering without a question)—You might rest it on the back—they must be dreadfully cramped, folded as you have them.

(Persistent hush, broken at last by a rustle and a soft scream.)

Sibyl (laughing nervously)—There really was nothing to support it up there! (More quiet.)

Sibyl—That's my class ring—the other aunt Julia gave me Christmas. The bracelet is a birthday present. Perhaps they *are* rather flexible—they all bend backward at the tips—yes, like that.

(Stillness reigns. Enter, above, dense and opaque cloud, which for about a minute plunges everything into indistinguishable gloom. The hammock is violently agitated. Exit cloud. Reenter the moon.)

Sibyl—And papa will agree, I know. You can take my garnet cluster for the size—but, please don't be extravagant, dear. I honestly don't care for a solitaire.

(Conversation copious enough now, but too fragmentary to report. Only one remark clearly detaches itself from the rest, videlicet.)

Sibyl—Why did I act so? Because—because—well, because it wasn't quite dark enough at that time, Harry, dear!—*Manley H. Pike in Puck.*

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THE NATIONAL GAME.

New York 0; Boston, 2.

In the street below the elevated railroad station at One Hundred and Sixth Street stood a row of what had been carriages. For ten cents one could ride over to the Polo Grounds. At the foot of the stairs stood a yelling demon, who seized the unresisting and jammed them into these. Just ahead of us was a countryman, and just in front of the demon a very small hack already containing ten people. "Will you go?" said the demon, "just room for you." "No, 'taint worth ten cents," said the countryman. "All right," said the demon, jamming him in; "next gent."

Fortunately we escaped.

It was Boston *vs.* New York, and it seemed as though the whole town were going. The papers next day said five thousand, but I know there were that many in our car alone. It was quite a walk over to the grounds, through streets lined with high flats and paved with children. Children everywhere, on the ground and in the air. Most of them playing ball and the rest begging for cigarettes. Upon my soul I did not believe there were so many children in all New York as in those few blocks, and to them base-ball was the one thing in life. They watched us going with longing eyes, and when we came back every mother's son and daughter demanded which nine won and the score of the game.

At the gate a pushing, eager crowd. I took my place at the end of a line of thirty men, and had worked my way up to within a yard of the window, when the man behind me said: "If yer with a lady, why don't yer go to thet door? Yer needn't wait here."

I thought he might have told me before, but went gladly, and we entered the sacred precincts. Climbing a long staircase, we reached the ladies' gallery, a very good position from which to see the game. Down in front, next the railing, sit the reporters and telegraph-operators, and in front is a wire netting to keep out the foul balls.

Bang! comes one now, flies in where there is no netting, and is caught by a dude in eye-glass and gloves.

Loud cheers from all about. Mr. Kelly—Ten-thousand-dollar Kelly—goes to the bat. Umpire calls "One strike!"—laughter from the crowd. "Two strikes!"—more laughter. "Three strikes, and out!"—howls of joy from the "bleaching boards." They evidently think he is not worth the money. Perhaps, as New York does not get a run that day, Kelly does not mind what they think.

By and by the umpire goes down behind the pitcher to watch the second base, and stations one of the Bostons near the home-plate to call fouls. Whack! a brother player sends the ball towards third base, but some feet outside of it. "Fair ball!" yells the assistant umpire. What! yells everybody, and then there *is* trouble. Mr. Boston finally owns up he lied and the game goes on.

Just in front of me is posted "Gentlemen must not smoke in this gallery." As I read it a cloud of nauseating vapor drifts by. It is one of the reporters in front enjoying what he is pleased to call a cigar. The next but one to him is paralyzing us all with a cigarette with an odor louder than a gong, and his neighbor is filling his pipe. The ladies near looked weary, and though I sometimes smoke I did not feel well myself. I would have asked them—the reporters—if it is necessary to formulate one set of rules for gentlemen and another for reporters, but I thought perhaps they might not like it in me.

But, really, do they wield such awful powers that they are above what most men consider binding? And if they had only smoked good tobacco. I watched a little while to see the cigarette man drop dead, but he did not.

Every time a player struck the ball, or did anything else at all creditable, the crowd got up and howled applause.

No wonder they like their profession. There is none other where good points are so quickly recognized or so highly appreciated. There is none other so much talked about, so well paid, or so much esteemed by half the people of this country.

Give nine boys their choice between being a successful lawyer or the captain of the New York or Chicago nine, and see which they would select. If they, any of them, had any doubts, it would be whether to choose New York or Chicago.

But never mind. There is no game like it, none where the excitement is so continuous and powerful.

In spite of yourself, when the ball and a player both approach a base your heart comes in your mouth, and when the point is decided, you are quite as tired as he is, though you have not taken a step. And perhaps quite as mad.

It is a great game. R.

NEW YORK, August 31, 1888.

One of the strangest clubs in the world has just been organized in Mexico. It is composed of journalists who have been imprisoned for political offenses; and the relative standing of the members is based in general upon the length of the sentences they have served, or rather of the periods during which they have languished in jail; for unless the Government of Mexico is grossly libeled, the formality of a trial is commonly dispensed with in the case of editors who have abused the privilege of free speech. In determining a member's relative position in the new association, the severity of his experience of prison-life is taken into account; and this sometimes modifies his standing, giving him a higher rank than others who have served longer but under less distressing conditions.

A man in Finland, who evidently wanted to be on the safe side, willed all his property to the devil. The Finland courts uphold the legality of the will. In this country young men generally send their property to the devil before they die.—*Detroit Free Press.*

During the month of August thirteen thousand umbrellas were left in the railway carriages of the United Kingdom, and sixty-seven thousand different articles of all sorts were lost.

The traffic receipts on August 5th, on the Suez Canal, were two hundred and ten thousand francs, as against ninety thousand francs for the same day the year before.

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Commencing Sunday, August 5, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.00, 6.45, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.45, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.45 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12.45, 2.15, 4.15, 5.45, 7.30, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.45 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.15 P. M.
8 A. M. (Sundays only). Excursion Train from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.00 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.
Sunday Excursions—Round-trip Tickets, good on Sundays only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, $3.00.

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LEAVE	From Sept. 5, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and ‡Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
7.30 A.	For Sacramento, Truckee and Reno, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	12.15 P.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	11.15 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & *Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8 45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

‡ 7.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.29 P.
*2.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
‖4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‡9.20 A.

NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

7.15 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
‡ 7.50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion	‡ 8.35 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.40 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 42 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10 02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5.10 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.00 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.40 A.
†11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.50 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ‖ Saturday and Sunday only, to Santa Cruz. ‡‡ Sunday and Monday only, from Santa Cruz. ** Mondays excepted.

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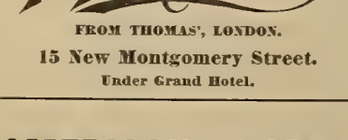

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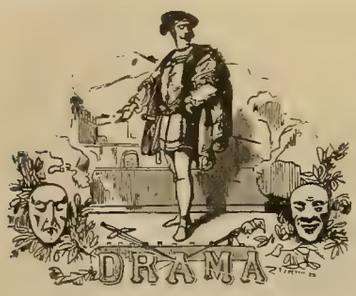

"Heart of Hearts" is the least interesting of the plays produced by the Palmer company. The troupe is above the piece. It is farce, comedy, and melodrama combined, and the masterly manner in which it is handled by this most efficient company alone saves it from the charge of dullness. Even such artists as Mrs. Phillips, Mr. Stoddard, and Mr. Holland can not rescue the last act from insipidity.

The story is that of suspected innocence, which suffers in silence to protect another. The heir of Avonthorpe Priory, Harold Fitzralph, is in love with the niece of his butler, James Robins. Lady Clarissa Fitzralph, Harold's mother, a haughty and domineering widow, is in anguish at the thought of such a *mésalliance*, and longs to prevent it. Some time before the opening of the story, Harold's father had a quarrel with Daniel Robins, Lucy's father, which ended in blows. At the subsequent trial, Mr. Fitzralph testified that Robins had struck the first blow—false testimony which, however, was sufficient to convict Robins and sentence him to several years' imprisonment. His little girl, Lucy, was handed over to her uncle James, the butler, who brought her up in the way she should go. In death-bed delirium the elder Fitzralph made known to his son his dishonesty in the trial of Robins—a story which Harold hid from his mother, striving to atone for his father's guilt by kindness to Robins's child. Of course they fell in love.

In the first act we have the morning-room in Avonthorpe Priory. Lady Clarissa (Miss Virginia Buchanan), Miss Wilhelmina Fitzralph (Mrs. Phillips), Miss Latimer (Miss Brookyn), and Mr. Latimer (Mr. Robinson) are all waiting for the advent of Harold (Mr. Louis Massen) and Lucy (Miss Burroughs). Lady Clarissa expresses her disappointment at the mariage, and Miss Latimer, one of those daringly insolent ladies who form a piquant element in the house-party of the stage and the novel, condoles and stabs in graceful combination. It is understood that Miss Latimer has designs upon Harold, and has set traps—hitherto infallible—for his capture. But Harold, like the prudent gentleman in the poem, "saw the snare and he retired," and the thwarted siren was left to rage in silence.

In this scene the butler (Mr. Stoddart) enters and has some converse with the stately Lady Clarissa, which, though extremely funny, is hardly natural, considering a room full of company. Later on, in a scene with Miss Wilhelmina, we learn the surprising fact that Miss Wilhelmina, a lady of mature beauty and some fortune, has secretly bestowed her autumnal charms upon the butler, and already the matrimonial yoke galls. The scenes between the restive husband and the terrified wife are the best in the play—delightfully humorous and played with an easy perfection, a consummate elegance and finish which make all incongruities seem transcripts of nature.

When Harold enters with Lucy he meets with a cold reception. The ardent and unsophisticated happiness of his betrothed is in pleasant contrast to the frigidity which obtains in good society. A fine lady is, at all times, awe-inspiring; but a fine lady with a *lorgnon* is, indeed, a fearful sight. The celebrated "eye-balls of the fierce Numidian lion" are child-like and bland compared to eye-balls seen through those harmless pieces of window-glass. Miss Latimer attempts to humiliate and crush the butler's niece, and succeeds in making her cry. Harold extracts a haughty apology from Miss Latimer to Lucy, but the Latimer blood is up, and Lucy would do well to flee from the wrath to come.

Lady Clarissa, besides possessing jewels, such as Cordelia bragged of, is happy in the ownership of a wonderful gem—Heart of Hearts—a priceless ruby. This, returned from the jewelers, is left on the table. Lucy, the last person in the room, departs. Slow music—and then enters, stealthily, Daniel Robins (Mr. C. P. Flockton), late from prison. He wants to see the man who wrongfully accused him, also his brother, and his child. Instinct has led him to the right place. A long seclusion in prison will vitiate the healthiest morals. Daniel's have suffered, for when his eye lights upon Heart of Hearts, he struggles, groans, his virtue succumbs, and he pockets it and flies.

It is evening in the second act. The morning-room is lighted up, and the portières are drawn. Lady Clarissa is there, frantic over the loss of her gem. Miss Wilhelmina and the Latimers are also there. Everybody is in a state of bewilderment or insinuation. Miss Latimer plants her barbed arrows with fiendish skill, and Lady Clarissa, distraught and furious, states her suspicions of Miss Robins, who enters untimely and hears. Lucy is broken-hearted; she is not of the spirited, fighting order. She will go away, break her engagement, do anything to leave the house where she is accused of thieving. The company considerately withdraw and leave her to her melancholy reveries.

Then in comes Uncle James, resplendent in swallow-tail and white waistcoat. He has been pledging slightly, and is all aglow over the high fortunes of his niece, when lo! thinking to find her in the apex of her glory, he beholds her alone and tearful. She tells him all, and Uncle James's ire rises and assumes heroic dimensions. His subsequent scene with "the old Red Light" is timely, and Uncle James becomes a hero in the cause of his niece.

When they all go in to dinner—the guests and Uncle James in his official capacity—Lucy is left alone thinking. Then Daniel Robins, jail-bird and thief, opens the portière and creeps in. He discovers himself to his daughter, confesses his theft, and gives her Heart of Hearts to return. Detectives pursue him, he is suspected of robberies of which he is guiltless, he must make his escape. This he does, bidding his daughter an impassioned farewell and leaving her the jewel. Lucy, bewildered but relieved, sits down and looks at the stone soliloquizing.

"Where shall I leave it? how shall I return it?" says she, and, at that instant, the artful Latimer enters and sees the jewel. Here is the chance Miss Latimer has waited for. The guests entering from dinner, she requests that Miss Robins show them what she has in her pocket. Miss Robins is plunged in ghastly consternation. Her friends—Harold, Dr. Chettle, and Uncle James—all urge her to empty her pocket, and confute Miss Latimer's suspicions. Driven to bay she plunges in her hand, brings forth the jewel, and falls fainting in Uncle James's arms.

So far the play is interesting, working up with a steady *crescendo* movement to the high-strung finale of the second act. The humorous story and the dramatic are closely knit together in a parti-colored whole, offering variety of interest. But in the last act the interest drops and flats out into a dead calm. It seems as if the author had grown tired of his work and had roughly finished it off, without care or pains. Everything seems hurried and slip-shod. Lucy is cleared of guilt by her father, who is caught and confesses. Lady Clarissa would prosecute him, but Harold tells her of his father's wrong to Daniel and she is moved to make atonement. Mr. and Miss Latimer—the latter hoist with her own petard—are politely requested to leave by Harold, and Uncle James and Wilhelmina are left to an infinitude of humorous sparring in a public-house.

As for Daniel Robins, it is rather hard to find out exactly what happens to him. Having cleared his daughter of guilt, his usefulness is done. After that he becomes the fifth wheel on the wagon. Like Jean Valjean, he never—till he stole Heart of Hearts—did anything wicked, but for the punishments inflicted upon him he might have had the honor and glory of doing all the wicked things in the world. Moreover, though innocent of wrong in the beginning, his ignominious life and associates were found to tell upon him. Such a father-in-law, liable at any moment to be attacked with moral rickets, would not be an acquisition in an English country family, and yet Lucy, with her high and noble ideas of the sacredness of the ties of blood, must have insisted on having him under her eye, where she could pet and croon over him. The prospect for Harold is much the same as that of the judge in "Mrs. Judge Jenkins."

Mrs. Phillips and Mr. Stoddart carry the play on their shoulders. Mr. Stoddart as James Robins was as irresistibly funny as he was pathetic in "Saints and Sinners." His humor was of the richest, the mellowest, the raciest quality, delicately shaded, balanced to a hair. His scene with Lucy in the first act, where in a friendly, cosy chat they go over old times and friends, was as tenderly heart-warming as some of Dickens's comedy. In the scenes with Wilhelmina both husband and wife were inimitable. The expression of the lady's countenance was alone exquisitely laughable. Her sickening, suddenly wakened fears, her tremulous apprehension of discovery, her desperation with her irritating husband, and her coy pleasure in Mr. Latimer's wooing were rendered to the life, and testified to the powers of an actress who can so lighten, intensify, and irradiate a part in which the humor is of the more ponderous quality.

Miss Burroughs has already, in Letty Fletcher, proved herself capable of taking a young girl's part with delicacy and truth. She successfully avoids that over-artlessness of demeanor which for years has marked stage young ladies. She has located Lucy Robins with careful accuracy. This young girl is neither a grown-up baby nor a juvenile old woman, frisking about like a kitten. The character of Lucy is crude and simple, and is rendered by Miss Burroughs with graceful earnestness. Miss Burroughs is always painstaking and thorough, and is sometimes brilliant and entirely gratifying. She plays from the head rather than the heart.

Miss Buchanan and Miss Brookyn did well with disagreeable parts. Sybil Latimer is an unnatural person, and Miss Brookyn made as much of her as was possible. The author put some singularly insolent remarks into Miss Latimer's mouth, and to Miss Brookyn's credit, be it said, she toned them down with her haughty manner to the verge of possibility.

Mr. Holland as Dr. Chettle was as quietly thorough as usual. Mr. Holland is one of the most competent artists in Mr. Palmer's company. He is a realist of the most genuine type. Dr. Chettle might have stepped from the pages of Trollope.

Mr. Massen's Harold was fairly good, but the part is hardly calculated to show off an actor. No one thinks much of Harold; he neither protects his sweetheart from insulting accusation nor upholds his mother. He is chronically on the fence, and apparently divided between service to God and mammon. Duty to one's mother is a righteous and noble thing, but Harold carries it too far when he stands by and hears his betrothed accused of thieving. Harold's main duty is to be good-looking and gentlemanly, and Mr. Massen performs these duties most satisfactorily.

Mr. Frederick Robinson as Marcus Latimer furnished a third element of comedy. His performance was finished and most carefully trimmed. He was especially satisfying in the scenes with Miss Wilhelmina, the comedy of which was of a particularly polished kind. Mr. Flockton's Daniel Robins, the jail-bird, repentant and full of love for his newly discovered daughter, was a carefully studied piece of work.

G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Leon, as She-who-must-be-disobeyed, and an awe-inspiring lot of Amahaggers have been giving a new reading of Haggard's story at the minstrels during the week, and will probably continue to do so for some weeks.

Lewis Morrison has been drawing goodly audiences to the Alcazar with "Right's Right." "Passion's Slave" will be given next week by the same company, which includes, besides Lewis and Rosabel Morrison, Florence Elmore and Frederick G. Ross.

George K. Fortescue, now of the Evangeline Company, is a very well-nourished gentleman, and will be easily recognizable as the "Birdie" of Kate Castleton's first company. He it was who sang "Don't you think she's awful?" and made it the popular song of the day.

The principal people in Rice's Evangeline Company, who commence a short season at the Baldwin, on Monday evening, are Fay Templeton, Louise Montague, Lila Blow, Annie Perkins, Amelia Glover (the little Fawn), Cora Tinnie, George S. Knight, George K. Fortescue, James S. Maffitt, Edwin S. Tarr, and Edward Morris.

Vernona Jarbeau has been singing, dancing, kicking, and otherwise disporting herself in a frolicsome and pleasing manner at the Bush Street during the past week. The vehicle for this is a musical comedy called "Starlight," which has more rhyme than reason in it, but seems to amuse the audiences. It will run for another week.

A fortnight ago the dispatches informed us that an opera company was being formed in Mexico for a tour of the United States. Marcus M. Henry, who is their American representative, says they will begin their tour in San Francisco in the latter part of December, that the company includes several favorites in Spain and the Spanish-American countries, and that their repertoire comprises a wide range of Spanish, French, and Italian operas.

There are rumors that there is blood on the face of the moon so far as the prima donnas of Rice's Beautiful Evangeline Company can see, that Fay Templeton's name appeared in larger type than Louise Montague's on the bills, that the Ten Thousand Dollar Beauty claims to receive more floral tributes than does the erstwhile *chère amie* of Howell Osbourne, and that Mr. E. E. Rice's hair is blanching under the strain upon his diplomatic abilities.

The Tivoli has been experiencing a revival, so to speak. It has had a lot of its early singers on the stage of late, from Harry Gates and Hattie Moore to Fred Urban and Ethel Lynton, but now it is going in for new material. Signor Enrico Campobello joined the Tivoli this week, and has made quite a favorable impression as Count Arnheim in "The Bohemian Girl." Stanley Felch is giving his own peculiar interpretation of what is billed "his favorite character" of Devilshoof, and Miss Jessie Morris, a débutante, has sung the rôle of the Gypsy Queen.

The Cable readings take place on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday evenings of next week, at the First Congregational Church. The programmes are as follows: Monday, "Posson Jonc'" (entire), and selections from "The Grandissimes"; Wednesday, selections from "Dr. Sevier"; and Friday, "Grande Pointe" (entire). The readings are under the auspices of the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, and tickets—single, one dollar; for the course, two dollars and fifty cents—may be obtained, with reserved seats, at Sherman & Clay's music store.

Word comes from Paris that Massenet is at work on two new operas and has accepted an order for a third. This last is nothing less than a lyric version of one of Emile Zola's stories, "La Faute de L'Abbé Mouret," and it is said that the author's text will be used without versification. It is also said that Sibyl Sanderson will create the leading rôle.

Marie van Zandt, who is now at Ems, has decided that the petting she received in St. Petersburg does not compensate for the brutality of Paris, and she is coming back to her native country next year. She will make an extended concert tour of the United States and Mexico, and may appear in opera.

THE INNER MAN.

Henry L. Sherwood, of Astoria, Ore., in the course of conversation with a St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* reporter, said: "In the early '50s I was called upon to live for months among the Indians of the North-west, especially among the Blackfeet, Flatheads, and Gros-Ventres. With the exception of the latter, who eat a great quantity of fish, these tribes were almost exclusively meat-eating, and their vegetable diet was not worth reckoning. Never among white men have I seen anything like the same endurance that they displayed. They were never of heavy physique, few of them weighing one hundred and sixty pounds, and most of them falling below one hundred and forty-five, but their runners were unequaled on this continent. With a few pounds of pemmican meat dried in the sun and pounded into a homogeneous mass, one of the Blackfeet runners would set out on a journey of three hundred miles over a rugged, mountainous country, and never take more than five days in making the trip, while the first of them would arrive at his destination in a little over four. On a trip of over one hundred miles the best horse would stand no chance against them, even on level ground, and when once among the mountains they would laugh at all mounted pursuit, no matter how close the horsemen might be to them. The Gros-Ventres, on a fish diet, would start off to a trading-post, with a pack of furs weighing one hundred and fifty pounds on their backs, and travel forty or fifty miles a day without apparent distress. So much for a diet exclusively compounded of either fish or flesh. When I went to China, I was astonished at the wonderful feats of the coolies engaged in unloading the vessels. They were usually men rather under than above the average stature of whites, but of immense depth of chest and strength of limb. The knotted muscles stood up in great ridges and bunches all over their chests, arms, and shoulders, and their short, sturdy legs bore them up like towers. I have seen one of them come up to a vessel, carrying a long elastic pole over his shoulder, with ropes at each end to fasten a package to it. He would take two packs of furs, tie them to the pole, stoop down so as to get his shoulder under it, and trot off with his load as if it were nothing unusual. Each of these packs had been carried to the wharf by two strong seamen, one being deemed unequal to the task, and yet those coolies would move off easily under what had been considered a good load for four sailors. Four hundred pounds was no uncommon load, and some were said to be able to carry six or seven hundred pounds for long distances. These men, whose muscles were far more powerful than those of any human beings I ever saw, never tasted anything but rice from year's end to year's end. A few of the most prosperous would occasionally, say once a month, get a bit of meat or fish to eat, or now and then a little bread, but fully two-thirds of them never had anything more nutritious than rice. Bread and water would have been a feast to them, and yet their strength far exceeded that accorded those who live on a diet far more generous and nutritious according to medical science. The same thing was true of the Chinese river boatmen, who were magnificently built men, and could pull their heavy oars twenty-four hours at a stretch, receiving as food during that time a couple of handfuls of rice—about as much as an American would eat at a single meal when he had a number of other dishes on the table."

There is an eating-house in Berlin which for primitiveness is rather ahead of anything else in the world. The dining-table consisted of a log, in which eighteen cavities appeared at regular intervals. Each cavity was of about the size of a large soup-bowl, and fastened near every one was a big iron spoon, attached to the log by an iron chain. The method of dining was neither complicated nor prolonged. A table d'hôte dinner, consisting of one course, which, by the way, was the only dinner served in the house, cost five pfennigs—about one cent and a quarter of our coin. The diner enters and planks down his money before taking his seat. Then he chooses one of the broad cavities, seizes the iron spoon, and waits for the waiter. That functionary is usually a sort of *Poo-Bah*, combining in himself the duties of cashier, proprietor, head waiter, and bouncer-in-chief. After the guest is seated the waiter walks up to him bearing two steaming cans, and asks, shortly, "thick or clear soup?" The diner, usually, after sniffing the fumes of the cans and giving the matter weighty consideration, makes his decision, and then the factotum fills up the nearest cavity with soup, turns on his heel, and washes his hands of all further consideration. The diner scoops the soup out of the hole in the log with his iron spoon, and, having thus dined wisely and well, is promptly ordered out by the bouncer-in-chief. There is no lingering over an after-dinner cigar, nuts, raisins, fruit, or coffee. The expedition of the meal is its most striking characteristic, except, perhaps, its simplicity.

Itinerant food supply is a new feature of Boston life. A large wagon train, carrying complete dinners, or viands *à la carte*, goes about the streets supplying its customers. Nothing is easier now than to take an apartment, or a room, as may be, and order whatever one may choose, served at such hours as he shall desire, and the arrangement is the apotheosis of household joy. No more cooks, no more marketing, no more kitchens, and no more going out to restaurant, hotel, or private boarding-house. The itinerant food supply cuts the Gordian knot. The food is said to be excellent, and furnished at rates far below the cost of marketing and having it prepared, or of restaurant or boarding-house rates. It offers a solution of many difficulties for an increasing number of people, to whom domestic life on the old plan has grown impracticable or undesirable.

A large portion of the Great South Bay is devoted to the cultivation of the Blue Point oysters. There are a few natural-growth beds still left, but they are becoming smaller each year. "Blue Point" oysters and "Saddle Rock" oysters have got to be trade names in New York city. All small oysters, suitable for eating on the half shell, are called by the dealers "Blue Points," but they are brought not only from Blue Point (a little point of land that juts out into the Great South Bay), but from Rockaway, Gravesend Bay, Prince's Bay, and other points. The Saddle-Rock oyster, as a trade term, denotes an extra large oyster. The name originated from the large rock in Little Neck Bay that was known as the "Saddle Rock"; occasionally a very few oysters are taken in that locality now.

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Statistics of the Jesuit missions show that in the lkan Peninsular there are 45; in Africa, especially Egypt and the eastern coast, 223; in Asia, 699, 5 being in China alone; in Oceana, 270; in Amer-, North and South, 1,130; total, 2,377. Great atition is paid to nationality. In Illyria, Dalmatia, d Albania they are Venetians; in Constantinople d Syria, Sicilians; in Africa, Asia Minor, and lina, French; Indian Presidencies, Germans and lgians; Philippines, Spanish; Malay Archipelago, tch; in Australia and New Zealand, Irish; in the nericas, Germans, Neapolitans, Piedmontese, Cadians, English, and Spaniards.

English is wrote at Karlsbad by a "tailer" in this y: "Honorable Sir! I take me the liberty, to ike you attentive on my Establissement. There I ase you, to favor me by some uses of clothes, with ar visit, and always keep a large choise of englisch, nch, and brünner materials and clothes shall made measure on the best and newest facon; and I am e ready to full füll your esteem wüshes."

There is a somewhat lengthy German word, consist: of thirty-seven syllables, one hundred and nine ters. Its translation is: "A stock company of gpipe manufacturers in Constantinople paying five d one-half per cent. dividends." This is the word: nstantinopolitanischefünfundeinhalbprocentizedadackmachergesellenherberbergsactienversicherungsellschaft.

An excursion train left Paris on September 11th Central Asia. The excursionists will reach home October 30th. The round trip will cost two ndred pounds sterling.

At a sale of Whistler's etchings one brought a very h price merely on account of this inscription: egs not by me, but a fatuous addition by a 'genl practitioner.'"

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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The American Jingo.

No, we do not want to fight;
But, by Jingo, if we do,
They've got the men, and got the ships,
And got the money, too. —*Life.*

Dignified Courtship.

A pretty Boston school-ma'am
And a youth of mien sedate
Were parting in the evening
Beside the garden gate

His hand and heart he'd offered
In a grave and sober way,
And she with quiet dignity
Had named the happy day.

He lingered at the gate with her,
And said, in accents low:
"There is a little favor
I would ask before I go.

"A favor never asked before,
Sweet maiden, it is this,
A lover's privilege, that is all—
A sweet betrothal kiss."

"If you'll wait," the maiden whispered,
With her color rising high,
"Till I remove my spectacles,
I'll willingly comply." —*Boston Courier.*

Madge.

BY T. B. A——H.

Madge comes. Her feet are lily buds,
And on my heart I feel,
Like dewdrops light, their dainty thuds
In wounds that will not heal.
I guard the scars with tender care
Her heel and toe have planted there.

Madge sighs—the air from east to west
With musk and spice is rife—
I draw its charm into my breast,
I breathe her fragrant life,
Until, with drooped yet smiling eyes,
She murmurs soft: "Ah, there, my sighs!"

Madge speaks. I pale and fail and faint,
And tremble at the knees:
For were I king or sage or saint,
And wise and great as these.
Still would I feel, in soul and knee,
The spell her voice throws over me. —*Puck.*

A Railway Reminiscence.

A Pa. train, I won't say where,
Nor will I name the station,
I took to breathe the country's air,
And tackle my vacation.
I found a grimed and cinderous seat,
'Mid soot and gaseous vapors,
And then prepared in ways discreet
To read the morning papers.
I had a *Science Magazine*,
Being a bit pedantic,
And divers others lay between
My *Harper's* and *Atlantic*.
I had of novels new a score,
The latest, to astound me;
While forty guide-books—even more—
Did totally surround me.
My favorite works upon the seats
I neatly placed; my Schiller
Was bound by strings to Hood and Keats,
And so was "Daisy Miller."
My Tennyson, in which I pride,
Was there its pleasure yielding;
And likewise, resting by my side,
Were Walter Scott and Fielding.
And yet, the book-fiend, hovering nigh,
Scanned all my treasures over,
And asked me if I wouldn't buy
"Red Mike, the Bloody Rover!" —*Town Topics.*

Lawn-Tennis.

Come right hyar yo' Angeliny;
Chile, yo' jes' gib me de blues,
What yo' doin'? tryin' to try me?
Warin' out dem bran' new shoes.
Yase yo' is, deed yo' is,
Doan yo' dar talk back to me,
Kase I know yo' is.

Whar yo' gwine to play dis tennis?
Who yo' playin' tennis wid?
Playin' wid dat Irish Dennis,
Well Ic' yo', chile, dat yo's hid.
Come right squar out f'om dar,
Out f'om dar hin' dat dar bed;
Now go comb yo' hair.

Angeliny! Angeliny!
Doan yo' hyar me callin' yo'?
Needn't think dat yo' slip by me,
Mun', gal, I'se daid on tah yo'.
Come right squar in f'om dar,
Yo' kaint play wid dem low white trash,
Now, my gal, see hyar.

Whar's yo' music edgecashun?
Git to dat piannah dar,
Play dat lubly strabaganzah
Dat yo' calls de Maiden's Pra'r.
Lan' a-libin' chile, do you
Want de folks in dis hyar neighb'hood
Think yo's Irish, too? —*Chicago Times.*

A Few Simple Truths.

Fishes are weighed in their scales,
And an elephant packs his own trunk;
But rats never tell their own tales,
And one seldom gets chink in a chunk.
Dogs seldom wear their own pants,
Which fact lays them open to scorn;
No nephew or niece fancies ants,
And a cow never blows its own horn.
A cat can not parse its own claws,
No porcupine nibs its own quill;
Though orphan bears still have their paws,
A bird will not pay its own bill.
Sick ducks never go to a quack;
A horse can not plow its own mane;
A ship is not hurt by a tack,
And a window ne'er suffers from pane. —*Philadelphia Item.*

To Mr. W. Goat.

O goat, christened William, how blithe your existence!
To dwell free of rent in a large vacant lot;
To wrestle, in ceaseless, light-hearted persistence,
With ancient tin-cans or a cast-iron pot;
To gambol in freedom and bound o'er the heather;
To carelessly carol your single bass note;
To live in content, never minding the weather—
You're much to be envied, O W. Goat.

Yet wondrous as may be your powers of digestion.
As a kindly meant warning accept what we say:
From a window o'erlooking the large lot in question
We empty a waste-basket every day.
With tin-cans and iron you safely may dally,
But the stuff from that basket keep far from your throat.
Once filled with those jokelets you never can rally;
They'll end you for certain, O W. Goat. —*Merchant Traveler.*

A book entitled "Random Recollections of Court and Society" gives the history of a photograph of Pauline Lucca and Bismarck, which caused a great scandal: "Pauline Lucca had many admirers; the king, who was very attentive to artistes, showed her particular favor; Count Otto von Bismarck relaxed his severity before her fascinations so far that she did not scruple to lend herself to a trick played upon him, which he bitterly resented, but was powerless to avenge. He met Lucca, by design or accident, at a certain photographer's in Unter den Linden, whose Polish name had been changed by the sobriquet-loving Berlinese into Graf Photo. Shortly after, a *carte-de-visite* was privately circulated, representing the count on his knees before the prima donna. The copies were seized, the negative suppressed; but it remained proved that with or without Lucca's help a hidden lens had focused the tell-tale attitude."

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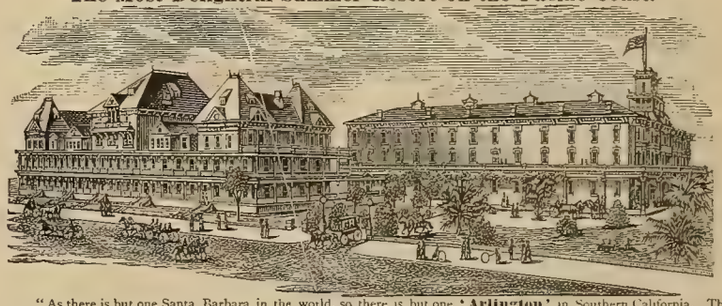

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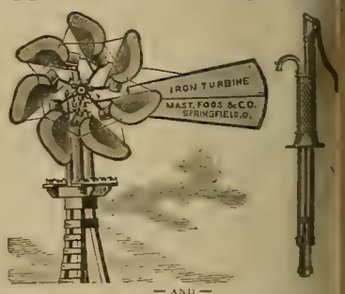

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RANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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On every side of us, throughout the length and breadth of he American continent, we observe the growth and spread of American principles. Where twelve years ago, when the *Argonaut* was first started, there was existing cowardice, here is now bold and outspoken criticism of the immigration nd naturalization evils. Discussion is now going on in reference to all the questions which we call "American," and we resume there is no man of ordinary sense who has not courge to express openly his opinion upon all matters which the rgument brings up. This is an immense step in the right irection, for there is nothing so alarming in republican government as that sentiment of fear which prevents the free disussion of all political questions in speech and type. The Church of Rome, invoking the principle that no man should e interfered with in reference to his religious opinions, took dvantage of it to carry on a secretly organized conspiracy gainst the government. The whole power and influence of Rome were enlisted for the Democratic party. The confesional and the ballot-box were closely united. The cord hrough which circulated the life-blood of Chang and Eng, he Siamese twins, was not more necessary to the life of these hen than was this tie that bound the political existence of the Democratic party to the ecclesiastical institution presided ver by the Italian hierarchy. Obedient servants ministering t the altar of its every church; hovering over the birth, watching at his side during life's hard struggle, and offering consolation, as he died, to every communicant; obtaining the confidence of youth and age; hearing from wife, and child, and ervant the secrets of the confessional; able, like a commanding general, to mass and move troops at his will—the Church of Rome became, in our government, a tremendous and dangerous political power. Through extortions demanded in the name of charity, exemptions of church property from taxation in the name of religion, separate education of its youth, canonical laws that discouraged marriage between Papists and Protestants, this politico-religious institution was creating a distinct and separate class, and acquiring vast property. The archbishops and bishops of every diocese, the head of the order of Jesuits, and the cardinals of the land are "corporations sole" for the acquisition and transmission of the vast wealth gathered for church use. By death-bed terrors, by political extortions, and a system of begging that puts to shame the mendicancy of any age, the Papal Church has secured vast wealth, which it is using for political purposes, and with a view, not of destroying our government, but of subordinating it to the Roman Church; not by tearing down the republic, but by building above it a church to which the people should be compelled to yield unquestioned obedience in civil as well as spiritual affairs. The last assumption which crowns this edifice of fraud was the dogma of infallibility. An ignorant Pope, with all the narrowness of an ecclesiastical education, and all the narrowness of Italian policy, is, by this dogma, declared to be the highest civil magistrate of all nations, entitled to control all sovereigns, to advise all parliaments, and to enjoy the right of appeal in all controversies that occur between the people and their rulers or between rulers and their priests. Under the dominion of this church, the Democratic party had fallen. Its members constituted its rank and file. Ambitious demagogues ruled the party through the superstition of its ignorant and priest-ridden masses. It was an alliance between priest and Irish party boss, that should plunder and divide; millions were stolen from New York; millions fell annually from the bedside of the dying into the coffers of the church; splendid church edifices grew up on every side; a great cathedral adorned every important city; seminaries of ecclesiastical learning, over which presided cowled monks and hooded sisters, Jesuit priests and Christian brothers; monkeries and nunneries grew thick around us in every direction; our common schools were undermined by parochial schools, and Catholic parents prevented from sending their pupils to non-sectarian institutions, under penalty of being deprived of the consolations of religion and the promises of salvation on their death-beds. This is what is going on now in San Francisco. The Society of Jesus, the Dominican Order, and the Papal Church are in possession of vast wealth; nunneries and monkeries are multiplying on every side; Romanists fill our offices, and especially those which assess our property and collect our taxes. Papal institutions and church properties are not properly taxed. Our school board has always a minority and sometimes a majority of members who do all they dare do to destroy its efficiency. An intrigue is now on foot to put the board of education under the control of Papists. The importance of this church vote is so well-recognized by politicians, that, within the last five years, the Republican party has entered into a strife to capture it. This new scheme was conceived by Mr. Blaine, and so artfully conducted that it came very near landing him in the Presidential office before it was discovered. Had he been a man of stainless political character and of better morals, he would not have been suspected till he had seized and occupied the Presidential office. The intrigue failed, and the bargain did not result in success. When it failed it was exposed, and there was nothing for Mr. Blaine to do but to use the Republican party to name another Presidential candidate whom he could control. General Harrison fills this position, whether willingly and by his consent, with an agreement to serve under Mr. Blaine as Secretary of State, no one can assuredly declare, but that this is understood by Mr. Blaine, and that he will claim the direction of the Republican administration, is evidenced by the quarrel now going on between the men known as "friends of Blaine" and Republican leaders. That this bargain has been exposed is most fortunate, and it is fortunate that its exposure has come at a time when the community is not afraid to discuss it. If it is true, it should be known. If it is but a rumored lie, it has a right to be exposed and denied. All this conspiracy and intrigue does not very much alarm or disturb us. So long as it remained unexposed it was dangerous, but the moment any conspiracy comes to the light in a government like ours, it ceases to be so. In a country whose citizens are free, and who have courage to investigate and power to correct existing evils, the Church of Rome, the Papal power, the Jesuit order, the conspiracy of priests and politicians, the bargains of demagogues, all fall harmless to the ground. America is a Protestant country, and that provision of its organic law which provides against the union of church and State is too firmly fixed in popular sentiment ever to be seriously disturbed. When this generation of foreign-born priests dies out, and the Church of Rome becomes Americanized, as it will in time, this danger will pass by. When Roman Catholic and Protestant children shall all be educated together; when Protestant and Roman Catholic youth shall be permitted to intermarry without the interference of some narrow-minded, foreign-born, and foreign-educated hide-bound ecclesiastical idiot; when common sense shall be permitted to prevail, and such ecclesiastical nonsense as for the past two years has been fighting over the salvation of the soul of Goldenson, the murderer, shall be buried heels up; when the Republican and Democratic parties shall dare to be independent of the Church of Rome; when common sense and common reason shall gain the ascendency in the counsels of the nation, this crime of political ecclesiasticism will be driven to its hiding-place. This time is speedily coming. If the American party does not become, and that speedily, the controlling political power of this Union, it will be because one or other of the great national parties shall have the wisdom and the daring to adopt the principles of the American party.

The *Argonaut* congratulates the community that it has been able to accomplish so great a reform in so short a time, and that that reform has been so complete, so thorough, and so entirely satisfactory. The Executive Committee of the State Central Committee of the Republican party—composed, we believe, of General Dimond, General William H. L. Barnes, Pierre B. Cornwall, M. D. Boruck, Colonel Jackson, David McClure, M. M. Estee, Isaac Kowalski, Moses Baum, and others acting under the immediate direction of William Higgins, Esquire, through Mr. Stepacher, its secretary—has officially announced that the primary elections of the 27th of the current month are to be conducted honestly; that all citizens who are members of the Republican party in good standing, who voted for Lieutenant-Governor R. W. Waterman at the last election, and who promise to vote the entire ticket which Mr. Higgins, with his associates, Mr. Crimmins, late State senator, Martin Kelley, and other gentlemen cooperating with him in the performance of this public duty, shall cause to be nominated, are invited to participate. There will be no sweating of the register, no stuffing of the ballot-box, no repeating, no violence or fraud at the polls; the members of the fire department, the Mint Saloon brigadiers, the lieutenants of the slums will be excused on that day from active duty, and respectable citizens will be given an opportunity of discharging their elective privilege in safety. Mr. Higgins will provide the necessary tickets, embracing the names of such citizens as he reposes confidence in, for delegates to the municipal convention, and the county committee, appointed by him, will attend to all the details of the primaries, and all the necessary judges and inspectors of election will be chosen from among his most reliable and trusted followers, who will make their returns under his personal supervision and immediate direction. Mr. Higgins consents to take upon himself the labors and responsibilities of this public duty, at his own expense, because of his earnest desire to secure a good and economical government for the city of San Francisco, where he permanently resides, and where the larger portion of his property is located. Mr. Higgins will, for the convenience of business-men, provide carriages to convey them to the polling-places he has provided, and he will see that they are supplied with tickets containing the names of such gentlemen as delegates to the nominating convention as have his entire confi-

dence, and whom he trusts to nominate a ticket composed of his best men. Mr. Higgins hopes, in this way, to correct all the abuses of a system of primary elections, which in the past have caused complaints from good citizens and unkind criticisms from the press. Republicans will have no just reason for finding fault with a primary election, in which they are permitted to take the important part of depositing in the ballot-box such tickets as Mr. Higgins shall have provided for them. Through a county committee organized by himself, and a State central committee chosen by him, and whose most efficient executive members he has designated, and whose secretary he has appointed, and who are doing their work under his immediate direction, and with this voting privilege so generously conceded to all Republicans who will vote his ticket, and pledge themselves to support the candidates nominated by him, he trusts all will be satisfied. Mr. Higgins takes this occasion to warn all good citizens who are members of the Republican party to beware of a certain "so-called" American party, composed of "political tricksters," "working for reward" and "using dishonorable" means for the purpose of perpetuating in power persons "charged with municipal corruption," and to hope that all persons familiar with the leaders of this "alleged" American party and with the deplorable condition of the municipal government will not be misled by the "absurd" professions of a "clique or faction," who well understand that the only remedy for this crying evil of municipal corruption lies, not with any "irregular" party, but with the "regular" party under his direction and supervising guidance. The *Argonaut* is proud to have drawn Mr. Higgins from his honorable seclusion at the Mint Saloon, and to have secured from him, over his own signature to an "open letter," the declaration of his disinterested and patriotic devotion to the Republican party, and accepts, with such credence as the statement is entitled to receive, that his course has been, in all respects, honorable; his conduct, in every particular, praiseworthy; that he has never divided with any one in office his salary, and never received from any candidate any compensation for his political service, and never made a dollar in politics by any indirection, and never received from corporation or individual any money for his personal use or as a reward for his party service. For the truth of these assertions he begs leave to refer to General Dimond, General William H. L. Barnes, Reuben Lloyd, P. B. Cornwall, David McClure, I. Kowalsky, Moses Baum, Jacob Stepacher, ex-Senator Phil Crimmins, Oscar Banks, and other of his intimate, personal, and political friends, who are recognized for their honorable and disinterested public service, the integrity of their past conduct, the purity of their morals, and the cleanliness of their private lives. For further presumptive proof of his own unsullied honor and the unstained record of his own personal and private career, he begs to refer to those who knew him at Sacramento, and for proof of the integrity of his political course in San Francisco, he takes the liberty of mentioning the names of John Siebe, Andrew Louderback, William Ruddick, Colonel A. L. Rockwell, D. L. Farnsworth, and E. G. Waite, while, for the correctness of his financial transactions, he offers to expose the entries in his private books if the Bank of California will make an exhibit of their transactions covering the same period of time. The *Argonaut* is proud to have been the means of relieving the respectable and decent citizens of San Francisco and the honorable members of the Republican party of the false impression that had become somewhat general, that Mr. Higgins was a "party boss"; that he was surrounded and hedged about by the vilest and most unprincipled mob of loafers and vagabonds that ever cursed a community; that this gang lived off the loot and plunder of official stealings; that it sweated money from every man aided to office by its intrigues in party management and its crimes at the ballot-box; that it black-mailed candidates for every office, from United States senator down to the equally honorable but less lucrative office of pound-master; that it sent corrupt, intemperate, ignorant, and impecunious men to the legislature, so that Mr. Higgins could handle them in the lobby and sell their votes to corporations and individuals seeking franchises or other privileges; that it stuffed primary ballot-boxes, worked repeaters, and brought out such villainous results by reason of its intrigues, conspiracies, and crimes that honorable citizens had ceased to go to the primary elections, but left this department of our administration to such gentlemen as Messrs. McCord, Gannon, Chute, Phil Crimmins, Martin Kelley, "Big" Byrnes, his gang of "rock-rollers," and other individuals of like tastes and similar pursuits, under the management, financial assistance, and moral support of William Higgins, Esquire—so long as these things are not true, and Mr. Higgins assures us that he is a citizen of good moral character, and the gentlemen who surround him are governed by honorable, and patriotic, and purely disinterested motives, it is well that the mistaken impression should be corrected and the community be put upon its guard as to the unlawful intentions and dishonorable purposes of the disreputable criminals who compose the clique or faction calling itself the American party, which sets up the lying pretension that its leaders are respectable citizens, its rank and file honest men of both parties, and that it is honorably intent upon judicial and municipal reform.

An intelligent merchant said to us, the other day, that he thought New York would cast its electoral vote for Harrison and Morton. "And how do you reason?" we asked. "On account of the tax on salt and seeds," he replied. Somewhat familiar with New York, which is our birthplace, we said: "Yes, there are salt-wells at Syracuse and at Le Roy, in Genesee County, which are, undoubtedly, encouraged by the imposition of a protective revenue tax; but New York is a grazing land, with thousands of farmers engaged in making butter and cheese. These farmers can not use the salt of Onondaga and Genesee, but are compelled to import their salt for dairy use from Liverpool. Where there is one salt-producer there are a thousand salt-consumers. Would it not be better for the dairy farmers to have free and cheap salt than to pay a duty for the protection of salt manufacturers?" Continuing, we said: "There is a community of Shaking Quakers in Oneida County who are engaged in raising seeds. We have friends in Rochester, Monroe County (Elwanger & Barry), who raise seeds, and, by the increased value of their lands devoted to the seed industry, the firm has become possessed of millions. The Shaking Quakers and the Rochester seed-growers will, doubtless, find it for their interest to vote the Republican ticket; but how will this question affect the ten thousand times ten thousand seed-buyers all over the land who buy seeds?" There is no article produced by the ordinary farmer of the North, or the grain-farmer of California, that is protected by a duty; everything he raises—almost everything—comes duty free in competition with his labor, while everything he needs, implements of farming, the clothes he wears, the harness for his horses, the vehicles in which he rides, the articles he consumes upon his table, the bags in which he transports his grain to foreign markets are all taxed. If you were not a merchant, but a hard-working farmer, would you vote for General Harrison, the lawyer and senator, and for Mr. Morton, the wealthy banker, in order that you might encourage the wealthy Mr. Oakes Ames to increase the price of shovels and hoes, and Mr. McCormick, the millionaire manufacturer of reapers and mowers, and Mr. Studebaker, who builds wagons, and the firm of Brewster & Co., engaged in the manufacture of carriages, by paying higher prices for shovels, hoes, reapers, mowers, farm-wagons, and riding vehicles, for salt to make your butter, woolens to clothe your wife, necessary articles to supply your table, and all-wool cloths to dress yourself, than you would for articles manufactured abroad? In order that the vagabond sheep-grower—who raids the mountains with his flocks, burns the forest-trees, dries up the water-sources, and, with his tramping sheep, scatters burrs and sunflower weeds over the valleys—might prosper, would you pay double prices for your carpets, woolen blankets, and Scotch tweeds for your own use? Would you, for the sake of encouraging American industries, pay fifty dollars for a shoddy suit, made on a protected sewing-machine, when you could purchase an all-wool, fast-colored, hand-tailored suit from Belgium or England for half the price? Would you prefer to sleep in the hay-mow or under a hedge rather than to repose in linen sheets, manufactured at Belfast? If you were a blacksmith, would you willingly submit to a tax on borax to encourage William T. Coleman to work the deposits of Owens Lake, in Kern County? If you edited a weekly journal of limited circulation, would you prefer soft, high-priced type, made in San Francisco, to hard, excellent, cheap type, made in Scotland, or paper, at ten cents per pound, made at Mount Holyoke, in Massachusetts, to better paper, at five cents per pound, imported from Germany? If you were a farmer, what difference would it make to you whether you were fleeced by manufacturers on the other side of the Mississippi, or the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, and what is the difference between purchasing the products of English, French, Belgian, Swiss, or German artisans—and let them stay at home—or to buy articles manufactured by German, Swiss, Belgian, French, or English, imported to the country for the purpose of manufacturing their articles and voting here? There is a great deal of humbug dealt in by politicians over this free trade and protection controversy, and the victims are the farmers and the laborers. There is very little tin mined in America, and none manufactured, yet every man that uses a tin-pan, or pot, or cup, or plate, or purchases a tin-rattle for his baby, is expected to become very indignant and think the country is going to the devil if the tin of Cornwall is imported free of duty. Free trade is one thing; a reformed tariff that corrects abuses, and brings the necessaries of life and raw materials to the country for the use of skilled laborers, and reduces the price of all manufactured articles indispensable to the comfort and happiness of the p ple, is quite another.

One is tempted to ask what significance ought to be tached to all the military and naval display which has of l become fashionable with the various great powers of Euro There are three ways of looking at the matter. One is t all these marshalings of forces, all these sham fights by and land, are purely theatrical in character, undertaken w the express purpose of impressing rival nations with a sense of respect for the power making the display, and t producing a moral effect antagonistic to war; another is t they have been undertaken with a view to give the forces gaged in the manœuvres a practical object-lesson in th strategic movements which they may at any time be ca upon to repeat in grim reality; a third, and this is perhaps most sensible view of the matter, is that the governments sponsible for these displays are making them for the pose of ascertaining, as nearly as they can, what would be probable result, in case certain hostile attacks took cer directions. The most interesting and instructive of these m conflicts recently took place off the shores of Great Britain Ireland. Several squadrons of the British Navy, including newest and most heavily armored ships of the line, such as *Benbow*, *Hercules*, *Agincourt*, and others, were detailed to t part in a mimic attack and defense of the British Isles. object aimed at was to demonstrate how far the British fl as at present constituted, would be competent to def the principal ports of entry, commercial sea-board cities, harbors where an invading force might be landed, against naval attack of a hostile power. Taking the mouth of Thames, Bantry Bay, in the south-west, and Donegal, in north-west of Ireland, as points where a foe might be li to strike, strong defensive squadrons were there massed, opposing squadrons commissioned to do their worst. upshot was by no means reassuring. The admiral in c mand of the attacking fleet, in accordance with the rules g erning such naval theatricals, managed to bring his ves round the north of Scotland, and show that the whole fl age on the North Sea was at his mercy. Accordingly, question which now perplexes England is whether her pre naval resources are equal to defending the long stretch coast line which the two islands present to an assailant. may be objected that only half of the available war-ves were detailed for defense upon this occasion, but it highly questionable whether more could be spared, in event of war, from the equally necessary duty of voy to merchant vessels on the high seas. The sl naval battles inaugurated by Emperor William and Pr dent Carnot, on the other hand, for the defense of helmshaven and Cherbourg, respectively, passed off in a hig gratifying manner for the defenders in both instances, and a matter of fact, the maritime strength of both France Germany is far greater in relation to the length of sea-bo and the volume of floating commerce requiring adequate p tection, in the case of these nations, than that of Engla Not to be outdone in the general display of maritime po Italy, too, has been manœuvring her compact, swift, a heavily-armored fleet in the Mediterranean. She at pres possesses, in the *Duilio* and *Dandolo*, the two vessels carry the heaviest guns, and running at the greatest speed, in p portion to their tonnage, of any ironclads afloat. It is v evident that she realizes how indispensable it is to her asc dency in that inland sea—where now, at any moment, m arise a conflict as fierce and virulent as the death-grapple tween the triremes of Rome and Carthage—to possess a which will make her at least even-handed on the occas Nor may the occasion be as far distant as, at first sight, pears. The Porte is groaning over the Massowah incid Still jealous of its hypothetical suzerainty over the shore the Red Sea, it construes the Italian occupation of Masso as another blow aimed at its existence as a factor in the broth hood of nations. Some affect to see, behind this pro of the Sick Man, the hand of Russia, electrified by hand of France. It is by no means improbable. Noth would give France more moral support, in her present di matic quarrel with Italy over that Red Sea port, than the as tion of an anterior claim, colorable enough to carry convic with it in interested quarters. Neither are Russian diplom so unversed in intrigue as not to appreciate the value of se ing, through Turkey, a *rapprochement* with France, whic might not have been convenient, at the moment, to recog in a more patent manner. The open avowal of an alli with France, without colorable pretext on the part of Ru could mean nothing but the gage flung down to the Triple liance, and defiance pure and simple. This Russia is not pared for. But if the alleged unalterable policy of the C of Muscovy is really the reëstablishment of the seat c Christian empire in the city of Constantine, and the unsp able Turk can be made a cat's-paw to pick the chestnuts c general European war from the fire of the Massowah incid and if, in the general hurly-burly, the long-coated, flat-cap

ops of Russia do for once camp on the shores of the Bosphorus, it may be pretty confidently predicted that that will be the only prize ticket picked out of the wheel of fortune now being whirled on the European continent.

In honest peasant owned a spacious, pleasant meadow, upon the grasses of which he fed his stock of cows and sheep, and upon the products of which he lived and raised his family. Walking in the meadow one day, he espied a vicious ass breaking down the fence, and, in attempting to prevent him from trespassing, the ass inflicted upon the peasant a brutal kick. After the ass had been driven from the meadow, where he was stealing grass, he opened his throat and mouth and bayed at the master in discordant strains. Jealous owners of adjoining fields, looking on, enjoyed the spectacle, and, laughing at the unmusical noise of the impudent and aggressive ass, came to the conclusion that the peasant should resent the insult and demand satisfaction for the affront. The peasant declined to challenge the brute, not because he feared him, but because he felt no honor could be had in quarreling with a vulgar ass. He could receive no insult from his kick and no mortification from his bray, and there could be no common weapons which could be used by man and ass for the adjustment of misunderstandings that occur between human brains and animal heels. "If I challenge him," said the peasant, "he will have choice of weapons; and should he summon me to a feast of thistles, I shall be overcome. If he asks me to bray with him at any number of paces, I shall be defeated. If he in any way demands a trial of physical strength, he will have me at advantage. If I encounter him in skill of fence, or trial of intellect, I shall be charged with being the vulgar and ignorant ass at disadvantage, and thus that I in no event come off with honor. I had better let my courage be questioned, and endure the mortification of having an ass kicked by an irresponsible jackass, rather than to recognize him as an equal by quarreling with him." Moral: Never enter into an angry newspaper altercation with an unprincipled Irish ass, because he is permitted to boss a party that you no longer belong to.

Mr. George C. Gorham has some enemies and many friends in California, all of whom are, more or less, interested to know what position he is now taking in national politics. Mr. Gorham was once the candidate of the Republican party for governor of California. He was defeated; so was Estee; so was Swift. He was once chairman of its national committee, a place now held by M. H. De Young. He was once secretary of the Republican United States Senate, a place sought but not obtained by Marcus D. Boruck. Gorham is an authority in Republican politics; he is a representative of Republican methods, and his utterances are entitled to be received as high authority. Mr. Gorham says:

As to the statement that I have declared for Cleveland, I may state that as a Stalwart Republican, who upheld Grant and Conkling against the Democratic party and its dough-faced Republican time-serving men, led by Blaine, I could and would not aid in restoring to power the petty dynasty which ruled briefly under Garfield.

General Harrison's most effective leaders at Chicago, outside of the delegate of Indiana, have publicly stated that, if elected, Harrison will appoint Mr. Blaine Secretary of State. To this comes no word of denial. The campaign is not being fought by the national committee, without reference to it. We are told that there is but one issue, and that is the tariff. Upon that subject the Republicans are asked to sustain dogmas which are as repugnant to good sense as they are to all previous acts and declarations of the party. A tariff for trusts, with incidental protection, was never before made a party test. As to the tariff, he was betrayed into the hands of his enemies by Mr. Blaine and the coterie in 1875. The attempt to Republicanize the South, by coalitions with ex-Confederate deserters from the Democratic party, was commenced in 1881, but it was defeated by Mr. Blaine and his newspaper allies in 1883. The Republican contest this year represents only Mr. Blaine, and he represents only his own appetites and that of an insatiable millionaire clients.

The Democratic party presents Mr. Cleveland, who is charged with unmanly tendency. He neither knelt or begged; he never coquetted with his opponents to defeat the measures of his party; he never periled the peace of the country to secure guano beds for his friends. If elected, Cleveland will not make an assignment of his administration to anybody.

If William M. Tweed were living, and if his sub-chief were hauling him about the country and exhibiting him as the next Secretary of the Treasury, some Democrats would revolt and wait for a better day. In the same frame of mind there are some Republicans who do not want Harrison elected bad enough to see the government placed in the hands of Blaine. They will not cease to be Republicans, but will refuse to further the programme. I am one of this class, and, therefore, unless General Harrison gives the country an assurance that he will not, if elected, place the author of the Mulligan letters and the political assassin of Roscoe Conkling at the head of the State Department, my feeble influence will be cast in favor of Mr. Cleveland.

Mr. Gorham is very frank in the admission that "he does not want Harrison elected badly enough to see the government placed in the hands of Blaine." Mr. Gorham's successor in the office of California's Republican boss—Mr. William Higgins—is directing all his power and giving the full weight of his moral, social, and political influence to the election of General Harrison.

In the summer of 1866, Frank P. Blair, afterward Democratic candidate for Vice-President, made a speech at St. Louis, in response to a serenade by a Fenian procession. He spoke as follows:

GENTLEMEN: I am with you heart and soul, and heartily say, "God bless the Finnegans!" (A voice: "Fenians, general!") I know what you are talking about, and I say Finnegans. (Laughter and confusion.) And I say that I hope to see the cause flourish and prosper, and shall bless the day when Ireland is governed by Irishmen. In accomplishing this laudable undertaking I will do all I can to assist you. I will place myself, if needs be, at your head, march with you to Staten Island, oversee your embarkation, will stand on the most elevated bluff of the coast, and, as you raise the green emblem over the stars and stripes, while your steamers, under full headway, are turning their prows to the east, I will say, "Good-by, God bless you, and may you be successful in your undertaking. May you lift the British lion out of his boots, and wrest from his grasp the emerald gem of the sea; but whether or not you shall succeed in this endeavor, may you each and all remain in Ireland, or elsewhere, and never again set foot upon these shores! You are wanted there, and we can get along without you!"

The foregoing speech of Frank Blair to the Fenian Irish was excelled, on one occasion, in San Francisco, by a gambler, in 1849, to a great Democratic meeting convened in Portsmouth Square. From the steps of the old adobe, the then municipal hall of the old ayuniamiento, a "gentleman" whose name we do not recall, addressed the assembled multitude, among whom was a large sprinkling of Irish, mostly New Yorkers, and all followers of the Hon. David C. Broderick. We can, only from memory, give the eloquent peroration of an eloquent address. After dilating upon the splendid character of our enterprising argonauts, who had dared the rounding of the stormy southern cape, the perils of a tropical isthmus voyage, and the dangers of a transcontinental passage, in ox-wagon or on mule-back, over the plains; after exhausting the inexhaustible rhetoric of "fertile soil" and "balmy clime," he attributed the discovery of America, in a time antedating the voyage of Columbus, to the Irish; to their wisdom in council and valor on battle-fields he attributed the victorious establishment of a government independent of Great Britain; to the Irish he attributed all the progress made by our country in national, moral, and political advancement, and concluded by a splendid burst of eulogium on our Irish fellow-citizens. "Who," he asked, "first discovered gold in California? I answer: the Irish. Who laid the foundation of the great Democratic party, and who compose its rank and file? The Irish. Who have filled the land with the fruits of their industry? The Irish. Who fill and successfully administer the offices of the country? The Irish. Who have wrought the great industrial achievements—who have dug our canals, builded our iron roads, cultivated our broad and fertile acres? The Irish. Who have erected our great, public, private, and eleemosynary institutions? The Irish. Who have constructed our pauper homes and built our penitentaries? I answer: the hod-carrying Irish? And who have filled them? The Irish, be Jasus; and may the devil take them." When the applause had died away and the confusion subsided, a coat-tail was seen hastily entering the El Dorado Saloon opposite.

The *American Standard* is the name of the new American paper published in San Francisco by the State Central Committee of the American party. It is under the personal supervision of Mr. D. Lambert, whose office is at Flood's building, No. 809 Market Street, Room No. 1, San Francisco. All communications, letters, subscriptions, and business orders may be directed to him. The *Argonaut* has no connection with the *Standard*, but wishes it well, and hopes that friends of the American party will encourage its distribution, and do all they can to aid it during the brief but active campaign upon which this new party has entered.

We desire to say with emphasis and for the last time that while we delight in receiving letters and communications in plain and legible hand writing, we have neither time nor inclination to decipher hieroglyphics. We do not try, and all ill-written letters and writings go into the waste-basket. And, further, if the ordinary communication is not worth copying and preserving by the author, it is not worth mailing and sending back if it is not available for publication.

The notable, though incestuous, marriage which took place at Turin recently, between the Duke of Aosta and the daughter of his sister, the Princess Clotilde, may mean much more to the political status of Europe than appears at a first glance. It is, to begin with, an event in the highest degree satisfactory to the Bonaparte family, inasmuch as it cements yet more closely the bonds of union between that family and the reigning house of Italy. In the next place, the health of the Prince of Naples, the heir apparent to the Italian throne, has never been good, and in the event of his demise without issue the succession would revert to the Duke of Aosta, or his family, which already consists of two grown-up sons. But in any case the fact must not be left out of sight that the Bonaparte family is immensely wealthy; that the colossal fortune of the Empress Eugénie will, in all human probability, descend to the children of Prince Jerome, among them the newly wedded bride; and that money is the indispensable sinew of war for revolution and intrigue. Those who are skilled at putting two and two together point significantly to the fact that Boulanger continues to intrigue and travel in a manner not certainly warranted by the modest pay of a field-officer in the French Army, and that he is at this moment at St. Petersburg, presumably with an eye to business. Nor must it be forgotten that his late adversary, Floquet, distinguished himself on the occasion of the Czar's last visit to Paris, by the suggestive cry "Vive la Pologne," almost in the very ears of his imperial majesty. To those conversant with the genius of Russian autocracy, it is not hard to comprehend how little in common there can be between the despotism of eastern Europe and the republic of the west. The Czar will, doubtless, gladly enter into an alliance with France, such as his interest points to, were the government of France different from what it is. Both Bonapartists and Royalists seem to be intrenching themselves as strongly as possible, and gathering their energies for a final spring. This last marital act, indorsed by the head of the Roman Catholic Church, flying as it does in the face of good morals, natural and ecclesiastical tradition, and the sound sense of the world at large, only demonstrates how flimsy are the scruples which bind those who consider themselves superior to law, and shows what may be expected for the fortunes of the French republic, should those who are lying in wait to overthrow it ever have an opportunity to strike.

IS LONGEVITY WORTH ITS PRICE?

By Felix L. Oswald.

Can there be a doubt that Burns and Keats foresaw the issue of their struggle against bigotry, or that Cervantes, in the gloom of his misery, could read the signs of the dawn presaging a sun-burst of posthumous fame? Spinoza and Schiller died at the threshold of their goal; Pascal, Harvey, Macaulay, Buckle, and Bichat left their inimitable works half-finished; Raphael, Mozart, and Byron died at the verge of a summit which, perhaps, no other foot shall ever approach. Who knows how often, since the dawn of modern science, the chill of death has palsied a hand that had all but lifted the veil of the Isis temple? Or in how many thousand lives time alone would have solved all discords into harmonies? An increase of longevity would, indeed, solve the most vexing riddles of existence; it would furnish the secular indorsement of Mr. Mallock's conclusion. It would give the vicissitudes of fortune a chance to assert their equalizing tendencies; it would supply a missing link in the arguments of that natural religion that thrusts the equipoise of justice in the apparent caprices of human fate. The price of longevity would redeem the mortgage of our earthly paradise. And that price could be paid even by the disciples of Epicurus. The belief in the possibility of a merry, though wasted, life has its correlative in the idea that a lengthened life must necessarily be a dreary one. Health can dispense with the alliance of asceticism. The renunciation of vicious pleasures means only the renunciation of thousands of those ills which the children of earth owe exclusively to their apostasy from nature; and that the indulgence in natural enjoyments is compatible with perfect health is proved by the longevity records of the nations that celebrated life as a festival.

The biologist Bichat, whose institutions so marvelously anticipated the conclusions of a later science, held that the normal longevity of our race should be an average of ninety-six years, basing his inference on the fact that the life-term of all known mammals exceeds at least six times the period of their growth. A dog, growing for three years, may live to eighteen or twenty. A horse, growing for four or five, attains, and often exceeds, an age of thirty years. A camel, growing twice as slowly, may live to forty years and upward. An elephant, even in captivity, does not attain its full growth before its fifteenth year, and in India often outlives two masters. Some of the larger quadrumana, likewise, grow very slowly; several varieties of baboons, for instance, do not acquire the characteristics of maturity before the beginning of their teens; and the naturalist Brehm mentions a male cacma who, after becoming the patriarch of his tribe, raided the durra-fields of the Zulu villages for nearly thirty years before he met his Waterloo in a fight with the outraged natives. The males of our own species grow for at least sixteen years, but less than one-third reach even the threefold multiple of that age, and hardly one in three hundred the normal sixfold. Attention has also to be called to the circumstance that, whether the years of Genesis may have been solar years, moons, or seasons, the genealogy of the patriarchs records a steady decrease of longevity, since the author of that record can hardly be supposed to have used, within the same chapter, two or three different units of computation.

Besides, there is an *a priori* probability that the average duration of our life-term must have been shortened by those three billion tons of virulent stimulants, which, according to Dr. Schrodt's estimate, have convulsed the viscera of mankind since the invention of alcoholic beverages, not to mention narcotic drinks, tobacco, made dishes, premature marriages, in-door life, sedentary occupations, high-pressure schools, sleepless nights, and all the fracas, fret, and factory smoke of modern city life. There is no doubt that the average of longevity has slightly increased since science has begun to dispel the monstrous hygienic superstitions of the middle ages, but it is equally certain that those superstitions enormously decreased the average life-term of earlier generations. Mental activity, under the stimulus of a fierce competition, is not specially conducive to length of life; yet a surprising number of Grecian statesmen, poets, and philosophers were octogenarians. The sun of the south did not prevent the passionate, though dietetically temperate, Saracens of Bagdad and Cordova from reaching an age which their Trinitarian contemporaries often ascribed to the machinations of witchcraft. Yet neither the Greeks nor the Moriscoes were distinguished for the practice of the ascetic virtues. They loved life for its own sake, and saw nothing meritorious in gratuitous self-denials.

Physical exercise, out-door sports, abstinence from toxic stimulants and premature incontinence, frugality in the original sense that implied a predilection for a mainly vegetable diet, and the love of mirth and harmless recreations, generally suffice to keep disease at bay, though there is also a deep significance in Goethe's remark, that perfect health of mind and body depends upon the regular, though not necessarily exclusive, pursuit of some practical occupation. Brain-workers, he thought, should follow some mechanical by-trade, and counteract the one-sided tendencies of their study by mechanical labor—say, in an amateur carpenter-shop, or a private smithy, *à la* E. J. Burritt; or, better yet, on a little farm, with a bit of live-stock and a thriving orchard. Disappointment, oft repeated, undermines health as effectually as protracted physical pain, and for the worry of the vexations incident to the complex and precarious pursuits of modern civilization there is, indeed, no better specific than the peace of a rustic garden home. Xenophon's hunting-lodge, Felix Sylla's cabbage-garden, Erasmus's green-house, the patriarch of Ferney's home-made Eden, with its pear-tree nurseries and refugee settlement, and even the woodlands and wood-piles of Hawarden, may have enabled their proprietors to outlive the rancor of their enemies, and in all secular pursuits the art of survival is a chief secret of success. Only the hope of long life, or its equivalent in fame, gives existence the value of its highest purpose.—*Forum.*

SIDE-LIGHTS ON MEXICAN SOCIETY.

I can not believe the evidence of my own sense of vision. I look again and again, incredulous, with strained and starting eyeballs. Then I drop the powder-puff and hand-glass, and give a shrill, wild shriek, that goes reverberating and echoing through the corridors of this old ex-convent, and brings Dolores, Dionysia, and Hermelinda flying down the stone staircase without instigation; while I can plainly hear that fat old Petra, the cook, comes waddling out of her kitchen up-stairs, and hangs herself over the railing between the flower-pots, to see what has happened the *niña Americana*.

"*Por Dios, niña!* what have you? have you burned yourself? have you put out an eye? have you pricked your finger?" Such are the only causes the simple serving-women can assign for my alarm, since venomous reptiles or insects there are none in this whole fair valley of Mexico; and the faithful vigilance of old José Maria, the *portero*, precludes the idea of a thief or other intruder coming in from the street.

"No, nothing of the sort is the matter; I—I felt lonely," I aver lamely, feeling assured that the whole drove of superstitious creatures would decamp from the house incontinently if I confess the truth; "go and ask the *niña* Josefita to come down here to speak to me, and at once! Tell her I am ill, and weak, and can not mount the stairs. And do you stay here, Hermelinda, with me, until she comes."

Josefita comes down at once, breaking off midway in the donning of her gala raiment. Her placid face is full of concern, and her mild, serene blue eyes are troubled.

"But, child," she says, "what is it? I was afraid all along the excitement of these *posadas* gayeties would overtax your strength."

"Excitement!" I echo, scornfully; "what is an insignificant gathering of a few dozens to my experience? I screamed, I grant you. Yes. Any woman would, I think, at looking into her mirror, whilst innocently putting on her powder, and seeing there reflected another face than her own."

Josefita scans me sharply, and, seeing I am in earnest, she goes in a most practical manner to look into the clothes-press and in every nook and corner—even under the narrow, monastic iron bedstead, free as it is from all draperies that might conceal a marauder.

"Oh, that is useless, Josefita! I turned sharp about and looked over my shoulder—there was no one in the room but me. Then I looked back at the glass, and there was the strange woman's face, as plain as ever. It was the toilet-table—the thing is bewitched!"

"You would have that one," remarks my hostess; "you do have the most inexplicable tastes with your notions for old-fashioned rubbish. But, except for its inconvenience, the stand is well enough. Your imagination has run away with you. No doubt you were composing verses, or conjuring up a fantastic story. Didn't I hear you say yesterday you are wanting money, and must write one? and you dreamed an 'incident.' Besides, you would drink *pulque* with the *huachinango* for dinner, though I have so often told you that *pulque* on fish will poison you."

I make no protest or demur; life is too short to waste time in idle discussion that can lead to conviction on neither side. Moreover, I begin to believe that I have absorbed something of the *laissez-faire* spirit of the country; so that I dismiss the subject as soon as may be, keeping close by Josefita, however, while I induct myself into such festive war-paint and feathers as are at my command, and, presently, when my hostess has also completed the toilet interrupted by my maniac yells, we go away to the Escudos.

This is the fourth night of the *posadas*, but I am not tired of them. I was much disturbed and frightened when the *mozo* of the Escudo establishment brought me a thick white missive, with its green and silver monogram, bidding me to this Christmas-season gathering, and I announced, in unqualified terms, my sentiments, and Josefita scolded me roundly. "How, then! you have declined an invitation to a house where you would have had the best of social relations? What imprudence! I know dozens of Mexican families of wealth, and of some importance, who would give their eyebrows to go there!"

"But the observances are so different here from in the United States," I protested; "I would be sure to give the wrong responses, or to stand when I ought to be kneeling. And no blunder is so unpardonable as one in connection with a religious ceremony."

Then Josefita laughed, as pitying my unsophistication. "Ah, think you, then, the Escudos are so devout and pious? But, no. These *posadas* of ours are no outpourings of saintliness; they serve as pretexts for capering and dancing. It is too bad you have thrown away the opportunity to meet so many fine people; and then the *posadas* have the characteristic color of nationality you are always seeking. Unfortunately I can take you to no *posadas*—I have not a single invitation for them this year."

The echo of Josefita's regrets has scarce died away when the trig *mozo* is back again, with another card, written in the first person and in a tone of kindly cordiality from my countrywoman, for the wife of Manuel Escudo is an American. "I had forgotten the question of a chaperon," she writes, "as you are an American. But you are very right to observe the conventions of the land we are in. Pray, convey to your hostess the card that goes with this, and expressions of my kindest regard, and make her feel how glad I shall be to see her at my house with you. The carriage shall call for you at seven." It is said that Katy de Escudo has not always nestled in the lap of luxury and refinement; that she is the daughter of a washerwoman of San Francisco, in California; that even after all these years, her social blunders would be many but for the ceaseless coaching of a reduced gentlewoman, who is nominally governess at the Escudo mansion. However this may be, the daughter of a hundred earls could not surpass her in true thoughtfulness and kindness.

Josefita is very little of a snob, but she certainly has an eye for every material and worldly advantage, and she bridles with complacency and gratification at this opening of intercourse with the household of General Escudo. It has been not a little edifying to see her take her place among the very magnificent families of the capital, this Josefita of mine, who is only a poor boarding-house-keeper, and that in a country where labor, even on the part of a man, is regarded with considerable dubiosity, and where independence and self-reliance in a woman excite quite as much alarm as wonder. But Josefita is a woman in a thousand; decades in advance of her sex and race by nature, her years of self-dependent endeavor for a livelihood have developed a strong and striking individuality, which, with her gentle dignity, makes her a very admirable person. Then her plump, neat little figure has a certain distinction, and lends its well-chosen attire a grace aimed at vainly by not a few of the aristocratic and wealthy dames hereabout.

In the other nights of the *posada*, which have embodied my knowledge of the cream of the social element in Mexico, these things have been growing upon me, and it is with a thrill of positive pride I follow Josefita into the glittering main *sala* of our hostess, and, once our salutations are made to Katy de Escudo, move to the rugs before the *Nacimiento*. Josefita is little of a *beata*, that is to say, devotee, but she kneels a moment, as I do, before this picturesque shrine. It is a rich and costly display, this objective allegory of the birth of the Saviour of men, and yet, in the main points, but a reproduction of the scene set forth in a thousand homes of the abjectly poor, where porters, hucksters, water-carriers, washer-women, lottery-ticket-sellers, ay! beggars themselves, impress upon their hearts the history of that divine passion by direct appeal to the responsive eye of the flesh. Here is the terraced mound of crisp green moss, banked on a firm foundation against one wall of the room; here are the twigs and branches that stand for trees; the figures of the three kings, the Magi, and shepherds with flocks and herds. There, at the apex, is the Virgin Mary and the reverent, reverend Joseph. As yet the image of the sweet Babe Divine is not visible; it will be added on the last night of the *posada*, at Christmas. In this *Nacimiento* of the Escudos, the trees and moss are powdered, not with flour, as in the homes of the poor, but with brilliant diamond-dust; the bits of crystal bedded in moss, to imitate lakes and pools, are here of rich plate mirror; for the shred of wick floating in oil, shining through bottles of colored water, the light here falls through tinted globes, from scented tapers; the figures of men and angels, and all adoring creatures, are not of common clay, but of wax and costly porcelain; and the stars gleaming in the vault above, of azure silk and tulle, are all of precious gems. And yet, in humble hut and lofty hall, one motive rules alike, and methinks, remembering the humble origin and lowly surroundings of Him whose birth is thus commemorated, that the poorer showing is nearer unto His likeness.

The procession is about forming. We are given candles, and we form into a double file, and are presently marching through the rooms and corridors, singing chants, and now and then pausing to utter prayers, in imitation of the movements of the Holy Family and their haltings, as they went through the streets of Bethlehem in search of *posada*, or lodging. The *cura* of Santa Brigida is with us, and he presently gives us his blessing, that the pampered bodies of these, his well-kept parishioners, may not be fatigued by too much devotion, and we disband to await the dancing.

Josefita and I seat ourselves modestly at one side; alone, but for a short while, General Escudo comes to talk to us, and half a score of others, and Roberto Cantera, the last more imposing, more impressive than ever with his rotund figure, his round, close-clipped head, his brown face, like the face, I think, of some plump Hindoo idol, and his general well-fed and complacent prosperous air. His attentions to my small, obscure, and insignificant self are to-night more marked than ever. He exerts himself to the utmost. He tells me, in his soft and mellow voice the pedigree and antecedents of the families present whom I happen not to know. He has me served with *refrescos* proportioned to his own voracious appetite—I telling myself as he devours the dainties how much I abhor a glutton; and when the "capering and dancing" begin, he insists on leading me out with a frequency that is trying. For I have a whimsical feeling that I must resemble a creature led in tow by a captive balloon; such is my ungracious and ungrateful sentiment regarding his rotund build. Yet he dances well, having the elasticity of a ball of india-rubber, and his strength of arm is great, and he whirls me very lightly. But I am a woman; and what woman, in other questions even than those of dancing, does not think more of appearance than of comfort? However, Señor Cantera is determined I shall sit out few dances, and his young compatriots, it must be confessed, do not betray unseemly haste in claiming me for a partner. It must be because I am a foreigner; it may be because I have the reputation of cleverness; for, sad commentary as it is on the calibre of musculine mentality, I have already found this attribute stand in the way of my popularity with young men. Whatever the cause, the fact remains that these young caballeros, in spite of their national arrogation of courteous gallantry and attention to women, neglect and slight the stranger in their midst, seemingly determined to condemn me to "eat peacock," as their saying goes. Sooth to say, I would not be sorry for this, but for the affront to my self love, for the youth of the national capital is about as graceful at dancing as the traditional grimalkin treading hot bricks. Even Roberto Cantera excels them, for Roberto Cantera is Veracruzano, and all *tierra caliente* people dance well.

I am destined to enjoy triumph over the *lagartijos*. Late in the evening enter a number of young foreigners, attachés of the different legations, who have been kept away hitherto by a press of business at their respective departments. I am surprised no little to see among them a friend and countryman of mine; a young fellow of ancient Knickerbocker blood, who has exiled himself to Mexico on account of some family question that seemed to menace his dignity. He has passed most of his life in Europe, and his English is by no means the strong suit among four or five languages of which he is master, yet in all his feelings and motives he is intensely American. He has some connection with the diplomatic people home, but he is poorly paid, and I certainly never dream seeing him here. Katy de Escudo must be inclined to the part of benefactress to poor but honest Americans! has been as kind to me as any brother, and I—I have re his attentions with the same languid tolerance that I h late bestowed on all things earthly.

Van looks very well in the regulation toggeries, an slim, youthful figure and quaint, gaunt blonde face excite attention among the señoritas.

He comes over to me directly.

"You are very pale," he says, with his air of practic monition, as if he were nurse and physician in one; "I order you away home to bed. You always overtask strength, if left to your own devices. But—it won't hur very much to waltz once with me, will it?"

In contrast with his dogmatic tone of a moment sinc change to boyish supplication seems very funny. I sta laughing, and we float away in time to a languid, throl sensuous Mexican *danza*. Van's ability in this line is thing supernal, and I flatter myself that I trip in time neatly. Only now and then we balance with some unu skillful couple, and I feel that no others can compare us.

Presently I stop, and say with some degree of malice think I will save my strength a little. I see two—five— of the *diplomaticos* waiting to demand an introduction, am convinced they are languishing to dance with the onl man in the room who does not try to revolve on three ent axes at once, with three diverse kinds of motion."

And it is even so. I very soon find myself engaged ter to the Europeans, and chattering to them like a little po parrot. The *lagartijos*—that is to say in Spanish the —reverence the *diplomaticos*, and they too come flocki to me in servile imitation. But I will have naught to them, remembering the bad quarter of an hour I have p among them. My little social triumph is complete. It other little social triumphs by-gone, and I enjoy it. woman who has been obscure and poor would not it?

But through it all, a vague oppression haunts me, an only now and again the vagueness changes to definitio I remember the shock I had earlier in the evening. As pain is often more wearing than an acute pang, so this di tress grows upon me until I am suffering almost unbea Van presently comes and chides me for exerting myse duly, as he is sure I am doing, from my continued which has not been warmed by the exertion of constant ing, nor by my full share of the champagne handed a between the dances. And finally, partly to silence his ence, that is like the voice of conscience, and partly fo comfort of speaking out my worry, I tell him of my "And do you know," I say with a sudden flash of perce "I do believe I feel it more keenly every time I look at Cantera. I am so sorry, for I dislike him enough a Oh, what an ungrateful brute I am to say so! He is ness itself to me—almost as good as you are," I say, feel for it is innate within me to offer to each and every n know such tribute of incense as shall grapple him to m with links of adamant.

Van looks viciously approving. It is not unpleasant t to hear disparagement of Roberto Cantera, whose fallow sands can but tantalize a young man of ambition.

"But this mystery or hallucination, whichever you c to think it, will disturb you less if you investigate it and it up. And if Señor Cantera seems associated with it, not use him as a vehicle of elucidation? It not infrequ happens that, when individual efforts are futile, the de results may be obtained through even an unworthy dium."

I look at Van in blank amazement. This practical, of-fact young fellow, the last on earth I would have s of sympathy for, or understanding of, spiritualism, my theosophy, telepathy, or any kindred subject—*he* discu thus gravely and familiarly of such matters! And, furthe plunges into such a learned disquisition on receptive m and volitional agents, the influence of mind over mind power of mind over matter, and alleged supernatural e produced by purely natural causes, that I begin to believe the Witch of Endor and the Kentucky Devil were very monplace and every-day personages.

Van's harangue has the effect, however, and I after decide that was his aim in administering it—of confusing at the same time tranquilizing me. I finish the evening's e tainment with infinite satisfaction and a flourish of trum and go home so wholesomely tired that, instead of goin stairs to sleep with Josefita, as I had meant to do, I turn my own room in the *entresol*, and creep to bed thankfully fearlessly, even going so far as to take down, sleepy as I the *rebozo* I had flung over the uncanny mirror.

And the next morning I am ready to laugh at my and am almost convinced that what I last night saw glass, for I knew that I did see it, was an optical delusio fritter away the morning shiftlessly enough, as one does a night's dissipation, and am swinging listlessly in my when Josefita makes her appearance shortly after lunc accompanied by Roberto Cantera.

I am not at all pleased with her for bringing him t private room in this fashion. There are *ante-salas* on floor, beside the great prim, tasteless *sala* up-stairs, Josefita's guests, both men and women, are in the habit ceiving their visitors. She would never have dared take a liberty with a Mexican woman. This is one of the g tous impertinences, all the more offensive for their matt factness, that Mexicans are in the habit of showing to A cans, as to a race either ignorant, or careless, or both, o conventionalities, the proprieties, the decencies even of Has some glaring adventuress gone off on a little excu with one of the ministers? She is an American—that exp it—and for all the distinctions recognized by these pe such escapades would seem to be quite the usual thing American women of the highest classes. Do the servant

one as "thou," or without doffing the hat? Oh, well! it y an American—no need to be particular.

ll of rage, as I am, I received the two graciously enough; under my own roof, and the laws of hospitality are sa-

Moreover, this interview will not improbably afford me portunity for reprisals of that vicious-courteous nature tted by the usages of society. Neither have I the slight-mpunctions of conscience about retaliating, for I know Cantera should choose to vilify and malign me, on the of this slight license, all the evidence of my austere, working life and his notorious profligacy would not pre-me from being censured, condemned, shunned as an evil by my present associates. Even Josefita would desert lthough knowing me to be as innocent as an angel, and f responsible for the situation. *Cosas de Mexico!* I understand Josefita's motives for this venture. She s to further a certain confidence and intimacy between r she is bent upon my marrying this fat countryman of who can give me wealth and position.

th to tell, I am to-day more inclined than usually to lend f to her project. My aversion of the night before has followed by its inevitable reaction—that abnormal frame nd in whose abyss of contrition so many women commit elves to sacrifices for everlasting repentance. Then, the that surrounded me at the home of the Escudos has s due effect upon me, and the light of its splendor throws blacker shadow the sordid cares that encompass me. should I continue to struggle with a hard and cruel world strength of an uncertainty? What assurance have I he man for whom I have sacrificed some of the best of my young life is not disloyal, rather than, like myself, m of treachery? Other women marry solely for money; hould not I do likewise? After all, who can answer for and affection, or even for worth and the stability or jus-worldly position? Who am I that I should constitute f a judge of this man's nobility or merit, or even of his ment? Are my standards sure to be infallible? At e can not be worse than I in my baseness of ingratitude. ling consistency and principle to the winds, silencing with tries the protests of my soul; and I coo, and smile, and ur, and flash with something of my old spirit, and Ro-Cantera gazes at me fatuously, and I trample down my ion and beam on.

the midst of it all a *cargador* comes to the door, one of blic carriers, bearing a bouquet, a stiff and formal ar-ment of the most expensive flowers in the market, mostly lias and gardenias, and knotted across them a broad rib-f the shade I wore last night at the *posada*, which Ro-Cantera then took occasion to tell me was his favorite

I understand, of course, and I can do no less than m, rapturously. Now, Dolores, the maid, has mis-he only vase in my possession, and I can not possibly ese showy flowers into the Morelia jug, undoubtedly ar-but cheap and common, into which I tuck the great es of violets and pansies that Van and my other friends me. It occurs to me that the missing vase may be be-the dressing-table, and I go to look into the corner

he humble and worthless blossoms are not deserving of held by the hands of so much youth and beauty. I gladly carpet with richest flowers the path in life of one s herself a flower," Roberto Cantera is saying in his d, grandiloquent manner.

m between my visitors and the mirror, and I can not re-eaking into a grimace, inspired by the nauseous fulsome-f my *pretendiente. The woman's face of the night be-looking back at me.* I have a sensation as if my soul, l like a tree in my body, were being wrenched out, to its t fibre, with the mighty sickness that would naturally such a process; I behold with no particular pleasure usual display of pyrotechnics, and I hear the arguments my swarms of bees in convention. I stagger a step or oward the door, and sink down helplessly, losing con-ness, and, with the last ray of perception, I hear Roberto ra say: "Her emotions have been too much for her. I have more clearly manifested my intentions. She has mbed to her suspense and anxiety."

er this, the first swoon of my lifetime, there is for me no a. I return to consciousness at nightfall, a little uncer-f my whereabouts, but resolutely declining to be moved my own room, as I remember vividly the occasion of illiant performance, and I am resolved to see it out.

e next day I am still so uncertain of balance that I re-recumbent. Van has missed me at the *posada*, and has d the cause of my absence from Señor Cantera, who not see fit to forego this mild dissipation because I have d.

n comes to me at once, and is admitted to where I re-on a couch, attended by Dolores. Naturally I relate to yesterday's occurrence, with all its attendant circum-s.

is clear," says Van, immediately, "that the apparition is ne way connected with Cantera; you had been thinking ling yourself to him—forgive me!—when first you saw esterday you approached the glass with impunity, until id so in his presence and while you were dallying with ofessions. Of what did Cantera's wife die; can you tell me

ray, hush! This sounds like Bluebeard. I daresay a can tell us. The poor lady died at the *hacienda* hing less than a year ago. A short term of widowhood? means—a long one for a Mexican. I have known very distinguished men here remarry within six, four, months of their bereavement. But you are right; we k Josefita that question."

if invoked by the suggestion, Josefita appears in the door-and she is accompanied by Roberto Cantera. This gen-n inquires for my health with so much effusion and solici-that one might fancy he had been mourning my swoon lusion and clad in sack-cloth and ashes, rather than dis-g himself in all the casual gayeties of the capital. But slikes Van's presence, and plainly shows it, enwrapping himself in the ponderous ceremonious politeness of the country.

But Van is serene and complacent, and quite oblivious to these indications. He waxes absolutely vivacious, he, the serious, the melancholy, and rallies Señor Cantera upon his devotion to society, and me upon my hypochondriacism, indiscriminately.

Then Josefita falls into the spirit of his effort, and in her turn indulges in good-natured raillery. "And how," she says, "do you stand now with the phantom? Is it that she will not allow you to rouge that you have lost all your bright color? Now, what a pity, since you must see a face in your mirror, that it is not the face of some *hacendadito!* For you, too, who like so much our dark-skinned *charros!* Never mind, let the shades be women—the men who haunt you are certainly substantial!"

"Is the señorita then *espiritista*—a spiritualist?" says Roberto Cantera; "nay, nay, never disclaim your faith. Why, at one time even I had the idea to investigate those doctrines. And this is her cabinet—her *prie-dieu* of occultism! With your license I will see what manner of dressing-table this is, that will serve such diverse purposes."

This is a very ordinary piece of furniture, such as may be seen by scores; the like is found in half the dressing-rooms in Mexico. An oblong, swinging mirror, with truncated upper corners, two long, folding arms, each holding a brass socket for a candle, and the usual shelf on top, with its indentations of various shapes and sizes for the toilet service and accessories. I was very angry with the liberty this man was allowing himself, in action, and in taking for granted my convictions against my own denial—for, up to the present experience, I have been the most skeptical of beings as to occult supernatural manifestations. But Van checks, with a look, my expression of the displeasure he can but see depicted on my too-speaking countenance.

"Now, can you conceive, Señor Cantera," he says, "a phantom more malicious and ill-natured than one which frightens a young lady at her toilet? Let it come while she is dancing, talking, at dinner, at mass, whenever—rather than while she is engaged in the enhancing of her natural graces for the delighting of our eyes—all unworthy that we are of such favor."

Roberto Cantera has laid his hand upon my table, on one of the two stays or braces that seem to uphold the shelf part. They are uncommonly thick, wide, and massive, but the work of Mexican joiners is mostly clumsy. As Roberto Cantera touches the bit of timber, it swings out sideways—he has touched, no doubt, a spring undiscovered by others—and I see it is mortised out, and the hollow is full of papers.

"Where did you get this thing?" he gasps; and Josefita answers: "I bought it at a sale at the Montepio.* The manager told me it was brought in with a quantity of furniture from an *hacienda*."

"Yes; Fuentes robbed me of this and other furniture, and sold it," says Cantera, brokenly; "here are some papers I missed and have been seeking—the papers of poor Concha—my dear, lost angel——" he stops. Once more the mirror is filled by the face and bust of a woman—the woman I have already seen, a type of Mexican beauty, albeit worn and sickly. But—was ever the like seen of humans?—from the image we at first see like a reflection, the semblance grows into relief from the surface of the mirror and detaches itself therefrom. Somewhat of misty outline appears, and, more swiftly than I am telling it, becomes the well-defined and apparently tangible figure of a woman, who floats or glides over the yard of space and stands at the side of Roberto Cantera.

He turns and looks into her eyes, stern, piteous, accusing, and then, with a cry like the tones of nothing human, he throws his arms aloft and falls to the floor in terrible convulsions.

Josefita and Van, all full of horror, bend over him. I do not touch him. I realize now what I have felt, but refused to countenance in myself, that in all my acquaintance with him my hand has never met his, in casual greeting, without a loathing shudder. And yet, in the face of such an instinct, I would have married him! To what dreadful lengths are not women carried by reaction.

When the man fell, he struck the swinging drawer, and the papers it held are scattered about us. I take one up, and mechanically open and read it, heedless of the morality or delicacy of such an action.

"With this I hide my will," it runs, in the handwriting of a woman; "the will by which, unknown to him, I have defeated the murderous motives of my husband, Roberto Cantera. He does not dream I have already executed such a document. It was made in Mexico, months since, inspired by I know not what mysterious premonition. Well for me and my kindred that it was so, for I have been here for weeks a prisoner, my life attempted almost daily. I have almost starved myself, to avoid taking the poisons prepared for me; but now Roberto has sent to his sister in Jalapa for *palo de leche*,† and in the water I drink, in the air I breathe, I shall receive that subtle poison. I pray that whosoever may find these notes will convey them to Don Gabriel Arriola, licentiate, Street of the Angel, Mexico, that he may restore my property to my sister and her childen. CONCEPCION TELLEZ DE CANTERA."

And it is I who go in person to see the famous lawyer, while Josefita and her friends are taking a howling, foaming demoniac, that was Roberto Cantera, to the Asylum of San Hipolito. Y. H. ADDIS.

CITY OF MEXICO, September, 1888.

* The national pawn-shop, whose sales are much patronized by all classes.

† A most subtle poison, produced from certain euphorbiaceous plants of the *tierra caliente*, whose use produces death or insanity. Many assert this poison to have brought about the insanity of the ex-Empress Carlotta. It is also supposed to have been administered, from political motives, to the patriotic Mier y Teran, governor of Oaxaca, whose late illness and subsequent insanity caused such profound sentiment in Mexico. The State of Vera Cruz, in particular, has known many tragic episodes from this source. The topic is, however, a dangerous one in Mexico, and the Totonac Indians, who prepare this poison, guard their secrets jealously.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How did you enjoy your trip abroad?" was asked of a New Yorker. "Beastly stupid time. I didn't see a single base-ball game while I was gone."—*Judge.*

Inskip (who is going out to see the elephant)—"Are you all ready, Tom?" *Bigbee*—"Yes; I've even got the ten-dollar fine in my inside pocket."—*Puck.*

He—"Jake, quit yer talking at the table. Now lemme ketch ye openin' yer mouth agin while ye're eatin', an' I'll send ye 'way from the table hungry."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Patient old lady (to elevator boy reading dime novel)—"How often does the elevator go up, boy?" *Elevator boy*—"It goes up at the end of every chapter, ma'am."—*Time.*

Herr von Blaiermutche—"Vell, Miss Bessie, vot you tink ov mine blaying, alretty?" *Bessie* (of Boston)—"Oh, there are no *musca domesticæ* on you, professor!"—*Life.*

Customer (to waiter)—"Some cheese, please?" *Waiter*—"Beg pardon, sir. Very sorry, sir. Cheese out, sir." *Customer*—"That so? When do you expect it back?"—*Life.*

Bobby—"I heard you say, pa, that talk is cheap. Why is it cheap?" *Father*—"Because, my son, like everything else, its price is governed by the laws of supply and demand."—*New York Sun.*

Minister—"I hope you are a good little boy, Bobby, and always mind your father?" *Bobby*—"Yes, sir; I always do what he tells me to when he begins to call me Robert."—*New York Sun.*

"Do you take instantaneous photographs here?" inquired a gentleman, the other day, in a photographer's "studio." "Yes, sir." "How long does it take you to make them?" "Ten to twelve days, sir."—*Ex.*

"I'll get even with you some day," said Dumley, in a threatening tone of voice, "and don't you forget it." "All right, Dumley," was the good-natured reply, "I will write a receipt any time you like."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Blinks—"Can't we get Jinks to join our club?" *Minks*—"Jinks has never been a clubman, but I guess he'll be willing to become a member in a month or two. He was married last week."—*Philadelphia Record.*

If there is anything that makes a thrifty Yankee mad it is to have a checked satchel, worth, with contents, about five dollars, turn up just after he has put in a lost baggage claim for fifty dollars.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Visitor—"You have been unfortunate, my friend?" *Convict*—"Well, I dunno; I robbed a bank of twenty thousand dollars, and only got three years for it. That's more money than you can make in three years."—*Time.*

Customer (to bird-fancier)—"My wife wants a parrot. What's the lowest you will take for that bird?" *Bird-fancier*—"Fifty dollars, sir, is rock-bottom." *Parrot*—"Come off, you've tried to sell me for twenty!"—*Life.*

At the police court. The judge questioning a witness: "Your name?" "Josephus Horther." "Your age?" "Forty-three." "Your profession?" "Dramatic author." "That is not a profession—it is a disease."—*Truth.*

Mrs. Flysparrow (to new acquaintance)—"You seem to be an inveterate lover of the weed, Mr. Nicotine. May I ask if your father smokes?" *Mr. Nicotine*—"I trust not, madame. He has been dead some time."—*Town Topics.*

Old lady (to despondent small boy)—"Why are you not playing ball with the other little boys, sonny?" *Small boy* (with tears in his eyes)—"De empire fined me fi' cen's yistiddy fer back talk, an' dis mornin' I got my release from de club."—*Epoch.*

Weinstein—"Sandmeyer, I vas in luck." *Sandmeyer*—"How vos dot, Ikey?" *Weinstein*—"I hof bin occepted py Guggenheimer's widow! Mose Guggenheimer vos yust my size, and you know vot a wardrobe dot feller had, Yakey."—*Time.*

Mulatto customer—"See heah, boy! you ain't got dem shoes half black enough. What's de matter wif you?" *Bootblack*—"Well, yer see, boss, I like to have everything straight, and if I make dese shoes any blacker it'll make yer complexion look seedy."—*Puck.*

Young man (to editor)—"Did you receive a poem from me, sir?" *Editor*—"I believe I did." *Young man*—"After looking it over, were you able to do anything with it?" *Editor*—"Yes, I had just strength enough left to throw it into the basket."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Clarence, dear," said the girl, anxiously, "what in the world do you suppose papa wouldn't say if he knew that you drank beer? You know how very strict he is." "But he doesn't know it, darling," responded Clarence, reassuringly; "we had a drink together to-day, and we both took whisky."—*Life.*

Citizen (to Uncle Rastus)—"You seem to relish that melon, Uncle Rastus." *Uncle Rastus*—"Yes, sah; it am one ob de fines' Ise ett dis yeah." *Citizen*—"But you are not looking well." *Uncle Rastus*—"No, sah; I don' feel wery peart, fo' er fac'; I 'specs it am de millyun I ett las' night."—*New York Sun.*

Old lady—"Why are you not playing ball with the other little boys?" *Little boy*—"I muffed er fly in de lef' field, an' de capt'n chucked anodder feller in me place." *Old lady*—"I wouldn't watch them play if they treated me like that." *Little boy*—"I ain't watchin' 'em play; I'm waitin' till de game's over ter lick de capt'n."—*New York Sun.*

"Yes, father," he said, to old Mr. Hayseed, "I've graduated, and my education is complete. I s'pose I know about everything. Now I must choose a field where my abilities can be used to the best advantage. I want a large field where I will have plenty of room." "Son," replied the old man, "there is the ten-acre corn-field, and you kin have it all to yourself."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Woman—"You are not quite as well-dressed as some of your professional brethren who stroll this way." *Tramp*—"No, I'm looking less natty than usual to-day. A barbed-wire fence ahead and a dog behind, madam, is a combination hard on clothes." *Woman*—"I s'pose so. Do you want a needle and thread?" *Tramp*—"I would prefer a sheet of fly-paper, if you have it."—*Time.*

Rev. Charles Poundtext (who has been writing his sermon, looking up suddenly)—"Maria, will you take the children out of the room for a few minutes?" *Mrs. Poundtext* (in surprise)—"Certainly, my dear. But—are they annoying you?" *Rev. Poundtext*—"Not at all; but I have just dipped the muclage-brush in the ink-well, and I would like to be at liberty to make a few remarks."—*Life.*

Robinson—"You are a fine chess-player, aren't you, Dumley?" *Dumley* (with a slight cough)—"Um—oh, no, not a fine player; oh, no—um." *Robinson*—"I saw you and Brown playing together; what kind of a game does he play?" *Dumley*—"Beautiful. There are not many chess-players who can best Brown. Why, I had all I could do to beat five games out of six."—*New York Sun.*

Mr. Shentpershent (at hotel table, a summer resort)—"Mein cracious! Isaac, you little vool! Vat vor you ask for bret?" *Little Isaac*—"I vant bret mit my meat, fadder." *Mr. Shentpershent*—"Shust bear dat! He vants bret ven bret sell for only fife cents a loaf, an' he gan't eat a kavarter off a loaf, an' I pay fife tollars a day at dis hotel. Here, Isaac, eat dis bottle off olives. Dey cost von tollar a bottle."—*Cartoon.*

Quibble (entering the office of his friend Coke)—"I say, Grotius, my correspondence is growing so, lately, that I've got to get a type-writer. What kind would you recommend?" *Coke*—"Um—I believe your engagement to Miss Jones was announced a month ago?" *Quibble*—"Yes." *Coke*—"Then, Puffy, my boy, if you don't want to have a little breach-of-promise case of your own on the calendar, you'd better get a boy of eighteen or so."—*Puck.*

BABYLON IS EMPTY.

"Cockaigne" mentions the Millions Left Alone in London.

London is painfully empty just now. Everybody who can go is away somewhere or other, and the West End streets are deserted. The clubs are shut up, undergoing their annual cleaning and renovating; the pavement of Pall Mall is torn up, and the sidewalks are barren of the throngs of idle, well-dressed men in high hats, tight coats, wide trousers, and white "spats" over thin boots, who, less than three weeks ago, gave this part of town the character which distinctively marks it every season. Walk along Pall Mall or St. James's Street, and nowhere will you see the natty, smart young men of a month ago sauntering up or down club steps, or the neat, well-preserved, and well-fed old gentlemen peering out of club windows. The parks are given over to the tramps, the "unemployed," and the disreputable portion of society-at-large, who lie full-length on the grass, basking in the sun, or sit on the benches, smoking foul pipes. I walked through St. James's Park the other afternoon, down to Buckingham Palace. Not a vehicle deserving of the name of equipage did I see. The grass sward within the iron palings looked like the scene of some gypsy encampment, with idle men and women sitting and sprawling here and there. The sentries marched silently up and down before the high iron fence of the royal residence, guarding a tenantless palace. As I walked back through the court-yard of St. James's Palace to Pall Mall again, I encountered one solitary officer of the Guards, in full uniform, hurrying past the sentry. He looked ashamed of himself. He was in command of the detachment on guard, and there was nobody to guard. His bright-red coat and heavy bear-skin hat looked out of keeping with his surroundings, and he returned the elaborate salute the soldier gave him with a bored wave of his hand, and got out of sight into the guard-room as soon as possible. Marlborough House and the Marlborough Club languished in a state of utter uselessness. Their master, like the upper crust of his future subjects, was many miles away in a foreign land, going through his annual course of waters and general plan of recuperation at Homburg. There are some people who wonder at you, and will ask you what you mean when you say that London is empty. "There are loads of people left," they will tell you; "I see no difference in the crowds in the streets. Who is gone?"

I do not know if you can answer such people better, or give them a more complete explanation, than by simply saying:

"Tummy."

Of course they are supposed to know who "Tummy" is, or your laconicism will be thrown away. However, if you substitute "The Prince" it will do just as well. By-the-bye, one of the London weekly society papers will persist in calling him "Tum-Tum." Perhaps it is not of very great importance, but nevertheless, even in small matters, it is just as well to be correct. "Tum-Tum" is wrong. The Prince of Wales is called "Tummy," and the nickname has reference to his abdominal prominence, nothing more. There is sense in "Tummy," and no point at all in "Tum-Tum."

But to return. It is quite true that the Prince of Wales's absence from London leaves a temporary blank which is equivalent of itself, irrespective of consequences, to emptiness. The fashionable world follow his lead as slavishly. I expect if his royal highness were to take it into his head to remain in London during August, and to pass his time making balloon ascents, not only would all the watering-places at home and the "springs" abroad have to go into bankruptcy for want of patronage, but "society" would flock back like sheep at their master's command, and the sky would soon be darkened with balloons. It does not matter what it is—let the Prince of Wales do it. That is enough. Everybody at once goes and does, or tries to do, exactly the same. Just at present he is surrounded by followers at Hombourg. Not only his own countrymen do this, but the way Americans dog his footsteps is astonishing: Not counting all the others, there are said to be half a hundred American belles there, all, of course, courting Tummy's notice. This year his running down has grown to such proportions as to make it ludicrous, were it not disgusting. Foreigners like to meet him on the continent better than at home. If he takes a fancy, he can pay more attention to the object of it, not only away from the eye of the queen and the princess, but beyond the reach of the society papers. The Prince of Wales in Hombourg is a different man from what he is in England. He himself enjoys the freedom from restraint, and that of itself, I doubt not, does him as much good as the pine baths and tumblers of nauseous waters before breakfast. One of his favorite pastimes is to saunter leisurely into a shop by himself. He knows pretty well by this time how soon the shop will be full. One by one the ladies drop in, each in search of some article unthought of ten minutes before. When he has got them all in, he tells them to choose any thing they like, and he will pay for it. One afternoon, he gave sun-umbrellas all around. It costs him something, but he likes it. I wonder what other man there is in the world who could do that sort of thing without giving offense? From him it becomes an honor. It is not every present-giver, either, who lets the recipient select the gift. The pleasure of his stay at Hombourg this year has been considerably marred by the daily fear of the arrival there of the Dowager Duchess of Montrose and her boy-husband, Mr. Milner, who are having their May and December honeymoon on the continent. I saw a lady friend a day or two ago, who had just got back from Ouchy, near Lausanne. She told me she had met the duchess and her youthful spouse there. The duchess's hair was dyed a most brilliant yellow, a color which, in combination with her red face, was suggestive of a field-marshal's uniform more than anything else. An amusing little *contretemps* occurred at the hotel, in the hearing of the whole room, at breakfast one morning. An elderly English lady, the wife of a retired trunk-maker, had been thrown next the duchess at the *table d'hôte* once or twice, and, not knowing in the least who the duchess was, she thought she was only doing a very kind thing by a fellow-countrywoman in trying to be attentive and civil. The duchess was very distant and scarcely answered the kind old lady when she spoke.

"She is only very shy," thought Mrs. Trunk-maker; "I don't mind that, not I."

"It does me good to see you both," she went on to the duchess.

No reply, but a cold, annihilating stare.

"I never saw a young man so attentive. (The duchess winced.) Why, he never leaves you a minute. In these days it's an uncommon thing to see."

Still no notice.

"Now, there's my Johnny," persisted the good woman; "he's not quite so old as your young 'un—he was twenty last birthday—but no power on earth could get him to go about with his mother like your boy does. What, going mum? I 'opes he'll always be as good." COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, August 30, 1888.

OLD FAVORITES.

Caius Cæsar.

I am the monster Caius, loathed of men—
Him whose foul record women may not read.
In distant Gaul, an altar to the gods
Attests the mother-pangs that brought me forth.
As I should prove a boon to move them thanks.
My father bred me soldierly in camps;
And the small jack-boots gave my childish name
Caligula. That father, in the East,
Sickened with secret poisons. Ye remember
How wild his widow bore the funeral urn,
Landing at Cyprus? Dark Tiberius then
Drew his death-circle slowly round our way.
My mother, struggling longest, fell at last.
Two brothers followed—one by hunger's woe;
One by his own resolved hand escaped
The hangman's noose, and hooks of infamy.
But I, surviving, kept the tyrant's side
So near, he could not spring to strangle me.
Slowly he recognized my crafty soul,
Knew me his master in all shameful arts,
And, having lopped the fair limbs from the tree,
Left me for the blood-blossoms I should bear,
And fruit of death. At first I only aped
His outward fashions; then I learned his thoughts;
Then his malignant madness seized on me,
And made me like him. Dying as he lay,
I forced the cushion 'twixt his gaping jaws,
And sped his flight from earth. That was, at least,
A service. Could I catalogue my deeds,
Thou couldst not stay to hear them. Hell itself
Swoons at the fatal tale, and cries, "Away!"
My royal ways were tapestried with blood;
First my young brother's, followed by a train
Of ghosts that might become imperial race.
I snatched from new-wed souls their nuptial joys,
And flung them back, disfigured to disgust.
So monstrous and unnatural my lusts,
That the dark horror of the Cæsar's name
Banished the blushing rose of modesty,
And set a ghastly pallor in its place.
My victims were not rashly sped to death,
But tickled with such agony of pain
As gave the stab of dissolution price.
These pleasures wearied, when the thirst for gold
Set in, as cruel and more terrible.
I wrung the hand of toil, whose wretched pence
Gained too much honor in my haughty use.
I saw that vice had profit; wherefore then
I planted it, and gave it ministrance,
As one should tend a vine of fiery growth,
To madden others, and enrich one's self.
To coin, coin, coin, from every bosom's life,
Became my master-thought. Nor was there rest
When darkness hid the busy threads that weave
The color and consistence of men's days.
My dreams were brief. I walked the silent halls,
And plotted murder till the morning came
That made it easy. When I clasped a neck
Close to mine own, I whispered, "Love me well,
Since this fair throat is mine to cut or keep."
All attributions to myself I drew,
All powers, all pleasures, all magnificence;
I clothed in silks and plumes and gems confused.
Now as a woman, now as a man, I walked,
Now as a god, with beard of wroughten gold;
And no one chid me—no one showed a chain,
Or frowned, or threatened as I passed his way.
Beauty was peril—the fair locks of youth
Were shorn to honor my denuded front.
Where one stood eminent for strength and grace,
I marked him, and the hangman had his word.
Thus did my rivals vanish. All the while,
The slow death ripened in yon treacherous skies,
That looked so blandly, till one burning noon,
All Rome being gathered at the circus sport,
Loosed the swift hand that smote me. As it fell,
A score of poniards, like a shower of stars,
Glittered before me: death was everywhere;
And, hacked and hewed like Julius, I went down.
One shout, the uplifting of a sea of hearts
That praised the gods, was my last sign on earth.
The night before the end of all things came,
I dreamed I sat beside Olympian Jove,
And, reasoning as an equal, blazoned forth
Designs and deeds. "Thus have I done, and thus;
From mine own will, the perfect law of earth.
Hast thou no joy in my magnificence
That goes abroad so glorious, like to thine?
Look at my costly tunic, broidered robe,
Beard of pure gold, and blazing diadem!
Think of my pleasures, boundless as thine own;
My power, like thine, unquestioned, flinging down
Death, and a thousand deaths, for one caprice.
I claim celestial triumph at thine hands:
Here shall they crown me, equal to thyself."
And in my heart I pondered, "Why not greater?"
Thereat the Immortal's front grew dark with wrath,
And, with one sudden spurning of his foot,
He sent me down to earth, precipitate.
Even on this wise, the morrow showed my fall;
But I am now where lower depth is none,
Nor light of Jove, nor human countenance.
Only a company of crowned ghosts
Fill up the void with wail that never tires,
Who, with a drunken madness like to mine,
Dreamed they were gods, and, waking, were not men.

—*Julia Ward Howe.*

The greatest span of a cantilever bridge is that of the Forth Bridge, which will be finished in October, 1889. It has two of seventeen hundred and ten feet each. Its extreme height will be three hundred and sixty-one feet above high water, the foundations going ninety-one feet below high water.

M'ALLISTER'S CCCC.

The New York "World" tells how he Controls Them.

Mr. Ward McAllister has been regarded, for many ye now, as the leader of New York society. Since his decl tion made last spring, however, that New York society made up of four hundred men and women, he has been m familiarly known as the Leader of the Four Hundred. McAllister is the leader of New York society in a wholly publican sense. He holds great power, it is true, but power is placed in his hands voluntarily by his constitue and is constantly exercised in their interest

For all practical purposes it may be assumed that men and women who attend the three Patriarch balls gi during the winter at Delmonico's, constitute New Y society. There are New York society people who do not tend these entertainments, but the statement, nevertheles substantially true. The balls are given by fifty representa New York men. In the majority of cases, the men are he of representative families. In a few cases the subscrib are bachelors or widowers. The fifty men may be sai give the balls for the reason that they pay for them. T pay a subscription of one hundred dollars each. The th balls therefore cost five thousand dollars. Mr. McAllister ceives and disburses this money. The balls are the m important social events of the season, and other society en tainments are, for the most part, dated and arranged with erence to them.

The Patriarch balls being society, Mr. McAllister may counted a leader, therefore wielding great power and influe because he personally issues all invitations, and in this wa virtually in a position to make up society. That is to say controls the newer and more uncertain element. The posi of the established members of society is, of course, n questioned. Each subscriber is entitled to nine invitati He writes out the tickets and forwards them to Mr. McAllis who approves them, or, at his option, exercises a veto in suance of what, in his best judgment, the situation dema He does not draw the lines too severely, and yet has very cided views as to what society requires of anybody belon to it. He is by no means entirely in sympathy with the m ment which has been gaining some strength in New Y within the past two years, and which tends toward social clusiveness. His career as a leader has not been altoge unmarked by dissatisfaction, and even by revolutions. deed, a few years ago, a number of society ladies rose u arms against him, and organized a rival series of subscrip balls, but these have now lost whatever success they wo reason of their novelty, and Mr. McAllister's position is to much stronger than it ever was.

There are two characteristics of his conversation w are worth noting. One of these is the knowledge which displays of the genealogy of New York families, and, ind also of Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore families, which marriage or otherwise, have any connection with New Yo social history. His knowledge of genealogies is alt equaled by his knowledge of the *cuisine*, and naturally latter is a favorite subject for discussion.

Of course, there are a great many people eager for an trance to New York society who know that Mr. McAllist a leader, without knowing exactly what his position is regard him as a final appeal, and apply for admission to social heaven as though their fate rested entirely in his ha Millionaires, who have come to settle in New York, been known to pay him very remarkable attentions. T have approached him in every way. But it is scarcely ne sary to add that, unless these applicants have legitimate cla to recognition, which the society whom Mr. McAllister re sents would accept, persuasion, argument, or temptation but little effect.

As to what qualifications a man or woman must possess secure an entrance into New York society and stay there the entrance has been secured, all that can be said is society renews itself. Its members are chosen by secret lot, but the ballots are nowhere and never deposited. grounds for selection in one case and for rejection in ano have never been formulated and probably never will be. tain qualifications are necessary, which can be named. there are many who have the qualifications of wealth, family, intelligence, and culture who nevertheless fail of a definable something which is necessary to procure them mission. On the other hand, there are many who have all these qualifications, and very little of any one of them, are in the swim and cut a decidedly prominent figure. would suppose that all the members of a single family w stand alongside of each other so far as social requirements But in point of fact there are cases where the sons of York families are everywhere accepted where the daug are persistently kept out. Even more often are girls in so who are brilliant successes, while their brothers, their mot and their fathers are invited nowhere at all. Again, man these young men and young women marry and disappear f society, and are never heard of again in any social connec The reason for this of course is obvious. Married people go into society must have money enough to support an es lishment and entertain the social friends and acquainta who entertain them. No entertainment is expected at hands of a young man except an occasional theatre party. haps, and none at all at the hands of a young woman. other conditions are favorable, all that the young woma quires is a few becoming gowns, and all that the young must possess is a dress-suit.

Young Emperor William is said to have paid special h to Herr Von Treitschke, who, in writing the history of F erick the Third, said: "In his long and silent life the Em Frederick got out of touch with modern ideas, and bec incapable of following the thoughts of the present gener to that degree that his short government was one of the deplorable episodes of our national life."

VANITY FAIR.

The following curious paragraph—the first mention we have n of the "letter from eminent American ladies"—is from l London *Times:* "A number of eminent American ladies, luded by Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Garfield, have addressed open letter 'to Japanese women who are adopting foreign ss.' The writers say that as Japan is rapidly taking rank h other nations of the earth in all that pertains to western lization, it is not strange that foreign innovations have at reached woman and her attire. If the ladies of Japan e made up their minds to adopt western female dress in its irety it would be useless to urge them not to do so, but the iters of the letter are anxious that they should first know t those who have studied the subject hold that there is at need of improvement in certain particulars. From the adpoint of beauty, grace, and suitability (the letter goes on), panese dress, modeled after the best Japanese standards, is h elegant and refined, and it would take years for Japanese ies to adapt themselves and wear with equal grace a tume to which they are entirely unaccustomed. As to nomy, European dress, with its ample skirts and trimgs, requires a large amount of material, and even if native ffs are used the expense of the costume will be greatly inased, to say nothing of the change and expenditure in house-d furniture necessary if western dress be adopted. Foreign pets, chairs, and tables must be added to foreign dress and es, and Japanese household interiors, now held up to the ld as models of grace, simplicity, and harmony, will e to be entirely remodeled. But it is to the relations of ign dress to health that the attention of Japanese ladies is ecially directed. Heavy skirts, dangerously close-fitting ss bodies, 'the insidious custom of wearing corsets, far re direful in its consequences than the Chinese custom of pressing the feet of women,' are all commented on. Some the writers think that the charge of immodesty sometimes de against the present Japanese dress could be met by the lition of underclothing."

From the following remarks in the New York *World* it ld seem as if there had been a recent revolution in fem-e fashions: "They all, both silly and sapient, had grand drobes built out of purple and scarlet and fine trimmed n when the season began, but the wise virgins packed irs in boxes and crossed the seas withal to dazzle the tishers with transatlantic splendor. Then, when the Lon-season was done they fetched a compass into Paris and the men of that place and the women to make their ny changes of raiment, so that neither Solomon, in all his ry, nor even his wives, in the latest fashions of Tyre and on, were arrayed like one of these. And then they took to America that they might partake of certain delectable umn festivities at Newport and Lenox. Now, these fool-virgins who have remained on this side, and who have n those original gowns all the season, are suddenly treated an influx of wiser females fresh from the other side, who ne clad in the very newest, crispest of French toilets, made ording to the very latest and most Directoirish fashions. e result is anything but pleasant. They feel that they look vdy and behind the times, and, after one look to see just v these new gowns are made, the stay-at-homes have n rushing into town and hauling their dress-makers over coals, and all the New York modistes have been suddenly nged up to their elbows in autumn toilets. Meanwhile, travelers are calm, and placidly skim the cream off the umn fun, having their minds free of dress-making cares, h a joyous consciousness of trunks and trunks full of cos-es, complete even to the last glove-button.

"Most of these Parisian creations, when they do see the it, are found to be of the Directoire period, or rather they ge from late Marie Antoinette to early Victoria, covering a iod from 1790 to 1830, and including the incroyable coat l the Lady Nelson leg-o'-mutton sleeve. The waists are rt, and the bustle—the dear old bustle of these ten years l more—has, like the Boojum, 'softly and silently vanished ay.' The more conservative and elderly women wear a d ghost of the once reigning tournure in the shape of a sin-small reed and a small, a very small, hair-cushion; but younger folk have decreed that the *roi* should be unmis-ably *mort*, and that long coat-tails must reign in his stead. all these Directoire gowns the effort is to make garments y clinging and narrow, and the petticoats beneath have, in sequence, lost their starch and wilted like a flower. In-d, Kate Phillips, the English dress-maker, declares that st of the women who come to her now to be fitted are ssed from top to toe in silk. This is the way an ultra-hionable New York woman dresses herself to-day. First on a pair of silk jersey drawers that do not reach to within ee inches of the knee and fit over the hips without a wrinkle. ey are so soft and fine that they could almost be crumpled into one hand, and are tinted all sorts of delicate colors, e the leaf of a pink tea-rose, the pale, early green of spring ves, or the blue of the morning sky, but the more fastidious men always have preferred white for undergarments, and so se are probably a lovely shade of ivory. There is drawn r the head a little silk-knit shirt, that clings to the body hout a fold anywhere, and is fastened around the shoulders h a narrow white ribbon. Over this goes the white silk set that molds the figure into shape, and lastly a petticoat flat plaits of the finest and softest India silk laid to a smooth ce. The stockings are of gray silk as fine as a cobweb, d above the knee with jeweled garters, and this dainty nale's feet are shod in gray suède shoes, soft and smooth, ing like her gloves. Then she is ready for the Directoire wn, which will be something like this: A skirt of pale arl-colored crêpe, crimped in the tiniest loose plait from the ist down. The incroyable coat has immense pointed lapels d swallow-tails down to the edge of the skirt behind. It is ide of gray-green brocade of an exquisitely soft shade, and hangs open in front, each edge having a row of big oxidized silver buttons, which are also on the deep square cuffs of the sleeve. A double-breasted waistcoat, also with deep-pointed lapels, is of striped gray and green silk, with buttons of the same sort, but smaller in size. A huge cravat of the gray crêpe is tied in a big bow under the chin; a tall gray hat, with narrow, straight brim and square crown, is covered with green plumes, and the costume is completed with gray suède gloves and one of the long incroyable walking-sticks which are being shown now in the shop windows on Broadway. Mrs. Langtry for some two years past has been using this sort of silken underwear, as her steadily increasing embonpoint has made it necessary that to her outline not a hair's-breadth should be added. She stood this influx of well-gowned women as long as she could, and then she suddenly sailed away to get herself some good gowns too. Apropos of her clothes she is the best-dressed actress in the world, for she wears as magnificent costumes off the stage as on, and that is what none of the others do."

The hats for this winter (says *Town Topics*) are, in some respects, rather different from those now in use; just enough so, in fact, to make present styles appear *passé* when brought into close contrast with the new importations. Thus, the *toques* have longer oval crowns, which will bring them further down on the back of the head; and this suggests a different arrangement of the hair, and a possible return to the long soft loops and braids, which come low down on the neck. If this means the disappearance of the Psyche knot, let us rejoice with exceeding great joy; for, however graceful and classical this arrangement may appear upon a marble statue in clinging Grecian drapery, there certainly never was a more unsightly protuberance invented for the head of a tailor-clad, modish, nineteenth-century woman, and especially an American, for there is not one in a score who has the severely regular features which make that kind of coiffure possible. Yet, with her usual senseless disregard of what is individually becoming, and in her desire to be in the latest fashion at all hazards, feminine America has pretty generally adopted the Psyche; and the effect has frequently been utterly ridiculous. As, for example, when this tight little knob projects like a five-inch bell-handle from the back of a head of which the most prominent frontal features are staring, wax-doll eyes, a pert little turned-up nose, and pouting, babyish mouth. Nothing more absurd could be imagined, unless it is the occasional conjunction of the Psyche knot and spectacles on the person of some stern and angular female.

Fashionable girls in New York are apparently gone daft on the question of square shoulders. Anything to equal the pose young women now affect, is difficult to imagine. While they are on their feet they are beautiful to look upon, and beyond criticism or cavil. It is when they are seated that the great and glaring flaw of the present artificial and fashionable construction of the American young girl becomes evident. While they succeed in holding their shoulders back, it is impossible to keep the neck at the same angle, when seated, unless their faces are held at the same level as the floor. Hence, their heads necessarily droop forward, leaving a long and noticeable distance between the neck and the back of the high collars. It gives the effect of cut-throat suffering. But it is remedied when the girl leans forward again, or rises to her feet. Then everything fits in with the correct and shapely beauty that is the second nature of America's most beautiful and famous product.

Concerning "English and American Manners," the Berlin *Gazette* says: "The American gentleman of high social position is, as a rule, thoroughly polite and considerate in his manners. An English gentleman of the same class is infinitely ruder when he wants to be, although no one can be more elegant when the humor suits him. An Englishman considers that whatever he does is right; the fact that he does it makes it right. Americans are modest in this matter, and are willing to govern themselves by certain rules of polite society. Englishmen draw lines, and expect every other nationality to respect them. I have heard anecdotes that it would seem almost impossible to believe, illustrative of the rudeness of the English gentlefolk. I have never been able to make up my mind whether this rudeness of speech comes from an intention to be rude, or merely from plain speaking. I heard a foreigner, not an Englishman, say at a lady's table that he would take some more of the soup, because he knew that it was good, and he did not know whether the dinner that followed would be; when he had a good thing he wanted to make sure of it. His wife expostulated with him in a playful way, but he replied indignantly that he was not a hypocrite, that he was simply honest. I sometimes think that this is the motive that impels some English people to say the unpleasant things that they are so fond of saying."

To ride alone on horseback was considered a few centuries ago an exclusively masculine prerogative; and when ladies rode, they were doomed to jog along seated on a pillion behind a man, to whom they clung to retain their seat. The idea of royalty on a pillion is so droll that it is difficult to realize the fact that Queen Elizabeth rode on state occasions in this dual fashion behind her lord chancellor through the streets of London, though doubtless the public opinion of that day saw nothing undignified in a practice which so admirably typified man's protecting strength and woman's clinging weakness. But, in an age when noble ladies learned Greek and Latin, it is not unlikely that a mental revolt against the pillion had begun, and the queen may probably have only been influenced by precedent in her adherence to an unpalatable custom. But even when, in later days, the side-saddle had been generally substituted for the pillion, riding seems to have been generally considered an unfeminine recreation. Moralists in the *Spectator* bitterly inveighed against the audacious Amazons in Hyde Park, who outraged every rule of feminine propriety by wearing a masculine cravat and hat, and a habit that bore a close resemblance to a man's coat. The graceful equestrians in Rotten Row little think of the odium their ancestral mothers incurred by doing that which they now do, with not only masculine sanction, but approval. The unfeminine Amazon in the reign of Anne has become in Queen Victoria's reign an ideal of feminine grace, enhanced by physical courage; and her deeds of prowess in the hunting-field have obtained from time to time an honorable mention in some public print. The latent possibilities of the future, which such a revolution in opinion so strikingly displays, warrant the inference that feminine domestic virtues are no more entwined with the preservation of the present disabilities of sex than with the use of the long-discarded pillion.

There is a small set in Guatemala to-day who are so careful of themselves that they seldom venture on the sidewalks, and fortunately for them they have saved enough of their inheritance to enable them to keep carriages. Confinement to the house seems to make them bashful, and when they are actually caught outside they blush and bow; then comes a shower of Spanish compliments and they pass on. They have little receptions and entertainments among themselves, and so rigidly do they adhere to their "blue book" that only kings and presidents can hope to secure invitations, if not of their set. The other day a foreign resident of many years in the country, said that when he went to San Salvador about thirty years ago, a young man calling in the evening was expected to bring a bottle of wine or whisky in his pocket, so that the expense of entertainment should not always fall upon the parents of the young ladies. But times have changed, and nowadays it would be regarded as an insult should the swain bring his liquors with him, though his face expresses a desire for the return of the good old days when asked to take lemonade.

Mr. Gus Pfizer, the most variously and artistically dressed young man at Long Branch this year, is a humorist of no common accomplishments. Brilliantly borrowing an idea from Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," this ingenious young man engaged the services of an Italian organ-grinder from New York about this time last year, dressed him in the very latest fashion, took him down to Long Branch, and introduced him on all hands as an Italian count. The organ-grinder's swarthy complexion, brilliant black eyes, handsome mustache, and broad shoulders immediately became the rage. He was invited everywhere, his unconventional manners were extolled on all sides, his broken English was voted as altogether charming, and, in short, he made a most emphatic social success, and was the biggest kind of favorite among the ladies. Mr. Pfizer now denies that he attempted to hoodwink anybody, and he afterward explained to a number of horrified society girls that the foreign gentleman was the son of a wealthy banker, whom he had met in Vienna. The banker's son, however, had quarreled with the banker, and had come to this country with a little money, and, after he had spent it, was compelled to do something for a livelihood. As he was passionately fond of music, he found organ-grinding a congenial occupation. Mr. Pfizer vehemently asserted that if the people found the organ-grinder's name unpronounceable, and had, therefore, come to the conclusion that he was of noble birth, the fault was to be found in their inability to argue logically, and in nothing else. It is scarcely necessary to say, however, that Mr. Pfizer's explanation was received somewhat constrainedly by the people who had enthused over the accomplishments of the bogus count, and they declare that the nobleman is now presiding over a peanut-stand on the Bowery, and that the enterprise is generously capitalized by Mr. Pfizer.

Fall styles in men's dress are out. The most interesting thing is that they do not differ radically from those of last season. Trousers will be worn a little wider. The fall styles in hats show several marked innovations. The silk hat has a fuller bell than the spring make, and has the sharp rim known as the "D'Orsay curve." The new derby shape for young men has a medium-full crown, with a sharp, heavy curl. This hat is five and three-quarters inches deep, with a one and three-quarter inch brim. The only shade introduced this season is the "pine burr," a cross tone between brown and mouse color. The imported English hats for the fall are, according to the New York idea, positively hideous. The Gifford derby, which is known in London as the "tottle," has a low crown and is cone-shaped, with a sharp, skimpy brim. The new English hat colors are tans, old-gold brown, and pale brown. The fall silk hat from London is entitled the "Sandown." It has an almost straight crown, resembling a joint of stove-pipe, and a very heavy roll and curl. This hat is eight and seven-eighths inches deep, with a half-inch brim. It may not take in this country. Umbrella and cane-handles for the fall and winter are being made with massive gold and silver handpieces. Twists are the prevailing craze, especially in the richer class of goods, although allowance is to be made for those who prefer straight bends ornamented with chased designs. The heavy knob, which was once so popular, is no longer in vogue in New York. Fawns, tans, and stone shades will be the proper thing in street gloves. Followers of the Parisian idea will cling to two-button fastenings, while those of British preferences will wear one-button spear-points, or two-button pique-points, according to individual preferences. Gloves will be heavily embroidered on the backs. Many stylish young men are affecting the garrote collar, which buttons behind. In fall silk scarfs, red is to be the predominant color. This shade is being brought to the front again after an absence of several years. The bright hue known as ox blood will lead, with garnet, claret, and wine tints trooping in its wake. Leaders of fashion are effectually making war upon gaudy-colored hosiery. So strongly is this movement felt that many of the large importers are bringing over only plain merinos and Balbriggans. Fancy instep embroideries, however, are considered in good form, although the probabilities are that winter socks will be remarkable for severe simplicity.

"IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?"

"Parisina" gives the French Views on this Interesting Question.

What a happy woman Mrs. Mona Caird must be! Can any one imagine a more delightful situation for a woman than to have set every one writing and discussing on a topic started by herself; to see her own words bracketed in leaders, her name printed morning after morning in all the dailies, and the press deluged with answers from correspondents of all classes and ages?

I wonder whether this good lady had any idea of the sensatation she was going to create with her paper "Is Marriage a Failure?" The title was a taking one; but, for my part, I fancy the season had more to do with it still. Had it not been in the dead level of August, Mrs. Caird's lucubrations might have passed almost unnoticed by the *Daily Telegraph*, which, at the time when Parliament is sitting, could never have devoted a couple of columns a day for the insertion of letters on such a subject, as it has been doing of late. Every editor knows what a grand thing it is to start some social discussion when politics are slack and there is little doing in the theatrical or fashionable world. Anecdotes of gigantic fruits, or such natural curiosities as a sheep with five legs, or a calf with two heads, are out of date, and in their places the newspaper reader is delighted to be asked: "What shall we do with our girls" or "our boys?" or "Is Marriage a Failure?" unless chance has so willed that he or she shall be still better entertained by a sensational murder case or social scandal.

Marriage, like love, is one of those things that every one thinks they have an opinion about. It is by no means necessary for people to have entered into the bonds of matrimony for them to deem themselves competent to discuss it in all its bearings, just as bachelors and old maids are always ready with their advice anent the education of children. Nor is it, by any means, those who have come off worst in the matrimonial lottery who are least ready to advise others to follow their example. A great friend of mine, whose marriage was, beyond doubt, a failure, is fond of declaring that "a bad husband is better than none." I have more than half a mind to indorse this assertion. People generally lose sight of the fact that, by preaching against matrimony or by exciting the caution of possible Benedicts and the ambition of portionless brides, and thereby reducing the number of marriages, the women are more injured than the men. An unmarried woman is an incomplete natural phenomenon—a failure. Not so the bachelor. He may have shirked the responsibility and expense of a wife and family, but, save in the case of the priest, life seldom has any secrets for him. So many bachelors live a dual existence—society ignoring, or pretending to ignore, the fact. How many gay bachelors—the spoiled children of the world, favored guests wherever they go—know perfectly well what life *à deux* is like; the villa in St. John's Wood or the *entresol* in the Boulevard Malesherbes may hide pseudo-connubial bliss, or *la vie à outrance*, the supper-parties, the companionship of Mlle. Chose will make up for the wifely love and tenderness he has chosen to deny himself. There will be a time of reckoning, by-and-bye—of this there is no doubt—when age creeps on apace, and then, perhaps, he may regret he did not bind one good woman to him, instead of basking in the smiles of harpies and sipping sweets from impure lips.

Mrs. Mona Caird's dislike of marriage resides in the contract itself. She condemns the existing forms, the indissoluble character of which she holds to be the source of all unhappiness in the married state. Further than this, she is not very explicit, finding it easier to sit in judgment on man and on law, and on custom sanctioned by him, than to suggest a new system that would be an improvement on the old. Mona has this in common with others given to revolutionizing the world, not one among ten of whom are able to reorganize after they have pulled down. It is very easy to say the law of marriage is an unjust law for the woman, placing her in a position of inferiority not to be borne by the advanced women of the present day, a bond of slavery rarely productive of happiness in any shape, demoralizing to the man and dishonorable alike to both. So long as the writer does not show us a remedy, her bitter words fall meaningless on our ears. Nor is much of what she says, by any means, new. Men and women both have thought these things before, and the advocates of "free-love" have tried to put other systems in practice, which do not appear to have met with very signal success, or, at any rate, have never managed to make many converts.

In what does Mrs. Caird consider that marriage failure consists? In not procuring perfect happiness to the parties concerned, I suppose. We may retort with another question. Is happiness the end and aim of existence? Religionists say it is not, and the true philosopher reëchoes this negative. Looking at marriage—we take it in its broadest, not its limited legal sense—the materialist will tell us its real use is the propagation of the species. Mrs. Mona Caird either does not consider the offspring at all, or she looks upon it as quite a secondary matter, and never gives a thought to what is to become of the children when, if the contract between husband and wife were only a temporary arrangement, the pair should have mutually agreed to dissolve it.

One is only surprised that any one should have thought it worth while to agree with Mrs. Mona Caird, so extremely illogical is she from beginning to end. Yet there are hosts of correspondents eager to deny her tenets or uphold their own. Many good-natured busy-bodies are bent on showing that there are many happy marriages in the world; they are personally acquainted with half-a-dozen model couples. Another set try to discover the reason for so many ill-assorted unions, and ascribe it to the extravagance of the wife, or her small knowledge of cookery and house-keeping, or to negligence, want of sobriety, and faithlessness in the man, or, again, to early marriages and reckless disregard of the needful amount of income upon which to commence married life.

Great is the astonishment of the Parisians at the open way so ticklish a subject is discussed by the English press. They are beginning to have their doubts about British prudery, or, at least, that of the newspapers; their eyes were opened at the time of the *Pall Mall Gazette* scandals, and since then there have been several cases reported *in extenso* that easy-going France would have condemned to the *huis clos*. Not only are they surprised at the plain speaking indulged in by Mrs. Mona Caird and others, but also that the neighbors they deem so respectable and conventional in their ideas should allow any one to formulate such revolutionary and irreligious sentiments with respect to the time-honored and divine institution of marriage. For their own part, the marriage tie is one of the few things they respect—in the abstract—though they have not the least objection to discussing it from Mrs. Mona Caird's standpoint, as well as their own.

There is one view of the question that seems entirely to have escaped the commentators. Admitting that marriage, contracted according to the law of the land, is a failure, is the failure due merely to the legal formation with which it is hedged in, or to the inherent "cussedness" of human nature? In the former case, we ought to be able to prove that illicit unions are the happier of the two, when, if we are devoid of "respectable prejudices," we may as well become advocates of free-love at once; but, being blessed with clear-sightedness and an average amount of logic and discrimination, we must come to an opposite conclusion. Everything tends to prove that unions in the formation of which legal and religious formalities have been dispensed with are quite as often unhappy as those which have received the consecration of the mayor and the priest. The police reports are there to vouch for the truth of this assertion. The quarrels of the *ménage irregulier* furnish a large contingent of crime, though, of course, husbands do occasionally shoot or otherwise wreak their ill-humor on their wives, and wives have been frequently known to aid and abet favored lovers in making an end of the obnoxious husband. The former are the chief actors in the vitriol dramas. Clarisse flings a bottleful at Julie, because the minx has stolen her lover away from her, and Arsinoé, who has been housekeeping with Jules, suddenly finds he is courting another girl, and treats him in a similar fashion; Alphonse quarrels with his Mimi as bitterly as any Benedict with his lawful spouse. There are plenty of Katherines and Petruchios among the unwed, and, curiously enough, although they are perfectly free to turn their backs upon each other, they are, somehow, as loth to do so as if it were previously needful to procure a divorce for the purpose. Men will bear the nagging of the mistresses quite as well as that of their wives, and women suffer the tyranny of a lover as patiently as that of a husband. I knew a man who was pitied extremely by all his male acquaintances; he had formed a *liaison* with a woman, common, unlovely, jealous, exacting, extravagant, who made his home a purgatory for him, yet if he picked up courage enough to suggest that they might be happier apart, she immediately threatened to commit suicide. Twice she was brought back to life after a dose of laudanum, and once she was fished out of the Seine. A weak man, or one with the smallest spark of humanity, becomes a victim to the virago under such circumstances.

Here, in France, we have plenty of opportunities of learning how free-love works. Beside the stories that leak out concerning men more or less in society, one comes across cases among the working-classes of similar nature. Out of pure laziness thousands of couples annually dispense with the ceremony of marriage (which French law hedges in with manifold documentary difficulties), but I have yet to learn that, because the tie is dissoluble at will, it never galls, or that it makes the yoke any lighter on the woman's shoulders.

It is amusing to find Dumas and Zola appealed to on the subject by the English press. How can it reconcile itself to its conscience to ask the opinion of such men? Dumas's plays may not be enacted in London in the vernacular, Zola's novels are tabooed, and Mr. Viztelly has lately been sued for daring to publish translations thereof. I should think that Mrs. Mona Caird will not find it by any means increases the number of her partisans in England, that Zola announces he is exactly of her opinion, and that marriage is a vexatious institution doomed to be entirely set aside in the good time coming. (Alas! for our children's children!) Dumas on his part responds with a letter that is not exactly flattering to the author of the article in the *Westminster Review*. Thus saith the social philosopher, the biographer of "Marguerite Gautier:"

"I do not clearly make out Mrs. Mona Caird's proposition. I should understand if such questions as the following were publicly discussed: Must we continue to pay the taxes we are overcharged with in all civilized countries? Must we continue to submit to the exigencies of the military service, and go on being killed for reasons which we know nothing about, and that we might consider absurd and unjust if we did?

"These things are obligatory, imposed by law and legally enforced, and which no one can evade. If we refuse to pay taxes the bailiff forces us to do so; if we resist the conscription there are gendarmes to constrain our obedience. . . . But where are the bailiffs and the gendarmes who force men and women to marry? There is even no law (in France) to force a seducer to marry the girl he has ruined, or to recognize the child she has borne him.

"Mrs. Mona Caird's proposition is solved easily enough. Marriage being an act that depends entirely on the will of the individual, let those who wish to marry, marry; and let those who do not wish to do so remain unmarried. As to those who declare that they have been married against their wills, since divorce exists in all countries under civil law and criminality in those ruled by ecclesiastical law, let them get their marriage annulled by the magistrate or by the church. How simple it is! I see no other answer to make to Mrs. Mona Caird, and I think any fool might have made it for me."

For my own part, I am of M. Dumas's way of thinking. What says the reader?

PARISINA.

PARIS, August, 27, 1888.

The kitchen and dining-room of a new hotel at Kansas City are on the eighth floor, and are reached by six elevators.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Alexander Dumas is one of the few wealthy authors in the world. He has a magnificent house in Paris filled with art treasures. Near Dieppe he owns a beautiful chalet, covered with ivy and decorated on the inside with handsome furniture and rare paintings. Dumas is sixty-four years of age, but strong and vigorous.

Miss Lois M. Royce, the little school-teaching heroine of the Western blizzard, has received the pair of artificial feet to provide which teachers and others in Boston contributed the means, and they have already proved wonderfully efficient. She writes, "They fit, so far, admirably, and I walk very well with them. I walked to the carriage this afternoon just by taking hold of my father's arm."

Miss Mary Anderson is much annoyed by "the pestilential nuisances who write for autographs," but has now hit upon an effective plan for dealing with them. She has had a specimen of her writing lithographed, and her manager sends each applicant a copy thereof, with a printed card saying: "Miss Anderson desires me to inclose you her autograph as you request, with her compliments, and to say how sorry she is that the matter has not had her attention ere this."

Sarah Bernhardt is getting into bad ways. Instead of dressing herself gorgeously, as she used to, she sits all day in a greasy wrapper, playing bezique, her partner always being poor Damala, with whom she has started a second honeymoon, and, what is worse, her growing intemperance threatens to deprive the world of its greatest artiste. Raw brandy has become her drink, and she uses it, according to those who act with her, very liberally, to support her through exhausting performances, taking a little every time she leaves the stage.

Prince Bismarck has become an honorary master-tailor. On the occasion of its sixth centenary, the Berlin guild of tailors resolved to elect the prince one of its honorary members, in recognition of his eminent merits for having brought about the unity of the German Empire, and for having specially promoted the interests of the German artisans. The diploma, beautifully executed on parchment, bears the banners of Alsace-Lorraine flanking the Bismarck-Schonhausen coat-of-arms—the three-leaved clover with nettles, in a blue field—surmounted by the emblems of the craft, the flat-iron, scissors, yard-stick, needles, brush, skeins of thread, cloth, and lining. It is inclosed in a richly ornamented leather box, bearing on its cover the Bismarck crest, wrought in solid silver, surmounted by a princely crown in rich gilding.

In the action brought by Wood, the jockey, against the *License Victuallers' Gazette*, some idea of the income of a rider of his class from regular fees, retainers, refreshers, gifts, and betting was obtained. Asked what his income was, Wood, in an off-hand way, answered: "Oh, make it five thousand pounds sterling—five or six thousand pounds." He lived at Newmarket, and rented a house at Brighton. He had a brougham and a pony carriage, and ponies for his children. "It is suggested," Sir Charles playfully observed, "that you have also got a perambulator." He, however, had no coachman or groom, he had "only a boy who cleaned boots and things of that kind." He had "about two" hunters, which he turned away in summer; he had hunted for several years with the harriers at Brighton. He owned the house in which he lived, in High Street, Newmarket; also Lowther House, the Greyhound Hotel, the Black Horse Hotel, Chetwynd House, two or three cottages in St. Mary's Square, and some cottages in Black Boar Lane, at the same place. He was also the owner of Sherrard's Stable, which could accommodate fifty horses, Sherrard paying him five hundred pounds sterling a year rent, and he owned, likewise, a stable and thirty-five acres of land at Cheveley, near the Duke of Rutland's place. He had four thousand pounds sterling invested in the business of Messrs. Campbell & Co., coopers, Limehouse.

The breach between General Boulanger and his wife widens (writes Adolph Houssaye in the Chicago *Tribune*). It began years ago, when her beauty began to fade and her spirits to lose their buoyancy. He then found greater pleasure in the company of more vivacious and younger-feeling ladies, while she devoted her attention more and more to religious exercises. I do not know that she has any serious sins of youth to atone for. Indeed, I do not believe she has, for, although her pretty face was used by her husband as a decoy to lure his superior officers to his house, and win their friendship and favor, she kept her name above the reach of scandal. It was not that temptation spared her. Few women have been more persistently courted than she was. General Boulanger, when she began to fade and prefer a quiet life, forgot her former charms, and sought solace in the dressing-room of the Théâtre Français. When her husband became minister of war, Mme. Boulanger came near leaving him for good. His office was continually overrun by ladies whose fairness was exceeded by their frailty. Of them Mme. Boulanger was jealous, and with good cause. But when her husband demanded that she should preside at the war-office receptions, to which all the sirens came, she openly refused. So the general had to attend to his callers himself, "receiving the demi-monde," the wits used to call it. When the general got his throat cut in the duel with M. Floquet, a celebrated actress of the Théâtre Français waited in her carriage outside his house for hours to hear the result of the surgeon's examination and treatment. Another carriage, at the same door, contained an Italian lady, whose personal interest in the would-be dictator is of the keenest character. But who was at the bedside of the wounded man? Who, indeed, but the Comtesse Dillon, wife of that Comte Dillon who is the general's most intimate and trusted friend. Of course, her husband was there, too. Mme. Boulanger did not come near him, but remained in seclusion at Versailles. Her health was too poor, some say, for her to act as nurse. But even an invalid wife would prefer to be near her husband if he were worth paying that attention to. She did not come near him, and has not been near him since the duel.

One of the strangest and most remarkable figures of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is Mgr. Strossmeyer, the turbulent and powerful Bishop of Diakovar. In perpetual conflict with the government for more than twenty years past, no attempt has been made to deprive him of his see. As recognized leader of the eighteen million Slavs, who constitute an integral portion of the population of Austro-Hungary, he is blindly obeyed by his followers, and any attempt to discipline him would result in an immediate insurrection of the whole of Croatia and Esclavonia. Although venerated almost as a saint in the two provinces just mentioned, he is but seldom to be seen at the altar, and, excepting on rare occasions, he disdains the use of the cassock, which constitutes the customary garb of the clergy in all Catholic countries. As a rule, the holy man is to be seen stalking through the streets of Agram and Diakovar, booted and spurred, dressed in a coarse, dark-gray shooting-jacket, a soft felt hat perched rakishly on one side of his head, a hunting-crop under his arm, and a cigar in the corner of his mouth. Although over seventy-three years of age, his bristly, bushy hair shows but slight tinges of gray. Of commanding stature and imposing presence, his aspect is much more that of a soldier than of a priest. The See of Diakovar is one of great wealth, and, during his twenty years' tenure thereof, Bishop Strossmeyer has developed its resources in such a remarkable manner as to place almost unlimited revenues at his absolute disposal. On every side he has founded agricultural and industrial enterprises of the most varied nature. The episcopal mines are among the most productive of the empire, the fame of his breeding-stud is known to all lovers of horseflesh throughout Europe, and the vastness of his operations as a timber merchant would make even the princes of the Chicago lumber trade open their mouths with astonishment. The resources thus obtained have been devoted by the bishop to the reconstitution of the Croatian and, in fact, all the Slav races in Austria, into one political unity, and to their rescue from the appalling ignorance, moral degradation, and barbarism for which they were proverbial during the first half of the present century. His cathedral at Diakovar bears an inscription over its central portal to the effect that it has been "designed, built, and sculptured for the greater glory of God exclusively by Croatians." No one was allowed to put his hand to the work unless it could be shown that he had Slav blood coursing through his veins. For several consecutive years the bishop kept men traveling through the country collecting all the old Slav legends, popular songs, poems, etc., which, after being carefully revised by the prelate himself, were printed and distributed gratis everywhere, in order that, in the words of the bishop, "the people might no longer be exposed to hearing those hateful German and Hungarian songs which contain nothing but curses for Croatia."

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the ipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolic- d by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for sideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting man- ripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to ysor manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" l return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are lixed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Andrew Lang has written an introduction for a volume of Mr. J. hitcomb Riley's verses, which has been prepared for publication in gland.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish at once a new collection of ank R. Stockton's stories, entitled "Amos Kilbright: His Adscititious rperiences."

In the revised edition of his "Ballads of Hans Breitman," which he now preparing, Mr. Leland will include a number of new Anglo- rman pieces.

Lady Brassey's "Last Voyage," being a narrative of the tour which s cut short by her death, will be issued in London this season, pro- sely illustrated.

A statistician has discovered that in "Herod and Mariamne" Amélie ves makes use of the word "mad" and its variations no less than hty-eight times.

The title of Sir Morell Mackenzie's promised book on the Emperor ederick will be "The Fatal Illness of Frederick the Noble." It is ely to be ready about the end of this month.

The Earl of Desart has written a novel with the title "Herne dge," which is said to deal with mysterious experiences in a haunted use, and to contain some startling adventures.

Harper & Brothers will publish next week Charles Nordhoff's new rk entitled "Peninsular California," and Mme. Gerard's account of ansylvania, which she calls "The Land Beyond the Forest."

Zola's new novel of "Le Rêve," being of a character suitable for erybody to read, will be published here simultaneously in French with Paris publication, Mr. William R. Jenkins, the French publisher, ving secured a large edition for the purpose.

Vernon Lee" (Violet Paget), who has written a striking novel, sev- l volumes on mediæval literature involving tremendous research, nu- rous thoughtful contributions to the periodicals, and several short ries, is but twenty-five years old. Her home is in Florence.

Eleanor Putnam, before death broke the beautiful promise of her , wrote in collaboration with her husband, Arlo Bates, a charming le fairy-tale called "Prince Vance." Roberts Brothers are to publish book, with illustrations by Frank Myrick, in time for Christmas.

A testimonial purse and address are to be presented to Mrs. Frances odgson Burnett by her English admirers, in recognition of her plucky nd for authors' rights in the case of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The nmittee includes Mr. Walter Besant, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Mrs. nnard, and Mr. Pinero.

The Emperor of Germany has sanctioned the publication of an En- sh translation of Ludwig Schneider's "Reminiscences." These ries were officially examined and revised each year by the late Em- ror William, whose reader, secretary, and confidant Schneider was, der the title of Privy Court Chancellor.

Lester Wallack's papers in *Scribner* will be three in number. The t will appear in the October number. Many of the illustrations have en made from material furnished by Mr. Wallack himself. A photo- aph of him, made at Stamford last summer, and which will be repro- ced in one of the numbers, has the interest of being the best ever de.

Mr. Marion Crawford's new novel is evidently an addition to his list Italian stories. It is entitled "Sant' Ilario," and is to appear in the *glish Illustrated Magazine* during the coming year. The lovers of s pleasant periodical will look forward with special interest to a series drawings by Hugh Thomson, suggested by old Isaak Walton's Complete Angler."

The prospectus is issued of what appears to be an important new nthly, a periodical called the *Home-Maker*, to be published in New rk city, and edited by Marion Harland, with Rose Terry Cooke, ve Thorne Miller, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Catherine Owen, and tave Thanet among the contributors. The first number will appear October, and will contain not less than one hundred and twenty ges.

"The Relation of the Sexes to Government" will be discussed by ofessor E. D. Cope in the leading article of the October *Popular ience Monthly*. Professor Cope shows, from psychological and dial facts, which every one has noticed, that women are not adapted, ntally or physically, for the functions of government, and that if y were to take an active part it would react unfavorably on the vastly re important interests of the home.

Volume one, of Murray's great historical English dictionary, which y carries the work through A and B, contains thirty-one thousand hundred and fifty-four words, of which twenty-two thousand two ndred and thirty-two are stem words. As five thousand nine hun- d and eighty-two are marked obsolete, and eight hundred and enty are imperfectly naturalized, it leaves fifteen thousand three hun- d and eighty words in A and B now current.

A series of "Strange True Stories of Louisiana" have been collected Mr. G. W. Cable, and will be published in the *Century* during the ning year. Some of them Mr. Cable has transcribed or translated m the original MSS.; others are accurate narratives by him of actual rrences. He has been occupied for many years in gathering to- her these true stories, and he has apparently treated his material as arles Reade did the true stories of English life with which he dealt in later days.

The Quaker City is to have a high-class juvenile paper similar to the *uth's Companion* of Boston. It will be backed by solid Philadelphia siness and professional men, and its management will be in the hands practical people, including, for editor, a well-known writer for chil- n. No names are yet announced, and the journal will not appear il every preliminary detail is carefully arranged. Already several ding writers and illustrators have been secured, and are at work on tter for its first number, which will appear early next year.

William H. Hills has bought the half-interest of Robert Luce in the *riter*, the bright Boston magazine for literary workers, and is now the e owner of the magazine. Mr. Luce, who has been the business nager of the *Writer*, retires because other interests demand his at- tion. Mr. Hills has had almost the whole charge of the editorial nduct of the magazine for the last year, and the change in ownership l not affect its character in any way. The *Writer*, which, we under- nd, has been a success from the start, is likely either to be enlarged to be a semi-monthly at the beginning of its next volume in nuary.

An *édition de luxe* in French of Victor Hugo's famous story of Notre Dame de Paris" is to be published during November, by Will- R. Jenkins, of New York. This edition is undertaken in connec- n with a similar edition in English, to be issued by Estes & Lauriat, Boston. The work is to be printed in two octavo volumes, in sumpt- us style, at the University Press, and will be illustrated by nearly two ndred fine process illustrations by the Guillaume Frères, of Paris, and h sixteen full-page aquarelles in colors. The edition will be limited five hundred copies, one hundred on india paper and four hundred on fine plate paper, with the price of twelve dollars and twenty dollars per copy.

The following comments on the erotic and erratic girl-novelists of the present day are by Miss Jeannette L. Gilder, one of the editors of the *Critic*. They are from her letter, signed "Brunswick," to the Boston *Gazette*: "In the present violent irruption of erotic literature, the most unblushing of the young women is a Miss Laura Daintry, whose latest production is boldly called 'Eros.' I have read 'Eros'; but please understand that I read it because I had to, and not because I found any pleasure in it. I do not care for Erotica; but, if I should want to read a book of that sort I would read a French author, who, though he may be just as immoral, is not so brutally coarse. I read 'Eros,' and I found it to be simply the story of a man and his mistress. This man and this woman were consumed with a burning passion for each other, which he expressed by such exclamations as 'Jesus!' when very much moved, and such actions as grabbing her waist with such force as nearly to break it. She, quite as emotional, but less profane, guards her language somewhat, but is less chary of her actions. Her favorite caress is to 'spring' upon her lover, and imprint burning kisses upon his throat. Why not upon his Adam's apple, if she must specify the exact spot? Their love seemed to be like that of the wild beasts, and Miss Daintry does describe the manner of her heroine as 'tigerish.' Two such beastly beasts it would be hard to find in literature. I beg its pardon, this stuff is not literature—in print, I should say. And yet the creator of these tigerish, throat-kissing creatures is a young woman; and, if we are to take her age at her own estimate, she is still in her teens! I saw her once, and when she left the room I asked the person to whom she had been speaking who the English actress was. Her speech was unmistakably English, and her appearance theatrical. She was dressed in a rather striking costume, and her hair was of the latest straw color. From her self-possession under rather trying circumstances and her woman-of-the-world manner, I gave her at least thirty years, and was astonished to hear that she had just confessed to eighteen. The age of an author, as a rule, is not a subject for discussion in criticising his or her work, but it has peculiar bearings on this case. Where, I want to know, did a girl of eighteen learn the whisky-and-water love-making that constitutes this book? I am not angry with these young girls who are reeling off this vile stuff. They are young, and they do not know what they are doing. Really, they are to be pitied, for they are laying themselves open to very unpleasant comment, and almost to the onslaught of Anthony Comstock. Where is the father of Miss Daintry (who, I am told, is a level-headed business-man), that he does not revise his daughter's manuscript?"

New Publications.

"The Existence of God," by Fénelon, and Scott's "Marmion" are the latest issues in the National Library. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"The President's Message, 1887," with annotations by R. R. Bowker, has been published in the Questions of the Day Series, by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 25 cents.

There are nearly two dozen tales and sketches of ocean life in "The Mystery of the *Ocean Star*," by W. Clark Russell. Published in the Appleton's Town and Country Library by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Our Young Folks at Home" is the title of a quarto volume of two hundred pages, containing stories, poems, and sketches by various well-known writers of literature for the little folk. The book is abundantly illustrated with pretty cuts. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

"La Tulipe Noire," Alexandre Dumas's story of the famous tulip mania in Holland in the latter part of the seventeenth century, which is notable as a good example of Dumas's style, a correct historical picture, and an interesting story, has been reprinted in the French by William R. Jenkins, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 35 cents.

The first of the third volume of "Papers of the American Historical Association" is the report of the proceedings of the association at the fourth annual meeting held in Boston and Cambridge, May 21-24, 1887, by Herbert B. Adams, the secretary. It contains a number of papers read by the members on various phases of United States history, and episodes in the history of European states which have a bearing on or interest in comparison with our own. Published for the association by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

The ninth volume of "Alden's Cyclopedia of Literature" opens with Geibel and closes with Guernsey. It continues the plan of giving brief biographical and bibliographical notes on the notable writers of all ages and climes and representative extracts from their productions. The number of writers treated in the present volume is sixty-nine, among whom may be mentioned the historians Gibbon, Green, and Grote, and Gladstone, Grant, Greeley, W. Hamilton Gibson, Goethe, Goldsmith, Gray, Cunningham Geike, Gogol, the Russian novelist; the Grimm brothers, W. S. Gilbert, and Richard Watson Gilder. Published by John B. Alden, New York; sent by mail (postage 9 cents) for, cloth, 50 cents or half-morocco, 60 cents.

A novel has just been published which will be read with interest by a great many San Franciscans. It is called "What Dreams May Come," and bears on its title-page the fac-simile autograph of "Frank Lin." It is an open secret, however, that "Frank Lin" is Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, formerly a resident of this city. "What Dreams May Come" is a story of transmigration of the soul, well developed in its plot, and clever in dialogue and description, with passages so genuinely humorous that they seem all too few. In the prologue—which is laid in the early part of the century—we are introduced into the English embassy at Constantinople, where, as we afterwards learn, the ambassador, discovering his wife, Lady Sionéd ap Penrhyn, in an intrigue with Lionel Dartmouth, kills them both. In the story itself, Harold Dartmouth, grandson of Lionel, meets and loves Weir, granddaughter of Lady ap Penrhyn. Weir, when nine years of age, had been thrown from her pony and seemingly killed; after a time she returns to life, but she has no recollections of her earlier life beyond a vague sense of wandering and unrest. Harold, too, has a most extraordinary dream which reveals to him the fact that he and Weir are the reincarnated souls of Lionel and Lady Sionéd. This state of affairs, which seems almost absurd in this brief telling, is so cleverly handled that the reader accepts it without question; and even the tragic end is so plausibly brought about that he drowns the still, small voice of skepticism in the absorbing interest of the story. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago and San Francisco; for sale by the publishers; price: cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

It is not very plain to the ordinary and Western newspaper mind just why Jordan, Marsh & Co., of Boston, are publishing books. They are not publishers, but dry-goods men, and in the three books they have put on the market with their own imprimatur on the title-page, there is no sign of an advertisement of their wares other than the list of their books. Perhaps Boston people are so intellectual that they must buy their lingerie of booksellers and lay in a stock of napery and novels at one and the same time. But the fact remains that Jordan, Marsh & Co. are publishing books, and good books, too. "Editha's Burglar," that charming little story, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, which was a great success in a children's magazine, and has delighted New York and London in dramatic form—besides constituting the *causus essendi* of an interesting and important law-suit—is one of these, and, in its pretty type and pretty illustrations, by Harry Sandham, with a portrait and autograph of Elsie Leslie, who created the stage Editha in this country, it deserves to find many new admirers. Robert Grant, who, as a Harvard boy, made himself famous by writing "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," the cleverest bit of social satire that has appeared in years, is another of their authors. He wrote "Jack Hall" for them several months ago, and now he publishes a new book through their house. It is called "Jack in the Bush," and details the adventures of the same hero while on a camping trip. "Jack Hall" almost won for itself the title of "The American 'Tom Brown at Rugby,'" and "Jack in the Bush" is a worthy successor to it. It is full of life and brightly written, and will surely become a boys' classic. But the question still arises, why are Jordan, Marsh & Co. publishing books? Perhaps they intend to go in for book-making, and, perhaps—but they evidently know what they are about, for the books they choose are excellent. The books are for sale by the publishers, Jordan, Marsh & Co., Boston.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Just before the close of the Arthur administration, a very well-known senator was one of a dinner-party at the White House. The lady he escorted to the dining-room was the sister of a prominent editor, and her husband had been a foreign minister. With a general sense of the mutability of things, suggested by the proximity of the fourth of March, she said to her escort: "I suppose you go out of office next week?" "Oh, no," said the senator, "I hold over." "Ah," said the lady, "you come under the civil service law, do you?"

Commodore Belknap, commandant of the Mare Island Navy Yard, used to tell this story with great gusto. "A young lady friend was stopping with my wife," said he, "and went up to the city to do some shopping. After making her purchases she ordered them sent to the commandant's house at the navy yard. 'W-where?' asked the clerk. 'To the commandant's house at the navy yard,' replied the young lady; "do you understand?' 'Oh, yes; certainly. I thought I hadn't heard you aright.' When the young lady reached home, she found her bundles addressed to 'Miss C——, Common Dance-House, Navy Yard.'"

In one of a recent series of letters, describing in detail a pedestrian tour of the Catskills, a correspondent of the *Herald* spoke of having encountered in the heart of the mountains a native who rejoiced, more or less, in the name of Am-I-the-Lord's. This was given as a "solemn fact," but the solemn fact is, that the gentleman's name is not Am-I-the-Lord's, but Loami Lord. He is a well-known character in the Southern Catskills. One day Loami was found in a state to which no one was ever known to be reduced by a glass of water, and, being aroused from his torpor, exclaimed, in the hearing of the strangers who had shaken him into his senses; "O Lord, am I Loami Lord? and if I am not Loami Lord, Lord, who am I?"

A story is told in New Hampshire of a hunter of the last generation, more boastful than successful, who once joined a bear-hunting expedition in the mountains. During the hunt, as this man was resting by the side of a rock and talking with another hunter, he remarked, "If there's anything I dote on, it's bear. A slice of bear-steak, nicely done, is just perfect." "Well," said his companion, looking up, "if there isn't a bear now!" The man who "doted on bear" looked up, saw an immense bear standing on the top of the rock, gave a leap into the woods, and disappeared. His companion soon overtook him, and said to the fugitive as he came up: "Why, I thought you liked bear?" "Well, I do," said the runaway, "but that one ain't done enough!"

A lecturer said: "I must beg you to give me your undivided attention; indeed, it is absolutely impossible that you could form a true idea of the hideous animal of which we are about to speak, unless you keep your eyes fixed on me." A certain preacher, discoursing upon Bunyan and his works, caused a titter among his hearers by exclaiming: "In these days, my brethren, we want more Bunyans." Another clergyman, pleading earnestly with his parishioners for the construction of a cemetery for their parish, asked them to consider the "deplorable condition of thirty thousand Christian Englishmen living without Christian burial." Still more curious was this clerical slip. A gentleman said to the minister: "When do you expect to see Deacon S. again?" "Never," said the reverend gentleman, solemnly; "the deacon is in heaven."

A lady and gentleman were traveling together on an English railway. They were perfect strangers to each other. Suddenly the gentleman said: "Madam, I will trouble you to look out of the window for a few minutes; I am going to make some changes in my wearing apparel." "Certainly, sir," she replied, with politeness, rising and turning her back upon him. In a short time he said: "Now, madam, my change is completed, and you may resume your seat." When the lady turned she beheld her male companion transformed into a dashing lady, with a heavy veil over her face. "Now, sir, or madam, whichever you like," said the lady, "I must trouble you to look out of the window, for I also have some changes to make in my apparel." "Certainly, madam," and the gentleman in lady's attire immediately complied. "Now, sir, you may resume your seat." To his great surprise, on resuming his seat, the gentleman in female attire found his lady companion transformed into a man. He then laughed, and said: "It appears that we are both anxious to avoid recognition. What have you done? I have robbed a bank." "And I," said the whilom lady, as he dexterously fettered his companion's wrists with a pair of handcuffs, "am Detective J——, of Scotland Yard, and in female apparel have shadowed you; now," drawing a revolver, "keep still."

The traditional "fish story" has many varieties, to which it seems only fair to add the following, even though the fish in this case was a parrot. Doubtless its narrator, an American artist, designed it to be "taken for what it is worth." He was very fond of knocking about in out-of-the-way quarters of the world, and once left ship with a party of comrades, in order to explore a Central American wilderness. During the cruise of several months, the entire ship's company had devoted their leisure hours to singing to a parrot. The sailors had also lost no opportunity of teaching the bird all the nautical phrases they knew. When the artist and his comrades had bidden the bird and the sailors good-by, they plunged into the heart of the tropical forest, and, after great exertion in accomplishing twenty-eight miles, they reached their camping-place for the night. Just as the sun was going down, they were startled to hear, in the primeval silence, a familiar voice from the top of a tall palm: "Avast there! Yo, heave, ho!" It was the ship's parrot. Before they could quite believe in its presence, the faithful bird fluttered down to a dead stump near by, and, with a shrill cry, summoned the little green paroquets of the country. About ten thousand of them circled round the great gray African oracle on the stump, and finally took their places, in good order, on the ground. The explorers looked on in dumb amazement. When the feathered assemblage became quiet, the ship's parrot broke into the familiar words of "Nancy Lee," and, to the surprise of the tropical world, and the delight of the feathered conductor, those ten thousand paroquets, with one mighty burst of song, executed "Nancy Lee."

It is always the same. The first time under fire, the first death in battle, affects every man whose sensibilities are at all acute, as no other events of war can affect him afterward. Emotions in the abstract do little in expanding the heart; it is only when they are brought down to particulars that they teach us really to feel. "At Home and in War" contains a Russian officer's account of seeing "the first man killed" on a campaign. A boat-load of soldiers had gone to place, in the Danube, torpedo obstructions, for the benefit, or the reverse, of the Turkish iron-clads, and when they returned, one of their number was lifted from the boat, dead. "He was a fine fellow," said some one in the throng. "As soon as the drooping head of the dead man became visible, bound with a blood-stained white handkerchief, it seemed exactly as though something had stung me; for a moment I realized the frightful reverse side of man. I beheld a strong, healthy man struck down by a bullet, his pale face framed in a black beard, his powerful hands hanging. I beheld standing around him his comrades, as strong and healthy as he had been. I glanced at their gloomy, swarthy faces. I heard the sighs, the remarks of the crowd which had assembled; in a word, I beheld those details of war which it is difficult to reproduce with the pen. Wonderful fact! I afterward took part in several great battles; I saw hundreds of the slain, but this first man killed whom I had beheld in the midst of peaceful surroundings, without cannon shots and volleys of musketry, produced upon me a crushing impression. In an instant, all those joyous dreams and the charms which I had fancied I should perceive in war, took their flight, and before my eyes there flitted the head of Gorshkoff, bound up in that white handkerchief, and with its pallid, deathly face."

SOCIETY.

The Donohoe-Parrott Wedding.

Last Thursday at San Mateo, Miss Christine Parrott, daughter of Mrs A. M. Parrott, was married to Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Donohoe. It was not intended that it should be an ostentatious affair, hence only two hundred invitations were issued, and they were limited to relatives, neighbors, and a few intimate friends in this city. Every detail was managed successfully and with exceeding taste. The ceremony was performed at St. Matthew's Church and the interior was prettily decorated. At either side of the entrance, a collection of potted plants was placed, and pendent from the three chandelier rods, over the central aisle, were spheres of white chrysanthemums spiked with white carnations. A wedding-bell, wrought of these same flowers, hung over the entrance to the sanctuary, while the wainscoting all around the church and the pillars were adorned with streamers of smilax. The three altars were ablaze with the light from a hundred waxen tapers, and were trimmed with smilax and wreaths of white chrysanthemums. Distributed throughout the sanctuary were masses of potted plants, such as coleus, begonias, caladiums, and green bamboo also, which were set off by maiden-hair, and other delicate ferns, and rare grasses.

At eleven o'clock, and for three-quarters of an hour afterward, the scene in front of the church was an animated and an interesting one. One after another beautiful equipages were driven to the entrance, and their precious freight of guests were ushered in. At half-past eleven o'clock the special train, conveying guests from this city, arrived, and they were driven from the depot to the church in carriages provided for that purpose. By this time the church was crowded, and the arrival of the bridal party was anxiously awaited. They came soon, and proceeded to the altar rail, while the wedding march was played by Noah Brandt's orchestra.

The ushers were: Mr Charles A. Baldwin, Mr. Arthur Page, Mr Edward L. Eyre, Mr. John E. de Ruyter, and Mr. John Doyle, Jr. Four cunning little children acted as bridesmaids. They were: Miss Marie Christine de Guignè, Miss Josephine de Guignè, Miss Emelie Parrott, and Miss Abbie Parrott. They looked very pretty in neat, white-muslin dresses, trimmed with a large, white-silk bow-knot at the back. Their tri-cornered hats of straw were adorned with white ostrich plumes, and they carried bouquets of Niphetos roses tied with white ribbons. The bride was escorted by her brother, Mr John Parrott, and Mr. J. B. Casserly acted as best man for the groom.

The bride never looked more beautiful than in her wedding-gown of heavy, white satin, which was a perfect model of elegant simplicity. It was devoid of trimming with the exception of some rare point d' Alençon at the ends of the long sleeves, and at the edge of the corsage, which was cut à la Vierge The long court train was laid in graceful folds, and finished inside with a heavy ruche of the satin. From her coiffure a veil of white silk moleine floated downward softly over the dress and train. Her gloves were of white undressed kid, and she carried a large hand bouquet of pure white orchids encompassed by bands of white satin ribbon.

The ceremony, which was very impressive, was performed by Rev. Father Varsi, S. J., and the subsequent mass was said by the parish priest, Rev. Father Callahan. During the mass an excellent choir rendered several beautiful selections with orchestral accompaniment. At the conclusion of the mass Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played, and the bridal party left the church followed by the guests, all of whom were at once driven to the picturesque residence of the bride's mother. Here a reception was held, congratulations were tendered to the happy couple, and an elaborate collation was served. The residence was handsomely decorated with flowers, and there were many floral pieces sent by friends as tributes of esteem. The dining-room was particularly attractive, the display of La France roses winning many remarks of praise. The afternoon was otherwise pleasantly passed in the enjoyment of music and social converse until the guests returned to their homes. Mr. and Mrs. Donohoe intend making a tour of the East, and may extend their trip to Europe. They were the recipients of many costly and elegant presents.

Among those present were: Mrs. A. M. Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guignè, Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Hayne, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Payson, Mr. and Mrs. John Doyle, Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Selby, Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Barroilhet, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bowie, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard, Mr. and Mrs. Alvinza Hayward, Mr. and Mrs. William Kohl, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord, Mr. and Mrs J. G. Kittle, Mr. and Mrs. C. Connor, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mr. and Mrs. Edward W Townsend, Mrs. D. Atherton, Mrs. Eugene Casserly, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Miss Rita Haggin, Miss Mamie Kohl, Miss Daisy Casserly, Miss Florence Atherton, Miss McAllister, Mr. Charles A. Baldwin, Mr. Edward L. Eyre, Mr. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. John Doyle, Jr., Mr. Arthur Page, Mr J. B. Casserly, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. John W. Twiggs, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. Edward Donohoe, and others.

Ball at the Hotel Rafael.

The guests at the Hotel Rafael are to be congratulated for giving on Saturday evening, the 15th, inst., one of the most successful and brilliant balls of the season. It was a lovely night; there was a glorious moonlight, and it was just warm enough to make promenading on the wide verandas not a perilous pleasure to those in décolleté toilets. Three hundred invited guests were present at nine o'clock, when the ball commenced, and the majority of them were active participants in the dancing which followed for the ensuing three hours. Ballenberg's band played its best, several of the selections being encored. Many elegant costumes were worn by the ladies. About eleven o'clock ice-cream and other light refreshments were served, and an hour later the pleasant affair came to an end. Quite a number returned to the city on the special train and boat which left soon after.

The ladies comprising the reception committee were: Mrs. W. H L. Barnes, Mrs. C. B. Jennings, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Charles Page, Mrs. D. B. Davidson, Mrs. William Boericke, and Mrs. Henry W. Syz.

Among the many present were: Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Jennings, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Syz, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. D. B Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Heathcote, Mr. and Mrs. D. Donohoe, Mr. and Mrs Frank Latham, Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Poole, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, Lieutenant and Mrs. G. M. Stoney, Mr. and Mrs. W L Locke, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Kinsey, Mr. and Mrs. John McComb, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wintringham, Mr. and Mrs Charles Richards, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. George K. Fitch, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. Nat T. Messer, Mr. and Mrs. C. K Bonestell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sonntag, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sonntag, Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. George Page, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Maillard, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Sheppard, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bowen, Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Walter, Mr. and Mrs. Barber, Mr. and Mrs. Clinton E. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Martel, Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Graham, Mr. and Mrs L. H. Sweeney, Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Kittle, Captain and Mrs. M. Griffith, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Griffith, Mr. and Miss Gillette, Mr. and Mrs. H. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Carrigan, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Lee, Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Trenor W. Park, Mrs. Page, Mrs. C. T. Fay, Mrs. Donahue, Mrs. W. F. Berry, Mrs Charles H. Worden, Mrs. E. Martin, Miss Alice Mau, Miss Sarah Dean, Miss May Wickersham, Miss Hyde, Miss Gertie Goewey, Miss Adele Martel, Miss Jennie Martel, Miss Fitch, Miss Annie Pierce, Miss Belle Nichols, Miss Buckingham, Miss Davidson, Miss Leslie Van Ness, Miss Mary Bowen, Miss Rideout, Miss Beaver, Miss Zane, Misses Meinecke, Misses Tompkins, Misses Barber, Misses Whittemore, Misses Morrison, Miss Stella Sears, Misses Forbes, Miss Barber, Miss Kittle, Misses Griffith, Misses Carrigan, Miss M. Irwin Miss Annie Walker, Miss Rose Donohoe, Misses Story, Misses Page, Miss Miller, Misses Nichols, Miss Helen Otis, Miss A. Walter, Miss A. Graham, Miss Thomas, Miss Meta Page, Mr John N. Featherston, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Frank D. Willey, Mr. Johnson, Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., Mr. Arthur Painter, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. Gus Moulder, Mr. J. H. Maynard, Mr. E. G. Schmiedell, Mr. George H. Hellman, Mr. S. C. Buckbee, Mr. H. E. Hall, Mr. W. S Newhall, Mr. G. A Newhall, Mr. J. M. Masten, Mr. James Otis, Mr. A. H. Loughborough, Mr. W. H. Fairbanks, Mr A. H. Small, Mr. F. P. Howard, Mr. Karl Howard, Colonel Robert Tobin, Mr G. Creighton Webb, Mr. W. N. Cowles, Mr. J. A Towers, Mr. R. C. Bolton, Mr Willard Barton, Mr. Frank A. Vail, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr, Mr. William Richardson, Mr. Charles Nichols, Mr. Azel Fish, Mr. F. A. Wheeler, Mr. Robert Coleman, Mr. Arthur Page, Mr. Henry Redington, Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr B. Tompkins, Mr William Babcock, Mr. John Allen, Mr. R. B. Forman, Mr. Henry Walter, Mr. W. E. Zander, Mr. W. F. Berry, and others.

The Field Reception.

An informal but thoroughly delightful reception was given by Chief-Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field last Monday evening, in their parlors at the Palace Hotel. The ostensible object of the affair was to give Mrs. Frances Edgerton an opportunity to display her elocutionary talent. Beautiful stands and baskets of choice roses and other flowers adorned the apartments, which were occupied by about forty guests. Mrs. Edgerton agreeably entertained her auditors with selections from Mrs. Browning's works, which were admirably recited, as were "Lasca," "The Resurrection," and other pieces of merit. The guests retired at a seasonable hour, feeling that they had been very pleasantly entertained

Among those present were: Chief-Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field, Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mr. and Mrs T. B. Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs Lloyd Tevis, Mr and Mrs. Samuel Holladay, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Mrs. E. Martin, Mrs. C. N. Shaw, Mrs. Stokes, Miss Dulce Bolado, Miss Lake, Misses Chamberlain, Senator James G. Fair, Mr. Charles Mayne, General Rust, of New York, and others.

The Haggin Lunch-Party.

Mrs. J. B. Haggin gave an elaborate lunch-party last Wednesday at her residence, on Taylor Street, in honor of Mrs. Stephen J. Field. The most fragrant and beautiful roses, in combination with rare exotics and delicate ferns, embellished the dining-table.

Among those present were: Mrs. J. B. Haggin, Mrs. S. J. Field, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mrs. Stuart Taylor, Mrs. Holt, Mrs George C. Boardman, Miss Rita Haggin, and others

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan were at the Palace Hotel during the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Decker and Miss Alice Decker returned to the city last Monday after a protracted visit at the Hotel del Monte. They are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mr. C. B. Jennings will pass the winter at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Martel and the Misses Adèle, Jennie, and Ethel Martel, who have been passing the summer at Los Gatos, have returned to their residence on Ellis Street.

Mrs. J. F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton are in New York city.

Chief-Justice and Mrs. Stephen J. Field will return to Washington, D. C, in about a week.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, of Long Beach, Los Angeles County, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Jennings at the Hotel Rafael for a few weeks. Mr. Morgan will arrive here in a few days to join her.

Miss Jennie Hobbs has been visiting Miss Maud Shirley at Martinez.

Mrs. William B. Collier and Miss Sophie McPherson have returned to Lakeport after a brief visit here. Miss McPherson will pass the winter in Philadelphia.

Miss McLane, of Baltimore, has been visiting Captain and Mrs. Millen Griffith at San Rafael.

Miss Minnie Corbitt has returned from a visit to friends in Sausalito.

Miss Annie Pierce, of Santa Clara, is the guest of friends in San Rafael.

Miss Stella Sears, of San Leandro, has been visiting the Misses Whittemore.

Miss Aileen Ivers has been entertaining Miss Minnie Carroll, of Sacramento, for several days.

Miss Inez Macondray has returned from a visit to friends at San Rafael.

Miss Dora Boardman has been visiting Miss Julia Tompkins at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Villafranca departed for Guatemala, Central America, last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guignè contemplate an early departure for Europe, intending to be away about a year.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson, of Redwood City, have been passing several days at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Irving Dearborn will return from China and Japan in a few weeks.

Miss Hyde, of San Rafael, recently entertained Miss Alice Mau, of this city, Miss Sarah Dean, of Oakland, and Miss May Wickersham, of Petaluma, at her home there for several days.

Mr. T. T. Dargie, of Oakland, returned from the Hotel del Monte last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller have been passing a week at Los Angeles.

Mr. T. H. Goodman has returned from Columbus, O.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McCoppin are traveling through Australia, and will visit Europe before returning here.

Mr. Henry J. Crocker will return from New York about the middle of October.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker will leave New York next month to visit Europe.

Mr. Ricardo M. Pinto will go to Central America in October to make a protracted visit.

Mrs. George E. Raum has been passing a couple of weeks at the Hotel Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart, *née* Will, are enjoying a tour of Scotland.

Senator James G. Fair has returned from a sojourn at Paraiso Springs.

Mr. John Bermingham is expected home soon after a prolonged visit in the Eastern States.

Mrs. John F. Miller and Mrs. Richardson Clover are in New York city.

Mrs. William Ashburner is visiting friends in New York

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Moore have returned from a visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. Alban B. Butler, of Fresno, has been visiting friends here for a week.

Miss Nettie Hamilton, of Oakland, has returned from a visit to Sacramento.

Mr. W. B. Wilshire has been visiting Coronado Beach.

Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low did not return with Mr. Low, having decided to remain in New York until the middle of October.

Mrs. Joseph P. Hale and Miss Josephine Hale are touring Norway and Sweden.

Mrs. Clinton Cushing and Miss Jennie de la Montanya left Liverpool last Monday for New York, and will remain there a few weeks before returning here.

Miss Mary Zane will leave for New York in a few days, to pass the winter there.

Mrs. J. S. Wall, the Misses Wall, and Miss Frankie Hart, of Oakland, arrived safely in Berlin last Tuesday, after a two months' trip through Italy and Switzerland. They will remain in Berlin during the winter.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Florence A. Atherton and Mr. Edward L. Eyre will be married next Wednesday evening at the residence of the mother of the bride-elect, Mrs. Domingo Atherton, on California Street.

Mrs. Samuel Hort gave a pleasant lunch-party recently at her home on Jackson Street, in honor of Mrs. Stephen J. Field. Lovely flowers graced the table, and a delicious repast was enjoyed. Among the others present were: Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes, Mrs. Samuel Holladay, and Mrs. James Otis.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant recently entertained Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., at dinner The others who participated in the pleasant affair were: Mr. Louis B. Parrott, Mr. John Parrott, Captain A. H. Payson, Mr. J. B. Casserly, Judge Hayne, Mr. Charles A Baldwin, Mr John E. de Ruyter, Mr. John Doyle, and Mr. Arthur Page.

The engagement is formally announced of Miss Jennie Martel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Martel, of this city, to Mr. Joseph M. Masten, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. K. Masten, of Oakland.

Miss Dixie Thompson, daughter of Captain and Mrs. R R. Thompson, will be married to Mr. I. L. Borden on Thursday evening, October 4th, at the residence of the parents of the bride-elect, on the corner of Van Ness Avenue and Pine Street.

Mrs. J. B. Haggin and Miss Rita Haggin gave a charming dinner-party recently, at their home on Taylor Street, in honor of three young couple who are about to venture on matrimony: Miss Florence A. Atherten, Mr. Edward L. Eyre, Miss Christine Parrott, Mr. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., Miss Leslie Van Ness, and Mr. John E. de Ruyter. The others invited were: Mrs A M. Parrott, Miss Lina Ashe, Miss Page, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Blanding, Dr. Harry L Tevis, Mr Winfield S. Jones, Mr. John W. Twiggs, Mr. Henry Redington, Mr. Alfred A Wheeler, and Mr. C. A. Baldwin.

Miss Annie Fyfe and Mr. Charles W Alisky, both of Portland, Or., were married in Victoria, B C., on September 12th, by the Rev. Percival Jenns. The bride is the daughter of Mr Robert Fyfe, formerly of the San Francisco Gaslight Company, but now Freight Auditor of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company. She is accomplished in both music and art. Mr. Alisky has made quite a reputation as an artist. After visiting their friends in California they will proceed to Europe to complete their art studies.

Circulars have been issued by the German Club announcing its intentions for the coming season. The membership roll will be closed on October 15th. Four Germans will be held at Union Square Hall, commencing about the middle of November.

Army and Navy.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Shafter, U S. A., have been visiting Coronado Beach.

Lieutenant James E. Runcie, First Artillery, U. S. A. has gone to Fort Wingate, N M, on official business

Major David S. Gordon, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence on account of illness.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Philharmonic Society.

The Philharmonic Society, under the direction of Hermann Brandt, gave its first concert of the tenth season last Wednesday evening, at Metropolitan Hall The society was assisted by Miss Celia Adler, soprano; Mrs. H. J. Stewart, pianiste; and Mr. F. Dellepiane, accompanist. The following programme was presented:

Hochzeitmusik (wedding music)..... .....Adolph Jensen
Orchestrated by R. Becker.
Festzug,
Brautgesang,
Reigen,
Notturns.
"Lohengrin" (Elsie's Dream)... .....Wagner
Miss Celia Adler.
Ave Maria.....Schubert
Orchestrated by F. Lux.
Overture, "Oberon"..... ....Weber
Serenade et Allegro Giojoso. .....Mendelssohn
Mrs. H. J. Stewart.
(a) "The Violet"..... ..E Reiter
Violin Obligato, by Mr. Joseph Willard.
(b) "Oh! Happy Day"..... C. Goetze
Miss Celia Adler.
Hungarian Airs..... Keler Bela

The members of the Handel and Haydn Society will give their first concert of this season at the Grand Opera House on Tuesday evening, October 2d.

Mr. E. C. Masten, of Portland, Or., has been appointed Auditor of Passenger Accounts of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company, Mr. Robert Fyfe retaining the position of Auditor of Freight Accounts.

The first studio evening of the Art Students' League will occur next Friday night, when Mr. Fred Yates will entertain the invited guests with "Talks on Architecture."

DII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, September 23, 1888.

Clam Chowder.
Cantaloupe.
Broiled Squabs. Saratoga Potatoes.
Stewed Tomatoes.
Stuffed Bell Peppers. Egg Plant.
Roast Saddle of Lamb.
Celery Salad, Egg Dressing.
Bavarian Cream. Strawberries. Fancy Cakes.
Fruits in Season.

The following invitation to attend the funeral of the Baron Salomon de Rothschild was received by a United States official in Paris, who says truly that it can not fail to be curious to American readers: "SIR—The Baron and the Baroness Anselme de Rothschild, the Baron and the Baroness James de Rothschild, and Baron and the Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild, and their children, the Baron and the Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild, the Baron and the Baroness Willy de Rothschild, and their children, the Barons Alphonse, Gustave, Salomon, and Edmond de Rothschild, the Misses Louise and Alice de Rothschild, and the Barons Nathaniel, Ferdinand, and Salomon de Rothschild, the Baron Amschel de Rothschild, Mme. Worms, Mme. Sichel, Mme. Montefiore, Mme. Beyfus, the Baron and the Baroness Lionel de Rothschild, and their children, the Baron and the Baroness Anthony de Rothschild, and their children, the Baron and the Baroness Mayer de Rothschild, and their children, the Baron and the Baroness Mayer-Charles de Rothschild, and their children, Mr. and Mme. Adolphe Beyfus, Mr. and Mme. S. Sichel, and Mr. J. Sichel, have the honor to inform you of the irreparable loss they have experienced by the decease of the Baron Salomon de Rothschild, who died at his hotel, No. 17 Rue Lafitte, the twenty-seventh of July, 1855, at the age of eighty-two years, their well-beloved father, father-in-law, grandfather, great-grandfather, brother, and uncle; and invite you to attend the funeral on Tuesday, the thirty-first of July, at nine o'clock. The funeral will take place from the residence of the deceased."

The owner of some homing pigeons at Hamm bet that, on a fine day, twelve of his bees would beat a like number of carrier pigeons in making the distance (one hour) between Hamm and the town of Rhynern. Twelve pigeons and twelve bees (four drones and eight working-bees, all powdered with flour) were taken to Rhynern, and simultaneously set free. A white drone arrived home four seconds in advance of the first pigeon; the remaining three drones and the second pigeon arrived together, and the eight working-bees preceded the ten pigeons by a length.

Mr. John P. Townsend, in his address on savings banks in the United States, stated that the average expense of savings bank management in thirteen States is less than one-third of one per cent.; the average interest paid is nearly four per cent.; in the six New England States the average is greater than four per cent., in Vermont it was four and one-half per cent., and in Rhode Island four and seven-tenths per cent. was paid in 1887.

THE PHILOSOPHIC MUSE.

A Concord Love-Song.

Shall we meet again, love,
In the distant When, love,
When the Now is Then, love,
And the Present Past?
Shall the mystic Yonder,
On which I ponder,
I sadly wonder,
With thee be cast?

Ah, the joyless fleeting
Of our primal meeting,
And the fateful greeting
Of the How and Why!
Ah, the Thingness flying
From the Hereness, sighing
For a love undying
That fain would die!

Ah, the Ifness sadd'ning,
The Whichness madd'ning,
And the But ungladd'ning,
That lie behind!
When the signless token
Of love is broken
In the speech unspoken
Of mind to mind!

But the mind perceiveth
When the spirit grieveth,
And the heart relieveth
Itself of woe;
And the doubt-mists lifted
From the eye love-gifted
Are rent and rifted
In the warmer glow.

In the inner Me, love,
As I turn to thee, love,
I seem to see, love,
No Ego there,
But the Meness dead, love,
The Theeness fled, love,
And born instead, love,
An Usness rare!

—*James Jeffrey Roche.*

A Metaphysician's Love-Letter.

Old sages dreamed, in lone retreat,
Of visionary grace,
That had no tangible concrete
For secular embrace;
Platonic love and abstract bliss
(Unsuited to a world like this),
That waste the rapture of a kiss
In empty space!

The psychological idea
Is like the ether, fine;
But I prefer, while I am here,
An image less divine,
Angelic soul in mortal mold,
Whose love should grow as we grew old,
Till death round both his wings enfold,
Such dream be mine!

Say, shall we seek, my psychic friend
(Conjoin'd in sense and soul),
Those incongruities to blend
Into one cosmic whole?
So may the philosophic mind,
With nature's ordinance combined,
Coördinate us till we find
The æsthetic goal.

—*London Truth.*

Applied Astronomy.

He took me out to see the stars,
That astronomic bore;
He said there were two moons near Mars,
While Jupiter had four.

I thought, of course, he'd whisper soon
What fourfold bliss 'twould be
To stroll beneath that fourfold moon
On Jupiter with me.

And when he spoke of Saturn's ring,
I was convinced he'd say
That was the very kind of thing
To offer me some day.

But in a tangent off he went
To double stars. Now that
Was most suggestive, so content,
And quite absorbed I sat.

But no, he talked a dreary mess,
Of which the only fraction
That caught my fancy, I confess,
Was "mutual attraction."

I said I thought it very queer,
And stupid altogether,
For stars to keep so very near,
And yet not come together.

At that he smiled, and turned his head;
I thought he'd caught the notion,
He merely bowed good-night and said,
Their safety lay in motion. —*Century.*

An Esoteric Ode.

I remember, oh, yes, I remember,
When light was beginning to dawn,
I floated about in the ether
A poor little atom forlorn,
And how in the darkness and chaos
Your form was the first to appear;
You were only a molecule, darling,
But such a sweet molecule, dear.

I remember, oh, yes, I remember,
The days that we spent in a pool,
Among the Silurian meadows,
When things were beginning to cool.
Although I am sure I was happy,
I think our appearance was queer;
You were only a pollywog, darling,
But such a sweet pollywog, dear.

I remember, oh, yes, I remember,
The time that we spent in a cave,
I lately saw in a collection
Some bones which you helped me engrave.
The plaques you now paint are quite different,
In art your improvement is clear;
You were only a troglodyte, darling,
But such a sweet troglodyte, dear.

I remember, oh, yes, I remember,
How life in Arcadia ran,
When wandering down by the river
We frequently met the god Pan;
That twist *à la* Psyche you're wearing
Brings those golden ages so near;
You were only a dryad, my darling,
But such a sweet dryad, my dear.

I remember, oh, yes, I remember,
The first time you asked me to call;
A cycle has passed since that morning,
And one since last night at the ball.
The time is so long when you're absent,
And passes so quick when you're here;
For you are my sweetheart, my darling,
And such a sweet sweetheart, my dear.

—*Judge.*

The first shipment of chemically pure aluminum from this country was made the other day, when one hundred and fifty pounds were sent from Newport, Ky., to London. It sold at fifty cents a pound, it is reported, and was the result of a new and secret process applied to Kentucky ore and clay.

FOR THE LADIES.

He—"Do you like *Punch?*" *She* (from Cincinnati)—"No, but I'm very fond of beer."—*Life.*

Young lady (wishing to be affable)—"Aunty, can you direct me to——" *Respectable colored matron*—"I *ain't* yo' aunty; I's yo' ekal!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mrs. H.—"Norah, did Mrs. Richly leave any message when you told her I was not at home?" *Norah*—"No, ma'am, she didn't; but she looked very much pleased."—*Life.*

Stout old lady—"I'm going down to the sea-shore and I want suthin' nice and roomy to bathe in." *Fresh clerk*—"Yes, ma'am; how would the Atlantic Ocean do?"—*Judge.*

Teacher (rhetoric class)—"Miss Purplebloom, you may express the thought 'Necessity is the mother of invention' in different words." *Miss Purplebloom*—"Invention is the daughter of necessity."—*Life.*

Fair coxswain (unfamiliar with aquatics)—"I wish the boat would leak a little." *He*—"Excuse me, but I think she *is* leaking." *She*—"I mean leak *out*. I've heard of things doing that, haven't you?"—*Time.*

Wife—"What is the matter, John? You are the most impatient man I ever saw." *Husband* (struggling to button his shirt)—"I can't find this dinged button-hole." *Wife* (placidly)—"Have you looked under the bureau for it?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mr. Frederic Spyrge (at Saratoga)—"Aw—I did intend, Miss Smithers, to spend the summer in Europe, but business matters of pressing importance kept me at home." *She*—"Yes, I heard papa say, only a day or two ago, that times are very hard."—*Life.*

Lieutenant Crenshaw (who has been betrothed only two weeks)—"It's very hard, but duty is duty, and I must report for frontier work at once." *Miss Traphagen*—"And just as I was getting to read Amélie Rives's novels intelligently! It is t-too much!"—*Time.*

Husband—"Maria, here is a telegram from Cousin George, down in Florida. He is——" *Wife* (in great alarm)—"From Florida? For goodness sake, John, don't bring it into the house. You don't know whether it has been fumigated or not!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Miss Placida Simperthy (alarmed)—"Mercy on me! What is that dreadful noise up-stairs?" *Prison official*—"Don't be alarmed, madam. It's only the murderer you are bringing the flowers to, kicking a little because his porterhouse-steak and eggs are not ready."—*Puck.*

House-maid (entering hastily)—"Good heavens, Mrs. Pancake, I'm afraid that new boarder from the country has suffocated himself! His door's locked, and the hall's full of gas." *Mrs. Pancake*—"Dear me, how dreadful! and the gas-bill's so big already!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

He (a new arrival at country hotel, to unknown lady)—"Aw—have you been long a captive in this—er—menagerie?" *She*—"You can hardly call me a captive; perhaps keeper would be better, for I am the wife of the showman, and have to help feed the animals."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mamma (the next morning)—"Edith, my dear, I don't think you should have such late callers. Mr. Simpkins stayed here until after eleven last night!" *Edith*—"Why, mamma! How can you call him a late caller? I'm sure it was only a few minutes after seven when he called!"—*Puck.*

First young lady—"Do you know, I don't think Browning is nearly so nice as he used to be. He uses slang dreadfully." *Second young lady* (shocked)—"Is that so?" *First young lady*—"Yes; I was looking over 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin,' the other day, and he actually says 'Rats!' in a line all by itself."—*Judge.*

Mr. Wabash (of Chicago)—"Yes, Miss Waldo, I see the Atlantic Ocean to-day for the first time. What a vast amount of merchandise is carried on the broad bosom of that mighty sheet of water!" *Miss Waldo* (of Boston)—"Ah, yes, Mr. Wabash; it is very advantageously situated, you know, being so near Boston!"—*Time.*

She had been waiting, waiting, oh, so many weary summer days. She had affected an interest in his amateur photography, and had admired his detective apparatus in its alligator-leather case. At last he said: "May I snap my camera on you, just once, Miss Langsyne?" "Certainly, Mr. Waite," she replied, "I like the sound."—*Puck.*

He (at Saratoga, tenderly)—"I think I have met you before, Miss Smith; your face is very familiar." *She* (coldly)—"Yes, sir; and those goods that you warranted would wash I tried to give away to my maid." And then the silence became so wide and solemn that you could hear them pumping gas into the mineral springs.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Young lady (to cigar-dealer)—"Have you the 'Fragrant' brand of cigars, sir?" *Dealer*—"Yes, miss." *Young lady*—"How much are they a box?" *Dealer*—"One dollar and a half a box, miss; one hundred in a box." *Young lady*—"You may give me a box, please. They are a present for my—my cousin; I've often heard him say how fond he is of a fragrant Havana."—*New York Sun.*

She (blushing)—"What did papa say last night, George, when you went to gain his consent to woo and win me?" *He* (somewhat embarrassed)—"Well—er—to tell the truth, Clara, in some way we got to discussing politics, and I forgot all about the other matter. Ah, darling, are you sure that you will always love me as you do now?" *She* (coldly)—"I beg of you, Mr. Sampson, let us talk about the tariff question."—*New York Sun.*

The funny paragrapher was walking on the beach with his best girl. He said: "How like a silver swan the moonlight rides upon the restless surface of the sea!" "It is not lovely to me, Mr. Laugherty; it reminds me only of the Hebrews." "Hebrews? How so?" "It is so sheeny." Then he rebuked her gently; but that night he made a memorandum of the remark, saying, mentally: "It's worth just about the price of three cigars."—*Puck.*

Six years ago work was begun on a new palace for the Mikado of Japan, and now it is about finished. It has four hundred rooms; the dining-room will seat one hundred and twenty-seven persons; the furniture for the state department all came from Germany, and in one of the reception-rooms is an American piano.

The London *St. James's Gazette*, speaking of the American small boy, says: "He abounds in Paris, he is common in Italy, and he is a drug in Switzerland. He is not only restless himself, but he is the cause of restlessness in others. He has no respect for the quiescent evening hour, devoted to cigarettes on the terrace after the table d'hôte, and he is not to be overawed by a look. It is a constant source of wonder to the thoughtfully inclined how the American man is evolved from the American boy. No one need desire a pleasanter traveling companion than the American man; it is impossible to imagine one more disagreeable than the American boy."

Probably the biggest tombstone in this country is that of the late Henry Scarlett, of Upson County, Ga. Mr. Scarlett was very rich and misanthropic. He led the life of a hermit, and the neighbors said that it was because he had been disappointed in love. Several years ago he sent for a stone-cutter in Atlanta, and had him cut an inscription on a huge boulder over one hundred by two hundred feet in dimensions. Then a cave was dug down under the stone, and in it a coffin was placed to await Mr. Scarlett's death. This happened not long ago, and now the body rests under the big tombstone.

A burglar, in the course of examination, declared that he had committed one hundred and twenty burglaries in districts of London during the present year without having before been arrested.

Personal.

Any gentleman having a capital of $5,000 to invest, and desiring to acquire a safe and very profitable manufacturing business, will do well to investigate the rare business opportunity advertised on page 16.

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— A LADY OF EXPERIENCE DESIRES A SITUATION as governess or teacher. Best references given and required. Address, M. A. S., *Argonaut* Office.

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BABY WORLD, edited by Mary Mapes Dodge	1 00
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WEE BABIES (colored illus.), by Ida Waugh	1 25
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BABY'S PRIMER	10

IMPORTANT.—As we shall not republish the above list of BABY'S BOOKS, we suggest to intending purchasers to send for the books they wish at once, or else cut out the list for future reference.

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IN A DUKERY.

Scene—A ducal castle; party of tourists discovered waiting in the entrance hall. Enter the head butler, an imposing person, with sandy hair and pale-blue, prominent eyes.

The H. B. (with condescension)—If you'll 'ave the goodness to wait a little, I shall be able to go around with you myself.

(Departs with mysterious solemnity, leaving the party overwhelmed.)

A matron (who yields to none in reverence for the aristocracy—to her daughters)—Doesn't everything look stately, dears? I wonder where they keep all the hats and umbrellas?

A wife (to her husband)—Now, for goodness sake, Charles, don't try to be funny here—remember where you are!

(The party converse in whispers; a tourist in a flannel shirt taps a man in armor familiarly on the stomach, causing him to emit a hollow ring. The rest look at him reproachfully. He returns their gaze with defiance, but edges away from the armed figure as the butler returns.)

The H. B.—Now, please, if you'll follow me, and keep together. (Tourists straggle after him, each in deadly fear of catching his eye; the man in the flannel shirt hums the "Marseillaise" under his breath.) The banqueting 'all. The fam'ly takes all their meals 'ere when at Blaisenings. (Party repeats this to one another in hushed voices.) The tapestry along the walls is Gobling.

Charles (frivolously)—Ha, very bad example for the family!

The H. B.—Did you speak, sir?

Charles (turning red in the face)—Only to my wife.

Tourist (with a turn for architecture and a desire to air his information)—Er—this portion of the building is—ah—early decorated, is it not?

The H. B. (severely)—No, sir; decorated quite lately, by a London firm.

(The architectural tourist falls to the rear; the others conceive a poor opinion of him.)

A tourist (nerving himself to ask a question)—Will there be many dining here this evening?

The H. B. (with a lofty candor)—Well, no—we 'aven't many staying with us at present. I should say we shouldn't set down more than twenty or so tonight—or thirty at most.

A tourist (with a twang)—Air your company a stag-party?

The H. B. (pityingly)—There's no deer-forests in this part of the country.

The tourist (with a twang, clapping him on the shoulder and laughing)—I see you don't understand our national colloquialisms.

The H. B.—I don't understand any colloquialisms bein' took with me. (He moves away with dignity.) This (opening the door) is the hamber droring-room.

(A door on the opposite side is seen to shut precipitately as the party enter.)

The reverential matron—Gwendolen—come over here a minute. (Whispers.) She was sitting in this very chair—do you see? I wonder if it could have been the duchess! There's the mark left in her book—if I only dared. (Reading title.) The "Mystery of a Bathing Machine." We'll get it at the book-stall as we go back.

The H. B. (coming to a stand and fixing his eye on a nervous tourist, who opens his mouth feebly)—The pair of vawses on the consols was brought over by the grandfather of the present Duke of Ammercloth, and are valued at hover five thousand pounds apiece. We've been hoffered nine thousand five 'undred for the pair—and refused.

(The man in the flannel shirt groans "'ow long?" to himself in bitter indignation at the unequal distribution of wealth.)

The nervous tourist—Did you, though?

(Regards the H. B. with intense admiration for his judgment and resolution.)

A comic tourist—I wish some one 'ud offer me nine thousand pounds for the vawses on my mantelpiece. I wouldn't 'aggle over it.

The H. B. (ignoring him)—The picture in the panel above the chimley-piece is a paregoric suject representing "Apoller, Mercry, and the Fine Arts complimenting the first Duke of Ammercloth on the completion of the new private chapel." By 'Ogarth. In the corner. Old woman heatin' a nerring. By Torchlight.

A tourist (who thinks it is time he made a remark)—Let me see—wasn't he one of the Dutch school? Tautschlyt, Torschylt. I seem to know the name.

The H. B. (tolerantly)—No, no, sir; you didn't foller what I said. It wasn't the name of the artis'—it's what the old woman is heatin' the 'erring by, in a cellar. The cellar and the 'erring is considered masterpieces.

A young lady—What a very curious method of cooking fish, isn't it? (The party move on.)

The H. B.—This is his grace's own study. His grace sees his tenants at that table.

(General interest in the table, except on part of the man in the flannel shirt, who suppresses a snort.)

Charles's wife—Fancy, Charles, the duke uses "J" pens!

Charles—Not even gilded! This is a severe blow, Caroline! (Pretends to be overcome.)

His wife—If you go on in this foolish manner I will not be seen talking to you.

The reverential matron (in a whisper)—Ermyntrude, see if you can manage to pick up a nib when no one's looking—there are plenty lying about.

A tourist (anxious to propitiate the butler)—An excellent landlord, the duke, I believe?

The H. B. (coldly)—We 'ave not 'eard of any complaints on the estate. (Leads the way to the gallery.) The Hoak Gallery, formerly the Harmry. When we 'ave a large 'ouse-party, they sometimes comes up 'ere after dinner and 'as games.

(Expressions of pleased surprise—always excepting the man in the flannel shirt, who mutters something about "dancing on volcanoes.")

A tourist (with a thirst for information)—What sort of games!

The H. B. (with dignity)—That I can't tell you percisely, bein' no part of my dooties to participate. (Halting before a picture.) Portrait of 'Enery Halgernon, second Marquis of Seasprings, beyeaded on Tower 'Ill by Sir Peter Lely.

Charles (the incorrigible)—Do you mean that Sir Peter took his head off?

The H. B. (solemnly)—He took his lordship off full length, sir, as you can see by looking. (To the reverential matron, whose demeanor has not escaped him.) If you like to stop be'ind, and let the rest go on a bit, I can show you something that's not generally open to the public. (Mysteriously.) It's the room where all his grace's boots are kep'. He has over a hundred pair of them.

(The matron rejoins the rest in a state of solemn ecstasy, and can hardly refrain from betraying how highly she has been privileged. The party return to the hall.)

A tourist (a diligent student of the society paragraphs in a Sunday paper—to butler)—Is Lady Floriline at home just now?

The H. B.—Her ladyship is away visiting at present, sir. Expected back Saturday week, sir.

The Society T. (as if he felt this as a personal disappointment)—Not till Saturday week?—really!—ah! (The rest regard him with increased respect, and listen attentively.) I suppose it's quite true that the match with Lord George Gingham is broken off. Going to marry Lady Susan Sunshade, isn't he? I was very sorry when I heard of it (feelingly).

The H. B.—Was you hintimate with 'is lordship, sir?

The S. T. (with a modest reserve)—Oh, I've stayed with him, you know, and that sort of thing.

(He has—at a Swiss hotel, when Lord George took him for a tout—but what of that?)

The H. B.—Then I should certainly recommend you to inquire of Lord George in pusson, sir. That's his lordship coming up the terrace now. (The S. T. collapses utterly.)

Ermyntrude (coming up to her mother)—Oh, mamma, what do you think? We looked in at the window as we passed, and we saw them all having afternoon tea. And the duchess was actually eating buttered toast. She didn't see us for ever so long—we had such a good view!

(Scene closes in upon the majority of the party, anxiously discussing in undertones the propriety or otherwise of offering any, and what, fee to the butler, who stands apart in a brown study, with a distinct effort to mitigate the severity of his expression. As far as the man in the flannel shirt is concerned, the problem "solvitur ambulando."—*Punch.*

Before Mr. Justice Hannen, who is to preside over the Parnell commission, a demure, sombre-dressed juryman claimed, and procured, exemption from serving on the ground that he was "deeply interested in a funeral which takes place to-day, and most anxious to follow." In a moment after, Mr. Justice Hannen learned that he was the undertaker.*

A rector writes to the *Guardian* that "a celibate order among the clergy is one of the imperative necessities of the times," the reason being "the impossibility of supporting a wife and family upon the ordinary income of a curate."

Parisian swells steadily give way to English fashions. They now wear the regular short white tie for evening-dress, instead of their former black butterflies.

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, August 5, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.00, 6.45, P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, 6.45, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10 00, 11.45 A. M.; 2.30, 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M; 12 45, 2.15, 4.15, 5.45, 7 30, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.45 P. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.15 P.M.
8 A. M. (Sundays only), Excursion Train from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations Returning arrives in San Francisco at 8.00 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.
Sunday Excursions—Round-trip Tickets, good on Sundays only: Camp Taylor, $1.50; Point Reyes, $1.75; Tomales, $2.00; Howard's, $2.50; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, $3.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Sept. 5, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José..	*12.45 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and ‡Santa Rosa...	6.15 P.
7.30 A.	For Sacramento, Truckee and Reno, and for Redding via Davis......	7.15 P.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff.	5.45 P.
9.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles ..	12.15 P.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles.	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José..	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	11.15 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & *Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis..	9.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore..	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East ...	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East......	8.45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

‡ 7.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
*2.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz...	*10.50 A.
‖4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz.	‡‡9.20 A.

NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

7.15 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	2.30 P.
‡ 7.50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion.	‡ 8.35 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations. ...	6.40 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 42 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5.10 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	* 8.00 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	6.40 A.
†11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations..	†7.50 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ‖ Saturday and Sunday only, to Santa Cruz. ‡‡ Sunday and Monday only, from Santa Cruz. ** Mondays excepted.

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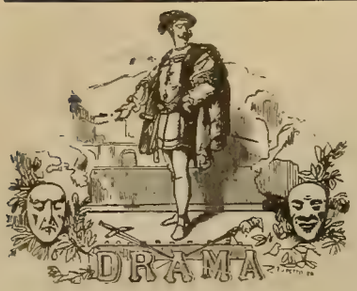

The New Yorker is responsible for the rise of burlesque. To be perpetually amused is his ambition, and the performance which can beguile him of two hours' *ennui* is to be encouraged. But to him burlesque is something of a fine, French, sprightly delicacy, vivacity, and finish. It means a combination of cobweb lightness with scintillating brilliancy, in which the jokes flash through a rainbow net-work of color, light, and harmony, in which the twinkling of moving feet, the flow of tireless wit, the pulsing of soft music, the melodious cadence of sweet voices, blend in a diaphanous, ethereal whole.

Such a burlesque must be eaten while hot, like a *soufflé;* once cold, down it drops into soggy leadenness. It must be sipped as soon as the cork pops and the sparkling fluid comes sobbing, chuckling, and gurgling into the glass, at first keen, nipping, stimulating, invigorating. But how flat and dreary are the heel-taps! A burlesque's excuse for existence must be its crisp freshness, its bubbling effervescence, its panting spontaneity, its frisky vitality. But when the *soufflé* drops and the champagne has been up all night, who cares for it? The instant old age lays a haggard hand upon the burlesque, the instant it smells musty, then good-by to it. Fold its hands and tie up its chin, go out, and softly close the door.

The American people lack the humorous lightness, delicacy, and unerring artistic instinct necessary to produce a finished burlesque. This is only possible to the French, masters as they are of all departments of comedy. In England, the burlesque is simply heavy and coarse; in the United States, it is always dull and generally vulgar. "Evangeline" is one of the poorest of a poor lot. There is no clever Dixey to prop up its failing limbs, no sprightly Aimée or beautiful Lilian Russell to charm a wearied audience. In its freshest days it lacked that *chic*, that impudent, reckless gayety of your true burlesque. It was always clumsy, top-heavy with jokes, overloaded with "gags," determined to force out the unwilling laugh. The Lone Fisherman as a novelty could once beguile us of a tolerant smile, where now he wakes a dreary yawn. Catherine's palpitating heart is still abjured to be still—and this was once considered funny!

"Evangeline" in the chaste and cold, classic and melodious verse of Longfellow, is a dream of beauty; but "Evangeline" in the halting doggerel and the abbreviated tights of Mr. Rice, is a thing to yawn over. So long as people patronize this form of burlesque, the spectacle of figurantes in costumes which, like some political speeches, become the more popular the less there is of them, will always attract audiences, and it is possible that "Evangeline" will crowd the Baldwin for a week or two. Fay Templeton—who appears to have been surprised by the call-boy while performing her toilet, and for fear of keeping the audience waiting rushed on the stage just as she was—will probably always be popular in a class for whom the divine nudity of the Venus of Milo possesses no charm. But whether this is art or not is quite another question. To class it as art in a house which has just witnessed the finished work of Messrs. Stoddart, Salvini, and Holland, requires boldness.

There are two objections to the musical extravaganza of "Evangeline"—and they may both be summed up in one—it has a fine, moldy flavor which is commendable in cheese, but is not in place in a play. It is difficult to say whether the brevity of the draperies or the dreariness of the puns has the best claim to antiquity. The costumes are merely repetitions of what "The Black Crook" introduced into New York a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Rice has never improved upon "The Black Crook" in any of his burlesques; the girls are new, but the trunks are old. The names on the play-bill are strange to the ear, but the marching Amazonians, wheeling in the colored lights, are familiar to the eye. Dancing, being an art, is progressive; the ballet keeps step with the march of civilization; the *premières danseuses* of the Metropolitan Opera Company could have given points to Ellsler or Taglioni. But mere posturing is not dancing, and but for a *pas seul* by Miss Glover, it was all posturing in "Evangeline."

This is less trying than the wit of the piece, which consists of a steady fire of puns. Puns went out with poor Theodore Hook. If a man were to make a pun in general society to-day, people would suppose he was not well. Nobody would understand him. When people came to realize what he was after, they would pity him and wonder whether he was subject to such attacks. It would never occur to any one to laugh. But the reader of Lacey's "Acting Plays" will find whole volumes of burlesques, partly in prose, partly in doggerel, the humor of which consists exclusively of puns. He who reads them to-day feels a tender commiseration for the generation which enjoyed that kind of thing. "Evangeline" appears to be one of these pieces, resurrected from a grave in which that class of literature was peacefully sleeping. The personages vie with each other in punning. Evangeline makes puns; her lover, Gabriel, makes puns; they all make puns in fierce rivalry, and they have to enunciate their verbal acrobatic feats with painful distinctness for fear the audience would lose them. This involves a strain on the audience which is very trying. When Evangeline's father reproves her for careless diction, he warns her against the use of "slanguage"; and, after an effort, one realizes that a pun has been committed. But it requires the effort.

The plot of the piece can not be condemned, because there is none; nor can the characters be criticised, because there is no attempt to define character. They are all alike—silly, purposeless, inconsequential. Evangeline is as like Longfellow's heroine as Baby Bunting, and her lover might be Ixion or Paris in "La Belle Hélène." That idiotic personage, the Lone Fisherman (Mr. Jas. S. Maffitt), occasionally draws a laugh by some grotesque absurdity, and George Fortescue in skirts is, sometimes, quite funny. There is a clog-dance, executed by Messrs. George Cohen and James Reynolds disguised as a cow, and a droll policeman (Mr. Edward Morris) who perpetrates many antique jokes with a wonderful amount of *esprit*, considering their age. All is stale and flat; sparkle and effervescence have gone.

Miss Fay Templeton looks pretty and manages a small voice with some adroitness. She has a dash of the piquancy, the *diablerie* without which no woman has a right to attempt musical burlesque. Miss Louise Montague, currently known as the Ten Thousand Dollar Beauty, has, on the contrary, an utter absence of all such sparkle and vivacity, and makes up for the lack by a great deal of voice, which, on the high notes, has an unpleasantly resonant quality. No one, of course, expects to hear a voice in a musical burlesque; there would be something quite indecorous in this flagrant breaking of popular custom. Miss Montague is, therefore, as much of a surprise as a real gold pin in a prize package. Her voice—it has the same rasping hardness noticeable in Pauline Hall's—needs cultivation. A little training would do worlds for it, and it would be such a treat to hear a burlesque actress sing nicely. Miss Montague's self-confidence is commendable; she reminds one of the Frenchman who was asked if he could play the violin: "I don't know," he answered; "I've never tried."

Both Miss Templeton and Miss Montague have some pretty songs to sing, but as a whole the music of "Evangeline" is trifling and meretricious. It has none of the merry sparkle of the music of Offenbach and his army of followers. "Where art thou, my beloved?" is a tuneful fragment, and was sung with spirit and delicacy by Miss Templeton. This was indeed the brightest spot in the whole performance.

The stage setting was good, the costuming very pretty. The arrangement of color was really artistic and harmonious. The Amazon march in its evolutions, with calcium lights playing over it, was brilliant in the extreme, and must have filled with delight both the cradle and the grave. Some of the Amazons were undeniably pretty, and in their bright, shining dresses postured with good effect.

If "Evangeline's" *raison d'être* is to show off good-looking girls in fancy dresses, it succeeds. If, however, it purports to amuse a reasonably intelligent audience it fails lamentably. G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Love and Money" will be given by the company at the Alcazar next week.

"A Tin Soldier," one of the best-liked of Hoyt's absurdities in San Francisco and in the East, will be seen at the Bush Street Theatre next week. The company is a new one in some respects, but the Rats and the Mrs. Brooklyn Bridge are the same.

Enrico Campobello as the Count di Luna, Messmer as the troubadour, Louise Leighton as Leonora, and Adeline Brandon as Azucena have been attracting large audiences to the Tivoli during the week. "Il Trovatore" is probably good for a fortnight more.

The minstrels at the Bijou are freshening up their jokes, and clearing up their voices in anticipation of a rival in their special field. The rival is a new minstrel company under the management of Colonel Haverley, and boasts of a large number of prominent artists in burnt cork.

"Evangeline" will run for at least another week at the Baldwin. The few who feared to rush in where others had told them a rather slow burlesque was to be seen, have had their curiosity piqued by the cavilings of the moral censors of the daily press, concerning Miss Templeton's tights, and so are determined to judge for themselves.

The heifer-dance in "Evangeline" is a very important affair to the men who do it, especially to the hind legs of the noble beast. "Adonis" Dixey was originally the hind legs of an "Evangeline" heifer, and consequently every young and ambitious dancer who essays that seemingly ignominious rôle, imagines he is an embryotic Dixey, who needs but half a chance to kick his way to fame and fortune in the twinkling of an agile heel.

When there is no circus in the neighborhood people sneer at its name and call it childish; and when it comes to town, they go in a semi-surreptitious way, and find half their friends seated about the saw-dust ring, and, as likely as not, munching the indigestible "goober." So it has been with the Sells Brothers' show, which has drawn a great many interested and enthusiastic admirers from the fashionable contingent. But the Sells's circus is deserving of their patronage. It has a large and curious assortment of strange birds and beasts, and its many performers are all of the first class in their various specialties of riding, juggling, and feats of strength and skill.

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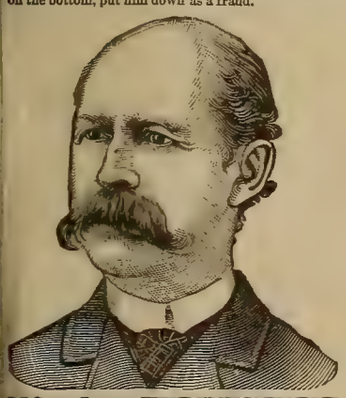

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Young Leonidas Tooth will be twenty-one when the robins nest again, and not before, so he has no vote. But he has a patriotic heart, and, so far as it beats for anything, it beats for the Republican party. The other day he left what he calls "the office," being the store of Messrs. Abendroth & Morgenstern, white goods, hosiery, and notions, Lispenard Street, at his usual hour of six o'clock P. M., and started down Broadway, having for his objective point his ancestral home in New Jersey, which his father is buying on the ten-year instalment plan.

As he walked down the street he saw a vender's tray full—very full—of Harrison and Morton buttons, and, moved by an impulse which he could hardly have explained, he bought one, and slipped it in the button-hole of his coat lapel. Then he went on his way.

He had to stop on Chambers Street to buy a toy-wagon for his little brother, for the Tooth family was constantly increasing, and looked as though it was going to be a full set before it got through.

The polite salesman wrapped up his package for him, and then, with a glance at the button, remarked cheerfully:

"Looks kinder husky for the G. O. P. this year, don't it?"

"I guess you're a Democrat," said Leonidas, with the best sneer that he could get up on short notice.

"Me? No!" said the salesman: "I ain't got no interest in politics. I don't know anythin' about it, only what I hear folks saying."

Leonidas paid for the toy-wagon, and walked out with dignity. Further down the street he stopped to buy a peach. The Italian in charge of the establishment gazed at his button while he was searching through his pockets for two cents.

"Ma brudda buya lotta dosa butta," he observed; "gotta stucka badda. Banadanna maka alla mon' dis-a year."

Leonidas deigned no reply, and passed on. In the ferry-house he found himself caught in the narrow passage past the ticket-takers' stands, in a crowd of gentlemen in linen dusters. From a banner which one of them carried, and from the remarks of a few who were conversationally inclined, Leonidas gathered that they formed the Old Line Democratic Club, of Patterson, and that they had been down to Rockaway on a clam-bake. Instinctively he lifted his toy-wagon, and held it so that it hid his button. Then he was ashamed of his infidelity to his colors, and he lowered it again. No one would have noticed his adornment if it had not been for this unfortunate vacillation; but now everybody seemed to see it at once. It was two or three minutes before he was able to slip through the narrow passage into the great waiting-room. In the meantime, the Old Line Democrats improved their opportunities.

"Hi, Danny," one shouted to another; "where was Harrison's grandfather when the light went out?"

"Gone to join the war tariff," rejoined Danny, promptly.

"They say he's going after Blaine with a muzzle," suggested another Old-Liner.

"If he goes after Blaine with a dollar-bill, he'll catch him quicker," said somebody else.

"They say that Morton's had his bar'l headed up," was the offering of another kindly stranger to the lonely Republican.

Leonidas emerged from the crowd with a flushed check, but with an undaunted spirit, and presently found himself seated in the ladies' cabin of the ferry-boat. Most of the ladies were standing up, so that the men might have seats; but it was called the ladies' cabin, all the same.

Leonidas was reading his newspaper when a loud, but unpleasant voice fell upon his ear and distracted his attention.

"Put up your money or take down your flag, that's what I say."

Leonidas looked up, and saw, in one of the end seats, at right angles to him, a stout man of sportive aspect. This man did not address his conversation to any one in particular; but all the other people looked at Leonidas as if they thought he ought to make the responses.

"Ya-as," said the stout man, "goin' around with a flag in your button-hole ain't supportin' your candidate. If you've got a candidate to support, support him; that's what I say."

Leonidas made no reply.

"What talks in a campaign? Money talks, every time. Put up your money on your candidate, or shut up. I'm only giving you *my* opinion," the stout man concluded, addressing the crowd.

Leonidas continued silent.

"Here's a little wad," continued the stout man, producing a huge roll of bills, "that says Cleveland is elected in November. *My* roll, gents and ladies. I'm all sport and thorough-bred, with a black roof to my mouth, that's what I am. *Everybody* ain't *my* kind, though."

Leonidas retained his grip on silence.

"No button on me, dames and gents," pursued the stout man; "there's *my* button. This roll's all the button I want. If any gent with a button in his clo'es wants to put up a roll of the same size—or any part—I'm his popsy-wopsy—and I won't say any thing about his having red hair and being flat-chested, either."

Leonidas wrapped himself up in silent dignity, but when the boat reached the slip, he hurried off to the train, sunk into a seat, and was trying to extract balm for his wounded spirit out of the New York *Evening Mule-in-Distress*, when a long, lank, impressive man in front of him turned around, leaned over, tapped his button with a powerful forefinger, and said:

"My friend, I am pained to see so young a man flaunting the symbol of the party which offers free whisky to the masses. You are putting the cup——"

Leonidas went into the baggage-caboose of the smoking-car, where he gave the baggage-man the cigar he had meant to smoke that evening. He also put his button in his pocket, but not before the baggage-man had said: "They're sheddin' them things lively, nowadays, since the old man knocked out Canada."

When Leonidas got home he told his father about his experience. The old gentleman took the button and carefully deposited it in the kitchen stove.

"My son," said he, "any man can vote as he blame pleases in this free country. But when a man, or even a twenty-year-old boy, puts a trade-mark on himself two months before election, to proclaim his opinions to the public-at-large, he awakes the sense of humor in the great American people, and while he may be present at the subsequent picnic, he will probably not participate in the merriment."—*Puck.*

— SEND FOR OUR MEMORANDUM-BOOK, containing list of properties in all parts of the State; sent free on application. Runyon, Lake & Co., Real Estate Agents, 809 Market Street.

There have been several authentic cases of duels between women, but their results have, generally, been bloodless. Only recently, Mme. de Valsayre, the vigorous champion of woman's rights, was said to have fought an American lady on the Belgian frontier. Three years ago, two ladies had a bout with unbuttoned foils at Bordeaux, and about the same time an elegant society belle, who used to attend the Paris theatres in masculine atture, was insulted by a *copurchic* who did not know her. She sent him a challenge, took two dragoons as her seconds, pretending that she was a foreigner and knew nobody, the real fact being that none of her friends would act in the capacity. The duel took place in the Bois de Boulogne, and the *copurchic* was wounded in the wrist by his Amazonian antagonist. On another occasion two popular actresses were about to fight with foils, but they eventually made up their quarrel at a pastry-cook's, where *petits-pâtés* and jam-tarts took the place of lethal weapons. Ancient history records many duels between French women. Richelieu was the cause of a determined encounter between the Comtesse de Polignac and the Marquise de Nesles. Mme. de Nesles fired first and hit a tree. The comtesse then discharged her weapon, and knocked off the lower part of one of her rival's ears. Then there was that terrible female duelist, Mme. d'Aubigny, called "La Maupin," who, in the seventeenth century, went to a ball in the Palais Royal dressed as a cavalier, was insulted, and killed three men, one after the other. "La Maupin," however, had the advantage of receiving fencing lessons from her husband, who was one of the most famous *prévôts d'armes* of the times. Nowadays fencing is practiced by many French women, if only for the purpose of giving suppleness to their sinews. Mme. Sarah Bernhardt occasionally practices with the pistol and the foil. Mlle. Abbéma, the painter, can hit the stem of a rose with a bullet without touching the leaves. The Comtesse de Beaumont-Castries is a good fencer, and so are the Marquise de Belbœuf, and several foreign ladies, like the Princess Ghika.

A New England woman with brains, who had a little money, but not enough, hit upon a novel and successful scheme for making more. At a small price she bought a very old house that was in disuse. She restored the old house, carefully preserving the original style, laid out the grounds suitably and attractively, and advertised the place for sale. She made handsomely by the transaction, and repeated it. After she had sold her third house she had enough money, and retired from business.

William Eleroy Curtis, the Washington correspondent, tells us that on one occasion Roscoe Conkling held up a newspaper, and said: "Here is a full page about base-ball and horse-racing. Everybody reads it. I see men buying papers on the cars, the streets, at the hotels, and in the clubs. The first thing they turn to is the base-ball column. Sir, I tell you that the people of this country are more interested in base-ball than they are in the coming of the Messiah!"

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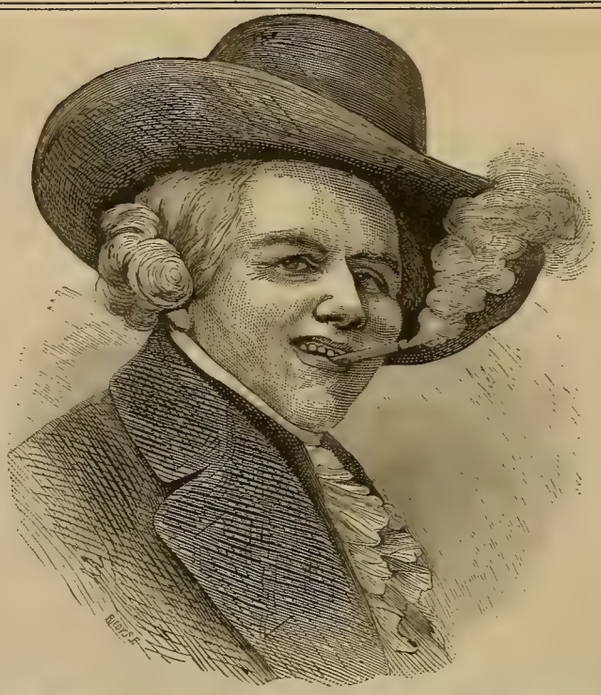

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ANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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e curious thing we observed in our recent visit to io. It is the centre of the raisin-growing industry of the . Now, one would think that gentlemen engaged in a ion industry, having interests in common, growing grapes oining fields, manufacturing them into raisins by a com- process, using boxes, labels of a similar character, trans- g their merchandise over the same railroads to compete open market, would, if intelligent, substantially agree in estimate of a law that affects their industry; that, while might differ in non-essentials, they would not widely ee in reference to the effect of the Mills Bill and a re- n of the half of one per cent. on the duties imposed raisins imported to the country from foreign nations. Thi luty was formerly two cents per pound; it is now one and lf cents per pound by the Mills Bill. This makes a nce to the Fresno raisin-grower of ten cents per box of pounds. California produces seven hundred and fifty nd boxes. The whole discussion is over the small sum enty-five thousand dollars, and seems to be scarcely of portance which the press and politicians have given to he bill that taxes the California raisin-grower seventy- ousand dollars, reduces the tariff upon lumber for his trays, houses, factories, and fences, on nails used in aking, on sulphur for his vines, on lithograph-paper for g, on unsized paper for sweating. The Mills Bill a lower tax on all implements used for vine-culture, on nery for wine-making, on glass bottles, cooperage, staves, hoop-iron, fruit-jars, and tin-cans; it allows no rebate on damaged importations. There are other questions, such as duties on steel rails and railroad machinery, that enter into the raisin-maker's calculation of the benefits or injuries accruing to him from a modification or change in revenue laws. Mr. A. B. Butler, of Fresno, is the largest grower of raisin-grapes in the State. He handles his own fruit and manages his own crop till it reaches its market destination. He cultivates six hundred acres of vines; he was working three hundred laborers when we visited his vineyard; he has three or four outlying farms, and is a man of recognized wealth. The approach to his residence is through splendid avenues of semi-tropical trees. His home is elegant; his great drying and packing houses, his stables, homes for his negroes, and all the accessories of a great and flourishing industry cluster around him. To the care of this estate he gives his personal attention. He is endeavoring to solve the labor problem by the introduction of negroes from the South. He is a gentleman of high intelligence and honorable character. All around Mr. Butler are other estates occupied and worked by intelligent and highly educated and wealthy gentlemen — Colonel Forsyth, Mr. Barton, Joseph Goodman, Mr. White, the Eisen Vineyard, Dr. Eischelmann, Frank Locan, and many others own elegant estates and luxurious homes—giving evidence of a social status not often seen in any land, and, so far as we know, not existing elsewhere in California. Mr. Butler is of the opinion that the Mills Tariff Bill will, when analyzed and fully considered in all its bearings, be found not to injuriously affect the infant industry in which he is engaged, but that, on the contrary, it will be advantageous to it; a very large number of his neighbors, engaged in the same pursuit, are of the same opinion; others entertain the opposite opinion. Now, that which surprises us is not that men should differ in opinion upon such an intricate matter as a tariff bill of necessity must be, but that the dividing line that separates them should run just where the line comes that separates the Cleveland Democrat from the Harrison Republican; and, further, that this difference of opinion, which, at best, is a mere disagreement upon an immaterial business question, should have assumed among this highly cultivated and intelligent people so bitter and acrimonious a shape, in many instances leading to social coldness. Assuredly the Mills tariff upon raisins can not be very hurtful if more than half the raisin-growers of Fresno—a full half in numbers, intelligence, wealth, and more than half in acreage, and in the number of men, and the amount of capital employed—find no objection to its provisions; nor does it seem quite rational, nor quite sensible, nor quite generous for the Republican raisin-makers of Fresno to drag Mr. Butler into an angry newspaper discussion, in which his motives are impugned, and in which he is charged with sacrificing his own and his country's interest in a personal ambition to attain an election to Congress—a position which no gentleman of good sense and independent wealth is at all likely to desire, unless his past life has indicated his political ambition. As Mr. Butler has never had nor ever sought a political position in his life, he should have been spared from so ill-founded and malicious an imputation. We make this writing not because of Mr. Butler, nor because we care much or know much about the raisin industry, but because of the moral that we can point. Fresno is a splendid town in a splendid county, settled with cultured, highly intelligent, and elegant people, engaged in a peculiar and very attractive industry, demanding wealth and brains for its successful pursuit. It should be the home of generous amenities, and here we see political questions—not great questions which involve the character and safety of the government and welfare of the people, but a small one over a paltry seventy-five-thousand-dollar business question, and one in which the money goes to the support of the government that throws its protection over the hundred millions of Fresno wealth—dividing society on political lines. The raisin-growers of Fresno, and the fruit-growers and wine-producers of the entire State, stand in the presence of a greater danger than can come from any tariff bill. The question of who shall perform the agricultural and viticultural labor of the State is of growing importance, and it has already attracted the serious attention of the prominent citizens of Fresno. We discussed it with Colonel Forsyth, Mr. Goodman, at the residence of Mr. Barton; with Mr. Fulton Berry, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Butler, and with divers other of the prominent gentlemen of Fresno County. Who shall gather the grain and hops? who shall pick the berries, the grapes, the olives? who cure, and dry, and pack the raisins? who shall can the fruit? for all these and all kindred employments come in the summer time; into the four months of July, August, September, and October is precipitated the great labor of the country; during the remainder of the year the farmer may plow, and the vintner may prune, and the orchardist may attend to his pests, and the hop-grower may reset his poles, but in the months named the grain must be harvested and sacked, the hay must be mown and baled, the berries must be picked and marketed, the fruit must be gathered and canned, grapes must be brought to press, and the wine manipulated, fermented, blended, and casked in the cellar, raisins must be picked, and dried, and boxed, and shipped; in these months the canneries are busy, and every industry demands an excess of labor. The vineyard that may be worked eight months by six men, demands sixty for four months. We saw in all the vineyards, packing-houses, and wine warehouses that we visited in Fresno, women, Chinese, negroes, children, and such few white men as could be obtained; white men can not work stooping to cut and place grape clusters under a sun broiling at one hundred and ten degrees. It is simple work in a raisin-packing establishment, but it requires dexterous finger-manipulation and patience, while the remuneration is necessarily small. The work we saw is admirably adapted to Chinese, to colored people, and to children, and it can not be conducted under the high prices and limited hours prescribed by fantastic labor guilds and fanatical politicians. If the Chinese must go and the negro must not come, and all females are ladies who must not work, and all children must attend school, and all the girls play the piano, and all boys engage in politics, there will be the devil to pay on the farms and vineyards, wine-cellars, and raisin-packing establishments of Fresno before time grows much older. Mr. Butler, himself a Southern man, has entered upon the experiment of importing Southern negroes, and his are the only pleasant negro quarters, where, beside a running stream, under the inviting shade of thick, broad trees, he has gathered comfortable homes for a colony of some seventy-five colored people with promise of success. There are six millions of these people in the Southern States, and California can take half a million of them with great profit to her summer industries. The negro is not so good a laborer as the Chinese, but he is ever so much better than the white vagabond who will tramp but can not work under the broiling sun of our interior valleys. If this labor problem can be successfully solved by the importation of the Southern colored folk, Mr. Butler will be excused by the people of Fresno for that ultra-Democracy which prompts his willingness to pay ten cents a box on his raisin crop for the support of the Government of the United States.

The restless spirit of the age would droop were it not supplied with its daily quotum of mental stimulant in the shape of something to agitate and puzzle it, and what is keeping the busybodies of Europe on tenterhooks just now is the question whether the matter, purporting to be an extract from the diary of the late Emperor Frederick of Germany, recently published by a liberal journal in that country, is genuine or not. More attaches to a correct understanding upon this point than at first sight appears. It may seem of little moment to many what views a defunct ruler did or did not hold upon political questions, as weighed against the opinions and principles of statesmen with life and authority to act. But those who look deeper into the subject will see that the question involved is one which may exert a very powerful influence upon the political future of Germany. That strong and self-contained country, which forms the backbone of Europe, and in unison with the action of which the political pulse of Europe must adequately throb, is, at this moment, socially, politically, and

economically in a transition state. The sentiments ascribed to the late emperor in his diary, the authenticity of which has been so vehemently discredited by Bismarck, and its publication suppressed, are, if genuine, a direct blow aimed at what has been the governing principle of the chancellor's life. The German mind has been so long schooled into a blind and unquestioning reverence for its rulers that it is not surprising, when it finds one of the number, and he the very latest, holding views in accordance with the wishes of its heart, it should respond thereto in a pointedly sympathetic manner, and accept them as an indorsement of their down-trodden, but yet vital, aspirations. And this is exactly the issue which Bismarck, the life-long apostle and high priest of feudalism, can not permit—can not afford to permit—to arise. Tamely to acquiesce in the situation, to acknowledge the authenticity of the diary, and to permit its publication to the world, would be to give the lie to his whole life, and to be guilty of political suicide. Hence his determination to stamp out, if possible, the spark before it becomes a flame. This, however, is more easily said than done. The almost unanimous verdict of the press and people of Germany is that the diary is authentic. The prosecution and imprisonment of the editor and publisher of the document would not affect its status, and would only serve to create keener interest in its contents. In any case, it is altogether improbable that publication could be suppressed, as matters now stand, it being scarcely conceivable that the present contingency should not have been anticipated and provided for. As to the diary itself, the best proof of its authenticity lies in the concordance of its contents with the known sentiments of its imperial author. It is profitless to speculate upon what political changes in the destinies of Europe might have resulted if, in the wise ordering of things, the late emperor's life had been prolonged. That his ideas were in accord with the liberal tendencies of the age, at least so far as willingness to confine his prerogative within strict constitutional limits is concerned, is amply shown by the thinly disguised aversion with which he was regarded by Bismarck—an aversion almost bordering on contempt—judging from the "I and the Crown Prince" expression of this modern Wolsey. In addition to this, he entertained radical and decided views upon the question of tariff reform, having formulated a scheme of equalization of duties fair to all classes of his subjects, as against the policy of Bismarck, by whom protection for landlords and manufacturers has been consistently carried out with a bare-faced partiality that would do no discredit to Mr. Blaine. It is further considered by the French themselves that the plan of adjustment of international difficulties, now believed to have been entertained by Frederick, would have resulted in the reduction and disbandment of the vast armies that are now eating their heads off in camp, and impoverishing the hard-worked farmers and artisans of both countries. It is small wonder that a monarch with views like these should incur the bitter resentment of the privileged classes, in a country where feudalism is still predominant, and where feudalism recognizes its only safeguard in absolutism at its head; and that he should go down to his grave unwept by those whom nothing could please better than his withdrawal from the scene of action. The powerful leverage supplied to the Liberals and Progressionists of the German Parliament by the utterances of the diary does not, however, escape the attention of the wary and resourceful chancellor. This is probably the key to the present approach to the Vatican, which may be a stroke of finesse looking even to an alliance with his old enemy Windhorst himself, for Bismarck would not scruple to join forces with the Clerical party, at the price of concessions to Rome, if by so doing he could checkmate the hated Liberals. Of the two evils, ecclesiasticism is, in his eyes, the least, and in any case the Church of Rome has ever sided with feudal power, and can be depended upon to assist in repressing all aspirations after independence in the masses. But the portions of this famous diary that have been made public go further than furnishing a mere exposition of the late emperor's views and aims, or a mere vindication from the charges of pusillanimity and irresolution which his enemies, the aristocratic party, have been persistently preferring against him from years before his accession to his death. If they are really authentic, and contain a plain statement of fact regarding the course of affairs from the period of the Austrian War in 1866 to that of the Franco-German War in 1870, they go far to rob Bismarck of his laurels in one direction, and to prove that the modest, unassuming man, whom the most that the world credited with was that he was a brave soldier, something of a general, and an exemplary father of a family, was really the unificator of Germany, and that it was mainly through his wise counsels and diplomatic tactics that this momentous act of policy was consummated. While the lustre of the great chancellor's record can not be dimmed so far as strength of character, fealty to the throne, and patriotism, as he regards it, are concerned, if the popular idea regarding the diary is correct, the part which he played toward his late master will remain a blot upon his scutcheon which no explanation or subterfuge can wipe out, and which will furnish additional evidence that it is possible for the noblest qualities to co-exist with the basest even in the greatest men.

The Chinese Restriction Bill—in a most hasty and undignified manner—has passed the Congress, been approved by the President, and by both parties in California, and along our shores of the Pacific empire has been welcomed by blazing bonfires, booming guns, and political speeches. The history of this change of public opinion has been altogether marvelous. If there was any one sentiment in our earlier national life that was universal, it was the idea that America was the welcome home of immigrants from other lands—this was the place of refuge for the oppressed, this the land where a free conscience was to be enjoyed, where any political opinion might be entertained, where the speech and the press should give free utterance to free thought, and where man was responsible only for his acts. Under the influence of these sentiments the doors of our Castle Garden stood open for the colored laborers of Africa, and from all the countries of Europe gave unquestioned welcome to the European immigrant; and here on the shores of the Pacific our Golden Gate stood ajar for the entrance of all races and all colors from Asia, India, and the isles of the Pacific Ocean. Only a few years ago we of the Pacific Coast were united in the opinion that it was desirable to encourage the admission of cheap laborers from China. We entered into friendly treaties with the Chinese Government; we opened with its merchants friendly commercial intercourse; we gave a banquet to Burlingame and his Chinese mandarins, presided over by a Democratic governor, assisted by a Republican mayor, and attended by men representative of the church, the bar, the commercial and mechanical guilds, and from all classes of society, and from all parts of the country. How or why these opinions changed it is unnecessary to write, because the history is known by all. That it did change, and the desire became almost universal on this coast to restrict Chinese immigration, is a matter recorded at our ballot-box by an almost unanimous vote—a ballot deposited in secrecy. Only eight years ago there was an Eastern sentiment opposed to Chinese restriction—New England and *all* its public men, the Republican party and nearly all its Eastern senators, members of Congress, politicians, and statesmen; its class of clergymen, professional men, *littérateurs*, its wealthy commercial and business-men, especially those engaged in manufacturing, Southern planting, and transportation by ship or rail—gave it determined and unyielding opposition. Had the Republican party continued in power the present bill, or one so harsh and unconditional, would never have passed. The Republican party would have brought about equally desirable results in a more dignified way. Having been in friendly diplomatic intercourse with so great an empire as China, having asked and obtained from it commercial privileges, and having begun to develop a trade with it, having admitted some three hundred thousand of its citizens to early unconditional and later conditional residence, it would never have been guilty, and ought never to have been guilty, of the unbecoming and undignified act of so harsh an act of legislation as the one just passed. The Government of the United States would not have perpetrated so inexcusable an insult upon any nation, whose citizens had been invited to our shores by international treaties, and who had found for so many years a residence among us, while a treaty was pending. The Congress of the United States would not have exhibited such haste and shown a cowardice like this toward any government whose citizens, having been naturalized among us, could vote; nor would the Congress, at any other time or under any other circumstances, have acted in the precipitate and unbecoming manner it did in passing the Scott Bill. A Presidential election was pending. The electoral votes of the Pacific States are regarded as important and possibly decisive of the political result. It was deemed necessary to secure the labor vote in other States, and hence the President—nominee for re-election—dared not refuse to sanction the legislation, and he approved the bill that, with the exception of three senators, had had the unanimous approval of both houses of Congress. It is possible this great Eastern empire may be too indifferent and too inert to resent this national insult; but if our President and Congress have acted in this way because they thought China was too feeble to resent it, then our national cowardice is the more apparent and the more inexcusable. In our defenseless and unarmed condition the United States would not have dared so to act toward England over the fisheries question, nor toward Germany over the Samoan entanglement, nor did it dare so to act toward Chile or Spain. The bill we approve. It had to come, and it has not come soon enough; but industries have grown up, based upon the employment of Chinese laborers, that will be seriously embarrassed by their restriction from coming. We are not convinced that even this bill will be decisive in arresting the stream of Chinese immigration. Canton is an English port, and the one from which most of our Chinese arrive. An English steam-line plies between Hongkong and Victoria. There is no man that owns or is agent for a Chinese steam-ship line w does not desire to import Chinese laborers. (Gen Dimond, Chairman of the Republican State Central Com tee, and candidate for mayor of San Francisco, is agent the China steam-ship line). Victoria is an English port. Th are nearly four thousand miles of Canadian border-line ac which a Chinaman can paddle or walk in a night-time fifteen American States and Territories. If England permit Canada to pass a restriction law, something may accomplished. Whether she will do so voluntarily is un tain. It is certain that the United States will not attemp direct her policy by any offensive legislation. Her navy is large and her guns too heavy. The Chinese may enter Me at the port of Guaymas and cross our border at any p along fourteen hundred miles of border-line, and we see mode of arresting the invasion except by a cordon of po Where smuggling can be successfully carried on, where ag diente, tobacco, opium, and costly articles may be transpo in fraud of the revenue, it will be found very difficult to l out the shrewd and cunning Chinese. The result of the sage of this bill, whether accomplishing the purpose for w it was passed or not, will prove an effective aid to the De cratic party. Mr. Harrison's long opposition to restrictio Chinese immigration while senator, and the fact that a De cratic administration under the immediate direction of Cleveland, its candidate for reëlection, has accomplishe decisive a result and in so short a time, will be felt at the lot-box in all the Pacific States. That the manner of leg tion has been undignified, that the terms of the bill are ha will be forgotten, and the fact alone will be considered Cleveland, in the four years of his administration, has acc plished that which twenty-four years of Republican rule not succeed in bringing about. It is not improbable th may be decisive of the result in this State, for in Californi tariff is not the only nor the most important issue for labo men to consider and determine.

The political condition never demanded a more thor reform than it requires to-day. The judiciary never ha many corrupt men engaged in dishonoring not only the n of justice but decency as are now and for some time have been disgracing our bench. The Supreme Court been weak and incompetent to a degree that has already manded attention, and in its membership some ref have already taken place and more are demanded. the superior judges, some of them are corrupt and son them are vain and ignorant, and more than one of them slaves of the criminals who run them. The superior c are of the highest importance, and it is of the utmost c quence that the political knaves now disgracing them through their incompetence and vanity, through their d gogy and shameless subserviency to the men who cr them, should be removed and better men substituted for t We hear of reforms in this direction. Judge Wallace, a chief justice, is serving as superior judge. Judge Jo Hoge will follow his example, if, as is probable, a jo nomination shall be tendered him. We need gentlemen— est men and capable—upon the bench of our municipal c and we hear that such men as Judge Carey and Mr. Talco willing to fill them if they can have the support of respec men behind them. We rarely have an honest grand jury not unfrequently hear of juries bribed, of perjury and co practices in trials, of justice delayed and miscarried, and impression is abroad that we have judges not beyond th fluence of political leaders and not above bribery for m We think our property is improperly and unequally asses that great corporations, wealthy individuals, and ch properties escape paying their just proportion of taxes; there is a corrupt ring in the board of supervisors, honesty in the city hall, and extravagance running throug whole city government. There are two party bosses have gained control of our municipal government. Buckley had no opposition at the Democratic primaries, an name the entire Democratic ticket. Mr. Higgins had around the Republican polls that culminated in mu and from which he brought a victory that gives him control of the Republican convention. Two foreign- Irishmen have secured the direction of municipal a for San Francisco. They will nominate every city o and control most of them; will appoint all their dep negotiate all their bargains, divide all dishonest gains, control our public schools and appoint their teachers, will cl our legislators, and spend their time in the legislative lob in running them. If there is a senator to elect they sell the office and divide the money with their legislative p In a word, the administration of the municipal governm a prize hung up at this election, to be fought for in the pol prize-ring. The preliminaries of this contest have alread resulted in the wounding of three men and the death of Martin Kelly, an Irish Republican lieutenant of Mr. Hig barricaded with planks and bolts the primary polling-p

ere he anticipated rocks and pistol-balls. The apparent be-
ner of the fatal fight in the county committee rooms was
Harrington, an Irish Republican, a member of the Re-
lican division that, under Conroy, McCord, and Chute,
rated from Higgins and Gannon, the bosses who were the
lecessors of Higgins, Kelly, and Crimmins. Donahue,
was killed, was an Irish Republican. There were not
-a-dozen Republican primaries not attended with fighting,
d, and stuffing the ballot-box. The Democratic primaries
e orderly and honest, only because the entire and absolute
ction of the party in San Francisco has been conceded to
Buckley. This is our condition to-day. Our government
been captured from decent society by the rough element
infests it, property is to be taxed that rascals may
l as much of it as they dare, our judiciary is dishonest,
municipal government is corrupt, our common-school
em is being undermined, our business-men are too much
pied to spend their time in politics, our wealthy men
indifferent, our political leaders are intent upon na-
al politics and the tariff issue. Cowardice prevails every-
re. If an honest man is occasionally developed into pub-
fe, he is never reëlected. We have no single journal that
lling to lay aside all other and lesser political considerations
ood municipal government, and most of them will, with
slander, and vituperation, murder the character of any
rable man who does not unite with them in their party
mes and political opinions. The American party,
l in numbers, young in years, weak in organization,
ndertaken to nominate a ticket of its own in San Fran-
. It has called a nominating convention of eighty mem-
composed of Republicans and Democrats, of Northern
Southern men, of adopted and native-born citizens. It
nselfish body of honorable, intelligent, respectable citi-
On Tuesday night, in executive session, after careful
deration, it unanimously authorized its president, at the
of a committee of fifteen appointed for the purpose, to
e the following plan of campaign for the election of
cipal officers in the city and county of San Francisco:
blicans and Democrats to name such number of non-
an gentlemen, property-owners and tax-payers, to be-
members of a non-partisan municipal convention, as
may agree upon, say eighty—or forty members from each
. When these names are secured and their consent to
btained, the American convention will adjourn *sine die*,
ng an equal number of delegates to the union conven-
or if all shall be accredited, to allow to each a half vote.
united convention to act independently, pass its own
rm, provide its own pledges, nominate its own candi-
for city offices; leaving to the national parties—Demo-
, Republican, Prohibition, and American—all political
rs, all Presidential, congressional, and legislative candi-
, and the consideration of all questions touching tariff,
rance, naturalization, and kindred topics upon which
s are divided. This plan to set aside all tickets now
sed, and bring into coöperation and united action every
citizen who is willing to look for an honest and eco-
al administration outside of political parties and inde-
nt of the control of party bosses. For this purpose the
ing-named Republicans and Democrats have been in-
to take action; most of them have been personally in-
by one or more members of the committee, and in no
case has there been manifested other than approval of
urse proposed:

Democrats.	*Republicans.*
A. Watkins,	L. L. Baker,
vid Bixler,	Louis Sloss,
ederick Gibbs,	Irving M. Scott,
omas Brown,	W. H. Talbot,
race L. Hill,	John Nightingale,
hn Garber,	Charles J. Hendry,
orge T. Marye,	George C. Shreve,
mpson Tams,	Martin J. Burke,
hn R. Jarboe,	Edgar Briggs,
uart M. Taylor,	G. K. Fitch,
hn P. Irish,	J. W. Cudworth,
omas F. Barry,	C. J. Dempster,
R. Hearst,	Daniel Earl,
ewart Menzies,	Joseph D. Grant,
I. Bergin,	Columbus Waterhouse,
nry Scott,	E. R. Knight,
eph B. Crockett.	Charles Josselyn.
nry Payot,	L. B. Benchley,
J. McDonald,	Louis Sachs,
omas Van Ness.	Alex. B. Forbes.

mong these citizens there are none who will take action
ough interest in the business management of San Fran-
o arrange a convention to be thus composed, the Amer-
rty will conclude that its members have done all they
o accomplish an honest purpose. All that is required
gentlemen named is to get together and choose dele-
to the proposed nominating convention. If ten men
this for their party, they can name each four or eight
ers as they may determine to serve, and our life for the
ition, the ticket named by this convention will sweep the
If this proposal is unheeded or miscarries, the American convention will proceed with its work, nominate an independent municipal ticket, and leave the responsibilities of the result where they shall justly belong, viz., on the men of wealth, business, and intelligence of the city and county of San Francisco.

America, of September 27th, comes to us from Chicago containing a controversy personal to the editor of the *Argonaut*, concerning the American National Convention at Washington. *America* reproduces its facts demonstrating the dishonest motives that prompted the New York and New Jersey delegations, and is generous enough to think that if we had been present we should have united with the more sincere and earnest representatives of other States in our indignation at the "cozening gang of New York heelers" and the outcome of "the deplorable piece of business" that resulted in the nomination of James Langdon Curtis, for President, and Judge Greer, for Vice-President. With bad taste, we think, Mr. Curtis is described, by the young gentlemen who write for *America*, as a "spiritualist," an "imbecile," and unworthy of the respect which honorable age commands. We are glad enough that we enjoy the confidence of this journal, and that, notwithstanding our somewhat severe animadversion on their course in declaring that the American party had neither organization nor candidates, they still regard us as earnestly American. A State so populous as Illinois and a city so great as Chicago, that can only send four delegates to an American convention, has no conception of the feelings of Americans in a State that has an effective organization, and sends a full delegation more than three thousand miles to secure the passage of a national American platform and the nomination of American Presidential candidates. We would not have bolted from any reasonable amount of political knavery, nor from any ordinary number of party tricksters that would have given us a platform ringing and resolute of American principles. If the candidates had been as old as Time and as wicked as Mephistopheles, they would have answered our purpose for this election. If they had been old, imbecile, unknown, selfish, vain, and scheming, we would have trusted an unfriendly press to have discovered the facts and publish them; we would not have bolted the party, nor defamed its work in our columns; we would not have washed this linen in presence of the public. Candidates are of no consequence in this election, but this controversy is unprofitable, and we agree that *America*, of Chicago, and the *Argonaut*, of San Francisco, can unite in the proposition "that the principles underlying the "American movement are right, are unassailable, and their "triumph is necessary to the permanence of the republic. All "but the best immigration must be stopped; naturalization "must be made uniform and indispensable to the suffrage in "every State in the Union; the ballot must be made a privi-"lege of intelligence, not a merchandise of ignorance; the free "schools must be protected from insidious sectarianism; and, "above all, politicians and political parties must be taught that "the road to honor, preferment, and power in America is not "open only to those who grovel in the dust before all the "alien factions that to-day insist on recognition and plunder." The American party is not a failure because the Democratic party in New York and New Jersey endeavored to break up its convention at Washington. It is not a failure because of the bolt, nor because *America* is disgruntled, nor because Judge Greer, of Tennessee, has withdrawn from the Vice-Presidential candidacy. The party may stumble and blunder, but it is not "enacting a miserable farce" this year, as *America* very ungenerously and unkindly asserts. In California we are playing an open hand against fearful odds, and *America*, of Chicago, is doing the American party in California and the nation more real harm than all the hostile party journals combined.

The lady managers of the Woman's Exchange will, on the evening of the twenty-fifth of this month, give at the Palace Hotel a "first" annual charity ball. The price of tickets for admission will, for each person, be five dollars. The dressing of the attending lady guests will be in calico, which embraces a wide range of tasteful ingenuity, comprising everything fantastic and beautiful outside the costlier silks, velvets, and all-wools. It is to be a society affair, under the patronage of society ladies, whose positions give assurance of an elegant ball, a sumptuous entertainment, and an altogether pleasurable gathering. Than the Woman's Exchange of San Francisco there is no more deserving charity. Its object is to help the poor, who have seen better days, to help themselves. Its head-quarters on Sutter Street is an exchange for the handiwork of women; the products of their labor—pictures, embroideries, flowers, choice preserves and pickles, cakes, candies, and everything which a needy lady or an orphan girl may produce, there find sale. It is a woman's exchange, club, restaurant, and bazaar; ladies from the country and the town there meet to lunch, perhaps to gossip. It is a busy business place, conducted on business principles. It is self-supporting, and aids many a family which has enjoyed better days. This is the "first charity ball" of San Francisco, and is to be appropriated by these ladies as their annual occasion to appeal to the benevolent ones who love to dance, and dress, and have a good time, and who are generous enough to aid the charity that helps good women to work. Every gentleman will write his name on society's fashionable blue-book who sends the Woman's Exchange ten dollars for tickets for himself and wife, or for himself and the lady he proposes to make his wife, or if he is an incorrigible bachelor, the ten dollars goes to charity.

There are lying at anchor in the port of San Francisco forty-nine deep-sea ships; of this number forty-three are foreign, carrying the flags of other nations, and only six are American, flying the stars and stripes. How many American mechanics found employment in the forest, mine, foundry, and ship-yards in the construction of this fleet of vessels engaged in the transportation of American produce? And yet Mr. Blaine would persuade the American mechanic that the exorbitant protective laws, which have driven ship-building from our shores and American commerce from the ocean, was a means and the "only" means to give them employment at remunerative prices. Mr. Blaine knows better, for his State of Maine was once among the leading ship-building places of the world. The American party knows better, and whoever rigged up a fantastic ship for a political parade through our streets perpetrated a cruel joke upon the mechanic or laborer, who stands idle because there are no ships to build, and upon the merchant and farmer, who is deprived the privilege of purchasing cheap ships in the markets of the world.

No person of foreign birth should be naturalized in this country till he has been in it twenty-one years, and not then till he speaks, reads, writes, and intelligently understands the English language, nor then if he holds civil allegiance to any church or to the Pope. No anarchist, nihilist, or political disturber, and no criminal, mendicant, nor anybody who does not obey the law, should be permitted to land upon our shores. No alien non-resident, whether English lord or Irish peasant, should be permitted to acquire the title to an acre of land. No dollar of taxes should be levied and no money expended from the public treasury in aid of any parochial school or charitable institution of any character that is not under the control and subject to the supervision of non-sectarian officials under the law. No religious property of any kind should be exempt from taxation.

The American party of the Southern Congressional District met in Los Angeles on the second of October, fifty-five delegates representing the counties of the district, and nominated Alfred Dagget, of Tulare, for Congress. It is not yet decided whether there will be a straight independent ticket or a fusion ticket in that county. The American party is organizing and at work in every county in California.

We are informed that the Hon. P. D. Wigginton, of California, has been substituted for Judge Greer, of Tennessee, for Vice-President on the American ticket, by order of the American National Committee.

Counties putting local American tickets in the field will confer a favor by sending them to the *Argonaut* for publication.

IMPORTANT.

At the Palace Hotel on Saturday evening, October 6th, at half-past seven o'clock, in the gentlemen's reception-parlors, Republicans and Democrats will convene for consultation and action in reference to calling a non-partisan and non-political municipal convention for San Francisco. Gentlemen invited are desired to bring with them one or more friends of like opinions, the object being to name an equal number of Democrats and Republicans to take part in selecting members for a convention to name candidates for election to the municipal offices of this city and county. Nearly every person whose name is found in another column has given his assent to the use of his name, and will be present at the meeting.

Statistics furnished by the London stay and corset-makers prove that the average size of the female stay-wearing waists has decreased two inches in the last twenty-five years. One mother had ordered a corset of sixteen inches to be worn by her seventeen-year-old daughter by day, and one of eighteen inches to be worn at night.

Jerusalem is rapidly growing as a trade centre. One hundred thousand dollars' worth of objects of devotion in mother-of-pearl and olive-wood are exported to America and Europe every year. Vine cultivation is being extended, and the price of land has risen six-fold within a few years. A real-estate boom in Jerusalem!

Mr. Gladstone, who is one of the best examples of physical preservation extant, eats simple meals, with claret for lunch, and claret or champagne and always port for dinner. A formula of his is to chew every morsel thirty-three times.

THE CAPTURE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

You have asked me to describe, from my knowledge as an eye-witness, the events which in the latter part of 1888 and the beginning of 1889 convulsed the civilized world with horror. I can hardly bring myself to live over again the experiences of that awful time, but you have a right to whatever knowledge I possess.

In August, 1888, a rumor reached the United States that China had rejected a treaty providing for the exclusion of her subjects from America. A Presidential campaign was in progress, and Congress hastily passed a bill prohibiting, without notice, all Chinese immigration. This bill was at once approved by President Cleveland. Little thought was paid to the effect which this abrupt violation of treaty engagements might produce upon a punctilious, half-civilized government, more careful of forms than of substantial interests, and cherishing its own dignity more highly than the rights of its subjects. Dispatches were sent to Minister Denby announcing the passage of the act. Suddenly, on October 1st, the nation was startled by the publication of the following dispatch, dated Singapore:

"Fleet of twelve Chinese war-ships left Canton a week ago bound for San Francisco. Denby prisoner ten days."

A chill of horror struck to the heart of San Francisco. The possibility of invasion had often been lightly discussed, but it had never been really taken seriously. And now a hostile squadron was on the way. The voyage would certainly not take more than four weeks, and a week had already been lost. If the city were to be defended, the means would have to be created in twenty days. Panic seized the town. Ferry-boats and trains were jammed with a mob of escaping fugitives. Meanwhile, the authorities worked with the energy of desperation to do the work of years in three weeks.

What resources had they to begin with? There were a few batteries of ten and fifteen-inch smooth-bores at Fort Point, Alcatraz, and Lime Point. There were a hundred or so submarine mines, and a little cable in stock. The single-turreted monitor *Comanche*, thinly plated with iron and armed with two fifteen-inch smooth-bores, lay at Mare Island. The steel cruiser *Charleston* was in the water at the Union Iron Works, but her machinery had not been fitted, and the contract for her guns had just been let in the East. The *Iroquois*, *Mohican*, and *Hartford*, relics of the wooden age of the navy, were undergoing repairs at Mare Island. The *Dolphin*, a steel dispatch-boat with one gun, had just come into port from Honolulu, and the *Vandalia* was expected to follow. That was all. The gravity of the situation was felt by the whole country. The wires between San Francisco and Washington were kept hot with official dispatches; even the copyrighted cables of the *Chronicle* and *Examiner* had to wait. The force of men at the Union Iron Works was tripled, and the yard echoed night and day with the clang of hammers upon the *Charleston*. Meanwhile, the guns of the *Chicago*, *Boston*, and *Atlanta*, three new cruisers which were fortunately lying at New York, were hastily taken off and shipped by rail to San Francisco. All the other available modern guns—the ten-inch rifles of the *Miantonomoh*, the cast-steel, cast-iron, and wire-wrapped sample pieces that represented the results of ten years of tinkering with the coast-defense problem—were sent after them at express speed. The experimental dynamite guns that had been constructed at odd times by the Zalinski Pneumatic Gun Company were forwarded at the same time, and another train was loaded with all the topedoes in stock at New York, Newport, and Willett's Point. All the principal foundries in the country were set to work casting mortars, making mines, and preparing every device that could be constructed on short notice. Fifteen thousand regular troops were hastily concentrated at San Francisco, the California National Guard was ordered under arms, and the President called for a hundred thousand volunteers.

All these preparations were under way within a day after the receipt of the dispatch from the consul at Singapore, and in the hum of action the people forgot some of their fears. Chinamen were seldom seen on the streets, especially at night. They kept themselves secluded in Chinatown, where an immense amount of subdued jabbering was going on, and such of them as ventured into the Caucasian part of the city were frequently carried to the receiving hospital with broken heads. The O'Donnell meetings grew in numbers and enthusiasm; it became dangerous to display a Harrison badge.

In ten days the guns arrived, thirty-one in all, ranging in calibre from five to twelve inches, beside a considerable supply of machine guns. There were enough to give the *Charleston* a full battery, and the rest of the smaller sizes were mounted upon the *Alameda*, *Mariposa*, *City of New York*, *Acapulco*, *Santa Rosa*, and *Queen of the Pacific*. The ten and twelve-inch pieces were placed in a barbette battery on Point Lobos. Meanwhile, the batteries of smooth-bores along the Golden Gate were hastily overhauled and put in as serviceable condition as the circumstances permitted. The three dynamite guns were mounted on Point Bonita, and Lieutenant Graydon, who had hurriedly come from the East on the first rumor of war, was given permission to try his method of firing high explosives from an old smooth-bore battery.

As the fated time approached, San Francisco became possessed by a feverish unrest. Most of the people who could afford to leave had gone, and only three classes remained—the poor, the devoted, and the adventurous. The Presidential campaign was entirely forgotten. Volunteers drilled on the streets all day; the churches were crowded, and so were the theatres. Tragedy was at a discount; the popular dramatic taste ran to glittering burlesque, with jingling music. "Evangeline," which had been coolly received at first, had a great run. The Rev. Dr. Harcourt preached to a church full of dazzling uniforms on "Spiritual Torpedoes." The Salvation Army increased its force to a full brigade. General Barnes, General Salomon, Colonel Irish, Admiral O'Connor, Commodore Caduc, and other naval and military heroes, were surrounded by admiring throngs whenever they appeared in public, debating abstruse problems in martial science.

On the twentieth of October the hostile fleet was sighted from Point Lobos. As it stretched menacingly along the horizon, the observers mentally reviewed the motley array of the defense and shook their heads. The Chinese squadron consisted of six armored ships—the gun-boat *Tiong Sing*, the turret ships *King Yüan* and *Lai Yüan*, the central citadel battle-ships *Chen Yüan* and *Ting Yüan*, and the armored cruiser *Tchi Yüan*—and six protected cruisers—the *Chih Yüan*, *Ching Yüan*, *Tshao Yong*, *Yong Wai*, *Fee-Chen*, and *Nan Shu*. All these vessels were of the latest type, and armed with breech-loading steel guns, ranging up to twelve inches calibre and forty-three tons.

The enemy seemed in no hurry. As the long line slowly approached, it folded back from the centre, and soon the battle-ships *Chen Yüan* and *Ting Yüan* were heading two files of six vessels each. Suddenly an eight-hundred-pound shell from a twelve-inch cast-iron rifle on Point Lobos sailed screaming through the air and splashed into the water about a ship's length from the *Chen Yüan*. As if the shot had been a concerted signal, the whole Chinese squadron stopped short and then instantly went astern at full speed. Meanwhile, the shore battery poured in a stream of ten and twelve-inch shells, but the distance was too great and the time too short for execution. In a few minutes it was impossible to elevate a gun sufficiently to reach the enemy.

When the Chinese had gauged our guns with sufficient accuracy to know how near it was safe to approach, they slowly advanced until they were just out of reach, and then the battle-ships began deliberately and methodically to shell the Point Lobos battery. Their twelve-inch Krupps could carry at least a mile further than any gun we possessed, and our men had to stand helplessly watching the huge shells come crashing among them, without the possibility of a reply. In an hour it was all over. Every gun on the Point was dismounted, and every man either killed or in flight. The enemy advanced again, in double line. They came much nearer this time, for we had no long-range guns left except those on the ships. Just at the entrance to the Golden Gate a line of battle was formed, and the easy task of demolishing the works at Fort Point and Lime Point was begun. The ancient smooth-bores, which might have accomplished something by a plunging fire if the enemy had kindly come nearer, were powerless at that distance. Just now, however, the little American squadron took a hand. The *Charleston* led the way straight for the centre of the enemy's line. The crash of artillery grew into a continuous roar. The Chinese gun-practice was not good, but blindfolded gunners with such weapons could not have failed to do frightful execution. The *Charleston* and *Dolphin* were riddled from end to end by shells, none of which, fortunately, entered near the water-line. As the ships entered the zone of machine-gun fire, the slaughter became terrific. The converted passenger-steamers were perforated like sieves, every boiler on board exploded, and in ten minutes from the beginning of the action nothing but some bits of wreckage floating on the water remained to tell of their existence. The cruisers, with their under-water machinery, fared better, and the *Comanche* best of all. Her armor, obsolete as it was, was proof against machine-gun fire, and she had had the luck, so far, to escape a square hit from a heavy shot.

Meanwhile, the hostile fleet was suffering seriously. The fifteen-inch guns of the *Comanche* opened a huge breach in the unarmored *Chih Yüan*, and as the water poured in she listed over, lurched, and disappeared. The hail of light projectiles from the American squadron played havoc with the unprotected ends of the armored vessels, and they soon became water-logged and unwieldy. Most damaging of all, the dynamite battery on Lime Point had found two or three Chinese ships within range, and the impact of six hundred pounds of explosive gelatine laid open the side of one—the *Lai Yüan*—and sent her to the bottom before her jabbering crew could swarm through the hatches. The enemy hastily increased his distance, and, as the range of the dynamite guns was only two miles, they were soon harmless. The remnant of the American squadron pressed on, and the *Charleston*, steering apparently for the bows of the *Tiong Sing*, suddenly veered and struck the *Chen Yüan* full on the broadside. The great ship shuddered as the steel ram pierced her vitals, and, swiftly filling, she went down. But the victor had no time for rejoicing. A whitehead from the flag-ship found her in the midst of the grapple, and she sank with her enemy. The contest continued, but it was too unequal. The sea was pouring into the *Dolphin* in a hundred places. The wooden *Vandalia*, *Iroquois*, *Mohican*, and *Hartford* were aflame. Finally, an eight-hundred-pound Krupp shell at point-blank range struck the *Comanche* fairly and squarely on the turret, ripped through the seven-inch iron as if it had been a bandbox, and, exploding inside, hurled the guns from their carriages and killed every man that stood by them. The naval defense of San Francisco was ended.

Darkness was coming, but the Chinese, who never hurried and never loitered, went coolly on to finish their work. They bombarded the dynamite battery at three-mile range, and soon destroyed it. Next they took up the work which the American fleet had interrupted, and demolished the defenses at Fort Point.

All danger of annoyance from that quarter being removed, they sent forward a flotilla of boats, sunk mines in the channel, and, exploding them by electricity, destroyed the submarine torpedoes which had been placed there by the defenders. Alcatraz and the mines under its guns were now all that was left. The same process disposed of these, and in the early dawn the nine surviving vessels of the Chinese fleet glided leisurely into the bay and anchored off the city front.

San Francisco lay at the mercy of the invaders. Twenty thousand soldiers stood helplessly under arms. Two hundred thousand people swarmed in aimless despair through the streets. But no time was left for conjectures. With the same cool, unhurried readiness that had characterized the movements of the enemy from the beginning, a boat put off from the flag-ship, bearing the admiral's aide to dictate terms. The young officer established himself on the Washington Street wharf, and received the military and civil authorities.

"Gentlemen," he said, in excellent English, "I am instru to request the immediate removal of all the troops and a in the city to Goat Island. The embarkation must b within an hour. The admiral also desires all the money in sub-treasury, the banks, and the city treasury. If these te are promptly complied with, no harm will come to the citi or their property."

There was nothing to do but to obey. All the bay were called into requisition, and in three hours not a sol remained in San Francisco, and a hundred million dollars been loaded upon the Chinese vessels. The officer bo politely and departed. The people began to breathe fr "After all," they thought, "the government and the banks stand the loss, and the money will be collected from Chir time, anyway."

What was that roar that shook the ground and rattled windows like an earthquake? The fleet was wreathe smoke, and the hiss of shells rose angrily through the s air. Flames broke out in the city at a hundred poin once. The Palace, the Baldwin, the city hall, the Flood b ing—every house large enough to attract attention wa ruins before the crazed people could fight their way to streets. All the afternoon the pitiless storm continued, when darkness would have come the glare of the burning drove it away. One section alone escaped the universa struction. Not a shell fell in Chinatown, and, when came, a mob of twenty thousand demons, bristling with a issued from that fastness intent upon pillage, murder, and rage. There was scarcely an attempt at resistance. Ban armed Chinamen raided the streets, torturing and slaught every living being they met. The fate of San Francisco the fate of the cities ravaged by Tamerlane. Her men f death on every hand; her women found it, too, but they lo for it before it came.

In the morning the enemy left the blackened ruins of Francisco and divided, part sailing north and part s Santa Cruz, Santa Barbara, San Diego, Eureka, Crescent Portland, and all the other accessible towns on the coast laid waste, and their people butchered with every refineme atrocity. No such awful catastrophe had been known civilized country since the Turks drowned Constantinop the blood of its people.

It is needless to tell the rest. How the whole nation ro a mad fury of revenge, how the Chinese in the interior t were ruthlessly massacred, how a fleet and an army hastily raised, and terms of peace finally dictated at Peki all these are matters of familiar history. San Francisc risen fairer than ever, unmarred by a Chinatown or a san but to one who lived through that hideous night in 188 present prosperity seems but the phantom frolic of a mi and fire and blood seem the only realities. S. E. I

The curious subject of the connection, actual or possibl hypnotism with crime is attracting a great deal of serio vestigation in France. The latest announced results are t obtained by M. Jules Liégois, professor of the faculty of at Nancy. He has been endeavoring to discover a w which to compel a person who has been hypnotized, and may have performed some deed which has been suggest him while he was in a hypnotic state, to reveal the of the person suggesting the deed. It had been f impossible to make a subject reveal the suggester that person had specifically ordered that his name be secret. The successful attempts to bring about same exposure by indirect means are thus descri A woman who was known to be a hypnotic subject thrown into an artificial sleep, and M. Liégois suggest her that, upon awaking, she should shoot a certain M. O who was supposed to have insulted her. She was direct say, if questioned, that M. Liégois had never spoken t upon the subject, and that she did the shooting without suggestion from any one, and entirely of her own vo A revolver was laid near her and she was awakened. O—— was near, and the moment she saw him she seize revolver and fired at him. She was then put to sleep and questioned. She admitted the shooting, but denie suggestion, and stoutly maintained that the deed was do her own free will. The questioner then suggested to he when she saw the instigator of the crime she should sleep for two minutes, then should look fixedly at him "That will do" was said, and should then stand in fro him and hold out her skirts as though to conceal him. was awakened and M. Liégois came into the room. At she apparently went to sleep, in a short time awoke, and, ening her eyes on M. Liégois, followed him step by step the room, and, finally, stopping in front of him, spread ou skirts. Another similar experiment was tried by Prof Bernheim on a soldier who was induced to take a five-piece under hypnotic suggestion, and then to swear that i never been suggested to him to take it, but that he did his own free will. He also, when again hypnotized, absol refused to reveal the identity of the suggester of the thef when told, upon seeing the suggester, to step up to him say: "I am very glad to see you. Please sing m 'Marseillaise,'" he did so at once upon being reawak Put to sleep again, he again denied that any su tion to steal had been made to him; but when told, seeing the suggester, to go up to him and say: "re member you perfectly; it was you who told me to stea followed the direction. The practical result of the experin is apparently to show that, while a person obtaining hyp power over another, and directing his victim to commit crime, can, at the same time, by a mere command, make that the victim will never reveal his name in answer to a question, and will assume personal responsibility for the c the suggester can never be sure that his victim will not e the suggester's identity in some indirect way. The pow the hypnotizer apparently extends no further than to secu literal obedience by the victim to a certain categorical dire

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Elbing, of Germany, has built a torpedo-boat to stea the rate of twenty-seven knots an hour.

OUR NORTHERN NEIGHBORS.

lakely Hall discusses Canadian Cooks, Politicians, and Wiggins.

There is only one way to visit Canada with comfort. That with a cook. I have just finished a tour of the Dominion cupying several weeks, and I look forward to encountering vilized cooking again with feelings too profound and eager for terance. The Windsor Hotel, in Montreal, is good, but ter one has left that he is at the mercy of the most ghastly d remorseless cut-throats and fiends in the shape of cooks at the masterly hand of the devil himself ever turned loose on the world. Compared to these the gentlemen who earned e familiar reputation, in the western part of the United States, having reached the very lowest depth of degradation, are ue-ribbon *chefs*, blushing with honors. It is not only that e cooks are bad in Canada, the linen and table-ware are orse, and the service such as to twist the temper of the most niable man in the world out of joint. I do not pretend to particularly delicate in the matter of eating, but I have fed etty much everywhere, in South America, Mexico, Cuba, urope, and all over the States, but it is my earnest and hon- resolve never to be caught again in Canada without a big mper or a cook-book. Fortunately, in Ottawa I succeeded finding a little Frenchman who, by some happy freak, had en thrown out of Paris and compelled to earn his living in e bleak and chilly capital of the Dominion. His name is llier, and I earnestly commend him to the readers of the *rgonaut* in case any of them contemplate a Canadian tour. e is rather greasy and not particularly clean, but he has that rest of Canadian accomplishments, the ability to cook. I now living in the best hotel in Toronto. I have just come m dinner and feel it in every fibre of my body. After waiting minutes at a door to get in I was at length admitted on esentation of a ticket, which the landlord had sold me, and which a hole was punched to signify that one dinner was cked for Thursday night. Entering the long dining-room, aited until a waiter placed me in a wooden chair at a long ble. About twenty other men sat with me. They were rdy and stupid-looking Canadians and Englishmen, well- essed in the main, and painfully solemn and silent. The iter wore a red-flannel bandage, tied with airy negligence, out his throat, and coughed constantly with the persistency a fat old club-man who has swallowed a glass of wine the ong way. He had on an apron which was marked with ease-spots and other embellishments, and the towel on his n was wet with much cleaning of plates; but the plates not show it. I listened to the orders given by the different n as they came in, for most of them seemed to be habitués the hotel, and I hoped to get some ideas. The man on my ht rather set up for an epicure, I imagined, from the way in ich he tucked his napkin into his chin and beckoned the iter toward him. The waiter arrived after a time, and my ghbor said:

"What's hot?"

"Everything," replied the waiter, concisely.

"Well, lemme see," pondered the gourmand, carefully king over the bill of fare; "you may bring me two d eggs, some fried salmon, loin of pork, shrimp salad, eat cakes, raspberry tart, and a cup of coffee."

"With milk?"

"Why, sutt'nly."

Nine out of ten of the people at the table took wheat es and molasses with their dinner.

I was directed yesterday to the best restaurant in the place, I found it no better than the hotel. They seem to have olutely no idea of the finer graces of table service. erything is chucked on in little dishes. There is no flavor- or seasoning used in the cooking, and such a thing as a ently broiled fowl, or a roast that tastes like anything else n dusty chips, is out of the question. The excuse univer- y given—for, of course, the complaints are numerous—is, t it is difficult, in the first place, to get good servants—in- ding cooks—in Canada, and that, in the second place, the ple living in hotels are not particular. There is no tipping servants, and the service everywhere is execrable. The ters are surly, insolent, inattentive, and slouchy, except en a tip is bestowed. Then they first look surprised, w the money to their fellows, and, after that, occasionally ke clumsy efforts to serve the dishes in a quieter fashion. erybody keeps house in Canada, for the rents are low. I uld mention that I found the club cooking to be good, but tourist is at the mercy of the hotels.

Canada is a curiously uneven place in every respect. Lots people come out here who are thoroughly in the swim at ne, and have retained their characteristics of polish and d looks, but the majority of the people have neither the tness, life, nor energy of the English and Americans. In ost every small town there are three or four families that e perfectly bred horses and unexceptionably equipped s. The rest of the inhabitants are miles below.

Statesmanship is the occupation of half the men of brains he country, and the number of officials it takes to run the minion would startle the dreams of the wildest dispenser of onage who ever ruled an American city. The politicians much shrewder than we usually give them credit for be- They are remarkably well up in international questions, know more about diplomacy than the entire foreign ice in America.

ust now all their thoughts are centered in their great rth-west, and with good reason too, for it is bound to be big, powerful, and dangerous a rival to the United States he most rabid hater of America could wish. The En- h are putting forth every effort to encourage settlers to go there, and they are flocking to the haven in big numbers. the West grows it gives a force and solidity to the Domin- which it formerly lacked, and England is watching this new elopment curiously. The majority of patriotic Americans k in their hearts that there is not room for two nations on continent, and the time will come, after the North-west grown a little more, when a very serious problem will stare the people of the United States in the face. The Dominion at present, with its five millions of inhabitants, is not a source of menace or danger, but after five or ten millions more of sturdy wheat-growers and farmers have begun to extract the enormous wealth from the soil of the great North-west, and have built up the railways which the government starts so freely for them now, they will form a chunk of solid wealth and influence that will have a distinct effect on the map of the country, particularly when backed by Great Britain. If America is going to do anything toward annexing Canada, now is the time to subscribe. They are getting mighty chipper and confident over here of late. In 1847 the whole Conservative party, including Sir Alexander Galt, then leader, went into a movement for annexation with the United States, but the lack of cordiality on our part prevented the acquisition of a territory many hundreds of thousands of miles bigger than the United States. When I saw Sir Alexander Galt in Montreal the other day, he sneered at the very notion of annexation, and said that nowadays the idea was absurd. The premier, Sir John Macdonald, repeated this statement, only with more emphasis: "Canada," he said to me at Ottawa, "is now a nation, and its national spirit has been encouraged and strengthened a thousand-fold by the recent action of President Cleveland in threatening us with retaliation. This has roused the feeling of independence in the country. There is no feeling in favor of annexation now." The Minister of Finance, Hon. George Foster, reiterated these sentiments, and said that the threat of retaliation had convinced Canadians that it would be unsafe to join issue with a country that played fast and loose with international relations for political effect as did America. Canada has lost confidence in the friendliness of the United States, and gained confidence in her own growing wealth and power.

I count my Canadian trip a success, because I have seen and known Wiggins. I do not know why it is, but most people looking at the man the first time turn away and grin. There is nothing odd about his appearance. He is tremendously grave and profound, but not more so than other men whose names have appeared in the papers. When I saw him first he was emerging from a government building, with a roll of papers under his arm and several books clasped in his hands. He wore cotton gloves, that exposed a long and chilling stretch of wrist, and his hat was ajar on his head. When he talked I was perplexed. For a time he would speak cleverly about astronomical things, and then right in the middle of the discourse would come some utterly untenable and absurd theory. He had been talking for some time one day, for instance, about his new theory that the West suffered from draughts because there was so much wire fencing. "The barbed fences," Wiggins said, sagely, "draw the electricity down from the skies before it has time to form into a thunder-cloud and produce rain."

"So."

"Aye. There are, you know—or rather you don't know, for I have just found it out myself—the rainfall in Canada has only two sources; that which comes on the great western current, or its opposite upper current, which sometimes, however, becomes the lower current, and thunder-storms."

I pondered over this remarkable statement concerning the "two" causes of rain, and then asked Wiggins to repeat it. He did, and we subsequently wrote it down to insure its correctness. I now give this priceless discovery to the world.

If ever a man had fame thrust upon him it is Wiggins. He tries hard to live up to it, too. The weather-wizard is a second-class clerk in the Treasury Department, at a salary of twelve hundred dollars a year. He was formerly a professor in a small college in the province of New Brunswick. I am afraid the world will forget him before long.

The dash of French blood in many of the Canadian girls is easily distinguishable. They smile easily, dress poorly, but with remarkably good taste, and have an air of *chic* and fashion that the other colonists miss. For some reason or other, all of the women here are wearing the "pull-back" gowns that were in vogue five or six years ago with us. Were we blind and callous then? They seemed all right, but to come suddenly upon them now is to gasp and look again. It's an exposé with a vengeance. A big-limbed, strongly built, and Amazonian sort of a girl strolled up and down the street opposite my windows to-day, wearing a light pink muslin or satin dress, I was not able to tell which. It was drawn back so tightly that she was obliged to take very short steps, and the outlines of the figure were displayed with a frankness that would have staggered the queen of the dancers in the Jardin de Paris.

People did not stare at her, but she would have made a howling sensation in London, Paris, or New York, clad in that candid and snug fashion. As our colored brethren are fond of remarking, "Somehow, things is diffurunt."

BLAKELY HALL.

TORONTO, CANADA, September 20, 1888.

Dr. William F. Hutchinson discusses the question of trained female nurses in the *American Magazine* for September. He says: "Nothing appeals so much to sense of fitness as to watch the deft, carefully trained methods of those young women. Quiet of nerve, active and robust of body, and thoroughly comprehensive of mind, they put both doctor and patient at ease promptly. The former can rely upon his directions being carried out intelligently and every turn in the malady watched with a skilled ante-perception that keeps him *au courant* with his case all the absent hours; and the invalid feels a pervasive sense of constant enveloping watchfulness that steals away anxiety, stimulates faith, and is of itself one-half the cure. There can be no more noble occupation for women, there is not one so profitable. The preliminary training-school is not hard to enter nor difficult to pass, and the rewards of graduation are immediate and sure."

Tamagno, the tenor, is said to have declined an offer of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars for a six-months' tour in America.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Another lie nailed," said the clerk, as he tacked up a "selling out at cost" sign."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Jeweler—"Is your watch all right now, Mr. Smith?" *Mr. Smith*—"Well, no, not yet; but it seems to be gaining every day."—*New York Sun.*

Miss Prunella Bombazine (her first sleeping-car experience)—"Are you sure you locked the door, porter? I thought I heard somebody come in!"—*Puck.*

Husband—"It takes you half an hour or more to find your pocket, doesn't it?" *Wife* (sweetly)—"Yes, about that, John, dear; but it takes you longer than that at times."—*Epoch.*

Clerk (to busy employer)—"There is a gentleman outside, sir, who says that he is a very old friend of your father's." *Busy employer*—"Tell him I'm sorry, but my father is dead."—*Life.*

Jack—"Gus, lend me a dollar?" *Gus* (dubiously)—"Well, Jack, I've only got a couple of dollars to my name." *Jack*—"You're lucky; I did think of striking you for two."—*New York Sun.*

"And what do you expect to make of your son when he comes of age, Mr. Smith?" "Oh, I don't know," replied Mr. Smith, despondently; "I think he'd make a good husband for a rich girl."—*Life.*

When a man is sharp-sighted he is usually credited with having "an eye like a hawk's," but it would be more complimentary to him to say that he possesses an optic like that of a blind beggar.—*Puck.*

The reason why a pretty girl thinks it is such an easy thing to manage a husband is because she has always made all the experiments that she has ever tried with some other woman's husband.—*Somerville Journal.*

Customer (to grocer)—"I want to get a pound of your old cheese." *Grocer*—"All right, sir, I'll send it around in five minutes." *Customer*—"All right; and let it bring a couple of crackers with it."—*New York Sun.*

It is hard to tell which will make a man suffer more for the time being, dyspepsia or unrequited love; but it is not hard to tell which is the greater evil of the two. Dyspepsia is very, very hard to cure.—*Journal of Education.*

Pa—"What would you like to be when you grow up, Johnny?" *Johnny*—"I think I'll be a soldier." "You might get killed." "Who by?" "By the enemy, of course." "Well, then, I guess I had better be the enemy."—*Time.*

Brown—"I saw Dumley this morning, and I didn't think he was looking very well." *Robinson* (grimly)—"I saw him, too, and I thought he was looking extremely well. He owes me five dollars, and he saw me three blocks off."—*New York Sun.*

Three of the admirers of a pretty Burlington girl called on her the same evening, and, as she answered the bell in person for the fourth call, she took the opportunity of hanging a placard on the door-bell: "This is my busy night."—*Burlington Free Press.*

"Young man," he said, "what is that stuff you are drinking?" "Whisky and seltzer, sir." "Don't you know that whisky is bad for the stomach?" "Yes, sir; but seltzer ain't. One of the most prominent physicians in the city has advised me to drink it."—*New York Sun.*

Dry-goods clerk (to beautiful customer)—"Excuse me, but are you not Miss Smith? *Customer* (frigidly)—"That is my name, sir." *Clerk*—"You were at Saratoga in August?" *Customer* (hauteur increasing)—"Yes, sir; I will take twelve yards of this piece." *Clerk*—"Cash!"—*Epoch.*

Mrs. Lott—"And has nothing been saved from the wreck?" *Job Lott* (tragically)—"Nothing—absolutely nothing—except my honest name!" *Mrs. Lott*—"H-m! With that, and the trifling assistance of the property you transferred to me three months ago, may be we can start again!"—*Puck.*

Minister—"Well, Bobby, what did you learn at school to-day?" *Bobby*—"I learned that the world is round, and turns on hinges like that globe in the parlor." *Minister*—"Well, what did you think of that?" *Bobby*—"I think they're asking me to believe a good deal for a small boy."—*New York Sun.*

Artist (to pupil)—"That study is all out of drawing. It defies every law of composition, and has not a color ever seen in nature. Can't you see that for yourself?" *Pupil*—"It looks all right to me." "Well, I'll have to give you up. You will never be fit for anything but a member of a hanging committee."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Do you know, sir," said a long-haired passenger, with a greasy Prince Albert buttoned tight about the neck, "that I have been a Prohibitionist for thirty years?" "Is that so?" replied the other; "thank heaven I have never been as unfortunate as all that, but I've had inflammatory rheumatism for ten years."—*New York Sun.*

"Why did you slam the gate in the face of that old lady?" demanded a passenger on the elevated road; "she had plenty of time to get in." "Yes, sir," was the response, "she had time enough, but I saw she was in a hurry, and even an elevated brakeman, my friend, likes a little sunshine occasionally to come into his dark and cheerless life."—*New York Sun.*

Young lady (haughtily disengaging herself)—"By what right, sir, do you presume to put your arm around my waist?" *Young man* (humbly)—"None, I confess, but I thought you would not object." *Young lady*—"Know then, sir, that I do object and most emphatically. But that, of course, need not deter you from persevering."—*Binghamton Republican.*

"Miss Maud," he said, "I have come in this evening to ask you a question, and I have brought a ring with me. Now, before you try it on I want to tell you that if you feel inclined to be a sister to me I will have to take it back, as my father objects to my sisters wearing such large diamonds." And Maud said she would keep the ring.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

Mr. Byam Keggs (from Kalamazoo, with intense disgust)—"Here, waiter, I ordered raw oysters. What on airth are these nasty black stones?" *Waiter* (petrified)—"Oystahs, sah—on de haff-shell, sah!" *Mr. Byam Keges*—"Haff-shell, is it? Oh, git out! I've eat a million canned oysters out home, and never saw a shell on ary one of them!"—*Puck.*

"As you can only be a sister to me," he said, in broken tones, "will you let me kiss you good-night?" She shyly said she would. Then he folded her in his strong arms, and gently placing her head against his manly breast, he kissed her passionately. "Mr. Sampson," she said, softly, "this is all so new to me, so—so different from what I thought it to be, that if you will give me a little time to—to think it over, I—I may——" But let us withdraw from the sacred scene.—*New York Sun.*

Jack—"Say, Dick, why don't you marry that Miss Jones, if you esteem her so highly?" *Dick*—"There are serious objections to such a step, Jack." *Jack*—"Objections? I am sure she is pretty enough, amiable, intelligent, of good family, and not without worldly inheritance. What possible objection can you have?" *Dick*—"I s'pose I can tell you something in confidence and you won't repeat it?" *Jack*—"Every time, old boy. What is it?" *Dick*—"The objections were filed by Miss Jones."—*Binghamton Republican.*

It was getting late when the girl said shyly: "You look worried about something, Mr. Harkinton." "I am," he replied; "I have in my pocket a fifty-thousand-dollar-package of government bonds which I foolishly forgot to deposit to-day, and—and aside from that I—I love you so devotedly, Miss Schermerhorn, I am afraid to learn my fate." "As for the bonds, Mr. Harkinton," replied the girl, with a business air, "papa has a safe in the house; and, regarding the—the other matter, why—why, I think so many of us are apt to borrow trouble, Mr. Harkinton."—*New York Sun.*

STAGE MARGUERITES.

"Iris" gives her Views on Nilsson, Patti, Gerster, and Lehmann.

Most people who saw the representation of "Faust," as given by Henry Irving last winter in New York, came away saying: "At last we have seen our ideal of Marguerite." The wonderful scenic effects of this performance, the unearthly fiendishness of Mr. Irving's Mephistopheles, the processions of weird, gray figures on the Brocken, even the Ape family dwindled to insignificance beside Miss Terry's exquisite portrayal of Marguerite. The delicacy, the grace, the tenderness, the pathos that are connected in all minds with this most lovely and lovable of unfortunates were rendered with such quiet fidelity, such refinement of feeling, that the transported listener cried aloud: "Now, for the first time, I have seen the real Marguerite!"

Marguerite, whether a histrionic or vocal heroine, is the beloved of all true theatre-goers. Everyone cherishes his own pet ideal of her, and chooses one or other of the great prima donnas as the keenest delineator of the soft and tender nature of his favorite. Christine Nilsson has come closest to the realization of the majority's ideal. Six out of ten opera-goers will say to you: "Oh, if you want to see Marguerite herself, you should have seen Nilsson half-a-dozen years ago. Apart from all vocal considerations, she was Marguerite in the flesh."

Six years ago—during the first season at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, Campanini's last season before an audience even then growing restive under his failing voice—I heard Nilsson as Marguerite. To me she always seemed the chilliest, the most austere of religious devotees. How Faust ever summoned courage to address this self-contained, lofty woman was a matter of perpetual wonder. How such a woman ever came to listen to such a man was more incongruous still. This impression of stately reserve, of immovable self-poise was heightened by her appearance. She looked a grand, tranquil, queenly creature, with a placid, severe nature, cold, friendly eyes, a splendid carriage, a majestic tread. She was not particularly youthful, which may have caused the idea that her voluntary seclusion in the quiet garden rose from the desire for rest of one who has lived and struggled in the world, rather than the simple and ignorant content of one who has never awakened to any life outside her garden's sheltering walls. Nilsson's Marguerite was not the unopened bud that Gounod meant her to be, but a full-blown rose. High-thinking, piety, nobility—all these were hers; but not the youth, the artlessness, the tenderness of the true Marguerite.

Patti's Marguerite has its crowd of admirers. Vocally, of course, it is perfection. Histrionically it is the exact antithesis of Nilsson's. It is assuredly a pretty, youthful, dainty personation, but it is decidely piquant and coquettish. Patti is nothing if not coquettish. If she had had no voice at all she would have been a jewel on the opera-bouffe stage. She has just that witchery, that reckless diablerie which goes with short skirts and side-glances, dancing steps, and a mincing walk on high heels. Patti's Rosina is the most deliciously piquant creature in the world. She has just that spice of the devil which gives her a racy flavor such as celery gives to the canvas-back. This piquant view runs through all Patti's performances. It is even in her Marguerite, subdued, but still there. Her Marguerite is charming, innocently gay, and French. She leaves on one the impression that she is like the young girls one reads of in those rare decent French novels who are mewed up in lonely châteaux, cut off from the world, and longing to escape, to see life. She is always, figuratively speaking, in a tiptoe attitude, peering over the sheltering wall at the outside world. There is a twinkling, sparkling vitality about her, a bubbling, irrepressible buoyancy. She is the kind who enjoys "a good time" and rarely feels a deep affection. She is happy to amuse herself with Siebel—but if some one better than Siebel would only come? When the some one better than Siebel does come, see how the poor village lover goes to the wall. He is cast aside even as his bouquet is, when his idol sees Faust's diamonds. The very meeting is characteristic; the prim, dimpling demureness of her answer to Faust's salutation, her little tripping walk up the stage, her half-affected start at the sight of Mephistopheles, all suggest the coquette in embryo. Patti always seems to have studied Marguerite in scenes rather than taken her *en bloc*. In the last act she is magnificent, her despair and sudden exaltation in the prayer superb—but out of harmony with her bird-like lightsomeness in the first scenes. It is like two different women.

If one could combine the good points in the Marguerites of Gerster and Lehmann, they would find perfection. Gerster's Marguerite is, to my thinking, the most artistic ever given in this country. She formed her idea of the woman, and from this central idea every action radiated. All was in unobtrusive harmony, not a note discordant.

Perhaps her nature—the meditative, romantic nature of the German—helped her. Her Marguerite seems to have rounded out and taken shape from Gounod's music. It is the crystallization of the music assigned by the author to his heroine. Her conception of the part comes midway between Nilsson's and Patti's. It has neither the cold severity of the one nor the flippant gayety of the other. She is young, intense, ignorant. Her solitary life, alone with Martha in the shady garden, has developed the romantic side of her nature. She is steeped in long day-dreams, and spends musing hours over her busy wheel. She is perfectly happy, having known no other life; in her pious exercises, her friendship for Siebel, her love for Valentine. Her existence is cloistral, brightened by iridescent day-dreams, exalted by religious fervor when Faust makes his first appearance.

Lehmann's Marguerite has two strong points. Her conception of the character is not unlike Nilsson's—a noble, cold, severe woman. Her appearance, as in Nilsson's case, was against her. Not that she was not handsome. Lehmann as Brunhilda is one of the most beautiful women on the stage. But she is of the heroic type, and Marguerite was not. A stately, majestic, slow-moving woman is out of place in that silent, green garden. But to return—Lehmann distanced all her contemporaries in two instances—in her acting and singing at the spinning-wheel and in her acting in the garden scene. In the former she stands alone.

The singing at the wheel of "The King of Thule" is the first indication to the audience that the dreamer has been awakened. Here, where of old her thoughts wandered vaguely through a chaotic mass of fragmentary reveries, they are now centred on the stranger seen in the market-place. As she sings of the king and his loved one, her musings grow deep and deeper, the wheel runs slower, her voice rises rich and pure but expressionless in the liquid melody—finally breaks off, ceases, and the undercurrent rises to the surface in her comments on her conduct as the stranger accosted her.

All the prima donnas made an attempt to infuse into this song the dreamy and absent expression of one lost in thought. Their success was not remarkable. Nilsson used to sing it as though half-asleep; Patti, sparkling and smiling; even Gerster produced but a vague impression of engrossed reverie. Lehmann alone made its meaning perfectly intelligible. Her rapt expression, her soft, dawning smile, her vacantly staring eyes, the slow subsidence of the wheel's revolutions, the hands dropped idle and motionless in her lap, the peculiar lack of expression in her singing, the incongruity of her happy smile, and the melancholy tenderness of the song, told of the absorbed interest with which her thoughts dwelt upon the gallant stranger.

In the garden scene Lehmann was the only Marguerite I ever saw who made any resistance against Faust's attempted love-making. All the others take to it as naturally as possible. After that game of hide-and-seek, where they flit through the garden in the dusk round the potted shrubs, Marguerite is quite willing to sit down on a bench and listen to the most melodious vows in the world. Lehmann's acting in this scene was a dramatic triumph.

There have been other Marguerites, some of them remarkable. Mme. Dotti once or twice undertook to stultify the operatic world by performing Marguerite. Kansas City was, I believe, one of the favored spots where this festival of harmony took place, and it is said that Kansas City never enjoyed an opera so much in its life. So Mme. Dotti has not lived in vain. There were some remarkable points in her performance, which still more endeared it to that musical metropolis. Mme. Dotti has a habit of opening her mouth to an extent which is at first interesting, then astonishing, then alarming. In order not to cause the audience any undue discomfort, this charitable lady has a habit of clasping her hands before her mouth, holding her fingers apart so that the flood of melody may escape unimpeded. In the prayer in the last act this was said to be the feature of the performance, duly appreciated by the Kansas Cityites, who thought it the best part of the show.

October 2, 1888. Iris.

The effect of waist-belts upon the work done by a healthy heart has been accurately studied by means of an instrument called a cardiometer. Experiments upon a dog showed that with but a little pressure upon the abdomen the abdominal vessels are capable of containing all and more than all the blood in the organism. Slight compression of the abdomen will, without disturbing the arterial supply, drive out from the abdominal veins and venous capillaries a large amount of blood; and this blood so driven out will, as long as the compression continues, be of use for the other regions of the body—for the brain, muscles, etc. Flaccid abdominal walls are from various circumstances rather the rule than the exception in the gentler sex, and, among men, occur in those leading sedentary lives devoid of exercise. We are, therefore, brought to conclude that among women some form of waist-belt is very advantageous. Moderate constriction does no harm.

The work of breaking up the steamer *Great Eastern* for old iron has begun, and, notwithstanding the growth of marine architecture, it will be probably many years before we shall see another ship so big. The failure of the *Great Eastern* was, however, due not so much to her too great size as to her too little speed. She was six hundred and ninety-two feet long and of twenty-four thousand tons burden, but could make only four or five knots. She was about thirty years old, but apparently as stanch as when launched. Some of the crew had been with her and lived on her constantly for twenty-five years.

One of the largest timber rafts that have ever been seen on the Rhine has just descended that river, from Mayence to Dordrecht. It was seven hundred feet in length, one hundred and seventy feet wide, carried a crew of one hundred and seventy men, and was valued at twelve thousand pounds sterling. This gigantic raft was very near coming to grief in the rapids below Bingen, and afterward at the Lorelei curve, and at the island of Nonnenworth.

A Russian sergeant of the Semonovsky Regiment has invented a method for the rapid construction of boats from tents. Upon experiment, in thirty minutes, under the designer's direction, a detachment of men, chosen haphazard, improvised several handy boats with the aid of green wood from a neighboring grove. Each boat readily supported four to six fully equipped soldiers.

The town of Pullman must be an ideal place to live in. Last year the death rate was only nine per one thousand of the population, the previous year only eight, and this year, it is thought, the rate will be still lower. This includes deaths from accidents. There are twelve thousand inhabitants and only four doctors and one lawyer. Enough said.

At the moment when the war-ship *Warrior* rescued a party of French balloonists they were casting lots as to who should throw himself out, to lighten the balloon.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Sarah Bernhardt has gained three pounds and is now banting. has a mortal horror of growing fat.

King Humbert has ended his tour of military inspection in the magna. He had his son and brother with him. Humbert has a sc ing expression and a staring eye. He looked, said a soldier, as i saw the ghosts of the men who have perished at Massowah.

M. Chevreul's celebration of his one hundred and second birthda veloped the fact that he and M. Renoudin, a Waterloo soldier, aged hundred and four, have not used tobacco. Another French offic the same mode of life is ninety-one, and was born when his father over seventy.

Mr. Ferdinand Ward, the gentleman who once acquired some as a financier in New York, has issued from his printing-press in Sing Prison a highly illuminated calendar for 1888–89. Mr. Wa said to be doing quite well in his retirement, but regrets exceedingly he can not come out for Cleveland.

The arrangement of a pension for the widow of General She points the fact that the widows of four of our Presidents—Polk, T Grant, and Garfield—are receiving the government remembrance of thousand dollars a year each, while the widows of three major-gen —Blair, Hancock, and Logan—are receiving two thousand dollars.

Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg will go into residenc Windsor Castle, as Princess Beatrice is about to present the queen another grandchild. The interesting event is likely to take plac December. Her majesty has a great liking for these functions, and said she rather interferes with the domestic arrangements at the tim

While Prince Bismarck was inspecting his fields not long ago, the reaping-women, following an old custom, seized him and boun with bands made of straw. The great diplomatist submitted with a ent good grace and bought his release by paying a liberal ran When he rode away in his carriage the straw bands were still fast around his arms.

One of the most successful ship-builders in the world is John B. reshoff, of Bristol, Rhode Island. The remarkable thing about t that Mr. Herreshoff is totally blind, and has not been able to see he was fifteen years of age. He designed all the famous boats that been built at the Herreshoff Company's yards, and he made all the mates for building.

It is reported from Munich that the late King Ludwig's debts a most entirely paid off. Some properties have been sold at good pr and the entrance fees for visiting the royal castles have been of co erable help. The expenses of the present king are very small, a fortune will soon be amassed which, added to the value represente the splendid castles of Herrenchiemsee and Neuschwanstein, will re sent as fine a royal fortune as that of any crowned head in Europe.

Mr. Jackson, the husband of the late lamented authoress, H Hunt Jackson, was married recently, and is now residing at Colo Springs, Colo. He married Miss Helen Hunt, a niece of his first through her first husband, and there is still, therefore, a Helen Jackson. The grave of the first Mrs. Jackson, known to fame as H.," is literally covered with visiting-cards left by tourists who climb mountains near Colorado Springs to visit the last resting-place of th markable woman.

A recent Saratoga letter says: The Misses Ingersoll, dressed in v china silk, with bare neck and arms, watched the dances with the col and his wife from the gallery of their cottage. In more ways than a these young women are model daughters. Their repose is somet remarkable. They very seldom carry a fan or handkerchief, and their hands are never in their way. No attentions are accepted young men away from the family circle, and neither appears on the room floor or the promenade without her parents. The happy qu read, drive, walk, dine, shop, think, and visit together.

The caricatures of himself that illustrate Bill Nye's funny storie excellent representations, barring the few exaggerated qualities. bald head, smoothly shaven face, and generally cadaverous expre behind a pair of spectacles, are all there in the original article. Nye is a bright-looking man. He is less than forty years old, tall, thin. His complexion is sandy, and his hair very thin. His dark are bright, and the prominent lower jaw, so smooth and regular in line, has the habit of moving itself down at intervals and assumi comical position that is about the only humorous thing in Nye's add His good-nature is never failing. There is nothing of the dude a Bill Nye. He is too thin to have his clothes fit him very well, and too of assuming the easiest attitude he can find in lounging about to n tain a good fit if he ever had one.

The unnatural marriage of Princess Lætitia and her plain uncle to Turin the Italian court and all the rich Bonapartists of France. Kings of Italy and Portugal were the bridegroom's supporters, Prince Louis Bonaparte and Prince Charles, the senior member Napoleonic family, those of the bride. Louis is an officer of the Army. Princess Mathilde took a handsome present to the bride, na a painting by Murillo, which will do for an oratory. She also took her as a gift an old prayer-book, with vellum pages, illuminated mar and artistic fourteenth-century binding. The princess went with husband, M. Poquelin. But he will not appear in public at any mony with her, though he will be received in private. She gave offense at Turin by saying that the marriage ought to end in the div court, and that the less her niece lived with the Duke of Aosta the b for posterity. It is very shocking to see a young girl—blooming, some, and ignorant of life—bound as a wife to a hideous and scrofu uncle.

Miss Julia Morosini holds herself aloof from the gay world of S toga, being in it but not of it, and having no companions but her m and her horses. Her stable includes six valuable horses, a span fo surrey, a single-footer for a cart, her own private saddle-horse, and trotters for the groom. The sextet is kept in a private barn on the side of the railroad track, where Miss Morosini goes every morn The moment she enters the stable-yard the dogs begin to bark, w greeting is taken up by the horses. It is her habit to carry in her h kerchief as much fine sugar as the little cambric square will hold, w she feeds to her pets from her hand. In face and manners this sk equestrienne is a typical American. While not a beauty she has and health, and a peculiarity of style that can not be overlooked. her dresses are from Paris, and her wardrobe is fit for a princess. of its beauties is a dearth of jewels. She has a magnificent set of p and a solitaire diamond which can be worn in the hair or corsage. use of pocket-money is manly.

The Washington men have developed since the death of Mrs. Pa the millionaire widow of that city, a thoroughly piratical Gilbert Sullivanish sympathy for "orphans." Four orphans, with a mi apiece, all in one family, is a windfall that does not occur more once in the lifetime of the average society swell. One of the five da ters of Mrs. Patten, it will be remembered, married John M. Gl congressman from Missouri, something more than a year ago, an recollection of that gorgeous ceremony, with its service of gold at wedding feast and the liberal check from the mother to the bride, is fresh in the memories of those who graced the occasion. This che the modern bride, by the way, which has come to hold so conspicuo place among the gifts, seems to be the French *dot* Americanized. T is this difference, however, between them, that the *dot* is securely se by thoughtful relatives upon the bride, while the check, so convenie convertible, sooner or later finds its way into the pocket of the gr Mr. and Mrs. Glover have been spending the summer at Sweet Spri Mo., where they own a cottage. Mrs. Glover patronizes the hops regularly, dresses charmingly decolleté, and exhibits diamonds tha the envy of all the women of the West. She is not handsome, bu dogs are, and she is devoted to them. When she walks two beau Gordon setters gambol about her, and in her drives she is accompa by a dignified pug. The latest addition to the ménage—a fine bal seems to be quite overshadowed by these canine favorites, and alien hands contribute to the comfort of the heir to the Patten milli it is the fair mistress herself who feeds the dogs.

VANITY FAIR.

A mysterious and striking auction sale took place in New York the other day, in an up-town flat. It had evidently been occupied by a woman, young, beautiful, and refined, and she had gone out of it without removing even her rings that lay in the jewel-stand on the dainty dressing-table. Everything was sold unreservedly. A piano, with a pile of songs and sheet after sheet of classical music; a library containing all the best of the modern authors, and many whom the verdict of the ages have consecrated; books finely bound and artistically illustrated, showing that the reader liked to have her mental food served up on dainty dishes; pictures that, while they were not, perhaps, very costly, showed the owner knew the best and appreciated it; bric-à-brac of all sorts and well selected; a table service, consisting of napery-like satin and china, showing the best of the Wedgwood, Sèvres, and Worcester manufactures. And wearing apparel dainty enough for a princess—tiny satin slippers, five-and-a-half gloves, stockings like silk cobwebs, and handkerchiefs as fine—quaint, picturesque, made evidently for a tall, slim woman; Eastern shawls, delicate lace-trimmed lingerie—all the beautiful things with which a high-bred and luxurious woman surrounds herself. Apparently no selections had been made, nothing kept back, and the woman had walked away beyond a doubt with nothing but the clothes she wore. The auctioneer said, briefly, in answer to all interrogations, that the owner had suddenly determined to go into a convent, and had directed that the entire contents of the flat be disposed of for the benefit of the institution she had entered. It was plain that the great tragedy of a life lay behind it, but what it was, the details of it, will never be known.

"Fashion has settled that 'body-linen' is more than ever to be of foulard silk, and, in the case of a blonde, it must be black, tender blue, or pink," writes Mrs. Crawford in her Paris letter to London *Truth*. "The Empress Eugénie caused her bed-linen to be of black foulard. The idea was suggested by a gallant prefect, at whose prefecture she and the emperor, in the heyday of their fortune, were to pass a few days. His notion was that she might feel after her journey too fatigued to get up early, and so admit to audiences in her bedroom the wives of local magnates. The sheets were to serve as a foil to her extraordinary fairness. But to come back to body-linen, I hear it said that it is, when white (however softened by creamy laces), trying to the skin and neck. But what of that, it will occur to you, since nobody sees the effect either of foulard or any other sort of inner garments save the fair wearer and her maid. I grant you all this, simply because you are wide of the mark. Among Eve's daughters who is there young, lovely, or only aspiring to loveliness, who does not find a world of pleasure in studying her own image in the glass, and seeing how it can be so modified by the arrangement of her person as to approach her ideal of what is lovely? Her own self, you see, is but the raw material on which her taste and fancy operate in producing the charming looking-glass picture. I will not have it that the ornamental sex adorn themselves entirely to captivate the non-ornamental one. They do a good deal, as the Scotchman said his countrymen built the churches, 'just for spite,' or, in other words, to kill one another with jealousy. But the stronger motives are the feminine taste for what is pretty, and a touch of deep-lying egotism. Before a mirror the conscious beauty is to herself what a doll is to a little girl. Often also at the toilet table *elle fait l'art pour l'art*, and does not really feel like a flower blushing unseen, as long as she has a good, big looking-glass and plenty of nice things to try on before it. When the foulard 'body-linen' was coming into fashion, I asked an outfitter who was interested in the change what brought it about. The answer was the modishness of shrimp-gathering as a society woman's amusement at French watering-places. Softly reared and beauteous shrimp-gatherers really do face the rough waves with their nets, and as they are generally accompanied into the water by a following of masculine admirers, there is no danger of their being drowned. But they are a good deal shocked about, and there is such a shortening of outer garments as to make some of the inner ones prominently visible. Jeanne Granier, the actress, has provided herself with all that is needful to make a sensation as a shrimp-gatherer this August."

There are too many diamonds. Where? Not in San Francisco, but in South Africa. A correspondent writes from there to the London *Daily News*: Were the four great mines of the diamond fields worked as one concern, the directors could proceed to limit the output of diamonds, a step which, from the glutted state of the European diamond market, will be necessary at a near date, for present values nearly touch the cost of production. It is even possible that the costly gem may be found in many fresh places and become so common that it will not pay to mine, unless some fresh use should be found for it similar to that for boring purposes, some practical use, in fact, that will consume a great many stones and keep up the price. Lately it has been asserted that a diamond was found on the property of one of the Witwatersrand gold-mining companies. We hear reports of diamonds being found in the district of Hope Town, on the Orange River, up in the Waterberg in the Transvaal, and near Lady Brand, in the Orange Free State. It is stated in the newspapers to-day that a large parcel of the stones is being shown at Lorenzo Marquez on the coast, believed to have come out of the Lebombo mountains, the region supposed to be the scene of King Solomon's mines. It is not improbable that there may be diamonds in all those places. In any case, there is always the fear that the world may shortly see a surplus. As it is, the market is temporarily glutted, and will be for some time, if they do not limit the production at Kimberley.

As the ingenuity of the modistes of Paris has been virtually exhausted in the designing of *chic* and piquant bathing-dresses, it has been decided, by way of giving them a further chance of displaying their skill, to make amateur fishing the fashionable amusement of what is called the really "pschutt" watering-place. At St. Jean de Luz, Trouville, Tréport, and other such resorts the ultra-fashionable form of recreation is sardine fishing. To engage in this pursuit special costumes and toilets are, of course, necessary, and some of the triumphs of the Worths and Elises of Paris, in the way of costumes for pretty *pêcheuses*, are really almost "ravishing." Nor is it by catching the sardines only that the visitors amuse themselves. Having caught them, the thing is to cook them also *en amateur*, and for this purpose picturesque little *cabanes* are put up on the shore, decorated with sea-weeds, sea-shells, and flowers. It can be supposed what fun these picnic-luncheons cause, and with what an appetite the *pêcheurs* and *pêcheresses* eat the fish they have both caught and cooked. At the French watering-places many ladies who have no intention of catching sardines or mussels walk about in those "ravishing" costumes, there being a particular tendency to do so, on the part of those who have shapely ankles and pretty feet, which they are proud to show to the assembled world.

Smoking, as is well known, is a habit which is not confined to men in France and other continental countries. Many Parisiennes now indulge in cigarettes even in their boudoirs, and a recent writer, who is herself a smoker, has drawn up a set of rules for the benefit of fashionable female votaries of the "weed." Some of these regulations are rather peculiar. Never, says the guide, philosopher, and friend of fashionable *fumeuses*, never smoke in a restaurant or out-of-doors, even when in company with your husbands. Never light a cigarette after a five-o'clock tea, even if your most intimate friends only are present. Smoke after your meals at home, either in a room *ad hoc* or in your boudoir. Do not hold the cigarette between your teeth or at the sides of your mouths. Such low tricks are unworthy even of well-bred men, and you must be mindful to carry the cigarette gracefully to your lips, and to blow gentle wreaths of etherealized essence around you from your mouths, or, if you like, down from your noses. Be extremely careful not to allow any ashes to fall on your dresses or your carpets, and be sure that your cigarette-holders and their cases, your match-boxes, your ash-trays, and your general appliances for the enjoyment of tobacco, be as delicate and artistic as all objects used by ladies should be. By attention to these rules, concludes their compiler, a *fumeuse* may frequently make herself additionally interesting and piquant. Blowing clouds of smoke from the nose may even develop into a most fascinating operation, provided the smoker have a pretty proboscis, and that the profile of it only be seen by the admiring cavalier or suitor as the blue-gray vapor descends delicately from the nostrils.

The putting away by Mrs. Cleveland of her bustle has led to a great derangement in the Paris-American trade in ready-made skirts and dresses. Half-hoops must go with the dorsal attachment, and with them the elastic straps and buckles which kept them in the bow firm and held the front of the skirt back. Then there are the stuffs and trimmings which went well with the arrangement, and which were ordered for the American market before Mrs. Cleveland made up her mind that it was *infra dig.* for the first lady in the United States to owe anything to a bustle. The French ladies will probably stick to the present style. They do not take trifles as state affairs—a reason why they do themselves up with so much whim, grace, and fancy. The bustle is just a sumptuary condiment. As to half-hoops they have one great advantage. They conduce to the immaculate stockings for which Parisiennes of all classes should be celebrated, by holding skirts well out from the heels, and so preventing draggle. Did not the fall of steel-hoop petticoats, which went under the name of crinoline eighteen or nineteen years ago, cause a great trade wail to go up from Birmingham? By-the-bye, would Sarah—given her reed-like figure—have made her way had she not come forward just as the reaction against crinoline was setting in? The Parisienne alone knows how to arrange the bustle. When it is on her back you do not think of the cause in seeing the effect, which is sure to be piquant, and is often elegant. Bustles, with tailor-made pelisses, are horrors—particularly when they seem to have an independent life of their own. All tailor-made clothing should be unfeminine in its severe simplicity, and should only derive womanly charm from showing well the shape of the charming person who wears it. A lovely example of this is given in the riding-habit.

The sarong and kabia form the native dress in Java, adopted by the European ladies for comfort and convenience in the climate, and worn by them as sleeping attire, as also during the day in a richer form. Imagine a piece of calico, two yards long, cut from a web. Sew together the raw edges, and you have a petticoat without band or hem. Imagine it covered with floral patterns or curious devices of crawling creatures, or having a village with houses and scenes of daily life depicted on it, and you see a sarong, or skirt. Put this over your head, draw all the fullness in front, and form of this a large plait; put round your waist, to hold it, a cord with a rich tassel depending, or a gay silk sash. Then put on a dressing-jacket of fine lawn, trimmed with lace; loosen your hair and let it fall down your back; slip your stockingless feet into Indian-looking pantoffles, with gilt or silver embroidery. Take now a fan in your hand and promenade before your mirror.

In the biological section of the recent social science convention in London, the vexed question of stays and tight-lacing was discussed in a separate department. The attendance of the fair sex was especially large. The general expectation which they apparently entertained that the paper would condemn the wearing of stays was, however, agreeably disappointed. Mr. C. S. Roy, professor of pathology at Cambridge, and Mr. J. G. Adams, university administrator of pathology, who had announced a joint paper "On the Physiological Bearing of Waist-Belts and Stays," blessed instead of banning these articles. They have lately been making some pathological experiments, and had found that a good deal of the blood stored uselessly in the abdominal veins is, by slight pressure, placed advantageously at the disposal of the muscles, brain, and skin. This explains how men, as well as women, instinctively employ some method of abdominal compression, wearing waist-bands or belts, or the more elaborate corsets, at periods of increased activity. No doubt fashion has sometimes led to the distortion of the female figure by means of stays, but if not laced too tight the modern corset, by clasping the waist and supporting the bosom and back, constitutes a convenient combination of the different forms of girdle which have been found useful by the women of all civilized nations from the remotest times. Of course, during sleep they are put off, but during hours of exertion, social or otherwise, reasonable tight-lacing is fitted to increase mental and physical activity. They, however, cautioned young ladies against carrying this to an injudicious extreme. Several physicians immediately attacked the paper. Dr. Wilberforce Smith considered it a most dangerous one to be read to an assembly like that. He declared the evils of tight-lacing to be manifold and terrible, and that it is perfectly refreshing to find a girl the muscles of whose back have not been withered by wearing stays. Miss Becker took the other side, and advocated rigid and not elastic stays, at the same time giving her approval of modern fashions as better than some dress reforms.

The men at Lenox are not one whit behind the girls in gorgeousness of costumes at their sports, and if an East Indian rajah should suddenly find himself on the archery grounds at that fashionable summer resort, he might fancy he was attending a family reunion, so natural would appear to him the broad sashes of crimson silk wound around the waists of the men, and falling with tasseled ends upon their white flannel trousers. Striped shirts of silk and loose coats of white flannel complete this jaunty outfit. The broad sash is not unbecoming to lithe, well-shaped men, but occasionally an individual with æsthetic leanings and a tendency to *embonpoint* gets a sash on, and the result is—well, to put it mildly—funny. The rage for light-colored shoes still continues. Any color from deep russet to a light yellow is worn. All the large dealers sell them, and so long as fashion says wear them they will probably be worn, in spite of the fact that they make the foot appear very much larger than the old-fashioned black shoe. Perhaps it is owing to this that they are left almost exclusively to the young girls and still youthful matrons, while elderly mammas, in whom the increase of adipose matter calls for contractions and concealments of all sorts, still cling to their French kid-boots and black satin *mules*.

Two new things are very noticeable at Saratoga this autumn. The first is that the ladies have discarded gloves. They do not wear them while walking, driving, dancing, or apparently at any time whatever. The second is the absence of wine in the dining-rooms of the big hotels. When eight hundred persons are at the tables it often happens that not a bottle of wine is in sight. The pop of a champagne-cork is rarely heard, and only now and then does one see claret on the tables. On one day, when there was not a bottle in sight, the diners at the table included twenty-one men who are reputedly many-times millionaires.

The father of Alexander H. Stephens was a Georgia schoolmaster, and, as will be seen by the following extract from his son's account of him, he believed in teaching some things not contained in the text-books. About once a month, on a Friday evening, after the spelling classes had got through their tasks, he had an exercise in ceremony, which the scholars called "learning manners." "The exercise consisted in going through the usual form of salutation on meeting an acquaintance, and introducing persons to one another, with other occasional variations. These forms were taught during the week, and the pupils' proficiency was tested on the occasions I am speaking of. At the appointed hour on the Friday evening, at a given signal, books were laid aside and a recess of a few minutes given. Then all would reassemble and take seats in rows on opposite benches, the boys on one side and the girls on the other. The boy at the head of the row would rise and walk toward the centre of the room, and the girl at the head of her row would rise and proceed toward the same spot. As they approached, the boy would bow and the girl drop a courtesy, and they would then pass on. At other times they were taught to stop and exchange verbal salutations and the usual formulas of polite inquiry, after which they retired, and were followed by the next pair. These exercises were varied by meetings in an imaginary parlor—the entrance, introduction, and reception of visitors, with practice in 'commonplace chat,' to use his own phrase, suited to the supposed occasion. Then came the ceremony of introductions. The parties in this case would walk from opposite sides of the room in pairs, and, upon meeting, after the salutations of the two agreed upon, would commence making known to each other the friends accompanying them; the boy saying, 'Allow me, Miss Mary, to present to you my friend, Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, Miss Jones.' Whereupon, after Miss Mary had spoken to Mr. Smith, she would in turn introduce her friends. These exercises, trivial as the description may seem, were of great use to raw country boys and girls, removing their awkwardness and consequent shyness, and the painful sense of being at a disadvantage, or the dread of appearing ridiculous. They were delighted in by the scholars, especially by the larger boys and girls, some of whom were nearly or quite grown. Frequently, when the weather was fine, parents and neighbors would come to the school-house on these Friday evenings to witness the ceremonies. When such visits were expected, the girls would dress a little more smartly than usual, and the boys would fix themselves up at the spring, washing, combing, and giving an ornamental adjustment, popularly called a 'roach,' to their hair; and the conversation, of surpassing politeness and elegance, was extremely amusing."

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

How the English People Lived when Victoria was Young.

To depict the amazing change which has come over the United Kingdom since the death of William the Fourth, is the serious purpose of the entertaining volume called "Fifty Years Ago," by Walter Besant (Harpers).

Mr. Besant shows us, for example, that fifty years ago English society was a far smaller and more rigidly restricted body than it is now. It was exclusive; "you belonged to society or you did not; there was no overlapping, there were no circles which intersected." Thus, "if you were in society you went to Almack's. If you did not go to Almack's you might be a very interesting, praiseworthy, well-bred creature; but you could not claim to be in society." Naturally, therefore, "everybody ardently desired to be seen at Almack's. This, however, was not in everybody's power. Almack's was much more exclusive than the court. Riff-raff might go to court, but they could not get to Almack's, for at its gates there stood, not one angel with a fiery sword, but six, in the shape of English ladies, terrible in turbans, splendid in diamonds, magnificent in satin, and awful in rank. These ladies formed the dreaded committee. They decided who should be admitted within the circles; all applications had to be made direct to them; no one was allowed to bring friends." Mr. Besant traces the decline and fall of Almack's to the heart-burnings, jealousies, and maddening envies caused by excessive exclusiveness.

Of middle-class ways, he says: "In the winter, in some towns, there was the country ball. At this function one had the pleasure of gazing upon ladies and gentlemen of the highest rank and fashion, and of observing that they kept to themselves like a Hindu caste, danced with each other at the upper end of the room, cast disparaging glances at the dresses of the ladies of the lower end, and sniffed at their manner and appearance. This was true joy. There were also occasional dances at home, but these were rare, because people had not learned how to meet and dance without making a fuss over it; taking up carpets, putting candles in tin sconces, keeping late hours, and having a supper, the preparation of which was mainly done by the ladies of the house, and it nearly killed them and drove the servants—the genteel middle-class family often got along with only one—to give notice. I think that the dances which (even as early as 1737) had gone on in London still lingered in the country. There were, for instance, the caledonians as well as the lancers; there were country dances without end, the very names of which are now lost. The gentlemen performed the proper steps with grace and agility, while the ladies were careful to preserve an attitude supposed the only one possible for a lady while dancing, in which the figure was bent forward, the face was turned up, with the chin stuck out, while the hands were occupied in holding up the dress to the regulation height. The elders, meanwhile, played long whist at tables lit by candles which wanted snuffing between the deals." Mr. Besant adds that fifty years ago middle-class people were extremely punctilious on the subject of calls, the payment of a call being "a ceremonial which necessitated a great deal of ritual and make-believe."

Mr. Besant says the morals and manners of English society were worse fifty years ago than they are now. "It is," he thinks, "quite certain that there is less of everything that should not be than there used to be—less in proportion, and even less in actual extent. The general tone, in short, the general manners of society have very much improved." As to manners, in the sense of carriage, dress, demeanor, Mr. Besant has something to say on the subject of swagger. "There is still swagger even in these days; cavalry officers in garrison towns are still supposed to swagger. Eaton boys swagger in their own little village; undergraduates swagger. The putting on of 'side,' by the way, is a peculiarly modern form of swagger; it is the assumption of certain qualities and powers which are considered as deserving of respect. Swagger, fifty years ago, was a coarser kind of thing. Officers swaggered; men of rank swaggered; men of wealth swaggered; gentlemen in military frogs—there are no longer any military frogs—swaggered in taverns, clubs, and in the streets. The adoption of quiet manners, the wearing of rank with unobtrusive dignity, the possession of wealth without ostentation, of wit without the desire to be always showing it, these are points in which we are decidedly in advance of our fathers. There was a great deal of cuff and collar, stock, and breast-pin about the young fellows. They were oppressive in their gallantry; in public places they asserted themselves; they were loud in their talk."

Not only were they loud in their manners, but in their conversation they were insulting, especially the wits. "Things were said by these gentlemen, even in a dueling age, which would be followed, in these days, by a violent personal assault. In fact, the necessity of fighting a duel if you kicked a man seems to have been the cause why men were constantly allowed to call each other by implication fool, ass, knave, and so forth. Consider the things said by Douglas Jerrold, for instance. They are always witty, of course, but they are often mere insults. Yet nobody seems ever to have fallen upon him. And not only this kind of thing was permitted, but things of the grossest taste passed unrebuked." The comic man, as he was accepted in society and the middle class, to begin with, played practical jokes; he continually played practical jokes, and he was never killed, as would now happen, by his victims. He poured melted butter into coat-pockets at suppers; he turned round sign-posts and made them point the wrong way, in order to send people whither they did not wish to go; he wrenched off door-knockers; he turned off the gas at the meter; he tied strings across the river to knock people backwards in their boats; he tied two doors together, and then rang both bells; he rang up people in the dead of night on any pretext; he filled keyholes with powdered slate-pencil when the master of the house was coming home late; he boaxed innocent ladies, and laughed when they were nearly driven mad with worry and terror; he went to masquerades, carrying a tray full of medicated sweets—think of such a thing!—which he distributed, and then retired and came back in another dress to gaze upon the havoc he had wrought. Again, it was the time when candles were still carried about the house, and, as yet, it was thought that gas in bedrooms was dangerous. He dipped the candles—waiting for the ladies when they went to bed—in water, so that they spluttered and went out and made alarming fireworks when they were lit; and then, to remove the horrible smell, the candles being of tallow, he offered to burn pastilles, but these were confections of gunpowder and water, and caused the liveliest sensation.

Perhaps there is no feature of English life in which more change is noticeable since the death of William the Fourth than the club system. "Club land," says Mr. Besant, "was a comparatively small country, peopled by a most exclusive race. There were then but twenty-five clubs in all, and, as many men had more than one club, and the average membership was less than one thousand, there were not more than twenty thousand men altogether who belonged to clubs. There are now at least one hundred and twenty thousand, with nearly one hundred clubs, to which almost any man may belong. Besides these, there are now about sixty second-class clubs, together with a great many clubs which exist for special purposes—betting and racing clubs, whist clubs, gambling clubs, press clubs, and so forth. Speaking generally, no city men at all, nor any who were connected in any way with trade, were in those days admitted into the clubs of London. A barrister, a physician, or a clergyman might be elected, and of course all men in the services; but a merchant, an attorney, a surgeon, an architect, might knock in vain. The club subscription was generally six guineas a year, and, if we may judge by the fact that you could dine off the joint at the Carlton for a shilling, the clubs were much cheaper than they are now."

As to the literature in the ten years of the thirties, that, as Mr. Besant says, "is a period concerning whose literary history the ordinary reader knows next to nothing." It is true that Dickens, and Browning, and Tennyson, and Carlyle had begun to write, but "one must not estimate a period by its beginners. All these writers belong to the following thirty years of the century. If we look for those who were flourishing, that is, those who were producing their best works, it will be found that this decade was singularly poor." Then, after averring that Hood is the principal name, he goes on to enumerate Hartley Coleridge, Douglas Jerrold, Sir Archibald Alison, Theodore Hook, G. P. R. James, Charles Knight, Sir Henry Taylor, Milman, Ebenezer Elliot, Harriet Martineau, James Montgomery, Talfourd, Henry Brougham, Lady Blessington, Harrison Ainsworth, and some others of lesser note. "This," he adds, "is not a very imposing array." He admits, however, that "nearly all the great writers whom we associate with the first thirty years of the century were living, though their best work was done." Next follows what probably most persons will consider on the whole, a just remark: "After sixty, I take it, the hand of the master may still work with the old cunning, but his designs will be no longer new or bold." So that, taken altogether, the thirties produced a third-rate literature. "This kind," thinks Mr. Besant, and most readers will agree with him, "becomes dreadfully flat and stale when it has been out for fifty years; the dullest, flattest, dreariest reading that can be found on the shelves is the sprightly novel of society written in the thirties." Then the author goes on to show that it was a dreary epoch for novelists and poets. "A blight had fallen on novels and their writers. The enormous success that Scott had achieved tempted hundreds to follow in his path if that were possible. It was not possible, but this they could not know, because nothing seems so easy as to write a novel, and no man of those destined to fail can understand in what respect his own work falls short of Scott's. That is the chief reason why he fails. Scott's success, however, produced another effect. It greatly enlarged the number of novel readers, and caused them to buy up eagerly anything new, in the hope of finding another Scott. Thus, about the year 1826, there were produced as many as two hundred and fifty three and four-volume novels a year—that is to say, about as many as were published in 1886, when the area of readers has been multiplied by ten. We are also told that nearly all these novels could command a sale of seven hundred and fifty to one thousand each, while anything above the average would have a sale of fifteen hundred to two thousand. The usual price given for these novels was, we are told, from two to three hundred pounds sterling. . . . At last, however," continues Mr. Besant, "there was a revolt; the public would stand this kind of stuff no longer. Down dropped the circulation of the novels. Instead of two thousand copies subscribed, the dismayed publisher now read fifty, and the whole host of novelists vanished like a swarm of midges. At the same time poetry went down, too. The drop in poetry was even more terrible than that in novels. Suddenly, and without any warning, the people of Great Britain left off reading poetry. To be sure, they had been flooded with a prodigious quantity of trash. One anonymous popular poet, whose name will never now be recovered, received one hundred pounds sterling for his last poem from a publisher who thought, no doubt, that the 'boom' was going to last. Of this popular poet's work he sold exactly fifty copies. Another, a 'humorous' bard, who also received a large sum for his immortal poem, showed in the unhappy publisher's books no more than eighteen copies sold. This was too ridiculous, and from that day to this the trade-side of poetry has remained under a cloud. Poets have now to pay for the publication of their own works, but some novelists command a price."

Notwithstanding the evil times on which both poet and novelist had fallen, it appears to have been estimated that "in 1836 there were no fewer than four thousand persons living by literary work. Most of them, of course, must have been simple publishers' hacks. But seven hundred of them in London were journalists. At the present day there are said to be in London alone fourteen thousand men and women who live by writing. And of this number I should think that thirteen thousand are in some way or other connected with journalism."

We have seen how small a number of persons earned livelihood by writing for newspapers in London fifty years a Nevertheless, in 1837 there were, so Mr. Besant assures "as many London papers as there are to-day, and nearly many magazines and reviews." The enumeration of the dail weeklies, monthlies, and quarterlies makes it clear that Lond was even better supplied than it is now. But herein lies broad contrast between that era and the present. At t time "outside London the demand for a daily paper hardly known. There were in the whole of Great Britain o fourteen daily papers, and in Ireland two. There are now hundred and seventy-one daily papers in Great Britain, fifteen in Ireland."

OLD FAVORITES.

The Spinning-Wheel.

A white pine floor and a low-ceiled room,
A wheel and a reel and a great brown loom,
The windows out and the world in bloom—

A pair of "swifts" in the corner, where
The grandmother sat in her rush-wrought chair,
And pulled at the distaff's tangled hair,

And sang to herself as she spun the tow
While "the little wheel" ran as soft and low
As muffled brooks where the grasses grow,
And lie one way with the water's flow.

As the Christ's field lilies free from sin,
So she grew like them when she ceased to spin,
Counted her "knots" and handed them in.

"The great wheel" rigged in its harness stands—
A three-legged thing with its spindle and bands—
And the slender spokes, like the willow wands
That spring so thick in the low, wet lands,
Turn dense at the touch of a woman's hands.

As the wheel whirls swift, how rank they grow!
But how sparse and thin when the wheel runs slow
Forward and backward, and to and fro.

There's a heap of rolls like clouds in curl,
And a bright-faced, springy, barefoot girl—
She gives a touch and a careless whirl,

She holds a roll in her shapely hand
That the sun has kissed and the wind has fanned,
And its mate obeys the wheel's command.

There must be wings on her rosy heel;
And there must be bees in the spindled steel;
A thousand spokes in the dizzy wheel.

Have you forgotten the left-breast knock
When you bagged the bee in the hollyhock,
And the angry burr of an ancient clock

Already to strike, came out of the mill,
Where covered with meal the rogue was still,
Till it made your thumb and finger thrill?

It is one, two, three, and the roll is caught;
'Tis a backward step and the thread is taut;
A hurry of wheel, and the roll is wrought.

'Tis one, two, three, and the yarn runs on,
And the spindle shapes like a white pine cone,
As even and still as something grown.

The barefoot maiden follows the thread,
Like somebody caught and tethered and led
Up to the buzz of the busy head.

With backward sweep and willowy bend
Monarch would borrow if maiden could lend,
She draws out the thread to the white wool's end.

She breaks her thread with an angry twang,
Just as if at her touch a harp-string rang
And keyed to the quaint old song she sang,

That came to a halt on her cherry lip
While she tied one knot that never could slip,
And thought of another, when her ship—

All laden with dreams in splendid guise—
Should sail right out of the azure skies
And a lover bring, with great brown eyes.

Ah, broad the day, but her work was done—
Two "runs" by reel. She had twisted and spun
Her two-score "knots" by set of sun,

With her one, two, three, the wheel beside,
And the three, two, one, of her backward glide,
So to and fro in calico pride
Till the bees went home and daytime died.

Her apron white as the white sea foam,
She gathered the wealth of her velvet gloom,
And railed it in with a tall back comb.

She crushed the dews with her naked feet,
The track of the sun was a golden street,
The grass was cool and the air was sweet.

The girl gazed up at the mackerel sky,
And it looked like a pattern lifted high,
But she never dreamed of angels nigh,

And she spoke right out: "Do just see there!
What a blue and white for the clouded pair
I'm going to knit for my Sunday wear!"

The wheel is dead and the bees are gone,
And the girl is dressed in a silver lawn,
And her feet are shod with golden dawn.

From a wind-swung tree that waves before,
A shadow is dodging in at the door—
Flickering ghost on the white pine floor—

And the cat, unlearned in shadow's law,
Just touched its edge with a velvet paw
To hold it still with an ivory claw.

But its spectral cloak is blown about,
And a moment more and the ghost is out,
And leaves us all in shadowy doubt

If ever it fell on floor at all,
Or if ever it swung along the wall,
Or whether a shroud or a phantom shawl.

Oh, brow that the old-time morning kissed!
Good-night, my girl of the double and twist!
Oh, barefoot vision! Vanishing mist!

—*Benjamin F. Taylor.*

IN A CHAUMIÈRE.

"Parisina" describes the French Equivalent of a Summer Camp.

I had spent the month of August in Paris and was wondering what I should do with myself during the first half of September, when I received a letter from one of my oldest friends.

"Dear Parisina," it said, "I am anxiously expecting the promised letter. You know you swore to tell me when you had got through the bulk of your literary work for the summer—in a word, when you would be at leisure to give us a thought. I have waited patiently, but nothing has reached me from you. Don't you think you can get away? We are all dying to have you; the young people are clamoring, and I want you quite as much, if not more, though I express my feelings more soberly. I am—must confess I am—at a loss to imagine what you are doing in Paris. There can't be anything going on. Excuse my saying so, but everybody is away. It can't surely be necessary for you to go every night to the Vaudeville, and, though I read the papers diligently, there seems nothing worth seeing except Daly's Company. I should think you found one evening of 'The Taming of the Shrew' amply sufficient, and I know you applauded Ada Rehan in 'The Railroad of Love,' two years ago. They say she has got some stunning toilets (our boys and our girls, too, have inoculated me with their wretched slang), but I am sure Félix will describe them most faithfully if you ask him, as he made them, and that will do just as well.

"Of course, you want a change. You think you get a breath of fresh air when you take a stroll in the Champs Elysées after dinner; try our pine-scented breezes, and then tell me if yours are not tainted with opopanax, or worse! It has been my misfortune to spend more than one summer in Paris, and I can, therefore, put myself in your shoes. I know how desolate it is to walk out and not see a single familiar face, not to have a friendly door or dinner-table open to you, to be a waif and stray in the middle of a big town, overrun with tourists whom nobody knows. If you do—as we hope you will—come to us as soon as possible on the receipt of this, remember you are booked for a period of undeniable country life. Our *chaumière* is no luxuriant villa surrounded by trim gardens, where existence moves on oiled wheels; but the thatched roof often covers an extremely gay party. Here are laughter-loving girls—you know I have A——'s daughters staying with me, and these, with my son and nephews, make up our actual household; but we are constantly being reinforced from the nearest garrison, while, near at hand, there is company for my maturer years, in the shape of my good friend, H——. My mother has been living for some months at a farm in the village, and joins us when she feels strong enough. Moreover, there are a pony and a couple of dogs, with which you will have to make acquaintance, not to mention the indigenous population of Bois-la-Ville, which may be worth a journalist's eye."

There was a good deal more to this effect, which it is needless to transcribe here. But the gist of it was that I was promised a warm welcome, and the sooner I joined them the better they would be pleased. So I made up my mind on the spot, and returned an unqualified assent. Yes, I would go down to Bois-la-Ville—and directly. It was quite true, I *was* heartily tired of Paris, tired of solitude in a crowd, tired of meeting the same painted faces on the Boulevards. My few male acquaintances fought shy of me, I thought; doubtless they had other fish to fry, their own female belongings being away. I had not gone, as usual, to Trouville this year. Its old round of gayeties, the old social tread-mill, is sure to palL in the end. It was with loathing I thought of the *botinière*, of the *petits chevaux*, of the indecorous bathing, the flirting, and gambling. Whereas, I was attracted by the prospective freshness of Bois-la-Ville; a plunge into rural life would wipe all the cobwebs away. Here, in our civilized Europe, you can not camp out; so the next best thing is to secure a thatched cottage, as my friend had done, and pass as much time in the open air as possible. Such unsophisticated life as that of Bois-la-Ville was what I craved. Do not trouble yourself to look the place out in the map, for you would not find it. It is, in fact, the typical village of the Fontainebleau district—a group of houses in a nook of the forest, an offshoot of a neighboring burg, where the mayor and other authorities reside. There is no post or telegraph office; the gendarmes ride through once in a month or so; the trade of the place is centred in a single shop; it does not even bake its own bread, though the farms supply the milk and the eggs, and the fields and orchards the vegetables and fruit. I bethought me the grapes must be ripening on the walls and the first partridges be ready for the spit, and if I would taste of these in perfection, the sooner I was off the better. Nor are all my partialities of the table. I am, also, fond of youth and beauty, and am not too old for a frolic.

As I, in the omnibus that bore me from the nearest railway station, jolted into Bois-la-Ville, a bevy of youths and maidens rushed forward with eager greeting. One seized my bag, a second my bundle of wraps, a third my sunshade and umbrella, and in another minute I found myself walking in their midst, the recipient of all the latest family news, while my trunk continued its interrupted way to the *chaumière*. Ida, who is generally spokeswoman on important occasions, told me I had just come in the nick of time. They were going to have a dance. "We showed Aunt Kate it would be a sin to waste such opportunities, a room thirty feet long, and Stéphane's brother officers quartered at Fontainebleau!" "I must say he did not need much pressing," declared Annie, and I, knowing my friend pretty well by this time and her great capabilities of enjoyment, believed her. And, moreover, this very evening we were all to drive over to Fleury, where there was a fête, and so dinner was to be early and I was sure I was not tired, etc. The chatter amused and refreshed me.

Not every one in Parisian society has a château, nor even a villa, and the number of those who own chalets on the Norman coast is limited. My friend, whom the A—— girls called Aunt Kate, though she is no more a relative than I am, is not the woman to care for the suburban bonbon-box of a house, with a tiny garden blazing with geraniums, that is the crowning glory of the Paris *bourgeois*, and she does not happen to own any patriarchal acres or manor flanked by moss-grown towers, so she just takes a place for the summer, now here, now there, and having plenty of taste and spirit, though no great superabundance of cash, the resorts she chooses generally have a spice of novelty about them. I have visited her in a farm redolent of the cow-house; I have gone to stay with her in a ruined keep, frequented by owls, and bats, and mantled with ivy, and I should not be surprised to receive an invitation to spend a week in a barge if any happened to be to let on the Marne or the Seine. She had certainly been peculiarly well-inspired when she took the *chaumière*.

It was built by the well-known animal-painter Jacque—*un vieux de la vieille*, still wielding the brush, though well on in years—and consists of a huge studio, flanked by a couple of rooms on either side, and with a low-roofed attic floor above under the thatch, reached by means of a stair-case in the corner of the vast studio, which is lighted by two big windows, looking northward, and a door which, under the present genial rule, always stands invitingly open to let in a great patch of southern sunshine. In Maitre Jacque's time the sheep were driven in by this door, and half the studio was converted into a sheep pen. Now it is furnished with old-fashioned chairs, a sofa, a piano, and a loo-table in one corner, a long dining-table and dresser in another, some common pottery, and two huge bowls that Annie keeps well-supplied with gladiolus or asters. Outside, is a wilderness of shrubs and fruit trees, grass-grown paths, divided from the out-lying fields by a low fence over-grown with vine and hop—very picturesque, but a sorry sight for a gardener.

You reach it by a wicket-gate that opens into a narrow lane from the village, or by a second wider lane that crosses the street itself just where it melts into the forest. Aunt Kate meets us at the gate, and bids me welcome in her hearty way. I am shown into a nice little corner-room, with two windows commanding the best view, and as I hastily repair the disorder of my toilet my eyes stray over the wide stretch of pasture and stubble to the distant horizon, now all aglow with the setting sun, and I breathe in the sweet-scented air and thank my stars I have done with Paris for a while. Unpacking my bag I come across the last *Vie Parisienne*, and remember I meant to make Bourget's "Psychologie de l'Amour" the subject of my next letter to the *Argonaut*, and I actually blush as I cram the paper into a drawer. Pshaw! false sentiment, false philosophy *versus* rural simplicity. My meditations are interrupted by Annie, who stands outside the window, leaning her arms on the sill. She is tall and fair, and there is a pretty love-light in her eyes. I begin to wonder who put it there, but there is no time for speculation; she tells me dinner is ready.

They have laid the cloth out-of-doors in the garden, and I am no sooner seated than my hostess plunges the ladle in the tureen and begins to serve round its steaming contents. "The days draw in so rapidly," she explains, apologetically, "but we do so enjoy our meals *al fresco*. I hope you won't be troubled with the midges—they are rather partial to newcomers. We have all suffered, but they are beginning to tire of tormenting us."

Being quite prepared to enjoy everything, it is not a miserable swarm of insects that shall upset my equanimity, I respond in perfect good faith. Having disposed of my soup I take stock of the company. How fresh and healthy every one looks; there is even a slight touch of pink on the pale cheek of grandmamma opposite, the summer sun has caught the girls' complexions, bronzed the boys brown, and added to the buxom comeliness of mine hostess.

Aunt Kate is English, but she has lived all her life in France, and her son, a Frenchman born, wears the uniform of a sub-lieutenant of Génie, having passed through the Ecole Polytechnique with honor. Physically, Stéphane has taken after his mother's people, and is a tall, well-knit fellow; but the French education shows in the utter absence of bashfulness in this young fellow of twenty-one, in his readiness of speech and lively gesture. It is curious to note how this amalgamation of races works. As for Laurence, the schoolboy yonder, well-up in his classics and destined for the diplomatic service, he is an Englishman to the heart's core, but he, too, has been brought up in France—he and his brother—a child with great intellectual possibilities, and the hours that would otherwise have been given up to cricket and foot-ball have been devoted to books. Their aunt does not hold, however, with all work and no play, and she insists on their enjoying themselves during the holidays. Only too soon will the first of October be here, and then they must to work again, and burn the midnight oil and prepare those endless lessons. They are hard task-masters at the French colleges, and if a boy wants to distinguish himself he must put his shoulder to the wheel with a vengeance.

Ida, Annie, and Mary are the daughters of a dear friend, placed under my friend's care and chaperonage for the summer. In France such an arrangement is not usual, but the A——'s, with the Scotch-Irish parentage, cosmopolitan education, and American independence of character, are girls that a mother may safely allow from under the shadow of her maternal wing. The elder girls are both tall, and some persons consider them very much alike, but there is more vigor in the elder, more determination, and a soft feminine luxuriance about the second that constitute a most decided difference to a careful observer. Little Mary, as her sisters call her, is an artist. There is greater capacity for work in her, perhaps, than in the others, and, on occasion, she can be as determined as Ida or as luxurious as Annie.

Before we have finished our dinner we are disturbed by the sound of wheels. A couple of sub-lieutenants have driven over from Fontainebleau in a wagonette. How the wasps swarm about the peaches! Of course, the girls are the attraction. Aunt Kate introduces them, and it does not take me long to discover that they are frequent guests at the *chaumière*. Shortly after, we are joined by H——, whose bachelor establishment is hard by, and who not only spends most of his spare time with my friends, but gives house-room to Stéphane and the boys, and is general confidant and referee. An hour later we elders are trundling along the moonlit road to Fleury in a pony-chaise, followed by the young people in the wagonette.

A French country fête is a pretty sight, especially at night, when the tawdry trappings of the merry-go-round and the ginger-bread stalls are less apparent. Fleury lacks the *bourgeois* element of Bois-la-Ville, and its peasants look up with almost feudal veneration to the marquis, who owns the château, and comes there only at rare intervals in the hunting season. He does not happen to be there now. Our traps are tied to the back of a booth, and we enter the inclosure formed by the stands. In a twinkling the young men have provided themselves with *mirlitons*, and are piping lustily. Some one suggests a ride on the merry-go-round, and *la main aux dames!* each damsel is seated on the painted back of a wooden horse with her attendant cavalier, and the whirligig—propelled by a blind old horse—begins to gyrate to the sound of a barrel-organ trolling out "En Revenant de la Revue"!

All this is quite admirable, I assure you, at a village fête, and the strictest French mamma would see no harm in it. When they have had a few rounds and are tired of riding, we all adjourn to the ball-room opposite. The peasants—loutish-looking fellows enough—make room for us politely, the uniforms are our passports. A fat old woman gathers her black skirt from a few inches of bench, and bids me be seated. Stéphane and Laurence, and one of the sub-lieutenants, have divided the girls between them and are polking wildly round the room. The next dance is a quadrille; they all vote for the American quadrille if only they had a fourth. Aunt Kate must dance. And she does, and well, too. The fat old woman by my side expresses lively satisfaction at the performance, the peasants hanging idly about the door crowd about—our party makes quite a sensation. Round they go, galloping through the mazes of the dance to the tweedledeeing of the asthmatic trombone and the scraping of a couple of poor little fiddles. The room is large and open at one end to the open air, yet the heat is stifling, the roof being low, and the place lighted with petroleum lamps. Another polka, and a waltz, and then we take our departure. How soft and pleasant the evening air strikes. To drive home beneath the stars is the pleasantest part after all. H—— has a nice tenor, and he sings a jolly student song to which the others play an irregular accompaniment on the *mirlitons*.

My first day at Bois-la-Ville is over. On the next there is the party, and the girls spend the whole of the morning and afternoon decorating the studio. With infinite pains they construct a chandelier with wooden hoops twisted with ivy, which is finally suspended to the rafters. Japanese lanterns are hung in every coign of vantage inside the house, and out-of-doors on all the available branches of the trees. A pleasant smell of hot-cakes pervades the house, detachments march into the woods, and come back laden with heather and moss, ferns and boughs. I make one of these foraging excursions, and, feeling sure that my place is better than my company at home, wander further than my companions, losing myself among the rocks and pine groves, and only return when the sun is sinking in the west. Of course, I must examine everything; the banks of moss and flowers in the studio, the table spread with light refreshments in the garden, the tri-color floating from the banisters, and last, if not least, the chairs arranged for pleasant talk beneath the arched apple-trees and hawthorns. H——, who has come, too, calls these the *flirtoires*, and is intensely amused. It is wonderful how these Frenchmen fall in with our American and English ways, and how thoroughly they enjoy the change from the conventionality of their own people, which never relaxes save when it falls into license.

The last touches here and there take a long time, and we have to hurry over dinner, after which the girls disappear to make their toilet, and I and Aunt Kate, more leisurely, follow their example.

When I issue from my corner chamber, Stéphane and the boys are busy lighting the lanterns, and it begins to look like a scene in fairy-land—a garden of Aladdin set down in the middle of field and wood. The guests arrive. One or two male friends from Paris, a large detachment of sub-lieutenants from Fontainebleau, two charming American art students, who are staying at Bois-la-Ville, the fair-haired daughter of a neighboring farmer—a little *gauche* and proper—with ourselves, make up the party. The girls look their best as they flit about here and there in their pretty, fresh summer costumes, seconding Aunt Kate in her duties as hostess. And Stéphane makes a capital host, arranging the dances, uncorking the champagne, and withal finding time to whisper soft speeches into the ears of Annie, to whom he is avowedly devoted. One of the subs has brought over cases of Bengal fire, and there, set to burn in the garden, make us feel as if we were performing the last scene of a pantomime.

When they are tired and the champagne has run low, some one suggests we all adjourn to the forest. Each of the men secures a lantern, which he attaches to the end of a stick, and we all sally forth, two by two, in procession, choosing the narrow paths that wind among the rocks. The paper lanterns bob up and down like gigantic glow-worms, as we climb steep places or plunge into the valleys between waves of bracken. It was a walk to be remembered, in the small hours of the morning through the great still forest.

Altogether, it is extremely pleasant, this roughing it at Bois-la-Ville, and, as the days pass and the time approaches for me to bid adieu to my kind friends there, I feel sorry enough and would fain linger on in Aunt Kate's Arcadian cottage. But this can not be—more is the pity. PARISINA.

BOIS-LA-VILLE, September 10, 1888.

The Comtesse de Paris has ordered fifteen hundred small gold roses to present to some of the most faithful adherents of her husband's family.

Chess for the working classes is a new experiment of English chess-players, and it is meeting with considerable success.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and insolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Abbey's beautiful illustrations of old English songs are to see the light in a holiday volume. The Harpers are making ready the book for the coming Christmas time.

The author of the satire called "Aristocracy" is said by the Sprinfield *Republican* to be the writer of the book called "Good Form in England" and of the London letters in the San Francisco *Argonaut* signed "Cockaigne."—*New York Tribune.*

Richard Burton writes contemptuously of the popular impression that "The Arabian Nights" is a "book for babies," a "classic for children"; whereas, he says, "Its lofty morality, its fine character-painting, its artful development of the story, and its original snatches of rare poetry, fit it for the reading of men and women, and these, too, of no puerile or vulgar wit. In fact, its prime default is that it flies too high."

An enterprising editor of a certain youths' paper, in talking over the secrets of his prison-house with a friend, admitted that he took Bulwer's novels, changed their names, cut out and added chapters to adapt them to the tastes of his readers, and ran them as serials in his periodical. The only honest thing about this performance is the absence of Bulwer's name from the title-pages of the garbled stories. This omision is due, of course, not to any squeamishness on the editor's part, but to his desire to make the stories appear to be new and original.

The man who is not prevented from turning book leaves with a wet finger by fastidious refinement may well pause from fear of microbes. The authorities at Dresden have been investigating the question whether circulating libraries are a medium for the spread of infectious diseases. They rubbed the dirtiest leaves of the books, first with a dry finger and then with a wet, miscroscopically examining the product in each case. In the first case, scarcely any microbes were found on the finger; in the second case, plenty! Though all these appeared to be of a non-infectious character, the committee winds up with a recommendation to readers not to wet the finger in the mouth for the purpose of turning over the leaves.

M. Georges Ohnet does not suffer for lack of self-appreciation. Having been publicly charged with borrowing the subject of his "Mâitre de Forges" from a foreign novelist, he replies that the same accusation has been brought against him in respect to seven or eight writers, English, Swedish, German, and French. There being thus, he says, ironically, no further doubt that he has stolen his theme, the only question is, "From whom?" "A century hence," he adds, "they will give as a subject for competition: 'From what literature, French or foreign, did Georges Ohnet steal his "Mâitre de Forges"?' Unfortunately, we shall not be there to hear the verdict." M. Ohnet seems to think there is not a doubt of his immortality!

The New York *Times* is putting up the handsomest newspaper office building in New York city. It is to be thirteen stories in height. It is in that wonderful neighborhood already distinguished as having collected the largest or tallest buildings in the world, and it already rises above them all. Its neighbors are the *Tribune* building, the Potter, the Kelly (Temple Court), and the Morse and Vanderbilt office buildings. The smallest is nine stories high. That is the Vanderbilt. The others ten, eleven, and thirteen stories high. Nowhere else in the world is there such a collection of notable structures or such a weight of modern masonry. The cost of the six buildings was more than seven million dollars, and the tallest and handsomest of them all is the new *Times* building, the walls of which are nearly ready to roof over.

On Monday last, Judge Morgan J. O'Brien, of the Supreme Court of New York, granted an order of injunction to Laird & Lee, the Chicago publishers, restraining the rival house of Rand, McNally & Co. from issuing and selling a translation of Zola's "Le Rêve" ("The Dream"). The plaintiffs claim that they purchased the right to publish and sell the translation in the United States from the translator, Edgar de Vermont, who secured his right from the author himself. They aver further that their rivals had attempted to secure the copyright, and, notwithstanding their failure to do so, proceeded to publish a spurious translation under the same title. The words "authorized edition" appear on the cover of the latter edition, and on the Laird & Lee issue appear the words "only authorized American edition." The suit will embarrass many dealers who have handled the disputed volume, and several newspapers that have used it are threatened with prosecution.

Speaking of titles, says Arlo Bates in the October *Book Buyer*, I encountered the other day a man who has copyrighted the names of twenty-eight plays—or, rather, twenty-eight names for plays, and has never written one. He is a journalist of literary aspirations and with an especial leaning toward the stage. Whenever a good title occurs to him he immediately takes out a copyright on it. Sometimes the name is coupled in his mind with a plot or a situation, but quite as often not. He does not mean to run the risk of losing a good taking title for want of securing himself against the possibility of somebody's thinking of the same thing. He has had opportunities of selling one or two of his titles for round sums, but he has thus far steadily refused. He is considering, however, an offer of several hundred dollars for one of his twenty-eight titles from a manager who wants it for one of those hodge-podges of specialties which now occupy the stage so largely. His unwillingness to sell looks as if he were bent on making a collection, like Mark Twain's collector of echoes.

Mr. Rider Haggard has been accused of plagiarism nearly as often as was Dumas, but the last "coincidence" in his work, which has been discovered, is a truly remarkable one, and will require a good deal of explaining away. It is pointed out by Edinburgh and New York journals that in one of Mr. Haggard's latest stories there are many passages which have been "conveyed," to use Sir Walter Scott's phrase, almost word for word from Charles Aubert, who also furnished the plot. The Edinburgh *Despatch* prints parallel passages, which show that Mr. Haggard appropriated not merely Aubert's ideas, but also his language. Mr. Haggard should adopt as his motto the unabashed avowel of Molière, "Je prends mon bien où je le trouve," and he may console himself by reflecting that Virgil, Racine, Corneille, Voltaire, Shakespeare, Sheridan, Balzac, Sterne, Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Brougham, and Lamartine were all plagiarists, to which distinguished list Macaulay's name may be added, for his "New Zealander" was certainly taken from Horace Walpole's traveler from Lima.

New Publications.

"The Schoolmaster," by Roger Ascham, the tutor of Queen Elizabeth, has been issued in the National Library published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"Practical Politics," by Theodore Roosevelt, two essays on "Phases of State Legislation" and "Machine Politics in New York City," has been published in the Questions of the Day Series by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 75 cents.

"A Peep at Our Cousins," by "a maid of honor," is a brochure of seventy pages, in which is retailed much small-talk, gossip, and scandal about the prominent personages of London society. Published by the Minerva Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

A new collection of short stories by Frank R. Stockton has been issued in a book entitled "Amos Kilbright and Other Stories." It contains "The Adscititious Adventures of Amos Kilbright," "The Reversible Landscape," "Dusky Philosophy In Two Expositions: A Story of Seven Devils and Grandison's Quandary," and "Plain Fisheries." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, 50 cents.

The second and concluding volume of "Around the World on a Bicycle," by Thomas Stevens, details the most extraordinary portion of his remarkable thirteen-thousand-mile ride on a bicycle, that which took him from Teheran to Yokohama. His advent among Afghans, Persians, Indians, Burmans, Chinese, and Japs was productive of surprise, delight, terror, and a variety of other emotions, which gave rise to many strange and thrilling adventures, and his descriptions of the people and their peculiarities are very interesting. The book is copiously illustrated. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, $4.00.

A number of plates and charts have been selected from "Scribner's Statistical Atlas of the United States" by Fletcher W. Hewes, and are issued, with some new matter, in a large folio entitled "The Citizen's Atlas of American Politics—1789–1888." The series of colored maps and charts show by the graphic method the political history of the United States up to date; some of the groups into which the comparison charts are divided are "The Tariff Rate," "Duty, Revenue, and Importation," "Wages and Tariff Compared," and "Wages and Cost of Living Compared," and the colored maps deal with Presidential elections, the foreign population, and the distribution of manufactures and of wool product. It is a valuable and convenient aid in the study of politics and allied topics, the maps and charts being the product of the best statisticians in the country and based on the best authorities. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $2.00.

"Miss Middleton's Lover," by Laura Jean Libbey, opens with the remarkable midnight adventure of the young head of a safe and lock company in London. He is alone in his office, when a beautiful young woman comes in and tells him that a certain safe must be opened immediately. She conducts him to a handsome residence, points out the safe, and leaves him. He unlocks the safe and departs, having seen no one but the young woman. The morning papers inform him that a certain wealthy banker has been found dead, murdered beside the empty safe in his house. The young woman, who had got the safe-man to open the safe during a somnambulistic expedition, marries the banker's nephew, her cousin, and is parted from him five months later, when he is arrested as the thief. This complicated state of affairs grows constantly worse and worse to the startling end. The book is very trashy in style and story. Published by the American News Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"The Magic Skin" is the latest translation by Miss Katharine Prescott Wormeley from the French of Honoré de Balzac. "La Peau de Chagrin" was the first of his works from which Balzac derived any serious reputation; it is, indeed, a strong and fascinating story, in which the real and the marvelous are almost inextricably mingled. An abridged translation of the story appeared in the *Argonaut*, some years ago, under the title of "The Fatal Talisman." The boldness of speech which Frenchmen are more inclined to condone than are the English-speaking races is toned down in the present translation—to the decided improvement of the book in wholesomeness, with but little loss in other respects—notably in the last scene, the fatal wish which exhausted the talisman and cost Raphael his life. George Frederick Parsons has written a brief introduction, which is a charming critical and biographical monograph on Balzac and his works. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

George W. Cable's "Bonaventure," which was recently concluded in the *Century*, has appeard in book-form, the three episodes, "Carancro," "Grande Pointe," and "Au Large," being contained in the one volume. It is, as Mr. Cable has called it, a "prose pastoral of Acadian Louisiana." The simple wholesomeness of the gentle 'Cajun character and the beauties of the free, rolling prairies and the reedy bayous pervade every chapter; and the human interest, the plot, is very strong. Mr. Cable has made a remarkable study of Bonaventure, who, from a lad, gave promise of great things and needed but a slight impulse to send him galloping to the good or bad, according as the impulse directed. The impulse started him upon the right path, and his long struggle, his modesty in his victory, and his fine enthusiasm in his new field constitute a careful and most finished study of the springs of human action. This poor lad, with his supersensitive nature and his native capacity for improvement, wins our sympathy at once, and we follow him through his love affair with Zoséphine and his battles and triumphs at the poor little school at Grande Pointe with the deepest interest. We might, perhaps, like to know more of his personal life, but Mr. Cable, having found Bonaventure's place in life, wisely leaves him there and follows the threads of the story in the effects of his teachings, showing how the various persons with whom he had come in contact were made better by his words and his example. The characters are all strongly marked and life-like, there are humorous passages—notably the tavern scene where we first meet Mr. Tarbox—which recall Dickens, and the death of the assassin in the swamp is a picture that the reader will not soon forget. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.25.

Some Magazines.

The October *Forum* contains a review of Tolstoï's career and writings, by Archdeacon Farrar. Edmund Gosse discusses the question, "Has America Produced a Poet?" Edward Atkinson continues his series with "The Progress of the Nation" since the civil war. Professor F. W. Taussig, of Harvard, explains what effect protective duties have on wages. Adelbert Hamilton writes of "The Great Railway Debt" in the United States. Two political articles are on "Race Antagonism in the South," by Senator Eustis, of Louisiana; and "Why the Chinese must be Excluded," by Willard B. Farwell, of San Francisco, who reviews the effect of Mongolian immigration for the last forty years. Other articles are: The concluding essay on "What shall the Public Schools Teach?" by the Rev. A. S. Isaacs; "The Border-Land of Morals," by the Rev. Dr. C. A. Bartol; and "The Dread of Death," by Junius Henri Browne.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy's new story, entitled "Passe Rose," is continued in the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. An article on "The Pioneers of Ohio" is contributed by Rufus King. "H. W. P. & L. D.," a new literary partnership, furnish an article on "The Tutor of a Great Prince" (Fronto, a native of Africa, the pedagogue to whom the Emperor Hadrian confided the training of Marcus Aurelius). A paper on "Garibaldi's Early Years" is by William R. Thayer. Other notable articles are "Iceland, Summer and Winter," by W. H. Carpenter; "Pasture Herb and Meadow Swath," by Sophia Kirk; "In a Border State," by Patty Blackburn Semple; "Esoteric Economy," by Agnes Repplier; a poem entitled "My Fatherland," by William Cranston Lawton; and "Boston Painters and Paintings," the fourth article on that topic, by William Howe Downes. Charles Egbert Craddock's "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove," is continued; and "Partial Portraits," by Henry James, is reviewed.

The frontispiece of the October *Century* is a portrait of the late Emma Lazarus, the Jewish poet of New York; and in the body of the magazine appears a study of this interesting woman. The opening illustrated article of the number is "An English Deer-Park," by Richard Jefferies. Theodore Roosevelt closes his Ranch series with "Frontier Types." Another illustrated article is "American Machine Cannon and Dynamite Guns." George Kennan describes "The Tomsk Forwarding Prison." This installment of the Lincoln series is on "Plans of Campaign." Walt Whitman gives memoranda of "Army Hospitals and Cases." A timely series of papers is on "Our National Military System," by General A. V. Kautz, Colonel J. M. Rice, General G. W. Wingate, and Major E. C. Brust. Mr. Janvier's brief serial, "A Mexican Campaign," is concluded; and there are two short stories, "A Strike," by Maud Howe, and "An Idyl of Sinkin' Mount'in'," by H. S. Edwards. Other papers are on "The New Political Generation," "Christianity the Conservator of American Civilization," and "Songs of the Western Meadow Lark." The poems of this number are by Emma Lazarus, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Robert Underwood Johnson, Henry W. Austin, and Charles Henry Webb. In Topics are discussed "The American Volunteer," "General Sheridan," "The Amenities of Politics," "Who is the Genuine Party Man?" "Manual Training," and, in Open Letters, "Lincoln as a Military Man," "Lowell's Recent Writings," "Lectures on American History," "The Right Man for our Church," etc.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Bishop Wilberforce was famous for his wit, which sometimes disturbed the serenity of his flock, and likewise caused the more modest constant apprehension. The daughter of a friend of his was to be married in the neighborhood of a country-house where he was staying. Her bridesmaids were to be the Miss Leggs. At breakfast on the wedding-day a girl at the table asked the bishop if he were going to the marriage ceremony. "Yes, my dear; I am going to see her legs." "Oh, bishop!" remonstrated the hostess. "Yes," he added, "the Miss Leggs are too beautiful not to attract an old fellow like me."

Off the stage as well as on, the comedian, William Warren, won the affection of those with whom he came in contact. Not a few stories are told of him which show him in the pleasant light of a genial and kindly gentleman, and often as a witty one. His retort to a lady who remonstrated with him for not going more into society is worth recording: "Why should I go about?" Mr. Warren demanded. "Because everybody wants to meet you," was the reply; "if you would only give us a chance we should be delighted to lionize you." "Oh, well," returned the comedian, "it's much better as it is; I never knew of but one man who was not spoiled by being lionized." "Who was that?" she asked. "The prophet, Daniel," was the ready response.

A newspaper reporter, who is still living, once got the better of Father Taylor. He came into church rather late after the pews were all filled, and men were sitting on the pulpit stairs. Father Taylor saw him, and called out in a loud voice: "Come up here, McLean, and sit down on the sofa." McLean accepted the invitation, and it might be supposed that he was somewhat disconcerted when Father Taylor turned to him and said, "Now get up and pray, you sinner!" But nothing disconcerts a newspaper reporter. He arose unabashed and offered a very creditable prayer, in which, as he had been a sailor himself, he introduced suitable nautical phraseology, and concluded by commending to the mercy of heaven "this whole sinful crew, and especially the skipper!"

The first suggestion of a union between the Princess Victoria of England and Prince Frederick of Prussia occured when the prince was thirteen and the princess four years of age. His mother, now the Dowager Empress of Germany, visited England. Baron Bunsen, then the Prussian Minister at the Court of St. James, while waiting in an anteroom one day to pay his respects to the Princess Augusta, amused himself by looking over some beautiful engravings. Among them was a fine picture of Waterloo and the farm-house of La Belle Alliance, from which the Belgians have named the battle, in the foreground. Seeing several portraits of the Princess Royal and of Prince Frederick about the room, he hastily placed one of each over the large engraving of the battle, and quitted the table to bow to the Princess Augusta, who then entered the room. She saw the smiling faces of the prince and princess, under which was written, in large characters, "La Belle Alliance." A rapid glance was exchanged between the minister and the princess, but no word was spoken.

The changes that are going on in that famous old London club, White's, brings to mind an incident that occurred in connection with its present landlord, Lord Cheylesmore, some years ago, when the noble lord was nothing but a plain silk merchant, known to the world as "Bill Eaton." Some wag thought he would have some fun at Mr. Eaton's expense, and offered to propose him at White's, an offer that was at first received with hesitation, but finally accepted, with much gratitude upon the assurance that his election was a certainty. When the election came on no white balls at all were forthcoming, proposer and seconder having both ruthlessly joined in black-balling their candidate. Great was the wrath and discomfiture of Mr. Eaton, who, however, was far too sharp a man to bury the tomahawk while an ample and harmless revenge was within his reach. "I am very sorry, Bill," said a noble duke to Mr. Eaton, "that this should have happened at our club, but I think perhaps you had not better put up again, it could only end in a repetition." "I can't agree with you," replied Mr. Eaton; "and, in fact, I had intended asking your grace to propose me!" The poor duke stood aghast. "It would be of no use!" he said. "I differ from you," said the silk merchant, "and this is why: the lease has just fallen in, and I have bought the property. Now, I don't suppose you care to move out of your old quarters, but I am afraid that I have taken such a fancy to the view from that window, that unless I am elected a member of the club, I must ask you to seek shelter elsewhere!" Needless to say, the duke took good care "Bill Eaton" should be unanimously elected without delay.

A party of four—one fat old lady, her unmarried daughter, her married daughter, and the latter's three-year-old son—climbed into an up-town-bound Broadway car in New York recently. They began staring at men in a way calculated to make them pop up, surrender their seats, and kick themselves on receiving no thanks. A simple-minded young man, with a smart new fall suit, sat close to where they stood and busied himself looking after their welfare. He pointed out to the old lady and one daughter where two seats could be had in the forward part of the car by making some men squeeze up a little. The women did not thank him. The men glared at him and their lips moved nimbly in silent swear. Then the smart young man compressed himself narrowly and so discovered one seat, to which he motioned the mother of the boy. Did she thank him and sit down? No. She stared at him in a stony fashion and then carefully lifted the boy into the seat so that he knelt at the window, ostensibly to look out at Broadway's stirring sights. The boy's shoes were full of rich, black mud from the crossing. He had been put there to act as a petard on the young man. He wriggled about on his knees, and the grimy feet waved perilously near the smart fall suit of the too thoughtful young man. In less than fifteen seconds the young man bolted. He fled to the front platform completely crushed. To a friend who met him there, looking like a suicide, he said: "I didn't mind being sworn at by the old chaps in front, who were badly squeezed by that fat old woman. I didn't even mind squeezing myself to let the mother and the boy sit down. She could easily have carried him on her knee. But when she sprang that cold, heartless game on me and used those muddy boots to pry me out of my seat, I began to weaken." The scheme is one that clever mothers have frequently worked of late in crowded cars, and it is generally successful.

A major of artillery, who had command of a fort in the far West, was frequently lamenting that his right arm could not be more often used against the Indians. Finally, one day he took one of the small howitzers, which defended the fort, and had it securely strapped to the back of an army mule, with the muzzle projecting over the animal's tail. With this novel gun-carriage he proceeded in high feather with the captain and a sergeant to a bluff on the bank of the Missouri, near which was encamped a band of friendly Indians. The gun was duly loaded and primed, the fuse inserted, and the mule backed to the edge of the bluff. The major remarked something about the moral effect the exhibition was likely to produce upon the Indian allies, and stepped gayly forward and applied the match. The curiosity of the mule was aroused. He jerked his head around to see what was fizzing away there on his neck, and the next second his feet were all bunched together and making forty revolutions a minute, while the gun was threatening everything under the canopy within a radius of ten miles with instant destruction. The captain shinned up the only available tree. The sergeant threw himself flat on the ground, and tried to dig a hole with his bayonet to crawl into, while the fat major rolled over and over in agony, alternately invoking the protection of Providence and cursing the mule. Finally the explosion came, the ball going through the roof of the fort. The recoil of the gun and the wild leap of the terrified mule carried both over the bluff to a safe anchorage at the bottom of the river. The discomfited party returned sadly to the fort. Shortly after the chief of the Indians appeared and announced, briefly: "Injun go home." Questioned as to why, he thus explained: "Injun ver' brave, help white man. Injun use gun, use bow arrow, use knife; but when white man fire off whole jackass, Injun no understan', no think right. Injun no help um fight that way."

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Faust" is announced for next week at the Tivoli, with Signor Enrico Campobello as the Mephisto.

The Webster-Brady Company will supersede Lewis Morrison at the Alcazar, next Monday evening, appearing in Dion Boucicault's old-time melodrama "After Dark."

The ministrels at the Bijou have a somewhat novel attraction this week. It is called "A Voyage in a Balloon," and consists of a three-hundred-and-fifty-foot panorama of the scenery from San Francisco to Washington.

The plain comedian, Charley Reed, whose light has been obscured for some months past, is heard of again as a member of the company that plays Hoyt's new farce-comedy, "A Brass Monkey." Two more San Franciscans, Flora Walsh and her mother, Alice Walsh, are also in the company.

Miss Clara Lane is the only new member of the Carleton Company. She may be remembered as an independent and agile young woman who appeared at the Bush Street in "The Rag Baby" when Fanny Rice was Venus, two or three years ago. Now her manner is improved, her voice is very fair, and she has made quite a hit in "Mynheer Jan."

Gustav Hinrichs is now managing the new American Opera Company. The new soprano, who has been very well received thus far this season, sings under the name of "Miss Louise Natali." She is the wife of Louis Natal, a large Frenchman, who now conducts an international theatrical bureau in New York, but sang here in the Winter Garden and Tivoli half-a-dozen years ago. Miss Natali is spoken of as a native of the West and a former favorite in San Francisco.

Louis James and his pretty wife, Marie Wainwright, have long been favorites in San Francisco, and may be sure of a hearty welcome at the Baldwin on Monday night. The advance sale for the week has been large, indicating a wide interest in the welfare of this gifted and hard-working couple. The programmes for the first week are: Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, "Virginius"; Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoon, "Much Ado About Nothing"; and Friday, "Othello."

William Carleton will bring his opera troupe here for the Christmas holidays, and will probably make "Mynheer Jan" the *pièce de résistance* of his season. This is a new opera by Jakobowski and Harry Paulton, the composer and English librettist of "Erminie," and has been very well received in Philadelphia, where it was produced last week. Paulton, by the way, besides being a librettist and comedian of standing, has written a lot of popular boys' stories of the "Jack Harkaway" type.

The costume Marie Cahill wears in the second act of "A Tin Soldier" contributes not a little to the effect of her somewhat acrobatic dance. She wears an "accordeon skirt"—as does the Ten-Thousand-Dollar Beauty for a brief space in "Evangeline"—which is so heavily pressed in its many plaits that it falls back immediately into its folds after what would be a most violent disarrangement in another skirt. It is black, and her stockings and other intimate apparel are apparently of the same sombre hue, so that her dance loses the peculiar characteristic of ordinary high-kicking, and becomes a pretty exhibition of suppleness and grace.

Perhaps some people who are going to "Evangeline" now will remember Kate Eversleigh, a lithe young woman who took prominent parts in a burlesque show at the Bush Street Theatre eight or nine years ago. This bonnie Kate, according to report, has recently become the wife of Edward Solomon, notable as the composer of "Billee Taylor" and the ex-husband of some of the handsomest women on the burlesque stage. Among these latter is Lillian Russell, who appeared in a minor rôle in the same company when they afterwards played a supplementary season at the Grand Opera House.

Signor Enrico Campobello, who has been one of our most fashionable singing-masters since he came to San Francisco with the Emma Abbot troupe, six years ago, created considerable wonder and gossip by appearing on the Tivoli stage a few weeks ago, and this week he has caused an equal flutter in the dove-cotes by not appearing there. But it is to be presumed, nevertheless, that he has been singing blithesome lays and hymns to Hymen, for he has again assumed the yoke matrimonial. This second subjugation of the handsome tenor took place on Wednesday afternoon, the bride being Miss Grace Porter, daughter of Mr. David Porter, a merchant well known in this city.

The Kitty Comedy Company comes to the Bush Street Theatre next week, in a new musical comedy by Charles Alfred Byrne, author of "The Pearl of Pekin," entitled "The Kitty." It does not appear whether this title is derived from the name of some female character in the play or refers to a certain strong box in which chips are deposited on the appearance of two pairs. The Eastern people and the Los Angeleños seem to have liked the play; the principal people, certainly, such as William Mestayer, Theresa Vaughn, Rachel Booth, and Amy Ames, have good reputations as fun-makers.

The Bush Street Theatre has a long list of attractions in the lighter forms of amusement booked for the winter and spring, and even up to the early summer of 1889, when Harrigan and his company will doubtless repeat their success of a year ago. After the Kitty Company come "Natural Gas," Daniel Sully, Kellar the Magician, the acrobatic Daly Brothers in "Upside Down," "The Little Tycoon"—a successful American light opera—the Monte Cristo, Jr., Burlesque Company, Frank Daniels in "Puck," and Lydia Thompson's English Burlesque Company.

Marcus R. Mayer, the right-hand man of Abbey, Schoeffel, and Grau, will be in San Francisco soon, to arrange for the Coquelin-Hading season at the Baldwin. He has just arrived in New York, having traveled nearly twenty-five thousand miles since April, crossed the broad Atlantic four times, and served ten days' quarantine on the island of Martin Garcia. He has journeyed with Patti on the Atlantic, spent days with yellow-fever patients at Buenos Ayres, was nearly frozen to death on the Isle of Martin Garcia, in the La Plata, was quarantined near Buenos Ayres, was fumigated after being quarantined, laughed and wept over the performances of the Coquelin-Hading Company in Brazil, went to the Carlo Brothers circus in Rio de Janeiro with Fred May, and after leaving Patti at her castle in Wales, returned to America looking hale and hearty. In a letter which he wrote to a friend from Montevideo, he said: "The girls here are the loveliest I ever saw. There is one part of the house where they only allow ladies. That is the 'Cazuela.' It is the circle just below the gallery, or 'Paraiso,' and one of the male sex is not allowed there, and ladies are not allowed to wear bonnets in the 'Cazuela.' The front row is reserved, and we charge six dollars for these seats. The back rows are for the admission tickets to the 'Cazuela,' and for these we get one dollar and fifty cents. At about five o'clock the young ladies commence congregating at the door, and there they stand until seven o'clock and keep up such a clatter and row that the police often compel us to open the doors and let them in at half-past six o'clock. You should see the scramble! They are worse than men or boys. They take the seats back of the front row, and those who are lucky get a seat, while the unfortunate damsels are compelled to stand up. This place will hold about eight hundred women, and it is a beautiful sight to look up at them in all the colors of the rainbow—beautiful brunettes, all bedecked in diamonds. At the close of the performance a platoon of soldiers—fifty men—forms on each side of the door at the exit to the streets and keeps the crowd back, so that the young ladies can depart in peace, and as they go they are met by their brothers or fathers or some escort to see them home."

A company has been duly incorporated under the name of the Manhattan Opera-Glass Supply Company, with a capital stock of one hundred thousand dollars. The scheme is a novel one. It is proposed to place on the back of every alternate chair in the theatres a small box, plush-lined, about four inches square, with a beveled glass door. In this box will rest the opera-glasses. A small slot, just large enough to admit a ten-cent piece, will be punctured at the top, and when the theatre-goer wants to get a pair of glasses he can drop in his ten-cent piece, the glass door will fly open, and there are his opera-glasses. The incorporators have already ordered fourteen hundred glasses from Lamartine, the famous French maker. The opera-glasses will not be chained to the seat, and the company will trust to the honesty of the lessee to return them. The glasses will be of first-class make, as far as the lenses go, but the rest will be of bright scarlet and have the name of the theatre in sunken letters on the side. They will be tried first at the Academy of Music some time this month, and then, as soon as the glasses can be made, they will be put into the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore; White's Theatre, Detroit; Columbia Theatre, Chicago; and the Broadway Theatre, New York. The theatres all over the country are waiting to find out about the scheme. It is claimed that if twenty-five per cent. of the glasses are stolen and only fifty per cent. of the remainder are used every night, the company will be able to declare a handsome dividend. If the scheme becomes universal it will kill the opera-glass trade, for it is cheaper to pay ten cents for the use of a pair for an evening than to pay ten dollars for a pair and lose them in a street-car going home.

Miss Edith Brandon, only a year ago a player of minor parts in opera, having married Viscount Dursley, has become Countess of Berkeley by the death of her father-in-law.

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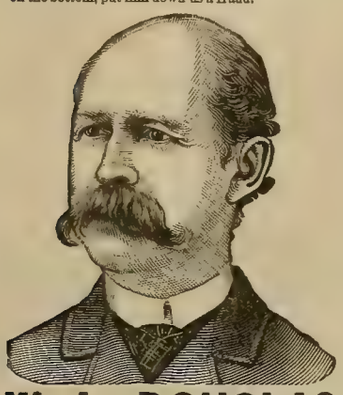

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BILL NYE'S ADVICE.

Given to a Clergyman with Humorous Tendencies.

The following, I regret to state, is a *bona fide* letter, which, after consultation with an eminent clergyman, and his advice by all means to print, I have decided to give the public, together with a reply to the same:

VERMONT, August 22.

BILL NYE, ESQ.—DEAR BILL: I am a small humorist in my own quiet, unadorned way, but my position as clergyman makes it impossible for me to realize upon my talent. Seeing, moreover, that present cash is more necessary to me than posthumous fame, I had thought it might be possible for me to effect an arrangement with you that would be agreeable to us both. I give you what raw material I can, and you work the same up into one of your beautiful textile fabrications, and pay me anything you think it is worth. A retentive memory has enabled me to keep some thousands of reasonably rich and racy facetiæ and actual occurrences quite droll, and whose publication I am sure would fill a long-felt want. I am sure they would if they brought me any money.

I think the present arrangement I suggest would be justified by my poverty and your prominence. If I happen to send you a good thing your publication of it insures the very widest circulation and highest possible price, etc. Again, fame as a humorist would be a bar to my success in the ministry. On the whole I trust the idea will commend itself to you.

Fraternally, Rev. —— ——,
Box ——.

P. S.—I send one or two "nuggets."

P. S.—The proposition I make you, Mr. Nye, is such a novel one that you may suspect my sincerity. To show you I am what I purport to be and could not possibly, in my position, compromise my prospects by attempting to hoax you, I inclose the following from our local paper here:

"A fair congregation attended the services in Holley Hall, Sunday. The sermon by Mr. —— was a clear, forcible argument, and was listened to with close attention. Another meeting will be held in the same place Sunday, August 19th."

Find stamp for reply; I am only twenty-four years old.

NUGGET NO. 1.

I knew of a man who left Vermont and went to the northern part of Dakota, where he lived for several years. He then returned to his old home on account of the climate, which was very severe in winter. Some of his old neighbors asked him what the climate of Dakota was right through the year, to which he replied naïvely that *there they had nine months winter and three months d——d late in the fall.* This, I think, is very rich, and, if well-dressed up and written *in extenso*, would be very amusing. Of course, the joke hinges on the fact that he has really given no time to spring or summer whatever.

NUGGET NO. 2.

Two men were once engaged in conversation relative to the incidents in the Bible, and they got to talking at last about John the Baptist. One said he had heard that John the Baptist was not very well off. "Yes, I heard that, too," said the other; "but still he lived within his means, and also saved something, according to the Scriptures."

"How was that?" exclaimed the first.

"Why, he was certainly *one sent (cent) ahead*, was he not?"

This is a play upon words which is very humorous and amusing, though slightly irreverent, perhaps, and so I would rather you would use it and pay me for the idea simply, using your own language. Some of the nuggets of fun which I would send you also have some slight dashes of profanity in them, which, of course, would not hurt your reputation at all, but would be highly injurious to me if I were to print them over my own name. I will send some more of these at once if we make a trade. —— ——.

I do not give the name of the clergyman, though I thought at first that I would. He is only twenty-four years old, and so he may yet look back with horror upon this letter. Therefore, I will not expose him.

But how unjust he is and how selfish withal. He can not bear the thought of injuring his own reputation by fathering the above "nuggets," and yet he is willing to receive pay for them and leave my reputation besmirched forever. With a keen sense of the ridiculous and "a retentive memory," which enables him to remember jokes which extend back to the time of John the Baptist, he asks me to knock the moths out of these B. C. "Judas spirits," and divide with him the price of my disgrace.

He also alludes to my "beautiful textile fabrications." He then intimates that it would be disastrous to his business to obtain a reputation as a humorist and liar, but that he is willing to receive a check for his share as a silent partner.

This is the style of person which makes the "greengoods man" thrive. He would build a church with counterfeit money if he could do it with perfect safety.

And yet this pastor is young. There is still hope for him. If I had time I would dearly love to snatch him as a brand from the burning. I would like to place my hand on his shoulder to-day, if I could go to Vermont without impairing my business too much, and say to him: "Dear brother, do you know that humor is something you can not monkey with? It may be alluring at first, but it will, at last, win away from the paths of rectitude and right your young, and, I was about to say, stainless feet; but possibly you wear black socks, and I never saw black socks that would not crock on the best of feet. But what is that after all compared with an uncrocked soul? I tell you, you can not long nurse a limburger cheese in your breast and escape detection. It is so with humor. You can bust the old joke or pun, if you will, but the scent of the jokelet will cling round it still.

Then be warned by one who has your best interests at heart, and do not seek to obtain wealth suddenly as a humorist. Dig ginseng root, or trap muskrats, or break steers, but do not seek to obtain an immediate fortune even as a humorous "fence," for you will regret it. Even wealthy humorists are not always happy. I know of one who has more money than some farmers have hay, and yet he is sometimes sad. Though he has two pairs of trousers with creases down the legs, and pink shirts with maroon collars to them, he often wishes that he could again be a poor clergyman, preaching his old sermons over again as he used to do, but free from care and perfectly pure in heart.

Ah, life is a serious matter to one and all! We can not be constantly happy, but let us seek to be consistent. Let us try to make others happy if we can, and keep our sorrows to ourselves. That is a good motto. It is only a little while at best. Compared with eternity our career extends over a time easily expressed by the word "scat!" uttered in an ordinary tone of voice. We are here to-day and to-morrow we are extremely elsewhere.

That marks the life of man. Let us therefore seek to work, each in his appointed field, to accomplish the greatest good to the greatest number. Let us not follow the false and deceptive life of "facetiæ" or "occurrences that are quite droll," unless that seems to be our forte.

You state that "fame as a humorist would be a bar to your success in the ministry." Is that all? Have you confided in me the only thing you have to fear in your onward march toward success? If so, let me say in closing that you have what might be termed a walk-over. No man ever need be more confident of winning a high place than you, if fame as a humorist is all you have to fear, for I know that if you take that in time and throttle it right now to such an extent that its tongue will hang out quite a long distance, you can so overcome it that in ten years from now there will not be a trace of humor in anything you say.

I will add, also, that aside from publishing your letter here, I have not mentioned it to any one except my wife and another man and his wife, so you can feel perfectly safe about it. I have not sent check for the two nuggets used above, because I was afraid that a check might compromise you if you went to get it cashed. Could you not come on to New York and receive the money? I can meet you in the park near the Fifth Avenue entrance on any day you may name, and you can pick me out easily, because I will be mowing the grass there, which I do through the summer under an assumed name, partly for the view and partly for the money.—*New York World.*

BACK FROM EUROPE.

A Study of the Benefits of Foreign Travel.

He—Ah, good-evening, Miss Pompon!

She—Oh, Mr. Eyeglass, how d'ye do? I did not know you had returned.

He—Ya-as, we got in last week.

She—How long were you over?

He—Only six weeks.

She—We were away two months.

He—Ya-as. Went everywhere, I suppose?

She—Oh, yes; I fancy so.

He—I took in the cities, skipped the small places, y' know.

She—Wasn't Paris lovely?

He—Not bad at all.

She—I liked Switzerland, too.

He—I didn't like Switzerland as well as I did Paris.

She—But they are so different.

He—Ya-as, they *are* different.

She—Did you go up the Rigi?

He—Oh, ya-as.

She—Wasn't it splendid?

He—Too cold.

She—Yes, it *was* cold.

He—Italy was rather nice.

She—Oh, lovely.

He—Were you at Naples?

She—Yes; we bought the loveliest bit of coral there.

He—So did I. I got a head for my stick in coral.

She—Oh, it must be lovely!

He—Quite pretty, indeed; but the fellows all laugh at it.

She—That's too bad. You liked London, of course.

He—Pretty well. We had beastly weather while I was there, though.

She—Oh, it was lovely during our stay! Where did you stop?

He—At the Langham.

She—So did we. I think the English hotels are splendid.

He—Very fair.

She—But how funny that ladies can't walk out unattended?

He—It does seem odd.

She—I dared not walk a square without my maid.

He—Oh, of course not!

She—Did you do the German cities at all?

He—A few. Awful slow, I think.

She—Berlin was quite pleasant.

He—Ya-as, rather jolly.

She—Were you at Antwerp?

He—No; I didn't touch there.

She—You didn't miss much. The cathedral and the paintings, that's all.

He—Let's see—who was it painted them?

She—Why—h-m—it's too funny I can't think; and we saw them all, too.

He—Wasn't it—er—Rubens?

She—Of course; yes. How stupid of me!

He—Not at all.

She—I ought to remember, for one of the prettiest hats I ever had was a Rubens.

He—Ya-as, I know; quite effective, too.

She—Were you in Venice?

He—Ya-as.

She—How did you like it?

He—Damp.

She—Yes; but it was great fun, I thought, going about on the water.

He—Oh, that wasn't so bad.

She—You liked Rome, of course?

He—Oh, ya-as.

She—I did; and do you know, papa said he got the best cup of coffee in Rome that he drank while he was away?

He—You don't say so?

She—It's quite true.

He—I didn't get much I liked to eat abroad, anyway.

She—Well, that is really so. I think there's nothing like our own Delmonico.

He—No, indeed.

She—The menu on board ship is about the best one gets.

He—So I think.

She—I was awfully hungry all the time I was on the ocean.

He—I wasn't.

She—What was your ship?

He—*Brittanic*, over and back.

She—We went and came on a Cunarder.

He—I prefer the White Star Line, I think.

She—Do you? Papa likes the Cunard. Oh, there comes my partner!

He—I must resign, then. So glad to talk Europe over with you.

She—Yes, I have quite enjoyed it, I assure you.

He—Oh, thanks, awfully!

She—I have, indeed. Good-night, Mr. Eyeglass.

He—Good-night, Miss Pompon.—*Puck.*

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Monday, October 1, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M. Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.00, 6.45, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M. Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, P M. Extra trips on Saturday at 1 45 and 6.25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M. Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 2.15, 4.15, 5.45, P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 2 30 and 7.05 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

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LEAVE	From Oct. 1, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	For Sacramento, Truckee and Reno, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and ‡Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	11.45 A.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	11.15 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & *Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

7.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
*2.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
‖4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos and Santa Cruz	‡‖9.20 A.

NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

7.15 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
7.50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion	‡ 8.35 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.40 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 42 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
5.10 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.00 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.40 A.
11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.50 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. Saturday and Sunday only, to Santa Cruz. ‖ Sunday and Monday only, from Santa Cruz. ** Mondays excepted.

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Oceanic	**Wednesday, November 28**
Gaelic	**Tuesday, December 18**

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SOCIETY.

The Charity Calico Ball.

The Woman's Exchange is in need of funds with which to carry on its labor of charity, as its treasury is depleted. The board of managers have devised a method of replenishing the treasury, which will be pleasurable as well as praiseworthy.

Mr. C. H. Livingston, manager of the Palace Hotel, has kindly given them the use of the spacious parlors of that hotel for Thursday evening, October 25th, when they intend to hold a grand calico ball The parlors will be beautifully decorated, under the supervision of Miss Mary D. Bates, with flowers promised from the Hotel del Monte and many private gardens and conservatories. The Presidio Band will play its latest music for the dancing, which will be indulged in from nine until one o'clock Mr. Livingston announces that his *chef* will prepare a bountenous supper to be served at eleven o'clock. So one will be able to enjoy music, dancing, and an excellent supper amid the most pleasant surroundings for the sum of five dollars, which is the price of the tickets of admission, and at the same time be conscious of contributing to a most worthy charity.

Probably the most interesting feature of the evening will be the toilets that the ladies are to wear. An imperative edict has been issued that calico must be worn, but, of course, it is understood that mull, lawn, sateen, organdie, or any of the light fabrics that are not made of silk or wool, may be substituted. This will afford much scope for elaboration, and some very pretty effects in dress will be produced. No limit has been placed as to the number of tickets that any one person will be allowed to purchase.

The floor committee appointed comprises: Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Mountford S Wilson, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Frank Unger, Mr. George A Newhall, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, and Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A.

The committee of arrangements includes: Mrs. Henry Schmiedell (chairman), Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. E. K. Russell, and Mrs. Winsor L. Brown.

Tickets may be procured from any of the above ladies and gentlemen and from the following patronesses: Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. David Bixler, Mrs Winsor L. Brown, Mrs. E. M. Block, Mrs. William Boericke, Miss Burling, Miss Birdsall, Mrs. Charles Crocker, Mrs. Michael Castle, Mrs. John Curry, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue, Mrs. Sands W. Forman, Mrs. W. R. Fortune, Miss Findley, Mrs. J. R. Garniss, Mrs. E. L. Griffith, Mrs. Louis Gerstle, Mrs. M. Grinbaum, Miss Griffith, Mrs. George H. Howard, Mrs. Moses Hopkins, Mrs. Eli J. Hutchinson, Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Mrs. Basil Heathcote, Mrs. H. E. Highton, Mrs. M. Hecht, Miss Harrison, Miss May Harrison, Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Mrs. J. G. Kittle, Mrs Charles M. Keeney, Mrs. Rosalie Kaufman, Mrs George S. Ladd, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer, Mrs. Raoul Martinez, Mrs. Theodore Payne, Miss Matie Peters, Miss Palache, Mrs. C. K Russell. Mrs. James A. Robinson, Miss Requa, Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. John F. Swift, Mrs. Louis Sloss, Miss Shaw, Miss Selby, Mrs. Walter Turnbull, Mrs Sampson Tams, Mrs. Stuart Taylor, Mrs. Henry Toomey, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. Robert Watt, and Miss Wethered.

The Borden-Thompson Wedding.

A brilliant wedding occurred last Thursday evening at the residence of Captain and Mrs. R. R Thompson, 1501 Van Ness Avenue, when their daughter, Miss Hettie Belle Thompson (popularly known as Miss Dixie Thompson), was united in marriage to Mr. Ivey L. Borden, secretary of the Alameda Water Company. Every detail of the affair was perfectly managed, and it was made extremely pleasant for the two hundred and fifty guests who were present. The residence, formerly the house of Senator George Hearst, is elegantly furnished and artistically frescoed and adorned with gems of art; as for the decorations, Miss Bates had the matter in charge and succeeded admirably. The spacious hall-way was transformed into a scene of extreme beauty. At the further end tall pampas plumes and sprays of mountain ferns stood at the side of the doorway in pretty relief before the heavy velvet lambrequin, while the large hat-rack was banked with white cosmos and ferns. A basket of these flowers was hung at one side of the mirror above the settee opposite, and near it were bunches of pampas plumes and ferns. A pretty effect was produced at the entrance to the main salon, where two spheres of white chrysanthemums and marigolds were pendent from narrow ribbons of yellow silk at one side, and a veil of smilax hung at the other side. Directly opposite at the entrance to the billiard-room hung a large basket full of fern sprays mingled with white chrysanthemums and dahlias, and caught up by a drapery of white brocaded silk and narrow green ribbons. There were baskets of cosmos set upon pedestals here and there, and at the foot of the stairs the newel post was surrounded by fern sprays. Further up was a scarf of blue silk wound around the bannisters with graceful care. The decoration of the billiard-room was unique. Upon the green surface of the table were laid a number of oak logs, the ends of which peeped out from beneath a splendid array of many varieties of fruit set off with chrysanthemums and ferns. The mantel-piece was trimmed with deep red dahlias and ferns, which also adorned the book-cases in conjunction with red silk scarfs.

The main salon was undoubtedly the prettiest place of all, for here in the front bay-window was the bridal bower under which the young couple were married. This bower was set around with fine sprouts of green bamboo, which were decorated with yellow chrysanthemums at every joint. Above all were draperies of white and golden-hued figured crêpe, caught up with wide satin ribbons of the same shades, which extended to either side of the window. The plate-glass mirror at the side had its silvery surface hung with white-silk cords in loops and curves, which were trimmed with streamers of smilax and served to sustain fully a hundred miniature bells of assorted colors. The pedestals below were almost concealed by masses of yellow dahlias and other blossoms. Cat-tails, with their rich green stalks, filled the further corner of this apartment, reaching upward to the frescoing, and, in the opposite corner, clusters of large sunflowers filled a vase of elegant design. A pretty conceit was displayed at the entrance to the next drawing-room where an oaken bough was suspended from the molding above and held up a half-dozen balls of red, white, and pink hollyhocks. Passing into this room, a wreath of purple dahlias was noticed hung against the elegant red curtains in the bay-window from a wide ribbon of pink satin, which ran downward and caught other wreaths similar to the one above. Ferns were set against the windows and doors, and the ebony mantel was embellished with masses of pink cosmos and umbrella grass, the same effect being produced before the grate below. At one corner of the mirror above a large cluster of these pretty flowers and grasses was held in place by draperies of pale-pink crêpe Garlands of purple and white violets gave their beauty and fragrance to the etagere. Pendant between the entrance to the library was a large basket full of spreading fern sprays sustained by broad pink and blue-satin ribbons which extended from the basket to the left-hand side of the doorway. The long row of book-cases was ornamented with a hammock-shaped basket full of red gladioli and ferns laid against the glass, from which a blue-silk scarf projected some distance to the left. An array of pink, white, and red hollyhocks and fern sprays were clustered thickly on the mantel, and were reflected in the depths of the mirror behind them. Adjoining the library is the art gallery, with its handsome marqueterie floor and valuable paintings A portière of weeping willow, decked at the top with silken draperies, hung at the alcove intervening, and the statuary within were garlanded with roses and hollyhocks and draped with pink crêpe. Sprays of ferns, festoons of nasturtiums, and scarfs of purple silk ornamented the right-hand side of the entrance and completed the decoration of the gallery. Across the hall is the dining-room, and the special feature here was sprays of the roseberry-bush prolific with bright-hued berries which ornamented the mirror. A scarf of blue brocaded silk was draped diagonally across the face of this glass in bright contrast The buffet was ornate with handsome mounted pieces, wedding-cakes, roses, and silken draperies, and on the walls were garlands of pink roses and sprays of the berry-bush.

From the edge of the sidewalk to the front door a canvased archway was arranged to protect the guests from the fog as they alighted from their carriages. At nine o'clock almost all of the guests were assembled in the parlors and hall, and a few minutes later Ballenberg's band played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" heralding the approach of the bridal party. They descended the wide staircase, the Rev. Dr. Perkins, of Oakland, coming first escorted by the two groomsmen, Mr. Rhodes Borden and Mr. Dell Lindermann. Then followed the maid of honor, Miss Daisy Ainsworth, of Oakland, and the bridesmaid, Miss Helen Bordon. After them were the groom and Mrs. Thompson, and the bride and her father.

The bride, a petite and pretty blonde, was attired in a beautiful toilet of white faille Française made with a very long court train of white moire antique. The entire front was flounced with elegant Duchesse lace and trimmed with Roman pearl ornaments. The high corsage and long sleeves were finished with point lace, and the veil was of white silk moleine. Her gloves were of white undressed kid and her hand-bouquet of Niphetos roses.

Miss Borden appeared in an elegant costume of golden hued faille Française, made dancing length, with an overdress of crêpe lisse of the same shade which was embroidered with pearl beads and silk to form marguerites, and was finished with sprays of grasses and flowers The corsage was cut décolleté without sleeves, and her gloves extended to the elbows.

Miss Ainsworth was elegantly attired in a becoming costume of pink faille Française with a front of white tulle elaborately embroidered with floral designs between stripes of white silvered silk which were bordered with golden tinsel. The décolleté corsage was trimmed with a fringe of pearl beads and the back was finished with a large sash of pink moire. The bodice was sleeveless and her gloves extended to the elbows.

Mrs. R. R. Thompson wore a rich costume of black moire, trimmed with Duchesse lace, and made with a court train. Her ornaments were superb diamonds.

The Rev. Dr. Perkins, who was in his surplice and cassock, performed the marriage ceremony of the Episcopal Church in a most impressive manner, and after the happy couple were pronounced man and wife their relatives and friends pressed forward to congratulate them. Then Ballenberg played the "Princess Louise" gavotte and promenading commenced. The presents were arranged on tables in the upper hall, and they were duly inspected and their elegance commented on. Dancing commenced soon after and was enjoyed until eleven o'clock, when a bounteous supper was served in the large dining-room and the hall, where numerous tête-à-tête tables were disposed. The service was admirable, and the flow of sparkling wine unstinted. After supper there was more dancing, and then the departure of the newly married couple took place. Mr and Mrs Borden went to the Hotel del Monte on the following day, and, after a brief sojourn, they will return to reside at the home of the bride's parents.

Mrs. Hearst's Reception.

Mrs. George Hearst entertained about a hundred of her friends last Thursday evening, at her home on Taylor Street. It was the first of a series of three informal musical evenings-at-home, which have been arranged for the purpose of introducing Miss Charlotte Hawes, of Boston, a prominent authority on musical subjects. The guests were comfortably seated in the prettily decorated salon a little after eight o'clock, when the following programme was commenced:

Harmonious Blacksmith.... .....G. F. Handel
Miss Hawes.
Knowst thou that land, Mignon?.... ....Ambroise Thomas
Miss Alvina Heuer.
(*a*) Scherzo..... .....A. E. Muller
(*b*) Impatience..... Heinrich Stiehl
(*c*) Song without words .....A. Henselt
Miss Hawes.
(*a*) Open thy Lattice (French song).....Gregh
(*b*) Sing, Nightingale, Sing..... .....Kjerulf
Miss Heuer.
Wohin?..... ..... Franz Schubert
Miss Hawes.
Adelaide..... ....Beethoven
Miss Heuer.

Miss Hawes styled this programme "The Music of Nature," and the selections bore the title well. Her interpretation of the various numbers on the programme gave ample evidence of her ability, and she was rewarded with unstinted applause. Miss Heuer was in excellent voice. An unique souvenir was presented to each guest in the form of a little oblong pamphlet, tinted, and held together with a bow-knot of silk, and bearing upon the cover the title "Seven Musical Lamps." Upon each leaf within was displayed a fac-simile signature of some noted composer beneath a few bars of music. After the musicale a dainty supper was served, and the events of the evening were discussed. The next musicale will be termed "Songs and Ballads of all Nations," and the following one will be devoted to Hungarian music.

The Wilson Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson gave a dinner-party last Wednesday evening, at their residence on Pine Street, in honor of their son, Dr. Frank P. Wilson, who left on Friday to accept an appointment in a prominent hospital in New York. The dining-table was ornate with a beautiful array of flowers, and covers were laid for twenty-two. The dinner was commenced at seven o'clock, and the subsequent hours were devoted to its enjoyment and the pleasures of conversation, during which concert selections were played by Ballenberg's band.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. S. M Wilson, Miss Emma Durbrow, Miss Carrie Durbrow, Miss Sadie Palache, Miss Ida Palache, Miss Mollie Torbert, Miss Matie Peters, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Fair, Miss Maggie Gwin, Miss Sallie Maynard, Dr. Frank P. Wilson, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Robert J. Woods, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Walter Newhall, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. Walter Dean, Mr. Harry Durbrow, Mr. Edgar A. Mizner, and Mr. Edward M. Greenway.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Frank M. Pixley will be at home to her friends on the second and fourth Fridays from November until April, at her residence on the south-west corner of Union and Fillmore Streets.

The members of the Reliance Club will give their first party of the season, at Saratoga Hall, on Monday evening, October 8th.

Mr. Gerritt L. Lansing was married to Miss Mabel Cohen last Monday at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs A. A. Cohen, Fernside, Alameda. Rev. Horatio Stebbins officiated in the presence of the relatives of the contracting parties and a few intimate friends.

The directors of the California Lawn-Tennis Club, announce that a match game of tennis has been arranged to take place at the club grounds next Saturday afternoon, between Mr. R. Payton Carter, champion of the Southern California Lawn-Tennis Association, and Mr. W. H. Taylor, Jr., champion of the California Lawn-Tennis Club. Other interesting games will take place, and refreshments will be served.

The membership roll of the German Club will close on Monday, October 15th. Those who have not yet answered the circulars sent them will please communicate with the secretary at their earliest convenience.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel W. Holladay have been visiting at Coronado Beach and other points in Southern California. They were accompanied by Dr. and Mrs. Geiber, of Philadelphia, and Miss Hickman and Miss Dallas, of Oakland.

Mrs. Charles B. Alexander is now the guest of her mother, Mrs. Charles Crocker.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding departed for the East last Wednesday

Mr. Willard T. Barton has gone East.

Mrs. Hall McAllister returned to the city last Monday, and is at the Occidental Hotel.

Baroness von Schroeder left for the Eastern States last Monday to join Baron von Schroeder, who has been there for a few weeks.

Miss Arcadia Spence has been entertaining Miss Ada Sullivan at her home in San José

General and Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick have closed their country home, and will pass the winter season at the Palace Hotel.

Judge and Mrs. John A. Boalt and Miss Alice Boalt have returned from their prolonged sojourn at the Hotel del Monte and are at the Palace Hotel

Mr. and Mrs. N J. Brittan, of Redwood City, passed the early portion of the week at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Mollie Phelan has been visiting the Misses Morrison at their home in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. R F. Parks and Miss Lizzie Parks have returned to the city, and are located at the Westminster for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Rose, Jr., of San Mateo, were in the city several days during the week.

Miss Maud Shirley has returned from a trip to San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone came down from Oak Knoll on Tuesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, was visiting friends here last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin are passing a few weeks at the Palace Hotel

Miss Mollie Torbert has returned to the city after a protracted visit in the Eastern States, and is the guest of Mrs. John F. Swift.

General and Mrs. Chauncey McKeever and the Misses Helen and Elsie McKeever left last Tuesday for Washington, D. C., where they will reside in the future.

Mrs. W. H. Dimond and the Misses Dimond, of Menlo Park, are traveling in the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderslice and the Misses Vanderslice have moved from Oakland to this city and will pass the winter here.

Mr. James C. Dunphy returned to the city last Wednesday, after a two months' stay at his ranch in Monterey County.

Army and Navy.

Paymaster and Mrs. W. W. Barry, U. S. N., came down from Mare Island last Monday, and passed several days a the Occidental Hotel.

Dr. Robert J. Gileson, U. S. A., has been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Dr L. D. Baldwin, U. S. N., of the *Ranger*, was at the Occidental Hotel for a few days recently.

Lieutenant Charles J. Bailey, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered on temporary duty at Fort Mason.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Handel and Haydn Society.

Stimulated by its success in the past and by the generous assistance accorded it recently, the Handel and Haydn Society gave, last Tuesday evening, the most meritorious concert it has given since its organization. The Grand Opera House was the place selected and it is estimated that fully eighteen hundred lovers of music were assembled there that evening. The chorus has been augmented and now comprises nearly one hundred and fifty well trained voices, who are under the able direction of Mr. H. J Stewart. The programme consisted of Mendelssohn's symphonic "Hymn of Praise," and Rossini's "Stabat Mater." In the cantata the soloists were: Mrs. J. T. Curtis, Mrs Collins, and Mr. Ben Clark, and in the "Stabat Mater" Mrs. Fleissner Lewis, Miss Jeannette Wilcox and Mr. J. C Hughes were the soloists. They all won merited applause, and the work of the orchestra was specially commended.

It is the intention of the society to present "The Messiah" during the latter part of December with a chorus of five hundred voices and an enlarged orchestra.

At a recent re-union of the pupils of the celebrated maestro, Lamperti, two young Americans were accorded the honors of the evening They are Miss Lena Devine, of California, and Miss Olive Louise Barry, of Chicago. Both of these young ladies commenced their studies with Lamperti, some two years ago, at Milan, and they have just concluded highly successful engagements in Germany and Italy. Miss Devine has a soprano voice of rare quality. Miss Barry has a rich contralto voice of wonderful range and flexibility.

Forty-two of our prominent musicians have formed an orchestra with the object of giving a series of afternoon concerts at Irving Hall, under the leadership of Mr. J. H. Rosewald. The dates decided upon are as follows: November 2nd, 16th, and 30th; December 14th and 28th, 1888; January 11th, 1889.

The Philharmonic Society will hold its first concert of this season at Irving Hall on Friday evening, November 2nd. Mr. J. H. Rosewald will direct the music.

The pupils of Mrs. John Vance Cheney will give a piano recital at the warerooms of F. W. Spencer & Co., in the History Building, next Wednesday evening.

ART NOTES.

The Salon picture recently purchased for the Bohemian Club by Raoul Martinez seems to have given general satisfaction. It is a difficult thing to select a picture for so many men of so many minds, and Mr. Martinez is to be congratulated on his success.

Fred Yates delivered an interesting lecture in the rooms of the Art Students' League, on Friday evening, September 28th, before an audience of about two hundred and fifty guests. His subject was "Grecian Architecture." He ably explained the three orders—the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian—in following the complete construction of a Greek temple, and also dwelt upon the nude in art, comparing the past with the present. His remarks were illustrated by drawings of the Parthenon and other buildings. He held the undivided attention of his audience throughout his discourse On Friday evening, October 26th, Emil Carlsen will read a paper on Kenyon Cox at the same place.

Keith has returned from his northern trip greatly improved in health. He has three new paintings in his studio representing the birth, path, and death of the glacier, all of which are marked by strong effects.

Sixty pupils are now receiving instruction at the School of Design.

Charles Peters is still studying in Paris, and, of late, has been with Harrison, the marine artist, a good part of the time. He has had a few pictures at the Munich Exhibition.

Norton Bush is in Stockton. He will remain on this coast but a few weeks more before returning to New York.

Stanton is engaged on a cartoon of the midsummer jinks of the Bohemian Club. He sold two panel pictures at the Sacramento Fair.

Yates has a new portrait under way, having completed a large one of Mr. Albert Miller, which has attracted much favorable comment.

Emil Carlsen is still engaged on the elaborate frieze for the residence of Mr. W. H. Crocker. The work will be completed in a couple of months.

Coulter is absent from the city on a sketching trip.

M. Straus has in his studio a painting of Maroon Cañon, near Aspen, Colo., showing a peak in the distance, fourteen thousand feet in height, under cloud effects with the bright sunlight streaming in on the rugged scene below. He has just completed a study of grapes, and is kept quite busy by his art class.

Tom Hill is passing the autumn in the Yosemite Valley.

Benoni Irwin is occupying himself with portrait work.

Henry Alexander is meeting with considerable success in New York city.

Chris Jorgenson has charge of the class in free-hand drawing at the Mechanics' Institute

Rodriguez is busily engaged on a new landscape which promises well.

Roetlie has moved into his new studio on Sutter Street, and has a large class of scholars under his care.

Miss Jennie Hobbs has a large class of scholars in porcelian painting at her studio in the Flood building. She recently completed a beautiful fish set

Miss Eva Withrow will exhibit her recent work at her studio, 925 Pine Street, on the afternoons of October 8th and 9th.

W. B. Gilford is at work on a large oil painting of Jerusalem, a scene at early morning.

Miss Clara McChesney, who is now in the Gotham Art School, in New York city, intends to return here next spring.

Narjot received the gold medal at the Sacramento Fair for the best display of oil paintings

Miss A. Austin has returned from a visit to St. Louis

Miss Nellie E. Burrell has been visiting in Los Angeles.

During the past week Morris & Kennedy have been holding their fall exhibition of water-colors, and their gallery is well-filled with fine specimens by noted European, Eastern, and local artists.

The Art Students' League now has thirty pupils under the direction of Emil Carlsen and Fred Yates.

Mrs. F Grosvenor is at work on a beautiful female figure in soft, white draperies, set in a pretty garden scene. Several of her pupils are doing creditable work.

DIV—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, October 7, 1888.

Cantaloupe.
Vermicelli Soup.
Fried Clams.
Polish Salad.
Egg Plant. Succotash.
Roast Veal Sweet Potatoes.
Lemon Pie. Raspberries.
Fruits in Season.

Polish Salad.—One quart of cold game or poultry, cut very fine, French dressing, four hard-boiled eggs, one large or two small heads of lettuce; moisten the meat with the dressing and let it stand in the ice-chest two or three hours; rub the yolks of the eggs to a powder, and chop the whites very fine; wash the lettuce and put into the ice-chest until serving time. When ready to serve, put the lettuce leaves together and cut in long, narrow strips with a sharp knife, or tear it with a fork; arrange in a dish, heap the meat in the centre, and sprinkle the egg over all.

A lecture, descriptive of travel in France and Italy, illustrated by stereopticon views, will be delivered by Mrs. May Mozart at the Central M. E. Church, on Mission Street, between Sixth and Seventh Streets, on Monday evening, October 8th.

AFTERNOON CONCERTS
— BY THE —
SAN FRANCISCO CONCERT ORCHESTRA,
J. H. ROSEWALD, Director,
At IRVING HALL, Friday, November 2, 16, 30, December 14, 28, January 11.
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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

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WITH APOLOGIES TO SCOTT AND POPE.

Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
—*Town Topics.*

The Truth of the Matter.

She waved her graceful hand to me,
And glanced and nodded as I passed.
I'm of a poor and low degree;
She with the proudest set is classed.
And yet she waved her hand to me—
Fair hand, which scores have vainly sought—
And frowned, yea flushed, perchance, to see
That I passed on and heeded not
At her beck some would do or die,
But I am not as others are.
She waved her hand; no heed took I,
But guided on my bobtail car. —*Life.*

Luck.

So what is luck?
Luck's something that the other fellow has
When'er I buy a ticket at the track
He knows no more than I of horses in the race,
Nor has he straighter tips than mine;
And yet, when quarter and back-stretch are past,
And jockeys ply the whip and spur,
And, with a wild, exhilarating rush,
The steeds tear underneath the wire—
That gay-striped check, on which I built fond hopes
Of hours of "Wein, weib, und gesang,"
Is flung in tattered bits upon the ground,
While he, of greasy hat and rusty coat,
Rakes in the shekels that I have helped him win!
That is luck. —*Life.*

Aux Italiens.

WITH APOLOGIES TO OWEN MEREDITH.

The gray-beard sat in his easy chair,
With his great-grandchildren around him,
And the settled gloom of a deep despair
In its sable clutches bound him;
"I'm not half as young as I ought to be;
I'm a mummy before my time," said he;
And they marveled much at his mournful mien,
For their great-grandfather to town had been;
Had been to the city, where years ago
He'd been a first-nighter, a favorite beau,
A man-about-town who would do and dare
All for the smiles of a lady fair!

"I went to the opera bouffe," he said,
"To see my favorite melodies wed
To the shapely dance of a fairy crew—
As bald-headed men are so apt to do;
The opera-house that I loved was gone;
On its site stood a ten-story block of stone.
The little street where the stage door gave
Had vanished—built over just like a grave;
I journeyed uptown for many a block
And found a new temple of Offenbach;
The leader whose bâton I loved, they said,
And the prima donna were long since dead;
I got a front seat in the parquet row,
And the piece, to be sure, was the same, but, oh,
To miss the old faces distressed me so
I felt in my soul I should have to go
Out between acts, as I used to do,
To see a 'friend'—some face that I knew!

"The lights went up and the overture
That had charmed the fancy of many a wooer
Began with its old-time splendid strain
To weave a spell o'er my heart and brain;
The silvery notes of the trilling horn
Swept over me, like a breeze at morn;
And the violin sobbed with a living pain
That was set to the music of weeping rain!

"I remembered the place where SHE once had stood,
On the end of the chorus, at the right,
And I thought if only the ages could
Be turned back just for to-night!
I thought of her downy dress of tulle
That started so low and that stopped so high;
And I thought of the way she called me a fool
When I called her 'my pumpkin-pie!'
I thought of the flowers upon her breast,
Sweet with the breath of forgotten hours,
And I thought how sorely for cash I was pres't
When I bought her that bouquet of flowers;
I thought of our strife about other men,
And how she wouldn't give back my ring.
And the four-score years of my life since then
Seemed such a little thing!
I thought of the grave beneath the hill
Where she *must* have mouldered for many a year,
And I thought, were she only living still,
How gladly I'd buy her the beer!

"And I swear, as I thought of that coryphée,
The daintiest darling of all the flirts,
That I heard the rustle and elfin sway
Of her delicate muslin skirts!
And I turned and looked; she was posing there
At the end of the chorus, on the right,
With the same sweet crimp in her yellow hair
And the rip in her dexter tight!
She is not dead, and she is not wed;
She's danced in the chorus for sixty year,
And the very first words her sweet lips said
Were: 'Buy me the oysters and beer!'

"And I thought in the lives of most women and men
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even
If only the coryphées knew when
To die and be forgiven!" —*New York World.*

He Lived in Brooklyn.

He was a man in business on big Broadway,
And his home was in Brooklyn, abaft the bay;
And this was his route for to gain that blest shore—
First the "L," then the bridge, then the "L" once more.
The church of his love was just three car rides,
And his club was the same, and another besides;
While his seven small children went every day
To seven different schools, seven miles away.
To the store or the market, or the play or the slide,
Wherever they went they had always to ride;
And this, kept up for a brood of nine,
Took a river of gold that would drain a mine.
His fortune at first was a million and o'er.
And his business had brought him a billion or more;
But 'tis sad, and 'tis sour, and 'tis mean to recall,
How the street-car companies got it all.
He succumbed, as succumb all mortals must,
And his bones were committed to Greenwood dust;
And a plain little headstone the epitaph bears:
"This man was busted by street-car fares." —*Puck.*

An Invocation.

"Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean, roll!"
And, rolling on, sweep up thy rugged crests to isle of Coney.
Hustle thy spear-like hail of sparkling spray
And little flakes of foam-like beer in pony
Far shoreward Let thy billows bowl!

And why should I invoke thy aid, O sea?
The power to maul, engulf, and spatter desolative terrors?
'Tis thus: I want Orlando Hobbins washed away.
I want his talk of "base-hits," "double-plays," and "errors."
And "Who got 'whitewashed'?" buried in eternity!
—*Judge.*

ACTRESSES IN LONDON.

How They are Received in Society.

Some of the London papers have published the list of guests at a dinner, given some weeks ago, at a well-known house in London. Among them were Miss Ellen Terry and Miss Ada Rehan, to meet whom the American Minister and Mrs. Phelps, the Countess of Pembroke, Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill, and other persons of position were thought none too good. The name of this London hostess was published as well as the names of those whom she invited. But, for one reason or another, this particular dinner gave rise to some criticisms, and these criticisms came, in part, from American sources; from Americans living in London who have not yet shaken off their New York notions. It would have been impossible in New York, they alleged; for reasons which must be left to conjecture.

Another case might be quoted which, even though no names be mentioned, may strike you as equally remarkable. A number of persons of distinction found themselves recently at the same dinner-table. One was a lady likely to be seen, as the London phrase goes, wherever a candle is lighted. There were two cabinet ministers, one with his wife, the other with his daughter. There were two bishops, one of them an archbishop. Opposite the bishops sat an actress. The bishops did not seem to object to the actress; nor the actress to the bishops; nor the cabinet ministers to either. One of the cabinet ministers sought an introduction to the actress in the drawing-room after dinner, and obtained it. As for Lady X——, she has been known to say that she did not care whom she met—were it even Mr. Gladstone. Now the true test, or one true test, is whether an incident of this kind occasions remark. I am bound to say that this, like the other, did; not because anybody disliked the actress in question, or could utter a word of reproach against her, but simply because she and the two bishops were asked to the same dinner. Yet could anybody suppose that a bishop's morals would be the worse for breathing, during two or three hours, the same atmosphere with a pleasant young lady whose profession it is to hold the mirror up to nature? Were that so, of what frail stuff must episcopal morals and archiepiscopal morals at that be made? But it is not so. It is Mrs. Grundy and her sisters, her cousins, and her aunts who are the critics. Away with them!

There is a large section of the best London society from which actresses are not excluded because they are actresses; to which they are not invited because they are actresses. There are some who are desirable acquaintances; there are others who are not, and there is no grade or set of women in society of whom precisely the same thing may not be said. It might be difficult in these days to explain with accuracy what it is that will or will not exclude any woman from society in London. Perhaps it may be said that a woman who is an actress has to make her title clear to mansions in Mayfair, but so have many other women not born into that celestial atmosphere. Often, no doubt, there is a presumption against her because she is an actress; sometimes there is a presumption in her favor because she is an actress; so that we come back pretty nearly to where we started. The Puritan idea that the theatre is a nursery of immoralities is not eradicated from minds which have little sympathy with Puritanism in other forms. No wise friend of the theatre will care to deny that temptations beset the actress. If she holds her own in spite of them, and if, in spite of the suspicion which connects itself with the footlights, she attains to a position of social equality with those who never see the footlights except from the front, so much the more credit to her. All that is very cheap moralizing and very commonplace reflection. An allusion to this side of the subject can not be omitted, but it shall be an allusion only. If you like to study the question by the light of London drawing-rooms, where the actual living figures whom you have seen on the stage pass and repass before you, you must come here and do it for yourself.

Once there, these actresses would seem to you very much like other women in all essential points. Their dress, their demeanor, their conversation are modeled on the dress, the demeanor, the conversation which prevail in society generally. It is their business to study such things; their success in their profession sometimes depends on this study; much more often in France than in England, for an English audience sometimes accepts without protest the most extravagant travesties on the stage of what passes in real life. Let us keep to the best only; the number of them may be counted on the fingers of—well, of both hands. That will, perhaps, reassure those who think, if anybody does think, that society welcomes the walking-ladies of the Surrey Theatre, or the ballet-girls of the Alhambra. The half-dozen or dozen actresses who have a more or less secure social footing are not easily distinguished from the rest of the company. Some of them have, perhaps, a larger manner, as if the auditorium of a theatre spread out before them. Sometimes the manner is slightly apologetic, sometimes ambitious or assertive, which come to the same thing; sometimes slightly restless or uncertain. None of these adjectives would be applied, save to those whose entrance into society is recent, or whose position is, for one reason or another, precarious. The slender list of the best would have to be enlarged, much enlarged, if it were to include opera-singers. There has been, for a long time, a disposition in favor of opera-singers.

The most brilliant instance that may be quoted of this power of immediate assimilation of women is not English, but French. It is Mme. Sarah Bernhardt. It is now so long ago that there can be no harm in relating an anecdote of her very first appearance in what can be called society. Very soon after her arrival in London a dinner was given her at a smart house, and some twenty men and women were her fellow-guests. There were among them one or two women who have a reputation for stiffness in social matters. They knew they were to meet Mme. Sarah, and their curiosity overcame their scruples, if any they had. An ambassador was at one end of the table, Mme. Sarah, with her host, at the other, and many fashionable people of both sexes in between. It certainly was the first time in her life that this famous actress had sat down in such a company, or anything like it. But you would have said that she had dined with just such people often—had been in the habit of meeting women of the best set. She caught the note at once. There was but one point of difference. She talked during dinner with one or two men at the other end of the table, whom she knew, as if they had been at her side. It was done without an effort; so easily, in fact, as hardly to attract notice. "She carries it off perfectly," said one man; "but what I am curious to know is, how she will get on with the women in the drawing-room after dinner, before we come up."

Well, when the men arrived in the drawing-room they found Mme. Sarah in a corner surrounded by the other women, to whom she was talking with fluent ease; they listening, all absorbed in her conversation. The men joined in, but still it was the actress to whom the burden of talk was left; she was far too amusing to be interrupted; at times brilliant, original always. The proprieties were strictly observed, and even the conventionalities. The only qualification is that the conventionalities she observed were rather French than English. French women discuss some subjects with greater freedom than English women; just as the English in their turn are more outspoken than the women of America, whom their cousins here sometimes think prudish. Her own art was her chief topic, not her own acting, but the art of acting. She discussed her colleagues and rivals, for rivals—one rival at least—she still has. An actress of much fame in Paris had disappointed the London public; the London public thought her less beautiful than she ought to have been, and too stout. There was a scene in a certain play where she has to tear open her gown at the neck. "Yes," said Mme. Sarah, "she is a good actress. She was very pretty, she had a charming figure. 'Mais maintenant, quand elle a commence à dégrafer son corsage, toute la salle était consternée; on ne savait plus à quoi s'en tenir; c'était la Tamise qui débordait.'" This sparkling sentence, in Paris, would be accounted perfectly innocent; in London it shocked nobody as it was said. The evening came to an end, as all evenings will; the company departed, the lights were put out. Next morning it was known all over London, where such things seem to have a power of spontaneous and instantaneous transmission, that the experiment which seemed so bold had justified its boldness by success. And then followed the series of social homages to this wonderful artist, the fame of which has survived to this day.

Mr. Hare, in a recent speech, referred rather bitterly, it is said, to the fact that any general social recognition of actors and actresses was deferred until the Comédie-Française had come over to London. Then, the very men and women who were outcasts in Paris were taken up by English society and lionized and welcomed as equals—for the time being—by those who had never seemed aware of the existence of the best members of the profession in London, except as purveyors of amusement. There is something in this reproach, but the objects of it might reply that the craze about Frenchmen and Frenchwomen soon died out. There is no craze about English actors and actresses; only a friendly appreciation of their gifts and qualities, and that seems likely to be lasting.—*London Correspondent New York Tribune.*

A FRENCH BARON'S LUCK.

A Guatemalan Invests Two Dollars and Now Has Thirty Thousand.

The assertion has frequently been made that only the poor invest in lottery tickets. A case which came to the observation of an *Examiner* reporter, however, disproves this insinuation.

It is a rather odd story, the one which comes from the semi-wilds of republican Guatemala.

A Baron of France, who emigrated to this portion of Central America shortly after the Franco-German war had terminated so fatally for his country, instead of posing as a gentleman too proud to soil his hands with labor, made the best of his circumstances.

He was in a strange land without funds or friends; the latter, however, he soon secured, for he was industrious, and, after working for several years as an overseer upon the plantation of a native planter, he married the planter's daughter, and, in due time, became a planter himself.

His father had, in the days of Louis Philippe, been a director in the Royal French Lottery, so that when the Louisiana State Lottery Company established an agency in his adopted country, he patronized it. His investments, however, did not prove very remunerative until the June drawing, when Baron Blank, as usual, made his visit to town, and, paying two American dollars, received in exchange one of those white-green-blue slips of paper, which has a number printed in black across the face of it. The document was taken home, and le Baron thought nothing more of the circumstance, until one day, when he was surprised at receiving a communication from the agents from whom the ticket had been bought, notifying him to see them at once. The communication rather upset him. Had Dame Fortune at last smiled on him? Had he finally been rewarded for innumerable disappointments? These and many other questions suggested themselves to him, as he hastened to keep the appointment. The truth was soon learned. Baron Blank had bought ticket 90,443, which had won one-tenth of the capital prize of $300,000.

The ticket was sent to Kuhlman, Salz & Co., the leather merchants of this city, who represent the Central American firm where it had been bought. The money was collected through the Anglo-Nevada Bank of San Francisco, and by this time the lucky Frenchman is now in full possession of his $30,000, which he secured by an investment of two dollars.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Examiner, August 5th.*

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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The *Argonaut* printer made us say what we did not intend to say in our last issue, viz., "If the Non-Partisan convention shall indorse six lady nominees to the school board we hope the ticket may be defeated." This is what we intended to write, and this is what we said: "We hoped *this part of the* ticket would be defeated." We hope the ticket will not be defeated, because it is a good one, nominated by honest men for the honest purpose of securing for San Francisco an honest and serviceable municipal government. We opposed the nomination of women, because there was presented the opportunity of choosing twelve excellent and competent men to fill this most important of all positions. Our school department had fallen under boss influence and this was the time to work a permanent reform in this direction. We shall not vote for any of the ladies named. We would have conceded the nomination of three ladies had the friends of the new experiment consented to this compromise. The ladies were pushed with inconsiderate zeal, and their nomination was not after examination of their qualifications or knowledge of their characters. We do not know that any one of them will make a good member of the board, nor can we find out whether they are fit or not. The female teachers are, in very large majority, opposed to the experiment. These nominations were secured in defiance of all rational politics. The circular issued in their behalf—which bears the signature of six ladies and claims to be approved by seventeen hundred others—contains the following: "*The influence that purifies the children's home is needed to purify their second homes, in the school-room.*" This is an unbecoming and undeserved reflection upon the female teachers of the department as unworthy as it is malicious, and it is untrue in the suggestion it conveys and the imputation it places upon most excellent and deserving female school-teachers. The experiments made in Boston and Philadelphia have proved a failure. Impartial history has been driven from the department in Boston, and non-sectarian schools have been assaulted by priests and politicians of the Church of Rome. In the cities named, there is a "Board of Works" to divide the duties of a school board. In San Francisco the board of education must build school-houses and run a political carpenter shop. Every woman nominated has driven out a competent, and educated, and worthy business-man. A good man is better in the place than "a lady of education and refinement." We are opposed to introducing women into the scramble of political nominating conventions, and into the sand storms and mud showers of political elections. The kind of women we would choose can not be induced to engage in such a conflict, the kind of women who desire to precipitate themselves into the political arena we want nothing to do with. If there is no way to purify our municipal politics other than by dragging clean petticoats into our contentions, we would leave them in their present condition, bad as they are. With dirty draggled under-garments we would not attempt to cover or hide our municipal mismanagement, and it is to this we must come at last, for neither linen nor wool will keep itself pure when dragged through the mire of politics and washed every two years in its filthy pool. The nominations have been made, and they will not be reconsidered. If the ladies are elected the experiment will be had. We place ourself on record as prophesying its failure. If it succeeds we shall at the end of two years admit our mistake, and be willing to have a board of education composed entirely of women. The seventeen hundred names represented as sanctioning this movement are gathered by personal solicitation, and the action taken by Mrs. Theall and the few who surround her does not represent the best female society nor the highest and best representatives of womanhood in San Francisco. Of the six ladies named upon the circular, there are four, we think, who would under no circumstances allow themselves to be named in connection with any public office, or assume any public duty that would bring them in contact with the class of politicians most active in San Francisco politics. All the names subscribed to the circular are those of Protestant ladies. Mrs. Theall, who pulls the wires and guides the movement, is a Romanist.

A wide field for perfectly legitimate speculation, of a certain character, is opened up by even the bare rumor of the possibility of an alliance between Russia and England. It is worthy of remark that the expression of this sentiment springs from Russian sources, and is dictated by genuine uneasiness at the present attitude of Germany. Ever since the dishonorable dismemberment and partition of Poland by its three voracious neighbors—Russia, Prussia, and Austria—there has been a growing sense of mistrust between the two first-named powers, which even a century of armed inaction, on both parts, has been powerless to annul. This sense of uneasiness, as far as Russia is concerned, has in fact been growing in commensurate ratio to the growth of the military equipment of the neighboring power. When, after the peace of Tilsit, Napoleon cut down the organized armament of Prussia and reduced it to insignificant proportions, so as to cripple it from, as he thought, ever striking back at France, the Landwehr and reserve systems had not entered into the head of that otherwise prudent legislator. These, however, have now attained such stupendous prominence as to have become a standing menace to the peace of Europe. The military organization of the standing army of Prussia, which began in a thoroughly commendable spirit of self-protection, has, as we have said, now assumed the proportions of a menace. The spirit of arrogance which a sense of armed superiority has evoked in the Prussian—not the German—nation, is exciting in otherwise inoffensive neighbors a feeling of offense. The knowledge that there exists, in the centre of Europe, a magazine of dynamite, liable to explode at any moment, is not likely to foster a feeling of perfect security in the surrounding nations within reach of the possible explosion. Therefore the uneasiness manifested by Russia at this moment, and the *rapprochement*, suggested by the press of that country in general, to its natural enemy England, in view of the coolness which has lately sprung up between Germany and England, Germany being the author of it all, is to say the least significant. An alliance between Russia and England would really do more to bring Central Europe to its senses in the matter of military brag and bluster than anything else could do. If Germany and France were double-banked like this, with Italy as a possible third in the game, it is not probable that either Germany or France would care to put up their chips in the face of a combination ready to go them better at any moment. An alliance between Russia and England, incongruous as it may at the moment seem, would have more effect in stopping this military nonsense in Central Europe than all the guns put out of Krupp's foundry at Essen.

The *Examiner* affects to believe that Mr. Jeremiah Sullivan ought to be elected to the supreme bench of California, because of his "proud probity," his integrity, his capacity, and his exemplary conduct as displayed in the Sharon, Flood, and other cases in which he has demonstrated his judicial fitness. The *Argonaut*—recognizing the fact that there existed against him certain prejudices by reason of his race (Irish), his education (Jesuitic), and his religion (Romanist)—made the admission that "some are so blind to his many virtues as not to admit that being the son of a janitor of the Jesuit Church entitled him to an education in a Jesuit college," and that by reason of his training in a parochial school and his "higher education" in a Romish university, he was not especially fitted to run our non-sectarian free schools or sit upon a judicial bench where he is called upon to define the marriage contract or determine the marital relations. This modest suggestion of the *Argonaut* is stigmatized by the *Examiner* as un-American and as a reflection upon Mr. Sullivan's birth and religion of "unpardonable impertinence." If it is impertinence to mention a candidate's race or religion—if it wounds a gentleman to name the occupation of his father, the place of his education, and the religion he professes to profess—it must be because he is ashamed of them. Mr. Sullivan loves the race from which he springs, venerates the parents who gave him birth, honors the Society of Jesus in whose Sodality he is enrolled and at whose altar he worships, and will not thank the *Examiner* for assuming that he is ashamed of his God, his religion, the learned university where he graduated, or as needing any defense of his decision in the Sharon case. Judge Sullivan may well desire to be protected from his friends. The *Examiner* has presented but few Democratic candidates upon whose birth, occupation, education, social, and business standing it has not commented. It has presented very few Republican candidates whom it has not assaulted in type and absurdly caricatured in pictures. Mr. Blaine, with an abnormal nose, is represented mounted upon an elephant. In the issue containing the *Argonaut's* criticism Mr. Harrison, with his long cue cut off, stands with the hat of his grandfather in hand, begging the laborer's vote. Mr. Harrison is misrepresented in every issue by atrocious falsehoods, and every day is caricatured in ridiculous pictures. In the same issue the Hon. Mr. Olin, of San Diego, having made a Democratic speech in San Francisco, is represented in display type at the head of a news column as delivering a speech "WELL-SAID" by a gentleman "WELL-BORN." The *Examiner* devotes two and sometimes three columns of the editorial page of its Sunday's issue to "Prattle," in vituperative and malicious prose, and in sarcastic and malignant doggrel, attacking everything human and divine. God is the subject of blasphemous irreverence; the eucalyptus tree is abused for its manner of growth, from its topmost branches to its deepest roots;

while every irreproachable member of society, every successful man in business, and every honest student in art or literature is maligned from a dyspeptic stomach, an ungrateful heart, and a malicious brain.

Those who read the *Argonaut* in other States than California and in lands more distant will excuse us for giving what may seem to them unimportant details of our municipal affairs. Local matters are important to us and deserve our attention, because, in San Francisco, we had fallen into bad ways and municipal evils were fast growing upon us. To our interior readers these details will not prove altogether uninteresting, because the moral example of the great commercial emporium is carried beyond its borders and affects localities throughout the State. The experienced political villains of the metropolis practice their arts in State conventions, and rural politics feel the consequent demoralization; bad mayors and bad supervisors lead to bad governors and bad legislators; rings in the legislative body are the schools in which a corrupt lobby is educated. San Francisco had fallen upon evil times. Its judiciary had become corrupt, its criminal departments of justice, courts, executive, district attorney's offices, and grand jury system were all in the hands of inefficient, careless, and criminal persons. The most flagrant crimes either went unwhipped of justice or lingered a long time unpunished. Murderers remained untried in our county jail for years and held carnivals of rollicking fun in fearless proximity to a gallows but seldom used. No man was ever deprived of his life till he had exhausted all his available resources and the money of his family and his pals. To describe the bribing of juries, the packing of grand juries, the delays of justice and its general maladministration, the neglect of officials, the overpaid, indolent idlers of our city hall, municipal extravagance, favoritism in assessing property values, and general maladministration surrounding a city governed by two Roman Catholic Irish-born party bosses, would require a volume. An Irish Republican, holding his head-quarters in the Mint Saloon, on Merchant Street, controlled the Republican party, and another, of the same nationality, ran the Democracy. Two conventions to nominate city officers had been convened — the better management of the Democratic boss secured so complete a triumph that his convention was orderly, his nominations unanimous, and some of his candidates of respectability. The primaries of the Republican boss were bloody riots, ending in wounding and murder. The two bosses had covered their thieving projects under a cloaking of seeming respectability. Supervisors and legislators were almost altogether bad. Great departments had for figure-heads gentlemen and the sons of gentlemen to cover subordinates appointed by Irish bosses, deputy villains owing obedience and performing acts of vassalage to lords of the slums. There was a general nastiness running through our whole municipal system which it was desirable to correct. The Republican convention of one hundred and seventy-six members, coming from the most disgraceful of primaries, was sweetened by the admission to its body of an equal number of decent gentlemen, some one hundred of whom were earnest enough to attend the convention and give municipal affairs their attention. The result of their efforts was a better ticket than would otherwise have been presented. Two tickets were being placed in the field when, from the inspiration of the American party, and by a generous act upon their part, a non-partisan convention of forty Democrats, forty Republicans, and forty Americans was convened, with the avowed purpose of selecting the best men in nomination from all parties. This convention was in its personnel, and in the motives that governed it, a model of excellence. In this convention was exhibited fearless debate. The character of candidates was openly discussed. Some independent men were nominated, but the rule was "practical politics," to secure those candidates for office who, having an honorable record in public affairs and a respectable character in private life, would give the best assurance of honorable conduct in discharge of the official duties they were called to exercise. A better convention never assembled in San Francisco. A better ticket was never presented. Mr. E. B. Pond, present Democratic incumbent, was chosen for mayor; Mr. H. B. Russ, a Republican, was chosen for auditor; Mr. Thomas Ashworth, the present Democratic superintendent of streets, was nominated; Mr. W. W. Dodge, nominated as an Independent, was selected for sheriff; for county clerk, Mr. Davis, for tax-collector, Thomas O'Brien, for treasurer, August Helbing—three Republicans; for district attorney, Mr. Charles A. Sumner, and for city and county attorney, Mr. Sewell—two Independent Democrats; for surveyor, Mr. S. H. Smith, a Democrat, now in office; for public administrator, Mr. George T. Bromley; for recorder, Mr. Alexander Russell — both Republicans; and for coroner, Dr. W. E. Taylor, a Democrat. Twelve supervisors and twelve school directors were chosen in the same way from the Democratic and Republican tickets. The names of Edward Peabody, James M. McDonald, Colin M. Boyd, R. K. Pattridge, General John T. Cutting, L. R. Ellert, Louis Garnett, C. S. Crittenden, E. V. Hathaway, F. A. Frank, W. W. Chase, and Patrick Noble were presented for supervisors. For judges of Superior Court, J. V. Coffey, present incumbent of the probate bench, Colonel J. P. Hoge, a leading member of the San Francisco bar, Eugene R. Garber, and C. K. Bonestell, three Democrats and one Republican, and so on through the entire ticket, which is printed elsewhere in our advertising columns. This convention did not nominate legislators, leaving this duty to the American, Republican, and Democratic parties. The two last named organizations have presented names uniformly bad, and some of them utterly disgraceful. The Non-Partisan Convention has named thirty gentlemen to act as a county committee to conduct the campaign, to manage the affairs of the non-partisan organization, and to call, under advice, a similar convention in two years from now, with a view to a continuance of the methods of non-partisan action now inaugurated for the control of municipal affairs. This action breaks the back of the bosses, emancipates honest men from their control, and if the citizens of San Francisco will, without distinction of party, uphold this movement, its municipal affairs will be brought under the management of honest and competent business citizens. If this convention is supplemented by earnest work at the polls, and ample funds are provided for conducting an aggressive campaign and victory this time results, the community may be congratulated upon an achievement which will save millions to its pockets, and an economical and intelligent government be established for long future years. The fight should be bloody, bold, and resolute—aggressive from the beginning. From this time no compromise with crime or criminals; no cowardice, no trading, no concessions of any principle that is right. The rank and file of this non-partisan army should be composed of the men who own their own dwellings and who have the courage to defend them against the assaults of the political brigands who are lying in wait to rob and despoil them.

The unpleasant condition of our municipal government which has led to heavy taxation and unwise expenditures, the disgraceful fact that two alien bosses manœuvre hosts of foreign and native-born politicians into party ranks for dishonest purposes, led respectable men of the Republican, American, and Democratic parties to organize a non-partisan convention. It met one hundred and forty strong; was animated by an honest purpose, and, exercising a wise discretion, it succeeded in obtaining from all parties an excellent municipal ticket. The convention appointed an executive committee of thirty persons to conduct its campaign. The committee at its *first* meeting lacked a quorum; less than twenty were present. It discussed assessment of candidates, a ratification meeting, advertisement of ticket, whether music, parades, and public demonstrations would make votes, how and by whom and in what best manner to distribute tickets, how much the campaign would cost, and how to raise money demanded for legitimate expenses. The committee talked. It discussed modes of raising the required funds—ten or twenty thousand dollars; it became divided in opinion; it got tangled; when a silent and modest gentleman from the side benches was called upon to express his views. He arose and said: "Mr. President and gentlemen of the convention, I am not a politician; I am a young man; I am not wealthy, and I am much occupied in managing my own business affairs; most of those here are in some respects like myself, while we are not rich, we are willing to devote our time to secure a reformed government; we demand for honest purposes not less than twenty thousand dollars. I for one can contribute but a limited amount, I am too poor to pay much, I am too proud to beg of anybody. The convention that selected us represented millions; there are three hundred millions of taxable property in the city of San Francisco; there are corporations, railroads, banks, commercial and manufacturing establishments, some managed by residents, and some by non-resident aliens, and in the aggregate they own vast wealth. We have more than one hundred individuals in our midst worth from one to sixty millions of dollars; estates are in settlement by our courts, too vast to be inventoried. Franchises are possessed of incalculable value. If I was at the head of a financial committee I would ask you to give me a competent secretary; I would write a letter containing a fair statement of our political condition; I would recite the history of the non-partisan reform movement; I would print that statement and send it to the address of every man who ought to aid this reform; I would have checks paid to the order of our treasurer, Thomas Brown, of the Bank of California; I would keep an exact account of all expenditures, to be hereafter printed; as this money comes in I would whoop up the campaign; I would assess no candidate for office, but I would expect every candidate to contribute like any other citizen, according to his means; I would beg of no poor man to protect a wealthy individual or a rich corporation's property; I would keep our expenditure within our means; if the wealthy men and corporations of this city will not pay I would—speaking now only for myself—close these rooms, go home, put on my dressing-gown and slippers, and in an easy-chair by a cheerful fire, I would take my book, my comfort, and my ease, and let this community be purified in the eternal fires to which its indolence, indifference, and love of money will justly consign it. I would accept from every man in sympathy with us any sum above one dollar; I would keep a record of all to whom our financial appeal was addressed and when the result is ascertained at the polls, I would print in the *Argonaut* the names of all who contributed, not parading the amounts subscribed by them; and I would print, also, the names of all gentlemen and corporations who refused to give or who neglected to acknowledge the receipt of the letter of the financial committee. Money expended in this city in one day for criminal pleasures, hurtful indulgences, and unnecessary and luxurious extravagances would give us two years of honest, economical, and reputable municipal government." We heard this speech and approve it. What action the committee has taken or will take we are not advised.

The position assumed by the American party in its determination so to amend the naturalization laws that they may check the importation of competitive pauper laborers from Europe is finding its parallel in the legislation of certain European countries against the incursion of laborers from adjoining states. France is especially incensed by the invasion of "pauper labor" from Italy, Belgium, Germany, and Spain. This feeling is greatly increased by the fact that the German authorities have adopted very stern precautions against French laborers being allowed to migrate into Alsace and Lorraine, provinces recently conquered from France. It is estimated that there are now about two million foreigners resident in France, most of whom are competitors with the natives in the labor market. President Carnot has prepared a decree placing serious obstructions upon all sorts of foreign immigration. Persons intending to become residents must file a declaration of intention, with an account of their birth, parentage, and occupation, and give notice every time they move. It is a renewal of the old and severe passport system. England is agitated in the same direction and for the same reasons. The reduced cost of transportation is enabling Italian laborers to emigrate from the Mediterranean to our Eastern States in very great numbers; "coming over in the spring and returning in the fall, living," says the New York *Nation*, "like savages in huts, and carrying back with them their accumulated savings. This is something which ten years ago would have seemed an impossibility, but it is to-day a very conspicuous industrial phenomenon." The *Nation* simply reflects an intelligent American sentiment in reference to both European and Asiatic immigration, this country can not afford to share its civilization on a broad scale with new-comers who have lived on a much lower level and have not the same social standards. The American party takes but a natural step in the path of progress when it determines so to amend the naturalization laws that this degraded and ignorant class of pauper laborers, not speaking our language or understanding at all the spirit of our institutions, should be delayed from becoming citizens and clothed with the privilege of making laws which they have no inclination to obey. This issue is entirely ignored by the two great national parties, and in its place Mr. Blaine has had the ingenuity to substitute that of protection; he has had the audacity to declare that protection means increased wages to the American laborer, and Mr. Cleveland has not yet had the courage to declare that if manufacturers have the right to have raw material protected for their advantage to increase the price of their manufactured articles, then laborers ought to enjoy the protection of laws tending to exclude the importation of foreign working-men to compete with them in the price of the only merchandise they have for sale. The American party would exclude foreign laborers from invading this country to come in competition with American working-men. Hence we say the issue of protection, as against a modified tariff, is a false one, and nobody knows how false it is better than Mr. James G. Blaine, who invented the issue for dishonest campaign purposes.

Nothing but partisan madness and political rivalry could inflame our politicians and political journals to the altogether absurd position taken by them over the very simple fact that the English minister, by an artful and fraudulent device, has been entrapped into an expression of choice between the two Presidential candidates. His offense is that, believing he had been addressed by a fellow-countryman, with sympathies for the land of his birth, asking his opinions and preferences, he replied in a letter that contains no word of censure to any party or party leader, no unkind criticism of any party measure, and no shadow of reflection upon the government to which he has been accredited as minister. The discreditable fact about the whole business is that Lord Sackville has been imposed upon by a dishonest letter for the use of a sensational country newspaper, and that what he wrote in confidence has

een treacherously exposed for a political purpose. If the emocratic or Republican parties, the *Examiner*, *Chronicle*, *Bulletin*—for both parties and all their journals are in in- ecent competition over the affair—can make anything out of except a vile political trick, we wish them joy of the under- king. The British Minister has *not* violated the common w of diplomacy; he has *not* crossed the finest line that arks the boundary of the most friendly international inter- ourse; he has not done that which any private gentleman ight not do in confidential intercourse with a supposed coun- yman making an honest appeal for advice to govern him in e exercise of his elective privilege. Lord Sackville has sim- y been imposed upon by some sharp and unscrupulous poli- cian, and the only thing discreditable about the whole affair , that an American could be found vile enough to lay such a ap, and a country paper mean enough to spring it, and the artisan feeling of the country bitter enough and unmanly nough to endeavor to make use of it. It is an exhibition f a nasty desire to secure the Irish vote by appealing to s hatred of England. It is in a line with Cleveland's emagogy in sending a ship to welcome a pair of Italian riests, bringing an ecclesiastical hat for an Irish cardinal at altimore, and inviting this same canonical to pray at the elebration of our constitutional centenary; with his retali- ory measure against Canada; with the hasty and undig- fied legislation of both parties in passing the Chinese xclusion Bill; with Mr. Blaine's false and dishonest free ade and protection issue which no leading Republican has d the honesty and the courage to denounce, and the other ameful and false proposition, that the price of labor is to be lvanced by enriching manufacturers by imposing an excessive riff. Never was a Presidential campaign conducted in the nited States with so much of demagogy, never was one char- terized with so many shams, nor one in which so many mis- presentations, lies, and forgeries were made to do duty. We ave but one regret, and that is, that under the present politi- l conditions General Harrison or Mr. Grover Cleveland will ecome President, and that the time for an honorable, brave, nd honest American administration is deferred for four years. e are credulous enough to indulge in the hope that the time ay speedily come when Presidential candidates, party leaders, e American press, and the public conscience may be emanci- ated from the nightmare of Romanism and the vote of igno- ant foreign classes. The letter written by the British Minis- er was as follows:

BEVERLY, MASS., September 13, 1888.

SIR: I am in receipt of your letter of the fourth instant, and beg to y that I fully appreciate the difficulty in which you find yourself in cast- g your vote. You are probably aware that any political party which enly favored the mother country at the present moment would lose opularity, and that the party in power is fully aware of this fact. The arty, however, is, I believe, still desirous of maintaining friendly rela- ons with Great Britain, and is still as desirous of settling all questions th Canada, which have been unfortunately reopened since the rejection the treaty by the Republican majority in the Senate, and by the Pres- ent's message, to which you allude. All allowances must, therefore, e made for the political situation as regards the Presidential election us created. It is, however, impossible to predict the course which resident Cleveland may pursue in the matter of retaliation should he elected; but there is every reason to believe that, while upholding the osition he has taken, he will manifest a spirit of conciliation in dealing th the question involved in his message. I inclose an article from the ew York *Times* of August 22d, and remain yours faithfully,

L. S. SACKVILLE WEST.

Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, present mayor of New York and nominated for reëlection by the County Democracy in op- osition to Tammany in his formal acceptance of the nomina- on made the following speech. We print it at length, be- ause from the outlook of to-day Mr. Hewitt is the most prob- ble candidate of the American party in four years for the residential office, and it is important to understand the high rinciples, the unbending integrity, and the unflinching resolve f the man who may succeed in four years to the discharge of e executive duties of seventy millions of free people. He said, reply to the committee that waited upon him:

You have a little advantage over me from the fact that, while you new you were coming to me with this news, I only surmised it. I arned, on coming to town on Saturday, that you had decided to it me in nomination. I had hoped that this result might be avoided. have used every device within my power to secure the nomination of me Democrat who would be acceptable to the party and to the city, d I stated, with all sincerity, that I would not have accepted a nomina- on for mayor in the event of the two wings of the Democratic party coming an agreement. I, perhaps, went beyond the bounds of propriety in ggesting the names of one or two gentlemen who, I thought, would eet this requirement. At the same time, I stated that if either party ut a man in nomination, expecting thereby to control the city patron- ge, I would run.

With the full knowledge of that fact, Tammany Hall has seen fit to ut in nomination a gentleman against whom, personally, I have nothing say. It is not the man, but what he represents. He represents the oils principle, and nothing else. Democratic principles require that e leader shall be selected by the people and not by a clique. Now, ammany Hall, for many years longer than I can remember, has been the hands of a secret society. Nobody can meet in that building ex- pt with the consent of the sachems. They manage the society so as secure a voting majority, then, having secured their election, a few of em constitute an inner circle which determines how the offices shall be lotted.

It is a curious fact that Tammany Hall has failed since 1873 in secur- g its object. None of the mayors who have been elected by her con- nt and with her help could to-day get a nomination from Tammany all. In my own case I was not selected by Tammany Hall two years go because they liked me. I was selected because they thought I might ave them from utter ruin. They took me a good deal on the principle n which the devil quotes Scripture at times. I made the race, not on e principles of Tammany Hall, and I was elected. I regarded myself s the servant of the people. I have faithfully tried to discharge my rust.

An interview was reported to have been had with Mr. Grant, in which he said that I had not kept faith with Tammany Hall. I at once wrote to Mr. Grant and asked him if he had made such a statement. He did not answer, but called on me and said he would not reply to the question. I told him that it was simply a letter from one gentleman to another, and I asked him if he would deny the statement. "No," he said, "I will not deny it," and he left. That explains many things that have happened since.

They are going to have the real article or nothing, this time. I think they have counted a little on my magnanimity, believing that in view of the Presidential election I will decline to run. I see it is reported that I do not indorse the Democratic national nominations. I will put that at rest. There have been differences between the President and myself, but they have not changed my views a particle. The President is the regular nominee of the Democratic party, and I am a Democrat.

If the Tammany party are right, the Presidential vote ought to gain because of this triangular fight. Whether that will be so or not is not my affair. They have put me in a position where I have got to slap public opinion in the face, if I should decline the citizens' nomination. After that nomination was made, Tammany Hall, instead of offering to you a candidate who would be acceptable, offered one whom you could not support. They therefore have made this issue, and not I. They have thrown down the gage of battle and I will take it up.

I think the time has come when their great model of a political trust, which has been denounced from every quarter—this Tammany Hall—should be broken up. If the day after election I find that I am not elected, I shall not feel the slightest humiliation. I do not hesitate to say now that it is a great humiliation to the people of New York to find that the carrying on of the city government has to be determined by a few men, possibly no more than three—I only know two, Mr. Croker and Mr. Grant—against the great mass of the intelligence and the property of the city.

In view of these things you will see how trivial are the accusations against me. They say I am a crank. I do not deny it. They say my manners are bad. I admit it. I believe that if my manners had been good I should have been President eight years ago. They say I did a part of the city's people an injustice in the matter of the Irish flags. I do not believe that I did. I have observed that the *Staats-Zeitung*, which is always the friend of law and order, has expressed itself as neutral in this fight, because they do not like my views on naturalization. I think it would be as proper for them to object to my ideas on the transit of Venus or whether the microbes were at the bottom of yellow fever. I have my views on the naturalization laws, but how can I be held responsible for the laws themselves. I have been quoted as saying that I would not allow people to be naturalized under fourteen years; but there is no reason why there should not be provision made for such citizens—for example, as Carl Schurz—who, by their intelligence have proven their right to citizenship. What I meant was, that immigrants generally should not have a right to citizenship within less than fourteen or, perhaps, twenty-one years, but that there might be exceptions. There can be no question but that universal sentiment demand that these laws should be revised. When they undertake to raise an issue between me and foreign-born citizens, they do it in the face of my whole life. No man has fought the battles of our adopted citizens harder than I have. Mr. Cox takes exceptions to my remarks on this point. Nevertheless, the records show that when the Republicans in Congress were crowding William E. Robinson to the wall, I made the speech, the bulk of which was put into the Democratic platform of 1884 and much of it in the platform of 1888 in the planks relating to this subject. It was voluntarily done, and adopted by the entire convention.

Some of Mr. Grant's friends say I write garrulous letters. Now, I do write letters, but I thought they were rather short and to the point. I can appeal to the whole city government, whether friends or enemies, as to the manner in which the duties of mayor have been discharged during the past two years. My record is made, and I don't propose to offer excuses for it. If, after two years of hard labor, with careful attention to business, I have performed that labor in vain, and the people are so stupid that they do not know what I have done, then I ought not to be elected again. I insist, nevertheless, that I have put as many hours conscientious work into this business as any man ever did in two years.

I am accused of increasing the taxes. They were increased, but the result will show why it was done. General Newton and myself got up a plan by which the pavements of the city could be put in order and kept in order. We went to the legislature and were defeated because a Tammany Hall man, the president of the board of aldermen, was working against us.

If any money has been dishonestly applied I have failed to find it out. The truth is the city of New York is in the hands of honest gentlemen. It is generally understood that the mayor has the right to make removals. That is not so. He can only recommend them. I think it might be better if he had the right in this matter as well as in appointments. There are twenty-three commissioners to be appointed by the next mayor. If I should be elected mayor, I should put the best men in the places, whether they were my friends or not, or even if I took them from Tammany.

So, gentlemen, if you come here with the idea that I will give you patronage, you are greatly mistaken. I would not take such a nomination as that which Mr. Grant has taken.

Gentlemen, I accept your nomination. I shall write a letter to the citizens who have nominated me, and I hope you will consider that letter as addressed to you also.

It is a matter of surprise to the present leaders of the Republican party in California that any member of it should be guilty of the unpardonable treason of withholding from Mr. Blaine his confidence. Speaking of government funds in national bank depositories, amounting to sixty millions of dollars, he said:

Now, I have known something about the Government of the United States—have had some little to do with it; but if that had been done any time within the last twenty years by a Republican Secretary of the Treasury, the Democrats in the House would have tried to impeach him. I repeat it. I do not say that I would vote to impeach Mr. Fairchild—that is another question; but if any secretary since Salmon P. Chase was first appointed by Lincoln had done that with sixty millions of dollars of the public money, I say that the Democratic House, if in power, would have moved his impeachment.

Hon. John Sherman, Republican Secretary of the Treasury, in his statement of the "assets of the United States Treasury," in the year 1879, presented the following:

DEPOSITS HELD BY NATIONAL BANK DEPOSITORIES.

February	1, 1879	$165,357,141 26
March	1, "	249,585,805 22
April	1, "	225,681,802 01
May	1, "	260,760,430 69
June	1, "	276,442,471 36
July	1, "	201,402,860 97
August	1, "	97,078,837 26

If any Republican can reconcile Mr. Blaine's position with an honest declaration in reference to the financial administration of the national finances, we leave him to wriggle out of the entanglement in which to us he seems involved. In contemplating these figures it appears conclusive that this most eminent statesman is guilty of a somewhat reckless misstatement of facts; enough at all events to entitle a person questioning his truthfulness to be relieved from the accusation of treason to a party leader.

It is quite within the possible that our citizens will be treated to an unwelcome surprise in the vote cast for Dr. C. C. O'Donnell for mayor of San Francisco. We have printed the ures of the vote cast for him in this city when elected for coroner and when running for governor. They are very suggestive. The Chinese question in Congress and the corrupt management of city affairs is telling in his favor among the working-classes and the small property-owners. These things, with the divisions and indifference of the men who please to consider themselves as belonging to the class of "good" citizens, will tell in the vote. If we thought Dr. O'Donnell as dangerous a man as many profess to believe him, and that his election to the mayoralty would work so great a calamity as is prophesied in event of his election, we should be disposed to hope he would succeed. What our money-grabbers need to awaken them from their indifference to municipal irregularities and stealings, and our press to a necessity of telling an occasional truth concerning citizens who do busy themselves for the public good, is a political cataclysm, and, in our judgment, if it does not come with the election of O'Donnell for mayor, it will come later in some more objectionable and perhaps disastrous shape.

ELECTORAL COLLEGES—ONE HUNDRED YEARS, 1788–1888.

	1788	1792	1796	1800	1804	1808	1812	1816	1820	1824	1828	1832	1836	1840	1844	1848	1852	1856	1860	1864	1868	1872	1876	1880	1884	1888
Ala.																										
Ark.																										
Cal.																										
Col.																										
Conn.	7	7	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	8	8	8	8	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6	6
Del.	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	3
Fla.																										
Ga.	5	5	4	4	4	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
Ill.																										
Ind.																										
Iowa																										
Kan.																										
Ky.																										
La.																										
Me.	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9	9
Md.	6	6	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8
Mass.	10	10	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14	14
Mich.																										
Minn.																										
Miss.																										
Mo.																										
Neb.																										
Nev.																										
N. H.	5	6	6	6	7	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	6	6	6	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5
N. J.	7	7	7	7	7	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	8	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7	7
N. Y.	12	12	12	12	12	20	29	29	29	36	36	42	42	42	36	36	35	35	35	35	35	35	35	35	36	36
N. C.	7	7	12	12	14	14	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	15	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11
Ohio																										23
Ore.																										
Penn.	10	15	15	15	20	20	25	25	25	28	28	30	30	30	26	26	27	27	27	27	27	29	29	29	30	30
R. I.	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4	4
S. C.	7	7	8	8	10	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	11	9	9	8	8	8	8	8	7	7	7	9	9
Tenn.					5	8	8	8	8	8	8	15	15	15	13	13	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12	12
Tex.																										13
Va.	10	21	21	21	24	25	25	25	25	24	24	23	23	23	17	17	15	15	15	15	15	11	11	11	11	11
Vt.	4	4	4	4	6	8	8	8	8	7	7	7	7	7	6	6	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	5	4
W. Va.																										6
Wis.																										11
Total	87	137	139	138	176	175	217	217	231	261	261	288	294	294	275	290	296	296	303	234	294	300	369	369	401	401
North	49	73	74	73	95	95	120	124	128	147	147	165	168	168	161	169	176	176	183	197	200	228	231	231	238	238
South	38	64	65	65	81	80	97	93	103	114	114	123	126	126	114	121	120	120	120	37	94	72	138	138	163	163

DIANA.

She was as straight as an Indian arrow, large-limbed and tall, with that peculiar white skin which does not tan nor grow sallow. The first Diana was not more superbly proportioned than was this one. A combination of masculine strength and feminine beauty—not feminine enough to be wholly woman, nor masculine enough to be wholly man. Her dress was half one and half the other. A man's black slouch hat covered her head, and a man's black coat protected her shoulders; a petticoat of thick, dark stuff hid the rest of her down to the ankles of her boot-shod feet.

She rode a huge black stallion, a creature as splendid and fiery and scornful as the scornful, fiery, splendid creature that fearlessly bestrode his back.

An imaginative theorist might easily have discovered in the dilating nostrils, upflinging heads, and eyes restless with untameable defiance the close kinship of two souls before metempsychosis made one beast and one human. She was Diana; the horse's name was "Satan." Diana loved Satan and Satan loved Diana. It was thought that neither of them loved any other living thing, and was a certainty that no other living thing loved either of them.

Diana pulled the rein and Satan stopped with one fore-foot uplifted. They looked like an ebony-statued Centaur. Before them the sun was setting—sinking, sliding down a little and a little into the farthermost edge of the plain. So sultry and red and so close to the dead grass it seemed it must set it afire. Behind them the blue, snow-lined wall of the Sierras reached up to the clouds. Tulare Lake glittered, and glowed, and burned in the red sun-rays until its many-league crystal bosom seemed struck by some sudden transforming force of nature, and each single drop of water changed to diamond.

The ebony Centaur let its foot slowly to the ground; it took off its slouched hat, its four eyes looked straight into the west. A lizard scampered away, rustling the dry grass with its scaly legs, a squirrel vanished into its hole in the ground, and a jack-rabbit paused in its gallop, reared up on its haunches, with ears standing inquiringly straight up; its meek, surprised eyes stared as straight at the Centaur as those of the Centaur stared into the west.

For all other sign of animated existence on the plains these might have been all that inhabited them.

This region of California, whose eastern horizon touches God's heights, was then in its sheep-herding period. The periods of the wild horses and the cattle had come before it, that of ditch-diggers and house-builders came afterward.

Lower sunk the sun, higher, and wider, and deeper-tinted spread its glow; the glory in the west and the gray in the east touched edges at the zenith. High over the dimple-glittered, glistening, diamond-bosomed lake the armies of the sun built pyramids and domes and battlements of white-fleeced clouds, in silver and crimson and opal and gold, that rose and towered and toppled over into a smoke-girthed amber ocean.

The halo of the sky slipped down to the earth and spread over the hot ground and the brown dead clover. It crept to the feet of the Centaur, and over its black glossy hide, and stole into the face of the woman. The scorn, the defiance faded out of it, the hard lines of masculine force softened out of it. To meet the glow of a dead day came out the glow of a dead heart. It touched her eyes with its essence of soul, and lighted her features with the pureness of the virtue that has chastened itself in the smelting furnace of sin. The Centaur was transfigured.

A broad-branched oak—the only tree for miles around—stood near; a man, close followed by a sheep-dog, stepped from behind. He made no noise and was not seen. He was sun-burned, and unshorn, and roughly garmented. There was an odd twitching of the muscles about his mouth, and as he watched the process of transformation in the woman's face, its spirit leaped into his own.

Without any conscious volition he reached forth his hands and cried out, "Diana."

Was it the reflection of the sunset in her cheeks, or simply returning animation, or did she hear?

She touched the rein and Satan bounded forward, the ebony Centaur was a passive transfiguration no longer. It was again the splendid, scornful, defiant creature, hating humanity and smiting the earth with contemptuous feet.

The man with the sheep-dog looked after her a little while, then walked slowly away, taking an opposite direction.

A voice, both jest and jeer, struck his ears as he approached the door of the enigmatical construction burlesqued with the name of "House."

"See, Bill, will ye, looks like he was walkin' home in the shadder of his coffin, and Shep sneaks along like he'd been a-stealin' sheep."

The man, to whom the words were addressed, looked out, then dropped his eyes and answered in a lower tone and softer voice than the other: "Don't joke him to-night, Brassy, he's in one of his bad ways. I wouldn't wonder if he'd seen that woman again. It's enough to make one think she's a ghost haunting him the way he looks after he's seen her."

"Ha'nt be dogoned; I'd like to have sich a solid fantasmagory a ha'ntin' me.

"Stop—he'll hear you." The one who spoke last got up and walked out at the back door to stop the talk of the other.

"Well, I'll be golled; if I was as thin-skinned about other people's feelin's as some people, I'd get me a patent outside," muttered Brassy.

The cause of the remarks seated himself on a limb which stuck out of the wood-pile in the yard, took out his pocket-knife and commenced whittling.

"Shore sign," growled Brassy, looking out as he passed back and forth, cooking supper; "alluz whittles when he's got 'em. Burn my coat if I ain't sometimes thankful for bein' cuticularously tough, but then them moods, an' tenses, an' them fine-haired feelin's helps a fellow out of lots of cookin'. Who could ax a chap that looks like he was goin' to his own funeral to make saleratus biscuits, or expect a youngster with the brine so close to his eyelids to bile murphys? Say, Bill, what makes you so down in the mouth? Seen a ghost or anything?"

Bill did not look up, nor stop whittling. "Yes, I've seen a ghost. Supper ready?"

"No, but I've got her on a-bilin'," cheerily answered Brassy. He was a very home-made philosopher, and Archimedes would most likely have rejected the mathematics of the soliloquy which he indulged in.

"Knock me down with a feather, if human nature ain't a hard thing to cipher out. Now, there's Bill and Dainty, my partners, nary one of which ever recollected that grub hez to be cooked, and nary one of which ever forgits to feel the symptoms of approachin' meal time. But which ever side of the question you git on, grub's in the middle, therefore splicin' two and two, and makin' it versus a unknown quantity which is grub, I find by close figgerin' that grub is the syntax of life, an' the result of the calkerlation is Brassy hez to cook it." Brassy had to talk. If he had not any one else to talk to he talked to himself. They were a diversified three that sat down to the rough pine table which Brassy spread with a flourish against the wall. Moody, reserved Bill, child-hearted Dainty, who had been rechristened thus by Brassy because of his slightness of stature and fastidious ways, and the irrepressible, philosophical, good-natured Brassy, who talked when he should have said nothing, and said nothing when he should have talked, and always hit in the wrong place. An oddly assorted partnership that kept its bleating thousands on that territory of range whose boundary line was marked by its vast lonesomeness. But in a climate where the squirrel, the owl, and the rattlesnake dwelt peacefully in the same abode, even these three might harmonize.

The moon was full, and the men sat outside of the cabin, two of them taking their after-supper smoke. The mysterious calm of the breezeless night had put upon them its spell of silence. Bill sat with bowed head, and whittled mechanically on a small piece of stove-wood, and Dainty held a cigarette caressingly between his thumb and forefinger, and blew contented little puffs of smoke away from his mouth. Brassy tugged and puffed at an old pipe, and watched Bill from under the rim of his hat.

"Bill," said he, "you ought to smoke; it'd be a mighty comfort to you, an' save a heap o' good stove-wood." Bill's only notice of the remark was to shift ends of the stick and whittle more vigorously. Dainty moved uneasily and gave Brassy a warning glance; but no warning glance ever could catch Brassy's understanding. He always maintained that it was against his principles to take hints.

"Yes, smokin' is the most continuous comfortin' amusement I know of; nothin' like it to put a man in good sperrits, onless it's puttin' good sperrits in a man; an' stove-wood in this country is mighty hard to get. Yes, Bill, you ought to take to smokin'. It's palaces, an' diamonds, an' 'Rabian steeds to the pore man. Course they go up in smoke, but they're his while they're goin'. If you're hungry, it's a sort of soothment to the place 't's achin' for victuals. If you're alone in a howlin' wilderness it's wife, children, and friends—they go up in smoke, too, but you have 'em while they're goin'; an' it keeps the female sect from ha'ntin' a lonesome bachelor." He looked comically at Dainty, and nodded toward Bill.

Dainty puckered his brows into a most speaking frown and asked: "Brassy, do you know why you are not like my old knife?"

"Dunno, 'less it's 'cause the knife shuts up sometimes. Yes, there's most always some difference between people and old knives; now, there's Bill——"

Dainty jumped up and threw away his cigarette. "Boys," said he, "let's take the dogs over to the river and tree a wildcat."

Brassy pocketed his pipe immediately. "Right, me lord, I'm yourn when it's wildcats you talk. An' if Bill wants to go, the triumvirate's agreed; if he don't——

> 'He may sigh to the winds, to the Goddess Diana,
> But his days they will end on the isle of St. Helena.'"

He sang the lines of the old-fashioned, long-out-of-date song in a most unmusical voice, and it might have been the melody that made Bill start so suddenly that he overturned the stool on which he sat; it might have been the moonlight that made him pale. Dainty hastened to interpose, with the suggestion that if they were going they had better start. He could not have told why he thought Brassy's insinuating nonsense would give pain to Bill, or in what manner it could pain him; he was one of those peculiar natures that know nameless things by intuition. He did not care for wildcat hunting, but knew that prowling about in the river bottom, trying to scare up "varmints," was one of Brassy's weaknesses. Beside, there were few diversions to break the monotony of the sheep-herder's existence, even though there were three of them, and they herded their own flocks and rode their own horses.

It has been said jocularly of sheep-herding, "It takes but three months to turn the strongest brain." The saying had a good foundation, more especially if the time were summer. Think of a human being, endowed with the attributes of divinity, set down on those vast plains to follow, day after day, a thousand head of bleating sheep—sheep are always bleating; day after day to see the sun rise, red and sultry, to shine all day through a cloudless, changeless sky on a changeless, brown, mirage-glimmering landscape, and sink out of sight, red and sultry, at eve. To hear, night after night, the west wind—always the west wind—blowing its dreary music, and the howl of the prowling coyote. Night after night the same sounds, day after day the same scenes, his companionship the lizard and the horned-toad—always following round and round that thousand head of bleating sheep.

The moon was high up the sky when they reached the timber of the river, which was about three miles from their camp.

"Boys," again said Dainty, "I'm somehow sorry I asked you to come to-night; I feel like something was going to happen, and that we ought to get out of here as quick as we can."

"Oh, gosh, Dainty, your feelin's is too close to the atmosphere. What you s'pose could happen? Think Goaqu Murietta er Three-fingered Jack's a luxuriatin' in the shadde of the underbrush, scented our money-pockets an' layin f us, as it were?"

Bill smiled at this, it was so ridiculous, and Dainty said more of his undefined fear. An hour, two hours, three, tramping, and not a wildcat was amiable enough to tree a be killed, much to Brassy's disgust. Tired out, they start home.

"Listen, don't you hear a curious sound?" said Dainty All of them stopped and listened, but only for a moment.

"Merciful God!" shouted Brassy, "run for your lives, King's River overflowed!"

They sprang forward and ran with much speed in spite brush, and briars, and many stumblings. "If we could on get to the slough fust," panted Brassy.

The dry bed of the slough was only a few hundred feet b yond, but a wall of water higher than their heads was rollin down with terrible swiftness upon them. The water fro the river overtook them and lapped around their feet and to their waists. It was useless now to try to reach the sloug impossible to cross it if they could, that crackling muffled ro was too near. They were between two floods; it was a m ment to act without deciding. With one accord Bill a Brassy caught Dainty and hoisted him into the forks of large sapling, by the side of which they had stopped, a scudded up after him. A minute later they were in the mid of a mile-wide waste of fast-rising water. Behind them w the terrible, swift, rolling river, whose head was in the hea of the eternal snows; before them the slough, over whic they had walked dry-footed three hours before, rolled anoth river, swift-flowing, muddy, ice-cold, and deadly deep. T sapling swayed and bent with their weight, sometimes di ping them into the chilling water, and shook and shivered its topmost twig when some floating object lodged again it.

Higher rose the flood and swathed their soaked garmen about them; it was so cold—so clinging cold; and the nigh was so balmy and warm, and the moonlight so soft and beautiful.

"Partners," said Brassy, "I reckon we're euchred th time."

"Looks like it," responded Bill, "and I'm quite willing."

"Well, then, you're the fust man I ever saw that was read for rain. Course we'd hev to swing out some day, a drowndin', they say, is a easy death; but to be drowned lik a pasel of treed squirrels disagrees with me. I might knowed these hot days, 't's cooked the grass dry enough make yeast-powders, 'd melt the snow an' bring down a floo Yes, I've lived nigh King's River long enough to be a-looki out for a thing like this. An' I deserve a soakin' fer bein' s onthoughted, but I don't like to be drownded like a miserab squir'l."

"Partners," said Dainty, very gently, "if I don't get out here, and you do, divide my sheep between you. There none akin to me, nobody in the world to shed a tear for me I die."

"There mayn't be any kin to weep for you, as fer as rel tions goes, but if anything like that happens, Bill and me shed enough brine over you to keep your memory fro spoilin'."

"I feel, somehow, that it will be that way—you two wi get out, and I won't."

"An' I feel, somehow, 't nary one of us ever done sich mean trick, an' we ain't goin' to commence now. Pardners pardners in Californy."

Dainty smiled a faint little smile, like a pleased chil The moon went down at last and left them in the twilight dawn.

Still the water rose, and still they clung closer to th bending sapling, Bill holding on as tightly as either of th others.

In sheer weariness of living we may cry out for death come, but when it comes to us and looks square in our face we would rather it waited a little longer; not much longe maybe—perhaps only until we have accomplished one othe thing that we would not leave undone—but surely a litt longer.

When the first red streak of day shot down into the mountai mists and glowed through the clear atmosphere of the plain only from shoulders up were the men above water. The watched the rosy light creep down into the cañons of th Sierra Nevada, and spread its intangible glow over the dark sleeping lake, and waken the hills of the Coast Range.

And then everything on the plains before them was lighte up and transformed by the peculiar mirage which was one o the characteristics of that region. Objects, which a momen before would have been undiscernible with magnifying aid stood out clear and distinct to the naked eye and with a near ness that was startling. The huts of the scattering sheep camps were a city of palaces in air, streeted like Venice, wit water, and with gardens and trees surrounded.

The hut which stood half a mile directly beyond their cam was standing on the top of theirs with inverted roof. Th sheep walked on stilts, and the legs of the cattle and horse were twenty feet long at least. Bill watched it with an inter ested, studying expression in his eyes. "I doubt," said he "if there is another place where these peculiar phenomena o mirage appear." It was the first that either of them ha spoken for more than an hour.

"I won't argy the possiblenesses of feenominy what-you may-call-it with you. I aint posted, an' aint got time to hun up the pints, an' I feel more like savin' my breath to float wit when the water gits higher."

"Well, I've been figuring a little, mentally, on the wate question, and, according to my reckoning, we'll have abou thirty-five minutes before the muddy stuff gets into our nos trils."

Brassy made a grimace at this information, and Dainty closed his eyes and whispered, "Dear God, Thy will be done." His face was purple-spotted with cold.

Silence another five minutes; then Brassy started so per-

ceptibly that the sapling trembled and made ripples about their necks.

"I never paid as much attention to the Scriptures as I 'spose I ought to, but I reckon they're lettin' the hosses out o' the seals in heaven this mornin'. I see the black one comin' now."

"For the love of heaven, Brassy," cried Dainty, in a horror-shocked voice, "don't be blasphemous now."

"Blasfeemus, nothin'; don't it say in Revelations: 'And when he had opened the third seal I heard the third voice say, Come and see. And I beheld, and lo, a black horse, and he that sat upon him had a pair of balances in his hand.' An' I see the black hoss an' the rider with the balances; they aint lit yet. Look straight ahead of your eyes, and see 'em yourself."

They both looked as directed and beheld a most singular phenomenon. Fifteen or twenty feet above the ground, like a black cameo set in air, startlingly distinct, was a giant black horse and a black rider, with something in its hand. It was headed toward the river and in the attitude of a long swinging lope. As instantly as the mirage had appeared as instantly it vanished. Quicker than the wink of an eye the city of palaces dissolved into the huts of the scattering sheep-camps, the sheep were brown ants running over the plain, and the colossal equine phantom of the air a moving black dot on the earth. The faces of both Bill and Dainty suddenly paled. One thought he had seen into the unseen world, the other knew he had not.

"If the rider of that hoss 'd only see us," groaned Brassy; "if we could only hold out till he got here," forgetting perhaps that a human head in the situation of theirs would be exceedingly difficult to distinguish from a piece of wood the same size.

"I do believe it's comin' this way, but can it get here? To be drowned like a miserable squir'l is bad enough, but makes it a heap wuss when rescue's so nigh."

Brassy and Dainty kept their eyes strained on the horse; Bill kept his as resolutely away; yet he knew as surely as they that it was coming toward them, and very fast. Once the horse stopped, and the rider swept the river border with a field-glass, pocketed it again, and came on faster than before. Above the roar of the water they could hear the clattering ring of the hoofs as they sent the dust and clods flying from the brown earth.

At last, with sweat-wet flanks and foam-specked mouth Satan stopped short on the high bank of the slough, and Diana, shading her eyes with her right hand was looking straight at the faces in the water.

Brassy tried to wave his hand and give a shout, but only succeeded in slushing the water in his mouth and getting himself a more insecure hold of the tree. Dainty murmured "Thank God!" Bill's face turned a chalky gray. He made no other sign. Diana took in, with one swift, surveying glance, the terrible situation of the men — the dangerous floating debris, lodging against the tops of the undergrowth beneath the water, and the treacherous slough at her feet—then dashed away up the stream.

Dainty looked after her with a sort of helpless resignation. Brassy heaved a great sigh. "I wish she hadn't gone; it's no use, she never can get help here in time to do us any good. An' it'd 'a' been a sort o' consolation to hev her set there and see't we died brave. I tell you, boys, company in a emergency like this is a mighty sight of assistance to pluck. I don't believe Elizabeth Zane could 'a' started so reckless after that powder if she hadn't a knowed the heart of every man an' woman in the fort was a-beatin' with her'n. When a man's goin' to be hung he can keep his knees from knocking together with the sereneness of showin' the man't hangs him that he's grit; but to be treed and drownded in muddy water without nobody even to —— By —— she's comin' to us, God bless her!"

"God save her," said Dainty.

A hundred yards or so above them Diana was hurriedly throwing off her boots and heaviest outer garments; slipping the bridle from the horse's ears, she slipped it down over his nose and flung it on the ground by the garments, and, sticking her heels into his flanks with the abandon of a vaquero, tried to rush him over the river bank. He snorted and reared up on his hind feet, standing so straight that Diana had to clasp her arms round his neck to keep from sliding off behind. He was a wonderfully trained animal, in spite of vicious tendencies, and he never before refused to obey Diana—the river terrified him out of his training and loyalty. Again she tried to rush him over, and again he plunged and reared, snorting with terror, and straight upon his hind feet whirled his huge body around, heading away from the river. Diana wore a large silk handkerchief round her neck; this she untied and twisted about his nose for a rein, loped him several hundred paces away, then whirled round and came dashing back at full speed. Just at the river bank she leaned forward and shouted to him something in a foreign tongue, and over they went, horse and woman into the flood, and sank in it out of sight. The men watching her forgot their own peril. "Father in heaven save her," whispered Dainty. It was but a moment until they rose to the surface, blowing the water from their nostrils, and struck out diagonally across the current, steadily, straight toward the heads in the water. The long black hair of the woman had tumbled down to her waist, and made a black cloak for her wet white shoulders. Her arms, reached forward to guide the horse, shone ivory white in the new-born sunbeams; a Nereid guiding her sea-horse back to the sea. It was slow work, the horse being unused to swimming, and but for the forethoughtfulness of crossing the current diagonally downward, the attempt must have failed. Diana guided Satan by patting the sides of his face, first with one hand, then with the other, caressing his neck with her bare, perfect arms, and talking coaxingly, encouragingly to him, all the time keeping his nose pointed directly towards the heads, which by that time looked much like three floating cocoa-nuts. Nearer and nearer—she is within speaking distance—"Billy," the voice was strangely sweet, and soft, and rich, commingling a prayer and a command, "when we get even with you pull yourself on behind me." He caught the back of the saddle, and with much difficulty pulled himself upon the horse as the strangely sweet voice had bidden him; no other word was spoken. The horse sunk a little deeper and struggled a little harder to swim with his doubled burden.

At a point considerably below them the high bank flattened out and the water ran over, making a sort of swamp; to this Diana steered. The moment they touched land Bill slipped to the ground as quickly as his numbed limbs would let him. Diana handed him a small flat flask of brandy, which she took from some pocket in her queerly fashioned toilet. Their hands touched as he took it, and one instant their eyes looked into each other's.

A momentary blush spread over both faces, leaving them whiter for the contrast.

She started Satan back up the slough, and Bill stood grasping the little silver flask, with hands too shaky to get its mouth to his. Was it the cold numbness that made him tremble so? He was a very steady-nerved man, but he was very cold. The numbness and the trembling got into his brain now, and a ringing in his ears, and from some far-off land, in some far-off time he heard a voice—his or some other's—saying: "We will neither of us speak to the other, nor of the other, till one of us is dead."

This time the horse made no resistance, but leaped over the bank and struck bravely out into the current. Diana guided him carefully as before, and her face was as pale and as set, but the illumination of an heroic resolve had faded out of it, leaving only the patience of self-imposed duty. Relieved of Bill's weight the sapling slightly raised, and the shoulders of Brassy and Dainty were above water. How eagerly they watched the approaching Nereid; she was bringing them deliverance or more sudden death. Once the horse swerved in his course, and once the brush of a floating limb left a long red scratch on Diana's arm, when she pushed it out of their way.

"Brassy will come next; the tree will hold up the lighter man the longest," the voice might have come from the mouth of a sphinx so hard and lifelessly calm it was. Brassy did not like to go first, but he thought it one of the times when "beggars can not be choosers"; besides, there was no time to debate the question. If they let the horse pass them neither could go.

And so it came, in spite of Brassy's assertions and with no willing of their own, that both of Dainty's partners went out and left him.

Brassy was landed safely by the side of Bill, who aparently had not moved a step. He still held the silver flask, but he did not look into Diana's face, nor did she into his. When she started back on the third perilous venture, he heard again, in the ringing of his ears, the voice from that somewhere time: "We will neither of us speak to the other, nor of the other, till one of us is dead."

Again the brave horse leaped over into the cold, still-rising flood, and horse and rider again went out of sight. They were longer coming up this time, and made the way slower and with much greater effort. Satan was tired and Diana, too. She did not speak when nearing Dainty, to tell him to get on behind her, only motioned that he should, with a wave of her hand. When they were safely started homeward Brassy could not forbear a glad shout, and flung out his draggle-sleeved arms with a joyous "Hooraw!"

In the swiftest current, not more than thirty yards from the shore, all at once the horse stopped swimming and they went down, so suddenly that Bill and Brassy rubbed their eyes, thinking their senses must have cheated them. Drowning people rise three times to the surface, these did not come up at all. Once Diana's hand pushed through the water. Bill started to it, Brassy held him back.

"Don't, Bill, it's no use; if you er me could 'a' swum out o' that flood we wouldn't 'a' stayed in till the marrow froze in our bones."

Bill fought to get free, and in the scuffle both came near falling into the slough.

"Stid o' fightin' like two fools we'd better be rustlin' up somebody an' somethin' to git 'em out."

Bill's hands dragged limply at his sides. "You're right, it's no use; go for help, I'll stay and watch for them."

Many hours afterward men came with a wagon, and boat, and grappling-hooks, and dragged for them, but not until the flood abated were the bodies found.

Dainty was hauled out first; when Brassy saw him a queer little cry escaped him. He took his old partner's head in his hands, and the tears ran streaming down his cheeks; it was probably the first time in his life that he could not speak. Diana was brought out next, and laid on the hot sand by the side of Dainty. The water had washed her hair down on each side of her head, crossed it under her chin, and swathed it round her neck, making a dripping black frame for her face. Could ever that white, peaceful face have darkened with distorting passion, or those faintly smiling lips but a week ago have betted at a horse-race, and sworn at a sheep-herder for beating his dog? Thou art a mighty artist, Death!

Bill stood silently looking down upon her; suddenly a trembling seized him, like a dumb animal that has been struck a blow over its brain.

Out of that far-off life he heard his own voice saying: "We will neither of us speak to the other, nor of the other, till one of us is dead."

"Diana, Diana!" the words were a pitying cry, hoarse and full of pain; perhaps none but the dead heard. The men were very busy.

The bodies were buried on a large knoll, not far from the spot where they were dragged from the river—Diana and Dainty, with their heads to the west, and Satan between them, with head to the north. At the head of Diana's grave Bill put up a redwood cross on which he carved with his knife, and stained the letters red, "Diana." And under the lonely name these lines:

"In every form of the human
Some hint of the highest dwells."

It was all over at last, except the nightmare horror of it; and Bill and Brassy again sat out in the moonlight by their cabin. Bill leaned against the wall, but did not whittle. Brassy wrestled with the old pipe until he could not any longer endure the silence, and blurted out his thought: "I wonder what made her do it." Slowly Bill answered: "She used to be my wife."

MADGE MORRIS.

SAN DIEGO, October, 1888.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The song of the girl and the kerosene can—"Oil away, oil away to the promised land."—*Terre Haute Express.*

E. Cuthberton Gregg, Esq. (enumerating the characteristics of his family)—"Yaas. Now, my bwother Fwed, he's the pwactical one; he cawries a pocket pincushion."—*Life.*

City poet—"What a very queer-looking yellow weed that is." *Young lady*—"Yellow weed! Goodness me! This is the beautiful 'Golden Rod' that you raved about in your last poem."—*Time.*

"I don't see how you can call Mamie Tubbs common!" cried a fair young girl, in a tone of reproof; "why, she never uses anything but Nectarine chewing-gum, and it costs fifteen cents a package!"—*Puck.*

Citizen (to elderly physician)—"You don't bleed patients as often as you did fifteen or twenty years ago?" *Physician* (looking over package of unpaid bills)—"No, we don't bleed 'em at all; they bleed us!"—*Life.*

Arthur—"You look exhausted, Jack." *Jack*—"Mentally, Arthur, I'm a total wreck. I've been to the Polo Grounds." *Arthur*—"That ought not to exhaust you." *Jack*—"A young lady drove me out who never saw a game of ball before."—*Life.*

First dame—"What shall we do to-day? Let's go to the matinée." *Second dame*—"Can't; we haven't any money. It takes money to go to the theatre." *First dame*—"So it does. I did not think of that. Well, let's go shopping."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Chumley—"I'm in a little fix to-day, Brown, for money; what would you say if I were to ask you for a temporary loan of a hundred or two dollars?" *Brown*—"Well, Chumley, if the loan will be temporary, I might let you have the two dollars."—*Accident News.*

Myrtle—"Florence, is that Fred Dumley's hand-writing?" *Florence*—"Yes, dear, I'm engaged to him, you know." *Myrtle*—"Yes, I know it. I was engaged to him last summer, Florence. The dear boy, I wonder who will marry him eventually."—*The Cartoon.*

Army woman—"What is your uniform?" *Revenue marine officer*—"Very similar to the navy uniform, but without the gold stripe on the trousers." *Army woman* (whose husband is on the staff)—"*We* used to have the gold stripe on *ours*." (Tableau. Horrified officer.)—*Life.*

Minister—"So you don't believe the story about the loaves and fishes, Bobby?" *Bobby*—"N-no, sir." *Minister*—"My little boy believes it." *Bobby*—"Yes, but your little boy has been going to Sunday-school longer than I. He's had more practice in those things than I have."—*Life.*

First Thespian—"What's become of Joe?" *Second Thespian*—"Dead. Killed at Cape Town some time ago." *First Thespian*—"How did he die?" *Second Thespian*—"Pelted by eggs on the stage." *First Thespian*—"Well, eggs don't kill." *Second Thespian* (calmly)—"Ostrich eggs do."—*Time.*

Seedy individual—"Madam, can't you give something to a yellow-fever sufferer?" *Woman*—"Ain't you the same man that called here a few months ago and got twenty-five cents to help a blizzard sufferer?" *Seedy individual*—"Yes, ma'am. I don't do nuthin' but suffer from one year's end to the other."—*Judge.*

Passenger—"Is this train on time, conductor?" *Conductor*—"One hour late." *Passenger*—"Well, that's outrageous. I'm in a hurry to get to East St. Louis." *Conductor*—"Have you ever been in East St. Louis?" *Passenger*—"No." *Conductor*—"When you get there you will be sorry the train wasn't later."—*Epoch.*

Elderly lady (to boy in hardware store)—"Hev ye got any o' them hand-bellows fer buildin' fires?" *Boy*—"Yes'm; there's somethin' nice—twenty-five cents each." *Elderly lady*—"Is that the cheapest ye can sell 'em?" *Boy*—"Yes'm; but I'll tell you what I'll do, as you don't look to be a very stren'thy old leddy, I'll fill it with wind fer you."—*Life.*

Sick lady (to Bridget, with cards)—"Didn't I instruct you to say, Bridget, to any one that called, that I was too ill to be seen?" *Bridget*—"Yis; but shure, mum, I forgot hit intirely; an', oh, mum, they do have such beautiful fall suits on." *Sick lady* (rousing herself)—"You may say to the ladies, Bridget, that I will be down at once."—*New York Sun.*

Editor-in-chief (to subordinate)—"As John L. is about to die, you may write a scathing article, reviewing his life and congratulating the country on his expected demise." *Subordinate*—"The morning dispatches announce that Sullivan's chances for recovery are excellent." *Editor-in-chief*—"In that case you may write an editorial suggesting that Kilrain may yet meet his match."—*Omaha World.*

Young author (to friend)—"I say, Fred, did you read my last article in the *Every Other Monthly?*" *Friend* (enthusiastically)—"Yes, indeed, old boy; I read it through twice?" *Young author*—"Oh, then you must have found it very interesting?" *Friend*—"Well—er—no, not so much that; but Fred Smith bet me ten dollars that I couldn't read it through twice, and I bet him ten dollars that I could."—*Life.*

Mrs. Bachbeit—"It's just awful, I think, the way that Mrs. Golding lets young Hardup dangle around after her day in and day out. But it's to be expected, I suppose, when an old fool like Golding marries a giddy young girl." *Mrs. Polly Gist*—"You oughtn't to talk that way about her. She's awfully good to the old fellow, they say." *Mrs. Bachbeit*—"Yes? Almost too good to be true."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Wife (witnessing the play of "Ten Nights in a Bar-room")—"What a frightful curse rum is, John, ruining so many lives and wrecking the happiness of thousands of innocent people. What a moral this play should teach and what a warning it should be!" *Husband* reaching out for his hat)—"Yes, indeed, my dear." *Wife*—"Where are you going, John?" *Husband*—"I just want to step out for a moment to see a man."—*New York Sun.*

Mrs. Hobson de Hobson (recently returned from abroad)—"We had a charming trip. I think foreign travel is so broadening and elevating to one's mind, Mr. Bullwinkel." *Mr. Bullwinkel*—"Ya-as. You visited Lausanne, of course, while you were in Switzerland?" *Mrs. Hobson de Hobson* (retrospectively)—"Why, I think so, Mr. Bullwinkel. Turning to daughter) Wasn't it at Lausanne, Clara, dear, that we had such delicious waffles for breakfast?"—*Life.*

"I admit, boys," remarked Paperwate, "that I haven't always led the life I should. I've gambled some, drunk whisky more'n less, an' at times, perhaps, I'm a trifle profane an' abusive, an' have called men liars, which I have generally regretted afterward, an' have passed a night at the station-house at odd intervals, an' insulted ladies, an'—an' that sort o' thing; but, boys" (and here his eyes filled with tears), "I have always been a gentleman. No man can say that Marbie F. Paperwate ever forgot that he was a gentleman!"—*Life.*

"Gentlemen," said the little man at the club, as he looked at his watch, rose to his feet, and took his hat, "it is now nine-thirty, and I promised my wife I would be home at ten. In matters of this kind I am rigid and inflexible. When my wife asks me to come home at a certain hour, and I promise to do so, I am firm as adamant in fulfilling that promise. Decision of character, gentlemen," he continued, as he thoughtfully rubbed a large, triangular-shaped lump over his left ear, "is indispensable to any man who expects to hold his position unquestioned as the head of the family. Gentlemen, good-evening."—*Chicago Tribune.*

ITINERANT JOHN BULLS.

The Horde of Tourists with which Great Britain Favors America.

Every summer of late years has brought us a very curious and far from uninteresting crop of visiting noblemen. I do not allude to the nobleman who comes here with a purpose, and who carries away a fortune incumbered with a wife, or departs leaving only a handsome crop of debts and confidence operations to embalm his memory, but the legitimate tourist, who makes the journey as a mere summer trip, just as of old he might have gone from Cornhill to Grand Cairo for a run, or from Paris to Pondicherry.

Among the ranks of these wanderers you may find representatives of most of the continental countries where noblemen flourish, but the number of Englishmen predominates. Moreover, the Englishman is more aggressively individual and distinctive. We had a young Bourbon prince here lately for a whole week before the loungers at Delmonico's found him out. An English horse-dealer would have asserted his presence within a quarter of an hour after he reached that Mecca of the vagrant Londoners' cisatlantic rovings, the Hoffman House bar.

Among our English visitors there are specimens of all varieties of peers and titled commoners, from the utterly fetching and entirely superfluous dawdler of the clubs, with his monocle and his "it's all an infernal bore, don't you know" drawl, down to the commercial baronet looking for American investments for his money, or improvements for the concerns he has his money invested in at home. The difference between My-lord and Sir Gorgius is just as marked here as it is at home, however. Though they have crossed the boundary between Europe and America in common, they have not raised the invisible line that keeps them socially apart.

"I see there's another party of you here," remarked the affable clerk at the Albemarle one day to young Lord Skatterbrane, who was resting at that hostelry, now sacred to the memory of His Grace of Marlborough, on his way to Newport.

"Eh?" said My-lord.

"Another English party, you know," explained the presiding deity of the desk.

"Oh!" said My-lord.

"Here they are," pursued his entertainer, gracefully twirling the register about to bring it within range of My-lord's superior stare: "Sir Simpkins Sandbag and Lady Simpkins Sandbag, London."

"Ho!" said My-lord, without reading the inscription.

And he went off to the gloomy little bar, which was so small and dismal that it might almost have been in London, and stayed there for an hour wondering whether the fellow really meant to insult him or was it only his cussed Yankee ignorance, by Jove!

As for Sir Simpkins Sandbag, when the clerk conveyed to him the important information that Lord Skatterbrane, second son of the Duke of Muddhedde, was a fellow-guest with him, Sir Simpkins eyed him with grim suspicion and went away muttering to himself something about "infernal young blackguard; suppose they shipped him over here to get him away from the Jews."

"I tell you what, my dear," said Sir Simpkins that night to Lady Simpkins, as he peeled his outer shell off for bed.

"Yes, my dear," replied Lady Simpkins, who invariably agreed with her lord in everything.

"These dooced Yankee hotels are too indiscriminate."

"Yes, my dear," answered Lady Simpkins, placidly.

"Too dooced indiscriminate," pursued Sir Simpkins, tugging at his cravat till he commenced to grow purple; "who the dooce do you think is in this very house now?"

As Lady Simpkins could not very well make the usual affirmative to this question, she said nothing at all. Sir Simpkins having got his tie off without quite strangling himself, continued:

"Why, that young blackguard Skatterbrane, old Muddehedde's son, you know."

Lady Simpkins, who had never heard of Lord Skatterbrane and did not know His Grace of Muddehedde from the man in the moon, responded with the regulation formula, and Sir Simpkins talked her to sleep with the vices of the decaying aristocracy and the coming triumph of the commercial nobility of good old England.

The regular annual influx of these visitors begins at about the same time that the annual exodus of fashionable America to Europe commences, but it is not until about the middle of the summer that it reaches its height. They wander about Newport and Long Branch, Saratoga and Niagara, and the rest, and are readily identified by their hideous dress and humorously placid superiority to the situation.

The aristocrats among these visitors always bring introductions or have acquaintances whom they hunt up at some summer resort, and on whom they do not hesitate to quarter themselves, though they would probably think several times before they invited their entertainers to dinner at home—and then not invite them.

The practical visitors, on the other hand, want no favors from anybody. They have an abundance of money and rely upon it to carry them through. They dispense their cash rather churlishly, it is true, and are continually quarreling over prices, disputing bills, and grumbling at the cost of living in "these dooced new countries." But, at any rate, they pay as they go, and ask no favors for their money.

And they go everywhere, with their guide-books, and their maps, and their field-glasses slung by straps from their shoulders, and their sole-leather trunks, with the inevitable hat-box, which they never open, for no one ever saw a visiting Englishman of this type with a pot hat on. The hat-box is, however, a fetich he would no more part with than with his bank account. It is a relic of the era when a cocked hat was an indispensable portion of an English diplomat's uniform, and its possession, I suppose, makes even the most plebeian Englishman feel himself almost a diplomat.

Armed with their long purses they push about the country, visiting machine-shops and factories, cotton-mills, iron-foundries, and the rest of the great industrial establishments in the intervals of their progresses from one show-place to another. Niagara is the pet resort with this class of the lord errant. It is the one wonder of America to which he takes off his hat—but then, half of Niagara is in Canada, and he always stops at the Clifton House to enjoy it.

The aristocratic visitor as a rule visits us in solitary state. He is usually married and usually on terms of polite acquaintanceship with his wife, which renders it quite as agreeable for her to allow him to take his "run across the soup," as he elegantly phrases it, alone, as it is pleasant for him to do it. He comes here in the care of his man, and his man does most of the work for him, from finding a cab when he lands to paying his hotel bill when he departs. About all that My-lord does for himself is to eat, which he does fairly well; to drink, which he does very well; and to flirt, which, if one may accept the verdict of the ladies, he does best of all.

There is an impertinently superior air about him, and he has a lazy way of treating women as if he did not take the slightest interest in them, which, combined with his aristocratic *cachet*, piques the sex into marvels of heroic audacity and render him the object of assaults that any mere native commoner would speedily succumb to.

He accepts them as a matter of course. Did not he know the Yankee busters would make a dead set at him as soon as he landed? The Yankee buster, by the way, is, in the polite colloquialism of the London club, a synonym for the pushing and gushing American women who swarm to London in the season to worship anything English and aristocratic with effervescent snobbishness. All things considered, My-lord is not really to blame for the opinion of the native woman he brings over with him. It is but fair to state that he carries it back considerably revised and amended, even from Newport and Bar Harbor, and that the impression of himself which he leaves is an improvement on the one which he inspires upon his advent.

Sir Gorgius, on his part, is commonly a model man of family, and rarely comes to us without bringing some of his family with him. He does not bring it all, for economic reasons, but samples of his sons and daughters, and now and then his wife herself, share his perilous pilgrimage to the West.

The boys are always gawky and ill-dressed, and the girls awkward and worse dressed. A peculiarity of these parties which must strike every observer is the absence from the younger members of any active spirit of inquiry, or any show of interest in their novel surroundings. While Sir Gorgius is a hard-headed, sensible man enough, given to asking many questions, to finding out a lot of things without asking, and to profiting in many ways by the experiences of his trip, his scions, one must fancy, must derive a very slight degree of information or enlightenment from it. Where young Americans of their years, in London, would explore the town like ferrets and gather a bewildering jumble of rags and tatters of local knowledge and experience, these children of John Bull travel through America with less apparent interest than they would display at the Crystal Palace or the Islington Cattle Show. I once ran upon the family party of a London baronet on a Cunarder, when I was seeing a friend off. As we went down the bay and I waited at the side for a chance to drop to the deck of the tug that was to take me and a lot of others back to the city, one of the girls remarked:

"Paw, what city is this, Bawston or New York?"

"Eh!" replied Paw, evidently startled out of his native stolidity by the question.

"Why, you goose," interposed the brother of the pretty questioner, "you ought to know better. It's Philadelphia."

Paw sat down suddenly, with a weary expression. I found my opportunity, grabbed a halyard, and dropped into the plebeian company where I belonged.

New York, October 15, 1888. Alfred Trumble.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Woman on Americanism.

Editors Argonaut: Though only a woman, and one who seldom has anything to say about politics, I could not remain indifferent to the American cause. I recently came here from Oakland, and I found many of the voters—yes, all except one or two—were ignorant of the existence of an American party. On talking with some of them, I found them greatly interested, especially where the rights of aliens to the public lands are concerned. Their own children must wait so many years before they can take up a ranch, while foreigners come and select the choice places, and do not make enterprising neighbors either. Now, I wish to ask some assistance from you about getting these people enlightened. I know that I can get a good many votes if I can only get the platform and some information about the party before them. If you will send me some pamphlets and anything you can bearing on the subject I shall most cheerfully *do my level best* for the cause. Have you any club or society that a woman may become a member of?

Whatever you send me I shall be careful to use where it will do the most good. Very respectfully, Mrs. L. A. K.

Some names: William Earl, Jr., Jolone, P. O., Monterey County; Joseph Gil, Jolone, Monterey County; John Morris, Pleyto, Monterey County; Sydney Smith, Bradley, Monterey County; Harvey Fox, Nacimento, San Luis Obispo County.

Bryson, Monterey County, Cal., October 20, 1888.

To Pennsylvania Americans.

Editors Argonaut: The members of the American party of Lancaster, Pa., want to be counted at the next Presidential election, and have put an electoral ticket in the field. If the *Argonaut* has a sufficient number of subscribers in Pennsylvania in sympathy with the American party movement to justify this insertion, would you please publish this statement: that tickets will be sent free of charge to any one within the State who desires to stand up and be counted with the American party at the next Presidential election, who addresses any member of the undersigned committee at Lancaster, Pa.: Jacob G. Goodman, William T. Wylie, Isaac Swope. Yours, etc. Isaac Swope.

Lancaster, Pa., October 18, 1888.

Under the simplified drill of the German army the battalions will in future learn but three formations, the double column, the deep column (four companies following each other in company columns), and the broad column. The company column is the basis of all formations and movements in war.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Ada Rehan is mentioned by M. Vitu, of the Paris *Figaro*, as a person "whose stature and rare beauty are those of a Scandinavian divinity."

The Hon. James Morrow, of Fairmont, wanted to be Governor of West Virginia. Failure to receive the nomination drove him into an insane asylum, and there is little hope of his restoration.

George C. Harwood, an incurable lunatic in Longview Asylum, Cincinnati, has just been awarded a pension of seventy-two dollars a month and back pay amounting to twelve thousand dollars. He has no relatives.

Old Emperor William as Jupiter, Emperor Frederick as Mars, Empress Augusta as Juno, and Empress Victoria as Minerva are four statues of sand-stone which have just been placed in niches above the grand entrance to the Royal Schloss in Berlin.

Chicago is the home of the sons of Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, James G. Blaine, and several others of national reputation. Since May 1st last, two sons of the late William M. Tweed, of New York city, have been in business there. They occupy apartments in La Salle Street office building, and conduct a real-estate and rentin agency.

Prince Bismarck keeps a guard of four soldiers in a small conservatory in the garden of his official residence at Berlin. "After Blind's attempt on my life," he says, "the emperor insisted that I should have a body guard. But I sometimes forget these good fellows, and once, at Versailles, seeing one of them appear suddenly before me in a corner of my garden, I drew my revolver, thinking he meant mischief."

The fortune of Russell Sage is estimated at sixty millions of dollars. The old financier is over seventy years of age, married, and childless. He is in splendid health, and does not look his years. Although he has no children, Mr. Sage has a large number of nieces and nephews, to whom he is generous with his money, though he spends very little on himself. It is said that ten thousand dollars a year will easily cover his living expenses.

Mrs. Mary E. Tyler, the original Mary of "Mary Had a Little Lamb," is living at Sommerville, Mass., aged eighty-two. The scene of the incident was in the school-house at Sterling, near Worcester, Mass. The lamb was a foundling, and is said to have figured in the little serio-comic drama as alleged in the poem. It hid under Mary's seat, but, coming out, suffered expulsion, an act recorded in those moving words, "And so the teacher turned it out." The author of the poem was John Boulstone. Two verses to the original three of the poem were added by a Mrs. Townsend.

The report of the forthcoming marriage of General Boulanger's youngest daughter with his ex-aide-de-camp must be taken with a very good sprinkling of salt—the general and his former subaltern not being on the best of terms, politically speaking. Mlle. Boulanger, who has now attained her sixteenth year, is pretty and distingué. She has received a good education and is very pleasing in manner. She has been acting for some time as assistant secretary to her father, many of the letters addressed to whom she answers in a style peculiarly charming, and with a calligraphy even more charming still.

Lars Peter Hansen, a street-laborer of Minneapolis, is facing a horrible future. Some time ago he received a fracture of the skull, and the gristle that is forming about the cracked edges of the bone is pressing upon the brain itself, and, according to all authorities, will soon make the man insane; and, worse, he knows it—knows that in a few weeks he will be a raving maniac—and yet he can talk calmly and rationally of the approaching fate that is worse than death. His last days of sanity are spent in the effort to get the city to make provision for his family when he shall no longer be able to care for them.

Professor Butler, of the Wisconsin State University, is a great believer in out-door exercise, though his flesh is not always as willing as his spirit. One day recently, as he was trying to walk around Lake Mendota, his legs began to swell, and so he stopped not far from the insane hospital, and, sitting on the ground, stuck his feet up on a rail-fence to reduce the swelling. While in this awkward posture two men drove up in a wagon and, after a whispered consultation, jumped out, pounced upon the professor, handcuffed him, bundled him into the wagon, and, in spite of his indignant protestations, carried him to the hospital, thinking he was an escaped patient.

A letter from Berlin gives notice that there is a possibility of the young German Kaiser taking a trip to America after the close of his journeying in Europe. Since he has reached the throne he has visited Austria, Denmark, Russia, and Italy. He is kept out of France by the unfriendly relations of the French and German Governments, and out of England by dislike of his grandmother, Queen Victoria; but there is no obstacle in the way of extending his travels to the United States. He can come over in one of his own war-ships or in a steamer of the German line. We once received a visit from the Prince of Wales, whom he dislikes, and Louis Philippe, the heir to the French crown, enjoyed life in New Jersey before he reached the throne. The Emperor of Brazil once honored us by his presence, and so did King Kalakaua, the monarch of the Sandwich Islands. But we never have had a German emperor among us. A trip to the United States would be instructive to the young man known to the world as William the Second.

One of the few persons who saw Marshal Bazaine in his latter days describes, in a letter to the *Figaro*, his last end, which was certainly pathetic enough, in all conscience. He married a young and pretty Mexican before his downfall, and she assisted him with great devotion in making his escape from the fortress in which he was confined, and they settled in Madrid. At that time they apparently had some money, and she for a while dressed well, went into society, and they entertained. But as the years went by, their resources began to fail. They moved from one lodging to another, each time to a cheaper one, and saw fewer and fewer people. Finally his wife left him for good, and returned to Mexico, taking one of their two children with her, and the poor old fellow moved into a mere half-furnished garret, without other attendant than his son, a non-commissioned officer in the Spanish Army, on whose scanty pay he lived. One of the strange sights of Madrid during the past year was the ex-marshal tottering to the market in the morning, and bringing home under his arm the brown-paper parcel containing the meat and vegetables for his dinner. He died, finally, quite alone in his garret, and was carried to the grave in a cheap coffin, followed only by his son and half-a-dozen other persons. The myth of Belisarius and his obolus is hardly so striking an illustration of the vanity of human greatness as this.

Daniel Thwaites, who died a fortnight ago in his seventy-first year, was one of the richest men in England. He owned more than a quarter of the public houses of Blackburn, the most beery town in all England, and realized a fortune of nearly three million pounds sterling by supplying them with the potent liquor which he brewed. Mr. Thwaites sat as Conservative member for his native town from 1875 till 1880, when he was defeated by Mr. Briggs, and finally retired from political life. His yearly income from the Blackburn Brewery alone amounted to ninety thousand pounds sterling, and he purchased one after another the properties known as Woodfield Park and Billings Scar, near his native town, Freeby, in the neighborhood of Melton Mowbray, a moor in Perthshire, and a house with beautiful gardens in the Addison Road, adjoining Holland Park. He was a man of sound common sense, an outspoken but not brilliant speaker, and as an art patron and the possessor of some of the finest pictures in England was an honored guest at most Academy dinners, and an assiduous frequenter of Christie's. In addition to the *chefs-d'œuvre* of all the best-known modern artists, he collected a unique series of "Sir Joshuas," including Lord Dudley's "Penelope Boothby" and Lord Carlingford's "Sisters Fortescue," for which he gave nine thousand guineas. His only daughter, Alma, inherits the whole of his vast wealth. She was married at the end of the season to Mr. Robert Armstrong Yerburgh, who graduated in politics as the private secretary to the Tory Whip, captured Chester from the Liberals, and is generally admitted to be one of the most popular, and certainly one of the luckiest, members of the existing Parliament.

VANITY FAIR.

There is an odd little story, anent the beautiful Mme. Hading, which is very likely untrue, but is queer and fantastic enough to deserve repetition whether one accepts it or not. Her eyes are very remarkable; not only of the clearest and purest brown, like that of mountain brooks, or the eyes of Gwendolen Harleth—which George Eliot described as resembling "wave-washed onyx"—but they are veiled with a thick fringe of black and silky lashes, and are most unusually, extraordinarily long. It is the most noticeable thing in her face, and when she turns her eyes upon a man he begins at once to recall all he has ever read concerning the eyes of Odalisques and long-eyed Circassians, whom the Oriental poets are never done with praising. The story is, that Mme. Hading owes this marvelous length of eye to artificial means used by her parents in her childhood. It is said that it is a common practice among the Turks, who hold long eyes in such exalted esteem, to lengthen, by cutting the corners, the eyes of girls who are being raised for the harem. This is done very early, at the age of two or three years, and the outer corner is deftly slit with a lancet, about the twelfth part of an inch. While the wound is healing the lids are drawn outward every day, and when it is quite cured the eye is still submitted to this drawing process every day for a long time, with the eventual result that it becomes ideally long and narrow, and fulfills the ideal of the "unspeakable Turk" when he is in search of a new favorite. It is said that Laura Schirmer, who was recently reported to have been poisoned in the palace of the sultan, first obtained his favor through the unusual length and beauty of her eyes. The story about Mme. Hading goes on to say that her father had been in Turkey and had seen this practice, and determined to try it on his little girl, who was then a pretty baby of three years, with bright brown eyes and a mop of golden curls, and already taking part in pieces requiring babies. Whether the story is true or not, one thing is certain, which is that the actress from the Gymnase has the most beautiful and remarkable eyes of any woman on the stage.

In the etiquette of the parlor or the ball-room (according to the Long Branch correspondent of the Chicago *Inter Ocean*), it is quite the fashion to wear shoe-laces that will not stay tied, in which emergency it is not only proper but chic to say: "George, please tie my shoe," or "Mr. Hauteur, won't you tie my laces again, and knot them this time, please?" Of course he is delighted as he climbs down on the carpet a knee at a time, and makes a little bow-knot warranted to hold just five minutes.

Fleshy women are dress-makers' terrors. Nearly all fashions are devised with slender women in view, and when applied to fat women, with due discrimination, makes of them nightmares. One can drape a thin woman to give her the curves and dimpled lines of a developed form. But rare is the woman who can overcome the ponderosity of flesh. With the broad-busked corsets and sixteen-boned waists, the same bodice which the slender woman wears, strained till it fits like eelskin, is buttoned over the fat woman and makes her look fatter than she is. Not one woman of two hundred pounds in four dozen knows how to bring out the dignity which is possible to such a figure. A fat woman in the usual plain, long-habit bodice is always less well clothed than she ought to be; sometimes, if she draws her corset-lacings too tight, she is an object which, in plain English, is disgusting. Half the troubles of flesh arise from treating it in a way diametrically opposite to the right one. The fleshy woman, when she observes that her waist measure is growing larger, sets her foot down commonly as resolutely as she may against such an undesirable progression. She buys the stiffest stays, warranted "unbreakable," in the market, and when the modiste fits her, two attendants lay their hands on the rebellious flesh and push and squeeze it together until it makes great protuberances above and below, and a groaning, squeaking, machine-confined area between. Now the fat woman makes a mistake when she discloses to a non-sympathetic world just how stout she has become. That is a little matter which is her own secret, and one which she should guard sedulously. The woman of perfect form is the only one who can afford, for esthetic reasons, to display her figure in the close-fitting polonaise or basque. The woman whose figure is too full should treat it exactly as does she whose slenderness is too fragile—disguise it with long, rather loose, lines. To come to details, the stout woman should shun the short waist, or Josephine bodice, as she would the plague. She should never yield to the seductions of a belt or girdle. She should never wear a basque or any garment that makes a break at the waist all the way round. The gown which gives her repose, dignity, and almost grace, is the gown which gives you her figure at one sweep, adding to her apparent height and taking the eye off her girth, making the proportions better. She wants the longest lines she can get and the most graceful curves. She should avoid anything that breaks up her attire into parts, leading the eye to study her in detail. She wants to be an imposing whole, with a presence as attractive in its way as that of the smaller woman. The tea-gown is the first gown in years which showed her her opportunity. The tea-gown itself does not suit her, but it very generally built on the model of a loose-fronted princess robe, and some modification of the princess gown is the stout woman's fit attire.

The *Haberdasher* says: The flannel-shirt has come to stay. This season has settled that fact beyond question. Never before have there been so many goods sold by the manufacturer to the retailer; never before has the retailer sold out so thoroughly; never before have the public bought flannels so readily, so expensively, or used them for such a variety of purposes. Their comfort, convenience, and fitness as hot-weather garments have become so fairly fixed that to question it is idle. A year ago some thought that the demand for flannel-shirts was a temporary thing. There is no such belief this year, and manufacturers are making purchases of flannels for next season which indicate an entire freedom from timidity. The apparently high cost of flannel-shirts, as it appears to the consumer, is easily explained away. It does seem somewhat expensive to the man who pays the bills to pay from three to four dollars for a shirt which bad washing causes to shrink out of use in one season. "Well," says the dealer, "you actually save money on your flannel-shirts. Suppose you do pay twice as much for a flannel as for a white shirt, and that the former lasts only half as long. To begin with, you only require one-third as many flannels as white, so that your investment is not as much, even if you wear the flannel only one season, and during that season you will save about fifty cents a week on your laundry bill, so that you will actually make money. But there is no reason why your flannel-shirts need last only one season. It is only a question of washing them properly, and they will last as long as you want to wear them." This feature of washing so as not to shrink flannels is an important one. Some laundries have learned how to do it, and guarantee not to shrink flannels. To aid in making the knowledge general, some manufacturers have printed instructions accompanying each garment; and those who do not send out such instructions should do it.

The Americans who have been in England this season say that bird-hunting has become very popular with the fair sex over there, and English gun-makers report that they have had numerous orders from ladies from "the States" for fine guns. These have been ordered principally by American women who were to be guests at Highland country-houses where shooting was the business of the day, where the men left for the moors immediately after breakfast and did not return until night, and where the women learned they must either resign themselves to the absolute lack of male companionship or else make up their minds to join in the masculine amusements. The result was the concoction of very fetching gowns, with charming suggestions of venery, and the ordering of light, handsomely finished guns for their own use. These dresses are made by a tailor, and are of checked tweed or one of those Scotch-heather mixtures, with little flecks of warm color, and which stand the roughest sort of wear. They are made to reach only to the shoe-tops and have no reeds, trusting to a bit of sash drapery behind for the bouffant effect. The waist is either a belted Norfolk jacket or else an easy-fitting coat, buttoned with one button over a waistcoat. The hat is either a "fore-and-aft" made of the same material as the dress, or a high-stiff felt walking-hat, with a band of ribbon and a black cock's feather. Heavy-soled, laced boots and leggings of soft-dressed leather, buckled up to the knee, clothe the feet, and the wearer is then ready for real work on the moors and in the stubble-field. Having brought these costumes home with them, the owners have felt the absolute necessity of displaying them, and the consequence is that at Tuxedo, the Country Club, and various other autumn resorts, there has been, for the first time, an attempt to make bird-shooting a fashionable amusement for women. The "fox-hunting set" has taken it up with a good deal of vigor, and there is danger that the fair sportswomen will exterminate the quail unless their zeal is checked.

Two of the maxims laid down by Brummel, who gave his name to the bow-knot, which should therefore be spelled "beau," were that simplicity was the soul of elegance and the odor of clean linen the only perfumery of a gentleman. There is little change from year to year in the fashions of men's dress. With some imperceptible alterations the dress-suit of to-day is the same as that of forty years ago, and it will probably be the same forty years hence. The only change in the frock-coat since the time of Prince Albert has been in reducing the size of the collar. Waistcoats change occasionally in the size and shape of the neck opening, and once every six or seven years there is a revolution in trousers. Of course, the proper shape of a boot can not change. An occasional variation is seen in hats. Indeed, so little change is there in the cut or shape of men's clothes that the exact dimensions of every garment for an army or navy officer are unalterably fixed by the rules of the service, and yet nobody ever charges them with being out of style. The same is true of colors. The pleasing shades were all discovered long ago. But if the public will not adopt new customs the flippant newspaper writers will make them "out of their own heads."

Ever since last fall, when Isabella of Spain gave her jeweler an order for a pair of magnificent garters, the buckles of which were gold, set with precious stones, jewelers all over the civilized world have gone on making new and original designs in clasps and buckles, until now the most capricious tastes can be gratified. The result has been that more jeweled garters have been sold within the past year than in any ten preceding years, and, whereas formerly thay were purchased only by women of doubtful character, they are now sold openly to the most respectable persons of both sexes. This result was not accomplished in a moment, but has been gradual. The jewelers say that, at first, misses and young gallants were very timid when they asked to see the designs in garters. Enough maidenly blushes were lost over the trays of glittering buckles to make happy a generation of men. Questions were put in stammering voices, and the clerks were made to feel very uncomfortable. Now, however, the barter in garters is carried on without the slightest hesitancy, and the modest young man takes his bride with him when he thinks of making a purchase. They discuss the buckles and the jewels without any thought of impropriety. A great many women do their own purchasing, and also buy them as gifts for friends of their own sex. It would take a book to enter into the detailed descriptions of the new designs warranted by the skill and taste shown in their manufacture. The popular demand has tended to reduce the price, so that a pair of handsome garters may now be purchased for seven or eight dollars, whereas formerly they were made only in the more costly materials. Among the new designs in buckles which sell at moderate prices is a very handsome one of oxydized silver, hand-painted. On a round silver disc, concave in shape, three pansies in delicate yellows, reds, and purples are painted. The buckle with the scalloped edges that accompanies the one just described is even handsomer. There is artistic workmanship in the engraving, and the pansies are more natural than in the other design. The motto, "*à moi*," is in raised letters. On a plain-ribbed, black silk ribbon, as the reporter saw it, it looks chaste and beautiful enough for the most fastidious. There was a scene at the garter-counter in the Gorham Manufacturing Company's store a week ago that rather startled Mr. Midlen. It was late in the afternoon, and the store was crowded with shoppers. A handsome woman of middle age stepped up to Mr. Midlen and said: "If I leave the buckle of my garter to be fixed now, when will it be finished?" "You can have it to-morrow morning, madam," Mr. Midlen replied. Before Mr. Midlen could realize what the woman was about she had taken the garter from her leg and had laid it on the show-case. It was done so quickly that he caught only a glimpse of a lace-trimmed petticoat and a neatly-turned ankle incased in a black stocking. A few customers looked in an astonished way at the woman, but the rest did not notice her action. "I was a little stunned," Mr. Midlen says, "but she didn't seem to think that there was anything odd about it." The newest and most original design is a plain-looking garter, that has a great advantage over the others, in that it can be put on the leg without drawing it over the foot, as is the case with all the old-style buckles. In fact, there is no buckle to this garter, but only two loops of silver, that are so shaped that they interlock. They do not look like metal at all, which is due to the natural manner in which the satin finish has been put on. The pale-blue silk ribbon is in keeping with the style of the silver loops.

The demand for sentimental mottoes is very great, especially by young men. In one instance, not long ago, a young man gave an order for a pair of buckles to be put on different sized garters. They were very expensive, being studded with costly diamonds. He supplied the design himself. It contained the letters "L" and "E," and, from something he said, the salesman concluded that they stood for "love everlasting." He gave the larger garter to his sweetheart and wore the other on his left arm, near the shoulder. This is really an old custom, a revival of the days of knight-errantry, when the bold gentleman warrior rode over the world combating for the right against all foes, and wearing one of his lady-love's garters on the arm nearest his heart, as a token of her fidelity, and to encourage him in moments of distress. There has been an improvement on this custom, however, and now the lover usually wears one of the garters on his leg as she does. It has been noticed by jewelers that the tendency to look upon the garter as an evidence of fealty has led to many curious freaks among lovers. One is to exchange garters. Sometimes the lover gives his sweetheart a pair in return for a pair from her, and sometimes only one is exchanged. The most original and artistic idea was that of a young artist, who has since been married to the heroine of the romance. He ordered a pair of garters, with a secret locket in each buckle. The outside of the buckle was of rich yellow gold, perfectly plain, with the exception of a monogram in diamonds and sapphires, which included the initials of his name and hers also. In one of the secret lockets he put his photograph, in the other a lock of his hair. At the same time he had a fac-simile of the buckle, although smaller, made for a ring he wore himself. In the secret aperture he put a miniature photograph of his fiancée. The fashion of presenting garters to their affianced husbands seems to be growing among New York young women, according to the jewelers. In nearly all such cases, however, only one garter is given, and that one has been worn by the young woman. A square shaped silver buckle seen by the reporter is a mild example of the motto designs. It is of oxidized silver, with the words *Entre nous* in raised letters of blue enamel. Each word is on a separate line, running diagonally across the surface of the buckle. A buckle that was recently found at Chickering Hall, after a concert largely attended by society people, gives an idea of some of the inscriptions adopted by fond lovers. It was of gold, and had evidently been worn some time. On the top of the buckle was carved: "Punkie, from Harry." At Tiffany's they tell of a strong-minded young woman and a waggish lover. The latter procured the services of Tiffany's designers in a deep-dyed scheme. The young woman affected a disdain for all those little weaknesses that characterize most of her sex, such as a fear of bugs and mice, and an inclination to suspect thieves under the bed. Under the directions of the lover, the house made a pair of garter buckles, each of which bore a mouse rampant on a field of small bugs. The latter were really beautiful, with jeweled wings and eyes. The mouse, which was, of course, very small, was made of slate-colored enamel, with ruby eyes. Altogether, the buckle was very handsome, although not quite the thing that a young woman might select for the purpose. The lover said that he did not dare to present the garters himself, but had induced a sister to do it. The result is not known.

A Turkish police court in Constantinople has been investigating the cause of the death of a young and beautiful Circassian slave, found floating in the Bosphorus, with her hands and feet firmly bound with thongs. The court had the body identified as that of a girl who belonged to a wealthy Turk. Then it rendered the decision that the deceased came to her death by drowning, she having cast herself into the sea with the purpose of taking her own life. The firmness of this purpose was shown by the solidity with which she had bound her own hands and feet before throwing herself into the water.

A French gentleman, after a grouse drive in Scotland, being asked by his host what he had killed, replied: "Of the grouse, none; they are too difficult; but of the *moutons sauvages* I have seven over the hill!"

AMERICANS IN LONDON.

"Cockaigne" discusses their Peculiarities and their Haunts.

I do not think I ever remember London so dull and uninteresting as it is just now. There is literally and positively nothing going on. Every one is away somewhere or other. The Prince of Wales is having a jolly good time (trust him for that) feasting, and banqueting, and parading through Austria, and traveling about among the German-tongued potentates. Until Parliament meets town will remain empty. Of course, when I say that nothing is going on I do not mean to include the theatres. They are always going on. I was going to remark that they were like "the brook," but remembered I had heard the simile before. However, from a social point of view theatres do not count. "Society" pays little or no heed to them, and they pay little or no heed to "society." The fact is, society has not time, and the threatres know it. Therefore is it that you see, as at the present moment, a grand spectacular play, costing thousands of pounds in its preparation, is produced at one theatre; and Gilbert and Sullivan's latest comic opera given its first representation at another, when—in society language—town is empty. If town being full made any perceptible difference to the box-office receipts, do not you suppose Augustus Harris would have selected June instead of September to bring out "The Armada" at Drury Lane, and Mr. D'Oyly Carte (otherwise Mr. Carty Doyle) would have either hurried forward for last season or kept back for next "The Yeoman of the Guard" at the Savoy? Of course they would. But it only proves what I say. Theatres do not depend on "society" in London for success, nor do plays. If they did, I am afraid there would not be many play-houses left open at the end of the year, or many playwrights who had not emigrated to Australia or the Feejee Islands, or taken to breaking stones on the queen's highway for a living.

I have said that society has not time to go to the theatres, and I believe it is true enough. Certainly no one in the real "swim" of society from May to August (I do not allude to people hanging on to the edges) has a moment to spare for a theatre. The Prince of Wales and other "royalties" go from time to time and occupy a box. But quite apart from the fact that such people may frequently not pay for their tickets, and are, therefore, not a very profitable audience in that respect, it does not mean that society does the same. The Prince of Wales does a good many things that society does not do, and a fortunate thing for society is it that it is so. The other royalties also, princes and princesses, find it no doubt popular, as well as in many cases amusing, for them to go to the London theatres. Princes and princesses find it necessary to be popular like other people; or, indeed, unlike other people who live on their own independent fortune and means and require to curry favor with no public sentiment.

But people who are not princes and princesses do not seem to be able to do the theatre much good by their attendance. What with drives in the Park, and saunterings in the Row up to close upon eight o'clock, and then dinner-parties after that, there is not a minute to spare to devote to the drama, did any one really care to do so. It is as much as one can do to get to an opera now and then, or a concert, without thinking of a theatre. "Fashionable" concerts in London, during the season, begin at ten o'clock, that is, if they want any one to go to them. By that time the theatre is more than half over. "So is the opera," you will say. To which I reply: "True; but who minds entering in the middle of an opera? It is rather a 'swag' thing to do." It does not really matter what you miss, there is sure to be something left worth hearing. You are supposed to know all the operas from "Sonnambula" to "Gazza Ladra," from "L'Africaine" to "Lohengrin," from "Trovatore" to "Rigoletto," by heart almost. You do not go to hear or see what they are like, as you do with a play. You go chiefly to be fashionable, or to see those who are. But for the name of the thing, it would not in the least signify if some street-ballad singer were on the stage instead of Patti or Albani. The idea of going to hear Patti or Albani sing *through* an opera! Everybody has heard them years ago, and goes to hear them now, as they will continue to go while these ladies grace the operatic stage by their presence upon it. There is nothing novel in Patti or Albani to London "society." Their voices are very familiar. If a man gets to the opera in time to hear a single *morceau* out of any opera sung, he should feel satisfied. He has, doubtless, heard it sung dozens of times by the same voice, but that is of little consequence. He can beat time with his finger, nod his head, shut one eye, look a delighted connoisseur, and shout "Bravo!" till he is hoarse, ten times in three months, as well as he can once at the same piece of music. It is the correct thing to do. It may be that he does not know "Sweet Violets" from the flower song in "Faust," or the duet for baritones in "Puritani" from the "Boulanger March." But it does not matter. He must "assume a virtue," etc., there as everywhere else—in society. To go to the opera in anything like good time requires—that abomination of all earthly hinderances to "style"—an early dinner. And not only an early dinner, but driving through the public, busy streets in evening-dress in broad daylight. Fashionable people may be willing to go through these penances for the opera, but not likely for the theatre.

It is a lucky thing for the drama that London is not all built in the West End, and that there are a few people who live in the second-class quarters. There is never, therefore, a dearth of "theatricals" to talk about for those who care to talk about them. I could fill up a letter at any time with descriptions of plays, actors, actresses, scenic effects, etc. But anybody can do that, and if one can judge by the London correspondence of many American papers, a good many do. There is material enough in London's thirty odd theatres to fill a letter for every day in the week from one year's end to the other. But theatrical letters, or those which deal mainly with descriptions of new plays, and débuts, and "first nights," are, I take it, boring reading for all except the members of the "profession" and those who depend upon them. For the ordinary unstage-struck reader there is such a sameness about theatrical letters, a monotony of description, a weary similarity of criticism, a tiresome iteration of stock expressions, a threadbare common-place style, which, if it endeavors to become original, grows gushing and vulgar. Read one and you read all. Change the names of the play and characters and the date, and one would do for every occasion. The type once set up could be safely turned into stereotyped plates and labeled "The Theatrical Letter." I think I can pretty fairly give a safe average guess at the social position, and advantages, and companionship of a London correspondent who "goes in" for theatrical letters.

The emptiness of London applies a good deal to Americans. Thousands of those who flocked to the metropolis this summer, and were to be met and seen everywhere, have gone home, filling steamer after steamer from both Liverpool and Southampton with crowds of saloon passengers. Yet for all that there can safely be said to be a few left still on this side. In many respects the "silly" season is quite as attractive to Americans as is the fashionable. Perhaps, indeed, more so. You may not see so much "anglomania" but more "American" about the specimens of the great republic you encounter; and if you do not find them hanging about the United States Legation in Lowndes Square, or attending the queen's drawing-rooms, and the Prince of Wales's garden parties, you will chance upon them in the National Gallery, the British Museum, the Houses of Parliament, and the Tower. An American friend once said to me:

"Here's a wrinkle for you. If ever you want to find an American in London in a hurry, you just hunt him up either at the American Exchange, the American bar of the Criterion, or in the Burlington Arcade. You're sure to strike him at one place or the other."

I did not pay much heed to the tip at the time, but a few days ago I had occasion to test its value, in search of an American gentleman who had been given a letter of introduction to me from a mutual friend in New York. Fortunately my friend wrote to me by post as well, or I should never have known anything about the introduction.

"You will find Colonel Price," the letter said, "a very nice, well-educated, cultured, and elegant gentleman. If he doesn't present my letter within a reasonable time—say a week—perhaps you had better look him up, as he is somewhat shy and awkward with strangers. So that you may be able to recognize him, I will remark that he is tall and thin, with a full beard, and generally wears a 'derby' hat."

Such was the description with which I was to sally forth into the world of London in search of an unknown friend. Had it been the season the 'derby' hat would have done wonders, for then everybody indulges in a "stove-pipe," so that a man without one could have been easily spotted. But now when top-hats are gone abroad, or have been put away in hat-boxes and labeled "for Sundays only," the "pots" abound to such a degree that a man in a "derby" is like a needle in a haystack. The fact that the gentleman was "somewhat shy and awkward with strangers" was also not encouraging. I therefore hoped he would throw off his reserve for once and call upon me without delay. I kept a steady watch on the *American Register*, a newspaper published in London, which let me here recommend all Americans either at home or abroad to subscribe to if they want to keep "posted" about their countrymen in Europe. It is invaluable to travelers. I had almost given up in disgust, when, one Saturday morning, I saw the arrival at Liverpool, among the passengers of the *Britannic*, of Colonel Price. I gave him twenty-four hours to get to London, and then waited a week. He never came. So out I went to every hotel from the Langham to the Metropole, but he was at none of them. I sat down and reflected, the result of my cogitations being that I determined to try the three places before mentioned, and if they did not "pan out," to throw up the sponge.

I first went to the American Exchange. The room was full of men. It was a bright sunny day out of doors, yet here were a lot of men who presumably had come to England to see something of London, sitting about in every conceivable attitude, idling and loafing away the day talking to each other about—America; the present political campaign and approaching Presidential election engrossing almost their entire conversation. "Cleveland, Harrison, tariff, free trade, and protection," sounded on all sides, with now and then a remark about the tardy arrival at Queenstown of an overdue White Star liner from New York. As I stood waiting for the clerk to tell me the address of Colonel Price, which I hoped would result in his saying "There he is," I could not help being an attentive listener.

"Expect any of your folks on the *Germanic*, colonel?" asked one man, who held an unlit cigar in the corner of his mouth.

I looked round quickly at the sound of the title. Alas! the man addressed wore only a red mustache.

"Yes; the madam."

"The idea of letting your wife come on a superannuated tub like the old *Germanic!*" exclaimed another man from the other side of the room; "why, people are born and grow up on board while she's crawling over from New York."

From the pucker about his mouth he appeared on the point of breaking into a loud laugh at his wit, when loud cries of "Chestnut! chestnut!" assailed him from a dozen different quarters.

"What are you giving us?" asked the joker; "chestnut? Not much. That's not my style. Chestnut yourself."

"Why, yes, it is," said a small man, with long hair and a sandy goatee, who looked up from a letter he was writing; "it's decrepit with age. Why, it's Labouchère's old joke about how he traveled up to London from Southampton, and, on arriving at the depot in London, gave the official a half-ticket. When the official expostulated and refused to accept the ticket, Labouchère said: 'I was under age when this here train started from Southampton.' Why, it's as old as George Washington's nurse."

"Blamed if I ever heard it before."

"Too thin."

"I reckon the colonel don't object to the delay," said a f young man, with a big diamond ring, giving a knowing wi to every one whose eye he could catch; "eh, colonel?"

"Not if the court knows herself," replied the colonel, dri whereat there was a general and deafening roar.

"I haven't laughed so much since I broke my arm," shout the fat young man.

"Harrison'll carry California and all the Pacific States," r marked an elderly gentleman with an iron-gray mustache, co tinuing a conversation as soon as the laugh subsided; "I w talking to——"

"Not much, he wont," interrupted the fat young ma "Cleveland'll sweep the entire West from the Missouri, ar don't you forget it."

"Colonel Price, did you say?" asked the clerk, glibly "Colonel Price—Colonel Price—no, sir. Not on the registe Don't know him," and he turned away to attend to a custome who wanted his letters forwarded after him to Paris.

In ten minutes I was in the American bar at the Cri. The were ten or a dozen men standing at the bar-counter, in tw and threes. Two gentlemen stood conversing in a friendl tone with the white-jacketed "bar-keep," while he mixed couple of whisky-toddies. I took a seat at one of the littl round tables, and ordered a glass of "Pilsener," while I looke hopefully at the men in sight. Six were tall and thin, a many more had full beards, and all but four wore "derby hats. I had barely completed my investigation when a voic behind me said, as a man took a seat at my table:

"Looking for any one, mister?"

I did not reply for a moment. He was a middle-sized man with a bloated, pale face, which gave undue prominence an effect to a shiny red nose. He was well-dressed, except tha his coat needed brushing, especially about the neck and shoul ders, and there were two or three untidy splotches on the lapel His hand shook and his breath was the concentrated spirit o "spirits."

"Suppose I am," I asked, annoyed at the intrusion of so un savory a person; "what then?"

"Needn't get up a mad about it," he answered; "I thought that may be I could help you to find him—tell you where he was, eh? What'll you take? Say, waiter!"

"I must beg to be excused," said I, getting up quickly and leaving my beer only half-drunk. I walked over to the bar in response to a happy thought. The gentlemen there made way for me most politely, and the bar-keeper got a tumbler and stood ready with his hand resting on its inverted bottom.

"Scotch whisky," said I.

"It beats me how these fellows here can drink any liquor but Bourbon," grunted an immediate neighbor with a crooked walking-stick hanging to his arm; "now, I don't mind a 'hot Scotch' or——"

"Do you by any chance know an American gentleman named Colonel Price?" I asked the bar-keeper as I picked up my change, and he carefully wiped the top of the bar.

"No, I don't," said the man; "the name is unfamiliar to me."

"I'm very anxious to find him, and I made sure I should see him here."

"Why don't you ask the doctor?" suggested the man with the crooked stick; "he knows everybody."

"If he aint too full," added the man he was drinking with.

"The doctor?" said I; "what doctor? where?"

"Why, the gentleman you were just talking to at that table."

"It isn't possible that that man is a physician?" I asked.

"Physician? No. We only call him doc for fun. He's lived in London for years, and makes a fad of keeping the run of every American who comes over. That's all he does."

"How does he live?" I asked; "he doesn't look like a man of private fortune."

"That? Why don't you know who that is? That's the owner of the Shrieking Eagle mine out in Idaho. He refused four millions for it offered him by an English syndicate. He's got an income of a hundred thousand dollars a month. I guess you'd better ask him," said the man with a grin.

I looked inquiringly at the bar-keeper, who had been shaking up a brandy-smash while he listened. He nodded his head.

"No foolishness," he said; "it's all true. The doc's got cords of coin."

I turned to take another look at "the doctor." He had vanished.

"You'll find him here to-morrow about this time," said the bar-keeper; "he comes here every day."

It was getting late, but I thought I would have a try at the Burlington Arcade. I might have saved myself the trouble. There was not "a tall thin man with a full beard and a 'derby' hat" to be seen from one end of the place to the other.

"It only shows," said I to myself, as I got into a cab and drove home, "what rubbish it is to depend on what people say. I shall never go to the American Exchange, the American bar, or the Burlington Arcade to look for a missing American again. I shall consult the 'doctor.'"

But I was wrong. When I reached home I found a letter from my friend in New York, come by the afternoon post.

"I only write a line," he said, "to tell you not to trouble yourself about Colonel Price. After taking his passage by the *Britannic*, he changed his mind the morning she sailed and didn't go. He has postponed his trip to Europe indefinitely."

"That is why I didn't find him at the American Exchange, the American bar, or the Burlington Arcade," said I; "I'm glad to know the reason, but I wish this letter had arrived two hours earlier."

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, October 5, 1888.

The Russian Government has granted an annual subsidy of one hundred and eleven thousand roubles to a private firm who contract to run a line of steamers between the Russian Pacific ports and Corea, Japan, and China, the vessels in time of war to be at the disposal of the government.

ILLICIT GEMS.

Some Curiosities of the South African Traffic in Stolen Diamonds.

Dr. Matthews, an English practitioner who spent many years in the diamond-fields of South Africa, has just published in England a book on the subject. An interesting part of his book is that which deals with the development of the great diamond-digging industry, and the schemes and artifices of that rascally fraternity, the I. D. B., or illicit diamond-buyers. There is a saying that five years in South Africa is sufficient to corrupt the most immaculate, and that a man who has lived there for seven should not be believed upon his oath. Dr. Matthews's revelations certainly give color to the saying. According to his account, the larger part of the community of Kimberley is mixed up in this nefarious traffic. The temptation of obtaining diamonds at a fraction of their value seems to be altogether too much for poor human nature, and is indulged even by persons in official positions, and, to all appearance, of the solemnest respectability. Legislative enactments of the most stringent severity have again and again proved powerless to check the evil, and even when the delinquent has been caught and sentenced, he has, it seems, more than once been set free to resume his career of fraud, by means that will not bear examination. In other words, his profits being large, he has been able to spend some portion of them in buying a reprieve. "There is," says Dr. Matthews, "something terribly revolting about the extent of crime arising out of the I. D. B. calling in all its ramifications. Inducing servants to steal, murder, perjury, receiving stolen goods, white women prostituting themselves to Kafirs for payment in diamonds, little boys, employed by mining companies, taught to steal, and supplied with false pockets in which to conceal the gems, tribes attempted on officers of law, and a thousand other crimes are practiced by people whom the law seldom reaches."

Diamonds, as most people will be aware, are sorted out of diamondiferous stuff by native "hands." Some of these hands are probably in the pay of the fraternity. A fine stone is turned up by one of them when nobody is looking. He seizes it, hides it in his hair, in his mouth, or in some other portion of his person. Or if a goat lie handy he twists it in his wool, and tends the animal affectionately till an opportunity occurs of redeeming the stone. Or perchance he conceals it behind a rock, or forces it down the throat of a dog, or, Homeric device, he swallows it himself. The gem being restored to the light of day from its hiding-place, whatever it may have been—and many a diamond now sparkling on a lady's neck has made acquaintance with the stomach of a Kafir—the dusky thief in due course puts himself in communication with another native of a superior class. This man is a tout in the pay of a low white man—a "mean white," as he is called in the colonies. The tout buys the stone for, let us say, a hundredth part of its value, and the thief spends the money in the vile drink which it is the peculiar pride of civilization to supply to the unsophisticated savage, and, so far as he is concerned, there is an end of the transaction. Then the tout carries the stone to the "mean white" and receives from him a sum of money, perhaps double what he has given to the actual thief. The "mean white," in his turn, takes it to the licensed buyer of diamonds, who is possibly a person of glaring and even aggressive respectability — a church-warden, or member of the municipality, or at the least a merchant of good antecedents—and from him receives, perhaps, a tenth part of the worth of the gem. So far so good; but still there are slips between the cup and the lip, and it is sometimes found difficult to convey the stuff out of the country to the final receiver in London. To this end many artifices are resorted to. Innocent-looking fowling-pieces, on examination, have been found to be loaded with diamonds to within an inch of the muzzle; while such repositories as novels with holes cut in the leaves, the quills of ostrich feathers, and boots with hollow heels are not uncommon. Often the fair sex are found to be useful auxiliaries in these adventures, for there is a peculiar secredness about a lady's underclothing that appeals to the mind of the customs officer. The man would be bold who merely ventured on her back hair. However this may be, by far the greater number of stones so procured arrive safely in Europe. Most people will naturally think that the native rascal who takes the stone is responsible for this state of things, but it is not the case. The native never dreamed of stealing diamonds until he was taught to thieve by the white receiver of stolen goods.

Dr. Matthews tells some interesting tales of the I. D. B. fraternity. In the dead of a certain night, in the year 1872, he was roused from sleep and confronted by a trembling and middle-aged citizen of the fields, who informed him that he had swallowed a thirty-carat diamond and two sovereigns—just to show his friends how the scoundrels did it, and was now anxious to be rid of these foreign substances, which had presumably begun to disagree. Ultimately they were recovered, and the happy citizen departed with the diamond, having the gold in payment. Of course this man had disposed of the diamond under imminent fear of detection; but why he took the two sovereigns it is difficult to say, unless it was to get his hand in. Some people, by the way, appear to be able to swallow very large stones, for so lately as last year, a native dying under suspicious circumstances, his body was opened, and a sixty-carat stone found in his stomach. Here is another tale. A white gentleman lived with a pretty Fingo woman, who also acted as his agent in the "trade." He fell ill of fever, and for weeks lay in a state of delirium, between life and death. She nursed him tenderly through it all, and, what is more, kept up his connection with the "boys"; so that when he came to himself she was enabled to present him with hundreds of carats of fine stones. And now, mark the sequel. No sooner was he strong enough than he departed for Europe, taking every gem and farthing she had collected with him, and leaving the unfortunate girl to starve on the streets. On a certain occasion Dr. Matthews was called in to attend a dying digger, who had once worked a claim for him. These were the words that greeted him, when he told the man that there was no hope: "Doctor, I can not die without telling you how, when I worked your claim in No. 6, I robbed you of nearly all your diamonds."

In the face of stories such as these and a mass of other evidence, it is sometimes difficult not to believe that civilization is a failure, and that the educated Christian man, except under very exceptional circumstances and when restrained by the strictest pressure of law, is a lower animal at heart than the savage he despises and destroys with drink and rifle-bullets.

OLD FAVORITES.

La Grisette.

Ah, Clemence! when I saw thee last
Trip down the Rue de Seine,
And turning, when thy form had passed,
I said, "We meet again"—
I dreamed not in that idle glance
Thy latest image came,
And only left to memory's trance
A shadow and a name.

The few strange words my lips had taught
Thy timid voice to speak,
Their gentler signs, which often brought
Fresh roses to thy cheek,
The trailing of thy long loose hair
Bent o'er my couch of pain,
All, all returned, more sweet, more fair;
Oh, had we met again!

I walked where saint and virgin keep
The vigil lights of Heaven,
I knew that thou hadst woes to weep,
And sins to be forgiven;
I watched where Genevieve was laid,
I knelt by Mary's shrine,
Beside me low, soft voices prayed;
Alas! but where was thine?

And when the morning sun was bright,
When wind and waves were calm,
And flamed, in thousand-tinted light,
The rose of Notre Dame,
I wandered through the haunts of men,
From Boulevard to Quai,
Till, frowning o'er Saint Etienne,
The Pantheon's shadow lay.

In vain, in vain; we meet no more,
Nor dream what fates befall;
And long upon the stranger's shore
My voice on thee may call,
When years have clothed the line in moss
That tells thy name and days,
And withered, on thy simple cross,
The wreaths of Père-la-Chaise!

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Youth and Art.

It once might have been, once only:
We lodged in a street together,
You, a sparrow on the housetop lonely,
I, a lone she-bird of his feather.

Your trade was with sticks and clay,
You thumbed, thrust, patted, and polished,
Then laughed, "They will see some day
Smith made, and Gibson demolished."

My business was song, song, song;
I chirped, cheeped, trilled, and twittered,
"Kate Brown's on the boards ere long,
And Grisi's existence embittered!"

I earned no more by a warble
Than you by a sketch in plaster;
You wanted a piece of marble,
I needed a music-master.

We studied hard in our styles,
Chipped each at a crust like Hindoos,
For air, looked out on the tiles,
For fun, watched each other's windows.

You lounged, like a boy of the South,
Cap and blouse—nay, a bit of beard, too;
Or you got it, rubbing your mouth
With fingers the clay adhered to.

And I—soon managed to find
Weak points in the flower-fence facing,
Was forced to put up a blind
And be safe in my corset-lacing.

No harm! It was not my fault
If you never turned your eyes' tail up
As I shook upon E *in alt.*,
Or ran the chromatic scale up:

For spring bade the sparrows pair,
And the boys and girls gave guesses,
And stalls in our street looked rare
With bulrush and water-cresses.

Why did not you pinch a flower
In a pellet of clay and fling it?
Why did not I put a power
Or thanks in a look, or sing it?

I did look, sharp as a lynx,
(And yet the memory rankles,)
When models arrived, some minx
Tripped up-stairs, she and her ankles.

But I think I gave you as good!
"That foreign fellow—who can know
How she pays, in a playful mood,
For his tuning her that piano?"

Could you say so, and never say,
"Suppose we join hands and fortunes,
And I fetch her, from over the way,
Her piano, and long tunes and short tunes"?

No, no; you would not be rash,
Nor I rasher and something over:
You've to settle yet Gibson's hash,
And Grisi yet lives in clover.

But you meet the Prince at the Board,
I'm queen myself at *bals-paré*,
I've married a rich old lord,
And you're dubbed knight and an R. A.

Each life unfulfilled, you see;
It hangs still, patchy and scrappy:
We have not sighed deep, laughed free,
Starved, feasted, despaired—been happy.

And nobody calls you a dunce,
And people suppose me clever:
This could but have happened once,
And we missed it, lost it forever.

—*Robert Browning.*

BLAKELY HALL SCORED.

A Traveler says He Depends on His Imagination for His Facts.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have several times felt inclined to address you in reference to statements made by your English correspondents in regard to society and society events in England. You will, I am sure, not be annoyed at this letter, for you must have felt that sometimes "Cockaigne's" letters have contained statements that were beyond fair criticism, to say the least. But it is Mr. Blakely Hall to whom I wish now to call attention, and to his letter on "English Women," published in the *Argonaut* of August 27, 1888.

I do not know what class of society Mr. Hall meets with in America, but judging from his letter from England and the associates he claims to have had here, he must have been the leader of the Tar Flat aristocracy.

Witness the following: "I recalled, for an instant, the vivid description which a New Yorker had given an Englishman in my presence, the night before, of the manner in which he had shot seven buffalo from the windows of a train, which was moving at the rate of two miles a minute over the arid plain that stretches between New York and Jersey City, but I succeeded in resisting the inclination to tell my companion (a lady) some things," etc.

Now, if you can conceive the possibility of an English gentleman, or any one here above the rank of a bar-tender or cabman, believing such rubbish, what do you think of an American gentleman who would be guilty of insulting his hearers with it?

But Mr. Blakely Hall positively revels in falsehood. He proceeds to relate how they (his party) went to the Ascot races, gives a purely imaginary account of the entrance to the course and paddock of several parties, including Lord Charles Beresford, and describes the "dreadful disgrace" his friends got into by accidentally knocking down a gate-post. After getting settled on the course, he proceeds:

"We finally succeeded in getting two or three of the ladies to descend to the ground, but they would not join the crowd at the gate, and so we *went over and stared at the Princess of Wales, the prince, and his son, who occupied a big box in the inclosure.*

"The prince is a dumpy-looking little man, and he sat with his arms on his stick, gazing over his puffy cheeks at the multitude. He was quite alone, and evidently wished to remain so; for none of the other howling swells—there were a dozen or more dukes, earls, and marquises scattered around the balcony—approached him. Near his chair stood his oldest son, Prince Albert Victor. He is by no means as tall as his photographs suggest. He has an astoundingly long neck, which is decorated by an exceedingly unpleasant eruption extending up over his cheeks and face. His eyes are heavy and his figure gawky. His younger brother, Prince George, wears a queer little beard, and pulls it with the air of a man who knows he is a prince of the blood royal and is proud of it. Altogether, they were three uninteresting, colorless, and common-looking men. I say this with the full understanding that it is considered rather smart now to say disrespectful and unkind things of princes and such, *but I gazed at the royal party through a field-glass* for a long while, trying to find some points or indications of aristocratic birth, but there was absolutely none, so far as the men were concerned. They were not only unimpressive-looking, but they also seemed unhealthy and ill-natured. The princess, however, was a picture of aristocratic elegance, though it was evident, even at that distance, that she was made up in the most reckless fashion. There were five or six men, including two stalwart and well-formed young guardsmen, hanging around her constantly. The prince stayed only an hour on the balcony. Then he arose and stalked within. The sons stood awkwardly near the door until the mother had passed serenely through, and then wandered through ahead of the others, who stood respectfully by. I observed that the two handsome guardsmen came last; so I presume they are men of the least consequence, so far as titles are concerned, though they were, by far, the best-looking men in the royal group."

Now, here we have a clear description of the Prince of Wales and his wife and family written by an *American gentleman* in the columns of a respectable American newspaper. Passing over the disgraceful insinuations about the Princess of Wales, and the vulgar and indecent remarks about Prince Albert Victor, I come to this gentlemanly sentence: "I gazed at the royal party through a field-glass for a long time." Now, if Mr. Blakely Hall saw them *that day* he must have had one of Sam Weller's magnifying-glasses, or else have been badly hoaxed and a good deal worse taken in than the gentleman was with the buffalo yarn; for the simple and undoubted fact is, that the *Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, and their sons were not at the Ascot races at all*, and consequently all the adventures which Mr. Blakely Hall so graphically describes are impudent fabrications. Owing to the deaths in the German royal family, the Prince and Princess of Wales did not attend Ascot, or any other races, this year.

I do not in the least imagine that you expect nor do your readers demand such balderdash—rubbish more suited to the columns of the *Irish World* or *Town Topics* than a decent newspaper, but I suppose it is almost impossible to get society letters from gentlemen who move in respectable society here or elsewhere. Perhaps Mr. Blakely Hall and "Cockaigne" depend for their livelihood on the sums received for writing such letters, but at the same time I should think it would be much more satisfactory to you to have the truth told in all cases and not to have letters full of lies and bubbling over with the writers' spleen, envy, and disappointment—envy of those who are in high position and move in decent society, and disappointment at not being received with open arms by the aristocracy and gentry without any other introduction than the fact that they are "newspaper men."

"Cockaigne" is frequently very bilious, always spiteful, and occasionally imaginative as regards his "facts," but even in the worst of his vulgar letters he never reached the height of vulgarity and falsehood attained by Mr. Blakely Hall.

When I assert that these men do not move in good society, I do so because their letters prove it. There is not the least appreciable difference between the manners of a well-bred American and a well-bred Englishman—and if your correspondents had received a tithe of the courtesy, attention, and friendship that I have from English people since my arrival here, they would not be so ready to write themselves down as asses. Yours very faithfully, INDIANIAN.

LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND, September 29, 1888.

On the attorney-general's brief for the Parnell trial there is marked a fee for two thousand guineas.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Joseph Pulitzer is said to be making arrangements for the establishment in London of a semi-sensational Sunday newspaper with pictorial features.

Mr. Phillips's novel, "As In a Looking-Glass," has attained to the honors of an *édition de luxe*. More than that, Mr. Du Maurier has made the illustrations for it.

A new edition of the poetical works of Emma Lazarus is preparing at the Riverside Press, and will before long be brought out in two volumes by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Among the forthcoming volumes of verse from American pens are Mr. John Vance Cheney's "Wood Blooms" and Mr. Clinton Scollard's "Old and New World Lyrics." F. A. Stokes & Brother will publish both.

The First National Publishing Company of Boston published this month the first number of their *American Queen*, an ambitious and important literary undertaking. This number comprises seventy-two pages and is illustrated. The work will be issued every month.

Miss Katherine Wormeley, the translator of Balzac, was, during the civil war, an official of the Sanitary Commission on the Potomac. Of her experiences at that time she has made a book which Ticknor will soon publish. It is to be called "The Other Side of the War."

Harper & Brothers have begun the publication of some of Walter Besant's stories in a Library Edition, 12mo., cloth. The first volume, "The World Went very Well Then," was issued on the nineteenth of this month, and will be followed soon by "All Sorts and Conditions of Men."

Among the forthcoming publications in England are: "Bacon, Shakespeare, and the Rosicrucians," by Mr. W. F. C. Wiggton; "Lives of the Alchemystical Philosophers," by Mr. A. E. Waite; "The Magical Writings of Thomas Vaughan"; and the "Key of Solomon, the King," never before printed in English nor in its present form in any other language.

Mrs. Kate Duval Hughes, of Washington, D. C., author of "Little Pearls" and "The Mysterious Castle," is preparing for publication another volume of stories, entitled "Legends and Tales of the Sierras." The first of these will be published under the name of "The King of the Sierras." Mrs. Hughes contemplates making an extended tour of California, the outcome of which will be a series of letters and sketches to Eastern journals.

"B. C. 1887" is the odd title of a volume of travels in British Columbia, by the authors of "Three in Norway," Messrs. Lees and Clutterbreck. It will be freely illustrated from sketches by one of the authors and from photographs taken during their rambles. Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. will publish it in October. "B. C. 1887" is an account of the expedition of two young Englishmen who came to America with a view to settling in the Dominion.

The odd lack of humor in the average Englishman is illustrated by the fact that people actually believed in the "Cornhill" article, in which, by way of a skit on Mr. Donnelly's Bacon theory, Dickens's novels were attributed to Gladstone. Numbers of persons have written to inquire "what foundation there exists for this statement?" When London was first divided into postal districts an example was given of how letters should in future be addressed, to "John Smith, Strand, W. C.," whereupon, as the post-office report informs us, hundreds of people directed their private correspondence to that imaginary gentleman!

An illustrated holiday edition of the Rev. Edward Everett Hale's story, "The Man Without a Country," will be brought out by Roberts Brothers. The popularity of this bit of patriotism never declines, though the intense feeling which reigned when it first appeared has subsided into the quieter sentiment of peace. It is one of the curiosities of magazine history that the MS. of "The Man Without a Country" remained unpublished for many months in the office of the *Atlantic*," though the war spirit was at its highest pitch. When at last the story appeared it aroused an enthusiasm which is even now remembered whenever the name of E. E. Hale is mentioned.

Some audacious reprobate of a writer in the *Saturday Review* thus goes for Howells: "The civilized world is deeply indebted to the genius and insight of Mr. William D. Howells, as displayed from his "Editor's Study" in the current number of *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Howells has made a great discovery, and is as generous in imparting it to his fellow-creatures as were the young wits of Swift's time when they found out that there was no God. Mr. Howells, who is never brutal, indulges himself in the less tremendous announcement that Tennyson is, not to put too fine a point upon it, played out. The stars of Mr. Coates Kinney and Mr. Madison Cawein are in the ascendant. The star of Lord Tennyson sinks beneath a precocious flood of oblivion from Kentucky. Such, at least, is the verdict of Mr. Howells, and from the verdict of Mr. Howells, as from the sentence of Elijah Pogram, there is no appeal. Britishers may wail and knock the breast. But the edict has gone forth, the Hub of the Universe has spoken, and they must submit to their fate with such grace as they can command. Their doom has been long in coming, but it has come at last. 'Perhaps,' as Mr. Howells says in that exquisite prose which is as far above Mr. Ruskin's as Mr. Cawein's verse is above Lord Tennyson's, 'perhaps an interval of suspense in what has long seemed the highest poetry was necessary to the facultation of any new utterance.' It may be so. There are propositions which, for obvious reasons, it is impossible either to affirm or to deny. When Mr. Howells condescends to be intelligible, one is sometimes able to agree with him."

New Publications.

"The Tariff and Its Evils; or, Protection which does not Protect," by John H. Allen, has been published in the Questions of the Day Series, by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.

"Through the Eastern Counties of England in 1722," by Daniel Defoe, and Shakespeare's "King Henry V." are the latest issues of the National Library. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price 10 cents each.

"A Recoiling Vengeance," by Frank Barrett, a lawyer's story in which a will and a tangled love affair provide the complications, has been published in the Town and Country Library by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"The Mediation of Ralph Hardelot," by William Minto, has been completed in serial publication, and is now issued as a single number of Harper's Franklin Square Library. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 30 cents.

"The Poetry of the Future," by James Wood Davidson, is a little book which has for its aim to show that the one essential characteristic of verse in English is rhythm. Mr. Davidson would have us reject stanza, metre, and, in great part, terminal rhyme. Published by John P. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Autrefois: Tales of Old New Orleans and Elsewhere," by James A. Harrison, contains eleven short stories of various kinds, mysterious, pseudo-scientific, love-tales, and character sketches. Published in the Sunshine Series of Choice Fiction by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

The delightful "Essays of Elia" are appropriate volumes in the Knickerbocker Nuggets Series. The dainty style in which this series is printed and bound will make this new edition most welcome to lovers of Charles Lamb. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, 2 vols., $2.00.

"The Prophet and Other Poems," by Isaac R. Baxley, contains some two score poems, written in an impressionist style. "The Manikin," the longest poem, is in the form of dialogues by a witch, a maiden, a blindfold youth, and several imps, elves, and fairies of the wood and wind. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Raymond Kershaw: A Story of Deserved Success," by Maria McIntosh Cox, is a record of a young man's life, from the day he is recalled from college to the little country town to attend his father's funeral until he has made a career for himself. It is intended for young readers, and is pervaded with a strong religious spirit. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.25.

"The Imaginary Conversations of 'His Excellency' and Dan" is a series of humorous and satirical colloquies, chiefly of a political character, by C. W. Taylor, illustrated by F. H. Blair. They were bright enough when first published in the papers; but their lustre grows dim when four-score of them are given the dignity of book-form. Published by Cupples & Hurd, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

The "Sketch of the Germanic Constitution," by Samuel Epes Turner, Ph. D., is an excellent study of governmental growth. The period treated begins with primitive times and continues through the Merovingian, Carlovingian, feudal, reformatory, and disintegrating periods down to the abdication of Francis the Second early in this century. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, $1.00.

"The Gunmaker of Moscow; or, Vladimir the Monk," by Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., was published in the New York *Ledger* in 1856, and has been republished three times in the same paper. It is by far the most popular of this fecund writer's novels, and the demand for it has so grown since his death that it has been republished again in book-form. Published by the American News Company; for sale by the San Francisco News Company; price, 25 cents.

"Miss Lou," the last novel by the late E. P. Roe, narrating the love-affair of a Yankee lieutenant and a Southern girl, whom he meets in war-time in the South, was left incomplete at the writer's death; but a letter is appended in which Mr. Roe says "it only remains for me now to get all my people happy as soon as possible," and briefly explains how he proposes to do so. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Arlo Bates's story of four years ago, "The Pagans," has been republished in Ticknor's Paper Series. It is a story without much plot, but the situations are dramatically constructed and the literary workmanship is graceful and finished, as is all of Mr. Bates's writing. Mr. Bates is a keen observer and can describe most graphically; and that he is a genial rather than a cynical writer makes him none the less interesting to read. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"A Virginia Inheritance," by Edmund Pendleton, which has been appearing serially in one of the Harpers' periodicals, has been republished in book-form. The story deals with the difficulties a New York family meet in obtaining property which has been left to them in the Old Dominion, but which is held by persons who believe that possession is rather more than nine points in the law. The legal complications, however, are not wearisome, and there are several well-drawn characters in the story. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

"A Fortnight of Folly," by Maurice Thompson, is a curious little story. A proprietor of a hotel in the Cumberland Mountains, to open his new summer resort with *éclat*, invites a number of notable people in literature to spend the first summer under his roof, no other guests being allowed. Such a company necessarily has a lively time, discussing each other and their common foe the publisher, and Mr. Thompson has made the most of his opportunity to make fun and to let drive a dart at the foibles of the book world. It may be added that the proprietor is bankrupted in the end. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Last summer, when it became known that Charles Nordhoff had bought land of the International Company in Ensenada, Lower California, he was inundated with letters inquiring about the soil, the climate, the character of his title—as foreigners are not generally allowed to own land in Mexico near the frontier—and a thousand and one other details on this new-found paradise. The answers to these questions, together with a deal of other information, Mr. Nordhoff has collected and printed in a book called "Peninsular California." It is illustrated with reproductions of photographs. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Land beyond the Forest," by E. Gerard, is an interesting book about one of the few corners of Europe that have remained strange in spite of railways and Cook's tourists. The writer, whose husband commanded a cavalry brigade in Transylvania four or five years ago, has had unusually good opportunities to see a curious people in their home-life, and being a close observer and having the faculty of graphic description, she has been able to make of her impressions a book deeply entertaining to the general reader and of value to the specialist. Some of the chapters are reprinted from English magazines, but the majority are new here. The book is fully illustrated with reproductions of old cuts and new photographs. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Some Magazines.

The story in *Lippincott's* for November is "Earthlings," by Grace King. The notable articles are: "Experiences of a Rope-Walker," by J. F. Blondin; "Extracts from the Diary of John R. Thompson," by Elizabeth Stoddard; "Morality in Fiction," by Edgar Saltus; and "Corporate Suretyship," by Lincoln L. Eyre. The second part is given of John Habberton's "Six Days in the Life of a Teacher." There are verses by Frank Dempster Sherman, Charles Washington Coleman, Jr., and Wilson K. Welsh, and the monthly gossip and book-talk are interesting.

The frontispiece of the November *Magazine of Art* is an etching by James D. Smillie of F. A. Bridgman's "A Hot Bargain." The articles are: "John Sell Cotman," by Frederick Wedmore; "Art in the Theatre: Costume Dressing," by Hon. Lewis Wingfield, with illustrations from Miss Mary Anderson's revival of "Romeo and Juliet"; "Art and Handicraft, by Lewis F. Day; "The Late Frank Holl, R. A.," by M. H. Spielman; "The Language of Line: of Relief," by Walter Crane; "Kensington Fifty Years Ago," by Rev. W. J. Loftie; "The Kepplestone Collection," by James Dow; and the Chronicle of Art and American art notes.

The *American Magazine* for October opens with a paper by Lieutenant Walter S. Wilson, on the Seventh Regiment of New York, which introduces a series entitled "America's Crack Regiments." Dr. William F. Hutchinson describes the Orinoco River. "A Summer Drive, with Pen and Pencil, in the Valley of the Connecticut," is by John R. Chapin. Helen Strong Thompson contributes an illustrated paper on the "Sacred Quarry in the Great Red Pipe-stone Country," and Florence A. Davidson has an illustrated paper on "Pioneer District Schools." Miss Tincker's serial, "Two Coronets," is continued, and Mrs. Elia W. Peattie furnishes a short story, entitled "The Sandwich Man." Hamlin Garland continues his reminiscences of "Boy Life on the Prairie." "Beauty in Fiction," is by Alice Wellington Rollins. Mrs. Geo. Edgar Montgomery has an essay on "A Poet of American Life" (Geo. Lansing Raymond). Ways in which "The Surplus" can be utilized are shown by M. W. Hazen. Mr. M. M. Estee has a paper showing the "Effect of Free Trade on Pacific Coast Industries." Mrs. J. Ellen Foster, argues that "Prohibition is not a National Issue," and Mr. Enoch Ensley, of Tennessee, gives "A Southerner's National View of Protection." Dr. William F. Hutchinson contributes his usual Health Advice, and Literature and Book Reviews receive treatment.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An enthusiastic Prohibitionist the other day tackled Bishop Foss, the Methodist church. For an hour he plied him with the stock arguments of his faction, and finally demanded, "Now, bishop, if you s a mad dog in the streets, snapping at everybody in his path, and doo ing them to a horrible death, what would you do? Would you try restrain him and capture him alive? Or would you not rather sh him dead?" "Well," said Dr. Foss, meditatively, but with conclus firmness, "if I had been blazing away at him for thirty years with hitting him, I don't know but what I'd try the other plan!"

A certain Scotch millionaire, seeing the pyramids, cried: "What fule sank his money in *yon?*" *Yon* is charming. A sexton at Kirk tilloch, being intoxicated, fell asleep in a grave. When wakened by bugle of a passing coach, he took it for the last trump, arose, a looking around, said: "Ech, a puir show for Kirkintilloch!" His lo patriotism had expected a more populous assembly on this occasion. Scot, being shown Niagara, was asked if he had ever seen aught beautiful and strange. He replied: "Weel, for bonny, I'll no say; eh, mon, for *queer*, I ance saw a peacock wi' a wooden leg at Peeble

Edward Everett Hale says: "I was brought up to consider Char the First a saint and a martyr, and Oliver Cromwell a fanatic and a m derer, simply because the people who wrote the books which I read child chose to think so, and lived in England. Why, as lately as wh Agassiz first came to this country, he went into a Cambridge printi office, where they were printing a book of natural history. They show him the sheets with some pride, and Agassiz said: 'Yes, I see. American school-book, with pictures of three butterflies, and not one the butterflies was ever in America!' That is the way to bring up cl dren in a colony."

Here are some instances of oddities of expression. A Scotch pul can was complaining of his servant maid. He said that she could ne be found when wanted. "She'll gang oot o' the house," he sa "twenty times for once she'll come in." . . . A countryman went t menagerie to examine the wild beasts. Several gentlemen expressed opinion that the orang-outang was a lower order of the human speci Hodge did not like this idea, and striding up to the gentlemen express his contempt for it in these words: "Pooh! he's no more of the hum species than I be." . . . "Mamma, is that a spoiled child?" asked little boy, on seeing a negro baby for the first time.

It was stipulated in one of the clauses of Mme. Patti's engageme that the letters of her name should, in all printed announcements, one-third larger than the letters of any one else's name, and dur the progress of the Chicago festival Signor Nicolini, armed with w appeared to be a theodolite, and accompanied by a gentleman w seemed to be a great geometrician, looked intently and with a scientific at some wall-posters on which the letters composing Mme. Patti's na seemed to him not quite one-third larger than the letters composing name of Mlle. Nevada. At last, abandoning all idea of scientific me urement, he went up a ladder and estimated the length of the letters a rule of thumb.

In Massachusetts, in 1839, Marcus Morton received one vote m than his competitor, Edward Everett. During Governor Morton's te a branch railroad from Taunton to New Bedford was completed, New Bedford celebrated the event by a grand jubilee. The exerci were to begin at twelve o'clock, and the governor, a Taunton man, of course invited. Twelve o'clock came, but no governor. The wh proceedings were delayed, and the crowd wondered and fretted. Fina just as the clock struck one, the missing official appeared, and Mr. ford, who was then the State attorney, and afterward governor hims immediately arose, and proposed the following sentiment: "Govern Morton, *who always gets in by one!*"

Julius Eichberg told this story to Arlo Bates: "Our teacher of sin ing," said he, "was at one time ill, and for a while I took charge of vocal classes. One day a lady, somewhat advanced in years, came make arrangements for taking private lessons in singing. The resu of my trying her voice were not particularly encouraging, and at the e of the second lesson I felt it my duty to tell her that her ear did not se to me to be true. She received the remark very coolly, and at the n lesson went on singing as badly as ever. 'I am afraid,' I said to h 'that you can never learn to sing in tune.' 'Oh, it doesn't matter,' s returned. 'Doesn't matter?' I asked, naturally rather surprised. don't care anything about the music,' was her explanation, 'but doctor said that singing would be the best thing for my dyspepsia, so I decided to take lessons.'"

A very poor actor in B—— had played the part of the Ghost in "Ha let" for many years. Saphir, the German wit, seeing him, said: "would be a good thing if this man *gave up the ghost*, so that somebo else could take his part." Hearing surprise expressed because Rellst made no sensation during his stay in Paris, Saphir remarked: "Tha perfectly natural; he was traveling incognito under the name of Re stab." A young poet once sent the humorist an "Ode to Immortality requesting his opinion of it. Saphir returned the manuscript with message: "This package will never reach its address." "Three p sons," remarked the wit, "sleep soundly—a child, a corpse, and a nig watchman." During his sojourn in X—— Saphir was frequently in society of a well-known theatrical manager whose dullness was notori "How strange it is that my legs go to sleep every day!" he remarke "How can you wonder," returned Saphir; "they are always in yo company."

The daughter of an English banker has caused a great sensation (literally) "mating with a clown." It certainly seems an anomalo thing to do, for banking and circus circles can be hardly said touch. Years ago (says James Payn), I knew a gentleman who settl in the South, and became so popular in his neighborhood that even "county families" condescended to visit him. They never could d cover how he had made his money, but were satisfied by his solemn surance that it was not in trade. Nothing could exceed the ordina gravity of his demeanor, which, indeed, caused him to be placed in Commission of the Peace; but now and then, without any appare provocation, he would burst into such a laugh as no one ever heard fore, except in one place. Where they could have heard it puzzled county families for five-and-twenty years; but at last he was betraye unconsciously, by his own grandchild after a visit to a traveling circu "Grandpa laughs like the clown!"

Was there ever a man snatched from death who did not feel an in nation to gaze upon the place where he had been almost doomed? T influence of this strange but natural feeling is exhibited by a story t in Cockburn's "Circuit Journeys." Many years ago, in Edinburgh, man named Elliot was convicted of some capital offense, and sentenc to be hanged. Owing to a legal doubt he was pardoned a day or t before he was to have suffered. But another man, who had been co demned to be executed on the same day, was not so fortunate. On t day of his execution a great crowd assembled, into which a gentlem strayed, and found himself so hemmed in that he sought refuge in a remote spot at the upper end of the Lawnmarket. While standing there noticed a man come hurriedly to the spot, and, in the greatest agitatio gaze upon the gibbet. Seeing the man's eyes strained to catch eve movement of the condemned, the gentleman observed him closely. was Elliot, the pardoned criminal, for he had seen the man upon trial, and recognized him. The man seemed riveted to the spot; wi clenched hands and heaving bosom he stood, the picture of horror. T spectacle of the doom from which he had been snatched so fascinat him that he could not stir.

STAGE GOSSIP.

James Barrows, who played in the Tivoli a few months ago and even managed some queer show on Market Street, is back in New York, and has become a member of the Lyceum Company.

Manager Rice is one of the busiest men in the theatrical profession. Besides the company now at the Baldwin he has another in Minnesota and a third in New England, and he proposes to visit each of them at least once a month.

The Western Amusement Record is the title of a new weekly, devoted to matters pertaining to the theatres, which is announced to begin publication today (Saturday). It is published by Rivers & Dailey, at the north-east corner of Bush and Kearny Streets.

"The Corsair" is fresher than "Evangeline" and more beautiful as a spectacle, and seems to strike the public fancy. It will probably run to large audiences until the close of the engagement at election week, when Haverley's minstrels and the Japanese acrobats will hold the stage.

Madame Modjeska will make only a few professional appearances this winter, but her manager, Mr. Clayman, is engaging her company in the East and will send them out here in a few weeks. Her tour will be confined to San Francisco and the principal towns of California.

Davison Dalziel, of the New York *Truth*, proposes to open a subscription for a statue of the late Lester Wallack, to be erected in a public place in the metropolis, and Mr. A. M. Palmer has consented to act as treasurer. Mr. Dalziel opened the subscription with a check for one hundred dollars.

The fun of "Our Boarding House" is something of a relief after the Alcazar's long run of melodrama, and Osbourne, Stockwell, Cooper, and Miss Brandon acquitted themselves well in their various rôles. It will run for another week, and Kate Claxton will follow in "The World Against Her."

Just before the curtain went down at the Bush Street on Monday night, Miss Jennie Yeamans slipped in making her last exit, and gave her ankle such a wrench that she has been unable to appear since. The rôle of Jimpsey was given to Miss Josie Sadler, who has acquitted herself well in it, in view of the short time she had to prepare it.

Ethel Corlette is a San Francisco girl, who went east a year ago to find a chance for her genius. In the twelve-month she has been in four companies, and the footlights have lost their glamor; but she is still ambitious, and does her part conscientiously. Her voice is a sweet and flexible mezzo-soprano, and should prove a valuable aid in her career.

Daniel Sully comes to the Bush Street Theatre after the "Natural Gas" engagement. His presentation of Daddy Nolan in the play of that name is fully up to the level of many of Edward Harrigan's sketches of our Irish-American citizens. It is drawn on coarser lines. It is a strongly, roughly drawn character; but it is not a caricature, and the art that creates it is deserving of a better play.

Helen Dingeon's return to the Tivoli was most enthusiastically received on Monday night. Despite the political procession in the streets the house was filled, and her appearance was greeted by long-continued applause. She sang the rôle of D'Artagnan in "The Three Guardsmen," and continues it through the week. Campobello comes back next week and sings "Un Ballo in Maschera."

"Natural Gas" seems to be more farce and less comedy than when it was here before. But the songs and specialties are fairly clever and for the most part new, and they are well received by the audiences. Donnelly and Girard are the only remaining members of the first company that played "Natural Gas" at the Bush Street, but the changes, except that which left Amy Ames out of the cast, have been for the better. The play will be continued next week.

An amateur theatrical entertainment is to be given at the Grand Opera-House on Thursday evening, November 15th, under the management of Mrs. Edna Well Poulson for two needy charities, viz.: The Children's Hospital of this city, and the West Oakland Home for Destitute Children. The play to be produced is "The Wife's Secret," one of Lovell's historical dramas, the scene of which is laid in the days when "the crop-headed parliament" had silenced all the valier tunes in England. Miss Keith Wakeman, of Oakland (a pupil of Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson) makes on this occasion her only appearance on the amateur stage, as she joins the Palmer Company in New York, December 1st. Miss Wakeman is the youngest daughter of the late Captain Edgar Wakeman, the warm friend and jovial companion of so many of the pioneers, and her personal attractions, her devotion to high ideals, and her dramatic talents prophesy a brilliant future for her. That clever and winsome amateur, Miss Ada Butterfield, plays the soubrette part in "The Wife's Secret." The other characters are played by James Carden, J. I. Housman, Paul Davis, Harry Melvin, W. Hallett, Master Carden, and J. McLennan. The rehearsals are under the able direction of James Carden, who is stage manager.

Augustin Daly is going to bind him with new bonds to the inmost heart of the sybaritic theatre-goer. Having almost exhausted the possibilities of pleasing the mind, the eye, and the ear, he now strikes straight at a man's heart—through his digestive organs—by introducing *levers de rideau* before the play of the evening begins. Next Tuesday will see the inauguration of the scheme in his New York theatre, the play being a one-act piece by Justin McCarthy, M. P., entitled "The Wife of Xanthippe."

T. S. Dare, the clown in "Mazulm," was at one time the husband of Leona Dare. They were last seen together in this city about thirteen years ago, doing their double trapeze act at the old California. Two or three years before that they first met in New Orleans, where Dare was the stage-manager of a theatre. Leona was then about fifteen years of age, though she had long been experienced in ways that do not usually fall to the lot of a child, and was then desirous to escape an unfortunate life by learning to do something. She was brought to Dare, who was asked if he could not give her a place. He was struck by her appearance, and undertook to teach her to work on the trapeze. She was apt and quick to learn, and it was not long before they were giving exhibitions. Dare traveled with her through the South and into Mexico, and then made a tour of South and Central America, where Leona created a sensation and began the conquest of hearts, which afterward proved too much for her vanity and completely turned her head. When they returned to New York they were married, and then the charm seemed to be broken, as Mr. Dare says, and it was not long before Leona created a further sensation by eloping. Her subsequent career, her marriage to a German count, her social splurge in Chicago, the discovery of her identity, the divorce, and the return to the trapeze in company with a new lover, are as well-known as need be. Dare was divorced from her eight years ago, and has been happily married to a more domestic wife for the last six years.

The following epitaph, written by William Winter, will be inscribed upon the monument placed, by subscription of actors, at the grave of the late John T. Raymond:

His restless spirit, while on earth he dwelt,
Wreathed with a smile whatever grief he felt.
And 'twas his lot, though crowned with public praise,
Ample and warm, to walk in troubled ways.
Glad was his voice, that all men laughed to hear,
While few surmised the pang, the secret tear;
Yet did that thrill of pathos flush the grace
Of playful humor in his speaking face,
Inform his fancy, and inspire his art,
To cheer the senses and to touch the heart.
Jocund and droll, incessant, buoyant, quaint,
His vigor fired the forms his skill could paint,
Till, over-anxious lest effects were tame,
He left his picture to adorn its frame.
A mind more serious never did engage,
Through simulated mirth, the comic stage,
Nor ever did ambition's force control
A sturdier will or more aspiring soul.
If haply, much constrained, his purpose bowed
To woo the fancy of the fickle crowd,
Yet did his judgment spurn the poor renown
Of shallow jester and of trivial clown
A true Comedian this, by Fate designed
To picture manners and to cheer mankind.
So RAYMOND lived—and naught remains to tell
Save that too soon the final curtain fell.
Peace to his dust, where Love and Humor weep
In endless sorrow o'er their comrade's sleep!

The National Conservatory of Music of America, of which Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber is the leading spirit, is seeking to extend its usefulness by establishing perpetual free scholarships from different States at a cost of five thousand dollars each. Six of these have thus far been founded—the "T. Harrison Garrett" and "Mary Garrett," from Maryland; the "Timothy Hopkins," from California; and the "Jeannette M. Thurber," "Francis B. Thurber," and "Andrew Carnegie," of New York; and others are in prospect. The object of this conservatory, which numbers among its patrons many of the best-known citizens of New York, is to afford a thorough musical education, free or at a nominal cost, to American singers of both sexes possessing exceptional endowments, only such being admitted.

Morton McMichael, third, and Richard Harding Davis, eldest son of the author of "Life in the Iron Mills," are about to begin the publication in Philadelphia of a weekly paper to be called *The Stage*. They promise to present therein the brightest and freshest news relating to the dramatic profession in America and Europe; amusing interviews and clever sketches; plots of important new plays; special articles, original and selected, on theatrical topics; crisp comments and absolutely independent opinions. Good portraits of actors and actresses will accompany neat biographies of the original. It is proposed, in short, to make this the best theatrical publication extant.

The well-known theatrical performers, Mr. and Mrs. McKee Rankin, have parted company. It is not known that there will be any divorce proceedings. But they have separated for good and all. Mrs. Rankin is on a starring tour with the "Golden Giant." Mrs. Rankin said, in answer to a direct query: "I do not feel called upon to make an explanation to the public. My husband goes his way and I go mine. Nothing more than that in the way of particulars shall go into print from me." Mr. Rankin is starring in the West in "The Danites" and one or two new pieces.

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Has just returned from the East, and his purchases of Etchings, Water-Colors, and Photographs are now ready for the inspection of the public.

The suggestion is made that October and November afford the best opportunities for the selection of the newest and rarest pictures for holiday presents, and that pictures so chosen may be reserved until desired.

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THE CAMPAIGN OF INTELLECT.

By Henry Guy Carleton.

I am proud, announcing to the many friends who have buttonholed me during the past few weeks and murmured in my ear, for several hours at a time, their opinion of the Mills Bill, the codfish tangle, the Chinese act, and other pivots of this great campaign—I am proud, announcing to them that I know it all.

I went to an East-side meeting last night and wallowed in the burning questions of the hour. Judge Leonidas Bulger, of Akron, O., was the orator of the evening.

The Hon. Uriah C. Holler was appointed chairman, and after dispatching two stalwarts to the corner for a keg, he called the meeting to order. Prominent in the vast assemblage I observed with pleasure the well-known features of ex-Alderman "Whang" McBride, whose name is still prominent in the district-attorney's office; "Fuzzy" Burns, the promising young light-weight, who once thought of challenging Billy Edwards, but did not; Colonel C. William Shrapnel, who was first to carry a solemn warning into Washington that things were looking badly for the boys at Bull Run; Hon. Lebediah Tape, of Herkimer; "Ruff" Perkyns, the genial sneak-thief, who was pardoned out last month; Major Heinrich Kartofel, "Patch" Cromwell, Jim Snodding, and many others. Officer Doolan swung his club, and presided gracefully at the meeting.

The spacious hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion. The speaker's table was draped in the national colors and flanked by two repoussé cuspidors of choicest design. Back of this was the shield of liberty, over which were fine, life-size chromos of Harrison and Morton. The portrait of Mr. Harrison was noble and striking, and although the artist, who created it from a portrait of Rutherford B. Hayes, had forgotten to alter the nose, it produced a profund impression. The first battalion of the Protection League, in oil-skin capotes and tin helmets, evoked much enthusiasm as they entered to the martial tap of a drum and occupied nearly half of the front row.

The premature arrival of the keg delayed the regular business for twenty minutes, during which Sig. Ravelli's well-known one-man band discoursed sweet symphonies just outside the hall; then the gavel fell, and amid a silence unbroken, save by the impressive gurgle of a belated growler in a back seat, the chairman pointed solemnly to the stars and stripes and introduced the orator of the evening.

Judge Bulger advanced to the rostrum, silenced the plaudits by a courtly wave of the right hand, steadied himself with his left, and spoke as follows:

JUDGE BULGER'S SPEECH.

"Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: (cheers)—I stand before you to-night (thunders of applause)—er—your honorable chairman has requested me to—to—(voice from the gallery, 'Sit down!' followed by a short, sharp struggle with the minions of the law)—to, in a word, as I may say, I have the honor of—er—appearing before you. (Cheers.)

"What *is* the condition of this proud country to-day? I repeat, in the face of all who may dare attack me, WHAT is it? (Cheers.) We have, on the one side, Canada threatening to cut off our supply of fish, England menacing the bright palladium of our commerce, and China laying pipes to flood us with cheap labor by way of Vancouver Island. (Sensation.) *Now*, gentlemen, I say to you—I say to the capitalist and to the working-man alike—I say to YOU—(cheers)—I say to the press—and, gentlemen—(cheers)—I say to each and all of the foreign powers who are seeking to crush us with a rod of IRON—I say, and I repeat boldly, sinking *all* sense of personal safety in defending the public WELFARE—I say, standing before you, as *I* do, proud of my COUNTRY and proud of—of—er—that glorious Spar-Strangled—I mean *Star*-SPANGLED—BANNER which floats above us all—(tremendous cheers)—I say, *What* IS FREE TRADE? (Wild cheering and cries of '*That's it!*' '*Sock it to em!*' '*Go it!*' etc.)

"Let us face this great and appalling question, gentlemen, with the same firmness with which—er—with which, as I may say, we stood shoulder to shoulder at—er—at Bunker Hill, at Manassas and—er—at the first battle of SHILOH. (Cheers.) Let us review it calmly and without passion, and THEN, if we can, let us repeat the great arguments which I have just cited, and upon which we shall, in November, assert our RIGHTS and vindicate the unsullied honor of the REPUBLIC! (Tremendous enthusiasm.)

"*What* position does England take? Is she neutral? No. *What* position does *France* take? Is *she* neutral? *No!* What position does BULGARIA take? Is SHE neutral? NO!! What position does China take? Is SHE neutral? NO!!! Then how can Mills hope, by his infamous reduction of the tariff—how, I say, can he coolly stand before us and say that by wiping out the import duty on cheese, rice, raw hemp, logwood, and quinine, he is not compelling the foundries to *shut* down, the vast grain-fields of the North-west to wither in the October sun, and the working-man of the shoe-shops of Lynn to stand *idle* and BEGGARED? (Intense excitement and cheers.) NO, gentlemen! (Here the judge began to warm up.) As I stand here under the broad canopy of—of—er—this HALL—as I hope for MERCY HEREAFTER and—er—(a voice: 'You need it!')—er—I feel *within* me, surging like the voice of NIAGARA, the indignation which seethes within *your* breasts at this unparalleled OUTRAGE upon our LABORERS, this vile CONSPIRACY to admit ENGLISH pauperism to compete with our own free-born and struggling INDUSTRIES, by declaring that indigo and macaroni shall hereafter be permitted to enter our PORTS free from ALL TAX, and beggar our homes and toilers in the flour-mills of St. Paul, Philadelphia, and Boston! (Wild enthusiasm.)

"Let us *unite!* (Cheers.) Let us be ONE! (Renewed cheers.) Let us BEAT BACK this damnable assault upon our LIBERTIES! (Enormous applause.) Let us sa-ay to the *British* invader—to the GERMAN invader—to the ITALIAN invader, GO BACK!! (Cries of 'Hooray!' prolonged applause, etc.) Unprepared as I am, I feel that certain crises of the country demand the criterions of every citizen, however humble he may be, however weak and pusillanimous he may be—that the spangled ægis of our country may not become obtuse in the oligarchy of usurpers and the eradication of independent enfranchisement—and I consider it the inalienable circumspection of every upright *patriot*, every righteous WORKING-MAN to PREVARICATE *this* DOCTRINE to its UTMOST!" (Tremendous cheering, during which Judge Bulger sat down.)—*New York World.*

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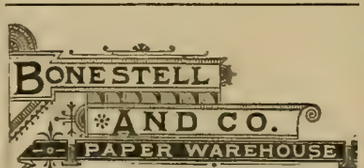

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TIME TABLE.

mencing Monday, October 1, 1888, and until ther notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN AFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6 P. M.
lays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.00, 6.45, M. Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week s)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
lays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, P M. ra trips on Saturday at 1 45 and 6.25 P. M.
50 cents, round trip

SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)— 5, 8.15, 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
lays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 2.15, 4.15, 5.45, P. M. ra trips on Saturday at 2 30 and 7.05 P. M.
25 cents, round trip.

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0 A. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves adero at 6:45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.

EXCURSION RATES.

y-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single fare rate.

y to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on days and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: mp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; ward's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

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VE	From Oct. 15, 1888.	ARRIVE
0 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
0 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
0 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
0 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
0 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	11.45 A.
0 A.	Fast mail for Ogden and East	12.15 P.
0 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
0 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
0 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
0 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
0 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	11.15 A.
0 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
0 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
0 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
0 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
0 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
0 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

TH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

5 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz ‡	8.05 P.
5 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
5 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
5 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos	9.20 A.

THERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

5 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
0 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion ‡	8.35 P.
0 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.40 P.
0 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 42 P.
1 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
0 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
0 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
0 P	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.00 A.
0 P	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.40 A.
15 P	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.50 P.

or morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. turdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ** Mondays excepted

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Oceanic		**Wednesday, November 28**
Gaelic		**Tuesday, December 18**
		1889.
Belgic		**Saturday, January 5**
Arabic		**Thursday, January 24**
Oceanic		**Wednesday, February 13**
Gaelic		**Saturday, March 2**
Belgic		**Thursday, March 20**

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FOR SUPERVISOR OF THE FOURTH WARD,

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SOCIETY.

The Charity Calico Ball.

The grand charity calico ball, so long talked of, occurred Thursday evening at the Palace Hotel, and may be recorded as one of the most brilliant social affairs in the history of this city. The beneficiary was the Woman's Exchange, a most deserving institution, and the ample addition to its finances, which the ball occasioned, will certainly not be regretted by the five or six hundred people who paid five dollars each for the privilege and pleasure of being in attendance. Socially the ball filled every expectation, as the élite of the city were present. The preparations for the affair were elaborate in every way, and it is doubtful if a prettier or more artistic decoration has ever been seen here Every gas jet and all of the electric lights in the vast court were illuminated, and gave brightness to a scene of exceeding beauty. The white pillars that line the corridors on the second floor of the hotel were draped, a short distance below the ceiling, with deep orange, canary and white muslin in bands and festoons so arranged as to act as a semi-screen to protect the guests from the too-inquiring eyes of non-paying onlookers in the galleries above. Here and there were hung bright Japanese lanterns, and there were wreaths of holly berries hung at the chandelier brackets. Vari-colored signal flags were also displayed at intervals, and costly portieres, and rare rugs were hung over the balustrade. Fronting the parlor was an array of tropic plants with a mass of chrysanthemums in the centre surmounted by the word "Charity" illuminated by gas. Stands of national and foreign flags were also seen, and festoons of oak and flowers were set against the portieres. Adorning the walls were three cartoons, painted by John A. Stanton and A. Joullin, representing graceful female figures

The main salon looked like a picturesque corner of fairyland, being brilliant with illumination and ornate with flowers, foliage, and draperies so artistically combined that the whole was indeed beautiful. Here were seen thousands of chrysanthemums of all shades adorning the chandeliers, pictures, mirrors, and portieres; rich golden bignonias and African marigolds in daintey clusters; broad cordons of oak foliage stretching from each chandelier to the other overhead: tall sprays of pampas grass and bamboo sprouts lining the entrances, and graceful draperies of orange, yellow, blue, lemon, red, and black calico, chintz, and sateen adorning the pictures and mirrors. A particular feature of this room was noticed at the large mirror, over the face of which hung a number of colored sacks of varied sizes, upon each of which were lettered the names of the clubs of this city and other associations that have assisted the Exchange at one time or another. The Woman's Exchange sack was empty, that of "The Church" was diminutive, the "Political" sack was almost corpulent, and the "Slogging," "Tennis," and club sacks all looked healthful. Over these sacks was a wide band of white calico upon which Miss Juliette Smith had painted the inscription, "Oh, ye men, look well at each and learn the lesson it will teach." The mantel mirror was also adorned with a diagonal sash of sateen upon which the same young lady had inscribed: "All work, even in cotton-spinning, is noble." The puzzle of the evening was a conundrum displayed in letters of black and gold upon a strip of orange colored calico set across the face of the large Yosemite picture, and painted by Miss Ingalsbee. It read: "Why is charity like a top?" This caused considerable thinking, and the answers were varied as such answers generally are.

The alcove bay-window behind the parlor, a cosy resting-place, was adorned with bamboo sprouts, streamers of smilax, chrysanthemums, and bands of blue and white chintz so arranged as to make it very attractive. Mauve, yellow, and white chrysanthemums embellished the portières at the entrances to the south parlor, where the wall mirrors were prettily draped with pink and blue Japanese butterfly calico and blue-figured lawn, which sustained many little baskets full of pink rosebuds. Across the face of the mantel mirror was a wide band of blue cheese-cloth, upon which Miss Ingalsbee had again displayed her talent in the painted motto reading "What we freely give, forever is our own." Pampas grass and masses of Lorette roses and hollyhocks completed the decoration of the mantel. In the north parlor pretty effects were produced with draperies of sateen in lavender and pink tones arranged over the mirrors in conjunction with chrysanthemums and attractive foliage. Over the bay-window hung a banner of red sateen, upon which Miss A. E. Dean had painted "In faith and hope ye men will disagree, but all mankind's concern is charity." The floor in the main salon was polished for dancing, and in the side parlors and alcove the carpets were covered with canvas. Miss Mary D. Bates had full charge of the decoration, and was assisted by a corps of young ladies and by John A. Stanton, A. Joullin, John I. Housman, and Charles M. Leopold. Among those who contributed the flowers and foliage were Mrs. Henry Barroilhet and Mrs. Bowie, of San Mateo, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd, of Oakland, Mr. Worn, of San Rafael, the Hotel del Monte, and the Golden Gate Park conservatories. The entire effect produced would certainly be difficult to excel.

Nine o'clock witnessed the arrival of the first guests, but the contingent that is always fashionably late did not come until ten o'clock and after, and then the ensemble was one to be thoroughly admired. The decree that calico and its sister fabrics were to be the materials used in the ladies' dresses called forth much ingenuity and taste and resulted surprisingly well; in fact it was difficult to imagine that so many pretty effects could be produced with materials that are generally so little thought of by fashionable people when toilets are discussed. Of course the addition of fine laces and sparkling jewels had much to do with the result. It was a peculiar fact that the music never ceased during the evening. Ballenberg's band furnished delightful dance music in the parlors and Noah Brandt's band, which was stationed at the further end of the corridor played concert selections between the dances. Though the ball-room was crowded there was ample room for promenading in the wide corridors, and these two diversions were the pleasures of the evening. The guests chatted, walked, danced, admired the decorations surveyed and criticised the costumes, and had a good time in general until half-past eleven o'clock when supper was served in the large dining hall on the same floor which was neatly decorated with smilax and chrysanthemums. The menu was bounteous and the service excellent. Afterward dancing was resumed until about half-past one o'clock when the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" brought the affair to an end in a blaze of glory.

Too much praise can not be given to Mrs. Henry Schmiedell and Mrs. Winsor Brown of the executive committee for their untiring labor in this charitable work. These ladies were also members of the reception committee with Mrs Henry Wetherbee, Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mrs. John F. Swift, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, and Mrs. Michael Castle.

The floor committee is also entitled to much credit. Mr. Edward M Greenway was floor manager, and his able assistants were: Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Frank Unger, Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., Mr. Frank Carolan, Mr. Osgood Hooker, and Mr. George A. Newhall.

A review of some of the unique toilets is appended:

Mrs. Henry Schmiedell appeared in a striking costume of mauve-colored sateen, made dancing length and finished with a border of chrysanthemums of a darker shade; the sleeves were of lace, and the square corsage was filled in with point lace and trimmed with revers and bow-knots of dark mauve velvet: she wore superb pearls and diamonds.

Mrs. L. L. Baker was attired in a costume of Madras, figured in Oriental designs and made en train, with a tablier front of ciel-blue sateen; the bodice had a vest front and was cut square at the neck.

Mrs Henry Wetherbee wore a combination costume of pink sateen and Madras, the latter being being brocaded in pink and cream tints; the corsage was cut V-shaped.

Mrs. Michael Castle was dressed in white, trimmed with lace and ribbons of Nile-green satin; corsage, V-shaped.

Mrs. Winsor Brown wore a dainty toilet of pale-blue sateen, and carried yellow chrysanthemums

Mrs. John F. Swift appeared in an attractive costume of Madras and pink sateen, which was figured in large floriated designs; her corsage was V-shaped and her ornaments diamonds.

Mrs. Theresa Fair was attired in a light-tinted brocaded sateen, made dancing length and trimmed with narrow bands of velvet; the corsage was cut square

Mrs. Volney Spalding appeared in a rich-looking toilet of pale heliotrope muslin, en train, with draperies of Valenciennes lace. The corsage was pointed back and front.

Miss Mamie Deane appeared in white Swiss embroidered with pansies.

Mrs. M. H. de Young wore a dancing length costume of light blue material.

Mrs. Ford was attired in white mull trimmed with lace and finished with a sash of white India silk. The corsage was décolleté without sleeves.

Mrs. W. Frank Goad's costume was of light tinted sateen.

Mrs. A. P. Redding was attired in black net and tulle trimmed with yellow ribbons.

Mrs L. S B. Sawyer was dressed in white mull, which was elaborate with lace and ribbons of Nile green satin.

Mrs. Howard Lockwood, of New York, wore a handsome toilet of black and white striped sateen cut V-shaped, back and front, and trimmed with Chantilly lace. Her ornaments were a diamond necklace and solitaires.

Mrs. Morris Newton appeared in a pretty costume of pink sateen daintily made and trimmed.

The Misses Hall, of St Paul, were attired in becoming toilets of blue and pink mull

Mrs. John McMullin was attired in a costume of lavender sateen and black Brussel's net, arranged in puffs and elaborate plaitings

Mrs. David Bixler was attired in black and white sateen trimmed with bands of black velvet.

Miss Mamie Burling wore an attractive toilet of white Swiss, polka-dotted and trimmed with Nile green ribbons.

Miss Tessie Fair was dressed in white mull, trimmed with pink ribbons.

Miss Jennie Blair looked charming in pink organdie, prettily fashioned.

Mrs. Frank M. Pixley was attired in dark brown sateen, brocaded in roses and trimmed with Valenciennes lace.

Miss Joie McCabe wore a becoming toilet of café-au-lait organdie, handsomely embroidered. The corsage was cut V-shaped back and front, and a wide-striped sash encircled her waist.

Miss Matie Peters appeared in a Directoire costume of white muslin trimmed with a wide sash of yellow moire.

Miss Minnie Houghton's costume was of cream and scarlet colored sateen.

Mrs. William H. Smith was attired in stone-colored sateen combined with sateen brocaded in bright colors.

Miss Aileen Ivers wore heliotrope-colored Swiss with a décolleté corsage.

Miss Peterson appeared in a Directoire toilet of bright red lace and a wide sash to match.

Miss Adams wore white brocaded muslin, with a pointed bodice, which was filled in with Duchesse lace.

Mrs. P. McG McBean was attired in white mull handsomely finished

Mrs. E. D. Fry wore white crêpe de Chine, trimmed with satin.

Mrs. Henry L. Tatum was dressed in pink organdie elaborately plaited, and finished with white mull.

Miss Ruby Dore was dressed in white mull beautifully embroidered; a white moire sash was worn at one side, and she carried white chrysanthemums.

Miss Fannie Hughes was attired in heliotrope-colored sateen with a trimming at the corsage of violets.

Miss Florence Cadue was attired in black tulle and satin trimmed with silk ribbons of the same shade Her corsage bouquet was of white chrysanthemums.

Miss Edith Taylor wore a pretty costume of lavender-colored sateen with the corsage cut V-shaped.

Miss Cooke, of Chicago, wore pink brocaded lawn trimmed with a broad sash at the waist.

Miss Gertrude Goewey was attractively dressed in white muslin, trimmed with bow-knots and bands of red silk.

Mrs. John Quincy Adams was attired in pink brocaded sateen trimmed with ribbons.

Miss Lillie Graham wore a Directoire costume of Nile-green sateen trimmed with lace; she carried La France roses.

Miss Julia Bissell was dressed in white dotted Swiss, and wore yellow chrysanthemums at her corsage.

Miss Grace Henderson appeared in a red brocaded mull gown of the style of the First Empire; the bodice was elaborate with ribbons of red moire and the long sleeves were made open.

Mrs. J. H. Rosewald appeared in a toilet of brocaded heliotrope sateen trimmed with maroon velvet.

Mrs. N. S. Keith wore a costume of white India muslin covered with Irish lace.

Miss Lowndes, of Sausalito, was attired in pink brocade over a jupe of white lace. The corsage was cut décolleté and trimmed with tulle

Miss Gertrude Lowndes was similarly attired in white.

Miss Lena Merry was dressed in pink mull trimmed with pink surah.

Miss Allison was in a Directoire costume of bouton d'O. sateen covered with white Oriental lace.

There were about three hundred guests present, and fully double that number of tickets were disposed of, but as all of the collections have not been made it is not possible yet to state the exact number nor the amount the Exchange will realize from the ball.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Senator and Mrs Leland Stanford arrived in New York from Europe a week ago They will be here in a few days.

Mrs. James Phelan, Miss Phelan, and Miss Keltus have returned from Santa Cruz, and will receive on Mondays at their home on Valencia Street.

Captain and Mrs. Nelson and Miss Maggie Nelson, who have been at their Fruit Vale residence during the summer months, will pass the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. John W. Mackay is at the Hoffman House in New York city.

Senator John P. Jones has returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Woodworth, of Fresno, have left for the East.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bancroft returned to the city last Tuesday and are at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. Evan J. Coleman has returned from his Eastern and European trip.

Mrs. Charles Miller and Miss Blanche Miller, who were visiting Mr. and Mrs Timothy Hopkins this summer, have arrived at their home in New York city.

Mrs Peter Decker and Miss Alice Decker are thinking of leaving the city soon to pass the winter in Europe.

Mr and Mrs. A. W. Rose, Jr., of San Mateo, were guests at the Palace Hotel during the early part of the week.

Baron and Baroness Von Schroeder are at the Hotel Albemarle in New York city.

Mrs. B. Wellman and the Misses Emma, Jennie, and Ray Wellman, of Oakland, left last Tuesday to visit Europe for about a year. They will meet Miss Alice Wellman in Florence, Italy.

Mrs. D. E. Tewksbury and Miss Blake, who are now in Alaska, will return soon to pass the winter months at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Isaac Upham, of Oakland, is enjoying a Southern trip.

Mr. W. S. Hobart is expected here soon from New York with his son. Mrs. Hobart and her daughters will pass the winter in Berlin.

Mr. Drury Melone came down from Oak Knoll in the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Hopkins, of Menlo Park, will be at the Palace Hotel during the winter months.

Mr. Carlton C. Coleman contemplates an Eastern trip soon.

Mrs. Robert Morrison recently visited friends in San José for a few weeks She will pass the winter at the Occidental Hotel

Mr. Cornelius O'Connor has been passing a week in New York city since his return from Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred. A. Wickersham and Miss Marshall, of Petaluma, passed several days at the Grand Hotel recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wetherbee, of Fruit Vale, will pass the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. Stephen J. Field have been visiting friends in Boston, Mass., and Portland, Me.

Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mrs. A M. Easton, Miss Mary Crocker, Mr. Ogden Mills, and Mr. D. O. Mills have arrived in New York city.

Mrs. O W. Childs, and the Misses Emma and Carrie Childs, of Los Angeles, are passing a month at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Andrew Carrigan and family, who have been at their residence, "Linda Vista," in San Rafael, all of the summer, have returned to the city.

The Misses Griffith are entertaining Miss McLane, of Baltimore, at their residence on Rincon Hill.

Miss Mollie Torbert is now stopping with friends at 625 Guerrero Street.

Colonel and Mrs J H. Dickinson will pass the winter months at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mrs. D. J. Tallant and the Misses Jennie and Anne Tallant returned from their Eastern trip a week ago.

Mr. and Mrs. Dell Linderman have postponed their departure for Japan until the next steamer, owing to the illness of Mrs. Linderman.

Mr. and Mrs. Ivey L. Borden, *née* Thompson, have returned from their wedding trip and are at the residence of Captain and Mrs. R. R. Thompson, 1501 Van Ness Avenue.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and Mrs. J. B. Wright, who have been absent in Europe for the past six months, are expected to return home to-day.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis will remain in the East about five months

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lockwood arrived here from New York last Monday, via the Canadian Pacific route, on a short pleasure trip and will return in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, who have been passing the summer at San Rafael, have returned to the city, and reside at 2002 California Street.

Mrs. A A. Nickerson and Miss Myra Nickerson are traveling in Germany.

Mr. Hugo H. Toland came up from Los Angeles a week ago for a brief visit.

Mr. A. A. Nickerson and Miss Maud Nickerson have returned from a visit to the northern part of the State.

Miss Jennie Newlands is on her way back from Europe, and will arrive here soon.

Mrs. William B. Collier was recently the guest of Miss Jessie Bowie.

Mrs James Otis and Miss Helen Otis are passing a few weeks at the Occidental Hotel before their departure for the East

Mr and Mrs. A. L. Bancroft have returned to their residence, 1605 Franklin Street, for the winter.

Mr. W. B. Bancroft, who is traveling in the East, is expected back in a couple of weeks.

Mrs. J P. Le Count and Miss Le Count are passing a few weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S Crocker have arrived safely in England, and will pass several months traveling there and on the continent.

Mrs. J. H. Maynard returned home last Tuesday after a two months' visit to her daughter, Mrs. A. L. Reid, at Colorado Springs, Col. Mrs. Reid's health is improving greatly.

Miss Lottie Clarke will go East to-day to visit friends and relatives.

Miss Julia Bissell has returned to the city after a five months' visit at Santa Barbara.

Mrs. M. B M. Toland is in the city on a visit from Los Angeles, and is the guest of Mrs. Earl at 2440 Washington Street.

Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt have taken a residence on Haight Street, which, with their daughter, Miss Alice Boalt, they will occupy during the winter

Mr. Robert Tolmie is spending a few days as the guest of Mr. D. M. Delmas at Mountain View.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. George Hearst will give a reception and musicale at her residence next Tuesday evening. Miss Charlotte W. Hawes, of Boston, will present a programme of Hungarian music, which will be interpreted by a number of Hungarian musicians who are now here. This will be the conclusion of her series of musicales.

Mrs. D. G. Atherton will give a reception next month, at her California Street residence, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, *née* Atherton

Invitations have been issued by the German Club for its winter series of cotillions which will be held at Union Square Hall. The first one will occur on Tuesday evening, November 20th., and the subsequent ones on the following Tuesday evenings, December 18th., January 29th., and February 26th.

Army and Navy.

Chaplain Frank Thompson, U. S. N., came down from Mare Island last Monday and remained at the Occidental Hotel a few days.

Dr. J. E. Gardner, U. S. N., has been passing the week at the Occidental Hotel.

Commander and Mrs. Henry Glass, U. S. N., will pass the winter at their home in San Rafael.

Lieutenant P. D Lochridge, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., having been relieved from duty at the Presidio, has returned to Fort Walla Walla, W. T.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Rebagliati Concert.

A vocal and instrumental concert, for the benefit of Signor Rinaldo Rebagliati, an Italian violinist, was given last Thursday evening at Irving Hall, under the direction of Señor Santiago Arrillaga. He had the efficient assistance of Miss Mary E. Barnard, Mr. A. M. Thornton, Mr. Emil Greenbaum, Señor V. M. Figueroa, Señor F. Bracamonte, and Señor T. Silvas. An appreciative audience enjoyed the following programme:

Reverie—"Au bord de la Mer".....Dunkler
Quartet for two violins, viola and violoncello.
"Carmen"—Song from "Toreador".....Bizet
Mr. A. M. Thornton.
"Un Ballo in Maschera"—Fantasie for oboe.....Lovreglio
Sr. V. M. Figueroa.
Profumi Orientali..... ... ..Bellenghi
Miss Mary E. Barnard.
Grand concert in A for violin .....C. Saint-Saens
Sig. R. Rebagliati.
Dall'avito suol natal—"Faust"..... Gounod
Mr. M. A. Thornton.
Barcarolle.....Moszkowski
Sr. S. Arrillaga.
"Sea Dreams".....Strelezski
Miss Mary E. Barnard.
(a) Danse des Houris—Pensée Caracteristique for violin .... Marzorati
(b) Souvenir d'Amerique—Caprice de Concert..R. Rebagliati
Sig. R. Rebagliati.

The Mauzy Musical Club.

The members of the Byron Mauzy Musical Club gave their fourth concert of the second series last Thursday evening in Byron Mauzy's piano warerooms. The audience filled the large hall and bestowed liberal applause upon the participants in the annexed programme:

Overture—"Light Cavalry"..... ....Suppe
Orchestra, Professor H. R. Austin.
Piano Solo—"B flat variations"..... .....Chopin
Miss Nellie Joseph.
Song—"On the Banks of the Guadalquivir."
Miss Fannie E. Ryan,
(With String Accompaniment.)
Guitar and Mandolin Duo—"Ernani".....Verdi
The Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood.
Sohmer Quartet {*(a)* Romanza ....Riccino
{*(b)* Evening Song..... Schumann
First Violin, E. E. Weigel; Second Violin, T. S. Gore; Viola, F. Victor Austin; 'Cello, A Lada.
Boehm and Piano Forte Melodus Sonate.....Kucken
Professor H Clay Wysham and Professor Clarke Reynolds.
Bass Song—"Call Me Back".....Denza
Mr. Thomas S. Gore.
(Violin Obligato, Mr. F. V. Austin.)
Finale. ....Orchestra

The first of the series of matinée orchestral concerts, under the direction of Mr. J. H. Rosewald, will be held at Irving Hall next Friday afternoon. The orchestra will consist of forty-six instrumentalists, who will be assisted by Mrs. A. Abbey and Mr. S. Monroe Fabian. The programme will be one of special interest.

The Hermann Brandt String Quartet announces its winter series of chamber-music recitals to be held at Irving Hall on the evenings of November 14th, December 12th, January 17th, and February 13th.

The concert for the benefit of Mrs. Carmichael-Carr has been arranged to take place at Irving Hall on Tuesday evening, November 13th.

DVII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, October 28, 1888.

Cantaloupe.
Okra Soup.
Fried Tahoe Trout. Saratoga Potatoes.
Broiled Quail on Toast.
Vegetable Marrow Green Peas.
Roast Beef.
Lettuce, French Dressing.
Cream Meringue. Strawberries.
Fruits in Season.

Says the London *Star:* There is living at an farm-house at Cernay-la-Ville, in the department Seine-et-Oise, a young American girl whose quiet steady success at animal painting promises to enal her to share with Landseer his reputation for anim painting. Miss Strong started painting pictures San Francisco for her bread. She is a little girl w blue eyes, brown hair, a small face, and a mouth w determined corners. Honest and earnest in conv sation, she tells how she came to Paris. She co not afford the ten francs a lesson which Van Marc charges; but the painter, seeing her need, gave his advice gratis, and she picked up what she could the ateliers. Her drawback was a want of knowled of technique and anatomy, and she actually learn the latter by feeling for the animals' bones and th relative positions. She says this is better than stu ing anatomy from a plaster cast or skeleton in the c of dogs. She loves dogs, and stuck to her dog-pa ing until she made it pay. She is shortly going Algeria to study there. Her country-home in Cerna la-Ville is surrounded by several châteaux, and fr these she obtains subjects for her animal paintin Miss Strong started to earn her own living at sev teen "without a cent," as she herself says, and w no friends. When she had saved enough money went to Paris. The little woman's work now find market, but she has not done so well as she could my circumstances had been better," she adds w fully.

At Munich, the other day, Mr. Herkomer co plained to a friend that he was overburdened w commissions for portraits. "Every one comes Leighton, Millais, or to me to be painted." T friend did not think it much of a grievance, and s gested that, if Mr. Herkomer insisted on making one, he might easily mend matters by doubling present charges. "It is useless," exclaimed M Herkomer; "I am now charging five thousand d lars for a portrait, but people would come all same if I were to charge ten thousand dollars. I a great injustice. It is lowering art to a business."

Mr. Rider Haggard seems to have met with di culty in attempting to dramatize "She." Upon first performance in London he was tempted, ironical calls for the author, to declaim from the fr of the proscenium-box. He made a rhetorical dress, which was frequently interrupted, and clos by the bumptious declaration that there was doubt the play would come to be regarded as an cellent piece of dramatic work, whereupon there shouts of laughter, and cries to leave that to press. Judging by the press comments, he fared li better at their hands.

The Berlin *Börsen Zeitung* vouches for this sta ment: "In 1873 the Crown Prince Frederick Willi caused twelve copies to be taken by a copper-pl process of the diary which he kept during the Fran German war. Of these copies he presented one e to persons who particularly enjoyed his confiden the plate being afterward destroyed. The recipie were requested to take special care that the diary on no account published until fifty years after death of its author."

Georgia marketed 7,800,000 watermelons this s son, from which the farmers are supposed to h netted about $200,000, while the railroads took $8 000 for freight, and something like $500,000 went commission merchants. The farmer got less three cents apiece for his melons; the man who had to pay twenty.

The ideal battle ship, according to Admiral George Elliott, possesses qualifications ranking in order: 1. Sea-worthiness; 2. Guns and armor; Handiness; 4. Coal endurance; 5. Speed; 6. Li draught of water.

A Brilliant Peeress.

At one of these *petit soupers* for which the hosp ble house of Lady Colin Campbell is so celebrated London society, and at which, in addition to the flo of London aristocracy, the Prince of Wales was pr ent, the witty and accomplished Marchioness of Bla ford read the following clever acrostic on Pomme the wine which is exclusively drank in her set. L Blandford has made quite a reputation in literary L don for her skill in those metrical efforts.

Pour out the Pommery, wine of Elysium,
Only its sparkle care's sad pulses still;
Mark in its bright depths, a host of sweet visions,
Making each dull soul with ecstasy thrill
Ere the night waneth, we'll drink to its glory.
Roll out its pleasures in rhythmical story,
Youth is renewed in each bumper we fill.
—*Court Journal.*

— A FINE NOMINATION. THE REGULAR R publican and Non-Partisan parties have achieve victory, for they have nominated a man for Treasu whose spotless reputation during thirty years' reside in this city stands unequaled, and if elected will br such a prestige to our city government as very f other San Franciscans can, and we hope he will ceive many votes from all parties, irrespective of pol cal faith. Such a man is August Helbing.

— A PLEASANT HOUSEHOLD, ALL HAPPY A smiling, and at what? Because they had their carp cleaned and renovated in better style than was e done before, and we recommend above all oth Spaulding & Co., the Pioneer Carpet Beaters, Tehama Street. Telephone 3040.

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STOCKTON, CAL., October 17, 1888.
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Yours sincerely,
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Regular Republican Nominee.

FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE,
K. BONESTELL,
e of the Regular Republican, Inde- dent Republican, and Citizens' Non- Partisan Convention.

FOR CORONER,
I. WM. E. TAYLOR.
ular Democratic and Non-Partisan Nominee.
FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
JAS. I. BOLAND,
Non-Partisan Nominee.
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THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Love-Sick.

My fond heart, it doth ache
With love, for thy sweet sache,
Say yes—say yes, and mache
My gray life rose tints tache.
We'll sail love's glassy lache,
Where billows never breache,
In bark that ne'er shall quache,
Joy'll follow in our wache—
Now, ho! the wedding-cache! —*Puck.*

A Paraphrase.

No acids do in kisses lie:
Who would for honey kisses barter?
Yet when one comes to say "good-by,"
Then kisses are the cream of "ta, ta."
—*Boston Courier.*

How He'd Paint It.

"If you an artist were," she said,
"And wished to paint a view
Of grand old ocean in a storm,
Pray what would be the hue?"

"I'd paint the waves a rose; the wind
I'd make it blue for fun;
But wait until the storm was o'er,
And then I'd paint it dun." —*Ocean.*

He Doesn't Like Her Style.

I'm sitting on the style, Mary,
That you've maintained before,
Its too-too tendencies, my love,
Have cramped my shekel's store.

Those annual bills from Worth, Mary,
My check-book quite uproots,
Besides the lace and gloves, Mary,
The twenty-button boots.

The diamonds you affect, Mary,
Quite extirpate my pile,
And so I'm sitting down, Mary,
Upon your reckless style.
—*Yonkers Gazette.*

A Statesman.

I am a statesman great and good,
I always do as statesmen should;
I never sell my vote for pelf;
But still, do I neglect myself?
Of course I don't; why should I?

When now and then a chance I see
To serve my country and serve me
Myself, while I am serving her,
Do I object? Do I demur?
Of course I don't; why should I?

My sleeping and my waking dreams
Are filled with schemes, and schemes, and schemes,
All patriotic ventures, too;
Do I devise them just for you?
Of course I don't; why should I?

When some contractor's got a job
That makes his heart with rapture throb,
And I have helped him hook his fish,
Do I refuse a small commish?
Of course I don't; why should I?
—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Two Summers.

I recall a sweet day in July, Mamette,
When the birds sang a carol to love,
And I spoke of short-cake in a cot, Mamette;
You referred me, my own, to your guv'.

Ah, little we recked then of gold, Mamette,
Though I called you my Rose of Cashmere;
Yet I sighed for the time when I'd deck you with gems,
As the bride of a trusted cashier.

Once more comes the love-laden summer, Mamette,
But 'tis cold as a St. Bernard's nose,
I'm in Canada, darling, where no one will trust;
Do send me along some warm clothes.
—*Drake's Magazine.*

Mr. Billings of Louisville.

There are times in one's life which one can not forget,
And the time I remember's the evening I met
A haughty young scion of bluegrass renown
Who made my acquaintance while painting the town;
A handshake, a cocktail, a smoker, and then
Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten.

There flowed in his veins the blue blood of the South,
And a cynical smile curled his sensuous mouth;
He quoted from Lanier and Poe by the yard,
But his purse had been hit by the war, and hit hard;
I felt that he honored and flattered me when
Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten.

I wonder that never again since that night
A vision of Billings has hallowed my sight;
I pine for the sound of his voice and the thrill
That comes with the touch of a ten-dollar bill;
I wonder and pine, for—I say it again—
Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten.
—*Chicago News.*

A Plain, Modest Man.

I ask not the wealth of a Gould nor an Astor,
A Vanderbilt, Rothschild, a Cræsus, or Sage;
But still I would shun a financial disaster
Nor live in the style of an obsolete age.
Oh, I long not for wealth and its cringing attendance,
Luxurious follies, and vain filagree;
I just want enough for a plain independence—
Two millions, I think, is sufficient for me.

The barons of England of prodigal bounty—
Meek vassals attend on their slightest behest—
Though they live in a castle and own the whole county
Excite not an envious pang in my breast.
But sometimes I hope my well-ballasted dream-ships
Will come sailing over the mystical sea.
Then four or five railroads and six or seven steam-ships,
And eight or nine coal mines will satisfy me.

Oh, I ask not a throne, nor a crown, nor a sceptre;
For the crown might get lost and the sceptre mislaid,
(Though Victoria Guelph I acknowledge has kept her
Job a long time and her salary paid).
My modest ambition will not be a rover,
Nor sigh for the diadems over the sea;
But could I get the job that is now done by Grover
Cleveland, I think it would satisfy me
—*Yankee Blade.*

The Campaign.

Now the ears of night are startled with the rolling of the drum,
And the campaign bands are firing off their hoarse and fearsome toots,
And in glittering togs accoutred the smug paraders come,
And the air is red with rockets and deaf with the salutes,
And through the proud procession the grinning gamin scoots.

Ten thousand frantic orators are laboring with their lungs,
Each sure the country's going to smash unless you vote their way;
They climb up rhetoric's ladder to the very topmost rungs,
They scatter about statistics enough to fill a dray;
The sound of their wind-machines ceaseth not night nor day.
—*New York Sun.*

BURGLED BOARDERS.

Recently the boarders in Mrs. Cook's boarding-house at Scranton, Pa., awakened at one o'clock in the morning to find that they had no clothes to cover their nakedness. The boarders held an indignation meeting in the parlor, wrapped up in sheets, blankets, and table-covers.

Luke Horan discovered the robbery. He came home at half-past one o'clock Tuesday morning, and found that his room had been stripped. He immediately awakened John P. Sullivan, whose room adjoined his, and told him what had happened. Sullivan got up and missed not only his watch and chain and fifty dollars, but his coat, trousers, and shirt as well. "This is a midnight outrage," said Mr. Sullivan, and he wrapped himself up in a sheet, and with Mr. Horan started on a tour of investigation. They woke up James Paulson. "What's the matter?" asked Mr. Paulson. "Burglars," answered Mr. Sullivan, with a shiver. Mr. Paulson leaped out of bed and struck a light. He made a dive for his trousers, but his trousers were gone. He looked for his coat, and that was gone, too. "This is terrible," said Mr. Paulson, and he pulled the comfortable off the bed and folded it gracefully around his frame.

Then the victims, in solemn procession, approached the room of James Gordon and aroused him. Mr. Gordon tumbled out of bed, thinking the house was on fire. He made a dive for his clothes, but they were not where he had left them. With the aid of a gaily covered table-cover Mr. Gordon was enabled to make a rather startling appearance. With some misgivings the party approached the bed-chamber of Mr. and Mrs. Williams, a very worthy couple, noted for propriety of deportment and for modesty, which amounted to positive bashfulness. A loud rat-a-tat awakened Mr. Williams, who inquired what was wanted. "Burglars!" said Mr. Sullivan; "burglars, sir. They have taken all the clothes in the house and we——"

There was a piercing shriek from Mrs. Williams, followed by a smothered curse from Mr. Williams. "Mercy on me!" cried the lady; "they have taken my basque, my underskirt, my—my—yes, they have even taken my petticoats." "Yes," added Mr. Williams, in a deep bass voice; "and my breeches, too. Say, you fellers out there, lend me a pair of pants, will you?"

Mr. Sullivan drew his sheet close to his goose-fleshed skin as he said: "There isn't one pair of trousers in the whole gang. We are wearing sheets."

Mr. Williams, with several towels which he tried to pin together, improvised a pair of trousers, but as the pins pierced his flesh at every step he gave it up and wrapped himself up in a yellow lambrequin. Mrs. Williams draped herself in a sheet and a blanket, and then, after a short dispute as to who should go out first, the couple emerged and joined the shivering quartet outside.

It was proposed that notes should be compared in the parlor, and the party adjourned to that room to reckon up losses and form a theory. Mr. Sullivan offered to act as chairman, and, after assuring himself that no part of his body was visible, he mounted a chair and related the adventures of the night. Mr. Paulson suggested that it might be a good idea to see if anybody in the house was missing, and the party immediately started up-stairs again. On the way Mr. Williams observed that the kitchen range was still there, and this gave the party a slight thrill of pleasure. It was found that the room of a man named Charles Stewart was vacant. All his belongings had been removed, except an old valise and a few soiled handkerchiefs. The unanimous opinion was at once reached that Stewart was the thief. Up to this writing he has not been apprehended. "If we catch him," cheerfully remarks Mr. Sullivan, "we'll make him wear a sheet for a week!"—*New York World.*

Prepared.

"And you are not afraid to become the wife of a poor man?" he said, when they had made the final arrangements for the wedding; "remember, darling, that I can give you but a little cottage of three or four rooms at first."

"And I shall make that cottage a little fairy bower," she said, gaily; "remember, dearest, that I'm not coming to you empty-handed. Now, just let me show you what a busy little girl I have been, and see if you think I have forgotten that I am to marry a poor man. Now, listen! I have made with my own hands nineteen *lovely* tidies, seven *beautiful* sofa-pillows, sixteen exquisite lamp-mats, twelve *perfectly beautiful* toilet-sets, fifteen hand-painted pieces of fancy-work that you'll just *rave* over, a sweet pretty crazy-quilt, four of the *prettiest* watch-pockets for my own dear boy, six handkerchief-boxes, four slipper-cases, and a lot of the cunningest holders for burned and unburned matches. Now, see what a little worker and housewife you're going to marry."

"Yes," said he, musingly.—*Time.*

A Little Rumpus in the Senate.

Distinguished United States senator (rises and addresses the presiding officer)—I wish to give notice, Mr. President, that I am about to violate the rules of this honorable body by using unparliamentary language, but that I will then withdraw the language and apologize for having used it.

The chair—The gentleman will proceed.

Distinguished senator—I merely wish to say that the gentlemen on the other side of the chamber are mostly horse-thieves and bunco-steerers.

The chair—It is understood that the gentleman withdraws the offensive remarks and that by common consent they will be omitted from the *Record*. The gentleman who has just flung a cuspidor at the gentleman who has the floor of course apologizes for the unparliamentary act.

Second distinguished senator—Most assuredly I do, Mr. President.

The chair—Very well. The cuspidor will be omitted from the *Record*. Proceed with the debate.
—*Chicago News.*

Two young Germans in Berlin fought a duel with tricycles. Starting at three hundred yards apart, they charged full tilt against each other, with slight injury to themselves and serious hurts to their machines. Their honor was satisfied.

Further discussion upon Mr. Gladstone reveals the fact that he was flogged only once at Eaton, for refusing to betray a school-fellow who had got into trouble.

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When the next number of the *Argonaut* is issued, our sixty-e millions of people will have chosen for themselves a Presi-nt and for themselves determined whether the Democratic rty principles and policy shall be continued, or whether the publican party principles and policy shall control for the ct four years the administration of the country; whether over Cleveland shall become again the President of the public, or General Harrison be called to the executive office, l the Republican party again intrusted with the national ninistration. When under the apple-tree at Appomattox civil war was ended, peace concluded, and the soldiers of gray and blue laid down their arms and returned to ir avocations in fields of varied industries, the world wit-ssed an unusual spectacle. The war was ended, and the jority, with generous recognition of the great principle that derlies our form of government, accepted after a four years' nflict of arms that the majority had fairly triumphed, and t it was the duty of the minority to submit. Slavery was olished, four millions of blacks were emancipated and thed with the responsibilities of citizenship. The South cepted its sacrifices, submitted to the decision of the tribunal arms to which it had appealed, paid the costs of the trial, raised monuments to its unknown dead who fell on bloody fields, marked with name and regiment in modest slabs of marble, its heroes who had fallen in battle and died in hospital, and returned to peaceful industrial pursuits to repair the losses it had sustained, and take its equal place again in the Union it had failed to destroy. The Democratic party after nearly a quarter of a century was restored to power in an honest contest that had for its leader a Northern man opposed to the Republican party, which for that contest was under the chieftainship of one who was the embodiment of all that was eloquent, gifted, and brilliant. Neither Cleveland nor Blaine had risked their lives in the endeavor to destroy or preserve the Union; neither of them is entitled to a place in the hearts of their countrymen, gained by deeds of heroism or sacrifice for their country; neither is any worse or any better now than four years ago, when they stood forth as embodying the principles of the parties they represented. The same men are the standard-bearers of this campaign and represent the same principles as then, except so far as President Cleveland has given undue importance to the issue of tariff reform, and as Mr. Blaine has had the genius to impose the false issue of protection as one involving the interests of the labor class, and entitled to the credit of the national progress and the individual prosperity which have accrued to the country and its people since the conclusion of the civil war. Both parties of the country had for the last sixteen years recognized the propriety and necessity of reducing the war tariff from the figures which war expenditures had made necessary; both parties had recognized in national conventions the policy of modifying tariff taxation, relieving the necessaries of life for the benefit of the laboring poor, and continuing the tax upon the luxuries consumed by the rich. A congressional commission from a Republican Congress had reported a tariff bill reducing the tax twenty per cent. Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Vice-President Wilson, Senators Charles Sumner, Morrill, Allison, Morton, Ingalls, Dawes, Logan, Warner Miller, Hale, John Sherman, General Harrison, and Blaine, Secretaries of the Treasury Hugh McCullough and Folger, Members of Congress William D. Kelly, McKinley, Levi P. Morton, Presidents Grant, Hayes, and Arthur, nearly all the leading Republican journals and writers upon political economy are upon record for a reduced tariff. There is not a statesman, senator, or high official in the Republican party nor in the Democratic party who has not in his public speeches or official utterances, since the war, recommended a modification of the war tariff, and when President Cleveland had the courage to take his party at its word and make it a political issue, the Republican party had the cowardice to turn tail upon all its professions, to accept from Mr. Blaine a false issue, and insist that the Mills Bill was a free-trade measure and the Senate bill a measure of protection for the benefit of American labor. It is a false and fraudulent issue, leading the two parties into ambuscades, false positions, lies, and misrepresentations to outwit the other; leading to the undignified and contemptible legislation toward England, Canada, and the Empire of China; and, lastly, to a false clamor over the British Minister for his letter to the clever fraud who laid his trap to catch him. All these questions will be at rest after Tuesday next, and not be heard of again till in four years it shall become again necessary to bid with every forged sham and cowardly device for the foreign and ignorant vote. Neither national party has had the courage by party resolution, or legislative action, or in Presidential letters of acceptance to acknowledge one American principle or recognize the fact that the contest for the Presidential office does not lie between foreigners; neither has had the manliness to say in platform, editorial, or political address that American labor had the right to be protected from foreign competition by the exclusion of pauper laborers from Europe. Agricultural implements, bags for the transportation of grain to a free market, Liverpool salt for the use of the butter-maker, tin for milk-pans, wool for clothing, and everything that labor wears, or eats, or uses, must pay exorbitant taxes to protect the wealthy manufacturers and the trusts and combines that have conspired to defraud and oppress the American working-man and working-woman, while bone and muscle, the only thing that more than twenty millions of native-born Americans have to sell, goes unprotected, and they are thrown into competition with the underfed paupers of overcrowded, starving Europe. This false and cowardly issue comes from the inspiration of Mr. James G. Blaine. The anti-English issue comes from the same source, the anti-Chinese policy is prompted by the same desire to pander to the Irish vote. The resolution of the Republican National Convention "hoping" that Ireland may secure "home-rule," the conduct of Cleveland in sending government vessels to bring Cardinal Gibbons's hat into the port of New York, his invitation for him to act as chaplain at the centennial anniversary of the constitution, his messages in favor of hostile legislation against Canada and England, the indecent passage of the Scott bill—all evidence partisan legislation that is unwise and undignified. The truth is apparent that the two national parties are disgracing themselves and dishonoring the country through fear of offending the Roman Catholic vote of the country and in contemptible and cowardly rivalry to secure the ignorant alien vote. The interests of raw recruits from the Mediterranean states, from Portugal, from Scandinavia, from Hungary, Poland, Germany, and Ireland, are of more consideration than are those of people born upon the soil and educated in an intelligent loyalty to the constitution and laws of the country. Some hundreds of millions of money lie unused in the national treasury, while a thousand millions of national debt remain unpaid, the coast is unprotected, the navy is only in process of building, public edifices for national use are demanded in every city and village of the Union, and the administration of Mr. Cleveland can find no other use for the accumulating surplus in the treasury than to loan it free of interest to national banks that they may loan it out with interest to the country to whom it belongs. Mr. John Sherman did the same thing when he was Secretary of the Treasury, except that he had an interest in the bank or banks where it was deposited. While these two parties are quarreling over false issues for the spoils of office, the land is being inundated with the vile of Europe and the redundant of Asia; from both sides of our continent we are being invaded by races we do not want, who are disturbing our labor interests and robbing our children of their inheritance of lands. The American party presents new and honest issues. It is composed of American citizens, and demands its right to rule America, to arrest foreign invasion, amend the naturalization laws, guard the public domain, and say to the Church of Rome, and its Jesuit orders, and their priests who sneak and plot behind its altars, who intrigue against our public schools, and conspire to destroy our republican institutions, that they are traitors plotting against the government and shall be punished as traitors unless they desist. The American party has no organization elsewhere than in California, and but an imperfect one here. It is fighting both national parties for every vote it gets; it has against it a powerful, licentious, and unprincipled press; it has dissensions in its own ranks; it has neither orators nor money; it is beset by lies, intrigues, and treachery; it will have no machinery for the distribution of tickets throughout the State. The best thing members of the American party can do is to write the names of the American electors and the names of Judge Beatty and Judge Works upon Republican or Democratic tickets in place of their Presidential electors and judges. This will give the American voter a ticket legal in form and secure for it an honest count. THANK GOD, AMERICANS CAN WRITE AND CAN READ, and are not by reason of their ignorance at the mercy of either political organization opposed to them. The Prohibition ticket will be in the field, and with it and with the men who vote it, and with those who guard its counting, Americans can depend for honest coöperation. The only thing the American party needs on Tuesday next is courage and lead-pencils to make such an impression upon the two national organizations that in the future they will fear, then respect, and then make ready to join them. So sure as God rules and holds in his hands the destinies of the nations of earth, so surely will he not permit Americans to lose control of American sovereignity and authority, and manage its

ical affairs without the intervention of the church and priests of Rome.

AMERICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,

JAMES L. CURTIS,

Of New York.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,

P. D. WIGGINTON,

Of California.

FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS:

ALEXANDER DUNCAN.....First Congressional District
N. M. ORR.....Second Congressional District
DANIEL INMAN.....Third Congressional District
LOUIS A. GARNETT.....Fourth Congressional District
D. LAMBERT.....Fifth Congressional District
C. N. WILSON.....Sixth Congressional District

AT LARGE:

FRANK M. PIXLEY.....of San Francisco
J. L. LYON.....of Oakland

FOR CONGRESS:

W. D. REYNOLDS.....First Congressional District
J. F. MCSWAIN.....Second Congressional District
S. SOLON HOLL.....Third Congressional District
FRANK M. PIXLEY.....Fourth Congressional District
FRANK M. STONE.....Fifth Congressional District
ALFRED DAGGETT.....Sixth Congressional District

FOR JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT:

WM. H. BEATTY.....Chief-Justice (unexpired term)
JOHN D. WORKS.....Associate-Justice (unexpired term)

I have reconsidered the withdrawal of my candidacy as Member of Congress for the Fourth Congressional District, and under the advice of the Congressional Convention of the American party for that district, I will remain in the field, anxious to receive as many votes as I can cast in vindication of American principles. We have desired to arrange otherwise with the Republican party, and to have but one candidate in the field as representative of American principles. We have waited till the last hour, willing to make any sacrifice, but in vain. The Republican party is willing to make no concession, and the American party will not consent to an unconditional surrender. I am, therefore, a candidate for Congress in the Fourth District, respectfully soliciting the votes of all who have the courage to be Americans when America expects every honest and intelligent man to do his duty.

I am, very respectfully, FRANK M. PIXLEY.

To dismiss a minister is the act which usually precedes a declaration of war. It usually comes after long discussion and careful endeavor to avoid a result which may lead to serious and perhaps disastrous consequences. When, therefore, out of a clear sky burst the unexpected declaration of Cleveland's cabinet that Lord Sackville West had committed an unpardonable offense against our country, and his dismissal followed with such startling rapidity, it seems as though the United States had determined to break the friendly ties that are now binding the two great English-speaking nations in the closest relations of intimacy, and to precipitate us into an unexpected war for which we are altogether unprepared. The act committed by the English minister is at most but a blunder into which any person might have been artfully and innocently led. In a time of profound peace, when the two nations had disagreements caused only by the partisan motives for which they were stirred, the British minister answers the letter of a countryman which promises that it is not to be used for political purpose. He marks his reply as "private," and in that letter states nothing in malice toward the government, and nothing that is untrue, and nothing that—had it not been desirable to have made political capital of it—would have arrested the attention of any one. It was unquestionably a trap laid by a party politician for political use. The administration with quick and greedy selfishness seized upon it to secure the Irish vote that hates England and that is ever looking for an opportunity to demonstrate its hate by vengeful and malicious work. The Republican party—as desirous to capture the Irish vote as the Democracy to retain it—entered upon the endeavor to work the incident up to an importance which would influence Irish votes in the direction desired. It was a cowardly contest between two desperate party factions to make all the capital possible out of a shameful political trick. It demonstrates the extremes to which party spirit is liable to be carried in this country under the rivalry of contending parties. Neither the Democratic party, nor the Republican party, nor any prominent and honored leader of either organization has any really hostile feeling toward England, or any desire to precipitate the two countries into an unnecessary war. In both parties, and low down in the heart of every honest Protestant gentleman who belongs to them, there is found admiration and honest respect for England and Englishmen, and an utter contempt for the class of Irishmen and the kind of Irish politics that is being brought to the surface whenever an opportunity is presented for twisting the tail of the British lion. England is so great, so strong in her position, with a navy so powerful, a history so proud, and a public sentiment so intelligent and generous, that it is to be hoped she will appreciate the poor, small incentive that prompted our Democratic administration to commit so mean, and cowardly, and brutal an act as the dismissal of Lord Sackville West, and that she will have the magnanimity to overlook it. A less powerful government than England would not have the courage to accept so inexcusable and wanton an insult without resentment. Political party journals in America, political journals in England, and politicians in both countries may, for selfish and partisan purposes, give such importance to this most ridiculous incident as to entangle the diplomatic relations of England and America, and perhaps to embroil the two nations in war. It will be a proud day for the Roman Catholic Irish politician contending for home rule and parliamentary government in Ireland, when his allies in America shall become strong enough, and their vote desirable enough to American parties, to precipitate the greatest Protestant powers of earth into a destructive war. Rome would gladly see the power of England crippled, her commerce destroyed, her debt increased; and with pleasure it would observe our trade swept from the seas, our defenseless coast cities captured and burned, in order that from the struggle Protestant civilization might come torn and bleeding, and from its wreck and ruin a Papal Ireland arise among the nations of Europe. This most undignified and cowardly act ought to recoil upon both parties that have participated in it, and is another argument, a final and conclusive demonstration, that the two great national parties can not longer be safely intrusted with the administration of a government that depends for its prosperity and peace not upon a standing army and a powerful navy, but upon fair dealing and right conduct in the administration of its national affairs and in all its relations with foreign powers.

The *Examiner* is exhausting its efforts in behalf of Jeremiah Sullivan, the Jesuit Irish Romanist for supreme judge, and J. R. Kelly, the president of the Saint Ignatius Sodality, for sheriff of the city and county of San Francisco. In order to lift Mr. Kelly from the obscurity of mixed paints, it charges that his opponent, Mr. Laumeister, is "associated with people who are anything but respectable." These two individuals are our ideals of what is most repugnant in race and most hateful in religion. We have no prejudice against any person on account of his place of birth or his religious opinions, if he keeps them to himself. We do abominate and contemn the person who transplants his race-quarrels to this country and brings his religious prejudices to bear upon our political contests. Jesuitry, sodality, secret association as the order of the "Institute," priest-craft, and church influence have no business to figure in any party. The office of sheriff lies between Mr. J. R. Kelly and Mr. C. S. Laumeister; one is the Democratic, the other the Republican candidate; one is an Irish Roman Catholic, identified with no charity or work of public beneficence outside a narrow order within his church; the other is a German-American citizen of the very best moral character and of the very highest commercial and business standing. He is a member of the produce exchange, honored by every member of it. He is a miller, and was nominated by independent Republican merchants in spite of any boss influence and free from any pledge. If he is elected, Martin Kelly will not run his office, or become his deputy, or have any connection with the sheriff's office. Mr. J. R. Kelly does *not* own himself, he is owned by the Jesuit order to which he belongs. In event of success Mr. Laumeister will administer the sheriff's office in his own way. In the Non-Partisan convention, composed of merchants and business-men, Mr. J. R. Kelly received four votes and Mr. Laumeister twenty-six. Mr. Laumeister was assaulted by malicious charges and had against him a Republican candidate who had been a merchant. The race lies between Mr. J. R. Kelly and Mr. C. S. Laumeister, and if Mr. W. W. Dodge should retire, as he ought to do, it will be a cold, clean-cut contest between a German Protestant and an Irish Jesuit, each possessing the peculiar merits of the class to which he belongs and the religion he professes to believe. Mr. Laumeister comes within our definition of an "American."

In an audience given by the Pope of Rome to Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, on the twenty-ninth of October, His Holiness exhorted the archbishop to stimulate American Catholics to a peaceful agitation for the restoration of his temporal power. This request the archbishop will not dare either to neglect or refuse. To the Irish agitation for home-rule and "Plan of Campaign" we may now expect to have added a spice of Italian politics, in order to reinstate the Pope in that temporal power from which he has been driven by the Catholic population of the priest-ridden and church-accursed land of his birth. Italy has repudiated the Pope, Ireland has treated his intervention in its political conflict with England, its land agitation boycott, and "Plan of Campaign," with studied contempt. Catholic France is at war with the Papacy, and it would look as though all the controversies in which the Church of Rome is becoming entangled are to be transferred to the United States for adjustment.

The vote for Dr. C. C. O'Donnell will surprise the warring political factions of San Francisco, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that he may be elected mayor. If this result should attend the unpleasant struggle through which our city has been called to pass, it will teach the vicious press and the "best" citizens that in the future it will be wise to unite in a more harmonious endeavor to place our municipal affairs upon a non-partisan basis. The moral of such a result will be that boss politics and political management can become so utterly objectionable that any *honest* man who has the courage to act independently of newspapers, party leaders and party organizations, can be elected to office in San Francisco. It would be almost a compensation for the doctor's election to know that if he does succeed, it will be in spite of any newspaper and in opposition to all political organizations and without the aid of the commercial and moneyed class.

The movement of the ladies in the direction of school management is not likely to make a very strong impression nor secure a very large vote. The better judgment of those who have the welfare of our public-school system very much at heart, does not approve the experiment of female directors at this time. It is feared that there is a cat in the meal-tub which subsequent elections will expose. It would, we think, have been wise if only three women had been nominated instead of six, and we hear that very many persons, favoring the introduction of ladies to our school board, will content themselves with voting for but this number.

Colonel Stuart Taylor delivered a speech in Metropolitan Hall to the Iroquois Club. It is a very clean-cut presentation of the American party's position upon the point of excluding competition with foreign labor, and the impropriety of putting an exorbitant war-tax upon the necessaries of life demanded by Americans of the middle and working-classes. But Colonel Taylor is not brave enough to say that the Democratic party lacked courage to legislate against the inundation of the country by European paupers. In four years from now Colonel Taylor will be a member of the American party; then, and not till then, will he have the courage and honesty to be eloquent for the truth, brave for right, and fearlessly outspoken for his country. His reference to the Irish was arrant demagogy, and if anybody had lifted up before him two shillalahs thus † in the audience, he would have squatted before he crossed himself, and invoked the blessing of Saint Patrick and all the other saints in the Hibernian calendar from Saint Tammany to Saint Bridget. From the printed pamphlet containing Colonel Taylor's speech, we extract a page:

When I was in New York, in June last, a friend, knowing my love for yachting, invited me to join him in a sail out beyond Sandy Hook in the *Aquatic Queen*. There was a spanking breeze, and as we dashed away into the shattered sunshine of the sea, our joy was great. Away out beyond the Hook there was a thin veil of fog over the waters. The wind was light there and finally died away, and we had almost a flat calm. As we lay there idly, a great steamship loomed up out of the mist. How grand, how beautiful she looked, with her model of power. At the masthead was a foreign flag. (Our own ships are, by the infamous war-tariff taxes almost driven from the seas.) Upon her forward deck we descried hundreds of human beings. They crowded her sides to look at us. Within a cable's length off she stopped her way to take on board a customs officer who had sought her in a puffing tug. He bounded aboard, inquiring as to the ship's cargo (as he afterward told us), and the captain answered, "One hundred and thirty-two Hungarians, two hundred and thirty-five Wallachians, one hundred and forty-eight Russian Finns, seventy-two Italians, and forty-three women from the region of the Austrian Tyrol—six hundred and thirty altogether"—all under contract, with a mortgage on their wages, to work for mills and factories in your American towns. "All right," said the customs officer, "the freight you bring, captain, is duty free. There will be no tariff tax. Go ahead, and when you pass quarantine, go to the wharf foot of Houston Street and discharge." And the great steamer passed on. Her cargo was human labor. That was free trade.

A few minutes afterward a light breeze came, the fog lifted, another splendid messenger of commerce hove in sight. She was grander and more impressive to my vision. She was a full-rigged ship. She was fit to be married to the faultless sea. The winds loved to woo such a bride in her white beauty. She flew the English flag—the cross of St. George. I looked in vain that day for our flag. She hove-to for the boarding officer. "And what is your cargo, captain, please?" said he. "My cargo consists of so many woolen goods, so many cotton goods, so many gross of spools of thread and needles, and so much calico, so much salt, and so many tin plates, grain bags, and agricultural implements," and he showed his manifest, and all the merchandise above represented the necessaries of life. "All right, captain," said the customs officer, "the duties on your cargo are varied. They will average about eighty-five per cent. There is nothing free; go ahead, and after passing quarantine, take your ship to the warehouse wharf No. 2, foot of Jersey Street." And that great ship passed on, her cargo paying high tariff tax on the necessaries of life—articles of daily consumption by the poor. There was nothing free. Everything had to pay a great tax. This was protection. Do you like the pictures? They are painted true to life.

The American working-man is a voter. His boys will be voters. He helps to make this republic. He is a large and live part of it. He is taxed at exorbitant rates to help keep up the "rings" which are made highly "protected." He can not choose his lot. The rich manufacturer and monopolist of his creation has the labor market of the world

his feet, to pick from without let or hindrance, and to use against the toil that made him rich.

The great surplus in the treasury belongs to the worker, who is the larger tax-payer, as well as the producer of all intrinsic value. The war tariff makes him pay war prices for all he uses; but his wages have diminished so that, however large the figures may show, he is at the mercy of the capitalist, small or great, whose goods he is compelled to buy. He gets less for his labor, but he pays war prices for the products of his labor. Then let labor protect itself. What has done most to protect labor here? Was it the tariff? No. It was the organization of labor in union for self-defense. Will any Republican in this audience cite to me a case where the capitalist voluntarily raised the wages of his men when high protection was added to his products?

In the interests of the ladies running for positions as school directors, the "Committee of One Hundred of the Public School Reform Association" recently issued a circular, mailing it to a number of ladies throughout the city. We give it the wider publicity of our columns:

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1888.

DEAR MADAM: You have doubtless heard it again and again lamented by good people of all parties and classes that our schools have fallen under the blight of political control. You know that positions as school directors are eagerly sought, though without salary; that teachers' places have been bought and sold, one hundred to three hundred dollars being exacted from poor women striving to secure the position that, perhaps, stood between their families and destitution. Nor could we be ignorant that when an unprotected girl is dependent for the means of livelihood upon a board of men selected by the ordinary political methods of a great city, she is subjected to dangers from which the teachers of our children should be guarded, as we would guard the mothers of our children, whose place they take all day.

It is not decent nor safe that girls should be compelled to go from one to another of such a board, importuning them for employment, seeking them at their offices, counters, or saloons, calling at their houses of an evening; training themselves in the secrets of political intrigue.

It is not decent nor safe that little children should be trusted in the hands of men and women selected through money or political bribery, or by any corrupt influence. Along with the noble and earnest teachers of our schools there are some few unfit to have charge of our children. The very atmosphere that surrounds a coarse and ignorant teacher depraves young souls during their critical years.

The public schools decide whether the men and women of the future shall be fit to maintain a free government, or will let it go down in corruption and riot.

The teachers make the public schools. The board of education makes the teachers.

Two years ago a movement was made to take the schools out of politics by putting ladies of the highest character on the board. They were sought out and urged to accept nominations for the purifying of the schools and the protection of women and children. The independent tickets on which they were nominated polled a vote of some two thousand. The ladies' names ran ahead to a total of between seven and eight thousand. This remarkable vote was received after a hasty canvass of about a week, conducted without money or political backing, or any of the ordinary propaganda of printing, addresses, and so forth. The sympathies of the people were plain.

The movement will be repeated this year, and is already well under way. Ladies of the highest education and refinement have been sought out and urged to accept the nominations. They are: Miss Sarah D. Hamlin, Mrs. Philip L. Weaver, Mrs. Charles C. Jones, Mrs. Amelia W. Truesdell, Mrs. Maria F. Gray, Mrs. Margaret N. Cook.

Women were made eligible to all educational offices in this State by an Act of March 12, 1874, and have since then frequently been elected in the counties and smaller towns, serving with notable success and usefulness. Boston, Philadelphia, New York, and London find women indispensable as school directors.

This is not a question of women in politics. It is a question of saving hundreds of women and thousands of children from politics. The influence that purifies the children's home is needed to purify their second home—in the school-room. We seek your help to INTRODUCE IT THERE.

Sarah B. Cooper, Mrs. P. B. Cornwall, Phœbe A. Hearst, Emma S. Merritt, Mrs. A. A. Sargent, Millicent W. Shinn, and seventeen hundred other ladies.

This circular called forth the following, which appeared in a daily journal some days ago:

The circular published and distributed by the ladies of the Reform Society closes with the following appeal, which I consider rather remarkable:

"The influence that purifies the children's home is needed to purify their second home in the school-room. We seek your help to introduce it there." (Last three words in capitals.)

I would like to ask whether the distributors of this circular are conscious of the assault conveyed by these words upon the character of the teachers in the school department.

If the influence that purifies can be introduced, of course it is absent at present, and the inevitable deduction is an insult to the hundreds of faithful and pure women who have spent their lives in elevating our schools to their present unquestioned staudard.

If this insult were merited, your subscriber would like to question the lady nominees as to their plan of remedy for such an abnormal and monstrous evil. In my limited range of vision I can see but one effective course, and that is, the removal of every teacher at present employed.

This might give rise to some little confusion in so large a system, when we consider the many years of growth and the talent and ripe scholarship that have matured our department in its present harmony and efficiency.

I would like to be set right in this matter and be made to understand whether these ladies really mean to condemn the teachers and schools *en masse*, or whether we are to receive this circular as the first mistake of the female political dispensation? A PARENT AND TAXPAYER.

Commenting on both the circular and the foregoing, a lady has sent us the following communication:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: After reading the above, the undersigned would crave a hearing in behalf of the teachers of the public schools of our city.

We think the sweeping charges made in this circular against the board of education and the teachers should have an answer.

Can these ladies mention one case in which the board has "selected men or women through money or political bribery or by corrupt influence"?

Is our school department inferior to that of any city in the world, morally or otherwise, notwithstanding the assurance given by one of our fair nominees that "We will raise the standard of our public schools to that of our best private institutions"? (This was addressed to the *very few* teachers who attended the meeting appointed for them at Union Square Hall on Thursday of last week.)

Is it not a notable fact that young ladies, who have not the scholarly ability to reach even the middle classes of our high school, graduate with honors from our "best private institutions"?

Could there be eight hundred women gathered in any capacity, among whom there could not be found a few whose removal might be desirable?

Can these political ladies determine any more readily which these are than could a board of gentlemen?

Will there not be as many unemployed teachers as at present?

Will the number of applicants be any smaller or the number of positions any greater?

These experienced business authorities fail to recognize the fact that for the arraignment of every questionable person they must be provided with *legal proof* of criminal conduct, or bring upon our *not too opulent* department expensive litigation in the form of libel suits.

Some of our Republican friends tell us the movement is encouraged by their leaders against the dictates of their judgment—"just to beat the Democrats." Is chivalry at so low an ebb that our Republican statesmen and soldiers are driven to do their fighting behind a front-rank of women?

What shall we say in extenuation of the fact that these ladies of the highest moral worth are availing themselves of the most extreme campaign license to revile the board of education and the school department?

Is this an argument in favor of women placing themselves in the arena of political contention?

Were I a man, and thus qualified to present becomingly my political convictions, I would say:

Let every voter who has the real good of these estimable ladies in view save them and our public schools from a future so unpromising, and show them upon the sixth of November that it is their happy destiny to continue gracing the exalted sphere in which God and nature placed them, and that they can not maintain their womanly prestige and indulge in throwing political mud. AN EARNEST WOMAN.

AMERICANS IN PARIS.

"Parisina" tells of a New Law which Bothers Foreign Residents.

If a bombshell had burst among us we should not have been more surprised. What! Were we to be catalogued like so many hackney carriages? Must we hie to the prefect of police and beg leave to be allowed to remain in Paris if we are already installed there, or get permission to pitch our tent within its walls if we had a fancy to prolong our sojourn over a month?

Not one among us but felt personally injured by M. Floquet's decree. There was a poke-your-nose-into-other-people's-concerns air about it that was anything but pleasant. Our first impulse was to pack up our goods and chattels and be off to some more hospitable land immediately, shaking the dust of France from our feet. We were ready, in our first burst of anger, to swear never to trouble it again, never to spend any more money in it, to turn the light of our countenances from it forevermore. Surely there was room for us elsewhere. France was not the only country worth living in beside our own. The exhibition might get on as it could without our help, we would go our ways, and France and its ungrateful government would be left lamenting. It was this idea that fell like balm on our soul. Revenge is sweet. We worked ourselves round into a good humor as we nursed the delightful prospect of revenge. Of course, Floquet and his fellow-conspirators would be sorry when the Boulevard knew us no more, and there would be wailing and gnashing of teeth in the *monde* and the *demi-monde* when "milord l'Anglais" and his bank-notes, and Uncle Sam with his dollars, and the exotic *rastauquoère* had abandoned their old Parisian haunts. If *la belle Américaine* stayed at home the number of well-dowered brides for impecunious Frenchmen would be naturally decreased. And what about Perdi and Chose? They must shut up shop altogether, for they would lose all their best customers. Indeed, it was a bad lookout for every one of the fashionable tradesmen.

Thus did Floquet set us speculating.

It was some days before it occurred to us that, perhaps, we might give in after all. Henri the Fourth said Paris was worth a mass. And we, who have grown to love Paris and to look upon it as, at least, a second home, should we hesitate to conform to a regulation that, after all, is only a pure matter of form? In Germany, in Russia, indeed, in most European countries, passports are necessary. The French government does not want to revive the old system in force under the Second Empire, but it requires that all foreigners intending to make a prolonged stay in France, or to take up their permanent residence here, shall report themselves at the prefecture of police and exhibit documentary evidence of their identity, nationality, and the rest, to the general satisfaction of the authorities.

I do not mean to admit that the whole business is not vexatious and provoking in the extreme. But, after all, it is possible to endure it—the more readily, perhaps, that we are not called upon to grin as well as bear it. Doubtless it would have seemed harder if the French themselves had been unanimous in their approval of the decree. This they are not. Anything but this. The conservative press, in particular, is loud in its denunciation, and between ourselves—though, in a general way, I do not chime in with these gentlemen—for once I back up their arguments. It is not befitting a Radical, like Floquet, to have done this thing. We expect greater breadth of views from a man who ought to uphold liberty above everything, who is wont to declaim against tyranny on the slightest provocation. Was this the man whose arm was raised to slay Boulanger? But this is neither here nor there. In a former letter on dueling I was quite soft on Floquet; alas! that the hero should be of clay.

Yes, the journalists are pretty unanimous in their censure. Not, perhaps, for any particular love they bear the "foreigner." Some consider it an impolitic measure; others are only too glad to be able to fall foul of the government, and the present is an admirable occasion for showing that republics may sometimes be as authoritative and tyrannical as monarchies. The public follows suit. One's friends and acquaintances will gild the pill for our special acceptance by assuring us that it is not meant for us at all, that the Teuton alone is aimed at; whereas, the official organs naturally swear that it was no antagonistic feeling with respect to Germany that dictated the decree, no desire of retaliation that has actuated the cabinet in this matter. With this we have nothing to do. And, after all, I do not see why, if they are minded, the French should not exact an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth. It is certainly galling to learn that Kaiser William has foresworn champagne.

Once we have got over the unpleasant surprise, once we have been thoroughly awakened from our dream of ease and security, and our minds are open to the fact that we owe certain information to the police, and must needs render a careful account of ourselves to it if we would not be molested in the enjoyment of our Parisian flats, we are able to consider the question calmly and critically. All Frenchmen who live at home at ease are more or less accountable to the police; why should we not be? Thousands of persons who have never done anything they need be ashamed of, have their *dossier*, as I have before had occasion to tell you. A *dossier* does not by any means imply a condemnation or even a summons from an impatient creditor. When it is necessary to find out anything about anybody—his antecedents, mode of life, etc., it is very rare if some information may not be gleaned at the commissaire de police or at the prefecture. Then, as you know, every French workman has his *livret;* even female domestic servants ought to be similarly provided, only they more often than not do not take the trouble to put themselves *en régle*, and mistresses are too lazy or too indifferent to demand them. A gendarme on his rounds meeting an individual in the country is not overstepping his duty when he asks to see his *papiers*, those famous papers which establish his identity, and with which every Frenchman ought to be provided when he tramps abroad.

Oh! the police arrangements are very perfect in theory, I can assure you. The wonder is that so many criminals escape punishment. But the fact is the system works well only in the case of those who have no reason to evade the rigor of the law; the miscreants make it their business to evade the police—and in many cases they succeed, more is the pity!

Perhaps the worst that can be said of M. Floquet's new decree is that it is absolutely useless. You may be very sure that if there are spies they will be extremely careful to have matters straight with the police, and in future the first thing a gang of British pick-pockets do will be to carry themselves and their documents to the prefecture. It will be a capital way of giving pseudo-legality to an alias and will repay them fully, and be worth running some risk to obtain. The persons who will be put to useless trouble are the peaceful denizens of the foreign quarters—the rich American and other inhabitants of the Champs-Elysées who come to Paris to spend their money and have a good time, and the more unobtrusive English residents who live at Neuilly-sur-Seine as quietly as they might at Bath or Cheltenham.

It is remarkable that tourists and visitors who make only a short stay in France are not touched by the decree, which only aims at "foreign residents." At first sight this seems an anomaly. The fact is, however, that there is no need to specify them, as they must take up their abode at an hotel or lodging-house—not carrying, like the snail, their houses about on their own backs—and their name and title, profession, last residence, future destination, and other details concerning them of more or less importance, must of necessity be inscribed on the police books. Every one who has traveled in France knows that immediately on arrival, or at latest the next morning, each visitor is bound to fill in a paper to this effect, or to write down answers to a variety of questions in a ledger which is kept in the office of every furnished house or hotel. Therefore, my San Franciscan friends and readers, do not allow M. Floquet's sudden freak to frighten you out of making a trip to Paris whenever you are so minded. You may come and go with as much ease as ever.

Now, the tax on foreigners, suggested some time ago, would have been a much more serious matter. A stay in Paris is quite expensive enough without making it worse by having to buy the privilege of residing within its walls. Taxed by the hotels, by the tradesmen, having to pay "through the nose" for everything you eat, for every amusement, for everything you enjoy or carry away, it would indeed be hard to be charged a heavy tax into the bargain. No, fortunately this suggestion was nipped in the bud. The authorities have not lost all common sense; they have not gone so far as to quarrel with their bread and butter in this way. Why, half Paris lives on the extravagances of the rich! And a large percentage of those who have money in their pockets rejoice not in the name of Frenchman. Paris is a pleasure city, and it is haunted by all those who like to be amused, who love good wine, rich viands, fair women—luxuries in every shape. The warmer the welcome the greater the influx. The sooner your decree becomes a dead letter the better for France, M. Floquet; and for heaven's sake do not think of taxing your visitors. Why, M. Worth might as well think of charging an entrance fee to his show-rooms and lay a heavy tax on every possible customer. PARISINA.

PARIS, October 12, 1888.

The directors of Spanish railways may be excellent men of business, but they are certainly not students of human nature, as is shown by the following facts: A few months ago the model of a new railway-carriage was put before them, divided into small elegant apartments, each furnished with two seats and a small table, to be reserved for the special use of couples on their wedding tour. Innocent of the well-known fact that newly married couples are always nervously anxious not to appear what they are, the delighted directors ordered some "honeymoon carriages," and for some time past one of them has been attached to every express train, with the result that not a single couple have yet made use of the special accommodation. A terrible rumor is now current to the effect that, unless the new vehicles do not gain favor, they will before long be set apart for the special use of "defrauders wishing to travel alone."

A scion of the sewing-machine Singer family will soon celebrate his coming of age in Devonshire with great state. He will produce "Faust" on a scale of lavish magnificence in a private theatre. He intends to play the part of Mephistopheles in person; Mlle. Van Zandt gets ten thousand francs for coming over specially from Paris to sing twice as Marguerite, and both Lafarge and Mme. Trebelli will probably be in the cast. The Duc and Duchesse Decazes, Mr. Singer's relatives, will help to do the honors.

On the twentieth of November, 1887, the total amount deposited in British savings banks, other than the Post-office Savings Bank, was £47,262,222 4s. 1d. The number of the banks was four hundred. The post-office deposits now exceed that sum by twelve million pounds sterling, and the total shown last month to be deposited in all the savings banks of the kingdom is no less than £104,282,508.

JONAH AND THE MASCOTTE.

An Arcadian Tale of Love and Luck.

It is well known that during the time while the earth was passing through its golden age, when men were simple shepherds and women guileless weavers of garlands, the affairs of the world were planned and regulated with a sole view to making the human race enjoy life. Before the rule of Jupiter, the just but severe father of gods and men, the universe was managed by Saturn, who acted the part of an indulgent grandfather to an easy-going family of Arcadians. The charm of life then lay in its absolute simplicity, in its freedom from the infinite complications with which the mischievous ingenuity of man has since interwoven the fabric. The sage editor of "Sartor Resartus" begs us to remember that the fraction of life's happiness may be increased as well by lessening the denominator of wants as by increasing the numerator of satisfactions. In the present century this passes for the wisdom of a philosopher; in the golden age it was the active principle of the humblest life.

Among the shepherds who inhabited the pleasant vale of Tempe, where the Peneus rolls its limpid waters past banks fringed with myrtle and arbutus, there was one who had been even from his boyhood conspicuous as an exception to the general rule of happy good luck. This was Jonah, a strong-limbed, handsome youth, with the bronze hair and purple eyes which showed him to be descended from the demi-gods of the mountain tops. His flocks fed among the foot-hills and wooded ravines at the base of lofty Ossa, and his hut, woven of poplar and cypress boughs, stood near a crystal fountain. About this fountain and the neighboring altar and shrine were grouped the sylvan dwellings of a number of other swains, forming a little village.

The shepherds of Tempe had very little of philosophy in them, and if they ever troubled themselves with questions of why and wherefore, they were well satisfied with the answer: "It is the will of the gods." They accepted the bad luck of Jonah much as they accepted Jonah himself; it was something that existed, that was enough.

In a similar fashion did Jonah himself view his misfortunes; they were an inseparable part of his existence; they could be depended upon with unfailing regularity; they were not to be warded off by any species of foresight. Thought and speculation were as distasteful to him as they were, during this easy time, to the rest of the race; why call them into requisition in a matter where they were plainly of no avail?

The disposition which he showed to endure cheerfully whatever the gods saw fit to put upon him, made the good-humor of Jonah quite as proverbial among his fellows as his bad luck. As long as the disasters were limited to himself alone, he not only never complained, but he even seemed to extract a certain kind of satisfaction from them.

"How lucky, I am!" he said once when his neighbor Corydon came to tell him that a violent south-east wind had shaken down his pomegranates, unripened.

"Why do you think yourself lucky?" asked Corydon, wondering much.

"Because this can not make me unhappy, as it might perhaps you, who have never suffered such misfortunes and are not accustomed to them."

It may have been that the evil dæmon in whose care the fortunes of Jonah had been left, was dissatisfied with the results he was attaining, or it may have been that the inscrutable laws of chance happened, without any special reason, to change the current of events; it finally came to pass, however, that the disasters which befell Jonah began to take the form of general calamities instead of personal mishaps. The fire which started with burning his flax finished by destroying the crops of half the other cultivators in the village. Every one knew that the dashing hail-storm was sent to ruin the carefully tended flowers of Jonah's garden, yet it fell alike upon the lucky and unlucky; and the nymph of the fountain was for some time without her customary tribute of garlands. When the wolves came out from the thickets of Ossa, they were no longer satisfied with an occasional sheep from the flocks of Jonah, but would enter indiscriminately all the folds of the village. The other shepherds had not taken a degree in the school of adversity as Jonah had, and the consolations of its philosophy were for the most part out of their reach. They had always regretted the misfortunes of their unlucky companion, and had freely offered him sympathy, but the evil after all was not very hard to bear until the fates took it into their heads to divide it up.

Then it was that for the first time Jonah's bad fortune began to show itself to him and to his neighbors as a very serious matter. The other shepherds did not complain openly and say that he had brought the ill-luck upon the village; but when it was noticed that those who lived nearest to him met most often with afflictions, several who had always rejoiced to have their flocks mingle with his, and to spend the long days playing duets with him on their pipes, found various excuses for leading the way to other pastures; and Jonah was near being left in unhappy solitude. This was to him a new experience, for in spite of his bad luck Jonah was one of the most popular of the shepherds of Tempe. Indeed, his very misfortunes had made him the better company, for he would tell of them by the hour with a quaint easy humor which threw his companions into a tempest of glee. It was singular how the humor all faded out of the situation when the bad luck became general.

The approach of the era of catastrophe had been gradual, and it was some time before its effects began to show themselves. At last, when a number of the shepherds had left their pleasant huts around the altar and fountain of the nymph and had wandered across the Peneus, the thought that he was bringing distress upon his fellows became a mill-stone around the neck of Jonah, whereof the weight never lifted whether he slept or woke. Slowly he changed from the happy careless youth, whom the dryads of the woods had loved to watch from their places of leafy concealment, to a sad and thoughtful man, a more fitting companion, it might be, for Pan and his satyrs than for the shepherds of Tempe.

Among the neighbors of Jonah there was one who, although he had suffered equally with the others by the ill-luck which had overtaken the village, was unwilling to give up his abode and to run away from his friend. Fidelity was one of the earliest of the virtues to secure a foothold in the human heart, and Mopsus was as faithful as he was shrewd and discerning.

"Why do you continue to remain with me?" said Jonah; "the murrain which is ravaging my flock will spread into yours and destroy all, to the last kid."

"That may be so," answered Mopsus, "but if there are misfortunes to bear, why should you be left to endure them all alone?"

"Because I am under the displeasure of the gods," said Jonah; "it has been thus from my youth, as you know. Never have I enjoyed any of the good luck which seems to come as a natural birthright to us all, the free gift of our rulers on Olympus."

"I can not see why the gods should be displeased with you," remarked Mopsus, meditatively; "for you have never forgotten their altars. When one lacks, it is not always the gods who make it so. I remember, and so do you, that when young Tityrus came of an age to receive the heritage which his father had left him, lo! neither the flocks of sheep and goats, nor the many hives of yellow bees, were to be found. Even the fields of flax and the gardens of flowers, which the old man had commanded that his son should own, were held some by one of us and some by another. Then you will remember that the oracle on Olympus, to which we sent a messenger, returned the answer, 'To give is to take, and to take is to give.' And to you, whom she loved, the nymph of the fountain revealed the hidden meaning, that the father of Tityrus had given him his possessions, but that we had taken them; allowing the sheep and the goats to mingle with our flocks and the bees to swarm to our hives; and that thus to take meant also to give back, and that we must make a heritage for Tityrus out of our common store."

"I remember it well," answered Jonah, "for the sorrow which it caused me seems to remain even until to-day. I loved Tityrus, and I sought among my flock for those that had the longest and softest fleece; but, alas! they were all tainted, and before they could be killed had spread the evil corruption among the others.

"Yet you offered him more to take their place."

"But he refused to accept them, and has now gone with the others across the Peneus."

Although his misfortunes were constantly in his own thoughts, Jonah had, as a rule, avoided talking of them. However, as Mopsus had insisted upon sharing the bad luck (if that can be called sharing which fails to diminish the original amount), the two friends spoke often and earnestly upon the subject.

"I do not understand how it could be," said Jonah, "that any one else should get my good luck. It is not a thing which we can give and take, like baskets of flowers or skins of wine."

"It is the gods that give it to us," observed Mopsus, thoughtfully.

"At our birth," amended Jonah, and both pondered the question of the origin of good and bad luck for several minutes in silence.

At last Jonah said, "But you must see this: If any one else got my good luck, the gods must have given me in its place all the bad luck of that person."

"That is true," said Mopsus.

"Then there would be somewhere somebody who is as fortunate as I am wretched."

"That is true, also," said Mopsus.

"But there is no such person."

"Not that we know of," Mopsus admitted.

They listened in silence again to the hum of the bees among the wild thyme, and to the shrill rasping of the cicada. Out from the checkered shadowing of the beech-tree, under which they were reclining, Jonah looked across the sun-lit hills and vales to the blue and misty outlines of Ossa, towering above; and he thought, with the oppressive sadness with which one faces the inevitable, of how sweet life might be to him if his fortunes were like that of his fellows.

"Jonah," said Mopsus, suddenly, "have you a birth-companion?"

"Not among our people," answered Jonah.

"But when you were born and your father sought, as is our custom, for a child of the same day, did he find no one?"

"I dimly remember now hearing my mother tell," said Jonah, "that he found such an one in the other part of the vale, on the bank of the last stream which flows down into the Peneus before it reaches the sea."

"And what was his name?"

"It was a little maiden, now, of course, a full-grown woman, as I am now a man. My father told that she was very comely, with soft brown hair and blue eyes. Her name, I remember, was Phyllida."

"Have you ever seen her since?" asked Mopsus.

"I have not. Long ago, when I was young, before I knew that the evil-eye had marked me, I was resolved to seek out this maiden and to make her my friend, as is our wont with those whom the gods give us as birth-companions. But I feared to bring evil fortune upon her by even a visit, so I have shunned her as I have all other maidens."

"I do not know much about women," said Mopsus, "but think I have noticed that they are more than willing to share a man's misfortunes, if mayhap they love him."

"But no woman ever could love me!" cried Jonah.

"You do not know that," answered his companion; "women are strange in all things, but in nothing stranger than in the men they love."

The unlucky shepherd shook his head slowly and sadly, but made no reply.

The next morning Mopsus rose just at dawn, when the bank of fleecy clouds hanging over the hills at the entrance to the vale were beginning to kindle with a reflected crimson light, took his long staff and a pouch filled with cheese and cakes, and went to the hut of his neighbor.

"Jonah," he said, entering the door and suddenly awakening him, "will you take charge of my flocks for this one day and give them drink and pasture?"

"Most willingly," answered Jonah, raising himself sleepily upon his couch of skins and dried fern; "but where go you, Mopsus?"

"You shall know when I return; farewell," and before Jonah was thoroughly awakened Mopsus was out of sight. It was a very unusual thing for one of the shepherds to wander far from the banks of his own stream, and Jonah wondered much as to what could be the motive of his friend's journey.

In the meantime, Mopsus followed the path which led through the old forest of linden-trees down to the Peneus. By this time the sun was well above the horizon, and its beams, piercing the leafy canopy, fell upon the stream beneath, to transmute here and there the pebbles of its bed to bits of gleaming gold. Along the bank a foot-path was worn deep into the gravely soil, and here at intervals one might see the marks of a satyr's hoof or the soft imprint of the agile step of a hamadryad. As he ventured farther and farther into these regions of new and unexplored beauty, a strange sensation of sadness seized the untutored mind of Mopsus, and he longed to throw himself face down upon the carpet of flowers at his feet, and to weep that the gods had given him only a mortal's span of life.

On and on he traveled down the stream, meeting many shepherds watering their flocks, while they stretched themselves in the shade of the oak-trees that grew along the bank. Of these he asked concerning the village that he sought, in the valley nearest the sea.

"It is the village of the nymph Ia," said one of the swains, pointing down the Peneus with his pipe; "I have been there. The people are more prosperous than any that dwell farther back in the vale; their sheep and goats are better kept, their flowers more beautiful, and their bees gather more honey. They are favored of the gods, it is said."

The stream grew wider and swifter, and the great white cliffs, through whose gate the Peneus makes its exit to the sea, showed their outlines more plainly against the cloudless sky. At last Mopsus could hear the muffled roar of the breakers as they threw themselves upon the rocky shore of Thessaly, and he knew that he was near the home of the maiden he was seeking. He stopped for a moment to look about him for a path which should lead up through the woods, when he caught a glimpse of a peculiar stone at his feet. Stooping to pick it up, he discovered that it was an onyx, a rich prize to a shepherd of Tempe.

"Here is good fortune, indeed," he exclaimed aloud, rubbing the stone on a fold of his chiton.

A merry laugh sounded close behind him, a laugh so like the ripple of the stream and the trill of the larks, that he thought for an instant that it must be the imitative cry of some wood-nymph. Turning suddenly, Mopsus saw before him, half-hidden and half-revealed by a clump of hazel-bushes, a maiden whose brown hair, clear blue eyes, and wonderful beauty suggested to him the thought and the hope that she was Phyllida, the birth-companion of luckless Jonah.

"Good luck to you, stranger!" she cried out, in a voice as clear and ringing as that of a faun. Then she stepped out into the path and advanced to meet Mopsus.

"I have just had some good luck," said he, holding up the onyx; "I think good fortune sent this that I might offer it to you as a gift at greeting. Will you take it?"

The maiden looked doubtfully at Mopsus and at the stone, which he held out toward her.

"I wish I knew," said she, "whether you would really wish that I should take it, instead of keeping it yourself."

"I will answer that," said the shepherd, "when you tell me what they call you."

"If you mean my name," she replied, "it is Phyllida; but I am always called by our people the Mascotte."

"Then take this," said Mopsus, holding out the jewel again, "as a gift from my good friend, the shepherd Jonah, who lives far up the vale on the other side of the Peneus. He sends this with his greeting."

"I will take it," said Phyllida, "for I think it will please you to do this for your friend. But Jonah—I remember to have heard that name from my mother. It is odd among us, and I did not forget it."

"Jonah also remembers hearing your name," said Mopsus, "for you are birth-companions.

"I knew it," announced Phyllida; "but tell me why he never came to seek for me, as is the custom? Are the maidens beyond the Peneus so beautiful as to make men forget the ways of their fathers?"

"Would you like to hear about this Jonah? I came to tell you."

"Truly I would."

The shepherd seated himself on a bank of flowers, while Phyllida stood leaning against a large rock. Then the faithful Mopsus spoke of Jonah as only a true man who loves his friend can speak. He told of his strength and courage, of his kindness to those in trouble, of his happy disposition and unvarying temper, of his fidelity to his friends and their love for him, and lastly, but with a skillfulness worthy of a better sex, he described his physical beauty and told of the admiration which it won from the nymphs and dryads. And the maiden listened with rapt attention.

"But why is it," she asked again, "that he has never come to see me?"

For answer Mopsus told the story of the endless misfortunes which had clouded the life of Jonah; how he had borne them all with uncomplaining cheerfulness, as long as their evils fell upon him alone, and how keenly he had suffered when he saw that his bad luck had spread to all of his companions.

"Thus he knows," said Mopsus, in conclusion, looking into the eyes of Phyllida, which were gleaming with the light of sympathy, "that wherever he goes he brings the sorrow of constant misfortune upon all whom he meets, even as the one

tainted wether spreads the evil disease throughout the entire flock."

"Oh, tell him to come and live among us!" cried Phyllida, with breathless eagerness; "we always have good luck in our village—nothing but happiness is known. And when strangers come among us, if it be only for a visit, some piece of good fortune is sure to happen to them. Our very clover—see it there at your feet—grows always with four leaves."

"And you are a mascotte and the cause of all this good luck to your people?" asked Mopsus.

"They tell me that I am."

"Do you know why they think so?"

"I suppose it is because I am always so fortunate myself, and because those who are nearest and dearest to me seem to receive most frequently special favors from the gods."

"Do you think," said Mopsus, clumsily, "that if Jonah came to see you, you would like him enough to make him lucky?"

"It might mend his bad fortunes to come and live in our village," answered Phyllida, looking away.

This was not enough for Mopsus, who was a man and a very young one. So, after pondering on the matter a few minutes, he did a surprisingly stupid thing.

"Phyllida," said he, "does it not strike you as very strange that you should have all this good luck with which you can even make others fortunate, while Jonah is harassed by continual evils and brings distress upon those around him?"

The merry laugh faded from Phyllida's lips and eyes. She bent on the shepherd a look of earnest inquiry.

"And does it not also seem strange," continued Mopsus, "that you and Jonah should be birth-companions?"

"What can you mean?" said Phyllida, slowly.

"Is not our luck given us by the gods at our birth, together with other things of life, both good and bad? Does it not seem to you that Jonah has been defrauded in some way——"

"And I have his share," interrupted the maiden, excitedly; "can it be true that another has been compelled to pay, by his misfortunes, for all the good luck I have enjoyed?"

"You must not blame yourself," said Mopsus; "it was fated to be so."

"Yes, but it makes me unhappy!" cried Phyllida, pressing her hands together; "I never felt this way in my life before."

"It is sometimes the privilege of mortals to right the seeming injustice of the gods," observed Mopsus; "there is one way by which the evil fortune of Jonah might be brought to an end, if you would be willing to sacrifice some of your good luck for his benefit."

"I would gladly sacrifice it all and be wretched myself, in order to make what remains of his life happy. What can I do? Tell me."

"You might marry him."

The maiden stared at Mopsus for an instant, and as she saw by the firm expression on his features that he was in earnest, a blush stole slowly over her face.

"But he has not asked me," she said.

"He will, though, as soon as he sees how beautiful you are," said Mopsus, with a shade more of enthusiasm than was becoming in a proxy lover.

Phyllida smiled; but her eyes were sober and full of thought.

"It is contrary to the wishes of the gods, and to the customs of our people, that there should be marriage when there is not love. I can not tell whether I shall love your friend nor whether he will feel toward me as you say he will."

"But will you not try to love him?" persisted the awkward Mopsus.

"Yes," answered Phyllida, after a pause, "I will promise you that I will try."

"You must pity him, do you not?" said Mopsus; "oh, if you only knew how sad his life has been and is, you could not but pity him."

"Indeed, I weep for him," cried Phyllida, and a film of tears dimmed the lustre of her bright eyes for an instant; "I will do all in my power to right this evil of which I seem to be the innocent cause."

Poor Phyllida! The nimble feet which brought you down to the river's bank, gamboling like an ever-happy faun, carried you but slowly back to the village, every step clogged with a thought. And you, friend Mopsus, young and guileless as you are, how did you come to know that in every true woman's heart a sense of justice rules supreme until the haughty usurper Love comes to take his place? And, Mopsus, why is it, as you are making your way back toward the setting sun, that you turn so often and strain your eyes in the direction whence Phyllida so recently vanished? Why is it that you sigh now and again, and mutter to yourself: "Would that I were thus unlucky!" Can it be, my friend, that Nuncle Cupid, with whose private affairs you have been meddling, proposes to have a little amusement at your expense?

The story of Mopsus, as related to Jonah, so astonished the latter that it had to be repeated several times before he managed fully to comprehend its drift. When at last the situation was entirely understood, the disheartened shepherd exhibited very little interest in the proposed scheme of a readjustment of luck. He seemed even unwilling to visit the village of the nymph Ia and to make the acquaintance of Phyllida.

"It is useless," he said, gloomily; "my bad fortune would pursue me there. It is not possible that she would come to love me."

"Oh, yes, she would," cried Mopsus; "she pities you already."

"I am afraid that is not quite the same thing," said Jonah, dubiously.

"Well, I can explain it all to her and set that right," the officious Mopsus put in.

But Jonah, still seemingly unconvinced, refused to fall in with the plans of his friend. When they separated for the night he agreed to think it over, and Mopsus fell asleep, having arranged in detail the campaign of Jonah, and afterward a much more satisfactory one in his own behalf.

The next morning a young shepherd named Damon came to the hut of Mopsus, and announced that Jonah had left before dawn, and had committed his flocks for several days to the care of his friends.

"Which way did he go?" asked Mopsus.

Damon pointed toward the ocean with his crook.

"To see Phyllida!" said Mopsus to himself; "why did not he wait for me to go with him? He is sure to upset things."

He waited impatiently for Jonah's return, and as one day after another passed without his reappearance, Mopsus became more and more convinced that something had gone wrong. The other shepherds were not very deeply concerned at Jonah's failure to came back, as the affairs of the village had begun to mend most surprisingly during his absence. But at last, when Mopsus could restrain his curiosity no longer, he set out one morning for the village of the nymph Ia.

In the meantime, Jonah had made his way down the Peneus in search of the home of the mascotte. Gradually the fears and misgivings which his friend's enthusiasm had in a measure dispelled came back upon him with a new force. It seemed to be a part of the poor fellow's inevitable ill luck that at the very time when he stood most in need of the hopefulness and courage which had always before been characteristic of him, he should find himself thus shabbily deserted. His sad eyes and drooping mouth plainly revealed the current of his thoughts; and Phyllida, when she should look into his tristful visage, would not need to be told to know that it was Jonah, the unlucky.

It happened that the maiden had wandered down to the bank of the Peneus, to the very spot where she had encountered the strange shepherd who had told of her birth-companion. Here it was that Jonah came upon her as she sat upon an ivy-covered log alone with her thoughts. But among the pebbles at his feet he found no jewel to offer her, as Mopsus had done. In his walk along the river bank, the shepherd had sought for the rare and fragrant lily dear to the maidens of Tempe. In hidden nooks here and there, where the impetuous current eddying the small pebbles in a circle had worn deep basins in the solid rock, he had plucked with much labor and pains enough of these flowers to make a garland for Phyllida; but, as he crossed the stream, picking his way over the stones, by some mischance the wreath slipped from his grasp and was carried swiftly along to be dashed to pieces before his eyes.

"Thus will it be with me forever," said he, as he watched the fragments of the flowers spin out of sight.

It was just at that moment that he lifted his eyes and saw Phyllida. He recognized her by the mass of soft, brown hair which fell over her neck and shoulders, and by the blue eyes from whose clear depths there gleamed a look of tender interest.

"Are you not the Jonah of whom I have heard?" the maiden asked, rising from her seat and holding out her hand.

"And are you not the Phyllida?" said Jonah, smiling.

"We seem to know each other by some means," said Phyllida, with a light laugh, in which there was a trace of shyness; "you have a good friend who speaks well your praises."

"He was never a better friend than when he praised me to Phyllida, save, it might be, when he returned to tell me of her beauty and of the sympathy which she gave to the unfortunate."

The first part of this speech was Jonah's own, but the last words were put into his lips by Kismet.

The bright eyes of Phyllida, which had begun to twinkle, grew serious again in an instant.

There were a few moments of silence, during which Jonah said to himself: "Alas! why did not Mopsus make me understand how beautiful she is? Then I might have known that I could never win her."

And the maiden thought: "How strong and handsome he is; how noble and frank. Poor fellow, what a pity he should be so unfortunate!"

"Your friend told me how sad your life had been," said Phyllida, aloud; "did he tell you also of how I had seemingly defrauded you of all your good fortune?"

"He told me that you were a mascotte," answered Jonah, "and that it is your happy lot to bring good luck to others, as it is mine to bring misfortune. He seemed to think," continued the shepherd, slowly, "that if I were somewhere near you I might be made happy again, or, at least, cease to be the cause of disaster to my friends."

"I can not tell you how sorry I am and how much I wish to help you," answered Phyllida; "if you will come to live in our village you need no longer be distressed by the thought that you are injuring others. No evil of any sort ever comes upon us."

As she spoke she started to lead the way up from the river into the woods, but Jonah said: "One moment, Phyllida; you seem not to have understood my meaning. Will it be enough, do you think, that I should live in your village? Can you not love me, Phyllida? If you did, then we might always be together and defy those evil fates who have made my life miserable."

For answer Phyllida turned toward him, her eyes swimming with tears, and held out both her hands. "I feel that a wrong has been committed," said she, "and that I am in some way to blame; I wish to do what is right, and I will try to love you, Jonah."

With this the shepherd was for the moment quite content. He knew how very easily, almost at sight, he had himself fallen in love with Phyllida, and it seemed to him probable that if she made an honest effort in his behalf the same result would follow. He had no suspicion that the only kind of a love which is likely to come of such an effort is the sort that prompts a woman to offer to be a sister to somebody who, at that particular time, is looking for a very different kind of an addition to his family.

The people of the village of the nymph Ia entertained Jonah kindly, having learned from Phyllida that the stranger was her birth-companion and that he had lost all the good luck of which she was the possessor. In those simple times, before lawyers and courts had come into existence, anything which seemed just and right was immediately granted. Hence, although the thought of losing their beloved mascotte made the villagers almost too sad for words, yet when they did speak, either to one another or to Phyllida, it was to admit that it was her duty to love the unfortunate Jonah and to make his life as blessed as theirs had been.

Throughout the village, in the home of every shepherd and maiden, among the flocks and the gardens, good luck was everywhere evident; yet the evil fortunes of Jonah refused to mend. Day after day he spent roaming the fields with the mascotte and sitting at her feet while she wove her flowers into garlands and sang to the birds about her; but never did the cruel fates forget their work. His mishaps did not extend to others, but they were none the less constant and distressing. Did he undertake to fashion a vase at the potter's wheel to show Phyllida the skill which he possessed in that art, the clay melted shapeless in his grasp; did he climb an ilex in search of the eggs of the wood-dove, the brittle limbs gave way beneath him; did he search for wild honey, he was stung by the bees; the fish swam away from his hook, the pheasants dodged his swift arrows, and even the ferns and flowers, which Phyllida sent him to bring for her, seemed to run to hide themselves the instant he came in sight, so that he must return empty-handed or with ugly weeds.

Nor was he more fortunate in prosecuting his suit than in his attentions. Between him and the maiden he wooed he saw always Kismet standing to prompt him to the wrong word. All the lightness of his spirit seemed fled. Daily his face grew longer and his tones more melancholy, and Phyllida pitied him more and more and tried harder and harder to love him.

When several days had passed in this way, one afternoon Jonah took up his staff, bade the villagers farewell, and joined Phyllida, who had gone down to the banks of the Peneus. He found her sitting upon the same ivy-covered log, where he had first seen her and had wondered at her beauty. Now the thought that he was to leave her and return to bring new evils upon his friends at home, made his heart sink as does lead in water, and the words that he tried to speak remained dumb in his throat.

But Phyllida noticed the staff which Jonah carried and the leather pouch slung over his broad shoulder, and she knew that he was about to depart, that he would go back to bear his sorrows alone, and that she would see him no more. Sadness fell upon her also, as she rose and held out her hand to him.

"Must you go?" she said; "has your stay among us been so unhappy that you wish to end it thus soon?"

"You and your people have been very kind to me, Phyllida; but I came with a purpose, and that has not been accomplished."

"Everything has been against you; might it not change if you were to wait?"

"No," replied Jonah, and the tones of his voice became strong and firm, and the old good-humored resignation shone again in his face; "I believe that it would be always thus. It is my fate, and it avails not either to seek to avoid it or to complain that it exists. Perhaps if you had loved me my life might have been more like that of other mortals. But this has not come to pass."

Phyllida held her hands to her face, for she was weeping. At last she said, almost with a sob: "Oh, I tried so hard to love you, Jonah! I wished greatly to love you, because I pitied you for all the trials you had endured."

"Pitied me!" exclaimed Jonah, in a tone which caused Phyllida to drop her hands and look into his face; "why should you pity me? Am I not a man, strong and well able to bear all that fortune puts upon me?" Then, as he spoke, he seemed, in her eyes suddenly to grow taller and more sinewy. A defiant light gleamed from his purple eyes, and his white forehead was molded in angry ridges.

"If evils are to be endured by mortals, why not rather by me than by any one else. No, no, Phyllida," and his voice became tender and soft again; "if you can not love me, at least spare me your pity."

He extended his arm at full length as he spoke, and Phyllida, half-laughing, half-crying, amid a sudden tumult of confused emotions experienced a great wish to feel that powerful arm close about her.

At that instant a strange thing happened. Seldom came the wolves down from the mountains, and then only to seize some laggard from the flock. Never did they venture to molest mankind, save when some hungry pack followed howling on the footsteps of a lone wanderer amid the thickest of the woods. Yet now there suddenly burst from the underbrush, snarling and showing his long white fangs, a wolf larger than any that Phyllida had ever seen brought back dead by the hunters of her village. The fierce animal started directly for her, and she, transfixed with terror, could not run nor even scream.

But Jonah sprang forward in front of her and grasped the beast by the throat. There was a struggle, in which the dead leaves were whirled up as by the wind and the sticks and stones scattered to right and left. At length the yells of the wolf ended suddenly, and Jonah arose, leaving the carcass crushed under a great rock.

Only a minute had passed, yet Phyllida did not fail to comprehend all that had taken place. The instant she saw the powerful hand of Jonah gripping the throat of the wolf she no longer felt fear, either for herself or for him. He was so strong and so courageous, why should she fear?

Now as he advanced toward her, breathless but smiling, she could not restrain her thoughts, and spoke them aloud.

"Oh, Jonah, how brave you are and how powerful. No other man is like you; why did I not know it before! Now I admire you, not pity you."

Jonah came nearer, a strange radiance beginning to shine in his face.

"And?" said he, holding out his arms.

"Yes," said she.

A little later Phyllida chanced to look up along the Peneus, and she saw some distance away a shepherd approaching.

"See, my love," said she, "is it not your friend that comes?"

"It is Mopsus!" cried Jonah, joyfully; "how fortunate that he should come just at this time. Everything is lucky now. By the way, Phyllida, what a happy chance it was that the wolf should appear at the particular instant to help me win your love. Did you not love me because the wolf came and I killed it?"

"No," said Phyllida, with a laugh and a blush; "I think it was the other way. The wolf came because I already loved you, and something was needed to make you ask and find it out."

"Then my good luck began the moment that you loved me," cried Jonah.

"If it depends upon that," said Phyllida, "it shall never cease."

So they were married and lived happily and contentedly to the end of their lives. And to them and the children that were born unto them fortune came as she comes now to all men, neither always for evil nor yet always for good, but oftenest with a kindly smile. CHARLES DWIGHT WILLARD.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., October, 1888.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

"Iris" discusses Nature's Noblemen and the Caste of Vere de Vere.

Mr. Stevenson's ideas on "Gentlemen in Fiction" have roused much weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. The *Saturday Review* liberated its haughty soul in an article spicy with that ponderous sarcasm, which, as a rule, it points at this sadly degenerate republic. It insinuated that Mr. Stevenson could not be a gentleman himself to have selected Lovelace and Eugene Wrayburn as the best samples of that article furnished by Richardson and Dickens. Young Charles Dickens was naturally annoyed at the aspersions cast on his father's ability to create this *lusus naturæ*. He wanted to know what reasons there were for not considering David Copperfield a gentleman. Who could regard Eugene as a gentleman when David was in the field?

Next to theology, this discussion of what constitutes good manners, gentility, etc., is the most fruitless. Every one's idea has the same root and different branches. A Frenchman's gentleman and an Englishman's gentleman are very fine things of their kind; and yet they are essentially different in style. In this country the so-called sweeping aside of all class distinctions instead of simplifying matters, has hopelessly involved them. You are always coming in contact with people whose views are as wide asunder as the poles, and who are ready to fight to the death for their own pet theories. I was once at a dinner-party where a girl and a man undertook to argue on the topic of what made a gentleman, and their social instinct alone preserved them from letting the argument degenerate into open war. The girl was an intelligent Western creation, very vivacious and practical, alert, smart, quick as lightning, with a sort of quiet, sarcastic humor. She believed in nature's nobleman, in the untutored son of the prairie, whose nobility of soul gives him a nobility of action. She argued:

"Having a refinement of thought, being unable to commit a wicked or selfish action, always endeavoring to help some one else—but, from a life of seclusion, being unlearned in the arts of society, not understanding the esoteric mystery of the fish-knife or the finger-bowls, as likely as not to drink out of the latter—there is the man. Is he a gentleman?"

"Certainly not," said her antagonist, with placid conviction; "he is a fine, splendid fellow—give him a chance and he will be a hero. But all the same he is not a gentleman."

This young man was of an agreeable and attractive type of a good-class New Yorker. He was an amusing fellow, kindly, well-mannered, lazy, inclined to think himself a great and glorious luminary, moderately selfish, moderately kind to his sisters, condescendingly polite to his lady-loves, lovingly respectful to his mother. He had courtly but unaffected manners, and was handsome and well-dressed. He thought there was no place fit to live in in this country but his own metropolis. His ideas on gentlemen were similar to those voiced by Bertram's servant: "My master hath been an honorable gentleman; tricks he hath in him which gentlemen have."

He argued that no man could be a gentleman unless conversant with the smallest laws laid down by society. He might break the commandments—all but stealing—and if his manners were unimpeachable he would still be a gentleman.

"My gentleman's merely a matter of veneer," said he, generously; "he's all on the surface."

The young lady was in a rage, but hid it with a skill which according to her opponent's ideas would have set her forever in the radiant galaxy of perfect gentlemen, had she had the fortune to be a man.

"And yours is all below the surface. I daresay—in fact, of course—your ideal is by far the noblest; but you will see that mine is the most generally accepted and the most practical. Your nature's nobleman is all very well on his prairie, but what would you think of him if you saw him in a ball-room?"

"I suppose a genius who wore his hair long and ate his vegetables off a knife wouldn't be a gentleman?"

"Oh, no," cheerily; "geniuses rarely are."

"Then a dude's a gentleman?"

"Sometimes; not always."

The hostess, alarmed, here interfered.

"I think," said she, "if you could strike a medium, you would find what you are looking for. Your ideas are exaggerated. In the West they are too prone to call a man who washes his hands before dinner a dude; and in the East one who is not conversant with the fluctuations in the fashions of shirt-studs a 'tough.' A happy medium is the thing."

Outside the ever-dissatisfying gentleman argument, one is perpetually being met with the question: "What constitutes good manners?" The sage of Concord has it that "good manners are made up of petty sacrifices." And Dickens says somewhere: "I take it that my business in the social system is to be agreeable; I take it that everybody's business in the social system is to be agreeable." This is hard common sense, and combined with Emerson's and practically applied, ought to result in most perfect manners. A gentleman once said, while talking of the manners of a beautiful and charming woman: "She is the most perfect lady I ever saw. She makes you feel so exquisitely well-pleased with yourself. You leave her thinking yourself a hero, and her a divinity for having discovered it. The woman who in a crowded room puts most people at their ease has certainly the most agreeable manners."

He went on to say that he thought the lovely lady in one of Mrs. Burnett's books, who at a crowded and fashionable Washington reception devoted herself to a clumsy, bashful boy, seeking to put him at his ease and make him enjoy himself, was fit to fall in love with on the spot.

"You get so few young women to do that," he said; "they all want to get into corners with the best-looking men. But here was a beautiful and attractive woman, who, seeing a gawky, awkward, bashful boy standing in misery by the door, laid herself out to amuse him and set him at ease. I know just how he felt, for I was a gawky, awkward boy myself."

The art of making people pleased with themselves emanates from the French, whose manners are undoubtedly the most gracious and highly finished. Even the French-Canadian women have this peculiar charm of address. There was a woman in Quebec, whom I once knew, who had been and was still a great belle. She had lovers beyond number. And why? She made them all believe—it was a mannerism, too, she could not help it—that they were the most absolutely captivating creatures in the world. They came from her presence bridling, proud, and happy. And she was a hideously ugly woman, and neither a wit nor a gossip.

This was Mrs. Potter's charm before the days of theatrical ambition. Mrs. Potter enjoyed a unique popularity throughout New York. She spread over innumerable sets; from the oldest Knickerbocker to the gayest parvenue coteries, she was welcome. She was not an unselfish nor a lovable woman, she was not beautiful and not brilliant, but she was possessed of the most happily flattering manners and amiable temper. Some girls met her on that illustrious and ill-inspired Washington visit.

"Well," cried their friends, "and is she so lovely?"

"It's her manners, my dear. She casts a glamour round you, draws you to her as if she was a cuttle-fish and had you gripped in her feelers. The comparison is not poetic, but it's true. She thanks the waiter who brings her a glass of water with just as fascinating a smile as that with which she greets a foreign minister."

Mrs. Potter's manners eventually became quite celebrated. There were always people to decry them and wonder loud in public places wherein lay the charm. It lay simply in the fact that the lady was responsive and never looked bored. She had the talent of being pleased, or appearing pleased—which amounts to the same thing. To look bored may be stylish, but it certainly is not flattering to one's companion. A cast-iron dude is the only person who will stand it for long. It was the question of Mrs. Potter's charms which prompted Mrs. Sherwood to the perpetration of an epigram: "To have a good time is to seem to have a good time." And there's a good deal in this if you look into it.

To put a person at ease under trying circumstances is one of the tests of a good manner. Well on the high road to social greatness is he who can keep his temper and hide chagrin with an easy smile. A crown of social glory awaits that martyr who, when the servant drops a pile of plates, continues undisturbed with her ripple of gentle talk. It is in "Daniel Deronda" that Miss Arrowpoint is mentioned by Gwendolen as having "the best manners she ever saw." That Miss Arrowpoint deserves this praise we know when we read of the perfectly easy and graceful manner in which she comes to the rescue when Herr Klesmer has made his terrible crushing criticism on Gwendolen's singing. This was an exhibition of exquisite tact.

As a sample of a similar kind of tactful self-possession, a lady once told me the following story: There was a dinner-party in full progress at a rich and fashionable house. When it came to game, a wonderful set of Limoges plates were placed, one by each guest, for salad. A gentleman next to the hostess in turning brushed his off the table, and it fell and smashed to atoms. He wanted to die! The hostess saw the broken fragments and his misery, and said to him, placidly:

"Oh, never mind about that. These plates are very brittle, the least thing breaks them. You see——" and she snapped her plate in two between her hands.

Deponent does not say what were the feelings of the gentleman. It is to be hoped that after such a violent effort he was reassured.

There are a certain style of people—possessed of good enough manners—who use their guests as an audience before whom they pose and for whose edification they go through their entire repertoire of tricks. They never seem to realize that the poor innocents upon whom they are experimenting have come in the fond delusion that they were to be entertained in a more popular and engrossing manner. Of course, if they were rightfully constituted, what was offered them would be quite sufficient entertainment. There must be something radically wrong with the person who finds this kind of amusement dull. The guest who is not satisfied to sit and listen to the corruscations of wit of the lovely daughter of the house, should return to his native backwoods. He has no talent for society. It is selfishness for him to want to do a little of the talking. He is expected to sit still, silently admire, and absorb. IRIS.

OCTOBER 26, 1888.

The hand of the "restorer" has been laid upon Westminster Abbey, to the intense indignation of the British public interested in the preservation of its antique glory. Some authority has taken away the tomb of Sir Giles Daubeney, in order to replace it by another, notwithstanding the proposition was submitted to the Society of Antiquaries and disapproved by them last spring.

OLD FAVORITES.

The Story of Echo.

A beautiful nymph was Echo, as fair as a nymph could be;
Fond of the woods and hills and of sylvan streams was she;
A friend of the fair Diana, she followed her oft in the chase,
A friend of naiad and dryad, she rivaled them both in grace.
I will not pause to describe her; for whether her eyes were blue,
Or brown, or black, or hazel, I leave it all to you.
Whether her hair was golden, or black as the raven's wing,
I leave, with a glad permission, to your own imagining.
You may make her, if so it please you, a maid of the nut-brown type,
A genuine rose in summer, a peach when its cheek is ripe,
Or a maiden pale and fragile, a blonde of the palest tinting,
With shrinking violet beauty, of all modest graces hinting.
Just as it suits your fancy, it does not the least bit matter,
As fair as you make the picture, it will not the fair truth flatter.
But Echo—I hate to say it—like many another, had
A fault, that even in those days was counted rather bad.
She was over fond of talking, and whether in pleasant chat
Or deep and earnest argument, as truth it is stated, that
She wanted the last word always, and however bold or brave
Or clever was her opponent, the last word she would have.
Now, Jupiter, sad to say it, was very unwisely given—
Of course you know that Jupiter was king of the heathen heaven—
To idling his precious time away in fields and forests free,
With nymph and naiad and dryad and such like company,
Giving to pleasure the moments, from morning till evening late,
That should have been better given to guiding affairs of state.
For it must be frankly admitted, since the proof is very strong,
That often in his dominions things seemed to go very wrong.
Perhaps, if he'd tended to business, Arachne had been more wise;
The Cyclops had been more lucky, maybe, in the way of eyes;
Midas, maybe, would never have had such a pair of ears;
And Niobe, poor creature, might never have turned to tears.
So it was Juno reasoned, and, as you may be aware,
There were other personal reasons; but that was her own affair.
Whatever we think about it, it scarcely can be denied,
That with Jupiter's careless habits, her temper was sorely tried.
One day she set out to seek him. Ah! fate is a thing perverse!
She met on the way with Echo—she could not have met a worse.
They rambled along together, and as on the way they walked,
They talked and talked and talked and talked and talked and talked and talked,
And didn't say very much either; at least so I've always heard,
For each was quite determined to utter the final word.
But Echo so long detained her—it was all a conspiracy—
That Jupiter quietly fled from his much-loved company.
When Juno, quite outwearied, reached home, he was there before her,
Her most obedient servant, her humble and fond adorer.
He asked—it is quite unpleasant such treachery to narrate:
"Pray, what in the world, dear Juno, has kept you out so late?
"I've worried so, dear, about you. I have now, upon my word."
But Juno paid no attention. I doubt if she even heard.
"'Tis a trick, a trick," she muttered, "my excellent plan to balk;
"'Tis the fault of that wretched Echo and her silly, incessant talk."
And meeting her shortly after, she said, in a freezing tone:
"Because you once so misled me, you shall forfeit the tongue you own,
Except for a single purpose—the one that there's no denying
Is dearest to you of any—the purpose of prompt replying.
You may have the last word always, just as you wish; but never
To friend or foe can you speak first from this time on forever!"
It did not seem a dreadful fate to Echo. But, alas!
How could she tell, or any one, what was to come to pass?
One day she met Narcissus. Said she: "In very truth
In all my life I never saw so beautiful a youth."
She watched as on the mountain, in valley, or on plain
He followed in the merry chase; she longed—but all in vain—
To speak to him in softest tones and win him to converse.
How heavy at that moment seemed that all-forbidding curse.
She waited, all-impatient, in the hope that he would speak;
She waited, loving, longing, till her hope grew faint and weak.
She had her answer ready, determined quite to be
Prepared in perfect fashion for such contingency.
It came about in this wise: Narcissus separated
One day from his companions—for so it is related—
And trusting so to find them, called out, "Who's here?" No fear
Had Echo as she answered unhesitating, "Here!"
Narcissus, seeing no one, called long and loudly, "Come!"
"Come!" softly answered Echo, the while her heart with some
Strange joy was almost breaking. Narcissus called again:
"Why do you shun me?" And the words came back in tender strain.
"Let us now join one another," called Narcissus, soft and sweet.
With the self-same words came Echo on happy, flying feet.
She would have thrown her loving arms around his neck; but no!
Narcissus most emphatically declined to have it so.
He cried: "You shall not have me!" "Have me!" answered Echo. It
Was a state of things embarrassing, and that you will admit,
For 'twas in vain, he left her; and she, just as she should,
With blushes, tears, and sighs hid in the deepness of the wood.
From that time forth she wandered 'mid mountains, cliffs, and caves,
In dark ravines, in sheltered nooks where once had washed the waves;
Till by and by for very grief her fair flesh fell away;
Her bones were changed to rocks—of course you credit what I say—
And of the lovely maiden whose grace made all rejoice,
There was absolutely nothing left, just nothing, but her voice;
And yet, so strong is habit, and so strong the curse that Juno
Pronounced upon her, that to-day, as well both I and you know,
Where'er you find her, in the wood, or hill, or vale, or glen,
Or in the church, or anywhere amid the haunts of men,
There's no way to escape it, though it may seem absurd,
If so she answers you at all, she *will* have the last word.

—*Carlotta Ferry.*

The Archbishop of Cherson and Odessa cherishes a more ardent war spirit than Bishop Cleveland Coxe. Addressing the Czar at Elizabethgrad, on the occasion of the army manœuvres that took place there recently, his grace said: "The aim of life is peace; but war is the unavoidable instrument of peace, and one which is blessed by the Almighty when used in the cause of truth. The continued preparation for war is a hard but inevitable duty for a sovereign, imposed upon him by Providence. God Himself guides the hand of the monarch in battle; and inasmuch as thou preparest thy subjects for war thou doest a divine work."

It is said now that the late Emperor Frederick issued an order that for the future no German officer should appear in uniform, except on parade, at mess, or on some official occasion. Hitherto the German army has lived in its uniform, one particular advantage of that practice arising from the fact that few of the officers could afford a suitable citizen's dress in addition to their uniforms. Emperor William, however, at once rescinded the order.

New elevators, capable of a speed of twenty-five feet a second, have been put in the *Tribune* Building in New York.

VANITY FAIR.

To the autobiographical or reminiscent literature, of which we have lately had a good deal, is now added a delightful book called "Random Recollections of Courts and Society by a Cosmopolitan." Not a few of the anecdotes and incidents recounted are both new and striking inside views of remarkable incidents. This we shall endeavor to make plain by reproducing from the store-house of the author's memory (which goes back to the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon) some of those data which have particularly impressed us. Men of middle age who knew something of Paris under the Second Empire must remember hearing of the Piedmontese beauty, the Countess Castiglione, who played much the same rôle at the Tuileries which had been filled by Diane de Poitiers at the court of Henry the Second. We hear a good deal about this fair Italian in a chapter of this volume. We are told, for instance, that "the emperor made no secret of his admiration for her; he visited her frequently, and more than once had tête-à-tête suppers with her on *Homard à l'Americaine*, his favorite dish, prepared by an old *cordon bleu* expert in the delicacies of the *cuisine*. A mounted messenger would announce his coming a few hours before the time, and his reception was silent and discreet. Napoleon the Third disguised his *penchant* so little that it aroused even the susceptibility of the empress, who was habitually so coldly careless of her consort's distractions. At a *bal costumé* at the Tuileries the countess, insolently beautiful in a fanciful dress supposed to represent the Queen of Hearts, hung on the arm of the emperor, who led her through the rooms. Her audacious drapery, lifted over a perfect limb, was caught high above the knee by a jeweled heart. The emperor stopped before the empress to allow his companion to make her obeisance, and, annoyed by the coldness of Eugénie, remarked pointedly: 'Do you not admire the costume of the countess?' 'Exceedingly,' answered the empress, whose Spanish blood asserted itself, for, turning toward the proud beauty, she added: 'Vous mettez votre cœur bien bas, madame.' The emperor bit his mustache and moved away. Others had heard, but Mme. de Castiglione showed no signs of emotion or annoyance. Eventually, when rumor had been busy with her name, her husband forbade her ever to return to Piedmont. Prince Joseph Poniatowsky managed her slender resources; Rothschild put her in for every good thing, but with the fall of the empire she dropped out of the ken of the great world. It had always been her purpose not to survive—socially, at least—any deterioration which advancing years might bring to her resplendent charms."

Another chapter is mainly devoted to the Empress Eugénie, and especially to her early life as the Countess de Teba at the court of Madrid. It seems that "for several years, ever since she was eighteen, this young girl had been an object of interest, curiosity, speculation, amusement, and criticism for the Madridlenes. She was a fair, pale, haughty-looking woman; her reputed beauty did not strike a stranger at first sight, for her hair was of too brilliant a red, her eyes too small, and the contour of her chin defective; but, to use a common parlance, she grew upon you, and it was impossible, after a time, not to admit her very real charm. The prevalent fashion of wearing the hair, then called *a la Fuoco*, from a popular ballerine—and which Eugénie had adopted—showed off her noble forehead and delicate temples, and permitted the full play of her mobile and admirably penciled eyebrows to show to the best advantage; it may almost be said that the whole expression of her features was centred in those delicate arches, which possessed a singular and penetrating eloquence. . . . Her complexion was a dead white; very rarely did a pale-pink blush pass over her colorless cheek; but her pallor was not that of ill-health, and her lips were warmly, richly red. She was admirably formed, looking taller than she really was; her head was beautifully poised on her neck and shoulders, which, like her arms, wrists, and hands, were exquisitely modeled; her mouth was too straight and she smiled too rarely not to make the defect apparent, and her voice was not musical; but such as she was, she exercised a singular sway over the society of Madrid, a circumstance all the more remarkable that girls were supposed to have no social importance and to play no part in the world."

She was singularly wayward, and capricious, and defiant of the conventional restraints which, in Spanish society, circumscribe unmarried women. "Extravagant in all things, she spent her whole income—derived from the inheritance left to her with her title by the Count de Teba—in dress; she rode without being fond of riding, and affected bravery, although constitutionally timid. Playing with a dagger, and being warned that she might hurt herself, she plunged it into her soft white arm to prove that she was not afraid, and fainted at the sight of the few red drops surging from the not very deep wound. At Carabancel, walking with her usual cortége of admirers in the straggling, ill-kept grounds, she came to a shallow canal spanned by a dilapidated bridge. Looking around, she exclaimed: 'That bridge is rotten, but if I cross it, who will follow me?' Receiving no prompt reply, she muttered: 'Cowards!' and sprang upon the tottering planks. They gave way; she fell ignominiously into the green, slimy ooze below, and had to be extricated and conveyed home in a pitiable condition."

It appears that to Eugénie Montijo, as to Josephine de la Pagerie, her future elevation to a throne had been predicted. In the year 1849 "she had consulted a gypsy who had predicted that she would be empress." The author goes on to tell us that when in 1851 Mlle. Montijo came to Paris with her mother, she "changed her tactics, dropped the Amazon, and became the *ingénue*. She was always seen at her mother's side, demurely dressed, working at a tapestry frame, with a small toy terrier curled on the hem of her gown, and all the boldness and eccentricity melted away. In this new character she attended the *fêtes* of the Elysée Bourbon and attracted the notice of Louis Napoleon. She was at the *réveillon du jour de l'An* at the Tuileries in 1853, and when, according to the French custom, the emperor approached her at midnight to salute her on the cheek, as he had all the other ladies present, she drew back, and with a modest courtesy said, 'Sire, only my husband shall ever kiss me.' Before that the Duchess de Bassano had tried to put her on her guard against the compromising attentions of the emperor, adding, 'Take care, you prepare for yourself regret or remorse.' The month of January was not far advanced when Eugénie was able to write to her prudent counselor: 'I marry Louis *without* regret and *without* remorse.' It is, however, very doubtful whether Mlle. de Montijo would ever have been seated on the throne of France had not the emperor smarted under the refusal of his hand by the Princess of Wasa, and made his union with a woman not of royal blood an act of defiance to all the crowned heads of Europe."

Was the Prince Imperial the son of the Empress Eugénie? On this question, which once might have become important, doubt is cast by the author of this volume. The fact, for example, is recalled that the Duke d'Ossuna, who admired Mlle. de Montijo, had refrained from proposing to her on the express grounds that his conscience forbade him to wed a woman who it was well-known would never be a mother. The duke alluded to a circumstance which was no secret in Madrid, namely, that a few seasons before, Mlle. Montijo, being at Biarritz, had insisted upon bathing in the sea during rough and stormy weather, that she had done so against the advice of all the people on the beach, that she had been carried off by the waves, dashed against a breakwater, rescued with difficulty, and been dangerously ill afterward. She recovered and regained her full health, but the doctors had given it as their opinion that the shock to her system would debar her from ever bearing any children. . . . Not even the birth of the prince imperial could shake those convictions, and several reasons were alleged to prove that the circumstance did not materially alter the case—the time which elapsed between the marriage of the empress and the announcement that an heir was expected; the cropping up of the fashion of paniers and crinolines, compared to the old *vertugadins* of the court of Louis the Fifteenth, then called *cache-enfants;* the summoning of twelve wet-nurses, with their infants, from England, secreting them for several days and nights in the Tuileries without outer communication, and the equally summary dispatching of them, save one, as soon as the declaration of the birth of the prince was made; the sex of the child, who, it was foretold, would ever prove the only one."

In these recollections there is also some account of a woman, Marie Bellanger, who became notorious under the Second Empire by reason of her discreditable relation to Napoleon the Third and of the scandalous transaction in which she was believed to have played a part. We read that "when the emperor first remarked Marie Bellanger at Vichy in '63, she was still called Françoise Lebœuf. She came from the west of France, her origin was of the lowest, she had tried several livelihoods before going on the stage, where she was a failure; but she had the feminine shrewdness and adaptability which in one hour can fashion a duchess out of a *figurante*. A year later Paris became aware of the imperial *liaison*, of the openly expressed dissatisfaction of the empress, and shortly after a mysterious story was circulated to which Marie Bellanger was said to owe her elevation. Her '*cher seigneur*,' as she called the emperor, was at once *blasé*, skeptical, and credulous; he was caught by wiles that would not have deceived a *roué* of twenty and by an affectation of sentimentality which awoke in the man of fifty-five an echo of the dreamy education he had long ago received in Germany. Under pressure, and the emperor recognizing the necessity of the act, 'Margot' acknowledged as her own a child that was not hers; this complicity was rewarded with one million francs, and the estate and castle of Mouchy were purchased and settled on young Auguste Bellanger. When these negotiations were successfully terminated, the part of Marie was terminated, her fascinations were played out. After 1871 she left France for Cassel, where she married an Englishman, a sailor, got tired of him, abandoned him, returned to France, bought a pretty little hotel at St. Cloud, and lived there, unknown and uncared for on the spoils of her one great *coup* till her death."

The author of this volume is quite as familiar with the society of Berlin, Turin, and Brussels as with that of Paris and Madrid. In 1858, she met at the Prussian capital the Princess de Metternich, who afterward became such a conspicuous figure at the court of Napoleon the Third. "Although her later exploits in Paris out-Heroded her achievements in Berlin, she was already a dashing, unconventional, eccentric woman; no doubt she would have seemed so anywhere, but in the sober and somewhat stilted society of the Prussian capital she created quite a sensation. Her features were irregular and strongly marked, her face offering a singular mingling of the Kalmuck and mulatto types; her eyes were magnificent, her hair dark and abundant, her voice high-pitched, rapid, and musical; at a first glance she appeared ugly; as one knew her better, all her exterior defects seemed only an extraordinary way of being fascinating. *Grande dame* to her fingertips, she behaved at times like a *grisette;* she played at whist at the house of Count Adlerberg, the Russian military envoy, avowedly for the purpose of winning enough to pay for a pink bonnet, having, as she said, won a few nights before the price of a dress, and to make her speculation less hazardous she took her husband for a partner, and gravely wondered if her adversaries expected her to pay if she lost. But whether she kissed Count Beust at an official reception at the Tuileries to wheedle him into giving a fancy ball, or stood erect in her box at the 'Italiens' in Paris when the 'Tannhäuser' was received with hisses, and with extended hand apostrophized the audience, saying aloud: 'Imbeciles, you will worship to-morrow what you insult to-day'; whether she wrangled with statesmen or sang the most *canaille* songs of Theresa, the café diva, the Princess de Metternich never lost a certain unconscious spirit of caste which prevented her from being irretrievably socially undone. She had women on her side because she did not challenge their rivalry, and men because she never set herself the impossible task of converting lovers into friends. Her eccentricity was an heirloom transmitted by her father, the half-mad Count Zychy. He was the most audacious and fearless rider, spending most of his life in his stables with his horses, and never more happy than when astonishing Vienna with some extravagant feat. He put six horses to a landau and drove the whole turn-out to the fifth floor of a palace in town, coming down in the same fashion. When he was about to marry, his future mother-in-law implored him to abstain from such perilous experiments, and won his sacred promise to be henceforth prudent and careful. The very next day he entered her drawing-room on horseback to deliver a message, and after manœuvring his steed among the furniture, bowed and made his exit, as if he had paid a morning call in the usual orthodox fashion."

About Victor Emanuel, his *entourage* and his *liaisons*, the author tells us a good deal. The curious yet intelligible inconsistency is mentioned that, although more than lax in his relations with women in private life, Victor Emanuel would tolerate no infractions of etiquette in official circles. It is not to be inferred, however, that he could easily adapt his manners and talk to the sphere of society in which he found himself. On the contrary, "fond as he was of women as a sex, he had nothing to say to those of the upper classes; his conversation at balls and receptions, when not bald, was tactless. He asked Mme. de Malaret, the wife of the French Chargé d'Affaires, if she wore stays, and when the lady looked her surprise, he continued, in cool explanation, that he thought not, her figure was so supple. Unlike the King of Naples, who had the skirts of the ballet dancers lengthened and made them wear green undergarments, Victor Emanuel liked *only* the ballet and cared for neither opera nor comedy." Elsewhere we learn how deep a source of anxiety to Count Cavour was the king's enduring "infatuation for Rosina Vercellana, the keeper's daughter, whom the prince had loved when only Duke of Savoy, and, like the son of Frederick the Great, visited in defiance of his father's commands by scaling at night the walls of the royal park of Raconigi. After the death of the queen the protracted *liaison* of the king was leading him surely and unwisely to its consecration by marriage. Cavour had endured that Rosina should have been made Countess of Mirafiori—a perfumer's title, as the Piedmontese called it—that all should have been done for her children save legitimize them, but he could not reconcile himself to this last step. Victor Emanuel, from carelessness or *parti pris*, had been wilfully blind to certain derelictions of Rosina's, who more than once was led astray by her lower instincts and the memory of old associations. Cavour, with the assistance of Count Cigala, Master of the Horse, laid a plan by which the king should be convinced by ocular demonstration of Rosina's infidelity. They persuaded him to put her to the test and abide by the proofs; he consented at first, but at the last moment drew back. It was then that Cavour, as a last resource, being fully persuaded that the prestige of the monarchy was essential to the furtherance of his ultimate scheme of a great united Italy, adjured Victor Emanuel in the name of the services he had rendered him not to cause him the most cruel pain he could suffer. The king, conquered by the fervent appeal of his faithful minister, promised solemnly that as long as Cavour lived he would never marry Rosina. Unfortunately, the statesman did not survive long enough to prevent the union he dreaded so much. After his death in 1861, having hesitated some years more, the king considered himself relieved of his oath, and privately married the Countess de Mirafiori. Of common origin, without education or particular beauty, Rosina was not, however, a wicked or dangerous woman; she suffered the admiration of the king more than she courted it, and retained it without any secret motives of intrigue or ambition. She proved herself neither exacting nor greedy; she liked him after a fashion, and infinitely more as time passed on; she bore the countless infidelities of a man who reckoned his caprices by hundreds, with indifference at first and resignation afterward, and put forth no claims on his fidelity or his purse. . . . She cherished his memory with a stubborn, dogged fidelity, truer in death than in life, and had already ordered the wreath of flowers which she sent every year to be placed on his tomb with the uniformly short inscription, *Una Inconsolata*, when she succumbed herself."

A curious museum has just been opened at Dresden. In it are collected a number of boots, shoes, and slippers in which emperors, kings, queens, princes, and other august or famous persons have some time or other trodden the path through life. Among them are a pair of boots worn by Napoleon the First at the battle of Dresden, on April 27, 1813, and a pair of white satin shoes, embroidered in gold, which the same great emperor wore on the day of his coronation; another pair of strong leather boots which belonged to the famous French marshal, Murat, afterward king of the two Sicilies; a pair of high-heeled boots of Maria Theresa; boots of the philosopher, Kant, and many others, forming a curious assembly.

As an illustration of the extent to which the Sultan's treasury is pinched, it is said that there has been a strike of the cooks in one of the great palaces on the ground that they had received no pay for something over two years. It was announced to the unhappy cooks that since they had been excused from military service in virtue of their services to the state while concocting savory dishes, they must now perform the duty they owe the government. So the whole of them were drafted into the army, and now regret at leisure their folly in meddling with their destiny.

At the banquet to Kaiser William at the Viennese court the ladies all kept their gloves on.

A MAD BOHEMIAN.

The Tragic Story of the Life and Death of Gérard de Nerval.

There are some writers of whom it may be said that they live only after their death. Of such was Gérard de Nerval, one of the most extraordinary figures in French literature. Although belonging to the heroic generation of 1830, and having had as contemporaries and admirers Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier, and Alexandre Dumas, he won but notoriety during his life, was found hanged one morning in a noisome street of Paris, was buried, and apparently forgotten. But his genius has at last forced the silence of the grave. His name has been rehabilitated by the younger school of French writers, cheap editions of his works find a ready sale, and in the forthcoming series of romantic biographies Gérard de Nerval's heads the list.

In England and America Gérard is only known as the author of "Sylvie," that exquisite prose idyl that smells of the woods, and of which a translation, with the delicate etchings of Conquet's edition, was published not long ago. A bare mention of his name by Mr. George Saintsbury in his "Short History of French Literature," and a critical article by Mr. Andrew Lang in a well-known religious weekly, complete the bibliography of Gérard de Nerval in English.

Gérard de Nerval, whose real name was Làbrunie, was born in 1808, somewhere between Moscow and Paris. His father was a surgeon in the imperial armies, and took part in the Russian retreat. This led Gérard to boast in later years that his first bed had been that of the Berezina. However that may be, it is known that his early childhood was passed at Ermenonville, a little town of majestic parks, where visitors are shown the tomb of Jean Jacques Rousseau. He received his education in Paris at the College Charlemagne, where he won the praises of his professors and the admiration of his fellow-students by the publication of a volume of poems, "Les Elégies Nationales." On the benches of the college he made the acquaintance of young Théophile Gautier, who was then more preoccupied with Petronius and Apuleius than with Virgil and Horace. Gautier has left us an attractive description of Gérard as he was at that period, before madness had touched his brow: "His face was of a pinkish white, brightened by gray eyes, where wit sparkled with unalterable sweetness. His forehead, rising under blonde hair of extreme tenuity that floated like golden smoke, was of an admirable shape, polished as ivory, and brilliant as porcelain. The nose, slightly aquiline, was delicate, the mouth had a gracious expression, with a rather thick under-lip that denoted good nature; the chin was well-rounded and was imprinted with a dimple."

After leaving college Gérard, then aged eighteen, published his admirable translation of "Faust," which elicited from the master of Weimar the complimentary declaration that he had never understood himself as well as in Gérard's translation. He became intimate with Victor Hugo, though in nowise his disciple, and was intrusted with the recruitment of romanticists for the defense of "Hernani," whose horn was about to blow the battle-blast of the new literature. Théophile Gautier was, of course, among the first volunteers, and distinguished himself, as every one knows, by appearing at the first representation in a doublet of cherry-red satin. Legend adds that he slew half-a-dozen Philistines with his enormous fists. He, however, in his "Memoirs," denies the soft impeachment.

Before long Gérard de Nerval, Théophile Gautier, Arsène Houssaye, and Camille Rogier united their *lares et penates* in a half-ruined house of the Impasse du Doyenne. Both street and house have long ago been "haussmannized" out of existence, but not before they had become historical. Among the frequent visitors to the Impasse du Doyenne were Alexandre Dumas and his collaborator, Auguste Maquet, then parading under the name of Augustus Mackeatt; Alphonse Esquiros, Petrus Borel, Eugène Delacroix, Gavarni, Marilhat, Célestin Nanteuil, Corot, Diaz, and others of less note. The tumble-down house was a veritable laboratory of masterpieces. Gérard was then working at his "Reine de Saba," Théo (as Gautier was familiarly called) at "Mlle. de Maupin," Arsène Houssaye at "La Pécheresse," and Camille Rogier at his aquarelles for the illustration of Byron's poems and Hoffman's tales. Gautier had already published his poem of "Albertus," the entire edition of which had been left on his hands. It was Théo's invariable custom, whenever a visitor was presented, to open a certain closet of tomb-like dimness and profundity, to exhume therefrom a dust-laden copy of "Albertus," and present it to the visitor with a sort of rejoicing sigh, as one who parts forever with a too-familiar possession. As soon as "Albertus" was out of print there began to be a demand for it, and to-day it is quoted at any price above two hundred and fifty francs.

The meals of the brotherhood were irregular and picturesque. Théo excelled in cooking macaroni *à la Napolitaine*, after partaking of which, he writes, his comrades "used to lick their fingers to their very elbows." Arsène Houssaye entertained theories about the proper method of cooking partridges, and put them into practice whenever partridges found their way to the Impasse du Doyenne. On days of orgy Théo and Houssaye used to concoct a fearful and wonderful soup made of milk, in which were chopped-up bread, eggs, truffles, pheasants, and larks.

At night the Bohemians used to repair to a neighboring tavern kept by a Titianesque beauty whose golden-red hair entangled many a heart. At other times they would sally forth to the Bal de la Chaumière, a great resort for students and grisettes, where they danced a can-can of their own invention known as the "Epopée de Bonaparte." Théo, with his floating hair, used to represent with much success the weeping willow of St. Helena.

Visitors to Paris may have observed in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, not far from the Arc de Triomphe, a wooden wine-shop whose front, bedaubed with a bloody red, emerges vividly from between two wan apartment-houses of recent construction. In 1830 the Avenue de la Grande Armée was a mere country road, and the little red wine-shop stood against a background of trees and shrubs on the edge of the footpath. It was there that the Romanticists of Bohemia were wont to meet once a week to drink chianti from wickered flasks, and partake of a certain dish of macaroni for which Graziano, the Italian host, was famous. One night, at the usual reunion, a young poet who was present astonished the company by calling for a skull of wine. He explained complacently that Lord Byron, at his orgies in Newstead Abbey, was in the habit of quaffing his wine in a skull, and why should not they, the future Byrons of France? Théo was, of course, delighted with the grewsome idea, and as Graziano assured him that he had no skulls at his disposal, Gérard was appointed a committee of one to buy, loan, or steal one. He procured from his father, the ex-surgeon of the imperial armies, the cranium of a drum-major killed at the Moskowa, and after having adjusted an old door-knob to its base, he brought it back in triumph to the little red wine-shop! A toast was solemnly drunk from it to the health of Victor Hugo and the confusion of the Classicists, and the desecrated skull of the drum-major was duly returned.

When bad weather or stress of work kept the band at home, they enlivened the monotony of their existence with reprehensible pleasantries. A certain stout lady who lived on the floor below had special cause to complain of her neighbors aloft. She kept a large jar of gold-fish on her window-sill, and on Sunday mornings when she went to mass Théo and Houssaye used to amuse themselves by dangling baited lines from their windows, capturing as many gold-fish as possible, and lowering black ones in their stead. The good dame firmly believed in a hebdomadal miracle until she discovered the trick. At another time Houssaye spread the report in the vicinity that Théo was a public scribe. Thereupon all the illiterate cooks and chamber-maids of the quarter swarmed around Théo, who accepted the joke, and committed innumerable epistles in prose and verse. He managed, however, to embroil the cooks and chamber-maids in such quarrels with their sweethearts that he soon lost their patronage. To his honor, be it said, Théo always refused their proffered fees, and gallantly declared himself satisfied with a view of their fair faces, or, when the occasion warranted, with a smacking kiss.

It was in the Impasse du Doyenne that a ball, celebrated in the annals of Bohemia, was given by Gérard de Nerval. Not being able to offer champagne and truffles to his guests, he decided to offer them masterpieces of art. So he invited various artists among his friends to decorate at will the bare panels of his apartments. Among the then unknown artists who responded to his invitation were Corot, who contributed two Italian landscapes; Diaz, who improvised a flower motive; Célestin Nanteuil, the famous lithographer, who tried his hand at a naiad; Prosper Marilhat, the Orientalist, who sketched a mosque. The other signatures on the walls were those of Boulanger, Déveria, Chassériau, and lastly of Théophile Gautier himself, who gave an imitation of Watteau. While the latter was busy painting, perched on a high ladder, the landlord, who had heard of the desecration of his apartment, burst in: "What are you doing there?" he asked with anguish. "Sir," calmly answered Théo, hardly deigning to turn his head, "we are immortalizing your parlor." "Why, sir, you are dishonoring my house," blurted out the landlord, with a horrified look at the nudities that stood out from the walls. At this insult Theo leaped from his Olympian height, summoned his companions, and ejected the irate landlord.

Gérard, Théo, and Houssaye set up an establishment in the Rue Saint-Germain des Prés, including a man in livery, whose majestic appearance inspired them with timorous respect. Théo dismissed him soon on account of his intimacy with the bottle and because, he said, visitors were apt to mistake the dignified servant for the slipshod master.

Gérard was already noted at that time for his harmless eccentricity of conduct. He used to walk about Paris all night, and seek shelter in the dim morning under the roof of some convenient police station. Sometimes he would disappear for two or three days and assert on his return that he had only been absent for twenty-four hours. He was an ardent student of German metaphysics and of the occult sciences. Kant, Fichte, and Schelling were as familiar to him as Nostradamus, Albertus Magnus, and Raymond Lully. He was strongly attracted by the mysteries of Neo-Platonism, the Kaballa, and Oriental cosmogonies. One day at Victor Hugo's, as in a theological discussion he was paying his respects most impartially to Brahma, Taâroa, Chemosk, Moloch, Zeus, Odin, Allah, and a few other divinities, a by-stander remarked, "Why, Gerard, you have no religion." "I no religion?" he superbly retorted; "I have at least seventeen."

Gérard's madness was of that insidious kind which threatens all imaginative writers and which consists in mistaking dreams for reality. There was also logic in his madness. If he ran counter to custom and opinion it was for reasons that he could lucidly explain. Thus one day the poor fellow was found in the gardens at the Palais Royal leading a live lobster by a blue ribbon, much to the amusement of the mob. Upon being remonstrated with, Gérard gave the most excellent reasons for preferring a lobster to a poodle: "Lobsters," he said, "are gentle, do not bark, know the mysteries of the sea, and do not bite your calves."

What rendered Gérard's madness so tragic in the light of subsequent events was that it remained long unsuspected by his most intimate friends, who in truth were almost as mad as he was. Houssaye was one of the first to realize the true state of things. One morning as he was yet in bed, Gérard dashed into his room. "My dear Houssaye," he cried, "you must start with me this very minute for Greece!" "Why?" "To raise the ruined altars of the great gods, to resuscitate the sleeping Olympians. We are stifling in this Catholic, Apostolic, and Romish atmosphere. A great wind from the past must refresh our souls——" "But, Gérard, have you any money?" "I have two hundred francs which I have just borrowed. Besides, we'll open up the abandoned mines of Attica and coin golden talents."

Houssaye, seeing that Gérard was in one of his exalted moods, humored his fancy, and, after dressing, sauntered forth with him in search of breakfast. While Gérard was consulting his watch, fearful of missing the train to Marseilles, a pretty shop-girl happened to pass by. "There goes Venus!" exclaimed Gérard. Houssaye, with rare tact, hurried after, explained the situation in a few words, and invited her to share their breakfast. Gérard was delighted with his Aphrodite, promised to restore her throne in Olympus and her temple in Paphos, and treated her to flights of poetry. She, poor thing, though a trifle frightened, played her rôle with skill and managed to soothe and tame the crazy dreamer, who, lost in the contemplation of her blue eyes, soon forgot all about Greece.

But if Gérard did not go to Greece he went to the Orient. There, as everywhere, a strange fatality dogged his footsteps. His madness was respected as sacred by the Copts and Syrians, and Gérard was consequently enabled to penetrate much farther into the familiar life of the natives than most Europeans. His "Voyage en Orient," it should be noted, might have been written by a man of genius in full possession of his faculties. The literary instinct animated Gérard to the very last.

While in Egypt Gérard was deluded into purchasing a female slave, rejoicing in the melodious name of Zeynab. Her complexion was golden brown, her hair almost blue in its blackness, and her breast was tattooed with indigo moons. Gérard was, of course, much embarrassed with his houri, and wrote to Gautier asking him whether he would take her off his hands. Under ordinary circumstances Théophile would no doubt have accommodated his friend, but at that time he was himself incumbered with a young lion that he had brought back from Algiers. Gérard finally disposed of Zeynab in Alexandria, and his experience was made the subject of a deliciously humoristic chapter in the "Voyage en Orient."

From Egypt Gérard went to Syria and pitched his tent in the Lebanon Mountains. Here he fell in love with the daughter of one of the Druse chiefs, the fair Siti-Salema. Gérard was perpetually falling in love, not so much with women of flesh and blood as with the ideal beauty of which they were to his eyes the imperfect incarnations. He preferred, as already said, dreams to reality, and the mystic adoration of a Dante to the coarse passion of a Des Grieve. He, however, was not allowed to adore Siti-Salema in his own fashion, but was forced into a promise of marriage by her father, the Sheik Said Escherazy. It is impossible to learn whether Gérard seriously contemplated matrimony with this "virgin of Lebanon." In the course of one of his walks he ran across a black scarabee—a sure sign of disaster, according to his occult interpretation—was seized with a low fever, left the mountains for Constantinople, and forgot all about Siti-Salema.

On his return to France he became more irresponsible than ever. He was always on the wing, flying from the gates of Neuilly to the Bastile, and from the heights of Montmartre to the Latin quarter. He wrote while he walked and apparently never slept. For no appreciable reason he was always in want of money, but satisfied his love of luxury with vivid imaginings. Thus he furnished a garret, like Balzac, with the following inscriptions in chalk: "Flemish drapery over this door; panels of carved oak upon this wall; Turkish divan, upholstered in silk damask, in this corner."

It is also related that he was in the habit of buying cheap scarf-pins and covering them with tinsel-paper.

Gérard de Nerval's hour was soon to sound, and this is the description given of him at that time by Maxime Ducamp: "Often, on a divan in Théophile Gautier's studio, I have seen a little man, half bald, rolled up under a plaid and sleeping; it was Gérard de Nerval resting after his nocturnal peregrinations. . . . His manners were humble and lowly, often enlivened with a sonorous laugh. He was much liked, for his character was of touching amenity. I have never met anybody who did not speak well of him."

One dreary morning in January, 1855, as wan lights were struggling through the wreaths of snow over the roofs, a man was found hanging in the Rue de la Vieille Lanterne, a sinister street in a sinister quarter. At the feet of the suicide a tame raven was croaking and flapping its wings, and from his breast pocket protruded the sheets of a manuscript that bore the title "La Vie et la Mort" and the signature of Gérard de Nerval. He was discovered, still twitching and warm with the last pulses of life, by a milk-woman and a belated drunkard. A crowd was summoned by the cries of the latter, whose terror was so tragically grotesque as to be forever remembered by those who assisted at that matutinal scene. The body was transferred to the morgue, where it was identified by Théophile Gautier and Arsène Houssaye. The Archbishop of Paris granted a license for his burial in consecrated ground upon receipt of this note from Dr. Blanche:

"MONSEIGNEUR: Gérard de Nerval has killed himself because he saw his madness face to face."

Even in death a spirit of horror seemed to attend upon Gérard. Some months later his remains were exhumed for translation to Père la Chaise. The ever-faithful Houssaye was present at the painful ceremony, and he relates that when the winding sheet was unrolled from Gerard's head, within which such marvelous masterpieces had been born, it was found to be completely encircled by a ghastly garland of dried maggots.

STUART MERRILL.

Breaking the "Sawbath" is still liable to severe criticism by the Scotch. Lord Fitzhardinge and friends, who have been shooting in the neighborhood of Lairg, have occasionally taken a quiet drive or sail on a Sunday afternoon. In public meeting, under the chairmanship of the Rev. Mr. Noble, the local Free Kirk minister, it was resolved that "pleasure sailing" and "driving about in vehicles" were "a profanation of the Sabbath, an offense and grief to the religious population, an annoyance and distraction of church-going people on their way to and from the sanctuary, and a general lowering of the moral tone of the community." These resolutions were forwarded to the parties concerned.

Over five hundred thousand two-cent postage stamps are sold daily in the New York post-office, while the amount of all stamps sold each day is over twenty thousand dollars.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Miss Braddon, who is writing her memoirs, naïvely says that she had no idea she was personally so interesting.

The German Emperor affects to despise music, as unworthy the notice of such a battle-scarred veteran and world-swaying statesman as he is—in his opinion.

The news comes from Europe that Mme. Nicolini-Patti, not being able to secure a purchaser for Craig-y-Nos, has decided to turn the castle into an institution for the cultivation of the voices of poor but gifted girls.

The late Prince Schwarzenberg, whose landed estates were so enormous as to be called the Schwarzenberg Empire, left a fortune of fifty millions of dollars, from which a sum of four hundred dollars was bequeathed to the poor of Vienna. That was his sole charitable bequest.

One afternoon last week as the Prince of Wales was walking across the Place de la Concorde, Paris, he met General Boulanger. They never speak as they pass by, as they have never been presented to each other. They looked at each other very sharply, however, and passed on their ways musingly.

Mrs. Towhom, who had been housekeeper at Warwick Castle, England, for a great many years, has just died, leaving a fortune of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. All of this money she bequeathed to her master, who is not wealthy. Mrs. Towhom made her money from tips obtained from sight-seers.

Mme. Albani was recently invited to visit Queen Victoria at Old Mar Lodge.. Albani sung a ballad to the queen and then her majesty condescended to play two or three selections for the entertainment of the prima donna. Victoria is not a remarkably good player, but Albani kindly observed that she "might have done worse." The queen's sense of humor was so touched by this speech that she asked Albani to lunch with her the next day.

The engagement of Louise B. Drexel to Edward Morrell, both of Philadelphia, is of especial interest from the peculiar provisions of the will of her father, the late Francis A. Drexel. Mr. Drexel left an estate valued at sixteen millions of dollars, all of which is to go to the Roman Catholic Church if his three daughters die childless. If they have children, the property is to be divided among their offspring. In case only one child is born to any one of them, the fortune goes to that child.

The young woman for whom the Queen of the American turf was named, Maud S., is the daughter of George Stone, of Cincinnati. Stone, who was then a gambler, bought a rather promising yearling filly in Kentucky for three hundred and ninety-six dollars. While showing her to a newspaper friend the latter suggested that she be named in honor of her owner's young daughter, and she was then and there called Maud S. When she was four years of age the mare was sold to William H. Vanderbilt for twenty-one thousand dollars.

Everything leads one to suppose that the millionaire Marquis Varela, who, while undergoing a short term of imprisonment in the Central House of Detention at Madrid, was able to issue forth one night last summer and to murder his mother in cold blood, will escape punishment. His accomplice, Señor Milan d'Astray, the governor of the jail, who helped him to accomplish the deed, openly defies the government to pronounce sentence against either himself or Varela, threatening to make the most extraordinary revelations. Milan d'Astray has hitherto been known as a warm and intimate friend of both Alonzo Martinez, the minister of justice, and of Montero Rios, the chief-justice of the supreme court.

That interesting personage of France, "M. de Paris," whose proper name is M. Deibler, lives in a very modest quarter of Paris, Belleville, in a thoroughfare called Rue Vicq d'Azir. Here may be found a drinking-saloon, differing in no particular respect from other *marchands de vin*, in which the executioner lodges, the landlord being a young, strongly built, jovial-looking fellow, who is Deibler's principal assistant. Deibler is a married man, and his wife is daughter of the individual who officiates at the cutting off criminals' heads in Algeria, so that the occupation is somewhat of a family one. The fact of the ghastly employment in which the two men are engaged does not prevent the bar from being well-patronized; indeed, it is usually crowded, Deibler adding to its attractiveness by his gossipy manner in relating his experiences and describing the improvements he has effected in the operation of his deathly instrument.

George Hugo, the poet's grandson and the only male representative of the family in the direct line, has outgrown his boyish delicacy of constitution, and has developed into a very fast young society man. Not much troubled is he with excess of modesty, as may be inferred by his reply to a young American lady whom he met at a watering-place, and who asked him if the mantle of his illustrious grandfather had descended upon him. "Mademoiselle, I hope so," was his answer. Both he and his sister Jeanne, by the wishes of their grandfather, were suffered to grow up comparatively uneducated, as Victor Hugo did not believe in forcing children to study accomplishments for which they had no vocation. But to have lived beneath the same roof with the greatest poet of the century was in itself a liberal education. George Hugo is a very handsome young man, with much of his grandfather's charm of manner, and a pair of large, expressive brown eyes, which he knows how to use to the best advantage. He is an adept in the art of flirtation, and delights in practicing his skill with the young American girls that he may chance to meet in Switzerland or at the watering-places.

A man who belonged to eleven clubs was Wright Sandford, and that killed him. He withstood the effects of almost constant conviviality for about a quarter of a century, and during that time was the best known of all the gentlemanly rounders of New York. Night and day he devoted himself to nothing else but having a good time. The inheritor of a great fortune, he felt neither the necessity nor inclination to turn into business. He simply invested his money in real estate, where it was safe from financial disaster, and employed himself assiduously in spending his income. His reputation as a gallant and sportsman was more than local. He was a wooer of conspicuous actresses, a patron of the turf, a frequenter of the most fashionable bar-rooms, and in every way a perfect model of his sort of a gentleman of leisure. His exceptionally fine physique enabled him to outlast his intimate companions in death living, Lester Wallack and William R. Travers, but not for long. It is not disrespectful to his memory to tell that for twenty-five years he hardly let a day pass without getting drunk. He was rather proud of his nearly constant inebriety, and particularly of the fact that his conduct never became impolite, no matter what the degree of his intoxication.

Some girls are born lucky. Among them may fairly be included Harriet Phipps, Frances Drummond, Evelyn Paget, Ethel Cadogan, Evelyn Moore, Rosa Hood, and Marie Adeane. All these are maids of honor to the queen to start with. They are each entitled to be called "The Honorable Miss." Their names appear in print almost every day and always surrounded with an atmosphere of royalty, and, not least important, the government pays them each three hundred pounds sterling a year just to trot around after the queen and always smile and be tequious and happy no matter what happens or how hard it rains. Now a piece of news comes which makes a maid of honor's lot even brighter than usual. Lord Sackville, who died a very rich man and owner of Knowle Park, has left to the maids of honor everything in possessed and of which he could dispose by will. The furniture, pictures, and bric-à-brac alone of Knowle House, to be sold for the benefit of the maids of honor, will certainly fetch at least fifty thousand pounds sterling. It is no exaggeration to say that Harriet Phipps and each of her honorable mates will get fifty thousand dollars. A lot of guessing is done as to what induced Lord Sackville to make so over an addition to the list of queer English wills. It is surmised that he owe indebted to some maid of honor to whom he did not wish to call special attention, he hit upon this plan of making them all rich. Lord Sackville had quarreled with his elder brother, Earl Delaware, about the possession of Knowle House, and in the course of the quarrel got out of his whole family. Knowle House and the estates settled with it, with ten thousand pounds sterling a year, now go by entail to Sackville West, the British Minister at Washington.

THE LATEST VERSE.

The Cup of Life.

In the cup of life, 'tis true,
Dwells a draught of bitter dew—

Disenchantment, sorrow, pain,
Hunger that no bread can still,
Dreary dawns that dawn in vain,
Hopes that torture, joys that kill.

Yet no other cup I know
Where such radiant waters glow:

It contains the song of birds,
And the shining of the sun,
And the sweet unspoken words
We have dreamed of, every one,

Love of women, minds of men,
Take the cup, nor break it, then.
—*A. Mary F. Robinson in the Independent.*

Olive.

Who may praise her?
Eyes where midnight shames the sun,
Hair of night and sunshine spun,
Woven of dawn's or twilight's loom,
Radiant darkness, lustrous gloom,
God-like childhood's flower-like bloom,
None may praise aright, nor sing
Half the grace wherewith like spring
Love arrays her.

Love untold
Sings in silence, speaks in light
Shed from each fair feature, bright
Still from heaven, whence toward us, now
Nine years since, she deigned to bow
Down the brightness of her brow;
Deigned to pass through mortal birth;
Reverence calls her, here on earth,
Nine years old.

Love's deep duty,
Even when love transfigured grows
Worship, all too surely knows
How, though love may cast out fear,
Yet the debt divine and dear
Due to childhood's god-head here
May by love of man be paid
Never; never, song be made
Worth its beauty.

Nought is all
Sung or said or dreamed or thought
Ever, set beside it; nought
All the love that man may give—
Love whose prayer should be, "Forgive!"
Heaven, we see on earth may live;
Earth can thank not heaven, we know,
Save with songs that ebb and flow,
Rise and fall.

No man living,
No man dead, save haply one
Now gone homeward past the sun,
Ever found such grace as might
Tune his tongue to praise aright
Children, flowers of love and light,
Whom our praise dispraises: we
Sing in sooth but not as he
Sang thanksgiving.

Hope that smiled,
Seeing her new-born beauty, made
Out of heaven's own light and shade,
Smiled not half so sweetly, love:
Seeing the sun, afar above,
Warm the nest that rears the dove,
Sees, more bright than moon or sun,
All the heaven of heavens in one
Little child.

Who may sing her?
Wings of angels when they stir
Make no music worthy her:
Sweeter sound her shy soft words
Here than songs of God's own birds
Whom the fire of rapture girds
Round with light from love's face lit:
Hands of angels find no fit
Gifts to bring her.

Babes at birth
Wear as raiment round them cast,
Keep as witness toward their past,
Tokens left of heaven; and each,
Ere its lips learn mortal speech,
Ere sweet heaven pass on past reach,
Bears in undiverted eyes
Proof of unforgotten skies
Here on earth.

Quenched as embers
Quenched with flakes of rain or snow
Till the last faint flame burns low,
All those lustrous memories lie
Dead with babyhood gone by:
Yet in her they dare not die:
Others, fair as heaven is, yet,
Now they share not heaven, forget:
She remembers.
—*Algernon Chas. Swinburne in the English Illustrated Magazine.*

The City of the Dead.

They do neither plight nor wed
In the city of the dead,
In the city where they sleep away the hours;
But they lie, while o'er them range
Winter blight and summer change,
And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers.
No, they neither wed nor plight,
And the day is like the night,
For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh
In the burgh of by and by,
Where the streets have grasses growing, cool and long;
But they rest within their bed,
Leaving all their thoughts unsaid,
Deeming silence better far than sob or song.
No, they neither sigh nor sing,
Though the robin be a-wing,
Though the leaves of autumn march a million strong.

There is only rest and peace in the city of surcease
From the failings and the wailings 'neath the sun;
And the wings of the swift years
Beat but gently o'er the biers,
Making music to the sleepers, every one.
There is only peace and rest;
But to them it seemeth best,
For they lie at ease, and know that life is done.
—*Richard E. Burton.*

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"*Tired" customer* (in restaurant)—"Wait'r, a (hic) rum omelet?" *Waiter*—"Yes, sir; with or without eggs?"—*Epoch.*

"George, dear, what kind of fruit is borne by an electric-light plant?" "Electric currents, of course."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Kansas teacher—"Where does all our grain go to?" *Scholar*—"Into the hopper." "What hopper?" "Grasshopper."—*Texas Siftings.*

Office-boy (to editor)—"There's a lady outside, sir, with some poetry." *Editor*—How old is she?" 'Bout seventeen." "Show her in."—*Texas Siftings.*

Stranger—"Well, boys, and how did the game go to-day?" *Boys*—"We lost!" *Stranger*—"What have you got in that bundle?" *Boys*—"The umpire."—*Life.*

Young wife—"Before we were married, George, you never smoked in my presence." *Young husband*—"I know it, my dear, and you never wore curl-papers in mine."—*Boston Beacon.*

"I hope you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted, generous girl." "I do, sir (with emotion); and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."—*Life.*

The scientific theory that some men have two brains possesses some elements of plausibility. It would seem to be nature's method of squaring herself for not having given some men any.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

It is not until a man becomes rich in money—and mean for the sake of getting money riches—that he finds out how little comfort and pleasure and how few real friends money will bring him.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Customer (to head waiter)—"Here, sir, this clumsy fellow has spilled over half of my cup of tea down my back." *Head waiter* (to clumsy waiter, sternly)—"Bring this gentleman a full cup of tea instantly."—*New York Sun.*

Mr. Bump has been calling for nearly two hours. They are talking music, languidly. *The young lady* (suddenly brightening up)—"Oh, I like French opera; it has such a go to it! I like anything that has go!" He goes.—*Life.*

First swell—"Where are you going?" *Second swell*—"To the funeral of my tailor. He died yesterday." *First swell*—"Of what?" *Second swell*—"I paid him my bill in full." *First swell*—"You are a murderer."—*Time.*

"John, show this gentleman the door," said the lady of the house. "Thanks, John," said the book-agent, cordially; "but you needn't trouble yourself. I saw the door as I came in. Now this work, madam, is——" The lady bought the book.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"As an accomplished horsewoman," said the reporter, note-book in hand, "I presume you ride bareback occasionally?" "No, sir!" replied the star-actress, with a lurid flash of indignation; "when I ride I always wear a suitable wrap, sir!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Servant (to widow only recently bereaved)—"There is an old-clothes man at the door, mum, what wants to know have you got any cast-off garments to sell?" *Widow* (with a burst of grief)—"Ah, no, Bridget, not now, not now. Tell him to call a few days later."—*Epoch.*

Old Jenkins happened to meet his three young nieces, and asked them to have a little refreshment. "Girls are just the same," said the old man, as he stood at the cashier's desk and picked up two dollars and eighty-five cents out of a twenty-dollar bill; "very little change!"—*Life.*

Wife—"I was so annoyed, my dear, to-day to find one of my pictures displayed in a photographer's show-window." *Husband*—"Why didn't you go up-stairs and tell him to take it out?" *Wife*—"I declare I didn't think of that—and, besides, the picture is a very good one!"—*Life.*

"Poor Jenny! It must be an awful shock to you," sympathized her friend; "and to think that you trusted him all these years while he was embezzling such enormous sums!" "Yes," she sobbed, "I knew my millinery alone came to more than his salary, but I never suspected him."—*Life.*

Mistress (to servant)—"Look at the dirt on that chair, Bridget. Your work is shockingly neglected this week." *Bridget*—"I know it is, mum; but I've been too busy to attind to it, shure. I'm a candidate for the boord av iddicashun, mum, and I have to canvass my waard."—*Texas Siftings.*

"I've brought back that ring I took yesterday on approval," he said to the jeweler. "What was the trouble, didn't it fit?" "No," he said, sadly; "I thought—well, that is—well, you see, I bought it for a certain finger, but she wouldn't wear it on that, so I've come back with it."—*Jeweler's Weekly.*

Wife—"Why, John, what made you get such a little umbrella with so much handle?" *Husband*—"That handle's solid silver." *Wife*—"Yes; but you can't put the handle up when it rains." *Husband*—"Well, I'd like to know if I didn't put it up for five dollars during the last wet spell?"—*Washington Critic.*

Reginald—"Papa, can I have a piece of mince-pie?" *Papa*—"You may if you will promise not to tell mamma that I gave it to you. (Pie is devoured in silence.) *Reginald*—"Please can I have some more?" *Papa* (sternly)—"No more, sir!" *Reginald* (after a pause)—"If you don't let me I shall tell mamma." He got it.—*Life.*

Countryman (to passenger, en route for Sing Sing)—"What's them thimijigs you've got on your wrists, friend?" *Sing Sing passenger*—"That's a little device of my own, stranger. I'm a very popular candidate for office, an' I put them on so I won't be shakin' hands with every Tom, Dick, an' Harry." *Countryman*—"Gosh!"—*Epoch.*

"My poor fellow," said Mrs. Pancake, as she gave the tramp some bread and meat, "if you would only let the demon rum alone there might be a chance for you to get up in the world." "Rum!" he replied; "why, bless your soul, ma'am, it's more'n a year now since I've had anything to drink except the settlin's o' beer-kegs!"—*Judge.*

"What's the matter, Johnny?" asked one of the neighbors' boys, as his companion came out of the alley-gate; "ain't finished your dinner a'ready, have ye?" "Nop." "Didn't ye get any?" "Yep; but I didn't stay to finish it." "What made ye leave so soon?" "Well, I said something at the table, and everybody but pa laughed."—*Merchant Traveller.*

Lieutenant Goldbraid (who is enjoying on the porch a delightful conversation with Miss Smith, but who is somewhat annoyed by the presence of young Bobby)—"Don't you get tired at times of playing, Bobby?" *Bobby*—"Yes, sir; tired of the game I'm playing now." *Lieutenant Goldbraid*—"What game is that?" *Bobby*—"Ma calls it propriety."—*New York Sun.*

"George, dear," said a young wife, seriously, whose husband had been off on a short trip, "some of the letters you wrote me while you were away were almost undecipherable, they were so wretchedly written. Is it possible, dear, that away from my wifely influence you so far forgot yourself as to——" "Never," he interrupted, hastily; "those letters were probably written on a train running forty miles an hour."—*New York Sun.*

The varying emotions springing from a snow-white gown of brocade given with a force and power that were cut low and worn over a tucker of fine old lace, evincing skillful expression of subdued passion and hanging sleeves of brocade puffed up so as not to conceal the apparent faults of elocution and antique girdle of turquoise and brilliant medallions joined by a rare refinement of speech and motion which convey a gown of dead-leaf brown cloth, slit up the sides and open in front over an earnestness which is never subordinate to the robe of black satin, which is a mass of jet ornaments from throat to hem, displaying a much higher order of dramatic ability than she evinced last season.—*Norristown Herald.*

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The purchase is announced by the publisher of *America* of the entire good-will, subscription list, and business of the Chicago *Current*.

"The Spice of Life," a handsome volume, illustrated with the delightful caricatures from *Fliegende Blätter*, appears from the press of White & Allen, with appropriate text arranged by Alfred Trumble.

A volume of "Dreams and Dream Stories," by the late Anna Kingsford, is announced. Those who were enthusiastic over Mrs. Kingsford's strange book, "The Perfect Way," will look with curiosity for this new volume.

The title of Dr. Benjamin Ward Richardson's forthcoming novel is "The Son of a Star: a Romance of the Second Century." With this book off his hands Dr. Richardson may find time to devote himself to his long-delayed biography of Cruikshank.

Mrs. Zoe Dana Underhill, the author of the short story entitled "The Man and the Mouse," which appears in the current *Harper's Weekly*, and of the graceful verses which have been printed recently in the *Monthly*, is a daughter of Charles A. Dana.

It is said that two thousand seven hundred letters on the question "Is Marriage a Failure?" have been addressed to the London *Telegraph*. A volume of selections from these letters, accompanied by an article by Mrs. Lynn Linton, is coming out in England.

Mr. W. T. Stead, the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, is about to publish, through Cassell & Co., a work entitled "The Truth about Russia," which promises to make an impression in England, as Mr. Stead does not share the traditional British attitude of suspicion toward the empire of the north.

Mr. Brander Matthews and Mr. Walter Herries Pollock have collaborated in writing a story called "Mated by Magic," which will appear in the November *Longman's*. Mr. Matthews has also collaborated with F. Anstey, the author of "Vice-Versâ," in a boy's story for *Harper's Young People*.

Messrs. White & Allen announce "The Mott Street Poker Club," a new book similar in style to "The Thompson Street Poker Club," by Alfred Trumble, and illustrated by Michael Woolf. It is described as a humorous and graphic account of life among the Chinese in New York city, and promises to rival "The Thompson Street Club" in popularity.

The holiday editions of the illustrated weeklies and most of the monthlies were made up and printed last March, and orders have been constantly taken since that time. *Harper's Monthly* is made up in general eighteen months ahead. At present the Harpers are engaged in printing the issue of April 1, 1890. This enables them to place the *Monthly* on all of the news-stands in the world at the same instant. The first monthlies to appear on the news-stands are those of Mrs. Frank Leslie, which are ready for retail sale from fifteen days to one month before the month for which they are issued.

It is proved that Master Victor Hugo's literary remains are becoming little better than deadly tiresome; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. In addition to the volumes which have appeared since his death, there is enough unpublished material to fill ten more volumes. There is "a lot" of poetry; there is a work on metaphysics; there are travels in England, Belgium, Holland, and Spain; there are several plays; and there is an enormous mass of correspondence. It is said that the complete edition of his works will be one of at least fifty volumes. How much of all this writing ought to live?

"Nym Crynkle" says in the New York *World*: "The total sales of 'Mr. Barnes of New York' up to date have been seven hundred thousand copies. The sales of 'Mr. Potter' have reached two hundred and ten thousand copies. 'Mr. Barnes' has been translated into German, French, and English. There are seven pirated editions of it in London, and Cassell & Co., who refused to take Mr. Gunter's manuscript, published the story afterward in serial form in their magazine without his leave. The result of the publishers' refusal to accept Mr. Gunter's story is that Mr. Gunter will make something like one hundred thousand dollars."

The New York custom-house recently seized some of Zola's books as obscene. The importers appealed to the Treasury for relief, the reply of the department being as follows: "The statute above referred to prohibits the importation of 'any obscene book' or other articles of an immoral nature, and provides that 'no invoice or package whatever, or any part of one, in which any such articles are contained shall be admitted to entry.' It will be observed that any obscene book, whatever may be its general object or tendency, and in whatever language it may be published, comes within the prohibition of the law, and is an article of an immoral nature within its meaning. A narrative occurs in the very first chapter of the book in question which is so revoltingly obscene that no display of moral tendencies, if any such may be found in further chapters, could possibly remove the book from the category of 'obscene books.' The application is hereby denied."

The Springfield *Republican* attributes the striking story of "Aristocracy" to a journalist who has recently published through Appleton "a ridiculously informative book called 'Good Form in England,' and under the signature 'Cockaigne' writes occasional letters to the San Francisco *Argonaut*. 'Cockaigne' is in a way a modern N. P. Willis," the *Republican* continues. "He is not so much of a gentleman—speaking of course only in a literary sense—as Willis was; but he has Willis's half-subservient, half-aggressive attitude. He is clever and observing—but after all he sees simply what is on the surface." The Philadelphia *Press* says, very truly, that "most of the names in the book are the thinnest disguises," and furnishes this key to them: "'Sir George Castor-Page' (for Sir John Lyster Kaye), 'Sir Henry Haskell' (for Sir Henry Heskett), 'Lord Rudolph Campbell' (for Lord Randolph Churchill), 'Colonel Hayes-Wallett' (for Colonel Hughes-Hallet), 'Lord Swansdale' (for Lord Lonsdale), and 'Hyacinth Dameron' (for Violet Cameron). The Duke of 'Harborough' is Marlborough, of course." It is the "personalities" in the book that will give it its greatest vogue.—*Critic*.

New Publications.

Edmund Spenser's second book of short poems, "Complaints," has been issued in the National Library published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"The Story of Beryl," by Charles Woodward Hutson, a little prose idyl of South Carolina, has been republished in book-form from the periodical in which it first appeared by John B. Alden, New York. Sent, prepaid, by the publisher for 36 cents.

"Great Thoughts for Little Thinkers," by Lucia T. Ames, is a book which discusses the history and philosophy of the Bible in a style that is easily comprehensible to young readers. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson.

"Trampin' Belle," by Arden Seymour Fitch, a poem of the Will Carleton school which has already been printed in the newspapers, is published in an illustrated pamplet by the American Graphic Company, New York; for sale by the San Francisco News Company; price, 25 cents.

"Christmas with Grandma Elsie" is the fourth of Martha Finley's "Elsie" series of tales for children. It should find a wide circle of readers among the children of those who read the "Little Women" books, though those pioneers in a new field of juvenile literature have by no means survived their usefulness. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.25.

"The School Pronouncer," by William Henry P. Phyfe, is a guide to correct pronunciation according to Webster, arranged in exercises in the elementary sounds and their symbols, drills in the phonetic analysis of words, and lessons in words liable to be mispronounced. The book is adapted to the use of high-schools and academies, but it will be found useful by a wide range of readers. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.

"A New Law and Form-Book for Business Men" has been prepared by Frank Triplett, attorney-at-law. It gives the law of business, with forms for drawing up legal papers, covering the ordinary transactions of the merchant, mechanic, banker, farmer, miner, ship-owner, architect, builder, contractor, real-estate and insurance agent, and professional men—except lawyers—according to the statutes and decisions of the Western States. Published and for sale by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco.

Anna Katherine Green's latest story, "Behind Closed Doors," being completed in the newspaper syndicates, is now put out in book-form. It is like all of the writer's earlier books, unraveling a mysterious crime, and is like them, too, in being an excellent example of the detective story. The reader is put on and off the track half a dozen times, and sentimental and humorous episodes are introduced to relieve the strain. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.; price, $1.00.

"Hon. Uncle Sam," by Viscount Valrose, is a little book discussing the American people and their institutions in a breezy and epigrammatic style. Orators, ladies, rhymesters, journalists, preachers, poets, financiers, wits, and others are considered with the eye of an intelligent foreigner and the intimate knowledge of a resident, if not a native. The book is already talked about in the East, and several of its anecdotes are going the rounds of the papers. Published by John Delay, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

Amelia E. Barr, the prolific author of "Jan Vedder's Wife," "A Border Shepherdess," and a number of other stories, has just published a story entitled "Remember the Alamo." It is founded on incidents of the struggle which gave Texas to the United States, and several historic personages figure in its pages. The picturesque and romantic elements of the Mexican life are well contrasted with the energetic practicality of the American, and the story is told with a due regard to the value of dramatic situations. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Successful Women," by Sarah K. Bolton, contains twelve brief biographies of American women who have made their names familiar by their success in their various walks in life. The list comprises Juliet Corson, Mary Louise Booth, Frances E. Willard, Mrs. G. R. Alden ("Pansy"), Mary Virginia Terhune ("Marion Harland"), Margaret, Ellen Grant Campbell, Rachel Littler Bodley, Candace and Dora Wheeler, Clara Barton, and Alice E. Freeman. Each sketch is accompanied by a portrait of the subject, reproduced from photographs. Published by the D. Lothrop Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

"Henry the Second," by Mrs. J. R. Green, has been published in the series of Twelve English Statesmen. The purpose of this series is to discuss the public and private life, the character, and the surroundings of twelve men who have been instrumental in shaping the policy and genius of the English government. Mrs. Green's training as her husband's—the author of Green's "History of the English People"—assistant and her independent work since his death have given her a high place among English historians, and this monograph should add to her reputation. It is a clear analysis of a strong character battling with and directing external conditions, and is to be commended for thoroughness and impartiality. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by William Doxey; price, 60 cents.

Henry James's latest story to be issued in book-form is "The Reverberator." The *Reverberator* is an American paper for which a young man named Flack is Paris correspondent. Flack meets an American family consisting of a "self-made" father and two daughters, and persuades them to have the pretty daughter's portrait painted. At the studio they meet Gaston Probert, whose father, a Carolinian, has spent most of his life in Paris and has married his three daughters to Frenchmen of the *ancienne noblesse*. Gaston falls in love with the girl, Francie, who has just refused Flack's proposal of marriage, they become engaged, and after he has introduced his sisters he goes to America on business errands for his own and her father. Flack then worms all manner of unpleasant secrets about Probert's high connections out of Francie, and makes a sensational story of them, which creates an earthquake in the Gallo-American household. The upshot of the affair need not be told here. The story has more excitement in its latter pages than the Anglo-American novelist generally allows his readers, but it is all enjoyable for the keen analysis and pat description of which Mr. James is past-master. Each character is thoroughly consistent in itself, except that one can not understand how a man with no more backbone and energy than Mr. Dosson, Francie's father, could have entered a store penniless at the age of twelve and retired from business in two-score years with a fortune; he must have some positive quality to do even this, and Mr. Dosson in "The Reverberator" has the feeble personality of a jelly-fish struck down with paresis. The girl, too, inherits her father's general indecision, but rises to a semblance of life in her interview with Gaston's family after the publication of Flack's article. Another point that jars on the reader is the constant succession of unmeaning ejaculatory "wells" with which Mr. James makes all his Americans begin their sentences. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.25.

Some Magazines.

The first article in the November number of the *Popular Science Monthly* is on "The Effects of Protection," by Charles S. Ashley. "Altruism Economically Considered" is by Charles W. Smiley. W. J. McGee tells of "Paleolithic Man in America." Two illustrated articles are "Problematical Organs of Sense," by Sir John Lubbock, and "Ainu Family-Life and Religion," by J. K. Goodrich. Professor N. S. Shaler contributes "Habits of the Great Southern Tortoise." "Every-day Life of Indian Women" is described by Captain R. C. Temple. "The Problem of a Flying-Machine" is stated by Professor Joseph Le Conte. "The Prolongation of Human Life" is by C. M. Hammond. "Sun-Power and Growth" are described by Julius Stinde, and Dr. Oswald contributes a zoölogical sketch about "Four-Handed Sinners."

In the *Forum* for November Professor Arminius Vambéry writes on "Is the Power of England Declining?" Another foreign political study is "Canada and the United States," by Professor Goldwin Smith. Representative W. C. P. Breckinridge shows, from a Democratic point of view, "How the Tariff Affects Industry." Edward Atkinson's article this month is on "The Struggle for Subsistence." Charles Dudley Warner attacks the prevalent methods of dealing with criminals. Social subjects are also treated in "After Us—What?" by the Rev. Dr. Kendrick, and in "The Last Resort of the Landless," by H. J. Desmond. Andrew Lang writes severely of the method of studying poetry followed by the Browning "societies." A novel scientific view of the relations of the sexes is presented by Professor Lester F. Ward, and the superintendent of the Nicaragua Canal points out changes in commerce that will follow the completion of that enterprise.

A fresh installment of "Passe Rose," by Arthur Sherburne Hardy, opens the *Atlantic Monthly* for November. "A November Chronicle," by Bradford Torrey, describes an out-door excursion. Ellen Terry Johnson contributes an article on "The After-Suppers of the King." John Fiske writes of "The Eve of Independence." Lillie B. Chace Wyman continues her "Studies of Factory Life." Miss Murfree her serial story entitled "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove," and William Howe Downes his paper on "Boston Painters and Paintings." William Roscoe Thayer contributes an article on "The Makers of New Italy," John Trowbridge writes on "Economy in College Work," and Philander Deming writes a skit entitled "A Lover's Conscience." The poetry of this number is "The Fifth Symphony," by Lucy C. Bull, and "Dante and Beatrice," by a California poet, Walter Kelly. A review of Mrs. Deland's book, "John Ward, Preacher," and Mrs. Ward's "Robert Elsmere" is timely.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An enviable quickness of repartee was shown by a French actor when the head of a goose was thrown upon the stage. Advancing to the footlights, he said: "Gentlemen, if any one among you has lost his head I shall be glad to restore it at the conclusion of the piece."

Ex-Senator Thomas F. Grady, a few nights ago, ran against a snag at Red Bluff. "No one in this country ever saw an ostrich outside of a circus," remarked Grady to a large audience. Here the chairman of the meeting pulled the orator's coat-tails and whispered: "Let up on ostriches. We've got the largest ostrich farm on this continent, only two miles from town." The ex-senator changed the subject at once.

Every one who has been touched and amused by "Little Lord Fauntleroy's" courtesy in teaching his grandfather base-ball, will be interested in Mrs. Burnett's assertion that her little son furnished the material for the scene. She says: One day the original thought it necessary to instruct me in the great national game. After a great deal of explaining, I was obliged to admit that I was rather stupid. "Oh, no, you're not, dearest," protested the little boy, "you're not at all stupid; but I'm afraid I'm not a good 'splainer; and then, as you're a lady, of course base-ball is not very easy to you."

One day, during the last part of the war, Dr. Willis Westmoreland was dressing the wound of a soldier who had been shot in the neck, near the carotid artery. Suddenly the blood-vessel gave way, and just as quickly the surgeon thrust his finger into the hole to stop the flow. "Doctor," said he, "what does that mean?" "It means death," said the surgeon. "How long can I live?" asked the soldier, whose mind was perfectly clear. "Until I remove my finger," said Dr. Westmoreland. The soldier asked for pen and paper, wrote his will, wrote an affectionate letter to his wife, and when these were done, said, quietly: "Let it go." The surgeon withdrew his finger, the blood rushed out, and soon the man was dead.

It would be difficult to find a region where, in times of peace, the ups and downs of fortune have been so sudden and extreme as in California. In its early days, before its production of grain was equal to the demand, wages of farm-hands were high, but as production increased, the prices lowered faster than the rate of wages. A farmer employed an industrious Irishman for five years, at the rate of fifty dollars a month "and found"—board, lodging, washing, and mending. At the end of the term, he said to his man: "I can't afford to pay you the wages I have been paying. You have saved money, and I have saved nothing. At this rate you will soon own my farm." "Then I'll hire you to work for me," said the other, "and you can get your farm back again!"

Colonel Harry Oakes, a bluff, straight-spoken soldier, some twenty years ago commanded the Twelfth Lancers. A young officer once complained that while in plain clothes a certain soldier had not saluted him. The soldier's excuse was that he had not recognized the officer. "I'll take care you can't make that excuse in future," quoth Colonel Oakes; "Mr.——, you will walk up and down the barrack-square in plain clothes until Private —— is satisfied that he will know you again." The private gave the officer a benefit of about half an hour, and all he conceded then was his ability to recognize the former in the suit he then wore. "If you are not satisfied," said the colonel, "you will appear in the square for ten minutes in each civilian suit you own, and whenever you get a new suit you will do the same, and let Private —— know." The young officer never complained again of not getting what he considered his proper due in the matter of salutes.

A church festival had been arranged by the members of a small society. In making preparations for the event no one was more valuable than Zeke, the colored coachman employed by a wealthy lady. He worked with a will, and as a reward his mistress told him he might eat all he could. Zeke grinned from ear to ear, and sat down at one of the tables. A pretty maid tripped to his side. He ordered ice-cream and cake. The order was soon dispatched, and another demanded. Zeke ate, and ate, and ate. It required two other pretty maids to serve him. Cake and ice-cream a dozen times, then strawberries and cake were called. The assemblage was amazed. He actually consumed twelve orders of ice-cream and cake, and twelve of strawberries and cake. His check was three dollars. He arose from the table, turned to his mistress who stood near, and handed her the check, with the remark: "Dares d' bill, madam; I'se done been eatin' for de Lor', an' it cos' free dollo's.

A Sunday-school teacher in a backwoods settlement had a new class of young scholars, the parents of which had neglected to give them any instructions whatever in their catechism. Coming to the first boy in the class she asked him who made him. He did not know. She told him God, and urged him to remember it. Of the next boy she asked who was the oldest man. He did not know, and the teacher told him Methuselah. So she went on down the class, asking each a question and giving them the answer. While she was thus engaged the first boy went to the bucket after some water. The teacher returned to the head of the class, and not knowing that one was absent, she asked the first who made him. Without hesitation the boy quickly replied, "Methuselah!" "No," exclaimed the teacher in astonishment, "God made you!" "No, he didn't," persisted the urchin with confidence, "the boy Go made is after water." The teacher gave up the class.

M. Lablache, the great singer, is very absent-minded. He was recently at Naples, and King Humbert, who was also there, expressed a desire to make his acquaintance. On entering the ante-chamber in the palace, M. Lablache found that the gentlemen present were all persons acquaintances of his, and asked to be allowed to keep his hat on, as he was suffering from a severe cold. A lively conversation was cut short by the entrance of a chamberlain announcing that the king would receive M. Lablache at once. In the momentary confusion the singer forgot that he was wearing his hat, took hold of another which had been placed on a chair near him, and went before his majesty, who at the sight of him burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter. Utterly confused, M. Lablache asked humbly to be informed of the reason of the king's merriment. "Let me ask you a question first," replied the king; "which is your hat—the one you are wearing on your head, or the one you carry in your hand?" "Confound it all!" replied Lablache, joining in the laughter; "truly, two hats are too many for a fellow who has lost his head."

A tiger named Athir escaped just before the performance opened, scattering the assembled audience in all directions, sending them in search of refuge to tree-tops, house-tops, and into houses not their own. It is one thing to beard a tiger in his den, another to fight him unarmed in the open air. But Bidel was quite equal to this unexpected call upon his skill and courage; he experienced "l'emotion de l'accroissement à son premier duel." His only misgiving appears to have been whether he would prove worthy of himself and those waiting open-mouthed for the coming fray. Presently a timid looker-on mustered courage enough to half-open a window and to announce in whispers the whereabouts of the escaped beast. The "tigre royal" was in the dark recesses of a deserted locksmith's shop. Into this *gouffre d'ombre* Bidel flung himself; and having become, as he says, familiar with its obscurity, he espied the crouching Athir in the act of springing, with foaming mouth and burning eye. The situation is what is called critical—it was simply a question of who could spring first, tiger or man. Bidel happily took the initiative, and bounded upon his prey. There was a tremendous tussle, there were foamings, flashings, howlings, but the *dompteur* triumphed. Bidel seized the tiger by the skin of his back, and, lifting him on his loins, thus bore his heavy burden in triumph to his cage. The feat, it must be confessed, not easy to realize, much less to achieve.

SOCIETY.

The Hatch-Hawes Wedding.

A pretty wedding occurred last Wednesday evening at the sidence of Colonel and Mrs. A. G. Hawes, 1512 Washingn Street, the contracting parties being their daughter, Miss lice Hawes, and Mr. Frank M Hatch, a prominent attor:y-at-law of Honolulu. The residence was beautified with owers and foliage in artistic profusion by Miss Bates, and esented a most inviting appearance. Sprays of ferns and usters of yellow chrysanthemums laid against the curtains rmed the background of the nuptial bower in the bay-winow, with a wreath of these chrysanthemums hung in the ntre. Overhead were three large wreaths of yellow and sset colored chrysanthemums suspended from the embrare by loops and streamers of narrow gold and red colored k. The wooden mantel at the side was set with tall sprays ferns and masses of chrysanthemums fringed with umbrella ass and encompassed by bands of yellow silk. Seemingly ambering over the pictures on the wall opposite were light aceries of chrysanthemums and eucalyptus foliage ending a huge cluster of Langtry chrysanthemums and a drapery yellow silk at the side of the entrance. A short portière eucalyptus and white chrysanthemums was hung from the ch which spans the ceiling, and in the rear apartment rus't and yellow chrysanthemums, eucalyptus and African arigolds adorned the curtains and pictures with charming fect. There were wreaths and baskets of white chrysanhemums, streamers of smilax and draperies of mahogany lored silk hung at the folding doors leading to the diningom where chrysanthemums in pink and white were disosed where they would produce the most artistic results. n addition to all of this were numerous handsome baskets of ses and other flowers which had been sent as gifts from iends.

At half-past eight o'clock the parlors were filled with ests, and as the orchestra played the wedding march, the idal party appeared Mr. James D. Phelan and Mr. arry Durbrow held back the silken ribbons, making an enue through which they walked.

Miss Mamie Josselyn and Master Alexander G. Hawes, ., led the way, followed by the maid of honor, Miss Jessie aufmann, and the bride, who was escorted by her father ie groom and his best man, Mr. Charles Deering, of Honou, had preceded them with the minister, Rev. Hiram W ers, of Trinity Church The ceremony was most impreste and was followed by the sincere congratulations of all esent. The remainder of the evening was devoted to dang and the enjoyment of an elaborate supper. The happy uple were well remembered in the way of presents, all of hich were elegant and costly. Mr. and Mrs. Hatch have ne to Europe to travel until next June, when they will go Honolulu, to reside permanently.

The bride looked lovely in a beautiful toilet of white broded surah, made with a long court train and trimmed borately with cascades of point lace. A filmy veil of ite tulle fell to the end of the train from the coiffure, and s confined in place by an elegant diamond star. At her sage was a diamond pin, and she carried a hand-bouquet Niphetos roses.

Miss Jessie Kaufman appeared in a becoming Directoire let of blue surah trimmed with blue brocade and net. Her nd-bouquet was of La France roses, and her ornaments monds.

Mrs. A. G. Hawes wore an elegant costume of shrimp-pink lle Française, en train, trimmed with blue crêpe and pasnenterie; ornaments diamonds.

Among those present were: Colonel and Mrs. A. G. wes, Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Judge and Mrs. W. McKinstry, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. rke, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Pixley, Mr. l Mrs. Julius Reis, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Mr. l Mrs. R. H. Sinton, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Salisbury, . and Mrs. John F. Swift, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, . and Mrs. Spencer, of Honolulu, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. eckels, Mr. and Mrs. Sampson Tams, Mr. and Mrs. Ryd Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Wigmore, Mr. and s. Samuel Walker, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Valentine, Mr. and s. E. J. Block, Rev. and Mrs. H. W. Beers, Mr. and s. George L. Bradley, Mr. and Mrs. Carmody, Dr. and s. Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs W. Earle, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs orge W Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. John Gillig, Mr. and Mrs. ontgomery Godley, Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, of nolulu, Colonel and Mrs. Hodge, Mr. and Mrs. Charles selyn, Mrs. Clarence Macfarlane and Mrs. Eliza Macane, of Honolulu, Mrs. Lansing, Mrs. Hadie Martin, s. M. Redding, Mrs. Ricardo M. Pinto, Mrs. Volney lding, Mrs. C. J. Torbert, Mrs. Theodore Tracy, Mrs. ria Bailey, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mrs Louis Garnett, Mrs. rie Gummer, Mrs. Rosalie Kaufmann, Miss Grace Brad, Miss Dulce Bolado, Miss Carrie Conner, Miss Eva tle, Miss Josie Crowley, Misses Douglas, Miss Emma rbrow, Miss Dietzler, Miss Maud Estee, Miss Tazie rrison, Miss Emma Irwin, Miss Mamie Josselyn, sses Kaufmann, Miss Jessie Kaufmann, Miss Laura Mcstry, Miss Parke, Miss Mollie Phelan, Miss Belle Reis, ss May Reis, Miss Libby Redding, Miss Lizzie Sinton, ss Sallie Stetson, Miss Mollie Torbert, Miss Grace Taylor, onel Harry Brady, Mr. Gaston Ashe, Mr. W A. Bowers, . Bond, Major A. S. Bender, Mr. Charles Deering, Mr. rry Durbrow, Mr. Harry Dimond, Mr. Burke Holladay, . Harry Houghton, Mr. Charles Kaufmann, Mr. Horace Platt, Mr William Sherwood, Mr. F. A. Gibbs, Mr. lcolm Garnett, Mr. Cuthbert P. Gordon, Mr. James D. elan, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. Chauncey Winslow, lge Wideman, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. E. D. Tenney, Honolulu, and others.

The Howard Pink-Dinner.

s a compliment to three débutantes of this season—Miss sie Bowie, Miss Mary Eyre, and Miss Inez Macondray pink dinner-party was given last Tuesday evening by and Mrs. William H. Howard at their residence on Jack-Street Fifteen other friends were invited to enjoy their pitality. The dining-room looked extremely pretty. On table was a bed of La France roses, about fourteen feet by three feet wide, in which over five hundred perfectly ned roses, rich with glossy foliage, were displayed. Overd was an airy canopy of smilax, extending from the cen chandelier to the four corners and sides of the room, ch served to refract the light upon the blossoms below the glittering service. The menu was replete with everyg delicious. After dinner the parlors were sought, and music and dancing the remainder of the evening was ghtfully passed.

hose present were: Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard, s Bessie Bowie, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Inez Macondray, s Ella Goad, Miss Agnes Howard, Miss Bettie Ashe, s Nellie Smedberg, Miss Lucia Kittle, Miss McLane, Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. J. B. serly, Mr. A. J. Casserly, Mr. O. Shafter Howard, Mr. ry Babcock, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. Charles A. dwin, and Mr. Henry Redington.

Mrs. Hearst's Musicale.

t her residence on Taylor Street, Mrs. George Hearst rtained about eighty friends very pleasantly last Tuesday ning. The occasion was the last of her series of three icales, which have been given under the direction of s Charlotte W. Hawes, of Boston. Tuesday evening was oted exclusively to Hungarian music, and in its interpreon Miss Hawes had the efficient assistance of Mr. Alfred kie, tenor, Professor Ferd Stark, of Rosner's Hungarian hestra, as violinist, and Mr. Theodore Mansfeldt, violonst. The salon was decorated in a manner entirely apriate to the occasion, the national colors of Hungary ominating. Between two of the windows a banners of e silk was draped, and upon it was painted the opening of a piece of Hungarian music illustrating the peculiar ven" time. The lines were in red and the notes in green. w this were suspended a variety of musical instruments g close to the wall. Against the maroon-colored curtains in other appropriate places clusters and festoons of white santhemums were effectively arranged, and musical innents were disposed in the door-ways.

iss Hawes delivered a brief but interesting discourse it the weird and striking music of Hungary, dwelling icularly upon the melodies of the gypsies, and in addimade remarks relative to each of the selections on the ramme The programmes were of rough-edged linen r, made as a folder and having on the outer cover a l-painted instrument, the designs varying in each case. Within were displayed the names of the participants and the following programme:

Szózat,
Miss Hawes.
(a) Hunyadi March .... Fr. Erkel
(b) Rakoczy March,
Miss Hawes, Professor Stark, Mr. Mansfeldt.
Trio No. 1. .... Jos. Haydn
Andante. Poco Adagio Cantabile. Rondo all. Ongarese, Presto.
Miss Hawes, Professor Stark, Mr Mansfeldt.
Ungarische Stücke .... Heinrich Stiehl
Miss Hawes.
Hamerdik abrand .... Huber Karoly
Professor Stark.
(a) Hubargo Balatory,
(b) Ungarische Hussar Lied,
(c) Hivom ki, csalom ki,
(Arranged by Miss Hawes.)
Mr. Alfred Wilkie.
(a) Zigenner Tranerlied—Requiem,
(b) Czardas—Hungarian Dance,
Professor Stark.

The entertainment proved much more enjoyable than musicales generally are, and the performers received their full meed of praise. Afterward a collation was served and concluded an evening of rare pleasure.

A Hop at the Presidio.

The officers at the Presidio gave a delightful hop last Tuesday evening, in the hop-room, which was attended by many of their friends. The regimental band furnished excellent music, and the affair was made thoroughly enjoyable.

Among those present were: Mrs. Graham, Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke, Mrs White, Mrs F. A. Whitney, Mrs. Adam Slaker, Misses Chamberlain, Miss Smith, Miss Clarke, Misses Graham, Miss Andruss, Miss Perry, Miss Haskin, Mr. Hugo H. Toland, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. E. Clarke, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Mr. Perkins, U. S. N., Mr. West, U S. N., Dr. Baldwin, U. S. N., Mr. McCormick, U. S. N., Mr. Guion, Mr. Shaw, Major Hughes, U. S. A., and the officers of the post.

The Clarke Dinner-Party.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke entertained the officers of the U. S. steamer *Albatross* at dinner on Friday evening at her home on California Street. Covers were laid for ten at a prettily decorated table and a sumptuous menu was enjoyed. Those present were: Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke, Mrs. F. A. Whitney, Miss Graham, Miss Lottie Clarke, Miss Edith Clarke, Mr. Dunning, U. S. N., Mr Johnston, U. S. N., Mr. Parmenter, U. S. N., Mr. Hugo H. Toland, and Mr. E. Clarke.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. H. B. Smith, Jr., is rapidly recovering from the effects of her recent severe illness.

Mr. L. L. Robinson is at the Windsor Hotel in New York city.

Mr Clinton E. Worden will pass the winter at the Hacienda in Sausalito.

Miss Fannie Crocker has been enjoying a visit at Coronado Beach.

Mr. Chauncey M. St. John returned from a visit to San José last Monday.

Captain and Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth, of Oakland, and Captain R. R. Thompson have returned from a trip through the southern counties.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and Mrs. J. B. Wright returned from the East and Europe last Sunday in the special car, *Omaha*.

Miss Vena Haskins, who has been visiting Eastern friends during the past year, has returned to the Presido.

Miss Jennie de la Montanya has returned from an extended and delightful tour of Europe and the Eastern States. She is now visiting Miss Grace M. Spencer at San José for a few days.

Mr. Ricardo M. Pinto is traveling in Central America, and will be away several months.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Bowen have returned from a visit to Oregon, and their daughter, Miss Mary Bowen, has returned from a visit to friends in Marysville.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lockwood, of New York, who have been visiting the Yosemite Valley during the past week, returned to the city on Thursday and in the afternoon left for the Hotel del Monte. They will return here on Monday and will remain at the Palace Hotel a few days before going East.

Miss Bandman intends leaving for Europe in about three weeks, and will pass the winter in London, Paris, and Homburg.

General and Mrs. John T. Cutting returned from New York last Wednesday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Macfarlane and Mrs. E. Macfarlane arrived here from Honolulu on Wednesday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Hon. Romualdo Pacheco came up from New Mexico a week ago, and is at the Lick House

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller and Miss Edith Bass have returned from an enjoyable trip to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Jerome Smith, of Stockton, have been visiting friends here during the week.

Mrs. A. A. Nickerson and Miss Myra Nickerson are domiciled in Dresden for the winter Miss Myra is taking lessons on the violin from the celebrated violinist, Professor J. Lauterback.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin arrived here from Honolulu last Wednesday, and will pass most of the winter season at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Gerstle and family will pass the winter in Italy.

Mr. and Mrs N. J. Brittan, of Redwood City, have been at the Palace Hotel for several days past.

Mrs. E. G. de Crano and Mrs. E. L. Moore, of this city, are in Dresden intending to pass another winter there.

Miss Pierce and Miss Florence Pierce, of Santa Clara, are at the Palace Hotel for the winter season.

Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard was in Paris at last accounts, having completed a tour of Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Hopkins, of Redwood City, are at the Palace Hotel, where they will pass the winter.

Mrs. Walter Turnbull and Miss Ruth Turnbull, who have been in Europe for several months, are expected home during the coming holidays General Turnbull is preparing a home for them at 1107 Leavenworth Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schroeder, of Redwood City, have been passing the latter part of the week at the Palace Hotel

Mr. Joseph D. Redding is expected to return from the East on Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins came up from Menlo Park on Thursday and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Jackson were at the Hotel Rafael last Thursday.

Mrs. S. W. Rosenstock is visiting Mrs. McNally at Santa Barbara.

Notes and Gossip.

The Helping Hand Society, an auxiliary of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association, is preparing a novel entertainment, called a "Prismette," to occur soon at Union Square Hall. A "Little Old Folks" concert, a "Children's Minuet," an excellent musical programme, and dancing will be among the attractions. Mrs. D. W. Folger, president of the society, has charge of the affair.

Miss May Bruner, daughter of Mrs. J. W. Bruner, of this city, was married recently to Mr. George W. Ryon, son of Judge Ryon, of Pottsville. The bride's sister, Miss Jennie Bruner, and her brother, Mr. William W. Bruner, were present at the ceremony, having gone East several weeks ago

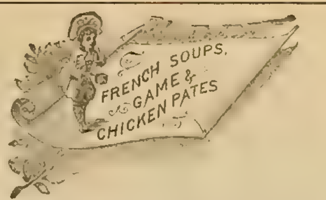
Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. F. E. Spencer, at San José for the past three months, presented her husband with a daughter about a week ago.

Miss Mary Bowen gave a charming lunch-party to ten young ladies on Thursday at her home, 2018 Franklin Street. The decorations were in pink and gray, and the menu was dainty.

The members of the Dirigo Club were entertained on Friday evening at their club-rooms, 322 Geary Street, by an interesting mesmeric exhibition given by Mr. T. A. Kennedy.

Army and Navy.

Lieutenant E F. Qualtrough, U. S N., of Mare Island, passed several days at the Palace Hotel recently.



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We call the attention of book buyers to the following list of works we have just received:

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THE YOUNGEST MISS LORTON, by Nora Perry. Illustrated 1 50
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ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, a biography, by J. H. Ingram 1 00
A SEA CHANGE, a farce, by W. D. Howells 1 00
THE YOUNG IDEA, or Common-school Culture, by Miss Le Row 50
QUICK COOKING, a book of culinary heresies 1 00
CLOVER, by Susan Coolidge 1 25
GLORINDA, a story by Anna Bowman Dodd 75
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EDMUND RANDOLPH, by Moncure D. Conway. 3 00
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HER GREAT IDEA, by L. B. Walford, author of "Mr. Smith." Cloth 1 00
THE ROGUE, a novel, by W. E. Norris 35
ANOTHER'S CRIME, by Inspector Byrnes and Julian Hawthorne 50
LITTLE HELPERS, by Margaret Vandegrift. Illustrated 1 50
BEHIND CLOSED DOORS, by Anna Katherine Green 50

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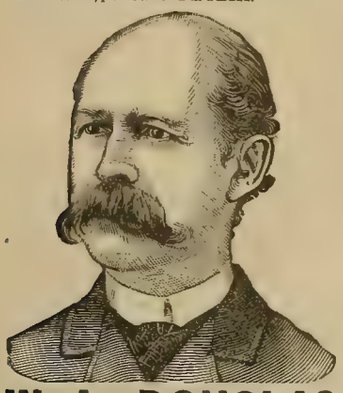

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WORK FOR ALL. $30 a week and expenses paid. Samples worth $5 and particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine

BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

The Substitution of Sage Brush for Tan Bark.

A patent has just been granted for the use of artemisia tridentata niger for tanning purposes. The world has vainly sought for a good while to secure something cheap and durable in the line of tan bark, and now a substance has been discovered which is so cheap and so plenty that it ought to make the cost of leather somewhat less, instead of encouraging an advance, as the rapid reduction of tan-bark area so to speak would naturally do.

Artemisia tridentata niger is only the cultivated and full-dress name for sage-brush. Years ago I remember to have wondered why this fragrant shrub was ever created. I now see that an all-wise Providence, without the slightest journalistic experience whatever, knew more than I did. How many times are we tempted to question the advisability of certain acts of the gods and the Indians which later on we see were for the best. Poor weak man is prone too often to take off his coat and argue with the Creator when he could earn a dollar a day doing something else.

But I admit that I was prejudiced against sage-brush. It is not an ornamental shrub, and it could hardly be called useful up to the time this discovery was made. It is a very poor style of fuel, as those who have tried it will admit. It has gone hand in hand, as I may say, with the poker chips and the buffalo chip along the borders of civilization, and has, in its poor, weak way, added to the desolation of the great American desert.

Sage-brush always reminded me of Dr. Mary Walker somehow, for it looks as though it was really on its last legs, but finally rallies and pulls through the winter. Its limbs also are scrawny and bleak in appearance. They seem to need more foliage to make them look right. Another point of resemblance is that its bark is worse than its bite. Still, I do not wish to use any undue levity in referring to the eminent physician. She deserves the most considerate treatment at the hands of the press, and has always received it thus far from me. Everybody treats her kindly and humors her whims, and nothing is more touching, they say, than to watch the venerable Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, in the rotunda of the capitol, assisting her to recover the end of a broken suspender. Senator Hoar very truly says that little acts of kindness, little words of love, make our earth an Eden like the heaven above. Oh, is this not a noble thought? Is it not a good thought? Is it not as symmetrical and durable a thought as one could think?

But again. We come once more to the great question of utility, and the eventual usefulness of those things which we at first deemed ignoble and irrelevant in the great plan of creation. Take the little brocaded hornet of the present time. He is generally regarded as utterly extraneous and superfluous to the plan of salvation. And yet two years ago a small coterie of three intelligent but hot-headed insects built a nest in the hot-air pipe of the furnace in the Presbyterian church at Hudson, Wisconsin, and when the fire was started up in November, a small torch-light procession of these cunning little brutes came up through the register and caused an awakening there which the delightful pictures of eternal music and prolonged indolence in paradise, nor the odor of scrambled dinners, and the short, sharp, irritated yelp of the damned had ever produced in the congregation.

The pastor had just read a verse or two of the hymn:

> My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
> Awake, my sluggish soul;
> Nothing hath half thy work to do,
> Yet nothing's half so dull.

It was at this supreme moment that a tight-laced hornet emerged through the register and entered the trousers leg of a man whose life had been so exemplary for years that he defied competition.

Later on the terse and clear-cut statement, "Gosh!" was heard by those who happened to be provided with hearing apparatus, and a middle-aged man passed out of the edifice, holding a portion of his pantaloons as far away from his person as he could.

This was only the beginning of a general movement which showed that an interest was being taken. Lethargy and lukewarmness gave place to activity and earnestness all over the house. People who had always felt that their sins were forgiven suddenly looked apprehensive, and went away where they could commune with themselves.

But to return to the sage-brush patent, every true American will agree with me that it will work wonders in the interests of manufactures, while the de-sage-brushing of the trans-Missouri country will not hurt its appearance.—*Once a Week.*

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Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

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		1889.
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Arabic		Thursday, January 24
Oceanic		Wednesday, February 13
Gaelic		Saturday, March 2
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Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Offices, Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.
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Taking freight and passengers direct for Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, La Libertad and Panama, and via Acapulco for all other Mexican and Central American ports.

For Hong Kong, via Yokohama:
City of Sydney.... **Saturday, Nov. 17, at 3 P. M.**
City of Rio de Janeiro ... **Dec. 8, at 3 P. M.**
City of New York..**Saturday, Dec. 29, at 3 P. M.**
City of Peking..**Tuesday, Jan. 15, '89, at 3 P. M.**
Excursion tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.
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Steamers of this Company will sail from Broadway Wharf as follows:
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For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay: POMONA, Wednesday, at 9 A. M.
For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., COOS BAY, every Monday and Thursday, at 4 P. M.
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TIME TABLE.

cing Monday, October 1, 1888, and until tice, boats and trains will run as follows:

N FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN L (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, -3.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.00, 6.45, xtra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

N RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week 15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M. -3.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, P M. s on Saturday at 1.45 and 6.25 P. M. nts, round trip

SALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)— 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M. -3.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 2.15, 4.15, 5.45, P. M. s on Saturday at 2 30 and 7.05 P. M. nts, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco ero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from s, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single

Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on d Saturdays, good to return following Monday: ylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

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(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

as leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

From Oct. 15, 1888.	ARRIVE
For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
For Niles. San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	11.45 A.
Fast mail for Ogden and East	12.15 P.
For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	11.15 A.
For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

CIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz ‡	8.05 P.
For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos	9.20 A.

N DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion ‡	8.35 P.
For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.40 P.
For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 42 P.
For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.00 A.
For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.40 A.
For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.50 P.

ng. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted.
only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted.
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C. S. LAUMEISTER,

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IRVINE GRAHAM,

Regular Republican Nominee for

SUPERINTENDENT OF STREETS.

FOR MAYOR,

CHAS. R. STORY,

Regular Republican Nominee.

FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

WM. G. BRITTAN,

Regular Republican Nominee, Independent Republican, and Citizens' Non-Partisan Nominee.

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN, Forty-first District,

HENRY C. DIBBLE,

Republican Nominee.

CHAS. S. TILTON,

Regular Republican Nominee

FOR CITY AND COUNTY SURVEYOR.

FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE,

C. K. BONESTELL,

Nominee of the Regular Republican, Independent Republican, and Citizens' Non-Partisan Convention.

FOR CORONER,

DR. WM. E. TAYLOR.

SUPERVISOR OF THE SIXTH WARD,

L. R. ELLERT,

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Regular Democratic and Non-Partisan Nominee,
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HALE RIX,

Regular Republican Nominee.

FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE,

JOHN T. DARE,

Regular Republican Nominee.

FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE,

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The Nestor of the Bar.

Regular Democratic Nominee.

FOR SUPERVISOR OF THE TENTH WARD,

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FOR ASSEMBLYMAN, Thirty-Fourth District,

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Democratic Nominee.

FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE,

E. R. GARBER,

Regular Democratic Nominee.

Political.

WILLIAM E. DARGIE,

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR STATE SENATOR,

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OAKLAND, CAL.

BEN. MORGAN,

Regular Democratic Nominee for Congress,

THIRD DISTRICT.

GEO. J. AINSWORTH,

Candidate for State Senator,

SEVENTEENTH SENATORIAL DISTRICT,

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FIFTH DISTRICT,

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THOS. ASHWORTH,

(Present Incumbent.)

FOR TAX COLLECTOR,

JOSEPH SPANIER,

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REPUBLICAN CONGRESSIONAL NOMINEE,

FIFTH DISTRICT,

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FOR COUNTY CLERK,

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C. B. STONE,

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FOR PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR,

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FOR COUNTY CLERK,

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FOR RECORDER

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C. S. CRITTENDEN,

FOR SUPERVISOR OF THE EIGHTH WARD,

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S. HARRISON SMITH,

Democratic Nominee,

FOR CITY AND COUNTY SURVEYOR.

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OAKLAND, CAL.

Regular Republican and Non-Partisan Nominee,

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SUPERVISOR OF THE ELEVENTH WARD.

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Forty-third Assembly District.

E. S. CULVER,

REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINEE,

Fifty-fourth Assembly District.

FRANK DALTON,

Democratic Nominee

FOR SCHOOL DIRECTOR.

FOR SUPERVISOR OF THE TWELFTH WARD,

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Republican and Non-Partisan Nominee for POLICE JUDGE, COURT NO. 2,

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See that his name is on your ticket.

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Donnelly and Girard will betake themselves and their "Natural Gas" to the interior towns at the end of the week, and Daniel Sully will hold the Bush Street boards on Monday night.

"The World Against Her" has been playing to large audiences during the week. It is a moving melodrama, and the Alcazar stock company, of which George Osbourne and L. R. Stockwell are the most prominent members, do it very creditably.

The Tivoli has been making much of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera." With Campobello as Renato, Signorina Ida Valerga as Amelia, Miss Hélène Dingeon as Oscar, and Miss Blanche Aubrey as Ulrica, a very fair performance has been given. The opera is probably good for a fortnight more.

Jennie Yeamans, who is now playing Jimpsey in "Natural Gas" at the Bush Street, comes naturally by the aplomb with which she does her little part. Her mother, Mrs. Annie Yeamans, has been a favorite member of Edward Harrigan's company for years, and she has one or two sisters also on the stage.

Miss Maude Harrison, who for five or six years has been one of the most charming young women and satisfactory actresses in the Madison Square galaxy of charming women and satisfactory actresses, has renounced the stage for good and all. She was married a week ago in New York to James D. Carson, a theatrical manager of some note.

"A Brass Monkey," Hoyt's latest farce-comedy, in which two San Franciscans, Charlie Reed and Flora Walsh, are the principals, is a tremendous success at the New York Bijou. "Nym Crinkle" says that he heard his servants extol it in the kitchen, saw his stable-boy give imitations of it, and wanted to do the like after he had laughed at it for two hours.

Among the people who appear in "Daddy Nolan" at the Bush Street, next week, Daniel Sully in the title rôle, Master Con Malvey as the boy, Max Arnold as the German, and Mlle. Azula and Mrs. Nelson Kneas were in the company when it was here before; T. J. Hawkins, Miss Gracie Wade, and La Petite Lillie are new-comers. For the second week the bill will be "Con Conway & Co., Tailors," an Irish comedy which has not yet been produced on any stage.

The glittering Orientalism of "Conrad the Corsair," which has been a delight to the eye at the Baldwin during the past fortnight, will be eclipsed at eleven o'clock on Sunday night, and on Monday the theatre will awake to negro minstrelsy at reduced prices. The company is called the Haverly-Cleveland Mastodon Minstrels, young Manager Cleveland having purchased from Colonel Haverly the use of the latter's famous patronymic. A clever lot of Japanese acrobats will enliven the performance.

The Théâtre Français will present a varied programme at Irving Hall on Sunday evening, November 11th, including the one-act vaudeville-comedy by Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy, entitled "Une Enfant Terrible," in which little Louise Grosset, a seven-year-old pupil of M. Juignet will make her début; "Une Tasse de Thé," a one-act comedy by Dumanoir and Nuitter; "Fourberie de Femme," a conjugal scene; the duo from "Chalet"; and a fantaisie on "Erminie" by violin, cornet, and piano.

The Orpheum advertises the King Laugh-Maker, T. A. Kennedy, the wonder of the world, in his scientific experiments popularly known as "Mesmerism." It is not pleasant to think that one of the highest branches of modern scientific investigation is to be put on a level with the "laugh-making" of a clown; and the exhibition is really of a more elevated character than the advertisement would lead one to suppose. It has attracted much attention, and the auditorium of the Orpheum nightly holds a number of people who have not been there since the novelty of the place began to wane.

Don Domingo Cantelis, impresario for Isidor Pastor & Co., has been in town during the week, conferring with Marcus M. Henry about the affairs of the Madrid Spanish Opera Troupe, the rumor of whose advent has been creating some talk in the East. Arrangements have been completed by which the troupe will play an extended season at the Grand Opera House in January of next year, and subsequently tour the United States under Mr. Henry's management. Among the notable features of their performance are "The Procession of the Can-Can" and a realistic stage bull-fight, both of which will be decided novelties.

Signorina Ida Valerga, "late of Patti's Grand Opera Company," is, if our memory is not at fault, a member of the Valerga family which has already provided the Tivoli with several of its principal singers. Her voice, however, was considered too good for the limited field the others had entered, and when the Patti troupe came along she got a chance as understudy. When she did appear she was quite successful, and the Tivoli now boasts of Signorina Ida Valerga, of Patti's company, Enrico Campobello, of Emma Abbott's support, and Miss Hélène Dingeon, who is an Eastern favorite and has been managed by Henry E. Abbey.

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PEOPLE MADE HAPPY.

They Win in The Louisiana State Lottery.

San Francisco was among the lucky cities in the last drawing of The Lousiana State Lottery. Three tickets brought small fortunes to three families.

"It was funny how I came to get in on this drawing," said L. Zacharias, who won $5,000. "My wife was sick, and I left my house, 929 Sutter Street, to get something for her at the grocery store. While I was there a man came in with two lottery tickets. I thought I'd take one, just for fun. The next day the drawing took place and I was just $5,000 richer. It came in handy, for we've two invalids at our house. Yes, I got the coin, and I'll take care of it, too."

Three people won a one-twentieth of the second capital prize of $100,000. It was like this: Louis Indig, the milkman, living on Gunnison Avenue, between Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth Streets, bought a ticket numbered 21,025. One of his customers, Mrs. Aleck McGee, living on Perry Street, near Fourth, wanted a chance in the lottery, and asked Indig for his ticket.

After some coaxing, the milkman gave it up, when Mrs. McGee said it was for a lodger, Robert Voight, who works at S. & G. Gump's store. The ticket won $5,000. Voight got married, gave Mrs. McGee $1,000, and moved to 233 Fourteenth Street.

"Seems to me," said Mr. Indig, I'm the only man I know who bought tickets in The Louisiana State Lottery last month without winning something."

The third ticket was sent by a man here to a friend in Washington Territory. All that they won has been delivered.—*San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle, Oct. 6.*

C. K. Bonestell.

Among the many nominees for election next Tuesday there is not one who is more worthy, by reason of his honesty and ability, to receive the suffrages of his fellow-citizens than is Chesley K. Bonestell, nominated by the Republican and Non-Partisan parties for superior judge.

Mr. Bonestell is a native of this city, where his father, Louis H. Bonestell, the well-known paper man, is one of our oldest and most universally respected citizens.

Though a young man, Mr. Bonestell has enjoyed unusual privileges in the way of preparation for the bench. Highly endowed by nature, he was graduated with honor from the State University of California and the Harvard Law School, he has profited by two years' travel in Europe, he has read law in the offices of E. J. Pringle, Esq., and has been honored by a partnership with Judge J. F. Lewis, formerly Chief-Justice of the State of Nevada, which terminated only at that gentleman's death.

In his legal practice he has proved himself a formidable but ever honorable antagonist, and the esteem and respect in which he is held was evidenced by his election to the first presidency of the Niantic Parlor, N. S. G. W.

Mr. Bonestell has put himself in the hands of his friends, who, seeing the need of an intelligent and incorruptible judiciary, chose him for the office on account of his sterling integrity, his decisive character, and his intimate knowledge of the law.

E. J. Reynolds

Is the Democratic nominee for the Assembly from the Thirty-fourth District. E. J. Reynolds is a man of the people, and as such has aptly been chosen to represent the people. He has lived in San Francisco from a boy, proving his devotion to his adopted country by five years honorable service in the United States Cavalry. In 1872 he entered the Renton Coal Company's service in this city and remained with them for thirteen years as salesman and collector. In social as in business life Mr. Reynolds holds a high place. He is a prominent member of several social and benevolent institutions, and in the Legion of the West, in which he holds the high office of District Grand Commander. His ability is of a high order, his honesty is unimpeachable, and he will make a vigilant guardian of the public interest.

The whole court at Berlin is now entirely composed of new people. The friends of the late emperor have disappeared, and the emperor and empress are surrounded by people entirely of their own choosing and sympathies. Those who know say it is impossible to imagine anything more complete than the effacement of every trace of the late emperor and empress's influence.

— A POPULAR NOMINATION. IRVINE GRAHAM should undoubtedly be elected to the office of Superintendent of Streets. He is a practical business man and knows the wants of a great and growing city; and voters irrespective of party affiliations should use their votes and interest to forward the election of the above Republican nominee.

— A POPULAR MAN. THIRTY-EIGHT YEARS steady residence in San Francisco and always been a progressive man. The Republican and Non-Partisan nominee for Treasurer, August Helbing, should have the suffrages of all parties, and advice is given to you all to see that his name is on your ticket.

— WORLD-BEATERS. DOUGHERTY'S NEW ENGland Mince Meat is the best in the world. Each package makes three pies. Ask for it and take no other.

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ADDRESS

—TO THE—

VOTERS OF SAN FRANCISCO

Head-quarters of Citizens' Non-Partisan County Committee, San Francisco, Oct. 31, 1888.

The Citizens' Non-Partisan Convention has completed its labors by the nomination of candidates for the various municipal offices to be filled at the election about to be held. The ticket is made up of citizens of different political persuasions, and in that respect fairly represents all shades of political doctrine. More than that, there is not a candidate upon the ticket who can be justly charged with being under the malign influence of "bossism," or who will not, if elected, go into office untrammeled and independent. Indeed, in point of ability and character, there has not been presented to the voters of this city, at any time within twenty years last past, a municipal ticket that can bear successful comparison with that now presented by the Non-Partisans. The circumstances were all favorable to the selection of such unexceptionable candidates. The public conscience seemed this year to be quickened and stirred as it had not been for many years. The result was that many earnest men threw aside their ordinary daily labors and eagerly entered upon the work of attempting to do what might be done to rescue San Francisco from the foul domination of those who have made merchandise of her offices and mockeries of her elections; who have sold decisions of her courts; bribed juries in both civil and criminal cases; turned honest and trained teachers into the streets to make way for political favorites, and who, in order to hold their power, are now, as they have ever been, in league with all that is bad and criminal in our city.

The efforts toward reform were carried forward for sometime by two bodies; one, the Citizens' Non-Partison Convention—made up in equal numbers of forty each of Americans, Republicans, and Democrats—and the other of the Citizens' League. The latter, having framed a full ticket before the former had commenced the work of nomination, resolved that, if its candidates would consent, it would withdraw its ticket, send a delegation of twenty to the Citizens' Non-Partisan Convention and unite with it in the framing of a ticket which should represent the feeling and principles of both organizations. This was happily effected, the Citizens' League candidates, in the most disinterested manner, not only withdrawing their candidacy, but heartily applauding what was proposed to be done.

There is hence in the field but one Non-Partisan municipal ticket, and that ticket one which every self-respecting citizen of our city ought to rejoice to vote.

This movement is not here for the purpose of this election only; it is here to stay; it is intended that there shall be in San Francisco, in the matter of filling the municipal offices, a continuous, persistent force for good as there has been, and is, a continuous, persistent force for bad.

It is believed by many thoughtful men that partisan politics (at least those of the machine order) should have nothing whatever to do with municipal affairs, and that such politics must either be driven out or those affairs swallowed up in a maelstrom of extravagance and corruption. The conduct of the various departments of the city government is, from its nature, as much a business as is the conduct of the various departments of a great corporation; and it would be no less unwise for the latter to select its officers and employees on the ground of their political opinions or affiliations, than it is for the former to so act. The great questions of politics are to be fought out on the electoral fields of the nation and State, and in such contests statesmen and politicians will ever find "ample room and verge enough" for the most various and energetic exercise of all their powers.

The nearest and most efficacious remedy at hand for the cure of the evil which afflicts us is to place the affairs of the city on a business basis purely; to divorce partisan politics entirely from them; and to select for municipal office those whose fitness and honesty are unquestioned—a most difficult task beyond doubt, but one which should be undertaken and resolutely persevered in, even though victory be more than doubtful. But in such a cause victory ought not to be even doubtful; for it should be entirely feasible to combine for its success all the best of thought, of morals, and of energy in the community; and with such a combination all corrupt political alliances and forces would be swept away.

Let no man in this crisis seek to strike a balance between the possibilities of the electoral result, and at the same time palter with his conscience by any attempted calculation as to whether or not his vote may be "thrown away" by being cast for the Non-Partisan ticket. Such a man is not the good citizen he ought to be; such a man does not discharge the duty of the hour. If every voter of this city who sincerely believes that the present movement is right and ought to prevail, will vote for the ticket presented by the Non-Partisans, it will be triumphantly elected. And if it should be elected, it will lift San Francisco up as she has never before been lifted up; it will be to recreate her; it will mark an epoch in California; it will go forth to other municipalities who are sunk deep in the filth of municipal political corruption as a proclamation that may possibly stir their citizens to concerted action in the same direction. Let there then be no hesitation or swerving; let every voter do his full duty, fearless of consequence and unpersuaded by party entreaty, and the result will be such as to promise for San Francisco a golden and a glorious future.

Prior to election day there will be mailed to each voter three tickets, upon one of which will be printed the names of the Republican, National, Congressional, and State legislative nominees; upon another the names of the Democratic nominees for the same offices, and upon the other the names of the American nominees for those offices. Upon each of these tickets will be printed the names of the nominees of the Non-Partisan convention for local municipal offices.

Choose which ever of the national tickets you may intend to vote and carefully preserve it until election day, as you may not be able to procure the Non-Partisan ticket at the polls.

Upon Monday and Tuesday Non-Partisan tickets can be obtained at the head-quarters of the Non-Partisan County Committee, 325 Montgomery Street, Room 10.

IRVING M. SCOTT, Chairman.

GEORGE W. DIXON, Secretary Non-Partisan County Committee.

NON-PARTISAN

MUNICIPAL CONVENTION CANDIDATES.

Mayor.....E. B. POND
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Superintendent of Streets.....THOMAS ASHWORTH
Sheriff.....W. W. DODGE
Tax Collector.....THOMAS O'BRIEN
Treasurer.....AUGUST HELBING
District Attorney.....CHARLES A. SUMNER
City and County Attorney.....JAMES M. SEAWELL
Public Administrator.....GEORGE T. BROMLEY
Recorder.....ALEX. RUSSELL
Coroner.....W. E. TAYLOR
County Clerk.....WILLIAM A. DAVIES
Surveyor.....S. HARRISON SMITH

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First Ward.....EDWARD PEABODY
Second Ward.....JAMES M. McDONALD
Third Ward.....COLIN M. BOYD
Fourth Ward.....R. K. PATTRIDGE
Fifth Ward.....JOHN T. CUTTING
Sixth Ward.....L. R. ELLERT
Seventh Ward.....LOUIS A. GARNETT
Eighth Ward.....C. S. CRITTENDEN
Ninth Ward.....E. V. HATHAWAY
Tenth Ward.....F. A. FRANK
Eleventh Ward.....W. W. CHASE
Twelfth Ward.....PATRICK NOBLE

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J. L. Lyon.....Of C

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" Sheriff.....W. W
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" Treasurer.....August
" District Attorney.....Chas. A.
" City and Co. Attorney.....James M.
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" Coroner.....W. E.
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Twelfth Ward.....Patr

JUDICIARY:

For Judge Sup. Court.....J.
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" " " " .....Eugene R
" " " " .....C. K. B
Police Judge, Court No. 1.....
" " " No. 2.....J.

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L. D. McDonald.....39
George Mann.....40
W. F. Mills.....41
G. A. Sweeney.....42
W. H. Hazell.....43
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FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

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STOCKTON, CAL., October 17, 1888.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

A Matinee Orchestral Concert.

The first afternoon orchestral concert was held at Irving Hall on Friday, and was a fashionable as well as a musical success. Mr J. H. Rosewald was the director, Mr. Noah Brandt, concert master, and Mr. Clarke W. Reynold's, accompanist. The orchestra comprised over forty musicians selected from our best local talent. The large audience listened to the following programme with evident gratification:

Overture (Nachtlager in Granada)........ ......Kreutzer
Aria from Fidelio ... .Beethoven
Mrs. A. Abbey.
Idylle, two movements.............. . . . .Claussen
String Orchestra.
Hungarian Fantasie...... ... .Liszt
Mr. S. Monroe Fabian.
(a) Arabian Serenade. .... Langey
(b) Scherzo .. ..Raff
Songs *(a)* "Since First I Met Thee"..........Rubinstein
(b) Love Song ....Bizet
Scenes Poetique. .. ..Godard
(a) In the Woods.
(b) In the Fields.
(c) On the Mountain.
(d) In the Village.

The second concert will take place November 16th, at Irving Hall. Miss Mary E. Barnard and Mr. Brandt will be the soloists.

DVIII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, November 4, 1888.

Cantaloupe.
Onion Soup.
Clam Fritters.
Broiled Beefsteak. Mashed Potatoes.
Tomatoes. String Beans.
Roast Venison, Currant Jelly, and Port Wine Sauce.
Artichoke Salad.
Plum Pudding.
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CLAM FRITTERS.—Take fifteen large clams and chop them very fine, put them in a bowl with two ounces of flour, two eggs, a pinch of salt and pepper, and a tablespoonful of parsley, which chop very fine. Mix all thoroughly together Put some lard in a frying-pan, into which, when very hot, throw a tablespoonful of your mixture at a time, until you have used the entire quantity; fry on both sides and serve.

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5TH. This is Guy Fawkes Day in England. For two hundred and eighty-four years have the people of Great Britain celebrated this anniversary of the exposure of a plot to destroy the Protestant religion by blowing up king, lords, and commons in Houses of Parliament by gunpowder. Guy Fawkes was the instrument of this Roman Catholic conspiracy, duly prepared for it by receiving the sacrament from Father Gerard, a Jesuit Catholic. Guy Fawkes was hanged, drawn, and quartered, together with some score of his confederates and co-conspirators. The Reverend Garnett, superior of the order of Jesuits in England, was tried, condemned, and executed for a guilty knowledge of the plot. For nearly three centuries the fifth of November has been, under act of Parliament, observed as a day of thanksgiving, and celebrated by the populace by dressing up an absurd figure in rags, with tall cap and lantern, parading the streets singing hymns, and at night burning the effigy in a huge bonfire. This attempted crime of the Papal Church, which occurred nearly three centuries since, has not yet been forgotten by the common people of Protestant England, although the growing liberty and generous disposition of the age has wiped from the parliamentary record of England the law that commemorated the exposure of the plot as a "thanksgiving day forever." The church in whose interest the plot was devised, and the order under whose direction it was undertaken to be executed, still live, and still flourish, and are still as ambitious for the sole spiritual and civil supremacy of the world as when priests and gentlemen conspired together in a vault beneath the House of Lords to fire the train of gunpowder which should destroy king, lords, and commons, and involve the fabric of England's Protestant power in destruction. While modes have changed somewhat, and only somewhat—for intrigues and conspiracies still exist—dynamite is becoming a more active political instrument, the church and its secret, active, and unscrupulous order works, and plots, and continues to secure for the Papal organization political recognition throughout the world, and to claim for its spiritual head absolute and uncontrolled civil supremacy. No more fitting time will present itself for considering this political question than while waiting for the verdict that sixty-five millions of the free people of a republican government will record to-morrow. We are through—thank God—with the most false, cowardly, and undignified political campaign that has ever occurred in the history of this country. It has been for both the great national parties a disgraceful conflict, and from which neither can retire with honor in defeat or triumph. The one man who comes stainless out of this most undignified scramble is General Benjamin Harrison, and that more by reason of the fact that he has played but a subordinate part and been held prisoner at Indianapolis by his party leaders. The man who has played the most conspicuous rôle of demagogy, who has uttered the most disreputable and brazen misrepresentations, whose issues have been altogether false and sham, is James G. Blaine. Carried upon the cresting wave of undeserved and unearned popularity, this Republican chief has had the leadership of the fighting Republican force; he has commanded its armies, centre and wings, its honest fighting rank and file, its Uhlans and its skirmishers; he has directed its councils of war and conducted its plan of campaign. If General Harrison becomes President, Mr. Blaine can justly claim the credit of restoring the Republican party to power, and will be justly entitled to become the chief of its Presidential councils. The conduct of the administration in its executive action, Cabinet councils, and in its legislation, has been neither courageous, dignified, nor honest. The nation, through its Congress, has deliberately violated the most time-honored and universally received canons of international law in its conduct toward the Empire of China, and for the thinly disguised purpose of catching the foreign vote of the Pacific Coast. The treatment by the Senate—which is Republican—of the fisheries question, rejecting an adjustment honorably and properly entered into by the government of the nation and agreed upon by a commission appointed for that purpose, was a deliberate bid for the Roman Catholic Irish vote of the country, and this, to use the vulgar language of a gambling game, was seen and bettered by an over-bid by the administration of President Cleveland, which dismissed the English minister and gave an unpardonable insult to the great Protestant mother government of England, with which we are most nearly allied in blood and most closely connected in social, business, and political ties—an incident which is not yet concluded and from which we may yet have to compromise with answering guns. There is no other explanation for this last most inexcusable and wicked piece of buncombe and cowardly bluster than the hope that the Irish who hate England and love the Pope, who in their politics stand ever ready to serve the Papal Church, the order of Jesuitry, and the devil, would give their Presidential votes to the party which would most grievously insult England and give to her the greatest and most unavoidable provocative of war. To follow the history of partisan mistakes in finance and revenue, mistakes that have been deliberately committed for demagogic purposes, and in competitive rivalry between the two parties, would occupy more space than we can devote to the subject. Between these two parties—engaged in this infamous rivalry of partisan malice, defamation of private character, slander, vituperation, and personal abuse, gangs of plunderers striving for the loot and spoils of office, false issues and lying intriguing for office, great corporations and men of abnormal millions pouring out their vast wealth for political purposes, great journals ably edited scalping every opponent and every public man not working with and under them—the American party has had an uncomfortable existence. The American party—existing as an organization in no other State in the Union than California, and of but two years' existence here, without any daily journal for its advocate, without leadership, money, orators, or knowledge of each other, a small band of resolute men scattered throughout the State—has undertaken to wage a desultory war. Not a war of mere defense, but one of aggressive courage. This small band of Americans raised the standard of its principles, and under the banner placed an electoral ticket in the field for scratch Presidential candidates given us in a national convention of doubtful membership. It held a State convention in California, adopted a platform of American principles, supplied a Vice-Presidential vacancy by the nomination of Mr. P. D. Wigginton, who deserves the last and highest honors of his party for generous, bold, and untiring political service throughout the campaign of the highest intellectual character; nominated an electoral, congressional, and judicial ticket, and worked the campaign to the extent of its numbers, its finances, and the physical strength of the gentlemen comprising its membership. It has been placed between the upper and nether mill-stones of two great, earnest parties engaged in a death struggle for existence; while they were fighting for the plunder and the honors of office, the American party was attempting to educate the public up to an appreciation of the dangers that threaten the country from an European and an Asian invasion, were endeavoring to call attention to the necessity of resisting the encroachments of the Papal Church, the Jesuitical conspiracy against the non-sectarian American free-school system, against the alienation of our public lands, and the clothing with elective privilege every ignorant vagabond that the criminal and pauper systems of Europe choose to spew out upon our land. It has been hard, ungrateful, up-hill work; defections have taken place from our ranks; men whom we thought brave, and honest, and unselfish have been menaced or bribed from their places; file-leaders have dropped away in our ranks; there have existed infidelity, jealousy, treachery, and treason; spies have existed in our most secret councils; our leaders and candidates have been induced to desert our standard: men who two years ago sought our political aid and were advantaged by our votes have given the American party neither coin, good words, fair treatment, or a decent display of gratitude for services; the press has ignored, abused, and misrepresented the American party, and lied audaciously about its candidates and leaders, and STILL THE AMERICAN PARTY LIVES. It has been dragged through the fiery furnace; its leaders have been cast into the lion's den; they have been tortured with boot, and rack, and screw; the party has been stretched on a bed too long for it; its members have been hung up by the thumbs; they have been burned in a fire of calumny, been dragged through stagnant, filthy waters, and yet enough will survive the battle of Tuesday to raise a monument to comrades who fell in the struggle—enough survive to form rallying points around which reconstructed regiments may gather. The grandest achievement of all is that the standard of the battle had enough brave men rally around it to save it from capture, and to bring it honored and unstained from the field. It bears no rent, it was never lowered in the action, there is no stripe erased, no star dimmed, and its azure folds will stretch over other, and future, and victorious engagements; the men who gather around it can look each the other in the face as honest men, and whatever may be Tuesday's result no Democrat or Republican can do that. No Republican or Democrat could see his own image reflected in clear water without a blush. No member of either national party, statesman, party leader, journalist, or local boss, whether triumphant or defeated, will not call up in regretful memory recollections of very many mean and contemptible things he has done during this star campaign of political infamy. We write this much before election so to unburden our minds that we may have a fair start after the election is over to gather in our promised "next time" Americans in preparation for a gubernatorial campaign in two years from now. We file our caveat now to secure all the promises of the "next time" Americans that have been made by Democrats

and Republicans. We invite all intelligent and honorable native-born Americans, all loyal and adopted foreign-born citizens—who do not train politically in the Pope's band of Roman Catholic Irish and acknowledge an allegiance to him superior to that they entertain for the laws and Constitution of the United States of America—to unite with a national American party in resisting foreign aggression, ecclesiastical interference in our political affairs, and in preserving the independence and liberty of our free country by conceding its rule to Americans. We send this manuscript to the press for the printing of our first side, not doubting that out of the chaos and the scramble we may pick enough items of satisfaction to encourage us in re-forming and reorganizing our ranks for another campaign. The next and all the subsequent battles in which the American party will engage will have none but Americans on guard. Hereafter and forever the American party will be an independent organization, fighting its own battles under its banner without compromise of principle, and without alliance with any other political organization that will not adopt its principles and fight on the fields chosen by it. In this State Americans will know their friends, trust none but friends, and rely only upon American principles and American patriotism for a triumph which the justness of their cause and the fearlessness of their advocacy will entitle them to achieve.

NOVEMBER 6TH—ELECTION DAY. An eventful and important day in the history of the American Republic. Nearly eleven millions of men will have this day exercised the privilege of citizenship; will have deposited in the electoral urn ballots for their choice for executive, judicial, and legislative offices, and to the extent of their intellectual capacity will have performed a responsible political duty, a duty which, in a government republican in form, is the highest and most sacred act of sovereignty. There will have occurred some irregularities, some frauds, some acts of violence, and there will have happened some incidents of crime. In the South, negroes will have their votes suppressed, or influenced, or tampered with; in our Northern cities, ignorance will deposit an unintelligent vote. The rich will pour out their money, the poor will sell their ballots, but it is the grand exhibition—taken as a whole—of an intelligent, liberty-loving republican people exercising their best judgment for their own government. The great wealth of the country is in the hands of the industrial middle-class, and if it can be kept intelligent through our system of popular education, if priestly influence can be kept clear of our political system, we may rely in confidence that the boys born upon American soil—educated in American free schools, with freedom of conscience, speech, press, and ballot—may be safely relied upon to conduct our government through all the perils it may be called upon to encounter, and demonstrate that an intelligent, free, and fearless people may be safely intrusted with their own government.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7TH. From conflicting rumors and news items but half-complete there is evidence raising the strong probability that Harrison and Morton have been elected and the Republican party returned to power—returned chastened with the defeat of four years ago and enriched with the experience of four years of Democratic rule. It leaves the country substantially where it was when Mr. Chester Arthur gave way in the Presidential office to Mr. Grover Cleveland. The experiment of reforming the tariff has not succeeded, and because a political issue of undue importance was unnecessarily made upon it by the President, which was accepted by the Republican party under the leadership of Mr. Blaine, who injected into it the falsehood that reform of the tariff and reduction of taxes carried with them the reduction of labor values to the working-men of all industrial classes. The restoration of the Republican party to the administration of national affairs gives to it a new lease of power, enables it to restore to office those whom the Democrats, in violation of their promises of civil service reform, have removed. It leaves a solid Democratic South against a more solid Republican North than existed four years ago. The administration of Cleveland has demonstrated that the Democracy can be safely intrusted with the government and that all the prophecies of disaster made by the party in power four years ago were inspired by partisan feeling. There has been no attempt to re-enslave the blacks, to pension Confederate soldiers, to pay the rebel debt, or to compensate the South for its war losses during the War of the Rebellion. The national credit remains unimpaired and the nation is at peace with all the world. The South is prospering and on its way to an improved condition in all respects. If Mr. Cleveland did not think it was a patriotic duty on his part to attempt tariff reform for the good of the American people, he made a great blunder in his tariff message and in his letter of acceptance. Had he not given emphasis to his views in this direction, it now seems as though his reëlection would not have been difficult. His administration had been in most respects conservative, patriotic, and respectable up to the time the ambition of renomination possessed him; from that time nearly every movement was a blunder. His last inaugural message—if not intended as a bid for reëlection and not delivered in the earnest and sincere conviction of the importance of tariff reform—was an unwise challenge to the prospering industries of the nation, and an unnecessary defiance to the active capital invested in manufacturing enterprises. We have no patience to consider the undignified partisan attitude assumed by both national parties in their rivalry for foreign votes; neither the Republican Senate nor the Democratic House have much right to reproach the President or his Cabinet for their grievous mistakes and cowardly competition for the Irish and the Irish-American vote. It is too soon as yet to draw any conclusions based upon undisputed facts as to what effect the election will have upon the American party; whether it is smothered in its cradle, or whether it is the infant Hercules to strangle both the party serpents, is not yet determined. It is possible that from this contest may come sufficient enlightenment and sufficient boldness to justify the Republican party in demonstrating that it is what it claims to be, "THE AMERICAN PARTY," and that it will have the courage to shake off its Irish bosses, emancipate itself from the thraldom of its foreign entanglements, dare to resume its place as the exponent of moral ideas, and swing back to its braver earlier days, when it had the courage to think that the best and surest party policy was to do right. If American principles can find recognition by the Republican party, Americans will find themselves at home within its ranks; if temperance reforms can find encouragement within Republican lines, temperance reformers will not find it necessary to fight the gin-mills in an independent organization; if civil service reform can be worked out by the administration of General Harrison, there need be no side-show of Mugwumpery. The restoration of the Republican party to political power, the election of a Protestant gentleman to the Presidency of the American Union, the election of a Tammany mayor for the city of New York by the Irish Catholics of that city, the choice of Hill as governor of the Empire State by the assistance of the liquor forces, the defeat of Abram S. Hewitt because he was an American, the defeat of Senator Warner Miller, of New York, as governor, because he was identified with the more respectable classes, and the little odds and ends of Jesuit successes and Papal defeats will all furnish food for further reflection.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 8TH. Whether knavery, stupidity, or indifferentism accounts for the following facts, we leave our readers to determine. The American party, with a nominating convention in session, generously resolved to adjourn it if in its place could be convened a Non-Partisan municipal convention. The experiment succeeded, and there was convened a city and county convention composed in equal parts of Republicans, Democrats, and Americans. It was a most respectable assemblage of intelligent and worthy business-men. It wisely chose a most excellent ticket. The election of a mayor whose administration of the duties of the office had demonstrated his ability and fidelity in discharge of the duties of an official trust, was one of the important results of its deliberations. It made a mistake in nominating W. W. Dodge for Sheriff, it committed a sentimental blunder in indorsing a lot of women for school directors, and committed certain other stupidities which always attend the well-meaning efforts of "good citizens" when they play with political fire. This convention adjourned, leaving behind it a committee of thirty of its members instructed to collect money enough to carry on a spirited campaign, and instructed it to print and distribute three tickets, "Non-Partisan Republican," "Democratic," and "American" Presidential electors for Harrison, Cleveland, and Curtis, with nominees for judges, members of Congress, and legislative officers of their respective parties, and the city and county officials indorsed by the Non-Partisan convention. In the eighth precinct of the Forty-First Assembly District, where the writer lives and voted and remained nearly all day at the polls, there was no Non-Partisan American ticket, but there was a Non-Partisan Republican and a Non-Partisan Democratic ticket. These tickets were exposed upon the top of a dilapidated orange-box and guarded by an Italian or German who, when asked if he had any American ballots, could not reply because he could not understand the question or speak the English language. In the adjoining precinct, the sixth of the Forty-First Assembly District, there was no Non-Partisan American ticket, and had been none during the entire day. A young man employed and paid to control the distribution of Non-Partisan ballots informed the writer that he procured the package from the Non-Partisan head-quarters, brought it himself to the precinct, and, upon opening it, there were no American ballots in the bundle; and the same condition of things existed at the Polk Street precinct, near California. Whether this is another piece of treachery toward the American party or only another of the many blunders that it has encountered through the campaign, we do not know. Whoever hired that most stupid foreign idiot to distribute ballots in the eighth precinct ought to be prosecuted fo obtaining money under false pretenses, and the "Dago' should be arrested for petit larceny. If the Non-Partisar committee has the cheek to attempt a continued existence i should be preserved either in ice or alcohol to keep it sweet and in this connection it may not be out of place to say tha it is the "best" citizens of San Francisco who are the mos criminally indifferent to the administration of all department of government. From the members of the Non-Partisa municipal convention it was with great difficulty that an money was collected to liquidate legitimate and necessar election expenses. Service at the polls could not enlist te per cent. of the "best" gentlemen who met in convention Politics, which by their neglect are made contemptible, are re garded by them with contempt, and the individual who think it is his duty to concern himself in public affairs is looked upo by the "best" citizen with suspicious distrust. The result i that Mr. Christopher Buckley nominated every candidate upo the Democratic ticket, and, with here and there an exceptio has elected them all; so that the city of San Francisco is in debted to Mr. Buckley for its mayor and entire municip ticket, its members (with one exception) of the boar of supervisors, its judges (with one exception) of supe rior and police courts, its entire board of education (wit three exceptions), nearly all its legislative members—se ators and assemblymen; will have the appointment nearly every employee in the city hall, school, and street de partments; will name the men who will manipulate gran juries, summon trial jurors, and have control of crimin trials; yet we are compelled to believe that San Francis will enjoy a better government under Buckley than if th men who nominated W. W. Dodge for sheriff had control the municipal administration. We estimate this particul boss by his work. Mr. Higgins we regard with greater di favor because he is a bungler without judgment. His ever act has been a mistake, although he has had at his right han the strongest of moneyed and the most "respectable" private interests. With a brutal want of policy and lack sense he has driven every ambitious and honest Republica who was independent, from service in the party ranks, retai ing only those who would advantage him and his clients h their unquestioned subservience. The *Chronicle*, whose pr prietor he sent to the Chicago convention, has been in allian with Mr. Higgins through this campaign, while the *Bulleti* and *Call* have not had the courage nor the sense to critic the acts of the Irish boss, but have kept a studied silence reference to Higgins while they have all kept up a nois clamor against Buckley. The influence of the Republica party press, the Republican boss, the Republican State Ce tral Committee, the Dirigo Club, and other kerb-stone organ zations in cheap and nasty uniforms, may be estimated by th result in San Francisco, where they are best known. SWEEPING DEMOCRATIC BUCKLEY TRIUMPH, while in th interior and remoter parts of the State the Republican par has secured an old-fashioned victory. In the great tr umph of the Republican party throughout the nation, Sa Francisco politicians will have but little claim to participat and we shall be disappointed if there are Cabinet position foreign embassies, and local offices enough to satisfy th local demand. The American party has played but a sma part in this campaign and scarcely left its mark upon the ballo box. It has been the subject of intrigues and conspiraci since the hour of its organization; it has fallen into ambu cades; it has had traitors in its ranks and treason in its cou cils, but around its banners it had tried men and brave. has educated the nation well up in American principles it has made intelligent men in all parties think, and the resu of intelligent thought is patriotic action. The blood of i martyrs is the seed of a political resurrection that will bri forth results. The South has nothing to hope from an unite North that will remain united just so long as there is a sol South. If the Republican party is wise, and has the courag to adopt American principles, and to favor temperance refor and to stand by non-sectarian free schools while in their e counter with the Jesuit order of the Church of Rome, it ca bring to itself allies from the American party, the Prohibitic party, and the Protestant Church that will swell its ranks, fig its battles, and ask but little of its honors or its offices.

The Republican party is completely restored to power. It h the executive office, both houses of Congress, and a majori of the supreme bench. It has four years' tenure of admini tration, during which time Arizona, Washington, Idaho, D kota, and Montana will probably be added as States, with th ten senators and their representatives in Congress. West Vi ginia, Delaware, Missouri, and Tennessee are more likely become Republican than an equal number of Northern Stat to turn Democratic. Connecticut, New Jersey, and New Yo are, alone, on the border-line of doubtful States. Califo nia and Oregon have taken position in the Republican li as though they intended to stay. New York city is Dem

atic because of its alien and Catholic population. San ancisco is Democratic for the same causes. Many of the orthern cities are Democratic because of Papal influence. St. uis is a Republican city because the Germans are in a majority otestant, and of those who are Romanists not one in fifty res as much for his priest as he does for the foam on his ass of lager or the puff of smoke from his pipe. The ral population is mostly Protestant and non-sectarian, and herever in this election the contest has been an open one ainst an active Roman Catholic politician, the Jesuit has en defeated. Anti-Roman Catholic agitation has been reved by reason of increased activity in clerical circles against r public-school system. There is great probability that this eling will increase till the lines of exclusion are strictly awn against the interference of Roman priests, church rders, and Catholic sodalities in the politics of the country. early all respectable Catholics of every nationality except Ireand recognize the propriety of this course of action.

If Mr. Grover Cleveland is correctly represented in the anner of taking his defeat, he is acting very generously and ery manfully. If he is sincere in saying that he took his osition upon the question of tariff reform with a full underanding of the issue he was presenting, and that under like rcumstances he would do the same thing again, he is a brave an. We honor a man of courage, and if Cleveland had ot been compelled to perform some acts of demagogy in edience to party necessities, we think he would have justly served the reputation of being a brave and independent aracter. It looks to us as though he had been beayed in New York city by Tammany and the political iends of Governor Hill. Hill is already posing for e nomination of the Democratic party as its candiate for President, and it is not improbable that he ill be a formidable one. He is strong with the liquor intersts of the country, and can not take a step backward. e is identified with the rough foreign element, and not at all harmony with any American principle. He has beaten bram S. Hewitt for mayor of New York, and it is not imossible that Mr. Hewitt may be upon the American ticket in ur years as its candidate for the Presidency. The temperance people have cast more votes at this election than the merican party, but not enough to encourage the belief that ey can ever become a national party. Whether the Repubcan party will be so emboldened by this victory as to antagnize an American, temperance, and Protestant revolt from its nks in four years, remains to be demonstrated.

Whether Mr. J. R. Kelly is elected sheriff of the city and ounty of San Francisco, or whether the honor has fallen to Mr. Charles S. Laumeister, we do not know at this time of riting. Mr. Kelly we have opposed in convention and out f it, not because he was born in Ireland and is a communiant of the Roman Catholic Church, but because he is a embER of the Roman Catholic "Institute," chairman of the odality of St. Ignatius, a pronounced, active, uncompromising esuit who takes an active part in politics because he is aided y his co-religionists, and drags his church, his order, and his eligion into politics. If Mr. Kelly gets in by a scratch when uch Roman Catholic gentlemen as Judge Coffey and Tom O'Brien are elected by from five to seven thousand majority, t must occur to him that other men than those connected with he *Argonaut* are considering his attitude to our government, nd are questioning, not his integrity, his respectability, or his apacity, but his loyalty to republican institutions. Mr. Kelly eliberately places himself in position to be criticised for his eligious opinions, because those opinions govern him in the xercise of his political duties. The same observations are pplicable to Judge Jeremiah Sullivan. He uses his church to dvance him to political station. He drags his religion into ur politics, and we kick. There are good men in office who re Roman Catholics, and we have not quite reached the point hen we oppose them for that and no other reason.

Religion ought not to be introduced into political affairs; ut when it is, it should be fought openly, courageously, and without favor. When the Church of Rome, through its Jesuit rder, its secret societies, and political organizations, enters the field of political combat, it should take off its gown, put on its armor, lay aside its cross and sacred emblems, take up its shield and sword, and, under the rules of honorable war, take the chances of honorable combat. In that way we propose o fight it, and if the Roman Church does not like it, let it call off its dogs. When lovely woman unfrocks herself, dons trousers, walks out of her boudoir and enters the political arena, she must stand up and take the buffetings and blows incident to her position. Into her life the lime-light of investigation must enter, and she must take all the consequences of a contest to which strong, brave men are subjected, and which all good men are not able to endure. We have had six ladies in the field for school directors, and because they are ladies they have been spared everything that would have hurt their feelings; theirs has been but a sorry and unsuccessful canvass, and they are beaten with averages greater than have occurred to most politicians. Let them not think the road of politics is covered with flowers and carpeted with velvet, for they will catch it next time.

If Mr. W. W. Morrow is reëlected to Congress, we shall be well pleased. He has been a most serviceable representative of the Fourth Congressional District; he has labored industriously and intelligently for his constituents, and if returned, his experience of four years will render him more useful and better equip him for the discharge of duties that are more important than are required of many members representing other parts of the country. California's political needs are very many; her geographical position suggests the necessity of coast defenses and a navy; while our diplomatic relations with Asia and our commercial intercouse with English, Mexican, Central American, South American, and Pacific island territories and colonies demand constant and watchful surveillance. For all these things we think Mr. Morrow much better equipped than Mr. Ferral, and shall hope that we have not been placed in position to contribute to his defeat.

The probabilities are that Jeremiah Sullivan has beaten Judge Works for the supreme bench. The *Call* gives as its aggregate of votes counted up to midnight of Thursday, John D. Works, 92,756, and for Jeremiah F. Sullivan, 96,484. In Los Angeles County, Works receives 14,352, and Sullivan, 10,087. Alameda, 8,756 for Works, and 6,146 for Sullivan. In San Francisco, Sullivan polls 25,400, and Works 19,040. Throughout the State Niles Searls leads Sullivan. The figures make it evident that in San Francisco the Jesuit branch of the Roman Catholic Church has put forth a concentrated effort to place a member of its order upon the supreme bench. We record the fact and reserve it for future comment.

Mr. David McClure and Mr. William Crimmins will accept our sympathy for them in their defeat. We extend our condolence to William Higgins, Esq., as he retires from the duties of his position of political boss. We have wept at the tombs of William B. Carr, George C. Gorham, and W. W. Stowe, and it now affords us pleasure to shed our tears over the last remains of our last party boss. Next gentleman!

Emperor William's tour in Austria and Italy is said to have cost not less than forty thousand pounds sterling. The amount given to servants of the sovereigns whom he visits is something fabulous, and other presents cost a frightful sum. For example, when the Emperor Nicholas visited Windsor in 1843, he gave the housekeeper one thousand pounds sterling. William took with him from Berlin eighty diamond rings, one hundred and fifty silver stars, fifty scarf-pins, all richly jeweled; thirty diamond bracelets, six splendid presentation swords, thirty large photographs of himself, with the empress and their children, all in gold frames; thirty gold watches, with chains (the correct present to a *chef*); one hundred cigar-cases, with the imperial arms and monogram in gold, and twenty stars in diamonds of the orders of the Black and Red Eagle.

The first girl baby born in Denver was the daughter of a settler named Harvey, and she was born in 1860 or thereabouts. In recognition of her enterprise in being born in the camp, public-spirited citizens presented her with all the land in sight of her father's cabin. Unfortunately the taxes were never paid, and the land, now worth two millions of dollars, fell into other hands. The first girl who once owned it all is now a singer in a variety show in that city.

There were 19,912 patents issued last year, and of these but 1,083 were granted to Southerners. Texas led the Southern States, a patent being granted for every 6,006 Texans. Florida come next. Mississippi's ratio was one patent to every 25,146 of her population. Alabama, in spite of the recent great mechanical development of the State, was credited with but 54 inventions in the year.

Of the jubilee gifts of one million one hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling received by the Pope, France has been the most liberal donor. The monks of Chartreuse sent twenty thousand pounds sterling, while the smallest offerings came from Spain, Portugal, and Poland.

Amos Marsh, a colored man of Orange, N. J., drew fifteen thousand dollars in a lottery, and his first step was to abandon his old wife and give a white woman three thousand dollars to marry him. He said it was no use to have money unless he could get into society.

"Weighty thoughts" will no longer be mere figments of the imagination. An Italian has invented a balance upon which even dreams or the effects of a slight sound during sleep turn blood enough to the brain to produce a measurable impression.

The English plunging championship was won on October 8th by G. A. Blake, with a plunge of seventy-one feet three inches. Two days before he had made the unprecedented plunge of seventy-five feet seven inches.

THE CITY OF MELBOURNE.

A Well-Known San Franciscan discusses the Austral Metropolis.

At the present time Australasia contains a population, in round numbers, of about four millions, and of this number the colony of Victoria claims one million as her share, and the city of Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, has absorbed four hundred thousand of this million. What strikes a stranger most upon entering Melbourne is the solidity and massiveness of its buildings, and, if he chances to be from San Francisco, the elegance and cleanliness of its streets. In this respect, the streets of Melbourne compare very favorably with the best made and kept streets in the capitals of Europe.

The people of San Francisco could not, in my opinion, make a better investment of the public funds than by sending her municipal officers out here for a short time to study the working of the street system in this place, and then they should take off the "dollar limit" for five years, if not for always, and say to the supervisors: "Now, gentlemen, go ahead and put our streets in as good condition as you found those of Melbourne in."

Beside the satisfaction, comfort, and decency of having good streets, it would pay the property-owners—and pay them well as an investment—to have it done. The State of California is surely as rich as the colony of Victoria is at the present time; besides, she has sixty millions of people at her back gate to draw upon. San Francisco is as rich and almost as populous—including all her suburbs quite as populous—as Melbourne; she has a better harbor and more commerce, yet here upon Collins Street, which in point of locality and eligibility compares with the best part of Market Street, property is selling to-day at the rate of two thousand pounds (ten thousand dollars) a front foot, and is snapped up at these figures whenever offered, as against about four thousand dollars for Market Street property. This is because the people here have faith in the integrity of their government and are willing to pay whatever is necessary for the construction and maintenance of public works of every description.

The public grounds, including botanical and zoölogical gardens, are large and numerous, and are kept in the best and, therefore, most attractive condition, and are a source of constant amusement and pleasure to the people.

The suburbs of Melbourne are divided up into twelve or fourteen separate municipalities, each one having its own mayor, councilors, and town hall, and exercising complete municipal jurisdiction within its own limits, and each apparently rivaling its neighbor in the matter of good local government, which here means, for one thing at least, marvelously good and clean streets everywhere.

Judging from the newspapers published here—papers conducted with great ability and respectability—there do not appear to be any scandals connected with the conduct of public affairs. I have read those papers with some attention for a couple of months, and have yet to see a single charge of roguery brought against any public official, notwithstanding parliament is in session and the government is running an exhibition which cost something over one million three hundred thousand dollars before it was opened. And seeing all this, I ask myself what is San Francisco doing for herself at this time? and remembering that you will have an election there next month, I naturally conclude that she is standing up a lot of her best citizens who want to be mayors, supervisors, school directors, and such like upon so-called *platforms*, and pledging, nay swearing them to maintain the "dollar limit and dirt" for ever; and the aforesaid best citizens, being anxious for votes, will swear, of course, and as a consequence you will continue to have the dirt—which a great statesman once defined as "matter in the wrong place"—with the dollar limit.

The public library of Melbourne and its contents have cost to date two millions of dollars, and it contains one hundred and seventy-eight thousand three hundred and eighty volumes, and was patronized last year by three hundred and twenty-six thousand one hundred and twenty-four readers. All the leading towns in the colony of Victoria have public libraries—two hundred and eighty in all—and an aggregate of three hundred and fifty-four thousand volumes, exclusive of those in the Melbourne library.

There are forty nine miles of street railway in this city, thirty-three miles of which are operated by cables, constructed upon the most approved principles and all from America.

The capital of the commercial banks is put down at about sixty millions of dollars, but must be more, as the evidence of abundant capital is everywhere visible. The banking capital is principally foreign—mostly English—and the financial men here are mostly Scotch. There are one hundred and twenty-three thousand seven hundred and twenty depositors in the savings banks, and the amount of their deposits when added to the amount invested in building societies—which here, to a certain extent, take the place of savings banks—aggregate about fifty millions of dollars.

The water-works and all the railways, except the street "trams," as they are called (which will ultimately revert to the government), belong to the government of the colony of Victoria and are operated at a profit.

But there is one great and dangerous drawback to this place—there are no sewers in Melbourne beyond mere surface drains. There are, I understand, serious engineering difficulties in the way, but the wonder is that a community so rich, vigorous, and progressive as this one undoubtedly is has not grappled with and overcome them. Port Phillip, or "Hobson's Bay," as the harbor is called, is the natural place of deposit for the drainage of Melbourne, but as the rise and fall of the tide in the bay does not exceed two feet, it remains in a sluggish condition and will not carry out to the ocean, as in San Francisco, the foreign matter deposited in it. But some day, and that before long, this problem will have to be dealt with largely and in a way that will insure good sanitary conditions to the inhabitants of this marvelous city.

MELBOURNE, October 2, 1888. F. McC.

HIS MAJESTY THE DEVIL.

"Aut Diabolus aut Nihil."

The career of the Abbé Girod had been an eminently successfull one—successful in every way; and even he himself was forced to acknowledge such to be the case as he reviewed his past life sitting by a blazing fire in his comfortable apartment in the Rue Miromesnil previous to dressing for the Duc de Frontignan's dinner-party.

Born of poor parents, in the south of France, entering the priesthood at an early age, having received but a meagre education, and that chiefly confined to a superficial knowledge of the most elementary treatises on theology, he had in five-and-twenty years, and solely by his own exertions, unaided by patronage, obtained a most desirable berth in one of the leading churches in Paris, thereby becoming the recipient of a handsome income, and being thus enabled to indulge in his rather expensive tastes as *dilettante* and *homme du monde*.

The few hours snatched from his parochial duties he had never failed to devote to study, and his application and determination had borne him golden fruit in more ways than one. He had, moreover, so cultivated and made such good use of the rare opportunities afforded him in early life of associating with gentlemen, that when now at length he found his presence in demand at every house in the "Faubourg" where wit and graceful learning were appreciated, no one would ever have suspected he had not been nurtured and bred in accordance with the strictest canons of social refinement.

But in his upward progress such had been his experiences of life that when, during the brief intervals of breathing-time he allowed himself, he would look below and above, down to where he had begun and up to where he was endeavoring to climb, he was forced to confess at every step a belief, an illusion had been trodden under foot; that the clouds of glory, of which Wordsworth speaks, had either altogether died away on the horizon or had become so threatening and dark in aspect as to make him instinctively seek refuge under the umbrella of cynicism; and he would wonder, while bracing himself for a new effort, how it would all end, and whether the mitre he lusted for would not, perhaps, after all be placed upon a head that doubted even the existence of a God.

He was not, however, a bad man, but merely one of that class who have embraced the priesthood merely as a means of raising themselves from obscurity to eminence, and have in their intercourse with the world discovered many flaws and blemishes in what, at one time, they may have considered perfect. . . . While his worldly ambition was aiding by sly insinuations the deadly work already begun by the destruction of his dreams, Henri Girod was nigh being an atheist.

But the nature of the man was too finely sensual for this phase to be lasting; and when at length he found himself so far successful in his wordly aspirations as to be tolerably sure of their complete fulfillment; when at length he found time to examine spiritual matters apart from their direct bearing upon his social altitude, his æsthetic sense—which by this time had necessarily developed—was struck as by a new revelation and thrilled and entangled by the exquisite *beauty* of Christianity; and thus, as a shallow philosophy had nearly reduced him to become an atheist, so a deep and sensual spirit of sentimentality nearly reconciled him to becoming a Christian.

His Madonna was the Madonna of Raphael, not that of Albert Durer—the woman whose placid grace of countenance creates an emotion more subtly voluptuous than desire; not she in whose face can be discerned the human mother of the Man of Sorrows and of Him divinely acquainted with all grief. The Christ he adored was not the friend of the broken-hearted, the healer of the blind Bartimæus, He whom Andrea del Mantegna shows us hanging on the cross; but He "who feedeth among the lilies"—the Alpha and Omega of all æsthetic conception. Christianity, in a word, he looked upon as the highest moral expression of artistic perfection, and he regarded it with the same admiration he accorded to the Antinous and the Venus of Milo.

He was not, however, by nature a pagan as some men are, men who, in the words of De Musset, "Sont venus trop tard dans un monde trop vieux;" but the atmosphere in which his early years had been passed had been so antagonistic and stifling to his warm sensuous nature, his inner life had been so cramped in and starved, that when at length the key of gold opening the prison door let in the outer air, his spirit revelled in all the wild extravagance so often found accompanying sudden and long-wished-for emancipation.

His nature was, perhaps, not one that could have been attuned to a perfect harmony with that of a Greek or Roman of the golden days, but one rather better calculated to enjoy the hybrid atmosphere of the Italian Renaissance; and he would have been in his element in the Rucellai Gardens, conversing with feeble little Cosimino or laughing with Buondelmonte and Luigi Alamanni.

He did not trouble himself to believe in the narrative of the Bible; but its precepts and tendencies he appreciated and admired, although it must in all honesty be confessed he did not always put himself out to follow them.

In his heart he utterly rejected all idea of a future life, since it was incompatible with his conception of the artistic unity of this; but then again he would blandly acknowledge to himself that there are perhaps, after all, things we can not comprehend, and that beauty may have no term.

Being, however, broadly speaking, an honest man, and one unwilling to eat bread he had not earned, he assimilated so far as in him lay his duties as a priest with his ideas as a man of culture; and his sermons were ever of Love—sermons which, winged as they were with impassioned eloquence, were deservedly popular with all, from the scholar who delighted in them as intellectual feasts, to the fashionable *mondaine* who was only too enchanted to find in the quasi-fatalistic and broadly charitable views enunciated therein, excuses whereby her dreary and vulgar intrigues might be considered in a light more pleasing to herself and more consoling to her husband.

On the Sunday afternoon preceding the evening on which we introduce him to the reader, the abbé had departed from his usual custom, and by special request of his curé had preached a most remarkable sermon on the personality of Satan.

It is a vulgar error to suppose that men succeed best when their efforts are enlivened by a real belief in the matter in hand. Not only have some men such a superabundance of fervid imagination that they can, for the time being, provoke themselves into a pseudo-belief in what they know in their saner moments to be false, and thus fire themselves with real enthusiasm for a mere myth and shadow; but, moreover, a large class of men are endowed with minds so restless and so finely strung that they can play with a sophism with marvelous dexterity and skill, while lacking that vigorous and comprehensive grasp of mind which the lucid exposition of a hidden truth necessitates.

The Abbé Girod belonged a little to both these classes of beings; and, moreover, his vanity as an intellectual man provoked him to extraordinary exertions in cases wherein he fancied he might win for himself the glory of strengthening and verifying matters which in themselves perhaps lacked almost the elements of existence.

"Spiritual truths," he once cynically remarked to Sainte Beuve, whom, by the way, he detested, "will take care of themselves; it is the nursing of spiritual falsehood that needs all the care of the clergy."

On the Sunday in question he had surpassed himself. With bitter irony he had annihilated the disbelievers in divine punishment, and then with persuasive and overwhelming eloquence he had urged the necessity of believing not only in hell but in the personality of the Prince of Evil.

Women had fainted in their terror, men had been frightened into seeking the convenient solace of the confessional, and the archbishop had written him a letter of the warmest congratulation and thanks.

It was a triumph which a man of the nature of the Abbé Girod particularly enjoyed. The idea of finding himself the successful reviver of an inanimate doctrine, while secretly conscious that he was in reality a skeptic in matters of dogmatically vital importance, was, to a mind so prone to delight in paradoxes, eminently agreeable; and it tickled his palate with a sharp pungent joy to see the letter of the archbishop lying upon a volume of Strauss, and to read the glowing and extravagant praise lavished upon himself in the pages of the *Univers*, after having enjoyed a sparkling draught of Voltaire.

* * * * * * *

Such was the Abbé Girod, the type of a class. The Duc de Frontignan, with whom he was dining on the evening this story opens, was, or rather *is*, in many ways a no less remarkable personage in Paris society.

Possessing rank, birth, and a splendid income, he had been blessed with more than a fair share of the good gifts of Providence, being endowed not only with considerable mental power, but with the tact to use that power to the best advantage. Although beyond doubt clever, he was universally esteemed a much more intellectual man than he really was, and this through no voluntary and willful deceitfulness on his part, but simply owing to a method he had unconsciously adopted of exhibiting his wares with their most favorable aspect to the front.

He was well read, but not deeply read, and yet all Paris considered him a profound scholar; he was quick and epigrammatic in his appreciation and expression of ideas, as men of cultivation and varied experience are apt to be; but he enjoyed the reputation of being a wit without ever having said a really good thing; and, finally, having merely lounged through the world, impelled by a spirit of restlessness begotten of great wealth and idleness, society looked upon him as a bold and adventurous traveler.

One gift he most certainly possessed, and that to an eminent degree: he was vastly amusing and entertaining.

He not only knew everybody in Paris, but he possessed that precious, rare, and extraordinary faculty of drawing people out, and of forcing them to make themselves amusing. No man, indeed, was in his society long before he was—often to his own surprise—openly discussing his most cherished hobby with a new and unwonted eloquence hatched by apparent sympathy, or airily scattering as seed for trivial conversation the fruit of long years of experience and reflection. From what has been said, it may be superfluous to add that the Hotel de Frontignan, in the Rue de Varenne, was the resort, lounging-place, and alms-house of all that was most remarkable and extraordinary in the fashionable, the artistic, the diplomatic, and the scientific world.

His intimacy with the Abbé Girod was one of long standing—they were bound together by one bond of union which (alas! how rarely it is forged?) is stronger and more enduring than many cemented by vows, prayers, and tears—they mutually amused each other; and while, on the one side, the keen intellect of the priest found much that was interesting in the shallow but attractive and brilliant nature of the layman, the duke, on the other, entertained feelings of the warmest admiration for a man who, having risen from nothing, enlivened the most exclusive coteries with his graceful learning and charming wit.

It was one of the peculiar whims of Octave de Frontignan never to have an even number of guests at his dinner-table. His *soirées*, indeed, were attended by hundreds, but his dinner-parties rarely exceeded seven (including himself), and in many cases he only invited two.

On this especial occasion the only guest asked to meet the Abbé Girod was the celebrated diplomatist and millionaire, the Prince Paul Pomerantseff.

This most extraordinary personage had for the past six years kept Europe in a constant state of excitement by reason of his munificence, eccentricity, and power.

Brought up under the direct personal supervision of the Emperor of Russia, he had escaped the emasculating influence engendered by the atmosphere of the Cour des Pages, and had learned at an early age to rely upon himself for his virtues, while ever ready generously to extend an indulgent confidence in his friends to be ready to provide him with the requisite amount of vices. He had distinguished himself as a diplo matist and as a soldier, and had left traces of his indomitabl will in many state papers, as on many an enemy's face, durin the period of the Crimean War.

Duchesses' daughters had sighed for him, but in vain; an to the "endless desolation and impotent disdain" of mother the continuance of his celibacy appeared to be as certain a the splendor of his fortune. Pomerantseff, had, moreover— and this is really worthy of note—escaped altogether fror that most terrible, because most hopeless and incurable, c maladies, *ennui*; and he owed this miraculous immunity fro the disease which almost always overwhelms the young, rich prosperous, and powerful, to his lucky spirit of *insouciance* which he had carefully cultivated from early youth—from, i fact, the moment when he had met with his first disappoin ment.

The monotony of happiness is perhaps the most hideou monotony of all to a thinking man, and the reason of this i obvious—it is unnatural. Pleasure, with its thousand subtl perfumes, exhausts the moral atmosphere as flowers absor the oxygen in a closed room; and we all know what the cop books tell us about the feeling of diffidence entertained b nature as regards a vacuum. Then, again, the man who find happiness as it were an inseparable accident of his life, lik dining, will surely begin by fatal degrees to criticise and analy the nature of it, as he will carefully choose the vintage of h wines. When he has reached this state he is lost.

But Pomerantseff carefully avoided this phylloxera of th lucky. In riding to hounds he always looked at the fence h was going to take; in love he invariably ignored the heart h was supposed to be about to awaken; so that, both in jum ing and kissing, he met with but few "croppers." He had, moreover, one great and precious gift, that of makin himself well-beloved by his friends and healthily feared by h enemies; and the Abbé Girod, who had known him for man years, proved no exception to the general rule; for althoug their friendship had never ripened into great intimacy, the was, perhaps, no man in the wide circle of his acquaintance i whose society the priest took a more lively pleasure.

"Late, as usual!" cried the duke, as Girod hurried into th room ten minutes after the appointed time; "prince, if yo were so unpunctual in your diplomatic duties as the abbé is i his social (and, I *fear*, in his spiritual), where would the worl be?"

The abbé stopped short, pulled out his watch, and looke at it with a comically contrite air.

"Only ten minutes late; and I am sure when you think the amount of business I have to transact, and the nature it, you can afford to forgive me," he said, as he advanced an shook hands warmly with his friends.

"To my mind," said Pomerantseff, smiling, "dining bein the most serious of our transient worldly pleasures, as it ce tainly is the most harmless—for indigestion is the malady fools, and does not concern the man *qui sait manger*—an thing that interferes with the proper enjoyment of it should b seriously punished as a crime of *lese-volupté*."

"You are right," said the duke; "and as regards that, o of the most striking proofs of Shakespeare's subtle insight in human nature is to be found in Macbeth. It is more tha probable that a man so steeped in murder, and one who ha contracted the rather dreary habit of consorting with witche would, under ordinary circumstances, have treated with wel merited contempt the ghostly visitations of that utterly uni teresting Banquo; but to be annoyed at the supper-table wi intolerable. This view, to my mind, gives the key-note to th latter part of the play."

"Capital!" cried the abbé; "that is quite a new ide Fancy the Eumenides in the *pot au feu!* You can not co ceive," he continued, throwing himself lazily down upon lounge, "you have no idea of the amount of folly I am force to listen to in a day. Every woman whose bad temper has g her into trouble with her husband, and every man whose st pidity has led him into quarreling with his wife, one and a they come to me, pour out their misfortunes in my ears, an expect me to arrange their affairs."

But here the servant, announcing "M. le Duc est servi," i terrupted the poor abbé's complaints.

"I tell you what I should do," said Pomerantseff, whe they were seated at table, the Cossack coming out, as it ha annoyed him to have to wait; "I should say to every ma and woman who came to me on such errands, 'My de friend, my business is with your spiritual welfare and wi that alone. The doctor and solicitor must take care of yo worldly concerns. It is my duty to insure your eter felicity, when the tedium of *delirium tremens* and the divor court is all over, and that is really all one man can do.'"

"Very well; but suppose they should reply to me," a swered the abbé, quoting his favorite Novalis, "that 'life is disease of the spirit.'"

"By the way," broke in the duke, "talking of spiritu matters, Pomerantseff has been telling me his experienc with a man you detest, abbé."

"I detest no man."

"I can only judge from your own words," rejoined Fronti nan; "did you not tell me years ago that you thought Hon a more serious evil than the typhoid fever?"

"Ah, Home, the medium!" cried Girod, in great disgus "I admit you are right. It is not possible, prince, that yo encourage Octave in his absurd spiritualism?"

But just at that moment came a whisper from a bett world.

"Château Margaux, M. l'Abbé?" murmured the butler his ear.

"Wait!" cried the duke, as Girod was about to smi assent; "I have some wine I want you to try." Then, tur ing to the butler, "Bring that Lafite Duglere sent in yeste day, Gregoire. Now, abbé, taste that. I want your opinio before touching it myself or giving it to others. It is of th famous comet year, and, of course, you know the story of th sale. Duglere sent me up a dozen yesterday as a preser with a charming note to say that he wanted the opinion of m friends, and especially of yourself. He added that, of cours

e could not think of charging me for it, since he bought it at ich a ruinous price that no serious man would think of buy-g a bottle. He keeps it, therefore, merely as an advertise-ent and to give to friends. He says, moreover, that al-ough of course too old, it is still a generous wine."

The abbé looked carefully at the glass, and daintily swal-wed a thimbleful; and then, after a pause of half a second, ook his head at the duke and said, smiling:

"Duglere for once spoke the truth. It *is* a generous ine; far too generous, for it has given away all its best. Margaux, Gregoire."

"Capital!" laughed the duke; "I shall tell Duglere your pinion, and he will probably sell out his stock at once. It st him two hundred francs a bottle."

"It is possible to keep even wine too long," replied the bé; and then added, with a smile, "here below all is but hemeral and transitory, as you know."

"You asked me just now, abbé, if I encouraged our friend ere in his spiritualism, did you not?" asked Pomerantseff.

"I did."

The prince smiled gravely.

"Do not you know me well enough to know that I should ever dare to presume to encourage any man in anything, *on cher abbé?*"

"But you can not believe in it?"

"I do most certainly believe in it."

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Girod; "what folly! What are e all coming to? If men like you and Octave encourage ich vulgar jugglery, it will become so paying a game that we or priests will stand no chance against the prestidigitateurs. obert Houdin will get the best of all the fathers of the church a week!"

"It has always struck me as most remarkable," said the uke, "that with all your taste for the curious and unknown, ou have never been tempted into investigating the matter, bé."

"I am, as you say, a lover of the curious," replied the priest; but not of such empty trash as spiritualism. I have quite ough cares with the realities of this world, without bringing on myself the misery which would surely be entailed by in-estigating the possibilities of the next."

"*Il est impayable, ce cher abbé!*" said Pomerantseff to the uke, with a laugh, as he rose from his seat and resumed his ill-lighted cigar. "What can we do, duke, to make this retched little pagan less material in his views?"

"Convert him to spiritualism," said Frontignan.

"Never!" cried the abbé.

"It is absurd for you to disbelieve, for you know nothing out it, since you have never been willing to attend a séance, s you yourself admit."

"I *feel* it is absurd, and that is enough, for me at least."

"Certum est quia impossibile," murmured Pomerantseff, riking a match.

"I myself do not exactly believe in *spirits*," said Frontignan, oughtfully.

"*A la bonne heure!* Of course not!" cried the abbé; you see, prince, he is not quite mad after all!"

The prince said nothing.

"I can not doubt the existence of some extraordinary phe-omena," continued the duke, thoughtfully, "simply be-ause I can not bring myself to such an exquisite pitch of hilosophical imbecility as to doubt my own senses; but, to y thinking, the exact nature of the phenomena remains as et an open question. It is some phase of electro-biology hich we do not yet understand. I have a theory of my own out it, and although it may be absurd and fantastical, it is ertainly no more so than that which would have us believe at the spirits of the dear old lazy dead come back to the enes of their human hopes and disappointments, their lives nd miseries, to pull our noses and play on tambourines."

"And may I ask you," inquired the prince, with a touch of rcasm in his voice, "what this theory of yours may be?"

"I will give you," said the duke, ignoring the sneer, and retching himself back in his chair, as he sent a ring of smoke urling daintily toward the ceiling, "I will give you with great leasure the result of my reflection about the matter. You re both far more clever men than I am, and you can draw our own conclusions.

"It is my belief that the things—the tangible things—we reate, or rather cause to appear, when sitting with what is ow called, for want of a better name, a materializing medium, ome from within ourselves and are portions of ourselves.

"We produce them, in the first instance, generally with ngers linked; but afterwards, when our nervous organizations re more harmonized to them, they come to us of themselves, nd even against our wills.

"It is my belief that these are what we term our passions nd our emotions, to whose existence the electric fluid and ervous ecstasy we cause to circulate and induce by sitting ith hands linked merely gives a tangible and corporeal ex-ression.

"And, after all, why should not this be so? Why, as a atter of fact, is there anything extraordinary or improbable the suggestion? We all know that grief, joy, remorse, and any other passions and emotions can kill us as surely and in any instances as quickly as an assassin's dagger; and it is a ell-known scientific fact that there are certain nerves in the and between certain fingers which have a distinct and direct *apport* with the brain and by which the mind can be con-olled.

"Since this is the case, why is it that under certain given onditions, such as sitting with hands linked—that thus sitting, nd while the electric fluid, drawn out by the contact of our ands, forms a powerful medium between the inner and the utward being—why is it, I say, that these strong emotions I ave mentioned should not take advantage of this strange iver flowing to and fro between the conceptional and the isual to float before us for a time, and give us an opportunity f seeing and touching them who influence our every action in fe?

"Nay, I will go further, and insist that my theory has a ight to at least be admitted to serious discussion and investigation, for the greatest men since the death of Christ have founded their whole theory of life upon the unseen, the purely conceptional. 'Faith is the evidence of things unseen,' as the abbé here knows well, and how terribly material have been the sacrifices made for this splendid conception! Why, then, should not a man like Loyola, for instance, have been able to really see with his earthly eyes, under certain given conditions of nervous excitement, what he was ready to sacrifice his very material body, nerves, blood, and sinews to pay due homage to? The media through which these great conceptional realities may become tangible and corporealized should, to my mind, be thoroughly tested and examined through the lens of science before we can reject as absurd the possibility of their being so materialized.

"*Bref*, it is my belief that I can shake hands with my emotions; that regret or remorse, for instance, can become tangible and pinch my ears, and slap me on the back, just as surely as they can and do keep people awake at night by agitating their nervous system, or, in other words, by mentally pinching their ears."

"That is certainly a very fantastic idea, Octave," said the abbé, smiling; "but if you have seen any of your emotions, what do they look like? I should like to see my hasty temper sitting beside me for a minute. I should take advantage of his being materialized to pay him back in his own coin, and give him a good thrashing."

"It is difficult," said the duke, gravely, "to recognize one's emotions when brought actually face to face with them, as it were, although they have been living in us all our lives, turning our hair gray or pulling it out, making us stout or lean, upright or bent over. Moreover, our minor emotions, except when the medium is remarkably powerful, often outwardly express themselves to us in some unrecognizable form, sometimes as perfumes and flowers, often as mere luminous bodies. I have reason, however, to believe that I have recognized that most complex of emotions—my conscience."

"I should have thought he'd been too sleepy to move out," laughed the abbé.

"That just shows how wrongly one man judges another," said Octave, lazily, without earnestness, but with a certain something in his tone that betokened he was dealing with realities; "you very probably think that I am not much troubled with a conscience; whereas the fact is that my conscience, with a strong dash of remorse in it, is a very keen one. Many years ago a certain episode changed the whole color and current of my life inwardly and to myself; although, of course, outwardly I was much the same. Now this episode of which I speak aroused what I am pleased to call my conscience" (bowing to the abbé) "to a most extraordinary degree; and since that catastrophe, which changed the whole tenor of my life, I have never taken part in a séance of spiritualism without seeing a female figure, with a face like that of the heroine of my episode, dressed in a queer strange robe, woven of every possible color save white, who shudders and trembles as she passes before me, holding in her arms large sheets of glass, through which dim Bohemian-glass colors pass flickering every moment."

"What a very disagreeable thing to see this weather!" said the abbé; "everything shuddering and shaking."

"Have you ever discovered why she goes about like the wife of a glazier?" asked the prince.

"For a long time I could not make out what they could be, these large panes of glass, with variegated colors passing through them, but now I think I know."

"Well?"

"They are dreams waiting to be fitted in."

"Bravo!" cried the abbé; "that is really a good idea! If I only had the pen of Charles Nodier, what a charming *feuilleton* I could write about all this."

Pomerantseff laid his hand affectionately on the duke's shoulder. "*Mon cher ami*," he said, with a grave smile, "believe me, you are wholly at fault in your speculations. Girod here, of course (naturally enough, since he has never been willing even to attend an ordinary séance of spiritualism), thinks we are both madmen, and that the whole thing is folly; but you and I, who have been to very many extraordinary séances, and have seen very many marvelous manifestations, know that it is not folly. Take the word of a man who has had greater experience in the matter than yourself, and who is himself a most powerful materializing medium, as you know—the theory you have just enunciated is utterly false."

"Prove that it is false."

"I can not prove it, but wait and see."

"Nay; I have given it all up now. I will not meddle with spiritualism again. It unhinged my nerves and destroyed my peace of mind while I was investigating it."

The prince shrugged his shoulders.

"Prince, leave him alone," said the abbé, smiling; "his theory is a great deal more sensible than yours; and if I could bring myself to believe that at your séances any real phenomenon *does* take place (which of course no sane person can), I should be rather inclined to accept Octave's interpretation of the matter."

"Let us follow it out a little further, for the mere sake of talking nonsense. 'Qui vit sans folie n'est pas si sage qu'il croit!' Doubtless the dominant passion of a man would be the most likely to appear—that is to say, would be the most tangible?"

"That," replied the duke, "would depend upon circumstances. If the phenomenon should take place while the man is alone, doubtless it would be so; but if while at a séance, attended by many people, the apparition would be the product of the master-passions of all—and thus it is that many of the visions which appear at séances, when the sitters are not harmonized, are often most remarkable and unrecognizable anomalies."

"I thought I understood from Mme. de Girardin that certain spirits always appeared."

"Pooh, pooh! Mme. de Girardin never went deep enough into the matter. The most ravishing vision I ever saw was when I fancied I saw Love."

"What? Love! An emanation from yourself?"

The duke sighed.

"Ah! that is what proved to me that what I saw could not be Love. That sentiment has been too long dormant in me to awaken to a corporeal expression."

"What made you think it was Love?" asked Pomerantseff.

"No, duke!" cried the abbé, laughing, and not heeding Pomerantseff's pregnant question; "what you saw was not Love, but it might all the same have been an emanation from yourself—a master-passion. I daresay it was the corporeal embodiment of your love of pigeon-shooting."

"Perhaps," laughed the duke.

"I tell you what, *mon ami*," said Pomerantseff, rising, as he saw the abbé making preparations to depart, "I am glad that my appetite, corporealized and separated from my discretion, is not in your wine-cellar—your Johannisberg would suffer!"

"Prince, you must drive me home," said the abbé; "I can not get into a draughty cab at this hour of the night."

"*Tres volontiers.* Good-night, duke. Remember to-morrow morning, at half-past nine, at the Gare de Lyon," said the prince.

"Remember to-morrow night, at half-past ten, at Mme. de Langeac's!" bawled the abbé, and so they left.

The priest hurried down the cold staircase and into the prince's brougham.

"What a pity," exclaimed the abbé, when they were once fairly started, "that a man with the brains of De Frontignan should give himself up to such wild ideas and dreams!"

"You are very complimentary," rejoined the other, smiling gravely; "for you know that, so far as believing in spirits is concerned, I am as bad, if not worse, than he is."

"Ah, but *you* are jesting."

"On my honor as a gentleman, I am not jesting. See here," as he spoke, Pomerantseff seized the abbé's hand, "you heard me tell the duke just now that I believed he had seen the spirit of Love. Well, the sermon you preached the day before yesterday, which all Paris is talking about, in which you endeavored to prove the person of the devil to be a fact, was more true than perhaps you believed when you preached it. Why should not Frontignan have seen the spirit of Love, *when I know and have seen the devil?*"

"*Mon ami*, you are insane!" cried Girod; "why, the devil does not exist!"

"I tell you I have seen him — the god of all evil, the Prince of Desolation!" cried the other, in an excited voice; "and, what is more, I will show him to you!"

"Show the devil to *me!*" exclaimed the abbé, half-terrified, half-amused; "why, you are out of your mind!"

The prince laid his other hand upon the arm of the abbé, who could feel he was trembling with excitement.

"You know my address," he said, in a quick passionate voice; "when you feel—as I tell you you surely will feel—desirous of investigating this further, send for me, and I promise, on my honor as a gentleman, to show you the devil, so that you can not doubt. I will do this only on one condition."

The abbé felt almost faint, for apart from the wildness of the words thus abruptly and unexpectedly addressed to him, the hand of the prince, which lay upon his own, as if to keep him still, seemed to be pouring fire and madness into him.

He tried to withdraw it, but the other grasped the fingers tight.

"On one condition," repeated Pomerantseff, in a lower tone.

"What condition?" murmured the poor abbé.

"That you trust yourself entirely to me until we reach the place of meeting."

"Prince, let go my hand! You are hurting me! I will promise to do as you say when I want to go to your infernal meeting, which will be never."

He wrenched his hand away, pulled down the carriage-window, and let the cold night air in.

"Pomerantseff, you are a madman; you are really dangerous. Why the devil did you grasp my hand in that way? my arm is numb."

The prince laughed.

"It is only electricity. I was determined, since you doubted the existence of the devil, to make you promise to come and see him."

"I never promised!" exclaimed the abbé; "I only promised to trust myself to you if the horrible desire should ever seize me to investigate your mad words further. But you need not be afraid of that. God forbid I should indulge in such folly!"

The prince smiled.

"God has nothing to do with this," he remarked, simply; "you will come."

The carriage had turned up the street in which the abbé lived, and they were within but a few doors of his house.

"My dear prince," said Girod, earnestly, "let me say a few words to you at parting. You know that I am not a bigot, so that your words—which many might think blasphemous—I care nothing about; but remember we are in the Paris of the nineteenth century, not in the Paris of Cazotte, and that we are eminently practical nowadays. Had you asked me to go with you to see some curious atrocity, no matter how horrible, I might, were it interesting, have accepted; but when you invite me to go with you to see the devil, you really must excuse me; it is too absurd."

"Very well," replied Prince Pomerantseff; "of course I know you will come; but think the matter over well. Remember, I promise to show the devil to you so that you can never doubt of his personality again. This is not one of the wonders of electro-biology, but simply a fact: *The devil exists, and you shall see him.* Good-night."

* * * * * * *

Girod, as he turned into his *porte-cochère* and made his way up-stairs, was more struck than perhaps he confessed even to himself, by the quiet tone of certainty and assurance in which the prince uttered these words; and on reaching his apartment he sat down by the blazing fire, lighted a cigarette, and

began calmly considering in all its bearings what he could hardly bring himself to believe to be other than a most remarkable and extraordinary case of mania and mental derangement.

In the first place, was the prince deceived himself, or merely endeavoring to deceive others? The latter theory he at once rejected. Not only the character and breeding of the man, but his nervous earnestness about this matter, rendered such a supposition impossible.

Then he himself was deceived; and yet, how improbable! Girod could remember nothing in what he knew or had heard of the prince that could lead him to suppose his brain was of the kind charlatans and pseudo-magicians can successfully bewitch.

On the contrary, although native of a country in which the grossest superstitions are rife, the prince had led such an active, healthy life, partly in Russia, partly in France, and partly in England, that his brain could hardly be suspected of derangement; for an intimate and practical acquaintance with most of the fences in "the Shires," and all the leading statesmen of Europe, can hardly be considered compatible with a morbid disposition and superstitious nature.

No; the abbé was forced to confess to himself on reflection that the man who deceived Pomerantseff must have been of no ordinary ability. That he had been deceived was of course beyond all question, but it was certainly most marvelous. In practical matters, the abbé was even forced to confess to himself he would unhesitatingly take the prince's advice sooner than trust to his own private judgment; and yet here was this model of keen, healthy, worldly wisdom gravely inviting him to meet the devil face to face, and not only this, but assuring him, moreover, that it should be no unintelligible freak of electro-biology, but as a simple fact.

Girod smoked thirty cigarettes without coming to any satisfactory solution of the enigma.

What if after all, he, the Abbé Girod, for once should abandon the line of conduct he had laid down for himself, and to satisfy his curiosity, and perhaps with the chance of restoring to its proper equilibrium a most valuable and comprehensive mind, overlook his determination never to endanger his peace of mind by meddling with the affairs of spiritualists?

He could picture to himself the whole thing. They would doubtless be in a darkened room; an apparition clothed in red, and adorned with the traditional horns, would duly make its appearance, and there would of course very likely be no apparent evidence of fraud. That the farce would be cleverly played, the abbé did not doubt for a moment. Even supposing some portion of the absurd theory enunciated by Frontignan to be true, and some strange thing, begotten of electric fluid and overwrought imagination, were to make its appearance, that could hardly be considered by a sane man as being equivalent to an interview with the devil.

The abbé told himself that it would be most likely impossible to *detect* any fraud; but he felt convinced that should the prince find this phenomenon ridiculed and laughed to scorn, after a full investigation by a man of sense and culture, his faith in it would be shaken, and ere long he would come himself to despise it.

All the remarkable stories he had heard about spiritualism from Mme. de Girardin and others, and which he had hitherto paid no heed to, came back to-night to the abbé as he sat ruminating over the extraordinary offer just made him.

He had heard of dead people appearing, and that was sufficiently absurd, for he did not believe in a future life; but the devil—the idea was preposterous! Poor Luther indeed might throw his ink-pot at him; but no enlightened Roman Catholic priest could in these latter nineteenth-century days be expected to believe in his existence, no matter how much he might be forced, for obvious reasons, to preach about it, and represent it as a fact in sermons.

Yes, he would unhesitatingly consent to investigate the matter, and discover and lay bare the fraud he felt certain was lurking somewhere, but that the prince seemed to feel so provokingly certain of his consent, and he feared, by thus fulfilling an idly expressed prophecy, to plunge the unhappy man still deeper into his slough of superstition.

One thing was certain, the abbé told himself, with a smile, nothing on earth, or from heaven, or hell—if the two latter absurdities existed—could bring *him* to believe in the devil. No, not even if the devil should come and take him by the hand, and all the hosts of heaven flock to testify to his identity.

By this time, having smoked and thought himself into a state of blasphemous idiocy, our worthy divine threw away his cigarette, went to bed, and read himself into a nightmare with a volume of Von Helmont.

The following morning found him still perplexed as to what course to adopt in this matter.

As luck (or shall we say the devil?) would have it, while he was trifling in a listless way with his breakfast, there called to see him the only priest in whose judgment, purity, and religious conviction he had any confidence. It is probable, to such an extent was his mind engrossed by the subject, that no matter who might have called just then he would have discussed the extraordinary conduct of Prince Pomerantseff with him; but, inasmuch as the visitor chanced to be the very best man calculated to direct his judgment in the matter, he, without unnecessary delay, laid the whole affair before him.

"You see, *mon cher*," said the abbé, in conclusion, "my position is just this: It appears to me that this person, whom I will not name, has been trifled with by Home and other so-called spiritualists to such an extent that his mind is really in danger. Now, although, of course, we are forbidden to have any dealings with such people, or to participate in their infamous, foolish, and unholy practices, surely it would be the act of a Christian if a clear, healthy-minded man were to expose the fraud, and thus save to society a man of such transcendent ability as my friend. Moreover, should I decide to accept his mad invitation, I hardly think I could be said to participate in any of the scandalous, and perhaps even blasphemous, rites he may have to perform to bring about the supposed result. What do you think, and what do you advise?"

His friend walked up and down the room for a few minutes, turning the matter over carefully in his mind, and then, coming up to where the abbé lay lazily stretched upon a lounge, he said, earnestly:

"Henri, I am very glad you have asked me about this. It appears to me that your duty is quite clear. You perhaps have it in your power, as you yourself have seen, to save, not only as you say a *mind*, but what I wish I could feel you prized more highly, a *soul*. You must accept the invitation."

The abbé rose in delight at having found another man who, taking the responsibility off his shoulders, commanded him as a duty to indulge his ardent curiosity.

"But," continued the other, in a solemn voice, "before accepting the invitation you must do one thing."

The abbé threw himself back on the lounge in disgust.

"Oh, pray for strength, of course," he exclaimed, petulantly; "I am quite aware of that."

"Not only pray, but *fast*, and that for seven days, at least, my dear brother."

This was a very disagreeable view of the matter, but the abbé was equal to the occasion.

After a pause, during which he appeared absorbed in religious reflection, he rose, and taking his friend by the hand:

"You are right," said he, "as you always are. Although, of course, I know the evil spirit can not harm an officer of God's Holy Catholic Church, even supposing, for the sake of argument, my poor friend can invoke Satan, yet, if I am to be of any good—if I am to save my friend from destruction—I must be armed with extraordinary grace, and this, as you truly divine, can only come by fasting."

The other wrung his hand warmly. "I knew you would see it in its proper light, my dear Henri," he said; "and now I will leave you to recover your peace of mind by religious meditation."

The abbé smiled gravely, and his friend departed.

The following letter was the result of this edifying interview between the two divines:

"Mon Cher Prince: No doubt you will feel very triumphant when you learn that my object in writing this is to accept your most kind offer of presentation to Sa Majesté; but I do not care whether you choose to consider this yielding to what is only in part whimsical curiosity a triumph or no.

"I will not write to you any cut and dried platitudes about good and evil, but I frankly assure you that one of the strongest reasons which induces me to go on this fool's errand is a belief that I can discover the absurdity and imposture, and cure you of a hallucination which is unworthy of you. *Tout a vous*, Henri Girod."

For two days he received no reply to this letter, nor did he happen to meet the prince in society in the interval, although he heard of him from De Frontignan and others; but on the third day the following note was brought to him:

"Mon Cher Ami: There is no question of triumph any more than there is of deception. I will call for you this evening at half-past nine. You must remember your promise to trust yourself entirely to me. *Cordialement a vous*, Pomerantseff."

So the matter was now arranged, and he, the Abbé Girod, the renowned preacher of the celebrated ——— Church, was to meet that very night, by special appointment, at half-past nine, the Prince of Darkness; and this in January, in Paris, at the height of the season, in the capital of civilization—*la ville Lumière!*

* * * * * * *

As may be well imagined, during the remainder of that eventful day until the hour of the prince's arrival, the abbé did not enjoy his customary placidity.

A secretary of the Turkish Embassy who called at four found him engaged in a violent discussion with one of the Rothschilds about the belief held by the early Christians in demons, as shown by Tertullian and others; while Lord Middlesex, who called at half-past five, found he had captured Faure, installed him at the piano, and was inducing him to hum snatches from "Don Juan."

When his dinner-hour arrived, having given orders to his valet to admit no one lest he should be discovered *not* fasting, he hastily swallowed a few mouthfuls, fortified himself with a couple of glasses of *Chartreuse verte*, and lighting a Henry Clay, awaited the coming of the messenger of Satan.

At half-past nine o'clock precisely the prince arrived. He was in full evening dress, but—contrary to his usual custom—wearing no ribbon or decoration, and his face was of a deadly pallor.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the abbé, "what is the matter with you, prince? You are looking very ill; we had better postpone our visit."

"No; it is nothing," said the prince, gravely; "let us be off without delay. In matters of this kind waiting is unendurable."

The abbé rose and rang the bell for his hat and cloak. The appearance of the prince, his evident agitation, and his unfeigned impatience, which seemed to betoken terror, were far from reassuring; but the abbé promptly quelled any feelings of misgiving he might have felt. Suddenly a thought struck him—a thought which certainly his brain would never have engendered had it been in its normal condition.

"Perhaps I had better change my dress and go *en pékin?*" he inquired, anxiously.

The ghost of a sarcastic smile flitted across the prince's face, as he replied, "No, certainly not; your soutane will be in every way acceptable. Come, let us be off."

The abbé made a grimace, put on his hat, flung his cloak around his shoulders, and followed the prince down-stairs.

He remarked, with some surprise, that the carriage awaiting them was not the prince's.

"I have hired a carriage for the occasion," said Pomerantseff, quietly, noticing Girod's glance of surprise; "I am unwilling that my servants should suspect anything of this."

They entered the carriage, and the coachman, evidently instructed beforehand where to go, drove off without delay. The prince immediately pulled down the blinds, and, taking a silk pocket-handkerchief from his pocket, began quietly to fold it lengthwise.

"I must blindfold you, *mon cher*," he remarked, simply, as if announcing the most ordinary fact.

"*Diable!*" cried the abbé, now becoming a little nervous; "this is very unpleasant. I like to see where I am going. believe, Pomerantseff, you are the devil yourself."

"Remember your promise," said the prince, as he careful covered his friend's eyes with the pocket-handkerchief, ar effectually precluded the possibility of his seeing anything u til he should remove the bandage.

After this nothing was said. The abbé heard the prin pull up the blind, open the window, and tell the coachman drive faster. He endeavored to discover when they turned the right, and when to the left, but in a few minutes got b wildered, and gave it up in despair. At one time he felt ce tain they were crossing the river.

"I wish I had not come," he murmured to himself; "c course the whole thing is folly. But it is a great trial to t nerves, and I shall probably be upset for many days."

On they drove; the time seemed interminable to the abb

"Are we near our destination yet?" he inquired at last.

"Not very far off now," replied the other, in what seem to Girod a most sepulchral tone of voice.

At length, after a drive of about half-an-hour, but whi seemed to the abbé double that time, Pomerantseff murmur in a low tone, and with a profound sigh, which sounded almo like a sob, "Here we are;" and at that moment the abbé f the carriage was turning, and heard the horses' hoofs cla on what he imagined to be the stones of a court-yard.

The carriage stopped, Pomerantseff opened the door hi self, and assisted the blindfolded priest to alight.

"There are five steps," he said, as he held the abbé by t arm; "take care!"

The abbé stumbled up the five steps. They had now enter a house, and Girod imagined to himself it was probably so old hotel like the Hotel Pimodan, where Gautier, Baudelai and others at one time were wont to resort to disperse t cares of life in the fumes of opium. When they had p ceeded a few yards, Pomerantseff warned him that they w about to ascend a staircase, and up many shallow steps th went, the abbé regretting every instant more and more that had allowed his vulgar curiosity to lead him into an adventu which could be productive of nothing but ridicule and shatter nerves.

When at length they had reached the top of the stairs, t prince guided him by the arm through what the abbé i agined to be a hall, opened a door, closed and locked it af them, walked on again, opened another door, which he clos and locked likewise, and over which the abbé heard him p a heavy curtain. The prince then took him again by the ar advanced him a few steps, and said in a low whisper:

"Remain quietly standing where you are. I rely up your honor not to attempt to remove the pocket-handkerch from your eyes until you hear voices."

The abbé folded his arms and stood motionless, while heard the prince walk away, and then suddenly all sou ceased.

It was evident to the unfortunate priest that the room which he stood was not dark; for although he could of cou see nothing owing to the pocket-handkerchief, which h been bound most skillfully over his eyes, there was a sensat of being in strong light, and his cheeks and hands felt a were illuminated.

Suddenly a horrible sound sent a chill of terror throu him—a gentle noise as of naked flesh touching the wa floor—and before he could recover from the shock occasion by the sound, the voices of many men—voices of men gro ing or wailing in some hideous ecstasy—broke the stillne crying:

"*Father and Creator of all Sin and Crime, Prince o King of all Despair and Anguish! come to us, we impl thee!*"

The abbé, wild with terror, tore off the pocket-handk chief.

He found himself in a large old-fashioned room, pane up to the lofty ceiling with oak, and filled with great light sl from innumerable tapers fitted into sconces on the wall—li which, though by its nature soft, was almost fierce by rea of its greatness and intensity, proceeded from these countl tapers.

He had then been, after all, right in his conjectures; was evidently in a chamber of some one of the many o fashioned hotels which are to be seen still in the Ile S Louis, and, indeed, in all the antiquated parts of Paris. was reassuring, at all events, to know one was not in the fernal regions, and to feel tolerably certain that a *sergen ville* could not be many yards distant.

All this passed into his comprehension like a flash of lig ning, for hardly had the bandage left his eyes ere his wh attention was riveted upon the group before him.

Twelve men, Pomerantseff among the number, of all a from five-and-twenty to fifty-five, all dressed in evening-dr and all, so far as one could judge at such a moment, mer culture and refinement, lay nearly prone upon the floor w hands linked.

They were bowing forward and kissing the floor—wh might account for the strange sound heard by Girod—a their faces were illuminated with a light of hellish ecstas half-distorted, as if in pain, half-smiling, as if in triumph.

The abbé's eyes instinctively sought out the prince.

He was the last on the left-hand side, and while his hand grasped that of his neighbor, his right was sweep nervously over the bare, waxed floor, as if seeking to anim the boards. His face was more calm than those of others, but of a deadly pallor, and the violet tints about mouth and temples showed he was suffering from intense e tion.

They were all, each after his own fashion, praying aloud rather moaning, as they writhed in ecstatic adoration.

"*O Father of Evil! come to us!*"

"*O Prince of Endless Desolation! who sitteth by the of suicides, we adore thee!*"

"*O Creator of Eternal Anguish!*"

"*O King of Cruel Pleasures and Famishing Desires! worship thee!*"

"*Come to us, thy foot upon the hearts of widows!*"

"*Come to us, thy hair lurid with the slaughter of innocence!*"

"*Come to us, thy brow wreathed with the clinging chaplet of despair!*"

"*Come to us!*"

The heart of the abbé turned cold and sick as these beings, hardly human by reason of their great mental exaltation, swayed before him, and as the air, charged with a subtle and overwhelming electricity, seemed to throb as from the echo of innumerable voiceless harps.

Suddenly—or rather the full conception of the fact was sudden, for the influence had been gradually stealing over him—he felt a terrible coldness, a coldness more piercing than any he had ever before experienced, even in Russia, and with the coldness there came to him the certain knowledge of the presence of some new being in the room.

Withdrawing his eyes from the semi-circle of men, who did not seem to be aware of his, the abbé's presence, and who ceased not in their blasphemies, he turned them slowly around, and as he did so, they fell upon a new-comer, a Thirteenth, who seemed to spring into existence from the air, and before his very eyes.

He was a young man of apparently twenty, tall, as beardless as the young Augustus, with bright golden hair falling from his forehead like a girl's.

He was dressed in evening dress, and his cheeks were flushed as if with wine or pleasure; but from his eyes there gleamed a look of inexpressible sadness, of intense despair.

The group of men had evidently become aware of his presence at the same moment, for they all fell prone upon the floor adoring, and their words were now no longer words of invocation, but words of praise and worship.

The abbé was frozen with horror; there was no room in his breast for the lesser emotion of fear; indeed, the horror was so great and all-absorbing as to charm him and hold him spellbound.

He could not remove his eyes from the Thirteenth who stood before him calmly, a faint smile playing over his intellectual and aristocratic face—a smile which only added to the intensity of the despair gleaming in his clear blue eyes.

Girod was struck first with the sadness, then with the beauty, and then with the intellectual vigor of that marvelous countenance.

The expression was not unkind or even cold; haughtiness and pride might indeed be read in the high-bred features, shell-like sensitive nostrils, and short upper lip, while the exquisite symmetry and perfect proportions of his figure showed suppleness and steel-like strength; for the rest, the face betokened, save for the flush upon the cheeks, only great sadness.

The eyes were fixed upon those of Girod, and he felt their soft, subtle, intense light penetrate into every nook and cranny of his soul and being. This terrible Thirteenth simply stood and gazed upon the priest, as the worshipers grew more wild, more blasphemous, more cruel.

The abbé could think of nothing but the face before him, and the great desolation that lay folded over it as a veil. He could think of no prayer, although he could remember there were prayers.

Was this despair—the despair of a man drowning in sight of land—being shed into him from the sad blue eyes? Was it despair or was it death?

Ah, no; not death! Death was peaceful, and this was violent and passionate.

Was there no refuge, no mercy, no salvation anywhere? Perhaps, nay, surely, but while those sad blue eyes gazed upon him, the sadness, as it seemed to him, intensifying every moment, he could not remember where to seek for and where to find such refuge, such mercy, such salvation. He could not remember, and yet he could not entirely forget. He felt that help would come to him if he sought it, and yet he could hardly tell how to seek it.

Moreover, by degrees the blue eyes—it seemed as if their color, their great blueness, had some fearful power—began pouring into him some more hideous pleasure. It was the ecstasy of great pain becoming a delight, the ecstasy of being beyond all hope, and of being thus enabled to look with scorn upon the author of hope. And all the while the blue eyes still gazed sadly, with a soft smile breathing overwhelming despair upon him.

Girod knew that in another moment he would not sink, faint, or fall, but that he would—oh! much worse! he would smile!

At this very instant a name—a familiar name, and one which the infernal worshipers had made frequent use of, but which he had never remarked before—struck his ear; the name of Christ.

Where had he heard it? He could not tell. It was the name of a young man; he could remember that and nothing more.

Again the name sounded, "Christ."

There was another word like Christ, which seemed at some time to have brought an idea first of great suffering and then of great peace.

Aye, peace, but no pleasure. No delight like this shed from those marvelous blue eyes.

Again the name sounded, "Christ."

Ah! the other word was "cross"—*croix*—he remembered now; a long thing with a short thing across it.

Was it that as he thought of these things the charm of the blue eyes and their great sadness lessened in intensity? We dare not say; but as some faint conception of what a cross was flitted through the abbé's brain, although he could think of no prayer—nay, of no distinct use of this cross—he drew his right hand slowly up, for it was pinioned as by paralysis to his side, and feebly and half-mechanically made the sign across his breast.

The vision vanished.

The men adoring ceased their clamor and lay crouched up one against another, as if some strong electric power had been taken from them and great weakness had succeeded, while, at the same time, the throbbing of the thousand voiceless harps was hushed.

The pause lasted but for a moment, and then the men rose, stumbling, trembling, and with loosened hands, and stood feebly gazing at the abbé, who felt faint and exhausted, and heeded them not. With extraordinary presence of mind the prince walked quickly up to him, pushed him out of the door by which they had entered, followed him, and locked the door behind them, thus precluding the possibility of being immediately pursued by the others.

Once in the adjoining room, the abbé and Pomerantseff paused for an instant to recover breath, for the swiftness of their flight had exhausted them, worn out as they both were mentally and physically; but during this brief interval the prince, who appeared to be retaining his presence of mind by a purely mechanical effort, carefully replaced over his friend's eyes the bandage which the abbé still held tightly grasped in his hand. Then he led him on, and it was not till the cold air struck them that they noticed they had left their hats behind.

"*N'importe!*" muttered Pomerantseff; "it would be dangerous to return," and hurrying the abbé into the carriage which awaited them, he bade the coachman speed them away—"*au grand galop!*"

Not a word was spoken; the abbé lay back as one in a swoon, and heeded nothing until he felt the carriage stop, and then the prince uncovered his eyes and told him he had reached home; then he alighted in silence and passed into his house without a word.

How he reached his apartment he never knew; but the following morning found him raging with fever and delirious.

When he had sufficiently recovered, after the lapse of a few days, to admit of his reading the numerous letters awaiting his attention, one was put into his hand which had been brought on the second night after the one of the memorable séance.

It ran as follows:

"JOCKEY CLUB, January 26, 18—

"MON CHER ABBE: I am afraid our little adventure was too much for you—in fact, I myself was very unwell all yesterday, and nothing but a Turkish bath has pulled me together. I can hardly wonder at this, however, for I have never in my life been present at so powerful a séance, and you may comfort yourself with the reflection that Sa Majesté has never honored any one with his presence for so long a space of time before.

"Never fear, *mon cher*, about your illness. It is purely nervous exhaustion, and you will be well soon; but such evenings must not often be indulged in if you are not desirous of shortening your life. I shall hope to meet you at Mme. de Metternich's on Monday. *Tout à vous.*

"POMERANTSEFF."

Such is the true story of a meeting with the devil in Paris not many years ago—a story true in every particular, as can be easily proved by a direct application to any of the persons concerned in it, for they are all living still.

The key to the enigma we can not find, for we certainly do not put faith in any one of the theories of spiritualists; but that an apparition, such as we have described, did appear in the way and under the circumstances we have related is a fact, and we must leave the satisfactory solution of the difficulty to more profound psychologists than ourselves.—*Blackwood.*

From the London Athenæum of October 10th:

A story in the current number of *Blackwood*, called "Aut Diabolus aut Nihil," is exciting a considerable amount of speculation and curiosity, especially in Paris, where doubts are apparently expressed whether the tale is altogether founded upon fiction. It is some years ago now since Parisian society was excited over the report that a very popular preacher of decidedly free-thinking proclivities, who had preached an eloquent sermon on the personality of Satan, in which he did not believe, had the ideal which he had held up to his congregation corrected in an interview with the Prince of Darkness himself. The *Blackwood* story professes to tell how this meeting was brought about, and the Parisian gossip is now busy seeking to identify the actors in this remarkable drama. The name of the Abbé Hurd, the eloquent preacher of the Madeleine, and of the famous Abbé Bauer are both put forward as likely to have suggested the original of Abbé Girod; opinions seem to be divided as to whether the Duc de Frontignan is to be identified with the Duc de Caderousse or the Duc de Massa, while the names of Prince Paul Demidoff and Ivan Puskiewitch are suggested as having supplied the character of Pomerantseff, who acts as usher to his infernal highness. Meanwhile Parisian society is extremely anxious to know who the writer is—a curiosity which, under the circumstances, is hardly likely to be gratified.

No city on earth is so aggravating to a bicyclist as Berlin. In every direction stretch away miles of the most perfect pavement yet invented, the so-called "Sicilian asphalt," and since the new police ordinance went into effect last spring tricyclists may ride anywhere that their "own sweet wills" may dictate. To-day there are thousands of tricycles in the city; Unter den Linden itself resounds with the kling-a-ling of their warning bells; scores, perhaps, of establishments are doing a thriving business renting machines by the day or hour, and men dart hither and thither on wheels doing various kinds of transportation and other business. To be sure, the coachman looks on a tricyclist with no favorable eye; in short, regards him in much the same way as the cow is said to look upon oleomargarine; the tricyclists are there to stay, nevertheless, and do not need any assistance to hold their own. But the luckless bicyclist has no rights or privileges worth mentioning; he may stand by and turn all the colors of the rainbow with envy and reason with himself on the injustice of permitting three wheels to absorb the space in the streets and forbidding two wheels from making one-third the trouble; but such meditations have no visible effect on the police.

Miss Darcuss A. Smith has written to the editor of the Bristol (Tenn.) *Courier* the following unique note, post-marked Vance's Tank, Tenn.: "Dear sir: In Perousan your daily *Courier* I find a proposition from some Batchelor in Lynchburg ofering A Diamond Ring as A present for any Lady that was fifteen years that has never worn a Busel or Bangs I am in my eighteenth yeare and haven't wore either I clame the ring Please informe the Enquirer as to my whereabout."

In numbering the rooms in the new Drexel Building, in Philadelphia, the street system of numbers has been adopted, the hundreds indicating the floors. No. 1,036 indicates room 36 on the tenth floor, and 815 indicates room 15 on the eighth floor.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The under dog in the fight may be right; but the top dog is more than that—he is all right.—*Puck.*

"Don't call me Mr. Lovell, Miss Malcolm. Call me Cornelius!" "I'd call you Corn, if—if——" "If what, Ethel?" "If I thought you'd pop." And he popped.—*Puck.*

Consider the chickens, my son; study their ways and be wise. Whenever they take to drinking, their bills go up; and, by keeping their bills down, they find enough to eat.—*Puck.*

New barber (in Boston barber-shop)—"Next gent." *Boss*—"Ven you say agen 'next shent' I discharge you at vonce. Ve no say shents, ve say shentlemen."—*New York Sun.*

"Enjoyed your party, Bobby?" "Oh, awfully!" "Well, what little girls did you dance with?" "Oh, I didn't dance. I had three fights down-stairs with Willie Richardson, an' I licked him every time."—*Punch.*

Husband (after church)—"Did you notice, my dear, how late Mrs. Cadwallader and the two Misses Cadwallader were?" *Wife*—"Yes; and as they all wore the Psyche knot for the first time, it is easily explained."—*Epoch.*

Reporter—"I've just got a lovely theatrical scandal, full of the most spicy details." *Editor*—"Good! Run it in leaded and head it 'Too Sickening for Publication,' and tell 'em to run off twenty thousand extras."—*Texas Siftings.*

Tenderfoot—"Are there many admirers of music in your town?" *Dakota citizen*—"Pardner, we not only admire music here, but we respect it. There have been five organ-grinders lynched in our city since last spring."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Parson—"I am astonished to hear a man with three married daughters say 'marriage is a failure.'" *Citizen*—"Well, sir, when you have three families beside your own to support, you will learn that marriage is positive bankruptcy."—*Lowell Courier.*

Husband (on the way to the depot for a brief trip)—"Remember, my dear, that absence makes the heart grow fonder." *Wife*—"Ah, yes, John; and if you knew how fondly I think of you when you are absent from home, I'm sure you'd go away much oftener."—*Life.*

Field (in a restaurant)—"Brillat-Savarin said: 'Animals feed, men eat; but only men of brains know *how* to eat!" *Bacon*—"Indeed?" *Waiter*—"What will you have, sir?" *Field*—"Give me some tripe and onions, buckwheat-cakes, and a bottle of lager."—*Time.*

Wife (revisiting the scene of her betrothal)—"I remember, Algernon, so well when you proposed to me how painfully embarrassed you were." *Algernon*—"Yes, dear; and I remember so well how kind and encouraging you were, and how very easy you made it for me, after all."—*Life.*

"I thought you would get a sore throat staying out so late Saturday night," admonished Mrs. Brown. "Come off," growled the old man in a husky voice; "you women can never reason. Haven't you sense enough to see I got this cold going to church with you Sunday."—*New York Sun.*

"Come home with me, and we'll have a little game of draw," said Cobwigger to his friend; "my wife will be away." "How do you know she will?" inquired Merritt. "Because," was the convincing reply, "her new bonnet came from the milliner's last night, and she's sure to be out all day."—*New York Sun.*

"Amanthy," said the old lady from the head of the stairs, "what does that young feller mean by stayin' so late?" "Excuse me one moment, Mr. Herring," said Amanthy, and she closed the parlor door softly and whispered hoarsely up the stairs: "I think he means business, ma; you get to bed."—*Epoch.*

Little Dick—"I am so glad to have a new little brother now. He, and sister, and I make three, don't we?" *Mamma*—"Yes, dear; but what of that?" *Dick*—"Well, there's only two drum-sticks to a chicken, and one of us will get some other part now. I'll be the one sometimes. I'm tired of drum-sticks."—*Ex.*

It was a quiet Sunday afternoon, and she was reading to him the proverbs of Solomon. He was rapidly getting an attack of temporary oblivion. "Aren't they wonderful, George?" she said. "Yes, indeed," he replied; "if he had only misspelled his words what a Josh Billings he would have made."—*New York Sun.*

Small boy (at theatre door)—"Do ye admit de profesh to dis show fer nothin'?" *Door-keeper*—"What profesh, Johnny?" *Small boy*—"Wy, de teatrical profesh, of course." *Door-keeper*—"Well, yes, sometimes. Are you a member?" *Small boy*—"No, not izzacly; but my sister Jennie she's one of de 'Queens of Beauty' in de gum-chewing contest at de dime museum."—*Terre Haute Express.*

"Now that we are married, George," she said, "I hope you will change your mind and let mother come and live with us." "No, I won't," he replied, "and that's enough." "But she has no home now since I left her." "I can't help that." "Oh, what can I do to change your hard heart?" "Nothing." "But if ma comes she will bake the bread." "Well, then, for gracious sake let her come at once."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Young artist (to clerk)—"I desire to see Mr. Wabash on an important matter connected with the coming exhibition of paintings. I understand he is Chairman of the Chicago Art Committee." *Clerk*—"Yes, sir. Just at present he is up in the slaughtering department; he will return shortly, or you can go up-stairs and see him there. Our hog receipts to-day were very large." *Young artist* (faintly)—"I think I'll wait here."—*New York Sun.*

Misther O'Rooney (entering hardware-store)—"The boss sint me down afther a pane av glass, tin be foorteen." *Waggish clerk*—"Well, Pat, I don't think I can give you a ten-by fourteen, but I can let you have a fourteen by-ten, if you think you can make that do." *Pat* (struck with a bright idea)—"Be hivvens! jist gimme wan av thim, an' Oi'll jist turn th' sideways av it upside down, an' Oi don't belave the boss himself ud ever know th' difference."—*Toronto Grip.*

Old man (from the head of the stairs, harsh'ly)—"Hasn't that young feller gone yet, Clara?" *Clara*—"No, papa, he's in a serious quandary. He forgot to deposit thirteen thousand dollars in the bank this afternoon, and is nervous about carrying it with him so late at night." *Old man*—(in a softer tone)—"Tell him to wait a minute, and I'll be down. He can put it in my safe until morning. And you'd better bring up half-a-dozen bottles of beer from the cellar."—*Epoch.*

"Ah," she said, with tender sadness, as they strolled along beneath the trees on K Street, "nothing but leaves." "Yes," he replied, "and somebody autumn make arrangements to take them away." "I was not speaking of chestnut-trees," she said, softly, "though summer around here." "I will go winter the house," he painfully murmured, and, with a backward spring, he left her struggling with the problem weather life is worth living or not.—*Washington Post.*

Visitor (to convict)—"And who are you, sir?" *Convict*—"Why, I am the noted Napoleon of Finance. Everybody has heard of me." *Visitor*—"Is it possible? Do I really gaze upon the most noted criminal of the age?" *Convict*—"You do, sir. I suppose the papers are as full of me as ever?" *Visitor*—"Oh, no; I haven't seen your name mentioned for months." *Convict* (turning his head to the wall and wailing)—"Ah! such is the irony of Fate!"—*New York Sun.*

An irate woman entered a dry-goods store the other day and accosted one of the clerks: "I've come to find out what you mean by charging me one dollar, Saturday night, for that table-spread, and selling Mrs. Ferguson one just like it on Monday for sixty cents. Didn't you say it was my last chance to get one so cheap?" "You mistook me, madam," responded the ready clerk; "I said it was your last chance to get one for a dollar. And it was, for we put them down to sixty cents Monday morning."—*Philadelphia Call.*

EROS AND HIS GIRLS.

A Letter from New York.

The indications are that six months hence the erotic wave at present sweeping over literature will have spent its force, and that its bubbles will be as flat, and its spray as saltless, as if neither had been. At present, however, the wave is a tidal-wave, and as such it is an interesting study. Of this wave Ella Wheeler Wilcox is the mother and Edgar Saltus is the father. Neither will be submerged and forgotten when the wave breaks, because Mrs. Wilcox has long since dropped eroticism and has a way of appealing to the hearts of the people, and Saltus has a brain and a literary style which make one willing to forgive his morbidness, his want of sincerity, and his affectations. But the progeny begotten of these erratic but unwitting brains will have to jump on the crest of another fad, if they expect to keep themselves before the public. At present, however, the fad is a very profitable one, and the American reading public is whipped up into a sort of sensual hysteria.

The three young authors toddling at the heels of Eros are Miss Amélie Rives (as she is still known in literature), Miss Laura Daintry, and Miss Laura Jean Libbey. These three girls, all young, all pretty, all presumably innocent, are doing their best to transform their wave into a water-spout. Each skims very close to success in her particular way. Miss Rives is as passionate and hysterical as the heart of the most exacting school-girl and old maid can demand. Her poems are advertised as "passion-laden," and her prose works are conceded to be "red-hot." Judging from what I read of her "Quick or the Dead?" I should say that if she used the ordinary Manilla pad, her pen must have torn the paper more than once. Miss Daintry does not abandon herself to her passions, nor do her nerves get the better of her. She is deeply and redly voluptuous, and scientifically and tellingly wicked. Her characters squirm with ophidian sinuousness, and wriggle with the wriggling rapture of the electric eel. When they have wriggled and squirmed until the man is reduced to a pulp, they spring at his neck and he exclaims "Jesus"! Behind this ascending stream of lava topped with blue flame, Miss Daintry is shrewd enough to construct a background of idyllic and injured innocence. Of the three, her book, although the most repulsive, is the cleverest, because, in the main, it is fairly well written, in parts it is epigrammatic, and here and there are flashes of poetic beauty. Moreover, her characters, if not always natural, are distinctly individualized.

Miss Libbey tried very hard to be passionate, and wicked, and voluptuous, but she made a sorry mess of it. "Miss Middleton's Lover" is a highly sensational effusion, but quite tame and proper, in spite of its ambitious author. But Miss Libbey had resources without if not within herself. She knew how to advertise. If she could not be impassioned, she could put a bold face on it and reiterate that she was until the world would believe it. In a number of the daily papers appeared for several consecutive days a large advertisement worded somewhat in this wise:

IS THIS BOOK IMMORAL?
THIS IS WHAT THE CRITICS SAY
OF
"MISS MIDDLETON'S LOVER."

The query in large letters had due effect. The public immediately jumped from its chair and rushed to the nearest news-stand to see whether Miss Middleton was as bad as they were given leave to hope. There was a wail of despair when they had finished, but in the meantime the book had got its naughty name and sold like wild-fire. But Miss Libbey's commercial genius did not stop here. She had half-column interviews with herself and an abstract reporter inserted in the papers, and she paid well-known writers to slash and guy her book, until she ran its sale up to something like thirty thousand copies.

The most remarkable fact about these three girls is, that after burning several gallons of midnight oil and wasting several quarts of ink in the attempt to make the public think they were three very naughty and dangerous young women, each went to bed under the lash of the critics and set up a wail which was duly chronicled by the anxious reporter. This wail stirred the heart of the people with pity, and sent those who had not read in search of the books. The pictures which sprang upon one's mental camera upon reading of the woes of these aspiring and interesting young littérateurs were certainly touching and picturesque. Our imagination carried us to the South, and there, in a four-posted ancestral bed, hung with fading brocade and covered with a counterpane fresh from the throes of decorative art, we beheld the pretty Virginian. Her yellow hair was offset by the lilac ribbons which nestled in the lace of her night-gown. The rich color of the South had fled from her cheeks and lips, and the entire family, including the darkies, pressed anxiously about the bed. The scene shifted all too soon and we were in Brooklyn. Laura Jean lay prone upon the bed this time—not an ancestral one, but a walnut affair of the latest make. The ribbons in her gown were blue, and very becoming to her sky-tinted eyes and chestnut brown hair. Her cheeks were distractingly flushed and stained, and her sobs made music in the room like the weird monotone of the sea. It is unnecessary to add that her family, all her friends, and one or two female reporters witnessed the agony. Again a plate was slipped before the camera. In a Fifth Avenue boudoir, lace-hung, perfume-laden, satin-furnished, reclined Miss Daintry upon a divan. As her hair is *cendré*, she wore a tea-gown of pale green and sea-shell pink, which was extremely becoming to her grief-white cheeks and unswollen eyes. A lady, dark, Spanish-looking, with a face so young it was hard to believe her the mother of the stricken maiden, bent above the divan with sal-volatile in one hand and a fan in the other. Only a few privileged friends were allowed to witness this charming and melancholy picture, and they had discreetly retired to the other side of the room and were eating chocolates. Delightful, but fleeting visions! Amélie quickly revived, got up, and prayed for the critics. Laura Jean also recovered with miraculous promptitude after the reporters had taken their notes, but Laura, we are told, is still crushed.

It is interesting to speculate upon the future of these three girls, for they are young, ambitious, enterprising, and abreast with the spirit of the times. Moreover, they are worthy of more than casual notice, because they are the high priestesses of a new, if fleeting school. Amélie Rives has the most versatile talent of the trio. I have never given myself the pleasure of reading more than a few pages of anything she has written, and am not, therefore, competent to criticise her. But from what I have read of her work, and from the reviews on the same, I should say that did she go industriously to work to get rid of the last few years, with the pushing, praise, and advertising of her friends, and did she consent to let her novels have the editing her magazine stories received, and did she do all in her power to blot the memory of her unfortunate novel from the mind of the public, she could attain a place among literary women. She is only twenty-five, she has opportunities for traveling and seeing the world, she is well-educated, she will always have the advantage of refined associations and of intellectual society if she cares to cultivate it, and she has vitality and quite enough imagination for this unimaginative era; moreover, like all the Southern writers, she is said to have a charming sympathy with nature. At present she is making a trade of sensationalism and has come down to writing for flash weeklies; but she has succeeded in attracting attention, and it remains with herself to reinstate herself in the position she has lost. Doubtless she will, when she has got over her present craze for notoriety. When Miss Daintry no longer finds eroticism profitable she will still have many paths to choose from in the field of sensationalism; moreover, the indications are that as time goes on she will learn to write. Since I began this article I have heard that she started a day or two ago for Europe, and as "Eros" was several degrees ahead of her first book, "Miss Varian of New York" (an unfortunate title with which she had nothing to do), it is more than probable that her next will be worth reading. As for Miss Libbey, she is a genuine product of the New York *Ledger*, and will flourish as long as the grand army of trash-readers survive.

There is another book I have not mentioned so far—because, although erotic and much talked of, it stands alone—for several reasons. In the first place, it was not written by a girl who had drawn her knowledge of life from books, and in the second place, it was written in a cynical and commercial spirit to catch the public mood at its hottest. The grotesque immorality of the girls pales before the salacious deviltry, the abnormal depravity, the hideous suggestion, the transparent veiling of this book. The authors, who are said to be two of the cleverest writers in New York, do not care to put their names to the book, because they wrote it hastily and carelessly to meet a fad, and because they know its vogue is ephemeral. But it is having a greater sale than the other three books put together, and, although but two months old, has been translated into French for the *Journal des Débats*. I allude to "The Princess Daphne."

One subject suggests its converse, and I should like to speak here of a manuscript I read some time ago for Belford, Clarke & Co. The name of it was "Bella Dæmonia," and it was written by Selina Delaro, a woman well-known here as actress, playwright, poet, and author. I do not know when I had read a book I liked so thoroughly. It was a brilliant drama of the Turko-Russian war, clean, admirably written, intensely interesting, and free from meretricious or common-place sensationalism. It had both brains and dignity, and would have given the author far more than a local reputation. Mr. Belford, after accepting it, gave Mrs. Delaro permission (she is very poor) to sell it to a daily before publishing it in book-form. She took it accordingly to one of the big papers of New York, and it was stolen from the editor's desk. No trace of it can be found, and the theft must have been committed from motives of spite, for it certainly would not be safe to publish the stolen book; too many people have read it. Mrs. Delaro is rewriting the book from memory, and if her second attempt is equal to her first the public may expect a treat and a welcome change.

GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.

NEW YORK, October 29, 1888.

The Misses Pullman go abroad this month, under the chaperonage of Mrs. John A. Logan. They will study in Germany and France. Miss Pullman is already a well-educated pianist, and her sister has a guitar on which she accompanies herself. This fair young vocalist is one of the beauties of Long Branch. She has a face that is peculiarly paradoxical; her eyes are gray and black—both and neither; and her profile is fit for a cameo. Raven black hair relieves the delicate red-brown of her cheeks, and is quaintly dressed at the nape of her neck, and allowed to grow low about her forehead and temples. Miss Hattie Pullman has a penchant for mourning toilets, and to see her on the drive in a carriage-costume of black and white, with her face veiled in woe, you would take her for a charming young widow. At five o'clock in the afternoon, and often in the morning, she is seen about the West End depot with her father, holding the ribbons over a span of light brown cobs, dressed like a little funeral cortége of one, with saffron gauntlets drawn over her wrists, and a rigid tiger behind, touched at crown, throat and knees with the sable trimmings of his pretty mistress.

A crocodile tamer is the last king in the animal-subduing world. His name is Peronnet. He is a citizen of Algiers, and he is going to take himself and his crocodiles to Paris for the coming season.

The authorities of Portsmouth, England, have built a swimming-bath for pauper children, who will all be required to learn to swim as a part of their regular schooling.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Victoria Woodhull, who married the wealthy Englishman, John Biddulph Martin, has returned to one of her former fads, and she now issues a pamphlet on "Stirpiculture; or, The Scientific Propagation of the Human Race."

The late Mr. Venables, of the *Saturday Review*, was the boy who broke Thackeray's nose at school. As a man he was proud of just one feat—he was able to write the Summaries of the Year in the *Saturday Review* entirely from memory.

When Mrs. Langtry was in Paris recently the presence also of one of England's most famous beauties, Lady de Grey, formerly Lady Lonsdale, gave rise to a little comparison between them. The Parisians seemed to think that Mrs. Langtry was not so beautiful as when she was a trifle more slight, and they were inclined to give the apple to Lady de Grey.

The crusade which Mrs. Cleveland began against the bustle has ended in smoke. The fact is that Mrs. Cleveland has herself deserted the standard of the anti-bustlers, and has resumed her *tournure*. This fact was ascertained by a Washington reporter, who was curious to know whether the President's wife had permanently abandoned the bustle. He had among his acquaintances a young woman who works in a dress-making establishment patronized by Mrs. Cleveland. After screwing up his courage to the sticking point, the reporter asked the young woman bluntly, a few days ago: "Does Mrs. Cleveland wear a bustle?" "Yes," was the answer.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has returned to America after an absence of eighteen months abroad. Her two sons, Lionel and Vivian, aged fourteen and twelve, were with her, but have now gone to their father in Washington. Dr. Burnett is an oculist of reputation, and a man of more than ordinary intelligence. He married Mrs. Burnett in Tennessee, before she had made her present reputation, and by his judicious guidance has been of incalculable help to her in her professional career. Mrs. Burnett is a pronounced blonde, while her husband is as decided a brunette. Her new story, "The Pretty Sister of José," illustrated by C. S. Reinhart, will shortly be published in *Harper's Bazar*.

A little bit of romance, so it is said, turned the future of Lewis Van Antwerp, the head of the well-known book firm. He was a struggling book-keeper in Ashland, Ky., where he fell in love with a young woman. He had a rival in the person of a thriving young carpenter. Matters reached such a stage with him that he decided to have the affair settled, and so proposed to the girl. She told him that the chances were the best with the carpenter, and so she would cling to him. Cling she did. Young Van Antwerp went to Cincinnati and became connected with the firm of Wilson, Hinkle & Co., as book-keeper. Ultimately he became the head of its successor, the present firm. About that time he returned to his native city, and when he did he found that the girl he had loved was still the wife of the carpenter, and he was doing no better than when first wedded.

John Guy Vassar, the last of the Vassar brothers, died at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., last week, aged seventy-seven years. His father was an elder brother of Matthew Vassar, founder of Vassar College. The deceased laid the foundation of his fortune, which is estimated at nearly two millions of dollars, by judicious investments. He gave equal sums with Matthew Vassar for the Vassar College laboratory, and also an endowment since Matthew Vassar's death. He gave an equal sum with Matthew Vassar to the Vassar Home for Old Men, fifteen thousand dollars each, and to Vassar Institute he gave sixty-five thousand dollars, including the endowment. Vassar Hospital, just completed, cost Matthew Vassar, Jr., with the endowment, three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and no doubt John Guy Vassar has left a considerable sum to it in his will. Mr. Vassar was a bachelor.

King Humbert has lately had an experience somewhat similar to that of the Russian Czar, who once met with a Muscovite peasant who most firmly believed that "La Constitution" he had heard so much talk about was the wife of the Grand Duke Constantine. In going through the town of Farli, in the Romagna, he was hailed by the *vivas* of the crowd, but among the cries he could hear the shrill voice of an old woman shouting: "Long live the king! Long live the revolution!" The police soon seized the vociferous lady, but on examination by the commissary it transpired that her seditious cry had been raised with the best of intentions in the world. She had, in fact, supposed that the king's wife was named Revolution, and, as inquiry showed that her ignorance was not assumed for the occasion, she was liberated, after the fact had been duly impressed on her mind that the strong-minded female, whose usual dress is a Phrygian cap and a classically draped white sheet, who answers to the name of "Revolution," is the very last lady a king would be likely to choose to share his throne.

When Adelina Patti was in New Orleans, two years ago, she became impressed with the beauty and accomplishments of her niece Carlina, whom she had never seen before, and when she returned to Europe in the following spring she took her niece with her. Miss Carlina was a daughter of Adelina's brother, Carlo Patti, a brilliant but erratic musician, who was leader of the orchestra of the Academy of Music there. Just after the war he resided in Chicago. Then Carlina was an infant. The child's mother was a daughter of Arnold, a Creole merchant in New Orleans, and was carefully raised and educated. The prima donna seemed devoted to her new charge and spent thousands of dollars in her outfit. Mlle. Carlina was just sixteen. Mme. Patti made her the heiress of her great wealth on condition of her adoption. Mr. Nicolini, the husband of Patti, was likewise profuse in manifestations of affection. A year was passed at the beautiful retreat in Wales, the castle of Craig-y-Nos, but the damp mountain air of that cold climate was too much for the fair Creole flower, and she became dangerously ill. Mme. Patti sent to New Orleans for the child's mother, and, after consultation between doctors and relatives, it was decided that Carlina should return with her mother to Louisiana for the winter, hoping to recover her health. She and her mother have just arrived and are quartered in the old Creole mansion on Ursuline Street. Already her eyes flash with a brighter sparkle, and her pale olive cheeks are rosier for the trip, and all are happy now in the faith of her speedy recovery to her wonted health.

Miss Mary Garrett is probably worth eight or ten millions, and yet she is not married. When her father, John W. Garrett, died, his fortune was variously estimated at from five millions all the way up to fifty millions. Miss Garrett is not a marrying woman. When she was twenty years of age she had no more idea of falling in love than she has now at—well, nearly twice that age. Though not a literary woman, she is a highly educated one. She is not strong-minded, but able to manage her great wealth, and steer her way in business and society without having a man as a magnet. While not a handsome woman, Miss Garrett has a charming manner, a pleasing way about her that makes one forget that she is homely or that she is rich. Nearly every institution for the invalid or the orphan in Maryland receives handsome gifts from her annually. She has endowed an institution for a home where poor children taken from vicious parents will find a refuge. A fine building has been erected, Miss Garrett and her brother Robert donating a large sum of money for this purpose. She is the patroness of the Society for the Protection of Children from Cruelty and Vice. Mary Garrett seldom appears in society. She nursed her mother in her last illness, and during her father's decline she devoted herself entirely to him. For months his mind was unsettled, and when the nurses could not quiet him the patient daughter, by her soothing presence, calmed him. Night and day she was with him until death came, and the blow was greater to her than to any of the rest of the family. A few years later, and just when she had begun to take a renewed interest in life, her brother Robert broke down and she found herself again the nurse and companion of an invalid. She traveled around the world with him, comforting her sister-in-law in her troubles and controlling her brother in his eccentric notions. Since their return she continues with her brother in the cottage in Ringwood, New Jersey. The dread of marrying a man who would care only for the millions she would bring him, has no doubt led her into the lonely life of a spinster. In personal appearance Miss Garrett is of a small but trim figure, dark hair and eyes, and not resembling either of her brothers. She wears glasses constantly and dresses in black. She has never put aside the heavy mourning robes and gowns she donned at her father's death. She was never fond of jewelry, and a solitaire diamond ring is about the only ornament she has ever worn.

VANITY FAIR.

Some of the autumn and winter weddings are being made icturesque by a return to some of the quaint old ceremonies hat used to mark those occasions in the time of Queen Elizaeth. One of these is the disposal of the bride's wreath and ouquet. After all the madding crowd of wedding guests ave departed and only the bridal party and intimate friends re left, the bride takes the flowers out of her hair, twists hem into a wreath, and has her veil doubled into many folds across her eyes, so that she is completely blindfolded. The bridesmaids then take hands and circle around her till she puts the wreath on the head of one of them, and the girl thus chosen will be the next to wear orange blossoms and myrtle. The ushers' turn comes next, and the best man taking his place among them, they cluster together in one end of the long parlor, while the bride stands in the other and flings her bouquet to them. There is a sudden wild spring into the air, shooting out of black-coated arms, and then some agile hand grasps the whirling flowers with their fluttering ribbons, and the catcher—who may perhaps have had experience in baseball, and therefore be more skillful than his fellows—is loudly congratulated as a destined benedict. Another one of the ceremonies is when the bride slips away to change her own. If one of the bridesmaids catches sight of her retreating form and follows her, and removes her left slipper before she has had a chance to take off any other article, she will follow in the bride's footsteps within a twelvemonth. There used to be a somewhat similar fashion for the ushers in days of old, but which is now more honored in the breach than in the observance. Another fashion started by Amélie Rives Chanler, and since extensively followed, is to have the bridal gown brocaded with flying swallows, they being bringers of good fortune, and so great has been the demand for the "swallow brocade" for brides this autumn that the manufacturers have begun to make it in quantities. Also a new fashion in the revival of these old customs is the rule that the maid of honor shall give the bride a pair of blue garters with jeweled buckles, since it is necessary that she should wear

Something old, and something new,
Something borrowed, and something blue,

she is to be lucky. The maid who arrays her mistress in her traveling-gown also has her share in these odd ceremonies, for she must be careful to throw away every pin used in the bride's wedding toilet in order to insure that she will have no small worries and will always be sweet-tempered. It is curious that all these antique superstitions should suddenly reappear; but while the question as to whether the whole business of marriage is not a failure is being agitated, it is perhaps best as well to neglect no possible precaution against disaster.

The story of Kyrle Bellew's dealings with Pierre Lorillard at is now thoroughly accepted in New York clubs is that Mr. Bellew's offense was that of a cad and a boaster. He walked into the Tuxedo Club, according to the version of the affair which is now accepted, called a servant to him in a loud tone, and, handing him a letter addressed to a young lady, told him to take it to her, and be sure and deliver it personally and without the knowledge of any one who might be standing by. The whole tone of his remarks and his manner were such as seriously to compromise the young lady's name, and, though she is above reproach, it is felt by the members of the club that such action was unbefitting a gentleman, and that they could not, in justice to the dignity of the club, permit Mr. Bellew to reënter the house. Hence the petition to the board of governors, which resulted in the letter to Mr. Potter requesting him not to repeat the offense of introducing Mr. Bellew into the Tuxedo Club.

Boarding and lodging-houses are very likely more expensively conducted than they were formerly, but they have made very slight advances in the line of genuine comfort; and this is particularly true of those which exist to furnish sleeping accommodations to men. The present devotion to athletic sports has done much to develop a new set of desires in the votees, but not at all in the direction of finical and superfluous luxuries. Men want more closet room and better bathing facilities than they used to think requisite. They want more kinds and pairs of shoes in the course of the day, and want them cleaned oftener. A couple of dwarf and lazy towels in the space of twenty-four hours are no longer thought to be a reasonable supply. They will not admit that a servant who is asked to carry a can of hot water up two or three flights of stairs has ample excuse for giving warning. They decline to acknowledge that a district messenger call, carrying with it a connection with the nearest telegraph-office, is a grotesque and sinful extravagance, or that the retention of a man in the house to perform an extra service occasionally is the inexorable guarantee of bankruptcy. It is largely because of these and other kindred requirements which men sought in vain under the prevailing system, that bachelor apartments have been built and found profitable in Eastern cities. That successful experiment ought to be followed by capitalists in San Francisco. In this city there are not only no bachelor apartment-houses, but there are no apartment houses at all. A handsome brick and stone building is, however, to be erected at once on Larkin Street, which is intended for a first-class apartment house. It will have a frontage of one hundred and twenty feet and a depth of one hundred and thirty-seven feet, fronting on Fulton, Larkin, and Ash Streets. The entire lower story will be devoted to stores, the four upper ones forming an apartment hotel. Each one of these upper floors will be divided into family apartments, grouped in flats of six and seven rooms. Each of these suits will open upon its own hallway, which in turn will communicate directly with the landing and main hall of the floor. The essential differences between this class of building and other flats are the possession of a grand entrance hall, the provision of passenger and freight elevators, and the entire seclusion from and yet easy communication with other families in the house. The main walls and main partitions will be of brick, the floors will be deafened and made fire-resisting, and the frontage on Larkin Street will be handsome and substantial. Each flat or group of rooms will have its own bath-room, kitchen, and conveniences, like an ordinary flat. Alvinza Hayward is the owner, Percy & Hamilton are the architects, and the cost will be about one hundred and thirty thousand dollars.

Joseph Howard, Jr., writes to *America* regarding salaries paid to domestics in New York. Here are Mr. Howard's statements: "I do not believe Mr. Vanderbilt pays ten thousand dollars a year to his head cook. I should think less of him than I do if such were the fact, but that cooks—*chefs*, as they are called—are paid as high as two thousand dollars in several private families is a matter of fact. That butlers and crack coachmen, and particularly winsome footmen, get high pay, and that favorite lady's-maids and useful personal attendants make much more money than their less favored sisters, is undeniable. Wages, however they may differ in individual instances, average twenty-five dollars a month for a man waiter, the rest of the servants being women; twenty dollars for the cook, seventeen or eighteen dollars for a laundress, sixteen dollars for a chambermaid. I suppose in a family where two servants are employed a cook receives on the average sixteen dollars a month, and the chambermaid thirteen dollars, and in homes where a general house-girl alone is employed, from twelve to fifteen dollars a month. These prices are much higher than they were twenty years ago, when moderately placed families paid seven dollars a month for a cook and six dollars for a chambermaid." These wages will be interesting to California house-wives.

The designers of modern fashions are no longer mindless copyists of the past. They adapt rather than copy fashions of days gone by. Hence we now have Directoire fashions with tournures, and classic First-Empire styles with full draperies at the back. The cushion of hair, so long a part of dress, is usually left out of the latest French gowns, but to compensate for this the steels are placed higher, though a trifle smaller. Dresses do not cling to the figure in the way shown in pictures of court beauties in the days of the Directory. It will be impossible to engraft the coarse fashions of the Bonapartes upon the refined society of the present day. Various eccentricities are shown, such as the carved walking-sticks of the time of Josephine, and styles which are fit only for display in shop-windows or under the bold glare of the foot-lights. But it is needless to say that these fashions will not appear at social gatherings or in Fifth Avenue. New York ladies, as a rule, like neat, compact fashions. Every year the dress of the refined woman approaches more nearly to the ideal of hygienic comfort and artistic grace. There is no need of dress-reformers. Dress is being slowly reformed by woman herself. The dress worn by the refined fashionable woman is now light in weight. It is made over a silk skirt. It is not cumbered with any extra material anywhere, as it has been the aim of the best tailors everywhere to reduce the weight of their dresses, and they have brought the process to an art. The corset supports the figure in a manner that is recommended by the best physicians; it no longer compresses the figure. The soft wool or silk underwear, the black silk stockings, the fine cambric undergarments, and the silk petticoat, with a soft knit woollen skirt added for extra warmth; the tailor gown and the long comfortable winter cloak, make up as near an ideal outfit from a hygienic outlook as the most zealous dress-reformer could desire. The long Chesterfield button-coat, with the heavy, shaggy ulster worn by men, impede the walking and is more of a weight to carry, for even the stronger sex, than the light dress at present in style for a sensibly clad woman. It is not at fashion-makers, but at manufacturers of coarse, heavy cloths that dress-reformers should rail. These are the ones who make the burdensome dress of woman.

It is announced by cable that "thirty plump young women" are to sail from England in the *Germanic* on her next trip, under contract for theatre-work. Are "plump young women" in this country not to be protected? And if not, why not? Young women in England, it is well-known, are as a rule plumper than they are here, and it costs them less to be fattened. Our chorus and ballet girls should clearly not be subjected to this competition. No girls, plump or not plump, should be brought to the United States under contract, unless the marriage contract be excepted, and in that respect competition is not to be feared. "Plump young women" free and a high tax on clothes! The effect of this inconsistency is apparent to every theatre-goer and accentuates the demand for tariff revision. The situation reflects on American statesmanship.

A Parisian chronicler describes the magnificence of the fancy-dress ball given not long ago by M. Cernuschi. The host and about a dozen of his friends were clad in superb Japanese costumes, and stood in the great bronze hall to receive the guests. Victor Hugo's granddaughter, Mlle. Jeanne Hugo, was to have opened the ball, but could not be present on account of her illness. Several superb costumes were noted, among them that of Mme. Gautherau, the noted Créole beauty, who was attired as a Cupid. She was literally incrusted with gold and gems, and wore a short skirt made of pure gold, spun and woven into gauze so delicate that it was not much heavier than silk. Another much admired costume was that of the famous beauty, Mme. Bernardaki. She was a Diana. Her bodice was of blue velvet and her skirt of white satin, and every stitch on the seam of these was marked by a diamond or a sapphire. Hanging over her shoulders was a panther's skin, and her hair was powdered, not with diamond dust, but with diamonds and sapphires as big as peas, all held in place by a net-work of gold thread. She had on her person more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of precious stones. Mlle. Marie Van Zandt, the American singer, was considered one of the most beautiful ladies present. Mme. Pasto, the actress, wore a set of real imperial Russian sables, one of less than a dozen sets in the world owned by persons outside of royalty. She had also a marvelous coronet of pearls and diamonds, said to be worth more than one hundred thousand dollars.

Mrs. Paran Stevens complains bitterly of the insolence of the Parisian police and of domiciliary visits. She is not alone in her disgusts. Two English ladies bought a hat in the Rue de Helder. They were going to England next day and sent for the hat. It was not to be ready until ten o'clock at night, and they went round from a dinner at the Continental. The hat did not answer at all, and the mother said: "You must make that hat suit my daughter or I can not take it." The dress-maker became extremely insolent, and shut the door and locked it. The lady, alarmed, knocked on the window, and her coachman coming, she sent him for a policeman. The dress-maker, or hat-maker, promptly seized the English lady's cloak, which was a valuable fur one, and escaped into an inner room, where she locked it up. "Now take the hat and pay for it, or lose your cloak," said the angry milliner. The gendarme had arrived. He shrugged his shoulders and "regretted the insolence" of the milliner, but told the lady she had better take the hat and pay for it, else she would have to go to the police commission and probably stay all night pressing her complaint, and so she did. The milliner triumphed.

Paris has passed on black underwear. Fashion here, there, and everywhere has signed the edict, and the dignity of our prehistoric grandmammas has got to go. They say that to Mrs. Mackay belongs the credit of the innovation. At a fancy-dress ball given in Paris two years ago come next Whitsuntide, as the old lady in the story-book reckons, the wife of the American Crœsus appeared as "Midnight," her costume consisting entirely of fluffy black tulle made over lustreless silk, and jeweled with Rhine stones in imitation of the twinkling stars. Jet black gloves were drawn over her elbows; her bodice was cut low back and front, and on her head she wore a butterfly cap made of ebony silk, with the planet Venus represented by a large and very magnificent solitaire. The costumer provided an entire trousseau of inky hue, from handkerchief to hosiery. When the news of the novel toilet reached the public, the stage seized its opportunity to make a hit, and in the shortest possible time it takes to fill an order the stars of the opera bouffe were pirouetting in skirts as fluffy, and light, and shadowy as the down in a raven's breast. Bernhardt and Modjeska donned the gloomy web in the ball-room scene, where poor Camille falls beneath a shower of gold, and following Erminie came Nadjy in a minimum of clothes as black as the ace of spades and as fleecy as thistle-down; and now social celebrities have subscribed to the fad, first and foremost among whom is Mrs. Frank Leslie, who, on her return from Paris a short time ago, brought trunks filled to the tray with jet-black petticoats, melancholy petticoats, dismal hosiery and vests, corsets, night-robes, handkerchiefs, and corset-covers of the most exquisite loom and superlative gloom imaginable. It might interest the fair reader to know that Mrs. Leslie refuses to abandon the chemise, arguing that it is the most womanly article in a woman's trousseau. Those in her steamer-trunk were trimmed with black Spanish lace and finished with coral draw-strings, armlets of coral shell ornamenting the shoulder sleeves. The skirts were all lace-trimmed, the vests were woven from pure silk, the corsets of black satin had tiny dragon-flies embroidered all over them in red floss, and besides a monk's hood the night robes had narrow silk ruffles down the front and about the hem. There were pretty little glove-fitting waists, cut for heart-shape, pompadour, and square corsages; there were stockings by the dozen in street, house, and opera lengths, and scores of silk handkerchiefs, edged with narrow lace or scalloped in flower tints, all as black as the realm of a Plutonian shore. With this dreamy finery there were black silk sheets, some edged with narrow lace and others finished with a deep hem of machine stitching. In place of the large pillows a black bolster was substituted, and the effect of the overhanging draperies of amber and lace was indescribable. The intimates, who rummaged the trunks, trays, and shelves of the cedar chests, hauled out night-dresses of pale pink, blue, and chocolate, designed for convalescent visits and which Mrs. Leslie has never been able to wear because of her vulgar health. Given the freedom of the room, the mysteries of the pretty little Venetian toilet-table were studied and the contents of innumerable bottles of scent levied on. All the brushes were bound in repoussé silver, and the covers of perfumery-bottles, cream-jugs, and powder-boxes similarly wrought and embellished with Mrs. Leslie's monogram and coat-of-arms. The apartment which Mrs. Leslie has in the Gerlack is the choicest in the entire eleven stories, consisting of a parlor, sitting, bath, toilet, and bedroom, for which she pays four thousand dollars a year. The floors are of rich orange-wood, as beautifully polished as a mirror, and spread with Persian and Daghestan rugs. The walls are done in terra-cotta tints that melt into the atmosphere of the cove. All the mantels are tiled in underglazed porcelain, and the bath is beautifully appointed, all the plumbing being open and plated with silver. Her tub is one of the movable kind, made of English porcelain, and the bowl of Dresden china in which her sponge is held would, on a dinner-table, make a salad or an ice-pudding look tempting. The brushes are bound in ivory and the cream-tinted walls hung with artistic pictures of beauty at the bath. Mrs. Leslie takes her meals in the Gerlack dining-saloon, a splendid apartment done in pearl and gold, after the style of Louis the Sixteenth, with high-placed mirrors and tiled floors of onyx and white. The light comes from the side, where the electric brackets simulate opaque sconces. Over the centre of the room is a dome of jewel lights and in the balcony are two orchestras, string and mandolin, so that early or late one can dine to music. Each resident has a private table and special service with a menu to suit the taste. Adjoining are private supper-rooms large enough for a dinner-party or banquet.

A FAIR QUIXOTE.

"Iris" relates the Fortunes of a Social Reformer.

Last week I wrote of a Western girl who undertook a tilt with a son of Eastern chivalry on the subject of nature's nobleman as opposed to society's. The intrepid spirit of this female might have inspired an epic, treated in the Homeric style. She was of the stuff of heroines. She spent some time in New York, and endeavored in that enervating atmosphere to keep untainted the vigorous health of her views. Her friends regarded her as no better than an anarchist. An admirer said to her once, when the welkin was ringing with her socialistic theories:

"My dear Miss Brown, if you had lived in Russia, you would by this time have attempted to blow up the Czar with a bomb."

She said she thought it likely, and was quite certain that she would have been sent to Siberia. She was one of those people whose views, latent in piping times of peace, at the first chafing of opposition rise hot to the surface. In the West the germ of her rampant republicanism lay dormant in dry, peeling bulbs; in the air of the East it shot up of a sudden like Jack's bean-stalk. She was the champion of the socially weak, the fashionably incompetent. If there was anybody—not mentally incapable—upon whom society turned its elegant back, she performed the good Samaritan act, and crossed the road to console and protect. Her antagonism was furiously aroused by the easy, careless manner of the procession, as it marched past the feeble ones unable to keep up. One day in speaking of this she said:

"I want to keep myself unspotted from this great, heartless, selfish city. It's a beautiful place and people lead magnificent lives, but I never saw so many small prejudices, so much narrowness and meanness. I supposed the people here would be broad and liberal."

So she set forth on a stormy career, breaking lances right and left, and showing the most undaunted valor, "in the face of fearful odds." In order to keep her republicanism green, she collected quite a menagerie of socially infirm pets, to whose standard she rallied at the first cry for help. She generally took up hopeless cases. One of them, I remember, was a family of a mother, a father, and two daughters; let us call them Smiths.

Like all enthusiasts she rather overdid it, and was always cramming her Smiths down the throats of her friends. The Smiths were good, honest, noble-hearted people. Society disapproved of them because they all talked through their noses, all talked at once, and all, in cold blood, murdered the grammar-books, and danced a war-dance on their mangled remains. Mrs. Smith was in character the strongest, in grammar the weakest. She used to run a-muck through Lindley Murray. She always alluded to her husband as "Pop Smith." This was her social death-blow. The charms of her kindly heart and generous disposition would have borne her triumphantly over the rapids of having "seen him done it," or have piloted her through the shoals of "my daughter Polly aint no fool," but upon the ignominious and desecrating "Pop Smith" she foundered.

The girls were not quite as unbridled in their passion for breaking the grammar's spirit. They generously admitted that it had something on its side. To be sure, they were known to "enjoy poor health," and similar strange derangements were showered upon them by prodigal nature. They even indulged in the pernicious habit of "taking rides on ferry-boats," and it must be consequently presumed they not infrequently "took a sail on horseback," or a "gallop on the elevated railway." One of them was artistic, and occasionally in a bout with the French pigments she was downed. She had a peculiar way of rendering "Mauve," to which only the pen of a great writer could do full justice. I know that the terminal "e" was not slighted. And for many reckless and unthinking years she called the "Salmagundi Club" the "Solomon Grundy," a compliment to the gentleman whose little life was rounded off in one portentous week; but there have been more timely compliments. Overlooking these harmless eccentricities, she was a charming girl.

This was the first family the Western reformer undertook to float on the Eastern market. She could not do it. Martin Luther, and Fox, and Calvin could not have done it. The spirits of the family were willing enough, but the grammar was still weak. It had rickets of the most incurable form. Whenever their patron and her friends had built a lovely edifice in which the Smith family sat enthroned in a photographically posed group, down upon it came "Pop Smith," and the whole was smashed to atoms.

The reformer's second venture was a forlorn young man—Jones. Everybody knew Jones, and most men liked him—always a good sign. But to those to whom society was Alpha and Omega, Jones was a hobgoblin. Hostesses dreaded him; buds, with strongly developed social instincts, fled from him. He could hardly ever get a dance; weedily exuberant wallflowers were his only resource. What was the reason it would be hard to say. His main fault lay in the fact that he always yelled when he talked, and the more sentimental he grew, the louder he yelled. This, of course, was conspicuous; but some women like to be conspicuous in their sentimentalities. Pinning down one of his deriders, they would say, vaguely: "Oh, he's too common!"

"Now, just tell me," cried his exasperated patroness, "what's there common about him? Has he ever been rude to you or any one?"

"No."

"Has he ever used common slang, or vulgar expressions, or horse-jockey language like that man you're all ready to run after all over the country?"

"No;" reluctantly.

"You never heard him say a big, big D, even on the ball-field when he was hit on the head with a foul that nearly killed him, and yet the men with whom you play tennis often swear the most wicked swears when they miss a ball?"

"Yes; to be sure."

"And he's much brighter than the usual run; isn't he?"

"Oh, he's all that," impatiently; "but we don't like him; we don't want him; we can get better ones."

"I suppose those are the eighteen-year-olds, who always have the tops of their canes in their mouths, because it's such a short time since they gave up the bottle?" and with this Parthian shaft the defender of Jones withdraws in wrath to her tent.

She fought for Jones single-handed against all the feminines and most of the masculines of her world. She danced with him whenever she could, and created much gossip and some ill-humor. In one or two cases she suffered slights through her unfortunate protégé. Of these she once told me with rage and fury.

She had a lover, an agreeable, harmless, and rather vapid young man, who, like Pooh-Bah, was the victim of an overpowering family pride. It rarely obtruded itself, but it was ingrained in his nature. In the depths of his heart he thought that the damsel to whom he offered his empty but aristocratic hand should sink down in a joyous swoon, like Esther before the raised sceptre of Ahasuerus. The Western reformer enslaved his fancy, but it galled him to have to acknowledge the plebeian Jones as a rival. He plotted to overthrow him.

One evening, at a dance, the lady sat in a corner, Jones beside her, and her foot on the lower rung of an empty chair. To occupy this throne did her other admirer seriously incline. He looked upon it longingly, and cogitated. Finally, he determined on a bold *coup*, crossed the room, sat down on the vacant chair with his back to Jones (of whom he took no notice), and cut their talk in twain. His manner showed plainly his intention of freezing the other out by ignoring his presence. With commendable coolness he grabbed the conversation, and before they could recover from their mental collapse, had directed it into a course unknown to Jones. Such was the situation when the lady said, in tones of ice: "Mr. So-and-So, don't you know my friend, Mr. Jones?"

The high-born youth blushed to the parting on his brow, and said, with a half-nod: "Mr. Jones—happy to meet you."

Then there was an awful silence. The lady bit her lips in rosy anger, the man of lineage felt himself at a disadvantage. Jones alone remained imperturbable, but there was that in his concentrated gaze, which said:

> "Come one, come all, this rock shall fly
> From its firm base as soon as I."

It was the aggressor who eventually fled from the firm base of the coveted chair, frozen by the icy reserve of his divinity, who would hardly look at him. She subsequently dragged him ignominiously at her chariot-wheels, which is a poetic way of saying that she "wiped the ground with him." This is an archaic custom, which dates from the day when Achilles dragged dead Hector round the walls of Troy.

At another time, also a dance, she sat conversing with an admirer and an incipient admirer. Into their charmed circle Jones penetrated, suing for a dance. He sat down and they talked, and the lady introduced him to her companions. The admirer was polite in his acknowledgments, the incipient admirer suddenly stiffened as though frozen. The lady waltzed off with the cause of stiffness. "Left alone," said the I. A. to the A.

"What induces Miss Brown to encourage that man so? He's simply insupportable. That's the third time I've been introduced to him, and I always cut him the next day."

"Why?"

"Oh—I don't know—most of the fellows do."

"I see; it's the correct thing!"

Here the A. saw his loved one standing, out of breath, by a pillar, Jones gone on a quest for a lemonade, and he flew to join her and impart the above conversation as something particularly choice.

And after all this of course she married Jones?

Alas, no! There comes a time when finite benevolence ceases to exist. IRIS.

OCTOBER 30, 1888.

The Comtesse de Paris has been a guest at a number of the Primrose League's meetings, and has been energetically studying their methods. As a result she has had over several of the legitimate duchesses from Paris, and the outcome of their conference has been the foundation of a number of lodges of the new "League of the Rose." There was considerable discussion as to the name. Some of the duchesses wished to call it the "League of the Lily," but as Shakespeare had warned them that "lilies which fester smell far worse than weeds," and the lilies of France had not left an altogether pleasant savor in the nostrils of the nation, the rose was substituted. The object of the League of the Rose is the re-establishment of the monarchy of France and the defense of conservative interests. The comtesse has issued a manifesto to them, in which she says: "The league proposes to include in its ranks women belonging to all classes of society, without distinction of creed or position, and unite them in an association to combat radicalism, to defend religious liberty, the rights of fathers of families to educate their children as they wish, to protect the interests of both labor and property, and to secure the material progress of the women of France." It is the first time French women have ever attempted to organize for political purposes, and just now the league is very popular, and new lodges are being formed every week.

Dr. Charcot, the great French physician, says that children under sixteen can not have their brains overworked. No forcing, he asserts, will get out of them more cerebral work than the brain will accomplish without fatigue. It is not till after the age of sixteen or eighteen that *surmenage* becomes possible.

The bronze statue of Shakespeare, just placed on its pedestal in Paris on the Boulevard Haussman, makes the third statue to an Englishman in France. Lord Brougham has one at Cannes and Jenner one at Boulogne-sur-Mer.

OLD FAVORITES.

A L'Entresol.

One circle of all its golden hours
The flitting hand of the Timepiece there,
In its close white bower of china flowers,
Hath rounded unaware:

While the firelight, flung from the flickering wall
On the large and limpid mirror behind,
Hath reddened and darkened down o'er all,
As the fire itself declined.

Something of pleasure and something of pain
There lived in that sinking light. What is it?
Faces I never shall look at again,
In places you never will visit,

Revealed themselves in each faltering ember,
While, under a palely wavering flame,
Half of the years life aches to remember
Reappeared, and died as they came.

To its dark Forever an hour hath gone
Since either you or I have spoken:
Each of us might have been sitting alone
In a silence so unbroken.

I never shall know what made me look up
(In this cushioned chair so soft and deep,
By the table where, over the empty cup, I was leaning half-asleep)

To catch a gleam on the picture up there
Of the saint in the wilderness under the oak;
And a light on the brow of the bronze Voltaire,
Like the ghost of a cynical joke.

To mark, in each violet velvet fold
Of the curtains that fall 'twixt room and room,
The dip and dance of the manifold
Shadows of rosy gloom.

O'er the Rembrandt there—the Caracci here—
Flutter warm y the ruddy and wavering hues;
And St. Anthony over his book has a leer
At the little French beauty by Greuze.

There—the Leda, weighed over her white swan's back,
By the weight of her passionate kiss, ere it falls;
O'er the ebony cabinet, glittering black
Through its ivory cups and balls;

Your scissors and thimble, and work laid away,
With its silks, in the scented rosewood box;
The journals, that tell truth every day,
And that novel of Paul de Kock's;

The flowers in the vase, with their bells shut close
In a dream of the far green fields where they grew;
The cards of the visiting people and shows
In that bowl with the sea-green hue.

Your shawl, with a queenly droop of its own,
Hanging over the arm of the crimson chair;
And, last—yourself, as silent as stone,
In a glow of the firelight there!

I thought you were reading all this time.
And was it some wonderful page of your book
Telling of love, with its glory and crime,
That has left you that sorrowful look?

For a tear from those dark, deep, humid orbs
'Neath their lashes, so long, and soft, and sleek,
All the light in your lustrous eyes absorbs,
As it trembles over your cheek.

Were you thinking how we, sitting side by side,
Might be dreaming miles and miles apart?
Or if lips could meet over a gulf so wide
As separates heart from heart?

Ah, well! when time is flown, how it fled
It is better neither to ask nor tell.
Leave the dead moments to bury their dead.
Let us kiss and break the spell!

Come, arm-in-arm, to the window here;
Draw by the thick curtain, and see how, to-night,
In the clear and frosty atmosphere,
The lamps are burning bright.

All night, and forever, in yon great town,
The heaving Boulevard flares and roars;
And the streaming Life flows up and down
From its hundred open doors.

It is scarcely so cold, but I and you,
With never a friend to find us out,
May stare at the shops for a moment or two,
And wander awhile about.

For when in the crowd we have taken our place,
(—Just two more lives to the mighty street there!)
Knowing no single form or face
Of the men and women we meet there—

Knowing, and known of, none in the whole
Of that crowd all round, but our two selves only,
We shall grow nearer, soul to soul,
Until we feel less lonely.

Here are your bonnet and gloves, dear. There—
How stately you look in that long rich shawl!
Put back your beautiful golden hair,
That never a curl may fall.

Stand in the firelight . . . so, . . . as you were—
O my heart, how fearfully like her she seemed!
Hide me up from my own despair,
And the ghost of a dream I dreamed!

—*Owen Meredith.*

Experiments are being made in England with a "safety" gun, made upon what is known as the Fletcher patent, and which is said to be capable of discharging shells a minute silently and invisibly. The gun is discharged by steam or vapor at a pressure of two hundred pounds to the square inch. The gun weighs about one ton, and will carry several miles a hundred-pound shell charged with the highest explosive, it is said. Besides this, it is alleged that it cannot burst, has no recoil, costs but fifty thousand dollars, and can be made in three or four weeks.

The report upon the French vintage says that the injury from the phylloxera seems at last to have been arrested. Since 1875 it has caused the enormous loss to France of [illegible] billions of dollars.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are inclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A Spanish edition of "Ramona" has just made its appearance in New York city.

A dinner was given at Indianapolis last week to James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, by the Western Association of Writers. Some forty guests gathered to do him honor, and letters were read from General Harrison, George William Curtis, Mark Twain, Robert Burns Wilson, Charles A. Dana, General Lew Wallace, Brander Matthews, John Boyle O'Reilly, Richard W. Gilder, and Bill Nye.

Abby Sage Richardson, a few years ago, hit upon the happy idea of collecting in a single volume some of the love-letters of famous men and women, and a charming little book was the result. The Remingtons have enlarged upon this idea, and have now in press two volumes containing a vast amount of the amatory correspondence of "the noble dead." The idea is a very good one, and the publication will be a highly interesting one, provided, of course, that the selection is made with taste and discrimination.

Mr. William Perry Brown gives readers of the *Writer* some points on short-story writing. His own plan is this: "I may add that I find it best, in my own case, to compose as rapidly as I can, after having decided upon the nature and the climax of a story; then, having finished, to lay it aside and forget it as much as possible in some other task. Finally, with the mind thus divested as far as may be of parental leanings, I go over the story carefully once, twice, thrice if necessary. I prune, erase, condense, rearrange, and alter, mercilessly, as it seems to me. It is well not to hesitate to sacrifice any pet theory, character, or event that interferes with the tone and harmony of the whole."

A correspondent of the *American Notes and Queries* asks the editor of that periodical to tell him what he can about the author known as "The Duchess." *Notes and Queries* replies as follow: "'The Duchess' is the pseudonym of Mrs. Margaret Hungerford, an Irish lady, now living in London. Hungerford is the name of her second husband. The story runs that her first husband, Mr. Argles, committed a forgery shortly after their marriage, was convicted, and sent to jail. His wife, thrown upon the world without any source of livelihood, turned in despair to literature and produced her first novel, 'Phyllis,' which proved a great success. Ever since she has maintained herself handsomely by her pen."

Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps was married at Gloucester, Mass., October 20th, to Mr. Herbert D. Ward, son of Dr. William Hayes Ward, of the *Independent*. Mr. Ward has been out of college only four years, and was graduated at Andover Seminary last spring. One of Miss Phelps's most popular books is "An Old Maid's Paradise," another is called "Burglars in Paradise"; and on the day her marriage was announced the following paragraph appeared in one or two journals over her signature: "The present discussion of the question 'Is marriage a failure?' is offensive to good taste, and harmful to a large class in every community. People do not stop to think of the immoral bearings of this matter, and I, for one, do not wish to take any part in the discussion of it."

A Boston publisher (says Arlo Bates, in the November *Book Buyer*), remarked the other day upon a whimsical peculiarity of Eugene Field, the Chicago humorist. Mr. Field keeps upon his desk an assortment of bottles containing ink of different hues, each provided with its particular pen, and it is his whim to change from one to another whenever his mocksy spirit moves him, so that the general appearance of his completed manuscripts is strongly suggestive of Joseph's coat of many colors. The possibility of adapting the color of one's ink to the sentiments flowing from his pen, of inditing a pessimistic sentiment in indigo, a sarcastic gibe in virulent green, a nihilistic paragraph in the red sacred to anarchy, and so on through the list of shades, might, on the whole, have an inspiring effect upon writers susceptible to outward conditions.

The following paragraph is of deep interest to writers: The publishers of the *Youth's Companion* offer nine prizes for stories, amounting to five thousand dollars, distributed as follows: one thousand dollars for the best short story for boys, five hundred dollars for the boys' story second in merit, two hundred and fifty dollars for the boys' story third in merit, one thousand dollars for the best short story for girls, five hundred dollars for the girls' story second in merit, two hundred and fifty dollars for the girls' story third in merit, one thousand dollars for the best short story of adventure, five hundred dollars for the adventure story second in merit, two hundred and fifty dollars for the adventure story third in merit. All stories sent in competition must be received before June 1, 1889. Send a two-cent stamp for circular giving full directions to Perry Mason & Co., Boston, Mass.

New Publications.

"A Sea Island Romance," by William Perry Brown, a new story of the South, the scene being laid in South Carolina after the war, has been published and is for sale by John B. Alden, New York; price, 50 cents.

Robert Southey's "Curse of Kehama," with a brief critical and biographical note on the author, has been issued in the National Library. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"Mrs. Partington's Edition of Mother Goose's Melodies" and "Songs of our Darlings," both edited by Uncle Willis, are two children's books, printed in large type and filled with new wood-cuts. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 30 cents each.

"The Secret of Fontaine-le-Croix," by Margaret Field, a story of a young English girl's adventures in France, whither she had gone as a governess, before and during the Franco-Prussian war, has been published in the Town and Country Library by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"The Girl in Scarlet" is the title given a translation of that one of Emile Zola's Rougon-Macquart series which opens with the idyllic loves of Silvère and Miette and ends with the tragedy that grew out of Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état*. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"Louisa May Alcott, The Children's Friend," by Ednah D. Cheney, is a short biographical sketch of the author of "Little Women," with a few extracts from her poetical productions. The book is illustrated by Lisbeth B. Comins, the frontispiece being in colors, and the book is handsomely printed and bound. Published by L. Prang & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

"Alden's Manifold Cyclopedia of Knowledge and Language" has reached its ninth volume, from "club-rush" to "cosmogony." This work is intended to serve the purpose of a complete encyclopedia and an unabridged dictionary, and the careful manner in which it is edited makes it a valuable and concise reference library. Published and for sale by John B. Alden, New York; sent, post-paid, for 60 cents.

William Black's latest novel, "In Far Lochaber," which has been running as placidly as an English river through the numbers of *Harper's Monthly*, has at last come to an end and has made its way out into the sea of books by two channels—the Franklin Square Library, in which it makes a fat, paper-covered volume, and in the green cloth-bound volume, uniform with the "library edition" of Black's other works, which is printed from the same plates. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 40 cents and $1.25, respectively.

"Seven Conventions," by A. W. Clason, details the proceedings of the Federal Convention of 1787, the Ratifying conventions of Massachusetts, Virginia, New York, and South Carolina, the non-ratifying convention of North Carolina, the Democratic party convention at Charleston of 1860, and the same body adjourned to Baltimore, in which the most important discussions of the comparative powers of the State and Federal Governments were held. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.00.

The publication of a new series of reprints of standard English and American works has been begun under the general title of Good Company. Among the volumes already out are: "Wishing-Cap Papers," by Leigh Hunt; "Fireside Saints," Mr. Caudle's breakfast talk and other papers by Douglas Jerrold; "Religious Duty," by Frances Power Cobbe; and "Broken Lights," also by the last-named author. The volumes are fairly well-printed and bound, and are offered at an unusually low price. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents each.

"Why Was It?" by Lewis Benjamin, is a striking novel, though its theme is old. It has to do with a young man's downfall through drink; he is dissipated, marries and reforms for a time, falls again, gets to pawning his wife's furniture to buy drink, and eventually dies of pneumonia, the result of a debauch. This does not sound attractive, and Mr. Benjamin has not given it the advantage of polished or elegant diction. But his analysis of the man's moral descent is written with a keenness of analysis that leads one to think it is not all fiction, and the end is reached logically and inevitably. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York, Chicago, and San Francisco; for sale by the publisher, 834 Market Street.

The eleventh volume of "Alden's Cyclopedia of Universal Literature" gives brief biographical and bibliographical notices, with representative extracts from their productions, of the great writers of all countries and ages whose names range between William Henry Herbert and Anna Mary Howitt. Among the seventy-five writers in the volume some of the most notable are Herodotus, Fernando de Herrera, Herrick, Herschel, Paul Heyse, Thomas Heywood, T. W. Higginson, Ernest Theodor Hoffmann, J. G. Holland, O. W. Holmes, Homer, Thomas Hood, Theodore Hook, Lucy Hooper, Horace, Richard Henghist Horne, Arsène Houssaye, Julia Ward Howe, and William Dean Howells. Published and for sale by John B. Alden, New York; sent, post-paid, for 60 cents.

"The Princess Daphne," is the title of a novel which has been printed without the author's name on the title-page. The opening pages introduce one to a "Bohemian soirée" in London, where every one is clever and more or less artistic, from the impressionist who has painted "A Discord in Aniline Purples" to the president of the Royal Something-or-Other of Painters, where one delivers an impromptu essay on Social Fiends and another contributes only cigarettes as her share of the fund of entertainment, where the effect of a distinctly precious but odorous brass Venetian lamp is minimized by excellent coffee. Thence we are taken to an opera-bouffe artiste's boudoir, where a tropic scene ensues. Eventually the man to whom money has been left on condition that he marry no one but Daphne Préault, marries the singer, and presently he mesmerizes her and uses her as the medium whereby his mind may visit Daphne in her Bohemian quarters in London. This opening gives but a faint idea of the psychological and physiological phenomena which make the book remarkable as an imaginative *tour de force*. It is no less remarkable as a type of the new school of cleverly written erotica. Published and for sale by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago and San Francisco, 834 Market Sueet; price, $1.00.

The twenty-fifth volume of *Wide Awake*, volume Y., has been published, making a quarto volume of four hundred pages. A number of the best story-tellers, general writers, and poets have contributed to its pages in the six months from June to December, 1887, including Edwin Arnold, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Edith M. Thomas, Edwin Lassiter Bynner, Mrs. Mary B. Dodge, Mrs. Jessie Benton Frémont, Clinton Scollard, Susan Coolidge, Maurice Thompson, Grant Allen, E. S. Brooks, "Charles Egbert Craddock," Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, the new literary light. The illustrations, too, are by such draughtsmen as Howard Pyle, Kemble, Herford, W. A. Rogers, and Childe Hassam. There are also a large number of process reproductions from photographs. The fifteenth volume of *The Pansy*, November, 1887, to October, 1888, makes a book of the same size. The reading matter is for younger children; and for the nursery there is a bound volume of *Babyland*. In addition to amusing and instructive stories and articles and excellent illustrations, these last two are provided with frontispieces done in colors. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, respectively, $1.25, $1.25, and 50 cents.

Some Magazines.

F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "Sant' Ilario," begun in the October number of *The English Illustrated Magazine*, brings back to us some charming old friends—the Saracinescas. The old prince, his son, and Duchess Corona are more delightful than ever in their new surroundings.

The November number of *Harper's Magazine* concludes the two serials, "Annie Kilburn," by W. D. Howells, and William Black's "In Far Lochaber." "A Pink Villa," by Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson, is a short story. Among the articles in the number are "The Lower St. Lawrence," by C. H. Farnham; "A Museum of the History of Paris," by Theodore Child; "Elk Hunting in the Rocky Mountains," by G. O. Shields; "Boats on the Tagus," by Tristram Ellis; "The New Orleans Bench and Bar in 1823," by Charles Gayarre; "The New York Real-Estate Exchange," by Richard Wheatley, and the third paper of "Our Journey to the Hebrides," by Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Edwin A. Abbey continues his series of illustrations of old English songs, his subject being "Why Canst Thou not as Others Do?"

The opening article in *Scribner's* for November is "From Gravelotte to Sedan," by General Philip H. Sheridan. "Matthew Arnold" is discussed by Augustine Birrell. "The Every-Day Life of Railroad Men" is described by B. B. Adams, Jr. The first installment is given of "The Master of Ballantrae," by Robert Louis Stevenson. The second paper of "Memories of the Last Fifty Years," by Lester Wallack, is given. "Where Shall we Spend our Winter?" is discussed by General A. W. Greely. W. C. Brownell writes of "French Traits—Manners," and Robert Louis Stevenson continues his "Random Memories," telling of "The Education of an Engineer." The fiction of the number includes the end of F. J. Stimson's serial, "First Harvests"; a sea-story by a landsman, John R. Spears, entitled "The Port of Missing Ships"; and a sketch, "Barum West's Extravaganza," by Arlo Bates. There are poems by Mrs. James T. Fields, Zoe Dana Underhill, and H. S. Sanford, Jr.

The November *Century* begins several new magazine "features." The most important of these is the first installment of the *Century* Gallery of Old Masters, engraved by T. Cole, and described by W. J. Stillman and by Mr. Cole himself. The engravings in this series are actual copies. Another series is Mr. Cable's "Strange True Stories of Louisiana," "The Young Aunt with White Hair," "The Romance of Dollard," by Mrs. Catherwood, has prefaces by Mr. Parkman, the historian, and by the author. The first of Mrs. Foote's "Pictures of the Far West," a full-page engraving, is given. Among the contributions are installments of the "Life of Lincoln" and of George Kennan's papers on the Siberian Exile system. "The Guilds of the City of London" are described by Norman Moore; several "Unpublished Letters of Lord Nelson" are given. Julia Schayer contributes a story entitled "Mistaken Premises"; Dr. Robinson answers "Where was the Place called Calvary?"; Murat Halstead has a paper on "Gravelotte Witnessed and Revisited"; Dr Lyman Abbott has an essay on "The New Reformation." There are poems by James Whitcomb Riley, George Parsons Lathrop, Joaquin Miller, T. W. Parsons, Helen Gray Cone, and Edith M. Thomas. Other contributions include "Bird Music: The Loon," by Simeon Pease Cheney; "Mammy's Lil' Boy," a negro crooning song, by H. S. Edwards, illustrated by E. W. Kemble; Memoranda on the Civil War, Open Letters by George Kennan, Rev. T. T. Munger, Richard Hoffman, and others, etc.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Apropos of Mrs. Peabody Wetmore's alleged snub of the Prince of Wales, Brunswick tells this in the Boston *Gazette*: A well-known New Yorker was sitting in his box at a London theatre with his wife and a party of friends, when a message was delivered from the prince, who sat near, to the effect that he was very much struck by Mrs. ——'s beauty, and would be pleased to have her brought to his box. This was the reply: "You may tell his royal highness, with my compliments, that he may go to ——!"

Senator Evarts has at command a sententious humor that is rarely hinted at in such of his oblong periods as are most familiar to the public. A correspondent says that he remarked of Rhode Island that "it was settled by the Dutch; the Yankee settled the Dutch;" and of certain Christians who landed in New England: "They praised God and fell on their knees—then they fell upon the aborigines." The ex-secretary also sent to Bancroft this letter: "DEAR BANCROFT—I am very glad to send you two products of my pen to-day—a barrel of pickled pork and my eulogy on Chief-Justice Chase."

A lion story, with the same delicate flavor of veracity that makes M. Bidel's memoirs so delightful, is of a lion and a lioness who had for many years dwelt together in one cage, and whose "mutual endearments were incessant, demonstrative, and touching." A bachelor lion came to live next to them, and one day, the door between the two cages being left open, the lioness slipped through to visit the bachelor. "The betrayed husband was beside himself with passion; there was anguish and hatred in his face, and it was plain that his heart was broken." When the lioness was driven back to her own cage she was instantly killed by her husband.

William Van Horne, president of the Canadian Pacific, has an extraordinary knowledge of what is going on in other people's minds. During the recent trip over the "Soo" road, Mr. Van Horne formed one of the party. Fred Underwood, of the "Soo" road, brought up the subject of mind-reading, and gave an account of the Canadian president's exploits. "That's all nonsense," said General Washburn, "it's one of your stories, Underwood." "Well, let's make a test," said Underwood. It was agreed, and Mr. Van Horne, sitting at one end of the car, asked General Washburn, at the other end, to think of something, or write something, and he would tell him what he had written. General Washburn drew a map of the site of the proposed new union depot, which Mr. Van Horne immediately reproduced, without changing his seat or a word having been said. "But you have left Washington Avenue out of your map," said General Washburn; "yes, and you have left it out of yours, too," said another of the party, looking over General Washburn's shoulder. The two diagrams were as nearly identical as hasty drawing could made them.

Oliver H. Smith relates that he was once traveling through a lonely party of Indiana in company with the governor of the State. After riding all day, they came after dark to a cabin where they decided to spend the night. As they rode up and dismounted, the sound of a violin saluted them. Entering the cabin, they saw, sitting before the fire, a lame young man by the name of Amos Dille, with an old violin in his hand, scraping away, making anything but music. He laid the violin on the bed, and started with the horses toward the stable. As he closed the door, Governor Whitcomb took up the instrument, put it in tune, and when Amos returned, was playing light and beautiful airs. Amos took his seat, seemingly entranced, and as Mr. Whitcomb struck up "Hail Columbia," he sprang to his feet. "If I had fifty dollars," he exclaimed, "I'd give it, every cent, for that fiddle; I never heard such music in my life." After playing several other tunes, Mr. Whitcomb put the violin back upon the bed. Amos seized it, carried it to the fire where he could see it, turned it over and over, examined every part of it again and again, and then called out: "I say, mister, I never saw two fiddles look so much alike as yours and mine!"

The visit of the Sioux to Washington recalls some good stories of previous delegations. Not many years ago, but when fewer Indians than now had been in near contact with the whites, the members of one of the North-western tribes had heard a great deal of the numbers and resources of the whites, and they had a desire for some trustworthy information on the subject, so for one member of a delegation that was to visit Washington they selected the most conspicuously truthful man among them, one "Whose taste exact for faultless fact amounts to a disease." He went to Washington, and, on his return, told his tribe, as well as the resources of his language permitted, what he had seen, and the tribe promptly shot him as a hopeless liar. In a delegation that went there ten or a dozen years ago was an Indian who determined to acquire some precise information about the number of white men in the country, and to this end began counting the individual whites whom he saw. He had to give this up pretty soon, and he began counting the houses. This worked very well till he struck some large towns, when that method of estimating the whites became impracticable, and he began counting the towns. By the time he reached St. Louis his mind gave way entirely, and he reached Washington an imbecile.

King Bomba (Ferdinand the Second) of Naples, who played the great monarch over the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies until 1859, alternating burlesque with shocking cruelties, was very proud of his troops, who were said by military critics to be the worst soldiers in the world, as they afterward proved themselves to be. One day his general-in-chief, having planned a review for the king, determined to surprise his royal master with a new military command. When he saw the carriage of the king driving up toward the line of troops, the general shouted the order: "Fate la facia feroce!" (Make a ferocious face!) The soldiers thereupon put on a highly dismal, sour, and disagreeable expression. The carriage came closer, and the general again commanded: "Fate la facia più feroce!" (Make a still more ferocious face!) Then the countenances of the long line of soldiers took on a more savage and forbidding expression. As the carriage stopped the general commanded: "Fate la facia ferocissimo!" (Make a *most* ferocious face!) The king, alighting from the carriage, promenaded up and down before a line of fierce and horrible faces, with mustaches sticking up in the air, foreheads and cheeks wrinkled, and eyes glaring. "Ah, general," exclaimed King Bomba, "but I am pleased! Magnificent! Beautiful troops!"

The Rev. Dr. J. H. Vincent, who was elected in May a bishop of the Methodist-Episcopal Church, is known everywhere as one of the thoroughly good men of his calling and time. He is also known to be full of patriotism and loyalty. A story is told that he was once traveling in a car with Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan. Mr. Chandler had been recently in personal controversy with L. Q. C. Lamar, who had asserted in Chandler's presence, what he afterward repeated on the floor of the United States Senate, that no man in his hearing should call Jefferson Davis a traitor and go unrebuked. Mr. Chandler's rejoinder had been a denunciation of Davis as an infamous traitor, the denunciation being coupled with the sulphur and brimstone adjectives for which he was noted. It came about on the car that Senator Chandler, telling Dr. Vincent of the Southern spirit in Washington, related what Lamar had said. "And what did you reply?" asked Dr. Vincent; "I trust that your answer gave him to understand that there was a man in his presence then with fearlessness to proclaim the truth." "Now, see here, doctor," said Senator Chandler, with a quiet laugh, "whatever I said was sufficient for the occasion, you may be sure of that. You know me well enough for that. But I think you also know my weakness, and will understand that what I said would hardly bear repeating from a pulpit." Dr. Vincent's eyes flashed, as he rejoined with pleasure and emotion: "I knew it. I felt it. Don't repeat it. Don't repeat it. But it's refreshing to think you said it."

A PORK AND BEAN HUNT.

Pursuit of the Timid Quarry through London.

LONDON, October 15th.—Mr. Arthur D. came into the smoking-room of the club one afternoon of last week, and stood gazing majestically at our brother Americans who sat in one corner. There was a strange and unusual consciousness of superiority in Mr. D.'s manner. It protruded visibly all over him, and you could have hung your hat on it on any side. He stood there thoughtfully for a moment, and then sat quietly down, not trusting himself to speak. It was quite clear that for some reason he was gloating over us, and it was offensive.

"You don't seem to dislike yourself to-day, Arthur," said X., in velvet tones.

He declined to notice the remark.

"It is sweet to see a puny Chicago thing make an American Exhibition of himself," said Y.

"I wonder where he dropped her royal highness after the drive," said Z.; "I hope there'll be no trouble."

Mr. D. was apparently deaf. He wore a look of warm passionless peace like that of a condemned Christian martyr or a boa constrictor after his tri-weekly snack. It was somewhat exasperating.

"Well! What is it?" we growled; "if you don't tell somebody pretty soon you'll explode."

He laid down his newspaper and beamed upon us. "It is pork and beans," said he, gently.

"What!" said we, starting up, incredulous.

"Pork and BEANS."

"Where?" we shouted. The four questions sounded as one.

"At home. My wife cooked 'em."

"Oh!" said we, and sank back in despair. There was not a wife in the whole quartet.

Remember, O ye happy dwellers under the spreading pinions of the mighty American eagle, that ye wot not of your blessings. Remember that the time shall come when, wandering in the far lands where the hot biscuit sprouteth not; where the pork and bean remain unripened on the parent stem; and the fish-chowder makes no beneficent wedding of the first fruits of the land and of the sea—that ye shall hunger for the aforesaid with a great and mighty hunger stretching even from the sole of your head to the crown of your foot.

We became depressed and retrospective, for the dinner hour was at hand. We fell to thinking, as the silent minutes passed, of our mothers, our best girls, of the never-to-be-forgotten breakfasts and dinners of where we came from. Edmund About made a ten-strike when he said that disinterested love and good soup are found only at home.

"The last time I ate chowder—good old New England fish-chowder——" began Y., tenderly.

"Waiter," said X., irritably, "bring Mr. Y. a drink, and ask him if he will kindly shut up."

"The thing I like is Indian pudding," burst forth Z.; "every Saturday night my mother——"

X. turned on him savagely. He told him that while there was no objection to his liking Indian pudding, and that, in fact, any idiot was at liberty to worship any form of the unattainable to which his feeble brain could give shape, he was still not bound to confess it in company. He did not formulate it at this length, however. He told him to go to Portland and like it if he chose. Clearly, to talk about American dishes just then was like praising red parasols to a Madrid bull.

Mr. D. chuckled maliciously over our hard fortune, but the advent of a stranger lightened up the gloom. He was an Englishman, and a very talkative one. The class is fortunately rare, as it means brain trouble. He was an encyclopedia of universal information and perpetual reissue, but on this occasion he was distinctly of value.

"Pork and beans? Pork and beans?" said he; "why, you can get them at Raveoli's in Wardour Street. He has all the American dishes."

We were off in a minute. A minute more and we were in two hansoms flying down the Strand. The drivers had each been promised an extra bob, and would have cheerfully run over the Prince of Wales rather than lose it.

There are various kinds of sport whose excitement never palls and whose joys are never forgotten. Lying hidden in the wet marsh of a gray winter's morning, with the canvas-backs coming down the wind; kicking quail out of the short brush under the blaze of a September sun; pumping lead at a buck that is flying straight up the side of a mountain; wondering grimly in a black cañon whether the bear that owns it will carry you off instead of your carrying him—all these are fascinating excitements in their way. There are hunting grounds of Axminster, too, satin hung and musical, where the trail is a discarded novel or a knot of ribbon, and the swallow-tailed sportsman carries his heart in his mouth for fear the fair and fragile quarry will become alarmed and take flight irretrievably. This is said to be quite maddening in its way by those who know. But greatest of all sports—incomparably greatest at one's first experience—is a pork-and-bean hunt through the crooked streets of London.

We were inwardly eager but outwardly calm as we turned off at Charing Cross Hospital, rolled rapidly to Charing Cross Road, rattled around Leicester Square, and drew up in Wardour Street before a beetle-browed Italian restaurant, with a hanging-lamp outside marked "Raveoli's." We went in. We seated ourselves, two on either side of a very narrow table, dovetailed knees, and piled up our eight feet somehow in a huge heap underneath. Then we examined the bill of fare.

We not only found what we wanted, but found it in reckless profusion. First T. lighted on "Bostone beans," but they were under the head of "sweets." Then X. discovered "Porco di beano" among the entrées. Z. announced "Pork beans" as among the roasts, while under the heading "American dishes" were "Bockwit cag," "codfiss boll," "corne bif ashe," and "pork Bostone bean." It was evident that the bean had hidden qualities which only London in the person of Raveoli had discovered.

"Antonio!" cried X.

All the waiters started for us. All Italian waiters are named "Antonio," all the French "Philip," and all the German "Adolph." X. selected the youngest Antonio. He had lately been imported in bulk, and the oil still clung damply to his hair.

"Antonio?"

"Si, signor."

"Have these various inscriptions any connection with honest, straightforward, e pluribus unum Boston baked beans?"

"Si, signor."

"Then bring us some. Bring us tons of them."

"Si, signor."

He did not move.

"What are you waiting for?"

"What you eat, signor?" He slid the bill of fare in front of X.

"Beans, I told you. Boston baked BEANS!" He looked at X. timidly and went away. This was not encouraging. He came back immediately, however, with an official interpreter. The interpreter was a beautiful thing with ringlets, and mustaches like small buffalo horns, and a jaunty, mincing swagger that was quite enslaving.

"We want some pork and beans," said X.

"Ah, yes! Of course. You desire the pork off the bean. Certainly."

He pronounced the "th" soft. What his conception of a bean was we did not inquire. If we had ordered the fore-quarter, or the choice parts, or the hind leg of a bean he would evidently have acquiesced with the same polite assurance. We felt a dim and sad suspicion that the innocent American bean had been transplanted to that bill of fare solely to entrap and deceive patriotic Americans.

He went to the counter and drew the proprietor aside. They talked rapidly and made operatic gestures. The proprietor's wife, quite certain that her husband was on the verge of bankruptcy or a new intrigue, hastened to join the secret conclave. The conversation rose to two hundred words a minute, all three speaking at once, and then died away to intermittent rumblings. The proprietor ran to the dumb-waiter in the wall and yelled down the shaft something that sounded like "Booloboolooboolobah!" There was silence for a moment and then a deep bass voice, expressing intense astonishment, came grandly up the tube. It said simply, "CHE?"

"Santamariaemiserabilecomposizionedi porcodi-beanoperquatrostrameri," returned the proprietor, much excited.

There was no answer, but a second later the door to the kitchen stairs opened and the head cook appeared, distended with indignation. He was magnificent. He was six feet high, wore a white balloon on his head, a white apron across his broad chest, and scorn in his eye. We forgot our hunger to watch him. He made a basso speech long and eloquent enough to settle the Massowah question forever. He finished, and it was clear that he had resigned his position on the spot.

Then the proprietor, and the interpreter, and Beatrice surrounded him, and the vowels flowed freely once more. All other business was suspended. The reputation of the place was at stake. They grew more and more excited and gesticulated wildly. Then they stopped suddenly, and bolted by a common impulse through the doorway and down the stairs.

"This is developing into an international complication," said X.; "I trust Minister Phelps will stand by us. Antonio! Bring us wine."

We drank white capri and waited. They brought us Salame olives and anchovies to tempt us from our purpose, but we declined to yield. We waited twenty-five minutes. Then the proprietor came up-stairs, drew a long breath, and sat down as if relieved. Beatrice followed, fanning vigorously and looking pretty well done herself. Then came the interpreter, jaunty and unmoved. He seemed to think he had saved the place. The dish arrived by dumb-waiter. It was a large platter, whose contents were concealed by a silver cover. Antonio brought it toward us.

"How on earth can they pick the beans, parboil them, and bake them in twenty-five minutes?" asked Z. Z. is an innocent young person from Philadelphia, and is, therefore, much courted as a curiosity.

"Faith," said X.; "Faith can move mountains—Acts of the Apostles, 4-11-44."

"I don't see what faith has to do with it," protested Philadelphia.

"Well, you will in a moment. Gentlemen," said X., "I am about to rend the veil. Behold the mystery," and he lifted the cover.

It would have lifted itself if he had waited. It was one of those gifted little dishes which are quite able to speak for themselves. Underneath was a symmetrical compact tumulus of pale white beans, an island rising from an elliptical oily sea of pale cream color. Resting upon the summit of the tumulus from end to end were slices of pallid fried pork laterally disposed. The beans, weak and spiritless as they looked, had a strong Neapolitan accent. In all their interstices chopped onion was visible to the naked eye; garlic to the naked ear. Yes. There was no doubt about it. There was garlic enough in those beans to be distinctly audible.

There was a pause. Language appropriate to such an occasion does not come in a moment, even to the most eloquent. There was a pause, and then——

* * * * * * *

"Fact is, I never eat baked beans, myself," said X., a little later; "I only came because you fellows——"

"They're very difficult to digest, I've heard," said Y.; "anybody that eats 'em is sure to bring up in the Concord School of Philosophy sooner or later."

Z.'s face was a study. He seemed to be spell-bound as if by a basilisk in the beans, though no basilisk could have lurked there and lived. "Shall we—shall we try them?" he ventured, with a trembling assumption of bravery.

"Yes," said X., "we will all try them and then kill the interpreter. No jury will convict."

"We won't have the strength."

"We will eat them one at a time."

The interpreter now came toward us to investigate. "Does not thee pork off thee bean please the taste off thee American?" he asked, in purest Ollendorff.

"No, my friend," said X.; "the crazy cook of the lying proprietor of the blasted restaurant has deeply insulted the national pride of the noble American. The only condition on which we spare him and his wife and his first-born is that this dish is presented to the British Museum just as it stands. They will take it instantly, and it will henceforth be a light-house above the shoals of international cookery."

"Si, signor," said the interpreter. They always say "Si, signor," whatever you call them. They will bear any insult rather than confess that they do not speak English. Antonio took them away. We could hear the mumbling indignation of the garlic all along the room and down the stairs. We dined, perforce, à l'Italienne.

Our only hope now is Mrs. Arthur D. She is a charming and accomplished lady, and we have laid siege to her in a most business-like fashion. We have subscribed to a common fund out of which is to come flowers, theatre tickets, concert stalls, and any other material compliments that may be devised. Each one when with her is instructed to converse one-half of the time about herself, and the other half about the great void in life caused by the loss of American cooking when abroad, the object being, of course, a joint invitation to a chowder, bean, and biscuit feast at her house. X. is an admirable advocate. We three sat behind him and her at the Lyceum last evening, and during the first *entr'acte* heard him say that the star-spangled banner was getting pretty stale as a stimulant, and the only way to keep alive the foreign fires of patriotism was to unfurl fish chowder to the breezes, set Indian pudding to music, and write a good national anthem on pork and beans. He is as much interested as we are and is doing his best, of course, but it seemed as though this was going rather far.—*London Correspondent New York Times.*

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SOME FEATURES IN 1889—THE NOVEMBER NUMBER BEGINS A VOLUME—A NEW ART ENTERPRISE—KENNAN'S SUCCESSFUL SERIES.

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Of its class; that whatever other publication might be desirable in the family circle, THE CENTURY could not be neglected by those who wish to keep abreast of the times in all matters pertaining to culture. Its unprecedented circulation would seem to be the response of the public to this desire and intention of the conductors of the magazine; and this popularity again lays upon the magazine the burden of ever-increasing excellence. The 37th volume, nineteenth year, begins with the November number, now ready, and the following is a list of some of the more important features of the year, most of which begin in this number:

The Century Gallery of Italian Masters,

Engraved by TIMOTHY COLE, who is recognized as the leading magazine engraver of the world, and who has already spent four years in the European galleries reproducing upon wood for THE CENTURY this series of the most valuable pictures in the Old World. This is the most important artistic work upon which the magazine has ever entered, and in order that the fullest educational results may be derived from the pictures, they will be published in historical order, with brief critical papers by W. J. STILLMAN and Mr. COLE. The first of these, with engravings and notes on the Byzantines and Cimabue, is in November.

Strange True Stories of Louisiana,

Collected by GEORGE W. CABLE, author of "Old Creole Days," "The Grandissimes," etc., the first one of which and a chapter entitled, "How I Got Them" appears in November. Some of these stories are merely transcribed or translated by Mr. CABLE from the original manuscripts; others are accurate narratives by him of actual occurrences.

The Siberian Exile System.

The remarkable series of papers which Mr. GEORGE KENNAN is now furnishing to THE CENTURY upon this important subject is attracting the attention of the civilized world, and the papers are being reprinted in hundreds of foreign journals in Europe and Asia, but are not allowed to enter Russia in any language. The San Francisco *Chronicle* says that, in these papers, "Mr. KENNAN has lifted the veil and revealed a condition of affairs of which the outside world had no conception or realization." The November CENTURY contains a strong paper in this series on "Political Exiles and Common Convicts at Tomsk," with interesting illustrations.

Lincoln in the War.

The authorized "Life of Lincoln," by his private secretaries, Messrs. NICOLAY and HAY, now appearing in THE CENTURY, is holding the attention of thousands of readers. In the forthcoming chapters the authors will develop more fully the relations of the President with McClellan, Grant, and other leading generals of the war, with the members of the cabinet and other prominent men. Lincoln's plan for the gradual abolishment of slavery will be fully explained.

The Romance of Dollard.

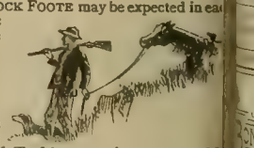
A serial novelette by a writer new to readers of THE CENTURY, Mrs. MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD, begins in the November number, with a preface by FRANCIS PARKMAN, the historian. It is a story of devotion and heroism, based upon events in the early history of Canada. The author, as Mr. PARKMAN says, "is a pioneer in what may be called a new departure in American fiction." Illustrated by HENRY SANDHAM.

Bible Scenes Illustrated.

Occasional illustrated papers by Mr. EDWARD L. WILSON, on Bible subjects treated in the International Sunday-School Lessons, will appear from time to time during the year, and there will be articles on existing monuments connected with the Old and New Testament narrative, by various writers. A paper by the Rev. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D. D., on "Where was 'the Place called Calvary'?" with striking illustrations, appears in this November number, and there is also a timely essay on "The New Reformation," by the Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT, D. D.

Pictures of the Far West.

A series of full-page engravings from original drawings by MARY HALLOCK FOOTE may be expected in each number of THE CENTURY for the coming year. These designs are the artistic result of a long residence in the far West, and are characteristic of the landscape and customs of a large part of the country. The first picture, "Looking for Camp," is in November.



The November Century

Contains, besides the serial features already mentioned, an article on "The Guilds of the City of London," illustrated by JOSEPH PENNELL; Unpublished Letters of Lord Nelson, with two portraits of the hero of Trafalgar; a short story, "Mistaken Premises"; "Gravelotte Witnessed and Revisited," by MURAT HALSTEAD, illustrated; Editorials, Open Letters, Poems (by JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, H. S. EDWARDS, JOAQUIN MILLER, and others), etc.

Other serial features to be begun later include CHARLES DEKAY'S illustrated papers on Ireland—the etymology, customs, landscape, etc.; a series of humorous and pathetic Irish-American stories by GEORGE H. JESSOP; articles by the distinguished artist, JOHN LA FARGE, on Japan, with engravings from original studies; supplemental War Papers, untechnical and of general interest, among them "The West Point of the Confederacy," "Recollections of Stonewall Jackson," "Lyrics of the War," "Beecher at Liverpool," and "The Western Soldier"; more of Dr. BUCKLEY'S papers on Spiritualism and Clairvoyancy; further illustrated papers on English Cathedrals (with a chapter on Westminster Abbey); short stories by leading writers; novelettes (to be announced later), essays, etc.

Terms. A Special Offer.

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TIME TABLE.

ommencing Monday, October 1, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

om SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 5.10 P. M.
undays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.00, 6.45, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

om SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
undays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, P M. Extra trips on Saturday at 1 45 and 6.25 P. M.
re, 50 cents, round trip

om SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
undays)—3.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 2.15, 4.15, 5.45, P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 2 30 and 7.05 P. M.
re, 25 cents, round trip.

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.00 A. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.

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EAVE	From Oct. 15, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José..	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
3.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
3.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	11.45 A.
9.30 A.	Fast mail for Ogden and East	12.15 P.
9.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
2.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José..	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	11.15 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore..	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
3.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
	OUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.	
7.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	† 8.05 P.
3.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
2.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz...	*10.50 A.
4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos	9.20 A.
	ORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)	
7.15 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	2.30 P.
7.50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion.	† 8.35 P.
3.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations.	6.40 P.
0.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 42 P.
2.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
5.10 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	* 8.00 A.
5.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations..	6.40 A.
1.45 P	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.50 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. Saturdays only. † Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ** Mondays excepted

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We, the Publishers of this paper will give away *absolutely* **Free!** 50,000 *genuine* **Solid Gold** Stemwinding and Stemsetting **Watches** (in order to get new subscribers and agents) to 50,000 persons as stated in our advertisement in our paper. These **Watches** come in Ladies' or Gents' size, Hunting Case or open face, in 25 different styles of cases. Each and every **Watch** will be *warranted* and *guaranteed* by us and an **American Watch Co.** who have been doing business in this Country for the last 20 years, to be **first class** in *every* particular and to run and keep *correct* time for **5 years!** also that each and every **Watch** mentioned above are *genuine* **14k. Solid Gold**, or we will forfeit **$1,000** to any School, Church or Charitable Institution in the United States. This is certainly one of the grandest offers ever made by any living publisher. **How can we do all of this?** This is a question that *thousands* who read our advertisement will ask; we answer—**Easily Enough!** and in order to make everything perfectly *plain* to *you*, we offer the following *bona-fide* explanation. All papers of a National reputation spend each year from $25,000 to $50,000 in advertising to make known their publication and increase their advertising patronage. Of course, no paper can possibly make money, or even exist without advertising. Consequently by giving away absolutely **Free** 50,000 **Solid Gold Watches** (and more if our Subscribers and Agents demand them) we expect to get the *largest* circulation of any **Family publication in the world!** Our *point* is after we get a certain circulation we can command *easily* from $28 to $50 an inch from advertisers for space in our paper—(there's *Millions* of Dollars in advertising)—to say nothing about the income from subscriptions. See? Then it will be only a question of time with proper management and *square, honest* and *truthful* statements to our subscribers that we will be friends with every person in the land. Then again, we know that our elegant **Solid Gold Watches** and our paper will give such *perfect* **satisfaction** that we will get as much as 50 to 100 new subscribers in every town where our paper goes, and as there is something like 55,000 towns in America, you can easily see what an *immense* circulation we are *sure* to build up. Remember we are after a large **Circulation!** We *must* have it! Even though it costs **Two Millions of Dollars!** Otherwise our enterprise would be a *dead* failure. We consider our paper the most reliable and popular **Home** publication that is printed in this country. **You'll** say so too, when you see it. It is a complete **family** paper in every way. Each issue is profusely and beautifully illustrated, containing several complete and serial stories of fascinating interest, and a rich variety of funny sketches, anecdotes, news, condensed notes on fashion, art, industries, literature, &c., and stands conspicuous among the illustrated journals of America. When the New York *World*, *Herald*, *Times*, *Tribune* and other papers have an income of over **One Million Dollars** each year, why can't we have the same thing? Has a man ever done anything yet that another one couldn't do? Any person with *money* to *invest*, can make money! Isn't this true? Now, read the following and secure one of the greatest bargains ever known or heard of on the face of the Globe!

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Upon receipt of a One Dollar Bill, Postal Note, Express Money Order, Registered Letter or P. O. Money Order we will send you by return mail, postage paid, **Absolutely Free,** as a *Premium*. This beautiful and elegant Stem-winder as illustrated here, and our paper **One Year Free** of charge. This advertisement may never appear again **So Cut It Out!** Nothing is gained by correspondence as everything is fully described above. Reference: All Newspaper Publishers, any Mercantile Agency, Bank, Merchant or Express Agent in this city. **Extra!** We will send Six of these *Premium* and Six Copies of our paper for **One Year** to a club of six persons for **$5.** Perhaps you can get Five of your friends to join you and thus get *your own* Premium and paper **Free!** A very appropriate **Christmas Present.** Address **THE AMERICAN FAMILY, 169 Fulton St., N. Y.**

IT BEATS
THE WORLD!

TWELVE-OZ. PACKAGE EQUAL TO TWO AND ONE-HALF LBS. WET MINCE MEAT.

Cheaper than any mince meat in the market or any made at home, and much better. Sells at fifteen cents per package. Each package makes three pies. Satisfaction guaranteed.

H. R. BAKER & CO.,

120 AND 122 FRONT ST.,

Sole Agents. San Francisco, Cal.

W. B. STARBIRD. C. H. SCHMIDT.

SCHMIDT & CO.

SOLE PROPRIETORS

SARSAPARILLA AND IRON WATER,

BOTTLING WORKS AND OFFICE:

LANE'S MILLS, WEBER AVENUE,

Telephone No. 210. P. O. Box No. 125.

California Copyright, United States Copyright, United States Patent.

STOCKTON, CAL., October 17, 1888.
To whom it may concern:
You are hereby cautioned against an imitation of our tonic beverage, "Sarsaparilla and Iron Water," the component parts of the same being essentially different from those of our goods. Yours sincerely,
SCHMIDT & CO.

THE SCHLESINGER CO. AGENTS,

219 GRANT AVENUE,

San Francisco, Cal.

Telephone No. 1138.

ASK FOR

LIEBIG COMPANY'S

EXTRACT OF MEAT

and insist upon no other being substituted for it.

N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.

ALASKA

COMMERCIAL COMPANY,

No. 310 SANSOME STREET,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN FURS.

[Established 1854.]

GEORGE MORROW & CO.,

HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

39 Clay St., San Francisco. Telephone No. 35.

SOCIETY.

"The Wife's Secret."

An entertainment will be given at the Grand Opera House on Thursday evening, November 15th, under the direction of Mrs Edna Snell Poulson, for the benefit of the Children's Hospital of San Francisco and the West Oakland Home for Destitute Children. G. W. Lovell's historical drama, "The Wife's Secret," will be presented with a well-selected cast comprising professionals and amateurs The participants are rehearsing daily, and promise an excellent presentation of the play.

The San Francisco patronesses of the entertainment are: Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Mrs. William Alvord, Mrs. W. J Adams, Mrs Barreda, Mrs L. L. Baker, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. George C Boardman, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Miss Beaver, Miss Barreda, Mrs Charles Crocker, Mrs. James Carolan, Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. Theresa Fair, Mrs. Alfred Ford, Mrs. S. B. Gamble, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs W F. Goad, Mrs. F. H. Green, Mrs. J B. Haggin, Mrs. William H Howard, Mrs. J. H Hammond, Miss Hastings, Miss Houghton, Mrs. Edward W. Hopkins Mrs. George Hearst, Miss C C. Jackson, Miss Kirkland, Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Miss Flora Low, Mrs. G. A. More, Mrs Charles Meinecke, Mrs. James L. Moody, Mrs. Louis F Monteagle, Mrs. William McNutt, Mrs B. F Norris, Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mrs. James Otis, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs Alexander J. Perry, Mrs. John Parrott, Mrs Louis B. Parrott, Miss Pope, Mrs. James A Robinson, Mrs. E. Ransome, Mrs. Robert Sherwood, Mrs. Henry Scott, Mrs Hiram C. Smith, Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mrs Volney Spalding, Mrs Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. C. E. Whitney, Miss M. B. West, and Mrs S. M. Wilson.

The Oakland patronesses are: Mrs. J. P. Ames, Mrs. Remi Chabot, Mrs B. F. Dunham, Mrs E Green, Mrs L. M. Hickman, Mrs. J. N. Knowles, Mrs William Kirk, Mrs H. P. Livermore, Mrs H. M. A. Miller Miss Miller, Mrs. A. M. Simpson, Miss Snell, Mrs. Chauncey Taylor, Mrs. Benjamin F. Weston, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S Crocker were recently entertained in London by Sir Morell Mackenzie.

Mrs. John McMullin and Miss Bettie McMullin will pass the winter in Washington, D C..

Mr. William Corbitt and the Misses Minnie and Nellie Corbitt, of San Mateo, are located at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Miss Daisy Ryan has returned to the city after passing the summer at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Caleb T Fay and the Misses Fay have returned to the city after a four years' absence in Europe.

Miss Belle Grant, who has been passing several weeks at Los Angeles, has returned to the city.

Mrs. Talbot Walker is expected here this winter on a visit from Washington Territory.

Mr. Hall McAllister and Mr. Hall McAllister, Jr., have returned from New York.

Miss Fannie Crocker and Mr. Edgar Crocker have returned from a delightful visit through the southern part of the State.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Shafter and Mr. and Mrs. McKittrick, of Angel Island, passed several days at the Palace Hotel recently.

Mrs. Robert F. Morrison has been at the Palace Hotel during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan, of Redwood City, have been at the Palace Hotel most of the week.

Mr. E. Austin Oothitt, of New York, is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. William H Dimond, Miss Dimond, and Mr. W H. Dimond returned from the East last Monday and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mrs. Amy Crocker will leave soon to visit Coronado Beach.

Miss Jennie de la Montanya returned to the city last Monday after a pleasant visit to Miss Grace M. Spencer, at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles L. Wines, of Oakland, have returned from a northern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Lockwood, of New York, who have been passing a couple of weeks pleasantly on this coast, returned East last Wednesday.

Mrs. John Boggs will pass the winter at the Hotel Rafael in San Rafael.

Mr and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs returned from Calistoga on Thursday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Etta Tracy is in Fresno on a visit to her sister, Mrs F. M. Smith.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Mr. Charles Noble Hamilton and Miss Mollie Conner, daughter of Mrs John W. Conner, will take place at Trinity Church next Wednesday morning.

The German Club will give its first cotillion of the season on Tuesday evening, November 20th, at Union Square Hall. Mr. Chauncey M. St. John and Miss Minnie Nightingale will lead, assisted by Lieutenant J. C. Moore, U. S. N., Miss Mamie K. Griffin, Mr. Frederick T. Griffith and Miss Frances B. Gephard, of Los Angelos. Special efforts have been made to insure its success.

The members of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club will hold their first german at B'nai B'rith Hall next Friday evening. Mr. Edward M. Greenway will lead, and the affair promises to be very successful.

The Edaia Club will give its second german next Tuesday evening at Union Square Hall.

Army and Navy.

Commander J. B Coghlan, U. S. N., was at the Grand Hotel during the early part of the week.

Lieutenant James B. Erwin, Fourth Cavalry, U. S A., has been granted two months' leave of absence to take effect next Thursday.

ART NOTES.

The following excerpt from the New York *Herald* of October 21st will give some idea of what Mr. Wores is doing:

"Theodore Wores, the talented young San Francisco painter, who recently settled in this city, has a studio adjoining those of William M. Chase in the time-honored artistic home, the Tenth Street building. Mr. Chase has loaned Mr. Wores some of his copies of Velasquez and Hals to help decorate the walls of his studio, and bric-à-brac and stuffs brought by the occupant from Japan help to make it artistically attractive. Mr. Wores, whose collection of paintings and studies made in Japan and shown here last season, has been in the Chicago Exposition, returned a few days ago from Tarrytown With similar brilliancy of color and sparkle of sunlight to that found in his Japanese scenes did the artist picture a scene in an old fashioned Tarrytown garden, in which a large modern green-house introduces a not ineffective or unpicturesque reminder of scientific horticulture. An attractive pastel portrait which Mr. Wores has just finished is of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton. The lady, who is pictured in quarter-length, wears a low-necked black dress. A Japanese fan peeps up in a corner, and in the handsome young widow's very blonde hair is stuck in front a silver comb, which produces somewhat the effect of a tiara. Mr. Wores has a number of interesting drawings by Japanese artists and and artworkers, among them being some for carved frames made by a wood-carver. These last, drawn with a bush with much rapidity and displaying great facility in design, are of especial interest. The artist, for such he is, comes of a family of wood-carvers, whose ancestors decorated by their art one of the principal temples. It is a pity that such a man could not be induced to come over and teach carving in one of our technical art schools. Mr Wores says, however, that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to induce one to leave Japan"

The complete collection of Charles A. Platt's etchings, which was loaned to Mr. W. K Vickery for exhibition in this city, will be on view at Union Square Hall next Tuesday and Wednesday, November 13th and 14th. The collection is a valuable one, and a number of proofs by Seymour Haden, Gravesande, Whistler, Buliot, and others will also be shewn.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Mauzy Musical Club.

The Byron Mauzy Musical Club gave a concert last Thursday evening, in Byron Mauzy's warerooms, in the Union Club Building. The attendance was quite large and the selections were received with much applause. The programme was as follows:

Overture—"Ocean Pearls"..... Herman
Professor H R. Austin, Conductor.
Song—"White Squall"..... Barker
Mr. Frank Lyon.
Boehm Solo—"Elegie"..... H. Ernst
(With introduction by S Spohr)
Professor H Clay Wysham.
Zither Solo—(*a*) Czar and Zimmerman,
(*b*) Alpine Landlers.
Miss Bertha Christian
Lied—"The Magic Song"..... Helmund
Miss Cathie Cousen.
Violin Solo—"Souvenir de Haydn" Fantasie.. ...Loenard
Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen.
Baritone Solo—"Infelice"..... Verdi
Mr. Robert F. Sesnon.
Cornet Solo—"Coronado Beach Valse"..... Donigan
Mr. John Donigan.
Finale..... Orchestra

On Friday evening, November 16th, a concert will be given at Saratoga Hall for the benefit of Miss Mary Hagan, dramatic soprano. In addition to a selected programme the first act of "Il Trovatore" and the "Garden Scene" from "Faust" will be presented. The following well-known people will assist: Miss Adeline Hynes, mezzo soprano; Miss Ernestine Goldmann, pianiste; Charles Geoffrie, violinist; Charles Thrower, tenor; Fritz La Fontaine, bass; and Jacob Muller.

Mrs. Carmichael-Carr's concert will be held at Irving Hall next Tuesday evening, under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman. She will have the assistance of Carl Bergstein, basso (his first appearance here). Signor Lombardo, flautist, some members of the Loring Club, Miss Mabel Gross, Master Harry Samuels, violinist, and others. An active interest is being taken in the affair by the patronesses.

The first chamber-music recital of the Hermann Brandt String Quartet's third season will take place at Irving Hall on Wednesday evening, November 14th. The quartet consists of Messrs. Brandt and Louis N. Ritzau, violins; Henry Siering, viola; and Louis Heine, 'cello. Mrs Emilia Tojetti will assist.

Miss Christine Wichmann will give a concert at Irving Hall next Thursday evening, and will be assisted by Mr. Hermann Brandt, violinist, Miss Jacobine Wichmann, contralto, and Miss Ada E. Weigel, pianist.

The second Rosewald orchestral matinée will take place at Irving Hall on Friday, November 16th. Miss Mary E. Barnard and Mr. Brandt will be the soloists.

DIX—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, November 11, 1888.

Cantaloupe.
Mulligatawny Soup.
Fried Tomcods. Lyonnaise.
Green Peas. Summer Squash. Potatoes.
Broiled Quail on Toast.
Roast Saddle of Mutton.
Lettuce.
Ice-Cream and Strawberries.
Sponge-Cake.
Fruits in Season.

HOT-WATER SPONGE-CAKE.—Six eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, two of flour, half-a-cup of boiling water, the grated rind of half a lemon, and one teaspoonful of the juice. Beat the yolks and sugar to a froth; also beat the whites to a stiff froth. Add the lemon to the yolks and sugar, then add the boiling water, next the whites, and, last of all, the flour. Mix quickly and bake in two tins for half-an-hour in a moderate oven.

The late William Warren lived at the boarding-house of Miss Amelia Fisher, in Boston, and it is said that he was the only inmate thereof who was allowed to have a night latch-key. He came and went as he chose, but for other guests Miss Fisher used to sit up, though her acquaintance with theatrical people must have given her occasion to know that they were not apt to be home very early. Charles Fechter and Carlotta Declercq, at one of their engagements here, were guests at the house; and when Fechter, as a matter of course, asked for a latch-key, he was astonished to be answered somewhat grimly, "I will sit up for you."

Emile Ollivier (the "light-hearted" premier of Napoleon the Third) will probably complete by the end of the year his great work on the war of 1870, and of which he recently said: "Two follies, dangerous in their consequences, have taken hold of people's minds: the first, that liberty ruined the empire; the second, that our army was weighed down by superior numbers. I shall demolish these two fallacies, and I shall especially point out that our misfortunes were due to a lack of commanders, and not to the greater strength of the enemy. The Germans have said this long ago, but in France it does not appear to be recognized."

An American, who has just returned from Rome, says of Mr. Stallo, American Minister to Italy: "He occupies a fourth-story flat. After one has pulled the bell a sufficient number of times the minister sticks his head over the baluster and calls out: 'Who's there?' When invited to come up, one ascends through the able-bodied odors of four distinct and separate dinners, where the representative of sixty millions of freemen stands in his dressing-gown smoking his huge meerschaum pipe."

An article in the North China *Herald* upon Chinese benevolence shows that it is very generally practiced. Whenever great floods or famines occur great soup-kitchens are established. There are societies to provide coffins for those who can not buy them, for gathering human bones which have become exposed and giving them suitable burial, for distributing plasters and drugs, and for presenting "virtue books."

A considerable part of the Prince of Wales's salary has gone to pay for uniforms which he must wear at foreign courts. He has over eighty of them, and some cost six or seven hundred dollars.

— A PLEASANT HOUSEHOLD, ALL HAPPY AND smiling, and at what? Because they had their carpets cleaned and renovated in better style than was ever done before, and we recommend above all others Spaulding & Co., the Pioneer Carpet Beaters, 353 Tehama Street. Telephone 3040.

— A WELL-EDUCATED YOUNG LADY FROM THE East wishes a position as companion to an invalid. Is a good reader and an excellent nurse. Can furnish references. Address, "Companion," *Argonaut*, 213 Grant Avenue.

FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY'S FRENCH SOUPS.

Served on all Pullman Palace Buffet Cars throughout the United States. Ask your grocer for them.
MAU, SADLER & CO., 9-15 Beale St., S. F., the Pacific Coast Agents, will mail you a sample can on receipt of fifteen cents in stamps and this advertisement.

DECEMBER STYLES.
BUTTERICK'S
Celebrated Patterns for Ladies, Misses, Boys, and Little Children's Garments.
Catalogues mailed free. Large catalogue stamping pattern designs fifteen cents.
H. A. DEMING,
124 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

AN EXHIBITION
Of the works of notable modern Etchers will be given on November 13th and 14th at Union Square Hall, Post Street, near Mason, both day and evening. All interested in the better examples of the Art are cordially invited.
W. K. VICKERY
108 GRANT AVENUE.

PARLOR FURNITURE.
In our upholstery department we are now showing the largest and finest assortment of Parlor Furniture ever brought together.
Our display of substantial furniture for every-day use and high-class goods for artistic furnishing is positively unequaled.
Buyers will find an excellent selection of unique and artistic designs not procurable elsewhere, at prices to meet everyone's want.
CALIFORNIA FURNITURE CO.
STARR KING BUILDING,
117-123 GEARY STREET.

JOHN MIDDLETON,
COAL
Stockton Street, bet. Post and Sutter Streets.

REMOVAL!
THE
LONDON, PARIS AND AMERICAN BANK
(LIMITED),
HAS REMOVED TO THE
NORTH-WEST COR. SANSOME AND SUTTER STREETS.

MISS MARY HAGAN
Dramatic Soprano,
Pupil of Mme. Fabbri-Muller,
BENEFIT OPERATIC CONCERT,
Friday Evening, Nov. 16th, 1888, at SARATOGA HALL.
Admission, with reserved seat, $1.00.
Ticket office at Matthias Gray Company's Music House, 206 Post Street, beginning day before the concert.
MARCUS M HENRY, Managing Agent.

W. W. MONTAGUE & CO.
MANTELS, GRATES, TILES
Decorative Brass and Iron Goods, Fire-Place Furniture,
FRENCH RANGES,
309-311-313-315 AND 317 MARKET ST.
SAN FRANCISCO.

R. A. SWAIN & CO.,
14, 16, AND 18 POST ST.,
(Established 1852)
Have received a large variety of the popular
ROCHESTER LAMPS
In Table, Library, and Piano, which, added to their former large assortment, makes a display of lamps unequaled.
We still carry a complete line of our open stock pattern in
DECORATED DAISY CHINA,
— AND OUR ASSORTMENT OF —
DECORATED PLATES, SALADS, BON-BON DISHES, CAKE PLATES, FRUIT SAUCERS.
And other odd Table pieces in
Royal Worcester, Dresden, Carlsbad, and Haviland China displayed in our ART ROOM make it of interest to purchasers of the goods to see before buying.

W. H. McCORMICK,
Importer and Manufacturer of
Marble, Granite, and Statuary, Mantels and Grates,
1422 Market St., bet. City Hall Ave. and Larkin St., S. F.

LOUIS ROEDERER CHAMPAGNE.
THE HIGHEST GRADE CHAMPAGNE IN THE WORLD
"CARTE BLANCHE," (White Label) A Magnificent Rich Wine.
"GRAND VIN SEC," (Brown Label) Perfection of a Dry Wine.
See that every Bottle bears the private label of MACONDRAY & CO., Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast.

FULL WEIGHT PURE

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE

s superior excellence proven in millions of homes for e than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United es Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great versities as the Strongest, Purest, and most Healthful. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Am- ia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in cans.
PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
EW YORK. CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS.

TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.
ELING BROS..... PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.

Saturday Evening, November 3d, and until further notice. Tremendous Success of the
CAMPOBELLO GRAND OPERA SEASON,
Verdi's Great Masterpiece,
N BALLO IN MASCHERA!
SIG. ENRICO CAMPOBELLO, as Renato; SIG. NORINA IDA VALERGA, as Amelia; MISS HELENE DINGEON, as Oscar; with our entire Star Company.
LOOK OUT FOR SAID PASHA!
OUR POPULAR PRICES, 25 and 50 cents.

RUGS!

We have just received a special portation of
AGHESTAN,
CASHMERE,
KIRMAN,
BAHNDURR,
AFGHAN,
— AND OTHER —
ORIENTAL RUGS,
hich we are offering at unusually w prices. Connoisseurs and others ould do well to call and examine ese goods, as no finer specimens Oriental Art have ever before en submitted for sale on this ast.

V. & J. SLOANE & CO.
CARPET AND UPHOLSTERY WAREROOMS,
41 TO 647 MARKET STREET.

HE NEW HOME 1,000 MILES AWAY.
AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER.
f there is a "New Home" Sewing Machine within one sand miles of San Francisco, Cal., north, south, east, west (purchased at or through this office, or any of our nches on this coast), which is not giving entire and ab- ute satisfaction in every respect, we will put it in
PERFECT REPAIR FREE OF CHARGE,
cepting only breakage or damage by careless handling, if vered at our store No. 725 Market Street, San ancisco, California.
HE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
CHAS. E. NAYLOR, General Manager.
nufacturers of the Popular "New Home" Light-Run- g Sewing Machine, the leader of the age in practical im- vements and art work attachments, of which it possesses Latest and Best

— FOR —
ALL PAPER,
WINDOW SHADES,
AND CORNICE POLES
— GO TO —
. W. CLARK & CO.,
653 and 655 Market Street.

CENTURY BRIC-A-BRAC.

The Smile of Olivia.

It makes the world a rare and gracious place
To dwell in! Yet we need not greatly care
To keep forever on that laughing face
The radiance of a joy so debonair;
Because this lady in bewildering gowns
Is every bit as charming when she frowns.
—*A. W. R.*

A Supposition.

"Suthin' in the pastoral line."
Lowell.

He had been trying all the winter through
To speak the fateful words; and well she knew
He had been trying—but what could she do?

Most maidenly of little maids was she,
With child-like horror that such thing could be
As that a woman could be "fast" or "free."

And just because he did adore her so,
His tongue would stammer, and his voice would go,
At bare idea of a possible "No."

He had a friend, a learned young professor,
Him he had constituted his confessor
And general moral gauger and assessor.

To him were told the maiden's simple wiles,
Her pretty blushes and beguiling smiles,
In many words, and various moods and styles.

The swain would boast him to the little maid,
When he of other subjects was afraid,
Of all the learning that his friend displayed.

And so, one evening, when it chanced that she
Was bidden to an "evening company,"
She went, with hope this paragon to see.

And he was there; so, too, her bashful swain,
Who, strangely, did not help her to attain
The introduction which she hoped to gain.

For he had suddenly grown sore afraid
That a professor of so high a grade
Would straight supplant him with his little maid.

She waited long, and then—most hardily
For one who thought that maids should not be "free"—
"Will you present me to your friend?" said she.

Now was his chance! Fiercely his pulses hammered,
She'd surely hear his heart, so loud it clamored;
"I—can't present you—you're not mine!" he stammered.

"And if you were"—now, that he had begun,
His courage rose—"I'd keep you, dearest one!"
"Always?" she murmured. "Always!" It was done!
—*Margaret Vandegrift.*

While the Clock Strikes.

AT A CARD-PARTY.

Hostess—Do stop playing a moment! I want you to hear what a beautiful tone my new clock has.

Players—Yes, do let's stop to hear the clock strike! We can whisper.

The clock strikes one.

Young Blunt to Miss D.—If I may begin the whispering, Miss D., you are looking unusually handsome to-night.

Miss D.—Yes, but that does not entitle you to hold my hand, Mr. Blunt.

The clock strikes two.

Old Mrs. A.—How strangely young Mr. Blunt is blushing. What can be the cause?

Old Mr. A.—Don't you see? The proximity of a flirt.

The clock strikes three.

Mr. Z. to young Mrs. Z.—Dear! your hand is so soft to-night. You don't mind my holding it under the table, do you?

Young Mrs. Z.—Holding it under the table? I don't understand you.

The clock strikes four.

Miss D. to young Blunt—Dear Mr. Blunt, really you must release me now. Some one will see us.

Young Blunt—There is some mistake. I never held a hand in my life—except at whist.

The clock strikes five.

Old Mrs. A.—Mr. Blunt is blushing more than ever. Do offer an explanation.

Old Mr. A.—Well—Miss D. has asked him to marry her.

The clock strikes six.

Young Blunt to Mrs. Z.—I have such a joke! Somebody is holding Miss D.'s hand, and she thinks it's I.

Young Mrs. Z.—Oh, dear, who *can* it be?

The clock strikes seven.

Hostess to daughter—Why is Mrs. Z. making such unearthly faces at her husband?

The daughter—Isn't his cravat coming off?

The clock strikes eight.

Mrs. Z. to Mr. Z.—For heaven's sake, Henry, drop my hand! It isn't mine, it's Miss D.'s.

Mr. Z.—Saints and martyrs!

The clock strikes nine.

Mrs. Z. urbanely to Miss D.—How nice and warm your hand was, my dear.

Miss D.—Nice and warm—why, it was *you*, then!

The clock strikes ten.

Old Mrs. A.—Now Miss D. is blushing, too. What *can* it all be about?

Old Mr. A.—Young Blunt has told her he's sorry, but his heart is another's.

The clock strikes eleven.

Miss D. to young Blunt—I take it all back, Mr. Blunt. I forgot that you dislike jokes.

Young Blunt—Ha! ha! I like them first-rate. Only I thought you were in earnest, you know.

Miss D.—Oh, how stupid!

The clock strikes twelve.

Hostess (aloud)—There! Confess that you never heard quite such a clock.

All (aloud)—Oh, we never did! So silvery! And so slow! (The playing goes on again.)
—*October Century.* —*Xenos Clark.*

A new dinner-table wrinkle is a dish of dark-colored jelly, in the centre of which is an electric-light. The effect of its sudden illumination is said to be magnificent.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera" is being very creditably sung at the Tivoli, and the house has suffered but little from the election. It will be continued for at least another week, a revival of "Said Pasha" being announced to follow.

Hallen and Hart will occupy the Alcazar stage next week with a musical farce-comedy which is new to this city, though it has been known in the East for several months. It is entitled "Later On," and is the work of Donnelly, who wrote "Natural Gas."

Miss Murtha Porteus, who made her début at the Tivoli half-a-dozen years ago, and has since been in a number of Eastern companies—McCaull's Opera Company being the last—is with Hallen and Hart, and will appear in "Later On" at the Alcazar next week.

Mme. Modjeska's coming six weeks' engagement at the Baldwin will not be a stop gap by any means. Maurice Barrymore, it is said, will be her chief support, and the entire company will be composed of Eastern people brought out here "for this occasion only."

The Grand Opera House is to be brightened up for a brief opera season of one consecutive night on Tuesday evening, November 27th. The occasion is an operatic performance, with costumes, scenery, and all details complete, by the pupils of Mme. Inez Fabbri-Muller.

Mary Anderson told some one, just before she left England, that Lord Tennyson considered her "a living, breathing poem," and during her recent visit to his house he gave her the title of "Ministering Angel of Tobacco," letting her fill and light the long "churchwardens" which he loves to smoke.

The Haverly-Cleveland Minstrels have been attracting large audiences during the week, in spite of the excitement over the elections. They have been top-heavy, to be sure, but the line of men waiting for admittance to the gallery before the doors opened has extended away down Market Street every evening. The minstrels will play one week more.

Three facts have been definitely ascertained about Jane Hading—that she is reticent to the verge of ambiguity as to how she came by her pseudo-English name, that she never wears a wig, whatever her rôle may be, and that nothing has surprised her in America more than the newspapers. "They are enterprising, but *mon Dieu, que de mensonges!*"

Daniel Sully, the boy Malvey, and Max Arnold have been creating a deal of merriment at the Bush Street, and the others in the company have rounded out "Daddy Nolan" into a performance that is at least satisfactory. Next week they give four nights of "The Corner Grocery," and devote the remaining performances to "Daddy Nolan." The production of the new play, "Con Conway & Co., Tailors," has been postponed for a time.

Manager Hayman has secured a remarkable series of attractions for next year at the Baldwin Theatre. Among them may be mentioned Mary Anderson; young Sothern in "Lord Chumley," which has been running for months at the Lyceum in New York; the Emma Abbott Company; W. T. Carleton's Company; Rosina Vokes's new company; Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, the pets of Belgravian theatre-goers; Coquelin and Jane Hading; Modjeska; and the spectacular version of Haggard's "She" written by William Gillette, the author of "Held by the Enemy," "The Private Secretary," etc. For the New California Theatre Mr. Hayman announces no engagements except the opening by Booth and Barrett.

The French colony—with many Americans who wish to furbish up their French for the Coquelin-Hading season—is interested in the performance to be given by the local Théâtre Français at Irving Hall, to-morrow (Sunday) evening. The complete programme is as follows: Overture to "La Dame Blanche"; "Fourberie de Femme," a *scène conjugale* enacted by Mlle. Villemer and M. Juignet; Fantaisie on "Erminie"; "Une Tasse de Thé," a one-act comedy of five characters; a duo from Ambroise Adam's "Chalet," sung by MM. Péchin and Morel; and the one-act vaudeville, "Une Enfant Terrible," by Henri Meilhac and Ludovic Halévy, in which Mlles. L. Villemer and H. Carreu, little Louise Grosset, and MM. Girard and Juignet take part.

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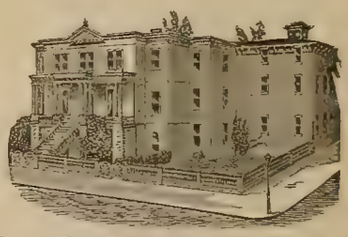
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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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If the undeserved and brutal affront which Mr. Cleveland, for a political purpose, put upon Sackville, the English Minister, through Mr. Secretary Bayard, was intended to test the feelings of America toward England and to estimate the value of the Irish Catholic vote of the country, it has had its effect. The Presidential result has been governed largely by the recent anti-English incidents. The rejection of the fisheries settlement with Canada, the retaliation threat of Cleveland, and the altogether discourteous and unmannerly treatment of Lord Sackville West have, in our judgment, contributed more largely to the overthrow of the Democratic party than the protection issue or the eloquence of Mr. Blaine. As the result of party conflicts there has gone abroad to the world the impression that in America there exists an unfriendly feeling toward our mother land, and that for Ireland and the Irish we have a most affectionate regard and a deep political sympathy. It is not surprising that this opinion should prevail, for it has been apparent for some years that there has been a most persistent effort on the part of both national parties to secure the Irish Roman Catholic votes. Mr. Blaine gave emphasis to this impression of things in his endeavors to conciliate the Romish Church and the Irish people, in his three-times effort to secure the Republican nomination, and in his one contest for the Presidential office. The politicians and the press of the country became eloquent in their endeavors—the Democracy to retain, and the Republican party to obtain, the assistance of the Catholic Irish in their party contests. These efforts were conspicuous in the great commercial cities, and, as the great journals and the leading politicians belong to the cities, the impression was spread abroad that the Americans hated the English and loved the Irish; party resolutions of important centres colored the political complexion of the country districts, until the Republican party, in its last national convention, had the shameless impudence to declare in its party platform that it "hoped" for Ireland the acquisition of "home-rule." The defeat of Mr. Blaine for President four years ago after his open bid for the Irish Catholic vote ought to have taught the party managers and the party press a lesson. The defeat of Mr. Blaine for nomination at the last Chicago convention ought to have kept that memory green. It was observed by all intelligent and keen-witted partisans that during this canvass Mr. Blaine permitted no opportunity to escape him to compliment and blarney the Irish. Ireland was ever on his ready tongue. It was also noticeable that Mr. Cleveland had become so completely frightened that he was compelled to qualify the independent attitude taken by him as governor of New York in reference to Irish Catholic charities, and to become openly subservient to the Church of Rome, and openly to offer his bids in the political market overt for Irish votes. His action in reference to the Chinese exclusion bill, the Canadian fisheries retaliation question, and his sham indignation at and offensive treatment of the English Minister were all precipitated into a few weeks of political excitement. Public sentiment sometimes revolutionizes in a very short period. It did so in this instance. There came to the American people an awakening sense of their cowardly and pitiful attitude before the world in the shameful indignities put upon China, Canada, and England, and their mortifying abasement before an ignorant, voting mob of Irish, inspired by hatred of England and bigotry toward the Italian Church. Local influences becoming active all over the land, began to arouse this English Protestant and American sentiment to action. In San Francisco we saw the priests of Rome and the laymen of Jesuit orders active in building parochial school-houses, in fulminating spiritual thunders against parents and guardians who did not patronize them in organizing secret political societies like that of the "Institute." The work of the Jesuit order in pressing the president of its sodality upon the Democratic party for sheriff in the person of the very worthy Mr. Kelly, and of Jeremiah Sullivan upon the supreme bench through the efforts of its confessional and the intrigues of its secret orders, had been fully exposed. In every precinct, township, and county, and in every hamlet, village, and larger city of California wherever there was a Roman Catholic church and priest, or wherever there was a monkery, or school, or order, or institution of Rome, there every Irish Roman Catholic vote was appealed to in aid of the Irish Catholic candidate on whatever ticket he might happen to be. The press was kept in cowardly silence and the politicians held in the fear of impartial non-action, but throughout the community spread the whispered fear of Rome, spread the muttered hate of the Papal Irish, and with it came the reaction that stirred grateful memories of our mother land, and awakened the Protestant sentiment of the nation to the dangers of ecclesiastical, priestly, and secret aggressions. Did we desire to drive England to war, and to open in all our sea-ports and upon our great sea-coast cities the thunder of its guns? Could we afford to make politics at this cost? Was it dignified or decent for America longer to occupy this attitude? The answer came like a cloud-burst. Sixty days ago the election of Grover Cleveland was assured. When the moment came it came with the force of a cyclone, breaking down, bursting, and sweeping away all the barriers which politics, diplomacy, and cowardice had reared, and the result has been the election of a Republican President, whose ancestral birth, whose traditions, whose religion, and whose whole moral and intellectual make-up pledges himself and his administration as the friend of England and the opponent of the erection of any ecclesiastical political structure under the shadow of the American Constitution or in connection with the fabric of the American commonwealth. To every party as to every man there comes the opportunity of great achievements. Not often does such opportunity twice occur, and perhaps never when the first occasion is permitted to pass. The Republican party opposing the extension of slavery came into alliance and sympathy with all the great moral sentiments of the times. It had the courage to embrace the right and oppose the wrong; it had the nerve to meet the shock and endure the strain of war; it triumphed in preserving the union and maintaining the integrity of the nation; it held political power for more than two decades, when, in losing the moral courage of its convictions, it lost political power; it had not the courage to be American; it lacked the nerve to stand up in opposition to the incarnate fiend of alcohol; it had not the sense to recognize the necessity of civil service reform, and it made the mistake of choosing for its candidate in the Presidential election one whose individual integrity and Protestant faith did not command unquestioning confidence. The result was defeat. The pendulum has swung back, and now is presented its second opportunity to reject all that is bad and embrace all that is good. The Presidential office is to be occupied by an honorable and intelligent descendant of honorable American ancestors, who enjoys in a remarkable degree the confidence and respect of the nation. He has been elected by the people and through the exercise of an intelligent judgment, rather than through the aid of party machinery and the influence of party politicians. In becoming the President of sixty millions of people, General Harrison has the right to ignore the brawling impudence that has forced itself into the front and noisy ranks, and to fill the offices within his gift with intelligent and honorable men. It is the opportunity of the Republican party to call back to its ranks all civil service reformers, Americans, and temperance men who have been alienated, and with them to call over all that large number of respectable Democrats who are protectionists, and to break the programme of a solid Democratic South with a generous policy.

"But let us remember that wise monition to triumph moderately. . . . For victory would, indeed, be barren of good fruit and unworthy respect if it did not bring benefit to all alike, regardless of geographical lines or party divisions. We have sharp rivalry as Democrats or Republicans during the earnest struggle of the campaign, but when the election is over we remember that we are all united in an enduring brotherhood of American citizenship—citizenship of the East and West, of the North and the South, citizens of a great undivided individual republic." These words were uttered by Mr. Blaine in a speech, on the twelfth of November, at a mass-meeting of Republicans, held at Augusta. We recall his utterances of four years ago, when he was being sympathized with over his own mortifying defeat, and contrast them with the "felicitations and congratulations" surrounding the victory of General Harrison. Then we heard from Mr. Blaine bitter reproaches and recriminations, charges against the South, with criticisms concerning Republicans prominent at the North. It pleases us to think we are again united in an "enduring brotherhood of American citizenship," which embraces East and West and North and South; we hope and believe that the administration under President Harrison will be so generously and justly conducted that the great republic may remain undivided. We sincerely hope that General Harrison will call to his councils men of wise judgment, broad patriotism, and of that kind of resolute independence which will have courage to lead the Republican party back to paths of moral rectitude as in its earlier history. If General Harrison will model his administration more after Lincoln and less after Blaine, will counsel more with the rank and file, and less with party leaders, it will be a success. In General Harrison we have every confidence. If he will place Senator Sherman, Warner Miller, John H. New, Senator Edmunds, William

Walter Phelps, Senator Allison, of Iowa, Senator Stewart, of Nevada, and such like honorable men in his Cabinet; will for his foreign policy have the courage to treat England as well as he would a national Ireland; giving the Chinese their rights under the law as he would subjects of the strongest empire of Europe; for his domestic policy act as though he was President of all the States, not allowing the ambitious bee of a Presidential renomination to bumble in his bonnet, nor forget that he is chief executive of an American Republic having in its keeping the destiny of a great, proud commonwealth of free people, and guard the institutions of the land against the Jesuitical intrigues of a foreign ecclesiasticism—there will be no doubt of a prosperous, honorable, and dignified administration. Such an administration might be less brilliant in its foreign policy than it would be were Mr. Blaine invited to direct it, but it would be infinitely more respectable and immeasurably more safe.

A problem which is now attaining rather more than usual prominence in Europe, deals with the question whether those who represent the coping-stones of the fabric of government are naturally and intellectually competent to fill that exalted and responsible position. It may be said, and truly said, that there has scarcely ever been a period in European history which has not afforded the spectacle of at least one profligate or imbecile king, in one country or the other of that long-suffering continent. It is in the nature of things, and in accordance with the law of chances, that this should be the case. And, to keep up the metaphor, just as a "streak" of good or bad luck attends a gambler at his game, so it is with the moral and intellectual personnel of the crowned heads of Europe. There have been several periods in the history of that continent, since it began to develop into an organized family of states, that have been signalized by the appearance of several royal stars at once on the political stage, notably, the instance of the *tres magi*, as Henry the Seventh of England, Charles the Fifth of Germany, and Francis the First of France were called, all of them men of keen penetration, sound judgment, and first-class executive ability, who molded the doctrines of Europe during the latter part of the fifteenth century. Nor, till we come down to the present century, is it that we particularly remark the absence of some great name from the roll-call of European sovereigns. The reigns of Elizabeth of England, Peter the Great of Russia, Louis the Fourteenth of France, Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, Frederick the Great of Prussia, and Napoleon succeeded or dove-tailed into each other so aptly that only for a short period, in the space of three hundred years, was there any interregnum of great kingly actors in the theatre of Europe. Accordingly the barrenness of the century we live in, in this respect, becomes more marked, even the late aged emperor of Germany—certainly the most prominent royal figure of the century, excepting Napoleon—dwindling into very insignificant proportions beside the giants of the past. It is no doubt this lack of great kingly qualities in hereditary rulers, this unquestionable decadence from the vigorous assertion of supremacy, of independence of action, of royal prerogative which characterized their predecessors, combined with the liberal tendencies of the age and the evolution of the reflective faculty among the masses, that is fast bringing the kingly title and the kingly station into disrepute. It is useless to disguise the fact that the European sovereign is becoming, day by day, more of a luxury and less of a necessity to the nations. The late episode in the little kingdom of Wurtemberg, touching the relations between King Charles and some American advisers whom he had taken into his confidence—which relations were so distasteful to his regularly constituted ministers, that they threatened to resign unless the new favorites were dismissed, and gained their point—is evidence that a king can not safely run counter to the wishes of his subjects, even in that stronghold and hot-bed of feudalism, the ancient Swabia. The fate of the late King Ludwig of Bavaria, the adjoining kingdom, who considered royalty a synonym for selfish indulgence and the squandering of the resources of his people, is another argument in support of this position. Still, in a consideration of the gradual but inevitable narrowing and filling in of the great gulf which formerly separated the subject from the king, the fact must not be lost sight of that other forces are at work than the mere fortuitous one which has denied to Europe, for the moment, the presence of any master-mind among her monarchs comparable to those great ones of the past whom we have cited. Granted that neither Victoria of England, or Alexander of Russia, or Francis Joseph of Austria, or Humbert of Italy, or that as yet unknown political quantity, the young German Emperor, are possessed of more than mediocre abilities and very ordinary aptitude for the task of governing, that would not wholly and in itself account for the decrease of prestige which has within recent years attached to the crown, nor for the steady contraction of the lines between the commonalty and the throne. Another cause must be looked for to account for this, and that cause lies as much in the leveling up of the masses in point of culture as in the leveling down of their rulers in point of brains. The present century has been one essentially of intellectual, as well as material, advancement to the great middle classes, which compose the bone, sinew, and brains of the nations of the world. The raising of the standard of education in public and common schools; the enormous growth of the printing-press, and the consequent dissemination of news from every region of the world to every other region, has quickened the faculties of analysis, reflection, and judgment, and rendered it possible to gain even experience by proxy, while it has put the most famous and the most useful productions of literature and science within the reach of all; all this has rendered it possible for the artisan in his workshop, and the peasant in his cottage, to keep himself as exactly informed upon contemporary history and questions of public policy as the minister in his cabinet or the king upon his throne. Thus it has come to pass that the man has become more of a monarch, and the monarch more of a man. Again, it may be remembered, in commenting upon the curtailed prerogative of kings in the present day, that there is not the same room for the exercise of dictatorial power as there was even a century ago; and that the ruler cursed—for to him it would so prove—with the genius of a Frederick or a Napoleon would, if he should attempt to imitate their tactics, but make of himself a shining mark for the arrows of his neighbors, and one upon which the thunderbolt would be sure to fall. Thus, the very mediocrity of existing royalty, instead of being the handicap under which it seems at first sight to labor, may really tend toward a more extended permanence. As regards a lasting stability and perpetuity for the thrones of Europe it is idle to speculate, for the simple reason that the political history of the ancient world had no counterpart of and bore no relation to the political and social conditions of the present. With no precedent to go upon no deductions can be drawn.

The question now giving the greatest anxiety to General Harrison is undoubtedly concerning the statesmen whom he will appoint to his Cabinet. As there are but seven positions to fill, and in every Republican State seven times seventy-seven persons who think they are statesmen and confident of their ability to fill a chair in Cabinet councils, his choice is one of great embarrassment. Warner Miller, of New York, James G. Blaine, of Maine, Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, Whitelaw Reid, of the New York *Tribune*, William Walter Phelps, of New Jersey, General Alger, of Michigan, General Henderson, of Illinois, Murat Halstead and Senator Sherman, of Ohio, J. H. New, of Indiana, are all men of prominence, high position, distinguished party service, and there is not one of them who is not justly and fairly entitled to consideration. Then come Depew, Hale, Fry, General Wallace, Mitchell, of Oregon, Hawley, of Connecticut, Allison, of Iowa, Senator William M. Stewart, Ingalls, of Kansas, and other men North and South, distinguished for their intelligence, moral character, and social standing, whom the nation would be proud to have in council with its President. The presentation of these three-times seven distinguished names is suggestive of the embarrassment with which the President-elect will find his selection of a Cabinet attended. What will he do when there occurs to him the name of Michael Henry De Young, proprietor of the *Chronicle*, member of the national committee in charge of the Pacific States and Territories, and he recalls the incident of his visit to Indianapolis during the Chicago convention? What will the President do when he has recalled to his memory the name of Morris M. Estee, who presided with so much dignity over the convention which honored him with the Presidential nomination, and who also visited Indianapolis to inform him of the fact? What will the President do when the name of Mr. John F. Swift shall revive his grateful reminiscences of the heroic combat in Oregon?—the first shell of the campaign, first blood of the encounter, lifting of the curtain to the first scene of the bloodless tragedy of the great Presidential conflict; he will be in part relieved when informed that the commander of the yacht *Lurline* will not expect the portfolio of the navy, and it is possible, though we think not probable, that there may be other names within the Republican ranks of California whose owners will not be willing to illustrate their patriotic devotion to the party by accepting lucrative and honorable offices. We deeply sympathize with the President-elect in the embarrassments that environ him, and in event that none of the distinguished Californians named should be rewarded for the service they have rendered in the campaign commensurate with their own estimate of its value, they will have our most earnest commiseration in their disappointment and in the mortification of a non-appreciation of their self-estimated importance.

In all the manufacturing towns of Connecticut, where the question of tariff taxation was most exhaustively discussed throughout the campaign, there are given Democratic gains. New Jersey, a manufacturing State, has doubled its Democratic majority of 1884. In Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and, indeed, in nearly all the great cities and centres of important industries where the labor vote controlled, the same phenomenon is observable. San Francisco, where nearly all the manufacturing industries of California are located, went Democratic. Alameda, which is the residence of a wealthy class, and Los Angeles, to which more people of wealth and leisure have immigrated within two years than to all the balance of the State, have given largely increased Republican majorities. The last of the discussion upon the principles of free trade has not yet been heard, and if Mr. Cleveland leaves this issue as his inheritance to the Democratic party, the struggle has but just begun. To the Republican party is presented the opportunity of securing the labor class by legislating in its interest against the invasion of European laborers. This is the American principle and would secure the American sentiment; correcting then the naturalization laws, protecting the public lands, the free-school system, and the thorough separation of church and state, and there is no reason why the Republican party should not enter another twenty-four years of political administration.

We are pleased to learn that Mr. Dennis J. Coleman, a Democrat of Portland, Oregon, is about to revise the American party, and that "all the anti-Irish and anti-Catholic principles are to be eliminated from it." As we presume from his name that Mr. Dennis Coleman's veins course with Irish blood and his heart is bursting with Romish faith, and his desire for political reform is prompted by the Republican majority of some eight thousand in Oregon, we think him likely to be more successful in the organization of an "American party" than native-born citizens are likely to be. There is no denying that against those who are unfortunate enough to have been born upon the soil there is a strong prejudice, while the best of feelings exist toward those of alien descent; this is illustrated in California by the vote for Judge Sullivan, who for no other reasons that we can understand than his Irish nationality, his Jesuit education, his interpretation of the law of marriage in the Sharon case, his membership of secret Roman Catholic societies, has run ahead of his Democratic associate, and in San Francisco received over thirty thousand votes, while his opponent, Judge Works, received but twenty-three thousand. If any interpretation can be placed upon this vote other than that the Papal Church and its priesthood does intermeddle, and as a church organization, in the political affairs of the country, we should be pleased to listen to it and to print it. Fortunately for the community, however, the interior of the State has reversed the verdict of the city. As we go to press, two hundred and forty thousand ballots are counted out of two hundred and fifty thousand, and Judge Works has a majority over Judge Sullivan of seventeen hundred. We can scarcely find words to express our gratification over the defeat of this Jesuit judge.

One of the *Argonaut* contributors has discovered a curious fact about the curious tale we reprinted from *Blackwood* last week—"Aut Diabolus aut Nihil." Although the story appeared in the October number of *Blackwood* as if written for that publication, our contributor has found the same story in the old *Galaxy* for February, 1877. On examination, however, we find that the *Blackwood* tale has been made much more elaborate than was the original in the *Galaxy*; it is longer, and the various personages have been painted in minute detail. The story has not been improved by this process. The character-analysis is now microscopic enough for a novel, and as a result the story, as a short story, has suffered. It is out of drawing. Considering the remoteness of the events on which the story purports to be founded, as shown by this discovery of its former publication, and its consequent lack of *actualité*, the comments of the London *Athenæum* (which we appended last week) are rather amusing.

Two Democratic newspapers, the *Sun*, of New York, and the *Examiner*, of San Francisco, are amusing themselves at the expense of Mr. De Young, of the *Chronicle*, by presenting his name as a possible Cabinet officer and pretending to think there is a possibility of his choice. Mr. De Young has not alluded to the subject in his journal, and doubtless fully appreciates the sarcastic fun that is being indulged in at his expense. Mr. De Young does not lack the sense to know his own unfitness for a Cabinet position. We presume that he never indulged himself in any hope of its attainment, and though he opposed the nomination of General Harrison, he has undoubtedly too much respect for the feelings of the new President and the welfare of the party to submit the administration to the character of criticism that would be raised in event of his receiving recognition for his political services. Mr. De Young is sensitive upon the subject of his religion, and hence it is that his enemies have seized upon this point to annoy him. We print the malicious sarcasm of Mr. Dana, which has been reproduced in the *Examiner*, to illu

ate how bitter and unworthy are the jealousies of journals hich animate competitive journals of contending parties:

Special to the *Examiner*.—NEW YORK, November 14: "Some of ur Jewish-American citizens are very much interested in the prospect of ne of their number entering President Harrison's Cabinet next March. I. H. De Young, the well-known Jewish Californian, proprietor and litor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, is the man who is spoken of, and e office he desires to secure is that of Postmaster-General. Mr. De oung has recently been in this city, and within the past few weeks he as repeatedly flitted between Indianapolis and New York. He was the est of President-elect Harrison in Indianapolis, and General Harrison eely acknowledges the important services of Mr. De Young in his omination and election, as also in securing for him the vote of Califor a.

"Mr. De Young's Jewish Republican compatriots in this city and sewhere are highly interested in the favorable news about his probable ppointment as Postmaster-General. They say that the Republican rty received large support in the late election from the large Jewish lement in the United States, and that the selection of a prominent raelite for Harrison's Cabinet would tend to rivet them to that party. Ir. De Young himself is known to be desirous of the office in question, d his San Francisco friends say that he is well fitted for the discharge the duties.

"A Jewish-American, in conversation on the subject yesterday, said at not one of the members of his race, many of whom are very lented, had ever been chosen by any of our Presidents for a Cabinet fice, though Disraeli was Premier of England, Judah P. Benjamin was torney-General of the Southern Confederacy," and Judas Iscariot was asurer of the apostolic fund.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Moral of the Late Election.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The recent election was one of those instances aberration of intellect which occur at intervals in order to enliven his ry. Deliberately, with their eyes open, in the face of ample warning, d in defiance of the lessons of experience, a majority of an intelligent ople voted to set the hands of the clock of progress backward. They ted out of power a party of reform which had given them an absolutely meless administration of public affairs, in order to restore to power party of reaction whose conduct had often been honeycombed with rruption, many of whose leaders had been either dishonest or im cile, and whose policy was quite frequently composed of equal parts of norance and deception.

This appears strange. And yet it is not unusual. On the contrary, often happens. Thrice during this decade the same phenomenon has en observed.

In December, 1884, in the teeth of furious opposition from the nobility, r. Gladstone carried through Parliament his franchise bill, which gave tes to one million nine hundred thousand British subjects. On June 1886, he was defeated in Parliament, and appealed to the country. e very men he had enfranchised voted against him, and when the new rliament met, he found he could only command two hundred and hty votes, against three hundred and ninety which were pledged to opponents of the new franchise. There was a certain plausibility in rd Salisbury's remark that the British people, who have been said to ve invented self-government, had emphatically set the seal of condem tion on schemes of self-government.

On October 4, 1885, a general election of deputies took place in ance. Five parties were represented at the polls: the Republicans pper, comprising the intellectual bone and sinew of France; the dicals, who are an advanced school of Republicans; the Royalists, o represent an incomprehensible scheme of Bourbon restoration; the leanists, who are half-hearted Republicans in monarchical disguise; Bonapartists, who represent a personality which has ceased to exist. the former house, the Republicans had had four hundred and sixty o seats, and the Reactionaries ninety-five; the vote of October 4, 1885, f two hundred and five Reactionaries to the Chamber, and only three dred and ninety-one Republicans, including Radicals. The conse ence is that whenever the Radicals have chosen to unite with the Re ionaries, they have overthrown the administration of the day; and government has rested on so insecure a foundation that the ambi s adventurer Boulanger has been enabled to dance an Indian war nce on the institutions of France. In other words, the French people ltified themselves at the election.

Still more recently, in November, 1886, Chancellor Bismarck de nded of the Reichstag that it should surrender the German nation's ntrol of the army appropriations for seven years. The Reichstag, h a consciousness of its duty to the nation, firmly refused. It was solved by the emperor, and a new election was held on February 21, 7. The result of that election was almost to annihilate the Socialist, Democratic, and the Independent parties, to reduce the Liberal ngth from sixty-seven to thirty-one votes, and to give the government overwhelming a preponderance in the Reichstag that the opposition not deem it worth while to record its vote against the Septennial asures. The German people voted against their traditions, their in ations, and their principles.

These are foreign examples. Only once before in our history did a ilar aberration of intellect occur, and that, curious to say, happened en the grandfather of the present President-elect was elected. The eat of Martin Van Buren was brought about by the same methods as defeat of Cleveland. A band of unscrupulous speakers and writers, o were almost though not quite as unprincipled as Blaine, assured the blic that the prevailing distress, which proceeded from the collapse of wildcat banking system, had been caused by the administration. e distress was real enough; the public was only too ready to accept capegoat; they voted the ablest and purest of Presidents out of ver with a hurrah, on the strength of lies, and torchlight processions, l brass bands, and effigies of log cabins, and mugs of hard cider, and d shouting in the streets, in the style of the "Woo-Wah" of the igo Club of to-day. He who reads the speeches of the Whig stump akers in the campaign of 1840, is amazed that reasonable beings l patience to listen to such stuff; but, after all, it was not more non sical than the recent discourses of Mr. Blaine and Mr. Thomas d, and it accomplished its work. Enthusiastically, as if they had ng a good work, in the teeth of the unanswerable logic of Bancroft, Marcy, and Cass, in derision of Edwin Croswell's massive reason in spite of the plainest dictates of common sense, and in defiance the gathering anti-slavery cloud, nineteen out of twenty-six States d to relegate to private life the greatest American the North had yet duced and to set up in his place—an old fool.

s always happens, the aberration was followed by reaction, and ved fatal to the party which had been its beneficiary. Not even the uence of Henry Clay could save the Whigs from defeat in 1844; though the split in the Democrats gave their enemies a flicker of cess in 1848, it did not last, and Whiggery went down never to rise in. He would be a bold man who should undertake to cast the oscope of the Republican party to-day; but, unless analogy be at t, the victory of 1888 will prove worse for the party than a defeat ld have been, and it will take more than the admission of two or e new Republican States to avert the fate which follows political es.

he result of the election will not be an unmixed evil on this coast if rove the means of dispelling the anti-Chinese delusion. We can rd to stand Mr. Harrison for four years if his election is going to hus that the era of our abasement to the hoodlum of the sand-lot and he flannel-mouth of Tar-Flat is at an end. And it looks like it. Mr. rison's enlightened and civilized views on the Chinese question did cost him one vote on this coast. In the very precincts where his oundness on the question was most widely advertised, his majorities largest. Is it not fair to infer that the assumed hostility of Califor ia to Chinese immigration is fictitious and unreal, and that with the ption of Mr. Rooney and Mr. Hoffmeyer, who have a professional rest in the agitation, and a parcel of ignoramuses whom they lead, e is no honest objection in California to reviving the immigration of namen?

his is a question which must be discussed in the columns of the *Argo t*, for it can not be discussed elsewhere. There is probably not one prietor or editor of a daily journal who objects to Chinese labor, or would refuse to employ it; but not one of them dare say so in his paper. They have all too keen a recollection of 1878, of Denis Kearney, and of his thick stick. They are all terrorized, and from want of cour age they help maintain a delusion which degrades and disgraces us all.

Two events of the close of the campaign partake of the ludicrous. The *Examiner* discovered that the uniforms to be worn in a Republi can procession at Sacramento were sewed by Chinamen, and brought forth the damning fact with tremendous flourish of trumpets. Where upon the *Chronicle* retaliated by showing that Jenkins, of Elk Grove, a Democratic Presidential elector, was such a monster in human form that he employed Chinamen on his farm. Did these fearful revelations change one vote? Not one. Everybody understood that the row was being made to humbug somebody, and it turned out that there was no body willing to be humbugged.

Of course the Republican uniforms at Sacramento were sewed by Chinamen. So were the Democratic uniforms. Chinamen are adepts at the use of the sewing-machine; they do not drink; they do not squabble; they are reliable, hence tailors prefer them, when they can get them, to white Knights of the Goose.

So Jenkins, of Elk Grove, probably did hire Chinese farm-hands. He was lucky to be able to get them. All his neighbors, Republican and Democratic, hire them when they can. They are steady, industri ous, sober, and faithful; they do not get drunk every time they are paid off, and they do not strike for higher wages just in the middle of the harvest. Why should they not be employed?

Does not it occur to somebody that this farce of our ferocious hatred to the Chinese has been played about long enough, and that it ought to be taken off the bills for something fresher and newer? B.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 15, 1888.

An Undiscouraged American.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I belong to the American party first, last, and all the time, and though in the heat of the late campaign many of our numbers fell by the wayside, yet enough of us pulled through to demon strate that patriotism still lives.

It is not necessary for us to wait for four years for another opportunity of expressing ourselves, let us like determined men commence now and force our principles to the front.

I would suggest as a plan for immediate action, that the American party in this State draft a bill on the subject of the "Restriction of all Foreign Emigration," and that the Hon. W. W. Morrow be instructed by his constituents to introduce said bill in Congress. I would have petitions drawn up and sent throughout the State for signatures. I would go further, and have all American clubs throughout the United States do likewise, and instruct their representatives to support the bill. There is certainly a strong feeling throughout the country in favor of this question, and we can make it an important national issue in 1892, if we fail to get the bill through the next Congress.

If Mr. Morrow refuses to take up the matter he will place himself in a weak position as a subject for future election to public office. If he takes up the matter he will have the honor of having his name linked with a movement of immense importance to the American people, though he will be only forestalling the inevitable. I imagine that no difficulty will be experienced in getting sufficient signatures to such a petition as will convince Mr. Morrow that it must not be disregarded.

Wages now, with the aid of a war tariff, are maintained at their present scale only by the organization of labor unions and frequent strikes. Let us bring this subject before the minds of the working classes; endeavor to show them that *true protection* lies in the cutting off of the supply of nearly one million cheap laborers from Europe annually; point out to them that we have over sixty millions of people in this country, and large as it is, even now we are feeling the tremor of contention between labor and capital, which will sooner or later violently shake the whole republic.

By resolutely forcing the principles of the American party before the people, we will be strengthening our case for 1892. Our principles always live; they do not die at the end of a campaign. Now, Mr. Editor, if you feel like I do on this subject, with the aid of eloquent pen you can do more than any man in California to bring the desired result about. F. S. S.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 12, 1888.

We know that Mr. W. W. Morrow is in hearty and fearless sympathy with the suggestions made above, else he had not been reëlected to Congress this time. From personal interviews with Senators Stanford, of California, and Senator Stewart, of Nevada, we are made acquainted with their views upon the whole line of American principles, and both are in sympathy with them, though both gentlemen are of the opinion that these and kindred reforms should be accomplished by the Republican party and within its lines. Americans who have aided to organize an independent party have been led to this determination because the national parties have not had the courage to declare themselves in favor of American principles, but if either shall accept the principles and adopt the policy suggested by the American party, there is, we think, every probability that the party so determining will have the almost unanimous support of the persons who are now advocating American principles.—ED. ARGONAUT.

Drainage Here and in Melbourne.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In your last issue (November 12th) I note an article briefly descriptive of Melbourne, the chief city of Victoria, in Australia. In that article the system of surface drainage that prevails in Melbourne is spoken of as a "great and dangerous drawback" to the general well-being. Having been a resident of San Francisco for some six years past, I can not, of course, speak with personal knowledge of the present condition of general health in Melbourne, but I can safely say that during all the many years I lived there before coming here, I never met with, or heard of, one case of broken health and dangerous illness, resulting from sewer-gas poisoning, such as I have known in dozens of cases here. When we first came to San Francisco, being quite ignorant of the sewage system and the risks arising from stationary wash-bowls, bath-rooms, and water-closets in the house, we, that is, my mother, sister, and self, became so thoroughly poisoned by sewer-gas in the flats we occupied in Golden Gate Avenue that our health has never recovered from the injury. My mother died after five years of impaired health; we others are still in delicate health, and we suffered very cruelly through the drainage system of *this* city. I know many other cases like our own. I know people who have had to give up a prosperous business at a heavy loss and go elsewhere for years, in order to partially recover their health.

It is my intention to write to the press of Melbourne by the next outgoing mail, also to such of my friends as have political influence there, warning them, if they do contemplate a change of system, to carefully choose and establish some plan that will be less deadly to the public, and especially to new residents, than is the system established in San Francisco. Melbourne is the healthiest city in Australia despite of, or is it *because of*, her open drainage? Malaria from sewer-gas poison is a thing unheard of there.

I shall feel greatly favored if you will give this brief opinion a place in the *Argonaut*. S. A. B.

ALAMEDA, November 12, 1888.

The Defeated Female Candidates.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Now that the current of public feeling has regained its accustomed quiet, our political "tempest in a teapot" partially subsided, the falsehood, vituperation, and malice heaped upon our public-school system failed of its glorious aim, and the "Beautiful Snow" (called down by their own short-sighted mistakes) is resting upon the aspirations of our fair reformers, I would do my rejoicing for this most signal dispensation of Providence in private, and let not one unseemly glance of exaltation light up my public countenance, or not a word of self-gratulation escape my tongue or pen, had these dear, misguided "friends of their sex" accepted their honest and honorable defeat in the same spirit of resignation which would have characterized members of the sterner sex in a similarly trying situation.

We can overlook the unbecoming contortions incident to the first paroxysms of disappointment and defeat, but when these convulsions assume the form of menaces to the fair fame of our honorable womanhood, we shall arise and gird on our armor of defense.

These good ladies are saying, in our hearing and privately to our friends, with a view of scaring them into an attitude of distrust toward us, that "Some of the teachers have made a reputation for themselves by their *methods* in this campaign."

Of course we all understand the meaning of this threat. They have accused us in print and verbally of dispensing a *bogus* circular.

It is superfluous to deny this charge to any one acquainted with the circular issued by these ladies, for were we never so vile we could not produce one ourselves that would be from its opening sentence to its closing plea so true an exponent of the prejudices of the writers and their consequent unfitness to administer *justice* in the school department.

I desire to take the public into my confidence through these columns, and assure it that there has been no teachers' ring (teachers can not indulge in such luxuries), no teachers' circular (although one would have been eminently pertinent), no concerted action of any kind (we teachers are timid), but a few earnest women, daring to individually voice the feeling of the mass, have quietly asked their social peers to protect the department by defeating these ardent aggressors at the polls.

The circulars shown or mailed to voters were the *ladies' own*, neither abridged nor added unto.

In the accomplishment of their work, these few lady teachers have used none but womanly and dignified *methods*, they have not sent out hundreds of fair and bewitching maids and matrons to canvass from house to house among the homes of poverty and ignorance, the hospitals, shops, refineries, and factories, soliciting votes and making promises impossible of fulfillment.

I think it is fair to say that the teachers of this city carry a wide and dignified influence. Why should they not? In numbers they are many, and they are women of culture, refinement, and attainments (with very few exceptions).

It is safe to count that any parties thinking to foist themselves, through the ballot, upon us against our wishes, even with the backing of the daily press, the nomination by four conventions, and very unusual methods of their own, may expect to retire from the contest rich in adverse experience for themselves and their supporting conventions.

Very truly yours, AN EARNEST WOMAN AND TEACHER.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 12, 1888.

Everything is "in the soup" nowadays. Everybody and everything that does not just suit everybody else is sure to be consigned by somebody or other to "the soup." "In the soup" first achieved classic authority, so far as can now be ascertained, in one of the picturesque stories of what are called "sporting" events which appear upon occasions in the New York *Sun*. The event was the arrival in this country last fall of Kilrain, the pugilist. The situation was that the big Cunarder *Etruria*, with the pugilist aboard, lay in the darkness off quarantine, waiting for morning, and a tug, with Kilrain's friends aboard, was hovering about, anxious to get Kilrain off and bring him up to the city. One of the men on the tug, Johnson by name, was so anxious to get as near Kilrain as possible that he tumbled overboard. One of his companions, witnessing this act, balanced himself against the rail and called out: "Ho! Johnson's fell in de soup!" The sublime audacity of the comparison of the great Atlantic to a plate of soup tickled the public fancy so that the new slang became quickly the pet expression of the day. Mr. Gaffney, who is the language sharp of the *Police Gazette*, says that the expression first became current in sporting circles about eight or ten months ago, but that for long before that he remembers to have heard the street gamins cry after a drunken man that he was "full o' soup," and he also thinks that among criminals the expression "he's got in soup" was used to express the idea that a person had fallen into the hands of the law, and was locked up. From using "soup" to express the idea of drunkenness the step was to make it cover the misfortune to which drunkenness led, and so to convey the idea of any misfortune, so that "in the soup" came to have its present significance.

Professor Chandler Roberts estimates the weight of the smoke cloud which daily hangs over London at about fifty tons of solid carbon, and two hundred and fifty tons of carbons in the form of hydrocarbon and carbonic oxide gases. Calculated from the average results of tests made by the smoke abatement committee, the value of coal wasted from domestic grates reaches, upon the annual consumption of five million people, to £2,257,500. The cost of cartage on this wasted coal is calculated to be £268,750, while the passage of a large number of horses through the streets in drawing it adds considerably to the cost of street cleaning and repairing. There is also the cost of taking away the extra ashes, £43,000 a year. Summing it up, the direct and indirect cost of the wasted coal is set down at £2,600,000, plus the additional loss from the damage done to property caused by the smoky atmosphere, estimated by Mr. Chadwick at £2,000,000—the whole amounting to £4,600,000, or $23,000,000.

The first section of the Transafrican Railroad now completed is forty miles long, extending from the coast to Kabiri. A peculiarity of the railroad is that thus far the road-bed has been graded almost completely by native laborers, and the work has made slow progress, as the negroes are not ambitious to shine as railroad-builders so long as with scarcely any trouble they can raise manioc enough to live on. Though the Portuguese have been criticised for doing little to develop their African possessions, they are now setting a good example to all the other powers in railroad building. The ambitious name of this railroad relates to a scheme to push the road across the continent and connect with the railroad from Delagoa Bay, but that project is as yet wholly in the air.

Atlanta, Ga., has a paper house. No wood, brick, iron, or other material is used about the building. It is a neat little store, painted sky blue, and was erected by a Frenchman who is agent for the paper of which it is constructed. The weather-boarding, the roof, and the flooring are all made of thick, compressed paper boards, impervious to water and as durable as wood. The house can not catch on fire as easily as a wooden building, because the surface of the paper is smooth and hard.

A BOGUS ANCHORESS.

The Story of Sister Veronica.

The doctor's wife scanned her visitor in silence. With the audacity of an out-and-out Protestant she was revolving in her mind certain impious questions. This was the third mendicant in pious garb who had come to her door within a month, soliciting alms for the support of some far-away religious institution. Who was to assure her that the contributions she had already made would be faithfully dedicated to the purpose for which they had been given? Would the Catholics take pity upon the needy or suffering of other denominations? In her growing distrust she leaped to reckless surmises. What if these black-robed women were not "sisters" after all, but merely bold impostors, who assumed the dress of the order for the time for their own selfish aims and purposes?

She recalled herself from her reverie with a little shudder, and her voice was hard and cold as she spoke.

"Sister Veronica, I really do not feel justified in helping your hospitals and asylums any more. I think it is time we were looking up the poor about us. There may be fellow-beings suffering in our midst without a murmur; people whose pride forbids them to appeal to public charity. I think we should be doing more nobly if we devoted our time to looking up such cases, instead of contributing to the support of distant institutions, of which we know nothing."

"Oh, madam! If others were only of your thinking!" interrupted the visitor, impetuously.

"What then? I fear you would not succeed so well in your missions."

Mrs. Belden leaned forward as she spoke, and gazed curiously upward into the countenance beneath the peaked white bonnet. The momentary flutter and the crimson wave which had transformed her caller's calm face passed away, leaving it cold and still in its purity.

"One must rejoice at any lessening of the great sum of human misery," was the quiet response.

The anchoress turned to go. She had not only failed in her errand, but had met with a decided rebuff; yet at the door she paused a moment and held out a shapely white hand, which met the other's in a sympathetic grasp.

The doctor's wife stood at the window, with mingled curiosity and interest, and watched her visitor depart. To her surprise the latter did not continue up the street, but retraced her steps along the lonely path leading in the direction of the station-house. Was she then only stopping off between trains, and had she squandered the few moments she had in which to "do" the little New Mexican town? or had she grown hopeless of success after her first fruitless effort? The picture of the strange woman lingered obstinately in Mrs. Belden's memory. There was something oddly familiar about her face. The very dimples in her cheeks—that a sister of charity should have dimples!—the gentle curves of chin and mouth, and the bright flash of her eyes, unsubdued by the long and weary penance to which her pale face and wasted figure bore testimony, were all parts of a haunting and elusive memory. She wondered to what order the woman belonged. The skirt of her robe was certainly very scant and shabby, and a faint line about the bottom reminded her of the mark left on her own black silk where she had lately ripped off a plaiting. A little starch and skillful manipulation might easily convert a pillow-case stiffly starched into one of those large, square bonnets. But after a short time Mrs. Belden dismissed these wandering speculations from her mind, and, resuming her crazy patch-work, was soon deeply absorbed in studying the arrangement of some "samples"—alas! that woman should be capable of such duplicity!—lately procured from an enterprising New York dry-goods firm.

Several months sped by, and the good lady, in spite of her creditable resolutions, had taken no active step toward ascertaining the circumstances of her neighbors. One day had been too chilly, another too windy, a third too warm, to sally forth on her charitable errand. So she had contented herself with making a few inquiries of chance visitors. She had been laughed at for her pains. It was an axiom in the New Mexican town that no worthy and industrious person could ever suffer for lack of food or raiment.

There came a day when the doctor was late to his six-o'clock supper. The table was spread in the cosy dining-room and the tea simmered on the hearth. The young housewife vibrated between table, stove, and window. The little cathedral clock on the parlor-mantel sounded the half hour. The young wife busied herself picking off the dead leaves from a twining smilax which stood in the window—so many withered leaves do the house-plants show in that exasperating climate! The clock solemnly knelled the hour of seven. The little woman had grown too accustomed to the exactions of a physician's life to feel more than impatient. She sat down to the table alone and tried to eat, but only succeeded in swallowing a cup of tea and bit of fruit. Then she resumed her post at the window. A light rain was falling, which increased until it came in gusts and squalls, then settled into a steady down-pour.

It was after nine o'clock when she descried a dark figure hurrying up the street. The gate opened and shut with a click, and the doctor bounded up the steps of the portico, to be met with a tearful greeting on the part of his wife.

"Oh, Robert! You don't know what I have suffered. I was so afraid that some of those dreadful men who are always shooting on the streets down-town——"

"Nonsense, child!" But his voice was shaky, and as he reached out his hand and laid a long morocco case on the table, she noticed that his face was pale and drawn.

"An operation, dear? What was it?"

He did not answer at once. Indeed, he sat down to the table and drank his cup of tea and ate a slice or two of bread and butter, chatting, meanwhile, in an absent way on indifferent topics. It was only when they had gone into the little parlor, and he had thrown himself into a great easy chair before the glowing fire, that he recognized her question.

"A seven-year-old boy, dear. Leg crushed beneath the cars. Stood it like a hero!"

"How did it happen—the injury, I mean?"

"Slipped and fell under a backing engine. They seem to have been pretty badly off—the mother and child—and the fireman of yard-engine No. 26 had been in the habit of throwing off lumps of coal for the little fellow to pick up. To-day the lad tried to climb up before they had slowed down, and missed his footing and fell."

"How he must have suffered!"

"He never seemed to think of himself at all. Was possessed with a fear that the fireman might be blamed. Beautiful little fellow, in spite of his shabby clothes. Broad white forehead, curling brown hair, and thoughtful gray eyes. Do you know I can't get rid of a certain fancy that I've seen the child before."

"Probably on the street," suggested Mrs. Belden.

"No, no. Years ago; when I was a boy, or in some other existence."

"Where do they live?"

"I declare, Bessie, I never suspected there was such destitution in this place. You remember those wretched dug-outs on the other side of the railroad? Nothing to screen the entrance but a piece of worn-out tent-cloth. We had to perform the operation by the light of a coal-oil lamp. She held it."

"The mother?"

"Yes; and never flinched. Shielded it with her hand to keep the rain from putting out the light. In all my professional experience I never saw such self-command."

"Indifference, I should call it," suggested the indignant listener.

"I don't know, my dear; I don't know. When we got through I wondered that she did not move or stir. I looked at her, and her eyes were fixed upon the face of the unconscious child. I had to unclasp her hands from the lamp. Her fingers were cold and clammy; she was like a person in a cataleptic trance. I thought she was going to fall to the ground. But, instead——"

"Instead—what?"

"Instead, she insisted upon staying there alone to-night. Would not listen to our offer of watchers. Seemed in a hurry to get us off."

"But how can the child recover in such a place? It is criminal to leave him there."

"The citizens of Palmea may be a trifle uncivilized, my dear, but they are not wanting in the common attributes of humanity. The boys have been busy this evening. They have rented that little house Brown's family vacated last week, and a couple of hundred dollars will be placed in bank to-morrow to the little boy's credit."

But the citizens of Palmea found that they had a difficult case with which to deal. Face to face with the exigencies of her situation, the mother consented to move to the house made ready for her, but she drew sparingly upon the funds placed to her credit, and took a careful inventory of everything the house contained, with a view to paying for everything as soon as she should be able. In an inconceivably short time, thanks to the reactive powers of healthy childhood, and the pure air of the elevated southern plateau, the child was able to be about the house, blithe as a little maimed bird, on his single leg and crutch. The scant sewing that the mother could procure was ill-paid and inadequate for her needs, and she quietly opened another industry. She made the fact known that she was ready to wash the soiled linen of the town. Hop Wing, who had hitherto monopolized this industry, at prices so extravagant that he was fast rising to a position of affluence, viewed this encroachment upon his peculiar province with unfeigned alarm. He lowered his scale of prices and starched the bosoms of Palmea's shirts until it became necessary to use a gimlet for the insertion of shirt-studs, but in vain. A generous tide of patronage flowed in upon his competitor.

The doctor and his wife sometimes discussed the anomalous character of the woman with whom Fate had brought them in contact.

"I can't quite make her out," the doctor once remarked; "to look at her one would think her incapable of feeling—that she had scarcely a human instinct. She is developing into the hardest business woman I ever saw. Yet I am inclined to think that the night I first saw her she was stimulated by courage of the highest order, an heroic self-forgetfulness that conquered her own physical weakness."

"I understand her perfectly," returned his wife, with prompt feminine decision; "she is constructed on a different principle from ordinary women. Some gentle instinct of sympathy—of womanly tenderness—is wanting in her composition. I have seen her day after day, you know, my dear, and I ought to be able to judge. Though she is not a bad sort of woman at all," she generously conceded.

"Curious sort of name, isn't it?—Mrs. Ruthstan. It has a very fancy sound."

"It doesn't sound like a real name at all," returned Mrs. Belden, severely; "oh, she has a history behind her, and we shall know it some day, depend upon it."

It so happened that the very next day the doctor stumbled across an old friend, newly arrived in the place, and brought him home. "Bessie, you remember Jack Grosvenor—the oldest friend I have. You remember he would have been best man at our wedding——"

"If he hadn't been busy getting married himself a thousand miles away. Yes, I remember, and I am very glad to welcome you to our home, Mr. Grosvenor," said the doctor's wife, holding out her hand with a winning smile.

But there was no answering smile on the face of the man she so cordially greeted. She remembered her husband's description of the gay, light-hearted fellow, and tried to identify him with this sober-faced, reserved man, who had silently seated himself by the window, and was looking out over the plains with an abstracted air.

"Jack has just come back with a party from Guaymas," explained the doctor; "he has made a rich strike down on Pocahontas Mountain."

"That is very good," said Mrs. Belden, absently, wondering why her husband should make such a point of his friend's business success, or speak of it as if it were of vital interest to her.

"I am glad for Jack," proceeded the doctor, a little awkwardly; "he has been telling me something of his experience to-day—you don't mind my telling Bessie, Jack?—and he's had a hard pull. Worst of all, he lost his wife."

"I am very sorry——"

"No, not that way!" hastily interrupted the doctor; "lost sight of her. He left her in Denver three years ago. Heard from her once or twice, but his roaming life was not favorable to correspondence. Now he tells me he has lost all trace of her."

"How very strange!" Her woman's curiosity was roused. "And she was such a pretty woman, Mr. Grosvenor. I remember the lovely face of the photograph you sent us, when you were married. Such a dimpled, laughing face! When was it I saw one that reminded me of it, not long ago?"

"I can't say it seems so very strange to me," remarked Grosvenor, taking part in the conversation for the first time and speaking in a labored, husky voice; "I wonder that she put up with it so long. We had had a hard time of it for years. You know how she had been reared up. She was Miss Ruth Stanhope, of Richmond, of the old Virginia Stanhopes. I was never able to provide for her in the way she had been accustomed to at home. I left her with almost nothing. She was a proud, spirited woman. She tired of the struggle and went back to her friends. I had hoped she might hold out on account of the boy."

"The boy? Then you had a child?"

Grosvenor assented with a mute gesture.

"Ruth Stanhope," repeated the doctor's wife, slowly, looking steadily at her husband, who sent her back a significant glance; "and the boy—how old would your little son be now, Mr. Grosvenor?"

"A little more than seven years."

"Robert, I have an errand that must be attended to at once. You and Mr. Grosvenor will excuse me. I will not be long."

Mrs. Belden had snatched up a broad-brimmed hat and was tying it under her chin as she spoke, her eyes kindled with excitement, her cheeks lit with a sudden flame. Jack Grosvenor, aroused from his apathy, looked curiously after her as she sped down the street, her head in a whirl. As she flew along the sidewalk she tried to balance and arrange the queer facts and stranger memories that were flitting through her brain. She remembered something of the splendor of Jack Grosvenor's wedding, and the contrast it had presented to their own modest nuptials. She recalled an account she had read of the marriage banquet and the list of the notable guests who were in attendance. She saw in anticipation the bare room she was about to enter, with its beggarly strip of rag carpeting along the centre, the pine bedstead with its worn coverlet, the wooden chairs, and the woman bent over her ironing-board, contrasting it with the abounding comforts and generous hospitality of the Southern home.

A high wind was blowing, and clouds of dust darkened the air about her. Battling with a miniature sirocco, she yet found time to marvel at the strength of character that had enabled the petted Southern girl, born and cradled in the lap of luxury, deliberately to renounce the life of ease open to her, and condemn herself and her child to the life of toil and hardship that had resulted so disastrously. The gentle woman's heart filled with love and sympathy, and she was ready to take Jack Grosvenor's wife into her arms and cry over her sorrows and humiliations.

Her heart was chilled at the sight of the cold, proud face whose severity was increased by the piece of stiff, white muslin bound about the head as a protection from the smoke and coal-dust of the ironing-stove. Mrs. Belden looked in momentary abhorrence at the mass of lace and embroidery lying upon the ironing-board, guessing only too well the owners of that tawdry splendor.

"What! do you work for them?"

For a moment the woman gazed calmly upon her questioner, then turned with an expressive glance to the low pallet where her boy lay sleeping, by his side the crutch that must be his life-long companion.

Notwithstanding the mother's impassive demeanor, the eyes of the visitor filled with sudden tears. She twirled her purse-strings and searched the cold face, wondering how she might best communicate the tidings of which she was the bearer. She observed the dignified movement of the tall figure across the room, the shapely hand that changed the cool iron for a fresh one, and she remembered how the same hand had lifted a light without flinching, while the little boy's limb was being taken off. With what a disdainful front she had faced poverty and how sternly she had repelled those who offered sympathy and help! Such a woman would have nerve for anything. Why should she plan to spare her what would at most be but more than a slight surprise.

Mrs. Belden ended by flinging all her scruples to the winds.

"My husband's old friend, Jack Grosvenor, is at our house."

"Alive?"

The word spoke volumes. The pain and agony of years were concentrated in the cry. The hot iron she was holding dropped upon the lace draperies and burned its way through them, as she clutched at the table to steady herself, while the brown eyes sought her visitor's with a look of piteous appeal, treaty.

"Is—it—true?" she pleaded.

There was no need of answer. A man's step sounded outside, the door was flung open, and Jack Grosvenor, returned to something like his old, impetuous self, strode across the room and caught the fainting woman in his arms. The white turban fell back from the pale face, its rigid features relaxed into a happy smile, and the doctor's wife, struck by the transformation, was startled with a sudden recognition, and murmured softly:

"Sister Veronica!"

Flora Haines Loughea

Niles, Cal., November, 1888.

WHY MEN DON'T MARRY.

By an Unmarried Man.

[There has been a deal of discussion lately concerning the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" This renders timely some remarks by one who lingers outside the gates of matrimony as did the Peri at the portals of Paradise—to-wit, a bachelor. He explains, with frank good-humor, why he and his class do not marry. This is an English bachelor, and his views appear in an English magazine. But the views and manners of living of well-to-do bachelors are about the same all over the world.]

What has become of the marrying man? Is he not becoming as extinct as the dodo? Will not future generations of geologists gloat over the infrequent discovery of his precious bones in rare rocks? Already he is hard to find and coy to catch. He listens not to maids who would gladly charm him, charm they never so wisely; he turns a stony glance of pure criticism on bright eyes and snowy necks; he shuns the ballroom for the billiard-room; he flirts, it is true, but—he does not propose.

Why is this? Surely the daughters should charm us today, just as their mothers charmed our fathers. Are modern maids less kind or less fair? Yet why does materfamilias remain with her quiver full of them, and feel ashamed when she meets her enemy in the gate? Materfamilias has her idea on the subject. She speaks sternly of clubs. She uses the word "selfishness." She hints darkly at the importation of foreign notions. She declares that the males, being a minority, have discovered that they possess a fictitious value through this circumstance.

But the young man does not care for materfamilias. He merely answers "poverty." "*Cantabit vacuus coram latrona viator.*"

But there are some other considerations as well as poverty. Poverty does not weigh very much in my own case. As I am giving my own reasons for celibacy, I must shortly describe myself. I am thirty-one years of age; I am a dancing and a lounging man; I am no slave to a club; I am no misogynist; I am moderately well-to-do in my profession and could marry if I chose. But, on the whole, I prefer to remain single. Why?

Because the sum of minor enjoyments which are the privileges of the bachelor exceeds the happiness of even a happy marriage. Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves. Take care of the small items of happiness and the total will be satisfactory. I speak only of myself and of men of my own type. It is, I regret to say, no uncommon type.

First, then, I belong to that considerable class of persons who have no liking for home. "There's no place like home—and thank heaven there isn't"! such was the sentiment, if not the actual phrase, in a recent Gaiety burlesque. It was always applauded to the echo.

Domus means a house as well as a home. It means a showy, ramshackle building; with water-pipes that burst; with kitchen-boilers that leak; with gas-meters that tell lies; with drains that get choked; with servants that break china; with walls and ceilings that require spring cleaning; with linen, and ironmongery, and crockery that insist on incessant renewal; with gas-rates, and water-rates, and poor-rates; with endless petty anxieties and constant worry.

Paris has been called a city without a home. In America, people live largely in hotels. In London, the last fifteen years have produced a great crop of palatial restaurants and of hotels that can be used as restaurants. What does the prosperity of these institutions show? It shows that a large number of people do not care to dine at home. And there is nothing more of the essence of home than dinner. I would sooner dine in public, with a play of life and character around me, exhibiting itself for my amusement, than *solus cum sola*, in the single society of one person, however charming. I consider the domestic dinner grewsome.

I can suggest a remedy. I can imagine a number of families living together in a building constructed and managed on the principle of a college. There should be a common dining-room, a common recreation-room, a common garden, a common billiard-room. On each staircase, around the quadrangle, should live a family. A college staircase yields sixteen rooms—a good-sized house. Suppose there are a dozen families in the one quadrangle. Instead of a dozen women cooks, costing a large aggregate sum per annum in board and wages, there would be a *chef* with his assistants. The *chef* and his staff would not cost half the sum of the aggregated kitchen wenches. So in all other matters. Our system of separate households is most wasteful and extravagant. As for privacy, there would be far more privacy than in an average London row. There would be dances and concerts for the young men and maidens; there would be subscriptions to a dozen different magazines and newspapers instead of a dozen copies of the same; there would be the advantages of club-life for paterfamilias, aye, and for materfamilias, too; there would be plenty of children for other children to play with, and a place for them to do it. There would be vastly more comfort and vastly less cost. In all great dead expenses coöperative principles would effect the usual reduction.

Build me, then, no more flats, though these are good in their way; but build me a college quadrangle, and perhaps I will marry and live therein. Till then I will live in some one else's house.

Servants, again, are a deadly drawback. They are incompetent and expensive. They are allowed, by the unwritten law which governs them, to be deceitful and dishonest. I do not mean that they positively steal. But they have a code which legalizes stealing. I allude to "perquisites." As a bachelor in rooms or at a hotel, I am robbed a little. But I am not robbed as I should be in a house of my own.

All this assumes that married people must have a house of their own. So they must, according to present opinion. I myself should not like to take a wife to rooms—even if I could get one to go. Well, then, I dread the prospect of a house and servants. Therefore I do not marry.

I pass to the question of expense. We are all poor of late years; but, for my part, I have a tolerable margin to my income. Each year I have some money to save or to spend. Shall I spend it on a wife and children, on millinery bills and boot bills, on doctors' and schoolmasters' bills? I prefer to dispose of it otherwise. I prefer to keep a horse, I prefer a comfortable annual trip on the continent or to America, I prefer pictures and china, shilling cigars and first-rate hock. Very selfish, no doubt. Yet not so altogether. I am a professional man, my work makes heavy demands on my nervous system. A glass of generous wine or the subtle enjoyment of a good Havana may save me from an opiate or a doctor's visit. So it is with my annual holiday. I am exhausted by a year's labor, my holiday is absolutely necessary. It would be no holiday if it denied my wife a dress, the wine would lose its virtue if it meant a child's shoes, the cigar would be vapid if it cost little Tommy a plaything. In the stress and strain of this tense civilization, luxury has been drawn close to necessity. I might, it is true, dispense with these solaces, but I should break down the sooner.

Of the sexual aspect of the question it is my purpose to say nothing. It need enter very little into the plan of life of any man who works hard, takes exercise, and feeds temperately.

My point is not that marriage is an evil. My point is that it is good, but not so good as the sum of many other things. I would like a wife very much. I would like a smile to welcome me when I come home weary with my day's work. I would like an affectionate confidant to listen to my worries, and to assure me that in that little dispute with Jones I was quite right, and Jones—"You know, dear, I never could endure that Mr. Jones"—was quite wrong. My altruistic tendencies, like my religious tendencies, demand a vent. But a canine comforter has his advantages. He does not object to carpet-slippers and a pipe; if I am out of temper I can kick him, and he will not apply for a judicial separation; he is exceedingly demonstrative in his affection, and he is silent, oh! so deliciously silent.

Now, the margin to my income provides me with a horse to give me health; with wine and cigars to give me solace and to secure human companionship when desirable; with a club to provide relaxation; with a holiday to enlarge my mind; with a cab, or a first-class ticket, or an expensive book, or seats at the theatre, or a new suit of clothes whenever I feel inclined; above all, with freedom from anxiety about money matters, and from that worst form of such anxiety which concerns itself on behalf of those we love. May I add that it gives me a spare sovereign or two for an impoverished hospital, or a less lucky friend, or a struggling comrade who has failed in the strenuous struggle for bare life?

As a bachelor with seven hundred pounds sterling a year or so, I am well off. As a young married man upon this income I should be moderately well off; with one child to maintain and educate, my margin would be gone; with two children I should be poor; with half-a-dozen children I should be an abject slave, haunted by heavy forebodings about the butcher's bill, by dread of ill-health, by dread of diminution in my practice, by a thousand apprehensions, and destitute of all the refined and cultured enjoyments that mitigate the torture of modern struggle for existence.

There is another influence against marriage. There is in vogue an excess of familiarity between men and girls; there is a deal of very nasty talk, topics that our grandfathers did not mention to our grandmothers are freely discussed at modern dinner-tables. The divorce court is mentioned without hesitation as the "D. C." The details of the Colin Campbell case or the Hughes-Hallett scandal are frankly discussed. Affectation is bad, but decency is good; surely a little mystery is conducive to matrimony. "Desire is only curiosity" is the sentiment of a philosopher in one of Mr. Stevenson's books. Who would wish to explore if he already knew? Familiarity breeds—well, not marriage.

In fine, then, we do not marry because we prefer to spend our money in other ways; because an establishment is a nuisance; because a wife is not so necessary to our happiness as other luxuries; because there is no good like independence; because, much as we would like marriage, there is an aggregate of other things, the sum of which pleases us better.

Colonel Nicholas, a well-known citizen of Reading during the revolutionary era, operated several flourishing flouring mills and furnished the government with flour. About one hundred and fifty of his heirs, who live in Reading and in Philadelphia, claim that records in Washington and Harrisburg show that the government still owe him forty thousand dollars for flour. The heirs have held a meeting in Reading and decided to prosecute the claim for the original amount, with accrued interest.

An ingenious inventor has devised a new screw—half nail and half screw; two blows of the hammer, two turns of the screw-driver, and it is in. Its holding power in white pine is said to be three hundred and thirty-two pounds, against two hundred and ninety-eight pounds, the holding power of the present screw.

The smallest steam-engine ever made has just been completed, after two years of labor, for the Paris Exhibition. It is composed of one hundred and eighty pieces of metal, is a shade under three-fifths of an inch in height, and weighs less than one-ninth of an ounce. A watch-maker made it.

A letter received at the Boston post-office the other day was addressed to "Mrs. Blank, Boston, Bucksburry, Warren Street, Dartmit oteal." A smart clerk translated the address. "Bucksburry" meant "Roxbury," and "Dartmit oteal" was intended for "Hotel Dartmouth."

Professor Anschütz has succeeded in getting a photograph of a rifle bullet traveling at the rate of 1,300 feet a second, the plate which he used for the purpose being exposed for only seventy-six millionths of a second.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Mr. Rider—"Been to the races, Tom?" *Tom*—"Yep." *Mr. Rider*—"Did you come back ahead?" *Tom*—"No, afoot."—*Washington Post.*

Floor manager—"Whad's yo' pardner a-sulkin' fer?" *Leader of the band*—"Sulkin'? I reck'n yo'd sulk ef you'd swallered a harmonicum!"—*Puck.*

Mr. Moriarty—"Oi'll tek wan o' thim dinner-pails for tin cints." *Shop-keeper*—"Here you are!" *Mr. Moriarty*—"Wrop it oop in paper."—*Puck.*

Teacher (of arithmetic class)—"Tommy Twaddle may tell us what a league is." *Tommy* (promptly)—"A league is eight base-ball teams."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Miss Chatty la Fite—"That was an awfully clever dialect story that Mr. Gibbon read us this evening!" *Mr. Carper*—"Delightful! He told me privately that he didn't understand a word of it."—*Puck.*

"What did the horses stop for, George?" "They made a false start and have to go back to the post again." "Oh, George, and the horse we are betting on was ever so far ahead! I don't think that's fair."—*Life.*

She—"Don't you think you had better get a shine? Your shoes are very dingy." *He*—"Why, they don't need it; they are patent-leather." *She*—"The patent must have expired; you had better get it renewed."—*Life.*

Young physician (diagnosing a case)—"In the first place, sir, you must drink less coffee." *Patient*—"I never drink any coffee at all, sir." *Young physician* (considerably annoyed)—"Well, you ought to."—*Life.*

She—"Are you giving any attention to this Bacon matter, Mr. Hamburger?" *Mr. Hamburger* (of Chicago)—"Not much at present, Miss Winthrop. At this season of the year our orders run mostly to hams."—*Life.*

"Did you ask Miss Pointer to dance last night?" "Yes, and she said she was engaged." "And what did she say the second time?" "That she was tired." "And the third time?" "That she was going home."—*Life.*

Mrs. Jason—"Jehiel, was there ever any such person as the fool-killer?" *Mr. Jason*—"What idiotic questions you do ask. How the dickens do I know? I never met him." *Mrs. Jason*—"Oh, I know that!"—*Terre Haute Express.*

Crosshead—"If you're going to light that cigar, I guess I'll get on the windward side of you." *Litetop*—"Don't like cigar-smoking, eh? Well, I thought every one liked a good cigar; I'm sure I do!" *Crosshead*—"So do I."—*Yankee Blade.*

"So you found the clock ticked so loud that you couldn't sleep?" said the jeweler to a customer who returned a clock; "you ought not to growl when you have your folding-bed ticking under you all night." The man took the clock home again.—*Life.*

"I don't say marriage is a failure," said Adam, candidly, as he sat down on a log just outside the garden of Eden and looked hungrily at the fruit on the other side of the wall, "but if I had remained single this wouldn't have happened."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Husband (a bank cashier, slightly under the weather)—"If I should be taken away from you, darling, would it really be a great blow to you?" *Wife* (sobbing)—"Oh, dear, John, I hope you haven't been fooling with the bank funds."—*New York Sun.*

Elderly maiden (to druggist's boy)—"Well, I do declare, if I ain't forgot what I came for!" *Boy* (full of business)—"Hair dye? rouge? lotion to remove freckles? wrinkle eradicator? bottle Bloom of Youth?" Elderly maiden hails a passing street-car.—*Life.*

Miss Vieillefille (impressed by the captain)—"And what did the captain teach you at Sunday-school, Tommy, dear?" *Tommy*—"That God made us all; but I said I guessed he didn't make you, because I knew you had bought a good deal of yourself down-town."—*Life.*

Tom Bigbee—"Why, Downes, you're quite a swell!" *Upson Downes* (somewhat ruefully)—"Ye-es; I was unlucky enough to win an election hat, and I couldn't rest until I got a new suit to match it. I tell you, Tom, success sometimes comes pretty high in this world!"—*Puck.*

Susie—"Why, how smooth your face is!" *Esther*—"How smooth *yours* is!" (Consternation, blushes; short but painful pause.) *Susie* (innocently)—"Yours is so much smoother than my brother Jamie's!" *Esther* (similiter)—"And yours is so much smoother than my father's!"—*Life.*

Sophy (who accepted Mr. Charles Fleetwood the night before)—"Does Mr. Fleetwood strike you as being a sensitive man, Pauline?" *Pauline* (who doesn't know of the engagement)—"Gracious, no! A man who has been rejected by four girls within six months and gets fat on it can not be. Why, Sophy! what's the matter?"—*Life.*

Kentucky coroner—"Yes; the papers found upon the deceased prove that he was Colonel Blood." *Witness*—"There was also a quart bottle found in one of his pockets." *Coroner*—"Was the bottle empty?" *Witness*—"No, sir; it was full—hadn't been touched." *Coroner*—"Poor fellow, he must have died without a moment's warning."—*Life.*

Mrs. Bliffers—"An agent for a new burglar-alarm was here to-day, and I told him to call again when you were at home." *Mr. Bliffers*—"Huh! Burglar-alarms! There is nothing in this house to steal." "No, but when the neighbors hear we have fitted up our house with burglar-alarms they will think we have something to steal, my dear."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Old lady (to shop-girl tying up her purchase)—"I suppose you find matters here very cheerless, and are not always treated with the civility which you ought to receive?" *Shop-girl*—"Yes, indeed, ma'am; our lot is not a happy one. Cahsh! Now, twenty-three, if you don't have the change back here in two minutes, I shall ask Mr. Penny to discharge you without a recommendation."—*New York Sun.*

Tramp—"Say, Sport, could yer please help——What, Billy, is dis yerself? What gold-mine are yer after strikin'?" *Billy* (in store clothes and jewelry)—"Bedad, it's a soft snap, indade. The enterprizin' manager av the 'Lost in Harlim' Company has engaged me as the Thramp; and all Oi have to do is to shwill beer and snore, whoile the house roars. Begob, this stage realism is a big thing for some av us, Teddy!"—*Life.*

Mrs. Finnegan (accosting prominent patriot)—"Couldn't yer honor help a poor woman whose husban' has lost his liberty in the sarvice av his counthry? Sure, me ould man war sint to the island for votin' twice for Jedge McFingal!" *Prominent patriot* (turning coldly away)—"Yis; and if it hadn't been for such fools as him, who wint and got found out, Oi'd have been elicted th' day. Me *name's* McFingal, mum!"—*Puck.*

Young Mr. Waldo (to Miss Breezy)—"What are your views, Miss Breezy, in regard to the question, Is marriage a failure?" *Miss Breezy* (of Chicago)—"Why, I can't speak from experience, of course, Mr. Waldo, but I have a very dear friend who was married a year ago, and she has found it a delightful success." *Mr. Waldo*—"She is happy, then?" *Miss Breezy*—"Oh, very, Mr. Waldo. Clara draws fifty dollars a week alimony."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Handsome young woman—"I fancy, Mr. Wabash, that you will hardly recognize me." *Mr. Wabash*—"Oh, don't say that, my dear Mrs. Lakeside. I was a guest at your wedding a year ago, you remember." *Handsome young woman*—"I know; but you men are so forgetful." *Mr. Wabash*—"Some men are forgetful, Mrs. Lakeside, but (gallantly) you are not one to be forgotten, and this renewal of our acquaintance is certainly a great pleasure to me. Still living with your husband, I suppose?"—*New York Sun.*

THE ART OF DINNER-GIVING.

"Iris" discusses the Varying Methods of Hosts and Hostesses.

Where is the person who understands the art of dinner-giving? Harry can order a dinner which will irradiate life for weeks to come with a retrospective glamour, but he always asks the wrong people. He has no talent for massing humanity. He is always trying to perform miracles, weld refractory elements. He will seat Ethel next to Tom, whom she refused last week, and then wonder what makes them both so silent and glum. He will put Jim across the table opposite Frank, and quite forget that they are at sword's points over Maud. The antipodes are cosily seated cheek by jowl and expected to establish an *entente cordiale*. If you have a deadly enemy, a false friend, a hard-hearted sweetheart, you will surely meet them at Harry's dinners. Of course there comes a time when no one will participate in these triste festivities but preadamite epicures—the flotsam and jetsam of many seasons' ebb—who have arrived at the stage when one touch of Delmonico makes the whole world kin.

Take on the other hand Tom, who is the dearest fellow in the world. At his dinners you certainly hear talkee-talkee clever enough to take down in a note-book under the shadow of the cloth. You are certain to find yourself next to your best man or best girl at Tom's parties, for your host is perfectly conversant with every dawning flirtation of the season, from that autumnal affair between the veteran leader of germans and the rich widow, to the coquetting of the rose-crowned beauty with her bouquet-bearing millionaire. At Tom's you will always meet the prettiest, brightest women in diamonds and fluttering dresses, and the cleverest men who know how to listen, which, after all is said and done, is the Alpha and Omega of good manners. But Tom never gives you enough to eat, and though the wit may sparkle, the wine does not. Of course to the lover a best girl is better than a dinner of stalled ox, but all men are not lovers, and those who are not patronize Harry.

One of the saddest things of tongue or pen is the frequency with which one meets people possessed only of one-half of this delightful gift. I can think of a dozen families who expend themselves on either the dinner or the company, but never expend themselves on both. One host and hostess I remember whose dinners were sadly lopsided. As far as the eating part went, they were artists. Everything was perfect. They dined off a round mahogany table, which was a picture of luxurious beauty. Under the light of candles beneath crimson-silk shades, in branching silver candelabra, the table glistened and shone. There was the satin smoothness of embroidered damask, the sparkle of deeply cut glass, the yellow gloss of white and gold royal Worcester china, the rich tints of different colored wines. In the centre a bowl of crystal, standing on a mirror, was full of heavy-headed yellow roses, with corresponding bowls one at each corner. And a large yellow rose lay at each place, one outside leaf bent over with the name of the guest painted on it in gilt letters. The champagne, locked in a silver case, oozed richly down in a state of chilly sluggishness into little "hob-nailed" tumblers. A velvet-footed butler, with flitting female attendants, softly thrust thick-sauced, pungent-odored, succulent dishes under your elbow, and murmured sumptuous-sounding French names. Toward coffee the cloth came off, silently and with no flurry, and in the black and gleaming mahogany ghostly glasses rose to meet the real ones, and the reflections of the candle-flames stabbed the glossy surface in long, pointed daggers of light. The pretty girls leaned forward and viewed their faintly mirrored faces, and touched up their curls with the tips of their fingers.

And the guests were congenial enough. There were no meetings of deadly enemies or discarded loves. There were pretty women in fine clothes, with diamonds on their bare necks, and curled heads, and a gentle waving of transparent fans, and the flash of glancing eyes, of bejeweled fingers, of white teeth. There was an harmonious murmuring of "voices low with fashion, not with feeling, softly freighted," and neatly modulated laughter, and an inclination to encourage the maker of jokes. Yes, everything was lovely. What was the defect? Where did host and hostess fail?

They were the proud parents of eight lovely children, six of whom, at every dinner, hung over the bannisters loudly commenting on the progress of the feast. No power on earth would induce them to move. If you were unfortunate enough to sit near the door you could hear distinctly a posse of nurses, headed by a governess, furiously rating them from the stair-head:

"Mabel, is it that ye are afther disgracin' your ma, that ye stand there in your night-gown?"

"Shut up, Bridget! I'm going to stay here as long as I want!"

"Mees Bella! In your *robe de chambre! Mon Dieu, c'est terrible!*"

"Well, get my wrapper, Justine, and I'll put it on."

"Will yer be afther sindin' Philip up? He'll get his death in his bare feet!"

The children here catch sight of the butler in the pantry, and become wildly animated. Six of them—the two youngest are as yet babes—hang over the bannisters with their heavy, yellow curls brushing their flushed cheeks, and hail the butler with joyous cries:

"Pearson, are they nearly done? Is there much left for us? Remember, now, you promised to keep all that was left of the salted almonds and the marrons, and here we are, all waiting!"

"Can't you hurry them up a little, Pearson? They're awfully slow."

"Don't hand round those sugared cherries more than once. Last time you did, and they were so greedy they ate every one up."

Pearson, in exceeding great wrath, comes out into the hall, and, in a fierce stage whisper, hisses up at the nurses:

"For Gawd's sake get those children out of the way. They can hear them inside! It's a disgrace to have them hollerin' on the stairs," and the infuriated domestic tiptoes away.

The mutinous six, coming down half-a-dozen steps, laugh wickedly, and continue their comments:

"There's Miss Brown, I can see her through the crack between the portières. She's got on a yellow dress and yellow feather in her head. She's pretty, isn't she?"

"That's Jack Jones she's with. Oh, isn't she trying to mash him!"

"Jack! oh, where's Jack? Let's see Jack!" and they all cluster round the discoverer of Jack. The object of their solicitude is a handsome young fellow, dear to the heart of all children, and their especial adoration. Standing on their toes and with their mouths agape, they peer at their darling, who, fresh-colored, clean-shaven, well-groomed, leans toward the yellow-decked Miss Brown with a smiling *empressement*. The children gaze entranced for a moment, then all cry out suddenly:

"Ah there, Jack! we see you," and subside into choking giggles.

Emboldened, they now slowly descend the stairs, sending their voices warningly before them.

"Mamma, dearest, can't we come and get some ice-cream?"

"Papa, lovey, can't we have a taste of champagne out of your glass?"

"Dear me, there are the children!" says mamma, in helpless surprise, and the triumphant six, some in wrappers, some in night-gowns, enter in Indian file, smiling, self-possessed, sure of a welcome, and casting superb glances at the vanquished Pearson. Papa is delighted and lifts the youngest on his knee. The others quarter themselves upon favorite guests. For their adored Jack they all make an envious rush, and hurl themselves in a confused mass upon the stiff, beautiful bosom of his dress shirt. Mabel—a beauty of eight—forces the others back by her determination to monopolize Jack entirely. Jack calculates how old he will be when Mabel grows up. She sits upon his knee and, twining a warm arm tight about his neck, tranquilly stares at him with wide, grave eyes. After looking at him curiously for a space, she absently kisses him with a hearty smack, remarking, as she draws back:

"Your mustache is not quite as stiff as papa's, Jack, dear."

Jack looks pleased. Mabel drinks the champagne out of his glass, and, slowly wiping her mouth on the sleeve of her night-gown, says to Miss Brown:

"You don't find Jack's mustache quite as stiff as papa's, do you, Miss Brown?"

The others have squeezed in all round the table, and are helping themselves out of the various dishes. Broody fills the pockets of his flannel wrapper with marrons. Ethel eats mamma's ice-cream in huge, hurried gulps, her large eyes roving restlessly round the table, as though she was haunted by the fear that her feast would be rent from her by one of those young troglodytes, her brothers. Bella, in whose bosom still rankles Pearson's characterization of her dulcet tones as "hollerin'," suddenly remarks to that functionary as he stands at ease behind his master's chair:

"Pearson, don't for pity's sake stand with your hands hanging by your sides as if you were going to say a piece. Move around and do something."

When the ladies retire, only the stern commands of papa induce his offspring to leave the apartment. Having successfully rifled every dish within their reach they withdraw jubilant, carrying off their idolized Jack "to see if he can ride on Mabel's velocipede."

Then there was another family who were inveterate dinner-givers and who had a mania for collecting celebrities. Their dinners were superb, but the celebrities would have cast a gloom over a feast of Bacchus. It did not in the least matter what they were celebrated for so long as they were celebrated. The famous lion-hunter from the Indian jungles sat next to a woman's rights candidate in bloomers and glasses. All dinner these two would wrestle together to arrive at a common ground. Scattered round the rest of the table would be Arctic explorers, budding authoresses, crack tennis-players, social head-devils, politicians, actors—every conceivable sort of biped whose name had ever been before the public in any capacity. Every one was told "to draw out" their especial prey. Some obeyed, and tore out by the roots long descriptions of moving accidents by flood and field. Others, with some small claim to distinction, thought they should be drawn out themselves, and, when their neighbor paused in his recital of his hair-breadth escapes, immediately started off on long accounts of their own prowess. Conversation was trampled to death, and wreaths laid upon its grave.

Another New York hostess—a young woman with high ambitions, anxious to serve God and mammon—used to divide her dinners into thirds. One-third would be called from heavy swelldom—women with high noses and long pedigrees, and a look of elegant dryness, as though all the base, vigorous blood had been evaporated out of them, and men who held their heads high and looked loftily at the world through a pair of non-magnifying eye-glasses. This third merely gave *ton* to the assemblage. They rarely spoke, and when others did, looked at them with cold, distant curiosity, as at some slightly interesting species of fauna. Another section was clever. They were expected to do the talking. Nothing mattered about them; they might be the janitors of apartment-houses in the day if they could talk well in the evening. The icy stares of Section No. One spurred them on to wonderful exhibitions of wit. The third division was merely ornamental—it furnished the good looks for the whole party. It was merely a concentration of beauty in a few individuals, instead of having a thin supply divided among the entire company. The beauties were young men and women, chosen only for their good looks. They might be silent as the Sphinx, stupid as Bardolph, but if they were handsome, that was enough. Thus the hostess, viewing her company, had it nicely portioned off in three neat packages—"Family, wit, beauty. Take your choice, for here you have the pure, unadulterated article."

NOVEMBER 6, 1888. IRIS.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

M. Jean Aubert, whose pictures of cupids and nymphs find so ready a sale in this country, married an American woman, for whose death some four years ago he is still inconsolable. Her room is left just as it was when she died, and every day her husband lays a bunch of fresh flowers on her pillow.

The announcement of the death of John M. Schleyer, the inventor of "Volapuk," is contradicted by Mr. Schleyer himself in his paper, the *Volapukabled Zenodik*. He says he has been dangerously ill, and even received the last sacraments of the church, but he has been cured by the baths of Baden.

Among the débutantes of the coming winter in Washington are Miss Nellie Bayard, Miss Garland, Miss Grace Black, daughter of General Black; Miss Harlan, daughter of Justice Harlan; Miss Quay, daughter of Senator Quay; the Misses Preston, daughters of the Haytien Minister; Miss Wilson, daughter of Colonel John M. Wilson; Miss Thompson, daughter of the California representative; and the Misses Fuller, daughters of the chief-justice.

In marrying a man so greatly her junior Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has only followed the precedent set by such literary women as Miss Thackeray (Mrs. Ritchie) and Miss Mulock (Mrs. Craik) in England, and Rose Terry Cooke in this country. It is possible that Mr. Herbert D. Ward, her husband, like Mr. Ritchie, is mature beyond his years. He is a son of Rev. Dr. William Hayes Ward, of the New York *Independent*, and was graduated from Andover Theological Seminary last June, but has not yet been ordained.

The recent installation of the Archduchess Margaret Sophia as abbess of "Damenstift," at Prague, was celebrated with great pomp. The new abbess was robed in black, with an ermine mantle, being formally presented with the insignia of her dignity, a staff and ring. The inmates of this ladies' convent, which was founded by Maria Theresa, are not subject to the ordinary vows or rules, and are even permitted to marry—indeed, the present Queen Regent of Spain was abbess there from 1876 to the time of her marriage.

The German Emperor was a bumptious and overbearing child, and never endured being beaten in any game. If he could not get his own way he would first sulk, and then try and take advantage of his position as a "royal child." But this was never allowed. The rule in the nursery was strict equality, and the nurses had stringent orders to enforce it. He had a cold, proud manner, which made him anything but popular with his other playmates. It was quite the reverse with Prince Henry and the little Princess Sophie, who were beloved by all.

Dr. Sir Morell Mackenzie has a family consisting of a wife, two sons, and three daughters. One son is on the stage under the name of H. H. Morell, while the other follows his father's profession. Each of the daughters has a special talent, which she is given every opportunity for cultivating. Ethel, the oldest daughter, has a taste for journalism and is the London correspondent of a Philadelphia paper; Hilda, the second daughter, aspires to be an artist, and has a studio, where she paints industriously; while Olga, the youngest, is a musician, and has done something in the way of original composition.

The saying that a man may be successful in other respects, but he can not run a newspaper, was reversed in the case of Colonel R. M. Pulsifer, lately a proprietor of the Boston *Herald*, and rated as a rich man. Under his business management the paper coined money rapidly, but his other ventures were so disastrous that his large fortune melted away, compelling his retirement from the *Herald*. All suspicions that his sudden and somewhat mysterious death may have been suicide seem to have been set at rest by the fact that the payment of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars insurance on his life will not be disputed by the companies interested.

In the absence of his distinguished father, the Prince of Wales, who is at present on the continent trying to shoot bears, his elder son, Prince Albert Victor, familiarly known as "Collars and Cuffs," is the idol of clubdom. He dictates the fashions for the "chappies," and his social sway is supreme. Prince Albert Victor is the elder son of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and was born at Frogmore twenty-five years ago. Prince "Eddie," as his parents and the populace call him, was invested with the Order of the Garter; and he has also been decorated with the Order of the Black Eagle of Prussia, the Grand Cordon Osmanie of Turkey, the Collar of Charles the Third of Spain, the Grand Cross of the Order of the Netherlands Lion, the Insignia of the Anunciata of Italy, the Star of Roumania, the Portuguese Order of the Tower and Sword, the Brazilian Order of the Southern Cross, and endless other similar baubles.

Franz von Suppe is said to be the despair of operatic managers. When he was under an engagement to write "Donna Juanita" for the Karl Theatre, the anxious director one day called upon him and asked how the opera was getting on. It was then advertised to be produced in eight weeks' time. "Well, I have made a beginning," said Suppe. "I have just bought some music-paper," and he exhibited his purchase. He then promised to deliver the score in a fortnight. At the expiration of three weeks, only the first act was ready. Another three weeks passed, and the second act was handed in. From that time onward Suppe supplied the score at the rate of a page or two a day, and it was only on the occasion of the final rehearsal, within a few hours of the production of the opera, that he brought with him the concluding number. He also composed the most popular numbers in "Fatinitza" at the eleventh hour. At the last rehearsal of that opera, Jauner, the manager, suggested an addition to the third act. Next day at noon, seven hours before the representation, Suppe appeared with the "Fatinitza March," which has since been played on every street-organ in Europe.

At a recent harvest home festival at Schonan, Prince Bismarck, taking in hand a big glass of beer, said: "Last winter brought much sadness to us all. In it we had to bury our aged emperor, and a few months later his son, our Emperor Frederick. But as regards this, too, gloomy days have once more given place to bright sunshine, for we Germans can look with pride on our present Emperor William the Second, who is every inch a soldier, and who will certainly, with his army to help, fight bravely should Germany ever be attacked. But the Emperor William the Second loves his subjects too much not to do his utmost to preserve peace for them. Those of you who eighteen years ago were with me in France know what a harvest home can be when the enemy is in the land. There is little left then for the tiller of the soil. Let us to-day, therefore, think of our emperor, and give him a thundering Hoch! Unser Kaiser lebe hoch!" Prince Bismarck then quaffed his beer at one draught and bade his good neighbors drink theirs too—a behest which was eagerly obeyed. He then, for some time, continued talking humorously with some of his guests, and ordered the company to be provided with plenty to drink.

The Prince of Lippe Detmold, who entertained the Emperor William recently, is one of the richest of the German royalties. He possesses an immense fortune and vast estates, which lie principally in Westphalia. He owns nearly the whole of his dominions, which is very nice for his subjects, whose taxes are merely nominal in amount, and they are greatly envied by their less fortunate neighbors in the adjoining states. The schloss of Detmold is a magnificent royal seat, with an immense round tower like that at Windsor. The gardens are beautiful, and the fountains rival those of Herrenhausen; but the admirably arranged stables are the great feature, as they always contain about a hundred fine horses, all of the famous Senner blood, which are bred at the prince's stud-farm of Lopshorn. These Senner horses are very hardy, and are remarkable for their powers of endurance. The breed is of Arab origin, and the stud, which contains one hundred and fifty mares, probably the oldest in Europe, has existed since the fifteenth century. The Teutoburgian forests around Detmold, which belong to the prince, are full of all kinds of game, and the "stags" run even heavier than those in the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha's Turingian forests. There was a hunt during the emperor's visit, and he started from Detmold at five in the morning, returning at nine, and going off again at three to another beat. He shot the finest stag that has been killed in Lippe for many years. It weighed twenty-two stone and had fourteen branched antlers. The head is to be mounted and sent to Potsdam.

VANITY FAIR.

The recently published "Life of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe" has some stories to tell at the expense of Washington society in his day. A member of the Cabinet and his wife were once dining with his predecessor, Sir Charles Bagot. The wife of the secretary put her arm into the salad bowl up to the elbow. Lady Bagot said, rather quickly, "My dear Mrs. S., what can you be doing?" The reply was, "Only rollicking for an onion, my lady." He entertained at dinner all the members of Congress in succession during the session. In those days it was still the custom for the host to ask his guests to drink a glass of wine in the course of the dinner. Canning wished to encourage this point of sympathy, and, in order to preserve his head from excess, had a bottle of toast and water placed by his plate, which looked like sherry or madeira. He was detected in this device on one occasion. A gentleman sitting upon his right helped himself to a glass of the colored water, and Canning had the luck of turning round toward him at the very moment when he discovered his mistake. Wishing to discourage as much as possible the impulsive and outspoken freedom of his American guests, he had a large basket of flowers, artificial or natural, according to the season, placed opposite to his seat at the table, and he devoted himself to his immediate neighbors. This incident shows the simplicity of Washington habits at that time. Yet Washington was not quite a howling wilderness. Canning says that the accomplishment of chewing was not quite fatal to his carpets. In this respect he was more fortunate than one of his successors, of whom we have heard, who said of the late Senator Crittenden, of Kentucky: "I have got on very well with him. When he first came to see me, he used to spit in the fire-place. But now that he knows and likes me better, he spits on the carpet." The simple Washington society appears to have afforded him some consolations. He says in a letter: "I know two young ladies who can play 'God save the King' on the harp, and who do occasionally play it, on the condition prescribed by their papa, of playing 'Yankee Doodle' immediately afterward." Canning records one incident without the least suspicion of his not having distinguished himself. A young lady gave him a flower, and one of his friends informed him that this was the recognized form of betrothal in Washington. His excellency thereupon served a notice upon the young lady that he did not wish to marry her.

At the Goodridge-Carnochan wedding in New York last week, the bride wore a pompadour wedding-gown of white satin, brocaded in silver, and was married in the splendid Louis the Fifteenth drawing-room of the Goodridge country-house. Her veil of old lace was pinned on with twelve pearl pins, and these she distributed among her twelve girl friends, who did not formally act as bridesmaids, but lent the support of their sympathetic presence in their best gowns. When she went to change her dress these young women collected to see it done, and she removed these pins and presented them. There is an idea such a gift brings luck to the receiver. Miss May Brady, the well-known Irish-American beauty, who is to marry one of the Hoboken Stevenses this month, has had a delightful fashion set for other *fiancés* to follow. Her *futur* has made it a practice never to call without bringing with him some sort of a jewel, so that already her jewel-casket is a splendid *corbeille*. Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer's daughter is to be married this month, and here are some of her gowns: Her visiting-dress is of the most exquisitely fine India camel's hair in old soft blue Indienne shades. It has a bodice and Grecian draperies over a skirt of faille française, which is in stripes of the blue and dull gold. The tea-gown is a pale shade of this same colored camel's hair, lined with tea-rose surah. An evening-gown is of maize faille française, with draperies of heavy white silk net, fringed, and with designs outlined upon it in gold thread. The traveling-gown being prepared for handsome Miss Draper, who marries Dr. May, of Washington, is of Austrian-red broad-cloth of the darkest and richest shade. It is completely covered with black braiding, and narrow bands of black fur edge the neck, sleeves, front of the bodice, the foot of the skirt, and the front edge of the panels.

Private letters from Paris say that Parisian modistes, with the infallible Worth at their head, are much out of temper with their own creations this year. They declare that the Princesse de Sagan, and what they call her dowager battalions, will rule everything in the world of fashion this season. The princesse is past her youth, indeed she has reached the late afternoon of life, hence the long, straight garments and the huge, ugly hats, all fitted to disguise defects rather than to enhance beauty. Light, graceful figures are thus doomed to be hidden under skirts and coats of a bed-gown fashion, while pretty, piquant faces will be almost lost under the shadow of the dowager head-gear. The same rule holds good in fashions for men's garments, for has not the Prince of Wales reached mature forty-seven, and do not baggy trousers, sack-coats, and flat neck-ties owe their origin to his royal highness's daily increasing amplitude of waist? It is sad for the young, whose backs are springy and whose waist-bands need no enlargement, but even fashion must have a leader, and, perhaps, it is fair that middle age should advance to the front now and then. The coming season is evidently to be the millenium of the prosaic and *passé*, and, if they are only sufficiently well-gilded, they will doubtless have a distinguished success with the ladies. Another innovation that has been much remarked upon abroad, and which points in the same direction, is the universal wearing of gloves among the Austrian and German princesses at the grand banquet given at Vienna to the Emperor William. If this fashion comes to be adopted, the large-fisted and red-handed women will shout with joy, while the possessors of tapering digits and rosy palms will howl with despair.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Louise Bouvier Drexel, niece of A. J. Drexel, to Mr. Edward Morrell, of Philadelphia, brings up the subject of rich unmarried girls, an interesting subject at any time. Miss Drexel and her two sisters are said to be the three richest unmarried ladies in the United States. This statement is open to dispute. These three ladies were left a fortune of thirteen millions of dollars by their father, the late F. A. Drexel. It was so invested as to bring each an income approximating three hundred thousand dollars yearly. Miss Mary Garrett, daughter of the late railroad king, was left twenty millions of dollars. Miss Garrett is a money-maker, and has accumulated a fortune since her father's death, so that the combined fortunes of the Misses Drexel can not equal hers. It is undoubtedly true that the Misses Drexel are the three wealthiest unmarried sisters in the United States, but it is likely that to Miss Garrett belongs the distinction of being the richest unmarried lady in America. After the Misses Drexel and Miss Garrett, comes Miss Nellie Gould as a rich unmarried woman. Miss Gould is much younger than either of the others. Unlike them, she is not yet rich in her own right, but prospectively she ranks fourth among the wealthy unmarried women of the United States. If her father meets with no reverses—and he seems able to take care of himself—her individual fortune ought not to be far from twenty millions of dollars. A Philadelphia banker recently said that the combined fortunes of the three Misses Drexel, counting the accumulations since their father's death, was not far short of fifteen millions of dollars. Miss Garrett's fortune must now be twenty-two millions of dollars, and if Miss Gould can muster twenty millions of dollars, we have fifty-seven millions of dollars to be divided between five unmarried American girls, either one of them worthy any man's love although she did not have a dollar instead of many millions.

Persons who have seen and written about Mrs. Senator Davis in the environment of social life at Washington, doubtless know something different from the charming piece of femininity that holds sway in her home on Farrington Avenue in St. Paul. When I called on Mrs. Davis, one day last week (says a correspondent of the St. Paul *Globe*), on entering the parlor I found myself facing a tall, handsome woman, whose splendid figure, brilliant color, dark hair and eyes were admirably set off by a tea-gown of a sea-foam green plush and cashmere. Her hair was piled in soft loops on the top of her head, and fastened with large gold pins. Her plush gown was guiltless of frill or furbelow, and, undeterred by bustle, reeds, or stiff skirts, clung to her form, defining all its graceful outlines. Diamonds flashed in her ears, and were the only ornaments she wore, save several beautiful rings. "Is it true, Mrs. Davis, that you make your own clothes?" I asked. "Yes; I cut all of my dresses and wraps, and have a seamstress to help make them. I sent my bust measure to Worth, and he returned me a pattern that fits me perfectly. I find I can fit myself better than any dressmaker does, and it really saves time and trouble in the end. I had a dress made by Redfern last summer, and you know he is famed for the fit of his gowns, but mine looked wretched until I ripped it up and made it over myself. I fitted this gown that I have on, and you see it does very well." "I should think it did," ejaculated my companion. The clinging qualities of the gown had been filling her young, innocent soul with wonder and envy all the while she sat before her, and finally, with a mighty effort she screwed up the courage to ask: "Er—you don't mind, I hope—but—er—is it so—you know it has been said—and honestly—now you don't mind, but—do you wear tights?" "I don't wear tights," she said, "but I wear an invention of my own that it is charity to well-formed women to describe. It is really long silk stockings. I have them woven especially for me at a New York stocking factory. I will let you see a pair. I could show you some on me if it were not for the window." The invention proved to be pretty pink-silk stockings that are made to cover the limbs to the waist, where the twain are made one by a band. Over these elongated hose—the difference between them and tights is the difference between tweedledee and tweedledum—Mrs. Davis wears a pair of dainty linen trunks edged with filmy lace. Under her corsets she wears a white-silk undervest, the neck and sleeves run with narrow silk ribbon to match the color of her hose and satin corsets, which vary in hue to suit the prevailing tone of her underwear. With crêpe dresses she dons a single skirt of cashmere, that gives the peculiar clinging effect to her gowns, and with a dress of heavy material, velvet or plush, she wears no skirt. Under a street costume she wears a linen slip that is corset cover and skirt combined, what fullness there is in the latter being confined to the back breadth. Her night-dresses are of the sheerest lawn, sleeveless, and with yokes of web-like lace.

The reckless and irresponsible way in which people write notes of introduction is rapidly throwing a distrust on this whole system of making people acquainted. The man who gives a letter of introduction has not only drawn upon his credit, so to say, in his friend's feeling of kindness toward him, but he has become responsible for the man he presents. Many persons are inclined to assume that they can only be held responsible for the strict wording of their note, as if the recipient could half receive the acquaintance they only half indorse. The truth is, that the fact of having presented a man at all is in itself a claim which they have no right to press without being assured that the character of the person for whom they stand will bear out the natural inferences to be drawn from the fact that he has been given a written and formal indorsement. Of course, at the bottom of this evil lies not a disposition to impose on a friend, but a lack of courage to refuse a favor to another when such a favor would be looked upon as a personal reflection. An eccentric old gentleman, who was exceedingly scrupulous in regard to this matter, always couched his refusal to give a letter of introduction in the words: "I am very sorry not to be able to oblige you, but I am convinced that you and the friend to whom you ask a letter would not be compatible." The phrase was ambiguous, but it served as well as another. The refusal was the main thing, and that the gentleman—being a gentleman—always insisted upon when he felt that the acquaintanceship he was asked to bring about would not be agreeable to the recipient of the letter of introduction as well as to the bearer. The matter has been often touched upon; but, so far from the evil decreasing, it seems rather to be growing. People are endeavoring to balance their moral laxness in this case by lessening the weight of presentation notes, and the time seems to be not so far distant when these convenient and necessary credentials will have no weight whatever. The only thing that can be done is to impress upon individuals the need of establishing for themselves the reputation of being so particular that their notes of introduction shall be absolute guarantees.

They walked up Broadway at the lunch hour, when everybody was on the street to see. They might have been twins. They were tall and very slim, but they looked graceful and rounded. They had long Oriental eyes, brown, with black fringes, and brown hair rolled up high from their foreheads. They wore—but nobody noticed what they wore. They carried each a carved Josephine cane. We heard of the canes in Paris four months ago. In London two months ago. We saw canes in shop windows a month back. At last the cane has appeared on the highways. The girls walked together perhaps for protection's sake. There is a certain amount of courage involved in setting a fashion. One girl appeared unconscious of the eyes fixed on her. She handled her stick with the ease and quiet deference due a dainty piece of workmanship. The other girl was embarrassed. She swung her cane stiffly and glanced down nervously at the ribbons tied about it. Once she dropped it on the pavement. The canes were slender sticks of ebony. They were shoulder high and might tap against the cheek in walking. One curved over at the top in the likeness of an ibex head. The other was finished by a round jeweled ball. Long streamers of gold-colored ribbon were fastened just above the hands. They were not bad-looking sticks, but the feat of carrying them is too spectacular for most girls.

One of the new things to be included in the list of underwear this season is the imported Worth bustle. It has a peculiar yoke-shaped top, about four inches wide, into which reeds are run to preserve its slope, and from thence fall three or four skirts gathered very full, and lined with a straight breadth that holds their fullness in place. No steels are used at all. The nattiest fall invention is the new riding-corset of leather. It is very short, very shapely, yellow in color, all bound with pinkings of scarlet leather, and has only five steels—one in front, one on each hip, and one on each side—the lacing in the back. The leather is exquisitely molded and shaped by some peculiar process, whereby the need of seams is avoided, and yet is so pliable and adjustable that one scarcely feels them. Another new corset of the season is called the morning corset. It, too, is very short, has few steels, has a bust support of fine thin linen drawn up around the shoulders with ribbons threaded through fine lace, and has no strings in the back. Several elastic straps buckle some of the corsets in the back, and a peculiar arrangement of long belts crossing in the back, passing through a slit in the webbing and fastening in front, where they are easily adjusted, either tightly or loosely, according to the wearer's comfort. Most expensive and beautiful are the new brocaded corsets made of the same heavy, rich brocades as the popular empire gowns, and finished with frillings of soft lace, frilled as narrow ribbons.

In almost all nations of the world—even in Oriental countries—women of the lower class do rough or menial work, and are paid money for it, but they are looked down upon accordingly. In the half-mediæval Portuguese colony of Fayal the poorest families try to keep one daughter from working in the orange-groves; she lives in-doors, goes shrouded in a deep *capote*, and never ventures into the streets without her mother, and if she earns a living by embroidery at home the world does not know it. Even the higher forms of industry among ourselves were long held to be socially ignoble. Book-keeping, clerkship, type-writing, are still liable to this criticism if pursued by women; and when Lady Amberley, the daughter-in-law of Earl Russell, was in this country, and desired to meet some women physicians, a lady in the best society of Philadelphia brought on herself some sharp criticism by inviting two of this then proscribed class to meet her ladyship at a large entertainment. It must always be remembered, however, that even in case of men it has taken long for common sense to prevail against this old-time hierarchy of employments. A century ago Dr. Samuel Johnson described actors and musicians as "amusing vagabonds," and defined an English merchant as "a new species of gentleman." To this day it is considered in England a matter of social discredit to be "in trade," as many American women have found to their cost after marrying English merchants. One of this class can not yet be presented at court. This seems to us absurd in a country which owes so much of its greatness to its commerce, and which has been called "a nation of shop-keepers"; but it is no more absurd than the distinction still prevailing in one of our larger cities, where a wholesale merchant, on however small a scale, is admitted to what is called "society," and a retail dealer, though he may handle millions, is excluded.

Mr. Eugene Field, the savant of Chicago, has lately thrown a strong light on the origin of the word "chump," used as a term of opprobrium, and, according to his researches, it appears that "the word 'chump' was new born about 1883, and was originally used to designate the heavy English sort of swell who bought wine for the chorus-girls. The essential conditions of true chumpery are: (1) The man must be large in person and solemn in manner; (2) He must 'open wine.'" The word is to be found in the dictionaries, with the definition "a short, thick, heavy piece of wood," and Dickens, in his "Great Expectations," speaks of "the chump end" of an article.

ANOTHER AMERICAN GIRL.

"Cockaigne" discusses the Duke of Norfolk's Reported Engagement.

The reported intended marriage of the Duke of Norfolk to Miss McTavish, of Baltimore, has not been the bombshell in the camp of noble mothers with marriageable daughters which one would have a right to expect it to be if it were true. The calm indifference, the placid unconcern with which the announcement is treated, does far more to negative its truth than all the denials "on authority" that have been published. We all know how little dependence is ever to be placed on denied engagements. It almost seems to be a matter of course with some people that they should deny a marriage engagement under every and all circumstances. Take the case of Mrs. Hammersley. Could any rumored marriage have been more assiduously and continuously denied up to the last moment than hers with the Duke of Marlborough? It has always been a puzzle to me why this should be so. There can be nothing disgraceful or derogatory to character to say that such and such a person is going to marry such and such another person. I do not especially speak of Mrs. Hammersley's marriage to the Duke Marlborough, for in that instance, setting aside the bare fact of the duke's high rank, there was everything to justify a high-minded lady in shrinking as long as she could from the public acknowledgment of her intended alliance with such a man. I do not blame any woman for feeling ashamed to own that she was going to marry the Duke of Marlborough. I speak more particularly of occasions when, as in the present, there is every reason on the part of both parties to feel proud of the proposed marriage. Again, all the denials in Mrs. Hammersley's case came from her. The Duke of Marlborough said nothing. It would, indeed, have been an amusing spectacle for him to have denied his engagement to any respectable woman. He should have felt himself too highly honored by having his name coupled with that of a lady, in any such respectable proceeding as marriage, to justify him in taking any steps to disavow it. Not that any sense of delicacy or consciousness of his own deficiencies would have hindered him had he seen fit to "decline the honor." A man of his universally conceded bad character, who could get up in the House of Lords and in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury make a speech, would not hesitate to proclaim his unwillingness to remain under the cloud of an unfounded engagement to marry the greatest lady in the kingdom. He has cheek enough and moral callousness enough to do anything of the sort. The fact is, he was only too glad to marry the beautiful and fascinating American widow. Was she really only too glad to marry him? I shall continue to think not. However, they are married, and there is an end of it. I have only referred to them in connection with this later reported engagement of another English duke to another American lady.

So far as I have been able to learn, there has been no absolute, authentic denial of this other engagement by either party or by their authorized friends. As I say, the report is treated with a studied indifference. It is regarded with supreme contempt, and is, in short, looked upon as a thing so impossible as not to justify a moment's thought concerning it. Of course, I speak mainly of the class of which the Duke of Norfolk is himself a member. As soon would the English nobility believe that their premier peer was going to marry beneath him—and I am sorry to say that among the English nobility the marriage of a peer to an American lady, or any other lady without family, position, and rank, would be so regarded—as they would that Lord Salisbury was going to resign with the intention of advising the queen to send for Mr. Parnell to form a ministry. I know what I am talking about. Therefore, the nobility need no assurance from the Duke of Norfolk; no formal denial of this reported engagement of his to Miss McTavish. In their estimation the whole story is simply so absurd as to call forth from them no more than an amused and contemptuous smile. They do not in the least care who the young lady is, or to inquire or be informed about her. She is an American, and therefore, etc.

"American wives may do, my dear fellow, for a few baronets or peers' younger sons, or for such a social scapegrace as the Duke of Marlborough," they will tell you; "but when it comes to the Duke of Norfolk, the premier English duke, and the first peer in the kingdom, why it becomes laughable—it would become laughable if it were not so impertinent. You seem to forget who the Duke of Norfolk is. Marry an American, indeed! You'll be telling me next that Prince Albert Victor is to be betrothed to a South Sea Island princess."

It is indeed amusing to see how the "hupper suckles" look at it. There is one friend of mine, a lady of title, and of tremendously old family. She is a woman of considerable breadth of mind and liberality of thought until you get her on the peerage. I may say that I take much delight in teasing her. Under an affected civility of demeanor and deportment to Americans when she meets them, or is thrown in their company, there is concealed an actual—I will not say dislike exactly, but—haughty pity for them. From her plane they are so dreadfully inferior, so distressingly lacking in rank. Clever, ingenious, bright, and able they may be—but, alas! they are not gentlemen and ladies. She really believes this sincerely.

"So we are going to lose another duke," I said to her the other day.

"Yes? And whom?" she asked.

"The Duke of Norfolk," I told her; "he's going to marry again."

"Dear me. It's not true, I hope. His first poor wife was such a charming person. She was the daughter of Lord Donnington, whose wife became Countess of Loudon in her own right. Fancy forgetting her so soon."

"I'm afraid it is true."

"And whom is he going to marry, I wonder? There are such lots of girls for him to choose from. There's Lord Salisbury. He's got a daughter left, I think; and the Duke of Northumberland has several. Or perhaps it's one of Lord Granville's girls. Lord Carnarvon, too. But let me see. I'm afraid his last daughter, Lady Winifred, was married the other day. Who is it? I should say some *nouveau riche*, only that I know the Duke of Norfolk is himself too rich to make a *mésalliance* for money, like some others, I regret to say."

"It's none of these you mention," said I; "he's going to marry an American lady."

"What?" in almost a scream, followed by an immediate subsidence into a condition of supercilious disdain; "really, Mr. Cockaigne, this is too serious a subject to joke about."

"But I'm not joking. It's quite true. They say she is a most charming lady."

"Oh! Is she, poor thing?"

"Yes, and very beautiful and accomplished."

"Dear me. How very nice. By-the-bye, have you heard that Lord Alfred Tremayne has gone to the Riviera?"

"No, I haven't. But you don't seem to hear what I say. This American lady is very nice, and pretty, and accomplished." No answer. "She will be quite an acquisition to English society."

"Really? Will she?"

"But you don't seem to realize, Lady Broomgrass, that she is to be the Duchess of Norfolk."

"No, I confess I do not. Let us talk of something else."

"But you don't mind—you are not angry at his grace for preferring an American to an English wife?"

"Angry?" she answered, with her head in the air; "I simply don't believe it."

There is a class of persons in England who, without being of high birth themselves, follow all the ways and customs of those who are. They cultivate the same ideas and express themselves in the same sentiments. I happen to know (among many others) a lady of this class who adds contemptuous pity for Americans to her other peculiar and personally unsuitable ways, merely because she thinks it the correct thing. She is the widow of an army officer, and therefore an adept at military "shop."

The following I overheard at a garden-party a couple of months ago: Mrs. Courtney (that is her name) is joined by Captain Blennerhassett of the Queen's Own Cameronian Fusileers.

"So your battalion is going to Gibraltar after all," she says, after they shake hands.

"Yes; but that's not as bad as the Cape. Poor Jack Rowley, you know him?"

"Rather. He's in the Bays, isn't he?"

"Bays? No. That's his brother Joe. Jack's in the Scottish Bombardiers, and they've just got the route for Natal."

"I'm sure there must be some mistake. I saw Major Dicer yesterday; he's on the staff at Aldershot, and knows, and he told me it was the second battalion of the Buff Light Infantry that had been ordered to Natal."

"By Jove, you're right, Mrs. Courtney. It *is* the Buffs that Jack Rowley is in."

"I thought I was right," and the widow gives a little squeal of satisfaction which she intends for a laugh.

"It doesn't really signify," says Captain Blennerhassett.

"I daresay you've heard that Henry Wilmot's engagement is announced? He's in the Rifles."

"No, I haven't. Who to?"

"An awfully rich girl, a Miss Garbage."

"American heiress, eh?"

"Not by a little bit. She's an awfully nice person."

"Name sounded American, I thought."

It is worthy of note that the sort of treatment I have spoken of was not bestowed upon the reported intention of the Duke of Marlborough to marry an American lady. The nobility do not care about the Duke of Marlborough, or what he does, or may do. He has been tried once as a marriageable man by one high-born English girl, and did not prove a success. The nobility did not want any more of him so far as marriage was concerned. Besides, he is, compared with the Duke of Norfolk, very "small potatoes." We all know pretty well what the Duke of Marlborough is. He has taken care to advertise himself very freely in every quarter of the globe. But beyond a very small circle the Duke of Norfolk is comparatively unknown. The title may be known, but the man is not. Therefore, a few words about not only the title, but the man, may not be out of place.

The Duke of Norfolk is a man of about the same age as the Duke of Marlborough. He is a small man, short in stature, and not otherwise than slight in physique. He is dark, with brown hair, brown eyes, and a reddish-brown mustache and straggling beard. He talks with a most pronounced lisp, yet he is an excellent public speaker, and is very pleasant to listen to. He is, on the whole, a very common-place looking man. But beauty is but skin deep, and after all, who wants it in a man who is not either a circus-rider, an actor, an opera-singer, or an army or navy officer? The Duke of Norfolk is, however, an Apollo compared with Marlborough. In reputation he is above and beyond reproach. He is a thoroughly good man. Scandal has never raised her blasting finger to point in his direction. No breath save of the highest respect or greatest praise has ever been blown toward him. Clean-minded, clean-habited, and clean-living, he is a gentleman among peers and a peer among gentlemen. He is a man whom any girl might be proud to win as her husband, were he plain and simple Mr. Howard instead of the highest peer in the realm.

The Duke of Norfolk is a very devout Roman Catholic. As premier peer of England, where there is an established church with the queen at its head, that he should not belong to the religion of the country must strike foreigners as strange. Yet it is not remarkable, after all. There are many other Catholic families in the peerage. If the report be true, Miss McTavish will make the grandest match ever made by an American girl. It is true that Mrs. Hammersley will have the honor of being the first American to marry a duke—not to become a duchess, for the Duchess of Leeds antedates her at that—but beyond that she has no advantage. As Duchess of Marlborough she would have to yield precedence to the Duchess of Norfolk, for the Duchess of Norfolk's position is first among the nobility of England. Do you imagine that English girls of title and rank (or their mammas) are going to allow a prize like that to be carried off by an American? Certainly not without a decided kick; not if they can prevent it. At present they appear to see, as I say, no danger. When they do, then look out for squalls.

LONDON, October 19, 1888. COCKAIGNE.

OLD FAVORITES.

Waterloo-Day.

"Now what is all this?" cried Sir Richard bold—
Little Sir Richard, twelve years old,
As he stood by his grandmother's easy chair,
His hand on his hip with a manly air:
"What is all this I hear them say,
No bells to be rung on Waterloo-day?"

Grandmother turned and fondly eyed
The sword that hung on the wall beside.
And the bright June sunshine lay full and fair
On her widow's cap and her smooth gray hair:
"Grandfather wished ere he went away
That we should no longer keep Waterloo-day."

"What?"—and Sir Richard grew hot and red,
And tossed indignant his curly head—
"Forget the day when we beat the French,
We—grandfather brave and Uncle Trench?
Forget the battle—what will folks say!
Grandfather's own great Waterloo-day?

"And I, who shall be a soldier, too,
And all that he did may some time do,
Killing the French by the dozen or score,
Getting a peerage perhaps, and more;
When I am a man whom all must obey,
I *will* have the bells rung on Waterloo-day."

Grandmother smiled a soft, sad smile,
You could see a tear in her eye the while;
"Richard, my boy, when you are a man,
If Sir Richard does all Sir Richard can
To be like Sir Robert—the folk will say
And think but little of Waterloo-day.

"Shall I tell you a story—it is not long—
About Sir Robert when he was young:
His fame in all mouths; and I liked to hear,
For I was a soldier's wife, my dear;
And my heart leaped up with pride alway
At the very mention of Waterloo-day.

"But once, when people began to forget
The battle, the peace, and the island set
In the far-away sea where that emperor died,
Whom nobody feared now—I beside
Your father's cradle sat singing gay:
It was five full years after Waterloo-day.

"Your grandfather, for he liked to be
Somewhere not far from the child and me,
Sat writing his letters; when sudden came
A change in his face I could hardly name,
'The Frenchman!' he said, and no more would say:
Till he told me what happened on Waterloo-day.

"It was a Frenchman—of many more
Whom you say we killed by the dozen or score,
Who dropped like the ranks of standing corn
That our troops galloped thro', that fresh June morn,
By Hougoumont farm, as they passed that way
On the glorious charge of Waterloo-day.

"Only a Frenchman—dead, or showed
Like dead; so on your grandfather rode,
Rode over him—as troops *must* ride then
Over dead or dying or wounded men,
When a field's to be won. 'Strike, charge, and obey,'
Were the only words upon Waterloo-day.

"The horse trod heavy—the man shrieked—dear,
Your grandfather said he still could hear
The shrill, sharp cry, as the Frenchman prayed,
That he who *his* children had orphans made
Might never have living child to say,
'My father fought upon Waterloo-day.'"

"But he had!" cried Richard, with eager eyes.
"Aye, because God answers not prayers that rise
Out of mad despair or ferocious wrong;
But your grandfather said he was haunted long
By the dying curse of this Jean Grosset,
Who was trampled to death on Waterloo-day."

Grandmother's voice sank faint and weak;
Little Sir Richard tried to speak—
"Jean Grosset! Is it——" "Hush, and hear!
Grandfather buried him. Many a year
Grandfather sought with vain essay
For his children, orphaned on Waterloo-day.

"But when dear grandfather was quite old,
And our son lay sleeping in church-yard mold,
And a tiny grandchild—Richard his name—
Was all that was left unto us, there came
A queer old lady called Ma'mselle Grosset,
To teach the boy French, one Waterloo-day.

"As ma'mselle told her sorrowful tale,
I watched your grandfather's cheek turn pale,
As if—although forty years had fled—
The white, wan face of the soldier dead
Rose up before him, and seemed to say,
'This was the end of your Waterloo-day.'"

* * * * * *

"Ma'mselle Grosset—dear Ma'mselle Grosset,
I will never more vex her in work or play;
But am I not grandfather's sword to get,
And fight for my queen and country yet?
Is all his glory to rust and decay?
Are we not to remember Waterloo-day?

"And what if the French grow proud and grand,
And threaten us over sea and land,
Are we English lads to stay meek at home,
And wait at our doors till the foe sha'l come;
Then take to our heels and run away
As if there had never been Waterloo-day?"

Grandmother's eyes flashed bright and bold;
"No—fight, boy, fight! not for glory or gold,
For honor! Let every hill and glen
Bristle with rifles, and shoot like men.
But until then, let us all of us pray
There may ne'er be another Waterloo-day."

—*Dinah Maria Mulock Craik.*

THE BIG AUTHOR

And His Little Book.

Time was when the personality of an author aroused no interest until his death. If his books were worth reading they attained more or less circulation according to their elements of popularity, but the public paid its dollar and a half without caring particularly whether the author's signature was his own name or a pseudonym. Sensational advertising was unknown, and a book was reviewed, attacked, or defended on its merits purely. To-day the face of the literary moon is changed. An author's personality is half his stock in trade. If he or she has an erratic personality, a handsome face, an unusual social position (for a quill-driver), or a willingness to pose, that author's success is just about three times as well assured as that of one whose gray matter is up to the mark, but whose exterior and conditions are commonplace, and who has no material to offer the eager reporter. As a rule, an author with a striking or eccentric individuality has no need to put his hand in his pocket in order to be written up in the papers; the sensational paragraphers are only too glad to have something to write about; yet, so great is the present craze for notoriety, that certain authors spend half their profits on a press agent, who runs paragraphs about their books and their remarkable performances through the press. One, whose name need not be mentioned, owes her entire and remarkable success in literature to this plan. I am not speaking on hearsay, for the plan was proposed in a perfectly business-like way to me. I declined, first, because literary profits are small, and, second, because the value and permanence of an artificial reputation are very doubtful. The system, however, has had the effect of inducing a morbid appetite in the public regarding the general personality of authors. An author to-day is quite as much of a public character as an actor, and the millions never tire of gossip about him. All of which means that I will try and describe a few I have met, and a few others who are constantly discussed.

Edgar Saltus is just now looked upon as the first of the younger batch of authors. He can not keep this position unless he soon gives the world something more solid than style. In a recent paper in *Lippincott's Magazine* he remarked that an author should be able to bone his dictionary as readily as a *chef* bones his turkey. He might have added that a *chef*, born to his trade, does not throw away the meat and give his patrons the bones.

When I arrived in New York a year ago, I felt a distant and reverential awe for every man who had a name in literature. A year's residence in a city swarming with literary men, great and small, has had much the same effect as turning an opera-glass about and looking through the wrong end. I squandered four dollars, when I first came here, upon the Authors' Readings, and they were the worst spent four dollars of my life.

To return to Edgar Saltus, I had pictured him as a middle-aged, abstracted, dry-looking man, who would probably be a good deal of a bore. Imagine my surprise when I found myself face to face with a very dark, rather handsome, very wicked-looking young man, who appeared about twenty-two, although in reality a trifle over thirty. He was dressed in the extreme of the fashion, he had a pout on his lips at the moment, something having occurred to disturb his equanimity, and he had so marked an absence of manner, that Chesterfield's elaboration could never have been more effective. He has a remarkably well-shaped head, and there is an extraordinary amount of knowledge and erudition in it. He has traveled much, spent many years abroad, is on more or less intimate terms with all the prominent French authors, and belongs to one of the best families in New York. I met him twice, and he struck me as being rather morbid and affected. If he had read fewer French novels, and spent less time in Paris, and had cultivated a healthier order of mind, he would be more apt to produce work of stronger individuality and more pleasing flavor. He is an artist, however, as far as he goes; that fact is beyond dispute. All his characters are from life. Viola Raritan is a girl well-known in New York society, and Eden is his wife.

Edward Heron-Allen, the young man who set New York on fire a few years ago with his theosophy and his palmistry, and who calmly walked out of it as soon as he was sure that it would remember him until his first book was published, is generally mentioned in the same breath as Edgar Saltus, and looked upon as the latter's disciple. Why I can not imagine, nor does any one pretend to explain. The difference between them may be defined very readily. Mr. Heron-Allen has, as yet, less style and more imagination. His books are very immoral; perhaps that is the reason they are bracketed with Saltus's; the young English-speaking author is proper, as a rule, and American handling of French methods is somewhat new. The unanalytical public never remembers, however, that there are literary waves which catch up certain minds as they roll along, and pass others by. Those minds, honored by the same wave's selection, give birth to children which bear a certain racial resemblance. To accuse them of plagiarism is as ignorant as it is silly.

Mr. Heron-Allen is a very good-looking young man, and has a baffling individuality. It is impossible to decide whether he has a complexity of mind and character which has rarely been equaled, or whether he is merely a clever actor. At times—and his expression shifts with great rapidity—he looks seraphic; again he looks coldly and alertly intellectual; again he looks like a devil incarnate. Oscar Wilde describes him as having sage-green hair and eyes of ice. His brown hair has, in fact, a slight green tinge, and his eyes are a light, cold gray; they can, however, sparkle and flash. His features are good and his mouth is finely cut. He looks about eighteen, and has the eyes of a man of thirty. He suggests the sensualist reincarnated in the body of the anchorite. At times he bears a marked resemblance to Shelley. He is a remarkably brilliant and entertaining young man, is not affected to an annoying degree, has less conceit than most celebrities, and has met every one, here and abroad, worth talking about. He is an Englishman, but his accent is only a refinement, which is generally the case with the well-born of his nation, and marks the line between them and the American anglomaniac. Mr. Heron-Allen's books, "The Romance of a Quiet Watering-Place" (whose feminine flavor was perfect), his "Kisses of Fate," and his latest and as yet unacknowledged novel, have been very successful and have won from Julian Hawthorne the assertion that he has more talent than any of the rising authors.

Courtlandt Palmer, the founder and late president of the Nineteenth Century Club, was a small, blonde man, with a keen face, an intellectual head, and a figure full of nervous vitality. He was the leader of the Fashionable Literary set here, and did much toward its coherence and advancement. He was very liberal in his views, and his agnosticism was part of his reputation. Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, the gentleman whom Mr. Palmer designated as his successor, is a fine-looking, fair man, not more than forty-five, although one of the few recognized thinkers of America. His philosophical works rank very high. He is the law partner of a brother of Charles Kaufman, of San Francisco.

The Marquise Lanza—Doctor William Hammond's daughter—is the bright particular star of the Nineteenth Century Club set. I first saw her at one of the meetings of the club, and watched her across the room. She wore a white, décolleté gown, and was leaning forward gazing up at the speaker. Her short blonde hair was much frizzed, her strong profile was almost perfect, and her throat and neck were superb. She looked like an ideal head. She enjoys the reputation of being one of the best read and most brilliant women in New York. She is a society as well as a literary woman, and consequently has yet to make a fool of herself with her gowns.

I believe I said a short time back that it was the fad of the day to pose. Ella Wheeler Wilcox has posed until the public have forgotten the gems she has written, and class her with the soubrettes of literature. If she would only consent to act and dress like a rational and well-bred woman, and if some conscientious and discriminating editor would select the really admirable things she has written and burn the rest, Mrs. Wilcox would easily rank as the first instead of as merely the most popular of American women poets. Amélie Rives has posed until the public has cried aloud for mercy, and her *confsœur*, Laura Jean Libbey, cuts up what few antics she can think of. Maud Howe is given to sad-colored, bustleless gowns and water-lilies, and, strange to say, a good deal of posing is done by Mrs. Burnett. Of all authors in the United States, Mrs. Burnett has least necessity for personal gossip; both here and abroad she is recognized as the first of American literary women (for Mrs. Stowe belongs to a by-gone period), and she worked herself up from the ranks to her present position by perfectly legitimate means. She began with little stories in the insignificant magazines, and she won her way to fame without a single sensational advertisement. Why she has begun to pose at this late day no one knows. She has just electrified the literary world by consenting to write a story for the New York *Ledger*. It is probable, however, that she will raise the tone of the *Ledger* instead of lowering her own literary standing. Stevenson has contracted to write a story for the famous paper also, and it is to be feared that the poor shop-girl will soon have a sorry time of it. Literary and journalistic evolutions are interesting phenomena. Will the day come when we shall subscribe for the New York *Ledger* as naturally as we subscribe for our *Century* and our *Harper?* Stranger things have come to pass.

Edmund Clarence Stedman has the nearest approach to a *salon* in America, the best we shall get, probably, until we have the ripeness of centuries in our veins and the picturesque inspiration of a past. Mr. Stedman is one of the few Americans with an impersonal as well as a personal ambition; the "banker-poet," as he is called, takes a deep and abiding interest in the literary history, past and present, of his country. His "Library of American Literature" is purely a labor of love, and in a hundred other ways he has helped a cause that needs a guiding hand and a directing brain as just and as impartial as his own. Mr. Stedman is below medium height, slight, and active. He has a quick, bright, nervous, disconnected way of talking, and can "pump" more cleverly than any man I ever met. He has greyish, sandy whiskers and a thoroughly American face. His sister, Mrs. William Kip, a daughter-in-law of Bishop Kip, lives in Berkeley.

GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.

NEW YORK, November 2, 1888.

The wandering of gypsies through their favorite field, Austria, has received a serious check. The Austrian Minister of the Interior has issued a decree by which itinerant gypsy bands, wherever they turn up, will be called upon to give an account of themselves, and should it be ascertained that they have come from the East they are turned back under escort. On such occasions all expense entailed by their transport is to be defrayed by themselves, and should they be insolvent, their live-stock and chattels are to be sold at auction. The gypsy of Austria and Bohemia is said to be of doubtful honesty, whereas the Hungarian gypsy is hard-working and inoffensive. A case recently disclosed a Hungarian gypsy horse-dealer employing an English governess for his daughters, who were receiving an excellent education, while his son was an officer in the Roumanian Army.

Alderman Whitehead, who was installed lord mayor of London November 9th, is a fan-maker by trade. He is, of course, wealthy, as the salary of his office, fifty thousand dollars, will not suffice for more than half of his expenses. The glories of the position are many. The lord mayor ranks and has the precedence of an English earl during his reign of twelve months. He is addressed officially and in private as "My Lord," and his wife ranks at court as a countess. Once the term is over they sink back into plain "Mr." and "Mrs." and are no longer eligible for court functions.

OUR GIRLS' VOICES.

Does the American Maiden Possess a National Twang?

Some years ago (writes Marion Harland in *Once a Week*) it was my pleasure to chaperon a party of American girls through the exhumed city of Pompeii. The traveling group of six comprised two Southern women, one Western, two from the Middle States, and a sixth from New England. All were highly educated, refined, sprightly, and keenly appreciative of the privileges of the grand tour. Five out of the six spoke French, and four Italian, so well as to call forth the commendation of our guide.

"It was seldom," he went on to say, "that Americans were fluent in that tongue, although many had sufficient command of French to make their way on the continent."

"How do you know that we are Americans?" asked a fine type of our best class of girls; "why not English?"

She had put the same question to a boatman on Lake Como, and received for reply that "The English have red faces, the Americans white."

The Pompeiian guide was less complimentary.

"The English speak from the chest," he said, illustrating his meaning by driving his rich baritone into the depths of his lungs; "the Americans with the nose."

To make sure of our not losing the point, he grasped a swarthy aquiline member between thumb and forefinger, and reiterated the phrase nasally.

The girls disclaimed the imputation as indignantly as I afterward heard an eminent American clergyman, resident on the continent, repel a criticism passed upon himself by an English parishioner.

"She told a friend of mine that she would enjoy my sermons more if I had not the 'national nasal twang!'—a thing of which I was never accused before!"

It was, I think, Bayard Taylor, who characterized the objectionable habit herein mentioned as "the national catarrh." Nobody is conscious of his own sins in this regard.

One of the most eloquent of Southern pulpit orators once convulsed a company by asserting, with the full explosive might of a prominent olfactory organ, that he "could detect a Yankee anywhere and in whatever disguise. They all speak through the nose, a trick from which the Southerner is entirely free."

We are so used to the "national catarrh" that we have ceased to notice it, except in the more exaggerated forms. The most serious side of the question is suggested by those who insist that—setting aside ridicule and disclaim—it is the inevitable consequence of the American climate. It is not two years since I heard this view of the subject ably sustained in a convocation of New England physicians, nor one month since a prominent New York citizen assured me (through his nose), "There is not a resident of New York or Brooklyn who is not a sufferer from catarrh in some form."

It is bad enough everywhere in these United States, but the coast lands, subject to freezing fogs, and humid northern valleys, between mountains where the snow lies long, carry off the evil palm.

Another characteristic of the national manner of speech has, to our shame be it said, application rather to the gentler than the ruder sex.

Miss Alcott touches the blemish with a firm hand in her description in "Little Women" of the Vevay party, where were collected, among the guests, "a goodly number of sweet-faced, shrill-voiced American girls."

The American "Lear" may emphasize sorrowfully the old king's praises of the voice "that was ever soft and low."

"My girls keep my foot on the soft pedal all the time," said the fond mother of four; "their spirits make them forgetful of the laws of proportion."

Our girls behave better, in most respects, than any others upon the civilized globe. They are prettier than English women, dress better than French women, are better read than German women, and out-scream them all. To a sensitive ear, the jargoning of a women's lunch or afternoon tea is simply intolerable. It is not only that the example of loud speech is contagious, but if one would be heard, her voice must be raised to overbear the surrounding Babel. Dumbness is the alternative. The round of afternoon receptions and high teas during the fashionable season—entertainments where the proportion of men is comparatively small—is excruciating.

"The peacocks' gala-day!" muttered a deep voice in my ear as we entered the hall of a house presided over by a charming, high-bred hostess, and the tumult of shrieks and laughter bespoke her "at home" day.

The phrase invariably returns to me in similar scenes. It is self-evident that, if all would moderate, as well as modulate their tones, everybody would be heard as easily as when all vociferate; that, if nobody laughs loudly, the hum of revelry will not be riotous. But for all of practical effect the aphorism exerts it might as well never be known.

Is it because our American girl "goes out" so much, and so learns to adjust her voice to the requirements of "the peacocks' gala-days," that she acquires the habit of loud, dissonant speech in the domestic circle, in otherwise quiet drawing-rooms, and —least pardonable of all—in places of public resort? She spoils our enjoyment, and makes us ashamed for her in picture-galleries by her high, thin chatter of nothing in general and herself in particular; flirts audibly between opera acts and concert numbers; entertains the occupants of hotel parlors with full particulars of the doings of "our set," and discusses the last bit of gossip across the aisle of a street-car.

Chancing the other day to get a table at Delmonico's near that at which sat a stately chaperon and four pretty, elegantly dressed girls, I learned more of personal biography and family history than I could write down in an hour. Yet all of the party were evidently people in fashionable and presumably refined society. They comported themselves courteously toward each other, and expressed their meaning in well-chosen terms, but as if they had been separated by half the width of the great room.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Not only is Mrs. Burnett going to write a novel for the New York *Ledger*, but Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson has engaged to do the same thing.

Mrs. Burnett's pretty child-story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," has actually reached its sixtieth thousand. The book and the play together promise to bring the author a fortune. The play is one of the great successes of the year in Boston.

Sampson Low, Marston & Co. will publish early next year the "Memoirs of Grenville Murray," written by his widow. According to London *Truth*, this ought to be the most lively and interesting work of the "reminiscence" kind which has ever appeared.

It is said that twenty-seven hundred letters on the question, "Is Marriage a Failure?" have been addressed to the London *Telegraph*. A volume of selections from these letters, accompanied by an article by Mrs. Lynn Linton, is to be published in England.

The publishers announce that a sixth edition has been issued of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's novel, "What Dreams May Come," the previous editions of thirty-five thousand having been exhausted. Nearly a fourth of the volumes sold have been bought in California.

Lafcadio Hearne, author of the recent articles upon the Tropics appearing in *Harper's*, began his career as a Cincinnati journalist and was afterward for some years connected with the press of New Orleans. From a sensational reporter of a somewhat lurid style, he has emerged into a powerful descriptive writer.

The proprietors of *Harper's* gave Mr. Abbey a commission to prepare illustrations for a series of Shakespeare's plays, and he has been to Venice, Verona, and other parts of Italy to take sketches. Another of the Harpers' staff, that excellent and gifted artist, Thure de Thulstrup, returned to New York from Russia a couple of weeks ago.

Mr. Howells has thought it necessary to offer excuses to the American public for the appearance of the word "honor" in his books spelled after the English fashion, "honour." He has his books set up in Great Britain in order to secure English copyright, and the English printer continues to spell in the English and not in the American way.

A fine portrait of the author of "Robert Elsmere" will be found in the current number of the *Book Buyer*. It shows a woman whose handsome figure is surmounted by a beautifully shaped head. Her wavy locks are wrapped around it in the English fashion. The upper part of her face is a repetition of that of her uncle, Matthew Arnold. Her mouth and chin are much stronger than were his. Her graceful attire shows that she does not disdain the gentle arts of the lady.

Concerning the question whether America has produced a great poet, *The Saturday Review* relieves itself of a column or so of its usual flippant sarcasm, but ends with a few reasonable sentences. "Great poets," it says, "are the results of exquisitely rare and incalculable combinations of causes, and nobody would be to blame if there were not a great poet for another century. This country does not seem likely to have another in a hurry, nor have we observed him mewing his mighty youth in France, Germany, Italy, or Spain. Perhaps he is at school in Bolivia at this moment, or he may be at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and his Christian name may be 'Gifted.'"

"The newspaper correspondent at Naples, who gained a position behind the chair of Emperor William at the recent banquet, by disguising himself as a waiter, was able to study the royal visitor at short range, but he can hardly claim the merit of originality. He evidently borrowed the bright idea from similar exploits of the American reporter. New Yorkers well remember the dinner that Mr. Low, of Brooklyn, gave to R. B. Hayes, a very quiet and elegant affair, of which Mr. Low did not want any newspaper mention. One of the waiters was a newspaper reporter, who took the spread all in and gave the world the benefit. A secret meeting in a Sherman House parlor of politicians, who were planning a campaign, was reported at column length in a Chicago newspaper by a young man who was snugly tucked away in an unsuspicious-looking cabinet." The New York *Sun* prints these facts approvingly!

New Publications.

Sir William Petty's "Essays on Mankind and Political Arithmetic," is the latest issue of the National Library. Published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"A Legal Wreck," the novel from which William Gillette took his play, or which he wrote from his play, has been published by the Rockwood Publishing Company, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price: cloth, $1.00; paper, 35 cents.

"A Start in Life: A Story of the Genesee Country" is the title of another of J. T. Trowbridge's absorbing stories for boys, being the first of the new Start in Life Series. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 75 cents.

"Pythia's Pupils," a charming story for young girls, has been translated from the German, in which Eva Hartner wrote it, into English by Mrs. J. W. Davis. Published by George Routledge & Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.25.

"Primary Methods in Zoölogy Teaching," an illustrated guide for teachers in common schools, is the latest of Dr. W. P. Manton's "Practical Helps in Natural Science." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

"Le Second Livre des Enfants," by Paul Bercy, will be welcome to those who have proved for themselves the excellence of Dr. Bercy's method in his first "book for children." Published by William R. Jenkins, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 75 cents.

"Fighting Phil" is the alliterative title of a sketch of the life and military career of General Philip H. Sheridan, by P. C. Headley, of which a new edition, revised up to the gallant soldier's death in August last, has been published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

Those youthful readers who enjoyed the adventures of "Little Miss Weezy" will be glad to know that Penn Shirley has written a second book in which that small heroine figures. It is called "Little Miss Weezy's Brother," and is published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 75 cents.

"The Master of Rathkelly," Hawley Smart's latest novel and one fully up to his average in its dashing descriptions of hunts and races, hunt-dinners, and lively times between landlord and tenant in Ireland, with love, murder, and other varied incidents to give it spice, has been published in the Town and Country Library by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"Jesus in Modern Life," by Algernon Sydney Logan, is a book in which two prefaces and an introduction take up nearly one-third of the bulk, explaining the writer's purpose and the sources of his data, and the remainder gives a sketch of the life of Christ, endeavoring to explain the miracles in the light of modern science. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann; price, $1.25.

The fourth volume of Captain Charles A. J. Farrar's Lake and Forest Series, which are to constitute a history of sport and adventure in the wilds of Maine, has been issued with the title "Up the North Branch." The country covered in the tale lies about the north branch of the Penobscot and the St. John, and includes much of the wild country in Maine and New Brunswick. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.25.

In the preface to his new "History of the United States and its People for the Use of Schools," Edward Eggleston quotes the humorist who said "It is better not to know so much than to know so many things that are not true." Acting on this maxim, he has retold the story of our nation, leaving out the thousand-and-one legends that occupy so large a place in the ordinary school history and so small a place in the reader's mind, and has rewritten the whole truth from data which he had authenticated wherever possible by personal examination. The illustrations, which are numerous and good, include colored maps and marginal portraits, which latter form a prominent and commendable feature of the work. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

"Volcanoes and Earthquakes," by Dr. Samuel Kneeland, is a handsome volume containing an inquiry into the nature of seismic disturbances, their nature, causes, effects, and geographical distribution. Much of the material was the result of the author's own observations in the various countries described. In 1872 Dr. Kneeland visited the volcanoes of the Hawaiian group; two years later, at the time of the millennial celebration of the advent of the Norsemen in Iceland, he had an opportunity of seeing Hekla and other famous volcanoes of Iceland; in 1882 he made the ascent of Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Ætna, and in the same year visited the volcanic regions of Japan, Java, and New Zealand. The book is well illustrated. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $2.50.

Regarding olive culture as one of the most promising of the permanent industries of California, we take pleasure in calling attention to a new work upon that subject by Arthur Tappan Marvin, just published by the house of Payot, Upham & Co. This treatise is an intelligent work containing the history of the olive tree, the species best adapted to this region, with descriptions of climate, soil, locations, and modes of fertilization, preparation of ground for planting, with instructions for pruning, treatment of pests, manner of harvest, extraction, classification, and storage of oil. The work is illustrated by plates explaining all that is essential for an intelligent production of an olive orchard, and ought to be in the hands of every gentleman and farmer proposing to himself the experiment of olive culture. The olive-tree is something so new to this country, requiring so many years and so much care and expense to bring it to profitable development, and promising such immense advantages to the future of the State, that no reasonable effort should be spared in the choice of trees and in the place of planting. For the price of this work the orchardist obtains the practical experience and observations of an intelligent writer and worker, who has spent his life in acquiring knowledge of practical olive culture.

"In War-Time at La Rose Blanche," by M. E. M. Davis, is a series of sketches, rather than a novel or long story, narrating various incidents in the experience of a Southern family, consisting of the mother and her younger children, at the home plantation, "La Rose Blanche," in Louisiana, while the father and boys—the youngest barely sixteen—are away fighting the Yankees. It was originally published in *Wide Awake*, an excellent magazine for children, but it really seems to be too charmingly written not to have the appreciation of a larger and more experienced circle of readers. The story of the little Yankee boy, who, for the sake of his sister Allie in far-away Massachusetts, played with the little Southern maiden and her dolls, and who was found cold and white in the garden one morning after an engagement between skirmishers near the "great house" of La Rose Blanche, is a very pretty and pathetic tale, and told with that sketchy freedom which is the height of art. Then the adventure of "the Cunnel's vally," the wonderful "dish-rag gourd-vine bonnet"—but they are all pretty stories prettily told, and give a truthful and delightful picture of the ideal Southern family when the men-folks were away battling for what Mrs. Davis terms The Cause. The illustrations by Kemble add much to the book. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.—A "Rainbow Calendar for 1889" (50 cents), compiled by Kate Sanborn, is a book almanac, one leaf for each day, giving on each leaf two or more appropriate quotations and a space for memoranda. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston.—"Pansies for Thoughts" (75 cents) is a little book containing quotations for each day in the year from the writings of "Pansy" (Mrs. G. R. Alden), compiled by Grace Livingston. "Old Concord: Her Highways and Byways" ($2.00), by Margaret Sidney, is a series of sketches and descriptions of that picturesque old town, handsomely printed and bound. "Longfellow Remembrance Book" ($1.25) is a small quarto containing a monograph on the poet, with several quotations from his works, handsomely illustrated and bound, and provided with an introduction by Elbridge S. Brooks. "Warwick Brookes's Pencil Pictures of Child Life" ($1.25) reproduces a number of the famous English painter's pencil-sketches of children, accompanied by biographical and critical notes by T. Letherbrow. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston.—Stephen Collins Foster's popular song, "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," illustrated by Charles Copeland, and handsomely printed at the University Press, Cambridge, is the first of a series of five holiday volumes grouped together as "Songs of America" ($1.25 each). Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston.—"All Around the Year—1889" (50 cents) is a pamphlet composed of Bristol cards, on which is a calendar for the month, with appropriate vignette, in sepia-tint, fastened together with silver-gilt chain and rings. Two of Dinah Maria Mulock's best poems, "A Friend Stands at the Gate" and "A Christmas Carol" are made into similar Bristol-board pamphlets ($1.00 each), measuring ten inches by six. The stanzas are printed on separate leaves, each in fancy lettering and illustrated in vignette by J. Pauline Sunter in delicate light tints. The edges are gilded and the cards are secured with ribbon. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. For sale by Strickland & Co. and Samuel Carson & Co.

Some Magazines.

The *Woman's World* for November contains a paper on "Modern Dress-makers," by Mrs. J. E. Davis; one on "A Woman's Friendship: Mary Stuart and Mary Seton," by Mrs. Fenwick Miller; and contributions from Miss A. Mary Robinson, Miss Edith Simcox, Miss E. Beltham Edwards, and others, beside a complete record of the latest fashions.

The November *Lippincott* opens with a novel by Grace King called "Earthlings." Edgar Saltus discusses "Morality in Literature." John Habberton develops his "At Last: Six Days in the Life of an Ex-Teacher." J. F. Blondin gives a sketch of his "Experiences as a Rope-Walker." "Extracts from the Diary of John R. Thompson" is compiled by Elizabeth Stoddard. Lincoln L. Eyre has an article on "Corporate Suretyship." There are poems by Frank Dempster Sherman, Charles Washington Coleman, Jr., and Wilson K. Welsh.

The *American Magazine* for November contains: "An American Theatre," by George Edgar Montgomery; "The First American Embassy to Pekin," by L. McIntosh Ward; "The Valley of the Connecticut," II., by John R. Chapin; "Some Adopted Americans," by Allan Forman; "Tony: A Study in Black and White," by Evelyn Malcolm; three chapters of "The Two Coronets," by Mary Agnes Tincker; "America's Crack Regiments," II., "'Ours,' the Twenty-third of Brooklyn," by Morris B. Farr; "The Koto and Its Associations," by Harriet Taylor Upton; "A National School of Music," by Arthur Charlton; "Mr. Myndert's Grandfather," by O. S. Adams; and three poems and the usual departments.

The November *Outing* contains the first of a series on the "Out-Door Life of the Presidents," by John P. Foley. "Progress of Athletism," is discussed by Charles Turner, a well-known English sporting writer. Ralph K. Wing is the author of "A Damp Journey on a Down Grade." "The Rifle in the Sacramentos" is by Lieutenant William H. Johnston. President Bates is the author of a cycling story, entitled "The Haunted Wheel." "To the Pacific through Canada" is by Ernest Ingersoll. *Outing's* special correspondent gives an account of the "New York Yacht Club Cruise of 1888." In "Base-Ball in Australia," Harry Palmer, the noted base-ball writer now in this city with the ball teams, sketches the programme laid out for Mr. A. G. Spalding's teams in their present venture. Verses are contributed by Susan Hartley Swett, Lucy C. Bull, and Edward A. Valentine.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Dr. Hook, a celebrated Yorkshire vicar, was not a handsome man. An old acquaintance says of him: "The boy, Walter Farquhar Hook, might almost have been described as one of those on whom nature is said to have tried her 'prentice hand." He was very fond of commenting on his own ugliness, and repeated, with great amusement, some of the "left-handed compliments" he had received. On one occasion the good vicar saw a little girl looking attentively into his face. "Well, my dear," said he, "I don't think you've seen me before." "Oh, yes, I have." "Where?" "I saw you the other day, climbing up a pole, and I gave you a bun."

Mr. Greeley took especial pride in the weekly *Tribune*, and scrutinized each issue with such exactness that an inverted comma would not escape his eagle eye. At one time a rather brilliant but erratic young man, who cared more for generals than for particulars, was in charge of the weekly, and in reciting some event added a speculation as to the outcome. Soon after the paper was out, Mr. Greeley appeared on the scene, full of wrath and pluperfect profanity. "Where is the blankety blank fool who wrote this?" he roared. The young man avowed himself. "You precious and ineffable blanked ass," said the sage, "blankety blank you, don't you know that it is hard enough to tell the truth about what has happened, without trying to tell what is going to happen, blankety blank your fool soul!"

De Quincey suffered from indigestion. His tastes were a little troublesome to the servant who prepared his repast. Coffee, boiled rice and milk, and a piece of mutton from the loin were the materials that invariably formed his diet. The cook, who had an audience with him daily, received her instructions in silent awe, quite overpowered by his manner, for had he been addressing a duchess he could scarcely have spoken with more deference. He would couch his request in such terms as these: "Owing to dyspepsia afflicting my system and the possibility of any additional disarrangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise; so much so, indeed, as to increase nervous irritation and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance, if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal rather than a longitudinal form."

It was a horse case in England. Horse cases are difficult to deal with, and in the course of the trial a horsey-looking witness was put in the box. Counsel asked him what happened. Witness—"I ses, ses I, 'How about the hoss?' and he zaid he'd give me ten shillings to zay nothing about un." Counsel—"He did not say he would give you ten shillings." Witness—"Yes a did; that's exactly what a did zay." Counsel—"He could not have said 'he,' he must have spoken in the first person." Witness—"No; I was the first person that spoke. I ses, ses I, 'How about the hoss?'" Counsel—"But he did not speak in the third person." Witness—"There was no third person present, only him and me." The judge (interposing)—"Listen to me, witness. He could not have said, 'He would give you ten shillings to say nothing about it, but "I" will give you ten shillings.'" Witness—"He zaid nothing about your lordship. If a zaid anything about your lordship I never heered un. And if there was a third person present I never zeed un." Point given up.

The little King of Spain has begun to exercise his royal privilege of issuing orders, which, though they conflict with public opinion, must be obeyed. His majesty has now reached the age when the place of a nurse is usually filled by tutors and governesses, and his attendant was accordingly notified, some time ago, that her services would not be much longer required, and that she might prepare to return to her husband and children in the country. The nurse, however, has become very much attached to her young charge, and, after vainly pleading her cause with the queen regent, she hit upon a novel means of fortifying her position. The king is just learning to talk, and when he was recently taken into a room filled with Spanish officials, who wished to assure themselves of his well-being, the baby surprised them by announcing: "The nurse must stay. I want her to stay." That wily attendant had occupied her spare time in teaching her charge to express her own preference, and the result was entirely successful. No royal mandate can be disobeyed in Spain, and the king's nurse has been told that she may remain for the present.

In countries which are visited much by curious travelers, everything becomes a show from the natives' point of view. Dr. Seeman relates an observation of his own to this effect: I suppose it must be in remembrance of my own educational training, and for the sake of comparing my own lot as a boy with that of others, that I always find myself inquiring, with almost savage satisfaction, what punishments are inflicted in the various countries on ne'er-do-weels. On addressing one day my favorite questions to a school-master at Cairo, he told me he gave the young Egyptians the bastinado. "I have often read of this," I said, "but have never seen it applied." "Then you shall see it now," he rejoined, and forthwith proceeded to collar one of the biggest boys and inflict the usual Oriental castigation. The boy hallooed out tremendously, and I naturally inquired for what offense he was punished. "Oh, no offense," was the reply; "I gave him the bastinado merely because you had never seen it applied." Of course I at once interceded, gave the boy two shillings for his pains, and the school-master sixpence for his.

Those who are familiar with the habits of snakes say that when a person kills a snake, he must look out for its mate. In the *Homeward Mail* the following tragic incident of a cobra's vengeance is related of Andrew Fischer, an employee of the Madras Railway Company. One day, while seated in the verandah of his bungalow, he observed two large cobras on the barren plain immediately in front of the houses. Arming himself with a stout stick he proceeded to the spot, and encountered the snakes. He succeeded in killing one of them, while the other, which had been slightly wounded, managed to escape. Mr. Fischer hunted about for the runaway, but could not find it. He then returned to his bungalow, and rested for some time, as he was off duty. Later in the day he prepared to go to his work, and with that object got out his clothes to dress. He sat on his cot, and was about to put on his shirt, when he felt something bite him on the back. He turned round, and, to his horror, found a snake on the cot behind him, which he is said to have recognized as the cobra he had wounded that morning. He immediately sought relief, and all kinds of remedies were applied, but to no effect, and he died in the evening. It is commonly believed among the Hindoos that no animal is more revengeful than the cobra, and that if an attempt is made to kill it and it escapes, it never gives itself rest until it has wreaked its vengeance upon its assailant.

It is said that when Jacob Boehme, the famous philosopher, was on his death-bed, some of his pupils came to him to have an obscure passage in his writings explained before he died. After puzzling over it awhile, he said: "My dear children, when I wrote this I understood its meaning, and no doubt the omniscient God did. He may still remember it, but I have forgotten." Klopstock, the German poet, was once visited by some students from Gottingen, to have the meaning of one of his stanzas explained. After reading the stanza, he replied: "I can not recollect what I meant when I wrote it; but I remember that it was the finest thing I ever wrote, and you can not do better than to devote your lives to the discovery of its meaning." A comical sentence appeared in the programme of a concert given by M. Gounod in London. The eighth song was printed: "'She Wandered Down the Mountain Side,' accompanied by the composer." A lady, in advertising herself as a teacher, referred to the "reputation for teaching she bears." Instances of "neglecting the antecedent" are amusing. In an old geography we are told that Albany is a "town with three hundred houses and twelve hundred inhabitants, all with their gable ends toward the street." A furrier once announced that he was prepared to "make up capes, circulars, etc., for ladies out of their own skins." A match-vender of London used the following street-cry: "Buy a pennyworth of matches from a poor old man, made of foreign wood."

WOMAN'S DRESS.

By "Ouida."

Women have happily been preserved by their tailors rather than by their own good sense from the offenses against taste which disfigure the modern costume of men. It is hardly possible to imagine anything better in the way of dress than the *toilettes* which have been created by the first Paris houses for the adornment of women during the last ten or fifteen years. These costumes can be produced in portraiture without alteration, and are as picturesque on canvas as the soul of any artist can desire. They are, it is true, chiefly combinations of the costumes of the Fronde, of the Directoire, and of other epochs, but they are thoroughly artistic combinations. Dress is, in its essence, an artificial thing. Nature has nothing to do with dress; and the blanket of the savage squaw is every whit as artificial as the court train of the European duchess. When the human form is covered in any way, art, more or less elegant, more or less clumsy, must be called in to cover it.

Therefore it is senseless to object to costume as a deviation from simplicity; costume can not be simple because it is opposed to nature; the greatest prude can not pretend that the human form was intended by nature to be a peg on which to suspend clothes. Therefore it is a fair argument that a costume is the best which best fulfills its purpose, which embellishes the frame weighted with it, and which is so graceful, so well-shaped, and so beautiful that the eyes in dwelling on it forget that it is an artificial addendum, worn in deference to social prejudices and climatic necessities.

Society has grown so hypercritical that it is even shy of the nude in art, to the irretrievable injury of art; and has lost sense of beauty in nudity which is so far removed from grossness. Dress, therefore, is a trammel from which it is improbable that the human form will ever be free, and the desirable thing in it is not that it should be more or less simplified, but that it should be as delightful to the sight as it can possibly be made; and this the costumes now worn by women of fashion and by famous actresses certainly are.

That they are extremely costly is lamentable but inevitable, and it is difficult to see any possibility of cheapening them; a *femme bien mise* will always be an expensive creation of civilization. She is an article of luxury and must pay or be paid for at a very high price; if she be *très bien mise* she will make it a condition that her costume shall not be repeated for others by her *faiseur*, and this desirable monopoly in itself constitutes a most costly privilege. Yet it is not enough to go to a famous maker and give unlimited orders; any daughter of shoddy can do that, and she will be given beautiful clothes, but she will not be well dressed in them. The most beautiful and costly toilet will not make a well-dressed woman of its wearer unless it suit her form and features and unless she is so entirely at ease in it that she thinks no more about it than if it were a bit of sackcloth, or at least so understands the *ars celare artem* that she appears not to do so. The supreme grace of the toilets of great French actresses is the careless way in which they wear them.

Children should be dressed as well from infancy as the means of their mothers permit; thus only can they grow up with that ease in dress and the habit of it which are essential to its effect. The dress of children should be simple and never overladen, but it should be picture-like and white should predominate. Nothing suits the soft lines and colors of childhood so well as white; indeed, at all ages white dress is beautiful; it is of all things the most agreeable to wear, because, as it shows every speck of dirt, perfect cleanliness is assured by it. Marie Antoinette preferred white gowns to those of any color, and most women of any delicate taste will show the same preference. The dominance of black, which is seen chiefly in London, is an error; it gives a most gloomy aspect to concerts and parties, and nothing collects dust so rapidly. Black or gray is well worn by those women who are obliged to go about alone and on foot, because thus clad they attract little notice in the streets; but for the woman of the world, who usually drives wherever she goes, in cities, this reason for the adoption of sombre garb does not exist, and it is a fallacy to suppose that black is becoming. White clears the complexion but black dulls it, unless, indeed, the black be black velvet, now so seldom used, yet in which everybody, male and female, old and young, dark and fair, look their best in cold weather.

The fatal folly of tight lacing, so ruinous to the health of the woman and of her offspring, disfigures modern costume; the wasp-like waist is not beautiful, it is not harmonious, it is stiff and grotesque, and deprives the figure of all elasticity, softness, and pliant undulation. No artist can tolerate, no sculptor would reproduce it. The tight semi-masculine costumes of which English women are so proud have done much to increase the wasp-waist folly; yet it may be doubted if any woman of really good taste would care to adopt these covert-coats and narrow cloth skirts; they possess no feminine grace, no artistic attribute, and give a wooden rigidity to the whole person. English women make it their boast and practice to be out of doors in all weathers; but it would not be impossible to find a costume suited to uncertain weather and country roads which would still retain something of that feminine grace of which the "the tailor-made" gowns are so wholly deprived.

A woman well dressed will always take care that her feet and legs are shod in conformity with her costume; stockings unlike the gown, or shoes which are unfitted to go with it, suffice to destroy the whole tone of a toilet.

English women are sad offenders in this matter of *chaussure*, even those of the highest rank, and may be often seen in drawing-rooms at five o'clock tea, wearing boots or highlows only fit for the road and the field. Of all important points in a toilet the shoes and the gloves are of the greatest importance; *bien chaussée, bien gantée*, a woman will look well dressed even when wearing a very plain gown. They are both matters in which economy is a crime. Economize as you will, as you must, in all else, but never in these two items. Save in something else, but not in them nor in your body-linen.

It must be confessed that a woman who has but little to spend can never be well-dressed in the Parisian sense of the words. Excellence in dress as in all other things is only to be attained by those who can afford to disregard what has to be paid for it. There is a charm, a *chic*, in the confections of famous houses that can never be found outside them; an artist in clothes will make a baptiste gown from his hands look better than point lace and satin arranged by less cunning fingers.

A woman who can afford to spend but little on her costumes must give up the hope of being *parfaitement bien mise*. But if there is much which she can not accomplish, there is also much she can avoid. She can study what suits herself; she can abstain from following a fashion personally unbecoming to her; she can take care that all the details of her attire, however simple they may be, are all in harmony and of good material; and, if she have artistic perception, she can see that her clothes are graceful.

However frivolous it may sound, I would sooner have women develop their physical than their mental attractions. An ill-dressed woman, be she learned as all the ologies and all the sciences can make her, is an unsexed and unlovely thing. No woman can have herself born beautiful, but every woman may attain a certain beauty if she know how to move and how to dress. Beyond all, *fitness* is the supreme necessity in all good clothes.

The fisherwoman of the Sables d'Olonne, or the peasant woman of a Norman market-place, is well-dressed, because she has studied suitability as well as coloring; the London slattern with her flaunting bonnet and slippers down at heel, or the Sheffield factory-girl with her dingy artificial flowers and draggled ostrich feathers, is a blot on civilization and a caricature of her sex, because she has had no sense of what is fitting, clean, or sightly, and has merely aped and imitated that which is wholly out of her reach, and would be as wholly unsuited to her if she could reach it. The dress of women of the world is in much artistic and full of charm in these latter years of the century, especially that portion of it which is worn in the evening and in society generally; but the dress of women of the people, save in such remote provinces as still retain the use of local costumes, is with every generation becoming worse, more vulgar, more foolish, more tawdry, and more mean.

A Model Bookstore.

There is a distinct pleasure as well as much novelty in being able to go into a bookstore in San Francisco where the clerks are courteous and know their business. As a general thing our booksellers may know all the ins and outs of their trade but they are careless in selecting their salesmen, and the consequence is that the public suffers and prays for a well-conducted bookstore. People are now beginning to recognize the fact that the branch store which Belford, Clarke & Co., of New York and Chicago, have established at 834 Market Street, is such a place as the city has long wanted. Belford, Clarke & Co. are the largest book-publishers in America, issuing their own editions of all standard European publications, while the *imprimur* of Belford, Clarke & Co. on the title-page of an American novel at once stamps the book as a success. They keep all the standard and classic works in a variety of bindings, from cloth and half calf to tree calf and morocco, and in art publications they have a splendid line of illustrated poems, Christmas booklets, prayer-books and Bibles, albums, children's illustrated story-books, and Christmas cards in endless profusion and variety. Beside the enormous stock of books, which includes the works of every author one ever heard of, this enterprising firm has a full line of Russia leather goods of all kinds and at all prices, and their stock of stationery can with completeness and satisfaction supply the most fastidious lady with her delicate note-paper. And having everything connected with the book business in stock, the large corps of attendants are worthy of such a first-class store. They are all polite and intelligent, willing and able to assist the purchaser in every way. It is more than probable that the Publishers' Book-Store at 834 Market Street, above the Phelan Building, will get the cream of the Christmas trade, for in the few months it has been open the reading public has learned that Belford, Clarke & Co.'s is the best place of its kind in town.

A Dentist Rewarded.

That dentistry has attained a higher stage of development in America than in any other country is amply proven by the fact that European dentists are universally adopting American ideas in their practice, while our own practitioners are constantly making improvements in the instruments and the methods of their science. The only discoveries of great importance in American dentistry, during the last few years, have been made by San Francisco dentists. One of the most wonderful is that of implantation, discovered by Dr. W. J. Younger, who proved that any tooth will grow into an artificial socket made in a human jaw, even though the tooth has been laid away in a drawer for many years. In other words, the periosteum of a tooth never dies. The latest discovery, and perhaps the most important of all up to the present time, is that of Dr. W. G. Leek, of O'Farrell Street. He has proved that teeth may be extracted painlessly without resort to stupifying and dangerous drugs and gases. The fame of his success in this wonderful operation has extended to the farthest corners of the world. Only last week a wealthy nobleman arrived from London, having made the long journey for the sole purpose of having extracted a troublesome tooth that nineteen dentists had failed, or refused to attempt, to draw. Dr. Leek did what no other dentist had thought of doing, he dissected the tooth loose from the jaw and then lifted it easily from its socket with the exertion of only a few pounds' pressure. On measurement the tooth was found to be one and one-half inches in length, and Dr. Leek has preserved it as the longest tooth ever drawn from a human jaw. For it he received the largest fee ever given for a single extraction, for, though his bill called for only five dollars, the patient gave him a present of twenty-five pounds sterling for his skill and delicacy in the operation. Fifteen dentists and physicians were present and witnessed this triumph of surgical skill. It may be well to state that both Doctors Younger and Leek make a specialty of their discoveries; Dr. Leek has fifteen specialists employed for filling, crowning of broken stumps, implanting, bridgework, and that most beautiful of dental constructions, continuous gum plates, which no expert can distinguish from natural teeth, when they are made by Dr. Leek's private method. Specimens of this work have been put on exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair for the last five years, and have always been awarded the highest prizes. A notable feature of Dr. Leek's work is that his offices are never closed, day or night.

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BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

A New York Merchant who Obliges.

"I have always maintained that Boston merchants were more obliging than those of New York," said a young Boston man last week, "but recently I have changed my mind about it. I am forced to admit that the difference is in favor of New York."

"Well, what made you change your mind?" I asked him.

"I'll tell you. I come to New York generally for two or three weeks every summer on business, and this year I got a note from my sister over at Plainfield asking me if I would be good enough to find out whether the large dry-goods stores would be open on a certain day, as she had been in New York once before and lost her day, because it happened to be one of those doubtful holidays for which the city is becoming noted. She didn't want to do the same thing again, and the day she had in view was one which might be considered a holiday, she feared.

"I concluded that it would be very easy to find out, and so I walked over to Brown & Co.'s, and asked a floor-walker, who possessed the air of a man who had recently purchased several planets and the rolling-stock for a new solar system, if the store would be open on Thursday. He did not reply at once, but asked why. I told him that my sister, who lived at Plainfield, N. J., wished to come over and do some shopping on that day if the stores would be open.

"He hemmed and hawed around a good deal, but finally, with a flush of crimson which extended over his brow, neck, and chest, making him look more beautiful than ever, he said he did not know, but that the manager could tell me.

"I started out to find the manager, making a journey partly on foot and partly by diligence, until I was shown the manager, who was at that moment engaged, however. He continued engaged until about lunch-time, when the engagement was broken off, and I thought I would get a crack at him. However, he said he would have to be excused till after lunch, when he would attend to me. I called again after lunch and took a seat in his office. He asked me how he could serve me, and I told him that my sister resided at Plainfield, N. J., and that she thought of coming over on Thursday to do some shopping, provided the stores would be open. She had heard that it was liable to be a holiday, and she hated to come down from Plainfield, and pay her fare, and lose her day if all the big dry-goods stores were to be closed on that day.

"He thought it over quite a long while, and then, very much humiliated, he admitted that he didn't really know whether they would be open on that day or not, but that Mr. Brown, who was on the top floor, could tell me.

"I then went up to the outer gate of Mr. Brown's private office and sat quite a long time. It was more of a job to find out about this matter than I had supposed it would be. Still I had started in and couldn't very well back down, as my sister would be anxious to know. Finally, a small boy with magenta hair came and told me that Mr. Brown would see me. I went in there. He was not half so pompous as the sock fancier down-stairs or the head footman of the delivery wagon at the back of the store. He was rather a small man and quite easy in his manners.

"He asked me to have a cigar, took my umbrella and stood it up in the corner, hung my hat away on a peg, and, slapping me playfully on the knee, asked me what he could do for me.

"I told him that my sister resided at Plainfield, New Jersey, and that she had thought of coming over to New York on Thursday to do some trading, provided the stores were open, but that she didn't care to lose her day and pay her fare both ways if it would be a holiday. She had been in once before, I said, and it had turned out to be a holiday, and so she lost her time.

"'Well, what did your sister wish to buy if she came over? Do you know?'

"I said she was pretty well out of handkerchiefs, and would like to price some wash-goods for a dress, also, if she came, and she also wanted to look through the ribbon remnants and get some samples of passementerie.

"'And is there no other day during the week she could conveniently come down to New York to do this trading?'

"I said it would be very difficult for her to come at any other day, as she was engaged in teaching up at Plainfield, and did not get a chance to come to town much, except on Saturdays and other holidays, but she wasn't sure that Thursday would be regarded as a holiday by the big stores, and she didn't want to come down if the large stores were to be closed. She had once before been fooled that way when she came to New York, and so she lost her day and her fare both ways, and she didn't want to go through it again, and so she had asked me to ascertain for her whether the large stores would be open or not on that day, so that I could write to her and tell her, thus saving her the risk of losing her day and her fare between New York and Plainfield both ways, and that was why I had come to ask about it.

"He looked out of the window quite a while, thinking what he had better do about it, and I could see that he was considering the whole thing up one side and down the other, and then he turned to me and asked if I could reach my sister by post or wire without delay. I told him I thought I could.

"'Well, then," said he, 'you wire her that I will have to let the help go on Thursday, because it is a legal holiday, and as for myself, I live up at Corn-dodger-and-hyphens-on-the-Hudson, about sixty miles from here, and on Thursday my wife and I celebrate our silver wedding; but if your sister will come over from Plainfield, New Jersey, and will promise faithfully to look through our ribbon remnants and price our wash dress-goods, and get some samples of passementerie, I will come down and open the store for her.'

"And still you will find people who claim that the worry and attrition of a long business life in New York tend to harden a man and dwarf his better nature!"—*Once a Week.*

Mrs. St. Jones—"What is it this time, Edwards?" *Edwards*—"Mrs. Kerr-Bristow's card, ma'am." *Mrs. St. Jones*—"Did she leave any message?" *Edwards*—"Yes, ma'am; she said as how she was always finding you out." *Mrs. St. Jones*—"I hope you replied gracefully, Edwards?" *Edwards*—"Yes, ma'am; I said as how I wasn't aware that you'd done anything to be ashamed of, ma'am."—*Time.*

Agent (to woman who has bought a Bible on installments)—"I've called, ma'am, for the monthly payment." *Woman*—"All right; I've got it tied up in a rag for you. I'll fetch it." *Agent*—"You are pleased with the book, of course, ma'am?" *Woman*—"Well, yes; I like the kivver, but neither me nor the old man are much sot on the readin' matter."—*Life.*

Robinson—"Jackson, I hear that Brown called you a liar last night." *Jackson* (bitterly)—"Yes, he called me a liar." *Robinson*—"And didn't you resent it?" *Jackson* (warmly)—"Resent it, you bet I did! I told him that was simply a matter of opinion and not of fact. No man can call me a liar and get away with it."—*Life.*

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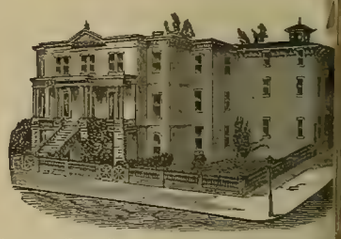

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Monday, October 1, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.00, 6.45, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45 and 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 2.15, 4.25, 5.45, P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30 and 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11.00 A. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.

Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Oct. 15, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	11.45 A.
9.30 A.	Fast mail for Ogden and East	12.15 P.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	11.15 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

‡ 7.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
*2.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos	9.20 A.

NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

7.15 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
‡ 7.50 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Excursion	‡ 8.35 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.40 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 42 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5.10 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8.00 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.40 A.
†11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.50 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ** Mondays excepted

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Oceanic	Wednesday, November	28
Gaelic	Tuesday, December	18
		1889.
Belgic	Saturday, January	5
Arabic	Thursday, January	24
Oceanic	Wednesday, February	13
Gaelic	Saturday, March	2
Belgic	Thursday, March	20

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For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay: POMONA, Wednesday, at 9 A. M.
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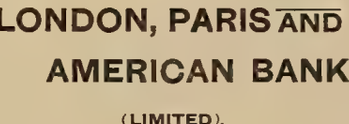

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SOCIETY.

Bachelors' Cotillion Club.

The winter season in society circles was fairly and auspiciously opened on Friday evening, when the members of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club gave their first german at B'nai B'rith Hall. The arrangements were perfect; not a thing seemed lacking that could have contributed more to the enjoyment or comfort of those present. The hall was brightened by a tasteful arrangement of light-tinted draperies, streamers of bunting, hanging baskets, and potted palms and ferns, all of which contributed in making the place picturesque. A change in the general routine of affairs was made this time by placing the chaperons and their escorts in the gallery, thus allowing more room for the dancers—an innovation that was greatly appreciated by the latter. The cotillion was started soon after nine o'clock. Mr. Edward M. Greenway led with Miss Fair, and they were assisted by three couples—Mr. Mountford S. Wilson and Miss Sallie Maynard, Mr. A. H. Small and Miss Corbitt, and Mr. E. H. Sheldon and Mrs. Pierre La Montagne.

The five figures danced were familiar to most of the participants, and included: "The Grand Right and Left," "Royal Arches," "Winding Lines," and "The Greek Cross." Ballenberg's orchestra of twelve pieces played delightfully. Mr. Greenway supervised the affair in his usual efficient manner, and when the dancing ended at midnight, all expressed themselves as being thoroughly satisfied with their evening's enjoyment. A delicious supper was served afterward in the dining-hall, which was prettily decorated with smilax, chrysanthemums, violets, and ferns from Del Monte. Quite a number of débutantes made their appearance in society at the cotillion.

Among those present who danced were: Miss Fair, Miss Maynard, Miss Corbitt, Mrs. Pierre La Montagne, Miss May Andruss, Miss Daisy Ainsworth, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Jessie Bowie, Miss Mary Bowen, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Mamie Blethen, Miss Julia Bissell, Miss Mary Barber, Miss Theresa Bissell, Miss Nellie Corbitt, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Miss Rose Donohoe, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Graham, Mrs. Grayrigge, Mrs. Basil Heathcote, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Bessie Hooker, Mrs. William H. Howard, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Aileen Ivers, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. M. Hall McAllister, Miss Inez Macondray, Miss Maud Nickerson, Miss Julia Ortiz, Mrs. David Price, Miss Perry, Miss May E. Pope, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Miss Page, Miss Matie Peters, Miss Grace Pierce, Miss Florence Pierce, Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mrs. James A. Robinson, Miss Claire Ralston, Miss Belle Reis, Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mrs C. A. Spreckels, Miss Carrie Durbrow, Miss Emma Durbrow, Mrs. S. Harrison Smith, Miss Nellie Smedberg, Miss Gertrude Severance, Miss Shinn, Miss Evelyn Shepard, Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Leslie Van Ness, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Arthur, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Miss Jennie Watson, Miss Mamie Woolrich, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Lieutenant Oscar, I. Straub, U. S. A., Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., Lieutenant Gilbert P. Cotton, U. S. A., Lieutenant Samuel D. Sturgis, Jr., U. S. A., Lieutenant Hayden, U. S. A., Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., Dr. Whiting, U. S. N., Mr. Jerome B. Watson, Mr. N. G. Kittle, Mr. Edward MacAfee, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Ogden Hoffman, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. Paul Jarboe, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mr. Pierre La Montagne, Mr. M. Hall McAllister, Mr. William Heath, Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. Arthur Lee, Mr. C. O. G. Miller, Mr Collin M. Smith, Mr. Henry Redington, Mr. Robert J. Woods, Mr. G. Vernon Gray, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Mr. Arthur Page, Mr. Louis B. Parrott, Mr. Rhodes Borden, Mr. G. B. Moulder, Mr. C. A. Spreckels, Mr S. Harrison Smith, Mr. Samuel Boardman, Mr. Warren D. Clark, Mr. George L. Woolrich, Mr. W. B. Tubbs, Mr. W. Hinckley Taylor, Mr. Guy A. Newhall, Mr. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. William R. Sherwood, Mr. Ferd Reis, Mr. W. A. Magee, Mr. Robert L. Sherwood, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. Frank McAllister, Mr. Robert G Hooker, Mr. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr Wilfrid B. Chapman, and Mr. Giulio Lecca.

Among the on-lookers were: Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. E. J Bower, Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Beylard, Judge and Mrs. John H. Boalt, Captain and Mrs. W. B. Collier, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Donahoe, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Girvin, Mr. and Mrs J. B. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs C. G. Hooker, General and Mrs. James F. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mr. and Mrs A. J. Ralston, Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg, Lieutenant and Mrs. Adam Slaker, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Percival W. Selby, Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Tatum, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Mrs. Theresa Fair, and others.

The Tallant-Landers Wedding.

There were between five and six hundred wedding guests assembled in Trinity Church last Thursday at noon to witness the nuptials of Miss Helen A. Landers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Landers, and Mr. Fred Tallant, son of Mrs. D. J. Tallant. The rain and gloom without made the brilliantly illuminated interior particularly attractive, and the setting of light-tinted morning toilets and dainty bonnets added considerably to the effect. The chancel, however, was the brightest portion of the edifice, for here were seen thousands of variegated chrysanthemums, which veiled the chancel-rail in dense masses, clambered over the pulpit, which was framed in tones of pink, and were also prettily arranged in the baptismal font. Palms, and ferns, and chrysanthemums in pots were set at the sides of the chancel to make a garden scene, and upon the altar were blossoms of pure white in handsome vases.

Fully an hour was occupied by the ushers in seating the guests, during which Mr. Beerworth played some beautiful organ voluntaries. Finally, at fifteen minutes past the noon hour, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" heralded the arrival and approach of the bridal party. The groom and his best man, Mr. Charles C. Thorn, reached the chancel first from the vestry-room and awaited the others. Mr. G. Vernon Gray, Mr. Jerome Lincoln, Mr. Edward L Bosqui, and Mr. James N. Brown, the four ushers, came first followed by two little maids, Miss Pearl Price Landers, sister of the bride, and Miss Elsie Tallant, niece of the groom. Then came the maid of honor, Miss Tallant, and the bridesmaids, Miss Bessie Hooker, Miss Mamie Reynolds, and Miss Marian Ransome, who were followed by the bride leaning upon the arm of her father. After taking their proper positions the ceremony was impressively performed by the Rev. Hiram W. Beers, the responses being clear and distinct.

Throughout the ceremony Schumann's "Traumerei" was played softly, and at its conclusion the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" made melody for the exit of the bridal party. At one o'clock a breakfast was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 1121 Bush Street, which was attended by about seventy-five intimate friends. Quaint fancies and pretty conceits were displayed in the decoration of the residence, and the warmth imparted by the gaslight caused the buds and blossoms to open and expand, sending their fragrance through each apartment. Particularly odd in its way was the arrangement of the front bay-window, which was formed to represent a rustic bower, bordered at the back and sides with uprights of oak which supported chains of pink-silk cord. Against the blue-silk curtains were a series of tall wild rose-bushes laden with foliage and clusters of little pink roses, the long boughs bending at the top beneath the embrasure, and extending outward at either side, the terminal points being hung with moss. Little festoons of narrow silk ribbons were pendant in the centre and sustained a number of miniature wreaths of the rosebuds. One side of the gilded frame of the mantel mirror was bordered with tall red stalks prolific with rich leaves in bright autumnal tints and clusters of purple berries. Chrysanthemums of varied hues were massed upon the mantel Jardinière of blue velvet, and in the doorway opposite hung a huge ball of Langtry chrysanthemums from ribbons of pink silk. Ferns and fine foliage screened one side of the doorway leading to the library and a basket of russet-colored chrysanthemums hung at the opposite side. Rising from the book-case were immense sprays of ferns and on the étagère were pink and red chrysanthemums combined with draperies of pink and blue silk. Before the grate were fern sprays in relief, the mantel was banked with chrysanthemums and sprays of asparagus tenuissimus, and the mirror held at an upper corner a large wreath of pink and russet-colored chrysanthemums, sustained by bands of blue and pink silk. A portrait of the bride, at the age of seven years, occupying a prominent place on the wall, was adorned with autumn foliage gracefully placed. The bannisters in the hall were decorated with white chrysanthemums and ferns, ending at the newel post with a band of white brocaded silk, which held in place a tall shoot of eucalyptus. African marigolds and clusters of moss were used as a trimming for the picture frames. In the dining-room was a bounteously provided buffet and numerous small tables, while the porch adjoining was canvased in and illuminated by means of fancy lanterns.

As the guests arrived from the church they greeted the happy young couple felicitously, then admired the decorations, inspected the beautiful presents up-stairs, and, while Ballenberg's band played choice musical selections, they afterward enjoyed the refreshments that were so plenteously provided. The wedding feast was one of thorough pleasure. When the bride's cake was cut, it was discovered that Miss Bessie Hooker had obtained the golden ring. The bride threw her bouquet over the bannisters, before her departure, and her maid of honor, Miss Tallant, caught it. It was about four o'clock when Mr. and Mrs Tallant left the house amid the well-wishes of their friends to make a tour of Southern California. They will return in about three weeks to occupy their new residence on Hyde Street near California. The array of presents was of much elegance, as each gift was costly, beautiful, and, at the same time, useful. The dresses worn by the members of the bridal-party and relatives attracted much favorable comment at both the church and the reception, and may be described as follows:

The bride, an exceedingly beautiful girl of the brunette type, looked charming in her wedding-robe of white faille Française, which was fashioned after the style introduced by the Empress Josephine. The short bodice was trimmed with Duchesse lace in the form of a bertha, and was made round at the neck. The sleeves extended to the elbows and were finished with a fall of lace, and the gloves were of white undressed kid. The entire front of the skirt was of Duchesse lace, and the bridal-veil was of white tulle confined at the coiffure by a Greek cross of diamonds and extending to the end of the long court-train. Her slippers were of white satin and her hand-bouquet of Bon Silene roses.

The toilets worn by the maid of honor and bridesmaids were all alike in style, varying only in color. That worn by Miss Tallant will serve to illustrate the others It was of the Directoire style with a redingote of pale yellow silk brocaded in pink rosebuds, with the front of the waist cut off in jacket-shape with revers turned down, showing beneath a dainty vest of lace. The skirt of yellow silk was finished with flounces of lace. She wore a large hat of white felt trimmed with white ostrich tips, and carried a bouquet of Marechal Niel roses.

Miss Bessie Hooker's redingote was of white silk brocaded in rosebuds and leaves and her skirt of pale green silk. She carried Marechal Niel roses.

Miss Reynolds' redingote was of pink silk brocaded in roses and her skirt of pink silk. She carried La France roses.

Miss Ransome's redingote was of white silk brocaded in wreaths of flowers and her skirt was of bright cherry colored silk. She carried La France roses.

Miss Pearl Landers and Miss Elsie Tallant appeared in costumes that represented the foregoing in miniature, being made of white brocade and white India silk combined. They carried large bouquets of La France roses.

The souvenirs for the maids were gold finger rings, each set with a pearl and the ushers received handsome scarf-pins.

Mrs. John Landers appeared in an elegant toilet of old-rose colored brocade made with a court train and trimmed with moire of a darker shade and Duchesse lace. Her bonnet of velvet corresponded with the dress and was trimmed with point lace. Ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. D. J. Tallant appeared in a rich costume of dark bluish-gray velvet, made en train, and wore a dainty capote to match. Ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. H. A. Stevens, grandmother of the bride wore a costume of black velvet de Lyons, en train, trimmed with Duchesse lace.

Mrs. F. A. Whitney, cousin of the bride, wore a becoming toilet of pale yellow and green brocade combined, trimmed at the bodice and front of the skirt with pale green lace which was elaborately embroidered in silver. Her bonnet corresponded with her costume.

The Champion-Conner Wedding.

Trinity Church was the scene of a pretty wedding last Wednesday morning, when Miss Mollie Conner, daughter of Mrs. J. W. Conner, was united in marriage to Mr. Charles Noble Champion, of the Union Iron Works. The interior of the church was illuminated with gas and the chancel bore an effective decoration of tropic palms and ferns. Organ voluntaries were played by Mr H M. Bosworth while the ushers were seating the guests, and precisely at a quarter of twelve o'clock the bridal party made its appearance. To the cadence of the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" the party proceeded to the chancel, where the groom and his best man, Mr. Woodworth Wethered, awaited them. First in the cortége were the six ushers, Mr. John Champion, Mr. Albert Castle Mr. Fred Hubbard, Mr. William Lee, Mr. Walter Rountree, and Mr. Henry Spaulding; then came the bridesmaids, Miss Lucy Edwards, Miss Alice Griffith, Miss Julia Conner, Miss Blanche Castle, Miss Helen Wheeler, and Miss Jennie McDermut. The maid of honor, Miss Edith Conner, was next, and after her came the bride and her brother, Mr. Fred Conner, who gave her away.

The bride looked very pretty in an exquisitely made toilet of white satin de Lyons, which was completely enveloped by a flowing veil of white silk moleine, caught at the coiffure by three pearl pins and extending beyond the end of the long court-train The bodice, which was made high at the neck, with long sleeves, was daintily trimmed with Duchesse lace and a long spray of orange-blossoms. The front of the skirt was almost completely hidden by graceful cascades of Duchesse lace falling to the base. Encircling her neck was a beautiful necklace of pearls, a gift from the groom, and she carried a hand-bouquet of lovely Niphetos roses.

Miss Edith Conner, the maid of honor, appeared in a becoming Directoire costume of white India silk. The skirt was laid in accordion plaits and the bodice was a la Infanta. She carried a bouquet of adiantum and wore a broad-brimmed, white felt hat, trimmed with white ostrich plumes.

The sextet of pretty bridesmaids were all attired alike in toilets of the time of the First Empire, and a description of one will do for all. The bodice of creamy white Henrietta cloth was made with a long redingote back reaching almost to the base of the skirt, and was completely at the waist in front which was finished with revers and large buttons. The skirt of silk was arranged in tucks from the base upward, forming a perfect V. They wore tan-colored undressed kid gloves, and large hats of white felt faced with olive-green velvet and trimmed with white ostrich tips. Their hand-bouquets were of adiantum, and their favors were cats-eye pins presented by the groom.

Mrs. John W. Conner, who was seated in the front of the nave, appeared in a rich toilet of black velours de Lyons, made with a court-train and trimmed with point lace at the neck and sleeves.

The Episcopal marriage service was impressively read by the Rev. Hiram W Beers, and at its conclusion the organ pealed forth the joyous notes of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and the smiling bride and happy groom, followed by their attendants, left the chancel and proceeded to their carriages. They were driven to the residence of the bride's mother, 1455 Franklin Street, where a reception was held. The parlors were beautifully decorated with numerous baskets of fragrant flowers that friends had sent, in addition to the masses of chrysanthemums that adorned the mantels, tables, and organ The portières at the folding-doors were drawn up and hung with large hats full of roses and ferns. A lighted lamp was suspended in the centre of the bay-window, and at either side were curtains of smilax trailing with roses, while at the back were the lace curtains fronded with fern sprays. The bannisters in the hall were draped with pepper-tree foliage and berries, and floral designs were placed here and there to heighten the entire effect.

Congratulations were extended to the newly married couple by the arriving guests, and at one o'clock all proceeded down-stairs to the music room to partake of breakfast. The long corridor was hung with lighted Japanese lanterns, and the room looked very attractive. The large furnace at one end of the room was clad with ivy in a clever manner, and there were flowers and foliage arranged in appropriate places all combining prettily. The bridal party occupied a table near the bay-window, and the guests were seated at tête-à-tête tables. A sumptuous repast was enjoyed and the time was made pleasant to every one. Afterward the parlors were sought and to Ballenberg's music the remainder of the afternoon was happily danced away. A pretty feature of the day was when the bridesmaids and ushers, respectively, formed circles around the blindfolded bride and groom who distributed their hand-bouquet and boutonnière to the expectant ones. Miss Lucy Edwards and Mr. Albert Castle received the tokens The presents received were extremely handsome and costly. As a particular mark of esteem the groom received from the employes at the Union Iron Works an elegant gold watch bearing his monogram and crest and a lob similarly adorned. Mr. and Mrs. Champion are passing their honeymoon on a Southern trip, and upon their return will reside at 1823 Broadway Street.

The Burling-Peralta Wedding.

A very pretty wedding took place at St. Bridget's Church at nine o'clock on Thursday morning. The ceremony was performed by Father Fassonati, of St. Francis Church. The contracting parties were Mr. William Barron Burling, son of the late Mr William Burling, and Miss Lolita Peralta. The maid of honor was Miss Burke, the best man Mr. Gus Burling, and the ushers Mr. Louis Morgan, Mr. John Blanchard, Mr. Charles Moosher and Mr. Samuel Lask. After the ceremony the bridal party proceeded to the residence of Mrs. Burling, where an elaborate wedding breakfast was partaken of by a very few intimate friends. The decorations in the church and house were simple but exceedingly elegant.

The Clarke Bubble-party.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke gave a novel and charming entertainment on Monday evening last, in the form of a bubble-party. Twelve very handsome prizes were distributed to the successful ones during the evening, and later dancing was indulged in. About half-past twelve o'clock supper was served at small tables, after which dancing was resumed and kept up until a late hour

Those present were: Miss Caduc, Miss Fair, Miss Blair, Miss Smith, Miss Taylor, Miss Bissell, Miss Therese Bissell, Miss Grueber, Miss Voorhies, Miss Kate Voorhies, Miss Irwin, Miss Perry, Miss Graham, the Misses Castle, Miss Clarke, Mrs. F. A. Whitney, Mrs. J. Clarke, Mr. Reis, Mr. McMullin, Mr. Chauncey Winslow, Mr. Oxnard, Mr. Robert Oxnard, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Hine, Mr. Bissell, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Mr Robert Hine, Mr. Harry Williams, Mr. Johnston, U. S. N., Mr. Parmenter, U. S. N., Mr. Hill, U. S. N., Mr. Dunning, U. S. N., Mr. J. A. Towers, U. S. A., Mr. O. I. Straub, U. S. A., Mr. Macondray. Mr. E. K. Clarke, and Major Hughes, U. S. A.

The Art Students' League.

The second studio evening of the Art Students' League occurred on Friday night, and was well attended. Some very good pictures were on exhibition, and musical selections were given as an additional attraction. The affair was purely of the nature of an informal artists' reception, and proved pleasant in every particular. The next studio evening will probably occur on December 14th, when *tableaux vivants*, under the direction of artists, will be a feature of the affair. The League is in a flourishing condition, the new departure having proved a great success. The autumn term is drawing near its end, and with some excellent work to show on the part of the pupils. The midwinter term will begin December 1st. Mr Emil Carlsen, Mr. Fred Yates, and Mrs. Richardson continue as instructors

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, of New York, and Mrs. Charles Crocker visited Coronado Beach and other portions of Southern California recently.

Mrs. William H. Wallace will leave the city during the early part of December to pass a month at Coronado Beach.

Captain and Mrs. C. H. Harrison have returned from a European tour, after an absence of three years. They will be at the Palace Hotel during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan, of Redwood City, have been at the Palace Hotel during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. George G. Mullins and the Misses Mullins arrived here last Thursday from St. Louis, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. M. S Latham has returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs W. B. Collier

General Alexander Perry and Miss Perry will pass the winter at the Hotel Pleasanton.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, of Calistoga, will pass the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Hill and Mr. Daniel Murphy, of San José, have returned from an extended European tour.

Dr. George H. H. Redding was in Munich when last heard from.

Mrs. M. Herzstein has gone to Kern County for a few weeks to visit her brother, Mr. Harry Wallace, and to recuperate her health.

Miss Barber, of San Rafael, visited friends here during the early part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, and Mr. James M. Requa, of New York, were at the Palace Hotel several days recently.

Mr. Willard T. Barton has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Lawlor, Miss Lillie Lawlor, and Mr. William Lawlor, formerly of this city, who have been at Coronado Beach and Santa Barbara for the past year, are now located permanently at San José.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, who have been at Oakland for several months, have returned to the city, and have taken the cottage on the north-west corner of Jackson and Octavia Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart, *née* Will, have arrived in Paris, after an extended trip through Germany.

Mrs. Peter Decker, Miss Alice Decker, and Miss Genie McLane, of Baltimore, have gone East. They intend passing the winter in Berlin.

Mr. and Mrs George Loomis, who have been entertaining their friends at their Menlo Park residence during the summer months, will be at the Palace Hotel in a few days for the winter season.

Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., who has been visiting Judge and Mrs. F. E. Spencer at San José for the past three months, will return soon to her residence, 1508 Taylor Street, with her daughter.

Miss Jennie Gallatin returned to the city a week ago after a prolonged absence in Europe.

Mr and Mrs. A. G. Booth have closed their summer residence in the Santa Cruz mountains and are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr Asa R Wells and family have moved into their new home 1711 Van Ness Avenue.

Notes and Gossip.

Mr and Mrs. William G. Irwin recently gave a theatre-party at the Baldwin Theatre and a supper at the Palace Hotel in honor of Miss Aileen Ivers The evening was one of much pleasure to the guests, who comprised: Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Miss Fair, Miss Minnie Houghton Miss Shinn, Misses Carrie and Emma Childs, of Los Angeles, Misses Florence and Grace Pierce, of Santa Clara, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Mr. Edgar Mizner, Mr Harry Houghton, Mr Richard Ivers, and Mr George A Newhall.

The arrangements are now all complete for the first cotillion of the German Club, which will occur next Tuesday evening at Union Square Hall. Handsome decorations and new figures will be the features of the affair, which promises to be brilliant.

A report has been presented by the Executive Committee of the Charity Calico Ball showing that the net proceeds amounted to one thousand and thirty dollars. The expenses were eight hundred and twenty-seven dollars.

Mrs. L. T. Parkhurst and Mr. Charles R. Yates will be married during the early part of December.

Mrs J. Thomas Boyson will receive on the first and third Monday and the first Monday evening in each month during the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Frank M. Pixley gave the first of her winter series of receptions a week ago Friday at her home on Union Street, at which a few friends were pleasantly entertained. She will receive on the second and fourth Fridays of each month until next April.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Carmichael-Carr Concert.

A testimonial concert was given to Mrs. Carmichael-Carr by her many lady friends last Tuesday evening, at Irving Hall. She had the assistance of Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Carl Bergstein, Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis, Miss Bertha Lohse, Miss Mabel H. Gross, Mr. Antonio Lombardo, and a chorus of male voices from the Loring Club. The audience gave every evidence of its appreciation of the talent of the beneficiary and the able efforts of the other participants. The programme, which was arranged by Mr. Henry Heyman, was as follows:

Rondo for two pianos, C major, op. 73.....Chopin
Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Miss Bertha Lohse.
Recitative and Aria, for basso, "Creation".....Haydn
Mr. Carl Bergstein.
Conzertstuck, for flute, op. 97, "Andante Cantabile and Allegro Capricioso".....Jadassohn
Mr. Antonio Lombardo.
Cavatina, "Semiramide," "Bel raggio"..... ....Rossini
Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis.
Violin Solo, "Polonaise"..... ..... Léonard
Master Harry Samuels.
Part Song,
Male Voices.
Suite, for piano, op. 40, "Im alten styl".....Grieg
Mrs. Carmichael-Carr.
Song, "Charity".....Faure
Mr. Carl Bergstein.
Nocturne, for flute, violin, and piano, op. 163. No. 1....Beh
Mr. A. Lombardo, Mr. Henry Heyman, Miss Mabel H. Gross.
Hindoo Song.. ....Bemberg
Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis.
Violin and Piano,
Romanza, op. 17 } .....Ad. M. Foerster
Fantasia, op. 15 }
Mr. Henry Heyman and Mrs. Carmichael-Carr.
Part Song,
Male Voices.

The Hagan Concert.

A large audience greeted Miss Mary Hagan at Saratoga Hall last Friday evening, when a concert was given for her benefit. She is a dramatic soprano and a pupil of Mme Inez Fabbri-Müller. Mr. Charles Goffrie directed the music and the following local talent assisted: Miss Adeline Hynes mezzo-soprano; Miss Ernestine Goldmann, pianist; Mr Charles Goffrie, violinist; Mr. Charles Thrower, tenor; Mr Fritz La Fontaine, basso; and Mr. Jacob Müller, baritone The annexed programme was given:

"Il Trovatore"..... ....Verdi
First act, in costume.
Leonora ....Miss Mary Hagan
Inez..... ....Mrs. Judsun
Manrico.....Mr. Charles Thrower
Count di Luna.....Mr. Jacob Müller
PART II.
Piano Soli—
(a) "Gondoliera"..... ....Liszt
(b) "Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2"..... ....Liszt
Miss Ernestine Goldmann.
Violin Solo, "Air Varie"..... ..... Vieuxtemps
Professor Charles Goffrie.
PART III.
"Faust"—Garden Scene.....Gounod
Margaret .... Miss Mary Hagan
Siebel..... .... Miss Adeline Hynes
Martha..... ....Mrs. Judsun
Faust.....Mr. Charles Thrower
Mephisto.....Mr. Fritz La Fontaine

Brandt String Quartet.

The Hermann Brandt String Quartet commenced its third season by giving its first chamber-music recital last Wednesday evening at Irving Hall. A fashionable audience filled the hall, and the programme merited the liberal applause bestowed by the auditors. The quartet comprised: Mr Hermann Brandt and Mr Louis N Ritzau, violins, Mr. Henry Siering, viola, and Mr. Louis Heine, 'cello. Mrs. Emilia Tojetti kindly assisted them. The selections presented were as follows:

Quartet.....B flat major, op. 18, No. 6.....Beethoven
I. Allegro con brio. *II.* Adagio ma non troppo.
III. Scherzo (Allegro). *IV.* La Malinconia (Allegretto).
Messrs. Hermann Brandt, Louis N. Ritzau, Henry Siering, and Louis Heine.
Scene et Air de Ophelia (from Hamlet)..... ....A. Thomas
Mrs. Emilia Tojetti.
Theme and Variations.. .....John Parrott
Quartet.
Souvenir de Bade, Fantasie pour 'Cello..... ..Servais
Mr. Louis Heine.
Song—
(a) "Ultima Ebrezza"..... ....Ruta
(b) "Spring Night".....Schumann
Mrs. Emilia Tojetti.
Adagio Cantabile, Vivace.....Haydn
Quartet.

An Orchestral Matinee.

The second orchestral matinée was held in Irving Hall on Friday, and was fully as successful as the previous one. Mr. J. H. Rosewald was the director, Mr. Noah Brandt, concert master, and Mr. C. W. Reynolds, accompanist. The following excellent programme was presented:

Overture. "Si j'étais Roi"..... .....Adam
Romanza, "Prophet"..... .....Meyerbeer
Miss Mary E. Barnard.
Gavotte, Rigaudon. ....Rameau
(Composed in the seventeenth century.)
String orchestra.
Fantasie Caprice..... .... Vieuxtemps
Mr. Noah Brandt.
Polonaise, A major. ....Chopin
String orchestra.
Songs—
(a) Serenade ....Storch
(b) "Thou My Dream"..... ....Lassen
Miss Barnard.
Suite No 1, "L'Arlesienne" ....Bizet
(a) Introductory March. *(c)* Adagietto.
(b) Minuet, *(d)* Carillon.
String orchestra.

The Rosewald orchestral Friday matinées are an established success. The audiences are large and appreciative. The third will occur on Friday, November 30th, at Irving Hall.

The Wichmann Concert.

An interesting concert was given at Irving Hall last Thursday evening, by Miss Christine Wichmann assisted by Mr. Hermann Brandt, Miss Jacobine Wichmann, and Miss Ada E. Weigel. An appreciative audience was entertained by the following programme:

Sonate in D major for Violin and Piano.....Beethoven
Mr. Hermann Brandt and Miss Ada E. Weigel.
Scene, Cavatine and Aria ("Prophet").....Meyerbeer
Miss Christine Wichmann.
(a) Impromptu in C sharp minor..... .....Chopin
(b) "Carnival of Milan"..... ....Bulow
Miss Ada E. Weigel.
O mio Fernando (Cavatine, "La Favorita"). .....Donizetti
Miss Jacobine Wichmann.
(a) Liebesglück..... ....Sucher
(b) Heber's Fahr (Dedicated to Christine Wichman) } Bohm
(c) Dein..... }
Miss Christine Wichmann.
Violin Solo *(a)* Air..... .....Bach
(b) Saltarello ....Allard
Mr. Hermann Brandt
Duet—"Song of the Birds"..... .....Rubinstein
Misses Christine and Jacobine Wichmann.
Dich Theure Halle Grüss Ich ("Tannhauser"). ...Wagner
Miss Christine Wichmann.

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Monday Evening, Nov. 19th,
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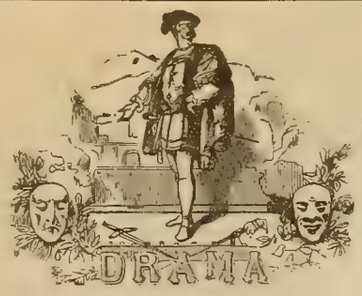

STAGE GOSSIP.

Theo has had herself interviewed in Paris, and she has declared that she hopes to come to America in 1890 and play Eve in "Adam and Eve" to the Adam of Henry E. Dixey.

Some of the advanced pupils of Mme. Fabbri-Müller and Mr. Jacob Müller will produce Mozart's "Magic Flute" at the Grand Opera House on Tuesday evening, November 27th.

Hallen and Hart will continue "Later On" for another week at the Alcazar. The large audiences that greet them nightly go to show that there are still a number of people who are not tired of lively farce-comedy.

The (athletic) Daly Comedy Company, consisting in large part of the two Daly Brothers who have been seen here once or twice in "Vacation," will show us their new play, "Upside Down," at the Bush Street next week. A number of new people will be in the cast.

Frank Lincoln's entertainment, which was to have taken place at Mauzy's Hall, in the Union Club Building, last Thursday evening, was postponed to Saturday evening, November 17th, when a goodly company should fill the hall. Mr. Lincoln calls his entertainment a "melo-monologue," including songs, recitations, and refined mimicry.

Harry Edwards, whom Californians still look on with a certain pride as though his yeoman service in the old California Theatre had made him a San Franciscan in some sort, is the stage-manager of Mrs. James Brown Potter's company, and has achieved a remarkable success in Boston. That is to say, Boston has praised his Mr. Hardcastle, a rôle which the Hub of the Universe, in the density of its cultured provincialism, has never before allowed could be intrusted to any one but the late William Warren.

The Abbott Opera Company, which is to give us "grand opera at theatrical prices" at the Baldwin next week, comprises Emma Abbott, Annandale, Bertini, Mirella, Montegriffo, Michelena, Pruette, Broderick, Allen, Abdill, Karl, and Tomasi. The programmes for the first week are: Monday, Balfe's "Rose of Castile"; Tuesday, "Martha"; Wednesday, Marchetti's "Ruy Blass" (only time); Thursday, "The Bohemian Girl"; Friday, "Norma"; Saturday matinée, "The Rose of Castile"; and Saturday night, "The Mikado."

The new California Theatre, now being erected on the site of the famous old play-house, will be somewhat smaller than its predecessor, but by a more compact and enlightened construction will have more room, affording seating capacity for seventeen hundred people. There will be orchestra, dress circle, two tiers of proscenium boxes, and two galleries, in one of which the manager purposes giving reserved seats without extra charge. The precautions against fire are remarkably complete, including an asbestos drop-curtain, incombustible coating to all the scenery, automatically opening sky-lights over the stage, an automatic fire-extinguishing apparatus—by which, when the temperature rises over one hundred and forty degrees, the stage and auditorium will be deluged with water—innumerable small hoses and extinguishers, and four exits on the ground floor and two from each of the galleries. In case of fire, if the audience become panic-stricken, they would be drenched into absolute *sang-froid* by the automatic extinguisher before the house became uncomfortably hot. The entire house is to be lighted by electricity, and in the way of furnishing and decoration it will, if the present plans be carried through, be one of the cosiest and handsomest theatres in the world.

"The Wife's Secret."

For the benefit of the building fund of the Children's Hospital of San Francisco and the West Oakland Home for Destitute Children an entertainment was given at the Grand Opera House last Thursday evening G. W. Lovell's historical drama, "The Wife's Secret," was the attraction. It was produced by professional and amateur talent under the direction of Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson. The attendance was very small, but the play progressed smoothly and applause was tendered when merited. Miss Wakeman received some beautiful floral tributes. The cast of characters was as follows:

Sir Walter Amyott	James Carden
Lord Arden	J. I. Housman
Jabez Sneed	Paul Davis
Captain Baroque	Harry A. Melvin
Colonel Ethridge	J. F. Nickels
Courier	Paul Elder
Page	Master James Carden
William	Bruce Porter
Francis	J. McLennan
Lady Eveline Amyott	Miss Keith Wakeman
Maud	Miss Ada Butterfield

Sir John Lubbock, speaking of bees before the British association, said that there "seems strong evidence that the mother can control the sex of the egg."

DIALECT VERSE.

Sis.

Sis is twenty-three,
Goan on twenty-four,
One year younger'n me—
P'raps a leetle more;
Stout an' strong: Well, now,
Don't make me begin,
She kin hold a cow,
Yas-she-dist-kin.

Darter o' Joe Poke,
Farm's a-jinin' ourn.
Yas, sir, she *is* spoke,
Ain't a-goan to yarn,
Though it strikes me, Cap,
You'se a axin' clus.
Wall, she loves a chap,
Yas-she-dist-duz.

Joe won't hev no beau
Comin' thar; you see
Miss Poke's dead'n so
House depen's on she.
Joe won't lis' to Sis
Marryin', Joe won't,
She don't think like this,
No-she-dist-don't.

Joe don't keer fer me,
Knows 'at I'm all squar,
Offen help him, he
Likes me to come thar,
Don't suspeck a-tall
I'se the beau o' Sis.
Wal, comfound it all,
Yas-I-dist-is.

Don't you goan tell Joe,
Mister, he'd play smash.
Day ain't sot? Oh, no,
I ain't got nuff cash.
Is she hansum? hey?
Guess she ar a few
Love her? I should say,
Yas-I-dist-do.

—*A. W. Bellaw in Time.*

When Jim was Dead.

"Hit sarved him right," the nabors sed,
An' 'bused him for the life he'd led,
An' him a-lying thar at rest
With not a rose upon his breast;
Ah! menny cruel words they sed
When Jim was dead.

"Jes' killed hisself." "Too mean ter live."
They didn't hav' one word ter give
Of comfort as they hovered near
An' gazed on Jim a-lying there!
"Thar ain't no use to talk," they sed,
"He's better dead."

But suddenly the room grew still,
While God's white sunshine seemed to fill
The dark place with a gleam of life,
An' o'er the dead she bent—Jim's wife!
An' with her lips close, close to his,
As though he knew an' felt the kiss,
She sobbed—a touchin' sight ter see—
"Ah! Jim was always good ter me!"

I tell you when that cum ter light,
It kinder set the dead man right;
An' round the weepin' woman they
Throwed kindly arms of love that day.
And mingled with their own they shed
The tenderest tears—when Jim was dead.

—*F. L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.*

The Little Town o' Tailholt.

You kin boast about your cities, and their tidy growth and size,
And brag about your county seats and business enterprise.
And railroads, and factories, and all sich foolery—
But the little town o' Tailholt is big enough for me!

You can harp about yer churches, with their steeples in the clouds,
And gas about yer graded streets, and blow about yer crowds;
You kin talk about yer theatres, and all you've got to see;
But the little town o' Tailholt is wide enough for me!

They haint no style in our town; hit's little like and small;
They haint no churches, 'nuther; jes' the meetin' house is all;
They's no sidewalks, to speak of, but the highway's allus free,
And the little town o' Tailholt is wide enough for me!

Some finds it discommodin' like, I'm willin' to admit,
To hev but one post-office, and a woman keepin' hit,
And the drug-store, and shoe-shop, and grocery, all three;
But the little town o' Tailholt is handy 'nough for me!

You kin smile, and turn your nose up, and joke, and hev yer fun,
And laugh and holler, "Tail-holts is better holts 'n nun!"
Ef the city suits you better, w'y hit's where you'd orto be,
But the little town o' Tailholt's good enough for me!

—*James Whitcomb Riley in Nebraska State Journal.*

Priscilla's Lover.

Yep, just out of the woods. A hundred and twenty days
Is long enough for a feller to stay and make a raise;
So I skinned out for Muskegon to have a bit of a spree
And a little time with the boys, and help out the jamboree.

Don't care if I do, Bill; most alwus take mine straight;
What's come of Jimmy? ye say Jimmy ain't here of late?
You bet your boots, now, I miss him; Jimmy and me was chums,
And a year or two ago was a lively couple of bums.

But lately Jimmy had changed some, growed more thoughtful and still,
Thinkin' 'bout his Kent County girl he alwus called Priscill.
And though I don't know as they'd promised, somehow the feller was sot
That 'long 'bout now in the summer the minister'd tie the knot.

I tell ye, Bill, he was stuck on her; ye know he was kinder rough
When he was out with the boys afore, but Jimmy was solid stuff;
And 'twas just his nature, ye see, to git more quiet and quiet,
And when she writ him a letter he couldn't eat nothin' by it!

And Jimmy was on his muscle, and made a rattlin' good stake,
And the best of us stayed this spring the cussed rollways to break;
And, to make a long story short, Jimmy got caught in a trap,
And a big white pine rolled over him and flattened him out like a map.

I run over to help him where he was bleedin' and still,
But he didn't know me at all, then, but kinder whispered "Priscill."
His blood was meltin' the snow; not another word or a groan,
And all there was of Jimmy was there as dead as a stone.

And I took it upon myself to let the girl know about it,
So I writ to a cousin of hern down there, and told him not to shout it
Too loud in her ears, at first; and what d'ye think he replied?
Why, the girl had married a drummer the day afore Jim my died!

—*Eugene Field in Chicago News.*

THE INNER MAN.

They point with unpardonable pride to their restaurants in London (writes Morris Phillips in one of his chatty letters to the *Home Journal*) as examples the Holborn Restaurant, in Holborn, and the Criterion and the Café Monaco, near Regent Circus. These establishments impress you only with their massiveness and with the great cost of their decoration. Choice and expensive marbles are used with almost mad lavishness, and the quantity of gold and costly tiles brought into service is original in its richness, yet these places are neither cheerful nor pleasing. The decorations are honest, solid, and strong, like the English character, but, like the climate, they are heavy and decidedly sombre, if not depressing. During dinner hours at the Holborn restaurant, music is played by an orchestra of six pieces; during dinner at the Criterion, a chorus sings glees and part songs. The music is good and the dinners served at these places are superior to the *table d'hôte* dinners at some pretentious London hotels, but they do not quite satisfy the palate of one who has made a study of such matters, and the decoration of the rooms, for good taste, will not stand comparison with similar establishments in New York, the Café Brunswick, for example. Then this is to be taken into account—while the Brunswick restaurant for its choice dinner charges only one dollar and a half, and the highest rate for a *table d'hôte* dinner in the United States is two dollars, the maximum charge in London reaches half a guinea, about two dollars and sixty cents. Furthermore, to order wine in America is quite optional; it scarcely seems so in England; everybody drinks wine at dinner there, and not to take it is exceptional. If a few famous London restaurateurs would take a run over here and take dinner at the Windsor or the Cambridge, in Fifth Avenue, for instance, or at "The States," in Saratoga, Hotel Breslin, Lake Hopatcong, the Bellevue, in Philadelphia, or as far south as the Windsor Hotel, Jacksonville, they would see how we manage such things on this side, and if they were not too stubbornly wedded to their old ways, they would go home and greatly improve their bills of fare. In second-class London restaurants they charge for bread and for butter, each as a separate item, and in third-class places they volunteer no such thing as a napkin; if you demand one there is an extra charge for it. "Attendance" is also a separate charge in the bill of some restaurants, so much for each person. This goes to the principal, but before you close your purse-strings the waiter must be "tipped."

The quantity of wine shipped or sent off from Rheims and Epernay is almost incredible. We hear a great deal of nonsense on this point. We are gravely told that more champagne is drunk in Russia alone than all the vineyards in France put together could supply—the fact being that it is very difficult to smuggle champagne into Russia, that every bottle pays a duty of four francs to the Russian Government, and so the precise number of bottles imported is known, and the quantity is a mere fraction of what is sent from the district. England and America are much larger consumers than Russia; the home consumption in France is large, and so is the export to Germany, Italy, India, and the colonies. But the supply is equal to even larger demand. The average export from one house alone at Rheims, and of high-class wines alone, averages two million bottles. No other house may have quite so large a business as this, but there are many other well-known houses where the exports are very large, and it is a matter not of guess work, but of careful calculation founded upon official returns and the collection of revenue, upon the manufacture of bottles, the supply of corks, railway returns, and similar facts, by which a tolerably close approximation to the truth may be ascertained, when it is believed that at least twenty million bottles are now exported or are sent from the champagne district for home consumption every year. The quantity has fully doubled in the last thirty years, or from 10,472,049 bottles in 1858–9 to 20,334,324 bottles in 1887–8; the exports having been 17,257,684, and the home consumption 3,076,639. These are the statistics furnished by the Rheims Chamber of Commerce. When the visitor walks around one of the vineyards which cover the slopes of the hills along the banks of the Marne, and is told that the land varies in value from five hundred up to twelve hundred pounds sterling an acre; that the expenses of manuring and cultivation on a yearly average amount to from thirty-five to forty-five pounds sterling; that in some years the crops are scanty or poor; that only about once in five years is the crop full and fine, and then when one reflects upon the cost of burrowing out the cellars from the solid chalk and of the expenses in the wine pressing, of cost of the casks and vats, of the bottles, corks, and wire, of the labor in the bottling and disgorging, of the loss of interest on capital while the wine is maturing, of the loss by bursting of bottles, one wonders that good champagne should leave a profit to the producer even at its price.

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ANGEL CAKE.—To four ounces of sifted flour add one teaspoonful of cream of tartar; rub these through the sieve four or five times; beat the whites of twelve eggs until very stiff; add to them gradually three-quarters of a pound of granulated sugar, and beat thoroughly while so doing; flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla extract; add the flour to the egg-foam quickly and lightly; line the tunnel cake pan with unglazed paper; pour in the mixture, and bake fifty minutes; when done, loosen the edges and remove from the pan at once.

The word-coiner has already found a nice new combination of syllables to designate the death by electric shock that the law now prescribes. Electrothanatos is the easy and pat invention.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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The position assumed by the *Argonaut* and the policy it has pursued during the Presidential campaign subject its editor to the frequent inquiry whether he is "satisfied with the results of the election in national and municipal affairs?" This question we can answer frankly and without reserve. We are entirely content with the outcome of the November elections in both respects; so far as our own State is concerned, there is every reason why all good citizens should be both satisfied and thankful. Of course, we would have desired a more emphatic expression of American principles, and would have been glad to see a larger vote polled for Curtis and Wigginton than these gentlemen received at the polls. That the vote is small is accounted for by the strain of the contest between two great parties struggling for political supremacy, and when we consider that the American party had only an imperfect organization in one State of the Union, we can not be surprised that it accomplished such meagre results at the polls; at the same time we know that American principles and the necessity for great reforms in reference to immigration, naturalization, public lands, and public schools have made progress, and the country has received important lessons that in time will have their effect upon both national parties. The election of General Harrison is the assurance of great reforms in the Republican party by bringing it back into a realization of its higher moral obligations. General Harrison is a representative of America's best statesmanship; his honorable career during the civil war, his pure and able record in the Senate, his birth, his social position, his Christian life, his intellectual capacity, and his thorough and courageous independence of personal character give the highest assurance that the public acts of any man can give that in the executive administration of his great office the whole country will be honorably, intelligently, and honestly dealt with. We feel assured that he will treat England, Canada, and the Chinese Empire with justice, conceding everything that is right, and forgetting nothing that will maintain the dignity and independence of the government over whose deliberations he presides, and whose policy toward other nationalities he will largely direct. We are confident that from among the great leaders of his party he will make wise selections for his Cabinet, that our representatives to foreign courts will be able and honorable men, and that in the choice of local officials he will make wise selections. The legislative, judicial, and executive departments are under the control of the Republican party, it is responsible for the coming four years of administration, and its leaders will see that the policy of the party is every year being more zealously watched, more intelligently considered, and more impartially passed upon. It will be wise and only fair to admit as many Territories as States of the Union when they shall present themselves entitled by their qualifications to admission, whether they be Democratic or Republican. It will be wise to so generously treat the Southern States as to obliterate war recollections and break down prejudices that maintain a solid Democratic South. It will be wise to recognize the principles of civil service reform, not to ignore the rapidly developing sentiment of temperance reform, and so to act that no American citizen of native or foreign birth shall be able to question the Americanism of an American administration, or to fear the influence of any alien church, or to be humiliated by seeing his government pander to alien votes through cowardice. We wish that Tammany had not triumphed in the city of New York and that Senator Warner Miller had not been defeated for governor of that State. Turning from the contemplation of national and Eastern politics to our own State of California and our own city, we find little to criticise and much to approve. The American party can, we think, be accredited with some share of the good resulting from the election of supreme judges; the indorsement of Judges Beatty and Works by that party early in the campaign had the moral influence to govern more votes than are represented by half the majorities of either gentlemen; they are honorable, honest, and pure men, learned in the law, native-born, and of the Protestant faith; their election pleases and contents us. The same remarks apply to the members of Congress, and with especial force to the election of the Hon. W. W. Morrow, to whose election it came within the opportunity of the writer largely to contribute. In municipal politics again was presented to the American party its opportunity to aid good government by sacrificing its chance to make a larger record of votes, which it might have cast in the pride of its desire to record its strength rather than to produce practical results in a beneficent direction. The American municipal convention of San Francisco sacrificed itself to speak into existence a non-partisan organization that represented the intelligence, wealth, business enterprise, and moral character of our city in a higher degree than that of any convention that ever assembled within its limits. This convention gave the courage that enabled the members of both Democratic and Republican parties to assault and destroy the influence of a most iniquitous Irish boss-rule that had entwined itself in and around all the departments of the city government as did the serpent about the limbs of Laocoön. "Boss-rule" is but another expression for an organized, profligate, and criminal city administration. It was theft and legalized robbery thinly disguised. The election of Mayor Pond gives us an honest and efficient administration of our executive department, relieved from the fear of corrupt surroundings and from the ambition of a gubernatorial candidacy. We can not believe that among the twelve supervisors—some of whom are bad enough—nine can be found to compose a corrupt ring. Strother's election as auditor is reconcilable to those who dislike his partisan crankiness, because he is intelligent, painstaking, honest, and independent. The sheriff, the county clerk, the district attorney, and superior judges Hoge, Coffey, and Garber, added to those most respectable judges now in commission, with Rix upon the police bench, gives control of the criminal affairs of our city, grand juries, petit jurors, one committing magistrate, court bailiffs, and most important place of all—the district attorney's office—into the hands of honest men. The election of Laumeister is the more acceptable because he is a good citizen, of excellent character, a Protestant German, well qualified, responsible, and because he beat the most representative Jesuit that the sodality of St. Ignatius Church and the Young Men's—"non-political?"—Roman Catholic "Institute" could produce. The county clerk is not only a high-minded and honorable citizen, but he brings to the discharge of his official duties a large experience. His election was a special triumph over both the bosses. To illustrate that there is no prejudice against or in favor of any man because of his nativity and religion, where he is a deserving citizen and comes within our definition of an American, we note the fact that Thomas O'Brien beat Joseph Spanier, the cigar-dealer, some six thousand votes, while Judge Coffey received more votes than any one of his Protestant opponents. From Mr. Page, the newly elected district attorney, we confidently expect good work, and from all we can learn of his qualifications and character, the community is not likely to be disappointed. The election of Thomas Ashworth is the more creditable to him because he did not seek nor receive the aid of gin-mills; he is known to be an honest man and a good superintendent of streets, squares, and highways. Russell will make a good recorder; Smith has made a good surveyor; Reis has been tried as treasurer. The defeat of Bromley for public administrator is to many a social and personal regret, accompanied by no distrust of Judge Penney, his successful competitor. A majority of the board of supervisors is bad, but unless there are more than three honest and incorruptible men in it we shall be disappointed, and with an honest mayor no serious injury can befall the city government. The board of education is composed of exceptionally good men, from whom more intelligent and efficient work may be expected than from six women untimely ripped from their domestic duties to be thrust into a position for which they were unfitted and the duties of which they were entirely incapable of performing. So, looking up and down the list of successful and unsuccessful candidates for office, we find for ourselves a general average of satisfaction. The experience acquired in this election will be available to all public-spirited citizens in their future participation in national, State, and municipal politics. The opportunity for American party action will again present itself in two years, when a ticket for governor and State officials will be presented to the choice of the people, for which election the American party is already beginning to qualify itself by a more thorough and efficient organization, and in which contest the "next time" Americans will have opportunity to demonstrate the sincerity of their profession of American principles. If the Republican party triumph gives us good government, and the rain gives us good harvests, and the free-trade market of Liverpool gives us good prices for our wheat, we will try and reconcile ourself to the election of Mr. Morrow as representative to Congress and General Harrison as the President of the United States.

The annual exhibit of the transcontinental railroads doing business with California discloses some curious figures. The three roads connected with what we recognize as the earlier system are unusually prosperous. The Union Pacific, the Central Pacific, and the Southern Pacific show increased earnings and increased profits over preceding years, while what is known as the Santa Fé system has been attended with less prosperity. Business on the California roads is a certain barometer of the prosperity of California. Transportation in its character and volume gives the most reliable information of the resources and prosperity of a people, and indicates more accurately than any other industry the lines along which its business is most profitably conducted. While we have only regret

for the losses of the Santa Fé system, we are especially delighted at the success of our older friends; they were the pioneers, they braved the perils of the original design to build a transcontinental road, theirs is the credit of having originated one of the boldest engineering experiments that, up to that time, had challenged the attention of the scientific world. We have witnessed the beginning of this splendid work, followed its construction, watched the strain endured by its builders during times of war, and high-priced labor, and political difficulties; we have noted the financial fight for coin and credit in the money markets of the world so successfully accomplished by Mr. Huntington—a fight against fearful odds; the contest of Mr. Charles Crocker in building the road through winter's snow and storms of the Sierras, in encountering the great chasms that seamed the mountain-sides, rounding rocky capes, spanning broad gulfs, and conquering vast desert stretches till the dream of a transcontinental road was realized; the toil at council board, where Judge Edward Crocker and Mark Hopkins laid down their lives; Engineer Judah, who fell early in the fight ere his dreams were realized; we have closely noted Governor Stanford as he calmly and with a wise prudence engineered this gigantic undertaking to a successful completion; we have sympathized with him when the angel of death hovered over his household, and when that dark angel gathered the boy to his embrace and bore him away, we all of us hushed for a time our rivalries and business jealousies, ceased our political complainings, thinking only of the parental affliction that had made wealth seem as dross and honors empty things. These great roads, connecting our State with the world's every-day commerce and uniting us with social Eastern ties some time and somewhat dissevered, led to a thousand other enterprises that without them had languished; threw open localities in the State that till then had been unoccupied and valueless; led to the building of other roads that threw open the great luxurious valleys of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin to future empires where millions shall live in all the comforts that a perfect climate and inexhaustible wealth of soil make attainable to an industrious and temperate people. For no sooner had these cross-continent roads been built than the necessity was demonstrated for a multitude of lesser roads for developing the resources of our State. In the splendid empire of the north, embracing the State of Oregon, the Territory of Washington, the valleys of the Willamette and the Columbia, and the vast wilderness of forest and mineral wealth that border the great inland sea of Puget Sound, are found indispensable accessories to the railroad system that of necessity must centre at the harbor of San Francisco, and must of necessity require here the presence of one of the great, populous, and prosperous cities of the continent. Here will concentrate the commerce of Asia and the Eastern worlds that can reach with their bellying sails our most safe and spacious harbor; from here will be sent by rail the merchandise of India, Australia, and Pacific islands to be distributed through the throbbing arteries of the world's busy traffic. While these things were being accomplished and the experiment of continental railroads had been successfully demonstrated, we saw Boston awake from her dream, put her hands into her pockets, and aid the Santa Fé Road. Boston had determined to teach its granddaughter how to suck eggs, and when Boston sends her school-masters abroad, let all the world keep silence. The Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Road was to become the model of human enterprise; it was to be pushed with the Titanic force of Boston's two centuries of accumulated wealth; it was to demonstrate Puritan strength and Puritan vigor upon a colossal scale. It gave Southern California a boom, which built villages on paper and towns which flourished while the money of the people who built them lasted, and which will survive when the other lung shall cease to flutter; it builded hotels famous for their wealth of attractions, their comforts, and their beauties; their electric-lights shone out upon the ocean's dancing waves, lit up the beauties of hillside cañons, and looked out upon valleys lying in the cool and grateful shadow of citrus groves. It brought the land of the pomegranate and the olive to the attention of the romance-reading maiden and her sentimental mother, and Southern California bloomed into new notice; it blossomed like the rose, and it became the luxurious home of wealth and ease. Los Angeles County, San Bernardino, and San Diego awakened from their lethargic slumber. California maidens, who ate watermelons and combed their glossy hair sitting beside adobe walls under the shade of the castor-oil bean, moved away, and their places were supplied by the brisk maiden from Boston, wearing spectacles, and reading Emerson and Browning. Old ranchers sold their unprofitable acres to smart Yankees, who, dividing them into town lots, sold them to other Yankees and the country prospered. Los Angeles doubled its population and gave over four thousand majority for Harrison for President. But the Sante Fé Road does not pay, and some of its air-bubbles are beginning to collapse; level-headed men are beginning to recall the sources from which the real prosperity came. Time makes all things even at last. In the meantime, the Central Pacific builders are pushing their work. From Vancouver's Island to the Gulf of Mexico their work is completed; two roads—one north and one south—place us in connection with the Eastern States. We may not enumerate all their undertakings. It suffices to say that the work of railroad building has but commenced in California, and it is desirable that just as much of it as is possible should be in the ownership and under the control of owners resident at San Francisco. This city should be and will be the centre and radiating point from which all ships will sail and return, and from which all railroad-cars will take and bring their freights. The great ships of commerce from all ports of the world will enter our harbor, and our railroad system will distribute their cargoes to the mouth of the Columbia, Puget Sound, and Alaska, northward, and to all the southern coast ports, San Diego to Mexico and Central America southward. Our city, our State, our people were never in their history more prosperous than now, and no time of the past has promised so much. We are glad that the old bitter days of bad politics and jealous rivalries have passed away and in their stead has come a reasonable appreciation of the obligations this State, this coast, and all its ports are under to the people who originated, constructed, and are still employed in perfecting our railroad system; we are glad of their prosperity, for we share it; we are glad of their wealth, for in accumulating it they have contributed to ours. Mr. Charles Crocker lived to feel that he had earned and deserved the wealth he had secured and the honorable estimation in which he was held. Mr. C. P. Huntington wears his honors and enjoys his prosperity in another and a broader circle, where his financial abilities are appreciated and valued at their full worth. Governor Stanford is the last of the Sacramento band of railroad builders who lives among us, wearing with dignity and performing with fidelity the duties of the great office to which he has been called; when these duties are concluded he will spend the remnant of his useful days and the bulk of his vast fortune in planting in our midst a monument for his son which shall become one of the world's great universities of practical and useful learning. The five gentlemen who more than twenty years ago conceived the idea of building a transcontinental railroad to connect the shores of the Atlantic with the Pacific at San Francisco Bay, deserve well of the people of the Pacific empire, and when in a few years biographical history shall be called upon to embalm their memories, the narrow-minded and the jealous will recall many things they will wish they could forget.

The commission appointed by the Parliament of England to investigate the truth of allegations contained in certain articles printed in the London *Times*, entitled "Parnellism and Crime," which brought up the whole question of agrarian and criminal outrages in Ireland, the whole scope and object of the land league, and all the details of the endeavor to secure for Ireland a separation from England with an independent parliament, is now holding its sessions in London. The judges are able and above the suspicion of bias or favoritism; their powers are extensive; the counsel employed on either side is the best England possesses; public opinion demands a most thorough and exhaustive investigation, and the commission seems disposed to concede it. England wants to know, and is willing that the world should be informed of, the motives which govern Mr. Gladstone and his Irish parliamentary allies, under the leadership of Parnell, in their endeavor to disintegrate the British Empire. The criminal atrocities perpetrated by Irishmen in Ireland and England within the last eight years, or since the organization to repudiate the payment of rents for land and to destroy land ownership by agrarian outrages, are altogether unparalleled in the history of civilization. The attorney-general, Sir Robert Webster, occupied several days in presenting the outline of his case in an opening statement to the commission, all of which is printed at length in the columns of the journal he represents. This speech contains a recital of horrid crimes, from murder and arson down to the cowardly and barbarous custom of maiming cattle. It gives in simple narrative a list of criminal atrocities at whose recital men should shudder. This statement embraces the cowardly assassination of Lord Cavendish and his secretary, on the green of Dublin Castle, with multitudinous and cowardly assassinations of innocent men, women, and children for no other offense than that the husband and father had paid his rent, or taken possession of holdings from which tenants had been evicted by law, or had become care-takers of property in custody of courts. The terrible condition of affairs arising from the system of boycotting is plainly set forth, the public meetings that have ended in bloody riots, the universal leadership of Roman Catholic priests in all the anti-rent controversies, and the presence of the priest at all evictions. Speeches of Irish politicians at "Plan of Campaign" meetings and organizations are set forth with narrative of the events that have pursued them, till it is clearly apparent that the whole uprising and all the violence, bloodshed, and crimes that have followed result from a deliberate, pre-arranged plan on the part of Irish politicians and Roman Catholic priests, under the direction of Parnell and his political associates, and that every outrage of an agrarian character perpetrated in Ireland has been in furtherance of the political designs and agrarian purpose of Mr. Parnell and those intrusted by him to aid in securing for Ireland an independent nationality. It is clearly the intention of the London *Times* to prove the close connection and intimacy between Parnellism and all the crimes against life, liberty, law, property, and good government that have been perpetrated in England, Ireland, and America for the dismemberment of the British Empire and to hold the Irish politicians, led by Parnell, and the English, Scotch, and Welsh politicians, under the leadership of Gladstone, responsible for them. That the *Times* will prove this intent, knowledge, and union of political purpose there is no reasonable doubt, and it is this conviction that disturbs the San Francisco *Bulletin* and other cowardly American journals, who stand in fear of the Jesuit Church and the ignorant and bigoted Irish vote.

Thanksgiving Day, now at hand, presents again the opportunity to all who have anything to be thankful for—and who has not?—to demonstrate their charitable instincts by charitable acts. Every living man, and woman, and child in health, purse, and happy home should, on Thanksgiving Day and through the Christmas week, look around for some disconsolate heart, some destitute home, some bereaved and afflicted one to aid; a kind recognition, a sympathetic word, an encouraging smile, a fragrant flower is ever welcome, and there is none so destitute who can not do something for the more destitute. Thanksgiving Day is set apart for creature comforts. A good dinner is the leading feature—mince-pies, roast turkeys, with all the etceteras of a royal feast, wine that sparkles as it pours, makes the heart glow, and sends a joyful sensation from the roots of the hair and makes the fingers tingle for another touch; a great honest roast of beef, with a Yorkshire pudding for filling, and a pudding rich with plums—that fits the body and the soul for sincerest thanks for mercies that only occasionally come and happiness too often mixed with things that are sad and hard to bear. If some great political economist could provide one jolly week in all the year in which no work should be done, no care taken, no pains endured, and during which all that is human could have rest, enough of the best to eat, and drink, and wear, he would have accomplished more than any human being, any great king, any church, or government, or age has been able to achieve. All this is introductory to the announcement that the SAN FRANCISCO FLOWER MISSION HAS BEEN REMOVED TO NO. 420 POST STREET, where San Francisco's nicest girls will *from now till Thursday next* be in readiness to receive and distribute whatever they may be intrusted with. Three hundred dollars must be in money; this is indispensable as a carriage fund. For the remainder, everything that can give comfort to the poor, the sick, the forsaken, the down-hearted, and the desperate will be most thankfully received and most faithfully distributed.

Nothing can be more generous than the determination of the Democratic party to concede the Congress of the nation to the direction of the Republican party. It is wise policy for the Democracy to devolve the entire responsibility of the next two years of legislation upon the administration. It is beyond example magnanimous that the defeated party should consent to the admission of five Northern States because they possess all the conditions requisite for the qualifications of State sovereignty. Not to insist upon organizing the House of Representatives upon certificates of fraudulent election, indicates a conciliatory spirit and a disposition to a peaceful compromise of political differences. This spirit of concession justifies the hope of a successful and undisturbed administration of the government for at least two years. That the Republicans will have a clear majority in the new Congress ought not to disturb the self-satisfaction that marks the generous resolution of the Democratic party not to grasp that which it is not entitled to and can not by any possibility secure.

We wonder if it would not leave Mr. Hewitt in a more agreeable position to have been nominated for the Presidency of the American party and to have been defeated, than to have been nominated for mayor of New York upon an independent ticket, and defeated by the cowardice and treachery of Democrats who swapped him off to elect Grant the candidate for mayor of the Tammany Democracy? Had Mr. Abram S. Hewitt allowed himself to become the American candidate for President he would have received a strong vote and would have laid the foundations of an American national party that in time would have demonstrated formidable strength. He may now console himself with the reflection that he received four hundred and thirteen more votes than

his Republican opponent, elected the Tammany candidate for mayor, made Hill governor of New York by defeating Senator Miller, and made General Harrison President of the United States by aid of the Irish whisky vote of New York city.

Mr. Gladstone has announced his determination to remain in public life until Ireland becomes an independent nation, with a parliament of its own, and until its political grievances are fully disposed of. As Ireland has been in agitation for seven hundred years, and as the settlement of its difficulties with England involve the destruction of landlordism, which, being interpreted, means the confiscation of all landed property and a subjection of one million eight hundred thousand intelligent, wealthy, and prosperous Protestants to the dominion of the Romish priesthood and the sway of Irish politicians, and as Irish difficulties are not apparently any nearer adjustment than they were in the eleventh century, it would seem that Mr. Gladstone is promising to himself a somewhat long public career.

Mr. Boruck, in his valuable journal, the *Spirit of the Times*, contains two equally deserved compliments to two equally prominent Republican leaders—Morris M. Estee, Esq., president of the Republican National Convention at Chicago, and Jacob Steppacher, ex-secretary of the California Republican State Central Committee. Mr. Estee is recommended by Mr. Boruck for a foreign ministry, and we are of the opinion that such honorable exile would be very gratifying to the people of California. Nothing has been suggested for Mr. Steppacher; perhaps consul to Jerusalem would not be an undeserved honor, unless the prominent Israelites of the country should claim it for Mr. De Young, their more distinguished co-religionist.

Mr. De Young, of the *Chronicle*, member of the National Republican Committee, and candidate in expectancy for a place in the Cabinet for his distinguished services in advocacy of a high protective tariff for the benefit of working mechanics, now offers to his subscribers the premium of an "imported four-bladed jack knife *made in Europe expressly for the Weekly Chronicle*." The knife is undoubtedly cheap at seventy-five cents, but just how the importation of English-made cutlery contributes to the welfare of American laborers by increasing their wages is not apparent.

In event that Ireland should succeed in securing its independent nationality, as the Republican party "hopes" it may, and that the Pope should be restored to his temporal sovereignty, there would be a great struggle for the prizes of places that would follow. It would meet with our approval that the Hon. James G. Blaine should become ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the court of the Vatican, and the Hon. William Higgins be accredited to the court of St. Patrick. To the victors belong the spoils.

It is rumored—probably falsely—that Mr. Grover Cleveland is to become President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. In such an event, what will become of the Democratic conspiracy which, under the recent administration, was pushed so zealously against Governor Stanford and his associates, in order to prevent the governor from becoming a Presidential candidate and embarrassing the Republican party programme?

It costs twenty-three dollars to send a pauper emigrant from Europe to America.

In October, 1888, there came to Cook County—Chicago—(says *America*), James Dargan, who left Ireland four months before, and was brought to America by his sister, after being discharged from the Irish police force on account of insanity; James Spain, three months from Ireland; Caroline Sauritzen, three months from Germany; Charles Koch, six months from Germany; Hannah O'Sullivan, residence Dublin, Ireland, but a few months in America. All these were, as far as could be ascertained, insane before coming to this country. The total contribution of insane paupers from Europe to Cook County amounts to fifty for this year alone. If the other principal cities of the United States are as generously treated by foreign governments we will be able to close all their asylums and poor-houses in a few years, and by making aldermen and county commissioners of foreign criminals their penitentiaries will be emptied into American political offices.

If this is the insanity exhibit of one county in one State for one month, what a showing the whole European immigration would make. The undoubted truth is that nearly every state in Europe is dumping its insane, its criminals, its incompetents and paupers upon the United States, and both national parties are enduring the burden in order to secure the alien votes.

To us it seems that a very strong and brave man is being brought forward in England in the person of Mr. Arthur Balfour, Secretary for Ireland. He has the courage to enforce the law against an overwhelming majority of criminal malcontents, agrarian disturbers, and political rebels, and the ability to defend himself and the administration of which he is a member in public debate. In a recent speech at Leeds he arraigned Gladstone as a politician of "unblushing impudence." In criticising a speech of the ex-premier, made at Birmingham, he said:

It is monstrous that the very man who had appointed the bulk of the resident magistracy in Ireland, although he well knew that such invectives had led to murder and suicide, should, in order to obtain a cheer from a Birmingham mob, hold them up to the odium of their fellow-men. Never once in the course of his long speech had Gladstone deviated into accuracy. A more scandalous performance had never been given by a great statesman.

America, of Chicago, contains the following curious analysis of political affairs in the State of Wisconsin:

"The Wisconsin Democratic State ticket in the election just ended is an interesting example of the part alien influence plays in Wisconsin politics. Those italicized are foreign-born: For governor, *James Morgan*; lieutenant-governor, *Andrew Kull*; secretary of State, *August C. Larson*; State treasurer, *Theodore Kersten*; attorney-general, *Timothy Ryan*; State superintendent, Amos Squire; railroad commissioner, *Herman Naber*; commissioner of insurance, Evan W. Evans. It will be seen that there are but two Americans in the lot. The county ticket is as follows, and contained but one American: Sheriff, *Michael P. Walsh*; county clerk, *Charles S. Brard*; county treasurer, Eugene Cary; registrar of deeds, *Ignatz Cezerwinski*, district attorney, *John W. Wagner*; clerk of circuit court, *Anton Thormaehlen*; county surveyor, *Nic Engel*; coroner, *John Cezerwinski*. A choice collection and worthy to be placed on exhibition as an example of what this country is coming to, unless Americans arouse to a sense of the danger which threatens them."

We commend this statement to the consideration of those Americans who think the time has not yet arrived when an effort should be made to give expression to American principles by reforming immigration and naturalization laws.

A startling and highly sensational rumor reaches us from Africa to the effect that the Mahdi, who has lately been flitting about the remote regions of Kordofan and Darfour, upon the upper Nile, has dammed up the river and diverted its waters so as to flow into the Red Sea, thereby depriving Egypt of its only source of subsistence. While it is by no means probable that the Arab fanatic, known as the Mahdi, possesses the engineering skill necessary to accomplish the result named, Sir Samuel Baker, the well-known African explorer, is said to be authority for the statement that there is, in fact, a possibility of doing what the Mahdi is credited with. It is not, however, easy to understand how or where the course of the mighty river, which has supplied Egypt with food for scores of centuries, could be successfully obstructed so as to shift the outlet of its waters. It is nearly as certain as anything can be that the source of the true or White Nile has been found either in the great equatorial lake, called the Victoria Nyanza, or in a much smaller lake about two hundred miles to the south-west of and communicating with the other, known as the Alexandra Nyanza. This would give a length of about three thousand seven hundred miles from source to mouth, the city of Khartoum, which has been recently the scene of the bitterest conflicts between the Egyptian and rebel forces, being situated about equidistant from lake and sea. Between the Victoria Nyanza and Khartoum the Abyssinian Mountains would form an impassable obstacle to the deflection of the river in the direction of the Red Sea, so that if such a mechanical obstruction, as has been hinted at, has actually been thrown up, it must have been below the junction of the White and Blue Nile at Khartoum, and also below the junction of the Atbara, another affluent from the Abyssinian Mountains, some two hundred miles lower down near Berber. Here the river begins to enter the Nubian Desert, and shortly after makes its great bend, turning upon itself toward the south-west for a distance of about one hundred and fifty miles, till Old Dongola is reached. There is a point about midway between Massowah and Suakim, and due east of Berber, where the shore of the Red Sea is unprotected by the eminences which elsewhere continuously fringe it and separate it from the valley of the Nile. Here, if the feat were practicable at all, it would have to be done, but it is much more reasonable to suppose that the forces of nature have been at work bringing down detritus from the Abyssinian Mountains and temporarily obstructing the stream with alluvial deposit, so as to form a backwater of some extent upon the Nubian Desert, than that the savage, badly equipped, and labor-detesting followers of the Mahdi should have attempted a vast engineering feat of problematical advantage, for such in any case it would be. This is not the first time that the formation of such a backwater has brought about the contraction of the great African river in its lower reaches, but such is the dependence placed by the Egyptians upon the regularity of its rise—which has rarely varied more than an inch or two in height, or more than an hour or two in time, for thousands of years, and such is the vital importance of its supply to their very existence as a community—that it is not surprising they should attribute any variation in a phenomenon which they had come to regard with the same confidence as the rising or setting of the sun, to human agency, and what so natural as to ascribe it to an enemy who would profit by their loss? But while we have no faith in the practicability of diverting the waters from their accustomed channel, the very novelty and magnitude of the conception recall one or two of a somewhat similar character which have been mooted by engineers within late years, and which, impracticable and chimerical as they may be, yet possess a certain fascination for those who care to speculate upon the stupendous results which might follow their successful realization. Two of these are similar in character, namely, the conversion of the great African Sahara Desert into a vast inland sea by the introduction of the waters of the Mediterranean thereto, and in a lesser degree, the flooding of the great southern desert of this State by turning the waters of the Colorado upon it. Extensive tracts of the Sahara are considerably below sea level, and the difficulties in the way of introducing salt water from the north are purely mechanical, the proposition having already been seriously considered by more than one French engineer of eminence. What the exact climatic effect of the creation of a great inland sea, or a series of lakes of the extent of our own great lakes, where now there are only burning and arid wastes, it is of course impossible to determine. It is, however, quite within the range of probability that the simooms and mistrals, which now carry the withering blight of their hot breath over Southern Europe, would be sensibly ameliorated in character, or perhaps be even replaced by gentle and grateful zephyrs; and that the rainfall over the continent of Africa, owing to the abundant and intense evaporation which would necessarily be a concomitant circumstance of the existence of an extensive but shallow body of water in a tropical climate, would greatly refresh and improve the neighboring country. Somewhat similar results would, doubtless, follow the Colorado scheme, which seems latterly to have dropped out of sight. Another project, which, visionary as it may seem, yet does not lack defenders, consists in blocking up the strait of Belle Isle, between Newfoundland and Southern Labrador. This strait is only about ten miles wide at its narrowest point, and as it is the only passage connecting the Arctic seas with the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and as through it there runs a constant cold current from the north, it is claimed that by blocking up this strait with a rip-rap breakwater of rock the climate of Southern Canada and the New England States would be modified in a material degree; while, on the other hand, the full force of the cold current, which would then be compelled to strike along the eastern coast of Newfoundland, would so deflect the course of the Gulf Stream as to cause it to impinge upon Europe at a point much further south than now, and render the climate of the British Isles as severe as that of Norway or Iceland. Speculations like this may be less profitable than fanciful or interesting, but in the face of the great engineering works which the past few years have witnessed, they are at least entitled to brief mention if not to unqualified respect.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The American Party.

[The Oakland *Enquirer*, after printing an editorial in which it sought to show that the American party had neither future nor mission, and claimed that whatever of good was contained in its declaration of principles would be taken up by the Democratic and Republican parties, refused to publish the following communication, though signed by the writer.—ED.]

EDITOR ENQUIRER—*Sir:* My attention has been called to an editorial in the *Enquirer*, of the 12th instant, in which you arraign, try, and condemn the American party. I have no doubt that with you, as with all other Republicans with whom party preference dominates party principles, the wish was and is father to the thought; but you do not state facts. Your summary disposal of the American party by comparison with the rise, decline, and disappearance of the Know-Nothing party of 1852, is neither just nor fair. There is no more similarity between the Know-Nothing party of 1852 and the American party of 1886 than there is between the declaration of principles set forth by the Republican party in 1884 and the national platform upon which that party elected its candidate for President in 1888. The Know-Nothing party was a secret, oath-bound organization, which proscribed all believers in the Roman Catholic faith and all foreign-born residents, whether citizens or aliens. The American party of 1886–8 is not a secret organization. Its members are not oath-bound; it maintains the American principles of absolute freedom of religious worship and belief, and the first plank of its State and national platforms declares that all law-abiding citizens of the United States of America, whether native or foreign-born, are political equals, and all are entitled to and should receive the full protection of the laws. It is the fashion with Republican editors and orators to refer to the American party as proscriptive, while those familiar with its declarations of principles know that it does not contain a single proscriptive clause, line, or word. The secret order known as the Patriotic Sons of America is a powerful auxiliary in the hands of Republican politicians, yet every man who becomes a member of the order takes an obligation which embodies a menace to and is in intent and purpose proscriptive of the Roman Catholic religion. Yet it is the boast, and is no doubt the truth, that the Roman Catholic Irish-American vote elected Harrison President. You are frank enough to award to the American party the credit of having aroused the American working-man to a sense of the danger threatening him through the immense immigration now pouring into this country; and then you say that the attention of the Democratic and Republican parties being called to these dangers they will proceed to avert them. This comes with poor grace from an organ of a party that two years ago, in its State convention, refused to even recognize the existence of the dangers pointed out in the American party's declaration of principles, and whose candidate for governor, nominated by that convention, hastened to decline the proffered support of the American party. And the awkwardness of your statement is brought more strongly into light by the fact that two years later—only last July—the National Convention of the Republican party dared not even so much as express in its platform its recognition of the existence of these dangers. To have made this admission would have been to drive from the party the Irish-American vote which holds the balance of power between the Democratic and Republican parties, and by retaining which the Republican party elected its national ticket this year. There is no hope that the Republican party will absorb what is good in the American party platform. To do so would lose it the prize it has so long struggled to gain, and to win must retain—the Irish vote. Nothing can be hoped for from the Democratic party. It has no future as a national party. The six or seven States that will be created within the next four years will increase the electoral vote to a figure that will make the Republican party independent of New York and New Jersey. The hope of the working-man of America is the American party, and despite the sneers, ridicule, and misrepresentation of the old party organs, he is slowly though surely learning the lesson that he must learn before he will break the chains capital, in the shape of trusts and corporations, is forging around him. The American party proposes to protect the ballot-box and take the balance of power out of the hands of foreign-born voters by so changing the naturalization laws that ignorance, venality, and race or creed fanaticism shall not decide who shall be President of the United States. Can it be expected of a party that depends upon this class of votes for success to do this? The struggle of the Democratic and Republican parties from the opening of a campaign till sun-down of election day is for the largest share of this vote. The American party stands pledged to protect the American laborer against the cheap laborers of Europe now swarming into our country at the rate of five to twelve thousand per week, by placing a tax of one hundred dollars or more on each foreigner who shall elect to make the United States his future home. Can this "Good of the American party," as you are pleased to term it, be absorbed by parties that depend upon the employers of labor—who want cheap labor and care not where it comes from—for the sinews of war with which to fight each other for the spoils of office? The American party stands by the broad and inalienable right of a people that its country is its own to govern, control, and live in, and the term America for Americans embraces all citizens, irrespective of native land, religious faith, or political sentiment. The American party would reserve American land for American children; it would preserve the American free school for the education of America's free-born children; it would protect the American men and women toilers against the overflow from Europe's population centres, and thus secure to them a fair division of the profits resulting from the coöperation of labor and capital. The American party not only has a future, but it has a mission—a grand and noble mission—the maintaining of the laws and institutions of the country as the founders of the nation intended its laws and institutions should be maintained.

J. M. BASSETT.

OAKLAND, November 15, 1888.

Americans Voted Against Cleveland.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: We have *now* ascertained by reports that nearly eleven thousand young *American* Democrats voted against Cleveland, because of his too ready succumbing to the *Irish* howl about the Sackville-West British Minister matter. West had as much right to write or speak his mind on American politics as *this* to interfere in a *national* affair.

HEAD CENTRE.

NOVEMBER 10, 1888. New York State Young Americans.

The many columns of answers recently published in the *Evening World* in reply to the question, "What would you do if you had a million dollars?" show, as might have been expected, a great diversity of inclinations. The first thing that would trouble a prudent man coming into possession of this sum would be how to take care of it. This is a point that most of the writers seem to have overlooked. It is pleasing to see that a large proportion of the correspondents who have made serious answers to the question have included in their plan some wish or scheme for doing good.

A FINE HAUL OF FISH.

An Aragonese Tale.

Covered with glory and with wounds in the War of the Succession and without a penny in his purse, as in those days was the case with most warriors and heroes, the noble scion of Mequinenza returned one day to his dismantled castle, to rest from the harsh fatigues of the camp and eat in peace the lentils that came with his title.

Two words let us give to the soldier and other two to his birth-place. Don Jaime de Mequinenza, baron of that name, who had fought as a captain for the interests of Louis the Fourteenth, was at that day a man of five-and-thirty years, tall, handsome, rough, brave, and energetic; little lettered, but jovial and gallant to the last degree with women—particularly fond, indeed, of pretty peasants. Add to this that he was an orphan, an only child, a bachelor, and you have the picture of the Aragonese hidalgo. As to his castle, it was the same as its master, barring in strength. But as to solitariness, pride, and poverty, it was not behind him. It *was not*, for it has crumbled to decay generations since. Figure it, half-built, half-cut from a solid rock, lapped on one side by the waves of the Ebro, and on the other leaning against a mountain that towered skyward.

At the foot of this rock was a dozen cots and hovels, tenanted by the vassals of the baron, or it might rather be said by the husbandmen who tilled the few fields left to his possession. From the hamlet to the castle the road climbed by fourteen or fifteen steep terraces, above which was a moat, with its drawbridge; the moat filled by a canal or wide ditch that tapped the Ebro a league to the northward, and then fell, below the fortress, in a noisy torrent back into the swelling river.

Perched on an almost inaccessible flank of the mountain, separated by this channel from the castle, and, like it, hanging above the Ebro, there was another rocky spur, crowned by a cabin and a little garden, which in that spot suggested the hanging gardens of Babylon. A heavy beam of walnut wood spanned the foaming current between the castle and the cabin, connecting these, as the drawbridge afforded communication between the castle and the hamlet.

On the lordly crag, then, dwelt Don Jaime de Mequinenza, and on the feudal rock an eel-fisher, who had won a rich revenue from the daring thought of building his hut in that lonely and menacing spot. It had occurred to Damian, for such was the name of the fisherman, to swing from the little bridge two vast nets, through whose meshes swept the torrent, so that the teeming eels that rushed through the cutting, toward the mother waters of the Ebro, were caught here on their course back to their birth-place, and held for the hand of the fisherman, who, although he sold them at a low enough price, yet derived from this slippery source a very respectable income.

Yet for all his labor and enterprise the poor fellow could never save a cuarto. He was not a drinker, for all the cold and wet character of his business; he was not a player—indeed, he knew not the terms of brisca, con quien, or malilla; his *cigarros* were of the commonest sort, and cost him the merest trifle; and for womankind, he had not so much as a passing glance, save only for Carmen.

Save only! But then, *caray, hombre!* that was sufficient exception. For—oh, Carmen, Carmela, Carmelita! Here was enough to squander the revenues of an alcalde, a regidor, a prince—let alone a fisherman. For Carmen was a beauty—a Spanish blonde, think of that, ye connoisseurs!—who would have tempted Saint Anthony himself, if the grace of God should have been withdrawn from him for a moment. Such a waist! such a neck! such ankles! And Carmen knew her own good points—none better!—and women of such merit as hers fall in love with themselves when they have not lovers—or when they have, for that matter—and so Carmen spent the price of all the eels in the Ebro on aprons, kerchiefs, ear-rings, ribbons, and fallals in general, though there was not a soul to see them but her own dear self. Damian, her husband? oh, but he counted for nothing, less than nothing! for if husbands in general are ciphers, what was this wretched fisher of eels?—a lout, a clown, a clod. Oh! that is quite apparent; convinced, no doubt, of her high mission in this poor world of sorrows, Carmen every day dressed herself as if she were going to a ball or a *funcion*, and sat herself down at the door of the cabin, where she was seen of the birds, the rock-thyme, and the skies—and of naught else. Still, she awaited tranquilly the moment of her destiny.

In the days when Carmelita first took up her station at the door thus "dressed with parsley," the castle of Mequinenza was still without Don Jaime, its master, and no human eye beheld her from closer range than that of the sands below, whence she looked like some great blossom set on the edge of the precipice. Her husband had forbidden her to go down to the village in his absence, and she obeyed him implicitly, because it is the will of God that wives obey their husbands, and because—well, because there was nothing pleasing to her in the rustic youths of the village. How should they please her any more than her husband?—they, like him, rough, badly clad, and dirty, with thorny calloused hands, burned by the sun, tanned by wind and rain, and smelling of fish from a rod away? And she so soft, so smooth, so dainty, dressed and perfumed like a Madrileña.

It is true that if the poor fisherman was ill-dressed this was to give finer, better raiment to Carmen; that if the husband should labor less, to the end of sparing his hands, the wife would have worked far harder, with the result of spoiling her white ones; true, also, that those eels, which were indeed ill-smelling, paid for the sweet-scented soaps in which Carmen delighted. But who makes such observations to a woman? above all, if that woman is nineteen years old and pretty, airy, and graceful as the rainbow with its seven colors. Ah, yes! gratitude may well be a sentiment too sober for a young woman, and justice—fairness—an uncomfortable idea for a joyous imagination. These virtues are born of suffering, and Carmen was almost quite happy.

Given these conditions, it was not at all inconsistent that the thoughts and interest of the fisherman's wife should turn to Don Jaime de Mequinenza, from the day that the news of his return to his baronial halls came to the village at the cliff's foot. And in effect, when she set eyes upon his worship, Carmen's butterfly brain and her unloyal heart alike sung to her that this was a lord, a fine gentleman, and a hero—here was a man worthy of beauty and charm like hers.

As for the lord of the manor he was already in love with her species, and as the greater includes the less, he was undoubtedly smitten with Carmen. It was not long before they told each other, by the telegraphic code of looks and signals, their mutual and respective sentiments, but this platonic system became to both alike insupportable.

In the meantime Damian went on fishing.

Now, whether it came to pass that the people of the hamlet, failing to realize and appreciate their abject contemptibility, came to criticise the doings of their feudal master, or whether the fisherman chanced to remember that his wife was a pretty woman and Don Jaime a hot-blooded gallant, and that the castle and the cabin were not so widely separated—there came a time when this worthy husband displayed less than his usual eagerness to make his frequent rounds of his eel-traps. He developed, also, certain rheumatic twinges in his left knee, that impaired his agility in walking, and so he hired a strapping lad whom he made his substitute in conveying the eel-baskets among the purchasers of the vicinity. This procedure of the fisherman was far from meeting with the approval of Carmen and Don Jaime.

One beautiful May evening the two spouses sat at the door of their cabin and watched the sinking sun—the same sun in those days of a century and a half since that we see now above us. That evening it was sinking as slowly and majestically as if it expected never to rise again. It was one of those splendid and solemn moments in which it seems that the world has reached for the first time its apogee of beauty; a melancholy hour in which the soul appears to assist at the tragedy of the day's death as at a new occurrence, which will not be repeated.

Carmen and Damian, regarding that sun, whose rays dyed the horizon with a strange prophetic light, felt their very souls stirred within them. Uncultured and rude of nature as they were, they could but feel that this was a critical hour, full of doom, of mystery, of fatality.

When the sun had set entirely both breathed heavily, as those who have completed a long and severe task. The tacit compact was signed between them, each to his own crime, not to be renounced, but irrevocable, as the death of the day that was expiring. They looked at each other full and unreservedly. Damian lifted his eyes to the castle, on whose topmost terrace stood the Baron of Mequinenza, whom he saluted. The lord had his eyes fixed on Carmen, who also saluted him easily. Damian stretched his rheumatic leg, and, turning to his wife, said, dryly: "I think my leg is well again. I feel the pangs no longer. I think I will go down to the village and stay the night there. There is a fellow owes me some money; he will be in with his pay near midnight, and I will catch him before he spends it. I will come up in the morning in time to take out the fish of to-night's fish. *Ea*, Carmelita, God be with thee."

"Good-by, Damian," said Carmela, mechanically.

They had never before parted in this way, but to both it seemed quite natural. Damian took his hat and his staff and crossed the walnut-wood bridge-way and the fosses of the castle. The sun was still gilding the peak of a distant mountain.

Twelve hours later the sun once more shone over the cabin. All the sadness and foreboding of the day before had been pure farce. There was the sun again, red and joyous as ever, climbing up the heavens as blithely as if this was his first journey there, and shedding life and movement wherever his rays reached. This was the sun that, in those hours of absence, had crossed the ocean, had called the noonday in the Americas, had served as a god for the idolators of the Pacific, had lighted the way for mariners in China, had gilded the spices of Hindostan, had kissed the stones of the Holy Sepulchre, and had marked the hour of death for some modern Greeks; and now that sun was returning, full of curiosity to know what had become of two fisher people of Upper Aragon, whom he had left the night before seated at the door of their hut.

As to Damian, he, like the sun, seemed in better humor than on the preceding evening, if he might be judged by the lively and frolicsome manner with which he ascended the terraces of the castle, followed by some other fishers, all singing the most villainous *jota* that had been produced in their country. They reached the drawbridge, crossed the courts of the castle, still lying in silence, and reached the plane fronting Damian's cabin.

"How loud the cascade roars!" said one of the men.

"But what has become of the bridge?" cried another. "True for you! Look! look! it has slipped from each end! it has sunken into the cutting—it has broken!"

"But how can that be? Such a beam—so long, so well supported by its length! so heavy! and of walnut—a wood as strong as iron!"

"I shall have to buy another," said Damian, shrugging his shoulders; "but come, boys, let the bridge be, and help me with the seines before it grows later." And, taking up the thread of his interrupted song, he began with the others to draw up the eel-nets.

"The devil! how it weighs then!" cried one of his comrades; "thou hast done well with this haul, Damiancito!"

"At the least it is ten arrobas," said another; "oh, a fine catch! unheard of!"

"I believe you!" shouted a third; "it is more likely he has caught, not eels, but the bridge of walnut wood!"

Damian only smiled without speaking.

"Do you say that net is heavy?" called one of the men, pulling on the second seine; "well, this one is not behind it. This weighs not less than twelve arrobas—all of three hundred weight."

"Oh! it's a couple of big rocks that have fallen in!" said an envious-minded fellow.

Damian was gloomy, trembling, covered with a cold sweat. "So one seine weighs heavy as the other," he muttered; "oh but it can not be!" He stepped up out of the water and slowly took his way to the cabin.

By this time the first seine was coming up to the bank, and in it appeared, truly enough, the bridge of walnut wood. Not all of it, but the half. It was not to be doubted that during the night the bridge had been sawed across the middle. The men who dragged it out were staring with surprise and terror; they started back with horror-stricken faces, shrieking.

At the same moment, Damian appeared in the door of his cabin, with his hair on end, his eyes fixed and starting, and a look of utter stupidity, yet screaming with laughter—laughter like a voice from Bedlam. He had found his home deserted and the couch of Carmelita untouched by her since the day before. And the fishermen had seen in the net with the walnut timber the pallid face of Don Jaime.

A moment after, their frightened mates drew out the second seine, with the other half of the bridge and the body of Carmelita.

"She, also?" Damian shouted; "oh! I did not look for that, though! I thought she would wait for him in the house! I never dreamed she would run to meet him! But she did, you see! She was impatient to meet her lover, and she went on the bridge to meet him. But I had been there before them. I sawed it! sawed it! sawed it! Oh! what a fine haul we have made to-day, boys! a good catch of fish is this we have made, boys!" And, shrieking, he ran and shut himself in the cabin.

When the officers of the law came to arrest him they found him still grasping a saw, and the cabin drenched with blood. The eel-fisher had sawed off his left hand, and with the right he still drew his weapon across a gaping wound in his throat, while he gasped, with dying voice: "A grand catch of fish we have made to-day, boys!"—*From the Spanish of Don Pedro de Alarcon, by Y. H. Addis.*

OLD FAVORITES.

The Demon Lover.

"O where have you been, my long, long love,
This long seven years and mair?"
"O I'm come to seek my former vows,
Ye granted me before."

"O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For they will breed sad strife;
O hold your tongue of your former vows,
For I am become a wife."

He turned him right and round about,
And the tear blinded his e'e;
"I wad never hae trodden on Irish ground,
If it had not been for thee.

"I might have had a king's daughter,
Far, far beyond the sea;
I might have had a king's daughter,
Had it not been for love o' thee."

"If ye might have had a king's daughter,
Yersell ye had to blame;
Ye might have taken the king's daughter,
For ye kend that I was nane."

"O faulse are the vows o' womankind,
But fair is their faulse bodie;
I never would hae trodden on Irish ground,
Had it not been for love o' thee."

"If I was to leave my husband dear,
And my two babes also,
O what have you to take me to,
If with you I should go?"

"I have seven ships upon the sea,
The eighth brought me to land;
With four-and-twenty bold mariners,
And music on every hand."

She has taken up her two little babes,
Kissed them baith cheek and chin:
"O fare ye weel, my ain two babes,
For I'll never see you again."

She set her foot upon the ship,
No mariners could she behold;
But the sails were o' the taffetie,
And the masts o' the beaten gold.

She had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When dismal grew his countenance,
And drumlie grew his e'e.

The masts that were like the beaten gold,
Bent not on the heaving seas;
And the sails, that were o' the taffetie,
Filled not in the eastland breeze.

They had not sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
Until she espied his cloven foot,
And she wept right bitterlie.

"O hold your tongue of your weeping," says he,
"Of your weeping now let me be;
I will show you how the lilies grow
On the banks of Italy."

"O what hills are yon, yon pleasant hills,
That the sun shines sweetly on?"
"O yon are the hills of heaven," he said,
"Where you will never win."

"O whaten a mountain is yon," she said,
"All so dreary wi' frost and snow?"
"O yon is the mountain of hell," he cried,
"Where you and I will go."

And aye when she turned her round about,
Aye taller he seemed to be;
Until that the tops o' the gallant ship
Nae taller were than he.

The clouds grew dark, and the wind grew loud,
And the levin filled her e'e;
And waesome wailed the snow-white sprites,
Upon the gurlie sea.

He struck the topmast wi' his hand,
The foremast wi' his knee;
And he brake that gallant ship in twain,
And sank her in the sea.

—*Percy's Reliques.*

THE SACKVILLE-WEST LETTER.

"Cockaigne" tells of a Similar Mistake made by Minister Phelps.

The Lord Sackville difficulty, viewed in the light of a certain event in the past, of which I at the time wrote the *Argonaut*, and to which I shall presently refer, presents to me a curious aspect. While the principle adhered to by Mr. Secretary Bayard, and acted upon by President Cleveland, is no doubt a sound one, I can not help thinking it is rather a pity, for the sake of consistency if for no other consideration, that the axiom now invoked, to-wit, that the diplomatic representatives of foreign powers shall not mix themselves up in or meddle with the political affairs of the country to which they are accredited, was not one recognized by the diplomatic representative of the United States at the court of St. James just three years ago. My letter to the *Argonaut*, dated September 10, 1885, went fully into the subject.

Briefly, the facts to which I refer are these: During the autumn of 1885 one of the most important and exciting political campaigns known of late years in England culminated in a general election in November. Perhaps the chief importance of this election arose from the fact that it was the first at which a vast multitude of new voters, mostly working-men, voted under the provisions of Gladstone's long-fought Franchise Bill. How these new suffragists would vote became at once a matter of serious interest. The orators and the press of both the great political parties strained every nerve to influence and to capture the new voters. The Primrose League, during this campaign, made its first great effort at successful electioneering. No stone was left unturned to get at the working-men and "instruct" them as to the claims upon their distinguished consideration of the principles of Liberalism or Conservatism, as the case might be. Speeches were made on behalf of Liberal principles by Gladstone, Lord Hartington, Chamberlain, John Bright, Sir William Harcourt, Lord Granville, and Sir Henry James, for the Liberal party was not then rent asunder as it now is, and on behalf of Conservative principles by Lord Salisbury, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Iddesleigh, Mr. Smith, and others. Every plan and device that political cunning could suggest was adopted to catch the new franchise-holders.

While this condition of things was in existence and the political arena filled with ardent and vehement gladiators, on September 3, 1885, a banquet known as the cutlers' feast was given at Sheffield in honor of Lord Randolph Churchill. The guests included such men as the Dukes of Norfolk and Rutland, the Earl of Wharncliffe, and Lord Denman, together with several members of Parliament. Among those also invited to be present was the United States Minister, Mr. Edward J. Phelps. At all banquets, those in England especially, toasts are drunk and speeches made in acknowledgment thereof. Now at this early period of Mr. Phelps's ministerial career at the court of St. James, in common with many illustrious men who had preceded him in the office, he was a great speech-maker. He has dropped considerably out of the habit of late.

Of course Mr. Phelps accepted the invitation and went. On his way the train he traveled by passed through Rugby, and at a place called Clifton-on-Dunsmare, near that famous junction and celebrated public school, he was invited to break his journey for an hour or so and to open a working-man's club. As the ceremony would naturally involve the making of a speech, and as it further transpired that an address was to be presented to him which would necessitate a reply (another speech), why, of course, Mr. Phelps accepted this other invitation, also. Mr. Phelps is a capital speech-maker, ready and fluent, and knows how to tickle the British ear with flattering periods and laudatory apostrophes as well as any other American Minister, not excepting even Mr. Lowell. Had he contented himself with one of his ordinary after-dinner speeches concerning the superiority of England to every other country on earth, it would have been perfectly legitimate. One can forgive any amount of anglomania in a United States Minister to England. One has grown so accustomed to it. The sentiment seems so inseparable from him. But instead of treating his audience to a simple address appropriate to the occasion, Mr. Phelps sat about haranguing them in what was, so far as its effects were concerned, an undoubted political speech.

It will be unnecessary to go into the speech. I will simply content myself with a few extracts from the jubilant next morning's leader in the *Morning Post*, the mouth-piece of the nobility and acknowledged organ of the Tory party. That the speech was considered as favoring the Conservative party, no stronger proof can be adduced than the weight it was given by the *Morning Post*. "It causes almost a sense of shame," said the leader, "to contrast the United States Minister's straightforward analysis of the conditions of industrial labor with the jargon lately promulgated by Mr. Chamberlain. It will be well for the deluded listeners who swallowed the wonderful promises of giving them 'plenty of work at good wages' to observe that in the land of matured democracy, to which they all look as a pattern, competition is even keener than in the country which they are taught to deem so unenlightened. At this moment a distinguished politician, who has seen every phase of the democratic movement and who can not be suspected of the smallest bias toward any one school of English politicians, comes forward with a plain confession of the inherent evils which dog its path." Now what effect must a speech thus commented on have had upon English voters, with their first ballot in their fingers, wondering for which "school of English politics" they should cast it? What effect on the general tone of political opinion among those who take their views from the press must this leader, based upon such a speech, have had? Certainly not one in favor of the principles of the Liberal party as promulgated in Mr. Chamberlain's "jargon." In the spirit, in the purpose of the speech, can there be any appreciable difference between it and Lord Sackville's letter? If anything, Mr. Phelps's speech was more outrageous. It was apropos of nothing. He was asked no questions. His advice was not solicited. He simply lugged in by the head and shoulders sentiments the utterance of which he knew must be prejudicial to the cause of the Liberal party in England at that critical juncture. Furthermore, Lord Sackville's letter was in the nature of a private confidential communication, whereas Mr. Phelps's speech was blatantly and recklessly public, for all the world to hear. Once more listen to the *Morning Post*, still commenting on Mr. Phelps's speech: "There is at present an inordinate desire for the forms of freedom, without any corresponding knowledge of how to adjust them so as to suit realities. Those to whom democracy is not a new toy have evidently found that such forms may as readily as not become fetters."

I confess I was surprised, at the time, at such sentiments coming from not only an American citizen but one who was the trusted diplomatic representative of the United States in England. I was at a loss to guess—to fathom—his motive. Now that this tempest has been kicked up about Lord Sackville's ears on account of an act, which, incautious, undiplomatic, and discreditable though it be, fades into comparative insignificance beside Mr. Phelps's performance of three years ago, it is only fair that Mr. Bayard, who is so intensely particular about the conduct of the servants of other countries, should be asked to open his eyes and contemplate the behavior of those of his own. It is true that the English Government did not take any notice or bring to the attention of the United States Government the undiplomatic conduct of Mr. Phelps. It is worthy of note that the Conservatives were in power at the time, and they were altogether too highly pleased with Mr. Phelps's speech to demand his recall on account of it. No one else could demand it. When I read that Mr. Phelps, in a high state of indignation, had gone down to Hatfield to demand from Lord Salisbury the immediate recall of Lord Sackville, I could not help feeling considerably amused at the *un*poetic justice, or rather the poetic *in*justice, of the spectacle. Let me give one short quotation from my letter at the time. It is almost prophetic in what then seemed the suggestion of an impossibility: "Imagine, if during the last Presidential contest in America, Mr. Sackville-West had seen fit to come out and make a speech in favor of the Democrats or Republicans, what would have been thought of him."

Oddly enough, this morning's *Daily News*, in commenting on the suggestion that Minister Phelps should be also recalled as a sort of spiteful observance of *lex-talionis*, uses these words: "Because Lord Sackville has given offense at Washington, it scarcely follows that Mr. Phelps has made himself intolerable in London. Mr. Phelps has not, so far at least as the public are aware, written to advise a naturalized American citizen to vote for a Tory candidate at the next general election." This is the essence of special pleading. Of course Mr. Phelps has not done exactly and literally the same thing as Lord Sackville has done. It would be almost impossible to conceive a similar state of circumstances. In the first place Mr. Phelps would, I think, find it difficult to ascertain the address of any naturalized American citizens in England, did he wish to write to one, and in the next, I do not think either the Conservative or Liberal party could make any capital out of the fact that their adversaries were friendly to America. However, although Mr. Phelps has not done literally as Lord Sackville has done, he has in spirit been guilty of the same intermeddling with English politics—indirectly it may be—during the campaign immediately preceding a general parliamentary election. His language in warning a club of English working-men of the dangers, and snares, and pitfalls of democracy must have had some object and must have had some effect on his hearers. With comparatively ignorant, illiterate men, the warning could be taken in no other way than to beware of liberal and radical measures and principles. Liberalism tends to, and Radicalism is, democracy, pure and simple. How many votes did Mr. Phelps's speech influence in favor of the security of Conservatism?

A short time ago, in writing to you on the subject of free trade, etc., I referred to a leader in the London *Standard* which, smarting under the rejection of Mr. Chamberlain's Fishery Treaty and President Cleveland's proposed retaliatory measures, bombastically called the attention of the United States to the *Trent* affair! My object in doing so was to fortify my opinion, frequently expressed, that the love and affection which England has for America, and which Mr. Russell Lowell is forever prating about, is apparently of a very shallow character. Yesterday's *Morning Post*, the other Conservative organ, in a long leader on the Sackville affair, gives expression to the following kindly sentiment which I cordially recommend Mr. Russell Lowell to cut out and keep for reference when in want of inspiration for the next after-dinner speech he makes in England: "To Englishmen," says the Tory mouth-piece, "the incident is of little importance. This country has nothing to hope or to fear from the United States, and it is a matter of small interest to us whether the Democrats or Republicans win in the coming Presidential election."

It is hard to reconcile such cold indifference with the brotherly love and maternal and filial affection which, according to Mr. Lowell, exist between the two countries. Unquestionably this brotherly love and maternal and filial affection *ought* to exist between England and the United States. It is a condition of mutual good will greatly to be desired by the peoples of both nations. The question is—does it exist? I contend that it does not, and respectfully point to every occasion where self-interest has been the directing and controlling sentiment with both countries, from the now revived *Trent* affair down to the demanded recall of Lord Sackville. Individuals who act so do not love each other, and nations are but collections of individuals. If a true and lasting regard is to be established and maintained between Great Britain and the United States, it must be based upon something more stable and its existence be assured by something more reliable than the anglomaniac post-prandial speeches of United States Ministers to the court of Queen Victoria. COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, November 2, 1888.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"What an imperious, dictatorial person Mrs. Snorter is!" "Yes; she went out to service in her youth."—*Time.*

"What is young Gigglesby by profession?" "He is a poet." "Oh! Then what is he by compulsion?" "Clerk in a suspender store."—*Time.*

Mamma—"Well, did you tell God how naughty you have been?" *Lily*—"No, I was ashamed. I thought it had better not get out of the family."—*Life.*

"John, you are not listening to a word I am saying!" "Why, my dear, I am all ears." "I know you are, and that makes it all the more provoking."—*Life.*

Possibly the reason that Mrs. Deland calls her charming novel "John Ward, Preacher," is to prevent Western people from imagining it to be "John Ward, Shortstop."—*Puck.*

"Money matters are always embarrassing," said Bjones; "I suppose you are worrying about your debts." "No," replied De Jinks, "it is about how little ready cash I have."—*New York Sun.*

Preceptress (at Vassar)—"Well, Miss Daisy, I'm waiting for your recitation." *Miss Daisy's bosom friend*—"Please ma'am, she's got her chewing-gum caught, and can't open her mouth."—*Puck.*

Edith—"So you and Tom were finally married, Nell?" *Nell*—"Yes; but we're not happy!" *Edith*—"What! not happy? Why, how's that?" *Nell*—"We didn't marry each other."—*Life.*

Mrs. Toosweet—"I shouldn't have taken a bit of comfort all summer if I'd known you'd taken up smoking again." *Mr. Toosweet* (placidly)—"Neither should I, my love."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Pater Familias—"Why, Ethel! You don't mean to tell me you want to marry that bald-headed Professor Wiseman!" *Ethel*—"It is true he is bald, but think how many young men of to-day are bald on the inside of their heads."—*Harper's Bazar.*

They have a good one just at present on a well-known Bangor lawyer who is noted for his absent-mindedness. He went up his own stairs the other day, and seeing a notice on his door, "Back at two o'clock," sat down to wait for himself.—*Bangor Commercial.*

Mrs. Naggleton—"I see that some wretch has been writing a book called "How to be Happy, though Married." *Mr. Naggleton*—"I could have told that in three words." *Mrs. Naggleton*—"What are they?" *Mr. Naggleton*—"Get a divorce!"—*Puck.*

"Aw!" said Howell Gibbon, as he threw himself languidly into a chair near the club window; "I'm glad this beastly election excitement is ovah at lahst! A gentleman has got a chahnce now to forget, faw a little while at least, that he's an Amerwican!"—*Puck.*

Guide—"Now, ladies and gentlemen, you wouldn't believe it, but it's true, that these weights are so delicate they mark the difference between a blonde and a brunette hair." *Tourist* (opening a memorandum-book)—"And which weighs the less?" *Guide*—"The lighter one."—*Life.*

"Just try to frighten me, will you?" said B. to M. "What for?" "I have got the hiccough, and if you frighten me it will make it go away at once." "Well, then, here goes" (shouting at the top of his voice); "lend me five hundred francs!" "Ah! thanks; it is gone."—*Figaro.*

Clerical friend—"Well, my good fellow, don't you feel better now that you have signed the pledge?" *Shocking example* (in a voice choked with emotion)—"You have saved me from a drunkard's death. I feel like a different man. Come out and let's take something."—*Life.*

Bessie (just home from boarding-school)—"I am delighted to see you, mamma." (Kisses her.) *Mamma* (regarding her suspiciously)—"Bessie, you didn't kiss with a burrowing motion when you went away from home. You've learned that from somebody with a long mustache!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Insurance company's doctor—"Of what did your father die?" *Texan*—"Throat affection." *Insurance company's doctor*—"Diphtheria?" *Texan*—"No—a gathering of hemp under his left ear." *Insurance company's doctor*—"Ah, bronchial trouble!" *Texan*—"No, sir, bronco."—*Town Topics.*

"And now, children," remarked the Sunday-school superintendent, "what happened to those wicked people who reviled Noah and refused to heed his warning? Where did they find themselves when the flood came?" "In de soup!" exclaimed a class of newsboys on the back seat, with one voice.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Anxious mother—"Why, my daughter, in tears! What has happened?" *Married daughter*—"I—I got mad at Arthur this morning and said a lot of—of mean things, and then he said a lot of meaner ones, and, boo hoo! I couldn't think of anything mean enough to say back, boo, hoo, hoo!"—*Philadelphia Record.*

Affectionate wife—"I saw the young widow Green to-day. You don't know how bewitching she looks in her mourning!" *Fond husband*—"And I suppose you envied her the opportunity, eh?" *Affectionate wife*—"How can you talk so, Charles? You know that black never was becoming to me."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Well, William," said Mr. Hardhead to his new confidential clerk, "you are in a first-class position now at a good salary. I shall expect you to be faithful and diligent; in fact, to make all my interests your own. It won't be necessary, however, for you to make love to the type-writer. I'll attend to her myself."—*Terre Haute Express.*

"The other day I rowed down the river," said an old Texan granger, "and saw some cowboys staking off a claim in the richest bottom-land on my place. They were armed with Winchester rifles, and were desp'rately impudent." "Did you pull up their stakes?" asked his neighbor. "Not much!" was the reply; "I pulled up the stream."—*Life.*

"Here's a piece of pie," said an R Street woman to a hungry tramp at the back door. "Thanks," he replied, catching eagerly at it and biting a horseshoe out of it. "Don't you want a knife to cut it with?" she inquired. The tramp looked hurt. "Madam," he said, in freezing tones, "do I look like a man who would eat pie with a knife?"—*Washington Critic.*

He was lying in front of the store door when the merchant came out, and stirring him up with the toe of his boot, said: "Are you drunk?" "You bet." "Then you move off from here." "Are you drunk?" queried the inebriate. "No; I am sober," was the indignant response. "Then you can move off from here a—hic—sight easier than I can."—*Texas Siftings.*

Jeweler—"Yes, sir; I will engrave anything you wish on this ring without extra charge." *Young man*—"Well, inscribe on it 'From George to Alice.' *Jeweler*—"Hem! The lady is your sister, maybe?" *Young man*—"The fact is, this is an engagement ring." *Jeweler*—"Ah! My young friend, I have had considerable experience in engagement rings, and I would suggest that the inscription be simply, 'From George.' Then it will do for anybody."—*Time.*

"Mandy!" almost shrieked the elderly aunt, as she entered the parlor unexpectedly, and found the young lady clasped in the arms of a young man who was kissing her with every indication that he had had considerable practice, "what on earth does this mean?" "Nothing but an election bet, auntie," replied Amanda, with a look of heroic, martyr-like resignation on her lovely face; "I lost. Go on, Mr. McPelican. How many was that?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Keep away from that," said a restaurant-keeper to an Irishman who was standing in front of a newly arrived box of turtles holding his finger in evident pain; "what are you doing there, anyhow?" "I wor investigating." "Investigating what?" "I wor trying to see which was the head and which was the tail ov the baste over there in the corner ov the box." "What do you want to know that for?" "I've a curiosity to know whether I've been bit or stung."—*Merchant Traveler.*

CHÂTEAU LIFE IN FRANCE.

"Parisina" describes the Country Homes of New and Old Regimes.

I remember telling you, apropos of a French substitute for "camping out," that every one does not own a château, and yet, to whoever journeys through Touraine or Normandy—the orchard and flower-garden of France—they seem plentiful enough, from the frowning gothic castle overgrown with ivy to the modern erection plastered with white and flanked by a pair of pepper-box towers.

The word "château" is applied promiscuously to most country-houses that are too large to be called villas and which can boast of something more than a plot of garden ground. But the real château must be flanked by towers. The long, low, rambling house of the Louis the Fifteenth pattern, with its high slate roof, and the empire pilastered mansion can shift without, and no one questions their title; but the *nouveau riche* who builds for himself a roomy tenement which he is anxious to term a château, always treats himself to a couple of towers, and he sometimes doubles the number, averring that you can not have too much of a good thing. An utilitarian—otherwise he would not doubtless have managed to fill so many money-bags—finds them useful for the accommodation of back-stairs, dressing-closets, and pantries. The towers are no longer necessary as look-outs as in semi-civilized times, and there are no men-at-arms required for their defense, so the best that can be done is to make them serve domestic purposes. How those old mediæval or *cinque cento* architects would smile if they could visit one of these new and commodious tenements, and find dusters and brooms hidden in octagon chambers, and bath-rooms, supplied with hot and cold water, behind freshly stacked battlements!

Not a fourth of the really ancient châteaux you see while making a journey by the rail or by the road through France are inhabited by the descendants of the men who built them. Many of the old families have died out; others, forced to emigrate during the first Revolution, were too poor when they returned under the Restoration to buy back their lands from the *canaille* in possession; but the majority sold them with the fair estates surrounding them, because they were too poor to keep them. They had to part with them to pay debts of honor or debts of dishonor, to make good money squandered with women, at play, or at best to provide education for the boys or dowries for the girls. The French nobility began ruining themselves under the Grand Monarque and Louis the Well-Beloved, when they had to raise funds for their maintenance at Versailles and Marly, and to pay for those gorgeous bejeweled costumes worn by men and women alike, when the king commanded them to grace his court and dance attendance at his levées, or play courtiers to his minions and mistresses, or to provide the cost of expensive wars on the Rhine or in the Netherlands. Then came the Revolution—the finishing stroke. No wonder it is only one here and there who has rallied.

When you are jolting along in a humble omnibus—*vice* the discarded diligence—over the uneven stones of a picturesque French village, and spying a fine old house behind its curtain of tall poplars, ask Jehu to whom it belongs, ten-to-one he will answer, "To M. Chose, the sugar-refiner," the ex-attorney, the stock-broker, or railway contractor, and will add, in a pleasant way, "I daresay you know him; he lives in Paris," and only comes down in autumn for the shooting. All the *parvenus* (as the aristocrats, the former owners of the soil, would call them) do not admire fresh stucco palaces, with glaring mullioned windows, absurd turrets and battlements. Their taste is often as refined as that of Monsieur le Marquis, and their household is ordered on a footing far superior to that of yonder impecunious vicomte, who farms his own land, and whose income is subjected to the fluctuations of the butter or the fruit market.

Professional men, soldiers of the first or second empire, barristers and magistrates, eminent physicians, engineers and others who have earned money as well as fame, have all a great fancy for setting up as landed proprietors, and why should they not, in heaven's name? Their wives and daughters are some of the best-bred women in France, they can command society, and the latter may marry into the nobility if they choose. Some of the finest old houses of the provinces are in the hands of the barons of finance. Drumont, by-the-bye, who is bringing out a new book against the Jews, will tell you that the Israelites are dividing the old patrimonial acres of the French aristocracy between them. This is of course an exaggeration, but in many cases the Jew rules in mansions which were built centuries ago with moneys wrested from their forefathers by the unscrupulous Gentile.

Very erroneous is the idea conceived by the generality of Parisians of *la vie de château*, and the journalist often helps to delude the reader regarding it. Frequently it is his duty to give an account of festivities got up in country-houses, and he is easily led on to magnify the magnificence he has seen there and to paint the every-day life after exceptional experiences. The very gay world has little to do with châteaux; if the units of which it is formed happen to own an estate and house in the country they go there as little as possible, and infinitely prefer a season at Aix-les-Bains or Trouville in summer, and to spend the coldest weeks of the year on the Littoral in easy reach of Monte Carlo, to burying themselves in the depth of the provinces, in a great rambling house where they must spend an awful amount of money if they would make their sojourn there really gay and pleasant. Few things surprise an Englishman more than the difference between country life in England and country life in France. The fact is, the typical château is by no means a luxurious or even a comfortable abode. It is generally far too large for its occupants, to begin with, and lacks that cosiness which is the soul of modern home life in town. Whereas the handsome Paris flat or bijou mansion are eminently comfortable abodes, furnished with taste and elegance, and fitted up with all the latest improvements; the château is old-fashioned in its trappings, the huge rooms look bare and comfortless. The *petit-maître* and the woman lapped in all the luxury of the time sigh after the *bien-être* of the *cher* Paris, and count the days until they return there. Not unfrequently the annual sojourn on the patrimonial estates is a time when economy has to be practiced, when the family try to make up for past excess of expense. I have known parents, after bleeding themselves to furnish an adequate *dot* for a daughter's marriage, or paying a reckless son's debts, retire to the country for a year or so. Under these circumstances, the château means banishment. Others belonging to the poor nobility lack the means of keeping a town-house at all and live in the country the whole year round, and their lives are gray indeed. During nine months most of the neighboring gentry are away, and they have to put up with the company of the few families in their vicinity who are in the same plight as themselves. Frequently there is not another house of equal importance within walking or even driving distance. Their interests are narrow and confined. The women generally become devotional and attend mass every morning regularly, and entertain the curé once a week at dinner, and every evening with cribbage or whist if he is so minded. Girls who grow up amid such surroundings have a great difficulty in finding husbands, and the châteaux provide an alarming contingent of old maids. They may be pretty and lovable and graced with all the virtues, but Prince Charming does not happen to pass her way, and she is doomed never to be awakened from her trance by a kiss or to know the joys of maternity. The boys are sent to college and then to the army, and trust to the prefix which they have the right to put before their names to purchase them a bride with money.

French people are eminently hospitable; they are very fond of entertaining friends and acquaintances—none more so—to dinner or a ball, but it does not generally go the length of desiring them as guests in their house. I can account for this in two ways. To begin with, they are a busy race; of course the denizens of châteaux do not work, in the general acceptation of the word, but they fuss about, the ladies over household affairs, the men out of doors, and it upsets them to have strangers to entertain at all hours. The *petite noblesse* is decidely *bourgeois* in its tendency, and is addicted to dressing-gowns and slippers in the morning. Then, again, a certain modesty or diffidence makes them chary of inviting others unless there is something particularly interesting toward; to ask friends merely to join their family party does not occur to them; it is hardly the habit, they would be anxious, and the strain upon their conversational powers would be too great. Now this does not trouble an Englishwoman—everybody visits in England—and neither does the hostess think it inherent on her to put herself out of her usual course, nor do the guests expect to be much more amused than they are at home. You see, the Frenchwoman considers entertaining a science, and the more she lives out of the world the greater will be the effort on her part.

Nevertheless, there are many grand châteaux in France where it is the rule for the host and hostess to gather house-parties, during the shooting and hunting season particularly, and at this time of the year, when the country-houses are at their gayest, there are frequent occasions for interchange of hospitalities between neighbors inhabiting the same district or department. For these, couturières and milliners have to provide their most bewitching achievements in the way of gowns and hats. A certain spice of eccentricity is permitted in the country not tolerated by *haut ton* in town, and the attire is much more picturesque in consequence. Wide-brimmed plumed hats, that none but a *demi-mondaine* would think of wearing in the Allée des Acacias, are considered perfectly good taste *au château*, and this season many a fair *châtelaine* has seen fit to robe herself for a dinnér or dance in the now-fashionable empire dress such as her grandmother wore when she was painted by Gérard or David. A good many Frenchwomen are addicted to sport like the Comtesse de Paris, and when assisting at a *battue* or following their dogs over the stubble-fields will assume a very masculine-looking garb, consisting of an extremely short skirt with knickerbocker continuations and gaiters—a fashion that has called forth a deal of criticism of late in the papers. Your inveterate sportsman looks askance on all female companions when he is out for a day's shooting; he even demurs at the luncheon whereat ladies assemble, and prefers to consume a few sandwiches washed down by a flask of wine rather than to eat luxuriously in company, as it takes more time, and chat and laughter are likely to scare away the game and prepare him a disappointing afternoon. He will tell you they are less in the way in the hunting-field, and I have no doubt they are.

As a general rule Frenchwomen do not hunt, but there are several brilliant exceptions to this rule. The Duchesse d'Uzès might give points to Diana. She is mistress of the hounds, and where she leads in the forest of Sénard only the more adventurous are likely to follow. She keeps up the old French usages in vénerie, wears the three-cornered hat and a habit braided with gold, which would be voted outrageous in Warwickshire. Her château in the neighborhood of Epernay is the great rendezvous of hunting-men throughout the autumn and early winter.

When the ladies in the family neither shoot nor hunt, and when there is plenty of company and abundance of neighbors, private theatricals are a great resource. It is so easy to put up a stage in one of the big rooms of a château, and the rehearsals and preliminaries provide endless amusement for weeks together. Last week at Gué Pean—the seat of the Baronne de Cassin—a bevy of titled dames and scions of nobility got up a grand entertainment. The Princesse de Broglie appeared in the garb of a peasant in the "Surprises de Jean," and the Duchesse de Gramont gave the cue to the Comte de Brigade in the "Joueur de Flute." And a still more attractive programme is to be shortly enacted at the Château de Bellune. Now the Duc and Duchesse de Bellune live all the year round in the vicinity of Fontainebleau, and, for their station, are not overburdened with worldly goods, but they do not live the life of recluses, and the demoiselles de Bellune are neither of them likely to "coiffer Sainte Catherine." The duke is a great hand at play-writing, and what they act under his roof has mostly been penned by his lordly hand. I daresay the reader r members the grand doings there some two years ago, ar how milord duke wrote a charming extravaganza, entitled "I Jardine de Diane," which had an immense success on accou of its own merits in the first place, and also by reason of tl wonderful dresses worn by the lady who appeared first as carp, in a cuirass of scales, and afterward as Diane de Poitier one mass of glittering jewels.

The promised entertainment is to celebrate the silver we ding of the host and hostess, and the former has produced f the occasion a vaudeville and also the libretto of an *opé comique*, for which a friend has supplied the music. All th is delightful and charming, but it is exceptional. Château c Bellune, however, is exceptionally well situated. An expres train will take you there from Paris in a little more than a hour; the Duc de Gramont and the Comte de Greffulhe a masters of the stag and boar-hounds, and there is the milita society of the place. No fear of being dull there. Unocc pied guests are not likely to hang heavily on your hands, M le Duc! *La vie de château* under these circumstances is very pleasant thing, indeed; it is a pity there is not more of i

PARIS, October 26, 1888. PARISINA.

SOCIETY.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford will depart soon to pass the winter in Wa ington, D. C

Mr. and Mrs. Henry McLane Martin were in London when last heard fro

Miss Alice Mullins is visiting relatives in Manchester, England.

Miss Jessie Newlands has returned from her European trip, and is at her hon 2902 Clay Street.

Miss Grace M Spencer, of San José, has been visiting Mrs. Byron Jacks for several days.

Miss Marguerite Bucknall will pass the winter at Los Angeles with Mrs. Jo P. Jones.

Miss Hattie Tay has returned home after a delightful visit to friends in Ke County.

Mr Chauncey M. St John has gone to Stockton for a brief visit.

Mrs E. H. Woods and Miss Kate Treat are in London. Miss Treat will l married there soon.

Mrs. William H. Wallace and her daughter, Mrs. M. Herzstein, will go Coronado Beach early in December to remain a couple of months

Miss Adèle Martel has returned from a two weeks' visit to friends in San Rosa.

Colonel and Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue are now domiciled in the residence Mrs. William H. Wallace, 2220 Broadway Street, which they have leased f a term of eight months

Mrs. Benoni Irwin has gone to New York to remain during the winter.

Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., returned to the city last Tuesday after a thr months' visit in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. G Steele, of Oakland, are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, i New York city.

Mrs. J. H. Schroeder, of Redwood City, is visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Mr. Hugh Tevis is here on a visit from Arizona

Mr. A. H. Rutherford will return in a few days from a trip to Nevada.

Mrs H. H. Hewlett, of Stockton, has been here on a visit to Mrs. L. W. Reat

Mr. Lansing B. Mizner, Jr., has returned from his Alaskan trip.

Mrs. Hans H. Kohler has gone East to remain most of the winter.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Carrie and Emma Childs have returned Los Angeles after a six weeks' visit here.

Miss Evelyn Carolan is expected to return from her Eastern trip in about fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, of Honolulu, have decided to pass the winte at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierre La Montagne, of New York, who are here on a visit, wi probably pass most of the winter in this city.

Mrs. A E. Head and Miss Anna Head, who have been traveling in Europ for the past two years, are in New York city. They will be in Washington, D. C during the winter.

Mr. J. W. G. Cofran has returned from a two months' visit to the East.

Miss Alice Johnson, of Oakland, and Miss Charlotte Bermingham have turned to their homes after a pleasant visit to Mrs. J B. Coghlan at Mare Island

Miss Fannie Morrison, of San José, and Miss Rhoada White, of Oakland, ar passing a few weeks in Los Angeles, visiting the family of Hon. Stephen J White.

Mrs. C. T. Ryland and Mr. Frank Ryland have returned to their home in Sa José after a month's sojourn at Congress Springs. They will go to Coronad Beach for the winter.

Senator and Mrs. George Hearst will leave soon to pass the winter in Washing ton, D. C. They will have Miss Leslie Van Ness as their guest a part of th time.

Miss Minnie Houghton and Miss A. R. Shinn will go East soon to remain dur ing the winter season.

Mr. Robert R. Grayson has returned from a six weeks' visit to New Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Robinson have closed their Redwood City villa for th winter, and have leased a residence on California Street near Laguna.

Mrs. William Ashburner and Miss Field have returned from Washington, D C., and will pass the winter at Mrs. Ashburner's residence on Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon have arrived in New York after a prolonge European tour.

Mrs. R. E. L. Mitchie, formerly Miss Cray Beachy, wife of Lieutenant Mitchie U. S. A., of Boise Barracks, Idaho, is the guest of Mrs. Johnson at 813 Sutte Street.

Mr. Bert Pearson will leave in a few days for an Eastern trip. He will firs visit his shooting box and mines in Idaho, and then proceed to Chicago, probabl extending his trip to Florida.

Mr. George Bonny, who was in Russia last month, is now traveling in France

Baron and Baroness von Schroeder are expected to return from New York, i their private car, about the first of next month

Mrs. Smith and Miss Maud Smith are occupying the former residence of Mr. E. C. Marshall on California Street.

Mrs. Walter Turnbull and family arrived in New York, on the steamer *Trave* last Tuesday, after an absence of almost two years in the principal cities of Europe. They are expected here next Wednesday, and will occupy their new residence, 1007 Leavenworth Street.

Mrs. H. Chrystal and her daughter left last Tuesday to pass the winter with Mrs. A. J. Moore in New Orleans.

Mrs. J. B. Wright, of Sacramento, is stopping at the Grand Hotel.

Mr. Eugene Gregory, of Sacramento, was in the city recently on a visit.

Mrs Fisher Ames has returned from her Eastern trip and is at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Mrs. Joseph Wagner and the Misses Lily and Lucille Wagner have returned to the city after a prolonged tour of the world and are at the Grand Hotel. During their sojourn in Melbourne they attended the exposition, and were the special guests of Governor and Lady Loch, Lady Carrington and Lady Musgrave who is the daughter of the late Mr. David Dudley Field, of New York. They were also entertained by Mrs. Taylor, daughter of the American Consul at Queensland and by the United States Commissioner, Hon. Frank McCoppin. They returned home via Egypt, India, and the British Isles.

Mrs. David Belden, of San José, left for Visalia early in the week to visit Dr. and Mrs. Hall.

Dr. W. S. Thorne, of San José, is in Baltimore.

Mrs. Charles W. McCoy, of Oakland, paid a flying visit to San José recently.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hale and Miss Josephine Hale, who have been traveling in Europe for several months, have arrived in New York and are expected here soon.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Dalys will give "Vacation" at the Bush Street next week.

"Ranch 10" will restore to the Alcazar clientele their beloved melodrama next week, the cast being filled by the stock company.

"Said Pasha" is to be done in gorgeous style at the Tivoli next week. The same company will probably go East with the opera—which Mr. Stahl has improved since it was last heard—after the holidays.

Next week Emma Abbott will give us an opportunity to form our own opinions of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera. In London and the East the critics have praised Sullivan and condemned the librettist; but the people continue to go, just the same.

Minstrelsy by candle-light is a decided novelty, and the audiences at the Bijou during the week have made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers. The outcome of Emerson's fight with the owners of the theatre is awaited with considerable interest.

A photographic group in Sherman & Clay's window shows the eighteen young amateurs who are to give Mozart's "Magic Flute" at the Grand Opera House next Tuesday evening. They are pupils of Mme. Fabbri-Muller, and as several of them aspire to the lyric stage as a profession, the occasion will be one of much interest.

VANITY FAIR.

The recent Chamberlain-Endicott wedding has inspired the New York *World* to interview society leaders in various cities concerning international marriages. A Boston lady who lives on Commonwealth Avenue, and whose family has been in society since before the revolutionary times, speaks as follows, on condition that her name should not be published: "Frankly, we do not like this marriage, neither does the Endicott family. Mary Endicott could have married much better without going to England for a husband. Her blood is much bluer than Mr. Chamberlain's, too, and then he has had two wives already and has six children, the eldest a year older than the bride. But, you know, the fact of a man's having been married before casts a glamour over him for many American girls; and then he is an Englishman, and that counts for so much. Boston girls care more for Englishmen and English ways even than New York girls." Mrs. Whitney, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, is the acknowledged leader of what is known as the "official set" in Washington. "The success of the American girl in Europe is most remarkable, is it not?" she asked; "in London, or at any court in Europe, who is the belle of state balls and dances in the royal set? The American belle would be a belle anywhere. She was a belle at home before she went to Europe, because she has the qualities of bellehood. She is keen, quick-witted, vivacious, and attractive. Take the instance now under consideration: Miss Endicott would command attention in any situation as a girl superbly trained. The tones of her voice, her manner, and her type of beauty would make her noticeable. The American girl deserves all the admiration she gets. The sound American training of the well-educated American girl develops the higher qualities of the accomplished woman—the polish that attracts, the cleverness that fascinates and dazzles. The freedom accorded the American girl gives her self-reliance, and in her bright vivacious nature there is no lack of principle. We have a shining instance in the case of Mrs. Cleveland, a young girl taken from a quiet school and placed in the most exacting position at the head of a great nation—and what a proud success she has been! She would have been equally charming if she had ascended an imperial throne." A number of ladies who make up the winter colony of Newport do not regard the marriage of Joseph Chamberlain to Miss Endicott as of international importance. "Miss Endicott," said one, "will do well enough to represent the society of Massachusetts, but the United States—oh, dear, no! No one but a New Yorker can do that." One lady said that if Miss Endicott had been one of Ward McAllister's four hundred the affair might be worth discussing. The ladies generally agreed in favoring such marriages, especially where the foreign bridegroom has a great family name. One said they increased the *entente cordiale* between the two countries. Marriages with distinguished foreigners, so far as St. Louis girls were interested as principals, have not, on the whole, turned out very well. Three of General D. M. Frost's daughters are married to English noblemen or commoners, and Mrs. Frost's sister, formerly Miss Clemens, is the wife of General Von Versey, of the German Army. Then there are Lillie Wooiridge, now the wife of another German officer; Jessie Tutt, the wife of millionaire Macdonald, of Scotland; Gussie Busch, the wife of a German nobleman; a daughter of Henry T. Blow, now the widow of the Russian Count de Smirnoff, who spent some time in prison for debt; and Mme. de Giverville and Mme. de Vervir, widows of French noblemen, who are again living in St. Louis, the latter as a teacher of French. Society leaders in Hartford look upon marriages with European noblemen with disfavor. The most brilliant society lady there returned from a foreign residence to marry a successful builder. Her verdict was pronounced by her act. Nellie Grant, who was a school girl at Miss Porter's in Farmington, had hosts of friends in Hartford. Every one of them believes she could have done immeasurably better had she favored an American suitor. On the other hand, sensible Mollie Garfield, who was also at Miss Porter's, chose an American husband. Mrs. Horwitz, one of the best-known society leaders in Baltimore, has this to say of American women who go abroad for husbands: "American girls who go abroad in search of husbands with titles are, as a general rule, the children of rich parents without social position, who are willing to barter the money gained in trade or by lucky speculation for the supposed social distinction which a title will give their daughters. Their hopes are not often realized. A needy French count, a broken-down German baron, or an impoverished Italian marquis is usually a gambler, a debauchee, and a brute who perfectly understands the contract he has made; and as soon as the Pactolian stream ceases to flow, as it eventually must, shows his true colors, and either deserts his American wife or maltreats and upbraids her as a plebeian, and makes her existence a foretaste of the realms of Pluto."

To continue this discussion of international marriages, in its issue of Sunday, November 11th, the New York *Tribune* published a list containing the names of one hundred and sixty-six American women who have married foreigners of title and distinction. The list is headed "American Peerage," and, like Burke's "Peerage," it contains, in addition to the names of the ladies and those whom they married, the pedigree of the husband. From the carefully compiled list it is learned that French and Italian titles seem to be more popular with American women abroad than English and German ones, as the following will show: Eight American women are Italian princesses and twelve countesses, two are Italian duchesses, one baroness, and seven marchionesses, one has become a French princess, two French duchesses, five marchionesses, five viscountesses, twelve countesses. In the English peerage there is but one American duchess; four American women figure in the list as baronesses, and one as a viscountess; nearly twenty have married simple baronets. One American lady has married a German prince, and over a dozen German counts have American wives. There are eight American baronesses among the Prussian and Austrian nobility. One American woman has married a Russian count, three more Portuguese counts, one a Portuguese viscount, and one a Spanish marquis. The Prince Yturbide of Mexico is also married to a daughter of "Uncle Sam." Among the titled ladies mentioned in the "American Peerage" the following are well known on this coast: "*Princess Galatio Colonna and of Stigliano*—Miss Eva Julia Bryant (Mackay), daughter of Mrs. John W. Mackay; she was married February 11, 1885, at Paris, to Don Ferdinand Colonna, Prince of Colonna, Prince of Paliano, and a Spanish grandee of the first class; they have issue, one son, born in 1886. *Lady Fermor Hesketh*—Miss Florence Emily, daughter of the late ex-Senator William Sharon, of Nevada; married, in 1880, to Sir Thomas George Fermor-Hesketh, seventh baronet; issue, two sons. *Baroness von Schroeder*—Miss Mary Ellen Donahue, daughter of the late —— Donahue, of San Francisco; married to the Baron von Schroeder of Germany. *Countess Telfener*—Miss Ada Hungerford, of California, sister of Mrs. John W. Mackay; married to Count Telfener of Rome. *Lady Waterlow*—Miss Margaret Hamilton, daughter of the late William Hamilton, of Napa, Cal.; married, as second wife, in 1882 to Sir Sidney Hedley Waterlow, first baronet, formerly lord mayor of London, governor of the Bank of England, and an alderman of the city of London. *Lady Wolseley*—Miss Anita Theresa Murphy, daughter of the late Daniel T. Murphy, of San Francisco; married in 1883 to Sir Charles Michael Wolseley of Wolseley, Staffordshire, ninth baronet."

Despite the number of these marriages, the following letter shows that there is still a demand for rich American girls on the other side. The letter was received at sanitary head-quarters, New York, and shows the terms on which rich women of this country can acquire titles in the Czar's dominions. The writer of the letter evidently has got the impression that the health department is some kind of a matrimonial bureau. He wrote in good German, which was translated as follows: "Kowno, September 28, 1888. As I desire to enter into matrimony, I take the liberty of applying to your honorable bureau. I am an imperial Russian cavalry officer of the dragoons of his majesty's body-guard. Of my future wife I expect: (1) That she is not to be over twenty-five; (2) A capital of one hundred and fifty thousand roubles, spot cash; (3) That she shall know the German and Russian languages; (4) Good society manners; (5) Good looks. On my part, I offer her one of the oldest titles in Russia, introduction to the best society in Russia, etc. Respectfully, Carl Von Jurgenssen, Kowno, Russia, staff of the eighth regiment, body-dragoons of his majesty."

This little episode illustrates how many of the most important fashions are set. An actress appears on the stage to-night in some extraordinary costume, perhaps with bare arms and pointed shoulders to her dress and a huge hat heaped high with feathers. She is playing in a bouffe piece, and may dress as she pleases, so she picks out what will show off her beauty to the best advantage. In the audience are some worldly women, about whom it is best not to inquire too closely. One or two of them at once resolve to order dresses like that of the actress. They are photographed in them, or they appear somewhere in that costume. At once the country-girl in town from St. Louis, with a pot of money, orders a dress of the same sort, and a fashion is set which all women in private life, who like to dress sensationally, may copy with propriety. There is no limit to the ways in which this works. A friend went to call on two charming women from San Francisco stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He found that they would enjoy being taken out to dinner. Had they any preference as to which place to dine, he asked. Oh, yes; and to his astonishment they expressed a desire to go to a certain *table d'hôte* place that was a little off color—very good eating, but rather dubious in the trifling matter of patronage. They were asked if they would like claret or chianti, and they said they preferred champagne. At the close of the meal they burned brandy in their coffee, and each lighted a cigarette. The city man, who was a stickler for all the proprieties, could scarcely believe his senses at what he saw them do. He knew that every other man in the restaurant, and everybody, too, must consider them "fast," to say the least. "Do you always burn brandy in your coffee, and smoke cigarettes, and take champagne in San Francisco?" he ventured to ask. "Oh, mercy, no!" the elder lady replied; "such a thing would be monstrous there, but here, where it is the proper thing, we rather enjoy it. It was a little difficult to fall into your naughty New York ways at first, but we are getting on slowly." "Great heavens! I should say you were," the city man whispered under his breath, and now he is planning to have some city lady broach the subject and tell these unsophisticated women that they have been imitating the dross of their sex and thinking themselves very select in doing so.—*New York letter in Providence Journal.*

Miss Gertrude Gilbert, of New York, gave a unique entertainment at her Newport home the other night. At eleven o'clock the guests were ushered into the servants' hall, which was hung with pumpkins made into Jack-o'-lanterns, and dressed with ears of dried corn, wheat, red peppers, and other products of the fall season. The guests were seated at tables, and at each place was a common tin-plate, a coarse napkin, a bottle of beer, and a big mug. Roasted oysters were served hot from the coals, and those who had the bad taste not to care for this delectable dish were given salads and such fancy stuff. After the roast there was dancing until the party broke up.

The dress-makers of the country, and those having occasion to avail themselves of the services of that guild of artists, will be interested in a verdict which was recently rendered by a Baltimore jury. A local dress-maker used, or claimed that she used, twenty-two yards of cloth in making a frock for one of her customers. The customer perhaps would have made no criticism upon that circumstance had it not been that the dress-maker sent in a bill charging her with twenty-two yards. She declined to settle on that basis, insisting that it was impossible that so many as twenty-two yards of cloth could have been legitimately consumed in the construction of the frock that fitted her. The jury agreed with the customer and compelled the dress-maker to take a tuck in her bill of six yards. One can not but admire the pluck of the owner of the frock in resisting what she regarded as an extortion. All the same, her future, regarded from the point of view of frocks, looks dark. Dress-makers, like the members of all other vocations, stand by one another. When one is called upon to take six yards off the bill, the rest glow with sympathetic indignation. Never again can this woman who got the best of a dress-maker in court truthfully exclaim upon trying on a new frock: "The fit's upon me now."

I have long been astonished that a woman of the character of a certain millionaire widow of this city should be received in really good society (writes the New York correspondent of the Boston *Gazette*). But I am told that she actually buys her way into high circles. That she makes presents of valuable jewels to young girls who, or whose mammas, she wishes to cultivate, and that this is her "open sesame." Here is a state of things, indeed, and she must have a pretty low opinion of a society whose exclusiveness can be penetrated for a price. She knows that without her money she would be given the cold shoulder, but that with it, though she has the very same past, she is received.

The theatre-going ladies of New York city are making a little epistolary crusade against the habit of the male citizens of going out between the acts. It is not the supposed bibulous nature of the errands that distresses the fair complainants (though the odor of a "drink between drinks" is not agreeable) so much as the discomfort and injury to the clothes, toes, and feelings that they are subjected to. The habit is, no doubt, an annoying one; but it is really not so much of a nuisance to the women as the high hats of the ladies are to the gentlemen; for whereas the passing back and forth to seats consumes but a minute or two, the view-obstructing bonnets last all the evening. Would it not be a fair exchange of courtesies for the women to remove their hats and for the men to stay in their seats till the play is over?

The report that the Empress of Austria is soon to visit the United States is confidently repeated. The cable states that the plans for her departure have been arranged. Notwithstanding her majesty is prepared to pay her own bills and take care of herself generally, she is not a personage to be permitted to come and go without receiving some attention. The question arises, then, as to how this attention shall be shown and who shall show it. Does the responsibility in New York city fall upon Mr. McAllister's "Four hundred"? Have many or any of these been guests at the Hofburg or Schönbrunn, so that they are laid under personal obligations to make a return of hospitality? Or is the matter one for the mayor and aldermen to take up? In this latter case the distinguished conduct of the Boston authorities with respect to Queen Kapiolani may be referred to for guidance. Nothing could be more graceful than that. The entertainment of empresses in this country is a new thing, and an accepted method remains to be established.

The world has hitherto bowed its head to blackmail for wedding presents (says the London *Standard*). Is it a merit in a man to woo and win a pretty woman? Or is it a merit in a woman to captivate a gilded numbskull, that they should immediately levy blackmail upon all their friends; aye, and even their bare acquaintances? Doubtless there is a considerable amount of shrewdness and perseverance displayed in the pursuit; hence it may be considered a highly meritorious action when two young people succeed in the endeavor to make each other miserable for life. But why should we, who are not in the smallest degree gainers by the interesting event, open our sometimes sparsely lined purses in order to give either the gentleman or his betrothed a wedding present? If a man goes to the city daily for the purpose of making money, the world says he is a shrewd fellow, with no fool's flesh about him; and if by any chance he may make a lucky coup upon the stock exchange, or in whatever business he may devote his labors to the worship of the golden calf, his friends will either say he has the luck of Lucifer, or perhaps that he is a hard-headed, steady worker, and deserves his coveted prize. They do not rush off in search of some costly tribute; rather would they expect him to benefit them in some way by giving a little dinner. Why then should a man, because his friend writes to him saying, "My darling Chriscable has promised to make me the happiest of man," immediately begin to rack his brains in order to discover what he shall buy as a suitable wedding present? Would it not be far more sensible, and perhaps more heartfelt, if he wrote to his friend and wished him joy of his great good luck in winning the lady of his love? Surely there would be more real feeling in such a course than in the little packet which is sent, straight from the silversmith's, with Tom Smith's or John Jones's compliments. At any rate, there would not be the feeling of loss attached to the action which must in many cases render the announcement of a friend's bliss a subject rather of annoyance than of gratification. There are few people who are not glad to hear of a friend's projected marriage, and perhaps there are few also who do not feel the imposition of the wedding present business.

Marriage must be a failure among the Russian peasantry. Upon a convict ship conveying only women to Saghalien, seventy-five per cent. of the prisoners had been convicted of killing their husbands.

The London hansom is at last to be introduced in Paris. Lord Shrewsbury, the greatest cab-owner in London, is at the head of the company.

THE WIDOW SMILED.

Poor old John Tregaskis lay a-dying. Insomuch as the possession of this world's goods went he certainly was not poor, but it had become the fashion among his acquaintances to speak of the sick man in that way.

He was a Cornishman who had struck it rich in the early days of the bonanza whirl, and he was one of the few who had had the rare common sense to hold on to what he had made. It was a matter, some said, of four or five millions, but this was the usual exaggeration—his fortune being exactly five hundred and fifty thousand dollars invested in United States bonds, and his big house on California Street, with its valuable lot and gorgeous furniture.

Tregaskis had been a hard-working miner for over fifteen years when good-luck came to him, and when he dropped his pick for the last time, his hands were as horny as a negro's foot, and his speech as uncouth as that of a Georgia cracker.

His first move after securing his fortune was characteristic of the man.

"Tell'ee what 'tes, boys," he said to the little crowd of men who were lining the bar of the Virginia City saloon, "I'm goen' 'ome to see my mawther. I 'abn't 'eeard from 'er for twenty years, nor she 'abn't 'eeard from me nuther. Yessir, I'm goen' 'ome and I'll maake 'er a rich wumman."

"Bully for you, cousin Jack," said the crowd in a straggling chorus.

"She shall weear dimonds and ate off goold and selver ef she waants to," continued Tregaskis, and with this good-fairy-like resolve he started next day for England.

After less than six months' absence Tregaskis returned to this country a disgruntled and disappointed man. He had hurried down from Liverpool to the little fishing cove at the foot of the Cornish moor, where he had been born about fifty years ago, only to find his dreams dispelled. His mother had been dead for more than six years—his father had gone to feed the fishes before John emigrated to America—and, saddest thing of all, she had died in want. It was with difficulty that Tregaskis could find the weedy mound in the "poor" corner of the crowded little sandy church-yard that marked where the good dame lay, but when found he covered it with a granite obelisk fully twenty feet high, and made it glorious with gold-lettering.

The only relatives that he could find alive were an elder brother—a widower—and his son. This brother he had never liked, and he renewed that dislike ten minutes after he met him, and continued to hold to it as long as he remained in Polpedden. To the nephew he took an instant fancy, and by an angrily conducted arrangement with the lad's father, Tregaskis brought the boy back with him to "make a man of."

The discovery that his mother was dead and that she had died without tasting of his long-delayed good fortune, and the unpleasant fact that his elder brother was still the same surly curmudgeon he had always been, were not the only disappointments that Tregaskis had to bear. The Polpedden he had remembered was not the Polpedden that he found.

Neither the place nor the people were what he had thought they were. The people were narrow in their ways and opinions to an extent that he had never deemed possible. Instead of being welcomed back by his old friends and companions as a sort of Monte Cristo, he found that most of these friends and companions were dead or had moved away, and that those who remained seemed inclined to doubt his wealth. For one wild hour he entertained the determination to send over here to his attorney for money enough to build a moorstone castle and confute these wretched Didymi. The fit passed, however, and he decided to leave the doubters to vegetate unenlightened by the Cornish sea.

Perhaps as sharp a pang as any experienced by Tregaskis in the process of disillusioning was that he received when he first turned the cliff road and caught sight of his birth-place. The village, which he had been accustomed to consider one of the chief places in the county, turned out to be nothing but a collection of fishermen's huts set down higgledy-piggledy about a breach in the black cliffs. The community, which he had remembered as a model of bustle and enterprise, proved to be a sleepy and ill-smelling hamlet. The breezy down above was only a barren plateau, with sparse furze-bushes and a few gray donkeys to break its dead level; the inn was a hovel and the church a pile of damp stones. It was a dismal awakening, and it was with bitter satisfaction that Tregaskis shook himself together, remembered his interests in the New World, and turned his back on Polpedden forever.

Dick Tregaskis was a great hulking lad when he arrived with his uncle at Virginia City, but his face, like those of so many of the Cornish, was as clean-cut as a classic cameo; his eyes were dark and intelligent, and his upper lip was already covered with a precocious down. Dick was sent to the best school, and old Tregaskis, hesitating in his loneliness whether to take to drinking or a wife, chose the copulative evil and married.

The wife he selected was a pretty little shop-girl, as plump as a partridge and as sleek as a dove. She was a demure thing, with the loveliest blue eyes, the tenderest little mouth, and hair the color of a ripe wheat-stalk—due to her being of Swedish race. As soon as Agatha Jansen had become Mrs. John Tregaskis, she gave the old man no rest until she had induced him to move to San Francisco, where the big house on Nob Hill was bought and furnished in magnificent inelegance.

Tregaskis was no more at ease in his surroundings of yellow satin and crimson portières than was Mr. Merdle at one of his great dinner-parties, and he spent most of his in-door time in a plain little sitting-room, where he fitted up a bar, and where his cronies had a glorious time of it whenever any of them happened to come "to the bay."

"I caan't staand them thear fal-lals, Aggie," he had said, referring to the satin and portières; "twud 'a ben deffurnt ef mawther was 'live, but now——" and then he would retire to his den.

Agatha's ambition was to get into what she called "high-toned society," and in the two or three endeavors she made in that aspiring direction she displayed a marvelous adaptability, but somehow the Tregaskis family never got very far up. Then, in disgust, the young wife dragged her husband off to Europe, where they spent money lavishly and where poor old Tregaskis enjoyed himself as much as a cat on ice.

Dick accompanied them on this grand tour, and the attrition of travel went far toward rubbing off the remaining corners from the young man's plastic character and rounding him into a very presentable and attractive fellow.

Greatly to old John's chagrin, however, his nephew and wife got along together miserably. They were forever bickering and saying sharp things to each other, with Agatha's blue eyes glinting with a touch of the old Berserker in them, and Dick's black eyes snapping as his Phœnician ancestors may have done when they quarreled over the tin shipments on Marazion beach. At these times old John would break in with a growl, and altogether it was a wearisome trio.

Dick was left at Yale when they returned to America, and Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskis came on to the grand desolation of their big house in San Francisco. Soon after that old John fell ill and took to his bed.

"Aggie," he said, feebly, one day, "I giss I'm goen' 'ome fur good thess time. Telegram Dickie to come, and when â' comes try an' git 'long weth the booy."

So Dick came home, big, brown, and handsome, but as quarrelsome with his little fair-haired aunt as ever. The down on his lip had thickened into a heavy black mustache, and he curled it in a very disdainful way when greeting the mistress of the yellow-satin mansion.

It was a very quiet October evening when the two were summoned to the dying man's room. They came up from the library with flushed faces, and had evidently been engaged in another heated wrangle.

Poor old John Tregaskis had made his final arrangements with the lawyer and clergyman, and all that he had to do now was to have a few last words with the young folk and then drift quietly away.

His heavy features were thinned by disease and pain, and the great bony hands, which picked at the counterpane, were as white as Agatha's. He feebly put out these hands, one to each of them as they stood at either side of the bed.

"I've maade—a feear—deviding of—the—money," he said, slowly, then stopped and looked intently up, smiling wanly.

"Iss, mawther," he whispered; "I'll be weth'ee en a mennet."

Again he was silent for a brief space, closing his eyes and breathing heavily the while, but retaining his feeble hold of the two watchers' hands. Opening his dull eyes he turned them alternately on his wife and nephew.

"Doan't—ee snep-snap and—jangle so—when I'm——"

Then the jaw fell and poor old John Tregaskis was dead.

Agatha looked across the bed at Dick. He was standing with bent head and was making a very proper figure of grief, but the effect of the decorous attitude was rather spoiled by a yellow hair-pin that was sticking straight up out of his black mustache. Ten minutes ago that hair-pin had lain implanted in one of the bands of golden hair that nestled upon Agatha's smooth neck.

And the widow smiled. THOMAS J. VIVIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1888.

A new field for French painters, who have been rather impecunious of late, is painting panels in the sections of the exhibition. For example, the Argentine Republic will have one of the richest exhibits, and the walls of its section are to be adorned with decorative panels, which will be taken back to that country doubtless when the exposition is over. Thus the great millionaires of the River Platte will have the address of an artist in case he should wish to send an order to Paris. In the hope of reaching this new market, artists of the very first class are offering to paint panels twenty feet long for such sums as a thousand francs.

There was a circus at Chestertown, Md., one day last week, and with it were eleven elephants. Their car was run alongside a locomotive. One of the elephants put his trunk out through a crevice in the car, reached over to the tender of the locomotive, lifted the lid of the water-tank, and helped himself. The other six elephants did the same, and in a short time the tank was dry. The train-hands did not see the performance, and only when the engineer tried to start his engine did he find that the water was gone.

After close competition with English and French manufacturers, a Pittsburg firm has received an order from the Japanese government for two mogul forty-two-inch locomotives, to be used on the Paranai Railroad in the Island of Yesso. It is said that the American locomotives and cars now in use in Japan are in high favor with the government, because of their ability to climb steeper grades than the English engines.

Minnie Palmer, who has been playing at Newcastle-on-Tyne, has been the guest, with her husband, of Sir Henry Clavering at Axwell Park. Between the house and the theatre she was daily taken back and forth in a coach with outriders.

The tax collectors' receipts of the ancient Egyptians were inscribed on pieces of broken crockery. Some of them, from the British Museum collection, have been translated, and show the tax in Egypt under the early Cæsars.

The Russian minister of railways has issued an order that in future all passengers who play cards will be "judicially pursued."

A gas-stove has been invented to rival the book-case folding-bed. It is concealed in a handsome colonial clock-case.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Princess Louise recently completed a portrait of Miss Bony[illegible] a daughter of C. W. Bonynge, formerly of San Francisco.

The Prince of Wales has become greatly interested in California wi[illegible] (says the New York *World*). He says they have the piquancy [illegible] flavor of the most original country on earth.

Bishop Vladimir, of the Greek Church in America, has the lar[illegible] diocese in the world. It includes all of North America to Buenos Ay[illegible] in South America. The bishop lives in Sitka, but spends a good dea[illegible] his time in San Francisco.

A correspondent of the Washington *Post* says: "I know both Mr[illegible] Pommery and Mme. Cliquot. They are both widows, and own the ch[illegible] pagne that bears their respective names. They both sign all their che[illegible] and both attend to the details of their business. Nearly fifty thous[illegible] cases of Pommery are sold in the United States every year. Mr[illegible] Pommery's trade is enormous. She pays her buyer fifty thousand fra[illegible] a year. He goes among the peasantry and buys up all the wine nec[illegible] sary to restock the cellars."

The late Dr. J. Hostetter, of Pittsburg, Pa., who died last week, [illegible] a peculiar-looking man. He was abnormally short, with a large bo[illegible] and long white beard. He was a brilliant financier and owed his pr[illegible] perity not to chance but his own good judgment. He will be a gr[illegible] loss to Pittsburg. The poor whisky which was flavored in his name a[illegible] sold for medicine in Prohibition districts will continue to be a staple [illegible] ticle for many years. Any man who can invent a medicine which pe[illegible] can get drunk on is pretty certain to die rich.

The dull season has brought the usual crop of discussion in Lond[illegible] and among them one giving rise to much diversity of opinion. This [illegible] Has Mr. Gladstone a provincial accent? This is a strange query, [illegible] showing how difficult it is to write history. Members of Parliament w[illegible] constantly hear him speak can not agree. Some say his speech is a p[illegible] fect specimen of the English of the latter part of the nineteenth centur[illegible] others that he has the accent of Lancashire, where he was born, a[illegible] others again that he has a Scotch accent, derived from his parents.

The late Lord Lucan, of England, was a man of eighty-eight wh[illegible] he died, a few days ago, but he looked hardly more than forty or for[illegible] five. His face was adorned by whiskers, and he always wore a tig[illegible] fitting frock-coat and a flat-brimmed hat. His great age was doubtl[illegible] attained by the excessive care which he devoted to his digestive apparat[illegible] He ate only certain kinds of food, and his meals were always weigh[illegible] for him so that he might not overeat. The result was that he maintain[illegible] a youthful appearance for years after middle life had been passed, a[illegible] up to a short time ago was able to sit a horse to perfection.

The mayor-elect of the city of New York, Hugh J. Grant, was bo[illegible] in 1853, in the Twentieth Ward, at No. 307 West Twenty-Seven[illegible] Street. Grant, Sr., was an extensive owner of and dealer in re[illegible] estate. In a plain, unpretentious way this boy was trained and taugh[illegible] He went at an early age to the public school in Twenty-eighth Stre[illegible] To a German school in Twenty-ninth Street, between Eighth and Nin[illegible] Avenues, he went to learn especially German, music, and Frenc[illegible] In his sixteenth year Hugh Grant added the advantages of fo[illegible] eign travel to those already given him. His next two years we[illegible] spent at the Columbia College Law School. His diploma as [illegible] bachelor of law was issued to him in his twenty-second year. I[illegible] 1884 he was the Tammany candidate for the mayoralty and was d[illegible] feated. In 1885 his canvass for the mayoralty was rewarded by th[illegible] nomination for sheriff. Hugh J. Grant is a tall and well-built mar[illegible] young-looking, rejoicing in a carefully kept brown beard and thick ha[illegible] of a dark brown, that is inclined to curl over a handsome head. H[illegible] eyes are of a light blue. His shoulders are wide and his entire figure i[illegible] that of an athlete. His bachelor apartments are in Fifty-Fifth Stree[illegible] There are few handsomer young bachelors in town, by the way. Mr[illegible] Grant belongs to the New York Athletic Club. The Manhattan, th[illegible] Arion, the Narragansett are some of his other clubs.

Carlina Patti, who is now at her home in New Orleans, gives an inter[illegible] esting account of life at Mme. Patti's Welsh castle. "The castle itsel[illegible] is more beautiful than you can fancy," she says, "and is located in one o[illegible] the most lovely spots on earth. Life there is much the same, I suppose [illegible] as at any other English country-seat whose owner is cultivated an[illegible] wealthy. Mme. Patti has a bowl of broth carried to her room eac[illegible] morning before she rises, and usually spends the forenoon in answerin[illegible] correspondence and writing her memoirs, which will be published a[illegible] soon as complete. I was engaged at my lessons from half-past nine t[illegible] eleven o'clock every morning, under private tutors from Swansea. These [illegible] lessons included music, the languages, and the usual academic studies [illegible] The rest, for the castle is always full of guests when auntie is there [illegible] spend the morning hours in the way most conducive to their comfor[illegible] and enjoyment. At noon, lunch was served, usually in the conservatory [illegible] Most of the guests, including myself, then indulged in out-door games [illegible] usually lawn-tennis, or took drives in the neighborhood. Auntie more [illegible] frequently made one of the driving than of the lawn-parties. But u[illegible] she occupied her time strolling among the neighboring mountains, a[illegible] her easel or embroidery, or simply doing nothing at all, for she needs [illegible] rest and repose after her tours—sometimes extending half around the [illegible] globe—and she goes to Craig-y-Nos to get it. At times auntie and my[illegible] self, and some of the guests, would accompany Uncle Nicolini to the [illegible] 'but' and watch him fish. At other times we went with him and other [illegible] gentlemen hunting, though neither auntie nor myself used rod or gun. [illegible] The elaborate dressing for dinner prevalent throughout Great Britain [illegible] was new to me, but I think it a pretty and appropriate custom. After [illegible] this important daily duty was completed and the meal was over, we [illegible] played billiards, or whist, or such games as one chose. Mme. Patti [illegible] sang for us sometimes in the evening, but by no means every day, for [illegible] she is very careful of her voice. This is the daily round at Craig-y-Nos, [illegible] varied at times by a drive to Swansea, about two-and-a-half hours distant by carriage, or in picnicking at picturesque spots."

When Colonel Quay was elected to the United States Senate, one of his friends rashly predicted that his record as a resigner was ended, as he would never relinquish his senatorial seat. In a long life of office-holding the senator has never filled out his term in any position except that of representative in the legislature. Colonel Quay's first office was prothonotary of Beaver County, which he resigned in 1861 to enter the army as a lieutenant. Before his regiment was ordered to the field he resigned his commission as lieutenant to become assistant commissary-general, with the rank of colonel, on Governor Curtin's staff. This place he soon resigned to become Governor Curtin's private secretary. In this capacity he served for one year, when he resigned it and was made colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-Fourth Pennsylvania Infantry. At Antietam, Colonel Quay was stricken with typhoid fever, and after he had somewhat recovered, upon the advice of his physicians, he resigned from the army. Soon afterward he was appointed by Governor Curtin Pennsylvania's military agent at Washington. In 1863 the legislature created the office of military secretary to the governor, and Colonel Quay resigned his place at Washington to accept the secretaryship which Governor Curtin offered him. In 1865 he was elected to the State legislature as member of the lower house, and presented Governor Curtin with his resignation of the secretaryship in order to take his seat in the House of Representatives. That is the single occasion in his official life that Colonel Quay filled out his term without resigning. The next public office which Quay filled after his legislative experience, was secretary of the commonwealth, to which he was appointed by General Hartranft upon the latter's first election to the governorship. He left the secretaryship to accept the recordership of Philadelphia, an office which was supposed to be worth one hundred thousand dollars a year. Even the large emoluments of the recordership, however, could not hold the colonel for a full term, and he resigned this place to accept the secretaryship of the commonwealth under Governor Hoyt. He held on to that office until nearly the end of Governor Hoyt's term, but when the governor hurled his famous "Wolsley letter" into the heated political fight which resulted in the election of Governor Pattison, Colonel Quay promptly wrote Governor Hoyt a letter of resignation and left the office. Colonel Quay was elected State treasurer in 1885, and held that office until the summer of 1887, when he resigned this place in view of his election to the United States Senate. The senatorship which Quay now holds is a big prize to resign, but in the present situation of affairs it is not improbable that he may even drop this for a Cabinet office.

NEW YORK GIRLS.

It is doubtful if there is any one State in America containing so many pretty women as California and any one containing so few as New York. As one walks down Kearny or Montgomery Streets in San Francisco, one becomes almost surfeited by the unrelieved ranks of pretty girls, with their round, plump figures, their vivid coloring, and delicate, regular features. They are frequently painted, but they are triumphs of nature over art for all that, and could well afford to discard the rouge-pots. They do not dress as well as they might, but their figures are so delightful; they look such thorough *women*, instead of suggesting a stuffed fashion-plate, that one is willing to forgive San Francisco her lack of good dressmakers. And it may be said here, a San Francisco woman who comes to New York every year to replenish her wardrobe is faultless. There is one whom Redfern says gives him an idea every time he makes her a gown.

In New York one may walk the streets for months and not see a pretty face. There are a few pretty women in New York, but they are the careful products of several generations of good breeding and luxurious living; there is no beauty in the middle or lower classes. A pretty shop-girl is so rare that her life is a burden; and I verily believe that the reason the New York man is so ungallant in the street-car and elevated-trains is because the women are so plain. The average man's politeness can only be touched through his susceptibility, and he is quite willing to offer his seat to a pretty woman. Pretty women complain bitterly of the rudeness of the New York man, of his impertinent stare, and his manifest intention of speaking if he gets a chance. It is because pretty women are so rare and because the New York man is a wary bird and a philosopher; he never lets the lagging opportunity slip. I have seen a handsome and perfectly modest and unflirtatious woman enter an L train, and three men deliberately turn about and fix their eyes upon her. Perhaps one man will coolly walk up from the other end of the car and seat himself opposite her. Not content with a rapid and comprehensive survey of her charms, they will stare at her until she leaves the car, which frequently, if she is able to stand the battery, does not occur for fifteen or twenty minutes. Then, probably, one of them will get out and follow her until he loses her in a store. These men all have the appearance of gentlemen, and doubtless call themselves so. New York women call this "being admired," and rather like it; they appreciate its significance. It is the stranger who complains, but after a time she gets used to it.

It is true that two of the handsomest girls in San Francisco, Miss Emma Kaufman and Miss Rosa Barreda, are New Yorkers, but I have seen only five women in New York to compare with them — the Marquise Lanza, Mrs. W. W. Astor, Miss Jessie Burgoyne, Miss May Brady, and Miss Adèle Grant. There is a Miss Cott, who lives at the Osborne Flats, who is said to be a girl of extraordinary beauty, but I have not seen her. Nor have I seen Miss Langdon, who is abroad. The beauty of Mrs. Hammersly (the Duchess of Marlborough), Miss Winslow, and the rest of the professionals, consists in their reputation. They got the reputation because beauty, like everything else, is relative, and they are several degrees better than the masses. Had they been born in California, Virginia, or Maryland, they would not have been looked at.

Those I have mentioned are certainly remarkably handsome women. I described Mme. Lanza last week. Mrs. Astor has black hair, blue eyes, and the white skin and red lips of her native city, Baltimore. Miss Burgoyne has the inimitable style and carriage of the New York girl, but gets her dark flashing beauty from her Southern ancestry. Miss Brady has the same figure and style, a sweet, unchanging expression, regular features, and dark, rich coloring. Miss Grant is a brunette, not tall, but with a trick of carriage that gives the impression of height. I was not going out last winter, but I attended two fashionable church weddings because I wanted to see New York's small but famous army in ranks as nearly unbroken as possible. When I left I did not carry away a single individual face in my mind. But I have still in my mental possession a composite portrait of wonderful, fresh, clear, red and ivory complexion, sleek brown hair, tall, thin, admirably poised figure, insignificant features, incomparable style, thorough-bred air, no artifice, and a general appearance of glowing health which a week's relaxation of rigorous discipline would shatter. On Fifth Avenue, at four in the afternoon, when all these girls take their walks abroad, or after church on Sunday morning, or in the park at the fashionable hour, it is the same. They are so much alike that their faces and figures make a uniform almost as unvarying as their tailor-made gowns. When I use the word figure, I do so for want of a better. Properly speaking they have none. They look like slender, clean-limbed lads upon whom a budding mustache would not be an anomaly. But one thing must be granted them—for style no one can approach them in America.

Where I have mentioned five New York beauties whom I have seen and two whom I have not, I could, beginning with Miss Sibyl Sanderson, Miss Adelaide Mills, Miss Minnie Mizner, Miss Nellie Joliff, rattle off the names of two dozen beautiful San Francisco women without pausing to take breath, and fill up my letter with those which would file before my memory as soon as the more striking list was exhausted. I have not seen a matron in New York to compare with Mrs. Hall McAllister, either in beauty or the grand air; and when her daughter, Mrs. Newlands, takes her position here among her uncle's "Four Hundred" she will create a genuine sensation. Her grand figure, with its Juno waist, her intellectual, beautiful face, which is more like that of a many-grandfathered Englishman than of an American, her depth of expression, and her air of genuine health, will give her a unique place among New York professional beauties. She will probably frighten the infants to death, but there are men in New York who will make a queen of her and be glad of the opportunity. Her strong musical taste will take her frequently to the Metropolitan Opera House; and what a relief she will be in that "horse-shoe of hideousness," as it is familiarly called by the sad and trousered New Yorker.

It has been frequently asserted by Californians that as much paint, powder, hair-dye, and general artifice are seen on the New York woman as on the San Franciscan. This is true and it is not. On the fashionable avenues, and in the class they represent, and among the various other upper sets of New York—for there are many—one never sees fiction of any sort. The complexions are artificial only by such aids as care, and exercise, and diet, and one so rarely sees a blonde that she attracts swift and immediate attention. This blonde, it may be added, is always nature's own. On the other hand, if one walks down Sixth Avenue—which corresponds to Market Street in San Francisco—or on such shopping thoroughfares as Twenty-third Street and Broadway, one sees heads and faces upon which quarts of hair-dye and pounds of rouge have been squandered. Moreover, one sees droves of them, and they mark the line of demarcation between the first world and the second (I am not alluding in any way to the Ladies of the Lower Ten Thousand, who generally use their pigments with discretion) in a manner that is almost funny. Another notable fact is that only the women of the first world and the Ladies alluded to in parenthesis, know how to dress. Neither the South nor the West can approach the middle-class New Yorker for loudness of color and awkwardness of cut.

I should like to add that I have seen two faces on the street that made me look again, they were so pretty. I do not know who they were; but although I have been here a year, they are the only two who stand out in my memory. They belong to the upper circles.

One does not hear much about Mrs. Langtry's beauty nowadays. She has grown too mature, and her complexion is a thing of the past. But she is a handsome woman still, and dresses to perfection. She is by no means languishing in oblivion; she keeps the chimes constantly ringing about her name, and, moreover, she is immensely popular. Everybody has a good word for Mrs. Langtry.

A coming beauty on the stage is Miss Ethel Sprague, daughter of the famous Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague. Report hath it that Roscoe Conkling invested Mrs. Sprague's money and lost it. He never told her, but gave her a yearly income which she supposed was drawn from her own estate. This income ceased, of course, with Mr. Conkling's death, and Mrs. Sprague is now in straitened circumstances. She has, therefore, given her consent to her daughter's entering the Lyceum School of Acting at once. Miss Sprague has a second edition of her mother's beauty, and a tall, natural, well-developed figure. Her histrionic talents are said to be marked. Her ambition lies tragedy-wise, but she will let the development of the next two years shape her ultimate course.

GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.

NEW YORK, November 8, 1888.

Mlle. Marthe Soucares, the charming young lady who won the first prize in the beauty show of Spa, has received since that event no less than one hundred and odd offers of marriage from bankers and young scions of titled aristocracy. There are ten marquises and a dozen counts and viscounts in the field for the lady's hand. She has not yet made her choice. Mlle. Soucares is a native of Guadaloupe, and is a dusky-skinned, dark-eyed blonde, possessing a faultless form and a figure a little over the average height. She has, it seems, a very graceful head, which might tempt the brush of the most eclectic of painters. She wore at Spa a rose-colored robe, the bust of which was adorned with bouquets à la Louis the Fifteenth, the handiwork of one of the most fashionable *couturières* of the Rue de la Paix. The Spa jury appear to have had a decided weakness for blondes, nearly all of whom were favorites at the exhibition. The show itself was, however, a failure.

A splendid entertainment, consisting of beer, bread and cheese, and dancing, was lately given at Friedrichsruhe by Prince Bismarck, to all his workmen and the administration for cutting down trees on the estate, upon which there is a vast amount of timber-cutting. The occasion was the leveling of the one hundred thousandth tree. It was over one hundred and fifty feet in height, and will be erected in front of the prince's house as a memento. The wood is mostly turned into paper pulp.

The opinion has lately been expressed by Sir R. Rawlinson, the eminent architect, that the old Eastern plan of securing foundations by forming deep wells and then filling them up with concrete has been too much neglected, for in this method security is afforded for the loftiest structures in the most difficult ground. Masses of concrete, or brick, or stone-work placed on a compressible substratum, however cramped and bound, may prove unsafe, solidity from a considerable depth being alone reliable.

The Masonic Grand Lodge of Scotland at their last quarterly meeting considered the expulsion of two brothers for admiting a couple of ladies to a lodge meeting last May, where they could see and hear a considerable portion of the proceedings while the lodge was "tyled in the third degree." They were let into the organ-loft. The committee recommended that one of the brothers be expelled.

It has hitherto been thought that Buenos Ayres was one of the most expensive cities to live in, a medium-sized house renting there for two thousand five hundred dollars a year. It is learned, though, that an eight-room house in the outskirts of Sydney brings one thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars a year.

The Eiffel Tower is now five hundred and eighty-three feet high. The remaining four hundred will be completed in January.

A new play which Tennyson has written for Mary Anderson is on the subject of Robin Hood and Maid Marian.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Fénelon, who often bothered Richelieu for subscriptions to charitable purposes, was one day telling him that he had just seen a capital portrait of him. "And I suppose you asked it for a subscription?" said Richelieu, with a sneer. "Oh, no; I saw there was no chance—it was too like you."

Charles Mathews once told a story of the "Boots" at a country hotel where he was staying, asking to be paid for going to the theatre. Mathews, struck with the fellow's civility, gave him an order for the play. "Come and see the piece, Tom," said Mathews. "At the theatre?" "Yes," said Mathews; "here is an order for you." The next day Mathews said: "Well, Tom, did you like the play?" "Oh, yes," said the Boots, in a dubious kind of way; "but who's to pay me for my time?"

At the time of the recent revolution in Salvador President Zaldivar was very short of troops. He had a friendly ally in the commandante of Costa Rica, who sent some of his subalterns out in quest of soldiers in aid of Zaldivar. These men went forth in the interior of Costa Rica, and lassoed fifty peons and brought them in to the commandante, who sent them forward to Zaldivar, with the following note: "MY DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: I herewith send you fifty volunteers, and if you will kindly send the ropes back, I will send you some more."

The wife of G. W. Alexander, of Honeybrook, Pa., purchased some links of sausage a few days ago, and placed them on a plate that covered a crock of pickles in her cellar. She went down the cellar to get the sausages to cook. She had no light, but could see the plate and the coil of sausages, as she supposed, by the dim light that the cellar-window gave. She reached down to pick the sausages up, when she was startled to see them uncoil and disappear. She called for the servant to come down with a light. When the light arrived Mrs. Alexander discovered a snake, about six feet long and very "chunky," crawling slowly on the cellar floor. She killed it. It had the links of sausage inside of it. The snake had swallowed the sausage, and, finding the smooth plate pleasant to lie on, had curled itself up to wait until its supper digested.

During the War of the Rebellion, ten thousand of the Maine soldiers made allotments of their pay to the State treasury, to be drawn during their absence by their families or by themselves on their return. George Kitchen, of the First Maine Cavalry, who enlisted in 1861, recently wrote from California asking the State treasurer at Augusta to send him ten dollars that he left there in 1864. The accounts were overhauled, Kitchen's balance was found, and the ten dollars, with accrued interest, twenty-four dollars and seventy cents in all, was sent to him. Kitchen was a character, and this story is told of him. During a skirish he said to a comrade: "Do you see that long, lank reb with a straw hat on? Well, watch him jump." So saying he fired, and as the smoke rose he himself leaped into the air, exclaiming, "By thunder, the wrong man jumped that time!" Kitchen was carried from the field cursing that lean "reb that stood edgewise."

When Agnes Booth was in Chicago as Mrs. Schoeffel, her husband was on the door up-stairs at McVicker's one night, when a young man presented himself, and asked that the privileges of the house be extended by reason of the young man's position as correspondent of some Eastern newspaper. Mr. Schoeffel said he could not recognize the young man to that extent. "I desire to know who you are, sir," said the correspondent; "I'll attend to you in my paper." "My name is Schoeffel, sir; John B. Schoeffel. You can have my name, and be —— to you, sir." "I didn't hear the name aright," said the young man. "Schoeffel, sir; J-o-h-n, John Schoeffel." "Write it for me; I want to get it right," thundered the correspondent. Mr. Schoeffel wrote the name on a card and almost flung it in the correspondent's face. That night, when the "count up" was going on, Mr. Schoeffel found his autograph among the tickets, and over it was written "pass two." The correspondent had utilized the autograph at the box-office.

During the war Miss N., a beautiful and spirited Virginian, whose brother (a Confederate soldier) had been taken prisoner by the Union forces, was desirous of obtaining a pass which would enable her to visit him. Francis P. Blair agreed to secure an audience with the President, but warned his young and rather impulsive friend to be very prudent and not let a word escape her which would betray her Southern sympathies. They were ushered into the presence of Mr. Lincoln and the object for which they had come stated. The tall, grave man bent down to the petite maiden and, looking searchingly into her face, said: "You are loyal, of course?" Her bright eyes flashed. She hesitated a moment, and then, with a face eloquent with emotion and honest as his own, she replied: "Yes, loyal to the heart's core—to Virginia!" Mr. Lincoln kept his intent gaze upon her for a moment longer, and then went to his desk, wrote a line or two, and handed her the paper. With a bow the interview terminated. Once outside, the extreme vexation of Mr. Blair found vent in reproachful words. "Now, you have done it!" he said; "didn't I warn you to be very careful? you have only yourself to blame." Miss N. made no reply, but opened the paper. It contained these words: "Pass Miss N.; she is an honest girl, and can be trusted. A. Lincoln."

"In one of the Indiana campaigns," said Carter H. Harrison; "I think it was the campaign of 1884, a joint discussion was arranged between Blaine and Hendricks, to come off at Valparaiso. Mr. Hendricks got sick and I was called on to take his place. There was an immense crowd. I made what I thought was a first-rate speech, and I saw I had the crowd with me. I certainly had the brains of the crowd with me. Blaine followed. He didn't attempt to reply to me—in fact, he didn't attempt any serious argument. He said to the crowd: 'You are all at work, I suppose?' They shouted yes, they were—Valparaiso is a place where there are many small factories. 'All getting pretty good wages?' continued Mr. Blaine. 'We ain't kickin',' said the crowd. 'Wives and children getting enough to eat and pretty decent clothes to wear?' 'Fair to middlin',' said the crowd. They were all in good humor by this time. 'Now,' said Mr. Blaine, in triumphant tones, 'are you willing to risk changing all this by electing the Democrats?' And I'll be dod gasted!" concluded Mr. Harrison, "if the Democrats got twenty votes in Valparaiso." Mr. Harrison therefore holds that an educational campaign is an absurdity. "You can no more educate the people during the heat of a campaign," said he, "than you can teach a cat the meaning of Donnelly's cipher."

Charles Whymper, the well-known engraver and animal painter of London, told the following story a few years ago: "I dined at Alderman So-and-so's last night, and as a mark of honor his eldest daughter was assigned to me to take down to dinner. She's a bright girl, but the way she drops her 'h's' is enough to make a man's hair turn gray. But I got along very nicely with her and Lady Bletherington on the other side, until the ladies were on the eve of retiring to the drawing-room. The alderman had but recently moved out to Highgate; and I was talking about the beautiful scenery near the house, the views to be had from the windows, the fine air, and so on, when Miss —— suddenly said, 'I think I get prettier every day, don't you?' What could she mean? I didn't dare to answer her, so I said, 'I beg your pardon—what did you say?' 'I said I think I get prettier every day.' There was no mistaking her words, so I said, 'Yes, indeed you get prettier, and no wonder in such fresh air and——' But just then she caught her mother's eye, and with the other ladies she rose and left the room. As she went out she looked back over her shoulder with such a withering scorn in her eyes that I knew I had put my foot in it somehow. Then it flashed upon me that I had misunderstood her; she had dropped an h; what she had said was not a silly compliment to herself—the sentence really was, 'I think Highgate prettier every day.'" Mr. Whymper was never invited to Alderman So-and-so's again.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

William Black has been writing a new novel, which he calls "A Spring Idyl."

Miss Dickens has written a chapter on her father for Mr. Kitton's forthcoming book, "Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil."

The publishers of *Lippincott's Magazine* have recently issued a circular to contributors stating that they have on hand sufficient matter to fill the magazine for at least three years.

In spite of the fact that the Parisian public will not accept the plays taken from Zola's novels, MM. Bruneau and Gallet, composer and librettist, are determined to make an opera out of his last book, "Le Rêve."

Ludovic Halévy was met the other day and asked about his new novel, "Blanche Couronne." "Oh! it's horribly simple and terribly virtuous," he replied, "and not quite finished." This appreciation of his work would indicate that the author is to give us a sort of "Abbé Constantin."

Hugo's "Les Misérables" has been issued in Paris in eight inexpensive volumes of the 18mo. size. It is cited as a remarkable fact that while the well-to-do in France are eager to read every new work by Zola, the poorer classes continue to buy Hugo, and do not care for Zola or any of his school.

It is said that several important English works, including a new volume of poems by Lord Tennyson, are being kept from publication until the copyright law is established in this country. Tennyson, by the way, is said to have written several lyrics for Miss Mary Anderson to recite on the stage.

Amélie Rives's novel, "The Quick or the Dead?" will be brought out in book-form soon, by J. B. Lippincott Company. The volume will be a handsome 16mo, illustrated with a portrait. Miss Rives has witten a preface for this edition, in which she explains her purpose in writing the book and answers her critics in a trenchant but good-natured manner.

"The Song of the Palm, and Other Poems," by Tracy Robinson, will shortly be published. Mr. Robinson is a native of New York State, although part of his life has been passed in the West Indies and on the Isthmus of Panama, which accounts for the tropical character of his poetry. Arthur Stedman is seeing the book through the press, in the absence of the author. Brentano is the publisher.

An *édition de luxe* of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris" is announced by Estes & Lauriat, of Boston, who bring it out in English, and by W. R. Jenkins, of New York, who issues it in the original French. The illustrations will be nearly two hundred in number, two volumes being given to the work. Only five hundred copies will be issued in each language, one hundred of them being on Japan paper.

Victor Hugo's letters will form a large part of his posthumous works. He scattered them everywhere in the most lavish fashion during one period of his life. It is said that he was in the habit of receiving presentation copies of new books from authors in every part of the world, which he carefully placed aside without reading. This did not prevent him from writing apocalyptic letters to the authors, telling them that on their brows was the mark, in their hearts the flame, of true genius. Latterly he did not even write these letters, but employed a secretary to do so.

The catalogue of the British Museum has three hundred and ninety-five entries under the name of "Gladstone." Many of these works are pamphlets abusing the grand old man. Some of the titles are suggestive: "Belshazzar Gladstone," "Granny Gladstone," "The Mahdi of the Midlothian," "The Wondrous Adventures of St. William, the Wood-cutter," "The Number of anti-Christ in the Name of Gladstone," "Mr. Gladstone a Friend Not of Truth but of Sophistry," etc. Gladstonian writers are not exclusively English. Of the three hundred and ninety-five entries eight are in Italian, seven in French, five in German, two in Greek, two in Russian, two in Dutch, two in Welsh, one in Danish, and one in Spanish.

The ingenious way in which the modern writer deals with his fellow-writer is thus described in *America* by Julian Hawthorne: "When Robinson, or even Jones—nay, when Brown himself, in his frank and friendly fashion, sends me the latest offspring of his muse, in a handsome æsthetic cloth-binding, with his name intertwined with mine on the fly-leaf, I instantly, and without waiting to get beyond the title-page, write and thank him warmly for his gift, adding that I am eagerly awaiting an opportunity to devour a production which I am assured beforehand is—can not but be—enchanting. But, all the while, I know—and Brown, or Jones, or Robinson, as the case may be, also know (for do not they themselves act in precisely the same way regarding my new book?)—that the opportunity so eagerly awaited will never come, and was never intended to come; that I never will and never meant to read their rubbish; and that the above-quoted euphonistic formula has finished the episode. When we meet we shall be dear friends as before; but you will observe that we do not enter into detailed discussion of one another's performances."

Miscellaneous Publications.

"The Inner House," a novel by Walter Besant, has been published in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 30 cents.

Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew," with the older version from which he took the comedy as we now have it, is published in the National Library by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"The Game of Chess" is a handy little volume, containing a description of the game, the general principles of the management of the various pieces, and explaining several of the more familiar openings and gambits. The book is condensed from Howard Staunton's "Chess-Player's Handbook." Published by Frederick A. Stokes and Brothers, New York; for sale by Joseph Hofmann; price, 50 cents.

"Hygiene in the Nursery," by Dr. Louis Starr, is a valuable little work for mothers and nurses. It describes the child in health, so that the mother may recognize the appearance of disease in time to call in a competent medical adviser; gives valuable advice on the nursery, clothing, sleep, food, etc.; and tells what to do in emergencies. Published by P. Blakiston, Son & Co., Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

"Strange Threads," by J. Douglas, is a novel which should satisfy those who think nothing really good has been written since "Jane Eyre." It runs the gamut of human emotions as the xylophone-man's little bludgeon sweeps over the tinkling bars of his instrument—producing no very pleasurable result except that which comes of thoroughness of performance. In other words, it is full of incident and motion, but possessing no high literary quality. Published and for sale by John B. Alden, New York; sent, post-paid, for 56 cents.

Mr. James R. Gilmour, who, in "The Rear-guard of the Revolution" and "John Sevier as a Commonwealth-Builder," has given us substantial proof of his familiarity with the early history of what was then the "Far West," has, in "The Advance-guard of Western Civilization," made another contribution to our knowledge of this history. This book treats of the trials of the early settlers along the banks of the Cumberland during the period immediately after our revolutionary war. The struggles with the Spaniards on the South and with the Indians, who claimed the country by right of prior occupation, fill the greater part of the volume and form an interesting episode in the history of the country. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

"A Modern Adam and Eve," by Amanda M. Douglas, opens breezily. One young woman is making up her trousseau when her lover has to perform the graceful act of skipping to Canada on account of certain peculations at the lace-counter where he was wont to disport himself; another engagement is broken by the death of the young man—from delirium tremens. The Eden cools down, however, as the story goes on, and at last Adam and his sister, Eve, are happily mated to an irreproachable young woman and an irresistible young man. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

One of the many biographies of the poet Longfellow called into existence by his death, was that edited by W. Sloane Kennedy. His work can hardly be called more than editing, for it was confined avowedly to collecting the numerous writings, critical and anecdotal, which had been inspired by the poet and his works at various times. Even this selection was not over-judicious, for the anecdotes often descend to the trivial and uninteresting. This book has been republished in a "new and thoroughly revised edition," which, however, shows little improvement on the earlier edition. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.25.

"The Origin of Floral Structures," by Rev. George Henslow, forms number sixty-three in the International Scientific Series. In this work the author attempts to show the influence of environment in the changes of structure of flowers and the development of new species. The influence of insects in cross-fertilization, as investigated by Darwin, forms a large part of the work, but his aim is wider than this, and he endeavors "to refer every part of the structures of flowers to some one or more definite causes arising from the environment taken in its widest sense." As the author admits, the attempt must be considered to a certain extent speculative, but the contribution is a material one to our knowledge on the subject. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

The opinion that there is no waste in the kitchen so much to be deplored as wasted time has led some one—presumably Mrs. Flora Haines Loughead, for the copyright stands in her name—to compile a new cook-book, arranged alphabetically and giving a range of dishes that should satisfy the most fastidious lover of "plain cooking"; of these more than half may be prepared in from five to fifteen minutes, almost as many more in fifteen to forty, and some two-score more—carefully segregated from the others and put in the "black list," the compiler evidently regarding them as necessary evils—which require more time. The compiler vouches for the reliability of her formulas, gives some practical suggestions, and ends her book with a complete index. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.00.

Sir John Lubbock, who gave a very interesting account of his experiments with certain classes of insects a few years ago, has issued a new volume which, while not exactly supplementary to "Ants, Bees, and Wasps," is intimately connected with that work. During the progress of his investigations into the manners and habits of these interesting insects he found it necessary to make quite a study of their organs of sense and the sense-perceptions transmitted to them by these organs. The results of these investigations, expanded somewhat by the results of investigations into the sense-perceptions of higher forms of animal life, he has now issued under the title, "On the Senses, Instincts, and Intelligence of Animals." The result is a most interesting mass of information on a subject of enduring interest; while the scientific position of the author gives his utterances the stamp of reliability. Published in the International Scientific Series, by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.75.

"British Letters" is a series of extracts from the letters of prominent men and women, illustrative of social life and manners, extending back into the latter part of the last century. The first volume is largely made up of letters illustrative of the characters of well-known individuals, confined to the celebrities of no one country, but rather including those whose fame has given the whole world a proprietary interest in them. The second volume is devoted to illustrations of manners and customs, and national traits. The third volume has a more miscellaneous character, the selections being grouped under the following headings: "The Town," "The Country," "Out of Doors," "Comedy and Farce," and "Whim and Fancy." The advantage of thus glancing at the intimate life of the past through the observations of the best contemporary observers is conspicuous. Byron, Shelley, Southey, Disraeli, Carlyle, Lamb, Frances Burnay, and Samuel Johnson are thus among the host who contribute to our entertainment and instruction. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, for the three volumes, $3.75.

Recent Verse.

"The Western Wanderer" and "Ombra" are two poor "poems" by Richard P. Parrish, which have been published by William L. Allison, 93 Chambers Street, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Poems of Pleasure" is the title of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's latest book of verses. Though the name is less striking than that of the volume which made Mrs. Wilcox's name, there is a department of the book dubbed "passional." This, however has but little of the sultry element of the "Poems of Passion." "And lovely limbs, and lips of luscious fire, Shall be the theme of many a poet's lyre, As long as men have words wherewith to praise," she says; but, except in a very few poems, she leaves the praising to the men to whom it rightly appertains, and sings rather of the ennobling influence of love. Two other portions of the book are called "Philosophical" and "Miscellaneous." Her philosophy is of a homely, optimistic character, not deep in insight but in feeling, and she words her ideas fluently and well. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago, New York, and San Francisco.

A volume of poems, dainty in appearance and attractive in contents, has been published by John Vance Cheney, entitled "Wood Blooms." The title is probably suggested by the number of poems in the volume inspired by nature in her varying moods, but the poems include a wide variety of topics, from the grave to the gay, the tender to the humorous. It is a long step from the quaint idea of "Hokan the Hermit," or the weird motive of "The Revenge," to the touching sentiment of "In the Lane." Even in the humorous poems there is considerable variety, if we may class as humorous the admirable character poem "Granther," and the amusing "Auto-da-fé." The dialect verse is perhaps the least attractive in the book, but "The Trapper's Sweetheart" has a good swing, and "Modern Progress," which closes the book, has a deal of amusing old-fogy character in it. Published by Frederick A. Stokes & Brother, New York; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann; price, $1.00.

A Students' Encyclopedia.

The necessity which exists at the present time for general information on the greatest variety of subjects has resulted in bringing encyclopedias out of the recesses of public libraries and the closets of students, and placing them upon the shelves of the private library. To meet this demand new and popular reprints of the standard encyclopedias are being constantly issued. The march of events in this day is, however, too rapid for the older works, and they are often found inadequate to the task of keeping up with the latest information on the subjects of which they treat. "Chambers's Encyclopedia," however, seems to be overcoming this difficulty with wonderful success. The second volume, extending from "Beaugency" to "Cataract," contains a mass of information brought almost up to date. For instance, in the article on Canada, we find the statistics of banking brought up to the end of January in this year, and other statistics brought up to the beginning of the year. Under "Burma" we find an account of the English occupation and the present form of government. Under "Capital Punishment" reference is made to the New York law providing for death by electricity. Under "Cambridge" (Eng.) we find an account of the colleges and their students brought down to the end of last year. Excellent maps accompany the volume, representing Belgium, Burma, Siam and Annam, California, Cape Colony and South Africa, and Canada—the last named in two maps, one representing the eastern provinces and the other the whole Dominion. Special attention is given to subjects connected w the history and present condition of the United States, and the followi articles are copyrighted for this volume: Beecher, Boston (city), Bro lyn, John Brown, Charles Farrar Browne, W. C. Bryant, James Bu anan, Buffalo (city), Benjamin F. Butler, John C. Calhoun, Californ Cambridge (Mass.), and Cascade Range. Published by J. B. Lipp cott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann; pri per volume, $3.00.

Some Volumes of Essays.

A number of essays by Florence Trail have been issued under somewhat misleading title, "Studies in Criticism." The essays, se in number, are partly philosophical and slightly literary. "Glimp into French Literature" and "History in Literature" furnish the liter element in the book; but, while the subject-matter is interesting, criticism is confined to a record of individual opinion without much erence to any rules of literary art. The philosophical essays, wh showing a strong bias toward the intuitional school, advocate eclect ism in philosophy as the true method of setting at rest the disput questions. Published by the Worthington Company, New York; sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Five Talents of Women" is a new book for girls and women the chatty and sensible author of "How to be Happy Though Marrie The five talents on which he lectures the fair sex in a kindly way, n jocose and now serious, are: to please people, to feed them in dai ways, to clothe them, to keep them orderly, and to teach them—follo ing the formulation of Mr. John Ruskin—and some idea of the way which he views the subject may be gathered from the more striking cha ter-heads, as "The Power of a Woman's Smile," "What Bait (for h bands) do You Use, Ladies?" "Pets or Pests: Which Shall Th (wives) Be?" "Daughter-full Houses—For What?" "How to Happy Though Single," etc. Published by Charles Scribner's Son New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.25.

Another volume in that library of anecdotal essays, to which Samu Smiles is the most prominent contributor, has been added by Dr. W liam Mathews, whose essays are always popular and healthy in thoug "Wit and Humor: Their Use and Abuse," is the theme upon which now writes, and in a series of connected essays, he presents not on his own views as to the nature of these forms of literature, but also t views of a vast number of other writers. Wit and humor he declar incapable of definition, and then proceeds to explain their nature an characteristics by a mass of amusing examples drawn from a gre variety of languages and literatures. Each variety of wit receives atte tion, and, in the final chapter on "Men who lack the sense of humor, the Scotch are not forgotten. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.50.

"Dreamthorp, a Book of Essays Written in the Country," by Ale ander Smith, contains a number of essays on a variety of subjects, lite ary, speculative, and natural, if the essays inspired by the beauties nature may be so described.—The perennial problem of heredity an the problems involved in certain abnormal mental conditions form th subject matter of "A Physician's Problems," by Charles Elam, a boo which is almost old enough to be new in the present age of book-makin activity. Moral and criminal epidemics, illusions and hallucinations somnambulism, and abstraction are subjects of interest in connection wit the modern study of hypnotism.—"The Lover, and Other Papers," i a cheap but attractive form of certain of the essays written by Richar Steele. The selections which, with "The Lover," fill this volume, ar taken from the non-political papers of "The Englishman," and fro "Town Talk," "The Reader," and "The Spinster." These three vol umes are the latest issues of the Good Company Series, a collection o reprints of astonishing cheapness, considering the excellence of th typographical work. The type is good and the paper sufficiently heav to avoid the usual defects of cheap publications. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, per volume, 50 cents.

Children's Books.

"Sparrow, the Tramp," by Lily F. Wesselhoeft, is a pretty little tale a fable, for children, with occasional illustrations by Jessie McDermott Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.25.

"Little Joe," by James Otis, is an entertaining and healthy story fo boys, following the fortunes of its little hero from the slums, where we find him as a newsboy, to his safe refuge in a pleasant farm. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

"Children's Stories of the Great Scientists," by Henrietta C. Wright, is a collection of brief sketches of discoveries of the more important laws of physical science, written down to the understanding of children. The events in the lives of these scientists are briefly sketched, but a greater emphasis is rightly laid upon their discoveries and upon the significance of their contributions to the world's knowledge. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.50.

"Marching to Victory," by Charles Carleton Coffin, is the second volume of a series relating to the history of the War of the Rebellion, including the events of the middle period of the struggle, the year 1863. This book is intended to be read by boys and girls, and the author has striven to maintain a strict neutrality, giving free expression to the views of all parties. This end he has in great part attained, and his account of the complicated manœuvres of that decisive year is clear and in good proportion. The book is copiously illustrated and has a good index. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $3.00.

"The Boy Travelers in Australia" is the latest book by that voluble cicerone, Colonel Thomas W. Knox. He takes Dr. Bronson and his two nephews from San Francisco to Australia by way of the Hawaiian Islands and the archipelago of the South Pacific, and then leads them all through the colonies, explaining the ethnology, fauna, and flora of the countries visited, and so mingling fictitious adventure with his lectures that the youthful reader will not tire till the end. The illustrations, amounting to about one picture for each page, are strangely reminiscent to an older reader than the children for whom the book was written; they include almost every picture applicable to the subject that the Harpers have used in the past twenty-five years. Three maps are given in the covers. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $3.00.

Howard Pyle is one of the few men who can produce stories and illustrations—though whether stories or pictures are the first product is a question—which are both of a high order of excellence. His pictures have notably the strong and imaginative qualities that have made Walter Crane famous in two continents, and in these as in his stories he is at his best when he works for children. Thus much to preface the statement that he has written a new child's story called "Otto of the Silver Hand." It is a tale of the middle ages, and brings up a marvelous horde of monks, cruel warriors, brave knights, fair dames, aged crones, swineherds, bowmen, and other strange peoples of that legendary time. The adventures of the little German boy will be found absorbing by the little boys of our day, and the book is one to commend heartily. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $2.00.

It is probably a faith in the continued popularity of the saying that every American boy may become president which has led to the issuing by W. O. Stoddard of a new series of Lives of the Presidents, addressed particularly to the youthful class of readers. The last two issues in this series are devoted to "Grover Cleveland," and "Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan." The main object of the latter volume is evidently to tell about the lives of the individuals rather than to attempt any explanation of the part which they took in political events, for the portion of the four lives which was spent in the White House receives less elaborate treatment than their earlier years. In the life of Cleveland, on the other hand, a large portion of the book is devoted to an uncritical but unbiased account of the political events of his administration. Published by Frederick A. Stokes & Brother, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, per volume, $1.25.

THE OPERA.

Balfe's music is all reminiscences. The making of an opera, as understood by that gentleman, consisted in finding for a single set of worn-out melodies a local habitation and a name. The same trivial but agreeable harmonies which have made "The Bohemian Girl" a favorite since its birth, animate, brighten, and connect the series of episodes called "The Rose of Castile."

While the melodies are of the lightest, the plot is of the flimsiest. There is a gay little queen, impatient of the conventionalities of court etiquette, who goes masquerading with her maid of honor in quest of an errant young king, an aspirant for her royal hand, who she hears has come, disguised as a muleteer, to see her in person and study her temper before irretrievably committing himself to the bonds of wedlock. With such a beginning one can always guess the ending. That there should be a certain dark, dismal, mysterious Don Pedro, who plots to overthrow the queen, and who wears wide, wrinkled boots, lace frills round his knees, a black, short cloak, and a beard clipped into a needle-point, surprises no one. That the queen's maid of honor, with that noble sacrifice of self which marks these devoted women, should, for the furthering of their innocent scheme, robe herself in a wonderful, heterogeneous costume of red stockings, black trunks, a white shirt, and a sombrero, is only what might have been expected. In those realms of romance where young queens and handsome muleteers, black-browed, conspiring Don Pedros, and a court full of thin ladies in low-necks and long satin trains, and tight-curled gentlemen in wrinkled boots, are mixed together in a picturesque melange, the maid of honor is sooner or later bound to find herself in boy's clothes.

Of course in the first act the muleteer—king—lover appears. He sees the queen in a peasant costume of pink skirts, trimmed with modern American black jet, and tight-fitting black-velvet jacket, greets her expansively, compliments her on her radiant beauty, and kisses her in a casual, easy manner, just as a delicate attention, a more pointedly polite greeting—as well-bred Maoris rub the nose. The queen sees no harm in reciprocating, and they flirt melodiously. In the course of the stirring events which mark her subsequent career she marries him, believing him the king, and then, alas!—as other ladies than she have found out to their sorrow—her muleteer is but a muleteer.

But nobody minds. Something is held in reserve by fate to transform the muleteer back into the king. It may be an entire and rather alarming metamorphosis, such as occurred to the Frog Prince in the story, who suddenly, as a batrachian reptile, burst all to pieces, and from the nucleus of the fragments a lovely prince was formed. The muleteer, however, is not translated in quite such a painful manner. He is merely "playing 'possum," and when he appears in the last act, in red velvet, ermine, and white shoes, and proclaims that he is the King of Castile, the statement being successfully concealed beneath a wealth of voice, no one evinces the least surprise. It is a meretricious, cheery little opera, gemmed here and there with bright, cheap songs.

The main recommendation of the company is its uniform smoothness. There is no pinnacle of excellence, but neither is there a pit of incompetency. All runs evenly, presenting a performance of agreeable mediocrity. Each performer evidently tries his best and is rewarded by contributing an integral part to the formation of a whole, which, if not remarkable for individual excellence and completeness, is, taken *en bloc*, satisfying to moderately cultivated taste. Miss Abbott herself always wins justifiable applause. She is a most painstaking and conscientious lady. She gives us of her best, and when she is content not to aspire to grand opera, does occasional good work. As the flighty Rose of Castile she was too exuberantly piquant, but sang some of her numbers in a bright and pleasing manner. It is a pity that she should be lured into attempting passages of intricate and brilliant execution for which her voice in flexibility and lightness is quite inadequate, and which create in the audience the feeling of apprehension that is death to all pleasure. Her part in the laughing duet with Manuel, in which he discovers her identity with his peasant sweetheart, was sung with sprightliness and charm; and the demurely mocking "I am but a little peasant-maid" was well-rendered. Miss Annandale's solo at the opening of the third act, in which she archly apostrophizes Cupid as a "naughty, naughty boy," was the only chance the opera gave her to show off her musical prowess. She took advantage of it and received an encore.

Señor Michelena's Manuel was good-looking and picturesque, but lacking in fire. It was a pale, marrowless personation, bereft of all the swagger, and dash, and brilliancy which should have clung about the disguised monarch. This want of gusto was particularly obvious in his singing of the spirited song of the muleteer, which should thrill with a buoyant vitality. As Lionel in "Martha," Señor Michelena was seen to more advantage. He fitted the part better, being evidently more in sympathy with the dejected lover than the frolicsome king. His Lionel is one of the most melancholy creations on the modern stage. The devastating power of unrequited love was never more feelingly portrayed. By the opening of the fifth act the harmless trick of Lady Henrietta had reduced him to a state of limp weakness. Her final statement of her qualifications to love, honor, and obey him acted upon him like a tonic, more speedy in its cure than the most vaunted of patent medicines. His voice was also more in harmony with the honey-sweet melodies of Flotow than with those of Balfe. He sang the "Oh, so fair!" with sweetness, ease, and precision, and earned a well-merited encore.

Miss Abbott presented a most vigorously playful Martha. The restless vivacity of her performance was almost fatiguing. The art of repose seems a lost one to this gifted lady, but if she would subdue some of her "nods, and becks, and wreathèd smiles," her performance would gain in inverse ratio. The scene where the young men spin for the girls is captivating, and in clever hands could be made to correspond with the bright and coquettish music. Miss Abbott's playfulness here deteriorates into burlesque, Miss Annandale's into *jeu de main*—the one decking her young man with large tufts of flax, the other placidly breaking the spinning-wheel to pieces.

This opulence of action marred Miss Abbott's otherwise agreeable rendering of "The Last Rose of Summer." If her lover had lain dead before her "all in gore blood" she could hardly have exhibited more frantic grief than that evoked by the mortal remains of the Last Rose. She so exhausted her repertoire in mourning over this relic of the waning season, that, when at the end of the fourth act Lionel appears and reviles her as false and hard-hearted, her grief is tame by comparison. The cream of it was poured upon the Last Rose. This is what might be called want of instinct of the artistic values. Vocally, Miss Abbott's Martha is an improvement on her Rose of Castile. It has less execution, more simplicity, is less meretricious, more sincere. If it were shorn of its fantastic and almost grotesque liveliness it would be a comfortable and enjoyable performance.

Miss Annandale is the only member of the company who in "Martha" slights her part. She is negligent, and in many places acts with an off-hand carelessness which can not fail to strike her audience. While Miss Abbott, Mr. Michelena, and Mr. Pruette are strenuously endeavoring to make the most of their parts, Miss Annandale saunters languidly through hers, which appears still more fibreless by contrast with the extravagantly robust personations of the others. Mr. Pruette as Plunkett was an imposing figure, and sang the drinking song with much spirit.

The choruses were fairly good, but in costumes exhibited the most astounding combinations of colors and the most reckless disregard of artistic tradition in the grouping of discordant hues. It is hard to imagine a management so blind to the importance of color that they will let a chorus girl in blue stand next to a chorus girl in green, or worse yet, countenance one of the minor characters wearing a bright-yellow dress, trimmed with deep orange, a green train, and a bunch of rose-pink feathers in her head. To a sensitive eye this is pain. Miss Abbott herself seems to overlook the importance of harmonizing hues. She wears a rose-colored velvet hunting-costume, careless of the fact that Miss Annandale, upon whose ready shoulder she sinks fainting, is habited in the most vivid orange. It would be difficult to find two other colors as savagely opposed.

G. B.

The Wine Par Excellence.

An interesting article which recently appeared in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, on "Champagne and its Manufacture," says of Pommery & Greno, the great French firm: "Their establishment at Reims is immense, and they have six miles of galleries in their cellar. Madame Pommery, widow of the late senior partner of the firm, is now head of the house. She formerly resided in an imposing mansion situated near where tradition says the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots dwelt when she was the ward of her uncle, the Archbishop of Reims. Madame Pommery now resides in a handsome villa near Chigny, not far distant." This lady comes of a fine old Normandy family, and it has ever been her ambition to produce a wine which should be the royal beverage of Europe. This motive combined with the zeal and energy of her directeurs, has secured the present unparalleled results; and this brand of champagne has become the cherished favorite of the aristocracy of Europe and America, and now on the strength of the Pommery, whenever a new brand of champagne is being introduced the Prince of Wales is claimed to favor it.

SEE PAGE 14.

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ON THANKSGIVING.

At last I was alone in my room, and I was meditating. I held in my hand a letter inviting me to pass Thanksgiving with some friends, and I was meditating on the matter. "What has Thanksgiving to do with me?" said I. "What have I to be thankful for? Don't I have to struggle for my daily bread regularly from ten to two? Don't I have to pay my fare on the elevated railroad just the same as everybody else? And didn't my tailor have the insolence to send in his bill for last winter's suit for the third time to-day? And didn't I sit alongside of an old man who would hum all the airs at the opera last night? What have I got to be thankful about?"

Thus I sat meditating until the mental fatigue consequent upon these reflections, and the genial warmth of my fire lulled me into soft unconsciousness. I had been in this state about four minutes by the neighboring steeple, when I heard a carriage stop before the house, and a moment afterward a sound like the adjusting of a step-ladder outside my door; then my transom was suddenly thrown open, and a dazzling light filled my spacious hall-bedroom, accompanied by a strange whirring. Soon the whirring ceased, and, my eyes becoming accustomed to the light, I saw a form as of a man in resplendent white, with a pair of wings eight feet by two sitting in my rocker.

"So you've nothing to be thankful for?" said the form.

"I ventured a few remarks to that effect," I answered, with a feeling of uncertainty, not unmingled with doubt.

"Didn't you avoid going to the German opera to-night?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Well, isn't that something to be thankful for?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, very sincerely.

"And aren't big trousers and low-cut waistcoats coming into style again?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, won't that give you a chance to wear out those clothes your Uncle Methusaleh left you?"

"It will, sir."

"Well, aren't you thankful for that?"

"Yes, sir; very."

"And weren't you going to marry a girl with a two-million-dollar pa? And didn't the old boy drop off three days before the wedding and leave all his specie to somebody else, giving you a chance to hedge?"

"That is quite true, sir."

"Well, no thanks for that?"

"Oh, yes, sir—a thousand thanks for that!"

"Well, didn't your father, and your grandfather, and your great-grandfather all dream of brimstone and toasting-forks every night of their lives and expect to wake up in it in the morning?"

"I believe they did, sir."

"Well, isn't the brimstone business getting pretty dull?"

"I am glad to say it is, sir."

"Well, is that worth anything or isn't it?"

"It is, sir."

"And aren't you thankful that you have never been hung?"

"Indeed, I am, sir!"

"And answer me this, ingrate: Is there no cause for gratitude and thanksgiving in the fact that you were not born club-footed, or a girl? that you've discovered a barber that won't drug you and then put sardine-oil and oleomargarine on your head? that all men were born equal, and have been trying ever since to settle their differences? that you've finally got rid of that quarter with a hole in it that you carried so long? Speak, murmurer, is there no cause for gratitude in all this?"

"I shall cease to murmur," I answered, very humbly.

Another whir, a jingle of glass in my transom, a sudden darkness, and the presence was absent. I sat down and wrote to my friends that if they would kindly send me passes both ways, I would come out and spend Thanksgiving with them.—*Life.*

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"William Weesback, you are charged with having beaten your wife." "The charge is correct, your honor." "What are you smiling about, then." "I have reason to smile. We've been married five years, and in all the scraps we've had, this is the first time I haven't come out second best. Have a cigar, judge."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

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From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
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Extra trips on Saturday at 1 45 and 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
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LEAVE	From Nov. 25, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	11.45 A.
9.30 A.	Fast mail for Ogden and East	12.15 P.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	11.15 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

‡ 7.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
*2.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos	9.20 A.

NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

7.50 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
11.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.38 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 35 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5.00 P	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.56 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
†11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.40 P.

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SOCIETY.

The Stanford Reception.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford threw open their California Street mansion to their many friends last Wednesday afternoon. It was intended as an informal reception, to which merely a general invitation had been extended, and this informality made it all the more pleasant. The weather was propitious and the guests were numerous. The host and hostess gave a most cordial welcome to their guests as they arrived, and, after a few moments devoted to greetings, the latter promenaded through the spacious hall and drawing-rooms, and the richly equipped art-gallery, whose treasures were admiringly inspected There is so much to see of interest in the Stanford mansion, in the way of paintings, statuary, rare tapestries, artistic frescoing, and costly furnishings, bric-à-brac and bibelots, that almost all who came availed themselves of this opportunity.

The healthful, rugged appearance of the senator was generally remarked, his vacation having very much benefitted him. Mrs. Stanford also gave every evidence of the full enjoyment of health.

Mrs. Stanford was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Timothy Hopkins and Miss Lathrop, and her guests came in handsome visiting toilets, many of which were of the richest materials.

Mrs. Stanford wore a magnificent imported costume of black velvet, made with a square train and corsage cut low in front. The petticoat front was of large brocades of plush on a Brussels net foundation, made over white satin, and the long train had a wide band of silver bullion embroidery in classic design completely outlining it. The bodice was partially composed of the brocaded net, as were the elbow sleeves. Mrs. Stanford wore her famous diamond butterfly at the corsage, and a splendid necklace of brilliants, from which depended a medallion of opals set with diamonds. The ear-rings matched the pendant, and in her hair, which was dressed Pompadour, was a diamond star. A large white ostrich-feather fan and white gloves completed her toilet.

Mrs. Timothy Hopkins wore a ruby velvet court train over a white satin petticoat, with side panels heavily embroidered with gold bullion. The square corsage had a tiny Medici collar of the gold-embroidered white satin, and there was a vest with cuffs of the same. As ornaments, she wore pearls and rubies, with a hand-bouquet of La France roses.

Miss Lathrop appeared with powdered hair, à la Pompadour; she wore a white satin gown completely hidden by Chantilly lace drapery. There were side panels and bands of black velvet, and the fancy bodice glittered with jewels, while her throat had a band of velvet studded with diamonds.

In the dining-room of the mansion refreshments were served throughout the afternoon. The table was magnificently decorated with vases of roses and massive épergnes laden with fruit and flowers; in the alcove formed by the side bay-window stood an immense and costly vase filled with chrysanthemums, white and yellow.

Among the callers were: Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Castle, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Swift, Mr. and Mrs J. F. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs H. L. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Mills, Mr. and Mrs. J. Q. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Shear, Mr. and Mrs. David Porter, Mr. and Mrs. J. D Fry, Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel M. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Bigelow, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Pixley, Colonel and Mrs. B. J. D. Irwin, Mr and Mrs. W. H. Dimond, Mr. and Mrs. H. B Williams, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Hallidie, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Hastings, Mr. and Mrs. W W. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Tatum, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Gwin, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William S. Spear, Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, Mrs. J. H. Lawrence, Mrs. Loring Pickering, Mrs. William Harney, Mrs. Charles A. Worden, Mrs. Thomas F. Meagher, Mrs. W. C. Campbell, Mrs J. T. Haviland, Mrs. J. Tilden Moulton, Mrs. Charles Clayton, Mrs. Edward Martin, Mrs. Elisha Cook, Mrs. John O. Earl, Mrs Charles M. Blake, Mrs. Michael Castle, Mrs. Joseph L. Moody, Mrs. C. A. Kemble, Miss Lathrop, Miss Jennie E. Hill, Miss Eva Castle, Miss Blanche Castle, Miss Gwin, Miss Mary Porter, Miss Sarah D. Hamlin, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Lillie Winans, Miss Alice W. Scott, Miss Leonide Cook, Miss Ellen Blake, Miss Cooke, of Chicago, Mr Creed Haymond, Mr. Alexander Badlam, Rev. R. C. Foute, Mr. Thomas L. Thompson, Mr. Frank J. French, General Walter Turnbull, Rev. J. H. Wythe, Rev. J. H. Wythe, Jr., Colonel J. S. Mosby, Mr. A. C. Bradford, Major B. C. Truman, Mr. W. L. Palmer, Mr. Warren R. Payne, Mr. Ira P. Rankin, General John F. Sheehan, Mr. E. P. Danforth, Rev. Charles M. Blake, Judge Lorenzo Sawyer, Judge Selden S. Wright, Mr. Oliver Eldridge, Senator George Hearst, Mr. H. C. Nash, Mr. William Alvord, and many others.

Senator and Mrs. Stanford leave for Washington next Wednesday, to remain until the end of the coming Congressional session.

The German Club.

The members of the German Club gave their first cotillion of this season last Tuesday evening, at Union Square Hall, and it resulted in a highly satisfactory evening, both to the members and their invited guests. The figures were all new, the decorations were unique, and every feature was commendable. There was a canvased canopy at the entrance to the building, lighted by Japanese lanterns, and the staircase leading to the hall was covered with white crash. The dressing-rooms were in charge of deft attendants. Within the comfortable hall the scene was a particularly pretty one. All around the hall were hanging-baskets filled with chrysanthemums, maiden's-hair ferns, and pepper foliage, while in the centre two large American flags were draped in a horizontal position, screening the dancers from the bright lights above. Over these flags were a series of fanciful Japanese lanterns and balloons, with streamers of bunting radiating from the apex to the galleries. The walls up stairs were decorated with red, white, and blue stars, and set against the gallery railing, which was draped with colored cloth, were small paper urns containing roses, chrysanthemums, and smilax in clusters. Wide-spreading sprays of ferns were placed against the walls down-stairs, between each of the doors and windows, in artistic relief, and the gilt clock was set in the midst of a curtain drapery of red and white cloth. Along the face of the stage was a drapery of white bunting, and above it arose tall sprays of mountain ferns and bamboo sprouts almost concealing the musicians from view. The background of the stage was of white bunting trimmed with gold bullion, and the proscenium arch was draped with American flags in graceful folds.

Commencing soon after nine o'clock five or six round dances were enjoyed, and then came the cotillion. It was led by Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, who had Miss Minnie Nightingale as his partner, and they had the assistance of three couples, Miss Frances P. Gephard and Mr. Fred T. Griffith, of Los Angeles, Miss Mamie K Griffin, and Lieutenant Horace West, U. S. N., and Miss Anita Plum and Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N. Instead of the usual whistle or other contrivance for signaling, the leader used a handsome silver-rimmed tambourine trimmed with small ribbons of gay colors The participants in the dance occupied the chairs around the hall, and the onlookers were seated in the gallery. There were but a few rovers.

The first figure was called the "Grand Right and Left in Reverse Columns," an improvement upon an old figure. In this, after changing partners, the participants formed in two lines in the centre of the hall all facing the stage. At a signal the gentlemen reversed and both columns marched, the gentlemen going to the left and the ladies to the right. Upon meeting they executed the grand right and left until the partners met again when all joined hands and forwarded to the centre, where the circle was broken and the York was danced. Becoming fully interested now in the outcome of the affair the second figure was anxiously awaited.

Expectation was on tiptoe when a quaint little Japanese boy, arrayed in the flowing *kimono* of the Orient, advanced to the centre of the hall and stood there holding the Mikado's pennant. After the usual preliminary movement the sixteen couples formed in double platoons with the gentlemen in the two centre columns and the ladies at either side, all facing the stage. This was the "Mikado" figure, and each gentleman held a fanciful Japanese sunshade adorned with large cranes and other devices, the handle being jointed. When the tambourine sounded the gentlemen faced each other and formed an arch-way with the sunshades. Then the two columns of ladies marched alternately under the arch and resumed their places. This completed, the gentlemen dropped the sunshades on the floor—the little Jap gathering them up—faced their partners, forwarded, and then danced the five-step polka to the lively strains of "Dixie." The effect of this figure, which was a very pretty one, was heightened by the introduction of colored calcium lights, which were thrown upon the dancers from above. The fancy sunshades, the bright smiling faces of the young ladies, and their beautiful toilets, all combined in creating a charming picture.

"The Loop" was the title of the third figure. This time the gentlemen formed on one side of the hall and the ladies opposite. Then they formed a large circle moving to the right, and, at a signal, the first couple broke down through the centre, going under an arch formed by the last couple, and as the others followed it resulted in forming a complete loop. Finally all passed through and formed at the sides of the hall as at first. Then the partners forwarded to each other and joined in the waltz.

The fourth figure was called the "Spinning-Wheel." The ladies kept their original partners and secured one more. Mr. St. John stood in the centre of the hall holding eight colored scarfs, and the eight ladies formed a circle around him, the sixteen gentlemen forming another circle around them. Each alternate gentleman was handed an end of one of the scarfs, which, radiating from the centre over the heads of the ladies, resembled the spokes of a wheel. Then the two circles rotated in opposite directions and colored calcium lights illuminated the scene. Finally the leader dropped the scarfs, which were wound around the ladies, who secured their second partners and danced the five-step polka, while the first set of gentlemen obtained partners and did likewise. Every one was delighted with this figure.

The fifth and last figure was termed "Reverse Circles." When the first eight couples had secured new partners, they formed a large circle with their backs to the centre. Gliding to the left the first couple broke down the centre, coming out under the upheld arms of the last couple, and as the others followed gracefully it resulted in the formation of another large circle wherein the participants were face to face. A pretty waltz was then danced, and precisely at half-past twelve o'clock the figure and the dancing ended

Then Ballenberg played the "Boulanger March," and all proceeded to the dining-hall, which was very prettily decorated. The buffet in the centre was set with a large flat mirror, which was bordered with white camellias, Duchesse de Brabant roses, maiden's-hair ferns, and smilax, while mounted pieces and other delicacies were arranged appropriately. The supper comprised several courses, and was well prepared and admirably served. Every one went home fully resolved not to miss the next cotillion of the club on Tuesday evening, December 18th. The ladies had paid particular attention to their toilets, all of which were new and elegant, and most of them carried hand-bouquets of lovely flowers. Mr. St. John was warmly congratulated, as the guests departed, upon his success in guiding the dancers so faultlessly and upon the originality and beauty of the figures.

The members of the club present and their invited guests were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. John Nightingale, Colonel and Mrs. John P. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Page, Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mr and Mrs. William F. Mau, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bothin, Mr. and Mrs M. H. De Young, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bandmann, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Starr, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Miller, Dr. and Mrs. J. C. Tucker, Dr. and Mrs. M. Regensburger, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Badlam, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Sears, Captain and Mrs. M. A. Healy, U S. N., Captain and Mrs. L. G. Shepard, U. S. N., Captain and Mrs. C. L. Hooper, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Wooster, Mr. and Mrs. William McP. Hill, Judge and Mrs. F. E. Spencer, Captain and Mrs. William B. Baker, Judge and Mrs. Selden S. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hittell, Mr. and Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. George Wright, Dr and Mrs. J. M. Dunne, Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Boyson, Captain and Mrs. Charles Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Hinckley, Mr. and Mrs. P. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Donnelly, Mr. and Mrs Edward Hayes, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Walkington, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Meek, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Remy Chabot, Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Murphy, Colonel and Mrs. F. A Bee, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Kittredge, Mr and Mrs. F. E. Lutz, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Tinnin, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Henshaw, Mrs. N. H. St. John, Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke, Mrs. M. Dillon, Mrs. H. Albert Mau, Miss Ella Nightingale, Miss Minnie Nightingale, Miss Georgie Nightingale, Miss Jennie de la Montanya, Miss Stella Sears, Miss Maud Shepard, Miss Carrie Campbell, Miss Catherine Hittell, Miss Clara Sutro, Miss Anita Plum, Miss Hattie Tay, Miss Jennie Hopkins, Miss Kate Best, Miss Helen Bosqui, Miss Roberta Wright, Miss Emeline Sanders, Miss Aphra Rogers, Miss Mamie Rogers, Miss Maud Badlam, Miss Mamie Deane, Miss Alice Mau, Miss May Code, Misses Tucker, Miss Estelle Simpson, Miss Bertha Simpson, Miss Adèle Martel, Miss Jennie Martel, Miss Nellie Boyd, Miss Marguerite Bucknall, Miss Marie Bucknall, Miss Lida Hill, Miss Ada B Whaite, Miss Blanche Middleton, Miss Ethel Chapman, Miss Tillie Doolan, Miss Hettie Shepard, Miss Mary L. Taylor, Miss Kate M. Shaw, Miss S. G. Meek, Miss Florence Weihe, Miss Mary M Owens, Miss McMahon, Miss Lucy B Hayes, Miss E. Sprague, Miss Alice L. Roberts, Miss Laura B. Huff, Miss Edith Clarke, Miss Marie Dillon, Miss Kate Dillon, Miss Grace M. Spencer, Miss Mattie S. Baker, Miss Jeannette Havermann, Miss Maggie Nelson, Miss Grace Donnelly, Miss Hettie Donnelly, Miss Etta Chabot, Misses Huff, Miss Jennie Hall, Miss Mary Murphy, Miss Abbie L. Grant, Miss Lucille Edwards, Miss Jennie Boland, Miss Ruth Dyer, Miss Addie Titus, Miss Alice Johnson, Miss Lena Brigham, Miss Mamie K. Griffin, Miss Daisy Douglass, Miss Alice Grimes, Miss Frances P. Gephard, Misses Miller, Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, Mr. Frank T. Griffith, Dr. John Nightingale, Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., Mr. George H. T. Jackson, Mr. Arthur Painter, Mr. A. T. Badlam, Mr. Frank D Willey, Mr. Warren D. Clark, Mr. Joseph M. Masten, Mr. James F. Bonnell, Dr. John F. Foulkes, Mr. Robert R. Grayson, Mr. John Deane, Mr. F. M. Bee, Dr. George M. Terrill, Mr William H. Stinson, Mr. James C. Dunphy, Mr. Edward Hinckley, Mr. Alexander M. Cummings, Lieutenant J. C. Moore, U. S. N., Lieutenant Horace West, U. S. N., Lieutenant F. M. Dunwoody, U. S. N., Lieutenant G. H. Jarvis, U. S. N., Lieutenant N. L. Cutchin, U. S. N., Dr. Willard H. Crawford, U. S. N., Lieutenant C. M Perkins, U. S. N., Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., Lieutenant Gilbert P Cotton, U. S. A., Lieutenant John A. Towers, U. S. A., Mr. A. E. Shattuck, Mr. A. G. Gurnett, Mr. R. S. Knight, Mr. Thomas Dillon, Mr. H. C. Stewart, Mr. Charles D. Griffin, Mr Clark Wise, Mr. Henry Squires, Mr. A. Grove Roberts, Mr. C. H. Milner, Mr. C. H. Gardner, Mr. Edward Taylor, Dr. M. J. Sullivan, Dr. J. P. Dunn, Mr. Wright, Mr. A. W. Baldwin, Mr. Robert Gardiner, Mr. A. S. Macdonald, Mr. James H. Suydam, Mr. A. F. Bernard, Mr. W. M. Speyer, Mr. William E. Meek, Mr. Charles Sutro, Mr. James A. Code, Mr. Peter Hopkins, Jr., Mr. George M. Hill, Mr. R. P. Doolan, and others.

The Poulson Dinner-Party.

Mrs Edna Snell Poulson gave an enjoyable dinner-party last Monday evening in one of the private dining-rooms at the Hotel Pleasanton, in honor of Miss Keith Wakeman and Miss Ada Butterfield, who appeared in "The Wife's Secret" recently at the Grand Opera House. The dining-room was prettily decorated and the repast was delicious

Those present were: Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson, Miss Keith Wakeman, Miss Ada Butterfield, Miss Josie Perry, Miss Jennie Waters, Miss Eda Moody, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. W. F. Bowers, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. Haydon, U. S. A., Mr. Burr, U. S. A., and Mr. Johnson, U. S. N.

The Goad Dinner-Party.

A charming dinner-party was given last Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad at their home on Washington Street. Twenty-two friends enjoyed their hospitality and were delightfully entertained. The dining table looked exceedingly attractive. In the centre was a richly chased silver epergne filled with beautiful La France roses; and at either end were oblong mounds of maiden's-hair ferns in which Bon Silene and Perle du Jardin roses were set. Dozens of roses of these varieties were laid loosely on the table with pretty effect. During the service of the elaborate repast Ballenberg's band played concert selections.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Frank Goad, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Howard, Mr and Mrs. E. J. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Robinson, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Ashe, Miss Bessie Bowie, Miss May Friedlander, Miss Kate Jarboe, Miss Helen Otis, Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Linie Ashe, Lieutenant W. H. Bean, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. A Towers, U. S. A., Lieutenant F. L. Winn, U. S. A., Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. Hugh Tevis, Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. A. St. J. Bowie, and Mr. T. Cary Friedlander.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Mauzy Musical Club.

The members of the Byron Mauzy Musical Club gave their last concert of the second series on Thursday evening, in the Mauzy warerooms. There were a large number of auditors present, and they were well entertained by the following programme:

Overture—"Occasional"......................Gruenwald
Orchestra.
(Professor H. R. Austin, Conductor.)
Danish Song—"Longing"..................A. Hyllested
Miss Anna Cronhjelm Wallberg.
(Miss Elenda Ringstrom, Accompanist.)
Violin Solo—"Second Polonaise"..............Wieniawski
F Victor Austin.
Trio—(a) "Adagio"
(b) "Rondo All Ongarese" } ....Haydn
Violin, F. V. Austin; 'Cello, Adolpa, Lada; Piano, Miss Sissie Austin.
Ballad—"Madeline"..............................White
Mrs. Ada Herald.
Piano Solo—(a) "La Fileuse".......................Raff
(b) "Bolero"...........................Albanesi
Miss Sissie Austin.
Boehm Solo—"Fleur des Alpes"....................Boehm
Professor H. Clay Wysham.
Finale..Orchestra

The Loring Club.

At Odd Fellows' Hall last Wednesday evening, the Loring Club gave its second concert of the twelfth season, with the assistance of the sixty members of the Schumann Club. Mrs. Carmichael-Carr provided the piano accompaniment, and Miss H. L. Coe presided at the organ. The audience was large and fashionable, and the various selections met with hearty approval.

The programme contained the following numbers: Choral from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio"; four-part song, "On the Rhine," Kucken; "Evening Serenade," Hans Huber; "Lullaby," Brahm; four-part song, "The Water Lily," Gade; cantata, "Paradise and the Peri," Schumann.

Mr. J. H. Rosewald offers a superior programme for his third orchestral matinée, which will occur next Friday at Irving Hall. The soloists will be Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, Mr. Heywood, and Mrs. F. Booth.

A Goupil gravure of remarkable delicacy, and one of interest to San Franciscans, has been published by Mr. Doxey. It is from a photograph taken by Mr. George W. Reed, of this city, and represents the Golden Gate as seen from the Sausalito boat. The clouds in the western heavens, the two tongues of land leading down to the gate, and the waters, with their clearly defined little waves, are in artistic contrast to the two bands of light where the sun plays upon the bay in the middle distance, and the two vessels, standing out sharply against the horizon, give just the needed touch of life to the scene. The gravure is up to the excellent standard of the famous house of Goupil in artistic workmanship. Copies may be obtained at Doxey's, 631 Market Street.

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SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Gray Grayrigge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sherwood, will be married to Mr. W. B. Chapman, the resident consul of Belgium, on Wednesday, December 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. George W Beaver entertained Mr and Mrs. Frank Dillingham, of Denver, at a dinner-party given by them recently at their residence on Taylor Street. Among the others present were: Mr. and Mrs. Richard G. Sneath, Misses Annie, Kate, and Ethel Beaver, and Mr. M C. Dillingham.

Miss Cornelia Cole, daughter of Hon Cornelius Cole, of Los Angeles, was married in that city to Mr. James G. McLaughlin, of New York, on October 31st. The affair was a quiet one and no cards were issued.

The wedding of Miss Anthony, daughter of the late Mr. James Anthony, and Mr. Herbert Folger, will take place at the residence of Mrs J. M. Nougues, on California Street, next Wednesday. It will be quietly celebrated.

The Amateur Base-ball League that has been playing at Central Park has disbanded, and a new nine has been formed out of the Fair Oaks and San Francisco Clubs named the E. & O. E. Base-ball Club, whose membership consists of Mr. E L. Eyre, Mr. Perry P. Eyre, Mr. R. J Woods, Mr. E. Bosqui, Mr. E. N. Bee, Mr Charles C. Thorn, Mr. Edward Howard, Mr W. King, Mr. Bert Maynard, Mr. George Woolrich, Mr. Faxon D Atherton, Mr. Milton Jones, Mr. W R. Smedberg, Jr., and Mr. E. L. Lewis. For the opening three games have been arranged to be played at Central Park against the "Burlington" nine on Saturday, November 24th, at half-past two P. M., on Thanksgiving at ten A. M., and on Saturday, December 1st, at half-past two P. M All lovers of the game and friends of the teams are invited.

A pleasant social was given in the hop-room at the Presidio last Tuesday evening by the officers stationed at that post. The regimental band furnished extellent music, and the many guests found the affair to be one of unalloyed pleasure.

Mrs. Horace Davis gave an enjoyable lunch-party to a number of ladies last Wednesday at her residence on Bush Street.

An elaborate dinner-party was given at the Occidental Hotel recently by Mrs. James. W. Irvine in honor of Mr. and Mrs William G. Irwin, of Honolulu. There were beautiful decorations and favors and a sumptuous menu. Dancing completed the enjoyment of the affair. Among the other guests were: Mrs. Richard Ivers, Mr and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Miss Aileen Ivers, Miss Jennie Blair, Mr. Reuben H. Lloyd, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. J. W. Byrne, and Mr. C Byrne.

A charming lunch-party was given by Mrs William H. Smith recently at her new residence, 2201 Buchanan Street, in compliment to Mrs. Theresa Fair and Mrs. M. H. De Young The dining-room was decorated in exquisite taste with silk draperies, ribbons, and grapes, all in tones of green, and the souvenirs were thoroughly artistic. The others present were: Mrs. Volney Spalding, Mrs. Samuel M. Blair, Mrs. M. Deane, Mrs. D. C. Nichols, Mrs. E. B. Rail, and Miss Belle Smith.

Invitations have been issued by Mr. and Mrs. N. H. A. Mason and the Misses Mason for a reception which will take place next Tuesday evening at their residence, 1404 McAllister Street.

The next german of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club will be held at B'nai B'rith Hall on Friday evening, December 7th. It will be a leap-year german led by Miss Corbitt, and the rules of such affairs will be strictly enforced.

Mr. Harry Williams gave an enjoyable domino and mask-party last Thursday evening at his residence. 1925 Octavia Street. Many friends were present, and the evening was delightfully passed in dancing.

Army and Navy.

Dr. John Cochran, U. S. A., has been ordered to Newport after service here during the past four years.

Lieutenant F. A. Tripp, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted two months' leave of absence, owing to illness.

Lieutenant Albert Todd, First Artillery, U. S. A, is enjoying a leave of absence of two months.

Lieutenant Lloyd M Brett, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has been detailed for service at Fort Bidwell.

Captain E. B. Mosely, U. S. A, has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant Charles A. Norden, Adjutant, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A., is here on a leave of absence, and, with Mrs. Norden, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Evans at 2416 Washington Street.

DXI—Bill of Fare for six persons — Sunday, November 25, 1888.

Cantaloupe.
Ox-Tail Soup.
Mayonnaise Fish.
Beefsteak and Mushrooms.
Stewed Tomatoes. Sweet Potatoes.
Roast Ducks. Currant Jelly and Lemon Sauce.
Carrot Salad.
Lemon Pie. Fruit in Season.

MAYONNAISE FISH.—Take a cold boiled trout, or some flakes of boiled halibut and pour over it a dressing made thus: Put two yolks of eggs in a bowl and add four tablespoonfuls of nice olive oil, little by little, beating the eggs all the time; when it is thick add two teaspoonfuls of very sharp vinegar, and salt and pepper to taste A few capers can be added if desired.

The highest-priced singer at the French Grand Opera is the baritone Lasalle. He gets seventeen thousand six hundred dollars for an engagement of eight months. The contralto, Mme. Richard, comes next with ten thousand dollars. Escalais, tenor; Melchisedec, baritone; Jean de Reske, tenor; Ed. de Reske, bass; and Mme. Escalais, soprano, follow in order. Mme. Mauri, the danseuse, gets eight thousand dollars.

Mary Anderson has brought over with her two or three new lyrics by Tennyson, which she will recite during her next season.

A New Art.

Old Solomon was right when he said that there was nothing new under the sun, but there are constantly appearing new applications of old ideas. One of the latest and most notable of these adaptations is that by which the eternal principles of harmony and beauty are applied to the artistic dressing of show-windows. Not one of our prominent stores, however, has hitherto reached the height of grace and beauty that is to be seen in one of Nathan, Dohrmann & Co.'s windows, on Sutter Street, just below Kearny. "A Thanksgiving Dream" it was called by one admiring lady, and the name was so appropriate that it has been adopted by all who have seen the sight. From the front, half way back through the window, the space is paved with squares of heavy beveled plate-glass mirrors, flanked at either side with artistic arrangements of delicate porcelain and imitation tropic leaves. The mirrored space is set with a beautiful array of cut-glass ware—glittering little jugs, tall, graceful pitchers, exquisitely shaped dishes, etc.—and in the centre is a deliciously humorous bronze figure of a little plantation darkey seated on a high chair and strumming away on his banjo, while you seem almost to hear the strains of "Carve dat 'possum" issuing from his merry lips. Terraced back from this are plate-glass mirror steps, on which are more of the exquisite cut-glass ware in an endless variety of artistic shapes, presenting a dazzling appearance of glistening beauty; and above them a l towers the key-note of the whole artistic display—a strutting turkey-cock, done to the life in marvelously colored bisque. Before him is a mirror which bears this artistically lettered legend:

YE TURKEY'S WARNING.

Poor Turkey, alas! pray know thy fate,
And to the mountains fly—
The twenty-ninth will be too late—
Or human tastes you'll satisfy."

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Take it for all in all, it is the most artistic and striking window display yet shown in San Francisco, and all the town is talking about it.

Thanksgiving Festivities.

From all indications Thanksgiving Day, that falls on next Thursday, is to be universally observed in San Francisco. There will be feasting and merry-making generally, and those who appreciate excellent dinners artistically served under experienced caterers will go to the Maison Riche, the swell restaurant of this city, on the corner of Grant Avenue and Geary Street, where extensive preparations have been made for the glorious occasion.

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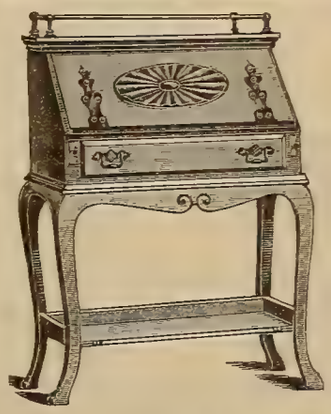

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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We have often heard criticisms made between English political methods and our own very much to the prejudice of ours, and especially in respect to the fact that the United States are thrown, once in every four years, into the agitation and disturbance resulting from a Presidential election, which carries with it, in event of a change of party, a thorough removal of nearly all the general and subordinate officials of the nation. A longer term of the Presidential office and a more thorough civil service system are among the reforms suggested to correct the errors into which we have fallen. English politics are usually held up in illustration of very superior methods of conducting governmental affairs. They are assumed to possess dignity, practical sense, freedom from passionate and personal rivalry "quite English." There is, after all, a doubt in our minds whether England's nine centuries of governmental experience have culminated in political methods that are altogether perfect or quite deserving of imitation; nor are we convinced that in point of dignity and absence of demagogy the English have much advantage over us. A royal dynasty, a queen and empress for life, a prince imperial hedged around with successors to the throne and crown undoubtedly present some advantages which our mode of filling the Presidential office does not possess. An heir-expectant to the imperial diadem may await the operation of nature's laws with more of personal dignity and outward calmness than can attend our ambitious statesmen, politicians, legislators, jurists, diplomatists, governors of States, generals of armies, and millionaires—all of whose heads are swelling and aching with the sting of the Presidential bee that has been buzzing in their bonnets. In England, every man does not hope to become king, and legislators are born to the House of Lords, while every man in America, from the kerb-stone, gutter, and saloon, cherishes the hope that he is destined to fill the executive and senatorial office. With an hereditary king, a house of legislating lords born to office, princes and royal dukes born to high commands in army, navy, church, and civil positions, some part of the ambitious strain is relaxed; nor in England has politics become so much of an industry that the common man in the lowest official employment must relinquish his service and yield it to some place-hunter, who, to ignorance of official duties, brings inexperience. In these particulars we have something yet to learn from other and older governments. There is this, however, to say: When in America we have passed a Presidential election the country settles down to business and order succeeds to unrest. We have our political agitation concentrated into a brief period, and, when it is ended, the country rests. In England there is no repose; a victory determines nothing. Parliament is dissolved if a government measure miscarries, the ministry goes out and another is summoned to fill its place. No sooner is a new government in position than the opposition, in and out of Parliament, schemes for its overthrow, so that political controversies and dissensions are ever at fever heat; while a parliament may continue for seven years, there is no certainty that it may not be dissolved, as was a recent one by Gladstone, in less than seven months. Great public meetings convene in all parts of the realm at all seasons of the year, and while Parliament is in session and the country-house is occupied for the Christmas holidays, and while shooting is in season, the ever-roaring storm of oratory suspends its force; during all the balance of the year it rages with unabated fury. Lord Salisbury, the Marquis of Hartington, Gladstone, Morley, Harcourt, Goschen, Smith, Randolph Churchill, Parnell, O'Brien, and an hundred other English and Irish orators have for nearly ten years been engaged in discussions over the Irish question, parliaments have been elected, administrations wrecked, premiers chosen, legislation impeded, crimes committed, rents repudiated, and property in Ireland confiscated in an agitation that is never ending and never ceasing. We do better in America. Such a rebellion as that of Ireland against our government would be settled by the election of a Congress and a President, and its settlement would have concluded the agitation for at least four years; if it had not, there would have been no other remedy than civil war, and that, in our country, is decided on the battle-field. Better war, prompt, decisive, and conclusive, than the never-ending Irish riot that has been going on for seven hundred years and that threatens to continue seven hundred years more. The English Government must lack executive force, or this never-ending Irish Donnybrook would be squelched. Her majesty's writ to enforce the keeping of contracts for rent would not be set at defiance for years by viragoes, provided with hot water to resist evictions, and bog-delving peasants, with dung-forks, led on by Roman Catholic priests and home-rule politicians to break down and destroy the administration of the laws. England presents the mortifying spectacle of weakness to the civilized world—her government shivering in the presence of an unarmed conspiracy, setting at defiance her laws, confiscating the landed estates of her property-owners—while rents are openly gathered from tenants able to pay and turned over to trustees under a "Plan of Campaign" to be used for defrauding landlords of their rents and setting the laws of the realm at defiance. Laws passed by Parliament are evaded by assembling multitudes in Ireland, who openly and defiantly insult the government. The Irish press is filled with malicious libels; the tongue of the Irish orator wags with slanderous malignity; every honored name in England is held up to obloquy and defamation, unless its possessor bows in shameless cowardice to Irish threats; crime results as the direct consequence of party oratory; tenants are ruthlessly assassinated for hiring land from which a non-paying tenant has been ejected by law; animals are cruelly tortured and killed because they belong to unpopular owners; landed lords and the highest officers of the crown are murdered, not in the hot blood of honest passion, but by a cowardly lying in wait; the Houses of Parliament, London Bridge, public offices, railroad waiting-rooms, are destroyed by dynamite. All over the realm of Great Britain there is an organized, secret, deadly conspiracy engaged in destroying property and life, and seeking the dismemberment of the empire and the destruction of the government. Now and then some leader is seized, tried, convicted, and sent to jail without hard labor for a term of weeks, to be received with orations upon his discharge, and returned to Parliament as a reward for his patriotism. Under this condition of things in Ireland the landed estates of England are made valueless, farms remain untenanted, trade languishes in London and other great cities. All the great imperial questions, affairs of India and the colonies, trade, finance, national defense, are all set aside and held in abeyance while the Parliament is engaged in discussing the question of Ireland. The interests of twenty-five millions of English people, and all the vast projects in which they are interested, are postponed and neglected to consider the interests of five millions of Irish, two millions of whom are loyal and law-abiding. Twenty-seven millions of the most intelligent, wealthy, and respectable subjects of the British Empire are sacrificed for less than three—probably less than one—million ignorant, criminal law-breakers, laboring to steal the landed property of their neighbors and land-owners under the spiritual sanction of Romish priests and under the political advice of Irish agitators. This is the attitude in which England presents herself to the civilized world. It is the attitude of weakness, we may almost say of cowardice. America does things better. When civil war burst forth on our Southern horizon, and States asserted their right to form a separate and independent government and to throw off their Federal allegiance; when the slave-owner claimed his right to retain control of personal property guaranteed by the Constitution; when armed rebellion fired upon the flag at Sumter and States seceded, the Government of the Union accepted the challenge of war. A million of lives and six thousand millions of national treasure were sacrificed to preserve the National Union, and who shall say it was not more merciful, more economical, and more profitable than the seven hundred years of agitation, crime, poverty, and discontent now stretching out in hopeless prospect for England and Ireland? It seems to us but small business for a great, strong, martial realm, with its standing army, its invincible navy, its innumerable police, its Parliament of glorious traditions, to palter with Irish political law-breakers and land-robbers. To take from Irish criminals their trousers and make them sleep for twelve weeks upon a plank bed may satisfy England's idea of punishment for political agitation, confiscation, crimes against property, murder, and the wholesale destruction that is likely to follow the use of dynamite, and the cowardly persecution that attends the boycott, but it is not the way England punishes the unarmed in Abyssinia, her revolting subjects in India, or her more feeble enemies throughout the world. There is no land more free on earth than Ireland; there is no tenantry in the world more generously treated; there is no place where justice to the poor is more impartially administered, or where there is greater political freedom, more unrestrained liberty. The only thing an English Parliament refuses to the Irish people is that they shall not dismember the English empire, destroy the union of Great Britain and Ireland, and set up for themselves an independent parliament and an independent nationality. It would, in the opinion of an intelligent world, be more dignified for England to consent to the Irish revolution and assent to Irish nationality, or at once and by force of arms suppress the Irish rebellion and put an end to this prolonged and never-ending Irish riot.

The new constitution requires that water rates should be "fixed" annually by the boards of supervisors. Just how and to what extent this constitutional provision has been acted upon in counties other than San Francisco we are not advised. In San Francisco it has been made a political issue in every contest for the election of supervisors, and as often as once in two years there has been a conflict over the "fixing" of water rates. The Spring Valley Water Works Com-

pany has thus been subjected to vexatious controversies which have compelled its directors to take a part in municipal politics at once annoying and unprofitable. In the face of constantly decreasing and ever-changing rates the company has steadily extended its system of supply, till now San Francisco is being provided with water of the best quality and in the greatest abundance; new reservoirs of great capacity have been built within their areas of catchment, and storage provided which, in seasons of ordinary rainfall, puts the city beyond the danger of a scant and inadequate supply; new and enlarged mains and pipes have been laid throughout the city for distribution, which give the most adequate protection against extensive conflagrations; our sewers are flushed, our streets, parks, and public places sprinkled, till San Francisco is beginning to realize the benefits of a water supply sufficient for all household and manufacturing interests, and sufficient for all purposes contributing to the health and comfort of its people. The present mode of fixing water rates, viz., making the basis of the rule the dimension of buildings instead of the value of the premises and their contents, has always been regarded by the company as unjust and altogether wrong. This mode of taxation discriminates in favor of the owners of valuable property in the commercial and business centres of the town, and against dwelling-houses and smaller occupations in the less desirable and less valuable quarters of the city. To illustrate: a property on Montgomery, Front, California, or Market Streets, devoted to banking, insurance, or other profitable occupancy, worth perhaps four thousand dollars per front foot, carrying large stocks of insured merchandise and paying to its owner a large rent, pays, according to its dimensions, no more than a dwelling in the suburbs of the town, erected upon a street whose value of frontage does not exceed one hundred dollars a foot in value. The Bank of California, with its elegant and costly structure, pays no more for water than an ordinary dwelling of equal size in a part of the city where land is not one-tenth the value of the corner of California and Sansome Streets and producing not one-twentieth the rental; the store of Murphy, Grant & Co., with millions in value of costly merchandise passing annually through it, contributes no more for the water that protects it from fire and governs the general rate of insurance than a church, or tenement-house, or Mechanics' Pavilion of the same size, having an infinite less value of contents to insure. The most inflammable and dangerous planing-mill or store-house for volatile oils contributes no more to the protection of San Francisco from fires than the most substantial structure of brick or stone used for the least hazardous of occupations. This train of reasoning leads to the conviction that the dwellings and employments of the poor, in the less desirable and less valuable parts of the city, are by the operations of the rule of measurement unfairly dealt with. It was in recognition of this principle, and with an endeavor to correct a rule so manifestly unjust, that the late Non-Partisan convention, composed of intelligent and fair-minded men of large wealth and profitable commercial occupations, recommended a change, and declared that it would be just to impose water taxes, not according to the size of buildings, but in reference to the value of the land and structure and the worth of the merchandise or other contents in the premises contained. In other words, regarding water as a factor in the comfort, health, and convenience of all citizens, as contributing to the protection of the city and its property from conflagration, and as promoting the prosperity of the whole town, operating equally upon property not improved as well as improved, upon that held for speculative purposes and non-residents as well as by dwellers and tenants, the water tax should be collected upon the basis of the taxable value of all the property and all the industries of the city. We are stating a *principle* and not a *plan* of fixing water rates. It may be in part by a tax upon hydrants, by meters for water furnished for manufacturing purposes, by a general tax upon all assessed values, by a specific tax upon dwellings, faucets, bath-tubs, fountains, and water used for individual comfort. Perhaps insurance companies, foreign and domestic, might be asked to contribute a percentage of their premiums; it is the principle and not the mode of taxation that we are endeavoring to consider. The resolution referred to herein as having passed the Non-Partisan convention, and as subscribed to by the honorable mayor and such of the board of supervisors as received indorsement by that convention, is short and expressive, but embodies a radical change of the plan heretofore governing the honorable board in its mode of "fixing" water rates. It reads as follows: "*Resolved*, That our water supply should be adjusted *according to the value of the premises and the property embraced in them.*" It is to be hoped that this new mode of "fixing" rates upon the basis of property values and not by size of buildings may be tried, and our city relieved from an annual contest that has for these many years disturbed the relations existing between the company and its consumers, and which has been profitable to neither. We can not permit ourselves to believe that the *Examiner* is reopening the contest against the Spring Valley Water Company from other than honorable motives. This journal is too strong in its position, and its circulation, and influence, and is too firmly established to be compelled to resort to any illegitimate means for money-making. Yet we do not comprehend the motives that impel the new assaults in this direction. It somehow recalls the olden time, when the company was fighting for its life against all the political schemes of the town, when, in the lobby of the legislature, it was "stood up" and robbed, when it was black-mailed by a licentious press and assaulted by every knave who wanted blood-money. We presume the *Examiner* knows that a water-meter is a scientific instrument, and that it must measure water exactly and correctly, and that if it did not the proof is easily attainable and easily demonstrable. We presume the *Examiner* knows that the water-meter is not used for the purpose of collecting or determining the water tax; that it is resorted to for the purpose of exposing criminal appropriation, or the waste that results from carelessness, negligence, or accident, and is used as a means of detection for the correction of abuses and for the prevention of waste. Hence, we do not quite understand why this journal should so persistently misrepresent the water-meters and the uses for which they are employed by the servants of the Spring Valley Water Company.

Colonel Charles F. Crocker returns from his Eastern trip to the performance of duties connected with railroad management upon this coast of a more responsible character than were required of him when his father was alive and Governor Stanford in the more active control of railroad affairs than are likely to engage his time in the future. Of the five gentlemen who composed the original railroad builders, all have passed away except Governor Stanford and Mr. C. P. Huntington. The governor, occupied in his duties as Senator of the United States and in preparing the Leland Stanford Jr. University for the great work expected of it and to which he has devoted so large a portion of his fortune, will have but little time for the details of railroad management. Mr. Huntington is immersed in great enterprises upon the eastern side of the continent, is seldom in San Francisco, and it is reasonable to presume that he will not give personal attention to the railroad management of California. Mr. Charles F. Crocker will come to the throne and crown of railroad direction by inheritance. He is already prince imperial and heir-apparent, and in the absence of Governor Stanford and Mr. Huntington, while acting as second vice-president, will be charged with the responsibilities of regent, with Mr. C. N. Towne as premier. Colonel Crocker has had a sufficiently long apprenticeship and a large enough experience in the direction of railroad affairs to qualify him fully for the important and responsible duties that he will be called upon to perform. We sincerely hope that the older members of the directory may be long enough spared as counselors and advisers of this great corporation, with which the interests of this side of the continent are so intimately involved, to spare us from hearing the announcement "the old kings are all dead, long live the new." When the time comes, and till it comes, may the new men do as much to promote the progress and prosperity of this Pacific empire as in our judgment is justly attributable to the original Pacific railroad men who have passed away.

Republicans celebrated their recent victory by a sumptuous banquet given last week at the Palace Hotel. The representative men of the party, some two hundred and fifty in number, honored Governor Stanford and his Congressional associates with a feast perfect in all its details of tasteful ornamentation, delightful music, inspiring oratory, and delicious viands. The Hon. M. M. Estee, M. H. de Young, Esquire, and General Dimond occupied the seats of honor; ex-Governor Perkins presided. Governor Waterman, entering at a late hour, was received with marks of distinguished favor. Among the orators were General Dimond, Governor Perkins, General W. H. L. Barnes, Senator Stanford (responding to the toast of the "President-elect"), Congressman Morrow, Governor Waterman, Judge McM. Shafter, the Hons. L. B. Mizner and W. F. Fitzgerald, and Congressman McKenna. The guests of the evening embraced the leaders of the party, the campaign orators, and others distinguished for the parts they had taken in the hard contest and victorious campaign. The occasion was a very joyous one, at which all except those orthodox to party principles and loyal to the organization were very properly excluded. There was no allusion to the civil service law, and, so far as we have heard, no sentiment favoring war veterans has found expression in our political circles. We shall be surprised if President Harrison does not give more prominence to veteran soldiers who have seen honorable service on the battle-field than has been accorded by any of our more recent administrations, and we shall be further surprised if he does not pay more attention to civil service rules than has been given by his immediate predecessor. General Harrison is, in our judgment, the man to do justice to the soldier and to afford the rules of civil service reform an opportunity of practical demonstration.

THE LELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY.

The earth in its bountiful wealth of abundance and variety of products furnishes enough to minister completely to all the wants of mankind—not only all that nature demands to sustain life, but sufficient to furnish all with the comforts and luxuries of existence. The necessities indispensable to mere animal existence are exceedingly simple and most easily provided. What mankind requires for food, clothing, and the other essentials of life are abundant and attainable with but limited exertion. There would be something defective in the providence of God, something deficient in the laws of nature, and something irregular in the machinery that controls the affairs of mankind, if God and nature had not provided for all the earth's people an abundant supply of everything necessary for their happiness and welfare. As humanity progresses along the pathways of science, art, and intellectual progress, and mankind develops other than mere material wants, and the human soul demands higher enjoyments than are suggested by the animal senses, and comforts and conveniences to the physical requirements, they are provided; the luxuries of life, the cravings for intellectual enjoyments, the demands of the more advanced stages of civilization are as easily supplied as the simpler necessities of the more barbarous ages. The necessities of food, raiment, dwellings, protection from the colds of winter and the heat of summer suns, from storms, ferocious beasts, preventives and remedies to guard against the ravages of disease, calamities, and casualties incident to man in his primitive and natural condition, are not more abundantly supplied by nature nor are they more easily acquired than the things which contribute to the indulgence and gratification of the intellectual and spiritual cravings of a more advanced and luxurious civilization. There is nothing that humanity may demand for its enjoyment, that lies within the limits of possible achievement, that the earth does not supply in abundance. In order to make all these things attainable and to bring every luxury of the senses, every reasonable aspiration of the human soul, and every intellectual enjoyment of the human mind within the reach of every human being, it is only necessary for mind and muscle to coöperate together in friendly relations. That they are all attainable and all within the reach of mankind we are convinced; that every family may live in a luxurious abode, provided with all the comforts of life, clad in goodly raiment, and provided with more than the mere necessities of existence, we have no doubt; and that all these things are attainable without the physical and muscular labor that tires and kills, we are equally convinced. If we consider the advancement made within the life of many of our readers, these prophecies do not seem difficult of fulfillment. Our older men still living in the enjoyment of life, with their faculties unimpaired, looking backward to the day of their birth, can but mark the progress from that time to this. Improvement in the comforts of common life have kept progress exactly with the march of intellectual achievements. As the science of chemistry has advanced, bread has improved, the preparation of food in civilized societies has become an art, while in barbarous lands cannibalism has not yet been abandoned, and the chase is pursued by instruments as primitive as in the days of the world's rudest infancy. The clothing of skins, the ornamentation of feathers, the dwelling in caves and rock recesses only transport us to African, Australian, and North Asian lands to see a realization of what occurred in German forests, Siberian steppes on North American plains and South American llanos only within the memory of modern history. These older citizens live within the period of steam and the thousand developments, discoveries, and improvements of the modern age. We step to the telephone and converse a hundred miles away. At the sumptuous railroad depot we enter vestibule cars to be transported at the rate of sixty miles an hour over rails of steel, enjoying all the luxurious ease and all the comforts of a palatial residence. We communicate from our offices with Bagdad or Moscow or send our messages to the world's remotest bounds by electricity and await their response while we go to dinner. It is a pleasure-trip to visit Mount Hamilton, to observe planets moving in their orbits. In our journey from San Francisco to Lick's munificent gift of a mechanical instrument in aid of scientific exploration of the heavenly bodies, we have traversed millions of miles nearer to the celestial realms, from which we can see the caverns of the moon, the scars of its spent volcanoes, the canals of Mars, the rings of Saturn. Distances are measured by mathematics and spaces calculated from scientific data resulting from observation through mechanical instruments. Our present homes, where labor rests from toil, are provided with greater comforts than were the palaces of kings when our old men were boys. King Philip of Spain had not so comfortable a home in the Escurial, nor was Louis Quatorze in his palace at Versailles provided with so good a table, so skillful a physician, or had brought within his daily or hourly reach so many of the comforts and luxuries of life as are now attainable by working mechanics or the industrious and intelligent cultivators of the soil in their modern homes. Life's ordinary comforts—ferries, cable-cars, the use of coal, water from the faucet, gas lighted with a phosphorus match, houses with windows of glass, doors with knobs and locks, steam for mechanical power, implements to aid labor, electricity, with the thousand devices of mechanical invention—all contribute to aid the working-man and relieve him from the unnecessary expenditure of muscular strength while increasing and improving the results of his unskilled efforts. Every advancement made in science, every mastery of nature's laws, all the researches into the realms of art, and in the operations of nature's laws, all contribute to the enjoyment and comfort of ordinary life. England has become the work-shop of the world because steam has added millions to her working and manufacturing forces. America, with high-priced labor, competes successfully with toilers in the fruitful Valley of the Nile, because of agricultural implements invented by the genius of her people and worked with educated and disciplined brain power. Wherever machinery is carried to greatest perfection, wherever mind reaches its most perfect development, there is demonstrated the fact that labor attains its best results and reaps its highest rewards. Hence, we come

to the conclusion that there is no limit fixed as a boundary for the efforts of the human mind, and there is no place to stop till all humanity is provided with everything desirable for the enjoyment of human life. The earth produces in inexhaustible abundance everything that man desires; supplemented with intelligent labor there is no circumference beyond which the human intellect may not adventure for new discoveries. The socialist who thinks he sees in the successful rich man an enemy who has grasped what he might have acquired, simply underrates the opportunities which he has missed because he had not the intelligence or the courage to undertake them. There is no greater error than for labor to assume that it is the slave of capital and must depend upon it for aid. All the achievements of science, all the productions of art, all the grand structures of the earth's most striking architecture, all the beauties that come glowing from the sculptor's chisel, or that follow the touch of the painter's brush, all the jewels that sparkle in their golden settings, all the embroideries of rarest needle-work, all that beautifies the most luxurious home, or adorns the persons of their proud owners, came from the soil, the mine, the forest, and the quarry. Uncut gems, uncoined gold, unchiseled marble, uncarved woods are worthless until labor, guided by taste and skill, has given them value. Let labor respect itself, for it is the unsceptered monarch of all the earth; it is the only power that may crown itself; it is the supreme authority that, guided by intelligence, may perpetuate itself, and by moderation, by the strength of virtue, and the guidance of wisdom become immortal. Educate the working-man from childhood to his riper age; teach him that labor is honorable and that the man who employs his muscle is equally honorable with him who employs his mind; that the university of learning is a work-shop where teachers are qualified to become teachers of all that is practical, useful, and valuable in the unlimited school of human effort.

It has been a reproach to our higher institutions of learning that they educate away from the field of physical labor, filling the minds of our youth with false ideas of the position of labor, crowding the clerical and professional fields, and unduly cramping agricultural and mechanical activity. The reproach has been deserved, but it points to a defect in the methods of that education rather than in the education itself. It is to this reproach that we owe the establishment of the Leland Stanford Junior University. When Senator Stanford and his wife sought to erect a fitting monument to the memory of their son—a monument which would not merely perpetuate his name, but would be an enduring benefit to humanity—they determined to endow an institution of learning which should not be open to this reproach. This institution was to aim at elevating the laboring masses, not into the professions, not into the already overcrowded ranks of clerical and mercantile life, but into that condition of mental development which should enable them more truly to fill their sphere of usefulness. Humanity was to be raised from beneath, thus lifting the whole mass by supplementing practical knowledge with theoretical education, without losing sight of the practical element. Thus the condition of those to whom the struggle for existence came in the shape of an unceasing battle with adverse forces was to be improved and the means of gaining comfort and luxury placed within the reach of all.

Such was the idea which animated Senator Stanford and his wife in making the generous gift of a domain of over eighty-three thousand acres to the cause of humanity and education. This was the broad foundation upon which was to be built the grandest institution of learning, the widest in its scope, the most complete in its appointments, the most generous and humane in its opportunities that the world has yet known. The conception of such an idea was broad, the difficulties in the development of its details were stupendous.

The location was easily determined upon. The farm at Palo Alto—endeared to them by many tender associations of the son whose name was incorporated into the title of the institution—offering an unusual combination of advantages from its accessibility, its varied topography, and the fertility of its soil, was a natural site for such an institution. For the other questions, the deed of trust passes successfully between the two dangers of excessive detail and too sweeping generality. Much is necessarily left to the board of twenty-four trustees created by the instrument, and the selection of a body which might successfully cope with the task before them, and satisfactorily perform such varying duties was no small undertaking. The success of this part of the work is evident from a glance at the names of the trustees. The legal questions which will arise are numerous and complicated, and the legal profession was to be well represented. Lorenzo Sawyer, James McM. Shafter, Francis E. Spencer, Henry Vrooman, T. B. McFarland, Isaac S. Belcher, Matthew P. Deady, William M. Stewart, and Stephen J. Field form an imposing array of legal talent ready to solve any knotty judicial problem. The business interests are stupendous, and Charles Goodall, Alfred L. Tubbs, Charles F. Crocker, Timothy Hopkins, Henry L. Dodge, Irving M. Scott, Horace Davis, John F. Miller, John G. Brown, and N. W. Spaulding were selected to furnish this element of the board. Technical knowledge of the sciences was required, and William Ashburner, George E. Gray, and Dr. H. W. Harkness were appointed; finally, the agricultural knowledge was to be furnished by Josiah Stanford and John Boggs.

The variety of the pursuits here represented insures a broad view of the purposes of the institution and a successful management of its affairs. The trustees are instructed to erect the necessary buildings, including class-rooms, machine-shops, conservatories, residences for the professors and instructors and for the use of the students, and a memorial chapel. They are to direct the business affairs of the institution, manage the vast estates, and to invest whatever surplus there may be after providing for the annual expenses of equipment and maintenance. The real estate is rendered inalienable; it is to form a perpetual fund, the income of which is to be devoted to current expenses. Vacancies in the board of trustees are to be filled by Senator Stanford and his wife during their life-time and thereafter by the remaining trustees.

The educational activity of the institution is under the control of the trustees and of a president to be appointed by them. They are directed to establish and maintain an educational system which will fit a graduate for some useful pursuit, to fix the salaries of president, professors, and instructors at such rates as will secure to the university the services of men of the very highest attainments, and to employ these professors and teachers. The educational machinery being thus set in motion, its management is handed over to the president, who is given sufficient liberty of action, and is then made responsible for the sufficiency of the manner of instruction and of the courses of studies. To this end he prescribes the duties of the various educational officers, arranges the course of study and the mode and manner of teaching, and may at will remove any professor or instructor. The power of removal thus given to the president is limited by the vesting of the power of appointment in the board of trustees. This places the responsibility for the practical working of the institution, with the necessary power, where it should be—in one person. The courses of instruction which will be provided are as varied as are the branches of technical and theoretical knowledge. For mechanical training and familiarity with mechanical appliances provision is made, by the establishment of training schools, where all the branches of mechanical industry may be followed practically. The theoretical knowledge is to be learned in the class-room, and thus, the two going on side by side, will be produced a body of trained artisans, and improvements in the methods and products of industry will result. Agricultural instruction is to be furnished practically in the experimental farm attached to the university, for which ample provision is made, and where all branches of agriculture are to be carried on, and theoretically in the chemical laboratories and lecture-rooms. Museums of natural specimens will assist the student of natural history; galleries of paintings and sculpture will educate the æsthetic taste and supplement the instruction in art; conservatories and field culture will offer a practical complement to the botanical text-book. Thus the practical in education is provided for, but back of this there is to be provision for that general education which indirectly, but none the less effectually, adds to the efficiency of the laborer and develops the faculties of his mind in a more rounded and complete manner, tending to produce a more perfect whole. Thus indirectly a better class of citizens will be produced, but in this direction also positive work is to be done. It is one of the purposes of the institution to promote the public welfare by exercising an influence in behalf of humanity and civilization by teaching the blessings of liberty regulated by law, and inculcating love and reverence for the great principles of government. Sectarian teaching is prohibited, as is necessary in any institution which is to attain a wide sphere of usefulness, but the great principles of morality and the more general ideas of religion are to be enforced.

This would seem to offer a very complete scheme of education. It contemplates the inculcation of the earliest seeds of knowledge into the mind of the child and the gradual development of that knowledge until the student goes forth fully equipped for the industrial strifes of the world. It offers the theoretical teaching of the kindergarten, the primary school, and the grammar school, wedded to the practical instruction of the mechanical training-school. The advantage of thus presenting a complete scheme of education, extending from the first steps of intellectual development to the end of what constitutes the school-life of the average citizen, is conspicuous. It insures a systematic development and does away with the loss of time and energy resulting from the changes in the methods of instruction to which the scholar is exposed in going from one institution to another.

But the scheme would not be complete without covering the course of study now pursued in colleges and universities as generally understood in this country. This instruction which develops the reasoning powers, as the other has developed the practical powers, and gives a mass of technical information of a higher grade, is the necessary preparation for the more responsible positions in manufacturing industries and in the professions such as mechanical and mining engineering, railroad construction, and land surveying. But such instruction is within the intention of the founders; and finally, the scheme is to be completed and rounded out by lectures on the science of government, law, and medicine, and post-graduate instruction in other arts and sciences of as advanced a grade as that offered in any institution in the country. Thus we have a completed course of instruction unrivaled in its extent, unlimited in its comprehension.

No less broad than the scheme of instruction is the class to which these advantages are offered. There is no limitation as to sex, and, though a fee for instruction is to be charged, it is expressly directed that it shall be limited in amount, and provision is to be made for those who can not afford even this. The trustees are empowered to establish scholarships, and the funds at their disposal will enable these to be numerous and liberal. Those whose good conduct and attention to the work have earned them the right, will receive these, and thus the activity of the institution will be widely extended. Another class to whom this assistance will be granted are the children of those who have died in the service of their country or in the cause of humanity, leaving their children without sufficient means to pursue any adequate course of instruction. Thus the debt of humanity is assumed and met by the generosity of the donors. The lectures of the professors and instructors of the university, and the unrivaled opportunities for original research, are to be open to students of public and private schools and to any others who may evince a desire to profit by them, and the advantages of the agricultural farms, the chemical laboratories, museums, art galleries, mechanical institutes, conservatories, and other branches of the institution are to be granted to the public under restrictions which, in practice, will not exclude any deserving person from their privileges, and will extend the usefulness of the university over the widest possible area. A further provision, looking to the extension of the privileges, is that which permits the trustees, in the name of the institution, to assume the guardianship of minors who may desire to participate in the advantages offered with so lavish a hand.

The deed of trust which laid the corner-stone of this institution was executed on the eleventh day of November, 1885, and three days later a meeting of the trustees was held and the trust was formally accepted by them. Senator Stanford addressed them, setting forth his views as to the construction and modes of activity of the institution at considerable length. The necessity of making the university a growth which time should bring to its perfection, instead of attempting to develop it in all its details, was clearly recognized. The method of development suggested was that the commencement should be with a college offering instruction for both sexes, after which primary schools could be added as they were found to be needed, and out of these beginnings was to grow the great central institution for more advanced instruction. The moral tone of the institution was particularly dwelt upon. The trustees were requested to see that no drinking saloons were opened on the premises at any time, and, while the deed of trust particularly prohibits sectarianism, this prohibition is to be in no way construed to imply that religious instruction is to be excluded. On the contrary, provision is made for the erection of a church in which the professors of the various religious denominations are to be invited, from time to time, to deliver discourses, guarded only by the restriction that they shall not be sectarian in character. In elaboration of the idea of the objects of the university, Senator Stanford said in his address to the trustees: "The object is not alone to give the student a technical education, fitting him for a successful business life, but it is also to instill into his mind an appreciation of the blessings of this government, a reverence for its institutions, and a love for God and humanity, to the end that he may go forth, and, by precept and example, spread the great truths by the light of which his fellow-men will be elevated and taught how to attain happiness in this world and in the life eternal." The need of such education, which shall give to all in our midst a truer appreciation of the interaction of social forces and the influence of each in the development of all, is one which is most distinctly felt to-day. A failure to look broadly at economic and political questions, to see in the endless oscillations the constant tendency of events, has been the cause of much disaster and hardship. The conflict between labor and capital is being fought out in the hard school of experience only to arrive at the final recognition of the fact that their interests are identical. Communism and agrarianism, hostility to corporate enterprise, and the endless struggle of unsuccess against success are the result of confusion in looking at unfamiliar things. To familiarize the people with these questions and to enable them to grasp with firmness and certainty the great underlying principles is a work for which the community may well be grateful. In this same direction is the insistence upon thorough instruction in the principles of coöperation. It is to this principle that many look for the solution of many of our social problems, and certainly its thorough consideration and discussion can result only in good. It is in a more general resort to discussion and reason rather than to force that one of the greatest benefits of this branch of the work of the university will be seen.

Three years have elapsed since the completion of the deed of trust. During this time the trustees have been called upon to act but little. The interest which Senator Stanford and his wife took in the work led them to reserve to themselves large powers in the carrying out of its provisions during their life-time. The real estate of the deed of trust is granted absolutely to the trustees, but during the lives of Senator Stanford and his wife they retain control over the property and over the income derived from it, in order that they may direct the development of their pet idea more directly in consonance with their wishes than any other person or body of persons could do. The duties of the trustees for the present are therefore confined more to advice and consultation than to active participation in the work.

The work that has been accomplished so far is confined to the construction of buildings, for while Senator Stanford recognized and insisted upon the necessity for making the educational work the first consideration and the building of secondary importance, the need of some buildings in which to begin the work was recognized. The plan which has been settled upon contemplates a group of edifices in the Moorish style of architecture, arranged around a quadrangle five hundred and eighty-six feet in length and two hundred and forty-six feet in breadth, the longer sides facing the north and south. The main feature of the northern face, which is thus made the main front of the group, is an imposing memorial arch, rising in the centre to a height of eighty-five feet. Flanking this on either side are the art galleries and the library building. Connecting these and continuing beyond them are the class-rooms, which will be one story in height, and a roofing of red tiles will present a picturesque contrast with the delicate yellow sand-stone of which the buildings are to be constructed. The main feature of the southern face of the quadrangle will be the memorial chapel facing the arch, a handsome building also in the Moorish style of architecture. The eastern and western faces are to be devoted to the class-rooms and other working portions of the institution. Running around the quadrangle, and connecting the several buildings on the inner side, will be a continuous colonnade of Roman arches, while the quadrangle itself will be filled with a rare assortment of native and tropical plants, for the perfection of which the climate of this valley is so favorable. Following out the idea of constructing the necessary portions of the buildings first, the work has been confined to the class-rooms of the northern face and the eastern and western sides. These have now reached a point which makes it reasonable to hope that the actual work of the institution will be commenced next spring. The remaining buildings are to be erected on favorable sites dotting the broad acres of the Palo Alto farm.

We take pleasure in acknowledging the Thanksgiving gift for the Flower Mission of fifty dollars from "M. R.—M. F.," an unknown donor, who has made the *Argonaut* now for several years the medium of his or her bounty to this the most deserving and most interesting of all our local charities.

A MURDEROUS MESMERIST.

By Julian Hawthorne.

Few people are aware of the existence of a small hostelry near Slyne Head, on the west coast of Ireland. The coal-black rocks and precipitous promontories of that desolate region render the scenery imposing, and the storms, which are frequent, form a spectacle that is nothing less than magnificent. The whole force of the Atlantic breaks against those awful cliffs, and the half-wild inhabitants of the region will tell you that in winter the spray is sometimes dashed three hundred feet in air. Fishing is almost the sole occupation of the natives. The nearest railway station is at Westport, thirty miles away, whence the explorer must travel either on foot or upon the dilapidated "jaunting-car" that serves as a stage, and is driven by Pat Maguire, who is also the proprietor of the inn. But explorers are as few as snowflakes in June, and for several years previous to the date of this story, Dr. Griffith Gramery had been the only visitor.

The doctor was not a comely man. He had a big, square head, covered with grizzled red hair, which stood upright; thick eyebrows hanging far down over a pair of small but extraordinarily piercing eyes; a large nose and mouth, and a broad, short chin. His head was set low down upon broad shoulders; his arms were long, but his body rather small and short. The peasants held him in superstitious awe and respect, believing him to be in league with Satan, probably because he had once or twice exercised upon them a remarkable magnetizing power that he possessed. But as all his dealings with them had been beneficent, they mingled their awe with affection. A man may be hand-in-glove with the evil one and yet a very good fellow at bottom.

This season Dr. Gramery arrived, as usual, about the first of October; but he explained to Pat Maguire that a young lady and gentleman, friends of his, would come on the seventh of the month, and would expect Pat to be at Westport railway station to drive them over. The doctor, it seems, had met Mr. and Mrs. Roger Mowbray in London during the previous season, and had sung the praises of Slyne Head so eloquently that the young couple—they were in their honeymoon—had promised to come over and spend a week there. They proved as good as their word, and on the evening of the appointed day they drove up on the jaunting-car, and were cordially welcomed at the inn door by the doctor.

The moon was close to the full, and the air soft and mild. After supper the three friends strolled out on the cliffs, and Roger Mowbray and his wife both confessed that they had never seen so grand a sight. The rocks are full of caves, some midway in the face of inaccessible precipices, some so low down as to be covered at high-water. The coast is everywhere jagged and irregular. Slyne Head itself is a beetling pinnacle of rock, overhanging its base, which is four hundred feet below its summit. The party made their way thither and sat down to contemplate the prospect. The ocean, rising in its vast sweep to the horizon, was luminous beneath the moon, and where the surf broke on the ragged teeth of the rocks far below it looked like great drifts of snow against the blackness.

"How glorious and terrible it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Mowbray; "after this I can understand and almost believe in all the legends of ghosts and hobgoblins that Ireland is famous for."

"None but spirits of light and loveliness should become visible to you, fair lady," said the doctor, who had a courtly, chivalrous way with women, which, partly on account of the odd contrast with his ugliness and eccentricity, made him a favorite with the sex; "but the people hereabouts are certainly very superstitious; and, to confess the truth, I have occasionally amused myself by playing off a few juggleries upon them. They take me for a magician, and it keeps them from bothering me when I want to be undisturbed. I have only to make a few cabalistic passes and they run as if the devil were after them."

"I recollect your alluding, in London, to your powers in that direction," observed Roger; "you promised to give us an illustration some time. What more fitting time could there be than this?"

"Oh, I wish you would, Dr. Gramery!" exclaimed Mrs. Mowbray; "I never saw anything of that sort."

"And I fancy your husband doubts whether anybody ever saw anything of the sort," returned the doctor, laughing, and fixing his brilliant eyes on the young man's face; "he is a skeptic."

"Say an agnostic," rejoined Roger, with a smile; "I will believe what I see."

"If that be your only stipulation, I could easily astonish you," the doctor answered; "the eyesight, and all the senses, are readily deceived. Moreover, unless I am much mistaken, yours is a temperament that lends itself to such impressions. I should expect to be more successful in deceiving you than your wife; though she looks half a spirit already, while you have the thews and sinews of an athlete."

"Well, all I can say is, I am prepared for the test," replied Roger, still smiling, though with somewhat of an effort. The doctor's eyes had a singular sparkle. It was difficult to look away from them.

For a full minute the doctor remained silent and immovable, gazing in a preoccupied manner at Roger Mowbray, who gazed back at him. Mrs. Mowbray, meanwhile, had become interested in watching the flight of a great sea-bird, which, after poising itself in air on a level with their position, suddenly swooped downward and alighted on a rock, surrounded by waves, near the foot of the cliff.

"Look at me!" abruptly cried the doctor, in a sharp imperious tone, springing to his feet; "I am going to jump down the precipice and stand beside that sea-fowl. Look! Roger Mowbray, I'm off!"

Roger started up with a gasp of horror and amazement. "Good God! the man is killed!" he cried out in a wild tone. He stood gazing fearfully and breathlessly over the cliff, peering downward as if following the descent of a heavy body through the air. But after a moment he raised himself, trembling and aghast, the sweat standing on his forehead. "It's a miracle!" he said, huskily; "such a thing was never known! He fell four hundred feet, and now there he stands at the bottom, nodding and waving his hand! Merciful heaven! what a thing to see!"

"Why, Roger!" exclaimed his wife, half laughing and half alarmed, "how absurdly you act! Any one would think you were crazy! What are you talking about the doctor being down the cliff when he has not moved a foot away from you?"

Her husband paid not the slightest attention to her. He continued to stare down at the rock on which the sea-bird was seated, emitting ever and anon inarticulate ejaculations.

"He does not hear you, Mrs. Mowbray," remarked the doctor, speaking aside to her; "he is in what may be termed an abnormally imaginative state, in which one mistakes fancies for facts. He really believes that I jumped off the cliff and alighted on that rock; and nothing that you could say to him would change his conviction. Curious, is it not?"

"But what is the cause of it? He was never like this before!" cried she, becoming more and more alarmed; "can nothing be done? Roger!" She laid her hand on her husband's arm, but he moved away from her. "He doesn't know me!" she exclaimed, in horror; "oh, what shall I do?"

"My dear Mrs. Mowbray," interposed the doctor, smiling comfortably in the moonlight, "give yourself no uneasiness; it is the simplest thing in the world. Your husband is partially asleep—that is all. A certain portion of his brain—that which discriminates between truth and imagination—has temporarily ceased to operate; it has been inhibited, to use the scientific term; or, if you want another phrase, your husband is in a hypnotic trance. Of course you have heard of hypnotism, and you are aware how commonly it is now practiced, and how amusing some of its manifestations are. It also has the advantage of being entirely harmless. The trance can be broken as easily as it can be induced."

"Oh, but I don't like Roger to be hypnotized!" she protested, still agitated; "I want him to know me and hear me! Please make him come back to me, Dr. Gramery."

"Your word is law, my dear lady," said the good doctor, with perfect amiability. He turned to the young man, and drawing him a little to one side, appeared to whisper something in his ear. Then he clapped his hands sharply together and called out, "Hello, Mowbray! Here we are!"

Mowbray glanced up, yawned, passed his hand over his forehead, and then, looking at the doctor with evident perplexity, said, "Aren't you wet? How did you get up here again?"

* * * * * * *

"You see," said the doctor, the next morning, after they had talked and laughed a good deal over the event of the night before, "hypnotism is the real explanation of all the marvels of magic and enchantment that we hear and read about. The magician's first act is to hypnotize the spectator or spectators; that done, they will see—imagine they see—any miracle he may choose to suggest to them."

"Do you mean to say," demanded Roger, "that he can put more than one person at a time into the trance?"

"A hundred as easily as one, and perhaps a thousand more easily than a hundred. Why not? Consider the phenomena of panic—the unreasoning fear that seizes upon a multitude, though each separate man of the crowd, if alone, would have retained his presence of mind; or look at the wild enthusiasm or rage to which an eloquent orator can arouse a vast audience, though any one member of it would listen to him coldly. So I doubt not it would be easier to hypnotize a large assemblage than a single individual, and the Eastern jugglers seem to do it. You have heard of the famous Indian basket trick, as it is called? There an audience of any number of persons severally and collectively witness a transaction that their reason assures them is preposterously impossible, at the same time that their eyesight convinces them it takes place. What is the explanation? Simply, that they are all hypnotized before the trick is performed, and then, of course, the trick is reduced to merely inducing them to believe that something is done which is really not done at all."

"After my experience of last night, I don't feel like disputing anything you say, doctor," observed Roger Mowbray; "but I should like to know how a man can hypnotize a crowd of people, and also how they can recover from the trance without recognizing that they have been in it."

"If the conditions be favorable, nothing is more easily performed than hypnotism," the doctor replied; "simply to fix the attention for a few moments is often sufficient, and any juggler can do that. I hypnotized you last night only by inducing you to look intently at me for sixty seconds. Then, as to your second point, the trance may be of various degrees, from light to profound. The light trance is sufficient for complete self-deception, and the transition from that to waking is so easy as not to be perceived."

"I certainly believed I saw you jump over the cliff," said Roger, "and after I came to I still could hardly persuade myself that you had not done it. Rachel, here, says she spoke to me; but I didn't hear her. But is it not rather alarming that such a power as you possess should exist?"

"Indeed, if I didn't know the doctor was a good man, I shouldn't feel safe for a moment," Rachel said.

"Luckily, I am harmless," remarked he, with a peculiar smile; "but there's truth in your suggestion, Mr. Mowbray. Hypnotism might give terrible powers. If I had told you, last night, to jump over the cliff, you would have done it, or if, while you were still in the trance, I had commanded you to do, or to see, or not to see, a certain thing at a certain future time—say, at five o'clock this afternoon—you would have obeyed punctually at the appointed hour, without any further action on my part."

"Dear me!" said Rachel, with a nervous laugh, "I remembered you whispered something to Roger last night before you woke him up. What did you tell him to do?"

"You said a person could be ordered 'not to see' anything," broke in Roger; "do you mean that a concrete object could be rendered actually invisible to one in the hypnotic trance?"

"Certainly!" replied the doctor; "anything that is told to the patient he is bound to believe. If I were to tell you that the big tree yonder had been dug up and carried away, it would immediately become invisible to you; and neither your sense of touch nor any other means could persuade you that there was anything there. But I see this conversation is distressing Mrs. Mowbray; let us change it. Do you know, Mr. Mowbray, that you bear a strong resemblance to your late father?"

"I have been sometimes told so. But I was not aware that you knew him."

"Yes, I knew him well, many years ago, when we were both about your age. Afterward, circumstances separated us. When I met you the other day in London the likeness startled me; it was as if a buried generation had come to life again. Your father's wife was a Miss Clayton, I think?"

"Yes, that was my mother's name."

"Ah! I was not thinking of her as your mother. I do not trace her features in you. However, that is neither here nor there. Thinking over those old days has recalled another person to my mind—one John Felbrigge. I fancy you have never heard of him."

"I think I remember the name," said Roger, "but I never saw him. Unless I'm mistaken, my father and he were not good friends."

"They were friends until, for some reason, they had a bitter quarrel, and parted. It was the general opinion that Felbrigge was in fault. He was certainly a cross-grained fellow, whereas your father was always very suave and engaging. The quarrel occurred before your father's marriage, and the occasion of it, I think, was some affair of the heart. Naturally, Felbrigge would get worsted there!"

"What became of this Mr. Felbrigge?" inquired Rachel.

"He was a student, and after the quarrel he devoted himself to abstruse researches, and lived on the continent and afterward in India. He ought to have died long since, I suppose."

"The woman in the case was not my mother, was it?" asked Roger.

"She was not the lady your father married, I think," the doctor replied; "it was probably some earlier affair; he was a dangerous man," he added, laughing. "Now that I recollect, the other woman's name was Mercy—yes, Mercy Holland. You never knew of her?"

Mowbray shook his head. "No, of course not!" said the doctor; "and what interest have these old stories for you young people? Come, I have something to propose! What do you say to our taking our luncheon with us and spending the day down on the rocks? There are some curious caves I want you to see; and there is a romantic legend about one of them. Shall we go?"

The others willingly consented, and they made their preparations and set out. Instead of climbing to the top of Slyne Head, as on the previous evening, they descended to the shore, above which the stupendous crags hung as if about to topple over. In a crevice of the rocks, just above high-water mark, the doctor picked up a fragment of chain with a handcuff attached to it. It was but slightly rusted, and evidently could have been left there but a short time before. Mowbray and his wife were much interested in the discovery, and speculated as to how it could have got there.

"Is there a jail anywhere in this neighborhood?" Roger inquired.

"None nearer than Galway that I know of," replied the doctor; "but I believe there have been some evictions going on in this neighborhood, and this handcuff may have been put on a prisoner who escaped. He must have had assistance in freeing himself from his fetters, however. This handcuff, as you see, shuts by a spring and can be opened only by taking two hands to it. The person to whom it was attached could not unfasten it unaided. It is certainly odd that the fugitive should have shaped his course in this direction. In these thinly settled regions concealment is more difficult than in cities."

"What a strange feeling it must be to be fastened to a chain, and know that you can't get away," observed Rachel, examining the steel manacle with curiosity.

"People get used to even that," rejoined the doctor; "and, after all, we are all fettered in some way, though the links may be invisible." He put the relic in his pocket and they continued their journey along the beach. The way was rough and tortuous, the bowlders lying irregularly, and the pebbles of which the beach was composed offering a slippery and wearisome foothold. They were nearly an hour in going no more than a mile; but they were rewarded at the end of their journey by coming to a large cave, hollowed out in the seaward extremity of a promontory that formed one of the natural divisions of the beach. Its mouth was only about seven or eight feet in diameter; but inside it expanded into a chamber of fair size and height, draped with seaweed and pervaded by the clean, salt smell of the sea. The day had been somewhat close and oppressive, and the coolness of the cave was grateful after their arduous walk. The interior was lighted up by the rays of the declining sun, for it was already afternoon.

Using a large flat stone as a table, they unpacked their basket and lunched at their leisure. The doctor was in capital spirits and made himself highly agreeable. He related many stories of his own past life and adventures; he had traveled in all parts of the world, and had lived several years in Northern India, where he had seen strange sights. Finally, the conversation got round to the spot where they then were and the traditions connected with it.

"And, by the by, one of the best yarns is about this very cave," he remarked; "many years ago a powerful noble lived near Slyne Head, and he married a young and beautiful woman. For a time all appeared to go well; but, finally, the husband became suspicious of the attentions to his wife of a neighbor of his, who was visiting him. He watched and his suspicions were confirmed. He concealed his emotions, whatever they were, and on some

pretext invited his wife and the friend to this cave. He had had an iron ring fastened to the rock at the back part of the cave, with a chain attached to it. Pretending to be in sport, he induced them to let him fasten this chain around them, and then, telling them to be happy to their hearts' content, and replying to their shrieks and entreaties only by peals of laughter, he bade them farewell and left them. The tide was rising and a storm was coming on. A couple of hours later the cave was submerged and the lovers were, of course, drowned. What do you think of that legend, Mrs. Mowbray? Would you like to know what the young people said to each other, when they were left alone, and the first wave threw its spray over them?"

"It is fearful to think of," said Rachel, with a shudder; "was it really this very cave?"

"Undoubtedly; and if you want any further proof, the ring to which they were chained still hangs to the rock behind you. See—the sunlight has just reached it!"

Rachel turned with a start, and then all three approached the ring and examined it. It was hanging to a bolt driven into the face of the solid rock, at the furthest extremity of the cave. It was about seven inches in diameter and appeared to be at least an inch in thickness, though it was so bearded with green seaweed and roughened with rust and limpets that an exact estimate was difficult. At all events it looked strong enough to hold an ox, much more a pair of terrified lovers. Beneath the ring was a shallow ledge, forming a rude seat, and Rachel, who was fascinated by the picturesque horror of the thing, sat down upon it. The setting sun shone on her charming face and gave it the semblance of a rosy blush. Her husband thought she had never looked more lovely.

The doctor took the handcuff from his pocket and passed the chain through the ring, fastening it by springing one of the links over another. "That will enable us to realize the situation better," he remarked, turning to Roger with a smile and putting the handcuff in his hand; "imagine Mrs. Mowbray to be the lady in question and you the wicked earl."

"Shall I manacle you, Rachel?" asked her husband, playfully.

She held out her wrist at once. "Do!" she said; "I am not afraid."

"Don't be too sure of your nerves," put in the doctor; "it might give you a turn."

"Oh, my husband will not desert me," she replied; "put it on, Roger."

He slipped it on and fastened it. "There—now you are my prisoner," said he.

"And now all you have to do is to imagine that you are to stay there until this time to-morrow," the doctor added, "when some fisherman, perhaps, will discover your drowned and bruised body. You are looking for the last time on yonder setting sun. Do you hear the plunging of the surf? In another hour it will be at the mouth of the cave; an hour more and it will have filled it to the roof. You will be alone and death will come slowly and frightfully. You will struggle, and strain, and tug at your fetters; the steel will cut into your flesh, but you can not break it. The cold water will creep slowly to your knees, your waist, your throat! You will scream—ah! what screams! but the rocks will echo them back and they will die away upon the sea. You will think of the sweetness of life, of your warm and familiar home, of the love of your friends, and of your husband—and then the wave will lap over your face, and gurgle into your mouth, and strangle your breath; you will be nothing but a lump of lifeless flesh, and this pleasant, luxurious world will know you no more!"

Doctor Gramery must have had a good deal of the actor's talent; he had begun his speech lightly enough, but as he went on his voice became hoarse and incisive; he made strange gestures, and there was something terrible and ominous in his aspect. Rachel sat gazing at him with parted lips and widening eyes. As he finished she rose to her feet, and stretching out her hand to her husband, faltered: "Let me go!"

By a sudden forcible movement the doctor interposed himself between them.

"Five o'clock!" he exclaimed, in a stern, commanding tone.

Roger stood motionless for a few moments, while a dazed expression came over his face. The doctor now moved to one side; the husband and wife were within a couple of paces of each other, and Roger's eyes rested upon her. But there was a queer, vague look in them, and presently he said, in a sluggish tone, "Where is Rachel?"

"Here I am—here!" she exclaimed; "here in front of you! What ails you, Roger? Take off this manacle—it hurts me! Don't you hear me?"

"It is very odd," said Roger, turning to the doctor; "what has become of Rachel? She was here just now, and I didn't see her go out. How was it?"

"Mrs. Mowbray?" responded the doctor, coolly; "why, my dear fellow, she just went out of the cave. Is it possible you didn't notice her? See!" he added, pointing outward, "there she stands on that rock at the entrance, beckoning to us! Come on, it's getting damp, and we shall be catching our death of cold. We have a long walk before us."

The two men moved together toward the mouth of the cave, Roger walking like a man in a dream. Suddenly a piercing shriek filled the cave. "Roger! my husband! my love! Hear me! Come to me!" Then came another shriek.

Mowbray and the doctor were now at the mouth of the cave, and the latter pointed along the beach to the right. "There she goes!" he said; "let us hurry and catch up with her. She will stumble among these slippery stones and hurt herself."

"Oh, God!" said a husky voice, strained and unnatural. The chain rattled and strained; there was a groan. Mowbray had moved out of sight. The doctor turned and looked into the cave with a hideous expression; then he, too, vanished.

* * * * * * *

A storm had been gathering during the afternoon and soon after five o'clock it burst over Slyne Head, with frequent crashes of thunder and zigzags of lightning. The rain hissed down in torrents. Six o'clock had passed when Roger Mowbray, his clothes soaked through and a scared, drawn look on his face, walked hastily into the inn and called for Pat Maguire. After the summons had been repeated once or twice, with increasing emphasis, Mrs. Maguire appeared from the kitchen, wiping her hands on her apron. "What would ye be pleased to want, sorr?" said she; "sure, Misther Maguire stepped out an hour ago; he was after fearin' ye'd be caught in the rain, and 'twas warnin' ye to come home he'd be. Didn't ye meet him at all, at all?"

"No. Has Mrs. Mowbray—my wife—has she returned?"

"Yer wife, is it? Indade, then, she has not, sorr! Ye're the first in this night."

"Doctor Gramery—has not he got back? We parted on the beach—he took another path up the cliff. Have you seen nothing of either of them?"

"Not I, Misther Mowbray—hide nor hair av 'em. But there was a bit av a letter the doctor left this mornin', an' he was tellin' Misther Maguire to give it ye at six o'clock—not sooner. May be that'll explain things—more betoken 'tis six o'clock now, an' afther. Wait till I fetch it!"

She disappeared into the kitchen and returned in a moment with a letter in her hands. Roger opened it, and this is what he read:

ROGER MOWBRAY: When you read this I shall have accomplished the purpose for which I brought you down here and for which I have waited many years. You know me as Griffith Gramery, but my true name is John Felbrigge. Thirty years ago your father took away the woman I loved, Mercy Holland, and ruined her. She bore him a child; by his cruelty and neglect she died in childbed. At that time he had already married; but his wife being an invalid, and incapable of raising up children for him, he caused you to be put forward as her son, thereby keeping the estates in the family. But you have no more right to your name than any other base-born waif of the gutter.

I waited a long while for the proper time and means for retaliation; but when I heard that you were married, I saw my way. Last night I proved my power over you; to-day, in the cave, I shall put it into practice. At the moment you read this, your wife, chained to the rock by the manacle I have provided for the purpose, will be drawing her last breath in loneliness and agony—an agony as great, I trust, as that which your father caused Mercy Holland to endure. And you, realizing that you abandoned her there, misled by the bewilderment I put upon your senses, will understand something of the despair I felt when I knew that the woman I would have made my wife had died in shame and misery. May you live to endure that despair as long as I have done! As for me, you will never see me again. I have my place of retreat provided, where I shall spend many years in ease and comfort, happy in the assurance that all I desired has been brought to pass. Blessed be Hypnotism! Yours to command, JOHN FELBRIGGE.

Roger Mowbray slowly laid the letter down on the table and looked up with a ghastly countenance. At that moment there was a hurried step on the threshold, a sound of voices, and the door was thrown open. In swept the storm, with wind and rain; a clap of thunder shook the house, and there stood Pat Maguire, red in the face and breathless. Leaning on his arm, weak and tottering, her clothing drenched and torn, her wet hair hanging about her shoulders, her wrist bruised and bloody—there was Rachel Mowbray, rescued at utmost need, with the sea leaping at her very throat, by the worthy Irishman whom chance had brought within hearing of her final outcry. There she was, no phantom of a bewildered brain, but true flesh and blood, alive and safe—and in her husband's arms!

* * * * * * *

Next morning, when the storm had cleared away, the dead body of Doctor Gramery, *alias* John Felbrigge, was found lying at the foot of Slyne Head, crushed and disfigured. How he came to his death, whether by accident or design, was never known. He may have lost his way and missed his footing in the storm; or the horror of the deed he had done may have proved too much even for his iron nerves, and he sought oblivion in suicide. He was buried where he fell and the great cliff is his gravestone; but the peasants avoid the spot, and in the roaring of the waves they sometimes fancy that they catch the fearful outcry of a lost soul.—*Cosmopolitan.*

That able organ of public opinion, the Columbia *Spectator*, has attacked one of the great and growing evils of the time in a manner that leads us to hope that a noble reform may be accomplished. It wails in mighty and righteous indignation: "It is a mortifying conclusion to arrive at, but nevertheless a true one, that in these days the 'Fresh' is, to all intents and purposes, as important as any man in college. Witness his complacent smile, his self-satisfied strut, and, above all, his utter lack of reverence for *his superiors*—the upper classmen. We do not mean reverence in the sense of obsequiousness, but it is undeniable that a man who has spent two or three years in college is entitled to a certain amount of respect from these absolute greenhorns. This is college tradition everywhere, and that freshmen are to be allowed to break through this tradition is intolerable. This verdancy reached a climax on the day of the fall regatta, when a couple of these freaks made their appearance at the boat-house in *mortar-boards*. How any self-respecting sophomore could have seen these hats and not immediately thrown them into the river, we are at a loss to understand. This class of 1892 needs to have a moral lesson read to it, and we would much rejoice to see them, jointly and severally, soundly thrashed." Now that the *Spectator* has sounded the note of warning, we trust that the press and the pulpit will not fail to take it up.—*Life.*

A popular actress denies the story that she talks her part into a phonograph and then grinds it out in her ear in order that she may "hear herself as others hear her." But this is really the only way in which she or any one can accomplish this end, for this wonderful instrument reveals to us the fact that we "don't know the sound of our own voices." Other tones are reproduced exactly, but a person's own voice is repeated as others hear it, not as he hears it. The explanation is that, while other sound-waves come to our ears from the outside, a part of the vibration of our own voices reaches the drum through the membranes inside the mouth, and is therefore not the same quality of tone that strikes the ear of another. One of the oddest things about this weird little tone-recorder is the surprise it gives one in the strangeness of his own voice, in contrast with the familiarity of all other repeated sounds.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

In a posthumous paper by Professor Richard A. Proctor, he relates that he attended a middle-class school examination at one time in England, and that the teacher asked a little girl to tell the difference between a man and a brute. "The brute," replied the little girl, "is an imperfect beast; man is a perfect beast."

The brothers Montgolfier made their famous ascent while Franklin was in Paris, and he took an intense interest in the experiments. It was he that replied to the question "of what use are these balloons?" in true Yankee fashion, by asking the counter-question, "Of what use is the baby just born?" a *bon-mot* which tickled the Parisian fancy greatly.

If a servant has not an inventive mind, it is surely worth something to find her obliging and ready to follow suggestions. "The butcher is here, ma'am," announced Mary; "what shall I order?" "Dear me, I haven't thought; what can we have for dinner, Mary?" "I don't know, ma'am," was the thoughtful reply. "Oh, can't you make a suggestion?" "I can try," said Mary, cheerfully; "what do you make it of?"

Here is an anecdote about "Camp-Meeting John Allen." It is said that during the late war a day was set apart for him to baptize some soldiers in a certain regiment. One of the officers, entertaining some doubts as to the genuineness of their conversion, said to him, "Mr. Allen, aren't you afraid these men will not hold out?" Hold out?" said the old man; "they don't need to hold out long—they'll all probably be shot in three weeks' time."

The Rev. James Raine, an archæologist, who has just been appointed to a stall at York Minster, was engaged one day in researches in the Minster library, when two young officers of the garrison, on a sight-seeing expedition, lounged in. Mistaking him for a verger, they accosted him thus: "I say, old fellow, what have you got to show us?" They felt sorry, however, a moment later, when the supposed verger replied: "Sir, to gentlemen we show the library; to others the door."

Burnand, the editor of *Punch*, recently wrote Gilbert, asking him to become a contributor to the letter-press of that paper. This was Gilbert's rather odd reply: "MY DEAR BURNAND: I think not. *Punch* has always, without an exception, slated my plays. Not that I think for a moment that anybody ever reads the letter-press of *Punch*, yet if I were to accept your invitation and write for it, they possibly might, and as I am going to have one or two pieces produced shortly, see how bad that might be for me. Yours, etc., W. S. G."

At the battle of Bull Run, in the heat of the action, an officer, who has since become prominent and well known throughout the country, was in command of a brigade on the right of the line. While riding over the field he discovered a soldier concealed in a hole in the ground, which was of just sufficient dimensions to afford him shelter. The general rode up to him, inquired as to his regiment, and ordered him to join it at once. The man looked him full in the face, placed a thumb upon his nose, and replied: "Oh, no you don't, old fellow! You want this hole yourself."

Mr. Labouchère once made good use of the Irish Members' hatred of Captain O'Shea. Mr. Brice had appealed despairingly to Mr. Labouchère to secure the attendance of members hostile to some bill which was to cut up common land on Hayling Island. "Nothing can be easier," said Mr. Labouchère, and he at once sought out Mr. Biggar. "By-the-bye," said he, with his usual air of engaging confidence, "do you know that Captain O'Shea is personally interested in securing the passage of the Hayling Island Bill?" "Indeed?" said Mr. Biggar. "Yes," said Mr. Labouchère, "and perhaps the boys——" "Say no more," said Mr. Biggar, "the bhoys will be there." He was not mistaken. The "bhoys" came down in force, and it was not until after the bill was thrown out they discovered that the captain had no more to do with it than the man in the moon.

Blundering men, instead of admitting their responsibility, try to excuse themselves by throwing the blame upon others. A Singhalese story illustrates this tendency of human nature, and also the French proverb, "He accuses who excuses himself." One night thieves broke into a rich man's house and carried off all his valuables. On being arrested, they excused their crime by saying that they were blameless, as the walls of the house were so badly built as to tempt them to break through. The mason was therefore to blame for the robbery. The mason was brought before the magistrate. "The fault is not mine," said he, "but that of the coolie who made the mortar badly." The coolie laid the blame upon the potter who had sold him a cracked vessel in which he could not carry sufficient water to mix the mortar properly. The potter explained that the blame should not be laid upon him but upon a pretty woman, who, passing while he was making the vessel, so riveted his attention that he forgot about his work. The woman protested that the goldsmith was at fault. He had failed to send home her ear-rings and she passed the potter's shop on her way to get them. The goldsmith, not being able to offer an excuse for his neglect, was sentenced to be hanged. His friends begged the judge to spare him, as he was sick and ill-favored and would not make a pretty spectacle. "But somebody must be hanged," said the judge. His attention was thereupon called to a fat Moor in a shop opposite, and the judge ordered him to be hanged in the goldsmith's stead.

During the Sepoy rebellion of 1857–58, many of the mutineers were blown away from the guns. It was a terrible punishment, one which had been inflicted a century before at the first mutiny of the Bengal Army in 1764. We condense a description of that execution from Kaye's "History of the Sepoy War." A battalion of Sepoys had seized and imprisoned its English officers, and vowed that it would serve no more. A strong hand arrested the mutiny at its beginning. Twenty-four Sepoys were tried by a drum-head court-martial, found guilty, and sentenced to be blown away from the cannon. On the day of the execution, the troops were drawn up, English and Sepoys, the guns were loaded, and the prisoners led forth to suffer the terrible penalty. The word of command was given for the first four criminals to be tied up to the muzzles of the guns. As the men were being bound, four tall, stately grenadiers stepped forward from among the condemned Sepoys, saluted the commander, Major Hector Munro, chief of the Bengal Army, and asked that as they had always held the post of honor in life they might be given the precedence in death, as it was their due. The request was granted; the grenadiers were tied to the guns and blown to pieces. A murmur ran through the Sepoy battalions, who greatly outnumbered the English troops, and it seemed as if they were about to rescue their comrades, the twenty condemned men. The officers of the native regiments approached Munro and told him that their men were not to be trusted, as they had determined not to permit the execution to proceed. The chief knew that on the issue of that parade for execution depended the fate of the Bengal Army. The English troops were few, and there was scarcely a man among them not moved to tears by the fearful death of the four grenadiers. But the commander knew that they could be trusted to defend the guns, which, turned upon the Sepoys, would have defeated any attempt to rescue their comrades. Major Munro closed the English on to the battery, the grenadiers on one side, the marines on the other, and loaded the pieces with grape. Then he sent the Sepoy officers back to their battalion, and gave to the native regiments the word of command: "Ground arms!" They knew it would be madness to disobey in presence of the loaded guns, and laid down their arms. "Right about face! Forward—march!" was the next command. The Sepoys marched to a distance from their grounded arms, and the English soldiers, with the guns, took ground on the intervening space. The danger had passed away. The native troops were at Munro's mercy, and the execution went on to its dreadful close. The sacrifice of a few lives saved thousands.

RUSSIAN REALISM.

When Tolstoï flung Anna Karenina under a train he violated the laws of Russian realism; her lover should have found her with her head mashed in and her beautiful face painted with gore. Mr. Vassili Verestchagin, whose pictures are now attracting the attention of New York, is withheld by scruples neither at the last moment nor the first. He revels in horrors, he strips his characters to the bone, and his gore would fill several barrels. The Verestchagin exhibition has ruined the future of the Eden Musée; the Chamber of Horrors is a merry dance of fauns and satyrs in comparison.

There are one hundred and sixty-seven of these paintings at the American Art Rooms, and with the exception of a few fine architectural studies, and the triumphal procession of the Prince of Wales through India, the canvases represent the horrors of war and of public executions. Mr. Verestchagin poses as the high-priest of realism and omits no ghastly detail. With a fine scorn of imagination and of that art which should cast at least a veil of gauze over bold, coarse truth, he reproduces with a photographer's minuteness every detail of the most repulsive and distressing scenes he has been able to witness in his artist's career. The blood on the bandages of the wounded soldiers, the slashed faces from which blood oozes, the upthrust stumps of arms and legs, the severed limbs and heads, the trampled, flattened trunks, the distorted, agonized faces of wounded men stretched on the hospital floor and stiffening—though still alive—in the ice-wind that blows through the broken pane, the freezing regiments in banks of snow, all are done with the neatness and precision of an artist who glories in brutality.

There is an immense canvas at the end of one room behind half-parted curtains. As you walk toward it you are not quite sure whether a velvet-clad priest is standing before the picture or is a part of it. You go behind the curtains and you see that he is standing in the foreground of the canvas swinging a censer and muttering *aves* (Russian *aves*) with white, sad, downcast face. Behind him is a servitor equally depressed. In the rear of both is an open trench, and before them spreads a great, white, treeless field covered with stubble and dried grass. At first sight this seems all; but gradually you become shudderingly aware that down in the dried grass, sown like seeds among the stubble, are hundreds of naked bodies; bodies whose severed heads lie a fist's width from their gaping throats or have rolled down to the foot of the canvas to grin night-mare at the unfortunate seeker after Russian truth; bodies lying on their backs, a long sweep of white, gleaming ghastliness (if they had been brunettes it would not have been half so bad!); bodies flung upon their sides with a parting curse, after arms and legs had been hacked from their trunks; bodies crouching with knees updrawn, waiting for the final death-blow; cramped, petrified fingers upheld as perch for coming vultures. Never in the history of art was anything so loathsome perpetrated.

There are three canvases of larger size devoted to the three most agreeable modes of public execution: crucifixion (Roman), blowing from guns (English in India), and hanging. The first represents three men nailed to crosses. The blood (one can smell its warm, sickening odor) pours from hands and bodies; the screeching agony of the faces is something never to be forgotten. Before them stand gloating soldiers, and in the foreground is a crowd of men and women, some of whom are staring with protruding eyes at the feast of horror, others, with curious gaze, at the weeping mourners. The presumable widow has a fist in each eye and is evidently howling, much to the diversion of the small boy. The next canvas represents a long row of cannon, dwindling away into perspective. Bound to the mouth of each is a criminal in flowing white robes. Some are writhing in anticipatory agonies, others are standing with inert, dropped head and apathetic indifference, one or two look doggedly courageous. The victim in the foreground, a bronzed old man, wrinkled and bearded, with his head thrown back and tongue protruded, is cursing Mohammed for the ball that will blow his vitals across a river. Watching him with cynical, amused smile is an English officer. The most picturesque and delightful of these scenes is that which hands down to posterity the conventional cap and rope. In the heavily falling snow stand a crowd of professional execution-birds, and riding about are some officers of the Russian police. On an elevation are five gibbets, and in two of them dangle figures who considerately gave their last squirm before Mr. Verestchagin got there.

But enough of horrors. There are some interesting heads, caves, walls, and temples, and one solitary picture that shows a gleam of imagination. It is the largest canvas of all, and stands at the head of one of the rooms. It is an immense reach of mountain, sloping to the valley in the foreground. There is a bit of blue sky above, one can feel the cold crisp atmosphere, and snow, snow, snow is over all. Over a mountain-peak sweeps a vulture. What does he scent? There is not a human creature to be seen. But follow the downward path of his flight, and under the snow, blurred from the casual eye, is the vague outline of a dead man's profile. It is magnificent!

Technically, it is hardly worth while criticising Mr. Verestchagin's pictures, because they are not on sale, nor will they exert any influence upon art. Mr. V. is a rich man, who enjoys the morbid, who rides a hobby, and who likes to be talked about. After he has shown the world the result of his herculean labors, he will probably donate them to some Russian art gallery and we shall hear no more of them. It may be said, roughly, however, that his atmosphere is fine, that he attains great splendor of color at times, and that his detail is marvelous. When he forsakes the pre-Raphaelite school for Impressionism, he is about as bad as he can be, and his drawing and effects of light and shade will rarely stand analysis. His most faultless works are his walls and temples; they are done with mathematical precision.

I have left the gem of the collection to the last. It is a white horse with a red tail. I walked up and down before that picture in an ecstasy of delight. I thought of my dreary pilgrimage through Tolstoï's books, unenlivened by a ray of humor. I thought of the Russians I had met, who would not know a joke if it danced the cancan before them. Here was a man, born in snow, nursed in crime, drunken with blood, to whom some mysterious telepathic wave had carried a ray of pungent, subtle, scintillating American humor. I know he did it on purpose. I will never be convinced that he did not. Who ever heard of a white horse, with a tail like flames, roaring upward—real, live, yellow-red flames? Should Russia get to war with Europe, America should fly to her aid; such appreciation and sympathy have never come across the Atlantic before.

New York is full of pictures just now awaiting the public eye. The Salmagundi has been exhibiting its water-colors for several weeks past, and the Academy of Design opens in a few days. Julian Rix is one of the most successful water-colorists in New York, commands high prices, and is always hung among the twenty honorables. He paints snow-clad landscapes, with yellow rifts of sky, or yellow-reflecting waters, that have so distinct an individuality they can be recognized at a glance. It is extraordinary how all Californians succeed who come to New York. I have never known one to fail.

Theodore Wores's collection of Japanese paintings, which attracted so much attention here last spring, has come back from the Chicago exposition followed by good opinions. These paintings, which give so remarkable a picture of Japanese life, ought to have been bought collectively and hung in a gallery by themselves; but, unfortunately, they are rapidly diminishing in number. Mr. Wores has charming rooms in the Tenth Street Studio Building, opposite those of his famous schoolmate, Chase. Chase has the most beautiful studios in New York; two great apartments, crowded with carved wood, Spanish cabinets of other centuries, curios from all parts of the world—from the Arctic to Mexico—magnificent draperies, luxurious divans, and pictures without number. At the end of one room is a gallery. You go up the stairs and along the gallery, past an organ, to a door. You open the door, or rather Mr. Chase does, and you are in a bedroom, which comes upon you as unexpectedly as if it were hewn out of an old stone wall. It is like the mysterious inner rooms of old English novels, where loyalty hid when times were hot. There is a carved oaken bedstead, black with age, and a great wardrobe that might have been dug out of a ruined castle. The diamond-paned window opens upon a well-like court, and the roar of New York never penetrates. It is a graft of the Old World on the heart of the New.

Mr. Arthur Goodman, the artist whom Mrs. Unger married, has several pictures accepted by the Academy of Design for the coming exhibition. Mr. Goodman, although his American career is only about a year old, has met with such success and is in such demand that he will not return to Paris for a year or two more. Not only does he sell his pictures as quickly as they are painted, but etchings of them are called for, and what time he has left is claimed by the magazines. There is life and movement in everything that he paints, and his flesh tints are nearly as perfect as those of his master, Bouguereau. Mrs. Goodman works almost as hard as he does, and is seldom out of the studio. She is looking remarkably well, by the way; in fact, she never looked so well.

A picture which will attract attention at the Academy is a study of corn by Miss Frances Seward Carlin. It may be imagined that corn is corn, and interesting only when boiled and tender. True, but then genius has worked wonders before, and genius did not fail even with corn. I do not pretend to describe this remarkable picture. It is an impressionist study of a lot of red and green ears tumbled on a table. That is all apparently; but the hand of the most unimaginative wants to get into that corn and pull it apart, and find the people who are acting tragedy and comedy upon the stage behind. There is romance in the leaves and love in the cavernous shadows; there is faint, vague music in the very kernels, and the silk is floating outward from a woman's head. The picture was exhibited at a private view and people are wild over it. Miss Carlin comes honestly by her talent. Her father was for many years the first miniature painter in America. He is also one of the few living mute poets, and has written some verse so musical that *Harper's Magazine* published a paper on him some years ago in refutation of Poe's theory that no man could be a poet unless he had a keen ear for music.

As a warning to those who feel a tardy call to eroticism, I will relate that bound copies of Amélie Rives's "Herod and Mariamne" are selling here for ten cents each. The price when issued two months ago was fifty cents. Lippincott expected a great sale on the strength of "The Quick or the Dead?" but it fell flat. Even the papers barely noticed it. "The Quick or the Dead?" owed its success more to the guying it got than to its reputation for immorality, and the fickle public had no desire to go over the same ground twice. But eroticism, generally, is on the wane, and the most talked-of book of the day is "Robert Elsmere." Matthew Arnold says that genius consists in "being happily inspired by a certain intellectual and spiritual atmosphere," in other words, of being *in the current*. If that be the true definition of genius, then certainly Mrs. Ward has the divine spark, for did "Robert Elsmere" appear fifty years hence, instead of now, when the "battle of belief" is so fiercely raging, it would pass unnoticed. It is a religious homily, a collection of theological discussions put together in indifferent English by charming people who evolve many interesting incidents. It carries along those readers who have done with religious problems by its intense human nature and its suspended interest; but they wish, all the same, that the three-volume plan had gone out before it was written. "The Story of an African Farm" comes next in point of discussion, but decidedly first in poetry, in originality, in style, and in weird, terrible pathos.

GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.

NEW YORK, November 15, 1888.

Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Morton are literary women. One was educated at Oxford, O., and the other at Vassar.

OLD FAVORITES.

Ginevra.

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket (in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandina),
Stop at a palace near the Reggio gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
In noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; through their archèd walks,
Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song,
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the spring-time, as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day.—A summer sun
Sets ere one half is seen; but ere thou go,
Enter the house—prythee, forget it not—
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,
The last of that illustrious race;
Done by Zampieri—but I care not whom.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up when far away.

She sits inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half open, and her finger up,
As though she said "Beware!" Her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!
Alone it hangs
Over a moldering heirloom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor,
That, by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride, of an indulgent sire;
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal-feast,
When all sate down, the bride was wanting there,
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas, she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
But that she was not!
Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and, forthwith,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived—and long mightst thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find, he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When, on an idle day, a day of search
Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That moldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold!
All else had perished—save a nuptial-ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
"GINEVRA."
There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock, that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever!

—*Samuel Rogers.*

The *Umbria-Iberia* collision tends to strengthen the proposition that it is safer for a vessel at sea to go fast than to go slow in a fog—from the *Umbria* point of view. From the *Iberia* point of view the theory is less clear. It is demonstrated by this accident that an eight thousand-ton steamship, strong and stanch, with a speed of twenty miles an hour, is moderately sure to go safely through anything it is likely to come in contact with—icebergs excepted. The *Iberia*, of about one thousand tons, was sliced in two pieces by the *Umbria* without causing a shock perceptible to the passengers of the latter vessel, though one individual thought that he heard something scratching along her side. It is to be said in favor of the theory, on general principles, that the comparatively uninjured boat was left in condition to return to the scene of action and save the crew of the other. It is also advanced as an argument for fast going that the sooner a vessel is carried through a fog the quicker does she pass out of danger of collision.

Parisian critics already begin to warn Patti from singing "Juliette" in Gounod's new work at the Grand Opera. The last time that she sang in Paris they say her voice proved its waning state.

VANITY FAIR.

There are only two distinct disadvantages in English country-house life (writes Clement Scott in *America*). One affects the digestion and the other the pocket of the impecunious guest. People eat far too much at country houses, and they are called upon too often for presents, or "tips," or gratuities to a whole army of servants. First, then, as to the eating and drinking. It goes on from morning until night. At the best regulated country-houses breakfast is on the table and the guests come down as they like until midday. A cup of tea or cocoa in the bedroom on awaking starts the programme. This is followed by an enormous breakfast, of fish, chops, sausages, kidneys, and a mysterious compound of rice and minced meat or fish, called "kedgeree," just sufficient for a day's meal even in the case of an ordinary laborer. At two o'clock an enormous luncheon is served, at which British joints prevail. Euphemistically it is called luncheon, but it is in reality a good, sound, solid, wholesome dinner. Ladies do not hesitate to avow their preference for the luncheon hour, and as the men are generally out shooting or exercising themselves, the healthy young women can eat to their heart's content. Time was when sportsmen could put up with a rough, scratch meal—a slice of bread and cheese at a farm-house, or a sandwich and glass of brandy and water carried in the pocket. It is not so now. For the shooting-men an elaborate hot luncheon is prepared, conveyed to the scene of action with enormous trouble, and it can not be discussed without a set table and portable chairs; no more resting in a snug corner of the field; no more sitting down on the ground to an *al fresco* repast. No, the Sybaritic sportsman can not lunch in the fields without china, glass, fine linen, and silver forks. Very often the ladies come out on sunny days to join the shooting-party; when they do not they are sure to be found at the hideous meal called afternoon tea, which is similarly served, either in the house or in the open air. It is almost inconceivable, but it is nevertheless true, that men and women, whether in exercise or not, consume tea-cakes, muffins, cake, jam, and sometimes plates of poached eggs and ham between the heavy meal known as luncheon and the regular set dinner at eight o'clock, when every one is back and assembled round the hospitable board. Even after that there are some still so hungry that they can not go to bed without savory sandwiches and appetizing morsels in the smoking-room. How people's digestions can stand the meals that are forced upon them puzzles me not a little. No wonder there is so much dyspepsia and gout about when the stomach is so unduly exercised. As to the "tips" at country-houses they get more pressing and exorbitant every year. A round of country-house visits is not done for nothing. It costs a small fortune; butler, under-butler, footman, grooms, game-keepers, beaters, coachmen, stable-lads, all have to be rewarded, and they turn up their noses at anything under a gold piece. Many hosts have tried to stop the practice of feeing their servants, but they are unable to do so. Rules made are promptly broken, so that visiting one's friends becomes a positive tax.

"There are now a number of men," remarked a New York publisher recently, "who actually make a living off the society girls. Whether it is a legitimate living or not the public can judge. The girls don't know anything about it, but they are a source of profit all the same. To begin with, there are the scurvy scribblers of the society papers who sell their paragraphs about New York's pretty women at a cent a word, and who manage to eke a more or less twisted and unsatisfactory living out of the pastime. Then there are the lithographers and tobacco and soap-box decorators who take the faces of the pretty women of New York, color them into allegorical shape, and serve them up to the boundless millions of the country for the purpose of decorating their wares. The instant one of these girls becomes at all notorious, like the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Potter, or any one of the others who have jumped into fame, the cigarette manufacturers send a counterfeit presentment of their faces broadcast through the world. Then there is the sale of their photographs by the shop-keepers along Broadway."

The particularly observed young women in Broadway now are palpably English. They have the big-boned build of the typical English girl, with broad shoulders and wide hips, connected by rather disproportionately small waists, like the configuration of Mrs. Langtry. Most of them have her freshness of complexion, although it is not in many cases as free as hers from artificiality. They are handsome of face, but too robust to quite fill the American ideal of beauty. They wear conspicuously striped and checked ulsters, and the majority of their heads are surmounted by masculine sorts of caps. They are the thirty or forty actresses and chorus-singers of the London burlesque company who began to perform recently at the Standard Theatre, New York. The young fellows who have for several years devoted themselves to the chorus-girls of the Broadway theatres are disloyally and unpatriotically transferring their affections to these fair immigrants, and are fairly falling over each other in their haste to make acquaintance with them—a by no means difficult achievement, for the London minor actress is more approachable than her New York sister, and that is saying a great deal.

Nothing any one can do will make it altogether pleasant to walk on wet pavements with skirts, but there are means of alleviating the inconvenience of being a woman in bad weather. Mrs. Amélie Rives Chanler at home in her Virginia woods never stays indoors on the very worst days if she feels one of her strong impulses moving her to seek fresh air and exercise. She wears on such occasions stout seal-skin boots, laced up the front and with wide, heavy soles. Over these she buckles a pair of heavy, dark-red leather leggings, which reach above the knee. Her skirt is of blue corduroy, and barely falls to the calf. The bodice is a Norfolk jacket of the corduroy, with a scarlet handkerchief knotted close about the throat. On her head she wears a blue-wool Tam o' Shanter that sheds water like the back of a duck, and incasing her hands in wash-leather gauntlets she is prepared to face just such "brown storms" and "slithering gales" as she describes in her stories. Actresses have a pretty unpleasant time of it in bad weather, with inexorable rehearsals to attend and the necessity of being on hand before eight o'clock, even though it be raining the proverbial cats and dogs. Most of them have adopted Rosina Vokes's invention of a divided skirt, which is a vast improvement over Lady Habberton's device. This affair of Miss Vokes consists of a broad pair of silk trousers reaching straight to the ankles and deeply hemmed. A full kilt-plaiting is set on all round each leg of the trousers, reaching to the knee. Another one of the same sort is set on at the thigh, slightly overlapping the lower one. A long scarf of drapery is knotted around the hips, and not one person in a hundred would ever suspect that the wearer was not inhabiting an ordinary skirt, made a little bit short. But generally the actresses who sally out in these blessed inventions wear with them a cloak falling nearly to the edge, or else as low as the knees, and so they are never detected.

North Washington Square is the bourne to which all fashionable New York is anxious to return (writes "Brunswick" in the Boston *Gazette*). Rents are higher and prices dearer there than in almost any other part of the city. There are two reasons why people like to live there—one because they get finer houses for their money, and the other because it makes those who do not know to the contrary believe that they had grandparents. The stranger in the city is entertained in one of those noble old houses, giving out upon the park, and he says to himself: "The old homestead, of course. These people are evidently possessors of ancestors." He will never suspect that they made their millions a few years ago and have only occupied their ancestral halls for the past twelve months. But what difference does it make? The first generation may have driven a cab, the second has all the marks of good birth; the education, the refinement, and that ease of manner which are supposed to come only with generations, but which in this country come with the occasion. All the fine old houses are not on Washington Square, though that situation is the most attractive on account of the park. From Twelfth Street, down both sides of Fifth Avenue, and on the streets running east and west from the square, are some of the most attractive houses in New York. On Washington Place are the houses occupied by the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, the founder of the family fortunes, and his young widow still lives there. They are of brick, perfectly plain, but there is an air of solid comfort and wealth that-has-come-to-stay about them that the houses of the newer generations will never have. What a social power, by the way, the Vanderbilts have come to be. It took the third generation of this family, though, to penetrate into the more exclusive circles of New York society. The old commodore had no ambition that way, nor had William H.; but the third generation married wives who leaned that way, and who, seeing their opportunity, grasped it. Now you would think that there were no other people worth cultivating, to hear some people talk. When any member of this family appears at the theatre, or the opera, or driving on the avenue, there is as much excitement to see them as there is in London to see the queen. In Newport this summer, until Cornelius Vanderbilt appeared upon the scene and gave some indications of how he was going to dispose of himself, the residents of that summer capital did not decide upon their course of action for the day. Even Lenox has bowed its neck to the sway of millions, but it must be well-behaved millions.

An Englishman sends to an English newspaper the following sensible remarks on a vexed international question: "An American says 'sir' five hundred times where an Englishman says it once. Why? This is an Americanism, so far as peculiar to Americans, but really nothing more than a survival of old-fashioned English courtesy. Dr. Johnson, even in addressing his intimate 'Bozzy,' continually repeated 'sir.' Here, Americans are more polite than English people. It is surely better to err on the right side through excess of courtesy than to address our acquaintances like dogs. We owe gratitude to Americans for setting us a good example, here, at least, as some compensation for the havoc played with our language in other respects." This observation is not only acute but accurate. Educated Englishmen in the last century addressed their friends and equals as "sir," nearly if not quite as often as Americans do to-day. In England this form of address is now seldom used except toward superiors, seniors, or total strangers, or else in an ironical sense toward one regarded as an inferior who has incurred the speaker's displeasure.

A portentous rumor is circulated in the world of tailors and "tailor-made" men. Evening trousers must in future be embroidered down the seam. There is to be a "rich design," the "best embroidery," and the "best silk." In this way the distinction between the gentleman and the waiter will be restored and pronounced, and, as the embroidery will be costly, it can be adopted by none but comparatively rich men. It is believed that this is only the first note of a sartorial reaction. When the thin end of the wedge is secured in the shape of an embroidered seam, the reaction will go further. Ruffles and lace will appear at our wrists and on our shirt-fronts. The seams will soon be of gold and "frogged" frock-coats will pervade Piccadilly. The plain silk "topper" will disappear, and cocked hats will ornament Rotten Row. We shall see the literary gentlemen of the period airing "plum-colored" coats like Goldsmith, while a rich suitor will win a bride, as Steele relates, by "adding another row of lace to his liveries." Each craft and calling will be known by its costume. The sober hues of the parson or of the lawyer will be contrasted with the brilliant appearance of the fashionable beau or the martial array of the officer of the guards. The working-man will always wear a dress suitable to his station in life, and a glance will enable the observer to distinguish between a duke and his doctor, between the artist and the craftsman, between the merchant and his clerk.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Tom Bigbee—"I say, Upson, what would *you* do if you had a million dollars?" *Upson Downes*—"Nothing."—*Puck.*

Miss Olive Oihl—"Is Mr. Briggs prone to exaggerate, Mr. Barry?" *Mr. Wilkes Barry*—"Well, he's the father of a year-old baby."—*Puck.*

First dame—"I had four teeth extracted yesterday." *Second dame*—"Indeed, I did not know you had so many left."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Poor Simpson! A year ago he was one of thirteen who sat down at a dinner." "What, is he dead?" "No; married last night."—*Denver Republican.*

Mr. Jones bet so many cases of beer on the election, and lost, that it took a dray to deliver them all. He now says he is a sadder Budweiser man.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Hardhead—"When I make a trade, Ferguson, I expect something to boot." *Ferguson*—"That is just my case; but it generally happens that I want to kick myself."—*Boston Post.*

"What is the difference between the allopaths and the homœopaths?" asked Mrs. Cumso of her husband. "Oh," he replied, "the allopaths think the homœopaths are not ortho-docs."—*Life.*

Gentleman in crowded street car (to lady just entering)—"Madam, permit me to offer you a seat." *Lady* (coolly taking seat)—"'Bliged." *Gentleman* (frigidly)—"N'tall. Welk"—*Chicago Tribune.*

Teacher—"When does suicide become a crime?" *Smart boy*—"When it becomes a confirmed habit." "Nonsense, sir; why is suicide a crime?" "Because it injures the health."—*Texas Siftings.*

"Mr. Chamberlain had been courting the daughter of our Secretary of War for some time, hadn't he?" asked Mrs. Squildig. "Yes," replied her husband, "but in the Endicott her."—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

Governess (to little Miss Ethel, who is making famous progress in mythology)—"Now, Ethel, what do you know of Minerva?" *Ethel*—"Minerva was the Goddess of Wisdom; she never married."—*Town Topics.*

Hubby—"A bigger gas-bill than we've ever had before, you say? Why, we've been burning lamps all this month." *Wifey*—"Yes, but the last time the gas man was here he saw the lamps."—*New York World.*

Young Doctor B. is run down with business. "You must earn a mint of money," said a friend to him one day. "Not at all; my patients don't pay." "No? But their heirs ought to stand something handsome."—*Judge.*

"This is a lovely ring, dear," she said; "and it's a thousand pities it's a little too small." "Never mind," he returned; "that's the one I once gave Gracie. The next time I call I will bring you up the one Jennie had."—*Judge.*

The modern roofing materials in the country are of great value in the moral and mental development of the American youth. Between the slate and the shingle the American boy of to-day manages to learn something.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Papa," said Flossie, "why do mosquitoes only come in warm weather?" "Oh, don't bother me, Flossie, I'm busy reading." "I s'pose it's because so many little girls wear socks," remarked Flossie, thoughtfully.—*New York Sun.*

Mrs. Bliffers—"Here is an advertisement for a man weighing not less than four hundred pounds. I wonder if he is wanted for a dime museum?" *Mr. Bliffers*—"Dunno. Maybe they want him to drive a coal cart."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Caller—"You look gloomy, my friend." *Cigar manufacturer*—"I feel gloomy. I have just received ten thousand portraits of Mrs. Cleveland, which I ordered before the election, for window signs, and now they're dead stock."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Mistress (after a heavy crash in the kitchen below)—"Gracious, Bridget, I hope you haven't broken that new vase I brought home to-day." *Bridget*—"No, mum; it's one o' the limmin méringe pies that ye's was a-bakin' this afternoon."—*Epoch.*

"What kind of a slate shall we put on our new house?" asked Mr. Snaggs of his wife. "Oh, we must have Cabinet slates," she replied; "I see a great many Cabinet slates are being made now at Washington and other places."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

"What are the chief requisities for success in the literary world, Mrs. Nibson?" inquired Softley. "There are two that I may mention," replied the oracle; "one of them is plenty of patience." "What is the other?" "Plenty of postage stamps."—*New York Sun.*

Bobby—"Ma, is the church raising a fund to send our minister to Europe?" *Mother*—"Yes, dear." *Bobby*—"And will the church be closed while he is gone?" *Mother*—"Yes." *Bobby*—"Well, ma, can't I give that dollar I've saved up to the fund?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

"I'm somewhat astonished, Carper," remarked Bigbee, as he looked around the room, "to find that so great a bookworm as you are should possess so small a library." "Ah, my boy," returned the other, "it takes a great deal of reading to find out what isn't worth keeping."—*Puck.*

Philadelphia girl—"I wonder what is the luckiest day to be married on?" *Chicago girl*—"Oh, Wednesday, by all means." "Are you sure?" "Yes, indeed. My ma always gets married on Wednesday, and every time she gets a divorce with ever so much alimony."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Waiter—"Your orders, sir." *Jack*—"A glass of lager." *Joe*—"I'll take Culmbacher." *Gus*—"Give me Milwaukee." *Ed*—"I'll try Ebret's." *Al*—"Some old Bass." *Harry*—"Bring me Burton." *Ralph*—"I'll have ale." *Waiter* (in a voice of thunder)—"Three ales and four beers."—*Time.*

"There's one thing I like about that child of yours, Kidby," said Mr. Madison Squeer to Mr. Kidby Nupop, after he had listened patiently to the latest anecdote of the infant phenomenon. "What's that?" queried the pleased parent, with a glow of happy expectation on his features; "what is it you like about him?" "He ain't a twin."—*Puck.*

Miss Heardit—"I want you to come in to the anti-gossip club, Helen. With the exception of our president, that Miss Galbraith, you know, who did a slightly unconventional thing at Newport last summer, it is the most delightful set of girls you ever saw." *[illegible]*—"Do tell me about Miss Galbraith, dear." (And it was told.)—*Time.*

Painter (who is looking for work and has pestered Mrs. Hobson beyond endurance)—"That fence, madam, needs a coat of paint very badly." *Mrs. Hobson* (impatiently to servant)—"Show this man the front door at once, James." *Painter*—"Ah, this looks like business. I'll paint that door for you, madam, in good shape, for five dollars."—*Epoch.*

Passenger (to Chicago drummer)—"Do you recognize that gentleman seated further up the car? He is one of the greatest travelers in the country. I don't know how many times he crosses the ocean every year." *Chicago drummer*—"You don't say so! I never saw him before in my life. What's his name?" *Passenger*—"James Russell Lowell." *Chicago drummer*—"James Russell Lowell, eh? What line of goods does he sell?"—*New York Sun.*

Solomon Levi—"Vot vos der matter, Isaac? You looks down in der mouth." *Isaac*—"I vos the victim of a terrible act of injustice, Solomon. An Irishman comes into my clodings store and trades me a twenty-five-dollar parrot for a suit of clothes. De clothes costs me ninety-five cents. I hangs de parrot out by de door and pretty soon along comes an Irish procession. De parrot shouts 'Shoot the Pope!' So help me, if it didn't cost me a hundred dollars to get a new front [illegible] mine store."—[illegible]

THE WOMEN OF GERMANY.

"L'Americaine's" Impressions of German Manners and Customs.

No doubt it was to be like the rest of the world and his wife that we first conceived the idea of spending a year or so in this country. And then a good friend of much practical experience had said: "You must study German in Germany." Immediately I was seized with a desire to fly to this place where, I was told, the purest Teutonic was spoken and the fewest social duties marred the student's honest wish to be studious.

Several months here in old Hanover have done much toward making me familiar with the German people. At first every one here appeared to me dull and listless after the gayety, stir, and life of the great capital I had just left; but what then seemed apathy to me now stands out as serious thoughtfulness and honest striving after something more than the pleasures of the world. What interested me, to begin with, was the great difference between the French and the German women—the former bright, affable, cordial, often fanatically religious, either very worldly, or true home women; the latter, pedantic, slow to receive you into their affections, housewifely, studious, very often without any religious feeling whatever, and thoroughly contented with their lot in life and the place God has allotted them in the world. They despise the frivolity of the Parisiennes, what they call the bold fearlessness and freedom of the Englishwomen, and the independence and manners of the Americans. To them there is but one country, and that is Germany; but one true woman in the world, and that a German woman.

As a rule I do not admire the German housewife; she may be all that is perfect in womankind, but I am far from awarding her the apple of preference. But there is a class of German women who remind one of the ideal Schiller and Goethe women, and to them the heart warms and for them all prejudices are laid aside. These truly charming women are scattered generously here and there through every German city, and if it is ever your good fortune to meet one, I can then answer for your affection for the Fatherland. Strange to say, these delightful *Frauen* are generally unmarried, and we judge of them outside the home circle. Perhaps they also would change and become the too-serious and narrow-minded housewifes if they once put on the chains of matrimony. But I hardly think the women I have in my mind's eye as I write could ever change un ler any circumstances. They have that true-hearted, simple, child-like manner that belongs to no class, that is independent of rank or profession, that wins your confidence, that makes your heart warm within you, and shines like truth itself out of the honest eyes that look into yours and clasps your hand in true sisterhood.

For some reasons I pity the German women—how they would scorn my pity could they but hear me offer it!—but alike for the princess in her court-robes and the peasant in her cotton-gown and kerchief, my heart holds indeed sincere pity. From the cradle to the tomb I consider their lives miserable compared to our American ideas of what a woman's life should be. To begin with, a young girl at the age of fifteen, or even younger, is kept closely at home, learning how to bake, brew, and spin, and how to become generally useful, helpful, and industrious. She is allowed occasionally her little coffee-parties, like her elders, where a spirit of selfishness, jealousy, and uncharitableness is cultivated and encouraged. Is a girl not to be pitied who is brought up in this atmosphere? Her religious training is frequently most deplorable. But she sometimes goes to Sunday-school, and invariably the rite of confirmation is gone through; but in Protestant Germany this is not a rite that touches the young soul or makes a new epoch in the mind; it only means to the young girl two new dresses, a white one and a black silk; it means a package of visiting-cards and a case more or less elaborate, a bouquet, and the sweet *Du* of childhood to be laid aside for the formal *Sie* of young womanhood. Can we be allowed a little pity just here for the young Christian? German girls have rarely the healthful out-door sports of our girls, except during a few short midwinter months, when the ponds are frozen and the ground covered with deep snow. Then skating and sleigh-rides are enjoyed by all, and eagerly looked forward to from one year to the next. Tennis, driving, riding, swimming, and such amusements are almost unknown to them. Therefore we find them pale-faced, weary-looking, too serious for their years, often delicate, and excessively sensitive.

As in France, marriages are prearranged here as a rule, and the *dot* business is satisfactorily settled for both parties. A portion or *dot* of fifteen hundred thalers is required before a girl can become the happy and honored betrothed of a military man, and as these gentlemen are considered by far the most desirable *partis* throughout Germany, the young lady often has a most uncomfortable wait until the required sum can be procured by the Herr Papa. Engaged couples are not given any more freedom than in France. The Frau Mamma is always *en evidence*, and accompanies the fond pair from place to place or room to room. But this does not seem in the least to disconcert the happy pair. It is quite customary for betrothed couples to exchange the most intimate endearments sitting inlaced in each others' arms, beneath the very noses of their respective parents, who in perfect complacency are probably also sitting hand in hand and beaming on things in general in a state of mild beatitude that nothing short of an earthquake could disturb. Some one will object that these are not the manners of good society; nevertheless they are the manners that will meet you in every public conveyance throughout the land, manners authorized by custom and sanctioned by the entire nation.

Betrothals here are far more solemn and serious than in any other country in the world. To hear of a broken engagement is quite unusual, and surely there is something very beautiful in the German idea that troth once plighted is as sacred as the marriage vows and ceremony. I have been surprised at the length of engagements among young people. It is not an unusual occurrence to hear of a five or seven years' engagement. This all speaks well for the fidelity, trust, and confidence of these good people. What I have already seen of engaged people here has brought me to the conclusion that the betrothal is quite as important an affair as the wedding.

While on this subject I must not fail to mention a most curious custom of this country, which is always observed by the poor as well as the rich. The night before the wedding—the *polter abend* as it is called—a singular ceremony takes place. Friends of the bride's family go to her home, all provided with some piece of crockery which, on entering, they throw before the door. To make the loudest din possible seems to be the object, and the idea, as I imagine it, must be to drive all evil spirits away from the house by the noise so that none but good spirits may watch over the bride on her wedding eve. Every one comes in fancy costume, and theatricals, speeches, recitals, songs, games, and dancing make the house ring until early morning. The bridesmaids generally prepare an original performance of some kind for the grand occasion, wherein personal allusions to the happy couple are freely discussed. Throughout the evening countless numbers of cakes are consumed—all samples of the fair bride's culinary talent—while coffee and the never-absent German *bowlé* or punch are the general beverages.

The happiest time of a German girl's life is during her engagement, for after this delightful period come the manifold duties of the *hausfrau*, and she becomes, in my eyes, a slave to her home and husband. How an American girl would revolt from the tyranny of small things that encompasses a German girl's life! She would undoubtedly rebel and probably prefer the life of a governess—and that is not saying very much—with a sense of work and independence, to the dull routine of comfort and nonentity that we see every day before us here. A woman here is taught that to be womanly she must be perfectly helpless, to be feminine she must be feeble, to endear herself she must be dependent, to charm she must cling. She is not brought up to be—she does not desire to be—the companion, the comrade, the equal of the men about her. She is, therefore, thrown back upon herself and other women for society and pleasure.

If any of us pity the German women none of us surely can have such a feeling for the German men. From earliest childhood the men of this country have privileges and advantages far above the women. Their education is of the most superior character, they live healthful out-door lives, they mingle freely with young companions, they are taught to ride, fence, swim, shoot, and even walk. Their turn-vereins are splendid institutions wherein the boy's muscles are hardened, his limbs strengthened, and his back fitted for the duties of the life before him.

When we speak of a German, we think of a soldier. We all know of the compulsory service that each German man is obliged to give to his country. This has been condemned by many, but I hold that there is nothing better to make a manly man than this very duty that so many cry down. He learns obedience and punctuality if nothing else, and carries through his after life the perfect discipline of his barrack days. Men of gentle birth in Germany, as a rule, select the army as their profession. One sees or hears of very few attorneys, men of trade, or bankers even, who have a title or "von" before their names. Men in Germany are indeed the lords of creation, and they do not for a second ever consider themselves anything less. They are gallant in some senses of the word only; they think themselves lady-killers of the best type, and are ready to flirt with the first pretty woman who comes in their way, providing she be not a German *fraulein*, for the well-born German miss knows nothing whatever of this frivolous pastime; in fact, is modest and unsophisticated in the extreme.

For these gentlemen's manners a few incidents will tell the tale. At the opera the entire parterre is given up to the men, and during each *entr'-acte* their backs are all turned toward the stage, while every opera-glass is leveled upon the prettiest face in the house. No fierce looks from the fair charmer's attendant ever embarrass these perfect-mannered gentlemen, and if the face happens to be particularly beautiful, after the drop of the curtain on the last act, a rush is made to the entrance, where they draw themselves up in line to inspect the young lady from tip to toe as she passes out. I have even known some of these gentleman to follow in a pretty woman's footsteps so as to find out her abode, and the next day they would make *fenster parade* before her house until tired out.

Table d'hôte at our hotel is a very grand affair. We have a general and his staff at the head of the long board, a grand duchess and her retinue, a Polish princess and her daughter, an opera-bouffe singer, a little old man who is reported to be worth several millions, and a number of people with long unpronounceable handles to their names. At first we felt almost nobodies among this glittering world, but being Americans we have been generously treated and are seated by the old general with the grand-sounding name. As each course is brought in it is passed, without the least respect to title or age of the ladies present, to every man at the long table, they helping themselves first without so much as an "Excuse me, ladies." We watch the wonderfully decorated dishes as they are passed from the Herr General to a clerk who does one's physic up at the apothecary's across the way, and at last—think of it, my indulged and bowed-down-to countrywomen—we have meekly submitted to being served *last!* Although a lady is helped to roast, *entrée*, and dessert after the gentlemen at *table d'hôte*, still, when she leaves her place to go from the room, every man at the table rises and with a deep reverence wishes her a most deferential and gracious "gesegnete mahlzeit."

Strange combination of rudeness and politeness this, *nicht wahr?*

L'AMERICAINE.

Alfred Stevens and a Frenchman named Gervex are painting an immense panorama for the Paris Exposition next year. It will represent the French celebrities of the past century.

In order to avoid offending any political party in Spain, the queen regent has got a young Irish woman, Miss Georgina Davenport, as a governess for the king.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Sultan of Turkey has become intensely interested in mind-reading. With his usual luxurious method of indulging a new fad he has advertised in European newspapers for mind-readers who are willing to reside in Constantinople for some time and receive large salaries.

By all odds the most gorgeous dude in Paris is the Russian Duke of Mondelfi, who dazzles the town and delights his mamma, Princess Woronzoff, at "interviews" by donning either an ivory-plush dressing-gown, lined with peach-colored satin, garnished with silver braiding and ornamented with jewels, or an ample jacket of heliotrope-velvet, braided with gold and clasped together with ducal coronets studded with brilliants, while the interesting "Being" himself reclines on a divan, and when conversing with his visitors toys with precious stones and diamonds of rare value, but unpolished and uncut.

William the Second has no fixed salary as Emperor of Germany, but there is about a million dollars he can use, if necessary. As King of Prussia, however, he has a civil list amounting to three million five hundred and fifty thousand dollars; but the taste for travel and other expenses, incurred in the interest of the empire, necessitates, it appears, an increase of revenue. So, when the Reichstag reassembles, a proposal will be made to add several millions of marks to the imperial civil list. The emperor's recent journey to Vienna and Rome cost about two hundred thousand dollars. Among the presents that he distributed along his route were: eighty diamond rings, thirty diamond and emerald necklaces, fifty scarf-pins, thirty gold watches and chains, six sabres studded with diamonds and emeralds, and a hundred boxes of cigars.

The boulevards have lost a well-known type. Bosco, the hunchback, has been found dead in his room. He was by profession a bootblack and sometimes a commissioner at the doors of the Maison d'Or and Café Riche restaurants. On the night of "premières" he was to be seen before the Théatre des Variétés. His hunch was a talisman in which many believed. There are hundreds of anecdotes running about him—one dating back more than twenty years. One night Anna Delion, the greatest *demi-mondaine* of her time, and one of her friends dined in company with a set of gay *viveurs* at the Maison d'Or. About eight o'clock Anna Delion's friend sent Bosco away with the commission to buy for her two tickets of the Crédit Foncier, whose drawing was to come off on the next morning. When handed over to her she took care to rub the two tickets on Bosco's hump. The drawing was held and Anna's friend won a purse of fifty thousand francs. Bosco was well rewarded and got drunk for a whole week.

In a pamphlet entitled "Les Femmes Décorées de la Légion d'Honneur," M. Allesson gives a complete list of the women who have been given the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor since that order was founded, and the total now stands at thirty-four. Under the First Empire only two female nominations were made, and these were both for military achievements. The one was given to Virginie Ghesquière, who had dressed herself as a man and taken the place of her brother, who was not strong enough to stand the fatigue of a soldier's life. Enrolled in the Twenty-Seventh Regiment of the line, she displayed great bravery, and obtained the rank of sergeant, her sex not being discovered until she was wounded in the breast while rescuing her colonel from the enemy. The second was given to Marie Schelling, a Belgian woman, who enlisted out of liking for a military career, who fought at Jemmapes, where she received six sabre cuts, at Austerlitz, and at Jena, where she was wounded twice. In 1806 she was promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant, and Napoleon decorated her with his own hand in 1808, granting her at the same time a pension of seven hundred francs. The third woman decorated was a Sister of Charity, Sœur Marthe, in 1815, while the only decoration given to a woman between 1815 and 1851 was that accorded to a cantinière named Perrot. From 1851 to 1865 eight ribbons were given to women, among them being that which the Emperor Napoleon affixed to the breast of Rosa Bonheur, and since the war the Legion of Honor has been less sparingly distributed, one of the recipients being Lady Pigot, in recognition of the ambulance work she did in 1870–71. Altogether seven women have been decorated for their services on the battle-field, but no fewer than twenty of the thirty-four have been Sisters of Charity, while the only artist has been Rosa Bonheur. One of the last recipients of the red ribbon has been Mme. Dieulafoy, the intrepid wife of the explorer in North Africa.

"The great Bow-wow," as Bismarck is irreverently called in German parliamentary circles, shows himself in the Reichstag only when he has something important to say. Then he enters the House immediately before his time for speaking comes round, and leaves it as soon as he has said what he wishes to say. Though the chancellor tries to keep his intention to speak a close secret, the fact leaks out, and the crowded assembly-hall shows that neither the Reichstag nor Berlin has been taken unawares. Those who attend know that the chancellor is not far away when they see his well-known portfolio and great lead-pencil deposited upon the front ministerial bench. On entering the hall, Bismarck goes at once to his place, opens the portfolio, takes from it sheets of notes and a bundle of newspapers and cuttings, arranges them with care, and then chats with his colleagues. "The gift of eloquence," he once said, "has done much mischief in parliamentary life. Oratory is a waste of time; let us restrict ourselves to statements of facts." His voice is not musical, and at times is so weak as to make it difficult for the reporters to follow him. He adopts a semi-conversational style, begins slowly and monotonously, and, with the exception of casual breaks, proceeds and ends as he begins. As the chancellor's tongue can not keep pace with his thoughts, he now and then breaks off in the middle of a sentence, and takes up a new thought, leaving his hearers to make the best they can of his half-finished sentences. The chancellor never declaims, never flatters, nor equivocates. His official position causes the Reichstag to treasure up his utterances, but he does not disdain to aid them by apt quotations, forcible similes, and witty allusions. Though he once lectured the Prussian Parliament on the uselessness of verbosity, the chancellor usually speaks one hour, and has exceeded even two hours. He speaks extempore, though the heads of his speech and the newspaper quotations are carefully noted on sheets of paper. Bismarck's speeches are full of weighty words and proverbial philosophy.

Twenty-five years ago the Empress of Austria was simply dazzling. She would have been noted for her beauty had she been a bar-maid or a ballet-girl. The slender, graceful figure, the finely molded features, the large, brilliant, dark eyes, the beautifully formed head, crowned with a wealth of black silken tresses, all went to make up an ensemble of physical perfection. Of late years the empress will never consent to sit for her photograph, and dislikes extremely to be gazed at in public, sure tokens of the waning of her once resplendent charms. She was the one beauty of her family, none of her three sisters, the Queen of Naples, the Princess of Thurn and Taxis, and the Duchess d'Alençon, being in any way remarkable for their good looks. Indeed, the last-named princess was positively plain. A good deal of regret has been felt in Austrian society that the emperor had not selected Princess Helen, now Princess of Thurn and Taxis, as she is a very brilliant conversationalist and is fond of music and society; whereas the empress dislikes even to show herself at the opera, and really cares for nothing except riding and hunting. She is growing rather old to indulge in this last amusement, being over fifty-one. But she preserves many of her charms and especially the shapeliness of her figure and the luxuriance of her long, thick tresses. At the court concert, given at Vienna in honor of the Emperor of Germany, she created a profound sensation by her *coiffure*. She wore her hair falling unconfined at the back in long masses over her shoulders and studded with stars of diamonds held in place by slender concealed wires. This "Berenice *coiffure*," as it was called, was greatly admired, no less than its stately wearer. The empress is said to be the queenliest royal lady in Europe to behold. It is a sight to see her at a court presentation, passing down the line of ladies who are to be introduced. In the days of her youth the imperial Elizabeth was a very winning and sympathetic personage. The professor engaged to teach her the Hungarian language has left on record the impression made upon him by his royal pupil. She would throw aside instantly her books and exercises and hurry from the room whenever the emperor was heard calling her by her pet name of Elise. This pleasant state of matters conjugal was brought to a sudden termination several years ago. The empress detected her spouse in a *liaison* of peculiar turpitude and bad taste. This was more than the haughty Elizabeth could patiently endure. She has never forgiven her husband.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

M. François Coppée is not only working on a dramatic version of the loves of Antony and Cleopatra, but is preparing a new volume of verses.

Mr. Ruskin, who has been issuing a translation of the Swiss classic, "Ulric, the Farm Servant," in monthly parts, has the book now ready, with a preface by himself.

A quarterly publication to be called the *Magazine of Poetry* will, it is said, make its first appearance next January. In some of the early numbers will be printed articles on E. C. Stedman, Mrs. Moulton, T. B. Aldrich, R. H. Stoddard, J. R. Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Whittier, and others.

Walter Hubbell is the name of a writer whom the American News Company announces as having written a book entitled "The Curse of Marriage," and of which they say that "hundreds of clergymen and physicians will corroborate the extraordinary statements made in this startling story, the most powerful ever written of domestic life."

The father of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the author of "Robert Elsmere," is Thomas Arnold, who now lives at Oxford, and is a son of the celebrated Dr. Arnold. Mrs. Ward is said to have been born in Tasmania, where her father held an educational position, her mother being a daughter of Governor Sorrell. One of her brothers is now a schoolmaster in New Zealand. She has a sister married to a son of Professor Huxley.

W. M. Griswold, who is connected with the State Department at Washington, and has compiled indices to many periodicals, American and European, has on his list an index to *Harper's Weekly*, from 1857 to 1887, which is a valuable aid in consulting the files of the *Weekly*. The system is excellent and clear, and the index itself, although full, is not bulky, for much information is given by typographical devices, which take up no space and suggest their meaning at a glance.

Mr. John Bruce Ford has retired from active connection with the publishing house which, first as J. B. Ford & Co., and for ten years past as Fords, Howard & Hulbert, has been associated with his name. Mr. Ford was born in England, in 1816. His first occupation was that of proof-reader in a printing establishment. Mr. Ford is now seventy-two years of age. He had two sons in the army during the war—one died of troubles there contracted; while the other, Edward, was with him in business. Mr. Ford's retirement now takes both of the "Fords" out of the present house, which, however, will still be known as Fords, Howard & Hulbert.

William Doxey has issued a catalogue of newly imported books which he selected, during his summer trip to London, for the holidays. Eleven pages are devoted to the enumeration and description of rare books in fine bindings by Tout, Zaehnsdorf, Rèviere, and Bradstreet, among which may be mentioned the seven extra volumes of Bohn's Classical Library, the Bunsen Memoirs, Lady Burton's edition of her husband's "Arabian Nights," Symond's "Life of Benvenuto Cellini," Dr. Doran's "Annals of the English Stage," edited and revised by R. W. Lowe; first editions of the Greville Memoirs, Pepys's "Diary and Correspondence," from the cypher in the Pepysean Library, with life and notes by Lord Braybrooke and with the additional suppressed notes of Minors Bright; a handsome edition of Bishop Percy's "Reliques," and other rare editions and choice examples of the book-maker's art.

Mr. F. T. Jones thus takes Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson to task in the October number of *Belford's Magazine*: "The other day, when reading Mr. Stevenson's charming story, 'Prince Otto,' I came across the following: 'The night was warm and windless. A shaving of new moon had lately arisen; but it was still too small and too low down in heaven to contend with the immense host of lesser luminaries.' Mr. Stevenson is commonly supposed to be an accurate observer of nature, and yet here we have him writing of the new moon as having been 'lately arisen,' when, in fact, it must have been just about setting. But this is not all. By a sort of double-barreled blunder he makes the time of this remarkable rising to be two o'clock, A. M., that is to say, when such a moon as he describes (say, two days old) must have been, not merely invisible, but at its very lowest point below the horizon, midway between setting and rising."

Now why does George Augustus Sala spend precious time after this fashion? "These commonplace books are my delight in the night season, when only the cats and I are awake. I save my eyes as much as I can by dictating at least four or five hours a day; but at night, in snug solitude, the old penchant for minute scribbling comes over me, and I fill pages upon pages of blank-books with extracts from all kinds of tomes, ancient, and modern, and in several different languages; but it is with extremest rarity that I ever refer to these commonplace books. They will remain when I am dead as proof of how many years of my life were given to laborious study. It is the only indication that I look for or that I want of my career. I do not consult them, as a rule, because, although I always had a very bad memory so far as learning things by heart are concerned, I can invariably remember what I have written down, and very often in continental journeyings, and especially in Australia and in India, I have been enabled to quote in my letters home whole passages which I knew that I had transcribed in such and such a year and in such and such a book, then securely locked up in my iron safe."

Somebody has forwarded to Andrew Lang a clipping, which has been going the rounds of the newspapers lately, relative to his "splendid income" derived from literary work. In reply, Mr. Lang alludes to this ingenious "series of interesting myths," and says: "On adding the items together, with a copious margin, I find that my glittering gains may amount to nearly two thousand pounds sterling per annum. Wealth of this kind would attract the notice of anarchists and of the income-tax commissioners, while the bright fable might allure the young, or tempt the avaricious into the profession of letters. Of that profession, sir, as of ancient Greece, 'penury hath ever been the housemate,' and your correspondent's legends are baseless. The 'splendor' is all in his poetic eye, the items have to be divided by a considerable figure, and it is quite untrue that I 'contribute London letters' to American journals. Would that I possessed the necessary fancy, then I might aspire to be poet laureate. But no such luck! In the craft of letters, as far as my experience goes, the laborer is not paid as he is in medicine, law, or what you please. Of this he does not complain. But he does object to be credited with apocryphal splendors and opulence of which he has only read in 'Ouida's' novels."

Holiday Publications.

The Christmas issue of the Franklin Square Library is already out, bringing a store of yule-tide stories and pictures. It is in the form of an extra large issue of *Harper's Weekly*, and contains a number of reprints from the *Weekly* and the *Bazar*. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 25 cents.

"A Posy of Winter Roses" (30 cents) is a ten-page pamphlet containing poetical extracts in fanciful lettering and accompanied by illustrative vignettes. "Onward" (50 cents) is a "Scripture text-book," with poetical selections for each day in the month. It is elaborately printed and gorgeously illustrated in colors. "A Snow Baby" (50 cents) is a little book of merry winter rhymes by G. Clifton Bingham, elaborately illustrated in black and white and in colors. "Golden Leaves from the Poet's Garden" (75 cents) contains extracts from the famous poets, selected and arranged by Robert Ellice Mack, with pretty lithographic vignettes. Edgar Allen Poe's poem "The Bells" is issued in a new illustrated edition; the verses and illustrations, occupying separate pages, are printed in sepia by lithography, and the cover is of heavy pebbled paper. "Old Father Santa Claus: His Picture Book" ($1.50) is a new children's book containing a lot of merry jingles and rhymes by Robert Ellice Mack, illustrated with one-tint vignettes and full-page colored lithographs by Lizzie Mack. "Familiar Rhymes from Mother Goose" ($2.00), with new pictures by Chester Loomis, is an elaborate and artistic book. The illustrations are in outline, filled in in solid colors, like Kate Greenaway's pictures, but the quaint prettiness of the latter is supplanted in Mr. Loomis's work by a broad humor which is quite as good in its way. These books are printed at Nuremberg by Ernest Nister for E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. For sale at Doxey's.

"Days Serene" ($5.00), by Margaret MacDonald Pullman, is an oblong volume measuring ten inches by fourteen. On heavy paper are printed bits of verse descriptive of flowers and out-door scenes, chiefly by American poets, with vignette illustrations by Mrs. Pullman. The poetry is well chosen, the printing (under the direction of George T. Andrew) and the engraving on wood are fine examples of those arts, and the designs are of ordinary merit, reaching their highest art in the depicting of graceful grasses and foliage rather than in the more elaborate landscapes. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.

"Softly Now the Light of Day," by George Washington Doane, and "Silver Thoughts of Great Thinkers" (25 cents each), are the titles of two holiday "leaflets," handsomely printed twelve-page pamphlets, with elaborate fancy-paper covers. "Babes of the Year" is a child's book of verses by Edith M. Thomas—a verse for each month—with illustrations in monotint and colors by Maud Humphrey. The verses are bright, and the illustrations, showing twelve baby faces, are handsome, though a trifle brilliant in coloring; the covers are printed in colors and show several pretty faces. "Bits of Distant Land and Sea" is the title of an oblong quarto book "edited and illustrated by Susie Barstow Skelding." The editing consists in the selection of poems and extracts from poems by famous authors descriptive of or appropriate to the northern and eastern shores of the Mediterranean and Holland; the illustrations are reproductions in colors of water-color drawings by Harry Fenn and the "editress." Mr. Fenn's three signed sketches and one unsigned are of a higher order of merit than the others, which latter look like "fancy" pictures. The book is handsome in typography, printing, and binding. "Sea Coast Views Here and There" ($1.50), is a similar publication, also illustrated and edited by Susie Barstow Skelding. It contains six poems and four colored reproductions of water-color drawings by the "editress," in a similar volume, except that the leaves are fewer and the covers are of elaborately adorned fancy paper. "Patch-work in Pictures and Print" ($1.00), the pictures by F. Opper and the print by Emma A. Opper, will delight many a nurseryfull of children after Christmas; the pictures and rhymes are quaint and amusing, and the book is handsomely printed. "The Tennyson Calendar" ($1.50) consists of a dozen leaves of heavy board tied together with a white ribbon, each leaf bearing a photogravure after a new design by W. St. John Harper. The designs are illustrative of little texts from the laureate's poems, which are worked into the design with the calendar of the month. The drawing and workmanship show skill and taste, making the calendar a pretty one. Published by Frederick A. Stokes & Brother, New York; for sale by C. Beach, William Doxey, and Samuel Carson & Co.

New Books and New Editions.

Cheap reprints of George Sand's "Indiana" (translated) and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's "Kathleen" have been published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents each.

"Danira" is the name Mary J. Safford ("J. M. Percival") has given to a translation of E. Werner's latest completed story, "Ein Gottesurtheil." Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Miss Parloa's New Cook-Book" is a pamphlet containing upwards of eight hundred recipes, new and old, tested and originated by the Bostonese culinary expert whose name figures in the title. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

A translation of George Ohnet's popular novel, "Le Maitre de Forges," has been issued with the title "The Iron-master; or, Love and Pride," with forty-one full-page illustrations from French designs. Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

"The Pot of Gold," a story of buried treasure, and "Widow Molly," a story of another kind of treasure—a brave woman—both written by Edward Richard Shaw, have been published in a little volume by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York, Chicago, and San Francisco; for sale by the publishers; price: cloth, $1.00; paper, 50 cents.

The "Chiswick" edition of Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" is a handsomely printed volume, with uncut edges and other marks of the centre-table book. The edition is limited to one thousand copies for America and two hundred and fifty copies for England. Published by White & Allen, New York; for sale by the J. Dewing Company; price, $1.50.

"Taken by the Enemy" is the first of a new series of boys' books by "Oliver Optic" (W. T. Adams), to be called the Blue and the Gray Series. It is an absorbing tale, and will undoubtedly become as popular as any of its many predecessors, which have made "Oliver Optic" a welcome guest with all American boys. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

Three charming children's tales, which many will be glad to see reprinted, are: "The Last of the Huggermuggers: A Giant Story" and its sequel, "Kobboltozo," both written more than three decades ago by our present graceful versifier, Christopher Pearse Cranch, and "The King of the Golden River, or, The Black Brothers; A Legend of Styria," by John Ruskin. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.00 each.

A timely book for those who enjoy fireside games as a means of whiling away the long winter evenings is "Fagots for the Fireside," by Lucretia P. Hale. It describes a great number of indoor games, some old and many new, done up in sixteen "bundles of fagots." The papers were originally prepared for *Good Housekeeping*; their republication in this form renders them more accessible. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $1.25.

"A Forbidden Marriage: or, In Love with a Handsome Spendthrift," is a novel by Laura Jean Libbey, whose advertising methods were exploited in a recent letter from New York printed in the *Argonaut* under the title "Eros and His Girls." Miss Libbey certainly displays some knowledge of the vicious side of life in a great city, but she has little literary skill. Published by the American News Company, New York; for sale by the San Francisco News Company; price, 25 cents.

In the issue of the *Nineteenth Century* for last May there was an article on the influence of diet upon the health, from the pen of Sir H. Thompson. This article, with some additions, has since been published under the title, "Diet in Relation to Age and Activity," and its popularity may be judged from the fact that already ten editions have been required to meet the demand in England, and the second American edition has been reached. Published by Cupples & Hurd, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"The Adventures of a Chinaman," by Jules Verne, has been translated into English by Virginia Champlin. The scene is laid in China, two Europeans figuring in the tale. Though this has not so much pseudo-science as its predecessors from Verne's pen, the imaginative Frenchman effects a marvelous blending of the possible and the impossible, putting his Chinese hero through a variety of unheard-of experiences and bringing him out all right by equally startling means. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

The twenty-first volume in the series of Stories of the Nations is "Mediæval France," by Gustave Masson. The period treated in the volume extends from the accession of Hugh Capet in 987 to the death of Louis the Twelfth in 1515. The history proper is prefaced by tables showing the Chancellors of France during the period treated, the genealogy of the Capetian Kings, and a tabular view of the states-general from their commencement in 1302 to the end of the reign of Louis the Twelfth. The book contains the numerous illustrations usual in the volumes of this series, and two maps of France at important epochs in the period treated. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.; price, $1.50.

"A Midsummer Nights Dreame" is the latest issue of the variant edition of Shakespeare's work. The text is that of the First Folio, because that is the last which had the benefit of Shakespeare's manuscript authority. In the notes at the foot of each page are given the variations in spelling and punctuation of the two editions of the play published in Shakespeare's life time. An introduction by Henry Johnson, the editor of this edition, gives information regarding the date of composition and the early editions of the play, and explanatory notes precede the text of the play. The edition is a valuable one for those who desire to study Shakespeare in the original and untranslated by the numberless editors who have "commented" on his text. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

The contents and purpose of "Manners," by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, is perhaps more clearly indicated by the sub-title "Happy Homes and Good Society." Yet even this hardly expresses the scope of the book. It contains a series of chapters in which advice, information, and rules of etiquette concerning the various social relations are curiously mixed with patriotic thoughts and discussions of our national holidays. The unity of the book depends upon the single purpose which runs all through it, of enforcing the importance of home life and the observance of our duties to society. It is a book of principles rather than of precepts, and addresses itself particularly to the class of readers who are just approaching maturity. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co., San Francisco; price, $1.50.

Edwin Arnold has done much to popularize Eastern thought among us, both by his shorter poems and his more ambitious "Light of Asia." His latest production, "With Sa'di in the Garden," is a translation from the Persian poet Sa'di, in an original setting which serves partly to explain and partly to amplify the thought of the Persian poet. The theme is no longer religion, death, and the future life, but the much more lively topic, love. Those who desire to know how the Oriental people are affected by this sweet passion may learn it here in the quatrains of their own poets. The original portion of the poem, which is in the gently flowing verse of the "Light of Asia," represents a dialogue between the Mizra, two singing-girls with their attendant, and the Englishman, who reports their dialogue to the Western world. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.00.

The recent death of Edward Lear, in the early part of the present year, has led to the publication of a new edition of his "Nonsense Books." This new edition contains all of those famous absurdities that he ever wrote, the entire contents of the four books published in 1846, 1871, 1872, and 1877. The volume is a 12mo., however, instead of the large quartos or folios that have amused two generations of children, and the colored illustrations are now reduced and printed in black and white only. As has been said of Mr. Lear, in these nonsense books he "never deviates into sense"; but, despite the admirable books that are now made for children, he would be an iconoclast who would condemn these little five-line rhymes and impossible pictures. They will at least seem old friends to thousands who will be glad to see them once more and to read the few biographical notes on Mr. Lear in the introduction. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

The highest work of the physician is the prevention rather than the cure of disease, and in no class of cases is this superiority more conspicuous than in the numerous nervous disorders to which American women are so subject. This prevention is to be accomplished by means of advice, and this advice is most effective and far-reaching when given in the form of books written in a popular and attractive form. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, who has already rendered valuable service in this direction, now publishes under the title "Doctor and Patient," a series of essays, addressed more particularly to women, and treating of the influences of the mode of life in bringing about nervous exhaustion. Under the titles, Convalescence, Pain and its Consequences, The Moral Management of Invalid Children, Nervousness and its Influence on Character, and Out-Door and Camp-Life for Women, he brings together a mass of valuable information which can not fail to be beneficial to his readers. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.50.

The future historian who shall write the history of this country subsequent to the civil war, will certainly not be embarrassed by a lack of material both as to the events and the men who took part in them. Volumes of reminiscences without number have been written by men whose intimacy with the facts and whose prominence as participators render them in every way qualified to make valuable contributions to historical material. Hugh McCulloch, who, as Secretary of the Treasury during the most difficult periods of our financial history under Republican administration, is peculiarly well qualified to write the inside history of these movements, is the latest of these contributors. "Men and Measures of Half a Century," while not aming at the dignity of history, gives with great completeness the personal views of its author regarding most of the leaders in recent political history in this country and the opinions of one well qualified to judge of the events of that period. His remarks on the naturalization laws indicate his views on a political question of the near future. The portion of the book devoted to financial measures is almost too brief. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $4.00.

"Madame Chrysanthemum."

There has just been issued an English version of "Madame Chrysanthème," a book which is from the pen of "Pierre Loti," otherwise Lieutenant Viaud, a leading literary lion now in Paris. The book has been done into English by Laura Ensor, and is issued in exact imitation—except for the text—of the original French edition published by Gillaume et Cie. "It is the diary of a summer in my life," the author writes, and adds, "although the most important rôle may appear to devolve on Madame Chrysanthème, it is very certain that the three principal personages are *myself*, *Japan*, and the *effect* produced on me by that country." The story is told in a few words: A naval officer, arriving in Nagaski, hires a house and the other appurtenances of a Japanese house, including the house-keeper, pretty little Madame Chrysanthème—"when one is in Rome," etc., and then he is a sailor, you know—and lives there in a quiet, uneventful way for the two months that intervene before his vessel sails for another port. There is nothing tragic in it, nothing more thrilling than his escape from his tender-hearted housekeeper. The whole book, from the moment he is first rowed ashore in a pouring rain by two naked boys in a *sampan* and is drawn to a tea-house by a straw-thatched native, is taken up with accounts of various features of this strange little island and its strange little people. "Loti" does not merely pile description upon description, he tells of how he and his brother Yves, with Madame Chrysanthème and the Japanese wives of other officers, make excursions to the tea-house of the Indescribable Butterflies, join the pilgrimage to the great temple of the Jumping Tortoise, receive ceremonious visits from native morganatic relatives, or give tea-parties; how Yves went alone to a fencing gallery and vanquished the natives, despite their great two-handed swords; how these curious people eat, sleep, dress, drink, fight, play, sing, draw, worship, smoke, bathe, visit, buy, sell, die, and are buried. The diary form of the tale makes it the more real, and the writer's powers of observation and felicitous description hold the reader from first page to last. One wants to read the book at a sitting, and then reread it at odd moments. The paper is *de luxe*, the type Elzevirian, and the illustrations are process reproductions of wash-drawings by Rossi and Myrbach, done in a perfection of illustrative art that is thoroughly in keeping with the text. We can find fault with but one picture, that where Madame Chrysanthème is shooting in the bowman's gallery. The real Japanese bow is large, as Mrybach has made it, but it is not symmetrical, the portion above the handle being twice as long as that below; and her right elbow is held down to her side in a way that would make a Japanese archer, male or female, smile. Published by George Routledge & Sons, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $5.00.

The plot of "The Yeomen of the Guard" is not lacking in that whimsical humor which stamps with an individualty as strong as Frank Stockton's all the work of W. S. Gilbert. Yet the story, in comparison with the graceful extravagance of "The Mikado" or the delicate absurdity of "Patience," seems almost tame and colorless.

The yeomen of the guard keep watch and ward over the tower, whose grim and grisly front frowns in the background during two acts. One of the yeomen, Sergeant Merryll, has two children, a daughter, Phœbe—beloved by the head jailer and herself suffering from a romantic attachment to an unknown Captain Fairfax, confined in the tower—and a son, Leonard, lately returned from the wars, where he has done deeds of valor and enrolled himself among the ranks of heroes. These three pine to release Captain Fairfax, who is under sentence of death, and finally plot to effect his escape—Phœbe to steal the keys from her lover the jailer, Merryll to let him out, and Leonard, whose return is as yet unknown to his brother yeomen, to retire into seclusion and let the captain wear his clothes and personate him. Soon after the captain, out for a last airing, and the lieutenant of the tower enter and converse. The captain, a philosophic fellow, does not dread death; he finds pleasure in the thought that he who might have had to perish in June is permitted to live in July. Still his philosophy does not carry him past earthly spites, for he expresses a wish to wreak vengeance on his cousin, who has had him incarcerated on the charge of sorcery in order to inherit his estates should he die unmarried. He is at present unmarried, but wishes to repair the omission if possible, frustrate his cousin's plans, and secure the triste pleasure of a *post-mortem* revenge.

The lieutenant promises to find a bride, and does so in the person of a dancing-girl, Elsie Maynard, who, in company with a jester, Jack Point, travels about the country singing at fairs. She is led blindfold to Fairfax's cell, married to him, and led blindfold out again, never having seen him. Shortly after this the captain's escape is effected by the Merrylls; he enters as a yeoman, meets his sister Phœbe and the guard, and has the satisfaction of looking on the tremendous turmoil caused by his flight.

The second act is still Tower Green, and in this the disguised Fairfax plays havoc with the hearts. His unknown wife, Elsie, thinking him Leonard, is in love with him, and his supposed sister, Phœbe, knowing him not Leonard, is in love with him. He reciprocates Elsie's regard, but is checked in his protestations by the thought of his hasty marriage. Happily Elsie has had a fever, and the young girl Kate, who has nursed her, has heard her make those timely admissions permissible in fictitious fevers. Hearing that she has raved of marrying one whom she has never seen, Fairfax at once suspects her of being his wife and feels much elated. Phœbe seeing him lost to her makes up with her jailer-lover, who had been rather on the shelf during the reign of Fairfax; Sergeant Merryll pairs off with Dame Carruthers, who for years has been stalking him; and Jack Point, the jester, is content to kiss his bauble. There is a cheerful ending, every one appearing philosophically satisfied with their mate.

In the list of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas "The Yeomen of the Guard" might come in somewhere above "Princess Ida" and below "Iolanthe." Taken as a whole, it is one of the most uneven of their collaborations. Mr. Gilbert has fallen further below his standard than Sir Arthur Sullivan. Though there are some real Gilbertian gems in the libretto, there are long arid stretches of undeniable dullness, especially in the first act. There are lengths of dialogue unenlivened by a single glimmer of that rare wit which corruscates from end to end of "The Mikado," "Engaged," "The Wedding March," and "The Bab Ballads." It is all the more disappointing as there is a perpetual suggestion in the dialogue of something piquant just coming. All Phœbe's phrases are of the same demurely artless style as Yum-Yum's, but they never culminate in anything as neat as Yum-Yum's eager "I always said he couldn't play." And Dame Carruthers is another Katisha, but with the fun of her all evaporated. Jack Point is the mouth-piece for all the real humor of the opera. His sayings sprinkle a refreshing little shower of wit over the parched expanse of one dry and one extra-dry act. In him we spy Mr. Gilbert's hand, cunning as ever. His interview with the lieutenant, where that gentleman requests him to give some specimens of his style, is a real Gilbertian bit. His answer to the query if he is married—"No, sir; for though I'm a fool there's a limit to my folly"—though old, tells. All through his part little green shoots of wit-by-the-way crop up refreshingly. At times—markedly in his conversation with Wilfred at the opening of the second act—his jesting takes a serious form under its motley, and becomes almost metaphysical.

Musically the opera is resonant with echoes. Particles of "The Mikado," "Patience," "Iolanthe," float and mingle with newer particles, and form a whole sufficiently familiar to be pleasant as an old friend. Some of the airs are charmingly light and tuneful, but there does not seem to be that perfect harmony between music and words which has marked previous works of these authors. In a few cases they have combined with charming result, notably in Fairfax's ballad "Is life a boon?" the words of which suggest Raleigh and Waller in their studied affectation of simplicity, while the music fits them to perfection with its faint, delicate, old-time melancholy. The ensemble of the Fool and Wilfred is another point where the genius of librettist and composer have touched and fused. Here brilliancy of music unites with brilliancy of wording to form a sparkling bit of comedy. The quartet which shortly follows this is one of the most tenderly melodious pieces in the opera, and shows Sir Arthur has not forgotten how to be simply tuneful. Again, the "Song of the Merryman and the Maid" is real Gilbert and Sullivan, melodiously catching to the point of being whistled in the foyer, gently satiric, and of the type of tranquil humor which evokes the lazy smile rather than the broad laugh. The solos of Elsie are more intricate and ambitious than anything of the kind so far given us by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Her "'Tis done! I am a bride," is almost elaborate enough for grand opera. Some of the choruses are sonorous and impressive.

Miss Abbot's Elsie is one of her best personations. In this part she subdues both her histrionic and vocal vehemence, and her performance is perceptibly benefited. Such boisterous enthusiasm as she permits herself is not out of place in the strolling player, whose decision of action and absence of The Fine Shades and The Nice Feelings prove her a person of energetic and masculine character. Miss Abbott's rendering of some of her numbers—her first ballad especially—was acceptable and pleasant, gaining from the fact that she used her voice with much more consideration than is her custom. Miss Bertini made rather a stiff Phoebe, somewhat too unyielding and determined in her coquettish efforts. Miss Bertini's part includes several pretty numbers, especially "Were I thy Bride," for which, unfortunately, the lady's voice was scarcely adequate. Her scenes with the love-lorn jailor Wilfred give an actress a good opportunity to establish her claims to brilliancy and that delicate charm which is so essential to the interpreters of light operettas. Miss Annandale made a fairly acceptable Dame Carruthers, and Miss Mirella, as Kate, sang her part in the quartet with much sweetness.

Of the gentlemen of the company Mr. Walter Allen, as the Jester, deserves much praise. He invested this quaintly humorous character with a potent vitality. He was amusing, natural, and rarely overacted, which, in the personation of humorous characters, is one of the attributes most seldom found. Moreover, he was one of the few members of the company whose lines were intelligible to the audience. One does not expect to hear the words of a song, but there is a prejudice in favor of hearing the words of a dialogue, if only occasionally, that one may vaguely follow the drift of the plot. Mr. Allen's Jester was the livest and most finished personation of the opera.

Mr. Pruette's Wilfred was also intelligible and clever. He once or twice fell into the error of overdoing his emotions, but was, on the whole, satisfactory and amusing enough to provoke several genuine laughs. He would have been benefited in his part by a more sympathetic Phœbe. Mr. Montegriffo made a foreign Captain Fairfax. The part is, however, an uninteresting one, and pales into insignificance before the keen-edged humor of the Jester and the grotesque and ponderous fun of Wilfred. Mr. Montegriffo sang his little Elizabethan ballad quite sweetly, but his acting was colorless and unresponsive.

Mr. Broderick, as Sergeant Merryll, acted little and sang well. His voice is one of the finest in the company, and he manages it with ease and satisfaction to his audience. There was some heavy coquetting between him and Dame Carruthers, which was so like that of Ko-Ko and Katisha, and so dull by comparison, that nobody could raise a laugh. Mr. Richard Karl, as lieutenant of the tower, and Mr. James Abdill, as Leonard Merryll, had small parts, which they filled without rousing either satisfaction or dissatisfaction. G. B.

Gustave Heinrich's new American opera company commenced its winter season at New Haven November 19th. The artists composing it are as follows: Louise Natale, Adelaide Randall, Cora B. Macham, Fanny Gonzales, Clara Poole, Lizzie Macnichol, Charles Bassett, William Castle, Thomas Ebert, A. E. Stoddard, Frank Velta, E. N. Knight, T. G. Guise, and Harry Warren. There is a chorus of thirty, an orchestra of twenty, and a ballot of ten. The repertoire includes sixteen operas.

A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* says: "America, next to Italy, is now acknowledged to possess the most favorable atmosphere for the production of good voices, and American singers are beginning to take precedence of all others in the great musical centers of the world."

Paris is getting tired of the ballet. In 1884 the Opera gave thirty-two ballet nights; in 1885, twenty-eight; in 1886, twenty-two, and in 1887, thirteen. Thus far eleven ballet performances only have been given in 1888.

STAGE GOSSIP.

The Abbott troupe have two more weeks at the Baldwin. The Coquelin-Hading company begin their season on the seventeenth of December.

The holiday production of "Said Pasha," with its gorgeous and glittering chorus and military band, has had an auspicious first week, and is now up for an indefinite run.

Mary Anderson's leading man during her present tour is "Handsome Jack Barnes." He has gone in for a severe regimen and has reduced himself again to the perfect form that fluttered the dove-cotes when he supported Adelaide Neilson.

It takes twelve men, clad in complete suits of sheet-iron, to handle the fire in the Pillar of Flame scene of Gillette's version of "She," and the New Yorkers are going to see it like small boys to a circus. The same version will be played in this city and in London in a few months.

For the third week of the Abbott troupe the following programme has been arranged: Monday, "Il Trovatore"; Tuesday, "The Mikado"; Wednesday and Saturday afternoon, "Ruy Blas"; Thursday, "Faust"; Friday, Auber's "The Good Devil"; and Saturday evening, "The Bohemian Girl."

Frank Daniels, the man with the phenomenal bass voice and a genius for facial and bodily contortion, brings a new play to the Bush Street next week. It is "Little Puck," by Archie Gunter, and gives full play to the grotesque fun which contributed so much to the success of "The Magic Doll" and "A Rag Baby."

Mme. Louis Pyk will make her first appearance in the City of Mexico on the first day of December at the National Theatre. She gave a very successful concert at Guadalajara on the eighteenth instant, where she has arranged for several more before her departure for the capital city. Mr. Georges Delauney, the young French baritone, is much appreciated, as also are the Misses Joran.

Ethel Sprague, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague, aims at the stage as a career, and seems to have lots of friends who are willing and able to keep her before the public until she makes a hit in some rôle. She is at present only a Lyceum pupil in New York, but she has beauty, health, energy, ambition, and sense, a quintet which, together with her youth, must win her some share of success.

"Mazulm; or, The Night Owl" is the name of the Kiralfy spectacle we are to have with us this winter. It is to be given under the personal supervision of Imre Kiralfy, who has not been out here since he dissolved partnership with his brother Bolossy, and it is expected to awaken the Grand Opera House from its long lethargy as the Beautiful Prince's salute awoke the Sleeping Palace of the Enchanted Wood. "Mazulm," in fact, is conceded in the East to be a miracle of mechanical, scenic, and sartorial elaboration.

Sara Jewett is reported to be dying in a private asylum near New York. Few of those who saw her act in the Union Square Company with Charles R. Thorne ever imagined that she would fall so low; but a love affair affected her emotional temperament so that she was obliged to resort to the use of morphine, and she became a slave to the drug. She has made noble efforts to throw off its thraldom, but without avail, and now there remains practically no hope that she will ever realize the bright promise of her early career.

Billy Emerson testified in the Bijou trial the other day that he had received a salary of six hundred dollars a week for eight performances of twenty minutes each—about two dollars and a half for each minute he is in the theatre. Lasalle, the high-priced baritone of the Paris Grand Opera, gets seventeen thousand six hundred dollars for eight months' singing, or—supposing he is on the stage two and one-half hours or three times a week—little more than one dollar a minute. Truly Emerson was in luck when his aspirations stopped at Manrico.

There is some talk of Dan'l Sully taking the Bijou Theatre and making it to San Francisco what Harrigan's theatre is to New York—a theatre where the lowest phases of metropolitan life may be seen, reproduced with the accuracy of a photograph which the operator has touched up only where art—and decency—require it. Sully should make a success of this scheme, if he goes into it. He personates the best type of the Irish-American citizen to the life, and, if he can get such plays as Harrigan writes about Gotham life, he has the managerial ability to keep his company up to an attractive and paying basis.

Augustus Pitou is a man at the managerial end of the theatrical profession, and he recently announced that Rose Coghlan has always been averse to wearing tights, but that he has finally persuaded her to don a boy's attire in "Jocelyn." This is the play Charles Coghlan wrote for Mrs. Langtry but finally placed in his sister's hands, and in it the heroine is called upon to fight a duel, of which fact the sagacious Rose has made much advertising capital during the summer. But she did not betray this aversion to tights when she first came to this country—with Lydia Thompson's British blondes. However, since her advent on the "legitimate" stage, she has carefully avoided all unwomanly attire. Even her Rosalind was made to wear great top-boots that shrouded her nether limbs as completely as the most prudent could wish. Her conception of the part never hit the popular fancy, it may be added.

The Paris revival of "Cinderella" is chiefly remarkable for the appearance of Mme. Theresa in the rôle of La Houspignole, in which she sings many of the famous concert-hall airs that made her fame years ago. The "Patti des bocks" has lost none of her peculiar charms. She has grown stoutish, but her voice and *chic* are unchanged. I called on her recently (writes a correspondent) at her fantastic villa, near Asnieres. I found her smoking a cigarette, surrounded by bibelots of all kinds, for she is very fond of antiquities, and has artistic tastes, strange as it may sound. The story of her singing, when a child, in front of the cafés in the Boulevard du Temple, is a mere legend. She belonged to a small *bourgeois* family, which, although not rich, had enough money to give her a fair education. Her father is still alive, and she adores him. Her first idea in life was to become a dancer; she longed to become queen of the ballet; but just as she was about to be engaged at the Porte St. Martin, a family incident occurred, and she turned her attention to singing. She is very proud of a full-size portrait of Gounod, given to her by the maestro, and signed with his name. She also dotes on her birds, of which she has a rich collection. She is very charitable, and her villa is called for miles around "la maison du bon Dieu." To see her in her garden attending to her fowls and pigeons and coaxing them in the softest terms, one would little dream that the person before him was the "forte en gueule" of the Alcazar. She seems to regret ever having taken to the café concert. She says she has no taste for comic songs, and that her real forte is the sentimental and the patriotic, but the public refused to listen to her in that line, and she was forced to take to the "Sapeur," the "Venus aux Carottes," and similar vulgar stupidities. "Alas!" she added, with a sigh, "it is too late now to begin again."

Signor Campanini, whose soul was cheered by the arrival on Sunday last of the distinguished culinary artist who has brightened the Palazzo Campanini, near Parma, with his presence for some years, was plunged into the depths of sorrow on Monday by the receipt of a dispatch announcing that his favorite dog, known all over the United States as Meester Black, had been arrested and impounded as a common vagrant. Black, it appears, had become weary of travel, and his owner was weary of ostracism from sundry cars and hotels, whence even the best-bred dogs are excluded by hard-hearted hotel-keepers and traffic managers. On this account it was decided to leave Black in the care of a kinsman of the tenor. Three days after his arrival in town, Black was ignominiously pounced upon by the dog-catchers as an unlicensed cur, and dragged into duress. The annual cost of a license in Italy is thirty lire, or six dollars, and the fine imposed for evading the ordinance is one hundred lire. Black was promptly bailed out, and in extenuation of his offense it was urged that he had been only three days a resident of Parma, and therefore could not be expected to have attained a mastery of old Roman jurisprudence. Notwithstanding this plea, the fine had to be paid and a license taken out before Black was permitted to walk the streets as a free Parmesan. Signor Campanini, who grows fonder of the United States year after year, is now a warmer admirer of American institutions than ever, and, in protracted discussions with local *Italianissimi*, delights in contrasting the genial greetings of the New York dog-catchers with the mercenary officers of the law in his native land, who would no more think of laying hands upon Black than upon a lion at large.

Clement Scott, the London dramatic critic, was recently asked by a *Pall Mall Gazette* reporter whether he considered the stage a place where women could remain moral and respectable, and what advice he would give young ladies who wished to go upon the stage. This was his reply: "My advice would be, 'For heaven's sake, pause!' There is always an opening on the stage for real talent, true genius; but the talent and genius of stage aspirants must not be taken at their own estimate. There are hundreds and thousands of pure, moral, and respectable women on the stage, but the atmosphere of the theatre is trying to the healthy moral constitution. A woman not born and bred in the profession, avowedly of a theatrical stock, must, in a certain sense, lose her self-respect and encounter familiarities, temptations, and outlets for the display of natural vanity from which good women should be safeguarded. A woman may take a header into a whirlpool and be miraculously saved—but then she may be drowned. If a girl knows how to take care of herself she can go anywhere; but I should be sorry to expose modesty to the shock of the worst kind of temptation—a frivolous disregard for womanly purity. One out of a hundred may be safe, but even she must hear things that she had better not listen to and witness things that she had better not see. In every class of life women are exposed to dangers and temptation; but far more in the theatre than elsewhere. All honor and praise to them when they brave them out."

Mme. Zélie Trebelli is slowly recovering from the stroke of paralysis that recently threatened to end an active and pleasant life. This excellent artist and accomplished woman, when called away, will be sadly missed in music-loving circles of fashionable London. English play-goers and music lovers are true to their old loves, and for some twenty years Mme. Trebelli has basked in the unvarying sunshine of public favor. She was not a very gifted artist, for just a quarter of a century ago Scudo wrote of her "acid voice," and the quality of her tones never improved. But Mme. Trebelli was one of the few songstresses that knew how to make the best of such material as she possessed, and she grew to be an artist to the tip of her finger-nails, as her French fellow-countrymen put it. Originally, Mme. Trebelli was plain Mlle. Gilbert, her Italian *nom-de-théâtre* being an anagram of her family name. Her compound name of Trebelli-Bettini was acquired by marriage with a shaky tenor named Bettini, who came to America during one of Mr. Mapleson's numerous "off seasons," and who was conspicuous in his attentions to a pretty and insignificant little soprano named Pattini, whom Signor Bettini, now well on in years and shakier than ever, is reported to have recently taken to wife.

THE INNER MAN.

The origin of baking precedes the period of history, and is involved in the obscurity of the early ages of the human race. Excavations made in Switzerland gave evidence that the art of making bread was practiced by our prehistoric ancestors as early as the stone period. From the shape of the loaves it is thought that no ovens were used at that time, but the dough was rolled into small round cakes and laid on hot stones, being covered with glowing ashes. Bread is mentioned in the book of Genesis, where Abraham, wishing to entertain three angels, offered to "fetch a morsel of bread." Baking is again referred to where Sarah has instructions to "make ready quickly three measures of fine meal, knead it, and make cakes upon the hearth." Lot entertained two angels by giving them unleavened bread. The mere mention of unleavened bread shows that there were two kinds of bread made even at that time. The art of baking was carried to a high perfection among the Egyptians, who are said to have baked cakes in many fantastic shapes, using several kinds of flour. Public bakeries were numerous on the streets of Rome. In England the business of the baker was considered to be one so closely affecting the interests of the public that in 1266 an act of Parliament was passed regulating the price to be charged for bread. The regulation continued in operation until 1822 in London, and until 1836 in the rest of the country. The art of making bread has not yet reached some countries in Europe and Asia. In the rural parts of Sweden no bread is made, but rye cakes that are baked twice a year and are as hard as flint. It is less than a century ago that bread was used in Scotland, the Scotch people of every class living on barley bannocks and oaten cakes. Owing to the fact that bread is sold very cheaply in Great Britain, the bakers of that country are a poorly paid class of laborers. For years the employers made use of child-labor to such an extent that Parliament, in 1863, passed a law making it a criminal offense to employ a young person under the age of eighteen years to work in a bake-house between the hours of nine o'clock P. M. and five A. M. As most of the work done by bakers is in the night, this statutory law in Great Britain virtually prohibits child-labor in bake-houses. In all countries of the world wheat flour is the principal material for making bread, although rye is used largely among the peasantry in some parts of Europe. The price of bread has always followed the market price of wheat very closely, and a recent rise in wheat advanced the price of a pound loaf in Chicago twenty-five per cent.

Travelers in Java have filled pages and columns with rhapsodies over the mangosteen, and all unite in extolling it as the supreme delight of the tropics. The mangosteen appears to one as a hard round fruit the size of a peach. Its hard outer-shell or rind is of the same color and thickness as a green walnut, but in this brown husk lie six or eight segments of creamy white pulp. The little segments are easily separated, and transferred to the mouth melt away, the pulp being as soft and fine as a custard. The mangosteen's delicate pulp tastes, as all its eulogists say, like strawberries, peaches, bananas, and oranges all at once; a slight tartness is veiled in these delicious flavors, and it is never cloyingly sweet. Taken just as it comes from the ice box the mangosteen is an epicure's dream realized, and the more's the pity that it only grows in far-away places and deadly climates, and does not bear transportation. Large sums have been offered, and P. and O. steamships have made hundreds of ineffectual efforts to get a basket of mangosteens to England for the queen. The hard rind looks unchanged for weeks, but the delicate pulp melts away, and the dryest and coldest refrigerator chambers can not keep the heart of the mangosteen from spoiling.

Such a thing as cooking pies, cakes, puddings, and the like has been relegated to the past in nine household out of ten in New York, except where one of the daughters of the house is anxious to show her skill in the kitchen. All over town there are small shops where ice-cream, ices, charlotte-russes, and all sorts of after-dinner delicacies are kept on hand, and a specialty is made of delivering them to flats and houses after five o'clock at night. The districts are pretty well divided up, so that the routes of the different delivery wagons are usually short. Ladies who are out shopping in the afternoon drop in at the places nearest their house, and order their dessert. It is home nearly as soon as they are. The other end of the dinner is being taken care of in a similar way, and the oyster-houses have taken up the plan of serving oysters on the half-shell, already opened, in flat tin cases at twenty cents a plate. In this way the housekeepers who object to toil—and their number is legion—manage to look after the two ends of the dinner without any particular trouble. They leave the roast to the cook and the ensemble to Providence.

The Russian physician and publicist, Portugaloff, declares that strychnine in subcutaneous injections is an immediate and infallible remedy for drunkenness. The craving of the inebriate for drink is changed into positive aversion in a day, and after a treatment of eight or ten days the patient may be discharged. Even should the appetite return months afterward the first attempt to resume drinking will produce such painful and nauseating sensations that the person will turn away from the liquor in disgust. The strychnine is administered by dissolving one grain in two hundred drops of water and injecting five drops of the solution every twenty-four hours. Dr. Portugaloff recommends the establishment of inebriate dispensaries in connection with police-stations.

Mustard was little known at English tables until 1729, when a Mrs. Clements, residing in Durham, began to grind the seed in a mill, and to pass the flour through several processes necessary to free it from the husks. She kept her secret to herself for many years, during which she sold large quantities of mustard throughout the country, but especially in London. Here it was introduced to the royal table, where it received the approval of George the First. From the circumstance of Mrs. Clements being a resident at Durham it obtained the name of Durham mustard.

The annual export of caviare—or the preserved roe of the sturgeon—from South Russia is stated by a worthy authority to be now equal to from a million to nearly a million and a half pounds avoirdupois. Most of it is shipped from Taganrog, and the greater part finds its way to Greece and certain parts of Italy and Germany.

THE LION OF THE NILE.

A Mystery of Championship.

Whelped on the desert sands, and desert-bred
From dugs whose sustenance was blood alone—
A life translated out of other lives,
I grew the king of beasts: the hurricane
Leaned like a feather on my royal fell;
I took the Hyrcan tiger by the scruff
And tore him piecemeal; my hot entrails laughed,
And my fangs yearned for prey. Earth was my lair;
I slept in her waste places without fear;
I roamed the jungle depths with less design
Than e'en to lord their solitude; on crags
That cringe from lightning—black and blasted fronts
That crouch beneath the wind-bleared stars, I told
My heart's truition to the universe,
And all night long, roaring my fierce defy,
I thrilled the wilderness with aspen terrors,
And challenged death and life.
Still near to man—
For to his miracles and teeming proofs
I felt my presence kindred—round his homes
In the hushed dusk I prowled, and harmed him not. . . .
I came by night to where Cephrenes' slaves
Had left their tools, building his pyramid—
The deposition of immortal longings
Against the fate of change—not less of those
Who served the guiding mind and found therein
Their own accomplishment . . . I saw red lights,
And horses numberless—the world was won!
The world was late: Hephæstion he was dead,
And stars regretful crossed the revelry
Of Alexander, drunk in Babylon.

Hid in the musky shadows, above Thebes,
I heard the stoutest of the truculent three
To whom the knives of Brutus and the rest
Triparted Cæsar's world, with Ptolemy's daughter
At midnight on the low and loitering Nile,
Cry "Kiss me, Egypt!" there beneath the stars—
And cry "All else is but an interlude
To the great play of Love!" I heard her gibing:
"She smiled—Octavio, when you told her this?"
The fighter bit his lip: "Thou namest our wife
And Cæsar's sister: less we wish her not,
Nor will not for the earth—nay, not for thee!"—
I might have sprung upon them as they passed,
Yet would not, but the low and luted waves
And amaranth boughs to the far Nubian hills
Resounded the uproar of my approval;
A shour replied, lights gleamed, and hurrying feet
Romped the low deck, urging the barge ashore.
I lingered, for the spell was on my being;
A horse charged on me, and a barbed spear
Stung in my flank; I leaped on the tame brute
And clutched him quivering till he fell and died,
Entranced as of the greatness that effaced him;
Then, with my fore foot spurning, back I glared
(While all the sprites of Art took note of me),
Till a quick shaft out of the fated hand
Pierced eye and brain, and, all my sense confused,
I breathed my heedless force into the ground—
Yet not, at last, until the cygnus down
Of a queen's palm lay soothing on my side,
And a queen's lips had sighed reproachfully,
"Were I Antonius I could name a name!"—
"Julius!" he murmured; and they mused apart.

Aye—I had many names, and many forms.
'Twas I that, upright, helmed in beaten brass—
My beard half-reft, plucked of my trenchant claws,
And in their stead a weltering cut-and-thrust,
Strode through Coriioli gates and heard them clang
Between me and all aid—one taunt I breathed
Toward Tiber's spawn without, who failed my leading,
Then single-handed fenced the Volces back,
And cut my way to Rome. And other time:
Human I stood upon the raked arena
Beneath the pennants of Vespasian,
While serried thousands gazed—strangers from Caucasus,
Men of the Grecian isles, and Barbary princes,
Who saw not that I fought the counterpart
Of that I had been—the raptorial jaws,
The arms that wont to crush with strength alone,
The eyes that glared vindictive. Fallen there,
Vast wings upbore me; from the treacherous peaks
Whose avalanches swirl the valley mist
And whelm the Alpine cottage, to the crown
Of Chimborazo, on whose changeless jewels
The torrid rays recoil with ne'er a cloud
To swathe their blistered steps, I rested not,
But preyed on all that ventured from the earth,
An outlaw of the heavens. But evermore
Would death release me to the jungle shades,
And there came forth my Samson locks again
In the old walks and ways, till 'scapeless fate
Won me as ever to the haunts of men,
Luring my lives with battle and with love.

Was that in dream? Nay, rather this the dream:
That these of ancient heart and widest mold,
And deepest life and patience, now conspire
To make this reminiscent verse a phase
Of the world's championship. Let be what may.
The gods are dreary as the worshipers:
As the wide cycles tire they too have changed.
Faint 'neath its newest garb of charity
Flutters the heart divine in these last years,
And low the purple trails, and justice stoops
To mercy weaker than the sin forgiven;
Yet the patrician pride, the red disdain
Self-sustenant—more gracious in its scorning
Than e'er, alas! Christ-love in piteous tears,
Remembers me on the Judean banners,
O'er lands Levantine rampant without peer:
The shuddering wilds grew firm; the haggard cliffs,
Where conscience flings her troubled victims down,
Caught peace from my sane eyes; e'en vulgar life,
That knows no other boast, was great through me.

And still my worship lives in longing hearts.
Human or brute or bird—for these are one
In love and longing, as my sphinxes know
That couch beside the brooding of the river.
Many are the altars, but the flame is one;
Of every hell the misery is fear,
And every heaven is mockery but mine.

Is thy tongue blunter than the Spartan mob's—
Thy thick breast-muscle hungry for hot blows?
Feelest thou in crowds the catamountain crouch
That longs to leap among the heads o' the throng,
Or worst thy way through threatening contumely?
Doth thy pulse, rushing through the pose of Ajax,
Confront the lurid blood of the strong gods
As one with them at last—and one with Him,
The longest wing in heaven, the deepest crown,
Who, ever vanquished, fighting as he falls,
Still proves himself immortal with the good?
Lo! It is I—the Lion of the Nile!
The mystery of the winged human brute
Couchant—the CHAMPION spirit of the world.

—*Christmas Scribner's.*

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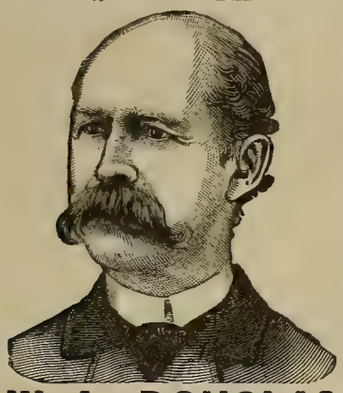

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AT THE MATINÉE.

Orchestra "H," 13 and 15.

Ethel (nervously)—Heavens! Bertha, you didn't forget the caramels?

Bertha (contemptuously)—Did you think me so foolish as that?

E. (joyfully)—Well, I don't know; ever since the night you let Jack Sturgis sing "The old man's gone," when your father was in the library where he could hear it all——

B. (pettishly)—Oh, that's one of Arthur's stories.

E. (positively)—Yes, but it's true.

B. (negatively)—No, it is not.

(Paralyzation of caramels.)

B. (resignedly)—I suppose that band will never stop.

E. (gayly)—There goes the bell, now the curtain is up.

B. (vehemently)—I do hope Mr. Montressa will wear that light suit; it fits him to perfection.

E. (anxiously)—Why, you told me the other day you hadn't seen the play!

B. (peacefully)—No, I didn't.

E. (positively)—Yes, you did. You told me down on Broadway last week when we met Andy Todd.

B. (negatively)—Nop.

(Destruction of caramels.)

E. (critically)—I think that woman looks awfully vulgar in green velvet, don't you?

B. (knowingly)—I suppose the green is to catch the gallery.

E. (maliciously)—Where did you hear that?

B. (placidly)—Nowhere; its original.

E. (skeptically)—Indeed! Oh, my; I forgot to tell you. Do you remember that young Spriggins fellow at the pier last July? His father died the other day, and left him nearly a million.

B. (hysterically)—Do you mean it? Of course, you have congratulated him.

E. (jealously)—I don't know him half so well as you. Goodness knows, you two flirted for weeks.

B. (angrily)—What an awful story!

E. (positively)—Yes, you did.

B. (negatively)—I never flirted in my life.

(Further slaughter of caramels.)

E. (ecstatically)—There's a hat just like my new one over there, by that little boy with the big collar—no, there, you goose. The trimming's different, though.

B. (smilingly)—I like yours best. Doesn't he look just lovely, in that light suit? His father turns him out now.

E. (wickedly)—I hope they starve.

B. (sweetly)—Hem; why?

E. (snappishly)—But they ought, though.

B. (vaguely)—Ought what?

E. (savagely)—Oh, I don't know. Why don't you listen?

(Silent transmigration of caramels.)

E. (forgivingly)—Did I tell you what Andy Todd said about Will Taylor? Will told him all his money had gone to the Old Harry—um, yes, but that wasn't the word Will said—and Andy said, "You'll get it again."

B. (slightingly)—I don't think much of Andy. He's always standing on the steps of the big hotels and smoking cigarettes. Besides, he's awfully slangy.

E. (solicitously)—No more do I. But he paid you a pretty compliment the other night when I told him you had had a sick headache for ever so long. He said you ought to get a wooden head like his and then you wouldn't have headaches.

B. (coolly)—Do you call that a compliment?

E. (affirmatively)—Why, of course!

B. (positively)—Well, I *don't*. What's that? I declare those people are leaving before the best part of the play. Why, the band's playing! Goodness gracious, the curtain's falling! We've lost the lover's meeting after all. I've seen it four times already, but I couldn't describe it to save my life. You really shouldn't talk so much, Ethel. There's our car. Mr. Conductor, Mr. Conductor!—*De Witt Sterry in Time.*

Old man (solemnly)—"My young friend, who was that who just asked you to go and have a drink?" *Young man*—"Barney Jones. He's a friend of mine." *Old man* (with continued solemnity)—"Nay, my young friend, he is an enemy of yours." *Young man*—"Well, I don't know but what you're right. Barney gave me two or three sure things on yesterday's races that made me walk home. You can't tell nowadays, old man, who your friends are."—*New York Sun.*

Magistrate (to prisoner arrested for assault)—"You admit, then, that you pulled your landlord's nose?" *Prisoner*—"Yes." "Don't you know that you had no right to do that?" "No, sir; if I had no right to pull his nose he would have had it put down in the lease."—*Ex.*

Easily explained: *Rosalie* (leaning pensively over the rail)—"I suppose, Mr. Danks, this is what you call a dead calm?" *Danks*—"Yes, it must be; I see there is a wake."—*Boston Post.*

NEWSPAPER TECHNIQUES.

How We Live.

Scene—Popular basement restaurant.

First journalist (languidly)—I went over to the annual banquet of the chamber of commerce last evening. Magnificent affair! Sixteen courses and a wine-card of exquisite selections. The dessert was a perfect dream and the service absolutely irreproachable.

Second journalist—Yes, I scanned your report this morning. I noticed, however, that you severely criticised the arrangement from an artistic standpoint of the glaces and fruits——

Waiter (approaching table)—Orders, gents!

First journalist (with a sigh)—Let me have a little vegetable soup and coffee and cakes.

Second journalist (wearily)—Gimme corned beef and carrots.

Waiter (en route to kitchen)—Tommy in der bowl—be-e-e-f straight and a flip on der string—draw one in de dark wid sinkers fur a lone fisherman!

Home Again.

Reportorial friend—Why, hello, Daudet, and when did you return from Paree?

Foreign correspondent—Only yesterday. Had a regular bong tong time of it, too. I was a perfect lion on the voyage over. Made a mash on some stunning Polish ladies and got on to a big sensation from an exiled Russian count who occupied the next berth to mine. Even the captain devoted himself to personally acquainting me with the regulations and manners of running an Atlantic liner.

R. F.—What did he do?

F. C.—Why he came down off the bridge one morning and told me that the quartermasters had been ordered to throw a bucket of slops over me the next time I strolled past an infernal monarchistic sign on deck which said, "No steerage passengers allowed abaft this gangway." Did I have a bong tong time of it? Well, I should smile.

A Fiend's Revenge.

"Mr. Simpkins," said the editor of the *Laundrymen's Trade Gazoo*" to his able assistant, "you will please remember in writing up your local reviews that Mr. Henry Bunjes is the 'affable, talented, and genial proprietor of the Bunjes Steam Cleaning Depot,' until we find out whether he is going to renew his advertising contract. If he doesn't, we are prepared—praise be unto Jahovah—to tell his customers the name of the individual who is using his tubs on a contract to wash the towel of six of the leading printing offices in this city."

Journalism on East Broadway.

"Abe," said Editor Schlavonsky, of the East Broadway *Kosher Standard*, "shust make me a liddle mention dot Harris, of Hesder Sthreet, has bresended de *Standard* mit oun dosend of fresh matzos. Ve haf our Shobbas dinner, thank Got, und ve can incidentally mention dot de fairies vos goot to de Yhudush."

Another Optical Delusion.

City editor—Come now, Jones, hurry out on that assignment.

Reporter—I'm looking, sir, for that column story I turned in last night.

City editor—You'll find it among the city brevities—that's it—that two-line item.

—*W. S. Murphy in the Journalist.*

"I never take a sleeper when I travel," said Fakir to Footlights, as they strolled along the Rialto. "There's such a danger of fire from the hangings, and, in case of a crash, just think of the immense weight of the cars!" "Yes," replied Footlights, half musingly, "I suppose it really *is* safer to—walk!"—*Life.*

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Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.00, 6.45, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
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LEAVE	From Nov. 25, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, and Los Angeles	11.45 A.
9.30 A.	Fast mail for Ogden and East	12.15 P.
3.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
2.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	11.15 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
2.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
4.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
5.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
5.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.		
8.45 A.	For Newark, San José and Santa Cruz	‡ 8.05 P.
11.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	6.20 P.
3.45 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
5.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, Los Gatos	9.20 A.
NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)		
8.50 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
11.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.38 P.
3.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 35 P.
5.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
3.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
5.00 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.56 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.40 P.

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		1889.
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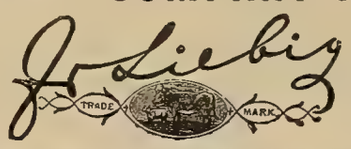

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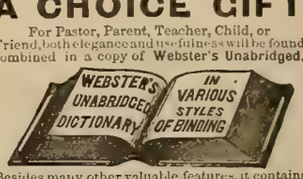

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The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail	**$7.00**
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SOCIETY.

Eothen Club Dinner.

There is a social club in East Oakland called the Eothen, and occasionally a reception is given by the club in that city. The membership is limited to thirty ladies, and the president is Mrs. Frank M. Smith. She has recently taken apartments at the Palace Hotel, while arranging for her departure for the East to pass the winter, and gave a dinner-party there to the members of the club and their husbands. Tuesday evening was the time selected, and at seven o'clock all were seated at a beautifully appointed table in the children's dining-room. The room was made exceedingly attractive by arrangements of green Japanese bamboo clustered around the walls and in the corners, one end being reserved for a string orchestra which was partially concealed behind a handsome array of tropical plants. The table, which was about fifty feet in length, was placed diagonally across the room and set with covers for forty-eight. In the centre was an immense basket full of pure white chrysanthemums, and near each end were other baskets containing yellow chrysanthemums. At intervals along the surface were fairy lamps of different colors which produced a pretty effect. The menu cards of India silk were unique, and made handsome souvenirs of the affair. Streamers of smilax wound around the chandeliers and festoons of evergreen hung at the frieze completed the handsome decoration. The dinner was very elaborate, and a couple of hours were devoted to its enjoyment. Afterward the guests repaired to the parlors of the hostess on the second floor. Here also were more decorations, everything being emblematical of the East. The rising sun and its brilliant orange-hued rays were simulated with silken draperies handsomely embroidered, while masses of green bamboo and chrysanthemums in combination with choice foliage and exotics added still more to the idea. The wide hallway leading to the parlors was arranged to represent a grove of bamboo, as sprouts of this tree, reaching to the ceiling, lined the walls on every side and made the place quite picturesque. In addition to concert selections by the band several songs rendered by members of the club made the later hours of the evening very enjoyable.

The members of the club present were: President, Mrs. F. M. Smith; vice-president, Mrs. D. B. Hinckley; secretary, Mrs. Henry Wetherbee; treasurer, Mrs. M. W. Fish; and Mrs S. H. Melvin, Mrs. E. G. Matthews, Mrs. L. R. Mead, Mrs. F. G. Conklin, Mrs. J. W. Phillips, Mrs. R. S. Leckie, Mrs. W. S. Goodfellow, Mrs. D. H. Jackson, Mrs. C. H. King, Mrs. E. Potter, Mrs. H E. Nichols, Mrs. A. A. Dewing, Mrs. W. Henshaw, Mrs. E. S. Sessions, Mrs W. Melvin, Mrs. F. N. Henshaw, and Mrs. H. H. Nagle. All of these ladies were escorted by their husbands.

The members who were unavoidably absent were: Mrs. L. M. Starr, Mrs. Hiram Tubbs, Mrs. W. E. Mason, Mrs. A. Chabot. Mrs. A. L. White, Mrs. Judge Rosborough, Mrs. E. M. Derby, Mrs. E. Grimes, and Mrs. A. A. Moore.

Mrs. Kirkham Wright, who was a member of the club before her removal to this city, Miss Josephine Thompson, niece of Mrs. Smith, and Mrs. B. G. Smith assisted the hostess in receiving, and were special guests of the evening, as were Mr. Kirkham Wright, Mr. B. G. Smith, and Mr. Henry Squires.

Mrs. Turnbull's Return.

After an absence of over a year and a half in Europe Mrs. Walter Turnbull and her family returned to the city last Wednesday. Many of their friends, having anticipated their arrival, arranged an informal reception for them at their new residence, 1007 Leavenworth Street. Beautiful baskets of roses and other flowers adorned the parlors where from four until six o'clock greetings were exchanged. The guests were hospitably entertained by General Turnbull who had provided a delicious collation to refresh the visitors. Mrs. Turnbull is in excellent health, but her daughter, Miss Ruth, suffered considerably from the fatigue of the trip and has not as yet fully recovered from it.

Among those who called were: Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, Mr. and Mrs. Tenison Deane, Mrs. George S. Ladd, Mrs. W. H. Smith, Mrs. Clement, Miss Jennie Tay, Miss Hattie Tay, Miss Irene Tay, Miss Fannie Danforth, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Kate Dillon, Miss White, Miss Gibbs, Miss Maud Lissak, Miss Madeline Lissak, Miss Edna Lissak, Miss Poole, Miss Clement, Major B. C. Truman, Mr. Henry Heyman, Lieutenant Lissak, U. S. N., Mr. Sidney V. Smith, Mr. Peter Robertson, Mr. Walter L. Dean, and others.

The Willey Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey gave an enjoyable informal reception last Monday evening, at their residence, 2115 California Street. The feature of the evening was an exhibition of mesmeric power, given by Mr. T. F. Kennedy. Several of the guests were easily put under the influence, and their actions afforded interesting amusement for the others. Supper was served at eleven o'clock.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Schroeder, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. H. N. Cook, Dr. and Mrs. James W. Keeney, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Richardson, Mr. and Mrs William H. Smith, Mrs F. Grosvenor, Miss Belle Smith, Misses Marguerite and Marie Bucknall, Miss Mamie Deane, Mr. T. F. Kennedy, Colonel W H. Chamberlain, Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, Mr William H. Stinson, Mr Walter Hinkle, Mr. Brown, Mr. Palmer, Mr. Frank D. Willey, and others.

Badlam Dinner-Party.

A delightful dinner-party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Badlam, at their residence on Franklin Street, a week ago last Friday evening, in honor of Hon. and Mrs. W. W. Morrow. The floral decorations of the table were in perfect taste, and the name cards were very artistic. An elaborate menu was provided, and the affair was made very pleasant in every way.

Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Badlam, Hon. and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Francis Meagher, Miss Maude Badlam, Miss Lillie Winans, Miss Lolita Monteverde, Mr. A. T. Badlam, Mr. Edgar Badlam, Mr. R. Monteagle, Dr. Foulkes, and Mr. Cockburn, of England.

The Mason Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. N. H. A. Mason and the Misses Mason entertained a large number of their friends very pleasantly at a reception given by them last Tuesday evening at their residence on McAllister Street. The three large parlors were canvased for dancing and were tastefully decorated with chrysanthemums, maiden's-hair ferns and smilax. Ballenberg's band furnished excellent music, and a dainty supper was one of the features of the affair. The evening was delightfully passed and will long be remembered by the many present.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson are on their return trip from the South Sea Islands. Mr. Stevenson is reported to be in better health than he has enjoyed for ten years.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney B. Cushing, of San Rafael, were visiting friends in Santa Cruz recently.

Miss Virginia Hanchett has returned from a visit to friends in Sacramento.

Miss Minnie Carroll, of Sacramento, has been visiting Mrs. C. A. Spreckels.

Miss Maud Younger has returned to the city after a year's absence in the East and Europe

Mr. and Mrs. Hall McAllister are at their home, Miramonte, in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Gage and Miss Hattie Gage will pass the winter at Coronado Beach.

Mrs. I. G. Wickersham and Miss May Wickersham, of Petaluma, arrived here on Tuesday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. Walter L. Dean will depart for New York on Tuesday.

Miss Maud Lissak has returned from a prolonged visit to friends in Portland, Or.

Mrs. Sidney V. Smith and family are now in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas have closed "Casa Delmas" and have taken rooms at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Colonel C. F. Crocker has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mrs. Harry W. Gardner has arrived in New York from Paris and will remain there until spring, her trip abroad not being as beneficial to her health as was anticipated.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford departed for Washington, D. C., last Wednesday.

Miss Susie Tompkins, of San Rafael, has been visiting Mrs Samuel Hort.

Mr. Rhodes Borden is visiting Fresno for a couple of weeks.

Senator and Mrs. George Hearst and Miss Lillie Van Ness will leave for Washington, D. C., in about two weeks.

Miss Minnie Houghton has gone to Hartford, Conn., to visit her sister, Mrs. Morgan Bulkeley. She was accompanied by Miss A R. Shunn.

Miss Evelyn Carolan will arrive here from the East in two weeks, after an absence of three months.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Coleman returned from New York last Monday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis, of Menlo Park, are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. J. B. Stetson and Mr. Clark W. Crocker have returned from a trip to Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Tubbs, of Calistoga, intend passing the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. William B. Collier has returned to her home near Clear Lake after a short visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tallant, *née* Landers, are in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank are located at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Mrs. Gray Grayrigge and Mr. Wilfrid B. Chapman will occur next Wednesday.

The second german of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club will be held at B'nai B'rith Hall next Friday evening. It will be a leap year german led by Miss Corbitt.

The officers and ladies at the Presidio gave an enjoyable hop there last Tuesday evening, which was well attended.

The engagement is announced of Miss Tazie Hamilton Harrison, daughter of Mr. Randolph Harrison, of this city, to Ensign Edward Walter Eberle, U. S. N., of the United States Fish Commission steamer *Albatross*.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Shaw have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Kate Shaw, and Mr. James A. Code, which will occur on Wednesday evening, December 12th, at St. Luke's Church.

Army and Navy.

Brigadier-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., has assumed command of the Division of the Pacific and of the Department of California, and has appointed Lieutenant C. P. Gatewood, Sixth Cavalry, U. S. A., and Lieutenant J A. Dapray, Twenty-third Infantry, U. S. A., as his aides-de-camp. Mrs Miles and Miss Miles are with General Miles, and will reside at Fort Mason.

Under date of November 23d, Major-General O O. Howard, U. S. A., relinquished command of the Division of the Pacific and of the Department of California.

Captain Alfred C. Markley, Twenty-fourth Infantry, U. S A., has had his leave of absence extended one menth.

Lieutenant William D. Dietz, U. S. A., of Alcatraz Island, has gone to Fort Bayard, N. M., on official business.

ART NOTES.

The San Francisco School of Design will remain closed from to-day until January 1st, when the new term will commence. The annual exhibition of the work of the pupils will be held in the rooms of the Art Association next Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings. On Saturday night the prizes will be awarded, and an entertainment will be given, comprising tableaux and music.

Joseph Strong is still in Honolulu. His health has been failing of late.

Joullin has just finished a portrait of a gentleman, and is engaged on another.

Brookes has a couple of still-life sketches under way.

John A. Stanton is at work on a sketch taken from the Potrero, showing the mud-flats in the foreground and the city in the distance. He also has a chrysanthemum picture on the easel, and is starting a portrait of a child.

Charles Peters, who is now in Paris, is expected here next spring to attend the wedding of his sister.

Jules Pages is doing some illustrating for *Le Monde Illustré* in Paris.

Mrs. Virgil Williams will remain in Boston until next June. She has sold a few of her pictures.

R D. Yelland is devoting all of his time to the art school.

Raschen and Von Perbandt are sketching at Fort Ross.

Thomas Hill is at his studio at Wawona, and expects to return here in about a week.

Mrs. Evans has opened a studio in Oakland.

Miss Jennie Hobbs is exhibiting an exquisitely finished porcelain fish set in her studio in the Flood Building. She is busy with orders for the holidays.

M. Straus has a new picture called "The Card Party." It is a scene in an Indian camp where the braves are playing "injun poker" near their tepees, and several squaws are interested spectators, Straus has several orders for fruit pictures, and is very busy with his scholars.

W. A. Coulter has just completed a new marine painting, showing the pilot-boats *America* and *White* in their recent race as they neared the Farallones. A moonlight scene on the bay, looking toward Goat Island, is also a recent sketch. His class of pupils occupy most of his time.

William Keith is now exhibiting in his studio the result of his recent northern trip, having completed a number of large pictures of Mt. Ranier and other picturesque spots. He has produced some brilliant glacier effects. A picture of an aged lady is his latest effort in the way of portraiture.

The Tyler Christmas cards are very pretty this year. They consist of photographic views of artistic bits around the bay —in which the atmospheric and cloud effects are revelations in photography—printed from Mr. Tyler's negatives, and simply but artistically mounted on fancy paper, with appropriate legends in gilt lettering. They are published for Mr. Tyler by W. K. Vickery.

MUSICAL NOTES.

"Outward Bound," a delightfully fresh and pretty cantata by G. A Macfarren, will be performed in costume, by the young people of St. John's Episcopal Church, under the direction of Mr. H B. Pasmore, on next Tuesday evening, at Mission Music Hall, Howard and Twenty-First Streets. Miss Marie Stinson, soprano, Miss Anna M Wood, contralto, and Mr. William J. Keeley, tenor, will sing the solos of the Mermaid, Wife and Sailor. The music of the cantata while being of a high order, is simple and can be thoroughly enjoyed by all who are fond of music. The proceeds will be for the benefit of the church.

A concert will be given at St. Francis' Church, corner of Vallejo Street and Montgomery Avenue, on Monday evening, December 3d. The programme comprises Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Hummel's "Alma Virgo," and Handel's "Hallelujah" chorus. The soloists will be Mrs. Sides, Mrs. Collins, Mr. Ben Clark, and Mr. J. C. Hughes, assisted by a chorus of sixty voices and instruments. Mr. H. J Stewart will conduct, and Mrs. H. J. Stewart, organist of the church, will preside at the organ.

The second concert of the Bandurria Club will be held at Odd Fellows' Hall on Monday evening, December 3d. The club, which comprises thirteen members, will be assisted by Mrs. F. H. McCormick, soprano, and Miss Susie Blair, violinist. An interesting programme is promised.

At the Christmas sale to be given by the ladies of the First Unitarian Church, at Union Square Hall, next Wednesday evening, Miss Ella S. Partridge will give a concert, with the assistance of Miss Jeannette Wilcox, Miss Ada E. Weigel, Mr. Hermann Brandt, and Mr. Louis Heine.

The *Critic*, commenting on an *Atlantic* article on Victor Emanuel, has this sentence: "They call him *Re Guatantuomo*—King Honest-Fellow." This misprint of *galantuomo* is so elaborate that it indicates unusual care on the part of the compositor.

DXII—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, December 2, 1888.

Cantaloupe.
Bouillon
Fried Flounders. Potato Croquets.
Broiled Snipe.
Baked Tomatoes. Brussels Sprouts.
Roast Saddle of Lamb. Currant Jelly.
French Artichoke Salad.
Puff Fritters. Apricot Marmalade.
Fruits in Season.

Mr. Firth, the author of a new English book on America, says in effect that as long as you praise Amercians you are declared to be the most appreciative of men, and altogether an Englishman of great common sense. "But should you, as the result of much patient investigation . . . mildly express your opinion that Americans drink too much iced water; that there politics are not quite so pure as they might be; that their railway system is a huge monopoly under whose iron rule the people are helpless; that the hoop-iron table-knives they use, though well adapted for cutting butter, are not exactly suited for cutting beef; that their laws are not always well administered; that they often neglect their political duties and abandon the field to charlatans and rogues; that Americans work too hard, disregard the laws of health and the requirements of a healthy life —the pleased expression leaves the face of your friend, and you are immediately told that you have not devoted sufficient time to make the necessary inquiries on these points, and it may even be hinted that you are not nearly so sensible as you were considered to be half an hour before. In all this, Americans only show how extremely English they are."

The remarkable coolness of a Pittsburg burglar assisted him to escape. He broke into a laundry, and while sorting the garments into a large clothes basket was surprised by two officers, who appeared at the window opening into the yard. The fellow worked so systematically and quietly that the officials thought that perhaps he was an employee of the establishment, and they, therefore, asked him why he worked at so late an hour. He replied: "I am getting the things ready for the girls, who will be up soon to do the ironing. I get forty dollars a month, and have to work awful hard to keep my place." He then went to the window, and putting his arms on the sill said: "My, but this is a disagreeable night to be out in. I would not like to be in the place of you gentlemen. Won't you come inside and take a drink? I will open the wine cellar for you." The officers started for the kitchen door in the rear part of the yard, and the thief thereupon made for the front door and escaped, carrying with him many of the garments.

The block system as it is now termed in railroad parlance, is simply the division of a railway into a certain number of what are called telegraphic districts, the distance between which is determined by the amount of traffic, and each block station has signalling instruments by which the signal-man can communicate with the box on each side of him. Now, when a train enters any block, a semaphore signal is lowered, and no train is allowed to follow until the one in front has reached the end of the block, when the signal is raised and at the same time lowered for the block ahead, etc. The block systems in use in Europe and in this country generally employ mechanical devices for lowering and raising the out-door signal, but these, it is thought, will eventually be replaced by automatic devices.

During the high water in the Savannah River, William Arnow, a negro, went fishing. His line became intangled in a tree, and he climbed up to free it. The high water had loosened the roots, and the weight of William toppled the tree into the river. He hung on, and managed to secure a firm seat in the branches, and thus floated down stream two hundred miles before he was rescued.

Three young women were walking in Kilkeel when a man suddenly appeared before them brandishing a knife and declaring that he was "Jack the Ripper," the supposed Whitechapel murderer. One of the young women died soon afterward from the shock, and "Jack the Ripper" was bound over for good behavior for six months.

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Song for Music.

Count the flashes in the surf,
Count the crystals in the snow,
Or the blades across the turf,
Or the dead that sleep below!
These ye may count—yet not know—
While I sleep or while I slumber—
Where my thoughts and wishes go,
What her name, and what her number.

Ask the cold and midnight sea,
Ask the silent-falling frost,
Ask the grasses on the lea,
Or the mad maid, passion-crost!
They may tell of potiest tost
To the waves where blossoms blow not,
Tell of hearts that staked and lost—
But of me and mine they know not.

—*Edmund Gosse in Longman's Magazine.*

When Love Passed By.

I was busy with my ploughing,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "forsake thy drudging;
Life's delights are few and grudging;
What hath man of all his striving,
All his planning and contriving,
Here beneath the sky?
When the grave opes to receive him
Wealth and wit and honors leave him—
Love endures for aye!"
But I answered: "I am ploughing.
When with straight and even furrow
All the field is covered thorough,
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I was busy with my sowing,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "give o'er thy toiling;
For thy moil thou hast but moiling:
Follow me, where meadows fertile
Bloom unsown with rose and myrtle,
Laughing to the sky:
Laugh for joy the thousand flowers
Birds and brooks—the laughing hours
All unnoted fly."
But I answered: "I am sowing.
When my acres all are planted,
Gladly to thy realm enchanted
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I was busy with my reaping,
When Love passed by.
"Come," she cried, "thou plantedst grieving,
Ripened sorrows art thou sheaving.
If the heart lie fallow, vain is
Garnered store. Thy wealth of grain is
Less than Love's least sigh.
Haste thee—for the hours fast dwindle
Ere the pyre of Hope shall kindle
In life's western sky."
But I answered: "I am reaping.
When with song of youth and maiden,
Home the hock-cart comes, full-laden,
I will follow."
Love passed by.

I had gathered in my harvest,
When Love passed by.
"Stay," I called—to her, swift speeding,
Turning not, my cry unheeding—
"Stay, O Love, I fain would follow,
Stay thy flight, O fleet-winged swallow
Cleaving twilight sky!
I am old and worn and weary,
Void my fields and heart—and dreary,
With thee would I fly.
Garnered woe is all my harvest,
Sad ghosts of my dead hopes haunt me,
Fierce regrets, like demons, taunt me—
Stay!—I follow!"
Love passed by.

—*Solomon Solis-Cohen in November Scribner's.*

Sir Hugo's Choice.

It is better to die, since death comes surely,
In the full noontide of an honored name,
Than to lie at the end of years obscurely,
A handful of dust in a shroud of shame.

* * * * * *

Sir Hugo lived in the ages golden,
Warder of Aisne and Picardy;
He lived and died, and his deeds are told in
The Book immortal of Chivalrie:

How he won the love of a prince's daughter—
A poor knight he with a stainless sword—
Whereat Count Rolf, who had vainly sought her,
Swore death should sit at the bridal board.

"A braggart's threat, for a brave man's scorning!"
And Hugo laughed at his rival's ire,
But couriers twain, on the bridal morning,
To his castle gate came with tidings dire.

The first a-faint and with armor riven:
"In peril sore have I left thy bride—
False Rolfe waylaid us. For love and Heaven!
Sir Hugo, quick to the rescue ride!"

Stout Hugo muttered a word unholy;
He sprang to horse and he flashed his brand,
But a hand was laid on his bridle slowly,
And a herald spoke: "By the king's command

"This to Picardy's trusty warder—
France calls first for his loyal sword,
The Flemish spears are across the border,
And all is lost if they win the ford."

Sir Hugo paused, and his face was ashen,
His white lips trembled in silent prayer—
God's pity soften the spirit's passion
When the crucifixion of love is there!

What need to tell of the message spoken?
Of the hand that shook as he poised his lance?
And the look that told of his brave heart broken,
As he bade them follow, "For God and France!"

On Cambray's field next morn they found him,
'Mid a mighty swath of foemen dead;
Her snow-white scarf he had bound around him,
With his loyal blood was baptized red.

It is all writ down in the book of Glory,
On crimson pages of blood and strife,
With scanty thought for the simple story
Of duty dearer than love or life.

Only a note obscure, appended
By warrior scribe or monk, perchance,
Saith: "The good knight's ladye was sore offended
That he would not die for her, but France."

Did the ladye live to lament her lover?
Or did roystering Rolf prove a better mate?
I have searched the records over and over,
But nought discover to tell her fate.

And I read the moral: A brave endeavor
To do thy duty, whate'er its worth,
Is better than life with love forever—
And love is the sweetest thing on earth.

—*James Jeffrey Roche in November Scribner's.*

A Twilight on the Mount of Olives.

The day sat by with banner furled;
His battered shield hung on the wall;
One great star walked the upper world
All purple robed, in stately hall;
Some unseen reapers gathered golden sheaves
And heaped the westmost reach of burning eaves;
God's poor by Hebron rested. Then
Straightway unto their presence drew
A captain with his band of men
And smote His poor, and well-nigh slew,
Saying, "Hence, ye poor! Behold the king this night
Comes forth with torch and dance and loud delight."

His poor! how much they cared to see!
How begged they prone to see, to hear!
But spake the captain angrily
And drove them forth with sword and spear
And shut the gate; and when the king passed through
These lonely poor—they knew not what to do.

Lo, then a soft-voiced stranger said:
"Come ye with me a little pace,
I know where torches, gold and red,
Gleam down a peaceful, ample place;
Where song and perfume fill the restful air
And men speak scarce at all; for God is there."

They passed; they saw a grass-set hill.
"What king hath carpet like to this?
What king hath music like the trill
Of crickets mid these silences?
These perfumed silences that rest upon
The soul like sunlight on a hill at dawn?

"Behold what blessings in the air!
What benedictions in the dew!
These olives lift their arms in prayer;
They turn their leaves; God reads them through
Yon lilies where the falling water sings
Are fairer-robed than choristers of kings.

"Lift now your heads! yon golden bars
That build the porch of heaven, seas
Of silver sailing golden stars—
Yea, these are yours, and all of these!
For lo! the king he hath not yet been told
Of silver seas that sail these ships of gold!"

They turned, they raised their heads on high;
They saw, the first time saw and knew
The awful glories of the sky,
The benedictions of the dew.
And from that day His poor were richer far
Than all such kings as keep where follies are.

—*Joaquin Miller in the Independent.*

The Dancing-Girl's Ballad.

AT THE TAJ MAHAL.

A lover said: "For one touch of her hand
I would give Balkh, I would give Samarkand,
So sweet she is!" The Bulbul sang between,
"Rose of rare sweetnesses! Shirin, Shirin!"

The sultan heard: "By Allah! this is much!
Two cities which my sword gained, for one touch!
How rich he seems!" The Bulbul sang between,
"Rose of rich sweetnesses! Shirin, Shirin!"

The lover said: "When I may kiss her feet,
I am so happy that all life grows sweet."
The sultan mused: the Bulbul sang between,
"Rose of blown happiness! Shirin, Shirin!"

"Oh, rose," the sultan said, "but hast thou heard,
This lover's boasting, and thine answering bird?"
The rose blushed while she sighed: "It is well seen
Love is enough! Shirin, Shirintarin!"

"Oh, sultan," said the nightingale, "I die
Pierced by the thorn, yet, glad at heart am I!
Sweet, ever sweeter, sweetest, love hath been,
Shirin, Shirintar, and Shirintarin!"

"Oh, rose and nightingale!" the sultan said,
"There shall be raised a white shrine to the Dead,
Where love shall have—in garden, fair and green—
His endless song, Shirin, Shirintarin!"

—*Edwin Arnold.*

A LUCKY SACRAMENTO MAN.

How He Secured a Fortune on a Trifling Investment.

A story spread a day or two ago to the effect that George Lichthardt, the well-known grocery-man, at the corner of Eighteenth and M Streets, had made a fortune at one swoop, by drawing $15,000 in the October drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Company. His friends and acquaintances, while hoping that fortune really had smiled upon him, were a trifle doubtful about it, and in order to ascertain the facts a reporter of the *Bee* called upon him a few days ago and had an interview.

"Yes, sir, every word of it is true," answered the lucky man, in reply to a question, "and," he continued, "I've got all the money safe in a bank."

Mr. Lichthardt stated that for a number of years he had invested his spare change in a Hamburg, Germany, lottery, but without gratifying results, and then tried the Louisiana State Lottery. He was lucky almost from the beginning, and about the first winning he made was $75. Since then he has drawn smaller sums at various times. Not long ago an acquaintance stepped into the grocery and persuaded him to buy a couple of tickets, which cost him $2. He laid them to one side and had almost forgotten them, when his wife induced him to compare his tickets with the list of drawings published in a San Francisco paper.

"Good heavens," was his exclamation, as he made the comparison; "bless me, if I haven't won $15,000!"

He lost no time in making a further investigation and learned that the good news was true, and within ten days after the public drawing in New Orleans he collected his fortune through Wells Fargo's express office. The money came in crisp greenbacks.

The winning ticket was No. 46,755.

Lichthardt has since sold out his grocery and will pay a visit to Germany, but he has declared that he will invest his big winning in Sacramento real estate. His good luck has not given him the big head. He proposes to continue to woo Dame Fortune through the Louisiana State Lottery.—*Sacramento (Cal.) Bee, November 2d.*

Pupil Boarders.

An English lady, who has studied on the continent of Europe with the intention of following tuition as a profession, and who has lived as finishing governess with families in England of the best social position, and who has at present a number of day scholars, is desirous of extending her connection by taking boarders. Her residence is roomy and in a healthy position in Sausalito, where the girls would enjoy pure, bracing air, with the advantages of a comfortable home and a first-class education. Address Miss Ralph, Sausalito, Marin County.

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The Argonaut.

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...NK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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That the Pacific States and Territories might very properly ...e assigned to them a Cabinet position no one should ...y; to claim the appointment of a Cabinet officer as a mat- ... of right, or as the reward of any especial party service, or ... a recognition of the individual claim of any politician, ...uld be to place the question upon very narrow grounds. ...e Republican victory that has swept the country has not ...n achieved by politicians, but independent of them. The ...at tidal wave that has embraced the Pacific Coast in its in- ...lation has been carried over almost the entire Northern ...tes. The South is solidly Democratic, the North is solidly ...publican, and wisely administered the party will be strength- ...d by the addition of New Mexico, Arizona, Washington, ...ntana, Idaho, and two Dakotas. The new apportionment ...given over to the Republican party, so that—if wisely and ...riotically directed—there is no reason why Republicans ...uld not have another generation of party power. Let Re- ...blicans have the honest courage to recognize American, ...aperance, civil service, and political reforms, and no North- ...n or Southern Democrat may expect to see the restoration of ... party to political control. The South had ascendency before ... war, and led the country into the civil conflict over slavery. The North accepted the challenge of war. The preservation of the Union became the only question of the Republican party till the rebellion was crushed and the Southern States restored to their position. Common sense and a decent gratitude for generous treatment should have taught rebels and copperheads to acquiesce in the result. The continuance of a solid South, the renewed activity of Democratic politicians North and South in the old trenches and along the old political battle-lines, indicated a desire, on the part of an unreconstructed Southern Democracy, again to control the government. The conduct of the administration seemed to favor this outcome. The incident of the battle-flags, the obsequious attitude toward the Roman Church, the veto of pension legislation, the undignified, disgraceful, and altogether humiliating prostitution of the executive and his Cabinet to secure the most worthless of alien voters, swung the pendulum of patriotic emotion back till on the dial-plate was marked the high noon of Republican reaction. The insult to Canada, to China, and to Great Britain moved no sentiment of fear in the public mind. It was shame that reddened the cheeks of honest men when they saw the artful endeavors of their fat President and his scheming tricksters to retain power by an appeal to the lowest passions and meanest prejudices of the vilest part of the Democratic mob. The Grand Army of the Republic rallied to its chief. Every man in the nation who loved his country better than his party aided to place a gentleman in the executive office and to intrust the nation to one who had fought during the war for its preservation and after the war had filled an honorable position in its national councils. Taking this broad view of causes that led to a victory so much greater than was anticipated, it seems pitiful that small men, who had exhausted themselves over discussions which, when the victory came, were found not to have decided a vote, should now be indecorously clamoring for rewards they did not earn. That the Pacific Coast States and Territories should, by virtue of the fact that they are an important part of the nation, that they are growing in commercial consequence, that they present peculiar questions demanding special information that must come up frequently for discussion at the board of executive counsel, are reasons why it would be most proper for General Harrison to invite to his Cabinet some gentleman from the Pacific Coast. Among senators we might name Stanford, of California, Stewart or Jones of Nevada, Dolph, of Oregon; among private gentlemen, ex-Governor Booth, of Sacramento, Wolcott, of Denver, Hon. John F. Swift and ex-Governor Low, of San Francisco, ex-Attorney-General Williams, of Portland, and many others, not because of services rendered upon the stump or in conventions, or through the press, or as members of some paltry political committee, but because they are qualified to give able and honest counsel in matters of political discussion; because they are honorable men and clean in their private lives, and because their education, personal learning, and wealth would fit them for mixing in the higher social circles of the nation's capital.

Just why the *Examiner* or just why any respectable journal should misrepresent England to pander to the prejudiced Irish always seems to us surprising when we reflect that so many of them are unable to read, and that the minority who do read are too intelligent to be affected by false statements. An editorial of Thursday is in illustration of the point we desire to make. In answer to the inquiry of one of its ill-informed correspondents as to "What is the salary of the English queen and the Prince of Wales?—that is, what revenue do they receive from the government in order to keep up their state, revenues, etc.," it says:

> The queen gets $300,000 a year for herself and $1,925,000 for the support of the royal household. This term, of course, does not include the princes and princesses, who have separate allowances. In addition, her majesty has the net revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster, amounting to $220,000. Her total revenues, therefore, in addition to the income from her private fortune, are $2,175,000 a year. The Prince of Wales has an allowance of $200,000, as well as the net revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall, amounting to $300,000 more. Parliament has also paid debts for him to the amount of several millions. The allowances to other members of the royal family foot up to about $590,000 a year. The total annual cost, therefore, of Queen Victoria and her children to the British nation is $3,225,000.

The *Examiner* is stupidly ignorant of the sources of revenue of the royal family of England, or else deliberately and designedly misstated the facts of the case for the purpose of pleasing that portion of its Irish clientele who, it presumes, can read. The truth is, there is not a crowned head, or royal family, or any one of the great powers of the world receiving so little from the people through taxation as the queen and royal family of Great Britain. The queen and empress of the richest and proudest realm of earth, with the largest population of any government of the world, if we except China, lives upon her own resources. At the accession of Queen Victoria to the throne in 1837, by an arrangement made between Viscount Melbourne (then prime minister) and Earl Russell (then Lord John Russell and leader of the House of Commons) on the one hand, and the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel (leaders of the Conservative opposition in both houses) on the other, the queen gave up the crown lands—which are the property of the sovereign for the time being—to the nation, and received in return a civil list amounting to £335,000 per annum—the *Examiner* puts it at £385,000 per annum, or, in American money, $1,925,000—the difference is not of importance, though the first figures are correct. These crown lands are vested in the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, who manage them in behalf of the nation, and the net rentals are paid into the exchequer in relief of the taxation of the country, and are regularly accounted for in the quarterly and annual statements of the revenue published on the fifth of January, fifth of April, fifth of July, and the fifth of October every year; *vide* the *Times* newspaper of those dates. The revenue from these crown lands—which belong to the sovereign for the time being just as much as the estates of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom belong to them—has increased greatly in value during the last fifty or fifty-one years owing to careful management; the revenue derived from them in the years 1887–88 (from the fifth of April, 1887, to the fifth of April, 1888,) was £480,000 or thereabouts—being $2,400,000, or $475,000 in excess of the amount ($1,925,000) given by the *Examiner* as the amount voted for the support of the queen and the royal household; in other words the "civil list," as it is termed in England. It is evident, therefore, that the nation made a very good bargain with the queen by the arrangement entered into (and afterward sanctioned by act of Parliament) by Viscount Melbourne, Lord John Russell, the Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel, and it would be making a very moderate computation to say that during the fifty-one years which have elapsed since it was made the country has gained upward of £4,000,000 or $20,000,000 thereby. The revenues of the Duchy of Lancaster are the personal property of the sovereign (as Duke or Duchess of Lancaster) and have never been interfered with by the country, being *private* estates which have descended from the House of Lancaster, and with which the nation never had anything to do. The statement that Parliament has paid debts for the Prince of Wales "to the amount of several millions" is entirely incorrect. We challenge the editor of the *Examiner* to produce any evidence in support of this assertion; if it be true there must be debates in the House of Commons recording the facts and the amounts paid, and these we are confident can not be produced, as they never existed. The prince's income is £100,000 ($500,000) per annum, being derived partly from the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall (he being Duke of Cornwall) and partly by an annual grant, which makes up the difference between the revenues of the duchy and the sum of £100,000 per annum. If he has had debts to be paid, of which we hear nothing, they must have been paid by the queen, who, it is generally understood, makes him a personal allowance to meet his heavy expenses. And we may mention this fact in conclusion, and greatly to his credit, that although his eldest son, Prince Albert Victor, is now in his twenty-fifth year, having been born in January, 1864, and is heir-presumptive to the throne, the Prince of Wales has never applied to Parliament for a grant on his ac-

count, which, in accordance with precedent, he might very easily have done on his attaining his majority, now nearly four years since. This question of royal extravagance and the cost of maintaining the English throne is a favorite topic of discussion and malicious criticism by the demagogic democracy of Great Britain, a class, we are sorry to say, largely on the increase, thanks to Gladstone. Now and then one of the extreme radicals gets into Parliament, and it is a favorite theme to bring attention to the extravagance of England's royal house in connection with its uselessness and to decry the House of Lords as a sort of fifth wheel to the government coach. Mr. Labouchère, owner of the weekly journal *Truth*, member of Parliament, and himself allied, through his mother, to a titled family, is especially given to detraction of the royal family and the titled classes. He is always, in his paper and in Parliament, assailing their privileges. Curiously enough, in an editorial item—all his editorials are mere paragraphs—of the date of November 3, 1888, he says "there is no question that the nation is a tenant of the crown lands during the life-time of her majesty." If, therefore, this fact be admitted and the contract entered into between the queen and the government under Viscount Melbourne, Lord John Russell, the Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel be a legal obligation, then the Government of England is in honor bound to carry out this contract, and by a logical sequence it ought to put a termination to grumbling on the part of England's politicians. If this grumbling was confined to English demagogues it would not concern us; but when it appears in American journals devoted to Irish politics, it seems worth the space we devote to expose the misstatement of facts. It is a curious fact that almost every statement of a political character concerning England that appears in an American party journal is studiedly false.

There is trouble in the Grand Army of the Republic, there is politics in it, and division and disunion are threatened. The veterans of an hundred war camps had the bad taste to prefer for President, and cast their votes for, a comrade who had shared the dangers and the perils of the war rather than the gentleman who remained in Buffalo and sent his substitute to the battle-field. It is not politics thus to remember, and sympathize with, and vote for a soldier and a senator rather than a sheriff, a mayor, and a governor, and it is not surprising that the choice should have fallen upon General Benjamin Harrison for President rather than upon Grover Cleveland. That there is a deal of humbug about this soldier business we admit. Men who have lost their hats in running from the fight are generally more prominent in eating beans and making war-speeches at political camp-fires, on the eve of Presidential elections, than those who lost a leg or arm in the war, or who sacrificed health and fortune for the preservation of the Union. There is a wide misapprehension of facts concerning the politics of soldiers who fought on the loyal side in the civil war. Colonel Stuart Taylor, a loyal Northern Democratic soldier, has supplied the *Examiner* with some curious statistics. These figures demonstrate that there was not much politics in the inducements that prompted enlistments, whatever may have grown up in the Grand Army since the war. It seems by these figures, and they come from official sources through responsible men, that there were more Democratic than Republican soldiers. If this is true, and we have no question of the correctness of the following table and the figures accompanying it, it would be in good taste if Republican partisans would pitch their voices in a somewhat lower key when they assume for themselves all the patriotism and all the courage that moved the national arm when fighting for the preservation of the American Union. The figures are interesting:

STATES.	Union Soldiers.	Democrats.	Republicans.
Missouri	109,111	92,083	17,028
Indiana	196,363	100,398	95,965
Kentucky	75,760	74,396	1,364
Maine	70,107	29,502	40,605
Maryland	46,638	44,344	2,294
New Hampshire	33,937	16,497	17,440
Virginia and West Virginia	32,068	30,139	1,929
Minnesota	24,020	10,187	13,833
California	15,725	9,346	6,379
Illinois	259,092	135,091	124,001
Michigan	87,364	40,803	46,561
New Jersey	76,814	42,818	33,996
Connecticut	55,864	27,645	28,219
New York	448,850	245,649	203,201
Ohio	313,180	154,248	159,932
Pennsylvania	337,936	167,998	169,938

Except from New England, the Republican volunteers from all other sources were 967,708.
The Democratic volunteers from all other sources were 998,035.
Total Democratic volunteers, from 1861 to 1865, were 1,456,907.
The total Republican volunteers for the same time were 1,222,060, making a Democratic majority of 234,847.
There were 350,062 white Union troops from the Solid South.
There were 93,441 black Union troops from the Solid South.
The total of Union troops from ex-slave States was 443,503.

In overwhelming majority, both armies were native-born Americans. In the Northern army the preponderance of native-born fighting-men was infinitely in excess of those born in foreign lands. The Southern armies were almost exclusively native, so that we may claim, when the exact figures shall be rendered, that it was the American party that carried on the war on either side. There were more Germans than any other foreign nationality, and a large number of aliens came into service by reason of the bounties paid for enlistment. The Irish come next in numbers; then, as we recall the figures, come the men of English birth, embracing the subjects of Great Britain and her colonies, and after them the colored troops. The great solid fighting rank and file of the Northern army were descendants of the early New England and Puritan stock.

The *Examiner* has again distinguished itself for peculiar enterprise. The question it sought to answer was whether "any sort of man can go into our fashionable churches and be welcome?" In order to solve this ecclesiastical conundrum, it sent one of its reporters disguised in rags and patches, dressed in one of his own suits redeemed from pawn for the occasion to represent a "shabby-genteel" young man. He seems to have been more than successful. He describes himself as "shabby," "tattered," "torn and greasy," "ragged," "impecunious," "poor," and "seedy"—he might doubtless truthfully have added that his filthy garments smelled unpleasantly; he was taken for a "light-fingered gentleman from the Barbary Coast." Even a poor sailor turned a scornful look upon the greasy vagabond, that reproached him for entering God's temple in his nasty apparel. So proud is this reporter of his successful representation of the vagabond and loafer in his apparel and demeanor, and so proud is the *Examiner*, that it has an engraved picture to present in verification of its reporter's somewhat distasteful narative of questionable impudence in thrusting his filthy clothes and uninviting manners among gentlemen and ladies. He visited Grace Cathedral, Trinity Church, the First Congregational Church, the Howard Street Methodist Church, Calvary Church, the First Baptist Church, St. Mary's Cathedral, and in the evening the Church of the Advent. At all of the Protestant churches, except the Baptist, he was treated with the scant courtesy he deserved. He did not go with an honest purpose to ascertain whether a poor man would be welcome in a house of prayer, for had this been his object he would have gone clean; he would not have imitated in offensive deportment the criminal tramp, and with simulated idiocy have seemed the dreary fool he is not nor the wretched criminal he is not, by his own admissions, proven to be. By his own statement the Japanese, the African, the sailor were all well treated, as they deserved to be, for they were decently clad and properly mannered in deportment. The object of this sensational assault upon Protestant churches was to demonstrate that a poor person is not welcome in the "fashionable" churches of San Francisco. The suggestion is a false one. There are no "fashionable" churches in San Francisco. In many of them the seats are entirely free, and there is not one where the well-behaved stranger, who is clean though poorly clad, is not welcomed; nor does there seem to be any very conclusive argument why, even on the road to heaven, anybody should be jostled by the vulgar, the dirty, and the ill-behaved, who have wandered in from the broad road to hell upon the "narrow way" as a matter of curiosity. Decent people do not like to be thus jostled upon the public street nor in the thronged market-places; they will not submit to it in domestic, club, or social life; and hence we do not quite understand why the sacred temple, and the Sabbath day, and the quiet hour of prayer should be invaded by a successfully simulated bummer and dirty vagabond, made up from a pawnbroker's shop, to write a sensational column for the *Examiner*. Perhaps this journal desired, in a very artful way, to cast an unmerited sarcasm upon the Roman Catholic Church, for, in St. Mary's Cathedral, he says: "The disguised reporter quietly took a seat and his appearance failed to call forth remark or attract attention." This being interpreted means that there was nothing in the appearance of this impecunious and ragged scarecrow to mark his exception to the worshipers in this Roman Catholic cathedral. Perhaps so; we have never attended that church.

We regard the presumption as fair that the San Francisco police force, within the last week, contributed two murders to our calendar of crime. One occurred in a liquor saloon among drunken men, the other occurred in front of a disreputable house in a disreputable street. If Sergeant Langford had not entered the Bank Exchange saloon there would probably have been no row and no murder. If Officer Thompson had not been drunk, and out of his uniform, and had been where duty called him, and had not been the drunken blackguard that, from the account, he appears to be, he would not have resented a blow with bullets, nor pursued an assailant to his death. These are incidents that have occurred too frequently for many years, to the shameful disgrace of the police force. A police officer not on duty has no better right to bear arms than any other citizen—he has less right to use them. The constabulary of England and Ireland, the *gendarmerie* of France, the general police force of no civilized country habitually carries deadly weapons. The display or use of pistol and knife is, under ordinary circumstances, a presu tion of cowardice. Of the four hundred policemen in Francisco one hundred should be discharged, and, for a m example to the force and benefit to the community, one sh be hanged. Let us now look out for perjury, subornatio perjury, and a whitewashing of Sergeant Langford and acquittal of Officer Thompson.

Some very interesting and suggestive statistics have lately been for lated by Colonel Switzer, chief of the Statistical Bureau, regarding consumption of liquors by citizens of the United States. These g to show that the consumption of beer and wine is upon the incre while that of distilled liquors is upon the decrease. Going back to 1 we find that the consumption of malt liquors footed up only twe three millions of gallons, or about one and one-third gallons per h of the whole population, while the consumption of spirits reac two and one-half gallons per head, and of wine little more than a qu The next decade exhibited little variation from these figures, whil 1860 the proportion of consumption of malt liquors, taken both whole and *per capita*, had greatly increased, so much so, in fact, th is set down as about three and one-quarter gallons per head. The ures for 1870, in respect to malt liquors, show that they were beco popularized in even higher ratio. One is hardly prepared, however, the startling disclosures of the last fiscal year, the statistics of wh have been just issued. From these we learn that the consumptio malt liquors has now reached the enormous aggregate of seven hund and seventeen million seven hundred and forty-eight thousand ei hundred and fifty-four gallons, with a *per capita* consumption of wi a fraction of twelve gallons. At the same time the consumption of tilled spirits has decreased so enormously that the figures for the p year—something over seventy millions of gallons—are actually less t they were in 1860, when the population was only half as great. The *capita* consumption of wine, though it has materially increased s 1840, has done so only in two-fold ratio, that is to say, it is now ab two quarts per head, as against one at that date. Now what is the ference to be drawn from all this? Simply that the taste of the nat at large is changing, certainly not in the direction of prohibition, no the direction of swearing off from alcohol, for there is just as much that in the twelve gallons of beer now credited to every man, wom and child in the country as there was in the whisky which is drunk more. It would be a fallacy to suppose that a beer-consuming peo is less prone to drunkenness than one that is addicted to the use of cohol in some other shape. The statistics of England, where the c sumption of malt liquors and the prevalence of intemperance go ha in hand as regards magnitude, prove this. If the solution of the qu tion of intemperance could be worked out by Miss Kate Field a President Wetmore, of the State Board of Viticulture, who are n hard at work preaching the gospel of the grape, it would certainly b most satisfactory ending to a vexed problem which has puzzled morali and political economists for many a year, and not the less so that would give encouragement to the native wine industry of California.

James A. Pearce writes to the *Nation* as follows:

The statistics of the immense colored vote in the old slave States common knowledge everywhere, but few persons probably have inve gated the numbers and influence of the colored vote in the North, o prepared to estimate its significance in the election just held. The ce sus of 1880 shows the number of white and colored males over twent one years of age in the States named below to have been as follows:

STATES.	White.	Colore
Connecticut	163,719	3,532
Rhode Island	75,012	1,886
New York	1,388,692	20,059
New Jersey	280,965	10,670
Ohio	804,871	21,706
Indiana	487,718	10,739
Illinois	783,161	13,686
Michigan	461,557	6,130
Nevada	25,623	5,622
California	262,583	66,809

It is a fair presumption that the number of colored males over twent one years in these States is at least as great now as in 1880, since, addition to natural increase, there has been a considerable emigratio from the Southern States; and as there are few, if any, foreign-bor negroes, it is also fair to presume that they are all voters, and that nin tenths of them vote with the Republican party, having none of the asso ciations and traditions which, in the South, still connect many of the with their former masters and have led to business relations and politic alliances. Of the States named above, only Connecticut and New Jerse gave their electoral vote to Cleveland, all the others voting for Harriso and their respective majorities being unofficially given by the Republica press asfollows:

Rhode Island	4,427
New York	10,000 to 11,000
Ohio	20,000 to 25,000
Indiana	2,438
Illinois	15,000 to 18,000
Michigan	15,000 to 20,000
Nevada	1,500 to 2,000
California	5,000 to 8,000

It will be seen that Harrison's majorities, as estimated above, are, i the States of New York, Indiana, Nevada, and California, less tha their respective colored votes; and if these estimates should be sustaine by the official figures, it will be apparent that Harrison's success in thos States is due to the colored vote, and that if it were eliminated Cleve land would have received their sixty-two electoral votes, which, added t the one hundred and sixty-eight votes he did receive, would give a tota of two hundred and thirty out of four hundred and one. Or, confinin the analysis to the State of New York alone, in which there can be n possible question of the correctness of the argument, her thirty-six vote would have given Cleveland two hundred and four, thus insuring hi election. Here is presented the singular spectacle of twenty thousan colored voters in the Empire State of the North determining the result of a Presidential election for eight millions of white voters in thirty-eigh States; and not only so, but also determining, certainly *for four years* and possibly for an indefinite period, the course of the government upon the gravest question of public policy ever presented to the intelligence of the American people. This letter has no purpose to present an argument against negro suffrage, which is one of the inevitable evils of our system of government to-day; but its purpose is, if possible, to aid the white voters of the country to realize the vital importance of the intelligent and conscientious exercise of their own right of suffrage.

The largest professional fee for limited service is said to have been paid to Surgeon-Major Freyer of the Indian Medical Service, for treating the Nawab of Rampoor for three months' suffering from rheumatic fever. The Nawab gave him a lac of rupees—fifty thousand dollars.

A procession of the London cabs would stretch forty-five miles. There is public standing room for only twenty-three miles of them. The other twenty-two miles have to go wandering about the streets.

THE EDITOR IN HIS DEN.

Mrs. Atherton's Impressions of some Newspaper Men in Gotham.

When I came to New York I brought a letter to Charles Dana, the famous editor of the *Sun*. I was warned beforehand that Mr. Dana in his office was a good deal like Mr. Dana in his editorials, and that I must not be surprised if vitriol flew about. I had no intention of writing for the *Sun*, or any other paper, but as the letter was offered me I thought I would make use of it in the cause of my book.

I went down to Park Row one murky New York afternoon, and, after wandering about for an hour among buildings ten stories high and nearly being run over several times, I finally discovered the *Sun* offices stowed away in a building of respectable height, but quite lost among its towering brethren. I was directed to the top of the building, and sent in my letter and card. At the end of a half hour, during which I had been led by several clerks to expect to go home without seeing Mr. Dana, a boy came up and asked me to go into the chief's private office. When I got to the door the boy precipitately disappeared, as if unwilling to witness my slaughter.

I knocked, and a voice growled "Come in!" I opened the door and beheld, sitting before a desk in a typical editor's den, a man with a white beard and the fiercest eyes I ever saw. He nodded to me and motioned me to a chair, looking the while as if he would like to throw me out of the window.

I remarked, as I took the chair, that I was highly honored at being admitted, for I understood that it was as hard to see him as to see the President of the United States.

"You are right," he exclaimed, gruffly; "nothing but that letter would have got you in here. And you are the first woman that has been in this office in ten years." He picked up the letter. "So you are a literary woman," he said, with a sarcasm in his tones which only those who read the *Sun* can appreciate; "well, what do you write?—sonnets, I suppose," this with a grin which I make no attempt to describe.

I was furious, but I replied, imperturbably, "Not yet; so far I have aspired only to prose."

"Oh!" with a snort; "you have written a novel, I suppose?"

"A novel."

"A love-story, I suppose?"

"Why, of course; no novel is worthy the name without some love in it."

He fairly jumped at me. "You think so!" he exclaimed, triumphantly; "you forget that one of George Sand's most famous novels had not a word of love in it."

But my California blood arose, and I was determined not to be sat upon. "Well, that may be," I replied, wrathfully; "but it was not that novel that made George Sand's reputation."

He threw back his head and laughed, and his whole manner changed. "Well, no," he said, frankly, "it wasn't. And it is probable that if the book hadn't had her name on it it wouldn't have sold an edition. Now, I'll confess something to you: I hate a novel unless it is *chock full of love*. I won't read it if it isn't."

At this moment I caught sight of a book on his desk, and my turn had come.

"Mr. Dana!" I exclaimed, with the best imitation of his own scorn I could manage; "do you mean to tell me that you read the 'Duchess'? You!"

"Yes," he said, defiantly, "I do; and I like her because she runs over with love-scenes, and she's as good as anybody for relaxation."

After that we discussed California journalism in the frankest and most amicable manner, and his opinions thereon were interesting and trenchant. When I rose to go he went to the door with me, and told me when my book came out to send it to him personally and he would see that it was reviewed. And although the book was not published until a year later, and I never saw him again, I am bound to say that he kept his word.

The Century Company has probably the finest editorial rooms in New York. They are high up in a building overlooking Union Square, and room opens out of room until the eye wearies. There are luxurious little reception-rooms where authors' qualms are lulled, long corridors hung with fine engravings and crayon portraits, and large, comfortable apartments where men and women sit at desks with carpets beneath their feet, and handsome furniture about them. Mr. Gilder is tall and dark, with a true American face, keen, narrow, and bright. He has that utter absence of manner, that abstracted, non-committal air, which sits like a uniform on the Eastern publisher and editor; but when I told him that I had no MSS. for him, only a letter, he gave a sigh of relief and thawed at once. He has a charming little den, which defies traditions; and as a reward for bringing no addition to the proverbial three years' stack of MSS. he delivered me a lecture on Truth *versus* Art in fiction, three-quarters of an hour long. He said that there was no liar like the author; that the reason why so few succeeded was because the majority sacrificed everything to incident, caring nothing whether the incidents suited the characters. He said that he had watched many promising writers go to pieces for want of literary conscience, which in its turn was as apt to be want of knowledge of the life they tried to depict as of deliberate misdoing. Singularly enough, he predicted that a certain writer, who was then winning laurels and looked upon as having decided promise, would eventually degenerate into sensationalism, and she fulfilled his prophecy in less than six months.

The *Critic* rooms are down on Broadway and very business-like and unpretending. Miss Gilder is six feet ten if she is an inch, but dresses in so comfortable and careless a manner that there is no suggestion of masculinity. She has a dark, pleasant, interesting face, and talks with great ease and frankness. She looks as if she were not afraid to say what she thought about anybody, and, judging from some of her remarks, I do not imagine she is. She certainly has made a success of professional criticism.

The Harpers have the most picturesque building in New York. It is away down town, on a dirty, narrow street, but it is as old as any building in the city and looks like a dilapidated relic of Corinth, with its pillars and its statue. The interior is murky with age, very large, and full of spiral staircases and sudden corridors, and twists and turns that make one glad to see the light of day again, and to be reassured that the modern world exists without. The editors of the various periodicals sit up-stairs in a row of cubby-holes and correct their proofs to the tune of the shrieking Elevated, as it flies past their windows. I met one of them one day when walking with Harry Dam in the vicinity of the building. Mr. Dam introduced me, and I went back with the editor in question to see the building. After he had shown me about, I was sitting in his office when he calmly got up and changed his coat. I suppose that I opened both my eyes and mouth, for he remarked apologetically that he did not suppose a Californian would mind a trifle like that. When I was in Kentucky some years ago, people howled because I did not wear war-paint and feathers.

E. L. Burlingame, the editor of *Scribner's Magazine*, is a young man with a bald head, brilliant black eyes, and a profile and beard that make him look like the pictures of St. John the Baptist. When he is an old man, and his beard is white and his face wrinkled, he will be more striking still. He has a way of talking as if conversation was his forte and he knew it, and, although it was something of a bore, no one should ever find out that it was a bore, and he would do his duty to the letter. He accordingly sits down and talks straight ahead in a rapid, brilliant, epigrammatic manner, and, as he has met nearly all the celebrities living, he is very entertaining. When he has finished with one subject he goes right off to another—he expects nothing from you—and when he is tired he disappears. His manner is very animated, and he is what is called a charming man.

Mr. Fred Somers, the editor of the new magazine, *Current Literature*, enjoys the reputation of being the best-looking editor in New York, but is too well-known to Californians to need describing. He has a handsome suite of offices on Twenty-third Street near Fifth Avenue, and his curtains, pictures, rugs, and furniture are second only to those of the *Century* rooms. In his private office is an enormous waste-paper basket which was made to carry off Falstaff in the opera of "The Merry Wives of Windsor." In it go all original MSS., and it is big enough to hold the unhappy authors as well.

Blakely Hall has charge of the up-town branch of the *Sun* office, but, although I brought a letter to him, I was tired of going to see men by this time, and insisted upon his coming to see me. When he came he nearly filled up my den, which is not much bigger than his chief's. I never saw such a big man in my life. I kept wandering about the room to get out of his way, and it was only when he finally stood erect before the fire that I drew a breath of relief; he did not take up so much room that way. I thought of what some one once said of Dr. Claudius: that he was big in the beginning of the book, but that he kept getting bigger and bigger, until at the end one saw him stalking along with his head above the mountains and Margaret trotting beside him, with her hat on a level with the top of his boot. I felt like opening all the doors and all the windows for Mr. Hall, for fear that he would be cramped or not have enough air to breathe. Practically, he is about six feet four, is heavy in weight, but looks as powerful and solid as an athlete. He is very dark, very handsome, and has the brightest and most wicked face I ever saw. How he gets time to dress as well as he does is a marvel, for he is the busiest newspaper-man in New York, and indisputably stands at the head of all the young American journalists. I have never heard a contrary opinion since I have been here. He talks all the time, dashes along at anything, says nothing that is not witty, and is never serious. For conventionalities he has a beautiful scorn, and is about the most startling young man I ever met. He is immensely popular with men, and is always having dinners and breakfasts given him. But I think he prefers the other sex.

GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.

NEW YORK, November 25, 1888.

Harper's Bazar says: "Few of us realize how far we are overtaxing not only the brain, but all the physical powers, in the mere fact of keeping up our daily lives with the exactions of modern habits and demands. In order to maintain these habits and gratify these demands we exert ourselves to make money at a rate quite beyond our natural and normal powers; and then one day everything gives way and down we go, so many wrecks and ruins. . . . It is said that to-day we as a people display more of the result of worry and strain in our health than is shown in any other nation. The number of our dyspeptics may be known by the number of our patent remedies for dysyepsia, which pay for their vast advertising and bring fortunes to their proprietors, while the frequency of apoplexy, of heart-paralysis, of direct and indirect brain trouble, and of disease of the kidneys, all of which are immediate effects of excessive mental exertion, is something really appalling."

Edward Atkinson makes some interesting observations in the current *Forum*. He says: "It is probable, to say the least, that fully ninety per cent. of the whole body of the people spend nearly all that they earn; of this ninety per cent. a portion may, by setting aside a moderate part of their small earnings, become the owners of a house, or become depositors in a savings-bank, or insure their lives in a moderate way; of the remaining ten per cent. a part save enough to protect themselves from want in their later years, and a very small part may become rich and then need not work unless they choose."

Emperor William is having a Pullman car built, which will cost thirty-five thousand dollars. The emperor always pays the expenses of his railway travel. He pays a mark and a half (thirty-six cents) per mile for the locomotive and forty-two pfennigs a mile for each pair of wheels.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Cleveland once made a joke. An effusive Southerner burst in upon him and exclaimed, loudly: "Mr. President, I owe you an apology." "What for?" said Cleveland. "For not having called upon you earlier, sir." "Well," said Cleveland, curtly, "I haven't been lonesome."

Boileau had a brother who was a *mauvais sujet*, failed in life, and came to ask for help. Boileau upbraided him with his misconduct, pointed out how they had both started in life under equally favorable conditions and with equal chances, and yet how differently they had got on. "Ah! but just think," exclaimed the brother, "what an immense advantage you had over me in brothers!"

There is a legend told in a great Yorkshire town to the effect that, after several couples had been simultaneously married at the parish church, one bride found her bridegroom walking away with another lady on his arm. The curate, summoned to her aid, remonstrated with the defaulter, and besought him to take his proper partner. "Nay," said he, "aw was married to this 'un, and I loike her t' best." There is no reason why this should not be sober truth.

In writing out a prescription the other day a well-known Pittsburg doctor wrote *aqua fontis*—that is, spring water—in place of the more customary but equivalent term of *aqua pura*. The patient to whom this prescription was given took it to a druggist, who had just gone into the business of putting up pills and potions. The new druggist ran through the prescription and handed it back, saying: "You take that prescription back to Dr. ——, and tell him that he's put enough *aqua fortis* into that prescription to kill ten men."

For non-committal brevity of speech, commend us to the Yankee lord of the soil. One such, who was obliged to make a physician daily visits, had an unvarying answer to the question, "How do you feel to-day?" "Well," he would reply, showing as little interest in the subject as possible, "I aint no wuss." Further than that he wished to say nothing, and it took the cunning of the serpent to discover his real feelings. A man who was knocked down in the street by a snow-slide was assailed by a sympathizing crowd with condolence and question. "Did it hurt you?" inquired one of his rescuers, as he brushed the snow from the clothes of the well-powdered victim. "Well," was the cautious answer, "it aint done me no good."

A worthy Canadian professor of Trinity College, Toronto, following the custom of his country, fell into an awkward mistake at the recent church congress by applying the title "lordship" to Bishop Coxe, of New York, who, at the close of the professor's remarks, humorously declined the honor of a title which has no existence under our republican form of government. The bishop at the same time told a story of how an American, though in a contrary kind of way, landed himself in a little difficulty in the Dominion. "A citizen of Buffalo," said the bishop, "was summoned to a court somewhere on the other side of the Niagara River, and he persisted in calling the judge 'your honor,' whereupon the lawyer who had employed him as a witness cautioned him to be careful and say 'my lord.' In desperation the witness exclaimed: 'I can't say my lord, Mr. Judge; I can't talk like you Britishers.'"

About 1850, the famous tenor Mario was at St. Petersburg singing in a company which numbered, among others, Lablache and his daughter, then only a girl, but who afterward became the celebrated Mme. de Caters. One day, in some opera and during the usual duo of passion, to her amazement and indignation she heard Mario, while she sang alone, whisper so low that the words reached only her own ears: "Mia cara! Mia bella! Ama me! Io t'adoro!" So offended was she that after leaving the stage she refused to listen to the tenor's explanations, and refused to sing with him again. Some days afterward, however, from the wings she heard Mario sing the same duo, and this time with a very ugly woman, who had assumed the abandoned rôle. Again did the tenor fill in his "rests" with the same impassioned whispers—"Mia cara! Io t'adoro!" Then she understood. The burning avowals were only a means of keeping himself *en train* of retaining the emotion necessary for the continuance of his rôle.

"You newspaper correspondents make queer mistakes sometimes," said a young British officer to me (writes David Ker), as we sat in front of the cantonment at a little border outpost among the mountains of Southern Afghanistan. "You remember that man who was out here the other day, during this last war, hearing somebody talk of the wounded being picked up by a *doolie*" (ambulance litter), "and he took it for some kind of wild beast, and began his next letter with a thrilling account of the 'ferocious *doolie* swooping down upon the battle-field and carrying off the wounded?'" "Well, I did nearly as bad myself last month," rejoined I, "in a letter to the New York *Times*, describing my visit to the ruins of Ambher, near Jeypoor, in Western India. I had meant to put 'I had previously written to the British Resident for an elephant, and, on reaching the city gate, found the great brute all ready.' But, by some mischance, I omitted the words 'for an elephant,' and the sentence ran thus: 'I had previously written to the British Resident, and, on reaching the city gate, found the *great brute* all ready.'"

An uncommon commercial traveler, who has just returned to New York, had an experience in a large North Carolina town the other day illustrating the uncertainties of life in that State on the eve of election, when roorbacks fill the air. The traveler, who is a regular book-worm and an accomplished, quiet gentleman, got off the cars with his grip-sack in the afternoon, and went to a hotel. Next morning he started out for business, but had not walked a block when a citizen called him into a store and showed him the morning paper. Under very startling headlines it was announced that the Democrats had proof positive that a Republican emissary from the North had arrived in town with a carpet-bag full of money for the purpose of buying votes. Our modest traveler's appearance was minutely described, and it was announced that he was one of a gang who were expected by bribery to turn the State into the Republican column. Other citizens were called in, and ample explanations were made without avail. The citizens said they had no doubt a blunder had been committed, but the town was terribly excited, and nobody would answer for his safety if he did not take the first train. They told him he had got to travel, and as things looked very unhealthy for him, and more so every minute he remained, he did travel.

An incident of General Sheridan's visit to Europe during the Franco-Prussian war is omitted from his article in the November *Scribner's*, perhaps, through ignorance of the facts. When the general reached Berlin he asked the American Minister to recommend to him some young American, who could speak German fluently, to act as an interpreter. The minister recommended Mr. Charles F. MacLean, better known to New Yorkers as a police commissioner than as an interpreter, and he followed General Sheridan through the campaign. The general relates in *Scribner's* how Bismarck the Great and Napoleon the Little sat on rude wooden chairs in front of a cottage near Sedan, discussing the situation, and there is a picture showing the two men, one triumphant, the other downcast, in the peasant's garden. A few days later General Sheridan dined with Bismarck, who began to talk of the surrender. "That meeting," said the Prussian Chancellor, "will be historical. I sent over yesterday and bought those two chairs from the peasant for ten francs apiece; now I have them as mementoes; and I suppose," he added, with a laugh, "the English will go on buying those chairs for years to come." There was a general laugh at this remark; but one officer had more to laugh at than the others, and gave his reasons to Mr. MacLean afterward. "You see," he said, "I knew as well as Bismarck that the meeting would be historical, so the very next day I rode over myself and got the chairs for five francs for the pair."

EUTHANASIA VILLA.

The Luxurious Retreat for Suicides Provided by a Philanthropist.

Upon one of the principal squares of the city stood the great philanthropic establishment founded by Mr. Richard Utterex. Its majestic front was no less than two hundred feet long; there were six rows of balcony windows, and over the principal entrance a sign in gilt letters announced that this splendid building was "Euthanasia Villa."

It was to this institution that those who were disgusted with existence came to seek euthanasia; of course it was intended exclusively for the disgusted ones with dollars, for those who were not blessed with this world's goods could carry out their sinister designs without the assistance offered to the guests of Euthanasia Villa. But, for the unhappy possessors of millions, Mr. Richard Utterex was really a benefactor.

Each day at least three disheartened mortals came and knocked at his door; this is only a figurative way of speaking, for the door remained continually open. This is how the business was conducted:

One day a young man entered the office. Two clerks at once arose to meet him. The stranger advanced three steps. Naturally he was very pale and tottering. An easy chair was pushed toward him; he dropped into it, and caressed, from time to time, the small carved death's-heads that ornamented the end of the arms. He threw a glance around the office, which was hung in black cloth.

The clerks made the young man a low bow in an automatic fashion; then, without giving him time to reply to their polite salutation or to explain the object of his visit, one of them asked him, in an obsequious voice:

"What manner of death have you chosen?"

Prepared as he must have been for some such question, the desperate young man could not repress an involuntary shudder. The clerks appeared to be much surprised, and, as the guest did not become calm at once, they went up to him with the same automatic step, and, without saying a word, looked at him. This proceeding had the desired effect. The young man felt that he was in a well-conducted establishment, and this reassured him.

One of the clerks said: "Do you wish to see the prospectus?"

"I beg your pardon," said the young man, but he quickly continued: "The prospectus? Oh, yes, certainly, the prospectus."

Then, with the discreet manner of a waiter in a fashionable restaurant who seeks to learn the guest's preference—Pomard or Sauterne—the clerk handed the young man a richly bound album, wherein were described the different modes of death furnished by the house. The enumeration of these various methods plunged the reader into a shuddering astonishment. At first he ran over them with his finger rather than with his eye, stopping here and there, amused by the marginal illustrations; then he began again, reading seriously this time, without, however, coming to a decision. Certainly hanging had its charms, but what poetry there was about asphyxia with flowers! The soul departs with the breath of the tuberose! And the poisons, rooms Nos. 4 to 10—a vast choice! And the Indian *curare*—the prick of a pin in the heel or elsewhere, and then Nirvana. But here are the lost diseases! Ah, the lost diseases! To contract by artificial means leprosy or the black death, to offer to the practitioners of the present day, whom the disappearance of these "affections" renders inconsolable, the occasion of studying them "from the life," to carry away in dying the consolation that you leave in your remains a whole field of delicate experiences! That is without doubt incomparably more noble than death by laughter, the simple idea of which gives you a nausea, and dishonors the ingenious enumeration of Mr. Richard Utterex. But there are ill-natured persons who would be offended at this prospect, however glorious it may be, of having theses written on their bodies; they prefer a sort of aristocracy of silence. What could be better than the lancing of veins in a warm bath?

"Have you made your choice?" insinuated the clerk in a low voice, without changing his attitude.

"But there is such a variety!" replied the desperate young man.

The clerk accepted the compliment with a polite smile.

"You must yourself admit," continued the stranger, "that hesitation is excusable under the circumstances."

"Perhaps it would be well to visit the establishment?"

"That will suit me exactly."

"Whenever it will please you to do so."

For the first time the two clerks disassociated their work; one opened the office door and stepped aside to allow the guest to pass, and the other indicated the way with an almost affectionate wave of the hand. The young man's first impulse was to obey; but at the second step he changed his mind, and said, timidly:

"I should first like to know how much—in short, the terms."

"The price, sir," replied from the end of the room the voice of Mr. Richard Utterex himself, who had just come in, "varies with the class of accommodation desired, and guests pay only on leaving the house."

The young stranger seeming still undecided, his conductor gently placed his hand upon his arm and invited him to follow. Giving up all thought of resistance he obeyed, and began his tour of Euthanasia Villa.

In the large vestibule of a spacious staircase the visitor was shown, with a reverential bow, which he involuntarily imitated, a large statue of the great Schopenhauer, the patron of the institution. Then they proceeded up-stairs.

A door opened; it was the chamber called The Pistol Shot. Like all the other rooms in the house, this was light and elegantly furnished in modern style. As in all the others, too, its principal ornament was a handsome coffin in carved ebony; the cover was placed crosswise on the box, as though awaiting its occupant. There were several divans and reclining-chairs about the room; the bed was in rosewood.

"Everything is conducted here with the most perfect discretion," said the guide; "a system of electrical currents, moved by the report, divides in two, lengthwise, whatever piece of furniture the guest has chosen to commit suicide on; a long basket receives the body before it has had time to stain the furniture or the floor with a single spot. Kindly observe that the walls are upholstered with a thickness of four mattresses, so that it is impossible for any one on the other side of the partition to hear the faintest sound, however powerful the fire-arm used, even though it were a small Krupp cannon, such as you see there in the corner. Guests have all the time they wish; we never hurry them. Each room is provided with a library abundantly furnished with the most melancholy works. Schopenhauer has been translated for us into all the languages of the old and new worlds. Those ten shelves are full of novels that end badly. Upon the eleventh, preachers of various religions sound the praises of death. Some serious philosophers and a few poets, Lucretius and Leopardi, occupy the twelfth shelf. As for the conveniences of life (before departing), they leave nothing to be desired. A telephone in each chamber communicates with the office. Orders for meals or whatever else is wanted are executed with the utmost promptness by faceless automatons; we keep a whole company of them here. This delicate attention on Mr. Utterex's part is generally very highly appreciated, for people who are so disgusted with life that they are ready to commit suicide wish to see the human face no more. Finally, will you kindly examine the racks?—there you will find either terrible, elegant, or brutal instruments of sudden death."

The visitor took down a pistol and examined it.

"Be careful; they are all loaded."

One by one the stranger saw all the philanthropic ideas imagined by Mr. Richard Utterex. In the Asphyxia Chamber, after having explained the perfect obstructions that prevent air from entering when once the door is closed, the clerk proposed to the visitor a brief experience, so that he might judge for himself of its efficiency. This offer, which is rarely accepted, was declined, as charcoal and laughing-gas have but little attraction except as a last resort. Tuberoses tempt more, most of the suicide neophytes being afflicted with sentimentalism. Large masses of fresh flowers were everywhere about the chamber, harmonizing with the designs of the carpet and the hangings.

"If you would like a special essence you can have it, for we cultivate all kinds of plants in the large conservatory adjoining the hotel."

"No, it is very complete as it is."

And the inspection was resumed.

The stranger stopped with some curiosity on the third floor, at a landing where there were three doors, each one bearing a sign: "For Science."

The guide pretended to pass by, at the same time watching the astonished young man out of the corner of his eye.

"Well?" queried the stranger.

"Those rooms are occupied, and they are often taken, I must say, to the credit of humanity."

"How so? What takes place within?"

"Mr. Utterex here offers an opportunity of rendering by one's death a great service to human kind. Here in the Experimental Chamber magnanimous individuals, who care nothing about their lives, experiment on substances, to prove to science whether they are harmless or toxical; others submit themselves to cruel surgical operations and successive mutilations that give the exact measurement of human sensibility. Some days ago a young Russian had a quarter of his cranium sawed off; he survived exactly three hours and fifty minutes. The house doctor, Mr. O'Neil, was wild with joy. 'What a splendid experiment!' he cried."

The stranger tried to share Mr. O'Neil's enthusiasm, but his teeth chattered.

"The Chamber of Lost Diseases is also very popular," continued the clerk, pointing to the door; "if you apply your nostrils to the wall you will notice that it is isolated by a perpetual interior bath of phenol. We have the finest collection of virus that there is in the world. At the present moment a leprosy patient is *in extremis* behind this wall."

The young man started back in horror, but he quickly recovered himself and followed his guide up a few steps.

"The Stake Chamber—the death of Hercules! The walls and the ceiling are in precious paste and are fire-proof. The quartering—all you have to do is to place your ankles and wrists in these collars, held to the walls by electric bands; this stool, upon which the person sits, rests upon a button, the pressure on which starts four equal and contrary currents. Submitted to the action of forces rigorously symmetrical, the limbs are at once torn apart. The Decapitation Chamber——"

The visitor remained stupefied at the sight of a marvelous guillotine in cedar wood, with a keen and gleaming knife. The guide, with the half-smiling manner that he would use to beg you to excuse the trick of a child, opened a wardrobe:

"We reserve here, for the use of imaginative persons, the costume of Louis the Sixteenth. Besides, the blade, in falling, touches a music-box, which at once imitates the historical rolling of Santerre's drums. The Strangulation Chamber—two bow-strings fixed to a small board at the height of the bed, fly to the ceiling and remain there if one puts the weight of his feet upon it. Electricity also plays the principal rôle in 'death by laughter.' This is a concealed method: a bed that looks comfortable and invites you to sleep, but as soon as a living person is stretched upon it he is riveted by irresistible grapnets, while the illusive couch is instantly decomposed into a multitude of minute brushes, very soft and yet very stiff, which run over the patient's body imitating the pricklings of millions of insects, stopping by preference on the joints, and never ceasing to play strange and skipping marches upon the soles of the feet—but what is the matter, sir?"

The young visitor's face was white; he had slowly tottered back to the wall and was leaning against it for support. Suddenly it seemed to him—pure hallucination, of course—that the artificial insects just described by his guide were making wild excursions from his head to his feet.

"Here is the Inquisition Chamber, reinforced by the subtle inventions of the Chinese, Turcomans, Apaches, and Caribs, the whole manipulated by electrical valets. This chamber, I must admit, is little frequented. It is not of a very pure taste, in my humble opinion, but Mr. Utterex did not want his house to lack in any of the numerous suicidal methods. But a curious spectacle and one that will certainly interest you," pursued the guide, in a soft, insidious, and almost confidential tone, "awaits you. Kindly follow me."

These mysterious manners made an impression upon the young man; his lips and his hands trembled, his brow was covered with icy sweat. No longer able to resist, he did not know how to say that "he would like better," that he "would, perhaps, prefer"—to remain there. His guide took him by the arm and led him on. A door opened. At first he did not clearly distinguish anything; then, in the greenish air he saw the rigid forms of naked walls in a large, unfurnished, and silent room. The room was silent. But a murmur came from the deaf walls, a murmur that can only be compared to the distant report of a storm, or the hoarse resounding, increased a hundred-fold, of one of those shells wherein vibrates the obscure roaring of the ocean. The clerk went to the wall, and, with the gesture of a magician making passes, touched it rapidly here and there. Immediately the right side of the wall disappeared and the report redoubled; it was like the confused echo of lives seething in the waves; and there they were swarming in the flooded walls—fishes, crustacea, mollusks, and all submarine animals. It was the sea, and upon this dark-green bottom, coming from afar, increasing and enlarging, entering in the chamber, appeared tens, hundreds, and thousands of arms terminated by round and bloodless mouths.

The visitor stepped back—mentally—for he was incapable of making a physical movement; all sentiment of life that remained in him was in his head, in the roots of his hair, an unusual pricking as though his hair stood literally on end.

"The devil-fish!" said his guide in a hollow voice; "a living body full of muscles and blood, trembling and sensitive, thrown into this artificial sea which, although without water, is more terribly real than the other, can here find the most splendid banquet of physical sufferings. Just imagine the sensation of mortal disgust at the sticky and swarming kisses of these innumerable tentacles, each one gifted with the force of a thousand leeches! The very essence of the body is in the blood, and with the blood, life escapes through this monstrous suction. Little by little the patient grows weaker, the eyelids close, and rigor sets in. No one will ever know whether you perished by fear or by pain. But what is the matter with you, sir?"

The young man beat the air with his arms and turned toward the door with a moribund look. The guide, knowing by long experience that the final paroxysm was attained and that nothing remained but real death by fright, pressed some electrical buttons, which dissipated the frightful apparition. The young man had doubtless become unconscious, for he seemed born again when, bathed in fresh air upon a balcony, he saw his official companion again become the incomparably correct personage who had left his twin brother in the office. But he was not given time for long reflection.

"What manner of death have you chosen?"

The stranger was feverishly agitated. "I can not—I should prefer——"

"To visit the establishment again, perhaps?"

"No, no!"

"However, you must choose some——"

"Yes, of course, I must; it is evident——"

He gradually regained his self-possession and at the same time his love of life; he assumed not without effort an easy air and an appearance of indifference to the physical terrors at which in reality he still inwardly trembled. Suddenly, as though illumined with an idea, he said:

"Let us go down-stairs."

When they reached the third floor he pointed to the Experimental Chamber, and said:

"You say it is occupied?"

"Yes, it is occupied."

"What a pity! Well," and the stranger affected to contemplate longingly the forbidden threshold—"well, I will wait. Let us descend."

In passing before Schopenhauer's statue he could not help looking it straight in the face, with a sort of defiance.

At the office he was received by Mr. Utterex himself, who welcomed him with a gentle smile.

"The room that I have selected," began the young man, with an easy manner——

"The Experimental Chamber?"

"Yes."

"It is occupied," said Mr. Utterex, still smiling, and at the same time offering the visitor a thin sheet of bristol-board with gilt edges, on which was written:

MR. X., TO RICHARD UTTEREX, DR.:

To restoring love of life $5,000

—*Translated from the French of Charles Morice.*

The slang expression, "in the soup," seems to have a remoter origin than that given by the New York *Sun*. In "Les Misérables," Vol. III, Chapter 7, on "The Gamin," Victor Hugo says: "The gamin points at the guillotine, and calls it . . . . *end of the soup.*"

They have started the story that Baldwin, the aeronaut, now making himself famous in London by dropping from balloons with a parachute, is none other than Lulu, who used to be shot out of a cannon.

Lithium is the lightest metal known, and is worth one hundred and sixty dollars per ounce. Gallium is the costliest metal known, and is worth three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars per ounce.

The commander-in-chief of the English army, the Duke of Cambridge, has completed his fifty-first year of service.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

But one vote was cast in South Carolina for General Fisk, Prohibition candidate for President.

United States Senator Dwight M. Sabin, of Minnesota, is annoyed by the discovery that there are twelve men who want to succeed him in 1889.

Senator Ingalls told a reporter that, had he the power, he would see that the setting sun of March 4, 1889, shone upon no Democratic office-holder in all this broad land.

Empress Frederick since her return to London has spent a good deal of time weeping over familiar scenes, driving about with her mother, and receiving deputations of tearful royal tradesmen.

Mr. Gladstone is reviewing and arranging his correspondence. Vast quantities have been destroyed, but about sixty thousand letters are to be preserved, and he has built a fire-proof room for them adjoining his castle of Hawarden.

Captain Boycott, despite his terrible experiences in Ireland, bears absolutely no hatred either for the country or its race. In a letter he made use of this remark: "I go for my annual holiday to dear old Ireland—it is my one treat of the year."

Sir E. Cecil Guinness, of "London stout" fame, recently purchased Savernake, the ancestral seat of the rowdy Marquis of Ailesbury, for three million five hundred thousand dollars. This is the largest real-estate transaction for many years in England.

President William Richardson, of the Atlantic system of surface roads in Brooklyn, has issued this order: "On and after January 1, 1889, none but American citizens shall be employed by the Atlantic system of surface roads." This order has been posted in all shops of the company.

C. A. Smith, of Hickory Township, Pa., was not allowed to vote because legally he had no name. He appropriated the name of Smith about ten years ago, just before he got married. He had been called "Cabbage" up to that time. When a baby he was found in a cabbage-patch, and has never known who his parents were.

Mrs. John S. Simpson, of Chicago, has been traveling in Germany for six months past. She grew very tired of the police inspection to which she was subjected, and at Munich told the authorities that she was born in 1750, was traveling for pleasure, and would stay in Germany as long as the police would let her. The next morning an officer called on her at her hotel and asked her solemnly if she had not made a mistake about the date of her birth.

Foot-ball is as healthful a recreation as usual this year. Corbin, of the Yale team, has a carbuncle on his left arm, Wallace has an abscess on his lip, Stagg's right eye and nose are badly bunged up, James has a cut on the head, Gill is on crutches, Rhodes is a temporary wreck, Graves has a severe wound on the head, Pike's left leg is lame, and Bull has a strained tendon which gives him a great deal of pain. The two other players are in perfect condition.

Mrs. Levi P. Morton is expected to lift the standard of social entertainments at Washington to a very high point. She is an experienced and noted social leader, and everything in her past life indicates that she will take the lead in the social race in Washington. Vice-President-elect Morton's possessions in the capital city are really enormous. One of the most pretentious and noble buildings in the whole city is the Morton apartment-house, and he owns scores of houses besides.

The chief judge of the Parnell Commission and the chief defendant in the case are vegetarians. Both Sir James Hannen and Mr. Parnell have practically to avoid a meat diet. Sir James used to suffer greatly from that curse of people whose employment is sedentary—dyspepsia. He eats little flesh now, and certainly looks the better for it. Mr. Parnell also largely avoids the diet of the joint. His refreshment at luncheon time is a glass of hot water into which a lemon has been squeezed.

John Harris, of Grassy Creek, Ky., died of joy on hearing the news of Harrison's election. He was seventy years of age and had always been a Republican. Three weeks ago a drum corps and fifty mounted men went to Harris's secluded home and informed him that there was no doubt that Harrison and Morton had been elected. The band played "My Country, 'tis of Thee," and Harris, carried away by excitement, gave one cheer and fell down dead. His sudden taking off is ascribed to heart disease.

The late William Warren, of Boston, left over two hundred and twelve thousand dollars to his heirs. It is a remarkable showing for an actor, and particularly for one who never enjoyed anything more than a salary. Mr. Warren, however, like Emperor William of Germany, like John Gilbert of Wallack's, and many other veterans, was a great believer in simplicity of diet and general quietude of life. He ate frugally, slept in a small cot, and retained his health through the rigor of his daily life. Incidentally he saved a great deal of money by this method of living, but it was not caused by niggardliness or desire to save money.

The little Princess of the Netherlands, when she becomes Queen of Holland, will be one of the richest sovereigns, if not the richest sovereign, in Europe. The civil list of Holland, which is secured on the revenues of Borneo, is very large—three millions of pounds sterling per annum, it is said. The Duchy of Luxembourg passes to the Grand Duke of Nassau, and then becomes a portion of the German Empire, but the Kingdom of Holland, not coming under the operation of the Salic law, descends to the king's little daughter. She is a bright, intelligent, clever child, with a good deal of character and determination. The marriage of the king and queen, despite the disparity of age, has been a very happy one.

Mr. Toole, the comedian, had lots of practical fun during his recent holiday in Switzerland. One afternoon, on a Lake Lucerne excursion-steamer, a voice at the bow was heard calling: "Cook's coupons this way! Glass of sherry and a sandwich free of charge!" The ingenuous tourists who responded found nothing but a little man intently admiring the scenery. After an interval the same voice, in a higher key, was heard at the stern: "Gaze's coupons this way! Glass of champagne and a sandwich free of charge!" There was another rush, with the same result. The fun was heightened by the curiosity of what appeared to be a very old gentleman, with long hair and hard of hearing, who engaged Mr. Toole in a dialogue which considerably mystified the bystanders. Gossip has it that this was Mr. Irving.

Sarah Bernhardt has been playing in Vienna, and for the first time in her life has come in contact with the public censor. In "La Tosca" she was not allowed to place the crucifix on the breast of Mario, and in "Théodora" it was forbidden that the emperor should be addressed as majesty. Sarah Bernhardt also made the acquaintance of the Viennese income-tax collector, who taxed her for six months' income, although she was in Vienna only a fortnight, and seized three thousand marks of money at the box-office when she refused to pay. At Prague she played at the Czech Theatre, and received, as she had done at Vienna, a tremendous reception. Crowds rushed after her carriage, shouting their admiration for her and for France, and deputations waited upon her and expressed the admiration of the people more in detail. The great actress appears to be growing not a day older, and, but for her fondness for little glasses of strong brandy, would be as well off as ever.

A story current in Washington last winter in regard to Lord Sackville (says the Baltimore *American*) was that on one occasion, early in the season, his trusted butler asked for and obtained permission to visit Baltimore for a few days. Immediately upon his arrival there he drove to one of the leading hotels and registered as Hon. Lionel Sackville-West. An hour or two later a note was handed to him, in which a family stated that, although personally unacquainted with the British Minister, they were desirous of extending to him the hospitality of their house during his stay, and closed with an invitation that he would be their guest at dinner that evening. This invitation was accepted by the butler, who arrayed himself in full-dress attire and actually attended the dinner, where, throughout the evening, he maintained his assumed character with such cleverness that neither his entertainer nor the guests ever suspected that he was other than just what he represented himself.

OLD FAVORITES.

Rupert's March.

Carabine slung, stirrup well hung,
Flagon at saddle-bow merrily swung;
Toss up the ale, for our flag, like a sail,
Struggles and swells in the hot July gale.
Colors fling out, and then give them a shout—
We are the gallants to put them to rout.

Flash all your swords, like Tartarian hordes,
And scare the prim ladies of Puritan lords;
Our steel caps shall blaze through the long summer days,
As we, galloping, sing our mad Cavalier lays.
Then banners advance! By the Lilies of France,
We are the gallants to lead them a dance.

Ring the bells back, though the sexton look black,
Defiance to knaves who are hot on our track.
"Murder and fire!" shout louder and higher;
Remember Edgehill and the red-dabbled mire,
When our steeds we shall stall in the Parliament hall,
We'll shake the old nest till the rooftree shall fall.

Froth it up, girl, till it splash every curl!
October's the liquor for trooper and earl;
Bubble it up, merry gold in the cup—
We never may taste of to-morrow's night's sup.
(Those red ribbons glow on thy bosom below
Like apple-tree bloom on a hillock of snow.)

No, by my word, there never shook sword
Better than this in the clutch of a lord;
The blue streaks that run are as bright in the sun
As the veins on the brow of that loveliest one;
No deep light of the sky when the twilight is nigh,
Glitters more bright than this blade to the eye.

* * * * * *

Well, whatever may hap, this rusty steel cap
Will keep out full many a pestilent rap;
This buff, though it's old and not larded with gold,
Will guard me from rapier as well as from cold;
My scarf, rent and torn, though its color is worn,
Shone gay as a page's but yesterday morn.

Here is a dint from the jag of a flint,
Thrown by a Puritan just as a hint;
But this stab through the buff was a warning more rough,
When Coventry city arose in a huff;
And I met with this gash, as we rode with a crash
Into Noll's pikes on the banks of the Ash.

No jockey or groom wears so dragged a plume
As this that's just drenched in the swift-flowing Froom.
Red grew the tide ere we reached the steep side,
And steaming the hair of old Barbary's hide;
But for branch of that oak that saved me a stroke,
I had sunk there like herring in pickle to soak.

Pistolet crack flashed bright on our track,
And even the foam of the water turned black.
They were twenty to one, our poor rapier to gun,
But we charged up the bank, and we lost only one;
So I saved the old flag, though it was but a rag,
And the sword in my hand was snapped off to a jag.

The water was churned as we wheeled and we turned,
And the dry brake to scare out the vermin we burned.
We gave our halloo, and our trumpet we blew:
Of all their stout fifty we left them but two;
With a mock and a laugh, won their banner and staff,
And trod down the cornets as threshers do chaff.

Saddle my roan, his back is a throne,
Better than velvet or gold, you will own.
Look to your match, or some harm you may catch,
For treason has always some mischief to hatch;
And Oliver's out with all Haslerigg's rout,
So I am told by this shivering, white-livered scout.

We came over the downs, through village and towns,
In spite of the sneers, and the curses, and frowns;
Drowning their psalms, and stilling their qualms,
With a clatter and rattle of scabbards and arms,
Down the long street, with a trample of feet,
For the echo of hoofs to a Cavalier's sweet.

See, black on each roof, at the sound of our hoof,
The Puritans gather, but keep them aloof;
Their muskets are long, and they aim at a throng,
But woe to the weak when they challenge the strong!
Butt-end to the door, one hammer more,
Our pikemen rush in, and the struggle is o'er.

Storm through the gate, batter the plate,
Cram the red crucible into the grate;
Saddle-bags fill, Bob, Jenkin, and Will,
And spice the staved wine that runs out like a rill.
That maiden shall ride all to-day by my side—
Those ribbons are fitting a Cavalier's bride.

Does Baxter say right, that a bodice laced tight
Should never be seen by the sun or the light?
Like stars from a wood shine under that hood
Eyes that are sparkling, though pious and good.
Surely this waist was by Providence placed,
By a true lover's arm to be often embraced.

Down on your knees, you villains in frieze,
A draught to King Charles, or a swing from those trees;
Blow off this stiff lock, for 'tis useless to knock—
The ladies will pardon the noise and the shock.
From this bright dewy cheek, might I venture to speak,
I could kiss off the tears though she wept for a week.

Now loop me this scarf round the broken pike-staff,
'Twill do for a flag, though the Crop Heads may laugh.
Who was it blew? Give an halloo,
And hang out the pennon of crimson and blue.
A volley of shot is a welcoming hot—
It can not be troop of the murdering Scot?

Fire the old mill on the brow of the hill,
Break down the plank that runs over the rill,
Bar the town gate; if the burghers debate,
Shoot some to death, for the villains must wait;
Rip up the lead from the roofing o'erhead,
And melt it for bullets, or we shall be sped.

—*Walter Thornbury.*

Lord Sackville has been a faithful and devoted father, keeping his three daughters with him since their emergence from a convent school, where they passed their childhood, and bringing them out one by one in good style at our American court. His eldest son, it is said, is a farmer in Natal, Africa, and his youngest a lad still at school in England. His second daughter, Flora, is now Mrs. Salanson, of Paris. Their Spanish mother, whom it is said he took from the stage, was one of the most beautiful women in Europe, and as such her picture still adorns the Residenz Gallery in Munich. She held in thrall the heart of her high-born lover, the wild young diplomat, for a long period of years, long enough to become the mother of these five children; and the same love, it is further said, and a desire for the repose of her soul, led him to consecrate their alliance by marriage upon her death-bed in Paris during the Franco-Prussian war.

THE ALLEGED HUMORIST.

Customer—"Let me have a bowl of soup." [illegible] C-l-e-v-e-l-a n-d!"—*Judge.*

"Hello, Moses, wot's de matter wid ye?" "Indigestion." "How's dat?" "Hain't had nuthin' to digest lately."—*Harper's Bazar.*

First tramp—"I say, have you taken a bath?" *Second tramp* (anxiously)—"No! Is there one missing?"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Teacher—"Willie, what is the capital of Canada?" *Willie*—"The money taken there by United States financiers and boodlers."—*Life.*

"Was it the girl's father who broke off the engagement?" inquired Jenkins. "No," replied the jilted lover, "it was her little brother."—*Life.*

Little Boston girl (as the hair-brush is reached for)—"Mamma, the consecutiveness and the prevalency of these interminable castigations are slowly sapping my very life!"—*Time.*

She—"I must show you my new clock before you go." *He* (facetiously)—"Some of my friends tell me I am homely enough to stop a clock." *She*—"Oh, that won't matter. It can be started again."—*Life.*

Miss Keane (to handsome young physician)—"Oh, doctor, how do you do? You look killing this evening!" *Young physician* (quietly)—"Thank you, but I'm not; I'm off duty, don't you know."—*Drake's Magazine.*

Tramp—"Can you advance me the amount of a drink?" *Gent*—"Certainly, here's a dime." *Tramp* (with dignity)—"I beg your pardon, sir; this is only a dime. I never drink ten-cent whisky."—*Washington Post.*

Boucicault's new dramatic school teaches its pupils how to walk. If it can teach them how to walk from Oshkosh to New York without getting either tired or hungry, it will not have been opened in vain.—*Norristown Herald.*

First lady (looking at programme)—"Tell me, dear, what does *Le Maître de Forges* mean?" *Second lady* (patronizingly)—"The Master of the Forgers, dear; it's the original of Jim, the Penman, you know."—*Philadelphia Stage.*

Customer—"What yo' charge fer gitten fotografs took?" *Photographer*—"Imperials, six dollars per dozen; duplicates, three dollars per dozen." *Customer*—"Wall, I guess I'll jes hab haf dozen duplicates tooken."—*Harper's Weekly.*

"Friend," said a tramp, leaning over the fence, "may I quench my thirst at yonder well?" "Sartain, you may," said the farmer, "but look out for the wash-basin and soap." "I will, sir, I will; I can drink from the other side of the well."—*New York Sun.*

"Hello, Bromley, that isn't the fair thing! You promised that if your side lost the election, you'd shave off one whisker." "Well, haven't I?" "Yes, but you've shaved off both of them." "Oh, that's all right. I lost the other one in the same kind of a bet with Darringer."—*Time.*

"Mother, I wish you would request Ralph Waldo to cease singing." "What is he singing, Minerva, that you dislike so much?" "He is singing a low song, in which one Johnny—presumably Jonathan—is requested to procure his fowling-piece, with a reiteration of the last clause."—*Puck.*

Mrs. O'Toolihan (to young son)—"Come, O'Toolihan, bad cess to ye, what were yuz doin' wid yoursilf makin' all that noise?" *Conn O'Toolihan*—"I'm shoutin' fer Harrison, sure." *Mrs. O'Toolihan*—"Shoutin' fer Harrison, an' the goat not yet dead a week!"—*New York Sun.*

Two vagrants called on a kind lady in the suburbs of New York. "To which of you two shall I give this nickel?" she asked. *First tramp*—"Give it to him, madam. He has purchased the route from me, and I am just taking him around to introduce him to the customers."—*Texas Siftings.*

Very stout old lady (watching the lions fed)—"'Pears to me, mister, that ain't a very big piece o' meat fer sech an animal." *Attendant* (with the greatest and most stupendous show of politeness on earth)—"I s'pose it does seem like a small piece of meat to you, ma'am, but it's enough for the lion."—*Life.*

Miss Richpurse (despondently)—"Oh, Edward! if I could only know for certain you loved me and not my money, I would be your wife." *Mr. Hardpan* (eagerly)—"Test me, Eleanor! test my honesty!" *Miss Richpurse*—"But how?" *Mr. Hardpan* (desperately)—"Lend me a dollar until to-morrow."—*Judge.*

Man of destiny (en route to Buffalo, via the old Central Road)—"Dan, this is the loveliest village we've passed through yet. If I hadn't money invested in real estate at Oak View I think I would look over matters a little about here. What's the name of the town?" *Dan*—"Waterloo, Grover."—*New York Sun.*

The family joy—"Aren't these pretty blue-silk stockings, mamma? Papa told nursey they were for her, and to get them from his overcoat in the hall. I thought I would get them for her." *Mamma*—"Run upstairs, darling. I don't think these are good enough for nursey, and I wish to speak to good, kind, generous papa about it. Run along dear, papa's coming."—*The Cartoon.*

Melodrama in a minor theatre: *Tamarack* (chief of the Saugatunks)—"Tell me where you have hidden me che-i-ild, or my knife shall cut the secret from your-r cr-r-raven hear-r-rr-rt!" *Foot-in-the-Clouds* (a Mohawk)—"Let yer knife do its bloody wor-r-rk, I ain't no paleface to be skeerd inter betrayin' a tribe's secrets. Strike, but REMEMBER, me death will be avenged! Ha—ha—ha!!!" (Spits.)—*Life.*

Kansas City resident (on board train, to stranger)—"Well, sir, we have reached the metropolis of the great and growing West at last. We are in Kansas City. This is Eight Hundred and Fortieth Street." *Stranger* (peering out of the window)—"Well, what is that peculiar noise?" *Kansas City resident*—"That, sir, is the croaking of frogs. Our climate here will raise anything."—*New York Sun.*

Mr. J. Parker—"There are Trimble-Hawkins and his wife. They are a handsome couple, aren't they?" *Miss Charity Ball*—"Oh, yes, they are quite distinguished looking; but do you know they say that at home they quarrel scandalously, and, besides that, Mrs. Trimble-Hawkins absolutely neglects every household duty, and her children are a perfect disgrace!" *Mr. J. Parker*—"Oh, you know her then?" *Miss Charity Ball*—"Yes, indeed; I am her best friend!"—*Life.*

Husband (impatiently)—"Is it possible, my dear, that you can not keep those children quiet for a moment?" *Wife* (soothingly)—"Now, John, don't be harsh with the poor little innocent things; it is natural for them to be full of spirits, and they re doing the best they can." *Husband*—"Well, if I could have a moment's peace I would sit down and write that check for fifty dollars that you've been bothering me for." *Wife* (sternly)—"Children, go up-stairs at once! and if I hear another word from you to-night I'll punish you severely."—*Life.*

Dumley was a little hard up that afternoon and had slipped quietly through the side door, and there, embedded in the darkness at the further end of the bar, congratulated himself that he had not been observed. Just as he was ready to begin business a heavy hand fell upon his shoulder from behind, and the cheery voice of Billy Bohemia rang in his ears: "Why, Dumley, old boy, is this you? I haven't seen you for a week. How's your health, and how's everything going? I was asking about you only this morning. I want to introduce you to two or three friends of mine from the West. Snaky, this is my friend Dumley, of whom you have heard me speak so often. Whadmire, old boy, shake hands with Dumley, the whitest man in the fish business. Spottlebloom, if there are two men in all the world who ought to know one another as kindred souls, it's you and Dumley. And now, Dumley, how are you getting on? What's the good word, any way?" *Dumley* (sturdily)—"Gents, what are you going to have?"—*New York Sun.*

THE UNIVERSAL LOVER.

"Iris" describes the Methods of an Abandoned Detrimental.

In the gamut of "dancing men" the Universal Lover fits in between the Greek God and the Boy About Town. He is of the same genus, though the resemblance is not close. There is an *arrière-pensée* of the Greek God in the admirable ease of his manner, the languid grace of his address, and there is a reminiscence of the Boy in the *soupçon* of elegant impudence which lends to the Universal Lover a delicate piquancy, such as celery gives the canvasback.

But there is a great fundamental difference. The Greek God flirts voraciously; none loves the pleasures of the chase more than he, but he only makes love when he feels it. The Boy talks a great deal about his conquests, but in actual fact is so afraid of being captured by some love-stricken damsel that he does not do much damage. But the Universal Lover knows no such qualms. He is like the skipper's boy—he knows not fear. The dread of rousing an answering spark which curbs the artistic abilities of the Boy, has never checked him in his tender career. He has complete confidence in himself, and like all great artists has the power of concentration.

Why does he love so generously? That is one of the questions of the day. It is a *casus belli* among those whom he has distinguished with his regard. They are divided into two factions, and you may be sure have had some hot words over it. Faction number one—Cousin Edith before she was married, and Mabel, who had the unique satisfaction of growing tired of him before he did of her—says he does it in cold blood; that he likes to study human nature. Mabel says he is going to write a novel and work all his victims into it. Cousin Edith, who is sarcastic and who was angry at the time, said the U. L.'s process was like pork-packing—that you went in pigs and came out sausages, so speedy and thorough was the system, so changed and improved the subject. Cousin Edith considered the process imparted much *savoir-faire*, it was better than a finishing school, and that, as a social instrument, the Universal Lover was to be encouraged. He was, what the novel is in England, a public educator, and that his entire process from the reverential Bow of Introduction, which all the girls know so well, to that *insouciant*, patronizing, careless Bow of Dismissal, with which he greets them when the crash has come, is merely a scientific formula by which the U. L. is taking the measure of the female biped.

As may be imagined, the other faction—Maude, who is just awaking to the cold horror of the Bow of Dismissal; she saw it on Sunday after church for the first time; and Ethel, who is in the marrowy midst of the process, midway between pig and sausage—think the U. L. a man of the most tender and affectionate nature. After a time they change their minds. They have probably been reading Emerson, who says "consistency is the hobgoblin of small minds." Occasionally they compared notes. When Maud told Cousin Edith about it, Cousin Edith was very disappointing—showing neither anger nor surprise.

"Oh, yes, he always said that," assented this veteran, on whom the U. L. was supposed to have cut his teeth.

"And then he used to ask me—oh, so earnestly—if he had a rival," continues the blighted Maude.

"Yes, I remember that, too," says Cousin Edith with vivacity; "and afterward he said 'But, pardon me, I have no right to ask you.' Didn't he say that?"

The forsaken gloomily admits that he did. Cousin Edith falls into reverie.

"He hasn't changed at all," she says, with a pensive smile; "you make me feel as if I were living it all over again. When he gets done with Ethel, we'll make her tell us all about it, and see if he hasn't introduced something new. He shows a lack of enterprise; he is getting quite out of style."

This deep and inexplicable Universal Lover exercises a remarkable attraction. He has a peculiar charm, impossible to explain. There is no doubt about it, for he can beat any of the other men on their common battle-field—the ball-room floor. What is the reason? He is not good-looking, he is not clever, he is not rich, and he affects a lazy scorn of style. Where the Greek God strides majestic in the van of fashion, and the Boy pants in his wake, the U. L. looks at them with a tolerant, lofty smile, and wears last year's clothes with the same careless *insouciance* that he gives the immortal Bow of Dismissal or asks an unwelcome partner where he can find her chaperon.

The Greek God, beautiful as Apollo, in his English dress-suit, with his cherished air of good style and his lovely, languid stare, with a round piece of window-glass tight in his eye, and his faint, sleepy smile, which it took such an age to acquire, will be left leaning partnerless against the door-frame, while the U. L. takes his choice from the nicest girls in the room. And it is just the same with the Boys. When our dear friend Dolly Van Corker has carried off from a crowd of admirers Miss Tompkins—the prettiest bud of the season—how pleased she has seemed, how ready to be amused at Dolly's jokes, in what a charming frame of mind? Dolly, as every one knows, is a solar luminary in the social firmament. He is not a bit rosy-cheeked, but has the cadaverous, pale, interesting face the Boys love so much and try so hard to acquire. The more ambitious ones would press their faces in a mangle if by so doing they would come out like Dolly's. In short, Dolly is an ideal Boy, one of the members of the great family of Van Corker, and the girls say that there is nothing he does not know.

But no sooner have Dolly and Miss Tompkins seated themselves in comfort on a settee, and Dolly is preparing to entertain Miss Tompkins with many a tale of Van Corker prowess, than a cloud darkens his horizon. He has asked her if she believes in the immortality of the soul, and if she has read the works of Mr. Edgar Saltus; then the third subject in order is Mr. Dolly Van Corker—that is the way they always run. And he is just beginning on this entrancing topic, when up comes the Universal Lover, and—alas for female constancy!—off goes Miss Tompkins.

Miss Tompkins is very much in the U. L.'s style. She is pretty and charming, for the U. L.'s taste is perfect on these fine points. She follows the short reign of Ethel, who "panned out" rather too dull for the U. L.'s approval. It is hard to say just how Miss Tompkins feels about this new captive of her bow and spear. She is flattered principally, for the gentleman's reputation as a Squire of Dames is of the highest. He is a connoisseur in his particular line. Are there not deadly rumors of the breach existing between the U. L. and that wondrous belle, Miss Van Corker, Dolly's sister? They do not bow now. When they pass the lady looks fixedly down the street and the gentleman gazes with absorbed interest at his boots. The haughty Van Corker spirit could not brook the Bow of Dismissal. Three times she received it, gay, trivial, condescending, in the garish light of day, and, when her rage had passed away, Miss Van Corker replied with the Cut Courteous. Maude, who is nothing if not common-sensible, took it differently, kept her temper and her counsel, and, in the ripeness of time, the Bow of Dismissal passed without a spasm into the ordinary, every-day, friendly bow of commonplace life. So Maud's little romance dropped gently into oblivion, softly and silently, as a dead bird drops off its perch.

Distinguished by the regard of this great man, Miss Tompkins feels herself a social queen. The U. L. is her slave—in an inconspicuous manner. She snubs poor Dolly, secure in something so much better. Meanwhile, the slave begins to go over the old ground, reduced by long culture to a state of exquisite perfection. He knows just the moment when to turn from the impersonal compliment to the direct tenderness. The evolution of the passion of love, as he illustrates it, is a perfectly neat and systematic performance. It is in the third month of their friendship that he opens the attack with a scattering fire of grape-shot. They have been dancing together, and, for the first time, his discreetly flattering manner has melted into veiled tenderness. His eyes are wonderfully expressive, and he ventures timidly to press her hand as he returns her bouquet. Seated upon a secluded sofa, the young lady out of breath and flushed, they gossip confidentially about the passing couples—about Maud's new dress, and Harry's hair, and Ethel's bouquets, and Dolly's coat.

"When I'm married," says Miss Tompkins, not without a slight consciousness of expression, "I'm going to have my husband wear a dress-coat every night at dinner."

"Very well," says the U. L., smiling upon her with gentle fondness, "I'll wear a dress-coat all day long—go to the office in one—if you'll take me."

The suddenness of the attack staggers poor Tompkins out of her self-possession. She buries her chin in her necklace and picks at her bouquet in embarrassed silence. The U. L., having planted his dart, gently rambles on about the crowd, the heat, the floor, the music.

This is the small end of the wedge. Nothing more of a similar nature is said for a long time. The U. L. relapses into the solicitous friend. He is gay, thoughtful, companionable, entertaining. He tells the funniest, most sarcastic, and yet most amusing stories of Cousin Ethel, and then says, contritely:

"But it's awfully mean of me to tell you that; I wish I hadn't said anything about it."

Occasionally Miss Tompkins coyly accuses him of a lingering *tendresse* for Cousin Ethel, to which he answers, turning a puzzled stare full on her:

"I in love with Ethel? Where did you get that extraordinary idea? Of course, she's a very nice girl and all that sort of thing—but in love with her! Why, I've only spoken to her about half-a-dozen times in my life!"

And his expression would silence the doubts of an Othello.

The second act in the drama takes place a month perhaps after the first. During that month the U. L. has been exasperatingly friendly, so much so that Miss Tompkins is beginning to get quite nervous. When the conversation shows any symptoms of relapsing to the subject of dress-coats, he resolutely arrests it, and leads it back to safer topics with an iron hand. This is merely part of the system, the main idea of which is to create a feeling of pleasurable expectancy in the victim under operation. When the time is ripe, he unveils his masked batteries, and, sitting with the lovely Tompkins in a window-recess at a reception, goes so far as to attempt to clasp her hand, and murmur:

"Do you know, I've never in my life cared so much for any one as I do for you."

He speaks softly, almost dreamily, as if his heart affairs, as an abstract problem, were rather interesting—but not very. Miss Tompkins, again taken by surprise and weltering in blushes, murmurs brilliantly, "Haven't you?" and then can not think of anything else to say. The U. L., peeping at her out of the sides of his eyes and smiling fiendishly, positively refuses to help her by a single word. She, poor innocent! has a barbaric, untutored notion that something more definite should be said by the gentleman before the lady either capitulates or discards. And this the gentleman, with mild obstinacy, refuses to emit. The situation becoming too strained for comfort, he finally says, cheerfully:

"Well, let's say no more about it. Have you seen the last *Scribner's?*"

Now this wise young man, under his rather *blasé* demeanor, is the most cautious of his sex. Though he is a devoted lover in words, he is singularly stingy in deeds. He will not fetch and carry for her. He only gives her paper-covered novels and candy in half-pound boxes. It would be molasses if he dared. There is no talk of his attentions to her—even mamma does not notice them—because he takes care never to be publicly attentive. He dances with her only twice in an evening, and, when she is whirling round with some one else, does not stand up against the door sombrely glaring and gnawing his mustache. Quite the contrary, he singles out his future queen, seventeen years old, very thin and shy, and still in the hobbledehoy stage, and begins to draw her out with a view to future experiments. So Miss Tompkins, in the iron grip of a gyrating Hercules, turning for commiseration to her swain, sees him in merry confab with that wretched little Brown girl, in the hollows of whose collar-bones you could stand ten nickels in a pile. Taxed with his faithlessness, he says, sweetly:

"The poor little thing looked so lonely and wretched I thought it was only civil to go up and talk to her, sitting there all by herself in the very heart of the evening."

What he had said was:

"Do you know why I came here this evening?"

"No."

"Can't you guess?"

"No; I'm stupid at guessing."

"Foolish! To see you, of course. What else could bring me?"

Sometimes he meets Miss Tompkins on her afternoon walks. He is fond of lounging up cross-streets just at the moment when she comes hurrying up the avenue, her fox-terrier straining out from his leash, her cheeks a fine pink, her eyes bright and expectant. Nothing can be finer than her surprise at sight of her diplomatic admirer, nor the delicate manner in which she hints her pleasure at this singular rencontre. The wise U. L. says nothing. He abhors commonplace ruses. His are not commonplace; they exhibit the *finesse* of the artist.

In the course of their walk, he arrives at the height of the system. Striking spots on the pavement with his cane, he says, gloomily:

"It's a deuced hard thing when a fellow's in my position."

"How is that?" asks his companion, in her artless, sprightly way.

"Oh, so poor and so absolutely without prospects that he can't possibly dream of marrying."

"Yes, that's a pity," comments his companion, biting her lips and looking on the ground.

"It's perfectly hopeless; absolutely impossible," says the U. L., in a resigned tone, staring up into the branches of the trees.

"It would be very hard if you were in love," says the young lady, with angry self-possession.

"Yes, wouldn't it?" acquiesces the young man, whirling his cane round and continuing to look at the trees.

The conversation languishes.

The next Sunday Miss Tompkins, coming out of morning church, meets the U. L. as usual. Miss Tompkins is beautiful in her best clothes, with the light twinkling from bead to bead and shivering in long lines like rillets of water on the dangling fringes of jet on her skirt. She smiles deliciously upon her admirer, and loiters as he approaches to join her. But what is this? He does not pause! He does not stop! In fact, glancing carelessly at her, he removes his hat with a jaunty condescending bow and passes on. Miss Tompkins goes home, and sits down to realize what has occurred. She remembers that the U. L. found Miss Van Corker a bore and never spoke to Cousin Ethel more than half-a-dozen times in his life.

IRIS.

NOVEMBER 28, 1888.

Steamboat-men say that the side-wheel ferry-boat will soon be a thing of the past, and boats with propellers at each end will supersede them. The new idea is indorsed by many shipbuilders, practical architects, and marine engineers. The important advantage of the propeller is that it takes less room on the boat, gives greater speed on less consumption of fuel, and can be easier handled, besides costing less. The shaft will run through the boat from end to end with an average size propeller at bow and stern. The first boat of this pattern has been designed by S. Shields Wilson, and is being built at Newburg, N. Y. It will be two hundred feet long, have triple expansion engines, with cylinders eighteen and one-half, twenty-seven, and forty-two inches in diameter, and improved steel boilers. The screw on the stern of the boat will push the vessel ahead, while the one at the bow will pull. When a stop is required a reversal of the propellers will check the boat very quickly.

A correspondent writes to the *Nation:* "The Whitechapel murders call to mind one of De Quincey's fragments, a sequel to the 'Essay upon Murder as a Fine Art,' wherein he describes with frightful vividness a series of murders in this same East London in the year 1812. De Quincey, of course, treated the subject from an æsthetic standpoint, as befitted his theme; but the series of household murders, committed (as it afterward proved) by one man, as cunning as he was ferocious, bears a remarkable resemblance to the crimes over which London is agitated this very month. East London and human nature in it remain quite constant, it would seem."

A folded sheet-iron newspaper (imitation), designed for those prowling and dishonest persons who steal papers that do not belong to them, is an innovation that will be hailed with delight by all honest news-dealers. The paper contains a rat-trap attachment and a buzz-saw, which is worked by concealed machinery, duly and properly wound up in the morning. A tramp or dishonest person pouncing on the newspaper sets the machinery in motion; the iron jaws of the rat-trap close over the hand of the thief, and the saw gets in its fine work with the most discouraging effect on the kleptomaniac.

A device has been invented which enables the engineer, when in his cab, to turn a switch which can be closed again from the rear of the train. It is operated in connection with the "central-throw" switch, and consists of a "shoe," which is dropped from the forward and rear trucks. This strikes a crank, which is overthrown and the switch closed or opened as the case may be. A switch left open carelessly may thus be closed by the locomotive while at high speed, or a train side-tracked quickly in case of danger.

The original of Thackeray's Warrington in "Pendennis," George Stovin Venables, Q. C., has just died, leaving a personal estate of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He willed various sums to servants and a life annuity of thirty-two pounds sterling to a former laundress.

VANITY FAIR.

What will be the experiences of Mrs. Harrison when she riches Washington as the wife of the President? Will she simply pack her trunks with wearing apparel and move into a house completely furnished and filled with beds and bedding, silver and tableware, servants and cooking utensils, or will all or any of these have to be brought along or provided after she gets there? That is a question very often asked, and with a good many others, as to horses and carriages, coachmen and waiting-maids, cost and payment for the necessaries of the kitchen and dining-room, etc. It is a curious fact that the Cabinet officers are furnished with horses and carriages at government expense, but that the President is not. The Cabinet officers are furnished horses, carriages, and coachmen, and the horses are kept at government expense. If the President wants any of these things he must supply them himself. There is a stable near the White House, built during Grant's time, with plenty of room for horses, but every President who comes finds it empty, and, of course, it costs him a lot of money to fill it. Whoever sells a horse or carriage to the President of the United States expects to get about twenty-five per cent. more for it than he would if he sold it elsewhere. Of course the President must have three or four carriages and several horses. Whether General Harrison will bring any with him or buy them is not known. Probably he will buy new carriages, and, of course, a President's horses must be thorough-breds. And he need not expect much of them after he gets through his term in the White House, either, for Washington pavements are hard on horses, as President Cleveland's big seal-browns know. The President is also obliged to furnish his own driver. Albert Hawkins, a big colored man, whom Grant brought here before he became President, is still driving at the White House, as he has done ever since Grant's term, and will probably be reëngaged by General Harrison; but if he does it will be at his own expense, for the government does not pay Albert's salary. Inside the White House Mrs. Harrison will find employees waiting to be reëngaged and paid for their services. The steward, who has charge of the kitchen and dining-room, the various subordinates, who sweep, and dust, and cook, and attend to the table and tableware—they are all private employees. Down in the basement, if you pass at the proper time, you see the laundry-work of the White House going on. All these employees are, however, paid privately. Of course there is a yearly appropriation for the contingent expenses of the White House, but this is intended more to keep up the furniture and furnishings generally than to pay the cost of the President's living or the hire of his servants. One thing that Mrs. Harrison will find is a completely furnished house—solid silver, the finest of china, linen for the table and bed-chambers, elegant furnishings in the parlors, and fairly good in the private parts of the house. The private dining-room is on the first floor, just across the hall from the state dining-room. This is the only room on the first floor used by the family of the President. The parlors are used for callers, and the entire family or "living" rooms are on the second floor. There are, perhaps, half-a-dozen of these, scarcely more; a sitting-room or two near the circular "library-room," where the President sits during his business and working-hours, and several handsomely furnished bedrooms and dressing-rooms. An elevator carries the family down-stairs at meal-time and when they go down for other purposes, if they desire it; but, as a rule, they walk up and down the broad, easy, and luxuriously carpeted stairs and through the handsome and always attractive corridors, which lead the way to the dining-rooms and parlors on the first floor. There they find everything ready, for the experienced steward is able to relieve the mistress of the White House of all the cares of housekeeping—if he is well paid for it.

The other day (writes "Brunswick" in the Boston *Gazette*) I was calling upon a friend who is surrounded by evidences of long and successful researches among bric-à-brac shops at home and abroad, and I remarked the number of brass and copper articles about the place—a Russian samovar, a Dutch milk-can, beer-mugs, candelabra, lanterns, etc.—and I also remarked that they were in the highest state of polish and shone like the sun on an October morning. "How do you keep your brasses in such beautiful condition? It must keep one person busy all the time," said I. "It keeps no person busy any time," she replied, jocosely. The housekeeper was passing through the hall at that moment, and she hailed her. "How long since these brasses were polished, Mrs. ——?" said she. The housekeeper stopped a moment and thought. She is a conservative woman, and wished to be accurate. "Just two years and a half ago," was the reply. Then it was explained to me that every "polishable" article that came into the house was at once sent out to a brass-founder's and given a coat of lacquer. After that they require no polishing, only dusting, the same as any other piece of bric-à-brac. I thought of the weary hours my maid had spent in rubbing up my brass and copper pieces, and still they never looked bright more than a day or two. I got the brass-founder's address, and I made up a bag of brass candle-sticks, plated candelabra, coasters, copper tea-kettles, coffee-pots, and the like, that looked very much like a collection of booty from a pawn-shop, and sent it off to that brass-founder just as fast as messenger could take it.

The New York girl is the slave of her complexion (says the New York correspondent of the Chicago *News*). The type of beauty here is the beauty with a radiant skin. A woman may in New York possess the finest eyes in the world, features of exquisite outline, and an expression of sweetness, intelligence, and vivacity, but if her skin is poor and dull she never earns a reputation for physical loveliness. The aim of the women in this city is to appear "well groomed," and this is impossible if her skin is not fresh and smooth—if she has what the girls are fond of calling "a toad skin," meaning one greenish, thick, and coarse, with dull-brown freckles. Many of the most famous of New York beauties have no capital whatever but white teeth and a faultless complexion, and this is sufficient, with good clothes, a straight figure, and glossy hair, to carry her through as a professional charmer. It governs all their styles, which are compact and trim, in order to heighten the impression of freshness and cleanliness. And, indeed, they are uncommonly nice to look at, with their pink and white skins, their sleek heads with their polished braids and not a hair out of place. Their little close fringe of hair on the brow, their slim, well-fitting boots and gloves, the tiny edge of white linen at their throat and wrists, and the fresh, plainly cut gowns and stiff walking hats give one the same impression of good form and style that is produced by the close-cut tail, the satin skin, and neat harness of a high-stepping young horse—an impression of vigor, abounding health and youth, and dazzling cleanliness. They go all lengths to attain this desirable end, too. The maid gets stiff arms polishing those smooth locks to the requisite point of sleekness with an hour of brisk brushing night and morning, and woe be unto her if there is a fleck of dust on her mistress's little, glittering, patent-leather boots or a crease in her exactly draped gown. Every time a pair of shoes is taken off it is promptly "blocked" and lacquered. These blocks are used by all the women who care about the perfection of their toilets. They cost five dollars and are made to fit perfectly into the shoe, so that it is stretched accurately into proper shape after each wearing and preserves the symmetry and beauty of a shoe to the very last. The maid, as soon as she has taken off her mistress's shoes when she comes home from a luncheon, the matinée, or a shopping tour, and substituted her slippers, thrusts the blocks into the shoe, "keying" them up tight, and lacquers all the patent leather about them—sometimes only a tip, but more frequently all the uppers—spreads a paste over the tops which keeps the soft and dull finish on the upper portion, and puts them away against next wearing. Then she carefully brushes the hat which has just been removed and straightens out all the ribbon bows, putting it away in its box. Next the gloves are carefully smoothed into shape (and a skillful maid will make gloves last double time by this process), and they are consigned to their own box. The veil is folded and laid away, and the discarded jacket and frock, for which a tea-gown has been substituted, is thoroughly brushed, every plait and fold, every button and hook, examined, and hung carefully or laid upon shelves in the closet. She is responsible for every detail of her mistress's costume being exact when she leaves her room, and warranted not to come apart or disarranged in any way.

Although Mrs. Hopkins-Searles's new two-million-dollar mansion at Great Barrington is far from being completed, workmen are still employed upon the interior. The conservatories and "rose-house" are kept up, and previous to their departure a box of flowers was expressed to Mrs. Searles every other day. The servants' quarters are said to be completed, being situated on the upper floor of the new house. A marble bath-tub in a bath-room tiled and wainscoted nearly to the ceiling is a sample of the elegance of this portion of the building. The Windsor room, in the south-west tower, is also reported to be about completed. The room derives its name from the fact that the door came from Windsor Castle. Strangers visiting Great Barrington almost invariably seek to gain admission to the new house, and are often sent on a wild-goose chase in search of a permit by the villagers who know that it is impossible for an outsider even temporarily to become an insider. Newspaper men swarm down on the town for a like purpose, but their trips prove fruitless. The new organ, built by Treat, of Boston, will be the finest house-organ in the country, while the music-room will be a most magnificent apartment. According to the latest plans, the room will be finished in antique oak, the ceiling paneled in stucco, each panel to contain an oil painting. The cornice, of Mexican onyx, will have behind it myriads of single-candle power electric-lamps, furnished with light from the plant on the premises. The room is sixty feet deep, with a semi-circular end in which the organ will be placed, to extend out into the room one-third of its length. While abroad last summer, Mr. and Mrs. Searles are reported to have purchased fifty thousand dollars' worth of bric-à-brac.

It seems (says the New York *Sun*) that when a daughter was recently born to Mr. Daniel Lamont, the private secretary of the President, the father and mother wished to settle the momentous question of a name for the little girl by calling her after Mrs. Cleveland. That was very natural and proper; and of itself, and apart from its association with the beautiful mistress of the White House, the name Frances is both dignified and euphonious. But, with the modesty which is so charming a trait of Mrs. Cleveland, she begged that instead of naming the baby after her, Mrs. Lamont should give her the privilege of selecting the name. The Lamont baby, accordingly, is to be called Marguérite, which, we are told, has always been one of Mrs. Cleveland's favorite names. Now, Marguérite is unquestionably a very pretty name for a French girl, as is Margherita for an Italian, or as Margarita is for a Spanish girl. But the English form of the appellation is Margaret, and none of the others exceeds, nay, equals it in harmony or dignity of sound. Beside, it is an English name, and Marguérite is not. Having been borrowed from the Greek term for a pearl, it has a very fitting and beautiful signification, and ever since it was borne by St. Margaret, or Margarite, the virgin martyr of Antioch, it has been a favorite name for women in all Christian countries as suggesting feminine purity and innocence. Mrs. Cleveland therefore chose an admirable name, but as the Lamont baby is an American girl it should have been in the English form, Margaret, instead of Marguérite, the French form. If the baby had been a boy, and instead of calling him John she had named him Jean, or Henri in place of Henry, or Jacques in place of James, or Guillaume instead of William, or Edouard instead of Edward, she would have given him an appellation not less unfitted to an American boy than Marguérite is for an American girl. If there were any necessity for going outside of the English language to find suitable and beautiful names for girls, such a resort to the French might be pardonable; but, in fact, there is no language whose feminine names are more euphonious and more dignified than the English. We do not mean the fantastic names coined by women writers of novels within recent years, or in the older periods, but the simple names which have been borne in so much honor by English-speaking women for many centuries past—Agnes, Katherine, Margaret, Edith, Elizabeth, Mary, Harriet, Alice, Helen, Beatrice, and so many others that the only trouble is to make a selection from the multitude of beautiful appellations. But in preferring Marguérite to the English Margaret, Mrs. Cleveland has only exemplified the feminine fancy of the day for transforming the noble old English names for women into a foreign likeness, or for giving them terminations which are suggestive of the nursery, and ill accord with the dignity of womanhood.

Paris, says *Town Topics*, has hitherto been regarded as the paradise of *faux ménages*, and quite a number of foreigners of distinction have been until now accustomed to allow themselves a latitude of conduct which would not have been tolerated anywhere else. No less than half-a-dozen well-known English noblemen, and an equal number of ladies of the highest rank, have been living there for several years past, in what the church unkindly describes as "a state of sin." Of course, they do not dare go near the embassies, but the ladies in question know and visit each other in the most brazen manner. Moreover, as far as the men went, whom one met in their salons, they were the best and most amusing to be found anywhere, ranging from the Prince of Wales down to the most impertinent young "attaché." All this has now been put an end to by the decree of the French Government, proclaiming that all foreign residents shall register their names, domiciles, and other indiscreet particulars at the préfecture de police before the close of the year. Unfortunately, these registers are open to public inspection, and while it has hitherto been possible for the relatives of the delinquent ladies to wink at their more or less prolonged escapades, it will no longer be practicable to pretend to ignore their misconduct once it figures in black and white on the public registers of the French police. Those agreeable salons in which the *chic*, wit, and *gauloiserie* of the French *grande dame* were blended with the beauty of face and figure of the Englishwoman of birth and breeding will, therefore, have to be closed, and the presiding deities will be forced to migrate to Brussels, or to some other equally tolerant capital.

An Englishman, writing over the signature "Pall Mall" in the New York *World*, says: The American lady, without doubt, is the best-dressed woman in the world. See her in Hyde Park; she is distinguished at once. Something semi-French in the appearance and make of her gown; something wholly French in her gloves, bonnet, and boots, and yet, in spite of this, nothing French in the woman, but unmistakably American. Nothing loud about her but her voice, which grates unpleasantly on the ears of the sensitive Englishman accustomed to the modulated tones of the well-bred Englishwoman. She is very like the peacock, beautiful in her plumage, but horribly discordant when she speaks. What would undoubtedly be taken for absolute vulgarity in an English girl is looked over in an American. "That delightful piquancy, you know," so characteristic in the Yankee girl, is but ill-disguised bad breeding after all. The many American ladies whom I met in London last season were all alike in this, what I know now to be, affected manner. They seemed to enjoy the laugh raised by their peculiar sayings, and vied with each other in out-Heroding Herod. They do not do it in this country; why do they in ours? It is a question that I have asked myself times without number when I have had the honor of meeting American ladies in their own homes. Again, talking about dress, the American lady dresses much too elaborately on the streets. Take, for instance, one I saw on Broadway about ten A. M., a few mornings ago. A magnificent fine velvet cloak, trimmed most profusely and gorgeously with gold and jet; this was worn over an olive-green cloth gown heavily trimmed with silk braid, a gown suitable only for carriage wear; a dainty Paris bonnet matching the cloak completed this extravagant costume. This lady was evidently only shopping and had no carriage with her. This is by no means an exception. Again, the young married woman in this country dresses far better than the unmarried one. These young girls believe they are English-looking and are imitating their cousins, whom they invariably speak of as the worst-dressed women in Europe. They affect tailor-made dresses, walking coats, and deer-stalker hats, but they never will look like English girls, let them try as hard as they may. They lack the springiness of the walk and the rosy complexion of our girls. But to do the American lady justice she has a more graceful walk for a short distance and carries herself remarkably well. New York ladies do not ride well. They neither look well in the saddle nor do they sit a fractious animal tightly. They are not cross-country riders, as has been proved many times in the hunting-fields of England, nor are they graceful park-riders, as can be seen either in this country or the Row, Hyde Park. To see an English girl well mounted is to see her at her very best, to see an American girl is to see her at her very worst.

The London *World* says: In the old days, when Washington was but a big village, the post of minister to the United States was the least liked of all the chief diplomatic appointments, but now that Washington is a beautiful city and the Mecca of the best people in the Union, things are very different. With a stipend of six thousand pounds sterling a year and allowances, an excellent house, good society, a charming climate, and no laws of the Medes and Persians as to entertaining, the Washington legation is an enviable billet. Sir Edward Thornton was a sad man the day he turned his back on the red house in Connecticut Avenue. Except in war-time, Lord Lyons liked Washington very much, and Lord Sackville was not discontented with his lot until he delivered himself a facile prey to the wily "Murchison."

THE STORY OF A CRIME.

"Parisina" writes of Prado, the Man who is the Talk of Paris.

The nineteenth century, with its education of the masses, its skepticisms, its refined immorality, has produced one type of monster that was unknown formerly, namely the intelligent yet degraded criminal, the depraved *hommes à femmes*, the assassin who cuts the throat of prostitutes for the sake of their ill-gotten gains, and afterward furnishes the public with a sensational trial and becomes for a time the hero of the court of assizes. Such a one was Pranzini; and just such another —of this there is little doubt—is Prado.

You remember the excitement raised by the Pranzini trial. The drama that is now being enacted at the Palais de Justice is an equally if not a more curious one, though the fact that the crime was perpetrated some time ago detracts to some extent from its horror. The public was still shuddering from the awful tragedy in the Rue Montaigne when its author was brought to justice, whereas we have half forgotten the details of the murder of Marie Aguétan. The unfortunate woman belonged to the *bataillon léger*, and enjoyed a certain reputation on the Boulevards. On January 14, 1886, at the Eden Theatre, she met a man in a nut-brown paletot, rather under middle size, with a long nose, round piercing eyes, high cheek-bones, and a peculiarly rapid utterance, who was known among a certain set as "the American," who escorted her home. The man was introduced by Marie Aguétan into her room, and, while the servant was asleep in the kitchen, he cut her throat and the bag in which she kept her valuables with the same razor and made off. An hour or two later Marie was found lying in a pool of blood.

Descriptions of "the American" were published, but he had disappeared, leaving no trace, so the police declared, and little by little the sombre drama was forgotten. For a brief space after the trial of Pranzini and while he lay in the condemned cell at La Roquette, it was conjectured that perhaps the murderer of Mme. le Montelle and Marie Aguétan were one and the same person; fresh investigations were set on foot, but these did nothing more than prove the fallacy of this suggestion.

Last November a couple of foreigners were lodging in the Hôtel du Palais, situated in the Cour la Reine. The names inscribed in the books were Prado y Ribot and Lorenzo. The latter, who has since disappeared, was in possession of a casket containing jewels to the tune of forty thousand dollars, which he is supposed to have stolen. Prado y Ribot and a pal of his, one Garcia, had scraped an acquaintance with this other Spaniard at Geneva and followed him to Paris. Prado exhibited anxiety about the safety of Lorenzo's valuables and gave him some good advice on the subject. One day he purchased a ticket for a box at the Châtelet, and that evening at *table d'hôte*, boasting of the friendly terms on which he was with some of the most influential members of the French press, he exhibited the ticket he had procured, and presented it to his neighbor who, nothing loth, accepted it and went off to the theatre, leaving Prado master of the situation. As for him, he made the best of his time, slipped into the room occupied by his new acquaintance, and seizing the casket, which he knew to be hidden in an old trunk, was preparing to run away with it when he was intercepted by a waiter who had been watching his manœuvres. This fellow set up a hue and cry, and Prado, dropping the casket, flew across the avenue and was just about to jump over the parapet when he was seized by a *gardien de la paix;* whipping out a revolver he shot the *sergo* through the cheek, but the latter held on till some one came to the rescue, and as the bullet came out behind his ear, without touching any vital organ, was as well as ever, saving the mark, in the space of a fortnight.

Prado, however, was lodged in jail.

There seemed nothing much against him save the robbery that had been nipped in the bud, yet he was kept in prison, as he was supposed to be implicated in other robberies.

M. Beauvert is a jeweler in the Rue des Filles St. Thomas, and there came to him one day a girl with a Madonna face and an air of innocence that was extremely taking. She had some jewels to sell, and she was accompanied by another young woman. The dark girl, Mauricette Couronneau, being unmistakably under age, the elder one, Mathilde Daull, undertook to manage matters for her. M. Beauvert, having examined the trinkets and taken note of the name of the maker, told them to come back and he would purchase the whole lot. In the meantime he telegraphed to the man whose name and address was on one of the watches and learned that he had been robbed; so when Mathilde came back again, she was followed to the house she inhabited in the Rue de Richelieu, and not only she and her lover—no other than Garcia—but a couple of other shady Spaniards and one Eugénie Forestier, were put under arrest, and sent off to the prison of Marennes to await their trial for burglary, as the watch-maker, whose goods they had appropriated, lived at Rayan. As for Mauricette Couronneau she was discovered at Bordeaux with very little trouble, living with her mother and on the eve of her marriage with an extremely upright and honorable German merchant who had fallen a victim to her Madonna face!

Now you must understand Prado had been this girl's lover, and she had a child by him. Heaven knows what story of seduction she had told the merchant, for he was ready to make her his wife in spite of the child, and perhaps recognize the illegitimate baby (as the French law allows him to do) into the bargain. What will not men do, I wonder, for a pair of innocent black eyes, surmounted by a pure brow and smoothly banded braids of jet-black hair? Indeed, the German must be very far gone in love, for, although his inamorata has now been several months in prison and her story is the talk of the town, he still persists in his desire to marry her.

Prado's *cheval de bataille* is Mauricette—I recommend the name to a novelist, and its diminutive Mauri is equally charming—and the only time a tear was seen to glisten in his eye was when he was talking of his child. French judges and jury are on the look out for these signs of repentance—weakness if you will—and, though they are often used against the prisoner, are heralded as the one touch of nature in the miscreant. If the fellow finds he has made an impression, he will be forever bringing up the child; hitherto he has thought to impose upon the court by high-flown passionate utterances descriptive of his love for his black-eyed mistress. There is no doubt he would have married her if he had not been married already, and if he had not been, moreover, in the power and at the mercy of a third woman—Eugénie Forestier. You see there are females enough in the case, yet not quite so many as he would have us suppose. This particular species of criminal is by the very nature of the brute boastful—*a fanfaron de vice*.

His own account of himself is romantic in the extreme. Truth and falsehood are blended in such an inextricable manner that it is impossible to unravel them. He begins by declaring that he was born in Mexico in 1855, which is more likely than not a lie. Even if it were possible to believe that he is only thirty-three at this time, it is difficult to credit that before he was fifteen he had come to Paris for the purpose of trading on a secret concerning his birth, and that, balked in this enterprise by the outbreak of the Franco-German war, he had set out on a voyage round the world, and had gone first to Mozambique, then to India, Hayti, San Francisco, and New York! The famous secret he had learned through the medium of papers contained in a casket which he forced, and which had belonged to the woman who had brought him up, and who died when he was thirteen; and whatever it is, he persists in guarding it jealously, only throwing out hints every now and then anent an illustrious parentage and a series of tragic events which left him a deserted orphan in the sole care of a dismal woman in black at Monterey in Mexico.

How he came to adopt the name and title of Comte de Linska is not very clear. Anyhow, he obtained a lieutenancy in the Carlist army as the son of a Polish colonel, and supported himself by rapine and theft. One day he crossed the French frontier and possessed himself of jewelry to the amount of fifteen hundred dollars. This little incident has been proved; whether he was employed as a spy during the siege of St. Sebastian and was really taken, tried, and condemned, but was saved at the eleventh hour by the daughter of the governor, whom he had seduced, is open to question. Equally improbable is the story of the English Sister of Mercy who tended his wounds after the battle of Sommorastro, and with whom he eloped and subsequently married and carried off to Palestine. The unfortunate girl did not long enjoy the rank and privileges of Comtesse Linska; on returning from the Holy Land she disembarked at Ischia and died there. Then he went to Havana, and in broad daylight robbed a jeweler of six thousand dollars' worth of goods, after which he had to quit the island and return to Europe. Finding the Spanish police were on his track, he once more crossed the ocean. This time his destination was Peru. No sooner had he arrived at Lima than he fell in love with a woman who possessed a fortune of five hundred thousand dollars. He went to work in the usual way, seducing her first and marrying her afterwards. Having gambled away half her money, his wife died suddenly, and the next of kin chased him out of the town, whereupon he took his passage in the first steamer announced to sail, which brought him to Oporto. Here another jeweler's shop was robbed and the booty carried off to Madagascar, and, finally, in 1878, he turns up again at Madrid, where he opened a gambling saloon, and the year after at St. Sebastian where a foolish old woman fell in love with him and handed over her savings to his tender mercies, and where, also, he made the acquaintance of Dolores y Marcilla.

It will be remembered he was then, according to his own account, only twenty-four!

So far doubtless fiction far out-balances fact in his wonderful and incredible tale. Henceforth his actual history is pretty well known.

He laid siege to the heart of pretty Dolores and was legally married to her at Madrid, producing for the purpose papers that apparently established his identity as Comte Linska de Castillon. Were one to credit him, Dolores was descended from the Kings of Aragon! The fact of the matter was, she brought him a dowry of nearly forty thousand dollars, amassed by her father in trade. For the next four years he lived with his wife on and off, spending her money, treating her abominably, and finally abandoning her without a penny when the place became too hot to hold him. Then he came to France, first to Bordeaux and then to Paris, cheating, robbing, making love wherever he went. Nemesis, however, was on his track. Of course the god of vengeance took the form of a woman —a handsome exuberant form enough—that of fair Eugénie Forestier.

With that satanic faculty of his for turning good into evil, he transformed the wife of a well-to-do citizen of Boulogne-sur-Mer into a prostitute, making her his mistress in the first place, and then forcing her into a life of gallantry that she might maintain him on the proceeds thereof. Is it surprising that Eugénie should stand forth as the avenging demon and betray the man who was the cause of her downfall, even if in doing so she proves that she was cognizant of his crime, and yet forbore to deliver him up to justice?

It was while he was living with Eugénie Forestier that Prado is more than suspected of having committed that last and most terrible crime of his.

On the night of the fourteenth of January, 1886, he came home about midnight—Eugénie swore at first he was not there till after twelve; but she seems a little less sure now, and the doubt may save her lover's head. The weak point of the case is that it is based almost entirely on the testimony of this woman. Not completely though, for several witnesses can swear to Prado—or Linska—having had jewelry in his possession of the same pattern and description as that stolen from Marie Aguétan, and among other things a watch, the blue enamel of which had been cracked by some sharp instrument. You remember that the murderer cut the leathern bag containing the money and trinkets with the same razor with which he severed the jugular vein of his unfortunate victim. M. C lot, the judge d'instruction, deserves all praise for the act he has shown throughout; no one else perhaps would had sufficient authority to have followed up the trial on th dications furnished, and his going himself to Madrid and covering, not only the pawnbrokers and others who had chased gems of Prado, but his lawful wedded wife, Dol was a master stroke.

But to return to Eugénie. When her lover came hom that night of the fourteenth he appears to have been in g haste to tell her that a woman had been found murdered— the body was not discovered till three. His sleep was tated and he got up several times to wash his hands. there that on them that all the perfumes of Arabia could cleanse? She moreover declares that on the morrow offered her a bank-note folded in four, and hurriedly cealed it when he noticed it was cut sharply through the tre, burned some of the clothes he had worn the previous n —his shirt, collar, cuffs, and boots—and then, as soon a was dark, went out and bought himself a new suit whic had on. The old one he had given to a beggar, he explai Then they went out to dinner, and during the meal he crac jokes at the expense of the victim of whom every one talking: "A woman the less in the world; what did that nify?" In the course of the afternoon of the second da came back after a short absence in a state of visible an and announced his departure. He was off to Spain, an took Eugénie with him as far as Etampes.

Had she a doubt then that he was the murderer of M Aguétan? Yes, and more than a doubt. But he her lover and she loved him. Surely this was rea enough to tie her tongue then and forever. What stinct did she obey when she blabbed the secret to Ma cette? The greater wonder, perhaps, was that she not peach sooner; for, after joining Prado in Madrid, t went to live in Bordeaux, and there he met and fell in l with the Madonna face, and he left her—Eugénie—at a h to go and live at the house of Mme. Couronneau, Mauricet mother. But caution required that he should not abandon old mistress altogether—she knew too much—and every n and then he visited her at the hotel, and, on those occasic there was a good deal of fierce quarreling between the t Once he rushed upon her: "I shall kill thee!" "Yes, as killed the other one." He fell back as if he had been stru After that, Eugénie declares, he confessed everything. course Prado denies this energetically. A jealous wom will say anything. Were it not for those jewels sold in Sp it is more than probable the jury would be of the sa opinion.

Mauricette Couronneau and her mother were lace-make and the elder woman had put by a tidy sum of money. younger was beautiful and pure, until the infamous Pra came courting. He always managed to make short work a woman's virtue. He promised marriage and seduced t girl, who seems to have been a frail piece of goods for all virginal looks, and then it dazzled the pride of the *ouvrière* to be even the mistress of the Comte de Li He was a favorite, too, with the mother, foolish woman, lent him money and always believed he would marry daughter in the end. To save appearances, she took the g away when her time came, hoping she would have her m riage lines to show as well as a baby when she returned Bordeaux.

In the meantime—for I am getting to the end of my story Linska, or Prado, had been up to his old pranks, and had mixed up, as we have seen, with some other choice scam until, finally, he was caught by the police in the Cour Reine and sent to prison to await his trial for the attempt robbery of the casket and that other little affair with the *g dien de la paix*.

Even when the grand sweep was made in the Rue de Ri elieu, no one for an instant supposed there was anythi in common between the men and women in prison at B deaux and the unconvicted felon at Mazas.

Mauricette and Eugénie were acquainted with each oth for there had been some little passage of arms between Li ska's two mistresses during his residence at Bordeaux. when they met in the prison-yard, it was not altogether strangers. In a very little while a sort of half-friendship w trumped up between the two. I suppose it was a relief to bo of them to talk about the lover they had in common. Mau cette cried a good deal and was forever talking about her bab

"If I were in your place I should not care to have a chi of whom Linska was the father," said Eugénie one day.

"What do you mean?" cried the girl.

Eugénie tried to put her off at first, but in the end she to all she knew and how she believed him to have murder Marie Aguétan. Next time the chaplain visited Mauricet she made him her confidant, and Eugénie was got to repe what she knew to the authorities; so that it has finally con about that the two are his accusers. Eugénie Forestier wou get short shrift from Prado—he treats her as the dirt under h feet—but toward Mauricette he acts in a very different fashio "And thou, too, Mauri!" he cried, when she was confronte with him, almost in the accents of a Cæsar; and calls dow curses on the head of the respectable German he is told she going to marry.

The rogue—for I suppose we must call him no more unt the jury have pronounced their verdict—has arranged a pla of defense, and he sticks to it. He seems rather proud tha otherwise of his feats as a Lothario and a robber, and th cheeky way in which he bandies words with the judge woul be amusing if it was not such an awfully tragic game be i playing and the stake—his head.

For the sequel I must refer the reader to next week's cable grams.

PARISINA.

PARIS, November 9, 1888.

The Crown Prince of Germany, now six-and-a-half year old, is drilled every day for half-an-hour by a sergeant-majo of the First Regiment of the Guards. He is an extremel handsome little fellow.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The *Book Lover* is the title of a monthly publication just started by Mr. W. E. Benjamin, of Astor Place. It is attractive in appearance, and the short articles are interesting. Persons interested in rare and standard books, and in autographs and portraits, will be pleased with the fine promise of this first number.

When Miss Alcott went first to Mr. Niles, of Roberts Brothers, and proposed to write a story, she wanted it to be about boys. Mr. Niles, however, insisted that it should be about girls. Finally, Miss Alcott consented to describe the doings of herself and her sisters when they were young, and the first part of "Little Women" was the result. The publishers offered her one thousand dollars for the manuscript, but advised her to accept a royalty, which she did fortunately, for the book had a great popularity.

Zola is now completing his Rougon-Macquart series of novels—a collection of studies in which he evidently undertook to rival Balzac. It is not apparent that Balzac has been rivaled. Having dealt with the various phases of political, civil, and religious life in France, Zola proposes to take in hand next a story devoted to the French army. After that will come a final work, a general resumé, the hero of which will be a medical man of the Rougon family, who will analyze the divers forms of insanity which his relatives have exhibited in previous volumes. Zola's original intention was that the series should comprise twenty volumes.

Some thousands of book-buyers in this country will welcome the announcement that the twenty-fourth and final volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" was published early in November, and that the general index to the work is now in press, and that it will be ready early in the new year. Some of the articles in the twenty-fourth volume and their authors are these: "Vega," by M. Morel-Fatio; "Venice," by M. Yriarte and Professor Middleton; "Voltaire," by M. Saintsbury; "Wellington," by Mr. Fyffe; "Wordsworth," by Professor Minto; "Wycherley," by Theodore Watts, and "Zoroaster," by Professor Geldner.

The author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," a lady who writes over the name "Maxwell Gray," and whose real name is Uttiel, is the only daughter of a physician living at Newport, Isle of Wight. She is a hopeless invalid. When her story was first published, Lord Tennyson read it with much interest and invited Miss Uttiel to visit him at Freshwater. This she was unable to do in consequence of her illness, and the poet thereupon drove over to Newport and called upon her. Miss Uttiel's new novel, "The Reproach of Annesley," which is now in course of publication in *Murray's Magazine*, will be issued in book-form early next year.

Harper's Magazine has a great popularity in England, fifty-five thousand copies having been ordered of the Christmas number to fill that market. *Scribner's* is now published regularly in Australia with the American text, but with an Australian cover and advertisements, the numbers appearing almost simultaneously in that country, England, and the United States. Australia, by the way, seems to be a good country for high-class illustrated literature. A Boston company a few years ago started a work on "Picturesque Australia." The engravings were made here, but the books were manufactured in Melbourne. The work has now seventy-eight thousand subscribers and the proprietors have already made one hundred thousand dollars, with prospects of a much greater return.

New Books and New Editions.

Edna Lyall's admirable novel," "Donovan; A Modern Englishman," has been reprinted in the Town and Country Library by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"A Christmas Rose: A Blossom in Seven Petals," by R. E. Francillon, has been published in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 30 cents.

Carlyle's "Essays on Burns and Scott" and Plutarch's "Lives of Nicias, Crassus, Aratus, and Theseus" are the latest issues of the National Library published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents each.

"The Court of King Christmas," by L. O. Higgins, and "The Gypsies' Festival," by N. Earle, the first a dramatic and the second a lyric entertainment for children, have been published by Harold Roorbach, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents each.

"The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus," in George Long's translation, with a biographical sketch of the imperial philosopher and an index, has been issued in the dainty Knickerbocker Nuggets published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.

Disciples of the George Meredith cult will welcome "The Pilgrim's Scrip," a selection of the wit and wisdom of their favorite. The extracts are arranged according to the works of the author, and are selected from both novels and poems. A lengthy and appreciative notice of Meredith by M. R. F. Gilman precedes the extracts. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.00.

Probably no writer has done more to place the legends of ancient Greece within the reach of children of the present day than the Rev. Alfred J. Church. "Three Greek Children," the latest of his books, describes the life of three children who lived in Greece in classical times, and the story is made the vehicle for a fund of information concerning the land and the people. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.

The tenth volume of Alden's "Manifold Cyclopedia," which combines the advantages of a dictionary and a popular cyclopedia at an astonishingly low price, extends from Cosmography to Debry. The principal articles treated in this volume are cotton, crannogs, creeds and confessions, cricket, crusades, and Darwin and Darwinian theory. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price: cloth, 50 cents; half-morocco, 65 cents.

A selection of essays from "The Tatler" fills the latest issue of the series of Chandos Classics. The ever-fresh attraction of the British essayists renders a republication of their essays always timely, and the present edition is one which will be welcomed by all. An introductory essay by A. C. Ewald, the editor, and a number of notes explanatory of the allusions in the text add to the value of the book. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, $1.00.

"American Weather," by A. W. Greely, gives clearly and simply, without resort to involved methods or technical language, a description of the work of the meteorological bureau, and some conclusions which have been drawn from that work. The position of the author as chief signal officer, and his long study of the subject about which he writes, qualify him for doing the work well, and the book will undoubtedly do much toward popularizing a very important branch of the work of our government. Published by Dodd Mead & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"England as She Seems" purports to describe the impressions made upon an Arab Sheik during a visit to England. The notes of the worthy Oriental are edited by E. Lester Arnold, editor of the London *Daily Telegraph* and son of the poet, and show such a studied simplicity of thought that one almost suspects their genuineness. The book is very amusing, however, poking fun at the little foibles of our civilization and especially British civilization, with refreshing originality and humor. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, 30 cents.

A contribution to the history of the civil war has been made by Colonel John S. Mosby in his "War Reminiscences." The book views the conflict from the Southern standpoint, but it is for the most part occupied with the narration of events of a stirring character, which have the interest of fiction with the added zest of truth. Dashing cavalry charges, surprise, and midnight attacks bristle throughout the pages, and make an entertaining book. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Martin W. Cooke attempts an almost impossible feat when he tries in "The Human Mystery in Hamlet" to say an unsaid word regarding that much discussed tragedy. He does succeed, however, in looking at it from a new point of view. His theory is that Hamlet represents not an individual but a typical man, subject to the universal interior spiritual struggle of the passions for prevalence, under the domination of supernatural law. Extracts from Euripides, Sophocles, and Virgil furnish suggestive parallelisms. Published by Fords, Howard, & Hurlbut, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

"What to Do," by Count Lyof N. Tolstoï, presents the thoughts of the great Russian novelist inspired by the problem of poverty and pauperism in Russia. The problem which he deals with is an extreme one, for in no other European country is the condition of the peasantry so degraded, and his remedy is naturally an extreme one. The remedy would be classed as radically communistic, and it is scarcely to be wondered at that portions of the work, as originally written, were suppressed in Russia. The present translation is from the unabridged manuscript. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"The Earth in Past Ages," by Sophia Bledsoe Herrick, presents in simple language and interesting form the story which geology tells us of prehistoric ages. The book is simple in style and appeals to the youngest class of readers. The descriptions are generally of the structure of the earth, and of the extinct animals of which we catch a glimpse in the fossilized remains which have been discovered. In some of the chapters, as in those treating of metals and oil, are brief descriptions of modern processes of manufacture. The illustrations are numerous, and are in large part selected from standard books on the subject. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The second volume of "American Literature," by Charles. F. Richardson, is about evenly divided between the poets and the writers of fiction. Among the former, Longfellow, Poe, Emerson, Whittier, Lowell, and Holmes receive extensive notice, each of the first three having a chapter devoted to him, while the others are grouped in one chapter on "Poets of Freedom and Culture." Cooper and Hawthorne are most generously treated among the novelists. The work is descriptive and critical rather than biographical, and the usual tendency of literary histories to drift into merely cataloguing the works of the authors treated is avoided. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The undiminished popularity of that brilliant but disconnected string of Oriental pearls which Edward Fitzgerald first made accessible to the English-speaking race under the title "Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám" certainly justifies the new edition of that poem which has just come to hand. The originality of the thought, the beauty of the expression, and the brilliancy of the Oriental imagery all combine to give pleasure to the reader. The present edition contains an appreciative biographical sketch of Fitzgerald, and combats the generally accepted idea that a large part of the poem is the original work of the translator. The translation is free, in some cases the idea of several quatrains being translated and condensed into a single one, in others the sequence is rearranged; but the spirit and tone of the original are maintained. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.; for sale by the booksellers.

Judging by the interest which has been shown in the various artificial methods of strengthening the memory, the latest issue in the International Education series is likely to prove more popular than its predecessors, and to be read more widely than by the limited class of educators to whom the series is especially addressed. "Memory, What It Is and How to Improve It," is a scientific exposition of the subject, by David Kay. The earlier chapters are devoted to a discussion of the psychological side of memory. It is the author's opinion that the senses are not only necessary in receiving impressions, but that they are also concerned in the reproduction of them by an effort of the memory, and, therefore, that the seat of memory is not alone in the brain. The last chapters of the book are devoted to the practical application of these ideas to the problem of strengthening the memory. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

Illustrated Holiday Publications.

"Young Folks' Holiday Book" contains a number of stories, sketches, and verses for very young readers, with many good illustrations. Published by Judge Publishing Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 25 cents.

"Belford's Annual for 1888–9" is a publication of the "Chatterbox" order, containing numerous stories, sketches, poems, and illustrations. It claims to be distinctively American, and addresses itself to American children. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York and San Francisco; for sale by the publishers.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's charming little story, "The Birds' Christmas Carol," which was greatly admired by the few who could obtain a copy of the original paper-covered edition, has been reissued in the full dignity of boards, illustrations by "J. McD.," and the imprimatur of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston; for sale by C. Beach; price, 50 cents.

"By Still Waters," containing texts from the Bible, printed with vignettes in colors; "A Posy of Violets Sweet," consisting of extracts from the poets with illustrative pictures; and "Winter Snow," similar poetical quotations with illustrations by Bellingham Smith, are three holiday pamphlets published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York; for sale by Brier & Dobbins.

"Over the Hill" is a small quarto book containing a number of verses by E. L. Shute, adapted to the poetic instincts and requirements of very young children, illustrated by Jessie Watkins in half-tone and colored pictures, which make up in bright tint and exuberant vitality what they lack in drawing. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, $2.00.

Charlotte Elliott's hymn "Just As I Am, Without One Plea" has been made into a pretty pamphlet, illustrated in half-tone engravings after designs by St. John Harper, and bound in elaborate covers on which a prominent feature of the decoration is a lot of winged children's heads in colors. Published by F. A. Stokes & Brother, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, 50 cents.

"Young America's Nursery Rhymes" is a little book containing nearly a hundred rhymes and jingles, some new and some that have been sung to the babies of a dozen generations. The feature of the book is the illustrations by Constance Hazlewood; these are printed in light tints, and are pretty in design and coloring. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, $1.00.

"Eight Songs of Horace," edited by George E. Vincent, are issued in a quaint little scroll in fac-simile of an ancient Roman book of the classic period. The Latin text is followed by translations by the editor and others, and though purists might object to some small slips in scholarship the general effect is a very taking publication. Published by F. A. Stokes & Brother, New York; for sale by C. Beach; price, $2.00.

"A Frozen Dragon and Other Tales" is described as a story-book of natural history, and seeks to interest the younger readers in the study of animal life by describing the peculiar habits and characteristics of the animal kingdom. A curious attempt to simplify the [illegible] by the device of large type rather than by the use of [illegible] lished by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco.

Harry Parkes, who wrote the text and drew the illustrations of "The Man who would Like to Marry," and "The Girl who wouldn't Mind getting Married," has added a third book to his amusing series. It is called "That Sister-in-Law of Mine," and the text and pictures make an amusing story of a young Englishman's tribulations in managing and matrimonially launching his wife's lively sister. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, $1 50.

Mention was made in this column a few weeks ago of the late Edward Lear and his "Nonsense Books." A new edition of the first "Book of Nonsense," printed in black and white, has just been issued. Each of the one hundred and ten drawings, with its nonsensical rhyme, occupies a full page, and this twenty-sixth edition is in fac-simile of the original issue, except that it is not printed in colors. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, $2.00.

"Song Birds and Seasons," by André Theuriet, is a handsome book containing descriptions of the more familiar song-birds, interwoven with poetical effusions and anecdotes. The illustrations, by Hector Giacomelli, are numerous and excellent in spirit. Typographically the whole book is essentially French in tone—it is in fact, a reproduction of French work, rather than an American production. The designs ran through *L'Illustration*, some years ago, and some of them, we think, figured in the extinct *Vie Moderne*. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; for sale by William Doxey.

The fifth series of "The Good Things of Life" is exteriorly the same pretty book that has been so welcome for four holiday seasons past, and it is filled from cover to cover with McVickar's, "Van's," and Sterner's exquisitely drawn sketches of ultra-fashionable life, with their witty and satirical legends; Herford's, Gibson's, and "Chip's" cartoons, in a broader vein of humor; hits at our anglomaniacs from Gray Parker's pencil, and a number of the other best things that have appeared in *Life* during the past year. The book is handsomely made, and the cuts have not the heavy, worn appearance that robbed its predecessors of so much of their charm. Published by F. A. Stokes & Brother, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price,

The Christmas and New Year art publications of L. Prang & Co., of Boston, are to be seen in all the art and bookstores, and are well up to the high standard this house has maintained for several years past. There is the usual scope of subjects, from Lisbeth B. Cumin's beautiful pictures of child-life to humorous little animal pieces, all pretty in design, artistic in color, and printed in the best style of the art. In addition to the cards, book-marks, calendars, etc., there are a number of novelties in the way of perfumed blotting-pads, elaborate imitations of the most common-place objects turned to æsthetic uses, little art-books, etc., from among which the most fastidious could choose a token of remembrance for the Christmas season.

"The Blue-Jackets of '76" is the third volume of the series of naval histories which Willis J. Abbot has prepared for the instruction of American boys in the doughty deeds of their forefathers. Opening with a chapter in which Gallop's battle with the Indians in 1636, and fights with Morgan, Blackbeard, Captain Kidd, and other pirates are described as the beginnings of American naval prowess, Mr. Abbot takes up the stirring incidents of the American revolution, detailing all the great fights, and continues the narrative down to the close of the war with Tripoli. The facts have been carefully collated and set forth, and the book is plentifully provided with full-page illustrations. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $3.00.

General Lew Wallace's article in last season's *Harper's Monthly*, "The Boyhood of Christ," has been reissued as a holiday gift-book. The story General Wallace tells is drawn from the narrative of the New Testament and the writings of the early Christian fathers, with certain early legends—though the author is always careful to distinguish fact from fable—and it is set forth with all the charm that has made "Ben Hur" so popular. The illustrations are fourteen full-page engravings on plate paper, the designs being reproductions of a number of masterpieces of religious art, with the new designs by E. A. Abbey and Brammot, which were printed in last December's *Harper's*. The book is a quarto, and in its tooled leather covers, is a handsome specimen of the book-maker's art. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $3.50.

One of the handsomest illustrated books that the publishers have put forth for the holidays is a large quarto volume entitled "Fairy Lilian and Other Poems by Tennyson." Besides the poem which figures in the title there are a dozen of the laureate's short poems, including "Mariana," "Mariana in the South," "The Ballad of Oriana," "The Sea-Fairies," "Ode to Memory," and "The Mermaid." They are printed in large, clear type on extra heavy, cream-laid paper, and the full-page illustrations, printed within artistic borders in a faint neutral tint, are wood-engravings from designs by St. John Harper, F. S. Church, Hamilton Gibson, Maud Humphrey, Thomas Moran, W. D. Taylor, J. F. Murphy, Copeland, Barnes, and others of our foremost American draughtsmen. The book is printed under the supervision of George T. Andrew, and in its artistic and elaborate binding is a very acceptable holiday gift. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; for sale by William Doxey.

Some Magazines.

The December *Atlantic Monthly* has two articles signed by firm names, as follows: "Urbs Animæ," meaning Rome, Byron's "City of the Soul," by "H. W. P. & L. D.;" and "A Flight in the Dark," by "S. K. & V. D. S." The first of these literary alliances we take to be the same as that which has just brought out "The Guardians," for H. W. P. must stand for Miss Harriet Waters Preston. Louise Stockton writes about "A Devil's Passage." "The Future of the Country College" is discussed by W. D. Hyde. "The Close of Garibaldi's Career" is the title of an article by W. R. Thayer. William H. Downes concludes his papers on "Boston Painters"; Susan Coolidge writes about "A Convent School of the Last Century," and there is an anonymous poet, "At Alfred de Musset's Grave." William Warren is the subject of a paper by Henry A. Clapp. The discussion about Wagner's music is enlivened by another reviewer in the Contributors' Club. Hardy's "Passe Rose" is continued, and "Charles Egbert Craddock" (Miss Murfree) concludes "The Despot of Broomsedge Cove."

The *Century* for December opens with a frontispiece picture, "The Coming of Winter," by Mary Hallock Foote, and containing also full-page engravings of sacred pictures by Duccio, in the "Gallery of Italian Masters," and a Western story in verse by James Whitcomb Riley entitled "Last Christmas Was a Year Ago"; and still further a Christmas editorial. There are two articles on Henry Ward Beecher's appearance in England in 1863, by the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley and Mr. Beecher himself, writen just before his death. The installment of the Life of Lincoln is entitled "First Plans for Emancipation," and Mr. Kennan describes "Life on the Great Siberian Road." The first of the stories of Irish-American life, by Mr. George H. Jessop, is entitled "The Rise and Fall of 'The Irish Aigle,'" and one of Mr. Cable's Strange True Stories is begun under the title of "Françoise in Louisiana." A timely paper is "The Reorganization of the British Empire," by Mr. George R. Parkin, and there is an "Open Letter," entitled "Home Rule and Culture," on the Irish aspect of reorganization, by Mrs. Margaret F. Sullivan. Henry James writes of "London." Edward L. Wilson gives his personal observations on the route "From Sinai to Shechem." The stories of this number (besides "The Irish Aigle" and "Françoise") are the second installment of Mrs. Catherwood's "Romance of Dollard"; "The Third of March," by Julian Hawthorne; and "'Mine'—A Plot," by H. S. Edwards, author of "Two Runaways." Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith describes and illustrates sketching experiences in Mexico under the title of "A White Umbrella in Mexico." There are poems by Richard Henry Stoddard, Henry Ames Blood, James T. McKay, James Whitcomb Riley, C. H. Crandall, the late E. R. Sill, Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, and others.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Hearst Musicale.

Mrs. George Hearst gave a delightful musicale last Wednesday evening, at her residence on Taylor Street, to which about one hundred of her friends were invited. The music-room and dining-room were handsomely decorated with a profusion of deep green ferns, marguerites, chrysanthemums and Christmas berries. Mr. Henry Heyman had charge of the musicale and presented an admirably selected programme comprising the following numbers:

Piano and violin, Characterstücke op. 9, "Romanze—Morgengesang," Arthur Foote, Mr. H. J. Stewart and Mr. Henry Heyman; Aria, "Ernani"—"Infelice," Verdi, Mr. J. C. Hughes; Piano solo, *(a)* Berceuse op. 57, *(b)* Valse op. 64, No 1, Chopin, Mrs. H. J. Stewart; Aria, "La Favorita"—"O Mio Fernando," Donizetti, Mrs. Marie Rogers; Duo for piano, four hands, *(a)* Slauischer Tanz, Dvorak, *(b)* Lenzreigen, Ph Scharwenka, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Stewart; Song, "The Diver," Loder, Mr. J. C. Hughes; Violin solo, *(a)* Gondoliera, Franz Ries, *(b)* Maiden's Song, Helmund-Musin, Mr. Henry Heyman; Song, "Beyond the Shadows," Carlo Ducci, Mrs. Marie Rogers; Meditation, "Faust," for piano, organ, and violin, Gounod, Mrs. H. J. Stewart, Mr. H. J. Stewart, and Mr. Henry Heyman.

The efforts of the participants were heartily appreciated, and they were awarded generous praise. About eleven o'clock a delicious supper was enjoyed in the dining-room, and at midnight the pleasant affair ended

The Bandurria Club.

The second concert given by Los Bandurristas took place at Odd Fellows' Hall last Monday evening, and was very interesting. The members of the club are: Bandurrias, José Sancho, L. T. Romero, C. H. Gardiner, John D. Heron, Beverly Letcher, José Lombardero, George J. Wellington, Hallock Wright, and Van Z. Hedley; guitars, Charles L. Davis, Paxton Wright, Arthur E. Wellington, and Elmer E. Simmons. They were assisted by Mrs. F. H. McCormick, soprano; Mrs. Helen M. Cushman, accompanist: Miss Susie Blair, violinist; and Miss Ada E. Weigel, accompanist. The programme was as follows:

(a) March, "Puerto Real," Juarranz, *(b)* Waltz, "A Toi," Waldteufel, Los Bandurristas; Violin Solo, "Airs Russes," Wieniawski. Miss Susie Blair; Aria, "Robert, toi que j'aime," Meyerbeer, Mrs. F. H. McCormick; *(a)* Mazourka, "Pensamientos y Suspiros," Sancho, *(b)* Miserere, "Il Trovatore," Verdi, *(c)* Serenade, "Serenata Morisca," Chapi, Los Bandurristas; Violin Solo, *(a)* "Slumber Song," Gluck, *(b)* "Greetings from Hungary," Vogrich, Miss Susie Blair; Vocal Solo, "My Lady's Rower," Hope Temple, Mrs, F. H. McCormick; *(a)* Waltz, "Esperanza," Metra, *(b)* Serenade, "Schubert's," Schubert, "Los Bandurristas.

The Orchestral Matinée.

The third orchestral matinée took place at Irving Hall on Friday, November 30th. The soloists were Mrs. F. Booth, Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt, and Mr. Charles Heywood. Mr. J. H. Rosewald was the director. Mr. Noah Brandt, concert master, and Mr. Clarke W. Reynolds, accompanist. The concert was the best one of the series, the programme being as follows:

Torchlight Dance (No. 1.), Meyerbeer, Tenor solo, "St. Paul," Mendelssohn, Mr. Charles Heywood; A Shepherd's Story, C. Arle, *(a)* Moderato Assai (from D minor Concerto), Rubinstein, *(b)* Finale (from A minor Concerto), Greig, Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt; Serenade, Jensen, Soprano aria, "Deh Vieni," Mozart, Mrs. F. Booth; March Militaire, Saint-Saens.

The fourth matinée will occur next Friday at Irving Hall, and a programme of unusual interest is promised. There will be three soloists, Mr. J. H. Rosewald, Mr. M. Ptetson, and Miss McCloskey. The first act of an opera without words, by Asger Hamerick, will be one of the features of the evening.

The Partridge Concert.

A prominent feature of the Christmas Sale given at Union Square Hall, by the ladies of the First Unitarian Church was the concert given on Wednesday evening, by Miss Ella S. Partridge. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

Trio, D minor, Molto allegro ed agitato, Andante con moto tranquillo, Scherzo, leggiero e vivace, Mendelssohn, Miss Ella S. Partridge, Messrs Brandt and Heine; Song, Sognai, Schira, Miss Jeanette Wilcox; Adagio, Spohr, Mr. Hermann Brandt; Prelude, Mendelssohn, Madchen's Wunsch, Liszt, Miss Ella S. Partridge: Concerto D minor, Allegro moderato, Andante, Allegro moderato. Mr. Louis Heine; Hindoo Song, Bemberg. Miss Jeanette Wilcox; Sonata F major, Allegretto quasi andantino, Allegro molto vivace, Grieg, Miss Partridge and Mr. Brandt; accompaniste, Miss Ada E. Weigel.

A Sacred Concert.

A sacred concert was given at St. Francis' Church last Monday evening by the choir of the church, aided by members of the Handel and Haydn Society, under the direction of Mr. H. J Stewart, M. B. The soloists were: Mrs. Sides and Mrs. Collins, sopranos; Mr. Ben Clark, tenor; Mr. J. C. Hughes, basso; Mrs. H. J. Stewart, organist. The programme, which was well appreciated, comprised the following selections: "Stabat Mater," chorus; "Cujus Animan," Mr. Ben Clark; "Quis Est Homo," Mrs. Sides and Mrs. Collins; "Pro Peccatis," Mr. J. C. Hughes; "Eia Mater," recitative and chorus; "Sancta Mater," quartet; "Fac ut Portem," Mrs. Collins; "Inflammatus," Mrs. Sides; "Quando Corpus," quartet; "Amen," chorus; "Alma Virgo," by J. N. Hummel: "Offertorium," soprano solo and chorus; "Alleluia Chorus," from Handel's "Messiah."

The Philharmonic Society of San Francisco, under the direction of Mr. Hermann Brandt, will give its second concert of the tenth season at Metropolitan Hall on Wednesday evening, December 19th. The society will be assisted by Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis, Mr. S. Monroe Fabian and Mr. Otto Fleissner.

The second concert of the Hermann Brandt String Quartet will occur next Wednesday evening at Irving Hall. Miss Christine Wichmann, Miss Ada E. Weigel, and Signor Ricardo Lucchesi will assist in the excellent programme.

The Handel and Haydn Society will give its second concert at the Grand Opera House on Tuesday evening, December 18th. Handel's oratorio "The Messiah" will be presented.

Mr. Espinosa, the well-known piano virtuoso, has returned from a year's visit to his parents in Central America.

Captain Stott and the crew of the steamer *Rowena* got aground on Lake River lately while after a raft of piling. They were fast in the mud for four days with nothing to eat but Limburger cheese. What their sufferings were no pen can describe.

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Within the true and real meaning of the phrase, grows and develops in the United States, there grows and develops with it a cultured and refined taste in all things. This indisputable fact accounts for the great popularity which the Pommery and Greno Sec Champagne is lately acquiring in the more select circles of American society. For a long time past this wine has been almost exclusively used among the royalty and nobility of Europe, more particularly in England and Russia. Its intrinsic merits commend it to the critical and discerning judgment of those who have the means to indulge in the best of everything that is to be had. Persons who intend giving select entertainments should be particular to have this wine on the table, and bear in mind the Prince of Wales's opinion: "There is no headache in Pommery Sec."

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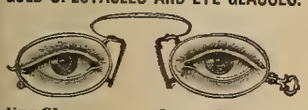

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Charles H. Hoyt's serious piece, "A Midnight Bell," will be given at the Alcazar next week by the stock company.

"Said Pasha" has made a successful bid for popularity, and will probably run on at the Tivoli until after the holidays.

The repertory for Emma Abbott's farewell week at the Baldwin is: Monday, Planquette's "Chimes of Normandy"; Tuesday, "Faust"; Wednesday, "Norma"; Thursday, "Mikado"; Friday, "Traviata"; Saturday matinée, "Martha"; and Saturday evening, grand triple bill.

Miss Grace Porter, who recently became Mrs. Enrico Campobello, is going to Europe in a few weeks to study for the lyric stage. She will make her début in this city, however, before her departure. The event is under the management of Marcus M. Henry, and will take place before Christmas.

The opening of the Coquelin-Hading season of two weeks at the Baldwin is announced for Monday, December 17, and there is much furbishing up of rusty French in the land. The sale of season tickets commences next Monday and continues till Wednesday noon, and the sale of single seats begins on Thursday.

A dramatic version of that delightful absurdity by Frederick Anstey (Guthrie), entitled "Vice-Versa," is being given at the Bush Street Theatre under the title of "Little Puck." It is localized, of course, and full of American "gags," and Frank Daniels finds opportunity in it to exert his utmost whimsical, grotesque power of fun-making. It will run for another week.

An Exhibition of Fine Paintings.

The visitor who goes to S. & G. Gump's Art Store, at 581–3 Market Street, and steps into the elevator, is little prepared for the beauties that await inspection on the fourth floor. The rear portion of the floor is given up to the display of tall clocks, statuary, vases, placques, and the thousand-and-one *objets d'art* that go to make a home luxurious, while in the front is the art gallery, which contains a number of the gems of the Paris Salon of 1888 and the Munich International Exposition. One of the most striking pictures is George Ferré's "L'Express." Reproductions in the illustrated papers have made us familiar with the three peasant women and the shouting boy resting from their labor in the fields to watch the passing express train, but they can give no idea of the color harmonies and atmospheric effects of the painting. A second picture by Ferré shows two peasants resting at noon in a vine-clad porch, where a sturdy Provençal Ganymede serves them with wine. Louis Carrier-Belleuse, a favorite with San Francisco connoisseurs, has a gray morning scene at the docks, and Grandjean has a dainty bit, "Au Parc Monceau." "Dessert," a beautiful still-life piece, is one of the two pictures sent to the Salon by Dominique Rozier, who is *hors concours*. "Circe," by Marius Vasselon, will create much discussion; it shows a nude female reclining on rich, dark stuffs, which throw the flesh tints into admirable relief. The Munich school is represented by a score of canvases, including "The Marriage Contract," by Müller-Lingke, Deffreger's best pupil; "The Tempter," by Carpentier, a young girl wavering between Love and Duty—a dashing huntsman and her palsied granddam; an amusing scene by August Kraus, and a number of others. The collection, with some notable water-colors, will be sold at the Art Association Rooms, 430 Pine Street, on Wednesday and Thursday, December 19th and 20th, and will be on free public exhibition at the same place from Monday, December 17th, until after the sale.

Holiday Picture Work.

Ladies anxious to have holiday work finished quickly should call on Robert R. Hill, 608 Market Street, opposite Palace Hotel.

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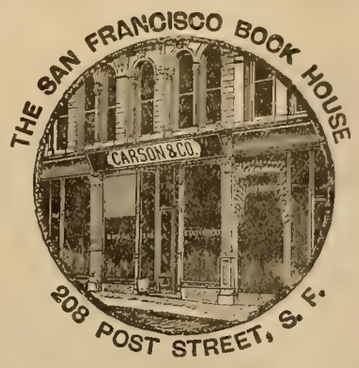

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Costly rugs and carpets, though beautiful and rich in appearance, involve such an outlay of money that many hesitate about buying them; but a very tasty method of treating floors inexpensively consists in staining the border several feet in width and leaving the centre of the room for a large rug. Staining for the floor may be easily made by boiling maple bark, twenty parts; pokeberry juice, twenty-five parts; hazel brush, thirty parts, and sour milk, twenty-five parts, until it becomes about the consistency of the theory of infant damnation. Then let it stand for a few weeks until the rich flavor has died down, so that you can look at it for a while without gagginess; then add vinegar and copperas to suit the taste, and apply by means of a whisk-broom. When dry, help yourself to some more of it. This gives the floor a rich pauper's coffin shade, over which shellac or cod-liver oil should be applied.

Rugs may be made of coffee-sacking or Turkish gunny-sacks, inlaid with rich designs in red yarn, and a beautiful fringe may be made by raveling the edges.

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A cheap and very handsome easy-chair may be made by sawing into a flour-barrel and removing less than half the length of staves for one-third the distance around, then fasten inside a canvas or duck seat, below which the barrel is filled with bran.

A neat little mackerel-tub makes a most appropriate foot-stool for this chair, and looks so unconventional and rustic that it wins every one at once. Such a chair should also have a limited number of tidies on its surface. Otherwise it might give too much satisfaction. A good style of inexpensive tidy is made by poking holes in some heavy, strong goods, and then darning up these holes with something else. The darned tidy holds its place better, I think, and is more frequently worn away on the back of the last guest than any other.

This list might be prolonged almost indefinitely, and I would be glad to write my own experience in the line of experiment, if it were not for the danger of appearing egotistical. For instance, I economized once in the matter of paper-hanging, deciding that I would save the paper-hanger's bill and put the money into preferred trotting stock.

So I read a recipe in a household hint, which went on to state how one should make and apply paste to wall paper, how to begin, how to apply the paper, and all that. The paste was made by uniting flour, water, and glue in such a way as to secure the paper to the wall and yet leave it smooth, according to the recipe. First the walls had to be "sized," however.

I took a tape-measure and sized the walls.

Next I began to prepare the paste and cook some in a large milk-pan. It looked very repulsive indeed, but it looked so much better than it smelled, that I did not mind. Then I put about five cents' worth of it on one roll of paper and got up on a chair to begin. My idea was to apply it to the wall mostly, but the chair tipped, and so I papered the piano and my wife on the way down. My wife gasped for breath, but soon tore a hole through the paper so she could breathe, and then she laughed at me. That is the reason I took another end of the paper and repapered her face. I can not bear to have any one laugh at me when I am myself unhappy.

It was good paste, if you merely desired to disfigure a piano or wife, but otherwise it would not stick at all. I did not like it. I was mad about it. But my wife seemed quite stuck on it. She has not got it all out of her hair yet.

Then a man dropped in to see me about some money that I had hoped to pay him that morning, and he said the paste needed more glue and a quart of molasses. I put in some more glue and the last drop of molasses we had in the house. It made a mass which looked like unbaked ginger-snaps, and smelled as I imagine the deluge did at low tide.

I next proceeded to paper the room. Sometimes the paper would adhere, and then it would refrain from adhering. When I got around the room I had gained ground so fast at the top and lost time at the bottom of the walls so much, that I had to put in a wedge of paper two feet wide at the bottom, and tapering to a point at the top, in order to cover the space. This gave the room the air of one that had been toyed with by an impatient cyclone.

I went to bed very weary and abraded in places. I had paste in my pockets and bronze up my nose. In the night I could hear the paper crack. Just as I would get almost to sleep it would pop. That was because the paper was contracting and trying to bring the dimensions of the room to fit it.

In the morning the room had shrunken so that the carpet did not fit, and the paper hung in large molasses-covered welts on the walls. It looked real grotesque. I got a paper-hanger to come and look at it. He did so.

"And what would you advise me to do with it, sir?" I asked, with a degree of deference which I had never before shown to a paper-hanger.

"Well, I can hardly say at first. It is a very bad case. You see the glue and stuff have made the paper and wrinkles so hard now that it would cost a great deal to blast it off. Do you own the house?"

"Yes, sir; that is, I have paid one-half the purchase price and there is a mortgage for the balance."

"Oh! Well, then you are all right," said the paper-hanger, with a gleam of hope in his eye; "let it go on the mortgage."

So I did.

Then I had to economize again, so I next resorted to the home method of administering the Turkish bath. You can get a Turkish bath in that way at a cost of four and one-half to five cents, which is fully as good as one which will cost you a dollar or more in some places.

I read it in a paper. My wife said she would help me. So she read the directions and I got out the alcohol-lamp. There are two methods of administering the low-price Turkish bath at home. One consists in placing the person to be treated in a cane-seat chair and then putting a pan of hot water beneath this chair. Ever and anon a hot stone or hot flat-iron is put into the water by means of tongs and thus the water is kept boiling, the steam rising in thick masses about the person in the chair, who is carefully concealed in a large blanket. Every time a hot flat-iron or stone is dropped into the pan it spatters the boiling water upon the bare limbs of the person who is being operated upon, and if you are living in the same county with him you will hear him wrecking his chances beyond the grave by stating things that are really wrong.

The other method and the one I adopted is better than this. You apply the heat by means of a spirit lamp, and no one, to look at a little fifteen-cent spirit lamp, would believe that it had so much heat in it till he has had one under him as he sits in a wicker chair.

A wicker chair does not interfere with the lamp at all or cut off the heat, and one is so swathed in blankets and rubber overcoats that he can not help himself.

My wife got me seated that way and then applied the torch. Did the reader ever get out of a bath and sit down on a wire brush in order to put on his shoes and feel a sort of startled thrill pervading his whole being? Well, that is good enough as far as it goes, but it does not really count when you have been through the Home Treatment Turkish Bath.

After my wife had me arranged, she went into another room to read a new book in which she was greatly interested. While she was thus storing her mind with information she thought she smelled something burning. She went around all over the house trying to find out what it was. Finally she found out.

It was her husband.

I called to her, of course, but she wanted me to wait until she had found out what was on fire. I tried to tell her to come and search my neighborhood, but I presume I did not make myself understood, because I was excited, and the fluff and bloom of my calves were being singed off in a way that may seem funny to others, but not to one who has it to pass through. It bored me quite a deal. Once the wicker seat of the chair caught fire.

"Oh, heavens," I cried, with a sudden pang of horror, "am I thus to be devoured by the fire fiend. And is there no one to help? Help! Help! Help!"

I also made use of other expressions, but they did not add to the sense of the above.

I perspired very much, indeed, and so the bath was, in a measure, a success, but, oh, what doth it profit a man to gain a bath if he lose his own soul?—*Once a Week.*

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0 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
0 A.	Fast mail for Ogden and East	11.45 A.
30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
0 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
0 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
0 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East	‖ 9 45 P.
0 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
0 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	8.15 A.
P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
0 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
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TH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.		
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30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 35 P.
01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
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The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail	**$7.00**
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SOCIETY.

The Chapman-Grayrigge Wedding.

A notable event of the past week was the wedding of Mrs. Dora Grayrigge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Sherwood, and Mr. Wilfrid P Chapman, the resident consul of Belgium. It was celebrated last Wednesday noon in Trinity Church, which was well-filled with the friends of the contracting parties. The chancel was brightened with a handsome decoration of mountain ferns, smilax, chrysanthemums, and La France roses arranged in a most tasteful and attractive manner. While the guests were being seated by the ushers, organ voluntaries were played by Mr. H. M Bosworth, and a violin solo was played artistically by Mr. Henry Heyman with organ accompaniment. The "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" was commenced at twelve o'clock, just as the bridal party made its appearance at the door and marched down the central aisle to the chancel. Leading the way were the four ushers, Mr. Arthur Page, Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. Robert L. Sherwood, and Mr. A. A. Wheeler. They were closely followed by two pretty little children dressed in white frocks who were the son of Mrs. Grayrigge and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Sherwood. Then came Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Mrs. Robert Sherwood and her brother, Mr. Neall, with the bride and her father last.

The bride appeared in a very becoming toilet of apple-green silk, made walking length, and wore a dainty bonnet to match. She carried a hand-bouquet of beautiful La France roses.

Mrs. Robert Sherwood, her mother was elegantly attired in a costume of heliotrope-colored silk richly brocaded and carried La France roses.

Mrs. H. H. Sherwood wore a handsome dress of terra-cotta-colored silk and carried La France roses.

When they reached the chancel they were met by the groom and his best man, Mr. William R. Sherwood. Then the impressive ceremony was performed, the service being conducted by the Rev. R. C. Foute. This completed, Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" was played by the organist, and the newly wedded couple and members of the bridal party left the church and were driven to the residence of the bride's parents, on California Street. They were joined soon after by a very few intimate friends of Mr. and Mrs. Chapman, and, after the usual congratulations, a bounteous breakfast was enjoyed. The apartments had been prettily decorated, different features being noticeable in each. Palms and ferns graced the spacious hall, pink and white chrysanthemums and La France roses adorned the sitting-room, the scarlet-hued berries of Christmastide were arranged in the library with masses of laurel as a setting, while in the dining-room were more chrysanthemums of varied shades. In addition to this were many exquisite baskets of flowers, the gifts of friends, which gave their fragrance and beauty to the charming scene. Two hours later Mr. and Mrs. Chapman departed to make a southern trip, and will be away about ten days. They will make this city their home, and will reside on Webster Street.

The Folger-Anthony Wedding.

Miss Anthony, daughter of the late Mr. James Anthony, formerly of Sacramento, was married on Wednesday, November 28th, to Mr. Herbert Folger, of Portland, Or. The ceremony was celebrated at the home of the bride's uncle, Mr. Joseph Nougues, 2226 California Street, in the presence of a few relatives and some intimate friends of the bride. The recent death of Mrs. Anthony's sister necessarily made the wedding a quiet one. The parlors were tastefully decorated with chrysanthemums and foliage, and looked very attractive. At two o'clock Rev. Hiram W. Beers united the happy couple in the bonds of matrimony, Mr. Clinton E. Folger, brother of the groom, acting as best man. Congratulations and a collation followed, and later in the day Mr. and Mrs. Folger departed for Portland, where they will reside permanently.

The Yates-Parkhurst Wedding.

A pretty home-wedding occurred last Wednesday noon at the residence of Captain and Mrs. R. R. Thompson, where their daughter, Mrs. C. L. Parkhurst, was married to Mr. Charles R. Yates Only a few relative and friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by the Rev. Dr. Horton, of Oakland. An elaborate wedding breakfast was served soon after the completion of the ceremony, covers being laid for twenty-four. The dining-room was illuminated with gas, and the long table was decorated with a large crystal centre-piece adorned with chrysanthemums, roses, pinks, and luscious fruit. A couple of hours were delightfully passed at the table, and then Mr. and Mrs. Yates departed for the Hotel del Monte for a brief sojourn. They were the recipients of many elegant presents. Upon their return to the city they will receive on Thursdays at the residence of Captain and Mrs. Thompson.

The Nickerson Lunch-Party.

A charming lunch-party was given by Miss Nickerson last Thursday, at the Palace Hotel, to fourteen of her young lady friends. Private parlors were secured for the affair, and they were beautifully decorated with large baskets full of yellow, russet, and pink chrysanthemums. The dining-table looked very pretty with a large centre-piece of maiden's-hair ferns, dotted with lovely rosebuds of assorted colors. At each cover was a corsage bouquet and a dainty favor in the form of a doyley of white bolting-cloth, upon which was a hand-painted portrait and the word "Souvenir" in golden letters. Then there were other favors in the shape of dainty bags of colored silk holding clusters of roses. The menu was perfect in every detail, and during its progress concert selections were played by Noah Brandt's band. After a couple of hours passed delightfully at the table, a game of progressive angling was instituted, resulting in the prize, a lovely basket of yellow chrysanthemums, being awarded to Miss Marie Voorhies Miss Nickerson will leave for Dresden, to join her mother and sister, in about six weeks.

Those present were: Miss Nickerson, Miss Slocovich, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Miss Sallie Maynard, Miss Eva Maynard, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Bessie Hooker, Miss Fair, Miss Julia Bissell, Misses Grace and Florence Pierce, of Santa Clara, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Ethel Beaver, Miss Susie Morgan, Miss Lucia Morgan, and Mrs. Fisher Ames, who acted as chaperon

The Bachelors' Cotillion Club.

The leap-year german, which was given by the Bachelors' Cotillion Club on Friday evening, at B'nai B'rith Hall, was a decided success Its novelty made it of more than usual interest, and was the means of attracting almost every member of the club. The hall was attractively decorated with flags, streamers of bunting, colored draperies, tropical plants and hanging baskets, and when all were dancing the scene was charming. Miss Corbitt undertook the task of leading alone, and guided the dancers in a manner that reflected great credit upon her. The german was commenced soon after nine o'clock and five pretty figures were introduced as follows: "Grand Right and Left," "Double Columns," "The Tarleton," "Gliding Lines," and "The Greek Cross." The rules that govern leap year parties were strictly enforced and the gentlemen were entirely at the mercy of their partners. Considerable merriment resulted when an infraction of the rules was attempted. The first four couples this time were: Mrs. Louis B. Parrott and Mr. A. Casserly, Miss Jennie Hooker and Mr Mountford S. Wilson, Miss Sallie Maynard and Mr. W. H. C. Lee, Miss Ella Goad and Mr. Robert Hooker. Ballenberg's band played its latest music, and the cotillion ended at midnight. Then an elaborate supper was enjoyed in the dining-hall, which was neatly decorated, and at its conclusion several round dances were participated in. The last part of the evening's pleasure was a deviation from the usual rule, but as the ladies insisted upon it they carried their point. It was two o'clock when the ball ended and it was regarded as one of the most enjoyable ever given by the club.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mrs. William H. Wallace and Mrs. M. Herzstein will leave soon to pass a couple of months at Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Hammond are now residing at the Hotel Bella Vista.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone and family, of Oak Knoll, are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Captain A. M. Burns and family are occupying their new residence on the north-west corner of Hyde and Washington Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Havens, of Oakland, are at the Hotel Bella Vista for the winter.

Miss Ada Butterfield will pass the winter in Washington, D. C., with Mrs. Hearst.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Ladd will go to New York in a couple of weeks to remain East most of the winter.

Miss Jenny Waters has returned from a visit to relatives in Butte County.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Tatum are entertaining Mrs. Slocovich and Miss Zorka Slocovich, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Joseph W. Winans and her son, Mr. J. W. Winans, Jr., are passing the winter in New York, endeavoring to settle the estate of the late Mr. Winans.

Mrs. John P. Jones and family, accompanied by Miss Marguerite Bucknall, will go to Santa Monica in a couple of weeks, to remain during the winter.

Mr. James C. Dunphy, who has been at his ranch in Monterey County for several weeks, has returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs returned from Calistoga last Monday.

Mr and Mrs. N. J. Brittan, of Redwood City, have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. J de Barth Shorb arrived here last Monday from San Gabriel.

Miss Constance Jones, of Los Angeles, is passing the winter at the Hotel Bella Vista, under the chaperonage of Mrs. Volney Spalding.

Mr and Mrs. Morgan Hill returned from Madrone last Monday, and are at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. A. D. Remington arrived here last Monday from Watertown, N. Y., and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Yerrington, of Carson City, arrived here on Tuesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Governor R. W. Waterman was at the Occidental Hotel several days recently.

Mr. William A. Powning has returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mr. John W. Twiggs has gone East to remain until the latter part of January.

Mrs. Daniel Yost will leave soon to make a tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Southard Hoffman, Mr. Ogden Hoffmann, and Mr. Southard Hoffmann, Jr, have left their villa in Ross Valley, and will reside during the winter at 1113 Bush Street.

Colonel and Mrs. Bernard Peyton and Miss Julia Peyton, of Santa Cruz, were in the city during the early part of the week.

Dr. John F. Foulkes departed for Philadelphia on Tuesday last.

Mr. Gardiner Hammond, of Boston, who was here last winter, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard.

Mrs. Thomas S. Page, Miss Meta Page, and Mr. Arthur Page will pass the winter at the Occidental Hotel.

Mr. Rhodes Borden has returned from a visit to Fresno.

Miss Jennie Denver is entertaining her cousin, Miss Kate Denver, of Ohio, daughter of General J. W. Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Tallant, *née* Landers, have returned from their wedding tour.

Mr. Bert Pearson has delayed his departure for the East until the first vestibule train leaves. After visiting his mines in Idaho he will go to Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks, and Mrs. R. D. Hume, of Oregon, are at the Beresford where they will pass the winter.

Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. D. J. Tallant will give a high tea, at her residence on Bush Street, this (Saturday) afternoon, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Tallant.

Invitations have been issued by the German Club for its second cotillion, which will be held at Union Square Hall on Tuesday evening, December 18th. It promises to be exceedingly enjoyable, as a number of novelties are in preparation to make it interesting.

Mrs. Volney Spalding will give a grand ball at the Hotel Bella Vista on Christmas eve

The members of the Dirigo Club will give a large reception on Friday evening, December 21st. A spacious ball-room will be constructed at the rear of the club-house especially for the occasion.

A ball will be given at the Hotel del Monte on New Year's eve, for which extensive preparations are being made. Ballenberg's full orchestra will be in attendance, and a sumptuous supper and beautiful decorations will be features of the evening.

The Century Club, which has a membership of about one hundred and twenty-five ladies, was pleasantly entertained by Mrs. George Hearst last Wednesday afternoon at her residence on Taylor Street.

An enjoyable dinner-party was given last Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Jarboe at their residence, 917 Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis gave an elegant dinner-party last Thursday evening at their residence on Taylor Street. Fragrant exotics graced the table and the menu was sumptuous.

The Misses Sherwood will give a leap-year party on Christmas night at their residence, 1357 Post Street.

Miss Wadsworth entertained a number of friends at the Hotel Bella Vista last Monday night, and the evening was delightfully passed.

Mrs. Selden S. Wright and the Misses Wright will give a kettledrum this (Saturday) afternoon at their residence, 910 Lombard Street, from three until six o'clock

The young ladies of the Van Ness Seminary will give a dancing-party next Friday evening.

The Edaia Club will give its next cotillion on Friday evening, December 21st, at Union Square Hall.

Army and Navy.

General and Mrs. John Gibbon, U. S. A., and Miss Gibbon, of Vancouver Barracks, W. T., accompanied by Mrs. Wood, of Portland, Or, arrived here on Wednesday, and are domiciled at the Occidental Hotel.

General and Mrs W. W. Averill, U. S. A., are in the city on a visit.

Captain M. A. Healy, U. S. N., of the *Bear*, has returned from a visit to Washington, D. C. He escorted Miss Carrigan on her return from a visit to friends in New York.

Lieutenant and Mrs David Price, U. S. A., of the Presidio, went East last Monday.

ART NOTES.

Art Association Exhibition.

The fifteenth annual exhibition of the drawings and studies of the pupils of the California School of Design opened last Thursday evening in the rooms of the San Francisco Art Association The exhibit is large and creditable, displaying a marked improvement in both drawing and coloring. The Avery medal, for oil-painting, and the Alvord medal, for drawing, will be awarded this (Saturday) evening. In addition a concert will be given under the direction of Mr. Henry Heyman, in which Mrs. H. J. Stewart, Mme. Zeiss-Dennis, Mr. J. C. Hughes, Signor A. Lombardo, and Mr. H. M. Bosworth will participate. There will also be a series of tableaux presented by the pupils of the school under the direction of Mr. John A. Stanton and Mr. A. Joullin. The following subjects will be illustrated: "The Seminary Alarmed," by Toby Rosenthal; "School of Vestals," and "Vestal Tuccia," by Hector le Roux; "The Water Bearer," by H. A. E. Hebert; "The Witch's Daughter," by Church, and "The Butterfly."

"With mortar, paixhan, and petard
We send the North our Beauregard."

This was an epigram of 1861, written by Jeff Davis in the early part of the War of the Secession. In his wildest imaginings he could never have dreamed that in December, 1888, the South would send to the North its *beau regard* in the shape of four millions of lottery coupons bearing the signature of G. T. Beauregard.

Beethoven was lately dug up in Vienna, then Schubert; now the municipal councillors propose to move Glück.

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Fried Trout. Mashed Potatoes.
Fried Chicken. Cream Sauce.
Cauliflower. String Beans.
Roast Beef.
Cold Slaw.
Cold Cabinet Pudding.
Apples, Grapes, Oranges, and Japanese Persimmons.

COLD CABINET PUDDING.—Grease a quart pudding-mold and cover the bottom with pieces of candied lemon and orange peel, cut diamond-shape. Between each four diamonds place a boiled seedless raisin; cover the fruit with a layer of stale sponge-cake, and add a layer of raisins and other candied fruits; repeat with alternate layers of cake and fruit until the mold is full; beat up the yolks of four eggs with half a teaspoonful of salt and three ounces of sugar; whisk into them a pint and a gill of lukewarm milk; pour this into the mold; place the mold in a pan of hot water; let it remain on the back of the range an hour, then set pan and all in a moderate oven to bake one hour; let it cool; when cold surround it with ice and when wanted serve with a cold, rich custard-sauce, flavored with vanilla or sherry wine.

The French lose no opportunity of showing attention to Russian officers. At Cherbourg, on October 26th, there was a gala performance at the principal theatre, followed by "Punch," in honor of the officers of the three Russian men-of-war then anchored in the roadstead. A fête was given by the municipality. During the festivities the mayor of Cherbourg drank to the union of the two nations. The naval prefect toasted the Czar's fleet, while the general in command paid a like compliment to the Russian Army. The commander of the Russian war-ship *Nakhimoff* delivered a very cordial speech in reply, toasting the president of the republic and the French Army and Navy. Large crowds assembled meanwhile in the streets, crying "Vive la Russie!" "Vive la France!"

The gamblers' paradise at Monte Carlo is in a bad way. At the annual meeting held there it was shown that the profits for the past year have fallen off to the extent of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The profits of the roulette tables, after paying all expenses, amount to over a million and a quarter dollars; but this, it seems, is considered a very poor business. The Trente Et Quarante has also proved unprofitable to the Casino during the past year, and another table will be abolished this winter. The number of suicides is shown to have decreased from twenty-five to nineteen. The latest victim is a young Russian lady, who lost all her fortune and then, in despair, threw herself into the sea.

The Eiffel tower on the Champs de Mars, Paris, which was expected to be one of the ornaments of next year's exposition, is said to be, in point of architectural beauty, a dismal failure. A letter from an American in France is pronounced in its condemnation of the great iron structure. The writer says: "I wanted to stay in Paris, but that tower, which is now eight hundred feet high, worried me out of my plan. It is worse than Mark Twain's 'Punch, brothers, punch with care!' It haunts you. You can not help seeing it, and the more you do see it, the crazier you get. I am now two hundred miles from Paris, yet the first thing I see when I get up in the morning is that awful tower. It is a terrible bore."

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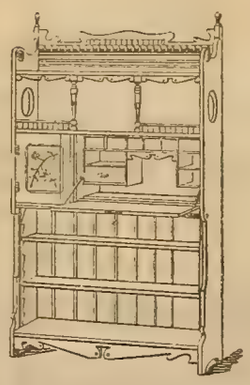

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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The rumor comes to us that the Pope contemplates the establishment of a daily newspaper at Rome. This will be something new under the sun. We look forward to its issue as an important departure and one of vast consequence to the church and the world. There has been in the long succession of popes, from Peter in the year 41 of the Christian era to the time of Leo the Thirteenth in this year of 1888 (nearly eighteen and a half revolving centuries of time), no incident of more serious consequence than will be this publication (if it occurs) of an official journal of the Vatican under the immediate direction of His Holiness, the Vicegerent of God. Confining itself to the discussion of all matters of faith, morals, and discipline, under the editorial supervision of an infallible editor, with a staff of cardinals learned in ecclesiastical history, profoundly versed in all the dogmas of the only Apostolic Church, we shall have no reason to misunderstand the policy, aims, and object of this marvelous and wonderful institution. We shall invite an exchange with the *Argonaut*, and if not attainable in that way, we shall subscribe for it with payment in advance for the edification of our readers. We hope it will not be printed in Latin, but if so, we shall refurbish our forgotten classics, that we may keep pace with all its writings. If, as another rumor informs us, the Papal See will be transplanted to America, and Cardinal Teschereau, of Canada, will be elevated to the Papal throne when it is established at Washington, or elsewhere upon our continent, we shall hail all these events with great satisfaction, and with gladness welcome the successor of the Fisherman, his ecclesiastical university at our nation's capital, and his printing establishment as means of obtaining more complete, authentic, direct, and reliable information of the objects and purposes of the Roman Church than we have heretofore been able to obtain. We are advised that the church confidently anticipates the time when the American continent shall be brought under dominion of the hierarchy. Rome of the middle ages claimed universal monarchy, and the modern church has abandoned nothing, retracted nothing. In a recent work of Gladstone he alleges that she is refurbishing and parading anew every rusty tool she was fondly thought to have disused. Within the present century the popes have denounced with energetic epithets all who maintain the liberty of the press—Gregory the Sixteenth, in 1831, "liberty of conscience and worship;" Pius the Ninth, in 1864, "liberty of speech"—or those who recognize in the state power to "define or limit the civil rights of the church," or that the church may not employ "force" in asserting its rights, or that "all sovereign power is not inherent in the episcopate," or that "in the conflict of civil and ecclesiastical law the civil should not prevail," or that any method of instructing youth "solely secular" may be approved, or that "marriage not sacramentally contracted is of binding force," or that "civil marriage is other than 'filthy concubinage,'" or that any other than "the Roman religion may be established by the state," or that in countries called "Catholic" the "free exercise of other religions may be allowed," or that the Roman Pontiff ought to "come to terms with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization." The Papal Church claims obedience—absolute and unconditional—over all potentates, governments, and systems of government prevailing in the world, and in all subordinate matters, such as marriage, burial, education, prison discipline, blasphemy, poor relief, incorporation, mortmain, religious endowments, and vows of celibacy, and all this under "peril of salvation." The Pope claims "infallibility in all the domains of faith, morals, and church discipline," and also the power of defining the limits of those domains. The dogma of Papal infallibility was decreed at Rome in the year 1870. This claim of absolute authority in the terrestrial throne of the popedom is seventeen years old. It embraces all that concerns mankind—it overlooks the state, supervises its laws, and controls the liberty and conscience of all mankind in their journey through life—and disposes of their souls after death. If, as General Lafayette prophesied, as Mr. Gladstone maintains, as Prince Bismarck thinks, as General Grant asserted, a conflict is to arise, there is no place or people better equipped for the contest than the United States of America and its citizens; there is no better time than now. Hence, we welcome the controversy, and express the hope that His Holiness will come to this country and bring with him all his old and new weapons, all the bright and rusty arms of all his arsenals, all the soldiers and spies of his great army, and fight out this battle in type; let the country be drenched with ink; let the Mississippi become the new Tiber, and on its banks the Vatican and the Castle of San Angelo be erected; let the red-legged cardinals draw up their forces of ecclesiastics; let Jesuit brothers and bald-headed monks parade their invincible army of soldiers of the cross in opposition to the American school-house and its boys; let the new Papal journal ring out the bugle-call for a war of opinions with inspired editorials written by the infallible representative of God on earth, and let us see what will come of it. If in America the liberty and freedom of speech and conscience can be suppressed; if the church has civil rights superior to the State, and sovereign power is divinely conferred upon an Italian bishop; if our wives are concubines and our children bastards, and if no religion other than that of Rome may be indulged in, and if we must lay down the authority of government, and the republic must be absorbed by the Papal Church, let us know it now—the sooner the better. There is no Roman Catholic country in the world where the Pope's newspaper would do so much service as in America, for there is no other country where so many can read. Our common-school system has prepared the field of battle, and our country is ready for an intelligent conflict. If a Roman Catholic university for the education of Papistry can flourish in the United States, if the Church of Rome can stand the assaults of a free press though not edited by infallible writers, and if Papistry can in this free republic triumph over reason, science, religion, and common sense, we shall submit our souls in patience, sell the *Argonaut*, and employ our money to say masses for a soul that, so long as it remains in the mortal frame, will indulge in the sin of believing that the whole Papal system is a monstrous fraud, and its whole spiritual plan an organized hypocrisy.

The Protestant, agnostic, and irreligious parts of our community, which compose a very large majority of it, are again treated to an annual circular from the Roman Catholic pulpit, asserting that the contract of marriage is a holy sacrament only to be properly entered into between Romanists by the sanction of their priests and solemnization with masses at the altar of the Papal Church. This circular says that "Some "Catholics, despising the authority of the Church of Jesus "Christ and almost abjuring their faith, apply for the celebra-"tion of their marriage to a civil officer or Protestant minister, "not only exposing themselves thereby to make a contract "which has no force before God, and consequently does not "prevent their intercourse from being a 'horrible concubi-"nage.'" The object of this circular is to discourage mixed marriages. The Papal Church holds void all marriages between Roman Catholics and Protestants and all marriages of Romanists and non-Romanists not sacramentally celebrated. The Very Reverend Father Fasannotti, of the Cathedral, an Italian Priest, in explaining the circular and endeavoring to break its brutal force to the non-believer in Romish dogmas, admitted the validity of the marriage between Papists and baptized Protestants. Having been ourself baptized, we accept the opportunity to crawl through this very small hole to the level of social respectability, but how about other married people who have never been baptized? How about those professing a religion that does not require baptism and does not look upon it as a saving ordinance? How about Quakers, Unitarians, Universalists, Swedenborgians, and the many other Christian sects who have neglected baptism on the grounds that the passages relating to it are to be taken symbolically and that a spiritual baptism is the only real baptism of Christians? How about those who have assented to something less than immersion at an adult age? shall they all come in that are only sprinkled? How about the unhappy man or maiden over whom the sprinkling sponge by accident passed dry? Will not the Very Reverend Father Fasannotti and the other very reverend bachelors—who have been sprinkled and not married, who had their foreheads crossed by the wet forefinger of a bishop, and who have exclusive authority from God to perform both the sacraments of marriage and baptism—admit that the charge of "horrible concubinage" made against people married according to law is a shameful slander? Here come three alien bishops—Patrick Riordan, from Ireland, Francisco Mora, from Spain, and Patrick Manogue, from Ireland—with peasant priests from foreign lands to a country acknowledging no church and requiring no religious ceremony to make lawful the marriage relation, a country whose government recognizes the binding authority of marriage as a civil contract, and these foreign bachelor priests stand up in their pulpits annually and insult native-born Protestants by proclaiming the shameful libel that they are living in concubinage and over their issue spreading the shame of bastardy. If this is not the insolence and impudence of the most inexcusable and lying effrontery on the part of an ignorant and blasphemous church, we are mistaken. We feel the more indignant when we reflect that by dispensation of His Papal Holiness, the member of a royal line—a Papist—was recently permitted to take his niece to the marriage-bed, and over it the vicegerent of God pronounces his blessing and calls it the "holy sacrament of marriage." We recall the well-known fact that the heads of one of the wealthiest, most aristocratic, most devout of Mexican families, blessed by the church and respected by the Catholic society in which it moves, were brother and sister. We recall the historical dispensations of popes authorizing or obstructing marriages as

their policy or pockets might suggest. We recall the recent dispensation from the vicar-general to Archbishop Riordan, of San Francisco, authorizing the unlawful marriage of a Portuguese with his niece, which was done upon a steam-tug three marine leagues from shore, in order to escape the penalty for violating the laws of California, and the more recent narrative where the crime of a sixty-two-year-old Italian grandfather, perpetrated upon the person of a sixteen-year-old child, was repaired by the solemn ceremony of the Church of Rome, performed upon a tug at sea by the Reverend Father Franchi, an Italian priest of the Italian Church. When we recall these criminal conspiracies to evade the law, to cover crime, to repair moral wrongs, and note the fact of their recurrence in history, so far back as there is any authentic history of Papistry, we feel our justification in "commenting unfavorably" upon the impudence of this annual insult to religious and irreligious persons who do not enter upon their married relations in obedience to the orders of the clerical bachelors of Papistical Rome. We conclude this article by quoting from a recent work of William E. Gladstone, ex-Premier of England, entitled "Vatican Decrees," the account of a celebrated case which occurred in England. It is that of Lady Blanche Yelverton; for some purpose unknown to us, the distinguished author used initials instead of true names. The case is historical, and is thus stated by Mr. Gladstone:

"More than thirty years ago X., a British male subject, was married to Y. in a foreign country, but under the provisions of an act of Parliament, by the chaplain of the British Legation, in the house and in the presence of the British Minister; both professed the religion of the English Church. They lived together for more than a quarter of a century; and a family, the issue of the marriage, grew up to maturity. In the latter years of this union, the husband formed an adulterous connection with a foreign woman. After a period of much patience on the part of the wife, a separation took place. In a short time he joined the Church of Rome; and some years ago, under the authority of certain Roman ecclesiastics, in an English Roman Catholic Chapel, he went through the form of marriage with his partner in guilt. He was subsequently informed by a higher functionary that he must obtain a judgment from Rome. He made application accordingly, and the judgment given was that the original marriage was null, and that the second so-called marriage, so far as appeared, was valid. In the meantime, the injured wife had applied to a court for the establishment of her position. She was duly declared to be the lawful wife, and the bigamous husband admitted that she was such according to British law. Within the jurisdiction of that law he had taken his paramour to his paternal estate in ——shire, and had designated and caused her to be addressed there as his lawful wife, to the great scandal of the neighbors, who were well acquainted with the true wife. He likewise entered his spurious offspring, born since the pretended marriage, as legitimate, and a witness of character and position on the spot asserts that the woman received visits and the most marked and open countenance at the husband's seat from Roman Catholic priests and Sisters of Charity. There is not in this statement one word beyond dry fact, and it might have been much enlarged. This great outrage and monstrous crime had the full countenance and approval of the highest authorities of the Papal Church from the Pope down. Cardinal Manning is cognizant of the case, and will best know whether he can contradict these facts."

Mr. Gladstone avers that "the Papal Church maintains the right to override at will the entire action of the civil power;" he also asserts that it is the intention of the church to "proceed to blood for the enforcement of its power upon the first suitable occasion;" he quotes Archbishop, now Cardinal, Manning as having said in 1874, that when the Vicar of Christ should be dethroned from the Holy City there would be only one solution of the difficulty, "a solution, I fear, im-"pending, and that is the terrible scourge of continental war; "a war which will exceed the horrors of any of the wars of "the First Empire. I do not see how this can be averted, "and it is my firm conviction that in spite of all obstacles the "Vicar of Jesus Christ will be put again in his lawful place." "The idea of force is not new, at present and for the moment we have words of a milder tone," is the conclusion that Mr. Gladstone draws from all the signs of the times. We write this because we hear the constant complaining of ignorant and cowardly friends that the *Argonaut* is giving undue prominence to the Roman Catholic question. In presence of the crimes of the Papal Church constantly perpetrated against the law, against morality and civilization, the insulting arrogance of its presumptuous priesthood, the offensive prominence of its ignorant political masses, and its ever-pushing, ever-intriguing Jesuit conspirators, we think our course both natural and prudent. So long as the trinity of Irish Roman Catholic bishops insult our Protestant and non-Catholic women by their annual libel from the pulpit, and so long as they authorize incestuous intercourse, and with solemn sacramental marriages seek to hide the crime of seduction, and aid to evade the laws by encouraging the commission of crimes beyond the technical jurisdiction of the state, we shall maintain and exercise our right of indignant criticism. There is one feature of this discussion that shows in what profound and utter contempt intelligent Catholics of good society regard these empty mouthings of the Papal priesthood. In the social circles of San Francisco, in every other American town, in the more select and intelligent circles of European states, even in Paris, Brussels, and the Italian cities, good society draws no social lines between Romanists and Protestants. In the best circles of San Francisco are Catholic women who have been divorced; there are many scores of Catholic ladies married to Protestant gentlemen, and Catholic gentlemen with Protestant wives—"mixed marriages," "horrible concubinage" are the descriptive terms which ignorant, foreign, peasant-born, Roman Catholic priests apply to all married persons not baptized, not united in marriage at Roman Catholic altars, with masses said and paid for, and blessings from the lickerish mouth of some salacious clown of a priest. If "better society" had not the sense to repudiate this church slander, there would be no better society into which Catholic ladies would be invited to enter. Society will be divided into two parts whenever it is known that ladies of the Catholic Church are regarding their Protestant sisters in the light in which their marriage relations are represented by idiots who, through some mysterious accident, have been clothed with the robes of canonical authority. Perhaps it might be well for the priests themselves to desist from throwing stones.

At Faneuil Hall, in Boston, on the eleventh of July of this year, there convened an assemblage that in its consequences may be as important as the one which, in the year 1776, assembled to resist British taxation by throwing overboard the tea from an English ship. The landing on Plymouth Rock of Pilgrim Puritans, the revolutionary incidents that have occurred in and around Boston, have made the men of Massachusetts famous in the matter of asserting and defending their rights. The successful endeavor of a Roman Catholic board to Romanize the literature of the public schools of Boston, by the exclusion of truthful history and substitution in its place of false history, created a great deal of feeling in Protestant circles and aroused a public indignation that has not yet abated. A committee of one hundred eminent citizens has taken the matter in hand and demonstrated beyond dispute that the school histories and other elementary works, containing truthful accounts of the historical villainies of the Church of Rome, have been excluded, and their places supplied by others suppressing the more unpleasant features of the Papal Church and containing the most depraved and vicious misrepresentation of such things as the German and English reformations, the history of the persecution of Lollards, Waldenses, and Huguenots, the Inquisition, and a thousand other infamous historical facts that in the interest of true knowledge should not be suppressed. The Jesuits of the Boston school-board have driven out of the schools Swinton's "Outlines of the World's History," Cornell's and Mitchell's geographies, Hallam's "Middle Ages," Cleveland's "English Literature," Whateley's "Elements of Logic," Hayden's "Psychology," Draper's "Chemistry" and "Natural Philosophy," Dickens's "Child's History," while Macaulay's "History of England," Green's "History of the English People," Knight's, Froude's, and Gibbons's "History of Rome," and Hume's "History of England,"—and, indeed, every standard, authentic, and truthful history of any part of the Christian world or any era of Christian civilization that is not colored in the interest of the Papacy and the Church of Rome—are driven from the use of schools in Boston. In the history in use by the Boston school-board, containing four hundred and twenty-nine pages, thirty lines are devoted to the life of Abraham Lincoln and forty to Archbishop Hughes; twenty-eight to George Washington and thirty-seven to Father Peter de Smet. Martin Luther is described in Catholic history as a "blasphemer of God, and dying with impenitence gurgling in his sinful throat"; Calvin died "devoured by vermin," he gave up his "rascally soul to the devil while uttering oaths horrible and blasphemous." All that is truthful in history that does not redound to the glory of the Roman Church is suppressed. Every Protestant name venerated by an intelligent world, every man distinguished in science, literature, and art who has uttered a word in derogation of the dogmas or crimes of Papacy, is held up to derision and contempt. This is the literature that is provided for parochial schools and that is to be forced upon the American school-system of the United States, and this is what the citizens of Boston, the men of Massachusetts, the Puritans of New England, are being called upon to resist. Rome has let loose its Jesuits upon our common schools with the deliberate intention of destroying them. The control of the American school-system means the overthrow of Republican government and the destruction of American liberties. It is the axe at the foundation of all that intelligent and patriotic Protestantism holds dear. It means the ultimate establishment in America of the Papal Church and the ultimate subjection of the country to the Papal See. What will be the outcome of this Boston agitation we may not prophesy. We can only say, no better place than Boston could have been chosen for the conflict, and the battle can be intrusted to no better or braver men than those of New England who have descended from Puritan ancestors.

Since writing the above, the information is wired that the conflict has taken place between the Puritans of Boston and the Jesuits of Rome, and that Protestantism has won a great triumph. The election occurred on Tuesday. It was a stormy day, but so important was the issue and so great the enthusiasm, that thirty thousand New England Protestant women faced the tempest and braved the unpleasant work of rescuing the American school-house from the cowardly ambuscade of Rome. The issue was well defined. The Jesuitical wing of the Papal Church had been seduced from its intrenchments to deploy in the open, misjudging its apparent strength of numbers, and not at all calculating upon the fact that multitudes of intelligent Catholics within the ranks of Rome, and in spiritual matters submitting to its authority, are loyal to the constitution and laws of the United States, and not yet willing to have the common-school system destroyed by the plots and intrigues of Jesuitry. Protestantism summoned its forces for the first open struggle it has been challenged to encounter. When the challenge came July 11, 1888, it aroused the men of Massachusetts as did the bugle-blast of war in the opening days of the revolutionary struggle. As Paul Revere called night-caps to windows in his midnight ride, so did the assault of Irish priests and Jesuit plotters against the American free non-sectarian school system summon forth New England women. As in the days of Lexington, they belted their men with the accoutrements of war and sent them forth to fight, so did this new revolution open by their patriotism and their prayers. Twenty thousand women enrolled themselves as voters, roused old men for the fray, and stirred husbands, brothers, sons, and sweethearts to enlist for the campaign against the enemy of their country. The significance of this election in Boston is not that it is a *victory*, but that it is a *fight*. It has broken the ice and swept aside the mists that have involved the issue so long. It has dissipated the cowardice, indifference, and irresolution that have paralyzed the action of brave men. The issue was well defined. The battle-field was Boston. The result was Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill. The victors are Protestants, Puritans, agnostics, the best, most intelligent, and most patriotic of Catholics. It is the beginning in America of one of those great revolutions that never go back; it is of the kind that came to the world through the invention of printing; to Europe through Galileo's swinging chandelier; to Germany through Martin Luther; to England through Henry the Eighth, Oliver Cromwell, and the regicides; to France through Voltaire, and to America through the preservation of all those liberties and privileges that are intrenched in the school-house and protected by the non-sectarian school-teacher — all embraced in the expression, it is a triumph of free thought and liberty under the law, against bigotry, tyranny, and intrigue of Jesuitical Rome. We hail the result as the first great victory in which, after twelve years, the *Argonaut* has had any right to participate. We are glad it comes from New England, from the men of Massachusetts, from the women of Boston, from Puritans and Protestants. It solves and settles the problem of Roman Catholic supremacy in all civil and political affairs within this commonwealth. It is a peaceful, final, and conclusive victory. It declares that there shall be no connection of church and State in this free land; that the Pope of Rome has no more right to exercise civil authority than Khan, Khedive, or Great Mogul; that the members of the Society of Jesus are no more to be feared than the members of any other criminal conspiracy, that are only dangerous when crawling in the dark. The municipal election of Boston is an American triumph, for in this contest fell O'Brien for mayor and all the Democratic boodle Irishmen for aldermen and board of education. No more disloyal aliens in office at the "Hub." American principles have triumphed at the centre, and we hail them from our position at the circumference and await their speedy coming. We accept this victory from Boston, from Massachusetts, as a compensation for the humiliation experienced in the small American vote cast in the Presidential election in California; we hail it as heralding the speedy coming time when American Protestantism and independent free thought shall have the courage, as it has the numbers and the right, to rule America.

Until the *Examiner* came from press on Tuesday morning very little had been said by the commercial daily journals concerning affairs in Boston. Many intelligent citizens were in ignorance of the revolution inaugurated, in Boston, by the Jesuitical suppression of Swinton's "Outlines of History" and the substitution of a false and garbled suppression of historical facts in a work by Anderson. The great meeting at Faneuil Hall stirred to its profoundest depths American and Protestant indignation. A law which gave to tax-paying females the right to vote on educational matters had been made available by about eight hundred women, mostly Romanists and mostly under clerical influence. The evangelical clergy took up the cry of "No Popery!" in opposition to Jesuitical interference with the public schools. Twenty thousand Protestant women enrolled themselves to vote, and, with the cry of "No Popery," inaugurated the revolution against the Church of Rome and its politics. As a result, it makes Boston Republican and secures a non-sectarian school board; it inaugurates a religious war of defense against the organization of the Roman Church; it is the beginning of a controversy that will not end until the political

rrogance of the church is rebuked and the literature of our chools is restored to a faithful history of the encroachments of a narrow and tyrannical alien bigotry.

Female suffrage will receive an impetus in America from the Boston municipal election. National parties will be relieved rom cowardice and terror. The American party will receive a great stimulus. The Protestant pulpit will see where its line of duty lies. The press will become more independent. The *Chronicle* hides the intelligence in a brief and cowardly notice, n small print, at the bottom of an interior column of its sixth page. The *Examiner* breaks the force of its news announcement by a Jesuitical and cowardly editorial, but all the same the world moves and a revolution has been inaugurated by victory that can not be suppressed, or silenced, or turned backward.

The *Argonaut* has abused Boston and written contemptuously of New England for many years. We apologize and take everything back. We have opposed woman suffrage, but if women who pay taxes will content themselves with voting and not holding office, and confine themselves to such questions as prison management, temperance, schools, charities, etc., we shall welcome them to the political arena.

We commend to our readers a careful perusal of the subjoined communication, from an English gentleman, in reference to the land controversy now agitating the Parliament of Great Britain. We hope and expect to receive from the same writer another letter treating of the political issues involved and of the religious question that lies behind of and inspires the whole agitation, for publication in the following number of the *Argonaut*. There is no more important controversy now going on in any land, nor one in which the American people are more deeply concerned.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: During my temporary residence in this country, extending already over a year, I have been greatly struck by the fact that your newspapers publish news relating to English and Irish affairs generally misleading and frequently entirely false. It would simply be wrapping up the truth in a metaphor to say that there is a lying spirit abroad in this country, so far as the political affairs of Great Britain and Ireland are concerned. I am not about to enter into details to prove my point, as it would absorb far too much of the limited space at your disposal were I to do so; but, with your permission, I will endeavor to show with what cruel injustice Irish landlords, as a body, have been treated. I write "as a body," because it is only by that way that any class of men can be fairly judged; this proposition, I presume, is indisputable.

There may have been, and no doubt are, many cases of rack-renting in Ireland with regard to land, but not more, if so many, in proportion, than could be found in other countries, both with regard to land and house property; and I venture to state, as a proposition capable of demonstration, that in no country in the world are tenant farmers, as a body, more favorably placed and more indulgently treated, and landlords more bitterly wronged, than in Ireland.

Let me state, *imprimis*, that in the course of my career of thirty-four years as an official of the English War Office, I served for sixteen years in Ireland, viz., from 1864 to 1879 inclusive, *in a position entirely independent of the Irish Government*, and yet with exceptional opportunities of making myself acquainted with the real state of affairs in that country; opportunities which I took the utmost advantage of, and which have led me to form what I can truly and honestly claim to be unbiased and unprejudiced opinions with regard to the political, agrarian, and religious questions of the day in that country. I may add that I am not an Irishman, nor am I connected in the most remote degree with any Irish landlord, so far as I am aware.

I have used the expression "bitterly wronged" with regard to the Irish landlords, and, with your indulgence, I will proceed to prove my point, in the hope that the readers of your paper will carefully peruse and candidly consider the following statement:

Before the first of the agrarian measures by which Irish landlords have been plundered—viz., Mr. Gladstone's Land Act of 1870—became law, Irish land was regarded by all men as property in the fullest sense of the word, just as a house is property, or a ship, or a horse. Old feudal relations had been swept away as between landlords and tenants by the Encumbered Estates Act and other legislation, which were consequent on the report of Lord Devon's Commission, in the Parliament of 1841–6, when Sir Robert Peel was Prime Minister of England, *and in whose ministry Mr. Gladstone held the post of vice-president of the board of trade.*

Free contract in the hiring and letting of land was then established, and a landed estates court set up in Dublin, by act of Parliament, for the purpose of selling the encumbered estates to the highest bidders. Such was the law. The tenant hired the land just as houses or property in any other form are hired, and the land-owner owned the land in the fullest sense. If a tenant chose to make improvements *without specific agreement with the landlord*, the benefit of those improvements reverted to the landlord at the termination of the lease or agreement; it followed the land as it does in England, France, America, and every civilized country at this time. In one word, until the beginning of Mr. Gladstone's fatal legislation in 1870, land was absolutely the property of the man who bought or inherited it.

So thoroughly recognized was this, that when the landed estates court in Dublin sold an estate it sold with it the improvements of the tenants, *so far as they were not covered by contract.* These improvements were *by law* the property of the previous landlord. They passed with the land to the judge of the landed estates court and were by him sold to the highest bidder, *under a parliamentary title*, under the direct and specific sanction of the high court of Parliament, the supreme power of the realm. Moreover, and this is a point of great importance, the printed advertisements issued by the landed estates court in Dublin called the attention of intending purchasers to these improvements, if any, and the declared purchaser had *invariably* to pay a higher price for his land, wherever they existed, in consequence of the keen competition among English investors for these estates, *a parliamentary title being universally looked upon as absolute and perfect.*

To prove my contention that Irish landlords, and more especially the purchasers of these numerous estates under the Encumbered Estates Act, have been treated with cruel injustice, I will now take a case of the common and average sort—in fact, a typical case—showing the striking contrast between their present position and the position they occupied when they purchased their properties *from the imperial Parliament.*

A purchaser paid, let us say, twenty thousand pounds (English money) for the property; ten thousand pounds being his own capital, and ten thousand pounds borrowed to enable him to make the purchase, at five per cent. per annum—representing a charge of five hundred pounds per annum on the estate; head-rents and quit-rents about one hundred pounds per annum out of the income; and the rental of the property is one thousand pounds per annum.

He had, therefore, a margin of four hundred pounds sterling a year income, representing four per cent. on the ten thousand pounds sterling invested by him in the purchase of the estate, *and was absolute owner of the property by act of Parliament.*

Upon this unfortunate purchaser, secured from all interference, as he fondly imagined, by his Parliamentary title, descended in succession the Agrarian Acts of 1870, 1881, and 1886. By the first was taken away that absolute ownership, which he had purchased from the imperial Parliament under a solemn deed. He was debarred from resuming the land from his tenants under a heavy fine. An interest in the soil was conferred by Parliament upon the tenants without the slightest compensation to the landlord. In other words, the imperial Parliament, *which originally sold him the estate*, took away a large portion of it from the landlord and conferred it upon his tenants. The improvements effected by the tenants were also taken from the landlord and conferred upon them. The second of these acts cut down the rental from one thousand to seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling a year, and the third reduced it from seven hundred and fifty to six hundred pounds sterling!

This is a fair description of the average and general results of those acts.

It will thus be seen that the purchaser of this typical property is reduced to *absolute poverty*, unless he has other private means or a profession to fall back upon, which we have no right to assume; there are many cases of landlords, both men and women, reduced to beggary by the effects of this iniquitous legislation.

Finally, although the residue of rental coming to the unfortunate landlord is unsalable (as must be self-evident from the foregoing statement), the *tenant right* is highly salable and fetches any day large sums in the market.

I think your readers will admit that I have proved my point as to the iniquitous treatment suffered by Irish landlords from Mr. Gladstone's legislation—a legislation which has, I fear, in store a bitter retribution for England, amounting, as it does, in my humble opinion, to a national crime. I remain, sir, your faithful servant,

SAN FRANCISCO, December 11, 1888. JOHN KEYMER KANE.

THE CRAZE FOR PERSONALITIES.

Mrs. Atherton discusses a Curious Phase of Modern Social Life.

Whether the fever for personalities has yet reached California I have not heard, but it is raging with a violence over here that threatens devastation. Never before in the history of journalism have so many names—private, public, professional, and dilettante—appeared in print. The average newspaper reader skims the telegrams, then searches the columns greedily for familiar names, and pounces upon the paragraph that hold them. If no oft-seen name is mentioned, he is disgusted, and "there is nothing in the paper." He comes to know and like, almost to love, the hero and heroine of the paragraph as he does his actual intimates; and the more the planets, stars, and satellites manage to get into print the better he likes them. One great daily established itself upon a secure financial basis by its incessant mentioning of names. It is doubtful if a breathing being in New York, from Mrs. Astor to the most insignificant hod-carrier, has not at least once seen his or her name in the columns of that paper. As the fever is a case of give and take, as every man is as anxious to read about himself as about his neighbor, it is safe to say that eight out of ten who caught sight of their names in that paper take it and cherish for it an enthusiastic admiration.

One day in the week a page of each daily is devoted to society. If the reader scans this page carefully he will see that it is little more than a catalogue of names—the doings are insignificant. The reason for this is that there are many people in society and only a limited amount of space in the papers. Either every member of that august body must be noticed or there must be extended paragraphs about the few who happen to have enough individuality to furnish the reporter with material for gossip. In the latter case a few would be enchanted and the rest offended. This would be bad policy, so the more generous fashion is adopted and all are made happy.

In times of political excitement, great and small, every politician wants to see himself in print, and is proud if his picture tops the paragraph. Not only does he want his biography, but he reads every line of the paper each day to see if his name does not grace a line in "Brief Comment," or "Jottings," or "Here and There." If it does, he feels that he may be President yet; if not, he wonders if the world has forgotten him.

When amateur stage-lights give a performance they open the paper next morning with a palpitation unsurpassed by the professionals; this simply to see themselves commented upon, for it is not in newspaper ethics to criticise the amateur. All society reads the same notice with only one degree less interest, and compares notes with those who take other papers. As for professional actresses, the public never tires of interviews with them, descriptions of their gowns, their personal appearance, their scandals, and their private woes. The papers throw open their columns to the stage profession as they do to the telegrams which record the downfall of empires and the wars which will devastate a kingdom. And the telegrams themselves—what would they be without their personalities?

The weekly papers are those most popular with a certain section of society, because they individualize more thoroughly than the dailies. When a certain New York weekly first appeared, a girl would loiter up to a counter with an abstracted air, cast a furtive glance around, then lay down ten cents, and the discreet clerk would whip it into a non-committal brown ulster; or, if the girl indulged her indiscretion at one of the many stands where wrapping-paper is not, she would lay down an extra cent, and carry it off dominoed in an innocent-looking daily. Never have personalities been carried to such an extent as in this paper. It is devoted almost exclusively to the Four Hundred, and few can complain of neglect. Every young matron has had her peccadilloes set forth, every girl has got the credit for being as frisky as her ambitious soul can desire, every scandal has been unearthed, every passing indiscretion immortalized. The paper is like a panorama of vividly dressed automatons, who pass across the stage in weekly performance; and so intimate does the reader become with them that they are missed and mourned when absent. No woman has a good word for it, but each feels that there is a void somewhere when the compiler has forgotten her. To be sure, there are times when she can honestly say that she yearns for obscurity, but generally she shudders without and hugs herself within.

Whence comes this rage for personalities? A few years back and it was comparatively unknown. Is it a part of that sensationalism which is a reaction from the thrall of the literary, skim-milk realist? Not for years has there been s demand for sensational novels as there is to-day. Witness the great runs of "Mr. Barnes of New York," "Called Back," "She," and "As In a Looking-Glass." None of these books has a grain of literary merit, but they are all good stories, and, in their different ways, keep their readers in a fever of excitement from beginning to end. There is a rebellion against Howells and James that is almost vicious, and the rebellion has borne fruits of various sorts. Sensationalism has become the fashion, and sensational personalities are a legitimate link in the chain of its evolution. Moreover, the posing of actresses and the interest excited by them has aroused the ambition of less-favored women for notoriety. If a woman is knocked down by a street-car, she looks in the paper next day, unless she is killed, to see if the world has heard of her accident, or if the reporter said she was pretty. If she were not deformed and decrepit it is safe to say that the reporter did.

Is all this the mere vanity and egotism of human nature, carried away by a craze, or is it worth while looking deeper? The spirit of the age is *to do something*. Eight out of every ten men and women are possessed with an eager, restless desire to be somebody, to rise above the masses. Look at the number of people who are before the public to-day, and compare their ranks with those of thirty years ago. Look at the women who are writing, painting, journalizing, creeping into public offices, and flocking to the stage. Those who have not the talent to justify ambition have the fever in another form—they want to be independent, to strike out for themselves, to be something more than domestic nonentities. These teach, telegraph, manipulate the type-writer, copy, become trained nurses, doctors, embroider and cook for decorative art societies, woman's exchanges, go West to raise sheep, or, when they can do no better, they strive for social position. All this, in its turn, is the result of the great woman's rights agitation which has fastened its hooks about the axis of the earth; and when the hooks are loosened the axis will go too.

Therefore, perhaps, even this petty striving for notoriety owes its roots to a worthier soil than its owners suspect; and if the individual in question be contemptible it is only because, in the scheme of nature, the chaff falls to his share and the wheat slips through his hand. But the wheat is there in a crop more abundant than the world's history has hitherto known, and those that gather it will have notoriety thrust upon them whether they court it or not. Generally they do. They can not escape the atmosphere of the times they live in.

I said a short time back that the society page of the dailies owes its popularity to the fact that it mentions names without particulars, and the weekly to the fact that it individualizes. This may seem inconsistent, but is less so than appears. The society weekly referred to deals exclusively with the Four Hundred, and the Four Hundred are not society pure and simple by any means. Society here is a tree with many branches and not one great trunk. In San Francisco there is but one circle over which the god Society is supposed to preside, and only two others that are at all distinctive. But here there are several dozen sets, each one of which considers itself as good as the other. The Four Hundred is merely the ultra-fashionable and ultra-rich set, that which goes in the giddiest whirl and does most to get itself talked about; but New York is full of circles that have their round of gayeties, and who, in point of birth, can vie with any of the more purely hot-house flora. Nor would the latter think of questioning the fact; they know and like many of the quieter fashionables who are not in their swim because they can not afford it. These outer circles seldom combine in one whirlpool, but are as distinct as the aristocracy of a country town. If any one thinks this strange, he has but to prowl about this vast city for one week to realize how impossible it is for any one person to know "everybody." People who are small suns or bright particular stars in their set are unknown out of it. Two things only give the individual universal social prominence in New York—great wealth and great beauty. But the outer circles cherish a good-natured envy of the gay, good times that make the daily life of the Four Hundred, and, it is safe to say, read about them religiously every week. They know each plant in that small hot-house by name and generally by sight, and they know the characteristics and idiosyncracies of each as well as those of their bosom friends and boon companions. They are proud of the entertainments of their wealthy ones, and of the beauty of their few professionals; and when an American girl marries a distinguished Englishman, they look upon it as a personal matter. The interest is so genuine that it would be amusing if it were not touching.

There is much more home-life in New York than in San Francisco. It is a settled community now, and long past the feverish, restless, pioneer era in which California still lingers. I was paralyzed when I first came here to find in the first four people I met two couples who had been devoted to each other for twenty years.

One curious outgrowth of the personality craze—to return for a moment to the original subject—is the clipping bureau. There are several of these institutions, which, for a trifling sum, supply people with all paragraphs relating to them which appear in the papers. As soon as one does anything to attract attention, these bureaus send him their circulars, and in these circulars is a list of subscribers that sets forth the name of almost every politician, lawyer, orator, author, journalist, actor, actress, and well-known and little-known person in America. Many on the list are very small somebodies indeed, but they are there. GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.

NEW YORK, December 2, 1888.

The three German Emperors, William the First, Frederick the Third, and William the Second, have received in Berlin the soubriquets of Der Greise (hoary), Der Weise (wise), and Der Reise (traveler).

It is said that one person in seven in France follows art either as a professional or dilletante.

THE MADMAN'S TARGET.

I had just completed a tour of the great gardens which surround the sanitarium of the celebrated insanity specialist, Dr. Noirot, and the famous physician was telling me the history of the case of a certain inmate whom we had just met in one of the walks among the trees.

"You noticed how haughtily that one saluted us?" said the physician; "he imagines himself a great personage. He thinks he is a son of heaven—the Emperor of China! You could make a quarto volume out of the dispatches, confidential letters, and diplomatic instructions he gives to the head-warden every day to be forwarded to Marquis Tseng, his ambassador."

At this moment a pistol-shot rang out, seemingly only a few steps in front of us.

"What is that?" I cried, clutching my host's arm; "has one of your patients made away with himself?"

Dr. Noirot smiled. "No," was the reply; "reassure yourself. It is another very curious case which I am going to show you."

And, turning off to the left, he led me in the direction of a small pavilion, half hidden behind a cluster of trees. Unlocking a door he led me through a narrow hall, at the end of which I found myself in a long court surrounded on all sides by high walls. At one end I saw a tall man, dressed in a manner which in some particulars resembled the costume of the Mexicans, standing with his back to the wall. Just as we entered, he was in the act of raising his right hand, in which he held a pistol, and, undisturbed by our coming, with a firm grasp he took aim. I followed the direction in which the pistol was pointed. At twenty paces in front of him, at the foot of the opposite wall, was a white head, with a black hole in the centre of the forehead. As well as I could judge at that distance, it was a plaster-cast of some classic Grecian type—that of Diana, the huntress, I thought.

He fired. The head did not stir; he had evidently shot yards wide of the mark.

"Look!" whispered the doctor, "is it not strange? He never misses a shot!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that every one of the balls strikes in exactly the same place—in that hole in the forehead, which is not as large as a silver dollar!"

The man had taken another pistol from his belt. Again he fired, and, as before, the target remained unmoved. The pistol being loaded with several bullets, in the American fashion, the marksman fired successively five more shots. Not one of them strayed from the path taken by its predecessors.

The doctor laid his hand lightly on the man's shoulder, saying: "Stop a moment."

The marksman turned, and, with a movement of the head, gave consent. His bearded face wore an expression that was energetic but of the deepest melancholy.

Then the doctor led me to the other end of the court and showed me, behind the mask, the iron plate which protected the wall. In the middle shone a round spot, made bright by the continual smashing of the leaden bullets.

"Look!" said the doctor, pointing to the exact correspondence of this shining spot with the hole in the mask; "you see that every ball passes through there. It would be impossible to find one anywhere else."

"Marvelous!" I exclaimed; "what strange story——?"

"Come," said the doctor; "I will tell you within."

We regained the vestibule of the pavilion, and there Dr. Noirot told me this extraordinary story, while behind us, at regular intervals, we heard the detonations of the madman's revolver.

"The name of this unfortunate man," said my host, is Joaquin Ventura, a Spaniard or Mexican, I do not know which. A Mexican, I should judge. These experts with the revolver and rifle generally come from the new world. Moreover this one came from America to France. You might have seen him last year at the Alcazar, where he gave four or five exhibitions. All Paris would soon have been running to see him if an accident had not suddenly interrupted the entertainments. But I ought to go back to the beginning. There is a story connected with all this, which I am sure that I alone know, having been able, during the six months he has been with me—thanks to certain things he has let fall during the attacks of delirium which come over him now and then—to ascertain the details. So I will tell it to you as I interpret it, sure that I am not mistaken.

Joaquin Ventura, when he came to Paris, was accompanied by a young woman named Josefa. She was a superb creature, hardly twenty years old, with the form of a statue and the face of a goddess. One could admire her every evening at the Alcazar, where she appeared clad in the scant costume of a page—tights of pearly gray showing off the pure lines of her beautiful limbs and delicate ankles, doublet of black velvet, which imprisoned a bust as well defined as it was supple, and gave to view a neck as proudly arched and bearing a head of as noble poise as that of the huntress Diana.

She was not wanting in admirers, to tell the truth, and in less than a week the fashion had been established of going to see the splendid Josefa assist in the exhibitions of the celebrated marksman Joaquin Ventura.

She was truly an exquisite sight in her picturesque costume, which brought out in bold relief her strong yet delicate beauty, as she took her stand in the dazzle of the footlights, with arms crossed and head erect, while at fifteen paces Joaquin Ventura leveled the vainly menacing pistol at her, and with infallible aim pierced a card held between her fingers, cut off the stem of a pipe at an inch from her lips, or broke a nutshell poised on the top of her head.

The slightest tremor of the marksman's hand and the glorious creature——! But the hand of Joaquin Ventura never trembled.

What relation did this beautiful girl bear to him? The question was of small importance, as the couple came from one of those countries where the priests will patch you up at a cross-roads a marriage which is quite lawful within a radius of thirty leagues. But certain it is that Joaquin Ventura worshiped this woman as an idol. To convince one's self of this it was only necessary to notice the angry glance that shot from his eye, as they waited in the green-room for their turn to go on the stage, if a gallant should crowd a little too near the beauty. Jealous? Insanely—and you know whether these Othellos from beyond the sea have a patient humor.

Joaquin had to suffer tortures, for his companion, as coquettish as she was handsome, seemed to amuse herself by exciting his jealousy. She would flirt with the first man who caught her fancy, knowing how, with the strange fascination of the daughters of her country, to fan love and to set it aflame, and caring little for the pangs which this compromising behavior inflicted upon the unfortunate man. One day the manager of the Alcazar stopped her as she came running with a merry laugh from a circle of admirers.

"Mademoiselle Josefa," he whispered in her ear, "you ought to take care. This man holds your life at his finger's end every evening."

Josefa burst into a laugh. "He kill me!" said she, shrugging her shoulders; "he loves my beauty too much to want to spoil it."

And every evening she stood before the muzzle of the pistol with the same calm indifference, her velvet eyes fascinating her chafing lover as the eyes of the lion-tamer subdue the rebellious brute.

One evening, when the names of Joaquin Ventura and Josefa had blazed out from the boards of the Alcazar hardly a week, a gentleman of distinguished appearance entered the green-room and went straight to the young woman. She uttered a little cry of surprise and held out her hand for him to kiss the tips of her fingers. Joaquin Ventura, who was talking to the manager, wheeled, and suddenly turned pale. The stranger was a rich American whose assiduous attentions to Señorita Josefa had made somewhat of a sensation in New York. It was on his account, indeed, that the marksman had contracted for an engagement in Paris and hastened his departure from America. Now this man took it into his head to pursue them. For it was undoubtedly for Josefa alone that he had come to Paris. It had only been a matter of finding out where she had gone and of taking passage on the next steamer. That night, when Joaquin and his companion were alone, a terrible scene took place.

But most tragic was the end, a week later. Ever since his arrival the American had followed in the footsteps of Josefa. Joaquin Ventura had tried to compel the manager to exclude him from behind the scenes. But, entering the manager's office with his hat in his hand, the American came out putting away his pocket-book, and the question of his exclusion was dropped.

That evening, when Josefa was undressing to don her page's costume, Joaquin Ventura saw a paper fall from her corsage. He quickly snatched it up and read it; it was a note from the American, offering to run away with her the next day.

When he came down into the green-room the brows of the marksman were fiercely knitted and his lips compressed. He took a revolver and aimed at his own image in the glass, to try his hand. It was without a tremble.

Five minutes afterward he was on the stage and the exhibition had begun. As he turned about, behind him, in the scenes, he saw the American.

Just then, Señorita Josefa planted herself before him, her arms crossed, and the nutshell placed on her hair. Her beautiful lips curled in a loving smile. Whom did she smile at? At the man who was behind him? Joaquin understood it well from the direction of her look. Suddenly, her eyes turning to Joaquin, she ceased to smile—a shade passed over her face. Standing opposite her Joaquin Ventura was pointing the pistol straight at her forehead.

He fired—Josefa fell lifeless to the floor.

When they loosed the corpse of Josefa from his arms, in which he clasped her desperately, Joaquin Ventura was insane.

Was it crime or accident? Heaven knows. The affair was allowed to drop. In Paris the dead are soon gone. The first excitement over, the two principals of this bloody drama were soon forgotten.

Since then, Joaquin Ventura has been in the asylum, passing half of his time in aiming at the plaster mask. Once he happened to break it, and the accident plunged him in a delirium that lasted a week. Except for this, he is as inoffensive as you see him now.

We once more entered the court, and found the marksman putting his weapons in order.

"Not a shot has missed the target, has it?" inquired the doctor, affably.

The man raised his head, and, pointing to the plaster mask, said, in a hollow voice, "Not one—they are all in the centre of the forehead!" — *Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Joseph Montet by M. J. Danneville.*

The iron chairs arranged so thickly along the Champs Elysées belong to the city of Paris. There are seven thousand five hundred of them. The right to control them for the period of four years will soon be sold at auction, the upset price being forty-five thousand francs. The buyer may demand three sous for the use of an arm-chair, and one sou for a plain chair, and must keep them in good order.

England has been patching up Nelson's flagship *Victory* for years. Now a French nautical monument, *La Belle Poule*, the ship that brought home the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena, is causing dissatisfaction because of the money which has been devoted to calking and patching her up. She lies in Toulon harbor, and is used as a floating barracks.

A diamond trust is the next and most magnificent combination to be formed by a consolidation of the four great South African diamond fields.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

The New York blizzard, which so largely swelled the necrology of 1888, found a late victim in George Perry, literary editor and part proprietor of the *Home Journal*, who died November 15th, of consumption, resulting from exposure to that memorable storm.

Prince Bismarck has been obliged to diet himself of late, but he has now rebelled against his physicians and has returned to beer and tobacco. He is as intractable as the late Emperor William, who, until his very last days, persisted in eating lobsters and salmon.

On his way to this country Charles Mitchell, the pugilist, made the acquaintance of Mary Anderson, who was one of his fellow-passengers on the *Umbria*. Miss Anderson gave him her autograph and Mitchell showed her a few points about "the manly art." Miss Anderson displayed great interest in the science of fisticuffs.

Webster Flanigan, of Texas, who became famous by his question at the Republican National Convention of 1880, "What are we here for?" is already a pronounced candidate for the Japanese Mission, now filled by Hubbard, another Lone Star statesman. Flanigan would make an "envoy extraordinary" in the full meaning of the word. He is one of the great poker-players of the age, and the boldness with which he backs a bob-tailed flush is considered a triumph in the art of bluffing.

Miss Jane Morgan, the sister of Miss Middie Morgan, the well-known live-stock reporter, is an artist, and with her own hand has decorated the interior of the unique house built for Miss Middie on Staten Island. One room calls for particular attention. It is rough-plastered, and while this plaster was wet Miss Jane stuck the ceiling with the claws of lobsters, crabs, and the shells of clams. The dado is decorated with the hoofs or "trotters" of pigs carefully woven into wreaths, the centres of which are satin rosettes. This would be a beautiful boudoir for a gentleman to convalesce in from the jimjams.

The second volume of the memoirs of the Duke of Gotha, which has made such a stir in the social and political world of Germany, contains another anecdote of Bismarck—the latest accession to the ranks of doctors of divinity. When secretary of the Prussian Legation at Frankfort, he was asked by a lady why he objected to the appointment of Count Thun to the position of ambassador. He replied that it was not a fit place for a man of his extraordinary talents, there being too little to do. "Then," continued the lady, "why do you retain your office?" "Oh! madam," he answered, "it is another thing with me. I have always been a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, and cared for nothing save my gun. Here I can hunt as well as on my farm and enjoy my *siesta*." The years have changed Bismarck and his ideas.

Maximilian, Duke of Deux Ponts in Bavaria, died in his eighty-second year. Duke Max was a bluff, hearty, homely old man, and a good deal of an Old King Cole. He enjoyed his pipe and his beer to the end. Nothing pleased him more than to play some musical instrument at village dances. The music he performed was generally of his own composing and was of a kind to put life and mettle in the heels of the dancers. He lived much more in the old secularized abbey of Tegernsee than at Munich. His home was in itself picturesque, and stood on the edge of a romantic lake. The lovely daughters of the duke were brought up like wood nymphs and free as air. The second of them is now Empress of Austria. The only attendants allowed to the princesses when they went out to walk or ride were dogs specially trained to take care of them and strong enough to repel aggression. Max's golden wedding was celebrated the other day. His daughters were all fondly attached to him. The eldest of his sons, to make a love-match, renounced his right to succeed to the Duchy of Deux Ponts in favor of his brother, Charles Theodore, the renowned oculist. The third son is married to a daughter of the Princess Clementine of Saxe-Coburg. The other daughters are the Princess of Thurn and Taxis, the ex-Queen of Naples, the Countess of Tripani, and the Duchess d'Alencon, who has just come out of a madhouse. They are all passionately fond of dogs and horses. Their true vocation was to be circus-riders. It is, however, just to add that they are, notwithstanding their horsiness, women of refined appearance and manners. They had all fine figures of the slender, flexible sort and astonishingly fine heads of hair. But they have found life full of disappointments. The Empress of Austria looks upon her husband as the head clerk in a great system of bureaucracy. She would have liked to marry some hero worthy to figure in an opera of Wagner's.

The recent general election in Roumania resulted in an overwhelming victory on the part of the Conservatives—the party opposed to the alliance with Germany and Austria, determined to prevent the succession to the Roumanian crown of King Charles's nephew and recognized heir, and openly agitating for the election of an orthodox and native-born sovereign by means of a plebiscite. The candidate put forward by the party as King Charles's successor was young Demetrius Couza, the natural son of the late Prince Couza (who until 1866 was Hospodar, or Ruler of Roumania), by his *liaison* with the Princess Obrenowitch, the mother of King Milan of Servia. News was received a week later of the Roumanian Pretender's sudden and mysterious death at Ruginosa, his country seat, near Jassy. The telegrams assert that Demetrius Couza committed suicide; it is difficult to understand what possible reason an ambitious, handsome, and wealthy young man such as the pretender could have had for putting an end to his life at the very moment when the efforts of his followers and partisans had just been crowned with success. The prevailing belief, both in official and financial circles, is that his death has been due to assassination. The history of the late pretender is both curious and characteristic. His father, Prince Couza, belonged to an old Boyard family, and by dint of intrigue and cunning had succeeded in getting himself elected as Hospodar or Ruler of Roumania in 1859. The prince was known in the west as well as in the east of Europe as one of the most unscrupulous and dissolute men of his day. Married to the charming Princess Helen, a daughter of the ancient patrician House of Rosetti, he neglected her in the most shameful manner. Indeed, his intimacy with Princess Obrenowitch, mother of King Milan of Servia, was of so flagrant a nature as to arouse the indignation even of the Roumanians, who are admittedly the most licentious people who exist. With a view of counteracting this feeling against him, he suddenly in 1864 brought about by means of a *coup d' état* the emancipation from serfdom and the endowment with land of the peasantry. This achievement practically ruined the great Boyard class, to which he owed his throne, and broke up the political power of the clergy and territorial aristocracy. The latter swore to be revenged on their despoiler, and on the night of February 23, 1866, seven of the prince's most trusted officials and confidants, who had been won over to the Boyard party, forced their way into his palace, dragged him from his bed, and, after compelling him at the muzzle of a revolver to sign an act of abdication, hurried him off to the frontier. Princess Obrenowitch, who was in the room at the time, hid herself behind the curtains, and while the prince was signing his act of abdication, managed to reach the door barefoot and to escape into the street. On leaving Bucharest, Prince Couza settled down for a time in one of the suburbs of Vienna, where he occupied two villas. In the one lived his wife, whose marriage with him had proved unfruitful, while the other was tenanted by Princess Obrenowitch and his son by her, young Demetrius Couza. In 1870 death put an end to the romantic and adventurous career of Mme. Obrenowitch, who was famous, thirty years ago, as being the most beautiful and fascinating woman in Europe. Immediately after her funeral Princess Helen Couza, with a charity and generosity beyond all praise, adopted the five-year-old boy of the rival who had caused her so much sorrow and suffering, and brought him up as her own son. At the close of the Franco-German war the Couzas moved from Vienna to Nice, where they remained until the ex-Hospodar's death in 1875. Young Demetrius, who had inherited much of his mother's good looks and charm of manner, was educated entirely in France, and returned to Roumania only two years ago, on attaining his legal majority, and entering into possession of the estates bequeathed to him by his adopted mother, Princess Helen. As long as M. Bratiano remained in office as prime minister and ruled the country with a rod of iron, young Couza made a point of abstaining carefully from taking any part in political life. However, as the results of the balloting became known, and it was definitely ascertained that M. Bratiano's resignation of the premiership, which he had held for fourteen years, was inevitable, young Couza threw down the mask and for the first time put forward his pretensions to the throne of his father.

AT AN ENGLISH COUNTY BALL.

"Cockaigne" retails the Small-Talk of a Rural Social Function.

Although Parliament has met, "society" has not; and from present appearances it is not likely to meet for some time to come. This is the season of county balls, and the nobility and landed gentry, still in the occupation of their country-houses, are regaling themselves with a plentiful supply of these peculiarly English entertainments. A county ball is a very swell thing in its way. It is given in the town hall or "assembly rooms" of the county or principal town, and is attended by the *élite* of the neighborhood as well as by a strong detachment and characteristic representation of that portion of county society which hangs upon the outskirts, and thus gets its nose within the pale of high life once a year if no oftener. It offers a great opportunity for pushing people. Retired brewers and manufacturers, as well as people who "made their money in trade" (but so long ago that everybody is not cognizant of the fact), flourish at county balls. For the night they rub shoulders with the swells and are as good as anybody. Their daughters are generally pretty—prettier, oftentimes, than the *grandes demoiselles*—and have snug *dots* assured to them if their marriages suit their papas and mammas, which means titled ones if possible. The "trade" girl's beauty may, it is true, be of the sort termed buxom, with a wealth of rosy red coloring which suffuses neck and arms as well as cheeks; and they may talk with an accent but one remove from the "young ladies" in their papa's quondam shops; but their fortunes cover up all defects and secure a plentitude of partners, while dowerless Clara Vere de Veres by the dozen line the walls unasked and undesired.

County balls, like all other public balls in England among the upper classes, are given under patronage. That is to say, there is a list of "lady patronesses" selected from the wives of noblemen and leading gentlemen in the neighborhood. Six to a dozen of these, from duchesses (if they can be had) down to the simple "Mrs.," give the proper tone to the affair, and guarantee not exactly its respectability (for the application of the term "respectable" to nobility and gentry in England would be not only supererogatory but misleading) but its form. The English nobility and gentry are not respectable—stop a bit; do not let me be misunderstood and jumped upon as usual by some itinerant or exiled Britisher whose *cacoethes scribendi* is only equaled by his invulnerable ignorance, and abused for maligning the upper classes. I simply mean that the nobility and gentry of England are not respectable, because they are much more than respectable. They are "great" people. Their standing and position in society are assured and admitted on account of their name. I am painfully well aware that in strictness of language, and in conformity with the rules of propriety in the abstract, the conduct of many of the nobility and gentry is not such as to gain for them, were they plain people, the right to be considered respectable men and women. But that is neither here nor there. We are not talking of conduct, but rank and station. Therefore (strange as it may appear), to call an English noblemen or gentleman "respectable" would be to degrade him. So, Americans in England, beware! Avoid the social solecism as you would the dropping of an *h* in your efforts to speak "English," or the letting slip of an occasional "I guess" or "Why, yes."

I shall never forget the bewilderment of an American lady (one well known in San Francisco, by-the-bye) who on one occasion unwarily made this self-same mistake. It was during her first visit to England, some years ago, that I met her staying at Lord T——'s place in Sussex. One afternoon some young ladies of the neighborhood had ridden over with their brother to tea, and their rather loud masculine manners and horsey talk grated severely upon the sensitive femininity and innate refinement of Mrs. Blank's nature. After they had gone she turned and said to Lady T——:

"I presume their parents are respectable people?"

Lady T—— opened her eyes an eighth of an inch wider than their wonted condition of ajar:

"Respectable people? Dear me, no. Their father is Sir Marmaduke Dunlap and their mother was a daughter of Lord Wagglefield."

As I say, I shall not forget the look of abject puzzle which came into Mrs. Blank's face, as she asked:

"And are they *both* very bad?"

"Both very bad? Who?"

"Why, their parents. These people you mention."

"No, indeed. Whatever made you think so? They are most charming in every way—some of our very nicest neighbors."

"But," went on Mrs. Blank, still unsatisfied, "I thought you said——"

Luckily at that moment some one interrupted the conversation and saved further entanglement. I have no doubt that Mrs. Blank knows better now, and understands these things like a native. If she does not, her six transatlantic voyages since then and her entrée into some of the best English society have served her to little purpose.

But I have gone clean away from county balls. To return: Beside the lady patronesses, each of whom is a dragoness of propriety and virtue, there is a set of gentlemen called "Stewards." These are all great titled swells or gentlemen of position and prominence in the county. They manage and "run" the ball, so to speak, and are in a great measure responsible for it. They frequently wear some slight distinctive badge during the evening, and are all present (or ought to be) at the ball. There are no such things as reception committees, floor committees, or floor managers, as at American public balls. The stewards take their place in every way that the places of such committees in America can be taken at English balls. However, there is not much for a steward to do, really. Nothing in fact. I suppose they would see to the due ejectment of objectionable people, did the occasion arise. But the occasion never arises. I daresay they would direct the removal of any person whose conduct through the effects of too much champagne or exuberance of spirits was such as to call attention to him. But no one's conduct at an English ball, county or otherwise, is such as to make him in any way conspicuous. Whether it be that the possibility of there being too much champagne for any one is too remote a contingency, or that no one's spirits on such occasions ever rise beyond a point within several degrees of exuberance, I can not begin to say. Whichever it is, the consequence is the same. No one does anything different from everybody else. There is a chalk line and everybody walks it. Of course it is quite proper and decent that they should. But it makes the enforced presence of the stewards somewhat superfluous.

The talk that goes on at a county ball is a good deal like what prevails at most balls. There is the same prevalence of commonplaces, the same absence of originality. There is, however, an intensely county flavor about what people say, and a local coloring tinges nine out of ten remarks that are made. While it is true that many of the swells know something of other portions of the earth's surface than that embraced within their county limits, and take interest in mundane affairs of a wider scope, the majority of county-ball attendants are depressingly local.

I was at one of these balls the other night, and the room being too crowded for comfortable dancing, I amused myself with walking about and taking a few notes of the conversations I accidentally overheard now and then. A couple who had been staggering about for some time under the happy delusion that they were waltzing, stopped close by me. He was a young subaltern in the Hussar Regiment quartered in the town, and she a daughter of one of the town council—a retired brewer, who, report said, would give his three girls twenty thousand pounds sterling apiece.

"Awfully jolly dance, a valse," he began; "rather too fast, though, they play, that band."

"Too fast? Why that's our best quadrille band—Bradshaw's."

"Oh, is it?"

"Yes. Fancy what Bradshaw would say if he heard you. Now, if it had been Stephens's, they do play too fast. Last Tuesday night there was a dance at the Richardson's, and they had Stephens, and——"

"Oh, did they, really? I wish we had our band here to-night. You've never heard it?"

"Yes, I have. It played at the Chrysanthemum Show on Monday."

"Oh, that was brass. I mean our strings."

"Oh, yes. Were you at the Chrysanthemum Show? Our gardener won two prizes, one for cut blooms, and——"

"Oh, did he? How awfully jolly. Shall we try again?"

Their places were quickly taken by Sir Henry Fielding, a county baronet and magistrate, who, report said, was hoping to stand for the borough in the conservative interest at the next Parliamentary election, and was taking time by the forelock in doing the civil to the fat wife of the mayor, a man of not only considerable political influence, but the employer of a score or two of voters in the local brass-foundry. Sir Henry had been getting her an ice in the refreshment-room.

"There, Sir 'Enry, I'll do capital where I am. Thank ye. I enjoyed that ice amazing. There be no ices like 'Opkins's. He furnishes the supper as well as the hi—ahem—ices."

"I'm very glad to hear it. He's a capital man, I've always heard, Mrs. Jenkins."

"That he is. Now, there's John—my husband—he says as 'ow—ahem—he says that he ought to have a snug bit o' money laid by, after all these years and——"

"My dear Sir Henry, of all people!" and a tall woman, whose hair and neck glistened with family diamonds of large size and ancient setting, leaned forward from the crowd.

"Lady Featherstone, how do you do? I thought you were in Italy."

"Oh, dear, no. Featherstone had to come home for the autumn session, you know."

"Of course; I forgot. And is his lordship here to-night?"

"Oh, dear, yes; I saw him ten minutes ago with Lady Georgina Beaufoy."

"You don't go up to town yet, then?"

"Oh, dear, no; we shall stay till March or April, and—oh, how do you do, your grace," and the Countess of Featherstone turned to speak to the Duke of Thameswater.

Half-a-dozen steps onward I got wedged in close by two hunting-men, in the "pink" of the Harlingford Hunt.

"Rattling good run we had yesterday."

"Ya-as, so I heard."

"They say Lord Anchovey is going to throw up the mastership."

"Never!"

"The worst of it is that cad Splasherville is likely to succeed him."

"What? Herbert Splasherville? Fancy *his* hunting a pack like the Harlingford! They say his father kept a shop in Portsmouth."

"It's a beastly shame. Shall you hunt Thursday?"

"Where?"

"Brentley Manor."

"What? The Featherstones going to have a meet at their place, and he doesn't hunt?"

"No more he does, but the girls do."

"Won't do 'em much good; the countess will never work 'em off in that way."

"Nor in any other that I can see. All three of 'em have been sitting over there under that window together for the last half-hour, while Maud goes foraging about after partners. By Jove, if she isn't coming this way; I'm off."

"So 'm I."

"As I was sayin', Mr. Timmins, the board should 'ave redooced the rates to ninepence ha'penny in the pound; it's simply ruinous."

"That it is, Mr. Jowley. I tells my missus there'll be no more jaunts to Ramsgate, for wot with poor rates and gas and water rates, and income tax at one and four in the pound, and the price of sugar gone up, and flour, too, why, there be precious little left for a man to get a pot o' beer now an' say nothing of standing a friend—like yourself, Mr. ha, yah!—a fourpenn'orth of gin."

I only heard the voices, and, picturing to myself a pair of hearty, red-faced burgesses from shops in the High Street, sadly out of place at such a gathering, I turned my head to have a look at them. Mr. Timmins was a short and dapper man of middle age, with gray hair parted in the middle, and an iron-gray mustache waxed and twisted at the ends, and an eye-glass in one eye. Mr. Jowley was taller and heavier, with a grizzly beard and a decidedly pale face. Both were faultlessly attired in suits of evening clothes that must have come from the hands of a first-class West End tailor. I was, indeed, surprised.

But my attention was at the moment attracted by one of the handsomest girls I ever saw. She had just come in through the door-way behind from the corridor, and was standing with a younger son of the Duke of Thameswater, a young man in the Guards. She was tall and *distingué*, with perfect features and figure. There was an air about her of unmistakable birth, and high birth at that. The poise and carriage of her head were such as one sees only in old portraits of beauties in the picture galleries of the nobility. Her mouth was small and exquisitely shaped, and when she smiled upon the noble young guardsman, she disclosed a set of pearly teeth which could only have belonged to the daughter of an earl at the very least. Her gown was perfect in style and fit. "Who can she be?" I thought; "I must find out, for really——"

"Thanks, Lord Albert. Here's pa now. He'll look ah-owt (out) for me. Oi'll let you go na-ow." It was my beauty who spoke, and her pa was Mr. Jowley. I then remembered that Jowley was the name of the member for Barville, a neighboring borough, that he was a retired soap-boiler, and that he was the happy possessor of two pretty daughters, whose beauty was only exceeded by the golden charms which would accompany it on their bridal morn.

"Happy young guardsman! You will have it all your own way with your title, and a year among swells will easily cure the accent," I mentally remarked, as I remembered I had a quadrille with the eldest daughter of the lady at whose house I was staying, and of whose party I made one, and the band was striking up the warning bar of the first figure.

P. S.—I have just received the *Argonaut* of October 29th, in which I see that an anglomaniac, who writes from Liverpool and signs himself "Indianian," has taken offense at some very wholesome criticisms of the personal appearance of the Prince and Princess of Wales and family made by Mr. Blakely Hall in a letter to the *Argonaut* some time ago. All Americans can not be anglomaniacs to suit the taste of this Liverpool one, nor can they worship the English royal family as does apparently "Indianian." But Mr. Blakely Hall is, no doubt, fully equal to a fitting reply to this discourteous writer, should he think proper to make one, and needs no help from me. While, however, this Liverpudlian-American vents his splenetic ire upon Mr. Hall for daring to give his unvarnished opinion of the physical beauty of royalty, he does me the honor to send a shot or two at your humble servant. I am sure I feel highly complimented at the company he places me in. I should fancy that the name of Blakely Hall as a journalist and writer was too well and favorably known to be affected by any such remarks as come from this unknown receiver of English hospitality. As for myself, I should merely like to say that I do not wonder that "Indianian" should call my letters vulgar and my statements untrue, and should say that I do not go into good society. If his ideas of good society in England are gained from an experience of that in provincial Liverpool, and among the denizens of its suburban and trans-merseyan villas, I am not surprised. I know nothing about Liverpool society. When I refer to society in my letters I leave Liverpool out of consideration altogether. I will not say any more than this: In England, merchants, ship-owners, and ship-builders do not occupy the same position in society that they do in America. Evidently "Indianian" does not know this. His bad language I can pass by with the contempt it deserves, but his ignorance I can forgive.

LONDON, November 16, 1888. COCKAIGNE.

A novel law point came up before Mr. Justice Butt in the application of a woman to have her marriage with her deceased sister's husband declared void. Such a marriage is contrary to the law of England, but Justice Butt surprised the counsel with the opinion that for one of the parties to ask relief from it was inadmissible.

Among the products which science has put to valuable service is the nettle, a weed which is now even being cultivated in some parts of Europe, its fiber proving useful for a variety of textile fabrics. In Dresden a thread is produced from it so fine that a length of sixty miles weighs only two and one-half pounds.

The Paris prefect of police has bought a wooden horse, harnessed, and all candidates for cabmen must show that they know how to harness and unharness him, and pass an examination on whatever other tests the prefect may propose.

The inventor of the railway ticket, Robert Savill, has just died. Formerly receipts were given for traveling fares as in the case of mail-coaches. Savill, a clerk in the Birmingham Railway Company, hit upon the ticket.

The character of the annual awards of literary prizes by the French Academy may be inferred from the fact that the gold medal was given this year to "Carmen Sylvia," Queen of Roumania, for a poem.

The sixteenth opera of "Faust" has been successfully produced in Königsberg. The author is named Zenger. The first operatic "Faust" was written by Spohr, in 1813.

PEOPLE WHO MAKE YOU TIRED.

"Iris" discusses the Bores of Society.

When Byron wrote

> "Society is now one polished horde,
> Formed of two mighty tribes, the bores and bored,"

his prophetic soul foresaw the terrible spread of the people who make you tired. Every year produces a fresh, green crop of them, and the soporific qualities of each crop are annually more marked. As sure cures for insomnia, these amiable bores could make a good livelihood by letting themselves out to people suffering from wakefulness. An hour in their soothing society will stupefy the most frenzied set of nerves, a little converse with them will subdue the vivacity of a two-year-old.

A certain form of English dude is apt to make one very tired. He is a deceptive creature, unresponsive as a brick-wall, but suggesting on first view a splendid fund of stored wit, wisdom, and humor which he will liberate for your benefit when your sunny smiles have thawed off the upper crust of ice. This induces you to hope, not wisely but too well, and in your sprightly, artless way you set about drawing out the wit, wisdom, and humor which only wait for a little encouragement. But there you mistake. Drawing teeth, drawing corks, is child's play to it. You begin to realize how Sisyphus felt when rolling his stone up the hill.

But of course it takes time to discover your mistake. It can not be that that beauteous husk is empty, you think, and so you set about conversing. You sit side by side in the most amiable manner, and enter into mild and gracious talk. That is, you talk and await in smiling expectation a response. On fortunate evenings—everything being favorable—it comes parsimoniously in grudged monosyllable, dropping slowly and sparingly out, as we might imagine the diamonds and pearls fell from the lips of the enchanted princess. Such precious things are not to be wasted. On unlucky evenings no response at all is given. You fire your very cleverest anecdotes against a handsome, immovable profile, the eyes bent sadly on the ground. You finally get into a state of fury against that unresponsive mask. You batter it with witticisms, you hurl at it chunks of pirated blood and thunder, which you preface with the easy remark "when my father was in Arkansas in '63." But it never responds. Sometimes, when you desist from your pastime breathless and angry, it turns slowly and gazes at you with a tender, soft, gradual smile. Only this and nothing more.

Fibreless people, easily beaten, generally retire before the smile. But those strenuous souls who never brook defeat, continue doggedly, undismayed. They try questions, put artfully:

She—"How many brothers and sisters have you got?"

He—"Four."

She (politely inquiring)—"Four brothers?"

He—"No."

She—"Four sisters, perhaps?"

He—"No."

She (desists and fans herself nervously, thinking; then tries again with demure eyes)—"What is your opinion on the Chinese Exclusion Bill?" and awaits the answer with a vengeful smile.

He (after a pause)—"I don't know!"

She (with suppressed wrath)—"Have your friends no opinions on the subject?"

He—"I never asked them."

A leaden silence. The lady feels exhausted and rubs her forehead with a lace handkerchief. Presently she says, with ominous sweetness:

"Who do you suppose wrote the letters of Junius?"

He—"I never asked."

She (with a fixed and intense eye on him)—"Have you any opinion on the authorship of the 'Bread Winners'?"

He—"I think not."

She (with despairing crescendo)—"No ideas about the Bacon-Shakespeare cryptogram?"

He (without a sign of shame at his debasing admissions)—"Not one."

She (in collapsed dejection)—"And I suppose not a single surmise about the author of 'Beautiful Snow'?"

He turns upon her that delicious, melting smile, but says not a word. A great bustle and excitement immediately ensue, for the exhausted young lady faints, and, like the wicked Sapphira, the young men carry her out.

Opposed to this type is the young American lady, who is a victim of the talking habit in its most virulent form. Her companions leave her society feeling very tired. She is most vivacious and bright. Her friends say of her, "she has a wonderful flow of language." Her enemies, especially the vulgar ones—and all enemies are vulgar—say that she can "talk the hind-legs off a mule." See how different the point of view can be! When her friends hear what her enemies have said, they politely wonder if she has talked off their hind-legs. But why repeat these spiteful recriminations? This young lady is fond of retiring with her victim into secluded corners, where she entertains him with the history of her abnormally gifted family for several generations back. She never loves a dear gazelle, to glad her with his bright, soft eye, that she does not impart to him anecdotes culled from the family history. There are episodes of her own childhood which also must be told, and to which the family's prowess was merely a mild prologue. Naturally these reminiscences of a promising past spur her companion to emulation. He recalls remarkable evidences of genius which decked with amaranths his brow of youth. He burns to tell them. He chafes to enter the arena. As she pauses breathless, he cuts in with——

"Yes, yes; very funny. That reminds me of when I was a little chap——"

"And it was two years after that——" she meditatively interrupts, her eyes fixed in a stare of working memory on her foot, "that I fell through the ice, out skating. It was one of my most horrible experiences," etc. She takes the bit firmly between her teeth and canters proudly off. He succumbs, but waits his time. At the end of her recital he makes a spring for the silence and clutches it with:

"As I was about to remark, when I was a little chap, not six years old, my mother has often told me the story——"

"Six years old," she murmurs, raising her eyes to the chandelier in deepest reverie; "when my brother George was six years old he wrote a Spanish poem, which was considered very remarkable. He was a wonderful child."

She drops the words out lingeringly, but he sees with horror that she is warming with her subject; opening vistas of recollection of George's distinguished powers stretch away before her mental vision. George is on the carpet for the next fifteen minutes. He holds his advantage bravely. The Spanish poem was followed by a Greek one at eight and a Hebrew translation at ten. It is very hard to vie with George's opulent genius. Her companion is gradually swamped by it. Like the Queen of Sheba before the glories of King Solomon, "there is no more spirit left in him." He only sits and waits patiently for the happy time

> "When silence, like a poultice, comes
> To heal the blows of sound."

A person who makes you very tired is one who pursues you, suing for a dance or a little talk. This should be very flattering, and so it is at first. But when its objects find out that he pursues every one in just the same way, they cease to feel flattered and flee his importunities. The hunted fair one seeks sheltered nooks with the partner of her flight, she sinks breathless into the comfortable embrace of a large arm-chair, unfurls her fan, prepares for that indescribably agreeable chat of "sat-out dances," when lo! she hears a soft foot-fall, a vacuously smiling face is obtruded through the portières, and a gentle voice says, sweetly:

"Oh, I've found you at last. I've been looking for you everywhere."

The lady immediately assumes the pale, weak look of one who faints, and says, in a thin thread of voice:

"I'm dying for a glass of water. Won't you be so awfully good as to get me one? It would be so kind of you!" and she fastens upon him her weary, languid eyes, with a soft, slow turn of her head. The obliging creature goes. The faint conspirator rises abruptly, and, thrusting a hand through her companion's arm, they fly breathless and soft-footed for the door. In palpitating fear they peer between the portières, hear the languid pulse of the waltz throbbing in the distance, sweep the bare hall with terrified glances, and, with one quick hand gripping up her gauze train and the other nipped in the bend of the gentleman's elbow, they fly, scattering subdued giggles, broken-off rosebuds, and rags of tulle, anywhere—anywhere out of reach of Ganymede with the glass of water. When he comes they are gone. He surveys the empty seats meditatively, and then trips away to continue the still hunt for them.

But to give the devil his due, he is not half so bad as the girl who "has no chaperon"—the Sticker is, I believe, the appellation by which she is known in the mystic circle of the Boys-about-Town. The Sticker, in her highest forms, is something which freezes the young blood of youth and makes the neatly parted hair of middle age stand on end. She is, of course, not charming. She is apt to be old and gushing, and, like the wicked, when she flees, no man pursueth. It is just the opposite way. If she has firm hold of a partner, he may as well give up all hope and cease forever to yearn for liberty. When he has danced with her six consecutive times and is arriving at the stage when one foams at the mouth and dies, he says, with icy quietude:

"Miss Jones, can I take you to your chaperon?"

"I haven't got any," says the sprightly creature.

They promenade round the room in heavy silence. The men whom the victim knows avoid his wretched, beseeching eyes, and, when they see his melancholy approach, they disperse hurriedly. He wonders if he couldn't suddenly throw her down and rush madly out, or wouldn't it be feasible to fall in a dead faint, overcome by the heat on a night when the thermometer is far below freezing. Unable to bear it any longer, he stops short, and says, desperately:

"Then where *can* I leave you?"

She sees that he has reached the end of his patience and surrenders.

"Anywhere will do," she says, resignedly, knowing that the happiness of the evening is past. IRIS.

DECEMBER 5, 1888.

We are informed upon unquestioned authority that Mr. C S. Laumeister, sheriff-elect, contemplates the appointment of Peter Deveney as under sheriff, Frank Lombard as head book-keeper, Michael Smith as chief jailer, and James Williamson (ex-supervisor) as head keeper. So far as we can ascertain, these are all good citizens and respectable men, competent, honest, and, in all respects, well qualified for the positions to which they have been designated. We would respectfully suggest that there is sufficient time between now and the first week in 1889 to inform Mr. Laumeister of anything he ought to know in reference to these gentlemen, touching their qualifications for the positions they are to fill, and, after they have entered upon the discharge of their duties, to give both the sheriff and his aids time to demonstrate their fitness for the places they will occupy, remembering that Mr. Laumeister has been elected sheriff and gives bonds in the sum of seventy-five thousand dollars for the performance of his duties.

We used, before election, to hear that the success of Dr. O'Donnell for mayor would have dishonored San Francisco. The election of the doctor would have been less disgraceful and less of a misfortune to our city than the election of the best man in it by a fraudulent counting of votes. The present recount of ballots before Judge Finn indicates a rotten condition of things, and, whatever the result may be, will cast a suspicion over our whole boss system of municipal politics.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When Napoleon the Third once paid a visit to the Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph took his "dear brother" to a famous echo. The peculiarity of the natural sounding-board was the distinctness with which the last syllables of a word were reverberated. With natural and national gallantry, Napoleon called out "Eugénie," and the echo called back, "*génie*." Shyly the multiple-crowned Austrian shouted "Elizabeth," and, after a solemn pause, the mountain cried out, mockingly, "*bête*."

When Jeffrey, having reviewed "Marmion" in the *Edinburg Review* in that depreciating and omniscient tone which was then considered the evidence of critical acumen, dined with Scott on the very day on which the review had appeared, Lady, then Mrs. Scott, behaved to him through the whole evening with the greatest politeness, but fired this parting shot in her broken English as he took his leave: "Well, good-night, Mr. Jeffrey—dey tell me you have abuse Scott in de *Review* and I hope Mr. Constable has paid you very well for writing it."

They were sitting around the club-room after a fair day on the marshes, when up spoke an old punter: "I saw Mr. M. make the longest shot to-day I ever saw. He shot from Peach Orchard while the duck was over Cow Island." (Two hundred yards.) This, of course, was received with astonishment, which was pictured, open-mouthed, on every face. Finally, some one said, rather timidly: "W-e-ll, did he kill the duck?" "Hell, no!" said the narrator; "he never touched the duck." The fearful strain was relaxed.

An old man wanted his son to become a crack shot, and got a rifle for him. But the boy was afraid to shoot it, so the old man got him an air rifle that carried about a B shot. The boy practiced on shooting frogs, but could never kill any. One day he saw an old frog sitting on a log, and he took fair aim and fired. The frog slightly turned his head, but no more. The boy shot several times with the same result. Finally he caught the frog with red flannel and a hook and found all the shot inside of him. Come to find out, the frog saw the shot coming, thought they were flies, and swallowed them all.

An amusing episode occurred in the trial of a case in a court in Ellicott City this autumn, while a colored witness named Charles Tydings was giving his testimony. Some doubt as to his correctness about seeing and hearing had been raised, when Colonel George W. King, the opposite counsel, asked if he could see a fly a hundred yards off, to which he gave a positive answer in the affirmative. He was then asked if he could hear a fly crawl that distance. He positively affirmed that he could do that also. The court, counsel, and spectators enjoyed a hearty laugh, and the wonderful witness was allowed to close his testimony.

The Reverend William Lloyd is a Welshman with a keen and exquisite sense of humor. When he returned from a trip abroad this fall, he occupied a seat at the *table d'hote* on the steamer, opposite an obese lady who ate an enormous quantity of pastry, and who frowned significantly every time the clergyman took a draught of his daily portion of ale. One day she leaned across the festive board and inquired loudly, "May I ask, sir, why you drink that nasty stuff?" "To the glory of God, madam," answered Mr. Lloyd, tranquilly. "Well," she snapped, helping herself to another jam tart, "I should think you would be an abstainer." "I am, madam." "An abstainer from what, I should like to know," she observed, sarcastically. "Madam," replied the clergyman, quietly, "from pie."

On Burrard Inlet, in British Columbia, dwells a logging-camp boss, known far and wide by the name of Lev. He is a hunter of some importance, and a rifle-shot of more than ordinary skill. One rainy day Lev took his gun and sallied forth for a deer-hunt, but was overtaken by darkness while a long way from the camp and forced to remain in the woods all night. On searching his pockets he found he was without matches. The logging crew blew horns, fired guns, etc., to guide him home, but without avail. Morning returned, and Lev made his way home just as the crew were turning out for breakfast. Hungry, wet, and tired, he sat down in front of the big camp-fire, rested his face on his hands, his hands on his knees, looked vacantly at the blaze, and for about ten minutes appeared lost in contemplation. He then spoke: "Boys, did you ever hear of a person making a fire by rubbing two sticks together?" "Oh, yes," replied several; "easy enough to do. Common thing," etc. Lev waited patiently till they all got through, and then exclaimed: "It may be easy enough to do, and, perhaps, has been done, but I'll be eaten alive if anybody ever did it in one night."

Everybody in Central Iowa knew the jolliest fellow in that section, Hi Hatch, or, as he was called by all, "Laughing Hatch." He could laugh in a clear, shrill treble for an hour at a time, and the resonant echoes of his high notes were heard a mile, by actual measurement. A bachelor of fifty, he went to Illinois, and returned with a wife. If it had been found that Central Iowa was underlaid with a stratum of gold it would not have produced the excitement that the announcement of the marriage did. The city turned out to serenade him. Everything that could make a noise was brought into requisition. Cow-bells were rung, horns were sounded, drums were beaten, tin-pans were pounded, boards were scraped against one another, whistles were blown, and the portion of Des Moines where "Laughing Hatch" lived was turned into Pandemonium. The mayor ordered the city marshal to preserve order. The marshal was powerless. For three nights the clamor and din continued, and then the city resumed the even tenor of its way. The humorous part of the narrative lies in the fact that during all the uproar Hatch and his bride were serenely enjoying their honey-moon at Indianola, thirteen miles distant, and the tumult took place before an empty house.

The gossip in Masonic circles over the publication of a story to the effect that the Grand Lodge of Scotland had been called upon to discipline two of its members for permitting two women to witness and overhear a part of the ceremony and proceedings of a Masonic lodge while in session, recalls the legend of the only female Mason. In the office of the grand secretary of the grand lodge, in the Masonic Temple, New York, hangs an oil painting of a woman dressed in Masonic regalia. It was presented to Colonel Ehlers, and is a portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Aldworth. She is said to have received, about the year 1735, the first and second degrees of Freemasonry in Lodge No. 44, Doneraile, Ireland. Mrs. Aldworth (*née* Elizabeth St. Leger) was the youngest child and only daughter of the first Viscount Doneraile of Ireland. During the mastership of Lord Doneraile, brother of Mrs. Aldworth, the meetings were held at Doneraile House, his residence. The lodge was held in a room separated from another by stud and brick-work. The young lady determined to gratify her curiosity. With a pair of scissors she removed a portion of a brick from the wall. She thus witnessed the first two degrees in Masonry. When the brethren were about to separate, she became nervous and agitated. Being in the dark she stumbled over a chair. The crash was loud, and the tiler burst open the door and, with a light in one hand and a sword in the other, appeared to the terrified and fainting lady. He was soon joined by the members of the lodge present, and luckily; for it is asserted that but for the prompt appearance of her brother, Lord Doneraile, and the other cool members, her life would have fallen a sacrifice to what was then esteemed a crime. She was placed under guard of the tiler in the room where she was found. The members reassembled and deliberated as to what was to be done. For over two hours she could hear the angry discussion, and her death deliberately proposed and seconded. At length the good sense of the majority prevailed. It was resolved to give her the option of submitting to the Masonic ordeal to the extent she had witnessed (fellowcraft), and if she refused the brethren were again to consult. Miss St. Leger, exhausted and terrified, gladly and unhesitatingly accepted the offer and was initiated.

VANITY FAIR.

It would have had a healthful effect upon the United States, in at least one direction, if the Sackville-West incident had resulted in strained relations between the two countries, even to the withdrawal of diplomatic representatives on both sides and open hostility. Not that the United States has any serious cause of grievance against England, but that an open rupture is almost the only means whereby Americanism might be instilled into those Americans who feel inferiority to the subjects of Madame Victoria for the very reason that every good American is the subject's superior. Mortifying as is the paradox, it is none the less true. The American snob, or anglomaniac, gets among a people who acknowledge fealty to a mediæval form of government, founded upon ignorance, superstition, and tyranny, which that people is compelled to admit is outgrown, even while they uphold it, and straightway this American snob, or anglomaniac, who should be exultant in the fact that he lives under, and is a part of, a noble system of government, whose divine object is the ultimate freedom, enlightenment, and emancipation of man, is overcome by the same tinseled glory of stage pageant and pompous ceremony of court that was instituted in the infancy of civilization to awe barbarians. Anglomaniac, perhaps, is not the word to describe this species of snob. Anglolunatic fits him better. We can forgive the anglomaniac for wearing English coats, English hats, and English boots—if they fit him better than the American articles; we need only laugh at him when he sticks a monocle in his uneducated ocular, and sacrifices the sight of one eye to English form; we can overlook his mistake when he displays a conspicuous chain upon his trousers that is attached to the keys in his pocket, after the manner of the English butler, under the impression that he is patterning upon the English gentleman; we may even bear with the asininity of his imitation British accent, which is the surest proof that he never saw anything of polite society abroad. These are venial offenses, if, in his heart, he cherishes American institutions, and realizes the mighty moral distinction between the citizen and the subject. But we can not forgive the anglolunatic, who cringes in the presence of rank that should be meaningless to him; fawns upon nobility that is ignoble when measured by the heroic standard set up by the fathers of the American Republic, and down in his base and paltry soul regrets the cruel fate that placed him in the van of human progress. Anglolunacy is not a malady of trivial importance when we consider how general it is among Americans who go abroad. Most of our representative men succumb to it. Leading statesmen, diplomats, men of affairs, and literary men visit England and come back cherishing the memory of an encounter with Mr. Albert E. Guelph, known as the Prince of Wales, as the dearest incident of their travels, though, considered from the American point of view, he is an extremely cheap and paltry fellow. Our young men and maidens would sacrifice years of their lives for the proud privilege of presentation at court, which consists in being permitted to masquerade in an elaborate toilet and to bow before royalty, unmindful that the moral degradation the ceremony implies is not one whit less than that of the meanest and lowest victims of Romanism, who fall upon their knees when the burly priest, who fattens upon their ignorance and credulity, passes before them.—*Life.*

At Mary Anderson's opening night in "A Winter's Tale" (says the New York correspondent of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*) the most noticeable thing about her audience was that half the men wore the new tailless evening-coat—the "Cowes" coat they call it in England, the Tuxedo here. The first time the tailless coat was seen on this side the water was two summers ago at Newport, when a few of the small boys, hearing the Prince of Wales had been seen in one, promptly rushed up to town, interviewed their tailors, and appeared next week in the Cowes coat, minus a waistcoat, which was replaced by a broad, soft silk sash, either white, gray, or scarlet. They never stopped to inquire where the prince was seen in this informal version of the *costume de rigueur*, which was at a little bachelor dinner given by the Duke of Portland in which he condescended to participate, and they sallied forth to balls and dinner parties in this *dégagée* toilet and got very promptly and properly snubbed by their hostesses in consequence. They laid the tailless-coat tearfully and regretfully away then, and it has lain in camphor until it was suddenly resurrected and flaunted forth in numbers to greet our Mary. It seems that in this interim the Cowes coat has been steadily gaining in popularity on the other side, though, as at first, it is donned only for informal occasions, bachelor dinners, evenings at the club, in country-houses after a hard day on the moors or with the hounds, and for the theatre when going alone or with men only. The mistake of the first wearers on this side had been in replacing the regulation evening-coat altogether with this tailless affair. Now the older and more conservative men have taken it up, and it will be very popular when worn with discretion. It is really nothing more than a sack-coat of the fine black diagonal, which is replacing broadcloth for evening wear, and is fitted more into the back than the sack-coat, and is not cut to button, being finished with a silk-faced shawl-collar down the entire front, like the ordinary evening-garment. The black trousers, with silk braid up the side, are worn with it, also the low black waistcoat cut U-shaped in front, but a black tie is permitted with the Cowes coat, and a man may also substitute a black pot hat for the light silk one required with regulation dress. Some of the younger men who are fond of white waistcoats wear them with the Cowes coat, and in that case add a white tie. It has grown to be almost universal in New York to wear evening-dress at the theatre, though ten years ago such a thing was rare, and the men welcome a change of fashion that will permit them to be at the same time informal and correct. Then, with women, they will still be in the same old uniform, for women themselves are rapidly adopting the English fashion of coming in dinner-dress to the theatre. So universal has the habit become of making a toilet for the evening meal, it is no uncommon sight to see at least a third of the women in the audience with bare heads, elaborately dressed and in dinner-toilets, though rarely *décolletés* further than a square cut out in front, or a narrow V-cut back and front. There was another thing noticeable about the men the other night—indeed, one sees it everywhere this season—and that is the great prevalence of golden brown beards and mustaches. "Can they be dyed?" asked a man who had been struck with the multiplicity of auriferous beards in conjunction with dark-brown and red hair. He sought out a barber to ask the question, and the barber said yes. He further said that it arose from the craze for outdoor life which possesses all fashionable New York. When the young fellows began to spend their summers on the tennis-courts, in racing-shells, atop of coaches, and polo-ponies, they began to develop a new type and standard of masculine beauty. Their skins grew clear, and brown, and smooth as satin, and the sun bleached their beards and mustaches, as the sun will do, until a brown face with blonde attachments was held to be the correct thing, and the young women promptly and emphatically indorsed it. Almost any man can get this desired style of countenance in summer if he will only take enough out-of-door exercise and bare his countenance to the sun and wind, but when he gets back into the office for the winter's work—dark as they mostly are, the gas frequently requiring to be lit at four o'clock in the afternoon—their cheeks begin to pale and their mustaches to darken, and that charming effect of gold-brown hair against a nut-brown face becomes only a regretful memory. The result has been that a lot of the sillier young fellows tried to stop the destruction of their painfully and toilfully acquired beauty with artificial means, as the other sex have been on occasions known to do.

"One of the most profitable forms of business in New York," remarked an up-town real-estate dealer to a reporter, "is that of running furnished flats. Nearly all of the principals in the business are women. Some have started in a small way, and some have deliberately started in the enterprise backed by capital. The women nearly always have some connection, either through relationship or marriage, with furniture manufacturers, and that is where they reap the greater portion of their profits. I can tell you any one of a dozen women who will hire a completely furnished flat for you within three days. Their profits are large. A flat which will rent unfurnished for seventy dollars a month, will easily rent for one hundred dollars a month when furnished. That is a bonus of three hundred and sixty dollars a year. That will be ten per cent. on three thousand six hundred dollars, and as the furniture costs very much less than half of that, as a rule, they usually average more than twenty-five per cent. The wear and tear is to be considered, of course, but good furniture is usually bought at the outset, and it wears much more durably than the agents are willing to admit. There are many ways of making money in this big town, and this is one of the best of them."

New Yorkers who see the English chorus-girls as they walk up and down Broadway, easily get the impression that they are plumply built and well rounded. They are proportionately surprised when they see the same girls in the theatre in low-neck dresses to find that their busts are flat and their arms rather thin. The secret of the extraordinary metamorphosis seems to lie in the fact that they are large boned and dressed with design. Their ulsters are big and heavily padded, and the size of their shoulders increased by heavy furs. They are much more tightly laced than American women.

The case of young Bressler, of Detroit, who has been imprisoned in Munich, has excited comparatively little interest among Americans there. Of late years they have rather learned to expect periodical escapades from fellow-countrymen resident in Germany. The Germans of social distinction, who regard all Americans as greedy Philistines, consider Bressler's pranks the normal result of his being born an American. Only upon German tradesmen has Bressler's career probably made a lasting impression. They have made a big mental note of the circumstances of his indebtedness, and they will not forget it the next time Americans enter their shops. Of late years confidence in American customers has been badly shaken. Every year an increasing number of Americans have gone home after eating, drinking, and dressing at the expense of the Fatherland. In most cities the frequent recurrence of cases like young Bressler's has caused this decline of American credit. The story of the Anglo-American Club has become classic among Heidelberg tradesmen. It was organized with a big flourish of trumpets; its rooms were elegantly furnished; its wines were the best in the Rhine and Neckar Valleys. Heidelbergers still tell fabulous stories of the fine banquets which the club gave. All Englishmen and Americans of note who visited Heidelberg were handsomely dined and wined, apparently at the club's expense. Mark Twain was its guest during his latest visit to Heidelberg. In short, the Anglo-American Club just about ran Heidelberg for a time, and wine-merchants, tobacconists, and caterers competed for the privilege of writing the club's name on their books. The German Corps became tremendously jealous of their American rival. They said bad things about the "humbug" Americans and "beefsteak" Englishmen. The climax of the club's prosperity was reached when a German prince chose to join it rather than the White Caps, a corps which boasts that it never admitted a man below the rank of baron. These noblemen decided that the Anglo-American Club must go. They raised the cry of humbug until the tradesmen began to feel uneasy and send in their bills to the club. The club membership immediately began to decrease. More bills came and more members left. Before Heidelberg trade could get the tardy aid of Heidelberg justice the last Anglo-American Club member was across the border. The shop-keepers in the Haupt Strasse do not beg for the privilege of charging up articles to Americans any more. If an American offers to pay a small debt with a big piece of money now, the Heidelberg shop-keeper does not tell him as formerly to wait till next time, but he sends a clerk up to the bank ten blocks, if need be, to get the coin changed. American women have done little less [illegible] countrymen to bring the American traveler into financial credit. Scores of young girls go over there to study music or German every year. They are very often alone. They spend a deal of money to keep up their reputations of being rich Americans. Those who have comparatively little money to spend find some way of running up large bills, which they eventually jump fully as cleverly as if they wore trousers. A typical case created an unusual stir in the Anglo-American society of Leipsic something over two years ago. A girl hardly seventeen years old came over from Washington Territory to attend the conservatory. She was a butcher's daughter, and her father had just money enough to give her the musical advantages of a year's study in Germany. She became acquainted with several American students at the university, who taught her what they knew of Leipsic life. She began to dress handsomely. She entertained American students and a German officer or two. She bought her own wines. For three months she was the best known and most courted of the American women in Leipsic. Several Germans, who mistook her for a Western heiress, wished to marry her. At four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon she boarded a train for Bremen, with no other baggage than a hand-sachel. The American student who had last received her presents and paid for her boxes at the theatre packed up her trunks and sent them after her. Four days later several big dealers in millinery goods turned up at her boarding-house with formidable bills. When they learned that she had started for America they ordered her arrest at Bremen. The steamship had sailed. After a few hours they cabled to Southampton. The steamship had put off thirty minutes before the cablegram arrived. Then there was a big hubbub among the retail dry-goods dealers in Leipsic. They claimed to have bills for three thousand marks against the girl from Washington Territory. Their claims were found to be about correct. For three months the Western girl had had everything, from a shoe-lace to a silk dress, charged on the shop-keepers' books. A correspondence followed between Americans in Leipsic and the Western girl's parents. Her mother wrote: "We done all we could for her. We hev sold the store to pay her way. We will pay her debts as soon as we can make the money." Most of the debts, however, remained long unpaid. Many of them are still unsettled.

England is not very proudly represented among us at this writing (says "Brunswick," the New York correspondent of the Boston *Gazette*). We have here in New York three Englishmen, two of them peers of the realm, the other an untitled gentleman, who seem to me, take them for all in all, to be a pretty sorry lot. There is the Marquis of Queensbury, His Grace the Duke of Sutherland, and the redoubtable Mr. Langtry. The latter is, perhaps, the decentest of the lot, though he does not occupy a very enviable position before the public. But take the other two—I am not much given to spread-eagleism, but I should be very much ashamed to have American men occupying similar positions at home of the stamp of either of these noblemen. The Marquis of Queensbury is chiefly conspicuous as having established the prevailing rules of the prize ring, and his associates are men to whom these rules are the golden rules of life. They are the "sports," professional and amateur, and can hardly be said to have the same social standing as the marquis. I have no doubt they are men of equal intelligence and refinement; if they were not, they would not prove so companionable. It is with these prize-fighters, book-makers, and roughs generally that the Marquis of Queensbury spends his time. He is a dapper little fellow, with clerical side-whiskers and sombre clothes, and, if one did not know, he would be sure to take him for a city missionary at his work. As far as I know, the marquis does not seek "society," nor does society seek him. The office of the *Police News* is his favorite rendezvous and Richard K. Fox his "pard." The Duke of Sutherland does not meddle with the prize ring, but he insults ladies and gentlemen by forcing his female companion upon them. I do not know whether I should say that he forces her upon them, for every one who knows his grace knows what they have to expect. Of course there are plenty of self-respecting Americans who close their doors in his face; but there are others, not so self-respecting, who can not withstand the attractions of a duke, and who accept him and the woman with him. There are no men so bold as Englishmen in their immorality. A Frenchman may do just the same sort of thing, and probably does, but he would no more expect the ladies of his acquaintance to know the objectionable person than he would expect them to forgive him if he thrust her into their drawing-rooms. The Englishman, more brutal, considers no one but himself, not even his wife. Close upon the heels of the Duke of Sutherland's arrival in this country comes the announcement of the death of the duchess, and every one knows what it was that hastened her end. There was Sir Samuel Baker, the famous African traveler, who visited this country some years ago, and whose line of conduct was not unlike that of the Duke of Sutherland. The Geographical Society of New York, an association of perfectly moral gentlemen, was put to its wits' ends to know what to do about "Lady Baker," and ended, I believe, in doing nothing. I shall not try to reform the morals of English noblemen, but I should like to have my countrymen, and more particularly my countrywomen, give them the cut direct when they bring their harems to our shores.

France may be in great political embarrassment with Bourbon princess, Napoleonic intrigues, and Boulanger; the republic may be in danger; a German war may be impending; riots may occur on the boulevards of Paris; Italy may invade her soil—but money is plenty. The Russian loan has been taken by French bankers; money has been subscribed for the Panama Canal; Russia is made happy through the opulence of her generous ally; Germany is miserable because she loses a borrower; De Lesseps weeps—he is so happy at the prospect of more money to spend in connecting the two oceans. France has our best wishes that she may survive all the perils and find her republican government firmly established.

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Word is received from Paris that Katherine O'Meara, the author of biographies of Mme. Mohl and Frederic Ozanam, is dead.

The "Poëmes Complets" of Edgar Allan Poe, translated by M. Gabriel Mourey, with an introduction by J. Péladan, will shortly be published in Paris by M. Dalou.

William R. S. Ralston, an English writer on folk-lore and mythology, has become insane, and the Whitechapel murders are supposed to be partly responsible for the misfortune.

William E. Curtis, the author of the recent successful book, "The Capitals of Spanish America," has almost finished a novel of South American life. It deals with the search in Ecuador for a treasure of the Incas.

The three concluding volumes of Sir Richard Burton's "Supplemental Nights" are said to be about ready for issuance to subscribers. Sir Richard, though pretty badly shaken by his recent illness, is now convalescent.

A new evening newspaper enterprise has been started in Melbourne, to be called the *Evening Standard*, with a capital of three hundred thousand dollars. The population of Melbourne is now four hundred thousand.

A new book from the pen of Miss Frances Courtenay Baylor is announced by Lippincott. It is a collection of stories arranged under the title of "Robert's Wife, and other Tales." Miss Baylor, by the way, has written some papers on "English and American Children" for *St. Nicholas*.

On December 6th the *Independent* celebrated the completion of its fortieth year. Articles were printed from Dr. Richard S. Storrs, the only one of the original editors now living; by Henry C. Bowen, who is one of the two original proprietors now living, and by Dr. Samuel T. Spear, who was a contributor to the first number.

Lord Tennyson is said to be writing a new play for Mary Anderson, which will be founded on the story of Robin Hood and Maid Marian. It is rumored that Miss Anderson will produce during her present engagement in New York Tennyson's play, "The Cup," which was written for Miss Terry and Mr. Irving, and produced at the Lyceum Theatre, London.

Squire Rider Haggard is a hearty lover of field sports. So is that most successful modern writer of sporting novels, Captain Hawley Smart. The latter, however, is so weak in health that he is unable to take any share in the scenes he describes. He lives in Cheltenham and is a great favorite in society, although for months at a time it is impossible for him to leave the house.

The Abbé Bossuet, who lately died in Paris, is said to have had in his veins the blood of the family of the other famous abbé of his name. He possessed the most magnificent collection of rare books and pamphlets in Paris. He was an intimate friend of Victor Hugo, and it was in his library that the novelist collected the materials for "Notre Dame." It is thought probable that M. Bossuet was the type of Myriel, Hugo's good bishop.

The Paris *Temps* has been publishing a French translation of Amélie Rives's "most famous" story. That London Tory paper, the *St. James's Gazette*, mentioning the discussions in this country of Miss Rives's best-known work, says, with a sniff: "All this about a young lady, not very clever, who has written a stupid and vulgar story that would not even be 'short-noticed' in an English newspaper, if the author had been English."

"From Flag to Flag: A Woman's Experiences and Adventures in the South During the War, in Mexico, and in Cuba," by Mrs. Eliza McHatton-Ripley, will be published early this month by D. Appleton & Co. The author was the wife of a planter in Louisiana, and the volume contains, among other things, a narrative of stirring adventures after the capture of New Orleans, with accounts of attempts to reach Mexico, and of life on a sugar plantation in Cuba.

Homer Greene, in a letter to a friend in regard to the various claimants to the honor of having written the poem, "What My Lover Said," after giving the circumstances in which the poem was published by him on November 19, 1875, makes the following offer: "To any one who will produce a copy of the poem printed in any publication of an earlier date than November 19, 1875, I will cheerfully make a deed of my Highland Cottage property at Honesdale, which I value at fifteen thousand dollars."

"M. R. L." writes to the *Critic* from Dubuque, Iowa: "It is a remarkable fact that the so-called literary people know almost nothing of the mental food dealt out to the country in general in the form of fiction. That the caterers for the New York *Weekly*, the *Fireside Companion*, and others of that class are aware of this, I have lately had two instances. I have a habit of looking at everything that crosses my path in the way of reading matter; and somewhat over a year ago, in a hotel-parlor, I happened to pick up a paper which proved to be the *Waverly Magazine*. The first paragraph in a story attracted my attention by its diction, which I saw at once was superior to the general standard of such papers. I read a column, and discovered that Nora Perry's charming little story, 'In the Red-Room,' had been copied bodily, only the names being changed. Yesterday, my sister, reading Bulwer's 'The Haunted and the Haunters,' told me that it seemed strangely familiar to her, though she was quite certain she had never read it. She very soon recalled the fact that when a child, some years ago, she had read in an obscure story-paper an exactly similar story. There is very little danger of an author of repute ever finding out that his work has reappeared in the form I call attention to."

"The Great War Syndicate" is the title of the newest story by Frank R. Stockton, which he has sold to Collier's *Once a Week*. The author summarizes this satire on the times in the following passage from a letter: "This is a history of a most remarkable war between the United States and Great Britain. It is true the war has not yet taken place, but its marvelous features and incidents are fully detailed by the author. This war is waged on the part of the United States by a syndicate who make a contract with the government to carry the war to a successful conclusion without aid from the army and navy of the United States. The surprising manner in which the syndicate prosecutes hostilities, the amazing and stupendous powers of its engines of war, of which it owns a monopoly, and the ethical-cultured fashions in which the campaign is conducted are fully set forth, with all the humorous and hitherto unknown incidents connected with them. The result of this war, entirely satisfactory to both, delights the soul of the Anglo-Saxon race to such an extent that both England and America unite to build a monument to Thomas Hutchins, whose fate is recorded in the history." The price paid for "The Great War Syndicate" is given at over five thousand dollars. It is said to contain more than sixty thousand words.

Sheridan's Memoirs.

"The Personal Memoirs of General Philip H. Sheridan" forms a valuable addition to the personal history of the civil war. The first volume traces briefly his early life, his life at West Point, and his education in the practical school of Indian warfare in California and Oregon. At the outbreak of the war he was called to the Mississippi Valley, and the various movements of the army in the West, in which General Sheridan took an active part, are graphically described. His experience in the rough fighting of the Indian wars served him in good stead, and he early assumed a position which renders his reminiscences of these events peculiarly valuable. It has been his endeavor in the memoirs to avoid the beaten track of history, which has already been so fully covered, and to describe more particularly the events with which he was personally familiar and the prominent persons with whom he came in contact. Such an attempt involves the danger of rendering the narrative too personal in character, but this danger has been admirably avoided. The second volume carries the narrative through the closing events of the war, and contains, also, an account of his visit to Europe and his observations on the Franco-Prussian War. These observations are peculiarly valuable from the fact that his familiarity with the operations of our armies qualified him for making comparisons between the military methods of Europe and those of America. The text is illustrated by a number of valuable maps, those of the battle-fields of Winchester, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, Dinwiddie Court-house, Five Forks, the expedition from Winchester to Petersburg, the field of operations of the Army of the Cumberland in 1862-3, the battle-field of Stone River, a map of the Shenandoah Valley, and a folding map of Central Virginia, embracing all the expeditions, being particularly noticeable. There is also an excellent map showing the field of operations in Europe. There are several steel-plate and wood-cut portraits of General Sheridan at various times and of the great men with whom he had to do. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; for sale only by subscription by the J. Dewing Company, 831 Market Street; price, cloth, $6.00 for the two volumes.

New Books and New Editions.

Daniel Defoe's "From London to Land's End" has been reprinted in the National Library by Cassell & Co.; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"The Countess Eve," a novel by J. H. Shorthouse, has been republished in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 25 cents.

"True or False Finance," by a Tax-Payer, is the latest issue in the series of Questions of the Day, and is a statement of the tariff question called forth by the late election. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by John W. Roberts & Co.; price, 25 cents.

"Half Holidays," by Harold Van Santvoord, is a volume of very short essays on a very wide variety of subjects. They are light and semi-humorous in style, though they are by no means to be classed among humorous publications. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 75 cents.

"Scotch Caps," by "Jak," is a story for boys. It narrates the adventures of a lot of young Americans at a boarding-school which is managed on novel lines and gives the boys many opportunities to learn self-government in the trying school of experience. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"How She Did It; or, Comfort on $150 a Year," by Mary Cruger, is declared by the author of its being to be a statement of facts, without evasion, mental reservation, or equivocation, so that others may follow her example and purchase a patch of rocks, erect a house thereon, and live in comfort on the stipend mentioned in the title. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

The first volume of Brentano's Romantic Library, which has just been issued, contains three notable French stories—"Jettatura," by Théophile Gautier; "A Noble Sacrifice," by Paul Féval; and "The Black Pearl," by Victorien Sardou. The translation combines a fair degree of literalness with good, idiomatic English, and the stories are excellent examples of the authors' various styles. Published by Brentano's, New York; for sale by Pierson & Robertson; price, 50 cents.

General Lew Wallace has gained quite a reputation as an author by his works of Oriental fiction, and now his wife, who has already written for the public of other parts of the world, joins her husband in his Oriental journeyings. "The Repose in Egypt" is the title under which a number of sketches of travel in Egypt and Arabia have been collected from the pages of the papers and magazines in which they first appeared. Published by John B. Alden, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

"Better Times," a short story written some years ago by Henry Hayes, the author of the "Story of Margaret Kent," furnishes the title for a book in which a number of the short stories of this author are gathered together from the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Good Company*, *Sunday Afternoon*, *Appleton's Journal*, and the *Galaxy*. Besides "Better Times," the book contains "One Too Many," "The Tragedy at Dale Farm," "The Story of a Silk Dress," "A Bohemian," "Miss Ruth," "A Pair of Silk Stockings," "Aux Sérieux," "The Young Doctor," and "The Widow's Mite." Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Life of Raphael," by Herman Grimm, has been translated from the German with the author's sanction by Sarah Holland Adams. It is the mental rather than the outward life that is treated in these three hundred and more pages, and the author has endeavored to show for the artist an influence on the church reform movement. The growth of Raphael's genius is considered in five chapters on "The Sposalizo (The Marriage of Mary)," "The Entombment," "The Camera della Segnatura," "The Cartoons for the Tapestries," and "The Sistine Madonna and the Transfiguration"; and a sixth chapter discusses four centuries of Raphael's fame. Published by Cupples & Hurd, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $2.00.

"Paradoxes by a Philistine," by William S. Walsh, or, as the author would translate the title, after defining the words "paradox" and "Philistine," "Unrecognized Truths by an Anti-Prig," is a collection of essays which have, for the most part, appeared in various magazines, and are here collected, as the author frankly explains, because he "wants them in some form for convenient re-reading." As most of his readers who have enjoyed the essays in their original form are in a similar position, the reason for their reappearance ought to be sufficient. The sixteen essays are graceful in style and largely original in thought, two qualities which will commend them to all. Published by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

A volume of considerable interest and value to writers was recently issued by Eleanor Kirk, under the title "Periodicals that Pay Contributors." The inquiries for additional information addressed to the author have induced her to issue another small volume, entitled "Information for Authors." The information, which concerns the preparation of manuscripts for the press, the modes of disposing of them, and the price likely to be received, is addressed particularly to beginners in literary work and repeats many familiar rules, but it may also be profitably read by those of more experience. The chapter on translations will be found instructive by many who consider that line of literary work so easy. Published by the author, 786 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.; for sale by the booksellers.

Emerson has been the subject of many notices, biographical, critical, or eulogistic, but the list would hardly be complete without an estimate by his friend, A. Bronson Alcott. Such an estimate, brief and incomplete, yet essentially appreciative and satisfying, is now published under the title "Ralph Waldo Emerson, Philosopher and Seer." The book contains a prose essay and Mr. Alcott's "Ion: a Monody," read at the Concord School of Philosophy in 1882. Mr. Sanborn's ode to Emerson, "The Poet's Countersign," completes the volume. A number of illustrations add to the interest, prominent among which are the portraits of Emerson and Alcott, which face each other at the beginning of the volume. Published by Cupples & Hurd, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.00.

"Elfin Music" is a collection of poems relating to fairies and fairy-land. The editor, Arthur E. Waite, has a rather lengthy but interesting introduction describing the development of fairy mythology. The selected poems are not arranged chronologically because there is not a sufficiently harmonious development of fairy fancy in English poetry to warrant such an arrangement. The plan adopted opens with a bird's-eye view of the country of the fairies, followed by a prelude imploring their return into the world of humanity. After this the court and people are described, the chronicles of fairyland are recounted, and the book closes with an epilogue which shows why the fairies have departed and what are the conditions of their return. Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 40 cents.

The padded sateen covers and elaborate title design, printed in sepia washes and silver flecked with pink and blue, of "Baby's Lullaby Book: Mother Songs" arouse anticipations of a more than ordinarily handsome gift-book, and they are amply realized in its pages. It contains a set of thirteen verses, a "Mother's Song," and a short poem for each month of the year, printed first alone in the form prescribed for poetry and then repeated as the words of simple and pretty songs composed especially for them by G. W. Chadwick. Each month's song is accompanied by a picture representing some phase of child-life appropriate to the season. These pictures are reproduced in colors, generally with the dainty brightness of water-colors, but in a few instances with the solidity of oils, and the designs are well conceived by W. L. Taylor, and so well printed that Mr. Prang has declared that never in his thirty years' career as an art publisher has he produced anything of which he can so justly be proud as of this book. The paper is extra heavy and cream laid—the colored pictures being printed on smaller sheets of a kind of roughened paper, which are superimposed upon the others with a tinted border—the inner covers are in a gorgeous-figured gold paper, and the book is done up in a box to insure it against injury in transportation. The first one hundred copies were ordered from the publishers, L. Prang & Co., Boston, by Pierson & Robertson, and bear their firm name on the first page; price, $7.50.

A valuable "History of French Painting" has been issued by C. H. Stranahan. The book treats of French art exclusively, and hence the earlier period, when the distinctive art of the French was as yet undeveloped, is treated with considerable brevity. Thus French art prior to the sixteenth century is disposed of in a brief chapter of eight pages; the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries each receive one chapter, while the nineteenth century occupies three-fourths of the volume. This is because the distinctive elements of French art were not developed until the present century, and the influence of the earlier art is difficult, almost impossible, to trace. A valuable feature of the book is the presentation of lists of the works of the various painters, showing the order of their production, and therefore forming the basis for studying the development of their artistic genius. A good account is also given of the founding of the Academy of Painting and Sculpture in 1648; its development under the fostering care of Colbert in 1662-1683, by which French art gained an official foundation; its exhibitions, regulations, and its schools of painting. The book is illustrated by eighteen reproductions of representative pictures: *Et in Arcadia Ego* (N. Poussin), *Triomphe d'Alexandre* (C. Lebrun), and *Les Trois Muses* (E. Lesueur), representing the art of the seventeenth century; *Repas de Paysans* (Le Nain), *Portrait de Louis XV.* (H. Rigaud), *Fête Champêtre* (A. Watteau), and *Départ pour le Travail* (J. F. Millet) the eighteenth; and *Le Portrait du Sergent* (Meissonier), *Le Serment des Horaces* (David), Le Gué (C. Froyon), *Écluse dans la Vallée d'Optevoz* (C. F. Daubigny), *Une Collaboration* (Gérôme), *Le Premier Chant de Noël* (Bouguereau), *Le Rêve* (J. J. Lefebvre), *La Saison d'Octobre* (Bastien Lepage) and *La Terrasse* (F. Bracquemond) the nineteenth. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $5.00.

Some Magazines.

Harper's for December has for a frontispiece an engraving after Church's "The Viking's Daughter." The first story is "The Last Mass," by Walter Besant. W. D. Howells contributes a farce, "A Likely Story." There is a negro dialect story, "Sosrus Dismal," by W. W. Archer. Mr. J. W. Sheldon pays an appreciative tribute to the artist "F. S. Church," and interest is added to the paper by the reproduction of some of the artist's best and most representative works. "A Christmas Mystery of the Fifteenth Century" is by Theodore Child. "Fragile," by George H. Boughton," is a description of a summer tour in Brittany. "The Front Yard" is a short story by Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson. "The Christmas Story of a Little Church" is by Grace King. Mr. W. H. Gibson contributes "A Midnight Ramble." Mr. E. C. Stedman contributes a vigorous and picturesque poem, "Morgan, the Buccaneer." The other poetry is "The Men of the Alamo," by James Jeffrey Roche; "At a Reading," by T. B. Aldrich; and "A Soul Drama," by Anna D. Ludlow.

In the *Forum* for December Archdeacon Farrar explains Tolstoi's religious teachings. Articles of scientific interest are Dr. Austin Flint's announcement of "A Possible Revolution in Medicine." Professor William Crookes, president of the Chemical Society of London, summarizes the helps that chemistry has given to modern civilization. Park Benjamin describes the new method of naval warfare meant to be carried into effect by the new United States torpedo cruiser *Vesuvius*, now in process of construction. Mr. George W. Cable contributes "A Simpler Southern Question." Judge A. W. Tourgee explains why the South is the richest field for fiction that English-writing novelists have found since Scott wrote. Professor Thomas Davidson describes the decay of the apprentice system, and shows how the mechanical arts are becoming monopolized by foreigners, because Americans do not consider a worker at a trade a gentleman. Mr. Edward Atkinson, in an essay on "The Price of Life," sums up his preceding articles. Superintendent Z. R. Brockway, of the Elmira, N. Y., Reformatory, discusses the several systems of employing criminals. Professor Francis A. March, of Lafayette College, makes a plea for the scientific spelling of the English language, and Junius Henri Browne presents a common-sense view of marriage.

In the December *Scribner's* the initial paper is "Winter in the Adirondacks," by Hamilton Wright Mabie. "Squire Five Fathom" is a story by H. C. Bunner, and "Old Glass in New Windows," by Will H. Low, concerns the history and making of stained glass in this country. "At the Station" is a story of life in North Carolina by Rebecca Harding Davis. The second installment of Robert Louis Stevenson's serial story, "The Master of Ballantrae," is spirited and stirring. George Hitchcock writes of Sandro Botticelli. The third installment of the late Lester Wallack's "Memories of the Last Fifty Years" is given. "Three Bad Men" is a story which makes mention of the electric telegraph as an accomplished fact, and yet the illustrators show the costumes of at least a century ago in all the illustrations they have drawn for this tale. "The Roses of the Señor," by John S. a'Becket, is another short tale. Robert Louis Stevenson concludes the essays which he has been contributing for twelve months to this magazine with "A Christmas Sermon." The poetry in this issue includes: "Sir Hugo's Choice," by James Jeffrey Roche; "The Madonna," by Ellen Burroughs; "The Lion of the Nile: A Mystery of Championship;" "Be Kind to Thyself," by E. S. Martin; "Through a Glass Darkly," by Ellen M. H. Gates; and "The Dead Nymph," by Charles Henry Lüders.

The Christmas "Chatterbox" contains a number of short tales and sketches for youthful readers, and, beside the many illustrations that accompany the text, there are five colored picture supplements.—The Christmas number of the English *Graphic* exhales an atmosphere of English merry-making in its patriotically British story and its incident from official life in British India, as well as in the many series of humorous illustrations and single pictures in colors. There are two large colored supplemental plates, "Juliet," from the painting by P. H. Calderon, R. A., and "Sweet Anne Page," from the painting by G. D. Leslie, R. A.—The issue of Paris *Illustré* for December 15th is a holiday number containing twice the ordinary amount of text and pictures. There are half-a-dozen stories, the first of which is "The Three Magi (Wise Men)," by Judith Gautier, and besides the cuts illustrative of the text there are colored pictures by Geoffroy, Girardet, De Neuville, and others, and a double-page picture entitled "Chinese Peonies and French Roses," by Albert Aublet.—The *Figaro Illustré* for 1888 opens with a comedy, "The State Manager," by Henri Meilhac. Then come "The Garden of Terror," a Russian tale by Melchior de Vogue; "A Likeness," by Paul Bourget; and "The Cigarette," a dramatic story by Jules Claretie. There are two musical pieces, by Edmond Audran and E. Lalo, and the full-page illustrations in colors include a series of humorous sketches by Caran d'Ache; "Gallantry in the Past" and "Gallantry in the Present," by Marchetti; "The Riverside Inn," by Kaemmerer; "Juana," a study of a female head in reds, by Henner; and two double-page pictures, "The Flag," by Edouard Detaille, and "Married To-Day," by Charles Delort. Published by the International News Company, New York; for sale by the booksellers and newsdealers.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

An embankment caved in on some railroad laborers near Oil City, and the verdict of the jury was: "Died of gravel."—*Oil City Derrick.*

A New York lawyer agreed to tell the truth for four years if Harrison was elected. He has been obliged to give up his law practice.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

Mrs. W.—"What are you doing, dear?" *Mr. W.*—"Musing on the infinite." *Mrs. W.*—"You must stop it. You'll go crazy if you keep your mind fixed on your debts."—*Life.*

Young wife (at a ball)—"You are improving wonderfully as a dancer. Don't you remember how you used to tear my dresses?" *Young husband*—"Y-e-s; I wasn't buying 'em then."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Miss Shawsgarden (of St. Louis)—"Oh, yes, I am proud of our city. We have changed the saying about Naples to 'see St. Louis and die.'" *Miss Dearborn* (of Chicago)—"Indeed! Is it so sudden?"—*America.*

"Bobby," cautioned his mother (they were guests at dinner), "is it possible you are eating with your knife?" "Yes, ma," responded Bobby, with a look of intense chagrin, "but I forgot I was visitin'."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Editor—"That little item of yours yesterday reminded me strongly of some of Shakespeare's work." *Funny man* (blushing)—"Ah, thank you. It is kind of you to say so. In what respect, may I inquire?" *Editor* (coldly)—"In age, principally."—*Washington Post.*

Hostetter McGinnis—"I think it would be a good idea to make Alaska a penal colony." *Judge Peterby*—"What's the matter with Canada?" "Canada is all right. I'm not referring to Americans who travel on their own hook, but to regularly ordained convicts."—*Texas Siftings.*

An evening newspaper in this city has a compositor who is a treasure. "They would strain at a gnat and swallow a camel" was the expression he had to set a day or two ago, and this is the way "Slug Nine" set it: "They would strain at a goat and swallow a canal."—*Albany Journal.*

"Say, ma," remarked the small boy, "isn't it funny that everybody calls my little brother a bouncing baby?" "Why do you think it is funny, William?" returned his mother. "Because, when I dropped him on the floor this morning, he didn't bounce a bit."—*Chicago News.*

"Can you lend me twenty-five dollars this morning, Mr. Williamson?" asked a needy friend, entering the broker's office. "Sorry, Barrows, but I really can't. Mrs. Williamson went out this morning to buy a little surprise for me, and she took all the money I had."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mr. Broadbrush (a promising painter)—"Good-morning, Miss Budrose; good-morning, Miss Violet. You must excuse me, ladies, but I've been watching you admire my picture." *Both ladies* (suddenly and without thought)—"Oh, Mr. Broadbrush, I hope you didn't hear what we said!"—*Life.*

Pompano—"There goes a man who, in one respect, is the most remarkable man I ever knew." *De Baggs*—"Looks like a common, every-day sort of chap. What has he done?" *Pompano* (impressively)—"He is the only man I ever knew whom the habit of early rising did not render offensive."—*Time.*

"You should never point, Johnnie," said Mrs. Brown, as they left the store; "it is rude." "But what are you to do, ma, when you don't know the name of the thing?" "Why," she returned, "let the clerk show you everything in the store until he comes to the right one."—*New York Sun.*

Jagley—"Hello, Braggs, what makes you look so glum this morning?" *Braggs*—"You know that forty dollars I won?" *Jagley*—"Yes." *Braggs*—"Well, I took it home and hid it in an old stove." *Jagley*—"And the hired girl burned it up?" *Braggs*—"No; my wife found it."—*Terre Haute Express.*

"Bobby," said his mother, "did you give half of the orange to your little sister?" "Oh, yes, ma, I gave her more than that," replied Bobby, with a generous air. "Did you, indeed, Bobby? Why, that was very nice of you." "Yes, ma; I sucked the juice out and gave her all the rest."—*New York Sun.*

Citizen (to darky)—"Do you know the agent who has control of this corner lot, Sam?" *Sam*—"Yes, sah, the agent will be heah d'rectly. I has cha'ge of the property." (To small boys)—"Hi, there, yo' young white trash, stop frowin' mud balls off'n dat co'ner lot. Dat yar reel 'state is sold by the inch."—*New York Sun.*

Grocer (to young man)—"That lady who just stepped out is the mistress of the boarding-house you're looking for." *Young man*—"Is that so? Do you know if she sets a good table?" *Grocer*—"She ought to if she doesn't. She's only been there six months and she owes one hundred and seventeen dollars."—*New York Sun.*

Citizen (to physician)—"I say, doctor, do you know anything about Brown's financial standing in the community? Is he prompt?" *Physician*—"Well, all I know is that I have been his family physician for seven years and he's always paid me; and a man who will pay his doctor's bill will pay anything."—*New York Sun.*

Brown (to friend from out of town)—"Let us cross over, Jack, there's a tailor on the next block whom I don't want to see." *Friend*—"Like all you New Yorkers—afraid to meet your tailor." *Brown*—"Great Scott, man! I don't wear a hundred dollars' worth of clothes a year. It's my wife's tailor; he's the only man in New York I'm afraid of."—*New York Sun.*

Druggist (playfully squirting some jockey-club on Brown's coat)—"There, Brown, you're a whole flower garden all by yourself." *Brown* (in alarm)—"Great Scott! Man, do you know what you've done?" *Druggist*—"Nothing serious, I hope." *Brown*—"Serious? Why, you've saturated me with jockey-club, and my wife never uses anything but heliotrope."—*New York Sun.*

"I can only be a sister to you, George; nothing more." "I'm afraid that won't do, Miss Clara. I have five grown sisters already, and, to tell you the truth, they are not very favorably disposed toward you; they think a match with you would be the mistake of my life." "In that case, George," said the girl, drawing herself up with haughty grace, "you may name the day."—*New York Sun.*

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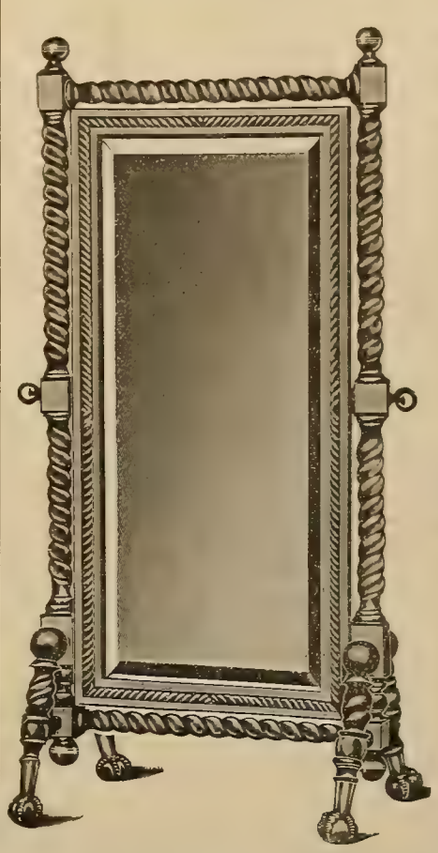

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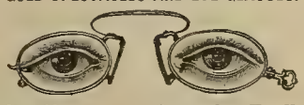

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Brandt String Quartet.

The second chamber-music recital of the third season given by the Hermann Brandt String Quartet was held at Irving Hall last Wednesday evening, and attracted an appreciative audience. The quartet was assisted by Miss Christine Wichman, Signor R. Lucchesi, and Miss Ada E Weigel, accompanist. The following excellent programme was presented:

Quartet, F major op. 18. No. 1, Beethoven, *I.* allegro con brio, *II* adagio, affectuoso ed appassionato, *III.* allegro, Messrs H. Brandt, L. N. Ritzau, Henry Siering, and Louis Heine; Song, "Kolma's Klage," Schubert, Miss Christine Wichmann: Capriccio for three violins (by request), F. Hermann, string trio; Quintet, E flat major op. 44, Schumann, *I.* allegro brillante, *II.* in modo d'una marcia, *III.* scherzo, *IV* allegro ma non troppo, Signor R. Lucchesi; *(a)* Scene Wiege meiner Leiden, Schuman, *(b)* Lullaby, G. Henschel, Miss Christine Wichmann; *(a)* Music of the Spheres, (by request) Rubinstein, *(b)* Filigrane, Air de danse, Lackenbacher, string quartet.

The Mauzy Musical Club.

The first concert of the third series of musical evenings given by the Byron Mauzy Musical Club, occurred last Thursday evening at the Mauzy Ware-rooms in the Union Club building. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

Overture, "Bridal Rose," Lavallee, orchestra, Professor H. R. Austin, conductor; song, "The Toreador," ("Carmen"), Bizet, Mr. Robert T. Sesnon; violin concerto in G, Andante and Finale, Viotti, F. Victor Austin, first violin, E. Weigel, second violin, T. S. Gore, 'cello. A. Lada, piano, Miss Sissie Austin; piano solo, Caprice de Concert, Loge, Miss Sissie Austin; selection, "Ocean Pearls," A. Herman, orchestra; song, "You," Steinhagen, Miss Maud Redmon; Sohmer quartet, "Andante," Behr, first violin, E. Weigel, second violin, T. S. Gore, viola, F. V. Austin, 'cello, A. Lada; Boehm solo, Mein Engel, Esser, Professor H. Clay Wysham; March, "Tannhauser," Wagner, orchestra.

An Orchestral Matinée.

The fourth orchestral matinée was held at Irving Hall on Friday afternoon under the direction of Mr. J. H. Rosewald. Miss E V. McCloskey, Mr. N. B. Ptetson, and Mr J. H. Rosewald were the soloists. The annexed programme was provided for the entertainment of the audience:

Overture, Roi d'Yvetot, Adam; Romanza, Life for the Czar, Glinka, Mr. N. B. Ptetson; A Dream, Isenman, String Orchestra; Aria, Der pieta, Mozart, Miss E. V. McCloskey; Polonaise, op. 63, Lassen; Fantasie de Concert, Vieuxtemps, Mr. J. H. Rosewald; Opera without Words—Act First, *(a)* In the Woods, *(b)* Hunters' Chorus, *(c)* Chorus of Chattering Women—Asger Hamerick.

As these matinées have been so successful, Mr. Rosewald has decided to commence immediately upon another series.

The Philharmonic Society of San Francisco, Hermann Brandt, director, will give its second concert of the season at Metropolitan Hall next Wednesday evening. The society will be assisted by Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis, soprano; Mr. S. Monroe Fabian, pianist; and Mr. Otto Fleissner, accompanist.

The Handel and Haydn Society will give its second concert next Tuesday evening at the Grand Opera House. Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah," will be produced.

Miss Carrie Müllzner has resumed her position in the choir of the First Presbyterian Church.

ART NOTES.

Art Association.

The fifteenth annual exhibition of the drawings and studies of the pupils of the California School of Design, which was held in the rooms of the San Francisco Art Association, closed on Saturday evening, December 8th. As an additional attraction a programme of musical numbers and tableaux had been prepared by Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. A. Joullin, and Mr. John A. Stanton. The committee on medals awarded the Avery gold medal, for the best work in oil, to Miss Evelyn McCormack, and the Alvord gold medal, for drawing, to Miss Marie Froelich. Honorable mention was accorded to Mr. J. M. Gamble and Mr. O. Sayda, a Japanese, for their oil-paintings. After the young ladies had received their medals, the following programme was commenced:

Overture, Noah Brandt's Band; Tableau, "School of Vestals," Hector le Roux; Ballad, "A Day Dream," Strelezski. Mme. Zeiss-Dennis (Violin Obligato, Mr. Henry Heyman); Tableau, "The Water Bearer," H. A. E. Hebert; Tableau, "Vestal Tuccia," Hector le Roux; Nocturne (for flute, violin, and piano), Mr. A. Lombardo, Mrs. H. J. Stewart, Mr. Henry Heyman; Tableau, "Dancing Girl"; Aria, "Infelice" ("Ernani"), Verdi, Mr. J. C. Hughes; Tableau, "The Witch's Daughter," Church; Tableau, "The Butterfly"; Cantique de Noel," Adams, Mme. Zeiss-Dennis; Tableau, "The Alarmed Seminary," Toby Rosenthal; Selections by band, Mr. Henry Heyman, musical director, Mrs. H. J. Stewart, pianist, Mr. H. M. Bosworth, organist.

Each number won merited applause. The tableaux were admirably presented and the musical selections were thoroughly artistic.

Amateur Photographers.

The Pacific Coast Amateur Photographers' Association has been holding its annual exhibition during the past week in the rooms of the San Francisco Art Association, and a large number of visitors have inspected the really excellent work of the members. Specimens of every variety—landscapes, interiors, still life, marines, etc.—are displayed and the ensemble is worthy of critical examination. The walls are adorned with about seven hundred photographs in which various styles of printing are shown, including the carbon process in color, the platino-type process, the feno-prussiate blue process, on albumenized paper, on plain, salted paper, and the gelatine bromide emulsion. Among the contributors are: Mr. George W. Reed, Mr. A. J. Treat, Mr. Carlton, Mr. C. Jay, Mr. W. H. Lowden, Mr. George W. Deering, Mr. E. W. Runyon, Mr. E. L. Woods. Mr. F. A. Blackburn, Mr. Tashiera, Professor Burnham, of the Lick Observatory, Mr. Oliver, and others.

An exhibition of paintings from the Paris Salon of 1888 and the International Exposition at Munich will be made at the rooms of the San Francisco Art Association, 430 Pine Street, next week, beginning on Monday and lasting through Friday. The pictures will be on sale Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. Julia E. Dunn, a well-known local artist, has a studio at 185 Faubourg St. Honoré in Paris. She is engaged on some paintings for the next salon.

Miss Susie Sroufe, another local artist, is also in Paris.

For the first time since the death of her husband, King Alfonso, in 1885, the queen regent went to the opera in Madrid on November 16th, in company with Queen Pia of Portugal. After a long and sore trial Christina is very popular in Spain, and her reappearance was greeted with great satisfaction.

The regular down-East Yankee pronunciation, according to a writer in *Notes and Queries*, must have come from Essex. The same twang is observed in the speech there as in New England, such words as blue, true, or through being pronounced blew, trew, and threw, with a double e.

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MARBLE BUSTS.
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19th,
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THURSDAY ..... DECEMBER 20th
At 12 o'clock noon and 7:30 o'clock evening.
— AT THE —
S F. ART ASSOCIATION PARLORS,
430 Pine Street, below Kearny.
This choice collection of Art Gems will be offered at public competition, and comprises many valuable works of CHOICE ART, quite a number of which have been on exhibition in the EUROPEAN SALONS this year. Parties looking for Christmas presents can not invest to greater satisfaction than by buying a GEM OF ART in the form of an OIL PAINTING, which is constantly increasing in value as it matures in age.
All connoisseurs and lovers of Fine Art should examine this choice group of Oil Paintings and Water-Colors.
Within the group will be found "The Passing Express Train," by Georges Ferré; "All That's Good Comes From Above," by A. Kraus; "Sheep in Pasture," by J. B. Hofner; "Park Monceau," by E. G. Grandjeau; "The Tempter," by Evariste Carpentier.
Free exhibition of the above Gems of Art will commence on Tuesday, December 18th, at nine o'clock A. M., and continue day and evening at the San Francisco Art Association Parlors until and during the auction sale.
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THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, north-west corner of Powell and Eddy Streets.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1888, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four (4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after WEDNESDAY, January 2, 1889.

VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

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Messrs. Henry E. Abbey and Maurice Grau beg respectfully to announce the first appearance in San Francisco, for two weeks,

— COMMENCING —

Monday Evening, December 17th,

Of the Distinguished Artists,

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Of the Comédie-Française,

— AND —

MME. JANE HADING,

Of the Gymnase,

And a complete French Dramatic Company.

Repertoire—First Week:

MONDAY DEC. 17, Coquelin.	La Joie Fait Peur. Les Surprises du Divorce.
TUESDAY, Coquelin-Hading.	L'Aventurière.
WEDNESDAY, EXTRA MATINEE, Coquelin-Hading.	Camille.
WEDNESDAY EVENING, Coquelin-Hading.	Gringoire (King's Pleasure) Le Deputé de Bombignac.
THURSDAY, Coquelin-Hading.	Frou-Frou.
FRIDAY, Coquelin-Hading.	Mlle. de la Segliere.
SATURDAY MATINEE, Coquelin-Hading.	L'Aventurière.
SATURDAY EVENING, Coquelin.	Tartuffe.
SUNDAY EVENING, Coquelin-Hading.	Les Precieuse Ridicules. Don Cæsar de Bazan.

PRICES:

Season Ticket (16 performances).....$32 00

For single performance, Orchestra and Dress Circle, $2.50; Balcony, front rows, $2; other rows, $1.50; Gallery, reserved, $1; Gallery, admission, 50 cents.

MARCUS R. MAYER, Manager in Advance.

IRVING HALL,

Saturday Evening, December 22, 1888,

— THE LYRIC DEBUT OF —

MISS GRACE PORTER,

In this, her native city, prior to her departure.

Operatic scenes from "Lucia," "Traviata," "Rigoletto," "Ernani," "Don Pasquale." Eminent artists and grand orchestra.

Admission and seat reserved. • One dollar.

Tickets and plan at the Matthias Gray Company's music house, 206 Post Street, on and after Wednesday, the 19th inst.

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Monday, December 17th, by Universal Request,

LUCIA!

Signora Ida Valerga, Sig. Enrico Campobello, and Mr. A. Messmer will sing every night.

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At 2 o'clock P. M.

GOODS ON EXHIBITION

Tuesday, December 18th,

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STAGE GOSSIP.

Still another farce-comedy, "A Chip of the Old Block," will be given at the Bush Street next week. Scott and Mills are the principals.

"Lucia di Lammermoor" will be sung at the Tivoli next week, with Signora Ida Valerga, Signor Enrico Campobello, and A. Messmer in the leading rôles.

The Coquelin-Hading season at the Baldwin is of two weeks' duration, and may not be extended beyond that period, for the Carleton troupe is due immediately after them.

At Mme. Mathilde Cotrelly's benefit at the Baldwin, on Sunday night, December 16th, a new operetta, entitled "Monsieur Hercules" and composed by August Hinrichs, will be given its first performance on any stage.

The fair matinée fiends, to whom Clara Morris is the Alpha and Omega of feminine ability in the dramatic art, will probably be much surprised next Wednesday afternoon. Mme. Jane Hading's Camille is novel in many respects, notably where Clara Morris first sees her own wasted face in the glass.

Miss Grace Porter's concert, at which she makes her lyric début in this city prior to her departure for Europe to complete her musical studies, will take place at Irving Hall on Saturday evening, December 22d. The concert will be operatic, several popular artists participating, and Miss Porter will sing the mad scene from "Lucia," the grand *scena* from "Robert," and the second act of "Don Pasquale."

Mary Anderson may play in San Francisco next spring. If Marcus Mayer succeeds in his pending negotiations with the railroads, she will come out to this coast with sixty people and all the original scenery used in her London Lyceum production of "The Winter's Tale." This scenery, which is gorgeous and elaborate beyond anything we provincials are used to, was brought over for Miss Anderson's Wallack season, but the stage there was too small to accommodate it. Indeed the only stage in the United States that is big enough is in our Grand Opera House, and so, the gods and the railroads being propitious, Mary Anderson will join London and San Francisco in the bonds of artistic fellowship.

The repertoire for the first week of the Coquelin-Hading season at the Baldwin is as follows: Monday, Coquelin in "La Joie Fait Peur" and "Les Surprises du Divorce"; Tuesday, Coquelin and Hading in "L'Aventurière"; Wednesday matinée, Coquelin and Hading in "Camille"; Wednesday evening, Coquelin and Hading in "Gringoire" (The King's Pleasure) and "Le Deputé de Bombignac"; Thursday, Coquelin and Hading in "Frou-Frou"; Friday, Coquelin and Hading in "Mlle. de la Segliere"; Saturday matinée, Coquelin and Hading in "L'Aventurière"; Saturday evening, Coquelin in "Tartuffe" and "Les Precieuses Ridicules"; and Sunday evening, Coquelin and Hading in "Don Cæsar de Bazan."

In the Art Association's Gallery.

A collection of paintings, such as has never been shown before in San Francisco, will be exhibited next week at the rooms of the San Francisco Art Association. The exhibition is made by S. & G. Gump, and consists chiefly of gems from the Paris Salon of 1888 and the recent International Exposition at Munich. One of the most notable canvases is a large fruit piece, by Rozier, who is *hors concours* and sent only two pictures to this salon, this being one of them. There are peasant scenes by Georges Ferré, Bavarian scenes by Müller-Lingke, and scores of other gems of French and Munich art by famous painters. In addition to the oils, a number of exquisite water-colors and pastels will be shown. The pictures will be placed on view Tuesday morning, and the exhibition will continue open to the public free of charge until and after the auction sale, which commences Wednesday evening at half-past seven and will be resumed on Thursday at noon.

A Genuine Chef d'Œuvre.

One of the few original creations of the sculptor's art that have been brought to this city, is now in the art department of Nathan, Dohrmann & Co.'s store on Sutter Street. It is by Antoneo Argente, of Milan, who calls it "Fatico Precoce"—the sleeping boy—and tells this pretty story of its conception: Returning to his studio one day he found his little model had pulled a light jacket over his shoulders and had dropped asleep in a chair. The inherent grace of the little Italian and the abandon of childish weariness had united to make the pose one of striking beauty, and the artist, trembling lest the boy awake, rapidly sketched the unconscious model. He worked out this idea in a block of Carrara, and the result is this exquisite statue. When Mr. Dohrmann was in Milan last spring he saw this "Sleeping Boy," and its beauty haunted him until at last, as he laughingly says, in self-defense he bought it to be rid of it. As the little fellow sits there in the perfect abandon of infantile exhaustion, his curly head rests on a chubby arm that seems to heave with the chest it lies on as he breathes, while his little legs hang down so naturally that, were all the rest unseen, one would know that the whole was a sleeping child. Each detail is worked out with absolute fidelity, and the result is a statue that not only lives but breathes.

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BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

A Ringing Speech in Herculaneum.

Under the direction of Professor Pasqual Piazzi, of Naples, who is in New York on business connected with the purchase of a scientific outfit for a young college in Italy, a very remarkable experiment was made on Thursday evening last at the professor's lodgings, and in the presence of but two guests, viz., Dr. Frank S. Browne, of Toronto, and the writer.

It seems that while examining very carefully the two thousand rolls or volumes of manuscripts discovered in the ruins of Herculaneum in 1760, Professor Piazzi, last March, came upon a sheet of metal resembling tin-foil, which had been heretofore regarded as a lining to one of the cases containing the manuscripts, but which, upon closer examination, the professor found to be not only loose, but slightly indented here and there over nearly its entire surface.

On Thursday evening, for the first time, having succeeded in getting a phonographic cylinder exactly corresponding in size with the sheet of metal, he began to experiment with it, and, at last, to the delight of the two guests present, and between the tears and calisthenics of the professor, who is constructed on a highly emotional and enthusiastic scale, there came back to the ears of those present, translated by Professor Piazzi, sentiments that have slumbered many centuries under the ashes and the clinkers of Vesuvius.

The speech, which has thus been for nearly two thousand years corked up by force of circumstances, was evidently made on the eve of a local election in Herculaneum, and is given herewith to show that neither the phonograph nor the deep and never-dying devotion of the statesman for the working-man can be regarded as new.

The phonograph began with what sounded like the last few quavering notes of a glee club, which evidently got in by mistake. These were followed by applause and confusion, after which the following, as freely translated, was heard in the down-cellar-sprouting-potatoes voice of the phonograph:

"Fellow-citizens and working-men of Herculaneum, it has been my desire for some time to address the laboring classes of this district in order the more fully to give them an idea where we stand, and thus aid them in rapidly making up their minds as to what action they should take at the polls. Should there be a person present, therefore, who does not regard himself as a working-man will, he kindly refrain from listening or quietly leave the hall and give his place to some one who has developed industrial habits?

"The future of the working-man on the south slopes of Vesuvius is the very thing of which he should be most proud. No toiler in Campania need be ashamed to have his future investigated.

"Is it not pleasant to hear the blows of the hammer on every hand, provided it is not on your own hand?

"Is it not cheering to see the farmer going joyously a-field bearing a crow-bar with which to pry up one corner of the mortgage on his farm so that he can dig his potatoes out from under it? Of course it is. Men of Herculaneum, and those who may be here this evening representing the Pompeiian and Neapolitan press, let me say to you that what I have just said in your hearing represents the heart-felt sentiments of our bureau. We want to feel *en rapport* with every laboring-man who may be on the fence. We want him to feel that he can come to us and lean upon us.

"Furthermore, we need more repairs on the Neapolitan Road and a new culvert about four miles south of Herculaneum. A cheap two-inch-plank culvert was put in there under the Greek régime, but it was jerked loose and vomited full by Vesuvius before the path-master could make out his bill.

"Working-men of Herculaneum and away up the Gulch, we need better public buildings. The earthquake of '63, which shook down the water-works and court-house at Pompeii, also cracked the ceilings in the register of deeds' office here, and made the jail one of the most disagreeable places to frequent that I was ever in.

"We need a good deal of manual work done here before we have another volcanic eruption. My idea is to construct wing-dams and sluices on the west side, which will turn the lava down through Agrippina's old field, and so on down the Coolie, past Trifoliatum O'Donnell's place. This will give work to the unemployed, and if I can secure the contracts also for erecting a new court-house, as I now hope to do, provided we can elect Aurelius Murkins, of the Third Ward, you'll see better times here in Herculaneum than we have known since the war.

"Fellow-citizens, I do not know that I have any more to say, except that efforts will doubtless be made on the eve of election to flood the country with artful falsehoods and voters from other districts. Bear in mind that if you elect Impecunius Andronicus—a newspaper-man who never did a day's work in his life, a man who does nothing but sit up nights and write pieces for the paper, a man who says more mean things through the columns of the Herculaneum *Air Cushion* than I could remember if I tried—you will see retrenchment, you will see money matters so scarce that you working-men will have to trim your alpaca summer-togas with rabbit-skin and wear them all winter. Wheat will be twenty cents a bushel and bananas two cents a bunch. What do you care for reduced taxation when you can't get anything to eat? Make improvements. Build bridges, roads, court-houses, jails, penitentiaries, wing-dams, sluices, canals, and water-works. Then assess the wealthy and pussy old property-holders to pay the taxes. Work will then be plenty, and you toilers who are temporarily out of upright pianos, carriages, thirteen-story buildings, and other taxable property will escape.

"I had intended to speak briefly in relation to the tariff, but I see that the hour is already late. However, I will take a moment or two to say that in my opinion we owe almost everything we enjoy to a high protective tariff. Herculaneum used to be pestered almost to death by yeller-janders and milk-sickness, and when the Greeks colonized this country you could not go out-of-doors without getting infested with Indian arrows. Then a man had to take his life in one hand and a catapult in the other. Then the pioneers of Herculaneum frequently came home from a massacre with arrow-holes through every vital organ they had, and the rear breadths of their systems looked like feather-dusters.

"How is it now, under a protective tariff? There has not been a case of yeller-janders in Herculaneum for six months, and the noble savage has moved away.

"In closing, let me say that the laboring-man has the warmest and best place in my heart. I think a great deal of my wife and family, but I will not allow them to come between me and the working-man. I would be a working-man myself, God knows, if I did not have so much else to do.

"The laboring classes are entitled to the best there is in this life, gentlemen of Herculaneum. And in the life to come, when we are all gathered about the throne and I am called upon to make a few remarks, I trust that I shall see before me each honest, sweat-bedewed brow which I see before me to-night." (Loud and prolonged applause, during which the distant and rapidly augmented roar of Vesuvius is distinctly heard.)—*Harper's Weekly.*

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The Detroit *Free Press* offers cash prizes of $1,600, $900, and $500, for the *three best serial stories* of 60,000 words each, the largest prizes ever offered. Send for circular giving particulars. In addition to its famous humorous and original features the *Free Press* will hereafter publish each week THREE SERIAL STORIES written expressly for its columns by the best authors. The *Free Press* is a wonderful family paper. The price is $1.00 a year; the address Detroit, Mich.

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STOCKTON, CAL., October 17, 1888.

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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Monday, October 1, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.00, 6.45, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45 and 6.25 P. M.
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
(Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 2.15, 4.15, 5.45, P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30 and 7.05 P. M.
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

11.00 A. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from all stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single tariff rate.
Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50: Cazadero, $4.00.

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Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Dec. 8, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
9.00 A.	Fast mail for Ogden and East	11.45 A.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
† 2.00 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East	‖ 9.45 P.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	8.15 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

‡ 3.00 A.	For Newark and San José	‡ 7.20 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	5.50 P.
*2.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.20 A.

NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

7.50 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.38 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5.35 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5.00 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.56 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
†11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.40 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ‖ Fridays only. ** Mondays excepted.

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Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong,	1888.
Gaelic		**Tuesday, December 18**
		1889.
Belgic		**Saturday, January 5**
Arabic		**Thursday, January 24**
Oceanic		**Wednesday, February 13**
Gaelic		**Saturday, March 2**
Belgic		**Thursday, March 20**

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For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay: POMONA, Wednesday, at 9 A. M.
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SOCIETY.

The Tallant High Tea.

As a compliment to Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, *née* Landers, a high tea was given in their honor by Mrs. D. J. Tallant, at her residence on Bush Street, on Saturday afternoon, December 8th. The house was brilliantly illuminated, and the gaslight revealed to the callers an exceedingly pretty decoration. A pair of large elk-horns over the hall hat-rack were trimmed with glossy ivy, which trailed downward over the frame of the mirror below, across the face of which were delicate sprays of autumnal Japanese maple glowing in warm tints. Directly opposite, at the entrance to the front parlor hung masses of bignonia, the deep golden tints of the flowers showing to good advantage against the emerald tones of the foliage Twined around the crystal chandelier in the parlor were fine fronds of asparagus tenuissimus and throughout the apartment were hundreds of perfectly formed La France roses arranged exquisitely in clusters and baskets The back parlor was devoted to chrysanthemums in shades of yellow and pink, and they were so disposed that the most artistic effects were produced. Scarlet hollyberries and the attractive foliage of the manzanita-tree were combined in the tasteful decoration of the billiard-room. The dining-room also came in for its share of embellishment; many baskets of chrysanthemums ornamented it, and the finishing touches were made with sprays of Japanese maple, which trimmed the mantel mirror.

Mrs. Tallant is a charming entertainer, and as she received her constantly arriving guests with Mrs. F. W. Tallant, she gave to each of them a most cordial welcome. An orchestra enlivened the scene with concert selections, and refreshments were bounteously served as desired. The reception was from three until seven o'clock, and every moment of it was thoroughly enjoyed.

Among the many who called were: Mr. and Mrs. William H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. J. B Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs Henry Williams, Judge and Mrs. Selden S. Wright, General and Mrs. Alexander Perry, Mr. and Mrs. F. F. Low, Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Pixley, General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. John Landers, Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, Mrs. J. Henley Smith, Mrs. Russell, Miss Minnie Corbitt, Miss Nellie Corbitt, Misses Ashe, Miss Flora Low, Miss Nettie Tubbs, Miss Bessie Hooker, Miss Reynolds, Captain John W. Dillenback, U. S. A., Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., Mr. J. M. Quay, Mr. Osgood Hooker, and others.

The Ladd Lunch-Parties.

Mrs. George S. Ladd has given two delightful lunch-parties during the past week at her residence, 2836 California Street. The first one on Tuesday was in honor of Mrs. John P. Jones and Mrs. George Hearst, while the second one occurred the following day and was attended by six ladies. On both occasions the menu was perfect and the decorations in exquisite taste. Violets were used principally on Tuesday. A handsome lamp occupied the centre of the table, the large, round shade being covered with thick clusters of artificial Jacqueminot roses. Entwined around the stem were cordons of violets which extended from the lamp to each corner of the table. Each plate was encircled with a garland of violets ending in a bouquet of these flowers combined with fine maiden's-hair ferns. Then around the dining-room clusters of Christmas berries and their foliage were placed to advantage. Noah Brandt's orchestra gave its sweetest melodies at each luncheon as an accompaniment to the conversation. On Wednesday about the same effects were produced, with the exception that the sweet-scented violets were replaced by Japanese maple, sprays of which were laid from the lamp to the corners of the table, and loose leaves in variegated tints were sprinkled carelessly over the damask. The favors were panels of heavy white silk, about ten by sixteen inches in size, having in the centre a large rough-edged card of pale-brown parchment paper sewed on with gold cord in artistic stitching. Upon each card was a cluster of lovely flowers hand-painted and an appropriate and neatly worded quotation. They were souvenirs which certainly will be preserved as pleasant remembrances of Mrs. Ladd's hospitality.

The Wright Kettledrum.

Mrs. Selden S. Wright and the Misses Wright entertained a large number of their friends at a kettledrum which they gave at their residence, 910 Lombard Street, on Saturday, December 8th. The hostesses were assisted in receiving by Mrs. George Wright, Mrs. John D. Tallant, Misses Voorhies, Miss Mamie Blethen, Miss Ada Butterfield, Miss Charlotte Bermingham, Miss Leslie Van Ness, Miss Stella Sears, Misses Bosqui, Miss Williams, Miss Mollie Hutchinson, of Oakland, Miss Shattuck, Miss Hathaway, of San Lorenzo, and Miss Deuprey. Every apartment was prettily decorated with flowers, the favorite chrysanthemums in varied shades predominating. Here and there an additional bit of color was introduced by arrangements of Christmas berries, and a dainty air was given to the whole by the presence of maiden's-hair ferns. The porch was canvased in and decked with Japanese lanterns, foliage, and flowers. In all, a picturesque scene was created, and the remarks regarding it were all highly complimentary.

The invitations called for attendance between the hours of three and six o'clock, and it is thought that over four hundred guests called and enjoyed Mrs. Wright's hospitality. Ballenberg's band played excellent concert music until six o'clock, when an informal dance was commenced and continued a couple of hours. A collation was provided for the refreshment of the guests. In every way the kettledrum was successful and enjoyable.

The Smith Lunch-Party.

One of the most enjoyable lunch-parties of the week was the one given on Thursday by Mrs. J. Henley Smith at the Occidental Hotel. It was in honor of Miss Bowie, a débutante of this season, and was a violet luncheon. The dining-table was ornamented with a centre-piece of Parma and Russian violets, which were formed into little bouquets tied with ribbons and were worn by the guests after the lunch. The favors were panels of California woods hand-painted with clusters of violets and were of tasteful design. There were also little bags of violet-colored silk containing candied violets Nothing was left undone that could have made the affair more delightful, and Mrs. Smith entertained her guests bountifully.

Those present were: Mrs. J. Henley Smith, Mrs. S. Harrison Smith, Miss Bowie, Miss Flora Low, Miss Leslie Van Ness, Miss M. B. Smith, Miss Jennie Tallant, Miss Anne Tallant, Miss Brooks, Miss Thornton, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Rose Donahoe, Miss Barreda, and Miss Wethered.

The Code-Shaw Wedding.

St. Luke's Church was well filled last Wednesday evening when Miss Kate Shaw, daughter of Mr. W. W. Shaw, was married to Mr. James A Code. Miss May Code was the maid of honor, Mr Harry R. Crouch, the best man, Miss Fanny Rosborough, Miss May Foulkes, and Miss Bessie Mardis, the bridesmaids, Mr. John N. Featherston, Mr. D. B. Bagley and Mr. W. B. Miller, the groom's-men, and Mr. Arthur Steil, Mr. William Heath, Mr. Fred Boole, and Mr W. A. Powning, the ushers. The ceremony was performed at nine o'clock in the neatly decorated chancel, and at its conclusion the bridal party was driven to the home of the bride's father on Golden Gate Avenue where a reception was held. Only a few intimate friends other than those mentioned above were present at the residence.

The Stetson Lunch-Party.

Miss Stetson entertained thirty-five young ladies at a delightful lunch-party last Thursday, at her home on Van Ness Avenue. Every element of the luncheon was perfect, and it is extremely doubtful if the affair could have been made more pleasant. In the dining-room, which was handsomely decorated, seven round tables, each seating five ladies, were set and each table was adorned with a large wreath of flowers and foliage, tied with ribbons and bow-knots of appropriate colors. The flowers represented were tea-roses, white and Russian violets, Japanese maple, Christmas-berries, snow-drops, etc. Wired at the back of each chair was a unique souvenir name-card of thin bark, scroll-like in shape, hand-painted in golden lustre, and trimmed with dainty moss-covered twigs and clusters of cherries. No two were exactly alike, and all were exceedingly pretty. The repast, of course, was a delicious one, and the luncheon was enjoyed as such affairs always are. Noah Brandt's orchestra played during the repast.

The invited guests were: Mrs. Ricardo M Pinto, Mrs. Louis F. Monteagle, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Danner, Mrs. Belden, Mrs. Charles Green, Mrs. Henry E Bothin, Mrs. Gove, Miss Mary Bowen, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Miss Lou Adams, Miss Lillie Jones, Miss Maud O'Connor, Miss Lillie O'Connor, Miss Emma Durbrow, Miss Carrie Durbrow, Miss Eva Castle, Miss Blanche Castle, Miss Maud Nickerson, Miss Torbert, Miss Kautmann, Miss Ida Palache, Miss Sadie Palache, Miss Lizzie Sinton, Miss Fannie Crocker, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Conner, Miss Emelie Kirketerp, Miss Matie Peters, Miss Fair, Miss Alice Boalt, Miss Slocovich, and Miss McEwen.

The Nickerson Lunch-Party.

The second lunch-party given by Miss Maud Nickerson occurred last Monday at the Palace Hotel, and was fully as enjoyable as the first one. Covers were laid for fourteen at a prettily decorated table, where a sumptuous repast was enjoyed. The favors were dainty and artistic and the excellent music provided increased the pleasure of the guests.

Those present were: Miss Maud Nickerson, Miss Fannie Crocker, Miss Stetson, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Mamie Blethen, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Miss Lizzie Sinton, Miss Kellogg, Misses Hall, of Minneapolis, Misses Bourn, Miss McNeal, and Mrs. Fisher Ames, who was the chaperon.

The Tatum Reception.

Mrs. Henry L. Tatum gave a pleasant informal reception on Friday evening, at her residence 2595 Pacific Avenue, in honor of Miss Slocovich, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who is here on a visit. The parlors were neatly decorated with roses, chrysanthemums, marigolds and smilax prettily arranged. Ballenberg's band furnished music, and the polished floors made an excellent surface for dancing which was enjoyed throughout the evening. A dainty supper was one of the features of the latter part of the evening.

Among those present were: Mrs. Henry L. Tatum, Miss Slocovich, Miss Sally Maynard, Miss Bessie Hooker, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Maud Nickerson, Miss Maggie Gwin, Miss Alice Boalt, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Kate Voorhies, Miss Jennie Watson, Miss Bowie, Miss Alice Scott, Miss Helen Smedberg, Miss Susie Morgan, Dr. Robert Whiting, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. Robert Hooker, Lieutenant F. A. Peck, U. S. A., Lieutenant Oscar I. Straub, U. S. A., Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. Stuart, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Dr. Scott, U. S. N., Mr. Claude T. Hamilton, Mr. William H. Fisher, Mr. J. H. Deering, Mr. Robert L Sherwood, Mr. Waterworth, Mr. Dixwell Hewitt, Mr. George A. Newhall, and others.

Notes and Gossip.

The first night of the Coquelin-Hading season will be quite a society event. It is so long since there has been any dramatic opening of importance at the theatres, that the first night has fallen into "innocuous desuetude." This, however, promises to be one of the old-fashioned *premières*.

Miss Fair has issued invitations for a dancing-party to occur next Tuesday evening at her home on Pine Street.

Cards have been issued by Mrs. Volney Spalding for the ball to be given by her at the Hotel Bella Vista on Monday evening, December 24th.

Mrs. Louis B. Parrott will give a high tea at her residence on Franklin Street this (Saturday) afternoon from four until seven o'clock.

The engagement is announced of Miss Mamie Burling, daughter of Mrs. William Burling, to Dr. George M. Terrill, a young physician of this city and a native of Virginia.

Captain and Mrs William H. Taylor will give a reception at their residence, 2128 California Street, on Monday evening, December 17th.

Miss A. M. Lathrop will receive on the first Tuesday of each month until next April, at her residence on the northeast corner of Van Ness and Pacific Avenues.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bowie will give a reception next Wednesday evening, when their daughter, Miss Bessie Bowie, will make her début in society circles.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Jarboe gave an enjoyable musicale last Tuesday evening, at their residence on Pine Street. Quite a number of friends were invited, and passed the evening delightfully.

A pleasant hop was given at the Presidio last Tuesday evening by the officers and ladies at the post. A concert by the regimental band was a pleasant feature of the earlier portion of the evening, and dancing was then enjoyed until eleven o'clock.

Miss Laura Weller, daughter of the late Colonel C. L. Weller, was married in Chicago on October 24th, to Mr. Francis Cropper, of that city. The mother of the bride, Mrs C. L. Weller, has returned to the city and is at the Hotel Pleasanton. Mr. and Mrs. Cropper will reside in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hopkins have issued invitations for a large reception which they will give at their residence on Broadway, on Friday evening, December 28th, in honor of their daughter, Miss Jennie Hopkins

The Bachelors' Cotillion Club will give its next german at B'nai B'rith Hall on Friday evening, December 21st. Lieutenant John A. Towers, U. S. A., who has had much experience in these affairs, will be the leader, and the army and naval officers will appear in full uniform.

Mr. T. P. Carroll has issued invitations for the wedding of his daughter, Miss Lizzie Carroll, and Mr. George H. Tyson, which will occur next Wednesday evening at half-past eight o'clock, at the Howard Presbyterian Church on Mission Street between Third and Fourth Streets.

The members of the Edaia Club will give a cotillion next Friday evening at Union Square Hall

The annual Christmas-tree festival of the Buford Free Kindergarten will occur on Thursday, December 20th, at Pixley Hall, north-east corner of Pacific and Polk Streets. This school is greatly in need of funds, as it has to depend entirely upon its monthly subscritions for support, not having any wealthy patrons to assist in its maintenance. Donations, large or small, are earnestly solicited from those charitably inclined or who are interested in the noble work the kindergarten is doing in behalf of the little ones, who, otherwise, would be cast upon the streets. Donations may be sent to the lady managers or to the office of the *Argonaut*.

Miss Clara Sutro entertained about thirty of her friends delightfully last Tuesday evening at her residence on the corner of Hayes and Fillmore Streets. After a little music in the parlors, all repaired to the spacious ball-room, where dancing was enjoyed until after one o'clock, with an intermission for a bounteous supper.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman recently gave an elaborate dinner-party at their residence, 1750 Franklin Street. A sumptuous menu was enjoyed, and the floral decoration and favors were beautiful Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. George C Boardman, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Minnie Corbitt, Miss Nellie Corbitt, Miss Evelyn Shepard, Miss Grace Pierce, Miss Florence Pierce, Lieutenant Oscar I. Straub, Mr. J. A. Folger, Jr, Mr. Chauncey R. Winslow, Mr. Christian Froelich, Jr., Mr. H. C. Stuart, and Mr. Samuel H Boardman

Mr and Mrs. L. L. Baker gave an elegant dinner-party last Thursday evening, at their residence, which was characterized by beautiful decorations and a sumptuous menu

Miss Lou Adams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Adams, will be married to Mr. Ansel Easton, nephew of D. O. Mills, next Wednesday.

The Dirigo Club will give a grand ball on Friday evening, at its club-house on Geary Street. Elaborate preparations are being made for it, including the erection of a ball-room at the rear of the club.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott gave two enjoyable dinner-parties during the past week at her residence on the south-west corner of Clay and Laguna Streets. One was given on Tuesday evening and the other on Friday evening, and both were charming in every way She will entertain another party of friends at dinner next Wednesday evening.

The second cotillion of the German Club, which will occur next Tuesday evening at Union Square Hall, will eclipse all former efforts of this club. The decorations will be especially elaborate and artistic, and the five figures to be danced will be entirely novel. One will be a leap-year figure and another highly suggestive of Christmastide. Mr. Chauncey M St. John will lead, having Miss Jennie de la Montanya as his partner, and his assistants will be Mr. Alexander M. Cummings, Miss Etta Chabot, Mr. Edward Hinckley, and Miss Daisy Crowell. Carriages may be ordered for one o'clock.

DXIV—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, December 16, 1888.

Mock Turtle Soup.
Crab Salad.
Broiled Beefsteak. Saratoga Potatoes.
Baked Tomatoes. Mushrooms.
Canvas-Back Ducks. Currant Jelly.
Lettuce.
Pine-Apple Pie.
Fruits in Season.

PINE-APPLE PIE.—One cupful of sugar, two cupfuls grated pine-apple, half a cup of melted butter, five yolks of eggs beaten, mix together, then stir into this one small cupful of cream and the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Bake in pie-plates lined with paste.

Tom King, the pugilist, who became a book-maker after he whipped Heenan, left a fortune of nearly seventy-five thousand dollars.

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San Francisco.... .....7:30 A. M. or 7:00 P. M.
Stockton ....8:15 A. M. or 5:15 P. M.
Sacramento..... ...2:50 P. M. or 10:40 P. M.
Connecting with trains at Marysville for Oroville.

☞ **Tickets for the Round Trip good to return from Oroville until and including Saturday, the 22d inst., at the following prices:**

San Francisco.....	$5 00	Stockton.	$4 20
Sacramento.....	2 50	Marysville	1 00

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott and family will soon occupy their residence on Sutter Street, formerly owned by Mrs. Coleman.

Mr. C. Tyler Longstreet, of Los Angeles, is in the city on a visit.

Mrs. Finley and the Misses Jennie and Rose Finley are in New York city.

Mr. Lloyd Tevis has returned from the East. He was accompanied by Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, who has been abroad about a year.

Mrs Cyrus Walker, of Washington Territory, has leased the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Sampson Tams, 1915 Van Ness Avenue, for six months.

Misses Cora and Florence Caduc have returned to Oakland after a visit to the Misses Naglee at San José.

Miss Linda Hoag is the guest of Miss Mabel Cluness in Sacramento. She will soon go to Los Angeles to visit Miss Mary A. Banning.

Miss Mary Taylor has returned from her Eastern visit and is at her home, 1911 Pine Street.

Mrs. George Herrmann, of Pasadena, is visiting her sister Miss Annie Bliss.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard H. Lewis, of Seattle, are passing the winter at the Hotel Rafael in San Rafael.

Mrs. Sampson Tams will depart soon for the East, to visit friends in Portsmouth, N. H., and other cities.

Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Spence and Miss Minnie Foley, of San José, will pass the winter in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A Donohoe, Jr., *née* Parrott, are in England, and will pass the holidays with Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick.

Miss Norma Ryland, of San José, has been visiting Mrs. J. M. Burnett.

Hon. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan have gone to Washington, D. C., to pass the winter.

Mrs. F. E. Spencer, of San José, has been visiting friends here during the past week.

Miss May Wickersham has returned to Petaluma after a visit here of a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Ladd will leave for the East during the latter part of this month.

Senator John P. Jones will go to Washington, D. C., in a few days, and Mrs. Jones and family, accompanied by Miss Marguerite Bucknall, will leave for Santa Monica to reside there during the remainder of the winter.

Mrs. George Hearst, Miss Ada Butterfield, and Miss Leslie Van Ness will depart for Washington, D. C., in a few days.

Judge and Mme. Borchgrevink, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Starr, of Oakland, have returned to their home in Alexandria, Egypt.

Army and Navy.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Edward F. Qualtrough, U. S. N., of Mare Island, have been passing the week at the Occidental Hotel.

Chaplain Frank Thompson, U. S. N., of Mare Island, was in the city several days recently.

Captain Richardson Clover, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Pensacola* and ordered to the command of the *Dolphin*.

A performance of the "Tempest" by marionettes was given lately at the Salle Vivienne before the leading literary lights of Paris, among them being Renan, beside all the great critics. The marionettes were most artistically made and the *mise-en-scène* was wonderful. Coquelin *cadet* recited a prologue and spoke for *Trinculo*, and the other characters were spoken for by the poets and litterateurs of Paris. The performance was extremely successful.

In the first of her two farewell concerts before going to South America, Patti sang at the Albert Hall the same old songs from "Puritani" and the "Barber of Seville," and she was much taken to task therefor by the London critics. Her voice, however, is said to be "more beautiful than ever," and the manner of using it more perfect.

The palace built by King Louis of Bavaria was very expensive, but the receipts for admission there last summer were thirty-six thousand dollars.

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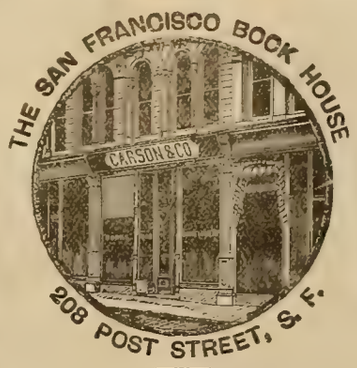

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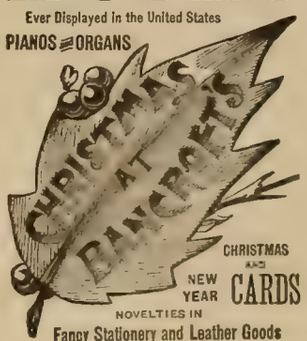

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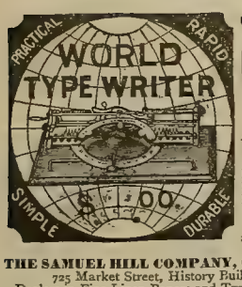

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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The failure of De Lesseps emancipates the financial world from an immense delusion and will send his name down to posterity open to the question whether he is a great engineer or a colossal fraud. Since the year 1849, about which time De Lesseps began to revive the idea of reconstructing the Suez Canal, connecting the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, his name has been prominently before the world as a successful engineer. We use the expression of "reviving" the idea of a Suez Canal, because that canal had been constructed six hundred years before the birth of Christ, and operated for fourteen hundred years. In the ninth century, when the age was dark, when commerce and navigation languished, and enterprise was dead, the Suez Canal fell into disuse, and the sands of the Egyptian desert blotted it out as a navigable channel from the map of the ancient world. The idea of its reconstruction is attributed to the first Napoleon, as is the conception of the Nicaraguan Canal to the third Napoleon, when prisoner in the fortress of Ham, although the original suggestion of connecting the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by canal dates back to the sixteenth century. To how many viceroys of Egypt, engineers, and commercial adventurers is ascribed this project of reviving a highway of commerce across the sandy isthmus of Egypt may not now be known, but to Mahomet Said Pasha must be accorded the acknowledgment of the first practical modern aid. To his assistance he invited the French engineer, gave him and his company concessions of lands, money, credit, and the enforced labor of his Egyptian fellahs. The work was begun in 1860, and in 1870 four hundred and eighty-six vessels had passed through it. It was a success, and cost $100,000,000. From the Khedive Disraeli purchased for the British Government a controlling interest in its shares, which cost the English exchequer the sum of £4,000,000. That it was a great feat of engineering we are not quite prepared to admit, when we consider the age in which it was built and the physical geography of the country through which it passes. The two seas were at the same level; there were no mountains to tunnel, and scarce a hillock to displace; no harbors, save inexpensive breakwaters, and its work was done by unpaid labor. Why it should have cost $100,000,000 would be difficult to explain. It was the excavation of a sand-drift that lay in the commercial highway, intercepting intercourse between the richest kingdom of Europe with the richest colonial empire of Asia. It was cumbered by no difficulties; most of the soil was removed by dredgers; except for concrete at its sea-entrances there was no work save of the cheapest and simplest kind; its course was through shallow lakes and inexpensive sand-cutting; with its original building, when the world was young and trading voyages rare, there could be no comparison. It was constructed in an age of money, commercial activity, and of enterprise. It was a necessity suggested by steam, and made profitable because its practicability was demonstrated by screw propellers. Other and more difficult engineering works had preceded it, for, considering the age in which this work was done, it is not comparable to the railroad work accomplished by our own citizens—Stanford, Huntington, Hopkins, and the two Crockers. The building of the Amsterdam Canal in Holland, the Caledonia Canal in Scotland, the Grand Erie through New York, the Languedoc in France, were all superior to the Suez, more difficult of construction, and when we consider the conditions surrounding their accomplishment, altogether more creditable to the men who projected them and carried them to successful conclusion. As compared with the railroad—so daringly projected by our own citizens, and so successfully accomplished by them, uniting not only the two great oceans of the world, but bringing the interior of a vast continent to the borders of the seas, saving so many thousands of miles of circumnavigation, opening up to settlement, civilization, and wealth an interior empire greater than the known world in Roman times—the clearing out of the Suez ditch was child's play. Why, in this age of science, commerce, money, and daring enterprise, M. de Lesseps should have won such applause for a scheme he did not originate, and only aided as a stock-broker and speculator to build, we have not been able to conceive. When his success at Suez emboldened him to undertake a real engineering exploit, he demonstrated his utter incapacity, if not his reckless and criminal design, to reap to his own coffers the hard-earned savings of his countrymen and women. He looked upon the map of the world, and at the Isthmus of Darien he saw where the waters of two vast oceans were separated by the narrowest strip of land. He knew that Europe could exchange her commerce with Asia only by circumnavigating a continent. He recognized the vast dimensions, increasing population, and unbounded wealth of North and South America. He saw great cities margining the Atlantic shores and cities growing great upon the borders of the Pacific; with heedless, unintelligent, and criminal precipitation he conceived a gambling speculation. He was too self-opinionated and careless to investigate what science had ascertained since the beginning of the sixteenth century; what every Spanish voyager knew; what every intelligent traveler has informed himself of; what half the citizens of California had observed by transit of Panama and Nicaragua; what the Government of the United States by its engineers had investigated and scientifically demonstrated. He never visited the Isthmus of Panama but once, and then remained but a brief period, during which time, if he had been the engineer he is assumed to be, it would have been utterly impossible to arrive at any intelligent understanding of the difficulties he was intending to encounter. His visit to Panama was a pleasant and speculative picnic. The result of his hasty observation was the announcement that it was practicable to construct an interoceanic canal at sea level, without locks, at a cost of less than $100,000,000, and capable of completion within the year 1890. He did not examine the Darien route by the Atrato River; he paid no attention—so far as we are advised—to the Nicaragua project; returned to Paris, and, in a lecture before one of its learned societies, proclaimed that, "Unless the Atlantic and Pacific could be united "by simply piercing the isthmus without locks, as at the Suez "Canal, the scheme could not succeed as a commercial enter-"prise." There has already been expended more than twice the amount originally demanded; this money has been collected from the *bourgeoisie* of Paris and the peasantry of France, through the most brazen and false misrepresentations, and expended in the most reckless and profligate manner. The work has been carried on to the present condition in so extravagant a way that fortunes have been distributed and but little accomplished. It is now conceded that the canal must embrace a system of locks; its completion is postponed to an indefinite future; unearned interest has been paid upon bonds by a criminal appropriation of the money originally contributed; a gambling lottery scheme has been resorted to, with extravagant prizes from the original capital, so unprincipled as to shock the sense of financial moralists. The De Lesseps Panama Canal scheme—after frauds of the most unexampled character, after devices most unprincipled, after expedients altogether unprecedented, after the death of many hundreds of laborers, after bankruptcy and ruin wide-spread—is an irremediable failure. That it will never be accomplished, and never can be, and was never intended to be, is the belief of sensible and scientific men. That it was a deliberate, prearranged, stock-gambling swindle from the beginning, is the honest conviction of honest men. When it is ended and the ruin is realized, we shall hope to hear no more of this famous French engineer, his age, his young wife, his numerous family, his tremendous energy, his prophecies, his tears, and his threats. The last demonstration of De Lesseps is his false statement that his bonds were taken and the canal was built; then comes his resignation and threats to expose the victims of his bribery among French officials, to give to the world the names of public men he has debauched, the journals he has bribed, the bankers he has subsidized, and the demagogues he has hired to blow his trumpet. It would only require this to completely round up the most audacious crime and swindle of the century.

The impression that a majority of the Irish people favor home-rule through the "Plan of Campaign," boycotting, assassination, non-payment of rent, and other agrarian crimes, is a mistaken one. A very large proportion of the intelligence and wealth of Ireland is loyal and law-abiding. The English Church, with its membership of seven hundred and fifty thousand; the non-conformists, with nearly seven hundred thousand; the Quakers, agnostics, and others not associated with any distinctive religious association; the Roman Catholic landed gentry and Roman Catholics generally who belong to the intellectual, wealthy, and higher social class; nearly the whole of the literary, artistic, commercial, and business men, chambers of commerce, boards of trade, manufacturing, banking, and other incorporated associations of capital are loyal to the queen, and are opposed to the nationalization of Ireland. The Irish rebellion is a political and religious conspiracy to accomplish the robbery of land from its owners through agrarian crimes, and to set up an independent Ireland which shall give to its political adventurers the plunder of office and to its priests of the Roman Church more unlimited authority over its people. In Ireland there is a divided opinion, and the line of this division lies along the path that separates not Romanism and Protestantism, but along the broader highway which divides the classes of intelligence, wealth, capital, business energy, thrift, industry, sobriety, good morals, and social respectability, from politicians, criminals, agrarian rascality, idleness, pauperism, bigotry, and vagabondage. The Pope and higher Catholic clergy oppose home-rule and its vicious "Plan of Campaign," while the more ignorant rural clergy are in sympathy with the peasant class,

from which they come. Ulster, of the Protestant North, with its prosperous capital of Belfast, is loyal. Of the five millions of Irish people it is certain that more than two millions are opposed to a dismemberment of the British Empire. Of the wealth, intelligence, business, and social respectability of Ireland it is equally certain that seven-tenths are not in sympathy with the Parnell-Gladstone political conspiracy. Yet, in San Francisco and in California, we know of no single individual Irish Roman Catholic who does not favor the separation of Ireland from Great Britain, and who, in a general way, does not favor the policy of Gladstone and Parnell and hate England. The reason for this is apparent, the great bulk of the Irish Roman Catholics of San Francisco and California are from the ignorant peasant-class of bog-born Irish. We have Irish professional men, bankers, and millionaires, and among them exceptional gentlemen who have the courage to keep their counsels and remain silent upon this politico-religious question, but most of them are in sympathy with Irish home-rule because they are naturally in sympathy with the peasant-class from which they have sprung. Ireland is under a reign of criminal terror, which has extended to the Irish in America. Here it is political and religious, but does not enforce itself by assassination, dynamite, boycotting, and murdering the tenants of evicted farms, or burning patient donkeys after saturating their hair with kerosene. Here Irish politics demonstrates itself in public meetings, in the conduct of Irish priests, among party bosses, at the ballot-box, and in the cowardly press. It is coming in the genuine Irish shape to practical agrarianism by the way of strikes, riots, and boycotting; and when it arrives, America will experience the woes that now curse the most fertile island of all the seas, and have kept its people in poverty, distress, ignorance, civil war, domestic uprisings, and religious dissensions for seven hundred years. The descendants of Irishmen in America, who rise to the higher social and wealthy class, will live to curse the memory of those of their fathers who made the criminal blunder of preferring the political independence of Ireland to the maintenance of laws for the protection of property and the preservation of social order. America is the greater, but not the stronger England. If property, and especially landed property, can be confiscated through the conspiracy of an ignorant priesthood and a band of unscrupulous and unprincipled political demagogues in Great Britain, the same result can be, and in time will be, accomplished in the United States. There are more Irishmen and more Romanists in America than in Ireland. Our laws are not as strong as English laws. Everybody can vote, perform jury duty, and bear arms in this country. We have no standing army, and no strong constabulary, and whenever the time shall come that the "no rent," "no interest," "no evictions from land," "no foreclosures of mortgages" shall become the rallying cry of a political party, our nation will have taken its first step toward dismemberment and disunion. The pathway to our destruction will be through anarchy and civil war.

We are delighted to observe a growing controversy between the Methodist and the Romish Church. The Methodist clergy seem to have awakened to the dangerous aggressions of the Jesuits, and, in a recent assemblage in San Francisco, to have opened their evangelical guns along the entire battle-line. That these shots have hit and hurt is demonstrated by the angry sneers, false logic, and misrepresentation of facts indulged in by the Very Reverend Father George Montgomery, of the Church of Rome. As there is no answer to a sneer, and no argument in misstating facts, and no logic in the ravings of an angry man, our Methodist friends will find their best "Plan of Campaign" is to stand by their guns and keep on sending their shot where they hurt. If Rome squirms, it is because it is hit; if it charges the Methodists with preaching "hate and untruth," it is because the facts have been told; when the priests of Rome accuse Methodist parsons with intermeddling in what does not concern them, it demonstrates that their interference with the Holy Roman Apostolic Church is causing deep and anxious concern; when Roman Papistry, through the Reverend George Montgomery, professes to rejoice in the light of liberty and the atmosphere of freedom, and boasts of prosperity resulting from education and free discussion, and that marriage as a civil contract between unbaptized persons is encouraged and respected as an honorable relation, and that the church does not endeavor to exercise political influence, nor that it desires to acquire control of the American system of education, and denies that it is working to establish parochial schools in which religious dogmas may be taught, and that it favors the freedom of thought, of speech, of the conscience, the pulpit, and the press—every enlightened Methodist is convinced that he is not fairly representing the spirit of the Roman Church, or the true policy of the Brotherhood of the Society of Jesus. The Reverend Mr. Bovard is right when he assumes that the Roman Church is reaching out for dominion over temporal things and for civil supremacy, and that the road to the acquisition of this power lies directly over the principles of republican government, and over free schools, and everything that follows in the wake of the ship of state laden with the principles of a free commonwealth. Dr. McCreary is right in his estimate of the Jesuit Order, and does not misrepresent its history when he asserts that it has been driven from almost every civilized government of Europe, and that it is waging a relentless and determined war against American schools and American liberty, and urges all Protestants to unite against the Papacy as a political power. President Hirst is not far wrong in regarding the Roman Catholic system as an "iniquity," and so teaching in the University of the Pacific. Dr. Nelson overstates the power of the Jesuit College in San Francisco, when he compares it with the State University, the non-sectarian schools, and the Methodist University, and their combined influence. That there is organized effort to secure control of our educational system, is undoubtedly true. It is a political conspiracy, but we do not agree with the Methodist elergy in believing that this conspiracy can ever succeed. The best assurance of the failure in this clerical intrigue lies in the fact that Methodism is alarmed and daring to encounter the enemy and engage in the combat for its overthrow. Methodism is stronger in the United States than Roman Catholicism, has more intelligence, and in its army greater numbers, and when this branch of the Protestant Church assumes its armor and draws its weapons, and brings its forces into battle array, not only will all other evangelical churches gather around it as allies, but all the non-professing citizens of our country will be marshaled in the line of aggressive and defensive war for the protection of American principles. It is an encouraging sign that Protestantism and free thought are taking courage to fight in defense of intellectual freedom and personal liberty against the assaults of the Church of Rome, its insolence, and bigotry; nor must it be forgotten that in the world's past history Jesuitry has found its fiercest and most determined foes within the ranks of the Roman Catholic Church, and, whenever there is an honest contest organized for its overthrow, there are hosts of Catholics who will array themselves on the side of patriotism for its overthrow and destruction. We sincerely hope our friends of the Methodist Church will not permit themselves to be put upon the defensive by the sneers, insults, and misstatements of the Reverend George Montgomery. The issue is a political one, and nothing is likely to be gained by a discussion of the spiritual beliefs of intelligent, sincere, and honest Catholics.

Governor Stanford is beginning to make himself felt in the Senate of the United States, and that influence will be not less beneficial to the country because it is not altogether partisan. With riper years, a broader grasp of practical business, and a wider experience with men of affairs, he is better equipped than younger and more ambitious politicians for working out practical results. His colleagues of both parties, in both houses and of all the Pacific States, are in friendly coöperation with him in all matters not strictly partisan. The vote which Senators Stanford and Stewart, of Nevada, cast for the confirmation of Senator Lamar as Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, was criticised at the time, but has since been justified by its results. His present attitude upon tariff legislation—which guards with vigilance the interests of California and looks to the future progress and prosperity in material advancement of the State that has honored him—is a safe one. That he stands more faithfully representative of the principles of the Republican platform than, in our judgment, its attitude to the great question of temperance reform justifies, may find its apology in the fact that he is a senator of the Republican party, and is bound to pay some respect to the opinions laid down in its national convention. As chairman of the committee upon public buildings his influence has been felt, and will continue, till a splendid government edifice, rich in architectural beauty of design, will adorn our city for the uses of a post-office. Senator Stanford can hardly be regarded as a high-tariff man in the sense that distinguishes such men as James G. Blaine; and while he might have looked upon "Protection" as "a good enough Morgan" for so important an object as the election of his friend, General Harrison, as President of the United States, and the triumph of Republican principles, we rather incline to the opinion that he favors a very liberal introduction to our country of all raw materials not produced on this coast. His course in reference to protective legislation for all articles peculiar to this coast, such as fruits, wines, brandy, raisins, beet-sugar, silk, salmon, fish, silver, lead, and other minerals, and many other productions, will commend itself to all intelligent business-men resident upon the Pacific Coast, who care more for the welfare of the section than for mere partisan triumphs. Governor Stanford and his Democratic colleague in the Senate ought to have very great influence in securing beneficial legislation for California. Their advance in years past the ambitious age, their great wealth, and entire independence should place them beyond the desire of any selfish purpose or the accomplishment of any object not associated with the best interests of the community from which they have received their wealth and honors. San Francisco has been most ably and faithfully represented during the past four years in the lower house of Congress by the Hon. W. W. Morrow and the Hon. Charles Felton. We take pride in believing that no city in the nation has had the service of better representatives, and we think we express an almost universal regret that Mr. Felton should not have been willing to continue longer in the public service.

The annexation of Canada is becoming a political question of importance. The fisheries, the reciprocity treaty, and the little dark cloud that has arisen in the political heavens, from the threat of retaliation—a nasty word—the discussions in the Canadian Parliament, in the American Congress, in the press, and among the statesmen and publicists of both countries, have given it a prominence not before accorded to it. The two countries ought to be under one government. The geographical boundaries, the character of the people, the use of a common language, productions, markets, lines of transportation, the necessities of common defense, prove that the interests of both sections are identical; their security from war and the contentions of peace are interdependent. If this Canadian empire can be peacefully acquired, it will vastly contribute to the dignity and safety of our republic. If anybody is insane enough to desire it to be acquired in any other than a peaceful way, he is mad beyond hope of recovery. A republican, English-speaking empire—stretching from where the aurora-borealis flames in the northern sky, adown the broad continent that fills the space between the two oceans to the Mexican border—would be a grand accomplishment. A nation with a nearly homogeneous people—intelligent, free, and self-governed, independent of hierarchical interference, among whom are no classes privileged, no property entailed, no opportunities restricted—would be enabled to solve the yet unsolved problem of human government. Europe has twelve millions of soldiers. Could America exist without standing armies or a war navy? Another century will make the United States of America the strongest empire of earth. Save on its narrow southern border it could have no foreign enemy. Could it preserve itself from internecine disorders and civil wars? There are embarrassing questions, which we can not evade, embraced in the existence among us of eight millions of Africans; in the threatened invasion of an undesirable immigration from Asia and from Europe; in the ambition of an alien church; and, greater and more menacing than these and all other evils that threaten the race of man, are the questions involved in the intoxicating habit. Might not an intelligent people find the way to happiness and to the enjoyment of all that the earth, in its fullness, has provided for mankind, through industry, sobriety, and the intelligent use of scientific and mechanical arts? That this experiment of a perfect government may be successfully tried upon the American continent, it becomes indispensable to unite as one nation—the United States and Canada.

The Republican and Democratic committees of San Francisco, the *Examiner* and *Chronicle*—organs of their respective parties—and the kerb-stone politicians of both organizations are deeply concerned over the *discovery* of election frauds. Dr. O'Donnell has done important service in setting on foot the judicial examination that results in disclosures not creditable to either party, and distinctly discreditable to the men whose duty it was to organize election boards in the different precincts. It is clearly apparent that frauds—enough to set aside a number of elections—have been committed; a member of Congress, a judge, two senators, several members of assembly, and more than one municipal officer have received their certificates of election upon margins too narrow to raise them above the presumption of criminal frauds. The grand jury will find proof difficult; a trial jury will never convict; the legislature is not likely to change the law. Christopher Buckley will remain Democratic boss, and the *Examiner* will continue to be his organ. William Higgins, Esquire, will remain at the head of the Republican party, while the *Chronicle*, the *Call*, and the *Bulletin* will wage a jealous war to be regarded as his champion, defender, and mouth-piece, while the united intelligence and virtue of our best citizens will denounce, with resentful indignation, the motive of any person, who, having been a member of either the Republican or Democratic party, shall have the honesty and courage to denounce their most criminal practices. Protestants who have the courage to resist the political intrigues and criminal conspiracies of the Society of Jesus; Americans who resent the insolent encroachments of alien politicians; and temperance reformers who are sincerely desirous of correcting what everybody considers a great evil, are sneered at and derided as exhibitors of side-shows. We recognize the enormity of crimes against an honest ballot, and do not much concern ourselves which class of criminals gets the worst of the encounter in assailing the ballot-box. It is fairly presumable that the party gaining most from crimes against the electoral urn is the one who

commits them; tried by this test, the Democracy is entitled to the prize-medal of crime. We take pleasure in conceding it to Mr. Buckley.

Among the items going the rounds of the press, there appeared in a recent issue of the *Bulletin* the statement that "the influence of Dr. McGlynn is on the 'wane'; that his Sunday-evening lectures have fallen off in attendance, and his audiences are now largely confined to women." A well-known and prominent citizen of California, who has just returned from New York, gives us a very different statement. He visited Cooper's Institute to hear Dr. McGlynn, and informs us that he was listened to by fully three thousand people, and that, in his judgment, the movement inaugurated by him was gaining in strength and importance. Dr. McGlynn had been invited to Rome, and had been promised a trial and condonation of his offense against the church. The New York *Tribune*, of December 3d, contains the following extract from one of his speeches as showing how fixed and unalterable is his opposition to Rome. Dr. McGlynn is one of the strongest and most resolute-minded priests in America. He was pastor of the largest congregation in New York city. He has the courage of an independent American citizen. He was one of the most earnest and most fearless advocates of the Republican party. His conflict with Rome is not ended; it has just begun. He is the friend of our public schools, and in the coming conflict with Jesuitism is destined to play an important part. In the address referred to, he used the following bold and resolute language:

> I call the tyranny of the Catholic Church worse than the tyranny of the Czar, and this must be banished and torn down. Bishops and priests must be free as they formerly were. But the suggestion in the papers that a trial be held here in New York to consider my case and stop the growth of this power, I do not second. What would be the use? Who would hear it? Who would conduct it? No fair man. Rome would not allow it. The judges would be persecutors, as heretofore. I was offered—or was told that I would be offered—the pastorate of Middletown if I should retract. I denounce the whole machine. I telegraphed this, a secret which I now divulge, in Latin to Cardinal Simoni: "I will not condemn the doctrines uttered by me. I will not go to Rome. I have now no case whatever before your tribunal." Nor have I to-day. It would do no good. Were Christ to stand to-day in the streets of Rome, preaching the same doctrines which he taught eighteen hundred years ago, he would be accounted a heretic by the Holy Father.

Since writing our De Lesseps editorial, the information comes that a New York syndicate is to complete the Panama Canal. They will do nothing of the kind. A stock proposition may be suggested to bolster up an exploded and criminal bankruptcy, with a view of salvage over the wreck and to save laborers from despoiling property in their just anger. The canal company of Panama is in debt more than three hundred millions of dollars, every dollar of which is a lien upon their property. No new company can be founded upon the ruins of this till its affairs are wound up in bankruptcy. No money will be risked upon any venture to save the money stolen. The whole business is a crime and blunder from the start, and we may look upon every line printed in aid of its reëstablishment as the work of an accessory after the fact. There are but few engineering feats that may not be accomplished by money, but to build a navigable tide-water ship-canal—connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans at Panama—on the scale of profligate and criminal expenditure indulged in by De Lesseps and his stock-gambling associates, would cost more than the national debt of France. The American journalist, banker, or statesman, who aids, or tries to aid, this crime is himself a criminal. No respectable financial journal of France, and no French financier of reputation, and no French statesman of high character has ever given the Panama Canal project his approval. From beginning to ending it was a criminal conspiracy to swindle.

What ought to be done in San Francisco, and that without unnecessary delay, is the formation of a citizens' committee, composed of one thousand property-owners, which shall take upon itself the responsibility of protecting the public interests. It should maintain order, preserve the peace, and guard the interests of tax-payers. It should be composed of good citizens of all political parties, and should be political only when it becomes necessary to secure and promote intelligent and honest municipal government. One thousand active and earnest men paying twenty-five dollars per year—employing an energetic and competent secretary, a fearless and able attorney, with assistants, all working under a secret executive committee authorized to take prompt and effective steps for the detection, suppression, and punishment of offenses against property and public interests, employing a secret detective force of brave men—could accomplish great good. Such an organization might reform the police and fire departments, control the ballot-boxes and election laws, maintain order, aid the grand jurors in investigating crime and the criminal courts in trials, and in a thousand ways contribute to the public good. Such an organization exists in Chicago, and has already accomplished important results.

We congratulate the Roman Catholics of San Francisco upon the performance of another miracle, as genuine, we have no doubt, as was that of the famous *stigmata* which occurred here only a few years since. The young lady, upon whose person appeared in blood the sign of the cross, afterwards married a son of Israel, and has been lost to the church that perpetrates miracles. An Irish female, disabled for many years by crooked toes, with in-growing nails, to an extent that rendered it necessary to creep as does the infant, was an inmate of St. Mary's Hospital. By faith, and prayer, and water of Lourdes, she was suddenly and miraculously restored to an upright walking position.

Whether the Government of Great Britain will send us a minister to succeed Lord Sackville, until the new administration comes in, as only some ten weeks intervene is not important, and, in our judgment, not probable. As the English have no election on hand, and are no longer desirous of conciliating the Democratic party, and as there is nothing for an English ambassador to do till after the fourth of next March, it will not be regarded as a *casus-belli* if the place remains vacant for a short time, nor would it, we hope, seriously disturb our friendly relations if our American minister at the Court of St. James should return in time to eat his Christmas dinner in Vermont.

MORE BIG AUTHORS.

Mrs. Atherton writes about Lowell, Howells, Cable, and Others.

I gave, a few weeks ago, several pen-pictures of authors I had seen, but did not have space to finish. "The author as he looks" is in such demand that every one, who has seen him, feels in duty bound to impart his knowledge to everybody else. I saw Lowell some months ago, and would barely have recognized him from his pictures. He is very slender and delicate looking, almost feeble, and his beard and the two long mustaches extending below it are snow white. Black hair and a black patch in the upper part of the white whiskers give him a striking appearance. His forehead is full and broad, and his head intellectual, but by no means massive. I heard him make a speech, and his opening address was rather pathetic. He said that there was a time when he did not give himself much concern about a speech, when he could sometimes rely upon the right word coming at the right moment. But now his mind had lost its alertness, and, as he had only been told the night before that an address was expected of him, his audience must excuse all shortcomings. If truth must be told, his speech was not very interesting, and he read it rather badly. His voice is monotonous, not strong, and of magnetism he has none. But applause was unmeasured.

Edward Eggleston, the *Century* author, looks much like what one would expect who had read "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." He is Western to his finger-tips, and suggests a farmer more than a representative American author. He dresses badly, holds himself loosely and curvingly, and, the day I saw him, neither collar nor cuffs were visible. Presumably he had them on, but his coat was voluminous. His coarse, thoughtful face is strongly marked, and he has a shock of iron-gray hair so thick that it rises at least four inches on the top of his head. His piercing black eyes are carefully stowed away in the back of his head and further protected by iron-gray eyebrows that are like a spiked fence. His head is high above the ears and flat at the back, and his perceptives are largely developed, but the lower part of his face is covered by a heavy beard.

Richard Henry Stoddard, author, poet, literary editor of the *Mail and Express*, and husband of Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard—whose novels of thirty years ago have just been revived and are attracting so much attention—is tall, very slender, and belongs distinctly to the older and ultra-literary set. He gave vent to a wild wail the other day, in his reviewing colums, over the dearth of books worthy of notice, and wondered if nothing decent would ever be done again.

H. C. Bunner—who first attracted attention in the *Century*, then as the author of a charming little book called "The Midge," and who is now the editor of *Puck*—has a remarkably clean-cut look, and, save for remote side-whiskers, is smoothly shaven. His nose is large and slender, his eyes keen, and his mouth compact and firm. He dresses well, speaks with a refined intonation, and altogether looks as if he had seen something of the world outside of his study. He can not yet be thirty, and has a bright future before him of the thin, breezy, aquarelle, true American order.

I heard George W. Cable give one of his readings. His appearance was disappointing, of course; what author's is not? He is a little, slender man, with one of those ordinary, small-featured faces, which a beard makes yet more insignificant. The upper part of his face is large, however, and he has the most abnormally developed perceptives I have ever seen. Each of them is as big as a small woman's fist. The day I saw him he gave an extract from one of his books in the most approved melodramatic manner. He skipped, he danced, he hopped about the stage like a rubber ball, and his voice was equally various. I should say, however, that he got very honestly excited, and was extremely moved by his own work—an achievement for an author, after several months of polish and the joy of proof-reading.

James Whitcomb Riley—who shares the honors of Illinois with Mr. Eggleston, and who is undoubtedly the best dialect writer in America, because he is the most natural and sincere—is one of the most peculiar-looking men in literature. His profile looks like that of a boy of twenty; his full face is that of a man of forty. He has not a spear of hair—unless it is so blonde as to be invisible—on his head or face, and his prevailing tone is a pinkish-yellow. His nose is immense, but, in spite of all these drawbacks, he has a very pleasant and attractive face. He has a sort of pained-jolly expression, the result, probably, of giving sad and funny readings in close juxtaposition. In both, he is delightful. He can make a house roar with laughter or move it to tears. He and Bill are great friends, and look much alike, although Mr. Nye is built upon so exaggerated a pattern, and has a more consistently humorous expression—not being given to the pathetic. Mr. Riley steadily refuses to be lionized, and is said be very snubby to curio-hunters.

Another of the young dialect-fiends is Thomas Nelson Page, whose fame as yet is not national, but who is recognized as an American author. He is a modest-looking, business-like youth, who takes a practical view of the African and has turned him to much pecuniary account. He has absorbed the dialect very thoroughly, and writes and reads it as facilely as he does his own mother-vernacular.

I saw Frank Stockton at the Authors' Readings. When his turn came he rushed forward and tore through his paper like a lightning express. He paused not for inflection, modulation, or punctuation; his one and only agonized desire was to get through. His audience, who had expected to laugh, were not to be balked of their intention, and did so at regular intervals, albeit they could not understand a word. Stockton paid not the slightest attention to laughter or applause; he dashed right on, and, when he had finished, made a jerky little bow, almost ran to the back of the stage, and hid behind one of the big men. He is a small man, and his thin, dark face wears only a mustache. The lower part is remarkably narrow, almost lantern-jawed, but his head widens out just above the ears, and is very broad and level at the top. He has a sharp eye and a good nose, but his expression is not pleasing—his face has too much of the razor effect.

Everybody is so familiar with the pictures of George William Curtis that perhaps it is hardly worth while describing that calm, refined, intellectual, kindly face, whose charm is not lessened by its want of strength. It may be added, however, that it is large and well-shaped and remarkable for a certain breadth and openness. His hair and side-whiskers are perfectly white, his figure tall and well-made, and his carriage easy and good.

Charles Dudley Warner's pictures were evidently taken when he was much younger. He is stouter now, and his heavy beard and mustaches are quite grey; nor do the latter stand out horizontally, as of yore—they have quite a droop. He is still very erect, however, has a bright, charming, humorous expression, and looks as if he would fill the "Editor's Drawer" for a good many years to come.

On the second day of the Authors' Readings a man came on the stage some twenty minutes before the exercises began, and took a seat in the front row. He was short, he was stout, he had a round head, a round, red face, a gray mustache, and closely cut brown hair. He looked good-natured and affable, but intellectual might he did not suggest. During the readings he looked extremely uncomfortable, as if the chair were too small, or his clothes were too tight. He sat with his legs very wide apart, and his hands were alternately on his knees, in his pockets, or akimbo. Occasionally he would swing round in profile and embrace the back of his chair, and occasionally he would scratch his head, and again, his arm. He always laughed in the right place, and his applause was heartier than that of any man on the stage or in the audience. This man was William Dean Howells. When his turn came to read there was a visible flutter in the audience. The Great American Author was about to open his mouth and we were about to hear him! We had paid two dollars apiece for the privilege, and we had sat in a state of suppressed excitement, fearing he would have an apoplectic fit before his turn came. Mr. Lowell, who was master-of-ceremonies, made a few preliminary remarks. When he had finished, Howells sprang forward and nearly shook his arm off—to work off his embarrassment, poor man!—then made for the desk, where he stood like an awkward school-boy, very red in the face. He could not have read worse. He kept his voice on one monotonous key, he swallowed his words, he talked at his book, and never raised eyes or mouth. Nobody understood a word, but fortunately nobody cared; they had seen Howells and that was enough.

GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.

NEW YORK, December 9, 1888.

The recent decision of the New York court of appeals cuts off nearly one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars from Cornell University. Mrs. McGraw-Fiske executed a will, in which, after making certain bequests to her husband and relatives, she left the residue of her estate in trust for the McGraw library fund. The provisions of the will were attacked by her husband, Professor Willard Fiske, and her heirs-at-law, on two grounds: first, that the university, as a corporation, had no capacity to take the legacy, because it was limited by its charter to take and hold property to the amount of only three millions of dollars; second, that the university did actually own and hold at Mrs. Fiske's death more than that amount.

"Jack the Ripper" is, of course, a person of considerable note in London at present. Recently two ladies, well-known in the most select circles of English society, were walking down a London street discussing the Whitechapel murders, and they expressed a desire that if the murderer were discovered he should be delivered up to the women of London to be lynched. The next day they both received communications, signed "Jack the Ripper," informing them that they had been overheard, and that they would soon be numbered among Jack's victims. The two ladies have been under police protection ever since.

Two journals which speak for fashionable London, *Vanity Fair* and the *World*, are arguing the question whether the Prince of Wales is or is not "a funky rider." The verdict is that, while he is not a "first flight" man, he lacks neither skill nor pluck.

The Duchesse d'Uzes has just sold her interest in the Veuve Cliquot firm for one hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling. She is a granddaughter of the Veuve Cliquot.

LICK'S GHOST.

A Christmas Story.

"Of courth," said Mrs. Colonel Bounty, with her charming lisp, "of courth you have a ghotht here. Such a plath as thith is as naturally the home of a ghotht as Udolpho ithelf."

"Of course there is," assented the burly host, "and at the risk of every one of you keeping a lamp burning all night, I must in seriousness make the announcement: There is a ghost here."

The men all said "Nonsense" and "Pooh-pooh," while the ladies smiled in varying degrees of sickliness, but Mr. Wodin calmly repeated his affirmation. Indeed, the repetition was made with so much earnestness and apparent good faith, that at last the men decided to get at the real extent of Wodin's *bona-fides*.

"Look here now, Wodin," said Judge Tome, with his favorite gesture of an extended forefinger, "do you mean to tell us seriously that you have seen a ghost here?"

"Never," said Wodin.

"I thought not," said the judge, triumphantly; "mere hearsay evidence, gathered probably from your Portuguese contingent over there."

"I have never seen the ghost," said Wodin, quietly, "but I have never passed a night here for the past two years without hearing it."

This rather staggered the judge, and, while he was meditating upon his line of rebuttal, Miss Grace Colby, who was achieving something of a reputation as an elocutionist, asked in a rather thrilling fashion whose ghost it was.

"Why, James Lick's, I suppose," replied Wodin; "this was his place, his favorite country retreat, you know, before it came into our hands."

"But why should he haunt you?" inquired Colonel Bounty, who passed for a wag; "you are not one of the laggard trustees."

"I can't give you any explanation about the cause of the visitations," answered Wodin; "all I know is that Lick's ghost walks slowly up and down that verandah there every night."

"Oh, bosh!" cried the men; "Wodin's spinning a Christmas-yarn and wants to scare us into taking the next train into town."

"Scarcely that," replied Wodin, smiling, "as the next train doesn't go until a quarter-past nine to-morrow morning. I have nothing more to say about it now," he went on; "wait until to-night and hear for yourselves, and meanwhile let's go in to dinner."

The spot where the above conversation took place was that delightful bend of the Guadalupe Creek, known by the prosaic name of Lick Mills. The dead millionaire always had a liking for this part of the lower bay valley, just where the horrible ooze of the mud-flats stiffened into adobe, and at one time owned everything from dismantled Alviso almost down to sleepy Santa Clara. The warm but tempered climate was very grateful to the old gentleman; he liked the pastoral scene and the tall hills that shut in the valley like a great wall. Moreover, he had certain utilitarian ideas about the place which, had he lived, he would undoubtedly have carried out. One of these ideas was to make the Guadalupe a navigable canal from this corner of it down to the landing, to build large flouring-mills here, and to reëstablish the departed glories of Alviso. The mills were built, and the massive masonry of one of the locks is still to be seen over there by the bridge; but the brickwork is slowing bulging into the stream, the mills with all their mahogany elegances were long ago burned, and the moss is thicker than ever on the deserted warehouses of Alviso.

There was a fringe of willows along the Guadalupe when the lands about the creek came into Lick's possession, but in this particular corner he added to the natural timber by setting down a plantation of splendid trees, chiefly such shade makers as the sycamore, maple, lime, and oak. Most of all, though, was he proud of his double avenue of weeping-willows, extending from the house by the creek's bank to the county road. The avenues are little more than a wild grove at present, but there are lovely vistas still to be had between the rows of feathery branches which sweep down to meet the rank glass, that is cool even in the hottest day.

The house is a great rambling structure, with broad echoing halls, bedrooms big enough for a small family, and a dining-room that is almost baronial in its proportions. Very broad verandas run around three sides of the house, and as the trees crowd in rather closely on these, the daylight that gets in-doors is—like that underneath the willows—always rather cool and shadowy. When it is garish outside, it is dusky within; and when it is dusk without, it is gloomy within. The lamps serve rather to deepen the shadows of the corners than to dispel them, the halls seem to be more echoey than ever after dark, and the great bedrooms look absolutely cavernous. So that, altogether, Mrs. Colonel Bounty's lisping matter-of-course assumption that the mansion had its ghost was very natural.

The conversation, which had been closed by a call to dinner, had been held on the western veranda, for, notwithstanding the fact that it was Christmas Eve, and the evening of Christmas Eve at that, the air, by one of those delightful climatic freaks to which it is sometimes given here, was as mild as spring. The first rains had turned off the faucet about a week before, and the dropping sun had come out with a vigor that was as surprising as that of M. de Lesseps. Those who were doing the talking were Mr. Wodin and his guests. Mr. Wodin was a massive and most hospitable Swede, who was the manager of the factory which had taken the place of the original mill, and, as he detested being alone and had accommodations for a regiment, he was forever filling, or partly filling, the great mansion with whomsoever of his particular friends he could get to pass a day, or a week, or a month with him. For several days past he had been laying his plans to have an old-fashioned Christmas Day in a country-house, and had so well succeeded that he had now some dozen-odd city-folks on his hands to fodder and bed. They had all come down by the mid-day train, and, after having got over a very noisy assignment of quarters, had all trooped out-doors, vowing that the weather and place were both too lovely for them to stay cooped-up within any four walls.

Truly there were inducements enough to draw them out-doors that delightful December afternoon. The weather, as has been remarked, was an atmospheric treat, and the view both near and far was peculiarly grateful to the eye. Close at their feet was the grassy lawn, with its flower-beds, shade-trees, and graveled walks. A step beyond was the fish-pond, with the mill buildings at one end, and the Portuguese quarters at the other, but both actually embowered in willows and sycamores. Then in the middle distance were the great level stretches of farming and fruit lands, with the high roofs and spires of the Asylum for the Chronic Insane breaking the line of plane, and then in the distance the hills stretching from Pilarcitos on the west clear round, past the Los Gatos gap, to the bare scarp of the Mission Peak back of Irvington. All the uplifted profiles were aglow in the red light of the setting sun as they looked, while up on Mount Hamilton's further cone they could see the gleaming domes that covered Lick's noblest monument and tomb.

It was late before they all retired that night, and though the ghost had formed the topic of conversation again, both at the dinner and during the games that followed it, no one's slumbers were frightfully disturbed, and every one appeared at breakfast next morning in good order and color. Christmas greetings flew about; the few young folks who had been brought down had hung up their stockings and had found them crammed in the morning; the Christmas-tree was lying outside ready to be set up in the parlor; there was talk of a magic lantern, and Mr. Wodin went heavily about, smiling and beaming like a veritable Santa Claus. His Christmas Day in a country-house was evidently a success.

But jolly host though he was, he had to be told the truth, and it was Mrs. Colonel Bounty who flatly brought it out.

"Mr. Wodin," she said, "you are a humbug. There ith no ghotht."

Many of them cried out an indorsement of this uncomplimentary opinion, but they were suddenly silenced by Dr. Lassen's going over to the enemy.

"Excuse me," he said, in his rather positive fashion; "there is a ghost, and my wife and I heard it."

"Ah," said Mr. Wodin, with one of his long, high-pitched laughs, "what did I tell you? Why, you might all have heard it, had you not gone so heavy-headed to bed."

"Tell us what you heard, doctor," was the next demand.

"Well," said he, "it was about two o'clock in the morning that I was awakened by a feeling of intense cold. It was due, I found, to Mrs. Lassen's having kicked the bedclothes off me—you needn't threaten me with that knife my dear, for you know I'm telling the truth. While I was readjusting the covers, I heard a heavy foot-fall on the veranda just outside my window, and then another, and another, in different parts of the porch."

"The watchman, of course," said Judge Tome, loftily.

"Not at all," replied Dr. Lassen; "I awakened my wife and asked her to listen. She did for a minute or so, then cried out 'Lick's ghost' and ducked her head under the bedclothes. 'Now, come out of that,' I said, 'and I'll tell you what this ghost is, but first listen attentively.' She pulled the bedclothes down from one ear, and we both lay quiet and listened. The heavy footsteps were very audible and came from all parts of the veranda. 'Now, Ella,' I said, 'tell me, do you notice anything peculiar about those footsteps?' 'They are very loud,' she said. 'Anything else?' I asked. 'Yes; very crackly,' she said. 'Anything else?' I persisted; 'anything about their regularity?' 'They are very irregular,' she said. 'I should say so,' I replied. 'Listen, there's one just outside, and there's another nearly up to the corner by Bounty's room. You see, then, if there's any one doing the promenade act out there, he must walk like a kangaroo. Now, come out here and I'll show you there's no one. Here's your wrapper.' She came out shivering, but I dragged her to the window and pulled up the shade. The moon was shining clearly, and we could see everything as plainly as we do now. There was no one, of course, on the veranda, yet, as we were looking, there was the sound of a loud footstep directly in front of us. My wife turned to run, but I gripped her arm and wouldn't let her stir. 'Tell me what that veranda is covered with,' I said, 'and then you can go to bed.' 'It's covered with tin and it's painted red,' she said, 'and now let me return to bed, you brute.' I let her go. 'Now, my dear,' I said, when I, too, was under cover, 'go back to your school days and tell me what effect the sun would have upon a lot of tin sheets exposed as those are out there.' 'It would make them expand, I suppose,' she said. 'Naturally,' I replied; 'and what would these same tin sheets do on a cold night, for as you have noticed, it is a cold night—what would these sheets do?' 'They would contract, I guess,' she replied. 'Right again,' I said, 'and it is in the cracking sound of that contraction that you have Lick's ghost.'"

Everybody laughed, Mr. Wodin the loudest of all, and Lick's ghost was declared to have been permanently and completely laid.

With the proceedings of the day this story has little to do, and they may be almost dismissed by saying that they were thoroughly seasonable. After breakfast all the horses and conveyances on the place were brought out and placed at the disposal of the guests. A few of these—their number was really but four—drove over to Santa Clara and attended service in the college church; others explored the smooth, boulevard-like roads of the neighborhood; while others again paid visits to some friends who happened to be in the locality. Most of the ladies, however, took pity upon the poor little Swiss housekeeper, and stayed in the house to help prepare the dinner, for which Mr. Wodin had made the most extravagant preparations; to set up the Christmas-tree; to see that the dining-room was properly decorated, and to work out the problem of serving sixteen people with only a dozen-and-two of knives and forks. Wodin also remained at home and was the busiest personage of them all. His heavy step and high cackling laugh were heard everywhere, his great florid face dripping with perspiration, and a cigar forever tucked away under his big blonde mustache. The dinner was a triumph, the magic lantern worked to a charm, there was plenty of good music, and the children were allowed to stay up until nearly eleven, when the Virginia Reel was danced. Altogether it was a jolly, splendid time—a time of real merriment and unaffected pleasure. By midnight every one had retired with a chorus of "good-nights" and a rattle of bedroom doors.

It was, perhaps, an hour after when Dr. Lassen was aroused by his wife shaking his shoulder.

"Eh, eh," he grunted; "tell him I'll be down in a minute." Then, being wide-awake, and something in his wife's "Hush!" aiding the process, he sat up and asked, "What is it?"

"Listen," she whispered, in reply.

The doctor listened, and out on the veranda he heard the scuffle of feet and then a laugh—an unpleasant, subdued, and smothered laugh.

"That's not the tin roof," said Mrs. Lassen.

"No," he replied, gruffly; "but it's some unripe fools trying to play a prank ghost. I'll just settle them."

Whereupon he rose softly, tiptoed over to the wash-stand, and had lifted the pitcher out of the bowl when he dropped it back again, as a shriek of mortal terror came ringing out from the next bedroom. It was that occupied by Miss Grace Colby, and, as he was debating what to do, there came a second shriek, and then another, and then a clamor at the door which communicated between the two rooms. Jumping into his trousers and slippers, the doctor ran to the door and opened it, when in fell Miss Colby in a dead faint. By this time the hall was filled with people in every description of déshabille and excitement. There were knockings at the door and inquiries of all sorts; so the doctor, telling his wife to attend to Miss Colby, opened the door, and, in reply to the general clamor, said that the young lady had evidently been badly frightened by something and had fainted, but would be all right in a minute or two. In proof of which Miss Colby at that very moment opened her eyes, shuddered a little, and then asked if she could not get into bed with Mrs. Lassen, as she dared not return to her room. She was assisted to bed, being still very weak, when there came another knock at the door, and Mr. Wodin's voice was heard asking permission for its owner to enter. He had managed to get most of the people back to their rooms, but was evidently disturbed himself.

Coming in and shutting the door, he went at once to the point.

"What frightened you, Miss Colby?" he asked.

From the recesses of Mrs. Lassen's bed the young lady replied, in a very faint voice, that she had been awakened by a hand being gently passed over her face, and, looking up, had seen a man at her bedside.

"Can you describe him?" asked Wodin, grimly; and then they saw that he was clutching something in the pocket of his long ulster.

"I can," replied Miss Colby, a little more steadily, "for the moon was shining clearly. He was an old man, with a long, gray beard, and dressed in a dark garment that trailed on the ground. His face was close to mine, and I believe he either had kissed or was about to kiss me. I shrieked out, when he straightened himself up, threw out his hands, and walked out the window, laughing."

"Laughing!" echoed the doctor; "that's strange."

"You're sure you were not dreaming?" asked Mr. Wodin, rather crossly.

"Go and look at my window," replied Miss Colby, with as much dignity as she could throw into the command, uttered as it was with nothing visible but a blonde head in crimps and two blue eyes.

Both the doctor and Mr. Wodin looked at the window and found it wide open and the curtain rolled up to the very top.

"Well," said the young lady, rather defiantly, "you don't think I'm in the habit of going to bed with my window like that, I hope? I tell you the man was there."

"It's very queer, very——" Mr. Wodin had begun, when his speech was cut short by the furious strumming of the piano down-stairs in the parlor. There was a crash in the bass, a helter-skelter among the treble notes, a wail, and then the thump of the piano-cover as it was slammed to.

With the crash, Mr. Wodin, who had been standing in the fixity of utter amazement, was roused into action. Drawing a pistol from his pocket he rushed from the room, followed by the doctor and accompanied by the shrieks of Miss Colby. When they reached the hall it was once more filled with frightened women and jabbering men. Without heeding any one, Mr. Wodin ran through them, heading for his objective point, when Judge Tome's voice was heard crying:

"Get out of that, you ass, or I fire at three! One—two—three!" And immediately after a pistol-shot rang out, then another, then a good, round oath, and the cling of shattered glass.

Mr. Wodin turned at the head of the staircase, which he had reached, and strode to the judge's room.

"Tome," he called out, rapping smartly at the door, "what in heaven's name are you doing; what's the matter?"

"Matter!" called back the judge, as he threw open the door and showed himself, with his smoking revolver in his hand; "matter enough, I should think; some derned fool has been trying to play an idiotic joke by smothering me with a pillow. I had all I could do to get my head clear, grab my pistol from under the bolster, and let fly, when the fellow made a dive out the window."

"Did you hit him?" asked Mr. Wodin.

"I don't know," replied the judge; "I generally do get there, but I was so flustered and strangled that I am afraid my aim was uncertain."

"Have you any idea who your visitor was?" asked Dr. Lassen.

"Not the faintest, except that I imagine it was some ass, who thought it a clever trick," said the judge, hotly; "whoever it was, he had disguised himself with a heavy beard and a long, flowing gown—a dressing-gown, I should say."

"Look here," said Colonel Bounty, "this thing is getting a little too serious, and I propose that we count noses and see if it is possible that there is any one so foolish as to carry practical joking to such an absurd extent as to wake up everybody in the house, distress our host, and set the women in fits."

The muster was made and every one was answered for, either directly or by authorized proxy.

"Do you think it possible?" said young Camomile, the artist; "I only offer it as a suggestion, don't you know—but old man—gray beard—long gown—and all that sort of thing, don't you know—do you think it possibly might be Lick's ghost?"

"Oh, Lick's ghost be hanged!" cried the impetuous doctor; "Lick's ghost can't smother Judge Tome and bang the piano at the same time, can he? We men must ferret this thing out. By all the horse-leeches, what's *that?*"

"That" was a conglomerate sound of trampling, yelling, and splashing on the roof, just above them.

Colonel Bounty's experience in command here came in good play. "Tome!" he shouted, "you, and you, and you," indicating three other fellows, "stay here and look after the women, and Wodin, you, and the doctor, and I will take to the roof. Give me that poker out of the grate in our room, my dear," he added. Mrs. Colonel Bounty passed him the poker without a word, the doctor drew a pen-knife, and, led by Wodin with his revolver, the three went into the bath-room and up by a step-ladder through a trap-door to the roof. The hullaballoo was in full swing when Wodin put his head through the trap-door, and, as he did so, the colonel and the doctor heard him say, "Well, I'm damned!" The other two followed up as quickly as possible, and, when they had emerged through the scuttle, their exclamations were patterned closely after the same order of profanity. And well they might be, for there, leaping and capering about the roof in a state of complete divestment, was a thundering old graybeard. As soon as he saw the three investigators he gave a loud whoop, and, springing toward the water-tank with a monkey-like agility, plunged headlong into it.

Coming to the surface with much heavy puffing, he hung on to the side with two long skinny arms, and waggled his head as though it was set on a universal joint.

"What the devil are you doing there?" called out the colonel, who was the first to find his free speech.

"What the devil are *you* doing here?" yelled out the man in the tank; "I'm St. Peter, and I'm walking on the water," with which he splashed about with his feet until one would have thought a stern-wheeler had got into the reservoir. "Git outer this, you unsanctified porkers," he shouted; "claw your throats and run down some steep place to the sea. Bring along my rooster and I'll drown it before he has a chance to crow once!" As he said so, he unhooked his arms, and, scooping up the water in his hands, threw it in large splashes at the three intruders on his saintly ablutions.

"By St. Peter himself, this beats the ghost," said Mr. Wodin; "what lunatic do you suppose this is?"

"You have hit it exactly," said the doctor; "this undoubtedly is some poor lunatic who has escaped from that asylum over there. The moon is full, you see, and, as this is Christmas, the keepers are possibly in the same condition. This old chap seems to be harmless, and we may as well let him take his death of cold as shoot him; but the great question is, how many got out with him?"

"How many?" shrieked St. Peter from the water-tank; "how many what? How many beans make five, or how many almanacs make a year? Yah!" splashing furiously with his heels; "you make me sick, you and the rest of your generation of vipers. I'll see to it." He made as though he would leap out, but the doctor, walking close to the tank, looked him in the eye and quietly told him to stay where he was, and the old fellow peaceably hooked himself on once more.

"I'll mount guard here," said the doctor, "while you go and hunt up the piano-player. Don't hurt him; tell him to be quiet in your ordinary voice, and he'll mind you."

The colonel and Mr. Wodin had not reached the bath-room floor when there was a loud blowing of police-whistles in the garden, and by the time they reached the hall, the judge came running up-stairs to inform them all that a couple of patients had escaped from the asylum, and that the keepers were out in force hunting for them.

"Tell them to come up and get on the roof and they'll find one of them in the water-tank," said Mr. Wodin, laughing; "I imagine, judge, that that chap must be your visitor, as well as Miss Colby's admirer. The other fellow can't be far off. At any rate, he was playing a hurricane *scherzo* on my poor piano a few minutes ago."

St. Peter was speedily secured and brought down through the trap-door by the anxious keepers. He was clothed, but was most decidedly not in his right mind. He made the company a disjointed harangue, in a voice like a steam-whistle, then broke from the attendants, threw a handspring, and slid down the banister before they could catch him again.

His companion in flight, who was a poor crazed actor, had evidently slipped away as soon as the keeper's whistle was heard, and it was not until the following Thursday that he was found perched on a rail fence, electrifying assembled Milpitas with a highly original version of "Curfew shall not Ring Tonight."

THOMAS J. VIVIAN.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1888.

The Mugwump papers are having a hard time trying to find out what hit them. The *Nation* has ever since been howling like an Irish banshee. *Harper's Weekly* is meek, squashy, and damp with Mugwump tears. Its editor, metaphorically speaking, admits that his name is George William Mud. *Puck* says: "What are we going to do? We are going to behave like loyal Americans. We are going to accept the situation which our institutions have forced upon us." That is real nice of *Puck*. We had feared that those two loyal Americans, Jonathan Keppler and Aminidab Schwarzmann, might have tried to carry their native New England out of the Union.

THE LATEST VERSE.

The Death of Anthony.

Can it be? Are you living, my queen?
  I thought I had lost you forever;
I was hurrying on to seek you
  O'er Acheron's dark river.
I was rushing down Death's dark way,
  For this world is nothing without you;
But you live, you live, and for one last time
  I can throw my arms about you.

Mine again—for a moment—no more,
  For swiftly my life is flying;
All your love can not hold me here,
  I am dying, Egypt, dying.
Ah! Death would be only a triumph
  If we together were going,
But alone, alone, and so alone,
  Is beyond all telling, all knowing.

Never—ah, never, never,
  Even in Elysian meadows
Can bliss be mine, if you are not there.
  'Mid that throng of thin, cold shadows.
Ah, let me not go alone!
  'Tis so easy life's knot to sever;
One pang, and it all is over. Come,
  Let us fling off the whole world forever!

We have had our golden days,
  Our triumph, our power, and our glory
And our life, and our love, and our death
  Shall be long remembered in story.
We have not hid from men's gaze,
  Nor rotted in life's dull corner,
But the world has wondered and stared at us,
  And the world will be our mourner.

There is nothing in life to regret,
  We have plucked all its myrtles and roses,
We have seen, we have done, what no others have done
  And if death now the triumph closes,
Let it come! let us welcome its coming,
  Since it loosens life's tedious tether.
Fate frowns on us both; let us go, dear love,
  Let us die as we lived, together.

Is it Cæsar's triumph to swell,
  That you hesitate now and linger?
His kisses to take, his gifts to accept,
  To be pointed out by Scorn's finger?
To be jeered at by Rome's foul rabble?
  You, to cringe and to shrink to a master;
You, to eat the dust of his chariot-wheels;
  And is death, then, a worse disaster?

Ah! you shudder! Your cheeks grow pale!
  I can say no more; I am dying.
This world's growing dim. Lift my head!—one more kiss!
  Oh! at least on your bosom lying.
My spirit takes flight—all is over
  This life had to give, and it gave us
Its best and its sweetest; but now death is best—
  Death, that comes from life's horrors to save us.

Farewell! We shall meet again soon,
  I feel it, beyond the dark river.
If you stay, it will be but a moment,
  For life can not last forever.
On that farther shore I shall wait,
  With a love that knows no abating,
Till you come—and come soon—and remember,
  I'm waiting there, Egypt, waiting.

—*W. W. Story in Blackwood's for November.*

Whose?

(To a pair of slippers in the Egyptian Exhibition.)

Tiny slippers of gold and green,
  Tied with a moldering golden cord!
What pretty feet they must have been
  When Cæsar Agustus was Egypt's lord!
Somebody graceful and fair you were!
  Not many girls could dance in these!
When did the shoe-maker make you, dear,
  Such a nice pair of Egyptian threes?

Where were you measured? In Sais, or On,
  Memphis, or Thebes, or Pelusium—
Fitting them featly your brown toes upon,
  Lacing them deftly with finger and thumb
I seem to see you—so long ago!
  Twenty centuries—less or more!
And here are the sandals; yet none of us know
  What name, or fortune, or face, you bore.

Were you she whom I met at dinner last week,
  With eyes and hair of the Ptolemy black,
Who still of this "find" in the Fayoum would speak,
  And to scarabs and Pharaohs would carry us back?
A scent of lotus around her hung,
  She had such a far-away wistful air
As of somebody born when the earth was young,
  And wore of gilt slippers a lovely pair!

Perchance you were married. These might have been
  Part of your trousseau—the wedding-shoes;
And you laid them aside with the lote-leaves green,
  And painted clay-gods which a bride did use;
And, maybe, to-day by Nile's bright waters
  Damsels of Egypt in gowns of blue—
Great-great-great-very-great-granddaughters—
  Owe their shapely insteps to you!

But vainly I knock at the bars of the past,
  Little green slippers with golden strings!
For all you can tell is that leather will last
  When love and delights and beautiful things
Have vanished, forgotten! Nay! not quite that?
  I catch some light of the grace you wore
When you finished with Life's daily pit-a-pat,
  And left your shoes at Time's bedroom door!

—*Sir Edwin Arnold in Universal Review.*

To a Pretty Woman Pouring Tea.

Fair Lady Rose, round whom black-coated bees,
  Make murm'rous humming all the afternoon;
Thou dost belong to the soft summer ease
Of purple islands, where the Southern seas
  Break on the shore with low, beguiling rune.

Lands fair as the far-famed Hesperides
  Should be thy home, O Lady of the June!
And thou shouldst pour, instead of cups like these,
Circean draughts, which to the subtle lees
  Thy slaves should quaff, and praise thee all in tune,

To playing of such melodies as please
  Fair lady's ears, and win, for love, love's boon;
And sweet, beneath the gently drooping trees,
Should be the tender whisper of the breeze,
  And time should pause, for thee, at golden noon.

—*Louise Chandler Moulton in the Independent.*

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Gail Hamilton once made a cutting and comprehensive remark to a man who had just married his third wife. It was in the old days when George Q. Cannon, Delegate in Congress from Utah, was living more or less happily with three wives. "Look," said the thrice-married bridegroom to Gail Hamilton at an evening reception, "there comes Cannon, the polygamist." "Yes," said Gail Hamilton; "and the only difference between you and him is that you drive your wives tandem, while he drives his abreast."

Alvo Yusuph, chief judge of Bagdad, was remarkable for the modesty which accompanies wisdom. Once, after a long investigation of the facts of a case, he publicly confessed that his knowledge was not sufficient to enable him to decide it. "Pray," said a pert courtier, "do you expect the caliph to pay you for your ignorance?" "I do not," meekly answered the judge; "the caliph pays me well for what I know; if he were to attempt to pay me for what I do not know, the treasures of his empire would not suffice."

A Western paper recently offered a prize for the best story to be written by a pupil of the public school. Here are a few passages from the contributions: "Cora Brown was fortunately the possessor of a birthday, for she was the daughter of rich friends." "But all this time a cloud was gathering over Mrs. Delaney, which grew large as years went by, and that cloud was full of grasshoppers." "My father desired me to marry a bank president, a handsome, reckless man, fond of naught save the gaming-table." "'Vat I dell you, vat I dell you,' shouted the Irishman." "As she entered the room a cold, damp smell met her sight."

Rev. Dr. George W. Field, of Bangor, is a very absent-minded man. When on the street, in the cars, or even at dinner, his mind is often so fully concentrated upon the subject of his next sermon that he appears to take no notice of surrounding circumstances. At one time, traveling between Bangor and Boston, as the conductor of the train, passing through the car making collections of tickets, came to Dr. Field with hand outstretched, the reverend gentleman, glancing up quickly from a reverie, looked into his face a moment, then extended his hand and said, "Good-afternoon, sir; but I think you have a little advantage of me. What name?"

Senator Blackburn is, at times, exceedingly grandiloquent. One day he was engaged in arguing a case in Lexington, and his speech was so full of "highfalutin" that it rather bored his legal opponent, who sought relief from it by going out on the green surrounding the court-house. As he stepped from the door, an old hemp-raiser, who had followed him out, said: "Blackburn is making a great speech." "Oh, yes," sneered the bored attorney; "Blackburn always makes a great speech. If you or I had occasion to announce that 'two and two made four,' we'd be just fools enough to blurt it out. Not so, Blackburn. He would say: 'If by that particular arithmetical rule, known as addition, we desired to arrive at the sum of two integers added to two integers we should find—and I assert this boldly, and, sir, without the fear of successful contradiction—we, I repeat, would find by that particular rule of arithmetic properly applied—and, sir, I hold myself perfectly responsible for the assertion I am about to make—that the sum of the two given integers added to the other two integers would be FOUR.'"

An Englishwoman in America once, while traveling in the West, was obliged to take a seat in one crowded car, while her friends entered the next. Her neighbor in the seat was a disagreeable-looking fellow, whose features showed an alarming amount of low cunning, promising actual knavery. In spite of the Englishwoman's distrust of him, she fell asleep, and was awakened by feeling her companion withdrawing his hand from her pocket. Her first impulse was to raise an alarm; her second, to ascertain the extent of her loss. It proved that the thief had only succeeded in taking her baggage-checks, and, as his ticket was marked "Chicago," the lady resolved to wait until they reached that place, also her destination. The train ran into the station at Chicago, the pickpocket made his way to the door, and the lady walked beside him. A baggage-express messenger was passing by the car, and the lady stopped him. "This gentleman has the checks for my baggage," she said, pointing to the thief. The messenger turned to the man, who, astonished at the suddenness with which the tables had been turned, hastily produced the checks and disappeared in the crowd.

Alexander Nasmyth, the landscape painter, was a man fruitful in expedients. His son relates the following example of his ingenuity: The Duke of Athol consulted him as to some improvements which he desired to make in his woodland scenery near Dunkeld. Among other things, a certain rocky crag needed to be planted with trees, to relieve the grim barrenness of its appearance. The question was how to do it, as it was impossible for any man to climb the crag, in order to set seed or plants in the clefts of the rock. A happy idea struck my father. Having observed in front of the castle a pair of small cannon, used for firing salutes on great days, it occurred to him to turn them to account. A tinsmith in the village was ordered to make a number of canisters with covers. The canisters were filled with all sorts of suitable tree-seeds. The cannon was loaded and the canisters were fired up against the high face of the rock. They burst and scattered the seed in all directions. Some years after, when my father revisited the place, he was delighted to find that his scheme of planting by artillery had proved completely successful; the trees were flourishing luxuriantly in all the recesses of the cliff.

When Cole, a well-known circus proprietor in the South, sold his stock in New Orleans, three dun ring-horses that he had owned for years went with the others by mistake. Mr. Cole at once bought them back, saying that he would never consent to have the horses become the property of any one who would make them work, and he had decided to put them to a painless death. He proposed bleeding them to death, but W. B. Leonard, a liveryman, suggested that the use of chloroform would be a better and less painful mode. This was finally decided upon, and a reliable man procured, who was to have performed the operation. They were all collected in the circus tent. There was Cole, Leonard, the riders and the clowns, the ringmaster, the tumblers, and the leapers, and the three pet duns. Calling the little mare by name, he told her to kiss them all good-by. The intelligent animal, stretching forward her head, kissed each one. This was more than they could stand, and the sacrifice was put off. Cole had no place to take them to, so Leonard promised to find some one who would assume charge of them, under a guarantee never to work them, but to keep them in good order until death should claim them for the grave.

Duke Max of Bavaria had no greater delight than leaning over the counter of some small shop-keeper, talking gossip or purchasing toys for his great-granddaughters in Austria. Innumerable stories are told illustrating his character. B. H. Goldschmidt, a wealthy banker of Frankfort, was once journeying to Vienna. Opposite him on the velvet cushion of the first-class car sat an old gentleman, whose dress and looks betrayed no uncommon rank. "Are you on a pleasure trip?" asked the banker's *vis-à-vis*. "Yes," answered the latter, "I am going to visit my daughter, who, thank God! fortunately married the Banker Wiener, in Vienna." "How strange," replied his companion; "the incentive to my trip is the same. I am going to visit my daughter in Vienna. Thank God! she, too, is rather fortunately married to the Emperor of Austria." The duke's pocket-book was open to all. Many a poor creature in that Catholic city told off beads for "good Duke Max," and blessed his name. A disciple of old Baltazarini, whose art had once charmed the ballet-lovers of Munich, having grown old in her profession, was unable to get employment. In despair she wrote to Duke Max, giving an account of her situation. His secretary handed him the letter with the remark: "She deserves nothing; she has lived a fast life." "Then," answered his highness, "she will miss her former splendor so much the more," and, sitting down, he wrote her a letter, inclosing money, and signed "From an admirer of your art."

VANITY FAIR.

A book that is sure to be found interesting to women in general is "How Men Propose," which has been compiled from the works of famous authors by Agnes Stevens. She has made extracts from the writings of male and female authors, both of whom, it is to be supposed, drew on their personal recollections to a certain extent when taking their characters through these exciting episodes. It appears there are eight distinct varieties of proposals, and these are grouped under the heads of the youthful, the vicarious, the humble, the pompous, the successful, the unsuccessful, the resultless, and the renewed proposals. It seems from the data gathered from authors, who made the study of life their task, and are, therefore, to be accepted as authority on this question, that the "youthful proposal" is generally successful, though, if the proposer is younger than the proposee, the opposite is to be anticipated. Also the youthful proposal is eminently incoherent, is freely interspersed with "ohs!" and "darlings," and is always precipitate. The "vicarious proposal," it appears, is, on all occasions, rejected with scorn and contumely, except in the case of a father proposing for his son, or, in the case of Barkis and Peggotty, when David Copperfield was the go-between. Of "humble proposals" there are more than any other sort, and they seem to be, if one may judge by the author's verdict, far the most successful variety. The gentleman, after proper abasement, always discovers that the lady has secretly loved him ever since she could walk alone, and, at the news, "a great glad light" never fails to illumine his countenance. The vote of the authors of both sexes appears to be unanimously in favor of the humble lover. The "pompous" proposer never fails to get promptly and properly snubbed, and the authors combine to warn the would-be bridegroom against this fatal course. The sex, without an exception, repudiates condescension on this subject. The "successful proposal" is a variety, of course, widely known, and it may be gathered from the general drift of these in novels that this sort are a compound of respectful ardor, humility, tenderness, and interjections. The makers of "unsuccessful" proposals show the most curious inability to accept the verdict of the proposee, who always remains silent until she is frantically adjured to "Oh, speak!" and her usual course, the authors declare, is to offer to fill any family relation to him, such as sister, niece, or aunt, though rarely that of grandmother. The "resultless" kind is the sort where officious interlopers interrupt or the lady's coquetry inclines her to defer her decision. The evidence appears to be in favor of good luck attending upon a second attempt. There is one feature of this interesting event, which all authors—American and foreign, male and female, pious and otherwise—are evidently agreed upon, and that is, that proposals are accompanied by tears on the part of the lady. If she accepts, she weeps from pleasurable emotions; if she refuses, from regret and reluctance to cause pain; if the proposer is very youthful and is unsuccessful, he rarely fails to contribute to the general moisture of the occasion. The vicarious and pompous proposals cause a substitution of fire for water.

There are two new styles of *coiffure* introduced by the Frenchwomen in the Coquelin-Hading Company. Of course, Hading's fashion of wearing her hair is unique. One must first have red-gold hair, with sculpturesque waves, before one can venture on her simple method of dressing the hair, which requires only one pin at the back of the neck to keep the ends of the locks from tumbling on her shoulders. But the other women are less gifted by nature, and, therefore, are more possible as models. One fashion very nearly approaches in appearance the French twist, which was popular twelve years ago, only the reproduction of it makes the *coiffure* smaller than it was then, the twist being closer to the head and the folds of hair on top of the head being flatter and tighter than in the old *coiffure*. This twist, which turns from right to left, begins at the nape and makes a little smooth ridge all up the back of the head to three inches above the crown. There the ends of the hair are coiled in flat, smooth folds, like a small figure eight, ending in a few tiny, fluffy curls. The bang is very small and leaves the temples quite uncovered, and there are little jeweled side-combs stuck into the twist on both sides and in the top coils also. The other fashion is to gather all the hair together half-way between the crown and the nape and braid it in one large, smooth braid. This is allowed to fall quite low on the neck, and is then looped up and fastened along the back of the head nearly up to the crown, where it is finished by a ribbon bow. This last requires to be very skillfully done to look stylish and pretty.

Strutt, who is a trustworthy authority on costumes, says, in his "English Dresses": "Toward the conclusion of the fourteenth century, women were pleased with the appearance of a long waist, and in order to produce that effect they invented a strange disguisement called a corse or corset." The word corset appears at least as early as the thirteenth century, and in sumptuary laws made early in the reign of Edward the Fourth wrought corsets and corsets worked with gold are restricted to certain classes of the female nobility. They appear, however, to have been worn by both sexes, and were usually quilted, having slips of whalebone between the quilting. Their breadth, together with the mode of fastening them by lacing, permitted of their being drawn very tight, and thus produced the slim waists referred to by various writers of the period. "A French moralist who wrote during the reign of Henry the Sixth, says: 'By detestable vanity, ladies of rank now cause their robes to be made so tight in the waist that they can scarcely respire in them, and so often suffer great pain by it in order to make their bodies small.'" "In the time of Queen Elizabeth," says Strutt, "the bodice was also used by men, though this custom, I believe, was never generally adopted." Pictures of some of the remarkable men of that time are represented with slim waists, which are presumably the result of such tight lacing. From that period up to our own day corsets have been worn by the women of England and of most other civilized nations. They combine in one the mammillare, the strophion, the zoster, the zona, etc., of the ladies of ancient Greece and Rome. That the wearing of corsets is a gain to many women is evident enough from the fact that they are worn under conditions in which the wearers are regardless of mere appearance. For instance, we may cite the working peasant-women, unmarried, as well as married, of France, Switzerland, the Tyrol, Austria, and Hungary, etc., who wear stays during the performance of very laborious work, yet who, one could not suppose, would do this if their stays interfered with their comfort or movements. Another example of the same fact is illustrated by the very poor working-women of our own nation, who, when obliged to sell their clothes, or when these hang about them in rags, still, as a rule, stick to the use of stays. Many other examples to the same effect might be given, showing that mere regard for appearance will not, as is usually supposed, explain the wide-spread adoption by the women of our own time of corsets or of tightly bound sashes, as in the case, for instance, of the countrywomen of Spain.

It was recently observed that among a party of nine elegantly attired young women and girls who left a train at the Tuxedo Park station the other afternoon, five of them carried the long, slender La Tosca canes, whose popularity in New York is evidenced by the assortment of them to be found on the counters of all the large retail stores and the testimony of the salesmen in charge, who assert that their sale is by no means unusual and that many of them are being carried by New York ladies. Fanny Davenport carried the first La Tosca cane in New York city. It was made for her from a special and beautiful design, with an ivory head, over which silver was first deposited, cut out in a pattern and then etched, and cost fifty dollars. The canes now seen most frequently are nearly four feet long, made of ebony, acacia, rosewood, and white enamel, with solid silver or gold heads, or with a Mexican onyx ball at the top, and tied around with a cord and two heavy tassels. A very handsome specimen seen in a jeweler's window was a polo-hook head of ivory and silver deposit, with an ebony stick. Another dainty cane is of white enamel, with a Mexican onyx head set in a band of silver. Of silver heads there is an endless variety, as these are most popular, and the canes in their different styles range in price from ten to forty dollars. The present popularity of the fashion is just for style, and because it is so English, but the ingenuity of the New York belles will doubtless devise some fancied necessity for their use and appropriate them to the supplying of some long-felt want.

The introduction of women as clerks in shoe-stores was begun as an experiment a few years ago, and considerable interest in the success of the scheme has been manifested. The experiment may now be regarded as a success within certain limits, but it appears to be equally sure that the female clerks will never entirely drive out the men, even from the departments for women's and children's shoes. An experienced clerk in a well-known New York establishment said recently to a *Tribune* reporter that the tendency among large dealers now is to employ both men and women, and then let the customer choose for herself between the two. "It is purely a matter of taste," said the clerk, "and I should say even that it depended on the customer's mere whim. Some women profess to be shocked at the immodesty of having a man put on their shoes for them; but on the other hand many of the most refined ladies in the city always insist on having a man serve them. The majority of women wear tight shoes, even those who have no claim to a place in the world of fashion, and it takes a strong hand and arm to get a tight shoe on a customer's foot easily. Most women are too weak in the wrist for this sort of work, and they will toil and struggle so over the task that many customers become completely disgusted, and learn to avoid a store where there are no male clerks to wait on them. A man by superior strength and dexterity will force a shoe two sizes too small on a woman's foot with comparative ease, and she will leave the store conscious of having secured a small shoe that is a perfect fit. Unduly sensitive women do find it an ordeal to have men wait on them, and for such cases the female clerk is a business necessity. Most women, however, are not so sensitive, and as for the male clerks themselves, they would always rather wait on a man than on a woman, any time. Women are so much more particular than men, especially in the matter of shoes, that it is by no means a coveted privilege to wait on them."

American girls who live abroad unchaperoned are often subjected to indignities of a startling kind. It is not usual, however, that a cabman furnishes material for a gossipy story; yet one young woman has had an adventure with a man of this class which she will not soon forget. She is the daughter of a prominent politician, and is spending the season in Berlin. Calling a carriage, in the early hours of the morning after a brilliant ball, the young woman started home. It is customary in Berlin, when sending a girl home in a cab, to require a ticket which the jehu is compelled to give, upon which are his number and the price of the trip, and which, in case of any accident, can be used in evidence. The escort of the American girl had neglected this. The journey led her through a lonely part of the Thiergarten, where, even in daytime, people seldom walk. When in the darkest corner the cab suddenly stopped, the driver descended from his box, opened the door, and thus addressed the young lady: "Miss, I have often heard that a kiss from the high ladies tastes better than one from our people, and I am going to know for myself." With that, he stretched out his hands, covered with their buckskin gloves, clasped the girl about the neck, and drew her, screaming, toward him. Resistance was impossible, her cries were unheard, and the coachman's lips touched her own. With the aggravating remark, "Not a bit better!" he closed the door and continued the journey, assisting his victim to alight when the destination was reached. The young lady rushed into the house, not waiting to pay her fare, and spent hours scrubbing her lips. She had no means of identifying the scoundrel, and he escaped unpunished.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Mr. Gladstone's Career.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In my letter of the eleventh instant, which you have done me the favor to insert in your issue of this date, and in which I endeavored to explain to your readers the correct position of a very large number of Irish landlords, consequent on the agrarian legislation of the imperial Parliament of England during the last eighteen years, I stated that a long residence in Ireland, combined with a careful observation of the current of public affairs in that country, had enabled me to form what I can truly and honestly claim to be unbiased and unprejudiced opinions, with regard to the political, agrarian, and religious questions of the day.

With your permission, and, I may add, indulgence, for it will be necessary for me to go into the question at considerable length if I am to treat it with the completeness which its great importance demands, I will now proceed to lay before your readers, to the best of my knowledge and ability, a faithful account of the events and causes which have led to the present lamentable and disastrous state of affairs in Ireland.

I write "lamentable," because of the fearful amount of suffering of almost every description endured during the last few years by the peaceable and law-abiding inhabitants of Ireland; and "disastrous," because there can be no doubt that if the designs of those who are the leaders of a movement aimed at the integrity of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland are ever fully carried out, England must resign her position as one of the foremost nations of the world and consent to be reduced to the position of a second-rate power.

To deal with the Irish question in its three-fold aspect—political, agrarian, and religious—in a complete and satisfactory manner, it is absolutely necessary to consider it in its intimate connection with the downward career of Mr. Gladstone in political life during the last twenty years or more.

And here let me observe that, in dealing with Mr. Gladstone's career, I am exclusively confining myself *to its political aspect;* in every other relation of life I am quite ready to admit that he may be, and doubtless is, one of the best of men. It is solely as a *statesman* (if the term can be truly and fairly applied to such a versatile politician) that I regard him as a source of serious danger to his country. His intellectual gifts, his great eloquence, and the excellence of his private life, I should be the last to deny; but, anomalous as it may appear to assert it, I nevertheless *do* assert that it is these very gifts, this unrivaled eloquence, and even the excellence of his private character which have made him all the more dangerous to his country, inasmuch as so many thousands of men who do not take the trouble to look closely into political affairs for themselves can not be made to believe that so good, so excellent, so eloquent, and so learned a man can ever lead them astray in political matters.

Mr. Gladstone's political life commenced soon after the passing of Earl Grey's Reform Bill in 1832. He was then, and for some years after, the hope of the high Tory party, and his church principles were of the most orthodox description. He, at first, represented Newark (a small borough) as the nominee of the Tory Duke of Newcastle of those days, and afterward, until the year 1865, he represented the University of Oxford, when, having by that time entirely deserted the Conservative party and accepted office under a Liberal administration (he was chancellor of the exchequer under Lord Palmerston and afterward under Earl Russell from 1859 to 1866), he was rejected by the university in favor of the present Lord Cranbrook—then Mr. Gathorne-Hardy.

A remarkable incident occurred during the contest for the University of Oxford, which is well worth recording here:

Mr. Gladstone had always been, up to that time, a warm supporter of the Irish Church, and had actually written a pamphlet in which he defended the rights of that church to the position she then occupied and to the endowments she then possessed, on the very highest grounds, as possessing the undoubted apostolical succession and as being the only legitimate representative of the Catholic or Universal Church in Ireland.

His views on this important question being considered at that time (1865) doubtful, and, therefore, likely to lose him many votes in the university, one of his supporters addressed to him a letter asking for a declaration of his views with regard to the proposed disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church.

To this letter, Mr. Gladstone replied that he declined altogether to entertain the question; that *it was not within the range of practical politics*, and, in fact, gave his correspondent to understand that it was not a question he would ever take up or support.

In spite, however, of the publication of this letter, Mr. Gladstone was defeated; the large majority of the university having lost all confidence in him, and Mr. Gathorne-Hardy was elected in his stead.

I have referred to this incident, as it will be seen further on to have had a very important bearing on Mr. Gladstone's course in the year 1868, when the present phase in the history of Ireland may be said to have commenced.

There can be no doubt that the rejection of Mr. Gladstone, by the University of Oxford, had a very important bearing on the change undergone by him in the next three years, from the liberalism of Lords Palmerston and Russell to the radicalism of the last twenty years—a radicalism to which he has now added an intimate and close alliance with the declared enemies of the unity of the empire—whether there is a still lower depth for him to descend to, remains to be seen.

That this is simply true the following incident will prove:

Apprehending that Mr. Gladstone would be defeated in his contest with Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, his friends brought him forward as the candidate for the combined Liberal and Radical parties in South-west Lancashire.

As soon as the unfavorable result of the university election was ascertained beyond a doubt, Mr. Gladstone went down to Lancashire to fight his own battle, and in the very first speech delivered by him there, he made use of the remarkable words (referring to his defeat at Oxford), "Now I am unmuzzled," and from that time his liberalism rapidly merged into radicalism, though it was not until after the death of Lord Palmerston that he plainly declared himself. Mr. Gladstone was elected for South-west Lancashire on that occasion, but at the general election of November, 1868, he was defeated, and for two Parliaments he found refuge in the Borough of Greenwich, viz., the parliaments of 1868–74 and 1874–80, after which his seat was captured by a Conservative by a majority of more than one thousand, and he has since represented the County of Midlothian.

The general election of 1865 gave Lord Palmerston's government a considerable majority, the country generally having great confidence in so thoroughly patriotic and moderate a statesman; but he died during the interval (in the summer of 1865) between the general election and the meeting of that Parliament for its first session.

This important event made Mr. Gladstone virtually the leader of the Liberals, or Radical party, for, although Earl Russell succeeded to the premiership by right of seniority, Mr. Gladstone was the ministerial leader in the House of Commons, and by far the most important member of the government. Earl Russell's administration did not last long under the violent and unskillful management of Mr. Gladstone; the majority returned at the general election to support the principles and policy of Lord Palmerston was soon dissipated; many distinguished members of the moderate Liberal party, among whom were the present Lord Derby (then Lord Stanley), Lord Robert Grosvenor, and Mr. Lowe (now Lord Sherbrooke), and, in the spring of 1866, only a few months after the death of Lord Palmerston, Earl Russell's administration was defeated in the House of Commons by the adoption of Lord Dunhollin's amendment to Mr. Gladstone's Reform Bill, upon which Earl Russell immediately resigned, and the third administration of Lord Derby was formed, with Lord Beaconsfield (then Mr. Disraeli) as chancellor of the exchequer and leader of the House of Commons.

I now come to the important events which occurred in Lord Derby's third and last administration, and which led to the new departure of Mr. Gladstone in Irish affairs, with the disastrous and lamentable results which followed, and which, perhaps, you will kindly allow me to deal with in another letter, as this letter is, I fear, already too long.

To deal fully and exhaustively with the Irish question in its three-fold aspects—political, agrarian, and religious—without going carefully through the complexities and sinuosities of Mr. Gladstone's political career, would be to attempt a satisfactory performance of the play of "Hamlet" without the part of the Prince of Denmark; this must be my apology for the length of this letter and for much that is to follow.

I remain, sir, your faithful servant.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 17, 1888. JOHN KEYMER KANE.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Drew, the daughter of Mr. Gladstone, is an efficient private secretary, and opens every letter of the daily eighty, which, on an average, are delivered at Hawarden.

Isaac Pitman, the short-hand author, is opposed to strong drink, tobacco, animal food, vaccination, and nobody knows how many things. In religion he is a Swedenborgian.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has nine orchid-houses joined together and to the drawing-room and lighted with electricity. His stock of orchids is said to be worth forty thousand dollars.

Secretary Whitney is said to have had every newspaper reference to him, since he became Secretary of the Navy, clipped out and pasted into a scrap-book. The scrap-book now comprises forty large volumes.

Dan Lamont admits that he read the proof of the extraordinary article recently printed in the New York *Times*, hinting at the monstrous stories secretly circulated concerning Mr. Cleveland's private life, and says that the publication had the President's sanction.

P. T. Barnum has finally retired from the show business, after amassing a fortune of ten millions of dollars. He has also made his will, and taken precautions against future contests by including among the witnesses two leading Bridgeport, Conn., physicians, who certify that he is in his right mind.

The Duke of Sutherland is the greatest land-owner in Great Britain, where his possessions embrace one million three hundred and fifty eight thousand five hundred and forty-five acres. He also owns large tracts of lands in this country, aggregating, it is said, four hundred and twenty-five thousand acres.

The Princess of Wales introduced the high collar, which has had such a long popularity, because a scrofulous affection had marred her long, slim throat. Her eldest son, the British heir-apparent, always wears tall collars, and is trying to make stocks fashionable, because he inherited certain ugly marks on his neck.

A Brussels writer places Mr. Henry M. Stanley by the side of Ulysses and Eneas, and implies that in the wanderings of the modern American, as in those of the ancient Greek and the Trojan, there was a woman in the case. Mr. Stanley's Calypso, or Dido, was a young English lady whom he met in his forty-fourth year.

Queen Victoria is said to be greatly angered by some of the published passages in the memoirs of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. Among these are certain private letters of the late prince consort, especially the one attacking Lord Palmerston. She is also displeased by the reference to Napoleon the Third and the Empress Eugénie, who is numbered among her most intimate personal friends.

The Emperor of Austria fully appreciates the misconduct of his son, the crown prince, and does not blame Princess Stephanie for wanting to leave him. But he opposes the idea of a divorce, because the young couple have no son—only a daughter—and some of the states of the empire are under the Salic law. Should this little princess ever succeed her father, therefore, there would be a breaking up of the empire.

The career of a government clerk is fairly typified in the case of James Eveleth, the veteran of the War Department. He began working for the United States in 1829 at eight hundred dollars a year. In 1836 he was given one thousand dollars a year; in 1850, twelve hundred and fifty dollars a year; from 1851 to 1853 he was paid fifteen hundred dollars, and the next year was promoted to sixteen hundred dollars. In 1864 he was given eighteen hundred dollars, and in 1885, on account of advancing age, was reduced to sixteen hundred dollars. There he is now at about eighty years of age, and there he will die, unless, perhaps, he lives long enough to suffer further reductions.

Senator Ingalls's daughter has finally put her project of furnishing her father's library into execution. When the senator's house burned down, a year or so ago, his valuable library was completely destroyed. His daughter, who is a high-spirited and intelligent girl, decided to make her father a present of a library. To that end she began newspaper work, and she has devoted all her energies to making good the loss occasioned by fire. She is a handsome, amiable, and independent young woman, and is meeting with success in newspaper work. Senator Ingalls is a poor man, despite his extended term of office. It seems odd that a man occupying the place of virtual Vice-President of the United States should receive no more than eight thousand dollars a year from the government.

The young Emperor William has his own idea about dress and the imperial trappings. He has already ordered his officers to discard the pointed English boots, and the wide-creased trousers are distasteful to him. He prefers the ugly, high-heeled, square-toed German shoes, which are as uncomfortable as Chinese slippers. The epaulettes have been made of another form, and the straps are twisted instead of square. He has now ordered a change in the royal crown, which, though acceptable to his fathers, is, in his opinion, too high. Nuptial crowns are also to be made for the imperial princesses, who, at present are obliged to wear crowns prepared for the occasion. This does not please his majesty, and, as several sisters will soon marry, he wishes suitable ornaments for their heads.

M. Verestchagin gave a lecture on art at the American Art Galleries last week. He lectured before an interesting and interested audience, to whom Russian tea was served during the evening. Verestchagin did not have anything very new to say, but he was amusing, for he defended his own art and abused ours. He said we had no national school of painting, but that we showed cleverness in adopting hints from all the famous schools of Europe. "The dollar is all that you care for in America," said the plain-spoken Russian, but he neglected to say that when we got it we spent a large proportion of it in the purchase of the work of European artists. Where would your Bretons, your Muncacksys, your Bougereaus, and an army of your high-priced but tiresome painters be if it were not for the American dollar?

Professor Willard Fiske, formerly librarian of Cornell University, in whose favor the long contest over his wife's will has just been decided, is now living with his aged mother in Italy. Last summer a friend found him in the palace just outside of Florence, which the late George P. Marsh occupied part of the time while he was our minister to Italy. Old Mrs. Fiske was the village milliner when the professor was a small boy. His father had died while he was still young, and his mother had all she could do to support herself and educate her son, until she had got her boy into Hamilton College. There he was able, being bright and industrious and simple in his needs, to put himself through the course. Bayard Taylor, who was his college-mate, suggested that he go abroad and make a special study of some language and literature. Fiske thereupon went to Upsal, in Sweden, where he mastered Scandinavian and its learning. Returning, he became an assistant librarian in the Astor Library, remaining there until he went to Cornell University. Mr. Fiske became a good deal of a Bohemian of the literary sort. He was emphatically a man's man, caring nothing for women apparently. No one thought of his marrying Miss Jennie McGraw, the rich heiress of Ithaca, except President Andrew D. White, who, as the friend of both and of Cornell University, brought Professor Fiske and Miss McGraw together in Berlin, while he was our minister there, and married them from the American legation. Mrs. Fiske died in a year, leaving her husband, who had probably never before had three hundred dollars in hand at one time, three hundred thousand dollars, and the rest of her fortune, about one million five hundred thousand dollars, to Cornell University. Up to this time Professor Fiske had seemed as indifferent to money as to women. He might have remained content with his three-hundred-thousand-dollar-legacy to this day if it had not been for personal friction between him and some of the trustees of Cornell, who had not treated him very kindly. But their conduct so irritated his feelings that he determined to prevent Cornell from getting his wife's bequest. The sharp eye of Governor David B. Hill, then practicing law in Elmira, discovered the clause in Cornell's charter which forbids the university's holding more than three million dollars as endowment. This limit had been reached when Mrs. Fiske made her bequest, and so, Governor Hill argued, the whole estate must go to Professor Fiske. The courts have agreed with him, and so Professor Fiske becomes a millionaire.

HOOSIER VERSE.

Little Orphant Annie.

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an' sweep,
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board-an'-keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Onc't they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—
An' when he went to bed 'at night, away up-stairs,
His mammy heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him bawl,
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' ever'wheres, I guess,
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' round-about!—
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
An' make fun of ever' one an' all her blood-an'-kin,
An' onc't when they was "company," an' ole folks was there
She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she know'd what she's about!
An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
An' the lightin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away—
You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers fond and dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' help the pore and needy ones 'at cluster all about,
Er the gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

—*James Whitcomb Riley in "Old-Fashioned Roses."*

Little Johnts's Chrismus.

We got it up a-purpose, jes' fer little Johnts, you know;
His mother was so pore and all, and had to manage so—
Jes' bein' a war-widder, and her pension mighty slim,
She'd take in weavin', er work out, er anything fer *him*.

And little Johnts was puny-like—but law! the nerve he had!—
You'd want to kindo' pity him, but *couldn't*, very bad—
His pants o' army-blanket and his coat o' faded blue
Kep' hintin' of his father like, and pity wouldn't do.

So we collogued together, onc't, one winter time, 'at we—
Jes' me and mother, and the girls, and Wilse, John-Jack, and Free—
Would jine and get up little Johnts, by time 'at Chrismus come,
Some sorto' doin's, don't you know, 'at would su'prise him some!

And so, all on the quiet, mother she turns in and gits
Some blue-janes—cuts and makes a suit; and then sets down and knits
A pair o' little galluses to go 'long with the rest—
And puts in a red-flannen back, and buckle on the vest.

The little feller'd be'n so much around our house, you see,
And be'n sich he'p to her and all, and handy as could be,
'At mother couldn't do too much fer little Johnts—No, *Sir!*—
She ust to jes' declare 'at "he was meat-and-drink to her!"

And Piney, Lide, and Madaline they watched their chance and rid
To Fountaintown with Lijey's folks; and bought a book, they did,
O' fairy-tales, with pictur's in; and got a little pair
O' red-top boots 'at John-Jack said he'd be'n a-pricen there.

And Lide got him a little sword, and Madaline, a drum;
And shootin'-crackers—lawzy-day! and they're so dangersome!
And Piney, ever' time the rest would buy some other toy,
She'd take and turn in then and buy more candy fer the boy!

Well, thinks-says-I, when they got back, *your* pocket-books is dry!—
But little Johnts was there hisse'f that afternoon, so I—
Well, *all* of us kep' mighty mum, tel we got him away
By tellin' him be shore and come to-morry—Chrismus Day—

And fetch his mother 'long with him! And how he scud acrost
The fields—his tow-head, in the dusk, jes' like a streak o' frost!—
His comfert fluttern as he run—and old Tige, don't you know,
A-jumpin' high fer rabbits and a-plowin' up the snow!

It must a-be'n most ten that night afore we got to bed—
With Wilse and John-Jack he'ppin' us; and Freeman in the shed,
And Lide out with the lantern while he trimmed a Chrismus-tree
Out of a little scrub-oak top 'at suited to a T!

All night I dreamp' o' hearin' things a-skulkin' round the place—
And "Old Kriss," with his whiskers off and freckles on his face—
And reindeers, shaped like shavin'-hosses at the cooper-shop,
A-stickin' down the chimbly, with their heels out at the top!

By time 'at Mother got me up 'twas plum daylight and more—
The front yard full o' neighbers all a-crowdin' round the door,
With Johnts's mother leadin'; yes—and little Johnts hisse'f,
Set up on Freeman's shoulder, like a jug up on the she'f!

Of course I can't describe it when they all got in to where
We'd conjered up the Chrismus-tree and all the fixin's there—
Fer all the shouts o' laughture—clappin' hands, and crackin' jokes,
Was a heap o' kissin' goin' on amongst the women-folks—

Fer, lo-behold-ye! there they had that young-un!—and his chin
A-wobblin'-like—and, shore enough, at last he started in—
And—sich another bellerin', in all my mortal days
I never heerd, er 'spect to hear, in woe's app'inted ways!

And mother grabs him up and says: "It's more'n he can bear—
It's all too *sudden!* fer the child, and *too* su'prisin'!—there!"
"Oh, no, it ain't"—sobbed little Johnts—"I *ain't* su'prised—but I'm
A-cryin' 'cause I watched you all and knowed it all the time!"

—*James Whitcomb Riley in the Christmas Book Buyer.*

"Sir," said Mr. Shaw, the foremost editor of Nottingham, to Mr. Gladstone, the other day, "I have attended all your great demonstrations and listened to all your speeches for the last fifteen years." "Then," replied Mr. Gladstone, "you deserve my sincerest pity."

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The best way to preserve apples is to keep them from exposure to the heir.—*Terre Haute Express.*

The difference between pig-headedness and firmness is this: it is your wife who is pig-headed.—*Terre Haute Express.*

When a man takes pains to assure you that he is perfectly sober, you may be sure he is partially drunk.—*The Idea.*

Southern conciseness: *Mr. Clay C. Turpentine* (of the Georgia Uplands, proposing)—"Polly want a Cracker?"—*Puck.*

No wonder the goat is an unreliable animal; a diet of circus-posters would destroy the spirit of truth in any creature.—*Puck.*

"How much apiece are these small pies?" "Ve don't sell um py de *piece.* Ve sell a whole pie at von time. You tink ve run a lunch gounter, eh?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

At the church: "Mamma, is that the usher?" "Yes, dear." "Does he show people where to sit, mamma?" "No, he shows people where not to sit."—*Georgia Cracker.*

At the restaurant: "Waiter, I see here you have wine at fifty cents a bottle and some at one dollar. What is the difference between them?" *Waiter*—"Fifty cents."—*Boston Transcript.*

Teacher—"Tommy, what is half of eight?" *Pupil*—"Sideways or top?" *Teacher*—"What do you mean?" *Pupil*—"Why, half from the top of 8 is o, and half sideways is 3."—*Time.*

"Don't you think it extravagant, Henry, to pay fifty dollars for a diamond ring for your wife?" "Not at all. You seem to forget how much I shall save on her glove bill."—*Boston Transcript.*

Asks an American humorist: "If strong drink is a mocker, what is weak tea?" About five cents a cup, we believe. Come to think about it, weak coffee may be a mocha, too.—*Drake's Magazine.*

Guest (who has ordered cold roast duck and is out of patience)—"Waiter, how long must I wait?" *Waiter*—"If you will kindly have patience, the duck is not yet quite cold."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Even kings must die and millionaires have their troubles. The man who sits on a throne, or even one who is possessed of ten million dollars, can not keep his trousers from bagging at the knees.—*Puck.*

Clarke—"I see, my dear, that several of the newspapers are printing directions for getting up a dollar dinner for four." *Mrs. Clarke*—"Yes, John; but the difficulty is to get such a dinner *down.*"—*Puck.*

Clerk (calling boy)—"Cash!" *Countryman*—"Great turnips, can't you give me time to get my pocket-book out! I don't want no credit, I don't! I'm going to pay you cash soon as I can get at it!"—*Judge.*

Now that Stanley is pronounced safe in the Upper Niger, we desire to know the name of the white pasha who has been gadding about Central Africa—not necessarily as a guarantee of good faith, but for publication.—*Life.*

"Gretchen," said a German professor, "do have that cat put out of the room; I can't work while it is making such a noise. Where can it be?" "Why, professor," answered Gretchen, "you are sitting on it."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Rev. Mr. Brimlet—"I've accepted that call. You know, Thomas, seven thousand a year is not to be sneezed at." *Mr. Razzler* (a pronounced layman)—"No, indeed, old man. You ought to snuffle along on that very well."—*Time.*

"How's beef to-day, Sparrib?" inquired Mr. Upson Downes, airily. "High, eh?" "If you want it on credit, Mr. Downes," replied the butcher, sternly, "it's on a hook about eleven feet up the wall. But it'll come down for cash, if I whistle."—*Puck.*

The merchant had been sick unto death. "Tell me the truth, doctor," he said; "is the danger over?" "Sure," replied the doctor, "there is no more danger; the crisis is passed." And the merchant revokes his bequest of five thousand dollars to the hospital.—*Denver News.*

Veterinary surgeon (to his new assistant)—"You want to take this tube, Michael, fill it with the powder, insert it in the horse's mouth, and give a quick, sharp blow. (Ten minutes later.) What's the trouble, Michael?" *Michael*—"Troth, sor, the horse blowed foorst!"—*Puck.*

Mrs. B.—"How is the contested will case coming on, Mr. Shimmer?" *Mr. Shimmer*—"It's all settled, and in my favor." *Mrs. B.*—"I congratulate you. I suppose you will be taking your family to Europe now?" *Mr. Shimmer*—"No; but I understand my lawyer sails next week."—*Life.*

A violinist was playing over a piece of music with his man-servant, who had been the public fiddler in his native village, and when they had finished, he said to him: "You handle your bow very fairly, but you are always a beat behind; how is that?" "Monsieur, it is out of respect."—*Le Gaulois.*

Mr. Brentley (in the heat of passion)—"There's not a single hour in the day when our home is happy!" *Mrs. Brentley*—"Oh, yes, there is, my dear!" *Mr. Brentley*—"I'd like to know when it comes in?" *Mrs. Brentley*—"It always comes in just after you have gone out." (And he started the happy hour at once.)—*Judge.*

After their return: *The baronet*—"I see there has been a great fire in New York." *The Lady Frances*—"In New York? Fancy! We saw New York, didn't we?" *The baronet*—"Why, of course, my dear. We were there a week. Don't you remember an enormous town with ash-barrels and garbage in front of the houses?"—*Life.*

Mlle. Tootsie—"Count, can you keep a secret?" *The count*—"Yes." *Mlle. Tootsie*—"A *very great* secret?" *The count*—"Yes, for your sake." *Mlle. Tootsie*—"Well, I'm in urgent need of a thousand francs." *The count*—"You don't say so. All right, don't fret, my dear—no one shall hear it from me."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

Old gentleman (bestowing a trifle)—"Poor fellow! What has brought you to this condition of suffering?" *Tramp*—"Timperance, sor." *Old gentleman*—"Temperance?" *Tramp*—"Yis, sor; Oi've done nothing all day but sit in the park and dhrink water; but wid the help av your honor's quarther, Oi'll be a new man in a few minutes."—*Life.*

Mrs. Gadd—"Oh, I'm just dying to go out and tell Mrs. Gabb all the awful things my up-stairs girl has told me about the Blifkins family, where she used to live." *Mr. Gadd*—"Well, why don't you go?" "I don't dare to. Mrs. Blifkins is trying to coax my cook off, and I know she'll run in the first time I leave the house, and if she gets our cook she'll learn all about us."—*New York Weekly.*

"Mr. Brief, I want to sue Miss Jones for breach of promise." "All right—but what was the promise?" "Well, you see, we were off at a picnic in August, and Emeline was mad because her sister had had more proposals than she, and she asked me if I wouldn't help her out. I said I would if she would reject me; but hang it, sir, though she promised not to, she accepted me the first chance she got."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Mr. Schuyler Van Ontwerp (in surprise)—"Why, I thought you knew Mr. Mushroom?" *Miss Anastasia Holland*—"Oh, dear, no!" *Mr. Schuyler Van Ontwerp*—"But, surely, last summer I saw you boating and driving with him at Bar Harbor. It was even rumored that you had accepted him." *Miss Anastasia Holland* (petulantly)—"Yes-yes, I know! But will you kindly understand that we were on boating and driving terms only."—*Life.*

Miss Chancelor (who is about to give an entertainment)—"Good-afternoon, Mr. Sappy." *Mr. Sappy* (who has known her for two years, but never called)—"Good-afternoon, Miss Chancelor. How well you are looking! Hope you had a pleasant summer. I have been trying so hard to find a chance to call on you, but—ahem—ahem——" *Miss Chancelor*—"Oh, of course, I understand, Mr. Sappy; the weather has been so wretched for the past two years, has it not? Good-afternoon!"—*Harper's Bazar.*

MME. JANE HADING.

By Georges Ohnet, Author of "Le Maître de Forges."

N——, MARCH, 1886.

TO M. LOUIS GANDERAX, PARIS—*Dear and Honored Sir:* You would hardly believe how much pleasure your letter of a few weeks ago—on the organization of a conservatory at the capital of the king, my master—has given me, pleasure followed, alas! by great trouble of mind. So far away from Paris—where I had lived for several years, as secretary of the embassy—your letter was like a charming echo of the noises of the great city. I had, in a flash, the vision of the theatre glittering with lights, filled with celebrated men, adorned with smiling women, as it was when I attended the début of Mlle. Réjane. A sound of music buzzed in my ears, applause followed with a roll like thunder, and, in spite of myself, I shut my eyes, saying to myself: "I am there still; I have only to stretch out my hand to touch the orchestra rail, only to lift my eyelids to have appear before me in its radiant frame the whole captivating, prodigious, and unique picture of Parisian life." I could not resist the temptation. I looked, but the fleeting mirage vanished, and with a sigh I stood with your letter in my hand and regret in my heart.

During the council, in the afternoon, I was absent-minded. His majesty, who presided, looked at me with surprise, then with dissatisfaction, and finally rose, saying: "I have a slight headache; I am going to get some fresh air on the terrace. Gentlemen, continue your labors; I trust in your penetrating intellects. Baron, follow me."

Hardly were we out of the hall when the king stopped, and with the at once kindly and ironical accent habitual with him when he speaks to me familiarly: "It seems that the Eastern question does not interest you to-day? You are far enough away from the Servians and Bulgarians."

"It is true, sire, I humbly confess."

"And what can disturb the ideas of an aulic councilor to such an extent?"

"Only a letter, with the Paris post-mark."

At these words his majesty blushed—remember my gracious master is only twenty-five—and with a sigh such as I had breathed in the morning, I whose head is gray: "Ah, Paris!"

He flicked the *revers* of his uniform with a nervous finger, and, sighing for the second time:

"Do you remember, baron, our two journeys? Oh, happy time! Lovely days, unrestrained and free from care! I was only crown prince then; I went incognito, and you were my only mentor. It was May; under the early sun the leaves were budding on the branches, the air was soft, the very dust was vanilla-scented, and we walked on air, in a sort of intoxication, thinking the women prettier and life more smiling."

He paused, as we say in novels, and with a careless air:

"And what does your letter say?"

"Sire, it relates to one of the interesting creations planned by your majesty—that of a conservatory."

"Oh, yes! It will be a useful institution, I think; but on condition that we are not too exclusive. We won't lay down too many rules for talent for fear of stifling it. In Paris among the artists who fix the public attention the school has only sent out little prodigies. There are actors and actresses the spontaneous products of independent culture—a species of wild plant shooting up in the midst of the garden bed—that have a more vivid splendor, a more penetrating fragrance, and claim the admiration of the multitude more irresistibly. We have had proof of that. Do you remember, baron?"

The king's speech became slower; he moved his head, and murmured: "Ah, Paris!"

Then, leaning his elbow on the balustrade of the terrace, he was silent, letting his dreamy eyes wander over the horizon. Before him lay spread out the city, with its striped houses, its monuments with their Byzantine cupolas, its belfries shaped like minarets, for with us the Oriental begins, and you feel that our town has been possessed in turn by Christian and Mussulman. In the background, the Danube was flowing tumultuously among its black-wooded islands, and under the melancholy gray winter sky flights of herons passed, going toward the sun. The king was in a reverie, and within myself, as if an invisible chain had bound my imagination to his, I followed his reverie, and saw all his thoughts unravel.

You will certainly wonder, dear and honored sir, what connection this profound meditation of the king my master—overlooking the Danube which people are pleased to call blue and which is yellow—can have with the question of the conservatory about which I had the happy idea of consulting you. A very intimate connection, as you will acknowledge in a moment. And that it may appear more clear to you, I ask your permission to relate the two journeys to which his gracious majesty designed to allude. Perhaps the paths that I am following seem to you a little devious; but a man can not with impunity pass twenty years of his life in embassies, and you are not unaware that to diplomatists the longest road is always the best.

So it was five years ago. The king—whom we had the sorrow of losing last year—seeing his son in possession of all his university degrees, a master of tactics—his tutor, the field-marshal, having taught him, on paper, all the secrets of compact and dispersed order—well-built, fair-haired, and ruddy-cheeked, feared the effect on his heir of idleness in a court where his will would be a law accepted by all men and his fancy an order longed for by all women. He resolved to send him on his travels, and attached me to his person. We set out with large credit on several European bankers, and our first stopping-place was Paris. Hardly had we reached the hotel—the prince, for the sake of more freedom, would not alight at the embassy—when his highness asked for the newspaper, and examined the programme of the theatres. The theatres! Ah! the Parisians, *blasé* with their good fortune, have no idea of the magic attraction exercised on strangers by those two words. The theatre is the most complete *résumé* of Parisian life · on the boards, Paris itself, incarnate in drama or comedy, weeps with contagious heart-sickness or laughs with unquenchable gayety.

"Offenbach!" cried the prince; "here's for us! Let us go to see 'Belle-Lurette.'"

I confess, dear and honored sir, that I have mostly forgotten the piece, but what has remained distinct in my mind is the intense impression made on his highness by the appearance of the artist who played the principal part. Whether she sang or spoke, the prince listened in a sort of ecstasy. Everything had disappeared, libretto, music, actors, actresses; nothing existed but the delicious woman, who shone in the full flower of her twenty years.

As soon as the curtain went down, his highness, without any explanation, as if no other could be meant, said:

"Baron, what is her name?"

I answered: "Jane Hading, monseigneur."

"How do you know?"

"I looked at the bill, coming in."

The prince smiled approvingly.

"Jane Hading," he went on; "she is English, then. Strange that she has no accent. Bewitching creature!"

His highness appeared to hesitate; then, taking his stand: "Who is she? Go and find out, my dear friend."

I was his dear friend! I went out into a corridor, and, spying out a box-opener with a worthy and obliging face—some distant cousin of the Mme. Cardinal of your witty countryman, M. Ludovic Halévy—I set to work with diplomatic reserve to draw from her the information expected by my prince. But so much astuteness was not necessary, or, perhaps, my bearing inspired confidence, for I had scarcely said a few words when the good lady expanded with details.

"What! is she English? Never in the world! French! Almost French and a half, for she is from Marseilles! Her family name is Hadingue—they cut off the end; it's prettier; it sounds fine. Child of the theatre, my dear sir, like all great artists. She played in comedy at three years old. Her father was an actor, adored in the south; you might call him the Mélingue of Lyons and Marseilles. When he played Lagardère, instead of in the tableau holding a doll in his arms, he took his daughter. Fancy the dear little darling nestled against her father's shoulder, a little bit sleepy, for it was her bed-time, and hearing, broken by the shock of rapiers, the vibrating replies: '*Let me but touch thy sword. I need no more to reach thy breast.*' . . . '*Ah, have a care, M. de Nevers, you will wound your child.*' The theatre enters your heart by your ears like that, you see, my dear sir. So the little Jane dreamed of it, and nobody could think of preventing her from being an artist. Lord, then there was double work! She made her costumes herself while she was studying her parts. She began by playing comedy and drama—'The Orphans' and ever so many others—but it was not lucrative enough; she had to change her style. It is only the stars of song who are well paid, so forward music! The idea of going into operetta turned her sick, but there was her family behind her, with father wearing out his life running about the provinces, and mother taking care of the little brothers at home. She resigned herself and was rewarded for it, for she made a great many successes before she came to us. At Cairo, at Algiers, at Marseilles, she was the rage. But Paris drew her, and one fine day she arrived here. She played for a year at the Palais Royal, then she went to the Renaissance. She created the Jolie Persane, and now she is singing the Belle Lurette. I want you to notice her costume of Harlequine. It was designed by a great painter of Paris, who is a woman. But you know, my good man, I had better warn you that young girl is like Mont-Valérien—it spouts fire and is impregnable."

I gave the woman a louis; she smiled and shrugged her shoulders, and I thought I heard her murmur between her teeth: "The old rascal!" but I attached no importance to it, and went back to the box to tell all to his highness.

As I finished, the curtain rose. The prince was buried in contemplation, and I myself took a peculiar interest in following the play of the beautiful actress. It seemed to me that the fanciful verve that she displayed showed a slight effort, as if her nature did not bend itself to the frank expression of the sentiments that her rôle obliged her to translate. The Italian proverb came to my mind: *Traduttore, traditore;* "Translator, traitor." And I thought that through too much native refinement she slightly betrayed a work full of the license of high spirits. However, she did well everything that she could, singing, smiling with her lovely lips and her soft eyes. But, in spite of all, a little melancholy could be suspected under all her wild ways. The prince thought everything admirable, and, flushed and animated, had not eyes enough for the bewitching Harlequine.

At the close of the second act he turned abruptly, and, in a voice that I did not recognize as his, said:

"Baron, I must in person express my admiration to that exquisite actress."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Why, monseigneur, you would have to go behind the scenes."

"Let us go."

"They would not let you in."

"I shall give my name."

"Gracious heavens! Your highness will compromise yourself. All the papers will be full of the story to-morrow. What will the king, your father, say?"

"Baron, my father is in his capital, and I am here. To the devil with restraint! If you succeed in having me meet that adorable creature, you shall have the order of the Niebelungen."

That order was my dream. Count Stecki had obtained it by intriguing, and it was not mine yet.

"Well, monseigneur," I said, weakening, "let us go and wait at the stage door after the play."

You know, dear and honored sir, what that exit is into the horrible Rue de Bondy. It was raining. We stood on our feet against a wall covered with tattered bills, four steps from a muddy, evil-smelling corner, where the water dripped from the roofs—frozen, mud-splashed, but patient. The prince, who did not feel in place, clenched his teeth and buried his blonde mustache in the collar of his overcoat. I have seen him sin under the fire of a Turkish battery; he wore just the san expression. From time to time, men came out, bent, sad, thi and I guessed them to be the actors who had made me laugh s Women went by in miserable waterproofs, opening umbrell with broken ribs, and I recognized the chorus-girls, an ho before dressed in satin and velvet. We waited still. Our s ciety had been augmented by a hackney carriage, whose y low lanterns hardly showed through their dripping glas Suddenly a distinct and rapid step was heard in the dark pa sage. A slender form passed in front of the concierge's bo and, simply dressed, followed by a lady in black, appeared sl for whom we were waiting.

"Why, it's raining!" she said, in her clear voice; "quic maman!"

She came on. The prince, without a word, opened th carriage door, and, with uncovered head, helped in the tw women. The actress looked at him with her candid eye smiled a little surprisedly, and said: "Thank you, monsieur

The carriage departed. Silently the prince took me by th arm, and, without heeding the falling rain, we came back th whole length of the boulevards. On reaching the hotel hi highness broke silence, and said to me:

"She is a young girl, baron."

Whence I concluded that ever since he had not cease thinking of the beautiful singer, and that he was more move than he cared to show.

Our stay in Paris after this incident was shortened. Th prince set out for England. But he was bored there, and w returned home much sooner than the king could have wished His highness never made an allusion to our evening; h seemed to have forgotten it, he did not even give me the orde that I had, nevertheless, earned. I only got it two years late on the occasion of his marriage.

As you know, dear and honored sir, his highness married a princess of Saxe-Hohenlinden, of very great nobility, of ver great intellect, but of very slender beauty—more moral than phy sical qualities. But as a political union it was admirable. Th prince took his wedding journey through Europe, and did me th honor to take me with him. As had been the case three years be fore, Paris was our first stopping-place, only this time, as we were traveling in an official capacity, we went to the embassy. On arriving in the great city, the prince seemed agitated by some strange fever; he talked with vivacity, he joked, which both astonished and delighted the young princess. Before dinner his highness said to me, mischievously:

"Baron, we must go to the theatre this evening; but nothing light, that won't do in these days—a serious play! They have a new piece at the Gymnase. Send for a proscenium box."

Three hours later we were installed, their highnesses in the front of the box, I at the back, and the curtain was rising. The work was called "Le Maître de Forges." It has had considerable success in France and abroad, which proves that on the boards, as in the world, we are sometimes happier than we deserve. For I have seen several plays that were worth more and that had not such brilliant good fortune. The first scene went on; the heroine had just risen from an arm-chair in which she was lying at the back of the stage. At this moment the prince started and gave a stifled exclamation. I was stupefied like him. In the actress who pensively advanced toward the footlights I had recognized the singer of other days. Only Claire de Beaulieu was as fair as Belle Lurette had been dark. But there was no mistaking her in spite of the metamorphosis. It was she, with her delicious profile, her proud eyes, her slender and supple figure, and a dreamy something that gave her whole person an inexpressible charm. His highness and I exchanged a look. The princess was there, we dared not say anything, and I could freely follow the delicate and pathetic play of the actress. How much more she was in her right place on this stage! How her talent developed here at ease, in her delicate soberness and her passionate gravity. All that she did was original and yet true; she gave the illusion of life itself, and in her impersonation pulsed a real soul.

I read the prince's ardent curiosity in his face. Fortunately the Prince d'Ascalon, whom we had had as attaché of the French legation, came to present his homage to their highnesses.

"Who is that pretty actress?" asked the princess, as if she had been prompted.

"Madame, she is almost a débutante, and you see how she is petted. She used to sing at the Renaissance. Her name is Jane Hading."

"Is she English?" said the princess.

The coincidence was so odd that the prince and I could not refrain from a smile.

"No, madame, French, and a well acclimated Parisian. Or, rather, say *the* Parisienne herself, with her grace, more beautiful than beauty. She has played this piece for eight days and made a furore. The whole town is in love with her. Is it not curious that a great artist should appear in a thunder-clap, as it were? Yesterday she was unknown, to-day she is greeted with acclamation. In an instant she upsets all customs, passes over the body of consecrated, primed, certificated celebrities, and triumphs, outside of the school, without the approval of any professor. But that is a tradition of the Gymnase, and this lucky theatre has owned three of the most remarkable actresses of the time—Rose Chéri, Desclée, and Jane Hading—grown up on the stage like out-door plants among hot-house growths by the favor alone of the good Lord!"

"She is really incomparable," said the princess; "I must send her a souvenir, with some flowers."

The prince made a gesture; I did not wait for him to speak. I sprang into a carriage, went to Bapst, the jeweler to the crown, selected a bracelet set with diamonds; to Labrousse for the handsomest bouquet I could find, and, an hour later, I had returned. The princess graciously approved my choice, and condescended with her own hand to write on a card: "From the princess royal, with her sincerest compliments."

The prince read it, flushed with pleasure, and gave the princess the sweetest look she had yet received from him. I am sure that he never loved her so well as during that minute

when they had been in such complete harmony of mind and heart. And I think I may safely affirm that she never suspected to whom she owed that happy minute.

You see, dear and honored sir, that the story was closely related to the affair that occupies us. It is from that "heart-stroke," as we call it in our country, that the lively interest my master takes in theatrical matters came to him.

It was in the recollections evoked by the magic word "Paris," that the king was absorbed, leaning against the marble balustrade. I understood so well the sweetness of his feelings that I stood silent and motionless, fearing to disturb him.

After a rather long time he turned and said: "You have not communicated to me the letter that agitated you so strongly."

I handed it to him. He read it attentively; then, with a smile:

"Your correspondent's advice will have happy results if you follow them without too settled ideas. Try to bring out Réjanes in our conservatory, but try everywhere to discover Jane Hadings. Expect much from the zeal of your professors; however, enter into account with nature, who likes to form rare and precious models, by herself, as if in sport."

On this the king bowed with the noble grace which he inherits from his glorious father, and went toward his apartments.

This, dear and honored sir, is the effect produced by your intellectual correspondence. I confess that I am much troubled and that I do not know exactly what direction to give to the dramatic studies of our conservatory. It seemed to me difficult enough to bring up a few Réjanes. What is to become of me now that the king, my master, has commanded me to invent Jane Hadings? They say that some of the best players in your Théâtre Français are thinking of sulking at the Parisian public. If they would consent to come and give us a few lessons I do not think I am taking too much upon me in declaring that we would make them a bridge of gold.

In any case, deign to accept, dear and honored sir, my best thanks for the trouble you have taken, and believe me in all sincerity, your devoted servant, THE BARON X.,

Aulic councilor, chamberlain to his majesty, director of the Royal Conservatory.

—*Translated for the Argonaut from the French by H. L. H.*

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A new book of poems by James Whitcomb Riley, "Pipes o' Pan at Zekesbury," is in preparation by the Bowen-Merrill Company, of Indianapolis.

In the January *Atlantic* will be given a new steel portrait of Mr. Whittier, who had an article in the first number of the *Atlantic*, in 1857, and has been a frequent contributor to the magazine ever since.

The *American* is the title of a new fortnightly magazine published at Atlanta, Ga. The first number was issued October 18th. The *American* represents one more effort to establish a purely literary periodical in the South.

The J. B. Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia, announce a new edition of their "Academic Dictionary." It presents as distinctive features the etymology of words, orthography, and pronunciation. The more common new words have been included, and hundreds of new illustrations have been added.

The *Young Californian* is the title of a new weekly which, it is announced, will make its appearance in this city in four or five weeks. It is to contain a short story each week, descriptive articles, and verses, and to have such various regular departments as will seem most acceptable to juvenile readers.

A Christmas book which it will be difficult to rival is an *édition de luxe* of Gérard de Nerval's "Sylvie," with a preface by Ludovic-Halévy. The book is exquisitely mounted, and contains forty-two etchings by Ed. Rudaux. The translation is by Hugh Craig, the print is De Vinne's, and George Routledge & Sons are the publishers.

Mr. Gladstone's omnivorousness as a reader is indicated by his orders from a well-known dealer in Birmingham. The list includes works on literature, theology, archæology, mythology, education, metaphysics, and music, and biographical and autobiographical books. His friends wonder where he is going to put the books he is continually buying, for Hawarden Castle is already lined with them from basement to attic.

"Mrs. Mona Caird, who has become known in connection with the question of the law of marriage, has finished a new novel, which, under the title 'The Wing of Azrael,' will be issued," says the *Athenæum*, "early in 1889 by Messrs. Trübner. Mrs. Caird has already published two novels pseudonymously, 'Whom Nature Leadeth' and 'One That Wins.' 'The Wing of Azrael,' though not polemical, deals indirectly with the question raised in the recent correspondence in the *Daily Telegraph*."

An amusing instance of hero-worship is related in London. It concerns Mr. Gladstone, and is told of a working-man. The latter, not long ago, entered a public library and asked for a book. On being questioned as to what he would like, he replied that he wanted "'Omer." The assistant's next inquiry was whether he would have a Greek text or a translation, to which he received the following reply: "I don't know nothing about a Greek 'un; what I wants is to read what Mr. Gladstone reads." After half-an-hour's reading (with his fingers stuck into his ears, to insure against interruption), he said he thought it was "rum sort of stuff," and went out. He has not since returned to finish it.

Mr. Vizetelly, the London publisher, has been fined one hundred pounds sterling for publishing translations of Zola's "La Terre." The fine was considered nominal, and made so on condition that Mr. Vizetelly should withdraw his copies. This completes the list of the nations which have decided to draw the line at "La Terre." The United States Treasury Department had for some time been holding the French edition and invoices of an English translation, in doubt as to what to do. Finally, a copy in a German translation reached the New York post-office—the only one in that language received there—which was submitted to three inspectors. Two decided the work to be offensive, the other that it was obscene. Thereupon the Treasury Department proceeded to make an official literal translation from the original, and at last has decided that "La Terre" is to be committed to the flames.

The *Epoch* says: "We hear from London that the new biography of the Emperor Frederick the Third, which has just appeared with Mr. Rennell Rodd's name as author, was in reality written by the Empress Victoria, Mr. Rodd simply filling the rôle of secretary to her majesty. It is the empress who made the plan of the work and furnished to the signer all the necessary indications. She corrected all the proofs herself, and they were returned to the printer full of changes and additions written with a pencil. The publisher paid one hundred and fifty pounds sterling for the manuscript, and this sum, with the profits arising from the sale, will be given to the hospital at London where sore throats are treated, that is to say, the same malady that carried off the Emperor Frederick. It is at the express desire of the empress that no noise has been made in advance about this biography, the book of Dr. Mackenzie having caused too much report before its publication."

Mr. Rider Haggard's friends complain that while he received only two hundred and fifty dollars for the original edition of "King Solomon's Mines," the publishers have made sixty thousand dollars out of the book. This is "business." Why should the author and his friends be aggrieved? Mr. Haggard should have made a better bargain, and, undoubtedly, in the future Mr. Haggard will do so. These inequalities of profit will by-and-bye teach authors to change their methods of book-publication. Meanwhile they have no right to blame publishers, and must quietly submit to the plan of making their successful books compensate those publishers for the losses incurred on other people's unsuccessful books. Mr. Haggard, as a country squire, with a fortune, might have tried experiments with safety. Why should not a man who can afford it publish his own book, "taking the risk," as he would in any other business enterprise? If this became the custom, would not fewer and better books be published? And would not this be a blessing to the reading world?

Mr. Julian Hawthorne complains of being pestered by presentation copies of his friends' books. He must be a prosperous author indeed (says James Payn) to be made uncomfortable by such a crumpled rose-leaf. Of course, they are not attractive gifts. It is my experience, that when an author begins to sell his books he is rather chary of giving them away to anybody; but still they are meant kindly. It is surely not necessary to read them, though it is very dangerous, if one's literary acquaintances are on calling terms, not to cut them. The proper course of conduct is to sit down and write a few lines at once to acknowledge the receipt of the book, and to express the pleasure with which you look forward to reading it. The best part, alas, of many pleasures is the anticipation of them, and there is no harm in deferring this particular bliss *sine die*. At the worst, if interrogated, you can protest you have not an hour to spare for it (which will be quite true), but that "your family" are delighted with it. The latter statement must depend on circumstances; if the author knows that your eldest child is only four years old it must be omitted. I have shelvesful of presentation copies, and they look exceedingly nice—and new.

Mr. Eugene Field, in a grave discussion of the needs of American literature, advises Western *littérateurs* to begin "booming each other." "The woods out this way," he adds, "are full of epic poets and novelists, but hitherto every fellow has been so busy roasting every other fellow that nobody has had a chance to acquire even temporary immortality. We have too many censors; what we need is censers. Shakespeare would not have been half so much advertised if he had not belonged to a coterie that took a genuine delight in lauding its members. Jonson, Greene, Peele, Marlowe, belonged to that same set, and they spent about half their time writing sickening puffs of each other. Tradition has it that they were smart men, yet we notice that none of our publishers dares print their books nowadays. A certain glamour environs the memory of Shakespeare, yet when you come right down to the facts in the case, one of Bronson Howard's comedies, or one of Bartley Campbell's melodramas, or one of Reginald de Koven's operas will fill a Chicago theatre when 'Hamlet' or 'Richard the Third' would not draw anybody but lithograph ticket-holders and the newspaper critics." Dropping to a later period, Mr. Field finds that "Addison, Steele, Budgell, Tickell, Pope, Spence, Swift, and Arbuthnot formed a mutual-admiration society par excellence. If they lived in Chicago at the present time they would be whacking away at each other with sand-bags, and each would be wondering why *America* and the Sunday papers could so lower their standard as to print the other's compositions. Western *littérateurs* are a proud lot; this fresh prairie atmosphere fills a man full of confidence and makes him loth to depend for favor upon anybody. Yet the Western *littérateur* has a pretty full share of business instinct, and if he could be convinced that there was 'business' in the policy of harmony and conciliation, he would probably be hasty to change his plumage from that of the bald-headed snipe of the valley to that of the sad-voiced dove of Parnassus. We have not elaborated the scheme at all, but we have thought that it might be a clever idea for our authors, poets, essayists, etc., to organize themselves into a sort of benevolent and protective association, the specific object of which shall be to disseminate taffy about the individual members thereof."

The literary critic of the *Art Age* says: "There is a world of clever wire-pulling in the manufacture of literary reputations, as even the wayfarer knows, though a fool. How ingeniously friend's essay or sketch mentions friend, with allusion to his recent brilliant essay, or heterodox opinion, or graceful verses, we are all growing cunning enough to see. Small poetasters write to the question department of literary journals, asking for public information about their own booklets and selves. How general the practice is for friends to review each other's books the very owl knoweth and the bat. One well-known *littérateur* makes no secret of having written fifteen 'reviews' of a friend's book. Another bitterly complained that one who had broken bread at his board should write a review of his work not entirely flattering. Imagine, then, what triumph crowns a career that never pulled a wire in its life, yet wakes one morning to find itself famous enough to be enrolled among the younger poets of America. I hold in my hand a printed letter addressed to my obscure self. It is a polite inquiry if I would like to contribute a selection from my poetical works to a forthcoming volume, entitled 'The Younger Poets of America.' The title of the forthcoming volume is taking. Like many a man and brother, I should like to see myself enrolled among the younger poets of America. But, alas! is one whose poetical work was finished a quarter of a century ago quite entitled to such budding bays? Should not one whose *magnum opus* was published so long ago be rather enrolled among the poets good and gray? I might have blushed that fame unsought had thus found me out, but I did not. I merely wrote to the publishers of 'The Younger Poets of America' to ask upon what terms selections from my poetical works would be admitted among those of the younger poets. Their reply amazed me not. For five dollars, they wrote, I would be allotted one page of space and one copy of the book. If I desired to fill five pages, or even more, the terms will be the same in proportion, unless by special arrangement with the publishers. I have not sent a selection from my poetical works. It would be difficult to make that selection. My only and entire poetical works are seven elegiac verses, printed in the obituary column of a country newspaper several years before I had fully cut my teeth. I should not know which of the seven to select."

New Books and New Editions.

"The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane," a novel by Frank Barrett, has been published in the Sunshine Series by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, 50 cents.

"The Confessions of Claud," by Edgar Fawcett, has been reissued with a portrait of the author, in the Paper Series published by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

"This Mortal Coil," a long novel of English life by Grant Allen, has been issued in the Town and Country Library published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 50 cents.

—Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," with the story of "Romeus and Julietta," abridged from Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," has been issued in the National Library published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

"Worthington's Annual," containing short stories, biographettes, sketches in natural history etc., suitable for very young children, illustrated with upwards of five hundred wood-cuts printed in black and brown inks, with a frontispiece in colors, has been issued for 1889. Published by Worthington & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers.

"Adventures of the Discoverers," by Frances A. Humphrey, is an account of the voyages of discovery of those early adventurers who crossed the Atlantic in search of nearly every geographical myth of the middle ages, and merely discovered a continent. The stories are simply told, being addressed to the youngest readers, and the illustrations are numerous and good. Published by D. Lothrop Company, Boston; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.00.

The bound volume of *Harper's Young People* for 1888 makes a splendid holiday book to give to a child. It contains serials by Kirk Munroe, Lucy C. Lillie, William L. Alden, and others; short stories, poems, and sketches by some of the best writers in the country; and several interesting regular departments, conducted by experts, which can not fail to amuse and instruct youthful readers. And of its nine hundred and twenty-six pages about one-half are illustrated. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Pen" is a story for young girls, containing the usual amount of love, suffering, mishaps, and unreality, all ending, of course, happily. There is a shiftless father, a mother who dies early in the story, leaving two young girls to his care, a Scotch friend of the father, who marries one of the daughters, a graceless young nephew of the Scotchman, who marries the other, a maiden aunt who adopts the children, and an East Indian brother of the Scotchman; the last two, by an apparent oversight, being left unmarried. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $1.00.

Professor James E. Thorold Rogers, whose statistical treatment of certain aspects of history has added so much to economic science, is the latest contributor to the series of Stories of the Nations. The history of "Holland" is one of more importance than would be implied by the slight attention which it generally receives, and Professor Rogers has produced a book worthy of its subject. As is to be expected, both from the bias of the author's mind and from the prominence of Holland as a commercial country, economic subjects receive more attention than they have in any of the earlier volumes of the series. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

The out-of-the-way corners of American history have recently been receiving considerable attention, but the greater part of these studies have been published in a form which is not likely to place them within the reach of any but students. It was to be expected, however, that "boy's books," which are reaching into every field, would enter this, and "Travelers and Outlaws," by T. W. Higginson, is the pioneer in this work. The book contains a number of chapters illustrating in an interesting manner several dark corners in the history of this country, to which is added an appendix of authorities which will enable any reader to push his investigations farther. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

"A Bird's-Eye View of the World," by Onésime Reclus, is a popular scientific description of the great natural divisions of the globe and of the peoples that inhabit them. The plan pursued is to describe each country and nation in the five continents and Oceanica, describing the physical characteristics of the land, its products and climate, and its people, their government, customs, and cities. The text is accompanied by a quantity of illustrations. The book is translated, edited, corrected, and brought down to date by Malvina Antoinette Howe; re-written and enlarged, in so far as it concerns the United States, by Forrest Morgan; and issued under the supervision of Charles Hopkins Clark. Published by Ticknor & Co., Boston; for sale—by subscription only—by the J. Dewing Co., 813 Market Street.

"The Story of an African Farm," by "Ralph Iron" (Olive Schreiner), is often spoken of as the third—though the first published—in the trilogy of religious novels, of which the other two are "Robert Elsmere" and "John Ward, Preacher." It scarcely deserves this dignity, however. There is much discussion of religion in it, and the chief thinking personages become atheists. But their conclusions are the outcome of depressing surroundings rather than enlightened reasoning. The free-love episode sets forth the author's hostile views on another generally accepted idea, and with the same incompleteness; she states the objections to marriage, but gives no thought to the future of society if her views should obtain. However, there is much strong writing in the book. The descriptions of life on a Boer ostrich-farm in South Africa are clear and apparently truthful, and the construction of the story is fairly dramatic. This is the initial volume of a pretty and convenient series called the Handy Library. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 60 cents.

"On Horseback" is the account of a trip through the country lying around the spot where Virginia, Tennessee, and North Carolina meet, taken by Charles Dudley Warner and a friend whom he dubs the "Professor." The narrative is told in that pleasing, graphic style to which the readers of Mr. Warner's stories of travel have been accustomed, and the humor of the telling almost obscures the pathetically primitive character of the life in these mountainous regions. Yet now and again the hard realities of the life of these people assert themselves, and present a very different picture from that of some recent works of fiction, whose scenes are laid in this locality. The notes of a trip through Mexico follow this horseback trip, and the book is closed by "The Golden Hesperides," Mr. Warner's humorous account of the Southern California land boom as it impressed him while there in 1887—by a typographical error the book has it 1877, but the original article in the *Atlantic* for last January said "last March." Of course some of his statements are inaccurate, for he generalizes from his month's observations and draws conclusions for the whole year; but, as a whole, the article is appropriate to the subject, and very amusing. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.25.

The bound volumes of *Scribner's* from January to June and from July to December, 1888, make Vols. III. and IV. of the new series—which will be a long one if the magazine retains its present popular tone. The third volume opens with the Blashfields' first paper on "The Man at Arms," and similar descriptive articles are contributed by James Baldwin on "The Centre of the Republic," F. L. Pope on "The Electric Motor," Charles E. Monroe on "Modern Explosives," W. C. Brownell on "French Traits," A. B. Ward on "Hospital Life," Thomas Curtis Clark on the railways, etc. "Mendelssohn's Letters to Moscheles," Robert Louis Stevenson's pleasant papers on a variety of subjects, and Stimson's "First Harvests" are other notable features of the volume. These last two features are continued in the fourth volume; Henry James contributes "A London Life" in three parts; Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae" is begun; Lester Wallack indites his "Memories of the Last Fifty Years," and there are descriptive and critical essays by a host of special writers of note. Of the short stories and verses in the two volumes we can only say here that they contain notable examples of each of these branches of literary art, and the illustrations are of a high order of merit throughout. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; for sale by Strickland & Co.; price, $2.25 per bound volume.

Abbey's Illustrations of Old English Songs.

The holiday volume of this season that would most probably be awarded the palm for beauty is the book of "Old Songs" illustrated by Edwin A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons. There are seventeen of these old songs, and we have enjoyed Mr. Abbey's delicious illustrations once before as each song came out in *Harper's Magazine*, but that fact does not diminish but rather adds to our pleasure when we look at them in their rich surroundings of heavy paper, luxurious margin, and the best results that high mechanical skill can produce in typography and binding. Some of the short songs suggest but one scene to the draughtsman, while George Wither's "Love Song," "The Leather Bottel," "Sally in Our Alley," "Kitty of Coleraine," and "Phillida Flouts Me" are fertile subjects and conjure up pictures of patched and powdered ladies and belted gentlemen, simpering maids, and shock-head 'prentices, buxom housewives, and all the striking types of English life in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with a little dip into the Emerald Isle at a later date. Mr. Abbey's drawings are too well known to need further praise. It need only be said that they are supplemented by head-pieces and other ornamental designs by Alfred Parsons; that the frontispiece is an etching on Japan paper, and the title-page bears an etching in sepia *en vignette*; and that the volume is in all respects a handsome specimen of the book-maker's art. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price, $7.50.

SOCIETY.

The Fair Dinner and German.

Tuesday evening was made very delightful at the residence of Mrs. Theresa Fair, on Pine Street, where her daughter, Miss Fair, gave two entertainments to a number of her young friends. The first affair was a dinner-party which commenced at seven o'clock. The dining-room was "a dream in blue," for the decorations were principally of that color, and they were most exquisitely arranged. The richly gilded chandelier was set with blue-tinted globes of unique pattern, and the dining-table was covered with blue surah edged with white lace. Bands of pale-blue tulle radiated in all directions from the chandelier to the walls, a short distance above the heads of the diners, while among the meshes, and hovering apparently in mid-air, were numerous white doves, whose necks were encircled by miniature wreaths of forget-me-nots. On the centre of the table were blue baskets containing white and yellow chrysanthemums and beautiful variegated leaves from such plants as the cissus, caladiums, eranthemum, and croton. Pendant from the chandelier were a half-dozen orchids, of the pitcher-plant variety, and streamers of smilax extended to the crystal candelabra. Blue baskets full of snow-berries and rare grasses adorned each end of the table, and at each cover was an elegant name card. These were square in shape and of white silk, having a hand-painted cord in the centre; those for the ladies displaying a prettily executed wreath, while on each gentleman's card was a representation of Cupid driving a butterfly. The names of the guests were in golden letters. As a finish to the decoration, the mantel was massed with roses and chryanthemums, and the picture opposite was trimmed with smilax and had two little doves perched upon the frame. Miss Fair and Mr. E. H. Sheldon sat at the head of the table, while Mrs. Fair and Mr. Edgar Mizner were opposite to them. The others at the table were: Mr. Osgood Hooker, Miss Ella Goad, Mr. A. H. Small, Miss Kate Jarboe, Mr. George A. Newhall, Miss Jennie Hooker, Mr. William Sherwood, Miss O'Connor, Mr. Paul Jarboe, Miss Aileen Ivers, Mr. James D. Phelan, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Mr. Robert Hooker, Miss Belle Smith, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Miss Maud Nickerson, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Miss Bessie Hooker, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, and Miss Jennie Blair. As befitted the occasion, the menu was sumptuous, and the service was perfect. About three hours were passed in dining, and by this time another contingent of guests had arrived to participate in the post-prandial festivities.

That a cotillion was to be danced had been kept a secret, so the guests were pleasantly surprised. A word must be said regarding the decoration of the parlors and hall, for Miss Bates had not confined her art to the dining-room alone but had created charming effects elsewhere. Hanging against a long expanse of wall, in the hallway, from ribbons of colored silk, were a number of dainty Newmarket straw hats, trimmed with bows and ribbons of varied colors and filled with La France roses, violets, maiden's-hair ferns, chrysanthemums, and other flowers. The array looked very attractive, and the hats were used as favors later on. Across the face of the hat-rack were narrow red-silk ribbons, which sustained at either end wreaths of Christmas berries and ferns, and on the marble shelf below was an urn filled with variegated grasses and chrysanthemums. A huge wreath of scarlet berries and large sprays of ferns adorned the mirror at the rear of the hall. The floors in the hall and parlors were canvased for dancing.

The decoration in the salon seemed like a reflex of autumn; the brilliant tints of that season were displayed in harmonious combinations and acted in conjunction with the elaborate frescoing, the rich furnishings, and objects of art in making the commodious apartment highly picturesque. Across the main entrance branches of Japanese barberry were placed with streamers of pink silk mingling among the foliage, and at the side hung a wreath of Safrano roses. A mass of eucalyptus foliage was set against the Corinthian column at the east side of the room, and stretching at either side to the doorways were grape-vines, the leaves showing the tanciful tints of autumn. At the centre of the other entrance hung a large basket full of Marechal Niel roses and ferns entwined with blue silk ribbons. Pendant over the face of the pier mirror at the rear was an immense wreath of La France and Bon Silène roses suspended by pink silk ribbons, and at the top was a drapery of smilax. Daintily resting on one of the onyx pedestals at the side was a collection of pink and red roses and ferns, ornamented with a bow-knot of blue and pink silk. There were tall sprouts of green bamboo lining the bay-windows, and a large cluster of gum-tree foliage and flowers adorned the front pier mirror, relieved by blue and pink silk ribbons. One of the prettiest effects in the room was produced on the mantel mirror, the frame of which was trimmed all around with grape-vines, in autumnal colors, which also embellished the handsome candelabra and clock. A wreath of red berries wound with grape-vines hung at the entrance to the reception-room, and baskets of Russian violets and roses adorned the table and mantel.

Chairs were set around the salon for the participants in the german, and a bouquet tied to the back of each chair was a souvenir sash of white silk, upon one end of which the name of the guest was painted in gold, and upon the other end was inscribed "Miss Fair, December 18, 1888," all of which was in odd lettering. In one corner of the room were the favors, which were very handsome. They comprised dainty gauze fans, bottles of cologne, leather card-cases, silk mufflers, glove-boxes, elegant mouchoir-bags, illuminated cards strung with fancy ribbons, corsage bouquets, boutonnières, etc.

Those who took part in the cotillion were: Miss Fair, Miss Jennie Blair, Miss Alice Bolado, Miss Katie Voorhies, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Andruss, Miss Matie Peters, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Virginia Hanchett, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Lillie Jones, Miss O'Connor, Miss Mamie Blethen, Miss Belle Smith, Miss Aileen Ivers, Miss Maud Nickerson, Miss Stetson, Miss Florence Pierce, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Marguerite Wallace, Miss Clarke, Miss Nellie Joliffe, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Kate Jarboe, Miss Pierce, Miss Bessie Hooker, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. John N. Featherston, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Mr. William Sherwood, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Robert J. Woods, Mr. Paul Jarboe, Mr. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Hugh Tevis, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Mr. Cockburn, Mr. Robert L. Sherwood, Mr. Mountford S. Wilson, Mr. Edgar Mizner, Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., Mr. Robert Hooker, Lieutenant Frank L. Winn, U. S. A., Mr. Herbert Carolan, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Ferd. Reis, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Lieutenant Gilbert P. Cotton, U. S. A., Mr. E. H. Sheldon, Mr. George A. Newhall, and Mr. Wakefield Baker.

The cotillion was commenced soon after ten o'clock, Mr. Greenway leading, with Miss Fair. Mr. Greenway had exerted himself particularly in the invention of the figures, all of which were pretty, and they were executed faultlessly. The first figure was the "Four-in-Hand." Twenty people were in the set, making four teams of five each. Four young ladies were driven by a gentleman in two sets, and four gentlemen were driven by a lady in the other two sets. The "horses" held rings in their hands, to which were attached the reins of colored ribbons, and the driver held a long whip and wore a girt of sleigh-bells around the chest. After forming properly, two of the sets were driven out in the hall through one entrance and the other sets were driven through the second entrance. They passed each other in the hall, and were driven through two large decorated hoops. Upon returning to the parlors, partners were taken and the galop was danced. This figure was at once merged, without stopping, into the well-known "Gliding Lines," which ended in a five-step polka. The third figure was the "Ladies' Windmill." The couples formed as in a quadrille; then the four ladies joined left hands in the centre and marched around once, when they took hold of the left hand of the gentleman next to their respective partners—all of the gentlemen kneeling. Then each lady walked around that gentleman, and afterward around each of the others in succession until partners were reached when the gentlemen arose and all waltzed. The "Star and Circle" was the next figure. In this two columns were formed on opposite sides of the room, partners being next to each other. The two ladies on each side who were nearest the centre stepped out and joined left hands, giving the right hands to the young ladies at each corner. Then the gentlemen advanced and formed two abreast in each arm of the star. They then joined hands in a circle and walked around under the four arches made by the joined hands of the ladies. At the same time the latter revolved in the opposite direction and when the partners met the York was danced. In the "Tarletan," the fifth figure, scarfs of colored tarletan were used to form arches, under which the couples passed in succession from one side of the room to the other, ending in a waltz. The last figure was the "Exchange of Favors." The partners danced, and when their favors were received they exchanged them, the gentlemen receiving the silk mufflers and the ladies the mouchoir bags. Mr. Greenway was the recipient of a special gift for his kindness in leading—an elegant pair of gold sleeve-buttons, engraved with a fly and set with diamonds, sapphires, and rubies.

An elaborate supper was served at one o'clock. The appearance of the dining-room was changed by the removal of the table decorations, which were replaced by a cover of pink surah, decorated prettily with pink chrysanthemums. After supper several more round dances were participated in, and it was not until half-past two o'clock that any one thought of departing.

The Army and Navy German.

It has been the custom in the past of the Bachelors' Cotillion Club to allow its members of the army and navy to hold full sway at one of its meetings during the season. They were accorded that privilege on Friday evening, and provided a cotillion that was interesting, enjoyable, and perfect in all of its details. B'nai B'rith Hall was, as usual, the scene of the ball, and the decorator had tastefully adorned it in a manner highly appropriate. The national colors and bright colored bunting were extensively used in happy combinations, and shields, stars, and trophies of war were also noticeable. Lieutenant John A. Towers, U. S. A., of the Presidio, undertook the arduous task of leading, and was eminently successful. The figures he devised were all military in their character, and were executed with accuracy, their beauty being well appreciated. His partner was Miss Ella Goad, and the first set also included Miss Leslie Van Ness, Mr. Frank J. Carolan, Miss Edith Taylor, Lieutenant S. L. Faison, U. S. A., Miss May E. Pope, Mr. Henry Spaulding, Miss Miles, Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., Mrs. Henry L. Tatum, Mr. George A. Newhall, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Lieutenant Samuel Strengis, Jr., U. S. A., Miss Bessie Hooker, and Mr. Fred Beaver. The members assembled in the hall about nine o'clock, and the german was commenced soon after that time. New and rich toilets were the rule.

The first figure was quite a change from the usual introduction, and was called the "Grand Double Chain." The set formed in columns facing the stage, the gentlemen being on the left-hand side on one-half of one column, and on the right-hand side on the other column, with the ladies *vis-à-vis*. Then they formed two concentric circles which rotated in transverse directions, all executing the grand right and left, ending in a waltz. "Centre Forward, Fours Left and Right" was the term applied to the second figure, which had a lead of sixteen couples. They formed company front in double rank, with the gentlemen in the front rank, standing at one side of the hall facing the other side. Then they executed what is known in military parlance as centre forward, fours left and right, which resulted in the formation in the centre of the hall of a double columns of fours the ladies and gentlemen alternating in the columns. Then they crossed to the other side and the fours on the right moved to the right and the others to the left moving to either end of the hall and forming company front. This placed the gentlemen in front and the ladies at the rear. After this all marched to the centre of the hall and the five-step polka was danced.

"Double Rank Open Order" was what Mr. Towers called the third figure. The participants formed company front at the side of the hall, gentlemen being in the front rank in the left-hand half and ladies in front in the right hand half. Then the two divisions moved in opposite directions, marching down the centre of the hall, where those who were originally in the front rank resumed their positions, and those in the rear rank marched to the opposite side of the hall. Then all faced front, partners being opposite each other, and the companies forwarded to the centre and danced the York, which was soon merged into a waltz. The fourth figure was called "Platoons Right and Left Wheel." Here the set formed in company front at the side of the hall, with the gentlemen in the front rank. The first platoon wheeled to the right and faced the music, while the second platoon wheeled to the left and faced the entrance. At this point the first platoon executed left four left about, and the right platoon right four, right about approaching each other in a column of fours down the side of the hall. Then they wheeled into line and danced the five-step polka. "Leap Year Skirmishers" was the title of the fifth and last figure. Company front was formed on the side of the hall with the ladies in the front rank. Then all counted fours and the ladies who numbered one marched across the hall, and in succession numbers two, three, and four followed, which finally brought all of the ladies at the opposite side. They faced their partners and when the command "Rally on Battalion" was given they moved across the hall to their partners, and all joined in a waltz.

It was plainly evident that Lieutenant Towers had pleased every one with his figures and he was highly complimented. The usual elaborate supper was served in the dining-hall, which was beautifully decorated, and at one o'clock the ball came to an end.

The Easton-Adams Wedding.

A charming wedding occurred last Wednesday evening at Grace Church when Miss Lou Adams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Adams, of Menlo Park, was united in marriage to Mr. Ansel Easton, nephew of Mr. D. O. Mills. The social prominence of the contracting parties attracted a large assemblage of their friends and the church was crowded. A very pretty decoration of smilax graced the chancel with tropic palms and ferns as a setting. Opera voluntaries were played previous to the ceremony, and at half-past eight o'clock the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" announced the arrival of the bridal party. First in the cortége came the four ushers, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. John Scott, Mr. Neville Castle, and Mr. Charles Adams, who were followed by the bridesmaids, Miss Redington, Miss Sheppard, of Oakland, Miss Lohmann, and Miss Clarie Ralston. After them came the maid of honor, Miss Taylor, of San Mateo, while the bride and her father were last. They were met in the chancel by the groom and his best man, Mr. Claude T. Hamilton.

The bride looked lovely in a rich toilet of Blanc Ivoire gros-grain, made with a long court train. The corsage was a la Vierge, and was trimmed with point d'Alençon lace and broderie Romien. A diamond pin, the gift of the groom, nestled in the corsage, which was still further adorned by a spray of lilies of the valley. Her gloves of white undressed kid met the sleeves at the elbow, and the veil of white-silk moleine flowed gracefully from her *coiffure* to the end of the long train. As she marched down the aisle she carried a prayer-book bound in white velvium, but at the conclusion of the ceremony her maid of honor gave her a bouquet of white hyacinths and maiden's-hair ferns, tied with chenille cord twisted with gold thread.

The maid of honor and bridesmaids were attired alike in toilets of white India silk made à la Directoire, with short waists and large sashes, which were confined to the waist by a gold pin, a favor from the bride. Their bouquets were of stevia and fine ferns, tied with ivory-white moiré ribbons.

The Episcopal marriage ceremony was very impressively performed by the Rev. Dr. Stowe, of San Mateo, assisted by Rev. R. C. Foute, rector of Grace Church. When the rites were over the gladdening notes of Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" reverberated through the church and the bridal party departed. They were driven to the city residence of the bride's parents on Franklin Street, where an informal reception was held which was attended by only the relatives and most intimate friends of the young couple. The parlors were prettily decorated with smilax, ferns, palms, and choice flowers and looked very attractive. The remainder of the evening was passed quietly, a delicious supper being one of its features. Mr. and Mrs. Easton were the recipients of some elegant gifts. They left the city on Thursday to make a Southern trip, and upon their return will reside at Millbrae.

The Low Lunch-Party.

An exceedingly pretty and thoroughly delightful lunch-party was given by Mrs. F. F. Low and Miss Flora Low last Thursday, at their residence on the corner of Gough and Sutter Streets. The particularly honored guest was Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, and fifteen other lady friends were invited to meet her and enjoy the hospitality of the hostesses. It was a pink luncheon, and a charming one at that, for the dining-room was as attractive as art and nature could make it. The gaslight, shed through delicately tinted pink globes, softened the rich furnishings and revealed the table covered with a mantle of pink satin upon which were set three baskets that were filled with perfectly formed La France roses and their glossy foliage. Glistening silver and crystal ware were set around them and a bounteous menu was prepared for the delectation of the guests. The time passed at the table was very agreeably spent, and all felt that they had been charmingly entertained.

The invited guests were: Mrs Fred W. Sharon, Mrs. William B. Collier, Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mrs. Richard D. Girvin, Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mrs. J. Henry Smith, Mrs. Richard Sos Clover, Miss Bowie, Miss Le Roy and Miss Carrie Le Roy, of New York, Miss Tompkins, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Tallant, Miss Redington, and Miss Christine Barreda.

The German Club.

The second cotillion of the German Club, which was given last Tuesday evening, was even more successful than the first one. Union Square Hall was decked in bright colors, and there was a large attendance of members and invited guests. The young ladies had, without exception, arrayed themselves in their daintiest gowns, the Directoire styles being well and prettily represented. The decoration of the hall was especially noteworthy, as it has seldom, if ever, looked so attractive. From the centre of the ceiling to the iron stanchions on the gallery long streamers of red and white bunting were gracefully draped, forming a conical shaped semi-canopy over the highly polished floor. At each stanchion was a cluster of tall fern sprays, and a cordon of bunting connected each cluster with its neighbor. White bunting, crossed with golden bands and trimmed with gold bullion, hung at the base of the gallery railing, and above it were draperies of scarlet and white cloth. A dozen baskets full of spreading ferns hung over the heads of the dancers at proper intervals, and around the walls up-stairs were panels of delicately colored cloth and large tri-colored stars trimmed with smilax. Loose draperies of red, white, and blue bunting graced the walls down-stairs in artistic precision, and acted as a setting for numerous sprays of ferns which were laid against them. Portières of white lace against a pink background were at each doorway, except the entrance to the dining-hall, where the national colors were draped. Along the face of the stage white bunting was arranged with festoons of smilax, and above it was a hedge of mountain ferns. There were white and gold draperies at the rear of the stace, and crimson curtains draped from the proscenium arch. The effect produced was one of much beauty.

It was nine o'clock when Ballenberg's band played the first waltz, and for over an hour round dances were enjoyed. Then the participants in the cotillion took their proper seats around the hall, and all were in readiness for the event of the evening. Mr. Chauncey M. St. John was the leader, and his partner was Miss Jennie de la Montanya. In addition to this couple the first set comprised Miss Etta Chabot, Mr. Alexander M. Cumming, Miss Daisy Crowell, Mr. E. R. Hinckley, Miss Mary Murphy, of San José, Mr. W. A. Powning, Miss Jeannette Havemann, Mr. Robert C. Monteagle, Miss Stella Sears, Mr. R. S. Knight, Miss Maude Badlam, Mr. W. E. Meek, Miss Mattie S. Baker, of San José, Lieutenant E. W. Hubbard, U. S. A., Miss Deane, Mr. Bush Fennell, Miss Roberta E. Lee Wright, Mr. Richard R. Wallace, Miss A. Joie McCabe, and Mr. S. G. Bryant.

"The Grand Right and Left with Alternate Columns" was the title of the first figure, in which the participants, after making the round of the hall, passed under the uplifted hands of the first couple and separated, the ladies going to the left and the gentlemen to the right. They formed opposite each other on both sides of the hall, then forwarded, joined partners, and waltzed. The second figure was the gem of the evening. It was called "Christmas Eve by Moonlight," and was a leap-year figure. A large Christmas-tree, decorated with tinsel and white cotton sprinkled with diamond dust to represent snow, was wheeled to the centre of the hall by a sable attendant, who lighted the candles with which the boughs were laden. Then the gas-light was extinguished, the Japanese lanterns around the hall were lighted, and a moonlight effect was produced through the aid of calcium lights. It was an ideal scene and evoked comments of praise from every one. Souvenir badges of colored silk, printed in gold with the name of the club and the date, were then distributed by the ladies in the first set, and were pinned at the corsage or coat lappel. In this figure the partners danced together first and then the gentlemen were escorted to their seats; after this each lady received two long, colored scarfs and then secured a partner of her own sex. They formed a double circle around the glittering Christmas-tree, making an archway with the scarfs. Then the first couple marched under the scarfs and resumed its original position, being followed in turn by the other couples so that at no time was the arch incomplete except for the couple then passing through it. After this each lady secured a partner of the opposite sex, and the five-step polka was danced. A storm of applause greeted the termination of this figure as a mark of the approval of the dancers and the onlookers in the gallery.

The third figure was termed "Double Squares." They formed as in a Centennial Lancers, the couples being two deep instead of single. The front couples on the ends and sides forwarded and crossed over facing the rear couples, and the gentlemen joined hands and made an arch under which the ladies passed in a circle. When partners were reached, the York was danced. This figure was novel, but the one which followed it was even more so. It was the "Telescope" figure, and represented the opening and closing of a telescope. The participants formed in two columns, partners facing each other, each holding an end of a gayly colored scarf, thus forming an archway the entire length of the hall. The first couple marched under the arch to the end, and then, lifting their scarf above the heads of the other couples, marched back to their places on the outside of the double column. Each couple, in turn, did likewise, resulting in a continuous shifting of scarfs above and below. The effect of this very pretty figure was increased by the introduction of colored calcium lights, which were thrown upon the darkened hall. After all had marched and resumed places, the ladies gave their ends of the scarfs to the gentlemen. Then the latter went to the left-hand side of the hall, the ladies forming opposite; all forwarded, and the five-step polka was danced to "Dixie's" strains. The "Military" figure was the fifth and last. Here they formed in two columns across the hall, facing each other. Then the waltz music ceased, and the "Boulanger March" was played. The columns crossed each other to either end of the hall, where the ladies executed column right and the gentlemen column left, which resulted in the formation of company front at both sides of the hall. Then the columns forwarded to the centre, and the "Blue Danube" waltz terminated the figure.

Supper was the next thing in order, and it was served in the new and spacious dining-hall, where the tables were handsomely decorated with Christmas berries and foliage. A delicious supper was provided, and at its conclusion all sought their homes with pleasant remembrances of the affair. Mr. St. John received many congratulations for his admirable leading and the success and novelty of the figures he had introduced. The club is indebted to Mrs. Remi Chabot, Mrs. D. B. Hinckley, Mrs. Henry Donnelly, and Mr. C. M. St. John, of Oakland, and Mr. W. E. Meek, of San Lorenzo, for their kind contributions of flowers and foliage. The next cotillion of the club will occur on Tuesday evening, January 29, 1889, at Union Square Hall.

The Taylor Reception.

Captain and Mrs. William H Taylor gave an enjoyable reception last Monday evening, at their residence, 2199 California Street, in honor of their daughter, Miss Edith Taylor. The spacious parlors and dining-room were canvased for dancing, and were tastefully decorated with hollyberries, ferns, evergreens, and bignonia, which trimmed the doorways, mirrors, windows, and moldings. Only the young friends of Miss Taylor were invited, numbering about one hundred, and they enjoyed dancing from nine o'clock until after midnight, when supper was served.

The Parrott High Tea.

Mrs. Louis B. Parrott gave a high tea at her residence, 1913 Franklin Street, on Saturday afternoon, December 15th, which about two hundred of her friends attended. She was assisted in receiving by Mrs. John Parrott, Mrs. William H. Howard, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Edith Taylor, Miss Casserly, Miss Dora Boardman, Miss Inez Macondray, and Miss Mary Eyre. Although the weather was stormy and unpleasant for calling, it did not in the least deter the invited guests, and they were well repaid for attending. The comfortable parlors were decked with bright Christmas berries and deep-green foliage in pretty arrangements, and the library and dining-room were adorned with chrysanthemums in shades of white and pink. The usual chat was indulged in, refreshments were enjoyed, and Ballenberg's band gave its latest music to enliven the affair still more. The reception continued from four until seven o'clock.

The Bowie Reception.

A reception was given last Wednesday evening by Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Bowie for the purpose of introducing their daughter, Miss Bessie Bowie, in society circles. Their residence, 1913 Clay Street, was made attractive by a tasteful decoration of choice flowers and foliage, and a canvased canopy at the entrance protected the arriving guests from the dampness as they alighted from their carriages. Each of the apartments were crashed for dancing, and a string orchestra provided excellent music. It was an unusually festive occasion, the dancing being prolonged until almost four o'clock in the morning, and two suppers were served to refresh the guests.

The Bixler Musicale.

One of the most pleasant of the many events that have occurred recently was a musicale which Mr. and Mrs. David Bixler gave a week ago last Friday evening, at their residence on the corner of Union and Pierce Streets. The host and hostess were assisted in receiving by Miss Hyde, and it a most charming way made their guests feel perfectly at home. There was no set programme, all of the numbers being impromptu. Mrs. Bixler contributed some vocal selections delightfully, as did Miss Carrie Millzner who has rarely sung better. She kindly responded to numerous encores. Mrs. Maria Bailey and Miss Mooser displayed their talent advantageously in piano-forte selections, and Mrs. Carmichael-Carr played the accompaniments in her usual finished manner. Señor L. T. Romero delighted every one with his mandolin and guitar selections which were melodious and pleasing. It was somewhat late when the Bandurria Club arrived, but the members made amends for it by rendering several operatic and popular selections which evoked unstinted applause. A delicious supper was served at eleven o'clock and it was followed by several dances and more musical selections until one o'clock.

The Bowen Matinée Tea.

Miss Mary Bowen entertained twenty-five young ladies last Wednesday afternoon at her home on Franklin Street at a matinée tea. Her guests arrived about three o'clock, and after the service of refreshments they played a game called "Conundrums." In this each young lady received a hand-painted card upon which a conundrum was inscribed. Those who correctly guessed the answers were rewarded with handsome prizes. Brandt's band gave concert selections throughout the afternoon.

The Dirigo Club.

The members of the Dirigo Club gave a most enjoyable entertainment and ball at their club house on Geary Street, on Friday evening, which was attended by over three hundred members and guests. As this was the first large entertainment given by the club, extra efforts were made to insure its success. The committee of arrangements, comprising Mr. J. Percy Rothwell, Mr. M. H. de Young, Mr. Henry J. Crocker, Mr. A. W. Cornwall, Mr. J. T. Brown, secured the services of some of our best local talent, and, in addition, had caused a spacious hall-room to be erected at the rear of the club. The rooms were tastefully decorated, the ball-room being especially noticeable, for here was a pleasing combination of colored bunting, flags, and evergreens artistically arranged. At nine o'clock the rooms were well filled and the entertainment commenced. The programme was as follows: Overture, Noah Brandt's Orchestra; Selected Ballad, Mr. William H. Keith, Jr., with violin obligato by Mr. J. H. Rosewald; Recitation, "A Tale of Sweethearts," Miss Joe Tucholsky; Waltz Song, Bellegni, Miss Mary E. Barnard; Guitar Solo, "Ermani," Señor L. T. Romero; Satirical Ballad, Mr. M. J. Hynes; Violin Solo, Mr. J. H. Rosewald; Operatic Selections on Mandolins and Bandurrias, Bandurria Club; Aria, "Sorgete," Rossini, Signor Enrico Campobello, with piano accompaniment by Professor Little. Each number received merited applause, and the entire programme was produced in a most creditable manner. Afterward dancing was in order, and the ball-room and parlors were used for that purpose, the music occupying the conservatory. It was after one o'clock when the ball terminated, and its success was unqualified.

Dargie Dinner-Party.

Just seven years had passed on Saturday December 15th, since the wedding day of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dargie, of Oakland. In celebration of this anniversary Mrs Dargie arranged, as a surprise to her husband, a charming dinner-party, to which only gentlemen were invited. At half past seven o'clock the guests took their places at the decorated table. The arrangement of the table as to the seats of the diners was indicated by beautifully decorated cards, each bearing some pictorial device appropriate to the one whose name appeared thereon. The decorations were not confined to the table, but the whole dining-room was beautified by ribbons, smilax and flowers. After enjoying the pleasures of the table for several hours complimentary words were spoken over various sentiments well expressed.

Mr. W. E. Dargie occupied one end of the table, and his brother, Mr. T. T. Dargie, the other. The guests were Mr. J. C. Martin, Mr. A. D. Thomson, Dr. D. D. Crowley, Mr. Fred M. Campbell, Mr R. G. Brown, Mr. John Lathrop, Dr. Russell H. Cool, Mr. Isaac Upham, Mr. George W. Reed, Mr. Victor H. Metcalf, and Dr. E. H. Pardee.

Notes and Gossip.

An enjoyable high tea was given a week ago last Friday by Mrs. J. H. Boalt and Miss Alice Boalt, at their residence.

Mr and Mrs Peter Hopkins will give a reception in honor of their daughter, Miss Jennie Hopkins, next Friday evening, at their residence, 2000 Broadway.

The Misses Jessie, Rose, and Isabel Sherwood will entertain about sixty of their friends next Tuesday evening, at a leap-year party, which they will give at the residence of their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Sherwood, 1357 Post Street.

Christmas Eve will be made pleasant at the Hotel Bella Vista, where Mrs. Volney Spalding will give a grand ball.

Mrs. Henry T Scott gave an elegant dinner-party last Wednesday evening at her residence on Laguna Street.

Mrs. James Spiers gave a delightful dinner-party at her residence last Thursday evening. The decorations were beautiful and the menu delicious.

Miss Dunham entertained thirty of her young lady friends at a charming luncheon recently at her home, 1397 Alice Street, Oakland. All of the arrangements were perfect, and the affair was made a very pleasant one. After luncheon Miss Carrie Millzner sang several numbers artistically beginning with "Sweet Sixteen," which was most appropriate.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams will give a Christmas-tree entertainment for children at their residence, 1925 Octavia Street, on Christmas Eve, followed by a soirée dansante for older guests.

Mrs. J. B. Haggin gave an enjoyable reception, at her residence on Taylor Street last Tuesday evening, in honor of Mrs Fred W. Sharon. The parlors were beautifully decorated with La France roses, and quite a number of friends were invited.

Mrs. Fred W Sharon was entertained at dinner last Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott at their residence. Covers were laid for twelve, the decorations were exquisite, and the affair was in all respects one of thorough enjoyment.

Miss Lizzie Carroll, daughter of Mr. T. P. Carroll, was married to Mr George H. Tyson last Wednesday evening at the Howard Presbyterian Church. The church was filled with friends of the happy couple, and was handsomely decorated. An informal reception was held afterward at the home of the bride on Lombard Street.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the grand ball which will occur on the evening of New Year's Day at the Hotel del Monte. A large number of society people have signified their intention of going.

The wedding of Miss Ralston and Mr. Arthur Page is to take place on the ninth of February, at the residence of Mrs W. C Ralston in Oakland. It will be a very quiet affair, on account of the family being in mourning.

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MOVEMENTS AND WHEREABOUTS.

Mrs. A. A. Cohen and the Misses Cohen have closed their home in Alameda, and will reside at the Hotel Pleasanton during the winter.

Mrs. J. C. Tucker and Miss Etta Tucker have returned to Oakland after a three months' visit in the East

Mrs. Francis G. Newlands, *née* McAllister, arrived here a week ago from New York, and is visiting her mother.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford are occupying their residence in Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry B. Williams, accompanied by Miss Cooke, of Chicago, will leave soon, to visit Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Poett, in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Yates have returned from the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs Wilfrid B. Chapman have returned from their visit to Del Monte.

Senator John P. Jones went to Washington, D. C., a few days ago.

Mrs. Morrison and Miss Annie Pierce have gone to Southern California to remain during the winter.

Mr. W. B. Bancroft has returned to the city, after an extended tour of the Eastern States since last September.

Miss Grace M. Spencer and Miss Mattie S. Baker, of San José, arrived here last Tuesday, and are guests of Miss Jennie de la Montanya for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Code *née* Shaw, have returned from Coronado Beach and are at the Berkshire, where they will receive on Thursday.

Hon. and Mrs. B. D. Murphy and Miss Mary Murphy, of San José, have been visiting here during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Brewton A. Hayne have gone to Santa Barbara to visit Colonel and Mrs. W. A Hayne.

Mrs. John Bacon, *née* Ainsworth, of Tacoma, is visiting Captain and Mrs. J. C. Ainsworth in Oakland.

Miss McKee and Miss Amy McKee have returned to their home in Oakland after a pleasant visit to Santa Barbara.

Miss Anna M. Lathrop will receive on the first Friday of each month until April, at her residence on the north-west corner of Van Ness and Pacific Avenues.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, *née* Crocker, who have been visiting Mrs. Crocker for several weeks, will return to New York next Saturday in a special car

Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, who has been visiting here for a couple of weeks, will return to New York about January 5th.

Miss Le Roy and Miss Carrie Le Roy, of New York, who are here on a brief visit, will go to Del Monte to-day.

Captain and Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl, of San Mateo, passed several days at the Palace Hotel recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, were visiting friends in this city during the week.

Mrs. John F. Miller and Mrs. Richardson Clover are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Evelyn Carolan has returned from a prolonged Eastern visit.

Mr. Clinton E. Worden arrived here from Riverside last Tuesday on a visit.

Army and Navy.

Major David S. Gordon, Second Cavalry, U. S. A, has been granted two months' leave of absence

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The sales-rooms of the Women's Exchange will be open this (Saturday) evening, when a grand sale of Christmas goods will take place. The board of directors in person will superintend the sale.

The friends of the California Lawn-Tennis Club are invited to the grounds on Christmas Day from eleven to four. No regular matches will be played, but there will be general playing by members and guests and a lunch will be served.

DXV—Bill of Fare for six persons—Sunday, December 23, 1888.

Crab Soup.
Beefsteak à la Bordelaise.
Stewed Corn. Mushrooms.
Roast Goose. Sweet Potatoes. Apple Sauce.
Celery Salad.
Mince Pie. Jellied Oranges.

JELLIED ORANGES.—Cut a small round piece from the blossom ends of six oranges, and scoop out the pulp very carefully so as not to widen the hole or tear the inside of the fruit. Use your fingers and a very small teaspoon for this purpose until the oranges are empty and clean Lay them in very cold water while you prepare the pulp and juice you have taken out, and the grated peel of another orange and some orange jelly. When it is quite cold, fill the orange skins with it, and set on ice to harden.

In serving them, cut the oranges cross-wise with a sharp knife and arrange in a glass-dish, the open sides upward. A few orange, lemon, or japonica leaves to line the edges of the dish, will give a pretty effect. Orange jelly: half a package of gelatine soaked in one cup of cold water, one and one-quarter cups of sugar, juice of a lemon and the juice of the six oranges with the grated peel of another, one and one-half cups of boiling water. Soak the gelatine two hours; add the juice, grated peel, sugar, and leave for one hour. Pour on the boiling water, stir until dissolved, and strain through a felt strainer. Do not shake or squeeze, but let the jelly filter clearly through it into a bowl or pitcher set beneath; set molds in cold water and set aside to cool and harden.

DXVI—Bill of Fare for Twelve Persons—Christmas, 1888.

Eastern Oysters.
Clear Soup.
Cheese Straws. Olives Farcies.
Caviar Sandwiches. Mittwurst.
Baked Crabs.
Boiled Turkey, Oyster Dressing and Sauce. Cranberries.
Terrapin à la Maryland.
Green Peas. Flageolets.
Roman Punch.
Roast Pig, Mushroom Dressing. Apple Sauce.
Potato Croquettes.
Lettuce, French Dressing.
Gruyère and Roquefort Cheese.
English Plum Pudding.
Jellied Oranges. Brandied Peaches.
Fruits Glacés. Bonbons.
Wines and Coffee.

The Danube's famous Iron Gate is to be improved out of existence, if a bill introduced in the Hungarian Parliament goes through.

As "Society,"

Within the true and real meaning of the phrase, grows and develops in the United States, there grows and develops with it a cultured and refined taste in all things. This indisputable fact accounts for the great popularity which the Pommery and Greno Sec Champagne is lately acquiring in the more select circles of American society. For a long time past this wine has been almost exclusively used among the royalty and nobility of Europe, more particularly in England and Russia. Its intrinsic merits commend it to the critical and discerning judgment of those who have the means to indulge in the best of everything that is to be had. Persons who intend giving select entertainments should be particular to have this wine on the table, and bear in mind the Prince of Wales's opinion: "There is no headache in Pommery Sec."

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— AND AN —

ELEGANT SUPPER AT MIDNIGHT.

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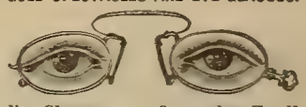

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OPEN EVENINGS.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, north-west corner of Powell and Eddy Streets.—For the half year ending December 31, 1888, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four (4) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after WEDNESDAY, January 2, 1889.

VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb.—For the half year ending with the thirty-first of December, 1888, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-half (4½) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1889.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

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HENRY'S WIFE'S BABY.

Dramatis personæ — Mrs. Youngwife; a caller (of no importance); Henry (of less); the baby ("absent, but present in idea").

(In parlor—The caller, at the end of her patience and half an hour's waiting. Enter, on tiptoe, Mrs. Youngwife.)

The caller—Ah, Julia, I'm——

Mrs. Youngwife—Why, how do you—oh, good gracious! (Abruptly disappears. After five minutes, again returns.)

The caller—I'm afraid I intr——

Mrs. Youngwife—Intrude, you dear thing? Why, I'm perfectly delighted—(starting). There, I know Ellen never will remember to—— (Disappears for five minutes more. Reënters.)

The caller—You appear so occupied that, perhaps——

Mrs. Youngwife—Sh!

The caller—I beg your pardon?

Mrs. Youngwife—Sh! (In painfully repressed whisper.) It's Lucius—he's gone to sleep. I'm charmed to see you—only please don't speak loud—he's *so* wakeful, Lucius is!

The caller (whispering)—Isn't he well?

Mrs. Youngwife (bridling)—Well? Indeed he is! Everybody says such a healthy child never was seen. Well? The idea!

The caller (cautiously)—He's about six months old, isn't he?

Mrs. Youngwife (stiffly)—My dear, I'm surprised at you! Lucius will be *seven* months old two weeks from next Tuesday morning, at five minutes past six precisely. But, really, you'd think him eight—you certainly would. He's *so* precocious, Lucius is!

The caller (concluding to change subject)—Very cold to-day, don't you think?

Mrs. Youngwife—Truly it is. I've not known such weather for ever so long—not since Lucius was born. But b'ess 'is 'ittle 'art, 'e does not mind it, mamma's own——

The caller (seeking to recall Mrs. Youngwife to sense and coherence)—How is your husband?

Mrs. Youngwife (indifferently)—Henry? Oh, well enough—why not? I think it's nearly time for him to come home, but I'm not sure. I'm so occupied with Lucius——

The caller—Some one told me that he's looking rather badly, and I——

Mrs. Youngwife (indignantly)—Whoever said that was one of those envious old maids, who know nothing about it. The prettiest little thing—hair almost an inch long—and when he gets his teeth——

The caller (mystified)—What! Who?

Mrs. Youngwife—Why, Lucius, of course!

The caller (feebly)—Isn't it horrible about young Boodle? Accounts found short, you know.

Mrs. Youngwife—Lucius's accounts will never be found short, I promise you. He's going to be the soul of honor and probity—for he's to be a lawyer.

The caller—He might succeed his father as——

Mrs. Youngwife—A cotton broker? Upon my word! That's well enough for Henry—but, *Lucius*—oh!

The caller—What does his father wish?

Mrs. Youngwife (with great haughtiness)—Lucius will be amply able to arrange his affairs without dictation, I fancy. He'll be *so* self-poised, Lucius will!

The caller (trying another topic)—There's to be a very interesting lecture to-morrow evening. Miss Styla, the celebrated authoress, speaks on "The Higher Education of Women."

Mrs. Youngwife (sneeringly)—What does she know about it? The idea of her venturing to express any views on such a subject!

The caller—She's generally thought an authority.

Mrs. Youngwife (scornful beyond description)—An authority! On the higher education of women! Why, she hasn't—bless the woman, she hasn't—she hasn't any baby.

(The caller, now rather at a loss what to say, is relieved by the arrival of Henry, who enters in a sidelong, apologetic way.)

Henry (with timid boldness)—Jule, how goes it? (To caller.) Ah, how do you do? (Approaches to kiss Mrs. Youngwife.) Well, dear, all right, eh? I'm awfully glad to——

Mrs. Youngwife (in the very face of attempted osculation)—*Oh!* Henry, do shut that door—haven't you any consideration? You'll let a draft right upstairs upon Lucius. No, don't slam it—what a man you are—why, you may wake Lucius!

Henry (meekly obeying)—Whew! It must be fifteen below to-day. I'm half frozen!

Mrs. Youngwife—So you are! Now, be sure you warm yourself thoroughly before you go near Lucius—remember! He's *so* sensitive, Lucius is!

Henry—And I've got one of my beastly headaches.

Mrs. Youngwife (to caller)—Oh, dear, you can't guess how those headaches worry me! Suppose he should transmit them to Lucius—he's so hereditary, Lucius is!

The caller (foreseeing a domestic disturbance)—I must say good-by. I've made too long a call already.

Mrs. Youngwife (suddenly becoming listeningly oblivious)—Hark!

Henry (striving to save the situation)—Oh, no; it's not at all late. You mustn't——

Mrs. Youngwife (sforzando)—*Henry! Will* you keep still a *moment?* I'm certain I hear—oh, mercy me! (Rushes out.)

Henry (as if this explained all explainable things)—It's Lucius!

(Mrs. Youngwife's voice heard from upper regions in mingled expostulation, reproach, wrath, grief, and commiseration. Hibernian accents reply. Infantile shrieks follow.)

The caller (panic-stricken)—Good-by! (Hastily escapes.)

(Noise gradually subsides through a lengthened diminuendo, occupying fifteen minutes. Reënter Mrs. Youngwife, in a high state of excitement.)

Mrs. Youngwife—Oh, what do you think? That wretched Ellen had left him—actually left him, the faithless thing, when she'd only been sitting there three hours—and the poor, dear, blessed little angel——

Henry (with a worm-will-turn sort of calmness)—Well?

Mrs. Youngwife—Had waked up—*waked up*, I say——

Henry (still calm)—What of it!

Mrs. Youngwife (remarkably near hysterics)—What of it? What *of* it? *Oh!* When Lucius is a father, Lucius never will say "What of it?" when his wife tells him—oh! haven't you any feelings? Lucius would have. He, at least, will be paternal, Lucius will! For Lucius——

Henry (in utter desperation)—Con-*found* Lucius! (A tempest, with thunder and lightning. Curtain, quick as may be.)—*Manly H. Pike in Christmas Puck.*

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TIME TABLE.

ommencing Monday, October 1, 1888, and until urther notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

bm SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 5.10 P. M.
(ndays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.00, 6.45, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

bm SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
(ndays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45 and 6.25 P. M.
re, 50 cents. round trip.

bm SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—5.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
ndays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12 45, 2.15, 4.15, 5.45, P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 2.30 and 7.05 P. M.
re, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

.00 A. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco or Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P. M.

EXCURSION RATES.

irty-Day Excursion—Round-trip Tickets, to and from ll stations, at twenty-five per cent. reduction from single ariff rate.
day to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

ges leave Cazadero daily (except Mondays) for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, and all points on the North Coast.

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General Offices, 327 Pine Street.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.
(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE From Dec. 8, 1888.		ARRIVE
.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
.30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.25 A.
.00 A.	Fast mail for Ogden and East	11.45 A.
.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
2.00 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East	‖ 9.45 P.
.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	8.15 A.
.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8.45 P.
OUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.		
.00 A.	For Newark and San José	‡ 7.20 P.
.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	5.50 P.
.25 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.20 A.
ORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)		
.50 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos; Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey; Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.38 P.
.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 35 P.
.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
.00 P	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.56 A.
.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
1.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.40 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ‖ Fridays only. ** Mondays excepted

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Steamer	From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1889.
Belgic	**Saturday, January 5**
Arabic	**Thursday, January 24**
Oceanic	**Wednesday, February 13**
Gaelic	**Saturday, March 2**
Belgic	**Thursday, March 20**

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For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, or at No 202 Market Street, Union Block, San Francisco.
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City of Peking..Tuesday, Jan. 15, '89, at 3 P. M.
City of Sydney.....Monday, Feb. 4, at 3 P. M.
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For EUREKA, ARCATA, and HOOKTON, Humboldt Bay: POMONA, Wednesday, at 9 A. M.
For POINT ARENA, MENDOCINO, etc., COOS BAY, every Monday and Thursday, at 4 P. M.
For ENSENADA, SAN JOSE DEL CABO, MAZATLAN, LA PAZ, GUAYMAS: NEWBERN, 10 A M., 1st of each month except when 1st falls on a Sunday, then day previous.
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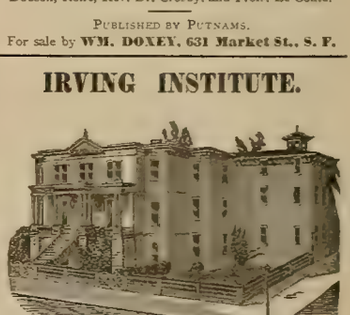

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The play "La Joie Fait Peur," presented on Monday night by the Coquelin-Hading Company, is a comedy of light material. There is little story, no imbroglio, and throughout its one act the same set of emotions are played upon. The story is that of a mother whose only son, Adrien, is supposed to have been lost at sea. The family—his mother, sister Blanche, and betrothed Mathilde—grieve for him as one dead, and the shock of his loss has so preyed upon his mother that she daily grows feebler. Their counselor, supporter, and consoler in this melancholy position is the old servant, Noel. There are some extremely touching scenes between Noel and Blanche, and it is to Noel that the returned Adrien, saved miraculously, reveals himself in a telling manner. The last half of the tender little comedy depicts the attempts of the family, assisted by Noel, to break the happy news to Mme. des Aubiers, in a way best calculated to soften the shock. In the unfolding of their simple devices, in the keeping of their delicious secret, comedy and pathos are blended together with artful lightness and delicacy. Noel's blundering attempts at conveying the glad tidings in a mysterious, yet casual, manner, are placed in vivid contrast to Mme. des Aubiers's nervous anguish. Blanche's irrepressible happiness at her brother's return has pity for her mother's grief treading on its heels. The whole direct and simple story is surrounded by an atmosphere of gentle refinement, of modern life, where simplicity and good breeding are breathed in with the air, where all emotions not frankly joyous are delicately repressed, and where religious beliefs are cherished with unabated ardor.

The second play, "Les Surprises du Divorce," is of quite another class—the class of vivacious French comedy, which encroaches on farce, and where only the exquisite art of the actors, their winsome, fairy-like lightness of touch, checks the performance on a downward course toward absurdity and grossness. We hear that Mr. Daly has adapted "Les Surprises du Divorce" for his accomplished company. But even with them—the only company in this country able to vie with the French comedians—we find a healthy, sturdy, robust vigor, a directness of purpose as opposed to finesse and subtlety, which, to a certain extent, must overweight and threaten with extinction the butterfly fragility of such modern trifles as "Les Surprises du Divorce." The plot turns on the troubles of a son-in-law. His mother-in-law, a former star of the ballet, is of the most vivid and aggressive type. His trials, escapes, supposed recapture within the mother-in-law toils, fear and apprehensions, form the backbone of the comedy. Here, as in the first piece, an artistic harmony is preserved throughout. It is less like a play than a peep at private life.

As Noel and Henri Duval, M. Coquelin presents two contrasting parts, in each of which he conscientiously demonstrates the theories of his cult. His identity is merged in that of the character he is portraying. He enters the shells of Noel and Duval and becomes them; they do not become him. To those who think that all acting is but symbolism and that an actor should make use of every symbol within his grasp to force upon an audience the essence of the meaning of each situation, M. Coquelin's subdued and unostentatious methods might seem too severely intellectual, too unobtrusive. He represents the highest form of studied realism and consummate finish as opposed to that dazzling and generally slovenly style of art—whose exponent is expected to be forgiven his faults on the ground that he possesses "wonderful magnetism." With M. Coquelin there is no slighting of fine shades, no garnering up of force to give prominence to subsequent points and situations. His personation has been thought out from the heart, the brain, to the coat and the trousers. Every shade of expression, every inflexion of voice, has been weighed and balanced. The consistency of his characterizations is unassumingly perfect. This is the quality of all true art. It never dazzles, it rarely surprises; its infinite elaboration is of so fine and minute a nature that it appears the acme of spontaneous simplicity. In M. Coquelin's portrayals there is no suggestion of effort, striving, or exaggeration, and more remarkable still, there is none of that diminution of vital force which persistent elaboration and refinement of methods almost invariably entails.

Those who like to see a passion torn to tatters would probably be disappointed in Noel's reception of Adrien's return. But there could hardly have been anything more simply touching, more realistic, more justly proportioned, than the old servant's actions and expressions at this crisis. Boucicault made fame with the same part, then called "Kerry." His performance was sturdy, robust, and pathetic, appealing to the heart rather than the intellect. As a work of art it bore no comparison with M. Coquelin's Noel. It lacked the niceness, the true balance, the finesse, the artistic repression of all that verges on exaggeration which characterized last Monday's Noel. It lacked, moreover, the astounding play of features, which made Henri Duval's bridling deprecation, when asked to sing his barcarolle, one of the most deliciously humorous bits of the whole "Surprises du Divorce."

The casts in both comedies were good. Mme. Patry as Mme. des Aubiers was an imposing and pathetic figure, dignified and genuine in her grief, tender and motherly in her scenes with Blanche, and in those with Noel showing a happy blending of gentle reserve and sincere affection. Mlles. Stuart and Gilbert were both pleasing, refined, and graceful. In "Les Surprises" Mme. Patry came out in quite a new aspect. Her Mme. Bonivard was really funny, and though somewhat too determinedly vivacious, was sufficiently terrible to account for her son-in-law's desperation. Mlles. Barety and Kerwich were agreeable and charming, having naturalness of manner and melodious, well-modulated voices. M. Jean Coquelin in the first comedy was hardly seen to advantage. He was rather too unresponsive for a long-lost son. But as Champlau in "Les Surprises du Divorce," he showed a richly humorous sense, an irresistibly amusing play of expression, which give earnest of a future in the footsteps of his father. M. Duquesne's Bourganeuf was a delightfully droll performance.

No greater contrast to the fragile mingling of comedy and pathos of "La Joie Fait Peur" and the farcical absurdities of "Les Surprises du Divorce" could be offered than "L'Aventurière." This is a coldly classic French melodrama, the plot unfolded in sonorous and stately verse. "L'Aventurière" claims a high place in French literature. In its way it is a gem, polished, brilliant, perfect in itself. Its chaste and grandiose language, its direct dealing with virtue and vice in their primitive, unattenuated forms, its absence of superficial subtlety in the presentation of character, make it appear—beside the intricate, unhealthy, meretricious dramas of the day—severe, grave, almost bleak. The story, known in English under the title of "Home," is that of an adventuress, who, tired of her tainted life, yearning for peace, quietude, and the respect of her fellow creatures, engages the affections and is betrothed to a rich and ingenuous old gentleman who is ignorant of her antecedents. Her hopes and their frustration by the son and daughter of her fiancé, who connive to rescue their father from her clutches, her desperation, counter manœuvres, final crushing defeat, and departure, constitute the plot.

Mme. Hading's Clorinde was an impressive and artistic figure. She invested the character with the passion, the remorse, the easily roused and vengeful anger, the dauntless courage, the tearless despair of the hardened adventuress. It would be difficult to imagine anything more consistent, more savagely harmonious, than her portrayal of this ill-regulated, impulsive, desperate creature. Each wave of feeling which sweeps over the turbulent nature of Clorinde is presented with an almost painful sincerity. Foreboding at the thought of the broken mirror, her remorseful longings to cast aside her old life and begin afresh, the chilly, ominous quietude of braced nerves which falls upon her when Fabrice calls her by her stage name, the reckless bravado with which she acknowledges the truth and defies him, her half-veiled contempt for her old fiancé, her suddenly roused love for his son—all this is given with splendid power and fierce abandon. But it is in the latter scenes that Mme. Hading rises to the greatest passion. In the interview with Célie, when flushed with the consciousness of her generosity in giving up the Prince, childishly pleased with herself in this her first attempt at expiation, expansively self-satisfied, desiring and feeling that she deserves commendation, she approaches Célie, expectant of and craving friendship and sympathy, she is met with icy reserve, repellent hauteur, and practical, cold-blooded arguments which crush out all her hopes, aspirations, and good intentions in an instant. The change from her sweet and humble advances to blazing wrath and despair—the impotent, useless frenzy of a nature untamed, undisciplined, unprincipled—was, indeed, a noble piece of dramatic art.

M. Coquelin's Annibal, with his good-tempered and careless depravity, his indolent pleasure in the soft circumstances of the moment, his amiable, *insouciant* recklessness, was in fine contrast to the febrile tigerishness of Clorinde. Here again M. Coquelin illustrates his theory of art, which does not admit of a tone, a movement, or gesture that takes the spectator from realism into idealism. There is something so keen, so quiet, so sly in Annibal's roguery that one can realize how so sottish and rough a rogue could hoodwink a noble and high-minded gentleman. The portrayal, with its mingling of shrewdness, cunning, and rapacity, is quite on a level with M. Coquelin's Noel or Henri Duval. His drunkenness in the second act was the refinement of art—nothing was overdone, not a point was lost or exaggerated.

In writing on Mme. Hading's Camille one should remember that, to her, it is a comparatively new part, she having appeared in it for the first time during her recent South American tour. This may account for the faint immaturity and crudeness observable in her representation of the Lady of the Camellias. It has not the polish, the firmness, the sharp definiteness of outline which makes her Clorinde stand out with such lurid prominence. There is also to be noticed in it a lack of repose, an almost feverish restlessness—this mainly in the scenes where Marguerite is under stress of great emotion—which mars the harmony of Mme. Hading's conception of Marguerite—a conception instinct with grace, poetry, refinement, and pathos. While her rendering of the unfortunate lacks the nervous fire, the fervid intensity of Bernhardt's, it possesses a tenderness, a sympathy, an exquisite, subtle pathos which in the great tragedienne were absent. Mme. Hading spiritualizes Marguerite, who in her hands exhibits a soft humanity, an almost ethereal fragility, a flower-like delicacy of sentiment and personality. She is the most pensively feminine of women, encompassed by a suggestion of brooding melancholy, which subdues her mirth in the first act and seems to influence her throughout the piece. This lack of all that is demonstrative, violent, or vigorous, dominates her representation of Marguerite. She seems to have rigorously avoided all that is aggressive or extravagant, all that approaches exaggeration or startling prominence. She does not shriek when she looks in the mirror, or faint turbulently in the first act. Her Marguerite suggests throughout, without the aid of cough or hectic flush, the lassitude, the dreamy indolence, the super-sensitive and shrinking delicacy of one who is the victim of a fatal disease. Her acting in the two powerful scenes with Père Duval and Armand, though exquisitely refined and showing care and finesse, was slightly deficient in the intensity which such situations demand. But, taken as a whole, her Camille is one of the most tender, graceful, and poetic of portrayals, and Mme. Hading has undoubtedly the unique satisfaction of being the most beautiful Marguerite now on the stage.

M. Coquelin played the ungrateful part of Père Duval with all the delicate power of his unostentatious art. It is a difficult part to make interesting. M. Coquelin was simply a good-hearted, simple-minded, not brilliant, kindly old gentleman. His expression was tenderly pitying, and his intonation of the aside "Pauvre femme!" was instinct with sympathy. He carefully avoided all attempts to create pity and pose tearfully, which past Père Duvals seem to have regarded as indispensable in the trying position in which they found themselves. G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"A Noble Rogue" will be given at the Alcazar next week.

Leavitt's Great European Specialty Company will occupy the Bush Street Theatre in holiday week.

"Lucia" has proved its title as a perennial favorite by another successful week at the Tivoli. "A Night in Venice" will be the attraction next week, with the Pyke Opera Company in the cast.

The marriage of Mary Anderson's brother Joseph, who is acting in her company under the name of "Mr. Joseph," to Lawrence Barrett's daughter, is to take place early next month.

There will be Christmas matinées at all the theatres except the Baldwin. French people do not regard Christmas as a notable holiday, and they do regard eight performances in a week as quite enough.

Nannette Comstock, the telegraph operator in "The Hole in the Ground," is ambitious as well as pretty, for she is now one of Boucicault's promising professional pupils in his Madison Square School of Acting.

Imre Kiralfy is out here now for the first time in years, but "Mazulm" is said to be sufficiently gorgeous to reinstate him in popular favor and keep him there for some time to come. It was a great success at the New York Academy of Music, and as it is the only spectacular show in town it will do a great holiday business at the Grand Opera House. It begins on Monday night at cheap prices.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has at present four exponents on the stage, Elsie Leslie, Tommy Russell, Annie Hughes, and Lucy Webling. The latter two are English girls, however, so that when the play is given in this city in the early spring, we shall have either Elsie Leslie, the creator of the rôle, or Master Tommy, who are now doing the part on alternate nights at the New York Broadway Theatre.

The repertoire for next week, the second and last of the Coquelin-Hading Company at the Baldwin, is as follows, so far as it has yet been announced: Monday, "Denise"; Tuesday, "Le Voyage de M. Perrichon"; Wednesday, "Un Parisien" and two monologues; Thursday, benefit of Mme. Hading, "Le Maitre de Forges"; Friday, "L'Etrangère"; Saturday afternoon, matinée; Saturday evening, benefit of M. Coquelin; and Sunday evening, a farewell performance.

A Paris dispatch announces that Meyer, a certain Paris "banker" who was too fond of the green cloth, has decamped, leaving a deficit of four millions of francs. This news is of little interest to any one in San Francisco except to Mme. Jane Hading. That lady, however, had just forwarded fourteen thousand hard-earned American dollars to him for safe-keeping, and even Gallic volubility was inadequate to the expression of her feelings when she heard of his disappearance.

In our American theatres both Coquelin and Mme. Hading have been most deeply and deliriously impressed by Lew Dockstader's Minstrels and Francis Wilson, the comedian of the Casino Company. The latter met them both in Paris a year ago—he is a fluent French-speaker—and when they saw him in Chicago, Coquelin sent him a huge portrait of himself inscribed "à mon camarade," and Mme. Hading gave him a framed photograph, with a lock of her hair and a fetching letter.

Marcus Mayer has departed for Mexico, but before he went he announced that everything had been arranged for the production of "The Winter's Tale" at the Grand Opera House. A Brooklyn engagement has been canceled so that Miss Anderson may be here in April, the entire company coming direct from New York without stopping to play in any intermediate city. The utmost scenic capacity of the Grand Opera House will be called into play, and the result will equal in every respect the performances at the London Lyceum, where it ran for one hundred and seventy nights.

In Mary Anderson's version of "The Winter's Tale," Perdita dances in a way that draws this rhapsody from C. S. M. McLellan, of the *Theatre*: "Of course you've seen that wonderful girl who is dancing at Palmer's. Why, the moon is coming down from the sky to be nearer the unsurpassed beauty of her. This Perdita was born a credit to the State of Kentucky. England embossed the gold, but America supplied it. And when you have seen the silent wings of angels fan the soft Arabian silk robe that Miss Anderson wears in among her classical limbs, you may be tempted to believe that gifts like hers are no fruit of human birth. They come from the gods. Her hue is like snow vying with Spanish vermilion, like rose-leaves floating in pure milk. The twin glories of her eyes are lode-stars for a poet. Her curling hair flies in fine array over a dazzling neck of lily purity. And she dances like Ariadne fired with Falernian. She will inflame men from all climes. Does any artist of note desire to outvie the old masters, let him take this whirling Perdita as an original. A religious daily newspaper has pointed out the fact that the breeze is entitled to a great deal of credit in an estimation of the swimming graces of this dancing figure. I am bound to deny this. Miss Anderson makes the breeze. When she dashes forward in a fine healthy rush the breeze is not pressing her against the gown. The impetus is entirely the girl's. The attempt of this religious daily to transpose our worship of Miss Anderson to a mere breeze is the most ungallant feature of the dramatic campaign. A mad dog would sit down before this gorgeous exhibit of girlhood, this virtuous bacchante, and change himself into an amorous swan. Ah, ungrateful, unappreciative religious editor! You should prefer to have your face despoiled by this sweet lady's nails than smoothed by the tenderest breeze of Arcady. Breeze, indeed! Why, you ought to blush a warm crimson as you see the beauteous goddess soft-floating on the air, and flinging rose-bud kisses into the vast lap of nature. She can do it without any breeze at all."

"W. J. Florence contributes the following pretty little bit of verse, entitled 'Autumn Tints,' to the Christmas *Mirror*:"

Adown the mountain side,
A drift of rolling mist,
Whilst 'neath the filmy cloud
Myriads of orange, purple,
Brown, and rose-tint lines appear.
Now shakes the golden rod,
Stirred by the morning's breath,
And incensed vapors from the brooks arise
To send a grateful tribute
To the autumn skies.

Bit of verse, quotha! Vot is it—vot is it?

M. Dupuis, the French comedian, has been so often cast for noblemen that he now insists on authors at least giving the aristocratic *de* to the names of the personages, a prefix equivalent to the German *von*, and generally held to indicate that the family using it can claim noble descent. Another thing Dupuis insists on is that he must never play the rôle of a husband whose wife proves unfaithful. To conform to these whims MM. Gondinet and Bisson were obliged to call their principal personage, in a new comedy, M. *de* Suzor and also to modify their original plot, that Mme. de Suzor's fidelity finally comes out like pure gold from the refining furnace.

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Saturday Evening .....Coquelin-Hading
Tartuffe. Les Precieuse Ridicules.
Sunday Evening .....Coquelin
Don Cæsar de Bazan.
Monday Evening.... ..... Coquelin-Hading
Denise.
Tuesday .....Xmas Matinee
Tuesday Evening.....**Le Voyage de Mons. Perichon**
Wednesday Evening,
Un Parisien and Two Monologues.
Thursday Evening .....Benefit of Mme. Hading
Le Maitre de Forges (Lady Clare).
Friday Evening.....**L'Etrangere**
Saturday.....Grand Matinée
Saturday Evening.....Benefit of Coquelin
Sunday.....Farewell Performance

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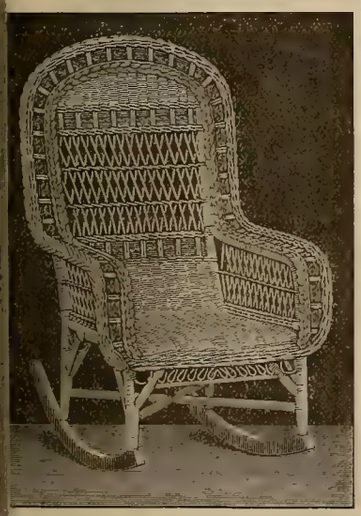

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The Fabian Piano Recital.

An interesting piano recital was given at Irving Hall on Friday evening by the the pupils of Mr. S. Monroe Fabian, assisted by Miss Cecilia Adler and Mr Walter S. Young. The audience was large and appreciative, and the participants acquitted themselves creditably. The programme was as follows:

Duo (eight hands), Invitation to the Dance, V. Weber, Misses Estelle, Harriet, Jean Mary, and Florence Hush; Rondo, Field, Miss Florence Hush; Song, *(a)* Klinge, Klinge, mien Pandero, Jensen, *(b)* Im Traum, Mulder, Miss Cecelia Adler; *(a)* Nocturne, Chopin, *(b)* To the Guitar, Hiller, Miss Jean Mary Hush; *(a)* If I were a Bird, Henslet, *(b)* Tarantelle, Nicode, Miss Martha Gross; Hungarian Fantasie, Liszt, Miss Maggie Sullivan; *(a)* Norwegian Bridal March, Greig, *(b)* Regatta Veneziana, Liszt, Miss Harriet Hush; Nocturne, Chopin, Miss Rose Stoltz; Song, *(a)* Magis Song, Meyer Hellmund, *(b)* My Lady's Bower, Temple, Mr. Walter S. Young; Duo, I Puritani, Misses Lillian Ortmann and Henrietta Martin; *(a)* Rondo, V. Weber, *(b)* Valse, Chopin, Bennie Fabian.

Mansfeldt Piano Recital.

The pupils of Professor Hugo Mansfeldt's Conservatory of Music gave an interesting piano recital at Irving Hall last Wednesday evening, which was largely attended. The following excellent programme was presented:

Slavonic Dance, Presto, Dvorak, Four Leaf Clover Club; Belisario, Goria, Mrs. Carl Wallisher and Mr. Emil Steinegger; *(a)* Etude, E major, *(b)* Ballade, G minor, Chopin, Miss Julia Newman; Caprice Brilliante, Ketterer, Miss Jennie Beasy; Valse Caprice, Raff, Mr. Emil Steinegger; Rigoletto, Liszt, Miss Lillie Stern; Slavonic Dance, Minuet, Dvorak, Four Leaf Clover Club; *(a)* Song without Words, *(b)* Etude, C minor, Chopin, Mr. Mortimer Davis; Rhapsodie No. 2, Liszt, Miss Laura Adams; Minuet, Bizet, Miss Ina Lawson; Polonaise, E major, Liszt, Miss Julia Newman; Pesther Carnival, Liszt, Mr. Abe Sundland; Concerto, A minor, Grieg, Mr. Hugo Mansfeldt.

The Philharmonic Society.

The Philharmonic Society of San Francisco gave its second concert of the tenth season last Wednesday evening, at Metropolitan Hall. Mr. Hermann Brandt was the director, and the society had the assistance of Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis, soprano; Mr. S. Monroe Fabian, pianist; and Mr. Otto Fleissner, accompanist. An appreciative audience enjoyed the following programme:

Overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner; Concerto for Piano, "E minor" (romanza rondo), Chopin, Mr. Samuel Monroe Fabian; Aria, "La Gazza Ladra," Rossini, Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis; Waltz, "New Del Monte" (directed by the composer), Joseph D. Redding; "Marche Hongroise" (from "Damnation of Faust"), Berlioz; "Evening Song" (for string orchestra), Adolf Jensen; *(a)* "Seit ich ihn gesehen," *(b)* "Er, der Herrlichste von Allen," Schumann, Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis; "The Nations" (1. Russia, 2. Italy, 3. Germany, 4. Spain, 5. Poland, 6. Hungary), Moszkowski.

The Handel and Haydn Society.

Handel's oratorio, "The Messiah," was presented at the Grand Opera House last Tuesday evening by the members of the Handel and Haydn Society. The attendance was very large, and the oratorio was given in a highly creditable manner. Mr. H. J. Stewart directed the music, which was given by a chorus and band of two hundred performers combined, and Mrs. H. J. Stewart presided at the organ. The soloists were Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis, Mrs. Eunice Westwater, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, and Mr. J. C. Hughes.

Miss Grace Porter will make her lyric début this (Saturday) evening at Irving Hall, and will be assisted by Signor Enrico Campobello, Mr. Alfred Wilkie, Mr. Charles Thrower, Signor A. Lombardo, Mr. G. H. Little, and an orchestra under the direction of Signor A. Spadina. The programme includes scenes and acts from "Lucia," "Ernani," "Rigoletto," "Traviata," "Don Pasquale" "Martha," and the "Magic Flute."

On Christmas eve "The Nativity," a church oratorio composed by Mr. H. J. Stewart, will be produced at the Church of the Advent. On Christmas morning at eleven o'clock the musical attraction will be Beethoven's great communion office in C, with orchestral accompaniment.

A new anthem composed by Mrs. Constance Fauntleroy Runcie, who has lately been visiting here, will be sung tomorrow (Sunday) evening by the chorister boys and male choir at St. Luke Episcopal Church, corner Clay Street and Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. J. H. Rosewald's orchestral matinées continue to elicit the encouragement and praise that they deserve. The fifth matinée will occur next Friday when Mme. Julie Rosewald and Mr. Espinosa will be the soloists.

Ferret breeding is a new and highly profitable branch of farming in Australia and New Zealand. One firm that has commenced the business on a large scale has contracted to supply fourteen thousand ferrets per annum for three years to the government at seven shillings and sixpence per head, the creatures being delivered when they are three months old. Their stud consists of two hundred ferrets, and thirty rabbits and the milk of three cows are required every day for their food.

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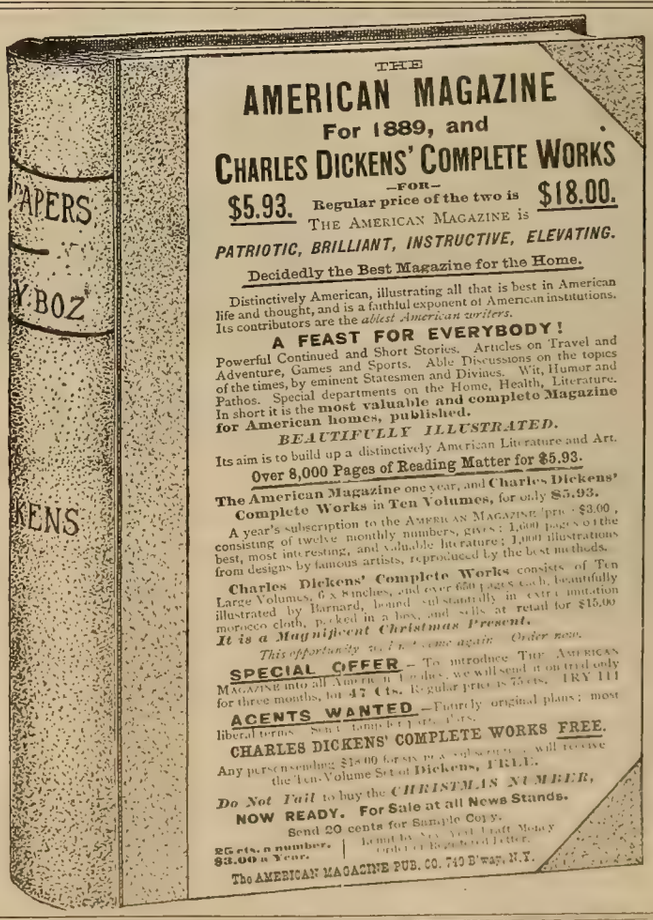

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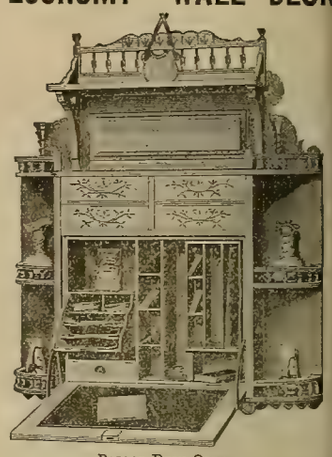

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

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Mr. William E. Gladstone, once Premier of England, now leader of the opposition in Parliament, is taking a pleasure-trip to the sunny land of Italy. For him it is intended as a rest, a release from the annoyance of politics, from the responsibilities of leadership, from the applause and worship of admiring friends, from the abuse and hate of jealous enemies. As a mode of enjoying himself and the rest he has so hardly earned, he has directed that no letters, correspondence, or newspapers shall be sent to him—wise Mr. Gladstone! What an immeasurable relief it must be for a popular man to escape the plaudits of admiring friends, get away from the tiresome echoes of never-ending pæans, and out from under the blazing heat of the insufferable halo that surrounds him. We do not know of any man who has longer endured the persecution of an admiring mob than the fugitive now basking under the shadows of self-exile in Italy. It is more than pitiful to read the account of this old statesman, full of years, long past three-score-and-ten—having filled every place of English honor, from the university to the highest rank in the imperial realm of earth's proudest empire; distinguished in literature, world-renowned as a statesman and orator, with all he asks of worldly wealth; within a domestic circle in which there is nothing more to desire; spending his time in the House of Commons until midnight wrangling over Irish politics at the head of an Irish rabble only one remove from the *mobile vulgus*—traversing the realm to make speeches to partisan mobs. We recall one incident—the sample of his daily life: His train had stopped at an important way-station; around it thronged his political friends; worn, weary, and exhausted, he could not go to the car-window in response to the impatient and unreasonable enthusiasm of his admirers; his daughter fanned him as he tried to recuperate his strength for the effort when he should reach the evening audience to which he was promised. This is the life of popular statesmen. Who, then, wonders that they should desire to go to Italy and get beyond the reach of journalism? Should we wonder if they desired to reach the eternal rest, where there is no politics and no newspapers? This is the life which the envied of earth most covet and most enjoy. The Emperor of Russia, who fills the grandest throne of Europe and holds one of earth's proudest and most coveted positions, succeeds a murdered monarch, to be himself environed with formidable conspiracies to take his life; his wife and children survive amid plots for their destruction—and all this is but a sample of the joys that hedge a king. The premier who counsels the throne, spends his life in weaving plots to defeat the plots that are woven to entangle him, his monarch, and his realm. Yet there is not a boy among us, nor one man in a thousand, who would not willingly exchange domestic comfort, wealth, the enjoyment of scientific, literary, or social pursuits, with the most troubled incumbent of political place and power. He is but a poor-spirited fool who finds himself content. We are just emerging from our periodical craze. Every once in four years we deliberately go mad over a Presidential election. Nearly twelve millions of intelligent people worked themselves up to the most exalted pitch of patriotism, spent an amazing amount of millions, made more speeches than a wilderness full of Brazilian monkeys, became enthused over the question whether one of two very excellent citizens should fill the Presidential office, which, within a very few years, has twice been made vacant by murder and twice by sudden death. Yet we all envy General Harrison that he has become the managing servant and foreman of our great estate, and nearly everybody who voted for him is asking the privilege of aiding him in bearing the responsibilities of his exalted office. Mr. Estee would willingly leave his charming home among the vine-clad, sunny slopes of Napa, or Mr. de Young forego the profitable direction of his journal of largest circulation, from the distribution of sewing-machines, cooking-stoves, guns, jack-knives, maps, chromos, and infantile literature, to enter the President's Cabinet council and share with him the burdens of executive duty.

Politics is after all a most exciting and interesting industry, and, perhaps, we should not be surprised that our men of inferior intellectuality recognize their ability to compete, for, after all, it is only the scrubs who look for official place. The man of brains, genius, and business capacity looks down with scorn upon the professional politician. The man of affairs who has the ability and the opportunity to manage a railroad, a bank, a business-house, a manufacturing industry, or any legitimate enterprise, regards with scorn and contempt the brainless incompetent who looks to official place for the opportunity to steal. What man whose vineyard is profitable, whose business pays, whose social position is satisfactory, whose fortune is assured, and who from past honors, honorably acquired and fortune honestly accumulated, would accept a Cabinet position at Washington? When after years of profitable labor the opportunity is presented to fill a post of public honor, when the toil is ended and the harvest gathered so early in the day that there seem to be long hours for useful and honorable labor before the setting sun invites to rest, then the man of intellectual fitness, wealth, and physical strength performs an honorable duty in offering his services to the State. The man who assumes the performance of any of the higher positions of government for the money that is in them does himself a rank injustice, and he may not blame the world if it looks upon him with suspicion. The President of the United States is compensated in the sum of fifty thousand dollars per annum, and it is ample compensation for the duties he is called upon to discharge. If he were Sultan of Turkey, Khedive of Egypt, Czar of Russia, King of Italy, or King of England and Emperor of India; if he had succeeded to the obligations that attend a hereditary monarch and was compelled to perform the duties incident to the traditions that surround a throne, it might be necessary to better provide him with means from the national purse, but when it is remembered that the President of the United States is but "first citizen" and highest servant of the nation, and if it is remembered that when his duties are ended and his constitutional term brought to a close he must come down to the ranks bearing no title and wearing no honors that he has not earned, the sum of two hundred thousand dollars for an official term of four years is in harmony with the simplicity of our republican form of government. These suggestions are appropriate, because just now there is being agitated the proposition to increase the salaries of our supreme judges of the United States from ten to twenty thousand dollars per annum. Of the lawyers of the United States not one in one hundred is earning ten thousand dollars per annum; not one in ten of those who equal in ability the ablest justice of our supreme bench can earn that amount in his practice. It does not cost more than that amount for any one to support a family in Washington, and with it is attached a pension for life. That the lord chancellor of England has ten thousand pounds sterling per annum for his service while in office, and five thousand pounds for his life, only illustrates the absurdity and criminality of the British custom. The incident of Lord Herschel, who, under Gladstone, became lord high chancellor for five months, and then went out of office when the Gladstone party dissolved Parliament and appealed to a popular election, demonstrates the utter absurdity of the rule. Here was a respectable gentleman of the English bar, not distinguished by his learning, caught up by a political accident and whirled into a dignified position. He earns four thousand one hundred and sixty-six pounds for five months of his valuable time, and becomes entitled to five thousand pounds per annum for the remainder of his life. It is such traditions, customs, and absurdities as this, so interwoven into the very structure of the English constitution that they may not be safely removed, that the republican government of the United States of America must avoid, if it expects to continue its existence. The ablest man upon the supreme bench of the United States is, in our opinion, Mr. Justice Field. We remember him as a practicing attorney in the early time in the not-important village of Marysville. He was elected to the supreme court of the State of California at half his present salary. He was appointed to the supreme bench of the United States; he ought to have been made chief-justice instead of the Copperhead who now fills that most exalted position. His has been an honorable career; he has honorably and ably performed his duties. He has been fully compensated. We recall the history of our Federal judges—Lorenzo Sawyer and Ogden Hoffman of California, of Judge Deady of Oregon, and Judge Sabin of Nevada—they have held their offices longer than most of the justices of the supreme court; not one of these gentlemen suffered in compensation by being transferred from the bar; not one of the judges of our supreme bench of California have cause to regret the offices they have accepted, and for them there *is not and ought not to be a life pension.*

There ought to be no pensions in our government except for men wounded or killed in defense of the country, and the wives and children dependent upon them. Every one—we think of no exception—of the monarchical governments of Europe is embarrassed with pensioners upon its treasury. An examination of the roll of pensioners upon European states would furnish amusement, if we could disconnect their consideration with the thought of the injustice which attends taxation for their payment. Just why a descendant of Marlborough or Wellington should be paid annually for bearing the name of an honored ancestor it is difficult for us republicans to understand, and it is just as difficult to appreciate the reason why judges, who have drawn the prizes of official appointment and enjoyed the honors of exalted station, should

have their lives rounded off by pensions which they have not earned. This line of reflection is presented because we understand there is a movement contemplated at this coming session of the legislature to pass a law for retiring police-officers, at the age of sixty years, with half pay. We should like to see about half of them retired without any pension, but not till we had succeeded in hanging all that deserve it. We have four hundred men upon our police force, and if two hundred of them would not compare favorably and, in competition, take the prize with any other two hundred men that can be selected for general worthlessness, and for possessing all the qualities of good-for-nothing incapacity, idleness, drunkenness, and general vagabondage, we are mistaken. How it is with such excellent police commissioners as Major Hammond, ex-Mayor Alvord, and Mr. Tobin, of the Hibernia Bank, we have succeeded in getting together such a band of incompetent, worthless, and criminal police-officers, we can not understand. What is more difficult to understand is the fact that this commission holds office for life; if this life-tenure was qualified by "good behavior" it would be more endurable. One of the painful duties of journalism is to criticise the conduct of gentlemen whose character, social position, and wealth raise them above the presumption of any selfish or mercenary motive—for we believe these commissioners are unpaid. Hence, we only ask why it is that a majority of the police force is composed of aliens and a large minority of idle, worthless criminals? How is it that vagabonds of the water-front, keepers of saloons and sailor-boarding-houses, are so often appointed to the police force? And why is it that inebriates are kept upon the payroll "who only get drunk occasionally"? There is one satisfactory reflection—if the police pension-bill passes, we shall be relieved from the burden of paying those we hang.

We are glad to be reminded, for we had forgotten the fact, that the Roman Catholic clergy are authorized to cast out devils. As we recall our Biblical readings, Christ exorcised certain evil spirits which entered into a herd of swine, and the swine ran pell-mell into the sea and were drowned. Grateful to the *Examiner* for its information of the fact that the Romish priests of San Francisco are clothed with this divine authority over the devil and his imps, and that with "sacerdotal vestments, holy water, and crucifix" they can relieve persons "troubled by convulsions," "habitually forced to blaspheme against God and the sacred things of religion in spite of his will not to do so," according to the Reverend Father Vereker, of St. Brendan's, and the Reverend Joseph Sasia, of St. Ignatius College, and the Reverend A. Fassanotti, of St. Francis—all these things can be done. We know, of course, that in the early days of the church devils were very abundant; they used to infest society to an alarming extent, and in those times they could be exorcised by anybody who had the knack of doing it. We know they were exorcised off the battlements of heaven to the sulphurous depths below; that the devil was exorcised from Eden after playing the devil with our primal mother, and kept exorcised with a flaming sword. We know about Eusebius, and Pope Cornelius, and the Council of Laodicea, and the Fourth Council of Carthage, and Innocent the First, and St. Cyprian, and the catechisms, and the energumens, and all that sort of thing; and we knew that devils existed to-day, but until last Sunday's issue of the *Examiner* we had the impression that the power to cast out devils was a lost art. We are rejoiced to know that the power is preserved, and that the reverend clergy of Rome in San Francisco are, to a limited extent, still engaged in the business. We shall look to the *Examiner* for further particulars as to the mode of doing the business, etc. Does it require swine, as in apostolic times? If it does, we shall be glad to coöperate with the Pope's clergy in this work. They shall provide vestments, cross, and holy water. We will point out the men possessed of devils, furnish a hog apiece for every one, and run the risk of losing the pork by drowning the swine, and give the church all the souls they can save by the operation; we will agree to keep the clerical machine in active operation about election times. We are sorry to be informed that the brother of the Reverend Dr. McGlynn, who has so deeply offended the authorities of the Roman Church by his independent assertion of American principles, is having difficulty in his domestic affairs. This gentleman is an old and highly respectable citizen of San Francisco, a man of wealth, and has sons advanced to men's estate. He has all these years lived in domestic harmony with his wife. We hope Mr. Frank McGlynn may not find it necessary to exorcise any devil that has been stirring dissensions in his family.

We have received from the Reverend Fathers Oblate, of the University of Ottawa, by the direction of Fathers Tabaret and Ferron, under the imprimatur of the Very Reverend Thomas, Bishop of Ottawa, a polite and pressing invitation to send them twenty-five cents for the purpose of erecting a college chapel for the education of more priests. Our generous heart at once responded to this charitable appeal for the construction of an aviary for the accommodation of these young Canadian crows. For this twenty-five cents we obtain the benefit as a sharer in twenty-five masses yearly for ten years, *i. e.*, ninety thousand masses. For two dollars we could have become the beneficiary of masses, said for the repose of our soul, forever; but, it having occurred to us to examine the matter as a business proposition, we found that for half a dollar we could get twenty years of prayer, and that would, in all probability, be quite sufficient to insure for us a blissful eternity. One hundred and eighty thousand masses added to what we have already accumulated will, we trust, suffice to carry us safely to the golden shore. We have already an interest in about eleven million masses, for which we have duly paid. In order that we may not seem selfish, we print for the benefit of our readers the following advertisement:

This is to certify that, as a token of gratitude for an alms given to aid the erection of the chapel of the University College of Ottawa, we make the editor of the *Argonaut* a sharer in all the masses, prayers, and good work of our community.

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Please address all communications to the Rev. Fr. Thomas Ferron, O. M. I., College of Ottawa, Ont., Can.

Imprimatur † J. THOMAS, Bp. of Ottawa.

Could anything be more reasonable than to obtain the services of twenty-five fat and oily men of God, "holy oblate fathers," to say, each one of them, a holy mass every day till eternity ends, for the sum of two dollars? To all of our readers who have faith in this "only true and apostolic church"—who think it divinely commissioned; that its Pope is infallible and its priests authorized to give remission of sins; that there is a place of eternal and infinite torture from which they may be redeemed by prayer—we advise them to take all these tickets in the lottery of salvation, pay fifteen dollars, and let their names be preserved in a silver heart at the foot of a statue of St. Joseph, while twenty-five dollars will secure a holy rosary from Jerusalem and enable the donor to participate in all the other privileges incident to a belief in such unmitigated and inexplicable nonsense.

The Panama Canal, as we are informed from reliable authority, has cost four hundred millions of dollars, and it has made no considerable advancement toward completion. Its management has been characterized by the most profligate waste, and, so far, there has been a very limited display of either science or sense; such a thing as economy is unknown, and if there is such old-fashioned, vulgar sentiment as honesty, it has been nowhere visible. The difficulties to be surmounted in connecting the two oceans with a canal at tide-water level have never been considered by De Lesseps, nor by any competent engineer with authority; nor is it known since, from the time the scheme has been changed from a sea-level to a lock-canal, whether water can be obtained in sufficient quantity and at sufficient height to work it. The Atlantic tide at Colon rises two feet and at Panama twenty feet, and at low-water level the waters of the Pacific are ten and one-half feet below the Atlantic. The distance from ocean to ocean is forty-five miles, width of the canal at bottom seventy-two feet, top one hundred and thirty-one feet, depth of water twenty-nine and one-half feet. If its building is possible—which we very much doubt—it will cost not less than four hundred additional millions, even with the greatest prudence and entire integrity of expenditure. These additional millions are obtainable from none other than a government financially able to advance that amount of money, and strong enough to defend the work when completed. France is strong and rich, but in no financial condition to lend her credit to the visionary and impracticable M. De Lesseps, nor to contest with the United States its assertion of the Monroe doctrine. France made one attempt to establish a throne in Mexico, but when our war had ended and Sheridan was charged with the military administration of Texas and Louisiana, Napoleon changed his policy, recalled his troops, Maximilian went to his death, and his empire is only remembered as an historic dream. The Panama Canal will never be completed. The Government of France will never aid it. No individuals will ever advance their money to complete a work which, when finished and fortified by proper works of defense, will have cost near upon a thousand millions of dollars, when for one-tenth that expenditure a better interoceanic highway can be constructed at Nicaragua, which will be attended by no political and international complications. The De Lesseps Panama Canal will fade into the future and take its place with the English railway mania, the Dutch tulip craze, the John Law Mississippi scheme, and the South S bubble. Ferdinand De Lesseps will be relegated to the bi graphical dictionary of speculative lunatics with a method madness indicating that he knew enough of engineering steer himself, his prolific wife, and his seventeen childr through a long and luxurious life, scattering ruin, poverty, a sorrow to all who had the faith to believe in and the folly lend him money for the impracticable scheme, out of whi he lived and doubtless secured for himself and that interesti family, of whom we have read too much, a substantial fortur

Some few of the choice barbarians of Colorado and Neva have recently visited San Francisco for the purpose of enjoyi the salubrity of our superior climate and participating in the d lights of our higher civilization. We were very glad to we come these rude specimens of harsher climes and more ru ged sterile lands to the superior attractions of our cultur social circles. We remember their outlying provinces wh there was not a habitable dwelling, nor a cultivated acre, n an agricultural implement within their borders; when the was not a piano in the land; when its ladies were squaw the aborigines lived in tents of buffalo robes, and no as we are informed, there are houses in both Neva and Colorado, towns of considerable dimensions, a out of the wilderness there have been carved States wi representatives in Congress; that they have judicial t bunals in which a somewhat rude justice is administere and that efforts not altogether unsuccessful have been mad in the direction of artistic and social life; that at Denv —really quite a nice little town—an opera-house has bee constructed, and a club-house built, and that embroidere night-shirts are, to a limited extent, worn by the males whe they go abroad in their political war-paint. Our readers wi recall the incident that one of the sons of Colorado achieve a reputation almost national by a speech delivered recently; a Puritan banquet in New York. He surprised Chaunce Depew and the dinner-table orators, descended from the lan of codfish, beans, and Puritan stock; that from away acros the father of waters, beyond its fertile valley, beyond th broad prairies, up in the Alpine heights of the Switzerlan of America, where, amid eternal snows, great continental river take their source, there were arising commonwealths an great sovereign States; there was growing up a race of me hardier, braver, and more independent than in the New Eng land of to-day—men of education, intelligence, expansiveness and patriotism far transcending anything now seen among th "men of Massachusetts," the descendants of Puritan sires women who for beauty of person, moral graces, higher ac complishments are the equal of the women of Boston, and since they had the courage to brave the Pope and his Jesuit in defense of common schools, we place them first amon the women of America, and that gives them highes rank among the women of the world. From Denver ther came an orator with brains developed beyond the confines o New England universities and Eastern thought, who coul recall the period when New England was the cradle of Puri tan liberty, of Protestant freedom, and of a patriotism tha made a Republican government possible; when tyranny assailed the spirit that had braved the savage, the forest, an the unknown future, there came a courage to fight the king an lay down the foundations of a great commonwealth that shoul dare to proclaim universal equality and universal liberty unde laws strong enough to protect lives, property, and persona rights. The speech of Mr. E. O. Wolcott of the Denver ba was one of the incidents that calls attention to this broade and stronger West, and we are glad to announce, upon the united testimony of the amiable barbarians herein referred to, that he will, by the members now elected to the legislature of Colorado, be chosen as United States Senator from that State.

If there is any disinterested man of intelligence, in any part of California, who desires for any purpose to divide the State, or to unite any part of it with adjacent territory, or in any particular to disturb its present political organization or territorial area, we commend him to read Section 3 of Article IV. of the Constitution of the United States. We know of but one reason why the State of California should desire to get rid of the Sixth Congressional District, and that is, because the people of that district have had the folly to send as its representative to Congress an idiot to suggest division.

A Problem to be Settled by the Eclipse.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I have seen in the daily papers elaborate notices of the coming eclipse, but none of them has called attention to the most important problem this phenomenon will solve, and this whether the day be fair or cloudy.—By consulting an almanac, we see that the earth on the first of January will be in perihelion, or three millions of miles nearer the sun than in July, the moon will be in perigee, or at her least distance from the earth, thus tremendously increasing the attractive force of these two bodies upon the earth's crust. Further, the phenomenon of a total eclipse requiring that the position of the earth, the sun, and the moon, be such that a straight line will pass through the centres of the three, we see that on January 1st the attraction of the sun and moon will be at its maximum upon that portion of the earth's surface across which crosses the line of totality, and if planetary attraction has any influence in causing earthquakes, January 1st will establish it as a fact and it will be a theory no longer. The converse is just as true. Should there be no terrestrial disturbance, it may be accepted as a fact that no force exterior to our earth is a factor in earthquakes.

A. C. DITHMAR.

SAN FRANCISCO, December 20, 1888.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Mr. John Keymer Kane on Mr. Gladstone.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Mr. John Keymer Kane is correct in stating that, "until Mr. Gladstone's fatal legislation in 1870," the landed estates court sold with the estates the improvements of the tenants; that "these improvements were" by law "the property of the landlords"; that "the advertisements called attention to these improvements"; and that the purchaser "had to pay a higher price for his land in consequence of the keen competition among English investors." He is further correct in the statement that "the improvements effected by the tenants were also taken from the landlords and conferred upon the tenants themselves" by Mr. Gladstone. Mr. John Keymer Kane's "career of thirty-four years in the English War Office" may very well account for his opinion that Irish landlords have been "bitterly wronged" by Mr. Gladstone in being debarred from appropriating "the improvements effected by the tenants"; but what excuse is there for the editor of the *Argonaut* when he publishes, with special editorial accentuation, an attack on the policy of giving to a whole nation of people the right to enjoy the products of their own labor?

The English landlord proceeds pretty much on principles of justice and good English fair play. When improvements or repairs are to be done on his property, he does them himself; or, if they are done by the tenant, they are charged to the landlord and deducted from the rent, just as "in England, France, America, and every civilized country at this time."

In Ireland it is otherwise. The landlord, as a rule, and so far as I know, as a universal rule, makes no improvements and does no repairs. These are done by the tenant, when done at all. Mr. John Keymer Kane may ask why does the "tenant choose to make improvements without specific agreement with the landlord?" I answer that the tenant must live; he must protect himself against the weather; he must find food for his family; and, if that food can be had from an unproductive bog, he has to reclaim that bog; if from a rocky hill-side, he must quarry out the rocks; and, in either case—and all cases—he must lime, drain, and manure the ground to an extent as unknown to the Californian farmer as to you, Mr. Editor, and to Mr. John Keymer Kane. No wonder there was "keen competition among English investors for these estates." No wonder the non-resident landlord could drink champagne and go to Paris and the devil on the fruit of all this labor. And no wonder that the Irishman—overborne by toil and privation, goaded by English wrong, maddened by the sight of wife and children starving, while the landlord's "printed advertisements called the attention of intending purchasers to the improvements" he had made—was driven to Fenianism, rebellion, and crime. The custom in England, as "in France, America, and every civilized country at this time," is that the land-owner shall make the improvements; in Ireland the custom—as imperious as law—has been that the tenant shall make them; and it has been the landlord's privilege, as Mr. John Keymer Kane most naïvely contends, to appropriate these improvements, which he has done, either by raising the rent or by calling the attention of intending purchasers to them by printed advertisements. I know of one place which—when Ireland had a population of eight millions and a quarter, and when her farmers were protected by the corn laws against foreign competition—paid a rent of eight pounds sterling; but a portion of it was rescued from bogs and barrenness by the growing-up sons of the widow who held it; and when the population ran down to about five millions, and fleets of steamers, and free, foreign grain, and every other condition favored low prices and depressed land values, the rent was run up to thirty pounds.

The "Grand Old Man" put a stop to all this. Backed by the sense of English fair play—which is the pride of England and the hope of so large a portion of the world—he passed the law that the Irish landlord should have the rent justly accruing from his land, and that the tenant should enjoy unmolested the benefit of his improvements.

I may, with your permission, revert to this subject. Meanwhile, I am, in much haste, Your obedient servant,

SAN MATEO, December 18, 1888. JOHN GAMBLE.

A San Franciscan on Puget Sound.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: To a resident of San Francisco the attractions and interests of this Puget Sound country are so various and potent as to be almost surprising, and their importance to San Francisco can not be overestimated. Mr. A. N. Towne once said to the writer, a number of years ago, that while San Francisco would always maintain its relative supremacy as the New York of the Pacific Coast, there would one day be a large city on Puget Sound, standing, perhaps, next in importance to San Francisco. His prediction seems now rather rapidly coming to pass, and it looks to an unprejudiced outsider as though Seattle has the call on the situation. The closest estimates of present population, based on the vote at the November election, gave Tacoma about sixteen thousand and Seattle about twenty-three thousand, and, while both cities are growing rapidly, Tacoma is owned bodily by the Northern Pacific Railroad, which not only will prevent other railway connections, but actually owns all of the water front, except about twelve feet, thus shutting out all enterprises not under control of the road or its officers. Seattle, on the contrary, has several miles of water front available to anyone, and is, in fact, becoming a railroad centre. The Columbia and Puget Sound Railroad (controlled by the Northern Pacific) already connects with Tacoma and Portland; the Seattle, Lake Shore, and Eastern is building swiftly from both ends to connect this place with Spokane Falls, where it will probably connect with the Manitoba or Jim Hill system, thus giving an independent direct overland road; the Seattle and Northern is about to build to connect with the Canadian Pacific; and the Seattle and Southern now has its engineers in the field surveying a road from West Seattle to Portland, where it will connect directly with the Southern Pacific. In fact, it is supposed here that this road will form part of the Southern Pacific system. West Seattle itself is a peninsula, two miles away across the harbor, owned by a company of San Francisco capitalists, who are laying out and selling the most elaborate and beautiful town-site on the entire coast. Ferry, water-works, sewer, street-car, and lighting systems are all built by the company, and purchasers have only to build as they would in an old-established city. The real-estate transfers for the past eleven months here aggregate over fifteen millions of dollars, there are no mendicants, no men out of employment, building is going on in every direction, and not a store, office, nor house to rent in the city. There are two cable-roads and a street-car line, incandescent electric street-lamps, and school-houses that put San Francisco to shame.

Port Townsend is surveying a railroad south to connect itself with the outer world, and Messrs. P. B. Cornwall, Thomas Bell, and Alvinza Hayward are building a railroad and large lumber-mill at Bellingham Bay. Every port on the sound has a magnificent harbor, though that of Townsend is probably the best.

The resources of this section, in coal, iron, timber, wheat, hops, and other agricultural products, are unsurpassed. Much Eastern capital is coming in here, but San Francisco will reap the benefit of all advancement, as it must of the advancement of any section of the coast. San Francisco will always be the financial clearing-house of the Pacific Coast, and will in time stand with New York and London as one of the three clearing-houses of the world.

This Territory is largely Republican now, but party politics seem to have been so entangled in the last election, that the State of Washington will be ripe for the American party by the time that party is ready to perfect a national organization.

The scenery here is, of course, superb. The weather is much the same as that of San Francisco in winter. It does not rain *all* the time, and there are many hours of clear sunshine, when the distant snow-capped mountains seem almost within reach of the hand. The trip by rail from San Francisco here is the most attractive in America, and no more pleasurable or profitable journey lies within reach of Californians.

SEATTLE, December 1, 1888. ST. LAWRENCE.

Americanism in the South.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Americanism or its synonym, patriotism, must furnish my only apology for addressing you.

The late campaign has impressed upon very many of the young men who hail from the South the utter futility of fidelity to the Northern Democracy.

These younger men have little or none of the sectional bitterness which marred the politics and precipitated the catastrophe of twenty-eight years ago.

To them the struggles and hatreds of that unfortunate period do not govern their political affiliations.

They, at least, accept the results of the war, and have little patience with the vindictiveness of their elders.

That they have never associated themselves with the Republican party is perhaps due to the fact that as a party it has never made any overtures of friendship toward them, but has generally denounced the whole section in terms of the bitterest reproach.

Driven to the only other great party, their fidelity has been unwavering and unselfish, and has received no sufficient recognition or recompense from the Northern Democracy.

This fidelity has been the means of continuing the enmity of Northern Republicans, and, so far from uniting the Democrats of the North, has only developed among them a war of factions, in which the interests of the South have been constantly ignored.

The last campaign has proven conclusively that the New York squabbles are diverting the attention of the people from the true interests of the nation, and that New York politicians are determined to dominate or ruin the Democratic party.

To the American, who feels justly proud of his country and has a true conception of its grandeur and dignity, it is extremely humiliating to witness the contortions of both great parties to capture the venal Tammany vote.

An intelligent stranger would have concluded that the salvation of either party depended upon the result of a contest as to which should display the greater amount of vulgar insolence toward England, to satiate the coarse palate of Tammany.

If the English and Irish must quarrel let it be at home.

Let us hope that some day the Emerald Isle may be pleasant and comfortable for the Tammany Democracy, and, if we can hasten that time, let us do so if dignity permit; but let us continue to protest against the transferrence of European quarrels to the American continent.

Because a mere handful of voters require expressions of abuse and hostility from the present great parties, and because they comply by yielding to the basest of political organizations, there is no reason why the great mass of American voters, and especially the young men of either party, should patiently submit to such indignity.

Let the young men, both Republicans and Democrats, heal the sectional wound, which they have looked in vain to their fathers to cure, and shaking off the servile yoke of fealty to Tammany and other ignorant and vulgar elements, array themselves for God and their country under the banner of Americanism.

Let those young men of the South feel that kindred Americans of the North are willing to greet them as citizens of a great, indissoluble nation, to unite with them in placing politics upon a high plane of national individuality, and the barriers of sectionalism will be instantly destroyed.

Can the American party accomplish this great work?

Let us pray that it may. AMERICAN.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., November 26, 1888.

An un-Democratic Outlook.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: It is true that on the sixth of November the Democratic candidate for President received more than a hundred thousand majority of the popular vote, and it is also true that a change in New York, of seven thousand votes from the Republican to the Democratic ticket, would have made Mr. Cleveland President for a second term, yet, despite the nearly equal strength of the two parties in a contest so recent that the smoke of battle yet hangs over the field, the result was so decisive a defeat to the Democratic party as to peril its existence as a national organization. Certainly its prospect for obtaining control of the national government within the next score or two of years is the reverse of encouraging. This falling into nothingness of a party that may truthfully claim the popular majority, is not a consequence of what it confronts to-day, but of what it will be called upon to confront when next it rallies to the support of a national ticket. In the past, defeat has been one of its chief sources of strength. It has passed into a proverb that the Democratic party fattens upon its reverses. But this characteristic yields to the logic of circumstances and passes into the past. The last decade has developed vast areas of our country to a wonderful degree, and, unhappily for the future of the Democratic party, the expansion has been almost entirely in localities where Republican majorities are large and steadily growing larger.

The Constitution of the United States provides that Congressional representation shall not exceed one for every thirty thousand free persons. In the Northern States, under the apportionment based on the census of 1880, the representation approximates one for every thirty thousand voters, and upon that basis we will predicate our estimate, omitting from the figures the United States Senators, of whom all understand each State has two. The few totals of the vote cast for President on the sixth of last month, at hand, are quite sufficient for illustration. The figures are the total vote cast by each State named at the Presidential elections of 1884 and 1888:

	1884.	1888.
New York	1,171,537	1,316,400
Illinois	672,904	743,310
Indiana	495,206	536,361
Wisconsin	319,953	354,664
California	196,957	250,000
Minnesota	190,018	227,400
Oregon	52,732	61,918

Each of these States cast its electoral vote for the Republican candidate for President, and their representation, less the senators, is: New York, 34; Illinois, 20; Indiana, 13; Wisconsin, 9; California, 6; Oregon, 1; Minnesota, 5. If the vote of 1884, or the census of 1880, entitled these States to representation as above, the vote of 1888 gives this result: New York, 43; Illinois, 24; Indiana, 18; Wisconsin, 12; California, 8; Oregon, 2; Minnesota, 7. In these seven States we have a gain in representation of twenty-six, and it is fair to assume that in Iowa, Michigan, Ohio, and Nebraska the vote of 1888 will show a like increase over that of 1884. It may, therefore, be estimated that the representation of these eleven States will, at the Presidential election of 1892, be greater by at least forty congressmen and, of course, electoral votes, than it was in 1888.

The election returns indicate that the New England States, as a whole, have neither gained nor lost in population during the past eight years, and it may be safely counted upon that the census of 1890 will not, one way or the other, materially change the congressional representation of New England.

Computed by the standard of one representative for each 30,000 votes, as the representation of the Northern States is shown to be, the Southern States, with the exception of Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, and possibly Alabama, would lose from one to five each in their representation. South Carolina, for illustration, at the election in 1884 polled 93,861 votes, and in the election of 1888 her total vote was but 79,565, yet she has a congressional representation of seven. At the last Presidential election the State cast less than one vote for each thirteen of the population given her by the 1885 estimate, based on the census figures of 1880. It will be difficult to show by any known method of computation how the 153 electoral votes of the Southern States may be materially increased. It is suggested that Democratic strength in the electoral college may be increased by dividing Texas into four States. This can not be proven when it comes to figures. The total vote of Texas, in 1884, was 318,295; it is not, perhaps, this year over 350,000; therefore the representation could not, with the six new senators, be increased more than ten or twelve.

There are eight Territories awaiting recognition as States of the Union, with populations, in 1885, as follows: Dakota, 415,610; Utah, 170,000; New Mexico, 135,000; Washington, 129,438; Montana, 100,000; Idaho, 75,000; Arizona, 70,000; Wyoming, 65,000. We may reasonably conclude that at least five of these Territories will become States in time to vote at the Presidential election of 1892. In all, except New Mexico, the Republican party is largely in the majority.

If the basis of representation is unchanged, the apportionment on the census of 1890 will raise the electoral college from 401 to 450, perhaps to 460. If the apportionment is modified for the purpose of maintaining representation at about the present figure, the political aspect will remain relatively the same—the Republicans largely dominating.

The effect of almost undisputed dominancy on the Republican party can not now be predicted. Its strength may prove its weakness. A party is never so near defeat as when it is overconfident of victory. In abnormal growth is found the first symptom of decay. As boys we rolled snow-balls until they fell apart from their own bigness. There must be clearly defined issue to insure vitality and cohesiveness. The spoils of office alone will not hold loyal the unsoliciting masses. There is no issue affecting or interesting the whole people, between the Republican and Democratic parties. The foreign-born vote elects or defeats a national ticket. Each party seeks to out-Herod the other in pandering to the balance of power. Both are tied to the stake, and neither dare honestly make its own the vital question of protecting the country and the country's people from the blight and curse of foreign immigration.

OAKLAND, December 17, 1888. J. M. BASSETT.

The Era of Evolution.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Matthew Arnold's famous *mot d'ordre* of the ideal civilization, "sweetness and light," is a noble watchword, but the light must come long before the sweetness, in the order of social evolution. As man is the slave of his environment, it is natural that his intelligence, just so fast as it awakens, should make a bitter protest whenever the shoe pinches or the chain galls. It is no less certain that in time intelligence will suit the action to the word. Tolerance and fortitude, which bear burdens patiently while striving to remove the causes that occasion them, can hardly be expected of half-educated masses, even if highly educated men lead them, while they writhe under the accumulated wrongs of centuries. To these inflamed minds there seems no outcome but agitation and revolution, the fierce operation of the law of force, symbolized by the strike and the riot, by the sword, the torch, and the dynamite bomb. Toleration, charity, and sweetness will come; but turbulence and warfare, in the very nature of things, must precede.

The above is the concensus of the opinions of the press at the metropolis of the nation as expressed but a few years ago.

For a number of years the writer has had the confidence of the anarchist leaders, and has been familiar with their plans. While recently in New York city he thoroughly investigated the attitude and strength of the mobocracy which includes in its ranks the anarchists, the communists, and the socialists, and which boldly flings out the blood-red banner—the symbol of its revolutionary spirit. Only ten years ago, this lawless element had a large following, and there were not a few of the acolytes who openly heralded the near approaching time when the streets of the city would run red with blood and the mantled barricades proclaim a terror. The fear of this was planted alike in the breasts of the wealthy and of the *bourgeois*. Then came the reaction; the honest mechanic withdrew from the shadow of a connection with the "new forces," and now, at the end of the decade under consideration, the revolutionary plan has given way to natural and healthy evolution.

Ten years ago the revolutionary forces were under the leadership of the silent and inscrutable Victor Drury, the "Christ of Labor," as he was called by his blinded following; the leonine and highly educated Justus Schwab; Dyer Lum, the propagandist; the reckless and brilliant James E. Quinn, now the advisor of General Master Workman Powderly; T. B. Maguire, at the head of the infamous Home Club, and others of like ilk—all men of misguided views, but of large brains. Such men as the erudite Albert Brisbane, the Fourierite, able Doc Kean, and conservative P. J. Maguire hovered around the movement, though not to any great extent in accord with it.

To-day Victor Drury sits stripped of power, a disappointed and beaten man; Lum contents himself with fulminating anarchist literature at his quiet home in Port Jervis; Brisbane has become exceedingly wealthy, and prosperity is fatal to anarchistic proclivities, as in the case of Justus Schwab; this erst great agitator has wonderfully changed in the past few years. The few active members of the old gang now remaining fail in their attempts to awaken his old enthusiasm. He may yet be in sympathy with the wild anarchist movement, of which he was once the avowed leader, but he is more in sympathy with his home surroundings and bettering conditions. He has deserted the thing for the thought, and is no longer to be feared. He is growing rich, and, in a few years more, Justus Schwab, the communist, will retire in favor of Mr. Schwab, the respectable beer-seller, with a fat bank account. The shrewd Justus argues that a property-holder has no need to be an anarchist, especially when he is in love with his wife. And her influence has had all to do with his change of views. Doc Kean is now secretary of the New York State Bureau of Labor. P. J. Maguire is the editor of the *Carpenter*, a staid trades-union sheet. Quinn and T. B. Maguire may still be counted in the coterie of dangerous leaders.

From the chaotic mass into which the revolutionary element has been hurled by peaceful evolution there has arisen a handful of new leaders. Of the anarchists there is the brilliant lunatic, Herr Most and José Banes, the mysterious hidalgo, as he is called. Jablinoski, the little Slav, heads the communists. A very powerful leader, thoughtful and educated, is Shevitch, the Russian Count. He is at the fore with the socialists.

The four places in New York city which the revolutionists make their head-quarters are Justus Schwab's, 50 First Street, F. Kraemer's, Tompkins Square, M. Reis's, 407 Sixth Street, and F. Brecht's, 197 East Fourth Street. All are beer saloons and all more or less alike. What are they like?

I dropped into Justus Schwab's saloon soon after arriving in New York, and was not a little surprised to find the once famous disciple of Bakunine degenerated into a very ordinary beer-seller indeed. Grown stout in placid trade, his olden flowing and tawny locks cropped short, and his leonine face beaming with true German benevolence upon the children of the poor as they came and went with can or pitcher, little remained to perpetuate the fiery leader of a few years ago, who, with the staff of the blood-red banner which he carried, swept down a score of blue-coats before they succeeded in dispersing the first, and last, mob of communists that ever attempted to parade the streets of New York. The black bulletin upon the wall, draped with red flags of the commune and surmounted with the inscription: "Omnia Labor Vincet," bore nothing more striking than a few lines of Gerald Massey, ending:

> "Our sons are the rich man's slaves by day,
> And our daughters his slaves by night."

Outside of a rack containing a few communistic journals, an engraving of a band of condemned nihilists en route for Siberia, a large painting of John Brown, of Ossawattomie, and a bas-relief of Marat, there was nothing to proclaim the low and narrow basement to be the dreaded head-quarters of the internationals. At the tables sat half-a-dozen or more customers drinking beer. At one end of the bar sat a young, comely woman, with calm eyes and of gentle demeanor. The children called her Mistress Schwab, as they stopped to play with a handsome baby-boy, who clung to her skirts, or to chat with a miss of six, and young Justus, a lad of ten.

The investigation of the revolutionary problem recently made as indicated, led to the establishment of four facts: (1) that the peaceful sway of evolution is fast strangling revolutionary methods, in fact has practically done so already; (2) that there is only now and then an American in the revolutionary ranks, and that as a whole, outside of the German element—it is composed of the dregs of Europe—the Italian lazzaroni, brutal Slav, filthy Bohemian, and besotted Russian or Polish refugee—and ninety per cent. of it pauper labor; (3) that unrestricted immigration is directly responsible for the existence of this ignorant and riotous proletariat, and, as a sequence, responsible for the revolutionary element that grew up in the United States; (4) that the skilled workmen of the country are as a unit against all revolutionary methods.

What is true of New York is practically true of other great cities in the Union, and the anarchists of other sections, and especially of Chicago, are as crippled and no more to be feared than those of the metropolis. There will be a single maniac, or a small congregation of lunatics, perhaps, who will occasionally resort to the dynamite bomb, but the revolutionists, as a body, have shrunk away before American methods, and, as an organization, have hardly life left to protect full longer their diabolical existence. With decent and restrictive immigration laws, what remains in the Republic of the element that appeals to the rifle, the sword, and the bomb, will fade away before the grandeur of the American plan as the mist fades before the rays of the glorious sun. Americans for America! At least, men of like qualities.

December 15, 1888. EX-INTERNATIONALIST.

A Parisian celebrity has passed away in the obese person of Victorine Demay, the comic-singer, whose most popular ditty rejoiced in the refrain, "Je casse des noisettes en m'asseyant d'ssus.' She did not, like Thérésa, extend her field of operation to the regular theatres, but in the Champs Elysées she reigned supreme.

BOYS AND FROGS.

I.

THE FROGS.

The boarders at No. 19 Kenilworth Street, in a certain great city, regarded themselves as unusually fortunate in their landlady. In a variety of ways Mrs. Elizabeth Phelps differed from all those of the same line of business with whom the inmates of her house had ever come in contact. If it is true that people who prolong existence from day to day by the uncertain method of boarding, form a class by themselves in the human catalogue, then we may readily understand that she who aids and abets the practice must ultimately grow into a distinct type. The theory of science which accounts for the physical characteristics of different species on the ground of accommodation to surroundings, can be successfully employed to explain all the peculiarities of the landlady's habits and appearance, just as the other Darwinian doctrine of the survival of the fittest may be made to apply in many instances to the boarders themselves.

Mrs. Phelps had so few of the characteristics of her class that the boarders would have believed her a recent neophyte had it not been well known to most of them that before she had taken this place on Kenilworth Street she had, for a number of years, conducted an elegant and exclusive boarding-house on Lancaster Avenue, in one of the most "stylish sections" of the city. None of her former clients had followed her into these quiet plebeian precincts, although many had expressed an honest wish to do so. The fame of Mrs. Phelps as a housekeeper and as a lady had easily percolated down through the various strata between Lancaster Avenue and Kenilworth Street, so that, when the new house was opened, plainly furnished, but with moderate rates, she experienced no difficulty in at once filling her rooms with desirable people.

Such a change in the locality and character of Mrs. Phelps's establishment had not been accomplished without a great deal of comment on the part of her friends and of rival housekeepers. The hegira was not executed suddenly, else it might have been quite unaccountable. Nearly a year had elapsed since the house on Lancaster Avenue had passed into other hands. That space of time had been spent by Mrs. Phelps and her two daughters visiting among friends and relatives in a distant State. She now returned to resume her former line of occupation, but evidently with very straitened means.

While the house on Lancaster Avenue was in operation, such of the boarders as gave the financial affairs of their landlady any consideration, decided that she was exceptionally prosperous. Her charges were not extortionate, nor were her economies very patent, yet, as she was a careful housekeeper, and as she managed, moreover, to keep her rooms always full, it was plain that she must derive a good income from her undertaking. Neither was Mrs. Phelps herself nor her elder daughter, Hattie, accustomed to mingle much among the inmates of the house, and they talked very little of their own personal affairs. But the younger daughter, Ida, was less reserved, and from her the boarders learned a few facts by which they were afterward able to explain the change of fortune. There was no troublesome appendage in the shape of the traditional husband, for every one knew that Captain Tom Phelps, U. S. A., had been shot during an outbreak of the Apaches. But it rarely happens that a woman who can support herself fails to find others in need, and, in this case, it was a half-sick and half-useless brother, who, with his ever-increasing family, drained away all that Mrs. Phelps managed to save from her business.

The immediate cause of the breaking up of the establishment on Lancaster Avenue was the sudden failure of the youngest daughter's health. Mrs. Phelps had declared that the girl was much in need of a change of climate and of scene. Ida was a bright, attractive girl of eighteen, full of life and animal spirits. Any malady which could confine her, week after week, to her room, and change her laughing, rosy face to a sad and haggard one, must indeed be serious. Mrs. Phelps took that view of it, and as she was herself very tired of the incessant worry of housekeeping (so she explained to the boarders, who were surprised to hear that the calm little lady ever experienced worry), and as, moreover, her relatives had been for some time begging her to visit them, she thought best to dispose of the furniture and leave the house in other hands. Something was said also about her having an excellent opportunity just then to sell advantageously. It was not until some time later that the boarders learned that all the furnishings of the house had been turned over, at a ruinous sacrifice, to the lady who took the lease.

Some of these facts were known to the people who occupied the rooms in the new place on Kenilworth Street, and several of them made inquiries concerning Ida, who had not returned with her mother and sister. Was her health quite restored?

"Her illness was not serious," answered Mrs. Phelps; "and when she came to live in a less trying climate, among pleasant companions of her own age, we soon forgot that she had been ailing."

The mother and the other daughter, Hattie, spent much of their time together in the two rooms which they had reserved for their own use. It was the month of November, several weeks after the house on Kenilworth Street had been opened to boarders, and the two women sat before a languishing fire. The evening had worn slowly away. For some reason they had not busied themselves with sewing and reading, as was their usual custom when alone together. Neither had they talked much, but had remained silently gazing at the flickering light upon the hearth, each occupied with her own thoughts.

When it neared the time for retiring, Hattie pushed back her chair from the fire, rose, and turned up the lamp which had been burning dimly in the corner of the room. Then she stood a moment, looking doubtfully at her mother, who still sat swaying slowly back and forth in a large rocker and gazing at the embers of the fire. Hattie was plain in appearance, although her face bore enough resemblance to that of her pretty sister to redeem it from being homely. Her father's death and the long struggle with poverty which followed had awakened in her, early in life, the instinct of responsibility, and through the freshness and youth in her countenance black care showed itself, just as the rugged outlines of the great rock appear under the soft covering of mosses and flowers.

Hattie crossed the room to the bureau, and taking up a comb and brush returned and stood before her mother. Mrs. Phelps, startled from her reverie, looked up with a smile; but as she saw what her daughter was bearing in her hands, her face changed suddenly and she moved her lips as if in the effort to speak.

"Please, mother, let me do it," said the girl, kneeling beside her; "I used to comb your hair always before Ida was large enough, and I know it tires your arms so when you do it yourself. At first it may remind you of her, but, after a time—— Oh, mother, please don't cry so!" The girl's own words were broken with sobs. "It is all so hard, but I thought we had learned to speak of her calmly now. We must learn it, some time."

"There, there!" said Mrs. Phelps, with her arms about her daughter's neck; "don't cry, dearie; we were not going to shed any more tears, don't you remember?"

The younger woman smiled sadly. "Yes, mother," she said, "but we will forget. Isn't it funny," she continued, looking up cheeringly into her mother's face, "how we both of us cry, and each keeps begging the other to dry her tears?"

"I must cry sometimes," said Mrs. Phelps; "it is only when I find myself weeping for her that I can be sure she was my own daughter."

"We have talked it over so many times," said Hattie, rising and drawing the pins from her mother's long coils of hair, "that we ought to be calm now. I think one can get used to almost anything."

Mrs. Phelps shook her head.

"You may come to learn it some day," said she, "that there are things to which a mother can never become accustomed. One is the death of her child and another——"

"Please, mother," cried Hattie, "let us speak of other things. If you only knew how it hurts me to see you cry!"

There was a silence of a few minutes. Mrs. Phelps wiped her eyes and laid down her handkerchief. Then a determined, almost severe, expression stole over her features. Hattie, who had leaned over the back of the chair to look into her mother's face, saw that the paroxysm of grief had passed. Nevertheless, she thought best to make an effort to divert her thoughts.

"By the way, mother," said she, "I noticed just before supper that Mrs. Atkins was making some kind of complaint. What was the matter?"

"It was about her easy-chair. She says the one in Mrs. Latham's room is rather more comfortable."

"Well, what did she want?"

"She asked if I couldn't exchange them, and give her the better one."

Hattie stopped for a moment and contemplated thoughtfully the brush which she held in her hand.

"How laughable such things would seem," she said, "if we were not accustomed to them."

"I am afraid she is going to make a good deal of trouble," remarked the landlady, and there was a faint trace of querulousness in her voice.

"She was the only one that I felt doubtful about," said the younger woman; "I think we are very fortunate with all the rest. Mr. Latham is a very pleasant man, although he does talk a great deal. His wife is as sweet as all minister's wives ought to be. The two Miss Caines are old-fashioned and queer, but I do not believe they will ever make trouble."

"One good thing is, that none of them seem to be gossipy or inquisitive," remarked Mrs. Phelps; "if I felt that they were talking about us, I should be in terror all the time. Those last few weeks on Lancaster Avenue, I felt as though I were standing over a powder-magazine, with a torch in my hand."

"The only one who seems inclined to ask questions about us is little Mr. Button. Since he asked me to go to the concert with him and I declined, I have felt as though I ought to be as civil to him as is possible. He has drawn me into conversation a number of times, and he certainly asks a great many questions."

"He appears to be very good-natured," said the landlady, absently, "and everything seems to please him. Possibly," she continued, looking round at her daughter with a smile, "he has been smitten with you, Hattie."

"He is very absurd," said the girl, "and reminds me of the prairie-dogs that we used to see when we were in Texas. I do not think that he really means to be inquisitive, but he seems so."

"You have been careful in all you said to him?"

"Oh, yes, mother."

"I do not feel at all afraid of a man like little Mr. Button," said Mrs. Phelps; "he is quite too insignificant to be dangerous. What I have always dreaded is lest some woman should find it all out and betray the story to the others. I wake up suddenly in the night sometimes, shivering at the thought that it may yet be discovered."

"No no, mother," cried the daughter, quickly, "that is something you must never say or think. The time is passed when such a danger hung over us. It seems to me that exposure now is no longer a possibility, and in the midst of our other trials it may be forgotten."

"It is horrible; but the thought will come back sometimes."

"How we struggled—we three wretched women—to keep it a secret!" said the girl; "if it had not been a matter of such terrible importance, it would have been fairly exciting. We sacrificed everything, but we succeeded."

"I still think sometimes that we made a mistake in coming back here," Mrs. Phelps remarked, closing her eyes under the soothing influence of the brush.

"It would have been very hard to leave father's grave," answered the girl, in a low tone. Both mother and daughter were silent for some time. At length Hattie spoke, and her voice was as light and cheerful as is youth itself.

"Dearest mother," she said, "we are forgetting all our good resolutions. Don't you remember we were going to be so happy if our house filled? All that we prayed for has come to pass, has it not? We were lucky in getting such a good house and in arranging as we did for its furnishing. And to think that more should apply at the very outset than we had room for! This means that we shall never be troubled with empty apartments."

"It is, indeed, fortunate that it all happened so," said the mother; "for if we had failed I scarcely know what would have become of us."

"But we need not think of that now," exclaimed Hattie; "please, mother, let us forget all the past and keep our faces toward the future. Does not the outlook seem a pleasant one to you? In a little while we shall have our furniture all paid for, and then we can put aside quite a little sum every month. Now that Uncle Henry is doing all right without our help there will be just so much saved that we used to send to him. We can let Ida have all that she needs, but as I have figured it up, there will be a nice little sum left every month."

Mrs. Phelps smiled and looked lovingly up at her daughter, who, having completed the operation of hair-combing, was now standing before her.

"You are always so hopeful, Hattie; you have it from your dear father."

"But haven't I good grounds for being so in this case? You must admit it, mother."

"Yes," said Mrs. Phelps, echoing her daughter's matter-of-fact tone, "I think that everything will come out pleasantly for us and for the dear girl."

"Why," cried Hattie, quickly, as she heard the tremor in her mother's last word, "sometimes I am so hopeful that I find it easy to see ourselves back in the dear old place on Lancaster Avenue, all our debts paid, and everything just as it used to be. Don't look at me so, mother, I mean what I say—just the same as it used to be; for things may come about so that Ida can return and live with us." The mother had risen from the chair and stood with one hand upon Hattie's shoulder as she spoke. The other arm moved instinctively as if to clasp some familiar object and her eyes looked away in the distance.

"My daughter! my daughter!"

II.

THE BOYS.

Colonel J. B. Sloane, the managing editor of the *Great Daily*, chewed incessantly, and perhaps the most conspicuous article of furniture in the cubby-hole which served him for a private office was a gigantic cuspidor. Schuyler Montague, the owner of the paper, daintily picking his way among the débris which incumbered the floor, struck his foot against this utensil and tumbled precipitately into a chair full of unopened exchanges.

"Umph!" said the colonel, looking up from his manuscript.

"Sloane," cried Montague, with an oath, nursing the toe of his patent-leather shoe, "why don't you have a decent office instead of this infernal closet?"

The colonel did not reply immediately, but wrote a word in the corner of the sheet of paper which lay before him. Then he turned down the opposite corner of the several finely written pages that made up the article on which he had been at work, and tapped a bell. When the boy, who came at his call, was gone, he turned toward Mr. Schuyler Montague, and said:

"So you don't admire my workshop, eh?"

By this time, however, the other had forgotten the subject of his irascible complaint, and was turning over a copy of that morning's issue.

"How has she been going during my absence?"

"As well as could be expected, under the circumstances," answered Colonel Sloane, with very patent sarcasm. The father of Schuyler Montague had put money into the paper some years before, and the son now drew out the profits. The latter considered himself rather above actual newspaper work, so he contributed nothing to the enterprise except occasional bits of advice, which Sloane made small pretense of following.

"We have held our own in every way," the editor continued, after pausing long enough to admire the younger man's egotism, which had caused the satire to go unnoticed; "our circulation has taken another jump; we have been registering a new high-water mark every day."

"I had noticed some boasts on the subject," said Montague, "editorial and otherwise; "but I had an idea you were simply exercising your ingenuity and your conscience."

"You flatter me," said the colonel, with a grin which showed three or four tobacco-stained teeth back of his puffy lips.

"I stopped in the business office as I came up," continued Montague, "and had a talk with Bradley. He assured me that the sales had undergone a remarkable increase of late. What has caused it; any particular thing?"

For answer Sloane picked up the paper, which Montague had allowed to slip between his thin legs to the floor, and pointed to an article on the first page.

Montague snapped his gold eye-glasses open and glanced at the place indicated by the colonel's bony index.

"Two columns, double-leaded and illustrated, concerning the quarrels and separation of a South Avenue man named Wilson and his wife. Yes, I noticed the beastly stuff. Who is the genius that works up these entertaining fictions?"

"There is no fiction about them," said the editor; "that is one claim that we make that I know we can substantiate. We never publish anything unless all the facts are known to us. This system costs, but, in the long run, it pays best. It is our plan to fill these two columns with some good story every day. We have kept it up for two weeks now, and the results are showing themselves in the enormous sales."

"It is a first-rate idea. And you run one every issue, you say?"

"Every day; we have been working on them months in advance, gathering all the facts and getting up the illustrations. Now, the one we come out with to-morrow the boys have had on their books for nearly a year. That is what I call fine newspaper work."

The colonel began to hunt around among the papers scattered over his desk, and at last produced a half-smoked and well-chewed cigar. Declining the hastily proffered cigar-case of the other, he lit this and proceeded:

"The credit for these things belongs for the most part to Hugh Naylor, the new city editor. He has several men detailed all the time for just this kind of work. One of them, little Tom Button, moves around from one boarding-house to another, and manages to turn up something fresh every place he strikes."

"I think I remember that little rat; but I have never met Naylor. I should like to make his acquaintance. Suppose you order him up."

Colonel Sloane touched the bell, and in a few minutes the city editor entered the room. He was a man of about thirty-five years of age, with a face deeply furrowed by care and work, and quite without expression. He stopped at the door and looked at Sloane out of his small, half-shut eyes.

"Mr. Naylor," said the editor, "Mr. Montague expressed a wish to meet you. I think he wishes to offer congratulations on the success of your new departure."

Schuyler Montague stood up and shook hands with the city editor.

"Yes," he said, "your two-column sensations appear to be taking very well. Go on with the good work."

"Thank you," said Naylor; "but I must not allow you to think that I take the credit upon myself. I have some very good men who put in all their time working these things up."

"Well, what are you going to serve up for us to-morrow?" Montague asked, not because he cared especially, for it was his frequent boast that he never read his own paper, but for the reason that he wished to be civil to Naylor. He produced a package of cigarettes, as he spoke, and offered one of them to the city editor.

"To-morrow," said Mr. Naylor, leaning over the desk and lighting the cigarette at the colonel's lamp, "to-morrow we shall have something extra rich." He drew the smoke deep down into his lungs and allowed it to come out at his nose and mouth as he talked. "It is about a lady who used to keep one of the swell boarding-houses on Lancaster Avenue, and is now located on Kenilworth Street."

"Why did she change?" queried the owner.

Naylor pulled at the pent-house of long red hairs which hid his thin lips, with their square smile, from view. "That is just where the tale hangs," said he, and, in a few words, he told the story.

"Pretty good material, eh?" said the colonel to Schuyler Montague.

"Ah, yes, very good," said the latter, yawning; "I don't pretend to know much about such things, you understand. It occurs to me, however, that it might be a little rough on this Mrs. Phillips—what d'ye call her?—if she has no suspicion that it is coming."

"That is where the fine point of this job comes in," said Naylor; "usually when we publish a story it is something that is pretty well-known in the neighborhood, though, perhaps, not among the public generally. The beauty of this one is that there are only three people in the city who know the facts, yet we managed to dig it up down to the minutest detail."

"Won't it occasion a deuce of a row?" asked Montague.

"It will make a great sensation, but as they have neither connections nor friends of any importance there is nothing to be apprehended."

Mr. Montague's face still wore a slight cloud of uncertainty, and Naylor determined to appeal to his æsthetic side.

"Colonel," said he, "will you send Billy down for the proofs of the cuts to be used with this story, lying on my desk?

"You see it will be an artistic affair," he continued, when they were brought; "here is the Lancaster Avenue place, and here is the Kenilworth Street house. Here is a picture of the girl, Ida—pretty, isn't she? For newspaper finish that is not bad, is it? Here is the other sister—Button says she is a very nice girl—and here is the old lady. Here——" he stopped, for Montague was still examining the picture of Hattie.

"I like that girl's face," said he; "there is something unusually striking about it. I imagine that it will cut her up most horribly if all this comes out in cold type about her sister. I say, boys, I wish you wouldn't publish this thing."

Sloane and his assistant looked at one another for an instant in silence. Naylor's face was as impassive as usual, but the colonel was grinning.

"Anything to please you, of course," said the editor; "I suppose you have something else that you can run in the place of this, Naylor?"

"No; nothing of that kind."

"How is the paper to-morrow?"

"Pretty thin, except for this."

"I thought you said you had a sensation fixed for every day," said Montague; "why don't you take some other one for to-morrow, and give this one up?"

"It happens that none of them are quite ready."

"Let it be as you say, Montague," said the colonel; "only I must remind you that it is natural that professional pride should cut some figure in a thing like this. I am afraid it will demoralize the boys to learn that their work is liable to be held out this way. I think, too, that a good many people who buy the paper would be disappointed."

Montague was absently twisting one of the proofs, which he held in his hand, into a tight roll. After the colonel spoke, there was silence for a moment or two.

"Oh, the devil!" exclaimed Schuyler Montague, suddenly rising from his chair; "it is nothing to me whether you use the story or not. If the public demands that kind of thing, it is our business to supply it, I suppose; though it certainly does seem hard on the victims that are immolated."

"They are used to it, I imagine," said the colonel.

"Perhaps they are," acquiesced Montague; "but, as I understand the case, it is a different eel that gets skinned each time. However, I say, if the people won't have Barabbas and insist upon the other one, we might just as well make money out of playing Pontius Pilate as to leave all the profits of the business to our contemporaries."

"And the story goes, eh?" said the colonel.

"Goes, of course," said Montague. Then, as Naylor left the room, he continued: "By the way, Sloane, what do you intend to do about this scrape that Jack Sweeny has gotten himself into? We must stick up for the rascal, you know. He has got a tremendous pull down in the Third Ward."

"Oh, we will fix that all right," answered the colonel.

III.

THE STONES.

The morning after these two conversations was bright and sunny, and the Reverend Mr. Latham and his wife, while waiting for the breakfast-bell, stepped out on the front porch of No. 19 Kennilworth Street to enjoy the air. As they stood there, the gentleman inhaling long breaths of the clear cool air, and the lady looking up at him with a smile, a boy hurled a missile at them, white, and shaped like a boomerang. It was a tightly folded copy of the *Great Daily*.

Mrs. Latham stooped to pick it up, but her husband playfully snatched it from her.

"Come, my dear," said he, "it is the only prerogative a married man has, that is worth mentioning, to see the morning paper first." The lady laughed and hung on his arm as he opened the sheet. "Ah," he continued, "if I were not in the profession that I am in, I should wish above all things to be a journalist. The press has a direct power with the masses, and as a great moral agent it is—— Why, great heavens, Ruth, look here! What can it mean, for pity's sake?"

A few minutes later they crept into the house almost on tiptoe. The minister, leaving the paper in his wife's hands, hurried up-stairs and began to arrange the papers on his desk, and to plan for the expeditious packing of his books. Mrs. Latham entered the parlor where most of the boarders were congregated about a crackling fire. She held the copy of the *Great Daily*, partly folded in her hand, but she showed no disposition to read it.

"Why, Mrs. Latham, what has happened?" asked one of the Miss Caines, noticing the strange, half-frightened look on the face of the minister's wife.

"Well, if you don't want to read that paper, may I take it?" asked Mrs. Atkins, forcibly drawing the *Great Daily* from her grasp. Mrs. Latham started to restrain her from opening it, but bethinking herself that sooner or later it must be known to them all, she turned and ascended the stairs. She had gone but a few steps when she heard an exclamation from Mrs. Atkins, followed by a chorus of inquiries from the other boarders.

In the dining-room below, Mrs. Phelps and her daughter were arranging the table for breakfast. As Hattie opened the blinds, a flood of sunlight poured in, and she clapped her hands as a child might have done.

"It is a perfect day, mother. I wonder if it is that that makes me feel so very cheerful."

"Everything is ready now, dear," said the mother, stopping for a moment to admire her daughter, through whose brown hair the sunlight was gleaming; "will you ring the bell?"

The landlady then took her place at the head of the table and stood behind her chair. Hattie, as she passed her, returning with the bell, pressed a kiss upon her cheek.

"You look charming this morning, mother," said she; "aren't you in especially good spirits?"

"I believe that I do feel younger than usual," answered Mrs. Phelps; "perhaps it is, as you say, because the weather has cleared up again."

Hattie was busying herself straightening about the knives and spoons, until they lay before each place in geometrically exact positions.

"Why are they all so slow about coming this morning, I wonder," said she, at length.

"I can't possibly imagine," said the other; "every one is up, I know, and I hear voices in the parlor."

"I will ring the bell again," said Hattie.

"They will surely come now," said the landlady, when this ceremony had been performed a second time; "we have never before rung twice to call them."

"Do remember about Mrs. Atkins's tea!" cried Hattie, in a hurried whisper; "the sugar must dissolve before the cream goes in, you know."

"I have learned it at last, I think," answered Mrs. Phelps, and they waited a few minutes in silence.

No one came. The voices from the parlor had grown louder, and were clearly audible now in the room below. One of the servants from the kitchen came and looked in, and then went back to report to her colleague that "none of them lazy boarders had come down yet."

"Isn't it strange," said Hattie, starting forward one step to listen; "something must have happened. Mrs. Atkins is talking very loud."

"We had better go up stairs," said the landlady, leaving her chair and hurrying from the room. Hattie followed, a vague feeling of apprehension gradually finding its way into her cheerful heart.

In the centre of the parlor stood Mrs. Atkins holding the newspaper. About her the others were crowded, straining their necks to see over one another's shoulders. As Mrs. Phelps and her daughter entered the room, the paper was suddenly lowered, and they all started like guilty children caught in the act.

"Good-morning," said the landlady. Then she stopped for an instant to look wonderingly at the group, for there was a strange expression on the face of each one; "what has happened?" she continued, slowly, with a faint tremor of agitation in her voice; "we have rung the bell twice, yet nobody comes."

Still there was silence, and not one of the group took her eyes from the face of the speaker. She felt for a [illegible] if she were some strange animal being scrutinized by a [illegible] but contemptuous crowd. She started to speak again, but the steady gaze made the words die away on her lips.

It was Hattie who at last broke the silence by asking for the paper, which was still in the hands of Mrs. Atkins. Without any definite idea as to what it might contain, she had connected the newspaper with the strange conduct of the boarders.

"Yes, take it!" said Mrs. Atkins, almost brutally; "when you have read *that*"—indicating the place with her finger—"you will understand what the matter is." Then she swept out of the room, followed by the others.

Mrs. Phelps had stepped quickly to her daughter's side, and stood with her arm about her as the paper was opened.

"Why, that picture looks like you, Hattie," she said, with a little hysterical laugh, "and this like—why, it can't be that—no, don't try to take it away, I will see it all!—yes, they have told it all, and the world knows our disgrace!"

"Oh, mother," cried the girl, dropping the paper in terror at the white, stony face, "don't look so, don't! I suppose we must try to bear it. Why do you tremble so? Let me help you up-stairs—or to the sofa, then. Oh, she has fainted! Will no one come? Please, somebody help me!"

The Reverend Latham and his amiable wife were hastily putting their effects in shape to leave at the earliest possible moment.

"No, my dear," he was saying to his wife, who handed him the books as he packed them away in a great chest, "there is no need to discuss the matter. We have too much at stake to remain here one day after such an exposure."

"But Mrs. Phelps was so sweet and good! It will be a sore distress for them, and they will need comfort."

"We can give them sympathy and help if they need it," said the minister; "but we can not stay here and become identified with them. Some morning we may wake up and discover your picture in the paper as connected with the affair."

"It fairly wrings my heart to think of what they will suffer when they learn what has happened, and that we all will leave. Hark! that is Hattie's voice calling! I must go right down."

The minister started up nervously and accompanied his wife a few steps, but stopped at the head of the stairs. "Let me know if you need me," said he. "It is a strange thing about these newspapers," he soliloquized, as he recommenced the work of packing; "I don't see how they manage to find everything out in the way that they do. And I can't imagine why they should wish to publish such things. What good did it do them to ruthlessly attack these poor defenseless women? Does the struggle for news make such things necessary? On the whole, I am glad I am not in the newspaper business. It must be pretty hard on any man, with the instincts of a gentleman, to be asked to take a hand in a performance of that kind. However, I suppose 'custom hath made it in them a property of easiness,' as you would remark, my friend," he continued, holding up a volume of Shakespeare for an instant before stowing it away in the chest. "But we can't stay here, that is certain. If it were simply something that we knew ourselves, I should not care; but when it is spread abroad by the newspapers in this fashion, there is only one thing to do. Ah! here is the Thomas à Kempis that I could not find yesterday. Now, let me see; where is the passage that I wanted to use in my sermon on Christian charity?"

IV.

THE FUN.

A little after noon on the same day, Mr. Hugh Naylor went, as was his custom, to the office of his chief to receive any instructions which the latter might wish to give relative to the local news of that day. The colonel, having carefully read that day's issue of the *Great Daily* and its various local contemporaries, making notes as he did so upon a block of paper, was now leaning back in his chair, with his feet upon the desk among a pile of newspapers, and enjoying a little period of meditation before beginning the active labors of the day. Between his tightly closed lips he held the fragment of an extinct cigar on which he occasionally ground his teeth. His large, rough hands were clasped, back to palm, before his face, and, as he held his mind firmly intent, he rubbed them together with the rasping sound so disagreeable to sensitive nerves.

"Well, Naylor," said he, "how are you this morning?"

This was the form of salutation which the colonel invariably employed toward all of his subordinates with whom he came in contact. He never paid any attention to the answer, and had Naylor replied to it on this occasion by saying that he had been struck with blindness the night before by a bolt of lightning, and that his wife and children were all dead, the colonel would have gone on just the same and have asked, "What is happening to-day?"

"Have you any special instructions, sir?" inquired Naylor, who had learned to dispose of the two stereotyped questions with a perfunctory grunt.

"H'm," said the editor; "yes, I wish you would bring me up whatever you have to-day on that scrimmage in the Third Ward. I want to see it before it goes in, so as to make the local columns accord with the editorial. Put two or three men on that, and let them dig up the records of these reformers who are trying to down Jack Sweeny. I'll bet there are holes in their armor somewhere."

Mr. Naylor nodded in silence.

"What are you going to have for to-morrow?" asked the colonel.

"Routine news, principally. Everything is quiet. Button and some of the boys have been working for several days on a divorce case that has been kept very still. They think they will have it in shape by to-night; if not, I have another story that will do well enough."

"By the way, Naylor," said the colonel, dropping his feet from the table and turning half around toward the city editor, "I must not forget to congratulate you on the story you ran yesterday about those Kenilworth Street people. I consider it one of the best pieces of work that I ever saw in a newspaper—speaking from a strictly professional point of view, that

is; and I have no doubt that you deserve nearly all of the credit for its success. However, if you wish to divide up with the other boys who were in the affair, assure them all of the gratification which it gave me, and of my personal thanks to them."

Mr. Naylor nodded his head slowly several times.

"It will give me much pleasure to tell the other fellows what you have said," he remarked; "praise from you is especially potent, not only because it is, so to speak, official, but also by reason of the extent and variety of your newspaper experience."

"You might also add that praise from me is a very rare article and on that account worth noticing," said the colonel, shrugging his shoulders; "however, I assure you I mean all that I say. The job was a thoroughly artistic one; it shows not merely the skill of the detective, but also the judgment of a man of taste. That is my ideal of newspaper work."

"It came dangerously close to being thrown out, nevertheless," said Naylor.

The colonel shook his head with a grim smile, "I should have found some way to pull him around," said he, referring to Schuyler Montague; "I took a short cut, however, and appealed directly to his pocket; and, as you saw, that fetched him."

"How did the paper go off this morning?" asked Naylor, as he rose to depart.

"I very nearly forgot to tell you about that," replied the colonel; "my prediction was verified in every way. I stepped in at the business-office, and they assured me that the sales on the street were so enormous that it seemed impossible to supply the boys fast enough, and large orders from the outside news-dealers are coming in. That article alone will probably sell several thousand copies."

"That shows pretty clearly what the verdict of the public is," said Naylor.

"Long experience with the many-headed has taught me to thoroughly appreciate its desires," said the editor, turning back to his desk as his subordinate left the room.

V.

THE DEATH.

One afternoon, several weeks later, when a succession of new sensations published in the *Great Daily* had caused the Kenilworth Street affair to be quite forgotten, little Tommy Button emerged from the reporters' room with a very emphatic scowl on his face. In his hand he held a small piece of paper, which bore the following legend: "New church, corner Smith and Seventh Streets; see E. P. Latham, pastor, 313 Smith; one-half column; get photograph of building if you can."

"That is a fine lay to give me!" said Tommy, and he angrily crushed the paper into a wad and threw it into the gutter.

As he wrote the name and address in his note-book, however, a thought struck him, and he smiled and quickened his pace. He remembered the Reverend Latham. He and his wife were among the boarders at No. 19 Kenilworth Street.

"I wonder what has become of that outfit," said Tommy; "his parsonship will probably know."

When Mr. Button was ushered into the minister's study, the latter was very much astonished to learn that the reporter of the *Great Daily*, who had asked to see him, was identical with the young clerk whom he remembered as one of his fellow-boarders on Kenilworth Street. He looked at the young man doubtfully for a moment, and then said:

"Surely you were not with the *Great Daily* while I knew you at Mrs. Phelps's?"

"Oh, no!" said Button, airily; "I have not been at newspaper work very long."

"I am glad to hear it," said Mr. Latham; "I was afraid for the moment that you might have been in some measure responsible for that terrible story about the youngest daughter."

"I remember the article that you refer to," remarked Mr. Button, seating himself in a comfortable chair and drawing a pencil from his pocket; "created quite a sensation, didn't it? Did everybody leave the house?"

"You speak as though you did not know what had happened."

The reporter declared his ignorance, and asked for information. "It certainly has not appeared in the papers," said he.

"I do not suppose events of that sort constitute news," said Mr. Latham, dryly. Then he leaned forward upon the desk and pointed at Button with the paper-cutter, which he was holding in his hand. "You did not know," he continued, "that Mrs. Phelps died a couple of weeks ago at the St. Mary's Hospital?"

"Died!" exclaimed Button; "you astonish me." He shifted his eyes from the minister's face and looked uneasily about the room. "And do you connect it in any way with the —the exposure!"

"She fainted when she read the paper and never rallied from the shock. I do not see how the cause could be questioned."

"Of course, of course—well, and where is Hattie now? She was a very pleasant girl. I liked her, do you know?"

"It is more of the same sad story," said the minister; "a girl of her years could hardly come out of such a terrible experience unscathed. Her relatives have taken her away, and she may in time recover."

"What do you mean?" asked Button; "is she ill or——"

"Her mind is affected in some way," answered Mr. Latham; "we can scarcely know to what extent. There is reason to hope that it may be only temporary. She is young, and the physicians who examined her say that this is a great chance in her favor."

Mr. Button stared vacantly at the minister while he was speaking, and at the end let his eyes drop. He shifted uneasily about in his chair for a moment, and started once or twice as if to speak. Then there were several minutes of silence, during which the reporter was tracing the figures on the carpet with his stick. At length he looked up to meet the minister's curious and expectant gaze.

"I came to ask you," said Mr. Button, hurriedly, "about this new church. I should like to have whatever information you can give me."

"Certainly," said the other, politely; "I will tell you all you wish to know." And the basis was straightway laid for the required half-column article in the *Great Daily*.

PHILIP FIRMIN.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., December, 1888.

THE LATEST VERSE.

Old Friends.

They stand in the book-case yonder
In a row apart by themselves,
Unknown of the splendid "Editions"
That throng my well-filled shelves;

They are white and frayed at the edges,
They are worn and rubbed at the ends;
They are rather a sorry collection—
But all of them are Friends.

For they are the few-score volumes
That I called my library
In the days when books and dollars
Alike were scarce with me.

There are my well-worn Shakespeare,
My "Poets" so battered and old—
Severe in the "Boston Edition,"
Or gayer in "Blue and Gold."

The "Complete Macaulay," the Bacon
I bought at a bookseller's stall,
The fat and dumpy *Spectator*,
The Wordsworth, so grand and tall.

And dearest of books and treasures,
While heart in bosom beats,
In its worn and rusty binding,
My "Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats."

Ah! what to these old companions
In raiment meagre and scant,
Are the rest, resplendent in Russia,
And gorgeous in Crushed Levant?

Those, too, I prize and cherish,
And guard them with lock and key;
But *these*, in their dingy covers,
Are more than books to me.

They are white and frayed at the edges,
They are worn and rubbed at the ends;
They are truly a sorry collection—
But all of them are Friends!

—*Robertson Trowbridge in the Independent.*

Alec Yeaton's Son.

GLOUCESTER, AUGUST, 1720.

The wind it wailed, the wind it moaned,
And the white caps flecked the sea;
"An' I would to God," the skipper groaned,
"I had not my boy with me!"

Snug in the stern-sheets, little John
Laughed as the scud swept by;
But the skipper's sunburnt cheek grew wan
As he watched the wicked sky.

"Would he were at his mother's side!"
And the skipper's eyes were dim.
"Good Lord in heaven, if ill betide,
What would become of him!

"For me—my muscles are as steel,
For me let hap what may;
I might make shift upon the keel
Until the break o' day.

"But he, he is so weak and small,
So young, scarce learned to stand—
O pitying Father of us all,
I trust him in Thy hand!

"For Thou, who markest from on high
A sparrow's fall—each one!—
Surely, O Lord, thou'lt have an eye
On Alec Yeaton's son!"

Then, helm hard-port, right straight he sailed
Towards the headland light:
The wind it moaned, the wind it wailed,
And black, black fell the night.

Then burst a storm to make one quail
Though housed from winds and waves—
They who could tell about that gale
Must rise from watery graves!

Sudden it came, as sudden went;
Ere half the night was sped,
The winds were hushed, the waves were spent,
And the stars shone overhead.

Now, as the morning mist grew thin,
The folk on Gloucester shore
Saw a little figure floating in
Secure, on a broken oar!

Up rose the cry, "A wreck! a wreck!
Pull, mates, and waste no breath"—
They knew it, though 'twas but a speck
Upon the edge of death!

Long did they marvel in the town
At God his strange decree,
That let the stalwart skipper drown,
And the little child go free!

—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich in January Atlantic.*

Another land to close its doors against Chinese immigration is Eastern Siberia. The Government of the Eastern Provinces of the Amoor has proposed to restrict the entry of Chinese, with this statement: "The Manchurians form an element which is dangerous to the interests of our Russian colonies, as by their intelligence, industry, endurance, and frugality competition of any foreign labor system whatever with theirs is prevented." It is proposed to levy a capitation and income tax on all Chinese and Coreans in Russian territory, and to admit Asiatics to the privilege of Russian subjects only if they become naturalized Russians.

A CONSISTENT "KICKER."

He Sets Forth the Advantages of "Kicking."

That ingenious gentleman who chooses to be known as "M. Quad" (says the New York *Nation*) adds to his merit as an amusing humorous writer the virtue of being in private life, not merely occasionally, but consistently and on principle, a "kicker." He fights habitually against the manifold small impositions and ill-treatment which beset every man who lives, and especially who moves, in our social system of "modern conveniences." Every one of these has its reverse side of inconvenience, unless worked with absolute smoothness, and, since this depends upon good faith and good will in the fallible persons charged with their administration, the chances of annoyance and suffering arising from our elaborate way of modern living far exceed anything known to our fathers and grandfathers. Unhappily, most men submit to such impositions and ill-treatment without resistance or protest, either because they are in a hurry, or because they want courage, or are easy-going and lack so much of genius as consists in "an infinite capacity for taking pains." Such people deserve all that they suffer, but the public good demands that they should be stirred to better ways, as has just been done by a bit of "M. Quad's" personal history. Here is an article of his creed: "I really and truly believe that the day will come when the 'kicker' will be classed where he belongs and be entitled to the reverence due him. I look upon him as a philosopher and a philanthropist. He stands forth one man out of ten thousand. He is actuated by the most unselfish motives. He is the real reformer."

This creed affords to men of common mold a way of joining the *élite* of humanity and of obtaining reverence—in short, of becoming a part of the "Grand Etre," to which worship is to be paid—a thing heretofore possible only for geniuses, heroes, and saints. But there is a considerable remnant wholly indifferent to the worship of future generations, who must be won by prospect of the approval and applause of men of their own time, of which the "kicker" is always secure. He has always the sympathetic regard of his own class—the small but strong band of developed and active remonstrants. He has from the great class of potential kickers—the men of good intent, but infirm resolution—the respect and gratitude felt by all right-minded people toward those who stimulate them by high example in working out their own ideals. And from the enormous crowd of *fainéants* the "kicker" receives dull but abject homage, as to a person who accomplishes things which they have dreamed not of.

This is the high charm of kicking to those who know the art. It never fails. This result happens, not only because it is always a contest of right against wrong, though adept kicking is always that, and all the eternal forces work for it; but because a great part of the almost invariable success of kicking comes from the more prosaic fact that circumstances always are on its side—such a circumstance as the law, for example. The kicker's injury is likely to be against law; and even when the strict law may chance the other way, the equities are in his favor. Observe the case of "M. Quad" at Niagara Falls. When he had frightened away a mob of swindling hackmen with a revolver, the leader sought to have him arrested for carrying a deadly weapon, but no one would issue a warrant. One justice said: "Every man coming to visit the Falls ought to come with two revolvers, and the oftener he fires into your crowd, the better it will be for the few honest people here. I wish more kickers would come here." Beside the law, there is the constant certainty, in the case of wrongs done by employees of corporations or of the government, that they are directly opposed to the interests of their employers, and must be disapproved and righted when made known. See how "M. Quad" caused the retirement of the Elmira ticket-seller. In fact, we scarcely know a more groveling superstition than the common notion that it is by the desire and under the eyes of presidents and boards of directors that one's trunks are smashed, or telegrams delayed or non-delivered, or luggage missent or kept back, or fruit-baskets plundered in transit, or any other form of robbery or wrong, including impertinence or abuse, is committed against the peace of their customers. The fact is very much the other way; and in such cases any one who will make his complaint in the highest quarters is very sure of sufficient amends. The natural inference is always "that as long as no one kicked, everything must be going all right and everybody satisfied;" and that is why the kicker, while defending his own right and maintaining his self-respect, is at the same time a friend of humanity.

In short, kicking, of sufficient quantity and quality, is a remedy for the lesser as well as for the greater evils of life, and whereas, against the latter, joint effort and particularly time and circumstance are required, against the former the kick may always be ready and efficacious, though single. And it is seriously true that a certain preparation for effectual public kicking in affairs of great consequence is the habit of private revolt against small forms of injustice and wrong. A man who will make a baggage-smasher pay for smashing, who will spend five dollars' worth of time to get a twenty-five cent overcharge refunded, who will give a day to removing the cause of a five minutes' delay which has cost him his train, will be ready to deal effectively with affairs of national administration. To "kick" implies high qualities—self-respect, self-forgetfulness, contempt of ease, some courage (though not so much as may be supposed), and tenacity of will. These things are not plentiful, but a virtue of the practice of kicking is that it breeds them. And with kicking enough, and good enough, the face of the world would be changed.

An English parson has astounded his congregation by exhorting them, before his sermon, to pray fervently for the early discovery of the Whitechapel murderer. Such an appeal at such a time in the service is contrary to the rubric.

Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, the inventor of the Willoughby pug, died on November 17th.

VANITY FAIR.

From the first (writes Clement Scott in *America*) ladies have been the sternest and most uncompromising opponents of men's clubs. They urge that men are selfish enough without these luxuries; that when attached to a club they become discontented with their homes, snub the domestic table, and complain of the homely cookery. Clubs are supposed to be a veiled excuse for many male dissipations; clandestine letters are addressed there, and a visit to the club is an excuse for every vagary to which men are prone. So, in recent modern life, men have taken the bull by the horns, and have candidly admitted women to these exclusive societies on certain conditions. Artistic Bohemianism is one of the features of modern London life. One of the prettiest clubs that society London has ever started is called the Lyric Club, and it has been started by rich amateurs in the musical, literary, and artistic world. The idea is to collect together all the most cultured members of artistic Bohemian life. Attached to the club-house is a miniature theatre, where they will perform plays and give concerts. Each drawing-room, smoking-room, billiard-room, and dining-room has a different scheme of decoration—one in the Moorish, one in the Japanese, one in the old English style. The new and original club-house has been inaugurated by the Prince of Wales, who is the chief of polished Bohemians. But the ladies will rejoice at the Lyric. They will not only be invited to the concerts and soirées of the club, but members will be allowed to invite them to dine before the play and to sup afterward, a convenient and delightful arrangement in these days when restaurants are not very select, and when they are all closed peremptorily at half-past twelve o'clock. The Bachelors' Club was the first institution that allowed ladies to dine and sup at one of these exclusive establishments, and the plan will be followed out even more conveniently at the Lyric, which is built in the very heart of the modern theatrical centre. The Lyric Club has a branch establishment by the riverside at Barnes. Here, in summer, the members can invite ladies to a lovely garden, where they can play lawn-tennis, hear good music, see cricket matches, and enjoy themselves to their hearts' content. The great danger of all this liberality is that the society may be slightly mixed. The theatrical element is the rock ahead, and it has been wisely determined not to allow members of the club to invite "actresses" without the special permission of the committee. It would not do to turn the Lyric into a Lotus Club—the name given to a recent society of men and women of Bohemian proclivities, which came to grief, owing to the license in issuing invitations. One of the most stringent rules of the Lyric is that if any member introduces any one who is considered by the majority of the committee to be an objectionable character, the member then and there renders himself liable to expulsion without appeal. I never saw a more brilliant gathering of high society, in the winter-time, than at the soirée of the Lyric Club. All the "world and his wife" were there, and, if the place can be kept "exclusive," it will be a great success.

Some college girls have been indulging in "rushing." The rivalry between the two lower classes in Syracuse University culminated recently when the freshmen and sophomores appeared wearing their class colors. That was the signal for many a fierce struggle. Many of the girls took a hand in the fray, and the pink and bronze of the freshmen fluttered on many a sophomore shoe before the day was done. One freshman girl was attacked by six sophomores in the dressing-room. She fought like a young Amazon, and though her hair was torn down and she was thrown to the floor several times, she succeeded in holding possession of the colors of her class. A buxom freshman girl, right from the farm, successfully resisted three sophomores who attempted to "do her up." As the result of the onslaught seven scalps, in the shape of the pink and brown emblems, dangled from the belt of one sophomore girl.

The following expressions of opinion as to the artistic and sanitary qualities of the décolleté dress were collected by the New York *World:* "I certainly do consider the evening-dress which women now wear, as seen in the drawing-rooms of Paris, London, and New York, and other important social centres," the Russian artist, Verestchagin, declared, "to be beautiful from an artistic point of view. What appeals most strongly to an artist, and, indeed, to all lovers of the beautiful in nature, comes from the essentially fashionable cut of the bodice, which leaves the dazzlingly white breast exposed and the symmetrically rounded arms. To my mind there is no more beautiful sight in the world than a woman so costumed, if nature has been prodigal in the matter of physical charms. The impression of her form, which the design of this dress creates, is much more beautiful to my way of thinking than any view of the unclothed figure could possibly be. And then the long sweep of the skirt usually worn with a low-cut bodice is peculiarly graceful and lends dignity to the appearance of a woman who may be rather insignificant in stature. And when it is considered that the front of a dress is, in many cases, profusely covered with beautiful embroidery, it will be readily understood why the entire costume is eminently pleasing to the artistic eye." After a brief tirade against tight-lacing, Mr. Verestchagin went on to say: "I do not want to be understood as opposing the use of corsets altogether. Among married women, and women generally who have passed the time of youth, the wearing of corsets is necessary in order that the outlines of the figure may be preserved. But no necessity exists at all for carrying matters to the absurd extreme affected by the modern fashionable woman." "The décolleté dress," said Benjamin Constant, the famous French artist, "is the most artistically beautiful dress for women worn in modern times. I mean, of course, the décolleté dress which follows the general design for such costumes. A portrait of a woman in a décolleté dress, the lines thereof are simple and artistic, will be just as beautiful a century or more from now as it is to-day. The painters of past generations have appreciated that fact, and you will find that nearly all the beautiful women of modern history have been preserved for us on canvas by artists as they have appeared in evening toilet. The consequence is, that when we look at these portraits of women who have lived years and years ago, our attention is not distracted by any peculiar fashion of the costume, but is claimed exclusively by the beauty of the picture. And what the artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries did in this respect the artist of to-day does also. He invariably paints portraits of women in the décolleté dress. In a great many cases he selects the dress, and I have known artists to be so particular in this respect as to give minute directions touching the draping of the costume and the arrangement of colors to the dress-maker. There is no reason why the dress should not be modern and fashionable." "I do not remember ever having treated a case of pneumonia, or even of severe cold, resulting from the exposure incidental to the wearing of what ladies describe as evening-dress," asserted Dr. Loomis. "Women who wear these costumes usually have plenty of furs and wraps, and are thus able to avoid all exposure to the weather to which people of more moderate means are necessarily subject. As a general thing the ball-rooms are warm and carefully guarded from draughts, and there is, in consequence, very little danger of taking cold after the exertion of dancing. Before going home a proper time is usually taken to cool off and get the temperature of the body to a moderate point. Upon leaving an overheated ball-room or a theatre, the wraps are put on preliminary to any contact with the cold air, and it is only a matter of a few steps between the door of the house and the warm carriage. It can readily be apprehended what the difference is between an experience of this kind and the experience of less fortunate people, who are compelled by circumstances to use the cars or other public conveyances to reach their homes. They sit for half an hour, perhaps, in a stage or a car, with people continually going and coming, with the door opening at every exit and every entrance to admit draughts of cold air."

The dress-sack, or Cowes, or Tuxedo coat, or whatever it may be called, is intended to be worn (says the *Tailors' Art Journal*) only—and is only so worn by gentlemen of taste—when a display of shirt-sleeves might be open to objection, when a smoking-jacket would be too suggestive of luxurious dissipation, or when, though ladies in demi-dress are present, the regular dress-coat is not imperatively necessary. A few who respect the eternal fitness of things have raised the cry in really fashionable circles: "Down with the dress-sack," but they are unreasonable. The dress-sack is an elegant and useful garment when it is not offensively obtruded where it has no right to appear, and it fills a long-felt want. It is the connecting link between elegant négligé and elegant evening-dress, and should be much more extensively used than it is at present. But it can be worn for full-dress no more appropriately than boxing-gloves can be worn at a wedding.

On November 8th appeared an edict from the Empress of China announcing that Yeh-hoh-na-la, the daughter of the Manchu brigadier-general, Kwei-siang (younger brother of the empress), had been selected as the consort of the youthful Emperor of China, and that two girls named Ta-ta-la, daughters of Chang-shuh, a Manchu vice-president of a Peking board, aged fifteen and thirteen years respectively, had been chosen for the harem. The emperor's marriage will take place, according to present arrangements, on the twenty-third of next February, a time which the astronomical board has declared to be propitious. The process of selecting the emperor's consort is interesting. After two inspections at considerable intervals, the number of candidates was reduced to thirty-one, who are daughters of mandarins of above the fourth rank, and of course of Manchu extraction. These thirty-one young ladies were conveyed in carts to the palace on the night of the twenty-seventh of October, or rather in the early morning of the twenty-eighth, at two o'clock. They entered by the "Gate of the Southern Sea," which they crossed in six boats, and were conducted to the palace, which they reached at three o'clock A. M. A splendid banquet was then spread before them, after which they were ushered into the presence of her majesty the empress-dowager by groups of four and five. Her majesty wore on the occasion an apricot yellow-silk long dress, with a black-velvet jacket. Each girl carried a tablet bearing her name and age, also the name of her father, banner, etc., which was presented to the empress while the girl stood before her. After some interrogations, and in no few cases even monitory words for having continued to shave the forehead, her majesty formed her opinion of the candidate, which, when unfavorable, was signified by handing the girl's tablets to one of the eunuchs with the order to present the rejected aspirant with a roll of silk. The girl with her silk was then taken back to her cart, never more to participate in the imperial matrimonial competition. The selection of a new empress inflicts a serious burden on many poor men, whose daughters are eligible and must be presented, but who have little means to defray the expenses incidental to journeying to Peking and frequent visits to the palace. Most of them pray to be put out of their misery at the first inspection, and those who survive to the last, and are then rejected, are really to be pitied.

The London *World* says: The equipment of the equestrians in the Row is going from bad to worse. Many men dress as if they were going out pig-sticking, or as though they desired to be mistaken for horse-coupers and cattle-dealers. A really well-got-up man is now a *rara avis.* As for the *amazones*, it seems impossible to teach the fair sex that ribbons, laces, white veils, jewelry, and fal-lals of every kind are wholly unpardonable in riding costumes, which ought to be of the most strict and severe simplicity. The tall hat, the perfectly fitting dark habit, the plainest possible linen collar and cuffs, and tan gloves—these are all that a perfectly dressed woman should ever be seen in in Rotten Row. There is a conical—and comical—soft Tyrolese hat now worn, sometimes even decorated with ribbons and feathers, which is an utter abomination, as are the gray-tweed caps and other horrible head-gear imposed on unfortunate young ladies by their parents and guardians. The ugliness and the vulgarity of the costumes recently displayed by only too many habitués of the Row are really deplorable.

An article, which appears in Oscar Wilde's magazine, *Woman's World*, says: "In studying American girl-life as represented in American fiction, and by what we have seen ourselves, three marked points force themselves upon our observation. They are, first, an amazing frivolity; second, the want of anything like an ideal of home-life; and, third, the absence of due parental influence. The frivolity of American social life is not frivolity as we sober English folk understand the word. We certainly know—or we thought we knew until we became acquainted with the details of American life—what frivolity means, but it appears we have only a vague glimmering of the word's significance. Our London season and the career of the girl who goes through it, participating in all its gaieties and distractions, we have hitherto regarded as a tolerably complete ideal of frivolity. But this whirl of dissipation, as we consider it, is a mere mill-pond compared to the maelstrom of American fashionable society, and the London girl's existence is stagnation compared to the career of an American belle. The London season, as its name implies, is the matter of a season; when it is over, country life is resumed, and a period of, at any rate, comparative quiet ensues, which, with certain intervals for autumn or Christmas festivities, is continued over seven or eight months of the year. Her 'fun' over for the season, the English girl goes to her country-home, and there vegetates and takes a rest, generally contentedly enough. But the American girl's fun is never over. Every season is a season to her in the social sense. There is a town season, which is evidently a whirl of festivities by night and by day, a wild dream of balls, and dinner-parties, of supper-parties, and luncheon-parties, of theatre-going, and driving, of triumphs, and bouquets, and beaux. Then there is an exodus to some fashionable seaside or mountain resort, where the same round of gaieties—with a few variations to suit season and locality—is resumed at a rate faster and more furious than ever. 'Fun' is not the mere affair of a few weeks to the American girl, it is a matter of all the year round, and when she is not driving or picnicking with her numerous male admirers, she is skating, or sleighing, or yachting, or theatre-going in their company. She takes her gaieties as a matter of course; she has no scheme of life apart from them."

Mr. Goodman, in the sudden absence of his wife's maid, attempts to help her on with her new winter dress. *He*—"You see if I can't help you just as well as that blamed English maid. Confound it, after I've helped you once you'll be wanting me to all the time, see if you don't." *She*—"Well, put it on carefully now over my head. Look out for my hair; I don't see what possessed me to do it up before I put this thing on, though I couldn't have raised my arms, I suppose, afterward. Look out, there's a hook caught in my hair-pin. For heaven's sake, Charles, get it one way or the other, I'm stifling, and my hair will all be down. There, now, that top steel is too high and the cushion interferes with it. Suppose you could get the cushion out? Rip it, pull it, anything! Don't you see it's eight o'clock? Got it out? Can't you do it? Pull it, I tell you! All right. Now see if it looks too flat. Well, hook it, then. Yes, you can, too, it's only a patent hook. Snap it! There, now, hold it so I can get my arms into the sleeves—not way up there—do you take me for a contortionist? Oh, I never can get those sleeves on—grab hold of the arm-hole with both hands, Charles, and give it a good pull up on to my shoulder—tell me if it begins to burst—does it? The veins in my hands will burst, I believe—open that window, will you—there now—give me the ends of that belt, will you—don't tell me, Charles, that you've twisted the waist and I've got to take it off again! Why, how could you have been so stupid! Where were your eyes? No, you can't pull it off that way—pull it off just as you do a glove—there, now, do exert yourself to get it right this time. Open that window a little wider, will you? What is the matter; caught something? Well, never mind. Unhook your watch and let the chain hang on the dress—it won't be likely to fall off, and you mustn't tear that lace—well, I'll get you another one if you lose it—do get those sleeves on again—there, now, pass me the belt. Oh, that fool of a dress-maker, she's got this so tight, when I told her I wanted to be comfortable. Open that door, will you, so there will be a draught. Now see if you can hook this waist up. No; begin at the bottom. Why, don't you see, the hooks and eyes alternate on each side, so as to make it hold? Can't you get it together? Why, pull; I can stand it. Torn your finger-nail out? Well, for heaven's sake, Charley, don't notice it now. I've got something I'll put on it after we get home. Can you hook that last hook, up on my left shoulder; and then that one down on my right hip? Now, get a good firm hold of the bottom of my skirt and give it a pull down all round. Now do get out of the way and let me look in the mirror. Heavens! I look like a perfect dump. Tip the mirror up a little more, will you? No, not that way—the other way—and go get me your hand-glass, won't you? Turn the gas up a little higher, and do keep out of my way; I can't see a square inch of my dress. Well, it looks a little better than I thought it did at first. Just give that drapery behind a smooth, will you? and pull that ruching up in my neck. There, now, put both your hands around my waist, and give it a good, hard, smooth down. There, I guess that will do now. I look very well. But for goodness sake don't ever ask me to let you help me again."—*Boston Gazette.*

Queen Victoria has begun to show a most uncomfortable mode of displaying her affection for her favorites. Instead of presenting her friends with Indian shawls, she now gives them handsomely bound copies of her book of travels. The shawls were preferable to the beautiful volumes.

SIBYL SANDERSON.

Mrs. Atherton writes of the Career of a San Francisco Girl.

Since California has been sufficiently organized to have its distinct and sharply outlined coteries, Bohemia has monopolized pretty much all its professional talent—literary, lyric, artistic, and theatric. It must be confessed that San Francisco's proud and exclusive Four Hundred has contributed little to the world's distinguished numbers; in fact, those who have left the cool shadows of that aristocratic tree to court the sun of notoriety could be counted on the fingers of the right hand, and one or two fingers would be left over. As a reverse to the picture, Bohemia has a dozen or so of whom she may be justly proud, as I will set forth in a subsequent letter. But the Four Hundred will shortly arise, throw down the glove to Bohemia, and challenge it to deny that they have produced in quality what they may have failed to supply in quantity. Sibyl Sanderson makes her début at the Opéra Comique, in Paris, in the middle of January, and the great musical authorities of the day say that she will astonish the world.

It will take a long time for San Franciscans to digest the fact that the girl whom they remember only as flitting through six ball-rooms a week, followed by a train of shallow-pated youths, singing occasionally in a light, brilliant voice at musicales, or making the town ring with her eccentricities, is about to become one of the famous women of the world. But so it is. Under the frivolity and restless quest for social excitement was a devouring ambition, an iron determination, a never-wavering purpose, and an absolute confidence in her own powers. No one who knew Sibyl Sanderson well at that time could fail to be impressed by this confidence, which was as far removed from the conceit and egotism of the pigmy as genius is distant from cleverness. This peculiar quality of confidence is always present with great gifts, I think, but I have never known a merely conceited person, who, at one time or another, did not betray the fact that in the depths of his soul misgiving lurked and refused to be silenced. Confidence is a part of genius, just as ambition is a part of it, and determination and courage. As far as conceit goes, I never discovered that Sibyl Sanderson had a particle.

Miss Sanderson's musical history is an interesting one. It was long before her father would consent to her professional career, and, in fact, only did so a few weeks before he died. A year previously, however, he had yielded so far as to give her permission to study for the stage, reserving his ultimate decision until he should have more thoroughly thought the matter over. She went to Paris with her mother and sisters, and was admitted at once to the Conservatoire. She remained there about a year, working as if her bread depended upon it, ill much of the time, shutting herself away from all social enjoyment, but compensated by the encouragement and enthusiastic predictions of her instructors. At the end of that time she left the Conservatoire, as the tax on her health and voice was too great, and took private lessons of the best teachers to be had in Paris. It was then that Massenet heard her sing. Light as her voice still was, he saw its great possibilities at once, and was inspired by a confidence in her future, which has never wavered. He asked permission to become her sole instructor, and, from the moment she put her voice under his guidance, its carrying power and volume increased, until now she is capable of singing grand opera. He taught her his opera, "Manon," and was so delighted with her interpretation of it that he refused to allow any one else to sing it in Paris. Her dramatic powers developed with marked rapidity, and, in a shorter time than even Massenet had expected, she was as perfect in her part as an experienced professional. He determined to take her over to The Hague for a trial performance, thinking it best she should make her first appearance under an assumed name and in a place where she was utterly unknown. Before starting, she sang selections from the opera at a private concert, given to her by a friend of Massenet's. Two hundred people were present, among them most of the artistic, theatrical, and literary celebrities of Paris, and the young cantatrice sang with such dramatic power, passion, and pathos, that there was not a dry eye in the house.

At The Hague Miss Sanderson was billed as Ada Palmer, and that most difficile of the world's audiences flocked to see the girl whom Massenet had thought worth while to instruct. Nevertheless, they were prepared to be disappointed, for they had heard wildly heralded débutantes before, and had gone home vowing never to hear another. Massenet led the orchestra himself, and confessed to being very nervous. Great as was his belief in his pupil's genius, stage-fright was to be anticipated, and she had had but one rehearsal with orchestra. Hartman, of the Opéra Comique, was a member of the party, and was financially anxious, for he was on the lookout for a new star, and desirous of securing Miss Sanderson should it be worth while. Poor Mrs. Sanderson, behind the scenes, was the most to be pitied, and her only grain of comfort lay in her daughter's absolute coolness.

Everybody knows the rest of that night's history. The curtain went up, Miss Sanderson sang and acted as if she had been on the stage ten years, the audience jumped on their chairs, and shouted, and wept, and screamed her name until they were hoarse, and, after the third act, called her out ten times. Massenet was so excited that he could hardly conduct the orchestra, and Hartman made her sign a contract for the Opéra Comique before she left the theatre. As for Mrs. Sanderson, she stood behind the scenes and exclaimed to herself: "Is that my daughter? Is that Sibyl Sanderson?" I had a letter from the new prima donna, written the next morning, and I have never read anything calmer or more composed. She took her success as a matter of course, she had never intended anything else, and was neither surprised nor elated.

But this Holland tour (she sang three times), brilliant as it was, was not altogether unregrettable. Miss Sanderson, while at The Hague, crossed the path of a scarlet-fever germ, and for seven weeks after her return to Paris was confined to her bed with the worst form of the disease. In consequence, her début had to be postponed for another year; but her voice was unharmed. Nothing does hurt her voice, in fact. She has had ulcers burnt from her throat again and again; she has had colds that have menaced her lungs for weeks at a time; and she had a fall which threatened serious consequences; but through it all her vocal chords grew stronger and firmer, and refused to be conquered by anything short of death itself.

While the scarlet fever had her literally by the throat, Massenet conceived the idea of writing an opera especially suited to her powers, and which she should create in the exposition year. He took a beautiful and romantic theme, created a splendid and passionate heroine, and worked day and night until the opera was finished. It is very powerful, very dramatic, somewhat Wagnerian, and has been pronounced by the first authorities in Paris to be the finest thing he has ever done. He finished it shortly after Miss Sanderson's convalescence, and, apropos of its completion, I received the following graphic letter, which I have permission to quote:

"Last Friday morning I called at Mrs. Sanderson's and remained to lunch. When we were nearly through, there was a violent ringing at the door-bell, and a moment later M. Massenet walked into the room, after pounding so hard on the dining-room door that we jumped as if shot. He announced, on entering, that his reason for appearing with so much *éclat* was that he had something of very grave importance to announce.

"To begin with, he is the most perfect boy you ever saw, and can not hide his feelings in any way, so that, although he tried very hard to impress us with the idea that he had bad news to give, we knew him too well not to know that he was delighted with whatever secret he had to tell.

"He sat next to Miss Sanderson, with a portfolio in his hand, and said: 'Mademoiselle, when I first saw you and heard you sing, I offered to give you lessons, and have done so. Then you wished to make your début in "Manon," and I arranged it so that you had your wish. After that you wished for an engagement at the Opera Comique, and I said you should have it, and you are engaged; so I have kept my word in every case. To-day I come to show you that I have kept my latest promise to you—that I should write an opera especially for you. It is here in this portfolio, and I am here to sign the last page in this house and in the presence of your mother and her family. Here it is, and I think you will be satisfied.'

"Miss Sanderson or any one else would have been satisfied. The MS. is most beautifully written, not a blot or scratch, and most easily to be read. But above all it was a treat to see his face, so full of pleasure at the joy he was giving. As soon as we got up from the table, we went into the parlor and saw him sign it, and then he said: 'Now, I am going to have you hear what it is like.' He sat down at the piano, with Miss Sanderson to turn the leaves, while the rest of us sat about the room to listen. He first explained the plot of the fourth act—which he was to play and sing for us—and so clearly was it done that we could tell the meaning of every chord as we heard it played. Then he interpreted his music so beautifully that he made us imagine each part sung by the most divine voices. Yet he has no voice to speak of; but he sang the different parts of soprano, tenor, baritone, bass, and chorus, and the piano was made to sound as if the full orchestra of the grand opera was performing; we could distinguish every violin solo. I trembled so when he got through that I could not stand up (so did all the others), and for two days I have had a violent neuralgic headache. A queer way to express intense enjoyment, but I would go through two more days of pain to enjoy once more that wonderful music and performance. After listening to Massenet it is not difficult to understand how one human being can completely carry away another's mind, and it only depends on the genius whether the influence be for good or evil. Massenet is such a strong genius for the good, and has such a lovable, grand, sweet character, that one falls under the charm of his genius with a sense of repose that is doubly enchanting."

During the summer, Miss Sanderson went with her mother and M. Massenet to Vevay to study her new opera, and mastered its difficulties before her return to Paris. While in Switzerland Christine Nilsson heard her sing, and said publicly that Sibyl Sanderson was the coming musical wonder, and that were she, herself, a few years younger, she would be very jealous. She says that never in her experience has any singer taken the high note which Sibyl Sanderson not only takes with the greatest ease, but holds with equal lack of effort.

Immediately upon Miss Sanderson's return to Paris she began rehearsals, and for these rehearsals she is paid—a very rare experience with prima donnas; but her voice is looked upon very much in the light of crown jewels. It may be remarked here that her technique, always fine, has become perfected to that of a finished artist, until Massenet feels no apprehension of comparison with any living cantatrice. Her years of hard work have not affected her beauty of face or figure; from all accounts I should say she was handsomer than ever.

It has become common, both in San Francisco and Paris, to speak of "Sibyl Sanderson's luck." But I think that is the wrong word. It is true that she had beauty, charm of manner, wealth, and influence to begin with and to win her notice and friends, but those advantages are of very little account if genius is not behind. The elaborate assistance and advertising are of service for a little time, but if the ability the friends advertise is lacking, they can do no more than give the protégé unfortunate notoriety. On the other hand, when the genius is there, of course they are a very material help just at first; after the start they are unnecessary. Sibyl Sanderson's gifts were such that she would eventually have compelled attention had she possessed neither wealth nor influence. Fortunately she had both and was the sooner started on her career. Her meeting with Massenet was an accident, and he was impressed by her voice without having heard more of her than that she was an unusually promising pupil, or having had his interest invoked. That she has beauty and personal magnetism is of course immensely to her advantage, but these are gifts, not luck, and many fools are equally endowed. For the matter of that, most of the footlight celebrities of the world have had "luck" of the sort attributed to Sibyl Sanderson. They were equipped and marked out for a brilliant career, and nothing was spared to swing them into their orbits. Before such people obstacles fall, and if their strong wills are a factor in the conquest, it was for that the will was given them.

I should like to say in conclusion that the above is merely a statement of facts gathered at different times from the most reliable sources, and in no case exaggerated. I might, in fact, have said a great deal more, had I not wished to avoid all appearance of gush. I will say this on my own account, however, that California should be proud of having produced Sibyl Sanderson. For a civilization barely forty years old and standing almost on the edge of the world, and the new world at that, to send forth a girl, who, before her début, and in her early twenties, has compelled two continents to recognize her coming greatness, is an achievement unparalleled in the history of any country. GERTRUDE FRANKLIN ATHERTON.

NEW YORK, December 17, 1888.

INDIVIDUALITIES.

Speaking of Hadji Hassein Ghouli Khan, a Washington correspondent says: "The Persian Minister is in rather a disconsolate mood. He knows no language but his own, and there is but one person in Washington who can speak Persian. This gentleman has, in the goodness of his heart, called on the minister several times, and with this exception the minister has had no intercourse with any one but the staff he brought with him. He finds calling not very interesting, as he can say nothing to any one and no one can say anything to him. So far no calls have been made upon him."

The Czar delights to show his good-will toward France by delicate attentions to her distinguished citizens. By a recent decree he made MM. Camille Doucet and Emile Augier members of the Order of St. Stanislas, and awarded crosses of the First Class to MM. Victorien Sardou, Alexander Dumas, and Octave Feuillet; and of the Second Class to MM. Henri Meilhac, Emile Blauet and Salvayre. The critics, authors, newspaper-men, and musicians thus honored have become great favorites of the upper classes in Russia, who use the French language with as much facility as their own.

Fame is fleeting, and Chairman Quay is wise enough to realize this. He has received much flattery from his friends in Washington, but it has made no impression on him. Senator Chandler was praising him a few days ago. "Your fame will be more firmly established than ever, Quay," he said; "you will be remembered as——" "Stop!" exclaimed Quay; "can you tell me, Chandler, who was Chairman of the Republican National Committee eight years ago?" "Why, certainly. It was—let me see—oh! yes—well, I declare——" Quay smiled as he moved away. Chandler had forgotten Marshall Jewell.

General Boulanger is in the divorce court. He married young a woman whose mind has ever since been set on having a grievance. Her breeding is provincial and she is morbidly conscious of her plain manners. Mme. Boulanger charges him with having traveled last autumn through Europe with a party consisting of his second daughter, her betrothed lover, now her husband, and his own mistress. The "mistress" was simply the sister of the lover, and went with her brother and future sister-in-law as the matron of the latter. French manners would not admit of a young lady traveling about even with her own father and her future husband, unless there was a person of her own sex to watch over her!

A divorce case of more than usual interest is just now occupying the attention of the courts at Pesth and of the public throughout Austro-Hungary. Count Kinsky a son of the governor of Lower Austria, recently married a young lady supposed to be the daughter of a Hungarian landed proprietor. During the wedding-trip, however, the bridegroom accidentally discovered that his wife was not the daughter of the couple who passed as her parents, but was really the natural daughter of a Hungarian member of Parliament. Count Kinsky asks for a divorce on the strength of a decree of Joseph the Second, on the ground that he was deceived as to the relationship of the lady he married, and because his right of inheritance to his family estates would be forfeited through having wedded an illegitimate person.

Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria, who is married to the Infanta Paz, is a very clever surgeon, and, at one of the hospitals in Madrid, he recently operated on a woman who was suffering from cancer of the breast, with complete success. His relative, the Duke Charles Theodore, brother of the Empress of Austria, is both oculist and surgeon, and is very skillful; but his fondness for the knife is not appreciated at the Vienna and Munich hospitals, for, whenever he operates, all the regular arrangements are upset, the whole staff is required to be in attendance upon him; he must always be respectfully addressed as "Your Royal Highness," and strict etiquette is observed, all of which is decidedly a nuisance. When the duke is at Vienna, he often passes the whole day in the general hospital, and, if there are any arms or legs to be cut off, he hastens joyfully to the work. Duke Charles's zeal may possibly be moderated by his accession to the Bavarian estates of his father, Duke Max, who died the other day. He is married to a cousin of the King of Portugal.

A few days before the emperor made his recent visit to Bismarck, at Friedrichsruhe, the princess went to Hamburg, where she is accustomed to go shopping, to make some necessary purchases for the entertainment of her guest. Returning from her tour, she missed the train, and, having two hours to wait, decided to take a drive in the "free-harbor territory." Upon her way back to the station again, she was about to pass the boundary, when a green-coated customs-officer stopped the carriage, and, seeing parcels, demanded duty. The driver protested, and insisted that the things were bought in Hamburg and not in the Free Territory, and consequently were not subject to duty. The princess, after many attempts to convince the man of the truth of the driver's assertions, disclosed her identity as the wife of the chancellor, in the hope of putting an end to the trouble. In vain! The revelation had no effect upon the officer, who, with threats of confiscation, began to demand his pay. He conquered. The princess was obliged to give a large sum before receiving permission to start for Friedrichsruhe. The emperor laughed over the story at dinner, and warned the princess against the customs policy of her distinguished husband, whose work had caused all the trouble.

The oyster and chop-houses of a certain part of the metropolis (writes the New York correspondent of the Indianapolis *News*), afford sights of Bohemia from the middle of the forenoon to the middle of the afternoon, for during these hours many of the lodgers, in centrally situated apartments, go to these places for late breakfasts or luncheon. Out of one of these restaurants emerged two rather strangely coupled persons. They have mated together for a year or more, to the mild surprise of that world of theatricals and literature, which has taken the place of the Bohemia of earlier days. The man is a famously handsome fellow, of a delicate physical type, and with a face as pretty as a girl's. He does not look more than twenty, but may be four or five years older. He is a dandy in dress and an exquisite in manners. This is Edgar Heron-Allen, the hand reader. He came over from London with the fad of delineating characters by studying the lines of the palms. He struck into rich society with a twenty-five-dollar fee, and got it numerously for a little while. Gradually he lowered his charge to five dollars, and it was not long before he could not get any pay at all for his travesty of science, for those notions do not last long in this town. His companion is a remarkably stylish little woman, but a great deal older than he, and bearing the marks of an illness that she regards as necessarily fatal. That is Selina Dolaro, who once rolled in wealth and popularity as a London opera singer and theatrical manager. She had a wonderfully brilliant but ephemeral career there.

THE WORLD OF MODELS.

"Parisina" tells the Stories of Some Women who Pose for Artists.

Only a model!

This term is full of opprobrium. It is not merely the *bourgeois* who treats the model as a pariah; peasants consider it degrading in the extreme for one of themselves to sit to an artist, even though only as a peg to hang their national costume upon. And women who have lost every shred of innocence they ever possessed will hesitate before adopting a profession that the world censures and against which all the womanhood in them rebels. We certainly would not have it otherwise. There is something extremely repugnant to our feelings at the idea of any woman gaining her bread in such a fashion, and it seems a lazy trade for a man to adopt—though in reality it is less lazy than it appears—to remain almost motionless for hours often tries the strongest, and sets the toughest thews and sinews aching.

People are very much mistaken if they think women become models out of wantonness, that they are attracted to the studio from taste; it is necessity, more often than not, that lands them on the *table de pose*, and as for the artist—though many have been known even to marry their models—to the majority, the females who sit to them attract them no more than would a plaster cast of the Medici Venus. His interest is confined to her outward form, and habit renders him callous, as it does the physician or surgeon, to the attractions of the flesh.

Superficial observers class all models under one head, but there is a world of difference between the one who poses for the nude and her whom no blandishments can persuade to do so, and who will sit only for the face or hands or at most in a low bodice with short sleeves. Most of them begin with the laudable intention of never going further than this, and yet in the end consent more or less willingly. It was thus with Emma—a well-known model—they are mostly designated by their Christian names. She had eloped with some one—whom, it is quite immaterial—at seventeen. As a natural result of this imprudence she soon found herself thrown on her own resources, and, wandering about the town, penniless, came to a *brasserie* where she was in the habit of going with her lover; the proprietor recognized her and kindly promised to obtain employment for her. Next day he carried the girl off to Stevens. He engaged her, but no persuasion could make her consent to sit for anything more than the head and shoulders. Finally, having used his Latin to no advantage, as we say here, he took his too prudish model to see a fellow artist—Corinon—and the two together were more fortunate. "It were a sin to conceal such charms," said the enraptured author of the "Children of Cain," as the veils fell from this modern Phryne. In course of time Emma found her way to Gérôme's studio, and is now his favorite model. Artists will often secure the services of a model for an indefinite period, and if anything should happen to prevent their coming to the studio, it is a terrible business for them. Jules Lefebvre had been forced to set to one side several sketches of pictures commenced after his model, one Laure, committed suicide, and was only able to resume them months after, when he came across another model curiously like—in form if not in face.

Others more scrupulous than Emma never consent to sit for the *ensemble*, unless the artist happens to fall in love with them, when the lover will obtain the privilege denied to the artist. Until quite lately, Henner was in the habit of employing Alice, a lovely *brune*—the original of his Herodiade and Fabiola, and whom he also painted in his picture of "The Orphan"—with red-brown hair, borrowed from some one else. But a few months ago one of the principal exhibitors at the Water Color Exhibition promoted her from the ranks, and made her his mistress.

Frequently women adopt the profession because they have friends who follow it, and because they consider it less irksome than regularly organized work. Adeline was a dressmaker, but hated the work-room, and much preferred to run errands for a laundress in the company of a friend, who now and then went to sit for Baldini. One day he caught sight of Adeline, who has a wonderfully molded bust, and engaged her for a series of sittings. In the "world of models" she goes by the name of Mme. de la Tétonnière. Even Sarah Brown—or Sarah la Rousse, as she is more commonly called—who is certainly the most remarkable of the whole battalion of models, drifted accidentally into the profession. Brought up in the country, where she had learned to ride fearlessly, fairly educated, beautiful as an angel, wild as a demon, she began life as a circus-rider, but disregarding the court paid to her by the mashers and other tip-toppers of the *fauteuils des premières*, listened to the amorous pleadings of an assistant of some *marchande de nouveautés*, whose acquaintance she made in a tram-car, and afterward took his desertion so much to heart that she swallowed a dose of laudanum. Any one of the medical students, who frequent the Hospital of Terrors, would have readily accepted the task of consoling the fair one, had she been willing, but she was not, and went off home for a time, and then returned to Paris, and again tried to poison herself, and was again brought back to life by the care of the interne, who had his reward at last. For several months Sarah was happy enough, a foremost leader of the joyous band of *jeunesse* in the "Boul Mict"; she had even headed a wild Legitimist demonstration, and was editor of a short-lived paper, called *Sarah-Luxembourg*. One day her lover informed her he was going to be married, and went off to accomplish the *bourgeois* destiny his friends had mapped out for him. The girl was once more alone, and despair once again claimed her for his own. This time she stabbed herself and was ill some time, though I need not say she did not die. On leaving the hospital, Sarah swore to have nothing more to do with medical students, went to live at Montmartre, and became a model at the suggestion of her friend Conjetta. Her début was rather amusing. Though you would not, perhaps, think it, she had her share of modesty in spite of her wild Bohemian life, and it was with infinite difficulty that she was at last persuaded to divest herself of one garment after another; but when it came to her stockings, she absolutely refused to take them off, and it was some weeks before she could be persuaded to do so—they seemed the last link between her and respectability.

This happened in one of Julian's studios—not the one devoted to female pupils, about which I wrote to you some time since, but the men's studio—and there was a flare-up between the model and one of the young fellows on the very first morning. He attempted to kiss her, which she resented by hurling a box of colors at his head. Peace was afterward restored, and Sarah became very friendly with the students—more so than is usual at these private studios, where the line of demarcation between models and artists is more strict than at the Beaux Arts. When Jules Lefebvre made his weekly rounds, he was much struck with the exquisite purity of line in Sarah's face, and was not slow in entering into an arrangement with her for sittings. He foresaw all that could be got out of such a face. His Clemence Isaure is the exact portrait of Sarah Brown, who is represented with her red, gold hair hanging in a heavy mass and crowned with bay-leaves; the lips are sensuous but expressive, the eyes full of pensive light, the hands pressed against the bosom. She is enabled to throw a virginal purity into her features at will, and the artist hardly needed to idealize his model to make her look like the breathing picture of the mediæval poetess.

The only English thing about Sarah is her name. She was born of Jewish and gypsy parents. Her mother died while she was an infant and her father when she was four years old, after which she was taken and cared for by some benevolent peasant-folks. But Grace Spencer, who is celebrated for the extraordinary immobility of her pose and her exquisitely molded limbs (sculptors particularly affect this model), is an Englishwoman, brought over from London by an Italian who belonged to the profession. The beautiful mistress of the swarthy fellow, whose herculean frame figures in many an historical painting, was often invited to sit, but she refused to do so, until she and her lover fell out and parted; after which she took very kindly to the trade. There is a Wallachian Heldah, well-known in Paris studios—she has sat for Mlle. Abbema before now—whose story is a curious one. She was once the betrothed, almost the bride, of a prince, heir presumptive to one of the smaller European states, but the course of true love did not run quite smooth; the happy couple had to fly from the paternal territory, and, after some hardships—Herr Papa failing to send the disobedient one funds—the prince went home and had the fatted calf killed in his honor, leaving Heldah to shift as she could in Paris. Falling in with an artist in the course of a solitary ramble in the woods of Meudon, they got into conversation, and she finally consented to give him some sittings. She does not pose for the nude, but, having been accustomed to better things, knows how to dress, and this is a very important point with such artists as Béraud, Stevens, Delord, Abbema, and many others, who provide us with those charming *tableaux de genre* for which the French school is so famous.

Models who take up this branch of the profession will sometimes have a wardrobe of pretty costumes of their own, in which they will sit to artists. Last summer, just before the general exodus, I was dining in company with an American artist and his wife, who informed us that he had that morning been visited by a model who had proposed to accompany the family to the sea-side with a trunk full of costumes, and offered to make herself generally useful, and would take care of the children if need be. Mrs. W——'s horror and dismay at the thought of such an inmate may be better imagined than described.

In a general way, however, it is the artist's part to provide the dresses for his model. Van Beers always employs Worth to make the necessary gowns, and they are generally made to fit a tall, handsome, young woman, whom the artist's intimates call Mme. Van Beers. Her face and figure reappear in a hundred different pictures, and she will drive to Longchamps in one of the great couturier's costumes when it has done duty in the studio. Now and again, by way of variety, the artist engages a regular model for the face, but the slight, lithe figure seldom varies. When a man attaches a wonan to him in this way, he is only too likely to fall into the error of sameness. Weldon Hawkins painted innumerable female figures from a young Italian model whom he obtained from her parents at so much a year, but ended by passing her over to a comrade.

This Raphaëla is the regular type of Italian model. None others pose so steadily. Formerly the ranks were recruited solely from among them; but of late the realistic propensities of the French school have led artists to search for models with more variety in them. Most Italians are cast in one mold, and they seldom understand how to dress, or even how to drape themselves; and though, once the *pose* has been decided upon, they keep to it with praiseworthy fidelity, they are slow of comprehension; whereas a Frenchwoman seems to understand immediately what is required of her. Many of the most valued of the male models, however, are Italians. Fortunato Corti is a favorite with Gérôme and Dubuffe, and the head of the young man in Saint Marceaux's group—"Le Baiser"—was modeled from his; while the same artist employed Tobia, another Italian, to stand for the well-known statue of Harlequin.

Marthe, a superb negress, often poses for the nude in young ladies' studios, and has been frequently employed by Benjamin Constant and other Orientalists. And no less a one than Salem, Prince of Timbuctoo, who wears the Legion of Honor, is portrayed in several of poor Boulanger's pictures. An African grandee does not find it easy to make a livelihood in Paris, so Salem divests himself of his coat, with the bit of red ribbon in it, and stoops to be a model at five francs a sitting.

Other courtisans beside Laura de Dianti—who posed for Titian, and Diane de Poictiers, whom Primatice painted so often—have allowed their charms to be reproduced on canvas or in marble. And every now and then it is whispered that so-and-so has executed a portrait, more or less décolleté, of some fashionable beauty in society. It is well known that the Princess de S——s was portrayed in the lighest and most gossamer raiment. Sargent painted Mme. G—— in a bodice that left little to be divined, and Béraud has a portrait of an American lady, hanging behind a curtain in his studio, which the jury of the Salon would never have admitted into the galleries of the Palais des Champs-Elysées. But the number of fine ladies who have served as models for artists is restricted, I am happy to say, far more so than scandal-mongers would sometimes make us believe. It was currently reported that a *dame du monde* had posed for Gervex's "Masked Lady"—you remember the picture—and several names were given out which added much to the success of the work in a certain set. The fact was, however, that the exquisitely molded limbs were those of a model whom Gervex employs from time to time, and there was really no mystery about the matter at all, save the black-velvet *loup* that concealed the upper part of the woman's features.

PARIS, December 5, 1888. PARISINA.

THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

All things come around to him who waits, including a bald head, false teeth, and ear-trumpets, and heaps of miscellaneous troubles.—*Somerville Journal.*

Bob Taylor—"Gray, lend me something for the offertory, will you?" *Gray Tedder*—"I have only got a quarter, old man; but I'll chuck it up to see who puts it in the plate!"—*Puck.*

Weller—"I suppose, Nigsby, if you were worth a million dollars you would absolutely do nothing." *Nigsby* (yawning)—"Yes, by thunder; and I'd even hire a man to do that for me."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Tommy—"I wouldn't want to be the preacher's little boy." *Aunt*—"Why?" *Tommy*—"Oh, he's got hundreds and hundreds of slippers. They are scattered all over the house."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Miss Kate—"Sophie is, as you say, a very attractive girl; but don't you think there is something masculine about her?" *Harry* (looking attentively)—"Well, nothing, except Mr. Spinner's arm."—*Life.*

Smith—"You say the speculation has proved a failure?" *Jones*—"A total failure." *Smith*—"I thought you said there was a fortune in it." *Jones* (with a groan)—"So there is. Mine is in it."—*Boston Courier.*

Wife (at hotel)—"What have you been doing in that room, John?" *Husband* (confusedly)—"Oh—er—two or three gentlemen called to see me on business, and they were shown in there. That's the ante-room, my dear."—*New York Sun.*

"Keep your seats, please, ladies and gentlemen," said a theatrical manager, "there is no trouble whatever, but for some inexplicable reason the gas went out." Then a boy shouted from the gallery: "Perhaps it didn't like the play!"—*New York Sun.*

First Kentuckian—"Say, colonel, there's a Mormon elder down the road preachin' to a crowd o' young women an' singin' 'Would I were a Bird!'" *Second Kentuckian*—"Well, I kin furnish the feathers. You git some tar to stick 'em on."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Here is a contributor who has slightly gummed the sheets of his article to see if we really read it," said the reader. "Well, just put enough gum so he can never see the sheets again," returned the editor, "and send it back respectfully declined."—*New York Sun.*

Lady of the house—"Now you can go along! I have nothing to give you." *Tramp*—"Don't get excited, miss. I was presented with a turkey at the last house, and, having found the wish-bone, I have called, thinking you might like to break it with me."—*Lowell Citizen.*

"Is Miss Macer a good poker-player?" inquired Parkhurst. "Yes," replied Giles; "but I don't like to play with her." "How's that?" "Well, she always plays for fun until she draws three of a kind or better, and then she wants to play to see who will pay for the matinée tickets.'—*New York Sun.*

A Bermuda Startler: *Miss Gusher* (to captured parrot)—"He must have escaped from that West India coaster that touched this morning. Pretty Polly; do you talk?" *The unregenerate bird*—"You kin bet yer —¶—|— ☛—blinkety blunk bloomin' top-lights I do! Blow away on th' — —, Converse!"—*Time.*

"Then you think you really appreciate orchestral music, Mr. Fitzroy?" she said, in a quizzical sort of way. "Well—er—yes. That is, I think I do. Once in a while, you know, the instruments seem to be all out of tune, and wander a little, but when the man hits the bass-drum solid all is clear to me."—*Hartfort Post.*

Ethel—"I really think you ought to buy me that sealskin, Henry; you certainly are well able to afford it." *Henry* (solemnly)—"I am, Ethel, I am. It's not the sealskin I care about; that's a mere trifle. It's the enormous expense of camphor to pack it away in that scares me, and camphor is rising, too."—*Lowell Citizen.*

Two ladies shopping. "What shall we buy George for Christmas?" "I don't know; something useful, however." "That's just what I think." And then, after three or four hours' hard work (for the salesman), they purchased a pen-wiper done in moiré antique, with lace trimmings, and a mother-of-pearl boot-jack.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Mr. Rush," said Miss Chatty Lafitte, thoughtfully, "I am honored by your proposition, and yet I can hardly say yes. I do not feel that I know you well enough to know my own heart, and I must hesitate before I give you my hand. But if it is any object to you, I can let you have an option till March—not transferable, of course."—*Puck.*

Little daughter—"Mamma, may I play with that little girl next door?" *Mrs. Tiptop* (severely)—"Certainly not. Her papa goes to his business in a street-car. He hasn't a carriage to his name." "Well, can I play with Sallie Liveryman, around the corner? Her papa has twenty-five carriages." "No; he has too many."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Preacher—"Attendance falling off somewhat, isn't it, sexton?" *Sexton*—"Yes, sir; they are all going over to Pastor Down's church." *Preacher*—"There's evidently got to be something done." *Sexton*—"Suppose I spread a report about your having kissed a leading member of the flock." *Preacher*—"Er—some purely fictitious story would—er—do just as well, I think."—*Judge.*

Mr. S.—"Toddler is a mighty mean man, that's what Toddler is!" *Mrs. S.*—"Why, what has he ever done to you?" *Mr. S.*—"Bet me fifty dollars this afternoon that I couldn't hit a barn-door with a revolver at five paces. Taunted me into betting him, got me to put up the money, measured off the five paces in the presence of a lot of witnesses, gave me a revolver loaded, and then set the door up edgewise!"—*Life.*

"Adolphus, d'ye know that I am a little vexed at Miss Simmons?" "What happened, Arthur, old boy?" "Well, you know I pride myself on my singing. We were at the piano. 'I'll sing one more song and then go home,' I said." "Was it late?" "About midnight." "And what did she say?" "She said: 'Can't you go home first?' "And did you?" "Yes, Adolphus. I tell you I'm a little vexed about it."—*Saturday Gazette.*

The new governess (through her pretty nose)—"Waal!—I come right slick away from Ne' York city, an' I ain't had much time for foolin' around in Europe—you bet! So I can't fix up your gals in the European languages, no-how!" *Belgravian mamma* (who knows there's a duke or two still left in the matrimonial market)—"Oh, that's of no consequence. I want my daughters to acquire the American accent in all its purity—and the idioms, and all that. Now I'm sure *you* will do *admirably!*"—*Punch.*

LITERARY NOTES.

An English judge has recently decided that "there is no duty cast upon the recipient with regard to goods sent to him voluntarily by any one and unsolicited by the recipient." Theatrical managers who have plays sent to them for consideration, and publishers to whom authors are constantly submitting manuscripts, are particularly interested in this decision. The law, as laid down by this English judge, relieves both of the necessity of devoting any attention to plays or manuscripts forwarded to them without solicitation. The "Argonaut" will return all unavailable MSS. when the address is specified and stamps are enclosed. But we desire those sending MSS. to understand distinctly that we are not responsible for the preservation or transmission of such MSS.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

John Ashton has ready for publication this season a volume entitled "Men, Maidens, and Manners a Hundred Years Ago."

Mr. Gladstone and Lord Randolph Churchill have purchased over fifty copies of Mrs. Burnett's story, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," for distribution among their young friends.

"The Bell of St. Paul's," Walter Besant's new story, will begin in the January number of *Longmans's Magazine*. The scene of the tale is laid in London, as the title implies.

Dr. B. W. Richardson's novel, "The Son of a Star," is a story of Great Britain and India in the days of Hadrian, and, while founded on careful historical research, it is "enlivened with much scientific fantasy."

Mr. Maurice Thompson says that there is no more significant fact in American life than the sturdy firmness of fibre in the public judgment which has refused to accept Mr. James as a representative American novelist despite the persistent efforts of the editors.

A newsdealer at one of the North River ferries recently informed a writer for the *Critic* that he had sold three thousand copies of "Robert Elsmere" and had ordered one thousand copies more. On this side the water it is said that one hundred and fifty thousand copies of the book have been sold.

The new volume of *Littell's Living Age*, which will begin with the new year, is the one hundred and eightieth. As four volumes are published each year, this means that the work has had an existence of forty-five years. Five years more will complete its half century, and make the number of volumes an even two hundred.

A queer statement comes from Berlin that the statistics of the free libraries show that foreign literature is more popular there than the German national literature. Each volume of foreign literature was lent out last year at the rate of five and three-tenths in the year, and each volume of the national literature at the rate of five and one-tenth times.

Scribner & Welford announce "The Reminiscences and Recollections of Captain Gronow; being Anecdotes of the Camp, Court, Club, and Society, 1810–60." The work is in two large volumes, and has twenty etched and aquatint illustrations from contemporary sources, by Joseph Grego. Only eight hundred and seventy copies of the work are printed for England and this country.

Literature, John B. Alden's publication, has an article on "Ouida" by E. L. Didier, in which occurs an interesting anedote. Her American publisher, the late J. B. Lippincott, once asked her how she came to know so much about clubs, camp-life, and gambling-houses, at which she "leaned her hand upon her knees, and, looking straight at her questioner, saucily said: 'It is none of your business.'"

At the dinner given recently in London to the contributors to the Encyclopædia Britannica, it was stated that of the fifty thousand copies already sold of this work forty thousand had gone to the United States alone. These figures mean that a million quarto volumes have been disposed of in this country. Of course the figures do not include the American reprints. Charles Scribner's Sons are the authorized American publishers.

A quintette of writers, composed of Dr. E. E. Hale, Maurice Thompson, Joaquin Miller, Franklin File, and either General Wallace or Will Carleton, are to write a series of short stories on American themes, which, beginning with the new year, will appear in the St. Paul *Pioneer Press*, Chicago *Herald*, Philadelphia *Times*, Pittsburgh *Dispatch*, and Boston *Herald*. The proceeds of this coöperative scheme are to be shared equally by the five writers, who count upon bringing to pass "a revival of virile, engrossing, and beneficial American story-telling."

Mr. O. B. Bunce, in an article in the *Critic*, reports the senior partner of one of our well-known publishing houses as saying recently to his younger partners and head assistants: "I hope I shall never see another Christmas book published by us. After I am dead do as you please, but while I live please make no more books for the holidays." Mr. Bunce says it is generally true that the making of Christmas books "is not the brilliant thing financially that it seems to be." He accounts for the continued prosecution of these enterprises on the ground that they afford "a fascinating pursuit" and that their victims "are always allured by the hope of brilliant success next time."

"Victorien Sardou is very angry with Miss Blanche Roosevelt, and he wants everybody to know it," says the *Herald*. He could take no better way of making the fact known than by publishing it in that widely circulated journal. The cause of his anger is the story that has gone the rounds of the press, setting forth that Miss Roosevelt has collaborated with him in writing "The Copper Queen." That M. Sardou should collaborate with Miss Roosevelt or any other person seemed strange on the face of it. The only reason for the combination was a possible desire to secure an American copyright, but it seems after all that there was no truth in the story.

David Swing has been writing about Browning in a way to rouse madness in the bosom of every Browning club in the country. "Robert Browning," he says, "has great poetic powers and stores in his soul, but he can not make a poem except by an occasional accident. He has poetic sentiment enough for the endowment of a generation, but he can not express himself; having no clear conception of rhyme and rhythm; having no great sensibility as to language, and having none of that mental syntax which makes a sentence of thought stand out like a marble statue. His beauties are often gorgeous, but they are mixed in with the grotesque; his mind is lofty, but its conceptions are vague; his whole intellectual cosmos is great and beautiful in part, but in part it is still in possession of chaos. The power to evoke order out of confusion is absent."

Mr. W. E. Norris, the English author of "Matrimony," is supposed to have what may be called a good working knowledge of English society. Very well, his description in his new novel, "Miss Shafto," of the behavoir of one of his characters at a dinner-party, is quite as severe as anything in "Aristocracy." "Sir Christopher," he says, "was both sulky and rude. He said some fellows had asked him to stay the night at Ascot, and he wished to goodness he had done so, instead of hurrying back to London. Also, he made a very ugly face at the first entrée, and dropped his fork ostentatiously after swallowing a mouthful of it. By the time that he had twice yawned in an undisguised and offensive manner, and had declared his intention of getting to bed early for once, Lord Walter, though not of a choleric temperament, was ready to kick him out into the street."

A paragraph recently printed in the *Literary World* is almost certain to put the young author who reads it in the way of meeting with disappointment. The writer goes on to say that the price of literary wares has gone up on all sides, and that even the unknown contributor receives from $15 to $20 per thousand words from the magazines. Let us quote some of these figures: "Some of the best short stories ever printed were bought for $80, less than ten years back; now it is safe to say $200 is the average among those whose names are known to magazine readers, while $150 is a low estimate for the average story of even an unknown author, and still the supply is scant. Of course, for tales by famous writers, whose names "help sell," $500 is not too small a sum. Short poems, not many years ago, were paid for by $5 and $10 checks, where now the writers expect $30 and $50, and get them, too." Now this is calculated to raise the hopes of the obscure young author to such a height that the fall will be a terrible one when he comes to put these statements to the test. Prices for the "unknown" are still what they were ten years ago, but "the famous writers whose names 'help sell,'" do get very handsome pay. Mr. James, Mr. Howells, and Mr. Stockton, who are probably the best-paid American fiction writers, get about $5,000 as an average, for the serial right to their novels. The writing of books seems to be regarded nowadays as one of the easiest, as well as one of the surest ways of making money. Every one who can hold a pen has aspirations that way. Moreover, a class of publishers has sprung up of late that sees a book in directions where the older houses would never think of looking. For instance, Mrs. Langtry has had an offer of $10,000 to write her memoirs.—*Critic.*

New Publications.

"John Winter," by Edward Garrett, a story of Scottish life, has been published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

John Dryden's "Discourses on Satire and on Epic Poetry" form the latest issue of the National Library published by Cassell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, 10 cents.

Rider Haggard's story "Colonel Quaritch, V. C.," which has been appearing serially in one of the Harper's periodicals, has been published in book-form, by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company; price: half-cloth, 75 cents; paper, 25 cents.

"A History of Ohio in Words of One Syllable," by Annie Cole Cady, is a book printed in large type, the words of more than one syllable being divided by hyphens, and provided with a number of mediocre woodcuts. Published by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York, Chicago, and San Francisco.

"The Court of Charles IV.," by B. Perez Galdós, has been translated from the Spanish by Clara Bell. The narrator is the little maid of a favorite actress in Madrid, in 1806, and the story is naturally not slow. Published by William S. Gottsberger, New York; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, 50 cents.

"Her Only Brother" has been translated from the German of W. Heimburg by Jean W. Wylie. The story is a popular one in Germany, and its simple and pretty pictures of home-life in the Fatherland should make it welcome to many American readers. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; for sale by the booksellers; price, $1.25.

"Biding his Time; or, Andrew Hapnell's Fortune," by J. T. Trowbridge, is another of that prolific writer's tales about young men who live common, every-day lives, and yet manage to do much that is good and noble-hearted before they attain the affluence that invariably awaits them. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.00.

"The Peckster Professorship: An Episode in the History of Psychical Research," by J. P. Quincy, tells the story of a professor in a great New England college, whose papers on scientific subjects had carried his name throughout the world and reflected much honor on the institution, but who abandons his high station among the masters of exact science to make inquiry by similar scientific methods in the question of the existence and character of the soul apart from the body. He does not prove his theories in the story, but the author ships him off to a psychological colony in Brazil, where, it is to be inferred, he will perform wonders. There is a great deal of metaphysical discussion and very little incident in the book; it is all pleasantly written, however, with occasional brilliant passages. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.25.

"Around the Golden Deep," by A. P. Reeder, is a story of life in the mining country of the Sierras. The chief personages are a young mill superintendent, with whom a pretty and wealthy girl from "the city" falls in love; a designing young woman who has sized up the superintendent as the most promising young man in the district and has accordingly marked him for her own; a handsome but weak and vain young man who has an affair with a pretty half-Spanish maiden, but wants to marry the city heiress; a half-crazed lawyer who also determines to win the heiress, and to that end joins forces with his less successful rival to disgrace the superintendent by fair means or foul. There are almost a score more of personages who play minor parts, notably the pretty school-ma'am and the genial doctor, who secure proofs of the superintendent's innocence of the crime of which the lawyer and his ally accuse him. The characters are fairly well drawn, but the author is continually explaining the emotions of his people, a process as pleasant as that of the idiot who enters into an exhaustive dissection of a joke. Published by Samuel Carson & Co., San Francisco, and Cupples & Hurd, Boston; for sale by Samuel Carson & Co.; price, $1.50.

"The Confessions of a Young Man," by George Moore, is not, as one might expect from his "Mummer's Wife," a chronicle of scandalous adventures; it is a semi-autobiographical record of a young man's mental life, from the time he was left, a lad of eighteen with an abundant income, to amuse himself as he saw fit in the Bohemian world of London, until he returned thither, after several years in Paris, penniless, demoralized by the absorption of all the latest Parisian fads, and fit for nothing but literary hack-work. His judgments on the leaders of literary art in France and in England are cleverly expressed and form one of the most interesting parts of the book; another interesting section is that devoted to the elucidation of the very vague and involved ideas of poetry held by the "symbolist" school. Other notable chapters are a supplement to Balzac's famous one on the woman of thirty, a tirade against the villa as the embodiment of modern respectable Philistinism, a wail over the death-stab given to imagination by theatrical realism, and the final chapter in which he takes the dear reader by the arm and praises him for all manner of cynicism and hypocrisies—some of which the reader acknowledges, but most of which are false and positively nauseating. It is a queer book, and one that few people will care to read. An *eau-forte* portrait of the author serves as a frontispiece. Published by Brentano, New York; for sale by the booksellers.

Some Magazines.

The contents of the January *Overland* are: "Hydraulic Mining Illustrated—II.," by Irving M. Scott; "The California Palestine," by Charles H. Shinn; "Surrender," by M. C. Gillington; "A Christmas on the Arkansaw," by Marshall Graham; "On a Jury in Washington Territory," by M. R.; "Ave Sanctissima," by Melville Upton; "Ballad of the Death-Stone," by Flora B. Harris; the concluding chapters of Leonard Kip's story, "Three Pines"; "Me an' Babby," by Ninetta Eames; "Midwinter, East and West," by Virna Woods; "Confederate Make-Shifts," by Neal Wilson; the four opening chapters of a new serial, "Belleboo"; and the usual departments and careful book-reviews.

The January *Scribner's* opens with an illustrated article on "Castle Life in the Middle Ages," by E. H. Blashfield and E. W. Blashfield. "Railway Management" is discussed by General E. P. Alexander. "The Invalid's World—The Doctor, The Nurse, The Visitor," is another of A. B. Ward's excellent papers. In his chapters on French Traits, W. C. Brownell discusses French women. Japanese Art Symbols are explained by William Elliot Griffis. "The Ethics of Controversy" is the title of a paper, by George P. Fisher, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich writes of "Odd Sticks, and Certain Reflections Concerning Them." In fiction there are the third installment of Stevenson's "Master of Ballantrae" and "The Luck of the Bogans," by Sarah Orne Jewett; and the verse is contributed by Edith M. Thomas, Henry Shelton Sanford, Jr., Richard Hovey, and Louise Chandler Moulton.

Henry James opens the January *Atlantic* with a new novelette, "The Tragic Muse." John Fiske writes of "Washington's Great Campaign of 1776"; Frank Gaylord Cook of "A Difficult Problem in Politics"; F. Hopkinson Smith of "Psalm Sunday in Puebla de los Angeles"; N. S. Shaler of "The Athletic Problem in Education"; Philip Dymond of "Some Characteristics of Von Moltke"; and two, modestly nameless, of "The Depths of the Ocean" and "Matthew Fontaine Maury." Lillie B. Chace Wyman discusses "The American and the Mill" in her studies of factory life. Arthur Sherburne Hardy's "Passe Rose" reaches its sixteenth chapter; Margaret Deland has a short story, entitled "Mr. Tommy Dove"; Olive Thorne Miller describes the bird known as "the solitaire"; and, beside the departments and a review of various recent books of American history, there are verses by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, James B. Kenyon, and Louise Chandler Moulton.

STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Lady Aldborough went to court at the Tuileries soon after the last attempt to shoot Louis Philippe, and when there was also a rumor of his dropsy, which had just been contradicted "on authority." She thus addressed him: "Sire, je vous félicite; je vois que vous avez été à l'épreuve du feu—et de l'eau!"—giving him, with these words, a vigorous punch in the stomach, to indicate where the peril of water had been feared!

Heavy dining and deep drinking are no longer as fashionable in England as they used to be. But the Scotch have not improved in this respect as fast as their neighbors. Lord John Lawrence used to tell the story of a friend of his who, when in Scotland, called upon an acquaintance between eleven and twelve o'clock in the morning. "He is at dinner, sir," announced the servant who met him at the door. "At dinner! You don't mean that he is dining at this hour in the day?" "Yes, he is, sir; but it's his yesterday's dinner!"

Lord Magheramorne was much better known as Sir James McGarel Hogg. Shortly after his creation as a peer, he went to dine at the house of an old friend, where he was very well known under his old name, but he announced himself to Jeames as "Lord Magheramorne." "Lord—what?" said the startled domestic. "Lord Magheramorne," said he, with emphasis. Jeames shook his head. He did not venture to make a second inquiry, but despaired of attempting to render the uncouth collection of gutturals. What was he to do? The visitor was advancing to the drawing-room. Jeames hesitated a moment, then boldly flung open the door and proclaimed, to the consternation of every one, "The late Sir James Hogg!"

An enthusiastic French sportsman went to a breakfast given at the commencement of the shooting season. The conversation naturally was of game, when suddenly in rushed a servant, exclaiming to the host that a hare had been seen moving about the lawn. Out ran the enthusiastic sportsman, gun in hand, fired at the hare, and missed it. The hare scratched its nose, then stood on its hind-legs, presented a horse-pistol, and fired at the sportsman, who incontinently fled. No one was hurt, but the sportsman was naturally astounded to have the tables turned in this unexpected and surprising manner. The hare was a performing animal, hired from a neighboring show. The sportsman's charge had, of course, been tampered with.

Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, after his active pastorate had ceased, was accustomed to sit in the pulpit, and, if a stranger preached, to introduce him to the congregation. One Sunday he said: "The first pastor of this church was the Reverend John Davenport," and he proceeded to pronounce a brief eulogy upon him. "The grandson of that pastor was the Reverend John Davenport, of Stamford. The son of that pastor was the Reverend James Davenport, of Southold, L. I. We are to-day to be addressed by a lineal descendant of John Davenport, our first pastor." The minister thus introduced was observed to be blushing violently, and the occasion of his embarrassment became evident when he announced his text: "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation."

A Scotch lad had his leg injured at a factory, and was treated for some time by the doctor without much favorable result. His mother had great faith in a local bone-setter, and wanted her son to go to him; but the boy objected, preferring, as he said, the "reg'lar faculty." Finally, however, he yielded to his mother's persuasions and was taken to the town where the famous bone-setter resided. The leg was duly examined, and it was found necessary to pull it very severely, in order "to get the bone in," as the quack expressed it. The patient howled in agony, but at last the bone was "got in," and he was bidden to go home. In a few days he would be all right, and could resume work. "Didn't he do it well?" said the joyous old lady, as they started homeward. "Yes, he did, mother," said the lad; "he pulled it well; but I was na sic a fool as to gie him the sair leg!"

It was of Dr. Whewell, the famous master of Trinity, that Sydney Smith said: "If science was his forte, omniscience was his foible." Concerning this foible, an amusing story is told. A rival talker resolved for once to get the better of Whewell and crammed the subject of Chinese metaphysics. He lost no time in dexterously leading the conversation toward the topic, and at once fluently and confidently expressed his opinions, when, to his astonishment, Whewell rushed into the subject quite at home and in direct contradiction to his views. "Sir," said the master, "will you have the goodness to give me the authority upon which the opinions you have expressed are based?" "Certainly," said his opponent; "an article in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'" "Oh!" said Whewell, "I wrote the article myself ten years ago, and have since seen good reason to change my views!"

Robert Morris, the colored lawyer of the Boston bar, while defending a colored dress-maker, charged with stealing silk from her customers and substituting for it a poorer material, cross-examined the principal witness, a lady, who declared emphatically that she could tell the value of silk within twenty-five cents a yard. Knowing that it is difficult for white people to distinguish one colored person from another, Mr. Morris asked the lady if she could recognize the colored man who had brought a bundle to her. "No," she answered; "I think that all colored persons look alike to me." "Oh, they do, do they?" rejoined Morris; "we'll see," and he asked several colored men to rise. "Now, madam," he continued, "look at me and then at these gentlemen, and tell the court whether you can tell us apart." "I don't see much difference," replied the lady; "perhaps by studying you all I might; but your heads are all shaped alike, and, except that some are darker than others, I find it hard to distinguish one from another." "Now, madam," said Morris, with a triumphant air, "do you mean to swear, after telling the jury that you can judge of the value of silk within twenty-five cents a yard, that you can't tell the difference between Mr. Johnson here and me?" "She regards herself as a judge of silk, not a judge of wool," interrupted the prosecuting attorney. The court laughed, as did the spectators.

The story of Perry Scott's turkey has come down from revolutionary days in Carolina. Colonel Gordon was accustomed to tell of the hasty march which he made before Rudolph's legion. He was just sitting down to dinner, when orders were given to cross the Ashley River. It was nearly night-fall when he bivouacked in a valley in which the cavalry under Wayne had just encamped, and, with his officers, began to sup on dry bread and potatoes. The infantry which he commanded were in a starving condition, and the commissary was without money; but raiding upon the farmers was sternly made punishable by death. Reports of the hungry condition of the new-comers had circulated among Wayne's men. Just as the colonel began to eat his musty bread, a private from the cavalry appeared, and said, respectfully, "Perry Scott had some money, colonel, and bought a turkey. We have unfortunately eaten all but one leg. I took the liberty of bringing that to you." The colonel took the leg gratefully, and had scarcely finished it when another of Wayne's men appeared, with the same story of Perry Scott's turkey, and another leg. The colonel congratulated himself on his luck, and, handing the drum-stick over to a fellow-officer, went out of the tent. It was growing dark. Another cavalryman came up, whispered the story of Perry Scott, and cautiously handed over a third leg. The colonel continued his walk through the camp, and before his return had been secretly offered twenty legs and fourteen wings of Perry Scott's turkey. Wayne's men had raided a poultry-yard the previous night, and concocted the story of Perry Scott's purchase to protect themselves, in case any turkey-bones should be discovered. The hunger-bitten faces of their new comrades were more than they could bear, however, and each man, unknown to the others, carried his share into Gordon's camp, at the risk of detection and death. It was not until the war was over, and the troops disbanded, that Colonel Gordon told the story of Perry Scott and his many-legged fowl.

SOCIETY.

The Williams Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams and their son, Mr. Harry A. Williams, entertained quite a number of their friends on Christmas Eve at their residence, 1925 Octavia Street. The earlier hours of the evening, from sundown until nine o'clock, were devoted to pleasing some thirty little ones, for whose enjoyment a Christmas-tree had been prepared. It was placed at the end of the large dining-room, and was caparisoned with glittering tinsel and fancy ornaments, illuminated with wax candles, and loaded with presents of all kinds. The first glimpse the children had of the tree evoked many expressions of delight, but when their presents were distributed to them their joy was unbounded When the novelty of the affair wore off, they were amused with games, and later on were regaled with a delicious supper.

The elder guests, mostly young friends of Mr. Harry Williams, were promised a *soirée dansante* when they arrived, and nine o'clock saw the majority of them present. The commodious parlors were canvased for dancing, but the polished floor of the dining-room seemed a better surface, for it was crowded constantly. Excellent music was provided, and the dance was continued until midnight, when a sumptuous repast refreshed the dancers. Morning was well advanced before the party came to an end

Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Tallant, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mr. and Mrs. John Landers, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. John Maynard, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn, Mr. and Mrs. Denman, Mr. and Mrs. Blanchard, Mrs Philip Caduc, Miss Cora Caduc, Miss Florence Caduc, Miss Ida Moody, Miss Mamie Blethen, Miss Laura Bates, Miss Gertrude Severance, Miss Mattie Brown, Miss Mollie Hutchinson, of Oakland, Miss Eva Castle, Miss Blanche Castle, Miss Edith Clarke, Miss Marie Voorhies, Miss Katie Voorhies, Miss Ciel Burke, Miss Sadie Huie, Miss Cooper, Miss Dulce Bolado, Miss Belle Reis, Miss May Reis, Misses Pierce, of Santa Clara, Miss McCormack, Miss Mamie Reynolds, Miss Anna Grube, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss McDermott, Miss Julia Conner, Miss Smith, of Canada, Mr. S. G. Buckbee, Mr. J. O. Blanchard, Mr. J. H. Deering, Mr. F. H. Pierson, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Lieutenant Oscar I. Straub, Mr. Fred W. Boole, Dr. Terrill, Mr. F H. Pittman, Mr. Chris, Miller, Mr. Julian Sonntag, Mr. Gus Moulder, Mr. Frank Mathieu, Mr. E. B. McCormack, Mr. Albert E. Castle, Mr. Fred H. Beaver, Mr. Gaston Ashe, Mr George D. Boyd, Mr. George Ritter, Mr. James, Mr J. P. Kelly, Mr. Gustav Gutsch, Mr F. S. Moody, Mr. J. N. Brown, Mr. Robert L. Sherwood, Mr. William R. Sherwood, Mr. Vernon Gray, Mr. Jerome B. Lincoln, Mr. C. C. Thorn, Mr. E. Burke Holladay, Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., Mr. Frank D. Madison, Mr. Lee, Mr. Huie, and others.

Mrs. Spalding's Reception.

Christmas Eve was very happily celebrated at the Hotel Bella Vista, where Mrs. Volney Spalding gave a ball to her guests and many of her friends. Mrs. Spalding always entertains so well that a pleasant time was anticipated by all who accepted her invitation, and they were not in the least disappointed. The large dining-salon was used as a ball-room, and consequently there was no lack of space for dancing. The billiard-room was used by those who desired a quiet chat, and the hall was popular for promenading. Brimming bowls of delicious punch were set near the elevator, and their contents were served between the dances. When the clock marked the advent of Christmas Day, the march to supper was played by Ballenberg's band, and a sumptuous repast was served in the children's dining-hall. Including the guests at the hotel there were about one hundred present.

The Hopkins Reception.

A very enjoyable affair of the past week was the reception given on Friday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Peter Hopins, in honor of their daughter, Miss Jennie Hopkins. As but few regrets were received, their commodious residence, at 2000 Broadway, was well filled with guests. The large salon, the music-room, hall, and dining-room had each received the artistic attention of the decorator, and looked exceedingly attractive, with beautiful combinations of mountain ferns, Christmas-berries, smilax, and draperies of fancifully colored tulle. Ballenberg's band occupied the bay-window in the music-room, which was arranged to represent a pretty arbor. All of the apartments, except the music-room, were canvased, and that room required none, as its highly polished floor made a most excellent surface for dancing. Ample dressing-rooms were provided on the second floor, and throughout the hallway easy-chairs were placed for tête-à-têtes. Dancing commenced about nine o'clock, and almost every one joined in its pleasures. This continued until midnight, when the spacious hall on the upper floor was sought and a pleasant surprise was found there. Through the kindness of Captain M. A. Healy, of the U. S steamer *Bear*, the entire place had been hung with flags of many kinds, and their bright colors produced a charming effect. Small tables were disposed here and there, and a sumptuous supper was provided. At its conclusion dancing was resumed, and fully three hours more were devoted to the dance. Tired but happy, the guests then departed, to meet again at the party calls a week from next Friday evening.

Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Evans, Judge and Mrs. William T. Wallace, Lieutenant and Mrs Worden, U. S. A., Captain and Mrs. D. C. Nichols, Mr. and Mrs C. F. Mullins, Mr. and Mrs. James de la Montanya, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. Bonner, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. O'Kane, Mr. and Mrs. W B. Cluff, Dr and Mrs. J. M. Dunn, Colonel and Mrs. Richard Savage, Mr. and Mrs. Hallway, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Chute, Commodore and Mrs. Hopkins, U. S. N., Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord, Mr. and Mrs. Willis E. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Bandmann, Mr. and Mrs. William F. Mau, Mr. and Mrs Charles R. Yates, Mr. and Mrs. J. Mervyn Donahue, Mr. and Mrs. M. H de Young, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Hayes, Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mrs. E. Martin, Mrs. A. J. Bryant, Miss Hayes, Miss Mamie Hayes, Miss Jennie de la Montanya, Miss Grace M Spencer, Miss Mattie S. Baker, Miss Ella Nightingale, Miss Minnie Nightingale, Miss Maggie Nelson, Miss Sheeby, Miss Irene Kelly, Miss Ella Bunker, Miss Daisy Ryan, Miss Clara Sutro, Misses Farren, Miss Callahan, Miss Mamie Huff, Miss Laura Huff, Miss Gertrude Goeway, Miss Agnes Burgin, Miss Marie Dillon, Miss Kate Dillon, Miss Mee, Miss Donner, Miss Rich, Miss Patterson, Miss Crellin, Miss Conway, Misses Burnett, Miss Blanche Hubbard, Miss Marguerite Bucknall, Miss Marie Bucknall, Miss Adèle Martel, Miss Jennie Martel, Miss Jessie Sherwood, Miss Rose Sherwood, Miss Isabel Sherwood, Miss Lulu Perry, Miss Vollmer, Miss Hallway, Miss Hopkins, Miss Lillie Winans, Misses Peterson, Miss Maud Younger, Miss Nellie Seely, Miss Kittie Commins, Miss Alice Mau, Miss Deane, Major Gordon, U. S. A., Lieutenant H. B. West, U. S. N., Lieutenant John A. Towers, U. S. A., Lieutenan, Jarvis, U. S. N., Lieutenant Perkins, U. S. N., Dr. Crawford, U. S. N., Lieutenant N. E. Cutchin, U. S. N., Mr. Chauncey M. St. John, Mr. O. E. Derby, Mr. W. A. Powning, Mr. Charles Sutro, Colonel H. D. Talcott, Mr. James Dunn, Dr. John Nightingale, Mr. Hallock Wright, Mr. Frank Vail, Mr. J. M. Kilgariff, Mr. John P. Jackson, Jr., Mr. H. Clifford Stuart, Mr. A. T. Badlam, Mr. Frank D. Willey, Mr. Paxton Wright, Mr. J. Fred Bergin, Jr., Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. Fred T. Griffith, Mr. Bert Morrow, Mr. R. R Wallace, Mr. J. N. Masten, Dr. Bryant, Mr. J. C. Pennie, Jr., Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Frank Peterson, Mr. Ferd Peterson, Mr. William Kruse, Mr. John Deane, Mr. George James, Mr. H. J. Chinn, Mr. James O'Kane, Mr. Henry Landsberger, Mr. J. N. Goeway, Mr. Charles Goeway, Mr. Frank Powers, Mr. C. H. Milner, Mr. Beverly Letcher, Mr. D. L. Jacobs, Mr. T. J. Dillon, Mr. David Rich, Mr. George Gaskill, Mr. James Maguire, Mr. C. Thore, and others.

The Sherwood Reception.

Mr. and Mrs Eugene Sherwood and the Misses Jessie, Rose, and Isabel Sherwood gave a delightful reception last Tuesday evening, at their residence, 1357 Post Street The spacious parlors were brightly illuminated and were tastefully decorated with Christmas-berries and masses of magnolia foliage; the mistletoe was also hung in accordance with the time-honored tradition. Canvas covered the floors, and the music provided was excellent. As it was purely a dancing party to about one hundred friends, that form of pleasure was enjoyed throughout the evening and far into the morning of the next day. At midnight there was an intermission for supper, which was served in a large hall down-stairs, where the guests were regaled with delicacies in the midst of a pretty Oriental scene. Every feature of the reception was charmingly planned and carried out. Party calls will be made next Thursday evening.

Reception to General Miles.

A brilliant reception was given in honor of General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., last Thursday evening at the Occidental Hotel by the members of the Loyal Legion. It began about nine o'clock, when the arriving guests met General Miles in the parlors. An hour later all proceeded to the dining-hall, which was decorated in a particularly attractive manner. Festoons and wreaths of evergreens adorned the walls and columns in profusion, and a hundred canary-birds in small cages were disposed here and there. An elaborate supper was enjoyed, and afterward there were songs, speeches, and music by the Presidio band

Movements and Whereabouts.

Mr. Francis G. Newlands is in Carson City, Nev., making arrangements to reside there permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, *née* Crocker, will return to New York to-day (Saturday), in a special car, after a two months' visit to Mrs. Charles Crocker.

Mrs. Fred W. Sharon will go East next Saturday.

Miss Alice Mullins is enjoying a visit to relatives in London, Eng.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire have been visiting at Fullerton.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Folger and Miss Elizabeth Folger have returned to their home in Oakland after a pleasant Eastern trip.

Mrs. C. F. Mullins will receive hereafter at her residence, 1809 Gough Street, on the second and fourth Friday afternoons and the fourth Friday evening of each month.

Senator John P. Jones has arrived at Washington, D. C. Mrs. Jones and family and Mrs. George C. Gorham are in Santa Monica, where they will pass the winter.

Miss Le Roy and Miss Carrie Le Roy, of New York, have been passing the week at Del Monte.

Mrs. C. Beach has returned from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. H. J. McCoy, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Miss Maude Badlam has gone to Fresno to visit friends.

Major B. C. Truman will pass the New Year holidays at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Marguerite Wallace has gone East to remain most of the winter.

Mrs. Alfred MacGrotty and her son George are in Boston She will pass the winter with friends in New York city, and will return to this city early in the spring.

Notes and Gossip.

The Hotel del Monte will be the scene of much gayety on New Year's night, as there is to be a grand ball for which the management is making elaborate preparations. The decorations, it is said, will be exceedingly beautiful, and the supper at midnight will resemble one of Lucullus's banquets. Ballenberg's band will furnish the music. A large number of prominent society people have engaged rooms already.

Mrs. George Hearst intends to entertain extensively in Washington, D. C., this winter. She will give a grand ball on Wednesday evening, January 23d, and a fancy-dress ball on February 14th.

The third cotillion to be given by the German Club will occur on Tuesday evening, January 29th, at Union Square Hall. The first four figures will be led by two officers of the army and navy, Lieutenant Elmer W. Hubbard, U. S. A., and Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., alternating, and Mr. Chauncey M. St. John will lead the fifth figure.

MUSICAL NOTES.

Miss Grace Porter's Début.

A large and fashionable audience was assembled in Irving Hall on Saturday evening, December 22d, when Miss Grace Porter made her début on the lyric stage, prior to her departure for Europe where she will resume her musical studies. She had the assistance of Signor Enrico Campobello, baritone, Mr Alfred Wilkie, and Mr. Charles Thrower, tenors, Signor A. Lombardo, flautist, Mr. G. H. Little, pianist, and an orchestra under the direction of Signor A. Spadina. The programme thoroughly tested the musical ability of the débutante, and her efforts were rewarded with much praise and applause. The selections presented were as follows:

Overture, "Les Noces de Figaro".....Mozart
Grand Orchestra.
Song, "O Wondrous Beauty" (Magic Flute).....Mozart
Mr. Charles Thrower.
Duetto, "Tutte le feste al tempio" (Rigoletto).....Verdi
Miss Grace Porter and Signor Campobello.
Song, "Oh! Loving heart trust on".....Gottschalk
Mr. Alfred Wilkie.
Grand Aria, "Ah, fors' e lui" (La Traviata).....Verdi
Miss Grace Porter.
Aria, "Sorgete" (Mahomet II.).... ..... Rossini
Signor Enrico Campobello.
Aria, "M'Appari" (Martha)..... .... Flotow
Mr. Charles Thrower.
Trio, "Solingo, errante, Misero" (Ernani).....Verdi
Miss Grace Porter, Mr. Thrower, and Signor Campobello.
Overture, "La Traviata".....Verdi
Grand Orchestra.
Recitativo e Aria (Lucia).....Donizetti
"Il dolce suono ardon gli incensi,"
Miss Grace Porter.
With Flute Obligato by Signor Lombardo.
Duetto, "I Pescatori".....Gabussi
Signor Campobello and Mr. Thrower.
Flute Solo, "Fantasie" (Moise) .....Rossini
Signor A. Lombardo.
Grand Scena, e Duetto (Don Pasquale)..... Donizetti
Norina.....Miss Grace Porter,
Malatesta.....Signor Enrico Campobello.

The Mauzy Musical Club.

The members of the Byron Mauzy Musical Club gave their second musical evening of the third series on Thursday evening at the Mauzy warerooms in the Union Club building. The usual large audience was in attendance, and the following programme was greatly enjoyed:

Overture, "Stradella" .....Flotow
Orchestra
Professor H. R. Austin, Conductor.
Christmas Welcome, "The Moon and I".....Mikado
(In costume)
Miss Lizzie Richardson.
Piano Solo, Balade in Ab.....Chopin
Miss Nellie Joseph.
Song, "Rapture in Love".....Batkin
Miss Lily Schneider.
With orchestral accompaniment, conducted by the composer, Mr. A. A. Batkin.
Boehm Solo—*I.* Cantique de Noel (Christmas song). A Adam
II. Palm Trees (Les Rameaux).....J. Faure
Professor H. Clay Wysham.
Accompanist, Mr. Clarke W. Reynolds.
Christmas Symphony, "The Farewell".....Haydn
Orchestra.
Song, "Call me Back".....Denza
T. S. Gore.
Violin Obligato, E. Weigel.
Guitar and Mandolin, "Bohemian Girl".....Balfe
Misses Therese and Lily Sherwood.
Song, "I Think of Thee".....Batkin
Miss Lily Schneider.
With orchestral accompaniment.
Quartet, "Andante and Rondo".....Beethoven
Violin, E. Weigel; viola, F V. Austin; 'cello, A. Lada; piano, Miss Sissie Austin.
Finale, "Light Cavalry".....Suppé
Orchestra.

Mme. Julie Rosewald has resigned her position as leading soprano at Dr. Stebbins's Church, to take effect on January 1, 1889.

Fifth Orchestral Matinée.

Irving Hall contained a large audience of lovers of good music on Friday afternoon, when the fifth orchestral matinée was given under the direction of Mr. J. H. Rosewald. The programme was an exceptionally fine one, and its execution was greeted with applause at the conclusion of each selection. The numbers were as follows:

Marche Hongroise.....Schubert
(Orchestrated by Franz Liszt)
Second Concerto.....Saint-Saens
(a) Allegro Scherzando. *(b)* Presto Finale.
Mr. Miguel Espinosa.
Aria, "North Star".....Meyerbeer
(With flute duet obligato)
Mme. Julie Rosewald.
Siegfried Idylle.....Wagner
Gypsy Dance.....Heidingsfeld
Prayer (composed in 1784).....Durante
Mme. Julie Rosewald.
(With violin obligato by Mr F. Stark.)
Scenes picturesque (suite).....Massenet
(a) March, *(b)* Air de Ballet.
(c) Angelus, *(d)* Fête Bohemia.

The sixth and last matinée of this series will occur on Friday, January 11, 1889, when the programme will consist only of the compositions of the best local composers.

Four of our local vocalists have banded together under the title of The Caecilian Quartet The members are Miss Carrie Millzner, soprano, Mrs Helen Judson, contralto, Mr. Charles Heywood, tenor, and Mr. W. J. Batchelder, basso. Their accompanist is Mr. B. A. Schloh.

DXVII — Bill of Fare for six persons — Sunday, December 30, 1888.

Corn Soup
Fried Clams. Cold Slaw.
Lamb Chops. Tomato Sauce.
Stewed Celery. Sweet Potatoes.
Roast Ducks
Carrot Salad.
Swan's-down Cream. Preserved Apricots.

SWAN'S-DOWN CREAM.—One pint of whipped cream; whites of three eggs beaten to a stiff froth; one cup of powdered sugar; one teaspoonful of essence of bitter almond. Just before you are ready to send the dish to the table, beat the whipped cream, frothed whites, sugar, and flavoring together in a bowl set upon cracked ice. Heap in a glass-dish and leave in the ice until it is to be eaten A little citron and glacé fruits may be finely chopped and added, or a few almonds blanched and chopped. Send sponge-cake around with it.

The effects of the terrific storm last Saturday night attracted the attention of visitors to Coronado Beach. Those who were witnesses of the awful scene describe the war of the elements as something supremely grand. The Pacific for once belied its name, and the mountain waves cames rolling in and dashed thirty feet high, up to the very walls of the great Hotel del Coronado. Millions of tons of sea-worn rocks were piled in a solid wall upon the beach, and thousands of tons of kelp were mingled with the mass of stones. The promenade on the ocean front of the hotel was undermined by the waves, and the receding sand left a portion of it a complete wreck. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good, however, and the hotel company will immediately utilize the great stone-wall brought up to them by the sea, and will make it the solid and imperishable foundation of a new and elegant promenade in front of the great hotel.

British reform has brought to light a forgotten personage known as "Chaff Wax." His real title should be Chafe Wax, and his duty was the preparation of wax for fitting the writs issued from the Court of Chancery and for the official seals. He has long drawn a salary for doing nothing, but he has at last been found out and will be abolished.

One of the proof-readers of the Charleston, S. C., *World* is an unmarried woman of refinement, who is glad to support herself in that way. She goes to her work about eight o'clock in the evening, and does not quit the office until three the next morning. Then she lights a lantern, and with that in one hand and a loaded revolver in the other she goes home.

By the will of the Rev. William Right, Vicar of Harbury, who left his money to found a female college, it was provided that the women should get up early in the morning, indulge in cold baths, and hold "quarterly conversaziones," in which two-thirds of the guests should be single gentlemen.

LUCKY AT LAST.

The Turn of the Tide in A. W. Adams' Luckless Life.

The grand prize in The Louisiana State Lottery, one-twentieth of which, amounting to $15,000, was won in this city, could hardly have fallen to a more deserving man than A. W. Adams, of 915 Guerrero Street. There is but little romance in the story of the winner's life; in fact, according to himself, he has never had any luck before. Working as a carpenter, he has earned about enough to keep himself in comfort, hardly ever expecting to share the luxuries so freely distributed to some. Still, as he said to a reporter, ever since he was a child he has had a sort of vague presentiment that before he was fifty years old he would have a streak of luck, and now when within a few days of completing his forty-seventh year he has suddenly sprung, thanks to The Louisiana State Lottery, from moderate comfort to complete ease.

On Tuesday, November 15th, he had returned from his work, and was reading the paper when his landlady told him that the "ticket-man" was at the door. The "ticket-man" was called in, and asked Mr. Adams to produce his tickets, which he did. There on the top lay No. 56,621. When told that the ticket had drawn $15,000, the good man was dumbfounded for the moment, and then felt a joyfulness and youth he had not experienced in years. To make a bee-line to the office where the ticket was originally bought and seek confirmation of the news was the work of a few moments. There they telegraphed to New Orleans for confirmation of the number, and yesterday the money was paid over to lucky Mr. Adams. There is another lucky person, however, who will help invest the money, as it is whispered that the landlady will very soon be Mrs. A. W. Adams.—*San Francisco, Cal., Chronicle, November 24th.*

Her Dearest Foe

Never knew the secret of her dazzlingly clear complexion. The fact is that she used Rachel's Enamel Bloom. For sale by all druggists.

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COOK-BOOKS.

Having received many letters from the Country requesting our Cook-Book List, we again publish it.

We call the attention of every one interested in the food they use, and in its preparation, to the following list of works on the culinary art Every book mentioned is a work of authority on cooking. We will send any of them to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price:

FRANCATELLI'S MODERN COOK-BOOK	$5 00
FRANCO-AMERICAN COOKERY BOOK, by Deliée	4 00
THE UNRIVALED COOK-BOOK, by Mrs. Washington	2 00
BOSTON COOK-BOOK, by Mrs. Lincoln	2 00
VIRGINIA COOKERY BOOK, by M. Stuart Smith	1 50
PRACTICAL COOK-BOOK, by Mrs. Henderson	1 50
COMMON SENSE IN THE HOUSEHOLD, by Marion Harland	1 75
DINNER YEAR-BOOK, by Marion Harland	1 75
BREAKFAST, LUNCHEON, AND TEA, by Marion Harland	1 75
YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS FRIEND, by Mrs. Cornelius	1 25
MISS PARLOA'S COOK-BOOK	1 50
MRS. SHILLABER'S COOK-BOOK	1 25
HOME COOK-BOOK	1 50
MRS. HALE'S NEW COOK-BOOK	1 50
MISS LESLIE'S COOK-BOOK	1 50
NONPARIEL COOK-BOOK	1 25
UNIVERSAL COOKERY BOOK	1 50
ICE-CREAM AND CAKES	1 50
COTTAGE KITCHEN, by Marion Harland	1 00
FRANCATELLI'S ROYAL CONFECTIONER	2 00
FRANCATELLI'S COOK'S GUIDE	1 50
FRENCH DISHES FOR AMERICAN TABLES, by Pierre Caron	1 00
DAINTY DESSERTS FOR DAINTY DINERS	50
PERFECT BREAD (50 recipes)	25
LESSONS IN CANDY-MAKING, by Catherine Owens	50
SIX CUPS OF COFFEE, by Miss Parloa	25
COOKING RECEIPTS, from *Harper's Bazar*	25
HOUSEHOLD MANAGEMENT, by Miss Parloa	75
VALUABLE COOKING RECEIPTS, by T. J. Murrey	75
LIVING ON $500 A YEAR, by Juliet Corson	1 25
FAMILY COOK-BOOK, by Jessup Whitehead	1 50
HOTEL PASTRY COOK, by Jessup Whitehead	2 00
HOTEL MEAT COOKING, by Jessup Whitehead	2 00
COOKING FOR PROFIT, by Jessup Whitehead	3 00
HOUSEKEEPING MADE EASY, by Miss Herrick	1 00
MENUS MADE EASY, by Miss Lake	1 25
BOOK OF FORTY PUDDINGS, by Mrs. Susan A. Brown	50
CARVING AND SERVING, by Mrs. D. A. Lincoln	60
FOOD AND FEEDING, by Sir Henry Thompson	1 25
CASSELL'S HALF-DOLLAR COOK-BOOK	50
ENTREES AND TABLE DELICACIES	50
THE KITCHEN COMPANION. The new work by Miss Parloa	2 50
OYSTERS AND FISH, by Thos. J. Murrey	50
FIFTY SOUPS, by Thos. J. Murrey	50
FIFTY SALADS, by Thos. J. Murrey	50
BREAKFAST DAINTIES, by Thos. J. Murrey	50
PUDDINGS AND DAINTY DESSERTS, by Thos. J. Murrey	50
LUNCHEON, by Thos. J. Murrey	50
HOW SHE DID IT, OR COMFORT ON $150 A YEAR, by Mary Cruger	50

☞ IMPORTANT.—As we shall not republish the above list of Cook-Books, we suggest to intending purchasers to send for the book they wish at once, or else cut out this list for future reference.

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BILL NYE'S BUDGET.

"Shaking" a Bore.

Loose in Virginia, along in the latter part of this season, shortly previous to the writing of these lines, I visited Monticello, the former home of Thomas Jefferson, also his grave. Monticello is about an hour's ride from Charlottesville, by diligence. One rides over a road constructed of rip-raps and broken stone. It is called a macadamized road, and twenty miles of it will make the pelvis of a long-waisted man chafe against his ears. I have decided that the site for my grave shall be at the end of a trunk-line somewhere, and I will endow a drosky to carry passengers to and from said grave.

Whatever my life may have been, and however short I may have fallen in my great struggle for a generous recognition of the American people, I propose to place my grave within reach of all.

Monticello is reached by a circuitous route to the top of a beautiful hill, on the crest of which rests the brick house where Mr. Jefferson lived. We enter a lodge gate in charge of a venerable negro, to whom we pay two bits apiece for admission. This sum goes toward repairing the roads, according to the ticket which we get. It just goes toward it, however; it doesn't quite get there, I judge, for the roads are still appealing for aid. Up through a neglected thicket of Virginia shrubs and ill-kempt trees, we drive to the house. It is a house which would readily command seven hundred and fifty dollars if sold this fall, with queer porches to it and large, airy windows. The top of the whole hill was graded level, or terraced, and must have required an enormous quantity of work to do it, but Jefferson did not care. He did not care for fatigue. With two hundred slaves of his own and a dowry of three hundred more, which was poured into his coffers by his marriage, Jeff did not care how much toil it took to polish off the top of a bluff or how much the sweat stood out on the brow of a hill.

Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. He sent it to one of the magazines, but it was returned as not available, so he used it in Congress and got it afterward printed in the *Record*.

I saw the chair he wrote it in. It is a plain, old-fashioned wooden chair, with a kind of bosom-board on the right, upon which Jefferson used to rest his Declaration of Independence whenever he wanted to write it.

He also has an old gig stored there in the house. In this gig he used to ride from Monticello to Washington in a day. This is a lie, but it goes with the place. It takes from half-past eight o'clock A. M. to noon to ride this distance on a fast train, and in a much more direct line than the old wagon-road ran.

Mr. Jefferson was the father of the University of Virginia, one of the most historic piles I have ever clapped eyes on. It is now under the management of a classical janitor, who has a tinge of negro blood in his veins, mixed with the rich Castillian blood of somebody else.

He has been at the head of the University of Virginia for over forty years, bringing in the coals and exercising a general oversight over the curriculum. He is a modest man, with a tendency toward the classical in his researches. He took us up on the roof, showed us the outlying country, and jarred our ear-drums with the big bell. Mr. Estes, who has charge of Monticello—called Montechello—said that Mr. Jefferson used to sit on his front porch with a powerful glass, and watch the progress of the work on the university, and if the workmen undertook to smuggle in a soft brick, Mr. Jefferson, five or six miles away, detected it, and, bounding lightly into his saddle, he rode down there to Charlottesville, and clubbed the bricklayers till they were glad to pull down the wall to that brick and take it out again.

This story is what made me speak of that section a few minutes ago as an outlying country.

Charles L. Seigel told us the other day the Confederate version of an attack on Fort Moultrie during the early days of the war, which has never been printed. Mr. Seigel was a German Confederate during the war, and early in the fight was quartered, in company with others, at the Moultrie House, a seaside hotel, the guests having deserted the house.

Although large soft beds, with curled hair mattresses, were in each room, the department issued ticks or sacks, to be filled with straw, for the use of the soldiers, so that they would not forget that war was a serious matter. Nobody used them, but they were there all the same.

Attached to the Moultrie House, and wandering about the back-yard, there was a small orphan jackass, a sorrowful little light-blue mammal, with a tinge of bitter melancholy in his voice. He used to dwell on the past a good deal, and, at night, he would refer to it in a voice that was choked with emotion.

The boys caught him one evening as the gloaming began to arrange itself, and threw him down on the green grass. They then pulled a straw bed over his head and inserted him in it completely, cutting holes in it for his legs. Then they tied a string of sleigh-bells to his tail and hit him a smart, stinging blow with a black-snake.

Probably that was what it was that suggested to him the idea of strolling down the beach, past the guard, and on toward the fort. The darkness of the night, the rattle of hoofs, the clash of the bells, the quick challenge of the guard, the failure to give the countersign, the sharp volley of the sentinels, and the wild cry "to arms," followed in rapid succession. The tocsin sounded, also the slogan. The culverin, ukase, and door-tender were all fired. Huge beacons of fat pine were lighted along the beach. The whole slumbering host sprang to arms, and the crack of the musket was heard through the intense darkness.

In the morning the enemy was found intrenched in a mud-hole, south of the fort, with his new clean straw-tick spattered with clay and a wildly disheveled tail.

On board the Richmond train last week, as we pulled out of Petersburg, a man lost his hat, and it fell by the side of the track. The train was just moving slowly out of the station, and so he had a chance to jump off and run back after it. He got the hat, no doubt, but not till we had placed seven or eight miles between us and him. We could not help feeling sorry for him, because very likely his hat had an embroidered hat-band in it, presented by one dearer to him than life itself, and so we worked up quite a feeling for him, though, of course, it was very foolish for him to lose his train just for a hat, even if it did have the needle-work of his soul's idol in it.

Yesterday I was surprised to see the same man in Columbia, S. C., and he then told me this sad story:

"I started out a month ago to take a little trip of a few weeks, and the first day was very, very happy scrutinizing nature and scanning the faces of those I saw. On the second day out, I ran across a young man whom I had known slightly before, and who is engaged in the business of being a companionable fellow and life of the party. That is about all the business he has. He knows a great many people, and his circle of acquaintances is getting larger all the time. He is proud of the enormous quantity of friendship he has acquired. He says he can't get on a train or visit any town in the Union that he don't find a friend.

"He is full of stories and witticisms, and explains the plays to theatre parties. He has seen a great deal of life and is a keen critic. He would have enjoyed criticising the Apostle Paul and his elocutionary style if he had been one of the Ephesians. He would have criticised Paul's gestures, and said, 'Paul, I like your epistles a heap better than I do your appearance on the platform. You express yourself well enough with your pen, but when you spoke for the Ephesian Y. M. C. A., we were disappointed in you and we lost money on you.'

"Well, he joined me, and finding out where I was going, he decided to go also. He went along to explain things to me and talk to me when I wanted to sleep or read the newspaper. He introduced me to large numbers of people whom I did not want to meet, took me to see things I didn't want to see, read things to me that I didn't want to hear, and introduced me to people who didn't want to meet me. He multiplied misery by throwing uncongenial people together, and then said, 'Wasn't it lucky that I could go along with you and make it pleasant for you?'

"Everywhere he met more new people with whom he had an acquaintance. He shook hands with them and called them by their first names, and felt in their pockets for cigars. He was just bubbling over with mirth, and laughed all the time, being so offensively joyous, in fact, that when he went into a car he attracted the general attention, which suited him first rate. He regarded himself as a general favorite and all-around sunbeam.

"When we got to Washington, he took me up to see the President. He knew the President well—claimed to know lots of things about the President that made him more or less feared by the administration. Knew a thousand little vices of all our public men, which virtually placed them in his power. He knew how the President conducted himself at home, and was 'on to everything' in public life.

"Well, he shook hands with the President and introduced me. I could see that the President was thinking about something else though, and so I came away without really feeling that I knew him very well.

"Then we visited the departments, and I can see now that I hurt myself by being towed around by this man. He was so free, and so joyous, and so bubbling, that wherever we went I could hear the key grate in the lock after we went out of the door.

"He started south with me. He was going to show me all the battle-fields and introduce me into society. I bought some strychnine in Washington and put it in his buckwheat-cakes; but they got cold and he sent them back. I did not know what to do and was almost wild, for I was traveling entirely for pleasure, and not especially for his pleasure either.

"At Petersburg I was told that the train going the other way would meet us. As we started out, I dropped my hat from the window while looking at something. It was a desperate move, but I did it. Then I jumped off the train and went back after it. As soon as I got around the curve I ran for Petersburg, where I took the other train. I presume you all felt sorry for me, but if you'd seen me fold myself in a long, passionate embrace after I had climbed on the other train, you would have changed your minds."

He then passed gently from my sight.—*Once a Week.*

Snipps—"I wish you'd let me have a check to-day on our bill, Mr. Cubson." *Cubson*—"Certainly, Snipps, certainly. Here you are. But what are you going to do with it?" *Snipps*—"Cash it." *Cubson*—"Gad! That would be a lark, wouldn't it?" *Snipps*—"Why so?" *Cubson*—"Why, don't you suppose, you blessed old-fashion plate, that if you could cash it, I should have cashed it myself long ago?"—*Time.*

One thing that seldom "gets in the soup" is the oyster at the church festival.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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TIME TABLE.

ommencing Monday, October 1, 1888, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

rom SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.50, 6.10 P. M.
undays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.15, 5.00, 6.45, P. M. Extra trip on Saturday at 1.45 P. M.

rom SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.15, 7.45, 9.20, 11.00 A. M.; 3.25, 4.55 P. M.
undays)—8.00, 10.00 A. M.; 12.00 M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00, P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 1.45 and 6.25 P. M.
are, 50 cents. round trip

rom SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.45, 8.15, 10.00, 11.50 A. M.; 4.05, 5.30 P. M.
Sundays)—8.45, 10.45 A. M.; 12.45, 2.15, 4.15, 5.45, P. M. Extra trips on Saturday at 2 30 and 7.05 P. M.
are, 25 cents, round trip.

THROUGH TRAINS.

1.00 A. M., Daily (Sundays excepted) from San Francisco for Cazadero and intermediate stations. Returning, leaves Cazadero at 6.45 A. M., arriving in San Francisco 12.20 P.M.

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Friday to Monday Excursion—Round-trip Tickets sold on Fridays and Saturdays, good to return following Monday: Camp Taylor, $1.75; Point Reyes, $2.00; Tomales, $2.25; Howard's, $3.50; Cazadero, $4.00.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

(PACIFIC SYSTEM.)

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Dec. 8, 1888.	ARRIVE
7.30 A.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	*12.45 P.
7.30 A.	For Sacramento, and for Redding via Davis	7.15 P.
8.00 A.	For Martinez, Vallejo, Calistoga and Santa Rosa	6.15 P.
9.00 A.	For Niles, San José, Stockton, Galt, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville and Red Bluff	5.45 P.
8.30 A.	Los Angeles Express, for Fresno, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles	11.15 A.
9.00 A.	Fast mail for Ogden and East	11.45 A.
10.30 A.	For Haywards and Niles	2.15 P.
*12.00 M.	For Haywards and Niles	* 3.45 P.
* 1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers	**6.00 A.
† 2.00 P.	Golden Gate Special, for Council Bluffs and East	‖ 9.45 P.
3.00 P.	For Haywards, Niles and San José	9.45 A.
3.00 P.	Central Atlantic Express, for Ogden and East	8.15 A.
4.00 P.	For Stockton and §Milton; for Vallejo, Calistoga & Santa Rosa	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	For Sacramento, and for Knight's Landing via Davis	9.45 A.
* 4.30 P.	For Niles, San José and Livermore	* 8.45 A.
5.30 P.	For Haywards and Niles	7.45 A.
7.00 P.	Shasta Route Express, for Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound and East	7.45 A.
8.00 P.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, for Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans and East	8 45 P.

SOUTH PACIFIC COAST RAILWAY DIVISION.

‡ 3.00 A.	For Newark and San José	‡ 7.20 P.
8.15 A.	For Newark, Centreville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	5.50 P.
*2.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek and Santa Cruz	*10.50 A.
4.15 P.	For Centerville, San José, Almaden, and Los Gatos	9.20 A.

NORTHERN DIVISION (Fourth & Townsend Sts.)

7.50 A.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	2.30 P.
8.30 A.	For San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz; Monterey, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Templeton (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations	6.38 P.
10.30 A.	For San José, Almaden and Way Stations	5 35 P.
12.01 P.	For Cemetery, Menlo Park and Way Stations	4.36 P.
* 3.30 P.	For San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Monterey and principal Way Stations	*10.02 A.
4.30 P.	For San José and principal Way Stations	9.03 A.
* 5.00 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 7.56 A.
6.30 P.	For Menlo Park and Way Stations	6.35 A.
†11.45 P.	For Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	†7.40 P.

A for morning. P. for afternoon. * Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only. § Saturdays excepted. ‖ Fridays only. ** Mondays excepted

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Arabic	**Thursday, January 24**
Oceanic	**Wednesday, February 13**
Gaelic	**Saturday, March 2**
Belgic	**Thursday, March 20**

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"Denise" is a very French play and a very dull play—a combination which has the merit of variety. It displays all the ingredients dear to the heart of the French playwright, and especially dear to the heart of Dumas *fils*—the young, lovely, and unfortunate heroine Denise; the manly, handsome and forbearing hero, André; the likewise handsome but wicked and heartless Fernand; Denise's mother, patient and pallid; Fernand's mother, old, but of irrepressible gaiety, and not yet old enough to be devout, which is the last stage. They are all there, talking charmingly and naturally, saying ill-natured things in the light and graceful manner which make such things doubly enchanting. But even that does not prevent them from being dull.

Most of the characters are commonplace and uninteresting. The Count de Bardannes is as devoid of form, color, and outline as a jelly-fish. His business in the play is to silently absorb the wisdom of Thouvenin, the wit of Mme. de Thauzette, and the anguish of Denise, like an extra-dry sponge. Mme. de Thauzette is an old friend who occasionally says amusing things with a frivolous carelessness, and who once or twice strikes a bright spark from the listless count. Thouvenin, as the organ of all the didactic wisdom of the piece, utters a great many sound moral truths in a great many different ways. At this he shows the ingenuity of Carlyle. When any one is in straits, Thouvenin enters, elucidates their difficulties, and gives them much good advice. It is Thouvenin who points out to the count that Denise is not to be despised and cast away, but rather pitied, protected, and loved. This novel view of the situation seems to strike the count as worth consideration. It is dreadful to think of what would happen to the count without Thouvenin.

Moreover, the tone of the piece is rank, unhealthy, and morbidly immoral. Every one, save Thouvenin, has some hole in his coat. They could not make one sound, wholesome reputation among the lot. Some of the ragged coats would have answered just as well if they had been whole coats, from which one is forced to infer a preference on the part of the author for the ragged coat. Mme. de Thauzette's smilingly acknowledged irregularities are not in the least necessary to the story. They merely give Thouvenin an excuse for lecturing to the count ten instead of five minutes on the text, "Be good and you will be happy." And it is for this extra five minutes that Mme. de Thauzette is fattened, garlanded, and sacrificed.

Then the dialogue is long and occasionally tedious. There are stretches of conversation of little importance, where the talk ripples on in a way which is tame enough to be artistically realistic. Now and then, a conversation is bright and sparkling. But brightness and sparkle will soon pall if one has no relief from brightness and sparkle but dullness and tedium. Talks between moderately clever people in a modern drawing-room, even though they are dished up with a savory sauce of French wit and piquancy, are not sufficiently sustaining to carry one through two long acts. The mutton that we had yesterday for breakfast and the day before for dinner is always a penance—even though disguised with truffles and the spiciest of gravies.

Mme. Hading's Denise is as consistent, as complete, as perfectly rounded as any of her previous personations. The beauty of this exquisite woman, the music of her voice, the power of her genius, invest each part she essays with a potent and indescribable charm. Every several character she has assumed remains in the memory as a separate and sharply defined personality, lucidly distinct in its own isolated individuality, decisive, clean-cut, showing no connecting filaments with its predecessor, no overlapping outlines, no mutually shared characteristics. Each successive personation moves in a nimbus of its own peculiar atmosphere, detached from all others, encompassed by the mist of its own personality as the chrysalis is enwrapped in the cocoon. Those who have been fortunate enough to see Mme. Hading invest Clorinde with passion, remorse, and desperation; lend to Camille a new pathos, fragility, and pensiveness; show us a Frou-Frou piquant, petulant, selfish, yet lovable; clothe Loyse with an almost mediæval simplicity and cold girlishness—can not fail to recognize the splendid power, the incomparable charm of her art.

Her Denise—who glides through the two first acts silent and sad-eyed—is touched with romance and mystery. Her air of trained passivity—suggesting repressed fire, sombre melancholy—prepares one for the denouement of the third act. In the scene of her confession, Mme. Hading's acting rises to the summit of concentrated passion. It is terrible with the bitterness, the impotent fury, the helpless despair of a woman scorned and slandered. Her sudden cry, through clenched teeth, "Oh, le misérable, le misérable!" and its accompanying gesture, shows the culmination of a paroxysm of exquisite anguish. The effect of the repression of the first part of the play is visible in the explosive force with which her confession bursts forth. She has been half suffocated in her efforts to preserve her outward calm. But by the very force of her rage against Fernand, the dramatist has robbed Denise of a certain amount of consistency. He depicts her as in the grip of two warring emotions—hatred and fury against Fernand, and love for André. But hatred such as possesses Denise is as exclusive a passion as love—it is engrossing, masterful, imperious, admitting no rival. It has permeated, saturated her. Such passion as breaks from her in the third act suggests a heart filled to bursting with pent-up bitterness and rage. There was no room there for love for anything. Her words show an absolute absorption in her feelings toward Fernand, which make love for André an impossibility. Her capacity for strong emotions was taxed to the utmost. A woman who hates as intensely as Denise has no time left to love. Mme. Hading, by the delicacy and subtlety of her art, subdued this incongruity, and showed a confiding trust in André, which his pity for her would have evoked.

M. Coquelin's Thouvenin was as delicately artistic a figure as any of its predecessors. But Thouvenin is at best a most uninteresting and common-place fellow. To see such a part represented with the perfection of finish, the most delicate of finesse, may be interesting as an exhibition of skill. In no other way could Thouvenin be made entertaining. M. Coquelin's Thouvenin was a figure from life. His lightest gesture, his most fleeting expression, was unobtrusively life-like. The admirably realistic way in which he delivered his discourses roused an intense admiration for the actor, which saved one from falling a victim to intense boredom at the discourses. With Coquelin Thouvenin becomes a person of color, vitality, and some interest. But what must he be without Coquelin?

"Tartuffe" is to the French what "As You Like It" and "The School for Scandal" are to the people of our race—the typical high comedy. In it Molière undertook to ridicule the vice, which, under Mme. de Maintenon, became the most offensive of all popular vices—religious hypocrisy. That the dramatist struck at the honest bigot over the shoulders of the sham devotee is obvious, and the boldness with which Tartuffe sneered at the clergy in his opening lines:

> Laurent, serrez ma haire avec ma discipline,
> Et priez que toujours le ciel vous illumine,

shows that as far back as the last of the seventeenth century educated Frenchmen regarded the priests much as Cicero regarded the augurs. It is all very well for Cleante to protest:

> Comme je ne vois nul genre de héros
> Qui soient plus à priser que les parfaits dévots.

It is pretty plain that neither Molière nor his audience were enamored of the priesthood, which stood like a stone wall in the path of intellectual progress. Indeed, no protest against religious bigotry as ringing as "Tartuffe" figures in French literature until a full century after the first representation of that play, and no audience will thoroughly appreciate it unless it thoroughly realizes that it was intended as a polemical work, unconsciously designed to break ground for the subsequent operations of Voltaire and Rousseau. Colley Cibber tried to utilize it in the sectarian controversies of the eighteenth century, and adapted it as the "Non-Juror." But it is written on too broad lines to be available for small, schismatic warfare, and the English play never succeeded.

The story is simple and slightly coarse. Orgon, infatuated with Tartuffe, offers him his fortune and his daughter. Tartuffe accepts the one, and, without declining the other, proposes to take Orgon's wife on account. The plot is revealed to Orgon, who refuses to believe it until he has proof of his protégé's perfidy. The knave is at last confounded by exposure, and the king, like a *deus ex machina*, is not restrained by law or constitution from intervening to cancel Orgon's donation to his betrayer. Percolating through this is the thread of the moral, rather dull love-story.

The chief charm of "Tartuffe" is the admirable lines which it contains, many of which have become household words in France. They are the quintessence of common sense clothed in masculine language, and arranged in flowing Alexandrines. Many of the sentiments have a chestnutty flavor to-day; they have been so often borrowed, and modified, and adapted in one shape and another, that they seem trite. But when Molière wrote they were new, and if the bloom of novelty has worn off by this time, they are so tersely expressed in his verse that they are still models. The hypocrite's whole law and gospel are given in the two lines:

> Le ciel défend, de vrai, certains contentemens;
> Mais on trouve avec lui des accommodemens

And how many rogues have justified to themselves the appropriation of other men's property by this argument:

> Ce n'est, à dire vrai, que parceque je crains
> Que tout ce bien ne tombe en de méchantes mains!

That M. Coquelin did justice to the part goes without saying. It is precisely in the line of his genius. His distinct and melodious intonation gave full effect to the lines, and his facial mobility told the tale of cupidity aroused, crawling hypocrisy, unctuous sensuality, triumphant knavery, and, finally, baffled hopes.

G. B.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"Mazulm" has made a great hit at the Grand Opera House, and the vast auditorium is crowded nightly.

Steele Mackaye's "A Noble Rogue," though not all that it should be in construction and dialogue, has been carried along by the acting of Osbourne, Stockwell, and Carden. It will run another week.

Strauss's opera, "A Night in Venice," is being sung by the Pyk Opera Company at the Tivoli, with some accessions from the stock company of the house. There is much scenic elaboration and some introduced "novelties" which bring the pretty opera quite within the lines of a holiday piece.

For the last three performances of the Coquelin-Hading Company the following programmes have been arranged: Saturday afternoon, "L'Etrangère"; Saturday evening, Coquelin's benefit, "Chamillac"; and Sunday evening, "La Joie fait Peur," "Jean Marie," and "Les Précieuses Ridicules."

Jeffreys-Lewis has tired of inaction, and is now giving a revival of "Diplomacy" at the Standard Theatre. Her Countess Zicka made her reputation in San Francisco, but that was not yesterday. Next week "La Belle Russe" will be given, and then the company will probably set out to do up the interior towns.

Mme. Louise Pyk has returned to San Francisco from Mexico, where she has been giving concerts during the past four months. *El Nacional*, the principal journal of the City of Mexico, speaks very highly of her, and thinks her quite equal to Materna and Nilsson. Mme. Pyk has taken rooms at the Pleasanton for the winter.

Leavitt's European Novelties will hold the boards at the Bush Street for another week. On January 6th the theatre will be closed for complete renovation—the management declares that the cost will not be less than twenty thousand dollars—to be reopened on Saturday evening, January 26th, by Lydia Thompson's English Burlesque Company.

The European Novelty Company at the Bush Street is redolent of the English concert-hall. The ventriloquist, however, is quite American in the "gags" which he puts in the mouths of his puppets, the Zanetto troupe are as clever as real Japs in their knife juggling, and the "pedo-manual phenomenon" shows that he comes of a Latin race by the actual joy with which he receives the applause that greets his wonderful but horrible performances.

William A. Carleton, who will show us "Mynheer Jan," the new opera by the author of "Erminie," at the Baldwin next week, intends to have a theatre of his own when he goes back to New York. When he sang leading parts in the New York Casino, and was the idol of the matinée fiends, he saved money until he could float an opera company of his own. For several years he has resolutely kept out of New York engagements, devoting himself exclusively to the South and West. Now, when he revisits the metropolis, he will be in a position to put his ideas forth in fitting style.

One of the two performers at the Bush Street Theatre, who make up to represent famous men of Europe and America, was observed to be much embarrassed on Wednesday night when he announced that he was to make up for Senator Fair, and he glanced most sheepishly at a certain corner of the dress-circle. Everybody immediately turned, of course, and stared at this corner until they discerned Senator Fair, who was being jocularly nudged by a number of his friends. Then they turned back to watch the mimic, and the good impression made by earlier representations of familiar faces faded into nothingness as they gazed at the resulting caricature of the handsome senator. It was worse than a newspaper portrait.

To Mme. Jane Hading.

> Tell us what to call thee, madam—
> Tell us, fair and winsome stranger?
> Simple Yankee sons of Adam—
> French for us is fraught with danger.
>
> Is thy first name merely Jane,
> Like our sisters and our cousins?
> If 'tis so, then part is plain,
> For we count our Janes by dozens.
>
> But thy second—what of that?
> Shall we drop the *H*, or sound it?
> Shall the *a* be broad or flat?
> Tell us how to get around it?
>
> Then that dreadful *i-n-g*—
> Must it have a Gallic shading?
> Dame, in pity, grant that we
> Call it square, and call you Hading!
>
> *M. A. de Wolfe Howe, Jr., in the Stage.*

The last new-comer to the Théâtre Français is a girl named Bertinz, aged fifteen. She won the first prize at the Conservatoire this year, and there was considerable hesitation about letting her appear on the larger stage; but she played Cecile in "Il ne faut Jurer de Rien" with great success.

An odd and noisy concert was recently given at St. Petersburg. Twenty-four pianos were played on at the same time and there were two performers at each. The same thing was done in London, but the musical people did not favor it.

In singing the rôle of Juliet in French, her first attempt of that sort, in Paris recently, Patti's accent was pronounced "almost faultless."

THE INNER MAN.

Some Ancient Bills of Fare.

A dinner was to be given by the Maréchal Richelieu in the field. His *chef* had declared the feast to be impossible, because he had nothing and could obtain nothing but beef. Richelieu then wrote this bill of fare (with the accompanying directions) exactly as it stands. He entitled it

AN EXCELLENT DINNER, ALL OF BEEF.

For Ornaments.—The great silver-gilt dish with the equestrian figure of the King. The statues of Duguesclin, de Dunois, de Bayard, and de Turenne. My silver-gilt dinner service with the arms in relief.

FIRST COURSE.

Beef soup with vegetables.

FOUR HORS-D'ŒUVRES.

Beef palate, sauce St. Menehauld.
Little pâtés of filet of beef hashed with onion.
Beef kidneys with fried onions.
Beef foot with lemon sauce.

RELEVE DE POTAGE.

Stewed rump of beef with vegetables.
(Cut the vegetables into droll shapes because of the Germans.)

SIX ENTREES.

Ox-tail with purée of chestnuts.
Beef tongue en civet à la bourguignonne.
Beef cutlets stewed with artichokes.
Beef liver braised with celery.
Rissoles of beef with purée of hazel-nuts.
Toasts with beef marrow.
(Better make these with the army bread.)

SECOND GREAT COURSE.

Beef ribs roast, marrow sauce.
Chiccory salad with cold beef tongue.
Beef à la mode in jelly.
Cold pâté of beef au sang, et au vin de Jurancon.
(Make no mistakes.)

SIX ENTREMETS.

Turnips in beef gravy.
Marrow tart with bread-crumb and candied sugar.
Aspic jelly of beef sweetened with candied lemon-peel.
Purée of artichoke-stems with almond-cream.
Becquets of beef brains with lime-juice.
Beef jelly made with Alicante wine and the mirabelle plums of Verdun.
And all the candied fruit and preserves that I have remaining.

If unfortunately this dinner should not be excellent, I shall deduct one hundred pistoles each from the wages of Moret and Rouquelère. Go, and do not doubt or hesitate any longer. RICHELIEU.

The celebrated *chef* Vuillemot, Carême's pupil, was fond of relating this anecdote. He always accompanied, however, its narration by certain criticisms. For example, he declared that the marrow tart ordered by the gallant Richelieu was an inadmissible dish—*un mets hérétique;* the becquets of beef brains, on the contrary, belonged to the realm of hors-d'œuvres, and could not, even by command of the irresistible marshal, be served as an entremets.

Here is a dinner of another kind. It is drawn up by the *chef* employed by Barras, and the notes and corrections are in Barras's handwriting.

CARTE DINATOIRE.

For the Table of the Citizen Director and General Barras.

Décadi, 10, *Floréal.*

DINNER FOR TWELVE PEOPLE.

1 potage.	6 entrées,	6 entremets.
1 relevé.	2 roasts.	1 salad.

TWENTY-FOUR DISHES FOR DESSERT.

Potage.—Shallot soup.
Fish.—Broiled sturgeon.

THE SIX ENTREES.

1. Stewed filets of turbot, maitre d'hôtel sauce.
2. Eels—sauce tartare.
3. Cucumbers stuffed with marrow.
4. Vol-au-vent chicken, bechamel sauce.
5. Ci-devant St. Pierre, caper sauce.
6. Cutlets of partridge.

THE TWO ROASTS.

1. Goujons.
2. Carpe au court bouillon.

SIX ENTREMETS.

1. Eggs à la neige.
2. White beets stewed with ham.
3. Madeira wine jelly.
4. Becquets of orange-flower cream.
5. Lentils in veal sauce.
6. Artichokes à la ravigote.

Celery salad.

Underneath this menu is written: *Too much fish. Omit the goujons. The rest will do very well. Be particularly careful not to forget to put cushions on the seats prepared for the citoyennes Tallien, Talma, Beauharnais, Hainguerlot, and Mirande. And dinner to be served at five precisely.*

(Signed) BARRAS.

Get the ices from Veloni. I will have no others.

Barras was a devoted admirer of the fair sex, and always—as will be seen from the above notes—sought to make women happy and comfortable. In return, he is said to have owed much to the "protection" of Mme. Tallien and the Empress Josephine.

M. Paulus, the French café chantant singer, who helped to make Boulanger by singing "En Revenant de la Revue," has been in London, where he is pronounced "far more artistic than our comic singers and more amusing, because he produces effects with far less movement or broad farce." He has an excellent baritone voice, fit for the operatic stage, but he thinks it better to stick to the profession that made him.

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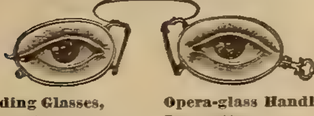

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333 DON'T FORGET THE NUMBER. 333

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Far Better.

" O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!"
But how much better if by spells
Others could see us as we see oursels!
—*Boston Transcript.*

The Stirrup Cuppe.

" Come, lette us quaffe," Henrico sayed,
His voice ben passinge merrie.
" For wit ye welle a stoupe of sacke
Were gratefull to me, very."

" Paye up! Paye up!" quothe goode mine hoste.
Thy monies come but slowe,
Ere close of day thyselfe muste paye
Five dollars thou dost owe."

" Gadzookers!" cried Henrico, wroth;
And thene his debits scanned he
Ye Boniface had spokene troth—
He *eau de vie* for brandy. —*America.*

As It Was Wrote.

She "needed the situation *so* bad,"
She said, with a charming smile,
That I paid off the type-writing youth I had,
And took her to try awhile.

She came next morn with a yellow bow
At the side of her snow-white throat.
" I'd no idea that a girl would be so
Much nicer," I thought, as she wrote.
* * * * * *
But this was her first letter: " Dere sur we Send
Sum Murshandize c o d
An atrusting Yure ade too our Plans youle lend
Were yourn most trooly A. B."

Wondering, I questioned her as she turned
And fingered the keys so well,
" At a lightning type-writing college I learned,
But we hadn't no time to spell." —*Time.*

A Lament.

Four years ago, dear Uncle Ben,
Gayly we Bourbons romped and shouted;
But now—how changed the times since then!—
We find ourselves completely routed.
Four years of wild, delirious bliss.
And then remorseless fate o'ercame us.
We have no word to say but this:
" Morituri salutamus!"

From Cicero to Kankakee,
From Hennepin to distant Cairo,
(Where barefoot swain in ghoulish glee
Do gambol in the land of Pharaoh),
From Springfield, where Clendenin reigns,
To Dowdall's hamlet, height Peoria,
And from promiscuous hills and plains
Resounds the cry: " Sic transit gloria!"

" We hate the Persian pomp, O boy"—
So bring us amphoræ of Massic!
We'll drown our woes in liquid joy,
And mock at fate by dying classic!
And with our much-lamented death
Shall perish all Arcadian glories
Whilst fame, with reverential breath,
Shall sigh: " O tempora! O mores!"
—*Chicago Daily News.*

To Draw or Not to Draw?

To draw, or not to draw? that is the question
Whether 'tis coonier in the mind to venture
The doubtful chance of skinning for a straight,
Or to stand pat against a C of greenbacks,
And then by bluffing, get 'em. To draw—to ante
More. But by that draw, to fill; and end
The tremors and the thousand direful haps
That hands are bare to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To draw—to fill!
To fill?—perchance to bust! Aye, there's the rub!
For in that vagrom draw, what cards may come
When we have shuffled off th' uncertain pack,
Must give us pause. There's the foul take
That makes calamity of a bob-tailed flush!
For who would stand the blind, the crafty raise,
The wait upon the age, the reckless straddle,
The insolence of pats, the vile, base cards,
The patient player of the dealer takes
When he as well might his spondulics save,
By simply passing? Who would chaffing bear,
Or grunt and fret under a cruel raise,
Forsake his aces up, lay down three queens,
But that the dread of seeing after call
The undiscovered full, against whose might
No flush can stand, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather nurse the chips we have
Than curious of hands we know not of.
Thus does the draw make cowards of us all!
And thus a sanguine four-heart speculation
Is sickened with a black, unwelcome club;
And lovely jack-pots of great wealth and moment,
Without the cards, their fortunes turn awry,
Losing the right to open. —*Chicago Herald.*

Ye Knyghte-Mare.

A POST-MORT-D'ARTHURIAN LEGEND.

Ye log burns low, ye feaste is donne,
Twelve knyghtes of ye Table Rounde
Slyde down fromme ye benches, one by one,
And snore upon ye ground.

Ye log to a dimme blue flame has died,
When ye doore of ye banquet halle
Is opened wide, and in there glyde
Twelve spectral Haggès ande Talle.

Ye log burns dimme, and eke more dimme,
Loud groans each knyghtlie gueste,
As ye ghoste of his grandmother, gaunt and grimme,
Sitts on each knyghte hys cheste.

Ye log in pieces twain doth falle,
Ye daye beginnes to breake,
Twelve ghostlie grandmothers glyde from ye halle,
And ye twelve goode knyghtes awake.

Ande ever whenne Mynce Pye was placed
Atte ye table frome thatte daye,
Ye twelve knyghtes crossed themselves in hayste
Ande looked ye other waye. —*Life.*

A Query.

When the statues wept tears in the temples at Rome
And inspired the watchers with dread—
As, at Cæsar's demise, Virgil says that they did—
Were they tears, idol tears, that they shed?—*Life.*

Loyal to the Core.

I've had
A fad
Of late in puffing at a hubble-bubble,
Chibouque, narghileh, hookah—what you will—
Inhaling smoke through perfumed water; still
I am not quite assured. I only know
That as I lie, white smoke-wreaths upward curl,
I make a striking Oriental show
And deeply have impressed the hired girl.
I heard her talking with the girl next door,
Who thus a vaunting testimony bore:
" My master smokes a meerschaum pipe as brown
As coffee; 'tis the finest pipe in town!"
Then, Norah, tossing back her hair unkempt,
Replied in tones of withering contempt:
" Meeshom! Phwat's that! It's not worth while to talk
The day wid ye!
Meershom be dom'd! Bedad, Oi'll hear no more!
Me masther's got some sthoyle about him, for
He smokes a hose fixed on a cuspidor!
Go 'way wid ye!" —*Chicago Mail*

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Ring out, O Merry Christmas Bells!

Ring! Here is the young man who is going to take advantage of the crowning holiday of the year to go over to Jersey and gun for rabbits. He has a twenty-seven-dollar gun in a sixteen-dollar leather case, and he is leading a borrowed two-hundred-dollar bird-dog. Will he get any rabbits? No. But he will get his feet wet, and he will get cussed by a couple of dozen farmers. He will also permeate the hind leg of the borrowed dog with a load or two of No. 6 shot. Ring for the young man! Ring!

Ring again! Recognize the existence of this head of the family. He is sitting alone with his check-book, wondering if anybody has been overlooked in the distribution of presents. He is looking over the list which his wife thoughtfully drew up.

This is the list:

James.
Henry.
Elizabeth.
Mary Ann.
Ethel.
Amanda.
Althea.
Uncle John.
Aunt Ellen.
Aunt Sarah.
Uncle John's three boys.
Aunt Sarah's two boys.
Aunt Ellen's little girl.
Both the McMullens (they gave us that wretched ice-pitcher last year).
Cousin Alfred (if we don't have him to dine).
Cousin Mary.
Cousin Mary's little boy and girl.
All the Duckworth children.
Mary Prendergast. (She's no relation, but she would feel so badly if we didn't remember her.)
John.
(John is the new man who is attending to the furnace.)

The head of the family thinks that none of them got away. And what does the head of the family receive for his own Christmas present? He receives a pair of slippers, as usual. They don't fit him, as usual. Ring for the head of the family! Ring, ring, ring!

Ring some more! Observe the little boy, three years old. He has been gathering in his Christmas. He has gathered in a steam-engine, a mechanical monkey, a rubber foot-ball, a go-cart, seven boxes of soldiers, a toy village, a celluloid Noah's ark, a music-box, sixteen picture-books, two pieces of plum-pudding, a plate of ice-cream, half-a-pound of French candy, and a bad case of indigestion. They are putting him to bed and they have sent for the doctor. His father was three years old once, and he had six empty spools and a peg-top to play with, and he was happy. Ring for the little boy! Ring for his idiot parents! Ring, ring, ring! Then ring again!

Ring on! This is a family gathering. They are all here—save those who have escaped to a happier world. They have all dined together in the middle of the day. It has been a melancholy meal. Uncle Pegram, who was imported from Podunk with great care, has been unusually depressing. Cousin Bildad, who is the funny man of the family, has cast a pall of gloom over the feast. Aunt Maria has recalled all the deaths in the family for twenty-odd years back. Everybody hates everybody else. Everybody feels like an anaconda who has absorbed a hair-trunk. Everybody is wondering how he or she can get through the afternoon. Everybody is privately swearing never to get caught again. And yet everybody knows that next year will find the whole boiling of them on deck again, going through the same business. Ring for the family gathering! How precious are the ties of kindred! How sweet is family love! Ring, ring, ring! Ring ahead! Ring for the family gathering, with murder in its heart!

Ring right on! Ring for a nation that has no more idea of spending a rationally enjoyable holiday than a cow has of running a sewing-machine! Ring for a people so given up to money-making and the worship of material things that they do not know how to amuse themselves when they get a chance! Ring for a populace that observes Christmas by giving extravagant presents to unnecessary people, and by eating indigestible food at unseasonable hours! Ring for us, O Merry Christmas Bells! Ring some sense into us, if you can! Anyhow, ring, ring, ring, wring our fool necks!

You ring!—*Puck.*

Personal.

Any gentleman having a capital of $5,000 to invest, and desiring to acquire a safe and very profitable manufacturing business, will do well to investigate the rare business opportunity advertised on page 16.

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PEOPLES' HOME SAVINGS BAN[illegible] clared its semi-annual dividend [illegible] paid at their banking [illegible] on Market [illegible] in the Flood Building, on and after January [illegible]. Ordinary deposits at the rate of 4 2[illegible] per cent. per annum; term deposits at the rate of 5.1[illegible] per cent per annum; stockholders at the rate of [illegible] per cent. per annum On all deposits the percentage is furthermore apportioned from date of deposit, the deposits thus bearing interest for the entire term of deposit. J. K. WILSON, Secretary and Cashier.
COLUMBUS WATERHOUSE, President.

THE PACIFIC BANK HAS DECLARED ITS regular semi annual dividend, at the rate of [illegible] per cent. per annum on the par value of the capital stock, and the same will be paid at its banking house, on the north-west corner of Pine and Sansome Streets, San Francisco, on and after January 2, 1889. O. F. MINER, Secretary.
R. H. MCDONALD, President.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 520 California Street. For the half-year ending December 31, 1888, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-fourth (4¼) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. Payable on and after Wednesday, January 2, 1889. GEO. TOURNY, Secretary

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